

*(As the **DIY Distress Theme Tune** plays (CD track 32) Jim Fixit, school premises officer, enters with his gang of workers. They all wear overalls, and carry tools.*

Jim ~ Welcome to DIY Distress, the show where I, Jim Fixit, come to the rescue of someone in school who has a maintenance crisis. People write to me with problems as straightforward as a flickering light bulb in a classroom, to those more serious, such as a collapsed ceiling in the head's office. No job's too big or too small! Now, before we read this week's letters, let's meet my skilled crew.

Chippy ~ Hi, I'm Chippy, and I'm expert in carpentry and joinery.

Sparky ~ Hi, I'm Sparky, and I'll take care of anything electrical.

Bricky ~ Hi, I'm Bricky, and I'm a wiz with cement and a trowel.

Pipes ~ And I'm Pipes. I sort out those little drips in school. No, not the infants!

Jim ~ It's good to have you with me, guys. Ok, on with the show. We've had hundreds of letters begging for help. We've short-listed ten, from which you, the viewers, will decide which is the most urgent. That will be the maintenance challenge we'll take on this week? Ok, Chippy, read the first letter.

(Note – you could change the names of the people that the following letters are from, if the content reminds you of certain individuals in your school!)

Chippy ~ Right, here goes. *(S/he unfolds a letter)* 'Dear Jim, could you please find time to retrieve my sixteen footballs from the roof of the school hall. My dad says my poor accuracy is costing him a fortune, and refuses to buy me any more. Yours, Thomas – Yr4.'

Jim ~ Well, Thomas, you might be lucky. Let's have another letter, Sparky.

Sparky ~ *(reading)* 'Dear Jim, can you please install another ten power sockets in the Yr 6 classroom. We find there are not enough for us all to re-charge our mobile phones. As you know, we use our phones throughout the day and their batteries quickly run down, which leaves many of us unable to send text messages during afternoon lessons. Yours, the Yr6 girls.' They've all signed it!

Jim ~ That is a serious problem, girls. The next letter please, Bricky.

Bricky ~ *(reading)* 'Dear Jim, I'd be very grateful if you and your team could come and repair my desk, which recently collapsed under the weight of all the dirty coffee cups which I neglected to return to the staff room to be washed. Please hurry, it's difficult marking books on the floor. Yours, Miss Allen – Yr3 teacher.'

Jim ~ Ooh, Miss Allen, that is unfortunate. Pipes, do you have a letter?

Pipes ~ I do indeed. *(reading)* 'Dear Jim, please could you have a look at our classroom sink. I think there's a problem with the drains, as we can't seem to get rid of the smell of sour milk. We're certain this is due to our teacher actually pouring sour milk down the plug hole, after it's been sitting on the side all day because she constantly forgets to give it to us at morning break, but we'd like you to check anyway. Yours, Samir – Yr2.'

Jim ~ Well Samir, we may be coming to sort out your pongy problem, but let's hear some more letters before we decide. Sparky?

Sparky ~ (*reading*) 'Dear Jim, I recently got a new swivel chair for my office, but I've found it doesn't spin as fast as I'd like it to. I really enjoy a mad ten minutes every hour or so, making myself dizzy, but this new chair just doesn't come up to speed. It may need to be oiled. Please help. Yours, Mrs Harris – Secretary.'

Jim ~ Well, Mrs Harris, you do sound desperate. Maybe you'll win. But Bricky, another letter first.

Bricky ~ (*reading*) 'Dear Jim, I'd really appreciate it if you could put an extra window in our classroom, just near where I sit. It's impossible to switch off from what my teacher is saying, and enjoy a good daydream, without a view of the field. I'm finding myself actually paying attention in class, which is ruining my cool image. Please help. Yours, Zak – Yr3.'

Jim ~ Oh dear, Zak! That must be terrible for you. Who knows, maybe we can save your reputation. What does the next letter say, Chippy?

Chippy ~ (*reading*) 'Dear Jim, please, please, please, please, please, please will you remove the mirror from the Yr5 boys' toilet. Every time they look in it they scare themselves half to death, understandably, and are too much in shock to do any work. I've considered making them wear masks, but this would be too impractical. You are my only hope. Yours, Mr Dixon – Yr5 teacher.'

Jim ~ I understand, Mr Dixon. I've seen the Yr5 boys – ooooh! Not a pretty sight! Pipes, what's next?

Pipes ~ Here's a letter from a parent. (*reading*) 'Dear Jim, my boy tells me there are no coat hooks in his cloakroom. He says the reason his coat is always covered in filthy footprints is because the only place he can leave it is on the floor. Is this true? If so I must insist you put up hooks immediately. However, if this is yet another example of the lazy little blighter telling me lies, please accept my apologies for wasting your time. Yours, Mrs Adams – name and address withheld.'

Jim ~ I can assure you Mrs Adams, there are adequate coat-hanging facilities in your boy's cloakroom, and yes, this is yet another example of the lazy little blighter telling you lies! We'll ignore that letter I think. Sparky, what have you got?

Sparky ~ (*reading*) 'Dear Jim, would it be possible to install electric fencing at the bottom of the school field. When I'm on play time duty I really can't be bothered traipsing all the way down there to stop children squeezing through gaps in the hedge. I'm not asking for anything too high-voltage, just enough to fry their fingertips a little, and deter them from ever trying to get out again. Yours, Miss Baker – Deputy Head.'

Jim ~ Well, that's certainly one of the most unusual requests we've had, Miss Baker. But you never know, our audience may go for it. So Bricky, let's hear the last letter before we decide who to help.

Bricky ~ 'Dear Jim, please adjust the timer on the school bell so it rings fifteen minutes early on Friday. I've got to get my roots done and Jacques the stylist can only fit me in at 3.30pm. Serge could do it at 4.15 but I don't think he's as good as Jacques, and certainly not as handsome. Thanks in anticipation. Yours, Mrs Goldsmith – classroom assistant.'

Jim ~ And there we have it, viewers. That's all the letters read, and it's time to vote. So, everyone who thinks we should help Thomas with his footballs on the roof, please cheer now.

(This is repeated as Jim mentions each letter-writer in turn, except Mrs Adams.)

Well I think it's clear who our viewers want us to help. But do you know what..... I think we can fix everyone's problem!

(Jim dramatically pulls off his overalls to reveal a superhero outfit – tights, cape etc. – see staging suggestions/costumes.)

Bricky, Sparky, Chippy & Pipes ~ *(smacking their fists like Robin – Batman's sidekick)* Holy Black and Decker, Jim! Are you serious?

Jim ~ You bet I am. Come on fellas, we've got work to do!

(To the drum intro of the next song (CD track 33) the cast take their places to sing.)

Song #5 – Mr Fixit (CD track 33)
(Whole cast)