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- Perform a musical up to 5 times in one academic year, to a public audience, within your school.*
- Reproduce song lyrics on paper or for display on interactive whiteboards or similar screens.
- Photocopy the script and score for the cast to learn lines, and musicians to play the songs.

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PERFORMANCE LICENCE APPLICATION FORM

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- by post – check website for current address details
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The performance licence will permit the holder to do the following:

- Perform a musical up to 5 times in one academic year, to a public audience, within your school. *
- Reproduce song lyrics on paper or for display on interactive whiteboards or similar screens.
- Photocopy the script and score for the cast to learn lines, and musicians to play the songs.

Contact name:

Name of school / organisation:

Address:

..... **Postcode:**

Tel: **email:**

Number of performances: **Performances Dates: from** **to**

By ticking, select one of the performance licence options below:

Standard Performance Licence ☐ **£36.00** (including VAT)
(no admission charged and no tickets sold)

or

Performance Licence with charges ☐ **£42.00** (including VAT)
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By ticking, select one of the payment options below:

☐ I enclose a cheque for £..... made payable to Edgy Productions Ltd

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**Writers rely on payments from public performances for their livelihoods.
Please ensure they receive their dues**

INTRODUCTION

The year is 2075. Billy and Becky, two typical eleven-year-olds, are staying with their grandparents, in the sheltered sector. Like all doting grandparents, the old folks are keen to keep abreast of their grandchildren's progress, and to gain an insight into their experiences of primary school – or 'System A' as it is now known! Billy and Becky are also eager to learn of Grandma and Grandpa's antics as they approached their teenage years, back in 2011.

(song – Old School Days)

As the evening's conversation wears on, it becomes apparent that these children from the latter half of the 21st century are really no different to those who were leaving primary school back in the 'good old days'. Equally apparent is that some experiences of primary school span generations, and the truly noteworthy ones always involve larger-than-life characters and funny situations. Through a series of flashbacks, in the form of sketches and songs, we get an entertaining (if tongue-in-cheek) glimpse of the universal trials and tribulations involved in simply being young and going to school.

For example, is it fair that teachers get to eat chocolate biscuits at break-time, while children make do with bits of fruit? **(song – Teachers Have It Easy)** How can mums be made to understand that, now their children are getting older, they must not, under any circumstances, try to hold their hand on the way to school? **(song – A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E.)** Does experimenting with makeup and hair-gel really improve one's appearance, especially when the skills of applying them haven't quite been mastered yet? **(song – A Touch Of Lipstick)** Will anyone ever develop a truly effective cure for a dose of nits? **(song – The Nits Blues)** What's the best way to get good SATs results without piling the pressure on? **(song – It's Nearly Time To Take Your SATs)** Who suffers most at parental consultations, and why do teachers choose to be 'economical' with the truth? **(song – Parental Consultation Evening)** And who can forget desperately wanting to be grown-up, but having the feeling that maybe this is the best time of one's life, and every moment should be cherished? **(song – One Day At A Time)**

CHARACTERS

Speaking parts in order of appearance

The Grandparents - *An old but still 'cool' couple.*

Billy and Becky - *Squabbling siblings.*

Mr Riley - *Aptly-named teacher, living the life of.....*

6 Children - *The exploited, down-trodden masses.*

2 Doting Mothers - *Can't let go of their precious ones at the beginning of the school day.*

3 Infant & 3 Junior Children - *Two opposite ends of the 'attitude spectrum'.*

Infant Teacher - *To her, children are angels sent from heaven to make life sweeter.*

Year 6 Teacher - *Counting the days to early retirement.*

Mrs Versace - *Trying to improve the 'look' of her class.*

6 'Drab' Children - *In need of a makeover, or so they believe.*

Headteacher - *Image is everything.*

2 Prospective Parents - *Hoping to find a school that scrubs up well.*

4 Sergeant Majors - *Presenters of the SATs revision programme 'Work Harder Slacker'.*

Mr & Mrs Hetherington-Smyth - *Double-barrelled parents in more than just name.*

Geraldine - *Their daughter, away with the fairies.*

Mr & Mrs Scrapper - *Parents who'll rip yer 'ead off as soon as look at yer.*

Gripper - *Their son. A disgrace down the 'Dog and Bucket' for being good at schoolwork.*

His teacher - *Parents' evenings? Mmm. I'd rather wrestle a grizzly bear.*

Ensemble characters (if numbers allow) for featured songs and scenes

Infant Children

Junior Children

Parents

Teachers



Save time and resources on scenery, with our new digital backdrops!
Professional images for each scene which can be displayed on your hall whiteboard or back wall. See website for details!

Scene 1

(It is the year 2075. On a small separate stage, to the right of the main stage, Grandma and Grandpa, dressed in futuristic body suits, are in their futuristic living room – see staging suggestions/scenery & costume. Grandma dusts futuristic levers and panels of buttons, while Grandpa sits connected to his futuristic i-pad. They nod their heads to the 'old-fashioned' music which is playing. Note – this music should be a current well-known chart hit.)

Grandma ~ I love listening to the old songs. They make me feel young again.

Grandpa ~ They certainly don't write them like this anymore. I just wish I could still dance, but with my hip.....

Grandma ~ There's nothing wrong with your hip! It's been replaced twelve times in as many years! In fact there's hardly a single bit of you that's real!

(Their grandchildren, Billy and Becky, enter. Both grandparents are delighted to see them. Grandma presses a button on the panel and the music stops.)

Grandpa ~ Billy! Becky! What a lovely surprise! We weren't expecting you.

Becky ~ Well Grandpa, Dad's stuck in the third sector 'cause of the astral train strike, and Mum's still on Mars trying to sort problems with their new gravity tax. We were hungry, so we thought we'd come and see you.

Grandma ~ Well look, *(holding out a tin)* grab yourselves an energy bar each, and come and sit down. We haven't seen you in a while, how's school? I downloaded your last reports – very impressive!

Billy ~ *(taking an 'energy bar')* Well, my report was a bit odd. It said, '**She** is making excellent progress on the electronic clarinet.' Firstly, I'm a **he**, and secondly I don't even play the electronic clarinet! I'm sure teachers just write anything to get their reports out the way!

Grandpa ~ Well, it was just the same in my day. One of my reports said, 'Makes a valuable contribution to the football team.' I was rubbish at football!

Becky ~ I can't imagine you at school, back in..*(counting in head)*..2011, was it?

Grandma ~ Well, Grandpa and I went to a lovely school called *(name of your school)*. It's where we first met. It was pulled down in 2048 though, and the site used as a satellite launch pad. *(wistfully)* We had such a happy time there.

Billy ~ Go on, tell us! What sort of things happened when you were at school?

Grandma and Grandpa ~ Well now, let's see. How can we put it?

Song 1 – **Old School Days** *(CD track9, lyrics p20)* *(Whole cast stands to sing)*

(The intro music then plays (CD track10) as all sit. Fade the music when ready.)

Scene 2

(Billy and Becky are squabbling.)

Billy ~ Don't you dare tell, you little sneak!

Becky ~ *(slyly)* Grandma.....

Grandma ~ Yes Dear?

Becky ~ Billy got a detention today for chewing 'Galaxia Gum' during a history lesson. The robot assistant detected him and reported him to the teacher, who wasn't pleased to be disturbed during the footage of the wedding of Prince Harry to Lady Katie Price!

Billy ~ But Nan, it wasn't fair. When the teacher opened her mouth to tell me off, she accidentally spat out a piece of gum herself! Talk about double standards!

Grandpa ~ Ha! That takes me back. The times I got told off for eating in class, by a teacher who kept a stash of chocolate in her desk drawer and was forever taking a sneaky nibble! I'm glad to see some things don't change.....

(The action moves to the main stage. Five children sit chatting at classroom tables, as their teacher, Mr Riley, waits impatiently in front of a white board, holding exercise books. He has lots of lines so these could be written on cues on a book, or inconspicuously on the whiteboard, so the audience can't see.)

Mr Riley ~ Settle down please. Now, I'd like you to get your homework out, while I give you your maths books back. *(He moves around collecting homework sheets and distributing books, until...)* Well...*(to Child 1)*...where's your homework?

Child 1 ~ I'm sorry Mr Riley, I had a really busy weekend. I had a birthday party on Friday. I went to watch my brother play football on Saturday morning. He broke his leg, so we spent the rest of Saturday in A & E. On Sunday, Auntie Cathy came to ours all upset 'cause she'd fallen out with Uncle Dave, and Mum shoved us out to play until dinner time while she consoled her. And in the evening I was sent to bed early for not eating my broccoli! You see, I had no time to do my homework.

Mr Riley ~ That's no excuse. Schoolwork always comes first. I'm very disappointed in you. *(noticing chatting at the back.)* Excuse me, what **is** the matter?

Child 2 ~ It's our maths books, Mr Riley. They haven't been marked, and we don't know if we've any corrections to do.

Mr Riley ~ *(huffing)* Look, I had a very busy weekend, okay. Friday night is my darts night. My wife dragged me off shopping on Saturday morning. I spent Saturday afternoon on the internet trying to find the most competitive car insurance quote. And Sunday! Well, gardens do not weed themselves I'll have you know. You see, I had no time to mark your books.

(The children look at each other and loudly tut in unison, shaking their heads at the hypocrisy! Child 3 looks around his/her desk, then raises a hand.)

Child 3 ~ Mr Riley, I can't find my pencil. It was here a minute ago. Someone must have taken it. May I have a new one please?

Mr Riley ~ No you may not. They don't grow on trees you know. You'll have to borrow one. Now, if it's not too much trouble, could you all copy this from the board. *(He turns to pick up a whiteboard pen.)* Okay! Where's my whiteboard pen? It was here a minute ago. Someone must have taken it. Right! You, *(pointing at child 3)* go to the office and fetch me a new one.

(Child 3 exits while the rest look at each other and loudly tut in unison, again shaking their heads at the hypocrisy! Beeping is then heard (CD track11) as child 2 sneakily writes a text on a mobile phone. Mr Riley hears the sound.)

Mr Riley ~ What have I said about using mobile phones in class? Give it here. *(taking the phone)* You can have it back at... *(A ring tone interrupts him (CD track12). He looks embarrassed, yet retrieves his own phone from his jacket pocket.)* Hello?... Oh hi!...Yes, it's booked for 8pm...Okay, I will...No, I won't....Yes, okay...Me too...Yes, I do too.... I can't say it, they'll hear me....I'll tell you later....Bye.

(He puts the phone back in his pocket, as the children look at each other and loudly tut in unison, again shaking their heads at the hypocrisy. Child 3 returns with the pen and gives it to Mr Riley, who turns back round to write.)

Child 4 ~ *(whispering to Child 5)* Go on, give us a sweet. Just one.

Child 5 ~ Okay, but it's your turn tomorrow. You've not bought any in ages.

(They sneakily eat a sweet. Mr Riley turns round and notices them chewing.)

Mr Riley ~ Hey! You two! No eating in class! *(approaching them with a waste-paper bin)* Empty your mouths now! And give me the rest of those sweets you have!

(They spit their sweets into the bin. Child 5 gives Mr Riley the packet.)

Mr Riley ~ Ah, Haribo! My favourite. Let's see.....

(He chooses a sweet and eats it! The children look at each other and loudly tut in unison, again shaking their heads at the hypocrisy.)

Mr Riley ~ *(still chewing)* And while I remember, could you two stand up. *(Child 2 and child 3 rise.)* The dinner ladies have told me that you two have been getting the infants to do all the clearing up on your lunch table. Is this true?

Child 2 and Child 3 ~ *(ashamed)* Yes Mr Riley.

Mr Riley ~ Well, that is downright exploitation! You can't make the young ones do your dirty work – it's not on! Any more of it and you'll be in serious trouble. Do you understand?

(Child 6 enters, carrying a bucket.)

Child 6 ~ (*exhausted*) Your car's clean now, Mr Riley, though I did have a bit of trouble removing the dog hairs from the back seat. There are still a few left.

Mr Riley ~ (*tutting*) Then get back out there and try harder! I'm taking my wife out in that car tonight and it needs to be pristine! Go on!

Child 6 ~ (*exiting in despair*) Yes, Mr Riley.

Mr Riley ~ Honestly, you children today! You haven't a clue about the pressures we teachers are under! Now, (*turning his back*) copy this down.....

*(The children look at each other, loudly tut in unison, then drop their heads onto their desks in exasperation as the **intro music** (CD track13) starts. When all are in position for the next song, fade the music.)*

Song 2 – Teachers Have It Easy (CD track14, lyrics p21) (Whole cast)

*(The **intro music** then plays (CD track15) as all sit, and the main stage is cleared for the next scene. Fade the music when ready.)*

Scene 3

(Grandpa is looking through old photos on the i-pad. The children join him.)

Grandpa ~ Hey, look at these. They're photos of you two when you were little.

Becky ~ (*teasing Billy*) Ha! Look at this one of you on our first day at school! You're all chubby cheeks and curly hair, hanging onto mum like a big softie!

Billy ~ Well, look at this one of you holding that teddy. You'd bawl your eyes out if it ever left your sight. Cry baby!

Becky ~ Mummy's boy! (*They continue squabbling, and perhaps pushing and shoving!*)

Grandma ~ Now you two, that's enough. Stop this silly squabbling. What's happened to you both? You used to be so nice to each other!

Grandpa ~ They're growing up, Dear. They don't behave the same as when they were little. They've got this 'attitude' now, which comes with being in their final year of primary school.....sorry, I mean 'System A' as it's now known.

Grandma ~ I suppose there is a world of difference between being five and eleven years old. Maybe I'm too old to remember what it was like.

Grandpa ~ Then let me remind you. For example, take going to school in the morning – you've not a care in the world when you're only five.....

(The action moves to centre-stage. A mother enters with an infant child.)

Mother 1 ~ Now you have a lovely day at school, sausage. (*She repeatedly kisses the child on each cheek, with big, lip-smacking effect.*) Oh look, Mummy's got lipstick all over your cheek. (*She spits on a hanky and wipes.*)

Infant 1 ~ Please will you help me change my shoes, Mummy.

Mother 1 ~ Of course, Honey-pie. (*She kneels, miming the changing of shoes*) There you are. Now, sweetie-pops, in you go and Mummy will wave at you through the window for the next twenty minutes! Byesy bye. Love you.

(*The pair stand for ages waving at each other, until an annoyed infant teacher enters and pulls the child off stage! Mum exits in the opposite direction. A year 6 child then stomps on, ahead of a fretful mother. Grandpa narrates.....*)

Grandpa ~ Now, by year 6 things had certainly changed.....

Mother 2 ~ Wait Darling. Don't I get a kiss?

Junior 1 ~ No Mum! My friends are watching. Stay over there and don't you dare follow me anywhere near the classroom!

Mother 2 ~ But have you got your dinner money, Darling?

Junior 1 ~ (*exasperated*) Yes I've got my dinner money. NOW GO AWAY!

Mother 2 ~ Well, I'll pick you up at 3.30, okay?

Junior 1 ~ DON'T YOU DARE! I'm walking back with my friends.

Mother 2 ~ But I worry about you Darling.

Junior 1 ~ DON'T CALL ME THAT! NOW GO AWAY!

Mother 2 ~ Okay Darl...I mean Dear. Goodbye then.

(*As her child stomps off, she walks away in the other direction, dabbing her eye with a hanky!*)

Grandpa ~ And then there were occasions like good work assembly.....

(*The infant teacher enters, and sits on one side of the stage facing the audience. In front of her, also facing the audience, sit two smiling infants, each holding an unidentifiable painting. A year 6 teacher enters and sits with two sour-faced older children at the other side of the stage.*)

Infant Teacher ~ These two have worked so hard on their paintings, and they did them all on their own! Stand up and tell everybody about them.

Infant 2 ~ Mine's a lorry, like what daddy drives. I drive it too. I do. And it's blue. (*The picture is red.*)

Infant Teacher ~ Wonderful! (to Infant 2) And what about yours, Katie? (Infant 2 just waves.) Katie? (more waving) Well, Katie has painted a lovely...(squinting at the painting) err...a lovely...scarecrow?

Infant 3 ~ It's not a scarecrow, it's my mummy. (She waves some more.)

Infant Teacher ~ (smiling sweetly) Lovely! Well done you two. Okay, sit down. (more waving) I said sit down.

(Both infants stay standing, continuing to wave enthusiastically, until the teacher, still smiling – though perhaps through slightly gritted teeth – gently sits them down with a bit of acceptable 'persuasion'!)

Grandpa ~ But when it was year 6's turn.....

Yr 6 Teacher ~ Ok, stand up you two....(The two older children sulkily remain seated)come on, up you get... (they reluctantly stand up.) We're so proud of James here, because of huge efforts in the swimming pool. We've managed to get a badge, haven't we? Tell everyone which one it is. (The child mumbles.) Come on, speak up.

Junior 2 ~ Do I have to? It's so embarrassing!

Yr 6 Teacher ~ Yes please. We're very proud of you. Come on, tell everyone.

Junior 2 ~ (tutting) It was my 5 metres! Okay! (sitting with a dramatic bump!)

Yr 6 Teacher ~ (slightly taken aback by the reaction) Err...Yes. Thank you. And Emma here has written a super poem about the Blitz, which she's dying to read to everyone, aren't you?

Junior 3 ~ No. It's embarrassing.

Junior 1 ~ Nonsense. Come on now. Big, loud voice.

Junior 3 ~ (quietly and very unenthusiastically) The bombs go boom, in our living room. Oh what devastation, all across our nation. The worse night's sleep I've ever had, oh this war is really bad.....(sulkily) I'm not reading the second verse!

Yr 6 Teacher ~ Okay, well...that's super. Well done. Err...Thank you. (All exit)

Grandpa ~ And what about things like dance lessons in PE. The little ones always seemed so enthusiastic.....

(The infant teacher leads in a group of immaculately-kitted reception children who sit excitedly, waiting to start. As the **dance lesson music** (CD track16) changes from one section to the next, which you'll clearly hear, the teacher demonstrates movements and shapes, which are enthusiastically copied by the children. There should be lots of ad-libbing by the teacher, encouraging the eager children through each section of music)

Infant Teacher ~ (to the first section of music) You are trees swaying in the breeze...that's it...(to the second section) Now you are eagles swooping on a mouse... lovely...(to the third section) You're rabbits hopping in the grass....very good...(to the fourth) Now you're sharks cutting through the ocean.... Oh yes, marvellous...(to the fifth) And now you're soldiers marching into battle... super...(as the music ends) And rest. Very good, all of you! Now back to the classroom, as we only have half an hour to get dressed again. Follow me. (They exit.)

Grandpa ~ But in year 6.....

(The year 6 teacher enters followed by a group of sloppily dressed, grumpy, tutting, sighing children, who stand sulkily with their arms folded. Throughout the music (CD track17 – same track again) the teacher eagerly demonstrates shapes and movements, getting extremely out of breath, while the children make no effort at all and just stand there looking grumpy! The teacher becomes increasingly exhausted and irate. Again, lots of ad-libbing is required.)

Yr 6 Teacher ~ (throughout the music) You're trees swaying in the wind...come on, join in.... You are eagles swooping on a mouse...come on... Now you're rabbits hopping in the grass....a bit of effort please....(huffing)... Now you're sharks cutting through the ocean.... MOVE...And you...(gasp)... are...(gasp)... soldiers marching...(gasp)... into...(gasp)... battle...(big gasp as the music ends)... And rest. Right you lot.....(clutching chest)....BACK TO THE CLASSROOM!

*(S/he collapses as the **intro music** plays (CD track18) . The 'sulky' children take central positions for the next song. Fade the intro music when ready to sing.)*

Song 3 – A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E. (CD track19, lyrics p22)
(Sulky children, supported by whole cast)

*(The **intro music** then plays (CD track20) as all sit. Fade the music when ready.)*

Scene 4

Grandma ~ So how did your SATs go? What levels did you get?

Becky ~ SATs, Nan? What are SATs?

Billy ~ Oh I know. SATs were tests that they used to do in the olden days. They were abolished some years ago, though.

Grandpa ~ Were they really? Well I never. Although I do remember when we did ours, there was a lot of fuss about whether there was any real point to them. They just seemed to make everybody worry, particularly the teachers.

Grandma ~ You can say that again. Sometimes we'd be made to watch revision DVDs, hour after hour of them, just in case we'd missed anything important that would give us a few extra marks, and maybe a better level!

Billy ~ Really? Revision DVDs? What were they like?

Grandpa ~ Well, let's have a rummage through the History archives on here shall we (*tapping the screen of the i-pad*) and see if we can dig one up.....yep, here's one.....

*(The family gathers round to watch the action, which takes place centre stage. To the sound of a **marching drum** (CD track21), four sergeant majors enter, each carrying a cane and wearing a beret etc. They come to a halt in a line. And 'bark' their instructions at the audience.)*

Sergeant Major 1 ~ Alright you 'orrible lot, welcome to 'Work Harder Slacker', the revision programme aimed to get you in shape for your SATs.

Sergeant Major 2 ~ And what a sorry bunch of individuals you are! I can see we'll 'ave our work cut out 'ere.

Sergeant Major 3 ~ Over the next session you will feel pain like you 'ave never felt before, but we **will** get those levels up!

Sergeant Major 4 ~ And don't think you can slack, you softies, 'cause if you do you'll regret it – d'you 'ear me?

Sergeant Major 1 ~ And if you can't see the personal benefits of 'ard work, then do it for your parents. The little toe-rag from next door managed top levels in everything last year. 'Ow will your mumsy be able to 'old 'er 'ead up at coffee mornings if you don't match this?

Sergeant Major 2 ~ Your parents 'ave 'igh 'opes for your future. A good set of qualifications means you can earn shed loads of cash in later life, and support them through their early retirement. So, pull your finger out, you lumps!

Sergeant Major 3 ~ Then there's your teachers. They work every hour God sends to get you through these tests, so do **not** let them down! If you don't make the grade, they get the sack! It's true! So you'd better pull yer socks up!

Sergeant Major 4 ~ Okay! On with the actual revision section of the programme. We are following government guidelines to bring you a well thought-out package of revision tips to get you through your SATs.

Sergeant Major 1 ~ The DVDs and books which accompany this series are available in all good retail outlets.

Sergeant Major 2 ~ So if you're sitting up straight we will begin our revision.

Sergeant Major 3 ~ Attention! At the double!

(The four hold up placards on which formulae, diagrams, rules of language etc. are written.)

All together ~ LEARN THIS!

(They put down their placards)

Sergeant Major 4 ~ And there you 'ave it. Revision done! And don't forget what you've learned today, or we'll be round your 'ouse drilling it into you in a rather more.....(*brandishing cane*).....forceful way. D'you 'ear?

Sergeant Major 1 ~ Now, should this comprehensive revision session fail to make an impression, we 'ave composed a little reminder. Learning, apparently, should be....(*sneering*)....fun, so enjoy this...or else!

**Song 4 – It's Nearly Time
To Take Your SATs** (*CD track22, lyrics p23*)
(*Sergeant Majors, supported by whole cast*)

(*The intro music then plays (CD track23) as all sit. Fade the music when ready.*)

Scene 5

(*The grandparents are whispering while the children look at the i-pad.*)

Grandpa ~ Errm ...Billy, Becky....well I hate to ask...err...but have you...err...I mean....err.....when.....

Grandma ~ Oh for goodness' sake! What he wants to ask you is when did you last have your heads checked for nits?

Becky ~ Nits? What are nits?

Billy ~ She means 'Parasite T16'. They used to be called 'nits'. I can't remember when we were last checked. Why?

Grandpa ~ Well, we just saw something moving in your hair, Becky.

Billy ~ (*leaning over and nonchalantly removing a whopper from his sister's scalp!*) Oh, it's only a baby one. Look.

Grandma ~ Good gracious! They're twenty times the size of the ones we used to get!

Becky ~ No problem. (*She takes a remote control-type device from her pocket, presses a button and holds it to her head.*) There, that'll sort 'em for another six months.

Grandpa ~ Is that it? One zap and they're gone? Crikey, it was a far more complicated and painful process getting rid of nits when we were young.....

Song 5 – The Nits Blues (*CD track24, lyrics p24*)
(*Whole cast*)

(*The intro music then plays (CD track25) as all sit. The stage is made ready for the next scene. Fade the music when ready.*)

Scene 6

*(As the **Coronation Street 2075** theme tune plays (CD track26), Grandma removes a headset – see staging suggestions/props – having just experienced a virtual episode of the show!)*

Grandma ~ Ooh! That Steve MacDonald! He's a right one! He's running a protection racket in Coronation Street, at 104 years of age! I remember him as a younger man – I always thought he was quite dishy!

Grandpa ~ Excuse me! I **am** in the room!

Billy ~ *(giggling)* Was Grandpa 'dishy' when he was younger?

Grandma ~ Hmmm....eventually! It took him a while to sort out his 'look'!

Grandpa ~ Well, you were a late-bloomer too! I remember some of your style disasters!

Becky ~ *(also giggling)* What do you mean?

Grandpa ~ Well, by the time your Nan got into year 6 she'd started experimenting with makeup, like a lot of girls in our class. The results weren't always successful!

Grandma ~ And your grandfather hadn't quite learned how to properly apply the great dollops of hair-gel he was coming to school in every morning!

Grandpa ~ Ha! I always wondered why my photo never appeared in the school prospectus.....

*(The action moves to centre stage where tables and chairs, as for scene 2, sit empty, apart from a couple of school bags. A **school bell** rings (CD track27) and six dishevelled, scruffy children enter – 3 boys, 3 girls – red in the face and very sweaty! They slump down on the chairs.)*

Boy 1 ~ Phew! That was an awesome game of British Bulldogs!

Boy 2 ~ I'm exhausted! I hope Miss Versace hasn't anything strenuous planned for this afternoon.

Girl 1 ~ Well, we'll soon find out. Here she comes.

(A stylish teacher enters, carrying books. She looks at the slovenly children.)

Miss Versace ~ Dear me, look at the state of you lot! You really should take more pride in your appearance. You are, after all, in year 6 now. *(sniffing the air and wincing)* Ooh, and that smell! A little squirt of deodorant wouldn't go amiss either, especially on hot days like today!

(As she hands out books, the Headteacher approaches in front of the stage, with a couple of prospective parents.)

Head ~ So that was our Key Stage 1 area. So vibrant, don't you agree?

Father ~ Yes, wonderful! I must say, we're very impressed with what we've seen so far! I'm sure our two children will be very happy here.

Head ~ Well, thank you. And here is Miss Versace and the year 6 class. I'll just check if it's okay to have a look around.....

(The Headteacher knocks and steps onto the stage, as if entering the class. S/he is alarmed at the appearance of the children and the smell in the room, and hastily retreats. S/he turns to the parents, embarrassed and apologetic.)

Head ~ It's...err...not convenient at the moment. They're...err....very busy!

Mother ~ But our eldest will be in year 6. Please could we have a quick look?

Head ~ *(panicking)* Err....no....you can't....they've all....they've all got chickenpox....yes.....chickenpox.....very contagious!

Father ~ That's no problem. We've both had chickenpox. We really would like to see the year 6 classroom.

Head ~ *(really fretting)* Absolutely not!.....They're....they're in the middle of a test! *(parents look suspicious)* There's a bomb in there...*(parents snort with derision)* ...err.....look.....to be honest...the school is closing down! *(ushering out the parents)* Yes, it's closing down....they've found asbestos.....lots of asbestos!

Mother ~ Well! This is outrageous.

(The Head and parents exit. Miss Versace, having witnessed the interaction from the door, turns on the children.)

Miss Versace ~ See! You lot are having a damaging effect on the school's image! You all really need to make an effort to present yourselves better. You're reflecting badly on all of us. Now I'm just nipping out to see if I can calm things down with those parents. Carry on with your work 'til I get back.

(She exits and the children gather together.)

Girl 2 ~ She's got a point. But what can we do about it?

Girl 3 ~ *(reaching inside her school bag)* Well, look what I've got. I pinched it from my older sister. I've been putting a bit on now and again, you know, just to feel a bit more grown up.

(She takes out a makeup bag. The other two girls' eyes light up.)

Girl 1 ~ Makeup! Wow!

Girl 2 ~ Oh, let's have a go! What have you got?

(The girls turn their backs to the audience and excitedly begin applying the makeup. NB – they mustn't turn back round yet!)

Boy 3 ~ Well, what can we do? I'll tell you now, I'm certainly not improving mine or the school's image by wearing eye-shadow!

Boy 1 ~ No need. *(taking a tub of hair gel out of his bag)* We'll just use some of this. It's my dad's!

Boy 2 ~ Hair gel! Let's have a go!

(The boys turn their backs to the audience and excitedly begin applying the hair gel.)

Boy 1 ~ And look, have a squirt of this.....*(handing round a can of deodorant which they all spray over their clothes)*.....the more the better!

Note – for the best effect (which you've obviously guessed is a reveal of some hilarious 'product' application), the girls will need to put in a bit of practice to quickly apply a grotesque layer of eye-shadow, lipstick and blusher – face paints might be more suitable, and cheaper! The boys will also need to be able to quickly gel their hair into outrageous styles. The super-strength hair wax/putty would work best and hold their hair more firmly. Boys with longer or thicker hair should be chosen for these parts.

(When all are ready, still with backs to the audience.....)

Boy 2 ~ Ha! Who's ruining the school's image now?

(They all turn to face the audience, very pleased with themselves!)

All ~ Oh yeah! Looking good, *(sniffing their armpits)* and smelling fine! Grown-up, stylish, and very, very....*(thumbs up)*....COOL!

Song 6 – A Touch Of Lipstick (CD track28, lyrics p25) (Whole cast)

(The intro music then plays (CD track29) as all sit. The stage is made ready for the next scene. Fade the music when ready.)

Scene 7

Grandma ~ *(on the phone)* Don't you worry...of course we don't mind, we love having them, you know that...okay....I hope it gets sorted...yes, bye Dear. *(to the children)* That was your mum. She'll be stuck on Mars for another twenty-four hours, and your father still can't get back from the third sector.

Grandpa ~ But what about Billy and Becky's parental consultation evening? It's tomorrow, isn't it?

Becky ~ Cool! They'll miss parents' evening.

Billy ~ Good job Sis, given that incident with the head's astral jet and the hockey sabre!

Grandma ~ Actually, mum's asked if your Grandpa and I could go instead.

Becky and Billy ~ Oh no!

Grandpa ~ Really? I can't wait! I wonder if it'll be the same as when we were at school. You know, I'm sure there were things the teachers wanted to say that were never actually said.....

(Back on centre stage a teacher sits agitatedly, looking at a mark book. S/he has lots of lines to say, so these could be written as cues in the book. Three empty chairs are to his/her left. A prim mother and father enter with their daughter.)

Father ~ Now Geraldine, I hope you have been working hard this term. You know we have very high expectations. It takes dedication to become a doctor.

Daughter ~ Dad! I'm only eleven! Anyway, I want to be an artist when I grow up.

Mother ~ Don't talk such nonsense, you silly girl! An artist! Whatever next?

Teacher ~ *(standing)* Ah, Mr and Mrs Hetherington-Smyth, and Geraldine. If you'd like to come in. *(They sit. The teacher finds the daughter's name in the mark book, looks at her details and fidgets uncomfortably.)* Well...err...what can I say?

Father ~ We've told her already that maths and the sciences are really all that are important. She knows she'll be in trouble if she's not top of the class.

(The teacher squirms. The girl's marks obviously are not in keeping with her parents' expectations. Turning to the audience, we hear the teacher's thoughts. These can be recorded and played, or spoken as an aside.)

Teacher's thoughts ~ Poor girl. She's struggling in maths and science, but fantastic at art. What do I tell them?

Teacher ~ *(to parents)* Well...erm...she's doing brilliantly at both. She's a real little Einstein.

Mother ~ She does seem to waste a lot of time drawing and sketching instead of learning her times tables at home. We hope she concentrates in class.

Teacher's thoughts ~ Always away with the fairies! Mind like a sieve!

Teacher ~ *(to parents)* Err... yes. She's...always on the ball. Never distracted, are you Geraldine? *(Geraldine is staring into space.)* Are you?.....ARE YOU?

Daughter ~ What? Oh! Yes. Definitely. I mean.....what was the question?

Mother ~ Well, that's fine. Come on Geraldine, I have your father's copy of the Times in my bag. Some light bedtime reading for you. *(to teacher)* Goodbye.

Teacher's thoughts ~ *(as the family exits)* What a dragon!

Teacher ~ Goodbye. Lovely to see you. (*S/he looks at the list to see the name of the next family.*) Aah good. At last a child I can say positive things about without lying. Mr and Mrs Scrapper, come in. Oh, and Gripper is with you. Excellent!

(A thuggish couple enters, wearing vest, braces and jeans rolled up over Doc Marten-style boots. They could both have black eyes! They are followed by their 'clone' son. They sit.)

Teacher's thoughts ~ This should be easy. He's my star pupil. He's kind, considerate, helpful, hardworking and bright.

Teacher ~ (*to parents*) Well, I'm pleased to tell you that your son is.....

Father ~ (*interrupting through gritted teeth*) Now look 'ere, we've warned our Gripper. We don't want to find out he's a little goody-goody.

Mother ~ (*snarling*) That's right. We're trying to make a man out of him. We don't want him turning all funny, y'know, and getting into...reading!

Teacher's thoughts ~ Oh great! This is all I need. Top of the class, but his parents want him to be a cave man! What do I tell them?

Teacher ~ (*to parents*) Well...err...yes...he's...err...tough as old boots. Last week he had a cracking fight with a classmate, didn't you Gripper?

Father ~ (*giving his son an encouraging punch on the arm*) That's m'boy.

Gripper ~ (*Rising to his feet with a sudden surge of confidence*) But Mum, Dad, I hate fighting. I...I...I love...books! (*the parents gasp*) I love writing...I love maths...(*the parents start growling.*) ...In fact... coming to school is my favourite thing in the whole world! There, I've said it!

(The parents stand with clenched fists! The teacher is quick to calm them down with some hastily thought-of lies!)

Teacher ~ (*to parents*) No! No! Mr and Mrs Scrapper! Please. Listen. All the children are scared of him, as are all the teachers! He bites, he kicks, he vandalises, he swears...he...he's a monster!

Father ~ (*calming down*) Hmm. But what about that piece of writing on the wall, out in the corridor? It's got his name and a gold star on it!

Gripper ~ (*defiantly*) That's my poem about wishing for a peaceful world. It's so good, I was sent to show it to the headteacher.

Mother ~ (*getting angry again*) If they get to 'ear about that down the 'Dog and Bucket' he'll be a laughing stock!

Teacher ~ No, no, Gripper, I do wish you'd stop telling lies. I sent you to the head for letting down car tyres in the staff car park, remember? And that piece of work is only on the wall to show other children how **not** to write a poem.

Father ~ Hmm. What about the gold star?

Teacher ~ Well...errr....in our school, Mr Scrapper, a gold star is given for a truly awful piece of work. It's...err...a new initiative the governors brought in.

Mother ~ *(giving her son an encouraging punch on the arm)* That's m'boy. Good.
(pleasantly) Well everything seems in order. Thank you for your time. Goodbye.

*(They leave dragging Gripper by the ear. As the **intro music** plays (CD track 30) the teacher looks at the audience, shakes his/her head, rips the page out of the mark book, screws it up and throws it away. S/he then slumps back in the chair as a selection of parents, teachers and children, from this and previous scenes, stand in groups for the next song. When ready, fade the music.)*

Song 7 – Parental Consultation Evening *(CD track31, lyrics p26)*
(Parents, teachers and children, supported by whole cast)

*(The **intro music** then plays (CD track32) as all sit. Fade the music when ready.)*

Scene 8

Grandma ~ You know, all this reminiscing has worn me out. Look at Gramps, he's fast asleep. Come on you two, time for bed.

Becky ~ But there's still so much more I want to know about school back in 2011.

Grandma ~ Well, we can talk some more tomorrow. I'm glad you find it so interesting. I thought a lot of things had changed so much over the years, but looking at both of you I wonder whether it's really so different after all.

Billy ~ Well I think everything sounds brilliant. I wish I'd grown up then.

Grandma ~ I'm sure when you're our age you'll look back on this time with real affection, and enjoy telling **your** grandchildren about **your** old school days. But listen, I meant it, it's bedtime. Come on.

Becky ~ Well will you sing us that song we like, just to help us nod off?

Grandma ~ Of course I will, and I'll wake up Gramps so he can help me. Goodnight dears, *(she kisses them)*. It's been a lovely evening.

Song 8 – One Day At A Time *(CD track33, lyrics p27)*
(Whole cast)

THE END

Old School Days

Verse 1 Old school days, oh the crisp autumn mornings,
And I'm walking through the gates at five to nine.
Here comes Miss Johnson* at ninety miles per hour,
'Cause she never gets to work on time!

Chorus Though the memory's a haze, I'm really amazed,
When I think back to my old school days.

Verse 2 Old school days, such a rounded education,
'Cause I learned much more than my A B C,
How to fire a spit-ball with my ruler and blame it
On the person next to me!

Chorus Though the memory's a haze.....

Verse 3 Old school days, oh the lunches I remember,
Always trying to stop the infants spilling their drink.
The dinner ladies running round like headless chickens,
As we pushed them to the brink!

Chorus Though the memory's a haze.....

Verse 4 Old school days, oh the summer term was wonderful,
Playtime 'mischief' on the football pitch.
Stuffing fresh-cut grass down each other's backs -
Oh boy, it didn't half itch!

Chorus Though the memory's a haze.....

Verse 5 Old school days, well they changed so quickly,
And we toddled off to 'comp' so sheepishly,
Or Grammar School or maybe independent,
But it's all still secondary!

Chorus Though the memory's a haze.....

** insert the name of an adult who's always late!*

Teachers Have It Easy

Verse 1 When some say that teachers have it easy,
You know what I think I agree!
They get to spend cold playtimes sitting inside,
With biscuits and hot cups of tea!
While we're making do with a small piece of fruit,
They all munch on their kit-kats with glee!
When some say that teachers have it easy,
You know what I think I agree!

Verse 2 When some say that teachers have it easy,
I reckon that this might be right!
They get to boss children about all day long,
And make us do homework at night!
Because we're not old we must do as we're told,
Which is such an insufferable plight!
When some say that teachers have it easy,
I reckon that this might be right!

Verse 3 When some say that teachers have it easy,
The nail has been hit on the head!
They seem to have very long holidays,
While others are working instead!
I bet it's a breeze living life with such ease,
Must be comfy as staying in bed!
When some say that teachers have it easy,
The nail has been hit on the head!

Verse 4 When I have left school and have grown up,
A teacher I think I shall be.
I'll turn up at nine, by half-three it's home time!
But then again, hmmm, let me see.....
There's planning, assessing,
Marking and testing,
Curriculum knowledge,
Four years at college,
Meetings, form-filling,
They have to show willing
When mums want a conversation
At morning registration.....phew!
When some say that teachers have it easy,
I'm sorry, but I just can't agree!

A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E

Chorus Please accept our apologies,
We don't mean to be rude.
We're just developing a serious attitude!
And though it seems we're in
A permanent bad mood,
We're just developing an A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E...
Attitude!

Verse 1 You may not understand,
But Mum, when I am near my friends
Don't try to hold my hand!
It's not that I don't love you anymore,
It's just that I'm not the little baby
That I was before!

Chorus Please accept our apologies.....

Verse 2 I've crossed the line again!
But Miss, the rules were made for bending,
Weren't they, now and then?
It's not that I don't want to make the grade
It's just that I'm now a big kid
And that's how big kids are made!

Chorus Please accept our apologies.....

A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E! A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E!
A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E! A.T.T.I.T.U.D.E!

Chorus Please accept our apologies.....

It's Nearly Time To take Your SATs

- Verse 1** It's nearly time to take your SATs,
You lazy little squirt.
You need to lock yourself away
And study 'til it hurts.
Think about your poor old folks,
They feel the pressure too.
They've told you that if you mess up
They'll disinherit you.
- Verse 2** It's nearly time to take your SATs,
And then big school next term.
You don't want them to think you're daft,
You lazy little worm.
You'll languish in the bottom set,
When all your friends have said
They now don't want to play with you,
You ruin their street cred.
- Verse 3** It's nearly time to take your SATs,
You really should be scared.
'Cause you've been outside having fun,
You're not at all prepared.
There are those who think
You're much too young to take the strain,
But you wimps need to toughen up
And feel a little pain.
- Verse 4** It's nearly time to take your SATs,
Prepare yourself for war!
By following our battle plan
You'll maximise your score.
Your teacher's job is on the line
So take this seriously.....
Or she'll be spending all next year
Watching daytime TV!

The Nits Blues

- Verse 1** I woke up this morning and sat up in bed,
With something itching at the back of my head.
This follicle invasion's
Gonna give my mother apoplectic fits.
But she's gonna have to get used to it,
Her pride and joy has caught a dose of nits.
- Verse 2** I'm led to the bathroom, and thrown in the shower.
I'm not allowed out for at least three-quarters of an hour.
She scrubs and scrubs and scrubs
Until my head feels like she's ripped it to bits,
'Cause she's mortified that anyone
Would know her little baby's got nits.
- Verse 3** I'm pulled to the bedroom, still soaked to the bone.
Then the woman who's s'posed to love me
Produces the comb!
She's scraping like a soul possessed,
Like a demon at the end of her wits.
And she'll never rest in peace until
The apple of her eye is free from nits.
- (Guitar solo, during which a giant nit-comb, with the neck of a guitar, is brandished in true rock-star style!)*
- Verse 4** At school Monday morning, the parents are at the gates,
And a look of horror's spreading right across her face.
'Cause according to the tittle-tattle
Our family is considered 'the pits'.
I've started an epidemic,
I've gone and given everybody nits!

A Touch Of Lipstick

Verse 1 We're a little bit older,
And we're a little bit bolder.
We want to come across less infantile,
And we want to start looking like we've got some style,
So we've been in front of the mirror,
For more than a little while.

Chorus

(Girls) A touch of lipstick,
(Boys) A bit of hair-gel,
(All) A squirt of 'deo' to improve the smell.
We feel a million dollars and we're looking swell,
With a touch of lipstick and a bit of hair-gel.

Verse 2

(Girls) Well, there's nothing that's finer
Than a spot of eyeliner.
(Boys) And when it comes to really raising the tone
We can always wear a splash of Dad's eau-de-cologne!
(All) 'Cause each one of us is on a mission
To show you how much we've grown.

Chorus A touch of lipstick....

Verse 3 Want to make an impression,
With some self-expression.
But maybe all those beauty products we've found,
Are making us look funnier than Coco the Clown!
So let's remember that 'less is more'
And really try to tone it down!

Chorus A touch of lipstick....

Parental Consultation Evening

Verse 1

(All)

The time's arrived for us to meet to 'talk things through'.
Are things progressing well,
Or is there more that we can do?
Well everyone involved is coiled
As tightly as a spring –
Oh, we're dreading the conversation
At parental consultation evening!

Verse 2

(Parents)

We'd rather juggle jars of nitro-glycerine,
Than be told how awfully-behaved
Our darling child has been!
To hear they're less than perfect
Is a catastrophic thing –
Oh, we're dreading the conversation
At parental consultation evening!

Verse 3

(Children)

We'd rather walk with bare feet over broken glass,
Than to have our parents know what we
Are truly like in class!
Our fate hangs in the balance
By a flimsy piece of string –
Oh, we're dreading the conversation
At parental consultation evening!

Middle 8

(Parents)

We hope that 'Your child could try much harder',
Is the worse that will be said!

(Children)

We hope they don't find out about
Our frequent visits to the head!

Verse 4

(Teachers)

Although we can't, we'd really rather say to you
'Your child's not right for school,
They'd fit in better at the zoo!'
But instead we'll say they're 'spirited'
'Unique' and 'interesting' –
Oh, we're dreading the conversation
At parental consultation evening!

One Day At A Time

Verse 1 When I've had enough of doing as I'm told,
I can't see any benefit
In not being very old.
It seems a million years until I reach eighteen,
The age when I can no longer
Be made to eat my greens.
And I can't wait to live on coke and pizza,
But I'm being cared for now, so I think I'll take it...

Chorus One day at a time,
There's no rush to see tomorrow.
I know the future is mine,
So I'm gonna live it one day at a time.

Verse 2 As I look around at older boys and girls,
I long to taste their freedom,
I want to know the grown-up world.
I want to stay up late drinking cups of tea,
And maybe watch something that's cooler
Than CBBC.
And I can't wait to widen my horizon,
But I'm feeling safe right now, so I think I'll take it...

Chorus One day at a time.....

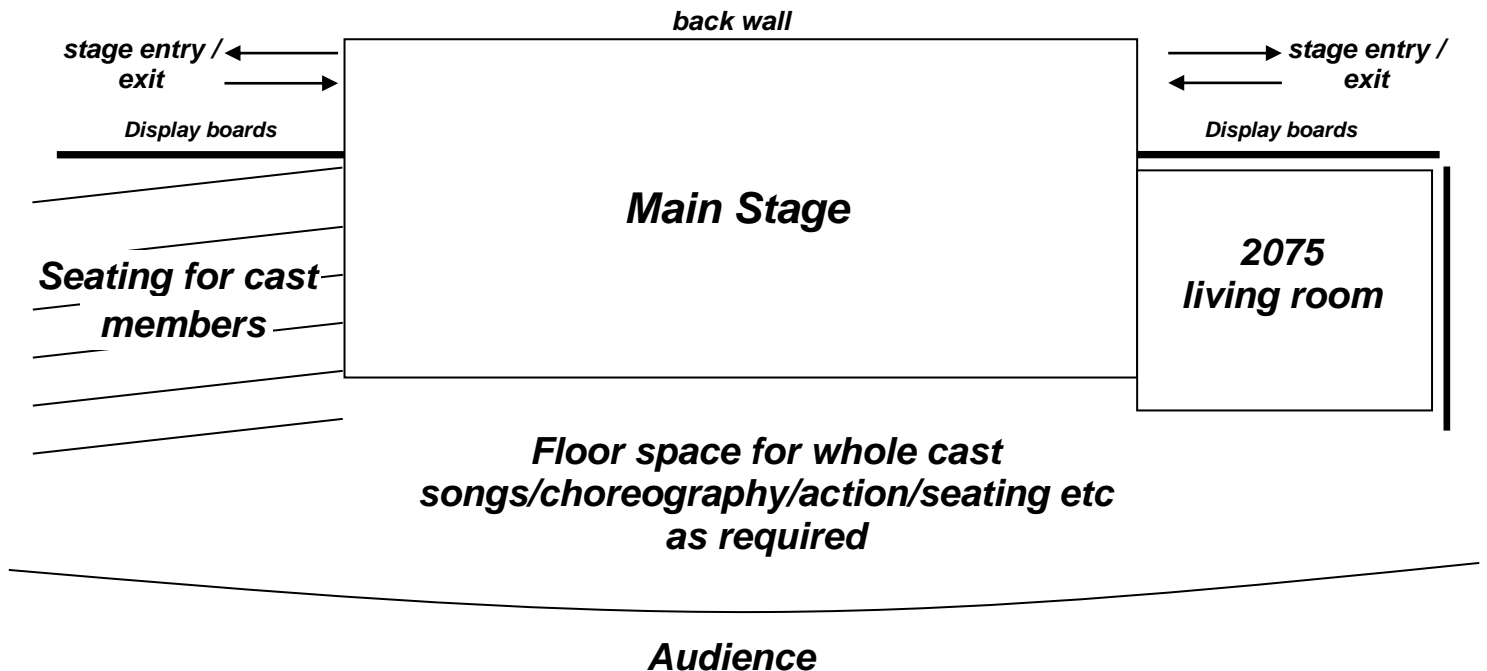
Verse 3 When I think about how the world is treating me,
Some things I don't understand,
While some are plain to see.
And though it seems my life has only just begun,
In many ways I've grown so much,
So many things I've done.
And I can't wait to see what's round the corner,
But I love where I am right now, so I think I'll take it...

Chorus One day at a time.....

Repeat Chorus

STAGING AND PRODUCTION SUGGESTIONS

'School Daze' has been written to be adaptable to most school hall set-ups, whether you have a stage or not. Below is just one representation of a possible staging layout.



- **Scenery** – Using display boards it will be easy to create a futuristic scene behind and around the grandparents' living room; windows looking out onto planets and stars, banks of levers and knobs, communication screens and various gadgets can be painted onto silver backing paper. The children themselves can be involved in designing and making these. Two inflatable chairs would be ideal for the old couple to sit on, while the two children can sit on silver painted stools. A display behind the main stage could show the children's paintings of various scenes of school life, perhaps those dealt with in the scenes and songs. Another suggestion would be to have the back wall covered in a brick effect, and allow the children to spray or paint graffiti (tasteful of course!), which could again be slogans, pictures or symbols to do with their experiences of school. Or.....



Save time and resources on scenery, with our new digital backdrops!
Professional images for each scene which can be displayed on your hall whiteboard or back wall. See website for details!

Stage furniture would simply be standard classroom tables and chairs, which can easily be carried on and off by members of the cast not involved in those particular scenes, or pushed against the back wall when not needed.

- **Props** – The futuristic family will need a tin for the energy bars, an old lap-top which can be decorated and enhanced to represent the i-pad, while a

traditional feather-duster will provide Grandma with a 'link' to the past. The virtual headset could simply be a foil-covered box that covers the eyes and is elaborately decorated with wires and buttons etc, while the 'nit-blaster' could simply be a small hand-held remote control. Props for the action centre-stage will be regular objects found in and around school. The nit-comb-guitar can easily be made using firm card attached to the front of an electric guitar. The script is quite detailed in its prop suggestions, but these can of course be interpreted to suit your own requirements.

- **Costume** – The family will need to be dressed 'futuristically' - boiler suits (preferably in silver or white) or the like should suffice, with cadet-style caps. For the scenes centre-stage, typical jacket, tie and trousers should be worn by any male teachers, and smart skirts, trousers and tops for female teachers. Take inspiration from the parents at your schools to dress the parental characters accordingly. For the sergeant majors, combat/cargo trousers, white t-shirts/polo-necks, berets if possible and desert boots will look effective. For the dance lesson those playing infants can wear pristine PE kit, while the older children can be dressed in a mish-mash of football tops, baggy skate shorts, hoodies etc – in short anything that is not proper PE kit! For all 'schoolchildren' simply use your own school uniform'
- **Use of Space** – The whole cast will be involved in the performance of most of the songs and choruses. A space on the floor in front of the main stage could be used to accommodate extra bodies. In this space, for some songs, the cast could perform dance routines or act out the lyrical content. A seating area for resting performers could be allocated either side of the stage. This lets them enjoy the performance as part of the audience, allows easy movement on and off the stage, and of course eliminates the need for back-stage supervision.
- **Content** – You can personalise your performance by adding to or changing parts of the script to suit your particular needs. Different songs that the children know and enjoy could replace, or be added to those on the CD.
- **Audience seating** – The audience could be in one block facing the stage, or maybe in two blocks separated by an aisle wide enough for perhaps the entrance of some of the characters, or to allow some of the drama and choreography to be performed on the floor. If this is being performed as a Leavers' production, why not sit the audience at table, cabaret-style, and invite them to bring their own drinks and nibbles
- Finally, please remember, the emphasis of this production is fun, so, to quote Sergeant Major 1, "...enjoy this...or else!"