

# The SCHOOL-O-VISION



## SONG CONTEST

### Script Sample 2

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## Scene 4

*(The Mop Tops exit, waving as the audience applauds. The presenters move centre stage again. Björn is now wearing a yellow hard hat and looking nervously at the ceiling.)*

**Graham** Well, it was good, but it'll never replace singing!

**Nell** Graham, you're always so rude!

**Graham** I know. *(pointing to the audience)* It's why they love me. Hey Björn, what's with the funky headgear? A hard hat – that's far out!

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn said that, during the last song, his mother phoned him in a panic. She'd just heard that schools here in the UK are built with crumbly concrete, and being a concerned parent, she told him to take precautions in case tonight's loud music causes the ceiling to come down!

**Nell** Well, Björn and his mother can rest assured that this school has all the necessary health and safety paperwork in place. *(looking up nervously)* I'm sure we're all fine. So, Graham, who's up next on School-O-Vision?

**Graham** *(also looking up nervously)* Well, we've already heard from the PTA and the premises officers, so to take things to a new low...it's the teachers! Now, Have you ever wondered why teachers are always so tired? They'd have you believe that they're up all hours, planning lessons and marking, but is that really the case?

**Nell** Well, let's find out, shall we? We caught up with them on a typical Tuesday, at 4.30pm, in the staffroom. Roll VT...

*(As the **intro music** plays (**track 18**), the presenters exit. The teaching staff enter, bringing on a display board on which is pinned a sign reading 'STAFFROOM' and typical posters and notices found on a staff noticeboard. A coffee table is placed centre-stage on which sits a large bowl labelled 'CONFISCATIONS', full of packs of crisps, cakes, sweets and cans of drinks.)*

*On the table, set back, is a turntable where Matt is DJ-ing, wearing shades, headphones and a sparkly jacket. **Dance music** plays throughout (**track 19**), quietly enough to hear the dialogue, as a few smart-casually dressed teachers bop away! Seated on the two chairs to one side, Laura is crying as Maz comforts her. Bouncer Andy, wearing a smart suit, stands by a velvet rope to the other side. Dave, wearing a tracksuit and trainers, approaches Andy's velvet rope from off-stage.)*

**Andy** Sorry pal, you can't come in here. You're inappropriately dressed.

**Dave** Andy! It's me...Dave. I've just been taking after-school athletics club!

**Andy** Sorry, Dave. It's house policy. No trainers or tracksuits.

**Dave** Fine! Have it your way. I'll be back in a minute.

*(Dave exits grumpily. The action switches to Laura and Maz who are still seated.)*

**Laura** Oh, Maz. I can't believe he'd do this to me after all we've been through together.

**Maz** Oh, Laura. I'm so sorry, but it's clearly his decision.

**Laura** I just don't understand!

**Maz** I know, it must be awful for you. Come on, let's get you a drink.

*(Maz grabs a can from the confiscations bowl and gives it to Laura, rubbing her back sympathetically as Laura opens it and drinks.)*

**Matt** *(to the dancing staff)* Make some noise, party people! Put your hands in the air!

*(The dancing staff punch the air and give a loud 'Woo!' The action switches back to the velvet rope. Dave is back, having changed clothes. He points out to Andy his child's school jumper, trousers and black shoes, all of which are comically way too small for him! Andy laughs!)*

**Dave** Yeah, alright. I know I look like a wally, but it's all I could find in lost property!

**Andy** Ha! In you go, then. But don't give me any trouble.

*(Andy unfastens the rope and Dave enters.)*

**Matt** *(encouraging the dancing staff)* Come on everybody, let's D-I-S-C-O!

*(Dave joins in with the dancing. The action switches back to Laura and Maz.)*

**Laura** Oh, why did he do it, Maz? We were so good together.

**Maz** Look. Don't you think you're overreacting just a little bit?

**Laura** I just want to know why he would choose Mr Dickinson over me!

**Maz** *(glancing to the audience)* How long have you got? *(standing)* Come on. Let's have a boogie. It'll take your mind off things.

*(Laura and Maz hit the dance floor. The action switches to the rope. Mrs Finton, a prim-looking teacher, has just arrived carrying a sheet of A4.)*

**Andy** Got any ID?

**Mrs Finton** I beg your pardon?

**Andy** Can I see some ID, please?

**Mrs Finton** For goodness' sake! It's me...Beatrice Finton...deputy head? Let me in. I just want to use the photocopier.

**Andy** Not without ID. It's the rules.

**Mrs Finton** *(annoyed, thrusting her lanyard in his face)* There. Happy now?

**Andy** Thank you, Mrs Finton! In you go.

*(Mrs Finton walks through the rope. She stops and looks disapprovingly at the party taking place.)*

**Matt** *(shouting over from the DJ table)* Yes! Mrs F in da house! Come on, show us your moves!

*(Mrs Finton glares at him sternly, then seems to change personality and boogies the width of the stage, exiting to use the photocopier! Dave goes over to the confiscations bowl and starts sifting through the contents.)*

**Dave** *(to one of the dancing teachers nearby)* Hey, Jane, are these going spare? *(picking up a sweet)* It's been a long day and I missed lunch.

**Jane** Help yourself. Danny in my class brought them in to give out after swimming. I *(finger quotes)* 'rescued' them from his bag.

**Dave** *(eating one)* Delicious! *(pointing)* And these cupcakes?

**Jane** Hannah Evans brought them in for her birthday. I told the class I'm sure I could smell nuts in them, so I had to *(finger quotes)* 'remove them for health and safety reasons'!

**Dave** *(picking up a cake)* Hannah Evans? So, did her mum bake them?

**Jane** Her dad, I believe.

**Dave** *(replacing cake in the bowl)* Yeah...I think I'll give it a miss.

*(The dancing continues and the action switches back to Laura and Maz on the dance floor.)*

**Maz** Feeling any better?

**Laura** Yes thanks. I've just got to accept that he's Mr Dickinson's teaching assistant now. It's just that we worked so well together, but deep down I knew he always wanted to move to Year 3.

**Maz** Well listen, there's no reason why you can't still be friends. He's only two doors away. And on the plus side, your new TA seems nice. Emily, isn't it?

**Laura** Yes. And she brings her own Pritt Stick!

**Laura & Maz** *(high fiving)* Result!

**Matt** *(punching the air in time with the beat)* Let's see you tear the roof off this place, you cool cats! Can I get an 'ooh-a, ooh-a!'

*(The dancers respond with an 'ooh-a, ooh-a!' The music is turned up and the dancing gets more energetic. Mrs Finton then re-enters with a pile of A4 sheets which she slams down on the coffee table. The music track and the dancing immediately stop! All look at Mrs Finton.)*

**Mrs Finton** All I wanted was to photocopy one worksheet and there's no paper left! Someone has used it all on this! *(picking a sheet off the pile she slammed down)* So...who has been photocopying their bottom!?

*(All gather round the coffee table and pick up a sheet of paper each. They look at the image from different angles. After a short pause, they all agree and nod...)*

**All** Mr Dickinson! Definitely Mr Dickinson!

*(Mr Dickinson appears at the rope.)*

**Mr Dickinson** Err...hello...I...err...left my worksheets on the photocopier...so I've...err...

*(After a short pause, all erupt in laughter, waving the sheets, as Mr Dickinson covers his face! Matt returns to the DJ table.)*

**Matt** Come on, party people...let's CONGA!

*(The **dance music** starts up again, at full volume (**track 19**), Mrs Finton grabs Mr Dickinson's waist from behind, clearly checking-out his bottom! The others form a chain behind her and they joyfully exit, doing the conga! The presenters enter.)*

**Graham** Singing their song 'Boom! Boom! Boom! We're Rockin' The Staffroom', please make some noise for our next act of the evening...

**Graham, Nell, Björn & Translator** Hot Coffee!

*(The presenters move to the side. To cheers, the teaching staff enter as the group 'Hot Coffee', wearing shades and sparkly accessories, to lead the cast in their song.)*

## Song **Boom! Boom! Boom!**

**Track 4 - vocal demo**  
**Track 20 - backing track**  
**Lyrics p32**

*(Hot Coffee bow, wave and exit. They take off the display board, chairs, coffee table, DJ equipment, bowl and velvet rope, leaving the table. The presenters move centre stage again.)*

**Graham** Let's look on the bright side. At least we'll never have to listen to that again!

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says that he thinks you are rather rude.

**Graham** Well, it's good to know that my insults can be appreciated internationally!

**Nell** Well, we all thought it was a magnificent performance, didn't we? And now, moving swiftly along, the next act is made up of our school's own culinary kings and queens, those chow-down champions...

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says, 'those heroes behind the hatch'.

**Nell** Very good, Björn! Yes everyone, it's time to hear from the kitchen staff, with whom we caught up during a recent hectic lunchtime service. Roll VT...

.....END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE.....