

GIGGLEBOX



SCRIPT SAMPLE

Scene 1

(As the **Gigglebox theme tune** plays (**track 8**) the cast enters and all stand for the opening song.)

Song What's On The Gigglebox?

Track 1 - vocal demo

Track 9 - backing track

Lyrics p30

(During the instrumental section, the members of the Parker family move to the side stage, representing their living room – **see staging suggestions p37** – and make themselves comfortable for an evening in front of the television. When the song finishes, **continuity music** plays (**track 10**) and the rest of the cast members exit to the seating area on the other side of the main stage. A voiceover/announcer stands centre stage. Alternatively, they could be off-stage and the lines delivered into a microphone.)

Voiceover Well, I hope you're all ready for the highlight of this evening's viewing schedule: everybody's favourite show...Gigglebox! Yes, who would ever have thought that a TV programme about...well...families watching TV programmes, could be so entertaining? But, when the subject of those TV programmes is primary school, you can guarantee there'll be giggles galore! So, without further ado, if you're all sitting comfortably, here's Gigglebox!

(The **Gigglebox theme tune** plays (**track 11**). On the side stage, the Parkers - except for Gramps - sit excitedly, each taking turns to rummage through a biscuit tin on a coffee table. The adults sit on two sofas and the children on cushions on the floor. They face a TV set on a low stand. The programmes they are viewing will be acted out on the main stage. We hear a voiceover again which, if possible, is spoken into a microphone off-stage.)

Voiceover We join the Parker family in sunny Suffolk (*or your location*), as they settle down to watch one of their favourite programmes, Playtime Casualty. Warning: this episode includes scenes of injured school children from the start, which some viewers might find upsetting...

Seb (*calling over his shoulder*) Hurry up Gramps! Playtime Casualty's starting!

Gramps (*from off-stage*) Just press pause, will you Seb? I'm nearly done! Just waiting for the cistern to re-fill!

(The rest of the family, each munching on a biscuit, pause and look at each other with a slightly 'eurgh' expression! They slowly place their half-eaten-biscuits on the coffee table! Seb lifts a remote control, points at the TV and presses a button.)

- Lottie** *(slightly sarcastically)* Nan, I do love it when you and Gramps come round on a Friday evening to watch telly with us.
- Nan** Oh Lottie, it's the highlight of our week! Your Gramps always gets so excited!
- Dad** *(to Nan)* You don't say, Mother! That's his third visit to the loo in the last twenty minutes!
- (We hear the loo flush (track 12) and Mum calls out...)*
- Mum** All sorted, Donald? Can we get on with watching Playtime Casualty?
- Gramps** *(from off-stage)* Nearly! Just waiting for the cistern to re-fill...again!
- Seb** Let's hope it's a good episode with loads of blood! It was so boring last week. Mind you, it was funny when that Yr1 girl got a Percy Pig stuck up her nose!
- Nan** I love this programme. It reminds me of when I was a nurse in A & E.
- Lottie** But Nan, I always thought you were the receptionist at a soft play barn?
- Nan** Well, it's more or less the same thing, Lottie. No need to be picky.
- (We hear the loo flush again (track 13) and Gramps enters, sitting next to Nan on a sofa.)*
- Gramps** All done! Right, let's have a bit of Playtime Casualty. Pass the biscuits...
- (Seb points the remote control at the TV. As the **Playtime Casualty** theme tune plays (track 14) the action moves centre stage, which is already set up to represent a staffroom. A fridge stands towards the back. A display board has staff notices and posters pinned to it. Four members of staff enter and sit on chairs arranged around a low table. They each pick up a cup and sigh heavily.)*
- Voiceover** It's 10.45am in the staffroom at Little Whiffington Primary Academy. The staff are grabbing a quick coffee during their morning break...
- Staff 1** *(holding a folder)* Here's hoping we have an incident-free playtime. I just need a quiet fifteen minutes to get my head around this *(waving the folder)* before next lesson.
- Staff 2** Why? What are you doing?
- Staff 1** A practice SPAG test with Yr6. I just know they're going to ask what a subordinating conjunction is...and I don't even know myself!
- Staff 3** I've never needed a cuppa more than this one. I've just had singing with Yr2!
- Staff 4** That was singing?! Oh, thank goodness for that! I just heard violent screams through the wall and assumed things were kicking-off!
- (We hear a scream off-stage.)*
- Staff 4** Ooh! Sounds like Yr2 are carrying on their singing lesson into playtime!
- (There is a knock at the door.)*

All Staff COME IN!

(Child 1 enters holding up their index finger.)

Staff 2 Oh dear. What's happened to you?

Child 1 *(tearfully)* I trapped my finger in the cloakroom door!

Staff 2 *(sighing)* Okay, come over here then and let's have a look.

(As the child approaches, finger extended, Staff 1 urgently jumps up and gets between them!)

Staff 1 *(to Staff 2)* Woah! What are you doing?! *(taking Staff 2 aside)* Are you mad?! That's a child's index finger! NEVER go near a child's index finger! You wouldn't believe the places that finger has been! Just imagine what foul, horrible things are lurking on the end of it!

Staff 2 Okay, well you're the staff member in charge of health and safety in this school – what do you suggest we do?

Staff 1 Simple. Just give them an ice-pack. That always does the trick.

Staff 2 Well, if you say so.

(Staff 2 goes to the fridge, takes out an ice pack and hands it to Child 1.)

Staff 2 There you go...ice-pack!

(Child 1 looks confusedly at the ice-pack, but nevertheless wraps it round the finger and goes to stand at the back. The staff resume their seats. The action switches to the Parkers.)

Mum Ha! This reminds me of that time I got *my* finger stuck. I've had trouble ever since.

Seb You got *your* finger stuck, Mum? Where?

Mum In that wedding ring your Dad gave me! Haha!

Dad Charming!

(The Parkers laugh and the action switches back to the main stage. There is a knock at the door.)

All Staff COME IN!

(Child 2 enters, puffing his/her cheeks as if about to be sick.)

Staff 3 You look a bit green around the gills! What's happened?

Child 2 I was playing the 'spin-'til-you-can't-walk-straight' game, and now I feel sick!

(Staff 3 looks questioningly at Staff 1, who nods and mouths the word 'ice-pack'. S/he takes an ice-pack from the fridge.)

Staff 3 *(handing the ice-pack to Child 2.)* There you go...ice-pack!

(Child 2 looks confusedly at the ice pack, but nevertheless holds it to his/her cheek and goes to stand at the back with Child 1. Staff 3 resumes his/her seat. There is another knock at the door.)

All Staff COME IN!

(Child 3 enters, flustered!)

Child 3 It's Mr. Thompson! He's in a real mess! He thought he'd join in with the Yr5 kickabout while he was doing playground duty, but he slipped and fell flat on his face! There's blood everywhere and his nose has gone all bendy...
(squashing his/her nose sideways to demonstrate)...like this!

Staff 4 Oh dear! It sounds like he's broken it!

(Staff 4 looks questioningly at Staff 1, who nods and mouths the word 'ice-pack'.)

Staff 4 Hang on a sec...*(taking an ice-pack from the fridge and handing it to Child 5)*...ice-pack!
Take this, stick it on his nose and he'll be fine in no time.

(Child 3 looks confusedly at the ice-pack and exits with it. Staff 4 is about to sit when there is another knock.)

All Staff COME IN!

(His/her knee a bloody mess, Child 4 enters, supported by Child 5.)

Child 5 Please! You have to help! Sam fell off the jungle gym. His/her knee bone is literally hanging on by a thread!

Child 4 IT HURTS SO BAD! I NEED AN AMBULANCE!

(Staff 4 looks at Staff 1 with an alarmed 'what-on-earth-should-I do?' expression! Staff 1 just calmly nods and answers with a 'you-know-exactly-what-to-do' expression. Staff 4 takes an ice-pack from the fridge.)

Staff 4 *(handing it to Child 4)* There you go...ice-pack! In fact, *(fetching another)* take two!

(Child 5 looks confusedly at the ice-packs, but nevertheless helps Child 4 to the back and presses them to his/her knee. Child 4 is visibly in excruciating pain! Staff 4 resumes his/her seat.)

Staff 1 So much for the incident-free playtime I was hoping for!

*(We hear a **school bell (track 15)** and all the staff sigh heavily.)*

Staff 1 And now it's over, which means a practice SPAG test with Yr6!

Staff 2 Fractions with Yr4!

Staff 3 More singing with Yr2!

Staff 4 And painting with Reception! It's going to be chaos!

(They all slouch in their seats with a heavy sigh and dramatically put their hands to their foreheads. The 4 children at the back walk forward, each placing their ice-packs on a staff member's forehead...)

Children There you go...ice-pack!

*(The staff jointly let out a long, contented 'aaaah' as the **Playtime Casualty theme tune** plays again (**track 16**), Child 5 enters with an ice-packed Mr Thompson and all stand for the next song.)*

Song Stick An Ice-Pack On It

Track 2 - vocal demo
Track 17 - backing track
Lyrics p31

(When the song finishes, **continuity music** plays (track 18), all exit and main stage is cleared ready for the next scene.)

Scene 2

(Back with the Parkers.)

Voiceover The Parkers are getting ready to watch a new series of Our School's Got Talent, where keen young singers audition for a place in the school choir.

Dad (excitedly) I love OSGT!

Nan Oh yes, I'd love a G&T too, if you're making one.

Mum No, Brenda. OSGT – Our School's Got Talent. It's on next. Mind you, I might need a G&T to cope with the horrendous singing that there's bound to be.

Lottie (tutting) You just don't understand that music's different to when you were young, Mum.

Seb Yeah, Mum. Tastes change, y'know.

Mum Music? Taste? Both are in very short supply on Our School's Got Talent! That show is really not my cup of tea!

Gramps Oh yes, I'd love a cup of tea, if you're making one.

Dad No Dad, she's saying...oh, never mind. Everyone just shush! It's starting...

(The **OSGT theme tune** plays (track 19). Presenter Dermot O'Deary enters and stands to one side of the stage. He can carry a clip board to read his lines from. On one side of the stage are three chairs and a table, on which stand three glasses and a jug of water)

Dermot Hello, I'm Dermot O'Deary and welcome to Our School's Got Talent! Waiting outside are our nervous auditionees who have all been queuing up since playtime, just for the chance to sing for our judges. Those who are successful will become part of the school choir. For those who don't make the grade, it's back to singing into a hairbrush in front of the mirror. So, without further ado, let's meet our judges; Simon Scowl, Amanda Mouldy and Unleasha Twitstorm!

(To cheers, the three judges enter and sit. Each takes a sip of water.)

Dermot So, what are you three looking for from our eager singers?

Simon Well, Dermot, a fantastic voice, of course. This school choir is no place for bum notes. Perfect pitch, that's what I'm looking for.

Amanda I want to see some style, Dermot. These singers are going to be on show lots of times during the school year. Nobody wants to look at a drab choir.

Unleasha I'm looking for star quality, Dermot. A glint in the eye. Someone who's confident enough to be a soloist!

Dermot There you have it folks. These judges are going to be hard to impress. Okay, let's see what our hopefuls are made of. It's time for the first audition.

(Dermot steps aside. Auditionee 1, wearing normal school uniform, enters in front of the judges.)

Simon Hello. What's your name and why are you here?

Aud. 1 Hi, my name's Oliver and I want to be in the school choir.

Amanda Have you got what it takes, Oliver?

Aud. 1 Well, my Gran says I have the voice of an angel.

Unleasha And what are you going to sing for us, Oliver?

Aud. 1 All Things Bright And Beautiful. *(Or a popular school assembly song of your choice.)*

Simon That's a good choice – perfect for the choir. Okay, let's hear you.

(Aud.1 makes an acceptable attempt at a verse and chorus of the song.)

Amanda I like you Oliver. Your hair could do with a brush, but it's a yes from me.

Unleasha You're a bit timid, but I see potential. It's a yes from me too.

Simon Not bad, Oliver. Not brilliant, but not bad. A bit flat in places, but with lots of practice you'll be fine on the back row of the choir. You've got three yesses!

Aud. 1 Oh, thank you! Thank you! I'm going to make you so proud of me!

(Dermot steps forward as Aud.1 excitedly approaches him.)

Aud. 1 *(hugging Dermot)* They said yes! Simon says I need to work on my singing and Amanda says my hair's a bit scruffy, but they liked me! I'm in the choir!

Dermot Okay, you'd better get practising young man, while we see who's up next!

(Aud.1 exits and Dermot steps aside, as Aud.2 enters. She wears hi-trend clothes and stands confidently before the judges.)

Unleasha Hi, would you like to...

Aud. 2 *(interrupting)* I'm Chantelle. It means songbird in French. Check this out...

(Uninvited, she sings a verse and chorus of a well-known pop song...but not very well!)

Simon Chantelle, you do realise this is a school choir you're auditioning for?

Aud. 2 *(disdainfully)* So you want summin' all posh and like opera, yeah? That's so uncool. But okay, let me try another song.

Unleasha We've heard enough, Chantelle. I'm not sure you have the right attitude to sing at harvest festivals and Christmas carol concerts. It's a no from me.

Amanda And your clothes! They don't really say 'angelic chorister' do they? I'm afraid it's going to have to be a no from me. Simon, what do you say?

Simon Never in a million years. It was like something from my worst nightmare!

Aud. 2 (*defiantly*) Yous lot know nothing! You ain't seen the last of me. I'm gonna...

Simon, Amanda and Unleasha Goodbye, Chantelle!

(*Dermot steps forward as Aud.2 angrily approaches him.*)

Aud. 2 They said no, but I'm glad, yeah. That choir vibe is so uncool!

(*She storms off. The action switches to the Parkers.*)

Nan You know, I've been thinking of re-joining the church choir. I'm sure they must miss me, 'cause the vicar once told me I had a voice as sweet as ice cream.

Dad He didn't, Mum. He said your voice could *curdle* cream!

(*All but Nan laugh and the action switches back to the main stage.*)

Dermot Okay, moving on, I wonder whether our next auditionee will do any better. He's brought his mum with him for support.

(*Dermot steps aside as an old woman leads on Aud.3, who is a nervous-looking man with a moustache, wearing a tweed jacket with elbow patches...obviously a teacher!*)

Mother Good luck, son.

(*The mother kisses him then joins Dermot. Aud.3 approaches the judges.*)

Simon Hang on a minute. How old are you?

Aud. 3 (*disguising his voice*) I'm eleven. I just look old for my age.

Unleasha What's your name?

Aud. 3 Mr Thom...I mean Clive.

Amanda Clive Thompson? You mean *Mr* Thompson who teaches year 5? You do know this is a competition for primary school *children*, not teachers?

Aud. 3 Yes, okay, I'm sorry. This was my mother's idea. She made me do it. She's got this strange idea that I can sing. But I can't! I'm tone deaf. I told her, but she insisted. Sorry for wasting your time. I'll...err...be on my way. Goodbye.

Simon, Amanda and Unleasha Goodbye Clive!

(*Dermot and the old lady stand back on the stage as Aud.3 approaches.*)

Mother Well son, how did you get on?

- Aud. 3** It was a no, Mother. They rumbled me straight away. Can we go now, please?
- Mother** What?! I'm going to give that Simon Scowl a piece of my mind!
- (Aud.3 restrains his mother from storming the judges' table, then gently leads her off. Aud.4, wearing full chorister robes and collar, approaches Dermot.)*
- Dermot** Wow! Someone has really dressed to impress! Good luck in there.
- (Dermot steps down from the stage as Aud.4 stands before the judges.)*
- Amanda** Now that is what I call an image! You look amazing! What's your name?
- Aud. 4** Hi. I'm Abi and I'm going to sing Jerusalem. *(Or a traditional hymn of your choice.)*
- (She belts out an impressive version of the song.)*
- Simon** That was phenomenal! By far the best audition today! A million percent yes!
- Unleasha** Abi, you could quite possibly end up singing solo at every performance the choir gives this year. It's a yes from me.
- Amanda** You made that song your own. You're a star in the making! Yes, yes...YES!
- (Aud.4 excitedly approaches Dermot.)*
- Aud. 4** They loved me! I'm in! They said I'm going to be a star! *(She exits gleefully.)*
- Dermot** That's one happy girl. Okay everyone, auditions are over and...
- (Auditionee 2 interrupts, dressed in normal school uniform.)*
- Aud. 2** No they're not! I'm gonna try again! *(She stands before the judges.)*
- Unleasha** Hang on, haven't we seen you already? It's Chantelle isn't it?
- Aud. 2** For real, but you gotta give me another chance! This is all I've ever wanted! I've gotta get that place in the choir!. Let me sing again, yeah?
- Amanda** Well you've got spirit, I'll say that. And your new image is an improvement on your last one. So, what are you going to sing?
- Aud. 2** Away In A Manger.
- Simon** Well, that's more like it. Okay, Chantelle, give it your best shot...
- (She assumes a gangsta pose. A **rap beat** starts (track 20) and she begins to rap the song at the front of the stage, her back to the judges, with more posing and posturing. The judges hang their heads, then stand and walk off as Chantelle, oblivious to their departure, carries on rapping to the end of the first verse. Listen to **track 21** for a **rap demo**.)*
- Aud. 2** ...asleep on the hay! *(turning to the empty table)* So, what do you...? Hello! Where is everyone? Hello! *(shouting)* Is it a yes then? *(to audience)* Well, it wasn't a no! Wicked! *(continuing to rap)* The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes...

*(Rapping, she exits as the **OSGT theme tune** plays (track 22). The judges, auditionees and Dermot re-enter and all stand for the next song.)*

Song A Place In The Choir

*Track 3 - vocal demo
Track 23 - backing track
Lyrics p32*

*(As **continuity music** plays again (track 24) the cast members resume their seats and the stage is made ready for the next scene.)*



Scene 3

(Back with the Parkers.)

Voiceover The Parkers are excited for the final episode of The Primary School Cake Off, where three of the kitchen staff have been asked to bake a signature school-themed cake. We join them at the final judging, where Headteacher, Phil Hollytree, is about to choose the winning cake, which will be raffled-off at the upcoming school fete.

Mum *(clapping excitedly)* Oooh! I love Cake Off! Phil Hollytree is my absolute favourite!

Dad *(entering with a bowl of crisps)* Oh no, not this rubbish again. *(handing the crisps to Gramps)* Here you go Dad - try not to choke. Just one at a time, yes.

(Dad squashes up next to Mum on the sofa and Gramps greedily starts on the crisps.)

Lottie Slow down, Gramps! Save some for the rest of us!

Nan You'll be lucky! It's this programme you see – it always gives your Gramps the munchies!

Mum *(dreamily)* Just look at Phil Hollytree's manly face. *(fanning herself with her hand)* Oh, I wish I was back at school!

Dad *(indignantly)* He's just an ordinary bloke...yes, okay, with a very manly face. Look, I can do a manly face.

(Dad attempts to pull a manly face. Mum just looks blankly at him, then stares dreamily at the TV.)

Lottie Sush Dad! Phil's about to judge the final bakes!

Seb I hope he's going to be mean to the cooks! That's the best bit, isn't it Gramps?

*(Gramps says nothing and just carries on munching the crisps. The **Primary School Cake Off theme tune** plays (track 25) and the action switches to the main stage. In the school canteen, Headteacher, Phil Hollytree, is standing behind a table covered with a tablecloth. Three school cooks stand in a line holding elaborate cakes.)*

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE
