Best Daze of Your Life

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An Original Play for KS3/KS4



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Teacher's Introduction

Best Daze of Your Life is a full-length play charting one boy's progress throughth the fantasy school lives of a fictional pre-war public school and a telephigh school. It is a great way of exploring stereotypes, characterisation and

Best Daze... was written as a whole school play, hence its large cast of 34 c doubling up the cast size can be reduced so that it could be performed qui size with everyone having a role.

In addition to the play, I have included advice and suggestions on staging exploration of key themes and ideas in the play.

This play was written out of a sense of frustration with all the distorted are life that are out there, but we all laughed so much putting it on that we count that has got to be a good lesson.

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* resulting from minor specification changes, suggestions from tead and peer reviews, or occasional errors reported by customers

Characters

- Tom Smith (starts off eleven and ends up sixteen, but doesn't gain tw
- Mum (long-suffering)
- Kate (Tom's younger sister hard work)
- Chris (Tom's friend)
- New Year Seven Pupil 1
- New Year Seven Pupil 2
- New Year Seven Pupil 3
- Potential Girlfriend
- Girl One (an Experiment in Love)
- Girl Two (another Experiment)
- The Right Girl (hooray!)

St Barnaby's (An English Public School)

- Thomas Fitzsimmons-Smythe (eternal public school boy)
- William Bathington-Furlough
- Simon Smouldering-Green
- Rupert Grantly-Huge
- Phillip Featherington-Troupe
- Pierre Garcon-Garcon (a Foreigner)
- Hebdon Witherington-Squeers (a Prefect)
- Mr. Black (a teacher very strict)
- New Boy I (Cyril Austin-Morris Minor)
- New Boy II (Jeremy Witherington-Cole Minor)
- Thomasina Fitzsimmons-Smythe
- Wilhelmina Bathington-Furlough
- Simone Smouldering-Green
- Ruperta Grantly-Huge
- Phillipa Featherington-Troupe
- Pierrot Garcon-Garcon

Harmony High (an American Musical Soap Thing)

- Tommy (eternal adolescent)
- Bruce
- Sugar / Candy (played by same person)
- Spike
- Bud / Bob (played by same person)
- Miss Peach (a teacher not very strict)
- Honey

As you can see, there are 34 characters but with some swift costume characters-dressing) you can easily play this with fourteen actors – seven male

The S

Sister



Best Daze of Your Life

ACT ONE

(Bare stage. Enter THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE (stage right), TOM SMITH

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: School? Best days of your life. Absolutely top ho who'll go on to be his best friends, is given the chim up in pater's business, and gets to play pler

and rugby. Absolutely first class.

TOMMY:School? 'S alright I guess. Passes the time when

tan, singing close-harmony soft rock with my cr

babes.

TOM:School? Well, school is... It's... Well, I suppose y

Well, it's where you've got to go until you're six

(Exit THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE and TOMMY. Enter Tom's MUM, speaki

MUM: So how was it then?

TOM:(Nose in book) How was what?

MUM:(Stops and considers her son in exasperation) H

what, he says. I suppose it must be difficult to kexciting new experiences you're going through day, week in, week out. Makes me giddy just to keeps reading, oblivious to Mum's sarcasm. She someone a little stupid) How.was.your.first.day.

TOM:(Looking up from book) Oh, that.

MUM: Yes, that.

TOM: Alright. (Goes back to book)

MUM: Alright?

TOM:Yeah.

MUM: Did you <u>do</u> anything?

TOM: (Thinks for a minute) Not really.

MUM:'Not really'. Between half past eight and quarte

there and did nothing? Really?



TOM:Yeah.

MUM: Well thank heavens for new academies, that's a future is safe when you can be sure that your ch

really' for six and three quarter hours a day. My that peace of mind when I was at school.

TOM: We did move around a bit.

MUM: Well that must have broken the day up for you.

TOM:Yeah, from one room to another. Oh, and we go

fill in.

all day doing 'nothing really'. (Pause) Well? (And see these letters before you've left school and joint and I look forward to reading them from the co

old folks' home?

TOM:Oh yeah. Sorry. (Pulls huge sheaf of crumpled p

pocket and hands them over).

MUM:Thank you so much. (Leafs through papers) Hon

rules. Trip consent forms. Uniform list. By the tilbe through the dole queue and in the old folks' all this when I was at school. Sure you're allowed

without a letter from me?

(MUM walks off reading the letters. TOM continues to read his book. Enter Tom's down beside him and starts looking for a television magazine.)

KATE:So how was it?

TOM:(*Pause*) What?

KATE: Big school, stupid!

TOM:Oh, alright. (Pause) How was little school?

KATE: Alright.

TOM: Do anything?

KATE: Not really. You?

TOM:Nah.

KATE:(Shouting) Mum! Have you seen the telly guide



(Exit KATE. TOM keeps on reading for a while before looking up and addressing the

(Lights dim on Tom. Lights come up stage right on ST BARNABY'S. Enter THOMA dragging a trunk and looking around him).

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Gosh. (Puts down trunk.) And crumbs! St Barna

Gentlemen. I've finally made it. Smell that air. C toasting crumpets. I just know I'm going to love most of every thrilling moment and jolly escapa

(Enter HEBDON WITHERINGTON-SQUEERS).

HEBDON

WITHERINGTON-

SQUEERS: You there! Are you a squiggy?

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: I beg your pardon?

HEBDON

WITHERINGTON-

SQUEERS: I said are you a squiggy? That's what we call new

Barnaby's.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Oh I say how frightfully funny. Yes, in that case,

HEBDON

WITHERINGTON-

SQUEERS: Well in that case you'd better hoik your trunk the

and then hop off to the infirmary. Matron's deb

she's not a lady who likes to be kept waiting.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Right away sir.



HEBDON

WITHERINGTON-

SQUEERS: You don't call me sir, squiggy, you call me by my

Squeers.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Yes Witherington-Squeers.

HEBDON

WITHERINGTON-

SQUEERS: Good lad. And your name is...?

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Thomas Fitzsimmons-Smythe.

HEBDON

WITHERINGTON-

SQUEERS: I like the cut of your trousers young Fitzsimmon

got what it takes to be a St Barnabian. Shouldn' come top of your class in Latin and make captai

record time.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Golly. Thank you Witherington-Squeers.

HEBDON

WITHERINGTON-

SQUEERS: Keep it up and I might let you fag for me.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Gosh. (*To audience*) And crumbs.

(Exit HEBDON WITHERINGTON-SQUEERS)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Better heave to. Hello, who's this?

(Enter WILLIAM BATHINGTON-FURLOUGH, also lugging trunk.)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Hello there. Are you a squiggy?



WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Certainly am. Name's William Bathington-Furlo

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Put it there. You know, I shouldn't be surprised

chums, probably best friends, sharing all kinds of 'pulling through' and 'putting up', eventually be

First Deputy.

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Crumbs. (To audience) And gosh!

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Me as Head Boy of course.

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Oh, of course.

(Enter SIMON SMOULDERING-GREEN)

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: Hello there. Simon Smouldering-Green looking

(Enter RUPERT GRANTLY-HUGE)

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: Me too chaps. Name's Huge. Grantly-Huge. Rup

(ENTER PHILLIP FEATHERINGTON-TROUPE)

PHILLIP

FEATHERINGTON-

TROUPE: Room for one more up top?

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Certainly have.

THOMAS +

WILLIAM +

SIMON + RUPERT: ... Squiggy! Squiggy! Squiggy!



PHILLIP

FEATHERINGTON-

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: Well, will you look at us? We've got quite a little

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: I'd say we're going to be getting up to all sorts of

wouldn't you?

ALL: Rather!

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH:You know, we really ought to think about giving

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: We've already got names.

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: No, you ass. (Good-natured braying laughs) I m

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: Oh ripping idea! What do you think?

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well, I think, but I don't want you chaps to think

anything, taking the initiative before you've had

democratically elect me as your leader...

(Denials all round)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well, I was thinking, as there are five of us here

ourselves (Pause, takes breath) the Famous...

(Enter PIERRE GARÇON-GARÇON)

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. 'Allo. 'Allo. I am zee, 'ow you say, squiggee and

squiggees.

ALL: Oh a foreigner! Ripping! (Braying laughter)



THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Come and join us my frog friend. We're all squi

if we're not all true-blue Brits who believe in ho

beef on Sundays. Right chums?

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. Zut alors et magnifique. 'Allo my British chums.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well come on chaps. Time to go and put oursel

Forward... the Splendid Six!

ALL: Forward the Splendid Six. Hurrah!

SONG: ST BARNABY'S (A classic old school son

St Barnaby's

St Barnaby's

We pledge to thee our school

St Barnaby's

St Barnaby's

You're teaching's brightest jewel

We love the quad, adore refec'

We worship every ivied wall

Where'er we go, whate'er we see

You'll always hear us call

St Barnaby's

St Barnaby's

We pay for education

St Barnaby's

St Barnaby's

We leave then run the nation

The Head's a top, the teachers bricks

And Matron is just cracking

The chaplains preach, the masters teach

And prefects do the whacking

St Barnaby's

St Barnaby's

Oh England's greatest school

St Barnaby's

St Barnaby's

We learn and then we rule



(Exit Splendid Six. Light fades on St Barnaby's. Light comes up on TOM).

rom: I know, I know, not much like my first day. Probeither. But I like it. Just as well really. There are twenty-five books in the 'St Barnaby's' series, as know she's going to leave me one every time should have the lot by the end of the year. It's for reckoning all the main characters in the books shundred years old by the time they get to the lationice and they're not. They're all still having ripp two World Wars too. Hope I have that much fur

(TOM goes back to reading book. Enter MUM setting table for tea.)

MUM:So, did you make any new friends at school tod

TOM:(Sighs) Not really.

MUM:(Stops what she's doing) What, none at all?

TOM: Well there was Chris.

MUM:What, Chris with the red hair, squint and polyes

That Chris?

TOM:Yes.

MUM: But you already knew him. You've known him f

TOM:Suppose so.

MUM:Oh well, in that case I suppose there's always al

and what's his name, the other one, the one wi

elastic and the, you know (makes vague gesture

TOM: Barry.

MUM: Barry, that's the one. All the old gang, eh? (She

TOM:(Looking up from book) Of course I never really

at junior school, so I don't suppose I'm suddenly mates with the lot of them now. But like I said,

of thing to mums.

(Enter KATE)

Or kid sisters.

KATE: Still reading?



TOM:No, I'm building a rocket launcher so I can go on neighbourhood off the face of the Earth.

KATE:(Sitting down and reaching for remote control) mind if I put the telly on will you?

TOM: What's on?

KATE: What's on? Honestly, you are so ignorant. Only ultra-loved television programme in the history

TOM:Oh.

TOM + KATE: Harmony High.

TOM: What's on page five?

KATE:(Big sigh) Kane Buddy.

TOM: Kane Buddy? But didn't he used to be in *Junior*.

KATE: That stupid thing? He left it ages ago.

TOM:You used to really like *Junior Joy Club*.

KATE: That was when I was a kid.

TOM:(To audience) That was six months ago. (To Kate

remember Kane Buddy from that, won't they?

thumb in *Harmony High*.

KATE: Ooh I hope so. (She turns on the TV.)

TOM: (To audience) She's nine.

(Lights dim on TOM and KATE. Lights come up stage left on Harmony High. Then jeans and unrealistically tight T-shirt, carrying a guitar – which he never, ever plays



TOMMY: Bad luck man. Sounds a heartbreaking deal.

You new here too?

TOMMY:Jeez.

BRUCE: And she's a *geography* teacher!

TOMMY: And shoot!

TOMMY: We'll be here for you Bruce, you know that, all

BRUCE: Thanks man.

TOMMY: A few weeks with the cute, feisty kids that are s that troubled, bitter young guy you are now will clean-cut young man television-viewing mums a daughters to marry.

BRUCE: I sure hope so Tommy.

(Enter SUGAR and SPIKE)



TOMMY:This is Bruce. He's got problems.

SPIKE: Haven't we all?

TOMMY:Spike eh? Pretty neat name.

BRUCE: Short, punchy, and easy to remember. (Faces a

love it.

SPIKE:Yeah, got it because I'm best friends with Sugar

it?

TOMMY: And Sugar's real name is...?

SPIKE:Sugar. She really is a soft, gooey female ready to

right guy. That's why we're such great girlfriend untrained eye or first-time viewer we look so ve

dance.

(SUGAR simpers. Enter BUD)

TOMMY:Yo! Looks like another new guy over there.

BUD: Flip you wise guy!

(There is a brief puzzled pause as everyone reacts to the odd expression, 'Flip you

BRUCE: Hey that's a bit of an attitude you've got there

SPIKE:Tough and rough. We could be good friends undeeper feelings running underneath the brothe

with each other, almost certainly expressing the

series of split-screen duets.

BUD: Flip off the lot of you!

TOMMY: Guys, I think we've got a friend with a problem

keep me mean and nasty, and is not totally uncand ultimately fatal illness. But underneath it al



TOMMY, BRUCE,

SUGAR, SPIKE: you're really the sort of guy mums and dads

to marry.

BUD:Something like that, yeah.

TOMMY: Well, I don't know about you guys, but I reckon

enough good looks, emotional problems and so

us well through the first year here.

SONG: HARMONY HIGH (Sugary pop)

Got a problem? Need a friend? Down on your luck? In life's deep end?

Come to Harmony... Harmony High

Got an illness? Lost a limb? House burnt down? Feel all done in?

Come to Harmony... Harmony High

There's no hassle There's no worries Life is cool And no one hurries

Down at Harmony... Harmony High

Hunky guys
And sexy girls
Sun tans, muscles,
Teeth and curls

Down at Harmony... Harmony High

Harmony... Harmony High

(Harmony High singers freeze in tableau of gleaming white teeth and jazz hands. I and come up on TOM and KATE.)



KATE:Isn't he wonderful?

TOM: Who?

KATE: Kane Buddy of course. Oh I love *Harmony High*. what the real world is all about. Not like your si

TOM:Oh yeah. Right. So, do you fancy slapping on the teeth and knocking out a cover version of one oballads with me, or shall we ring up all our frien

recreate the video for Queen's 'Bohemian Rhap Justin Bieber just, you know, as a spur-of-the-m

KATE:Okay, so Harmony High takes place in another

TOM:On another planet if you ask me.

KATE: But that's just... the outside of it. What it's reall problems that ordinary, everyday teenagers have

KATE:Yes it is. Your problem is you just don't keep yo of that kind of thing happening at your school, a Monica Cartwright's brother goes there and he So there. (Goes off in a snit)

TOM:(Calling after her) ! go there, and the worst probe explain to my form tutor that Mum keeps putting book in the wash every week. You don't see the on Harmony High.

(Gets up and addresses audience) I don't know the right. Can ten million viewers be wrong? Either something or someone's (gesturing to television something horribly wrong. They never seem to gritty, you know what I mean? In Harmony High up of a one-minute lesson, usually interrupted to a bit longer, then hours of meaningful discussion halls and empty classrooms before they all burst focus. In St Barnaby's the lessons never take most the rest of the time is taken up with whizzo advit's like at all at my school. You know how it goes

(Mime sequence punctuated by comments from TOM)



TOM:	Get up, get washed, get dressed, get breakfast, (Enter CHRIS who joins in the mime) Hi Chris.
CHRIS:	. Hi Tom.
TOM:	. Get to school. Register. Here.
CHRIS:	.Here.
TOM:	Lesson One, History. (TOM and CHRIS scribble at Two, Maths. (TOM and CHRIS pull out calculators scribble) Break. (TOM and CHRIS stand up, leap down again) Lesson Three, Art. (Much sketching hands) Lesson Four, Geography. (TOM and CHR Lunchtime. (TOM and CHRIS stand up, scoff, leas stomachs in reaction) Lesson Five, English. (Much inspiration then furious scribbling) Go home. Describble really. Not a social problem in sight.
CHRIS:	. You forgot something.
TOM:	. What?
CHRIS:	. Assembly.
TOM:	Oh yeah. Assembly. (TOM and CHRIS cross them brief prayer. Exit CHRIS.) One lesson, 60 minute five days a week, 40 weeks a year. That's schoo
VOICE OF HISTORY TEACHER:	. And for your History homework tonight I want y importance, the causes of the English Civil War.
TOM:	. (Taking out mangled-looking homework diary a Yes sir.
VOICE OF SCIENCE TEACHER:	For Science homework I want you to draw a pic housefly and label clearly all the main features.
TOM:	Yes Miss.
VOICE OF MATHS TEACHER:	Do all the differential equations on pages 5, 6, 7
TOM:	. Yes sir.
VOICE OF MATHS	

TEACHER: And the ones on pages 9 and 10 as well.



TOM:Yes sir.
VOICE OF MATHS TEACHER:(Pause) And 11.
TOM:Yes sir.
(The VOICES come with increasing speed)
VOICE OF FRENCH TEACHER:Apprends tous les mots que nous avons appris e
TOM:Mais oui Madame.
VOICE OF MUSIC TEACHER:Find out the names and dates of Sir Edward Elgamusic.
VOICE OF GEOGRAPHY TEACHER:An essay about the principal wine-growing region
VOICE OF PSHE TEACHER:List the main causes of teenage delinquency.
VOICE OF RE TEACHER:Learn the Ten Commandments.
VOICE OF CDT TEACHER: Make a scale model of the Houses of Parliamen

(Pause. TOM, scribbling away, finally stops, looks up breathing hard)

VOICE OF ENGLISH

TEACHER: And when you've done all your homework tonig to sit down and write me a little poem. 'Why I L

TOM: (Throwing diary in the air) Aaarrgghh. (Calming up his 'St Barnaby's' book) Sometimes I wish...

(Lights go down on TOM and come up on St Barnaby's. A lesson is taking place well TEACHER. Readings and translations, though almost all incorrect, are delivered well

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH:'dum Cornelia et Flavia, puellae Romanae, in ag Sextus, pueri Romani, in horto clamant et ridun



TEACHER: 'Rident', Mr Bathington-Furlough, 'rident'. (Hits of the head. All punishments are administered of school life, which, of course, they are.) You make the English language with your inarticulate grund treat the language of the ancient Romans with for. Mr Smouldering-Green, you will translate.

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: 'While Roman girls Cornelia and Flavia are runn

boys Marcus and Sextus are shouting and riding

TEACHER: (Grasps and twists ear) 'Laughing', boy, 'shouting'

heart-warming sound of children at play. Marcu frolicking, much as you undoubtedly were when

doing your prep. Mr Grantly-Huge.

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: 'Neque pueri Romani neque puellae Romanae i

in villis saepe laborant.'

TEACHER:(Hits boy with book) Your rendition, Mr Grantly

send Ancient Romans spinning in their graves w Mr Featherington-Troupe you will attempt to traheard, travesty of pronunciation though it was.

PHILLIP

FEATHERINGTON-

TROUPE: 'Neither Roman boys nor Roman girls work in the

work in villages.'

TEACHER: (Hits him with book) 'Houses', idiot boy, 'house

Smythe, perhaps you could bring today's debac

out the last sentence.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Sir. 'Servus gemit quod defessus est, sed puella

sunt.' (Other boys can't help showing a certain

help showing a certain complacency.)

TEACHER: Thank you Mr Fitzsimmons-Smythe. Hearing re

yourself persuades one that perhaps not absolu

efforts have been in vain. Mr Garçon-Garçon, y

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. Sir. 'Ze slave 'e, 'ow you say, 'e groan and moan

tired, but ze girls, ah les filles, zey do not groan,

que, because zey are so verai 'appy.'



TEACHER:(Hits him) Completely wrong Mr Garçon-Garçor foreigner.

(Bell goes)

TEACHER: Ah, it appears our period of instruction is at an

you in such depths of educational darkness, but

with the waste of time'. Source of quotation?

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: (Confidently) Hamlet, sir.

TEACHER:(Hits him) Twelfth Night. Act three, scene one.

with the demons of ignorance that have posses

tomorrow. Good day gentlemen.

ALL: Good day sir.

(TEACHER sweeps out)

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN:Gosh, I wish all the masters were as soft as Mr

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: Good lord no. Place would go to rack and ruin if

corporal punishment never hurt anyone.

(Everyone who has just been punished winces and fingers the afflicted area.)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Anyway chaps, that's work done. Rest of the da

activities what?

ALL: Hurrah!

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:So what's it to be then? Crickers on the top field

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Rugger on the bottom field?

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: A couple of lengths of the river in the jolly old r



RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: Hare and Hounds through the village with a cre thrown in halfway at the tea shop?

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: ..Leapfrog?

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Or how about all of them with a topping midnig

good measure at the end of the day?

ALL: Hurrah!

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Last one down to the playing fields is a rotten e

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: ..Un mauvais oeuf!

ALL: Geronimo!

(Lights fade on St Barnaby's and come up on TOM. He is doing his homework. En

KATE: Finished your homework yet?

TOM:(Snapping) No!

KATE:Touchy! Touchy! (*Uses remote control to switch*)

put the telly on?

(TOM puts head in hands in despair. He wants to do his work, but can't help being The lights come up on Harmony High. TOMMY, BRUCE, BUD, SUGAR and SPIKE

TEACHER:'I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high

TOMMY: Excuse me?

TEACHER: Yes Tommy.

TOMMY:(Looking up and about him as if searching for so

have any background music?

TEACHER: No Tommy. No, I'm afraid there isn't any backgr

once I saw a crowd, A host of golden daffodils.'

BRUCE: But it's a song right? I mean (looking momentar)

it? (The rest of the kids suddenly look interested



TEACHER: No Bruce. It's a poem, not a song. Its only music lose their moment of interest.)

BRUCE: Shoot!

TEACHER:'Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering a

SPIKE: Hey Bud, how's the illness going?

TEACHER: (Teacher continues to read as the class holds its

'Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle

BUD: Well, there's good news and bad news. Good news.

they've got a chance of curing me.

SPIKE:Yes!

TEACHER:'They stretched in never-ending line Along the

BUD: Bad news is it means a transplant operation.

SPIKE:Crud!

TEACHER:'Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their h

BUD:Good news is, after a round-the-world search the

surgeon who's agreed to do the operation.

BRUCE: Way to go!

TEACHER:'The waves beside them danced but they Out-d

glee...′

BUD: Bad news is I need someone with this specific b

to donate the necessary organ. (Passes around

written on it)

TOMMY: Ah heck!

TEACHER:(Becoming just a little desperate as she struggle

attention) 'A poet could not be but gay, In such

SUGAR: Did you say this blood group? (Holding up card)

BUD:Yeah. Why?

TEACHER:'I gazed – and gazed – but little thought What w

brought...'

SUGAR: But I've got this blood, and this organ. Two of the



(The bell goes. ALL get up and leave, moving round and in front of the teacher pay calls out to them as they leave.)

TEACHER:Thank you for paying such close attention. We depoem but maybe next lesson we will. As I said it William Wordsworth, one of the English Lakesiche, er, lived by the side of a lake. For next lesso your own poems about daffodils. (Pause) Thank

SPIKE: What did she say the homework was?

BRUCE: We've got to bring her some daffodils.

SPIKE: Let her get her own flowers.

SUGAR: But isn't this wonderful news about Bud and me

thought it?

BUD: Docs said the odds were several million to one

BRUCE: No need to worry about that now, you're saved

SPIKE: As long as nothing awful happens.

TOMMY:You mean like the world-famous surgeon having

accident on his way here?

BRUCE: Or Sugar's dad's car spinning hopelessly out of

a desperate bid to avoid a collision with a moth

triplets?

SPIKE:Or unforeseen complications setting in during t

Sugar resulting in the tragic loss of both their you

SUGAR: But I'm under contract to the studio!

TOMMY: Hey come on guys, chill out! A slo-mo song-and

all our problems go away, at least for two minu (Strikes dance pose and exits miming slo-mo day follow, BUD and SUGAR looking markedly less c

number' than the others.

(Exit KATE. Lights fade and come up on TOM centre stage)

TOM: The closest I get to life-or-death operations is h you, the dentist did forget to inject me with free

report) My first report from the high school. (Clapplied himself diligently and has worked stead year. He needs to develop some of his ideas fur expression to his thoughts and feelings.' (Puts response)

government won't let them write, 'Could do be



(Light up on THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE stage right)

THOMA:

FITZSIMMONS-

term, putting his shoulder to the wheel and his

Well played sir.' Should be good for a postal or

pater what?

(Light up on TOMMY stage left)

really neatly typed out so it must be good.

(Lights go down on THOMAS and TOMMY)

TOM:Year 8 is just like Year 7 except you get another

Oh and you get to be not the youngest pupils in

Hi Chris.

CHRIS: Hi Tom.

(Enter NEW YEAR 7 PUPIL 1)

NEW YEAR 7

PUPIL 1: Excuse me, I'm a new Year 7 pupil. Could you te

please?

TOM + CHRIS: No.

(Exit NEW YEAR 7 PUPIL 1. Enter NEW YEAR 7 PUPIL 2)

NEW YEAR 7

PUPIL 2: Excuse me. I'm a new pupil. Could you tell me w

dining room please?

TOM + CHRIS: No.

(Exit NEW YEAR 7 PUPIL 2. Enter NEW YEAR 7 PUPIL 3)

NEW YEAR 7

PUPIL 3:(Obviously dying to get to the toilet) Excuse me

Could you tell me where the...

TOM + CHRIS: No.



NEW BOY I: Excuse me, but we're new boys here.

FURLOUGH: 'Après nous le deluge', old pip.

THOMAS

WILLIAM BATHINGTON-

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Squiggies.

(Enter NEW BOY I and NEW BOY II)

NEW BOY II: I beg your pardon?

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: New boys are called squiggies.

NEW BOY I:Oh jolly good. Fancy us not knowing that.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Not to worry young squiggy, you'll soon learn the

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: We did, didn't we old bean?



THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Certainly did old top.

NEW BOY II: Excuse me, but are you... are you Thomas Fitzsi

of the first eleven?

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well, actually yes I am, but don't noise it aroun

NEW BOY I +

NEW BOY II: Gosh.

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: And who are you young fellow-me-lads? Your fall

NEW BOY I: Please sir, I'm the younger brother of Cyril Aust

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Oh, young Austin-Morris Minor.

NEW BOY II:And I'm the younger brother of Harold Dimply-

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Ah, Cole Minor.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well jolly nice meeting you chaps. You should ro

Matron has something interesting she wants to it'll be a quick get-together in the refec' for crur lights out. (NEW BOYS turn to go) Oh, and if you you're missing Mummy, do it under the sheets

rest of us.

NEW BOYS: Rather! Pip pip! (Exit NEW BOYS)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Seem like a decent enough bunch.

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Yes.



THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-**SMYTHE:**Just as long as they can all play cricket, eh? WILLIAM **BATHINGTON-**FURLOUGH: I did hear young Cole Minor say something abo **THOMAS** FITZSIMMONS-**SMYTHE:** Football! (Shudders) The types they let in these our haitches and watching Coronation Street ne WILLIAM **BATHINGTON-FURLOUGH:**(Appalling cockney accent) Wot ho guvnor! **THOMAS** FITZSIMMONS-**SMYTHE:** Cor blimey, strike a light! (THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE and WILLIAM BATHINGTON-FURLOUGH b) **THOMAS** FITZSIMMONS-**SMYTHE:** You know, I don't think we'd be at all out of pla school! **WILLIAM**

(THOMAS + WILLIAM exit roaring with laughter. Lights go down on St Barnaby's. Enter TOMMY and BRUCE)

FURLOUGH: Gosh no. (Awful accent) Me old mate.

TOMMY: Too bad about Bud.

BATHINGTON-

BRUCE:Yeah. Too bad about Sugar.

TOMMY: Who could have guessed it?

BRUCE: And after the operations were successful too.

TOMMY: Tornadoes!

BRUCE: Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em.

TOMMY: Right.

BRUCE: And the odds must have been a million to one.



TOMMY: The old place just won't seem the same withou minute. Who's this new guy?

(Enter BOB. He is identical to BUD. This is largely because he is played by the sar

BOB: Yo bros! The name is (emphasis) Bob.

TOMMY:Yo (same emphasis) Bob. My name's Tommy, the

know, you look strangely... familiar.

BOB: Really? (Suddenly yells and doubles up in pain, t

straightens up again and says brightly) Sorry gu problem you see. Nothing I want to speak, sing

just yet.

BRUCE: Mystery illness?

BOB: Could well be. You know how it is.

(Enter SPIKE with CANDY. CANDY looks just like SUGAR. You can probably gue

SPIKE: Hey guys, meet (emphasis) Candy. We've just m

getting on like a house on fire on account of how Candy is, although she's already sung me a song new problems like you've never heard of before

CANDY: Hi y'all.

SPIKE: And a cute new accent too!

TOMMY/BRUCE/

BOB: Diversity! Hey!

TOMMY:You know Bruce, I think this new year's going to

the last.

BRUCE: If not the same. (Double take as he realises he rea

thing. Shrugs it off.)

(All exit laughing. Harmony High theme music. Lights go down on Harmony High.

TOM: Before you know it, the year's over. (Brings out

end-of-year report. 'Tom has applied himself disteadily throughout his second year. He needs to ideas further and give fuller expression to his the it's not exactly the same as last year. They've spectop this year, see? (Sighs, folds it up and puts it summer holidays. Long, lazy days of arguing with Mum and Dad playing 'We're All Going on a Suragain, and then two weeks in a microscopic carasuper-Mare, searching for the sea.



(Lights up on THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Summer hols. Hurrah. Mater and Pater are still the chaps and I are off to Egypt. Should be jolly wonder if we don't get into the odd scrape while international smuggling, spying, that sort of this

year.

(Light up on TOMMY)

TOMMY:Summer holidays. Three months down on the b

talking about all our problems. (Pause) Just like

TOM:Then, before you know it, back to school again.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Hurrah!

TOMMY: Ah shoot!

TOM:Year 9. Thirteen going on fourteen. Another ho

Mood swings. And... And...

THOMAS AND

TOMMY: Girlfriends!

TOM: Oh no!

(CURTAIN)



ACT TWO

(Lights up. Enter TOM and CHRIS)

CHRIS: Done your homework Tom?

TOM:Yeah. (Pause) What homework?

CHRIS:(Takes out homework diary and reads from it.) about distillation of petroleum products for scient

geometry problems for maths, write a letter in immediate hospitalisation for our grannies, and spell the word 'chrysanthemum' for English.

spell the word chrysalthemain for English.

TOM:Oh yeah. Done that. Mind you I'm not too sure

CHRIS: And we had to write a poem.

TOM: Again?

CHRIS:'Course. You've always got to write poems. Goo

short, they're quick and you don't have to worr Throw in a few clever words and you can even

TOM: What's it got to be about?

CHRIS: The modern world.

TOM:That's all right then. I'll use the one I gave Miss

won't know.

CHRIS: Which one's that?

TOM:'Litter'. (Clears throat)

'On the ground,

The Mars bar wrapper. Pick up that litter.'

CHRIS: Is that it? 'S a bit short isn't it? Even for a poem

TOM:It's meant to be short. It's a haiku. Japanese. Th

but feeling and imagery has to be squeezed into miniature work of art. (Pause) Knocked it off in

break. Miss Wright liked it.

CHRIS: Did she? What did you get for it?

TOM:Seven.

CHRIS: Seven! You always get seven in English.



TOM: I always get seven for everything, except for Ge

CHRIS: Which is marked out of twenty.

TOM:So I get fourteen...

CHRIS: which divided by two...

TOM: is seven. Be nice to get something different n

CHRIS: Something higher you mean?

TOM:Yeah.

CHRIS:Yeah well, now that's out of the way we can get

matters. You know what I mean?

TOM:Yeah. (Pause) No.

CHRIS:Come on. You know. (Nudges him)

TOM:(Light dawns) Oh, you mean...

CHRIS:Yes?

TOM: Careers.

CHRIS: No!

TOM:Careers are very important things, Chris. You re

about them now we're in Year 9.

CHRIS: Time enough to think about careers when I'm t

else left to live for. I want to live for the momen

TOM: Do you?

CHRIS: I think so. That's the sort of thing they say on H

Did you see it last night?

TOM: I see it every night. My sister insists on putting i

homework.

CHRIS:So who do you think is dealing drugs to the kids smart money's on Shane 'cause he's only just st

name's not in next week's telly guide which pro arrested and carted off by Friday evening. Of co

bluff and turn out to be the Headmaster after a



TOM:It could be the headmaster's cat for all I care. W career choices now so we can choose what sub

Years 10 and 11.

CHRIS:Years 10 and 11? That's a lifetime away. That's a High, not counting the repeats. Give it a rest To

TOM:(Calling after him) You're not related to my sist know what he means, but we've got to think ab want to end up with a boring, dead-end job. No. is. (Allows himself to dream a little) Actually, I was like being a worker in the school canteen on Ha counter in the malt shop they all go to after sch have fun, meet interesting people, be happy wi (Shakes himself) Come on Tom, don't weaken. 1 the real world. Besides, in the 'St Barnaby's' bo sort of people who turn out to be spies or crook Time to make a few important decisions. What

(From offstage, a variety of teachers' voices that come faster and faster as they pr

VOICE 1: Have you ever thought of accountancy Tom? Pl accountancy?

the rest of your life? (Pause, then cries out in ar

VOICE 2: A boy like you wants to take up with a practical or the like.

VOICE 3: The services. Can't go wrong with the services, to give something back to your country.

VOICE 4: Dentistry has a lot to recommend it. Good pay, called out in the middle of the night than a doct

VOICE 5: Have you ever thought of the church my child?

TOM: What!

(VOICES together, building to babble. Feel free to add more): Architecture, taxider physiology, anthropology, medicine, zoology... teaching!

(Enter Mum, shaking tea cloth. Looks at Tom, then to audience. Sighs)

MUM: Ah to be that age again and have your whole lif Wonderful!

(Light fades on TOM. Light comes up on THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE)



THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-

(Light goes down THOMAS. Comes up on TOMMY, standing stage left with his gu

TOMMY:Career! Give me a break! It's obvious, isn't it? Sheands.) Looking good. Mixing all day and every people. And, okay, I know it doesn't last forever do it right for as long as you can then that's all that... well, I don't know, yet. I guess something does. Doesn't it?

(Lights go down on TOMMY. Lights come up on TOM and CHRIS.)

CHRIS:So you've got your career plans sorted out?

CHRIS: Right. So you've done that and we've started Ye

TOM:(*To audience*) In case you hadn't noticed.

CHRIS:So now are you going to get down to the impor

TOM: What you mean...?

CHRIS: Yes.

(THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE pokes head out stage right. TOMMY pokes h

THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE + TOMMY: . Girlfriends.

(THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE + TOMMY withdraw heads. TOM and CHRIS shrug shoulders when they find nothing, and carry on)

TOM: I don't know. I'm not very good with girls.

CHRIS: Don't worry. I can help.

TOM: But you're not very good with girls either.



TOM: I don't understand this. We've had years of sex discussions about gender roles and caring and r differences between boys and girls and what th could probably <u>build</u> a girl from my biology not how to, you know, say anything or do anything. CHRIS:Yeah well, don't worry too much about the doir concentrate on the saying. When was the last till know? **TOM:** What? CHRIS: When was the last time you practised your tech TOM:What? CHRIS: When was the last time you spoke to a girl? I m ask if you could borrow her pencil sharpener. **TOM:** Oh. About four weeks ago I suppose. CHRIS: Four weeks ago! **TOM:**(Hastily) Or it might have been four days ago. I sometimes. Yes, that was it, four days. In fact, it CHRIS:Yeah, right. Me too. So how was it for you? **TOM:** Well... It went something like this. (Enter POTENTIAL GIRLFRIEND. CHRIS steps back and observes) TOM: Hello. **POTENTIAL** GIRLFRIEND: Hello. **TOM:** Lovely weather today.

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TOM: Do you?

GIRLFRIEND:Yes, it is isn't it?

GIRLFRIEND: Yes I was. I go every day.

TOM:You were at school today weren't you?

POTENTIAL

POTENTIAL

POTENTIAL

GIRLFRIEND: During term time.

TOM: Me too. (Pause) Did you have Maths today?

POTENTIAL

GIRLFRIEND: Yes, I did. I always have Maths on a Tuesday.

TOM: Me too. Funny.

POTENTIAL

GIRLFRIEND:Yes.

TOM:Yes. (Really long pause) Would you like to be m

POTENTIAL

GIRLFRIEND:(Immediate reaction) No! (Whirls on spot and e

TOM:(To CHRIS) So what was wrong with that?

CHRIS:Search me. Bit of chat. Bit of charm to put her a

worked like a treat. Perhaps you should have gi

TOM:Like what?

CHRIS: I dunno. A rose maybe.

TOM:Damn. I left my rose bush at home. I'll rememb

I've got with me at the moment is this. (Holds u

CHRIS:'Jolly Romps at St Barnaby's. Number 35 in the

definitely have given her the wrong idea. You're

books are you?

TOM:(Defensively) Yes. Now and again. You'd be surp

you see all sorts of things in them that you didn

were a kid.

CHRIS:Yeah. Like racism and sexism for a start. Miss W

'perpetuate sexual stereotypes'.

TOM:Yes, well, Miss Wright shouldn't talk dirty in fro

CHRIS: Don't try to wriggle out of it Tom. You need to

can enjoy a good read, even if I can't enjoy a go

CHRIS: Don't the boys in these books have girlfriends?



TOM:(Hesitantly) Yes.

CHRIS: Well, are there any tips we could use?

TOM: I don't think so. It's just not the same somehow

CHRIS:You mean it's true what they say about boys in

TOM: No! It's just... different.

(Lights down on TOM and CHRIS. Lights up on St Barnaby's. WILLIAM BATHING looking miserable. The rest of the SPLENDID SIX are behind him, obviously talking THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-SMYTHE, who crosses over to WILLIAM at the urging of

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: What ho old stick. What's with the long face the

rugger ball or what?

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Worse than that old sport, the bally sister's com

Brenda's.

(Hearing this, the rest of the SPLENDID SIX show comprehension and move to join

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well strike me pink! There's a coincidence. So's

REST: And mine. Mine too. Et la mienne. Etc., etc.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well crumbs (to audience) and gosh. Here's a to

PHILLIP

FEATHERINGTON-

TROUPE: But what are we going to do chaps? I mean, wit

Barnaby's. All day.

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: (Enthusiastically) Well, we could have a quick ga

early shower then browse through our stamp a

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: I don't think so Rupert.



RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: Miss out the stamp albums?

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: No.

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN:Looks like we're going to have to... talk to them

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: ..Talk?

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: About what?

SIMON

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: I don't know. Knitting.

PHILLIP

FEATHERINGTON-

TROUPE: And cooking.

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: Flowers?

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. And onions.

(The others look at Pierre in a puzzled way, then shrug his comment off.)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

after all, weaker vessels, twining ivy to our stur@ it's our duty to do the right thing by them, no m

be. We are, after all, young gentlemen of St Bar

(ALL strike heroic poses)

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: I say, look out chaps. Enemy at twelve o'clock h

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Now remember what I said you fellows. Best be

they're your mothers. And think of England and



(Enter the GIRLS OF ST. BRENDA'S. They are female versions of their brothers. jumpers around their shoulders. BOYS and GIRLS face each other nervously, neit to the other.)

WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: What ho.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: What ho.

WILHELMINA: I'm Wilhelmina Bathington-Furlough. Willy's sis

SIMONE

SMOUDERING-

GREEN:Simone Smouldering-Green. Simon's sister, but

PHILLIPPA

FEATHERINGTON-

TROUPE: Phillippa. Featherington-Troupe that is. His siste

RUPERTA

GRANTLY-HUGE: And I'm Rupert's sister. Ruperta.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Ruperta?

RUPERTA

GRANTLY-HUGE: (Slightly embarrassed) Yes well, it was Daddy's

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: (Gloomily) He'd forgotten he'd got me.

PIERROT

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. Je m'appelle Pierrot Garçon-Garçon. Pierre!

PIERRE

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. Pierrot!

(PIERRE and PIERROT rush to embrace each other with French fervour. When the to the rest of the SPLENDID SIX and makes as if to embrace them too, but they st

PIERROT

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. Heureuse de vous rencontre. (Returns to her pla

THOMASINA

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: And I'm Thomasina. Old Thomas's baby sister. (*arm*)



THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Ladies, it is a pleasure and an honour to meet y

introduce our merry band.

WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Oh gosh, you don't have to do that Thomas.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: I don't?

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: You do?

RUPERTA

GRANTLY-HUGE: Yes, you see we girls are all such chums togethe

what girls are like.

(GIRLS all giggle together. BOYS just look uncertain)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well actually, no.

PHILLIPPA

FEATHERINGTON-

TROUPE: We've spent so much time talking about our big

known each other for simply ages.

PIERROT

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. Een fact, you are like, 'ow do you say, our 'eroes

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Gosh!

WILLIAM

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: (To audience) Crumbs!

(Awkward pause)



WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: So, you play a lot of sport here at St Barnaby's t

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:Sport? Rather! Rugger. Crickers. That sort of thi

Brenda's?

RUPERTA

GRANTLY-HUGE: Er, no, not really.

PHILLIPPA

FEATHERINGTON-

TROUPE: We play hockey and lacrosse, that sort of thing.

WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: We're girls you see.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Oh yes, I forgot. Bad luck.

PIERROT

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. But wee do like watching the rugby, do we not

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: Oh yes, absolutely!

WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Rather! Cheering from the sidelines.

ALL GIRLS:(With ferocity) 'Come on St Barnaby's!'

(SPLENDID SIX give startled jump at girls' bloodcurdling cry)

WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Handing round the little orange slices at half tin

sweaters. It's what a girl is for really, isn't it?

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

GREEN:It's the shorts you see. Boys look awfully nice in



WILHELMINA BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Simone!

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

GREEN:Sorry!

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: I know. What about tennis? Tennis isn't very dif

the time.

RUPERTA

GRANTLY-HUGE: Oh rather!

PHILLIPPA

FEATHRINGTON-

TROUPE: We're always ready for a quick game.

(GIRLS throw off jumpers)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Well, in that case, anyone for tennis?

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: Mixed doubles?

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

GREEN: Why mixed? I think we gals could see our way t

good thrashing without any help.

WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Simone!

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

GREEN:Sorry.

PIERROT

GARÇON-GARÇON: .. Lead the way mon brave!

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:This way ladies, and dash it all I must say, you g

bunch after all.



ALL GIRLS:Gosh. Thanks awfully. Too kind. Etc., etc.

(GIRLS and BOYS begin to exit)

RUPERT

GRANTLY-HUGE: And perhaps afterwards you'd like to see our st

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

GREEN:(Scream of delight) Oh philately! That'll get you

WILHELMINA

BATHINGTON-

FURLOUGH: Simone!

SIMONE

SMOULDERING-

GREEN:Sorry!

(Lights fade on St Barnaby's. Lights come up on TOM and KATE)

TOM: Kate, you're friends with the sisters of boys at n

KATE: Yes.

TOM: Do you... Do you ever talk about me?

KATE: What do you mean?

TOM: I mean, when you're all together do you talk ab

what they're like, that kind of stuff?

KATE: No way! Catch me admitting you were my brotl

TOM: What, you mean your friends don't even know

KATE:Course not. I'm just lucky that Smith's such a co

don't look anything alike. Dad always did say I'd

family.

TOM:(Disgruntled) Well you certainly didn't get the b

KATE: Right now shush up can't you. *Harmony High* is

TOM: What do you mean?

KATE:Oh honestly! Tonight's the night Tommy and Ho

TOM: Get it on?



KATE:You know! (Makes obscure gestures) Get it on.

TOM: With Honey! But she was only introduced last w

KATE:That's right, and tonight I think Tommy's going

TOM: Propose! But they've only just met. And they're

KATE:True love knows no barriers of time or age. That generation doesn't understand. Now be quiet.

serious crying in a minute.

(Lights fade on KATE and TOM. Lights come up on Harmony High. TOMMY and H

TOMMY: Honey.

HONEY: Tommy.

TOMMY: Honey.

HONEY: Tommy.

TOMMY:l've got something to say to you Honey.

HONEY: I thought you might have Tommy.

TOMMY: What can I say? Ever since I first saw you, mimi

Guetta's remix of *The Floral Dance*, I just knew.

HONEY: Knew what Tommy?

TOMMY: I just knew that you were the girl for me. Honey

HONEY: Oh Tommy. But we're so young.

TOMMY:Only in age. Our love is as old as the stars.

HONEY: How old is that, Tommy?

TOMMY: Really, really old.

HONEY: But you hardly know me. I only walked onto the

last week.

TOMMY:You know the words to *The Floral Dance*, Hone

I need to know about you.

HONEY: But I have secrets. Problems.

TOMMY: Believe me, I'm used to that.



HONEY:You mean... it wouldn't bother you if I turned o

TOMMY: Nah.

HONEY:Or that my parents were teachers at our school

TOMMY: Nah.

HONEY: Geography teachers?

TOMMY:(Very slight hesitation) Nah, not really.

HONEY: Or that I had a fatal and terminal illness, possible

of several of your vital organs in a risky, experin

TOMMY: Honey, you already have my heart. You can take

to keep it company.

HONEY: Oh Tommy. I love you.

TOMMY: Me too, Honey. Me too. (They embrace.) Wann

(The lights go down on Harmony High. Lights come up on TOM and KATE)

KATE:(Crying) Oh that was so beautiful. (Blows nose)

TOM: Unbelievable.

KATE: Did you really think so?

TOM:Oh yes. Of course, I suppose they'll both have to

KATE: What do you mean?

him like mad is because he's available. Now he's the script writers won't be able to make up any

him. The fans will lose interest and he'll have to

KATE:(Giving nose last blow and putting handkerchief

Fat lot you know. Honey gets killed in two week

TOM: What?

KATE:Yup. Aeroplane crashes on her house right in the

and-dance number about how happy she is. Lucat the time because he'll be saving Spike and Ca

over a cliff.

TOM: How'd you know that?



TOM: Who's Jason?

KATE:(From offstage) My boyfriend.

TOM:(Shouting after her) You've got a boyfriend? Wh

KATE:(Poking head onstage) Didn't know you wanted

TOM:(Shouting after her) That's not what I mean. (To boyfriend. Tommy's got a girlfriend. Even Thom hero of the Upper Fifth has got something going Smouldering-Green in between the tennis matchalbums. And what have I got? Homework, that's

GIRLS

TOM: Everybody's got a girlfriend
On the telly, in the books
'Cept for me, I'm still a loner
Does my breath smell? Is it looks?

Try my best, go through the motions 'Lovely day. I like your dress.'
They cut me dead, just leave me standing What goes wrong? I'm so depressed

I walk up slowly, smile on face I try for casual, suave and cool I say, 'Hello', they walk on by me Is it BO? I feel a fool

(Enter THOMAS)

THOMAS:.....Treat a girl just like your mother
That's the thing she really craves
Flowers and poems, frills and laces
It's charm and flattery rule the waves.

A girl's an object to be looked at Stared at, gazed at, hymned, admired She's there to ornament your lifestyle To give off glamour as required



She doesn't want to know your viewpoint On world events, the news or arts She only wants to make you happy So talk of ponies, clothes and hearts

(Enter TOMMY)

TOMMY:Singing, dancing, teeth and suntans
Grab the ladies without fail
Show 'em how you hit those high notes
Prove you're true-blue American male

Grab that mike stand, strike that dance pose Drag that hot chick to the floor Tell her that you love her madly Feel the love man, feel *l'amour*

You've got problems, you've got feelings You're a New Man, let 'em show. She'll respect you if you share them If she doesn't, let her go!

TOM:Yeah well, that's all very easy for you to say.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

TOMMY:Yeah bro. Suck it and see. 'Course, you don't wa

limey there says.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: If the colonial is referring to me I suggest you p

remember that his ancestors are all rebellious t

TOMMY: Who you calling a traitor you...

(They go to fight but at that moment GIRL ONE enters. While she waits she chews twiddles with her hair, etc., etc. She's that kind of girl.)

TOM:Stop! Stop the pair of you. Look. It's a girl.

TOMMY:Jeez, you don't say!

TOM: All right, tell me what I've got to do.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:I'm sorry?



TOM:Come on. You're both so sure of yourselves; proright. Tell me what to do.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: A challenge eh? A gauntlet thrown down. Very

bottom.

TOMMY: Bum. Beach bum. And I'm not.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Whatever. You will distract the filly for a couple

Master Tom here in the finer art of lovemaking

to collect flowers)

TOMMY: Say what!

TOM: I think that used to mean something a bit differ

nowadays. At least I hope so.

(Re-enter THOMAS with flowers)

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE:(*To TOMMY*) Now, be discrete. We don't want

here has a chance to try his arm.

TOMMY: No worries. (Out loud to girl) Hey there! You lo

know what to do with a pair of taps.

(Stage right THOMAS and TOM engage in furious mimed, whispered conversation but THOMAS is insistent. Stage left, TOMMY and GIRL ONE mime conversation, appears mostly to be about explaining that he meant 'tap shoes' not actual taps. The property of the pr

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Ready!

(TOMMY finishes his conversation with GIRL ONE, says goodbye and walks off to continues her walk forward and meets TOM centre stage).

TOM:(Clearing throat) Good morning.

GIRL ONE:(A little surprised at the formality of the greeting

would obviously like to get past, but TOM is blo

Tom, isn't it?

TOM:That is correct. Tom Smith. At your service. (He



GIRL ONE:(Looks at his hand, not knowing what to do with

TOM: Lovely weather, is it not?

GIRL ONE:Yeah. Well, I mean it was raining a minute ago.

TOM:Yes, but it was lovely rain, was it not?

GIRL ONE: Er, yeah. Suppose so. Especially if you're a duck

her little joke)

TOM: Beautiful <u>and</u> witty. These are for you. *(THOMA*)

flowers) A lovely lady should always have flowe

onto his knees and thrusts the flowers up to the

GIRL ONE: For me! But I don't know what... I mean, no one

going to do with....?

TOM: Please say nothing. It is enough to simply see you

(Turns to THOMAS for inspiration. THOMAS mo

Rembrandt painting with all those blooms.

THOMAS

FITZSIMMONS-

SMYTHE: Good show!

TOMMY: Gag me with a spoon!

GIRL ONE: And there's a card.

TOM: There is? I mean, yes, there is.

GIRL ONE:'With deepest sympathy. I'll remember you alw

TOM:(Snatches card) A mix-up at the shop I think. (G)

looks apologetic at his mistake.) So. (Pause)

TOM:(Pause) So, (in breathless rush) so will you go ou

a new Guntronix film I'd like to see and then we McDonald's or something and then I could walk

you liked we could...'

GIRL ONE: No way! (Pushes flowers back into his arms) I th

different, but you're not really. You're just like a

too! Out of my way! (She shoves him to one side)

(TOMMY and THOMAS move to join the crestfallen TOM centre stage. TOMMY is



TOMMY: Way to go! **THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-**SMYTHE: I simply don't understand it. When Lady Brackle daughter popped over from St Brenda's that pa went down a veritable storm. **TOM:**Yes, well perhaps you didn't give her flowers fre It tends to be a bit of a downer you know. **THOMAS FITZSIMMONS-**SMYTHE: Best I could do at such short notice I'm afraid o (Enter GIRL TWO. Dressed to jog, complete with iPod, she runs round the stage b she waits she does stretching exercises, etc. She's that kind of girl.) **TOMMY:** Alright, move over and let an expert in. You wa broad, you just listen to your Uncle Tommy. You there and keep her busy for a while. And try no belongs to any dead people. Now you (to TOM) (THOMAS joins GIRL TWO and engages her in mimed conversation. From their g weather. TOMMY and TOM mime conversation. Again, TOM looks uncertain, but TOMMY:Go for it! **TOM:** Yo bro! GIRL TWO: You what? TOM: I mean, hi. **GIRL TWO:** Oh, hi. **TOM:**Gosh I feel like bursting into song. GIRL TWO: Really? **TOM:**Yeah. If we had a backing track. GIRL TWO: Oh yeah. Right. (In background THOMAS is laughing. TOMMY is gesturing fierce support.) TOM:(Gathering courage and leaping in) I've got prob

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GIRL TWO: What!

TOM: I mean, I may look a typical, rugged male...

GIRL TWO: No, not really.

TOM:(Oblivious to her comments)... who goes throug

the emotions and feelings of others around him modern man with a natural sense of rhythm an with my emotions and sensitive to the needs of

Especially the needs of women.

GIRL TWO: Good.

TOM: Good?

GIRL TWO:Yes, because I need you to get out of my way. N

TOM: But I've got problems.

GIRL TWO:(Knees TOM in sensitive area) You have now. G

(GIRL TWO storms off. TOMMY and THOMAS come forward, centre stage and re

THOMAS:Oh I see. That's how you do it in America is it? T

rolling, uninhabited plains.

TOMMY:Ah you got it all wrong man. You should have sh

moves, then you could have talked about your

TOM: That... is... it!

THOMAS:l'm sorry?

TOMMY: You what?

TOM: I have had enough!

TOMMY:Could have fooled me.

TOM: I mean of your 'help'. (The following speech is d

style, possibly with stirring music playing in the Hope and Glory'.) I have tried to listen to your a the perfect English gentleman. I have tried to be do you know what I haven't tried? I haven't trie

Everywhere we go we are surrounded by image hard men, intelligent men, sensitive men, men men who risk their lives for others and men who deodorant sprays, but it finally seems to me that with all of these images. They are all total rubbit than just the sum of all his soaps and adverts. I have made my choice and I choose to be me! A



(Enter THE RIGHT GIRL. She isn't looking where she is going and so she collides

THE RIGHT GIRL: Oh I'm so sorry...

TOM: It's alright...

THE RIGHT GIRL: I wasn't looking where I was going and...

TOM:No, no, it's my fault. I was standing out here in

THE RIGHT GIRL: really I need glasses I suppose.

TOM:Here, let me pick up your book. (Picks up book.

Fun at St Brenda's.

THE RIGHT GIRL: (Embarrassed) | know, | know! It's too young fo

TOM: No, no. I read them too.

THE RIGHT GIRL: You do?

TOM:Yes. Well, not the 'St Brenda's' books, of course

laugh soppily) No, I read the 'St Barnaby's' book

THE RIGHT GIRL: Oh right. (Awkward pause) They say they're bot

person, you know. Using two different names. @

TOM:Yes, I've heard that. So do you think it's a man p

some of the time, or a woman pretending to be

THE RIGHT GIRL: I don't know.

TOM: Me neither. Dead now anyway, whatever it was

THE RIGHT GIRL: Yes. (They laugh a little guiltily.) I'm thinking of

TOM: Are you?

THE RIGHT GIRL: Yes. I think I've finally grown out of them.

TOM: Me too. I just don't think I need them anymore.

(In the background TOMMY smirks while THOMAS sadly slopes off.)

THE RIGHT GIRL: Well, mustn't hang around. I'm off to the library

TOM: Oh. For a book? (Winces as he realises the banality



THE RIGHT GIRL:	. (Laughing) No. I'm going there to do my homew home. My brother insists on watching that Ame
TOM:	. Harmony High?
THE RIGHT GIRL:	. That's the one. Awful isn't it?
TOM:	. I think so.
(In the background a smiling	THOMAS comes back onstage and removes a crestf
TOM:	. I hadn't thought of going to the library to do my along with you?
THE RIGHT GIRL:	.That'd be nice.
(Enter CHRIS)	
CHRIS:	. (Shouting) Exam time!
(Desks are brought on stage selection of taped voices sh	e. TOM, CHRIS and THE RIGHT GIRL sit at desks and out out questions at them.)
GEOGRAPHY EXAM:	. Geography. With the aid of diagrams explain the farming in the Danish economy.
EXAM:	
HISTORY EXAM: MATHEMATICS	farming in the Danish economy. History. Write an essay on the Hundred Years W good thing?
HISTORY EXAM: MATHEMATICS	farming in the Danish economy. History. Write an essay on the Hundred Years W
HISTORY EXAM: MATHEMATICS EXAM:	farming in the Danish economy. History. Write an essay on the Hundred Years W good thing?
HISTORY EXAM: MATHEMATICS EXAM:	farming in the Danish economy. History. Write an essay on the Hundred Years W good thing? Mathematics. Calculate the area of the following
HISTORY EXAM: MATHEMATICS EXAM: RE EXAM: FRENCH EXAM:	farming in the Danish economy. History. Write an essay on the Hundred Years W good thing? Mathematics. Calculate the area of the following. RE. Compare Buddhism with Hinduism. Who do Translate the following into French. One, My gr immediate hospitalisation. Two, Who will look a

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TOM:(Throwing down pencil) Finished!

(THE RIGHT GIRL and CHRIS also finish. ALL rise from their desks and walk around

TOM:You know Chris, I think I've finally got it all sorte CHRIS: Got what sorted? TOM: This. Life. Well, school anyway. CHRIS: It's not the same thing. TOM:True. But for the first time since I've started her I know what I'm doing in school, I know where I'm going with. (More soppy looks between TON) CHRIS: Yeah, and I know why too. **TOM:** Why? CHRIS: Because you've finished, Tom. That's it. Year 11. certificate) Congratulations by the way. You got Geography I'm afraid. (Looks more closely at ce English though. TOM:You mean, I've got to leave school? **CHRIS:** Yup. TOM:Just when I've got it worked out? CHRIS: 'Fraid so. **TOM:**Go out into (Pause, gulp) the real world? CHRIS: You got it. TOM: Make new friends, new decisions? CHRIS: Double check. TOM: But that means...

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(Curtain)

ALL (ONSTAGE

TOM: Oh no!

CHRIS: Yes indeedy.

AND OFFSTAGE): Starting all over again!

Staging

When *Best Daze...* was first performed we were fortunate enough to have stage which gave us plenty of room to create three distinct areas represent of the play, side by side.

Centre Stage

Tom's world, represented by little more than a sofa angled to face stage sit and watch *Harmony High*. Chairs, examination desks and an ironing b required.

Stage Left

The world of *Harmony High*. It could be possible to represent this with ichigh schools (e.g. pictures/posters featuring American football/cheerleadof...' banners) though, frankly, it's getting harder and harder to tell American football. Alternatively, the set could emphasise the musical elements being musical instruments / musical theatre / spotlights / stars, etc. For our preference of the parody by having a bank of television screens as showed a *Harmony High* logo whenever the action was taking place in Televisions.

Stage Right

The world of St Barnaby's, represented by a backdrop of a crumbling briand a good old-fashioned school crest and motto: 'Educationem per Supthrough Punishment' if you don't think your audience is up for translation

Other Stages

Most of the time, of course, one doesn't have the luxury of a wide prosc can be performed successfully on much smaller stages and in classrooms available representing only one of the three worlds of the play at a time lighting and music becomes even more important in establishing the diffialbeit minimal use of costuming can establish the setting, therefore gett backdrops completely. (See below.)

Music

Both the worlds of *Harmony High* and St Barnaby's had their own theme their scenes. Here we relied on the Music Department to come up with a and cheesy television theme tune.

Songs are included in the play, as musical numbers seem *de rigeur* for some not a musician so cannot supply a score. For our production I relied come up with the accompaniment to the words. (More accurately I explemusic Department, playing one against the other and so securing some am sure your Music Department will be up to the challenge, or possibly the music as a competition/task for your students.



Lighting

Important to create mood. In our production, Tom's world was essential given a suitably rosy tint. Thomas' world had a nostalgic golden glow. Su that at times the backdrops upstage could be put into darkness while the area was lit, so that characters from either fantasy world could spread o stage rather than always being confined to their side of it, particularly in Six meet their sisters and there are twelve actors on stage.

Costume

Characters in Tom's world are the everyday kids (and Mum) of the real wacceptable for actors to wear their normal school clothes in the way the ties almost certainly loose, shirts almost certainly untucked).

The *Harmony High* crew are all poseurs. They dress to impress – i.e. they clothes to school that real kids aspire to wear at weekends.

The St Barnaby's crew were the most problematic for us when we staged uniform, with neat blazers, ties done up, shoes polished, etc. Blazers differents normally wear would be preferable, but if budget is a problem the used with perhaps different badges and ties of a different colour. Ideally Really ideally they should have boaters. (We hired ours from a local amsurprisingly, none of our kids had any!)

Casting

Best Daze... was written as a whole school play, hence its large cast of 34 some doubling up the cast size can be reduced so that it could be perfor average size with everyone having a role. With imaginative doubling (an are speedy costume changers and not averse to a bit of cross-dressing, to can be reduced quite significantly (and a lot of fun, a la The 39 Steps, car One suggested casting pattern would be as follows:

M1 = Tom Smith

M2 = Thomas Fitzsimmons-Smythe

M₃ = Tommy + Simon Smouldering-Green

M4 = Chris + Pierre Garçon-Garçon

M5 = William Bathington-Furlough + Bruce

M6 = Rupert Grantly-Huge + Bud/Bob

M7 = New Year 7 Pupil 3 + Phillip Featherington-Troupe + Hebdon Wi

F1 = Mum + Wilhelmina Bathington-Furlough + Potential Girlfriend

F2 = Kate + Girl Two

F3 = New Year 7 Pupil 2 + Simone Smouldering-Green + Sugar/Candy

F4 = Girl One + New Boy I + Pierrot Garçon-Garçon + Spike

F5 = Mr Black + Thomasina Fitzsimmons-Smythe + Miss Peach

F6 = New Boy II + Phillippa Featherington-Troupe + Honey

F7 = New Year 7 Pupil 1 + The Right Girl + Ruperta Grantly-Huge

I am sure there are other, equally viable casting patterns that could pote actors still further!



Suggested Activities

Preparation

Discussion

What is school? What does it mean to you?

What can students remember of their first day at school?

What representations of school do they know from television/film/book compare to the reality of school?

Writing

All of the above discussion ideas can be prepared / presented as notes / represented as pictures.

Practical Work

Tableaux – a typical school day. (These can be developed into the sort of school day that Tom and Chris perform on page 12.)

A five-minute 'documentary' explaining the concept of high school to so across it before (a Martian perhaps – or government minister).

Give students the opening speeches of Tom, Thomas and Tommy as the school is and ask them to prepare and present them. What do they learn from these speeches? How did they use their faces / voices / body language speeches?

Performance Preparation

Give the students the Performance Preparation Handout at the end of their own staging of this play.

During (and After) Performance

Discussion

The characters from St Barnaby's and *Harmony High* are stereotypes. W How does one play a stereotype? Are there any more features that can be them even more stereotypical?

Is Tom himself a stereotype? What can be done to prevent him coming a the actor playing him need to adopt a style of acting different from that Tommy?

Tom gains qualifications and a girlfriend from his time at school. But is the anything else from his time at school? Is there anything else that studen think the play has not dealt with?

How far do students agree with Tom's speech on p. 38: 'Everywhere we images of manhood... And furthermore...'? Can they find examples of imfilm/television/advertising that try to persuade us what 'proper' males a Pupils could create a series of tableaux based on these images and then documentary (perhaps narrated by Tom) exploring the truth behind the



Writing

Roles on the Wall. Information to include:

- ★ Family and friends
- ★ Likes and dislikes
- **★** Hobbies
- **★** Ambitions
- ★ Feelings about school
- ★ Secrets and fears

Diary entries. It would be particularly interesting to contrast the sort of Thomas and Tommy would write. It would also be interesting to learn a Kate's view of things.

Letters to that previously mentioned Martian about life in a 'typical' sch

The St Barnaby's world is a pastiche of old-fashioned novels about school stories by Anthony Buckeridge, the 'Malory Towers' stories of Enid Blyto of Elinor Brent-Dyer, and, most especially, the 'Billy Bunter' stories of Frabe asked to research these novels and their authors, reporting back on the Where possible, extracts could be brought in and analysed for their stere any features that are actually sent up in the play).

Brighter students might like to have a go at writing their own 'St Barnaby High fans could try their hands at blogs or Facebook pages for the school

Practical

Characterisation is very important to this play. Real thought needs to be Thomas and all his 'chums', and Tommy and his 'crew', different from To Exercises/warm-ups that emphasise the different uses of accents and bovery good idea.

Students will be very familiar with the worlds of *Glee* and the like, but had to the accents and tried to recreate them? Playing them YouTube clips of *Fame*) side by side with something like the 1940 film version of *Tom Brown*, there is a scene not entirely unlike the first scene at St Barnaby's!) withem.

Try reversing accents, performing a St Barnaby's scene in the style of *Ha* Do body language and facial expressions change automatically?

St Barnaby's and *Harmony High* are just two versions of school life. Stud many others. An interesting exercise would be to devise typical scenes of these other versions, e.g.:

- ★ Science fiction (robots/aliens/computers)
- ★ Australian soaps (surfboards / barbecues / wobbly sets)
- ★ EastEnders ('cockernee' accents / dodgy deals / convoluted love aff
- ★ Buffy the Vampire Slayer / Twilight (vampires / werewolves / doom

Above all else, please have fun with the play!



Performance Preparat

Use the table below to makes notes on how you would set up this play to

Staging set-up and props	
Centre Stage	
Stage Left	
Stage Right	
Other Stages	
Music	
Lighting	



Costume	
Casting	NSPECTION COPY