

methuen | drama modern classics

1920s

1930s

1940s

1950s

1960s

1970s

1980s

1990s

WILLY RUSSELL

OUR DAY OUT



B L O O M S B U R Y

Methuen Drama Modern Classics

The Methuen Drama Modern Plays series has always been at the forefront of modern playwriting and has reflected the most exciting developments in modern drama since 1959. To commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Methuen Drama, the series was relaunched in 2009 as Methuen Drama Modern Classics, and continues to offer readers a choice selection of the best modern plays.

Our Day Out

Our Day Out displays all the chaos and hilarity that result when Mrs Kay's 'Progress Class' are unleashed for a day's coach trip to Conway Castle in Wales – via the cafe, the zoo, the beach and the funfair.

'Fast, funny and curiously moving.'

Guardian

'Fresh, lively and natural.'

Daily Telegraph

Adapted from the television play, the script published here, complete with songs by Willy Russell, Bob Eaton and Chris Mellor, is Russell's musical version, written for Liverpool's Everyman Theatre and staged there and at London's Young Vic in 1983.

Willy Russell was born in Whiston, near Liverpool. Leaving school at fifteen, he worked variously as a ladies' hairdresser, warehouseman and girder cleaner until, at the age of twenty-one, he returned to education. It was while training to become a teacher that he wrote his first plays for both stage and television. *Playground*, *Keep Your Eyes Down* and *Sam O'Shanker* were premiered at St Katherine's College in 1972. Under the collective title *Blind Scouse* these were presented later the same year at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe, where they were seen by playwright John McGrath and led to Russell writing *When the Reds*, adapted from an original script by Alan Plater, for the Everyman Theatre, Liverpool (1973). Subsequently he has

written *John Paul George Ringo . . . and Bert* (Everyman and Lyric, London, 1974; winner of the *Evening Standard* and London Theatre Critics' Awards for Best Musical), *Breezblock Park* (Everyman, 1975; Mermaid and Whitehall, London, 1977), *One for the Road* (Contact Theatre, Manchester, 1976; Lyric, London, 1987), *Stags and Hens* (Everyman, 1978; Young Vic, 1983; revised and presented as *Stags and Hens – The Remix*, Royal Court, Liverpool, 2008), *Educating Rita* (RSC Warehouse and Piccadilly, London, 1980, winner of SWET Best Comedy Award), *Blood Brothers* (play version, Merseyside Young People's Theatre Company, 1981), *Blood Brothers* (musical version, Liverpool Playhouse and Lyric, London, 1983; Albery and Phoenix, London, 1988; Music Box, New York, 1993), *Our Day Out* (play version, Everyman and Young Vic, 1983; musical version, Royal Court, Liverpool, 2009), *Shirley Valentine* (Everyman, 1986; Vaudeville, London, 1988, winner of Olivier Award for Best Comedy; Booth Theatre, New York, 1989).

For television he has written *King of the Castle* (BBC, 1973), *Break-In* (BBC, 1974), *Death of a Young Young Man* (BBC, 1974), *Our Day Out* (BBC, 1976), *Lies* (BBC, 1978), *The Daughters of Albion* (ITV, 1979), *Politics and Terror* (ITV, 1980), *The Boy with the Transistor Radio* (ITV, 1980), the *One Summer* series (Channel 4, 1983), *Terraces* (BBC, 1993). Feature films and screenplays include *Educating Rita* (winner of *Evening Standard* Award for Best Screenplay, 1983), *Shirley Valentine* (1989), *Dancin' Thru the Dark* (1990), *Blood Brothers* (with Alan Parker, 2006). As a composer Russell has written for the TV series *Connie* and the feature film *Mr Love*, as well as for his own films, *Shirley Valentine* and *Dancin' Thru the Dark*. He wrote music and lyrics for *Blood Brothers* and (with Bob Eaton and Chris Mellor) music and lyrics for *Our Day Out*. With the poets Adrian Henri, Brian Patten and Roger McGough, he wrote and performed *Words on the Run* (1995–97), and with playwright Tim Firth he wrote and performed *In Other Words* (2004) and *The Singing Playwrights* (2004). In 2003 he wrote and recorded the CD *Hoovering the Moon*. His novel *The Wrong Boy* was published by Doubleday in 2000.

Willy Russell

Our Day Out

with songs and music by

Bob Eaton, Chris Mellor and Willy Russell

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Our Day Out

Author's Notes

Language and Setting

For the purpose of publication I have retained the play's original settings of Liverpool and Wales, but this is not intended to imply that productions of the play in other parts of the country should strive to observe the original setting or reproduce the idiom in which it is written. If being played in, say, Sheffield, the play would, I feel, be more relevant to both cast and audience if adapted to a local setting and the local accent.

Following the play's original production in Liverpool it was staged at the Young Vic where it became a cockney play: the setting of the school became Hackney, the Mersey Tunnel became the Blackwall Tunnel, Conway Castle became Bodiam Castle, the Welsh Coast, the South Coast, and so on.

I can foresee a problem where the play is set in an area which has no road tunnel or bridge and, if this is the case, would suggest that you simply cut this small section of script.

Staging

Although it would be possible to present the play on a proscenium stage I think it's much better suited to a more flexible area. The play was originally presented in the round, with a set consisting of a number of simple benches. These benches were used as the seats on the coach and then rearranged by the actors to suggest the various other settings – the cafe, the zoo, even the rocks on the beach.

Two platforms were built at a higher level and were used as the castle battlements, the cliff and the headmaster's study.

In both the Everyman and Young Vic productions the coach carried about fifteen to twenty passengers. Obviously this number could be increased for large-cast productions.

Music

Again, in the original productions of the play, the production budgets demanded that the musical accompaniment be kept to an absolute minimum – i.e. piano and percussion. Should you be in the happy position of knowing no such constraints and have at your disposal a band or orchestra, please feel free to arrange the music accordingly.

Willy Russell

Our Day Out was originally written for television and transmitted as a BBC 'Play for Today' in 1976. It was later adapted for the stage and first performed at the Everyman Theatre, Liverpool, on 8 April 1983, with the following cast:

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Mrs Kay | Linda Beckett |
| Bus Driver/Zoo Keeper/Les | Carl Chase |
| Colin/Headmaster | David Hobbs |
| Briggs | Robert McIntosh |
| Susan/Cafe Owner | Christina Nagy |

Kids

X and Y Companies performed on alternate nights

X Company: Sue Abrahams, Michaela Amoo, Danny Ayers, Maria Barrett, Angela Bell, Andy Broadhead, Maxine Cole, Vernon Eustace, Brian Hanlon, Michael Kagbo, Andrea Langham, Victor McGuire, Mary Shepherd, Paul Spencer, Charlie Thelu, Jason Williams

Y Company: Hannah Bond, Peter Bullock, Shaun Carr, Mary Fanner, Danny Jones, Anne Lundon, Ritchie Macauley, Keith Maiker, Jacqui McCarthy, Victor McGuire, Jocelyn Meall, Joanne Mogan, Joanne Oldham, Joanne Pennington, Ben Wilson, John Winstanley

Directed by Bob Eaton and Kate Roland

Musical direction by Chris Mellor

Designed by Sue Mayes

Lighting by Kevin Fitzsimons

Our Day Out was subsequently seen at the Young Vic Theatre, London, opening on 20 August 1983, with the following cast:

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| Mrs Kay | Rosalind Boxall |
| Bus Driver/Zoo Keeper/Les | Martin Stone |
| Colin/Headmaster | William Gaminara |
| Briggs | Stephen Lewis |
| Susan/Cafe Owner | Christina Nagy |

Kids

Matthew Barker, Paul Billings, Gillian Blavo, Maura Hall, Michelle Bristol, Richard Cotterill, Brian Warrington, Tony Fuller, Jane Gibbs, Claire Mitchell, Paul Harbert, Roy Spicer, Sally Hobbs, Tony Jones, Darragh Murray, Darryl Niven, Marie Quetant, Jason Robertson, Jaqueline Rodger, Elizabeth Toone

Directed by Bob Eaton

Musical direction by Stuart Barham

Designed by Sue Mayes

Lighting by Andy Phillips

Characters

Mrs Kay

Colin

Susan

Headmaster

Briggs

Les

Bus Driver

Cafe Owner

Zoo Keeper

Carol

Kids

Act One

*As we hear the musical introduction for the first song, we see **Les**, the Lollipop Man, enter. He is very old, almost blind and can hardly walk. A group of **Kids**, on their way to school, enter, shouting 'Hia, Les,' 'All right there, Les,' and singing:*

Kids

We're goin' out
Just for the day
Goin' off somewhere far away
Out to the country
Maybe to the sea
Me mam says I can go . . . if it's free

*During verse two the **Kids** exit singing and **Carol** enters also singing.*

Carol and Kids

The sky is blue
The sun's gonna shine
Better hurry up cos it's nearly nine
This is the day that's
Just for us
We're goin' out . . . on a bus

Carol *is about to make her way to the school when she notices **Les** on the other side of the road.*

Carol Hia, Les.

Les *(trying to see)* Who's that?

Carol *(crossing to him)* Carol, it's Carol, Les.

Les Hello, love. 'Ey, can y' see me back across the road? *(As she takes his arm and leads him back.)* You're early today, aren't y'?

Carol Yeh. We're goin' out. On a trip.

Les Where to?

Carol I dunno. It's somewhere far away. I forget.

Les Are they all goin'?

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Carol Only the kids in the Progress Class.

Les The what?

Carol Don't y' know what the Progress Class is? It's Mrs Kay's class. Y' go down there in the week if y' can't du readin' or sums or writin'. If you're backward like.

Les By Christ, I'll bet she's kept busy. They're all bloody backward round here.

Carol I know. I better be goin' now, Les. I'm gonna be late. An' there's Briggs!

We see Briggs approaching as Les calls to Carol.

Les Tarar, girl. Mind how you go.

Carol (*running off*) See y', Les.

Les (*to Briggs who is about to cross the road*) 'Ey, you! Don't move.

Briggs I beg your pardon.

Les Wait. There.

Briggs Look, I've not got the time to –

Les No one crosses the road without the assistance of the Lollipop Man, no one.

Briggs Look, man –

Les The Government hired me!

Briggs But there's nothing coming.

Les How do you know? How do you know a truck or a car isn't gonna come speedin' out of one of them side roads? Eh? How can you set an example to kids if you're content to walk under the wheels of a juggernaut?

He goes to the centre of the road and waves Briggs across.

Les That's why the Government hires me!

Mrs Kay and Kids enter.

Kids (*sing*)

Mrs Kay's Progress Class
We're the ones who
Never pass
We're goin' out
Off with Mrs Kay
We're goin' out . . . today

Mrs Kay All right, all right . . . Will you just let me have a bit of peace and I'll get you *all* sorted out. Right, now look. (*She spells it out.*) All those . . . who've got permission to come on the trip . . . but who haven't yet paid . . . I want you to come over here.

*She separates herself from the group. Every **Kid** follows her.*

Briggs *passes and surveys the scene with obvious disapproval.*

Mrs Kay (*bright*) Morning, Mr Briggs.

Briggs (*grudging*) Morning.

*He turns towards the school as a couple of **Kids** emerge.*

Briggs Come on, you two. Where are you supposed to be? Move!

*The two boys run to the safety of **Mrs Kay**'s group and **Briggs** goes off.*

Kids (*sing as a round*)

Got a packed lunch
Got money to spend
Gonna get a seat near my best friend
Just can't wait to get
Away from here
Gonna bring me
Mam . . . a souvenir

*As the round ends the **Kids** are blacked out. They rearrange the benches to form the coach, as we see **Briggs** enter the **Headmaster**'s study.*

Briggs When was this arranged?

Headmaster Don't talk to me about it. After the last trip of hers I said 'no more', absolutely no more. Look, just look. (*He indicates a file.*) Complaints from the residents of Derbyshire.

Briggs Well, how the hell's she arranged this then?

Headmaster When I was away at conference. George approved it in my absence. He wasn't aware of any ban on remedial department outings.

Briggs It'll have to be cancelled.

Headmaster If it is she'll resign.

Briggs Good. The school would be better off without her.

Headmaster There's not many of her type about, y' know. By and large I reckon she does a good job. She keeps them well out of the way with their reading machines and plasticine. It's just when she gets let loose with them.

Briggs OK. I'll have to go with her, won't I?

Blackout on Headmaster's study as we bring up Mrs Kay talking to a young teacher, Susan. Around them are lively, excited Kids in random groups. Two Kids are pulling and pushing each other.

Mrs Kay Maurice! Come away from that road!

Maurice I'm sorry, Miss.

Mrs Kay Come on, keep on the side where it's safe.

Two older Kids (fifteen) come rushing out of school and approach the teachers.

Reilly 'Ey, Miss, hang on, hang on . . . can we come with y', Miss? Can we?

Digga Go on, Miss, don't be tight, let's come.

Reilly Go on, Miss . . . say yeh.

Mrs Kay Brian, you know it's a trip for the Progress Class.

Reilly Yeh, well, we used to be in the Progress Class, didn't we?

Susan But Brian, you're not in the Progress Class any longer, are you? Now that you can read and write you're back in normal classes.

Reilly Agh, Miss, come on . . .

Mrs Kay Brian, you know that I'd willingly take you, but it's not up to me. Who's your form teacher?

Reilly Briggsy.

Mrs Kay Well . . . I'll take you, if you get his permission.

Reilly (*as he and Digga run off*) Ogh . . . you're sound, Miss.

Mrs Kay BRIAN!

He stops.

Bring a note.

Reilly Ah Miss, what for?

Mrs Kay Because I wasn't born yesterday and if I don't ask you to bring a note you'll hide behind that wall for two minutes and then tell me Mr Briggs gave permission.

Reilly As if we'd do something like that, Miss.

Mrs Kay I want it in writing.

Carol (*tugging at Mrs Kay's arm as Reilly and Digga go off*) Where we goin' eh, Miss?

Mrs Kay Carol! Miss Duncan's just told you: Conway, we're going to Conway.

Carol Is that in England, Miss?

Susan It's in Wales, Carol.

Carol Will we have to get a boat?

Colin *enters, running*

Colin Sorry I'm late . . . Car wouldn't start.

Linda Hia, sir.

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Jackie Hia, sir.

Colin Hello, girls. (*Avoiding them. Or trying to.*) Erm, Mrs Kay . . .

Linda Sir, I thought for a minute you weren't comin' on the trip. I was heartbroken.

Colin Yes, erm . . . er . . .

Carol Miss, how will we get there?

Mrs Kay Carol! We're going on a coach. Look. There. (*She shouts to all the Kids.*) You can get on now. Go on . . .

There is a wild rush of Kids to the coach but suddenly the Driver is there, blocking their way.

Driver Right. Just stop there. No one move!

Kid Miss said we could get on

Driver Oh did she now?

Kids Yeh.

Driver Well, let me tell youse lot somethin' now. Miss is not the driver of this bus. I am. An' if I say y' don't get on, y' don't get on.

We hear the intro for 'Boss of the Bus'.

Driver (*sings*)

This is my bus
I'm the boss of the bus
I've been drivin' it for fifteen years
This is my bus
I'm the boss of the bus
So just pin back your ears
I'm the number one
I'm the driver man
And you kids don't get on
Till I say you can
This is my bus
I'm the boss of the bus

And the lesson I want learned
 This is my bus
 I'm the boss of the bus
 And as far as I'm concerned
 If you wanna put
 One over on me
 You're gonna need a damn sight more
 Than a GCE
 Don't want no lemonade, no sweets
 Don't want no chewing gum
 Cos the bleedin' stuff gets stuck to the seats
 And respectable passengers' bums
 This is my bus
 I'm the boss of the bus
 And I've seen it all before
 This is my bus
 I'm the boss of the bus
 And I don't want no spew on the floor
 I don't want no mess
 Don't want no fuss
 So keep your dirty hands
 From off of my bus.
 This is my bus

Kids

He's the boss of the bus

Driver

This is my bus

Kids

He's the boss of the bus

Driver

This is my bus

Kids

He's the boss of the bus

Driver

This is my bus

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Kids

He's the boss of the bus
There's nothing wrong with us

Driver (*heaving off a **Kid** who managed to get onto the bus*) Get off of my bus.

Mrs Kay Is there something the matter, driver?

Driver Are these children in your charge, madam?

Mrs Kay Yes.

Driver Well, you haven't checked them, have y'?

Mrs Kay Checked them? Checked them for what?

Driver Chocolate and lemonade! We don't allow it. I've seen it on other coaches, madam; fifty-two vomitin' kids; it's no joke. I'm sorry but we don't allow that.

Mrs Kay (*to **Susan***) Here comes Mr Happiness. All right, driver, I'll check them for you. Now listen, everyone: if anyone has brought chocolate or lemonade with them I want them to put up their hands.

A sea of innocent faces and unraised hands.

There you are, driver, all right?

Driver No it's not all right. Y' can't just take their word for it. They have to be searched. You can't just believe kids.

Pause. She could blow up but she doesn't.

Mrs Kay Can I have a word with you, driver, in private?

*The **Driver** comes off the coach. She manoeuvres it so that the **Driver** has his back to the **Kids** and other teachers.*

Mrs Kay What's your name, driver?

Driver Me name? I don't usually have to give me name.

Mrs Kay Oh come on. What's your name?

Driver Schofield, Ronnie Schofield.

Mrs Kay Well, Ronnie. (*She points.*) Just take a look at those streets.

He does so and as he does she motions behind his back, indicating that the other teachers should get the Kids onto the coach.

Mrs Kay Ronnie, would you say they were the sort of streets that housed prosperous parents?

Driver We usually do the better schools.

Mrs Kay All right, you don't like these kids, I can see that. But do you really have to cause them so much pain?

Driver What have I said? I only told them to wait.

Mrs Kay Ronnie, the kids with me today don't know what it is to *look* at a bar of chocolate. Lemonade, Ronnie? Lemonade never touches their lips. (*We should almost hear the violins.*) These are the children, Ronnie, that stand outside shop windows in the pouring rain, looking and longing, but never getting. Even at Christmas time, when your kids from the better schools are singing carols, opening presents, these kids are left, outside, left to wander the cold cruel streets.

The Driver is grief-stricken. Behind him, in the coach, the Kids are stuffing themselves stupid with sweets, chocolate and lemonade. Mrs Kay leaves the Driver to it and climbs on board. As the Driver turns to board the coach all evidence of sweets and lemonade immediately disappears. The Driver puts his hand in his pocket, produces a few quid.

Driver (*to the Kid on the front seat*) Here y' are, son, run to the shops an' see what sweets y' can get with that.

Susan (*leaning across*) What did you say?

Mrs Kay Lied like hell of course.

She gets up and faces the Kids.

Mrs Kay Now listen, everyone. Listen. We'll be setting off for Conway in a couple of minutes. (*Cheers.*) Listen. Now, we want everybody to enjoy themselves today and so I don't want any silly squabbling and I don't want anybody doing anything

dangerous either to yourselves or to others. That's the only rule we're going to have today, think of yourselves, but think of others as well.

Reilly and Digga *come rushing onto the coach.*

Reilly Miss, we're comin', Miss, we're comin' with y' . . .

Mrs Kay Where's the note, Brian?

Reilly He didn't give us one, Miss. He's comin' himself. He said to wait.

Reilly and Digga *go down the aisle to the back of the coach.*

Colin He's coming to keep an eye on us.

Susan To make sure we don't enjoy ourselves.

Mrs Kay Well . . . I suppose we'll just have to deal with him the best way we can.

*She sits down, next to **Carol**. **Reilly and Digga** are at the back seat.*

Reilly *(to a **Little Kid** on the back seat)* Right. You. Move.

Little Kid Why?

Reilly Cos we claimed the back seat, that's why.

Little Kid You're not even in the Progress though.

Digga 'Ey, hardfaced, we used to be, so shift!

Reilly Now move before I mince y'.

*Unseen by **Reilly and Digga**, **Briggs** has climbed on board. All the **Kids** spotting a cloud on a blue horizon. **Briggs** glaring. Barks suddenly.*

Briggs Reilly, Dickson, sit down!

Reilly Sir, we was only –

Briggs *(staccato)* I said sit, lad, now move.

Reilly and Digga *sit on the **Little Kid** who is forced out. He stands, exposed in the aisle, terrified of **Briggs**.*

Briggs Sit down. What you doing, lad, what you doing?

Little Kid Sir sir sir . . . sir, I haven't got a seat. (*Almost in tears.*)

Briggs Well, find one, boy, find one!

Colin *gets out of his seat and indicates the Kid to sit there.*

Briggs (*to Mrs Kay*) You've got some real bright sparks here, Mrs Kay. A right bunch.

Mrs Kay Well, I think we might just manage to survive now that you've come to look after us.

Briggs The boss thought it might be a good idea if you had an extra member of staff. Looking at this lot I'd say he was right. There's a few of them I could sling off right now. (*Barking*) Linda Croxley, what are you doin'? Sit down, girl. (*He addresses all the Kids.*) Right! Now listen: we wouldn't like you to think that we don't want you to enjoy yourselves today, because we do. But a lot of you won't have been on a school outing before and therefore won't know *how* to enjoy yourselves. So I'll tell you:

Throughout the last few lines of dialogue we have heard the intro for 'Instructions on Enjoyment'.

Briggs (*sings*)

To enjoy a trip upon a coach
 We sit upon our seats
 We do not wander up and down the aisles
 We do not use obscenities
 Or throw each other sweets
 We talk politely, quietly nod and smile
 There'll be no shouting on this outing, will there?
 (*Screaming.*) WILL THERE?

Kids No, sir.

Briggs (*sings*)

No sir, no sir.
 We look nicely through the windows
 At the pretty scenery

We do not raise our voices, feet or fists
And I do not, are you listening, girl
I do not want to see
Two fingers raised to passing motorists
To enjoy this treat
Just stay in your seat
Be quiet, be good and behave!

As **Briggs** finishes the song the **Kid** who went to get the sweets rushes on board loaded with bags.

Kid I've got them . . . I've got loads . . .

Briggs Where've you been?

Kid Sir, gettin' sweets.

Briggs Sweets? SWEETS!

Mrs Kay (*reaching for the sweets*) Thank you, Maurice.

The Driver is tapping Briggs on the shoulder.

Driver Can I have a word with you?

Briggs Pardon?

Driver In private.

He leads the way off the coach.

Briggs follows. **Mrs Kay** gives the sweets to **Colin** and **Susan** who start to dish them out.

Kids Ogh, great. / Give us one, Miss. / What about me, sir?

Driver (*outside the coach, to Briggs*) The thing is, about these kids, they're like little souls, lost an' wanderin' the cruel heartless streets.

The Driver continues his lecture to Briggs outside the coach as we go back inside. Colin is at the back seat giving out sweets to Reilly and co.

Reilly How are y' gettin' on with Miss, sir?

Digga We saw y', sir, goin' into that pub with her.

Further down the aisle Susan is watching and listening as she gives out sweets.

Colin (*covering his embarrassment*) Did you?

Reilly Are you in love with her, sir?

Colin (*making his escape*) All right, you've all got sweets, have you?

Reilly (*jeering*) Sir's in love, sir's in love . . .

Reilly *laughing as Colin makes his way back along the aisle.*

Susan Watch it, Brian!

Reilly (*feigned innocence*) What, Miss?

Susan You know what.

Reilly Agh, hey, he is in love with y' though, isn't he, Miss?

Digga I'll bet he wants to marry y', Miss.

Reilly You'd be better off with me, Miss. I'm better lookin', an' I'm sexier.

Susan *gives up playing it straight. She goes up to Reilly and whispers to him.*

Susan Brian, little boys shouldn't try and act like men. The day might come when their words are put to the test!

She walks away.

Reilly Any day, Miss, any day.

Digga What did she say, what did she say?

Reilly She said she fancied me!

Briggs *and the Driver come on board. Briggs goes to sit opposite Mrs Kay.*

Briggs Well . . . we've got a right headcase of a driver.

The engine comes to life. The Kids cheer. Briggs gives a warning look. Looks back. As he does so we see a mass of hands raised in two-fingered gestures to anyone who might be passing. Simultaneously the Kids sing:

Kids

We're off, we're off
We're off in a motor car
Sixty coppers are after us
An' we don't know where we are
We turned around a corner
Eatin' a Christmas pie
Along came a copper
An' he hit me in the eye.
I went to tell me mother
Me mother wasn't in
I went to tell me father
An' he kicked me in the bin

Which segues into the 'Travelling Song':

Our day out
Our day out
Our day out

Which fades to:

Our day . . .

*The following is split between all the **Kids**, each taking a different line.*

Look at the dogs
Look at the cats
A broken window in Tesco's
Look at the empty Corpy flats

Look at the streets
Look at the houses
Ogh look at that feller
With the hole in the back of his trousers

Look at the pushchairs
Look at the prams
Little kids out shoppin'
With their mams.

Oh there's our Tracey
There's my mate

He's missed the bloody bus
Got up too late

Look at the men
All on the dole
Look at the workers
Layin' cable down that hole

Look at the cars
Look there's a train
Look at the clouds
God, I hope it doesn't rain

Which segues back into the refrain 'Our Day Out' repeated and fading.

*On the back seat the **Little Kid** overhears a conversation between **Digga** and **Reilly**.*

Digga Reilly, light up.

Reilly Where's Briggsy?

Digga Up the front. Y' all right, I'll keep the eye out for y'.

Little Kid Agh 'ey, you've got ciggies. I'm gonna tell Miss.

Digga Tell her. She won't do nothin' anyway.

Little Kid I'll tell sir.

Reilly You do an' I'll gob y'.

Digga Come on, open that window, you.

Little Kid Why?

Reilly Why d' y' think? So we can get a bit of fresh air.

Little Kid Well, there is no fresh air round here. You just want to smoke. An' smokin' stunts your growth.

Reilly I'll stunt your bleedin' growth if y' don't get it open.

Andrews *gets up and reaches obligingly for the window.*

Andrews I'll open it for y', Reilly.

Reilly *ducks behind a seat and lights up.*

Andrews Gis a ciggy.

Reilly Sod off. Get y' own ciggies.

Andrews Ah go on, I opened the window for y'.

Digga Be told, y' not gettin' no ciggy. *(Suddenly whispered to Reilly.)* Briggs! *(As we see Briggs leave his seat at the front and head towards the back, Reilly quickly hands the cigarette to Andrews who, unaware of the approaching Briggs, seizes it with enthusiasm.*

Andrews Ogh . . . thanks, Reilly. *(He ducks behind the seat and takes a massive drag. He comes up to find Briggs gazing down at him and the ciggy.)*

Briggs Put it out.

Andrews Sir, I wasn't –

Briggs Put it out, lad. Now get to the front of the coach.

Andrews *gets up and makes his way to Briggs's seat as Briggs remains at the back.*

Briggs Was it your ciggy, Reilly?

Reilly Sir, swear on me mother I didn't –

Digga Take no notice of him, sir. How can he swear on his mother, she's been dead ten years.

Reilly *about to stick one on Digga.*

Briggs All right. All right! We don't want any argument. There'll be no smokin' if I stay up here, will there?

Briggs *takes Andrews' seat. The rest of the coach sing: 'They've all gone quiet at the back', one verse to the tune of 'She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain'.*

Mrs Kay and **Carol** *are sat next to each other. Carol next to the window staring out of it.*

Carol Isn't it horrible eh, Miss?

Mrs Kay Mm?

Carol Y' know, all the thingy like; the dirt an' that. *(Pause.)*
I like them nice places.

Mrs Kay Which places?

Carol Know them places on the telly with gardens, an' trees outside an' that.

Mrs Kay You've got trees in Pilot Street, haven't you?

Carol They planted some after the riots. But the kids chopped them down an' burnt them on Bonfire Night. *(Pause.)*
Miss . . . Miss, y' know when I grow up, Miss, y' know if I work hard an' learn to read an' write, would you think I'd be able to live in one of them nice places?

Mrs Kay *(putting her arm around her)* Well, you could try, love, couldn't you, eh?

Carol Yeh!

The Kids take up the 'Our Day Out' refrain, repeating the line three times. On the back seat, Reilly and Digga, stifled by Briggs's presence.

Briggs *(suddenly pointing out of the window)* Now just look at that.

Digga and Reilly *glance but see nothing to look at.*

Digga What?

Briggs *(disgusted)* What? Can't you see? Look, those buildings, don't you ever observe what's around you?

Reilly It's only the docks, sir.

Briggs You don't get buildings like that any more. Just look at the work that must have gone into that.

Reilly Do you like it down here then, sir?

Briggs I'm often down here at weekends, taking photographs. Are you listening, Reilly? There's a wealth of history that won't be here much longer.

Reilly My old feller used to work down here.

Briggs What did he think of it?

Reilly He hated it.

Briggs Well, you tell him to take another look and he might appreciate it.

Reilly I'll have a job; I haven't seen him for two years.

Reilly *turning away and looking out of the window. A few seats further down, Linda suddenly kneeling up on her seat.*

Linda *(to Jackie)* Ogh . . . look, there's Sharon. *(She shouts and waves.)* Sharon . . . Sha . . .

Briggs Linda Croxley! *(He gets up and moves towards her. Only at the last moment does she turn and sit properly.)* And what sort of an outfit is that supposed to be for a school visit?

Linda *(chewing and contemptuous, staring out of the window)* What?

Briggs Don't you 'what' me, young lady. *(She merely shrugs.)* You know very well that on school trips you wear school uniform.

Linda Well, Mrs Kay never said nodd'n about it.

Briggs You're not talking to Mrs Kay now.

Linda Yeh I know.

Briggs *(quietly but threatening)* Now listen here, young lady, I don't like your attitude. I don't like it one bit.

Linda What have I said? I haven't said nodd'n, have I?

Briggs I'm talking about your attitude.

She dismisses him with a glance and turns away.

I'm telling you now, miss. Carry on like this and when we get to Conway you'll be spending your time in the coach.

Linda I don't care, I don't wanna see no crappy castle anyway.

Briggs Just count yourself lucky you're not a lad. Now I'm warning you. Cause any more unpleasantness on this trip and

I shall see to it that it's the last you ever go on. Is that understood?
Is it?

Linda (*sighs*) Yeh.

Briggs It better had be.

*He makes his way to the front of the coach and addresses the **Kid** next to Andrews.*

Briggs Right, you, what's your name? Wake up.

Maurice Sir, me?

Briggs What's your name?

Maurice McNally, sir.

Briggs Right, McNally, go and sit at the back.

Maurice Sir, I don't like the back.

Briggs Never mind what you like, go and sit at the back.

Maurice *does so.*

Briggs Right, Andrews, shove up. (*Sitting by him.*) How long have you been smoking, Andrews?

Andrews Sir, I don't . . . Sir, since I was eight.

Briggs And how old are you now?

Andrews Sir, thirteen, sir.

Briggs What do your parents say?

Andrews Sir, me mam says nothin' about it but when me dad comes home, sir, sir, he belts me.

Briggs Because you smoke?

Andrews No, sir, because I won't give him one.

Pause.

Briggs Your father works away from home, does he?

Andrews What? No, sir.

Briggs You said, ‘when he comes home’, I thought you meant he was away a lot.

Andrews He is. But he doesn’t go to work.

Briggs Well, what does he do then?

Andrews I don’t know. Sir, he just comes round every now an’ then an’ has a barney with me mam. Then he goes off again. I think he tries to get money off her but she won’t give him it though. She hates him. We all hate him.

Briggs Listen, why don’t you promise yourself you’ll give up smoking? You must realise it’s bad for your health.

Andrews Sir, I did, sir. I’ve got a terrible cough.

Briggs Then why don’t you pack it in?

Andrews Sir, I can’t.

Briggs Thirteen and you can’t stop smoking?

Andrews No, sir.

Briggs (*sighing and shaking his head*) Well, you’d better not let me catch you again.

Andrews No, sir. I won’t.

Kids (*various*) Here’s the tunnel, the Mersey Tunnel, we’re goin’ through the tunnel . . .

All the Kids cheer as the bus goes into the tunnel (probably best conveyed by blackout).

Kids (*sing*)

The Mersey Tunnel is three miles long
And the roof is made of glass
So that you can drive right in
And watch the ships go past
There’s a plughole every five yards
They open it every night
It lets in all the water and it
Washes away the sha na na na na, na na na na . . .

Briggs rising as they are, he thinks, about to sing an obscenity; sitting down again as he fails to catch them at it. The **Kids** repeat the verse and **Briggs** repeats his leap to try and catch them. Again they merely sing 'sha na na na na', etc. They repeat the verse once more. This time **Briggs** doesn't leap to his feet as the **Kids** sing:

And washes away the shite!

As **Briggs** leaps to his feet, too late, the **Kids** are staring from the windows at the 'pretty scenery'. **Briggs** stares at them.

Girl Sir, are we in Wales yet?

Boy Sir, I need to go to the toilet.

Briggs Yes, well, you should have thought of that before you got on the coach, shouldn't you?

Boy Sir, I did, sir, I've got a weak bladder.

Briggs Then a little control will help to strengthen it.

Maurice Sir, sir, I'm wettin' meself.

Digga Are we stoppin' for toilets, sir?

Which all the **Kids** take up in one form or another, groans, moans and cries of 'Toilet', 'I wanna go the toilet'.

Briggs For God's sake. Just shut up, all of you shut up!

Mrs Kay Mr B—

Briggs I said shut up. (*Then realising*) Erm, sorry sorry. Mrs Kay?

Mrs Kay I would like to go to the toilet myself!

Briggs staring at her.

Milton (*hand raised*) Sir . . . Sir . . .

Briggs (*snaps*) Yes. Milton.

Milton Sir, I wondered if you were aware that over six hundred people per year die from ruptured bladders.

Briggs (*seeing he's defeated, turning to the Driver*) Pull in at the toilets up ahead, will you? (*He turns to the Kids.*) Right, I want everybody back on this coach in two minutes. Those who need the toilets, off you go.

*Most of the Kids get off the coach and go off as if to the toilets.
Reilly, Digga and a small group form some yards away from the coach, obviously smoking*

Colin (*approaching them*) All right, lads. Shouldn't be too long before we're in Wales.

Little Kid Wales, that's in the country, isn't it, sir?

Colin A lot of it's countryside, yes, but –

Reilly Lots of woods eh, sir?

Colin Well, woods, yes, mountains and lakes.

Reilly An' you're gonna show Miss the woods are y', sir?

Colin Just watch it, Brian, right?

Reilly Ah, I only meant was y' gonna show her the plants an' the trees.

Colin I know quite well what you meant. (*He turns to go.*) And if I was you I'd put that fag out before you burn your hand. If Mr Briggs catches you you'll spend the rest of the day down at the front of the coach with him and you don't want that to happen, do you? Now come on, put it out.

Reilly *puts out the cigarette and Colin walks away.*

Reilly (*shouting after him*) I'll show Miss the woods for y', sir.

Throughout the above all the other Kids have made their way back onto the coach.

Mrs Kay (*returning*) Come on, Brian, come on . . . (*She ushers them on board.*) OK, Ronnie, I think that's the lot.

The bus starts.

Little Kid Miss, Miss . . .

Mrs Kay Yes.

Little Kid Miss, I wanna go the toilet.

Kids Agh shurru . . .

Driver Get ready, a humpety-backed bridge . . .

As they go over the bridge all passengers are bumped off their seats.

Two Bored Girls (*sing in unison*)

It's borin'

It's bleedin' borin'.

Another minute here an'

I'll be snorin'.

Lookin' at loads of roads, miss

When are we gonna stop?

There's nothin' to do

Only look at the view

An' if you've seen one hill

You've seen the bleedin' lot.

God! It's borin', isn't it borin'

It's borin'

It's bleedin' borin'

The other Kids take up, quietly, the refrain of 'It's borin', it's bleedin' borin'.'

At the front of the coach Mrs Kay is having a word with the Driver.

Mrs Kay Ronnie, I was wondering if there was somewhere we could stop for a little while, have a cup of tea and let them stretch their legs?

Driver All right, Mrs Kay, there's a cafe just up ahead; d' y' want me to pull in?

Mrs Kay Thanks, Ron.

The song begins as the Kids dismantle the coach and reset the seats to form the cafe/shop and picnic area. Note: if doubling is necessary the actress playing Susan changes here to play the cafe/shop proprietress.

Briggs (*sings*)

All right! Let's get this straight.

We're only stopping for a quarter of an hour.

When you leave the bus you will get in line and wait

We do not want this visit turning sour

Mrs Kay

It's all right, everybody, there will still be lots of time

For you to stretch your legs and let off steam

You're free to leave the bus now but please don't go getting
lost

The shop's that way, for those who want ice cream

The Kids cheering as they set up the shop/cafe.

Briggs

All right! Now that's enough

You're behaving like a gang of common scruffs

Mrs Kay

By the book, Mr Briggs?

Briggs

Yes, why not by the book?

I want them looking tidy

Mrs Kay

That's one thing they'll never look

Briggs

Come on now get in line, I said line up, do what you're told

Mrs Kay

For a straight line is a wonderful thing to behold

As the music continues as underscoring, Briggs addresses the Kids.

Briggs Now the people who run these places provide a good and valuable service to travellers like ourselves and so I want to see this place treated with the sort of respect it deserves. Now come on, let's have a straight line, in twos.

Mrs Kay *at the front of the queue which is being formed. Inevitably there are Kids who don't conform exactly to Briggs's concept of a straight line.*

Briggs Come on, you two, get in line. You two! Reilly, get in line, lad. I said in line . . .

Mrs Kay Mr Briggs . . .

Briggs I think it's under control, Mrs Kay, thank you.
(*Barking at Kids.*) Come on! Cut out the fidgeting. Just stand. Straight! That's more . . . **RONSON.** Come here, lad.

Mrs Kay Mr Briggs . . .

Briggs It's all right, Mrs Kay! (*To Ronson.*) Now just where do you think you are, lad?

Ronson (*a beat as he wonders*) Sir . . . Sir, Wales?

Briggs (*almost screaming by now*) Get in line, lad.

Briggs (*sings*)
All right. That's looking fine
Chaos turned to order in a stroke

Mrs Kay
Quite amazing, Mr Briggs, they're standing in a line!

Briggs
And it's important, Mrs Kay, it's not a joke

Mrs Kay
Oh yes, of course it's awfully serious. I'm terribly impressed
Such achievements are the hallmark of the great
A quite remarkable example of a very straight, straight line
Congratulations, Mr Briggs, it's . . . well it's straight!

Briggs
I think that's good, don't you?

Mrs Kay
They do so well at standing two by two

Briggs
They do us credit, Mrs Kay

Mrs Kay
Perhaps that's true,
If you stake your reputation on a stationary queue!

Briggs

Come on, it's better than a rabble, there they are as good
as gold

Mrs Kay

Oh, a straight line is a wonderful thing to behold

Briggs (*spoken*) With organisation, Mrs Kay, with organisation
it can be done.

Mrs Kay, *the other teachers and the Kids* *hitting the song finale as per
Hollywood, splitting into two lines, hands waving and legs kicking*

All

A straight line is a wonderful thing to behold!

And on the last note they are back in twos, lined up.

Cafe Owner Right, two at a time.

The Kids *charge as one into the shop.*

Briggs (*apoplectic*) Stop, I said stop . . . stop . . .

Mrs Kay *takes his arm and diverts him.*

Mrs Kay Oh let's forget about them for a while. Come and
have some coffee out of my flask. Come on.

A sea of Kids *in front of a sweet counter and a harassed* **Cafe Owner**.

Cafe Owner Fifty-four, the chocolate bars are fifty-four.

Maurice That's robbery.

Kid They're only thirty pence down our way.

Girl One Yeh, an' they're twice the size.

Kid Ey, missis, give us one of them up there.

As she turns her back the Kids *begin robbing sweets.*

Cafe Owner Hey. Put that down, give that here. Where's
your teachers? They should be in here with you.

Kid What for? They couldn't afford to buy anything, the
prices you charge.

Cafe Owner There's a surcharge for school parties and if you don't like it you can get out.

Blackout and freeze as we see Briggs and Mrs Kay outside, Briggs reluctant, keeping an eye on the shop.

Mrs Kay Isn't it nice to get away from them for a few minutes?

Briggs To be quite honest, Mrs Kay, I think we should be in there, looking after them.

Blackout and freeze the teachers.

Cafe Owner (*amidst the chaos*) 'Ere. Put that down. Keep your hands to yourselves.

Girl Two How much are the Bounties?

Cafe Owner *turns her back and much of the counter contents goes into the Kids' pockets.*

Cafe Owner Now just a minute, give me that hand. Come on, put it back.

Kid Y' big robber.

Girl One 'Ey you, I haven't robbed nott'n'.

Milton How much are the penny chews?

Cafe Owner Ten pence, the penny chews are ten pence. (*She clouts a Kid.*) Take your 'ands off!

Milton But they're called 'penny' chews.

Cafe Owner Yes! They're called 'penny' chews but they cost ten pence each.

Maurice It's robbery that.

Milton If the penny chews cost ten pence each don't you think they should be called tenpenny chews?

Cafe Owner But they're not called tenpenny chews. They're called penny chews and they cost ten pence! Right?

Milton I hope you realise this represents a serious breach of the Trades Description Act.

Cafe Owner And I hope you realise that if you don't shut up there'll be a serious breach of your bloody head!

Ronson D' y' sell chips?

Cafe Owner NO!

Blackbut and freeze the shop.

Mrs Kay and Briggs *outside the cafe.*

Briggs There's not just our school to think of, you know. What about those who come after us? They're dependent on the goodwill of the people who run these places.

Mrs Kay Considering the profit they make from the kids I don't think they've got too much to complain about.

Kids *are beginning to emerge from the shop/cafe moaning about the prices and dismissing the place.*

Mrs Kay Mr Briggs, I didn't ask you to come on this trip.

Briggs No, but the headmaster did.

Throughout the following song the coach is reassembled. By the end of the song everyone is sat in his or her seat and the coach is on its way again.

Kids *(sing)*

Penny chews are ten pence in this caff
Yes penny chews are ten pence in this caff
They say prices are inflated
But it's robbery, let's face it
When penny chews are ten pence, what a laugh

They're chargin' stupid prices for their sweets
Yes they're chargin' stupid prices for their sweets
An' they must be makin' quids
Out of all poor starvin' kids
Cos they're chargin' stupid prices for their sweets

No they shouldn't be allowed to charge that much
They shouldn't be allowed to charge that much
It's robbery it's last it's

Just a bunch of thievin' bastards
Who think that everyone they meet's an easy touch

Well it would have cost us more than we have got
Yes it would have cost us more than we have got
Why swindle an' defraud it?
When they know we can't afford it
It's a good job that we robbed the bleedin' lot!

Colin, *who has been sitting with Briggs, gets up to check that everything is OK. As he gets near Linda's seat, her mate Jackie taps her on the shoulder and points him out. Linda turning and smiling at Colin.*

Linda Sir, are y' comin' to sit by me, are y'?

Jackie Don't sit by her, sir, come an' sit by me.

Colin I've got my seat down at the front thanks, Jackie.

Linda Here, sir.

Colin What, Linda?

Linda Come here, I wanna tell y' somethin'.

Colin Well, go on.

Linda Ah hey, sir. I don't want everyone to hear. Come on, just sit here while I tell y'.

Jackie Go on, sir, she won't bite y'.

Linda Come on.

Colin *reluctantly sits. Jackie's head poked through the space between the seats.*

Colin Well? What is it?

They laugh.

You're not going to tell me a joke, are you?

They laugh.

Look, Linda, I'll have to go, I've . . .

Linda (*quickly links her arm through his and holds him there*) No, sir, listen, listen. She said I wouldn't tell y', but I will. Sir, sir, I think you're lovely.

Colin (*quickly getting up*) Linda! (*And returns to his seat next to Briggs.*)

Linda I told him. I said I would. Oh God he's boss him, isn't he, eh?

Jackie Oh go way, you. You've got no chance. He's goin' with Miss.

Linda He might chuck her. Might start goin' with me. Might marry me.

Jackie (*shrieking*) Oh don't be mental. You'll never get a husband like sir. You'll end up marryin' someone like your old feller.

Linda You're just jealous, girl.

Jackie Get lost.

Linda *turns and dismisses her, stares out of the window and begins to sing.*

Linda

I'm in love with sir
But sir doesn't care
Cos sir's in love with her
Over there
With the hair
It isn't fair

She turns to Jackie.

Linda

If I was the wife of a man like sir
My life would not be full of trouble and care
I'd look forward to the nights and we'd make a perfect pair
Me and sir

I'm in love with sir
 But sir doesn't care
 Cos sir's in love with her
 Over there
 With the hair
 It isn't fair

If I could marry sir I'd be all right
 I wouldn't need to work and we would stay in every night
 We'd have some lovely holidays and I would wash his collars
 Really white

Kids

She's in love with sir
 Bur sir doesn't care
 Cos sir's in love with her
 Over there
 With the hair
 It isn't fair

Jackie

You'll be the wife of a man like your dad
 He'll disappear when you grow fat
 You'll be left with the kids and you'll live in a council flat

Kids

She's in love with sir
 But sir doesn't care
 Cos sir's in love with her
 Over there
 With the hair
 It isn't fair

Linda

I'm in love with sir

Mrs Kay *is talking to the Driver. She returns to her seat next to Carol.*

Briggs *(to Colin who is sat next to him)* You know what Mrs Kay's problem is, don't you?

Colin (*trying to keep out of it*) Mm?

Briggs Well! She thinks I can't see through all this woolly-minded liberalism. You know what I mean? All right. (**Girls One and Two, Little Kid and Maurice** *arguing about sweets, Briggs machine-gunning a 'Be quiet' at them.*) I mean, she has her methods and I have mine but this setting herself up as the champion of the non-academics! I mean, it might look like love and kindness but it doesn't fool me. And it doesn't do kids a scrap of good. I think you've got to risk being disliked if you're going to do anything for kids like these. They've got enough freedom at home, haven't they? Eh? With their five quid pocket money and telly till all hours, video games and that. Eh? I don't know about you, I don't know about you but to me her philosophy's all over the place. (*Pause.*) Eh?

Colin (*reluctant but having to answer*) Actually I don't think it's got anything to do with a formulated philosophy.

Briggs You mean you've not noticed all this anti-establishment, kids-roam-wild, don't-check-'em sort of attitude?

Colin Of course I've noticed. But she's like this all the time. This trip isn't organised on the basis of any profound theory.

Briggs Well, what's the method she does work to then? Mm? Eh? I mean, you know her better than me, go on, you tell me.

Colin Well . . . she, for one thing, she likes them.

Briggs Who?

Colin The kids. She likes kids.

Briggs What's that got to do with it?

Colin (*pause*) The principle behind this trip is that the kids should have a good day out.

Briggs And isn't that what I'm saying? But if they're going to have a good and stimulating day it's got to be better planned

and executed than this . . . (*Suddenly noticing that they have turned off the expected route.*) What's this? Where are we going? This isn't . . .

Mrs Kay Oh it's all right, Mr Briggs. I've checked with the driver, we thought it might be a good idea if we called in at the zoo for an hour. We've got plenty of time.

Briggs But, this trip was arranged so that we could visit Conway Castle.

Mrs Kay Ooh, we're going there as well. I *know* you're very fond of ruins. Now listen, everyone, as an extra bonus, we've decided to call in here at the zoo.

Cheers.

Briggs But look, we can't –

Mrs Kay Now the rest of the staff will be around if you want to know anything about the various animals, although it's not much good asking me because I don't know one monkey from the next . . .

Briggs Mrs Kay . . .

Mrs Kay (*ignoring him*) But, Progress Class, we're very lucky today to have Mr Briggs with us, because Mr Briggs is something of an expert in natural history. He's something of a David Bellamy, aren't you, Mr Briggs? So if you want to know more about the animals, ask Mr Briggs. Now come on. Leave your things on the coach.

The underscoring for 'Who's Watching Who?' begins as the teachers set up the zoo and café.

The Kids spread out in groups around the auditorium as though at different parts of the zoo.

Kids (*sing as they move*)
Sea lions and penguins

Drums.

Swimming in the zoo

Drums.

What do seals eat?

Drums.

Pilchard sarnies

Who's watching who's watching who's watching who?

Who's watching who's watching who's watching who?

Centipedes and pythons

Wriggling at the zoo

What do snakes eat?

Wrigley's Spearmint

Who's watching who's watching *etc.*

Middle Eight.

Elephants from Africa, an Aussie kangaroo

All flown in on jumbo jets and stuck here in the zoo

*The **Two Bored Girls** enter and speak with drums underscoring their verse.*

Two Bored Girls

It's borin'

It's bleedin' borin'

The lions are all asleep

They're not even roarin'

It's just a load of parrots

Bleedin' monkeys an' giraffes

It isn't worth a carrot

I come here for a laugh

But it's borin'

It's really borin'

We shoulda stayed at school

An' done some drawin'

A zoo's just stupid animals

An' some of them are smelly

I think zoos are better

When y' watch them on the telly.

It's borin'

Bleedin' borin' . . .

As they close their verse the other Kids take up the song again.

Kids

Coloured birds in cages
Do you want to fly away?
What do birds eat?
Sir, Bird's Custard.
Who's watching who's watching *etc.*

Briggs *and a group of Kids enter and look down into the bear pit.*

Briggs And a brown bear is an extremely dangerous animal. You see those claws, they could leave a really nasty mark.

Andrews Could it kill y', sir?

Briggs Well, why do you think they keep it in a pit?

Ronson I think that's cruel, sir. Don't you?

Briggs Not if it's treated well, no. Don't forget, Ronson, that an animal like this would have been born into captivity. It's always had walls around it so it won't know anything other than this sort of existence, will it?

Ronson I'll bet it does.

Girl Two How do you know? Sir's just told you, hasn't he? If it was born in a cage an' it's lived all its life in a cage, well, it won't know any different, will it? So it won't want anything different.

Ronson Well, why does it kill people then?

Andrews What's that got to do with it, dickhead?

Ronson It kills people because people are cruel to it. They keep it in here, in this pit so when it gets out it's bound to go mad an' want to kill people. Can't y' see?

Andrews Sir, he's thick. Tell him to shut up.

Ronson I'm not thick. Even if it has lived all its life in there it must know, mustn't it, sir?

Briggs Know what, Ronson?

Ronson Know about other ways of livin'. About bein' free. Sir, it only kills people cos they keep it trapped in here but if it was free an' it was treated all right it'd start to be friends with y' then, wouldn't it? If y' were doin' nothing wrong to it, it wouldn't want to kill y'.

Briggs Well, I wouldn't be absolutely sure about that, Ronson.

Andrews Sir's right. Bears kill y' cos it's in them to kill y'.

Girl One Ah come on, sir, let's go to the Pets Corner.

Andrews No way, sir, let's see the big ones.

Briggs We'll get round them all eventually.

Girl One Come on then, sir, let's go the Pets Corner . . .

Girl One and **Girl Two** go to link **Briggs's** arms. *He shrugs them off.*

Briggs Now walk properly, properly . . .

Girl One Agh hey, sir, all the other teachers let y' link them.

Mrs Kay enters with another group of **Kids**. *She has got Kids on either side, linking her arms.*

Mrs Kay How are you getting on? Plying you with questions?

Briggs Yes, yes they've been . . . very good.

Mrs Kay I'm just going for a cup of coffee. Want to join me?

Briggs Well, I was just on my way to the Pets Corner . . .

Andrews It's all right, sir, we'll go on our own.

Mrs Kay Oh come on, they'll be all right.

Briggs But can these people be trusted, Mrs Kay?

Mrs Kay They'll be all right. Colin and Susan are walking round. And the place is walled in.

Andrews Go on, sir, you go an' have a cuppa. You can trust us.

Briggs Ah, can I though? If I go off for a cup of tea with Mrs Kay, can you people be trusted to act responsibly?

Kids Yes, sir.

Jimmy Sir, what sort of bird's that, sir?

Briggs Erm. Oh let me see, yes, it's a macaw.

Mrs Kay Come on.

Briggs (*following Mrs Kay*) They're very good talkers.

Mrs Kay and Briggs *off*.

Kevin I told y' it wasn't a parrot.

Jimmy (*trying to get the bird to talk*) Liverpool, Liverpool. Come on, say it, y' dislocated sparrow.

Kids (*sing*)
 Mountain lions and panthers
 Leopards in the zoo
 What do lions eat?

Jimmy and Kevin
 Evertonians

Kids
 Who's watching who's watching who's watching who?
 Who's watching who's watching who's watching who?

Mrs Kay and Briggs *sitting as if in the cafe, two teas and a couple of cakes.* **Kids** *as though looking through the windows of the café.*

Kids
 Teachers in the cafe
 Takin' tea for two
 What do they eat

(*Spoken.*) Ogh, chocolate cream cakes!

Briggs and Mrs Kay *suddenly notice hungry eyes on their cakes.*

Mrs Kay (*waving them away*)

Ogh go on, go away . . . shoo

Kids (*dispersing and going off singing*)

Who's watching who's watching who's watching who
Who's watching who's watching who's watching who?

Briggs Another tea, Mrs Kay?

Mrs Kay Oh call me Helen. Do you know, I loathe being called Mrs Kay. Do you know, I tried to get the kids to call me by my first name. I told them, call me Helen, not Mrs Kay. They were outraged. They wouldn't do it. So it's good old Mrs Kay again. Oh, no, no more tea, thanks.

Briggs They're really quite interested, the kids, aren't they?

Mrs Kay In the animals, oh yes. And it's such a help having you here because you know so much about this sort of thing.

Briggs Well, I wouldn't say I was an expert but . . . you know, perhaps when we're back at school I could come along to your department and show some slides I've got.

Mrs Kay Would you really? Oh Mr Briggs, we'd love that.

Briggs Well, look, I'll sort out which free periods I've got and we'll organise it for then.

Colin and Susan *approach. The Kids quickly line up in the sort of orderly queue Briggs would approve of.*

Susan Ready when you are.

Mrs Kay Are they all back?

Susan It's amazing, we came around the corner and they're all there, lined up waiting to get on the bus.

Mrs Kay Wonders will never cease.

Briggs OK. (*Sees the Kids.*) Well, look at this, Mrs Kay, they're learning at last, eh? Right, all checked and present? On board then . . .

The Kids go to climb aboard just as a Zoo Keeper, all polo neck and wellies, rushes towards them.

Keeper Hold it right there.

Mrs Kay Hello, have we forgotten something?

Keeper Are you supposed to be in charge of this lot?

Mrs Kay Why, what's the matter?

Keeper Children? They're not bloody children, they're animals. It's not the zoo back there, this is the bloody zoo, here.

Briggs Excuse me! Would you mind controlling your language and telling me what's going on?

Keeper (*ignores him, pushes past and confronts the Kids*) Right, where are they?

Innocent faces and replies of 'What?' 'Where's what?'

Keeper You know bloody well what –

Briggs (*intercepting him*) Now look, this has just gone far enough. Would you –

He is interrupted by the loud clucking of a hen. The Keeper strides up to a Kid and pulls open his jacket. A bantam hen is revealed.

Keeper (*taking the hen, addresses the other Kids*) Right, now I want the rest.

There is a moment's hesitation before the floodgates are opened. Animals appear from every conceivable hiding place.

Briggs *glares as the animals are rounded up. The Kids stay in place, waiting for the thunder.*

Briggs I trusted you lot. And this is the way you repay me. (*Pause as he fights to control his anger.*) I trusted all of you but it's obvious that trust is something you know nothing about.

Ronson Sir, we only borrowed them.

Briggs (*screaming*) Shut up, lad! Is it any wonder that people won't do anything for you? The moment we start to treat you like real people, what happens? Well, that man was right. You act like animals, animals.

Mrs Kay Come on now, take the animals back.

*The **Kids** are relieved at finding a way to go. As they move off, **Briggs** remains.*

Briggs And that's why you're treated like animals, why you'll always be treated like animals.

Kids (*sing very quietly as they exit*)

Our day out

Our day out

Briggs (*alone on stage*) ANIMALS!

Blackout.

Act Two

Teachers and Kids outside Conway Castle.

Briggs We'll split into four groups, Mrs Kay. Each member of staff will be responsible for one group. It will take approximately one and a quarter hours to tour the castle and at three fifteen we will reassemble at the coach. Walk round in twos, and I mean walk! Right, my group, this way . . .

The others go off. The Kids in Briggs's group follow him with little enthusiasm.

Briggs (*pointing up at the castle walls*) Now, those large square holes just below the battlements: long planks of wood were supported there and that's where the archers would fire from if the castle was under attack. Now, if you look at that tower, you'll see that it's not quite perpendicular. What does perpendicular mean?

Maurice I don't know.

Milton Sir, sir . . .

Briggs Yes?

Milton Sir, straight up.

Sniggers from the other Kids.

Briggs Are you listening, lad? You might just learn something.

Music intro for 'Castle Song'.

Briggs (*sings*)

I find it so depressing
I just can't understand
Your failure to appreciate
A thing so fine and grand
Your heritage, your history
You can touch it with your hand
The Yanks have nothing like it

Milton

Sir, but they've got Disneyland.

Briggs (*spoken*) Disneyland.

(*Sings*)

That's not the same at all, this is history, this is real

It should make you feel so proud, so thrilled, so awed

Just standing here for centuries, how does that make you feel?

Kids (*sing*)

Sir it makes us feel dead bored

Briggs (*music continuing as underscoring*) Bored! Yes and you'll be bored for ever; do you want to know why? Because you put nothing in. You invest in nothing. And if you invest in nothing you get nothing in return. This way. Come on, quickly, move.

As **Briggs** leads his group off, **Reilly** and **Digga** slip away from it and get the ciggies out. They hide though when they hear **Colin** approaching. **Linda** and **Jackie** are with him.

Colin (*sings*)

Now though these walls are very thick

In places fifteen feet

Just think how cold it must have been

With no real form of heat

Even in the summertime

It must have been quite cold

Linda

I wonder how they managed, sir

To keep warm in days of old

Linda

Tell us sir go on,

Jackie

Tell us everything you know

We want to learn from you sir

Yes we do

Ooh ooh

We really think you're great sir

Tell us everything you know
 We'd be really brainy sir
 If all the teachers were like you

Colin Well. They'd obviously . . . where's everybody else gone? Where are the others?

Jackie Sir, they kept droppin' out as you were talkin'.

Colin Oh God!

Linda Oh it's all right, sir, we're dead interested. Y' can keep showin' us around.

Colin (*sighs*) All right, what was I saying?

Linda You were tellin' us how they kept warm in the olden days.

Colin Well, for one thing . . . Linda
 (*Sings.*) They wore much thicker clothing

Linda
 Even damsels in distress?

Colin
 I expect they *all* had more sense
 Than to walk around half dressed

Linda and Jackie
 We seen this movie once sir
 Where they had some better ways
 To keep each other cosy sir
 Back in them olden days

Colin (*spoken*) All right, Linda, all right . . .

Linda and Jackie
 Tell us sir go on
 Tell us everything you know
 We want to learn from you sir
 Yes we do
 Ooh ooh
 We really think you're great sir

Tell us everything you know
We'd be really brainy sir
If all the teachers were like you

Linda Sir, it's dead spooky here. Sir, I think it's haunted.

She grabs his arm.

Colin Don't be silly.

She throws her arms around him.

Linda I'm frightened.

Colin Don't do that, Linda.

Linda But I'm frightened. (*Holding tight.*)

Jackie (*also grabbing him*) Sir, so am I.

Colin (*freeing himself*) Now, girls, stop being silly. Stop it!

(*Sings.*)

There's nothing to be frightened of
There's no such things as ghosts
Just look how this position
Gives a clear view of the coast

Linda and Jackie

But we'd rather look at you sir

Colin

Yes, but girls, you're here to learn

Linda and Jackie

Oh sir, you're so impressive when
You behave so strong and firm
Tell us sir, go on
Then we won't be scared at all
We feel so warm and safe when we're with you
Ooh ooh
We know you will protect us sir
Cos you're all strong and tall
And if we can't believe in ghosts
We can still believe in you

Digga and **Reilly** lean out unnoticed from their hiding position; they touch the girls who scream and grab **Colin** again.

Linda It touched me.

Colin What did?

Linda Oh it did.

Reilly and **Digga** run off, jeering

Colin God. Come on, girls, come on.

They follow him. Carol is sitting on the battlements, looking out over the estuary. Nearby, on a bench, Mrs Kay is sitting back enjoying the sun.

Mrs Kay Why don't you go and have a look around the castle, Carol? You haven't seen it yet.

Carol Miss, I don't like it. It's horrible. I'd rather sit here with you an' look at the lake.

Mrs Kay That's the sea.

Carol Yeh, that's what I mean.

Andrews (*running on and joining them*) Miss, Miss, I just thought of this great idea; Miss, wouldn't it be smart if we had somethin' like this castle round our way. The kids wouldn't get into trouble, would they, if they had somewhere like this to play.

Carol Miss, we couldn't have somethin' like this round our way, could we?

Mrs Kay Why not?

Carol Cos if we had somethin' like this we'd only wreck it, wouldn't we?

Andrews No we wouldn't.

Carol We would. That's why we never have nothin' nice round our way, we'd smash it up. The corporation knows that an' so why should they waste their time and money. They'd give us nice things if we looked after them, but we don't, do we?

Andrews Miss, d' y' know what I think about it, Miss?

Mrs Kay Go on, John, what?

Andrews Miss, Miss, if all this belonged to us like it wasn't the corporation's but it was something that we owned, well, we wouldn't let no one wreck it, would we? Eh? We'd look after it, wouldn't we? Defend it. D' y' know what I mean, Miss?

Mrs Kay Yes, I think I do. (**Briggs enters.**) What you're saying –

Briggs Right. You two, off. Go on, move.

Carol Sir, where?

Briggs Anywhere, girl. Just move. I want to talk to Mrs Kay. Well, come on then.

The two Kids reluctantly wander off. Briggs waits until they are out of hearing.

Mrs Kay (*quietly angry*) I was talking to those children.

Briggs Yes, an' I'm talking to you, Mrs Kay. This has got to stop.

Mrs Kay Pardon me. What's got to stop?

Briggs What! Can't you see what's going on? It's a shambles, the whole ill-organised affair. Just look what they did at the zoo. Look.

Kids *run past playing chase and tick.*

Briggs They're just left to race and chase and play havoc. God knows what the castle authorities must think. Now look, when you bring children like this into this sort of environment you can't afford to just let them roam free.

Kids *rush past.*

Briggs They're just like town dogs let off the leash in the country. My God, for some of them it's the first time they've been further than Birkenhead.

Mrs Kay (*quietly*) I know. And I was just thinking, it's a shame really, isn't it? We bring them out to a crumbling pile of bricks and mortar and they think they're in the fields of heaven.

Briggs You *are* on their side, aren't you?

Mrs Kay Absolutely, Mr Briggs, absolutely.

A couple of Kids are shouting to try and hear the echo of their names.

Briggs Look, all I want to know from you is what you're going to do about this chaos?

Mrs Kay Well, I'd suggest that if you want the chaos to stop you should simply look at it not as chaos but what it actually is – kids, with a bit of space around them, making a bit of noise. All right, so the head asked you to come along, but can't you just relax? There's no point in pretending that a day out to Wales is going to be of some great educational benefit to them. It's too late for them. Most of these kids were rejects the day they came into the world. We're not going to solve anything today, Mr Briggs. Can't we just give them a good day out? Mm? At least we could try and do that.

Briggs Well, that's a fine attitude, isn't it? That's a fine attitude for a member of the teaching profession.

Mrs Kay (*beginning to let her temper go*) Well, what's your alternative? Eh? Pretending? Pretending that they've got some sort of a future ahead of them? Even if you cared for these kids you couldn't help to make a future for them. You won't educate them because nobody wants them educating.

Briggs Listen, Mrs Kay –

Mrs Kay No, you listen, Mr Briggs, you listen and perhaps you'll stop fooling yourself. Teach them? Teach them what? You'll never teach them because nobody knows what to do with them. Ten years ago you could teach them to stand in a line, you could teach them to obey, to expect little more than a lousy factory job. But now they haven't even got that to aim for. Mr Briggs, you won't teach them because you're in a job that's designed and funded to fail! There's nothing for them to do, any of them; most of them were born for factory fodder, but the factories have closed down.

Briggs And I suppose that's the sort of stuff you've been pumping into their minds.

Mrs Kay (*laughing*) And you really think they'd understand?

Briggs I'm not going to spend any more time arguing with you. You may have organised this visit, but I'm the one who was sent by the headmaster to supervise. Now, either you take control of the children in your charge or I'll be forced to abandon this visit and order everyone home.

Mrs Kay Well . . . that's your decision. But I'm not going to let you prevent the kids from having some fun. If you want to abandon this visit you'd better start walking, because we're not going home. We're going down to the beach!

She walks away.

Colin, round everybody up. Come on, everybody, we're going to the beach.

Briggs The beach?

Kids and other teachers enter as we hear the intro for a song. **Mrs Kay** calls to **Briggs**.

Mrs Kay You can't come all the way to the seaside and not pay a visit to the beach.

Kids (*singing to the tune of the 'Mersey Tunnel Song'. As they sing they set up the rocks and the beach*)

The castle's just a load of stones
It's borin' and it's dead
Can't even fire the cannons
Cos they're blocked off at the end
So we're goin' to the seashore
An' Miss says we can
Build a better castle there
With just the bloody sand

Continue underscoring as Kids begin to whip off shoes and socks, Mrs Kay doing the same. The Two Bored Girls firmly keeping their shoes and socks on.

Two Bored Girls

It's borin'
It's bleedin' borin'

It's only a load of sand
An' seagulls squawkin'

Bored One

God, we've been here bloody hours
Can't we go home yet?

Bored Two

Look at the water

Bored One

Water's borin'
All it does is make y' wet

Two Bored Girls

Yeh it's borin'
Really borin'

Kids

We're gonna find some thingies
In the pools and in the rocks
We're gonna shout an' run about
Without our shoes and socks

They do until almost as one the immensity of the place hits them. They each stand, transfixed, looking out to sea and squelching their toes in the wet sand.

Music slow and wave-like.

The sea's gi-bleedin'-gantic
It must be really wide
Cos we can't even see
What's over on the other side

The sound of the ocean.

*The **Driver** runs on with a ball.*

Driver Mrs Kay, all right if I take some of them off for a game of footie?

Mrs Kay Yes.

Carol (*tugging at Mrs Kay's sleeve as some of the **Kids** rush off with the **Driver***) Miss, when do we have to go home?

Mrs Kay What's the matter, love? Aren't you enjoying yourself?

Carol Yeh. But I don't wanna go home. I wanna stay here.

Mrs Kay Carol love, we're here for at least another hour yet. Now why don't you start enjoying yourself instead of worrying about going home.

Carol Cos I don't wanna go home.

Mrs Kay Carol love, we have to go home in the end. This is a special day. It can't be like this all the time.

Carol Why not?

Mrs Kay (*looks at her and sighs; puts her arm around her*) I don't know, love. Come on, let's go and play football with the others.

Carol Nah. (*She breaks away and wanders off.*)

Mrs Kay *watches her for a moment and then turns to the* **Two Bored Girls.**

Mrs Kay Come on, you two; let's go and play football.

Bored One Miss, what for?

Mrs Kay What for? Oh, you don't like football. (*Suddenly mimicking them.*) Football's borin', it's dead borin', it's borin' borin' borin'.

They look at her as though she's lost a screw.

Bored One We like football.

Mrs Kay Well, come on then.

She begins to go.

Come on.

Bored Two Miss, where?

Mrs Kay (*almost screaming*) To play football, you said you liked football. Well?

Bored One We do on the telly!

Bored Two Don't like playin' it though. Playin' football's dead . . .

Mrs Kay, *hands outstretched to throttle them both, rushes at them, and the two girls suddenly move. The girls are chased off by Mrs Kay.*

Colin, Susan, Linda, Jackie *and other girls are examining the rock pools. Reilly, Digga and a small group of followers are having a smoke behind some large rocks. Reilly comes out from behind the rocks and shouts over to Susan.*

Reilly All right, Miss?

Colin (*quietly*) Here we go.

Andrews (*to Reilly*) Gis a drag.

Digga Buy your own.

Andrews Don't be a rat. Come on.

Reilly *holds out the butt. Andrews goes to take it but before he can, Reilly drops it into the sand and treads on it.*

Reilly (*shouting across*) Y' comin' for a walk with me, Miss?

Colin (*standing and shouting back*) Look, I'm warning you, Reilly . . .

Susan Leave it.

Colin I'm just about sick of him.

Susan Well, go over and have a word with him.

Colin I've tried that but whatever I do I can't seem to get through to friend Brian.

Susan I wonder if I could.

Reilly (*shouting over*) What are y' scared of, Miss?

Susan (*to Colin*) You go back with the others.

Colin What are you going to –

Susan Go on . . .

Colin *and the group of girls begin to move away.*

Linda Is Miss gonna sort him out, sir?

Jackie He needs sortin' out, doesn't he, sir?

Linda He's all right really y' know, sir. He's great when y' get him on his own.

Jackie Oh! An' how do you know?

Linda I just do.

They go off and Susan begins to walk towards Reilly, slow and determined, staring straight at him, provocative. Reilly's smile begins to disappear and he gulps for air. Susan steps straight up to him, pins him against the rocks.

Susan (*husky*) Well, Brian . . . I'm here.

Reilly 'Ey, Miss.

Susan I'm all yours . . . handsome . . . sexy . . . Brian!

Reilly Don't mess, Miss.

Susan (*putting her arms around him*) I'm not messing, Big Boy. I'm very, very serious.

Briggs *suddenly enters, sees what he thinks is happening, turns and exits again. Susan is unaware of him.*

Susan What's wrong?

Reilly I was only havin' a laugh, Miss.

Susan You mean . . . don't tell me you weren't being serious, Brian.

Reilly I was only jokin' with y', Miss.

Susan (*dropping the act*) Now you listen to me, Brian Reilly, you're a handsome lad, but I suggest that in future you stay in your own league, instead of trying to take on ladies who could break you into little pieces. All right? We'll leave it at that, shall we?

Reilly Yes, Miss.

She smiles at him, touches his arm affectionately and turns to walk away. As she does so a pile of jeering faces appear from behind the rocks where they've been hiding and listening.

Susan *(turning back)* Clear off, all of you. Go and play football or something. I said go!

They do.

Brian.

She motions him to join her. He does.

You know what I was saying about leagues? Well, have you ever thought about whose league Linda's in?

Reilly Linda Croxley? She doesn't fancy me. She's mad about sir. No one else can get a look-in.

Susan I wouldn't be too sure about that.

(Sings.)

I know you like her
Yes you do, you know you do
I can't be sure but
I think that she likes you

Reilly Ah go way, Miss. You're nuts.

Susan

Maybe if you asked her
Out one night, she'd like to go
Anyway, no harm done
The worst thing she can say is 'no'

Reilly No chance.

Susan

Perhaps you think you'd never stand a chance with her
Maybe never even get a second glance from her
So where the hell's your confidence
All you need's a bit of nerve

Reilly I'm no good at –

Susan

Don't put yourself down
Can't you see you're not so bad

She gives him her compact mirror.

Take a look at your reflection
Then you'll see a handsome lad

Reilly *smiles, flattered.*

Susan

Perhaps you think you'd never stand a chance with her
Maybe never even get a second glance from her
So where the hell's your confidence
All you need's a bit of nerve.

I know you like her
Yes you do, you know you do
I can't be sure but
I think that she likes you (*Repeat.*) She likes you.

(*Spoken.*) See you, Brian.

Reilly See y', Miss.

He turns and walks to his mates. They begin jeering and laughing but he stands smiling and proud.

Reilly Well! At least I'm not like you ugly gets. I . . . am handsome!

More jeers.

*The **Driver**, **Mrs Kay** and the footballers rush on playing and **Reilly** and the others join the game.*

Mrs Kay (as **Reilly** scores and she gives up being goalie) Whoooh.
I've had enough, I'm all in.

Maurice Ah Miss, we've got no goalie now.

Mrs Kay Carol can go in goal. (*To **Susan** and **Colin** who are just approaching*) Where is she?

Susan Who?

Kids *all exit.*

Mrs Kay Carol, I thought she was with you.

Colin We haven't seen her for hours.

Mrs Kay I thought . . . You haven't seen her at all?

Susan We thought she was here.

Mrs Kay (*looking around*) Oh, she couldn't, could she?

Susan Lost?

Mrs Kay Don't say it. Perhaps he's seen her. (*Shouting across to Briggs.*) Mr Briggs . . . Mr Briggs . . .

Briggs *enters.*

Briggs Is that it then? Are we going home?

Mrs Kay Have you seen Carol Chandler in the last hour?

Briggs I thought I'd made it quite plain that I was having nothing more to do with your outing.

Mrs Kay Have you seen Carol Chandler?

Briggs No, I haven't.

Mrs Kay I think she may have wandered off somewhere.

Briggs You mean you've lost her?

Mrs Kay No. I mean she might have wandered off somewhere!

Briggs Well, what's that if it's not losing her? All I can say is it's a wonder you haven't lost half a dozen of them.

He turns to go.

Colin Listen, Briggs, it's about time someone told you what a berk you –

Briggs (*wheels on him*) And you listen! Sonny! Don't you try to tell me a thing, because you haven't even earned the right.

Don't you worry, when we get back to school your number's up, as well as hers (**Mrs Kay**). And you (**Susan**). Yes. I saw what was going on between you and Reilly. When we get back I'll have the lot of you.

Mrs Kay Would you mind postponing your threats until we find Carol Chandler? At the moment I'd say the most important thing is to find the girl.

Briggs Don't you mean *try* and find her?

Mrs Kay Susan, you keep the rest of them playing football. We'll split up and look for her.

*They go off in separate directions. We see **Carol**. She is standing on a cliff, looking out, waving at seagulls.*

Carol (*sings*)

Why can't it always be this way?
 Why can't it last for more than just a day?
 The sun in the sky and the seagulls flying by
 I think I'd like to stay
 Then it could always be this way

Why can't it always be like this?
 I can't think of anything back home that I would miss
 Suppose there'd be a fuss if I wasn't on the bus
 But it really would be bliss
 If it could always be like this

Shouting to the seagulls,
 Seagulls say 'hello'
 Wonder how they stay up there so high
 Looking at the seashore miles and miles below
 Makes me wish that I could fly

Why can't we just stay where we are?
 Far far away from the muck and motor cars
 If I close my eyes and try and try and try
 And wish upon a star,
 Then we could all just stay where we are.

*The song ends, **Briggs** appears on the cliffs and sees **Carol**.*

Briggs Carol Chandler, just come here. Who gave you permission to come on these cliffs?

Carol (*moving to the edge*) No one.

She turns and dismisses him.

Briggs I'm talking to you, Miss Chandler.

She continues to ignore his presence.

Now just listen here, young lady –

Carol (*suddenly turning*) Don't you come near me!

Briggs (*taken aback by her vehemence, he stops*) Pardon?

Carol I don't want you to come near me.

Briggs Well, in that case just get yourself moving and let's get down to the beach.

Carol You go. *I'm not comin'.*

Briggs You what?

Carol Tell Mrs Kay she can go home without me. I'm stoppin' here, by the sea.

Pause.

Briggs Now you just listen to me. I've had just about enough today, just about enough, and I'm not putting up with a pile of silliness from the likes of you. Now come on!

He starts towards her but she moves to the very edge of the cliff.

Carol Try an' get me an' I'll jump over.

Briggs *stops in his tracks, astounded and angered.*

Briggs (*shouting*) Listen, you stupid girl, get yourself over here this minute.

She ignores him.

I'll not tell you again!

They stare at each other. It's obvious that she will not do as he bids.

I'll give you five seconds! Just five seconds. One, two, three, four, I'm warning you! . . . Five.

Carol I've told y', I'm not comin' with y'. I will jump, y' know. I will.

Briggs Just what are you tryin' to do to me?

Carol I've told y', just leave me alone an' I won't jump.
(*Pause.*) I wanna stay here where it's nice.

Briggs Stay here? How could you stay here? What would you do, eh? Where would you live?

Carol I'd be all right.

Briggs I've told you, stop being silly.

Carol (*turning on him*) What are you worried for eh? You don't care, do y'? Do y'?

Briggs What? About you? . . . Listen, if I didn't care, why would I be up here now, trying to stop you doing something stupid?

Carol Because if I jumped over, you'd get into trouble when you get back to school. That's why, Briggsy, so stop goin' on. You hate me.

Briggs Don't be ridiculous. Just because I'm a schoolteacher it doesn't mean to say that –

Carol Don't lie, you! I know you hate me. I've seen you goin' home in your car, passin' us on the street. An' the way you look at us. You hate all the kids.

Briggs What . . . why do you say that?

Carol Why can't I just stay out here an' live in one of them nice white houses, an' do the garden an' that?

Briggs Look . . . Carol . . . You're talking as though you've given up on life. It sounds as though life for you is ending, instead of just beginning. Now why can't . . . I mean, if that's what you want . . . why can't . . . what's to stop you working

hard at school from now on, getting a good job and then moving out here when you're old enough? Eh?

Carol (*turning and looking at him with pure contempt*) Don't be so bloody stupid.

She turns and looks out to the sea.

It's been a great day today. I loved it. I don't wanna leave here an' go home. (*Pause.*) If I stayed it wouldn't be any good though, would it? You'd send the coppers to get me, wouldn't y'?

Briggs We'd have to. How would you survive out here?

Carol I know. (*Pause.*) I'm not goin' back though.

She kneels at the cliff edge, looks over.

Briggs Carol . . . please . . .

Carol Sir . . . you know, if you'd been my old feller . . . I would've been all right, wouldn't I?

Briggs *slowly and cautiously creeps forward, holding out his hand.*

Briggs Carol, please come away from there.

She looks down over the cliff.

Please.

Carol Sir . . . sir, you don't half look funny, y' know.

Briggs (*smiling*) Why?

Carol Sir, you should smile more often. You look great when y' smile.

Briggs (*holding out his hand*) Come on, Carol.

Carol Sir . . . what'll happen to me for doin' this?

Briggs Nothing . . . I promise.

Carol Sir, you're promisin' now, but what about back at school?

Briggs It won't even be mentioned, I promise . . .

His hand is outstretched. She decides to believe him. She reaches out for his hand. As she does she slips but he manages to lunge forward and clasp her to safety. He stands with his arms wrapped around her.

*The other **Kids** are playing football. **Reilly** with the ball tries to get past a huge row of defenders.*

Linda (*from the side of the game*) Go on, Brian, go on, go on . . . (*As he scores.*) Yes.

Reilly *letting on to her.*

Mrs Kay (*entering, shaking her head to **Susan***) I think we better let the police know.

Susan Shall I keep them playing – (*She sees **Briggs** and **Carol** enter.*) Oh look . . . he's found her.

Colin I'll bet he makes a bloody meal out of this.

Susan It doesn't matter. She's safe, that's the main thing.

Colin We'd better round them up. It'll be straight home now.

Colin *begins to do so.*

Mrs Kay (*approaching **Briggs** and **Carol***) Carol, where were you?

Carol On the cliff, Miss.

Mrs Kay On the . . .

Briggs It's all right, Mrs Kay, we've been through all that. Now. If you'll just let me deal with this.

Mrs Kay *puts her arm around **Carol**.*

Mrs Kay Carol! The worry you've caused. Oh . . . love . . .

Briggs Come on . . . everyone on the coach.

Driver Back to the school then?

Briggs School? Back to school? It's still early, isn't it? Anyway – you can't come all the way to the seaside and not pay a visit to the fair.

Music intro begins.

Carol (*rushing to the other Kids*) We're goin' the fair, sir's
takin' us to the fair.

Briggs (*turning to Mrs Kay who still can't believe her ears*) You
never know, Mrs Kay, play your cards right an' I might take
you for a ride on the waltzer!

*The benches have been formed in a circle to represent a waltzer onto which
everyone piles.*

All (*sing*)

We're goin' on the waltzer
We're gonna have some fun
Gonna get dead dizzy
Gonna get well spun
Hold your belly, gasp for air
Ooh! Ooh feel the wind in your hair

Sir's on the waltzer
He's takin' us to the fair
We're goin' on the dodgems
And on the Ferris wheel
Going on the ghost train
Gonna giggle and scream
Don't know who's scared the most
Digga or Reilly or the bleedin' ghost

Sir's on the dodgems
He's takin' us to the fair
We've never seen him laugh before
He's not like this in school
It must be something in the air
That makes him play the fool

Candyfloss and hot dogs
Gonna get real sick
Look at old Briggsy
In a kiss-me-quick
Big dipper? Yes sir please
Hold on everybody now
Say cheese . . .

Everybody forming into a group for Mrs Kay's camera. Everyone holding the note on the word 'cheese'. In this pause the Two Bored Girls are apart from the rest of the group.

Bored One What d' y' think?

Bored Two The fair?

Bored One Yeh

Bored Two (*considers*) Borin'!

As everybody leaps back onto the waltzer.

All (*sing*)

Sir's on the waltzer

He's takin' us to the fair

Repeat the middle eight.

Repeat final verse.

Big finish on last line, ending with Briggs being lifted onto shoulders by a group of Kids and being photographed by Mrs Kay.

Briggs Last one on the coach pays the fare.

The Kids singing without accompaniment as they re-form the coach.

Kids

Everywhere we go

Everywhere we go

People wanna know

People wanna know

Who we are

Who we are

So we tell them

So we tell them

We are the Progress

The mighty mighty Progress

The coach re-formed and nearly everyone on board. Ronson runs up to the coach and Briggs stands waiting for him.

Ronson Sir, that was great that, it was great.

Briggs Come on.

Ronson Sir, can we come again tomorrow?

Briggs Oh get on the bus, Ronson.

Piano underscore – ‘Coming Round the Mountain’.

*As **Briggs** and **Ronson** get on board, the coach pulls away. Everyone is singing ‘Coming Round the Mountain’. **Digga** and **Jackie** are sitting together. **Reilly** is with **Linda**, arm around her.*

***Briggs** is sitting on the back seat with the kids. **Mrs Kay** stands and takes a picture of **Briggs** and the **Kids**. **Briggs** still with a cowboy hat he got at the fair.*

Mrs Kay Say cheese.

Kids

Singin’ aya aye yippee yippee aye
Aya aye yippee yippee aye
Singin’ aya aye yippee
Me mother’s gone the chippy
Singin’ aya aye yippee yippee aye

*The **Kids** begin to repeat the next verse but weariness and tiredness overcome them and the song until most of them are asleep or dozing.*

Piano continues underscoring the song.

***Briggs**, wearing the cowboy hat, makes his way along the aisle. When he reaches **Mrs Kay** she turns the camera on him. It is as if at that moment the flashlight signals the beginning of a return to reality for **Briggs**. He becomes conscious of the hat he is wearing and, smiling at **Mrs Kay**, he removes it and places it on the head of the sleeping **Carol** (who clutches hold of her goldfish won at the fair). **Mrs Kay** is putting the completed film in a packet for processing; she turns to **Briggs**, indicating the film.*

Mrs Kay I’ve got some gems of you in here. We’ll have one of these up in the staff room when they’re developed.

Briggs Eh? One of me? What for?

Mrs Kay Don’t worry . . . I’m not going to let you forget the day you enjoyed yourself.

Briggs (*watching her put the film in the envelope*) Look, erm . . . why don't you let me develop those? I could do them in the lab.

Mrs Kay I don't know . . . using school facilities for personal use. (*She hands them over.*) Thank you.

Briggs Have them done as soon as I can.

He sits.

Linda (*to Reilly*) Are y' glad y' came?

Reilly Yeh.

Linda It was great, wasn't it, eh?

Reilly It'll be the last trip I go on.

Linda Why?

Reilly I'm leavin' in the summer, aren't I?

Linda What y' gonna do?

Reilly Nothin' I suppose . . . (*He looks out of the window.*) It's bleedin' horrible when y' look at it, isn't it?

Linda What?

Reilly (*nods, indicating the city*) That. Liverpool.

Linda Yeh.

'Coming Round the Mountain' underscoring ends as the coach stops.

Briggs Right. Come on, everybody off.

Cue intro music for 'We Had a Really Great Day Out'.

During the following all the seats of the coach are removed.

Kids

We had a really great day out
We went to the beach and went daft and ran about
We went to the zoo
And the fair and castle too
And Briggsy let us sing and shout
Coming back from our day out

Briggs OK. Everybody off.

Driver

That's the end of that one, see y' all take care
Better get off home now to me wife
Out tomorrow morning
No idea where
It's a funny way of life

Kids

Thanks Ron, we had a lovely day
Thanks Sir and Miss, it was cracker Mrs Kay
The best we ever had
Even Briggsy's not so bad
Never seen him act that way
He must have had a lovely day

All

Climbing off the bus now
Back in Liverpool
Better get off home now for me tea
Looking at the streets, the playground and the school
Seems a long way from the sea

Melody continues as underscoring

*Everybody is now off the coach. The **Driver** and various **Kids** have moved off. **Reilly** and **Linda**, arms around each other, pass **Briggs**.*

Melody of 'We Had a Really Great Day Out' continues to underscore following dialogue.

Reilly 'Night, sir. Enjoyed yourself today, didn't y', sir?

Briggs Pardon?

Reilly I didn't know you was like that, sir. All right for a laugh an that. See y' tomorrow, sir.

Briggs (*nods goodbye to them then suddenly calls after them*) Oh . . .
Linda.

She stops and turns.

We can . . . we'll let the uniform go this time. But don't let me catch you dressing like that again on a school outing.

Reilly and Linda *exit.*

Bored One Wasn't that a great day?

Bored Two It was cracker. Come on.

They run off.

Mrs Kay Well, that seems to be it. (*She sees Carol hovering nearby*). Are you going home, Carol?

From off we hear a whistle and the Driver enters.

Driver Erm, excuse me, madam, have you lost a small python?

Mrs Kay (*just for a second thinking, as do we, that it might be true*) What!

From behind his back the Driver produces the goldfish in the plastic bag.

Driver (*as he hands it to Carol*) They always forget somethin'.

Mrs Kay Thanks, Ronnie.

Driver Thanks, Helen. Goodnight. (*To others as he exits.*) Bye now. See y'.

Colin/Susan/Briggs Goodnight.

Mrs Kay Well, that's that. I don't know about anyone else, but I'm for a drink.

Susan Oh, I'll second that.

Colin They'll just be open.

Mrs Kay (*to Briggs*) You going to join us?

Briggs Oh . . . well, actually I've . . .

Susan Oh come on.

Briggs No, I'd, er . . . I'd better not. Thanks, anyway. I've got lots of marking to do at home. Thanks all the same.

Mrs Kay Well, if we can't twist your arm . . . Thanks for today.

*She turns and leads the others off, failing to see **Carol** hovering in the shadows.*

Mrs Kay Car's over here.

Mrs Kay, Colin and Susan *exit.*

Briggs *reaches into his pocket for his car keys. Along with the keys he brings out the package containing the film. He stands looking at the package, unaware of the **Kids: Reilly, Andrews, Jackie, Carol, Digga, Maurice, Ronson, Milton, Linda, Little Kid, Bored Girls** and every other one of them, appearing individually from behind him and watching him.*

Carol *walks forward out of the shadows as **Briggs** suddenly makes his decision and exposes the roll of film. He turns and sees **Carol** watching him along with all the other **Kids**. **Carol** moves off as if to home. From off we hear:*

Parent Carol! Where the friggin' hell have you been? Just get in this bloody house.

Kids *start to sing to the same tune as 'We Had a Really Great Day Out'.*

*As **Briggs** slowly walks past them all.*

Kids

No one can take this time away
No matter what they cannot take the day
No one can steal
Something you just feel
And although the picture fades
No one can take this time away

*Just as **Briggs** is about to exit, **Carol** enters and for a brief moment they are face to face before **Briggs** moves off. **Carol** takes her place in the tableau, amongst the other kids.*

Note the double middle eight.

Someone said the pictures
Just didn't turn out right
Someone said the shutter had been closed
Someone said the camera
Was pointing at the light
And the film had been exposed

But who needs a picture
Pictures always fade
Get lost or just get stuck behind a drawer
And I can always find
A picture in my mind
Of some far distant shore

No one can take this time away
No matter what they do no matter what they say
We couldn't give a shit cos it was

(Spoken.)

Brilliant

Magic

Fit!

And although the picture fades

But instead of it being the last line of this verse, the following becomes the first line of a reprised first verse, sung by all.

No one can take this time away
No matter what they cannot take the day
No one can steal
Something you just feel
And although the picture fades
No one can take this time away

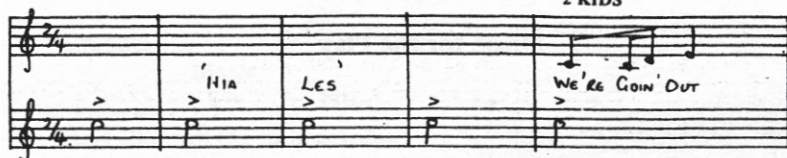
Curtain.

Music for the Play

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WE'RE GOIN' OUT

2 KIDS

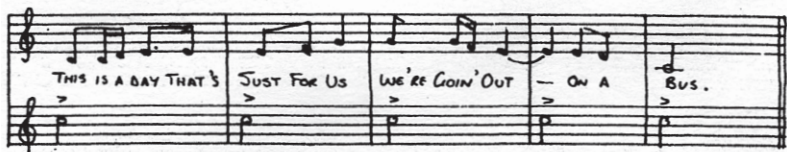
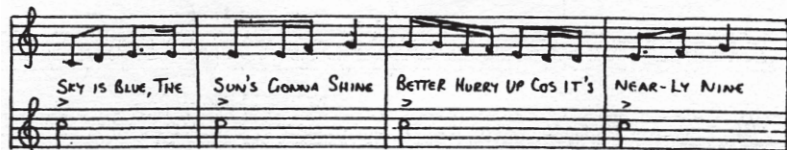
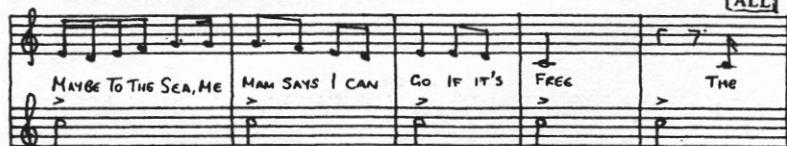


+ 2 KIDS

+ MORE



ALL

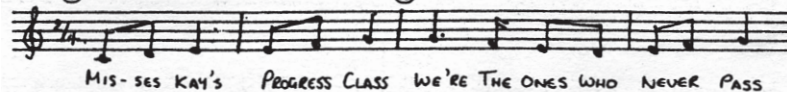


MRS KAY'S PROGRESS CLASS

CUE: MR BRIGGS 'THAT'S WHY THE GOVERNMENT HIRED ME' SUNG AS ROUND

①

②



BOSS OF THE BUS

CUE: DRIVER 'MISS IS NOT THE DRIVER OF THIS BUS I AM!'

Rock 'n' Roll

1st 2nd AND 3rd VERSE

OVER DIALOGUE

THIS IS MY BUS

To

1ST: 2ND AND 3RD

DON'T WANT NO

2ND: 3RD

- 3 - - 3 -

THIS IS (FINAL VERSE)

BOSS OF THE BUS (continued)

There's No Thing Wrong With Us! Get Off My Bus

The musical score is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The bass line has a large 'C' at the end, indicating common time.

INSTRUCTIONS ON ENJOYMENT

INTRO : BEHIND DIALOGUE FROM 'RIGHT: NOW LISTEN'

STRICT TEMPO -- BRISK VOCAL

TO EN. JOY A TRIP UPON A COACH WE

SIT UPON OUR SEATS

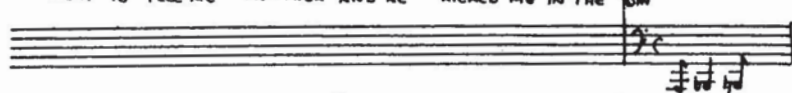
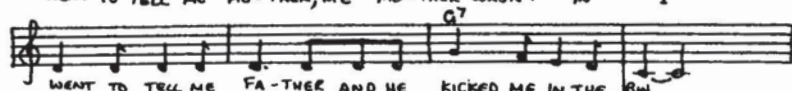
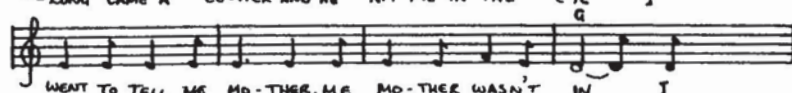
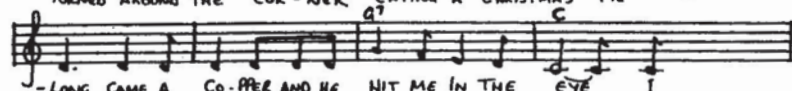
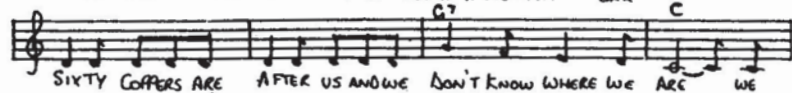
The musical score is written on a grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score includes an introduction, a section labeled 'STRICT TEMPO -- BRISK VOCAL', and a section labeled 'TO EN. JOY A TRIP UPON A COACH WE'. The bass line has a large 'C' at the end, indicating common time.

N.B 'THEY'LL BE NO SHOUTING' IS DIALOGUE AND RETURNS TO STRICT TEMPO AFTER BRIGGS 'NO SIR' FROM 'TO ENJOY THIS TREAT DIALOGUE TO END

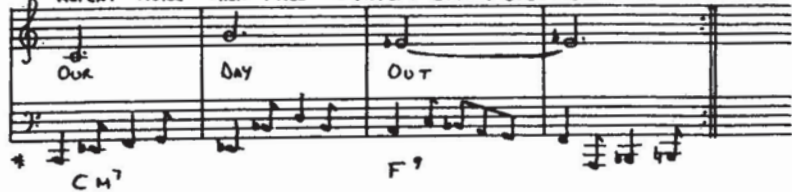
WE'RE OFF

*SEE NOTE OVERLEAF

CUE: KIDS CHEER



REPEAT TWICE THEN FADE TO REPEAT SOFTLY OVER NEXT PAGE



LOOK AT THE DOGS



CONTINUE DIALOGUE IN RHYTHM WITH 'OUR DAY OUT' MELODY TO FADE
 *THE RIFF IN THE LEFT HAND USED AS ACCOMPANIMENT TO 'OUR DAY OUT' REFRAIN IS ALSO USED TO ACCOMPANY 'LOOK AT THE DOGS' AND TO REPRESENT TIME PASSING ON THE COACH THE BORING GIRLS CAN SPEAK THEIR VERSE OVER IT AND THE CHORDS, ALSO SHOWN, CAN BE USED TO UNDERSCORE THE TOILET STOP

THE MERSEY TUNNEL

*SEE NOTE



*THE BEACH SONG IS SUNG TO THE SAME MELODY AS ABOVE

STRAIGHT LINE

BRISKLY

N B FOLLOW NOTES IN SCRIPT

AL - RIGHT! LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT WERE ONLY

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'AL - RIGHT! LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT WERE ONLY' are written below the middle staff.

STOPPING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'STOPPING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR' are written below the middle staff.

WHEN YOU LEAVE

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'WHEN YOU LEAVE' are written below the middle staff.

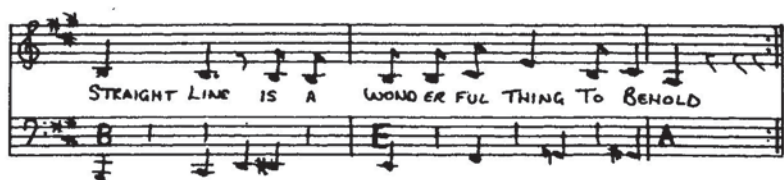
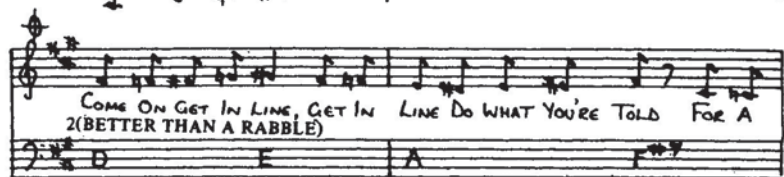
STRAIGHT LINE (2)

2ND TIME TO

(1.) TUR-NING SQU (2ND TIME (THING THEY'LL NEVER LOOK) IT'S

AL- RIGHT EVERY BO- DY THERE WILL

STRAIGHT LINE (3)



PENNY CHEWS

Musical score for "PENNY CHEWS". The score is written in 4/4 time and features a melody line and a bass line. The melody line starts with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics "PENNY CHEWS ARE" are written above the melody line. The chords F and F⁷ are indicated below the bass line.

I'M IN LOVE WITH SIR

Musical score for "I'M IN LOVE WITH SIR". The score is written in 4/4 time and features a melody line and a bass line. The melody line starts with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics "I'M IN LOVE WITH SIR BUT" are written above the melody line. The chords C, C^{MAJ7}, C⁷, F, F^M, F^M/A^b, C, C⁷, F, F^M, D^{M7}, A^M, and G are indicated below the bass line. The word "CHORUS" is written above the melody line, and the word "VERSE" is written above the melody line.

N B SONG BEGINS AND ENDS UNACCOMPANIED

ZOO SONG

*SEE NOTES

VERSE

SEA LI - ONS AND ...

DRUMS

DRUMS

WHO'S WATCHING ...

MIDDLE EIGHT

ELEPHANTS FROM

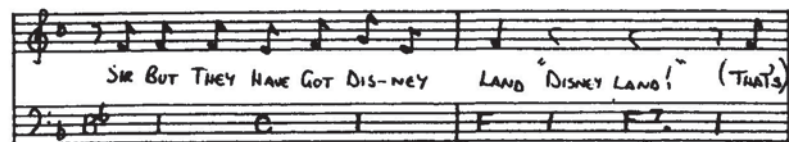
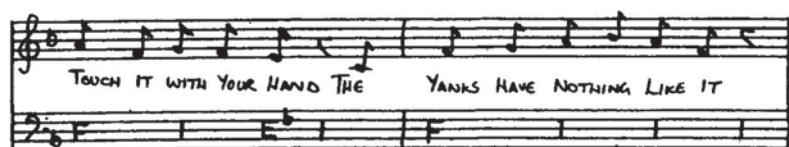
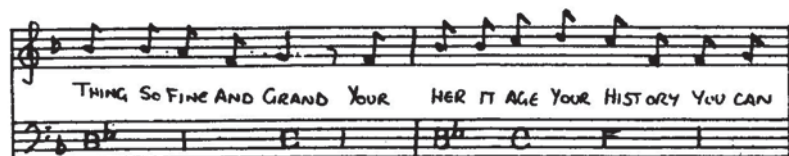
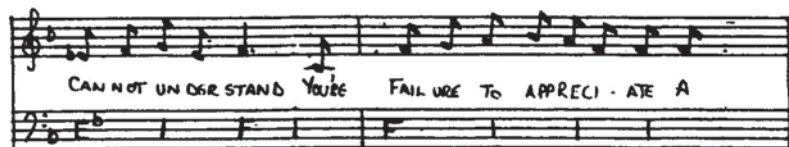
The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff is labeled 'VERSE' and contains the melody for 'SEA LI - ONS AND ...'. The second staff is labeled 'DRUMS' and contains a drum pattern. The third staff is labeled 'DRUMS' and contains a drum pattern. The fourth staff is labeled 'MIDDLE EIGHT' and contains the melody for 'ELEPHANTS FROM'. The fifth staff is labeled 'ELEPHANTS FROM' and contains the melody for 'ELEPHANTS FROM'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble clefs, time signatures, notes, rests, and drum patterns. There are also triplets indicated by a '3' and a bracket.

*A JUNGLE RHYTHM SHOULD PREVAIL THROUGHOUT, NO OTHER ACCOMPANIMENT IS NECESSARY BUT COULD BE TRIED

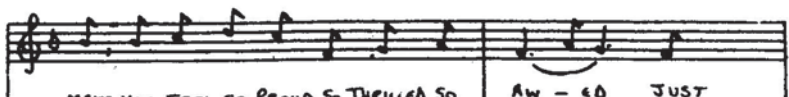
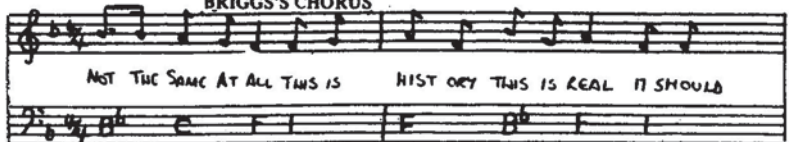
*THE CHANTING OF THE PHRASE 'WHO'S WATCHING WHO' AT THE BEGINNING AND THE BORED GIRLS VERSE CAN BOTH BE SPOKEN OVER A SUITABLE RHYTHM THE DRUMS CAN ALSO BE USED QUIETLY BEHIND DIALOGUE SECTIONS.

CASTLE SONG

BRIGGS' VERSE + COLIN'S AND GIRLS' VERSES



BRIGGS'S CHORUS



CASTLE SONG (2)

STANDING HERE FOR CENTURIES, HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL GONE

ON SPEAK UP DON'T HUMBLE LAD SIR IT MAKES US FEEL DEAD BORED

GIRLS CHORUS

TELL US SIR GO ON

TELL US SIR GO ON

TELL US SIR GO ON

TELL US SIR GO ON

TELL US SIR GO ON

I KNOW YOU LIKE HER

INTRO: BRIGHT AND RHYTHMIC THROUGHOUT

D A G A D A G A

VOCAL: VERSES 1 TO 4

I know
D A G A D A D A

MIDDLE SECTIONS

PERHAPS YOU THINK YOU'D NEVER EVER
F#m
D Bm7 Em7 A7 F#m
Em7 A7 T A7

WHY CAN'T IT ALWAYS BE THIS WAY

AND: WE HAD A REALLY GREAT DAY OUT

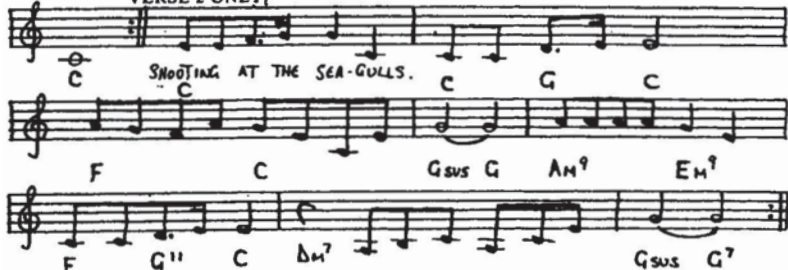
INTRO: SLOW WITH FEELING



[VERSES 1, 2 & 3]



VERSE 2 ONLY



N B FOR 'WE HAD A REALLY GREAT DAY OUT' USE CHORDS MORE RHYTHM -
CALLY & PLAY 3RD VERSE AS GENTLE INSTRUMENTAL BEHIND DIALOGUE UNTIL
DRIVER SINGS 'THAT'S THE END OF THAT ONE' TO TUNE OF 'SHOUTING AT THE
SEAGULLS', THEN CAROL SINGS 'WHY CAN'T IT ALWAYS BE LIKE THAT' TO VERSE
TUNE, THEN INSTRUMENTAL VERSION TO END OF PLAY. TRY TO REACH PIANO
LINE IN BAR 8 AS CAROL & BRIGGS PASS ON STAGE

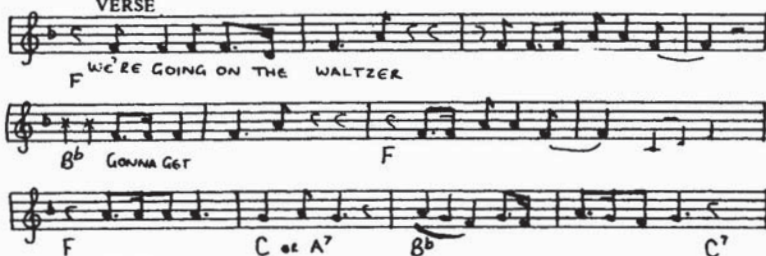
FAIRGROUND SONG

INTRO



AS MANY BARS OF STRAIGHT ROCK & ROLL
AS IT TAKES TO SET BENCHES

VERSE



CHORUS



MIDDLE 8



EVERYWHERE WE GO

