Briggs

Bedlam!
It’s worse than Bedlam
Left to shout
And run about
Wherever their fancy’s led them

Mrs Kay

Did no one tell you, Mr Briggs
That kids do tend to act like kids
And in the process, God forbid!
They sometimes make a noise

Briggs

I’ve had enough of this – all I want to know now, right now, is what you intend to do about this . . . mayhem?

Mrs Kay

Look – can’t you just relax? Alright, so classes you teach probably are a lot more ordered. But this is my lot, Mr Briggs, my Progress kids. And each day almost every one of these kids comes to school carrying an invisible bag on his or her shoulder. And do you know what that bag’s full of, Mr Briggs? Shit! From the life that you don’t see – the life at home; the same life that shaped their parents who now shape their own kids in the same twisted way. Yes, Mr Briggs, I’d love to see them all educated, all sitting neatly at their desks. But for these kids of mine there are still rather a lot of obstacles in the way before they can even begin to see the benefits of an education. And I don’t see much point in behaving as if a day out to Wales is going to furnish them with one. We’re not going to solve anything today Mr Briggs. So can’t we at least just try and give them a good day out? Mm?

Briggs

Well that’s a fine attitude isn’t it, for a member of the teaching profession?

Mrs Kay

And so what’s your alternative? Pretending?

Pretending that these kids of mine
Will somehow all start doing fine
If they can learn to stand in line
Keep quiet and obey

Pretending that a trip to see
Some crumbling old antiquity
Will mean that academically
These kids are on their way

Briggs

Enough Miss
I’ve had enough Miss
I’m warning you
Informing you
If you don’t do your stuff Miss
It’s over
I’m taking over
And ordering everybody
It’s over

First published by Methuen Drama in 2011.
Lights gradually coming up to reveal an inner-city area – morning. A road, streets, a patch of waste ground, the wail of an industrial building. We hear the sounds of the street – engines, a far-off siren, distant calls of kids, birdsong, the intermittent burst of a pneumatic drill, the bass thud thud of a muted beat box.

Amy appears. Into this mix comes a drum pattern and we hear voices (off) chanting on top of the tune as five Hoodies including Moler, Gonzo and Stack appear with spray cans.

Progress Kids

Gotta get to school
Can’t afford to be late
When all our mates’ll be
Waitin’ at the gate
Don’t wanna miss the coach
Gotta be on time
Won’t be one of those
Who gets left behind

So who are the kids going out today
Yes the Progress kids – we’re on our way
An’ if you know where you’re goin’
Then you just keep goin’
No there’s no go-slowin’
When you . . . know you’re goin’

**Kids**

Yeah

*Alton Towers*

*Alton Towers*

*Alton Towers*

Ah hey! *(Punching the air)*

*Alton Towers*

*We’re goin’ there today*

*We just love goin’ out with Mrs Kay*

*And we’re goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out*

*Today!*

*We’re goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out*

*We’re goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out*

*We’re goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out, goin’ out*

*To ALTON TOWERS*

*Today*

*Yeah!*

---

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 turn around a corner, WHOOOH (all leaning, as they do corner)
Eatin’ a Christmas pie
Along came a copper
An’ he hit me in the eye

Kids

Our day (clap clap)
This is our day
If you’re goin’ our way
Better get on board
We’re movin’

Movin’ (clap clap)
Going somewhere
Doesn’t matter where cos
It’s gonna be better
Than where we’ve come from

Kids

I went to tell me mother
Me mother wasn’t in
I went to tell me father
An’ he kicked me in the
Been to Madagascar
Been to Spain and France
Been to Paddy’s Market
With a monkey in my pants
The monkey got the measles
The monkey went and died (AAAH)
My sister had a baby
And she pushed it down the slide

Kids

Our day (clap clap)
This is our day
If you’re goin’ our way
Better get on board
We’re movin’
Movin’ (clap clap)
Goin’ somewhere
Doesn’t matter where cos
It’s gonna be better
Than where we’ve come from

All  
Poor bloody lion
He must be in pain
He’s lost all his teeth
An’ most of his mane
When he should be
Running wild
Living free

Reilly I know – an’ it’s supposed to be the lord of the jungle isn’t it?

Digga (laughing) The lord of the what?

Carly You heard.

All  The boss of the beasts
Shouldn’t be behind bars
The king of the cats
Should be under the stars
Where he could be
Running wild
Living free

No no
The king of the jungle
Should never be
Made to do
The freak show
The peep show
Locked up in a box
For me and you you you you
At the zoo zoo zoo zoo

Unnoticed by Reilly and the others, Briggs and his group enter.

Reilly If I was in charge I’d let them all out
Leave them to roam and go running about
And then they’d be
Running wild
Living free
Sean (raps)  
Who are the kids who rule this castle  
The Progress Kids – don’t give us no hassle  
Don’t give us no dis no aggravation  
Now we are the rulers of this nation

All  
Who are the kids who’ve come to rule us  
The Progress kids they’re the best and the coolest  
Don’t give us no dis no aggravation  
Now we are the rulers of this nation

We’re the kings  
We’re the kings  
We’re the kings  
Okay  
We are the kings  
Are the kings  
Of the castle today

First published by Methuen Drama in 2011.
Amy

Why can’t it always be this nice
Why can’t it be a bit like paradise
Where troubles disappear
And there’s nothin’ left to fear
Listen to the seagulls’ cries
Why can’t it always be this nice

All

Sunlight on the water
Sea salt in your clothes
Haven’t felt like this since God knows when
Tangled up in seaweed sand between your toes
Like a little kid again

Carly

Why can’t it always be this good
Once just for once
It feels just like it should

Reilly and Carly

Suddenly it seems
Even better than your dreams
Better than you ever thought it could
Why can’t it always be this good

All

If someone could hold the day
So it would never end

Amy

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

Kids and Teachers exit leaving Amy alone on stage.

Amy

Why can’t we just stay where we are?
Away from the noise and the buses and the cars
If I close my eyes and try and try and try
To wish upon a special star,
Then we could all just stay where we are.
Amy

Why can’t it always be this nice
Why can’t it be a bit like paradise
Where troubles disappear
And there’s nothin’ left to fear
Listen to the seagulls’ cries
Why can’t it always be this nice

All

Sunlight on the water
Sea salt in your clothes
Haven’t felt like this since God knows when
Tangled up in seaweed sand between your toes
Like a little kid again

Carly

Why can’t it always be this good
Once just for once
It feels just like it should

Reilly and Carly

Suddenly it seems
Even better than your dreams
Better than you ever thought it could
Why can’t it always be this good

All

If someone could hold the day
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Kids and Teachers exit leaving Amy alone on stage.

Amy

Why can’t we just stay where we are?
Away from the noise and the buses and the cars
If I close my eyes and try and try and try
To wish upon a special star,
Then we could all just stay where we are.

First published by Methuen Drama in 2011.
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.

Ronny
That’s the end of that one then
Another job another day
Maybe somewhere down the road
We’ll meet once again

Kids
Thanks Ron, we had a lovely day
Thanks Sir and Miss, it was brilliant Mrs Kay
The best we ever had
Even Briggsy’s not so bad
Never seen him mess about
He must have had a great day out

Briggs
OK, everybody off.

Kids
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.

Mrs Kay  Come on. They’ll be alright.

Briggs  But will they Mrs Kay? (Turns to Kids.) Will you?

Kids  Yeah yeah
It’s okay Sir
We won’t do what we’re not
Supposed to do

A beaming Mrs Kay linking a not entirely comfortable Briggs and leading him off.

Yeah yeah
Cross my heart and swear
We’d never ever make a show of you you you
At the zoo zoo zoo zoo

Various of the younger Kids, conspiratorial, whispering, looking to make sure that Briggs has gone. Beginning to leave in the opposite direction.

Steph  The Pets’ Corner, come on . . .

Eunice  What about the elephants?

Steph  Forget the elephants you. You can’t pick up an elephant can y’?

Eunice  What?

Steph  But y’ can pick up the animals in the Pets’ Corner can’t y’ . . .

Amy  Can yer?

Ronson  No you can’t!

Kids move to where a low fence or arc of boxes represents Pets’ Corner. Steph, Caitlin/Georgia and Amy lean in, looking at the various creatures in the small compound.

Eunice  We’ll get in trouble.

Steph (starting to feed crisps to one of the animals)  No we won’t, it’ll be alright.

Ronson  No! No, I’m gonna tell!

Amy  We’re not doin’ any harm.

Eunice  Y’ dozy mare
Now can’t y’ read
It says up there
You shouldn’t feed
The rabbits

**Steph** Well! What harm’s it doin’?

**Eunice** *Givin’ it crisps
And sweets, you div!
You’ll make the poor thing
Grow up with
Bad habits*

**Steph** No I won’t! Because the crisps I’m giving it are low-fat crisps aren’t they?

**Caitlin/Georgia** An’ these sweets are diabetic – so they’ll be alright.

_As Amy reaches down to pick up one of the cuddly creatures:*

**Ronson** Agh! Hey, you, Amy Chandler!

**Eunice** What y’ doin’
Y’ stupid mare
Y’ shouldn’t touch
The creatures’ fur
Or stroke them

**Amy** I’m only playin’ with it.

**Eunice** An animal isn’t
A toy y’ div
It can’t be fixed
Or mended if
It gets broken

**Ronson** You better put that down, you – now.

**Amy** I won’t.

**Ronson** Well I’m gonna tell the man! An’ he’ll tell your social worker! An’ then you’ll get taken back in care, Amy Chandler.

**Amy** All I’m doin’
Is strokin’ it
I’m hardly gonna
Be chokin’ it
With a cuddle

**Kids** It isn’t allowed
If Sir could see
You holding it
Amy  But I’m only giving the little thing a love! That’s all. And it’s dead happy – look. It’s smiling isn’t it?

Eunice  Gerbils don’t smile!

Amy  Look!

Amy  *displays the animal, letting each of them stroke it.*

Kids  Agh!

Eunice  It is – it’s smilin’.

Caitlin/Georgia  Ah isn’t it dead cute eh?

Kelly  It’s lovely.

Maurice  Ah it’s just like a little baby isn’t it?

Ronson  Feel its fur – it’s dead warm.

Amy  *moving beyond their reach.*

Eunice  Amy, let’s stroke it again.

Amy  No – you’re wearin’ it out.

Eunice  Don’t be tight – give us a go of it.

Amy  No. It’s mine.

Kids, as one, all look round to check that nobody is around.

Eunice  I’m gettin’ one.

Ronson  An’ me!

*Which is the cue for them all to pick up animals.*

Kelly  I’ll get my own

Taylor/Oliver  Me as well

Milton  Feel its fur

Abi/Kath  Doesn’t it smell

All  Lovely
Briggs  Is that it then? Are we finally headed home?

Mrs Kay  Have you seen Amy Chandler?

Briggs  Who?

Mrs Kay  Amy Chandler, year eight, small, she’s . . . I’m worried she might . . . 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 today. (He turns to go.)

Mark  Listen Briggs, it’s about time someone told you just what a prat you can . . .

Briggs (wheels on him)  And you listen sonny! Don’t you try and tell me a thing, because you haven’t even begun to earn the right. Don’t you worry, when we get back to school your number’s up, as well as hers (To Mrs Kay.) And you! (To Katie.) Yes. Don’t worry, I saw what was going on between you and Reilly!

Katie  Oh, for God’s sake!

Briggs  Call yourselves teachers! Well when we get back, I’m submitting a report on everything that’s gone on today and I . . .

Mrs Kay  Would you mind just . . . postponing your threats until we have found Amy 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?
Briggs  Amy Chandler, just come here. Who gave you permission to come on these cliffs?

Amy (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. He moves a pace closer.
Amy Sir . . . you know, if you’d been my old feller . . . I would’ve been all right wouldn’t I?

Briggs slowly and cautiously creeping forward, holding out his hand.

Briggs Please – come away from there.

She looks down over the cliff.

Please.

Amy Sir . . . sir you don’t half look funny y’ know.

Briggs (smiling) Why?

Amy Sir, you should smile more often. You look like a nice person when y’ smile.

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

Amy (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. He moves a pace closer.

Now you listen to me young lady, you’ve got . . .

Amy (suddenly turning)  Don’t you come near me!

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

Amy  I don’t want you to come near me. You go. (Beat.) I’m not comin’.

Briggs  You’re not what?

Amy  I’m not comin’ back! You tell Mrs Kay – she can go home without me. ‘Cos I’m stoppin’ here. By the sea.

Briggs  Now you listen here! I’ve had just about enough today, more than enough and I’m not about to start putting up with some silliness from a slip of a thing like you. Now move!

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

Amy  You try an’ get me, take one more step 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 . . . I’m warning you! . . . Four . . .

Amy  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?

Amy  Just leave me alone. (Beat.) I wanna stay here. Where it’s nice.

Briggs  Stay here? How could you stay here?

Amy (she shrugs)  I dunno. (Beat.) But it’s nice. I like the little white houses.

Briggs  You couldn’t stay here. You don’t belong here.

Amy (turning on him)  I don’t know why you’re wastin’ your breath – ‘cos you don’t care, do y’?
Briggs  About what? About you? Of course I care, if I didn’t care why would I be up here now, trying to make you realise just how dangerous it is to be on these cliffs? Trying to make you see some sense and get yourself back down to the beach.

Amy  That’s not carin’ about me. If I fell off these cliffs – or jumped off them, well you’d be in big trouble when you get back to school. That’s why you’re up here Briggsy, so stop goin’ on. You hate me.

Briggs  Hate you? Don’t be ridiculous. Just because I’m a schoolteacher it doesn’t mean to say that . . .

Amy  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 (beat)  I don’t . . . hate you. I don’t . . . hate anyone.

Amy  Why can’t I just stay here an’ live in one of them nice white houses, an’ do the garden and that?

Briggs  Look . . . Amy . . . The way you talk – it’s almost as if you’ve given up on life. Now why can’t ... I mean, what’s to stop you from working hard at school from now on, getting a good job and then moving out here when you’re old enough? Eh?

Amy (she turns and looks at him with pure contempt)  Are you thick? (She turns and looks out to the sea.) It’s been a brilliant 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 social workers wouldn’t y’, and the police, to come an’ get me.

Briggs  We’d have to. You’re just a child.

Amy  I know (Pause.) I’m not goin’ back though.

She kneels at the cliff edge, looks over.

Briggs  Amy . . . please . . .

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

Briggs slowly and cautiously creeping forward, holding out his hand.

Briggs  Please – come away from there.

She looks down over the cliff.

Please.

Amy  Sir . . . sir you don’t half look funny y’ know.

Briggs (smiling)  Why?

Amy  Sir, you should smile more often. You look like a nice person when y’ smile.
Briggs (holding out his hand)  Come on Amy.

Amy  Sir . . . what’ll happen to me for doin’ this?

Briggs  Nothing . . . I promise.

Amy  Sir, you’re promisin’ now, but what about back at school?

Briggs  I give you my word – it won’t even be mentioned. There’s nothing to fear.

Amy  Sir I’m frightened. I’m going to fall.

His hand outstretched and gently reassuring her, Briggs edges along the cliff to Amy. He eventually reaches her and pulls her into his arms. Briggs stands and holds Amy in a safe embrace.
Carly  Ryan – be careful – it’s a lion.

Reilly  Look at it, the poor bleedin’ thing.

Jackie  It looks like one of the auld ones in the Day Centre – when they just sit there, never movin’ all day.

Carly  Agh it’s dead sad isn’t it?

All  Poor bloody lion
    He must be in pain
    He’s lost all his teeth
    An’ most of his mane
    When he should be
    Running wild
    Living free

Reilly  I know – an’ it’s supposed to be the lord of the jungle isn’t it?

Digga (laughing)  The lord of the what?

Carly  You heard.

All  The boss of the beasts
    Shouldn’t be behind bars
    The king of the cats
    Should be under the stars
    Where he could be
    Running wild
    Living free

    No no
    The king of the jungle
    Should never be
    Made to do
    The freak show
    The peep show
    Locked up in a box
    For me and you you you you
    At the zoo zoo zoo zoo

Unnoticed by Reilly and the others, Briggs and his group enter.

Reilly  If I was in charge I’d let them all out
    Leave them to roam and go running about
And then they’d be
Running wild
Living free

**Briggs**  What are you on about, Reilly? You’d set what free?

*As music shifts to underscore.*

**Reilly**  The animals, all of them.

**Briggs**  And what would be the consequence of that? Eh? You let animals just go loose, don’t you think there’d be death, or serious injury?

**Reilly**  But that’s only because they’re been caged up. An’ if y’ keep animals locked up like that well it’s bound to make them mad so when they get loose they do wanna kill . . . *(Shrugs.)* an’ that.

**Briggs**  So how the hell do you know that Reilly?

**Reilly**  Because I’ve seen my auld feller’s dog – after it’s been chained up an’ left – for ages. Sometimes all the weekend.

**Briggs**  Don’t be ridiculous Reilly, I hardly think you can compare your father’s domestic dog situation with what goes on in a zoo. Without places like this how do you think they’d be able to conduct research, promote conservation. Well?

**Reilly**  I don’t know.

**Briggs**  No you don’t lad. I don’t think you know very much at all.
Mrs Kay  Come on. They’ll be alright.

Briggs  But will they Mrs Kay? (Turns to Kids.) Will you?

Kids  Yeah yeah
      It’s okay Sir
      We won’t do what we’re not
      Supposed to do

A beaming Mrs Kay linking a not entirely comfortable Briggs and leading him off.
      Yeah yeah
      Cross my heart and swear
      We’d never ever make a show of you you you
      At the zoo zoo zoo zoo

Various of the younger Kids, conspiratorial, whispering, looking to make sure that Briggs has gone. Beginning to leave in the opposite direction.

Steph  The Pets’ Corner, come on . . .

Eunice  What about the elephants?

Steph  Forget the elephants you. You can’t pick up an elephant can y’?

Eunice  What?

Steph  But y’ can pick up the animals in the Pets’ Corner can’t y’ . . .

Amy  Can yer?

Ronson  No you can’t!

Kids move to where a low fence or arc of boxes represents Pets’ Corner. Steph, Caitlin/Georgia and Amy lean in, looking at the various creatures in the small compound.

Eunice  We’ll get in trouble.

Steph (starting to feed crisps to one of the animals)  No we won’t, it’ll be alright.

Ronson  No! No, I’m gonna tell!

Amy  We’re not doin’ any harm.

Eunice  Y’ dozy mare
      Now can’t y’ read
      It says up there
You shouldn’t feed
The rabbits

Steph  Well! What harm’s it doin’?

Eunice  Givin’ it crisps
And sweets, you div!
You’ll make the poor thing
Grow up with
Bad habits

Steph  No I won’t! Because the crisps I’m giving it are low-fat crisps aren’t they?

Caitlin/Georgia  An’ these sweets are diabetic – so they’ll be alright.

As Amy reaches down to pick up one of the cuddly creatures:

Ronson  Agh! Hey, you, Amy Chandler!

Eunice  What y’ doin’
Y’ stupid mare
Y’ shouldn’t touch
The creatures’ fur
Or stroke them

Amy  I’m only playin’ with it.

Eunice  An animal isn’t
A toy y’ div
It can’t be fixed
Or mended if
It gets broken

Ronson  You better put that down, you – now.

Amy  I won’t.

Ronson  Well I’m gonna tell the man! An’ he’ll tell your social worker! An’ then you’ll get taken back in care, Amy Chandler.

Amy  All I’m doin’
Is strokin’ it
I’m hardly gonna
Be chokin’ it
With a cuddle

Kids  It isn’t allowed
If Sir could see
You holding it
You know you’d be
In trouble

Amy  But I’m only giving the little thing a love! That’s all. And it’s dead happy – look. It’s smiling isn’t it?

Eunice  Gerbils don’t smile!

Amy  Look!
Mark And in winter, you see, without any real heating it would have been absolutely freezing.

So when this place was occupied
How do you think that they survived
Cold weather?

Carly/Jackie Sir, I’ll bet they huddled up

As they now try to do with Mark.

And snuggled up and cuddled up
Together

Mark Girls! Girls! (Wriggling free.) Well yes but, more importantly – they would have worn much thicker clothing in those days so that . . . (Looking around.) Where the . . . where are the others, where’s the rest of the group gone?

Jackie Sir, they were bored! They kept droppin’ out while you were talkin’.

Carly But it’s alright Sir. We’re dead interested. You can keep showing us around. We’re fascinated, aren’t we?

Jackie Oh God, yeah. Go on Sir, go on, you keep fascinating us.

Carly Sir – we’re learnin’ so much with you – we could probably go on ‘Mastermind’ y’ know.

Mark Well that’s very flattering of you but . . .

Carly You influence us y’ know Sir . . .

Mark Well that’s very kind of you to say . . .

Jackie But it’s true Sir – you’re just . . . the best.

Carly/Jackie Yeh Sir
We’d be really brainy Sir
If all the other teachers were like you
We’d be right there
Day and night Sir
If you were the one
Who was showing us what to
Do do do do Sir
you you you Sir
Ooh ooh ooh Sir

Mark (extricating himself) Girls girls girls . . .
Perhaps I’d be fooled
By this passion to learn
If we saw you at school
More than twice in one term
How can you hope to thrive
When you never arrive at school

Carly/Jackie  Sir I swear Sir
On the life of our baby
That we’d never sag off school again oh no
Or be bad Sir
If we had Sir
Just you to teach us all we need
To know know know Sir
Oh oh oh Sir . . .
Oh oh oh Sir

Mark (freeing himself from their clutches)  Girls come on! (Beat.) Oh look!

As Mark, Carly and Jackie exit we see Briggs and his group.

Briggs  Right wait for me! Stay back from the edge! Wait for me!

Sean  Look how high it is!

Steph  I can’t look I’ve got vertigo.

Briggs  Now the defenders of the castle, what could they do, to try and repel their attackers? Now think.

Sean  Come up here on the battlements?

Briggs  Good, good! And from up here, above the enemy, what would they be able to do to them?

Sean  Sir, drop fridges on their heads?

Briggs  Fridges?

Sean  Sir, yeah an’ Tesco trolleys.

But before he gets a response, Andrews and Eunice come rushing up.

Andrews  Sir, Sir, Maurice McNally Sir, he’s got his head stuck in the iron bars of the dungeon an’ we can’t get him out.

Eunice  An’ Sir, Sir, Mohamed O’Shea’s fallen in the moat an’ he’s all covered in mud and slime Sir – an’ now he keeps tryin’ to pull everyone else in.

Briggs  You what! Where’s your teacher – who’s in charge of your group?

Andrews  I don’t know.
Briggs  For God’s sake, what’s going on here . . . quick, quick – follow me, all of you follow me.

As Briggs moves off and they all follow.

Eunice  An’ Sir, look! (Pointing.) Sir, Digga Dickson’s climbing up the flagpole – he said he’s gonna rescue the flag Sir.

Briggs  (yelling as he runs) Dickson! . . . Dickson! . . . Get down from there now!! . . .

Andrews  (running after him) It’s brilliant, the castle isn’t it, Sir – isn’t it just great?

Amy (tugging at Mrs Kay’s sleeve as some of the Kids rush off with Ronny) Miss, when do we have to go home?

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

Amy Yeh. But I don’t wanna go home.

Mrs Kay Why Amy? Why don’t you want to go home?

Amy (shrugs) I just wanna stay here.

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

Amy Cos I don’t wanna go home.

Mrs Kay Amy! We have to go home in the end, sweetheart. This is a special day. It can’t be like this all the time.

Amy 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.

Amy Nah. (She breaks away and wanders off.)

Mrs Kay (Mrs Kay watching Amy for a moment and then, her attention drawn by a sigh of boredom, turning to Chloe and Zoe.) Come on you two; let’s go and play football.

Chloe Miss what for?

Mrs Kay What for?

Zoe Miss we don’t wanna play football.

Mrs Kay Oh, football’s borin’ isn’t it? (Suddenly mimicking them.) Football’s bleedin’ borin’, dead bleedin’ borin’, it’s borin’ – scorin’. An’ even more borin’ when you’re only bleedin’ drawin’.

They stare at her as though she’s lost a screw.

You don’t like football!

Zoe Miss, we do!

Mrs Kay Well come on then. (She begins to go.) Come on.

Chloe Miss where?

Mrs Kay (almost screaming) To play football, you said you like football.
Zoe  On the telly Miss!

Chloe/Zoe  We don’t like playin’ it though, playin’ football’s dead . . .

Mrs Kay, screaming/yelling, hands outstretched to throttle the pair, rushing at them, and the two
Girls suddenly moving, being chased off by Mrs Kay.

Mark, Katie, Carly, Jackie are examining the rock pools. Reilly, Digga and a small group of followers
are having an illicit can of beer behind some large rocks.

Andrews (to Reilly)  Gis a swig, go on Reil.

Digga  Get y’ your own, you bum.

Andrews  Don’t be a rat. Come on.

First published by Methuen Drama in 2011.
Kevin  
Try your luck. Hook a duck
There’s a prize every time, but the prizes suck

Sean  
Ball in the bucket. No matter how you chuck it
The ball just bounces out. Agh! . . . f . . .

Mrs Kay  
Sean!

Sean  
Sorry Miss.

Chloe/Zoe  
Well if y’ haven’t got a chance of scorin’
That just makes it really

All  
Borin’

Tempo starts to speed up again.

Kids  
Scream if you wanna go faster, scream
If you wanna go faster, scream if you wanna go faster
Scream if you wanna go . . .
Aaah!

Scream if you wanna go faster, scream
If you wanna go faster, scream if you wanna go faster
Scream if you wanna go . . .
Aaah!

Music returns to tempo.

Kelly  
But ey, that’s what you call a prize

Eunice  
Never seen a toy that size

Steph  
You’d hardly get it through the bedroom door

Jackie  
Isn’t it cuddly, isn’t it cute?

Digga  
Yeah, but never mind how well you shoot
There’s no way you could ever reach that score

Briggs  
Erm . . . If you’ll allow me . . .

Briggs  
takes the air rifle and takes aim.

Kids  
Yeah come on Sir, yeah have a go

Digga  
He’ll never do it he won’t, y’ know

Kids cheer and dance around ecstatically. An enormous stuffed toy lion, at least twice the size of the smaller kids, is produced from the rifle range. Briggs offers it to Amy who backs away from it, shaking her head. Briggs hands it to nearest kid who happens to be Digga. He gives it to Jackie who is made up and gives him a big kiss on the cheek. Briggs, during the following verse, enquires in dumbshow what Amy would like and she indicates the ‘hook a duck’ stall. One of the little rubber ducks (not supposed to be a prize) is produced and Briggs gives it to Amy, despite the apparent protests of the Stallholder.

Mrs Kay  We've got some real gems of you here. Have to make sure we get one of these up in the staff room.

Briggs  Of me? What for?

Mrs Kay  Oh don't worry – I'm not going to let you forget the day you enjoyed yourself. Be good for the rest of the staff to see as well – when I can get them developed, or whatever it is you do with photographs these days.

Briggs (watching her return the camera to her bag)  You just, you know, print them out. Load them up on computer and . . .

Mrs Kay  Oh don't! Computers – and me?

Briggs  Do you want me to do them for you?

Mrs Kay  Oh! Would you?

Briggs  Come on, give it to me. I'll have those done in no time.

Mrs Kay (handing over the camera)  Thanks.

Briggs (looking out of window)  Well . . . here we are. Almost home again. (Calling – but somewhat softer than usual.) Come on everybody. Wake up now. Be home in a moment – Time to get your things together.

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Briggs reaches into his pocket and produces his car keys. There’s something else in the pocket though and reaching in again, Briggs absently brings out the camera, remembering it now. He goes to return it to his pocket but pauses and stands looking at it for a moment unaware of the Kids, each one appearing individually from behind and around him and standing in the shadows watching as Briggs activates the camera and stands, scanning through the day’s images which now appear in AV, the entire set becoming a photo montage of images captured throughout the day. Briggs ponders for a moment . . .

Briggs ponders for a moment, looks up, checking that no one is around (to him there’s nobody) before pressing a select button so that on AV we see a series of picture of himself and Kids, taken during the day, each picture remaining on screen so that a collage of about eight pictures fills the frame. Across this the words DELETE? YES/NO appear. Looking round again, Briggs selects ‘YES’ and the images disappear leaving a blank screen.

Full Chorus

No one can steal
Something you just feel
And although the pictures fade
No one can take this time away

First published by Methuen Drama in 2011.
Full Chorus

And although the pictures fade
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 pictures fade
No one can take this time away