

SCHOOL of POP

BY LISA & MARK HILTON



SCRIPT SAMPLE #2

Scene 6

The School Hall – Parental Consultations

*(In a line facing the audience, each teacher sits behind a table, their name-card visible, ready for parental consultations. A vacant chair is at the end of each table, at a right-angle to the teacher. Mr Garlow's table is furthest right. A queue of parents - mostly female, holding Get This merchandise, and wearing Get This t-shirts - extends off stage! Nobody is queueing to see the other teachers, who tap their pens on clipboards expectantly, except Mr Longbottom who is asleep. Mr Garlow has lots of lines in this scene, which can be written on his clipboard as cues. Flash and Spice bounce to the front for their next **DJ intro #6 (track 11 - vocal demo, track 37 - backing)***

Flash & Spice Yo! Pop diggers!

Flash I'm DJ Flash!

Spice I'm DJ Spice!

Flash & Spice A tasty twosome – cool as ice!
It's parents' evening in the hall,
The teachers welcome one and all.
He's popular, that Mr G,
We're wondering why that might be!
They're all queuing round the block!
School of Pop, let's rock!

(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose.)

Mr Dodger *(spitting biscuit crumbs)* Rupert and Jemima. Parental consultations are not a place for children! How can we tell the truth about you if you're earwiggling? Off you go, please!

Flash & Spice Sorry, Mr Dodger.

(Flash and Spice exit. Mrs Tipps is at the front of the queue and goes to sit at Mr Garlow's table.)

Mr Garlow *(looking at his notes)* Good evening, Mrs Gibbs.

- Mrs Tipps** No. I'm Mrs Tipps, but call me Tiggy. *(excitedly)* I have all your albums!
- Mr Garlow** Tiggy Tipps? *(looking at his notes)* Sorry, I don't appear to have you on my list. Who is your child?
- Mrs Tipps** Barry Tipps. I named him after you! *(pushing a Get This album in front of him)* I don't suppose I could have your autograph on my Get This album? 'We Are on Fire' is my favourite song. I think you're amazing!
- Mr Garlow** Sorry, Mrs Tipps...
- Mrs Tipps** Tiggy!
- Mr Garlow** Sorry, Tiggy, I don't have a Barry Tipps in my class.
- Mrs Tipps** Yes, I know. He's in Year 5.
- Mr Garlow** Year 5? *(calling over to Mr Longbottom)* Mr Longbottom...
- Longbottom** *(snorting awake)* It wasn't me, officer...what?
- Mr Garlow** Mr Longbottom. I believe I have one of yours. *(signing the album and handing it back)* Mr Longbottom will see you now, Mrs Tipps.
- Mrs Tipps** Tiggy! Thank you, Barry! Thank you!
- (She stands, kisses the album, clutches it to her chest, then holds it up so everyone can see. She exits, straight past Mr Longbottom, who shrugs then dozes off again! Mrs Gibbs is now at the front of the queue and goes to sit with Mr Garlow.)*
- Mr Garlow** *(tentatively)* Mrs Gibbs?
- Mrs Gibbs** Yes, that's me.
- Mr Garlow** Fabulous. Amy is doing so well this term. I'm expecting...
- Mrs Gibbs** No, no! Different Gibbs! I'm William Gibbs' mum. He's in Reception.
- Mr Garlow** Mrs Gibbs, you do know that I'm the Year 6 teacher?
- Mrs Gibbs** Of course I do, but my William will be in your class in six years' time. He's ever so clever and has a lovely singing voice. You've probably seen him in the playground. And he's ever so cute...*(giggling)*...like you!
- Mr Garlow** *(calling over to Miss Daisy)* Miss Daisy? I have William Gibbs' mother for you. *(to Mrs Gibbs)* Now, if you don't mind Mrs Gibbs, I'm only here to see the parents of children I actually teach, so...*(gesturing for her to leave)*
- (Mrs Gibbs lets out a sob and rushes out, straight past Miss Daisy, who shrugs. Mrs Biddles is now at the front of the queue and goes to sit with Mr Garlow.)*
- Mrs Biddles** Ooh! It looks like it's me next!
- Mr Garlow** *(looking at his notes)* Mrs Biddles is it?

Mrs Biddles He said my name! *(She faints, sliding off the chair onto the floor!)*

Mr Garlow Oh, my goodness!

(Mr Garlow rushes round and lifts Mrs Biddles by the armpits back into the chair. She comes round and gazes longingly into Mr Garlow's eyes, then at her own armpits.)

Mrs Biddles Barry Garlow actually picked me up...by the armpits. *(dramatically)* I'm never washing them again!

(Mrs Biddles runs off in an excited tizz. Mr Ripley is now at the front of the queue and sits down.)

Mr Ripley Good evening, Mr Garlow. I'm Mr Ripley, Alex's dad.

Mr Garlow Ah, Mr Ripley. Your Alex has really turned a corner since our residential trip. What a fabulous singing voice!

Mr Ripley You're not wrong there. Gets it from me, of course.

Mr Garlow Of course. So, I'm also seeing a big improvement in Maths and Eng....

Mr Ripley *(interrupting)* Actually, you probably remember me.

Mr Garlow Have we met before?

Mr Ripley Have we met!? The O2 Arena, 2004? I jumped up on the stage, grabbed a microphone and sang 'We Are on Fire' with you and the band.

Mr Garlow The O2 Arena, 2004? Yes, but Mr Ripley, we're not here to talk about...

Mr Ripley *(interrupting)* I knew you'd remember! One of your security guys kindly escorted me off stage. Pleasant chap, if a bit clumsy. Accidentally caught me on the chin with a stray elbow. Anyway, good to catch up.

(Mr Ripley exits. Next in the queue, her arm in a cast and sling, Mrs Dibley sits with Mr Garlow.)

Mrs Dibley Hello Barry. Could you autograph my arm? I broke it while practising one of your more challenging dance routines.

Mr Garlow Good evening, Mrs...

Mrs Dibley Just call me Jane.

Mr Garlow Good evening, Jane. So, who is your child?

Mrs Dibley Phoebe Dibley. She's in Miss Jones' class.

Garlow *(sighing, standing and addressing the queue)* Now, look here everyone. If I don't teach your child, can you please leave this queue?

All *(sadly)* Oh!

(All exit, ignoring the other teachers, who watch them in disbelief.)

Teachers Charming!

(Mr Grimley remains. He approaches Mr Garlow but stays standing in a confrontational manner.)

Mr Grimley Good evening, Garlow. I'm Grimley – Keith Grimley. I'm Sam's father.

Mr Garlow Ah, the excellent 'Doctor' Sam. A bright kid.

Mr Grimley Where to start? As you rightly pointed out, my child is going to be a doctor. This was decided before Sam even started here at Dishwater Academy, a school at which standards seem to have seriously slipped in recent weeks. Perhaps you'd care to explain why the only thing my child seems to be interested in at the moment is performing arts.

Mr Garlow *(nervously)* I assure you Mr Grimley, Sam is still keen on maths and science, and is doing really well in both.

Mr Grimley Nonsense! If that's the case, why does Sam spend every evening dancing around the house and singing! I dare not imagine what her/his SATs results are going to look like!

Mr Garlow Err...*(looking at his notes)*...predicted to be pretty groovy. I wouldn't worry.

Mr Grimley And, what's all this Kerplunk business?

Mr Garlow Kerplunk? *(realising)* Ah, that. Well, you see, *(standing, about to demonstrate the air guitar KERRANG)* what you do is...

Mr Grimley *(interrupting)* Don't even think about it! Now, listen here, Garlow, this cannot go on! I have written to the school governors, demanding your immediate dismissal. I don't know who you think you are, but there's one thing you're certainly not...and that's A TEACHER! Good evening!

(Mr Grimley storms off and, as the other teachers exit, a despondent Mr Garlow walks to centre stage. Suggestive of a dream-sequence, the other members of Get This enter, wearing t-shirts displaying a band logo and each carrying a mic on a stand. They should be up to 6 in number, a combination of boys and girls. They line up behind Mr Garlow, heads bowed and hands clasped in front of them. After the first verse, they perform a simple dance routine and join in with the background vocals which can be sung live, or mimed using track 39.)

Song I Used To Be A Pop Star

Track 12 - vocal demo

Track 38 - backing track

Track 39 – backing track with background vocals

(Mr Garlow sings solo. Get This sing backing vocals, in brackets.)

Verse 1 I used to be a pop star,
Always at the top of my game.
I drove around in a very posh car,
And people would call out my name.
Every day our fans would tell us
How brilliant we are.
Yes, I used to be a pop star.

Verse 2 *(Bop shoo wop...Bop shoo wop)*
I used to be a pop star.
(Ever so, ever so long ago)
Is that all I can do?
(He's ever so, ever so, ever so slow)
I tried teaching, but look where we are,
I'm a failure, *(Yes you are)*
And it looks *(And it looks)* like I'm through.
(Yes, you're through...Aah...)
I want to make a difference,
But was aiming too far.
Yes, *(Yes)* I used to be a pop star.
(Ever so long ago, so long ago)

Middle Although I can't take it, *(Stand up and face it)*
I've let everybody down. *(Down, down, down, down)*
Thought I was terrific, just the ticket.
(But you are just a clown)

Verse 3 *(Bop shoo wop...Bop shoo wop)*
I used to be a pop star.
(Look how you've let yourself, let yourself go)
Is that all I can be?
(Being a show-off is all that you know)
Turns out teaching was never for me.
(Why don't you quit, and end our misery?...Aah...)
I want to make a difference,
But was aiming too far...*(doo, doo, doo)*
Yes, *(Oh, yes)* I used to be a pop star.
(Ever so long ago, now it's time to go. Go!)

(As the song ends, Mr Garlow and Get This remain with heads bowed and hands clasped. As the scene change music plays (track 40), they then exit and the stage is set for the next scene.)

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE
