

# **THE BEASTS OF SAINT BOZO'S**

A Musical

by  
**JEFF GALLAGHER**

and

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**SchoolPlay Productions Ltd**

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex, CO3 3HU

THE BEASTS OF SAINT BOZO'S

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## CAST

**Silage**  
**Wimp**  
**Scalpel**  
**Johnny Strong**  
**Shavings**  
**Tabatha Hindmarsh**  
**Tinkerbell Timms**  
**Boot**  
**Sniffle**  
**Trott**  
**Mongoose**

**History Teacher**  
**Felicity**  
**Reverend Findlay Scroggs**  
**Boris Bunkum**  
**Miss Beverage**  
**The Cook**  
**A Very Important Person**  
**1st Bodyguard**  
**2nd Bodyguard**  
**Mrs. Shavings**  
**Music Teacher**  
**Cedric**  
**Sempronia Blister**  
**Matron**  
**Art Teacher**  
**The Headmaster**  
**Monsieur La Guillotine**  
**Kenneth Brain**  
**Austin Allegro**  
**Other Pupils** (*non-speaking*)  
**Other Staff** (*non-speaking*)

*The action takes place at Saint Bozo's, a typical (?) English prep. school.  
Time: the present.*

## PRODUCTION NOTES

The main point about the play is that all the actors should perform in a melodramatic, 'over the top' manner to get the most out of it. However, there are some serious points to be made, principally by SCROGGS and SILAGE, and these must be clearly communicated.

The characters are mainly divided into two distinct groups: PUPILS and STAFF. Remember that all the staff, with the exception of SCROGGS, BUNKUM, FELICITY and MISS BEVERAGE, are zombies, and should be made up and costumed accordingly. Access to George A. Romero's series of zombie movies is recommended for inspiration! The pupils are basically human, and some semblance of uniformity in dress should be preserved; however, SILAGE is likely to look very untidy, WIMP very smart and JOHNNY STRONG might be dressed completely unconventionally (e.g. leather jacket, tee-shirt and ripped jeans).

As SCROGGS says, the staff are stereotypes: their characters mostly suggest ideas about dress. In addition, a 'mad professor' outfit might be appropriate for BUNKUM; twin set and pearls for MISS BEVERAGE; FELICITY ought to be stunningly beautiful; and SCROGGS could take on the guise of private detective OR man of the cloth: either will work.

SCALPEL should be obviously unpleasant; SNIFFLE has aspirations to being a leader, but is obviously foiled by SILAGE'S much stronger character.

One other point about casting: even when a mixed cast is available it might be fun to have some characters in drag: SEMPRONIA, MATRON and MRS. SHAVINGS spring immediately to mind.

Finally there might be some debate about the ending. Should BUNKUM be torn to pieces by his own creations? Is this too horrific for a children's show? Well, firstly, children are exposed to far worse things on video and television (not to mention folk and fairy tales!); secondly, we uphold a fine tradition dating back to the ancient Greeks in that the demise of BUNKUM takes place offstage; and thirdly, this is the 20th century and most people have an aversion to mad scientists trying to take over our lives.

And in any case, the authors are already planning a sequel in which BUNKUM is glued together and returns as a zombie himself...

Other notes:-

The stage: There are numerous ways of staging the play. One idea is to divide a formal proscenium stage into three sections: office/conservatory, lab., classroom. The lighting would then suggest these divisions. Equally, there is a minimum of stage scenery, so it would be possible to use the complete stage for each scene. The play also lends itself quite well to performance 'in the round'.

The music: This may be performed on piano alone, or by piano, bass and drums. If you are lucky enough to possess a clavichord this increases the possibilities for suitably 'spooky' effects. In the original production at Terra Nova School a simple piano score was used: please feel free to improvise around this!

*Scene 2: Dictaphone:* A Walkman is a suitable alternative.  
*her grandmother is disguised as a big bad wolf:* the mistake is deliberate.  
*effendi:* some sort of Arab curse. Sounds good anyway.

*Scene 3: squits:* younger children.  
*Harrumph!:* a repeated, rather forced clearing of the throat.

*Scene 9: Sic transit gloria mundi:* 'So passes the glory of the world'. Well known Latin motto, and an excuse for one of the worst jokes in the entire play.

*Scene 14: the NHS:* the National Health Service  
(assuming we still have one by the time of your performance).  
*Common Entrance:* the great examination hurdle that is the climax to most people's careers at prep. school.  
*Bicester:* pronounced 'Bister', of course.  
*Allegro's song:* the ill-fitting lyrics are deliberate.

FINALE: If you feel, as we do, that a show like this should always end with a song, you could involve your whole cast in singing 'Better Times' after a curtain call as a fitting end to an evening's entertainment.

We hope you have as much fun with this as we did.

Jeff Gallagher & Gerry Howe

*First performed in the Wheildon Brown Memorial Hall,  
Terra Nova School, on 27th February 1992.*



## **THE BEASTS OF ST. BOZO'S**

**by Jeff Gallagher and Gerry Howe**

### *SCENE 1*

*(A history lesson is coming to an end as morning break arrives at St. Bozo's School. The surroundings are dismal and Victorian: mostly wooden panelling, bare brick and peeling plaster. Simple dining chairs line the walls as though we were in some elegant dining room: but these are only used in the staff meeting later. There is no other furniture: The HISTORY TEACHER stands and lectures the PUPILS, who enter singing, and at the end of the song sit cross-legged on the floor without pens or exercise books).*

### *MUSIC 1 - THE PUPILS' LAMENT*

**Pupils:** *Future tense, hypotenuse and passé composé,  
Waterloo and Timbuktu and être and aller ....  
We are stuck inside this place on such a sunny day;  
We don't want to stay here, we just want to get away!*

*School is a drag, St Bozo's is a pain:  
Why be told the same old things time and time again?  
There must be a better place, St. Bozo's is a bore.  
We all hate the teachers and we can't take any more!*

*Long ago St Bozo's was the greatest school on earth:  
A labyrinth of learning and of energy and mirth.  
But now there's something weird about St Bozo's, that's for sure:  
Believe me son, there's no more fun, and school is just a chore.*

*School is a drag, etc.*

*So now we're looking to escape, or maybe go on strike,  
We're waiting for the teachers to say: "That's it! On your bike!"  
Why can't we be like other schools, work hard and have some fun?  
But here, the fear and danger, they have only just begun!*

*School is a drag, etc.*

**History Teacher:** .... and so, in conclusion, as William the Conqueror said to his troops at the battle of Waterloo .... gentlemen of the Middle Ages, we are about to embark on the Hundred Years War .... Are you writing all this down, Silage?

**Silage:** Can't, sir. I've lost me pen.

**History Teacher:** Lost it? Well, when did you last see it?

**Silage:** If I knew that, I wouldn't have lost it, would I?

**History Teacher:** Oh, er .... no .... I suppose not ....

**Wimp:** Excuse me, sir ....

**History Teacher:** Well, Wimp, what is it?

**Wimp:** Well, sir, wasn't it the Duke of Wellington who fought at Waterloo?

**History Teacher:** That's what I said, you stupid boy!

**Wimp:** No, sir, you said ....

**History Teacher:** The Duke of Wellington, wasn't it .... Boot?

**Boot:** (*glumly*) Yes, sir ....

**History Teacher:** The Duke of Wellington! .... Boot! .... Laugh, you infidels! Laugh!

*(The PUPILS laugh reluctantly)*

**History Teacher:** Very well. Class dismissed. And Silage, find your pen. Or it's the rack and thumbscrew for you, my boy.

*(Exit HISTORY TEACHER - the PUPILS get to their feet).*

**Silage:** Blimey! It's not my fault! I reckon someone nicked it!

**Johnny Strong:** Here, have one of mine .... I've got loads. (*He hands SILAGE a pen.*)

**Silage:** Thanks, Johnny. You're a mate.

**Johnny Strong:** No problem. Just stay cool, O.K.?

**Tabatha:** Gosh, Johnny, you're so kind .... so good .... and so .... so strong!

**Tinkerbelle:** And so good at rigger as well!

**Johnny Strong:** Yep. That's me, girls. Strong. Johnny Strong.

**Scapel:** Oh, shut up, you two. Don't be so sappy.

**Johnny Strong:** Hey! You better take it easy, Scalpel. Unless you want a new set of teeth for Christmas.

**Scapel:** Don't you start threatening me, Rambo. I think you're forgetting who I am.

**Silage:** Oh, quit it, you two. I think there's something funny going on round here.

**Trott:** What do you mean, Silage?

**Silage:** I mean him. The new history teacher. He's a bit weird isn't he?

**Mongoose:** Yeah. Dead weird. I mean, fancy threatening you with a rack and thumbscrew!

**Wimp:** Yes. And the old teacher was a proper teacher, wasn't he? He never got anything wrong for one thing.

**Scalpel:** Don't be stupid! All teachers are wrong sometimes! Except my Uncle Boris, of course.

**Mongoose:** Oh, yeah? Who asked you anyway, Scalpel?

**Sniffle:** Yeah! Just 'cause your uncle's the science teacher, you think you can do what you like!

**Scalpel:** Well, actually, Sniffle... I can. (*The PUPILS voice their disapproval*).

**Johnny Strong:** Scalpel, you are heading for a rendezvous with my fist.

**Tabatha:** Yes! You tell him, Johnny! (*The others encourage him*).

**Scalpel:** Now listen, you lot! Don't push your luck... O.K.? My Uncle Boris is a very important person round here. If any of you step out of line, he'll be down on you like a ton of bricks! And the first person to get it... will be you, Shavings! (*SHAVINGS, a tiny mouse of a boy, looks terrified, but remains silent*).

**Tinkerbell:** I say, Scalpel, don't be a rotter! What's Shavings ever done to you?

**Scalpel:** You've been sailing very close to the wind just lately, Shavings. One more word out of you, and I'll have your gerbils served up for breakfast... O.K.?

**Shavings:** (*dissolves into tears*).

**Tinkerbell:** I say, Scalpel, don't be so beastly! Leave him alone! (*She comforts SHAVINGS, who presently quietens down*).

**Scalpel:** All right. But just watch it. All of you. Oh, and Silage...

**Silage:** Yeah? What do you want? (*SCALPEL hands SILAGE a pen*).

**Scalpel:** You'd better have your pen back now. I'll have to find another way of getting you into trouble. (*Exit SCALPEL*).

**Silage:** Blimey! What a pain!

**Johnny Strong:** That guy is not going to survive the term.

**Tabatha:** Yes, he is rather beastly, isn't he? Oh well, come along, Tinkerbell. We'd better get to our hockey practice. Mrs. Clout will be furious if we're late.

**Tinkerbell:** I say, Tabatha, haven't you heard? She's gone. Done a bunk.

**Tabatha:** Done a bunk? Mrs. Clout? But she's been here for years!

**Tinkerbell:** I know. That's what makes it all the more mysterious!

**Silage:** Yeah, well. it all sounds a bit daft to me. We've lost two cleaners, a hockey mistress and a junior matron - all in the same week!

**Tinkerbell:** Yes, and most of the teachers have simply disappeared!

**Sniffle:** But that's why the headmaster's been away all week. He's gone to get

some new staff from an employment agency.

**Silage:** Well, he'd better hurry up! This school is going nowhere fast! My dad didn't pay all that money to have teachers going missing and kids sitting around all day doing nothing! (*The OTHERS voice their agreement*).

**Silage:** Come on. Let's go and get some biscuits and a drink.

**Sniffle:** Yeah! Unless the new cook's disappeared as well!!

**Boot:** Yeah, imagine that, eh, Shavings? No more biscuits at break time! Ever!

**Shavings:** (*dissolves into tears again*).

**Trott:** Oh, come on, Shavings. Let's go... (*Exeunt TROTT and the GIRLS comforting SHAVINGS as before*).

## SCENE 2

(*The School Office. FELICITY, the headmaster's secretary, sits typing. She wears a dictaphone. As she types, she says the words aloud*).

**Felicity:** Item 3. The school hamster has given birth to sextuplets, and both mother and children are doing well... Item 4. You will be pleased to know that, after the storm-force winds last week in which a set of rugby posts fell on a boy's head, the rugby posts were only slightly damaged.... Item 6. Contributions are welcome for Mr. Boris Bunkum's revolutionary new design for the science laboratory... Gosh, this is so boring... (*She sighs. Then, cautiously, she removes the cassette tape from the dictaphone and replaces it with one of her own. After a few moments she begins to swing to the music, then she gets to her feet and begins to dance round the office. Enter The REVEREND FINDLAY SCROGGS. FELICITY does not notice his arrival until he speaks*).

**Scroggs:** Hello?... I say! Excuse me! (*FELICITY turns and sees him. Embarrassed, she hastily takes off the headphones*).

**Felicity:** Oh! I'm terribly sorry!

**Scroggs:** Scroggs.

**Felicity:** Yes. And the same to you.

**Scroggs:** No, no. Scroggs. Findlay Scroggs. (*FELICITY looks puzzled for a moment, she realises*).

**Felicity:** The new scripture teacher!

**Scroggs:** Yes, indeed. I applied for the vacancy through Sprocket and Bedpan. I understand they're a very reputable firm. (*FELICITY, embarrassed, moves quickly back to her desk*).

**Felicity:** I see. Well, er... what can I do for you?

**Scroggs:** I have an appointment with the headmaster.

**Felicity:** I'm sorry. He's gone away for a few days.

**Scroggs:** Isn't that a little unusual with the term in full swing?  
**Felicity:** It's never happened before. But I expect it's something very important.  
**Scroggs:** Yes, of course... Er, is your name Miss Felicity?  
**Felicity:** Yes, that's right.  
**Scroggs:** I believe one of the boys wants to see you. A matter of some urgency. He's waiting outside.  
**Felicity:** Oh. Right. Er... will you excuse me a minute? Then I'll come back and, er... sort you out...  
**Scroggs:** By all means. (*FELICITY looks at SCROGGS a little suspiciously, then goes out. SCROGGS goes to the typewriter and sees the letter*). Now what have we got here? School hamster... rugby posts... Aha! Contributions are welcome for Mr. Boris Bunkum's science laboratory! Now that's very interesting! (*He hears FELICITY returning, and quickly moves away. Enter FELICITY*).  
**Felicity:** What did he look like exactly?  
**Scroggs:** Who?  
**Felicity:** That boy.  
**Scroggs:** Oh! Well, he was tall... or was he short? And he was definitely fat... though he could have been thin... Do you know, I think I need my eyes tested!  
**Felicity:** You're not very good, are you?  
**Scroggs:** Good? (*FELICITY goes to her seat again*).  
**Felicity:** Never mind. I don't think you'll have much trouble recognising the children. There are only a few of them left.  
**Scroggs:** Good Lord! But I was told the school was full!  
**Felicity:** And so it was. Till the end of last term. But half the children didn't come back. And most of the ones that did have mysteriously disappeared, and remain unaccounted for.  
**Scroggs:** Good heavens!  
**Felicity:** Fortunately most of the teachers have disappeared as well. So that sort of balances things out.  
**Scroggs:** Yes... yes, I suppose it does...  
**Felicity:** I think you'd better prepare yourself for a shock, Mr. Scroggs. I don't think Sprocket and Bedpan have kept you fully informed.  
**Scroggs:** What do you mean?  
**Felicity:** I mean St. Bozo's is turning into a very strange school. A very strange school indeed.

## MUSIC 2 - *IT'S STRANGE*

**Felicity:** *It's strange*  
**Scroggs:** *It's strange*  
**Felicity:** *What they've managed to arrange,  
It's clear*  
**Scroggs:** *It's clear*  
**Felicity:** *That some strange things will appear...  
I sit in my office,  
I'm drinking my coffees,  
When very politely you cough.  
I think, you're so handsome,  
Please hold me to ransom,  
Then I see you're a man of the cloth.*

**Scroggs:** *I'm sure*  
**Felicity:** *He's sure*  
**Scroggs:** *If you knew a little more,  
You'd see*  
**Felicity:** *I'd see*  
**Scroggs:** *What has made a man of me  
My prominent feature:  
I'm such a good teacher,  
I'll make them all pass their exams.  
And what is the oddest  
Is I'm very modest,  
But I'm one of my most loyal fans.*

**Felicity:** *We two*  
**Scroggs:** *We two*  
**Felicity:** *Need to help each other through,  
If he*  
**Scroggs:** *If me*  
**Felicity:** *Is to earn his teacher's fee.  
Now what could be quicker  
Than a bright-eyed young vicar  
To help put the school on its feet?*  
**Scroggs:** *They'll soon get the picture:  
If they're bad at scripture,  
The quickest way out... is to cheat!*

*(Enter MISS BEVERAGE).*

**Miss Beverage:** Oh, Felicity, Felicity, I simply must contact the headmaster at once!

**Felicity:** I'm sorry, Miss Beverage, I don't know where he is..

**Miss Beverage:** It's just too bad, Felicity. It simply isn't right for my tinies to be in such close proximity to the wildlife.

**Felicity:** Don't tell me those moles are digging up your adventure playground again?

**Miss Beverage:** Worse than that. I was reading my tinies a lovely little story about Red Riding Hood. I had reached a crucial point, Felicity - the denouement of the tale, where Red Riding Hood discovers that her grandmother is disguised as a big bad wolf... when there came from the woods behind us the blood-curdling howl of vulpa giganticus!

**Felicity:** I beg your pardon?

**Miss Beverage:** A wolf, Felicity, a wolf!

**Scroggs:** Really, madam, I fear you are mistaken. This is England. There are no wolves here.

**Miss Beverage:** I know what I heard! It was a wolf!

**Scroggs:** And in any case, a wolf would only be attracted by the scent of blood...

**Miss Beverage:** Exactly! And three of my tinies cut their knees during playtime!

**Felicity:** Miss Beverage, this is the Reverend Scroggs. He's the new scripture teacher.

**Miss Beverage:** Really? Well, I don't suppose he'll last long. They either leave or disappear without trace.

**Scroggs:** On the contrary. I aim to be around for quite a while. St. Bozo's is a very interesting place.

**Miss Beverage:** Oh, yes! Fascinating! Well, I've had enough! I'm sending all my tinies home until further notice, and until this business is sorted out I'll be staying with my sister in Bournemouth! Good luck to you, Reverend Scroggs - you're going to need it! (*Exit MISS BEVERAGE*).

**Scroggs:** Good heavens. I'm completely baffled

**Felicity:** You mean about the wolf?

**Scroggs:** No. Why should anyone want to go to Bournemouth?

**Felicity:** Well, you've had quite an introduction to St. Bozo's. What do you make of it?

**Scroggs:** Oh, it's... er... very invigorating. Goodness me, yes. I just hope I can cope with all the excitement! (*Enter the COOK, brandishing a huge kitchen knife*).

**Cook:** (*bellows*) All right! Where are my sausages? (*He bears down on FELICITY*).

**Felicity:** I'm sorry, I...

**Cook:** I do have a kitchen to run, you know! And I've just about had enough!  
Now come on! Hand over those sausages!

**Felicity:** I'm sorry. I haven't got your sausages.

**Cook:** Then, O effendi, I must consign thee to a souffle for ever!

**Felicity:** Come again?

**Cook:** (*matter of factly*) I'm going to kill you.

**Felicity:** Oh, no!

**Cook:** Oh, yes! (*The COOK charges at FELICITY with a blood-curdling cry. SCROGGS grabs the COOK, executes a brilliant judo throw, and disarms him. SCROGGS stands brandishing the knife. The COOK gets to his feet, glares at them both, then, with a wild scream, runs off.*)

**Scroggs:** He seems a bit upset about something.

**Felicity:** Oh, Reverend! Reverend Scroggs! You saved my life!

**Scroggs:** (*modestly*) Yes. Yes, I suppose I did.

**Felicity:** But where did you learn all that unarmed combat?

**Scroggs:** Oh, er... well, it comes in very handy at the end of a service, when someone tries to walk past you without contributing to the collection.

**Felicity:** Phew! Well, I was very impressed. He looked jolly angry, didn't he?

**Scroggs:** Hmm, abnormally so... Listen, Felicity, lock the door after I've gone, all right? I'm just going out to investigate...

**Felicity:** Investigate?

**Scroggs:** I mean I'm... just going to have a look round. You know, become acquainted with my surroundings. Yes, it's all proving very interesting. Very interesting indeed... (*Exit SCROGGS*).

## BLACKOUT

### SCENE 3

(*The science lab. Two tables stand side by side, with simple rope or straps fixed round them for tying people down. The PUPILS come in and stand around talking.*)

**Wimp:** Hey, we're not supposed to be in the science lab. without Bunkum! He says it's dangerous!

**Silage:** Oh, fag it. The door was open anyway.

**Tabatha:** Yes, that's strange. It isn't usually.

**Scapel:** Well, if you must know, Uncle Boris was in here at break time doing one of his amazing experiments!

**Silage:** Oh, yeah? What did he do? Turn you into a human being?

**Tinkerbelle:** He'd have a job. It's impossible. (*The PUPILS chuckle*).

**Scalpel:** I've warned you. All of you. Just stop taking the rip, all right? Or you'll find yourselves in big trouble!

**Sniffle:** You can't do anything to us! You're too pathetic!

**Scalpel:** I could always feed you to Wally.

**Sniffle:** Who's Wally?

**Scalpel:** Where do you think that wolf in the woods came from?

**Trott:** Don't be stupid! There isn't any wolf in the woods! It's just those little squits making things up!

**Scalpel:** That's what YOU think! Just you wait till tonight when I give the secret sign with my torch. That wolf will come straight down the drainpipe, dive through the window, and bite all your heads off!

**Tabatha:** Oh, shut up, can't you? Stop frightening us!

**Johnny Strong:** Listen, kid, the only head in danger is yours. Now shut up before I thump you one.

**Scalpel:** Oh, lah-di-dah, Strong! Trying to make an impression with the girls as usual!

**Johnny Strong:** I'm going to make an impression on your face in a minute...

**Mongoose:** Yeah, go on, Johnny, whack him one! (*General roars of agreement. JOHNNY STRONG goes to hit SCALPEL, but SCALPEL squirms out of the way. He moves away from the others. MONGOOSE goes to SCALPEL, grabs him, and throws him to the floor. Cheers and excitement from the others. Enter BORIS BUNKUM, the science master*).

**Bunkum:** (*shouts*) What is the meaning of this outrage? (*The pupils quickly settle down. MONGOOSE moves away. SCALPEL gets up and goes to BUNKUM for protection*). What's going on, Roderick? Why was Mongoose attacking you?

**Scalpel:** I didn't do anything, Uncle Boris. Honest. He just hit me for no reason.

**Bunkum:** I can well believe it... Well, Mongoose, what have you got to say for yourself?

**Mongoose:** Sorry, sir...

**Bunkum:** Sorry isn't good enough. Stay behind afterwards.

**Mongoose:** (*glumly*) Yes, sir...

**Scalpel:** Can I set the wolf on him, Uncle Boris?

**Bunkum:** Don't be silly, Roderick! There is no wolf!

**Scalpel:** But I thought you said...

**Bunkum:** Never mind what I said! Be quiet! Right. Now gather round, all of you... Before we begin today's lesson, I think I need to remind you who's in charge round here...

### *MUSIC 3 - BUNKUM'S SONG*

**Bunkum:** *My name is Boris Bunkum,  
I'm a generous sort of man:  
Would you like a sodium sandwich  
Or some radio-active ham?  
Now I am known for belle cuisine,  
It's famed throughout the land:  
Why not try some chocolate fingers...  
From a freshly severed hand?*

*I'm a mighty miracle worker  
In my secret science lab.  
My inventions and experiments  
Are brilliant and fab.  
Dissection is my favourite,  
I'm a cut above the rest.  
I carve so clean with a knife so keen...  
Then wipe it on my vest.*

*Now do you know a nincompoop  
Who's getting on your wick?  
I'll serve him up some chemicals  
To make him really sick.  
I'll pass a current through him  
With my trusty Van der Graaf,  
And while he's writhing on the floor...  
I'll chop his toes in half!*

*No, no. I'm only teasing you,  
The whole thing's just a hoax.  
I'm just a gentle scientist  
Who's fond of playing jokes.  
But I can make your blood boil,  
I can make your brain cells freeze:  
So gather round, my pupils...  
Come and see my latest wheeze!*

**Bunkum:** Now, today I want to tell you about another of my little experiments...

You remember how I crossed a sheep with a kangaroo?

**Silage:** And got a woolly jumper? Yes, sir, we remember!

**Bunkum:** No, Silage. I got twice the amount of meat for half the amount of grass. Then I crossed an ant with a scorpion, and produced an insect with the strength and brains of ten men and the aggression of an entire army!

**Silage:** Oh, yeah. It got eaten by the school cat.

**Bunkum:** Shut up, Silage! Then I crossed a parrot with a parrot... and got another parrot. That was one of my less successful experiments...

**Silage:** What's the latest one, then, sir? (*BUNKUM pauses dramatically and looks at them*).

**Bunkum:** It is this. (*He pulls something from his pocket. It is a human hand*).

**Sniffle:** Ugh! It's a hand!

**Bunkum:** Yes, indeed. A human hand. A very complex piece of machinery. Now of course, once it is separated from the body it belongs to, it is completely useless... (*He puts the hand on one of the tables*). But I, Boris Bunkum, can change all that. I, Boris Bunkum, can bring it back to life! (*The hand suddenly jumps off the table. The PUPILS jump back in amazement*).

**Tabatha:** Oh, sir! Sir, it moved!

**Tinkerbell:** Ugh! It's horrible!

**Bunkum:** Of course it moved. I've brought it back to life, haven't I? And no, Tinkerbell, it's not horrible. It's beautiful. A wonder of modern science. (*He picks up the hand and puts it back in his pocket*).

**Sniffle:** How... how did you do that?

**Bunkum:** Ha, ha! It's all done with mirrors, my boy.

**Scalpel:** Hey, just think! He could chop your hand off and then bring it back to life - just like that! You could send it off somewhere all by itself to do all sorts of horrible things - like strangling Shavings in his bed! What do you think of that, then, Shavings?

**Shavings:** (*dissolves into tears again*).

**Bunkum:** Oh, come along, Shavings, pull yourself together! Roderick was only joking... weren't you, Roderick?

**Scalpel:** Not really. I never joke about things that are funny.

**Wimp:** Excuse me, sir...

**Bunkum:** Yes, Wimp, what is it?

**Wimp:** Well, er... who does it belong to, sir?

**Bunkum:** What?

**Wimp:** The hand, sir.

**Bunkum:** The hand? Oh, I got that for nothing. It belonged to an old boy of the school.

**Wimp:** What? You mean he... he gave you his hand? To keep?

**Bunkum:** He's a doctor, Wimp. A surgeon. He had one left over after an operation. So he very kindly gave it to me.

**Scalpel:** Uncle Boris has got lots more bits like that in his store room. Haven't you, Uncle Boris? Almost enough to make a complete person!

**Sniffle:** You... you mean like a Frankenstein monster?

**Scalpel:** Yeah! And he'd chase you lot all round the school! That'd teach you to take the mickey out of me!

**Bunkum:** Really! Don't talk nonsense, Roderick! Such a thing is scientifically impossible! Anyway bits and pieces are no good at all... To conduct such an experiment requires complete bodies. And I haven't got any.

**Sniffle:** You... you mean you've already tried? To make a monster, I mean?

**Bunkum:** Come, come, Sniffle. You are letting your imagination run away with you. I don't go around making Frankenstein monsters. I am only a humble science teacher.

**Scalpel:** (*looking offstage*) Look out, Uncle Boris! Somebody's coming!

**Bunkum:** Right, everybody. Back to your places. (*The PUPILS move away and stand by the tables. Enter a VERY IMPORTANT PERSON and his two BODYGUARDS. The VERY IMPORTANT PERSON smokes a large cigar. All three are dressed in suits, very smart. The BODYGUARDS stand by like sentries while the VERY IMPORTANT PERSON has a brief look round. The PUPILS stand to attention.*)

**Very Important Person:** (*examining SHAVINGS*) Harrumph! Harrumph-harrumph-harrumph! (*SHAVINGS smiles politely. The VERY IMPORTANT PERSON looks closely at one of the tables and wipes a speck of dust from it. Then he looks at BUNKUM.*)

**Very Important Person:** Harrumph? Harrumph-harrumph-harrumph!

**Bunkum:** Yes, sir. Thank you very much, sir. (*The VERY IMPORTANT PERSON looks out to the audience, as though delivering a speech.*)

**Very Important Person:** Harrumph? Harrumph-harrumph-harrumph! (*He turns, nods to his BODYGUARDS and goes out. The BODYGUARDS follow.*)

**Tabatha:** Gosh! Who was that?

**Tinkerbelle:** Search me. Looks like one of those very important persons who visit the school sometimes.

**Silage:** Huh. All I saw was a silly old berk with a cigar.

**Bunkum:** Don't be impertinent, Silage. Without all those very important persons to help us, St. Bozo's would be forced to close down altogether!

**Silage:** Huh. It almost has.

**Bunkum:** All right. That's enough... Look, I haven't got time to teach you anything now, so off you go and play football or something... all right?

**Wimp:** Gosh, sir! Really?

**Bunkum:** Yes, Wimp, Really. (*The PUPILS begin to go out, chattering happily.*)

**Scalpel:** Not Mongoose, Uncle Boris. He's on a punishment, remember?

**Bunkum:** Yes, indeed. Thank you, Roderick.

**Silage:** Huh! What a creep!

**Boot:** Yeah. Bad luck, Mongoose. See you later. *(The PUPILS go. MONGOOSE is left with BUNKUM and SCALPEL).*

**Bunkum:** Right, Mongoose. Time for your punishment.

**Mongoose:** Yes, sir. Shall I write you an essay?

**Bunkum:** Oh, no. I've got something much more effective than that. I'm going to put you in my store room for a while. Along with my other experiments... Come along, Roderick. Lend a hand.

**Scalpel:** Right away, Uncle Boris!

**Mongoose:** No! Get off me! Leave me alone! *(BUNKUM and SCALPEL grab MONGOOSE and drag him off as the lights go down).*

#### SCENE 4

*(The school office. FELICITY is typing as before. A knock).*

**Felicity:** Who is it?

**Scroggs:** *(off)* It's only me. *(She opens the door cautiously. Enter SCROGGS).*

**Felicity:** Oh, it's you. Thank goodness. Have you had a good look round?

**Scroggs:** Oh, yes indeed. And I'm glad to see you're keeping the door locked. A wise precaution.

**Felicity:** Well, at least I'll feel safe if you're here, Reverend Scroggs. You being so good at judo and all that.

**Scroggs:** One of my few talents, I'm afraid.

**Felicity:** Anyway, what's going on? What have you seen?

**Scroggs:** Well, apparently the cook is hiding in the woods. He has climbed a large jacaranda tree and refuses to come down.

**Felicity:** He can stay there for ever if he likes! Running round the place with a carving knife! He wants locking up!

**Scroggs:** Yes indeed, there are some very strange people in this school...

**Felicity:** Yes. Including the new scripture teacher.

**Scroggs:** I'm sorry. I don't know what you mean.

**Felicity:** Well, I'd still like to know why a man like you needs to learn unarmed combat...

**Scroggs:** But I...

**Felicity:** Why he needs to have a sneak preview of the headmaster's half-term letter...

**Scroggs:** Well, I...

**Felicity:** And why he needs to carry a gun.

**Scroggs:** I beg your pardon?

**Felicity:** I saw it when you were scrapping with the cook. In your shoulder holster.  
(*A pause*). Well?

**Scroggs:** You're pretty smart, aren't you?

**Felicity:** On the contrary. You're pretty dumb.

**Scroggs:** Oh, thanks. Well, how am I going to solve the mystery, clever clogs?

**Felicity:** You can start by telling me who you are. Who you really are. (*He looks at her doubtfully, and sighs*).

**Scroggs:** All right... but you must realise, Felicity, that if I tell you, our lives may both be in danger. You see, what I'm up to is really important and top secret, and if I get found out...

**Felicity:** Listen, you just saved my life. I owe you one. Don't worry. I won't let you down.

**Scroggs:** O.K... Well, to start with, I'm not actually a Reverend.

**Felicity:** Really? You surprise me.

**Scroggs:** No. I'm a private investigator. I've been hired by one of your parents to find out what's been going on. (*FELICITY looks at the AUDIENCE*).

**Felicity:** One of our parents? Which one?

**Scroggs:** I'm afraid I can't tell you that. Not till I've solved the mystery.

**Felicity:** Gosh! How exciting!

**Scroggs:** This is serious, Felicity. I must remain in disguise as the Reverend Findlay Scroggs.

**Felicity:** But for how long?

**Scroggs:** For as long as it takes.

**Felicity:** All right. Your secret's safe with me.

**Scroggs:** Thank you. And in return I shall do everything in my power to protect you.

**Felicity:** Gosh. Findlay... you're so strong. So dependable. And so... so thoroughly British!

**Scroggs:** Don't worry, Felicity, I'll see you get through this in one piece... Meanwhile, I must go and do some more investigating! (*Exit SCROGGS. The lights fade*).

## SCENE 5

(*The chorus of PUPILS, except MONGOOSE and SCALPEL, enters, along with SHAVINGS and MRS. SHAVINGS*).

### MUSIC 4 - MRS. SHAVINGS' SONG

**Mrs.Shavings:** *Allow me all to introduce you  
To dear little Shavings, my son.  
The apple so shy of his dear father's eye  
His dear mummy's sweet currant bun.  
My dear little moppet, forgive me:  
You've got a few crumbs on your cheek.  
Now kiss your dear mummy goodbye, ooh! and yummy!  
I'll bring you some choccies next week.*

**Pupils:** *Shavings is silly and Shavings is wet,  
Shavings is dear mummy's sweet little pet  
Shavings obeys her and won't say a word  
For children should always be seen and not heard.*

**Mrs.Shavings:** *Now don't misbehave like the rest, dear,  
And don't ever whimper or whine.  
You're here to obey each and every day,  
So don't ever step out of line.  
My sweet sugar plum, just a moment:  
You've got a small speck on your nose.  
Now don't be perplexed, for the week after next  
I'll bring you a fresh change of clothes.*

**Pupils:** *Shavings is silly etc....*

**Mrs.Shavings:** *I've just seen that lovely headmaster:  
He says you have settled in well  
Apart from the noise when you let all the boys  
Hang you by your left leg from the bell.  
Now try not to make such a fuss, dear  
While I take out that muck from your eye.  
Now a kiss for mama, and I'm off to the car:  
My dear little sweet pea, goodbye!*

**Pupils:** *Shavings is silly etc...*

**Mrs. Shavings:** Now then, Shavings, I hope you're behaving yourself this term. I'm always worried in case you start acting like one of those awful children on the television, spraying graffiti on the walls and throwing bricks through

windows, and generally being obnoxious... Now I want your absolute assurance that you won't get into any trouble. No showing off to your friends, no getting into fights with the other boys, and no speaking out of turn to the teachers... Now is that clear? (*SHAVINGS looks at her, terrified and speechless*). Hmm... well, anyway, I've brought you your teddy, and some chocolate buttons, and two clean pairs of underpants, and you're going to the optician a week on Wednesday... (*The lights begin to fade at this point, until we can no longer see the PUPILS, only SHAVINGS, MRS. SHAVINGS and SCALPEL, who now enters*).

**Scalpel:** Hello! You're old Ma Shavings, aren't you?

**Mrs. Shavings:** Mrs. Shavings to you, my boy. Now what do you want?

**Scalpel:** Your boy's got fleas.

**Mrs. Shavings:** I beg your pardon?

**Scalpel:** You heard me. Your boy's got fleas. Probably caught them off you.

**Mrs. Shavings:** What? How dare you? You wicked child!

**Scalpel:** I wouldn't be so rude if I were you. I've got some very influential friends.

**Mrs. Shavings:** And so have I! You wicked, wicked boy! Take that! And that! And that! (*She hits SCALPEL with her handbag. Enter BUNKUM and the HISTORY TEACHER*).

**Scalpel:** Ow! There you are, Uncle Boris! I told you she was dangerous!

**Bunkum:** Yes, indeed. Come along, Mrs. Shavings. We can't have you assaulting my nephew, now, can we?

**Mrs. Shavings:** Mr. Bunkum, your nephew is an odious little villain! (*BUNKUM and the HISTORY TEACHER grab MRS. SHAVINGS*).

**History Teacher:** All right, Mrs. Shavings. Just calm down and come with us.

**Bunkum:** Yes, come to my store room and have a nice lie down... a separate cage for young Shavings, I think, Roderick...

**Scalpel:** Right away, Uncle Boris! Ha! Tough luck, Shavings! You won't be seeing your mummy again for quite a while! (*SCALPEL grabs SHAVINGS and begins to drag him off*).

**Shavings:** (*dissolves into tears again*).

**Scalpel:** Goodness me, Shavings. You really must learn not to answer back... (*SHAVINGS and MRS. SHAVINGS are dragged off. Exeunt - the PUPILS move in the darkness to their positions for the next scene*).

## SCENE 6

(*The classroom. Darkness. Silence. Suddenly a ghetto blaster is turned on very loud, and we are treated to a few moments of 'rap' music as the lights come*

*up. The MUSIC TEACHER is busy jigging to the music, and the PUPILS join in, some with more confidence than others. Presently the MUSIC TEACHER lowers the volume in order to speak over the music, but in time to it).*

**Music Teacher:** This is music, I'm the king,  
You gotta make those bodies swing,  
We got the rhythm, we got the song,  
So, baby, you just jive along.  
I'm gonna get those bodies mowvin',  
So move on Bach, roll over Beethoven,  
This music's cool, it's really neat,  
So dance to that Saint Bozo's beat!

*(He turns up the volume again. They all dance. Enter THE VERY IMPORTANT PERSON and his two BODYGUARDS. The MUSIC TEACHER sees him and hastily turns down the volume. The dancing stops). Ah! Good morning, sir! I trust everything is in order? Now pay attention, children! (The PUPILS stand to attention and look alert. The VERY IMPORTANT PERSON looks at the MUSIC TEACHER).*

**Very Important Person:** Harrumph!? Harrumph-harrumph-harrumph! *(He turns up the volume and hears the music. Suddenly he begins to jive to the music. The BODYGUARDS follow suit. The VIP goes off dancing, followed by his BODYGUARDS).*

**Silage:** Sir? Excuse me, sir? *(The MUSIC TEACHER turns down the volume).*

**Music Teacher:** Well, Silage, what is it?

**Silage:** Well, who is that bloke, sir? I mean, he keeps on looking round the school and no one seems to know who he is.

**Sniffle:** He looks pretty important anyway.

**Silage:** Yeah, but he never says anything! Just smokes a cigar and clears his throat a lot.

**Music Teacher:** All you need to know, Silage, is that he's a very important person. People who wear suits and smoke cigars are always very important. And you should feel honoured and privileged if they speak to you. Even if they are only actually clearing their throats.

**Silage:** Blimey, what a fag. I mean, cigar.

**Boot:** Hey, Silage, aren't you ringing the bells today?

**Music Teacher:** That won't be necessary. None of you will need to ring the bells any more. The headmaster has taken on a full time bell ringer. A very good friend of mine, actually. His name is Igor.

**Silage:** 'Bout time he rang it, then, sir.

**Music Teacher:** Don't worry. Igor is always very punctual. (*FX: a bell tolls slowly and grimly several times*). Ah, there we are... And now I'd better go and find a ladder.

**Sniffle:** A ladder? What for, sir?

**Music Teacher:** Igor will still be clinging to the bell rope. I shall have to go and get him down before the end of next lesson... Class dismissed. (*Exit the MUSIC TEACHER*).

**Wimp:** Gosh! This place gets more and more weird every minute!

**Sniffle:** Yeah! We thought the old teachers were crazy... but this lot are totally bonkers!

**Trott:** Hey, by the way... Has anyone seen Mongoose lately? He still owes me some sweets!

**Tabatha:** No. I think he's gone missing.

**Tinkerbelle:** And Shavings isn't here either. Or Scalpel.

**Wimp:** Oh, no! Then people are still disappearing without any explanation!

**Silage:** That's right, guys. We're the only ones left. And I tell you what - I'm starting to get a bit worried...

**Johnny Strong:** O.K. So what are we going to do?

**Tabatha:** What CAN we do?

**Silage:** Two things. First, we don't go into any more lessons. If the teachers have gone bananas we're better off staying away from them.

**Wimp:** We've got English next. I like English.

**Boot:** Yes. Anyway we don't want them suspecting us straight away.

**Silage:** Well... O.K. But after today, no more lessons. Agreed? (*General agreement*). Right. And the second thing we do... is get someone in to take a look around. Someone we can trust. A grown-up.

**Wimp:** But they'll never let us contact our parents! There's no way out! We're trapped!

**Silage:** Take it easy, Wimp. If things don't work out, we'll just have to make someone sit up and take notice....

**Sniffle:** What? You mean, like get the police involved?

**Silage:** Something like that.

**Wimp:** But how can we do that?

**Silage:** I've got an idea. I'll explain it later. After English... And then, if things get really desperate, we'll do the only thing we can.

**Sniffle:** What do you mean?

**Silage:** I mean... we'll have to set fire to the whole school. (*Immediate Blackout. Exeunt PUPILS in the darkness*).

SCENE 7

*(The school office. SCROGGS is talking with FELICITY).*

**Felicity:** So how are things going?

**Scroggs:** Not very well. I've been all round the school and I've only managed to find a dozen children. They've all gone to an English lesson.

**Felicity:** What about the staff?

**Scroggs:** Well, there's a chap dancing round the playground with a ghetto blaster. There's a one-eyed hunchback clinging to the bell rope. There bolts of electricity flying round the science lab. roof. And there's still no sign of the headmaster... Otherwise everything's perfectly normal.

**Felicity:** What about the English teacher?

**Scroggs:** Was THAT the English teacher?

**Felicity:** I should think so, yes.

**Scroggs:** Oh, crumbs. Then it's even worse than I thought... *(Enter the VERY IMPORTANT PERSON and the TWO BODYGUARDS).*

**Very Important Person:** Harrumph? Harrumph-harrumph-Harrumph!

**Felicity:** Hello. Can I help you at all?

**Very Important Person:** *(startled)* Harrumph? Harrumph-Harrumph-Harrumph!  
*(He exits hurriedly, followed by the two BODYGUARDS).*

**Scroggs:** Crumbs! Who was that?

**Felicity:** Apparently it's our new very important person. Every school has one, you know. Comes in for speech days, prizegiving... that sort of thing. It's funny, though... I can't understand a single word he says.

**Scroggs:** There could be a very good reason for that.

**Felicity:** What do you mean?

**Scroggs:** I'd rather not tell you till I'm sure. And I think I'd better keep up my disguise a little longer.

**Felicity:** All right... But you know, you still haven't told me very much about yourself.

**Scroggs:** Haven't I? Well, then... maybe it's time I told you a little more...

*MUSIC 5 - FINDLAY SCROGGS*

**Scroggs:** *Well. I'm a cool-dude-private-eye  
Investigating sort of guy:  
My work is known all over town.  
It's just my name that lets me down.  
They call me Findlay... Scroggs.  
I'm fond of kids and... dogs.*

*I'm wearing trendy... togs.  
But don't get windy, 'cause here comes  
Findlay Scroggs.*

*Here's a case that won't be solved:  
Well, I'm the man to be involved  
A private eye of worldwide fame.  
If only I had a sensible name.  
They call me Findlay... Scroggs  
I don't like eating... hogs.  
I always sleep like... logs.  
My Auntie Cindy, she calls me  
Findlay Scroggs.*

*My undercover work is fine  
I stay in bed till half past nine  
I have a nice hot cup of tea,  
Then go and solve the mystery.  
They call me Findlay... Scroggs.  
That name the memory ... jogs.  
So from the Isle of Dogs  
To Rawalpindi, I'm known as  
Findlay Scroggs.*

*There's some strange things happening:  
Time for me to do my thing  
To tie this case up neat,  
Then go and rest my aching feet.  
They call me Findlay... Scroggs  
Investigating... crimes  
I'm running out of... rhymes  
I'm weak and spindly, but I'm still  
Findlay Scroggs.*

**Scroggs:** But I'll tell you something, Felicity... I wouldn't be getting anywhere on this case if I didn't have you to help me.

**Felicity:** Gosh! Do you really mean that, Findlay?

**Scroggs:** Yes, Felicity. I do. And I'd like to think that, when all this is over, we could get to know each other a little better...

**Felicity:** Yes, Findlay. I'd like to think so too.

**Scroggs:** Felicity, I...

**Felicity:** Yes, Findlay? What is it?

**Scroggs:** Felicity, I... I... *(Suddenly a mummy wrapped in bandages bursts into the room. FELICITY screams as the mummy staggers about wildly. SCROGGS grabs the mummy, which begins to shriek 'Help!', ' Let me out!', etc.).*

**Felicity:** Wait a moment! That voice! It sounds familiar! *(Together they unravel the bandages round the mummy's head. It is MISS BEVERAGE).*

**Miss Beverage:** Oh, thank heavens! I thought I'd never see the light of day again!

**Felicity:** Miss Beverage! What happened?

**Miss Beverage:** That wicked boy Scalpel! He said Mr. Bunkum wanted to see me in the science lab.! It all began as a harmless lesson in first aid... but when they wrapped me up in these bandages I became a little suspicious. And then when they brought out the coffin... *(SCROGGS has begun scribbling on a piece of paper).*

**Felicity:** The coffin?

**Miss Beverage:** Yes, my dear. The coffin. Well, I ran for my life, and came to the only place where I knew I would be safe... *(FX: a brief but emphatic fanfare).* The school office!

**Scroggs:** All right, Miss Beverage. Calm yourself... Felicity, I want you to take Miss Beverage home in your car. But first, I want you to go to this address. *(He hands her a note. She examines it).*

**Felicity:** The hospital?

**Scroggs:** Yes. They're usually pretty good at removing bandages..

**Felicity:** But Findlay, why don't we call in the police?

**Scroggs:** Not yet, Felicity. I need some more time.

**Miss Beverage:** You'll have to ring the zoo, you know, and get them to take away that wolf!

**Felicity:** There, there, Miss Beverage. Don't worry. There isn't any wolf.

**Miss Beverage:** Of course there is! I heard it! Oh, why won't anyone believe me?

**Scroggs:** Don't worry, Miss Beverage. I believe you.

**Miss Beverage:** You do?

**Scroggs:** *(dramatically)* Yes. I believe anything is possible in this terrible place...

**Miss Beverage:** Do you know, Reverend Scroggs, I've worked at St. Bozo's for nearly thirty years. I've grown used to the school being run in a certain way. All these recent developments are simply too much for me...

**Scroggs:** Come now, don't alarm yourself, Miss Beverage...

**Miss Beverage:** I mean, wrapping teachers in bandages and burying them alive... one-eyed hunchbacks swinging from the bell rope... children disappearing without trace... is this all part of the new national curriculum?

**Scroggs:** All right, Miss Beverage...

**Miss Beverage:** I mean, if this carries on, I shall have to give up teaching altogether and become... an estate agent...

**Scroggs:** Quick. Take her home, Felicity. She's getting delirious.

**Felicity:** Right. Come along, Miss Beverage...

**Scroggs:** Meanwhile I must try to find the headmaster.

**Miss Beverage:** Oh, yes. He'll be locked in a cage on his study. They only come out at night, you know.

**Felicity:** Yes, yes, Miss Beverage. Come on. Let's get you home. (*Exeunt*).

**Scroggs:** (*off*) I'll see you to your car, Felicity...

**Felicity:** (*off*) All right. But what then?

**Scroggs:** (*reappearing to address the AUDIENCE*) Why, then... then I must proceed to solve the mystery! (*Exit*).

## BLACKOUT

### SCENE 8

(*The English room. CEDRIC, the English teacher, has not turned up. As the lights come up the remaining PUPILS are busy throwing paper, hitting each other and generally having a riot. Soon, however, SILAGE calls them to order*).

**Silage:** All right, you lot! Stop mucking about! That berk Cedric hasn't turned up to take us, so let's decide what we're going to do!

**Sniffle:** (*sarcastically*) Oh, yeah! Burn down the school! That's a really good idea, Silage!

**Silage:** It might be our only chance.

**Sniffle:** Oh, shut up, Silage, you idiot! Let's have some fun while we can! (*The others agree, and start ragging around again. SILAGE shakes his head. After a few moments, enter CEDRIC, the English teacher, dressed as a hippie*).

**Sniffle:** Hey, look, you lot! It's Cedric!

**All:** (*except SILAGE*) Yo! Cedders! (*They laugh*).

**Cedric:** Oh, hi. guys. Just give me a moment while I get my head together.

**Sniffle:** Oh, no! You don't mean...?

**Boot:** Oh, crikey! He's going to sing to us!

**Cedric:** Yeah, man. You hit the nail right on the button.

## MUSIC 6 - CEDRIC'S SONG

**Cedric:** *Peace to you, my brothers, yes, and*

*Peace to all the world:  
Let's have lots of spelling tests  
For all the boys and girls.  
Let's all live in harmony and love for evermore:  
'Cause life is just an indirect extended metaphor.  
When I was young, I called my mum and dad parentheses..  
My dad would kick my assonance to show he wasn't pleased.  
My jokes were bad, my poems sad, I always played the fool:  
So I became an English teacher at Saint Bozo's School.*

**Pupils:** *Peace etc.*

*Now soon I'll get my head together, soon I'll be O.K.:  
Another glass of whisky and I'll mark your last essay.  
Got to see my guru, got to meditate a while.  
I'll greet you with a synonym, a simile and a smile.*

**Pupils:** *Peace etc.*

**Cedric:** *So now I spread my message to the pupils in my charge:  
Sentences have full stops like a car has a garage.  
Transfer all your epithets and make your writing clear,  
And I'll return your books to you in the middle of next year.*

**Wimp:** I say, sir, you haven't been drinking again, have you?

**Cedric:** Hey, no, man! I'm just finding it kinda hard to get on the right spiritual plane. You guys wanna write me a poem while I contact my guru?

**Johnny Strong:** Hey, this bloke is a complete jerk.

**Trott:** Yeah! He's walking about like a demented zombie!

**Cedric:** Hey, take it easy, man! Zombies are really interesting people when you get to know them!

**Tabatha:** Really, this is disgraceful! My parents are paying a lot of money to send me here, and you can't even 'get your head together'!

**Tinkerbelle:** Yes! I think they should throw you out! I think you're rubbish! *(The others, except SILAGE, agree loudly, and begin throwing things at CEDRIC. The riot continues for a few moments. Enter BUNKUM dramatically. Behind him are SCALPEL, the two BODYGUARDS, the HISTORY TEACHER and the MUSIC TEACHER).*

**Bunkum:** What is the meaning of this outrage? *(Instant silence. BUNKUM goes up to CEDRIC).* Cedric!

**Cedric:** Yeah?

**Bunkum:** Go away.

**Cedric:** O.K... man... (*CEDRIC shuffles off*).

**Bunkum:** Right. As you probably know, you are the only pupils left in the whole school. Now, it's rather a waste of time to employ all the teachers to look after you. So the headmaster has asked ME to take charge of you until further notice... And, as a simple precaution to stop you behaving so badly again... we're going to tie you all up! Proceed, gentlemen. (*The two BODYGUARDS, the HISTORY TEACHER, and the MUSIC TEACHER move menacingly towards the PUPILS. The BODYGUARDS carry an enormous length of rope which they begin to wind round the whole group, tying them together as one. Most of the PUPILS stand frozen in terror: but, at the last moment, SILAGE and WIMP make a run for it and escape offstage.*)

**Scalpel:** Uncle Boris! Uncle Boris! Silage and Wimp have escaped!

**Bunkum:** Ha! Ignore them. They can be rounded up later... Unless, of course, they decide to hide in the woods. In which case they will either be devoured by Wally the werewolf, or chopped into little pieces by the cook!

**Scalpel:** Oh, good-oh!

**Sniffle:** Shut up, Scalpel, you creep!

**Scalpel:** Going to make me, Sniffle?

**Tabatha:** You'll never get away with this, Bunkum!

**Bunkum:** Well, young lady, that remains to be seen... But whatever the final outcome, very soon all of you dear innocent children will cease to exist!

**Tinkerbelle:** You mean... you mean you're going to kill us?

**Bunkum:** Oh no, my dear. Something much worse than that... Bring them along, gentlemen!

**Music Teacher:** O.K... but where to, Boris?

**Bunkum:** To the science lab., of course... and with all possible speed! (*Exeunt as the lights go down, the PUPILS struggling.*)

## SCENE 9

(*The corridor. SCROGGS appears.*)

**Scroggs:** I do hope Felicity got home all right. I'm a bit worried about her... In fact, so many strange things have been happening, I don't think anyone's safe in this place... (*Enter CEDRIC*). Ah! Excuse me... you're the English teacher, aren't you?

**Cedric:** (*realising*) Hey! Wow, man! I guess I am!

**Scroggs:** My name is Scroggs. The Reverend Findlay Scroggs. I'm the new

scripture teacher.

**Cedric:** Oh, hi, man.

**Scroggs:** Tell me, where have all the teachers got to?

**Cedric:** Huh?

**Scroggs:** The teachers... you know, the people who teach the children... where are they?

**Cedric:** Oh, I guess they're around... you know...

**Scroggs:** I see. Well, I'd been led to believe they'd all either left or disappeared...

**Cedric:** Oh, sure. All the old guys left. So the boss goes out and gets some new ones.

**Scroggs:** I see. So none of the old teachers are left? They've all been replaced?

**Cedric:** Sure. 'Cept for Miss Beverage. And the secretary. And Bunkum.

**Scroggs:** Bunkum?

**Cedric:** You know. The guy who does the science.

**Scroggs:** I see. And where is Bunkum now?

**Cedric:** Hey, sorry, man, I gotta shoot...

**Scroggs:** No, wait a moment, I... *(but CEDRIC goes off, singing a snatch of his song to himself).*

**Scroggs:** Well, I don't like this one little bit... *(Enter SEMPRONIA BLISTER, the Latin mistress).*

**Sempronia:** Why, Reverend! Reverend Scroggs! I was wondering when I'd bump... *(she nudges his bottom with hers) ...into you...*

**Scroggs:** I'm sorry, I...

**Sempronia:** Sempronia Blister. MISS Sempronia Blister. But you can call me SemPRonia.

**Scroggs:** But how did you know my name?

**Sempronia:** Call it feminine intuition, darling. Now tell me, Findlay, how are you settling in?

**Scroggs:** Oh, er... very well, thank you.

**Sempronia:** Of course you are. And, you know, it really is wonderful having a man like you on the premises.

**Scroggs:** I'm sorry?

**Sempronia:** A man of such stature. Such... intellect. Such... passion! *(She draws close to him).*

**Scroggs:** Sempronia! Please! I am a man of the cloth!

**Sempronia:** *(turning away)* Oh, don't worry, darling. I think it must be your dog collar. It reminds me of my first husband.

**Scroggs:** Oh, really? Was he an Anglican?

**Sempronia:** No. An Alsatian.

**Scroggs:** Good Lord!

**Sempronia:** Oh well, I shall have to love you and leave you, darling. I have some Latin vocab. tests to mark.

**Scroggs:** Ah, yes indeed. Sic transit gloria mundi.

**Sempronia:** (*puzzled*) No, no. My name is Sempronia. And it's Tuesday. (*Exit SEMPRONIA. Enter MATRON immediately from elsewhere. She looks haggard and completely mad, and carries an enormous syringe.*)

**Matron:** Come on, where are they? Have you seen them?

**Scroggs:** (*startled*) What? Who?

**Matron:** Silage and Wimp, of course! It's time for their injection!

**Scroggs:** Injection? Goodness me!

**Matron:** Would you like an injection?

**Scroggs:** Oh! No! No, thank you!

**Matron:** You look a bit under the weather.

**Scroggs:** No, I assure you, I...

**Matron:** What have you got? Come on, what's wrong with you? Whatever's not working, I'll pull it out!

**Scroggs:** Er... (*MATRON approaches SCROGGS menacingly.*)

**Matron:** Come on. Let's have a look at you.

**Scroggs:** (*pointing*) Er... I think they went that way!

**Matron:** Who did?

**Scroggs:** Silage. And Wimp.

**Matron:** Well, why didn't you say so? Trying to miss their injection, eh? I'll teach 'em! (*As she goes*) Hubble bubble, toil and trouble, wages low and hours double... (*Exit MATRON.*)

**Scroggs:** Well, the children's health seems to be in safe hands anyway. (*Enter the ART TEACHER. He wears an artist's smock. His face and hands are obviously smeared with blood.*)

**Scroggs:** (*seeing him*) Good heavens, man! Are you all right?

**Art Teacher:** Why? What's wrong?

**Scroggs:** Well, your mouth... your face... your hands! They're covered in blood!

**Art Teacher:** Er... no. It's ketchup. Tomato ketchup. I've... er... just been eating a beefburger... (*Exit the ART TEACHER hurriedly.*)

**Scroggs:** The first sign of insanity on the staff. Someone who eats beefburgers... (*Enter the HEADMASTER, dressed in academic robes. He is loud and very garrulous.*)

**Headmaster:** Ah, there you are, Scroggs! I was wondering when you'd turn up. I take it you've had time to get to know most of your colleagues?

**Scroggs:** Well, yes, headmaster... in a manner of speaking...

**Headmaster:** Oh, please, please! Call me Frank!

**Scroggs:** Oh, er... yes... Frank...

**Headmaster:** That's the spirit! The children call me Einstein, the staff call me Frank... Right... Well, what do you think? Of the school, I mean?

**Scroggs:** Well, I...

**Headmaster:** Oh, come, come, Findlay! You can be frank with me! Or you can be Findlay, and I'LL be frank! I mean, we can please ourselves, can't we? *(He emits a nervous and increasingly stentorian laugh).*

**Scroggs:** Well, er... Frank... I'm bound to say one or two of the staff are a little eccentric...

**Headmaster:** Good heavens, Scroggs! ALL teachers are eccentric! In fact, most teachers are completely mad! It's the only thing that keeps them sane! And let's face it, you have to be mad to go into teaching these days!

**Scroggs:** So... all the staff at St. Bozo's are completely mad?

**Headmaster:** Oh, absolutely. The only one who isn't mad... is me! *(He laughs loudly as before).*

**Scroggs:** Oh, I see. It's a joke.

**Headmaster:** Yes, of course it's a joke! Good Lord, Scroggs, you ought to know better than that! That is the first rule of teaching! Teachers must always set a good example to the children! We cannot afford to do anything which might be misconstrued! *(MONSIEUR LA GUILLOTINE, the French teacher, rides across the stage on a bicycle. He wears a beret, a striped tee-shirt, dirty trousers, and a string of onions around his neck).*

**La Guillotine:** Bonjour, mon général!

**Headmaster:** Morning, La Guillotine. *(Exit LA GUILLOTINE. A loud crash is heard offstage).*

**Scroggs:** I thought cycling down the corridor was against the school rules?

**Headmaster:** Ah. This is the second rule of teaching. Do not allow the children to do anything you would like to do yourself.

**Scroggs:** I must say this is a very strange school.

**Headmaster:** On the contrary! This school is run on sound educational principles. Now, if you will excuse me, I must go down to the school dungeons to prepare for detention.

**Scroggs:** Oh, yes. Of course...

**Headmaster:** *(beginning to leave)* Don't forget the staff meeting this evening, Scroggs. It should only last about six hours.

**Scroggs:** Six hours! That's a long time for a meeting!

**Headmaster:** Oh, come, come, Scroggs! That is the third rule of teaching! Stay away from the children for as long as possible! No doubt I shall see you later... *(Exit HEADMASTER. SCROGGS shakes his head, takes out his notebook and pencil, and again writes something down. Enter SILAGE and WIMP. SILAGE sees SCROGGS and recoils).*

**Silage:** Look out, Wimp! It's one of them!

**Wimp:** One of who?

**Silage:** One of the teachers, you berk! Come on, let's peg it!

**Scroggs:** Just a moment, please... (*They stop in their tracks*). Shouldn't you two boys be out on the games field?

**Silage:** Not much point, is there? We're the only two left.

**Scroggs:** Good heavens! What do you mean?

**Wimp:** Mr. Bunkum's got all our friends! He's got them all trapped in the science lab.! He's going to do something really horrible to them!

**Silage:** Yeah! My dad's going to hear about this! You lot are all going to get the sack!

**Scroggs:** Bunkum! So HE'S the one behind it all!

**Silage:** Huh! As if you didn't know! You're one of them, aren't you?

**Scroggs:** What do you mean?

**Silage:** One of them freaks and weirdos they've brought in to do all the teaching! All the old teachers have either left or disappeared!

**Wimp:** I miss all the old teachers.

**Silage:** Yeah. They weren't brilliant, but they were miles better than this lot.

**Wimp:** Yes! And now we've lost all our friends as well!

**Scroggs:** Right. Now listen very carefully. I'm a private investigator.

**Silage:** You what?

**Scroggs:** I've been sent here to find out what's been going on. And I'm getting very close to solving the mystery.

**Silage:** Crikey! You're just as mad as the rest of them! Private investigator? What a load of rubbish!

**Scroggs:** Listen, you've got to trust me. Now, there's no need to worry about your friends. They'll all be quite safe. At least until midnight... Now, I want you to go to the school office, lock yourselves in, and don't come out until I tell you. All right?

**Wimp:** But how do we know if you're...

**Silage:** O.K., Wimp... Yeah. We'll do exactly what you say..

**Wimp:** But, Silage...

**Scroggs:** Good boys. And listen... don't worry about anything. Tomorrow everything will be back to normal. I'll see you later.

**Silage:** Yeah... O.K... (*Exit SCROGGS*).

**Wimp:** But, Silage, how do we know if he's telling the truth?

**Silage:** We don't.

**Wimp:** Then why are we going to the school office?

**Silage:** We're not.

**Wimp:** Then what ARE we going to do?

**Silage:** Wimp, I don't trust teachers any more. This is a problem we'll have to solve by ourselves. Come on!

**Wimp:** Where to?

**Silage:** To the staff room! Quickly! We have to destroy their centre of operations! Before it's too late! (*Exeunt. The lights go down. Linking music: very sombre. Very dim lighting for the next scene.*)

#### SCENE 10

*(The science laboratory, with the tables again. Enter the two BODYGUARDS, the MUSIC TEACHER and the HISTORY TEACHER, shepherding on to the stage the CHORUS of PUPILS and MRS. SHAVINGS all tied together. Enter BUNKUM and SCALPEL behind them).*

**Bunkum:** So! My experiment will soon begin! In a few short hours, when the clock strikes twelve, I shall place my victim on one of these tables, and before long I shall have produced... the perfect schoolboy!

**Scalpel:** Oh, Uncle Boris, you're so brilliant!

**Bunkum:** Yes, I know...

**Scalpel:** Mind you, you had a few problems when you made all those teachers...

**Bunkum:** What do you mean? Those teachers are as fine a body of people as you will find in any prep. school in the country!

**Scalpel:** All right... but how do you know you can make a perfect schoolboy?

**Bunkum:** Because, Roderick, I have done all the necessary research! My creation will be perfect... He will always do his homework perfectly, never call out during lessons, never pick his nose, never leave his hands in his pockets, and never, never run in the school corridors! For years, teachers have been praying that such a child might exist! And soon, very soon, all their wishes will come true!

**Scalpel:** Huh. Sounds like a real creep to me.

**Bunkum:** That's because you are an imbecile, Roderick. You simply fail to realise what my ultimate ambition is... to make Saint Bozo's the best school in the country... in the whole world! And soon, with the help of this fine collection of specimens, I shall be able to put the final part of my plan into operation!

#### MUSIC 7 - ZOMBIES!

**Bunkum:**        *You're completely in my power  
And within this very hour  
You'll be lying on my slab -  
There's no use in trying to blab.*

*One of my most brilliant schemes:  
Say goodbye to all your dreams.  
In the twinkling of an eye  
You are surely going to die!*

*Ah, but don't be filled with strife:  
I can bring you back to life.  
Revitalisation means survival.  
I'm the master, you're my slaves  
When you've risen from your graves,  
And you'll see the results of your revival...*

**Chorus:**        *Zombies!  
With no minds to call our own,  
Zombies!  
And it chills us to the bone  
To think Mr. Bunkum  
Our plans he has sunk 'em:  
We're entering our own twilight zone.*

*Zombies!  
We will be the living dead,  
Zombies!  
With no thoughts inside our head.  
The prospect's appalling:  
Nonentity's calling.  
We'll lose all we've thought, done and said.*

**Bunkum:**        *Now dear Roderick, my chum,  
Our work's only just begun -  
Every school throughout the land  
With zombie pupils will be manned!*

*Only seven brain cells each:*

*Zombies are such fun to teach.  
And this fate awaits you all  
When Boris Bunkum pays a call!*

*Ah! but don't be filled with gloom:  
I'll fill each and every room  
With rows of obedient young schoolkids.  
If you all do as I say,  
You'll be taught the Bunkum way.  
And you'll see that I'm nobody's fool, kids!*

**Chorus:** *Zombies!  
It's a plan that's really wild,  
Zombies!  
To produce the perfect child:  
A lovely young creature  
Who won't cheek the teacher  
Untarnished and quite undefiled.*

*Zombies!  
This idea we can't ignore,  
Zombies!  
Now we know just what's in store.  
We don't think it's funny.  
We just want our mummy.  
But we won't see her any more.*

**Bunkum:** *Ah, but don't be over-quick  
To say I'm a lunatic:  
I'm really ingenious and clever,  
In our new zombie schools.  
All those ghosts, spooks and ghouls  
Cry, 'The Beasts of Saint Bozo's for ever!'*

**Bunkum:** On, peasants, on! (*The PUPILS and MRS. SHAVINGS are driven, screaming and wailing, offstage. Exeunt.*)

INTERVAL

SCENE 11

*(The corridor. Enter SILAGE and WIMP).*

**Wimp:** Look here, Silage, I'm still a bit worried about all this.

**Silage:** Oh, come on, Wimp. We're only going to sneak into the staff room and set fire to it.

**Wimp:** But we can't do that! We'll get arrested for... for setting fire to things!

**Silage:** No, you idiot! We make it look like an accident! It's easy! My dad showed me what to do. Last time he claimed on his insurance.

**Wimp:** But I still don't understand! Why don't we just phone the police? Why are you so keen to set fire to the school?

**Silage:** To get it closed down, you berk! Listen, this place has really gone down the drain since all them new teachers came along. My dad says he's laid out thousands of quid for nothing. And he says he's had enough. The school governors don't suspect a thing. And the police would never believe us. So this is the only way.

**Wimp:** Well, it all sounds a bit dangerous if you ask me.

**Silage:** Don't be stupid! Listen, the first thing is to look around the staff room right now. Find out which bits will burn the best... Hey, hang on a sec.! Maybe we should blow the place up instead!

**Wimp:** *(looking offstage)* Hey, look out, Silage! Here comes Cedric! *(Enter CEDRIC).*

**Cedric:** Hi, guys. What's happenin'?

**Wimp:** Oh! Hello, sir!

**Silage:** Hey! No sweat, Cedric! Gimme some skin there, man!

**Cedric:** Hey! Far out, man! *(They give each other 'five' with their hands).*

**Wimp:** Excuse me, sir, but shouldn't you be going to the staff meeting?

**Cedric:** Yeah, sure, man. I'm just gonna fix me some coffee. From the staff room.

**Silage:** Hey, I'm really sorry, Cedric, but you can't go in there just now.

**Cedric:** Hey, man!

**Silage:** No, you see, first we gotta suss the place out!

**Cedric:** Oh, hey! Right on!

**Silage:** You see, Cedric, Wimp and I are going to blow up the school.

**Cedric:** *(giggling)* Hey! You guys really are somethin' else!

**Silage:** Yeah. I suppose we are really... Oh, by the way, Cedric, the headmaster wants a word with you.

**Cedric:** Hey, sure, man. Which way'd he go?

**Silage:** *(pointing offstage)* That way. Through the window.

**Cedric:** *(going quickly)* O.K., guys. Catch you later. *(Sings as he goes)* 'Look through any window, yeah, what do you see?' *(Exit. FX: the crash and tinkle)*

*of broken glass offstage).*

**Wimp:** Gosh, Silage, do you think he'll be all right? There's a twenty foot drop onto the concrete!

**Silage:** Never mind him! Quick! To the staff room! *(Exeunt. The lights fade).*

## SCENE 12

*(The staff room. SEMPRONIA BLISTER and KENNETH BRAIN, the Maths teacher, are talking).*

**Sempronia:** Oh, Kenneth! Alone at last!

**Brain:** No, I'm not. You're here as well.

**Sempronia:** Oh, Kenneth, you're so logical! I love that in a man. So intelligent. So methodical. So beautifully organised in all the right places.

**Brain:** You flatter me, Sempronia.

**Sempronia:** Oh, but you deserve it, Kenneth... Oh, if only we didn't have to work in this beastly place! We could fly away somewhere, and be together... forever!

**Brain:** Hmm. That's technically impossible. I'm afraid.

**Sempronia:** What is?

**Brain:** For us to be together for ever. I mean, death would almost certainly intervene eventually.

**Sempronia:** Oh, Kenneth, you're so romantic! I love it when you talk like that! *(SEMPRONIA draws closer to BRAIN. Enter SCROGGS).*

**Scroggs:** I'm so sorry. Was I interrupting something?

**Sempronia:** *(moving away from BRAIN)* Why, Reverend Scroggs! Don't you think you should knock before entering the staff room? You never know what might be going on!

**Scroggs:** Well, normally I WOULD knock before entering. But someone seems to have blown the door off.

**Brain:** Oh dear. This is serious. I shall have to inform the headmaster.

**Scroggs:** That's quite all right. He already knows. I came to tell you we're meeting in his conservatory.

**Brain:** Oh dear. Perhaps we'd better go, then. Before we're late, and end up getting into trouble.

**Sempronia:** Oh, Kenneth, you're so masterful! Yes! To the staff meeting! At once! *(Exeunt: SEMPRONIA grabs BRAIN by the arm and hauls him off).*

SCENE 13

*(The corridor. Enter WIMP and SILAGE).*

**Silage:** You idiot! I told you to be careful with that plastic explosive!

**Wimp:** Sorry, Silage. I thought it was chewing gum. I stuck it under a desk to eat later.

**Silage:** Yeah, great! And blew the staff room door to bits! Now the teachers are BOUND to think something's wrong!

**Wimp:** Oh dear... Well, what do we do now?

**Silage:** Hmm... We'll wait till that staff meeting's got started. I've got most of the stuff I need. But I could do with a spot of nitric acid to go with the glycerine... there's no way round it, Wimp. We'll just have to break into the science lab.

**Wimp:** The science lab.? But no one's allowed in the science lab.! Bunkum said so!

**Silage:** You berk! That's because he's got all our mates held prisoner! Listen, we break into the lab., right, get everyone out, and blow the whole lot to bits. What do you reckon?

**Wimp:** I reckon I'm scared. That's what I reckon. *(Enter MATRON, still armed with the syringe).*

**Matron:** Ah, there you are! You naughty children! Come here and have your injection!

**Wimp:** Oh, no! It's Matron! Quick! Let's peg it. *(SILAGE and WIMP run off).*

**Matron:** Come along now, children! Come and get your medicine! *(To the AUDIENCE)* It's true what they say, you know. I'm just like a mother to them... Come along now, don't be frightened... *(Exit MATRON. Lights down. Before the next scene, the area of the stage that was FELICITY's office can be re-set as the headmaster's conservatory, the setting for the staff meeting that follows. At least thirteen chairs will be required).*

SCENE 14

*(The headmaster's conservatory. Enter BRAIN, SEMPRONIA and SCROGGS. BRAIN carries an enormously long piece of computer print-out paper, which he unravels as he speaks).*

**Brain:** Well, here we are. The headmaster's conservatory. The others should be here in a minute.

**Scroggs:** Good heavens! What have you got there?

**Brain:** Hmm? Just the agenda for the staff meeting.

**Scroggs:** Then it really IS going to last for six hours?

**Sempronia:** I hope not. I'm not supposed to be out after dark. (*Enter HEADMASTER with MATRON. The HEADMASTER carries a sheaf of papers. MATRON still carries her syringe.*)

**Matron:** Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed! Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined! Harper cries 'Tis time! 'Tis time!

**Headmaster:** Thank you, Matron, you can give us your health report later.

**Scroggs:** Actually, Matron, I'm rather intrigued... What exactly have you got inside that syringe of yours?

**Matron:** By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes!  
I raise the dead, and it's my guess  
You don't get THAT on the NHS!

**Scroggs:** Good Lord! Then are you suggesting that... that all the children at this school are... zombies?

**Sempronia:** Oh, don't worry, darling. They'll still pass Common Entrance.

**Headmaster:** Matron, will you kindly sit down and shut up!

**Matron:** Well, really! (*She scowls at him, but sits. The loud ghetto blaster is heard again. Enter the MUSIC TEACHER, dancing to the beat.*)

**Headmaster:** Will you kindly turn that thing off!

**Music Teacher:** Hey, babe! You got to get down to the beat!

**Headmaster:** And we've got to get down to a staff meeting. Now belt up!

**Music Teacher:** Hey! This chick is definitely not cool! (*He sits down. Enter the HISTORY TEACHER and the ART TEACHER.*)

**History Teacher:** I must say how delighted I am, headmaster, that the school has seen fit to appoint a man of my experience to teach history. After all, I was actually present at most of the events in question.

**Headmaster:** Yes. all right, all right! Let's get started!

**Scroggs:** (*to the ART TEACHER*) Good heavens! You're bleeding again!

**Art Teacher:** I told you! It's the beefburgers!

**Scroggs:** But that's not ketchup! It's blood!

**Art Teacher:** All right, so I had a little accident with a pot of paint.

**Scroggs:** Headmaster, why is this man covered in blood?

**Headmaster:** I'm sorry, Scroggs. There isn't time for that now. Shall we sit down?

**History Teacher:** An excellent idea. I haven't done that since 1927. (*All sit. The HEADMASTER is about to follow suit when AUSTIN ALLEGRO, the P.E. TEACHER, enters. He helps CEDRIC, who looks even more dazed than usual, to a chair.*)

**Headmaster:** Austin! Where have you been?

**Allegro:** Hello, Frank. Sorry we're late. I just found Cedric in the flowerbed.

**Cedric:** Hey, man, what's happening?

**Headmaster:** It's a staff meeting, Cedric.

**Cedric:** Hey! Far out, man!

**Allegro:** This bloke's amazing! He just walked straight through a plate glass window!

**Sempronia:** Good heavens, Cedric! Did it hurt?

**Cedric:** No, man. The pain is gone. Completely. (*Enter LA GUILLOTINE on his bicycle. He crashes into the chairs and falls off.*)

**La Guillotine:** Ah, these naughty English! Mon Dieu! They deposit their chaises on my autoroute!

**Headmaster:** Oh, Good Lord! Help him up, someone. We really must get started. (*SCROGGS helps LA GUILLOTINE to his feet.*) Thank you. Well, good evening, everyone. I must apologise for the unusual surroundings, but as you know, one of the children set off an explosive device in the staff room.

**Scroggs:** Excuse me, headmaster, but how do you know it was one of the children?

**Headmaster:** That is the fourth rule of teaching, Reverend Scroggs. Headmasters know everything... Now to business. Without further ado I shall ask Kenneth for item one on the agenda.

**Brain:** I have it right here, Frank. Item one... You wicked man, meet me behind the rhododendron bushes at ten o'clock tonight.

**Headmaster:** I beg your pardon?

**Brain:** I'm sorry, Frank. Someone's been vandalising the agenda.

**Sempronia:** Sorry, darling, I only wanted to remind you.

**Headmaster:** To business, Kenneth, to business!

**Brain:** Yes, of course. Item one. The bad behaviour of the children.

**Allegro:** Oh, no! Not again! We have this at every meeting!

**Headmaster:** Ah, yes, but it's a perennial problem. And one to which I have given considerable thought. If you will allow me, ladies and gentlemen?

#### *MUSIC 8 - HEADMASTER & STAFF*

*(HEADMASTER stands to sing. STAFF stand for Choruses. Optional dance routine following third verse and chorus, then reprise of same to finish).*

**Headmaster:** *There are children  
Not doing as they're told  
We're the teachers  
But we're left out in the cold.*

*They won't listen  
To a single word we say,  
And our numbers  
Have diminished day by day.*

**Staff:** *Here's a new invention  
We would like to mention  
Stick them in detention  
If they misbehave.*

**Headmaster:** *No, it's useless,  
It's a sanction they won't heed.  
Something novel  
Is what I really need.*

*We must keep them  
Obedient and well-groomed,  
Or it's certain  
That Saint Bozo's will be doomed!*

**Staff:** *Let's be really rotten:  
Smack them on the bottom.  
Then if they don't cotton,  
Send them home for good!*

**Headmaster:** *That's the one thing  
We're trying to avoid!  
If the teachers  
Are seen to be annoyed,*

*Then the pupils  
Will run riot for a day,  
And their parents  
Will take them all away!*

**Staff:** *What are we to do, now?  
What if it were you, now?  
Who will see us through, now?  
We must find a way.*

*Use your common sense, we  
Have intelligence, we  
Have an emergency...  
Who will save the day?*

**Brain:** Just a moment, Frank. Where's Boris Bunkum?

**Headmaster:** Bunkum?

**Allegro:** That's a point. We can't start without Boris. Where is he? (*Enter BUNKUM, dramatically as before. Although the HEADMASTER is supposedly in charge of the meeting, everything that is said seems very trivial until BUNKUM chooses his moment to take over.*)

**Bunkum:** Good evening, everyone.

**Headmaster:** Ah, there you are, Bunkum! Come in! We were just discussing the bad behaviour of the children.

**Bunkum:** Ah, yes. The children...

**Headmaster:** That's right, yes. Now, you're the science teacher, Bunkum. Haven't you got something you can slip in their tea? You know, to calm them down a bit? I mean, it's all very well putting the whole school in detention, but we MUST find a long term solution!

**Bunkum:** Hmm... (*Suddenly*) And what do YOU think, Reverend Scroggs?

**Scroggs:** Me? Oh, well... er... it's no good asking me! I'm already completely confused!

**Bunkum:** Confused? What is there to be confused about?

**Scroggs:** Well, this is a very strange school if you ask me. For instance, all the children seem to have completely disappeared...

**Headmaster:** I told you! They're in detention!

**Scroggs:** Miss Beverage was terrified by a wolf in the woods, then wrapped up in bandages like a mummy...

**Headmaster:** That will be your nephew, won't it, Bunkum? I'm afraid he is rather high-spirited...

**Scroggs:** And why is there a one-eyed hunchback hanging from the bell rope?

**Headmaster:** Really! All these questions!

**Scroggs:** And another thing! You told me I'm supposed to teach scripture. But your secretary tells me we never have chapel or assembly, let alone any scripture lessons! I really don't know what I'm doing here at all!

**Headmaster:** Why, Scroggs, you are irreplaceable! You are the only person who can drive the school minibus!

**Bunkum:** (*interrupting*) Reverend Scroggs...

**Scroggs:** What?

**Bunkum:** Tell me, Reverend Scroggs, how exactly did you hear about Saint

Bozo's?

**Scroggs:** Why, as the headmaster already knows, I took up my appointment through Sprocket and Bedpan.

**Bunkum:** Nice try, Scroggs. Except Sprocket and Bedpan went out of business six months ago!

**Scroggs:** Oh dear. How very unfortunate.

**Bunkum:** Exactly. It means you're a liar, Scroggs. And probably a spy and an impostor as well! *(Silence. An awkward pause. Everyone is looking at SCROGGS).*

**Headmaster:** Well, Scroggs? Is this true?

**Scroggs:** It could be, headmaster... *(Gasps of shock from everyone)* ...except I was given the job a year ago. Before Sprocket and Bedpan went out of business. I delayed my arrival at Saint Bozo's in order to finish my exams...

**Bunkum:** *(suspiciously)* Hmm! Is that so?

**Scroggs:** *(looking directly at him)* Yes. That is exactly so. *(A dramatic pause).*

**Headmaster:** Yes, this is all very well, gentlemen, but we were actually discussing discipline.

**Allegro:** Yeah, discipline! Come on, Boris! You're the one with all the bright ideas!

**Bunkum:** Am I indeed? Very well. Then I'm bound to say I think you're being too soft.

**Headmaster:** Too soft? What do you mean?

**Bunkum:** Children will always misbehave. Unless you find a permanent solution.

**Headmaster:** What's that? You can't just deliberately kill them off!

**Bunkum:** Oh, I wasn't thinking of killing them. Just altering them slightly.

**Cedric:** Hey, man, I thought that was a place near Manchester.

**Headmaster:** What?

**Cedric:** Altrincham.

**Headmaster:** Oh, shut up, you demented hippie! I think Bunkum's on to something!

**Allegro:** Hey, Boris, is this why you've been stuck in the science lab. all this time?

**Bunkum:** Precisely, Austin. You see, everyone, I have been conducting some more of my experiments.

**Allegro:** Ha! Not on the boys, surely? *(The others, except SCROGGS, laugh gently).*

**Bunkum:** Not yet... *(There is a shocked silence).* But I have already used a number of laboratory animals left behind by my predecessor Miss Dewdrop. To be precise, a dozen stick insects and a chicken.

**Sempronia:** But isn't that rather cruel?

**Bunkum:** Well, I didn't hear the stick insects complaining.

**Sempronia:** Well, what about the chicken?

**Bunkum:** Thank you for asking. It was delicious.

**Sempronia:** Oh, you fiend!

**Bunkum:** On the contrary! I am bound to say my experiment was an unqualified success!

**Sempronia:** I see. And I suppose the stick insects told you so?

**Bunkum:** Not exactly. But I know from their recent behaviour that I have changed their personalities!

**Allegro:** This is all very interesting, Boris, but what's it got to do with us?

**Headmaster:** Yes, come on, Bunkum. You still haven't told us the exact nature of your experiment.

**Bunkum:** Very well... (*BUNKUM takes a newspaper cutting from his pocket and hands it to BRAIN*). Kenneth, you are the resident mathematical expert. What do you make of that? (*BRAIN examines it for a moment*).

**Brain:** Let's see now... New Scientist, 10th October... Hmm... This must be... Suffering right angles!

**Headmaster:** What is it? What's wrong?

**Brain:** This is amazing! Impossible!

**Music Teacher:** Hey, come on, babe! Spill the beans!

**Brain:** Very well... This is an article from the New Scientist magazine... 'How I found the highest number in the world'... by Boris Bunkum, science teacher at Saint Bozo's preparatory school!

**Allegro:** But... but that's us! That's him! That's you! (*Astonished murmurs from the STAFF. SCROGGS looks on suspiciously*).

**Bunkum:** Of course it is, you fools! Before I ate that chicken, I experimented on it. And I changed its personality... My friends, it was not I who worked out the highest number in the world. It was the chicken!

**Sempronia:** The chicken? Don't be ridiculous!

**Cedric:** Hey, man! That's really far out!

**Brain:** Never mind that! What is it? What IS the highest number in the world?

**Bunkum:** Well, as you will see if you read the article, Kenneth... I did begin to write the number down, but unfortunately the sheer effort of working it out proved too much for the poor animal's inferior brain cells. It died.

**Allegro:** Just a minute, Bunkum! How do we know you're telling the truth?

**Bunkum:** Naturally, you don't. Not yet. That is why, headmaster, I need your permission to conduct just one more test.

**Headmaster:** What kind of test exactly?

**Bunkum:** I need a volunteer. A human being. Preferably a boy.

**Headmaster:** No, I'm sorry, Bunkum. Human life is sacred, and must never be tampered with.

**Bunkum:** It could make us all millionaires... *(Noises of approval and an exchange of nods from the staff).*

**Headmaster:** In that case, Bunkum... what are you waiting for? Get on with it!

**Bunkum:** Very well, my friends. I shall go and prepare my experiment... immediately! *(Exit BUNKUM with a dramatic flourish).*

**Allegro:** What do you think, Frank? Do YOU think he's crazy?

**Headmaster:** I don't know. But we've got to give him a chance. Nothing must stand in the way of scientific progress. And the money'll come in handy.

**Allegro:** But who are we going to choose, Frank? Who's going to be the guinea pig?

**Brain:** Well, since we've been discussing discipline... why don't we take the naughtiest boy in the school, and see if Boris can make some improvements to him?

**Headmaster:** Brilliant, Kenneth! Now let's see... who IS the naughtiest boy in the school?

**Matron:** What do you mean? They're all as bad as each other! If I had my way, I'd put them all in a big pot and let them stew!

**Brain:** Wouldn't that be overdoing things a little?

**Matron:** Oh, they wouldn't be overdone. I'd make sure of that.

**La Guillotine:** Eh bien, mon général! We must decide! So what is it that it is that is?

**Headmaster:** Very well. I shall make my choice. Those two boys in 3B. The ones who smell.

**Allegro:** But, Frank, they all smell.

**Headmaster:** No, I mean those two who've been causing trouble all afternoon! The only two we haven't managed to put into detention!

**Allegro:** Oh! You mean Silage and Wimp!

**Scroggs:** *(worried)* Silage and Wimp?

**Brain:** Yes, of course! Silage and Wimp! An excellent choice! Well done, Frank! *(The STAFF applaud).*

**Headmaster:** Thank you, Kenneth. And now I suggest we adjourn the meeting, and rendezvous in the science lab. in twenty minutes.

**Allegro:** But what about Silage and Wimp?

**Headmaster:** Don't worry. Just leave those two to me. Meeting adjourned... *(Exit the HEADMASTER, followed by the other STAFF, including SCROGGS. ALLEGRO and SEMPRONIA linger, and are left alone. ALLEGRO takes SEMPRONIA's arm, and brings her downstage).*

**Sempronia:** Why, Austin! You're still here!

**Allegro:** Never mind all that. You know how I feel about you!

**Sempronia:** Heavens! But what about Kenneth?

**Allegro:** Kenneth? Kenneth has deserted you. For the lollipop lady.

**Sempronia:** Gracious! What could possess him to do a thing like that?

**Allegro:** She showed him her bank statement.

**Sempronia:** Shades of Olympus! The treacherous fiend! But wait! What about my husband?

**Allegro:** Your husband? Ha! I know all about the faithless Mister Blister! He went off with your sister Callista from Bicester! He couldn't resist her!

**Sempronia:** Oh, Austin! I never knew you knew!

**Allegro:** Yes! Oh, Sempronia, don't you see? If Boris Bunkum's experiment really works, this could be the chance I've been waiting for! I know you've always spurned me because I'm only a humble PE teacher, and not an intellectual like yourself... But just imagine, Sempronia! If Bunkum can turn a chicken into a mathematical genius, just think what he can do for me!

**Sempronia:** Well, yes... at least half as much...

**Allegro:** Sempronia! I must try!

**Sempronia:** But, Austin... it could be dangerous! I'm so frightened for you!

**Allegro:** Yes, but if it works, I can leave this silly old school for ever, and become rich and famous! We can live in clover for the rest of our lives!

**Sempronia:** I'd rather live in Altrincham.

**Allegro:** Well, wherever! I must find out what old Bunkum is up to. Sempronia, I'm going to get down to the science lab.... right now! *(He goes out. She follows).*

**Sempronia:** *(as she goes)* Oh, Austin! Such determination! Such bravery! Such stupidity! *(Exeunt. Pause. Enter SCROGGS from the opposite side of the stage).*

**Scroggs:** So! The mystery is almost complete! And now to get down to the science lab... and stop Bunkum before it's too late! *(Enter BUNKUM, pointing a gun at SCROGGS).*

**Bunkum:** Not so fast, Mr. Scroggs!

**Scroggs:** Bunkum!

**Bunkum:** Yes indeed, Mr. Scroggs. I cannot allow anyone to interfere with my plans. Least of all you!

**Scroggs:** I see. So what do you propose to do with me?

**Bunkum:** I shall have to dispose of you later, Scroggs. Quietly, without fuss, so that no one will suspect... in the meantime, you will come with me to the school office, where I shall handcuff you to the photocopier!

**Scroggs:** That's impossible. I told Silage and Wimp to lock themselves in. They won't open the door to anyone.

**Bunkum:** I'm afraid your friends have disobeyed you, Mr. Scroggs. They are still roaming wild around the school!

**Scroggs:** Dash it all! The stupid little fools!

**Bunkum:** Strong words for a man of the cloth, Mr. Scroggs. But no matter. You will not live long enough to regret them... Now move! To the office! Quickly!

**Scroggs:** You'll never get away with this, Bunkum!

**Bunkum:** On the contrary... I get away with everything! You see, Mr. Scroggs, you are dealing with Boris Bunkum... the greatest criminal genius who ever lived! (*Exeunt - BUNKUM, laughing crazily as he follows SCROGGS out*).

## SCENE 15

*(The science laboratory. Tables set out as before. The exit R. is to outside, L. to the store room. Fairly dim lighting. Enter AUSTIN ALLEGRO).*

**Allegro:** Right. I've got in. Now to find out what old Bunkum's been up to... (*He examines the tables*). Hmm... wonder what all these old bits of bone are doing here? Oh, well, better not touch anything, I suppose... (*He looks offstage suddenly*). Oh, no! Someone's coming! I'd better hide! (*He hides behind one of the tables. Enter SILAGE and WIMP*).

**Wimp:** Oh, come on, Silage! We've looked everywhere! We'll never find that stuff you want!

**Silage:** We've got to find some, Wimp. Otherwise we can't blow up the school! (*ALLEGRO sees them, and stands up*).

**Allegro:** Right, you two! (*WIMP jumps in fright, and grabs hold of SILAGE*).

**Wimp:** Eek! It's a ghost!

**Silage:** Oh, get off, you berk. It's only Allegro.

**Allegro:** Right! What are you two doing here?

**Silage:** I might ask you the same question.

**Allegro:** Don't be cheeky!

**Silage:** What do you mean? I'm cheeky to ALL the teachers. Why should I break the habit of a lifetime?

**Allegro:** And what are you doing here, Wimp?

**Wimp:** Please, sir, he made me, sir! He made me do it, sir.

**Silage:** Oh, shut up, Wimp. There's nothing to be frightened of.

**Allegro:** Silage, you know the science lab. is out of bounds!

**Silage:** Is that a fact? Well, what are YOU doing here, then?

**Allegro:** Now look here! You'll be in big trouble in a minute!

**Silage:** Do me a favour! You couldn't knock the skin off a rice pudding.

**Allegro:** Silage! I'm waiting for you to tell me why you're in the science lab.! (*A moment's pause. SILAGE considers*).

**Silage:** All right. I came here to nick some nitric acid. I'm going to make a bomb.

**Allegro:** A bomb? What for?

**Silage:** Simple. I'm going to blow up the school.

**Allegro:** What?

**Silage:** (to WIMP) There you are. I knew he wouldn't believe me.

**Wimp:** Oh heck, Silage. You've really done it this time! He's going to report us and get us both expelled!

**Allegro:** Expelled? What do you mean, expelled? I'm delighted!

**Wimp:** What?

**Allegro:** Yes! I think it's a great idea! Ever since I was forced to take a job at this stupid school, I've been dying to get away from it!

**Silage:** Yeah. I thought you'd feel that way somehow.

**Allegro:** Although Wimp is right, of course. I WILL have to tell Bunkum you're here.

**Wimp:** Oh, crumbs!

**Allegro:** Unless...

**Silage:** Yeah? Unless what?

**Allegro:** Unless you agree to do me a favour in return. Well two favours actually.

**Silage:** All right then. Go on.

**Allegro:** First, before you blow up the school, give Mrs. Blister and I time to get away.

**Silage:** O.K...

**Allegro:** And the second... help me to strap myself into this. (*ALLEGRO points to the left hand table*).

**Silage:** Eh? What's it for?

**Allegro:** It's Boris Bunkum's new invention. I'm going to try it out.

**Silage:** O.K. But how do you know it works?

**Allegro:** Because Bunkum's already tried it! Listen, this is my big chance! When all this is over, my I.Q. will be a hundred times what it is now!

**Silage:** Blimey, it must be good.

**Allegro:** Less of the cheek, all right? Just remember: this is the chance of a lifetime, and no one's going to mess it up for me!

#### *MUSIC 9 - ALLEGRO'S SONG*

**Allegro:** *I want to be free! Now you can free me!  
'Cause it's a great trick,  
Just plug me in quick,  
And you will see what I can be!*

*I've tried for so long, my life's been so wrong:  
But now that I've seen  
My freedom machine,  
I'm singing this liberty song!*

*No, no more sad woes here at Saint Bozo's!  
I'm through being a teacher,  
I'll be a new creature,  
And one whose intelligence shows!  
I'll run like lightning with strength so fright'ning  
Yes, now I'm confronted  
With all that I've wanted,  
So let's pull the switch on this thing!*

*We're wasting time here! Now put it in gear!  
"Cause I love Miss Blister,  
So tune that transistor:  
Now what do you both have to fear?  
I want my freedom! Turn that machine on!  
I want to be clever  
And it's now or never,  
So, come! Pull that switch, then be gone!*

*(The song ends. ALLEGRO lies down on the left hand table).*

**Allegro:** Right, let's get on with it! Come on! Pull that switch!

**Silage:** Well, O.K... if that's what you want... *(SILAGE pulls a switch. Darkness. Peculiar scientific noises. The lights come up again. ALLEGRO gets up off the table).*

**Wimp:** Gosh, sir! Are you all right?

**Silage:** Yeah, come on, then! Does it work or not? *(ALLEGRO begins to squawk and bob around like a chicken. He goes off L. SILAGE and WIMP look astonished).*

**Wimp:** Oh, no! What's happened to him, Silage?

**Silage:** I'm not sure. But I think we'll be having eggs for breakfast.

**Wimp:** Oh, crumbs! This is terrible! What a fiendish invention!! What are we going to do?

**Silage:** What do you think? Carry out our plan, of course! We're going to blow up Saint Bozo's for good! And blow up this rotten machine at the same time!

**Wimp:** But, Silage, what happens if we get found out?

**Silage:** Never mind that! We've got to do it! We owe it to all our mates! No,

Wimp, we've got to destroy Saint Bozo's once and for all! (*Enter the HEADMASTER, followed by BUNKUM and the two BODYGUARDS*).

**Bunkum:** Not so fast, Silage!

**Silage:** Crikey! What are you lot doing here?

**Wimp:** Oh, no! It's the teachers! We've been copped!

**Silage:** Oh, shut up, Wimp. They never do anything, you know that. They're too stupid.

**Bunkum:** Yes, normally that would be true. But now, you see, we have the perfect punishment. My machine.

**Wimp:** Oh, please don't strap me into your machine! Please don't! I'll tell my mummy!

**Bunkum:** Oh, stop whining, Wimp. It's not you we want. It's Silage!

**Silage:** You what? No way!

**Headmaster:** I'm sorry, Silage. I'm afraid you're outnumbered.

**Bunkum:** Indeed you are, Silage. If you're ready, gentlemen... (*The two BODYGUARDS grab SILAGE and strap him down to the left hand table*).

**Silage:** Get off me! I don't want to be a chicken!

**Bunkum:** Goodness me. I had forgotten I'd left these chicken bones on the regenerator... (*He brushes the bones from the right hand table onto the floor with his hands*). Excellent! And now that Silage is strapped to that side... it is time to strap Wimp... to this side!

**Wimp:** But I thought you said you didn't need me?

**Bunkum:** Sorry, Wimp, I lied.

**Wimp:** This is really rotten, this is! You can't trust any of the teachers in this school! No wonder the pupils muck about all the time!

**Bunkum:** Quickly, gentlemen! Grab him! (*The two BODYGUARDS grab WIMP and strap him down to the right hand table*).

**Wimp:** Ow! Get off me! Leave me alone!

**Bunkum:** Now, gentlemen, I must warn you I have never tried it like this before. It may not work. It may simply destroy them both.

**Headmaster:** Then how will you produce the perfect schoolboy?

**Bunkum:** It may not be possible, headmaster. But you must remember, I am a scientist. Results do not concern me. I just do this sort of thing... to see what happens!

**Headmaster:** Oh well, never mind. It will be fun anyway.

**Bunkum:** Oh, yes. It will certainly be fun... Well, here goes... (*BUNKUM pulls the switch. The lights go down again*). Right! And while we are waiting, let us go to the store room to check on our other victims! (*Exit BUNKUM, the HEADMASTER, and the two BODYGUARDS L. A moment's pause. Enter LA GUILLOTINE R. in the darkness, drunk. He clutches a bottle of*

*cognac*).

**La Guillotine:** Mon Dieu! Who put out ze lights? (*He pulls the switch. The lights come up again*).

**La Guillotine:** (*sings*) 'Allons, enfants de la patrie, car la gloire est arrivé...' (*says*) Alors, I have put ze lights on, is it not? Ah! Mon Dieu! It is Monsieur le Wimp! He who was top in my French oral exam. with three per cent! Mais nom de Dieu! Who has tied you up like zis?

**Wimp:** Please, sir! It was Mr. Bunkum. He told them to! (*La GUILLOTINE unties WIMP*).

**La Guillotine:** Nonsense, mon ami! This one of your funny little jokes!

**Wimp:** (*getting up*) Oh, thank you, sir! Thank you! You've saved my life!

**La Guillotine:** (*seeing SILAGE*) Mais sacré bleu! Who is zis?

**Wimp:** It's Silage, sir. They got him too. I think the machine's made him fall asleep.

**La Guillotine:** A sleep? An excellent suggestion! Be off with you now, mon ami. It is time for me to... qu'est-ce que je veux dire?... take ze forty blinks! (*He lies on the left hand table*).

**Wimp:** But, sir... you don't understand...

**La Guillotine:** Silence, you fool! Can't you see zat I am trying to sleep? Do not throw a sing of ze eye like zat! Escape from me ze seat of your pants immediately!

**Wimp:** Yes, sir. Whatever you say, sir... (*Exit WIMP miserably L. The lights go down again*).

**La Guillotine:** (*in the darkness*) And now I must try to get a little sleep... (*A moment's silence. FX: a horrible scientific sort of noise, very loud. The lights go up again. SILAGE and LA GUILLOTINE lie still. Enter BUNKUM and the HEADMASTER. BUNKUM is pulling WIMP along by the ear*).

**Bunkum:** Now, once and for all, Wimp, you will do as I say! Get back on that table!

**Wimp:** Ow! Get off me! Leave me alone!

**Headmaster:** Never mind about him, Bunkum! Look! What's happening to your machine? (*SILAGE rises like a zombie from the table, and stands up*).

**Silage:** (*sings*) 'Allons, enfants de la patrie, car la gloire est arrivé...' (*He continues in nonsense French very loudly as he salutes and marches stiffly across the room. Exit R.*).

**Wimp:** Oh, no! Silage! What have you done to him? (*Meanwhile LA GUILLOTINE has risen from his table, and stands up. He looks at the others. Suddenly he begins to brandish his bottle of cognac wildly, and to swing it round his head. He shouts aggressively like a Cockney yobbo*).

**La Guillotine:** Right, you lot! Who wants stitchin' up? Oi, yew! What yew starin'

at? Come 'ere!

**Bunkum:** Gentlemen! In here! Quickly! Restrain him! *(The two BODYGUARDS enter, and, with the help of the HEADMASTER, manage to restrain LA GUILLOTINE, who continues to chant repeatedly).*

**La Guillotine:** Yew wot? Yew wot? Youwotyewwotyewwot?

**Bunkum:** Quickly! Take him away from here! *(Exit the two BODYGUARDS with LA GUILLOTINE).* And Wimp... go and find your friend Silage! Something has gone incredibly wrong with my experiment! *(WIMP runs off R.)* Meanwhile I must stay here and destroy the machine!

**Headmaster:** Yes. well, just make sure that you do, Bunkum! The results of your experiment have proved disastrous! *(Exit HEADMASTER L. BUNKUM is left alone).*

**Bunkum:** Ha! Destroy the machine indeed! I have no intention of destroying the machine! To think... a lifetime's work... almost ruined by those meddling kids! But no matter... after a few minor adjustments, I shall be ready to unleash my brilliant invention on an unsuspecting world! *(FX: an explosion offstage).* Good Lord! What was that? *(Enter the VERY IMPORTANT PERSON, totally dishevelled, and staggering about the room).*

**Very Important Person:** *(to the AUDIENCE)* Harrumph? Harrumph-harrumph-harrumph... *(The VERY IMPORTANT PERSON collapses and lies still).*

**Bunkum:** Curses! My robot school governor! It's completely ruined! *(He kneels down to examine it. Enter SCROGGS R.)*

**Scroggs:** Not so fast, Bunkum!

**Bunkum:** Scroggs! But how did you escape?

**Scroggs:** It was pretty simple, really. You see, when you locked me into those handcuffs, you left the key inside the lock! It only took me a few minutes to realise!

**Bunkum:** *(getting up)* So! The Reverend Findlay Scroggs! The only member of staff I could not trust! Well, you're too late, Scroggs! Nothing you can do can stop me now!

**Scroggs:** Come off it, Bunkum! The game's up! We know all about you... AND your evil scheme to transform beyond all recognition this unsuspecting prep. school in the heart of rural Surrey!

**Bunkum:** Yes! And like ALL my experiments, it will be a resounding success!

**Scroggs:** Oh, yes? And what about your robot school governor, lying here on the floor in ruins? As soon as he found out how much money you'd spent on your equipment, he completely short-circuited!

**Bunkum:** A minor mishap, Scroggs! Apart from the robot school governor, my record proves I am the greatest scientist who ever lived! *(Enter SILAGE. He marches round the room, saluting and singing, before going out again).*

(sings) 'Allons, enfants de la patrie, car la gloire est arrivé... (shouts) Vive la France! (Exit SILAGE).

**Bunkum:** As I was saying, I am the world's most brilliant scientist, and... (Enter LA GUILLOTINE. He brandishes his cognac bottle and sings a football chant).

**La Guillotine:** 'Ere we go , 'ere we go, 'ere we go. 'ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go... (Exit LA GUILLOTINE).

**Bunkum:** As I was saying, before we were so rudely interrupted... (Enter ALLEGRO. He still thinks he is a chicken).

**Allegro:** (Chicken noises. As ALLEGRO leaves, he lays an egg. Exit. BUNKUM picks up the egg and examines it glumly).

**Bunkum:** You see, Mr. Scroggs, I am the world's greatest scientist, and... (Enter the COOK, brandishing a kitchen knife as before).

**Cook:** My sausages! Where are they? I've been up in a tree all day, and I still haven't found my sausages!

**Bunkum:** Look, will you...

**Cook:** (totally demented) Sausages! Sausages! Sausages! Who's got the sausages? Sausages! Sausages! Who's got the sausages?

**Bunkum:** I think I've had enough of this. (BUNKUM pulls out the gun and shoots COOK, who falls dead).

**Scroggs:** Good Lord! You killed him! In cold blood!

**Bunkum:** No, Scroggs. Just another defective model, I'm afraid...

**Scroggs:** Look, Bunkum, why don't you just admit it? Most of your inventions are useless. Why don't you give yourself up before it's too late?

**Bunkum:** Never! Not while I still have my trump card to play! (BUNKUM produces a control panel from his pocket. He presses a button). All right, my dear. You can come in now. (Enter FELICITY. She walks like a zombie, and is obviously completely in BUNKUM'S power).

**Scroggs:** (horrificed) Felicity!

**Bunkum:** Ah! I see you still recognise her. Alas, she is no longer the Felicity you know and love.

**Scrogga:** You fiend! What have you done to her?

**Bunkum:** Just a simple small device in the back of the neck... which, with the aid of this control panel, allows me to take over all the signals going to and from her brain...

**Scroggs:** You scoundrel!

**Bunkum:** ...and if you try anything stupid, Scroggs, I have only to turn the control panel off... and she will die!

**Scroggs:** So. This is it, then. I suppose you plan to kill me.

**Bunkum:** In a few moments, yes...

**Scroggs:** You bounder! I'll get you for this! (*BUNKUM presses a button on the control panel*).

**Bunkum:** I think not, my friend... Sit down, Felicity, there's a dear... (*FELICITY obeys and sits down mechanically*). You see, Scroggs? There is absolutely nothing you can do!

*MUSIC 10 - BUNKUM AND SCROGGS*

**Bunkum:** *You're inquisitive, quite prohibitive  
Since you visited  
Things have seemed quite sour.  
One facility, imbecility,  
Makes it clear to me  
You are in my power.*

**Scroggs:** *It's not silliness makes me powerless:  
I could not care less  
What you do to me.  
But I'll play my hand: I'll not stay my hand  
If you lay a hand  
On Felicity.*

**Bunkum:** *Such fidelities leave me ill at ease:  
Mere civilities  
Really should suffice.  
But no matter: no more chatter.  
I've got at her  
With this small device.*

**Scroggs:** *You're a bounder! Now I've found her  
I'll surround her.  
I can never fail.  
You're mistaken: you'll awaken  
When you're taken  
To the nearest jail!*

**Bunkum:** *You're too late, it seems: you can't spoil my dreams.  
I've a lot more schemes  
In my little head.*

*Now you've no more friends, cops or reverends -  
This is where it ends.  
You will soon be dead!*

**Bunkum:** So, Scroggs! You are still in my power! Yes, and I intend to dispose of you very shortly! But first... I would like to know how you found me out... Tell me, when did you first begin to have your suspicions?

**Scroggs:** We've known for some time now that you were a direct descendant of Baron von Frankenstein. But never for one moment did we think you might repeat his horrific experiments on human beings!

**Bunkum:** Baron von Frankenstein was a genius!

**Scroggs:** He was a madman, Bunkum... and so are you!

**Bunkum:** I defy you to prove it!

**Scroggs:** Very well. First, the entire staff of Saint Bozo's preparatory school disappear without trace. All except you. Then a new headmaster is appointed. On your recommendation. He in turn appoints new staff, and the school is - apparently - back to normal...

**Bunkum:** You interfering busybody! You nearly ruined an entire lifetime's work!

**Scroggs:** Oh, you're a very clever man. There's no denying that. The governors never suspected that the new headmaster and his staff were actually your own fiendish creations... horrific monsters cobbled together from the bones of dead teachers!

**Bunkum:** No one suspected anything. Except for you. And I never even guessed your true identity. What a fool I've been! What a blind and crazy fool!

**Scroggs:** But why, Boris? Why conduct all these terrible experiments? And why fill the staff room with zombies?

**Bunkum:** Isn't it obvious? I wanted to control the children. It was all part of my quest for the perfect schoolboy. And I wanted power. Power over my colleagues at staff meetings. So I made the sort of teacher I thought each subject required.

**Scroggs:** You made two big mistakes, Boris. First, as soon as the children saw the teachers behaving badly, they naturally did the same. You should know as well as I do, Boris - teachers have to be very careful how they behave. They have to set their pupils a good example.

**Bunkum:** Is that so? Then what was my second mistake?

**Scroggs:** Isn't it obvious? Your teachers were all stereotypes - the sort of teachers you only ever find in comics and story books! Real teachers don't behave like that! They're just human beings like the rest of us. They have feelings, emotions... and funnily enough, they're often really quite ordinary. They're too busy doing their job to bother about being eccentric.

**Bunkum:** I see. Well, thank you for your explanation, Mr. Scroggs. I shan't make the same mistakes next time.

**Scroggs:** There is no next time! The game's up, Bunkum!

**Bunkum:** That's something you'll never know... (*BUNKUM points his gun at SCROGGS*). By the time I've finished with you, you won't know anything. You'll just be a mindless zombie, like the rest of them... (*He pauses. He has heard something offstage*). Just a moment! What's all that noise?

**Scroggs:** I don't know. But it's heading this way. (*The HEADMASTER, SEMPRONIA, BRAIN, CEDRIC, MATRON, the ART TEACHER erupt onto the stage*).

**Headmaster:** Not so fast, Bunkum! We'd like a word with you!

**All Staff:** Yes! (*Noises of approval, etc*).

*MUSIC 11 - ZOMBIES! (Reprise)*  
(*sung in a slower, more ominous tempo*)

**Headmaster:** *Oh, you wicked, nasty man,  
We will get you if we can!  
From some spare parts in a jar,  
You have made us what we are!*

*I was answering the 'phone  
When I lost my funny bone  
Then I gave a little cough  
And some vital bits fell off...*

*Now though we are doomed to die,  
We'll get even by and by  
Before all our agony ceases.  
You have lost all control  
Of your zombie patrol:  
We're going to pull you to pieces!*

**Staff:** *Zombies! It's the least that we can do.  
Zombies! For you've stuck us up with glue,  
And filled every femur  
With blood from a lemur  
And turned our intestines to stew!*

*Zombies! We've one thought inside our head:  
Zombies! To that werewolf you'll be fed.  
Before very long, he  
Will just be a zombie...  
Now, Bunkum, prepare to be dead!*

**Bunkum:** No, wait! Gentlemen! Ladies! I can explain!

**Headmaster:** It's too late for that, Bunkum!

**Art Teacher:** Yeah! Making us think we're real when we're only made from bits and pieces!

**Sempronia:** And what have you done to poor Austin?

**Matron:** Yes, you naughty man! Come here and have your injection!

**Music Teacher:** I'll make you listen to M.C. Hammer for a whole week!

**History Teacher:** You might at least have given me some clean cobwebs!

**Cedric:** Yeah, and who did my brain belong to, man? It don't... it don't... it don't work properly!

**Brain:** Yes, come with us, Bunkum! We're going to make you terminally illogical!

**Bunkum:** Oh, no, you don't! Where are my two faithful servants? In here gentlemen! Protect me! (*Enter the two BODYGUARDS*). These are my two faithful bodyguards, Harrow and Winchester... Attend to these puny creatures, gentlemen!

**1st Bodyguard:** O.K. boss.

**Headmaster:** No, wait. Don't you realise? You are also Bunkum's creations! Like us, you are hybrid creatures, drawn from the depths of Bunkum's evil imagination!

**Music Teacher:** Yeah, babe, like, you guys are freaks. You ain't cool. You ain't human!

**2nd Bodyguard:** Do they mean us?

**1st Bodyguard:** They surely do!

**2nd Bodyguard:** Right, guys... let's get 'im! (*With a rousing cheer, they all pounce on BUNKUM, who is dragged out, screaming. The HEADMASTER and SCROGGS stand watching*).

**Bunkum:** No! You can't do this to me! I made you what you are! You can't do it! Aagh...!

**Headmaster:** Goodbye, Bunkum... for ever! (*Exeunt loudly. The HEADMASTER is left alone on stage with SCROGGS and FELICITY, who continues to sit motionless*).

**Scroggs:** Good heavens, Frank! What will they do to him?

**Headmaster:** Something too horrible for words, Findlay. I'm afraid we shall never see Boris Bunkum again. Not in one piece anyway... But tell me, when did

you first suspect the staff of being Frankenstein monsters?

**Scroggs:** Well, I suppose what clinched it was watching Austin Allegro having a few practice jumps on the hurdles. Halfway down the track, his foot got stuck up his nose and his head fell off..

**Headmaster:** Ah, indeed. An occupational hazard... *(He notices FELICITY).*  
Goodness gracious! Is that my secretary?

**Scroggs:** I'm afraid so, yes.

**Headmaster:** Well, what's she doing sitting here? There's masses of typing to be done!

**Scroggs:** She came under Bunkum's spell, Frank. I'm not sure she'll ever be herself again... *(SCROGGS looks at FELICITY closely. Suddenly her expressionless face comes to life).*

**Felicity:** Of course I will, you twit.

**Scroggs:** Felicity! Are you all right?

**Felicity:** Of course I'm all right, Findlay. I was just pretending.

**Scroggs:** But what about the control panel? Weren't you hypnotised?

**Felicity:** No. It's a load of rubbish. All Bunkum's inventions are a load of rubbish... Oh sorry, headmaster. I didn't mean to offend you... *(The HEADMASTER frowns but says nothing).*

**Scroggs:** But what about this fiendish machine? It turned Allegro into a chicken!

**Felicity:** Don't worry. The effects are only temporary. He also tried to turn Miss Beverage into a vampire bat, but she flew out of the window before he'd finished.

**Scroggs:** Oh, Felicity! What a relief you're all right!

**Felicity:** You too, Findlay! You're so clever! So resourceful! So brave! So... so thoroughly British! *(They both smile. The HEADMASTER looks grim).*

**Headmaster:** Well, Findlay, now that you've found us out, I suppose we'll be looked upon as a danger to the public. You'll have to have us rounded up... and destroyed.

**Scroggs:** Well, Frank... technically you ARE all teachers... and we do have prize day coming up... and exams... and reports... parents' evenings... games fixtures... Actually there's so much to do in so short a time, I think we might just as well let you all stay...

**Headmaster:** Gosh! Do you really mean that?

**Scroggs:** Yes, as long as you get your heads together... if you see what I mean...

**Headmaster:** I say, that's terrific! Thank you, Findlay! I'd better go and tell the others! *(Exit the HEADMASTER R. Enter MRS. SHAVINGS L.).*

**Mrs. Shavings:** I say, look here! Are you a member of staff?

**Scroggs:** Yes, madam, I am.

**Mrs. Shavings:** Then I intend to raise this entire affair with the headmaster!  
Where is he?

**Scroggs:** Er... I think he went that way...

**Mrs. Shavings:** And if Shavings gets himself locked in the science lab. again, I  
want him soundly thrashed! Is that understood?

**Scroggs:** Oh, yes. That's perfectly clear.

**Mrs. Shavings:** Really! Our system of education gets worse every day... (*Exit  
MRS. SHAVINGS R.*)

**Scroggs:** Crumbs. I don't envy the headmaster having to deal with her.

**Felicity:** Oh, I don't know. They should get along very well.

**Scroggs:** Why do you say that?

**Felicity:** Well, for one thing, they're both completely mad. (*Enter the PUPILS,  
except SILAGE, WIMP and SCALPEL.*)

**Sniffle:** Crikey, Miss Felicity, what's been going on?

**Felicity:** Mr. Scroggs here has rescued you all from your mad science master. You  
see, he's actually a private investigator.

**Sniffle:** Gosh! Thank you, sir! But how did you find out what was going on?

**Scroggs:** That's easy. I have a very reliable nephew. And like all good children at  
boarding school, he writes a letter home every weekend...

**Felicity:** Your nephew? But who is he?

**Johnny Strong:** O.K., guys. Guess it's time I came clean...

**Tabatha:** Gosh! So it's you, Johnny! And your uncle's a private detective! Gosh!  
How exciting!

**Johnny Strong:** That's right. My uncle Findlay's the greatest. No one's as cool as  
he is. 'Cept me maybe.

**Tinkerbelle:** Oh, Johnny! You saved all our lives! You're so clever! So brave! So  
resourceful! So... so thoroughly British!

**Scroggs:** Yes, he is rather, isn't he? I suppose it must run in the family...

**Felicity:** Well, children, it looks like everything is finally back to normal. And  
now Saint Bozo's can start being a real school again! (*Cheers and general  
noises of approval.*)

#### *MUSIC 12 - BETTER TIMES*

**All:** *We're on our way, on our way to better times:  
Look to the future and you will see the signs.  
We are a team, and together we must strive:  
Then we will all feel so glad to be alive.*

*But if we want to survive when times are tough,  
Teamwork alone surely will not be enough.  
Pupil and teacher must travel side by side,  
Willing to share, and to be each other's guide.*

*Then when it's done, and it's time for you to leave,  
You will have learned when to doubt, when to believe.  
But all the skills, all the knowledge we impart  
Come with a love that will warm the coldest heart.*

*What is a school if it can't provide a place  
For every mind, every feeling, every face?  
You may be sorry to go, you may be glad  
But you'll remember the love you've always had.*

*(Enter WIMP and SILAGE, dragging SCALPEL along with them).*

**Wimp:** Look who WE found hiding in the toilets!

**Sniffle:** Scalpel!

**Scroggs:** Ah, yes... Now look here, Scalpel... you know what happened to your uncle, don't you?

**Scalpel:** Yes, sir.

**Scroggs:** So from now on you have to promise to be really good.

**Johnny Strong:** Yeah. No more cheek, O.K.?

**Scalpel:** Yes. All right. I promise.

**Scroggs:** And I take it you're back to normal now, Silage?

**Silage:** Yeah, no problem, sir. So's Mr. Allegro and Monsieur La Guillotine. That machine of Bunkum's must've really been rubbish!

**Scroggs:** You're a pair of silly young fools, you and Wimp. You nearly ruined everything by trying to blow up the school!

**Silage:** Yes, sir, Sorry, sir.

**Scroggs:** All right. I forgive you. But in future, just remember... the teachers always know best.

**Wimp:** Yes, sir...

**Scroggs:** Right. Now off you go, boys and girls. Miss Felicity and I would like to be alone.

**Wimp:** Alone? What for, sir?

**Scroggs:** That's none of your business, Wimp. And anyway, it's not on the syllabus.

**All:** Aw, sir!

**Scroggs:** Go on. Off you go. Oh, and Johnny...

**Johnny Strong:** Yes, uncle Findlay?

**Scroggs:** You'd better pop down to the woods in the morning and tell Wally the werewolf to see Matron. He's got an appointment with the orthodontist.

**Johnny Strong:** O.K. No problem.

**Scalpel:** And I'M going to turn over a new leaf. Starting right now... Shavings, I want you to be my best friend!

**Shavings:** (*dissolves into tears again*).

**Scalpel:** I don't know! There's no pleasing some people!

**Silage:** Come on, you lot! Let's go! We'll be late for sevenses! (*Exit the PUPILS hurriedly*).

**Scroggs:** So, Felicity... alone at last!

**Felicity:** Yes... But listen, I'm still a bit worried. Are you sure it's a good idea to let a bunch of Frankenstein monsters run a prep. school in the heart of rural Surrey?

**Scroggs:** We've no choice, Felicity. Teachers are very expensive to replace. Saint Bozo's will have to make do with the teachers it's already got.

**Felicity:** Oh well... I suppose you're right... and now that's all sorted out, I suppose our little adventure is almost over...

**Scroggs:** THIS adventure is over, Felicity... but for you and I, the REAL adventure is only just beginning!

**Felicity:** Oh, Findlay! (*Enter SEMPRONIA BLISTER*).

**Sempronia:** Not so fast, Findlay darling! You and I must get to know each other a little better!

**Scroggs:** Sempronia! Good grief! But I thought you weren't supposed to be out after dark?

**Sempronia:** That's right, darling... and you're about to find out why! (*She approaches SCROGGS menacingly*).

**Scroggs:** No! Help! Get off me! Aagh! (*SCROGGS runs off R., chased by SEMPRONIA. FELICITY is left alone*).

**Felicity:** (*nervously*) Oh, well... I suppose he'll be all right... I suppose he'll just do a bit of judo on her if she gives him any trouble... And anyway... as Findlay says... these monsters are all perfectly harmless... There's really nothing to be frightened of at all... (*A sudden blackout. FX: the HEADMASTER, much amplified, is heard laughing insanely. FELICITY screams. Silence. A pause. The lights come on. FELICITY has gone. MISS BEVERAGE stands centre stage*).

**Miss Beverage:** This time I'm definitely going to Bournemouth. (*Exit MISS BEVERAGE slowly R. The lights fade*).

THE END