

DELAMORE (*sings*). I THINK I WILL GO TO T' BOG
NOW.

SMOKER 1 (*sings*). A VERY GOOD IDEA, DELA – MORE
– MORE – MORE!

DELAMORE (*sings*). ARE YOU COMING W-I-T-H ME-E-E-E?

SMOKER 1 (*sings*). NO-O I DO NOT THINK SO. NO NO
NO!

DELAMORE (*sings*). WHY NO-OT? WHY NO-OT?

SMOKER 1. Because Gryce Pudding is coming.

MR GRYCE *approaches to investigate the noise.*

MR GRYCE. What's going on here?

DELAMORE. Nowt, sir.

SMOKER 2. What, sir?

MR GRYCE. 'What, sir?' Singing, laughing, making a
mockery in the corridor. What were you laughing at, boy?

DELAMORE. Nothing, sir.

MR GRYCE. Nothing? Nothing? They lock people up for
laughing at nothing.

MESSENGER. Please, sir.

MR GRYCE. Don't interrupt boy, when I'm speaking.

Look at you. You've got the world on a plate. You know it
all, you young people, don't you? With your gear and your
music. Nobody can tell you anything, can they? But it's
only superficial. Just a sheen with nothing worthwhile or
solid underneath. There's something happening today that's
frightening, that makes me feel that it's all been a waste of
time.

MESSENGER. Please, sir.

MR GRYCE. Don't interrupt, boy. I won't tell you again. A
waste of time. Like it's a waste of time me standing here
talking to you boys, because you won't take a blind bit of
notice of what I'm saying. I know what you're thinking
now. You're thinking why doesn't he just get on with it

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instead of standing there babbling on. That's what you're thinking isn't it? Isn't it MacDowall?

MACDOWALL. No, sir.

MR GRyce. Oh, yes it is. I can see it in your eyes lad, they're glazed over. You're not interested. Now, in the old days we bred people with respect. We knew where we stood in those days. Even today a man will stop me in the street and say 'Hello, Mr Gryce, remember me?' And we'll pass the time of day and chat, and he'll laugh about the thrashings I gave him. But what do I get from you lot? A honk from a greasy pimply faced youth behind the wheel of some big second-hand car. Or an obscene remark from a gang *after* they've passed me.

And do you know how I know all this?

MR GRyce *reveals his cane.*

Because I still have to use this every day. It's fantastic isn't it, that in this day and age, in this super-scientific, all-things-bright-and-beautiful age, that the only way of running this school efficiently is by the rule of the cane. But why? There should be no need of it now.

So, for want of a better solution I continue to use this, knowing full well that you'll be back time after time and time and time again for some more. Knowing that when you smokers leave this room wringing your hands, you'll carry on smoking just the same. Yes, you can smirk, lad. I'll bet your pockets are loaded up at this very moment in readiness for break, aren't they? Aren't they? Well just empty them. Come on all of you. Empty your pockets!

The SMOKERS, BILLY and MACDOWALL begin to empty their pockets.

MESSSENGER. Please, sir.

MR GRyce. You again? Quiet lad and get your pockets emptied.

He moves along the line of boys inspecting the contents of their pockets.

This can't be true, I don't believe it. Keep your hands out.

He goes along the line again frisking their clothing. He knows the tricks and finally comes to the young MESSENGER. MR GRyce searches his pockets.

Aah!

MESSENGER. Please, sir.

MR GRyce *empties the MESSENGER's pockets.*

MR GRyce. A regular little cigarette-factory aren't you?

MESSENGER. Please, sir.

MR GRyce. You didn't think you could get away with a weak trick like that did you? (*To the others.*) Now get that other junk into your pockets and all of you get your hands out.

They step forward one by one and are caned on each hand. Finally the MESSENGER is caned. We focus on him whilst we set up . . .

Scene 4

English Class, 10.00 am

PUPILS *enter, forming the classroom with desks and chairs around the SMOKERS, BILLY and MACDOWALL.*

MR FARTHING *is taking the class for English. On the blackboard is written Fact and Fiction.*

MR FARTHING. Right 4C: Fiction. Whitbread, look up 'fiction' in your dictionary.

WHITBREAD (*reading*). *Fiction: invented statement or narrative, novels, stories, collectiv, collectiv-ly, collectively, con . . . con . . . Blimey.*

MR FARTHING. Go on, have a go.

WHITBREAD. *Con . . . vent, con . . . vent . . . ion . . . ally, I know, conventionally accepted falsehood. Fic-ti-tious: not genuine, imaginary, assumed.*

MR FARTHING (*taking the dictionary and reading*). *Invented statement or narrative, novels, stories, collectively*

*conventic
imaginar*

PUPILS. Fi

MR FARTH
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PUPILS. Fi

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MR FARTH

PUPIL 4.

PUPILS.

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PUPIL 5.

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