

Teechers

Written by **John Godber**

Act 1

*A comprehensive school hall. A wooden stage. There are two double desks upstage. Upstage right is an old locker with a school broom leaning against it. Downstage centre is a chair; left and right two single desks and chairs angled downstage, and three bags. A satchel, plastic bags and sports bags are near the chairs and desks. They belong to **Salty**, **Gail** and **Hobby** respectively. Some music plays and **Salty**, **Gail** and **Hobby** enter, recline on the chairs and desks and look at the audience for a moment before speaking.*

Salty No more school for us so you can knackers!

Gail Salty, you nutter?

Salty What?

Gail Swearing.

Hobby Shurruup.

Salty So what?

Hobby You daft gett.

Salty It's true.

Gail Just get on with it.

Salty Nobody can do us.

Hobby We've not left yet.

Salty Knackers.

Gail Oh God he's craacked.

Hobby Shurrrup.

Salty I've always wanted to be on this stage. I've always wanted to come up here and say 'knackers'. I bet you all have. Whenever I see Mrs Hudson come up on this stage to talk about litter or being a good samaritan or corn dollies or sit down first year stand up second year I think about that word. 'Cos really Mrs Hudson would like to come up here and say 'knackers school'. She would.

Gail Are we doing this play or what?

Salty It's like when she gets you in her office, all neat and smelling of perfume and she says, 'You don't come to school to fool around, Ian, to waste your time. We treat you like young adults and we expect you to behave accordingly. I don't think that writing on a wall is a mature thing to do.'

Hobby That's good that, Salty, just like her.

Salty Yeh, but really she wants to say, 'Hey, Salty, pack all this graffiti in, it's getting on my knackers.'

Gail Are we starting?

Salty Anyway why am I bothered. No more school, no more stick, no more teachers thinking that you're thick ...

Gail No more of Miss Jubbs shouting like you're deaf as a post, 'Gail Saunders how dare you belch in front of me.' Sorry, miss, didn't know it was your turn ...

Hobby Brilliant ...

Salty Hey, no more full school assemblies sat on the cold floor of the sports hall freezing your knackers off ...

Hobby No more cross-country running, and cold showers and towels that don't dry you.

Gail Oh and no more scenes in changing rooms where you daren't get changed because you wear a vest and everyone has got a bra ...

Hobby No more Mr Thorn sending letters home about how I missed games and was seen eating a kebab in the Golden Spoon.

Gail No more sweaty geog teachers with Brylcreem hush puppies.

Salty No more trendy art teachers, who say 'Hiya' and 'Call me Gordon' ...

Hobby We haven't had an art teacher called Gordon.

Salty I know.

Gail No more having to run the fifteen hundred metres with a heart condition.

Salty No more.

Hobby 'Cos today we're off. Twagging it for ever.

Gail Let's start Salty.

Salty Hang on, before we do start, we all want to thank Mr Harrison, our new drama teacher. Before he came to this school, last September, us three didn't do sod all, not a thing. He got us into this, he's a good bloke. You are, sir. I know that he's been offered a job at a better school ... Well good luck to him ... Before Mr Harrison came here, the teachers had given us up for dead ... We were average.

Hobby Lillian is average, she opens her book well, and likes a warm room.

Gail Gail is stagnant to inert, and fights when cornered. Average.

Salty I don't feel average today, I feel top of the class ... thanks to sir.

Hobby I never thought I'd be doing this, I hated drama, only took it for a doss about ...

Salty Right, don't forget to keep in character, and Hobby, always face the front.

Hobby I will do.

Gail And speak up.

Hobby I will do.

Salty A lot of the stuff in the play was told to us by Mr Harrison ...

Gail And even though you might not believe it, everything what happens in the play is based on truth.

Hobby But the names and the faces have been changed.

Salty To protect the innocent.

Gail We're going to take you to Whitewall High School. It's a comprehensive school somewhere in England ... And they're expecting a new teacher to arrive.

Hobby There's fifteen hundred kids at Whitewall and it's a Special Priority Area which means that it's got its fair share of problems ...

Salty All we want you to do is use your imagination because there's only three of us, and we all have to play different characters ...

Hobby And narrators ...

Salty And narrators.

Hobby So you'll have to concentrate ...

Salty Oh yeh, you'll have to concentrate ...

Gail Title ...

Salty Oh shit, yeh ... And it's called *Teechers*.

A sudden burst of music. They become teachers with briefcases and files, walking about a number of corridors. The lights become brighter.

Salty Morning.

Gail Morning.

Hobby Morning.

Salty Morning.

Hobby Morning.

Gail Morning.

Parry Stop running Simon Patterson.

Teacher A Morning, Ted.

Parry Morning, Roy.

Teacher B Morning, Mr Basford.

All Morning, Mrs Parry ...

Parry Good morning ...

Whitham You are chewing, girl, spit it out. Not into her hair, into a bin ...

Teacher B I don't call that a straight line, do you, Claire Dickinson? No?
Neither do I.

Parry I know that was the bell, Simon Patterson. The bell is a signal for me
to move and not for anyone else.

Music.

Nixon I'm Jeff Nixon the new drama teacher. I'm looking for Mrs Parry's
office.

Hobby Up the steps in the nice part of the school, first left.

Salty *exits.*