

St Trinian's

A Play with Songs

By David Barrett

Script

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ACT 1 SCENE 1 The Upper Third Dormitory

THERE IS ONE ENTRANCE/EXIT FROM THE DORM TO THE CORRIDOR AND ONE LONG WINDOW, DIVIDED INTO SEVERAL SASHES OF THE OLD-FASHIONED TYPE, PAINTED WHITE. ALONG THE UPSTAGE WALL IS A ROW OF BEDS WITH IRON FRAMES AND BEDSTEADS. BESIDE EACH ONE IS A SMALL CUPBOARD, EACH WITH PHOTOS OF SIBLINGS AND PARENTS ON THE TOP. ON EACH BED IS ONE STUFFED TOY. AT ONE END IS A FIREPLACE, STANDING NEXT TO WHICH IS A VERY OLD-LOOKING GRECIAN-STYLE VASE.

SONG 1 ST TRINIAN'S

Chorus:

Saint Trinian's, Saint Trinian's your buildings stand so bold,
Saint Trinian's, Saint Trinian's your story must be told.
Saint Trinian's, Saint Trinian's you weave a powerful spell,
For stranger far than fiction is the truth these walls could tell.

Our bathroom was a dairy and our dormitory a gunnery,
The pantry was a hospital, the refectory a nunnery.
Established by Dominicans then blown up by the Puritans,
Ransacked by the Cavaliers who walked off with the chandeliers.

The priest holes in the chimney and the trapdoors in the captain's chest,
And hidden doors and secret drawers and tunnels leading under floors.
Now doorways in the panelling and bricked up chambers were the thing,
Tapestries with secret flaps concealing ancient treasure maps.

Then came along the great war and secondment to the flying corps,
The lawn was flattened in a day and turned into a runaway.
The kitchen garden saw a change when it became a firing range,
Radishes and greens and beans quite soon were shot to smithereens.

The final chapter plays out as the hordes of females shriek and shout,
Exploring every stair and tower, teasing secrets from its bowels.
The building shudders in defeat, when pounded by a hundred feet,
Assaulted by these brats hostile, it may not pass this final trial.

ENTER MATRON, CLAPPING HER HANDS IN AN ATTEMPT TO RESTORE
ORDER. GIRLS STAND IN SILENCE BY THEIR BEDS AND FACE HER.

MATRON: Now, now, girls, there is far too much frivolity in
this dormitory. You are supposed to be tidying your areas are
you not?

TRIXIE: Please Miss, what's fivrolity?

GIRLS SNIGGER.

MATRON: Frivolity, my dear Trixie, is what is being exhibited by your dorm-mates as I speak, and it is most unseemly for young ladies of your class.

TRIXIE: Please Miss, what's exhibitibed?

MORE SNIGGERS FROM THE GIRLS.

MATRON: To exhibit, my dear Trixie is to show or display publicly. And this public display of ill manners is quite intolerable.

TRIXIE: Please Miss, what's.....

MATRON: Trixie! I have not come here to give you an English lesson. That is the privilege of Miss Sprout, the English mistress.

ELLA: Brussel Sprout!

MATRON: Enough! I shall return in ten minutes - and if this dormitory is not scrupulously tidy - there will be no supper.

SILENCE ENSUES. DAISY PUTS HER HAND OVER TRIXIE'S MOUTH, WHO IS ABOUT TO ASK FOR A DEFINITION OF SCRUPULOUSLY.

MATRON: Do you understand?

GIRLS: Yes, Miss Nutthall!

EXIT MATRON, STRUTTING WITH HER NOSE IN THE AIR. THE GIRLS IMMEDIATELY SLOUCH AND LOUNGE AROUND, SIGHING AND TUTTING.

TRIXIE: What's scrupulously?

ELLA: Oh, do be quiet, Trixie. It's one thing being ignorant but quite another to advertise it.

TRIXIE POUTS AND SITS DOWN HEAVILY WITH HER BACK TO THE OTHERS.

DAISY: Go easy on her. She is new here and you know what it's like to be a new girl. It's not easy.

MOLLIE: Don't be so soft, Daisy. We were all new once and we survived.

DAISY: It's alright for you, Mollie. You've always been the tallest. No-one would dare pick on you.

MOLLIE: Physical height alone does not make great leaders. Look at Napoleon. He was five feet nothing in his socks.

ELLA: When did you ever see Napoleon in his socks?

MOLLIE: And did you know that Joan of Arc was only four feet eleven.

ELLA: No wonder she always had her photograph taken sitting on her horse.

DAISY: Don't be daft, Ella, they didn't have cameras in Noah's day.

MOLLIE: Saint Francis of Assisi was five feet one inch.

ELLA: He only had his photograph taken with animals.

DAISY: How tall are you anyway, Trixie?

TRIXIE: Four feet six - but I'm still growing. One day I'll overtake you all - you'll see.

LILY: Mollie, what about the cookery lesson? You said you had a great idea. Please tell us about it, do.

GIRLS GATHER AROUND MOLLIE.

MOLLIE: Well, Lily, it's a sort of scientific experiment, you see. It's to do with states of matter: solid liquid, gas, that sort of thing.

LILY: Give us another clue, Mollie.

MOLLIE: Miss Broome let it slip that we would be making meringues this week.

MAISIE: Sounds like a recipe for disaster!

THE GIRLS HUSH MAISIE.

MOLLIE: What's the main ingredient of meringues?

LILY: Sugar?

MOLLIE: No, Lily, eggs.

ELLA: She's never going to let us crack eggs again after what happened last time.

MOLLIE: Apparently, she is. And when she demonstrates the method, she will get such a surprise.

ELLA: What are we going to do, Mollie? Blow the eggs?

MOLLIE: Mollie, she's not daft - she'll realise they're too light. No, we shall hard boil them.

REACTION FROM GIRLS, LAUGHTER AND CHEERS.

MOLLIE: But not the ones we shall use ourselves. I have better plans for those.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND THE BULLY KATE ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY HER SIDE-KICK, CLARISSA. THE LAUGHTER EVAPORATES AND THE GIRLS FREEZE IN ALARM. EVEN MOLLIE APPEARS AFRAID.

KATE: Oh look, Clarissa, the babies are having a little meeting. Can we join in?

MAISIE: Certainly not, go back to your own dorm.

REALISING THE FOLLY OF SPEAKING OUT, MAISIE RUNS ROUND AND HIDES BEING MOLLIE FOR PROTECTION.

KATE: (In a sweet and menacing tone) But this is our dorm, Maisie. You see, as Lower Fifth we own the school. Do you understand? We can go where we wish, do what we wish, (*pulling Trixie's hair*) treat anyone how we wish.

TRIXIE: We can tell Miss Broome of you. She's head of Upper Third. She told us we could go to her with our problems.

THE OTHER GIRLS PUT THEIR HEADS IN THEIR HANDS IN UTTER RESIGNATION AT TRIXIE'S OUTBURST.

KATE: Your problems are just beginning, you sniveling little creature. Clarissa, note this brat's name. She will pay extra tax.

CLARISSA: Name?

TRIXIE: You know my name. Why do you pretend you don't?

CLARISSA: Now look here, if Kate says note your name, I shall note your name. Do you understand?

MOLLIE: Do everything she says do you? Don't you have a mind of your own?

CLARISSA: Shut up, Mollie! Stay out of this. *(Turning to Trixie, who is now crying)* I said, I wanted your name, you snotty-nosed brat.

DAISY: Trixie is her name and you know it. Trixie Pilkington-Witherspoon.

KATE: *(Grabbing Trixie by the ear and making her stand)* I want to hear it from her.

DAISY: Go on Trixie, say it, please!

KATE TWISTS TRIXIE'S EAR AND SHE CRIES OUT IN PAIN.

TRIXIE: Trixie... *(she sobs)*

KATE: *(Shouts)* Trixie who?

TRIXIE: *(Whispering)* Pilkington-Witherspoon...

KATE: I can't hear you, Trixie.

TRIXIE: *(Shouts)* Pilkington-Witherspoon.

KATE THROWS HER TO THE FLOOR AND SHE SINKS TO HER KNEES, WEEPING.

KATE: Now we have noted that you will pay double tax.

DAISY: Don't be harsh on her, Kate. She is a new girl.

KATE: Do you want to pay extra taxes as well?

DAISY: No!

KATE: Then shut up! Now, I almost forgot the reason for my - courtesy visit! Clarissa, remind them.

KATE STEPS TO ONE SIDE AND FOLDS HER ARMS, SMIRKING.

CLARISSA: Each girl in the Upper Third shall give half of their weekly tuck ration to Kate, as their dormitory prefect. Any girl who refuses to comply shall pay the forfeit of an ounce of hair. The hair shall be presented in a formal ceremony and shall be torn out by the roots - not severed.

TRIXIE: (*Whispered*) What does severed mean?

THE GIRLS BEG TRIXIE TO HUSH.

KATE: Come Clarissa, we have other dorms to visit. We don't have time to make polite conversation with these slimy toads.

TRIXIE GETS UP AND IS ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN DAISY CLAMPS HER HAND OVER HER MOUTH AND PULLS HER DOWN.

CLARISSA: Don't forget! You've been warned!

KATE AND CLARISSA MAKE A SWEEPING EXIT. SILENCE ENSUES, EVENTUALLY BROKEN BY TRIXIE.

TRIXIE: I can't believe you put up with this stuff. Why don't you stand up to her?

MOLLIE: This is what happens if we do.

MOLLIE PARTS HER HAIR TO SHOW TRIXIE A MISSING CLUMP.

TRIXIE: My God! But Mollie, why don't you tell one of the mistresses?

DAISY: They won't get involved in boarding discipline. Kate is our dorm prefect and we have to do what she says.

TRIXIE: But this is not discipline - it's bullying.

DAISY: It's part of the fagging system, Trixie. It happens in all boarding schools. Younger girls do chores for the older ones.

ELLA: Father says it's character building but I think it creates a hierarchy of bullies and victims.

TRIXIE: What's a hierarchy?

ELLA: Never mind. It's part of the boarding school tradition. It's always happened here and probably always will.

TRIXIE: Not if I can help it. I don't have a father or mother so I have to stand up for myself.

DAISY: Oh, poor Trixie.

TRIXIE: It's alright, Daisy, I'm well cared for by family friends.

MATRON: (*Off*) Are you girls ready for inspection yet?

GIRLS GROAN

MOLLIE: Come on, we'd better tidy our beds. Don't want to be grounded - again!

GIRLS BUSY THEMSELVES WITH TIDYING THEIR BEDS AND CUPBOARDS. MAISIE IDLY PLAYS WITH A SKIPPING ROPE, TWISTING IT AROUND HER FINGERS. SHE IS THE ONLY ONE LOOKING FOH AND SHE GASPS AND FREEZES IN SHOCK WHEN SHE SEES A FIGURE DRESSED IN 17TH COSTUME CROSS THE FOH SPACE.

MAISIE: (*Standing and shaking with fear*) Mollie, Mollie.

MOLLIE: Maisie, what on earth is the matter? You look as if you've seen a ghost.

MAISIE: I have! It ... it it was him. I saw him. I did.

LILY: Who? Who did you see, Maisie.

MAISIE: S... S Sir Toby.

TRIXIE: Who's Sir Toby?

DAISY: Sir Tobias de Witt, a former owner of the house.

TRIXIE: Does he come back to visit?

DAISY: You could say that, Trixie.

LILY: The only thing is, he died in sixteen forty-nine.

TRIXIE GASPS.

DAISY: Lily, there's no need to frighten her!

TRIXIE: You mean he's a g ... g g

LILY: A ghost! That's right, Trixie. Quite harmless though. Most of us have seen him around the school.

TRIXIE: That's horrible!

DAISY: It's alright, Trixie, he doesn't bother us. He seems quite friendly - so far.

TRIXIE: Sixteen forty-nine, you say. I had no idea the house was so old.

DAISY: It's even older than that. The main house dates back to the fifteenth century - that is the chapel and the dorms. Other parts were added later.

MOLLIE: Sir Toby was a royalist and was imprisoned by the round-heads in the civil war. The house was confiscated and the poor man never recovered from the humiliation.

DAISY: This is where the story gets exciting. You see, Sir Toby was a very wealthy man and he knew his days were numbered. Before the round-heads captured the house he hid all his treasure in a very safe place.

TRIXIE: Wow, that's brill!

MOLLIE: The treasure was never found.

TRIXIE: Why didn't someone ask him where it was?

MOLLIE: His health deteriorated and he died in jail.

TRIXIE: What's deteriorated?

DAISY: Never mind that. When the monarchy was restored the house was returned to his family.....

MOLLIE: The only thing left belonging to Sir Toby is this ugly old vase.

SHE PICKS UP A LARGE, UGLY VASE AND HANDS IT TO TRIXIE.

MOLLIE: Be careful, the head will be furious if this gets broken.

DAISY: There used to be a pair but one was destroyed by a fire in a wartime bombing raid.

TRIXIE: That's a great story.

MAISIE: A true story, Trixie.

TRIXIE: But how did the house become a school?

DAISY: The de Witt family died out before 1900 and the building was bought by the school founders, relatives of our present headmistress, Henrietta Trumpington-Trumpington.

MOLLIE: The house has belonged to the Trumpington-Trumpingtons ever since.

TRIXIE: Why are there two Trumpingtons? Why can't she just be Trumpington - singular.

MOLLIE: Because her father was a Hogsworthy-Trumpington and her mother was a distant relative, a Trevelian-Trumpington. They were both proud of their ancestry and wanted to preserve their own family names.

DAISY: Thank goodness it's not Hogsworthy-Trevelian-Trumpington-Trumpington.

ALL LAUGH.

TRIXIE: Well I think this is a really exciting old house and I feel very at home here.

EYEBROWS ARE RAISED AND GLANCES EXCHANGED AT THIS.

TRIXIE: Every old house should have legends and a good ghost story. I want to meet this Sir Toby. I have a few questions I would like to ask him.

SONG 2 HOW DO YOU DO, SIR TOBY. Trixie and Upper Third

Chorus: (first chorus sung by Trixie)

How do you do, Sir Toby, pleased to meet you, Sir Toby,
We would love to come to tea and shake you by the hand.
We're thrilled to meet your ladyship and all the little Tobyships,
How kind to let us visit in your house so grand.

I wonder how you come to live in stately homes so grand,
And how do you get rich and be the highest in the land.
With windows by the hundred and stairways by the score,
You surely need a guide to find the way to your front door.
Just turn left at the drawing room then straight on past the library then
take the staircase on your left and climb two flights then have a rest.

The east wing's down the corridor, the west wing's through the oaken door,
The guest suite's in the north wing if you're lost just give the bell a
ring.

I bet you have a servant's help for every menial chore.
A maid to clean the window panes and one to mop the floor,
The footman cleans your shoes while the butler serves your wine,
The household staff are bustling while you sit in state and dine.
The bed's made by the chamber maid, the supper by the kitchen maid, the
plates cleared by the parlour maid, the washing by the laundry maid.
The butler and the footman and the chauffer and the gardener,
Each does their best to keep you in a life of luxury.

The portraits of your ancestors are hung in every space,
And history is written very clear on every face.
Your pedigree and ancestry are there for all to see,
This shows you are a pillar of the aristocracy.
A bishop and a general, a scholar and an admiral, a surgeon and a scientist
and even a prime minister.
A statesman and an engineer, a cardinal, a buccaneer,
Indeed you are a gentleman, the finest in the land.

ENTER MATRON, IN A FURIOUS MOOD.

MATRON: INSPECTION!

BLACKOUT

ACT 1 SCENE 2, The School Chapel

THE PUPILS ARE FILING IN FOR ASSEMBLY. AN ELDERLY
MISTRESS PLAYS QUIET MUSIC ON THE ORGAN AS THEY ENTER. ON
A RAISED PLATFORM STAND THE TEACHERS AND THE HEAD,
DRESSED IN GOWNS AND MORTAR BOARDS AND GLARING AT THE
PUPILS AS THEY ENTER. MOST ARE BEING WELL-BEHAVED BUT A
FEW NAUGHTY GIRLS ARE TRIPPING ONE-ANOTHER UP AND
GENERALLY CAUSING A FUSS. A GLARE FROM THE HEAD
TEMPORARILY PUTS A STOP TO THIS.

HEAD: Good evening St Trinian's.

ALL: (*Chanting*) Good evening Miss Trumpington-Trumpington...

ELLA: Trumpington....

MOLLIE: Trumpington...

HEAD: Two Trumpingtons will suffice, thank you, girls....

TRIXIE: (*Whispered, to Lily*) What does suffice mean?

HEAD: Silence!

TRIXIE VISIBLY STARTS!

HEAD: We will now sing the school hymn. Mrs Rustington, the introduction if you please.

SONG 3 THE SCHOOL HYMN, AD ASTRA PER LABOREM

Through many dangers, toil and woe,
We struggle on against the foe,
Our heads held high, with heart and soul
Marching onward to our goal.
Never flinching never wav'ring, moving mountains on our way
Lend us courage as we go *ad astra per laborem*.

If e'er our hearts grow faint with strife,
As we struggle 'gainst the tide of life,
We'll persevere with jaw set firm,
Marching on 'til end of term,
Never flinching never wav'ring, moving mountains on our way
Lend us courage as we go *ad astra per laborem*.

St Trinian's march with flag unfurled
To light a beacon in the world,
On every map you'll find our name
Far and wide will spread our fame.
Never flinching never wav'ring, moving mountains on our way
Lend us courage as we go *ad astra per laborem*.

HEAD: Be seated, school.

ALL SIT, RATHER NOISILY.

HEAD: (*Clearing her throat*) Now girls, it has come to my attention that some of you are spreading silly stories about a school ghost.

THERE IS A MURMER OF ASTONISHMENT.

HEAD: Well this nonsense must stop NOW! As you very well know, there are no such things as ghosts - and as you also know some of the new Lower Third girls are of a somewhat nervous disposition.

TRIXIE: *(Whispered)* What's disposition?

MOLLIE: Shush, Trixie.

HEAD: Silence in the Upper Third, or you will all be punished.

UPPER THIRDS ALL TURN AND GLARE AT TRIXIE.

HEAD: I have no wish to be in receipt of letters from anxious parents complaining that their off-spring have been frightened out of their wits. Any girl found propagating this rumour will be suspended. Now, are there any questions?

THERE IS A SLIGHT BUZZ OF SOUND.

HEAD: Good. Now, Miss Broome has an exciting announcement.

THERE IS A MURMOUR OF INTEREST.

MISS BROOME STANDS AND THE HEAD SITS.

MISS BROOME: As some of you may know, the boys' school, Trinity Towers, has been severely damaged by the recent violent storms. I believe some of you have siblings studying there.

TRIXIE GOES TO SPEAK BUT MOLLIE ANTICIPATES THIS AND TURNS TO TRIXIE.

MOLLIE: Brothers, Trixie.

MISS BROOME: Regrettably, Trinity Towers has had to close for the rest of the term in order that repairs be carried out.

STIFLED LAUGHTER FROM SOME OF THE GIRLS.

MISS BROOME: However, in the true spirit of St Trinian's we have come to the rescue.

A BURST OF NOISE.

MISS BROOME: QUIETEN DOWN girls, if you please.

CALM DESCENDS

MISS BROOME: Our most generous head, Miss Trumpington-Trumpington.....

MAISIE: Trumpington

LILY: Trumpington

MISS BROOME GLARES AT THE UPPER THIRD.

MISS BROOME: has invited the boys and their teacher, Mr Pinney, to share our premises.

UPROAR. THE STAFF ATTEMPT TO QUIETEN THE GIRLS BUT CANNOT MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD ABOVE THE DIN AND GESTURES ARE NOT SUFFICIENT. SUDDENLY, THE HEAD PICKS UP A CANE AND RAPS ON THE LECTERN. THE NOISE SUBSIDES.

HEAD: I have no wish to use this cane on anything softer than this wood but if you persevere with this display of bad manners I shall have no choice but to make an example of one of you.

TRIXIE: She wouldn't, would she?

DAISY: She certainly would.

SEVERAL GIRLS MUTTER UNDER THEIR BREATH.

HEAD: Miss Broome, continue, if you please.

MISS BROOME: The boys shall sleep in the old stable block and shall take their lessons in the games room. For the time being, games will be suspended.

UPROAR FOLLOWS. SHOUTS OF OUTRAGE. THE HEAD LIFTS THE CANE AND BRINGS IT SWIFTLY DOWN ONTO THE LECTERN WITH A SWISH.

TRIXIE: It's not fair!

THE HEAD'S GAZE FOCUSES ON TRIXIE.

HEAD: Trixie Pilkington-Witherspoon, how dare you disrupt my assembly. You shall report to me in my study after supper. (*Brandishing the cane and tapping the palm of her hand with it*) And don't say you were not warned.

DAISY: Please, Miss, it wasn't Trixie, it was me.

HEAD: You mean it was *I*, Daisy Potherington-Twaddle. Has Miss Windybank not yet made a breakthrough in her attempts to teach you the niceties of English Grammar?

DAISY: It was *I*, Miss Trumpington-Trumpington...

LILY IS ABOUT TO ADD ANOTHER TRUMPINGTON BUT MOLLIE STAMPS ON HER TOE AS A PREVENTATIVE MEASURE. LILY HOLDS HER FOOT IN ANGUISH, HOPPING PRECARIOUSLY ON THE OTHER LEG.

HEAD: Well, Daisy, I am pleased that there is still some honour in the Upper Third. You shall both report to me after supper. Two examples are better than one.

THERE IS A VERY SLIGHT MURMOUR. MR PINNEY APPEARS AT THE DOOR.

HEAD: Ah, Mr Pinney, we are ready for you now. The girls are delighted to hear we shall be welcoming you and the boys this term.

MR PINNEY: Thank you, Miss Trumpington.

HEAD: Trumpington.

MR PINNEY: (*Looking confused*) Mrs Trumpington.

HEAD: No, it's Miss Trumpington-Trumpington

MR PINNEY: I beg your pardon, Miss Trumpington-Trumpington

MOLLIE: Trumpington

ENTER THE BOYS IN A LONG DISCIPLINED LINE AND TAKE THEIR PLACES DOWNSTAGE OF THE GIRLS. AS THEY ENTER, THE GHOST OF SIR TOBY GLIDES ACROSS UPSTAGE AND IS SEEN BY ALL THE PUPILS BUT NONE OF THE TEACHERS. THERE IS A BURST OF ACTIVITY AND A NUMBER OF GIRLS POINT AT THE APPARITION. ELLA JUMPS UP AND PUTS UP HER HAND.

ELLA: Miss, Miss, look there, it's...

MOLLIE PUNCHES ELLA IN THE STOMACH AND EFFECTIVELY SILENCES HER. ELLA DOUBLES UP IN PAIN.

MOLLIE: (*Between her teeth*) Don't be stupid, Ella, you'll get yourself suspended.

HEAD: Ella Butterworth, you have something to say? Though I doubt it will be of any consequence.

TRIXIE: What's consequence?

MOLLIE: Sh, Trixie!

ELLA: I, I, (*struggling with the pain, which has made her double up*) I, I,

HEAD: Hurry up, young lady, we haven't all day.

ELLA: I, I need the toilet.

HEAD: Then you shall practice self-control and wait until assembly has finished.

ELLA GROANS AND SINKS TO THE FLOOR. SHE IS HELPED TO HER FEET BY DAISY AND MAISIE.

HEAD: Now girls, we expect you to give the boys a good St Trinian's welcome. Make them feel at home here. Do I make myself understood.

GIRLS: Yes, Miss Trumpington-Trumpington...

A FLURRY OF DIMINUENDOING TRUMPINGTONS FOLLOWS AND IS MET BY GLARES FROM ALL THE TEACHERS.

HEAD: And don't forget our little chat about the ridiculous rumours, girls. And I am looking at the Upper Third in particular. All stand! Good Evening St Trinian's.

SHE SWEEPS OUT FOLLOWED BY THE OTHER TEACHERS WITH MR PINNEY FOLLOWING, LOOKING BEMUSED.

ALL: Good evening Miss Trumpington-Trumpington.

A FEW EXTRA TRUMPINGTONS FOLLOW. THE OLDER GIRLS FILE OUT FIRST. AS KATE PASSES THE UPPER THIRD SHE KICKS EACH ONE

IN THE SHINS. CLARISSA FOLLOWS SUIT, ALBEIT WITH RATHER APOLOGETIC KICKS. THE BOYS FILE OUT NEXT, ALTHOUGH TWO OF THEM HAVE HIDDEN IN THE PULPIT. THE UPPER THIRD JEER AS THEY PASS AND THE BOYS NERVOUSLY QUICKEN THEIR PACE TO AVOID CAPTURE.

LILY: What strange creatures. Do you think they speak English?

MAISIE: They look as if they only wash once a year.

MOLLIE: You're acting as if you've never seen a boy before.

MAISIE: We've never seen one this small. Only the bigger ones, the sort that bully us.

TRIXIE: Daisy, why did you own up to something you didn't do?

DAISY: I was sticking up for you, Trixie. That's what friends are for, you know.

TRIXIE: That's jolly decent of you, Daisy. I... I.... I've never had a real friend before.

LILY: Well that idea backfired! Now you'll both be whacked.

DAISY: Do you think she really will cane us, Mollie.

MOLLIE: I have no doubt, Daisy. She has no scruples. Just make sure she records it in the punishment book - otherwise it's not legal.

MAISIE: But she writes it in Greek. How are we supposed to know what it says?

LILY: Learn Greek - and put a copy of the school mag down your knickers. It'll soften the blow.

ELLA: I think we got the old trumpet really flustered. She actually forgot to make us sing another hymn at the end as we always do.

MOLLIE: Well never mind, we'll sing one now.

TRIXIE: Oh no, Molly....

MOLLIE: The Upper Third's own version of the school hymn. Ella, you play the organ.

ELLA: I'd be honoured Miss Aherne.

LILY: (*Spoken like a cough*) Aherne-Aherne.

REPRISE SONG 3 THE SCHOOL HYMN AS REVISED BY THE UPPER THIRD.

We hope and pray with fingers crossed
Our teachers will catch a deadly pox.
We'll tuck them up into their beds,
Hold their hands until they're dead.
Prayers we'll shout and hymns we'll shriek to speed them on their
way to hell,
Running riot round the school, the Upper Third will rule.

UPPER THIRDS EXIT RAUCOUSLY, MIMING THE WHACKING WHICH IS
ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE. TRISTAN AND PETER CREEP OUT OF THEIR
HIDING PLACE AND LOOK TO SEE THAT THE COAST IS CLEAR.

PETER: I say Tristan, these girls are awfully rude. I heard
one say knickers.

TRISTAN: That's nothing, Peter, you should hear my sister at
home talking to her friends. That one with the sippy hair was
my sister, Daisy. Sippy name and sippy hair. They talk about
kissing boys - and.... and....cuddling them.

PETER: That's gross. How can you listen to that stuff?

TRISTAN: I suppose we have to get accustomed to them sometime.
After all, we might marry one someday.

PETER: Marry a girl? Not on your life. I would rather marry
one of my father's prize sows.

TRISTAN: Not that different really.

PETER: My big sister is dating a boy.

TRISTAN: No!

PETER: Yes, really! Father would be furious if he found out.
He's a dairy-man on the next farm.

TRISTAN: A dairy-man. What a disgrace!

PETER: Hey, can you keep a secret?

TRISTAN: Of course I can. I'm your best friend, aren't I?

PETER: I actually saw them kissing one day in the barn.

TRISTAN: Yuk, that's awfully unhygienic! They might catch germs.

PETER: I say, we'd better catch up with the others. Old Pinney will be furious if he does a head-count and finds us missing.

TRISTAN: Pinney will be furious anyway. He just loves being furious - it's how he passes the time of day.

PETER: *(As he exits)* Even so, there are degrees of furiousness. I don't want to risk the third degree.

TRISTAN: Perhaps you're right. But after supper we can spy on the girls in their dorm. *(Exits)*

PETER: *(Off)* Not if they start talking about boys. Positively puerile!

ACT 1 SCENE 3, A Classroom

FOR THIS LESSON THE AGE-GROUPS ARE MIXED AND INCLUDE 3RDS 4THS AND 5THS. THE YOUNGER GIRLS ARE ALREADY PRESENT AND LOUNGING AROUND WAITING FOR THE LESSON TO START. THERE IS A TEACHER'S DESK WITH THE INGREDIENTS FOR THE MERINGUE ARRANGED ON IT, TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL BOWLS AND UTENSILS. THERE IS ANOTHER LARGE TABLE FOR THE GIRLS WITH SEVERAL MORE BOWLS AND INGREDIENTS.

MOLLIE: Ella, did you remember to switch the eggs?

ELLA: Of course I did, Mollie. I can't wait to see the Old Broom's face when she tries to crack them.

LILY: Whoopee, that's tops!

TRIXIE: I've never done any cooking before. Is it fun?

DAISY: Let's just say we don't think you'll be disappointed, Trix.

MOLLIE: Quiet now, I can here Miss Broome coming.

MISS BROOME SWEEPS IN, FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL GIRLS FROM THE 4TH AND 5TH, INCLUDING CLARISSA AND KATE. KATE SCOWLS AT THE UPPER THIRD AND ELBOWS SOME OF THEM OUT OF HER WAY AS SHE TAKES HER PLACE. THE UPPER THIRD START TO COMPLAIN.

MISS BROOME: Settle down now, this is not the playground. Good morning girls.

GIRLS: Good morning Miss Broome.

MISS BROOME: Please be seated. Now, today's special ingredient is the mother of all ingredients. Can you tell the class what it is, Trixie Pilkington-Witherspoon?

TRIXIE: Please Miss, what's an ingredient.

SOME OF THE OTHERS SNIGGER.

MISS BROOME: Did they teach you nothing in your old school, Witherspoon? I shall ask a girl who has at least had a partial education. (*Trixie sulks and pouts*). Ella Butterworth.

ELLA: Miss?

MISS BROOME: Are you able to enlighten the class?

ELLA: Yes Miss, it's eggs.

MISS BROOME: Indeed it is, young lady. The ingredient with a hundred disguises. You can boil it, poach it, fry it, bake it, beat it, whip it, blend it and even eat it raw. And today, ladies, we shall be making the noblest of sweets: the meringue.

THERE IS A RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT AS SHE REACHES FOR THE EGGS.

MISS BROOME: We shall be using just the egg white today, so we need to break the egg and separate the white from the yolk, thus.

THE GIRLS LEAN FORWARD TO GET A BETTER VIEW AS MISS BROOME ATTEMPTS TO CRACK THE EGGS. SHE TAPS THE FIRST EGG ON THE RIM OF THE BOWL AND IT REFUSES TO BREAK OPEN. THE GIRLS SNIGGER.

MISS BROOME: My, that's strange. Let's try this one.

SHE TAKES ANOTHER AND AS SHE TRIES TO CRACK IT OPEN IT SPLINTERS IN HER HAND TO REVEAL THE HARD-BOILED CENTRE. THE GIRLS ARE IN HYSTERICIS NOW.

MISS BROOME: My goodness, it's hard boiled. Cook must have given me the wrong eggs. Control yourselves girls, I shall use yours. Lily, if you please,

LILY TAKES TWO EGGS OUT TO HER.

MISS BROOME: Now girls, I would like you to copy me in each stage of the method. First take your egg, thus.

GIRLS COPY THE GESTURE.

GIRLS: Thus!

MISS BROOME: Crack it carefully, thus.

GIRLS: Thus!

MISS BROOME: Juggle the yoke from one shell to another, allowing only the white to drop into the bowl - thus.

GIRLS: Thus!

MISS BROOME: Put the yoke in the small bowl and repeat with another egg.

THERE IS SOME JOSTLING HERE AS THE GIRLS ATTEMPT TO MAKE ONEANOTHER DROP THEIR EGGS.

MISS BROOME: Settle down, girls. Now, taking our whisk we introduce plenty of air bubbles into the mixture, thus.

GIRLS: Thus!

THEY ALL START TO WHISK FURIOUSLY.

KATE: *(To the Upper Third)* Come on you wimps, use some elbow grease.

MISS BROOME: We are aiming for such a consistency that the mixture clings to the whisk, thus. *(She lifts the whisk and the egg-white clings to it.)*

GIRLS: Thus! *(Lifting their whisks)*

MISS BROOME: Light and fluffy, girls, light and fluffy.

MAISIE: It looks like shampoo, Miss.

MISS BROOME: Indeed, it does resemble soap lather, Maisie.

KATE: By George, she's right, Clarissa. And that has given me a terrific idea.

SHE GRINS BROADLY AND LOOKS AT TRIXIE.

CLARISSA: No, Kate, you can't.

KATE: Don't you tell me what I can and can't do, Clarissa.

CLARISSA: Sorry, Kate. But please don't do it.

KATE: Hold her hands behind her back.

CLARISSA HESITATES.

KATE: Do as I say.

OBSCURED FROM MISS BROOMES VIEW BY THE OTHER GIRLS,
CLARISSA PULLS TRIXIE TO THE FLOOR AND PINS HER ARMS
BEHIND HER BACK. KATE DEFTLY LATHERS HER HAIR LIBERALLY
WITH THE EGG WHITE.

MISS BROOME: Girls, what are you doing there?

THERE IS NO REPLY. THE UPPER THIRDS GLANCE ROUND AND
REALISE WHAT HAS HAPPENED. THEY MURMUR INDIGNANTLY.

MISS BROOME: Trixie, come here at once.

TRIXIE SLOWLY STANDS TO REVEAL HER LATHERED HEAD.

MISS BROOME: What on earth is going on here? Clarissa Yardley-Fairbank, are you responsible for this?

CLARISSA: No Miss, *(Kate glares at her)* I mean, yes Miss.

MISS BROOME: How dare you behave in this manner in my cookery class. You shall.....

THE REST OF HER SENTENCE IS DROWNED OUT BY A HIGH-PITCHED
HOWLING FROM THE UPPER THIRD WHO PIN CLARISSA TO THE
GROUND AND LATHER HER HAIR. KATE RETALIATES BY LATHERING

SOME MORE UPPER THIRDS. OTHER GIRLS CHEER AND APPLAUD THE MISCREANTS AS EGG WHITE FLIES AROUND THE ROOM. MISS BROOME TRIES TO MAKE HERSELF HEARD ABOVE THE DIN, TO NO AVAIL. EVENTUALLY, IN DESPAIR SHE PICKS UP A METAL BOWL AND DROPS IT TO THE FLOOR WITH AN ALMIGHTY CLANG. SILENCE ENSUES. MISS BROOME IS BESIDE HERSELF.

MISS BROOME: *(In a quiet and menacing voice to the girls who were not involved)* Get out, get out! Go to your dormitories at once. Lower Fifth - out now. I shall deal with you later. Upper Third - you shall remain behind and clear this mess up.

MOLLIE: But Miss, it's not our fault. We didn't start it.

MISS BROOME: Do not dare to answer me back, Miss Aherne, or it will be the worse for you. You shall all be grounded on Saturday and other punishments shall be announced anon.

THE GIRLS GROAN.

MOLLIE: No Miss.

MISS BROOME: I shall be back in twenty minutes and I expect this room to be spick and span. Do you hear me?

GIRLS: *(Sullenly)* Yes, Miss Broome.

BROOME SWEEPS OUT WITH HER NOSE IN THE AIR.

DAISY: It's just not fair. Clarissa and Kate always get away with it. We are being victimised.

MOLLIE: We'll get our own back on those two later. I promise you. In the meantime, we'd better do as the Old Broom says. Lily, fetch that mop, Maisie get the cloths, we'll soon have this place clean.

TRIXIE: But we never got to finish the meringues. I've never tried a meringue.

DAISY: Never mind, Trixie, there'll be another time.

ELLA: What about our meeting, Mollie? We can't go to the spinney if we're grounded on Saturday.

MOLLIE: We'll just have to abscond.

TRIXIE: What's that?

MOLLIE: Sneak out without permission.

TRIXIE: What meeting is it? And what's the spinney?

ELLA: Well you see, Trixie, we have a secret club called the Sisterhood of Liberated Juvenile Females.

TRIXIE: Wow, that sounds really exciting.

ELLA: We meet in secret down in the West Wood in a clearing known as the Spinney.

TRIXIE: But the West Wood's out of bounds.

ELLA: That makes it even more exciting.

MOLLIE: We usually meet at midnight but the next meeting is different. It has to be on a Saturday morning.

DAISY: What are you planning, Mollie?

MOLLIE: All in good time, girls. Just you wait and see.

MAISIE HAS BEEN MOPPING THE FLOOR AND HAS FOUND SOMETHING.

MAISIE: Girls look! I've found a letter. It seems to be arranging some sort of meeting.

ENTER FRANK WITH A BUCKET AND MOP, DRESSED IN PAINT-SPLASHED OVERALLS. GIRLS JUMP UP AS HE ENTERS.

YARDLEY: Here we are girls, your pal Frank to the rescue. I heard you needed help. *(He glances around)*

ELLA: What does it say, Mollie.

MOLLIE: Later, girls. It can wait. *(She puts the note down the front of her pinafore, as in the movies).*

MOLLIE: Hello, Mr Yardley. I'm afraid you're too late. We've finished cleaning up.

YARDLEY: And a great job you've made of it. If you ever want to come and work for me you'll be most welcome.

MOLLIE: Thank you, Mr Yardley, but I think we'll leave the cleaning to the men.

YARDLEY: What a wit you are, Miss Aherne. You lot had better run along. Don't want to make Miss Broome more upset than she is already.

MAISIE: Yes, Mr Yardley.

YARDLEY: And as I'm no longer required here, I shall continue painting the refectory. *(Exits)*

MOLLIE: That man is far too well-spoken to be a Janitor.

DAISY: And too well educated. He knows everything.

LILY: Perhaps he's a spy.

DAISY: Don't be ridiculous, Lily. Who would want to spy on us?

LILY: He's certainly very friendly with the head. He calls her Henrietta.

DAISY: I thought only her mother called her that.

THE GIRLS BEGIN TO EXIT.

MAISIE: Perhaps he's a school inspector.

MOLLIE: If that's the case the school won't be open for much longer.

ELLA: Well I think he's rather handsome.

GIRLS: Ella!

TRIXIE IS THE LAST TO EXIT. AS SHE PASSES THE TEACHER'S DESK SHE SCOOPS A FINGERFUL OF EGG-WHITE FROM THE BOWL AND TASTES IT. HER EXPRESSION CHANGES FROM EXPECTANT TO DISGUSTED.

TRIXIE: Yuk! I can't see what the fuss is about. Tastes like soap. *(Exits)*

ACT 1 SCENE 4, In the Corridor

TRISTAN AND PETER ARE ON THEIR WAY TO CLASS, CARRYING BOOKS AND SATCHELS.

PETER: Tristan, does your sister wear a bra?

TRISTAN: I beg your pardon.

PETER: Does Daisy wear a bra?

TRISTAN: I suppose so.

PETER: Well, does she? Yes or no?

TRISTAN: Well yes, but it's really, really small. It would just about hold two of my marbles.

PETER: Perfect!

TRISTAN: What on earth do you mean?

PETER: Could you pinch it for me?

TRISTAN: Peter, are you mad? What would you want with a girl's bra?

PETER: We're having a midnight battle in our dorm and I want to make a catapult. No-one else would have thought of it. I'll be king of the dorm.

TRISTAN: What a great idea. Look, I can't promise anything, but I'll sneak into the upper third dorm later and try to get it for you.

PETER: Oh Tristan, would you. You're such a brick!

TRISTAN: It's a risk though. Daisy would be absolutely furious if she found out.

PETER: I'll look after it, Tristan.

TRISTAN: You'd better not get it confiscated.

THEY EXIT.

TRISTAN: *(Off)* And don't kill anyone with it.

ACT 1 SCENE 5, The Spinney

THE SPINNEY IS GLOOMY, EVEN BY DAYLIGHT. THERE IS A RING OF OLD MILK CRATES, ONE FOR EACH GIRL. THE GIRLS HAVE THEIR TIES AROUND THEIR HEADS AND THEIR SHIRTS UNTUCKED OUTSIDE THEIR PINAFORES, WHICH ARE HITCHED UP WITH BELTS. THEY STAND IN A CIRCLE, INSIDE THE RING OF CRATES, BENT FORWARD WITH ARMS AROUND EACH-OTHER'S SHOULDERS. THE FOLLOWING IS PERFORMED IN THE STYLE OF A RITUAL HAKA:

GIRLS: We call ourselves the sisterhood, Dedicate ourselves to woman's good, Liberated female juveniles.

MOLLIE: Sisters, I declare this meeting open. You may take your places.

THE GIRLS ALL SIT AND TRIXIE LOOKS FOR A PLACE.

MOLLIE: Not you sister. you are not yet a member.

TRIXIE: But, but...

DAISY: It's alright, Trixie, you will be in a minute.

TRIXIE: Oh good!

MOLLIE: You just have to go through the initiation ceremony.

TRIXIE: (*Looking scared*) What's that?

DAISY: Don't be frightened, Trix, it's not that bad.

MOLLIE: Bring the novice forward. (*She gestures to Lily and Maisie and they do so.*) On your knees, sister.

TRIXIE: Mollie, I'm frightened.

MOLLIE: Who's ever been scared of having their hair washed.

TRIXIE: You're going to wash my hair?

MOLLIE: That's right.

TRIXIE: Oh that's alright. I'm used to having my hair washed. My mother....

MOLLIE: By six people?

TRIXIE: Six? Alright then.

MOLLIE: Sisters, bring out the bucket.

MAISIE STRUGGLES TO CARRY ON A FILTHY, HEAVY BUCKET AND SHE IS HELPED BY LILY.

TRIXIE: But Molly, that's filthy.

DAISY: It'll be alright, Trix.

MOLLIE: You didn't expect mud to be clean, did you?

TRIXIE: Mud? But you're not going to - oh no!

MOLLIE: Oh yes, Trixie. Hold her down sisters.

IT TAKES ELLA, LILY AND MAISIE TO HOLD TRIXIE STILL AND PREVENT HER ESCAPING.

TRIXIE: Help! Help me somebody!

MOLLIE: There's no-one to hear you, sister. Keep still, this won't take long.

MOLLIE TAKES A HUGE HANDFUL OF WET MUD AND RUBS IT LIBERALLY INTO TRIXIE'S HAIR. MAISIE, LILY AND ELLA DO THE SAME. DAISY TRIES TO COMFORT TRIXIE, WHO IS NOW SOBBING BUT PASSIVE.

MOLLIE: You too, Sister Potherington-Twaddle.

DAISY: Oh Molly, do I have to?

MOLLIE: Sister Trixie will not be a full member if we don't all take part.

DAISY: Oh very well.

DAISY TAKES A TINY BLOB OF MUD AND FLICKS IT INTO TRIXIE'S HAIR.

DAISY: There!

MOLLIE: And now, we rub and chant. 'Sister Trixie with this mud we baptise you as a member of our club'.

ALL JOIN IN THE CHANT. TRIxie NOW STANDS HUNCHED AND
MOTIONLESS IN THE CENTRE, LOOKING VERY BEMUSED.

MOLLIE: Sisters, the uniform.

THE GIRLS RE-ARRANGE TRIxie'S UNIFORM TO MATCH THEIR OWN.
DAISY PULLS AN EXTRA CRATE OUT FROM BEHIND A TREE AND
THEY ALL SIT. MOLLIE GENTLY EASES THE MOTIONLESS AND
SHOCKED TRIxie ONTO THE CRATE NEXT TO HER.

MOLLIE: Congratulations Trixie, now you're one of us.

GIRLS ALL CHEER.

ELLA: Can we put our make-up on now Moll?

MOLLIE: Good idea. Let's show our individuality. Girl Power.
Let's show we belong to the sisterhood.

SONG 4 THE SISTERHOOD OF LIBERATED JUVENILE FEMALES

We will not be downtrodden by the sex that thinks it's best,
They may have all the muscles and a beastly hairy chest,
But women have their talents and can equal men with ease,
Our tongues can cower the fiercest brutes and bring them to their
knees.

Chorus:

We will not be bossed around or spoken to with scorn,
Cross us at your peril and you'll wish you'd not been born,
Mistresses in our queendom, our strong right arm prevails,
We're the Sisterhood of Liberated Juvenile Females,

Beware the power of females, 'cos you're at our beck and call,
You men think that you're on top but we're the ones in control.
We women have intelligence to influence the mind,
Indoctrinate our offspring in the ways of woman-kind.

Here we sit and bide our time and wait until the day,
We tell men what we think of them and send them on their way,
The science of genetics daily grows and gathers pace.
And quite soon men won't be required to propagate the race.

DURING THE SONG, THE GIRLS PUT ON ASH FROM THE FIRE AS
EYE SHADOW, POSTER PAINT FROM THE ART ROOM AS NAIL
VARNISH (USING REAL PAINT BRUSHES) AND MAKESHIFT BANGLES
AND EAR-RINGS. BY THE END THEY LOOK HORRIFIC.

MOLLIE: Now on with the business: the weekly MAYHEM.

MAISIE: Oh goody goody, I love the mayhem.

MOLLIE: For the benefit of our new sister, allow me to explain how it works. In accordance with the rules of our society, once a week we are avowed to cause mayhem in aid of our cause - liberated girlhood.

GIRLS: *(Responding as if in a fervent prayer meeting)*
Liberated girlhood.

MOLLIE: Our tricks are generally aimed towards the fairer sex - boys.

GIRLS: The fairer sex - boys.

MOLLIE: I have a real treat planned for this week, sisters. By the time we've finished, no-one will doubt that girl's rule.

GIRLS: Alleluiah!

MOLLIE: We are going to kidnap and hold to ransom - a boy!

GIRLS: Hurrah!

GIRLS ALL JUMP UP AND CHEER WILDLY.

MOLLIE: Be seated sisters, while we finalise the plan.

ALL SIT, EXCITEDLY.

MOLLIE: *(Looking at her watch)* In precisely ten minutes time a boy will cycle into the school drive. The drive is only a hundred yards over that way so we can be there ahead of him.

ELLA: How do you know this?

MOLLIE: It's Saturday! The baker's boy, Patrick always makes his delivery at precisely 10.30 on Saturdays.

ELLA: And we're going to kidnap him! Brill!

MOLLIE: Here's the plan. We put a decoy in place to make him get off his bike, then we jump him, tie him up, blindfold him and drag him here.

DAISY: Suppose he doesn't stop?

MOLLIE: He will, Daisy. There will be a hedgehog in his path and a boy will never ride past that without investigating it.

DAISY: Where are we going to get a hedgehog from?

MOLLIE: I have one.

MOLLIE PRODUCES A HALF COCONUT.

MOLLIE: Perfect.

LILY: But it's one of the coconuts from the music room.

MOLLIE: Half a coconut with brill cream rubbed on it to make the hairs stand up.

MAISIE: Do you think he'll fall for it.

MOLLIE: My brother did, and my father and my uncle. They all thought it was real.

MAISIE: Brilliant.

MOLLIE: Now, Daisy, Ella, Maisie and Lily, you must take this rope, blindfold and the hedgehog and go and do the deed. Trixie and I will stay here and prepare for the second part of the plan: the ransom note. Ella, you're the leader.

ELLA: O.K. Mollie.

MOLLIE: And don't forget to hide the bike in the bushes. We don't want to leave any evidence behind.

ELLA: Sure, come on gang.

ELLA TAKES THE ROPE, BLINDFOLD AND COCONUT AND THEY EXIT.
TRIXIE AND MOLLIE SIT AND MOLLIE TAKES A FOLDED PIECE OF
PAPER OUT OF HER POCKET.

MOLLIE: What do you think of this Trix? Dear Mr Baker, if you ever want to see your boy again, leave six jam doughnuts on top of the pillar at the entrance to St Trinian's School drive before noon this morning. Signed, S.L.J.F.

TRIXIE: Who's S.L.J.F.?

MOLLIE: The Sisterhood of Liberated Juvenile Females, of course.

TRIXIE: Of course. (*Trixie wriggles*) Mollie?

MOLLIE: What is it now Trixie?

TRIXIE: I need a wee!

MOLLIE: Look over there Trixie.

TRIXIE: I see nothing but bushes.

MOLLIE: Precisely. Don't expect to see a sign saying LADIES.

TRIXIE: Oh Mollie, I couldn't.

MOLLIE: Then suffer.

SHE WRIGGLES A BIT MORE, THEN EXITS. THERE IS A BIG HOWL AND A CHEER AND MOLLIE FOLDS UP THE PAPER AND SLIPS IT INTO HER POCKET. ENTER THE GIRLS, DRAGGING A PROTESTING AND BLINDFOLDED PATRICK.

MOLLIE: Well done girls - great job. Sit him down here.

MOLLIE TAKES THE BLINDFOLD OFF.

PATRICK: You're evil! What do you hope to gain by this?

MOLLIE: Be quiet or it will be the worse for you! You're our hostage.

PATRICK: You'll never get away with this.

MOLLIE: I said quiet, or we'll have to gag you.

LILY: (*Entering into the spirit*) I think we should torture him.

PATRICK WRIGGLES IN FEAR.

ELLA: Steady Lily, we don't want to go to jail.

MOLLIE: Maisie, can you ride a bike.

MAISIE: Yes, Mollie. Last summer I took my sister's...

MOLLIE: Just a simple yes will do. Take Patrick's bike and deliver this note to the baker. *(She holds out the note)*

MAISIE: But Mollie, I...

MOLLIE: Just do it, Maisie. And don't let him see your face.

MAISIE SNATCHES THE NOTE IN TEMPER AND RUNS OFF SCOWLING. JUST THEN, TRIXIE COMES OUT OF THE BUSHES. UPON SEEING TRIXIE, WHO IS PLASTERED WITH MUD AND ASH, PATRICK SCREAMS. THIS ALARMS TRIXIE, WHO ALSO SHRIEKS.

DAISY: It's alright Trixie, it's just Patrick. You must have given him quite a turn.

MOLLIE: Now Patrick, you're not as tough as you think you are - and I intend to prove it. Release his arms.

DAISY: But Mollie, I think

MOLLIE: Do it!

THEY RELEASE HIS ARMS BUT KEEP HIS FEET TIED.

MOLLIE: Put him on the floor by that crate. Patrick, I challenge you to an arm wrestle.

PATRICK: But I, I, couldn't. You're a girl.

MOLLIE: Precisely. Do you think I can't beat you?

PATRICK: Of course I do.

MOLLIE: Then let's do it. Ella, count down from three and we start.

ELLA: 3, 2, 1, go!

NOTHING HAPPENS AT FIRST. PATRICK AND MOLLIE ARE KNEELING ONE EITHER SIDE OF THE CRATE AND STARING INTO ONE-ANOTHER'S EYES. SUDDENLY PATRICK TRIES TO ACHIEVE A SNAP VICTORY, BUT MOLLIE STANDS HER GROUND. THE OTHER GIRLS REACT WITH SHOUTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND TAUNTS AT PATRICK. MOLLIE RETALIATES BUT CANNOT QUITE GET PATRICK'S HAND DOWN. HE FORCES HER HAND UPRIGHT AND THE STATUS QUO IS MAINTAINED TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF GROANING AND STRAINING SOUNDS.

MOLLIE: Come on, Patrick! What's the matter, can't you beat me? And I'm just a girl.

PATRICK IS NOW VISIBLY ANGRY AND MAKES A REAL EFFORT TO SLAM MOLLIE'S HAND DOWN. HOWEVER, SHE RESISTS EVERY ATTEMPT TO GROWING CHEERS FROM THE GIRLS. THE TAUNTS GROW AS PATRICK BECOMES FLUSTERED AND APPEARS TO BE TIRING.

MOLLIE: You see, Patrick, girls are not so weak, are they. How old are you Patrick.

PATRICK: None of your business.

MOLLIE: (*Aggressively, through gritted teeth, squeezing his fingers*) How old, Patrick?

PATRICK: Thirteen.

MOLLIE: Ah, the same age as us. But no stronger - I believe. Maybe even weaker.

PATRICK IS FURIOUS AND MAKES A HUGE EFFORT TO BEAT MOLLIE. SHE BIDES HER TIME, NEVER LETTING HIM GET HER HAND LESS THAN A FEW INCHES FROM THE CRATE. SUDDENLY, MOLLIE STRIKES. WITH A MASSIVE PUSH, SHE WACKS HIS HAND DOWN VIOLENTLY ONTO THE CRATE WITH A CRACK. PATRICK LETS OUT A WHELP OF PAIN AND THE GIRLS CHEER WILDLY.

PATRICK: (*His voice breaking with emotion*) You cow, you tricked me.

MOLLIE: I did not. I won fair and square. Can't take it, can you!

PATRICK: It's not fair, they're all cheering you on. (*He sobs*)

DAISY: Mollie, I think we should let him go now.

MOLLIE: Why should we.

DAISY: You can see he's upset.

ELLA: But we haven't got the doughnuts yet.

DAISY: Don't be upset, Patrick - we're only having a bit of fun.

PATRICK: (*Wiping his eyes on the back of his hand*) Not my idea of fun. I'll lose my job if I don't get my deliveries finished by twelve. I don't suppose you care about that.

SILENCE

PATRICK: No, I thought not.

MOLLIE: Look, I'll tell you what - we'll untie you and Maisie and Lily will help you finish your deliveries.

DAISY: I'll help as well.

MOLLIE AND TRIXIE UNTIE HIM.

PATRICK: How do I know I can trust you?

DAISY: You have to - or you'll lose your job anyway.

PATRICK: Alright then.

PATRICK EXITS WITH LILY AND MAISY. THE GIRLS TRY TO PUT THEIR ARMS AROUND HIM BUT HE PUSHES THEM OFF. DAISY FOLLOWS AT A DISTANCE.

MOLLIE: Oh, and Patrick.....

PATRICK: What?

MOLLIE: I'm sorry.

EXIT PATRICK AND THE THREE GIRLS.

ELLA: Now what?

MOLLIE: What do you mean?

ELLA: Well I don't think that went exactly as planned.

MOLLIE: Now we go and see if our doughnuts have arrived.

ELLA: And?

MOLLIE: And we eat them! Let's get these crates hidden.

THEY CONCEAL THE CRATES IN THE BUSHES.

TRIXIE: Mollie?

MOLLIE: What is it Trixie?

TRIXIE: Do you think we bullied Patrick?

MOLLIE: Course not.

TRIXIE: I've never seen a big boy cry before.

MOLLIE: He wasn't crying.

TRIXIE: I don't think he was happy.

MOLLIE: Serves him right. He shouldn't have been born a boy. We girls have to stick up for ourselves.

TRIXIE: Well I don't think it's right.

ELLA: Come on, I'm hungry. Lets see about those doughnuts.
ALL EXIT

ACT 1 SCENE 6, The Upper Third Dormitory

THE GIRLS HAVE BEEN GROUNDED AGAIN FOR ABSCONDING AND KIDNAPPING PATRICK. THEY ARE LOUNGING AROUND ON THEIR BEDS.

ELLA: I say Daisy, those doughnuts were really delicious.

DAISY: Yes, but was it really worth being grounded - again! We seem to be permanently grounded lately.

MOLLIE: That's because we know how to have fun.

TRIXIE: It's not fun being caned.

LILY: But you weren't caned, Trix.

TRIXIE: Not this time, but I'm on a final warning. It was jolly good of you to stick up for me, Daisy. I think it was your loyalty which persuaded Trumpington-Trumpington not to whack me. You're a real friend.

DAISY: Don't mention it Trix.

THERE IS A TINY KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MAISIE: (*Fearfully*) Look out, it might be that beastly Kate.

ELLA: Never! She doesn't knock, she just bursts in.

ANOTHER SMALL KNOCK.

MOLLIE: See who it is, Lily.

LILY GOES TO THE DOOR.

LILY: Yuk! It's a boy.

MOLLIE: Punch him and shut the door on him.

MAISIE: No wait! That's Daisy's snotty-nosed little brother.

MOLLIE: What does he want?

TRISTAN: Can I come in - please?

MOLLIE: Better see what he wants. He might have something for us.

LILY: What do you want, scabby-knees?

ELLA: Ooh Lily, quite the tough guy.

TRISTAN: I want to come in.

LILY: On your own head be it. This is a female space!

MOLLIE: Make it quick, then get out while you still breathe.

TRISTAN: I don't want you, I want my sister.

DAISY: What is it Tristan?

TRISTAN: May I, may I.....

DAISY: May you what?

TRISTAN: May I borrow - a - book, Daisy?

DAISY: Tristan, you're not sick, are you?

TRISTAN: Course not.

DAISY: I've never seen you read a book unless it was set for prep.

TRISTAN: I'm bored.

DAISY: Look Tristan, you hate my books.

TRISTAN: What've you got?

DAISY: Famous Five, Mallory Towers, Wind in the Willows, Heidi.....

TRISTAN: Have you got The Hardy Boys?

DAISY: No I have not.

MOLLIE: Time's up. Get out now, snotty.

TRISTAN: You're really rude, you know.

MOLLIE: And you're in our space.

TRISTAN: You don't own it, the school does.

MOLLIE: Right, that's it. Five minutes in the laundry sack for you.

DAISY: Mollie don't. Let him go.

MOLLIE: I will, but he needs to be taught a lesson first.
Girls!

TRISTAN SQUEALS AS THE GIRLS GRAB HIM AND LIFT HIM INTO
THE LAUNDRY SACK. ELLA TIES THE NECK AND SITS ON IT.

TRISTAN: There are girls clothes in here, Yuk!

DAISY: It's alright Tristan, they're clean clothes.

TRISTAN: Yes, but they're girls' clothes. Hang on a minute.
Why didn't I think of this before? Are yours in here, Daisy?

DAISY: Of course!

MAISIE: I think he's cracking up, Daisy. He seems to like
being in there.

ELLA, STILL SITTING ON THE SACK, IS PRECARIOUSLY NEAR THE
OLD VASE.

MOLLIE: Ella, be careful with that vase. If we break that we will really be for it.

DAISY: Girls, it's time for orchestra practice.

TRIXIE: We can't go. We're grounded, remember.

DAISY: That's no problem. We'll practise here. Get your instruments and we'll tune up.

GIRLS SCATTER AND FETCH TRUMPETS, CLARINETS AND GUITARS.

ELLA: What about snotty?

DAISY: Let him go. He's had enough punishment.

DAISY PUSHES ELLA OFF AND UNTIES THE NECK OF THE SACK.
TRISTAN TUMBLES OUT, HOLDING HIS NOSE.

TRISTAN: Thanks, Daisy.

DAISY: Watch your step Tristan. The girls don't like little boys being around very much.

TRISTAN: So I noticed. See you later, Sis.

EXIT TRISTAN TAKING A BRA FROM UNDER HIS JUMPER AND
WAVING IT AROUND AS HE EXITS. THE GIRLS DON'T SEE THIS.

TRIXIE: Come on girls, let's get started. Rule Britannia, I think. After 4 - 1,2,3...

THE MOST HORRENDOUS NOISE FOLLOWS, DURING WHICH, TRIXIE
TRIES TO CO-ORDINATE THE TIMING OF THE GROUP. ONE BY ONE
THEY STOP, LEAVING MAISIE PLAYING ON HER OWN. THE OTHER
GIRLS PUT THEIR FINGERS IN THEIR EARS.

TRIXIE: I never knew how hard it was to get an orchestra to play together. I'll have more respect for Mrs Grimes now.

LILY: And I understand now why she is half deaf.

ENTER KATE, FOLLOWED CLOSELY AS EVER BY CLARISSA.

KATE: What the hell is all that row? Has a world war broken out?

LILY: We were practising for orchestra.

KATE: Is that what you call it. It sounds like Battersea dogs home.

TRIXIE: I'd like to see you do better.

MAISIE: (*Under her breath*) Trixie!

THE GIRLS ALL FREEZE AS THEY REALISE THE DANGER TRIXIE IS IN.

KATE: Excuse me? Did you say something, four-eyes.

TRIXIE: I haven't got four eyes, I've got two, just like you. And I said I'd like to see you do better.

KATE: You shall. I'll show you what I can do with a clarinet.

MOLLIE: Leave her alone, Kate.

KATE: You shut up or you'll be next.

KATE STEPS TOWARDS TRIXIE AND THE OTHER GIRLS BACK OFF IN TERROR. TRIXIE STANDS HER GROUND. KATE TAKES TRIXIE'S GLASSES OFF HER NOSE, DROPS THEM AND SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY STAMPS ON THEM, TO GASPS OF HORROR FROM THE GIRLS.

TRIXIE: Why you bully, why don't you pick on someone your own size? (*She starts to sob*)

KATE: Like Mollie, you mean? She's almost as big as me.

TRIXIE: No, I don't want you to pick on Mollie either.

KATE GRABS A CLARINET AND PINS TRIXIE DOWN ONTO A BED BY SLAMMING THE INSTRUMENT ACROSS HER CHEST. SHE PUTS HER MOUTH VERY CLOSE TO TRIXIE'S EAR. TRIXIE SOBS.

KATE: You've not been here long have you Pilkington-Witherspoon, and you won't stay long if I have anything to do with it. I shall take all of your tuck this week.

TRIXIE: No you won't you vicious bitch, you'll take this.

TRIXIE GIVES KATE A RIGHT HOOK, WHICH SENDS HER REELING. CLARISSA, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING FROM A DISTANCE, PUTS HER HEAD IN HER HANDS.

KATE: You little cow, I'll kill you.

TRIXIE AND KATE NOW START TO PULL ONE-ANOTHER'S HAIR, SCRATCH, BITE AND GENERALLY LAY INTO ONE-ANOTHER WITH THE MOST AWFUL SHREIKING NOISE. THE GIRLS SHOUT ENCOURAGEMENT. ENTER FRANK.

YARDLEY: Stop this at once!

THE COMBATANTS DO NOT EVEN NOTICE HE IS THERE. FRANK WADES IN AND PULLS KATE OFF TRIXIE.

YARDLEY: Kate Haggerty you should be ashamed of yourself. You go and stand outside the head's study at once.

KATE LOOKS DEFIANT, AS IF SHE IS ABOUT TO ARGUE, BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT. AS SHE EXITS SHE GIVES TRIXIE A LOOK OF DAGGERS. CLARISSA FOLLOWS HER OUT.

KATE: Just you wait you little rat. I haven't finished with you yet.

YARDLEY: As for you, Trixie, I have no choice but to report this to the head.

TRIXIE: Yes sir, sorry sir.

YARDLEY: However, it looked like self-defence to me.

TRIXIE: Yes, sir.

YARDLEY: Not that that is any excuse for unfettered violence.

TRIXIE: What's unfettered?

FRANK PICKS UP TRIXIES GLASSES.

YARDLEY: We'll see if we can repair these for you, young lady. Do you have a spare pair?

TRIXIE: Yes, they're in my locker..... I....

TRIXIE GETS UP AND STARTS BUMPING INTO THINGS WITHOUT HER GLASSES.

MAISIE: I'll find them, Trixie. You just sit there.

HELPS HER DOWN AND GOES TO TRIXIE'S LOCKER.

YARDLEY: Now I need to speak to the head. You watch your back, Trixie. That Kate is an unpleasant character.

FRANK STARTS TO EXIT.

TRIXIE: Mr Yardley.

YARDLEY: Yes?

TRIXIE: Thank you.

TRIXIE SOBS AND DAISY PUTS AN ARM AROUND HER. THERE IS A COMMOTION FROM THE GIRLS.

MOLLIE: Trixie, you were fantastic. You stood up to Kate, I can't believe it.

ELLA: You're either very brave or completely stupid.

MAISIE: Well, it's about time someone stood up to her. She's just a bully.

TRIXIE: Do you think I'll be expelled now.

MOLLIE: That's very unlikely, Trix. Here we are (*Gives her the spare glasses*) We can trust Frank to be sensitive in the way he reports this. He knows what Kate's like.

ELLA: That girl needs to be taught a lesson - and I have a brilliant idea about how to do it.

MOLLIE: Not one of your crazy schemes, Ella.

ELLA: Judge for yourself. I have written her a note which I will put under her door inviting her to a secret meeting in the tower this evening.

LILY: What's the meeting about, Ella.

ELLA: That's just the point. There isn't any meeting. I shall hide at the top of the stairs and when she enters the turret room I shall lock her in. We'll leave her in there long enough to miss supper and then let her out.

MOLLIE: She won't fall for that.

ELLA: The note invites her to come and discuss a subject of mutual financial benefit and is signed by one of the lower sixth. I forged the signature, of course.

MOLLIE: Perhaps it might work after all. Let's give it a try.

MAISIE: Speaking of notes, where's the one I found in the cookery room?

MOLLIE: Exactly where I put it.

MOLLIE RETRIEVES THE NOTE FROM THE FRONT OF HER PINAFORE.
THE GIRLS CROWD ROUND.

MOLLIE: I had a read earlier but it makes no sense to me. It's addressed to someone called Hetty and signed 'Soapy', They must be nicknames. The writing is quite grown up so it must have been written by one of the older girls, perhaps a sixth former?

DAISY: Let me see.

SHE SNATCHES THE NOTE.

DAISY: Well it's not very long. 'Meet in clearing in West Wood, 10 pm Friday when girls are asleep'.

ELLA: Ridiculous! When are we ever asleep at 10 o'clock?

DAISY: That's not the end, it says, 'Be patient, we shall soon be able to give up the pretence.'

TRIXIE: I don't understand.

LILY: What's new?

DAISY: Neither do we, Trix. But Friday has passed so I guess we'll never find out what it means.

MOLLIE SNATCHES THE NOTE BACK.

MOLLIE: I'll keep that, thank you. I might be able to figure it out - eventually.

ENTER MATRON. GIRLS STAND.

MATRON: I doubt it very much, Mollie Aherne. You really aren't the brightest girl in the school!

MOLLIE: (*Hanging her head*) No Miss.

MATRON: What is it you want to figure out anyway.

MOLLIE: Just a Maths problem, Miss.

MATRON: Maths is for boys. Girls should concern themselves with more domestic subjects.

TRIXIE: (*Whispered to Daisy*) What's domestic?

DAISY: (*In a whisper*) Cookery, child care and stuff.

MATRON: Now you can all line up by your beds. I have a very important announcement from the head. It's so important, it won't even wait for assembly.

THERE IS A MURMUR AS THE GIRLS LINE UP.

MATRON: Silence! Now Miss Trumpington-Trumpington informs me that several items of value have - er - 'gone missing' in the school over the last few days.

REACTION OF HORROR FROM THE GIRLS.

MATRON: Indeed, I am most shocked that this can happen at St Trinian's, despite our tradition of honesty. The head has decreed that there will be no tuck until the culprit owns up. So, if anyone knows anything about this they had better step forward.

NO REACTION EXCEPT THAT THE GIRLS LOOK AT ONE-ANOTHER, SEARCHINGLY.

MATRON: No, I thought not. When the guilty party is discovered they will be expelled. Do you hear me? Expelled! Now tidy this dorm or you'll all go without supper as well as tuck.

EXIT MATRON.

DAISY: Just when I thought things could get no worse.

MOLLIE: But who could have been stealing? I know it was not one of us.

LILY: I bet it was that Kate - and Clarissa. They're criminals.

DAISY: We know they're bullies, Lily, but thieves?

MAISIE: They steal our tuck.

DAISY: But that's different.

MAISIE: Is it?

MOLLIE: Ella, you'd better deliver the note to Kate's dorm now or it'll be too late.

ELLA: Good idea. See you at supper. *(Exits)*

MAISIE: I want to see this.

LILY: Me too.

MOLLIE: Come on then. But we'd better keep our distance. Don't want Kate to be suspicious.

THEY ALL EXIT, MUTTERING EXCITEDLY. TRIxie GETS UP BUT DECIDES TO STAY BEHIND. SHE SITS DOWN ON HER BED PICKS UP A BOOK AND MOPES.

SONG 5 WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE ME?

There'll always be that someone who's the butt of children's jokes,
Be it for their character, their habits or their looks,
Someone must be different as we're not all factory-made,
What use are my endless tears and all the times that I have prayed:
Someone must be diff'rent, Lord, but why does it have to be me?

I try to be a friend to them, to be like all the rest,
I long to be accepted but I never pass the test.
I'm not the greatest diplomat and at times I think aloud,
And words can sometimes irritate, antagonise the crowd.

I'm smaller than most girls my age and skinny as a rake,
They love to twist my arms around to see if they will break.
I don't like wearing spectacles or speaking with a lisp,
Others love to mimic me but all I want to know is this:
Always there are victims, Lord, but why does it have to be to me?

Why should I need to prove myself to earn the girls' respect?
I haven't much to offer in the way of intellect,
I'm born to be the underdog and the last one in the line,
No matter how I feel inside, I'll never change the Lord's design.

(Repeat verse 1)

AFTER THE SONG THERE IS A CLANKING SOUND AND THE GHOST OF SIR TOBY APPEARS. TRIxie SCREAMS AND EXITS.

ACT 1 SCENE 7, Outside the School

IT IS LATE EVENING AND VERY TRANQUIL. SUDDENLY THE FIRE BELL SOUNDS. GIRLS AND TEACHERS STREAM OUT OF THE SCHOOL. SOME OF THEM ARE IN THEIR NIGHT CLOTHES. MATRON HANDS ROUND REGISTERS TO STAFF AND THE GIRLS LINE UP TO BE TICKED OFF. THE TEACHER CALLS A FEW NAMES TO REPLIES OF 'YES MISS'.

TEACHER: Kate Haggerty? (*No reply*) Kate Haggerty? Where are you Kate?

THERE IS A BUZZ OF SOUND, TURNING INTO A COMMOTION.

CLARISSA: (*Screaming*) She's up there, Miss, at the window. In the tower.

ELLA: Oh my God! Kate's locked in.

MOLLIE: Ella, you fool. Did you not release her?

ELLA: I ... I forgot.

MAISIE: Look! There's smoke coming from the window.

HEAD: Mr Yardley, what shall we do.

YARDLEY: We must wait for the fire brigade. We cannot go back into a burning building.

TRIXIE: But we can't just leave Kate to burn.

TRIXIE RUNS TOWARDS THE BUILDING.

DAISY: No Trixie, no. Come back.

DAISY RUNS AFTER HER BUT TOM IS TOO QUICK FOR HER AND HOLDS HER BACK.

HEAD: Mr Yardley, fetch that girl back.

YARDLEY: (*Running towards the fire*) It's too late, Henrietta. She's inside.

HEAD: Then only God can help her now.

THE UPPER THIRD ARE BECOMING HYSTERICAL, CRYING AND CALLING FOR TRIXIE. CLARISSA SOBS AND CALLS KATE.

CLARISSA: Where's Kate? I can't see her at the window.
She's gone.

RENEWED SHOUTS.

HEAD: (*Frantic*) Mr Yardley. Do something.

YARDLEY: I'll get a hose but I don't think there will be
enough pressure to reach that high.

JEFFERIES: (*Still holding Daisy back*) What about a ladder?

YARDLEY: We don't have one high enough.

THE BELLS OF A FIRE ENGINE ARE HEARD.

JEFFERIES: Thank goodness. It's the fire brigade.

DAISY: Look! Look there. Someone's coming out.

ELLA: It's Trixie - and she's dragging something.

TRIXIE STAGGERS ON, DRAGGING A LIFELESS FIGURE. DAISY
BREAKS FREE AND OTHERS GO TO HELP.

DAISY: Trixie, Trixie thank goodness you're safe.

DAISY EMBRACES A DARKENED, ASH-COVERED TRIXIE, HELPS HER
TO SIT AND COVERS HER WITH A BLANKET. OTHERS DRAG KATE
FORWARD. YARDLEY KNEELS AT HER SIDE AND GENTLY LAYS HER
HEAD DOWN.

CLARISSA: Kate! She's she's dead! (*Wails*)

JEFFERIES: She's not dead. Look she's breathing! Keep back.
Let her have some air.

TOM TAKES OFF HIS COAT AND COVERS KATE. THERE IS SILENCE
FOR A FEW BEATS AS ALL WATCH KATE IN HORROR FOR ANY SIGNS
OF MOVEMENT. SUDDENLY SHE LIFTS HER HEAD SLIGHTLY, COUGHS
VIOLENTLY AND SOBS.

CLARISSA: (*Wailing*) Kate, Kate you're alive. Thank God, you're
alive.

KATE: Shut up Clarissa! I have a headache.

SHE LAPSES INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND CLARISSA WAILS AGAIN.

MAISIE: Look, they're putting the fire out.

LILY: Just look at them. They're so brave.

HEAD: Children. Get back into your lines at once. We shall all walk around to the old stables where we shall shelter until it is safe to go back inside.

HEAD: Tom and Frank, you carry Kate to the front of the school. She needs medical attention. Oh, and take Trixie with you. Better get her checked out as well.

TOM CARRIES KATE OFF OVER HIS SHOULDER AND TRIXIE IS HELPED TO HER FEET, COUGHING, BY DAISY.

DAISY: Come on Trix, you're going to be alright. You are so brave.

LINES OF PUPILS ARE LED OFF BY THE TEACHERS, CHATTING EXCITEDLY.

HEAD: Trixie Pilkington-Witherspoon!

TRIXIE: *(Coughing)* Yes Miss?

HEAD: What you did was very foolish.

TRIXIE: Sorry, Miss.

HEAD: But also very noble and considerate.

TRIXIE: Thank you, Miss.

HEAD: Now run along and see the doctor.

TRIXIE: Yes Miss.

EXIT HEAD.

DAISY: *(Crossing upstage)* Trixie, I think you're going to be a hero tomorrow!

INTERVAL

ACT 2 SCENE 1, The Upper Third Dormitory

BEFORE THE LIGHTS GO UP, TRISTAN AND PETER ENTER AND HIDE UNDER BEDS. THE GIRLS ALL FILE INTO THE DORM, AFTER BREAKFAST.

ELLA: I've never known such excitement at St Trinian's.

DAISY: Well we've never had a fire before, have we?

ELLA: Who would've thought that that weedy little girl, who we all thought would not last a week at St Trinian's, would become the school hero?

MAISIE: Not just because of the fire either. The whole school knows that she gave Kate Haggerty a right whacking.

LILY: Instant respect!

DAISY: Why wasn't Trixie in breakfast? I want to see her.

ELLA: She's still in the san., 'under observation'.

LILY: You mean she and Kate are both in the san.? Risky!

MOLLIE: Kate's had the shock of her life. I expect she feels lucky to be alive.

DAISY: I doubt that'll change her.

MOLLIE: That Trixie is a dark horse. You realise we know nothing of her background?

DAISY: We know her parents are both dead, poor thing.

LILY: And she's looked after by old friends of her parents.

MOLLIE: They must have been really good friends not only to look after Trixie but also to pay the school fees. Have you any idea how much it costs to send a girl here.

MAISIE: An absolute fortune.

ENTER CLARISSA.

MOLLIE: Get out of here, Clarissa. You're not welcome.

THE GIRLS THROW TEDDIES, SOCKS ETC AT CLARISSA, WHO DEFLY DUCKS THEM.

CLARISSA: Mollie, please, I have to talk to you.

MOLLIE: Now there's a first! Clarissa Fairbank saying please to an upper third.

MAISIE: (*Feeling brave*) Go back to your beloved Kate, you can talk to her instead.

CLARISSA TURNS AND GLARES AT MAISIE, WHO DUCKS HER HEAD BEHIND MOLLIE'S BACK FOR PROTECTION.

CLARISSA: Please - Mollie.

MOLLIE: You have one minute. It had better be good.

CLARISSA: I've come to say just I mean

MOLLIE: Spit it out.

CLARISSA: (*Blurted*) I'm sorry.

ELLA: Sorry for what?

CLARISSA: I'm sorry for everything. I realise now I've been so weak. I should've stood up to Kate.

DAISY: What do you mean, Clarissa? Come and sit down.

DAISIE PATS THE BED BESIDE HER AND CLARISSA SITS.

CLARISSA: You see, you're not the only ones being bullied by Kate. She's been bullying me for nearly five years.

GASPS.

CLARISSA: Do you think I've wanted to follow her around tacitly consenting to her violence and intimidation?

ELLA: If not you're a good actor.

DAISY: Be quiet, Ella. Go on, Clarissa.

CLARISSA: Look!

CLARISSA UNTUCKS HER SHIRT TO REVEAL SOME NASTY BRUISES.

MAISIE: Cripes, look at those bruises.

CLARISSA: She's been taking half my tuck as well.

DAISY: Clarissa, I'm so sorry.

MOLLIE: Why didn't you stand up to her?

CLARISSA: I ... I ... I don't know. I'm sorry.

MAISIE: How do we know this isn't a trick?

CLARISSA TURNS HER HEAD AND MAISIE HIDES BEHIND MOLLIE AGAIN.

CLARISSA: You'll have to trust me. Look! Kate is leaving the san soon and Matron says she will be fit to play in the hockey match this afternoon against Holy Cross.

DAISY: That's good for the school.

CLARISSA: But bad for you. She's planning to hurt you during the match.

ELLA: We always get hurt in hockey matches.

CLARISSA: No, I mean really hurt you.

MOLLIE: (*Jumping up*) Thanks for the warning, Clarissa. Now, you've had your one minute. Here's the door.

DAISY: Mollie!

CLARISSA: Mollie, I want to be friends - please.

MOLLIE STARES AT HER BUT SAYS NOTHING.

DAISY: It takes time to build bridges, Clarissa.

CLARISSA: Of course. And I almost forgot, I brought a present for Trixie.

THE GIRLS STARE IN DISBELIEF. CLARISSA TRIES TO GIVE IT TO MOLLIE BUT MOLLIE IGNORES HER. SHE PUTS IT GENTLY ON THE FLOOR AND EXITS, SOBBING QUIETLY.

DAISY: Poor Clarissa. She's been through hell.

LILY: So have we, Daisy.

SILENCE! ENTER TRIXIE. ALL SHRIEK AND RUSH OUT TO HUG HER, OFFERING CONGRATULATORY COMMENTS. MOLLIE IS ABOUT TO HUG HER BUT STOPS SHORT AND JUST SHAKES HER HAND.

MOLLIE: Well, Trixie, I expect you want to be leader of the gang now?

TRIXIE: Don't be ridiculous, Mollie, I'm not tall enough.

MAISIE: Trixie, what did the old trumpet say. Is she pleased with you?

TRIXIE: Oh yes, but she told me off for breaking school rules.

LILY: Typical! Praise tempered with criticism. Just like her.

TRIXIE: What was wrong with Clarissa? She was crying in the corridor.

MOLLIE: Let's just say she has at last seen the error of her ways. She came to apologise to us, Trixie.

DAISY: And she brought you a present. Look!

DAISY PICKS UP THE PARCEL AND GIVES IT TO TRIXIE.

TRIXIE: I ... I've never had a present from another girl before.

SHE STARES AT THE PARCEL AND TURNS IT OVER AND OVER IN HER HANDS. SHE HAS TEARS IN HER EYES.

DAISY: Aren't you going to open it Trix?

TRIXIE: Alright. *(She pulls the paper off in haste)* Oh my, it's, it's ... what is it Daisy?

DAISY: It's a dictionary, Trixie. A really expensive one.

TRIXIE: Wow!

MAISIE: Now you won't have to ask silly questions ever again.

DAISY: Three cheers for Trixie. Hip, hip....

GIRLS: Hooray!

TRIXIE: And up the Upper Third.

SONG 6 UP THE UPPER THIRD

Now here's our favourite phrase,
It sets our hearts ablaze,
So listen well, to our schoolgirl yell,
Our most admired cliché.
So up the upper third,
Our humour is absurd,
Our manners are quite atrocious and our song the worst you've heard.
So swallow up your pride,
Prepare to cringe inside,
We guess you'll feel quite nauseous and you'd rather be outside.

Up the Upper Third, Up the Upper Third,
The dorm resounds to the tuneless sounds of the singing Upper Third.
Up the Upper Third, Up the Upper Third,
The dorm resounds to the tuneless sounds of the singing Upper Third.

Now here it comes again,
We'll drive you all insane,
Our caterwaul will fill the hall
And drill into your brain.
Our slogan casts a spell,
So memorise it well,
If you don't like our teenage ways then you can go to hell.
We chant it loud and long,
To show where we belong,
We celebrate our freedom with a raucous tuneless song.

Up the Upper Third, Up the Upper Third,
The dorm resounds to the tuneless sounds of the singing Upper Third.
Up the Upper Third, Up the Upper Third,
The dorm resounds to the tuneless sounds of the singing Upper Third.

MOLLIE: Now we'd better get out on the field and practice our hockey. We need to win this match this afternoon - and we've got to watch Kate as well as our opponents.

GIRLS GO AND FETCH STICKS AND BITS OF KIT.

TRIXIE: But I don't have a hockey stick.

DAISY: Don't worry Trix, you can have my old one.

LILY: Have you ever played hockey before?

TRIXIE: Once or twice in my old school. I think I can remember the rules.

ELLA: We'll need to tell you about St Trinian's hockey rules.

TRIXIE: What rules?

ELLA: It's quite simple really: we have extra rules that the visitors don't know about.

LILY: I can never understand why we call them 'visitors' and then beat the hell out of them!

ELLA: Maisy, show Trixie the toe-pinning tackle.

MAISIE: It's easy: Ella comes in to tackle me and Lily, on the ref's blind side, stands on her toe so she can't move - thus!

GIRLS: Thus!

ELLA FALLS OVER.

ELLA: (*From the floor*) Mollie, show her the blinding tackle.

MOLLIE: Pretend to tackle me, Ella. I'm dribbling towards Ella and I pretend to strike the ball. Instead, I skim the mud just behind the ball and it goes into her eyes and blinds her.

ELLA: If you're chasing the girl with the ball, St Trinian's rules allow three methods of stopping your opponent. Lily, the ankle trap.

ELLA PRETENDS TO BE DRIBBLING AWAY FROM LILY. LILY HOOKS HER ANKLE WITH THE HOCKEY STICK AND PULLS HER OVER. SHE THEN TAKES POSSESSION. GIRLS LAUGH.

ELLA: Daisy, the pony and trap.

ELLA RUNS AWAY WITH THE BALL AND DAISY HALTS HER BY HOOKING HER HAIR JUST ABOVE HER HAIR BAND. ELLA PRETENDS TO HOWL WITH PAIN.

ELLA: And Mollie, the dead leg. Carefully now.

AGAIN ELLA IS BEING CHASED. THIS TIME MOLLIE CLOUTS HER IN THE BACK OF THE KNEE AND SHE FOLDS UP, FEIGNING PAIN.

ELLA: Mollie, that was a bit hard.

MOLLIE: Sorry Ella.

ELLA: Now, lets go through these again. Here's the goal. (*She makes a goal with the old vase and a hockey boot*). Trixie, you try to score. Lily and Maisy can try to tackle you.

TRIXIE: Alright!

TRIXIE TAKES A STICK FROM DAISY. ELLA PLACES A BALL ON THE FLOOR AND TAKES UP HER POSITION.

MOLLIE: Ready? (*She gives a blast on a whistle*)

TRIXIE DRIBBLES SLOWLY WITH THE BALL AND LILY GOES FOR THE PONY TRAP. GIRLS CALL ENCOURAGEMENT TO TRIXIE. TRIXIE SEES IT COMING, DUCKS HER HEAD AND ELBOWS LILY IN THE RIBS, WHO FALLS WHIMPERING TO THE FLOOR. MAISY COMES IN FOR THE ANKLE HOOK. TRIXIE ANTICIPATES AND BRINGS THE TARGET KNEE UP TO HER CHIN. MAISIE SWIPES THIN AIR AND TRIXIE WHACKS HER ON THE BEHIND AS SHE LINES UP TO SHOOT. THE GIRLS CHEER WILDLY. TRIXIE SHOOTS AND HITS THE POST. THE VASE SHATTERS INTO A HUNDRED PIECES AND SILENCE FALLS ON THE ROOM. ELLA STARES OPEN-MOUTHED IN DISBELIEF AT THE PILE OF SHARDS.

MOLLIE: Oh - my - goodness!

ELLA: Now we are really in trouble.

TRIXIE: I ... I'm really sorry, girls.

ELLA IS TRYING IN VAIN TO PICK UP THE PIECES AND RE-ASSEMBLE THE VASE. SHE SPOTS A PIECE OF YELLOW PARCHMENT IN THE DEBRIS.

ELLA: Look! What's this?

DAISY: Probably just an old history essay.

ELLA: It certainly looks old. (*She unfolds the paper*) It's a map of some sort and look at the old-fashioned writing.

THE GIRLS ALL GATHER ROUND.

MOLLIE: Let me see. It looks like a plan of the chapel - see the stained glass windows, here and here, and the pulpit. But what's this. It says entrance. That's not the entrance to the chapel. It's on the wrong side.

TRIXIE: Look down here: it is signed Sir Tobias de Witt.

MAISIE: Wow, then it really is old.

TRIXIE: It's a treasure map. Perhaps it shows the location of the de Witt treasure.

LOTS OF REACTION TO THIS.

LILY: Let's go and look for it now.

MOLLIE: Don't be an idiot, Lily. The whole school would know about it. We must creep up there tonight after lights out. That way we will have plenty of time and we won't be seen.

THE GHOST OF SIR TOBY CROSSSES THE ROOM. MAISIE SEES IT FIRST AND SCREAMS.

ELLA: What on earth is it Maisie?

SHE SEES THE GHOST AND THEY ALL SCREAM AND HUG ONE-ANOTHER. THE GHOST DISAPPEARS.

MAISIE: I'm going to get Mr Yardley. *(Exits)*

LILY: Wait for me. *(Exits)*

MOLLIE: Let's all go. None of us wants to stay here alone.

TRIXIE: This could be a warning?

MOLLIE: What do you mean.

TRIXIE: It may be no co-incidence that he appeared just when we found the map.

MOLLIE: Maybe he's trying to tell us something? Come on Trix, let's go.

TRIXIE: *(Picking up the map)* Mollie, the map. Where shall we put it.

MOLLIE: (*Taking it and putting it down the front of her pinafore*) Where else?

MOLLIE PUTS HER ARM AROUND TRIxie AS THEY EXIT.

DAISY: Ella, can you smell that strange smell?

ELLA: Yes, it's sort of musty and sweet.

DAISY: Exactly! I've noticed that smell somewhere before but I just can't remember where.

ELLA: It seemed to appear just when the ghost did.

DAISY: So it did. How strange.

DAISY IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW MOLLIE BUT SHE STOPS AT THE DOOR AND LOOKS BACK AT ELLA, WHO PUTS HER HOCKEY STICK AWAY AND FOLLOWS.

DAISY: Ella have you taken something of mine from the laundry bag?

ELLA: Why on earth would I?

DAISY: One of your silly jokes perhaps?

ELLA: Absolutely not.

DAISY: You see, I've lost my, my bra!

ELLA: Now be serious! What possible use could I have for your bra?

DAISY: I suppose not.

ELLA: (*Off*) Daisy, do you believe in ghosts?

DAISY: Course I do

PETER AND TRISTAN EMERGE FROM UNDER THE BEDS, STRETCHING AND IN PAIN FROM CRAMP.

TRISTAN: Well, Peter!

PETER: Well what?

TRISTAN: What entertainment! This is like going to the theatre, the opera and the circus all on one night.

PETER: It confirms my view that girls are completely crazy! I can't even begin to understand them.

TRISTAN: You don't have to understand them, Tristan. Just ignore them.

PETER: Never mind all that now. We're going on a treasure hunt.

TRISTAN: What now?

PETER: No, tonight, after lights out. We shall follow the girls and see what they find. If they get into trouble we can stay right out of it.

TRISTAN: Very clever. And talking about trouble - you'd better return Daisy's bra.

PETER: Can't!

TRISTAN: Why on earth not?

PETER: Don't know where it is.

TRISTAN: Peter, you haven't lost it?

THEY START TO EXIT.

PETER: Well, not exactly. You see, our play-fight was rumbled by old Pinney.

TRISTAN GROANS.

PETER: And all the weapons were confiscated.

TRISTAN: It's not a weapon - it's a damned bra.

PETER: Calm down, Peter. I'll try and get it back.

TRISTAN: Daisy will kill me. She will absolutely kill me.

THEY EXIT.

CURTAIN

ACT 2 SCENE 2, The Hockey Field

THE STAGE IS FULL OF ST TRINIAN'S SUPPORTERS PLUS A FEW HOLY CROSS SUPPORTERS COWERING TO ONE SIDE. THE ACTION TAKES PLACE OFF STAGE. THE HEAD AND STAFF ARE SUPERVISING, RATHER INEFFECTIVELY.

HEAD: Keep back from the line, girls. You don't want a hockey stick in your mouth.

GIRL 1: I hope you get one in your mouth!

HEAD: What did you say child?

GIRL 1: I said 'no, that would be horrible', Miss.

THE CROWD LEAN FORWARD IN ANTICIPATION AND FOLLOW THE DRAMA ON THE FIELD.

GIRLS: Come on, St Trinian's.

GIRL 1: Come on Trixie, run with it. Oh no, she's lost it.

GIRL 2: Pony trap, Trixie - use the pony trap.

GIRLS: Hooray for Trixie.

GIRL 2: Shoot Trixie, shoot!

THERE IS A HUGE EXPLOSION OF SOUND AS ST TRINIAN'S SCORE.
HOLY CROSS GIRL: Come on Holy Cross, you can do it.

ALL OF THE ST T SUPPORTERS TURN AND GLARE AT HER AND SHE SHRINKS BACK INTO THE CROWD.

GIRL 3: Come on Kate, follow through.

THERE IS A BIG HOWL OF DISMAY AS KATE LOSES THE BALL.

GIRLS: Oh no!

THE WHISTLE BLOWS AS THE REF STOPS PLAY. BOOS FROM THE CROWD.

GIRL 2: That was never a foul.

BOY 1: Look! What a wimp. She's leaving the pitch.

THE HOLY CROSS VICTIM STAGGERS OFF, AIDED BY A TEAM MATE.

GIRL 1: Quick Mollie, take advantage while they are two players down.

GIRLS: Go Mollie.

SHOUTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR MOLLIE.

GIRLS: Shoot, shoot, shoot!

THE CROWD GOES WILD AS MOLLIE SCORES. THE GIRL WHO LEFT THE PITCH CROSSES THE STAGE TO REJOIN THE MATCH AND IS BOOED AND HISSED.

GIRL 1: Two all now. I think we can win this, girls. Come on St Trinian's.

SHE STARTS TO SING PART OF THE ST TRINIAN'S SONG AND SOME OF THE OTHERS JOIN IN. SOME OF THE HOLY CROSS SUPPORTERS START TO CHANT FOR THEIR SCHOOL BUT ARE DROWNED OUT.

GIRLS: Ella, Ella, Ella....

A BIG GROAN OF DISMAY GOES UP AS ELLA IS BROUGHT DOWN.

GIRL 3: Did you see that? I'm sure she was brought down by Kate's stick.

GIRL 2: Must have been an accident. Poor Ella. She got trampled as well.

GIRL 1: Look! She's coming off.

ENTER ELLA.

GIRL 1: Never mind, Ella, You were great!

GIRL 2: Look at that little Maisie dribbling down the wing. She's a star.

GIRL 1: Look, Kate's calling for the ball.

GIRL 3: Why won't she pass to Kate?

GIRL 2: Can you blame her? Kate's hogged the ball the whole game.

GIRL 1: Why's Kate running over to the wing. She's chasing Maisie.

GIRL 2: I think Kate's lost the plot.

GROANS AS KATE WHACKS MAISIE IN THE SHINS AND BRINGS HER DOWN. MAISIE HOWLS AND SOBS.

MISS BROOME: Kate Haggerty, are you playing for St Trinian's or Holy Cross?

KATE: *(Off-stage)* I'm playing for myself.

GIRL 4: There's no penalty given.

GIRL 3: The ref can't give her a penalty for fouling her own side.

GIRL 4: Kate's going to score.

GIRL 5: But why's Lily chasing her.

GIRL 4: Just giving her support.

THE GIRLS GROAN AND WINCE.

GIRL 4: Or perhaps not.

GIRL 1: Did you see that? Lily must have broken Kate's leg with that swipe.

GIRL 5: Kate's crying.

GIRL 4: Good. I hate her.

GIRL 2: Lily's going to score.

A CHEER STARTS SOFTLY AND WORKS UP TO A HUGE CRESCENDO AS LILY SCORES AND THE FINAL WHISTLE GOES JUST AFTERWARDS. THE GIRLS HUG ONE-ANOTHER AND HUG ONE OR TWO OF THE HOLY CROSS SUPPORTERS BY MISTAKE.

GIRLS: We won, we won.

GIRL 1: Hooray, Victory for St Trinian's!

SONG 7 VICTORS ON THE HOCKEY FIELD

We're victors on the hockey field by fair means or by foul,
We grind their faces in the mud and make them wail and howl.
So choose your weapons, stand your ground, be ready for the fray,
The quaking opposition will be dead by close of play.

Chorus:

St Trinian's are the greatest we don't suffer second best,
And when we're feeling brutal we can get it off our chest,
Never showing mercy to the weeping, cowering foe,
We just bash them, smash them and show them where to go.

We bully off and dribble down the field with gritted teeth,
The visitors just fall like flies and are trampled under feet.
With elbowing, high-sticking, beating hell out of the ball,
Our fans cheer ever louder as the ball flies in the goal.

St Trinian's rules come into play as we get in the swing,
Our blinding tackles, ankle-traps and dead legs are the thing.
We make the rules in our game on the blind side of the ref.,
Their howls of pain and outrage fall on ears that are quite deaf.

The cards change like a traffic light to yellow, green and red,
The ref. is overwhelmed as she looks down on us with dread,
The crowd becomes so outraged by the violence of our game,
'A vict'ry for Saint Trinian's', in shrill voices we proclaim.

THE GIRLS START TO BOO AS THE HOLY CROSS TEAM LIMP AND
HOP OF THE FIELD, MANY OF THEM WITH STICKING PLASTER AND
BANDAGES COVERERING WOUNDS. KATE IS CARRIED OFF ON A
STRETCHER, SCOWLING VICIOUSLY. SHE IS FOLLOWED BY THE
HOME TEAM, CARRYING LILY ALOFT.

KATE: Clarissa! Come here, I need you. Don't let me go to
hospital on my own.

CLARISSA: Sorry Kate, I've got other matters to attend to.

KATE: Clarissa! Clarissa, I thought you were my friend.

CLARISSA: You thought wrong.

CLARISSA TURNS HER BACK ON KATE AS SHE IS CARRIED OFF.

MOLLIE: Three cheers for Holy Cross. Hip hip

GIRLS: (*Very feebly*) Hooray. etc.

HOLY CROSS HAVE ALL GONE AND DON'T RETURN THE CHEERS. ST TRINIAN'S TEAM ARE STILL SURROUNDED BY SUPPORTERS.

TRIXIE: Hey, Clarissa.

CLARISSA: Hi Trixie.

TRIXIE: It was jolly decent of you to give me that dictionary. I really appreciate it.

CLARISSA: Don't mention it, Trixie. Perhaps we can be friends now.

TRIXIE: Sure.

CLARISSA: I didn't know you could play hockey. You were fantastic.

TRIXIE: I'm just learning really. Hey, Clarissa, we're going on a walkabout after lights out. Do you want to come along? I'd like you to.

CLARISSA: Love to Trixie. Thank you for asking.

TRIXIE: Keep it to yourself though. Wouldn't want Kate to find out. Can you creep out of your dorm without her knowing?

CLARISSA: No problem. She sleeps like a log. If she's discharged from hospital that is.

DAISY: *(Pushing through the crowd, followed by the other girls)* Hey Trix, look what I found on the grass - it's another one of those letters. You know, Soapy and Hetty.

DAISY STOPS AND LOOKS AT CLARISSA.

TRIXIE: It's alright, Daisy, Clarissa is one of us now. You can trust her.

DAISY: This one is more of a love letter. It says: My dearest Hetty, Can't wait until our meeting. It will be a full moon this time. Soon we shall be able to meet publicly and give up this secrecy. Until this evening. Your dearest Soapy.

LILY: Yuk, I hate all this lovey-duvey stuff.

MAISIE: Well I think it's rather romantic.

MOLLIE: Maisie, you've been reading too much Jane Austen.

ELLA: Do you suppose Soapy is a boy?

MOLLIE: Course he is.

MAISIE: Perhaps it's Patrick?

MOLLIE: It couldn't be one of the Trinity Towers boys. They are far too young for love affairs. They're still into marbles, Biggles and balsa wood aeroplanes.

DAISY: Do you suppose this meeting is tonight? I mean, there's no date or anything.

MOLLIE: That note has not been on the ground that long. It's not even wet - or trampled.

CLARISSA: I think we should keep our eyes open for a girl missing from her dorm tonight.

MOLLIE: Good idea - but why we? What's it to do with you.

TRIXIE: Don't be hard on Clarissa, Mollie. Give her a chance - please?

MOLLIE: *(Reluctantly)* Oh, very well. *(To Clarissa)* But if you let us down you may well end up in hospital with your friend Kate.

CLARISSA: She's not my friend. Not now and not ever.

DAISY: *(Putting her arm around Clarissa)* Come on girls! Let's go and shower - and then we can study the treasure map and finalise our plans for tonight.

LILY: Yippee, I can't wait.

GIRLS BEGIN TO EXIT. MOLLIE AND MAISIE ARE LAST OFF.

MOLLIE: Maisie, that was a gutsy performance on the field. I didn't know you had it in you.

MAISIE: Neither did I! That Kate Haggerty seems to have a knack of bringing out the worst in people.

MOLLIE: Not any more, Maisie. Her powers are definitely on the wane.....

THEY EXIT.

ACT 2 SCENE 3, The Chapel, The Same Night

PETER AND TRISTAN ARE ALREADY HIDING IN THE CHAPEL. WE SEE THE LIGHT OF SEVERAL TORCHES AND HEAR EXCITED WHISPERS OFF. ENTER MOLLIE, FOLLOWED BY THE REST OF THE GANG, ALL DRESSED IN NIGHT CLOTHES. CLARISSA FOLLOWS GINGERLY.

MOLLIE: (*Putting the map on the floor*) Quick, lets have some light here.

SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS SHINE THEIR TORCHES ONTO THE MAP.

MOLLIE: Right! Here's the door, so this wall must be the one along the back here and this (*stabbing the map*) must be the pulpit.

ELLA: (*Crossing upstage*) Then we should be looking over here for some sort of design or emblem on the wall.

MOLLIE: (*Still looking at the map*) It looks like some sort of a bird, with very long tail feathers.

ELLA: (*Shining her torch along the wall*) There are all sorts of carvings on this panelling, but I can't see one of a bird.

MAISIE: Is there one that looks like a lion?

ELLA: Why do you ask that?

MAISIE: This drawing is of the mythical creature, the Griffon. It has the head of a bird and the body and tail of a lion.

LILY: Wow, that's scary!

ELLA: (*Tracing a shape with her fingers*) This could be a lion's tail, yes, and these talons are just like lion's claws, yet the head looks rather like a bird - and it has wings.

MOLLIE: (*Rising and taking the map with her*) That must be what we're looking for.

ELLA: But I can't see any entrance or trapdoor.

CLARISSA: There are legends of the griffon acting as a guardian to treasure, which it held between its paws.

LILY: Between its paws. Look between its paws!

ELLA: There is a small hole between its paws but I can't find a handle or a catch.

LILY: Could be a keyhole.

ELLA: That's useless without a key.

DAISY: Let's try something else. Why do you think the pulpit is marked?

CLARISSA: Because it is the one permanent feature which can't be moved...

DAISY: Exactly, and therefore it serves as a point of reference. Now, let's see the map again, Moll.

DAISY TAKES THE MAP FROM MOLLIE AND CROSSES TO THE PULPIT.

DAISY: There's a faint marking here at the base. (*Bending down*) Here, bring your torches, I think I've found something.

ALL THE GIRLS RUSH TO DAISY'S SIDE.

DAISY: Here look. See the markings? These match the ones on the map - and these boards feel loose.

MOLLIE: Let me see. So they are. I can slide this one to the side - and this one.

THERE IS A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

MOLLIE: Quiet, everyone put out your torches and keep still.

SILENCE!

MOLLIE: It's alright, I think it must have been the wind.

CLARISSA: Let me help you with those boards, Mollie.

MOLLIE: It's o.k. I can Alright Clarissa. Why not!

CLARISSA: I can see right into the hole. There are steps leading downwards.

MAISIE: This is so exciting.

CLARISSA: If we can just slide a few more of these boards..... Maisie, get out of my face, please. You're in the way.

MAISIE: Sorry, Clarissa.

DAISY: Here we go. There's enough room to get down now.

TRIXIE: But Daisy, we don't know what's down there. It might be dangerous.

ELLA: It smells musty - as though it's been closed up for years.

TRIXIE: Centuries even.

LILY: Well, I'm not going down there.

MOLLIE: Suit yourself, Lily, you can stay here on your own if you like.

LILY: On my own? In the dark? *(Grabbing Mollie's arm)* Mollie, I can't.

MOLLIE: Right, I'll lead the way. Ella, you go last and the rest of you in between.

LILY: Mollie, be careful. It's very steep.

MOLLIE: *(From the tunnel)* It's alright Lily - easy peasy.

DAISY AND MAISY GO NEXT. SUDDENLY, SOMEONE ENTERS AND A TORCH SHINES IN ELLA'S FACE.

ELLA: Who who is it?

KATE: *(In a whisper)* Wouldn't you like to know, little Miss Butterworth. You're rumbled.

ELLA: Kate Haggerty, you cow! How did you find us? Clarissa, you told her, didn't you.

CLARISSA: No Ella, *(almost in tears)* I didn't, I swear.

KATE: Clarissa, you should know better than getting into mischief with children younger than you. Miss Trumpington-Trumpington will have to be told about this.

CLARISSA: No, Kate, I beg you. You don't understand. What we are doing is really important.

KATE: It must be to risk expulsion. I'm going to the trumpet right now to tell her all about your games.

LILY HAS CREPT UP BEHIND KATE WITH A HYMN BOOK AND WHACKS HER ON THE HEAD WITH IT. KATE FALLS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE GROUND.

LILY: No you're not.

ELLA: Well done Lily. Good girl!

DAISY: Are you girls coming or not? We're getting cold down here.

ELLA: Coming Daisy. You two go first, I'll follow. Hey, there's that strange smell again. We smelt that in the dorm earlier.

ELLA IS THE LAST TO ENTER THE TUNNEL.

CLARISSA: Mind your step, Ella. It's slippery here.

KATE GROANS AND STIRS, RUBBING HER SORE HEAD.

KATE: They've gone too far this time. I'll get the whole lot of them expelled for this. *(She stands and groans as her head begins to throb. She staggers off.)*

TRISTAN AND PETER CREEP OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES.

TRISTAN: Wow, Peter, this is just brill. A real adventure.

PETER: The adventure could soon be over if we don't warn those girls that Kate's gone to fetch the head. They'll be for the chop.

TRISTAN: You mean, we have to follow them down the tunnel?

PETER: Of course.

TRISTAN: Top-hole! Let's go.

PETER: Just a minute.

TRISTAN: What?

PETER: We haven't a torch.

TRISTAN: No problem.

HE GOES TO THE ALTAR AND FETCHES TWO CANDLES AND A BOX OF MATCHES. HE STRIKES A MATCH AND LIGHTS BOTH CANDLES.

TRISTAN: One for you and one for me. Now let's go.

PETER: Me first. I don't like being last.

TRISTAN: As you wish. Shhh!

THEY EXIT INTO THE TUNNEL AND ALL IS QUIET.

ACT 2 SCENE 4, In the Tunnel

THE GIRLS SPEAK IN HOARSE WHISPERS IN THE TUNNEL.

LILY: Mollie, wait for me, please. I don't like it down here. I get claus... clauster.....

TRIXIE: Claustrophobic, Lily.

CLARISSA: Well done, Trixie. Have you been reading that dictionary I gave you?

TRIXIE: No, but my Auntie is claustrophobic.

ELLA: I didn't know you had an auntie. You never said.

TRIXIE: She's not a real Auntie. She's just my guardian.

MAISIE: Guardian angel!

TRIXIE: Very funny, Maisie.

LILY: Mollie, can I take your arm? I'm frightened.

MOLLIE: Come on then, you softie.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A GHOSTLY WAIL. THE GIRLS ALL SCREAM AND HUG ONE-ANOTHER.

DAISY: What on earth was that?

MOLLIE: It... it..... it was just the plumbing. It often makes that noise.

DAISY: I've never heard it.

MAISIE AND LILY CLUTCH MOLLIE, ONE EITHER SIDE AND SOB.

LILY: I want to go back, Mollie.

MOLLIE: Very well. Off you go.

LILY: Not on my own. I want someone to come with me.

MOLLIE: Any volunteers? (*Silence*) Right, we go on. Be brave girls, show a bit of that British stiff upper lip.

LILY: What do you mean, 'stiff upper lip'?

MOLLIE: Just listen! I'll tell you what I mean.

SONG 8 THE BRITISH UPPER LIP

Throughout our country's history we have ever seen
A steady stream of heroes whose composure was supreme.
Every challenge, every blow was met with gritted teeth,
On no account would others know that anguish lay beneath.

Chorus:

You either have it or you don't and you certainly can't be taught
it,

It's not on the schools curriculum and no-one's ever bought it!

What is this fine ingredient our heroes all possess?

With stiffness of the upper lip you'll find they've all been
blessed.

It's the British Upper Lip!

No other nation is so blessed,

With chin held high and puffed-up chest

It's the British Upper Lip

King Alfred's ragged army was poor and ill-equipped,
But yet they saw the Vikings off with their Saxon upper lips.
The pompous French at Agincourt all thought they had us licked,
But Henry's speech before the breach ensured their butts were
kicked.

Our 'Good Queen Bess' at Tilbury stirred the troops with nerves of iron,
Although trapped in a woman's form her heart was of a lion.
Winston Churchill stood his ground when faced with Hitler's might,
He stuck two fingers up and Hitler goose-stepped off in fright.

MOLLIE: Now, is everyone ready to go on.

HEARTY AFFIRMATIVE REACTION FROM GIRLS.

LILY: Our upper lips are quite stiff now.

MOLLIE: Then let's go. Mind your step here. There are some bits of rock sticking out of the floor.

DAISY: I wonder where this leads. We seem to be going downhill.

MAISIE: Perhaps it goes right to Australia.

DAISY: Don't be daft Maisie! Ella, there's that smell again. Now I know where I smelt it before. At the fire, when I tried to follow Trixie back inside and Tom held me back. That smell was on him. It smells like garden fertilizer.

ELLA: But why would the smell be here, in the tunnel?

DAISY: I don't know, but I intend to find out
(Trailing off into the distance)

ENTER PETER AND TRISTAN.

PETER: Not so fast Tristan, we don't want to get too close.

TRISTAN: I've just got this horrible feeling that we're being watched.

PETER: Don't be silly! We're the only people in the world who know

TRISTAN SCREAMS AND FALLS.

PETER: Tristan, what is it? Are you alright? Tristan!

TRISTAN: I'm down here, Peter. I'm alright, I suppose. But I fell over something on the floor and my candle's gone out. Here, bring yours over.

TRISTAN RE-LIGHTS HIS CANDLE AND THEY LOOK TO SEE WHAT TRISTAN FELL OVER.

PETER: It's only a pile of old clothes.

THEY BOTH PICK UP BITS OF CLOTHING.

PETER: Very old clothes, I'd say.

TRISTAN: Hey, this is the costume Sir Toby wears. How can this be?

PETER: *(Looking at the label)* It says here 'St Trinian's School, Drama Department'.

TRISTAN: What, then you mean?

PETER: The whole thing must be a hoax.

TRISTAN: But who?

PETER: I don't know, but I think we should warn the girls. Whoever is pretending to be the ghost might turn nasty if he finds us down here.

TRISTAN: Jeepers, you're right. Let's go.

PETER: Not too fast, Tristan. You don't want to trip again.

TRISTAN: Daisy, Mollie, wait for us. It's me, Tristan.....
(Fading into the distance).

ACT 2 SCENE 5, The Spinney

ALL IS QUIET IN THE SPINNEY UNTIL WHISPERING VOICES ARE HEARD INSIDE THE HOLLOW TREE.

ELLA: There are steps up here. This must be the end of the tunnel.

CLARISSA: I wonder where it comes up?

THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE TRAPDOOR OPENING AND ELLA POPS HER HEAD OUT.

ELLA: Well would you believe it.

CLARISSA: Well I never!

MOLLIE: What is it? Where are we?

CLARISSA: Right in the middle of the wood.

ELLA: In the spinney.

MOLLIE: That's really weird!

DAISY: Are you going to stand there all day? How about letting us out?

THE GIRLS COME OUT OF THE TREE AND LET THE OTHERS OUT.

DAISY: This just does not make sense. Why would anyone want a tunnel leading to the wood.

TRIXIE: Isn't it obvious? A tunnel from the chapel to the outside.

DAISY: Oh, you mean an escape route for the priest in Elizabethan times?

TRIXIE: Exactly!

DAISY: Mollie, I found something at the bottom of the steps. I trod on it and thought it was a stone at first. It may be nothing...

SHE HOLDS UP A RUSTY KEY, SO ENCRUSTED WITH MUD AS TO MAKE IT LOOK WORTHLESS. MOLLIE TAKES IT FROM DAISY TO INSPECT IT.

MOLLIE: You're right Daisy, it's nothing. It might once have been a key but now it's nothing but a lump of rusty metal. *(She throws it down into the mud)*

DAISY: *(Picking up the key)* I think I'll keep it all the same.

VOICES OFF.

LILY: Someone's coming. It's a ghost. Mollie, it's a ghost.

MOLLIE: Be quiet Lily. It's no such thing. Quick girls, hide.

THEY ALL HIDE BEHIND THE HOLLOW TREE, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE SPINNEY BUT IN VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE. ENTER THE HEAD AND FRANK.

YARDLEY: Oh, Hetty, we can't go on meeting like this.
(They embrace)

MOLLIE: That's Mr Yardley's voice. But who's Hetty?

CLARISSA: Shush, Mollie.

HEAD: My darling Soapy, it won't be for much longer. Soon we shall declare our love.

LILY: Love? Yuk!

MOLLIE: That's the old trumpet. Hetty must be short for Henrietta. Who'd have guessed it? Our headmistress meeting a man in the wood at midnight.

MAISIE: But why does she call him Soapy?

CLARISSA: Got it! His name's Yardley. The Yardley factory makes soap.

TRIXIE: That's so pathetic. Even a Lower Third could think up a better pseudonym.

TRIXIE: What's a pseudonym?

CLARISSA: Quiet, Trixie!

HEAD: I have written to the governors and they have accepted my resignation.

GASPS OF DISBELIEF FROM THE GIRLS.

TRIXIE: What's resignation?

CLARISSA: She's leaving the school, Trixie.

MOLLIE: I always thought he was too well spoken and too much of a gentleman to be a real janitor.

YARDLEY: Then, we shall be free to marry!

THE GIRLS GASP IN ASTONISHMENT.

MAISIE: Great Scott, can you imagine any man wanting to marry her?

LILY: I can't imagine why anyone would want to get married. Yuk!

HEAD: Oh Frank!

YARDLEY: Oh Hetty!

LILY: I have a horrid feeling they're going to kiss in a minute.

HEAD: Hold me tight, Frank!

YARDLEY: Kiss me, Hetty.

LILY: There, I told you. Yuk!

CLARISSA: Don't look, Lily.

MAISIE: Do something Mollie. We can't let them kiss.

MOLLIE PICK AS UP A STONE AND THROWS IT WAY OFF INTO THE BUSHES. FRANK LETS GO OF HETTY ABRUPTLY.

YARDLEY: What was that?

HEAD: I expect it was just a small animal.

YARDLEY: Do you think I should go and look?

HEAD: What? And leave me here on my own? You know I am afraid of the dark, Soapy.

SOME OF THE GIRLS SNIGGER.

HEAD: Soapy, oh soapy. Now, where were we? Oh yes! Hold me tight Frank!

YARDLEY: Kiss me, Hetty!

ELLA: It sounds as if they've rehearsed this.

CLARISSA: I have a feeling we're not going to be able to prevent this kiss.

MOLLIE: Then let's get out of here. Back down the tunnel,

quick.

WITH A FLURRY, THE GIRLS EXIT BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL.

YARDLEY: Hetty, oh Hetty.

HEAD: Kiss me Frank.

YARDLEY: But Hetty, I really feel I

HEAD: *(Curtly)* Just do as I say Frank: *(aggressively)*
kiss me.

YARDLEY: Oh very well.

FRANK READIES HIMSELF THEN, JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO KISS
HER, THERE IS A BLACKOUT.

ACT 2 SCENE 5, In the Tunnel

LILY: That was so disgusting.

ELLA: Who would have thought the old trumpet had it in her.

LILY: Should be against the law for people that old to kiss.

DAISY: So she's leaving St Trinian's.

MAISIE: Good!

DAISY: Maisie! Don't be like that.

MOLLIE: We might get someone even worse in her place.

DAISY: The old trumpet's not so bad.

THERE IS A SCUFFLING SOUND AS TRISTAN AND PETER APPROACH.

MOLLIE: Quiet! Someone's coming down the tunnel. Quick,
hide!

THE GIRLS PRESS THEMSELVES AGAINST THE WALLS OF THE
TUNNEL AS TRISTAN AND PETER APPEAR. LILY AND MAISY GRASP
ONE-ANOTHER AND QUIVER IN FEAR. WITH A YELL, THE GIRLS
POUNCE ON THEM. THE BOYS CRY OUT IN PAIN.

MOLLIE: Got you. Clarissa, shine your torch on them.

DAISY: Tristan, Peter, what on earth are you doing here?

TRISTAN: Daisy, we've come to warn you. You might be in danger.

DAISY: From who?

PETER: From whom, you mean.

DAISY: Whatever!

TRISTAN: We found Sir Toby's clothes in the tunnel. They're from the drama cupboard. This whole ghost thing is a hoax.

DAISY: Tristan, you've been following us again, haven't you?

CLARISSA: It's just as well he has Daisy, or he wouldn't be able to warn us.

ELLA: Just a minute, the penny's dropped.

MAISIE AND LILY LOOK ON THE FLOOR FOR A PENNY.

ELLA: That strange smell, Sir Toby's clothes, the stolen valuables.

DAISY: Tom Jefferies!

ELLA: Exactly! He's nothing but a common thief.

DAISY: And for some reason he wants to scare us out of the school.

CLARISSA: I think he knows about the treasure and is looking for it himself.

MOLLIE: Then we must get back to school and warn the old trumpet.

LILY: I think she's rather busy in the wood right now.

MOLLIE: Then we shall go to matron.

CLARISSA: She'll never believe us. We'll just get scolded for absconding.

ELLA: Especially when we tell her about what the old trumpet's been up to.

DAISY: Indeed! The headmistress of St Trinian's is a sacred position, beyond criticism by mere pupils such as us.

MAISIE: You mean, like the Pope?

DAISY: Exactly Maisy. The head teachers of St Trinian's are known to have been honest and honourable ever since the school was founded.

LILY: Really?

DAISY: Yes, and they are above reproach. Why do you think we have to learn all the past headmistresses' names and recite them in assembly once a week?

LILY: For a punishment?

DAISY: No Lily, it is a school tradition to honour past heads. It's called the roll of honour.

SONG 9 THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

We honour the heads of our infamous school,
Without their great wisdom there would be no school!
Their teaching was hopeless but they'll not be blamed,
Their sins are forgiven and Sainthood proclaimed.

One looks at their portraits hung high in the hall,
All ugly sisters left out of the ball,
Of countenance gruesome and intellect small,
No wonder they hid in a girls' boarding school.

Miss Prenderghast heads the list of the depraved,
Girls laughed in her face when she ranted and raved.
Her favourite expression was 'girls will be girls'!
Exclaimed as the custard dripped out of her curls.

Now poor Enid Windybank's sole claim to fame,
Was the uncanny truth hinted at in her name.
Girls snored through her classes, bored out of their mind,
Convinced she was talking through her fat behind.

The most famous matron of our glorious school,
Was built like a cart-horse, though not very tall.
Miss Smythe she was called and the cause of her fame?
She got wedged in the loo 'til the fire brigade came.

LILY: I see what you mean now Daisy: the role of honour!

MOLLIE: Come on, let's get out of this tunnel. This must be the chapel now.

THE GIRLS SWITCH THEIR TORCHES OFF AND THE LIGHTS GO UP IN THE CHAPEL TO REVEAL MATRON, WAITING AT THE ENTRANCE WITH KATE, WHOSE HEAD IS BANDAGED AND WHO IS GRINNING MALEVOLENTLY. MATRON PUTS HER FINGER TO HER LIPS TO ENSURE KATE DOES NOT ALERT THE GIRLS TO THEIR PRESENCE.

MOLLIE: Careful on the steps girls. Don't slip.

AS THE GIRLS COME OUT OF THE TUNNEL, ONE BY ONE, THEY ARE SHOCKED TO SEE MATRON STANDING TO ONE SIDE. EACH GIRL GASPS AND SAYS NOTHING. SOME OF THEM SCOWL AT KATE. ELLA IS THE LAST TO COME OUT. SHE DOES NOT NOTICE MATRON.

ELLA: What are you waiting for you lot? *(Some of the girls try to give a subtle gesture in Matron's direction but this escapes Ella. Some of them now put their heads in their hands in anticipation of the inevitable.)* Do you want that moody old cow Matron to come along and find us?

MATRON: *(Furiously)* She already has!

ELLA DEVELOPS A LOOK OF SHOCK-HORROR AND STARTS TO SHRIVEL AS SHE REALISES WHAT SHE HAS JUST SAID.

ELLA: I'm sorry. I I

MATRON: Did not realise I was here? Of course you didn't or you wouldn't have insulted me, would you.

ELLA: I I I

MATRON: Be quiet girl, unless you're spoken to! *(Menacingly)* Now, I can see that the school role will be falling after tonight. This is an expulsion offence.

ALL THE GIRLS JUMP ON THE WORD 'EXPULSION'. MATRON PUTS HER FACE RIGHT CLOSE TO SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS AS SHE REPEATS...

MATRON: Expulsion, do you hear me? Expulsion, expulsion, expulsion!

LILY STARTS TO CRY.

MATRON: Oh dear, now we have a blubbering baby. Let me find a hanky. *(She takes out a hanky and gives it to Lily. In Lily's face)* And now you can stop blubbering and hear me list the charges: one, you have assaulted a senior pupil, two, you have been caught out of bounds and three I don't like you - any of you. You're nothing but a bunch of spoilt brats. Kate - go and wake the head. I want this matter dealt with now.

KATE: *(Grinning)* Yes Miss, certainly Miss. *(Exits)*

MATRON: Mollie Aherne, step forward.

MOLLIE: Miss!

LILY HAS HAD ENOUGH. SHE GOES TO FETCH THE HYMN BOOK.

MATRON: You are the worst of the lot, the ringleader, the instigator of all that is evil in this school. At last I shall be rid of you. I.....

SHE GETS NO FURTHER AS LILY BRINGS THE HYMN BOOK DOWN ON HER HEAD WITH A RESOUNDING CRACK AND MATRON FALLS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR. JUST THEN, KATE ENTERS WITH THE HEAD HOT ON HER HEELS.

MAISIE: *(Aside)* Wow, she got back quickly!

MOLLIE: Oh Miss Trumpington-Trumpington, thank goodness you've come. Matron's had a funny turn.

CLARISSA: We heard a loud noise and came in to find Matron rambling incoherently. I think she may have been drinking.

HEAD: Drinking? On duty? This is outrageous!

KATE: Don't listen to them Miss. This is all a pack of lies.... *(The word lies grows into a scream as Lily and Maisie grab one pig-tail each and pull in opposite directions).*

HEAD: What of earth is wrong with you Kate Haggerty?

KATE: These little blighters, they... *(Maisie and Lily repeat the torture.)* Ah!

HEAD: I think you can go back to your bed, Haggerty. I shall speak to you about your strange behaviour in the morning. You're probably still suffering from smoke-inhalation.

KATE: But Miss, I....

HEAD: Go now!

KATE: (*Head down*) Yes, Miss.

HEAD: Now girls, how fortunate that you were able to deal with this situation. Mollie, let's prop Matron up on these hassocks, shall we?

MOLLIE: Miss, we have some bad news. It's about Tom - and the thefts. And we want to tell you all about Kate Haggerty.

HEAD: Steady on! First things first. Let's get Matron on her feet and into her own infirmary. Then we can talk in my study.

MOLLIE: Oh thank you, Miss. Thank you.

MATRON STARTS TO STIR. SHE UTTERS A STREAM OF UNINTELLIGIBLE NONSENSE.

MATRON: Now, take it easy Ivy.

LILY: Ivy? (*Sniggers*)

MATRON: Where am I? Who are you? Who am I?

DAISY: Oh dear, I believe she's lost her memory!

MATRON: (*Catching sight of Mollie*) Ah, Millie a horn I believe - and Twaisy, Twaisy Duddle!

HEAD: I see what you mean girls. A clear-cut case of inebriation.

MOLLIE AND ELLA HELP THE HEAD SUPPORT MATRON AS THEY EXIT.

MATRON: No, stop Herienta, you don't understand. I have been trismeated.

HEAD: Oh do be quiet, you old fool.

THE GIRLS AND HEAD EXIT WITH MATRON. TRISTAN AND PETER COME OUT OF THE TUNNEL.

TRISTAN: What a stroke of luck, Peter. Miss Trumpington never even knew we were there.

PETER: Trumpington.

TRISTAN: I said Trumpington.

PETER: Yes, but you said only one. There are two Trumpingtons.

TRISTAN: Are there really?

PETER: Never mind. Let's get back to bed. I think we've had quite enough excitement for one night.

TRISTAN: Oh Peter, do let's just hide in the head's study first. I do so want to know what happens next.

PETER: Do what you like Tristan. I'm off to bed. *(Exits)*

TRISTAN: Peter! Peter, don't be a spoilsport. Peter, wait for me!

ACT 2 SCENE 6, The Chapel

THE LAST FEW CHILDREN FILE IN FOR ASSEMBLY IN THE CHAPEL. MANY OF THEM HAVE STICKING PLASTERS AND BANDAGES COVERING HOCKEY WOUNDS. MISS BROOME AND MR PINNEY ARE SITTING AT THE FRONT, FACING THE CHILDREN. A SMALL GIRL DELIVERS A NOTE TO MISS BROOME, WHICH SHE QUICKLY GLANCES AT.

MISS BROOME: Settle down, children. It appears the head will be a little late as she is dealing with a serious matter. We will, therefore, commence the assembly forthwith.

TRIXIE LOOKS UP 'FORTHWITH' IN HER DICTIONARY.

MISS BROOME: Juliet Warrington will play the organ today. All rise.

JULIET TAKES HER PLACE AND PLAYS THE INTRO TO THE SONG.

SONG 10 THE BATTLE'S ENDED

The battle's ended, the triumph won,
Good deeds rewarded and justice is done.
Those who would fight for the devil confound,
Heaven's battalions as victors are crowned.

Once more victorious, the army will show,
Marching to glory, their heart all aglow.
Angel choirs join in the glorious refrain;
'Saint Trinian's hockey squad does it again'.

Sweet cherub voices sing praise to the Lord,
Here's a result to chalk up on the board.
Celestial halls resound loudly and long,
Here comes the end of our blasphemous song.

Once more victorious, the army will show,
Marching to glory, their heart all aglow.
Angel choirs join in the glorious refrain;
'Saint Trinian's hockey squad does it again'.

MISS BROOME: Good morning children.

ALL: Good morning, Miss Broome.

MISS BROOME: You may be seated. Now, I believe Mr Pinney has an announcement to make.

MR PINNEY: (*Rising*) Thank you, Miss Broome. This concerns lost property. I wonder if anyone might explain how this item of clothing (*he whips Daisy's bra out of his pocket*) came to be found in the boys' dormitory?

THERE IS A GASP AND A RIPPLE OF LAUGHTER. DAISY RECOGNISES HER BRA AND IS FURIOUS.

ELLA: Perhaps one of the boys was trying it on, Sir.

MR PINNEY: There is no need to be flippant, young lady. It seems that there has been a breach of school rules. May I remind you that you are never allowed to visit dormitories of the opposite sex.

MISS BROOME: (*Standing and taking the bra from him*) I shall keep the offending item in custody in my office. Perhaps the girl who has - lost - this item would care to come and collect it from me.

DAISY: Just wait till I get my hands on Tristan. I'll kill him.

MISS BROOME: Be quiet, Miss Twaddle - or do I take it that the item is yours.

DAISY HANGS HER HEAD AND SAYS NOTHING. SUDDENLY, A RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT RUNS THROUGH THE CHAPEL. CONSTABLE BACON PASSES THROUGH WITH A HANDCUFFED AND SCOWLING TOM JEFFERIES, WHO GLARES AT THE UPPER THIRD. THE PUPILS MUTTER AMONGST THEMSELVES.

ENTER THE HEAD AND ALL STAND.

HEAD: Good morning St Trinian's.

ALL: Good morning Miss Trumpington-Trumpington.

MAISIE: Trumpington.

ELLA: Trumpington.

HEAD: Please sit. Now, I have several announcements of great import.

TRIXIE THUMBS THROUGH HER DICTIONARY, LOOKING FOR IMPORT.

HEAD: There has been a most unfortunate series of incidents, which have resulted in an arrest.

REACTION FROM PUPILS.

HEAD: Please settle down. Regrettably, I must inform you that Mr Thomas Jefferies is no longer employed by the school and is helping the police with their enquiries relating to a number of thefts. There is also the small matter of impersonating a ghost in order to frighten members of the school. I very much regret the fact that any of you pupils were under suspicion for these crimes.

ANOTHER MURMUR.

HEAD: In order to redress this injustice, I shall award double tuck for everyone from now until the end of term.

WILD CHEERS.

HEAD: Sadly, one pupil does not deserve this honour. As you know this school will not tolerate bullying of any kind, physical or verbal.

CLARISSA: Hear hear!

HEAD: Don't you dare interrupt my assembly, Clarissa you rude girl.

CLARISSA HANGS HER HEAD.

HEAD: It has come to light that Kate Haggerty has repeatedly broken this rule and she is to be expelled with immediate effect.

TRIXIE: Hooray!

ALL STARE AT TRIXIE WHO SQUIRMS IN EMBARRASSMENT.

HEAD: Trixie Pilkington-Witherspoon.

TRIXIE: Sorry Miss.

HEAD: I should like you to come out to the front at once.

TRIXIE GOES OUT IN TREPIDATION, EXPECTING A ROCKET.

HEAD: Trixie, in your short time at the school you have demonstrated very admirable qualities, not least of all your act of heroism during the fire. You put your life at risk to save another. The life of the very girl who has been bullying you, I believe.

TRIXIE: Yes Miss.

TRIXIE: In recognition of your bravery, I would like to present you with the award of St Trinian's School Girl of the Year.

THE PUPILS APPLAUD AND CHEER WILDLY AS TRIXIE IS PRESENTED WITH A SHIELD.

TRIXIE: Please Miss, may I say something?

HEAD: Well this is most irregular. (*Ponders*). Oh, very well.

TRIXIE: As you may know, we found a treasure map in an old vase and discovered a secret passage leading from this very room.

PUPILS GASP WITH ASTONISHMENT AND MUTTER.

TRIXIE: Well in the tunnel, Daisy discovered a key. I have cleaned it up and - well, here it is.

SHE HOLDS UP A SHINY BRASS KEY WITH THE TAB FASHIONED INTO THE SHAPE OF A GRIFFON.

TRIXIE: If you look here you can see it's in the shape of a griffon. I believe this key will unlock the treasure of Sir Toby de Witt.

THERE IS A BURST OF EXCITED CHATTER.

TRIXIE: If you will allow me, on the panel here there is an image of a griffon guarding something between its paws. I believe this is a keyhole and I would like to try this key in the lock.

HEAD: Go ahead Trixie.

SHE TRIES THE KEY IN THE LOCK. AT FIRST SHE CANNOT TURN IT BUT WITH A BIT OF JIGGLING IT TURNS IN THE LOCK. THE PUPILS WAIT WITH BAITED BREATH. TRIXIE OPENS THE DOOR IN THE PANEL AND TAKES OUT A SMALL CHEST, WITH DIFFICULTY AS IT IS CLEARLY HEAVY. THE PUPILS GASP WITH DELIGHT THEN WAIT IN SILENCE. TRIXIE OPENS THE TRUNK TO REVEAL A PILE OF GLITTERING GOLD COINS AND SOME PRICELESS-LOOKING JEWELLERY. THE PUPILS CHEER AND APPLAUD WILDLY. TRIXIE HOLDS THE TRUNK OUT FOR ALL TO SEE.

HEAD: Well Trixie, you have really excelled yourself. It appears that this legend at least is true.

MISS BROOME: This is what that Tom Jefferies was after, I'll bet.

HEAD: I will see that this is delivered directly to the police station. After all - it does not belong to us.

GROANS OF DISMAY.

TRIXIE: Miss, If I may say one last thing?

HEAD: Make it quick, Trixie.

TRIXIE: You see, I came to this school for a very special reason. As some of you know, my parents are both dead and I have no surviving relatives.

DAISY: Poor Trixie.

TRIXIE: This also means I inherit all my father's possessions.

MISS BROOME: Get to the point, Trixie.

TRIXIE: The point is that I am the last surviving relative of Sir Toby de Witt (*gasps*) and his treasure, hidden though it was, has been bequeathed to each successive generation of my family, each of whom harboured the dream that one day they would find the treasure.

ENORMOUS REACTION FROM THE PUPILS.

Now the treasure is found it is only right that it should stay here at St Trinian's. I therefore give this treasure to the school. The proceeds shall be used to fund a new sports hall. It will be the best in the country - and big enough to play indoor hockey - in all weathers.

ALL: Hooray!

TRIXIE GOES BACK TO HER PLACE WITH HER SHIELD. OTHER GIRLS FORM A FUNNEL AND PAT HER BACK AS SHE PASSES THROUGH.

HEAD: Thank you Trixie. That is most generous. I'm only sorry I won't be here to see it. You see, boys and girls, I shall be leaving the school at the end of the term. My fiancé and I will be married in the summer. I shall become Mrs Yardley.

THERE IS A BIG REACTION AS FRANK ENTERS AND STANDS NEXT TO THE HEAD.

ELLA: Yardley.

MAISIE: Yardley.

MOLLIE: Three cheers for Mr and Mrs Yardley, for St Trinian's School and for all the great public schools of England. Hip hip....

ALL: Hooray. etc.

SONG 11 THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND

Chorus:

The public schools of England will always be the best,
The working class must never pass the common entrance test.
And if you don't know your tables and your British queens and kings,
It matters not, your dad's a judge so he can pull some strings.

You'll find in Eton's hallowed halls young men a breed apart,
Each knows their place in life's tough race and strives to play
their part.

Toasting crumpets by the fire and sipping Pimms 'til dawn,
Starch your collar, brush your hat, take tea upon the lawn.

The costume's from a pantomime, the lines from Roman farce,
If you just mind your ps and qs you'll be top of the class.
Quoting Homer's Iliad and parsing verbs in Latin,
Fagging for the Upper Sixth and wearing gowns of satin.

The army kids are welcomed here above a certain rank,
If dad's at least a co-lo-nel, with plenty in the bank.
Civil servants' children always charm the entrance board,
When Daddy gets that peerage you will be a little lord.

Now once you're in you need to learn a little etiquette,
A gentle flogging with the cane will help, lest you forget.
A well-known school for gentlemen designed a charming game,
One beats opponents half to death, yes, Rugby is its name.

Last Chorus:

The public schools of England will always be the best,
The working class must never pass the common entrance test.
And if a fresher should slip through from the local county school,
Show him who's boss on the rugger pitch as soon as he gets the ball.

CURTAIN CALLS TAKE PLACE DURING THE SONG. FINALLY, THE
UPPER THIRD FORM A GUARD OF HONOUR WITH THEIR HOCKEY
STICKS AND MR AND MRS YARDLEY WALK DOWN. OTHER GIRLS HOLD
A BANNER READING: HETTY AND SOAPY WITH A HEART AND ARROW.
CONFETTI IS THROWN. AFTER THE SONG THERE ARE EXPLOSIONS
OF SEVERAL CONFETTI BOMBS. THE GIRLS ALL SCREAM AND THERE
IS A FINAL BLACKOUT.

CURTAIN