

5T RULES - O.K!

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## CHARACTERS

Mr. WILSON	A young teacher not long out of college.
BAZ (Barry Rogers)	A wirily built youth of 15 years.
BILT (David Bilton)	A tall thin bullying youth.
JAGO (Joseph Jackson)	A West Indian youth.
MAX (Maurice Gascoigne)	A fair haired youth.
BILLY (William Walker)	A good looking youth, one of the quieter and more mature members of group.
INKY (Ian Stevens)	A tiny imp of a youth.
BISHOP (Brian Bishop)	A fat boy.
JENNY (Jennifer English)	A good looking girl and she knows it.
MARILYN (Marilyn Murphy)	A hulk of a girl who can fight with the best of the lads and probably win.
TINA (Tina Blenkin)	A quiet, insignificant but fairly intelligent girl.
OTHER GIRLS	Any number
HEADMASTER	A typical old school type who rules with a rod of iron over both his pupils and his staff.
Mr. BATEY	A constantly grumbling caretaker who always shuffles about with a brush in his hand.

## 5T RULES - O.K.!

*(The action takes place in a classroom at the top of a modern three-storey block at a comprehensive school somewhere in the Midlands. The whole of one wall is made up of windows and this looks out towards the audience and the imaginary playground below. The far wall has the usual informatory posters and wall charts on it and at the back of the room there are built-in cupboards reaching almost to the ceiling. At the front of the classroom there is the teacher's modern flat desk and a moveable blackboard which is slanted inwards towards the audience. The audience are able to see a cross section of the wall at the other end of the room and out into a small foyer outside, where there are two glass doors at the top of the stairs quite close to a radiator which juts out towards them. There are two other doors leading to boys and girls' toilets and a further door leading into the empty classroom of Mr. Jenks next door.)*

*(The time is 4.00 pm on a wintery Friday afternoon and 5 T are just coming to the end of another English lesson)*

- WILSON: There's far too much noise in here, I can't hear myself think for all the racket you're making.
- BILTON: Sir, can I go sir? Can I?
- WILSON: Just a minute Bilton. Now is there anyone else's book that I've not yet marked?
- INKY: *(Playing with a plastic model on his desk)*. Spider Man! A job for spider man! *(Makes car noises and screeching of brakes)*.
- WILSON: Stevens!
- INKY: *(Unheeding)*. The battle is 'ard and long, a left to the jaw and then a right - pow!
- WILSON: STEVENS! When you've quite finished. *(INKY subsides)*. Now have I seen everyone's book? Rogers, have I seen yours?
- BAZ *(Sullenly)*. No.
- WILSON: Why not?
- BAZ: 'Cos I've not finished.
- WILSON: Not finished? But you've had nearly an hour.
- BAZ: I can't think in here, I can't create.
- WILSON: You mean can't be bothered.
- INKY: Whap!
- WILSON: Stevens! *(to BAZ)*. Let's have a look at what you've done anyway. Come on we haven't got all day. *(Takes book and reads)*. "The worst villain the world has known. He lives in a concrete battlement where the hands of time stand still and lie moves like the ghost of Dracula that nobody can kill" - It's in verse! I didn't tell you to write a poem, it was supposed to be an essay on the worst villain in history.
- BAZ: He is.
- WILSON: Who?
- BAZ: Him who I'm writing about.
- WILSON: You're off on one of your symbolic trips again aren't you?
- BAZ: It's just a poem.
- WILSON: I didn't tell you to write a poem - anyway it's too vague, you can't tell who you're on about.
- BAZ: That's cos it's got 'idden meanings. It's very deep.

WILSON: Very. Now is there anyone else's book? No. All right then, when we're all ready. What's the time Jenny?

JENNY: Four, Sir, the bell's late.

WILSON: If you've quite finished. (*A hush descends*). Now then, let's try for once acting in a sensible adult manner and waiting for the bell in silence.

INKY: Zap!

WILSON: Stevens!

INKY: Sorry Sir.

WILSON: (*Sound of pop music coming from Marilyn's bag*). And we can do without that.  
(*They all wait in silence for the release of the Friday afternoon bell. Then when it does sound they all make a dash for the door and Wilson, trying to assert himself, stands in the way with his hand raised*).

WILSON: That bell is a signal for me to end the lesson not for you to stampede. Sit down! All of you, sit down! I've never seen such a rabble - like wild animals.

MAX: Sir, I'll miss me bus.

TINA: Me mam's waiting for us.

WILSON: You will go when I say so and not before. (*They grumbling decide that they'd better humour him to get out, and sit down again*). Very well, you may (*Before he has time to reach 'go' the stampede is on again*) go. (*However a few of them are slower than usual and BAZ grabs BILTON on the way past and whispers in his ear. Whilst WILSON begins gathering together his papers and books BA Z then begins a distracting exercise to get him away from his briefcase on the desk and over to wards the window. JAGO steals keys from the bag and goes to lock the doors outside*).

BAZ: Sir, can I have a word with you?

WILSON: Make it quick.

BAZ: You'll think I'm daft sir.

WILSON: I already know that. What are you after?

BAZ: (*Continuing the embarrassed act*). I don't know how to ask I you sir, you see I was in here at break this morning looking -

WILSON: What were you doing here then?

BAZ: Just looking sir, out of the window and I remembered what was said in that lesson on Cave Men.

WILSON: And?

BAZ: Well I was thinking about what you keep saying about always trying to ask yourself questions about what's going on round you and I suddenly thought -

WILSON: Unusual for you!

BAZ: I thought "If they write so much about Cave Men and find them so interesting what's it going to be like when they start looking at us in the future. I mean what would they call us?"

WILSON: Call us?

BAZ: Yeah, I mean if they were the Stone Age and all that what age are we going to be?

WILSON: (*Taken aback at the boy's philosophical tone*). Well I ...er it's a bit late in the ... er ... what shall we say? Plastic perhaps? Or Concrete like your poem. Maybe even Glass, there's a lot of it about. You do come out with the weirdest things at times.

BAZ: I'm sorry Sir.

WILSON: No, there's no need to be sorry, it shows you're trying. Now then (*Picking up brief case and making for the door*) must dash. See you all Monday. Haven't you got any homes to go to?

INKY: Yes Sir.

WILSON: 'Night then.

ALL: 'Night Sir.  
(*He goes out passing JAGO returning with the keys to BAZ: There is an expectant hush from the few who are left as they hear him go to the doors at the top of the stairs to find they have been locked*). WILSON: (*Re-enters looking short tempered*). All right, who's the comedian?

BILT: Comedian Sir?  
WILSON: Yes Sir, comedian Sir!  
BILT: I don't know what you mean, what's up?  
WILSON: (*Putting bag down resignedly on desk*). Here we go again. Which of you (*Stops himself swearing*). Which of you jokers has locked the doors?  
BAZ: Doors Sir!  
WILSON: Look, I don't mind a joke, you know that, but when it comes to taking things from my personal property ... those keys were in this case. I've had about enough for one day so no more games eh! Let's have 'em. Bilton!  
BILT: I haven't  
WILSON: Stevens?  
INKY: Me, Sir?  
WILSON: Bishop? Aw come on will you.  
BAZ: How d'you know it was a joke?  
WILSON: Eh?  
BAZ: The doors. How d'you know whoever did it, did it for a joke?  
WILSON: How d'you mean?  
BAZ: Might have been done for any number of reasons. You always think if anybody in here does anything it's for fun. You never think we do 'owt serious.  
WILSON: I said 'joke' because I can't think of any other reason for locking the doors at four o'clock on a Friday, can you?  
BAZ: It's not necessarily for a joke.  
WILSON: Do I detect...? Can you tell me then why anybody would do it if it wasn't a joke?  
BAZ: More serious reasons maybe.  
WILSON: More serious eh? Such as?  
BILT: Go on, Baz, tell him.  
BAZ: You've er ... we've er ...  
(*There is a pause which BIL TON breaks*).  
BILT: We've kidnapped you!  
JAGO: Captured!  
MAX: Nicked!  
INKY: Got yer! Alcatraz, yeah, yeah!  
WILSON: I'll Alcatraz you. What're you on about 'kidnapped'?  
BAZ: That's not the right word sir. You're more like a hostage.  
WILSON: (*Incredulously*). Hostage!  
BAZ: Yes, Sir, we needed a hostage and you were the most likely.  
WILSON: I don't quite ...  
BAZ: We had to have somebody to bargain with, to act as the middle man between us and them.  
WILSON: Us and ...! Middle man?  
BAZ: Yes Sir, between us and the boss.  
WILSON: Hold on a minute, you're saying the door was locked on purpose, for a reason?  
BAZ: Yes sir.  
WILSON: And this has something to do with you and the Head? Are you occupying the place or -  
BAZ: Yes Sir.  
WILSON: Or are you - ? Did you say 'yes'?  
BAZ: Yes sir.  
WILSON: You're (*slowly*) occupying it? What, here?  
BILT: Yeah, we're taking it over.  
WILSON: You're really serious! (*It dawns on him*). You are, aren't you? You mean it, it's not a joke.  
BAZ: It's not a joke Sir.  
(*There is a pause whilst WILSON tries to digest the fact*).  
JAGO: We're having a sit-in.

WILSON: *(Stunned)*. A sit-in!  
 BAZ: Yes Sir, a squat, sit-in, call it what you want.  
 BILT: We're revolting sir!  
 WILSON: I already know that.  
 BAZ: We're only taking over the top floor sir, this room and Jenko's next door.  
 WILSON: The whole floor?  
 BAZ: Yeah, so we can use the toilets. We don't know how long we might be here do we?  
 WILSON: No I suppose you don't.  
 INKY: You look surprised Sir.  
 WILSON: Do I? Well I suppose I am a bit, it's come as a bit of a shock. But do you know what you're saying?  
 BAZ: Yes Sir.  
 WILSON: But do you realise just how serious it is, this thing you're doing?  
 BAZ: Yes Sir, course we do.  
 WILSON: I mean have you really given it serious thought? There'll be no end of bother when the Head finds out.  
 BAZ: We had no choice.  
 WILSON: Choice?  
 BAZ: No Sir, there was nothing else we could do in the circumstances.  
 WILSON: Nothing ... ? But why? If it's not too daft a question, what did you have to go to these lengths for?  
 BAZ: He'll not listen any other way.  
 WILSON: The Head? But listen to what?  
 BAZ: Our ideas, the way we want things running.  
 WILSON: But he's the Head, it's his school.  
 BAZ: We know, but he won't even listen.  
 WILSON: How d'you know?  
 BAZ: He just won't.  
 WILSON: So you're going to make him listen by taking over the top floor for a sit-in.  
 BAZ: Yes Sir to protest.  
 WILSON: And just say again where I fit into all this ... whatever it is.  
 BAZ: We need a hostage.  
 WILSON: *(Still stunned repeats mechanically)* A hostage.  
 BILT: Yeah, everybody on telly who gets what they want has a hostage, sir, to bargain with.  
 WILSON: So, I'm to be bargained with am I?  
 BAZ: In a way.  
 WILSON: And do you mind if I ask what the ransom fee is?  
 BAZ: Ransom?  
 WILSON: Yes for my release. I assume you're asking something for me, I mean, I must be worth something.  
 BAZ: Just more freedom, that's all we want.  
 WILSON: So if you get more freedom then I get mine. I see. *(He begins to laugh)*.  
 BAZ: What are you laughing at?  
 WILSON: I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh, just that it's all been done so many times before.  
 BAZ: Not by us.  
 WILSON: Not by you, I agree and I'm sure you feel very aggrieved and that you're going to change everything overnight and fight for your rights - but I'm afraid you'll have to count me out this time.  
 BILLY: But we've not -  
 WILSON: Where are they?  
 BAZ: What?  
 WILSON: The keys. You let me have my door keys and I'll go out, I'll lock the doors again behind me and you can protest away to your hearts content. I've had a long day, I'm

tired. I want to go home. *(No response)*. All right, have it your own way. *(he moves towards the door)*.

BAZ: Where are you going Sir?

WILSON: There's more ways of getting through a door than using keys. *(Makes to leave classroom and BILTON and JAGO jump in his way. He shoves BIL TON out of the way and is trying to move JAGO when BILTON immediately grabs a nearby chair and is about to bring it down onto his head when he is stopped by BAZ grabbing one of its legs)*.

BAZ: No Bilt.

*(There is a moment when BILTON almost loses control but it passes and the chair drops to the floor with a clatter)*.

WILSON: *(To JAGO)*. Out of my way.

BAZ: *(Stepping in)*. We can't let you go sir, at least not until you've listened to our proposals.

WILSON: I will not be a prisoner in my own classroom.

BAZ: It won't take long sir, just let us tell you what we wanted.

MARILYN: Told you he wouldn't listen.

MAX: Like all the rest, just like the boss.

MARILYN: Typical.

WILSON: Would you listen if you'd been tricked and trapped like I have? What would you do?

BAZ: Sir, if you'll promise you'll listen to us, I promise your keys will turn up when we've finished.

WILSON: You do?

BAZ: Scouts honour.

WILSON: All right then, but make it quick.

ALL: 'Ray!

*(BAZ takes a list from his pocket, clears his throat and begins)*.

BAZ: We've made a list of all the changes we want.

WILSON: All? How many are there?

BAZ: Ten Sir.

WILSON: Ten?

BAZ: Yes Sir. There'd have been more but we thought ten's enough, don't you?

WILSON: I do. Go on then.

BAZ: "We the undersigned members of 5T hereby demand the following changes in the rules of this school....."

WILSON: You've spelt 'undersigned' wrong.

BAZ: *(Ignoring him)*. Number One. We want to be able to come to school on our bikes.

WILSON: You mean mopeds?

BAZ: Yes. Two: we want our own common room. Three: we want to be able to smoke in it.

WILSON: What?!

BAZ: You said you'd listen sir. I must ask you not to interrupt. Four: we want to wear our own gear for school. Five: we want a representative on the Board of Governors like Five Alpha. Six: we want prefects chosen out of this class. *(WILSON is making movements to suggest he gives up)*. Seven: we want permission to go out at lunch time. Eight: I'm not sure how to put this one...

WILSON: You have a captive audience.

BAZ: We want lessons that'll be more use to us when we leave.

ALL: Yeah, not grammar stuff and precis, etc!

MARILYN: What good's that to me working at Wooley's?

BAZ: Nine: We think we should go out on more visits to see what places are like to work in.

WILSON: Where were you thinking of going?

BAZ: Anywhere.

WILSON: I remember the last one.

BAZ: We was just kids then sir, we wouldn't mess about now.

BILT: We could go round a fag factory!



JAGO: Or a brewery!

BILT: Yeah, think of all them free samples.

WILSON: See what I mean?

BAZ: They're only kidding sir.

WILSON: Are they? I don't think so. If you want visits you've got to stop acting like seven year olds on a Sunday School outing before I think about taking you out again.

BAZ: There you go again Sir, talking as if we were kids. We're not kids anymore. That's why we put the last one on the list - we want to be treated like adults not kids.

JAGO: Open your books!

BILT: Close your mouths!

JAGO: Stand up!

BFLT: Sit down!

JAGO: Stop talking!

BILT: Start the writing!

WILSON: All right, all right. I take the point. There's only one trouble with being treated like adults and that is you've got to act like them.

BAZ: But we are adults, that's what we mean, we are and nobody seems to have noticed.

WILSON: You think you are, there's a subtle difference.

BILT: I know I am.

WILSON: How? Go on tell me how?

BILT: Well I smoke as many as my Dad.

WILSON: Oh God, and that's what it means to be grown up ?

INKY: I am Sir, I have to shave twice a day.

WILSON: You?

BISHOP: He doesn't, sir, he's having you on.

INKY: I do too, I can show you the razor.

BISHOP: You've already shown it me and it didn't even have a blade in it!

INKY: So what, at least my Mam don't have to fasten my tie every morning like somebody I know.....

WILSON: Break it up, come on. Is that the last then?

BAZ: That's the last sir, number ten.

WILSON: Number ten, Moses Rogers and his Ten Commandments. Thank God for that, I thought they were never going to finish. Right then, I've carried out my side of the bargain....

BAZ: But aren't you going to tell us what you think of them? I mean do you think they're reasonable sir?

WILSON: They don't sound too bad at first hearing but there's a lot of room for discussion there on some of them and I don't really think that this is the time or the place to go into all the pros and cons now, do you?

BAZ: But will he listen to us?

WILSON: The Head? I shouldn't think so in this situation. Anyway all you can do is try I suppose.

MAX: Aren't you going to stay?

WILSON: Stay?

MAX: Yeah, to help us.

WILSON: Help you? Help you what?

BAZ: Get through to him sir. You know the way his mind works, what he's likely to do.

WILSON: He's likely to burst a blood vessel when he hears about this lot.

JENNY: But we need you sir.

WILSON: Need me?

JENNY: Yes sir to tell us if there's anything we've forgotten, to talk to him, he won't listen to us.

BISHOP: *(From the window)*. Batey's coming!

WILSON: The caretaker, that's something you'd forgotten. He's coming to lock up with his master keys.

MAX: Now what're we going to do?

BILT: Drop a brick on him.

WILSON: Very subtle.  
 INKY: Can we kidnap him as well?  
 WILSON: You'll be running out of oxygen at this rate.  
 BAZ: Sir, we haven't finished talking to you.  
 JENNY: Don't let him spoil it sir, please.  
 WILSON: *(Slowly)*. Well. If you really wanted to stop him coming in there's only one thing you could do.  
 BAZ: What's that?  
 WILSON: Block the doors, use some kind of wedge against the wall.  
 BAZ: Yeah but what?  
 WILSON: Well what about these? *(Indicates desks)*.  
 BAZ: The desks! *(He signals some of them and they put the desks in front of the inward opening doors at the top of the stairs)*.  
 BATEY: Here, what do you think you're doing? Who's locked this door? *(Sound of BATEY unlocking the doors but unable to move doors due to desks)*. Get them out of the way, how d'you expect me to get through? What game do you think you're playing?  
*(WILSON goes out to pacify him)*.  
 WILSON: It's all right Mr Batey.  
 BATEY: Oh it's you Mr. Wilson. Have you seen what this lot's done here? I can't get through for them.  
 WILSON: Yes, I can see but the trouble is we've got something going off here Mr. Batey you see, what you might call a 'situation' has developed.  
 BATEY: Did you tell them to put them there then? Is it some more of your drama then?  
 WILSON: Er ... not quite, but all the same do you think you could do me a little favour while you're up here?  
 BATEY: Well that depends don't it.  
 WILSON: Would you mind nipping over to the main block and seeing whether the Head's still here and if he is would you tell him there's something up here he should have a look at? - If it's convenient that is.  
 BATEY: I don't know, there's always something going off in this place, never a minute's peace.  
 WILSON: It's very good of you.  
 BATEY: It is, you can say that again, as if I didn't have enough to do *(Goes away chuntering to himself. WILSON re-enters to cheers from the rest)*.  
 JENNY: Well done sir.  
 BAZ: Yeah, thanks.  
 MAX: But what did you have to send for the boss for, sir?  
 WILSON: He's got to know sometime hasn't he?  
 MAX: I suppose so.  
 WILSON: And the sooner we get it over with the sooner I can be on my way.  
 JAGO: D'you think he'll listen?  
 WILSON: He hasn't got much choice has he?  
 JAGO: How d'you mean?  
 WILSON: Well he can't very well ignore the fact that one of his block's been taken over by a bunch of...  
 BAZ: Hooligans?  
 WILSON: I was going to say squatters. But supposing he doesn't agree with your proposals, supposing he tries to make you sweat it out and just leaves you here.  
 BAZ: We've thought of all that sir. We've got the toilets out there  
 WILSON: But you'd need food.  
 BAZ: We've got food. Show him lads *(They go to desks, bags and cupboards and produce tins of food and packets of biscuits and put them on his desk)*.  
 BAZ: *(Proudly)*. See? All organised.  
 WILSON: Very impressive. *(Checks tins)*. Beans, peaches, fruit salad, biscuits, more beans, more biscuits. Where's the primus?

BAZ: Primus?  
 WILSON: Yes primus, you'll need something to cook them on. Haven't you got one?  
 BAZ: Er....  
 BILT: I like me beans cold anyway.  
 ALL: Yeah and me.  
 WILSON: It looks like you'll have to. But what about things like sleeping arrangements, it could go on for some time.  
 BAZ: No problem: *(Another signal and they produce blankets and sleeping bags)*. See?  
 WILSON: And the girls?  
 JENNY: We've got ours as well sir.  
 WILSON: No, I mean where are you going to sleep? In here with the boys?  
 MARILYN: Yeah, where are we going to sleep?  
 BAZ: I er....  
 WILSON: I think the best bet's next door, don't you?  
 BAZ: Oh yeah, good idea, I was going to say that.  
 JENNY: What if I get scared during the night, I've never slept out before.  
 BILT: *(Lewdly)*. I'll come and keep you company.  
 JENNY: You'll not.  
 WILSON: I think she's quite capable of looking after herself, she's a big girl now you know.  
 BILT: Not 'alf!  
 JENNY: Cheek!  
 BISHOP: *(From window)*. 'Ere - 'e's coming, the boss.  
 MARILYN: Ooer!  
 MAX: Now the trouble starts.  
 BAZ: Shurrup, there's nowt he can do if we all stick together.  
 WILSON: What are you going to say to him, then?  
 BAZ: Just what we've told you, show him the list.  
 WILSON: Rather you than me.  
*(They all wait as the HEAD'S footsteps are heard coming up the stairs and he tries the doors)*.  
 HEAD: Wilson? Are you in there? *(WILSON goes out to face the music and beckons BAZ to follow him)*. Ah, there you are, Mr. Batey said you wanted to see me. What's going on?  
 WILSON: Well....  
 HEAD: I'm very busy you know, won't it wait till Monday?  
 WILSON: Well I don't think it will you see....  
 HEAD: Who's done this to the doors? I can't talk to you through them man, move the desks out of the way.  
 WILSON: That's what I wanted to see you about, that's the problem.  
 HEAD:*(Seeing BAZ)*. Ah Rogers eh? Another one of his little stunts eh? Well you needn't have left the evidence in situ, I'd have believed you without that. Just send him along to me on Monday morning and I'll deal with him, don't worry.  
 WILSON: You don't understand, its not one of his usual tricks. I think it's a bit more serious this time.  
 HEAD: Serious? What on earth are you blabbering on about, man?  
 WILSON: Tell him Rogers.  
 BAZ: I .... er....  
 WILSON: Show him the list. *(BAZ slips the list through the door)*.  
 HEAD: What's this?... "we the undersigned ... demand ... changes?.." What's all this about Wilson?  
 WILSON: If you'll read it, Sir, it'll tell you  
 HEAD: I haven't got time to read this scrawl, its illegible!  
 WILSON: Well it's a protest you see, a sit-in -  
 HEAD: A WHAT?  
 WILSON: They say they're having a sit-in and taking over this floor until -  
 HEAD: They'll do no such thing!

WILSON: But I think....

HEAD: Sit-in indeed! Whatever next .... I've never heard such... and you, you're encouraging them I shouldn't wonder. Now look here, Wilson, I've had my doubts about you for some time and this only goes to reinforce them ... now I am going to go back to my study, and in exactly thirty minutes time I shall be leaving here for home as I usually do. Before I go I shall expect to see you there with the perpetrators of this 'sit-in' or whatever it is you call it to get to the bottom of it. If you are not there with the ringleaders before I go then I shall be seeing you too on Monday morning to discuss your future here at this school. D'you understand?

WILSON: Yes.

HEAD: *(Going down stairs)*. Thirty minutes and no longer. *(WILSON and BAZ re-enter, WILSON more stunned than BAZ)*.

WILSON: Well that's it then, Woolworth's here I come. Were they advertising any jobs for male assistants Marilyn?

BAZ: See what I mean Sir?

WILSON: Yes, I think I take your point Rogers.

JENNY: Are you going to go Sir?

WILSON: Go?

JENNY: To his study like he said?

WILSON: I don't exactly see how I can. He wants you all out in thirty minutes and somehow I didn't think you'd call it off at this stage would you? *(They shake their heads)*.

ALL: No, no, etc.

WILSON: And I can't go empty handed as it were.

JENNY: I'm sorry Sir.

WILSON: You're sorry, I'm sorry.

JENNY: I mean I'm sorry we got you into trouble with him, that's not what we wanted.

WILSON: It wasn't your fault. Anyway it's been coming for a long time. He's been looking for an excuse to jump on me for ages.

INKY: Will he give you the sack Sir?

WILSON: He'll try Stevens, he'll try.

*(JENNY starts crying)*.

INKY: Do you want me to come with you sir? I can say it was me who started it if you like.

WILSON: That's very kind of you but I don't think he'd wear it and anyway the rest of you would still be in here wouldn't you? You know, now we've come this far I'm beginning to think this sit-in of yours might not be such a bad idea after all. At least you'll give the old devil something to think about and its about time somebody stood up to him for a change.

JENNY: Are you going to help us sir?

WILSON: I didn't say that, but you are going to need some help getting things organised aren't you? Now then, about these sleeping arrangements, I think we ought to get ourselves sorted out. You never know we might be here for a long time - perhaps a very long time.... *(Lights fade to blackout)*.