



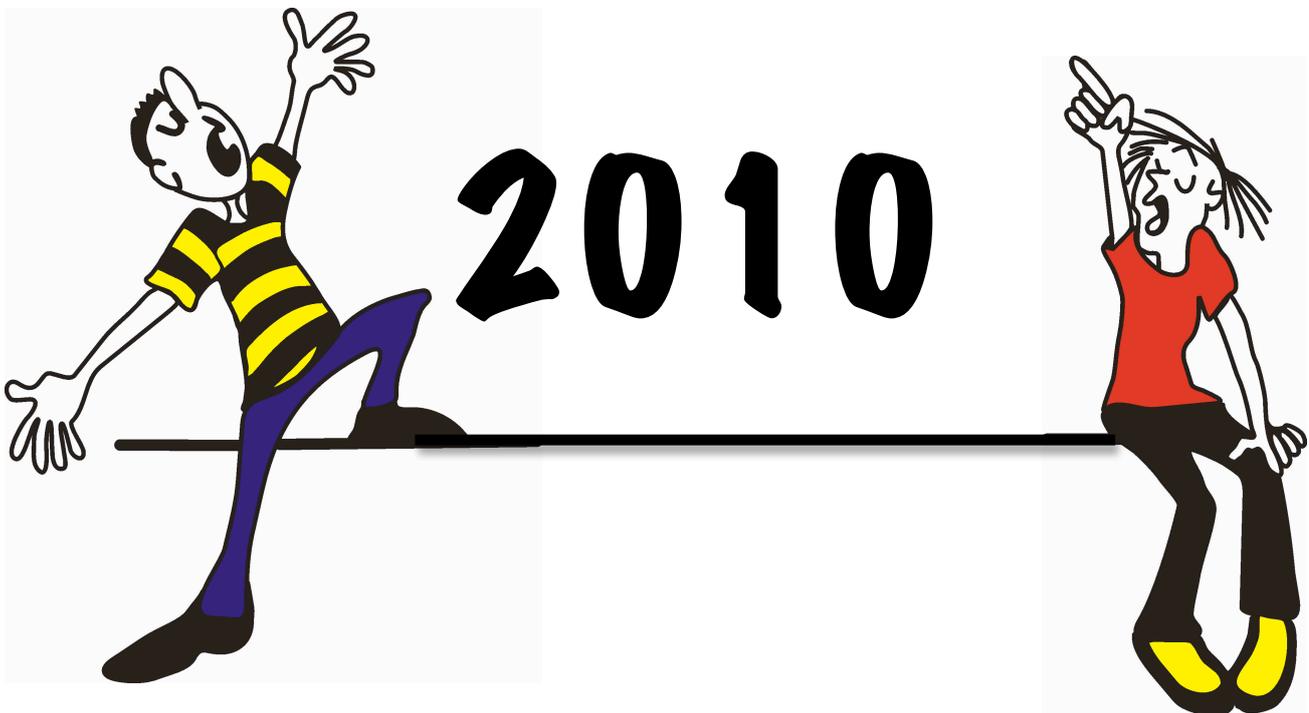
Name: _____

Patrol: _____



Central Coast Gang Show

Master Script



Running Order

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	Act 1	
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Cast Information

Rehearsals

Cast members are expected to attend every rehearsal. If for any reason you are unable to attend a rehearsal, or will be late, please contact Tricia on (0438 635 783) or Cameron (0416 234 615) before the rehearsal starts. We understand you do have a life outside Gang Show.

Failure to attend rehearsals can cause great disruption to rehearsal schedules and may disadvantage other cast members who are relying on you being there and playing your part.

If you cannot attend a rehearsal because of a work or Scouting/Guiding commitment please write your name and the reason in the absentee book.

Repeated Non attendance at rehearsals will endanger your role in the show.

Extra rehearsals may be held before each 4-7pm Sunday rehearsal at East Gosford. As much notice as possible will be given for these rehearsals

All cast members must continue to attend their regular section activities and meetings during the rehearsal period. Scouting and Guiding activities take precedence over Gang Show activities.

Exceptions to the above are as follows.

**The 19th & 20th of June and the 3rd & 4th of July at Camp Kariong are
NON-NEGOTIABLE**

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No exceptions, No excuses, No Way, No How, No Nothing! Don't even try. Organise your work shifts NOW!! Tell your coach NOW!! Write it in your parent's diaries. Put it on the fridge. Do what you have to do but just make sure you are there.

Do you all understand this!! Please make this very clear to your parents!!

Words and Actions

Cast members are expected to know the words and actions of songs and sketches after the item has been rehearsed for four weeks.

Name Tags

You will be given a nametag at the first rehearsal, which will be collected from you at the end of each rehearsal. It is ESSENTIAL that all cast and crew members wear their name tags in a position that can be easily seen. (I.e. around your neck)

Weekend Rehearsal Camp

The weekend rehearsal camp is designed to give the cast the opportunity to practice the large items of the show, and to get to know each other a little bit better. Oh and have loads of fun doing it. You must arrive and leave Camp in Full Uniform. The cast and patrol photographs will be taken at camp.

The weekend is fully catered however you will be required to bring:

- Dilly Bag (Knife, Fork, Spoon, Plate, Bowl, Cup & Tea Towel)
- Sleeping bag/Pillow
- Toiletries/Towel
- Warm and Comfortable clothes and clothes to get messy in

Note –all personal items should be clearly marked with your name.

Scarves are presented to all new members that attend camp. Please note that you are only ever given one of these scarves so you should take good care of it and wear it with pride. Make sure your name is on your scarf. Under no circumstances is the scarf to be swapped, traded or sold.

Saturday night of the camp is also Klub Kariong. Gang Shows very own exclusive nightclub open to all members of the show. So bring along your clubbing clothes.

Fees

Each member of the cast is required to pay fees in order to participate in the show. If you have any queries regarding fees, or if you are having problems paying fees, please see Tricia as early as possible.

After Party

Full Cast Party - following the last performance there will be a party at District Hall until approx. 10.00pm There is no alcohol at this party - but there is lots of fairy bread, hot finger food and drinks.

Ticket Sales

Every Gang Show member is a Ticket Seller as well as a member of the cast or crew. There is no point any of us putting in all the work of rehearsing, making costumes, creating great sets, dancing, singing acting and generally working your butt off if there is no audience to clap and cheer. Sure some of you might be shy now and prefer to sing with your hairbrush in front of the mirror. But just ask any one who has been out there on stage, there is nothing like the feeling of having hundreds of people cheering you on. Also we need to make the money to pay for all this somehow.

Who can I sell tickets to?

Friends, Family, your Scout/Guide Group, Teachers, Dance School, Soccer Club, Neighbours, anyone really. Approach your local shops and ask if you can put posters in their windows. Put an article in your School Newsletter, or sport/dance club newsletter, visit the other sections in your group and invite them along and of course don't forget to bring your favourite Aunty/Uncle or Grandma along to the show.

Also get in contact with as many past Gang members as you can –if you know a long lost relative or friend who was once involved in Gang Show invite them along to our very special Red Scarf Night.

Costumes

Cast may be required to go to District Hall before or after rehearsals to try costumes on. This is for your benefit so please make an effort to go if asked.

Got A Question?

If you do have some kind of problem, please speak to Tricia or Cameron on the numbers below (We prefer if you see us at rehearsals). We don't bite and we will do whatever we can to help you out.

Tricia 0438 635 783

Cameron 0416 234615

Rehearsal Schedule

Date	Location	Time	Patrol	Comments
Sunday, 14 February	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Freaks	
Sunday, 21 February	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Rebels	
Sunday, 28 February	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Kings	
Sunday, 7 March 2010	East Gosford	9am -4pm	Animals	
Sunday, 14 March 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Queens	
Saturday, 20 March	Camp Kariong	9am Start	All	Camp
Sunday, 21 March 2010	Camp Kariong	3pm Finish	All	Camp
Sunday, 28 March 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Freaks	
Sunday, 4 April 2010	No Rehearsals			Easter
Sunday, 11 April 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Maniac	
Sunday, 18 April 2010	East Gosford	9am -4pm	Rebels	
Sunday, 25 April 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Kings	ANZAC Day
Sunday, 2 May 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Animals	
Sunday, 9 May 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Queens	Mothers Day
Sunday, 16 May 2010	East Gosford	9am -4pm	Freaks	
Sunday, 23 May 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Rebels	
Sunday, 30 May 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Kings	
Sunday, 6 June 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Animals	
Monday, 14 June 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Skits	Queens Bday
Saturday, 19 June 2010	Camp Kariong	9am -4pm	All	Mandatory
Sunday, 20 June 2010	Camp Kariong	9am -4pm	All	Attendance
Sunday, 27 June 2010	East Gosford	4pm-7pm	Queens	
Saturday, 3 July 2010	Camp Kariong	9am -4pm	All	Mandatory
Sunday, 4 July 2010	Camp Kariong	9am -4pm	All	Attendance
Saturday, 10 July 2010	Camp Kariong	TBA	N/A	Truck Packing
Sunday, 11 July 2010	Dress Rehearsal	1pm - 9.30pm	N/A	Bump-in
Monday, 12 July 2010	Laycock St	6pm-10.30pm	N/A	Dress Rehearsal
Wednesday, 14 July	Laycock St	6pm-10.30pm	N/A	Performance
Thursday, 15 July 2010	Laycock St	6pm-10.30pm	N/A	Performance
Friday, 16 July 2010	Laycock St	6pm-10.30pm	N/A	Performance
Saturday, 17 July 2010	Laycock St	9.30am-10.00pm	N/A	Performance
Sunday, 8 August 2010	District Hall	TBA	N/A	Reunion

Jobs & Information for Duty Patrols

Each patrol will be rostered on for duty patrol as per the duty roster. We expect the whole patrol to stay for a few minutes after the rehearsal finishes to help with the duties. So please inform your parents.

Duty Patrol will be in charge of:

- **Opening and closing parades.**
- **Setting up the flag, Folding the Flag at end of rehearsal**
- **Moving the refreshment boxes to and from the Guide hall**
- **Getting Fans out if hot**
- **Close windows, switch off heaters, put fans away**
- **Sweeping out the hall**

Opening Video Montage

Various Artists

Celebration

Kool and The Gang

Yahoo! This is your celebration Yahoo! This is your celebration
Celebrate good times, come on! Celebrate good times, come on!

There's a party goin' on right here
A celebration to last throughout the years
So bring your good times, and your laughter too
We gonna celebrate and party with you
Come on now

Celebration Let's all celebrate and have a good time
Celebration We gonna celebrate and have a good time

It's time to come together
It's up to you, what's your pleasure
Everyone around the world Come on!
Yahoo! It's a celebration Yahoo!

Celebrate good times, come on! It's a celebration
Celebrate good times, come on! Let's celebrate

There's a party goin' on right here
A dedication to last throughout the years
So bring your good times, and your laughter too
We gonna celebrate and party with you
Come on now

Celebration Let's all celebrate and have a good time
Celebration We gonna celebrate and have a good time

It's time to come together
It's up to you, what's your pleasure
Everyone around the world Come on!
Yahoo! It's a celebration Yahoo! It's a celebration

Celebrate good times, come on! Let's Celebrate, Come on now
Celebrate good times, come on! Let's celebrate

We're gonna have a good time tonight Let's celebrate, it's all right
We're gonna have a good time tonight Let's celebrate, it's all right
Baby...

We're gonna have a good time tonight (Ce-le-bra-tion)
Let's celebrate, it's all right Baby
We're gonna have a good time tonight (Ce-le-bra-tion)
Let's celebrate, it's all right
Yahoo! Yahoo!

Celebrate good times, come on! Celebrate good times, come on!
It's a celebration! Celebrate good times, come on!

Imponderable Conundrums

Arranged by Luke Peters

I often sit and wonder 'bout The things we say and do
It makes me very puzzled If our words are really true
Some things are so perplexing That I might just go insane
It's really so confusing, So could you please explain?

Why is abbreviation such a long word,
And why spell Phonetics with a P.
Before there were drawing boards, what did they go back to?
And why a free gift, aren't all gifts free?

If man evolved from apes, why do we still have apes?
Do man-eating sharks eat women too?
If a food processor slices and dices up your food,
What does a word processor do?

Do cemetery workers prefer the graveyard shift?
Do files get embarrassed when unzipped?
If a turtle has no shell is it homeless or just naked?
And can fat people have a skinny dip?

These are things that I have often thought about
Possibly my brain's a little slow
Someone must know the answers, of that there is no doubt
So can you tell me what I'd like to know?
Imponderable Conundrums, and vexatious puzzles
Intractable Dilemmas for the mind
Aware of every flummox, our brains will turns our stomachs
More questions, than answers, we will find

What if the hokey pokey is really what it's all about?
How is it possible to have a civil war?
How did a fool and his money get together in the first place?
And how long is the long arm of the law?

These are things that I have often thought about
Possibly my brain's a little slow
Someone must know the answers, of that there is no doubt
So can you tell me what I'd like to know?
Imponderable Conundrums, and vexatious puzzles
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Why do doctors "practice" after they've qualified?
And who can taste an artificial flavour?
And if the grass is always greener on the other side
Shouldn't we just swap homes with our neighbour?

Why do psychics answer phones with a "who's there?" ?
Do nudists shower wearing clothes?
What's the roman numeral for zero? Oh yeah,

When cows laugh, does milk come out their nose?

What do they package Styrofoam in?
How young can you die of old age?
How can people all repeat the original sin?
And why do people chill out at a rage?

Why don't they just make mouse-flavoured cat food?
Why don't satellite cameras flash?
Cross country skiers - when are they off-track?
And why aren't hash browns made of hash?

These are things that I have often thought about
Possibly my brain's a little slow
Someone must know the answers, of that there is no doubt
So can you tell me what I'd like to know?
Imponderable Conundrums, and vexatious puzzles
Intractable Dilemmas for the mind
Aware of every flummox, our brains will turn our stomachs
More questions, than answers, we will find

Quick Capers

Unknown Authors

Person 1 runs on stage waving arms hysterically

One: The Squirrels are after me! The Squirrels are after me!!

Two: Why on earth would squirrels be after you?

One: They think I'm nuts! (*runs off, Person two walks off past person 3*)

Three: Where are you going?

Two: I'm taking my case to court! (*walks off stage*)

One: (*runs back on*) ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

Three: What's the matter?

Four: (*running on*) What do you want?

Two: (*Running back on with a ladder*) What's wrong?

One: Nothing. I just wanted some attention.

Person two walks off again past person three

Three: Where are you going now?

Two: I'm taking my case to a higher court!

Three: (*to person four*) I heard you had an accident on your hike today.

Four: No but I did get bitten by an Eastern Brown Snake.

Three: You don't call that an accident?

Four: Of course not! He did it on purpose. (*Walks off*)

(Person one enters pulling a long rope)

Three: Why are you pulling that rope?

One: Have you ever tried to push one? (*Walking past person four who has re-entered*)

Two: What are you looking for?

Four: My watch.

Two: Where did you lose it?

Four: Over there somewhere.

Two: Well, why are you looking here then?

Four: The light's better over here!

(Person One enters wearing a headlamp)

Three: What's the matter?

One: *(wearing a headlamp)* I'm feeling a little LIGHT-headed. (takes headlamp off and starts to eat it)

Three: Now what are you doing?

One: I was a bit hungry so I thought I would have a light snack! *(Walks Off)*

(Person two enters looking for something)

Three: You look sad, what happened?

Two: I lost my case!

That Lucky Old Sun

Music: Beasley Smith/Words: Haven Gillespie

Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd! I'm tired and weary of pain;
Please Lawd! Please Lawd! Forgive me if I complain
Up in the morn-in' out on the job,
Work like the dev-il for my pay,
But that Luck-y Old Sun has noth-in' to do but
Roll a-round heav-en all day.

Fuss with my wo-man, toil for my kids,
Sweat 'til I'm wrin-kled and gray. While That
Luck-y Old Sun has noth-in' to do but
Roll a-round heav-en all day. Good
Lawd a-bove, can't you know I'm pin-in',
Tears all in my eyes; send
Down that cloud with a sil-ver lin-in',
Lift me to Par-a-dise.
Show me that riv-er, Take me a-cross and
Wash all my troubles a-way, Like That
Luck-y Old Sun, give me noth-in' to do but
Roll a-round heav-en all day.

Cotton Fields

Huddie Ledbetter

When I was a little, bitty baby,
My momma done rock me in the cradle,
In them old, old cotton fields back home:
When I was a little, bitty baby,
my momma done rock me in the cradle,
in them old, old cotton fields back home!

Oh, when them cotton bolls got rotten,
You couldn't pick very much cotton,
In them old cotton fields back home;
It was down in Louisiana,
Just about a mile from the Texarkana,
And them old, old cottonfields back home!

It may sound a little funny,
But you didn't make very much money,
In them old, old cotton fields back home
It may sound a little funny,
but you didn't make very much money,
In them old, old cottonfields back home

Oh, when them cotton bolls got rotten,
You couldn't pick very much cotton,
In them old cottonfields back home;
It was down in Louisiana,
Just about a mile from the Texarkana,
And them old, old cottonfields back home!

My Mammy

Music: W. Donaldson, Words: S. Lewis and J. Young

Ev-'ry thing seems love-ly
When you start to roam
The birds are singing the day that you stray
But wait un-til you are furth-er a-way
Things won't be so love-ly
When you're all alone
Here's what you'll keep say-ing
When you're far from home.

Mam-my, Mam-my the
Sunshines East, the sunshines West, But
I've just learned where the sun shines best
Mam-my, Mam-my
My heart strings are tangled a-round Al-a-bam-y
I'm a com-in', sorry that I made you wait
I'm a com-in', hope and pray I'm not too late
Mam-my, Mam-my. I'd walk a
Million miles for one of your smiles my Mam-my

We all start our trav-els
Search-ing for a friend
If you went search-ing down deep in your mind
You know you just left the best pal be-hind
Af-ter all our trav-els, Where do we all wend
Back home to our first love
At the journ-ey's end

Mam-my, Mam-my the
Sunshines East, the sunshines West, But
I've just learned where the sun shines best
Mam-my, Mam-my
My heart strings are tangled a-round Al-a-bam -y
I'm a com-in', sorry that I made you wait
I'm a com-in', hope and pray I'm not too late
Mam-my, Mam-my. I'd walk a
Million miles for one of your smiles my Mam-my

And They Called It Dixieland

Raymond Egan/Richard A. Whiting

They built a lit-tle gar-den for the rose, And they
Called it Dixie-land, They built a
Summer breeze to keep the snows far a-
Way from Dixie-land. They built the fin-est place I've
Known, when they built my home sweet home, nothin'
Was for-got-ten in the land of cot-ton from the
Clover to the honey comb. And then they
Took an an-gel from the skies and they
Gave her heart to me. She had a bit of heaven
In her eyes, just as blue as blue can
Be. They put some fine spring chickens in the land and

Taught my mammy how to use a
frying pan. They made it Twice as nice as
par-a-dise, and they called it Dix-ie-land

Swanee

Music: George Gershwin/Words: I. Caesar

Swan-ee, how I love you! How I love you!
My dear old Swan-ee
I'd give the world to be
A-mong the folks in
D-I-X-I E-ven know my Mam-my's
Wait-ing for me pray-ing for me
Down by the Swan-ee
The folks up north will see me no more
When I go to the Swanee shore

Swan-ee, Swan-ee , I am com-ing back to swan-ee
Mam-my, Mam-my, I love the old folks at home

Gim-Me Crack Corn

Adapted by Tommie Connor

When I was young I used to wait up-
On the boss and pass his plate, I'd
Serve him wine when he was dry, and
Brush away the blue-tail fly.

Chorus
Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don't care.
Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don't care.
Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don't care, my
Master's gone a-way

When he rode out each af-ter-noon, I'd
Go to flick the hick-'ry broom, his
Pie-bald po-ny, he would shy, when
Bit-ten by the blue-tail fly.

One day he rode, the sun was warm, and
From the skies the flies did swarm. One
Bit the pony on the thigh, the
Dev-il take the blue-tail fly

Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don't care.
Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don't care.
Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don't care, my
Master's gone a-way

The pony jumped and bucked and pitch-ed, he
Acted cross, the boss was ditched, He
Broke his neck, the judge said "'why?'" , the
Jury said: 'The Blue-tail Fly.'

They laid him under a persimmon tree
His epitaph is there to see:
“Beneath this stone I’m forced to lie
A victim of the blue-tail fly.”

Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don’t care.
Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don’t care.
Gim-me Crack Corn, and I don’t care, my
Master’s gone a-way

Oh Susanna

Arr. By Dudley E. Bayford

I came from al-a-bam-a with my
banjo on my knee, I’m
goin’ to Lou-si-an-a my
true love for to see, It
rained all night the day I left, The
wea-ther it was dry, The
sun so hot I froze to death; Su-san-na, don’t you cry.

Oh su-san-na,
Oh don’t you cry fro me,
I’ve come from Al-a-bam-a, wid my
ban-jo on my knee

I had a dream the oth-er night, when
ev-‘ry –thing was still; I
thought I saw Su-san-na,
A-com-in’ down the hill. The
buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, a
tear was in her eye; Says I, “I’m com-ing
from the south,” Su-san-na, don’t you cry .

Oh su-san-na,
Oh don’t you cry fro me,
I’ve come from Al-a-bam-a, wid my
ban-jo on my knee

Camptown Races

Stephen C. Foster

The Camp-town lad-ies sing this song,
Doo-dah, doo-dah!
The Camp-town race-track’s five miles long,
Oh, de- doo-dah-day!

Go-na run all night, Gon-na ride all day;
But I’ll bet my mon-ey on the bob-tail nag,
Some-bod-y bet on the bay!

Old muley cow ran over the track,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
The bob-tail slung her over its back,

Oh, de-do-dah-day!

Go-na run all night, Gon-na ride all day;
But I'll bet my mon-ey on the bob-tail nag,
Some-bod-y bet on the bay!

I came down south with my hat caved in,
Doodah! Doodah!
I'm going back home with a pocket full of tin,
Oh, de-doo-dah-day!

Go-na run all night, Gon-na ride all day;
But I'll bet my mon-ey on the bob-tail nag,
Some-bod-y bet on the bay!

Yankee Doodle

Traditional

Yankee Doodle went to town a –riding on a pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni!
Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

Yankee Doodle went to town a –riding on a pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni!
Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

Dixieland

Traditional

O, I wish I was in the land of cotton
Old times there are not forgotten
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land where I was born in
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.

O, I wish I was in Dixie!
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie!
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie!

Titanic Sketch

Origin unknown, Adapted Central Coast Gang Show

- Captain: Good evening ladies and gentleman, boys and girls. We, my associate actor and I will be performing part of the movie 'Titanic'. I will be Captain Smith and this is Seaman Beckett.
- Beckett: *(Pokes head around the curtain)* Hey everybody. *(Walks towards Captain)*
- Captain: Now were going to skip all that mushy, cushy, boring kissing stuff and get straight into the action, trauma, the ship sinking, the chaos...
- Beckett: Yes.....
- Captain: Alright, I hope you enjoy the performance. *(Turns to Beckett)* Alright do you know your line?
- Beckett: Yes.
- Captain: What is it?
- Beckett: I don't remember.
- Captain: It's Captain three times. Remember running around and waving hands. The ship is going crazy. Got it?
- Beckett: Got it. *(Walks off OP side)*
- Captain: Good, and action. *(Captain poses after the action clap)*
- Beckett: *(Running on waving hands in the air)* Ahhh.... Captain three times.
- Captain: No no no. It's Captain, Captain, Captain *(Captain chops hands while saying line like a director)*
- Beckett: Captain, Captain, Captain *(Beckett copies Captain)*
- Captain: Just like that.
- Beckett: Ok.
- Captain: Got it?
- Beckett: Got it. *(Walks off OP side)*
- Captain: And action. *(Captain poses after the action clap)*
- Beckett: Captain, Captain, Captain *(Copying previous action)*
- Captain: Yes what is it?
- Beckett: We're stinking *(Holding nose while waiving hand across face)*
- Captain: No no no. Its were sinking *(Captain makes an action for sinking)*

Beckett: Sinking (*Repeats action*)

Captain: Sinking (*Repeats action*)

Beckett: Ok

Captain: Got it?

Beckett: Got it.

Captain: Are you sure?

Beckett: Positive. (*Walks off OP side*)

Captain: Ok, lets try again, and action. (*Actions repeat as per previous lines*).

Beckett: Captain, Captain, Captain

Captain: Yes what is it?

Beckett: We're sinking (*Sinking action*)

Captain: Sinking (*Sinking action*)

Beckett: Sinking (*Sinking action*)

Captain: What did we hit?

Beckett: An ice cube. (*Beckett tries to remember iceberg but says ice cube.*)

Captain: No no no, an iceberg. (*Captain does a muscle pose for iceberg*)

Beckett: Burg (*Repeats action*)

Captain: That's it. Burg... Iceberg

Beckett: Alright.

Captain: Got it?

Beckett: Think so.... Yeah I got it. (*Walks off OP side*)

Captain: Ok, and action. (*Actions repeat as per previous lines*).

Beckett: Captain, Captain, Captain

Captain: Yes what is it?

Beckett: We're sinking (*Sinking action*)

Captain: Sinking (*Sinking action*)

Beckett: Sinking (*Sinking action*)

Captain: What did we hit?

Beckett: An iceberg (*Iceberg action*)

Captain: Burg (*Iceberg action*)

Beckett: Burg (*Iceberg action*)

Captain: What's our speed?

Beckett: (*Confused, Beckett makes something up*). A hundred neurological mere cats

Captain: What? It's nautical, a hundred nautical miles.

Beckett: A hundred nautical miles.

Captain: Hundred nautical miles.

Beckett: Ok.

Captain: Do you have it this time?

Beckett: Yep.

Captain: Sure?

Beckett: Definitely. (*Walks off OP side*)

Captain: Ok, (*Captain is a bit frustrated by now*) and action. (*Actions repeat as per previous lines*).

Beckett: Captain, Captain, Captain

Captain: Yes what is it?

Beckett: We're sinking (*Sinking action*)

Captain: Sinking (*Sinking action*)

Beckett: Sinking (*Sinking action*)

Captain: What did we hit?

Beckett: An iceberg (*Iceberg action*)

Captain: Burg (*Iceberg action*)

Beckett: Burg (*Iceberg action*)

Captain: What's our speed?

Beckett: A hundred nautical miles.

Captain: What direction are we heading in?

Beckett: Straight down. (*Pointing to the ground*)

Captain: Why you... (*Captain chases Beckett off stage OP side*)

Picnic

Norman Gilbert

SETTING: Bushland picnic area with fireplace. Angus is loaded with most of the picnicking gear. Ozzie carries the esky. The two boys have a cricket bat and ball. Shirley has a long rag doll, which she carries by letting its head bang on the ground

Maggie: This is a beaut place for our family picnic Angus

Angus: Yes Maggie, just wonderful. The flies and mozzies will have a picnic off us. *(Slap)* Got em'.

Vera: Stuff and nonsense

Angus: Not to mention the spiders, scorpions, caterpillars, centipedes, assorted reptiles, and...

Maggie: I'm glad I've finally got you out of the house and away from those dreadful sports programmes on the tele. There's a lovely billabong we can have a paddle in later. Oh, listen. Can you hear the roar of the surf? It's just over the sand dune. It's calling us Angus.

Angus: Can't hear a thing. *(Slap)* Bet you forgot the Aeroguard.

Maggie: Fill your lungs with that fresh sea air. Sniff Sniff. What's that dreadful smell?

Angus: Don't look at me Maggie.

Nick: Hey dad, you wanna game a cricket?

Joey: I brung me bat. You could do with some exercise.

Angus: Now then Joey, go easy with this Life be in it stuff.

Joey & Nick: Gee Dad

Nick: *(binoculars around neck)* I reckon I might jet down to the beach and do some bird watching

Joey: I'll come with you Nick, and maybe hit the surf

Angus: Be careful it doesn't hit you back son.

Nick: Let's blow Joe, the birds are waitin' to be watched

Shirley: Wait for me

Nick: You can't come Shirley. You're a gurl. This is business.

Maggie: Joseph and Nicholas, take your sister with you.

Joey & Nick: Do we have to Mum?

Maggie: Yes. We're a family. We do things together.

Joey: Shirley reminds us of the sea

Nick: She makes us sick

Joey: Come on you little sook

Maggie: Joseph, before you race off, take the billy to the billabong and fill it so I can make a cuppa tea. *(Nick and Shirley Exit)*

Joey: Why can't Nick do it? Where did he go? I always get picked on to do the work. *(Joey picks up the billy and stamps off)*

Maggie: Vera, help me spread the blanket on this nice grassy spot. *(Angus is making a fire and lights it)*

Angus: Whew. It's a real scorcher. Might nip down for a dip while you girls set up the picnic. You comin' ozzie?

Ozzie: Me swim! Don't be mad, mate. I might get wet. I'll just sit in the shade and cheer myself up readin' all about the murders, floods, bushfires, political corruption, and road carnage. *(Joey Returns)*

Joey: Here's the water Mum.

Maggie: Put in on the fire love.

Joey: *(Shrugs)* Okay, if that's what you want. *(He pours the water on the fire)*

Angus: Go and get another billy of water. Now. *(Joey Stamps Off Mumbling. Nick enters)*

Nick: Hey uncle Ozzie, there's a real cute babe on the beach. And she's wearin a bikini made out of two hankies

Ozzie: Fair dinkum Nick?

Nick: It's Dinkum ozzie

Ozzie: Think I'll go for a swim after all. *(A huge spider drops from the ceiling and goes back up again)*

Maggie: Oh, my goodness

Ozzie: Strike me handsome. What was that?

Nick: Gross

Maggie: It was big and black and hairy and I'm so embarrassed

Angus: Good grief woman

Maggie: I got such a fright my false teeth have popped out. *(They all look for them)* They must be somewhere

Angus: Don't woory love, they'll turn up. I'm off for a body surf with Ozzie. (*Angus and Ozzie exit. Maggie continues to look*)

Vera: I must say Maggie it's really lovely being here communing with nature, listening to the cicadas drumming, the seagulls gulling, and the distant sound of waves lapping the seashore. (*She sings*) I do love to be beside the seaside, oh I do love to be beside the sea

Angus: (*from offstage*) Get off the cats tail

Vera: Well, really. (*Angus Enters*)

Angus: (*Sings*) I love to go swimmin' with women and women love swimmin' with me. If that's a swim I've had it.

Maggie: Where's Ozzie?

Angus: He's sitting on the sand chatting up that bird in the bikini. Now for a nice cold stubby. (*Angus Searches The Esky*). Coke, lemonade, coke, Indian tonic, coke, barley water. Barley water!

Vera: don't you touch my barley water

Angus: Where are my stubbies Maggie?

Maggie: You're wearing them.

Angus: My stubbies of beer Maggie.

Maggie: Oh them, I had to make room for the barley water, so I left them at home. Hope you don't mind dear.

Angus: Hope I don't mind! I've been tonguing for a beer ever since we arrived in this vermin infected spot. That's it. Pack up. Round up the kids. We're going home.

Vera: Surely you can go without your precious beer just this once.

Angus: Keep out of this you frustrated spinster

Maggie: Angus, what a hurtful thing to say to your dear Sister. Say you're sorry...

Angus: No. I won't. She's always sticking her nose and barley water in where it's not wanted.

Vera: Well, really! (*Nick Runs Across The Stage Chased By A Bikini Clad Girl*) Well really!

Maggie: Ah, the billy's on the boil. Let's all have a nice hot cuppa tea to cool down. (*Ozzie Enters With A Black Eye*)

Angus: Run into a brick wall mate?

Ozzie: Tell me about it. You know that bird I was chatting up?

Angus: No, you never introduced me.

Ozzie: Her boyfriend came along. Built like the brick with eyes.

Maggie: Cuppa tea Ozzie?

Ozzie: I'd prefer a beer. *(Joey Enters Crying, Nose Bleeding)*

Joey: AAAAAAARRRRRRGGHHHHH! Mummy, Shirley keeps pulling me hair and punching my nose!

Angus: Don't be a sook son. Assert Yourself. You've got to keep these women in their place son

Vera: Typical male Chauvinism

Angus: And go and drip water and blood over your mother instead of me.

Vera: Charming. Angus, you are an unfit role model.

Angus: Don't you start on my fitness. I used to be an all round athlete.

Ozzie: Now he's just all round.

Joey: Don't get no sympathy round here. Nobody listens to me. I'm gonna go and drown meself in the billabong.

Maggie: Goodoh Joey, don't be long. *(Joey stomps sulkily offstage. Angus, vera, ozzie and Maggie are sitting on the blanket. One by one they start to scratch and move about uneasily).* Now then, let's stop this bickering. We're a family. Let's enjoy our picnic.

Angus: We would've Maggie, if you'd put the stubbies in the esky.

Ozzie: What? No beer!

Angus: This sanger is crawling with bullants. Nothing worse.

Ozzie: I know something worse. Finding half a bullant.

Angus: Very funny. They're everywhere . They're crawling all over me!

Maggie: Ouch! Something bit me.

Vera: Eeeek! Ha ha, he he. Ooh! Goodness gracious. I've got ants in my pants.

Ozzie: Well, really.

Angus: You stupid women. You've put the blanket on top of a bull-ants' nest. Let's pack up and get out of here before we get eatin'. *(They gather up the blanket. Joey enters. He slaps angus on the back.)*

Joey: Guess who's back dad?

Angus: AAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHH! My sunburnt back!

Maggie: Angus, we can't leave till nick comes back.

Joey: I saw some cool chick chasin' him up a sand dune

Ozzie: I reckon he's let her catch him by now

Joey: D'ja all enjoy yuh cup of tea?

Angus: Beer would've been better

Vera: Stuff and nonsense. Nothing quite like a cup of tea boiled on an open fire with genuine billabong water. It has a unique flavour.

Joey: Speshly this billabong Aunty Vera. It's got a dead cow in it. *(Angus With Teacup To His Mouth Splutters) (Shirley enters)*

Shirley: Look what I found

Maggie: Eek It's a snake

Vera: Well really

Maggie: Get rid of it before it bites you. *(Shirley Drops It Beside The Esky On Which Ozzie Is Sitting Reading The Paper)*

Ozzie: Oh! Something slithered up my trouser leg. OOOh, OOH!

Joey: It's a snake uncle Ozzie

Ozzie: Only a snake. Ha ha. Only a snake! Aaaaaaaaaaargh! Ozzie Jumps Up And Runs Off

Angus: That's the quickest he's ever moved

Joey: Hey Dad, what do we do if the snake bites him?

Angus: When I was in the scouts we were taught to tie a tourniquet above the bite and suck the poison out.

Joey: What say the snake bites uncle Ozzie on the bottom?

Angus: I guess he'll find out who his friends are. Ha ha

Vera: AAAAAAAAAAargh! Something just bit me on the bottom

Joey: Don't look at me Aunty vera. I'm not your friend.

Angus: Ah! Maggie! Your false teeth! *(Angus Picks Them Up. They Go Click Click)*

Vera: Well Really!

Hard-knock life

Music: Charles Strouse Lyrics Martin Charnin

It's the hard-knock life for us!
It's the hard-knock life for us!
('Steady treated)
We get tricked!
('Steady kisses)
We get kicked!
It's the hard-knock life!
Got no folks to speak of, so,
It's the hard-knock row we hoe!

(Cotton blankets)
'Steady of wool!
(Empty Bellies)
'Steady of full!
It's the hard-knock life!

Don't it feel like the wind is always howl'n?
Don't it seem like there's never any light!
Once a day, don't you wanna throw the towel in?
It's easier than puttin' up a fight.

No one's there when your dreams at night get creepy!
No one cares if you grow...or if you shrink!
No one dries when your eyes get wet and weepy!
From all the cryin' you would think this place would sink!

Santa Claus we never see
Santa Claus, what's that? Who's he?
No one cares for you a smidge
When you're in an orphanage!

It's the hard-knock life (yes it is)
It's the hard-knock life (yes it is)
It's the hard-knock life!

Food, glorious food!

Lionel Bart

Is it worth the waiting for?
If we live 'til eighty four
All we ever get is gruel!
Ev'ry day we say our prayer --
Will they change the bill of fare?
Still we get the same old gruel!
There is not a crust, not a crumb can we find,
Can we beg, can we borrow, or cadge,
But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill
When we all close our eyes and imagine

Food, glorious food!
Don't care what it looks like
Burned, underdone, crude
Don't care what the cook's like
Just thinking of growing fat,
Our senses are reeling
One moment of knowing that
Full up feeling!

Food, glorious food!
We're anxious to try it,
Three banquets a day,
Our favourite diet!
Just picture a great big steak,
Fried, roasted or stewed.
Oh, food,
Wonderful food,
Marvellous food,
Glorious food!

You're never fully dressed without a smile!

Music: Charles Strouse Lyrics Martin Charnin

Hey, hobo man
Hey, Dapper Dan
You've both got your style
But Brother,
You're never fully dressed
Without a smile!

Your clothes may be Beau Brumel
They stand out a mile --
But Brother,
You're never fully dressed
Without a smile!

Who cares what they're wearing
On Main Street,
Or Saville Row,
It's what you wear from ear to ear
And not from head to toe
That matters

So, Senator,
So, Janitor,
So long for a while
Remember,
You're never fully dressed
Though you may wear the best
You're never fully dressed
Without a smile!

Wouldn't it be Loverly

Frederick Loewe

All I want is a room somewhere,
Far away from the cold night air.
With one enormous chair,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Lots of choc'lates for me to eat,
Lots of coal makin' lots of 'eat.
Warm face, warm 'ands, warm feet,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Aow, so loverly sittin' abso-bloomin'-lutely still.
I would never budge 'till spring
Crept over me windowsill.
Someone's 'ead restin' on my knee,
Warm an' tender as 'e can be. 'ho takes good care of me,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Loverly, loverly, loverly, loverly

All I want is a room somewhere,
Far away from the cold night air.
With one enormous chair,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Lots of choc'lates for me to eat,
Lots of coal makin' lots of 'eat.
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Warm an' tender
as 'e can be. 'ho takes good care of me,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Loverly, loverly, loverly, loverly

I'd do anything

Lionel Bart

B- I'll do anything
For you dear anything
For you mean everything to me.
I know that
I'd go anywhere
For your smile, anywhere --
For your smile, ev'rywhere --
I'd see.
G- Would you lace my shoe?
B- Anything!
G- Paint your face bright blue?
B- Anything!

G- Catch a kangaroo?
B- Anything!
G- Go to Timbuktu?
B- And back again!

B- I'd risk everything
For one kiss – everything Yes, I'd do anything...
G- Anything?!
Anything for you!!

Consider Yourself

Lionel Bart

Consider yourself at home
Consider yourself one of the family.
I've taken to you so strong,
It's clear we're going to get along!
Consider yourself well in,
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare;
Who cares? What- ever we've got we share!

If it should chance to be
We should see some harder days,
Empty larder days,
Why grouse?
Always a chance we'll meet
Somebody to foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house!
Consider yourself our mate.
We don't want to have no fuss,
For after some consideration, we can state:
Consider yourself
One of us!

Consider yourself at home
Consider yourself one of the family.
I've taken to you so strong,
It's clear we're going to get along!
Consider yourself well in,
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare;
Who cares? What- ever we've got we share!

Nobody tries to be lah-di-dah or up-pit-ty,
There a cup-o'-tea for all.
Only it's wise to be handy wiv a rolling pin,
When the landlord comes to call!
Consider yourself our mate
We don't want to have no fuss
For after some consideration we can sate
Consider yourself
One of us

I'll Have Chips

Jim Haynes

A sinister invasion, has been goin' on for years,
A cultural take over, that's driving me to tears
Australia's disappearin' beneath the neon signs
And T.V. shows from overseas, Let's draw the battle lines.

Do you wonder where you're livin' when you turn on your T.V.
Do you wonder why Australia's less Australian every day
Well when they ask would you like fries?
Do you know what to say?
I'll have chips! I'll have chips!

Come on Aussies everywhere - retrain your minds and lips
It's still Australia mate, it's not an American state
When they ask if you want fries, say
No thanks, I'll have chips!

We're proudly multicultural as anyone can see
But we didn't import this culture, they sent it C.O.D.
So if you'd rather be some bodies mate - Than anybodies dude
Stand up for the right to name your own flamin' food
I'll have chips! Just say I don't want fries today

Come on Aussies everywhere - retrain your minds and lips
It's still Australia mate, it's not an American state
When they ask if you want fries, say
No thanks, I'll have chips!

Throw that baseball cap away, come on take a punt
Wear an Aussie one and be daring, put your pointy bit out front
Don't support a foreign team, Support an Aussie one
Let's show the world that we all know which way our heads fit on

I'll have chips of course, with good old tomato sauce
Foreign stuff called ketchup, it'll never pass my lips
This is still Australia mate, it's not an American state
When they ask if you want fries Say no thanks, I'll have chips!
When they ask would you like fries Say no mateI'll have chips!

The Regional Commissioners

Adapted Mel McDonald

(wife in living room sitting in chair, when Scout leader walks in)

Wife: How was your night at scouts?

Leader: Not too bad

Wife: What did you do tonight?

Leader: We went on a night hike

Wife: Where did you go?

Leader: Just around Katandra

Wife: Anything happen?

(Scout leader sits in another chair)

Leader: Not really couple of kids fell over, but nothing major, no broken bones.

Wife: Did they all have their permission notes?

Leader: What is this. I didn't expect you to go all regional commissioner on me.

(The Commissioners burst in from P side)

(All commissioners stand at attention and salute)

RC Bill: NOBODY expects the Regional commissioners! Our chief weapon is surprise...surprise and fear...fear and surprise.... Our two weapons are fear and surprise...and ruthless efficiency.... Our *three* weapons are fear, surprise, and ruthless efficiency...and an almost fanatical devotion to the chief commissioner.... Our *four*...no... *Amongst* our weapons.... Amongst our weaponry...are such elements as fear, surprise.... I'll come in again.

(The Commissioners exits P side)

Leader: I didn't expect the Regional commissioners.

(The commissioners burst in from P side)

(The commissioners stand at attention and salute)

RC Bill: NOBODY expects the Regional commissioners! Amongst our weaponry are such diverse elements as: fear, surprise, ruthless efficiency, an almost fanatical devotion to the chief commissioner, and nice khaki uniforms - Oh damn!

(To commissioner Dick) I can't say it - you'll have to say it.

RC Dick: What?

RC Bill: You'll have to say the bit about 'Our chief weapons are ...'

RC Dick: *(rather horrified and shocked)* I couldn't do that...

(RC BILL bundles the commissioners off P side again)

Leader: I didn't expect the Regional commissioners.

(The commissioners enter P side) (The commissioners stand at attentions and salute)

RC Dick: Er.... Nobody...um.... *(forgetful)*

RC Bill: Expects... *(prompting Dick)*

RC Dick: Expects... Nobody expects the...um...the regional...um...

RC Bill: commissioners. *(prompting)*

RC Dick: I know, I know! *(frustrated)* Nobody expects the Regional commissioners. In fact, those who do expect – *(building confidence)*

RC Bill: Our chief weapons are... *(interrupting)*

RC Dick: Our chief weapons are...um...er...

RC Bill: Surprise...*(prompting)*

RC Dick: Surprise and --

RC Bill: Okay, stop. *(frustrated)* Stop. Stop there - stop there. Just stop. OK! ... our chief weapons are surprise...blah blah blah. Commissioner Elizabeth Monique Fitzgerald,

RC Liz: Liz. *(quickly jumping in correcting Bill)*

RC Bill: read the charges

RC Liz: *(unrolls a scroll)* You are hereby charged that you did on diverse dates commit the crime of lodging an A1 form with the incorrect date in the corner. *(opens mouth to read another charge and is cut short by Bill)*

RC Bill: That's enough. *(To Scout leader)* Now, how do you plead?

(RC Liz rolls up the scroll)

Leader: I'm innocent.

RC Dick: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

(Diabolical Laughter)

RC Liz: We'll soon change your mind about that!

RC Dick: Fear, surprise, and a most ruthless *(remembering the rest of the introduction) (controls himself with a supreme effort)*

RC Bill: Ooooh! (*frustrated at the stupidity of Dick*) Now, commissioner Richard Edward Peabody -- the rack!

RC Dick: Dick (*correcting Bill*)

(RC Dick produces a plastic-coated dish-drying rack. RC BILL looks at it and clenches his teeth in an effort not to lose control. He hums heavily to cover his anger)

RC Bill: You (*tense and angry*).... Right! (*Calming himself down*) Tie him down.

(RC Liz and RC Dick make a pathetic attempt to tie him on to the drying rack)

RC Bill: Right! How do you plead?

Leader: Innocent.

RC Bill: Ha! Right! Commissioner, give the rack ,oh dear, give the rack a turn.

(RC Dick stands there awkwardly and shrugs his shoulders)

RC Dick: I....

RC Bill: (*gritting his teeth*) I *know*, I know you can't. I didn't want to say anything. I just wanted to try and ignore your crass mistake.

RC Dick: I...

RC Bill: It makes it all seem so stupid.

RC Dick: Shall I...?

RC Bill: No, just pretend for God's sake.

(RC Dick turns an imaginary handle on the side of the dish-rack)

RC Bill: Now, scout leader -- you are accused of the use of incorrect forms on three counts -- use of incorrect forms A1, use of incorrect forms A2 , use of incorrect forms L6 , use of incorrect forms M3. *four* counts. Do you confess?

Leader: I don't understand what I'm accused of.

RC Bill: Ha! Then we'll make you understand! Regional Commissioner Dick! Fetch...THE MATCHES!

(RC Dick produces from his pocket and holds out two ordinary matches, no box)

RC Dick: Here they are, Regional Commissioner William Reginald Montesque.

RC Bill: Bill. Now, scout leader -- you have *one* last chance. Confess the use of the incorrect forms, re submit them on the correct forms -- *two* last chances. And you shall be free -- *three* last chances. You have three last chances, the nature of which I have divulged in my previous utterance.

Leader: I don't know what you're talking about.

RC Bill: Right! If that's the way you want it -- Commissioner! Set him on fire

RC Dick: I...

RC Bill: *(gritting his teeth)* I *know*, I know you can't. I didn't want to say anything.

RC Dick: Shall I...?

RC Bill: No, just pretend for God's sake.

(RC Dick lights a match on an imaginary box and runs around the scout leader pretending to be the fire getting higher)

RC Bill: Confess! Confess! Confess!

RC Liz: It doesn't seem to be hurting him, regional commissioner William Reginald....

RC Bill: Bill

RC Liz: Yes Bill

RC Bill: *(angrily hurling away the matches)* Hm! He is made of harder stuff! Commissioner Dick! Fetch...THE CAMP CHAIR!

(RC Dick's horrified face)

RC Dick: *(terrified)* The...CAMP Chair?

(RC Liz pushes in a camp chair)

RC Bill: So you think you are strong because you can survive the matches. Well, we shall see. RC Dick! Put him in the Camp Chair!

(They roughly push him into the Camp Chair)

RC Bill: *(with a cruel leer)* Now -- you will stay in the Camp Chair until lunchtime, with only a cup of coffee at eleven. *(aside, to RC Dick)* Is that really all it is?

RC Liz: Yes, regional commissioner William regi.....

RC Bill: Bill. I see. I suppose we make it worse by shouting a lot, do we? Confess. Confess! Confess! Confess! Confess

RC Dick: I confess!

RC Bill: Not you!

Blackout

Peter Pan

Adaptation Central Coast Gang Show

Narration *A long time ago a story was written about a boy who didn't want to grow up. Stories of the adventures of Peter Pan were often told by Wendy to her brothers Michael and John. Wendy's parents thought these stories were just make-believe, but little did they know. We open our story in the children's bedroom where they are being looked after by their nursemaid; their dog Nana..*

Scene- Bedroom- lights come on-

John: Take that!

Michael: I'll get you with my sword!

John: And I'll cut you to pieces! Aha!

Michael: You'll never get away from me.

John: Oh no you don't. You can't get me, I'm Peter Pan!

Mr D: Boys, you are making too much noise!

John: Oh, sorry father. You see, I'm Peter Pan & John's Captain Hook.

Mr D: That's no excuse, you should be in bed.

Mrs D: Hurry up George, we should be leaving now.

Mr D: I would have been ready if it wasn't for all this nonsense.

John: It's not nonsense Father, it's in the story. Wendy told us...

Mr D: Wendy? Story? I might have known Wendy. Wendy!

Wendy: Yes, father?

Mr D: I've told you before not to tell your brothers all those crazy tales of Pirates and ships and make-believe.

Wendy: Oh, but I haven't and it's not.....

Mrs D: Come along George.

Mr D: Wendy needs to grow up. It's high time she moved out of the nursery and into her own room.

Wendy: I never want to grow up!(stamps foot in anger)

Mrs D: Wendy!George!

Mr D: I have made up my mind! There will be no further discussion - this is your last night in the nursery Wendy! It's time for you to grow up. (*turns & falls over Nana*) No! Oh Nana, get out from under my feet!

All: Oh! Poor Nana!

Mr D: Don't worry about Nana- she shouldn't be in the nursery anyway! Out!

Children: Oh no, father, please! *(dog leaves dejected)*

Wendy: But I don't want to grow up Mother – please.....

Mrs D: Now dear -we'll talk about this in the morning –now it's time for bed.
Sleep tight children.

(Conversation between Mr and Mrs Darling as they walk off stage.)

Mrs. D: Wendy seemed so upset when you said she had to move out of the nursery...

Mr. D: Well she has to grow up sometime it might as well be now. She has to stop filling the boys' heads with all that make-believe – what next! *(lights dim)*

*(SCENE TWO- CHILDREN in BEDROOM WITH PETER PAN AND TINKERBELL
The children are sleeping, and Peter Pan and Tinker Bell enter in the room but Tink makes enough noise to wake them.)*

Peter Pan: Shush Tink- you're making too much noise!

Wendy: Oh, Peter, I'm so glad to see you – this will be my last night in the nursery!

Peter Pan: But Why? –

Wendy: Well Father says I have to grow up & move into my own room.

Peter Pan: Grow up -But what about the stories.

Wendy: *(crying)* I don't know.

Peter Pan: I have an idea! You can come with me!

Wendy: But where are we going?

Peter Pan: To Never Land.

Wendy: Never Land!

Peter Pan: You'll see you never have to grow up there.

Wendy: Oh, that's great! But what would mother say?

Peter Pan: Mother? What's a mother?

Wendy: Don't you know what a mother is? a mother's someone...who loves you and tells you stories---

Peter Pan: That's great! You can be our mother. C'mon let's go...

Wendy: Oh Never Land. Oh, it's so excitingouch! *(Tink hits her head)*

Peter Pan: No, No! Stop it, Tink!

Wendy: Oh, what was that?

Peter Pan: That was Tinker Bell ..

John: Hello, Peter Pan, I'm John and this is Michael.

Wendy: But she's a pixie....

Peter Pan: Don't worry about Tink. C'mon we're wasting time Wendy. Let's go.

Michael: Where are we going?

Wendy: To Never Land.

Michael: Never Land!

Wendy: Peter's taking us.

John: Oh, It would be awesome to see some real buccaneers.

Michael: Yes, and make them walk the plank!

Wendy: But Peter, how do we get to Never Land?

Peter Pan: Well we fly, of course

Wendy: Don't be silly – we can't fly?

Peter Pan: It's easy; all you have to do is to.... Think wonderful thoughts and wiggle your shoulders

John /Wendy: Any happy little thought?

Peter Pan: That's right – see how easy it is (*starts to fly*)

John: He can fly!

Peter Pan: Come on -you try. (*children first attempt to fly fails*)

Wendy: But it didn't work

Peter Pan: Oh that's right – I forget the pixie dust (*sprinkles dust on children*) Now, off we go – just think happy thoughts.....

All: One, two, three

John: Look! we're really flying!

Wendy: Oh, my! We can fly!

Peter Pan: You can fly!

Children: We can fly!

Peter Pan; C'mon, we can't waste anymore time – we're off to Never Land! Just follow me –

You Can Fly You Can Fly You Can Fly

Words Sammy Cahn Music Sammy Fain

Think of a wonderful thought
any merry little thought
Think of Christmas, think of snow
think of sleigh bells- off you go!
like reindeer in the sky
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

Think of the happiest things
it's the same as having wings
take the path that moonbeams make
if the moon is still awake
you'll see him with his eye
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

Up you go with a heigh and Ho to the
stars beyond the blue
there's a Never Land waiting for you
where all your happy
dreams come true
every dream that you dream
will come true

When there's a smile in your heart
there's no better time to start
think of all the joy you'll find
when you leave the world behind
and bid your cares good-bye
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

When there's a smile in your heart
there's no better time to start
think of all the joy you'll find
when you leave the world behind
and bid your cares good-bye
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

A Pirates Life

Words Ed Penner Music Oliver Wallace

Oh a pirate's life is a wonderful life
a-rovin' over the sea
give me a career
as a buccaneer

it's the life
of a pirate for me
Oh, the life
of a pirate for me

Oh, a pirate's life
is a wonderful life
they never bury your bones
for when it's all over
a jolly sea rover
drops in on his friend
Davey Jones

Hook: (*map in hand*) Aha... how can I find Peter Pan? what good is this map?

Smee: Mornin, Captain.

Hook: (*thinking*)I've got it Smee – we'll kidnap Tiger Lily!

Smee: Why Captain?

Hook: Cos she's the chief's daughter and she'll know Pan's hideout.

Smee: How will you make her talk Captain?

Hook: All I'll need is a little something to loosen her tongue – perhaps I'll make her walk the plank...this will be a retaliation for doing this to me? (*holding up his hook*)

Hook: Maybe, but now the crocodile has one hand, he wants more. (*tic toc sound effect*)

Smee: Aye, but at least he swallowed an alarm clock so we can hear him coming- he he! – (*turns to the audience*) can you hear anything? Can you see the crocodile?

Hook: Help Smee! - don't let him get me, Smee! Please!

Smee: Yeah – go away now (*waving croc away*) – there are no hand-outs for you today ...go on, away with you! (*turns away*)

Hook: (*turns to audience*) I can still hear that noise – he's still there – can you hear that noise? Can you see the crocodile?

Smee: C'mon everyone, you'll have to help us – whenever you see the crocodile you will have to yell out “the crocodile!”– that should scare him away.

Hook: Thank goodness he's gone.

Pirate: Peter Pan ahoy!

Hook: Oh no – Where is he?

Pirate: Peter Pan is just off the bow!

Hook: Smee, pipe up, all hands on deck.

Smee: Aye, aye, sir! (*whistle*) All hands on deck!(*turns to audience*) pardon the pun! All hands on deck!

Hook: Man the gun! Double the powder and shorten the fuse!

Smee: Double the powder and double the fuse.

Hook: Wait for it!

Smee: Wait for my command!

Hook: Don't fire yet – wait til they get a little closer! steady!.....

(*From off stage.*)

Wendy: Oh, this is just beautiful up here – you can see everything – Oh Peter, look, I can see Mermaid Lagoon.

John: Oh wow – I can see a pirate ship and the pirates, and a gun and it's pointing at us.....
(*loud explosion*)

Peter Pan: Watch out – C'mon Tink! Hurry up and take Wendy and the boys to the island. I'll fly over there and get Hook's attention. (*calls out*) "Here I am Hook- see I'm over here!"

Wendy: Oh Please slow down Tinker Bell, we can't keep up. Please don't fly so fast – wait for us please!.....

Lost Boys Land

Peter Pan: Why did you go so fast Tink? I asked you to look after them....

Lost Boy 1: That's not what Tink said!

Lost Boy 2: Tink said to try and shoot her down!

Peter Pan: Tinker Bell. That's the last straw – there's only one solution and that is to banish you forever!

Wendy: Please Peter, you can't banish her forever!

Peter Pan: Perhaps I was a little hasty, but you will be banished until you say you're sorry to Wendy! C'mon (*taking Wendy's hand*) I'll show you the island.

Lost Boys: And we'll take you huntin' Indians!

Michael/John: Yeah, lead the way!

Wendy: Oh, do be careful boys!

Peter Pan: C'mon Wendy, they are safe with the Lost Boys.

Following The Leader

Words Winston Hibler & Ted Sears Music Oliver Wallace

Following the leader, the leader, the leader
we're following the leader
Wherever he may go
tee dum, tee dee, a teedle ee,
do tee day
tee dum, tee dee, it's part
of the game we play
tee dum, tee dee, the words
are easy to say
just a teedle ee dum a teedle
ee do tee day
Tee dum, tee dee, a teedle ee
do tee dum
we're one for all and all of us
are for fun
we march, we laugh, and follow
the other one
with a teedle ee do a teedle ee
do tee dum

(whistle)

Following the leader, the leader, the leader
we're following the leader
wherever he may go
we're out to fight the Injuns
the Injuns, the Injuns
we're out to fight the Injuns
because he told us so

Tee dum, tee dee, a teedle ee
do tee day
we march along and these
are words we say
tee dum, tee dee, a teedle
deedle dee day
oh, a teedle ee dum, a teedle
ee do tee day
oh, a teedle ee dum, a teedle
ee do tee day

John: Now where do we find the Indians?

Lost Boy 1: Big Chief White feather has many braves – we have to be careful. Don't make too much noise.

John: OK but we need to make sure we are prepared.

Lost Boy 2: Look there are footprints over here.

Michael: I can't see any Indians *(turning to audience)*

John: Can you see any Indians? (*Indians move closer – hidden by trees & just feet sticking out*) What did you say? Look behind me? – I can't see anything – are you sure?

Michael: They're behind us? Can you see them?

John: (*more trees move forward- Indians surround boys*)

Michael: John! Indians! They've surrounded us!

John: Help – what do we do now!

Chief: (*loud voice*) Where is Tiger Lily? What have you done with my daughter?

Lost Boy 1: Look here Chief – we accept that you won this time but we don't know where Tiger Lily is!

Chief: Sometime you win. Sometime we win. Who these paleface?

Lost Boy 2: These are friends of Peter Pan – now- please let us go!

John: Let us go? You mean this is only a game?

Lost Boy 3: Yup. When we win, we turn them loose. When they win, they turn us loose.

Chief: But not this time- not until you release Tiger Lily.

Lost Boy 2: Uh, we don't have Tiger Lily?

John: I've certainly never seen her.

Chief: Chief White Feather no believe - if Tiger Lily not back tonight, you in big trouble.

At mermaid Lagoon.

Wendy: Oh Peter, these mermaids are so pretty.

Peter Pan: I'll introduce you – c'mon

Mermaids: It's Peter! Oh! Hello Peter!

Peter Pan: Hello girls!

Mermaid 1: I'm so glad to see you – did you miss me?

Mermaid 2: I've missed you even more - Why did you stay away so long?

Mermaid 1: Please tell me a story - something exciting. One of your adventures...

Peter Pan: What about the time I cut off Hook's hand and threw it to the crocodile?

Mermaid 1: Oh yes, That's a great story.

Mermaid 2: Oh yes please!

Peter Pan: Alright girls, just sit tight and I will tell you a tale of the mighty battle with Captain Hook. There I was surrounded by the scoundrels on Mariners' Rock. There were at least 40...

Wendy: Oh Peter!

Peter Pan: ---no, 50 pirates---

Mermaid 2: Who is this? (*pointing to Wendy*)

Peter Pan: Huh? Her? Oh, that's Wendy.

Mermaid 1: What is a girl doing here, and in her nightdress too!

Mermaid 2: We will have to leave you here whilst we swim with Peter!

Wendy: No, no! Peter please don't leave me alone! (*Peter hears something*)

Peter Pan: Quiet girls. Quiet. It looks like Hook- yes it is.

Mermaids: Hook! (*mermaids dive into the lagoon*)

Peter Pan: Quick, Wendy! (*whisper*) we have to go to Skull Rock. They have captured Tiger Lily.

Skull Rock.

(*Tiger Lily is tied onto rock*)

Hook: Now, my pretty, I will set you free if you tell me where Peter Pan is? Mr. Smee will vouch for me, won't you Smee?

Smee: Of course Captain. (*crossing his fingers*).

Hook: You will drown unless you tell me where Pan is. The tide is coming in – you'd better hurry...

Peter Pan: I'll have to do something. You stay here, Wendy.

Smee: Why, it's Peter Pan.

Hook: Not you again!

Peter Pan: Yes, I've come to rescue Princess Tiger Lily.

Hook: Come down, boy, if you've a taste for cold steel! (*Hook & Pan fight on rock.*)

Hook: Help me Smee I'm falling! (Hook falls off rock)

Smee: Captain?

Peter Pan: Oh dear me hearty. I'm afraid Hook is lost. (*Captain climbs back up & attacks Peter*)

Smee: Captain!

Hook: (*groans*) I've got you this time, Pan. I'll get you, if it's the last thing I do!

Peter Pan: (*tic toc sound*) Can you hear something Captain?

Hook: No! Oh! Not the crocodile

Peter Pan: Yeah, the crocodile!

Hook: Smee! Help me!

Smee: I've got you, Captain!

Hook: Smee! Row for the ship! (*Captain gets free*)

Tiger Lily: Help!

Wendy: Peter! What about Tiger Lily?

Peter Pan: Oh no – hang on Tiger Lily! (*Pan rescues Tiger*)

Hook's ship:

Hook: He managed to get away again. He made me look like a fool Smee! Oh! My head!

Pirate: What happened Captain?

Smee: Shhh! Can't you see the Captain has a headache. (*moves gear around stage making noise*). Oh Captain, I heard that Pan has banished Tinker Bell.

Hook: Why didn't you tell me this before Smee?

Smee: Sorry Captain, I didn't want to bother you.

Hook: I need to talk to Tinker Bell. I should be able to trick her into leading us to Peter Pan, especially when I tell her we are taking Wendy with us.

Smee: I think we ought to set sail right now, Captain.

Hook: Stand fast Smee. You are to go ashore to find Tinker Bell and bring her to me. Do you understand Smee?

Smee: Aye, aye, sir.

(*Indian camp*)

Chief: How

Peter Pan: How.

Wendy: What's the Chief saying? John?

John: He says "Peter Pan is great warrior. He saved his daughter and made him very happy."

Chief: Peter Pan now known as Little Flying Eagle. We now celebrate the return of Princess Tiger Lily.

Lost Boys: Hurray for Flying Eagle!

Wendy: Oh, this is fantastic!

Chief: Now we teach you our ways.

John: Great. I've always wanted to be an Indian.

Lost Boys: Uh, what makes the red man red?

Michael: Why does he ask you, "How"?

What Made The Red Man Red?

Words Sammy Cahn Music Sammy Fain

Hana Mana Ganda
why does he ask you how?
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda
Once the Injun
didn't know all the things
that he know now
but the Injun
he sure learn a lot
and it's all from asking how

Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda
We translate for you
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana means what
Mana means and
Ganda means that too

Hana Mana Ganda
to Wendy Squaw no dance
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda
To Wendy Squaw gettum firewood
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda

Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda

When did he first say "Ugh"?
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda
When did he first say "Ugh"?

Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda
In the Injun book it say
when first brave married squaw
he gave out with heap big ugh when he saw
his mother-in-law
Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda

What made the red man red
what made the red man red
let's go back a million years
to the very first Indian prince

he kiss a maid
and start to blush
and we've all been blushin' since

Hana Mana Ganda
Hana Mana Ganda

Now, you've got it right from the head man
the real true story of the red man
no matter what's been written or said

Hana Mana Ganda
Now you know why
now you know why
the red man's red

(Tinker is looking at the Indians camp from afar but is captured by Smee).

Smee: Begging your pardon, Miss Bell, but Captain hook would like a word with you.

End Of Act I

Peter Pan: Big chief Flying Eagle greets his braves. How.

Lost Boys: How chief.

Wendy: John, Michael (they *continue running around*) Take off that war paint and get ready for bed.

Michael: But I don't want to go to bed?

John: Indians no sleep. Go for days without sleep.

Wendy: We need our rest as we're going home tomorrow.

John: Why?- we don't want to go home.

Peter Pan: Chief Flying Eagle says No go home. Stay many moons.

Wendy: Now Peter, let's stop pretending and be practical. We need to go home to see Mother and Father.

Lost boy 3: Aren't you our mother, Wendy?

Wendy: Oh, have you all forgotten your mothers?

Lost Boys 2: I think I had a mother once.

Lost boy 1: What's a mother like? Please tell us Wendy.

Wendy: Well, a mother gives you cuddles, kisses you goodnight and always says "sleep tight"

Michael: I really want to go home to our mother

Wendy: Yes, Michael

John: How soon can we go?

Lost Boys: Could we go too, Wendy?

Wendy: Well you need to check with Peter first. I am sure mother won't mind if you come home with us.

Peter Pan: Go on! Go with Wendy! But beware, once you've grown-up you can't come back to Never Land. Never.

Wendy: Oh, dear.

John: Well, shall we be off?

All: Yeah, come on! Let's go!

Peter Pan: They'll be back.

Wendy: Peter? Goodbye, Peter.

(As they emerge from their hideout they are seized by pirates- Peter remains safe below ground but Hook and Smee lower a bomb disguised as a present from Wendy).

Hook: All right me hearties- take them away. Smee – you need to take care of Master Pan

Smee: But Captain, wouldn't it be more fun to use a sword rather than a bomb?

Hook: Aye, that it would, Mr. Smee. But I gave me word to Miss Bell - not to lay a finger... or a hook on Peter Pan. And Captain Hook never breaks a promise.....

Pirate's ship.

(Hook tries to persuade his captives to become pirates)

SONG

Yo ho, yo-ho
so try the life of a thief
just sample the life of a crook
there isn't a boy
who won't enjoy
a-workin' for Captain Hook
the world's most famous crook

Crook, crook
crickety, crockety
crickety, crook
the croc is after Captain---
A special offer of today
I'll tell you
what I'll do
all those who sign
without delay
will get a free tattoo
Why, it's like money in the bank
come on, join up
and I'll be frank
unless you do
you'll walk the plank
the choice is up to you

The choice is up to you
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho
You'll love the life of a thief
you'll relish the life of a crook
there's barrels of fun for everyone
and you'll get treasures by the ton

So come and sign the book
join up with Captain Hook

Lost Boys: Yes, We're going to join up!

Wendy: Boys! You can't join the pirates?

Lost Boy 3: Yeah but Captain Hook says we'll walk the plank... if we don't!

Wendy: Oh, of course not. Peter will save us!

Hook: Listen to that Smee. They think Pan will save them.....

Smee: Oh, Captain! How sad.

Hook: You see my dear. We left Pan a present- you could say an explosive type of gift. It had a message from you saying Don't open till 6 o'clock."

Smee: The present has a clock inside and when it's 6 o'clock--

Hook: Peter Pan will be blown out of Never Land forever!

Wendy: Oh No! (*pirates laugh*) (Tinker Bell escapes from the lantern)

Hook: But wait, there is so little time left - 15 seconds, 14, 13.....

Peter Pan: 12 seconds. Well, I guess I can open it now. (*bell*) Oh Hi, Tink. Look what Wendy left. Hey, stop that! I nearly dropped the present (*bell*)— what did you say - Hook? A bomb? (*alarm. Rings*) (*Tink takes out the package...*) (*loud explosion*)

Peter Pan: It was a bomb! Why, if it hadn't been for you Tinker Bell! (*bell*) (*bell*) What do you mean – Wendy and The boys are in trouble? Let's go....

Hook: And now, which will it be? Join us or walk the plank?

Wendy: Captain Hook, we would rather walk the plank than join your crew

Hook: Well if you insist- Ladies first, me dear.

Wendy: Goodbye boys.

Boys: Goodbye, Wendy. (*repeat goodbyes*)

Pirate 1: Move along the plank – stop wasting time! Come on!

Michael: Wendy, Wendy! (*she jumps but there's not a splash- she's saved by Pan*)

Smee: Captain, there was no splash.

Hook: Not a sound.

Pirate 2: Not a single sound –oh Captain, we have been jinxed!

Boys: Peter Pan! Peter Pan!

Michael: And Wendy.....

John: Thank goodness!

Hook: No, It can't be.

Smee: But Captain, I heard the bomb go off!

Peter Pan: You have dealt your last deed, Hook!

Hook: Take that! (*fight*)

Wendy: No, Peter! Don't listen to him; he's trying to trick you!

Peter Pan: (*fights Hook & wins*) Now I have you!

Wendy: Oh Peter!

Hook: You wouldn't hurt me, would you, boy? I'll promise I will leave forever. I'll do anything you say.

Peter Pan: That's more like it. But you need to say you're a cowardly codfish.

Hook: I'm a cowardly codfish.

Peter Pan: Could you here that (*to audience*) you will have to try again (*audience*) C'mon even Louder!

Hook: (*screaming*) I'm a cowardly codfish!

Peter Pan: All right that's enough Hook. You're free to go but you must promise not to return to Never Land.

Wendy: Look out Peter! (*Hook tries to kill Peter- falls into water near the crocodile*)(*tic toc sound*)

Hook: Smee! Help me please!

Smee: Captain! It's the crocodile! (*Captain swims away from crocodile*)

All: Hooray for Captain Pan!

Peter Pan: All right, you lads! Batten the hatches, set the sails; we're off on a voyage!

Wendy: But Peter, sorry ...Captain Pan, where we're sailing?

Peter Pan: Why we're off to London, of course.

Wendy: Oh, thank you Peter! We're going home!

Peter Pan: We're off and away – Tink (*bell*) where is the Pixie dust!

Bedroom scene

Mrs. D: I'm glad you've decided not to move Wendy out of the nursery. After all she's only a child. (*dog enters*)

Mr. D: Well dear, I really didn't mean it...

Mrs. D: Why are you still awake?

Wendy: (yawns) Oh, mother, we had wonderful time!

Mr. D: What do you mean?

Wendy: Well, we all came back, except the Lost Boys. They weren't ready.

Mr. D: Ready for what?

Wendy: Oh to grow up father, of course. The Lost Boys are staying in Never Land.

Mr. D: Never Land?

Wendy: Yes, but I am ready to grow up.

Mr. D: Oh, that. Perhaps I was a little hasty---

Wendy: We had such a lovely time. There was Tinker Bell and mermaids and Peter Pan! Oh, he was wonderful...especially when we were captured by the pirates---

Mr. D: Pirates?

Wendy: Yes, pirates, and Peter Pan rescued us, and he conquered Captain Hook, and he brought us home in Hook's ship!

Mr. D: Wendy – you must have been dreaming. It's time for us all to go to bed.

Wendy: Oh mother,(*points to moon*) can you can see the ship- over there?

Mrs. D: Oh Dear, George!

Mr. D: Now what, Mary? (gasps) Oh my goodness - well I never (lights dim)

Reprise with all cast on stage

When there's a smile in your heart
there's no better time to start
think of all the joy you'll find
when you leave the world behind
and bid your cares good-bye
you can fly! you can fly! you can fly!

Oopma Loompa Oompadee Don't!

Julie Ryan

Oopma Loompa Oompadee Doo
It's not fair now who can I sue?
They say that I'm not satisfactory
To work each day at the chocolate factory
They crushed my dream as they said "You wont"
Oopma Loompa Oompadee Dont!

Lactose Intolerant

It all started when I was a little boy.
Now the only milk I have is soy.
My dream is to be a chocolate connoisseur
But when I eat dairy my sight begins to blur
I said it doesn't matter if I really can't see
Light or dark it all tastes great to me

Diabetic

I love sugar but it doesn't love me back
If I eat too much it's the insulin I lack
They said it is too risky and temptation is too great
But I think I am the perfect candidate
When my sugars are too low I have a great selection
When will Willy Wonka make some insulin confection?

Very Tall

Oopma Loompa's are very short they say
That my stature will just put me in the way
But I could be handy, reaching tall things way up high
Like lollies from the heavens, cotton candy from the sky
I think I'd be an asset why can't they see it's true
So I've stolen all the ladders and the cherry picker too.

Very Greedy

I'm a relative of Augustus Gloop
For the taste of chocolate there's no depth I wouldn't stoop
Candy, gum, toffee apples everything I chew
I ate the application form at the interview
There's not a sweet delight into which I won't venture
I'm certain that I have a caramel filled centre

ADHD

Preservatives and additives I just can't get enough
Anti caking agents and that caffeinated stuff
Artificial colourings and sodium benzoate
Limit my attention span and quicken my heart rate
Surrounded by such candy it made my focus tiny
It's really...oh my gosh something bright and shiny

The Boyfriend 5.0

Unknown Author

- Tech: Hello Tech support this is Nigel how may I help you?
- Client: Recently I upgraded from Boyfriend 5.0 to Husband 1.0 and noticed a distinct slow down in overall system performance, particularly in the flower and jewellery applications, which operated flawlessly under Boyfriend 5.0.
- Tech: And is that the only symptoms you have experienced since the upgrade?
- Client: Well In addition, Husband 1.0 uninstalled many other valuable programs, such as Romance 9.5 and Personal Attention 6.5, And then installed undesirable programs such as: CRICKET 3.0 and GOLF CLUBS 4.1.1. Also Conversation 8.0 no longer runs, and Housecleaning 2.6 simply crashes the system.
- Tech: Can I ask what you have tried to do to rectify these problems?
- Client: I have tried running Nagging 5.3 to fix these problems, but to no avail.
- Tech: Well madam first, keep in mind, Boyfriend 5.0 is an Entertainment Package, while Husband 1.0 is an operating system. We would recommend the following course of action: Please enter command: "ithoughtyoulovedme.exe" and try to download Tears 6.2 and do not forget to install the Guilt 3.1.0 update. If that application works as designed, Husband 1.0 should then automatically run the applications Jewellery 2.0 and Flowers 3.5. However, remember, overuse of the above application can cause Husband 1.0 to default to Grumpy Silence 2.5, Happy Hour 7.0 or Beer 6.1. We would also like you to note that Beer 6.1 is a very bad program that will download the Farting and Snoring Loudly Trojan
- Client: And what if this fails to improve the performance of Husband1.0?
- Tech: Whatever you do, DO NOT under any circumstances install Mother-In-Law 1.0 it runs a virus in the background that will eventually seize control of all your system resources. In addition, please do not attempt to reinstall the Boyfriend 5.0 program These are unsupported applications and will crash Husband 1.0. So in summary, Husband 1.0 is a great program, but it does have limited memory and cannot learn new applications quickly.
- Client: Is there anything I can do to improve Husband 1.0?
- Tech: The base operating system is quite outdated but you might consider buying additional software to improve memory and performance. We recommend Cooking 3.0 and Hot Lingerie 7.7. Good Luck.

100 YEARS OF GUIDING

BP and Olave Baden-Powell standing OP side of stage. Small Group of 5-6 Guides in group standing P side of stage.

Guide 1: Girls Worldwide say: “Together we can change the world”

Guide 2: In 1909 BP held a rally for Boy Scouts in London. It was an era when skirts were ankle length and ladies did not run. However this was not going to stop a small group of girls demanding entry and thus becoming the catalyst for today’s Girl Guide movement.

Guide 3: These girls made such an impression on BP that within months they were given the name of Girl Guides and by 1910 Agnes Baden-Powell, BP’s sister, had adapted “Scouting for Boys” to suit the girls.

The Chief

Mary Chater

Who opened the gate that leads to the pathway over the hill
Who whistled the tune that teaches our feet to go with a will
Who hoisted the sail that carries the boat across the bay
And who lighted the fire to give us a song at close of day

The Chief! The Chief! A song at close of day
Twas he lighted the fire to give us a song at close of day

He gave us a law as old as the stars that shine in the sky
He gave us a host of friends and a sign to know them by
He gave us a way to climb and to run and rise and swim
To dwell at peace in Our Father’s house and we thank the Lord for him

The Chief! The Chief! We thank the Lord for him
We dwell at peace in our Father’s house, and we thank the Lord for him.

Guide: Baden-Powell’s idea for Scouting was a game with an aim – the training of young people for good living and good citizenship whilst having fun. It spread quickly throughout the world with boys and girls joining in the fun.

Guide: BP had not planned his idea and game to spread worldwide or to girls, so to keep them involved he handed the girls to Agnes and thus the Guiding Movement began.

Sisters In Guiding

Jane Skelton

I haven’t met you personally
But one glance confirms a friend I see
For behind the trefoil and the smiles
Lies strong ideals linking hearts and minds
That banish time and miles.

You are my sister in Guiding
You’re a friend I can confide in
No matter if you’re a different race

Young or old from some far place
As sisters in Guiding we share a secret drive
To make this world a better place
In which to be alive.

From around the world we throng
Eight million people can't be wrong
Guides are found in many lands
You're never far from a friendly smile
And willing lending hands.

You are my sister in Guiding
You're a friend I can confide in
No matter if you're a different race
Young or old from some far place
As sisters in Guiding we share a secret drive
To make this world a better place
In which to be alive.

So we travel together
Through the bright and stormy weather
Striding forth in work and game
We are joined by the guiding spirit
The world is ne'er the same.

You are my sister in Guiding
You're a friend I can confide in
No matter if you're a different race
Young or old from some far place
As sisters in Guiding we share a secret drive
To make this world a better place
In which to be alive.

Guide: Baden-Powell married Olave St Clair Soames in 1912 and she quickly took up the challenge of Guiding. She was appointed world chief Guide in 1930 and continued to grow Guiding worldwide.

Guide: By 1931 membership in Guiding was over 1 million and in the 21 years that Guiding had been established international camps and conferences were enjoyed by girls around the world. 1926 saw the birth of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

100 Years Of Promises!

Jen Barron

We celebrate, we celebrate
100 Years of Promises
We celebrate, we celebrate
100 Years of changing lives
We celebrate, we celebrate

Celebrate the past
Our heritage is our foundation
The Baden Powell's had vision
Look back and realise

It's because of them
Our lives are changed

Celebrate the future
What is to come the opportunities
We can have dreams
Look ahead and realise
It's up to us
To keep changing lives

Guide: Guiding in Australia was born spontaneously and cannot be pinpointed to a particular date. The first recognised Girl Guides were in Victoria and relied heavily on the activities in Scouting For Boys.

Guide: Although the girls showed determination, courage and great imagination they were often criticised because their tomboy pursuits extremely unladylike. The state organizations combined in 1926 to form the Girl Guide Association of Australia.

On My Honour

Cindy Dasch

On my honour I will try
There's a duty to be done and I say I
There's a reason here for a reason above
My honour is to try and my duty is love.

People don't need to know my name
If I do any harm then I'm to blame
When I help another I help me
If I've opened up my eyes to see.

On my honour I will try
There's a duty to be done and I say I
There's a reason here for a reason above
My honour is to try and my duty is love.

We've made a promise to always keep
And the day is done before we sleep
We'll be Girl Guides together and when we're gone
We'll still be trying and singing this song.

On my honour I will try
There's a duty to be done and I say I
There's a reason here for a reason above
My honour is to try and my duty is love.

Guide: By 1985 celebrations marking the 75th anniversary of the birth of Guides were in full swing. Despite early prejudices there are remarkable women who pioneered the traditions which are still important today as we celebrate 100 years of Guiding.

Guide: Guiding was considered very unladylike. Sleeping in tents and getting dirty in the great outdoors was out of the question, after all how could ladies possibly do their hair in a field. What a difference 100 years makes, what was a new venture back in 1910 is now taken for granted

World Song

Our way is clear as we march on,
And see our flag on high
Is never furl'd throughout the world
For hope shall never die!
We must unite for what is right
In friendship true and strong,
Until the earth in its rebirth
Shall sing our song! Shall sing our song!

Guide: Famous Girl Guides and Girl Scouts include Emma Thompson, Susie Maroney, Barbara Walters, Celine Dion, Hillary Clinton, The Queen, Princess Margaret, Venus Williams and Shirley Temple. Today 10 million girls participate around the world in the great game developed a century ago and learn skills to make them better global citizens.

Guide: In the centenary year celebrations will be held all around the world and Guides is also a partner with world associations in advocating for women and children's rights to live freely and without prejudice. Part of our program in the new centenary is a worldwide initiative or Global Action theme and Millennium Development Goals.

Invitation To Taps

Come all, sing goodnight
As the shadows lengthen into evening light.
In the living, glowing embers there is friendship to remember,
Let us sing a last goodnight. Goodnight.

Taps

Fading light dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar drawing nigh
Falls the night.

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the sea, from the hills, from the sky;
All is well, safely rest;
God is nigh.

Then good night, peaceful night,
Till the light of the dawn shineth bright;
God is near, do not fear
Friend, good night.

Guide 1: 10 million girls ... one voice. I am one in 10 million.

Wood Smoke

Norman Gilbert

Set Up- A patrol camp kitchen complete with bush timber table and seating, wash basin on a tripod, plate rack, fire place, and work bench.

As the Curtain opens, Skeeta is bending over the fire tending a kerosene tin camp oven. Devon, Brad and Warren are gathered around in various poses watching him. He is singing in a raucous unmelodious voice.

Skeeta: When your heart's on fire you must realize smoke gets in your eyes....

Devon: Hey Skeet, why are you cryin'?

Skeeta: I'm not crying. I'm singin'

Brad: Sounds like you're stranglin' a cat

Warren: You sure suffer when you sing. I can see tears in your eyes

Skeeta: It's the smoke gittin' in me eyes making 'em water.

Warren: Ain't it funny, no matter which side of the fire you're on, the bloomin' smoke follers you about?

Skeeta: I hope this tucker turns out okay. I've never cooked in a camp oven before

Warren: I'm not surprised. You wouldn't fit.

Brad: You better get your act into gear sport. Budgie will be here any old tick of the clock.

Skeeta: Is it his turn to eat with us?

Warren: I'm afraid so. You better make sure the tucker's edible and served up properly. You know how fussy he is.

Skeeta: He might have a bit of a wait. It'll be a while yet. I'd be a bit further advanced if one of you bludgers would give me a hand.

Warren: I thought your second name was Handy Andy.

Skeeta: I'm not that handy. There's a limit to what one man can do, even an exceptionally talented one like me.

Johnno, Bill and Barry enter. They are bare chested, dirty, and breathing hard. Bill is carrying a spade. Barry is mopping his forehead.

Barry: Boy, I'm glad that job's finished.

Bill: Diggin' latrines sure works up an appetite. What's for tea cookie?

Skeeta: Don't call me Cookie. I ain't a flamin' biscuit.

Bill: Sorry, I forgot you were a Skeeta, and you know how to bite! Is it a mystery meal?

Skeeta: If you must know it's roast chook with all the entrails.

Bill: Yum yum, chook's bum, I'm that hungry, I could scoff the lot in one mouthful.

Devon: You're the original eatin' machine Bill. Look at your humongous belly.

Bill: I know I got a big belly, but I'm gonna diet.

Warren: Yeah, what colour?

(Budgie enters He is carrying a mess kit.)

Bill: How it's going Scouts?

Johnno: Pretty good.

Budgie: Is that you Skeeta? *(Skeeta's face is smudged black)*

Skeeta: Course it's me. Who do you think is doin' all the flamin' work around this joint.

Budgie: I am looking foward to tea.

Brad: Huh! With Skeeta the cook, you musta come here to die.

Budgie: I was expected yesterdie. Ha ha

Skeeta: Leave the comedy to the comedians, Budgie.

Budgie: How's the meal coming along Skeeta

Skeeta: It'll be ready in about three hours, the amount of help I get from these lazy bludgers.

Bill: Look at the bludger whose callin' us bludgers, bludgers.

Budgie: Bill, you're doing nothing. Why don't you give Skeeta a hand?

Bill: It aint my turn. 'sides, I'm wore out from diggin' the latrine.

Johnno: Shut up Bill!

Budgie: What! Do you mean to say it's just been dug. Johnno, you know the patrol latrine should be one of the first jobs when you get to camp.

Brad: Sprung!

Johnno: I guess we forgot about it til now. We got all wrapped up in building a snazzy kitchen. Now you know about it, I guess we'll lose some points.

Budgie: I'm afraid so. So, what's the main course- that is if you get through cooking it tonight.

Skeeta: I'd recommend you come back in a coupla days.

Budgie: But we'll be home by then.

Skeeta: Exactly. Actually, it'll be ready to dish up in five minutes. Okay, you mugs, grab your mugs and plates, and eatin' irons, and plonk yourselves down at the table

(The patrol springs to life.)

Johnno: Make sure you wash your filthy paws in the receptickle- you too Budgie.

Brad: This is ridiculous. You shouldn't have to wash your hands when you're roughin' it in the jungle.

Johnno: Why do you think that basin of water and that lump of soap is there Brad? They're not bloomin' ornaments.

Warren: Mum's very strict at our joint. She drives me nuts. Us kids aint allowed to sit down for tea unless we put on a shirt.

Barry: Does she make you put on a tie as well?

Warren: Only on Sundays.

Devon: My old girl don't care how I git. I never have to wash, or nuthin' before I eat.

Skeeta: I wish I had a dirty mother like yours.

Budgie: I hate to bring the subject up but I still don't know what's on the menu.

Skeeta: Food.

Brad: You might call it food. I've got another word for it. Spew!

Skeeta: You don't have to eat it, miseryguts.

Budgie: But what is it?

Skeeta: Chook.

Bill: Complete with guts and entrails.

Budgie: I'm a bit dry. Could I please have a drink of water?

Johnno: Sure. *(Johnno goes to the water bucket)*. Who forgot to fetch the water?

Stony silence. Bill is studiously gazing at a comic he pulled out of his back pocket.

Johnno: Bill, get your nose out of that comic and fetch some water.

(Bill looks up).

Bill: Huh?

Johnno: We need water.

(Bill looks into the bucket)

Bill: I guess we do. Do a rain dance. *(He resumes reading).*

Johnno: grr! I'll do a war dance instead. Ar, what's the use? I'll get it meself.
(Johnno exits mumbling)

Warren: Hey Budgie, do you like this gismo for the soap? *(The soap is suspended by string above the basin. Warren swings it nearly hitting budgie with it.)* So much for that idea. Back to the drawing board.
(Johnno returns and fills budgie's cup).

Johnno: Here you are Budgie. Oops! *(Johnno trips and spills the water in Budgies face)* Sorry budgie. Still, now you won't need a bath tonight.

Budgie: I'm still thirsty.

Warren: Some people are never satisfied.

Johnno: Bill! *(no answer)* Get your scone out of that comic and fetch some water *(bill looks up)*

Bill: Have we run out?

Johnno: Yes *(Emphatically)*

Bill: Didn't the rain dance work?

Johnno: Bill, go and fill the bucket with water.

Bill: It's not my turn.
(Johnno picks up the bucket, inverts it over Johnno's head and grabbing him by the seat of his pants, runs him off stage)

Johnno: That'll teach him to mess with me. Are we ready to eat Skeeta?
(Skeeta picks up a frying pan and a big spoon and bangs them together)

Skeeta: Come and git it!

Johnno: Righto, Budgie plonk yourself down here. The rest of you know your places.

Skeeta: Where's the shovel?

Warren: He wants to bury anybody who does not survive his cooking.

Skeeta: Everyone wants to be a comedian. I want to dig the damper out of the coals.
(Devon hands Skeeta the shovel. Skeeta pulls the damper off the fire and unwraps the alfoil in which it wrapped. Revealing a black lump).

Budgie: It's certainly well cooked.

Barry: You can say that again.

Budgie: It's certainly well cooked

Skeeta: Ah well, pity about the damper. You win a few, you lose a few. Not to worry. The main course should be done in a turn.
(Skeeta opens the camp oven, reveals the burnt remains of the chook).

Brad: What are we gonna eat?

Warren: When Bill gets back he'll hit the roof.

Barry: Yeah Skeeta, he'll prob'ly swot you.
(Bill enters)

Bill: Here's the water.
(He sees the chook. His mouth drops open. He is in a state of suspended animation. Johnno dips Budgies mug into the billy and holds it out to budgie. Brad is crawling around the table.)

Brad: Eureka! I've found it!
(He backs into Johnno who spills the water onto budgies face.)

Budgie: And I've got it. I won't need a bath tomorrow, seeing I've had two today.

Johnno: sorry budgie

Skeeta: Here's a billy of stew left over from lunch that nobody wanted. Cop this! *(Skeeta dumps a ladle full onto Budies plate then serves the others)*

Brad: You could of at least heated it up

Skeeta: Some people want everything

Johnno: Bill! You're eatin' and we haven't sang grace

Bill: *(singing falsetto)* Grace

Johnno: Don't make a mockery of it. On your feet. A one two, a tiddley on comsombo, let her flicker

All: For health and strength and daily food we praise thy name, oh Lord. For health and strength and all things good we give thee thanks o lord.

Brad: I can't eat this muck.

Devon: Hey budgie, look at that naked sheila down by the swimming hole

Budgie: What naked sh—er, girl?
(While budgie is looking for the girl Devon puts a rubber snake in front of him)
I can't see any girl. What's so funny? Oooooer!

(Budgie falls off the seat backwards and disappears with only his feet showing. The patrol collapse with laughter. Budgie shakens, climbs back up.)
Did you have to put this boa constrictor in front of me?

Skeeta: What are you growlin' about? He didn't eat much.

Warren: If he had he'd be a poisoned snake.

Johnno: Who's turn is it to wash up?

Skeeta: Don't look at me Johnno, I was the cook.

Devon: I'm off to the creek to check my fish trap *(Exit Devon)*

Barry: I think I left the ten flaps rolled up *(Barry Exits)*

Warren: I just remembered I left my swimmin' togs at the water hole.

Johnno: How could you? You never wear any?

Warren: Opps. It was me towel.

Bill: Hang on warren. I'll come with you and help you look. *(Exit Warren and Bill)*

Brad: I'm gonna go and lie down. I can feel a migrane comin' on. *(Exit Brad)*

Johnno and Budgie look at each other. Budgie picks up the dish mop

Budgie: I guess it must be my turn

Johnno: I'll give you a hand Budgie. Hang on a Jiffy till I fetch some more water *(Budgie puts the mop down and picks up the bucket)*

Budgie: This time. I'll fetch the water

A Chooky Kind Of Life

Karen Mitchell

- Netty: Psst, Fay, are we safe? (*peering onto stage*)
- Fay: Sure are Netty. Roger the Rooster has gone back to his cell.
(*All walk on behind pen*)
- Babs: Why are we hiding from him again?
- Jude: Oh, Babs! Where have your giblets gone? (*exasperated*) He likes your neck Babs, and not for nuzzling! (*Babs grabs her neck*)
- Fay: So ladies, let the escape committee meeting commence! Who brought the feed?
- Netty: Yep, right here.
- Fay: Good, okay. Here's the poop. The suppliers for the chicken outlets are running low on stock. As in chicken stock.
- Netty: Yes, so WE have our necks on the block. Literally!
- Babs: I don't want to be on a block, it would get rather dull.
- Jude: No Babs, NOT dull. SHARP. Very SHARP! I swear, you're a dumb cluck Babs.
- Fay: ANYway, the suppliers have recruited all the Rogers of the area, i.e. Roosters, to hunt down the, shall we say, more voluptuous chooks for the cause.
- Netty: Hey, a chook puts on a couple of pounds over winter, and all of a sudden she's called "voluptuous". You may as well just call me fat!
- Babs: I wouldn't call you fat Netty..
- Jude: No, not to your face! (*receives glare from Netty*)
- Babs: No, Netty is just a well-rounded chook. Sort of like a circle.
- Netty: Thankyou Babs, I can always count on you! (*derisive*)
- Jude: Yeah, for being such a yolk!
- Fay: LADIES! We are ALL, repeat, ALL in the same pen together here – lets not henpeck each other! Back to our agenda. We need to either get rid of Roger, or find an alternate food source for the suppliers.
- Netty: I've got it! We get ourselves put on the endangered species list!
- Babs: Ha! Gosh you're clever Netty!
- Fay: Clever huh? Yeah, about as clever as a cracked egg. So, what, we just fill out a petition? Shall we ask the chicken outlets to sign as well? (*swipes Netty over back of head*) Be serious!

Jude: Lets get rid of Roger. I volunteer for the assignment. I'll hard-boil some of my eggs and fling them at his head, that ought to do it!

Netty: Do we have to to egg-sterminate him? I mean can't we just tell him we'll make sure he becomes a McNugget if he harasses us?

Babs: Not going to work love – he's a bully that one. He actually asked me how I like my eggs!! So I said 'unfertilized', pecked his feet and off I ran!

Fay: Good girl – don't you let him near you! (*move into dreamlike trance*) Although, when you see that chicken cross the road, its like poultry in motion!

Netty: (*hitting Fay*) So, what do we do?

Fay: Well that gives me an idea... What if I get close to him, and you know....

All: NO!

Fay: Okay, Okay...sheesh! You'd think I'd suggested to..... WOAH! I did NOT suggest THAT!

Jude: LADIES! I have an idea! (*Rather smugly*)

Babs: Well cluck it out then Jude!

Jude: Okay. So here goes... (*all move in closer*) When a dearly departed chook is (*covers Babs ears*) 'cooked' they're known to have white meat right?

All: Right.

Jude: Soooooo, What else has white meat?

Netty: PIGS! (*rubbing hands together*) Lovely, lovely Pork!

Jude: Yes, I mean they're going to be sacrificed anyway, so...

Fay: Yes, Yes! So all we have to do is convince Roger of the benefits of subbing us out with the 'all useful' piggies, and shall we say the 'downsides', of us disappearing!

Netty: By downsides you mean...

Babs: PORK, the one you love!

Blackout

Hot Chilli Salsa

Kerrin Alamango & Gerado Balcon

Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Feelin the rhythm from head to toe
Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Get on the dance floor and go go go

Our Land is Puerto Rico
We're always pleased to meet you
Sandy beaches secret hide a ways
Is what you'll find on a summer holiday

Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Feelin the rhythm from head to toe
Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Get on the dance floor and go go go

Dancing the cha cha is so much fun
The swirling skirts and beating drums
Dancing in the circle celebrate
Drums sound rebellion lets escape

Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Feelin the rhythm from head to toe
Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Get on the dance floor and go go go

We work hard on the land all day
Our hearts fill with joy when our music plays
Lively parties last into the night
Our latin rhythms always excite

Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Feelin the rhythm from head to toe
Hot Chilli Salsa Hot Chilli Salsa
Get on the dance floor and go go go
Get on the dance floor and go go go

Sassy Senioritas

Matt Thomson

Our Afternoon siesta's lying in the sun,
Our Fajita's in the oven and they're almost done.
We're seven sassy senioritas making up some margaritas,
Seven sassy senioritas playing up for fun.

At night we like to dance with the local hombres,
We tease and flirt and play with them until we get our way.
We spend the next day resting up from the night before,
'Cause when the music starts again we're back for more.
We're seven sassy senioritas making up some margaritas,
Seven sassy senioritas and we're up to no good.

We never look for trouble it just follows us,
But we're always in the action so it must look suss.
The local population thinks we're a bit too much.
But we just think they're all too old and out of touch.
We're seven sassy señoritas making up some margaritas,
Seven sassy señoritas and we're up to no good.

Our Afternoon siesta's lying in the sun,
Our Fajita's in the oven and they're almost done.
We're seven sassy señoritas making up some margaritas,
Seven sassy señoritas playing up for fun.

When we grow old and senile and our views have changed,
We'll look back on our youthful days and they might look strange.
But at the moment we are young and having fun,
So if you really like it, stick up your thumb.
We're seven sassy señoritas making up some margaritas,
Seven sassy señoritas and we're up to no good

Our Afternoon siesta's lying in the sun,
Our Fajita's in the oven and they're almost done.
We're seven sassy señoritas making up some margaritas,
Seven sassy señoritas playing up for fun.
We're seven sassy señoritas making up some margaritas,
Seven sassy señoritas playing up for fun.

Hot Hot Hot

Buster Poindexter

Ole ole - ole ole / Ole ole - ole ole
EE-Yessa Ha-ha
Ee-yes girls

Me mind on fire -- Me soul on fire -- Feeling hot hot hot
Party people -- All around me feeling hot hot hot
What to do - On a night like this
Music sweet - I can't resist
We need a party song - A fundamental jam

So we go rum-bum-bum-bum
Yeah we rum-bum-bum-bum
Feeling hot hot hot -- Feeling hot hot hot - oh Lord
(me la la la lum bum bum)

See people rocking -- Hear people chanting -- Feeling hot hot hot
Keep up this spirit -- Come on let's do it -- Feeling hot hot hot
It's in the air - Celebration time
Music sweet - captivate your mind
We have this party song - This fundamental jam

So we go rum-bum-bum-bum
Yeah we rum-bum-bum-bum

Feeling hot hot hot -- Feeling hot hot hot - Oh Lord
Ha-ha

Ole ole - ole ole / Ole ole - ole ole
Ole ole - ole ole / Ole ole - ole ole
EE-yes girls

People in the party - hot hot hot
People in the party - hot hot hot
They come to the party know what they got
They come to the party know what they got
I'm hot -- You're hot -- He's hot -- She's hot
I'm hot -- You're hot -- He's hot -- She's hot
(Real hot) -- (Real hot) -- (Real hot) -- (Real hot)H
a-ha-ha - Oh Lord

How you feeling? (Hot hot hot)
How you feeling? (Hot hot hot)
How you feeling? (Hot hot hot)
How you feeling? (Hot hot hot)

(Hot hot hot)(Hot hot hot)
(Hot hot hot)(Hot hot hot)

Rat Patrol 1

Words: Julie Mcteir

3: What's a me life crisis?

4: Not a me life crisis, a mid life crisis.

2: It's when you're 40 and you're in the middle of your life....

1: And it makes you want to do weird stuff...

5: Like buy sports cars, and climb the Hिलामayas

2: Himalayas

4: Hey! If you have a mid life crisis at 40, that means you're going to live to be 80. So if you don't have it until you turn 50, does that mean you'll live to be 100?

(Reaction from others)

1: My mum says my dad had a mid life crisis when he turned 40 'cause he dyed his hair, joined a gym and bought all new clothes. Now he keeps wanting to take me to McDonalds for breakfast.

All: Cool!

2: Oh, I know about them! My sister says she's having one at the moment.

4: but she's only 15!

2: Yeah, but think....only 15 more years and I get a room to myself!

3: But why do they get them?

5: Because they realize that soon they'll be really old, like41! And they'll have to ride around really slowly on old wheelchairs, and lose their false teeth all the time, and because they'll never get any spare time any more, because they have to play bingo.

4: Yeah, and they'd need a fast car, because on their birthday they'd be short of breath from having to blow out all them candles!

An Oldie But A Goodie

Cumberland Gang Show

(Two Elderly Gentlemen enter from P and walk slowly towards op. Talking as they go.)

Arthur: So George, what have you been up to lately mate?

George: Well, last night we went out to a new restaurant,

Arthur: A nude restaurant? George, aren't you a bit old for that?

George: No, no, not a nude restaurant, a new restaurant! Well anyway, it was very good. I would recommend it very highly

Arthur: Yeah, well what's the name of yer restaurant eh?

George: *(looking puzzled in obvious concentration)* Ahh,

Arthur: Alberts?

George: Eee,

Arthur: Edwardo's

George: Ooo,

Arthur: O'Malley's

George: Mmm,

Arthur: McDonald's

George: No, No, what is the name of that flower?

Arthur: Self-raising?

George: No, the flower you give someone you love?

Arthur: A poppy?

George: No. No. The other one.

Arthur: A carnation?

George: No, No! It's red

Arthur: Red eh? Red, Oh George, you mean a rota, a rotaden, a rotdendr...azalea!

George: No, it's red and has thorns.

Arthur: Red, thorny? I got it! George, you're talking about a rose.

George: Yes, Yes that's it. Well done Arthur! *(He turns back towards the P wings and yells)*
Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?

Rat Patrol 2

Julia Mcteir

- 1: Forty years. (*Counts on everyone else's fingers*) Forty years, wow.
- 2: That's like, forever.
- 3: My mum's only 36 and she's old. Imagine how old 40 is.
- 4: I reckon the production team must all be at least 40. They all say they've been doing gang show forever.
- 5: Don't be stupid. The choreographer's can't be that old- once you pass 30, you're too old to dance. That's what my Dad says.
- 1: (*Who has been sitting counting*) Forty years. Do you realize that by the time 50 years happens, well all be 22!
- 2: No way!
- 1: Yes way!
- 3: I still want to be in the gang show when I'm 22. I love gang show.
- 4: Yeah. Me too. I wonder what gang show will be like then.
- 5: I reckon it will be just the same- only better.
- 2: A bigger theatre.
- 1: More special effects
- 3: More country trips
- 4: New songs
- 5: And I'll sing all the good solos (*sings two lines from something from the show*)
- 3: And I'll be in all the sketches (*recites lines and mimics actions from slapstick*)
- 4: No, I'll do the sketches and you can dance
- 3: (*Grabs two*) Were fabulous dancers (*prance about*)
- 1: (*Staring off stage*) I wonder what it is like to be a tech?
- 4: Prob'ly really boring. They spend the whole show in the dark.
- 1: I dunno. They always look like they're having a good time.
- 2: Unless you get in their way
- (*Old cast member walks on*)

Old: What are you doing? You're supposed to be lining up for finale.

2: Already?

Old: Yes. Now hurry up or you'll be late.

1: Hey John. Are you 40?

Old: What! No I am not.

5: But you're old.

Old: I'm older than you are, but I am not that old.

2&3: Yeah right (*snigger*)

Old: You know what they say. You're only as old as the wom...hold on. You're only as old as, ...your cast members. And you're all young and exciting, and I'm young and exciting. (*kids snigger*) so the show is young and exciting, and that's all that matters. Don't you think?

All: Yeah. Ok. I suppose so etc

Old: (*begins to lecture*) You realize that although scouting has been now for a century, that it is a youth movement. Designed for youth, and as such...

1: I think we better, ah, get to finale.

Kids leave quickly

Old: I don't look 40, do I? (*To wings*) hey, do I look 40 to you? Etc.

Walking off

Witch Doctor

David Saville

Hey Witch doctor give us the magic words

Alright, it goes...

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang

Walla walla, bing bang...Alright

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang...

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang...

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

I told the witch doctor I was in love with you

I told the witch doctor I was in love with you

And then the witch doctor, he told me what to do

He told me....

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang...

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

I told the witch doctor you didn't love me true

I told the witch doctor you didn't love me nice

And then the witch doctor, he gave me this advice

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang...

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

You can keep your love from me

Just like you were a miser

And I'll admit it wasn't very smart

So I went out and found myself

A guy that's so much wiser

And he taught me the way to win your heart

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang...

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Ooo eee, ooo ah ah ting tang Walla walla, bing bang

Terrors at the Wedding

Karen Mitchell

(Terrors are under an oversized table that has a cake on it and dressed as a wedding cake)

Jeff: Ha Ha! You had to wear a dress! You look like a pink meringue!

Jac: You should talk sailor boy! I hate weddings!

Jeff: *(pulls out scarf and eye patch)* I'm not a sailor, I'm a pirate – Ah hargh!

Shane: Well my mum said this suit had to last the next three weddings and any funerals in between.

Jeff: Who does she think is going to be the victims of the 'in betweens'?

Shane: Well if the argument this morning is anything to go by... Dad.

Cam: Weddings aren't that bad, look at that huge cake. That must be as big as the cake that the lady jumped out of at the Bucks night.

Shane: Bucks night? Bull, you don't know nutthin' bout that!

Cam: Do too! I heard 'em talking about it when we was getting photos taken. Apparently the lady had nice balloons....

Karen: Ssssh! Here comes the Reverend – he looks funny!

Cam: Yeah, that's cos he's a pickle – my mum said so.

Jac: He's not a pickle – he is pickled – you dodo.

Jeff: Well, I'm still waiting for our guns.

Shane: Huh?

Jeff: My mum said it was a shotgun wedding.

Shane: how many times can you get married anyways?

Jac: Just once stupid.

Jeff: Nah, its 16 times.

Jac: And how do you figure that Einstein?

Jeff: You gotta listen and do the Math. The Reverend said four better, four worse, four sickness, and four health. That's 16. *(Pokes tongue out at Jac)*

Karen: My mum reckons marriage is about three rings... the engagement ring, the wedding ring and the Suffer-ring.

Jac: Hey how come every bride wears white?

Cam: My dad reckons it so she blends in with everything else in the kitchen. *(Jac thinks 'oh, okay' then gives Cam a frown)*

Jeff: Hey what do you reckon is all them presents over there?

Karen: I don't know, but they sure look expensive.

Shane: How much do you reckon a wedding costs then?

Cam: Dunno, but my dad says he's still paying for it.

Jac: I'm hungry *(reaches for entrée)*

Karen: Wait – there's cake – lets have a lick! *(both go to sneak off, then stop when shane speaks)*

Shane: Hey look what I've got!! *(holds up garter belt)*

Jeff & Cam: Ohhh Cool!! *(struggle over garter belt) (Shane takes Jacqui's entree and puts it in garter belt and flings it off stage) (everyone gasps, then giggles)*

Shane: Ha! It hit fat Aunty Lottie!

Jac: Ha ha ha – she doesn't even know its there.

Karen: That's gonna hurt when she sits down.

Jeff: Will she notice – ha ha ha!

Jac: I'm still hungry – I want cake!

Karen: Come on. *(pulls Jac over to cake)*
(Karen pulls bride and groom out of cake, Jac steals top layer, Karen sticks Bride and groom back in cake sideways, run back to table)

Jac: Look ! Look ! I got cake! Slap in the middle and we'll all get some!
(everyone slaps the cake, goes everywhere, all laugh. Cam sneaks off)(Cam comes back with name tags off tables)

Cam: Check out what I've got!

Shane: Bits of paper... so?

Cam: They're name tags!

Shane: So?

Karen: We can move them around doofus! *(slaps shane over back of head)*

Jeff: Yeah!! Okay, so they can go with them, and he can sit next to her, cos she hates him, and he'll go mental if he's next to her...

Jac: Hey, my dad hates that lady with the big mole on her face with the hair growing out of it... whats her name?

Karen: Your mum! Ha ha ha! *(Shane sneaks off)*

Jac: Fun-ny! Anyway, make sure she's next to Dad. Ha ha !

Cam: Okay, put 'em back 'fore they notice! *(Shane comes back with bon bonieres)*

Shane: Looky what I got! *(empties basket of choccies)*

All: YEAH! Chocolates!! *(lick lips whilst grabbing chocolates)*

Jeff: *(Whilst eating chocolates)* How many you reckon you can eat?

Jac: I reckon 50.

Cam: I reckon 100.

Karen: Who cares? It won't be as many as the brides' mum seems to have eaten!

Shane: *(mouth full)* Hey, have you guys seen those glasses over there?
(audience can see edge of table sitting in wings)

Jac: Oh Cool! It's a glass tower! I wonder how you get the bottom one out?

Jeff: Dunno, but I can show you guys a trick...

Cam: Oh yeah? What trick?

Jeff: I can pull that tablecloth out wifout picking up even one glass!

Karen: Yeah, sure!

Jeff: Watch this! See, I didn't pick up one! *(sfx of glasses shattering)* *(tablecloth is whipped out and to avoid being hit by tablecloth rest of kids fall back onto cake table, cake collapses, one kid hits the entrée table and hors d'oeuvres go flying up all look bug-eyed and a little stunned)*

Voiceover: *(yelled)* Oh, my lord! Where are those kids? *(angry)*

All: RUN!

Blackout

Touch Of Silver

Ralph Reader

We have put a touch of silver,
On the scarlet scarves we wear.
For the golden days behind us,
Are years we have loved to share.
So long we've been together,
In times so rich and rare.
Now there's silver on the scarlet,
And my heart is filled with joy.
For the scarf is a sign, and the scarf is mine.
Central Coast Gang Show girls and boys.

Sisters In Guiding

Jane Skelton

You are my sister in Guiding
You're a friend I can confide in
No matter if you're a different race
Young or old from some far place
As sisters in Guiding we share a secret drive
To make this world a better place
In which to be alive.

Together

Words & Music: Ralph Reader

Time once again for our parting song,
Time for our final bow,
But as we go our separate pathways,
Memories will linger on.

Together, when we're all together
We know how lucky we are
The world around us is everything,
The sound of music, the songs we sing,
And even in the coldest winter,
The warmest summer arrives,
We share together, when we're together
The best years of our lives.

Scouts And Guides Of Australia

Words & Music: Ken Bayly

We're the Scouts & Guides of Australia
Every single one in the show
That's the secret of every Gang Show
That's the reason why we're here to tell you
Every time we sing our finale

We want to make it clear
That we wear our uniform so proudly
Scouts and Guides of gang Show

Yankee Doodle

Traditional

Yankee Doodle went to town a –riding on a pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni!
Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy!

Following The Leader

Words Winston Hibler & Ted Sears Music Oliver Wallace

Following the leader, the leader the leader
We're following the leader Wherever he may go
Tee dum, tee dee, a teedle ee do tee day
Tee dum, tee dee, it's part of the game we play

Consider Yourself

Lionel Bart

Consider yourself at home
Consider yourself one of the family.
I've taken to you so strong,
It's clear we're going to get along!
Consider yourself our mate
We don't want to have no fuss
For after some consideration we can sate
Consider yourself
One of us!

Witchdoctor

Cartoons DK

Bows

Wonderful Life

Ralph Reader

Out in rain boys, or out in the snow
Out in the sunshine wherever you go
There's one thing all we fellows know
Gee it's a wonderful life
Whether in highlands or down in the dale
Over the river and onto the vale
We hike along the rainbow trail, Gee it's a wonderful life.
When you're out about in Scouting you're as happy as a king
If you're tracking in the meadow or a bird upon a wing
In the Autumn or the Winter, or the Summer or the Spring
It's a most remarkable thing

Out with the Gang boys, and journeying to
Lands of adventure awaiting for you
You'll find your daydreams coming true
Gee it's a wonderful life
You bet it's a wonderful, gee it's a wonderful
Gee it's a wonderful life.

Encore

Mystery Megamix