

School of Rock
(Falcons Group 2)

ROSALIE: Ah, here we are! This is your classroom. Good morning, children!

PUPILS: Good morning, Ms. Mullins.

ROSALIE: Thank you, Ms. Sheinkopf.

MS SHEINKOPF: You're welcome.

ROSALIE: Children, this is Mrs. Dunham's substitute, Mr. Schneeibly.

PUPILS: Good morning, Mr. Schneeibly.

ROSIE (Puts hand up)

ROSALIE: Yes Rosie

ROSIE: Where is Mrs. Dunham?

ROSALIE: She has had a little incident at home and won't be here for a couple of weeks.

AMY: What will we do about our science project?

MAGGIE: We were supposed to start 'Project Planet' today with Mrs Dunham

ROSALIE: I am sure you can return to the project when Mrs. Dunham returns.

PUPILS: (Moans of disappointment)

ROSALIE: Look we have Mr. Schneeibly here now and I am sure he has some amazing ideas. Why don't you write your name on the board?

DEWEY: Good thinking. *(He picks up a chalk and writes Mr. F)*

EVIE: That's a funny S.

(Children Laugh)

DEWEY: I'm just trying to get control of this silly chalk. Don't give me such a hard time!

That's better. *(He writes Mr. Schneeibly but struggles to remember how to spell it.)*

ROSALIE: Well then. Any further questions?

Dewey raises his hand

ROSALIE: Mr. Schneeibly..?

DEWEY: When's lunch?

ROSALIE: Lunch is at lunchtime. Oh, Mr. Schneeibly! Right, then, that's all. Good luck. Have fun.

DEWEY: Who's got some food?

SUMMER: We're discouraged from bringing unauthorized food into the building.

DEWEY: Nobody's going to get in any trouble. I'm hungry. You (*Pointing to Maggie*) I know you've got food.

MAGGIE: I have some celery..?

DEWEY: Eww no thanks

POPPY: (*hands up*) Oh I have an apple

DEWEY: No - far too healthy

LAWRENCE: I have a cereal bar.

DEWEY: Give it here. (*Takes a bite, clearly doesn't like it*). What is this? Don't any of you have any real food?

(*Everyone shakes their head*)

LILY: Real food? What do you mean?

DEWEY: A burger! A pizza! What's the matter with you?

LILY: Well, that's not a very healthy choice Mr Schneebly.

LAWRENCE: I'm gluten intolerant.

DEWEY: Oh man! You! What's your name?

FREDDY: Freddy Ham –

DEWEY: Get up here, Freddy Mercury. You got any money?

FREDDY: I have ten pounds.

DEWEY: Great. Now I want you to go out and get me a meatball sub with extra cheese and a large Diet Coke.

AMY: Mr. Schneebly, we can't leave the school.

DEWEY: Ever?

POPPY: Not until the final bell.

DEWEY: Ok then, today you can just chill out. We'll start on the teaching rubbish tomorrow. Take a break. Have fun. Leave me alone.

Summer raises her hand

DEWEY: Yes..?

SUMMER: Summer Hathaway. Do you have any questions about our schedule? Mrs.

Dunham starts with vocabulary followed by a word quiz, then she divides us into reading groups –

DEWEY: Don't you see that Mrs. Dum-Bum is not your teacher today? I am. And I say it's time for a break.

LILY: Excuse me, our parents do not spend fifty thousand dollars a year for break.

DEWEY: Fifty thousand dollars?

LILY: Yep, and extra for our healthy lunches.

SUMMER: Mr. Schneebly. Come with me. This poster tracks our achievements. We get gold stars for how we do in class.

Dewey walks over to chart.

DEWEY: What kind of sick school is this? This is a tool of The Man.

ROSIE: The who?

DEWEY: Not the Who, The Man! The man is everywhere! Don't you know who The Man is? Ms. Mullins is the Man.

ROSIE: I'm a bit confused

AMY: Me too!

MAGGIE: So what are we supposed to do about it?

DEWEY: You're supposed to fight him! With Rock'n'Roll and spirit and everything you've got to give.

FREDDY: That's all very well, but how can we be graded or get any gold stars today, if we just have break time.

Dewey rips poster down and tears to shreds.

DEWEY: Now, listen! As long as I'm here, there will be no grades and no gold stars and absolutely no achievements! We're gonna have break all the time. Get it? Oh, and maybe make a super cool rock band!

FREDDY: Cool! I've always wanted to play in a band.

ROSIE: Me too! I can play bass.

ZACH: I can play the guitar

AMY: I can be lead vocalist.

POPPY: I'll be the drummer!

LILY & EVIE: You're gonna need backing vocalists!

MAGGIE: And a stylist!

SUMMER: We'll see what Ms Mullins has to say about this.

DEWEY: (*Mocking Summer*) Mey-Meh May-Meh May! No we won't. Come on Summer, you would make a great manager for the band? What do you say?

SUMMER: OK!

DEWEY: Now, let's Rock!

SONG:

Hi, we are the School of Rock

And this song was written by our lead guitarist, Zack Mooneyham

Baby, we was makin' straight A's
But we were stuck in a crazy daze
Don't take much to memorize your lies
I feel like I've been hypnotized
And then the magic man, he come to town
Woo-Wee! He spun my head around
He said, "Recess is in session, two and two make five"
And now, baby, oh, I'm alive
Ah, Yea! I'm alive

And if you wanna be the teacher's pet
Well, baby, you just better forget it
Rock got no reason, rock got no rhyme
You better get me to school on time

*Oh, you know I was on the Honor Roll
Got good grades and got no soul
Ooh, Raise my hand before I can speak my mind
I've been biting my tongue too many times
And then that magic man took to obey (Uh, huh)
Do what magic man do, not what magic man say (Say what?)
Now, can I please have the attention of you all..
Today's assignment,
ROCK AND ROLL!*

And if you wanna be the teacher's pet
Well, baby, you just better forget it
Rock got no reason, rock got no rhyme
You better get me to school on time
And if you wanna be the teacher's pet
Baby, you just better forget it
Rock got no reason, rock got no rhyme
You better get me to school on time
Oh, yeah! (*Yeah!*)