

**TIM:** Just as long as she's not one of those inspirational types who looks like they've stepped out of a 'Get Into Teaching' ad. You know the type. The middle-class white girl who just wants to 'give something back'. The type who colour-codes her lesson plans and walks in with a guitar and one of those wanky mugs that says 'Super Teacher', or something equally shit (*He shudders*) Eurgh, I can almost hear the inspirational music strong now...

*(Right on cue, inspirational music begins to play.)*

**ALISON:** *(Frowning)* So can I...

*(AMBER steps out onto the stage, perfectly polished and put together. A spotlight shines on her. She beams at the audience and around the stage.)*

**TIM:** Dear God...

**ALISON:** At least she doesn't have a guitar.

*(AMBER glances at the bags in her hands and realizes that she has forgotten something. She returns with a ukulele case.)*

**TIM:** Dear God...

**ALISON:** A ukulele. It's worse than we thought.

**AMBER:** *(Gazing around the room)* I can't believe I'm really here! *(She notices something, squeals, and runs over. TIM and ALISON jump)* I can't believe it! My own pigeon hole! My name, right there! *(She sighs)* I've made it! I've finally made it!

**ALISON:** *(Holding her ears)* Oh god, the inspirational music! It's getting louder!

*(AMBER makes her way over over them. TIM and ALISON back away into the corner.)*

**TIM:** Careful! She's getting closer!

**AMBER:** *(Relentlessly cheery, holding out her hand)* Hi!

**ALISON:** *(Fearfully)* Hello.

**AMBER:** Sorry to bother you, I was just wondering if you could tell me where I should put my mug *(She holds it out)*.

**TIM:** *(Reading)* "I'm a teacher, what's your super-power?"...Oh Jesus. In the cupboard, up there between 'You don't have to be mad to work here, but it helps' and the 1997 edition of the Toffee Crisp Easter egg mug.

**AMBER:** Thank-you so much! I'm Amber by the way.

**TIM:** Nice to meet you Amber By-The-Way. This is Alison What's-The-Bloody Point and Tim Couldn't-Give-A-Toss.

**ALISON:** Ignore him.

*(There's an awkward silence.)*

**AMBER:** Y'know, I read somewhere that you can tell a lot about a person from the mug they use. *(Peering over at TIM)* What does yours say?

**TIM:** “Same Shit, Different Day.”

**AMBER:** Oh...(To **ALISON**) And yours?

**ALISON:** “Live, Laugh, Love.”

**AMBER:** *(More enthusiastically)* Oh!

**ALISON:** Until you pour the water in. Then it changes to “Die, Snarl, Hate.”

**AMBER:** Oh.

**ALISON:** A present from my husband.

**AMBER:** Oh...*(changing the subject)* So, a new school year then! I can't wait to get started, can you?

**TIM/ALISON:** No.

**AMBER:** Is that, no, as in you can't wait to get started? Or...

**TIM/ALISON:** No.