

BRI

That's enough! I said enough!  
Another word and you'll all be here  
till five o'clock. Nothing to me,  
is it? I've got all the time in the  
world. I didn't even get to the end  
of the corridor before there was  
such a din all the other teachers  
started opening their doors as much  
as to say what the hell's going on  
there's SOMEBODY TALKING NOW! Who  
was it? You? You, Mister Man?...I  
did not *accuse* you, I *asked* you.  
Someone in the back row? You're the  
losers, not me. Who's that? Right -  
hands on heads! Come on, that  
includes you, put the comb away.  
Eyes front and sit up. All of you,  
sit up! Hands on head and eyes  
front! YOU I'm talking to! You'll  
be *tired* by the time I've finished.  
Stand on your seat. And keep your  
hands on your heads. Never mind  
what's going on outside, that joker  
at the back. Keep looking out here.  
Eyes front, hands on head. Who said  
MOVE? Nobody said move. Hands on  
heads...Next one to groan stands on  
the seat. We're going to have one  
minute's perfect silence before you  
go. If we have to wait till  
midnight. That's nice. I like that.  
Now try to hold it just like that  
till I get to this machine-gun over  
here. My fault, all right. Little  
joke. No more laughing. Eyes front,  
hands on heads. Who was that?  
Whoever did - that - can open the  
window before we all get  
gassed...Wait a minute! Three of  
you? What are you - a group? One go  
- one nearest the window. All the  
others, eyes front, hands on heads.  
Right. That characteristic  
performance from our friend near  
the window means we return to Go.  
Shall I make it two minutes? We  
could have had this sooner. Then we  
shouldn't be wasting time sitting  
here when we might  
be...well...let's all - think -  
what we might be doing - 'stead of  
sitting here when the rest have all  
gone home - we could be...

(MORE)

BRI (CONT'D)

Yes - eyes front...hands on  
breasts...STOP the laughter! WHO  
wants to start another minute? And  
whatever the great joke is,  
whatever it is that has so tickled  
your Stone Age sense of humour -  
when all my efforts have  
failed...save it till you're  
outside. I'm going to get my coat  
from the staff-room now. And you  
will be as quiet as mice - no, fish  
- till I get back. All right? I  
don't want to hear a sound. Not a  
bubble.