Tales from the Wild Bush

**Devised by The Arts Unit’s NSW Public Schools 2021 Drama Company**

**Written by Emma Palmer and Robert Jago**

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## Directors’ and writers’ notes

We both recall with acute clarity our childhood experiences of the theatre, from being an audience member to the first time we both trod the boards. As a child, these experiences were fun and entertaining, but it wasn’t until adulthood that we both realised how formative they were. They gave us both an insatiable taste for storytelling, for imaginative play and for community, that still exist in us today. They confirmed that we are, by definition, creatures of the theatre. It’s undeniable and infectious – a place to belong and a place to create.

It’s for all these reasons that we were thrilled when The Arts Unit gave us an opportunity to give the next generation a similar experience; as audience goers and members of our cast. The Arts Unit is such an important organisation for NSW public school students, helping to provide young artists at the top of their game an opportunity to create, perform and cultivate their passion.

It has been a great pleasure to partner with the 18 teenagers that comprise the 2021 NSW Public Schools Drama Company to imagine, devise and stage this original work. We started by asking the cast to bring in their favourite children’s book and share it with the group. We explored the commonalities and thematic connections. Happily, we discovered that our story would be a noticeably Australian one, taking place in three worlds that most Australian children have some connection to: the backyard, the schoolyard and the boundless Australian bush. Using improvisation and devising techniques, ‘Tales from the Wild Bush’ was born. Through Elektra and her friends, we have become a little wiser to the ways of the world, and we hope you will too. We very much hope this play captures your imaginations, hearts and minds as it did ours when we created it. We hope it sparks joy and conversation in your school and amongst your students. And who knows … maybe a few more creatures of the theatre will be born!

Please enjoy ‘Tales from the Wild Bush’.

Emma Palmer and Robert Jago

## Cast list

1. Elektra
2. Will
3. Charlotte
4. Snuffles
5. Mum
6. Narrator 1
7. Narrator 2
8. Narrator 3
9. Narrator 4
10. Mr Barret
11. Fran-lee Frillneck
12. Lincoln Lyrebird
13. Wizzy Wallaby
14. Wesley Wallaby
15. Emily Emu
16. Effie Emu
17. Tyler Tassie Devil
18. Queenie Quokka
19. Maggie Magpie
20. Kyle Kangaroo
21. Terrance Tawny Frogmouth
22. Prickles Echidna
23. Katie Kookaburra
24. Hannah Huntsman
25. Patty Platypus

## Text notes

A line of dialogue usually follows the one immediately before it, except when one character starts speaking before the other has finished. The point of simultaneous speech is marked with /.

For example:

ELEKTRA: / Strike!

WILL: / Strike! Copy that Agent 7 ... I mean Agent 6!

Scene 1 – friends forever

Elektra commando rolls onto stage.

ELEKTRA: This is Agent 6 to Agent 7. Agent 6 to Agent 7, do you read me?

WILL: Reading you loud and clear Agent 7.

ELEKTRA: No, you’re Agent 7. I’m Agent 6!

WILL: Oh yeah. Sorry. Copy that Agent 6.

ELEKTRA: Is your mission clear?

WILL: Loud and clear Agent 6.

ELEKTRA: So when the target approaches, we …

NARRATOR: This is Elektra.

ELEKTRA: / Strike!

WILL: / Strike! Copy that Agent 7 ... I mean Agent 6!

NARRATOR: This is Will.

ELEKTRA: I’m Agent 6.

WILL: I think we need new names.

NARRATOR: Elektra and Will are best friends.

ELEKTRA: We can discuss it after the mission is over.

WILL: Yeah, back at Spy Headquarters!

ELEKTRA: They’ve known each other since they were one.

Elektra responds to the narrator but remains in her world.

ELEKTRA: No, since we were zero.

WILL: Is there such a thing as being zero?

ELEKTRA: Yeah, of course, there is. Shhh! The target’s approaching!

NARRATOR: Since they were zero.

Elektra’s big sister Charlotte approaches walking their (puppet) dog Snuffles. Elektra mimes 1, 2, 3, strike to Will.

ELEKTRA: Strike!

They charge at Charlotte, who drops the leash setting Snuffles free. They wrestle her to the ground.

ELEKTRA: Hand over all your lollies! Hand them over!

WILL: We know you have them, and now they’re ours!

CHARLOTTE: Get off me, you little maniacs!

ELEKTRA: Give us all your lollies!

CHARLOTTE: (shoves off her teeny little sister) I don’t have any, you little rat! I ate them all.

They wrestle.

ELEKTRA: You did not!

CHARLOTTE: I did too!

NARRATOR: This is Charlotte, Elektra’s big sister.

Elektra is on top of Charlotte, eye to eye.

NARRATOR: They don’t always see eye to eye.

Snuffles is smelling Charlotte’s pocket and yapping.

ELEKTRA: Snuffles can smell them; they’re in your pocket!

CHARLOTTE: Are not!

All three children rough and tumble. Snuffles yaps.

NARRATOR: This is summer at 24 Wattle Tree Lane.

Mum’s voice can be heard offstage (o/s).

MUM (o/s): Charlotte, Elektra, dinner! Will, it’s time to go home.

WILL: Let’s hide.

ELEKTRA: Yeah, then you won’t have to go!

MUM: And no hiding, guys.

Elektra and Will have scrambled under a bush. Ad lib: Shhh! Be quiet, don’t talk.

Charlotte stands up and dusts herself off. She slowly puts her hand in her pocket and pulls out a lollipop which she unwraps to taunt them. She puts it in her mouth.

ELEKTRA: I knew you had them. Liar!

WILL: (pulls her back) Shhhh! Your mum will see us!

Mum enters, grabs the lollipop out of Charlotte's mouth and makes a beeline to the bush where Elektra and Will are hiding.

MUM: Don’t eat that rubbish before dinner! And you two, it’s time for Will to go home.

No answer.

MUM: I know you’re in there.

Stifled giggles from within the bush

MUM: I’m coming in!

ELEKTRA: What’s the password?

MUM: Dinnertime.

WILL: Say it, Mrs Nelson! You know what it is!

More giggles.

MUM: (sighs)Skwooberdooberdackerdonker.

Elektra and Will roll out of the bush hysterically laughing. Ad lib: She said it! Skwooberdooberdackerdonker!

MUM: Will. Home. Now!

WILL: Yes Mrs Skwooberdooberdackerdonker. I mean Mrs Nelson!

Will runs off towards a fence, which appears made of two panels and held up by the ensemble. He scales some stairs (made of blocks? or maybe made of people?) and climbs over the fence. He turns back, and Elektra is there on the other side.

ELEKTRA: Hey, don’t forget your walkie-talkie! (passes it to him).

They do a special high five.

ELEKTRA/WILL: Friends forever!

They both descend and make their way home. Something stops Elektra. She dials.

ELEKTRA: Elektra to Will. Do you read me?

WILL: Yeah, I read you Lekkie. What is it?

ELEKTRA: Do you think there will be other spies at big school?

WILL: You mean real spies or other kids who will play spies with us?

ELEKTRA: Yeah, that. Play with us.

WILL: Of course, there will! And if not, then we’ll have each other.

ELEKTRA: Yeah … Yeah, you’re right. Night Will.

WILL: Nighty-night.

## Scene 2 – dinnertime

The narrator, who has drifted into the background, emerges forward.

NARRATOR: Life at 24 Wattle Tree Lane. Nothing extraordinary, and yet nothing about it is ordinary. Endless summer nights. Countless spy missions (finds Charlotte, who has secretly resumed her lollipop, the narrator removes it again, passes to Mum as she rushes by) and a best friend just a stone's throw away.

WILL (o/s): (through walkie-talkie) Are you gonna watch Bluey? It’s on next!

ELEKTRA: (into walkie-talkie) Nah, I’m reading my book.

WILL (o/s): (through walkie-talkie) You’ll get lost in that book one day, Lekkie.

ELEKTRA: You can’t get lost in a book, Will. That’s impossible.

MUM: iPad off. It’s dinnertime.

NARRATOR: A mum who feels swamped. A mum who every night falls asleep thinking about all the things she didn’t do right that day.

ELEKTRA: (arrives at the table). Yes, tacos! (kisses mum on the cheek) You’re the best mum in the whole wide world!

CHARLOTTE: On ya, Mum!

NARRATOR: And two girls who think she can do no wrong.

ELEKTRA: Only two sleeps till big school, Mum.

MUM: How are you feeling?

ELEKTRA: Good. Will and I are gonna recruit some new spies.

MUM: Cool.

CHARLOTTE: They’re not gonna want to play dumb spy games.

ELEKTRA: Why not?

CHARLOTTE: Kids at big school play grown-up games.

ELEKTRA: Like what?

CHARLOTTE: Like Ooshi trading and dodgeball.

MUM: Sounds very grown-up.

CHARLOTTE: It is mum. Ooshie trading especially, it’s really serious.

ELEKTRA: I’ve got heaps of Ooshies. I could trade my very rare Princess Laia Hologram Ooshie.

CHARLOTTE: Little kids aren’t allowed. You’ll get taken advantage of.

ELEKTRA: Will not.

CHARLOTTE: I’ll trade yours for you.

ELEKTRA: No way!

NARRATOR: No way!

CHARLOTTE: Why not? You can trust me.

ELEKTRA: / Can not.

NARRATOR: / Can not.

They all look at the narrator – has he overstepped the mark?

NARRATOR: Excuse me.

MUM: He’s right, though. You leave Elektra’s Ooshies alone. And Elektra, you leave them at home.

ELEKTRA: / Yes, Mum.

CHARLOTTE: / Yes, Mum.

MUM: Charlotte, make sure she knows where everything is, and she has someone to play with.

CHARLOTTE: I don’t want to have to hang around with her.

Mum moves away from the table.

ELEKTRA: Don’t worry, Mum, I’ve got Will.

CHARLOTTE: (whispers) Did you know there are no toilets for the little kids at big school?

ELEKTRA: Yes, there are. I already know where they are.

CHARLOTTE: But if you go in there, the grade sixers will give you a wedgie.

ELEKTRA: What’s a wedgie?

CHARLOTTE: They pull your undies up to your ears.

ELEKTRA: Ouch! That’s rude.

MUM: / Charlotte, stop it!

NARRATOR: / Charlotte, stop it!

MUM: Don’t listen to her, sweetie.

CHARLOTTE: Are you still excited, ‘sweetie’?

NARRATOR: Elektra was still excited. Nervous but excited. It was going to be just another day – a new mission, so to speak.

The stage clears, and Snuffles settles down for the night.

## Scene 3 – Will leaves

It’s early morning. The fence panels drift into place. Will scales the fence into Elektra’s backyard;, he’s noticeably upset. He scurries into Spy Headquarters’ bush and curls up into a ball.

Elektra wanders into the backyard, eating a piece of toast and spinning a hula hoop. For a moment, we watch them both in their own world.

ELEKTRA: (into walkie-talkie but looking over the fence) Lekkie to Will, do you read me?

Will’s walkie-talkie can be heard from within the bush. Elektra turns around to investigate.

ELEKTRA: (into walkie-talkie) Lekkie to Will? Ha! You are in there?

She crawls into Spy Headquarters.

ELEKTRA: I didn’t know you were here already!

Will doesn’t respond.

ELEKTRA: Last day of holidays. Wanna make a backyard zoo? Or a magic potion? Or we could get ice creams? Oh, I know! Let’s make a zoo with an ice cream van that sells magic potion ice creams.

WILL: I can’t.

ELEKTRA: Yeah, we can.

WILL: No, you can, but I can’t.

ELEKTRA: Course you can.

WILL: (He can’t keep it in any longer.) I’m moving away, Lek.

ELEKTRA: You’re moving? What do you mean?

WILL: My mum got a really big job in Melbourne. She wasn’t sure ‘cos it was all so sudden. But Dad says it’s ‘the opportunity of a lifetime’ and that she’d be crazy not to take it. So we’re moving.

ELEKTRA: But we’re starting big school tomorrow.

WILL: Not anymore.

ELEKTRA: No, we are. We’re starting together.

WILL: That’s what I said, but Mum said I’d be starting at a different school and that it will be just the same but in Melbourne.

ELEKTRA: But it won’t be the same. We won’t be together.

WILL: That’s what I said! And Dad said that there’d be another Elektra in Melbourne.

ELEKTRA: He said what?!

WILL: That’s what I said!

ELEKTRA: There won’t be another Elektra in Melbourne. There won’t be.

WILL: (quietly) Yeah ... I said that too. I said there’s only one Elektra. My Elektra.

A moment of silence.

ELEKTRA: So when do you leave?

Silence.

ELEKTRA: Will?

Will looks at her. Swallows. He doesn’t quite know how to say the next bit. He still can’t believe it himself.

Mum enters the backyard, followed by Mr Barrett.

MUM: Elektra! Are you out here? Is Will here?

ELEKTRA: (a sense of urgency) Will, when do you leave?

MUM: They’re probably in Spy Headquarters.

MR BARRETT: Ah yes, Will talks a lot about Spy Headquarters.

ELEKTRA: Will, tell me.

He can’t say it.

MR BARRETT: I had a feeling he might have come over here.

ELEKTRA: Say it. When do you leave?

MUM: (recites the password at Spy Headquarters’ front entrance)

 Skwooberdooberdackerdonker

ELEKTRA: Not now Mum!

MR BARRETT: Skwooberdooberdackerdonker?

MUM: It’s their special word.

ELEKTRA: (It’s all coming together in her mind.) Why is your dad here?

WILL: I’m sorry.

ELEKTRA: Your dad never comes round here?

WILL: I’m sorry, Lekkie. I don’t want to go.

ELEKTRA: You’re leaving today?

MR BARRETT: Come on, fella!

WILL: Not today Lek. Now. I’m leaving right now.

Will crawls out of the bush. For a moment, Elektra is frozen.

MUM: Off on a new mission, I hear Will?

WILL: I guess so – sort of.

MUM: Well, I’m sure you’re gonna smash it. We’ll miss you.

MR BARRETT: Can you say thanks for all the play dates?

WILL: Thanks, Mrs Nelson.

MUM: Mrs who?

WILL: (just manages a smile)

MUM: Mrs …

WILL: … Skwooberdooberdackerdonker.

Mum smiles and ruffles his hair.

MR BARRETT: Righto fella. Let’s make tracks.

Elektra crawls out from Spy Headquarters.

ELEKTRA: Wait!!

From a distance, Elektra and Will hold each other's gaze. After a beat, they run towards each other. They hug for what feels like a lifetime.

MR BARRETT: Come on, mate. The taxi’s here.

Mr Barrett gently detaches Will and walks him out. Elektra is distraught, and she falls into Mum’s arms. Lights fade on the backyard.

## Scene 4 – first day at school

Primary schoolyard

Children of all ages are playing in the yard: handball, tag, whispering, Ooshie trading, clapping games, making up dances. School bags are strewn all over; some hang on hooks/trees.

Elektra enters with an oversized backpack with Mum. Charlotte runs ahead.

MUM: (calling after her) Aren't you going to wish Elektra luck?

CHARLOTTE: Good luck, squidge head. Try not to get a wedgie!

MUM: Charlotte!

ELEKTRA: It’s ok, Mum.

MUM: I thought she’d at least walk you in.

ELEKTRA: I’ll be fine.

MUM: And remember, if you don’t know anyone you
/ can always introduce yourself.

ELEKTRA: / can always introduce yourself. I know.

Elektra takes it all in.

ELEKTRA: Mum. If I don’t like big school, can I pretty please go to spy school instead?

MUM: It doesn’t work like that, Lekkie. But I think you’ll like big school. Just give it some time.

ELEKTRA: (putting on a brave face) Yeah. I’ve got this, don’t I?

MUM: Yes, my fierce girl, you’ve got this!

They hug.

Elektra hugs her mum then disappears through the gates. Mum watches for a time then exits.

The moveable panels which formed the gates now disappear, and she’s in the thick of the schoolyard. Almost instantly, Tyler bumps into her.

TYLER: Watch it, you little baby.

ELEKTRA: I’m not a …

KYLE: Hey, chuck the ball back, new kid!

Elektra hesitates for a moment but then goes to get the ball. Hannah swoops in.

ELEKTRA: I dunno. I might not even be staying at this school anyway.

KATIE: Really? Why?

ELEKTRA: I’m probably gonna go to a spy school instead.

KATIE: You probably shouldn’t tell people that.

ELEKTRA: What?

KATIE: If you wanna be a really good spy. You shouldn’t tell people.

ELEKTRA: (perplexed) Whatever.

The bell goes, and there is a whirlwind of action as balls are thrown, and school bags are hurled. Elektra swoops and dives amidst it all. Suddenly another bell rings, and everyone freezes. Elektra is downstage observing this exchange.

FRAN-LEE: (shrieks) Wesley, Wesley! Is that your little brother?

WESLEY: Dragon office lady! Run for your life!!!!

EMILY: (as they run off) I heard she spent the whole summer locked in the office plotting how to capture kindy kids like you!

FRAN-LEE: (defeated) I’m just trying to get your brother's excursion form, so he doesn’t miss out. I’m trying to help.

Another school bell. Everyone breaks into action. A second bell rings, and everyone freezes.

TYLER: You can’t play with us until at least Term 2.

MAGGIE: But I missed you. I didn’t see you all summer.

TYLER: They’re the rules.

QUEENIE: Oh, come on, Tyler.

TYLER: Like it or lump it.

Tyler pulls Queenie, and they off run. Maggie’s left confused.

Another bell. Everyone breaks into action. A second bell rings, and everyone freezes.

KYLE: So you want to trade Elsa for Wonder Woman?

PRICKLES: Yes. Do you know anyone who would do that swap?

KYLE: There might be a kid in Year 3. Let me look into it.

Katie has been listening – plucks up some courage.

KATIE: (nervously) Would you trade my Minnie Mouse Ooshie for Elsa? I can bring it in tomorrow.

PRICKLES: Minnie Mouse? Is that the best Ooshie you’ve got?

KYLE: That’s so not an even trade. Get better Ooshies before you try and trade again.

TERRANCE: Oi! You three – get to class.

They all look at him, stunned.

TERRANCE: Now!

Teacher Terrance’s voice breaks the freeze. Commotion until finally, they all disappear. Elektra is the last to leave. A moment where she wonders, ‘What is this place?’

She runs off.

## Scene 5 – home from school

Mum enters with a washing basket lodged on her hip; she’s cleaning up clothes, toys, and so on (picking up debris left from the schoolyard scene, maybe setting up Elektra’s bed/pillow).

Elektra runs in. Throws her bag on the ground at Mum’s feet and disappears into her room. Charlotte enters and hurls her’s somewhere else, plonks herself down and grabs the iPad.

MUM: Elektra! Come back and put this bag where it belongs. You know the rules.

CHARLOTTE: What’s for dinner? Can we have pizza?

MUM: (taking the iPad and putting it in the washing basket)
No screens on a school day.
No. (calls to the other room) Elektra!

Hearing no response, Mum has gone to Elektra’s room. Elektra has her head in her pillow.

MUM: Hey Lekkie, what’s up? How was your first day?

ELEKTRA: (muffled) It was my last day.

MUM: Pardon.

ELEKTRA: I’m never going back there. I’m gonna go to spy school instead.

MUM: Oh, honey. What happened?

ELEKTRA: Nothing happened.

MUM: Was someone mean to you?

ELEKTRA: Not to me. But it's just not a nice place.

MUM: Lekkie, I know there are some things that happen in the school that are not nice. But there’s also a lot of great stuff that happens in the schoolyard. New friends, new games. You just need to learn to deal with some of the bad stuff.

ELEKTRA: I don’t want to. I just want to go to spy school.

MUM: Lekkie, I can’t think of a nice way to say this, but there’s no such thing as spy school for kids.

SNUFFLES: Ruff!

ELEKTRA: Then I just won’t go to school.

MUM: How about you sleep on it? We’ll see how you feel tomorrow. And look what arrived today! (She gets a parcel from the washing basket.) It’s from Will.

Elektra opens the express parcel. It’s a book and his walkie-talkie, with a letter.

ELEKTRA: (opening the book) Tales From the Wild Bush. Oh wow, look at the drawings?!

MUM: They’re beautiful. That’s a lyrebird. Oh, and a wallaby. He knows how much you love to read.

ELEKTRA: (beat) I miss him, Mum. Today wouldn’t have been so hard if Will was there.

MUM: I know, sweetie. But there won’t always be a Will or a Mum or a Charlotte to be by your side.

ELEKTRA: As if having Charlotte by my side would be any good.

MUM: She does love you. She just has a funny way of showing it sometimes. Wanna come out and help us get dinner?

ELEKTRA: Thanks, but I think I’ll just read the letter from Will.

Mum exits, and Elektra opens the letter.

ELEKTRA: Dear Elektra. It’s Will here. Your old neighbour.
/ Remember me? I used to live over the back fence.

WILL: / Remember me? I used to live over the back fence.

ELEKTRA: Of course, I remember you, Will, you only just moved!

Will Anyway, I wanted to write to say how much I miss you already. Melbourne’s ok, but it’s a bit weird. They have trams here, which is kinda cool. Really, I’m writing ‘cos I wanted to send you back your walkie-talkie. I took it with me ‘cos I thought it would work in Melbourne and we’d still be able to talk to each other. But every time I try, I just hear that fuzzy noise.

ELEKTRA: It’s called white noise Will.
/ You know when it goes all krhkhrkhrkhrk?

WILL: / You know when it goes all krhkhrkhrkhrk?
Then Mum said that there’s no way walkie-talkies would work when we’re this far apart. But I thought maybe you might have recruited a new spy, and you could share it with them instead. But there’s one condition.

ELEKTRA: Yeah, what is it?

WILL: You can never forget me Lekkie.
/ Never. Never ever.

ELEKTRA: / Never. Never ever.

WILL: Oh, and I chucked in the book I just finished reading. I reckon you’ll love it!
/ Tales from the Wild Bush.

ELEKTRA: / Tales from the Wild Bush.

WILL: Love Will.

Will holds his gaze on Elektra, and after some time, he disappears.

Music builds as Elektra opens her book and begins to read. She stays fixated on her book. Slowly the animal world builds around her. One animal at a time. Until finally, the stage is abuzz with wildlife. We hardly notice that Elektra has fallen asleep, her head rested upon her open book.

## Scene 6 – into the bush

The stage has transformed around Elektra into a native Australian landscape. The trees and bushes are filled with animals busily going about their day. The cry of a kookaburra wakes Elektra. Or the howl of a dingo!

ELEKTRA: Where am I? Mum! What’s going on?

There’s no answer. The animals around her continue. Maybe a wallaby scurries past her, throwing her off balance. Or a bird swoops by, and she ducks.

ELEKTRA: Mum!? Charlotte?

Still no answer.

Elektra starts to interact with her surroundings. She pulls a vine down. Picks a flower and smells it.

A lyrebird wanders past. He’s magnificent, and Elektra is transfixed by its beauty.

ELEKTRA: Wow, what a magnificent bird!

LYREBIRD: Wow, what a magnificent bird!

Elektra stops stunned. Turns to the audience.

ELEKTRA: Who said that?

LYREBIRD: Who said that?

ELEKTRA: (picks someone out in the audience) … Did you say that?

LYREBIRD: Did you say that?

Elektra spins around and sees the lyrebird standing proudly.

ELEKTRA: The lyrebird! You said it, didn’t you?! You’re known for copying sounds.

Elektra rushes back to where she woke up and searches for her book, ‘Tales from the Wild Bush.’

ELEKTRA: Just like the lyrebird in my book, you copy sounds. (She makes some sounds.) Be be be be beeee

LYREBIRD: Be be be be beeee

ELEKTRA: Koo koo kah

LYREBIRD: Koo koo kah

ELEKTRA: Skwooberdooberdackerdonker

LYREBIRD: Skwooberdooberdackerdonker

ELEKTRA: Baby shark do do do do do

LYREBIRD: Oh come on!

Rapid-fire exchange.

ELEKTRA: So, do you just copy people?

LYREBIRD: So, do you just copy people?

ELEKTRA: No, seriously.

LYREBIRD: No, seriously.

ELEKTRA: Can you talk too?

LYREBIRD: Can you talk too?

ELEKTRA: So you can’t. (walks away)

LYREBIRD: No, I can.

ELEKTRA: You can?

LYREBIRD: You can?

ELEKTRA: Don’t do that

LYREBIRD: Don’t do that

ELEKTRA: I’ll make you sing ‘Baby Shark’ again.

LYREBIRD: Okay, you win ... Yes, I can talk

ELEKTRA: Why on earth can you talk? You’re an animal.

LYREBIRD: How else do we tell all the tales?

ELEKTRA: What tales?

LYREBIRD: From the wild bush. (points to her book)

ELEKTRA: So, you are like the lyrebird in my book?

LYREBIRD: No, I am the lyrebird in your book.

There is a sudden commotion in the bush. A dingo howls from atop a rock and then stalks across the stage. It sends the lyrebird, shrieking in a high-pitched alarm, to safety. Other animals are also disrupted by the dingo’s appearance, sending the stage into a frenzy around Elektra.

Eventually, the dingo moves on, and order is restored. Elektra flicks through her book.

ELEKTRA: If he is the lyrebird in my book, then does that mean I am in my book? (asks the audience) Is that even possible? Let’s see, what’s the first tale called?

She opens the book and reads aloud.

ELEKTRA: / Wizzy Wallaby and Fran-lee Frillneck.

NARRATOR 2: / Wizzy Wallaby and Fran-lee Frillneck.

The bush swells into motion again. Suddenly, a wallaby and a lizard are in front of Elektra, ready to share their tale.

NARRATOR 2: … a tale from the wild bush.

ELEKTRA: (addresses the audience, stunned)
Wow, Will was right. I think I might be lost in my book.

## Scene 7 – Wizzy Wallaby and Fran-lee Frillneck

NARRATOR 2: Once upon a time, there was a quiet little wallaby called Wizzy who lived in the bush with his family. Wizzy had just got to the age where he was allowed to rummage and adventure in the bush by himself. He was so excited to start exploring.

WIZZY: I can’t wait to get out in the bush. I’m going to find lions and tigers and bears, oh my!

WESLEY: Probably not, hey Wizz! This is Australia; there are no lions and tigers and bears here!

WIZZY: Maybe not, but I’m a brave little wallaby, and I’m going to find cool stuff in the bush!

WESLEY: Knock yourself out, little bro.

NARRATOR 2: So off Wizzy went to find the wonders of the bush and prove he was a big brave wallaby.

Wizzy ventures off. Animals are going about their day. Atop some rocks, a dingo’s head emerges. He prowls dangerously and disappears.

NARRATOR 2: Wizzy hadn't gone very far when he came upon some emus gossiping in the shrubs.

EMILY: I heard she lives in a lizard den that's decorated with the bones and teeth of all the animals she eats.

EFFIE: I heard she eats small animals five times her size!

EMILY: I heard that too! She eats bilbies.

EFFIE: And wallabies!

WIZZY: Who are you talking about?

EMILY: Don’t you know

EFFIE: Haven’t you seen her?

ALL: Dragon lizard lady!

WIZZY: I thought lizards were harmless?

ALL: Nooo!

EMILY: She may be little, but she is fierce! That’s why they call her dragon lizard lady.

WIZZY: Who calls her dragon lizard lady?

LYREBIRD: Everyone!

QUEENIE: We’re all terrified of her.

EFFIE: She eats little wallabies like you for breakfast!

WIZZY: Really?

EMILY: Yes. If you ever see her, you should be scared!

NARRATOR 2: Well, Wizzy was a little scared! So he headed off to the rocks for a rest. But before he’d got far, guess who he saw?

Fran-lee enters with her frill relaxed. Then she sees Wizzy heading to the rocks. She suddenly spins and fans out her frill at Wizzy.

NARRATOR 2: Fran-lee the frillneck lizard.

FRAN-LEE: (shrieks) Wizzy! Wizzy, come here!

Suddenly she takes off, striding frenetically towards Wizzy!

WIZZY: Dragon lizard lady! She’s going to eat me!!!

Wizzy takes off and hides behind a rock.

FRAN-LEE: I missed him! And he’s new too. Fresh meat. They never last long in the bush. Never mind, I’ll get him next time.

NARRATOR 2: Fran-lee scanned the bush for other small, young animals.

FRAN-LEE: (ventures into the audience and picks out an audience member) ... You’re young and small.

NARRATOR 2: With none in sight, she disappeared into the rocks where she perched motionless.

Wesley jumps on. Fran-lee makes a sudden movement out of the rocks.

FRAN-LEE: Wesley! I’ll get you if it’s the last thing I do!

TYLER: / Hahahaa!

HUNTSMAN: / Hahahaa!

WESLEY: (He taunts her.) … You can’t catch me, Fran-lee dragon lady! I’m at least six times quicker than you!

FRAN-LEE: Makes no difference what size you are once you’re someone’s dinner!

WESLEY: I’m not going to be yours, though! Too quick for you, Fran-lee!

Wesley jumps off in the direction of Wizzy. Fran-lee is deflated once more.

FRAN-LEE: Oh, I missed him!! Never mind, I’ll just get the little ones.
(shrieks, frill fully fanned) Wizzy! Queenie! Maggie!

Ensemble panic and rush off.

NARRATOR 2: Now, little Wizzy had seen all this, and he was more scared than ever.

WIZZY: Dragon lizard lady nearly ate my big brother Wesley. And if she can eat him, then she can surely eat me. Wesley!

WESLEY: What is it, little bro?

WIZZY: Dragon lizard lady nearly ate you!

WESLEY: Me?! No way. I’m too quick for her little brother. But you? You should be careful. She loves the little ones!

WIZZY: Why?

WESLEY: No one knows.

Tyler and Huntsman react and add to the intimidation.

WESLEY: But she’s always perched in those rocks there. They call it her ‘office’ ‘cos she’s always in there. And when a little one like you comes past … she shrieks!

Fran-lee re-enters and sees him heading towards the rocks.

WESLEY: Dragon lizard lady! Run for your lives!

WIZZY: (shrieks and scurries towards the rocks.) Aghhhh!

FRAN-LEE: Oh no, you don’t! Wizzy! Wizzy!

Fran-lee grabs his tail and stops him.

ALL: (react, ad lib, gasp) / Oh no / What’s going to happen?

FRAN-LEE: Got you!

WIZZY: (pleading) Please, please! Don’t eat me.

FRAN-LEE: Eat you?! What on earth are you talking about, Wizzy Wallaby?

WIZZY: (still cowering) You’re going to eat me. I know it. I’ve lived a good life. A short life, but a good life.

FRAN-LEE: Be quiet and come back to the rocks.

Fran-lee starts to drag him by the paw towards the rocks.

ALL: (react, ad lib) / She’s taking him to the office / No! / She’s hungry!

WIZZY: You mean the office?! Where bad things happen?

FRAN-LEE: The rocks are where it’s safe! You’ll get eaten alive out here.

WIZZY: Don’t you mean in there? By you!

FRAN-LEE: The only thing about to eat you, Wizzy, is the dingo that lives on the other side of those rocks.

WIZZY: The what?

ALL: (react, ad lib) / The what? / Dingo! / What’s she talking about?

A dingo emerges at the top of the rocks and lets out an almighty howl. Animals scurry off in every direction. After it settles …

FRAN-LEE: That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you. You and all the other little animals that dingoes like to eat. That Emily and Effie. Every time I call their names, they scurry off. But they’ll be dingo’s dessert if they don’t listen to me.

WIZZY: I don’t think there’s any chance of that happening, Fran-lee.

FRAN-LEE: Why not?

WIZZY: They’re scared of you.

FRAN-LEE: Why? I only chase after them ‘cos I’m trying to help.

WIZZY: Oh, that’s why you chase us!? I guess they see your big scary frill and your shrieky voice.

FRAN-LEE: (shrieks) Shrieky voice?! … (realisation) Oh yes. I see what you mean. As for my frill, it fans out when I’m doing something important. I can’t control it. And helping young animals is very important to me.

WIZZY: Yes. I see that now. I guess animals aren’t always what they seem.

FRAN-LEE: Well, if they won’t listen to me ‘cos they think I’m scary, maybe they’ll listen to you. Wizzy spread the word about the dingo.

WIZZY: I will. Thanks, Fran-lee. And you should keep trying to help the others. You’re right. It’s important.

NARRATOR 2: And so Wizzy went on his way. A little wiser to the ways of the bush and all thanks to an unlikely friend, Fran-lee, the frillneck lizard who taught him that animals aren’t always what they seem.

ELEKTRA: What do you think about that Snuffles? (Snuffles snuffles up to Elektra.) Poor Fran-lee, she was only trying to help. Just like the office lady at my school. Everyone was running away from her too. Let’s watch another one!

Elektra turns the page and reads ...

ELEKTRA: / The Bush Boogie Bonanza.

NARRATOR 3: / The Bush Boogie Bonanza.

## Scene 8 – the Bush Boogie Bonanza

NARRATOR 3: On the other side of the bush, a Tasmanian devil was up to no good.

Tyler, the Tassie devil, runs onto the stage – calls behind him.

TYLER: Hurry up, you slowcoach!

QUEENIE: I’m not as fast as you, alright!

TYLER: You’ve got to be. We don’t want Maggie to catch us.

QUEENIE: Why not? I like it when Maggie plays with us. He makes me laugh.

TYLER: This morning, we said, on Mondays, no Maggie!
(addressing the audience) … See what I did there?!
What letter do they both start with? M! Mondays ... Maggie!

QUEENIE: Oh yeah, I see. But it doesn’t really make sense.

TYLER: It was my idea. It makes perfect sense!

QUEENIE: Well, if it’s ‘Mondays, no Maggie’, does that mean it’s ‘Tuesdays, no Tyler’?

TYLER: (suddenly threatening) What did you say?!

NARRATOR 3: Tyler was not a fan of Queenie Quokka’s logic.

TYLER: Just because it’s ‘Mondays, no Maggie’ does not mean it’s ‘Tuesdays, no Tyler’.

NARRATOR 3: On this particular day, Queenie couldn’t be bothered putting up a fight, so she just went along with it.

QUEENIE: Alright.

NARRATOR 3: So ‘Mondays, no Maggie’ was on again.

Maggie, the magpie, swoops in, looking around.

MAGGIE: Tyler, Queenie! Want to play Bush Boogie? I was thinking we could make up a dance and then on Friday have a Bush Boogie Bonanza! (he dances – moments of beauty and humour)

QUEENIE: That was awesome, Maggie!

TYLER: (He ribs her.) Yeah, if you think doing some dumb dance is awesome. (aside to Queenie through gritted teeth) ‘Mondays, no Maggie’.

QUEENIE: Oh yeah, that’s right. Yeah! If you think doing some dumb dance is awesome.

TYLER: Find someone else to do your flappy dance with. Come on, Queenie, let’s go to my burrow.

QUEENIE: Yeah, let’s go.

MAGGIE: Oh, come on!

Tyler and Queenie exit.

NARRATOR 3: For a moment, Maggie thought about following them. But instead, he decided to work on his bush boogie.

Maggie dances, trying new moves and workshopping his routine. Two emus wander by – impressed with his moves, they groove along.

EMILY/EFFIE: He’s good, hey!?

EMILY/EFFIE: That’s what I was going to say!

NARRATOR 3: Now let’s see … If today is Monday, then the next day in this story must surely be …? (motions to the audience for their help?) Tuesday! Of course! So, the very next day, on Tuesday, Tyler decided it would be fun to play with Maggie.

TYLER: Hey Maggie! Wanna come and play some tricks on Wizzy Wallaby?

MAGGIE: I don’t know, Tyler. I was just gonna work on my dance.

TYLER: Come on. We haven’t hung out all week.

MAGGIE: That’s because yesterday you said, ‘Mondays, no …’

TYLER: Never mind yesterday. We can make today our special day. It will be exclusive.

MAGGIE: What does that mean?

TYLER: It means it’s just you and me.

MAGGIE: Ok, I guess.

Queenie enters.

QUEENIE: Hey Maggie! Let’s work on your dance. I’ve got a cool move. (shows move)

MAGGIE: That is cool! And we can add this to it. (embellishes)

TYLER: Ummm, Maggie! What are you doing?

Maggie and Queenie are dumbstruck, almost as if they’re in trouble.

TYLER: Remember. We’re being exclusive.

MAGGIE: Oh yeah. But can we just work on the dance for a bit?

TYLER: That’s so not exclusive. Do you want to play with me or not?

MAGGIE: Sorry Queenie, I’ve got to go.

Maggie and Tyler exit.

EMILY: Don’t worry, Queenie. That won’t last.

EFFIE: Tyler will probably leave Maggie out again tomorrow, and we can all play together then.

QUEENIE: I don’t really like leaving other animals out.

EMILY: I heard Tyler does it ‘cos his big brothers always leave him out.

EFFIE: I heard Tyler does it ‘cos he’s actually a big scaredy-cat.

QUEENIE: I feel bad ‘cos I did it to Maggie yesterday. And I really wanted to work on his dance.

EFFIE: We’re really good at it. We can show you.

QUEENIE: Really?

EMILY: Course!

EFFIE: Emily added some moves too.

EMILY: And Effie put it to a sweet beat. Let’s show her Effie!

Emily and Effie break into a dance with beatboxing. Queenie is impressed, and they dance off having fun.

NARRATOR 3: The week went on as it started. Tyler kept leaving people out. And the others kept going along with it. Finally, Friday came around, and it was the day of Maggie’s Bush Boogie Bonanza.

The animals enter excitedly, practising their moves/beats.

MAGGIE: At the end, everyone strike a power pose and hold 2, 3, 4! And own it, you know!

QUEENIE: Yeah, we so have to own it!

EMILY: Let’s practise just that bit. Count us in, Effie!

Effie beatboxes, and they are about to start the dance … Tyler enters.

TYLER: What are you doing?

QUEENIE: It’s the Bush Boogie Bonanza.

TYLER: Ughhh. Whatever. Come on, Feffie.

They are all confused – no one is called Feffie!

ALL (ad lib until Tyler cuts through ...)

 Who’s Feffie? I’m not Feffie! Are you Feffie? (and so on)

TYLER: Feffie. I said, let's go.

EFFIE: My name’s not Feffie.

TYLER: Yes, it is. And today is Feffie Friday.

A few groans.

TYLER: What?!

EMILY: You know what. I’ve had enough. Her name is Effie. Not Feffie. And there is no such thing as ‘Feffie Friday’. Or ‘Mondays, no Maggie’. Or any of the other stupid rules you make up.

TYLER: You, pipe down. I decide who gets left out.

QUEENIE: But Tyler, no one needs to be left out.

TYLER: Yes, they do.

MAGGIE: Why?

TYLER: ‘Cos, someone is always left out. And if that’s how it’s going to be, then I decide. Come on, Feffie.

EFFIE: My name is Effie!

QUEENIE: Oh, so that’s why you do it?

TYLER: What?

QUEENIE: Leave one of us out? Because you’re scared if you don’t, then you’ll be the one left out.

TYLER: No.

MAGGIE: Tyler, we wouldn't do that.

TYLER: Yeah, you would. (indicating to the emus) You birds would probably all fly off on me or something?

EMILY: We’re emus. We can't fly.

EFFIE: Seriously, do you know anything about me?

MAGGIE: No, we wouldn’t, Tyler. We all have more fun together anyway.

TYLER: Well, I can’t dance.

QUEENIE: Effie is beatboxing. You can join in with her.

EFFIE: Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute. You want me to be nice to him? He doesn’t even know my name!

EMILY: Yes, because otherwise, we’d be doing exactly what he’s afraid of. Leaving him out. Show him how to beatbox!

Effie considers this for a second.

Maggie, Queenie and Emily plead with her.

MAGGIE: / Please!!!!

QUEENIE: / Please!!!!

EMILY: / Please!!!!

EFFIE: Oh, alright. (She crosses to Tyler and hands him a microphone.) Try and keep up.

They dance/beatbox, and Tyler finds his way into the dynamic.

NARRATOR 3: And so Tyler learnt that just because he was scared of being left out, it didn’t mean he had to do that to others.

They're all dancing/beatboxing.

NARRATOR 3: Oh, and he also learnt to beatbox!

SNUFFLES: (beatbarks)

ELEKTRA: I reckon that Tyler needs a friend like you, Snuffles! And how awesome was that emu who stuck it to him! She rocked.

Snuffles is barking for the next page to be turned.

ELEKTRA: Alright, let’s have one more tale before we go home.
(turns page)
/ The Brilliant Bush Bake-off.

NARRATOR 4: / The Brilliant Bush Bake-off.

## Scene 9 – the Brilliant Bush Bake-off

NARRATOR 4: It was that time of the year when the smells of the bush were at their most heightened. Eucalyptus lamingtons, vegemite cupcakes and other Australian wonders wafted through the air. Yes, it was the annual Brilliant Bush Bake-off. The contestants were busy putting the final touches on their dishes.

PLATYPUS: My vegemite sandwich with bush tomato sauce. Always important to not use too much vegemite.

EMILY: Let’s get these kangaroo paw pancakes as flat as they can be.

KOOKABURRA: My worm spaghetti is what everyone loves!

HUNTSMAN: Just gotta add a couple more flies!

PRICKLES: This is my year. Last year my ant rolls came a close second, but this year I have a new creation – my grass and ant salad with secret dressing. It’s going to blow their minds, and look out anyone who stands in my way!!!

Kangaroo judging

KANGAROO: You have 10 seconds left on the clock. Hop to it, and make sure your dishes are delicious.

PLATYPUS: Oh no. I’ve just realised I’ve forgotten the crucial bush tomato element to my dish. It’s too late. I’ll just have to serve it as is.

EFFIE: I wonder if our kangaroo paw pancakes are going to be to the judge’s liking.

PRICKLES: No, no, no! All my ants are crawling away!!! Come back. Come back!!!!

KOOKABURRA: My worm spaghetti. It’s simple but always a winner.

HUNTSMAN: My fly muffins with webbing icing. There is nothing better in the bush.

Prickles is running all over the stage (and maybe into the audience), trying to collect her ants and put them back in the salad.

PRICKLES: Come here. Hey you, get back here. Where do you think you’re going? Oh, this is hopeless. Grass. That’s all it is now. Grass.

KANGAROO: Wings and paws off your dishes! It is time for the tasting.

Kangaroo judge bounces down the line, tasting and shaking his head at the unsuccessful contestants.

NARRATOR 4: And as the judge hopped down the line, it was becoming clear that this year, the bake-off was going to come down to only two animals.

KANGAROO: It’s good, but it’s missing
/ something.

PRICKLES: / something. Yes, I know. I couldn’t control my ants, and they just wandered off. Can you please still put me through into the final? It’s not my fault. I’m a brilliant cook.

KANGAROO: I’m sorry, Prickles.

PRICKLES: Nooooooo! I’ll be back!!!

KANGAROO: Wow. You really put the ‘cook’ in kookaburra. And Huntsman, I don’t know how you hold it all together. Flawless. You’re both in the final.

KOOKABURRA: Wow, I’ve made it to the final. My mum and dad are going to be so proud.

HUNTSMAN: It’s been my dream to win this competition since I was a little spider.

NARRATOR 4: Indeed, the Brilliant Bush Bake-off was a huge event, and all the animals would travel from all over the bush to watch the final together.

The stage is flooded with the ensemble animals who fill the trees, bushes and ground to watch the final!

HUNTSMAN: Hi Mum!!

KANGAROO: And now to decide the winner we have a very special guest to introduce you to.

HUNTSMAN: Who could it be?

KOOKABURRA: You don’t think it's …

HUNTSMAN: You mean?

KOOKABURRA: Yes.

HUNTSMAN: It couldn’t be.

KANGAROO: Please welcome …

ALL: Terrific Terrance Tawny.

Terrance enters to great fanfare and applause.

TERRANCE: Hello Kookaburra and Huntsman, and congratulations on making it to the final of the bake-off. As I’m sure you are aware, I am a world-famous chef that is known for my world-famous
/ eucalyptus drops.

HUNTSMAN: / eucalyptus drops.

KOOKABURRA: / eucalyptus drops.

KANGAROO: / eucalyptus drops.

TERRANCE: Now, whilst these drops may seem easy to make, they are actually an incredibly delicate operation requiring precise amounts of ingredients and culinary skills. Here is my recipe. The winner will be the animal who can best recreate my world-famous eucalyptus drops.

HUNTSMAN: / Whoa.

KOOKABURRA: / Whoa.

KANGAROO: Read the recipe carefully. Your time starts now.

NARRATOR 4: Huntsman and Kookaburra started reading the recipe, and in no time, Huntsman was getting out bowls, eucalyptus leaves, sugar and anything else they may need. Kookaburra, however, was just staring at the recipe, not moving.

KOOKABURRA: Oh my, this is so embarrassing. I’m not going to be able to make this. All the ingredients are so precise and require hands to make sure just the right amount goes in. All I have are my silly wings. I’m going to look like a fool. And in front of all these animals and my mum and dad.

NARRATOR 4: Kookaburra seemed to shrink smaller and smaller as each minute ticked by. It caught one of Huntsman’s eyes.

HUNTSMAN: Hey Kookaburra, you better start soon, or time will run out. It’s a really complex recipe.

KOOKABURRA: I can’t hold anything.

HUNTSMAN: What?

KOOKABURRA: All I have are these silly wings. I can’t hold the measuring cups, crack the eggs …

HUNTSMAN: (interrupting) Hey, I’ve got a couple of extra hands. Come closer. I can help you.

KOOKABURRA: What do you mean?

HUNTSMAN: Just come closer.

NARRATOR 4: As Kookaburra came closer, Huntsman started secretly filling Kookaburra's bowl with the ingredients perfectly measured out.

KOOKABURRA: You don’t have to do this.

HUNTSMAN: You looked so sad, and I don’t want you to feel humiliated for something you can’t control.

KANGAROO: Ten minutes left.

TERRANCE: I can smell the wonderful eucalyptus leaves from here. Keep going, everybody.

The animals, who have all come to watch the final, start cheering from the treetops.

KOOKABURRA: You’re doing it, you’re doing it.

KANGAROO: Five minutes left!

HUNTSMAN: Oh no.

KOOKABURRA: What?

TYLER/PRICKLES: (from the gallery) They’re not going to dry in time!

HUNTSMAN: Sorry, Kookaburra, I feel like I’ve let you down.

KOOKABURRA: Huntsman, we’ve got this.

HUNTSMAN: What do you mean?

KOOKABURRA: You made them. Now I’ll dry them with my wings.

The kookaburra flaps her wings to speed up the drying process.

HUNTSMAN: It’s working. They’re drying! Keep going.

TERRANCE: (to audience) Children help me count down …

EVERYBODY: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5 ,4, 3, 2, 1.

KANGAROO: Step away from your dishes.

KOOKABURRA: / We did it!

HUNTSMAN: / We did it!

KOOKABURRA: You know what. I don’t care if I win or not. I had such fun working with you today, Huntsman.

HUNTSMAN: I honestly couldn’t have done it without you, Kookaburra. You really came through in the end there.

TERRANCE: So you two. How do you think you went?

HUNTSMAN: We don’t know. But we do know we’ve had a lot of fun working together.

TERRANCE: Well, now it’s time for the final taste.

Excitement and noise from the animals watching on. The excitement and noise build as Terrance samples Kookaburra’s and then Huntsman's eucalyptus drops.

Terrance quiets the onlooking animals with one authoritative swoop of his arms.

TERRANCE: These eucalyptus drops are …

ALL: (audible intake of breath)

TERRANCE: … the best I’ve ever had!

ALL: (cheering, clapping, hoorays!)

TERRANCE: I can taste more than just the eucalyptus drops. I can taste friendship, kindness, hope, teamwork ... and parmesan cheese? Nice touch.

KANGAROO: So, Terrance, who is the winner.

All the animals create a drum roll that echoes throughout the bush.

Terrance quiets the drum roll with one authoritative swoop of his arms.

TERRANCE: They can’t be split. It is the first-ever Brilliant Bush Bake-off tie!

Everyone cheers, and Kookaburra lets out a huge laugh in celebration.

NARRATOR 4: And so Kookaburra and Huntsman had discovered that winning isn't everything. That, in fact, looking out for each other and working together made everything more achievable and much, much more fun!!!

Elektra claps, Snuffles barks.

ELEKTRA: Woo hoo!

NARRATOR 4: Oh, and one more thing.

ELEKTRA: Yes?

NARRATOR 4: It’s time for you to go home.

ELEKTRA: Just one more tale!

NARRATOR 4: I think you’ve seen enough
/ Lekkie. Lekkie. Lekkie.

MUM: / Lekkie. Lekkie. Lekkie. Lekkie!

## Scene 10 – home again

Elektra is standing outside the school gates again, with Mum. She’s taking a while to emerge from her imagination. One by one, the animals put their school hats on and transform back into school kids.

MUM: Don’t forget your hat. (hands it to her)

ELEKTRA: My what?

MUM: Your hat.

KYLE: Hey, chuck the ball back, new kid!

Elektra bends down and grabs the ball, hurls it back in.

MUM: (impressed) Good throw, Lek. Hope today goes better.

ELEKTRA: Yeah, I think it’s going to Mum. I learnt some things from my book last night that I think will help! Watch out, big school – here I come!

They hug. Mum exits. Elektra passes through the gates.

TYLER: Come on, it’s just you and me today.

MAGGIE: But what about everyone else? They might feel left out?

TYLER: Who cares?

As Tyler grabs Maggie to run off, he bumps into Elektra.

TYLER: Watch it.

ELEKTRA: You don’t have to be so rude! And I know you’re probably scared of being left out, but that doesn’t mean you have to leave other people out.

TYLER: (taken back) Huh?

QUEENIE: So that’s why you do it!

Bell rings.

WIZZY: Dragon office lady! (runs across the stage)

Elektra notices Fran-lee. She grabs a piece of paper from her bag and runs after her.

ELEKTRA: Excuse me! Excuse me!

Fran-lee spins around, startled that anyone is talking to her.

ELEKTRA: Here’s my excursion form, Miss.

FRAN-LEE: Oh. Errr, thank you for returning it.

ELEKTRA: And my name’s Elektra. It’s nice to meet you.

FRAN-LEE: Oh ... errr. It’s nice to meet you too. I’m Fran-lee the …

ELEKTRA: Frillneck lizar … Oh, I mean, office lady, I know.

FRAN-LEE: Well, pop past anytime and say hi.

ELEKTRA: I will! And thanks for helping us all, Fran-lee.

Bell rings.

CHARLOTTE: Elektra! You forgot your lunch.

ELEKTRA: Thanks.

EMILY/EFFIE: (mimicking Charlotte) Elektra, you forgot your lunch.

CHARLOTTE: What, she’s my little sister?! I don’t want her to be hungry.

Bell rings. On the other side of the yard, Kyle, Prickles and Katie argue.

KYLE: We told you to get better Ooshies.

PRICKLES: We don’t want Minnie Mouse; we’re not babies.

ELEKTRA: Hey Katie! (Elektra grabs something from her pocket.) You dropped your Ooshie back there.

KATIE: No, I didn’t. That’s not mine.

ELEKTRA: Yes, it is. You dropped it on the ground. Remember?

KATIE: Wow! Is that the ultra-rare hologram Princess Leia Ooshie?

PRICKLES: No way!?

KYLE: Is that really yours?

ELEKTRA: (nudges her) Tell them!

KATIE: Yeah, it’s mine.

PRICKLES: I’ll trade my Elsa for that.

KATIE: Ok, deal!

They exchange Ooshies, and Katie and Elektra turn around. Bell rings.

KATIE: Thanks very much, that was really nice of you.

ELEKTRA: No problem. I was thinking about what you said about being a spy and how if you want to be a good spy, you shouldn’t tell everyone.

KATIE: Yeah?

ELEKTRA: And I thought that you would make a good spy. Wanna come to my house after school to play?

KATIE: Definitely!

ELEKTRA: And I can give you my second walkie-talkie, and we can be spies together?

KATIE: Totally.

ELEKTRA: Deal! (holds out her hand)

KATIE: (takes Elektra’s hand) Deal!

They shake on it, and they begin to whisper and plan and play. The activity of the schoolyards continues underneath …

NARRATOR 1: And so, even though life at big school was different for Elektra than she had planned ... And she definitely needed to learn the ways of the schoolyard; the things she can control and the things she can’t. It turned out that with a bit of time, a bit of courage and a splash of kindness, life for Elektra would go on being extraordinary, and no one was going to get in her way!

The schoolyard freezes.

Elektra turns and smiles at the audience.

ELEKTRA: The end.

## Scene 11 finale – the Bush Boogie

Maggie swoops on stage.

MAGGIE: Hang on a minute! You can’t go yet.

NARRATOR 1: Why not?

MAGGIE: They haven’t seen the Bush Boogie Bonanza.

ALL: (react, ad lib) / Oh yeah! / We wanna see that! / Come on! (and so on)

NARRATOR 1: (asks audience and teachers)
Do you want to see the Bush Boogie Bonanza?

AUDIENCE: Yes!!!

NARRATOR 1: Teachers, do we have time?

AUDIENCE/CAST: Yes!

NARRATOR 1: Then hit it!

Music in.

Cast dance and sing to the Bush Boogie Bonanza!

ALL:

CHORUS: Bush boogie, it's the sound of the groove

 Bush boogie, let your body move

 Fish or a fly, bird up in the sky, the bush is where we belong

 Whether you’ve a beak or a claw, feather or a paw

 Swinging in the trees, swimming to the shore

 Maybe you’re a kid, studying at school

 This bush boogie bonanza’s for you!

 ‘Cos everybody here has somewhere to belong

 Everybody come on, sing along, oh yeah

CHORUS: Bush boogie, it's the sound of the groove

 Bush boogie, let your body move

 Fish or a fly, bird up in the sky

 Kookaburras laugh, kids out in the yard

 Living in the wild, every creature, every child

 Here is where we belong

 (It’s a bush boogie bonanza!)

 Bush boogie!