

Please remember that all performances must be by prior arrangement with the Publishers from whom licences must be obtained.



by Ruth Kenward & Richard Neil

SCENE 1 About The Dance-Off

Dance
(All Dancers)

[All DANCERS move informally into starting positions as if at a rehearsal, warming up etc. until the music starts.]

JUST MOVE YOUR FEET!

(⦿ Track 1 / 13)

Dance Teacher 1 Ok... Let's take it from the top!
Are you ready? ... 5, 6, 7, 8!

All JUST MOVE YOUR FEET.
MOVE TO THE BEAT. (x2)

'COS WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AN' FRIENDLESS
FEEL YOUR TROUBLE'S ENDLESS,
LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU INTO FREEDOM!
JUST OPEN UP AND LISTEN,
FEEL THAT BEAT 'N' RHYTHM.
LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU INTO FREEDOM!

CAN'T STOP MOVIN' WHEN YOU FEEL THAT BEAT,
GOTTA MOVE YOUR ARMS, GOTTA MOVE YOUR FEET!
CAN'T STOP MOVIN' WHEN YOU FEEL THAT BEAT,
GOTTA MOVE YOUR FEET RIGHT NOW!
'COS IT'LL PICK YOU UP,
IT'LL SHAKE YOU DOWN,
IT'LL MAKE YOU SMILE.

We'll show you how,
Help you turn things round.
Get up off that ground!

JUST MOVE YOUR FEET.
MOVE TO THE BEAT. (x2)

DON'T TAKE TOO LONG IN CHOOSIN',
GET YOUR BODY MOVIN'.
LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU INTO FREEDOM!
NO MATTER WHAT THEY TELL YA,
THERE IS NOTHIN' BETTER.
LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU INTO FREEDOM!

CAN'T STOP MOVIN'... (etc.)

So when you're down,
Keep the music loud.
Dance away that frown!

Chorus L.

COME ON AN' DO IT!!
DON'T TAKE TOO LONG IN CHOOSIN',
GET YER BODY MOVIN'.
LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU INTO FREEDOM.
NO MATTER WHAT THEY TELL YA,
THERE IS NOTHIN' BETTER.
LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU INTO FREEDOM!
MOVE! MOVE YOUR FEET!

Chorus R.

JUST MOVE YOUR FEET.
MOVE TO THE BEAT.
JUST MOVE YOUR FEET.
MOVE TO THE BEAT.
MOVE! MOVE YOUR FEET!

*[ALL relax, BLAZE group Stage L., HYPNOTIKS group Stage R.
Some stand, some sit on floor, recovering their breath naturally.
DANCE TEACHERS move to Centre with clipboards and pens.]*

DANCE T'CHER 1 Not bad, but you'll need to up your game before the dance-off.

MITCH What dance-off?

[Everyone reacts either with laughter or rolling eyes, pulling faces, as if they can't believe MITCH doesn't know.]

(shrugs, offended) What?

NICOLE *(scornfully)* It's all we've talked about for the last week!

MITCH *(to BLAZE, huffily)* Well how should I know? I haven't been here!

IZZY Face it, Mitch - you're a slacker!

MITCH No I'm not!

[BLAZE grin and snigger. HYPNOTIKS glare at them.]

DANCE T'CHER 1 Ok, ok... *(to MITCH)* Just so you know, Mitch, we're having a dance-off to choose the best group for the regional contest.

DANCE T'CHER 2 But you need to get your act together quicker than we thought, *(guiltily)* ...because I got the date wrong!

[This gets everyone's immediate attention.]

ALL Uh?

DANCE T'CHER 2 *(sheepishly)* The big contest isn't next month, it's this month!

HYPNOTIKS *(shocked)* What?

DEE That's crazy! We'll never be ready in time!

TAYLOR *(anxiously)* So are you saying the dance-off is next week?

DANCE T'CHER 1 Exactly. So you'll need to tighten up your routines in a hurry.
[Ad lib response, tutting, sighing, blowing out cheeks, etc.]
Who's going to be ready in time? Blaze?

NICOLE No problem for us. Our routine is totally sorted.

IZZY Yeah, and it's awesome... (*pointing at them*) so watch out, Hypnotiks!
[BLAZE gloat, laugh, ad lib, pull faces at Hypnotiks, etc. To which HYPNOTIKS respond with pulling faces back, while DANCE TEACHER 2 ticks list.]

ALEX (*cockily*) Yeah, watch out, 'cos we're gonna win again!

ANDI We always do!

DEE (*to HYPNOTIKS*) Are we impressed?

HYPNOTIKS Nah.

[HYPNOTIKS all yawn loudly and exaggeratedly, hands patting mouths.]

DANCE T'CHER 1 When you're done yawning, Dee...

DEE Sorry.

DANCE T'CHER 1 ...will Hypnotiks be ready in time?

DEE (*puffs out cheeks, shrugs*) If Mitch bothers to turn up for rehearsals...

NAZ (*meaningfully*) Yeah, Mitch...

MITCH (*folding arms, offended*) Oi!

[DANCE TEACHER 2 looks up at them. DEE shrugs.]

DANCE T'CHER 2 So is that a yes or a no, Dee?

DEE It's a 'maybe'? (*fingers crossed*) We hope it's a 'yes'.

[MITCH moves away, sulking.]

Optional dialogue for Dance Groups 3, 4 or others if they're in the dance-off

[If you have other groups taking part you can write them in at this point, and they can identify themselves. If not, continue.]

DANCE T'CHER 2 Anyone else going for it? (*makes a note of any responders, saying 'Good!'*)

DANCE T'CHER 1 Ok, next Saturday is the last session before the dance-off, so make sure you don't miss it!

DANCE TEACHERS Bye!

ALL Bye!

[All exit informally apart from MITCH, and DEE who sits on floor Downstage R. tying shoes. NICOLE exits to 'home', i.e. Upstage R. HYPNOTIKS exit to R., except NAZ who goes to L. When the stage is almost clear, MITCH approaches DEE.]

MITCH (*huffily*) So, Dee! When were you going to tell me about this dance-off?

DEE *(not looking up)* When you showed up!

MITCH *(protesting, hands on hips)* I always show up! Eventually...

DEE *(standing up)* Yeah, well that's just it. It's always - like - eventually. If you can't commit, you gotta go.

MITCH *(folds arms, challenging)* So – what does that mean? Am I out?

DEE *(slight shrug)* Depends. Try and show up at 6:30 for once!
[As DEE heads towards Stage L., MITCH blows out cheeks, shakes head and turns on heels, heading the opposite way to DEE.]
(turns, calling after MITCH) But one more strike and you're out!
[DEE exits Stage L., MITCH walks towards Stage R.]

MITCH *(echoes DEE sarcastically under breath)* "One more strike and you're out..." Huh!
[Exit MITCH.]

SCENE 2 Sam

[Enter JOAN & DEIRDRE, to cross stage and exit.]

DEIRDRE How's your grandson, Joan?

JOAN I'm not sure, Deirdre - I'm calling round to see him later.

DERIDRE Poor boy, I heard he was really in a bad way!
[DEIRDRE & JOAN go to exit miming continued conversation. Other NEIGHBOURS cross stage ad lib, miming conversation, e.g. about Joan's grandson. Soon SAM enters, playing game on phone or similar. After a moment, NICOLE leans in to call for him.]

NICOLE *(calling angrily)* Hey, Sam! You're supposed to be washing up.

SAM *(without looking up)* No I'm not.
[DORIS & EDNA enter L. and walk across with shopping.]

NICOLE Well I'm going round to Izzy's, so you've got to do it.

SAM *(looking up briefly to protest)* But it's not my turn!
[DORIS & EDNA stop and turn to listen. STAN & WILFRED enter to cross the stage, tutting disapprovingly at SAM & NICOLE.]

NICOLE *(hands on hips)* So? You think I care?

EDNA They're at it again, Doris...
[DORIS & EDNA tut & shake heads disapprovingly as they listen.]