

ROSALIE: Well then. Any further questions?

DEWEY raises his hand.

ROSALIE: Mr Schneebly

DEWEY: When's lunch?

ROSALIE: Lunch is at lunchtime. Oh, Mr. Schneebly, one last thing:

## 5a. Here At Horace Green (Part 2)

**A**  $\text{♩} = 100$  *Colla Voce* Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER  
Lyrics by GLENN SLATER

**ROSALIE**

Here at Hor-ace Green We stick to cus - tom, Keep on sched - ule, Do what must be done.

5 Don't and it will mean I go ball - is - tic Right, then, that's all Good luck. Have fun.

*She goes. The CHILDREN stare at DEWEY. DEWEY stares at them.*

DEWEY: Who's got some food?

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

DEWEY: Nobody's going to get in any trouble. I'm hungry. You. Glasses. I know you've got food.

LAWRENCE: I have a Granola bar.

DEWEY: Give it here.

*He takes a bite and clearly doesn't like it.*

DEWEY: What is this? Don't you have any real food?

LAWRENCE: Real food?

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

LAWRENCE: I'm gluten intolerant.

DEWEY: Oh. God! You!

*He throws the Granola bar in the trash can and points at FREDDIE.*

DEWEY (CONT'D) What's your name?

FREDDIE: Freddie Ham...

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

FREDDIE: I have ten dollars.

DEWEY: Great. Now I want you to go out and get me a meatball sub with marinara sauce, extra cheese and a large soda. Diet. I'm watching the fig.

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

DEWEY: Ever?

SUMMER: Not until the final bell.