

MR PARTRIDGE Eh?

JEFFREY I mean what a marvellous, marvellous career. (*Getting up*) Mr Partridge, I'm going to give you a second chance. If I go to the camp director and take personal responsibility for you, will you give me your word of honour that this sort of thing will never happen again?

MR PARTRIDGE (*standing to shake his hand*) Well of course I will, Mr Fairbrother. You're a trooper, Mr Fairbrother, a trooper.

JEFFREY Thank you very much.

MR PARTRIDGE (*going to leave*) Don't you worry, Mr Fairbrother, I won't let you down.

JEFFREY *waves MR PARTRIDGE off with a silly look of satisfaction as he leaves the office.*

GLADYS *enters.*

MR PARTRIDGE *joins the others in the staff room.*

GLADYS Well, I bet you're glad that's over? I always think it takes a man with great strength of character to give a man the sack. Shall I get on to London for a replacement?

JEFFREY No, that won't be necessary, Gladys, I've given him another chance. (*He stands, rubbing his hands together in a satisfied way*)

GLADYS Ooh! You're all heart. So sensitive. With so much feeling. It's no surprise to me, you can tell by the way you use your hands.

JEFFREY *smiles then realizes he has been using his hands and tries to find other things to do with them.*

GLADYS *leaves the office and joins the staff in the staff room. JEFFREY comes out of the office.*

PEGGY *rushes in from the back door, holding another envelope.*

PEGGY Oh, I'm glad you're all here, I thought I might miss yer. I've just come from the admin block, 'ere's another letter for you, Mr Fairbrother. It's from Joe.

GLADYS Mr Maplin to you, Peggy. Give it here.

PEGGY *hands over the letter. GLADYS gives her a look and PEGGY makes her way to the back of the group.*

JEFFREY Gladys. Letter.

GLADYS Oh, sorry. (*She hands JEFFREY the letter*)

JEFFREY I expect Mr Maplin would like me to read it out straight away, normally I like to read it first. (*Opening the letter*) So erm, please excuse any, erm, hesitations. (*Reading*) "It's getting bigger and bigger. My empire." My empire's getting bigger and bigger. (*Reading*) "That boring Chancellor of the Exchequer says we need to export, so I am exporting Maplin fun, and larking about. I'm starting up a venue for Yank holiday makers on an island at Bahamas." I expect he means, in the Bahama group. In, not at. (*Reading*) "Called San Martin. I've asked the Queen if I can change the name by deed poll to San Maplin. The locals are a lot of bone idle, rum drinking layabouts, who sit around all day doing sweet f—" Er, I, I, er you know. (*He looks up and smiles nervously. Reading*) "So I'm shipping in my best girl yellowcoats from each camp. Whoever wins the Most Popular Girl Yellowcoat Competition will find herself hi-de-hi-ing under a palm tree in two weeks flat."

TRACY Just think, all that sun and sand! Blue seas, white surf and waving palms.

PEGGY *emerges from the back.*

PEGGY Excuse me, Mr Fairbrother. If one of the girls is going to the Bananas, there'll be a vacancy for a yellowcoat, won't there?