

A PLAY IN VERSE FOR AMATEUR ACTORS

[NOTE.—Performances of this Play may be given by Amaleur Theatrical enthusiasts, provided that the words, "By permission of the Editor of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL," appear on each programme.]

BILLY BUNTER ...

HARRY WHARTON BOB CHERRY FRANK NUGENT JOHNNY BULL HURREE SINGH HAROLD SKINNER MR. QUELCH

DOCTOR LOCKE

The Fat Boy of Greyfriars.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove

The Cad of the Remove.
The Remove-master.
Headmaster of
Greyfriars.

ACT I.

Scene.—No. 7 Study in the Remove Passage.

(BILLY BUNTER is alone in the apartment. He is seated at the table, in his shirt-sleeves, with piles of books in front of him, and a wet towel tied round his head. He seems to be deeply absorbed in study.)

BUNTER (looking up):

I'm really not in love with swotting, I much prefer the joys of yachting. Or, better still, a tuck-shop feed, Or picnic in some flowery mead. (Sighs deeply.)

But I must work with might and main, And stimulate my sluggish brain. I've lofty aims to realise:

I've lofty aims to realise:
I mean to win the Neville Prize!

(Bunter resumes his "swotting." 'After a brief interval, enter the The Famous Five.)

CHERRY:

Hallo, hallo! Is Toddy here?

BUNTER (annoyed at the interruption);
He isn't; so you'd better clear



"Put up your fists, you cheeky cad! I mean to slaughter you, my lad!"

BULL:

Where's Todd? He's in here, as a rule—

BUNTER:

Am I my brother's keeper, Bull? WHARTON:

Toddy has vanished off the map!
He is a most elusive chap.
We've hunted for him here, and there,
In fact, we've hunted everywhere!
I'm tired of asking everybody,
"Say, have you seen our wandering

NUGENT:

Toddy?"

But what on earth is Bunter doing? Bunter (airily):

My studies I am now pursuing.

CHERRY:

Your studies? But you're not a swot!
BUNTER:

Oh, yes, I am—my zeal's red-hot! Wharton:

What are you swotting for, you chump?

BUNTER:

To win a fortune, in a lump!

(THE FAMOUS FIVE stare at BILLY BUNTER in amazement.)

HURREE SINGH:

Are fortunes to be made by swotting, Or is the worthy Bunter rotting? This fairly takes the bunful cake—— CHERRY:

It beats the band, and no mistake!

BUNTER:

I wish you chaps would run away,

But I can see you mean to stay. And so I'd better make it clear, And tell you what I'm doing

here

While all you lazy chaps are slacking—

Bull (angrily):

What! Are you asking for a whacking?

HURREE SINGH:

Draw in your horns, my worthy Bull:

Let's get the facts from this fat

Bunter (blinking through his spectacles at The Famous Five):

I say, you chaps! I mean to cram
To win the Neville Prize exam.
The prize, you know, is twenty guineas,
It won't be won by dolts or ninnies,
Nor will it go to duds or duffers,
Or brainless boobies, mugs or muffers.
It needs an eighteen-carat brain

To win that ripping prize, 'tis plain. Wharton:

In that case, Bunter, why compete?

He'd never manage such a feat!

BUNTER (bristling):

Sarcastic beasts! I've got more knowledge

Than any fellow in this college! There's not a brain can equal mine, Its quality is super-fine!

I'm not a blockhead, like Bob Cherry—

CHERRY (angrily):

I feel inclined to bump you—very!
Bunter:

I'm not a dunce, like Nugent is——NUGENT:

You cheeky Owl! I'll smash your phiz!

I'm not a wooden chump, like Bull——Bull:

It's quite an effort to keep cool!

BUNTER:

While as for Hurree Singh, the nigger

HURREE SINGH :

I'll punch your snubful nose with

(THE FAMOUS FIVE make a threatening movement towards Bunter, who jumps to his feet and dodges round the table.) BUNTER:

I say, you fellows! Don't be rough! Cut out all this Jack Dempsey stuff! CHERRY:

Not unless you apologise!

BUNTER:

I do so now, with tear-stained eves! (THE FAMOUS FIVE step back, mollified, and Bunter resumes his seat.)

BUNTER:

As I was saving, I've a brain That will survive no end of strain. The ancient languages, like Latin, And Greek-and shorthand-I am pat in.



"Yow-ow! They've punctured me! Yaroo! Revenge is sweet-I'll have it, too ! !!

I've mastered French, and double-Dutch,

And Sanskrit doesn't tax me much. I can speak Prussian like a Turk, And Portuguese is easy work.

And when it comes to English Grammar

WHARTON:

Bunter, you are a hopeless "crammer"

BUNTER:

Oh, really, Wharton, that's a shame! " Be strictly truthful" is my aim. Compared with me (no boast or bias) George Washington's an Ananias! But to return to our discussion-I've learned to say "My hat!" if Russian.

And I can spout in Japanese Or any other tongue you please. But History is my strong suit : I've read the life of King Canute-

The merry monarch who, alack, Burnt all the cakes till they were

black !

NUGENT:

Right off the wicket, old fat

Alfred the Great's the King you mean!

BUNTER:

Nugent, you are an ignoramus! You'll never grow up to be famous.

'Twas King Canute who burnt the cakes.

(Even a monarch makes mistakes!)

Absorbed in some hair-raising

He let the wheat-cakes burn to glory!

WHARTON (laughing):

Who was the monarch, then. who tried

To stay the inrush of the tide?

BUNTER:

Oh, that was Old King Cole, you

My first-rate memory tells me Los

CHERRY :

You duffer! Don't you realise You'll never win the Neville Prize, Not if you study, in this room,

From now until the crack o' doom! Bunter (jumping to his feet):

If you insult me any more-

CHERRY:

Hallo! The Owl's declaring war!
(Bunter clenches his fists and charges after Bob, who pretends to be very frightened, and dodges behind his chums for protection.)

BUNTER:

Put up your fists, you cheeky cad!

I mean to slaughter you, my lad!

CHERRY:

Help! Save me from his wrath, you chaps.

Or I shall be reduced to scraps!

(Wharton and Hurree Singh grasp Bunter and gently but firmly sit him down.) Hurree Singh:

Let not the sunfulness go down
Upon your wrathful spleen;
Banish the fierce and scowlful frown,
My truculent fat bean!

BUNTER:

All right; I'll let the rotter off,
But if he dares again to scoff
I'll give his jaw such hefty punches
That for a week he'll eat no lunches!
Bob Cherry, show yourself, you funk!
You're quite safe now; no need to bunk.

(Bob Cherry emerges from behind his chums; but he still keeps at a discreet distance from Bunter.)

NUGENT:

Well, fancy Bunter turning swot!

A change for Billy, is it not? WHARTON:

Though if he has a thousand tries He'll never win the Neville Prize!

BUNTER:

I don't agree with you a bit!
For this exam. I mean to sit.
'All rivals will be overthrown,
And then, when the result is known,
I'll pocket twenty guineas sterling
The prospect sets my heart a-whirling!

CHERRY (winking at his chums):

What will you do with all that money? Bunter:

Oh, really, Cherry—don't be funny! There's lots and lots of things I need:

A brand-new bike, a tuck-shop feed, A gramophone, a wireless set,

A fishing rod, a butterfly net, A cricket bat, a pair of skates,

A box of figs, a box of dates, A big York ham, hung from the ceiling, To counteract "that sinking feeling."

Also a suit of Sunday best

(I always like to be well-dressed). And there are lots of things beside, With which I need to be supplied. Oh! won't it be a happy day

When twenty guineas come my way?

(Bunter jumps up, and starts to waltz round the study, his face beaming in anticipation of the good time coming. Whilst Bunter is capering, Cherry slyly places an inverted tin-tack upon his chair.)
Bunter:

My head will fairly hit the skies,
The day I win the Neville Prize!
The Head will fairly beam at me—
"Come forward, Bunter, W. G.
And reap the harvest of your labours,
The envy of your friends and neighbours!"

And when he hands me my reward, Three hundred voices will applaud! HURREE SINGH:

Count not your chickens chickfully
Until the merry hatchfulness!
CHERRY (laughing):

Now we must vanish quickfully, Departing with despatchfulness!

(Exit The Famous Five, chuckling gaily.
Bunter resumes his seat, and discovers the tin-tack! He leaps up again with a yell of anguish.)
Bunter:

Yow-ow! They've punctured me! Yaroooo!

Revenge is sweet—I'll have it, too!
(Exit Billy Bunter, rushing full-pelt after The Famous Five, and breathing

END OF ACT I.

threatenings and slaughter.)

ACT II.

Scene.-The Remove Form-room at Grey-

friars.

(The examination for the Neville Prize is in progress. Billy Bunter and Skinner are seated at the front desk, and the Famous Five occupy the desk behind. There are other candidates for the exam., but only these seven are shown on the stage. The juniors are scribbling away industriously.) Bunter (aside, to Skinner):

Skinner, old chap, I'm getting stuck!

SKINNER:

Put anything, and trust to luck!

BUNTER:

But if I make a silly blunder—

SKINNER:

You'll make a lot, I shouldn't wonder!

I stand in need of your assistance——SKINNER:

I only wish you'd keep your distance! Bunter (eagerly):

Help me, old chap! And when I win I'll see that you get half the tin!

SKINNER:

You always were a generous soul.

And so I'll help you to your goal.

BUNTER:

Ten guineas will be yours, old son,

The moment that the prize is won!

SKINNER:

Now, tell me what you wish to know.

BUNTER:

Hush! Here's the Quelchy-bird! Go slow!

(Enter Mr. Quelch, in gown and mortar-board. He takes up his position in front of the desks, and smiles at the candidates.)
Mr. Quelch:

Well, boys, and how are you progressing?"

CHERRY:

These history problems get me guessing!

MR. QUELCH:

Apply yourself with might and main, Until the answers are made plain. Everything comes to him who tries, And that includes the Neville Prize!

BUNTER:

Would you object, sir, if I stop-

MR. QUELCH:

What!

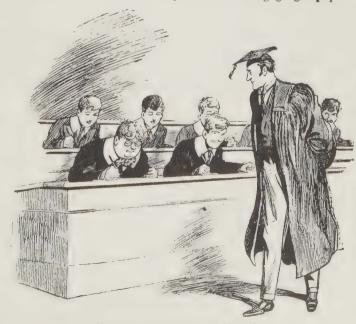
BUNTER:

And go and get a ginger-pop?

MR. QUELCH:

Bunter!

BUNTER:



"Now, pray resume your work, my boys, And with the minimum of noise,"



MR. QUELCH (sternly) .

You will no nothing of the kind!
Bunter, you're lazily inclined!
You shall not budge from where you sit

Until such time as I think fit.

BUNTER:

But, sir, just think of my poor brain-

Wharton (leaning over to Bunter):

Shut up! You're asking for the cane! Mr. Quelch:

Now, pray resume your work, my boys, And with the minimum of noise!

(The juniors bend over their papers, and MR. Quelch paces to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back.)

Bunter (aside, to Skinner):

When did the Conqueror arrive?

SKINNER:

Ahem! In Fifteen-fifty-five! BUNTER:

Thanks! Where was William Rufus slain?

SKINNER:

Oh, somewhere on the Spanish Main!

BUNTER:

By whom was Magna Charta signed?

SKINNER:

By Milton—after he was blind!

BUNTER:

Your fund of knowledge is surprising!

Who organised the Monmouth rising?

SKINNER:

I think it was Sir Walter Raleigh:

With Monmouth he was very pally!

BUNTER:

And who played bowls on Plymouth Sound?

SKINNER:

'Twas Julius Cæsar, I'll be bound !

BUNTER:

I thought I was a dab at

History,
But all these things were wrapt in mystery;

However, now you've put me wise, I'm bound to win the Neville Prize!

(Mr. Quelch suddenly stops short in his stride, and frowns at the candidates. Bunter and Skinner immediately become absorbed in their work.)

MR. QUELCH:

Bunter! I thought I heard you talking!
BUNTER:

Pure fancy, sir! Resume your walking.! Mr. Quelch:

Were you not holding forth to Skinner?

BUNTER:

No word has left my lips since dinner! Mr. Quelch (angrily seizing a pointer):

How dare you state a fabrication?
I heard you hold a conversation!
I wish to know what you were saying;
Tell me at once, without delaying!

BUNTER (quaking):

Ahem! I merely said to Skinner: "Old Quelchy is a trump—a winner!

A master of the very best,

More wise and kind than all the rest. A kind heart beats beneath his gown. You never see him fume or frown.

He should be Head of Greyfriars School, We should rejoice beneath his rule!"

CHERRY (aside):

Great jumping crackers! What a whopper!

BULL:

Bunter will catch it, good and proper! Wharton:

Quelchy will simply give him fits——NUGENT:

And we will gather up the bits!

MR. QUELCH (frowning):

Silence! I will not have this chatter!
Bunter, you lied about this matter.

A plausible excuse you've planned Without success; hold out your hand! (Very reluctantly, Bunter obeys. Mr.

QUELCH administers two cuts on each hand with the pointer, and Bunter yells wildly.)
MR. QUELCH:

Let every boy resume his task In silence; that is all I ask.

(The candidates resume, and Mr. QUELCH continues to pace to and fro. Bunter sits squeezing his hands, and groaning dismally. Presently, when the master is out of earshot, he turns again to SKINNER.)

BUNTER:

What is the capital of Spain?

SKINNER:

I think it's Frankfort-on-the-Maine!

Oh, good! And where is Tennessee? Skinner:

Just off the coast of Italy!

BUNTER:

Where does the River Ouse start oozing?

Somewhere in France! (Aside) This is amusing!

BUNTER:

What are the exports of Tibet?

SKINNER:

Dunno; I've never been there yet!

BUNTER :

But surely you can make a guess?

Kings, cabbages, and water-cress!
Bunter (scribbling down Skinner's answers);

By Jove, we're making ripping head-

Is there a river called the Medway?
Skinner:

Oh, no! It is a lofty hill, The highest mountain in Brazil!



"A plausible excuse you've planned Without success; hold out your hand!"

BUNTER:

Hurrah! I've finished all my papers!
Now we'll indulge in larks and capers!
MR. QUELCH (pausing):

Those who have finished, may retire: That is, if they should so desire.

(Bunter and Skinner rise to their feet, handing their examination-papers to Mr. Quelch. They then stroll slowly away, armin-arm.)

BUNTER (gleefully):

I'm certain I shall win the prize!

SKINNER:

A fact I fully realise!

BUNTER:

Thanks to your kind co-operation I'll win, and cause a big sensation! Oh, it will be a happy day
When twenty guineas come my way!
We'll share the proceeds. Skinney boy

We'll share the proceeds, Skinney boy, And then we'll fairly jump for joy!

(Exit Bunter and Skinner. The others remain in the Form-room.)

CHERRY (aside, to WHARTON):

Skinner's been pulling Bunter's leg

WHARTON:

'Twill take the fat fool down a peg!

CHERRY:

He's stuffed him up with tommy-rot-

WHARTON:

Serves Bunter right, Bob, does it not?



NUGENT :

Bunter went out with quite a grin, Believing that he's bound to win.

BULL

But when the Head awards the prize, Billy will have a sad surprise! Hurree Singh:

Let's plan a booby prize, my chums,
For Billy Bunter's benefit;
And when the presentation comes

And when the presentation comes, He'll have an apoplectic fit!

(THE FAMOUS FIVE confer together in low tones, chuckling at intervals.)
MR. QUELCH:

Hand in your papers, boys, to me. You have all finished, I can see.

(The juniors obey. Exit The Famous Five, rubbing their hands, and chuckling in anticipation of the award of Bunter's Booby Prize.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene.—A portion of Big Hall at Greyfriars.

(The Famous Five, Bunter, and Skinner, are seated on a form in front of the platform, awaiting the arrival of the Head.)

BUNTER:

My heart is beating loud field fast.

I can't sit still a minute! Result of the exam, at last! I'm certain I shall win it!

HURREE SINGH:

I also feel in quite a flurry, I wish the worthy Head would hurry!

WHARTON:

Wonder who's won the twenty guineas?

Bunter (tapping his forehead):

A brainy chap—not dolts or ninnies!

CHERRY:

If Bunter's won the Neville

We'll land his prowess to the skies!

NUGENT:

But it's absurd to think he's won it:

No brainless noodle could have done it!

BUNTER:

Just wait until the Head appears!

He'll call my name amid loud cheers!

I'm certain I shall top the list——

Bull:

Bunter, you are an optimist!

BUNTER:

With envy you'll be green, I guess;

And all will covet my success!

SKINNER (aside to

BUNTER):

You won't forget my share, old fellow?

Of course not. Shush! No need to bellow.

WHARTON:

I hate to sit here in suspense-

CHERRY

The atmosphere is taught and tense.

NUGENT:

See how excited Bunter looks!

HURREE SINGH:

In fact, we're all on "tenter hooks".! (Sound of footsteps without.)

CHERRY:

Now we shall hear what we shall hear: His Majesty the Head draws near!

(Enter THE HEAD, in gown and mortarboard. He carries a brown-paper parcel, also a number of papers. He takes up his position on the platform, facing the juniors.)

THE HEAD:

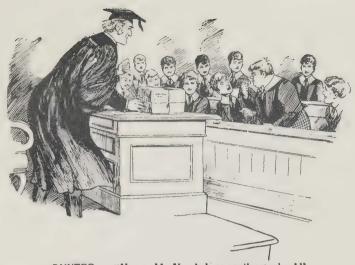
Good-morning, boys!

ALL:

Good-morning, sir!

HURREE SINGH:

The goodfulness of the esteemed morning is terrific!



BUNTER: "You cad! You led me up the garden!" SKINNER: "And I refuse to beg your pardon!"

THE HEAD (smiling):

This is a very pleasant function, Which I perform without compunction. To all assembled I'll advise The winner of the Neville Prize; And give him my congratulation, And make the proper presentation.

CHERRY:

Sit down, you duffer! What's the game?

Bunker (angrily):

Cherry, you interfering cad——WHARTON:

Sit down, you idiot! Are you mad? (Bunter is jerked back into his seat.)

THE HEAD (consulting a list in his hand):

Frank Nugent, I am pleased to state, Has proved the winning candidate!

(WHARTON and CHERRY, seated on either side of Nugent, thump their chum on the back, and overwhelm him with congratulations. BILLY BUNTER sits as if stunned. He blinks at The Head in blank dismay.)
The Head:

Ninety-five marks Frank Nugent gains His papers show he took great pains.



His store of knowledge is unique, He has excelled at French and Greek. His skill in science is extensive, His answers, clear and comprehensive. The presentation I'll now make——

Bunter (jumping to his feet):
Stop! I object! There's some mistake!

THE HEAD (frowning):

Bunter! How dare you interfere?

You've blundered badly, sir, that's clear.

THE HEAD:

Good gracious! Is the boy insane?
Bunter:

Go through the papers, sir, again,
And you will find that I'm the winner
(Aside) Thanks to the help of Harold
Skinner!

THE HEAD:

Bunter! Resume your seat at once! You are a dolt, sir, and a dunce! You have a scantier store of knowledge Than any pupil at this college! BUNTER:

Oh, really, sir! My massive

THE HEAD (sternly):

Sit down, or I will fetch the cane!

(Bunter sits down. Frank Nugert proceeds to the platform to receive the presentation.)

Bunter (turning to Skinner):
Skinny, our scheme has come
unsfuck!

SKINNER:

Yes; isn't it atrocious luck? BUNTER:

Nugent has bagged the Neville Prize!

SKINNER:

And my dismay I can't disguise.

THE HEAD (handing NUCENT a sealed envelope):

Congratulations, my dear boy!

A proud distinction you enjoy.

(Cheers from Nugent's chums. Groans from Billy Bunter!)

THE HEAD:

The midnight oil you doubtless burned, And your reward you've richly earned! (Nugent returns happily to his place.) The Head:

> Most of the papers I inspected, And classified, compared, corrected, Merit my warmest commendation: They show great skill and concentra-

> There was one candidate, however, Whose work was anything but clever

BUNTER:

I'll wager that was Johnny Bull! Bull!

Absurd! It was yourself, you fool!
The Head (frowning at Bunter):
The work of Bunter, W. G.,
Was as appalling as could be!
The writing was a hideous scrawl,
And scarcely legible at all!

Big blots disfigured all the pages—Such work exasperates, enrages!
And where the writing chanced to be Lucid enough for me to see,
Errors appeared in rich profusion,
And I have come to the conclusion
That Bunter is a nincompoop—

BUNTER

Oh, dear! I'm fairly in the soup! THE HEAD:

No single answer was correct!

WHARTON (laughing):

Bunter's fond hopes have all been wrecked!

THE HEAD:

In all my long career, I've never Seen such a feeble, poor endeavour!

Bunter (t u r n i n g fiercely to Skin-NER):

You cad! You led me up the garden!

Skinner (grinning):
And I refuse to beg
your pardon!

(BUNTER, in his wrath and chagrin, starts to punch Skinner. There is a lively scene, and The Head orders the belligerents to be separated. This is done.)

THE HEAD (taking up the brown - paper parcel):

I found this package in my

study (The wrapping seems a trifle muddy). To William Bunter 'tis addressed, With an anonymous request That I should hand it to him here.

Bunter!

Bunter (stepping up to receive the parcel): Why don't you fellows cheer?

(Amid a burst of ironical cheering, The Head makes the presentation, and Bunter agerly carries the parcel to his place. He

opens it feverishly, expecting to find that it contains a handsome consolation prize. The juniors crowd round with grinning faces. The wrapping is removed, disclosing a number of books.)

Bunter (examining the volumes one at a time):

Is this another jape of Skinner's?
"An English History for Beginners."
And "Simple Sums for Tiny Tots,"

"Poems for Children in their Cots."
A Spelling Book for Mites and Midgets,"

"Instructions How to Count your Digits."

" Arithmetic for Little Chaps."

" Lessons for Babes on Mothers' Laps."



"Take that—and that!

'Tis a sorry end to all my dreams,
And all my fond, ambitious schemes!"

"Hints for the Montally Deficient"— Oh, help! I think that's quite sufficient!

(The juniors yell with laughter, and Bunter's face is a study. Exit The Head, smiling.)

Bunter (clenching his fists):

Who dared to play this rotten trick? I call on him to own up, quick!

SKINNER :

Not guilty of the fearful crime!

We are the guilty ones, this time! WHARTON:

We thought a booby prize would be The proper caper, don't you see? BUNTER:

I hoped it was a box of candy! NUGENT:

You'll find those volumes very handy! (Bunter, in great wrath, hurls a book at each member of THE FAMOUS FIVE. They dodge the bombardment.)

BUNTER:

Take that—and that! It is a shame! CHERRY:

He needs a book on how to aim! (His wrath expended, Bunter sinks on to a form, and buries his face in his hands.) BUNTER:

A sorry end to all my dreams, And all my fond, ambitious schemes! The Neville Prize has gone elsewhere, And I am left in sad despair! (Starts to sob.)

(THE FAMOUS FIVE look on, their sympathies aroused.)

NUGENT (touching Bunter on the shoulder): Come, cheer up, Billy! What you need Is a delightful tuck-shop feed.

Whenever you wish that you were dead, There's nothing like a handsome spread!

Bunter (brightening up):

Thanks, Nugent! Now you've ample

I shall be pleased to drink your health! HURREE SINGH:

Then to the tuck-shop we'll repair, Both swiftfully and speedily. .

CHERRY:

And no one will object or care If Bunter gorges greedily!

(Exit THE FAMOUS FIVE, cheerily, linking arms with Bunter. Skinner prances after them, eager to join the feed.) CURTAIN.

AU REVOIR—NOT GOOD-BYE!

The happy, rollicking schoolboys of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood, who have pranked through the pages of this Annual, have not "Goodbye" to offer but the much more pleasant "Au revoir!"

For they are the self-same juniors—and seniors—who "take the stage" each week in one or other of the companion papers from which the HOLIDAY ANNUAL sprang long years ago.

The Greyfriars favourites—Harry Wharton and Co., with Billy Bunter never far from their heels—present themselves regularly each Monday, in the "Magnet" Library.

Those extra-lively fellows of Rookwood School, Jimmy Silver and Co., figure very prominently each week in "The Popular," published on Tuesdays.

The famous Tom Merry and Co., of St. Jim's, with the inimitable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy always occupying a front seat, have for their happy huntingground the pages of the "Gem," which makes each Wednesday what it is, or should be—a red-letter day in the week. Twopence will buy each of these papers. In addition, the real enthusiast for schoolboy stories is specially catered for by the "Schoolboys' Own Library," two issues of which appear each month. These book-length stories, price fourpence per volume, are concerned chiefly with the further adventures of the Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood boys.

So it need not be Good-bye—only Au revoir!

THE EDITOR.

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