

THE WOOLLENBUNGLE COMMUNITY HALL COMMITTEE'S  
TOILET FUNDRAISER 80'S NIGHT

Setting:	The Woollenbungle Community Hall
Time:	The present
Characters:	
<b>Fiona</b>	Hall Committee Chair
<b>Vi</b>	Hall Committee Secretary.
<b>Gaylene</b>	Hall Committee member and assistant at the Woollenbungle Eventide Home. Seriously short sighted.
<b>Barry</b>	Member of the Hall Committee and owner of Woollenbungle Hardware and Produce.
<b>Tony</b>	Hall Committee Treasurer.
<b>Reg</b>	Retired. Former WW II soldier in the Pacific. Wheelchair bound and a bit addled.
<b>Aphrodite</b>	Retired.
<b>Dulcie</b>	Retired.
<b>Minnie</b>	Retired.
<b>Tracey</b>	Vi's daughter

**Members of the Woollenbungle and surrounding communities**

## Act 1

## Scene 1

*Intro music with lights out. Dulcie Aphrodite, Minnie and Reg enter. Wheelchair allowed to go towards back wall. Minnie sits down. Dulcie says "What have you done with Reg?" Minnie gets up and says "Sorry Reg", and wheels him to table then sits down again. Lights up and music fades as soon as they set up their scrabble letters.*

Reg            Snap!

Dulcie        Oh, Reg. It's Scrabble, remember.

Reg            Yairs. Sorry.

Dulcie        And you're going first.

*Reg studies his letters and puts down a word.*

Aphrodite    You can't put 'weewee'.

Reg            Why not?

Aphrodite    Well, for a start one of your 'W's is an 'M' upside down.

Reg            Ah. *(He studies his letters for a long time.)* Mm. Arr.

Minnie        Let him have it, Aphrodite, or we'll be waiting forever.

Aphrodite    He always does this. All right, but it's the last time this game.

Dulcie        My turn. Hmm. Do I treat Reg's upside-down 'M' as a 'W' as well?

Aphrodite    This is what you get for lax standards. Chaos and confusion. No wonder the country's gone to the dogs.

Reg            Last time we went to the dogs I lost all my pension for the week.

Minnie        I'll keep it as a 'W'. There, 'war'.

Reg            Did I ever tell you about the time we were surrounded, six of us against a battalion of them, jungle, leeches, bamboo traps –

Dulcie, Minnie, Aphrodite *(together)* Yes, Reg

Dulcie        *(to Minnie)*. Now look what you've done. Reminded him of the War. We won't hear the end of it now.

Minnie        Sorry.

Aphrodite    Now. My turn.

*Fiona and Vi enter from stage left. They see the old folks.*

Fiona        Oh – we didn't expect anyone else to be here.

Reg            We're playing Scrabble.

Minnie        We always play Scrabble on Thursdays.

Fiona        Well I'm afraid we've got the hall booked.

Aphrodite    So have we.

Fiona        Impossible. We booked for this meeting a month ago. When did you book?

Dulcie        1964.

Minnie        We ALWAYS play Scrabble on Thursdays. Used to be a big group once.

Reg Yairs, what happened to all of them?

Dulcie (*loudly*) Gone to Paradise, Reg.

Reg Surfers?

*Fiona breaks in, frustrated.*

Fiona – All right! We'll just have to have our meeting over there. Vi, what were you thinking?

Vi Sorry, Fiona. I didn't check the book. I didn't realise any of the old Scrabble Club were still alive.

Minnie Oh, charming.

Dulcie Yes, don't mind us. Just pretend we're dead already.

Aphrodite That's right, with any luck we'll keel over before the game's over and you can eat our biscuits.

*Fiona huffs off, shepherding Vi before her. They set up a table and chairs for the meeting.*

*During the last part of the conversation Reg has been oblivious, selecting his new letters. He puts them on his rack and peers at them intently.*

Reg Bingo!

Fiona How did you lot get here anyway?

Aphrodite That lovely Gaylene girl drove us here in the Eventide minibus.

Reg Yeh. Nice Hooters.

Vi Gaylene drove you?

Fiona Well where is she then? She's supposed to be coming to the Hall Committee meeting.

*(Signal for Gaylene needed) Gaylene appears from an unexpected entrance. She is an attractive young woman apart from her impossibly thick-lensed glasses. She doesn't so much 'enter' as feel her way in.*

Fiona Gaylene.

Gaylene Hello. Sorry. I was checking out the septic tanks outside and got a bit off track.

Vi What's up with the septic tanks?

Reg Are the Americans here? Tell 'em this is a dance for locals only. Over sexed, over paid and over here. Bloody Yanks.

Dulcie Oh, for heaven's sake, Reg.

Minnie It's all right, Reg, the war's been over for a few years now.

Fiona (*to Vi*) Can't we just take their key off them?

Aphrodite We heard that.

Gaylene It pongs out there. We have to get something done about replacing these old toilets. It's a Health and Safety hazard.

*Barry enters*

Barry What's a health and safety hazard?

Gaylene Hi Barry. The toilets. They're backing up.

Barry            So what else is new? Hi, Vi. Hi, Fiona. *(They respond)*  
*He looks at the oldies (Barry grabs a chair)*

Barry            What are the old dears doing here?

Fiona            They're playing Scrabble. Gaylene, why didn't you tell us they were in the hall tonight?

Gaylene        Didn't think it mattered. They're no trouble.

Fiona            That's not the point.

Gaylene        Look, they don't take up much room, do they?

Fiona            Oh, come on, we may as well start. We're running late already. As usual.

Vi                We can't start without the treasurer.

Fiona            Tony's always late on purpose. He just likes to make an entrance.  
*Tony enters R. He goes to the old ladies and puts an arm round each.*

Tony            Well well well, who have we got here tonight? Nobody told me there would be hot babes at the meeting.

*The old dears titter.*

Fiona            They're not at the meeting. The meeting's over here. Come on, we haven't got all night.

Tony            I've got all night for you Fiona. Anytime. Just name the night.  
*The old dears titter again. Fiona scowls. The committee gets itself organised.*

Fiona            Right. I'm calling to order the meeting of the Woollenbungle Community Hall Committee. Vi, could we have the minutes of the last meeting?

Vi                Um...I don't exactly have them.

Fiona            What do you mean 'exactly'?

Vi                I had to come in the truck. My Tracey's taken the car to go to a meeting of some social club she's joined. The minutes were in the back seat.

Fiona            I suppose the agenda was with them.

Vi                Exactly.

Fiona            Well what are we going to do?

Barry            Straight to General Business I suppose.

Tony            Then off for an early night. Whaddya reckon, Fiona? Could this be 'the' night?

Fiona            Shut up, Tony. Very well, is there any General Business?

Gaylene        The toilets. We can't go on ignoring the toilets. They clogged up completely at Bernie and Michelle's Silver Wedding party. Everyone had to go behind the shed. Michelle got nasty stains on the hems of her new silver lurex capri pants. She wasn't happy. She had those pants specially made for the occasion by Dell's Evening and Bridal.

Tony            We've been through this before. We just don't have the money to fix them.

Barry            It is a problem, though. What can we do?

Tony            What CAN we do? The whole system needs to be completely replaced.

Gaylene      And made wheelchair friendly. We had to have Reg fitted with a catheter specially for when he comes here.

Vi             It'd cost thousands and thousands.

Barry         What, a catheter? No way.

Vi             No, new toilets.

Fiona         We could apply for a community grant. I don't mind doing the application.

Barry         Good idea, worth a try.

Tony         The amount we'd have a chance of getting still wouldn't be enough.

Barry         What about some fundraising towards it?

Vi             A cake stall?

*No-one looks enthused.*

Fiona         A sausage sizzle?

*Less enthusiasm.*

Gaylene      Oh, no. Last time I got grease all over my glasses. Couldn't see a thing. Had to get it off with a Scotch-Brite and Shower Power.

Barry         No, something bigger. Something that'll get the whole community contributing.

Gaylene      Something that might actually be fun.

Fiona         Fun?

Tony         A big night.

Fiona         What, you mean like a...dance or something?

Tony         Maybe...more a dance with entertainment. A theme night. With singers and stuff.

Fiona         What singers?

Tony         We have singers. I can do 'New York, New York'.

Vi             And my Tracey could do her 'You Are the Wind Beneath My Wings'.

Barry         That's a beautiful song, that. She did that last time, remember?

Tony         Ah, yes. She made a lovely Virgin.

Vi             What?

Tony         At the Christmas Pageant. She was the Virgin Mary. She's got a fantastic seat.

Vi             What!

Tony         On the donkey. You could tell she's a top horsewoman.

Barry         She wasn't a Virgin. She was the angel. Remember, we hoisted her up with a pulley and she did the song. (sings) "You are the wind beneath my wings.." Beautiful.

Tony         Right, yeah.

Barry         She sings in the shop sometimes. Been doing some unusual ones lately, though. Must be new hits I haven't heard of.

- Gaylene We could make it a fancy dress night as well and give out prizes for the best dressed.
- Tony And get local businesses to donate the prizes.
- Barry That'd be great. I'm good for a 20 kilo bag of Meatybites straight up. I can get Tracey to do a big sign I can put up in front of the Hardware and Produce.
- Gaylene What about a 70's night?
- Vi Then my Tracey couldn't do her song.
- Gaylene All right, an 80's night.
- Fiona I'm not sure. We're talking serious money that needs raising. How much do you think we can charge per head for this thing?
- Barry Come on, Fiona, it'll be fun, even if we don't make a lot of money. You're the one who's always saying there should be more community cultural activities.
- Fiona I'm not sure that I'd class an 80's night as the type of cultural activity I had in mind.
- Tony Come on, Fiona.
- Vi Yes, Fiona, let's give it a shot. What have we got to lose?
- Fiona Would I have to dress up?
- Tony *(eyeing Fiona's outdated outfit)* No, Fiona, you'll be fine just as you are. Don't change a thing.
- Fiona How dare you?
- Barry Listen you two, stop it. Are we having this night or what?
- Fiona Oh, all right. Those in favour?
- They all put up their hands, Fiona somewhat reluctantly.*
- Fiona Right then. Let's give it a go. What date should we have it? Vi, what bookings are there?
- Vi Well I...
- Tony In the car?
- Vi Yes.
- Fiona Really, Vi. Now, who can we get to perform?
- Barry There's Tracey for starters, and we could ask the Woollenbungle Funk Aerobics Club to do a routine.
- Gaylene I can see if Ronnie can come.
- Vi I thought you two had split up?
- Gaylene We have, but I still see him sometimes. It's better now that we're not living together. I don't have to wonder whether he's been wearing my "Elle McPherson" lingerie while I'm out.
- Fiona Right.
- Vi Didn't it get all stretched out of shape?
- Fiona Let's stick to the matter at hand, shall we? Acts for the theme night?

Tony I can do 'New York New York'.

Fiona It amazes me how people can sing a song about New York when they've never been further than Bali.

Tony All right then, I'll do 'Piano Man'.

Fiona You don't play the piano.

Gaylene I don't think 'Piano Man' is 80's.

Tony Whatever. I'll do something. If I'm permitted to, that is.

Barry Absolutely, Tony. You've got a fantastic voice. It was terrific when you did "Winter Wonderland" at the Christmas Pageant.

Fiona It was 37 degrees that night. Everybody was positively wilting from the heat.

Barry But it was beautiful the way it was done. Remember, the kids stood on stepladders and sprinkled him with polystyrene beads while he was singing?

Gaylene Yes, that's right! One got up his nose when he breathed in. It was still good, but, Tony. You were nearly at the end of the song.

Tony Hhm.

Gaylene You did a good rescue, I remember, Barry. Said something about the winter chill making him sneeze. Made everybody laugh. You were a top MC that night. I reckon you should do it again.

Barry Thanks, Gaylene.

Fiona All right then, I suggest we all do a ring around and get some performers, and all meet here for a planning meeting in two weeks. We'll organise rehearsals and fix a suitable date then. We can choose a time that suits everyone.

Tony That'll be interesting.

Vi How do you mean?

Tony A time that suits everyone?

Dulcie (*Without looking up from her game*) That doesn't clash with the other hall bookings?

Fiona I'm sure we'll manage. Thank you. So it's all settled then.

Gaylene I'll do a poster. What shall we call it?

*They think.*

Fiona How about The Woollenbungle Community Hall Committee's Toilet Fundraiser 80's Night?

Tony (*sarcastically*) It's certainly catchy.

Barry It's...descriptive.

Tony I suppose.

Gaylene It's not very...

Fiona Very what?

Gaylene makes vague hand gestures to suggest it lacks something.

Tony It's not very sexy, is it?

- Fiona Must you bring smut into everything?
- Tony As often as possible.
- Fiona I suppose you think you're funny.
- Tony It wouldn't hurt you, Fiona, to see the lighter side of life just occasionally.
- Barry *(warningly)* Hm hm.
- Fiona Vi, what do you think we should call it?
- Vi Oh, um, ...oh dear... the name you came up with is fine.
- Fiona No other suggestions?
- All think hard, but not quickly enough for Fiona.*
- Fiona Right then. The Woollenbungle Community Hall Committee's Toilet Fundraiser 80's Night it is, then. Any more General Business?
- All shake heads.*
- Fiona Right, the meeting is closed.
- Gaylene Oh...one more thing.
- Fiona Yes?
- Gaylene We'd better rent a Porta-Loo for the night. Just in case.
- Fiona I suppose so.
- Tony That's it? I'll be off then.
- Barry No – I just remembered one of the main agenda items. We have to think of some kind of reception for the visiting delegation from our sister community in Japan. We need to plan early.
- Gaylene Maybe we can organise the 80's night for when they're here.
- Barry Brilliant!
- Fiona I'm not sure it's an appropriate thing –
- Barry They'll love it!
- Fiona An eighties night? They won't get it.
- Tony Do you think they didn't have the eighties in Japan?
- Gaylene We can do 'Turning Japanese'.
- Reg What are they on about now? Don't tell me the Japs are here as well. Stay calm, ladies.
- Minnie Settle down, Reg.
- Dulcie *(loudly)* The war's over, you silly old bugger.
- Fiona *(rising)* All right, see you in two weeks. Vi, can you make a booking for us when there's nobody here playing Scrabble or Bingo or anything?
- Vi Yes, Fiona. I'll give everyone a call.
- The committee members all rise and exit with goodbyes. \* Barry stacks Gaylene's chairs while she picks up the dog.*



Gaylene        *(to oldies)* I'll be back at the usual time to take you back to Eventide. *(she exits)*

Minnie         What a rude bunch. Apart from our Gaylene.

Aphrodite      Yes, but were you listening? They're having a dance for the over 80's. That's us. With entertainment and everything.

Dulcie          Are you sure that's what an 80's night is?

Aphrodite      Must be. What else could it be?

Dulcie          Ooh, lovely. Make a change from Scrabble.

Minnie         I'll get a new frock. Hang on, I'm only 78. They might not let me in.

Dulcie          You can lie about your age in the opposite direction to usual.

Reg             Where are we going? Are we going to Surfers?

Aphrodite      Not yet, Reg – we're going to a dance.

*Lights down. Incidental music.*

*Stage Manager takes off chairs and card table used by oldies. Large tables are left set up.*

## Scene 2

*The same, two weeks later. Fiona is pacing the floor, waiting for others to arrive. (Fiona and committee members need papers)*

Fiona           *(To herself)* May as well start setting up or we'll never get started.

*She begins to unstack chairs.*

Fiona           Typical. No sense of responsibility. Why should I end up doing this every time?

*Barry enters.*

Barry           Sorry I'm late. We're moving sheds. *(Pause.)* Well, not actually moving the shed itself. Moving the stuff out of one shed into another shed. Been at it all day. Bigger of a job, actually, shed moving. There's worse to come. Have to demolish the old shed next.

Fiona           Barry.

Barry           Getting rid of all that old corrugated iron,–

Fiona           Barry!

Barry           Hm?

Fiona           Stop rabbiting on and give me a hand with this.

Barry           Oh, sorry. *(He goes to help)*

Fiona           We'd better get lots of chairs. We've got those people who are doing acts for the 80's night coming tonight. *(Barry & Fiona set up 8 chairs)*

Barry           Where is everyone? I thought I was late.

Fiona           I have no idea. Vi isn't usually this late for meetings.

*Tony enters.*

- Tony Evening all.
- Fiona You're late.
- Tony *(Looking around the hall)* Wouldn't seem to matter. There's nobody here yet.
- Fiona It's the principle. You're on the committee.
- Tony Sorry. *(Sidling up and putting an arm around her waist)* Please let me make it up to you in the best way I know.
- Fiona *(Shaking herself loose from his grasp)* Stop it, Tony. Did you get onto anyone for the 80's night?
- Tony Onto anyone? Oh, I see. Yes. I went to see the Woollenbungle Funk Aerobics girls. During their practice. Sat up the back till they finished. Glad to see that touching the toes hasn't fallen out of favour as a warmup exercise in Woollenbungle at least.
- Fiona And?
- Tony They said they'd do a routine but they can't come tonight. Something about a hens' night at the Manpower show.
- Fiona Typical. I've often wondered about the morality of Funk Aerobics as a leisure activity.
- Barry Now, now, Fiona.
- Knock on side door. Barry opens door. Gaylene enters, wheeling a dozing Reg in his wheelchair, followed by Aphrodite, Dulcie and Minnie. (Stage Manager lets oldies in)*
- Gaylene Hello!
- Oldies *(Except for Reg)* Hello! *(Reg stirs briefly, snorts a bit and drops off again)*  
*Throughout the scene he remains mostly asleep, snorting and snuffling and making unintelligible mumbles occasionally)*
- Gaylene doesn't see Fiona and wheels Reg straight into her, causing Fiona to land on Reg's lap. Reg starts and flaps his arms and legs.*
- Reg Whoa. Help. The silo's collapsed.
- Fiona struggles to her feet.*
- Fiona What's this lot doing back here? Surely to goodness it's not Scrabble night again?
- Reg Oh, Scrabble. Yairs. *(He dozes off again)*
- Aphrodite We're here for the meeting.
- Fiona Meeting?
- Dulcie For the 80's night.
- Fiona 80's night?
- Minnie We want to do an act.
- Fiona An act?
- Aphrodite For the show.
- Fiona Show?

- Aphrodite     What's that mental derangement that makes people repeat the last thing everybody says?
- Reg             (Stirring from his doze) Echolalia.
- Gaylene        Isn't that sweet. He thinks built-in wardrobes are something to wee in but he still knows some obscure word like that. Well done, Reg.
- Reg             (mumbles) Weewee.
- Barry           You folks want to do your own act for the 80's night? I'm sure that'll be all right. (*Imploring*) Fiona?
- Fiona           Well it isn't up to me. (*Pause*) There goes any shot at credibility.
- Aphrodite     I can't see how. We're uniquely qualified.
- Fiona           What? No—I won't even ask. Okay, fine. Have you been practising?
- Minnie         We haven't agreed on what to do yet.
- Barry           Don't leave it too long.
- Dulcie          We'll be right on the night.
- Fiona           I hope so. Remember, we've got the delegation from our sister community in Japan coming. We don't want to show ourselves up.
- Tony           Lighten up, Fiona. It'll be a blast.
- Gaylene        That's right. When those Japanese get here they won't know what hit 'em.
- Reg             (*Perking up*) Snrx gmf... Hear hear.
- Gaylene        Oh—that reminds me. I had a lovely idea. I e-mailed our sister community committee in Japan and suggested that they bring some of their old folks along for a visit with our old dears. They said they would. Won't that be nice?
- Reg             *Snuffles*
- Fiona           Lovely. We don't have nearly enough of the old darlings around now. (*Indicating Reg who is mumbling in his sleep*) Is he going to make those noises all through the meeting? Anyway, if he's at the meeting, shouldn't he be awake or something?
- Gaylene Aphrodite Minnie and Dulcie     No.
- Dulcie          It's the "or something" you've got to worry about.
- Barry           Speaking of the meeting, can we start? I have to admit I'm bugged. I've got another early start tomorrow. Tracey didn't show up at work today. Didn't even ring.
- Fiona           What about the others? Oh, very well, we can bring anybody who gets here late up to speed I suppose. It's hardly efficient.
- They sit around the table.*
- Fiona           So. What other acts have we got besides the Funk Aerobics?
- Gaylene        I tried ringing Ronnie but his mum said he was away on a camp with his men's support group.
- Fiona           I won't even think about what goes on there.

Gaylene No, it's good. They build a traditional Native American Sweat Lodge and sit in it, then they sit around the campfire, passing around the Speaking Stick, sharing their deepest fears and hopes with each other in a spirit of mutual respect and support.

Barry Sorry, but can we get on?

Gaylene Barry, maybe the reason you want to change the subject is that you're actually afraid to face your inner demons.

Barry No, I'm afraid to face my outer shed. If my inner demons need attention they'll have to take a number and wait.

Fiona All right, any other acts?

Aphrodite Ours.

Fiona Yes, besides yours, which there's no point talking about if you don't even know what you're doing.

Barry Not yet. I've got a couple of maybes.

Tony I had a couple of maybes too, but it depends when it's on.

Fiona I suppose we'd better try and fix a date then. *(Suddenly realising)* Where's Vi?

Barry She was in at the hardware yesterday. Said she'd be here tonight.

Fiona Well Vi's got the bookings book so it's going to be impossible to fix a date. I can't believe how frustrating it is trying to get the smallest thing done around here.

Tony *(To Fiona)* Did you manage to round up any acts?

Fiona I'm afraid not. The people I normally associate with can't seem to see themselves doing acts for an 80's night.

Barry I can see what you mean. I can't imagine the Musica Rustica String Quartet doing "Hooked on Milli Vanilli".

*An agitated Vi rushes into the hall.*

Fiona There you are! Did you remember the –

Vi My Tracey!

Barry What's happened?

Vi Ohh!

*They sit her down at the table. During the next couple of lines, Gaylene rushes out. There is a thump and sound of breaking as Gaylene runs into something. She rushes back in with a glass of water for Vi, managing to accidentally spill some on Fiona on the way.*

Vi Tracey!

Tony What is it?

Vi I thought it was just a social club for young people. But today Tracey told me her name was now Bargwana or something and she's devoting her life to her new guru. She's gone to live with the other...devotees at Tinpot Creek, where they've got a farm or a compound or something. What'll I do? What'll I do?

Gaylene A cult! Here in Woollenbungle!

- Minnie       Occult! You mean like with Ouija boards and seances and stuff?
- Barry         No, Minnie, a cult.
- Minnie       *(Not understanding at all)* Oh.
- Tony         What did she say?
- Vi            She said that she's renouncing all material ties to the outside world. She said that the group was going to build a temple at Tinpot Creek. Well, she didn't call it Tinpot Creek. She says their new name for the place is Valley of Enlightenment.
- Barry         But what about my hardware? We're in the middle of shed moving. She's not giving up her job is she? I knew she'd been acting peculiar. I didn't think those songs could be hits, even nowadays.
- Vi            What can I do?
- Tony         Don't worry, Vi, we'll think of something.
- Gaylene      I could try talking to her.
- Vi            I don't think anybody could talk to her right now. She's...she's just... *(she wails)*
- Barry         There there Vi, shh, it'll be all right, you'll see.
- Vi            You think so?
- Barry         Absolutely.
- Tony         No doubt about it, Vi.
- Gaylene      She's bound to come to her senses soon.

*Vi seems a little reassured.*

Fiona         I suppose this means she won't be singing at the 80's night.

*Vi wails again.*

*Lights fade. Remove tables and chairs. Pull backdrop curtains across. Place flat in position. Add balloons*

## **ACT 2**

*Intro music fades, lights come on.*

*At the start of the act, Fiona is onstage fussing about with the stage setting for the 80's night. Barry and Tony enter (from side door), carrying a wrapped-up and trussed-up person in a wheelbarrow who is making attempts to move and make noise. Vi enters after them, looking back anxiously out of the door.*

- Fiona        *(Staring in disbelief)* Will somebody please tell me exactly what is going on here?
- Vi            Shh. It's Tracey. We've liberated her from the cult farm.
- Fiona         You can't do that.
- Barry         It's too late, we've done it. It's for her own good. She'll thank us later.
- Tony         He's right, Fiona. She's not herself. It's impossible. She's been brainwashed. She NEEDS rescuing.

- Barry Not to mention the fact that the hardware and produce is going to pot without her. I've got stocktaking coming up.
- Fiona Well you can't have her here. People are arriving! The show's starting soon. I can't have her lying around on the stage like an old rolled up carpet.
- Vi We've got to hide her!
- Barry Hurry up and decide what we're doing. She's heavy.
- Tony (*loudly*) Been putting a bit of weight on at that farm, eh, Tracey?
- Tracey Mmph! Mmph!
- Vi I didn't think she'd put weight on.
- Tony This is a battle, Vi. A psychological campaign against brainwashing. If we have to stoop to dirty tactics we will. Let's take her out the back somewhere.

*They take Tracey out (through kitchen door).*

*Gaylene enters with Aphrodite, Dulcie and Minnie (through front door).*

- Gaylene They haven't turned up yet.
- Fiona Who?
- Gaylene The Japanese oldies. They were supposed to arrive here by now. We were going to give them tea and scones –
- Minnie –and sushi
- Gaylene – and sushi before the show.
- Minnie And now Reg has gone missing.
- Fiona Thank heaven for small mercies.
- Aphrodite We've hunted all over.
- Dulcie He might be wandering and confused.
- Minnie And we have to go over our act before the show.

*Barry and Tony re-enter (from kitchen).*

- Barry What's up?
- Fiona The Japanese old folks haven't arrived yet and now Reg has gone missing. Look, it's almost time to start the show. We'll schedule your act for somewhere near the end and he'll probably have turned up by then. You can keep popping out to look for him during the show.
- Barry That's right. The show must go on. Most of Woollenbungle and Duggan's Gully will be here. People have just been looking forward to tonight so much. It's incredible.
- Fiona I certainly find it incredible. Did you find somewhere to put the...package?
- Tony Safe and sound in the broom closet. As long as we don't forget she's there.
- Minnie Come on, gang, let's see if we can round up Reg. (*Exit through kitchen door*)

*Aphrodite and Dulcie follow her out (exit through kitchen door).*

- Tony The best thing we can do is make sure the audience doesn't know there's anything wrong. Let's get the show underway.

Fiona You're right. The first act is ready to go and the audience is all here. Start the show, Barry.

Barry Righto. (*ad lib as necessary for performance conditions*)

**Act 1:**

Good evening ladies & gentlemen. Welcome to the Woollenbungle Community Hall Committee's Toilet Fundraiser 80's Night.

Our first act showcases some of the extraordinary talents found right here in Woollenbungle. Here are the fabulous girls of the ....

**[Woollenbungle Funk Aerobics Group.]**

Weren't they marvellous? Good on you girls, well done.

*Gaylene, Minnie and Aphrodite rush in breathlessly (through kitchen entrance).*

Gaylene It's Reg!

Barry What?

Aphrodite We found Reg!

Fiona Is he all right?

Minnie He's taken the Japanese oldies captive.

Aphrodite He's holding them as POWs in next door's chook pen.

Tony You are joking.

Gaylene No. Dulcie's out there now trying to talk some sense into him.

Barry How on earth did he manage to capture the lot of them?

Gaylene They fell in his trench.

Fiona What! (*accusingly to oldies*) Did you help him to dig a trench?

Minnie (*indignantly*) Certainly not.

Aphrodite We were practising our flunky moves.

Minnie That's FUNKY, Aphrodite. We now know what an eighties night is really. Gaylene told us.

Fiona So why wasn't Reg practising with you?

Minnie He can't do funky moves in his wheelchair. He was going to play the funky mouth organ. Besides, we couldn't find him, remember?

Fiona So how does a ninety year old man who spends most of his time in a wheelchair dig a trench?

Aphrodite That old ANZAC spirit.

Minnie You have to give it to him, it is pretty impressive.

*OFF: There are sounds of a scuffle and shouting and cries of "Banzai!" (Reg, Dulcie, Dancers, Rob Nielson, Toni etc ... all shout "Banzai")*

Aphrodite (*sticking his head offstage*) A breakout!

Fiona Oh Lord.

Tony Come on, Fiona, I'm sure we can sort this out.

Fiona All right. Barry, get the next act on quickly. I hope it's a loud one.

Barry Righto.

**Act 2:** The Eighties wasn't all about pop. Even Woollenbungle experienced the thrill of revolt against conformity. Well I remember the community's shock when it was discovered that someone had drawn a moustache on the photograph of Her Majesty—in this very hall.

Our next performers tend the flame of that revolution here in Woollenbungle. That's right, let's give a big hand for what's left of Woollenbungle's first and only punk rock group....

*[Robbie Rotten and the Love Cannons]*

Barry Robbie Rotten, ladies and gentlemen! And don't forget, Robbie's office is in Main St, Woollenbungle. Call in to see Robbie for all your accounting needs.

**Act 3:** And moving right along ..

Here is a talented group of youngsters demonstrating that there are more uses for rope than rounding up cattle. I give you ....

*[The Woolly Jumpers]*

Weren't they great ladies and Gentlemen? Give 'em a big hand ...

*Gaylene races in (through front door).*

Gaylene *(aside to Barry)* Is Tracey here or something?

Barry Um..ah..what makes you think that?

Gaylene Because the cult members have just turned up demanding her immediate release.

Barry Too bad, they can't have her.

Gaylene You don't understand, they've threatened to disrupt the show with poison gas if we don't return her.

Barry Poison Gas? Poison gas!

Gaylene Well, that's what they called it, but they had it in a sack and it smelled more like Dynamic Lifter to me. I think they're serious, Barry. If we don't return Tracey they're going to come in here and fertilise the hall.

*Fiona and Tony enter. The cult members can be heard outside chanting. (Dulcie, Minnie, Dancers, Singers ..chant "release Bargwana now").*

Fiona What's happening now? Who are those people out the front?

Barry It's the cult members wanting Tracey. They're going to spread Dynamic Lifter around the hall if we don't let her go.

Fiona I can't believe this. *(to Barry)* And I suppose YOU sold it to them.

Tony I'll just go and tell them she's not here. *(he exits through front door)*

Barry What's happening with Reg?

Fiona The Japanese have escaped from the chook pen and there's a standoff across the vege patch. They're pelting each other with chokos and zucchinis.

Gaylene Aphrodite's trying to negotiate a ceasefire but he's dodging tomatoes from both sides.



Barry Why don't you go back out there and help, then, and I'll keep the show going?

Gaylene He's right, Fiona. Give it a go. *(they exit)*

Barry **Act 4:** Our next performer is well known throughout the Woollenbungle Shire and as far afield as Kickatinalong. Only last year he was actually invited as a special guest to the Gympie Muster. Maybe next year they'll let him perform. That's right—ladies and gentlemen let's give a big country welcome to Woollenbungle's very own ...

*[Ronnie Stockroute ... accompanied by the beautiful Gaylene (with whip)]*

Talk about local talent ..... Great stuff from Ronnie and Gaylene.

*Fiona enters, brushing stuff off her clothes.*

Fiona Things are getting out of hand out there. Tony is doing his best to reason with them but he daren't get too close with all the vegetables being flung around. It might be time to call the police, Barry.

Barry The police are here in the audience, dressed as Devo. I think they've had a few too many beers to be of much use to anyone. Besides, it seems a pity to spoil their night out. Not to mention getting the old folks into trouble.

*Tony enters (from kitchen entrance)*

Barry What's the latest?

Tony The cult members heard the ruckus out the back and went to see what was going on. They seem to have got the idea that the oldies were gearing up to attack them. They're now on the shed roof pelting Reg, Aphrodite and the entire Japanese delegation with Dynamic Lifter. It's a war zone out there.

Fiona Quick, Barry, distract the audience. Another act or something.

*Tony exits.*

Barry **Act 5:** Once again ladies and gentlemen, these hallowed boards will be graced by local stars. I know these young ladies have been looking forward to performing for you all month.

I give the extraordinary vocal talents of ... *[The Woollenbungle Weathertones]*

Singing "It's Raining Men".

Give them a big hand ladies and gents ... a big hand.

*Gaylene enters (from kitchen)*

Fiona What's happening?

Gaylene Reg and the Japanese have joined forces to fight the cult members. They've demolished the chook pen fence and used the star pickets and an old inner tube to make a catapult.

Barry What are they using for ammunition?

Gaylene Compost mainly at the moment. I think they're close to victory. Minnie and Dulcie are mixing up a batch of laying mash and chook manure with seaweed fertiliser. It'll be a knockout.

Fiona Minnie and Dulcie! Don't tell me they're involved in this debacle as well.

Gaylene 'Fraid so.

*Vi enters (from kitchen), wringing her hands. Tony is with her, arm around her shoulder to comfort her.*

Vi I hope you don't mind. I let Tracey go. I just couldn't bear for her to be tied up any longer. All this mess is my fault.

Fiona Don't talk rot, Vi. Of course it's not your fault. Well, not much of it.

Tony It's all right, Vi. Come on, Fiona, let's have another go at calming them all down.

Fiona You're right. They've got to run out of steam eventually.

Gaylene Don't count on it.

Barry Next act?

Fiona Yes please, Barry.

*Fiona and Tony exit. Gaylene goes to comfort Vi. They exit.*

Barry **Act 6:**

We have now reached the part of the evening that involves you ... our audience. Let's see how many out there have got right into the spirit of things and come in their 1980's clobber. We will judge the best dressed 80's out fit by audience appreciation. Come on, stand up, come forward and let's have a look at you. Remember, not only do you win a prize, but you will get to draw the raffle as well.

Line em up ... audience applause. Best costume draws raffle. If no takers ....  
Call for a volunteer from audience.

*Tony, Fiona, Gaylene and Vi enter. They are jubilant.*

Barry What?!

Gaylene It's all over! The cult members were on the verge of surrendering when Tracey went out and saw what was going on.

Tony The cult leader went over to her and she roused at him for attacking helpless old folks.

Fiona Said that if that's the type of people they were, granny bashers, she wanted nothing more to do with them. All the old folks cheered.

Vi So all's well that ends well.

Barry But—what about the Japanese?

Tony That's the thing. They said it's the most fun they've had in years. Them and our oldies are out the back, trading stories and having a ball.

Barry           War stories?

Vi                No, operations, old folk's homes, knees, caravan holidays.

Gaylene        They want to go on a caravan holiday all together.

Fiona            Spare us.

Gaylene        Anyway, they're out the back getting cleaned up and changed for their act. I think they'll be pretty well right to go on.

Barry            I'll introduce them in half a minute, then. **(Barry walks away)**

Gaylene        I'll tell 'em they're on. *(she exits with Vi through kitchen door. Barry moves to centre stage, away from Fiona and Tony)*

Tony            *(to Fiona)* Thank goodness that's over, eh?

Fiona            What a night!

Tony            We came through all right though, didn't we? *(He puts an arm around her shoulder)*

Fiona            *(For once not shrugging him off)* We did. Yes, we did.

Barry            And now, our final act for the night.

*Gaylene enters & whispers in Barry's ear.*

Barry            **Act 7:** And now for our final act for the night ... Whoops it seems as though we have a Surprise Act here ladies and gentlemen. Here is er .. A Surprise Act

*Tracey enters holding Vi's arm. Woollenbungle Warblers enter. Song: "Wind Beneath My Wings".*

Barry            Well that was a wonderful surprise .. my favourite song sung by the our very own Tracey. Show your appreciation for a gallant effort.

                  And now, (unless there are any more interruptions???? last, from the Eventide Home for old groovers, here's Minnie, Dulcie, Aphrodite and Reg!

***The oldies do their version of the Village People***

Oldies *(sing)*   Old man  
                   There's no need to be glum  
                   There's a place where  
                   Everyone is your chum  
                   You can go there  
                   Once you reach 65  
                   It's a great time  
                   To be al-ive

                  So come and stay at the Eventide Home  
                   You're gonna love it at the Eventide Home  
                   We got every kind of old people delights  
                   We got Scrabble on Thursday nights

                  We have fun at the Eventide Home  
                   A gay old time at the Eventide Home  
                   We may be old, but we know how to move  
                   So join us now, and get into the groove

We all live at the Eventide Home  
Have a ball at the Eventide Home  
We all live at the Eventide Home  
Have a ball at the Eventide Home  
*(Repeat and fade as exiting)*

***Finale: Barry moves to mike. Music: Final section of "Footloose"***

Barry *(as their names are called they enter and bop along to music)* Appearing onstage tonight were *(presented quickly)*:

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