



OFSTED FRED  
BY  
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Extract  
A SMITH SCRIPT

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## Characters:

OFSTED Fred: 40s is a Head Teacher obsessed with OFSTED and gaining an outstanding Judgement. His mental health deteriorates as the piece runs and his behaviour is erratic throughout.

Janice Breaker: ginger hair and glasses, 40s, is a senior OFSTED Inspector. She is ruthless and pragmatic - unless she is concerned with Kenneth.

Kenneth Buckle: 40s PE teacher and heavy smoker. Is quite happy to go along with life without any fuss – he is an inspirational teacher and is liked by the students. He spends most of his time taking the rise out of his adversary, Ms Barker.

Veronica Barker: 30s Head of the English Department. Veronica is career minded and will do anything to get ahead. Her character gets stronger as Fred weakens. She manipulates her lover Oliver Green to her own ends. She is not popular with the students.

Mr Crawford: 90s adds to the chaos through his lack of hearing/ understanding. Is more interested in what is for lunch than the effective running of the school.

Mercedes: 18 year old Student from a sink housing estate - it is her idea to bug the staff room. As her character develops it is obvious that she can achieve good things at St Catherine's. She manipulates Trevor.

Trevor Green: 18 year old student and son of Governor, Oliver Green - he is manipulated by Mercedes. He becomes slightly

unbalanced when he discovers that his father is having an affair with Ms Barker.

Oliver Green: 50s Chair of Governors and Ms Barker's lover. He is faint-hearted and colludes with Veronica so she gains the Headship of St Catherine's.

# ACT ONE

## SCENE ONE

ST CUTHBERTS SCHOOL STAFF ROOM

MR. CRAWFORD, 90s DEPUTY HEAD TEACHER  
IS READING A NEWSPAPER

ENTER MS BARKER, 30s ENGLISH TEACHER

MS BARKER: Good morning, Mr Crawford.

MR. CRAWFORD CONTINUES TO READ

(LOUDER) I said good morning Mr Crawford.

MR. CRAWFORD: Whatever is the matter with you Ms Barker? Can't you see that I'm reading my newspaper?

MS BARKER: There is nothing the matter with me Crawford; I was merely saying good morning.

MR. CRAWFORD: I beg your pardon.

MS BARKER: Oh never mind; carry on with your newspaper.

MR. CRAWFORD: I'll carry on with my newspaper shall I?

MS BARKER: Yes you do that – I don't know why I bother.

ENTER MR. BUCKLE, 40s PE TEACHER.

MR BUCKLE: Has anyone met the new head yet?

MR. CRAWFORD: Good lord, who is dead?

MR. BUCKLE: Nobody is dead you old buffer; I said has anyone met the new head.

MR. CRAWFORD: The new head's dead? I feel for his family.

MS BARKER: (LOUDLY) The new head isn't dead; Mr Buckle didn't say that.

MR. CRAWFORD: That's a relief.

MR BUCKLE: He's as deaf as a post.  
MS BARKER: That's an unkind thing to say Buckle. Crawford might have a slight hearing impairment but he is hardly deaf as a post.

MR. CRAWFORD: No, no, it's the Echo. I stopped reading the Post when that damn Lefty took over the editorship.

MS BARKER: Good heavens above.

MR BUCKLE: Put the kettle on Ms Barker or shall I call you Veronica?

MS BARKER: No I will not put the kettle on and you may not call me Veronica either.

MR BUCKLE: But that's your name isn't it love?

MS BARKER: And I am definitely not your love.

MR BUCKLE: I bet you were a laugh around the back of the bike shed when you were at school.

MS BARKER: You are being inappropriate and I will not hesitate to report you to the new head if you should continue.

MR BUCKLE: You can call me Kenneth.

MS BARKER: I know what I'd like to call you.

MR BUCKLE: What's that?

MS BARKER: A male chauvinist pig.

MR BUCKLE: That's not called for.

MS BARKER: Yes it is called for.

MR. BUCKLE: You are being oversensitive as usual.

MS BARKER: The reason you asked me to put the kettle on was because I am a woman.

MR BUCKLE: No it wasn't.

MS BARKER: Why did you ask me?

MR BUCKLE: It was no use asking Crawford was it?

MS BARKER: That is no answer

MR BUCKLE: Well it's my kind of answer.  
MR CRAWFORD: Has anyone met the new head yet?

MR BUCKLE: Not yet Arthur.

MS BARKER: I expect that we will meet him in briefing.

MR. CRAWFORD: I expect that we will meet him in briefing.

MS BARKER: Do you know what his name is Mr. Crawford?

MR BUCKLE: It's OFSTED Fred.

MS BARKER: You are being ridiculous as usual. Why would anyone have the name of OFSTED Fred?

MR. CRAWFORD: His name is Frederick I believe.

MR BUCKLE: And all he cares about is being prepared for OFSTED – hence OFSTED Fred.

MS BARKER: I hope he realises that a new Headship will trigger an OFSTED inspection.

MR BUCKLE: Personally I couldn't give a flying fig about OFSTED.

MS BARKER: Your lesson wasn't observed in the last inspection I believe.

MR BUCKLE: And your point is?

MS BARKER: You wouldn't still be here if it had.

MR BUCKLE: Very funny I don't think.

MS BARKER: My lesson was judged as outstanding.

MR BUCKLE: Oh jolly hockey sticks.

MS BARKER: It's no wonder you have never been offered Head of Department.

MR BUCKLE: And why would I want to be Head of Department?

MR. CRAWFORD: Should we get along to briefing children?

MR BUCKLE: It's hard to believe that he's still allowed to teach.

MS BARKER: He gets a little confused that's all.

MR BUCKLE: He doesn't get confused in the pub; he always remembers not to buy his round.

MS BARKER: We should get along.

INTERCOM: Would all school staff go to the hall; briefing begins in five minutes.

MR BUCKLE: I need to find my trainers first.

MS BARKER: And what are those on your feet?

MR BUCKLE: These aren't my new trainers.

MS BARKER: Really?

MR CRAWFORD & MS BARKER EXIT.

MR BUCKLE: I never thought that they would go. (TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT) I've been dying for a smoke all morning. I'd better open up a window first. (TURNS TO OPEN WINDOW)

ENTER MS BARKER

MS BARKER: Whatever are you doing Buckle?

MR BUCKLE: (HOLDS CIGARETTE TO HIS BACK) What does it look like I'm doing? I was looking out of the window checking on that idiot Hartwell from year eight. He is fooling around on the playground again. (SHOUTS) Pack it in at once Hartwell.

MS BARKER: Hartwell is off sick because he has the mumps.

MR BUCKLE: Oh yes you are right he does have the mumps; I was mistaken it is his brother that's fooling about on the playground.

MS BARKER: He hasn't got a brother.

MR BUCKLE: Did I say brother? I meant cousin.

MS BARKER: I can smell smoke.

MR BUCKLE IS FEELING UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE HOT CIGARETTE IN HIS HAND.

MR BUCKLE: That's because the janitor has just lit up a bonfire under the window.

MS BARKER: The janitor is repairing a radiator in the science room as we speak.

MR BUCKLE: Shouldn't you be running along, you don't want to miss the beginning of briefing do you? That wouldn't be good with the new head teacher and all.

MS BARKER: I'll wait for you, we can go together.

MR BUCKLE: No you go.

MS BARKER: Okay if you are sure.

MR BUCKLE: I'm sure.

MS BARKER: Then I should get along.

MR BUCKLE: (THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) Yes.

MS BARKER: Bye then.

MR BUCKLE: Bye.

MS BARKER EXITS AND MR BUCKLE SHOUTS OUT IN PAIN FROM THE HEAT OF HIS CIGARETTE.

I'll get you for that Barker.

MR. BUCKLE EXITS

## SCENE TWO

STAFF ROOM

ENTER SIXTH FORMERS, MERCEDES AND TREVOR.

TREVOR: I don't think this is such a good idea Mercedes, what if someone finds us in here?

MERCEDES: Stop whining Trevor and get on with it.

TREVOR: Someone is bound to come in and catch us.

MERCEDES: All the teachers are in briefing, you heard the intercom.

TREVOR: I don't know if I can.  
MERCEDES: The sooner you do it the sooner we can get out of here.

TREVOR: Can't you ask someone else to do it?  
MERCEDES: No I can't; it's too late for that.

TREVOR: I'm too scared to do it.  
MERCEDES: For goodness sake man up Trevor and I might let you snog me behind the bike shed before we go home.

TREVOR: You said that when you got me to hack into Edward's Facebook account but you didn't turn up – I waited for ages.  
MERCEDES: What do you think I am Trevor some kind of hussy?

TREVOR: Of course not.  
MERCEDES: I've never been so insulted in my life.

TREVOR: I'm sorry Mercedes; I didn't mean to insult you.  
MERCEDES: I'm going to tell my brother what you said and he'll kick the stuffing out of you.

TREVOR: Please don't tell him; not Crusher.  
MERCEDES: I won't tell him this time if you get on with it.

TREVOR: Do you really think it's a good idea to put a listening device in the staff room?  
MERCEDES: It's a fantastic idea; we'll be able to hear what the teachers are saying on your I-Pad.

TREVOR: But what if we are discovered?  
MERCEDES: We won't be.

TREVOR: We'll be excluded.  
MERCEDES: Shut up and hide the listening device under the chair – and hurry up.

TREVOR: I can't, it's not right.

MERCEDES SPEAKS INTO MOBILE PHONE

MERCEDES: Hello, Crusher?  
TREVOR: Okay I'll do it.

MERCEDES: Get on with it then.

TREVOR PLACES THE DEVICE UNDER A CHAIR

Hurry up will you? I can hear someone coming.

TREVOR: I've done it let's get out of here.

TREVOR LEAVES A SCEWDRIVER ON THE  
CHAIR

ENTER MR CRAWFORD

MERCEDES: Hello Mr. Crawford that's a nice tie you're wearing.

MR CRAWFORD: We're having pie?

MERCEDES: No I said that I like your tie.

MR CRAWFORD: This is the staff room you know and students aren't allowed  
in here without permission.

MERCEDES: We were delivering the free school milk weren't we Trevor?

TREVOR: Were we?

MERCEDES: We are the new milk monitors.

MR. CRAWFORD: I see.

MERCEDES: And Ms Barker gave us permission to be here.

MR. CRAWFORD: Did she?

MERCEDES: Yes sir, she did.

MR. CRAWFORD: Then you had better get on with it.

MERCEDES: Thank you Mr. Crawford.

TREVOR: We've not had free milk since primary school.

MERCEDES: Old Crawford doesn't know what day it is.

TREVOR: Oh no I've left my screwdriver on the chair.

MERCEDES: We can fetch it later when no one is about.

MERCEDED AND TREVOR EXIT

MR. CRAWFORD: Where is everyone? I'd better get off to briefing without them.

MR CRAWFORD EXITS

SCENE THREE

STAFF ROOM,

ENTER MS BARKER & MR BUCKLE

MS BARKER: That was so inspirational; what a man the new head is.

MR BUCKLE: (MOCKS) Our top priority was, is and always will be OFSTED, OFSTED, OFSTED. His speech was hardly original was it?

MS BARKER: What do you mean Buckle?

MR BUCKLE: Never mind.

MS BARKER: You are jealous of the new head.

MR BUCKLE: Why would I be jealous of that bag of wind?

MS BARKER: Because he is a Head of a whole school and you haven't even got your own department.

MR BUCKLE: Not everyone wants their own department do they?

MS BARKER: I have my own English department and I am barely thirty years old. You, on the other hand, are nearly fifty and are still floundering.

MR BUCKLE: Floundering?

MS BARKER: Like a fish, Buckle, floundering like a fish.

ENTER HEAD, 40s.

HEAD: Mr. Bickle?

MR BUCKLE: Buckle.

HEAD: Mr Buckle rather.

MR. BUCKLE: What is it Head?

HEAD: Do you teach Mathematics sir?

ENTER MR CRAWFORD.

MR BUCKLE: I teach P.E.

HEAD: I've been looking at the timetable and notice that you have a two spare periods this afternoon.

MR BUCKLE: Have I?

HEAD: I was wondering if you could step in for the maths teacher Mrs. Smith. She has taken to her bed with a severe bout of morning sickness.

MR BUCKLE: If she only has morning sickness, why can't she come to school in the afternoon?

MS BARKER: Morning sickness can occur at any time of the day idiot.

MR BUCKLE: If that is true then why is it called *Morning Sickness*?

HEAD: You can teach mathematics for periods, five and seven.

MR BUCKLE: But I...

HEAD: We should have an agency mathematics teacher with us by tomorrow morning.

MR BUCKLE: Joy.

HEAD: Is that her name?

MS BARKER: I have a free period this afternoon Head.

HEAD: Thank you for letting me know, Miss?

MS BARKER: Ms.

MR BUCKLE: Ms suck up.

MS BARKER: Ms Barker.

HEAD: I'll let you know if I need you – you teach English don't you?

MS BARKER: Actually I'm head of the whole English department.

HEAD: Quite.

MR BUCKLE: You've made quite an impression there I can see.

MS BARKER: Shut up loser

HEAD: Mr Crawford.

NO RESPONSE

MS BARKER: He's a bit hard of hearing, Head. You might need to get a little bit closer.

HEAD: (SHOUTS) Crawford, you need to get onto the teaching agency forthwith; we need an outstanding mathematics teacher for the rest of the week.

NO RESPONSE

MS BARKER: I'll see to it Head; you can rely on me.

HEAD: So be it.

MR BUCKLE: Head I was wondering if anyone else could teach maths today; I've a bit of a headache coming on.

HEAD: You are a teacher are you not Buckle?

MR BUCKLE: Yes of course I am.

HEAD: Then you shall teach mathematics.

MR BUCKLE: I have never taught Maths for I am a PE teacher – I'm a bit rusty with all of those simultaneous equations and the like.

HEAD: Nonsense Buckle; you can do it.

MR BUCKLE: I don't know about that.

HEAD: Don't you remember what I said in briefing this morning?

MR BUCKLE: That all staff should contribute fifty pence a week to the coffee jar fund?

HEAD: You weren't listening Mr Buckle. I said that all my staff should be able to support the school in whatever way they can and whenever they are called upon. I would expect the caretaker to take a lesson in Physics if I asked him to.

MR BUCKLE: Old Tomkins teach Physics?

HEAD: You are a sporting man, Buckle; you must remember the Dutch soccer team of the seventies.

MR BUCKLE: Yeah of course I do.

HEAD: They were remembered for total football were they not? Each player was able to play effectively in any position on the pitch with the extremely talented Johan Cruyff at the helm controlling the game around him.

MR BUCKLE: Didn't they lose to West Germany in the seventy-four world cup final?

HEAD: Nevertheless Buckle, what a team; each player knowing how to support the other. I am indeed Cruyff at the helm of the school and each of my staff are the team in orange and together we stand for total education.

MS BARKER: Hurrah for that Head.

HEAD: Total education is to be embedded into the very culture of the school Buckle. We must be prepared – each and every one of us

MR BUCKLE: Prepared for what?

HEAD: Prepared for OFSTED of course; what else is there to be prepared for?

MS BARKER: And we will be prepared Head.

HEAD: No Barker we are prepared for OFSTED. We are prepared even if they come to inspect us tomorrow.

PHONE RINGS. MS BARKER ANSWERS

MS BARKER: Hello this is the staff room. (BEAT) It's for you Head.

HEAD TAKES CALL.

HEAD: My God, OFSTED are inspecting us tomorrow morning and we are not prepared.

MS BARKER: We shall be Head; have faith.

HEAD: Mr Crawford follow me at once, we have much work to do.

HEAD EXITS

MR CRAWFORD: What was that all about?

MR BUCKLE: I think that we've just seen the Cruyff turn.

MS BARKER: Mr Crawford make haste after the Head for we have an OFSTED inspection tomorrow morning.

MR CRAWFORD: Have you tried Milk of Magnesia?

MS BARKER: Buckle you must explain to Mr Crawford the seriousness of our predicament and I shall contact the teaching agency to send us a mathematics teacher for tomorrow.

MR BUCKLE: Can you ask for a new deputy head whilst you are at it?

MS BARKER: Can you not take anything seriously?

MS BARKER EXITS

MR CRAWFORD: Is it lunch time yet?

MR BUCKLE: I think it may well be Mr Crawford; it is sausage and mash today, my favourite.

MR CRAWFORD: I believe you are wrong Buckle; it's pie for lunch today.

MR BUCKLE AND MR CRAWFORD EXIT

ENTER MERCEDES & TREVOR

MERCEDES: So we've got an OFSTED inspection; that should be fun.

TREVOR: Keep watch whilst I recover my screwdriver Mercedes.

MERCEDES: Keep watch for yourself you freak.

TREVOR: I've got it let's go, quick.

MERCEDES: You are such a chicken Trevor.

ENTER MS BARKER

TREVOR: Oh no we've done it now.

MS BARKER: Trevor and Mercedes what on earth do you think you are you doing in the staff room without permission?

TREVOR: We're the new milk monitors.

MS BARKER: Don't be absurd Trevor; I thought better of you than this.

TREVOR: Sorry Ms.

MS BARKER: Off you go.

TREVOR: Ms?

TREVOR AND MERCEDES GO TO EXIT.

MS BARKER: (TO MERCEDES) No not you.

TREVOR EXITS

What are you doing in the staff room Mercedes?

MERCEDES: Handing in my homework Ms.

MS BARKER: That's nonsense; you never do any homework.

MERCEDES: Trevor and I have put a listening device under that chair so we can hear what the teachers talk about at break time.

MS BARKER: You need to do better than that Mercedes.

MERCEDES: Sorry Ms.

MS BARKER: I haven't got time to deal with you now Mercedes because I'm very busy.

MERCEDES: Busy with the OFSTED inspection Ms?

MS BARKER: What do you know of an OFSTED inspection?

MERCEDES: I don't know anything Miss.

MS BARKER: Then why did you say it?

MERCEDES: Because I am disadvantaged Miss; it's all very sad.

MS BARKER: Be here at nine o' clock sharp tomorrow morning and by then I would have thought of an appropriate punishment for you.

MERCEDES: That's not fair Ms; what about Trevor Green?

MS BARKER: What about Trevor Green?

MERCEDES: He was in here too.

MS BARKER: I've very disappointed in you Mercedes; no one likes a grass.

MERCEDES: What?

MS BARKER: Get out of my sight now.

MERCEDES EXITS

MS BARKER: I don't know where the reputation of this school is going. We need to change the catchment area away from that dreadful housing estate.

MS BARKER EXITS