

DINKUM POPPIES

A fair dinkum look at Australia's famous and infamous characters



A musical play by Cenarth Fox
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To the Director

Some roles could be male or female e.g. sheep, migrants, umpires, miners, etc.

DINKUM POPPIES

**Words and music by Cenarth Fox
Published by FOX PLAYS**

Reviews of this popular musical staged by adults, primary, middle and secondary schools

It is with pleasure that we report the success of *Dinkum Poppies*. The three performances were well supported by parents and friends of the school and all were enthusiastic in their praise of the show. In particular they liked the fluid presentation of Australia's "heroes" and enjoyed the participation it allowed for a large cast of students.

We thoroughly enjoyed the production. A magnificent concert!
Maroochydore State High School

A frolic through Australian history. Enjoyed by everyone. *Dinkum Poppies* is a superb show.
Whittlesea Technical High School

Dinkum Poppies was very successful.
Yeppoon State High School

Dinkum Poppies is a fast-moving musical full of life, laughter, joy, sadness and hope.
Kew High School

We did have fun performing *Dinkum Poppies*. Thanks for your sense of humor. *Dinkum Poppies* helped the students recognise themselves as Australian and recognise that they have a part to play in the future of this country too.
Alphington Grammar School

Dinkum Poppies is a delightful musical. **Grey Street Primary School**

Dinkum Poppies was a great success and we are still singing the tunes in our head!
Boronia Heights PS

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Synopsis

dinkum – true, honest, genuine or excellent example of its kind

tall poppy – someone with outstanding status

Dinkum Poppies is a musical salute to thousands of people who've had something to do with Australia. Statesmen, shearers, squatters, soldiers, social-workers, singers, sporting stars, sheilas, strikers, suffragettes, swindlers and swaggies. Struth!

The setting is a modern sideshow in a fairground. Business is bad. When someone suggests they “spin a yarn”, something special occurs. In stroll the stars. Fair dinkum.

Musical Items

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. | Overture | Orchestra |
| 2. | Step Right Up | The Barkers |
| 3. | Spin A Yarn | Sheila and Company |
| 4. | Spin A Yarn Reprise | Ted |
| 5. | See Why They Picked US | Company |
| 6. | Down Under | Ted and Politicians |
| 7. | Fix It With Friendship | Chisholm and Convicts |
| 8. | Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino | Mitchell, Macarthur and Sheep |
| 9. | Yellow Fever | Company |
| 10. | Lalor and Lola | Lalor, Lola and Company |
| 11. | Yellow Fever Reprise | Merchants |
| 12. | A Quid in Kelly 1 | Kelly and Merchants |
| 13. | A Quid in Kelly 2 | Kelly and Merchants |
| 14. | Suffragettes and Strikers | Company |
| 15. | Off To War | Company |
| 16. | Dear Mum | Soloist |
| 17. | Entr'acte | Orchestra |
| 18. | Step Right Up Reprise | The Barkers |
| 19. | I Dips Me Lid | Swaggie and Company |
| 20. | Down Under Reprise | Ted and Company |
| 21. | Sir Donald | Two umpires |
| 22. | Off To War Reprise | Company |
| 23. | Menzies, Mining and Migrants | Menzies, Miner and Migrant |
| 24. | Dinkum Poppies | Company |
| 25. | Curtain Calls | Company |
| 26. | Playout | Orchestra |

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Main Characters [5]

Ted Barker – sideshow operator, down on his luck, works hard, hates modern sideshow gimmicks, set in his ways, loves his country

Gloria Barker – independent, marries to Ted, a softie, hard worker, tries to protect Ted from his failures

Sheila Barker – Gloria’s sister or cousin, clever, intelligent, full of life and imagination, willing to explore new ideas

Paul Barker – Ted’s younger brother, inexperienced, bull at a gate, short temper, learning the sideshow trade

Razor – sideshow operator, nasty, sarcastic, boastful, wealthy but without any sign of wealth, into modern technology

Cameo Roles [21]

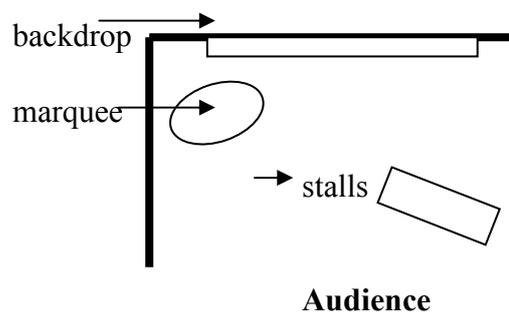
Convicts, politicians, Caroline Chisholm, Major Sir Thomas Mitchell, Elizabeth Macarthur, Merino [a sheep], Peter Lalor, Lola Montez, merchants or bankers, Kate Kelly, army sergeant, mother, soldier, swaggie, cricket umpires, Sir Robert Menzies, miner, migrant [Italian].

There are additional roles for explorers, miners, sailors, townspeople, squatters, soldiers, police, nurses, suffragettes, strikers, etc. Many roles can be doubled.

During the song *I Dips Me Lid*, a brief appearance from famous Aussie icons can occur – Smithy, Our Glad, Roy Rene, etc

Set Design

There is only one set. It’s a country town fairground with a marquee and stall or two. There needs to be open space downstage of the marquee for business. The characters change the scenes coming and going during the play. Upstage have a grass mound or some such to give different levels so that you can dress the stage with the full company.



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[Overture. At bar 59 the curtain rises and/or lights come up. It's probably a country town or park in a city. We see part of a fair, a travelling roadshow. There's a tent/marquee upstage with bunting and signs. It's daytime with plenty of warm, sunny light. There are tacky signs FIRE-EATER, HORROR CASTLE and FABULUS [sic] PRIZES for the stalls, sideshows. The backdrop could feature hills, trees, windmill, etc. The Barkers are spread across the stage, frozen in spruiking pose. Gloria, Paul, Ted and Sheila are ready to rip. Passers-by, people at the fair are scattered about the stage. They too are frozen. There are individuals, couples and families. At bar 73 everyone comes alive. The spruikers spruik and the passers-by pass by. Some of the public could stop and listen to a spruiker then move along en route through the fairground. The passers-by could come and go. Exit, pause then re-enter from another direction. Good timing required because at the end of the song only the four spruikers remain. The public exit in dribs and drabs. The following speeches are spoken simultaneously. You may need to ad lib a little and you could allow each spruiker to be prominent for a few seconds - maybe step forward at a certain point. The speeches may not finish in the time allowed. That's fine. All the more effective as suddenly all four stop spruiking and sing as one. Very good timing.]

- Gloria** Fire-eating, levitation, weird and wonderful sights. Yes ladies and gentlemen, step inside for the show of a lifetime. See the world's sensational sword-swallower. See flames eaten whole. See razor-sharp knives thrown directly at me. It's dangerous, it's daring, it's dinki-di. Roll up, step inside, showtime in five minutes. Hurry, hurry, hurry.
- Paul** It's fright-time folks. Inside this haunted castle meet vampires, monsters, skeletons, bats, rats, cats [*Evil aside*] Dead of course. [*Back into it*] Now come on, it's the horror show to end 'em all. I tell you, I'm scared just talkin' about it. Come on, give yourself a thrill. And here's a promise – anyone scared to death gets their money back. Can't say fairer than that. Roll up. Hurry, hurry, hurry.
- Sheila** Five a dollar. Every throw wins. Fabulous prizes. Step right up and claim your gift. Come on sir, you can do it. Course you can. What about you, love? Easy. It's dead easy. Every number means a prize. Only five a dollar. Hurry, hurry. Every throw wins. Come on madam, you can do it. Course you can. What about you, mate? Easy. It's dead easy. Every number wins a prize. Hurry, hurry, hurry.
- Ted** Lucky-dip, lucky-dip. Red, Green or Blue. Twenty, fifty a dollar. Everybody wins. Look at these prizes. Every ticket wins. Get lucky. Everyone's lucky at the lucky-dip. Yes m'am. Anyone can play. How about it, Blue? Take home a beautiful doll. Okay, so you'll take home two. Come on folks, it's lucky-dip time. Pick a colour, pick a prize but hurry, hurry, hurry.

No. 2 Step Right Up

- Quartet** *Gotta 'nunciate 'n promulgate the news*
 Gotta growl 'n howl 'n scowl with all our might
 Gotta spieler, wheeler-dealer all of youse
 To see you buy a ticket, see you buy a ticket. Alright?
 Gotta screech 'n snarl 'n sing 'n speak our wares
 In the blazing sun or freezing cold at night
 Gotta cope 'n hope some dope'll heed our prayers

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*To see you buy a ticket, see you buy a ticket, tonight!
Step right up, we've made a pact to charm you
Step right up, our act will soon disarm you
We've got prizes, come and have a spin
Shapes and sizes, all for you to win, come on and
Step right up, you'll never know
Until you dare to have a go
Have a flutter
Come in spinner
Even money
You're a winner
When you step right up.*

[Dialogue during song. Gloria, Paul and Sheila start at underlined part of preceding speech]

Ted Lucky-dip! Buried treasure more like it. Dig around, feel around and bingo! Come on, be lucky!

Gloria Death-defying, unbelievably-dangerous and what's more – right before your eyes. It's real, it's here, it's now.

Paul Horror movies, ha! Jokesville. I guarantee to stop your heart, chill your blood and grey your hair. *[Points]* Re-grow yours. *[To crowd]* Come on, come on ... or are you chicken?

Sheila Talk about easy. My old granny can play this. She won a prize. You'll win a prize. Take aim, throw and Bob's y'uncle. Come on Uncle Bob, have a go. *[Chorus is repeated but crowd starts to disappear. They wander off in dribs and drabs. The singers give their all but to no avail. The song ends to an empty stage i.e. no customers. The quartet finish song with arms outstretched and freeze. Applause stops. No-one moves. Pause. Ted moves his head. He looks around. Then he steps out of line-up, looks around and is disgusted]*

Ted Nothin'.
[Others break freeze and look around. They too are depressed. They sit or lean. PAUL suddenly breaks into spiel]

Paul It's fright-time, folks. Inside this haunted castle meets vampires, monsters ...

Ted Okay Paul, knock off.
[PAUL looks at others. They have quit. He wants to give it one more go]

Paul Vampires, monsters, skeletons ...

Ted *[Stronger]* I said, "Knock off"!

Paul *[Angry]* Terrific. Just as the crowd starts building you wanna quit.

Gloria What crowd?

Paul They're out there. You've gotta work at draggin' 'em in. We've got the goods, we need better spruikin'.

Sheila You're wastin' y'time. We're finished.

Ted I agree. Let's pack up.

Sheila I don't mean finished tonight. I mean forever. *[Tension]*

Ted I'll pretend I didn't hear that.

Gloria *[Sarcastic]* You've got a great sense of humour, Sheila.

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Sheila Tough people make tough decisions.
Ted *[Angry]* Tough! You wouldn't know. The toughest job in the world is cushy alongside this. We run a marathon every day. You want tough. This is tough.
Sheila Which is why you won't quit even when our business is dead.
Ted *[Threatens]* You take that back.
Paul *[Intervenes]* Easy, Ted, easy.
[PAUL holds TED who points threatening finger at SHEILA then backs off. Pause. Things cool a little but tension remains]
Gloria It's true, Ted. Sheila's right.
Ted *[Angry again]* It's not true. How can you say that? My grandfather'd turn in his grave. He travelled through floods, droughts, bushfires and worse to stage this show. Me Dad did the same and as long as I'm alive this shows stays open. D'ya hear me? *[Pause. Silence]*
Sheila We hear ya, Ted. *[Indicates empty stage]* They don't.
Gloria Times have changed.
Paul Cars, TV, video, the Internet. Who wants ping-pong balls and cardboard hats?
Ted *[Quiet determined]* I will not close this show.
Sheila Someone else has. They've voted with their feet.
Paul Who wants to flog fairy floss?
Ted *[Still quiet and determined]* I will not close this show.
[Pause. RAZOR enters with full money bag]
Razor Hello, hello. Who died?
Gloria Get lost, Razor.
Razor Don't tell me your super attractions didn't attract – again.
Paul Push off.
Razor *[Indicates bag]* Got me takings. All notes. Tens, twenties ... fifties.
Ted So you got lucky. Now clear off.
Razor No luck, mate. This is smart business. I move with the times. *[Indicates their stalls]* Not your out-of-date garbage. *[PAUL and GLORIA move towards RAZOR who scuttles off but calls]* Old-fashioned, old-hat, old-world – just old. *[One last insult]* Losers.
[RAZOR exits laughing as PAUL pretends to throw something at him. Sadness returns. RAZOR'S wealthy, they're broke]
Sheila *[Breaks silence]* He's right. We are out of date. Maybe we should try something new.
Ted What? Electronic games. No skill, no challenge. They're rubbish.
Gloria We can't afford new equipment.
Sheila I've got a plan that's different and cheap.
Paul We're cheap.
Sheila Why don't we try telling stories. *[OTHERS laugh, scoff]*
Ted Stories?
Gloria *[Mocking]* Goldilocks and the Sideshows.
Paul Snow White and the Three Dwarfs.
Ted *[Serious]* Hang on. The old bushmen told tales.
[PAUL and GLORIA stop laughing. Surprise that TED is suddenly serious]
Gloria Oh come on, Ted. You can't be serious.

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Sheila *[Excited]* People love stories, tales of adventure, mystery, battling the odds.
Ted And this place is full of stories.
Paul And you're full of baloney. What are you talking about?
[MUSIC BEGINS]

No. 3 Spin A Yarn

Sheila *"Once upon a time" is all you have to say
And you'll weave a magic spell
"Once upon a time in a land not far away"
Come and meet the personnel
"Once upon a time" people gather and they stay
As you claim your clientele
Once upon a, once upon a, once upon a, once upon a
Once upon a, 'pon a, 'pon a time.
Spin a yarn and the world lends an ear
Spin a yarn, see the crowd soon appear
Spin a yarn and you'll win as they cheer
When you let our legends live.
Spin a yarn, you don't need to be smart
Spin a yarn, it's a cinch once you start
Spin a yarn and you'll touch someone's heart
When you simply spin a yarn.
You can tell of brave explorers [1] and the sailors of the sea
The squatters, the cockies on the land [2]
You can talk about our diggers [3]
And the folk who kept us free, everyone was truly grand.
Or our miners, shearers, workers [4]
They have toiled to build this land
And the city folk in buildings lost in cloud [5]
Paul There are sporting greats [6], our leaders
Sheila And of course the family [7]
Quartet Everyone here makes us proud.*

[Various people enter during the above song. [1] explorers and sailors dressed for period 1770-1820. Their number depends on the size of your cast, stage and budget. It might just be one of each. Ted, Gloria and Paul notice the newcomers who become the audience listening to the song. [2] farmer/s from different periods of history. [3] soldiers/nurses from world war/s. [4] gold prospectors, 19th century workers and shearer/s. [5] traders, office workers from different periods of history. [6] swimmers, athletes, cricket, football, tennis players. [7] an Aussie family.

As each new person or group enters, the hubbub spreads. People greet one another and mingle but listen to the song. The Barkers are thrilled. Ted, Gloria and Paul catch the theme and idea started by SHEILA and join the singing. Finally the whole company repeats the chorus. Everyone is thrilled. SHEILA leads/directs the company off at end of song. Paul and Gloria assist. Ted is left alone on stage. Lights dim. Ted is emotional. He hasn't had a crowd like this for years. And they came to see his show]

Ted I can't believe it. It's fantastic.

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[RAZOR enters back from banking]
Razor Hey you, loser. *[TED'S still in dreamland. RAZOR approaches]* Hey. I'm speakin' t'you.
Ted *[Turns]* What? Sorry?
Razor *[Indicates empty space]* Love ya crowd.
Ted Did you see them? They were great. Just like the old days.
Razor Yeah, right.
Ted *[Bubbling]* Explorers, soldiers, sailors, diggers – it was marvellous. All our heroes, men and women who helped make this country great.
Razor Kangaroos in the top paddock, mate.
Ted What?
Razor *[Indicates head]* Flipped. Gah-gah. Gone bananas.
Ted No, it's true. Fair dinkum. All these people came alive, here, right where you're standing.
Razor Listen, mate, bein' a loser's one thing but you're worse. You're a liar. *[Starts to exit]*
Ted *[After RAZOR]* I'm not. They were here. I can prove it.
Razor That's impossible. We ain't got no heroes. *[Exits]*
Ted *[Calling]* We have. I saw them. *[Turns to empty stage]* Right *[Voice fades]* over there. *[MUSIC BEGINS]*

No. 4 Spin A Yarn Reprise

Ted *Spin a yarn, you don't need to be smart
Spin a yarn, it's a cinch once you start
Spin a yarn and you'll touch someone's heart
When you simply spin a yarn.*

[TED'S moving solo – he really believes in SHEILA'S idea – is performed downstage under a single light. In the darkness upstage the actors enter ready for the next scene. The sideshow stall could become a building edifice or stall for selling gin. We're in a London street in 1770. Pause after TED'S solo then suddenly let fly. Lights up and the crowded street comes alive. TED spins round in fright. The street is filled with bustling, brawling people most of whom are destitute and desperate. They wear ragged clothes of the period. They talk, screech, beg,, laugh, moan, cry. Some help place a body in an open coffin. A dummy corpse facing upstage hangs from a rafter or beam upstage. A gin vendor cries, "Drunk a penny, dead-drunk tuppence" and the din increases. TED staggers back to side of stage and watches in wide-eyed amazement. PAUL and GLORIA suddenly appear on a podium of sorts. They wear their modern-day clothes and speak with normal accents. At first the Gin Lane people take no notice. In fact throughout the musical, historical characters accept the modern-day characters without question. The scene is boisterous and brutal – poverty, death and drunkenness are seen. The Londoners use accents – mainly Cockney but some Irish and Scots are heard. Liberal servings of gin. PAUL and GLORIA call over the din and eventually attract some attention]

Gloria Alright folks, step right up for the chance of a lifetime.
[Some gather round and soon others pay attention]
Paul It's farewell fever time. Farewell England.
Gloria And hello Terra Australis.

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[Heckling, chatter. "What's this? Who are they?" etc]
Paul So come on, who wants to be lucky?
Convict 1 I wanna be drunk. *[Roar of approval and laughter]*
Gloria So who fancies a trip overseas, loads of sunshine and all expenses paid?
Convict 2 They're from parliament. *[Another roar of laughter/heckling]*
Paul Come on, come on, who wants to be lucky?
Convict 3 I do. I wanna be lucky.
Convict 4 'E's a thief! *[More laughter]*
Convict 3 It's true. I stole two pies.
Gloria Pies! You must be an epicure. Step aboard sir.
[Convict 3 staggers towards GLORIA. Others laugh, heckle]
Convict 5 I'm a thief. I stole two handkerchiefs. *[Crowd react]*
Paul Silk no doubt. Welcome madam, step this way..
[Convict 5 moves towards PAUL and runs the gauntlet of her peers]
Convict 6 I stole a loaf of bread.
Gloria That man's a baker. Over here, mate.
[Laughter and now others call as one wanting to join the party]
Paul That's it folks. Step up and win a prize. *[MUSIC BEGINS]*
*[Drunks call out over introduction and the scene is hectic. It's as if PAUL and GLORIA have free tickets for a fabulous overseas cruise. Well they do if you forget the fabulous. The drunks cry, "I'm a thief ... I stole a penny ...
... I pinched an apple ... " etc. Right on cue the drunks/convicts suddenly face the audience and explanation how they got to join the first fleet to Australia]*

No. 5 See Why They Picked Us

Convicts *You can see why they picked us out of all the people in the world
You can see why they knicked us to see another flag unfurled
We've got a certain charm, a bit of je ne sais quoi
Blimey it's a Limey talkin' French, well we'll go far
And you can see why they tricked us to see the other side of the world.*

Convict 1 *I'm a thief*
Convict 2 *I'm a crim*
Convict 3 *An' I even stole from 'im [Meaning Convict 1]*
Convicts *But we won the overseas lottery*
Convict 4 *Picked a pocket*
Convict 5 *Knicked a locket*
Convict 6 *And you know where you can sock it*
Convicts *In the British overseas lottery
Such a fine class of citizen, we're the best of the worst
Such a farce that this 'ere citizen [themselves] sets off first*

Convict 7 *I'm a crook*
Convict 8 *I'm a drunk*
Convict 9 *Owed a quid and done a bunk*
Convicts *Now we're goin' overseas.
[Song ends. TED applauds. The "immigrants turn to PAUL and GLORIA who continue their spruiking]*

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- Convict 1** 'Ere, where we goin?
[Convicts/drunks bombard the Barkers with questions. 'Yes, where we goin? ... 'ow'll we get there? ... Come on, tell us?'] etc
- Paul** *[Calling]* Alright, alright. Let's have a bit of shoosh.
[Crowd settle but murmur. "What's shoosh?"]
- Gloria** Only one man knows where you're going and he stands over there. *[She points at TED. Instant light change. All lights killed except a spot on the stunned TED. He freezes. Clueless. Lights slowly return to previous setting and convicts move to surround TED. GLORIA and TED quickly rescue TED and lead him to a podium. It's important the lights come up slowly because the female convicts move upstage and the male convicts are becoming members of parliament at Westminster. The females move upstage and the males to one side. TED, GLORIA and PAUL hog the limelight. The male convicts become members of a committee of the House of Commons. Posture and accents are used. Outer garments could be removed to reveal posh clothes or simply add a wig. If you have a large cast, the convicts will exit and be replaced by another group of your company playing educated politicians. TED protests throughout the move]*
- Ted** Gloria, Paul, please. I don't know about ...
- Paul** Your hat, sir.
[TED'S bush hat is removed and pushed into his chest. He holds the hat and looks distressed]
- Gloria** And your banksia.
[A stem of banksia or relevant greenery is shoved into his chest. He takes it and now holds both plant and headgear but is still confused. More lights come up and PAUL turns to the politicians [POLs] who sit or stand in formation]
- Paul** Honourable members of the House of Commons. *[TED gasps]*
- Gloria** We present a true Lincolnshire gentleman.
- Paul** Educated at Harrow, Eton and Oxford.
- Ted** *[What's going on?]* Oxford? I'm from Wagga Wagga.
- Gloria** Fellow of the Royal Society. *[TED'S speechless]*
- Paul** Soon to become its President.
- Ted** *[Incredible]* President!
- Gloria** We give you ...
- Paul/Gloria** Sir Joseph Banks.
[Politicians nod to TED who is dumbfounded. PAUL and GLORIA retreat into darkness/shadows. TED suddenly realises he's alone and starts to panic. The politicians politely applaud. TED is on his own. The politicians speak with cultured accents. TED plays himself]
- Politician 1** We understand you've been there, Sir Joseph.
- Ted** *[Hasn't got a clue]* Ah, sorry?
- Politician 2** New South Wales.
- Politician 3** The Great South Land.
- Ted** Oh, well ... yes.
- Politician 4** And you'd recommend it as a penal colony?
- Politician 5** A profitable investment, you say?

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Ted *[Gains a little confidence]* Well fellas, gentlemen, if you're talking about dear old Oz, then you've got no worries, mate. *[Hubbub from politicians. "No worries, mate?"]* In fact, I'd get stuck right in.
[MUSIC BEGINS. Hubbub. "Get stuck right in!" During song, politicians start to say something only to be cut off by the proud, singing TED]

No. 6 Down Under

Ted *Sky so blue and ocean too, the land is such a wonder*
Politician 1 Yes but what would you say to ...
Ted *Bush in bloom has sweet perfume
There's so much room down under*
Politician 2 We're led to believe there are many kinds of
Ted *Kangaroo and cockatoo, oh boy the barramunda*
Politician 3 Be that as it may, Sir Joseph, but ...
Ted *Climate fair beyond compare
Come claim your share down under.
Down under the horizon's longer and the sun shines stronger
On the swaggie's billabong, sir
Down under where the sky is clearer
And the bush more dearer, lovely atmosphere.*
Politician 4 That may well be but what do you say to ...
Ted *Mountains blue, a splendid view I spy from my rotunda*
Politician 5 Actually we want to know about the ...
Ted *The real estate is really great, you must migrate down under*
Politician 6 Can we assume you found the place somewhat ...
Ted *Massive gums and sugar plums, they dwarf your floribunda*
Politician 7 Could you give an unequivocal comment on ...
Ted *I know it's far but banksia is quite a star down under.
[Spoken] Come on chaps.*

[POLITICIANS stop asking questions, join TED in singing chorus. It's unashamedly a big-sell for Australia. Song ends. TED confident and proud]

Ted Gentlemen, *[TED gestures]* botanical beauties.
[POLITICIANS exit talking at once. "First rate ... Good show ... Top chappie ... Sir Joseph Banks ..." etc. TED is alone. Lights dim upstage. TED wanders down stage beaming and rubbing his hands with glee. He stops, faces front, becomes serious, pauses and speaks in a soft but determined voice]

Ted I will not close this show.
[Immediately and suddenly the female convicts – now residents of New South Wales and waiting in the darkness upstage – rush forward/downstage and make a fearful commotion. They could scream or wail or protest or call for help. TED gets a terrible fright and exits in panic. The convicts line up downstage. They plead, pant, wheeze and look run down and desperate. They plead with the audience all speaking at once]

Women Help me ... Please help me ... Can you help me? ... Please ... I ain't eaten for days, honest ... etc

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[They continue ad lib until one suddenly clutches her throat and screams. This is cue for others to freeze. They stare straight out, their faces locked in despair or fear. Spotlight picks up SHEILA who is in fine spruiking form. Dim lights downstage but we can still see the frozen women – just]

Sheila Magic, it's magic. Step right up for the mystery of magic. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Miraculous, marvellous magic. No tricks, no gimmicks – this is real. Ladies and gentlemen, the mistress of magic – Madame Chisholm!

[Light out on SHEILA. Eerie lighting effect. Explosive device with a puff of smoke is seen. Through the haze and eerie lighting steps a shadowy figure wearing huge cape and hood. Madame Chisholm moves forward in sweeping, effortless movement coming close to the frozen women downstage. CHISHOLM speaks in strange but friendly voice]

MC Abracadabra, come heed my call
Need a new life? I've got it all.

[Immediately lights come up and the women come alive. They protest to the audience and all speak simultaneously]

Woman 1 I've got no work, no work, Missus. No prospects. Nothing. How can I survive without work?

Woman 2 He took advantage. The captain, the officers, they all took advantage and me, defenceless.

Woman 3 They said I'd be all right. They said the colony needed women. They said it'll all be fine.

Woman 4 I can't stop drinking, Missus. I take rum every day. I need to have it because of me condition.

Woman 5 Ashamed madam. I'm so ashamed. My family don't know, nobody knows but I know and I'm ashamed.

Chisholm *[Interrupts before they've finished]* Enough! *[Instantly the women stop speaking]*
One at a time – please.

No. 7 Fix It With Friendship

Woman 1 *Unemployed* **Woman 2** *Homeless*

Woman 3 *Afraid* **Woman 4** *Drunk*

Woman 5 *Destitute*

Chisholm *Weave a little spell for those who live in hell
And you fix it with friendship.
Wave a tiny wand for those besieged, in bond
And you fix it with friendship.
Rub Aladdin's lamp for those in cold and damp
And you fix it with friendship.
Say a little rhyme for those in grit and grime
And you fix it with friendship.
Friendship, turns disease into healthy
Has the poor somewhat wealthy
And the best part is you can share it
Friendship, turns the gloom into brightness*

13 DINKUM POPPIES

*Changes wrong into rightness
Friendship magic it's true.*

[During instrumental break, CHISHOLM touches each despairing woman with her wand or hand and slowly but surely each woman's face changes from despair to happiness, their posture improves and even their appearance may change i.e. scruffy wig removed, on with bright shawl or new bonnet. The women join in the repeat of the chorus and song ends with everyone happy. The women dance/bounce off as PAUL bounces on. The show keeps moving]

Paul *[Addressing audience] Step right up. Live and in person, three of our greatest heroes. Witness their courage, skill and imagination. They built this land. They brought us wealth and prosperity. Hurry, hurry, hurry. It's the Major, Missus 'n Mutton Show!*

[MUSIC BEGINS. PAUL bounces off extending arm indicating the three performers who skip on. There's Major Thomas Mitchell (explorer), Elizabeth Macarthur (sheep breeder) and a sheep called Merino who dances on two legs. Two legs good, four legs bad! The humans are dressed in their period costume and the sheep in perhaps a pair of breeches and waistcoat from the 1830s and some sort of sheep's head. MERINO sings so don't mask the face. MERINO could be a ram or a ewe but whatever, is a singing sheep!]

No. 8 Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino

Trio *Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino, try con brio, high esteem
Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino, what a trio, what a team.*

Mitchell *I mapped out this country*

Macarthur *I grew woollen gold*

Merino *And I'm the poor jumbuck whose fleece you all sold.*

Trio *Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino, what a trio, what a team.*

Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino, listen in to what we did

Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino, cos of us you made a quid.

Mitchell *I surveyed the pastures*

Macarthur *My wool was just great*

Merino *And I'm the boiled mutton you served on a plate.*

Trio *Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino cos of us you made a quid.*

Mitchell *I marched into Queensland, Victoria too*

This crusty and quarrelsome Scot

I roamed many regions, surveyed sundry sites

Which helped squawking squatters to squat.

I drew pretty pictures, brought books to our schools

Gave plenty of pastures a rap

While you're in bed snoring I'm out here exploring

I've put most of you on the map.

Macarthur *I started in Devon then married dear John*

Macarthurs we farmed New South Wales

Imported some sheep and then grew fancy fleece

The quality shone in our bales.

In spite of eight children and spouse overseas

14 DINKUM POPPIES

Merino *I helped all my sheep win a prize
When they say my husband's the one you should thank
They're pulling wool over your eyes.
Imported from Africa, started in Spain
I landed in these sunny climes
The place was not booming until I arrived
But soon there were happier times.
New pastures discovered, the squatters began
With thousands of sheep and a shack
Till soon this great country began to grow rich
The wealth growing 'ere on me back.*

Trio *Oh, Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino
You've got bingo with we three
Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino, learn the lingo and you'll see*

**Mitchell
Macarthur
Merino
Trio** *I faced many dangers
Endured scuttlebutt
And I'm the poor bugger who got 'is/'er throat cut
Mitchell, Macarthur, Merino, learn the lingo and you'll see
Trio. What a team!*

[TRIO exit with MACARTGHUR riding piggyback on MERINO being "whipped" by MITCHELL. BLACKOUT. Lights up slowly. TED wanders in sweeping. He's clearing away imaginary excess wool. RAZOR enters wheeling trolley containing large cardboard box marked Space Invaders or similar. Inside the box is a pinball machine, the type RAZOR uses in his stall. We can't see inside the box. RAZOR sees TED, stops and calls]

Razor Hey, Loser. *[TED turns and becomes excited]*

Ted Did ja' see 'em? Did ja?

Razor *[Ignores TED. Pats box]* Wait'll you see this.

Ted It's true. People love sheep shearing.

Razor *[What's TED on about]* Sheep shearing?

Ted I'm sweepin' up – like they do in the sheds. *[TED resumes sweeping. RAZOR shakes his head and starts to exit. Calling]* You'll love our new show, Razor. It's great.

Razor *[Stops]* What? Cupie dolls and plastic hooters? *[Pats box]* This is where it's at. E-lec-tronic games, mate.

Ted *[Moves to RAZOR]* We've got heroes, real Aussie people who've done all sorts of things.

Razor People don't want people. Colour, light and action. *[Pats box]* This has got the lot.

Ted People love stories. That's just a machine.

Razor Yeah but a living machine. Five different types of coloured lights.

Ted Does it keep you warm at night? Doesn't it make you proud to be an Aussie?

Razor It keeps me laughin' all the way to the bank. Not like some I know. *[Starts to exit]* You're broke. No money, mate. No money at all.

15 DINKUM POPPIES

- [RAZOR exits. TED moves to the exit point]*
- Ted** No money? *[To Audience]* No money? *[Pause then in loud spruiking voice]*
We've got goooold!
[MUSIC BEGINS. Immediately lights brighten and stage is invaded. Miners from many countries enter and mime working. They dig, sluice, weigh, etc. They could carry or push a few props – wheelbarrow, buckets, shovels, etc. Police inspect licences, a publican offers beer and a preacher preaches. The site is a hive of activity. TED spruiks over the music and bustle around him]
- Ted** Step right up. See the international gold rush. See the face of Australia change before your very eyes. From America, Canada, Italy, China, Prussia, Ireland, Van Dieman's Land, even Sydney – it's the Golden Generation. *[TED exits]*

No. 9 Yellow Fever

- Company** *We're sick, we're sick, we're very, very sick
We're workin' hard just like a blinkin' beaver
We're crook, we're crook, we're very, very crook
We've gone and caught a dose of yellow fever.
There's gold in them tha' hills we heard folk say
And like a shot we claimed a spot
And pray we make it pay, you see
We're ill, we're ill, we're very, very ill
Because we've gone and caught a dose of yellow fever.*
[Monologues during the song]
- Miner 1** *[Texan]* Hi yawl. Ahm from Texas. Jurst luv your prairies.
- Miner 2** *[Chinese]* Ah so. Velly nice place, Bllalalat.
- Miner 3** *[German accent]* Guten Tag. Vot a vonderful valley in vich to verk.
- Miner 4** *[Italian]* It's a the best a place-a I'm a liking all a my loif.
- Miner 5** *[Australian]* G'day. Used to work in a Collins Street bank. Took a sickie and here I am.
[Series of dramatic scenes begin. As soon as the dialogue for each scene is over, the people involved engage in miming the dispute/activity. Others may join in. Activity everywhere]
- Police 1** *[To miner]* Right, let's see your licence.
- Miner 6** I paid yesterday.
- Police 2** Like hell you did. *[Scuffle develops]*
- Miner 7** *[To Chinese miner]* Come on, Chinaman – out. *[Scuffle develops]*
- Vendor** *[Sly-grog salesman]* 'Ere mate. Good 'n cheap grog.
- Miner 8** *[Swigs then clutches throat]* Poison. Y'grog's poison.
[Others react and scuffle develops, There are several scuffles happening at once. The goldfields are awash with fights but on cue the scuffles stop and the singing recommences. Song ends and everyone freezes. Brief pause. MUSIC BEGINS. TED enters and is spotlighted. Dim other lights. TED moves amongst the motionless miners as he spruiks]
- Ted** Step right up and meet our golden stars. From Ireland our dashing leader at Eureka – Peter Lalor.

16 DINKUM POPPIES

[LALOR – rhymes with smaller - enters and lights come up, miners come alive and cheer and applaud. LALOR acknowledges them. A Eureka flag could appear. LALOR is their hero. TED continues over the cheering and the miners go quiet with a signal from LALOR] And also from Ireland and many other parts, our stunning, sexy star of the stage – Lola Montez.

[LOLA makes snazzy entrance and miners go wild. Even LALOR applauds. TED bounces off and singing begins. MINERS form themselves into a rapt audience. Light the performers]

No. 10 Lalor and Lola

Lalor *I'm Lalor* **Lola** *I'm Lola*
Duet *Come on and take a stroller*
Through the streets of Ballarat town.

Lola *I'm Lola* **Lalor** *I'm Lalor*
Duet *We've both been called a brawler*
For our feats in Ballarat town.
We gave good value with lots 'n lots of flair
And history records us as a right good pair.

Lalor *I'm Lalor* **Lola** *I'm Lola*
Duet *With us you'll win Tombola*
And the treats of Ballarat town.

Lalor *There's nothing you hate more than a rotten copper*
And magistrates and others on the take. [MINERS agree]

Lola *There's nothing you love more than a star show-stopper*
With legs 'n limbs to start a minor quake. [MINERS agree]

Lalor *There are some things you fight for*
Like your rights and justice [MINERS agree]

Lola *And a chance to dance the night away. [MINERS agree]*
Duet *It's freedom and laughter, the things that you're after*
And we'll find them come what may. [MINERS cheer]

[Dialogue during song. Some miners sing softly under dialogue. Non-singing miners comment after each speech. Speeches continue over the comments]

Lalor *We may have lost the battle but soon we'll win the war. [MINERS agree]*

Lola *Christened Maria Delores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, wouldn't you leave home?*
[MINERS agree]

Lalor *I lost an arm and many mates but Eureka was the start of democracy down*
under. [MINERS agree]

Lola *Not every Colleen is the King of Bavaria's mistress. My contribution to*
"international relations". [MINERS laugh]

Lalor *Behold an Irish miner who became Speaker of Victoria's parliament. ["Here*
hear" from the miners]

Lola *Behold an Irish dancer who made the world her stage. [MINERS cheer]*

17 DINKUM POPPIES

[Song continues with all singing. Song ends. Dim lights and everyone exits. MUSIC BEGINS. Light front of stage as three merchants enter. They're returning from Ballarat to Melbourne laden with gold. They bob up and down imitating travelling on a Cobb and Co coach. They carry bags of gold. A few miners could jeer the merchants as the miners exit. The merchants pay no heed. In fact they pay no-one.. They simply take. Besides, they're too busy telling the world of their success]

No. 11 Yellow Fever Reprise

- Trio** *I'm rich, I'm rich, I'm very, very rich
A merchant full of gold, a great achiever
I'm flush, I'm flush, I'm very, very flush
I've gone and caught a dose of yellow fever.
The miners do the digging very few will make a strike
And those who do find you know who
Is more than businesslike, you see
I'm fat, I'm fat, I'm very, very fat
Because I've gone and caught a dose of yellow fever.*
[Song ends. TRIO halt centre-stage and bask in their wealth and glory. From the darkness comes a threatening voice]
- Kelly** Stand and deliver!
[TRIO face front, petrified. TRIO's eyes dart every which way]
- Merchant 1** *[Scared stiff]* Bushrangers.
- Merchant 2** *[Terrified]* It couldn't be him.
- Merchant 3** *[Frightened]* I thought he was dead.
[They tremble in unison facing front. From the darkness steps Ned Kelly in full armour and confronts the merchants with a revolver]
- Trio** *[Fear and trembling]* Ned Kelly!
[KELLY approaches slowly. MERCHANTS have hands in air and bags of gold at feet. One merchant tries to drag money bag in with a foot but a gesture from KELLY soon stops that]
- Merchant 1** *[Frightened whisper]* It can't be him. I saw him hang.
- Merchant 2** *[Equally scared]* You're dead, Ned. Executed Melbourne goal, November eleven, eighteen eighty.
- Merchant 3** *[Slight stammer]* T T T This is eighteen eighty-three.
[Pause. KELLY stares at trembling merchants then, still keeping them covered, slowly removes that infamous helmet. Merchants gasp. KELLY'S hair cascades o'er her shoulders]
- Merchant 1** She's a woman!
- Merchant 2** Kelly's alive.
- Merchant 3** And now it's Nellie Kelly!
- Kelly** You fools. My Ned's dead, God rest his soul.
- Merchant 1** But if Ned's dead, who ...
- Kelly** The Kelly name lives on through little sister Kate.
- Trio** Sister!
- Merchant 2** You're Ned Kelly's sister?
- Kelly** Kate by name, Kelly by nature. *[Threatens merchants]* Hand over the gold.

18 DINKUM POPPIES

[MUSIC BEGINS. Over the recitative, the heartbroken merchants bring their gold to KATE then retreat to their position of helplessness. They all sing as this scene is enacted]

No. 12 A Quid in Kelly – 1

Kelly *Tragedy, Edward Kelly murdered.*
Merchant 1 [Spoken] *He wasn't murder ...*
[KATE threatens them with gun and they sing]
Trio *Edward Kelly murdered.*
Kate *Travesty, Edward Kelly innocent.*
Merchant 2 [Spoken] *Ned Kelly innoc ...*
[Again KATE threatens with gun and the trio obey]
Trio *Edward Kelly innocent.*
Kate *Pay heed. I, Kate Kelly*
Younger sister of Edward, better known as Ned
Do hereby announce my intention
To vindicate and venerate
My bold, brave brother's name.
[Dialogue. Suddenly excited MERCHANTS see chance to make a buck]
Merchant 3 *How? What will you do?*
Merchant 1 *Will you use our money? Your money?!*
Merchant 1 *How can you bring back the dead Ned?*
[KELLY stuffs guns in belt and starts sales pitch]
Kate *Gentlemen, are you interested in gold?*
Trio *[As one] Oh yes ... Are we ever ... Of course ... etc.*
Merchant 1 *[Pointing at bags] Especially that lot. [OTHERS agree]*
Kate *[Scoffs] That? Ha! Pennies.*
Trio *[Shocked] Pennies!*
Kate *[Quietly excited] I'm sitting on a gold mine. [TRIO hooked] And you don't have to dig.*
Merchant 2 *You must own a bank.*
Merchant 3 *Did you say, "No digging"?*
Merchant 1 *Where? How?*
Kate *Everywhere. [TRIO interested but confused]*
Trio *Everywhere?*
Kate *Gentlemen, there's gold in Edward Kelly. [MUSIC BEGINS]*

No. 13 A Quid In Kelly – 2

Kate *Opening, Edward Kelly opportunity.*
Merchant 3 [Spoken] *He's a dead bush*
[KELLY threatens TRIO with guns and they sing]
Trio *Edward Kelly opportunity.*
Kate *Speculate, Edward Kelly situation.*
Merchant 1 [Spoken] *We can't invest in ...*
[KELLY smiles and nods and TRIO get her drift]
Trio *Edward Kelly situation.*

19 DINKUM POPPIES

Kate *Pay heed, I, Kate Kelly
Younger sister of Edward better known as Ned
Do herby announce my intention
To mystify and magnify
My bold, brave brother's name.
There's a quid in Kelly if we're lucky
There's some bread in Ned if we're quick
There's lucre in legend, moula in myth
But only if your name is Edward Kelly not Smith.
There's a slush-fund, a strong-box in a story
Look at Robin Hood and Billy the Kid
There's a gold mine in gossip mustn't dilly-dally
Kelly, there's a quid.*

[Dialogue during song]

Kate Promotion time, folks. Sell Ned Kelly.
Merchant 1 Paint his picture.
Merchant 2 Make his movie.
Merchant 3 Write his opera.
Kate Invent expressions.
Merchant 2 How about, "As game as Ned Kelly"? *[OTHERS like it]*
Kate We can play on his persecution.
Merchant 3 Poor Irish family.
Merchant 1 Picked on by police.
Merchant 2 Betrayed by bureaucracy.
Kate *[Becomes a spruiker]* Step right up. Hurry, hurry, hurry.
[TED and GLORIA enter and are hooked. MERCHANTS all spruik]
Merchant 3 Witness injustice!
Merchant 1 Iniquity!
Merchant 2 Inequity!
Kate And much more but hurry! *[SHEILA enters]* Get your ticket for the Ned Kelly Show!

[PAUL rushes in. The BARKERS form a mini-audience. They help push in/over a box marked "Ned Kelly" from which KATE and MERCHANTS take props. MERCHANT 1 puts on shawl and is Mrs Kelly, Merchant 2 a policeman's hat and MERCHANT 3 a wig to be a judge. Melodrama begins.

MERCHANT 1 says "I'm Missus Kelly". The policeman then mimes beating poor Missus Kelly who finally falls down fighting. KATE rushes home to see Mother in tears. KATE pops on Ned's helmet, creeps up behind policeman who turns and is headbutted. Policeman falls down in terrible piece of over-acting. KATE removes helmet and Judge steps forward and places noose around her neck. Kate says, "Such is life" and mimes being hung. Mother is aghast and policeman is happy. All four actors then stand quickly, form line and take a bow. Barkers applaud wildly and could even join in repeat of the chorus. Song over, more applause from Barkers who may even help KATE and MERCHANTS grab props and make speedy exit. The Barkers are buzzing and speak even as Merchants depart]

Ted Marvellous. Brilliant. We've hit the jackpot.
Gloria I've gotta admit you're right, Sheila. Stories are big.
Sheila And you ain't heard nothin' yet.
[In wings, COMPANY members start marching on the spot. Soft and build]
Paul *[Looks offstage]* Will you just look at that crowd.
Gloria And it's getting bigger and bigger.
[BARKERS excited as the look. Marching sounds increase]
Sheila This is the biggest crowd we've had in years.
[BARKERS scamper for cover as marchers march on]
Ted *[As he exits]* I will not close this show.
[Two 1890s protest groups enter marching. Women are suffragettes, men workers. Women want the vote, men the right to strike. Their unaccompanied song is a chant. There are placards – "Votes for Women" "Suffragettes", "Shearers Strike" "No Scabs" etc. A Eureka flag could be carried]

No. 14 Suffragettes and Strikers

Women *Vote, give us the vote*
Give us the vote, the vote, the vote.

Men *We're on strike, we're on strike*
Strike, strike, we're on strike.

Women	<i>Women have rights</i>	Men	<i>Workers have rights</i>
Women	<i>Women</i>	Men	<i>Workers</i>
Women	<i>Women</i>	Men	<i>Workers</i>
Women	<i>Women</i>	Men	<i>Workers</i>
Women	<i>Women</i>	Men	<i>Workers</i>
Women	<i>Vote</i>	Men	<i>We're on strike</i>
Women	<i>Give us the vote</i>	Men	<i>We're on strike</i>
Women	<i>Give us the vote</i>	Men	<i>Strike</i>
Women	<i>The vote</i>	Men	<i>Strike</i>
Women	<i>The vote</i>	Men	<i>Strike</i>
Women	<i>The vote</i>	Men	<i>We're on strike</i>

Company *Stand fast you strong defender*
Victory and not surrender
Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight! [Huge cheer]
[Speeches over the chant begin at bar 29]

Woman 1 South Australian women demand the vote.
Man 1 Coal miners go on strike.
Woman 2 Western Australian women demand the vote.
Man 2 Maritime workers go on strike.
Woman 3 Australian women demand the vote.
Man 3 The great shearers' strike of 1891.
Woman 4 Women demand the vote under federation.
Man 4 Victorian Railway Strike of 1903.
Woman 5 Finally, Victoria gives women the vote.
Man 5 The Sydney Tram Strike of 1908.
[Chant continues and ends with a soloist]

21 DINKUM POPPIES

- Soloist** *Three cheers for victory. Hip, hip ...*
[Everyone mimes the hooray – no sound is heard. Everyone freezes. Just when the hooray would have been heard a strong, bustling, bristling drill sergeant bellows as he enters from the wings. Great timing required]
- Sergeant** All right, put a sock in it. It's 1914 and Australia's at war!
[Now comes the cheer from the soloist's "hip hip". It's the cheer they've been saving. Make it a big one]
- Company** Hooray!
- Sergeant** Remember, Australians will stand behind the Mother country to help and defend her ...
- Man 1** *[Calls]* To our last man.
- Woman 1** *[Proudly calls]* And to our last shilling. *[MUSIC BEGINS]*
- Company** Hooray. *[Another big cheer. Everyone pleased to help the Empire.]*

No. 15 Game of War

- Company** *We're off to play a dear old game of war*
A jolly, little game of war.
We're off to tackle Turkey and the hated Hun
With Digger's hat and rifle, boy will it be fun.
We'll stroll along a fancy, foreign shore
And never face a loss or draw.
We often win at cricket now the army's just the ticket
And we're off to play a game of war.

[From beginning of song, workers become WWI soldiers, diggers. Some suffragettes become nurses with white apron, red cross and hat. The placards are dismantled or turned to read "Australia Needs You" or "My Daddy's a Soldier" etc. The placard sticks could become rifles. At bar 41, a cricket match takes place with mock scoreboard. Germany makes a low score and Australia a huge score. The men form lines and are given slouch hats. The onlookers cheer their boys. At bar 85 or thereabouts, RAZOR is "recruited" by the sergeant. RAZOR enters carrying cardboard box]

- Sergeant** *[Calls]* Hey you! *[RAZOR stops. Only his face is seen over box]* Yes you.
[RAZOR gets fright, drops box and hops about feigning sore foot]
- Razor** *[Hopping]* Ow ... that hurt ... me foot's sore ...
- Sergeant** Atten tion! *[RAZOR instantly stands to attention]* That's more like it. Now then soldier ...
- Razor** *[Breaks pose]* Soldier? I'm no ...
- Sergeant** *[Roaring]* Silence! *[Petrieved RAZOR back to attention]* This is the army, Digger. Now, Flanders or Gallipoli?
- Razor** F F F Flanders? What about me games?
- Sergeant** Games? You've off to play one.
- Razor** But what'll happen to me customers?
- Sergeant** You won't need 'em where you're goin', Sunshine. Now, about ... turn!
[RAZOR turns and faces upstage. Shock. It's the first time he's seen the crowd. He looks to the side to speak]

22 DINKUM POPPIES

Razor Struth. Who are they?
Sergeant They're you're compatriots. Listen, soldier, it's now 1914. [*Thrusting stick at RAZOR who takes it*] Here's your rifle and you can open the batting for Australia.
Razor Rifle? *Cricket?*
Sergeant We need men like you. [*Shoves RAZOR who stumbles*] And keep y'flamin' head down.
[RAZOR devastated. Crowd push him into line. The BARKERS enter and join in. Song ends with soldiers marching off to war. Others wave handkerchiefs and call "Goodbye" "Good luck" etc. Everyone exits. Lights dim as party exits. A woman enters, wanders downstage and stares into the distance – the audience. A postman enters and hands her a letter]

Postie Morning Missus.
Mother Oh good morning. Thank you.
[She takes letter and opens it]
Postie From overseas.
Mother *[Struggles to open envelope]* It's from my son. He's fighting in France.
Postie God bless him. *[Exits]* And you, Missus. *[MUSIC BEGINS]*
[Woman opens letter and sings/reads its contents]

No. 16 Dear Mum

Mother *Dear Mum, I hope that you are well
I hope that things are fine back home.
Thank you very much, your gift's a lovely touch
I really liked the cake and comb.
Dear Mum, I hope that things work out.
I hope that soon the war will end.
There isn't any news, excuse me if I lose
The letters you've so kindly penned.
Dear Mum, promoted now I am
A corporal, yes your boy's okay.
But Harry hurt his head and Danny now is dead
I wish the war would go away.
Dear Mum, I miss the Aussie sun
I miss the Aussie bush, the sea and sky.
It's winter over here, I fear another year
Could mean so many more will die.*
[Spoken] But cheer up. We Aussies have made a name for ourselves. The British reckon we're fine soldiers. Here's a yarn I read in a paper. Listen to this.

[Spotlight picks up the soldier son elsewhere on the stage. His uniform and face show signs of battle. He looks tired. His mother turns the letter and reads to herself. We hear what she's reading as her son speaks]

23 DINKUM POPPIES

Son A British officer was keen to learn how his troops behaved towards their sentries, whether they took them seriously. So one night the British officer took up a position as sentry. He heard footsteps, saw shadows and challenged the men with, “Who goes there?” The answer came – “Grenadier Guards”. The British officer replied, “Pass on Grenadier Guards, all is well.” A short time later more footsteps. “Who goes there?” asked the officer. “Scots Guards” came the reply. “Pass on Scots Guards, all is well”. Not long after, more footsteps. “Who goes there?” And the answer came back, “Mind yer bloomin’ business”. So the officer sighed and said, “Pass on Australians”.

[MOTHER smiles and lowers the letter. SON mimes firing and taking cover. MOTHER returns to the letter]

Mother *Dear Mum, well guess I’d better close
There’s lots of work which must be done
My love to all the crew and most of all to you
As always, I’m your loving son.*

[Pause. A shot is heard. SOLDIER clasps his body and slumps, dead]

Mother My loving son.
[She clasps letter as lights dim, music swells and curtain falls quickly]

End of Act One

Act Two

No. 17 Entr’acte

[Curtain rises on similar scene to opening of show. MUSIC BEGINS. The BASRKERS are spruiking. This time they work together. SHIELA’S suggestion now has them excited. They’ve seen it work. Rather than all spruik at once, now they work as a team]

No. 18 Step Right Up Reprise

[Dialogue over the music]

Ted Step right up.
Gloria Meet the stars.
Sheila Learn their secrets.
Paul Hear their tales.
Quartet The dinkum poppies parade.
*Step right up, we’ve made a pact to charm you
Step right up, our act will soon disarm you.
We’ve got stories, come and listn’in
Grandstand glories, have you in a spin
Come on and step right up
You’ll never know until you dare to have a go.*

Ted *Have a flutter*
Gloria *Come in spinner*
Paul *Even money*
Sheila *You’re a winner*

24 DINKUM POPPIES

Quartet

When you step right up.

[Song ends and all four relax. They're happy]

Ted I knew it'd work. I knew it would work. *[OTHERS laugh at him]*

Gloria Liar, liar, pants on fire.

Ted No, dinkum, I knew the crowds would return.

Gloria *[Indicates empty stage]* Oh yeah. So where are they?

Paul It was all just a flash in the pan. A one-day wonder.

Sheila No way. Our treasure chest of dinkum poppies is dead-set chockers.

Gloria Treasure chest? Ned Kelly a diamond?

Sheila Rough maybe but a twenty carat sparkler.

Ted So apart from the Kellys and the others we've met, who else is there?

Paul *[Pointing]* Hey! Speaking of crooks and bushrangers.

[OTHERS turn as RAZOR enters limping and with an arm in a sling. He looks miserable but is wearing his "normal" clothes]

Ted Hey, stranger, where's y'cash?

Gloria Been overseas I hear. How was it?

Razor *[Sarcastic]* Oh no, don't tell me you've got no customers. Again.

Paul Did you break your arm counting all your takings?

[OTHERS laugh. RAZOR smirks]

Razor That's right, you can laugh. But who's going to the bank? My machines make money. Piles of it. What have you got? Hey? Nothin'.

Ted We've got stories.

Razor *[Scoffs]* Stories. What a joke. You get a busload of deros in fancy dress and you reckon it's Christmas. You haven't made it.

Sheila We haven't but they have.

Razor Who? Who are you talkin' about?

Paul Our heroes.

Razor Heroes! They're all like you – dead.

Gloria So what's with the war wounds?

Razor I fell over, Nosy, installing a new machine.

Paul *[Going to help]* Oh, we're sorry to hear that, Razor. Can we help?

Razor *[Limps back]* Keep away from me. I don't need help, especially from you.

[Exiting] You're the ones who need help. *[Stops at edge of stage]* Heroes. Ha!

[He exits. Silence. Maybe he's right. OTHERS despondent]

Ted Maybe he's right. I mean he's the one making all the money.

Sheila Money but no imagination.

Gloria Dreams don't pay the bills.

Sheila You saw what happened when we spun some yarns.

Paul Well I'm out of yarns. I'm spun dry.

Sheila I told you about dinkum diamonds. All we've gotta do is dig. Look ... *[Moves to stall]* this could easily become a ... ah!

[SHEILA screams and backs away quickly. OTHERS worried]

Ted Sheila. What's up?

Sheila *[Pointing]* There's someone in there.

Paul *[Starts to move]* I'll fix him.

25 DINKUM POPPIES

Sheila Paul, don't! [*PAUL stops*] I think he's dangerous.
Ted [*Takes over*] Probably a drunk. [*Calls*] Hey you. In there. Listen mate, that's private property. [*Pause*] D'ja hear me? [*TED looks at OTHERS*]
Gloria Better call the cops.
Swaggie [*Can't be seen*] Call the cops! Who needs the coppers?
Ted Fair enough. But who are you?
[Pause. Slowly SWAGGIE appears. He wears battered clothes with rope for belt. His beard is dirty. He has a swag and billy]
Swaggie Crikey, ain't you never seen a swaggie?
Paul A swagman, a real swaggie?
Swaggie And you thought we only lived in legends. Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong that disappeared in the dry season. [*OTHERS smile*]
Gloria My grandfather knew some swaggie.
Swaggie Bet it was the one with a jolly jumbuck in his tucker bag.
Gloria No it's true. [*SWAGGIE winks and GLORIA smiles*]
Sheila I'm sorry I called out before. You gave me a fright.
Swaggie My fault, love. Shouldn't doss here anyway. I'll be off.
[SWAGGIE gathers belongings and starts to exit. TED looks at OTHERS. They mime/whisper brief conversation]
Ted [*Calls*] Hang on. [*SWAGGIE stops*]
Gloria You don't have to go.
Paul Yeah, how about a cuppa?
Swaggie [*Shuffles back*] Well thanks, folks. I am a bit stony.
Gloria Let me take your things. [*She takes swag and billy*]
Swaggie God bless ya, love. It's to folk like you ... [*He raises his hat*] that I dips me lid.
[MUSIC BEGINS]

No. I Dips Me Lid

Swaggie *I been on the road out old Gundagai way
With baccy and billy and swag
I boiled up me billy and managed a feed
Then puffed me penultimate fag.
I baked up a damper, I rolled out me swag
Procedure I follow each day
And when folk are friendly and offer me hope
I cheerfully salute them and say.
I dips me lid to people who give me a hand
I dips me lid to those whose achievements are grand.
I've seen many battlers who've stumbled and slid
Who've gambled and worked hard but went for a slid
Yet somehow they've managed to still earn a quid
And to them I dips me lid.*
[Dialogue during song]
Swaggie Fair dinkum, there's all kinds of heroes I'd sing out for.
Sheila Such as?

26 DINKUM POPPIES

- Swaggie** And sing's right with Dame Nellie, Percy Grainger and me old mate, Jack O'Hagan. *[These three enter NELLIE escorted by the men]*
- Ted** *[Stunned]* It's Nellie Melba! *[TRIO greeted by BARKERS]*
- Swaggie** *[Doesn't look just keeps reminiscing]* Out bush with Dad 'n Dave 'n Mabel. *[The Rudds enter and are greeted and mingle]*
- Gloria** G'day Dave.
- Swaggie** Up there there's Smithy. *[SMITHY enters in flying gear. Mingles]* Struth, could 'e fly. And out front, well, strike me lucky, it's Stiffy and Mo. *[STIFFY and MO bounce on, wave to the audience and play up to everyone. The Barkers are thrilled with proceedings and take much pride in meeting and welcoming these fair dinkum poppies]*
- Sheila** *[Calling]* I knew we had dinkum poppies.
- Swaggie** And that ain't half. There's Our Glad, Ginger Mick, the Lindsays, the Sharman's, blimey – and to youse all, I dips me lid. *[If your cast is large enough on comes Gladys Moncrieff, Sentimental Bloke characters, Norman and Ruby Lindsay, Jimmy Sharman and some boxers. Everyone mingles. Everyone's happy. They sing]*
- Company** *I dips me lid to Aussies who've all had a go
I dips me lid, there's so much to them that we owe.
To folk who are famous, to those who are hid
Artists and artisans, Doreen, the Kid
We're proud of them all and the things that they did
And to them I dips me lid.*
- Mo** *Strike me lucky!*
- Company** *And to them I dips me lid*
- Mo** *Cheeky possum*
- Company** *And to them I dips me lid.*
- [Song ends with everyone dipping their lid. They freeze in this salute. Applause stops. Nobody moves. Pause. We hear laughter offstage. It's RAZOR. It's 1929. He enters with hair messy, clothes dirty, torn, messy. He lurches onstage. He appears drunk. Nobody else moves]*
- Razor** Heroes! *[Fiendish laugh]* Stories. Ha! *[Laughs]* So you've found a crowd. Dragged in a few dead nobodies. Think that'll make money? *[Laughs then snaps into sarcasm]* Well think again, drongos, there ain't no dough. We're in a depression *[Everyone breaks their pose, comes alive. Lights dim, people are sad and move sombrely upstage TED angry turns on RAZOR]*
- Ted** Depression? What do you mean?
- Razor** It means no jobs, no money, no customers. *[He exits with stagger. He's done his own dough big time]* Tell us a story now, you hero. *[RAZOR exits. Mood sombre. Pause. Suddenly, almost in desperation, PAUL steps forward and spruiks]*
- Paul** Step right up. Hurry, hurry, hurry. See the ... *[Voice trails off]* ... great unemployment show.

27 DINKUM POPPIES

- Gloria** *[At first enthusiastic]* Yes folks it's showtime. Right over here for ... *[Voice trails off in despair]* ... for hunger and poverty.
[More despair. BARKERS look at each other. What now? TED to SHIELA]
- Ted** So where's Missus Caroline Bloody Chisholm when we need her? Where is she now?
[SHIELA depressed like others. Lighting dims even more. People wander in and pass by TED. They state their case then pass by into the shadows. You could even use some of the dinkum poppies because it's dim and eerie lighting and we can only just see them]
- Person 1** Spare a coin, sir? *[TED turns. Person has gone]*
- Person 2** Help me sick mother, mate. *[TED spins the other way]*
- Person 3** Buy a pencil, sir, very cheap. *[TED despairs]*
- Person 4** Anything to spare, mate?
[TED can't stand it. It's both the end of his dream of success as well as the poverty and despair. He calls loudly to the crowd in the darkness upstage]
- Ted** Oh somebody, please, anyone – these people need help.
- Gloria** *[Quietly. Goes to TED]* Ted, it's no use.
- Ted** *[Still loud, still angry]* No use!
- Sheila** *[Strongly]* The whole world's in a depression.
- Ted** These people are starving. They have no jobs and no income. *[MUSIC BEGINS]* My God, is this the country I once knew?

No. 20 Down Under Reprise

- Ted** *Sky so grey, no jobs or pay, the country's one big blunder*
- Person 1** *[Spoken]* Got any bread, mister?
- Ted** *Bush so dry, no wonder why, you learn to cry down under.*
- Person 2** *[Spoken]* I've had tripe for six months.
- Ted** *Susso's fine, you wait in line,
More chance if struck by thunder*
- Person 3** *[Spoken]* Gunna jump the rattler, mate.
- Ted** *A decent feed is all we need you'll hear us plead down under*
- Company** *Down under, unemployment's worse here
Poverty's a curse here, the economy's in reverse gear
Down under, greasy cabbage supper, all I get's a cuppa
Lovely atmosphere.*
[COMPANY remains motionless during any applause. A solemn moment. MUSIC BEGINS. Everyone moves to form two lines closer upstage. They face inwards as if giving a special welcome to an important person. Spot top of lines i.e. upstage. Company applaud as two 1930s cricket umpires enter and come downstage. Spectators fade away into the darkness. Umpires set three stumps. A mini scoreboard appears at one side]

No. 21 Sir Donald

- Umpires** *We've come to hate Sir Donald Bradman
He makes us wave our arms all day.
[Umpires signal 4 and 6]*

*We know our fate with Donald Bradman
"You're out" is what we seldom say.
It's true you're great Sir Donald Bradman
An honour just to watch you play
You've got us in a spin Sir Donald Bradman
You make us wave our arms all day.*

[During song, umpires announce highlights of Sir Donald's batting feats. Mini scoreboard displays some or all of this information]

Umpire 1 World's greatest batsman.
Umpire 2 First class cricket at age 19.
Umpire 1 Century in first match.
Umpire 2 World record innings – 452 not out.
Umpire 1 Highest test score – 334.
Umpire 2 1932-33 test average – 201.
Umpire 1 117 centuries.
Umpire 2 37 double centuries.
Umpire 1 Captain of Australia.
Umpire 2 In 1949, Sir Donald Bradman.
[Chorus repeated. Song ends. RAZOR dashes on puffing. UMPIRES chat]
Razor *[Puffing]* Excuse me. *[Ignored so louder]* Excuse me.
Umpire 1 Buzz off son, we're busy.
Razor I was wondering if I could souvenir a stump.
Umpire 2 Don't be ridiculous. This is a test match. The great Don Bradman played here today.
Razor I know. That's why I'd like to have a stump. He's my hero, my favourite Aussie hero.
Umpire 1 *[To UMPIRE 2]* One stump won't hurt. Every kid needs a hero.
Umpire 2 *[Handing over stump]* Don Bradman used to practise with a stump, son. See you look after it.
Razor Oh I will, I will.
[UMPIRES exit. RAZOR admiring stump when booming voice is heard offstage. RAZOR'S face turns white with fear. It's the WW1 sergeant now a WW2 sergeant]
Sergeant All right you horrible little man!
Razor *[Trembling]* Oh no, not him. *[Falls to knees]* Please not him.
Sergeant *[Enters marching, stops beside RAZOR]* On y'feet, soldier. On the double. *[RAZOR stands]* Atten – shun! *[RAZOR to attention]* Present – arms! *[Cricket stump becomes rifle for drill]* You remember what they said about the last one? *[Pause]* Well?
Razor *[Nervous]* The war to end all wars ... sir.
Sergeant Well they were wrong. There's another little bunfight in the oven. So company *[SERGEANT plonks slouch hat on RAZOR'S head]* quick march!
[MUSIC BEGINS]

29 DINKUM POPPIES

[Company enters marching and sings. Lighting becomes sombre. Performers are people of WW2 period even some of those from I Dips Me Lid. We see soldiers, nurses, wives, children, women in the services, etc. BARKERS enter and spruik during the song, not in any disrespectful way but rather with pride and respect for their country and its forces]

No. 22 Off To War Reprise

Company *We're off to fight another bloody war
Another bitter, bloody war
We're off to kill in Europe and the Middle East
It hardly matters where when you are quite deceased.
We'll live or die we know not what's in store
Our fate's a thing we can't ignore
You need a damn defender well the Digger won't surrender
And we're off to fight another war.*

[BARKERS spruik. RAZOR kneels and mimes firing his rifle, fighting, etc]

Ted Great Britain has declared war and, as a result, Australia is also at war.

Gloria Aussies fight in Libya, Syria, Greece and Cyprus.

Paul German advance stopped by the Rats of Tobruk.

Sheila Diggers captured in fall of Singapore.

Ted Enemy planes bomb Darwin.

Gloria Aussies heroic in New Guinea.

Paul Aussie women enlist.

Sheila Thousands of Australians never return.

Quintet *[Includes RAZOR] Lest we forget.*

Company Lest we forget.

[Song ends with everyone except PAUL marching off singing. He bounces forward and spruiks to the world. He could even start speaking as the marchers are still exiting]

Paul Peace. No more war. So step right up. Celebrate our post-war prosperity. Live and in person, three of our greatest heroes. Witness their courage, skill and imagination. They helped build this land. They brought wealth and prosperity so hurry, hurry, hurry. It's the Pig Iron, Pilbara and Pasta Parade!

[MUSIC BEGINS and PAUL exits indicating the three performers who enter. On bounce former PM, Sir Robert Menzies, a miner from the Pilbara region and a new Australian from the 1950s/60s. The migrant is an Italian labourer or a housewife. They perform under their own lighting downstage]

No. 23 Menzies, Mining and Migrants

Trio *Menzies, more mining and migrants,
We're triumphant, on champagne
Menzies, more mining and migrants,
Your investment, what a gain.*

Menzies *I governed this country*

Miner *I'm at the coal face*

30 DINKUM POPPIES

Migrant *And I spread spaghetti all over the place.*
Trio *Menzies, more mining and migrants,
Your investment, what a gain.*

Trio *Menzies, more mining and migrant, Listen into what we did
Menzies, more mining and migrants
Cos of us you made a quid.*

Menzies *I passed legislation*
Miner *I dug up the ground*
Migrant *And I gave the language a beautiful sound*
Trio *Menzies, more mining and migrants
Cos of us you made a quid.*

Menzies *Born in Jeparit, my folk ran a store
This barrister bloke who stood tall
Served as Prime Minister twenty odd years
A record unlikely to fall
They gave me the nickname of Pig Iron Bob
And cricket I simply adore
While Labour was scrapping the voters were clapping
Elections I won by the score.*

Miner *It started with gold many long years ago
But now we've discovered much more
There's copper and bauxite, uranium, gas
And mountains of rich iron ore
There's Roxby and Roma and Rum Jungle too
The mining boom's set to expand
We'll harness our forces and tap the resources
Australia's one hell of a land.*

Migrant *I born in Italia, sailed out to Oz
This good Catholic wog bloke [bird] from Rome
I drink cappachino and work till I drop
Australia I'm proud to call home
I got a big family they all live out here
And talk with their hands, sometimes yell
We reckon it's beaut when we sell lotsa fruit
And drink home made grappa as well.*

Trio *Oh Menzies, more mining and migrants
You've got bingo with we three
Menzies, more mining and migrants
Learn the lingo and you'll see.*

Menzies *I started the Liberals*
Miner *I brought on the boom*
Migrant *I drive a the Holden it goes vroom, vroom, vroom*
Trio *Menzies, more mining and migrants
Learn the lingo and you'll see. Bingo what a three!*

31 DINKUM POPPIES

[TRIO dance off. Spot killed. General drab lighting up slowly. BRAKERS are alone. They're miserable, flat, business is back to being bad. They're back to the feelings at the beginning]

Ted I agree it's over. Let's pack up.
[OTHERS start to pack but stop when RAZOR comes racing in]

Razor Help me! You've gotta help me! *[OTHERS look but don't care]*

Gloria *[Packing up]* Look who it is. Mister Moneybags.

Paul *[Packing up]* Don't tell me one of your machines broke down.

Razor *[Desperate]* Look, I'm sorry I ridiculed your routines.

Ted *[Angry]* Ridiculed. You said we were dead. *[OTHERS agree]*

Razor I know and I'm sorry. Very sorry. All right?
[TED walks away to resume packing]

Gloria What's your problem?

Ted *[Calls]* Don't help him. Ignore him.

Razor I've had a power failure. *[OTHERS laugh]* Look, it's a serious.

Ted Losing money's serious and it couldn't happen to a nicer bloke. *[Agreement]*

Razor *[Pause]* I'm not losing money. *[OTHERS shocked, stop work]*

Paul What?

Razor I've got so many customers out there I dunno what to do.
[OTHERS look at RAZOR. SHEILA dashes offstage]

Gloria Let's get this straight. You've got no power and no machines?

Paul But you've got heaps of customers?

Razor Exactly.

Ted So what's going on? What have you done?

Razor Nothing. Well, maybe a little advertising.

Ted Advertising what?

Razor Nothing. Just advertising.

Ted *[Angry. Shouts]* Advertising what?

Razor *[Shouting back]* All right. Heroes.

Trio *[OTHERS furious]* Heroes?!

Gloria You advertised heroes?

Razor I had to. I had no power. So I just put up a sign.
[Crowd hubbub offstage begins and builds gradually]

Paul What sign?

Razor I was nothing. Just a sign.

Ted *[Furious]* What sign?

Razor Oh something like ... "Dinkum Poppies Spin Yarns".
[OTHERS stunned, furious. SHEILA bursts in]

Sheila *[Puffing]* There's a huge crowd out there. *[Crowd noises build]*

Razor You've gotta help me.

Ted Help you! Do what?

Razor Spin a yarn. I have to tell 'em about our dinkum poppies.
[Crowd noises build. RAZOR really starts to panic]

Gloria You said we haven't got any heroes.

Razor I know and I was wrong. Please, help me.

Sheila *[Quietly]* Come on, Ted. One more time.

Razor I'll do anything.
Ted Have you got a loud voice?
Razor I think so. Pretty loud.
Ted *[Moving downstage. Other BARKERS join him]* Well use it.
Razor W W What do I say? *[MUSIC BEGINS]*
Ted Tell 'em about your mates. *[Crowd noises loud]*
Razor *[Moves to them. Shouts]* What mates?
Barkers Your dinkum poppies! *[COMPANY enters dressed as different characters as seen throughout the show. Everyone sings with gusto or Gustavo]*

No. 24 Dinkum Poppies

Company *You'll find 'em in the city pointing to the sky
You'll find 'em in the outback be it wet or dry
You'll find 'em bein' famous and you'll find 'em bein' shy
Fair dinkum poppies and they're dinky-di.
You'll find 'em pretty ancient and you'll find 'em new
You'll find 'em bein' forthright, others hid from view
You'll find 'em all Australian as a kangaroo
Fair dinkum poppies and they're all true blue.
Fair dinkum poppies, people who have done their bit
Fair dinkum poppies
People who will never, never ever quit because they're
Fair dinkum poppies, people who have pulled their weight
Fair dinkum poppies are those who make this country great.
Fair dinkum, fair dinkum, fair dinkum
Fair dinkum, dinky-di dinkum. [Repeat]
Are those who make this country great. Make it great.
Poppies dinkum mate are great!*

No. 25 Curtain Calls

Company *There's a quid in Kelly if we're lucky
There's some bread in Ned if we're quick
There's lucre in legend, moula in myth
But only if your name is Edward Kelly not Smith
There's a slush-fund, a strong-box in a story
Look at Robin Hood and Billy the Kid
There's a gold-mine in gossip mustn't dilly-dally
Kelly – there's a quid.
Down under the horizon's longer and the sun shines stronger
On the swaggie's billabong, sir, down under
Where the sky is clearer and the bush more dearer
Lovely atmosphere.
Fair dinkum poppies, people who have done their bit
Fair dinkum poppies
People who will never, never ever quit because they're
Fair dinkum poppies, people who have pulled their weight
Fair dinkum poppies are those who make this country great.*

More Shows from FOX PLAYS

Cobbers

cobber – noun used in Australian English meaning friend, mate or companion. The word *cobber* first appeared in *The Bulletin* in February 1895.

Three young English siblings [two sisters and their brother] set sail for Australia in 1897. They land in Sydney to live with their aunt. At the time, Australia is in the grip of Federation fever. The Pommies discover life down under. They go to the Melbourne Cup, the goldfields in Kalgoorlie and to a sheep farm at the back of Bourke. They learn about women fighting for the vote, crazy local railways, playing two-up and what it's like to be a drongo. There are sobering moments learning about the original Australians and fabulous public brawling at a Federation rally. The highlight is back in Blighty when Queen Victoria sings and dances *Cut Those Apron Strings*. Finally the scoreboard goes up in Sydney and we watch the result of the federation poll. It's a moving musical about how Australia became Australia. One set, one act, 90 mins, 20+ roles and great chorus work. *Cobbers* is at times a serious and then a light-hearted look at Australia and Australians just before and after the Federation vote. It was a time to win or lose your cobbers. Songs include *The Dinki Di Rag*, *A Little Bit Democratic*, *Be An Aussie*, *Drongo*, *She'll Be Right Mate*, *The First Tuesday In November* and *Cobbers*.

The Originals

Big cast, toe-tapping musical set in and around sensational Sydney in the early 1800's. Loads of conflict and comedy. The women at the Parramatta Female Factory are not the same ladies of polite Sydney society who sip tea and sing *Lift Your Little Finger*. The convicts and soldiers fight amongst themselves and the perils of the unchartered bush. The Governor upsets wealthy businessmen and life is hard. The show-stopping *Sydney Town* is a full company song bursting with energy. Great singing/dancing routines.

The people and events are fictitious but the settings, characters and battles are very real. *The Originals* is a rollicking musical, 2 acts, 110 minutes, big chorus numbers, 20 roles, four simple scenes. It's won high praise in Australia and New Zealand since 1974. The early days in Sydney were rough, dangerous and exciting, matched only by the fascinating people who lived there. Marvellous songs including the moving four-part anthem *Australia*. Highly recommended for adult companies and talented teenagers.

Rehearsal Material and Performing Rights

If you wish to stage *Dinkum Poppies* or any FOX PLAYS play or musical, you must first obtain written permission from Fox Plays.

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