Principal’s Office

Ali Nadim (AN) knocks the door
Miss Courtney (MC) – Enter!

AN: Squeeze me please, lady!
MC: Yes, what is it?

AN: I’m coming here for to be learning the English.
MC: You’re early.

AN: Oh no! I’m Ali.
MC: May I beg your pardon?.

AN: My name is Ali. Ali Nadim. I’m coming here for to be learning the English.
MC: Ah, yes, yes, you wish to join our new class “English as a Foreign Language”.

AN: Yes please! And I’m hopping to be unrolled.
MC: Hopping to be unrolled?
AN: Like it say in your silly bus.
MC: You mean, hoping to be enrolled.
AN: That is what I said: hopping to be unrolled.
MC: Yes… well, I’m afraid you cannot be unrolled… er… enrolled until the English Teacher arrives. He should be here in a few minutes.
   In the mean while, perhaps you will care to wait in the classroom.
   It’s down the corridor, turn left at the bottom and wait in room 5.
   Understand?
AN: No

MC: Well… let’s start again.
   You go down the corridor.
AN: Down corridor...
MC: Good! Turn left...
AN: Turn left...
MC: Right!
AN: Rig...You are confusing me... left or right?
MC: It’s… left!
   Look, you just go down the corridor, turn left and wait in room five... room five.
AN: Ah! Now I’m understanding you, room 5.
MC: Yes!
AN: Jelly good, thank you!

Ali Nadim goes out and meets Mr. Brown.

AN: Oh! Dearly me! I’m not going where I’m looking.
MB: No, no, I wasn’t looking where I was going.
AN: That makes the two of us. Excuse me, sorry!

Mr. Brown waits outside the Principal’s Office and knocks the door:

MC: Enter!

MB: Mrs. Courtney...
MC: Miss!
MB: Ah! Sorry. I’m your new teacher, Jeremy Brown, BA Oxon... (Universitas Oxoniensis)
MC: You are a man!

MB: Yes.
MC: Well, this is most unsatisfactory disruption at all!

MB: Well, I’ll show you my credentials are impeccable...
MC: Academically perhaps, I’m talking about sex...

MB: I also assure you my morals are perfectly respectable, too.
MC: I’m referring to the fact that you are a man,
I distinctively requested the local authorities to send me a woman teacher,
specially if you know what happened to Mr. Wooverton.

MB: Mr. Wooverton?
MC: Yes... he was teaching English to foreign students last term,
I’m afraid he only lasted a month, then he departed...

MB: Dead?
MC: Demented!
Yes, the strain was too much for him... typical of the male sex with no stamina
He seemed to be able to cope at first and then one day he just snapped
It was really quite disgusting!

MB: Really, what did he do?
MC: Climbed out of the classroom window onto the roof, took out all his clothes
and stood up staked naked singing “I’m fall in love with a bunch of clinkers”.

MB: Well there’s no need to worry on my account.
I mean, I’m not likely to climb out of the classroom window.

MC: I know you aren’t.
MB: Oh! Thank you for your confidence.

MC: It has nothing to do with confidence.
We’ve had the window frames nailed up.

MB: Oh! Very thoughtful. Well I really would appreciate the job Mrs. Courtney.
MC: Miss!
MB: Miss Courtney!
I am qualified and I rather do need a job due to the economic situation and inflation...

MC: All right, there’s no need to talk whimper, you can start immediately
MB: Thank you!
MC: On a month’s trial...
MB: Thank you...
MC: If you last that long...

MB: I’ll do my best. Well, where do I find my students?
MC: Class 5, down the corridor, and turn left.

MB: Right! I’m looking forward to meeting them.
I’m sure we’re all going to get along extremely well.
Mr. Brown enters the classroom:

Mr. Brown: Good evening! Good evening... Quiet please!... Silence! I’m pleased to meet you all.

Ali Nadim: We are also pleased to be meeting you.

Mr. Brown: Ah! Good! I am Brown.
Ali Nadim: Oh no! You are committing a mistake!
Mr. Brown: A mistake?
Ali Nadim: Yes please. You are not brown. We are brown. You are white.

Mr. Brown: Er... my name is Brown. I am your teacher.
Giovanni: Ah! You professori.

Mr. Brown: Yes... er... quiet please...
Giovanni: SILENZIOOOOO!!!

Mr. Brown: Thank you! Right, would you all like to sit down? Sit down...
Taro: Ach so!!

Mr. Brown: Right... er... I’ll just take a note of all your names, nationalities and occupations, right?

Juan: Por favor, señor. Es la primera vez que vengo, ¿es esta la clase para aprender inglés?
Mr. Brown: Well, I’m afraid I understand what you are saying but you are not trying to find a needle work class.
Juan: Por favor?
Mr. Brown: It doesn’t matter. Have a seat.
Juan: Por favor?
Mr. Brown: Sit down!
Juan: Ah! Sí hombre, muchas gracias.
Mr. Brown: No, not there.
Juan: Por favor?
Mr. Brown: There!
Juan: Ah! Allí, sí, sí.

Mr. Brown: Right! I’ll just go round the class and take your names... er... yes? What is your name?

Max: Maximilium Andrea Absimidiss Papandraiou.
Mr. Brown: I’ll just put it down as Max. I’ll take that you are Greek?
Max: That’s right. From Athens.
Mr. Brown: Good. And what is your job?
Max: I work with sheeps.
Mr. Brown: You work with sheeps? You are a Shepard; do you work in a farm?
Max: Oh, no not farm.
Mr. Brown: But you’ve just said you work with sheeps.
Max: No, no, no... ships. Big ships. Buuup, buuup, buuup.
Mr. Brown: Ships!
Max: Yes. Ships. Dunkers.
Mr. Brown: Dunkers...? Tankers!
Max: Right! I work in office.
Mr. Brown: Thank you.

Mr. Brown: And your name?
Anna: Anna Schmidt. German. Au-Pair.
Mr. Brown: Usual German efficiency.
Anna: Germans are always efficient.
Taro: Not... so. Japanese... much more... efficient!
Anna: Nein... Germans are best!
Taro: Japanese make much better Television and cameras.
Mr. Brown: Oh! Please, let’s have no racialism, in this class all are equals.
Your name...

Giovanni: Giovanni Cupello. Italian.
Mr. Brown: Where do you work?
Giovanni: I work in Ristorante dei Populi.
Mr. Brown: Waiter?
Giovanni: No, not waiter. A coockter.
Mr. Brown: A coockter?
Giovanni: Si, I cook the ravioli, I cook the spaghetti, I cook the lasagna I cook everything.
Mr. Brown: A chef.
Giovanni: OK.

Mr. Brown: Your name?
Jamila: Angi?
Mr. Brown: What is your name?
Jamila: habla en Urdu.
Mr. Brown: Me, Jeremy Brown...you?
Jamila: habla en Urdu.
Mr. Brown: Max, Anna Schmidt, Giovanni Cupello, You?
Jamila: Oh, oh, oh... habla en Urdu.
Mr. Brown: Yes, yes write your name down... good, good!
It’s not good. I need your name in English.
Jamila: No Urdu?
Mr. Brown: No Urdu.
Jamila: Habla en Urdu.
Mr. Brown: Ah ah! Certificate of registration... Jamila Ranjha, India, Housewife.
And your name?

Mr. Brown: You are unemployed?
Ali Nadim: Yes please. Only one day a week I’m working.
Mr. Brown: Oh, and what do you do then?
Ali Nadim: I’m going to the unemployment exchange for to be collecting my money.
Oh! Blame me! I get more money for not being working, than when I’m working.
Mr. Brown: Yes but before you discovered this secret of eternal wealth, what did you do?
Ali Nadim: Blame me! I worked... at the Taj Mahal.
Mr. Brown: In Delhi.

Ranjeet: Thousands apologies for my lateness.
The only bus was going backwards.
Mr. Brown: I’m sure there must be a more logical explanation.
Ranjeet: It is the absolute true.
I was told to be taking a number 27 omnibus and I complied, but then it went backwards.
Mr. Brown: No, I think you mean it was going the other way.
Ranjeet: That is the guise of what I’m saying. Thousand apologies.
Mr. Brown: All right. Perhaps you want to seat next to Ali, your countryman.
Ranjeet: I can’t sit there. It’s impossible.
Mr. Brown: Why is it impossible?
Ranjeet: I’m sick.
Mr. Brown: Oh dear! I hope it’s not contagious.
Perhaps you want to come back when you are better?
Ranjeet: I do not comprehend the guise of your conversations.
Mr. Brown: Well, you said you are sick.
Ranjeet: No, no, no, no, I am not referring to my physical state of mind.
        My religion is Sikh. And he is Muslim
Ali Nadim: Islam is the only true faith.
Ranjeet: And Muslim only makes profit.
Ali Nadim: Infidels!
Ranjeet: You see, that’s Islamic people.
        And if you are not careful, I will have much pleasure in dispatching you to your holy
        messege with this.
Mr. Brown: I will not tolerate any religious intolerance. Put that knife away.
Ranjeet: He called me an infidel.
Mr. Brown: Well, you did not mean it, did you?
Ali Nadim: Most definitely.
Ranjeet: I swear by the five rivers of Punjab to I slice your throat from there to there.
Mr. Brown: Oh, no, ear to ear.
Ranjeet: Here to there, or there to here.
Mr. Brown: There’ll be no throat slicing in my class.
        If you want to do that sort of thing you should have joined the sports and pastimes.
        Put your knife away and sit down.
        How do you feel about Roman Catholics?
Ranjeet: Ooooh! I treat them like my brothers!
Mr. Brown: Good, then you can go and sit next to Giovanni.
Ranjeet: Puppet.
Mr. Brown: Gentlemen, please! You are here to learn English, not to start the holly war.
        What is your name?
Ranjeet: Ranjeet Singh.
Mr. Brown: And you are from which country?
Ranjeet: Punjab.
Mr. Brown: And what is your job?
Ranjeet: I am a very important member of the British Underground.
Mr. Brown: Underground what?
Ranjeet: Just the underground. “Mind the doooooors”
Mr. Brown: Oh! That underground.
        And your name?

13.00
Mr. Brown: Jelly Good... Very Good!
        And finally, your name?
Juan: Por favor?
Mr. Brown: Your name... what is your name?
Juan: Por favor?
Giovanni: Nooome!
Juan: Ah! Nombre? Si... Juan Cervantes para servirle, señor.
Mr. Brown: I don’t need to ask what nationality you are.
Juan: Por favor?
Mr. Brown: Spanish!
Juan: Por favor?
Mr. Brown: What is your job?
Juan: Por favor?
Giovanni: Traballo?
Juan: Ah! Trabajo, sí! Tri-lager.
Mr. Brown: Tree logger? What? You lag trees?
Juan: One Gin-Tonic, two whisky-coca, tri-lager.
Mr. Brown: Tri-lagers. Do you work in a bar?
Juan: Si, sí, bar, bar.

Miss Courtney: Well, Mr. Brown
Mr. Brown: Yes... thank you. Apart from one attempt of murder, a possible race fright,
        I seem to be cooping recently well.
Miss Courtney: Well, why I really came to inform you about was the registration fees for the students. Now it’s five pounds per head and I should be grateful if you would collect the money and bring it to my office in your tea break.

Mr. Brown: Right! I’ll do that.

Ms. Courtney: Perhaps we have one thing to be grateful for anyway. Sex won’t be bearing its little head.

Mr. Brown: I beg your pardon.

Ms. Courtney: Well, in my experience it’s not race or religion that causes the problem. It’s usually the presence of some foreign beauty. Genocide, intrigues or that sort of things.

Mr. Brown: Yes, looking at my class I don’t think we’ll be too bothered with anything like that.

Danielle: I come to learn English. Have I come to the right place?

PAUSA

Ms. Courtney: Enter!

Mr. B.: Mrs. Courtney

Ms. C: Miss

Mr. B: Miss.... I just brought the registration fees from the students.

Ms. C: Good! Now... how many students have you?

Mr. B: Nine

Ms. C: So there should be 45 pounds, didn’t you?

Mr. B: Well, it all depends on the rate of exchange...

Ms. C: I beg your pardon

Mr. B: Ehmm... not all of them had the 5 pounds in English money so I collected 29,50 in sterling and the rest is made up of 2000 Yen, 3000 lira, 250 pesetas, 75 drachma, 50 francs and 12 deutsche-mark... according to this mornings’ financial papers, that should give us a profit of 1,42 and a half pee.

Ms. C: Then I suggest you take it to the Bank in the morning and you covert it to English currency

Mr. B: Right!... I’ll do that

Ms. C: By the way, how is the femme fatale?

Mr. B: Ah! Yes, Danielle, well at the moment she is in the tea-room with Italy, Spain and Greece trying to establish diplomatic relations.

Ms. C: Well I hope she is not going to cause any bother,

Mr. B: Oh no, I’m sure she won’t
Giovanni: Look! I am going to seat here!
Max: No, is me... who is going to seat here!
G: But before you were sit over there.
M: And before you were sit over there.
G: You take it on me
M: Who, me?
G: You go back seat to where you are before!
M: No, I seat here
G: You not seat here
M: Hah! who is going to be stopping me?
G: Me
M: HAH!
G: Ha yourself, you think that you are tough?
Come outside.
M: OK

Mr. B: Where are you going?
G: We go outside to have a Punch-Down
Mr. B: You mean a Punch Up
M: I’m going to... how do you say?... knock his bloody block off...
G: We’ll see who is the
Mr. B: Just a minute... what is all this about?
G: I tell you Mister White...
Mr. B: Brown
G: Excuse me... It is about where we sit
Mr. B: What’s wrong with where you were sitting before?
G: These are my eyes, professori... I need to seat near the front... here...
Mr. B: Ahhh I see... and I suppose it’s got nothing to do with the fact that Danielle is sitting here too?
G: She is? I never noticed! You see... my eyes... I’m a little short-sighted.
M: And also a much a bigger liar.
G: It’s not true Mr. Green.
Mr. B: The name is Brown.
G: You see? I’m a colour blind as well.
Mr. B: And Max, I suppose you got trouble with your eyes as well, haven’t you?
M: Oh! No no no no... My eyes are OK... It’s my ears.
Mr. B: yeeeee
M: I’m not hearing very well,
Mr. B: That’s a likely story
M: What you say?
Mr. B: I say you both go back and seat where you were sitting before, now
Danielle: I hope you don’t think I was... how do you say?... to fo....
Mr. B: No, no, no I’m sure you weren’t in any way to blame at all

17.28

Ali: Teacher, please!
Su-Lee: Mr. Brown?
Mr. Brown: Yes
Su-Lee: Please, forgive my lateness, I apologize but I lost my way
Mr. B: Not to worry, what is your name?
Su-Lee: Chung Su-Lee.
Mr. B: And where are you from?
S: Democratic Republic of China
Mr. B: And what is your job?
S: Secretary, Chinese Diplomat
Mr. B: Very nice! Right... where should we put you? Taro, how are relations between Japan and China?
Taro: Depends on political view point... Japan... right wing, China left wing.
Mr. B: I see, are you right wing or left wing... right or left wing?
S: I follow the teachings of Chairman Mao
Mr. B: Well in that case, you better sit next to Jamila, the Indian lady, all right?
S: Thank you

18.22

Mr. B: Right... now we will start by learning a few basic English verbs and firstly we will take the verb TO BE.
I am English. You are Chinese. He is Italian. She is French.
Ranjeet: He is Barbarian.
Ali: And you are asking for a kick on your big brown back side.
Mr. B: Pay attention please!!!
I am
You are
He she or it is
We are
You are
They are

Right. So now go round the class and I ask you each to give me a sentence using the verb to be.
Taro... I am

Taro: Ach so... I am very happy to learning English
Mr. B: Very good.
Giovanni: He is
G: He is a fool,
Mr. B: Good
But no ist... He is a fool.
G: Yes, he is a fool
Mr. B: Max... er... She is
Max: She is beautiful, she is wonderful, she is
Mr. B: Yes, yes... thank you Max
Juan... it is
Juan: Por favor
Mr. B: It is
Juan: Por favor
Mr. B: It is raining
Giovanni: Lloviendo... it is raining
Juan: Nooooo, no llueve
Giovanni: No, no... it is raining
Juan: No llueve hombre! Yo tengo ojos... no llueve
G: Santa Maria
Juan: It's raining ni na... que no llueve
Mr. B: All right, all right... we'll skip you for the moment
Juan: Por favor
Mr. B: Doesn't matter... sit down!
Su-Lee, It is...
S: It is duty of every citizen to obey the law imperial, so said Chairman Mao
Mr. B: Well that his opinion, good!
Danielle... we are
Danielle: We are lucky to have such good, handsome teacher...
Mr. B: Quiet, please. Very true... I mean... thank you
Ali... you are... you are
Ali: You are waiting for me to speak an answer
Mr. B: Well done
Ali: Unfortunately I'm not understanding the question
Mr. B: I wanted you to give me a sentence using YOU ARE
Ali: I AM
Mr. B: No, no Not I am ... You are... for example... you are from Pakistan
Ali: I am from Pakistan
Mr. B: Yes... yes... but now you use YOU ARE
Ali: But... I cannot say YOU ARE from Pakistan, because you are not Ali
Mr. B: Repeat after me
You are English
Ali: No, no I’m from Pakistan
Mr. B: What am I?
Ali: You are confusing me
Ranjeet: You are stupid puff!
Ali: Don’t you call me a puff!
Ranjeet: Puff
PELEA PELEA PELEA

Mr. B: Sit down
Juan: Siéntate ahi ya hombre! Váyase pa la India!
Mr. B: Sit down, please! Right!
There is really not much more we can do,
get your text books,
what I would like you to do is some homework, all right?
I want you to write me an essay...
Juan: Essay, essay qué es?
Mr. B: A short story about your life here in England. The things you do, the things you like.
I’ll see you all on Wednesday.
Ahh Mrs. Courtney
MC: Miss
Mr. B: Miss... well I just dismissed the class for tonight, I think we just have to rest after the first session,
MC: You look like you ....... Getting all done already?
Mr. B: No, no I’m fine. Never felt better. There is just one thing though,
MC: Yes?
Mr. B: That window you nailed up... the one Mr. Wooerton climbed out of...
MC: What about it?
Mr. B: I think we ought to put a few more nails in... Just to be on the safe side

Memorable Phrases:
Deloris Courtney (the Principal): "MISS Courtney, if you don't mind."
Jeremy Brown (English): "Is the old dragon in?"
Ali Nadim (Pakistani): "Squeez me please!", "Oh Blamey!", "Jolly Good", "U damn fool!"
Giovanni Cupallo (Italian) : "Santa Maria!", "Holy Ravioli!"
Maximillion Papandrious (Greek) : "Hokay!"
Jamila Rahjha (Indian): "God heavening!"
Ranjeet Singh (Punjabi): "A thousand apologies."
Chung Su-Lee (Chinese): "Chairman Mao, he says..." "The Democratic Lepublic Of China", "...peace-roving Chinese?"
Taro Nagazumi (Japanese): "Ah-so" (proceeds forward and bows)
Juan Cervantes (Spanish): "Por favor!","sawright", "One fate/fete/fit, two fate/fete/fit!"
Anna Schmidt (German): "Very Good!"
Danielle Favre (French) : "You are the best"
Sid the caretaker (English): "You sure you got the right cucumber?"
Gladys the tea lady (English): "Her ladyship wants to see you"
Zoltan Szabo (Hungarian): "Bocsánat?"