The Demon Headmaster
Gillian Cross

Something is very wrong indeed at DINAH's new school. The children are strangely neat and much too well behaved. She asks herself why is this, and why does she find herself conforming? Determined to find out the secret of the Headmaster's control and aided by her foster brothers, Lloyd and Harvey, she gradually unravels the mystery of the sinister Headmaster.

Young Harvey has found out that something very odd is going on at morning assembly. He and Lloyd are never allowed to join in with the other children but have to stay outside doing maths under the supervision of the Prefects. Next morning he excuses himself on the pretext of having to go to the toilet and creeps up to the Hall and looks in. The whole school are staring fixedly at the Headmaster and chanting in a regular monotone. When he asks DINAH about this she tells him that they have been watching a film, but he knows this is not true.

In this scene the two boys are questioning DINAH about what actually happens in assembly and gradually she begins to realise that she and the rest of the school are being hypnotised.

DINAH
That's it! The first day, when I went into Assembly, I didn't look at the Headmaster's eyes when the others did. I closed mine. And I heard him hypnotise everyone else. But then he caught me. I just had time to think remember it, remember it - and then I was hypnotised and I forgot. Until Harvey brought it back. The Headmaster hypnotises even/one in Assembly ... It's a good way to keep everyone in order. And you know how he likes order. While they're hypnotised, he tells them what to do when they wake up. And they can't help doing it. Like me saying those things. And I think - I think he probably makes us learn things, parrot-fashion, while we're hypnotised. Then, when we're awake, we can remember them and write them down . . . We're not learning to think. We're just learning to repeat things. Like robots. It looks good, but it's no use at all . . . Some people can't be hypnotised. Has he ever tried it with you? Gazed into your eyes and told you you were tired? . . . He's cruel and terrifying, and he's got an obsession with tidiness, but he's not silly. He's very, very clever. He's got a whole school full of children who will do precisely what he wants. He must feel very powerful. Very powerful. If I were him, I don't think I'd be satisfied with having one measly school in my power! . . . Think of it. He's got a whole army of people - people like me - who'll do and say exactly what he wants. Why should he stop there? Sooner or later, he's going to 'want to do something with his army'. 
The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe
C.S. Lewis Dramatised by Adrian Mitchell
This is the story of four children, LUCY (the youngest), Susan, Edmund and Peter, who are evacuated to the country during the London Blitz. Exploring the attic in their new home, LUCY discovers an old wardrobe - it is the gateway opening out into the Land of Narnia. Narnia is under the spell of the wicked White Witch and the four children find themselves caught up in an adventure leading up to a final struggle between the powers of good and evil.
In this scene, LUCY takes the other three children to meet her new friend, the faun Mr Tumnus. On arriving at his cave she finds that it has been ransacked and there is a notice saying that Mr Tumnus has been captured and is about to stand trial on the charge of 'comforting Her Majesty's enemies and fraternising with Humans'!

LUCY
We'll see Mr Tumnus first. He's the faun I told you about. Come on, then. This way. I'll go in first! Oh! (The door has been wrenched off its hinges) Mr Tumnus! (LUCY plunges into the cave) (Off) Oh no! Mr Tumnus! . . . (LUCY emerges slowly, sadly carrying a wrecked painting) Poor Mr Tumnus. It was a lovely cave . . . It's as if somebody dropped a bomb. Everything's broken - all the plates and cups. And this painting of Mr Tumnus' father - it's been slashed to pieces by somebody's claws. (She throws it back into the cave)... I found this notice pinned up. (Reads from paper) "The former occupant of these premises, the Faun Tumnus, is under arrest and awaiting his trial on a charge of High Treason against her Imperial Majesty Jadis, Queen of Narnia, Chatelaine of Cair Paravel etcetcetc, also of comforting her said Majesty's enemies and fraternising with Humans. Signed MAUGRIM, Captain of the Secret Police. LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!" . . . She's not a real queen. She's the White Witch. All the wood people hate her. She cast a spell over the whole country so that it's always winter here. Always winter but never Christmas ... That poor faun's in trouble because of me. He hid me from the Witch and showed me the way home. That's what is meant by comforting the Queen's enemies and fraternising with Humans. We've got to rescue him! . . . Look! A robin! It's the first bird I've seen here. I wonder if birds can talk in Narnia? (Addressing the robin) Please can you tell us where Tumnus the Faun has been taken? (LUCY takes one step towards the bird, who flies to the next tree) He wants us to follow him.
Mr Willy Wonka has just re-opened his Chocolate Factory and announces in the newspapers that he has hidden five golden tickets in five Wonka Candy Bars. These could be found anywhere, in any shop, any town and in any country in the world. Whoever finds one of these tickets will have a special tour of Mr Wonka's new factory and take home enough chocolate to last them the rest of their lives. In this scene, four golden tickets have been found. The Narrator is on stage announcing the winners and inviting them to say a few words to the audience. One of these winners is VIOLET BEAUREGARDE.

VIOLET BEAUREGARDE
(Chewing ferociously on gum, waving arms excitedly, talking in a rapid manner, from somewhere in audience) I'm a gum-chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. Now, of course, I'm right back on gum. I just adore gum. I can't do without it. I munch it all day long except for a few minutes at meal times when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safe-keeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day, I really wouldn't. My mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticize, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that her jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from yelling at me every minute of the day. And now, it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over three months solid. That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmotel. And was she ever mad! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At nights, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost, and it's as good as ever in the mornings . . .
Whizziwig

Malorie Blackman
Published in 1995, Whizziwig is now a children's serial on Carlton Television.

WHIZZIWIG is a small, friendly alien whose space-ship has just crash-landed on Ben's roof. She is described as more 'girl' than 'boy' - but then they don't have girls or boys on their planet. Ben has complained to his Mum and Dad that a small furry thing is bouncing about in his bedroom, but they tell him to lie down and go to sleep. The bouncing continues.

In this scene WHIZZIWIG appears for the first time on top of Ben's wardrobe and insists on introducing herself.

WHIZZIWIG
My name is Whizziwig. I am sorry if I frightened you. I did not mean to. I would have spoken to you before, but it has taken me this long to learn all the spoken languages on this planet... I'm on top of the wardrobe. Can I come down now? (WHIZZIWIG bounces down from the wardrobe and bounces towards Ben's bed) I am an Oricon. What the people on your world would call a wish-giver ... I was passing your planet four days ago on me way to visit my auntie, when some space debris hit my ship and I had to make an emergency landing on your roof... It is still up on your roof. It will have to stay there until I can fix it. (WHIZZIWIG sighs) I have been bouncing around this immediate area ever since I arrived and I have yet to fix a single thing ... It will take wishes to fix my ship. And I can only fix it by giving people whatever they wish for ... I can't give you a new bike. (WHIZZIWIG rocks to the left and then to the right) Nope ... I can only grant wishes if you make a wish for someone else . . . You have to wish almost without realising what you're doing - it has to be unselfish wishing . . . That's the way it works ... I am an accidental wish-maker . . . There are different types of Oricons. Some make dreams come true, others make daydreams come true, some give you exactly what you want, some give you the exact opposite of what you want. I grant wishes - but only to those who make wishes for someone else . . . that is my job. It is tough, but someone has to do it!
Invisible Friends
Alan Ayckbourn
First performed in 1989 at the Stephen Joseph Theatre, Scarborough, the play is about a very ordinary girl called LUCY. With her father glued to the telly, her mother preoccupied with local gossip and her brother, known as 'Grisly Gary' shut up in his room listening to heavy metal music, no one wants to know about her place in the school swimming team. So LUCY revives her childhood fantasy friend, Zara. Only this time, Zara materialises, bringing with her an idealised father and brother, and showing her how to make her real family vanish.

In this scene, LUCY has just come out of Gary's bedroom having failed to make him listen to her, as she tries to tell him her good news above the sound of the stereo. She enters her own room and introduces the audience to her invisible friend, Zara.
Published by Faber & Faber, London

ZARA
You may have heard my mum talking about my invisible friend. Do you remember? Well, that's my invisible friend, Zara. (Introducing her) This is Zara. I want you to meet Zara. Zara, say hallo. That's it. Will you say hallo to Zara, my invisible friend? I invented Zara - oh, years ago - when I was seven or eight. Just for fun. I think I was ill at that time and wasn't allowed to play with any of my real friends, so I made up Zara. She's my special friend that no one can see except me. Of course, I can't really see her either. Not really. Although sometimes I . . . It's almost as if I could see her, sometimes. If I concentrate very hard it's like I can just glimpse her out of the corner of my eye. (She is thoughtful for a second) Still. Anyway. I've kept Zara for years and years. Until they all started saying I was much too old for that sort of thing and got worried and started talking about sending for a doctor. So then I didn't take her round with me quite so much after that. But she's still here. And when I feel really sad and depressed like I do today, then I sit and talk to Zara. Zara always understands. Zara always listens. She's special. Aren't you, Zara? (She listens to Zara) What's that? Yes, I wish he'd turn his music down, too. I've asked him, haven't I? (Mimicking Gary) 'How can I hear it if I turn it down, I can't hear the bass then, can I?' I used to have pictures in here but every time he put a disc on they fell off the walls. (Pause. The music continues) I mean, don't get me wrong. We like loud music, don't we, Zara? We love loud music. Sometimes. (Yelling) BUT NOT ALL THE TIME.
(Pause)
Why doesn't he ever listen to quiet music? Just once. Wouldn't that be nice? . . . But if he did that, he wouldn't be Grisly Gary then, would he?
(Pause)
Oh, Zara, did I tell you I've been picked for the school swimming team? Isn't that exciting? Yes. Thank you. I'm glad you're excited, too. Good.
(Pause)
(Shouting) IF ANYONE IS INTERESTED AT ALL, I WAS PICKED FOR THE SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM TODAY. WHAT ABOUT THAT, FOLKS?
(She listens. No reply)
Great. Thanks for your support, everyone. (Tearful) They might at least . . . They could have at least . . . Oh, Zara ... I know you're always here, but sometimes I get so . . . lonely.