

- MRS BEVAN Is that you, Desmond? Is that how you repay me for trusting you with small children – for giving you a chance when no one else would dare??
- PAUL I didn't know about that. Why did you do that??
- MR POPPY We have to tell her.
- (PAUL shakes his head desperately. Miss RYE appears.)*
- MRS BEVAN Tell me what?
- MISS RYE They have to tell you that Hollywood aren't coming, and it was all a big lie they made up.
- PAUL Really?? You're really doing this??
- (MRS BEVAN is looking sick.)*
- MRS BEVAN A lie?
- (PAUL nods. MRS BEVAN nods and begins to rip up the consent form paper. She is distressed and angry.)*
- Why did I ever . . . ever think that something good could happen to this school – or to me – or the children – that something out of the ordinary and special would come along and – you . . .
- (She points at PAUL.)*
- You'd better start looking for another job.
- PAUL Sorry?
- MRS BEVAN You're sacked.
- (She points at Mr POPPY.)*
- And you – you're out too. Thank you, gentlemen. *(She breaks down in tears as she exits.)* The Nativity is cancelled – I don't want to hear the words 'Hollywood' or 'Nativity' ever again.
- MISS RYE She needed to know.