

You should know better than this my dear  
What have I told you all these years?  
No matter what may portend  
We have to face it  
And see it through to the end  
The Dosserdalian Way

UPPER SIXTH.  
The Dosserdalian Way

MISS AUSTIN.  
Open your arms to the day

MISS AUSTIN/UPPER SIXTH.  
And embrace it

MISS AUSTIN.

These days they may not be the best  
But every day must be addressed  
Believing in the best of the rest of your lives

MISS AUSTIN/UPPER SIXTH.

Bring back the best days  
Sparkle-and-zeal days  
Riding-the-crest days  
We will see those days again  
Freaky expressed days  
Just be-my-guest days  
Oblige-noblessed days  
On-with-our-guest days  
Roll on the best days of our lives.

School bell rings.

MISS AUSTIN washes the UPPER SIXTH into washbasins,  
with heavy hearts but heads held high.

CAMILLA takes SUSAN by the arm and whispers her advice

CAMILLA. Darling, don't let's suffer assembly. It's too, too tedious.

SUSAN. But darling, you heard Miss Austin. We have to be stoic.

SUSAN

10 CRUSH: THE MUSICAL

CAMILLA. No we don't. We can leave that to the drones and  
be divinely à deux in the locker room.  
SUSAN. And risk getting another detention off Bleacher?

CAMILLA. My mother says if self-expression is now a sin,  
she'll be.  
SUSAN. You're lucky. All my parents want me to get is straight  
As and a scholarship to Oxford.

CAMILLA. Yaw-ri.  
SUSAN. No one else in my whole family's ever had the chance  
to go to university before.

CAMILLA. Sigh -

SUSAN. Couldn't we just wait until break?  
CAMILIA. Wait?

She recoils, clutching her heart.  
Oh, I' amour, I' amour! Je suis désolé!

CAMILLA flourishes off. SUSAN flusters, topples - then  
scurries after her.

BRENDA SMEARS, the school sneak, pops up from her  
hiding place - squinting after them and jostling in her  
notebook.

BRENDA. 'Oh I' amour - I' amour - je suis désolé...'  
Then she's hailed by a whistle and BENNY enters - a cheeky  
young chaple dressed as a workman with tool bag.

BENNY. Watcher, darlin'! Awright? Betcha chuffed to clook me  
wiv me big wrench at the ready, aincha!

BRENDA. Pardon me?

BENNY. Well jus' point us the way to yer showers. I'll have a  
butcher's and Bob's your uncle - (Clicks his tongue and  
winks.) know what I mean?

*He makes an over-hasty retreat, as CAMILLA tries to caution —*

CAMILLA. Um — that's actually the way to the girls' —

*Chorus of screams off.*

— showers...

BENNY spins back in, all the more flustered, and bolts for the exit.

Don't dash, I'm sure we can think of something —

*He's gone. She sighs.*

What a dish! I think I'm in love.

SUSAN. Oh, darling, don't try and make me jealous, I can't bear it.

CAMILLA. You dear little green thing, I tease. As if I could ever fall for such excruciating vowels!

SUSAN. Comme je t'adore, ma reine!

CAMILLA. Comme tu dois, mon esclave.

*They embrace — as DAIMLER enters in high spirits.*

DAIMLER.

*We're going to whack that ball into the sky —*

*She stiffens to see them jolt apart.*

*Eggy bear.*

SUSAN. Daimler!

DAIMLER. Fortunately for you. Found the penalty ball too.

*She waves a hockey ball — then turns aside to her locker.*

Don't worry, I'm not stopping.

CAMILLA. Neither are we. Fetch our things, Susan. We're going to sneak back to the dorm and luxuriate in a hot bath.

SUSAN. Darling!

*CAMILLA exits, leaving SUSAN to grab their clothes.*

*Be divine and cover for us, Daimler? If we're late back for Latin?*

DAIMLER. Why ask me? As if I'd care if you get expelled and ruin your entire life.

SUSAN. Oh, darling, of course you care. You're my best friend in the whole universe!

DAIMLER. Yes. I'm a little speck surrounded by a whole load of nothing.

SUSAN. Oh, silly, you're my absolute rock. I wouldn't know what to do if I didn't have you to talk to.

DAIMLER. Then why don't you listen to me?

SUSAN. But I do! Every poem I've ever written to Camilla I've asked your advice.

DAIMLER. Oh God, you make me so mad!

SUSAN. But it's true!

DAIMLER. Oh just go.

*Awkward bear.*

*Then SUSAN rushes off.*

*And DAIMLER slumps.*

*Music 7. Too Much In Love*

So here I am again

The one who's left behind

I may be her best friend

But I'm the last thing on her mind

I know she doesn't see

Any more to me than — me

Any moment she can spare

I'm her soulmate who will share

Every book that she's read

Every thought in her head

Oh but she's too much in love

To think of me

SUSAN. What?

CAMILLA. They live in a council house, don't they? Surely they must *do* them?

SUSAN. Well, yes, but -

CAMILLA. Well, dash along and find out!

*They exit to bathroom, leaving SUSAN to face the music with her parents in a stylised sequence.*

*Music 9. It's Only Because We Love You*

SUSAN. Hello? Mum? Dad?

MUM. Indecent?

DAD. Unnatural?

MUM. Depraved? Oh, Susan -

Is this really the way you behaved?

SUSAN. What?

MUM. It says here in this letter.

DAD. From your Headmistress -

MUM.

Though I'm sure it can't be true

SUSAN. What?

MUM. That you and another girl were -

Seen...

DAD.

I think perhaps we'd better

Hear the rest of it from you

Are you now or have you ever - been...?

You know what we mean -

MUM.

It's only because we love you

Only because we care

SUSAN ~~SCENE~~ SCENE EIGHT

DAD.

We just want the truth  
Now tell us the truth

MUM.

Your problems are problems to share

SUSAN. I can't believe this is happening!

MUM.

Whatever's wrong we'll understand

DAD.

Somebody must be lying

MUM.

It's just a story second-hand

DAD/MUM.

That only needs denying darling  
Tell us now it can't be true!

DAD. So come on. Are you innocent or guilty?

MUM restrains DAD.

MUM. Susan?

SUSAN.

I've done nothing to be made ashamed for  
There is nothing that I could be blamed for  
Why should I have to deny it?  
There's no reason...

MUM. There! I knew it was all a mistake.  
DAD. No, just a minute - you *mean* something, don't you?

SUSAN.

I was kissing the girl that I love...

MUM and DAD recoil.

And that's entirely natural  
And entirely decent too  
And it isn't in the very least depraved

Scene Eleven

*Chelsea flat.*

DORIAN *rushes in exuberant* CAMILLA *and uneasy* SUSAN.

DORIAN, Make yourselves at home – all facilities at your disposal.

CAMILLA, How simply splendidous!

SUSAN *glares at her, hands in prayer.*

SUSAN, Dost thou forget thy calling, Sister Camilla?

CAMILLA, What? Oh – whoops! Mea culpa, Sister Susan. I mean, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

SUSAN, Amen.

DORIAN *halts as he pops champagne.*

DORIAN, I say – are Jehovah's Witnesses allowed to drink?

CAMILLA, Oh yes, drink's fine. Holy spirit and all that. We're just not allowed to have lots of money or nice clothes.

SUSAN, Or boyfriends.

DORIAN, Talking of nice clothes – I really don't think I can stand another minute in this 'putting on The Ritz' kit. Give me five? Don't run off.

CAMILLA, Don't worry, we won't.

*He dashes out – and CAMILLA rounds on SUSAN.*

Look, we simply can't keep this up.

SUSAN, I agree. Let's just go.

CAMILLA, No, silly, let's just stay here and be ourselves.

SUSAN, What?

CAMILLA, He said all facilities at our disposal, which presumably includes a bathroom and guest bed.

SUSAN, You mean – stay here, with him?

CAMILLA, Why not? He seems perfectly civilised.

SUSAN, But now we're in Chelsea we can go in search of The Stairways Club.

CAMILLA, Oh, Susan, we don't even know if it really exists, never mind where.

SUSAN, Your mother said anyone could find it if they needed to.

CAMILLA, When my mother was an art student she was probably hallucinating on absinthe.

SUSAN, But we can't be ourselves with him.

CAMILLA, Well, not completely, obviously.

SUSAN, Then what's the point?

CAMILLA, Oh, stop being so difficult.

SUSAN, But why are you being so strange?

CAMILLA, Just don't pressurise me, Susan, or I shall get my tension earache.

*She moves away, hands over ears.*

SUSAN, Camilla – ?

DORIAN *returns, wearing trendy casual attire.*

DORIAN, Your host returns as himself.

CAMILLA *springs back to life, impressed.*

CAMILLA, Well, hello...

SUSAN *turns away to the bookcase, agitated.* DORIAN *pours champagne.*

DORIAN, Shall we drink to chance encounters?

CAMILLA, Yes, let's, Susan, what are you doing?

SUSAN, Reading poetry.

CAMILLA, We're drinking to chance encounters.

DORIAN, Cheers!

CAMILLA, Cheers!