
Mission Impossible

by

David Muncaster

The play is set in a company meeting room. There might be posters of package holiday destinations on the walls. Two men and two women sit at a large table (or several tables together) at an angle that allows them to be both facing the audience and facing Angela who stands next to a flip chart. The men and women sit with their own gender. There are no sound effects and lighting should be ‘corporate’ throughout. Each participant has a booklet in front of them on the table. Angela has several marker pens for her flipchart one sheet of which, toward the back, has the words New Company Mission Statement Happy Customers, Happy Holidays boldly printed on it.

Characters:

Angela: Age 20 – 50, very smartly dressed. Cheesy cheerful.

Tim: Age 20 – 50, untidy business clothes. A bit of a joker.

Brian: Age 20 – 50, untidy business clothes. Disinterested.

Jacquie: Age 30 – 50, cheap suit. Self important.

Caroline: Age 20 – 40, standard business clothes. A little unstable.

A Meeting Room within the head office of a package holiday company. TIM, BRIAN, CAROLINE and JACQUIE are sitting at a conference table. ANGELA is standing by a flipchart. All four are wearing business clothes, though the men are rather scruffy. ANGELA on the other hand is immaculately dressed in a smart suit.

Angela: Well I guess we'll make a start. Thanks for coming today. My name is Angela and I am a consultant brought in by the company to run this little session today. I am very excited to be working for one of the leading package holiday companies in the UK and I just know that we are going to have a great day today. We are going to start off by doing a little introduction exercise, but before we start I want to make it absolutely clear that what is said between these walls stays between these walls. OK? We trust each other and we have confidence in each other, yeah? OK. If you turn over the first page of your booklets, you will see that there are three questions. Name, brief job description, and why you've come today. Now, I don't want you to fill it in for yourself, I want you all to pair up and fill it in for your partner. Understood? *(There is a general groaning.)* Excellent! OK, off you go. *(The others reluctantly talk in muffled tones whilst ANGELA walks around the table glancing over shoulders. As she does this, the writers cover up what they have written so she cannot read it.)* Just a few words will do, I am not after War

and Peace. *(After a few moments ANGELA returns to her position near the flipchart.)* OK time's up. Tim, *(She smiles at him.)* would you like to start? Who is your partner today?

Tim: This is Brian. He feeds shit to senior management and he's here today because his colleagues have taken out a restraining order on him. *(The others smirk.)*

Angela: Well, thank you for making us laugh Tim. Now what does Brian really do?

Tim: I haven't the foggiest.

Angela: Brian?

Brian: I'm a data analyst.

Angela: Ah, now that's your job title Brian. That is your 'label' but what do you actually do? *(When saying the word 'label', ANGELA makes speech mark signs with her fingers.)*

Brian: What Tim said.

Angela: Would it be fair to say that you provide management with the information they require?

Brian: The information they want to hear, yes.

Angela: And now, maybe you could tell us about Tim?

Brian: *(Sighs.)* This is Tim. It is so long since he did any actual work that he can't remember what it feels like and he has come here today because lunch is included.

(ANGELA looks at TIM who beams back at her. We get a sense that there is going to be tension between the two of them.)

Angela: Right! Well I'm sure we've all learnt something *(Pause.)* valuable from that little exercise, so perhaps we will just move on now. We have a lot to get through and I am sure that we will all learn a lot about each other as the day progresses. Now, onto the purpose of today's session...

Jacquie: Excuse me.

Angela: Yes?

Jacquie: We've done ours.

Angela: You've done your what?

Jacquie: We've done the introduction exercise. Aren't you going to let us read 'em out?

Angela: It's just that we are short of time and...

Jacquie: If you're short of time you shouldn't 'ave 'ad us do 'em in the first place.

Angela: Oh. Well. (*Smile.*) All right then. Um. Please go ahead.

Jacquie: This is Caroline. She's just back from an extended break. She used to work in the call centre, but she's not going back there, and she has come today to make a valuable contribution to the debate.

Angela: Splendid!

Caroline: This is Jacquie with a Q. She works on reception and she too wants to make a valuable contribution to the debate.

Brian: Jacquie with a Q?

Tim: Quackie!

Brian: Ah.

Angela: Right, well, thank you ladies. I'm pleased that we have a diverse set of skills in the room, even though there are only four of you. I'm sure we are going to have a very productive day today. Now! Who can tell me what the company mission statement says?

Jacquie: The what?

Tim: Let nation speak unto nation?

Brian: That's the BBC.

Tim: Er. The future's bright, the future's orange?

Brian: Mobile phones.

Tim: You'll never put a better bit of butter on your knife?

Brian: You can't get quicker than a quick fit fitter.

Tim: A Mars a day helps you work, rest and play.

Brian: Go to work on an egg.

Tim: A million housewives every day pick up a tin of beans and say...

Tim:

(Together.) Beanz meanz Heinz.

Brian:

Angela: Ha, ha, ha! Oh I can see we are going to have fun today. Very creative boys, but what's the real answer? *(Silence.)* No? *(More silence.)* Well I think that demonstrates why we are here today. You can remember all those catchy slogans, but you cannot remember the company mission statement that is written at the top of

every piece of official company stationary. And our job today, our mission, (*Pause for laugh that doesn't come.*) is to come up with a new statement that sums up what the company is all about and is both memorable and meaningful. Isn't that exciting?

Jacquie: We're here to write a mission statement?

Angela: Yes.

Jacquie: I thought it were to put things right.

Angela: Put things right?

Jacquie: Sort the company out.

Angela: What did the invite say?

Jacquie: Volunteers wanted to talk about what the company is going to do in the future.

Angela: Nearly. It said to define what we do.

Jacquie: Same thing.

Brian: It means 'define' as in figure out what the hell it is that we do, not change what we do.

Tim: (*Shocked.*) You mean we don't send people on crap holidays? I always thought that was what we did.

Brian: Bugged if I know. All I see is numbers.

Angela: Yes. I'm sure that if you had read on a bit, you would have found that the purpose of today's workshop did become quite clear. Never mind. We're here now and I'm sure that we will produce great results if we all work on this together. Yes? (*Nothing.*) Right ho. Let's begin! If you turn to the next page in your little booklet, you'll see a list of words. Caroline, which word in that list sums up the purpose of this company as you see it?

Caroline: Sorry?

Angela: Turn the page Caroline. (*She does.*) Good. Now which word in that list best describes what this company is all about?

Caroline: Er...

Angela: In your own time.

Caroline: It doesn't make any sense.

Angela: Pick a word, any word.

Caroline: Wig-wam.

Angela: What?

Caroline: I don't know, you said to say anything.

Angela: Anything on the page!

Caroline: It is on the page. Wig-wam.

Tim: How does that describe the company?

Brian: Maybe we are fighting the cowboys.

Tim: Very good.

Angela: *(Crossing to CAROLINE.)* Where?

Caroline: There. *(Pointing.)* Wig-wam.

Angela: Win-win. It says win-win.

Caroline: Well, I haven't got my glasses.

Angela: Well, it might have been an idea for you to have brought them. You might have expected that there would be a bit of reading to do

Caroline: Are you having a go? Don't you dare have a go at me.

Angela: No I ...

Caroline: Days, I've been back. Days. Three months it took me to get myself right. I shouldn't have come back. We could have managed without

my wages, I'm sure we could, but he said the MOT is up on the car and it needs a new exhaust and how my money makes all the difference so I came in, and HR said they'd ease me back in gently and send me on a few training courses but it's too early. I knew it was. I can't deal with it. I shouldn't have come. (*She exits.*)

Brian: Oh dear.

Angela: What did I say?

Jacquie: I told you that she had just come back from an extended break. You shouldn't pressure her.

Angela: I didn't.

Tim: By extended break, I take you mean that she's been on long term sick.

Jacquie: Yes.

Angela: With stress?

Jacquie: She called a customer a trumped-up, self-opinionated, sadistic, overblown excuse for a moron.

Angela: Ah.

Jacquie: With a tiny little willy.

Tim: She was customer facing, then?

Jacquie: Worked her way up, apparently.

Brian: I remember her. She used to work in IT. She was on the helpdesk.

Tim: And being in the call centre listening to disgruntled holiday makers is a promotion?

Brian: I was that or the sack I think. She was totally useless.

Tim: How hard can it be to tell someone to reboot their computer?

Jacquie: I was thinking of working on the helpdesk.

Brian: You?

Jacquie: Why not?

Brian: Well, I suppose if they employed Caroline...

Jacquie: What are you trying to say?

Brian: What are your skills in that area?

Jacquie: I've got a computer at home.

Brian: Ooh. Pardon me, Bill Gates.

Angela: Brian, this is a company that allows its staff to flourish. If a fish was judged purely on its ability to ride a bicycle it would have a very low opinion of itself.

Brian: What?

Tim: I didn't know fish had opinions of themselves.

Angela: The key is to find that talent and let it go!

Tim: Hello and welcome to Britain's Coastal Water's Got Talent. What's your name and where do you come from?

Brian: I'm Harry the Haddock and I'm from near Fleetwood.

Tim: And what do you do near Fleetwood, Harry?

Brian: I'm a plasterer but I always wanted to be...

Tim: Yes?

Brian: To be...

Tim: Yes?

Brian: A Ventriloquist!

Tim: No!

Brian: Yes!

TIM now becomes BRIAN's dummy

Tim: Gottle a geer. Gottle a geer.

Brian: Introduce yourself to the nice ladies.

Tim: Hello. I'm Threddy the thith.

Brian: Threddy the thith?

Tim: Yeth.

Brian: Freddy the fish?

Tim: Thath what I thaid.

Brian: Have you got a lisp?

Tim: No, but itth dithicult to thay theth and thetheth without moving your liph.

Brian: Bit unfortunate being called Freddy then, isn't it.

Tim: My parentth were arthholeth.

Brian: Language, Timothy!

Tim: They didn't even thend me to thcool.

Angela: I thought all fish went to school, ha ha.

Tim: Ith thith audienth partithipathion?

Brian: So you were traumatised in childhood?

Tim: Yeth. Thatth why I thuck thumbth.

Angela: Fish don't have thumbs.

Tim: I thuck other peopleth. I thuppothe a thuckth out of the queththion.

BRIAN and TIM high five as though they have achieved the objective.

Angela: Well that was very amusing, and a nice little ice breaker. It's a shame Caroline missed it.

Tim: I'm not thucking her!

Angela: Yes, no. Thank you Tim. But it would be nice if we could demonstrate a bit of compassion.

Jacquie: I've been nice to her.

Angela: You have. Thank you Jacquie. Now, let us bear that in mind what she has been through for the rest of the session. If she comes back, we should take this as an opportunity to help ease her back into work.

Brian: You can rely on us.

Tim: Absolutely.

Angela: (*Unconvinced.*) Good. Remember what I said at the beginning. We trust each other here, and I can add that we also support each other. I hope that we can establish a relationship here today that will last long after the session is over.

Tim: (*Mock shock.*) Angela! I'm a married man.

Angela: A working relationship Tim. (*She stares at him for an uncomfortably long time. CAROLINE comes back.*) Ah! Caroline. Had a bit of a freshen up? (*CAROLINE scowls at her.*) Good. OK, moving on. Um. Where were we?

Tim: Fish without bicycles.

Brian: Or thumbs.

Angela: Before that.

Brian: Buzzword Bingo.

Tim: Here's a phrase that sums up the company. Paperless Cubicle.

Brian: That's true: there's never any in the gents.

Angela: Where does it say that?

Tim: *(Showing her.)* There and there.

Angela: You're not supposed to combine the phrases! Oh never mind, we might as move onto the next thing on the agenda. Um. *(She looks at her notes.)* Oh, time for an ice breaker.

Brian: Yippee!

Tim: I thought we'd just had one.

Angela: Yes, and it was great fun but we need to do something that involves everyone.

Brian: You're the boss.

Angela: No, Brian. I'm just a facilitator. But if you work with me you might find that you get some benefit.

Tim: Really?

Angela: Yes, Tim. Really. I like to be as easy going as possible, but this is work time, you are on work premises and we are here we a purpose. Capisce?

Tim: *(Surprised by the sudden authoritative tone.)* Um. Yeah.

Angela: Now, I am sure that we have all played ABC, where we go round the room each of us saying a word that starts with the next letter of the alphabet. We are going to play that, but with a twist. I want you to be thinking about our purpose here today and choose words that might form part of the company mission statement. Sounds fun doesn't it?

Tim: Thrilling!

Angela: OK. I'll start. Absolute.

Tim: Bollocks!

Angela: Tim!

Tim: It starts with B.

Angela: If you can't behave I will...

Tim: Send me to the headmaster with a note? (*This is a courageous attempt at boldness from TIM which earns him an icy glare from ANGELA.*)

Angela: We'll start again, shall we? And can we all please try to make a constructive contribution. Now then. Attain.

Tim: Battered. (*He's a brave lad.*)

Brian: Cod.

ANGELA frowns at the boys.

Jacque: Digital.

Caroline: Environmentally friendly.

Tim: That's two words.

Angela: It doesn't matter. How about *(She wiggles her hips.)* funky.

Tim: George.

Brian: Harrison.

ANGELA is about to speak but is cut off by JACQUIE.

Jacque: Intelligent.

Caroline: Jewish.

The boys guffaw.

Angela: We are looking for a company mission statement here, Caroline.

Caroline: And? The owners are Jewish.

Angela: Yes, but we are looking for positive words.

Tim: Whoa, are you saying being Jewish is negative Angela?

Angela: No I...

Tim: Because if you are, you should know that there are laws against that sort of thing.

Angela: Of course I am not saying that there is anything wrong with being Jewish. I am just saying that it is not really a word you would expect to see in a mission statement.

Jacquie: And ‘battered cod’ and ‘George Harrison’ are?

Angela: Yes, I was going to say something about that as well. I’m glad to see you thinking outside of the box, but please try to keep the word relevant. OK everyone? We’re doing really well, but let’s have some modern happening words. I’ll start us off again; (*With emphasis.*) Kinky!

Tim: Little.

Brian: Madam.

The boys leer at ANGELA who again makes TIM uncomfortable with a stare. There is tension in the air until JACQUIE speaks.

Jacquie: Nationwide.

Caroline: Open.

Angela: *(Looking directly at TIM, who doesn't notice because he is whispering something to BRIAN.)*
Passionate.

Tim: *(Imitating Brian Sewell.)* Quintessentially.

Brian: Renaissancesque.

Jacque: Safe.

Caroline: Targeted.

Angela: Uber.

Tim: Volks.

Brian: Wagon.

Jacque: Extraordinary.

TIM is about to protest, but ANGELA fixes him with a glare that would freeze the ocean.

Caroline: Youthful.

Angela: And zany. Good. Well, that has got the old grey cells working.

Caroline: Why are you two making a big joke of the whole thing.

Tim: We're just having a bit of fun.

Caroline: But it isn't fun, It's just annoying.

Tim: You might enjoy it if you loosened up a bit.

Angela: (*Warning*) Tim.

Caroline: And what if I don't want to loosen up?

Tim: Then you'll always highly strung, I guess.

Caroline: Is that supposed to be a joke?

Tim: Caroline, I know why you've been off work, we all do, but I don't think it helps you if we pussyfoot around trying not to upset you.

Caroline: No one is asking you to.

Tim: Good.

Angela: Would it help to talk about it, Caroline?

Brian: Oh, God.

Caroline: It?

Angela: The reasons why you had to take time off work.

Caroline: That's no secret. I told a customer that he was being too demanding.

Tim: And that he had a tiny penis.

Angela: But what led you to tell him that?

Caroline: He was being a knob.

Tim: There you go, Angela. Does that answer your question? Can we move on?

Angela: So how about now? If you took that call now, do you think you would react in the same way?

Caroline: If he was being a knob.

Brian: The wonders of cognitive therapy.

Jacquie: I think a lot of it has to do with diet.

Tim: Ey?

Jacquie: Too much meat in the diet. That's what causes aggression.

Tim: Who's aggressive?

Angela: Well, I've been a vegetarian most of my life.

Tim: Figures.

Jacque: What do you mean?

Tim: Well, she's the type isn't she. Veggies are all the same. Lonely, hang around libraries, watch black and white movies. Burn candles when they are having a bath.

Angela: What makes you think I'm lonely?

Jacque: Don't you think you're generalising a bit there, Tim?

Tim: I'm just saying. It's a lifestyle choice, and people who choose that lifestyle tend to be a certain type.

Angela: I'm not lonely.

Tim: I mean, you know Brian's not a veggie don't you. You don't have to ask.

Angela: I have a very fulfilling life.

Tim: And I'm willing to put money on you being a carnivore.

Caroline: My brother-in-law is a vegetarian and he's a brick layer.

Brian: What?

Caroline: I'm just saying.

Brian: Thank you for that.

Caroline: He doesn't burn candles when he is having a bath.

Tim: How do you know?

Caroline: He isn't the type.

Tim: Been sharing a bath with your brother-in-law have you Caroline? Now this is getting interesting.

Jacque: Come to think of it, Stan on security is a vegetarian. And he's built like a brick, um, side of a house.

Tim: Did he ask you to soap his back?

Angela: Well, we do seem to have gone a little of topic, so...

Caroline: I did not have a bath with my brother-in-law. It was just a misunderstanding.

Brian: Ey?

Jacque: What was a misunderstanding?

Caroline: When he was staying with us, when he had broken up with Susan, I didn't know he was in there...

Tim: Aye, aye.

Caroline: I mean, there is no lock on the door. No point when it is just the two of us. So, I went in to have a shower and...

Angela: You don't need to tell us this, Caroline.

Tim: Don't stop her now.

Caroline: To be honest, I thought he must have gone to work, the house was so quiet. Otherwise I wouldn't have been walking around naked.

Brian: Oh God. Please take the image away!

Caroline: And anyway it was over in a flash...

Tim: Flash being the operative word.

Caroline: So I shouldn't really have got worked up about it, but it was the shock of seeing his big hairy...

Tim: Vegetarian sausage.

Caroline: ...chest first thing in the morning, that it got me in a bit of a tizz. The rest of the day was a bit of a haze, so when that idiot started going on

about his apartment not looking like the one in the brochure.

Tim: Oh. This happened the day you got...

Angela: Advised to take a rest.

Caroline: I just cracked.

Brian: So that's why willies were on your mind.

Angela: Well, Caroline. I think it is very brave of you to share that story with us.

Caroline: Oh well. I don't really know why I...

Angela: Round of applause for Caroline everyone.

Tim: Do we have to?

Angela: Come on.

ANGELA leads the others in an unenthusiastic round of applause.

Angela: Great. A little off topic but very useful.

Brian: Very!

Angela: Now, if we can just think back a bit.

Tim: Only if we detour around that image of Caroline being naked.

Brian: Oh no. There it is again.

Angela: The ABC game was all about words that some up this company. And that is what a mission statement is. A short sentence that says it all.

Brian: Can I ask something?

Angela: Yes Brian.

Brian: What is the point of all this? This is a big, national company. Why would they pick us four to come up with a new mission statement?

Angela: They wanted it to come from within. The opportunity to participate was open to all.

Brian: But the room is only set up for four. You knew it was only going to be us. We are hardly the crème de la crème are we? Me and Tim are only here for a skive; Caroline is (*carefully*) returning to work; and as for Miss Laminated Sign here!

Jacquie: What did you just call me?

Brian: It is you isn't it, that makes all them signs. 'Please return the milk to the fridge'. 'Please wipe up any spills'. 'Please think of others'

before adjusting the heating’. ‘Will Gentlemen refrain from putting chewing gum in the urinals?’ ‘Please put paper towels in the bin provided’. ‘Please ensure the bowl is clear before leaving the cubicle’.

Jacque: The state of the men’s toilets is disgusting.

Brian: Yes, but the laminated signs just make it worse. Do you think someone is going to drop the chewing gum into the urinal, see the sign and then fish it out again?

Jacque: If men knew how to behave there would be no need for the signs.

Brian: There is no need for them anyway. I don’t know, give someone a PC, a printer and a laminator and they turn into Big Brother. Don’t do this, don’t do that. Do you follow people round with you little laminating pouches?

Jacque: Have you got a better idea. Perhaps we should let this place go to ruin.

Brian: Better that than having signs telling you when you can breathe!

Angela: Er yes, I think we have got a little off track again here.

-
- Brian:** Here's a mission statement for you. We don't imitate. We laminate!
- Jacquie:** If you are just going to sit there and take the piss, why don't do us all a favour and piss off?
- Brian:** I can't do that. I want to make a 'worthwhile contribution to the debate'.
- Angela:** If you could just turn the page in your booklet...
- Jacquie:** The last time you did something worthwhile your mummy had to change your nappy.
- Brian:** And you get a lot of job satisfaction, do you, sitting there behind your laminated counter?
- Jacquie:** I have a very important role. I don't sit there browsing the internet all day like some. My job is all about health and safety and it doesn't get more important than that.
- Brian:** Health and Safety! You?
- Jacquie:** I have to make sure people are behaving in a safe and responsible manner.
- Brian:** Oh, by spying on them on the CCTV you mean.
- Jacquie:** And taking appropriate action if anyone is contravening guidelines.

Brian: By putting up a sign you mean. That's all you do isn't it? You see someone being naughty so you wait until they've gone and then creep up and put up a sign warning them not to do it again.

Jacquie: It is an important deterrent.

Brian: It's not a deterrent. "There'll be no uncovered bowls in the microwave." What does it even mean?

Jacquie: It's obvious what it means.

Brian: Yeah. That's why someone scribbled underneath "You're wrong. There's one in there now".

Jacquie: And don't think I don't know who wrote that.

Brian: Well, it wasn't me, if that is what you are suggesting.

Jacquie: Are you sure? Don't forget there is a camera in the kitchen. It would be easy enough for me to get hold of the tapes.

Brian: Oh yeah. And that would be a useful use of company resources wouldn't it. The countries down the pan, nobody wants to go on package holidays any more so the firm's on its last legs

but at least we will know who is responsible for defacing your precious signs.

Angela: *(Screaming.)* SHUT UP! *(There is a stunned silence.)* Right, you bunch of misfits, this stops here and it stops now. You might not be la crème de la crème. More like a lump of mouldy cheese stuck at the back of the fridge, but you are all I've got and I'm going to get a bloody mission statement out of you if it kills us all. *(CAROLINE starts to leave.)* Sit down!

Caroline: I need to...

Angela: I said SIT! *(She does.)* Now, I want you to *(Spoken like a threat.)* turn the page in your booklet. *(They do.)* What does it say?

Tim: *(Quietly.)* Naughty but nice.

Angela: SPEAK UP.

Tim: *(Normal voice.)* Naughty but nice.

Angela: That's right. Naughty but nice. *(Coming from ANGELA it sounds like the most awful words ever spoken.)* What does it say under that?

Tim: Never...

Angela: Brian?

Brian: Um. Never knowingly undersold.

Angela: Yes. Never knowingly undersold. Caroline. What is the difference between ‘naughty but nice’ and ‘never knowingly undersold’?

Caroline: Er...

Angela: Yes.

Caroline: One is about cakes?

ANGELA takes off her suit jacket, throws it aside then loosens her blouse in preparation for the hard slog she anticipates. She crosses to the flipchart and writes ‘Mission Statement’ at the top of the page and ‘Catch Phrase’ half way down.

Angela: Where does ‘naughty but nice’ go?

Jacquie: Under...

Angela: Caroline?

Caroline: Under ‘Catch Phrase’.

Angela: Yes! That’s right. *(She crosses to CAROLINE, stands behind her and puts her hands on her shoulders. CAROLINE is mortified.)* ‘Naughty but nice’ is a catch phrase. Now, Tim. *(She crosses to TIM and presses her bosom into TIM’s terrified face before lowering her own face so that it is an inch from his. When she*

speaks it is full of menace.) Where does ‘never knowingly undersold’ go?

Tim: M, m, m, mission statement.

Angela: Yes Tim. Never knowingly undersold is a mission statement. *(She crosses to the flipchart and writes ‘naughty but nice’ under catch phrase and ‘never knowingly undersold’ under mission statement.)* So, now we have made some progress. We know the difference between a catch phrase and a mission statement, don’t we? *(Silence.)* DON’T WE? *(Everyone quickly agrees.)* Good. *(She winks at a traumatised TIM.)* So what is it? *(Silence.)* WELL?

Brian: *(Hesitatingly.)* A mission statement says something about the company.

Angela: Like ‘Jewish’?

Brian: Something about the purpose of the company.

Angela: Something about the purpose of the company. Very good Brian. I knew you could do it. So now that we know what a mission statement is, perhaps we can make one up. Eh? What do you think Jacquie with a Q?

Jacquie: *(Quickly.)* Yes. Certainly.

Angela: Good. So what is the purpose of this company?

Brian: We, um. We sell package holidays.

Angela: Yes Brian, we sell package holidays. But what is our purpose?

Brian: To er, send people on holiday.

Angela: Is that it? So long as they actually go on holiday have we achieved our goal?

Brian: Um, well...

Angela: Do we not want them to have the best damn holiday in history?

Brian: Well. Yes. I suppose so.

Angela: So all you have to do is think up a sentence that says that, ok? *(With menace.)* OK? *(Everyone quickly agrees.)* Good. *(ANGELA re-arranges her blouse, retrieves her jacket and puts it back on. Pats her hair, composes herself then smiles the sweetest of smiles to the group. She crosses to the flipchart and turns the page over. She turns and smiles at the group.)* Time for a brainstorm. Words for a mission statement. Everyone knows how a brainstorm works, yes? Just say whatever comes into your head.

Caroline: Um...

Angela: Yes dear?

Caroline: Happy.

Angela: Very good! Happy. *(She writes it on the flipchart, as she does other words and phrases suggested during the following)*

Jacquie: Sunny.

Caroline: Clean.

Tim: Sand.

Brian: Sea.

Tim: Warm sea.

Brian: Golden Sand.

Angela: Yes.

Caroline: Excursions.

Jacquie: Local Flavours.

Caroline: Relaxing.

Jacquie: Fun.

Brian: Satisfied customers.

Angela: Good.

Caroline: Value for money.

Brian: Beaches.

Caroline: Hotels.

Brian: Restaurants.

Jacquie: Entertainment.

Angela: Some more.

Caroline: Chartered flights.

Brian: Family friendly.

Jacquie: Safe.

Caroline: Great holidays.

Jacquie: Karaoke.

Angela: Excellent. I think we have all we need now. Don't you think so? An excellent selection of words and it is there isn't it? Doesn't it just leap out at you? Look. *(She circles the words as she reads them out.)* Happy, customers, Happy, *(again.)* holidays. Happy Customers, Happy Holidays. Isn't that just a great mission

statement? *(General murmuring. Everyone is just glad it is over.)* It just goes to show what teamwork can achieve. We have done exactly what we set out to do. *(She turns a page of the flipchart to reveal a fresh page which has*

New Company Mission Statement

Happy Customers, Happy Holidays

already neatly printed on the page.)

Tim: *(Astonished.)* It had already been decided?

Angela: No Tim. *(She crosses to him and gently strokes his cheek.)* We came up with it. This team. That's what the next company newsletter will say and that is what you will tell anyone who asks. *(Menacingly)* Isn't it? *(Everyone agrees.)* Good. Well, as we have worked so well together it means that we have finished a little early I suggest that we fetch the lunch and then we can all get back to our desks this afternoon. *(Moving toward the exit.)* Come on Tim.

Tim: Me?

Angela: Yes, you can help me carry the tray. *(TIM is reluctant but joins her. ANGELA is triumphant.)*

End
