

TEACH

by  
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a farce

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## Characters:

### Mr. Tom Toner

Our main character, around 40, he's a single playboy-type who teaches English. For the last year he's been having a serious affair with the Coach's wife, Mrs. Arthur. He's the faculty representative to the Board of Regents (took the gig for the free booze). Liked by all, he is a good teacher, a straight shooter, does the right thing, and is best friends with Mr. Kobe.

### Principal Richard Clark

Early 50's, he's a real schmoozer, especially when it comes to the school football team. He loves the spotlight and the power, but mostly he likes feeling important and needed which deep down he really isn't. Not necessarily a bad guy just full of himself and after anything that makes the school bigger and gets his name in the press: namely, a new football stadium.

### Mr. Paul Prokop

Teaches theology and follows the Catholic church in every facet of his life. Mid 40's, he's a pompous voice of faith and Mr. Fujimoto's arch enemy. And, of course, he's been married for twenty years and has eight kids.

### Mr. Rich Fujimoto

Teaches history but his main job and passion at the school is directing the plays and musicals. Mid 40's, gay, he is the voice of reason against his rival Mr. Prokop. Also harbors hate and distrust of Principal Clark for never coming through on a promised (for ten years now) new theater.

### Coach Larry Arthur

A giant of a man mostly from his six foot five inch height. Actually on the thin side from the cigarettes he smokes. Early 40's, mustached, he's the head varsity football coach of the Wildcats, a division 1A team that has won more state championships than any school in the state. Has no idea about his wife's ongoing affair with Tom Toner.

### Mr. Paul Kobe

Math teacher, around 40, he is a quiet extremely dry-witted hunter (he always catches students doing wrong). But he is salt-of-the-earth (lives on a farm with his wife and two young kids) grows his own food, and is a down to earth guy. He's Tom's best friend on the faculty. And all he really wants is a new computer for the Math Department. Is that too much to ask?

Dr. Greg Knittel

Pretentious Classics teacher. Early 60's, a James Mason-type, extremely well-read but often has his head stuck up his ass. Means well but is obviously close to retirement, most likely to some villa in Tuscany or a cottage in Woodstock, and just wants the donation to be used sensibly.

Mr. Jeffrey Forte

English teacher, around 30, and a real nerd. He and Mr. Nap are a tag team of dorkiness. He looks up to Tom and becomes immediately smitten with the new teacher, Ms. Jones.

Mr. William Nap

Forte's best bud, also around 30, he teaches Science. If possible, he is even more of a nerd than Forte. Likewise, he also turns enamored of Ms. Jones which escalates into a dorky pissing match.

Fr. Francis Serva

An ancient Catholic priest (90?) at one time he was considered a true Renaissance man and genius. He taught most everything and has three Phd's (History, Math, Latin) He now spends most of his time sleeping in his chair.

Mr. Tim Toner

Tom Toner's twin brother. He is a Science whiz teacher but is also lost in his own little world of bizarre experiments. He'd love to get his hands on some plutonium, but in a good way.

Mrs. Peggy Arthur

French teacher, around 40, she is Coach's wife in an increasingly unhappy and soon-to-end marriage. In a year long affair with Tom Toner who she loves dearly. Ms. Arthur is all things: attractive, funny, and kind. And she also shares the same sarcasm of Tom and Paul.

Ms. Amy Jones

The new Fine Arts teacher. Mid 20's, blond, adorable, which inevitably leads to Mr. Forte's and Mr. Nap's infatuation. But appearances can be deceiving and she is walking proof.

Mrs. Nancy Wilhelm

Head of the College Counseling office. She gets the boys into the best schools money can buy. Early 60's, she's a frail flighty bird who has developed a strange obsession with Dr. Phil.

NOTE: Tim and Tom Toner are twins and played by the same actor.

Setting:

The Teacher's Lounge of a large all-boys Jesuit High School. There is a door left, a door back right, and a door down right. A full kitchen with an island countertop and three stools is back left. Down right of the countertop is a small circular kitchen table with three chairs. Down left is a couch, a couple of easy chairs, a coffeetable, and a television set. Another crappy cloth couch lays against the wall right, upstage of the door. There are also two closets: one along the right wall near the upstage door, and the other downstage of the left door. Presumably there are large unseen windows downstage running the length of the stage.

ACT 1. SCENE 1. DAY 1: A THURSDAY IN EARLY SEPTEMBER, ONE WEEK IN TO THE SCHOOL YEAR. 7:50 A.M.

Mr. Forte and Mr. Nap hold mugs of coffee and stand looking out the window. Simultaneously they take a drink. Fr. Serva appears asleep in his easy chair. Enter Mr. Tom Toner from the door left.

TOM

Hey, guys.

MR. FORTE

Thomas.

MR. NAP

Mister Toner.

TOM

What are you guys looking at out there?  
(small pause from Mr. Forte and Mr. Nap)

MR. FORTE

Foliage.

MR. NAP

The trees.

MR. FORTE

The colors.

MR. NAP

The leaves.

MR. FORTE

Changing.

MR. NAP

Bursting.

TOM  
 (looks outside)  
 Ah, the new lady of boystown. Miss Jones. She is adorable.

MR. FORTE  
 (like some grizzled war hero)  
 You're goddamn right about that.  
 (then catches himself  
 completely out of character,  
 takes a sip of coffee)

MR. NAP  
 (ibid.)  
 You said it, Kemosabe.

TOM  
 (toying with them & pouring a  
 bowl of Cheerios)  
 I hear sculpting's her thing. But all hands. She doesn't use  
 tools.

Mr. Forte's eyes grow large.

MR. FORTE  
 Excuse me. I have to go work on my grant proposal.

Mr. Forte quickly starts to walk  
 upstage.

TOM  
 Don't work too hard.

Mr. Forte stops, an acknowledgement he  
 knows Mr. Toner has figured out what  
 that code really means. Forte turns his  
 head towards them slightly, then  
 quickly he leaves via the back right  
 door.

TOM  
 Have you seen my brother today?

MR. NAP  
 No I have not. Although he may be conducting experiments in  
 the laboratory or ellipting in the Wellness Center.

TOM  
 (eats a bowl of Cheerios)  
 If you see him, tell him I need to talk to him, will ya?

MR. NAP  
 Affirmative.

Enter Mrs. Wilhelm via left door.

TOM

Good morning, Nancy.

MRS. WILHELM

Good morning, Tom. Bill.

MR. NAP

Good morning.

TOM

Somebody went to the salon. You look lovely.

MRS. WILHELM

(puts her food: lunch and a  
pie, into the fridge)

Just a little trim.

TOM

What goodies have you brought us today?

MRS. WILHELM

Oh, nothing. Just some peach pie.

TOM

You know, Nancy, you're too good to us. Isn't she, Nap?

MR. NAP

(his mind elsewhere, still  
looking out the window and not  
paying attention)

Oh, yes. What?

MRS. WILHELM

(concerned)

Tom.

TOM

(mimicking her)

Nancy.

MRS. WILHELM

I don't mean to bother you but is there any word--

TOM

We're meeting tonight. That's all I can--

MRS. WILHELM

Well just so you know--a college counseling wing would go a  
long way towards helping our boys--probably more so than  
anything else--it's their future after all--

TOM

I promise you this--nothing to do with the donation, okay?

MRS. WILHELM

Okay.

TOM

I will get you out of that temporary trailer you're stuck in.

MRS. WILHELM

Oh. (Pause. She thinks, wasn't expecting him to say that) Oh! Well that would be grand.

Enter Dr. Knittel via door left.

MRS. WILHELM

Thank you, Tom.

TOM

My pleasure. Hey, Doc.

DR. KNITTEL

Tom. Nancy.

Mr. Nap has pulled out binoculars and looks out the front window.

TOM

Nap, don't you have some test tubes to shuffle around?

MR. NAP

(caught snooping)

Yes. Exactly. I do. Excuse me. Shuffle. Right. Nancy. Doc. Tom.

Mr. Nap exits via the back right door.

DR. KNITTEL

Twenty million dollars. That is quite the anonymous donation.

TOM

You said it.

DR. KNITTEL

And we still have no idea where it came from?

TOM

Clark has that sealed up tighter than a...

DR. KNITTEL

(overly enthusiastic and out of character for him but he speaks before thinking, said at same time as Tom's response)

Nun's asshole?

TOM  
 (said at same time, searching  
 for a better word but just  
 comes out with:)

Drum?

TOM  
 What did you say?

DR. KNITTEL  
 Nothing.

MRS. WILHELM  
 (she and doc both know what he  
 just said)  
 Have a good day, Tom.

TOM  
 You too, Nancy.

DR. KNITTEL  
 (trying to be overly nice)  
 Nancy.

MRS. WILHELM  
 (shows her disgust and lets doc  
 know that she heard him)  
 Greg.

Mrs. Wilhelm exits down right.

DR. KNITTEL  
 (clears his throat)  
 Anyway...Uh...Where was I?

TOM  
 Asshole?

DR. KNITTEL  
 What? Oh. Yes.

First bell beeps. Enter Mr. Kobe via  
 left door.

TOM  
 The donation.

DR. KNITTEL  
 Right! Tom, did you know that Croesus, King of Lydia, rebuilt  
 the Temple of Artemis, one of the 7 Wonders of the Ancient  
 World, so that Heraclitus would have somewhere to think--



TOM  
(blowing doc off, a common  
occurrence)  
That is fascinating, Doc. What do you got, Paul?

DR. KNITTEL  
To think.

MR. KOBE  
Two sophomores getting stoned behind the fieldhouse.

DR. KNITTEL  
Think about it, Tom. Think about it.

Dr. Knittel exits with his coffee via  
the back right door.

TOM  
Oh, I will. Any good shit?

MR. KOBE  
You tell me.

Mr. Kobe hands Tom two joints. Tom  
takes a long whiff with great  
satisfaction, mostly nostalgia.

TOM  
Ah...Smells like when I was young and full of hope.

MR. KOBE  
Dark.

TOM  
No, I mean that in a good way.

MR. KOBE  
One of them started to run.

TOM  
(laughs)  
Sophomores.

MR. KOBE  
Then he stopped. Froze. I could see the gears turning--

TOM  
The tumbleweeds rolling--

MR. KOBE  
"Wait a minute. This is stupid. He knows who I am."  
(he laughs)

TOM  
(laughs)  
Can't breed smarts.

MR. KOBE  
I don't know. I like to think I have the smartest heads of lettuce growing in my backyard.

TOM  
Well there I'm sure you're right.

Enter Principal Clark via the door left. Tom quickly pockets the joints.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Ah! Tom. There you are. (to Kobe) There he is.

TOM  
There I am.

MR. KOBE  
Here?

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
What?

Tom laughs.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
(confused)  
What are you talking about?

Enter Coach Arthur via the door left.

COACH ARTHUR  
Good morning.

TOM  
(overly happy)  
Good morning, Coach!

MR. KOBE  
Morning.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Now, listen, Larry, you already know this, but there are camera crews: channel three, five, eight, ESPN, forty-three, Sports Illustrated, it's madness, they're all over campus, so let's be on our best behavior.

TOM  
(joking, to Mr. Kobe)  
No spitting or swearing.

MR. KOBE  
(going along)

Aw, come on!

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Tom, the Board of Regents tonight, are we on the same page?

TOM  
I'm not even sure we're reading the same book.

Mr. Kobe chokes laughs. Coach Arthur is oblivious and gets his coffee.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Why don't you stop by my office today and we'll see if we can't--

TOM  
Larry, how's the team looking?

COACH ARTHUR  
It's gonna be a strong group. This new freshman running back, Ramaadi Parker, is really something special--he might start.

TOM  
You're playing football, right?

Unamused, Coach Arthur stares Tom down and then looks over everyone to show his displeasure, before he exits via the door left. As soon as he shuts the door, Mr. Kobe bursts into laughter.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Anyway, we need to talk strategy so stop by today anytime and we can--

MR. KOBE  
Strategy?

TOM  
I think we're invading Canada.

MR. KOBE  
Ah.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
--go over the different aspects it's important to take into account.

MR. KOBE  
Hey! Where'd this money--

But Principal Clark is already out the door back right.

MR. KOBE

Come from? You're Mister Popular.

TOM

Explain to me again how I became our faculty rep?

MR. KOBE

People love you.

Enter Mrs. Arthur via the door left.

TOM

Right, right.

MR. KOBE

If you're looking for something to do with your newfound money and power--the Math Department could use a new computer.

TOM

I think we could manage that.

MRS. ARTHUR

I would hope so.

MR. KOBE

That'd be sweet.

Mr. Kobe exits via the door back right.

TOM

You are looking at the twenty million dollar man. Is there anything I can do for you?

She kisses him.

MRS. ARTHUR

I'm a simple girl.

Enter Mr. Prokop, holding his travel coffee mug, via the door left and Mr. Fuji, holding his ceramic coffee mug, via the door back right, both at the same exact time. Tom and Mrs. Arthur break apart. Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji stop and look at each other: it is a showdown, they apparently don't like each other. Tom cautiously walks over to Mr. Prokop and takes the mug out of his frozen hand. Mrs. Arthur does the same with Mr. Fuji and his mug.

Tom and Mrs. Arthur walk to the coffeemaker in the center of the kitchen, fill the mugs, and then return them to their rightful owners. Still staring each other down, Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji take drinks. Then they both slowly backpedal, eyes still locked, and exit thru the same doors they arrived.

MRS. ARTHUR

This feud needs to end.

TOM

Stay out of it. It's the holy land.

MRS. ARTHUR

Who you putting your money on when it goes down?

TOM

You know, logically you'd think Prokop 'cause he's such a big guy--but Fuji is pissed--I'll bet he's a vicious little porcupine underneath. Who you got?

MRS. ARTHUR

I could care less. I was just making conversation.

They kiss. The second Bell beeps.

MRS. ARTHUR

I need to talk to you later.

TOM

Why don't we talk now?

MRS. ARTHUR

We have class!

TOM

Oh, right. Students. Teach them. That's what I'm supposed to do.

MRS. ARTHUR

Fifth period?

TOM

It's a date.

Mrs. Arthur exits via the door left.

TOM

Have a good day, Father.

Tom exits down right. Father Serva  
snores.

Blackout.

DAILY ANNOUNCEMENTS over the PA:

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O., done by the students, so  
a dorky teenage boy voice is  
best)

Good morning, Wildcats. Today's announcements:

The library will be closing today at three o'clock and  
tomorrow at one twenty.

Congratulations to the Varsity Soccer Team on their three to  
two win over Walsh. Senior Ryan Sweeney led the charge with  
two goals.

Today's Donut Winners: Mister Fujimoto's 1F, Mister Prokop's  
2E, Mister Forte's 3H, and (surprised) Miss Jones's 4D.

If you lost your cell phone behind Wendy's please see Mister  
Kobe.

To the Bandits of Badminton: there will be a meeting after  
school tomorrow in room 237 to discuss the rules of the  
tournament on Sunday. The meeting will be brief.

The World of Warcraft Club will not meet tonight due to  
scheduling difficulties. A new date and time will be  
announced soon.

(The announcement's trail off...)

ACT 1. SCENE 2. DAY 1. 4TH PERIOD, THE 2ND HALF OF IT.

Mr. Forte is cooking an elaborate meal.  
He wears a "Kiss the Wildcat" apron.  
Fr. Serva sleeps. Principal Clark is on  
the phone. Dr. Knittel sits on a stool  
at the counter grading papers. Tim  
Toner sits at the table messing about  
with a bunch of small pieces of paper.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(as he enters via door left,  
into phone)

Yes. Well, I agree with you. We'll just have to see--No, I  
don't know...I will definitely find out...Yes, I'm sure when  
all is said and done we'll all be on the same page...Yes, I  
know...Absolutely. We'll see you tonight. Ok...Ok. Bye.

(snaps his phone shut, looks  
around)

Tim Toner. Just the man I was looking for.

Tim, deep in thought, ignores Principal  
Clark.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

What do you got there?

TIM

Some students and I are working on a new compound that will  
make plastique explosives seem like baby food.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Well, O-kay?

Principal Clark sits down at the table.

DR. KNITTEL

Great Hestia's Hearth! That smells good.

MR. FORTE

Oh, thanks.

DR. KNITTEL

What is the occasion?

MR. FORTE

I just thought I'd cook a little.

DR. KNITTEL

A little? This is a feast.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

You know, Tim, your family goes back generations at this  
school. Your father Joe Toner was Principal here for thirty-  
five years. Your grandfather Jim Toner taught here. Your  
uncle Bob Toner taught history until--well, you know. I mean,  
Lord, your great grandfather William Toner was one of the  
founding Jesuits--he built this school brick by brick with  
his own bare hands.

TIM

(straightforward)

Until he discovered that he liked vagina and left the order.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Yes...

FR. SERVA

(wakes with a start, then falls  
back to sleep)

My Mother Made Apple Butter!!

DR. KNITTEL

Is that a Kobe steak?

MR. FORTE

Yes. Beef tenderloin. He left it in the freezer. In a simple ginger sauce.

DR. KNITTEL

God, when is this going to be done?

(checks his watch)

I've got to teach fifth.

MR. FORTE

Right at the beginning of fifth.

DR. KNITTEL

Well what am I going to eat? I can't have a cold ham sandwich and cup of yogurt after smelling this.

Mr. Forte shrugs, "Sorry."

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Your family has always done what's best for this school, so I'm just wondering if you've talked to your brother?

TIM

About what?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

About what we're talking about.

TIM

What are we talking about?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

The donation.

TIM

Oh, I'm sorry, Principal Clark, I don't have any money to donate.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

No, Tim. We've received a donation. A rather sizeable generous donation.

TIM

(lost in his notes)

Okay.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(whispers)

Twenty million dollars.



TIM

Can I get some plutonium? (uranium)

Principal Clark gives an incredulous look. Enter Mr. Fujimoto via the door left toting a bronze head bust.

DR. KNITTEL

Hey, Rich.

MR. FUJI

Howdy, Greg.

(he sees Principal Clark)

DR. KNITTEL

What have you got there?

MR. FUJI

Nothing.

Mr. Fuji stashes the head in the refrigerator.

DR. KNITTEL

What is that, Kennedy?

MR. FUJI

No. You never saw me.

DR. KNITTEL

Okay?

MR. FUJI

Forte?

MR. FORTE

Never saw who?

MR. FUJI

Exactly. Hello, Dick.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Rich.

MR. FUJI

Tim.

(Tim's lost in his notes again)

This is a proposal

(pulls out papers)

For a new theatre--and, what do you know? It costs exactly 20 million dollars.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Rich, we've been through this--I think the cafeteria stage works just fine--

MR. FUJI

Well you would think that because you're a moron.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Excuse me?

MR. FUJI

I can't be expected--I can't be forced to put on Pacific Overtures in a theatre that has the acoustics of a meat locker.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Rich--

MR. FUJI

I won't do it anymore! I won't! I just won't!

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Rich--

MR. FUJI

I won't--

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Rich--

MR. FUJI

Not when the football team--in the last ten years has gotten a new field, a new practice field, a new field house, a new weight room, track, pads, uniforms, new uniforms every goddamn year!

PRINCIPAL CLARK

I will take it under consideration.

First bell beeps.

DR. KNITTEL

Dammit! Done yet?

MR. FORTE

Almost.

MR. FUJI

Consideration?! How 'bout you consider this--  
(he flicks off Principal Clark)

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Rich, come on. Don't be a child--

MR. FUJI

How 'bout you consider your students for once you stupid son of a bitch.

(he starts to leave via upstage door)

PRINCIPAL CLARK

I always put the students--

MR. FUJI

(points at him)

HA!

And Mr. Fuji exits via the back right door. Principal Clark stands in the middle of the room recuperating a moment.

DR. KNITTEL

(joking)

Ah, the passion of the theatre!

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(slowly turns)

Fuck you, Greg.

(he starts to leave via door left, then turns back)

None of you have any fucking idea what I do to keep this school running.

Principal Clark exits via door left.

DR. KNITTEL

Well...I have to get to class. Can I get a taste before I go?

MR. FORTE

(scrunches up his face)

It's not done yet. But I'll save you a plate.

DR. KNITTEL

You have a deal, kind sir.

(he looks around)

Tim? Tim? Tim!

(Tim turns and looks at him)

Fifth period.

TIM

Oh.

Tim gathers up his papers and runs out via the door back right.

MR. FORTE  
(trying to make a joke)  
Ah, the passion of the scientist!

Dr. Knittel just looks at him like he's  
crazy.

MR. FORTE  
Doesn't really work as well.

DR. KNITTEL  
No...I give you my leave. (maybe he bows)

Dr. Knittel leaves via the door down  
right. And just as he does Coach Arthur  
enters via door left.

COACH ARTHUR  
Forte. What the hell is all this?

MR. FORTE  
Just doing a little cooking.

COACH ARTHUR  
Yeah? You can cook?

MR. FORTE  
Oh, sure. I can cook.

COACH ARTHUR  
What is it?

MR. FORTE  
I'm making a Kobe beef tenderloin in a ginger-shiitake brown  
sauce with garlic baked potatoes and steamed asparagus.

COACH ARTHUR  
Are you making enough for my whole football team?

MR. FORTE  
(misses Coach Arthur's joke)  
What? No, uh, I don't think so.

COACH ARTHUR  
Relax, Forte. Jesus. Well I'll tell you this--I don't know  
about that apron but it smells goddamn good. Lay it on me.

MR. FORTE  
Oh. Well. It's not quite--

Enter Ms. Amy Jones from left. Mr.  
Forte freezes.

COACH ARTHUR

Come on, Forte, you've got enough food here to feed an army. Forte?

MS. JONES

Hi, coach.

COACH ARTHUR

Howdy, Amy.

MS. JONES

Hi.

MR. FORTE

Hello.

COACH ARTHUR

Forte, food.

Amy gets some tupperware salad out of the fridge. Mr. Forte is frozen, his eyes follow her every move even though he tries not to. Purely out of routine reflex, he fixes Coach Arthur a plate.

COACH ARTHUR

Thank you.

Coach Arthur sits down at the counter. Amy sits at the table. They eat for a couple silent moments as Mr. Forte tries to figure out what to do.

COACH ARTHUR

Forte. This is very good. Forget the crack I made about your apron, you're a damn good cook.

Mr. Forte has made up another plate of food. He delicately, perfectly wipes the sides of the plate to make it look pristine. He holds the plate, thinking...

COACH ARTHUR

You should cook like this every day. Jesus.

Plate in hand, Mr. Forte finally walks over to Amy.

MR. FORTE

Uh, Miss Jones, would you care for a plate?

MS. JONES

Oh. That's very sweet of you. What is it?

COACH ARTHUR

It's a Kobe beef tenderloin in a ginger-shiitake brown sauce with garlic baked potatoes and steamed asparagus.

Mr. Forte looks at Coach Arthur.

MS. JONES

Oh. I'm actually a vegetarian. So, thank you, I just can't.

MR. FORTE

Well, that's okay. Would you like just the asparagus?

MS. JONES

You know, maybe later I will. But thank you. I don't think-- I'm Amy, by the way.

COACH ARTHUR

That's Forte.

MS. JONES

Nice of you to cook for everyone.

MR. FORTE

Well...You know.

COACH ARTHUR

He's never done this before. First time.

MR. FORTE

I cook mostly at home.

COACH ARTHUR

Just for yourself?

MR. FORTE

For myself. And family. And friends. Lovers?

MS. JONES

That's nice.

MR. FORTE

Yes...

(still standing there holding a  
plate)

I hear that you sculpt. With your hands.

Coach Arthur turns and looks at Mr.  
Forte like he's crazy.

MS. JONES

Uh, yes. Yes I do.

MR. FORTE

That's great. I just think that's great.

Enter Mr. Kobe via door left.

MR. KOBE

Coach.

COACH ARTHUR

Hey, Paul. Have some food. Forte made a ton.

MR. KOBE

Okay.

MR. FORTE

I'm Jeff Forte.

MS. JONES

Yes.

MR. FORTE

I teach English.

MS. JONES

That's great.

MR. FORTE

Yeah...It really is...

MS. JONES

So we'll have to talk some other time.

MR. FORTE

Yeah. Yeah we will. Definitely. We'll talk. About stuff. Your book, your book. I'll let you read--what are you reading?

(she holds up her book)

Eat, Pray, Love.

MS. JONES

Have you read it?

MR. FORTE

(lying) Oh sure.

MS. JONES

We can talk about it.

MR. FORTE

Okay. Bye, Miss Jones.

MS. JONES

Amy.

MR. FORTE

Amy. Enjoy it.

Thanks. MS. JONES

Mr. Forte retreats and then heads over and gives the full plate of food to Fr. Serva. Fr. Serva takes the plate and begins eating, not even acknowledging Mr. Forte.

I caught two of your guys. MR. KOBE

Let me guess: sophomores. COACH ARTHUR

Oh yeah. MR. KOBE

Who? COACH ARTHUR

Pete Delaney and Brian Gannon. MR. KOBE

Doing what? COACH ARTHUR

Just smoking. Behind Wendy's. MR. KOBE

Mr. Kobe pulls out two packs of Marlboro Lights and puts them down on the counter.

Goddamn It! COACH ARTHUR

Mr. Forte hangs up his apron and exits via the door upstage.

These stupid kids. What kind of athlete smokes? Tell me that? COACH ARTHUR

The smoking kind? MR. KOBE

All right. I'll take care of this. COACH ARTHUR  
(he pockets the packs)  
They're gonna run suicides until they puke out every last cigarette they've ever smoked.

How's your quitting going? MR. KOBE



COACH ARTHUR

Those fucking patches don't work, I'll tell you that. I wore four of them at once: did nothing.

MS. JONES

I got hypnotized, that's how I quit.

COACH ARTHUR

Yeah, well, that might work for women but we men are wired a little differently.

MS. JONES

(back to reading her book)

That's true. You're dumber.

Pause. Then Coach Arthur and Mr. Kobe laugh. Enter Tom Toner via the upstage right door.

COACH ARTHUR

Dumberer. We're dumberer, Amy.

TOM

That sounds about right.

COACH ARTHUR

Tom.

TOM

Kobes. Have you seen Tim? What's all this?

COACH ARTHUR

Forte cooked all this food.

TOM

What for?

Coach Arthur and Mr. Kobe turn their heads towards Amy.

TOM

Ah. I think I'll take some for the road.

COACH ARTHUR

Tom, do you have a minute?

TOM

Sure, coach, what's up?

They stand upstage right.

COACH ARTHUR

I just want to make sure we understand each other.

TOM

Larry, I don't think we've ever understood each other, but I'm willing to try. I think couples counseling is the way to go.

COACH ARTHUR

This is a lot of money.

TOM

Yes it is.

COACH ARTHUR

So what are you gonna do?

Enter Mrs. Arthur via the door left.  
Her and Tom make brief eye contact.

TOM

That's best kept between me and the holy trinity: me, myself, and I.

Tom pats Coach Arthur's cheek, pops an asparagus stalk in his mouth, and leaves via the upstage right door.

MRS. ARTHUR

What was that all about?

COACH ARTHUR

I thought you had class fifth?

MRS. ARTHUR

Pop quiz.

COACH ARTHUR

(checks his watch)

I gotta meet Hank before sixth. Do me a favor, I am not telling you what to do, okay? Would you mind fixing me a plate of this food and leaving it in the fridge for later? I'm gonna be here late tonight.

MRS. ARTHUR

I know you are.

COACH ARTHUR

(sarcastic)

Yeah. Right.

Coach Arthur exits via door left.

MRS. ARTHUR

Paul, how long have you been married?

MR. KOBE

Too long.

MRS. ARTHUR

That is the only correct answer.

MR. KOBE

Have some food, it's really good.

MRS. ARTHUR

Who made it?

MR. KOBE

Forte.

MRS. ARTHUR

I didn't know he was a cook.

Mr. Kobe makes eyes towards Amy.

MRS. ARTHUR

Ah.

Enter Mr. Prokop from the upstage door.

MR. PROKOP

(enraged)

All right. Where is he?

MRS. ARTHUR

Who?

MR. PROKOP

My head.

MR. KOBE

Have you checked your ass?

Amy bursts into laughs.

MS. JONES

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MRS. ARTHUR

What are you talking about?

MR. PROKOP

Have you seen Mister Fujimoto?

MR. KOBE

No.

MS. JONES

I don't know who that is.

MRS. ARTHUR  
I just saw him out on the mall.

Mr. Prokop walks downstage and looks out the windows. Mrs. Arthur and Mr. Kobe follow him but stay behind the couch.

MR. KOBE  
(holding his plate and eating)  
There he is.

MRS. ARTHUR  
What's he doing?

MR. PROKOP  
I'm going to kill him.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Looks like he's just feeding the pigeons. What's the big deal?

MR. KOBE  
What is that? He's holding up a book.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Oh, no.

MR. KOBE  
A Theology textbook? And now he's smiling.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Oh, no. Don't start ripping--

MR. PROKOP  
He is Dead. DEAD!!

MRS. ARTHUR  
Now hold on, Paul--

MR. PROKOP  
Misses Arthur?

MRS. ARTHUR  
Yes?

MR. PROKOP  
Would you hold these for me?

Mr. Prokop takes off his rings, one by one, and hands them to Mrs. Arthur. His eyes never waver from looking outside at Mr. Fujimoto.

Then he hands her his keys, chapstick, money clip, wallet, tiny bible, tiny catechism, pens, pocket protector, and lastly he loosens his tie, unbuttons his shirt and takes off the rosary he wears around his neck.

MR. KOBE

Paul? Paul? Are you all right?

MRS. ARTHUR

You really don't want to do this, Paul.

MR. KOBE

Paul, why don't you just take a breath.

MRS. ARTHUR

Misses Wilhelm made some pie--you want to just have some pie?

MR. PROKOP

(deadly serious)

No pie. Maybe pie later.

MR. KOBE

(about Mr. Fuji)

Oh my God! He's not gonna pee on--Ohp, there he goes.

MR. PROKOP

(slowly, signs it)

In the name of the Father...and the Son...and the Holy Spirit...as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end...

MR. KOBE & MRS. ARTHUR

(casually, together)

Amen?

MR. PROKOP

(screams his William Wallace battle cry and then runs out the downstage right door)

Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!

MRS. ARTHUR

There they go. (she points)

Ms. Jones walks over and joins them.

MR. KOBE

Man, Fuji is fast. Look at him take off.

MRS. ARTHUR

Oh!

MR. KOBE

And down he goes. Paul should not have tried to hurdle that bench.

MS. JONES

(joining in)

Oh! He's back up.

MR. KOBE

Good catch, Amy.

MS. JONES

Thank you.

MRS. ARTHUR

And down the side.

MR. KOBE

Around the garbage can.

MRS. ARTHUR

Through that freshman gaggle.

MS. JONES

And down the sidewalk.

MRS. ARTHUR

It's a Fuji breakaway.

MR. KOBE

He's heading for the chapel. And he could go...

ALL 3 TOGETHER

All the way!

MR. KOBE

And they're gone.

They all look off to their right, as if Mr. Fuji and Mr. Prokop disappeared around a corner.

MS. JONES

Is this about the donation?

MRS. ARTHUR

Oh, no.

MS. JONES

No?

MRS. ARTHUR

No.

MR. KOBE

No. This is normal.

MS. JONES

Oh. What are they fighting about?

MRS. ARTHUR

You know, it's like the Hatfields and the McCoys.

MR. KOBE

The Israelis and Palestinians.

MRS. ARTHUR

The Road Runner and Coyote.

MR. KOBE

Ben and Jerry.

MS. JONES

What was the initial fight about?

MRS. ARTHUR

You know, I don't think even they remember.

(checks her watch)

I've got to get back to that quiz.

Mrs. Arthur exits left. Mr. Kobe takes Fr. Serva's empty plate and silverware out of his hands which wakes him.

MR. KOBE

Amy, have you met Father Serva?

MS. JONES

No, I don't think I have. I'm Amy Jones, Father.

FR. SERVA

You smell like happiness.

Fr. Serva falls back to sleep. Mr. Kobe and Ms. Jones head to the counter.

MR. KOBE

He's been here forever. He's a little...(does a circular motion to his head, indicating crazy) He once taught History. And Math. And French. And Physics. The man has three Phd's.

MS. JONES

I barely have a Masters.

MR. KOBE

Me too. He's the last of a dying breed.

MS. JONES

He's sweet.

Enter Tim Toner from upstage door.

MR. KOBE

Tim, don't you have class?

TIM

Pop quiz. I suddenly felt light headed which means my blood sugar is low and then I realized I haven't had any nourishment since seven fifty-five AM yesterday.

MR. KOBE

Well, grab some food.

Tim fixes himself a plate.

MR. KOBE

Tom's looking for you.

TIM

Tell Tom I need that 20 million dollars for plutonium. He'll know what that means.

Tim opens up the refrigerator to find something to drink.

MR. KOBE

O-kay. Have you met Amy? Amy Jones, Tim Toner.

MS. JONES

Nice to meet you.

Tim closes the fridge.

TIM

There's a head in the fridge.

Exit Tim via upstage door. Enter Principal Clark from door left.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

These camera crews are everywhere! Every turn I make: Bam! Have you seen Tom Toner? What is that amazing smell?

MR. KOBE

Mister Forte cooked some food.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Hmm. (he quickly throws together a plate) Has Coach Arthur been around?



MR. KOBE

He was here. You just missed him.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Damn. Mm. This is delicious.

MR. KOBE

Yes. Who knew?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Miss Jones, have some of this food, it's fantastic.

MS. JONES

I'm a vegetarian.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Really? Why? Whatever. I gotta go. Oh, Paul, I know catching the boys doing stupid things, you do a great job of that--but we've got a big game tomorrow--season opener--

MR. KOBE

Yeah, we know.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

So why don't you just, ya know, take it easy. Relax for a few days. Ya know?

MR. KOBE

The Math Department needs a new computer.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(winces)

Yeah...I just don't think that's in the budget right now.

Exit Principal Clark, wiping his mouth with a napkin as he goes, via upstage door.

MR. KOBE

Excuse me, Amy, I gotta go punch a locker.

MS. JONES

I find kicking works just as well and it doesn't hurt as much.

MR. KOBE

Yeah. Thanks.

Exit Mr. Kobe via door left. Ms Jones returns to her book. Pause. Enter Mr. Nap via upstage door, dressed his dapper best. Perhaps a sportcoat, no tie, and a scarf around his neck--a kind of dorky George Hamilton look.

He quietly walks in, says nothing, sees the room empty except for Amy--exactly as he hoped. He goes to the cupboard, removes two wine glasses, and places them on the counter. He opens the refrigerator and takes out a bottle of wine from the door. He shuts the fridge. Thinks a second. Reopens the door to confirm what he saw, then he closes the door and thinks for another second, then shrugs off the whole strange sight. Now he opens drawers and finds a corkscrew. He screws it into the cork which takes everything he's got. He then turns the arms down but the cork is still not out. He pulls and pulls and pulls. Finally he puts the bottle between his thighs and Pulls: Pop! He loses his balance and falls down behind the counter as a splash of wine flies in the air. Amy turns on the Pop but at first doesn't see anyone.

MS. JONES

Hello?

Mr. Nap slowly rises from behind the counter and tries desperately to play it cool.

MR. NAP

Hello.

MS. JONES

You okay?

MR. NAP

Fine. Why? Great.

Mr. Nap takes the bottle in one hand and attempts to sweep the two wine glasses off the countertop in one smooth swoop but he's clumsy and almost knocks them off the counter to the floor but at the last second saves the stemware and rights himself. He then attempts to glide over to Amy's table.

MR. NAP

Lovely day, isn't it?

MS. JONES  
(looks outside)

Yes.

MR. NAP

I find autumn to be the most sense-ual of the seasons.

MS. JONES

I'm more of a summer person.

MR. NAP

Yes...I fear we have not been properly introduced.

MS. JONES

You're Mister Nap, right? You teach biology?

MR. NAP

Yes, I do. That's my job. But. I am also a man, a full grown man of many tastes. (he begins to pour the wine) Tastes and hobbies. I think this money--this 20 million dollars or whatever it is--I think it should go towards the Arts--most specifically the Fine Arts...Department. Aren't you a member of the Fine Arts Department?

MS. JONES

Oh, I just got here. I don't want to get involved in politics.

MR. NAP

Yes. Politics are so boring. Politics are stupid. I hate Politics. Would you care to share a glass of Chablis with me? Well not a glass. Two glasses. One for you and one for me.

MS. JONES

Oh, I don't know. Thank you--

Enter Tom via upstage door.

MR. NAP

(pours two glasses)

I like to keep a bottle of Chablis in the refrigerator at all times just 'cause we're all adults here.

Tom hangs back in the kitchen and watches all of this unfold.

MS. JONES

It's not even noon.

MR. NAP

No. No, that's true. But...It must be noon somewhere.  
(he takes a drink)

Tom rolls his eyes, opens the refrigerator, takes out a water, then closes the door. He pauses a moment in thought. (re: the head in the fridge) Then shrugs it off too.

MR. NAP

Damn. That is good Chablis.

MS. JONES

I think I should get ready for class. Good to...See ya.

Amy picks up her stuff, sees Tom for the first time as she goes. Tom smiles and Amy exits via the door left.

TOM

May I make a suggestion?

MR. NAP

Yes. Please. By all means.

TOM

Lose...all of it.

MR. NAP

Even the Chablis?

TOM

Especially the Chablis.

MR. NAP

I'm just no good with women.

TOM

Why don't you just be yourself?

MR. NAP

But I'm not cool.

TOM

That's not gonna change. No matter what you do.

MR. NAP

Well, how do you do it? I mean Misses Arthur is a beautiful intelligent funny caring woman--

TOM

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, Kojak. How do you know about that?

MR. NAP

Vibes. You two are scorching.

TOM

Damn it.

MR. NAP

Plus I heard your sounds of sweet coitus coming from the fourth floor janitor's closet of the science building.

TOM

Tried to get as far away from the football field as possible.  
Who else do you think knows?

MR. NAP

Mister Forte, Mister Beach, Mister Fujimoto, Mister Kobe,  
Mister Prokop, Fred the Janitor,

TOM

What about Coach Arthur?

MR. NAP

No, he's the only one. He seems completely clueless.

TOM

Man, Nap, you're very astute.

MR. NAP

Only about other's love lives. My sense of sensual smell is  
beyond competition.

TOM

Don't use that word.

MR. NAP

What, love?

TOM

No, sensual. It doesn't sound right coming out of your mouth.

MR. NAP

Double damn.

TOM

What do you think I should do?

MR. NAP

Donate the 20 million dollars to the Fine Arts Department.

TOM

Not you too.

MR. NAP

No. That Irish band has enough money. The Fine Arts  
Department.

TOM

I gotta go.

MR. NAP

What about my love life--my lack of love life?

TOM

Ask Father Serva, he's full of good ideas.

As the door upstage opens and Principal Clark enters, Tom escapes out the door left.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Was that Tom?

MR. NAP

No. It was Tim.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Tim? What are you wearing? Where's your tie? What are you, drinking?

MR. NAP

Just a little Chablis. It's non-alcoholic Chablis. From Detroit, I believe. (looking at the label)

PRINCIPAL CLARK

You're an idiot.

MR. NAP

Only around women.

Principal Clark moves to leave.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Get to class. Teach something.

Exit Principal Clark via left door. Mr. Nap walks downstage and gives his second glass of Chablis to Fr. Serva.

MR. NAP

Father! Father! (he wakes) Here you go, Father. (Chablis) Know anything about women?

FR. SERVA

Happiness is a warm...(mumbles as he drifts back off) vagina.

A surprised look from Mr. Nap as he turns his head and looks at Father. Mr. Nap swoops in and catches Father's glass of chablis from spilling in his lap. He then stands there holding two half-full glasses of chablis and suddenly feeling very lonely.

Blackout.

END OF SCHOOL BELL. 3:15 PM.

ACT 1. SCENE 3. DAY 1. THE CLOCK READS 3:45 PM.

Fr. Serva remains in his easychair.  
Mrs. Wilhelm sits on the couch watching  
TV. Dr. Knittel sits at the table  
grading papers. Coach Arthur gets  
coffee.

MRS. WILHELM

That is true. That is so true. This man really knows what  
he's talking about, Father. It is so simple. It's right there  
in front of our faces. If you want something, take it. If  
someone is hurting you, stop them. If you want--

Coach Arthur walks over behind the  
couch.

COACH ARTHUR

(doing his best Dr. Phil  
impression)

You can't look yourself in the mirror if you don't own a  
mirror!

MRS. WILHELM

He never said that.

DR. KNITTEL

(doing his best Dr. Phil)

You either get on board or you're just plain bored.

MRS. WILHELM

Shhhhh.

Fr. Serva wakes. Enter Tim from  
upstage. He frantically searches the  
cupboards and refrigerator.

COACH ARTHUR

It's not how far you fall, it's how long it takes you to git  
up.

FR. SERVA

Get Real!

TIM

(unseen)

You have to name it before you can claim it!

MRS. WILHELM

Shush!

Coach Arthur walks over to Tim.

COACH ARTHUR

What are you looking for?

TIM

Duct tape. I'm all out.

COACH ARTHUR

Why don't you go to the trainer's room? They've got all sorts of tape.

TIM

Could I borrow some?

COACH ARTHUR

Sure. Just tell them I said it was all right.

TIM

Oh, Coach! (hugs him) You have saved my life! Just for this I'm going to name my new compound after you. I'll call it Larry Arthur's...(searching for the right word) Compound.

Tim exits via down right door.

COACH ARTHUR

O-kay.

Enter Mr. Kobe from upstage door.  
Father Serva fights to stay awake and watch TV.

MR. KOBE

Ah, there you are.

COACH ARTHUR

What's up?

Mr. Kobe sees the TV.

MR. KOBE

It's not about the chicken or the egg, it's about getting across the street!

MRS. WILHELM

Zip it!

MR. KOBE

We have a problem.

COACH ARTHUR

Other than my hemmorhoids?

MR. KOBE

Yeah.



COACH ARTHUR  
Dammit. What now?

Mr. Kobe pulls out a small clear packet  
of white powder.

COACH ARTHUR  
I hope that's for my coffee.

MR. KOBE  
Call it what you may: California Cornflakes, Bolivian  
Marching Powder,

DR. KNITTEL  
King Henry VIII's Sleigh Ride--

MR. KOBE  
Florida Snow, Sugar Boogers--

FR. SERVA  
Cocaine.

COACH ARTHUR  
Hey. Come here.

Coach Arthur moves Mr. Kobe upstage.

COACH ARTHUR  
Let's not broadcast this. Okay? Who was it?

MR. KOBE  
Scott Mutryn.

COACH ARTHUR  
You've got to be kidding me.

MR. KOBE  
Nope.

COACH ARTHUR  
Where?

MR. KOBE  
The boys monster john. Eighth period.

COACH ARTHUR  
Anybody else?

MR. KOBE  
Bobby Krueger and Eric Haddad. But Scott took the blame.

COACH ARTHUR  
Typical quarterback. Trying to be the "leader."

Fr. Serva drifts off.

MR. KOBE

What do you want to do about this?

COACH ARTHUR

Season opener tomorrow and he does this! I may kill that kid.

MRS. WILHELM

Will you be quiet?!

COACH ARTHUR

(to Mr. Kobe)

Camera crews everywhere. How stupid can you be?!

DR. KNITTEL

Stupidity is all a matter of perception.

COACH ARTHUR

All right! Thank you, Doc!

MR. KOBE

We have to tell Rich about this.

COACH ARTHUR

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'll take care of this on my end, you tell Rich, but do me a favor--let's just try to keep this quiet. Okay, Doc?

DR. KNITTEL

My lips are sealed.

Enter Tom via the door left. He wears a suit.

COACH ARTHUR

Goddamn it! I'm just trying to coach a fucking football game!

TOM

You should've been a plumber.

COACH ARTHUR

And why's that?

TOM

'Cause you seem to like the taste of shit.

COACH ARTHUR

Don't fuck up this meeting tonight.

Exit Coach Arthur via the door left.

MR. KOBE

Looking good, Tommy.

TOM

Feeling good, Paul. What's up with him?

MR. KOBE

I just caught his star quarterback doing some nose candy.

TOM

You must have Native American blood in you or something. You should really have your own reality show.

DR. KNITTEL

(to himself)

Oh, it'll stay quiet.

TOM

One sec: You can't always get what you want, but sometimes you find you get what you need!

Mrs. Wilhelm shoots him an angry look.  
Tom laughs.

TOM

What? I'm just gettin' real.

FR. SERVA

(wakes)

Get Real!

TOM

(to Kobe, re: Mrs. Wilhelm) I love that look. Let's me know I'm alive. So what are you going to do?

MR. KOBE

I'm going to tell Rich.

TOM

Good idea.

MR. KOBE

What are you going to do?

TOM

Get a couple of lines off you?

MR. KOBE

Sure. Sure. That'll make the meeting fly by.

TOM

Like lightning.

MR. KOBE

Could you find out who this Anonymous is, please?

TOM  
I'll do my best. It might take blackmail.

MR. KOBE  
Or alcohol.

TOM  
Same thing.

Dr. Knittel walks over to them.

DR. KNITTEL  
Tom.

TOM  
Doc, Rome was not built in a day.

DR. KNITTEL  
True. But they did not have 20 million dollars.

MR. KOBE  
He's got a point.

TOM  
Yes he does.

DR. KNITTEL  
I'm just wondering if you could share with us--

MRS. WILHELM  
(regarding the TV)  
Yeah!  
(she claps rapidly like a bird  
flapping her wings together,  
she is happy)

DR. KNITTEL  
--what you plan on telling the Board of Regents this evening?

Mrs. Wilhelm has switched off the TV  
and turned around on the couch to  
listen.

TOM  
Ah, but it would ruin the big surprise.

DR. KNITTEL  
I just hope you're taking into account the needs of the  
faculty and not other more peripheral needs.

MR. KOBE  
I think he's talking about a certain sports team.

TOM  
Yeah, I gathered that much.

Mrs. Wilhelm gets up and walks over to  
Tom, employing Dr. Phil-type speech.

MRS. WILHELM  
It is important to remember, Tom, you can always lose a game  
but you never want to lose yourself.

TOM  
I did that once in Idaho.

MRS. WILHELM  
(like she's high on life, very  
flighty)  
Sometimes you make the right decision, sometimes you make the  
decision right.

DR. KNITTEL  
Thucydides said that.

Mrs. Wilhelm shoots him a look as if to  
say, "What are you talking about?"

TOM  
Hun.

MRS. WILHELM  
(more Dr. Phil sayings) Always take care of your flock and  
your flock will take care of you.

TOM  
Okay.

MRS. WILHELM  
I leave you with that. Let that...process.

Mrs. Wilhelm smiles, exits via door  
upstage.

TOM  
She really gets high off that stuff, doesn't she?

DR. KNITTEL  
You have no idea.

MR. KOBE  
I'm off to the Principal's office.

TOM  
Give 'em hell. Good luck.

MR. KOBE

Where I'm going we don't need luck.

TOM

Yes we do.

MR. KOBE

Yes.

Exit Mr. Kobe via door left.

TOM

Doc, can I ask you a question?

DR. KNITTEL

You just did.

TOM

Yes. You're a pretty observant guy, well educated--

DR. KNITTEL

"A man cannot 'just be friends' with another woman. Period."

TOM

How'd you know?

DR. KNITTEL

You may as well have put a Trojan Horse in the middle of the room. And by Trojan I mean condom.

TOM

What?

Enter Mr. Fuji via upstage door.

DR. KNITTEL

Ah, Rich. What is the worst kept secret at this school?

MR. FUJI

That Paul Prokop likes to dress up like Nancy Reagan while his wife fucks him in the ass wearing a Ronald Reagan mask?

DR. KNITTEL

Second worst.

MR. FUJI

That Peggy's having an affair with this strapping buck.

TOM

You say the sweetest things.

MR. FUJI

(smiles)

Why?

DR. KNITTEL

(to Tom)

I think the dog's out of the box.

TOM

I guess so. What?

MR. FUJI

My two minute speech. Hear me out. Okay?

TOM

(check his watch)

Okay. Go.

MR. FUJI

(builds in drama, like a great Shakespeare soliloquy, he breathes in and exhales slowly a few times. And then he's off to the races.)

We stand at a crossroads. What to do with so much? When some have so little. And some have...so much. This school was founded on the principles of a liberal arts education. Liberal arts. Notice I say arts. It's not liberal sports. It's liberal arts. And yet who gets the least amount of funding?

DR. KNITTEL

The Arts.

MR. FUJI

Exactly. If we are but players and all the world is a stage as the gentle Bard would say, then what does it say about us when our stage is nothing more than a cafeteria that has the whiplash acoustics of an aquarium? Do you know how many lights we have? Twelve. Did you know that the curtain we use to stretch across that unbelievably long stage was made in the good old US of A in nineteen forty-nine? And it smells like cigarettes and BO. Dressing rooms! We don't even have dressing rooms, we use the senior lounge and three bathrooms. A scene shop? Don't have one. Costuming? Rentals. Our seats! What are our seats? Metal folding chairs. Think they make a bit of noise when slid around a tile floor? Try singing MARIA!

I'VE JUST KISSED A GIRL NAMED MARIA,  
AND SUDDENLY I'VE FOUND  
HOW WONDEFUL A SOUND--

Clank! Scratch! Screeeeeeeeetch!

It is time for a Change. We have state-of-the-art classrooms, computer labs. We have a great library, a beautiful chapel, and then three gymnasiums, an exercise room, two weight rooms, a pool, a sauna, a steamroom, an indoor track, and two outdoor football fields that get resodded every year. Do we really need a new football stadium?

DR. KNITTEL

Of course not.

MR. FUJI

Of course not. What we need is for all our students, our boys to men that we create, to experience the magic of the theatre! Attention must be paid. We have been waiting for goddamn too long. Because we are mad as hell and we're not gonna take it anymore. It is time to allow them to experience the thrill I once enjoyed: to see Fiddler on the Roof or A Chorus Line or Noises Off the way they're supposed to be done! This is the day! Then shall our names, Fuji the drama teacher, Tom and Doc, be freshly remembered. Upon this day old men shall weep when they remember what we accomplished. Upon this day.

FUJI'S TALKIN' LOUD

FUJI'S DOIN' FINE

FUJI'S GETTIN' HOT

FUJI'S GOIN' STRONG

FUJI'S MOVIN' ON

FUJI'S ALL ALONE

FUJI DOESN'T CARE

FUJI'S LETTIN' LOOSE

FUJI'S GOT THE STUFF

FUJI'S LETTIN' GO

FUJI?

FUJI'S GOT THE STUFF

FUJI'S GOTTA MOVE

FUJI'S GOTTA GO

FUJI? FUJI?

FUJI'S GOTTA LET GO

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP FUJI

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP FUJI

FOR...YOU...AND FOR...ME...ME...(high note) ME!!!

(Applause. Father Serva wakes and applauds along even though he has no idea why.)

Please, Tom, give us our chance. Give us our theatre. I promise you, you won't regret it. Hope is a good thing, Tom. Sometimes the best of things. Sometimes the only thing. I hope...I hope...I...(he scrunches up his body into a ball like at the end of some modern dance performance)

TOM

And scene.

(More Applause. Father Serva wakes again and applauds along.)

DR. KNITTEL

That was fantastic.



Incredible.

TOM

Enter Mrs. Arthur via door left.

Thanks, Fuj. I promise I'll take all that under consideration.

TOM

That's great, Tom. Thanks.

MR. FUJI

Mrs. Arthur and Tom are looking at each other. Mr. Fuji and Dr. Knittel feel awkward, knowing Tom and Mrs. Arthur appear to want to talk without them.

Come on, Rich, let us fly.

DR. KNITTEL

Exit pursued by a bear.

MR. FUJI

Dr. Knittel roars, raises his arms and chases Mr. Fuji towards the down right door. Mr. Fuji shrieks like a little girl and they're both gone.

I just saw Paul, he told me--

MRS. ARTHUR

Did you know that everybody knows about us?

TOM

No. Who?

MRS. ARTHUR

Everybody.

TOM

Larry?

MRS. ARTHUR

Except Larry. Isn't that amazing? The big galloot.

TOM

Fr. Serva has fallen back asleep.

What should we do?

MRS. ARTHUR

I think we should tell him after he gets the money. Lessen the blow a little.

TOM

MRS. ARTHUR  
What money?

TOM  
The donation.

MRS. ARTHUR  
He might not get that. You don't plan on recommending just so  
We can get out of--

TOM  
How well do you know me?

MRS. ARTHUR  
Mmmmm, ninety percent.

TOM  
That high?

MRS. ARTHUR  
Oh yeah. You're not as mysterious as you think.

TOM  
That's why I don't think.

MRS. ARTHUR  
You can't give him that money just to--

TOM  
I'm not! You know what I'm going to do. What do I always do?

MRS. ARTHUR  
Take care of everybody?

TOM  
Exactly.

MRS. ARTHUR  
You're a good man.

TOM  
Only on Thursdays. And luckily, it is Thursday.

MRS. ARTHUR  
What if it was Monday?

TOM  
Monday I kill stray puppies.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Tuesday?

TOM  
Tuesday I eat lots of beans.

Oooo. Wednesday?  
MRS. ARTHUR

Try to forget about Tuesday.  
TOM

Which brings us to Thursday.  
MRS. ARTHUR

We're all good.  
TOM

She kisses him.

Maybe a little bad.  
TOM

She kisses him.

No, mostly good.  
TOM

Shut it.  
MRS. ARTHUR

She kisses him. Enter Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte from upstage door. They are engrossed in conversation about Star Trek. Mrs. Arthur and Tom split reflexively but Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte could care less. As they pass, heading for the couch.

Hey, Tom.  
MR. FORTE

Hey, Peg.  
MR. NAP

Hey.  
MRS. ARTHUR

Hey, guys. (to Mrs. Arthur) Sorry about that.  
TOM

Old habits die hard. We've gotta tell him soon.  
MRS. ARTHUR

Yes. This is ridiculous.  
TOM

Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte keep chattering away. Ms Jones enters from upstage door.

Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte stop talking,  
freeze, and follow her every move. She  
goes into the fridge, then crosses.

MRS. ARTHUR

Hi, Amy.

MS. JONES

Hey, Peg. Tom, good luck tonight.

TOM

Thanks, Amy. Hopefully I won't need it.

MS. JONES

I'm sure you'll do great. Charm the pants off 'em.

TOM

Okay. Will do.

MS. JONES

See you guys tomorrow. Bye.

MR. FORTE

Bye.

MR. NAP

(gives a little wave)

Bye, Amy.

Ms. Jones exits via door down right.  
Mr. Forte's and Mr. Nap's heads move  
from left to right as if they are  
watching Amy outside crossing.

MRS. ARTHUR

(joking with him, not angry)

Charm the pants off 'em?

TOM

I don't know.

Mrs. Arthur smiles. Tom smiles.

TOM

(to Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte)

Jaws up, boys. You're drooling.

MRS. ARTHUR

She is adorable.

TOM

Oh, you don't have to tell me.

MRS. ARTHUR

But I just did.

TOM

You didn't need to. It was unnecessary.

Enter Principal Clark and Mr. Kobe via door left.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Goddamn camera crews! (to Tom) You and I need to have a little heart to heart before this meeting.

TOM

He has a heart?

MR. KOBE

Two sizes too small.

MRS. ARTHUR

(yawns)

Oh, I'm so tired. Paul, you don't happen to have anything that could pick-me-up, do you?

MR. KOBE

What? You mean like coffee?

MRS. ARTHUR

It starts with a C. But I think it's called Co--

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Hey! Enough! Quiet down. That's supposed to be kept quiet-- only those on a need to know--(to Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte, staring confused) What are you two staring at? Don't you have some papers to grade or--Watch some TV!

MR. NAP

This is far more interesting.

MR. FORTE

Absolutely.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

This is to be kept quiet, Paul, you got it?! I thought you didn't tell anybody?

MR. KOBE

I forgot about Tom. I don't even count him.

TOM

I am merely an extension of your arm.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

There's reporters crawling all over this place--

Enter Mr. Prokop barreling through the upstage door.

MR. PROKOP  
Has anyone seen my head?

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Your what?

MR. PROKOP  
That little piece of shit stole my Sean Hannity head.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
No, I haven't seen a Sean Hannity head--Why do you have a Sean Hannity head?

MR. PROKOP  
'Cause I'm a great American.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Has anyone seen his Sean Hannity head?

Principal Clark looks around the room but all he gets in response are a bunch of: "No", "No", "Nope", "Don't think so", "No".

MR. PROKOP  
Why are you all dressed up?

TOM  
Board of Regents.

MR. PROKOP  
Oh, yeah. That's right. Now listen here: both of you. This...this ground we stand on...all of this...is a Catholic institution. So when you're thinking about what to do with that money--don't forget, don't you dare forget--or I swear to you, you will burn in hell--that money belongs to Jesus and those who spread his word...(heads toward the fridge, turns back) And don't you dare forget it (ibid) Don't you dare.

Mr. Prokop opens the fridge door, pulls out a beer, shuts the door, looks out. Wait...wait...wait for it...his eyes grow enormous...

Mr. Prokop opens the fridge door, looks inside, and shrieks.

MR. PROKOP  
My Hanni-head! (Sean!)

He removes Mrs. Wilhelm's pie from earlier which now has the Hannity bust stuck in the middle of it. Then he slowly and messily pulls the head out of the pie.

MR. PROKOP

You're okay. You're okay. You're okay. You're okay.

He wipes the bust off with a dish towel and cradles it like a baby in his arms. Enter Mr. Fuji via the door left.

MR. PROKOP

You did this! You Sonofabitch!

MR. FUJI

(tosses his bag)

You wanna go?! I'll go! Let's do this!

Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji go for each other. Mr. Kobe grabs Mr. Fuji; Principal Clark and Tom grab Mr. Prokop. Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte, timidly, stand and watch.

MR. PROKOP

I'll go! Anytime you wanna go!

MR. FUJI

Bring it on!

MR. PROKOP

Oh, I'll go! Where do you wanna go?!

MR. FUJI

Anywhere you wanna go!

MR. PROKOP

Tahiti!

MR. FUJI

I'll go! Let's go!

MR. PROKOP

Pittsburgh!

MR. FUJI

I don't care! I'll go! Anytime, Anywhere! Bring it!

The shouting wakes Fr. Serva. He watches.

MR. PROKOP  
Oh, it's already brought!

MR. FUJI  
Bring it again!

MR. PROKOP  
I will reign fire down upon your faggy little head!

EVERYONE  
Whoa!

MR. FUJI  
I will crucify you like Jesus at an Olive Garden!

EVERYONE  
Whoa!

MR. NAP  
What does that mean?

Mr. Forte shrugs.

MR. PROKOP  
You will burn in the fires of your Godless gay hell!

MR. FUJI  
Your children should have been handjobs!

MR. PROKOP  
Judy Garland fucking sucks!

MR. FUJI  
Rush Limbaugh has bigger titties than your wife!

MR. PROKOP  
You're Dead!!

MR. FUJI  
I'll fuck you up!!

They break free and start slapping and wrestling each other in the middle of the room--very unmacho. Principal Clark, Mr. Kobe, Tom, Mrs. Arthur all grab hold and it turns into a mess--and just when it's at its peak of ridiculousness:

MR. NAP  
(pointing straight ahead,  
outside)  
Hey, look! A camera crew.



All look out the window and freeze in their crazy tableau. Mr. Forte gives a little wave to the unseen camera crew. Fr. Serva gives a big toothy smile.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Close the curtains! Close the curtains! Come on!

Mr. Nap calmly walks over to downstage left and pulls on a string to close the (unseen) curtains.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(to Fuji and Prokop)

You morons!

Immediately Mr. Fuji and Mr. Prokop resume their sissy fighting. Mr. Kobe grabs Mr. Fuji. Tom grabs Mr. Prokop. Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte come over to help: Mr. Forte tries to help Mr. Kobe and Mr. Nap tries to help Tom. A Prokop elbow hits Mr. Nap on the elbow.

MR. NAP

Ow. He got my funny bone.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Get these jackasses out of here! Move!

MR. FUJI

This isn't over!

MR. PROKOP

This isn't over until I say it's over!

MR. FUJI

And even then it's not over!

MR. PROKOP

(as he's pulled out the upstage door)

What?

Mr. Kobe and Mr. Forte pull Mr. Fuji out through the left door. This leaves Mrs. Arthur alone a moment. She looks around and all she sees is Fr. Serva.

MRS. ARTHUR

Just like the old days, eh, Father?

FR. SERVA

I was gonna be a shortstop.

Okay.

MRS. ARTHUR

Tom re-enters and grabs the Sean Hannity bust.

Just one second.

TOM

As Tom exits, Principal Clark returns.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Has the whole world gone fucking crazy? Don't you idiots know that you're teachers?! Teachers! I can't have fighting among my faculty! Not now. Of all days, not today!

MRS. ARTHUR

Oh Rich, blow it out your ass.

Mrs. Arthur exits via left door.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Hey. Where are you going?

Enter Tom from upstage door.

Where's she going?

TOM

PRINCIPAL CLARK

I think it's her time of the month.

TOM

Rich, I really don't want to have to punch you out.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Sorry. (adjusts his suitcoat and tie) So you ready to do this?

TOM

Ready as I'll ever be.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Remember, Tom, (puts his arm around him) The alumni are a powerful tool, one that can be a great asset to a teacher or a great thorn in his side.

Fr. Serva's face shows he's trying to piece together what they are talking about.

TOM

Good thing I don't give a fuck about the alumni. (he crosses to leave downstage right) See ya later, Father.

FR. SERVA

(waves)

Bye, Tom.

Tom exits via door down right.  
Principal Clark races after Tom.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Tom, don't be an idiot--

Principal Clark exits via door down right. But he gives one last look to Fr. Serva as he leaves. Confused look from Fr. Serva.

Blackout.

ACT 1. SCENE 4. DAY 1. 9:00 PM

Fr. Serva is gone for the first time. Mrs. Arthur stands at the table and pours herself a glass of wine. She has another empty wine glass on the table. Enter Tim from upstage. He's frantic and starts tearing the place apart looking for something. He doesn't even notice that Mrs. Arthur is in the room. She watches him and lets it go as he opens and closes every cupboard, drawer, and fridge. But then when he kneels down below the sink and starts throwing pots, pans, etc over his shoulder and ricocheting off the island counter and onto the floor in the middle of the room. Mrs. Arthur finally has to speak up.

MRS. ARTHUR

Can I help you find something?

The clanging clatter stops. Tim pokes his head up over the island.

TIM

Oh. Misses Arthur. I didn't know you were here.

MRS. ARTHUR

(a look from Mrs. Arthur,  
then,)

What are you looking for?

TIM

A clothes pin, steel wool, and bleach.

Baking a cake?

MRS. ARTHUR

Blank stare from Tim.

No.

TIM

MRS. ARTHUR

Here. I have a bobbie pin. Does that help? (she pulls one out of her hair)

TIM

(comes over)

Oooo. Excellent.

MRS. ARTHUR

You want some wine?

TIM

No. I don't like complainers.

MRS. ARTHUR

Why don't you go check a janitor's closet for that other stuff?

TIM

That's a good idea. (turns to go, turns back) Oh, are you gonna see Tom?

MRS. ARTHUR

Yeah. Why?

TIM

Tell him that plutonium doesn't have to be weapons grade.

Tim exits via upstage door. Mrs. Arthur turns her head out towards the audience, blank face.

MRS. ARTHUR

Okay. (takes a drink of wine)

Enter Mr. Forte via door down right carrying a clay monstrosity.

MRS. ARTHUR

What is that?

MR. FORTE

I haven't come up with a name yet.

MRS. ARTHUR

But what is it?

MR. FORTE

It's a sculpture. My first.

MRS. ARTHUR

Ahhhh...May I give you a bit of advice?

MR. FORTE

Sure.

MRS. ARTHUR

Don't do that.

MR. FORTE

Do what?

MRS. ARTHUR

What you're doing.

MR. FORTE

What am I doing?

MRS. ARTHUR

You're sculpting.

MR. FORTE

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees...

Mrs. Arthur laughs, sits down at the table. Enter Mr. Nap via door left carrying a canvas.

MR. NAP

(not expecting anyone to be in the room)

Oh. Hi. Misses Arthur. Forte.

MR. FORTE

Nap.

MRS. ARTHUR

Now what are you doing?

MR. NAP

What? This?

MRS. ARTHUR

Yes.

MR. NAP

Oh, this is just...(sees Mr. Forte's thing) You're sculpting?

MR. FORTE

Yes. I am. This is my first actually. But not my last. What have you got there?

MR. NAP

Oh. Um...Just a...Um...Abstract...Portrait...

MRS. ARTHUR

Of whom?

MR. NAP

Oh. Uh. No one. In particular.

MRS. ARTHUR

Let's see it.

MR. FORTE

Yes, William. Show us.

Mr. Nap slowly turns the canvas around revealing a really bad abstract nude of a blond woman (obviously Ms. Jones)

MRS. ARTHUR

All right. Fellas,

Enter Mr. Prokop via door left carrying a big cardboard box.

MR. PROKOP

Good evening. Good evening. Good evening.

Mr. Prokop stops a moment, looks at the painting, looks at Mr. Nap. He looks at the sculpture, looks at Mr. Forte. He shakes his head. As he goes:

MRS. ARTHUR

What's in the box?

MR. PROKOP

(keeps walking)

Don't ask, don't tell.

Mr. Prokop exits via door down right.

MR. NAP

That was weird.

MRS. ARTHUR

Yes.

MR. FORTE

He needs a hobby.

MRS. ARTHUR

Or a lobotomy.

Enter Tom via the door left.

TOM

I need a drink.

Mrs. Arthur pours a glass of wine for him.

TOM

My kind of gal.

Tom sits down at the table.

MRS. ARTHUR

Don't you forget it.

Tom takes in the sculpture and the painting for the first time. After a long gulp,

TOM

Hun. Boys,

MRS. ARTHUR

May I?

TOM

Absolutely. Take it away.

MRS. ARTHUR

Boys: BE YOURSELF-VEZ.

MR. FORTE

But what about--

MRS. ARTHUR

Yourselves.

MR. NAP

What if we just--

MRS. ARTHUR

Yourselves.

MR. FORTE

Can we--

MRS. ARTHUR & TOM

Yourselves.

Mr. Forte and Mr. Nap think a minute, embarrassed.

MR. FORTE

You want to order a pizza?

MR. NAP

You want to watch Battlestar Gallactica?

TOM

There you go!

MR. FORTE

That sounds like a plan.

MR. NAP

Whew. I feel so much better.

MRS. ARTHUR

Now those are the guys we know.

As Mr. Forte and Mr. Nap cross to leave  
via the door left, they converse in  
nerdspeak:

MR. FORTE

I don't know what I was thinking.

MR. NAP

You have a tendency to go overboard.

MR. FORTE

Yeah. Like in Episode Two when Anakin flips out and  
slaughters all those Tuscan raiders.

MR. NAP

Even worse is Episode Three at the Jedi Academy.

MR. FORTE

Yeah. But by then he's completely crossed over to the dark  
side.

Exit Mr. Forte and Mr. Nap via door  
right.

MRS. ARTHUR

You look beat.

She stands behind Tom and massages his  
shoulders.

TOM

(eyes closed)

I...am.

MRS. ARTHUR

Was a decision reached?



TOM

It will be announced tomorrow.

MRS. ARTHUR

That's not what I asked you.

TOM

That's all I know.

MRS. ARTHUR

You don't know much.

TOM

But I know I love you.

His energy returns, eyes open, he  
twirls her around and she winds up in  
his lap.

MRS. ARTHUR

(doing an Aaron Neville  
impersonation)

"And that may be all I need..."

Tom stops her with a kiss. Enter Coach  
Arthur via downstage right door toting  
his clipboard, whistle, hat, bag. He  
stops. For the first time, Tom and Mrs.  
Arthur don't pull apart when someone  
enters. They keep going at it until  
finally Coach Arthur clears his throat.  
Tom and Mrs. Arthur pull apart and see  
him. A moment passes.

TOM

If it's any consolation, you were the last to know.

Blackout

End of Act 1

ACT 2. SCENE 5. DAY 2: FRIDAY, 9:00 AM.

The student announcements start in the  
darkness.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Good morning, Wildcats. Today's announcements:

A Reminder: the library will be closing today at one twenty.

Lights up.

Fr. Serva sits in his chair. He slowly eats a bowl of oatmeal. Mrs. Wilhelm sits on the couch listening to the announcements and eyeing the old priest as he eats. Dr. Knittel sits at the table grading papers. Mr. Kobe and Mrs. Arthur stand in front of the island drinking coffee. The student announcements play under all of the following dialogue.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Congratulations to the Varsity Golf Team on their 144-146 win over Solon. Medalist honors went to Senior Billy Bergold with a 3 under 33. Junior Beau Titsworth shot 1 under 35 as well.

MR. KOBE

Have you talked to Larry?

MRS. ARTHUR

No. He never came home.

MR. KOBE

What's the plan?

MRS. ARTHUR

Some sort of a murder/suicide.

MR. KOBE

That's being proactive.

MRS. ARTHUR

Are we going to find out who this donation came from?

MR. KOBE

I'm going with Lee Harvey Oswald.

Mrs. Arthur laughs.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Sophomore Dan Corrigan please see Mister Kobe, he has your backpack.

Enter Mr. Fuji via the door left.

MR. FUJI

This is War!

He flips open cabinets looking for something.

MRS. ARTHUR

What happened?

MR. FUJI

The unthinkable! We are at defcon five! Prepare the missiles!

MR. KOBE

What are you talking about?

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

To the Bandits of Badminton: there will be a meeting after school today in room 237 to discuss the rules of the tournament on Sunday. The meeting will be brief.

MR. FUJI

My heart has been stolen. That's what happened. The Colossal Prick somehow--I don't know how yet--stole my entire collection of Judy Garland records I had locked in my desk! They were locked in my desk!(he pulls a chain out from around his neck that was under his shirt) This is the only key!

Mr. Kobe and Mrs. Arthur can't help but laugh.

MR. FUJI

The only key!

More laughter (it subsides).

MR. FUJI

In my Desk!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Band: Kudos goes out to the Band for an outstanding performance last night. Thank you to all students and faculty who attended last night's concert. We really appreciate it.

MRS. WILHELM

That's awful.

MR. FUJI

Thank you.

MR. KOBE

Horrible.

MR. FUJI

Exactly.

DR. KNITTEL

The Argonauts would cut off his hand for such thievery.

MR. FUJI

Oh, there will be blood. Mark my words. Blood.

MR. KOBE

But you did steal his Sean Hannity head.

MR. FUJI

That doesn't mean--that doesn't give you the right to bring Judy into this! She is an innocent flower!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

The Math Club will meet today in room 214 right after school.  
The latest Math Calendar will be available.

Tom pokes his head in through the door  
left. Fuji resumes his search.

TOM

Have you seen him?

MRS. ARTHUR

No. Not yet.

MR. KOBE

Where's your disguise?

Enter Tom.

TOM

Yeah, right.

DR. KNITTEL

Thomas, there better be good news.

TOM

(to Mrs. Arthur)

I need to talk to you.

(to Doc)

I know as much as you do, Doc.

(to Fuji)

What the hell are you doing? (Fuji ignores him) What is he doing?

MR. KOBE

Searching for Judy Garland.

TOM

In the oven?

MR. KOBE

She's been known to hide there.

MRS. ARTHUR

Very Sylvia Plath.

TOM

Excuse us for a second.

He pulls Mrs. Arthur downstage, away from the others.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Attention Billiards Club members, due to lack of interest there will be no tournament today.

MR. KOBE

(sips)

This coffee tastes terrible.

Everyone drinks coffee out of various mugs. Mr. Kobe goes to the coffee machine.

TOM

What did he say last night?

MRS. ARTHUR

I don't know. He never came home.

TOM

Are you sure?

MRS. ARTHUR

I think I'd know.

TOM

What do we do?

MRS. ARTHUR

Let me handle it. (she squeezes his hand)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Magis Retreat: This is a reminder to all seniors who registered for the Magis retreat that your typed responses to the reflection questions are due in campus ministry. See Mister Prokop if you have any questions.

Tom and Mrs. Arthur, Mr. Fuji and Mrs. Wilhelm all take sips of coffee.

MR. KOBE

No wonder! There's sardines in the filter!

Spit-takes from everybody.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Attention Investment Club members, due to lack of interest there will be no meeting today.

MR. KOBE

Who made coffee?

MRS. ARTHUR

I didn't.

TOM

Wasn't me.

DR. KNITTEL

No.

MR. FUJI

Don't look at me.

MRS. WILHELM

I didn't.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Mission Collection: today's mission collection will be split between the parishes of Saint Colman and Saint Christopher. Both parishes provide essential services to the poor and vulnerable of the West Side. They each exemplify what it means to be Men for Others because they are loving, religious, and committed to doing justice. The funds collected will assist with various social service ministries which help feed the poor, provide assistance with legal issues, and housing needs among other things. Please be generous!

All look at Father Serva. Fr. Serva takes a long drink from his mug. Fr. Serva gives a small smile.

MR. FUJI

What is wrong with you?!

TOM

(bitter taste)

It really stays with you.

MRS. ARTHUR

Oh, I think I'm going to be sick.

DR. KNITTEL

I kind of like it. It's invigorating. Like a salt bath from within.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Attention Blood Club members we will have a meeting Monday right after school in room 241. The meeting will be brief.

MR. FUJI

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Mr. Kobe is busy rinsing out the pot and filter. Mrs. Wilhelm heads to the sink to rinse out her mug.

MRS. WILHELM

He's really lost it.

MR. KOBE

You can say that again.

MRS. WILHELM

He's really lost it.

Mrs. Wilhelm bursts out laughing at her own joke.

TOM

Good one, Nancy.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

The Student Senate is sponsoring the annual Fall Fest. This is an opportunity for students of all classes to share their talents and entertain students during lunch periods. This event will be held on the Chapel steps. If you intend to take part in this, please contact Mister Tom Toner.

Enter Mr. Prokop from downstage right door.

MR. PROKOP

(fake chipper)

Good morning.

Mr. Fuji pulls a huge knife out of a wooden knife rack and turns on a dime.

TOM

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

MR. FUJI

Where's Judy, you sonofabitch?

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

Contrary to the email sent out, the World of Warcraft Club will not meet after school today due to scheduling difficulties. A new date and time will be announced soon.

MR. PROKOP

Hm. Who?

MR. FUJI

I will gut you from hole to hole.

TOM &amp; MRS. ARTHUR

(grossed out)

Eghhhh.

MR. PROKOP

Bring it, Gaylord.

Mr. Fuji charges.

TOM

Paul!

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

(V.O.)

And now the moment you've all been waiting for. Principal Clark...

Tom holds back Mr. Fuji. Mr. Kobe and Mrs. Arthur intercept Mr. Prokop. Doc remains seated, in the middle of the action, a perfect seat. Insults continue to fly until Mrs. Wilhelm Shhhhhh's them all.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(V.O.)

Thank you, Mister Krueger. (does his Robin Williams impression, which is terrible but he does it every time he makes an announcement, which is rare) Good morning, Wiiiiiiiiildcaaaaaaaats! This is your fearless leader, Principal Clark. Ok. Down to business. This is the moment everyone has been waiting for...

MRS. WILHELM

Principal Clark! Shhhhh! Principal Clark! Shhh! Principal-- Will you SHUT THE FUCK UP?!!!

Silence. Fr. Serva drifts off courtesy of the oatmeal coma. Principal Clark's voice can now be heard over the PA. Mrs. Wilhelm quietly sits back down. Everyone else stops and listens.



PRINCIPAL CLARK

(V.O.)

After long and difficult deliberation, it is my pleasure to announce that The Board of Regents has decided that the generous twenty million dollar donation will go towards the creation of...Wildcat Stadium! (Outside are heard shouts of "Yeah!") A brand new state-of-the-art football theater with seating for up to 20,000. Luxury boxes, a forty foot LCD jumbotron...

MR. FUJI

That fucking bastard!

MR. PROKOP

That cocksucker!

MR. FUJI

That motherfucker!

MR. PROKOP

That motherfucking cocksucker!

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(V.O.)

VIP parking...

MRS. WILHELM

A football stadium?

MR. FUJI

He called it a theater.

MR. PROKOP

Fuck him!

MRS. ARTHUR

Surprised?

TOM

Not after last night.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(V.O.)

Brand new locker rooms with whirlpools...

MR. KOBE

What I want to know is--

MR. PROKOP

That piece of shit!

MR. FUJI

That asshole!

MR. PROKOP  
That cocksucking asshole!

MR. FUJI  
That piece of shit asshole!

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
(V.O.)  
I'd like to thank everyone for their support...

MR. KOBE  
Where did that money come from.

TOM  
Right.

DR. KNITTEL  
Tom?

MRS. ARTHUR  
There's got to be a way to find out.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
(V.O.)  
This is a day that will go down in school history...

MR. FUJI  
That douchecracker!

MR. PROKOP  
That cockfucker!

MR. FUJI  
That cockdouching--

MR. PROKOP  
Dickless--

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
(V.O.)  
Thank you all. And have a great day. Go Cats!

MR. FUJI & MR. PROKOP  
Mother-Fucker!

MRS. WILHELM  
It's just not fair. It isn't.

MR. KOBE  
I mean keeping it Anonymous--I mean, if the person wants a football field, fine--

DR. KNITTEL  
Tom, what did you tell them?

MR. PROKOP

Dickweed.

MR. FUJI

Vagface.

TOM

I told them exactly what you think: to divide the money between the departments. See what you need, and then--

MRS. ARTHUR

Give them what they need. Right?

TOM

Right.

DR. KNITTEL

Well then, Tom, explain to me something--

MR. FUJI

Cuntrag.

MR. PROKOP

Cockblower.

DR. KNITTEL

(rises, now getting enraged, as  
Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji calm  
down)

How the fuck is it that we ended up spending twenty million dollars on a fucking football field?!

MR. KOBE

Calm down, Doc.

MRS. ARTHUR

It's all right.

DR. KNITTEL

No. I want to know. I want our distinguished faculty representative who everyone loves--across the board--to tell me What the fuck happened?

MR. PROKOP

Balls.

MR. FUJI

Tits.

TOM

Doc, I honestly tried. I made our case as best I could--

MRS. WILHELM  
(turning venomous too, out of  
character also, blind rage)  
Well obviously not good enough!

DR. KNITTEL  
That's right!

TOM  
Look, Nancy--

MRS. ARTHUR  
Nancy--

MRS. WILHELM  
--'Cause if the case had been made we wouldn't be stuck with  
a fucking football stadium!!!

DR. KNITTEL  
You're absolutely right!

Mrs. Wilhelm walks straight at Tom who  
backs away.

TOM  
What is this?

MR. KOBE  
I have no idea.

MRS. WILHELM  
Sometimes, Tom, you have to lay down the gauntlet! (slams  
fist on island)

DR. KNITTEL  
Here! Here!

MR. FUJI  
Hells Yeah!

MR. PROKOP  
Fuck Yeah!

TOM  
What is--

MRS. ARTHUR  
You might need to get--

MRS. WILHELM  
Or has it not been clear--

TOM  
 (to Mrs. Arthur)  
 I think so.

MRS. WILHELM  
 --in that handsome head of yours. (she taps Tom's forehead)

TOM  
 What do I do?

MRS. ARTHUR  
 I don't know.

Mrs. Wilhelm has moved Tom all the way stage left. Mr. Fuji and Mr. Prokop are center. Mrs. Wilhelm chases Tom (swearing the whole way, across the kitchen from left to upstage right, Tom tries distracting her by knocking over pots and pans, etc.

MRS. WILHELM  
 That we are the keepers of our childrens' education--

MR. KOBE  
 Just ride it out.

MRS. WILHELM  
 We hold their futures in the palm of our hand!

TOM  
 Ahhhhh!

MRS. WILHELM  
 This is no joke! This is not peacetime! This is War!!

MR. PROKOP  
 War!!!!

MR. FUJI  
 War!!!!

The shouting wakes Fr. Serva.

DR. KNITTEL  
 Yes Yes!! (claps to himself)

MRS. WILHELM  
 War!!!!!!

Coach Arthur enters via downstage right. Tom ducks out the door upstage right, just as:

COACH ARTHUR

Jesus Christ, Nancy! What the hell are you screaming about?

His reprimanding words knock Mrs. Wilhelm out of her angry trance. She slowly morphs back into the quiet sweet little birdlike woman all are used to. She's embarrassed by what just happened, her rage getting the best of her.

MRS. WILHELM

Um...Uh...

MRS. ARTHUR

Primal scream therapy. That's all.

COACH ARTHUR

What?

MRS. WILHELM

Right. Right.

DR. KNITTEL

(also getting back to his  
cordial self)

Well...Uh...I suppose congratulations are in order, Coach.

He shakes Coach Arthur's hand.

COACH ARTHUR

Yeah. Thanks.

MRS. ARTHUR

(consoling Mrs. Wilhelm)

Yes. Congratulations, Larry.

COACH ARTHUR

Thanks.

DR. KNITTEL

What are they going to call it?

COACH ARTHUR

Uh, I don't know. Maybe Wildcat Field?

MR. KOBE

(under his breath)

Anonymous Stadium.

COACH ARTHUR

What's that? (looks at Fr. Serva)

MR. PROKOP

I find it very interesting that we have no idea where the money for this Stadium came from. Don't you, Mister Fujimoto?

MR. FUJI

(accepting Mr. Prokop's olive branch)

Absolutely, Mister Prokop. I couldn't agree more.

COACH ARTHUR

Listen, guys, I don't know where it came from either.

MR. PROKOP

Oh, but you don't?

COACH ARTHUR

No.

MR. FUJI

No?

COACH ARTHUR

No. I have no clue.

MR. FUJI

That is very interesting. Don't you think, Mister Prokop?

MR. PROKOP

Absolutely, Mister Fujimoto.

MR. FUJI

I'm just wondering, to use the parlance of our times, with you and Dick being such good butt buddies--

MR. PROKOP

Oooo.

MR. FUJI

I don't mean that in any sort of a gay way.

MR. PROKOP

A happy way?

MR. FUJI

Exactly. Seeing as you are a happily married man, I would never insinuate--

COACH ARTHUR

Do you want me to squash you like a bug?

MRS. ARTHUR

Paul?

MR. FUJI  
Always with the physical violence.

MR. PROKOP  
Well football just breeds it.

MR. KOBE  
I got it.

COACH ARTHUR  
(laughs)  
Guys, if you have a problem, take it up with the Board of Regents, I have a game to prepare for.

MR. FUJI  
Of course you do. The big game.

MR. PROKOP  
Opening night.

MR. FUJI  
And we'll be there to root you on.

MR. PROKOP  
You and the boys.

MR. FUJI  
You can count on that.

Mr. Kobe moves to talk to Coach Arthur.

COACH ARTHUR  
Not now, Paul, I've got a million things to do.

MR. FUJI  
He's a busy man.

MR. PROKOP  
A very busy man.

MR. KOBE  
Just a second.

COACH ARTHUR  
(tapes, binders in his arms)  
Look at all this stuff. I can't.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Larry,

Enter Principal Clark via door left,  
exit Doc via the same door.



PRINCIPAL CLARK

Doc.

DR. KNITTEL

Congratulations on your Gladiator Stadium. Enjoy the blood.  
(He gives a thumbs down and goes) Thpppppp (with his tongue sticking out of his mouth)

MR. KOBE

(over the noise)

I was just wondering what you plan to do about the Gram of cocaine I took off your star quarterback yesterday?!

This statement stops everyone in their tracks. Dr. Knittel pokes his head back in thru the door. Coach Arthur just stares Mr. Kobe down.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Paul!! (he smiles to everyone, big laugh) What a joker! Just full of jokes. Full of jokes today. And every day, really.

Coach Arthur still stares Mr. Kobe down, then gives an angry threatening point of the finger.

MRS. ARTHUR

Larry,

Exit Coach Arthur via door down right.

MRS. ARTHUR

Shit.

The bell beeps.

MRS. ARTHUR

(to Mr. Kobe)

Thanks a lot.

MR. KOBE

What?

Exit Mrs. Arthur after Coach Arthur. A look passes between Mr. Fuji and Mr. Prokop.

MR. FUJI

Rich, Congratualations!

MR. PROKOP

Yes, Congratulations!

Mr. Kobe watches Fuji's and Prokop's fake cheer, takes a water out of the fridge then exits back right.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Oh, thanks. Thank you. Finally. Somebody--

Mrs. Wilhelm goes to exit via the door left.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(genuinely nice)

Oh, Nancy. You have a great day.

MRS. WILHELM

Suck it, Rich. (Blow it out your ass)

Mrs. Wilhelm exits. Her comments deflate Principal Clark a little bit. Fuji and Prokop restart the energy.

MR. FUJI & MR. PROKOP

(the energy restarting)

Hey!!

MR. FUJI

What an announcement!

MR. PROKOP

It's historic.

MR. FUJI

Yes, historic. Good word. Thank you, Mister Prokop.

MR. PROKOP

You're very welcome, Mister Fujimoto.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Thanks. Thanks a lot. I'm glad to see you've let bygones be bygones.

MR. FUJI

Of course!

MR. PROKOP

What the hell's a Bygone anyway?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

That's great.

MR. PROKOP

You're great.

MR. FUJI  
No, you're great.

MR. PROKOP  
I stand corrected!

MR. FUJI  
Corrected but still Great!

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
This is great.

MR. PROKOP  
Isn't it?

They all stand there awkwardly smiling  
with Mr. Fuji and Mr. Kobe on each side  
of Principal Clark chuckling.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Don't you have class?

MR. PROKOP  
Fuck class.

MR. FUJI  
And fuck you.

More smiling, chuckling.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
What?

MR. PROKOP  
You know you're a worthless human being.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
What?

MR. FUJI  
Your heart must be blacker than a black man in a black hole  
on a moonless night?

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
What?

MR. PROKOP  
I bet your children don't even love you. They might say they  
do but they're lying.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
What?

MR. FUJI  
Fuckheads say what?

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
What?

MR. PROKOP  
We may have to kill you.

MR. FUJI  
No. We're not gonna kill him.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
What?!

MR. PROKOP  
I don't know. I'd kind of like to drink his blood.

MR. FUJI  
It's probably ice cold.

MR. PROKOP  
That's true.

MR. FUJI  
You'd be better off eating his brains--Oh, wait.

MR. PROKOP & MR. FUJI  
They'd taste like shit!

They laugh.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
I just have to--I remembered--I have to uh--there's a thing--  
a thing uh--over there--I have to be at--(checks his watch)  
Right now, I'm late--

Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji follow  
Principal Clark downstage until  
Principal Clark rapidly exits downstage  
right. The minute he slams the door  
they both stop fake-laughing.

MR. FUJI  
We have to find out who Anonymous is.

MR. PROKOP  
I'm with you completely.

Enter Tim via upstage door.

MR. FUJI  
There's only one way we're going to find out.

MR. PROKOP  
I know what you're talking about.

MR. FUJI  
I know that you do.

MR. PROKOP  
I know exactly how to do it.

MR. FUJI  
That's what I like to hear.

TIM  
(opening up drawers)  
Either of you doesn't happen to have an egg timer.

MR. FUJI  
I've got a stopwatch.

TIM  
No. That won't work. (back to searching)

MR. FUJI  
(to Mr. Prokop)  
I use it for quizzes.

MR. PROKOP  
Nice.

MR. FUJI  
Give me your knife.

MR. PROKOP  
Gladly.

Mr. Prokop removes his swiss army knife  
from the belt case he keeps it in and  
hands it to Fuji.

TIM  
(pulls an egg timer out of a  
drawer in the island and holds  
it with both hands above his  
head like He-Man.)  
I have the Power!!

Mr. Fuji and Mr. Prokop turn and look  
at Tim. Tim exits back right. Mr. Fuji  
flicks open a blade.

MR. FUJI  
From sworn enemies...

He cuts the palm of his right hand and winces, it hurts.

MR. FUJI

To brothers.

Then he holds the knife out for Mr. Prokop. They look at each other a moment, then Mr. Prokop takes the knife, holds it, examines it.

MR. PROKOP

Blood brothers.

And then he cuts his own right palm. He winces, steadies his eyes and looks right at Mr. Fuji, they're both very macho and determined.

MR. FUJI

Your God is a figment of your imagination.

MR. PROKOP

I've always wanted AIDS.

Hold, they look at each other.

MR. PROKOP

Brother.

MR. FUJI

Brother.

They smack palms together in an over-the-top handshake. They hold it, squeezing tighter and tighter. Enter Ms. Jones from upstage right, all chipper.

MS. JONES

Hieee.

She opens the fridge and then bends over to get something out of the crisper--her ass in full glory. Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji, still shaking, turn their heads and look at her perfect heiny. Even Fr. Serva's head turns. Then Ms. Jones finds what she's looking for (a Vitamin Water) shuts the fridge, and crosses and exits via the door left.

MS. JONES

Byeeee.

MR. FUJI

If I weren't gay, I'd want to tap that.

MR. PROKOP

I married far too young.

Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji,  
vibrating/shaking with intensity, reach  
their climax and let go. They breath in  
and out deeply as if after an orgasm.

MR. FUJI

Was it good for you?

MR. PROKOP

That was the best I've ever had.

MR. FUJI

(coy)

Oh, stop.

MR. PROKOP

Come on! We've got work to do!

Mr. Prokop holds out his hand. Mr. Fuji  
takes it.

MR. FUJI

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

They start to skip off together. Mr.  
Prokop stops.

MR. PROKOP

What?

MR. FUJI

Macbeth.

MR. PROKOP

Let's roll.

Holding hands, they skip out the door  
left.

FR. SERVA

Queers.

Blackout.

## ACT 2. SCENE 6. DAY 2: LUNCHTIME (5TH PERIOD)

Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte sit on the couch, each with a laptop, playing WOW (if you don't know what that stands for, you won't understand any of this anyway). Their eyes never leave their computer screens. Fr. Serva sits between them. Coach Arthur sits at the table eating his lunch and going over his playbook for the game that night.

MR. FORTE

If you hop the Griffin out of here, I'll kill you.

MR. NAP

Come on, there's nothing I can do. Those guys are like twenty levels higher than me.

Pause. Fr. Serva looks at Mr. Nap.

MR. FORTE

Hang on. All I need to do is find this Arch Druid guy and I can complete my quest--and it's that fucking shaman again!

Fr. Serva looks at Mr. Forte.

MR. NAP

Ha ha ha

Coach Arthur is having trouble concentrating. Fr. Serva looks at Mr. Nap.

MR. FORTE

Ah! It's not funny, man. And you're running off like the big Elvin pussy that you are.

Fr. Serva looks at Mr. Forte.

MR. NAP

Hah, the goodly Tanis is no puss (with mock importance). All right, I'm running back.

Fr. Serva looks at Mr. Nap. Coach Arthur's annoyance level hits a 7.

MR. FORTE

Ahh! Every time I resurrect that shaman curses me, stuns me, and the other ass, Razgull, pops out of nowhere and ganks me. Ah! I hate rogues!

Fr. Serva looks at Mr. Forte.



MR. NAP

I'm on one of them now. I'm going to sic Mordecai on them!

MR. FORTE

They'll make quick work of your pigeon.

MR. NAP

Mordecai is a hawk, and he probably has more hit points than you do!

Coach Arthur finally flips out. He screams a blood curdling yell and throws his empty plastic Gatorade bottle at them: it ricochets off the TV screen. This screws Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte up and they stop playing.

COACH ARTHUR

Shut Up! Shut Up! Shut up! Shut up!...Can you guys...Shut Up!!

MR. NAP

Sure.

MR. FORTE

Yeahp.

COACH ARTHUR

Just...I'm trying to work here.

MR. FORTE

Got it.

MR. NAP

No problem.

Enter Principal Clark, all excited, via the door right.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Larry, Larry, Larry, Larry.

COACH ARTHUR

Not now, Rich.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

ESPN has decided to televise our game tonight. Can you believe that?

Principal Clark puts down his tupperware of lunch, maybe a salad.

COACH ARTHUR

Yes.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Yes? This is huge. New stadium. I told you it would happen and look.

COACH ARTHUR

Yes you did.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Larry, what's the problem? Why aren't you excited?

COACH ARTHUR

Maybe because I still don't know how we're going to stop Saint Edward's linebackers, I have a star quarterback apparently dumber than a bag of dirty jock straps. Oh, and my wife has been having an affair which everyone seems to know about except me.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

You didn't know about that?

COACH ARTHUR

No, I didn't know about that! What did you think I just knew about it but I didn't care?!

PRINCIPAL CLARK

I don't know. I never really thought about it. (shifts tone)  
Look, Larry, it's all

Enter Mr. Fujimoto via door left.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Coming together perfectly, just like we wanted. We got the new football stadium, tons of free press coverage, this year's team is gonna be even better than last year's and that's saying something considering we were undefeated. The students are excited. The Alumni are excited. I'm excited. Do you know how many calls I've gotten today?

Mr. Fuji never takes his eyes off  
Principal Clark while he goes about his  
business in the kitchen and Principal  
Clark slowly starts to take notice.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

A huge number. Huge. And you know what they all say? You know what they all say? What they, what they all say? What they all say is...

Coach Arthur notices Principal Clark's  
stammering. By now Mr. Fuji has peeled  
a banana and takes big, forceful bites  
of it, all the while eyes locked on  
Principal Clark. It's off-putting and  
just plain weird.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Is...Is...

Mr. Fuji finishes the banana with a final big chomp, drops the peel on the floor, and finally exits via the door left.

COACH ARTHUR

What the hell was that?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Uh...He's just uh...What was I saying?

COACH ARTHUR

The Alumni. Calling you.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Right. And, um, well, basically, they're all excited and you really didn't know about Peggy and Tom?

COACH ARTHUR

No!

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Okay. Wow. It must be a real--

COACH ARTHUR

Shock to the system? Yeah. It is.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Right now you just have to block all that out and focus on the game.

COACH ARTHUR

That's what I've been trying to do!

Enter Mr. Kobe via door left.

MR. KOBE

Hey! There they are. Guess who I just ran into in the hallway? I'll tell you: Scott Mutryn. You know him? Your starting quarterback. And guess what he told me? Not only is he dressing for tonight's game, He's starting! You want to explain to me how that is, Coach?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Look, Paul, there's a perfectly good explanation why--

MR. KOBE

Oh, there is?

COACH ARTHUR

There is?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Yes. You see, we're all aware of the situation. And it's very important that we keep this as an in-house matter. We have a lot of press hanging around the school and I think it's best if it's dealt with at the proper time--through the proper channels--I'm just looking out for the student. Something like this gets out it could ruin a student's chances for say a scholarship to an elite university.

MR. KOBE

Ah, right. The student. Don't you mean the athlete?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Well, in this case, yes, it happens to be a student athlete--

MR. KOBE

I can understand wanting to keep it quiet. Sure. I mean you don't want it getting out that your STAR QUARTERBACK was caught ON CAMPUS with A GRAM of COCAINE! I mean that would be bad press--and I'm just thinking of the student.

COACH ARTHUR

Look, Paul--

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Paul, come here a second, will you? Just over here.

They walk right. Mr. Kobe crosses his arms.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Larry is under a lot of pressure right now, what with the game, the new stadium, certain marital issues that I don't want to get into.

MR. KOBE

You mean the fact that his head is so far up his ass that he didn't know Peg's been banging Tom for the last year and a half!

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Shhhh! (quietly) Yes. And the last thing he needs to deal with right now is his starting quarterback can't play in the biggest game of his life.

MR. KOBE

Fuck you.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Please, Paul. Now we have every intention of dealing with this after tonight's game forcefully and also quietly--so I guess what I'm saying is--let's just get through today. Capiche?

MR. KOBE

You're really kind of in a pickle, aren't you?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Yeah.

MR. KOBE

Well I can appreciate that.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

I'm glad you can--and you know, I'm glad we had this little talk and you know, not all the money has to go towards the new stadium, I mean, I'm sure we could maybe find a way to get the Math Department some new computers. What do you think about that?

MR. KOBE

That'd be very nice.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Yes. It would. Wouldn't it?

MR. KOBE

It sure would. So here's what we're going to do.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Okay. I'm listening.

MR. KOBE

Oh, I'm sure you are. I'm going to take those new computers regardless, but if you don't tell me who the Anonymous Donation came from before the end of the school day I'm going to give ESPN, or FoxSports, or Sports Illustrated, or USA Today, or even fucking C-Span, I don't care, an exclusive behind-the-scenes look at Wildcat Football. Capiche?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Well now maybe I'm sure we could figure--

MR. KOBE

Unless, of course, you want to tell me right now?

Principal Clark looks around the room.

MR. FORTE

Damn it. I really want that staff!

MR. NAP

What staff?

MR. FORTE

The Vrykul Crusher?! The reward for completing this quest? The whole reason we are here dying every five seconds?!

MR. NAP

Oh, That staff. Right. Jesus! Looks like more Horde moving in. Damn, undead chicks are hot.

MR. FORTE

Totally.

Fr. Serva is sick of watching them play Warcraft. He slowly gets up and walks upstage. Enter Ms. Jones via upstage right door.

MR. KOBE

(fake positive)

Larry, you give 'em hell tonight. (pats him on the back)  
Enjoy your lunch, (negative) Principal.

Principal Clark stands center suddenly looking and feeling very nauseas. Mr. Kobe exits via door left and slams the door. Ms. Jones has gotten her lunch out of the fridge.

MS. JONES

Hi, Father.

Upon hearing her voice Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte have knee-jerk reactions: they freeze.

FR. SERVA

If I were seventy-five years younger...(he smiles mischievously to her)

Ms. Jones laughs. Father continues on. She notices Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte. As she walks over to them she stops and talks to Principal Clark.

MS. JONES

Oh, Principal Clark?

Fr. Serva exits upstage right.

MS. JONES

Principal Clark? Hello. (He is numb, speechless) Amy Jones. I'm new. I was just wondering, I missed out on the whole ticket thing, and I'm kind of new to this, but I've heard through the grapevine that tonight's game is sold out and I was just wondering if you have any extra tickets?

Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte, still playing, start riffling through their pockets.

Principal Clark? MS. JONES

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
(his mind lost)  
Um...Uh...

COACH ARTHUR  
Amy, I've got some.

MS. JONES  
Oh, great.

COACH ARTHUR  
Here you go. (he hands her some tickets)

MS. JONES  
Thanks, Coach.

Opportunity missed, Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte stop rummaging through their pockets. Principal Clark wanders back to the table and sits next to Coach Arthur. He stares at his food. Ms. Jones stands behind the couch and watches Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte play. They try to hide their nervousness but their eyes give them away.

COACH ARTHUR  
You all right?

Principal Clark turns his head and looks at him, then he pounds his forehead against the table once, twice, three, four...

All heads turn and look at him...

Five. He stays down.

Enter Mr. Prokop via door left, he goes to the cupboard and takes out a bag of potato chips and eats them while all this dialogue happens. He also, exactly like Mr. Fujimoto earlier, stares Principal Clark down.

MS. JONES  
Is that World of Warcraft?

MR. NAP  
Uh, yes. Yes, it is.

MS. JONES  
And you guys play at work?

MR. FORTE  
Well, only a little.

MR. NAP  
We don't play much.

MS. JONES  
Cool. Night elves, huh?

MR. FORTE  
Yes...(realizing she knows the game...)

Mr. Prokop stands slowly one-by-one  
chomping potato chips as he stares at  
Principal Clark.

MS. JONES  
You're playing a Druid, and you're a Hunter, right?

MR. NAP  
Yes. Do you, uh, play?

MS. JONES  
I have a Rogue in the Borian Tundra realm. She's an undead.  
Kitiara.

MR. FORTE  
We play on the Borian server too...I'm Melkor and Mister Nap  
plays Tanis.

MS. JONES  
And I see you're level thirty-one and you're twenty-nine.  
That's cute.

MR. NAP  
Cute?

MS. JONES  
Yeah, well, I just hit sixty-six.

MR. FORTE  
Kitiara? You know I'm pretty sure you killed me last week...

MS. JONES  
Oooh, maybe, I'm sorry. I kill so many Elves. I can't really  
keep track.

Mr. Prokop continues his not-so-subtle  
chomping.



MR. NAP

Maybe you know this troll that keeps ganking us, Razgul?

MS. JONES

Oh, yeah, he's in my guild. Nice guy.

Principal Clark's head rises.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Drugs.

COACH ARTHUR

What?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Drugs.

COACH ARTHUR

What are you talking about?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Maybe hit men.

COACH ARTHUR

What?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Yeah. Hit men. Make him disappear.

Principal Clark sees Mr. Prokop.

COACH ARTHUR

You're out of your mind. Why don't--Will you just let me handle it?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(stands, to Mr. Prokop)

WHAT!?!

Mr. Prokop slowly eats more chips.

MS. JONES

It's too bad you aren't with the Horde. We could have quested together.

MR. FORTE

We could start new characters.

MR. NAP

Yeah, we could do that.

MS. JONES

Wouldn't you have to delete these characters?

MR. FORTE

Well, we have been playing these guys for over a year.

MS. JONES

You guys have played for a year and you're only at level thirty?

MR. NAP

We do have jobs, you know. Didn't you like just graduate?

MS. JONES

I guess that's true.

MR. FORTE

Oh, college. Three hours of class, fifteen hours of gaming.

MS. JONES

Hey, I did get my masters.

Mr. Prokop crumples up the bag of potato chips and throws it onto the floor as he leaves via the door back right, always watching Principal Clark.

COACH ARTHUR

That was weird.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(to no one in particular,  
losing it)

This is my school! I run it! And I run it good! Well!

Principal Clark exits via upstage right door. Enter Dr. Knittel via left door.

DR. KNITTEL

Ah, just the gentleman I was looking for.

COACH ARTHUR

Not now, Doc.

DR. KNITTEL

How can they waste their time--How can you waste your time with that childish game?

MR. NAP

Game? Tittlywinks is a game. Warcraft is an entire universe! It's a life inside of life, a world inside of worlds!

MR. FORTE

Replete with a thriving economy, epic battles, grand adventures in labyrinthine dungeons and glittering castles, a world where friendships are forged and enemies are made! (he has worked himself into a frenzy)

MS. JONES

Yeah, and you get to kill shit with an axe.

DR. KNITTEL

Really? Hm. Perhaps I've misjudged the entire artform.

MR. NAP

Perhaps you have.

Mr. Forte and Ms. Jones laugh. Then Mr. Nap laughs too.

DR. KNITTEL

Ah, Coach. I have assembled here in these pages for you some of the most inspiring words from ancient Greek philosophy. Both that of the preSocratic era and the Hellenistic school.

Doc hands Coach Arthur the pages.

COACH ARTHUR

What am I supposed to do with this?

DR. KNITTEL

Use it. Inspire!

COACH ARTHUR

Okay. Fine. Whatever. Thanks, Doc. (he puts the pages off to the side)

DR. KNITTEL

I fear you are grossly underestimating the value of these words. Allow me to recite a few examples and maybe then you will change your--

COACH ARTHUR

Look, Doc, I don't have time for--

But Coach Arthur sees that Mr. Forte and Mr. Nap have paused the game. And he, alongwith Ms. Jones have turned and await Doc's performance. Fr. Serva remains looking straight ahead.

DR. KNITTEL

(clears his throat)

Good character is not formed in a week or a month. It is created little by little, day by day. Protracted and patient effort is needed to develop good character. Heraclitus.

COACH ARTHUR

(unmoved)

Un hun.

Enter Tom via door left.

DR. KNITTEL

He who has overcome his fears will truly be free. Aristotle.

TOM

Don't stop believing. Hold on to that feeling.

DR. KNITTEL

Plato?

TOM

Journey.

Mr. Nap, Mr. Forte, and Ms. Jones turn and resume their MMORPG videogame. Tom does a double-take when he sees Amy between Nap and Forte. Then he smiles. Then he turns to Coach Arthur and claps his hands together.

TOM

Okay, Larry, let's get this over with.

COACH ARTHUR

Excuse me?

TOM

I've been avoiding you. (holds up hand) Guilty. Been trying to make sure I don't run into you. Childish, I know. But I've decided to grow up. So, come on, hit me.

COACH ARTHUR

Just get out of here.

TOM

No, Larry. Come on. Don't be a baby. You'll feel better. Hit me.

DR. KNITTEL

Tom, I'm thinking perhaps--

TOM

Doc, please. I know you have the best intentions. And you're going to counsel peace, but in this situation violence is not only preferred, it is necessary. So come on, Larry. Hit me.

COACH ARTHUR

I'm not going to hit you, ya jackass.

TOM

Ah. Mooie Bueno. Good. Get your ire up.

COACH ARTHUR

I'm not going to hit you.

DR. KNITTEL

A wise choice, my friend.

TOM

Come on, Larry. Hit me.

COACH ARTHUR

Shut up.

TOM

Come on, Larry. (flicks Larry's ear) Hit me.

COACH ARTHUR

(stands)

You piece of shit. (starts walking at Tom)

TOM

Good, Larry. Come on. Hit me.

COACH ARTHUR

I'm not going to hit you. (but he keeps moving towards Tom)

TOM

Come on, hit me! (to the peanut gallery) Preferably somewhere in the torso but I suppose the face--

Mr. Nap, Mr. Forte, and Ms. Jones watch as Coach Arthur socks Tom right in the face. Down goes Tom behind the couch.

TOM

(unseen from the floor behind the couch, he sticks up a "thumbs up")

Nice job, Larry!

Enter Mrs. Arthur via upstage right door. She and Coach Arthur make eye contact.

COACH ARTHUR

Aw, Jesus. He asked for it.

TOM

(perhaps still unseen behind the couch)

I did. Literally. That's true.

Dr. Knittel helps Tom up.

MRS. ARTHUR

You hit him? What are you, twelve?

TOM

Ah, look: blood.

COACH ARTHUR

I'm out of here. (grabs his stuff)

TOM

Good job, Coach! I'm proud of you!

Dr. Knittel sits Tom in a chair at the table. Doc notices his pages left behind, grabs them, and catches Larry just before he exits via the door left and adds them to Coach Arthur's arm pile.

TOM

You give 'em hell! Give 'em hell!

Mrs. Arthur walks over and puts a kleenex under Tom's bleeding nose.

MRS. ARTHUR

You're an idiot.

DR. KNITTEL

I agree completely.

TOM

Well...When in Rome...

DR. KNITTEL

What is that supposed to mean?

TOM

Enjoy the fettuccine.

MRS. ARTHUR

I think you have a concussion. How hard did he hit you?

DR. KNITTEL

(acts this out)

He really wound up and socked it to him.

TOM

I'm fine.

Dr. Knittel goes to the fridge-freezer.

MRS. ARTHUR

What did you think that was going to accomplish?

TOM

I'm not sure. I just thought it'd make us both feel better.

Do you feel better? MRS. ARTHUR

No. Not at all. TOM

Here you go, Tom. DR. KNITTEL

Peas? TOM

Just take them. You're worse than the kids. DR. KNITTEL

I just ran into Paul. He's furious. Threatening to tell the press. MRS. ARTHUR

About Mutryn? TOM

Yeah. MRS. ARTHUR

He should. I've got to find out where this money came from. That's the whole... TOM

Enter Mr. Fuji via the upstage right door with a mug of coffee. At the same time enter Mr. Prokop via the door left also with a mug of coffee. They stand, look around the room, look at each other, take simultaneous sips, nod in agreement to each other, and then leave from whence they came.

What's with those two? TOM

Looks like peace in the Middle East. MRS. ARTHUR

Cheers from Ms. Jones, Mr. Nap, Mr. Forte. A disgusted look from Doc. Ms. Jones, Mr. Nap, and Mr. Forte get up and join the others. At the same time Fr. Serva re-enters from up right. Mrs. Arthur helps him cross back to his chair.

That was a blast! You guys play every day? MS. JONES

MR. FORTE  
No. Not every day--

MR. NAP  
Just once in a while--

They look at Tom, he gives them an incredulous look.

MR. FORTE  
Everyday.

MR. NAP  
All fifth period.

MS. JONES  
Excellent! We're gonna be lunch buddies. We'll be a lunch bunch. (she's gathering her stuff together) I might be able to turn you guys on to some stuff. (Their eyes grow enormous) Do you know Ultima Online?

MR. NAP  
(lying)  
Uh, no.

MS. JONES  
It's a great game. An oldie but a goodie. I'll bring it in. You guys going to Fenwick?

MR. NAP  
(lying)  
Yes.

MR. FORTE  
Absolutely.

Ms. Jones moves to exit downstage right.

MR. FORTE  
What just happened?

TOM  
Carpe Diem.

Doc gives a put off sigh, he can't believe Tom just used that stupid cliché (maybe he slaps his own forehead). Fr. Serva drops into his chair with Mrs. Arthur's help.

MR. NAP  
My mind is a complete blank.



Get going.

MRS. ARTHUR

Like puppies, Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte  
follow Ms. Jones.

MS. JONES  
(turns back to them as they  
exit, inquisitively)  
Do you guys like Y: The Last Man?

She exits.

MR. NAP  
(as if an orgasm)  
Oh my God.

Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte exit, following  
her.

DR. KNITTEL  
I must take my leave also.

TOM  
(raises his fist)  
Word to the play-toh.

DR. KNITTEL  
(stops)  
You are an odd, odd man.

MRS. ARTHUR  
You don't know the half of it.

DR. KNITTEL  
And I hope I never do. Some things are best left to float  
around in the Ether.

TOM  
Semper Ubi Sub Ubi.

DR. KNITTEL  
(shakes his head as he goes)  
I'm surrounded by Philistines!

Dr. Knittel exits via door left. Tom  
has walked over to the sink and garbage  
to throw away his bloody tissues. Fr.  
Serva, after the exertion of going to  
the bathroom, has fallen back asleep.

TOM  
Let's skip the game tonight and just check into a nice hotel,  
order some room service, a bottle of champagne--

I'm pregnant.

MRS. ARTHUR

Qwha?

TOM

I'm pregnant.

MRS. ARTHUR

For sure?

TOM

Nurse Janek gave me a test this morning. Yes.

MRS. ARTHUR

(thinks a moment, then:) Is it--

TOM

Yes! Of course. Larry and I don't--haven't in--I'd like to keep this quiet.

MRS. ARTHUR

That's a very good idea. Give us time to get you divorced, move in with me, get engaged, have a big wedding, long honeymoon in the Caribbean, and then welcome in this new tot.

TOM

That's a lot of stuff to do.

MRS. ARTHUR

Give me one month, tops.

TOM

That would be amazing.

MRS. ARTHUR

Never underestimate the motivational power of getting knocked up.

TOM

You know the Praying Mantis eats her mate.

MRS. ARTHUR

Yeah, but then who's gonna get you Rocky Road and a copy of Rocky Raccoon at three in the morning?

TOM

They are slowly moving closer to each other.

You're a fool.

MRS. ARTHUR

Only for you. TOM

They are holding each other, looking at each other, center stage.

Bell beeps.

I have to get to class. MRS. ARTHUR

Me too. TOM

They stay holding each other around the waist looking at each other. Then Mrs. Arthur starts to pull Tom downstage right but they stay locked and end up fast baby-stepping to the right, then Tom pulls her and they fast baby-step to the left, and then both faking pulling with all their might they fast baby-step downstage until they hit the couch. They laugh.

Gotta run. Got a date. TOM

He fast kisses her on the lips and then heads for the door left.

With who? MRS. ARTHUR  
(playing along)

Betsy Vandenhoofer. TOM

Who's that? MRS. ARTHUR

My wife. TOM  
(incredulous)

You're married? MRS. ARTHUR

Only in my mind. TOM

He's gone, out the door left.

MRS. ARTHUR  
 (puts her arms around Fr.  
 Serva's shoulders, he remains  
 out)

Father, this is gonna be one weird kid.

Blackout.

ACT 2. SCENE 7. DAY 2. 8TH PERIOD.

Rah Rah's over the loudspeaker. Sounds  
 of the 8th period football rally in  
 progress in the gym.

COACH ARTHUR  
 (V.O. talks over the following  
 dialogue)  
 (inspirational words from Doc Knittel) The beginning is the  
 most important part of the work. For in the beginning, we  
 start.

Lights up. Stage center, Mr. Prokop and  
 Mr. Fuji finish taping Principal Clark  
 to a chair.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
 What do you think you're doing? Do you hear that? There's a  
 rally going on. I'm supposed to be there.

COACH ARTHUR  
 (V.O.)  
 (Doc Knittel quote) We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence,  
 then, is a habit. The nearest way to glory is to strive to be  
 what you wish to be thought to be.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
 All right. All right. Look, I know you're upset.

MR. FUJI  
 I'm not upset. Are you upset, Mister Prokop?

MR. PROKOP  
 Not at all. I'm quite happy, Mister Fujimoto.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
 Look, I'm sure we could take some of the money and divert it  
 to the Drama Club and the Theology Department--

Mr. Fuji slaps Principal Clark across  
 the face.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
 Ow!

MR. PROKOP  
Mister Fujimoto! That looked like it really hurt.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
It did.

Mr. Prokop slaps Principal Clark on the opposite cheek.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Ow!

COACH ARTHUR  
(V.O.)  
For Fortune favors the brave.

MR. PROKOP  
You gotta throw your weight into it.

MR. FUJI  
Good point.

Mr. Fuji slaps Principal Clark.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Ow!

MR. FUJI  
You're right. I was using all wrist. That feels much better.

MR. PROKOP  
You gotta get your hips into it.

And then he slaps Principal Clark and extends his hips through like a baseball or golf swing.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Ow!

MR. FUJI  
Yeah. (He slaps Principal Clark) You have to extend through.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Ow! This is not going to look good on your tenure applications.

MR. FUJI  
Hmm? I hadn't thought about that, Mister Prokop.

Enter Mrs. Wilhelm via door right.

COACH ARTHUR

(V.O.)

A small rock holds back a great wave.

Mr. Fuji slaps Principal Clark.

MR. FUJI

Had you?

MRS. WILHELM

Oh, my.

MR. PROKOP

No, Mister Fujimoto. It was not a major concern of mine. (he slaps Principal Clark)

MRS. WILHELM

Ah!

She runs out the door left.

MR. PROKOP

Nancy? Come back.

Cheers from the rally over the speaker.

MR. FUJI

I thought she was tougher.

MR. PROKOP

We all don't have your balls.

MR. FUJI

That's a good point.

Enter Tim from upstage. He heads straight for the refrigerator to get his large bottle of water. He is haggard, looks like he's been hard at work. Tim takes a long drink.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Please. Enough. I'll get you the money.

MR. FUJI

It was never about the money. Was it, Mister Prokop? (Slaps Principal Clark)

MR. PROKOP

No, Mister Fujimoto. It was about the truth. (Slaps Principal Clark)

MR. FUJI

That's right. The truth. (Slap)

MR. PROKOP

The God's honest truth. (Slap)

Tim finishes his long drink.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Go to hell!

TIM

(refreshed)

Ah. What's going on here?

COACH ARTHUR

(V.O.)

And I promise you this: we're gonna come fast, we're gonna come hard, and we're gonna give all our heart--(Cheers)

PRINCIPAL CLARK

These men are torturing me. It is both unethical and really really hurts. And I am offended--

MR. FUJI

Tim, could you toss me that dishrag?

Tim tosses Mr. Fuji the dishrag.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Both as an educator and the Principal of this great--Don't you know who I--

Mr. Fuji stuffs the dishrag in  
Principal Clark's mouth, silencing him.

MR. PROKOP

Thank you. I can hear myself think again.

COACH ARTHUR

(V.O.)

And we're gonna win this game--and the next one and the next one and the next one--And we're gonna take it all the way to State! (Cheers. Then chants of: "State! State! State! State!")

TIM

If you're trying to get information the best simplest method is what the Gestapo called "verschärfte vernehmung". Intensified interrogation. For one method all you need is a bucket of water and a towel or cellophane. (He spools out some cellophane) Hmm. Actually this might work.

MR. FUJI

Thanks, Tim.

MR. PROKOP

That's not a bad idea.

Principal Clark shakes his head and tries to talk.

TIM

(He makes to exit upstage) Oh. (turns back to them) There's always tickling. As a method. Surprisingly effective.

MR. FUJI

Hm.

MR. PROKOP

Good to know, Tim. You're a great American. (points at Tim)

TIM

I don't know what that means. (Huge Final Cheers erupt over the PA as the football team leaves the Gym and the rally ends.) What is this?

MR. PROKOP

The big football rally.

TIM

(laughs)

Football? (laughs and laughs) You mean soccer? (laughs)

Tim exits via door upstage. The Rally dies off.

Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji, confused by Tim, look at each other with Principal Clark between them.

MR. PROKOP

Tickling or water torture?

MR. FUJI

(puts finger to mouth)

Hmmm...

Principal Clark finally manages to spit out the dishrag.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

You two are insane!

Enter Mr. Kobe and Tom via door left.

TOM

Whoa, what have we here?



MR. KOBE  
 (fake upset)  
 Mister Fujimoto, Mister Prokop,

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
 Tom, Tom, help me--they're crazy--they don't know what--

Mr. Prokop stuffs the dishrag back in  
 his mouth.

MR. KOBE  
 --What awesome idea are you carrying out here?

MR. FUJI  
 Just a little torture amongst friends.

TOM  
 May I recommend nipple clamps--not only are they effective  
 but they're a hell of a lot of fun for everyone.

MR. KOBE  
 That's the kind of forward thinking we need.

MR. FUJI  
 Progressive.

TOM  
 Have you guys seen Tim?

MR. PROKOP  
 He was just here. He recommended drowning or tickling.

TOM  
 Both good options.

MR. KOBE  
 No, no, no. I have a better tactic. (to Principal Clark)  
 Okay, Rich. School day's over. Time to fess up or I go talk.  
 What's it gonna be? (he pulls the dishrag out of his mouth)

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
 If you say one word I will rain down such fury you'll be  
 teaching calculus with an abacus!

MR. PROKOP  
 (a little gay)  
 You see what we have to deal with?

MR. FUJI  
 I can't torture under these conditions.

TOM  
 Come on, Rich. You might as well tell us.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Go to hell! You're a worthless excuse for a teacher. You have no idea--

Mr. Kobe sticks the dishrag back in his mouth.

MR. KOBE

Well that's not gonna get him anywhere.

Enter Mr. Nap, Mr. Forte, and Ms. Jones via the door left.

TOM

I don't know how he plans to get ahead by insulting us.

MS. JONES

Of course we can--Oh, my. (She sees the gagged, tied Principal Clark)

MR. PROKOP

Hello, gang.

MR. FUJI

How was the rally?

MS. JONES

Is he okay?

MR. FORTE

We were just going to make some sandwiches.

MR. PROKOP

Oh, go right ahead.

MS. JONES

Are you sure he's okay?

TOM

Oh, he's fine. He's into all sorts of freaky S & M stuff that would turn you white. Believe me, you don't want to know. This is nothing.

Mr. Forte, Ms. Jones, and Mr. Nap move upstage to the kitchen to make sandwiches.

MR. NAP

(secretively, to the guys)

Have you considered tickling?

MR. PROKOP

Yes. Tim mentioned that.

Good man.

MR. NAP

Well, I'm off to find ESPN.

MR. KOBE

Enter Coach Arthur via downstage right door.

COACH ARTHUR

What the hell is this?

MR. FORTE

We're makin' samiches, you want one?

TOM

We got turkey, salami--you got bologna?

MR. NAP

No.

TOM

No bologna.

COACH ARTHUR

(to Tom)

If I were You, I would shut your mouth.

TOM

That's true, I'm only making things worse.

MR. KOBE

Well, ladies, I have a date with some reporter-types.

Principal Clark's muffled screams.

COACH ARTHUR

You can't do that.

Enter Mrs. Arthur from upstage door.

MR. KOBE

Watch me.

COACH ARTHUR

Come on! Don't be a dick!

MR. KOBE

Okay. (turns back, faces Coach Arthur) Who is Anonymous?

COACH ARTHUR

I don't know. That is the honest to god truth.

MR. FORTE  
(mouth full of sandwich)

Bullshit!

Mr. Nap, Ms. Jones, Mr. Forte and the  
others laugh.

TOM  
Come on, Larry. How stupid do you think--

COACH ARTHUR  
I honestly don't know. I swear to you (looking at Mrs.  
Arthur) I don't.

MR. KOBE  
That's too bad.

Mr. Kobe turns to leave stage right.  
Coach Arthur grabs his shoulder to stop  
him. Enter Fr. Serva from left.

COACH ARTHUR  
Come on, Paul, please--

But Mr. Kobe spins around, unleashes an  
uppercut and knocks Coach Arthur out  
cold. He spins all the way around,  
falls over the top of the couch, and  
lands perfectly on the couch's  
cushions.

MR. KOBE  
(holding his fist)  
Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

MRS. ARTHUR  
Paul!! (she goes toward Coach Arthur)

MR. KOBE  
What?! Oh, shit. I'm sorry.

TOM  
Don't be. He had it coming.

MR. FUJI  
That was like felling a Redwood.

MR. PROKOP  
Timberrrrrrrrrr!! (they laugh)

MRS. ARTHUR  
Larry? Larry?

Enter Dr. Knittel via downstage right door. Fr. Serva is still crossing to his chair.

DR. KNITTEL

Ah. There he is. What a speech! What a speech! You deserve a rest, Coach. That was a hell of a speech! Your use of Socrates sent chills--

TOM

Doc,

DR. KNITTEL

All the way up my spine--

MR. FUJI

Doc,

DR. KNITTEL

Look, I have goosebumps even still--

MR. PROKOP

Doc,

DR. KNITTEL

From those stirring emotional words--

TOM, MR. KOBE, MR. FUJI, MR.  
PROKOP

DOC!!!

DR. KNITTEL

What?!

MRS. ARTHUR

He's out cold! He can't hear a damn word you're saying!

DR. KNITTEL

Well you certainly don't have to yell at me.

Fr. Serva has finally made it to his chair. He sighs from all the effort and is about to plop down. Enter Mrs. Wilhelm from upstage door. She screams!

MRS. WILHELM

Would you all get out of here!! I have to watch Doctor Phil!!

BOOM!!!

A ground-rattling offstage right explosion. It is a big one.

The blowback comes through the upstage right open door and knocks Mrs. Wilhelm face forward to the floor.

Teachers duck and dive to the ground. All except Tom and Mr. Kobe who somehow remain standing. Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte, one on each side, collapse on Amy on the countertop to shield her. Principal Clark's chair, with him in it, falls onto its side on the floor. Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji hit the deck. Dr. Knittel dives under the coffee table. Mrs. Arthur clutches the back of the couch. Fr. Serva falls back into his chair. Coach Arthur remains knocked out.

Right after the explosion, Tom and Mr. Kobe, still on two feet, go to help Mrs. Wilhelm because she fell face first and got the worst of the blast. They help her up.

MR. KOBE

Nancy, are you all right?

TOM

Is everybody okay?

MR. FUJI

What the hell was that?

MR. NAP

I think it was an explosion.

MR. PROKOP

No shit, Sherlock.

MR. KOBE

Everybody all right?

MRS. ARTHUR

Yeah.

MR. FORTE

I think so.

DR. KNITTEL

Oh, my back.

TOM

(looking out the upstage right door)

It's the Science Building. Come on, Paul.

Right behind you.

MR. KOBE

Exit Tom and Mr. Kobe out the upstage door. Followed by Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji. And then followed by Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte. Before they are out the door:

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Oh, my school! My beautiful school!

MS. JONES

Jeffrey, William...

She rushes to them and kisses Mr. Forte, then kisses Mr. Nap.

MS. JONES

Be careful.

Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte look at each other a stunned moment and then exit upstage.

Ms. Jones and Mrs. Arthur untape Principal Clark.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

It's a terrorist attack! I just know it!

MRS. ARTHUR

It's not a terrorist attack, you idiot.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Why is this happening? Why today of all days? (he's free from the tape now, stands angry, pointing at them, totally fed up) First you knock out our football coach, now you blow up our school. What is wrong with you teachers?!

Mrs. Arthur punches him in the face. Principal Clark spins all the way around and then lands on top of Coach Arthur on the couch.

DR. KNITTEL

Misses Arthur!

MRS. ARTHUR

Zip it, Greg. (Holds up her fist) Unless you want a taste.

MS. JONES

This is the most exciting school I've ever worked at!

COACH ARTHUR  
 (waking)  
 What the hell?

DR. KNITTEL  
 Larry's waking up.

Coach Arthur slowly wakes and discovers  
 Principal Clark on top of him. Mrs.  
 Arthur and Doc and Ms. Jones help get  
 him up and leave Principal Clark face  
 down on the couch.

MRS. ARTHUR  
 Larry? Larry? Are you okay?

COACH ARTHUR  
 Yeah, I think so.

Mrs. Wilhelm takes a seat on the coffee  
 table, checks her watch, and turns on  
 the TV to watch her favorite show. Fr.  
 Serva slowly drifts off.

Enter a dusty Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte  
 carrying Tim--an arm around each of  
 their shoulders as they enter through  
 the upstage doorway.

COACH ARTHUR  
 (the first to see them)  
 Jesus, what happened to you guys?

All heads turn upstage.

DR. KNITTEL  
 Mister Toner.

MRS. ARTHUR  
 Tim, are you okay?

MR. NAP  
 I think he's all right.

MR. FORTE  
 Amy, get us some water.

Amy walks to get a glass. Tim coughs.

MRS. ARTHUR  
 Tim, Tim, what happened?



TIM

Too much...(coughs) Too much...(coughs) Too much (coughs) everything.

DR. KNITTEL

I should say so. What were you trying to do anyway?

COACH ARTHUR

What happened?

MRS. ARTHUR

Tim blew up the Science Building.

COACH ARTHUR

What?

Amy hands Mr. Forte the water.

MR. FORTE

Thank you, Amy.

Tim drinks.

TIM

I was so close. I think if I reversed everything it would work.

DR. KNITTEL

What would work?!

TIM

What?

DR. KNITTEL

What would work!?!

TIM

What?

DR. KNITTEL

Ah!! You imbecile!

MRS. ARTHUR

Doc,

TIM

What happened to him? (Principal Clark)

MR. NAP

Hey Doc, go easy--

DR. KNITTEL

Why weren't you at the rally like everybody else!?!

MS. JONES  
(to Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte)  
You two are so brave.

TIM  
What?

DR. KNITTEL  
(about to explode)  
The Football Rally!!!

Fr. Serva wakes.

TIM  
No, I don't play soccer.

Dr. Knittel screams out in frustration  
and runs out the upstage door and  
splits Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji as they  
re-enter.

MR. PROKOP  
Should we be concerned about that?

MRS. ARTHUR  
No. Let him run around the block a few times.

Fr. Serva drifts off.

TIM  
Where's Tom?

MR. PROKOP  
He and Paul are making sure no one else was in there.

MR. FUJI  
What happened to him?

MRS. ARTHUR  
I knocked him out.

MR. PROKOP  
All right, Peggy! Way to go! (he high fives her)

TIM  
(holds up arm)  
What is this, ketchup?

MR. FUJI  
No, Tim, that's blood. Come on, we've gotta get you to the  
nurse's office.

MR. PROKOP  
We got it. You guys are wanted. (meaning Amy)

TIM  
(dazed still)  
Hey. Did you guys try tickling?

Mr. Prokop and Mr. Fuji take Tim out  
the downstage right door. Principal  
Clark sits up on the couch.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
Oh, I think I bit my tongue. Oh, my jaw. What happened?

COACH ARTHUR  
The Science Building blew up.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
(incredulous)  
Well of course it did. It is the Science Building. Sheesh.  
Good thing we got that donation.

COACH ARTHUR  
What?

MRS. ARTHUR  
Are you okay, Rich?

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
(he's suddenly really nice,  
must be a concussion)  
Yeah. Perfectly fine. Why? It's a beautiful day, isn't it?

Enter Tom and Mr. Kobe from the upstage  
door.

TOM  
It's all clear. There was nobody else in there.

MR. KOBE  
Except for this guy. (he holds up the top half of a fake  
science skeleton)

MRS. ARTHUR  
Oh, thank goodness.

MS. JONES  
That's great.

MR. FORTE  
Great news.

MR. NAP  
Wonderful.

COACH ARTHUR  
That's a relief.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Mister Toner and Mister Kobe! Good to see you guys. (he smiles)

Tom does a quick double take look at Principal Clark.

TOM

Where's Tim?

MRS. ARTHUR

Prokop and Fuji took him to the nurse's office.

TOM

Is he all right?

MRS. ARTHUR

He seems to be. He's just dazed.

MS. JONES

And deaf.

TOM

Thank goodness. I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to him.

COACH ARTHUR

Rich, are you all right?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Yes! What's with everybody? I'm great. Fantastic. Never been better.

MR. KOBE

Rich, can I ask you something?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Sure, Paul. Anything. What is it? What concerns you?

MR. KOBE

Who's the Anonymous donation from?

Everyone leans in. Principal Clark laughs. And laughs. And laughs a little more.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(smiling)

You're kidding, right?

MR. KOBE

(smiling)

No. I'm actually dead serious.

PRINCIPAL CLARK  
 (smiles, pats Mr. Kobe's  
 shoulder)

You've got to lighten up, Paul. So serious. (he squishes Kobe's cheeks together with his hand--it's playful--and the stunned Kobe lets him) Life's too short. Well, ya know, he really didn't want the attention.

MR. KOBE

Sure.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

That's not his way.

MR. KOBE

Okay.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

But...

All lean in...

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Well...

All lean in more...

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Oh, what the heck, you all can keep a secret. The Anonymous donation is right in this room.

All look around, at each other. After a few moments, eyes start to focus downstage on...

MR. KOBE

No way.

MRS. ARTHUR

You mean,

Fr. Serva remains asleep, perhaps mouth open and drooling.

TOM

Of course.

MR. NAP

Really?

MR. FORTE

How?

COACH ARTHUR

It's always the quiet ones.

MRS. ARTHUR

How does he have that kind of cash?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

He's been saving for seventy years. And he's a financial wizard. Father Serva's considered the Warren Buffett of the Jesuits.

MR. KOBE

Well I'll be damned.

COACH ARTHUR

Twenty million dollars?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

His life savings. And he bet on Google at the beginning. That helped.

TOM

Well, Rich, um, it looks like we're gonna need a new Science Building.

MR. KOBE

And Math Computers.

MRS. ARTHUR

Another Ladies room.

MR. FORTE

More scholarships.

MS. JONES

Real art supplies.

MR. NAP

Wireless capability all across campus.

MR. FUJI

(offstage)

My Theater!

TOM

Right. And don't forget we have to get Misses Wilhelm out of that trailer.

MRS. ARTHUR

And this lounge could use a renovation--

COACH ARTHUR

Hey! Hey Hey Hey! What about Wildcat Field?

TOM

That's right. You have a game tonight, Coach. You better get going.

COACH ARTHUR

But what about my stadium?

PRINCIPAL CLARK

Well, Larry, it really looks like we have a lot of other things to take care of first.

COACH ARTHUR

This is bullshit! I can't believe--This is Garbage. (he points) I'll get you for this, Tom Toner. Just you wait! I'll get you!

Coach Arthur exits via left door.

TOM

Have a good game, Coach! Give 'em hell! I'm gonna miss him. Hey, what about his quarterback?

MR. KOBE

Well...(he looks at Principal Clark) Let's not get greedy.

TOM

Good point.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(nice, approaches her)

Is there anything you need, Misses Wilhelm?

MRS. WILHELM

(angry)

Shhhhhhh!!!!

Fr. Serva wakes. He drifts in and out from here on.

PRINCIPAL CLARK

(backs away from her)

Okay. Will do. Come on, Wildcats, we've got a football team to cheer on!

Principal Clark exits via door left.  
Followed by Amy with Mr. Nap and Mr. Forte on each arm.

MS. JONES

Were you guys scared in there?

MR. FORTE

We're professional teachers, babe.

MR. NAP  
Just doing our job.

Mr. Kobe, Tom, and Mrs. Arthur laugh.

TOM  
Those two have no idea what they're in for.

MR. KOBE  
Our little babies are all grown up.

MRS. ARTHUR  
(fake tears)  
It's still hard to let go.

MR. KOBE  
I'll see you guys at the game?

Tom looks at Mrs. Arthur.

TOM  
Definitely not.

Mr. Kobe smiles and exits out the door left.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Mister Toner, we may have to nominate you for teacher of the year.

TOM  
You pack quite a punch for a French teacher.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Oui.

TOM  
Voulez-vous couchez avec moi, ce soir?

MRS. ARTHUR  
You really need to learn some better sayings.

TOM  
Je t'adore.

MRS. ARTHUR  
That's a good place to start.

Tom and Mrs. Arthur kiss.

TOM  
Come on. (pulls her downstage right) We spend waaaaaaaaay too much time at this place.



Mrs. Arthur and Tom exit downstage  
right.

FR. SERVA  
(to the empty room, his eyes  
closed)  
I said Baseball Team.

Mrs. Arthur and Tom poke their heads  
back in the room.

Mrs. Wilhelm claps happily along with  
Dr. Phil's audience.

As we Fade to Black.

THE END