

EXCERPT FROM “BORING SCHOOL DAYS: MOANING BREADLEY’S SMILE”

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(SCENE 4. INT. EAST DOG HEAD ELEMENTARY. HALLWAY. 8AM. SARIA AND CILIA WALK OUT OF MRS. BRAINCHILD’S ENGLISH CLASSROOM INTO THE HALLWAY.)

CILIA: (GRUMBLES) I am getting better with Breadley!

SARIA: Why does he bother you so much?

CILIA: He doesn’t bother me! It bothers me that everyone else thinks that it bothers me! We’re cool now!

SARIA: Okay.

CILIA: We’re totally cool. (TRIPS OVER A CARDBOARD BOX IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HALLWAY. SHE YELPS. BREADLEY YELPS.)

CILIA: What’d you put a box in the middle of the hallway for, ya dingus!

BREADLEY: Stop calling me a dingus!

SARIA: Breadley?

CILIA: Breadley? What are you doing under a box, you loon?

BREADLEY: Please don’t call me a loon.

CILIA: Calling someone a loon isn’t an insult. My brothers call each other loons all the time.

BREADLEY: I thought your brothers hated each other.

CILIA: Not this week.

SARIA: Breadley, what are you doing hiding in this box?

BREADLEY: I’m hiding.

SARIA: I figured. But why?

BREADLEY: Because it’s picture day!

SARIA: Today?

BREADLEY: No, not for another two weeks.

CILIA: Ick! Don't remind me.

SARIA: But why are you hiding now?

BREADLEY: Because I'm never ever ever getting my picture taken again! My mom's obsessed! Every year she puts me in some itchy starched outfit and wakes me up at 4 in the morning just to get my hair done right. Then I have to stand in line for hours making sure I don't move an inch and wrinkle my outfit. I can't even eat because my mom will kill me if I stain this! And then...just when I finally think I'm done...she sends them to *my relatives!* (THUNDER BOOMS IN THE BACKGROUND.)

SARIA: And?

BREADLEY: And all my relatives want hundreds of photos and they always have something to say about my outfit which means I have to have my picture taken *again* to make sure they get it right and it's just a nightmare!

CILIA: Yeah, relatives are the worst. I don't know why mom keeps bringing them over. I know them all already!

SARIA: Look, we can figure this out. We could find you a nice looking outfit that's comfortable too. My older sister works at Tommy Hilfiger so she can definitely find you something. And we should be able to find stain-proof food at the mall, too.

CILIA: And we can shave your head so you don't have to worry about your hair.

BREADLEY: My mom would kill me!

CILIA: You can't kill bald guys. They're too tough.

BREADLEY: And what about the *relatives?* (THUNDER BOOMS AGAIN. A CAT HOWLS AND HISSES)

SARIA: I don't know. We'll just play that one by ear. What's important is making sure you look so good even the family won't put you through all that again!

CILIA: (CLAPS A HAND ON BREADLEY'S SHOULDER) Look, kid, when we're done with you, you are going to be the smoothest kid in school. Nobody's gonna want to mess with you, not even the 'tives. And your pictures are gonna be perfect!

BREADLEY: Are you sure? Adults are so weird about photos.

SARIA: We'll do our research! I can use the library during lunch to do research on school photos.

CILIA: And I can use mine to call up all the other adults and figure out what they like in their kids'

pictures.

SARIA: There's no way you're gonna have to take them again!

BREADLEY: Well, I guess if it's researched then it can't be wrong! Let's go get me some new duds!

(THE KIDS JUMP UP AND SHOUT "YEAH!" WHILE HIGH FIVING. THEN THEY RUN DOWN THE HALLWAYS.)

BREADLEY: By the way, what are you doing down here anyway?

SARIA: We were in English and Mrs. Brainchild was wondering why you weren't here today.

BREADLEY: Oh yeah. We should probably go there first.

(ALL THREE KIDS SKID TO A HALT IN THE HALLWAY, TURN AROUND, AND START RUNNING BACK TO THEIR ENGLISH CLASS. THE SOUND OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADES AS THEY GO THROUGH THE HALLWAYS. END SCENE.)

(SCENE 5. MONTAGE TIME! START IN INT. EAST DOG HEAD ELEMENTARY. LIBRARY. RIGHT BEFORE THE END OF THE DAY. DAVID BOWIE'S "FASHION" STARTS PLAYING. SARIA MUTTERS TO HERSELF WHILE FLIPPING THROUGH STUDENT YEARBOOKS AND TYPING ON THE KEYBOARD OF AN OUTDATED MACINTOSH IN THE LIBRARY. CILIA IS CALLING EVERY PARENT SHE KNOWS. PHONES ARE RINGING, BEEPING, AND BUSY-TONING.)

CILIA: No! This isn't a scam, this is research. What's gonna prevent you from ever taking another photo of your kid again? (THE PARENT HANGS UP.) Hello? Hello?

SARIA: The background kind of looks like my bathroom wall. (CLICKS TO A NEW PAGE) Half these kids aren't even wearing ties. (CLICKS TO A NEW PAGE) Ooh! This one looks like laser tag! Print! (TYPES A FEW KEYS. THE PRINTER STARTS PRINTING THE PICTURE.)

(CUT TO: INT. EAST DOG HEAD MALL. LA SAVEUR DU MOIS HAIR SALON. THE MUSIC CONTINUES TO PLAY AS BLOW DRYERS ROAR AND SCISSORS SNIP. SARIA, CILIA AND BREADLEY ENTER AS A BEAUTICIAN APPROACHES THE THREE KIDS.)

BEAUTICIAN: (CHEWING BUBBLE GUM) Welcome to La Saveur du Mois, what can I do you for?

CILIA: How much does it cost to shave this kid's head?

BEAUTICIAN: (GUM FALLS OUT OF HER MOUTH) For real?

BREADLEY: That way it'll never look out of place on picture day!

BEAUTICIAN: (WHISTLES) You're hardcore, kid. (PATS A SEAT) Take a seat.

(THE BEAUTICIAN SHAVES OFF ALL OF BREADLEY'S HAIR WITH ELECTRIC CLIPPERS. THE SOUNDS OF THE SALON DISSOLVE INTO...)

(INT. EAST DOG HEAD MALL. TOMMY HILFIGER. CUSTOMERS SHIFT THROUGH CLOTHES, WALK ON TILE AND TRY TO AVOID THE SOUNDS OF THE MALL RIGHT OUTSIDE OF THE STORE. SARIA, CILIA AND BREADLEY WALK OVER TO SARIA'S SISTER, A SALESLADY.)

SARIA'S SISTER: Saria? What are you doing here? I'm on the clock.

SARIA: I know. That's why we came. We need to put together an outfit for Bradley's school photo, something that makes him look both tough and handsome.

SARIA'S SISTER: We don't even have kid's clothes in here.

BREADLEY: Something all my relatives will love.

CILIA: Something stain-proof.

SARIA'S SISTER: (BEAT) Is he supposed to be bald?

CILIA: Yeah.

SARIA'S SISTER: (BEAT.) Okay...What's your budget?

BREADLEY: I think we all pooled together \$100, but we spent 17 on my shave-job, so now we only have 83.

SARIA'S SISTER: Yeah, you kids can't afford anything in this shop.

SARIA: Even with employee discount?

SARIA'S SISTER: Look, if you're serious about this, then take the 43 bus to West Dog Head and check out their thrift stores. Got a leather jacket there for just \$5 last week.

BREADLEY: Really?!

SARIA'S SISTER: Really. Now get out of here, you. My boss is making his rounds right now.

(Music still playing, the kids run out with determination. The mall sounds dissolve to a bus driving off, dropping SARIA, CILIA, and BREADLEY off AT...)

(INT. BACK WITH A VINTAGE, A SECOND-HAND STORE IN WEST DOG HEAD. THEY

OPEN THE DOOR TO THE STORE AND THE BELL RINGS. THE THREE KIDS RACE THROUGH THE STORE, SEARCHING FOR COOL CLOTHES.)

BREADLEY: How much for this leather jacket?

CASHIER: Six dollars, dearie.

BREADLEY: All right!

SARIA: What do you think of these pants?

BREADLEY: Awesome!

CILIA: You need sunglasses, you loon! You can't have a bald head without sunglasses!

BREADLEY: (FISHES AROUND IN A BIN) How about these ones?

CILIA: Perfect! Now get in the dressing room.

SARIA: He still needs a shirt.

CILIA: Look at that! That scarf's made of foxes!

CASHIER: Don't touch those! They're still—

(THE FOXES ON THE SCARF START SCREAMING AND SCRATCHING AT A YELPING CILIA.)

CASHIER: ...alive...

(THE FOX NOISES DIE DOWN AND BREADLEY FINALLY STEPS OUT OF THE DRESSING ROOM.)

BREADLEY: How do I look?

CILIA: Not bad! Not bad!

SARIA: Picture perfect!

CASHIER: Is that how the kids are dressing nowadays?

CILIA: Let's pay and get out of here. I gotta wash out these fox bites.

(THE CASHIER RINGS, THE THREE KIDS STEP OUT OF THE STORE, A BUS ENGINE ROARS AS BREADLEY IS DROPPED OFF AT HIS HOME.

(SCENE 6. INT. BREADLEY'S HOUSE. BREADLEY OPENS THE DOOR, WALKS IN AND SHOWS OFF HIS OUTFIT TO HIS MOTHER. THE SONG ENDS.)

BREADLEY'S MOM: (SHRIEKING) Bradley! What have you DONE to yourself!

BREADLEY: It's my outfit for picture day!

BREADLEY'S MOM: (STILL SHRIEKING) No it is not! How did you even FIND a leather jacket in your size?!

BREADLEY: "Back With a Vintage." It's a thrift store in West Dog Head where the really rich people live.

BREADLEY'S MOM: Your pants...what are these pants?

BREADLEY: They're neon green. (SUDDENLY, WITH CONCERN) You're not colorblind now, are you?

BREADLEY'S MOM: Are YOU color-blind now?! (TAPPING THE STICKERS ON BREADLEY'S SUNGLASSES.) What...what...what do you HAVE on your sunglasses...

BREADLEY: They're Pikachu's. I mean, what I really wanted were Garchomps but I didn't really have time to look around.

(BY THIS POINT, BREADLEY'S MOTHER IS A SOBBING WRECK.)

BREADLEY: Oh! And I learned about gerunds today, too.

BREADLEY'S MOM: Bradley...my precious baby boy...why would you DO this to yourself?

BREADLEY: I told you, it's for picture day.

BREADLEY'S MOM: (MUMBLING TO HERSELF) My precious, precious baby...

(END SCENE)