

EXCERPT FROM "BORING SCHOOL DAYS: ROBINHOOD CRUSOE"

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(SCENE 3. EXT. EAST DOG HEAD ELEMENTARY. PLAYGROUND. 7AM THE NEXT DAY. THERE'S MILD CHATTER ON THE PLAYGROUND, ALONG WITH BIRDS CHIRPING AND A SQUIRREL OR TWO SQUAWKING. SARIA WALKS OVER TO THE PIT WHERE CILIA WAS TRAPPED. THE WILD HOUSECATS START MEOWING.)

CILIA: Saria! It's good to see you!

SARIA: Don't worry. I got a rope from home to get you out. And some peanut butter crackers. I figured you'd be hungry. (TOSSES DOWN THE CRACKERS)

CILIA: Thanks, man! (CATCHES THE CRACKERS) That stupid Robinbutt threw me down some barley earlier, but what the heck was I supposed to do with that? (STARTS EATING THE CRACKERS) What's she been doing since I was thrown down here anyway?

SARIA: Like she said, she got all the Fridays on her side, as well as their brothers and sisters, and she declared herself Dictator-for-Life of the school. She threw the Principal in another pit.

CILIA: A pit of housecats?

SARIA: No. This one was goats. I think he's down to his tie, his left shoe, and his lucky Superman boxers. Speaking of which, she has a dog now.

CILIA: How many pets does she even have?!

SARIA: No idea. I think she has an "animal magnetism" over them.

CILIA: You think that applies to the Fridays, too? Those last two were lining up to be her slaves.

SARIA: Maybe, but I don't understand her at all. Why is she looking for an army of Fridays? Why is she using farm animals and not lions or tigers or something more dangerous? And why is she talking about divine right?

CILIA: And dogs aren't dangerous? Obviously, you've never been bitten by a rotweiler!

SARIA: (GASP) You never told me that! When did you get bit?

CILIA: It's no big deal. It was just two years ago in the park, and I got too close to an angry dog.

SARIA: Guess I was wrong about the dog then. (STARTS TYING THE ROPE AROUND STAKE NEXT TO THE PIT, THEN LOWERS IT TO CILIA)

CILIA: Thanks for getting me out of here again. I think I'm starting to get allergic. (STARTS CLIMBING UP THE ROPE) It's good to get back in the fight again, instead of whining on the sidelines like everyone else or—

SARIA: Oh my gosh! Breadley! I nearly forgot about him! He's probably in another pit or something! (RUNS BACK INTO THE SCHOOL)

CILIA: (CLIMBING OUT THE PIT) Okay then! You go back to your boyfriend. I'll just be fighting Robinpoop all by myself, then.

(THE MEOWING OF THE CATS STARTS AGAIN, ONLY TO FADE INTO THE SOUNDS OF IDLE CHATTER AND A BONFIRE.)

(SCENE 4. INT. EAST DOG HEAD ELEMENTARY. SCHOOL ENTRANCE. MOMENTS AFTER THE LAST SCENE. THE STUDENTS ARE IDLY CHATTING AROUND A BONFIRE. ROBINHOOD STANDS BEFORE THEM, MAKING A HER LATEST DECREE.)

ROBINHOOD: Citizens of East Dog Butt Elementary! It has come to my attention that the books in this school are decidedly insufficient for your education.

BREADLEY: I needed that for my math class!

ROBINHOOD: As such, I have eliminated all this smut and will provide you with the only true word. TGIs, pass around the books!

(THE TGIS PASS THE BOOKS AROUND, WHICH EVERYONE ELSE INSPECTS SKEPTICALLY.)

BOY 2: Wishbone Classics?

ROBINHOOD: The word of Wishbone is the word of God!

GIRL 2: Hey! They even have a Wishbone Bible.

GIRL 1: Do you have Goosebumps?

ROBINHOOD: Goosebumps is the word of the DEVIL!!!

SARIA: (RUNNING IN) What's going on?

BREADLEY: She burned my books Saria! She said they were evil!

ROBINHOOD: Daniel Defoe is a liar in league with the Devil!

BREADLEY: He didn't even write my math textbook!

ROBINHOOD: Math is The Devil's weapon! It must be destroyed!

(MOST OF THE CLASS STARTS APPLAUDING AND CHEERING)

GIRL 1: I can get behind this girl!

BOY 1: Yeah! That math class was soooo hard!

BREADLEY: My teacher is going to kill me!

ROBINHOOD: Which brings me to my next point! The teachers have been telling you lies! The only true education is that which can be found from the earth! I urge you, take your lessons from life!

GIRL 1: Woohoo!

GIRL 2: No more teachers! No more books!

BOY 1: I'm gonna break into the teacher's lounge and watch TV all day!

ROBINHOOD: What?! Television?! We have no need for television! We are superior to the Devil's crafts!

BOY 1: What about Batman?

ROBINHOOD: Not even Batman! Fridays! Seize the blasphemer!

FRIDAY 1: Sure, master.

FRIDAY 2: 'Kay master.

FRIDAY 3: Whatever, master.

(THE FRIDAYS DRAG OFF A SCREAMING BOY 1)

GIRL 1: What about Wishbone? I saw Wishbone on TV yesterday

ROBINHOOD: Blasphemer!

(THREE BLEATING GOATS POUNCE ON GIRL 1 AND START EATING HER CLOTHES.)

SARIA: Wait! Can't we talk this out?

ROBINHOOD: Talk what out?

BREADLEY: Don't do it, Saria! She'll just throw you in one of the pits!

ROBINHOOD: Listen to your friend, for none can defy me!

SARIA: You've been talking about your divine right ever since you got here, but how do you know you're really the ruler of the school?

ROBINHOOD: You dare threaten my authority?!

SARIA: I was just wondering what made you start with the goat armies and the Fridays and housecats?

BOY 2: I wanna know too!

BREADLEY: Yeah! There's no way that question could question your authority!

ROBINHOOD: (SIGHS) Very well. Explaining myself will only prove my divine right to this school. Many years ago, I was taken on a camping trip by my parents in an effort to build character. If they only knew how much character it would build.

(FADE INTO THE SOUNDS OF A BABBLING BROOK, CHIRPING BIRDS, AND PERHAPS A WOODPECKER. DIMINISH THE CLASSROOMS SOUNDS AND THE BONFIRE.)

ROBINHOOD: I ran away from the campsite after my parents tried to force me onto a hike.

(FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS FLASHBACK, ROBINHOOD'S MOM AND DAD, THE MEXICAN GIRL, THE ABUELA, AND YOUNG ROBINHOOD'S SPEECH WILL BE SOFTER SLIGHTLY MUFFLED THAN ROBINHOOD'S.)

ROBINHOOD'S MOM: But the woods are so beautiful from the top!

YOUNG ROBINHOOD: Make me!

ROBINHOOD'S DAD: Robinhood, it's just a mile hike.

YOUNG ROBINHOOD: I hate you both! (RUNS OFF, LEAVES CRUNCHING AND TWIGS SNAPPING BENEATH HER FEET.)

ROBINHOOD: I ran to the canoe with nothing but my backpack and my canteen. Enraged at my parents, I paddled down the river and decided to start anew.

(CUE A RUSHING RIVER, WITH CRASHING WAVES.)

YOUNG ROBINHOOD: How do you steer this thing?!

ROBINHOOD: However, the winds were particularly rough at that time and the waves were battering my vessel from all sides.

(YOUNG ROBINHOOD SCREAMS AS THE BOAT CAREENS THROUGH THE RIVER.)

ROBINHOOD: I had awoken on a deserted island, the contents of my backpack were lacking: a sandwich, a bag of Twinkies, and two Wishbone Classics. I should have prepared more for this journey, but that was in the past. I had to reap what was sewn.

YOUNG ROBINHOOD: This suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuucks!

ROBINHOOD: Times were harsh, as were the conditions. With little else to do, I read what little I had: Wishbone's Robinson Crusoe and the Wishbone Bible.

YOUNG ROBINHOOD: Whoa! That dog just built himself a house on a desert island!

ROBINHOOD: As time passed, I began to adjust to life on the island. I built a shelter...

(CUE THE SOUNDS OF SNAPPING TWIGS AND AN ANGRY YOUNG ROBINHOOD.)

ROBINHOOD: Foraged for food...

(CUE YOUNG ROBINHOOD SPITTING OUT HALF EATEN BERRIES AND GAGGING)

ROBINHOOD: And even tamed some of the fierce, savage fauna.

YOUNG ROBINHOOD: Hey, deer! Come back here!

ROBINHOOD: Unfortunately, I grew ill during my time there...

YOUNG ROBINHOOD: (GROANING) Why isn't this water cold enough...?

ROBINHOOD: I was later discovered by some well meaning Spaniards.

MEXICAN GIRL: Abluela! There's a weird girl on those rocks!

ABUELA: Madre de dios! The poor chica has lyme's disease!

ROBINHOOD: Humbled by my mastery of the island, the Spainards took me to their home and treated me like a god.

MEXICAN GIRL: I brought some churros. Abuela wants to know if you want some hot cocoa.

(YOUNG ROBINHOOD THROWS UP AT THE THOUGHT OF EATING ANYTHING.)

MEXICAN GIRL: Oh, you're allergic. I get it.

ROBINHOOD: Soon, I regained enough strength to make my way back home.

ABUELA: Hold onto my arm, dear. Don't want to trip again, do you?

ROBINHOOD: I met with my parents again, but things would never be the same between us.

ROBINHOOD'S MOM: Where have you been, Robinhood? We've been searching for hours!

ROBINHOOD'S DAD: I'm just glad to know my little princess is safe and sound!

(YOUNG ROBINHOOD VOMITS ONCE AGAIN.)

ROBINHOOD: From that day on, I knew that I had to fulfill my destiny as a Crusoe, and regain my rightful place as king of the school!

(ROBINHOOD FINISHES SPEAKING. ALL THAT CAN BE HEARD IS THE CRACKLING OF A BONFIRE. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS SHE STARTS SNIFFING)

ROBINHOOD: Are you roasting marshmallows?

BOY 2: I got hungry!

(ROBINHOOD SNATCHES THE ROASTING MARSHMALLOWS AND STARTS CHEWING THEM)

ROBINHOOD: Ow! They burnt my tongue! From now on, marshmallows are the food of the devil! And as for you Ms. "What makes you think you're King," I'll—!

(SARIA AND BREADLEY HAVE ALREADY STARTED RUNNING THROUGH THE HALLS TO ESCAPE ROBINHOOD'S WRATH.)

ROBINHOOD: They're gone! (BEAT) Fridays, keep an eye on them?

FRIDAY 1: Whatever floats your boat, Master.

FRIDAY 2: That's cool, master.

FRIDAY 3: Mm-hm, Master.