

EXCERPT FROM: BORING SCHOOL DAYS, A ONE-ACT PLAY

By
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SCENE 10. INT. EAST DOG HEAD ELEMENTARY. CAFETERIA. 12 P.M.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC WELLS UP, WITH POUNDING DRUMS. A BELL RINGS IN SLOW MOTION. A LARGE DOOR CREAKS OPEN SLOWLY. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS FALL ONTO THE FLOOR. LOOSE CHANGE JINGLES IN A CHILD'S POCKET. A BOOMING, GUTTURAL ROAR RESOUNDS FROM THE HALLWAY, ECHOING SLIGHTLY. THE MUSIC FADES OUT, WITH ONE FINAL DRUM ROLL. RANDERSON HAS COME.)

MS. LUNCHMEAT: Ladies and gentlemen...boys and girls...students and faculty...I give you...SALAMI DAY!!!

RANDERSON: All right! Salami loaf!!!

(RANDERSON RUNS THROUGH THE LINE OF CHILDREN, SHOVING YELPING KIDS IN LINE ONTO THE GROUND AS HE GOES. HIS SNEAKERS SQUEAK TO A HALT IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE CAFETERIA LADIES.)

RANDERSON: (IN OBVIOUS DISGUST) What is that?

LUNCH LADY 1: A fruit salad, kiddo. It makes a great appetizer!

RANDERSON: I'll give you a great appetizer!

(RANDERSON PICKS UP A BOWL OF FRUIT SALAD AND THROWS IT AT LUNCH LADY 1. IT HITS HER SQUARE IN THE FACE.)

LUNCH LADY 1: Ow! (SMACKS LIPS) I was right! It did make a great appetizer!

(RANDERSON GROWLS AND STOMPS DOWN TO LUNCH LADY 2.)

LUNCH LADY 2: Chopped tomatoes? They're our vegetable of the day.

RANDERSON: You idiot! Tomatoes are fruits!

LUNCH LADY 2: Biologically speaking, yes, they are fruits. But culinarily speaking—

(RANDERSON THROWS THE TOMATOES ONTO THE GROUND AND STARTS STOMPING ON THEM. HE STOMPS FURTHER DOWN THE LINE.)

LUNCH LADY 2: Don't forget! Our dessert is strawberry shortcake!

RANDERSON: Strawberry shortcake?! (SNARLS) Fine, fine. I'll just get salami and an ice cream sandwich for lunch!

LUNCH LADY 1: We don't sell any more ice cream sandwiches.

RANDERSON: What?!

LUNCH LADY 1: Nobody was buying them for the past week, so we figured you kids didn't want them anymore.

RANDERSON: I bought ice cream sandwiches! And I'm pretty sure Saria bought one too, like yesterday or something.

LUNCH LADY 2: You'll live.

(RANDERSON SNARLS, RACING DOWN THE LINE. HE GETS TO THE END, AND SEES THE SALAMI LOAF. A CHOIR OF ANGELS SINGS. IT IS THAT DELICIOUS.)

RANDERSON: (DROOLING.) Salamiii...

MS. LUNCHMEAT: So, one salami sandwich on banana bread, then?

RANDERSON: (RAGE) BANANA BREAD?! Fine! Just give me the salami by itself!

MS. LUNCHMEAT: Sure thing, ya little brat. Suuuurre thiiiiing...

(MS. LUNCHMEAT STARTS SLICING SALAMI FROM THE MEAT SLICER, AND HANDS RANDERSON A QUARTER POUND OF LUNCHMEAT. RANDERSON OPENS HIS MOUTH, TAKES A HUGE BITE, AND STARTS CHEWING IT. AFTER A FEW BITES, HE SLOWS DOWN. HIS JAW SLACKENS AND FALLS OPEN, AND SOME PIECES OF CHEWED SALAMI FALL OUT. RANDERSON SHUDDERS)

RANDERSON: I...taste...apple...(PANICKING) Why do I taste apple?!

MS. LUNCHMEAT: Our usual expensive salami provider recommended a new product of theirs: It has apple bits mixed into the salami for taste.

RANDERSON: You guys are just serving fruit?! Fruit!!! Why would you do that?!

(AS RANDERSON STARTS SNARLING, ALL THE KIDS IN THE LINE START LAUGHING AT HIM.)

RANDERSON: Shut up! You're next! You're all next!!! Give me your lunches! NOW!

CHEVRON: We don't have any lunches! We just brought in money for salami and you took it all!

RANDERSON: What? No fair! I hate you all!!!

(BEAT. NOTICES SARIA IN THE LINE. HE SPEAKS THE NEXT LINE VENOMOUSLY.) You... You did this! You put all the fruit here!!!

SARIA: Somebody had to do something about you, and I'm glad it was me!

RANDERSON: (BEAT) I see...(HE ROOTS THROUGH HIS POCKETS, PULLING OUT MONEY AND THROWING IT ONTO THE GROUND) You couldn't just let it go! You couldn't just take it like a man! Well, if I can't have my salami...(TURNS INTO A DRAGON AND SPEAKS WITH A DRAGON'S DEEP VOICE. CHILDREN AND LUNCH LADIES SCREAM) No one will!

(RANDERSON BLOWS A HUGE COLUMN OF FLAME ONTO THE PILE OF MONEY. IT STARTS SMOKING AND CRACKLING.)

RANDERSON: (DRAGON) Lookit, everyone! Lookit! All your lunch money's burning! You're never getting it back! Saria did this! She's making you all miserable! Lookit!

MS. KILLJOY: Not so fast Randerson!

(MS. KILLJOY STRIDES IN ON HIGH HEELS)

MS. KILLJOY: I ought to give you a detention! I ought to give you A THOUSAND detentions for your crass behavior today! But you've never attended a single one of my detention sessions!

RANDERSON: (DRAGON) No. I haven't. What are you going to do about it?

MS. KILLJOY: I think you mean, "What have I **done** about it?"

RANDERSON'S MOM: Randerson? (MARCHES TOWARDS HIM) What in God's name is this?

RANDERSON: (DRAGON, BUT SQUEAKING) Mom?

RANDERSON'S MOM: You've wrecked the boys' bathroom, set the school on fire, and gotten our family into more trouble than I care to think about! You are going to be grounded for the rest of your life!

RANDERSON: (DRAGON) But mom—

(SUDDENLY, RANDERSON'S MOM TURNS INTO A DRAGON, TOO! ALL THE

KIDS SCREAM, INCLUDING RANDERSON.)

RANDERSON'S MOM: (DRAGON) GET IN THE CAR!!!

(RANDERSON TURNS BACK TO NORMAL AND SNIFFLES A LITTLE. RANDERSON'S MOM TURNS BACK TO NORMAL AS WELL, DRAGGING HER SON OUT BY ONE OF HIS ARMS.)

RANDERSON'S MOM: I am **so** sorry about this Ms. Killjoy.

MS. KILLJOY: Don't apologize to me, young lady! You and your son still have to see the principal! And you've earned yourself a detention for raising such riff-raff!

(RANDERSON'S MOM TRUDGES OUT OF THE CAFETERIA, GRUMBLING AND DRAGGING HER SON BEHIND HER. AFTER SHE AND HER SON LEAVE, ALL IS QUIET. FOR A FEW SECONDS.)

CILIA: Saria! (TACKLES SARIA) You did it! You beat Randerson without raising a fist!

SARIA: Actually, we have Ms. Killjoy to thank for calling Randerson's mom. (TO MS. KILLJOY) If it weren't for you, Randerson would have never gotten expelled. At least, I think he's expelled.

MS. KILLJOY: You're not out of the woods yet, missy! I ought to expel you too for all the trouble you've caused! None of this lunch-money-theft fiasco would have happened if you hadn't stolen that ice cream sandwich! I have a good mind to call up your parents right now!

CILIA: You can't do that to her! She saved all our butts after ruining all our lives!

IAMB: She did more for us than you ever did for anyone!

BREADLEY: One day, I'm gonna marry her! An' our kids are gonna go to school an' throw spitballs at you! An' then you'll be sorry!

CHEVRON: Let's get her!

(ALL THE KIDS START RIOTING, AND THEY LIFT UP MS. KILLJOY AND CARRY HER AWAY. MS. KILLJOY PROTESTS LOUDLY, BUT HER CRIES FADE INTO OBLIVION AS SHE'S CARRIED OUT OF THE SCHOOL. THE ONLY ONES LEFT ARE SARIA, CILIA, BREADLEY AND MS. LUNCHMEAT)

SARIA: (TO CILIA) Do you think it's right to just let them carry off Ms. Killjoy like that?

CILIA: Maybe not, but I don't wanna get expelled. Ms. Killjoy can take care of herself.

BREADLEY: You're amazin', Saria! You saved th' whole school, got Randerson expelled, and encouraged a riot against Ms. Killjoy! Thank you!

MS. LUNCHMEAT: You know, Saria, I used to think that you were just some pathetic goody- goody who was gonna get all her bones broken one day, but you showed some real guts and genius these past few days.

BREADLEY: You're my hero...in...heroine!

(BREADLEY CREEPS UP TO SARIA AND GIVES HER A HUGE KISS ON THE CHEEK. SARIA GIGGLES, AND CILIA WOLF WHISTLES.)

MS. LUNCHMEAT: You're quite the charmer there, Bradley!

(SARIA, CILIA, BREADLEY, AND MS. LUNCHMEAT BURST OUT LAUGHING AT THE COMMENT. WHEN IT DIES DOWN, THE CRACKLING OF THE FIRE CAN STILL BE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.)

CILIA: Somebody should really put that fire out.

(END ACT, SCENE, AND SHOW)