

JUST ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE

A play in one act

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***Scene:** The play takes place in a high school English classroom somewhere in the mid western United States. There is a teacher's desk and chair at the front of the room and a lectern. A metal trashcan sits next to the desk. There is a white board and a dozen tablet type chairs. There are two short bookcases filled with novels, poetry books, etc. There is one door into the room.*

Characters:

The Teacher:

Mrs. Anne Booth, a high school English and Drama teacher

The Students:

Jack Burns, a football player

Courtney Fontaine, a cheerleader

Cody Gordon, a stoner

Bobby Nichols, a geek/honors student

Amanda Patton, A theatre kid

Zora Vukovik, her family are political refugees from Bosnia

The Shooters:

Rick (Richard) Price (Zig-Zag), a male shooter

Erin Williams (Gypsy), a female shooter

Preset:**House opens at 7pm****Light Cue:** Preset**Audio Cue:** Preset music**7:30pm, or on stage managers cue:****Light Cue:** Lights fade to black**Light Cue:** Scene 1 light cue comes up**Audio Cue:** Preset music fades out**Actor Cue:** Actors enter**Scene 1**

(The scene is a high school classroom. Bobby enters and sits in a tablet chair at the front of the classroom. He pulls a copy of Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot from his backpack and begins reading it very seriously and studiously. Mrs. Booth enters and they greet one another as Mrs. Booth pulls another tablet chair over to him and she begins assisting him with the play before class starts.)

Bobby: *(With great and real enthusiasm, but still clearly brown nosing Mrs. Booth.)* I can't believe we get to study *Waiting for Godot* in high school, Mizz Boof! I didn't think I'd get to it until college. It seems like it's way too far over everyone else's heads though. I mean, **I even try to understand it, but I still don't get it.** *(Realizes what he has said, and quickly adds:)* Sometimes.

Mrs. Booth: *(Smiling at Bobby, and tilting her head at him just a little with a look that says she gets his brown nosing and posturing, but not enough for Bobby to notice.)* Well, I know it can be tough, but just relax. You're trying too hard. It's dense, but we've taken on other dense materials, like Shakespeare.

Bobby: This is way more exciting than studying a million Shakespeare plays!!!

Mrs. Booth: *(Really smiles now, and laughs a little.)* Well, maybe that's how I get everyone else to appreciate Shakespeare then. Let's try this again. Beckett is talking about something called existentialism in this play. He is . . .

(Jack and Courtney enter. Jack is carrying a football in one hand. They are talking animatedly as they enter.)

Jack: *(Shouting and pumping the air with his fist.)* Boof!!! Boof!!! Boof!!!! *(Stops when he sees that Bobby is with Mrs. Booth. Rolls his eyes as he says:)* Oh, yeah, that figures. Big-brain Bobby's brown-nosing teacher again!!!

Mrs. Booth: *(Smiling and even laughing a little.)* Ok Jack, that's enough. And it's **Mizz Boof** if you must. *(Smiles at Jack.)* Bobby's just trying to figure out some things about our latest reading assignment. It wouldn't hurt you to take your studies more seriously too. Even if you earn a college scholarship for sports you still have to maintain your grades to keep it. And you're dangerously close to finding yourself in some academic trouble right now.

(Jack quiets down, and he and Courtney take seats next to each other. As Mrs. Booth turns her attention back to Bobby, Jack makes a face at her. Jack and Courtney begin talking conspiratorially, obviously still talking about their interaction with Bobby and Mrs. Booth.)

(Cody comes into the room and immediately goes to a seat in the back and sits down. He looks very stoned and very tired. He puts his head down on his tablet chair.)

(Amanda and Zora come into the room next. They are basically talking about pop culture in America and Bosnia. They sit down together and continue talking.)

Amanda: So, wait, you mean there's no American Idol or anything in Bosnia? That would be great! Shows like that have just ruined today's music. It's all become so commercial, nobody really pays attention to the music, it's all about costumes and props and stuff.

Zora: But, it is a good thing that you have the freedom to express yourself like that here.

Amanda: *(scoffs)* If you say so.

Zora: Truly, though I have heard that Bosnia is starting a show like that, but even the title had to be changed to try and protect contestants from extremists' attacks.

Amanda: That's harsh.

(Class bell goes off in the hallway. Mrs. Booth begins to bring the class to order.)

Mrs. Booth: Ok, people, let's settle down. Get in your seats, and let's get started today. *(Notices Jack is still holding his football.)* Jack, you need to put the football under your chair now.

Jack: But Teach, coach says I have to carry this with me everywhere I go and I can't put it down no matter what.

Amanda: Figures, I heard the school hero wasn't so heroic last Friday. I'm surprised you haven't dropped it since you came in the room.

Zora: *(Trying to defend Jack.)* Guys, it wasn't really that bad, was it?

Courtney: *(Also, trying to defend Jack.)* Yeah, it was only six fumbles. *(Jack glares at all the girls, starts to say something, but Mrs. Booth interrupts him.)*

Mrs. Booth: I'm sorry to hear of your problems last Friday Jack, but you will put the football down during class. I'll speak with Coach Turner at lunch today to explain it to him. And, it's Mrs. Booth, Jack, or even "Mizz Boof," but not "Teach." *(Jack smiles sheepishly and shrugs.)*

Now, let's settle down and get back to business. First, let's see who was brave enough to share time today in class with Mr. Beckett and I.

(Mrs. Booth picks up her class grade book and looks around the room, naming students to herself and marking them in her book. When she comes to Cody's name, she looks at him and pauses.)

Mrs Booth: Cody, sit up. *(Slight pause.)* Please.

(He does slowly and sleepily. Mrs. Booth gives him a disapproving look, he looks back at her rather sheepishly, and she continues on with roll. As she notices that two students are missing, she shakes her head in frustration and disappointment.)

Mrs. Booth: Oh my, looks like Erin and Rick are either late or skipping again today. I just can't seem to get through to them any more. They seem so different this year. So distant and cold.

Courtney: Who cares? I like it better without her here anyway. She's no fun anymore. Everything's a conspiracy with her all the time. Everyone's out to get her, and Rick's just her little boy-toy, following her around like a puppy or something.

Jack: Yeah, they're probably making out in the bathroom. Or sneaking around talking about the rest of us behind our backs somewhere.

Amanda: They sure have changed lately. It's almost impossible to talk to them anymore. We all used to have so much fun together. Have they said anything to you about what's bugging them Cody?

Cody: *(Hesitates just a little before responding, as if thinking about what to say.)* No, I don't know what their deal is either. Neither one's said anything to me about it.

Zora: Yes, well, so far since I've lived here, Erin has not really been very friendly to me at all, but Rick does seem to be very nice and helpful. When he can be that is.

Amanda: I know what you mean, he's kind of a different person when he's around Erin now.

Bobby: I sure hope this affects their grades in some way Mrs. Booth! Skippers shouldn't be able to get A's! You and the principal should punish them for never being here anymore!

(Actors freeze in place for video insert.)

Light Cue: Stage lights dim as Video Insert #1 is played

Video Cue: Play Video Insert #1

Video Insert #1

(Setting: The classroom. Mrs. Booth is seated at her desk. Gypsy and Zig-Zag enter the room, and advance to her desk. They all acknowledge one another, and Mrs. Booth stands, and gestures for them to take seats with her at the tablet desks.)

Mrs. Booth: Erin, Rick, thank you so much for staying after class. I just wanted to chat a little about how you two are doing.

Zig-Zag: *(Looks rather nervously at Gypsy.)* Naw, we're good Mrs. Booth. Nothin' much for us to talk about.

Mrs. Booth: Well, I'm just concerned because both of you seem to be slipping in class.

Gypsy: C'mon Mizz Boof, you heard Zig, er, Rick, we're good. Stuff's, uh, just gettin' a little tougher. All that existential whatever it is, and death and dyin' and stuff. We're just gonna have to buckle down more, is all.

Mrs. Booth: But Erin, you're both missing class more than usual, not turning in assignments, and what you are turning in isn't your usual excellent work. Is there something I can help you with?

Gypsy: No, no, Mizz Boof. We told you, it's all good. We're ok.

Mrs Booth: I don't want to intrude into your personal lives, but I've noticed that you've been struggling a bit with some of your friends in class, and I'm just wondering if that's what's creating problems for you.

Gypsy: *(Scoffs)* I wouldn't call those a-holes friends.

Mrs. Booth: I see that you're frustrated, but language please, Erin. Now, if you'd like to talk to me about what you mean in a more constructive manner, I'll be happy to listen, and help if I can.

Gypsy: You wanna help? Fine, get douchebag Jackie Jockie and that slut girlfriend of his to keep their frickin' mouths shut.

Mrs. Booth: *(Disapprovingly)* Erin... *(Starts to bring up language again, but decides not to.)* What do you mean? Can you be more specific?

Zig-Zag: Just because Jack can almost catch a football, doesn't mean he owns us. He was always a prick and a jackass, but it's just gotten worse and worse. He runs his mouth all the time, and you're the only one who'll call him on it, Mizz Boof!

Gypsy: Yeah, Courtney used to think for herself until she started hanging out with him. Then, she turned into a she-Jack. Plus, she slept her way through half the football team, and then has the balls to call other girls sluts!

Mrs. Booth: *(Thinking for a moment before proceeding.)* I know that others have issues with Jack and Courtney too, and I know they haven't always been nice to either of you. But you are both too smart to let them bring you down to their level.

Gypsy: Yeah right, but we're not as smart as Bobby seems to think he is. Everything that comes out of his mouth is either brown nosing you, or being condescending to everyone else.

Mrs. Booth: Everybody learns differently, and everybody has their own quirks, which is why I thought it was important for all of us to look at different ways of being in the world, like existentialism. Life is all about the choices we make, and sometimes we come to regret those choices later in our lives.

Gypsy: Yeah, well, some people around here'd regret them sooner than later if I had anything to do with it.

Mrs. Booth: Erin, people like Jack and Courtney, and even Bobby, might not seem to be very sorry for what they're doing now, and they also might not completely understand the consequences of their choices at the moment, but they will eventually. They'll grow up and change. We just have to be patient with them.

Gypsy: That's easy for you to say Mizz Boof, you're a teacher, you can make them shut the hell up and do what you tell them to do. We just have to take it everyday. No one sticks up for us.

Zig-Zag: Yeah, when you put all the crap they give us together with studying all this depressing, morbid stuff, it doesn't exactly make it a joy to come to class, Mizz Boof.

Mrs. Booth: *(Nodding appreciatively.)* I'm so sorry, I didn't realize how deeply you both felt about all this, and how much it was affecting you. I don't want it to be this way for either of you. What can we do to help you both get through all this? Do I need to have a talk with the others? Or perhaps we could all sit down together and talk.

Gypsy: *(Trying to change the subject.)* No, no, Mizz Boof, it's all right, no need for that. No big deal. We'll handle it. We always do. But, ah, yeah, maybe we'll think about that. Maybe we should all have a sit down together. *(Gypsy looks meaningfully at Zig-Zag.)* Hash things out.

Zig-Zag: Yeah, uh, besides Mizz Boof, we've been doing some, uh, research on our own. Outside of class. We were thinking maybe we could have some time in class to do a presentation.

Mrs. Booth: Oh, really, well, good for you. Now, that's the Erin and Richard I know. What are you researching?

Gypsy: You'll know soon enough; *(Looks at Zig-Zag and smiles.)* our, uh, presentation on what we think about existentialism and "the choices people make in their lives" should be ready next week.

Mrs. Booth: That's great, I appreciate your initiative. Let me know what day you want to present, and I'll set the time aside. But, that still does not excuse your absences. You need to make time for both.

Zig-Zag: You're right, Mizz Boof. We need to make time for class.

Gypsy: Yeah, don't worry, we'll be there.

End video insert 1 *(Fade to black.)*

Light Cue: Stage lights come back up as Video Insert #1 ends

Video Cue: Stop Video Insert #1

(Actors resume the action as Video Insert #1 ends.)

Mrs Booth: *(To the class:)* All right everyone, we need to settle down now, and let's continue our visit with Mr. Beckett and Vladimir and Estragon.

(Groans from the class.)

Cody: I've never heard of any of those, but I'm down to try anything at least once.

Courtney: I'm sure you are, you scurve.

Cody: *(Very sarcastically.)* Oh, Courtney, that hurt. *(Cody puts his hand over his heart, then rolls his eyes, and puts his head back down on his desk.)*

Mrs Booth: All right, as I was saying to Bobby earlier, Samuel Beckett is looking at something called *existentialism* in his play *Waiting for Godot*. First, let me ask you all a question: What do you think are some important questions we should all ask about our lives?

Jack: *(Raising his hand as he blurts out:)* How many TD's and hot chicks will I score this weekend?

Zora: *(Rolling her eyes, and shaking her head.)* I cannot believe you sometimes Jack. How can you be so disrespectful? *(Courtney, Zora and Mrs. Booth all look at Jack disapprovingly.)*

Jack: Hey baby, it just comes naturally!

Mrs. Booth: Jack, that's enough. Now, who else wants to answer the question? *(Mrs. Booth looks at the other students for their responses.)*

Amanda: What am I going to do after I graduate?

Courtney: When's the next sale at the mall?

Zora: When will the bloodshed in my country end?

Bobby: What happens when we die?

(Mrs. Booth acknowledges Bobby and Zora's responses as good ones, then looks at Cody, but there is no response. He has put his head back down on his desk.)

Mrs. Booth: Cody, wake up!

(Cody brings his head up and looks confused. Mrs. Booth rolls her eyes slightly and goes on with her discussion of the topic.)

Cody: What? What?

Mrs. Booth: I was just asking the class what you think some important questions are that we should all ask about our lives?

Cody: *(Thinking for a moment.)* Ummm, I wonder if my old man's still wasting oxygen somewhere?

Mrs. Booth: *(Stops for a second, and looks at Cody respectfully.)* Yes, I'd say that's a pretty good question Cody. *(Cody kind of shrugs in acknowledgement, but does not go back to sleep. He remains upright now.)* And, some of those questions were better than others. *(Looks specifically at Courtney.)* But, when we talk about the existentialists, we're talking about people who think that there are certain questions, or issues in life, that all of us must look at if we are to really take our lives seriously. This includes questions like: Whether or not God and religion really influence our lives.

Bobby: And what happens to us after we die? *(Not quite sure he likes Cody getting the attention he did from Mrs. Booth.)*

Mrs. Booth: Right Bobby, and maybe the most important question of any of these: Why do we exist at all? These are very important questions to existentialists.

Jack: I'm still tryin' to figure out why this Gaw-Doe play exists! *(Class giggles and laughs.)*

Mrs. Booth: *(Patiently.)* Ok Jack, just stay with me here for a few minutes. *(To the class.)* Settle down now people.

Bobby: *(Raising his hand, and being acknowledged by Mrs. Booth.)* Mizz Boof, could you explain to the class what you mean when you said: "they wondered about how God influences our lives?"

Mrs. Booth: *(Pausing briefly before answering, as though thinking about whether or not to call Bobby on his brown nosing, but she decides against it. Bobby smiles, Jack rolls his eyes.)* The existentialists say that life is extremely difficult. They believe that we create the meaning and purpose of our lives as individuals, instead of believing that deities like God, or even authorities like the government, create it for us.

Courtney: Oh, pul-leeze. Mizz Boof, who cares about any of this? Can't we just read *Twilight* or *Harry Potter* or something that's a movie too? This makes my brain hurt!

Mrs. Booth: Sorry Courtney, but these are actually important things to think about. You need to know something about the different ways that people exist in the world so that you can better understand the choices that they make and that you make. I know it's not always easy, but life isn't always easy either.

Courtney: *(Sighs and rolls her eyes.)* Ok, fine, but what's all that got to do with me?

Mrs. Booth: Well, for instance, sometimes we need to seriously consider the impact that things we say and do have on others around us. *(Pointedly, also looking at Jack.)* Our own classmates, for instance.

(Courtney just kind of shrugs and resigns herself to listening further.)

Amanda: I really think Mizz Boof's got a pretty good point there, Courtney. Look at how much we've learned from Zora about her country and how hard it is to live there. I used to think we had it pretty rough, dealing with our parents and school and stuff, but we're not dodging bullets and bombs and wondering if we'll live to see the next day or something.

Mrs. Booth: That's true Amanda. That's a very good way to look at it. And, every country has religious leaders and government officials that give us rules to live by, and that tell us what's right and wrong.

Cody: *(Has actually been paying attention to what's being said, despite having had his head down for most of the discussion.)* That's for sure!

Mrs. Booth: *(Slightly surprised he's actually been listening.)* Yes, Cody, and sometimes that leads to bloody conflicts like we see in Zora's country, as well as the disagreements that we see here in the U.S. The existentialists think it's up to us as individuals to make those kinds of decisions, not the church or government.

Cody: *(Sits up and really takes notice now.)* Really? They think that we should do that stuff on our own, instead of like, politicians and preachers and parents tellin' us what to do?

Zora: This way of thinking would never be accepted in my country. The followers of Islam and the government neither one would allow that.

Jack: *(Picking his football back up from under his chair.)* Well, maybe that's why your family decided to leave that stupid old country of yours and come here. We can do whatever we want in the good ol' U. S. of A.! Now maybe you just need to get a green card, instead of bein' all illegal!!!

(Zora looks very shocked and Amanda looks very angry. Amanda starts to get out of her chair to say something to Jack.)

Mrs. Booth: *(Stopping Amanda.)* Jack, you are getting very close to a visit to the principal's office while I have yet another little chat with the coach.

Amanda: You jerk, you know as well as everyone else that Zora's family are political refugees, and that their being here is perfectly legal.

Mrs. Booth: Thank you Amanda, but I'll take care of this. Now, put that football back under your chair, stop being rude to everyone in the class, and settle down Jack! You don't want to give me any more things to discuss with Coach Turner, now do you? *(Jack puts the football back under his chair and mumbles under his breath.)*

Cody: Yeah Jack, shut up and sid' down, this is actually startin' to get interesting.

Mrs. Booth: Thank you Cody. I think. Now, back to the business at hand. *(The class begins to settle back down again.)* You see, existentialists believe that it's up to us, as thinking, reasoning human beings, to create a system of personal values of our own to live by, and that is far more important and realistic than any system of values that we could be given by a religion or government.

Jack: Yeah!!! That's what I want!!! My own system of what'd ya call it, values to live by!

Mrs. Booth: *(Glaring at Jack.)* Knock it off Jack. That's enough. *(Turning from Jack to Zora.)* And you're absolutely right, Zora, there are a lot of churches and governments all around the world that don't agree with the existentialists at all, and that would feel quite threatened by their position and beliefs.

Cody: *(Becoming more interested in the conversation.)* Now, wait a minute, you're saying these existentialists weren't down at all with the man and the system? What about stuff like the drinking age and pot? Could that be part of your own "system of personal values?"

Mrs. Booth: *(Shaking her head a little and rolling her eyes.)* Well, I suppose it might in some cases Cody, but the question still revolves around making what are called "authentic choices."

Cody: Ok, so what are "authentic" choices?

Mrs. Booth: Good question. Existentialists recognize how much suffering there is in life, and they see that eventually, no matter what, we're all going to die, and this bothers them a lot. It causes them to severely question why we were born at all.

Cody: I can sure dig that.

Mrs. Booth: *(Thinking about what Cody has said about his father.)* I'm sure you can Cody, and I suppose in some cases an existentialist might make the decision to self medicate with alcohol and illegal substances to hide from the pain of life, but I'm not sure that would be seen as an "authentic choice" by most real existentialists.

(Cody shakes his head in disagreement with this point of view and puts his head back down on his tablet chair.)

Bobby: *(Feeling left out, raising his hand again, and being acknowledged by Mrs. Booth.)* But Mizz Boof, what does all this have to do with Beckett and this play?

Mrs. Booth: That's another good question, Bobby. *(Bobby smiles again, Jack rolls his eyes again.)* Because of all this, existentialists see our lives as absurd, and so, some people who were existentialists, or who shared existential views, began writing plays about what they called the absurdity of life.

Zora: *(Looking a little puzzled, obviously thinking about the word absurd and what Mrs. Booth is saying.)* Absurd, absurd. I've heard that before, and I think I know what it means, but I'm not sure that I know how it works the way you're talking about it now, Mrs. Booth.

(As Zora and Mrs. Booth are talking, Jack reaches under his chair and picks up the football again.)

Mrs. Booth: Sure Zora, lets take a few minutes, and think about the word absurd, and see if we can't make it make more sense for everyone. Actually, we can use the word absurd several different ways. Can anyone think of any ways that we can use the word absurd.

Courtney: Yeah, like something that's really stupid or ridiculous. *(Looks at Jack.)* For instance, it'd be absurd for Jack, the playah with all his hot chicks, to think that Mizz Boof will let him get away with picking that football back up again. *(Jack glares at her, and puts the football back under his chair.)*

Mrs. Booth: *(Acknowledges Courtney and Jack, returns to the subject.)* Another way to think about it is as something that is not to be taken seriously, or that really has no meaning when we compare it to real life. As human beings many of us are interested in explaining things, in understanding how and why things that happen around us happen. But, the existentialists think that's an absurd process. They don't think we can find meaning in life.

Cody: *(Raising his head.)* So, they don't think there's any meaning to life? I can sure relate to that!

Mrs. Booth: Yes, that's correct Cody. And, to educate the public about their perspective, some existentialists wrote books about what they were thinking, some gave talks and lectures about it, and some wrote plays about their points of view. They called this approach to their work *The Theatre of the Absurd*, and they used it to share their perspectives on life, religion, politics, and existentialism through their plays. *Waiting for Godot* is an example of an existentialist play of the absurd.

(Suddenly shots are heard from outside the room. They start out quite distant, and very slow paced in very short bursts. Then some shouts and screams are heard.)

(A fast blackout signals the end of scene one as everyone in the room seems very shocked and surprised at what they are hearing. Everyone freezes in place on the blackout.)

Audio Cue: Shots and shouts from outside the classroom

Light Cue: Blackout

BLACKOUT: END: SCENE ONE

Scene 2

Audio Cue: Shots and shouts audio cue fades out

Light Cue: Scene 2 light cue comes up

(Very intense and close shots and shouts are heard outside the classroom in the hall. Mrs. Booth dives for the door to try to lock it, but before she can reach it, Gypsy and Zig-Zag rush into the room. Zig-Zag is leading the way, followed by Gypsy, who is shouting and firing into the hallway. Once they are both in the room Gypsy shuts the door and locks it. Zig-Zag is holding his weapon on the class.)

Gypsy: *(With glee, eyes wide):* Goddamn, motherfuckers!!!! That was fuckin' intense!!!!

Zig-Zag: *(Sweeping the room with his weapon. Zig-Zag is trying really hard to appear strong and in command, but something in his demeanor says he's also pretty nervous, far more nervous than Gypsy.)* Nobody move, and maybe you'll all live just a little longer!!! *(Looking at Mrs. Booth, pointing his weapon at her.)* You can take a break now Mizz Boof, me and Gypsy're conductin' class today! Presentation time! Just another day in paradise. Sorry we're late!!! *(Gypsy and Zig-Zag smile at each other conspiratorially.)*

Gypsy: *(Likely on more than just an adrenalin rush.):* Goddamn, did you see those motherfuckers bleed??? It was just like a fuckin' movie or video game or somethin'. This fuckin' thing was just knockin' 'em right off their feet!!! Turner's head just vaporized!!! *(Laughs briefly.)*

(The class have all left their seats and are forming a huddle together, beginning to back away from Gypsy and Zig-Zag. Mrs. Booth tries to get back some control.)

Mrs. Booth: Erin! Richard! What on earth do you think you're doing? You have to stop this instant and give me those guns. Please!!!

Jack: Turner? You mean Coach? What're you two doin'??? Have you gone nuts??? You didn't really kill him did you???

Gypsy: *(Directing her weapon toward Jack.):* Ohhh, yeah, Jackie-Jockie, I'm pretty sure Coach Red-neck is pretty damn dead. He's makin' some poor schmuck run laps somewhere's else now *(Gypsy points her weapon down toward the floor, indicating Coach is in hell as far as she is concerned.)*

Mrs. Booth: Erin! Richard! How many people have you shot? Why are you doing this???

Zig-Zag: *(Still displaying a sense of almost false bravado. Definitely engaged in the action, but also seems unsure about it all.)* Don' know fer shure, Mizz Boof, we'd talked about tryin' to keep a head count as we went along, but it kind of got away from me, howz 'bout you, Gyps? How many you think we greased?

Gypsy: Goddamned if I know, but I sure as hell got way more than you. You looked like a Bugs Bunny cartoon out there. You were sprayin' shit everywhere.

Zig-Zag: *(Defending himself.)* Whatever, I got my share.

Gypsy: Yeah, sure, anything you say. It was awesome! I was startin' off real controlled like, with short bursts, pickin' my targets real careful, just like we talked about, but damn, once we started rollin' I got so hot I was shootin' at anything that moved. Yer lucky I didn't waste your sorry fuckin' ass you lil' fucker!!! *(Points her weapon at Zig-Zag, makes machine gun sounds, and laughs at him.)*

Zig-Zag: *(Hurriedly and worriedly uses his weapon to move Gypsy's so it is not pointing at him.)* Knock it off you stupid bitch, yer not funny!

Gypsy: All right, all right. Don't have a cow. Jeeze, take it easy. Yer not expendable. *(Brief pause and she smiles.)* Yet. *(Laughs again and points weapon back at the class.)* Goddamn, I think I must have cum four or five times out there. What a fuckin' rush!!!

Mrs. Booth: *(Terrified, but still trying to maintain her control.)* Erin, Richard. Please, tell me what's going on here. Why are you doing this? You have to stop before more people get hurt.

Gypsy: First off, it's not Erin and Richard, Mizz Boof. I'm Gypsy and this is Zig-Zag, if yer gonna talk to us, use our real names, bitch!!! And second, I think it's just a little too late to stop anything. We all in some deep shit now. Ain't no goin' back. Best thing y'all can do is shut the fuck up, and sit your pathetic asses down!

(At this point Gypsy draws down on the class as if she is about to shoot everyone. The entire class shrinks back and begins to yell and scream, begging them not to shoot. Mrs. Booth maintains her composure, begging for all their lives as well. Everyone freezes in place on the blackout.)

Light Cue: Blackout

BLACKOUT: END: SCENE TWO

Audio Cue: During the blackout there is a single gunshot

Scene 3

Light Cue: Scene 3 light cue comes up

(Scene three opens with everyone in exactly the same places as at the end of scene two except that Zig-Zag's weapon is pointed to the ceiling. He obviously fired the shot that was heard during the blackout at the ceiling. All the students are still terrified. Mrs. Booth is still trying to gain control of the situation. Jack is frozen on the floor next to the door.)

Zig-Zag: *(Waving his weapon at the students and Mrs. Booth, directing them all to sit down in the desk chairs, including Mrs. Booth.)* All right, you heard her, sit your asses down and behave yourselves. Especially you, Jack. We don't want no demerits do we? We're in charge now.

Gypsy: *(Moving toward Mrs. Booth's desk.)* Tha's right. Just do as we say and you might see tomorrow.

Zig-Zag: Now I'm gonna call on someone to help answer a lil' ol' question for me... *(Scanning the room to choose his victim, locking eyes on Bobby, the class brown-noser.)* Bobby! Yeah, Bobby can answer any question! Ain't that right Mr. Know-It-All? *(Bobby slides down in his seat.)*

Gypsy: *(Also scanning the room.)* Hmm, now what shall we ask our dear friend Bobby.

Zig-Zag: Oh, I know what we shall ask him . . . *(Walking over behind Bobby.)*

Gypsy: Oh yeah? *(Laughing.)*

Zig-Zag: Bobby, since Gypsy and I were a little late to class today, mind catchin' us up on what we missed?

Bobby: *(Very flustered, frustrated, and just generally scared to death, blurts through the following lines very, very fast and nervously.)* Well. Um, uh. There was the football. And. Um, oh yeah, Zora. Um, green card. Cody. Illegal substances.

Zig-Zag: (*Placing hands on Bobby's shoulders.*) Now, Bobby, Bobby, slow down, just relax! Why don't you put that big brain of yours in gear, and let's try this again.

Bobby: (*Deep breath. Pause. Sinks further down in his seat. Still speedily, but not as fast as before, with more details, but forgetting to edit out some things.*) Well, Jack had six fumbles so he has to carry around the football all day, which just makes his ego even bigger, (*Jack glares at Bobby, but doesn't do or say anything.*) and then he was picking on Zora, so Mizz Boof was clarifying some of our questions like, what happens to us after we die and . . . (*Ziggy and Gypsy look at each other with a grin.*)

Zig-Zag/Gypsy: BINGO!

Gypsy: (*Staring at Mrs. Booth, and turning her weapon onto her threateningly.*) And exactly what is it that happens to us AFTER we all die.

Zig-Zag: (*Zig-Zag suddenly seems even more uncomfortable with the situation now that Gypsy is threatening Mrs. Booth.*) Hey, I'll do all the askin' of all the questions, got it? (*Sends a sharp glare at Gypsy. Zig-Zag walks over to get between Gypsy and Mrs. Booth, and places a hand on Mrs. Booths shoulder reassuringly. Gypsy glares back at Zig-Zag.*)

Gypsy: (*Pointing her weapon toward Zig-Zag now.*) What do you mean, this whole thing was my fuckin' idea.

Courtney: (*Tearfully.*) What do you mean, your idea? This isn't you.

(*Gypsy walks to Courtney and slaps her.*)

(*Actors freeze in place for video insert.*)

Light Cue: Stage lights dim as Video Insert #2 is played

Video Cue: Play Video Insert #2

Video Insert #2:

(*Setting: Gypsy's bedroom. Gypsy is on her bed, playing a video game on a Kindle or iPad. Zig-Zag enters the room and sits by her on the bed.*)

Zig-Zag: S'up bitch?

Gypsy: Nothin' much, s'up with you, fag?

Zig-Zag: (*Laughs.*) Nothin,' just another day in paradise. Thought I'd see what you were up to. Where's your Mom?

Gypsy: Out saving baby seals or something. One of her volunteer groups is meeting this afternoon at the club.

Zig-Zag: Oh, ok. Are they all wearing mink stoles while they're saving the planet?

Gypsy: I'm sure they are. And drinking plenty of wine or vodka too, no doubt.

Zig-Zag: (*Picking up a scarf from beside Gypsy's bed and wearing it like a mink stole, and speaking in a falsetto voice.*) Oh, dahling, we simply must remember to purchase more caviar and Dom Perignon before we attempt to save those poor, smelly homeless people from themselves and all their poverty.

Gypsy: (*Getting up from the bed, and starting to dance with Zig-Zag in an exaggerated manner, like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.*) Why yes, dahling, those poor starving orphans and veterans with no arms or legs would never know what to do without our help!

(They dance around the room for a moment or two, laughing at each other, then Gypsy uses the moment to give Zig-Zag a kiss on the mouth, which then becomes more deep and passionate than Zig-Zag is comfortable with. Zig-Zag pushes Gypsy away from him.)

Zig-Zag: C'mon, Gypsy, we've talked about this before. I'm not even sure how I feel about stuff like that.

Gypsy: Oh relax, queer bait, I'm not gonna rape ya 'er anything. *(Snickering)* You should be so lucky. You ain't never gonna know who you want to fuck if you don't just boink somebody and find out fer cryin' out loud. Might as well be me as anyone else.

Zig-Zag: Thanks so much for your sage advice. I could only hope to find such kindness and compassion from another asshole of your calibre, say Jack or Courtney.

Gypsy: Oh come on, you know I'm just flippin' you shit. I don't really give a fuck who or what you want to screw.

Zig-Zag: Whatever. It just bugs me is all. Everyone else seems to know what they want, and I'm not sure, and I don't exactly know how to find out either. You and Jack'd fuck anything with a pulse, just so it's not your own sex. It's not that easy for me.

Gypsy: Yeah, that is about the only thing we have in common. We are just a couple of sluts. But don't be so sure I wouldn't do it with a hot chick either though! *(Laughs at her own joke.)*

Zig-Zag: All right, go ahead and yuk it up. I know it's all a big joke to you, but I'm serious. I'm not sure I want to be with girls, but I'm also not completely sure I'd want to be with guys either. At this point I don't want to be with anybody, but no one can leave you alone about it. Everybody's got to have boyfriends and girlfriends, everybody's got to be couples and in love. What a bunch of crap. Why can't they just be satisfied if someone wants to be by themselves.

Gypsy: Well, that's just another reason to cull the herd, right? What do you think Jackie Jockie and his own little personal Barbie doll would have to say if they ever found out about your little, uh, *(Gypsy make air quotes.)* "existential dilemma."

Zig-Zag: I don't even want to think about it, and they're never going to find out about it, are they!

Gypsy: Of course not, I'm just sayin' that if we follow the plan, you don't ever have to worry about it.

Zig-Zag: Yeah, the plan. I'm not sure what to think about the plan sometimes.

Gypsy: Hey, come on, don't chicken out on me now. We're in this together, right? Jack and Courtney are threats to both of us. They treat us and everyone else like crap. And what if they did ever find out about your little secret? After everything they've put us through they deserve what they get.

End video insert 2 *(Fade to black.)*

Light Cue: Stage lights come back up as Video Insert #2 ends

Video Cue: Stop Video Insert #2

(Actors resume the action as Video Insert #2 ends.)

Gypsy: *(Grabs Courtney by the ponytail, holds pistol to her head and says:)* If I blow your brains out right now, what's goin' to happen to you, Princess?

Zig-Zag: Yeah, you gonna go to Heaven... or Hell?

Cody: *(In a very calm, pleading, tone of voice.)* Rick... Zig, tell her to put the gun down, dude.

Gypsy: *(Gypsy turns her weapon on Cody.)* Oh, so you want to be the hero now?

Zig-Zag: Gypsy!

Gypsy: *(Still holding the gun on Cody.)* What!

Zig-Zag: Back off, man, I've tried to tell you before, he's cool.

Gypsy: And I've told you before. None of these jackasses are cool!

Zig-Zag: C'mon Gyps, he's cool, he thinks like us, he's not one of them.

Gypsy: *(Still looking directly at Cody.)* What are you talkin' about? Thinks like us how?

Zig-Zag: He's taken just as much crap from Coach and Jack and Courtney as we have.

Gypsy: Yeah, well, so what? Maybe he has, maybe he hasn't. That still doesn't change the plan. We already talked about this, and I told you before it's just you and me, no one else. *(Gypsy now turns her weapon on Zig-Zag.)* Or, do I need to change the plan right now, and just do this by myself?

(Mrs. Booth's cell phone, which has been lying on her desk, rings, everyone in the room looks at the phone in a very startled manner, then at Mrs. Booth, then at Zig-Zag and Gypsy, and then back to the phone. Everyone freezes in place on the blackout.)

Light Cue: Blackout

BLACK OUT: END: SCENE THREE

Scene 4

Light Cue: Scene 4 light cue comes up

(Scene opens with everyone still staring at the phone, not sure what to do. Bobby crosses over to Mrs. Booth's desk, picks it up, and answers it almost automatically.)

Bobby: *(Suddenly tentative, not sure if he should answer it or not.)* Hello? *(Listens for just a moment, and then looks at Mrs. Booth.)* It's for you. It's your husband.

(Gypsy races over and grabs the phone from Bobby's hand before Mrs. Booth can take it. She starts to say something into the phone, but before putting it to her ear and mouth she snaps the phone shut, or presses the end call button.)

Mrs. Booth: Erin, please give me my phone back. All I want to do is tell my husband I'm okay. That we're all safe and not in any danger, okay?

Gypsy: Listen up bitch, there won't be any contact with the outside world. Not yet. Not until we say so. *(Looking directly at Zig-Zag, while also keeping an eye on Cody.)* You back on point now? We cool? Or do I have to make a change here?

Zig-Zag: *(Pauses briefly, takes a breath, then responds.)* No, no, I'm ok. No problem. Let's get back on it. It's all good. *(Turning to the others.)* All right, you heard her, no contact with the outside world, we want everyone's phones, iPads, Kindles, anything you can text with, call with, message with, right now!

Gypsy: *(To Zig-Zag.)* And make sure they're all turned off too.

Zig-Zag: You got it.

(Zig-Zag reaches for his backpack, and collects the phones from the other students, including Cody, who keeps eyeing Zig-Zag intently, turning them off as he goes. While Zig-Zag does this, Gypsy keeps an eye on the rest of the group, keeping her weapon on them, and glaring at them with an evil eye. Gypsy keeps Mrs. Booth's phone, putting it in one of her pockets.)

(As all this occurs, there is a long, extended silence during which you can hear a pin drop. Tension and anticipation begins to build, and students are starting to become panicked.)

Cody: *(Speaking to Zig-Zag.)* Dude, are you sure you know what you're doing?

Zig-Zag: Shut up Cody. Just do as you're told and it'll all be ok.

Cody: Oh, I don't think so man. I think this is all pretty far from ok. *(Zig-Zag just glares at Cody, who just shrugs back at him.)*

Zora: *(Speaking to Gypsy and Zig-Zag.)* What are you going to do to us?

Amanda: Why are you doing this? What'd we do to you?

Bobby: Are we going to die?

Jack: *(Trying to be brave, but not doing a very good job of it. Not really sure how to react. Seems to be struggling between his usual bluster and bravado and the fact that these people have guns trained on them.)* Yeah, if you're going to off us, just do it now!

Courtney: NO! This isn't right! Erin, this isn't you! What happened to you?

Gypsy: You! You happened to me, bitch. Remember when we used to be friends? Remember before you became all 'popular' and forgot all about me?

Courtney: *(Desperation builds throughout this speech. As if Courtney is pleading for her life. And she doesn't know it, but she is.) (During this speech, Gypsy listens dispassionately, showing no signs of emotion whatsoever.)* Of course I remember. I mean, I thought we were still really good friends. I didn't mean for us to kind of drift apart. I'm sorry. I miss those days when we used to hang out and have sleepovers. We can do it again! Everything will be like it used to be. We can paint each other's nails! We can do each other's hair! We can even bake cookies and sell lemonade like we used to when we were little kids! And then we can . . .

(With no sign of remorse or warning, Gypsy lowers her rifle and pulls a pistol from her belt, and then shoots Courtney point blank. Screams and shouts are heard from Zora, Amanda, Jack, and Bobby. Mrs. Booth, Zig-Zag, and Cody react at first in shocked silence. There is a long pause as no one is sure what to do now.)

Gypsy: You're so full of shit, Courtney.

(Actors freeze in place for video insert.)

Light Cue: Stage lights dim as Video Insert #3 is played

Video Cue: Play Video Insert #3

Video Insert #3:

(Setting: Gypsy's living room or a den in her house. Gypsy is sitting on the floor and Zig-Zag is sitting on the couch. They are in the process of checking and cleaning weapons and assault equipment.)

Zig-Zag: *(Leaning forward, and looking around nervously.)* Are you sure your mom and all her hoity-toity tennis club bitches ain't gonna come stumblin' in on us? Holy crap, this is a lot of stuff!

Gypsy: Don't get your panties in a bunch, dick wad! Besides, whatever dipshit volunteer thing they're doing doesn't even end for another hour, and then they're going back to the club to get dinner and martinis.

Zig-Zag: All right, all right, give me a break. I just get worried with all this shit layin' around out in the open. Are you sure we need this much stuff?

Gypsy: *(Smacking Zig-Zag upside the head.)* Stop being such a pussy! If anyone walks in, we're the ones with the guns. What are they gonna do? Spank us and send us to bed with no supper? *(Pause)* Now shut your sorry ass up and keep cleaning.

Zig-Zag: How come your dad hasn't come back and got all this stuff?

Gypsy: I don't know, something about him and his new trophy wife not being in a house yet. No room in their apartment or something. I'm not sure she's entirely into it anyways. I told him I'd take care of everything for him while it's still here. One of the benefits of being considered the "son" that he never had. He taught me how to hunt and shoot, and now we can put this stuff to some even better use.

(They both continue cleaning their guns and checking the equipment. Gypsy keeps an eye on Zig-Zag to make sure he is cleaning the guns and equipment properly.)

Gypsy: *(Fondling the guns laid out.)* Can't wait to point one of these fucking things at Coach's head! Maybe I'll make him run some laps, do some pushups! See how he likes it! *(Picking up a gun)* This one'll give him some motivation.

Zig-Zag: What's your beef with him lately anyways? I know you never liked him much to begin with, but you've had an even bigger stick up your ass with him then usual!

Gypsy: *(Almost too quickly.)* Nothin'! *(Stands up, still holding the gun.)* I just think he's an asshole! I've always thought he was an asshole.

Zig-Zag: Doesn't have anything to do with the fact that he's screwing your mom, does it?

Gypsy: As if. I don't care who my mom screws. That's her business, not mine.

Zig-Zag: You've been getting worked up about somethin' lately! What is it?

Gypsy: *(Starting to get more angry.)* None of your fuckin' business, dick wad!

Zig-Zag: Come on, somethin's been buggin' you. So come clean about it! *(Pause. No response.)* I open up to you all the time! Now it's your turn! *(Pause. No response.)* Look, there's something going on with you and the coach! What is it?

Gypsy: I don't want to talk about it. Lay off already.

Zig-Zag: Gyps, you can trust me! If we're gonna do this together, we gotta know who we're taking out, and why.

Gypsy: (*Stage whisper.*) He made a pass at me.

Zig-Zag: Wait, what?

Gypsy: (*More forcefully.*) He finished with my mom one night, and then he came on to me.

Zig-Zag: That fuckin' piece of shit! If you don't kill him, I'm gonna.

Gypsy: Yeah, right, whatever, I can barely get you to commit to this to begin with. Now, you're a big man, gonna kill Coach in cold blood for me, huh? Gonna defend my honor?

Zig-Zag: (*Trying to change the subject.*) Well, what happened, what'd he do to you, he didn't like, force you into anything did he?

Gypsy: No, nothing like that. He tried to feel me up a little, and he whispered some sweet nothin's in my ear about what he wanted to do to me, or somethin'. I played along for a minute, 'til I got a chance to put my knee into his nutsack. That cooled him off pretty quick. (*Snickers.*) I told him to stick to my Mom, and to leave me the fuck alone. He thought that sounded like a good idea at the time, but who knows when that sick fuck might try something again.

Zig-Zag: Well, he won't get another chance, once we take him out.

End video insert 3 (*Fade to black.*)

Light Cue: Stage lights come back up as Video Insert #3 ends

Video Cue: Stop Video Insert #3

(*Actors resume the action as Video Insert #3 ends.*)

Zig-Zag: Damn it, Gypsy. What th' fuck you think you're doin'? This wasn't part of the plan yet.

Gypsy: Fuck the plan! (*Gypsy points over to Cody.*) Maybe you got your plan with Cody and I got my own plan now asshole.

Zig-Zag: I told you, I'm with you on this, we're in it together. But we said we'd make it quick, we wouldn't make them suffer!

Gypsy: Fuck 'em, they made us suffer enough, now they can suffer too.

Mrs. Booth: (*Rushes to Courtney, kneels down at her head, and cradles it in her lap.*) Courtney, Courtney, can you hear me? Keep breathing Courtney, just keep breathing. (*Looks at Gypsy with both shock and horror.*) ERIN! How could you do this? What are you thinking?

Jack: (*Also rushes over to Courtney's side and takes her hand.*) Courtney, Court, talk to me, say something, anything, please.

Courtney: (*Very weakly.*) Jack? Mrs. Booth? What happened? Why does my shoulder hurt so much? Where did all this blood come from?

Mrs. Booth: (*Reassuringly.*) It's ok Courtney, just lay still. You've been shot, but you're going to be all right. It's just your shoulder. Bobby, get me the first aid kit quickly, we're going to need to try to stop this bleeding.

(*Bobby starts to follow Mrs. Booth's directions, but stops when he sees Gypsy then train her pistol on him.*)

Gypsy: Hold on there, Big Brain, you didn't say "Gypsy, may I!" (*Pointing her pistol at Bobby.*)

Cody: Gypsy, shut the fuck up and let him get the kit. *(Slight pause.)* Please.

Zig-Zag: Yeah, Gypsy, Jesus, let's just stick to the plan here, ok? Nothing has to change. We've got to maintain control. Stick to the plan, right?

(Zig-Zag indicates to Bobby that it's ok for him to get the first aid kit. Gypsy doesn't like it, but doesn't press the point. Bobby moves to Mrs. Booth's desk and gets the first aid kit and then takes it over to Mrs. Booth, who begins to put a compress on Courtney's injured shoulder.)

(Jack sits by Courtney's side for a moment in silence, relieved to hear Courtney speak, and to see that she's still alive. Suddenly, he leaps up and rushes for Gypsy though, who is ready for him, and immediately cracks him in the head with her pistol, sending him falling to the ground.)

Gypsy: Sit your fat ass on the ground and stay there, Jackie Jockie! Just because you're a big fuckin' hero on the football field don't mean you can be a hero here. You ain't got the guts. You want to be next? *(Puts the pistol to Jack's head.)* I can do it easy, hero boy. You just watched me do it.

Zig-Zag: *(Pushing Gypsy's pistol aside, and moving between her and Jack. Perhaps trying to prevent her from shooting someone else. Zig-Zag grabs Jack by the collar and gets down in his face. Zig-Zag seems to be becoming more unhinged by all that is happening.)* Yeah, asshole! You always liked pushin' me and Gypsy and the others around like a big shot, but things are different now. Now we're gonna do the pushin.' How d'you like it dickwad? Ain't this fun!!! *(Zig-Zag puts his pistol to Jack's head.)*

Jack: *(Laughing at Zig-Zag as he says the following.)* Fuck you, you cocksucker, I'm sick of your bullshit. You haven't got the fuckin' guts to do anything to us. Unless your little bitch over there gives you permission.

Zig-Zag: *(Becomes far more agitated and aggressive.)* Cocksucker??? Fuck me??? Fuck you, you motherfuckin' piece of shit! *(Whips Jack in the head with his pistol, and punches him in the stomach.)*

Jack: *(Coughs at the punch and the hit to the head, but also continues to laugh at Zig-Zag.)* Yeah, that's right, try to act like a man, but we all know you're not, you fag. Your little girl friend over there even told me you won't touch her 'cause you don't know if you're a homo or not.

Zig-Zag: *(Zig-Zag looks at Jack in shock, then he looks over at Gypsy with murder in his eyes. He suddenly goes into a rage as he realizes that his secret is out.)* Motherfucker, I've had it with you and your bullshit. So, I'm a homo, huh? I'm a fag??? Maybe I am, but this fag's gonna kick your motherfuckin' ass now, bitch! *(Zig-Zag begins pistol whipping and punching Jack savagely.)*

(Everyone else looks on in horror as Zig-Zag seems to have snapped, except for Gypsy. She is laughing and smiling and encouraging Zig-Zag.)

Gypsy: It's about fuckin' time you showed some balls. Go on, beat the shit out of that pussy.

Zora: *(Rushing toward Zig-Zag and Jack, trying to make Zig-Zag stop beating Jack.)* Please, Richard, please, don't do that. We'll do anything. Just don't hurt anyone else. *(Cody comes forward too to help her. They manage to pull Zig-Zag from Jack.)*

Zig-Zag: *(Stops beating Jack, and turns slowly, pointing his pistol at Zora and Cody. Says the following in a very cold voice.)* Sorry Zora, but no one here gets out alive. *(Pauses and looks over at Gypsy with a hard glare.)* That's the plan, right? *(Looks back to Zora.)* You were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. None of this is really your fault.

(Gypsy is still laughing and holding her weapon on the others. Zig-Zag pauses briefly, and deliberately puts his pistol away. He then turns toward Gypsy, raising his attack rifle and turning it on her very menacingly.)

Gypsy: What? What's the problem now, queer-bait?

Zig-Zag: Just couldn't keep your mouth shut, could you? You had to tell him. I trusted you man. I trusted you. How could you betray me that way?

Gypsy: Hey, what can I say? I needed some (*Brief pause.*) insurance. You've been acting all shaky about this from the beginning. I needed some way to make sure you stayed with the program. Now everyone knows your little secret, so you'll have to finish this just like we planned.

Zig-Zag: How about I just kill us both? Right here. Right now. How about that for a plan you piece of shit?

(At this point Mrs. Booth's phone rings again. It's still in Gypsy's pocket. Everyone looks over at Gypsy, very startled to hear that sound again. She grins and reaches for the phone in her pocket. Everyone freezes in place on the blackout.)

Light Cue: Blackout

BLACK OUT: END: SCENE FOUR

Scene 5

Light Cue: Scene 5 light cue comes up

(Scene opens with everyone still in their positions from scene 4. Everyone is still in shock from seeing Zig-Zag suddenly snap, as well as thinking about the revelation about him, and they are also all staring at Gypsy, waiting to see what she will do in response to the ringing phone.)

(Gypsy reaches into her pocket, pulls out the phone, and answers it.)

Gypsy: Yeah, what d'ya want? *(Pause as she listens.)*

Gypsy: Whatever. Stay the fuck away or everyone dies, got it? No one's been hurt bad yet, but that could change any second. Don't try anything their families'll regret. *(Gypsy hangs up phone and puts it back in her pocket.)*

Gypsy: *(To Zig-Zag.)* Now, you were saying?

(Actors freeze in place for video insert.)

Light Cue: Stage lights dim as Video Insert #4 is played

Video Cue: Play Video Insert #4

Video Insert #4:

(Setting: Gypsy's bedroom again. Gypsy is lying on her back on her bed, just looking up at the ceiling. Zig-Zag is seated on the floor next to bed, just staring ahead as they talk.)

Gypsy: You do realize, that once we start this, we finish it, and that means us too, right? No survivors. No one comes out alive.

Zig-Zag: I know, I know, it's just that I wish there was some other way. I mean, some of them don't deserve it. It's not their fault what the others have done. I know our own shit's so fucked up neither one of us cares if we go on or not, but some of them aren't so bad are they?

Gypsy: Oh yeah, like who?

Zig-Zag: You know, like Mizz Boof, she never hurt anyone. She just wants to help us. And Amanda and Zora. They're ok, aren't they? They never did nothin' to us.

Gypsy: Are you kidding me? You're going to start with that Mizz Boof shit again?

Zig-Zag: Yeah, she's always been there for us if we needed her. Or, she would be anyway, if you let her.

Gypsy: You are so fuckin' weird. You can't figure out if you want to fuck boys or girls, but you've always had such a hard on for Boof. You won't give me any, but I sure as hell bet you'd do her all night long. (*Makes gestures and sounds simulating intercourse while saying the following dialogue.*) Oh, Mrs. Booth, I love you, let me caress your tender body while you shower me with your kisses.

Zig-Zag: All right, all right, knock it off already. I don't want to do that with either one of you, that's for damned sure. I just want to be left alone about it.

Gypsy: Well, then shut up and quit your bitchin.' Follow the plan, and no one's ever going to bother you about it again.

Zig-Zag: I should be so lucky. Hell, you give me more shit about it than anybody else ever could.

Gypsy: (*Changing the subject.*) Besides, what has Booth ever really done to help us? All the grief we get from the others, and no one does anything about it. Coaches, principals, teachers, parents, no one raises a hand to help us. They just give us that "kids will be kids" bullshit. Well, fuck 'em, they all get some.

Zig-Zag: Ok, ok, fine, just drop it. Sorry I said anything about Boof to begin with. But what about Zora and Amanda then? Zora sure as hell never did anything to us, and neither did Amanda. She's taken as much crap from Jack and Courtney as we have, really. Hell, Zora and her family lived in a war zone, and came here as refugees. She doesn't deserve any of this.

Gypsy: Yeah, well, Zora is about the only half decent one in there. And I guess Amanda's ok too, but if we let anybody go it just makes the others harder to control, and it'll give all those SWAT assholes a leg up on us. No tellin' what those morons would tell the cops if we let 'em go. (*Short Pause.*) No one gets out alive. That's the plan. That's our statement. Everyone pays, and they deserve it because of what they did to us, or what they didn't do to help us.

Zig-Zag: Yeah, I know, you explained it all to me a million times about strategy and maintaining control and all that stupid shit, but what about Cody? Cody's cool, too. He never did anything to us.

Gypsy: (*Scoffs.*) Ok, if you say so. But, personally, I think he's a poser. He's eating up all that existential angst bullshit Boof's been feeding us in class. So what if his Dad left them when he was little? All he did was beat the crap out of them everyday anyways. And, it's not like our parents are exactly winning awards for taking care of us. My dad took off as soon as he could get divorced from my Mom. My mom can't get her nose out of the bottle, all of her volunteer bullshit, and the Coach's ass. Maybe Cody should be counting his blessings that his Dad took off on him.

Zig-Zag: Yeah, but Cody's taken as much crap from Jack and Courtney as we have, he's like one of us Gyps. He'd probably be willing to help us. Be a part of us. He's got no more to lose than we do.

Gypsy: *(Leaping up from the bed, and grabbing Zig-Zag violently by the shirt front.)* BULLSHIT!!! Absolutely not!!! This is our thing, you and me, and no one else. You may think Cody's taken as much shit from everyone else as we have, but he hasn't! No one has. He doesn't deserve to be part of our payback. It's just you and me, or I'll finish us both right here and now! It'll be all over. *(Gypsy pulls a pistol from a place she had it hidden nearby, and puts it against Zig-Zag's head.)*

Zig-Zag: *(Slowly putting his hands up, and gently pushing the pistol away from his head.)* Holy fuck Gypsy! What are you doing? This is me, Zig-Zag, I'm on your side, ok? I get it, just you and me. It was just a suggestion. I'm sorry. I don't know what I was thinking.

Gypsy: *(Cooling down quickly, realizing she's potentially gone too far this time. Trying to play it off as another joke.) (Laughing as she speaks.)* Ha, ha, really had you going there didn't I! Bet I made you piss your pants. *(Attempts to playfully "check Zig-Zag's package," but he blocks her from it.) (Laughing as she speaks again.)* Oh man, I wish you could have seen the look on your face. *(Gypsy puts the pistol away again somewhere trying to not draw much attention to it.)*

Zig-Zag: *(Trying to play along, but visibly shaken.)* Yeah, yeah, right, that was some joke. But, anyway, you're right, this is just you and me. No one else. Just us.

End video insert 4 *(Fade to black.)*

Light Cue: Stage lights come back up as Video Insert #4 ends

Video Cue: Stop Video Insert #4

(Actors resume the action as Video Insert #4 ends.)

Zig-Zag: I was saying I should just kill us both, and see what that does for your little plan, you bitch!

Gypsy: Ok, you can take me out. *(Gypsy directs her assault rifle to the others.)* But we'll see how many I take with us too.

Mrs. Booth: Richard, Erin, please, it doesn't have to be this way. It's not too late. We can work this out.

Gypsy: *(To Mrs. Booth.)* No, we all got blood on our hands now, Boof. All of us. It's way too late. No one here gets out alive.

Zora: Richard, Erin, please, I know that you've been hurt, but there are other ways to make your pain go away. I've seen unfairness and bloodshed in my own country. Please, just listen to Mrs. Booth and stop this.

Amanda: No one's really against you. Jack and Courtney didn't mean all the things they did. I don't think they realized what they were doing. How much it was hurting you. We're so sorry. Tell us what we can do to help you.

Cody: Zig, Gypsy, it's not like the rest of us haven't suffered too. In lots of ways. I know it's a bitch, but this isn't going to solve anything. It's just going to make it all worse for everyone.

Gypsy: Not our problem, dickweed. Someone should've thought of that a long time ago. *(Looks savagely at Jack and Courtney.)*

Bobby: *(Going to his knees and begging.)* We don't want to die! *(Gypsy just laughs at him.)*

Jack: Shut up Bobby. Who gives a shit about these two. We didn't do anything to them that we hadn't done to everyone else. You don't see the others goin' batshit crazy. SWAT'll bust in here and take both these assholes out.

Gypsy: *(Training her assault rifle on Jack.)* Well, if they do, I can sure as hell tell you who's going with us Jackie-Jockie. *(Brief pause, as Gypsy seems to be considering something.)* Fuck it, I've had it with all this bullshit. Jack's right, they're gonna start making plans to come in here soon. *(Turns her head a little and looks at Zig-Zag.)* It's time to finish this, with or without you, Zig.

(Gypsy puts her assault rifle to her shoulder, and turns it on the largest cluster of students and she clearly looks as if she's going to start firing, just mowing them all down. Everyone freezes in place on the blackout.)

Light Cue: Blackout

BLACK OUT: END: SCENE FIVE

Scene 6

Light Cue: Scene 6 light cue comes up

(Scene opens with everyone still in their positions from scene 5.)

Cody: *(Draws a pistol from behind his back that was covered by his hoodie and holds it on Gypsy.)* Sorry, Gypsy, I can't let you do that. *(Cody looks over at Zig-Zag.)* All right Zig, time to make a choice. What's it going to be? You with her or me? We can stop this now man.

(Actors freeze in place for video insert.)

Light Cue: Stage lights dim as Video Insert #5 is played

Video Cue: Play Video Insert #5

Video Insert #5:

(Setting: Zig-Zag's family room or bedroom. Zig-Zag and Cody are seated on the floor, playing a video game together. They are also smoking a joint and passing a bottle of some kind back and forth between them.)

Zig-Zag: Yeah, take that bitch! I own you in this game!

Cody: Whatever, it ain't over till it's over. You just think you own me. Now watch this!

Zig-Zag: Slick, but not nearly enough.

Cody: We'll see dude.

Zig-Zag: You think you so bad, I got you now!

Cody: Not quite, maybe I got you now.

Zig-Zag: No way man, I can't be beat.

Cody: Big words coming from a soon to be dead man.

Zig-Zag: *(Pauses for a second, before replying, but keeps his focus on the TV, doesn't look at Cody.)* Actually, that might be truer than you think.

Cody: *(Stopping the game and looking at Zig-Zag.)* What? What the hell does that mean?

Zig-Zag: Nothin', nevermind, just bein' all "existential" like you and Boof. *(Starts the game back up.)*

Cody: *(Stops the game again.)* No, that's a little too heavy, even for a couple of weirdos like us. We don't let that one slide. You got somethin' on your mind. What's goin' on?

Zig-Zag: All right, but first, no matter what, this has to stay between us, ok? I mean it, you can't say anything to anyone about it. You've got to swear that to me.

Cody: Ok, ok. What the hell's going on? What's got you so freaked out?

Zig-Zag: Nothin', man, nothin'. It's just I think it'd be a good idea if you didn't go to school tomorrow. Take a day off, ok?

Cody: Why? What'd you want to do? What'd you want us to ditch for?

Zig-Zag: Eh, nothin' special, I just feel like, uh, us takin' a mental health day, that's all.

Cody: Mental health day? Shit, you and Erin, er, "Gypsy," haven't been at school enough lately to need a day off. What's up with that shit anyway? You two used to be pretty straight arrows when it came to school. Did your homework, spoke up in class, all that bullshit. You two were like Bobby without the brown nosin.'

Zig-Zag: Yeah, well, I was just thinkin' we could hang out together tomorrow, play some more video games or somethin.'

Cody: I don't know, I'm actually kind of diggin' this existentialism bullshit. It kind of makes some sense to me. Helpin' me to figure some stuff out in my own life for a change. I'll probably go ahead and go.

Zig-Zag: Look, just trust me on this one, you don't want to go to school tomorrow.

Cody: Seriously, you should check it out man, you might dig it. You used to really get into this kind of stuff. Especially if Mizz Boof was dishin' it out. You always hung on her every word.

Zig-Zag: Nah, man, all that crap's too depressing.

Cody: Ok, dude, whatever.

(They go back to playing their video game. Zig-Zag is visibly worried, but knows he can't press it any further, and Cody is not sure what to think about his friend's behavior.)

End video insert 5 *(Fade to black.)*

Light Cue: Stage lights come back up as Video Insert #6 ends

Video Cue: Stop Video Insert #6

(Actors resume the action as Video Insert #6 ends.)

Gypsy: *(Swinging her assault rifle over to Cody.)* Yeah Zig, what's it gonna be? Me or him? Time for you to make a commitment to something for once in your life.

Zig-Zag: *(Swinging his assault rifle over to Gypsy.)* Just listen to him Gypsy. We can't do this. We have to stop it now. Enough is enough.

Gypsy: *(Swinging her assault rifle back over to Zig-Zag.)* I knew I couldn't trust you. I knew you'd never follow through. Well, fuck you too, you're no better than them. *(Very brief pause and Gypsy smiles menacingly at Zig-Zag.)* Just another day in paradise, huh, Zig? *(Gypsy takes aim on Zig-Zag and fires.)*

(The following takes place at a pace slow enough for the audience to track all the actions that occur. Not in slow motion, but slow enough for them to follow everything that happens.)

(As Gypsy attempts to shoot Zig-Zag, Mrs. Booth leaps between them, and she takes the bullet instead of Zig-Zag.)

Mrs. Booth: *(As she moves between them.)* Erin, no!!! Richard, look out!!!

Zora: Mrs. Booth!

Bobby: No, don't!!!

Amanda: Oh, god!!!

(Mrs. Booth falls to the floor, but we're not sure if she's alive or dead.)

Zig-Zag: *(Zig-Zag watches her fall in horror.)* No!!!!

Gypsy: *(Laughing and shaking her head.)* Dumb ass bitch.

(Gypsy then retracts her rifle on Zig-Zag, as he directs his rifle toward Gypsy.)

(Gypsy fires again, this time hitting Zig-Zag, who then fires at Gypsy, hitting her. Cody then also fires at Gypsy, hitting her as well. This is done as three distinct shots.)

Audio Cue: One shot

Audio Cue: One shot

Audio Cue: One shot

(Gypsy slumps to the floor, she is dead. Zig-Zag also slumps to the floor, wounded, but not dead.)

(Zora and Amanda rush over to Mrs. Booth to check her condition.)

(Timing and pacing now return to normal.)

Zora: *(Trying to check for pulse and breathing.)* I don't think she's breathing.

Amanda: We have to get a cell phone. We have to call for help. *(Amanda starts to move toward Zig-Zag's backpack that holds all their cell phones.)*

Bobby: *(Starts to move toward the door.)* I'm going to go for help.

Zora: Bobby, no. Don't go out there. They might not know who you are. You might get shot too. We better call 911.

(Cody and Jack rush over to Gypsy to check her condition.)

Cody: *(Trying to check for pulse and breathing.)* I think she's dead.

Jack: Thank god. That's just what that crazy bitch deserves. *(Reaches for Gypsy's pistol.)* Now, let's take care of her little buddy.

Courtney: Jack, no, there's been enough shooting and killing.

Cody: *(Puts his pistol on Jack.)* Just hold it right there asshole. Back away from that gun, and move over there, away from Zig.

Courtney: Jack, come over here and help me. I need you.

(Jack reluctantly moves over to Courtney. Cody now moves over to check on Zig-Zag, who is still alive.)

Cody: Take it easy man, it's over now. We just have to wait for help to come. I think Amanda's working on that.

Zig-Zag: Mrs. Booth, is she dead?

Cody: Yeah, I think so man.

Zig-Zag: And Gypsy?

Cody: Yeah, she's gone too.

Zig-Zag: Oh my god, what did we do? What were we thinking? Why did I let her talk me into this? This isn't what I wanted.

Cody: I know man, I know. Just try to take it easy.

Zig-Zag: Dude, can you go over there and cover up Mrs. Booth or something? Make sure she's comfortable. Make sure she's ok.

Cody: You got it bro. I'll be right back. Just stay still now, y'hear?

Zig-Zag: Cool, thanks. *(Cody moves over to where Mrs. Booth lays to do as Zig-Zag asked.)*

(As Cody moves away, all the cast freezes and the lights on the stage dim enough that the cast is still visible in a tableau, but the focus is no longer on them. A lighting special then comes up on Zig-Zag.)

Light Cue: Stage lights dim

Light Cue: Zig-Zag special comes up

(Zig-Zag slowly picks up his pistol and puts it to his temple. Zig-Zag then freezes.)

(Blackout.)

(A single gunshot is heard in the blackout.)

Light Cue: Blackout

Audio Cue: Single gunshot

(Lights come up again, but dim on a final tableau with Zig-Zag now dead too.)

Light Cue: Lights up dim for final tableau scene

Light Cue: Blackout

Audio Cue: Post show music plays

BLACK OUT: END: SCENE SIX

END OF PLAY

NO CURTAIN CALL/Final tableau serves as curtain call

Costumes:**On stage:**

Mrs. Anne Booth: Mrs. Booth is dressed in nice slacks and top, with flat shoes and appropriate accessories (Belt, etc.).

Jack Burns: Jack is dressed in a football jersey, jeans and tennis shoes.

Courtney Fontaine: Courtney is dressed in

Bobby Nichols: Bobby is dressed in a button down shirt and dress slacks with a belt and tennis shoes.

Cody Gordon: Cody is dressed in a hoodie, t-shirt, jeans, and tennis shoes.

Amanda Patton: Amanda is dressed in

Zora Vukovik: Zora is dressed in

Gypsy: Gypsy is dressed in black or camo bdu's with combat boots.

Zig-Zag: Zig-Zag is dressed in black or camo bdu's with combat boots.

Costumes:**Video Inserts:****Video Insert 1:**

Mrs. Anne Booth: Mrs. Booth is dressed in a nice dress with flat shoes and appropriate accessories (Belt, etc.).

Gypsy: Gypsy is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Zig-Zag: Zig-Zag is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Video Insert 2:

Gypsy: Gypsy is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Zig-Zag: Zig-Zag is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Video Insert 3:

Gypsy: Gypsy is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Zig-Zag: Zig-Zag is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Video Insert 4:

Gypsy: Gypsy is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Zig-Zag: Zig-Zag is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Video Insert 5:

Zig-Zag: Zig-Zag is dressed in regular street clothes for each insert. Should be different each time.

Cody: Cody is dressed in a t-shirt, jeans, and tennis shoes.

Props:

Football for Jack

Backpacks for students

Class grade book with names in alphabetical order:

Jack Burns

Courtney Fontaine

Cody Gordon

Bobby Nichols

Amanda Patton

Rick Price

Zora Vukovik

Erin Williams

9 copies of the play *Waiting for Godot*

First aid kit in desk with compresses

Gypsy: M4 Carbine replica assault rifle, replica pistol, misc. equipment to be determined

Zig-Zag: AK47 replica assault rifle, replica pistol, misc. equipment to be determined

Cody: Replica pistol