**STAFFROOM**

**by Richard Dixon**

**Administrators:**

**1. Ms. Temerity Blair, Principal PAIGE**

**2. Mr. Tyrone Strong, Vice-Principal JACK**

**Secretaries:**

**3. Ms. Wynona Huffle, Assistant Secretary AURORA**

**4. Mrs. Alice Filer ABRYANA**

**Counsellors:**

**4. Miss Mercy Sophto, Counsellor KIARA**

**5. Mr. Linda Nere, Counsellor ARI**

**Teachers:**

***Physed Department:***

***6*. Mr. Terry Schortz, Physed Instructor RYAN**

**7. Mr. Clay Slabowski, Physed Instructor NICK**

***Math/Science Department:***

***8*. Mr. Edward Doof, Science Teacher DYLAN**

**9. Ms. Ronnie Didjit, Math Teacher CONNOR**

***Practical Arts Department:***

***10*. Mr. Ben Planer, Shop Teacher JUSTIN**

**11. Mr. Sammy Homaker, Foods/Textiles Teacher CALEB**

***Social Studies Department:***

**12. Mr. Roland Rantz, Social Studies Teacher MADDOX**

**13. Ms. Gina Roamer , Social Studies Teacher DOMENIQUE**

***Performing Arts Department:***

**14. Mr. Turner Bachman, Music Teacher KALEB**

**15. Ms. Sylla Phlake, Drama Teacher BELLA**

***English Department:***

**16. Miss Belinda Spelling, English Teacher MARISSA**

**17. Mr. Paul Writewell, English Teacher OCEAN**

**Custodians:**

**18. Mrs. Phyllis Bucket, Custodian April**

**19. Mrs. Molly Moppit, Custodian Aisha**

**Scene 1:**

*(Molly Moppit is sitting in the staffroom, with her cleaning gear beside her, savouring her morning coffee, a ritual she greatly values)*

**Molly Moppit:**  *(sips with joy.)* Ahhhhhhhhh! Nothing like a stiff shot of java in the morning. *(Phyllis Bucket enters)* You the temp?

**Phyllis Bucket:** Yeah. Got the call a half hour ago. The name’s Phyllis. Phyllis Bucket.

**Molly Moppit:** Molly Moppit. Call me Molly.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Who am I spozed ta replace?

**Molly Moppit:** Tommy Vackman.

**Phyllis Bucket:** What happened to him?

**Molly Moppit:** Got his hand trapped in a toilet.

**Phyllis Bucket:** No way.

**Molly Moppit:** Some kid grabbed his keys, threw ‘em in the can, and flushed.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Jeez.

**Molly Moppit:** Tommy ran over and stuck his hand in to save ‘em.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Well, yeah!

**Molly Moppet:** Next thing he knew, his hand was stuck and the kid was gone.

**Phyllis Bucket:** What he do?

**Molly Moppet:** Nothin’. ‘Bout an hour later, I heard him hollering kind of weak, like a sick cat or somethin’.

**Phyllis Bucket:** How’d you get his hand out?

**Molly Moppet:** Didn’t. Fire department had to do it.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Jeez.

**Molly Moppit:** Poor old guy was pretty shook up. Took the rest of the week off.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Did they nail the kid that done it?

**Molly Moppit:** Yeah.

**Phyllis Bucket:** They kick him out?

**Molly Moppit:** Just for a day.

**Phyllis Bucket:** That ain’t enough.

**Molly Moppit:** The kid’s a jock star. Basketball’s a big deal here.

**Phyllis Bucket:** That sucks.

**Molly Moppit:** Nothin’ I kin do about it. You got the gym and caf area. Come on, I’ll show you.

**Phyllis Bucket:** I don’t like doing cafs.

**Molly Moppit:** Tell me about it.

*(Ms. Huffle makes an announcement over the school public address system)*

**Wynona Huffle:** Mr. Doof, your headlights are on. Mr. Doof, your headlights.

*(Temerity Blair enters with Tyrone Strong. Mr. Strong watches sternly but says nothing)*

**Temerity Blair:** Ah, Mrs. Moppit. Is this the temp?

**Molly Moppit:** Yep**.** Phyllis, this is Ms. Blair, the principal, and Mr. Strong, the veep.

**Temerity Blair:** Phyllis, is it?

**Phyllis Bucket:** Phyllis Bucket.

**Temerity Blair:** There’s a big spill in the hall by the caf. A latte, a slushy, and what appears to be some sort of vomit. It’s getting tracked everywhere.

**Molly Moppit:** I’m takin’ her down there right now, Ms. Blair.

**Temerity Blair:** Good, good. Then you’d better deal with that graffiti outside the woodshop, Mrs. Moppit.

**Molly Moppit:** The giant “F” word?

**Temerity Blair:** Yes, of course the giant “F” word. Can’t have it there like a billboard where all the cars drive past.

**Molly Moppit:** I’ll do my best, but it’s paint, eh?

**Temerity Blair:** Just cover it or something.

**Molly Moppit:** Okay, Ms. Blair.

**Temerity Blair:** I suppose I’ll have to have it sandblasted. *(Molly Moppit and Phyllis Bucket exit)*

**Wynona:** All senior band members to the theatre, immediately *AND* Ms. Phlake, could you return Mrs. Filer’s master key to the office? Ms. Phlake, please return the master key to the office.

**Tyrone Strong:** That woman has lost ANOTHER SET OF KEYS?

**Temerity Blair:** The superintendant phoned this morning. We need a brief staff meeting at lunch.

**Tyrone Strong:** What’s up?

**Temerity Blair:** More trouble over the toxic fumes in the ventilation system.

**Tyrone Strong:** Are we finally getting the gas masks?

**Temerity Blair:** It’s not in the budget. We’re to hand out a copy of the evacuation plan.

**Tyrone Strong:** I’ll get Wynona to make an announcement right away.

**Temerity Blair:** While you’re at it, could you call the photocopy people? The big green one is spewing toner.

**Tyrone Strong:** Again? *(he and Temerity Blair exit as Roland Rantz makes an announcement over the P.A)*

**Roland Rantz:** Ms. Roamer, you’re late for the socials department meeting. Ms. Roamer, you’re late.*.*

**Scene 3:**

*(Miss Sophto and Mr. Nere enter and get coffee while they talk)*

**Mercy Sophto:** Jeff says we should postpone the marriage.

**Larry:** For heaven’s sake why?

**Mercy Sophto:** His mother has allergies in July.

**Larry:** Why didn’t she bring that up six months ago?

**Mercy Sophto:** She can be difficult.

**Larry:** My ex’s mother was a saint. She made wedding dress, you know.

**Mercy Sophto:** Really? What did she use for material?

**Larry:** She bought some polyester pant suits at a thrift store. All kinds of different colours.

**Mercy Sophto:** That’s creative.

**Linda Nere:** Then she took them all apart and made a colourful sort of tent.

**Mercy Sophto:** Your wedding dress was a tent?

**Linda Nere:** I used to be much larger.

**Mercy Sophto:** Larger?

**Linda Nere:** I tipped the scales at over three hundred pounds.

**Mercy Sophto:** You’d never know it today.

**Linda Nere:** That was before I became a high school counsellor.

**Mercy Sophto:** Did you diet?

**Linda Nere:** No, I counselled.

**Mercy Sophto:** It’s a tough job all right.

**Linda Nere:** How’d your meeting go with Alice Buffer’s parents?

**Mercy Sophto:** The dad never showed. Business trip. The mom kept answering her cell phone while we talked.

**Linda Nere:** Make any headway?

**Mercy Sophto:** The mom says it’s the school’s fault that Alice smokes dope and drinks hard liquor between classes.

*(Alice Filer makes an announcement)*

**Alice Filer:** The red Mazda, license number SFA-626, you’re parked in front of a fire hydrant. Move it now or be towed! That’s the red Mazda, license number SFA-626, move it now, and I mean right now!

*(Phyllis Bucket and Molly Moppit enter)*

**Phyllis Bucket:** I mopped the coffee, slushy, and vomit.

**Molly Moppit:** Good. Now go and plunge the boys’ toilets…they’re plugged again. But be careful of your hands….remember Mr. Vackman.

**Phyllis Bucket:** No way I’m sticking my hand in a plugged toilet. *(they exit)*

**Linda Nere:** Ms. Blair wants me to meet with Bobby Grabstock in B Block. Inappropriate touching.

**Mercy Sophto:** Take my advice and don’t meet with him alone. That kid’s scary.

**Linda Nere:** Ms. Blair says to go easy on him.

**Mercy Sophto:** Why?

**Linda Nere:** His mom’s on the school board.

**Mercy Sophto:** Oh yeah.

*(Mr. Rantz makes another announcement)*

**Roland Rantz:** Ms. Roamer, we’re waiting for you. Ms. Roamer, we don’t want to start without you.

**Scene 4:**

*(Edward Doof and Ronnie Didjit enter)*

**Linda Nere:** Mr. Doof, did you hear the announcement about your headlights?

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Mercy Sophto:** Your headlights!

**Eward Doof:** Headlice? What’s this about headlice!

**Ronnie Didjit:** Did he leave them on again?

**Linda Nere:** Apparently.

**Ronnie Didjit:** *(shouting)* YOUR LIGHTS, EDWARD!

**Edward Doof:** You’re rather nice too, Ronnie. Now where’s my coffee cup? *(he blunders offstage to find his coffee cup)*

**Mercy Sophto:** Retirement can’t come a moment too soon for the poor old fellow.

**Ronnie Didjit:** He’s so befuddled outside his classroom. But when he’s in the science lab, it’s like he’s young again.

**Linda Nere:** Face it, Ronnie…it’s becoming a serious safety issue.

**Ronnie Didjit:** It’s not Edward’s fault some boys built a pipe bomb in his chemistry class.

**Mercy Sophto:** Just who’s fault is it, Ronnie?

**Ronnie Didjit:** Society’s. *(Edward Doof fumbles in with a large coffee mug)*

**Linda Nere:** Mr. Doof, that’s the vice-principal’s mug.

**Edward Doof:** Eh? Eh? Don’t mumble.

**Mercy Sophto:** MR. STRONG’S MUG, MR. DOOF!

**Edward Doof:** Missed who’s strong smug what, for the love of Christopher? *(he ambles over to the coffee machine and draws a cup)*

**Ronnie Didjit:** You know, I realized this morning that “DOOF” is “FOOD” spelled backwards.

**Linda Nere:** My maiden name was “Drater”, which is “Retard” spelled backwards. I got teased a lot.

**Mercy Sophto:** My fiancee’s last name is “Legna”, which is “Angel” spelled backwards.

**Ronnie Didjit:** Aren’t you the lucky one.

*(Alice Filer makes an announcement)*

**Alice Filer:** The junior girls volleyball team is reminded to turn in your uniforms to Mr. Shortz sometime today. junior girls volleyball….give your shorts to Mr. Shortz today, and I mean today.

*(Molly Moppit and Phyllis Bucket enter. Phyllis’ right hand is injured)*

**Molly Moppit:** I told you not to stick your hand in the toilets.

**Phyllis Bucket:** I got over-enthusiastic.

**Molly Moppit:** We’ll put some soothing ointment on that wrist. *(they exit)*

**Edward Doof:** *(ambling over to the group)* Ronnie, have you seen my spectacles?

**Ronnie Didjit:** YOU’RE WEARING THEM, EDWARD!

**Edward Doof:** Great Scott! So I am. So I am. Whatever next! *(he sits and slurps his coffee)*

**Scene 5:**

*(Gina Roamer enters, looking at her watch)*

**Gina Roamer:** My goodness, I’m late again.

**Linda Near:** Roland Rantz is looking for you, Gina.

**Ronnie Didjit:** He’s been having a fit on the P.A., Gina. There’s a socials meeting.

**Gina Roamer:** Roland can be a bit difficult.

**Mercy Sophto:** A bit!

**Gina Roamer:** I was up late marking essays on the First World War. Half of them were copied straight off the internet.

**Ronnie Didjit:** Give them zero.

**Gina Roamer:** Their parents think it’s okay to cheat. One kid’s dad said, “Why the hell do you think I pay six hundred bucks a year for a high-speed internet connection?”

**Linda Near:** For pornography, social media, and plagiarized social studies essays. *(She and Mercy Sophto exit)*

*(Ms. Huffle makes an announcement)*

**Wynona Huffle:** A brown boy’s wallet has been found in the foyer. A brown boy’s wallet. You can claim it in the office.

**Ronnie Didjit:** A brown boy?

**Mercy Sophto:**Wynona should pick her words more carefully.

**Edward Doof:** *(to Gina)* Young lady, I don’t believe we’ve met.

**Gina Roamer:** Yes, we have, Mr. Doof, several times. I’m Gina…Gina Roamer.

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Ronnie Didgit:** He’s a bit forgetful, Gina. *(Gina sits down to drink her coffee)*

**Scene 6:**

*(Suzy Homaker enters and gets a coffee)*

**Suzy Homaker:** Good morning, Gina, Ronnie, Mr. Doof.

**Mr. Doof:** Eh?

**Gina Roamer:** Hi, Suzy.

**Ronnie Didgit:** Morning, Suzy. How’s things in the foods room?

**Suzy Homaker:** Terrible. Mouse droppings everywhere.

**Mr. Doof:** Ms. Homaker, could you perhaps provide me with a sandwich?

**Suzy Homaker:** MAYBE AT LUNCHTIME, MR. DOOF! *(Alice Filer makes an announcement)*

**Alice Filer:** Phebiola Bottle, please report to the office. Phebiola Bottle, report to the office. And I mean right now.

*(Molly Moppit and Phyllis Bucket enter)*

**Molly Moppit:** The photocopy machine exploded, Phyllis….we got to scrub toner off the copy room walls.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Anyone hurt?

**Molly Moppit:** Nope. But one of the secretaries looks like a chimney sweep after a ten hour shift. *(they exit)*

*(Ben Planer enters and gets his coffee)*

**Ben Planer:** Ahoy, Suzy! How’s my best gal?

**Suzy Homaker:** Morning, Ben. Are the shop kids finished with my Corolla yet? It’s been a week now.

**Ben Planer:** Well, now, Suzy, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that.

**Suzy Homaker:** Has something gone wrong?

**Ben Planer:** It’s going to take a little longer than we thought.

**Suzy Homaker:** It’s only an oil change.

**Ben Planer:** The kids are slow, Suzy. By the time they get the tools out, the bell’s gone and class is over.

**Ronnie Didjit:** It took them three weeks to change a headlight on my Civic, Suzy.

**Ben Planer:** I get all the losers.

**Gina Roamer:** Isn’t “losers” a bit harsh, Ben?

**Ben Planer:** It’s true. The counsellors send me the duds who can’t do academics.

**Suzy Homaker:** Aren’t they the sort of kids who enjoy working on cars?

**Ben Planer:** No. They just sit around telling dirty jokes or bragging about how stoned or drunk they got on the weekend.

**Edward Doof:** Mr. Planer, would you be so good as to inspect my motor car for mechanical damage. I fear the old girl is at the point of total collapse.

**Ben Planer:** I’LL TAKE A LOOK TOMORROW, MR. DOOF!

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Ben Planer:** TOMORROW!

**Edward Doof:** Eh? *(Wynona Huffle makes an announcement)*

**Wynona Huffle:** Mrs. Moppit, there’s a small fire in the dumpster….Mrs. Moppit…a small fire in the dumpster.

*(Molly Moppit and Phyllis Bucket enter and cross)*

**Molly Moppit:** Look out! Look out! Fire in the hole! Fire in the hole!

**Phyllis Bucket:** She’s burning like the devil’s underpants! *(they exit)*

**Scene 7:**

*(Ms. Phlake enters)*

**Sylla Phlake:** Suzy! I’m so glad I’ve found you. I’ve got a wonderful idea for the spring musical.

**Suzy Homaker:** I’m a bit busy right now, Sylla.

**Sylla Phlake:** As you know, we’re doing “Grease”, and I thought it’d be such fun if you and your foods students could serve the audience COOKIES that look like CONDOM PACKAGES!

**Suzy Homaker:** Condom packages?

**Sylla Phlake:** You know how Rizzo has unprotected sex with Kenickie and thinks she’s pregnant? Well, it would be SO SYMBOLIC if the audience was EATING COOKIE CONDOMS!

**Suzy Homaker:** I’m not sure I’m comfortable with that, Sylla.

**Ronnie Didjit:** I thought “Grease” was a nice, clean musical, suitable for high school, Ms. Phlake.

**Ben Planer:** I don’t think the administration would allow cookies that look like condom packages, Ms. Phlake.

**Sylla Phlake:** Oh, PLEASE! It’s ART, for god’s sake! ART! And ART is about TRUTH! And the truth is that human beings are always thinking about SEX!

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Ronnie Didjit:** I rarely think about sex.

**Sylla Phlake:** Don’t be such a PRUDE, Ms. Didjit. We must all celebrate LIFE while we CAN! *(she dances about wildly in a gypsy way, snapping her fingers and crying out “Ai, ai, ai, ai!” The others are somewhat intimidated by the display. She ends up sitting on Mr. Doof’s lap)*

**Edward Doof:** My dear, this is rather sudden!

**Sylla Phlake:** Oh, Mr. Doof, they don’t like my cookie condom idea! Isn’t it just TOO BAD! *(she whirls away from him and exits)*

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Ronnie Didjit:** Drama teachers! They’re always so..so…flaky.

**Ben Planer:** She sure can dance, though.

**Suzy Homaker:** There’s no way I’m baking five hundred condom cookies!

**Gina Roamer:** I’ve never heard of anything so ridiculous. Trust the drama department to come up with something that’s in the worst possible taste.

*(Roland Rantz makes another announcement)*

**Roland Rantz:** Ms. Roamer, if you’re out there, this is your last chance to get to the meeting! I mean it.

**Gina Roamer:** Oh, my goodness, he’s furious! *(she hustles off)*

**Scene 9:**

*(Turner Bachman enters)*

**Turner Bachman:** Has anyone seen Sylla Phlake?

**Ronnie Didjit:** She just left, Mr. Bachman.

**Turner Bachman:** Her actors are supposed to be working with the senior band on the “Grease” numbers.

**Suzy Homaker:** She’s flaking out as usual.

**Turner Bachman:** We’re all waiting, and there’s no sign of any actors.

**Ben Planer:** She probably got the dates mixed up again. *(Ms. Phlake comes dancing across the stage)*

**Sylla Phlake:** Oh, what a beautiful morning! Oh what a beautiful day! I’ve got a wonderful feeling everything’s going my way! *(she exits, dancing)*

**Turner Bachman:** Sylla! Sylla! Ah, what’s the use. She’s as flaky as a can of tuna.

*(Alice Filer makes an announcement)*

**Alice Filer:** Phebiola Bottle, report to the office. Phebiola Bottle, to the office, right now, please.

*(Belinda Spelling and Penny Writewell enter)*

**Belinda Spelling:** Good morrow, good morrow, fair ladies and gentlemen!

**Penny Writewell:** How grand to see you all looking as fit as fiddles!

**Turner Bachman:** Did you see Ms. Phlake, Miss Spelling?

**Belinda Spelling:** Why yes. She was dancing down the halls like a whisp of gossamer in a spring breeze.

**Penny Writewell:** Whatever’s the matter, Mr. Bachman? You look as pale as a polar bear!

**Ben Planer:** He was supposed to rehearse with Ms. Phlake’s actors. *(he exits)*

**Turner Bachman:** I have my orchestra waiting in the theatre, Ms. Writewell, but the actors haven’t shown up.

**Belinda Spelling:** How sad! The orchestra waiting there like a jilted bride at a June wedding.

**Penny Writewell:** Poor Mr. Bachman…perhaps you are in love with Ms. Phlake.

**Turner Bachman:** I’m in no mood for teasing, Ms. Writewell.

**Belinda Spelling:** Such a serious chap. No wonder you teach music….you need beautiful melodies to lift your sagging spirits.

**Turner Bachman:** Unfortunately, my band students aren’t quite up to the task.

**Suzy Homaker:** Drop by the foods room, Mr. Bachman. I’ll give you a cake to cheer you up. *(she exits)*

**Ronnie Didjit:** *(As Suzy exits)* Suzy, I need to talk to you about the goodies for the staff social! *(she exits as Wynona Huffle makes an announcement)*

**Wynona Huffle:** Mrs. Bucket, there’s been an accident in the girls’ washroom. Mrs. Bucket, report to the girls’ washroom with a mop and pail.

*(Ms. Phlake enters, dancing)*

**Sylla Phlake:** Grease is the way we are feeling! Oh yeah, Grease is the way we are feeling!

**Turner Bachman:** Ms. Phlake, where are your actors?

**Sylla Phlake:** We are all actors, Turner…all actors on the great big stage of life! Greased lightning! Go greased lightning! *(she dances off)*

**Belinda Spelling:** So, we’re alone at last, Turner.

**Turner Bachman:** I’d rather you called me “Mr. Bachman”, Miss Spelling. And we’re not alone. Mr. Doof is sitting right over there.

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Penny Writewell:** Why be so formal, Turner? You may call me “Penny”.

**Belinda Spelling:** And you may call me “Belinda”.

**Turner Bachman:** I ought to file a harassment complaint against you two.

**Penny Writewell:** Harassment? We’re just teasing, Turner.

**Belinda Spelling:** Penny and I get rather restless here in these hallowed halls.

**Turner Bachman:** Doesn’t teaching English keep you entertained?

**Penny Writewell:** The students churn out nothing but drivel.

**Belinda Spelling:** It’s rather depressing.

**Penny Writewell:** We search endlessly for romance and adventure in their writing, but all we find are run-on sentences and incorrect noun-pronoun references.

**Belinda Spelling:** Not to mention dangling modifiers and split infinitives.

**Penny Writewell:** There is perhaps one student in a thousand who can write well.

**Turner Bachman:** What about those splendid guest articles written by students in the local newspapers?

**Belinda Spelling:** Their teachers do extreme makeovers of the articles before they are submitted for publication.

**Penny Writewell:** We are awash in cheating and misrepresentation, Mr. Bachman. The age of the internet has facilitated the endless appropriation and recycling of the work of a few clever people.

**Belinda Spelling:** It’s the age of creative cop-outs and constant copying, Mr. Bachman. Truly original work is as rare as a blooming flower in a winter snowdrift.

**Turner Bachman:** How depressing.

**Penny Writewell:** Never mind, never mind. We will seize joy in the moment. *(she kisses Mr. Bachman on the cheek, a quick peck)* There, there, my boy….all better now. *(Mr. Bachman touches his cheek in wonderment)*

**Turner Bachman:** I better see if Ms. Phlake has turned up in the theatre. *(he exits)*

**Edward Doof:** How about a peck for the old man, my dears?

**Belinda Spelling:** SORRY, EDWARD! YOU’LL HAVE TO BE SATISFIED WITH MEMORIES OF PECKS FROM LONG AGO!

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Penny Writewell:** Come along, Belinda…we must go in search of inspiration on this dismal day! *(they exit. Mr. Strong makes an announcement)*

**Mr. Strong:** There will be a brief but important meeting in the staffroom. A brief but important meeting for all staff in the staffroom. Right away, please.

**Scene 10:**

*(Terry Shortz and Clay Slabowski enter)*

**Terry Shortz:** Damn staff meeting. Now I won’t have time to shower before A Block. *(he jogs on the spot)*

**Clay Slabowski:** The rugby team is running laps, Terry.

**Terry Shortz:** *(still jogging)* Damn it. I hate like hell to teach while I stink.

**Clay Slabowski:** The rugby team is running laps.

**Terry Shortz:** I know, Clay…you said it once already. *(he starts touching his toes over and over)*

**Clay Slabowski:** They are running laps, Terry.

**Terry Shortz:** *(still touching his toes over and over)* All right, all right…they’re running laps. Good for them.

**Clay Slabowski:** MORNING, MR. DOOF!

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Terry Shortz:** *(doing scissor-jumps)* I’m pumped. Really pumped.

**Clay Slabowski:** Pumped?

**Terry Shortz:** *(still doing scissor jumps)* I got a date with the drama teacher.

**Clay Slabowski:** Ms. Phlake?

**Terry Shortz:** *(doing stretches)* Yeah. She’s hot. Oh yeah, hot.

**Clay Slabowski:** I got a wife.

**Terry Shortz:** *(jogging again)* Too bad for you.

**Clay Slabowski:** I do not think teacher should say “hot” like that. *(he is agitated)*

**Terry Shortz:** *(finally stopping)* I’m a teacher, but I’m a single man, too. And Sylla Phlake’s a single woman. So it’s okay, Clay, it’s okay….nothing wrong with me dating Ms. Phlake.

**Clay Slabowski:** Like you, I am physed teacher, no? I do not talk of women when I work.

**Terry Shortz:** You said it yourself. You got a wife. I don’t, so I can talk about women, work or not. *(Roland Rantz enters)*

**Roland Rantz:** Damn staff meeting. Had to stop my socials meeting just as we were getting started. LATE!

**Clay Slabowski:** How unfortunate, Mr. Rantz.

**Roland Rantz:** The socials department used to be all men. Now there’s a woman and nothing starts on time.

**Terry Shortz:** But you got to admit, she’s a pretty little thing.

**Clay Slabowski:** Is not right to talk of Ms. Roamer as if she was object, Terry.

**Roland Rantz:** In the old days, we could hang out in the socials office, belching and scratching our private parts and talking about sports. Not any more.

**Terry Shortz:** Come on down to my physed office anytime, Roland. Sometimes the only thing that can revive a man’s spirits is the smell of stale sweat.

**Roland Rantz:** And she contradicts me constantly. If I say Soviet industrialization saved the Russians from the Nazis, she says Stalin was a butcher, and the Russians would have been better off with Trotsky.

**Terry Shortz:** I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about, big fella.

**Clay Slabowski:** I am from Ukraine. Stalin killed millions in the Great Famine.

**Terry Shortz:** Jeeze, what is this, a history seminar? That was then, this is now.

**Edward Doof:** Mr. Shortz, could you perhaps give me a massage this afternoon? Rigor mortis appears to be setting in.

**Terry Shortz:** YOU GOT IT, MR. DOOF!

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Roland Rantz:** And her mood swings! One day she’s happy, the next she’s not. And she complains about my Polish sausage.

**Clay Slabowski:** Perhaps Ms. Roamer does not like smell of garlic.

**Terry Shortz:** Hell, switch to good old Canadian weiners, if it keeps her happy.

**Roland Rantz:** Maybe I should transfer to another school. *(Mr. Strong makes an announcement)*

**Tyrone Strong:** Staffmeeting, right away, please. Staff meeting, right now!

*(Molly Moppit and Phyllis Bucket enter and cross)*

**Molly Moppit:** The sprinklers in the gym have gone off.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Time to put on the hip waders. *(they exit)*

**Scene 11:**

*(Alice Filer and Wynona Huffle enter, carrying the evacuation plan folders)*

**Alice Filer:** Well, looky here. It’s the boys’ club.

**Wynona Huff:** HELLO, MR. DOOF!

**Edward Doof:** Wynona, my dear, perhaps later you could transcribe a letter to my dear sister in Moosejaw. My palsied hands produce nothing but chicken scratch.

**Wynona Huff:** SURE, MR. DOOF!

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Alice Filer:** You look sweaty, Mr. Shortz.

**Terry Shortz:** As do you, Mrs. Filer, as do you.

**Wynona Huff:** Did you find Ms. Roamer, Mr. Rantz?

**Roland Rantz:** Yes, Wynona, though it was too late to do anything about it when I did.

**Alice Filer:** You darn near wrecked the P.A. system hollering into it like that, Mr. Rantz.

**Roland Rantz:** That damn P.A.’s too flimsy. If they’d build schools in a masculine way, things wouldn’t break so easily.

**Alice Filer:** This school is for both sexes, Mr. Rantz, whether you like it or not.

**Clay Slabowski:** Is true. Women and men make babies together….why not make everything else together too?

**Wynona Huffle:** We secretaries keep things running like clockwork around here, and we’re women.

**Alice Filer:** Heck, even the principal’s a woman.

**Roland Rantz:** Don’t remind me. What’s in those folders?

**Alice Filer:** That’s for me to know and you to find out, Rantzy-boy.

**Terry Shortz:** Gotta love a mystery!

**Alice Filer:** Mr. Shortz, you still owe twenty-five bucks for the Sunshine Fund.

**Terry Shortz:** I paid already.

**Alice Filer:** There’s no record of a payment, Mr. Shortz.

**Roland Rantz:** Everyone’s got to pay, Terry.

**Clay Slabowski:** Is for good cause, Terry.

**Wynona Huffle:** Everyone pays, Mr. Shortz. Everyone.

**Terry Shortz:** Tomorrow.

*(Mercy Sophto and Linda Nere enter)*

**Mercy Sophto:** Did you pay your twenty-five dollars for the Sunshine Fund, Mr. Shortz?

**Linda Nere:** You’re the only one who hasn’t.

**Terry Shortz:** TOMORROW!

**Alice Filer:** Ms. Nere, Bobby Grabstock’s mother is coming in to see you. She sounded upset.

**Roland Rantz:** Uh oh. Groper-boy’s big mean school board mama’s gunning for you, Ms. Nere.

**Linda Nere:** Oh, god.

**Alice Filer:** She says you’re persecuting her son.

**Mercy Sophto:** *(to Linda)* If I was you, I’d go home sick until she cools off. *(Ronnie Didjit enters)*

**Wynona Huffle:** Ms. Didjit, there’s a package for you on the counter in the office.

**Ronnie Didjit:** Oh, good. My class set of abacii must have arrived!

**Terry Shortz:** Don’t you mean “abacusses”, Ronnie?

**Ronnie Didjit:** One abacus….two abacii, Mr. Shortz.

**Edward Doof:** Ronnie, could you find it in your heart to do my tax calculations for me? The federal government is after my ass.

**Ronnie Didjit:** IF I HAVE TIME, EDWARD!

**Edward Doof:** Eh? *(Ben Planer enters)*

**Alice Filer:** Mr. Planer, you need to fill out an accident report about the boy who broke his fingernail last week.

**Ben Planer:** It was just a fingernail!

**Alice Filer:** And the accident report is just a piece of paper, so DO IT!*(Ben Planer reddens with fury)*

**Mercy Sophto:** Ben, I know you’re uspet, but endless forms and reports are essential to the smooth functioning of a modern high school. *(Everyone is wary of Ben Planer, who appears about to explode)*

**Linda Nere:** *(As people back away from him)* Try to stay calm, Ben…don’t make a scene in front of your colleagues…remember the breathing exercises I taught you….

**Ben Planer:** Breathe! Must breathe! *(he takes in air and puffs it out audibly, like a woman doing breath exercises prior to giving birth)*

**Mercy Sophto:** That’s the way, Ben….in and out….in and out…good, strong puffs, cleaning your system…

*(Much to the alarm of everyone, Ben puffs faster and faster until he collapses.)*

**Roland Rantz:** Get him to a chair! Get him to a chair! *(Clay Slabowski and Terry Shortz haul Ben Planer to a chair, where he slumps. Suzy Homaker enters)*

**Alice Filer:** Ms. Homaker, there’s been a complaint from a parent. Her daughter brought home a muffin from your foods class.

**Suzy Homaker:** They’re allowed to take their baking home, Alice.

**Alice Filer:** The girl’s mother is a chemist. She did an analysis and determined that fifteen percent of the muffin was mouse droppings.

**Suzy Homaker:** Damn! I’ve tried so hard to keep it to ten percent or less. *(Turner Bachman enters)*

**Mercy Sophto:** Mr. Bachman, bad news. The band’s Disney trip’s been cancelled.

**Turner Bachman:** Cancelled? Why?

**Mercy Sophto:** The CIA claims your Uncle Jim is a terrorist.

**Turner Bachman:** My uncle Jim? He’s not a terrorist…he’s a therapist…they must have read it wrong!

**Mercy Sophto:** Americans aren’t much for reading. *(Belinda Spelling and Penny Writewell enter)*

**Belinda Spelling:** Hail, hail, the gang’s all here…

**Penny Writewell:** I love surprise staff meetings! You never know what sort of dramatic things will be revealed!

**Belinda Spelling:** Strikes…

**Penny Writewell:** Deaths…

**Belinda Spelling:** Outbreaks of disease…

**Penny Writewell:**  Nervous breakdowns…

**Belinda Spelling:** Resignations…

**Penny Writewell:** Criminal investigations…

**Belinda Spelling:** How dull life would be without surprise staff meetings! *(Gina Roamer enters)*

**Gina Roamer:** Mr. Rantz! I’m sorry I was late for the socials meeting…

**Roland Rantz:** Don’t let it happen again, Ms. Roamer.

**Clay Slabowski:** Do not speak to good woman like that, Mr. Rantz…is not polite.

**Terry Shortz:** Take it easy, Clay…

**Linda Nere:** Roland, you should try to sort out your confused feelings about Ms. Roamer…

**Roland Shantz:** My confused feelings? I don’t have “confused feelings”….I’m a man, for gosh sakes!

**Mercy Sophto:** Your lower lip is trembling, Roland…it’s quite clear that you are on the verge of tears!

**Roland Shantz:** It’s my allergies…my allergies…I gave up crying when I was four.

**Gina Roamer:** Mr. Rantz, I know we’ve had our differences, but….

**Roland Shantz:** Can’t we just get on with this damn meeting? *(Phyllis Bucket and Molly Moppit enter)*

**Molly Moppit:** The principal not here yet?

**Phyllis Bucket:** We got a big problem in the gym.

**Terry Shortz:** The gym?

**Molly Moppit:** The sprinkler system activated.

**Phyllis Bucket:** She’s filling up like a swimming pool.

**Molly Moppit:** The rugby team’s treading water….

**Clay Slabowski:** Do not worry. Is good exercise. Once I tread water for six days after falling out of canoe.

**Alice Filing:** Staff meetings are more important than anything else! Everyone must attend no matter what!

**Scene 12:**

*(Temerity Blair and Tyrone Strong enter. Immediately everyone starts talking to each other)*

**Tyrone Strong:** All right, all right, settle down and listen up! Listen up! ATTENTION PLEASE! SHUTTTTT UPPPPPPPP! *(they finally stop and Sylla Phlake enters)*

**Sylla Phlake:** Oh, I hope I haven’t missed anything. I was outside picking flowers.

**Molly Moppit:** Those flowers are the property of School District 21, Ms. Phlake.

**Sylla Phlake:** No one owns flowers, Mrs. Moppit…they belong to nature.

**Phyllis Bucket:** Over at Mudhen Secondary, a kid got expelled for pulling up flowers.

**Sylla Phlake:** I don’t “pull them up”, I snip them off and place them in a vase for the enjoyment of my lovely students! We put them in the middle of the drama cirlce and meditate for hours!

**Turner Bachman:** No wonder your actors are under-rehearsed.

**Sylla Phlake:** Silly man! My actors learn by osmosis….they ABSORB their roles.

**Turner Bachman:** Absorb?

**Sylla Phlake:** I get the scripts printed on bedsheets, and the actors sleep with their words wrapped around them! Night by night, they absorb more and more…they’re not allowed to shower…until one day they wake up, look in the mirror, and see their characters looking back at them!

**Tyrone Strong:** We really must get started.

**Temerity Blair:** *(beginning a long speech that causes the staff to become glazed-over and catatonic)* Thank you, Mr. Strong. Now, we don’t want to keep you from you classes, so I’ll cut straight to the chase. Educational research has shown that effective schools have staffs who engage in collaborative efforts to raise the standards of academic achievement. That’s not to say we are not collaborative, however much work remains to be done in the sense that work is being done on a daily basis so that we have gotten closer to our agreed-upon goals of last year’s committee’s recommendations forwarded to the staff, as you may recall, for ratification after reviewing the wording. There may have been some wording that stood out as redundant and I’ll take responsibility for that if you bear with me for just a few more moments, the final efforts are to be commended, thanks to Bob and Sally who worked long and hard….

**Mr. Strong:** Ms. Blair….

**Temerity Blair:** …on the substance of the report. If we tend to drift in our efforts, that’s forseeable, and correctible, though some months may pass slowly before answers are apparent…I think we all know that knowing is exceptional except in some instances…

**Mr. Strong:** MS. BLAIR!

**Temerity Blair:** …within our grasp with no time for an overhead and I apologize though the main points are made, I think, if you recall the thrust of the initiative, and the figures indicate a positive trend throughout the spectrum…now at more than 2.3 percent, I think, if memory serves…the middle way is best, in these matters…

**Mr. Strong:** TEMERITY! *(she finally stops)*

**Temerity Blair:** Yes, Mr. Strong?

**Mr. Strong:** The staff, Temerity…they’re catatonic! *(the entire staff is frozen, like zombies)*

**Temerity Blair:** I tried to keep it brief….

**Mr. Strong:** That was the briefest speech I’ve ever heard a principal make to a staff.

**Temerity Blair:** Then why are they catatonic?

**Mr. Strong:** I think, after years of listening to principals at staff meetings, they’ve finally had all they can take…

**Temerity Blair:** All they can take?

**Mr. Strong:** They’ve shut down completely, like circuit breakers popping after an electrical overload.

**Temerity Blair:** How will we revive them?

**Mr. Strong:** The only way a school staff can be revived.

**Temerity Blair:** You don’t mean…?

**Mr. Strong:** Yes.

**Temerity Blair:** All right….do it!

**Mr. Strong:** FREE KRISPY-KREME DONUTS AND STARBUCKS COFFEE FOR EVERYONE! *(all the staff, except Mr. Doof, revive instantly, leaping up and looking around for the donuts and coffee)* All right, now you’re awake again, we’ll tell you why you’re here. *(the staff sits, disappointed they’ve been conned)*

**Scene 13:**

**Temerity Blair:** Ms. Filer will give you a folder outlining evacuation plans in the event of toxic fumes spewing from the ventilation system. *(Ms. Filer and Ms. Huffle hand out the folders, which the staff open and read)* Any questions? Mr. Shortz?

**Terry Shortz:** Are the kids supposed to go home after we evacuate?

**Temerity Blair:** No, they are to stay on school property. Mr. Slabowski?

**Clay Slabowski:** But not in building with nasty fumes?

**Tyrone Strong:** Not in the building, Mr. Slabowski…Ms. Didjit?

**Ronnie Didjit:** But isn’t the building part of school property? You said they’re to stay on school property.

**Temerity Blair:** Yes, on school porperty, but not in the building. Mr. Planer?…You’ll have to wait your turn Ms. Homaker and Mr. Rantz….Mr. Planer?

**Ben Planer:** The building is “property” isn’t it? And it’s a “school”, so it’s school property.

**Tyrone Strong:** The school building is school property, but it’s not part of the school property that the kids are to stay on. Ms. Homaker?

**Suzy Homaker:** What part of the school property are the kids to stay on?

**Temerity Blair:** The field…the field’s the only school property they can stay on. Roland?

**Roland Rantz:** Correct me if I’m wrong, but I believe the field belongs to the city, so it’s not school property.

**Tyrone Strong:** It can be considered school property in an emergency. Ms. Roamer?

**Gina Roamer:** If the field’s not school property, the kids might not stay on it.

**Temerity Blair:** They’ll stay on it if you tell them it’s school property when there’s an emergency. Mr. Bachman?

**Turner Bachman:** Perhaps it would be best if the students stayed on the parking lot, which is school property.

**Tyrone Strong:** The parking lot is not a large enough section of school property, Mr. Bachman, so they will have to go to the city’s field, which will be called “school property” for our purposes. Ms. Phlake?

**Sylla Phlake:** Must we use the term “property”? It sounds so capitalist.

**Temerity Blair:** It’s necessary to call it something everyone can understand. Ms. Spelling?

**Belinda Spelling:** If the field is only school property in an emergency, what is it in a drill that’s not a real emergency?

**Tyrone Strong:** It’s the city’s property, but we use it for sports, so we can use it for drills. Ms. Writewell?

**Penny Writewell:** If we have a drill, do we tell the kids that the field is school property or city property?

**Temerity Blair:** You just tell them to go out on the field. If one of them asks if its school property, tell them to see me about it. Ms. Nere?

**Linda Nere:** The students will be standing in their shoes and socks, which are their own property, so should we tell them to take their shoes and socks off so they will be standing on city property that we are calling school property in an emergency instead of standing on their own property?*(some applause for this clever outburst)*

**Tyrone Strong:** The shoes and socks are an interface between the students and the field. This interface provides a comfortable transition from the public to the private, a sort of “protective buffer” between the state and the child, if you will. Miss Sophto?

**Mercy Sophto:** It’s conceivable that a student could take two school garbage bags, pull a bag onto each leg, secure the bags with twist-ties, and scamper off, secure in the knowledge that they are standing on school property no matter where they are. *(much applause for this brilliant conjecture)*

**Temerity Blair:** If I see a boy running away in a pair of garbage bags, I will personally tackle him and yank the damn things off his legs myself, all right? MR. DOOF?

**Edward Doof:** Ms. Blair, I wonder if you’d be willing to iron my shirts and pants for me this evening. I no longer have sufficient dexterity to manipulate hand-held appliances.

**Temerity Blair:** PERHAPS YOU COULD HIRE A STUDENT!

**Edward Doof:** Eh?

**Tyrone Strong:** Mrs. Filer?

**Alice Filer:** If there’s an evacuation to the field, I should notify the city because it’s city property, but I won’t be able to phone from the office if toxic fumes are eating my face and melting my eyeballs.

**Temerity Blair:** Get out of the building and notify the city by cell-phone. Ms. Huffle?

**Wynona Huffle:** *(who has been takng notes)* Did Mr. Doof say “shirts” or “skirts”?

**Tyrone Strong:** Shirts. Any further questions? Anyone? Anyone? Mrs. Moppit?

**Molly Moppit:** Mr. Doof could get trampled in an evacuation.

**Temerity Blair:** A rope has been installed in Mr. Doof’s science lab. He will be pushed through the window and lowered to the ground. Ms. Bucket?

**Phyllis Bucket:** I don’t work here regular, but I’d just like to say that the toilets here have very narrow throats and it’s no wonder poor Mr. Vackman got his hand caught in one.

**Tyrone Strong:** The Health and Safety Committee has looked into the toilets, Mrs. Bucket, and concluded they meet legal standards.

**Phyllis Bucket:** That’s all fine and dandy until you get your hand stuck in one.

**Scene 14:**

**Roland Rantz:** I move the meeting be adjourned.

**Temerity Blair:** This is a staff meeting, Mr. Rantz, not a union meeting. You can’t move for adjournment.

**Roland Rantz:** The union contract explicitly states we do not have to meet as a staff more than once a month.

**Tyrone Streong:** Exceptions can be made in emergencies.

**Gina Roamer:** Is this an emergency?

**Temerity Blair:** No. It’s a meeting to prepare for an emergency.

**Terry Shortz:** Then this meeting is breaking the union contract!

**Sylla Phlake:** I move we hold a wildcat STRIKE!

**Ben Planer:** I second the motion!

**Roland Rantz:** All those in favour? *(Ben Planer, Roland Rantz, Sylla Phlake, Belinda Spelling, Penny Writewell raise their arms)* That’s five. Those against? *(Suzy Homaker, Turner Bachman, Alice Filer, Wynona Huffle, and Molly Moppit raise their arms)* That’s five…a tie.

**Ben Planer:** Filer, Huffle, and Moppit are in a different union…their votes don’t count.

**Alice Filer:** I need to phone my shop steward to get clarification.

**Temerity Blair:** Please, please! This is ridiculous! All we wanted to do was hand out a few folders and send you back to your classes!

**Suzy Homaker:** You union militants can’t push the rest of us around! The kids come first!

**Tyrone Strong:** It was a tie vote anyway…let’s just let it go.

**Sylla Phlake:** Gina Roamer didn’t vote! Gina Roamer didn’t vote!

**Gina Roamer:** I don’t have to vote!

**Turner Bachman:** She doesn’t have to vote!

**Roland Rantz:** Ms. Roamer, I demand that you vote!

**Clay Slabowski:** Do not bully her, Mr. Rantz, or I will crush you like a bug!

**Roland Rantz:** Stay out of my face, jockstrap! *(Rantz and Slabowski begin to tussle…Planer and Shortz pull them apart)*

**Tyrone Strong:** Please! Please! Order! Order!

**Gina Roamer:** Roland! Roland! Why are you so mean to me?

**Roland Rantz:** Mean? Mean? I….I’m only trying to be….to be happy….to…to be happy.

**Gina Roamer:** I’m trying to be happy too, Roland…I’m trying so hard….

**Roland Rantz:** It’s just so difficult…with you…in the socials office….your perfume…your hair…your eyes…. your voice…the way you….move….

**Gina Roamer:** Every day, I see the way you sit at your computer, so strong and determined…the way you yank open your file cabinet and pull out lesson plans from ten years ago….the way you curse in your manly voice while you mark student essays….oh, Roland…

**Roland Rantz:** Gina…Gina…

**Gina Roamer:** Yes, Roland….

**Roland Rantz:** I…I love you, Gina…I’ve loved you for a long, long time…

**Gina Roamer:** You have? Oh, Roland….

**Roland Rantz:** Gina…Gina…marry me! Marry me, and make me the happiest socials teacher in the world!

**Gina Roamer:** *(throwing herself into Roland’s arms)* Oh, yes, Roland, yes…a thousand times yes! *(the stunned onlookers, perplexed and awestruck by this unlikely display of romantic affection, slowly burst into applause that builds into cheers that builds into a sort of wild version of the chicken dance that ends with everyone collapsing everywhere, except Mr. Doof, who staggers to his feet and lurches forward so he is the centre of attention. He sings to the audience like an old vaudevillian trouper, shuffling his feet in a sort of tap dance)*

**Edward Doof:**

They’re getting married in the morning!

Ding dong! The bells are gonna chime.

Pull out the stopper!

Let's have a whopper!

But get me to the church on time!

*(The cast assembles into a dance troup and begin to dance as Roland Rantz sings)*

**Roland Rantz:** I gotta be there in the mornin'

Spruced up and lookin' in my prime.

Girls, come and kiss me;

Show how you'll miss me.

But get me to the church on time!

*(Gina Roamer takes over, belting out the next verse)*

**Gina Roamer:** I'm gettin' married in the mornin'

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

Kick up a rumpus

But don't lose the compass;

And get me to the church on time!

*(In a grand finale, the whole cast dances and sings the final two verses)*

**Rest of Cast:** They’re getting married in the morning

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

Drug me or jail me,

Stamp me and mail me.

But get me to the church on time!

They’re gettin' married in the mornin'

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime...

Hail and salute me

Then haul off and boot me...

And get me to the church,

Get me to the church...

Get me to the church on time!

**Temerity Blair:** This staff meeting is over. Off to your classes….the kids are waiting!

*(As the music to the “Chicken Dance” plays, the cast take their bows)*

The End.