

SCENE ONE

Lights up on four Middle school boys sitting in chairs against a wall. A sign behind them reads "office" and a large ominous clock hangs on the wall.

These boys are in trouble.

MAX, SIMON, RON, and PETE sit in the uncomfortable office silence, awaiting their impending doom. They all fidget nervously except Pete, who is as cool as a cucumber.

**MAX**

(Looks around for teachers)

Fuck you, Pete.

**PETE**

Screw you too, Max. You fucking nitwit.

**MAX**

This was your idea, dipshit.

**PETE**

Well, I wasn't the one who gave out freebies to Brad Stevens and ruined this entire operation, now was I?

**MAX**

You're gonna blame me? Simon was watching the door, He fucked this whole thin--

**SIMON**

I told you it was a bad idea to transfer the stash to sell the videotapes, nobody has VCR's and--

**RON**

--Could all of you take your dicks out of each other's mouths and just shut the fuck up for a second? I can't hear myself think.

Silence.

**RON**

Look here shit-fucks. Not to say that I've been here before, but I've been around this block a few times so to speak. If you fuckers wanna make it out of this alive, you better zip your shit and listen to me, capiche?

The boys let out a collective sigh of frustration and draw their attention to Ron.

**RON**

We fucked up, but this doesn't totally kill us, Okay? In terms of charges, selling porn to other teenage kids isn't gonna get us locked up, but... it's not great. Y'all ever seen Beverly Hills Cop?

**PETE**

They're called Police Officers.

**RON**

Thank you Captain Obvious. I know you know what a police officer is. I'm sure your donut-loving officer daddy would be very proud of the little criminal you've become.

**PETE**

Fuck you Ron.

**RON**

Yeah, well fuck you too you stuck-up little prick. To explain for those of you who don't have parents that love you enough to let you watch TV or go see a goddamn movie, let me explain. When Eddie Murphy, or any other pig for that matter, snags a perp, they gotta give em a monologue about his rights and shit, yea?

**SIMON**

The Miranda rights.

**RON**

Yeah sure, they gotta give the whole spiel for legal reasons, right? Point is, we have the right to remain silent, and if we don't tell em anything, they can't charge us.

**PETE**

One problem though.

**RON**

Oh, alright Mister, care to share with the class?

**PETE**

I don't know if you noticed, but this isn't prison.

**MAX**

You sure about that one?

**SIMON**

No. It's worse. This is Saint Middleton's Christian Academy. The only two things we have to answer to are Headmaster Buckminster, and God. And last time I checked, God wasn't a big fan of the whole self-pleasure thing.

**RON**

Agree to disagree on that last one, hombre. There's a reason the man upstairs makes nuns so fuckin hot.

**PETE**

Oh my lord.

Ron looks around to find no teaching staff and motions the boys to lean into a huddle and they

**RON**

They can't suspend any of us if none of us say anything.

**MAX / SIMON / PETE**

Are you kidding me?/ Are you joking? / What did we just say?

**RON**

Oh come on, it's just porn. Look, we were sloppy, we messed up trying to move the stash out of the change room. Brad Stevens walked in at the wrong time and buying him off with a free copy of Juggs was not the brightest idea in the world.

**PETE**

I'm sorry, okay?

**RON**

Granted, it could've been easily avoided if someone (staring directly at Simon) was watching the door, but I rest my case. Look, you guys remember the thing with the urinal shitter?

**SIMON**

Wesley Hawke got suspended for a week.

**PETE**

Yeah, they took the doors to the bathroom away.

**RON**

Three days actually, but Wesley didn't do shit.

**PETE**

(now paying attention)

Wait, it wasn't him?

**RON**

Nope.

**MAX**

How do you know?

**RON**

... let's just say I know the guy who did it.

**PETE**

His parents kicked him out of the house, he lives with his aunt and uncle out in Cloverdale. He goes to public school.

**SIMON**

I thought he moved because his house burnt down?

**RON**

Yadda yadda yadda, Survival of the fittest or some bullshit. The point is, we're not fucked yet.

**PETE**

Regardless, the word must've gotten out somehow and now we're here. We got off light with detention for being twenty minutes to class because of the whole transfer mishap, but we can't really fix that now. The only evidence they've got is the word presumably of Brad Stevens who is an asshole.

**SIMON**

(a revelation)

They don't know where the stash is. They've got no evidence.

**MAX**

Yeah, but clearly they know something, otherwise we wouldn't be here now, would we? We're screwed dude.

**PETER**

Not necessarily, Do you remember what they did when they caught Walter Steinberg gettin handsy with one of the girls from Richmond House on the sea-world field trip last year?

**SIMON**

No more orcas, no more Walter.

**MAX**

We are so screwed.

**PETER**

Now imagine if this current administration were to discover the details of our massive operation.

**RON**

You guys are a bunch of pansies, they know nothing. This is just another one of their little tricks, round up the usual suspects, let em sweat for a while, make em think that they caught you red handed then BAM! You're serving life without parole. These pigs'll eat anything, so feed em some shit!

**PETE**

Really, your plan is just to go in there and lie?

**RON**

You're gonna walk into that office and admit to the Headmaster of a Christian private school that the four of us sold hundreds of Pete's older brothers' porno mags out of a gym locker in order to fund our burgeoning alcoholism?

**SIMON**

Keep your voice down, Ron!

Ron snarls at Simon.

**SIMON**

Hold on a second... why are we here?

**MAX / PETE / RON**

Weren't you just listening? / Are you kidding me, Simon? / I thought you were supposed to be the smart one?

**RON**

Did you miss the memo? They think we've been selling porn to seventh graders!

**SIMON**

Yes, but why are we here?

**PETE**

Because our parents are Christian and hate us?

**SIMON**

I mean in the office. Why didn't they just send us home?

**PETE**

That's a good point, Simon. Stevens didn't even see you, you were in the hallway with your nose halfway up Shakespeare's asshole. And If they wanted to suspend someone for this, Ron would be sitting at home right now, eating chicken noodle soup and getting his ass beat to a bloody pulp.

Ron shrugs in agreement. The boys chew on this thought for a moment.

**MAX**

They want something else.

Silence for a moment.

**RON**

Now we're getting somewhere! Well done, airhead. Glad to see you'd finally amount to something other than smoking cigarettes and stealing potato chips.

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