

FINISHING SCHOOL

By John C. Havens

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CAST: one male or female

NOTE FOR PERFORMANCE: *This character is a typical prim and proper teacher who has been pushed to his/her limits. HE/SHE may wear spectacles, probably a tie and jacket. (or a nice dress, if played by a female) In terms of performances, beyond a British accent, students will have to show the teacher acting out all of Reginald's various pranks. The teacher will take on the personages of all of the other schoolchildren (and Reginald) in body and voice. Suggestions are made as to the children's voices (the quality of their voices and where they're from), but students can feel free to mix and match as they see fit.*

Ah, yes. Mr. And Mrs. Smithers. Good morning. Did you have a good drive up? Enjoy the foliage? Our school has some of the best foliage in the area. We have award winning hibiscus. Speaking of biscuits, would you like one? Nice 'chocy bleecy' with some tea? No? Hot water? Steamed milk? How about stamps, do you enjoy them? I'm an avid collector. I actually have 278 different stamps that all feature different pictures of melons, if you can believe that. There's cantaloupes, guava, musk melon...

What? Well I believe it's called musk melon. *(Thinking)* Or perhaps that's the cologne I'm wearing. Anyway, I also collect coins with pictures of figs on them. Unfortunately, there's only one I have so far...

Pardon? Stalling? How do you mean? *(Laughing nervously, fidgeting with his spectacles)* Oh, that reminds me of a joke. I have to tell it in a Russian accent.

(Speaking in a Russian accent) Comrade, vat do you call Coffee that makes you wait?

'Joe-Stalling.' Get it? Joe-coffee-Stalin-stalling? Okay, how 'bout dis one, comrade. What do you call a bovine covered in green turf? A Moss-cow. Moscow...

(Back to British accent) Right then, Well, I suppose you'll be wanting to see little Reginald as it is the end of the semester. Lovely. Yes. Let me begin by saying I appreciate that by having Reginald

attend here you have put your most sacred trust in me and my finishing school for young boys. And that is why it is with deep regret that I must inform you that dear Reggie...is dead. **(Laughs somewhat maniacly, snorting and almost pulling out hair).**

Now I can surmise by your collective expression that you require an explanation as to your son's earthly removal. Fair enough. You did have a rather long drive to get here, after all. Past all of our lovely foliage. Did I mention the hibiscus? Ah, yes, I did.

You see, in the short time your blessed urchin was amongst us, he alone was the catalyst for the mental derangement, and/or physical incapacitation of three quarters of my student body. Lovely little Reggie, spawn of your loins, reveled in terrorizing all his classmates by engaging in such quaint and, shall I say, banal pranks as hooking up electrical wires to the urinal in the boys room. Suffice it to say, being woken from your slumber at three in the morning by the unholy shrieking of a ten year old boy is not as pleasant as eating say, a lovely ripe watermelon with a bit of brown sugar. In fact, I still remember vividly what Conan McDoyale said when he came howling out of the bathroom that morning. It was his yelling that awoke me, you see. Poor lad, he was already the target of so much ridicule, what with being the only Irish student in the whole school and having a rather horrid harelip that made him lisp as if he were holding a cricket ball in his mouth. The bathroom door opened and he spun out, saying **(actor can spin in a circle here or perform another action to indicate that they're "becoming" Conan McDoyale, speaking in an Irish accent and lisping):**

Lightning! Lightning! Shot right up me body...and now I'm making thparks! Thparks!

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