

PSYCHOLOGY

PSYCHOLOGY – A female of seventeen or eighteen years. She is always tense, and often cynical, and the other students believe she is the missing shooter.

MATH – A female of sixteen or seventeen years. Her faith in God is strong, and she believes that everything happens for a reason – even a school shooting is representative of something.

HISTORY – A male of fifteen or sixteen years. He is a timid and shy boy, and was the first one to be accused of being the missing shooter. He’s asthmatic, and is prone to panic attacks.

ART – A female of seventeen or eighteen years. She is your typical “popular” girl – a straight ‘A’ student, and she often believes that she can get away with anything.

CARLISLE – A man of his early thirties. He is the “favorite teacher” of most students, and so they turn to him for the comfort and advice they seek. Things seem to go wrong though, as Carlisle is pegged for the instigation of the school shooting.

SHOOTER – A small and simple role. Is only shown in one scene. Can be male or female; cocky.

((Curtains up on an empty classroom. A bell rings to announce the allotted time for students to get to class, and within seconds of that bell, a louder, and different bell goes off. Two students, “PSYCHOLOGY” and “MATH”, run into the room, slamming the door behind them, both out of breath, and they sit behind the teacher’s desk – hiding. Both of them are too scared to speak, and although they are far enough apart for the audience to know they didn’t previously know each other, it’s obvious the two want comfort. Two gunshots are heard, along with a couple screams from out in the hallways, and MATH jumps, clinging to PSYCHOLOGY desperately. A moment of silence, and PSYCHOLOGY finally starts to shuffle a little, taking a quick glance over the top of the desk before settling into a sitting position again, shoving MATH away from him.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

Calm down. (*MATH continues to panic*) Calm down!

MATH:

I can't... I mean, what if... I mean, how could...

PSYCHOLOGY:

(in annoyance) Shut... up.

((Footsteps are heard, and PSYCHOLOGY and MATH silent themselves. MATH covers her mouth and shuts her eyes fearfully, while PSYCHOLOGY pulls his knees up to his chest. ENTER SHOOTER, who walks around the class room slowly, checking under desks and such.))

SHOOTER:

(drolled out mockingly) Taylor...

((SHOOTER steps up to the desk.))

SHOOTER:

Come out; come out, where ever you are. (*“are” is drolled out mockingly, almost melodically*)

((SHOOTER pulls out her gun and leans against the desk, fiddling with the pieces of the hand gun lazily.))

SHOOTER:

Hey, Taylor. We've been with this since Carlisle's class. We passed notes, man... we had all this perfectly set out before us. We've been talking about this since last semester, c'mon! That Old Man was gonna be the first to go! Taylor!

((SHOOTER growls, turning around and searching the classroom again.))

SHOOTER:

Taylor... *(growing angry)* You're going to regret this! If we find you, man, you're dead! You're dead!

((SHOOTER turns to leave hurriedly, and there is a moment of silence before MATH suddenly begins to hyperventilate, much to PSYCHOLOGY's obvious annoyance.))

MATH:

We could have... we almost... he had a gun, I'm sure of... Oh, my God, oh my God, oh my God... *(begins crying, holding her knees to her chest and rocking back and forth; begins The Lord's Prayer. The prayer is audible to the audience, though not loud.)*

PSYCHOLOGY:

Don't start with that. Just... don't.

MATH:

D-don't... don't start what? *(he cuts her off)*

PSYCHOLOGY:

Don't start praying. You really think that God is going to save us? There's no reason to send out an S.O.S to our *(mockingly)* "Lord Almighty".

MATH:

(sniffing and wiping at her face with confusion) What do you... you mean you don't believe in God? You don't believe that He will save us? I have faith, and I believe that- *(he cuts her off)*

PSYCHOLOGY:

(snapping) I've heard it all before. Don't preach to me.

MATH:

I don't understand.

PSYCHOLOGY:

No, you wouldn't understand, would you? You'll *never* understand.

MATH:

How can you not believe?

PSYCHOLOGY:

I'd not make a fool of myself spending a lifetime searching for something that isn't even there.

MATH:

(quietly) God works in mysterious ways...

PSYCHOLOGY:

So, I've heard.

((There is an awkward silence. MATH glaring at the floor, and PSYCHOLOGY looking around the room.))

MATH:

So... uhm. What's your name?

PSYCHOLOGY:

(hurriedly) No.

MATH:

No? No... what do you mean, 'no'?

PSYCHOLOGY:

It's dangerous to reveal personal information in a situation like this.

MATH:

It's just a name...

PSYCHOLOGY:

What class are you supposed to be in right now?

MATH:

I don't understand. What does this have to do with anything? *(he cuts her off)*

PSYCHOLOGY:

(with annoyance) What... class.

MATH:

Uhm... Math Eleven... why?

PSYCHOLOGY:

That's your name from now on.

MATH:

I don't understand... Math Eleven?

PSYCHOLOGY:

(sighs) Math. I'm calling you Math... and you better reveal your name as Math to anyone else who decides to come in here...

MATH:

Oh... I get it then... What's your name? Err... class?

PSYCHOLOGY:

Psychology. That's all you'll ever know me as.

MATH:

Okay... Okay, I understand... *(pause)* Do you know who he was talking about?

PSYCHOLOGY:

What do you mean?

MATH:

That guy who came in here... Do you know who Taylor is?

((There is an awkward silence – obvious tension fills the room. PSYCHOLOGY looks anywhere save for at MATH.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

Yes... I do.

MATH:

Then who is he?

((ENTER HISTORY. The door is thrown open, and HISTORY runs in flustered. The two behind the desk tense – PSYCHOLOGY pulling his knees up more tightly to his chest, and MATH covering her mouth with her hand. HISTORY panics, fluttering around the room in fright, and then finally spotting the teacher's desk. Diving behind the desk, MATH screams, and PSYCHOLOGY tenses, shouting out angrily))

PSYCHOLOGY:

What the hell are you doing?!

HISTORY:

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please, don't shoot me, please!

((HISTORY scrambles back, crying and shaking violently.))

MATH:

No! No, we're not the shooters! *(pauses, trying to find the right words to calm this new boy down.)* We're in the same situation as you! Please!

HISTORY:

Re-really? Are you... you-you're sure?

MATH:

Positive!

PSYCHOLOGY:

Does it look like we have a gun?

HISTORY:

N-no, I suppose you're right...

PSYCHOLOGY:

Of course I'm right.

MATH:

(to HISTORY) What class are you supposed to be in right now?

HISTORY:

I-I... I'm not sure... What's the... what's the block order today?

PSYCHOLOGY:

It's D, C, B, A. You're supposed to be in B-block. What class do you have right now?

HISTORY:

Uh-uhm... Hi-history... Why do you guys want to know?
(PSYCHOLOGY cuts him off)

PSYCHOLOGY:

Because *that* is your name from now on, until we're out of this damn situation.

MATH:

I'm Math... *(motions beside her)* and this is Psychology. *(sighs)*
It's for our own safety. Trust me.

((A few gunshots are heard, and MATH dives into PSYCHOLOGY's arms; HISTORY covers his head and curls into a tight ball, shivering and crying silently. PSYCHOLOGY shoves MATH off of him, growling and glaring at them both as they hear shouting from outside the classroom. ENTER CARLISLE and ART. The door is thrown open, CARLISLE rushing in with ART tucked in his arms. ART is screaming and crying, and

CARLISLE is trying to hush her, covering her mouth, and curling over her before the two finally buckle and fall to the ground. ART is still screaming, kicking and flailing about. PSYCHOLOGY and MATH get curious, and they peer over the desk to the struggle on the classroom floor. MATH gasps, and CARLISLE glances up, quirking a brow and finally shouting at ART to, "be still and shut up". ART quiets slightly and sits up as CARLISLE does, peering around the room and sobbing.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

Is she going to ever shut up? She's going to get us killed!

CARLISLE:

(tilting his head and running a hand through his hair) You kids all right?

ART:

(to PSYCHOLOGY) Damn you! I was shot at!

PSYCHOLOGY:

It's a shame they didn't actually hit you.

CARLISLE:

(irritated) Not now, please.

((HISTORY musters up enough courage to crawl near ART, reaching a hand out to swipe at some hair that fell in her face. ART slaps his hand away and scowls, leaning back and away from HISTORY, and closer into CARLISLE. CARLISLE shakes his head and shuffles back more, much to no avail, as ART scoots back again to be near the man.))

ART:

(to HISTORY) I don't want you near me. I don't want *anyone* near me!

HISTORY:

I-I... I just thought that I'd... help, is all. There's blood...

PSYCHOLOGY:

(shaking his head and finally standing up to move around the desk as MATH watches curiously) Obviously, little Miss Priss doesn't

want some History geek touching her. She might get infected with your intelligent germs.

MATH:

(comes around the desk to stand next to PSYCHOLOGY) I'm Math... this is Psychology, and that boy you just brushed away is History.

ART:

(rolling her eyes) That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. Why are you going by class names? It's idiotic.

CARLISLE:

No, actually, it's a very smart idea. It's so we don't get attached to anyone incase something does happen.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Exactly. Say something happened to *you*...

MATH:

What class are you supposed to be in right now?

ART:

Intensive Art.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Alright Art, say something happened to you. Say History here is Taylor-

HISTORY:

Who's Taylor?

PSYCHOLOGY:

Shut up! Now, say that History here is Taylor. Say he suddenly drops his stuttering, terrified, mousy appearance and whips out an Intratec TEC-9 semi-automatic handgun?

((PSYCHOLOGY reaches behind himself, and pretends to pull out a handgun, holding his fingers out in the gun-like style. PSYCHOLOGY steps forward, placing the tips of his

fingers against ART's temple and gets right up in her face. ART is terrified, yet PSYCHOLOGY is calm.))

ART:

What the hell are you doing?

PSYCHOLOGY:

Making a point. *(shouting)* Now, shut up!

MATH:

Psych... you've made your point, stop.

PSYCHOLOGY:

No, she doesn't understand! *(turning back to ART)* Now, what if History here decided that, hey! Art looks like a good candidate to die first. *(presses his fingers against her temple more)* So he presses the gun against her skull and stares her in the eyes.

((Everyone sits stunned, watching, as PSYCHOLOGY kneels and gets right up into ART's face. CARLISLE is even left there sitting stunned.))

ART:

(fighting tears) Stop, please.

PSYCHOLOGY:

(glancing at MATH before staring at ART once more) Do you believe in God?

HISTORY:

Psychology...

MATH:

Psych, stop!

ART:

(in confusion) What?

PSYCHOLOGY:

(in annoyance) Do you... believe... in God?

((A couple gunshots are heard outside the classroom, and ART screams, turning to dive, as everybody else does. HISTORY struggles with his backpack, wherein MATH comes around the desk to help him. PSYCHOLOGY moves off to lean against the back desk, watching in disappointment as HISTORY pulls out an inhaler and takes a few deep breaths from it.))

MATH:

Everything will be alright... I promise.

HISTORY:

Don't even try starting that with me... You can't promise anything. Any one of us could die at any moment, and you're saying everything will be alright? No, nothing will be alright! One or more of us are probably going to die soon... Don't you remember Columbine? Virginia Tech?! Do you really want to continue telling me that everything is going to be fine?

PSYCHOLOGY:

(hopping off the desk and walking towards HISTORY with a monotone expression) You speak as if you know exactly what's going to happen.

HISTORY:

What? What are you talking about?

PSYCHOLOGY:

You did look a little tense when I mentioned the name Taylor.

HISTORY:

I don't even know who Taylor is!

PSYCHOLOGY:

Maybe *you're* Taylor.

HISTORY:

No! No, I don't know a Taylor!

((ART sits up angrily.))

ART:

Hey wait a minute. He's right. You *did* tense up when he said you were Taylor.

PSYCHOLOGY:

(nodding) Right? He's probably just acting all scared and terrified so we'd never expect a thing. *(turning to HISTORY)* Isn't that right, *Taylor*?

HISTORY:

No! No, that's not true!

ART:

Who the hell *is* Taylor, anyway?

MATH:

When... When Psychology and I were alone in this room, before everybody showed up... one of the shooters came in here looking for a Taylor. I don't know who Taylor is either, but I think he might be the main target here. *(pause)* Carlisle... they said that you would be the first to go...

((PSYCHOLOGY grows tense, and shakes his head.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

No, no that's not it at all. Taylor is the missing shooter. There are three shooters in this school... well, two now that Taylor has run off.

((The room goes silent as they all stare at PSYCHOLOGY, amused and shocked by this new information. CARLISLE manages to scoot away from ART long enough so he can stand and make his way towards the door cautiously. He runs his hands through his hair and takes a quick look out the small window in the door. CARLISLE turns around slowly, tilting his head and staring at PSYCHOLOGY with interest.))

CARLISLE:

How do you know that?

PSYCHOLOGY:

(tensing) Wh-what?

CARLISLE:

How do you know all of that information?

PSYCHOLOGY:

I... I overheard the shooters talking... before I ran in here. Why?

CARLISLE:

Because I thought only I...

MATH:

Only you...? Only you, what?

CARLISLE:

Never mind. It's not important.

PSYCHOLOGY:

You look a little suspicious there, Mr. Carlisle.

CARLISLE:

Please just... just Carlisle. You kids should know this by now...
I'm sure you've been in my classes... (*stares at PSYCHOLOGY
with exceptional interest now*)

PSYCHOLOGY:

What the hell are you looking at?

CARLISLE:

You were in one of my classes, right? English Twelve?

PSYCHOLOGY:

Don't turn this around on me, Old Man.

MATH:

You guys, stop.

PSYCHOLOGY:

I'll stop when I get some damn answers! Carlisle. Tell me what you know!

CARLISLE:

I don't know what you're talking about.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Don't pull that shit with me!

MATH:

Psych, stop it! This isn't going to solve anything! Ryan's out there and-

CARLISLE:

I knew what they were planning, alright! I knew what was going to happen, and I could have stopped it, but I didn't! Alright?

((Everybody stares in confusion, PSYCHOLOGY gripping his hands into fists at his sides. CARLISLE paces in frustration, before snapping and throwing things off the teacher's desk, growling and shouting in anger. CARLISLE drops to crouch, placing his face in his hands.))

HISTORY:

So... you mean, you... knew this was going to happen... you could have stopped it...

CARLISLE:

(shaking his head) I don't... I mean, I...

PSYCHOLOGY:

(moving forward and shoving CARLISLE) Tell us the truth, you son of a bitch! Tell us the truth!

((CARLISLE stumbles off balance and falls to a sitting position on the floor. ART stares in bewilderment, crawling forward to sit near CARLISLE. She reaches out to hug him, but CARLISLE shoves her away.))

ART:

(to PSYCHOLOGY) You're acting like an idiot. Leave him alone.

CARLISLE:

I... overheard... some kids talking. I was sitting outside, in the smoke pit. My wife was to pick me up, and there were a few kids who were speaking about some... gig. I didn't think anything of it, until they began joking around about shooting up the school.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Did you see who they were?

CARLISLE:

I only got a quick glimpse of one of the kids, but no... I didn't see the other two. *(bowing his head and punching at the floor – the students jump in response (shock))* Damn it! I should have gone over to them... should have talked to them, or gotten up to see who they were! Damn it!

PSYCHOLOGY:

So... really, this is *your* fault.

CARLISLE:

No, no! Not at all, no!

MATH:

But... you could have stopped this... You could have talked to the kids. You could have done something!

CARLISLE:

I know! I know!

ART:

(scuffling away from CARLISLE) You did this. *You* helped them shoot up the school! You!

CARLISLE:

No, I... *(glancing quickly at PSYCHOLOGY)*

((CARLISLE stares at PSYCHOLOGY again with exceptional interest. He tilts his head before suddenly being struck with a realization.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

What the hell are you looking at, Old Man?

CARLISLE:

You... It was you.

PSYCHOLOGY:

(tensing) I don't know what you're talking about.

CARLISLE:

You... I saw you out there. There were three kids out there, and... there are three shooters today. Didn't you say that there was one of them missing? How did you know that Taylor was the missing shooter?

PSYCHOLOGY:

I don't... I... I told you! I overheard the shooters... and I... I...

MATH:

What's he talking about, Psych?

HISTORY:

(realizing) So it was *you* who helped them kill my friends? What are you hiding from, *Taylor*? What the hell are you hiding from!?

PSYCHOLOGY:

Shut up! Shut up! You don't know what you're talking about!

ART:

You guys, maybe she isn't...-

CARLISLE:

Taylor!

PSYCHOLOGY:

(in a panic) No! No, all of you, shut up!

HISTORY:

Or what? W-what are you going to do, huh? Kill us?

MATH:

Psychology...

PSYCHOLOGY:

(pulling out a small hand gun) I said *shut up!*

((The group goes silent, and their expressions are that of pure terror. MATH sidles away slowly, and PSYCHOLOGY whips around to stare at her, holding the gun up towards her.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

Don't you dare move! *(turns to the others and waves the gun around.)* That goes for *all* of you! Don't move!

((PSYCHOLOGY stares sadly for a moment, then growls, turning to pace about the room in frustration. Everyone is quiet as she paces, running a hand through her hair and waving the gun around – almost in confusion. CARLISLE sits up and slowly moves to a half standing position. PSYCHOLOGY notices, and turns quickly, stepping quickly towards him with the gun raised.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

What did I just say? I said *don't move!*

CARLISLE:

Alright, listen Taylor... We're going to work through this... okay? Things are going to be fine. We're going to work through this.

PSYCHOLOGY:

No!

ART:

You bitch! I can't believe you'd try to blame this on someone else!
What the hell is wrong with you!

PSYCHOLOGY:

It's because of people like *you*, I am the way I am!

ART:

People like me?

HISTORY:

No, she has a point...

PSYCHOLOGY:

(turning to aim the gun at HISTORY) What?

HISTORY:

You... y-you have a point... The... popular people... they make it
Hell for everyone else... I understand why you would... why
you'd...

PSYCHOLOGY:

Why I'd want to help shoot down the school?

HISTORY:

Yes...

ART:

I don't understand. What the hell do you mean? People like me?
(standing up slowly)

PSYCHOLOGY:

(turning to point the gun at ART) I said don't move!

ART:

No! Who died and made you God? You don't have anything to say now that matters to anybody!

PSYCHOLOGY:

(pausing for a moment before hurrying towards ART, gun raised and pressed against her head.) Shut up! I'm the one with the gun, here! I make the rules!

ART:

(terrified, but stands her ground) You say it's people like me who screwed you up... you say all these things, and yet do you even know who I am?

PSYCHOLOGY:

I don't *need* to know who you are... it's *what* you are that really pisses me off.

ART:

What I am? *What* I am makes no difference what so ever. Are you any better right now? Look at you! Look at what you're doing, right now!

PSYCHOLOGY:

Shut up, shut up, shut up!

((PSYCHOLOGY prepares to shoot ART when CARLISLE steps forward, shoving PSYCHOLOGY out of the way. The gun goes off – ART screams, diving to the floor. MATH and HISTORY huddle together, CARLISLE swearing under his breath.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

You idiot! This is the exact reason why we were going to go after you first!

MATH:

Psychology... please... please stop!

CARLISLE:

What?

PSYCHOLOGY:

You try to be a hero, but you're just a scared little boy, Carlisle.
You're just a scared little boy!

HISTORY:

Psychology... p-please...

CARLISLE:

I don't understand. What do you mean?

PSYCHOLOGY:

(laughing in irritation) You can't even pretend to be a hero, Carlisle. I came to you... all last semester. I asked for help. I *begged* for help, because I *knew* I was going to fail your damn class!

CARLISLE:

But... you weren't serious about wanting to pass. You never showed up to any classes, and you never handed any-

PSYCHOLOGY:

Don't you think I know that, you idiot? I had reasons why I never showed up to class, you son of a bitch, and you can't even deny the fact you saw what was going on in my life.

CARLISLE:

I saw the bruises, Taylor... I couldn't do *anything* about it except for-

PSYCHOLOGY:

Except for calling Child Services!

CARLISLE:

(growing angry) Yes, and it helped you, didn't it?

PSYCHOLOGY:

It made everything *worse!* Do you *know* who I live with now? My *father!* My father is even *worse* than my mother was! Who do you think she learned it all from?

CARLISLE:

I did everything I could for you.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Yeah, everything to make my life a living Hell!

CARLISLE:

I saved you!

PSYCHOLOGY:

You sent me to an early grave!

((The room grows silent, PSYCHOLOGY fighting with himself mentally. He continually lifts the gun to those in the room, fighting tears and turning away quite a few times to try and collect his thoughts. Finally, after a moment, PSYCHOLOGY lifts the gun to his own head, shutting his eyes tightly and shaking his head.))

MATH:

Psychology. You don't want to do this.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Why do you keep calling me that? Why do you keep calling me Psychology? You all know who I am now... just... I don't need your damn sympathy!

((There is silence before CARLISLE steps forward slowly.))

CARLISLE:

We're not giving you sympathy... we're giving you a second chance.

PSYCHOLOGY:

(tightens his grip on the gun) Heh... second chance...

((Everybody stares sadly, improving and trying to sway PSYCHOLOGY of her thoughts, knowing that her mind can't be swayed by this point.))

PSYCHOLOGY:

I'm sorry.

((IMPROV. Everybody tries to change PSYCHOLOGY's mind – telling him that it isn't worth it, and trying to get him to put the gun down... all to no avail.))