

SCHOOL'S OUT

Written by

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GIRL: TEENAGER

MAN/COP: ADULT

A GIRL enters what could be an abandoned warehouse. A darkened window reveals little. She carries a handbag and Diskman playing techno music. She drinks from a bottle of water as she puts the handbag and Diskman on an old bench. She checks her watch then dances techno-style to the music.

A MAN wearing a t-shirt cautiously enters, unnoticed by the Girl. He checks his watch then surveys the area before moving behind her. He watches her dance then slowly picks up her rhythm.

Sensing his presence she turns. Startled, she stops, but he continues dancing and grins. As she backs to the table he follows, dancing between her and the table thus preventing her taking her bag and Diskman.

He indicates for her to dance with him but she stands motionless so he grabs her bag. Reluctantly she dances. He returns the bag to the bench. He ups the tempo. She responds and soon they're dancing competitively. But she is superior so he attempts to gain the upper hand by seductively caressing her. Offended, she moves to grab her bag but he snatches it and erupts into rapid-fire dance movements. Angrily she stops the music.

HE

Hey!

She turns.

HE

I haven't finished.

SHE

Who are you?

He sneers, dancing around her.

HE

Who're you?

She reacts to a noise outside. He immediately checks the window. A school bell rings. He howls like a wolf. He removes a CD from his pocket and changes disks in the

Diskman. It's heavy metal. He bends forward at the waist, arms swaying backwards and forwards with simultaneous elbow jolts, head up and spins to the music - a cross between cherry picking and Thai boxing.

HE  
Where I come from...

SHE  
What?

He ignores her, continues slamming. She turns the music down. He turns to her aggressively.

SHE  
I asked you a question!

HE  
Shouldn't you be in school?

SHE  
Shouldn't you?

HE  
Where I come from it's  
one...two...three...

He spins furiously slashing his elbows back, one, two, three, then kicks at her. An ambulance can be heard. She quickly backs.

HE  
Pretty soon you're all by yourself.

He motions for her to dance with him but she shakes her head.

HE  
Pays to get the blood drained from  
the elbows. Psssssssssss.

He shows her his elbows but she's not interested.

SHE  
Yeah, well you're not coming here  
for a party, are yer?

He jumps on the bench and gives three quick kicks.

HE  
(yelling)  
Dance, don't fight!  
(quietly)  
Working with Clint convinced me I  
should exercise more.

He jumps, landing in front of her and continues shanking.

HE

To have someone down, and know  
you're not going to get hurt  
yourself....Something like that can  
really change your life.

She backs. He follows, still shanking.

SHE

I don't trust anyone who smiles.

HE

The desk sergeant says, 'Any  
identifying marks....punk?'

He pulls a knife, flicks it open. Panic stricken she dashes for the door but he gets between her and the door. He indicates for her to dance. She slowly moves to the music but not shanking. She closes her eyes then lets herself go, techno-style.

HE

So I take a knife, see. 'Yeah.' I  
says...

He shoves the knife up his t-shirt and slashes himself across the chest.

HE

...a scar.

Terrified, she freezes, but laughs to cover her fear. He moves behind her, putting his chin in the crook of her neck. She moves away, turns to face him.

SHE

(to herself)

Jesus stood at my bedside and  
ordered the fever to leave me.  
When the fever left I got up at  
once and began to wait on them.

She dances.

HE

We got this moron, see, with a  
black belt in hypochondria. 'How  
old are yer, Runt?'  
(feigning fear)  
'Ah, ah, ah, ah....' Ha, ha,  
ha...Here.

He tosses her the knife. She awkwardly catches it.

HE  
Grow yerself a swastika.

He threateningly moves on her. She indicates she's about to cut into her arm.

HE  
Hey, the forehead, Runt. The  
forehead.

Suddenly she kicks at him, karate style, but he ducks under her leg. She holds the knife menacingly.

SHE  
She kicked a gun outa a teacher's  
hand once with her bare foot.

HE  
Yeah?

SHE  
The creep was a loser.

HE  
Yeah well, you need that type of  
input, you know, for the change.

SHE  
The what?

HE  
You know, the change. Back in the  
rear with the beer and the gear.

SHE  
As if.

She points the knife at his face.

SHE  
Get in the corner.

HE  
Take it easy, Sister.

He backs to a corner.

SHE  
Face the wall!

He faces the wall. She slowly runs the knife down his back, stops at his bum.

HE  
I'm allergic to dust mites.

He turns.

SHE  
Face the fucken wall!

He does.

SHE  
I just turned up one morning with a  
green mohawk. Took then five weeks  
to suspend me.

She slams intensively. He remains facing the wall.

SHE  
How can you have a conversation  
with that hanging over you? I  
walked in as Leanne Johnson.  
'Shave it off.' Out as Clit  
Erectus.

She turns the music off.

HE  
I'm like that without music.

SHE  
I was born without wisdom teeth.  
Tell me about the playground.

He turns eagerly.

HE  
We got this moron, see. They don't  
see us because they're hassling  
some fifth formers, wogs. Wack,  
wack.

He turns the music back on, dances violently.

HE  
Then the teachers arrive with their  
fucken pig-killers. Wack, wack.

He dances, slashing elbows back.

HE  
Blackboards, windows, kids,  
anything. Should've seen the  
doctor's bills.

She becomes a helicopter, spinning with s/fx. She jumps on the bench.

SHE  
(yelling)  
Come on, break it up! Find out how  
you're gonna get home and do it.  
Control.

HE  
Control what?

SHE  
Not yet.

He stops dancing, turns the music off and glares at her.

SHE  
(quietly)  
I remember reaching back. Shit,  
the last thing I thought was I'd  
get stabbed.

HE  
That's part and parcel. Remember  
Olive Oil?

She shakes her head.

HE  
You just walked up and smashed her.

SHE  
No, I don't.

HE  
I was slamming on the table and the  
wackos run in with the mace and  
scaffolding. Everyone trying to  
get out and some prick in a GT  
comes straight through the fucken  
wall. 'Where's Olive Oil?' he  
says. Know what I'm thinking?

SHE  
Home is where the heart is?

HE  
Bloody oath. And all I'd ever done  
were shit things. A bit of hit-n-  
run or something.

SHE  
'Here's two bucks,' the teacher  
said.

HE  
Why?

SHE  
Get yerself an earring.

HE  
I got more important things to do,  
like forming a gang.

SHE  
In between L for apple and Ough for  
zoo I was the class romance. Then  
he tried to get up me.

HE  
Show me.

SHE  
No.

HE  
Yes!

He suddenly snatches the knife from her and stabs it into the  
bench. He moves to her, lifting her onto the bench, pushes  
her shoulders down.

SHE  
Why are you doing this?

HE  
Because you like it.

SHE  
But I don't like it.

HE  
You will.

SHE  
I won't. I won't.

HE  
Yes you will.

He puts his hand up her dress.

SHE  
You don't have to do this! It  
hurts!

HE  
That's natural.

SHE  
I don't want to do it any more?  
She attempts to rise. He pushes her down.

HE  
Don't you want to please Daddy?  
HMMMMMM? Well? You want Mummy to  
be proud of you don't you? HMMMMMM?  
She doesn't answer.

HE  
Then it's obvious. You like it  
because you want to make Mummy  
happy. Don't you? Don't you?

SHE  
No.  
He raises his hand to hit her.

SHE  
Yes. Yes, I do.

HE  
Good. See.

SHE  
(whispering)  
Control, alt...

HE  
Did you say it? Did you? Did you  
say it?

SHE  
(whispering)  
No.

HE  
Good.  
(pause)  
Then that's what I like.

SHE  
Please don't make me.

HE  
I'm not making you, darling. Did  
you think I was making you?

She doesn't answer.

HE  
Did you? Don't you like it?

SHE  
No.

He rubs her groin.

HE  
Not even when I do this?

SHE  
Don't!

HE  
You liked it before.

SHE  
No I didn't.

HE  
You did.

SHE  
Please.

HE  
Give me your hand.

He grabs her hand.

SHE  
I don't want to.

She pulls her hand away.

HE  
Don't you want me to be happy?  
Don't you?

SHE  
(quietly)  
Yes.

HE  
Leanne.

SHE  
I'm not Leanne.

He grabs her hand, moving it over his crutch.

HE  
That's better, isn't it? See,  
there's really no need to be  
unhappy, is there? Good. You  
understand this must be our little  
secret we keep together, don't you?  
Why are you crying? Now come on,  
why are you crying? Is it Miss  
Johnson again? Is it? She's like  
that sometimes. That's how she is  
with me. Have you ever mentioned  
anything to her? Hmmmmmm?

He stands her up.

SHE  
No.

HE  
Have you said anything to anybody?

SHE  
Course not.

HE  
Nothing to your mummy?

SHE  
I promise.

HE  
Good, because she'd only get upset.  
You know what your mummy's like.

He moves behind her and without lifting her dress removes her  
briefs. [actor could wear two pair of briefs] Although she  
doesn't prevent him she anguishes.

HE  
See, I told you you'd like it.

SHE  
I don't. I don't.

HE  
You'd rather I got angry and fight  
with mummy all the time?

SHE

I hate it when you fight with  
mummy.

HE

So do I, precious. So you don't  
want it to be your fault, do you?

SHE

No.

He pushes her down on the bench

HE

Now close your eyes. That's a  
girl. Let me get my hands under  
here. That's better. Put your  
legs round mine. You'll like it.  
I wouldn't lie to my little girl.

She remains limp. He attempts to put her legs around his  
waist but she struggles violently and pushes him away. A  
police siren is heard. He collapses on the floor, head in  
his hands, crying. She sits up on the bench. The sound of  
the siren increases then fades.

SHE

(childlike)

I know you don't like me. You  
couldn't if you did that. I keep  
forgetting that it's not real.  
Once, I asked you if you would kill  
me in a different way, like you  
would do with a little doll.

(panic)

I can't breathe.

(struggling to breathe)

Please kill me in a different way.  
We can go to the end of the lane  
where there's no rule against  
getting kicked in the face.  
There's rules for everything else.

HE

(sobbing)

I don't like Timothy.

SHE

Everybody shouts Timothy, Timothy,  
Timothy, Timothy, Timothy...

He runs out. She's unaware he's left.

SHE

...on and on. But I don't answer.  
If they found out I wanted to leave  
they'd shout, make me smoke the  
donkey. That's what happens. They  
make you run down the lane where  
the old dame lives then pounce. We  
won't talk about that ever again,  
will we?

(turning)

Will we? I'm going to say it.  
Control alt delete.

(looking for him)

Start again.

She drinks water and lights a cigarette, draws deep. She puts the techno music on and slowly dances, soothing herself.

A COP enters, stands in the doorway. It's obviously the same person but she only recognises the cop. She stops dancing as he approaches.

COP

You were told to vacate.

He looks at the briefs on the ground.

COP

Doesn't matter what you're told,  
does it? HMMMMMMMM?

She attempts to pick the briefs up but he grabs them and puts them in his pocket. He removes his gun then carefully checks the area as if looking for someone. He stops the music using the gun.

COP

Name?

She doesn't answer. He tips the contents of her bag on the bench, and searches them with his gun. He picks up a transit concession form.

COP

Name?

SHE

You've got my name.

COP

I want a confirmation...Leanne.  
Address?

SHE  
Look, you finished?

He glares.

SHE  
I've got a piano lesson to get to.

He goes to slap her.

SHE  
Do it!

He holds his hand back.

SHE  
G'on, do it! I dare you!

She pushes him hard in the chest. He doesn't respond.

SHE  
Predictable. Why are you doing  
this? Why? Eh? You've got no  
idea, have you?

He slowly walks round her, sneering.

COP  
You're not really in control.  
Before your time, Leanne, we used  
to hide in supermarkets, after  
school.  
(screaming)  
Hey you!

She closes her eyes. He waits till she opens them. He points his gun in her face. She contemplates running for the door.

COP  
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Panic stricken she covers her face.

COP  
Gottcha. Hah, ha. Well that squad  
don't exist no more. Said we  
killed too many people in a  
minority position. That we were  
giving out too many capital  
punishments.

He returns to browsing through the contents of her bag.

COP

Well, how many supermarkets you know run by punks? Eh, Leanne? Don't they teach you anything at school? Turn around.

SHE

What?

COP

I said turn around.

She refuses to move. He forcibly turns her and pat searches her. When he realises she's not wearing briefs his hands linger. She moves to avoid him but he knees the back of her knees forcing her to kneel.

COP

Down! Get down!

He forces her onto her stomach then spreads her arms into the crucifix position with his foot. He draws a chalk figure of her outline.

COP

Hear that?

SHE

Hear what?

HE

That!

SHE

What?

He moves his jaw from side to side.

COP

The click. Hear it? Clickity, clickity. A well aimed brick. The worst time's when they get out of school. But don't you worry, Leanne, it's still early.

She reacts as if she hears a noise outside.

SHE

What was that?

He checks the window.

COP

Get up.

She stands and brushes herself,

COP  
Undress.

She contemplates before shaking her head. He grins.

SHE  
That's so clichéd.

COP  
Part of our training, Leanne, is  
what we call eyespin.

SHE  
I'm not doing it.

COP  
Means we can pick the brand without  
looking at the label.

He points the gun at her groin

COP  
Bang! Smith and Wesson. We're  
trained to seek out the fruitcake.  
You know, the one who moves among  
the trends, shifting when the wrong  
people move in, the smart tassel.  
I can always pick the brand.

He rubs the gun up and down her groin. She doesn't react.

COP  
No Knickers, right?

He removes the briefs from his pocket and checks the brand  
name.

COP  
Right, Target. They used to be a  
supermarket, you know.

She snatches the briefs, puts them in her bag along with the  
other items.

SHE  
Praise a dead fish, g'on! You're  
so full of it, you people. None of  
you can read your own writing.  
Half people, pushing your own full  
egos onto everyone.

COP  
How can I get this across?

He stands in the chalk outline.

COP  
Take this body, see. Now your  
average Joe, he might say it  
appears to be dead. You get my  
drift? HMMMMMM?

She reacts to a sound outside. He listens carefully at the  
door before returning to the chalk outline.

COP  
But as the great man once said,  
'Consider it died when it was dead  
or it died when it was alive.' Hah,  
ha, ha. Now see what I'm getting  
at?

SHE  
No.

COP  
You know what I want.

SHE  
No I don't. And if I did I still  
wouldn't do it.  
(mimicking)  
Understand? HMMMMMM? HMMMMMMMM?

COP  
Okay, let me explain. If it died  
when it was dead, when it wasn't  
already dead, then it musta died  
twice, right? But that's a bit  
hard to swallow. Right?

He suddenly jumps into the doorway pointing the gun outside.  
Disappointed at finding no one he advances to her.

COP  
On the other hand, if it died when  
it was alive, then that's  
something, to be both alive and  
dead at the same time. Now get my  
drift?

SHE  
No.

He runs his gun over her breasts.

COP

Don't they give you the answers in advance? Oh, I get it, you've been away too often, haven't you? We're not just a passing fad, Leanne. We're not some advertisement for the Army Reserve. See. We don't get depressed with out lives, despite what the fucken teachers say. We get sacked for turning up late or taking a day off.

She backs. He advances.

COP

What I'm saying, Leanne, is if you put the effort in you'll fucken pass. Understand?

She doesn't answer.

COP

Let me put it another way.

He angrily points his gun at the chalk outline.

COP

Some people are just born to die.

He screams to someone outside.

COP

Like that fucken Dago I saw here a minute ago! The fucken dago with the hair lip!  
(quietly to her)  
Get my drift?

SHE

No.

HE

Okay. When they do die, who can fucken prove it? See? Certainly not Miss fucken Leanne Johnson who should be in school but who's decided to take a sickie because her fucken bio-rhythms are out of orbit.

He caresses the inside of her leg with the gun.

COP

Way I see it, Leanne, there's no  
need for me to fill out a report.  
Agree?

She nods.

HE

Good.

He motions for her to undress. She begins to undo her dress. He smiles and puts the gun away then unbuckles his belt. He turns sideways to her as he unbuttons his shirt.

COP

That way everything's in balance.  
The teachers get promotion, the  
wozzles and the shitheads are in  
the index under miscellaneous and  
the Dago gets taken off the missing  
person's list.

With one hand unbuttoning her dress she reaches back for the knife with her other hand. She carefully grabs the knife and advances towards him. There is a loud sound outside. He buckles his belt and draws his gun. She hides the knife behind her back. He looks at her.

COP

Don't loose your place in the  
queue.

He hurries outside. She grabs her bag and Diskman to leave. A violent struggle and scream can be heard outside. She waits apprehensively. Just as she is about to leave the man enters, disheveled. He blocks her exit.

HE

What's up?

She shakes her head.

SHE

I, um...

HE

What?

SHE

Nothing.

HE

I'm not that shallow, you know.  
What's happened to the music?

The schoolbell rings.

SHE  
We should go.

She runs out. He emits loud animal wolf sounds. She reappears, shocked, stares at him.

SHE  
Shit!

HE  
What? Put the music on.

She puts the heavy metal CD in the Diskman and turns it on. He shanks to her.

SHE  
What's going to happen?

HE  
Did I tell you about this teacher I used to have? She holds this bottle up to the light. Only chick I knew who could piss in a bottle of beer at the footy. 'Life's just a bottle of piss,' she says. Why?' I ask. 'How'd I know?' she says. 'I'm not a fucken philosopher.'

SHE  
I'd like us to go now.

HE  
Shush.

SHE  
Oh shit, this is stupid.

She turns to leave. He holds her by the shoulders  
I just want to be left in peace.

HE  
Then we should like swisho into the bush or something. Then all this fucken shallowness....

She shakes her head.

HE  
You see, I haven't finished yet. There's things I've gotta do. Places to go to.

Do you ever listen to the music?  
To what they're saying?

SHE  
What for?

HE  
I reckon if you listen, if you turn  
the sound down and just listen,  
then, then you'll know everything.

He stands behind her.

HE  
You ever tried to kill an ant by  
burying it?

SHE  
Why did you go and do that?

HE  
Well, you see, Clint, he reckons  
you raise the stakes by killing  
someone close to the Principal.

He checks the window.

HE  
That bastard, he always seems to be  
at the end of the lane.

She surreptitiously takes the knife from her bag.

HE  
They can't get in without a  
warrant, can they? You know, we're  
really just a metaphor for what  
happened at Pearl Bay. Someone  
takes over and it's stuff everyone  
else, I'm alright, mate. See  
that's bio diversity, isn't it?  
Life within death? Since when can  
you get an earring for two bucks?

He turns. She hides the knife.

HE  
We'll find a house to squat in

SHE  
I don't see how it could work.

HE

Why not? Look at all the people out there. They've all got their funken hands in the air. We could cross highways. Forget your oldies. They've too busy rounding up strays, anyway. My oldies pissed off years ago.

SHE

I understand that.

HE

Fucked if I'm paying their fare back. Wonder what time it is? I could teach you bass guitar.

SHE

I just wanta sleep in.

HE

Same here. Think I'm getting a toothache. It's not hard to work out life, is it? Like who sells you the tickets? Eh? It's a fucken machine, isn't it? I could get a job.

SHE

At Safeway or something?

HE

I'm a no Frills man.

He throws quick punches.

HE

In quick, out clean. Leave the smartarse stuff to Bruce Lee.

He shanks to her.

HE

Come on.

He grabs her arm. She pulls away. A school bell sounds. He howls like a wolf.

HE

School's out.

She wipes her eyes.

HE  
Why're you crying?

SHE  
I'm not.

HE  
Is it me? Is it?

She shakes her head. He checks his watch, then grabs her arm.

HE  
Come on.

She pulls away, shakes her head.

HE  
Fuck you then!

He angrily leaves. She puts techno music on.

SHE  
Control alt delete. Start again.

She dances techno style. Gunshots are heard.

COP O.S.  
(megaphone)  
We don't want any more causalities.  
So point those guns in the air.  
Come on, everyone, point those guns  
in the air.

The sounds of wolf howls build to crescendo then abruptly stop. She continues dancing.

THE END