

CLUB LOGISTICS

BY DAN YOST

STUDENT enters SL. SC is a doorway. On the left side of the door ASSISTANT sits at her desk with a laptop. On the right side is PRINCIPAL in a big fancy rolling chair at his desk, on which is placed a large bowl of hard candy, some papers, and a spray bottle. He is currently talking on the phone.

STUDENT: Hi, I'm-

ASSISTANT: *(Somewhat robotically.)* We're doing the best we can. We are discussing your issue now. Please be patient with us.

STUDENT: No, no, I don't have a valid complaint. I'm just here to see the principal.

ASSISTANT: Oh, thank god. Right through there.

STUDENT: Ok, thanks.

STUDENT enters, but is stopped at the door by a hand gesture from PRINCIPAL, who is still on the phone.

PRINCIPAL: She dislocated her what now? Dear lord, that's horrible. Poor girl. Well, spray water on her and send her home. It's the best we can do. *(Hangs up)* Oh, hey! Well if it isn't my favorite student... Stacey!

STUDENT: I'm a guy.

PRINCIPAL: Heh heh, you sure are! Oh, you crazy kids and your... genders. So, what brings you here today, St- um, Stewie?

STUDENT: My name is Jonathan. I'm just here so you can approve my new club. You know, the surfing club?

PRINCIPAL: Surfing club?! No one told me about a surfing club, damn it! They never tell me anything! This is supposed to be my school, for the love of god, in the palm of my hands! Who let it slip past me? WAS IT YOU, BARBARA? *(Shouting to ASSISTANT, who sighs in*

exasperation.) YOUR SCHEMES WON'T GO UNNOTICED BY ME. I AM THE WALLS, BARBARA. I HEAR EVERY WORD.

STUDENT: Actually, I came to you about it yesterday, remember? You said you were really busy, then went back to between screaming at the secretary whilst simultaneously hitting on her.

PRINCIPAL: *(Completely ignoring STUDENT, now in a gentle voice to ASSISTANT.)* So I was thinking dinner maybe? 6:00, at my place? How does that sound?

ASSISTANT: I'm married.

PRINCIPAL: Heh, well...

ASSISTANT: And gay.

PRINCIPAL: I- uh- THE WALLS, BARBARA. THEY ARE ME. GET BACK TO WORK!

STUDENT: Mr. Principal... the surfing club...?

PRINCIPAL: A surfing club? No one told me about a surfing club! And besides, it sounds preposterous! This school has had a ban on surfing since that horrible incident back in '98. Oh, that poor girl. She'll never hang ten again. Now she's hanging... *(Does some math on his fingers.)* ...Negative six.

STUDENT: *(Grimaces.)* Well, it's alright. It's really only going to be a surfing enthusiast club. We'll join every tuesday to honor the surfing greats of yore.

PRINCIPAL: Oh, like Tony Hawk?

STUDENT: No, he skateboards.

PRINCIPAL: So now you're some kind of racist? Look Stacey, I just can't approve this club if you're going to be both discriminatory and unsafe. At least pick one and commit to it for god's sake.

STUDENT: My name's still Jonathan. Well, is there anything I can do to get approved? Anything at all?

PRINCIPAL: Absolutely nothing. Even if you did come up with a good argument for your approval, I would just come up with a somewhat untrue excuse because I don't like to do paperwork.

STUDENT: Well... what if I call it a cultural club?

PRINCIPAL: Well- you can't-

STUDENT: People will be *really offended* if you don't let me have my cultural club. It'll be a politically correct massacre! Imagine what the internet will say!

PRINCIPAL: *(Perplexed.)* I- ...I have no choice but to approve you. *(Stamps a few papers.)*
Welcome aboard. Candy?

STUDENT: Wow, really? Great! Sure.

STUDENT takes a piece of candy and begins choking horribly on it. He collapses on the floor in a heap.

PRINCIPAL: Oh dear god, this is horrible! *(Pulls out spray bottle and gives STUDENT a good spritz.)* Send her home!

ASSISTANT groans as she gets up and begins to drag the body off towards SR.

PRINCIPAL: Barbara?

ASSISTANT: What?

PRINCIPAL: I love you. *(After a short, awkward pause, suddenly composing himself like a drill sergeant)* NOW GET BACK TO WORK, COME ON, HAUL THAT BODY, HUTTT HUUUTTT ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO. COME ON, BARBARA, MOVE IT!!! ITS A CHILD, NOT A WHALE FOR GOD'S SAKE. FASTER, FASTER....

ASSISTANT groans again as the lights fade.