

Option C:

The Faculty Lounge

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(This is the first day of school. When Norman Barnes went to his car this morning to drive to his job as Chairman of the high school English Department, he discovered that his trunk had been broken into. Among the items missing were some home movies that, to say the least, could be very embarrassing if shown to the wrong people. He rushes to the faculty lounge to make a phone call. After a brief encounter with the new mathematics teacher he is left alone and dials)

Norman: Roger. Roger. The movies were stolen. What am I going to do? They stole them from my car - right out of the trunk. I don't know what to do first, take poison or slit my wrists. I'd jump out the window, but the bloody building has only two floors. Roger, I'm desperate. Help me!... It's NORMAN, YOU ASS-HOLE. Who do you think it is? Well, yes, Roger, I do tend to lose my sense of humor when I'm thinking of killing myself. Don't you understand how serious this is? This is a small dorpie. My whole life is... How the hell do I know who stole them? One of our postgraduates, no doubt - and definitely one who failed industrial arts from the mess he made of the back of my car. (With repugnance) Industrial arts - a training ground for second-story men, if you ask me. What difference does it make why I left them in the trunk? I thought they'd be safe there. Don't you tell me to calm down. By the time this day is over the whole town will know that crusading Mayor Bertram and his head speech writer, yours truly, who also happens to be the respected chairman of the high school English department, are homosexual lovers. Or will they prefer fags or faggots or moffies or... It's not serious? I can't believe you. You idiot. It's the end of our careers. And it's all your fault.