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Cast of Characters:

LISA, female, sophomore; daughter of the study hall teacher and needs to tread carefully as “the daughter of a teacher” and the perception of her as a goody-goody

MARIANA, female, senior; sets herself apart from the class; disgusted with being put in a study hall with classes from lower grades

LINDSAY, female, sophomore; study hall is the place to catch up on her hair, make-up, text messages and gossip

CORA, female, sophomore; a poor little worry-wart; bright but insecure; tries to please the world

AYSA (pronounced “Asia”), female, junior; you get the feeling she could rule the world in another year

JASON, male, sophomore; has a hard time getting serious especially when it’s only 2nd period and you have the whole day ahead of you—just waking up

BRAD, male, jock without any aura of the privileges that go with the title

ANDREW, male, likeable junior who screws up in a major way

DAKOTA, male or female, wants to be a rebel because he/she is looking for an identity for high school

ALEX, male, goes with the flow

ANNOUNCER

Optional: 2 POLICE OFFICERS entering at the end of the play. They would also make the sounds in the hallway which are crucial to the growing tension.

Time

An October morning, 2nd period, today.

Setting

A Study Hall classroom in high school.

PLAY THE HAND THAT'S DEALT

by Claudia Haas

(At rise we are in a Study Hall classroom. We are in-between the 1st and 2nd class period at Huntsville High School in Huntsville, USA. It is mid-semester. LISA is pulling out a folder with the sign-in sheet. MARIANA enters and quietly sits down, pulls out a book and reads.)

(ALEX and BRAD follow closely behind. They will sign in as will everyone who enters the classroom. During the opening DAKOTA will enter and sign in. DAKOTA should be dressed in a manner to call attention to him/herself. He/she will quietly sit.)

ALEX. Hey Lisa! No teacher yet? They should pay you for doing your Mom's job. She sure doesn't do it.

LISA. Come on Alex, you *know* she comes from the other side of the building. A student probably wanted to speak with her.

BRAD. Got the cards?

ALEX. "Texas Hold 'Em?"

BRAD. Why not?

LISA. You guys—this is a study hall. You know you're not supposed to play cards.

ALEX. Yeah—well, if your "mother-the-teacher" ever arrives, she can tell us herself. Dakota, want to play?

DAKOTA. No. I'm not a game-player.

ALEX. Suit yourself. Brad—you deal?

(They play cards as LINDSAY and CORA enter and sign in. AYSA is close behind. LINDSAY is chattering away.)

LINDSAY. His voice is so annoying. Really. It just grates, you know? And he talks a lot and we have to listen to it during first period. How stupid is that?

CORA. I don't know him.

LINDSAY. He just transferred in at semester. Everyone hates him. They all say so.

AYSA. Lindsay, why don't you keep your nasty little opinions to yourself? You don't have to share.

LINDSAY. I'm just speaking the truth, Aysa.

AYSA. The truth as Lindsay of "Lindsay's World" sees it.

LINDSAY. Come on, Cora—let's go to the corner. More private. Did you see Georgia Ann today? What was she thinking when she got dressed? I think she wore that top like three times already this week. And it shows. Some people have no self-respect. It's too bad, really. Nice bag, Cora. It's sort of like mine!

CORA. No it's not! I got a different color—

LINDSAY. The style's the same—

CORA. I know—I'm sorry—I always liked it—

LINDSAY. It's all right. I'm flattered. Really. Everyone seems to want one. Come here. We can sit together till Mrs. Hansen comes.

CORA. I—think I'll just sit in my place— I've got a history test coming up.

LINDSAY. Don't you want to see my photos from the game?

CORA. Well sure... I guess.

AYSA. Great backbone, Cora. Is it really fun to stare at pictures of Lindsay in the arms of the school jocks? Got a picture of Brad in there?

BRAD. What? *(Just lost the game.)* Oh! How'd you get that?

ALEX. I just played the hand that's dealt, man.

(The bell rings and JASON runs in.)

JASON. NOT TARDY! In the room at the bell! Oh—no teacher? That works.

LISA. Sign-in, Jason. She'll be here.

BRAD. Hey Jason—got a game going. Care to join us?

JASON. What are you playing for? Lunch?

LISA. This is a study hall! No Gambling!

JASON. Lunch isn't a fitting reward for a winning hand anyway.

ALEX. Lisa! When you show us your pay stub as teacher of this class—we'll listen to you. Until then, stop playing at being your mother.

BRAD. It's okay. She can't help it. She's got the teacher gene or something.

JASON. I'm just going to rest. I always get lousy cards you know.

BRAD. It's not about the cards you've been dealt, knuckle-brain, it's about playing each other—reading each other. What you do with them.

JASON. That requires thinking, doesn't it? I mean—it's only second period. Thinking doesn't begin for hours—

ANNOUNCER. Attention students! We are in a Code Red Lockdown. This is a Code Red Lockdown.

JASON. I hate this stuff. Can't they at least wait till after lunch when we're awake?

ANNOUNCER. Go into lockdown mode immediately.

MARIANA. Code Red Lockdown. No teacher. This could get interesting.

CORA. We can't stay here—

LISA. We know what to do—

DAKOTA. We can't even lock the doors, genius. You have no keys. Your mother hasn't arrived.

LINDSAY. Really—it's a stupid test. Just ignore it. Everyone else does.

LISA. The door's locked—the last teacher never unlocked it.

(LISA closes the door.)

DAKOTA. Hoping to lock his students out no doubt.

ANNOUNCER. You should be in Code Red Lockdown now. This is not a test. I repeat—this is not a test.

CORA. Omigod! Omigod! We're supposed to huddle in a corner—draw the shades on the window.

DAKOTA. They're drawn, rocket-scientist. Designed to keep the sunshine out and the students in.

LISA. Cora's right. We need to huddle.

LINDSAY. I'm very particular about huddling. Only certain people can huddle with me.

MARIANA. I wouldn't huddle in that skirt. Why don't you roll it down a bit? You're illegal, you know.

LINDSAY. I haven't been caught yet. Besides, everyone rolls their skirt.

AYSA. Huddling together is ridiculous. Anyone passing will see our books and purses on the desk and know people are in here.

CORA. Cover that window block by the door. Lisa! Find the tape and some paper. COME ON!

(LISA, BRAD, CORA, and DAKOTA quickly cover the small rectangle window by the door.)

CORA. What's out there? What do you think happened?

LINDSAY. It's probably just a bomb threat.

MARIANA. You evacuate the building if there's a bomb threat.

LINDSAY. Oh yeah. So, what do we do?

ALEX. Nothing. Like we usually do when there is a Code Red Lockdown. Deal.

(We hear the sounds of someone running down the hallway. The STUDENTS stop everything and quickly take their books and personal possessions and huddle in a corner away from the doorway. There should be some chaos involved.)

LISA. Don't step on me!

ALEX. Get the cards!

MARIANA. I know we have to huddle but we don't have to be this close!

LISA. Someone was running? Did you hear that? Someone was running—I bet it's my mother—she would be in the hallway—

(LISA runs to the door. AYSA runs to stop her and they struggle as ALEX and BRAD get them apart.)

LISA. I have to open the door!

AYSA. This looks to be a real lockdown. Okay? You can't!

LISA. But if it's real—if there's a weapon—and my mother was in the hall—

AYSA. Your mother's been through the training. She knows no one can open the door for her. She's not allowed to even open it for you!

LISA. It's my mother running away! I know it!

BRAD. Lisa—come here. She'll be fine. Really. She knows what to do.

LISA. I'm going to call the office. Someone should know that my mother is out there!

(LISA dials. There is no answer. All are quiet.)

No answer.

DAKOTA. They're all in lockdown mode. They can't answer.

LINDSAY. Cell phone. I'll text some friends in the other classes and see if they know what's going on.

MARIANA. Rumor and innuendo. That's all you'll get from your friends.

LINDSAY. What's your problem?

MARIANA. You and your friends just trash-talk. There won't be a straight answer from anyone you call. We don't need your added drama!

DAKOTA. Would you all shut up? We're supposed to be quiet.

JASON. Whoa, Dakota—take it easy. When did you start following the rules?

DAKOTA. When my life is at stake, okay? If anyone hears us—if anyone knows we're in here—

AYSA. —everyone knows we're in here! If there is someone stalking the classrooms—it's probably someone from the school. Who's been through the drill and knows exactly what we're doing.

LINDSAY. Well, if being quiet isn't helpful, I'm going to start calling people—

DAKOTA. No!

LINDSAY. You heard what Mariana said—they know we're in here. I'll just call Alyssa and see what's going on in her classroom.

DAKOTA. Suppose there's a gunman in her classroom? You don't know. And suppose the gunman is unhinged and scared—and suddenly a phone rings and all hell breaks loose. Is that what you want?

LINDSAY. Of course not.

ALEX. (*Intent on his cards:*) Stay.

BRAD. Are you sure?

AYSA. Are you seriously playing cards?

ALEX. Got a better idea how to pass the time? This isn't a test you know. We could be here for a while. Okay. I'm good.

BRAD. Going to up it?

ALEX. I'll hold. It's a good time to hold.

BRAD. Read 'em and weep! I rule!

ALEX. Why didn't I retreat when the going was good?

LISA. Are we all here?

JASON. What? You're going to take attendance?

LISA. Well, if someone is missing it could be—you know—

BRAD. The only ones missing are the ones who went up north for the all-state concert. Come on, Lisa—play a hand. It'll take your mind off—stuff.

LINDSAY. I'm in. Five card stud, okay? Deal. I'm just going to text Joe. See if he's okay.

AYSA. You can't do that!

LINDSAY. I know he'll want to know that I'm fine. He could be worried about me. And you know if there's a gunman—Joe could take him. He really could.

AYSA. He'd be going up against a gun—this isn't a battle of strength—it's a bullet. The bullet always wins.

ALEX. You know—we don't know if there's a gunman. We don't know that there's a gun. It's probably all a mistake.

(The STUDENTS are relaxing and moving around the room. JASON lies down to go to sleep.)

BRAD. That's true. Probably all a misunderstanding. We'll be laughing about it later.

LISA. But just in case—maybe we should have a plan.

BRAD. Like poker. You need a plan. Dealer takes two.

JASON. Oh man! You're supposed to “plan” in poker. I just thought—you play your hand and see where it takes you.

ALEX. *Is that how you play?* No wonder you always lose. No—you got to know where you're going. If you just play the cards without a plan—you'll go somewhere but who knows where you wind up.

JASON. I wind up losing.

(And JASON closes his eyes and rests.)

LINDSAY. I'm good.

ALEX. Sure? Here's my nickel.

BRAD. I'm in.

LINDSAY. *(Very poker faced; all drama is gone:)* I'll see you and raise.

BRAD. Whoa! Little lady raising the stakes?

LINDSAY. Why not?

BRAD. I'll see you.

LINDSAY. Anyone else?

ALEX. I'm out. Got nothing.

BRAD. What do you have?

LINDSAY. Two pair. You?

BRAD. One pair. Man! I thought you were bluffing.

LINDSAY. I never bluff. Deal?

BRAD. Why not?

(Sirens are heard. The STUDENTS rush back to a huddle. Some may try to peak out the window and get pulled away.)

JASON. *(Sitting bolt upright:)* What's that?

DAKOTA. Police.

MARIANA. Or an ambulance.

CORA. Did you hear anything? Like a gunshot? I didn't hear anything.

LISA. Maybe my mother is hurt!

AYSA. We don't know that anyone is hurt! Shut up everyone—just shut up!

CORA. Okay.

(There is a pause and then we hear someone running to the door. There is loud continuous knocking. LISA gets up.)

LISA. Mom? MOM!

(BRAD grabs LISA to keep her away from the door.)

LISA. LET ME GO!

(The knocking continues and now we hear shouting.)

ANDREW. Open up! He's after me! Please! PLEASE! OPEN!

CORA. Someone's being attacked—let him in!

DAKOTA. No!

CORA. I think it's Andrew. ANDREW?

ANDREW. Yeah! It's Andrew. He's coming around the corner!
PLEASE! HE'LL SEE ME!

(BRAD struggles with LISA and argues with ALEX. DAKOTA stops LINDSAY from going to the door.)

LISA. I thought you said he went up state.

ALEX. He's tardy, that's for sure.

JASON. Let him in!

BRAD. You know the rules!

JASON. Come on, man—it's Andrew. Do you want to be responsible for him getting shot?

(AYSА quickly runs to the door and ANDREW just about falls in. The door is quickly closed.)

ANDREW. Thanks. I can't believe what's happening. Is the door locked? Are you sure it's locked?

LINDSAY. *What's going on?*

ANDREW. There's someone stalking the place. I was in the bathroom when all this went down. I've been standing on a toilet and looking for a way to get out of the halls.

LISA. Have you seen my mother?

ANDREW. No. Just someone running the halls. The police are climbing all over the place. They'll get him.

CORA. We have to leave—we have to get out—

ANDREW. There's no way out. Everything is sealed. The police are all over the perimeter.

CORA. That's good, right? Police are good. We can climb out the windows and move to safety.

MARIANA. And get shot because we look like we're trying to escape. We wait. And let me tell you, waiting with all of you is a hardship. I wish I was in lockdown with anyone but all of you.

AYSA. I'm sorry we annoy you. I'm sorry you've had to endure our company all these months. You took the Study Hall—live with it. We're in this together. And it would really be nice if we all come out of this in one piece.

ALEX. We're sitting ducks.

ANDREW. No. They'll get him. It's just a matter of time.

BRAD. Unless of course, he's in a classroom.

JASON. What?

BRAD. Maybe someone let him in the classroom just like we let Andrew in.

LINDSAY. But Andrew's in this class. Besides, the gunman is probably someone like that new kid with the annoying voice. No one would let him in.

MARIANA. I can't believe you said that!

LINDSAY. Everyone hates him. I know.

MARIANA. I don't hate him. I don't even know who you're talking about.

LINDSAY. Well, if you knew him—you'd hate him.

MARIANA. Right now—all I hate is you!

LISA. SHUT UP YOU TWO! I'm sorry. I just keep thinking about my mother. What else do you know, Andrew? Can you tell us anything?

ANDREW. No—he's all in black, you know. And just skulking in the halls. He peered into the bathroom and I was standing on a toilet—and I think he was spotted by a policeman or something and just went—somewhere—I don't know where.

JASON. Like me and poker. I just go somewhere but I never know where I'm going.

DAKOTA. Can't you take anything seriously?

JASON. Just making conversation.

AYSA. Maybe we do need a plan. How long have we been in here? Fifteen minutes?

MARIANA. Too long.

BRAD. Maybe we should be making calls. Trying to get out.

AYSA. Call who? The police are already here.

ALEX. Home? Should we call home? To tell everyone we're okay?

CORA. Okay? OKAY? We're not okay! We don't know if we will be okay! The windows—we need to crawl out of here.

DAKOTA. We need to wait for the "all clear."

CORA. Suppose it doesn't come? Suppose this lockdown doesn't work? Like someone said—it's probably someone who knows the drill and can outsmart it!

DAKOTA. What's the purpose of the drill if we're not going to follow it when we need it?

JASON. Man, I don't believe you! You've been this "break all the rules sort of guy" all year and now when our lives are at stake, you turn into Goody Two Shoes.

DAKOTA. Now, we know someone is out there. We know we should be quiet. We know someone could be listening.

(There is again some running down the halls. Suddenly, there is a smack on the door and then nothing.)

LISA. What was that?

AYSA. Police, I hope. If the halls are secure, they should start checking the classrooms.

ANDREW. They can't do that! I mean, wouldn't it be dangerous to confront someone with a gun? Couldn't one of the students get hurt?

MARIANA. I don't know, Andrew. What's your problem? Don't you want them to find the gunman?

ANDREW. Of course I do! He could've killed me!

MARIANA. Yeah, right.

ANDREW. What are you looking at me for? I didn't do anything but go to the bathroom at the wrong time!

LINDSAY. Mariana—it's *Andrew*. Not some creep with a grudge. We know Andrew.

MARIANA. I don't know Andrew.

LINDSAY. I'll vouch for him. Everyone here will.

MARIANA. Your opinions are not credible.

AYSA. Come on, think! Maybe we should barricade the door or something.

ALEX. It's locked.

AYSA. But not bulletproof.

JASON. Seems like a lot of work.

ANDREW. (*Spying the cards left lying about:*) You guys playing cards?

BRAD. Yeah. Before we let you in.

ANDREW. I'm in.

ALEX. Somehow, I'm not in the mood anymore. Before—we were "playing" at the lockdown—you know. Now we know there's someone out there. Don't feel like bluffing.

ANDREW. Come on. I think we'll be here awhile. Might as well do something to pass the time.

LINDSAY. I'll play.

MARIANA. Somehow I knew you would.

(*CORA goes to the door.*)

AYSA. Cora! What are you doing?

CORA. Just listening.

AYSA. Get away from there. You can't make a run for it—

CORA. I'm not!

AYSA. THEN GET AWAY!

JASON. Way to go Aysa! Announce to the gunmen that we're in here fighting.

ANDREW. Come on—let's get a game going.

ALEX. We don't want to play!

(ANDREW and LINDSAY sit on the floor to play. As they sit, ANDREW keeps jamming his hand in his pocket.)

LINDSAY. Why are you so fidgety?

ANDREW. I'm just trying to get comfortable. Can't a guy get comfortable?

LINDSAY. Okay. Five card stud. That's all I play. Deal?

ANDREW. You deal. I don't like to deal. I never like my cards when I deal.

LINDSAY. Suit yourself.

(They begin to play. LISA comes over and looks at ANDREW.)

ANDREW. What's your problem?

LISA. Didn't you say the police were everywhere?

ANDREW. Yeah. Pretty scary.

LISA. Why didn't you run to one of them? Why did you come to us? I mean—if the police are everywhere—couldn't they have saved you?

ANDREW. I don't know. I spent ten minutes hiding in the bathroom from a gunman. I'm a little on edge. I'm always on edge when I think someone wants to kill me!

BRAD. So...the police couldn't save you?

ANDREW. I don't know. I came out of the bathroom and ran to the door, all right?

LINDSAY. What do you want?

ANDREW. What?

LINDSAY. Cards? How many?

ANDREW. Oh. Two. No—one. I don't know. Maybe I'll just keep these.

LINDSAY. Are you sure? 'Cause I'm in.

ANDREW. I'm in, too. Wait. I think I want a card.

LINDSAY. You can't do that!

ANDREW. Why not?

LINDSAY. 'Cause I already asked and you said "no" and now I'm in!

ANDREW. It's just a game!

LINDSAY. I'm out.

(LINDSAY gets up and ANDREW reaches over to get her back in the game.)

ANDREW. Come on, Lindsay. I just want to get my mind off things for a minute. Stop my heart from racing, you know?

LINDSAY. Don't touch me!

(LINDSAY gets away and the others all look up.)

ANDREW. What?

BRAD. Lindsay?

LINDSAY. He's acting weird— I don't want to play.

ANDREW. You said you'd play with me!

LINDSAY. And I changed my mind!

BRAD. Calm down, okay? She doesn't want to play? What's the big deal?

ANDREW. Nothing.

(He slams his cards down and gets up. As he does so he keeps stuffing his hand in his pocket.)

LINDSAY. You're doing that fidgeting thing again.

ANDREW. I'm just nervous. I wish I could calm down. I was out there, okay?

(ANDREW moves away and has his hand in his pocket.)

LINDSAY. You're like—hiding something I know it. What's in your pocket?

ANDREW. What do you think? A gun? Is that what you're thinking?

(BRAD and ALEX approach. JASON gets up and starts to move with them. LINDSAY, MARIANA, and AYSA move out of the way. LISA goes by the desk and ducks down. DAKOTA goes around so that ANDREW is surrounded.)

BRAD. Let's check out those pockets.

ANDREW. Don't be stupid.

(As the guys come closer ANDREW pulls a gun out of his pocket. It's tiny—meant for a woman.)

Stay away. I'm telling you—I'll shoot. I've got nothing to lose at this point.

JASON. What the—

DAKOTA. Get away from him.

JASON. What's that? Your *mother's* gun?

ANDREW. It works. It'll stop you with one shot. That's all you need to know.

JASON. I can't believe he brought his mother's gun!

AYSA. Andrew. Put it away. Put it away and get out. What were you thinking?

ANDREW. Nothing. I wasn't thinking at all. I just—

CORA. What?

ANDREW. I got tired you know? Since the stuff about my Dad has been broadcast all over school— I've just been under some stress— stay away!

AYSA. What about your Dad?

(The STUDENTS start to approach ANDREW. LISA remains behind peeking from behind the desk. CORA inches to the doorway.)

ANDREW. He—you know—was indicted for—I don't know—skimming from the company. I'm sure you've all read about it in the papers. Everyone has. **DON'T GO NEAR THAT DOOR!**

(CORA freezes.)

Now, back away all of you. I see what you're doing. Go on. Huddle like you're supposed to—over there. **GO!** I know the drill!

(The STUDENTS slowly back away. All but LISA.)

MARIANA. I didn't read about it. What happened?

ANDREW. My father has been brought up on criminal charges. Taking a little off the top. No big deal. Everyone does it. At least that's what my Dad says. Only everyone else didn't get caught.

DAKOTA. So—you bring a gun to school because your father's going to jail. Am I missing something?

ANDREW. That kid in my first period—he's driving me crazy—every day I go into class and every day I have to listen to, "Whew—get that odor? Anyone else find that the place is stinking up? Oh! Must be because Andrew came to school." Every day! Do you know what that's like?

LINDSAY. So—you're going to kill us because some jerk insulted you? Go kill the jerk! Besides everyone knows it's Georgia Ann who's stinking up the place with her dirty clothes.

MARIANA. I don't believe you are a real person. You're sick, you know that?

LINDSAY. I'm sick? Do you see me coming to school with a gun?

DAKOTA. If you don't shut up, someone's going to come to school with a gun to shoot you.

LINDSAY. I don't get any of you. (*To ANDREW:*) Why don't you just go after the idiot who insulted you?

ANDREW. I tried— I mean— I tried to scare him. I went over to Joe this morning—

(LINDSAY gasps and slowly steps away.)

I showed him this. I said, "This is what's waiting for you at the end of the school day if you say one more word about me or my family." And then I was going to go to the nurse's office, say I was sick and had to go home and then dump the thing. He must have run straight to the principal's office. Because a few minutes later there was this lockdown. And there I was—stuck in the bathroom thinking how much fun everyone would get out of that fact! But when the police came, I thought I'd better get back to class. I thought I'd ride it out with you and when the police said it was all clear, they'd think it was a mistake and that Joe was lying and he would get in trouble instead of me. I thought I could just stroll out of here. Like nothing happened. Joe scared a lot easier than I thought.

LINDSAY. Joe doesn't scare. He was being practical.

ANDREW. Joe scared like a baby. A total coward.

AYSA. Who cares? What now?

ANDREW. I don't know. I have no choice. I need to take one of you out of here. And if you make a break for it—I will have to shoot you. Those are the cards. That's what's dealt and I need to play them. One of you is my winning hand.

BRAD. None of us were playing the game.

MARIANA. She was. Take Lindsay. She likes the game.

LINDSAY. You little grimmer—

ANDREW. I'm taking one of the girls. That's for sure. I don't need any heroics from the guys. You decide.

CORA. I can't—I just can't—please don't make me!

ANDREW. How about you guys play poker for it? Loser comes with me. That's mighty high stakes if you win. You're guaranteed to live.

(All is quiet for a moment.)

MARIANA. Georgia Ann's living in a motel.

ALEX. What's this got to do with anything?

(As MARIANA speaks, ANDREW relaxes just a bit as he listens. MARIANA will approach him slowly. LISA will be behind him.)

MARIANA. I just thought—if anyone gets hurt—if anyone's shot, we should straighten out Lindsay's slurs. Georgia Ann's dad left about 6 months ago. Her mom is sick. They lost the house last week. They're moving away. She's going to live with her grandmother for awhile. Other people get lousy cards too, Andrew. What'd you guys say? It's not the cards but how they're played?

BRAD. *(Approaching ANDREW:)* That's right. You can change the way you're playing Andrew. You can change right now.

ANDREW. *(Getting very nervous. Other STUDENTS will be ad-libbing, "Come back." "It's not worth it.")* Please, Brad! Don't come any closer—I'll shoot—I mean it—

(And without warning LISA jumps him from behind. ANDREW falls to the ground and BRAD is upon him. The gun is wrestled away.)

LINDSAY. Someone...pick up the gun before he gets it back. I'm afraid of those things.

MARIANA. Are you kidding me? You *are* one of those things.

(ALEX gets it and looks at it. He carefully opens it up.)

AYSA. What are you doing?

ALEX. It's not loaded.

JASON. What the—

ANDREW. I just wanted to scare him. I never would've—you guys *know* me. You know I wouldn't ever shoot anyone.

LISA. I'm beginning to think I know nothing. Who knows what any of us are capable of?

BRAD. You have to go now.

ANDREW. You could let me walk out. It wasn't loaded, right? No one was really in any danger. Let me just get out of here, okay?

(ANDREW goes to the door and is stopped by the STUDENTS.)

Just let me out—

JASON. The police are everywhere—

ANDREW. I'll take my chances—give me the gun— I'll go out shooting—

BRAD. That's suicide! They'll kill you, man!

ANDREW. You don't know that! Funny, you know? I used to be pretty lucky. I just got a bad hand, that's all.

BRAD. It wasn't the hand. It's how you played it. Maybe this is good, you know? Maybe you need help and now you'll get it. We're going out.

(BRAD, ALEX, and JASON get a hold of ANDREW. They slowly open the door.)

BRAD. Coming out. Don't shoot. Coming out.

(There is a scuffle in the hallway as police rush to the door. From outside the door we hear ALEX.)

ALEX. Here's the gun.

(Optional: If using the two POLICE OFFICERS, they would come in at this point and check on the students. ["Are you all right?" "Everything clear?"] One might wait by the door as ANDREW is taken away.)

(We hear them move away. The rest of the STUDENTS just look at one another.)

CORA. It's over.

LINDSAY. Now what?

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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