

Hall Pass

Characters

HENRY Comes across as a nerd. Wears a sash that identifies him as a hall monitor.

BRADY Cool laid back surfer kind of guy. T-shirt and jeans. (Can't dress too differently than HENRY, because of the ending.)

Setting

An empty school hallway.

HENRY stands at attention centre stage. He's wearing a sash over his shirt. He is a hall monitor. BRADY enters and walks up to HENRY with confidence.

BRADY: *(with a wave)* Dude!

HENRY: Hello Brady.

BRADY: *(trying to pass by HENRY)* How's it?

HENRY: *(getting in the way)* Sorry.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: You know.

BRADY: Really? You're really gonna do this? To me?

HENRY: Hall pass please.

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Hall pass please.

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: To me?

HENRY: To everybody.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Hall pass.

BRADY: *(patting his pockets)* I got it.

HENRY: Show me.

BRADY: It's right here.

HENRY: Ok.

BRADY: *(patting his pockets)* I just had it.

HENRY: Fine.

BRADY: Musta stuffed it somewhere.

HENRY: Must have.

BRADY: Musta dropped it.

HENRY: Shame.

BRADY: You believe me, don't you?

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Dude!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Come on. We're buds. We know each other, right?

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: I don't know you.

BRADY: It's Brady.

HENRY: Are you?

BRADY: You know I am.

HENRY: You say you're Brady. You may imitate Brady. But I don't know for sure.

BRADY: Of course you do!

HENRY: Do I?

BRADY: Dude.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: You just called me Brady.

HENRY: Did I?

BRADY: Just now.

HENRY: Did I.

BRADY: You just said, 'Hello Brady.'

HENRY: Interesting.

BRADY: You did!

HENRY: I don't recall.

BRADY: Right. Ok. Look. This has been... this has been, but the fun's over ok? I gotta get to class. *(Tries to get by. HENRY stops him.)* Let me by.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Should have known better.

BRADY: You're gonna make me go all the way back down there?

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: It's quite easy.

BRADY: I can't.

HENRY: You turn around and use your feet to take you to the front office.

BRADY: Ok. Look. I can't.

HENRY: No?

BRADY: You're not going to believe —

HENRY: No thank you.

BRADY: I'm telling you —

HENRY: No thank you.

BRADY: What?

HENRY: I don't want to hear it.

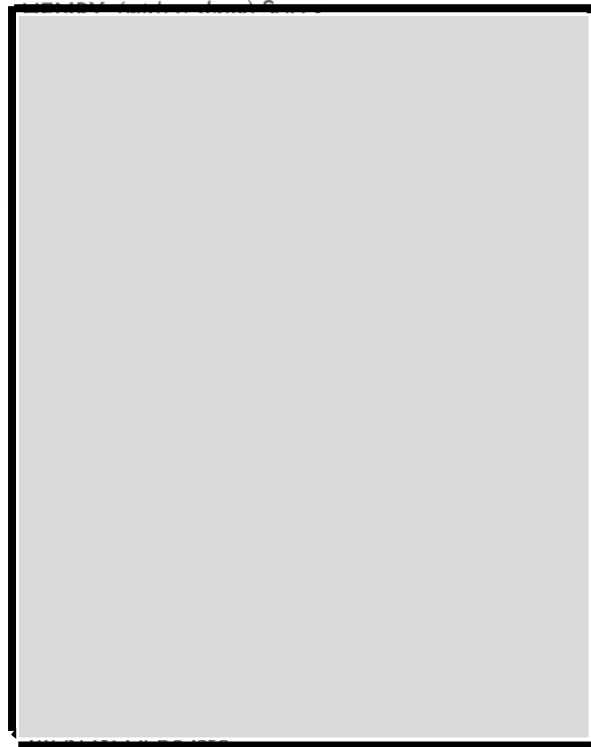
BRADY: I have a reason.

HENRY: I don't care.

BRADY: It's a good reason.

HENRY: Tell the front office.

BRADY: I can't.

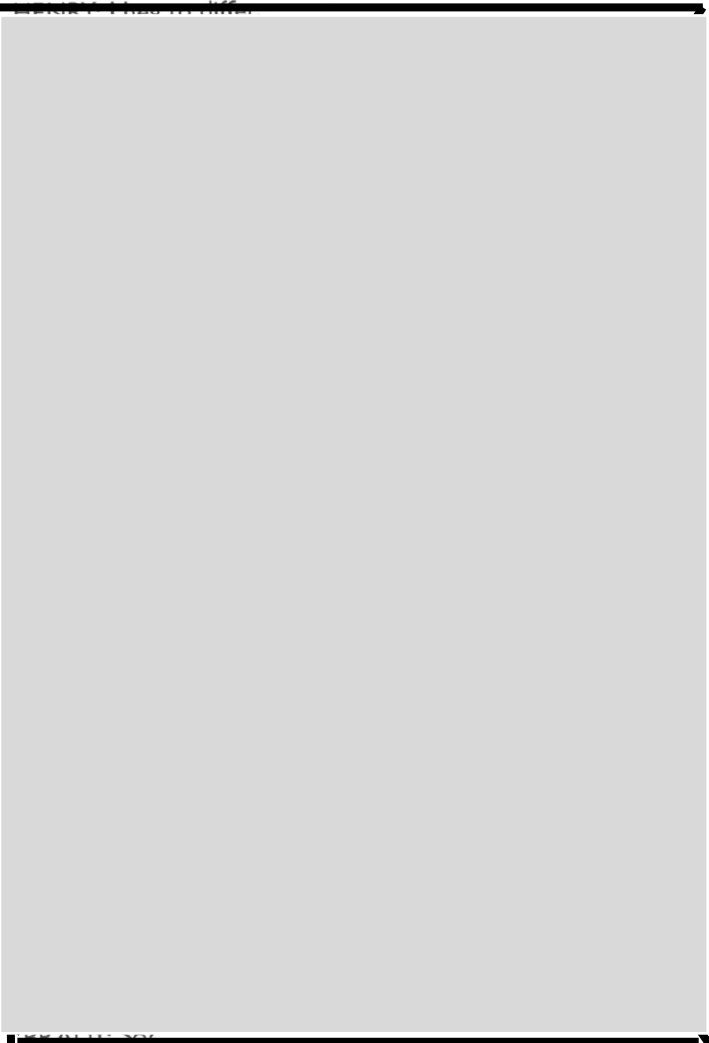


HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll fail.

HENRY: Should have taken that into consideration.

BRADY: (*pointing a finger in HENRY's chest*) It will be your fault.



HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Come on!

HENRY: Not a chance.

BRADY: Who stood up for you in the second grade. When Joe
Whatshisname –

HENRY: Johan Van Marten.

BRADY: When he shoved you down and stomped on your glasses and
everyone was afraid except for me.

HENRY: Everyone.

BRADY: I stood up for you.

HENRY: And?

BRADY: That counts.

HENRY: For what?

BRADY: Something. Doesn't it count for something?

HENRY: If you were Brady.

BRADY: I am! You know I am!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: I'll be late.

HENRY: Your time management skills are lacking.

BRADY: I'll get caught.

HENRY: (*pause*) Ah.

BRADY: Ok, so I came in the side door. So what? What's the big deal?
So I knew you'd be here. So I thought for old times' sake... for an
old friend...

HENRY: We're not friends.

BRADY: Dude, I'm telling you –

HENRY: We are not friends. Brady and I are not friends.

BRADY: Not now, maybe not now. But before.

HENRY: Before?

BRADY: Yes.

HENRY: Never.

BRADY: A long time ago.

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Yes. A long time ago. That makes us old friends.

HENRY: Interesting.

BRADY: So?



HENRY: Hmm.

BRADY: Don't you want to do the right thing?

HENRY: I am doing the right thing.

BRADY: I'm going to be late!

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: Are you calling me a liar? That we're not old friends? That I don't know you?

HENRY: You're doing all the talking.

BRADY: I know you. (*getting frustrated*) You know me! Are you saying that we didn't live on the same street, that our parents didn't know each other? Are you saying that my sister wasn't friends with your sister? That our sisters weren't in the same car coming back from the movies when they were hit by a drunk driver? Are you saying I don't remember my own sister's death? Are you saying we don't have a bond? That we didn't sit side by side at the funeral and you didn't see me bawl my freaking guts out? Are you saying we're not friends, Henry? I dare you to say that.

HENRY: Sorry.

BRADY: (*with fury*) Goddamn you!

HENRY: Stop that. Don't be vulgar.

BRADY: Don't be vulgar? I'll give you vulgar, if I want to be vulgar, you can be damn sure I'll – Let me through!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: Let me through!

HENRY: No.

BRADY: I'm warning you – Do it now!

HENRY: Or what?



HENRY: Talker.

BRADY: You want me to hurt you?



BRADY: Do you?

HENRY: Yes.

BRADY: *(not the answer he was expecting)* What?

HENRY: Go ahead.

BRADY: Henry?

HENRY: You go ahead and try. You'll find I'm pretty much unhurttable, Brady Cutter. You couldn't hurt me if you left me a bleeding heap on the floor. You gonna hurt me so bad? Is that what you're gonna do? You go right ahead. You think you're different, OLD friend? You think you can swing your way by with an easy wave and get what you want? You can't. And the sooner you learn that message baby, the better. I've met you a million times before in a million different empty-headed losers who love calling me dude. You go ahead and hurt me, it's happened before and it'll happen again. All you'll do is prove you're the same kind of monster I meet every day. You're no different. You're the same empty dusty shell of a human being and all you have ahead of you is a wasted life of nothing. You're nothing, Brady. You're no one and you're no one I would ever want to know. You're no friend of mine. Got it? Cat got your tongue, dude? Got nothing to say to me now, do you? Do you?! Say something!

BRADY: It's 2 o'clock.

HENRY: Huh?

BRADY: It's 2 o'clock.

HENRY: What? Already?

BRADY: Yeah. You're done.

HENRY: Done?

BRADY: Yeah.

HENRY: *(snapping out of character)* Holy cow! That one just flew by. *(he takes off the sash and hands it to BRADY)*

BRADY: That was a really good one. Did you feel it?

HENRY: Uh huh. Totally intense.

BRADY: Totally.

HENRY: I thought you were really going to hit me.

BRADY: You were so good.

HENRY: You were so good. Where'd you come up with the sister bit?

BRADY: It just came to me. Something I read.

HENRY: Holy cow. How am I going to top that?

BRADY: You'll think of something. You always do.

HENRY: You set the bar pretty high.

BRADY: We're the best hall monitors.

HENRY: *(they hi five)* You know it.

BRADY: Ready?

HENRY: *(he bounces up and down like a boxer)* Ready.

They have now switched positions and roles. There is a pause. HENRY is the easy going slacker. BRADY is the uptight hall monitor.

HENRY: *(approaching with a wave)* Dude!

BRADY: *(uptight)* Hello Henry.

— THE END —