

SUSPENDED

SAMMY: 15 years old, upset and angry.

JESSE: 14 years old.

JESSE: *(Sees SAMMY enter room, throws books on floor, collapses on chair.)* **Problem?**

SAMMY: Shut up, Jesse.

JESSE: Sheesh, what a grouch.

SAMMY: Shut up, Jesse.

JESSE: Fine. *(A moment's silence while JESSE watches SAMMY moodily stare into space.)* **Sammy, what's wrong?**

SAMMY: **Nothing.** *(Goes to book bag, takes out paper, looks, crumples it and throws it across room.)* **Absolutely nothing.**

JESSE: *(Looking at paper on floor)* **I can see that.**

SAMMY: Shut up, Jesse.

JESSE: Hey, I didn't do anything to you, so you can change your attitude towards me, OK? Be mad, but don't take it out on me.

SAMMY: Why don't you just shut your mouth.

JESSE: Why don't you say that a little louder, so mom can hear. She's right in the next room.

SAMMY: *(On way out, stops.)* **Mom is home?**

JESSE: Yes.

SAMMY: God, I can't get a break.

JESSE: Sammy, what is your problem? You act like you are headed for prison or something.

SAMMY: I may as well be.

JESSE: What is going on?

SAMMY: If I tell you, you promise not to go running to mom and dad like you usually do whenever I tell you something?

JESSE: I promise.

SAMMY: *(Looking closely at JESSE)* **Forget it.**

JESSE: No, really, I promise. But what if I do? They are going to find out anyway.

SAMMY: Yeah, but it will make me look better if I tell them myself. You know, noble.

JESSE: Oh . . . so, what is it?

SAMMY: I'm going to be suspended.

JESSE: From school?

SAMMY: No, from dinner. Of course school, you moron.

JESSE: Oh wow. Suspended. When?

SAMMY: As of 11:30 this morning.

JESSE: This morning? You were suspended this morning?

SAMMY: Uh huh.

JESSE: It's 4:00 now. Where have you been all day?

SAMMY: At the show.

JESSE: Oh, fine. First you get suspended, then you spend all day at the show without permission. What did you see?

SAMMY: I really don't think that is the issue at this point.

JESSE: You saw something "R" rated, didn't you? First suspended, now "R" rated movies. What next?

SAMMY: You are out of your mind. You are an idiot. Why did I even think that I could confide in you? You are so stupid. What movie I saw today has no bearing on the fact that I was suspended from school. God!!!

JESSE: I'm sorry. I guess I just got carried away. OK, I'm fine now. What were you suspended for, anyway?

SAMMY: I cut Biology.

JESSE: You cut Biology, and they suspended you? For that? I think they over-reacted a little, don't you?

SAMMY: It was the thirteenth cut.

JESSE: *(Loudly)* You cut a class thirteen times?

SAMMY: I hate science.
 JESSE: But you cut . . . thirteen times. Why? How?
 SAMMY: I told you, I hate science.
 JESSE: No, I mean how did you get away with it twelve times?
 SAMMY: Apparently, I didn't.
 JESSE: I don't understand.
 SAMMY: Well, at first I would leave for just a few minutes during the middle of the period, you know, with a pass to go to the bathroom.
 JESSE: Yeah, I know.
 SAMMY: Then I started to stay longer than just a few minutes . . . and then I started to leave at the beginning of the period . . . but I had the pass.
 JESSE: So what went wrong?
 SAMMY: The jerk started to pay attention to how long I was gone and then, behind my back, without even telling me, he counted my going to the bathroom as cutting his class.
 JESSE: *(Sarcastically)* The nerve.
 SAMMY: Don't be an idiot, whose side are you on here, anyway?
 JESSE: There is no side. You cut his class.
 SAMMY: I was there for roll.
 JESSE: Yeah, but you left right after and missed the whole class.
 SAMMY: I came back.
 JESSE: Forty-five minutes after the class started.
 SAMMY: I don't even know why we have to take science. I'm never going to use it. You don't need science to work in the film industry.
 JESSE: I hate when you talk like that.
 SAMMY: Like what?
 JESSE: "The film industry." You sound like a jerk.
 SAMMY: You're the jerk.

JESSE: Yeah? Well, I'm not the one who just got suspended from school for cutting *(Loudly)* THIRTEEN TIMES, now am I?
 SAMMY: Shut up before mom comes in here. I knew I shouldn't tell you. I hate you sometimes.
 MOM: *(Off-stage)* Is there a problem in there, kids?
 TOGETHER: No, Mom.
 MOM: *(Off-stage)* Then quit yelling. I'm trying to work.
 TOGETHER: OK, Mom. *(There is a brief pause while SAMMY and JESSE look at each other.)*
 JESSE: What are you going to do?
 SAMMY: Heck, I don't know.
 JESSE: You want me to go in with you?
 SAMMY: No. I don't want to tell her.
 JESSE: Good luck.
 SAMMY: *(On way out)* Thanks.
 JESSE: If she kills you, can I have your room?
 SAMMY: *(Half-hearted smile before exit.)* Sure.
 JESSE: See ya.
 SAMMY: See ya. *(Exits.)*