

Class is in Session

By

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2012

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INT. HOWIE'S LIQUOR LOUNGE

CASSIE 23 years of age, dark hair, dark personality sits at the bar with her best bud, STEVIE-mid 20's total opposite in personality.

STEVIE
Oh shit guess who I ran into at
Walmart!

Cassie looks over at her friend of the last 10 years.

CASSIE
Really? Do i need to play this game
with you?

Stevie looks at Cassie a grin stretched across her face.

CASSIE
Damn, who Stevie?

STEVIE
Mr. Barney Rubble himself. Remember
he taught history?

CASSIE
How could I forget. I hate that
guy. He ruined my entire senior
year.

STEVIE
He was a piece of work. But hell
Cassie you hated everyone
especially the teachers.

CASSIE
(takes a sip of her beer)
They were all losers. They treated
me like shit!

STEVIE
High school was purgatory for us
outsiders. Only because it wasn't
that many of us then. Now the
outsiders makes up about 90% of the
damn population.

CASSIE
You got that right!

STEVIE

Hell yeah!

Both Cassie and Stevie raises their beer bottles in the air. Patrons in the bar look over at them, then go back to doing whatever it was they were doing.

CASSIE

If I had to relive that time over again or go straight to hell. I would definitely choose hell. Hell can't be worse than seeing those assholes again for another 4 years.

STEVIE

Talking about nightmares. That would be one hell of a dream.

Both Cassie and Stevie heads turn to the sound of glass breaking in the background.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOWIE'S LIQUOR LOUNGE-SKY VIEW

Dark clouds form outside-lighting strikes.

INT. HOWIE'S LIQUOR LOUNGE

The bar goes pitch black.

CASSIE

Stevie we better get out of here.

Silence creeps throughout the bar.

CASSIE

Hello! Anyone in here? Stevie damn quit playing!

The lights come back on.

INT. CLASSROOM

Cassie is sitting at a desk instead of at the bar with Stevie.

CASSIE

What the hell is this?

Cassie turns in her seat and the room is filled with classmates from her history class senior year.

CASSIE
This has got to be a dream.

The classroom door opens and in walks Mr. Smith aka Barney Rubble himself.

Mr. Smith stands in front of the class his eyes glued on Cassie.

MR. SMITH
I hope you slackers are ready for a
pop quiz.

CASSIE
(breathless)
SHIT!

Lightening strikes and the class room goes dark.