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*Dramatic Publishing*



# Our Miss Brooks

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

CHRISTOPHER SERGEL

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL

MATERIAL OF

R. J. MANN

QUOTATIONS FROM "LOST HORIZON"  
BY PERMISSION OF JAMES HILTON



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



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# Our Miss Brooks

*A Comedy in Three Acts*

FOR FIVE MEN AND TWELVE WOMEN

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## CHARACTERS

MISS BROOKS.....	<i>a high school English teacher</i>
MISS FINCH.....	<i>the librarian</i>
HUGO LONGACRE.....	<i>the athletic coach</i>
MR. WADSWORTH.....	<i>the high school principal</i>
MISS AUDUBON.....	<i>the music teacher</i>
ELSIE	
ELAINE	
JANE	
SYLVIA	
DORIS	
MARGE	..... <i>students</i>
FAITH	
RHONDA	
TED	
STANLEY	
MARTIN	
MRS. ALLEN.....	<i>Rhonda's mother</i>

PLACE: *Miss Brooks' classroom.*

TIME: *The present. Spring.*

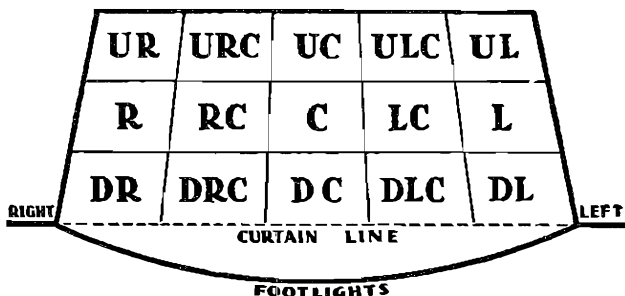
## SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE: *Late afternoon.*

ACT TWO: *Afternoon, several weeks later.*

ACT THREE: *The night of the school play, a week later.*

## CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS



### STAGE POSITIONS

*Upstage* means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R mean *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: U R for *up right*, R C for *right center*, D L C for *down left center*, etc. One will note that a position designated on the stage refers to a general territory, rather than to a given point.

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NOTE: Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.

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## NOTES ON CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

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**MISS BROOKS:** She is in her late twenties, attractive, poised, very human, and consequently very well liked and respected by the students. Her humor at times is on the caustic side, but it is never meant to hurt intentionally. In Act One, she wears a spring dress or suit; in Act Two, she has on work clothes—perhaps some old slacks and a man's shirt. If this is not practical, any other clothes that are obviously work clothes will do. She wears a semi-formal dress in Act Three.

**MISS FINCH:** She is about the same age as Miss Brooks, pretty, likable, and matter of fact. In Acts One and Two, she wears spring dresses. She may wear something dressier for Act Three.

**HUGO:** Hugo is in his twenties; he is well built, with natural good looks. He takes his position as athletic coach a little too seriously, but he is sincere and hard working. He wears slacks and a T shirt in Act One. In Act Two, he wears slacks and a sports jacket. He wears a suit in Act Three.

**MR. WADSWORTH:** He is in his forties, a big man with a perpetually harassed air. He is aware of his importance as school principal, and never lets you forget it. Throughout the play his suits are immaculately pressed, his ties tied to perfection.

**MISS AUDUBON:** She is in her late thirties, high-strung and fluttery, exhibiting a well developed case of teacher's nerves. In Acts One and Two, she dresses conservatively and practically. In Act Three, she wears a frilly, girlish semi-formal dress and a large corsage. She has even acquired a new hair-do for the occasion.

**JANE:** She is a sweet girl of seventeen, quiet and unassuming, but with much natural charm. She wears school clothes in Act One. In Act Two, she is dressed in old dungarees and an older sweater. Her hair is done up, to avoid being splattered with paint. In Act Three, she is dressed and made up for the part she

is to play in "Lost Horizon." This costume consists of a simple but attractive dress for an older girl. Her hair is suitably arranged.

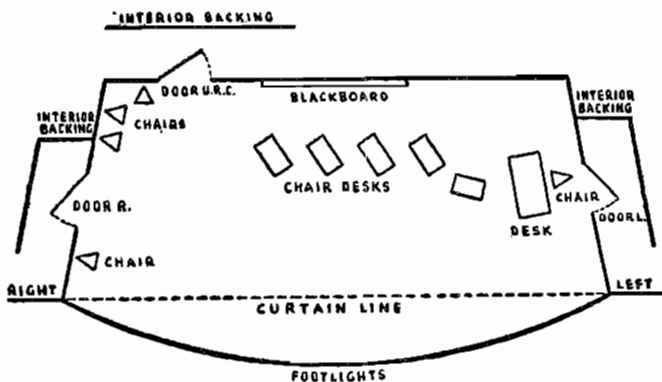
**TED:** He is a husky boy of eighteen, well-liked, and not the least bit conceited. He wears sports clothes in Acts One and Two. In Act Three, he is dressed for the part of Conway. He wears a tweed suit, and his hair is slicked back. If desired, he may wear a neat mustache.

**RHONDA:** She is seventeen, an attractive girl, but vain and selfish. She is not liked by the students, but this fact doesn't bother Rhonda. She wears school clothes in Act One. In Act Two, she wears an attractive Chinese kimono. She wears the same kimono in Act Three, but she is made up as a Chinese girl.

**MRS. ALLEN:** Mrs. Allen is in her forties, a pushing, domineering woman, with a highly affected manner. She wears a spring suit in Act Two. In Act Three, she is over-dressed in a semi-formal gown.

**OTHER STUDENTS:** They are a group of high school students, of various types and personalities. They wear school clothes. In Act Three, all but Sylvia and Martin are in costume for the parts they are to play in "Lost Horizon." Sylvia, who is the stage manager, wears a simple dress. Martin, who plays the High Lama, has not put on his costume when the act begins. Elaine, Faith, and Marge wear evening dresses, with their hair done up. Doris is dressed and made up as a pretty Chinese serving-girl. Elsie may be dressed to portray the part of the prickly little missionary lady in a tweed suit, with hat and walking stick. Stanley may portray a handsome young Englishman.

## STAGE CHART



### PROPERTIES

**GENERAL:** Blackboard, chalk and erasers, Miss Brooks' desk and chair, accessories for desk, row of school chair-desks, several other chairs, wastebasket, properties for "Lost Horizon": (Act Two), spotlight on stand (Act Two), slat of wood (Act Two), large mirror on Miss Brooks' desk (Act Three), make-up articles on Miss Brooks' desk (Act Three), small mirror on one of the student's desks (Act Three).

**MISS BROOKS:** Travel folders, Jane's papers in desk drawer, other papers in desk drawer, single sheet of paper, box of Kleenex, watch.

**TED:** Armload of basketballs, pipe.

**FAITH:** Handkerchief, playbook.

**MR. WADSWORTH:** Playbook.

**ELAINE:** Handkerchief, playbook.

**RHONDA:** Handkerchief.

**JANE:** Stack of playbooks, pail of paint and brushes, armload of band instruments, vase (belonging to Mrs. Allen).

**SYLVIA:** Clip board, paper, pencil, watch.

**MISS AUDUBON:** Papers.

**MARTIN:** Slip of paper, papers (lines from play).



**DORIS:** Boxes of soap flakes, bill for soap flakes, large piece of tin.

**MARGE:** Large cardboard box containing drapes.

**MISS FINCH:** Two books.

**STANLEY:** Bicycle.

**MRS. ALLEN:** Two Chinese vases.

**ELSIE:** Playbook, paper and pencil.

**BASKETBALL PLAYER:** Basketball.

**COACH:** Robe and playbook.

## WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING about *Our Miss Brooks*...

“This play has been a ball to do. My students have had fun and so have I. Also, it was such a wonderful insight into life in the '50s. Finally, the coach's speech at the end almost seems prophetic.”

*Drama Director,  
William T. Dwyer High School, Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.*

“Timeless, easily adaptable to today, with themes that cross generations...love, friendships, and the stress of daily living at any age. *Our Miss Brooks* is a delightful journey to high school.”

*Teresa Fisher,  
Grundy Center High School, Grundy Center, Iowa*

“It was so much fun to produce and the kids loved it. Great characters and a funny storyline.”

*Kirk Baldwin,  
Westmoreland High School, Westmoreland, N.Y.*

“A rousing success. A wonderful comedy, the audience was in an uproar with laughter. A must-do comedy.”

*Art Roberson, North Love Christian School, Rockford, Ill.*

“Highly entertaining. You would think it was written specifically for our school.”

*Jonathan Dyck,  
Landmark Collegiate, Landmark, MB Canada*

“*Our Miss Brooks* was a rousing success. Our dessert theatre production brought in the most revenue ever, and people are still referring to the actors by their character names. The cast, audience and the director (me!) had a wonderful, memorable evening.”

*Claire Teague,  
Tacoma Baptist Schools, Tacoma, Wash.*

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# ACT ONE

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**SCENE:** *A typical high school classroom. There is a blackboard against the wall U C. A large desk and chair are L. In front of it is a row of students' chair-desks. Another chair-desk is L C. Several other chairs are about the room at R stage. There are doors L, R, and U R C.]*

**AT RISE OF CURTAIN:** *It is late afternoon of a spring day. MISS BROOKS is sitting at the desk L, glancing at some travel folders. TED, a husky student, is standing with his back to the audience, facing the blackboard. After a moment of meditation he sighs, takes a piece of chalk, and writes, "I should not copy other people's examination papers." He regards his work for a moment, and then turns towards MISS BROOKS.]*

**TED** [*quietly*]. Miss Brooks. [*With a slight edge in his voice.*]  
**Miss Brooks.** [*MISS BROOKS puts down folders and looks at him. TED, having caught her attention, clears his throat and speaks in his most winning tone.*] You're kidding—aren't you? [*He nods invitingly. MISS BROOKS shakes her head. TED considers her thoughtfully a moment. Then he speaks; it is a simple statement of fact.*] You're not kidding. [*MISS BROOKS shakes her head slowly and firmly, then goes back to her reading. TED ponders this awful fact for a moment.*] Has it ever struck you that I'm a pretty adult sort of person? [*Without looking up, MISS BROOKS gives a brief shake of her head. TED makes a last desperate try, his voice pitched higher.*] Do you honestly think it's going to help my education to write a hundred times on the blackboard, "I should not copy other people's examination papers"?

**MISS BROOKS.** I honestly don't know.

**TED** [*pressing what he thinks is an advantage*]. You're a modern

teacher—an up-to-date teacher—why would *you* insist on a medieval thing like this?

MISS BROOKS [*wondering, herself, looking out front*]. Queer, isn't it? [TED *nods emphatically*.] I just had an overpowering whim. Every year at this time, I get overpowering whims.

TED [*meaning to be helpful*]. Maybe it's a vitamin deficiency. The coach was telling me——

MISS BROOKS [*turning to him*]. The coach will be worrying about you. Better start writing.

TED. Miss Brooks—I'm not the ungallant type—you know me—but Rhonda Allen wasn't exactly hiding her paper. In fact——

MISS BROOKS [*agreeing*]. She probably had a whim.

TED [*nodding, defeated*]. Probably.

MISS BROOKS. Start writing.

TED [*regarding his first line*]. Couldn't we tighten up this sentence a little? Make it a little more punchy? More direct to the point? How about just—"I shouldn't copy"?

MISS BROOKS. That tightens it up.

TED [*pressing harder*]. How about plain, simple, direct—"I shouldn't"?

MISS BROOKS. But that doesn't give the whole meaning. Shouldn't what?

TED. You know—whatever I do—[*Writes on blackboard as he speaks*.]—"I shouldn't." [MISS BROOKS *shakes her head at him*. TED *sighs and adds "copy" after it*. MISS BROOKS *smiles at him as he industriously and laboriously starts writing line over and over again*.]

[MISS FINCH *enters L and crosses to the upstage side of MISS BROOKS' desk*.]

MISS FINCH. I thought you'd be hiding out.

MISS BROOKS [*with a smile*]. You think I'd better?

MISS FINCH. You've got the boss muttering again. Even in the library! I put a senior in charge and got out. [Notices TED.] What's he doing?

TED [*over his shoulder*]. It's a whim. [*Continues writing*.]

MISS FINCH [*crossing to TED, speaking back to MISS BROOKS as she goes*]. Are you crazy? [*Turns TED's face around so she can recognize it, and then turns it back.*] That's Ted Wilder. [*Without turning around, TED nods vigorously.*] He should be in the gym practicing. [*TED nods again. MISS FINCH turns to MISS BROOKS.*] Do you have a big bet on against our basketball team?

MISS BROOKS [*with mock surprise*]. You mean Ted Wilder needs to practice? [*TED shakes his head with mock horror at such a thought.*]

MISS FINCH [*coming in front of MISS BROOKS*]. I mean the coach will probably brain you with a discus or a sixteen-pound shot.

MISS BROOKS [*smiling*]. If he does, I'll complain to the principal.

MISS FINCH. The last time I heard the principal, he didn't sound as though he'd care.

MISS BROOKS. When was that?

MISS FINCH. About three minutes ago. Has it ever occurred to you that when the daughter of the school board president enters a "Best Theme" contest, it calls for a little special consideration?

MISS BROOKS. I considered Rhonda Allen's theme. I even considered Rhonda Allen.

MISS FINCH. Then gave the prize to Jane Drew.

MISS BROOKS [*shrugging*]. Jane wrote the best theme.

MISS FINCH. You said you considered Rhonda Allen.

MISS BROOKS [*nodding*]. When that girl gets out of school she'll meet hundreds of people who won't be the least impressed by her mother being president of the school board. [*Innocently.*] I'm trying to prepare Rhonda for the future.

TED [*turning around*]. Do you mind if I say something?

MISS BROOKS. Yes. [*TED nods in a resigned way, and turns back to his work.*]

MISS FINCH [*to MISS BROOKS*]. You'd better be thinking about your own future.

MISS BROOKS. I am! I'm thinking about my near future. Did you

ever dream about a vacation, that's a *vacation*? [*Holds up several travel folders.*] All expense cruise to San Juan, Jamaica, Caracas—or eleven days to Haiti and Cuba—two hundred thirty-five dollars.

MISS FINCH [*drily*]. And up. I took a cruise once. Seven school teachers to every male. [*Sits on end of a student's desk.*]

MISS BROOKS [*happily oblivious*]. Just for example, take the fourth day: [*Reads from folder.*] "In the morning, an English-speaking driver-guide in a private car will conduct you on a sightseeing tour. You'll drive to a mountaintop resort seven thousand feet above sea level, and stop there for lunch. The scenery is beyond description! [*Swallows.*] You can see coffee, cacao, bananas, coconuts, sugar——"

MISS FINCH [*cutting in*]. You can see that at a delicatessen.

MISS BROOKS [*proceeding firmly*]. "—mahogany, and other tropical flora." [*Eagerly.*] Would you like to hear about the fifth day?

MISS FINCH. I think the principal might drop in any minute. Wouldn't it look better if you were correcting papers?

[*ELSIE, a student, sticks her head in at the door R.*]

ELSIE. Miss Brooks—are you casting the senior play in here?

MISS BROOKS [*shaking her head*]. No, dear. See Miss Audubon next door.

ELSIE. I thought it was here. [*Goes out R.*]

MISS BROOKS. I've till the end of June to raise two hundred and thirty-five dollars—and up.

MISS FINCH. Where would a school teacher get two hundred and thirty-five dollars? [*MISS BROOKS shrugs.*] Is that all you want out of life?

MISS BROOKS [*nodding*]. A vacation—and a husband. And I'd like them simultaneously.

MISS FINCH [*shaking her head*]. Seven school teachers to every male. The odds are terrible. [*Rises.*] Now, if you'd consider going to Alaska——

MISS BROOKS [*back at her folder*]. "The scenery is beyond description!"

MISS FINCH. At least will you send Ted to basketball practice? Why do you do things like this? Is it because of your feud with the coach? Are you mad at him again?

MISS BROOKS [*shaking her head*]. It's more because I'm fond of Ted.

TED [*delighted, putting down chalk and turning around*]. And I'm very fond of you—

MISS BROOKS [*firmly*]. Keep working.

TED [*deflated, turning back to blackboard*]. Yes, Miss Brooks. [*Continues to write.*]

MISS BROOKS [*happy at the thought*]. I'm not putting on the play this year, and that means I don't have to feud with the coach. [*Recalls with shudder.*] Those battles over the use of the gym, and a few of his precious athletes—

MISS FINCH [*moving upstage of MISS BROOKS' desk*]. The way you and the coach went at it—I began to think maybe there was something between you.

MISS BROOKS [*shocked*]. Between us?

MISS FINCH [*firmly*]. That's right. There was some talk, you know.

MISS BROOKS. The trouble is—there's no truth in it.

MISS FINCH. Too bad.

MISS BROOKS [*nodding dolefully*]. Isn't it?

MISS FINCH [*smiling*]. Anyway—the music teacher always wanted the play, and now she's got it.

MISS BROOKS [*fervently, but sincerely*]. And I wish her well.

[*ELAINE, another student, enters R.*]

ELAINE. Are you casting the play now, Miss Brooks?

MISS BROOKS [*gesturing*]. See Miss Audubon.

ELAINE [*sbrugging*]. I heard you were doing it again. [*MISS BROOKS shakes her head, and ELAINE goes out R.*]

MISS FINCH. I'd rather have Miss Audubon direct the play than

band practice. You can hear the trombones all the way up to the library.

MISS BROOKS. You should hear them from where you're standing. [*Points L.*] That partition between me and the music room vibrates like a harp string.

MISS FINCH. This is a very convenient location. On the other side you have the gymnasium.

MISS BROOKS [*nodding*]. From that side I hear healthy young voices, raised to a shrill squeal.

MISS FINCH. That reminds me—[*Moves R.*]—I'd better get back to the library—even though it's deserted. [*A bright idea.*] Now, if I could get the school board to okay a television set—

MISS BROOKS. Thanks for warning me—[*Gestures upward with her eyes.*]—about the boss's muttering.

MISS FINCH [*seriously*]. Don't think for a minute he wanted you to make an unfair award of that prize. He's just hating life because Rhonda Allen didn't write the best theme.

MISS BROOKS. I suppose even principals have problems.

MISS FINCH [*emphatically*]. Principals have problems. School boards have problems. Teachers have problems. It's only the students that don't have any problems.

TED [*turning, indignantly*]. Is that so!

MISS FINCH [*decidedly*]. Yes, that's so. [*Goes out R.*]

TED [*looking after her for a moment*]. She's very cynical—for a librarian. [*MISS BROOKS looks up and starts to count his lines on blackboard. TED watches her a moment.*] You're getting pretty cynical for an English teacher. [*MISS BROOKS finishes counting and looks at TED with her eyebrows raised. TED speaks in exasperation.*] Yes, Miss Brooks. [*Returns to his work.*]

[*JANE enters R.*]

JANE [*nodding back toward R.*]. They're having a lot of trouble casting the play. [*Crosses to L C.*]



MISS BROOKS [*making herself even more comfortable in her chair, contentedly*]. Don't even tell me about it.

TED [*putting down chalk*]. I ought to try out for the play.

JANE [*turning to him*]. You! [*With suppressed feeling*]. You—*copier!*

MISS BROOKS. Never mind, Jane. [*Nods towards blackboard*]. He's paying his debt to society.

TED. I'd be good in the play. I get bored winning basketball games. There's not much point in just going on and on and on winning basketball games.

MISS BROOKS [*with mock agreement*]. It must get tiresome. Why don't you vary your activities—try a little studying?—[*Holds up restraining hands*].—In moderation, of course.

TED [*shaking head*]. It might interfere with my hobby.

JANE [*trying to hold back her bitterness*]. He's always over at Rhonda Allen's fussing with her father's sports car.

TED. A Jag is hard to tune. [*Does take*]. How'd you know that?

JANE [*uneasily*]. I just happen to know. [*With a touch of severity*]. If you keep test-driving that way, you'll have an accident. [*Sits at one of desks*].

MISS BROOKS. Why not try a nice, quiet desk? You're worth saving, Ted. Your mind isn't altogether a blank.

JANE [*too quick, too decided*]. Oh, no! It isn't! [*They both turn and look at her*]. I mean—why would *his* mind be a blank—[*Swallows*].—necessarily?

MISS BROOKS [*to JANE*]. Why aren't *you* trying out for the play?

JANE. There isn't time—I mean, with studying, and working, and—things.

TED [*derisively*]. Isn't time! [*Accusing, as he comes toward her*]. I've seen you sitting around in the grandstand during basketball practice—sure, I have. And before—during football practice. I suppose you'll be sitting around through the baseball season, too.

JANE [*unhappily*]. I sit around a lot.

TED [*mollified*]. Anyway—you picked my three best sports. That's quite a coincidence.

MISS BROOKS. It's certainly a coincidence. Now, would you mind getting on with your work? [TED *nods*, and returns to black-board. He starts making each sentence as different as possible, as far as penmanship is concerned, from the one above it. This goes on while MISS BROOKS and JANE discuss her writing.]

JANE [to MISS BROOKS]. You didn't get a chance to look over the second draft I made? [Notices folders.] I guess you've been pretty busy.

MISS BROOKS [taking out some papers, smiling]. I've marked it all up. You've made it a lot better, but I'd like to see you break up some of those long sentences. Try for a little more variety in your sentence structure.

JANE [crossing upstage of MISS BROOKS' desk]. Too much over and over again?

MISS BROOKS [nodding, with repressed smile]. Why don't you miss basketball practice today? See what you can do with the typewriter in my office. [Hands her some papers.]

TED [without turning around]. Might as well miss practice. Without me in it there won't be much to see.

JANE [agreeing completely]. No—there won't.

TED [turning around, startled]. Huh? [JANE, confused, hurries out U R C. From time to time we hear the sound of a typewriter off U R C. TED looks after JANE for a moment. Then he turns to MISS BROOKS.] Does she strike you as being a little peculiar?

MISS BROOKS [nodding]. She wants to be an English teacher someday.

TED [looking after JANE]. Boy! she is peculiar! [MISS BROOKS darts a quick glance at TED, and he suddenly starts to write furiously.]

[COACH HUGO LONGACRE enters R.]

COACH [letting out a great sigh of relief at sight of TED]. There you are!

TED [nodding]. Right here, Coach.

COACH [*impatiently, crossing up to him*]. You're late for practice. [*Puzzled.*] What are you doing?

TED. Miss Brooks is trying to keep my mind from being a blank.

COACH [*not understanding*]. Your mind a blank?

TED. Not any more. [*With mock appreciation.*] No, sir. I'm gradually becoming aware that I should not copy other people's examination papers.

MISS BROOKS [*pleasantly*]. There's nothing like an education.

TED. It's really wonderful.

COACH [*to TED*]. Cut out this nonsense and get on to the locker room. [*Starts R.*]

MISS BROOKS [*firmly*]. Not till he's finished.

COACH [*pausing*]. Don't be silly.

MISS BROOKS. I'm sorry, Hugo, but this is a matter of discipline.

COACH [*half pleading*]. Miss Brooks—an athletic coach named Hugo has enough problems. . . . [*As she is unmoved.*] Miss Brooks—you're not going to keep Ted Wilder from basketball!

MISS BROOKS. It bores him—he told me himself.

COACH [*turning towards TED*]. Bores him?

MISS BROOKS. He can't see much point in just going on and on and on winning basketball games. [*COACH is open-mouthed at this. The thunderstruck TED gives a short, somewhat silly laugh, swallows hard, turns back to blackboard, and starts writing as fast as he can.*]

COACH [*grimly*]. Will he be much longer?

MISS BROOKS. Not much.

COACH [*sitting on upper right end of MISS BROOKS' desk*]. I'll wait. I've a few ideas on discipline myself.

TED [*without turning*]. Coach?

COACH. Yes?

TED. Won't they be missing you in the gym?

COACH. If they can do without you, they can certainly do without me.

MISS BROOKS [*covering for TED*]. I put it a little too strong. Ted and I were joking. He didn't say anything seriously.

COACH [*relaxing*]. He better not have. [TED *shoots a grateful glance and sigh of relief at MISS BROOKS.*] Get on with it. [*Picks up several of MISS BROOKS' travel folders.*] Aren't these travel folders awful?

MISS BROOKS. Awful?

COACH. I suppose you're using them as examples of over-writing.

MISS BROOKS [*more concerned*]. Over-writing?

COACH. You know what those banana ports are really like.

MISS BROOKS [*shaking head*]. No. Do you?

COACH. What do you think I do all summer?

MISS BROOKS. I thought—summer camp—or something.

COACH. Not me. I want a real *vacation*.

MISS BROOKS [*beginning to see him in a new light*]. You do?

COACH [*nodding, indicating folder*]. Take this—a person could waste two hundred and thirty-five dollars.

MISS BROOKS. You mean—it's a waste?

COACH. Do you know what you'd find on a little cruise like that?

[MISS BROOKS *shakes her head. He speaks with horror.*]  
School teachers—mobs of them!

MISS BROOKS [*her dream about shattered, though still hoping*]

Did you ever take a trip like that?

COACH. Not *me!* I've got a little sailboat laid up in Florida—plenty of canned food and everything you need on board—I just sail to the ports I want—miss the over-crowded, over-priced cruise towns—and it's cheaper than staying home.

MISS BROOKS. Most people don't have sailboats. [*It seems unfair.*] What are most people supposed to do?

COACH [*sbrugging, then back to his obsession*]. First, I'm going down by the Dry Tortugas. [MISS BROOKS *repeats the names of the places he mentions with her lips, but not speaking out loud.*] Then across to Martinique, and maybe down through the Grenadines. I think I can get back up through the Windward Passage. [*Sighs with pleasure.*]

MISS BROOKS [*her thoughts on the Gulf Stream*]. It sounds like heaven.

COACH. It makes a *vacation*.