THOMAS-BRADY'S FIRST DAY OF KINDERGARTEN

(THOMAS-BRADY is in his house sitting at a table.)

THOMAS-BRADY: Hi! My name is Thomas-Brady. That's not my last name. I have two first names. It's hyphenated. My mom wanted to call me Thomas, and my dad wanted Brady, so I'm Thomas-Brady. I don't think my parents like each other very much… *(His parents enter)*
DAD: Hey Brady. Brad-ster. Bradmister. Are you totally ready for your first day of school?
THOMAS-BRADY: I guess so…I'm kinda curious about—
MOM: Thomas! I packed your backpack with everything you might need. I think we know who your favorite parent is.
DAD: Quiet, woman! We both know Brady and his old man go together like two peas and a carrot.
MOM: Hun, it's two peas in a pod.
DAD: Didn't I tell you to be quiet, woman.
THOMAS-BRADY: Guys! Can you please stop fighting?
MOM: Oh my gosh! The bus should be here soon!
DAD: No son of mine is going to be late. Here Brady-Maximus! I'll carry you to the bus on my back!
THOMAS-BRADY: *(After getting picked up by his DAD)* You know most people are excited to go to school to learn. Maybe even make new friends. I kind of just want to get out of my house. My parents are the most insane people you will ever meet. Ever. *(Thomas gets off his DAD's back and onto the bus.)*

(Transition: Thomas gets off the bus and starts walking through the school.)

THOMAS-BRADY: So, the bus ride was a little bit bumpy, but here I am at school. I'm a little nervous, but I'm excited to be out of the house and away from my crazy parents. Room 204. This is the first step to the rest of my life.
MRS. JUDY: Hello class! My name is Mrs. Judy. Please, put your bags

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in the cubbies you've been assigned to. Also! Because of the recent cut backs, we only have enough cubbies for half of you! Which I found as the perfect opportunity for you all to make friends! So! I have taken the liberty of assigning you all cubby buddies! Now everyone go put your backpacks away and make a new friend!
THOMAS-BRADY: As long as I can get this heavy backpack off I don't care how many cubby buddies I have.
GLENN: Hi. You must be Mr. Brady. My cubby buddy. As such, I would like to extend the bond of best friend ship hood to you.THOMAS-BRADY: I don't know…best friend ship hood sounds a little bit extreme. But I'll gladly be your friend!
GLENN: Okay, best friend! So, I was thinking for our first day of best friend activities we could frequent the playground with some tag. But all the running, running, running, my feet will certainly be sore, so you, as my best friend, can massage my sweaty swollen bunions as I snack on some delicious crunchy Cheetos. Does that sound good to you best friend?
THOMAS-BRADY: Um…I suppose I could give it a try…
GLENN: I'll just let you think that one over. Also! My backpack is really big, so yours isn't gonna fit in our shared cubby. So you'll just have to carry your backpack around all day.
THOMAS-BRADY: But… this isn't a good start to us being cubby buddies…
GLENN: I knew you'd understand. I definitely made a good choice when I picking you as my best friend. Excellent choice.
MRS. JUDY: All right class! Everyone sit down in your assigned seats. It's time for a math lesson! If Mrs. Judy has two ex husbands, one normal husband, and a boyfriend on the side, does that make Mrs. Judy a harlot?
GLENN: Um yes.
MEREDITH: No!
THOMAS-BRADY: Isn't this supposed to be math class?
MRS. JUDY: Mr. Brady!
THOMAS-BRADY: That's actually not my last name. My last name is Andrew. Thomas-Brady Andrew. Can we please stop calling me Mr. Brady?
MRS. JUDY: Mr. Thomas Andrew. Why are you wearing your backpack?
THOMAS-BRADY: You know, I asked myself the same question. Still
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