ONE GIANT LEAP

SCENE ONE

(MRS. APPLEBEE teaches her class, back turned to them as she instructs while writing on a blackboard at the front of the classroom.)

MRS. APPLEBEE: *(Writing on blackboard as she speaks)* Now, children, you add the two... and carry the one... and that's how you spell rainstorm!
PRINCIPAL RAMBO: *(Entering)* Mrs. Applebee, may I have a word with you?
MRS. APPLEBEE: Oh, certainly, Principal Rambo! (*APPLEBEE stands in place expectantly)*
PRINCIPAL RAMBO: ...in private?
MRS. APPLEBEE: Oh yes, sorry. Children, go play outside.
LIZZY: *(Chewing gum)* Score. C'mon, Melvin.
MELVIN: But- but Lizzy, it's not recess yet! Mrs. Applebee? What about LEARNING?
MRS. APPLEBEE: Melvin, learning's not important. *(She turns to PRINCIPAL RAMBO)* Now with what may I help you with?
PRINCIPAL RAMBO: Mrs. Applebee, it came to my attention that your 3rd Grade Class was still in need of a class play, so I took the liberty of writing one. *(Pulls out packet of papers)*
MRS. APPLEBEE: Um, sir, are you sure that that's a good idea after last year's play?
PRINCIPAL RAMBO: What do you mean? Last year's production of The Terminator brought down the house!
MRS. APPLEBEE: Yes Mr. Rambo, technically it did. The “fake” firearms you provided as props literally collapsed the roof of the auditorium. We're lucky only one person was injured!
PRINCIPAL RAMBO: Lucky? That was the night's biggest disappointment! Well, anyway, THIS play *(Holding it in offering to MRS. APPLEBEE)* is a guaranteed success.

SCENE TWO

(Twenty minutes or so have passed; the children have just returned to the classroom.)

MRS. APPLEBEE: I hope you enjoyed your recess, class! It's your last one for the day! Let's see... Michael? Scott?

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MICHAEL: Here!
SCOTT: Me too!
MICHAEL: Way to be original! Loser.
SCOTT: ...jerk.
MRS. APPLEBEE: Sophie?
SOPHIE: Um... here.
MRS. APPLEBEE: All right. Lizzy?
LIZZY: *(Chewing gum)* Yeah.
MRS. APPLEBEE: And... Melvin.
MELVIN: Present.
MRS. APPLEBEE: I have eyes, Melvin. So, class, who knows anything about the first moon landing? *(APPLEBEE notices MICHAEL'S raised hand)* Yes, Michael?
MICHAEL: It happened in 2019!
SCOTT: Michael, it's not 2019 yet.
MICHAEL: Yes it is!
SCOTT: No, it's not!
MICHAEL: *(More menacingly)* Uh-huh!
MELVIN: *(Mocking)* Well, when you put it that way, I see the logic you propose.
MRS. APPLEBEE: Michael! Scott! If you don't stop talking, I'm going to have to send you to The Office! *(APPLEBEE turns to write on board)* The first men to land on the moon landed in 1969. Does anyone know what their names were?
SOPHIE: Um, their names, um, were Lance Aldrin and Buzz Armstrong!
MRS. APPLEBEE: Oh, so close. No, Sophie, Lance *Armstrong* and Buzz *Lightyear*.
MELVIN: Actually, it's Buzz *Aldr-*
MRS. APPLEBEE: *(Interrupting MELVIN)* Melvin, what did I tell you about correcting the teacher?
MELVIN: Only correct the teacher when she's wrong. But-
MRS. APPLEBEE: *(Interrupting MELVIN again)* And what did I tell you about telling the teacher she's wrong?
MELVIN: Don't do it.
MRS. APPLEBEE: That's right. Now, class, *(Noticing)* Lizzy, are you chewing gum?
LIZZY: *(Swallows gum, chokes)* No *(Coughing),* of course not. Why would you *(Coughing repeatedly)* say that?
MRS. APPLEBEE: I'm sorry, it just looked like it from over here. I don't think I've had my vision checked since I hit that 1st grader in the parking lot-
LIZZY: Please *(Passing out)* someone help-
MELVIN: Mrs. Applebee, Lizzy's passing out!