

HERMAN: Are there any other teachers in the room? Hello! If you are a teacher, would you be so kind as to please come forward and take a bow? (*Herman waits for a moment, hears nothing, then walks up to Susan and puts the .45 against her head.*) Oink.

SUSAN: What?

HERMAN: Oink! Like in *Deliverance*. Squeal. (*She tries, but is crying too much.*) She started saying something like:

SUSAN: Jesus, please protect me. Jesus, please protect me. Jesus, please protect me. (*Herman looks at her with a kooky expression on his face, then starts to laugh.*)

HERMAN: Not today. (*We hear the gunshot. Susan freezes the moment before the bullet hits her.*) I shot her at an angle, so the bullet would go through her skull and blood would splatter all over Marsha.

LAX: Why did you want the blood to hit Marsha?

HERMAN: That bitch walked around those halls like she owned the place. And why? Because she was a nice-looking piece of ass? You think

that's gonna fly in the new order?!

LAX: What new order?

HERMAN: Like you don't know.

LAX: Don't know what?

HERMAN: Shit's going down, Lax. Being some sweet piece of ass or some hotshot reporter don't cut it anymore. It's the ones like me are going to run the show.

LAX: How you figure?

HERMAN: Do you know what the largest generation is? Mine. We have more than the baby boomers. So, you can believe me when I tell you we're going to do a hell of a lot more than "Rock the Vote." More and more kids are going to realize that this is the only way to make you assholes finally pay attention to us. And when they do, watch out. I made damn sure to kill more people than that wackjob Cho. You know why? Because you have to reset the precedent. When Harris and Klebold lit up Columbine, the nation freaked out. But people didn't freak out when that kid brought a gun into his school in Georgia, back in June '99. T.J.

Solomon was his name. You

know why people didn't freak out? 'Cause he only wounded six students. He didn't even kill anybody. People looked at that incident and all they said was "At least it's not as bad as Columbine." Not with me, Lax. I wasn't about to settle for some rinky-dink shit. Oh, no. I blew that dumb bitch's head off and made sure a little got on James Hankley as well. But I was never going to kill him. I wanted him to live, so he could write about the day in his precious paper. Marsha on the other hand, she didn't have a chance. *(Offstage we hear Ms. Cribb scream.)*

CRIBB: *(Offstage.)* Please, Herman! Stop!  
*(Herman swings around. We hear the gunshot and catch a terrifying glimpse of Cribb on the screens before she disappears.)*

HERMAN: I shot Cribb right in the mouth. Shut that bitch right up. Isn't she at the hospital or something?

LAX: Intensive care.

HERMAN: Have you seen her, Lax?

LAX: No, I haven't seen her.

HERMAN: But you heard something?

LAX: They had to amputate her jaw. What was left of it. She'll have to be fed intravenously.

HERMAN: Awesome! She deserved it.

LAX: Why?

HERMAN: That bitch gave me a C-minus in phys-ed. Can you believe that? A C-minus in fucking phys-ed? Unreal. Lax? Lax, you still with me?

LAX: *(Pause.)* Why don't we take a break? I need ... some coffee.

HERMAN: Whatever. *(Lax gets up and knocks on the door twice. The guard opens and he exits. The screen shows the POV of Lax's camera on Herman. Herman looks at the camera, loving every minute of it. He smiles, blows kisses, sticks his tongue out, etc. Lax stands outside the room.)*

LAX: My God. Not human.