

Millicent's Revenge
a one act play for three people

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Characters:

Millicent Parker: a scholastic home-body with a vendetta.

The Teacher: a wicked and perverted old bastard of a teacher with a sick fascination for taunting his students.

Caleb Alan Dim: the only other student in class, a dim-witted fop with a crooked tie and parted bowl cut who is never allowed a word, but gets the last edgewise.

Synopsis:

Millicent Parker is not the teacher's pet. In fact it seems that the teacher has something out for her, despite her inherent bookish and scholastic nature. When the teacher decides to flunk Millicent on the class final (accounting for 75% of the student's final grade) it sets in motion a series of events that completely derails her long studied career path. But, not to worry. The class in question is Chemistry. And, Millicent has been paying very close attention.

INT. DILAPIDATED CLASSROOM

We open on a sparse classroom with a single inspirational poster hanging in the background. An obviously intoxicated teacher paces back and forth behind his dilapidated, beaker and graduated cylinder covered desk which appears awkwardly behind the students', as if he could never subject himself to "teach" to their faces. He wrings his hands and strokes his beard fervently as his students sit emotionless, staring blankly ahead without a word.

The class consists of two students who await their masters cruel tutelage: 1.) the quickly matured and utterly disaffected, Millicent Parker, and 2.) the malaise countenance of the ever elsewhere mound known as Caleb Alan Dim (or CAD for short). Millicent is a subtly pretty, nondescript, brief case totting, young girl so obsessed with her future that she has completely forgotten about fashion altogether. Caleb however believes himself the class fashion-plate in his K-Mart style button up T and thrift store grandpa's tie that he unfortunately could never hope to properly fasten himself.

The teacher tensely clutches a role sheet. He clenches his lips and begins batting it against his forehead until he suddenly explodes into his poor abused scholars as if he means to strike them.

THE TEACHER

Caleb Alan Dim.

Caleb simply raises his hand and lowers his head.

THE TEACHER

You better not, Caleb. Don't you say a fucking word. Do not do it... Millicent Parker.

MILLICENT

Present.

THE TEACHER

And, what a gift you are, my dear.

(whispers)

These fucking kids are going to be the death of me. I'll tell you what.

The teacher walks behind them and finishes a flask plucked inconspicuously from his boot. The kids just sit silently knowing exactly what is happening behind them.

THE TEACHER

Now I know you freaking bozos have a hard time a'listenin and a'learnin, but let's go over this just one-last-time shall we? See there's this thing called the periodic table of elements and you two geniuses are supposed to know this shit like the back of my hand, alright? So, here's the long and the shorties, y'all. You two are just minutes away from flunking this class and you have me absolutely salivating, because here's the good news. I teach Chemistry year round and in summer school all the suits go on vacay and me and the students get to play nice and unsupervised like.

MILLICENT

Don't you mean to say, 'like the back of *your* hand'? And it's, 'the students and I', not, 'me and the students'. And, for the love of Moses, why in the wide world of sports do you conduct a role call for a class of two!

The noxious teacher sprints to her splintering table and inserts his presence much too far into her personal zone. He is obviously very inappropriately attracted to her, but no matter how close he gets, Millicent does not flinch. She is perfectly comfortable.

THE TEACHER

What was that Militant Millicent? What the hell kind of name is Millicent anyhow? Are you an anachronism from the nineteen-twenties? Are you the wicked witch from Sleeping Beauty or something?

MILLICENT

That's Maleficent.

The teacher comically jogs around the room in a circle as big as the stage with his arms held aloft and he comes to a halt in the face of strange Caleb.

THE TEACHER

Holy Bunsen burners, Caleb! It's speaking over there. You wait all year and it finally fucking speaks. And, what a sumptuous voice it does have, doesn't it? Maleficism, would you care to clarify to the rest of the class just what the hell the difference is?

MILLICENT

One is my name and the other is not. The former referenced - my given name - means 'strong work'. The latter, however, refers to personification of evil.

She breaks her thousand mile gaze and stares directly at him, to which he reviles and hides away behind Caleb as if Nosferatu in fear of her inner light. She delivers parting words as she resumes her original position.

MILLICENT

A fitting moniker for at least one immediate party. Now that's of a certainty.

The teacher emboldens himself and steps behind Caleb, holding forbiddingly over him like a canopy.

THE TEACHER

Well, I think we've ourselves a candidate for MENSA here, haven't we, Mr. Dim? This is really shaping up to be quite a fabulous last day of class for us and I just can't think of anything that could make it any grander, can you?

Caleb mutters through a thick foam accumulated around the corners of his mouth.

CALEB

What's a mensa?

The teacher reaches around and open hand slaps Caleb in the face and now an amount of blood trails down. He is fazed, but he is not surprised. Caleb rebounds quickly, so as not to get another. The teacher however retreats to his desk, knowing that he's gone too far and quickly losing control.

THE TEACHER

Fucking dammit, Caleb! Didn't I tell you not to talk? I told you not to talk, didn't I?

All at once, he's back in the game and the teacher begins to parade himself around the room again, educating as he goes, in a great booming voice.

THE TEACHER

Mr. Caleb Alan Dim, why is your voice the only voice that I can hear in this classroom? For the last time, CAD, please refrain from speaking throughout the entirety of the lecture or you will be remanded to the principal's office. And, you remember how long that takes to heal from that, now don't you, CAD?

The teacher walks eagerly back to his desk. Feeling that he set things rightly, he plops himself down in his creaking ergonomic chair and retrieves a bottle from his desk. He quickly peeks at a nudie magazine.

Caleb and Millicent sheepishly meet eyes as he caresses his bruised cheek and wipes the blood across his sleeve. She reaches out toward him for comfort and whispers small messages of consolation.

MILLICENT

Are you alright? You really shouldn't let him do that to you. You could get him fired really easily, you know?

CALEB

I've tried, but they never believe me. They tell me that he's one of their top, seasoned guys. They said he's got tenure.

The teacher catches wind of their exchange and speedily tears himself away from his misdeeds.

THE TEACHER

Now what is this? Just what the hell is this?

They both resume their original positions.

THE TEACHER

Is it budding love that be in the air? A battle flower and a bridge troll meet in the most unlikely of circumstances and an ungodly spray of pheromones commence. This is truly fucking disgusting! This is Chemistry people. Not weird science, alright?

MILLICENT

It was nothing. I was just comforting him, that's all. You don't need to worry. He's no competition for you.

The teacher gasps and sputters at the accusation. Again he rushes to her side and spits at her ear.

THE TEACHER

Do not flatter yourself, Milli-taint! There are no versions of this story that end in such a foul and flagrant violation, no manner of quantum flux that could freely undulate at that particular frequency!

He unexpectedly lowers his volume and whispers.

THE TEACHER

Only in your dreams am I with you. Only there are we finally...

(breathing heavily)

finally allowed to...

His lips quiver. He begins to break up and sputter. It's starting to look as though he's finally mustering the gumption to assault her. He begins to menacingly cover over her as a shroud. Millicent cleverly redirects by shouting.

MILLICENT

Yes, final! The final! That's what we're all here for, right? Seventy-five percent of our closing grade, isn't it? That's what the syllabus said. That's a pretty important test. Maybe we should get started on that.

The narcotic fog clears from the teacher and he again steps confused behind his desk to regroup and gather his papers. Millicent leans across the divide to Caleb.

MILLICENT

Look, I don't know about you, but I am starting to get pretty concerned with Rapey McGee over there. We've got to formulate a plan. What if this guy seriously goes off the deep end? What are you going to do about it?

CALEB

Uh, I don't know Milli. I'm just kind of trying to get through the day. It's just this one last class and I'm locked in for art school.

He gets a star eyed look and drifts off into a daydream of sheer delight while speaking.

CALEB

I'm going to be a photographer.

MILLICENT

Well, you ain't gonna be dick if you never exit this classroom. I'm serious, Caleb. This kind of thing happens all the time. Everyone in society gets lulled to sleep from behind a thin veneer of civility, but the truth of the matter is that we're all still just vicious animals. And, the most vicious of all are those in positions of power. It's no mistake that those poised to train us are the same that seek to oppress us.

They both look over at the teacher who is kicked back at his desk, falling asleep with a cigarette in his mouth, with a bright cleansing white light overhead. The smoke billows up as he begins to nod off with his nudie magazine spread out over his chest. As he fully falls asleep he chuckles to himself as if he were hearing a punch line.

THE TEACHER

Ah, huh-huh. Rectum.

Millicent leans back into Caleb.

MILLICENT

Do you understand what I'm telling you, Caleb? This man may not be fortified and calculating, but I NEED this and absolutely nothing can get in my way. Not even that boner wielding man-child of a beast back there. I've studied my ass off. I sacrificed boyfriends. I forbade my childhood. At eighteen years old I'm looking at nine more years of schooling before I can even intern, and then another three before I can legally practice. I've turned all others aside and followed a single straight and narrow pathway that is going to lead me to a bright and glistening future, Caleb. A future that could be summarily dismissed by this one man.

And, you listen to me now. If he tries? If he succeeds?
Well, then God be with him, because he's going to be the
one who is sorry.

Just then. From directly behind her.

THE TEACHER

Sorry about what?

Millicent straightens, but it's far too late.

THE TEACHER

No. No. Sorry about what? What would I have to be sorry
about? Sorry that I thought you could be something more?
Sorry that I gave you a chance? That I let you earn that
'A' on your mid-term? And, boy did you ever earn that 'A'.

*Caleb snaps to Millicent in a plea for innocence, but it's
not there and both students hide their eyes in shame.*

THE TEACHER

So, you see, Caleb. She's just like everyone else. There
are no good guys left. Just you, partner. You and you alone.

CALEB.

You're wrong and you know that.

*The teacher's eyes slam open and again he prances around
the room in surprise of his noncompliance.*

THE TEACHER

Oh, no you did not just speak to me. You went ahead and
done did it now, boy. Here comes the hurting.

*And, with that the teacher runs to Caleb and begins to wail
upon him. Blow after blow, Caleb's face begins to open up
and his crisp Kmart shirt acts the sponge. He is now a mass
of red. Millicent runs up from behind to protect, but her
attempt at brute strength is no match. The teacher turns
while raising his forearm up under her nose. She is lifted
from the ground and comes down hard. The blood too flows.
Red is abound. Millicent is momentarily knocked out and the
teacher hovers over her, leering longingly.*

From behind, Caleb rises awash in blood and puffing out his scrawny chest.

CALEB

Leave my girlfriend alone.

The teacher turns eerily on a pivot and they stand face to face. Caleb leans into the teacher, poking him in the chest while reiterating.

CALEB

I said leave her alone.

*Millicent suddenly comes to. Realizing that a passing grade will not be an option, Millicent begins to act. She grabs her brief case from under her desk and slams it down as the boys begin to tussle. Under her breath she recites to herself a formula while pouring and measuring with a quickness; from one beaker to the next, she pours. She rushes to the teacher, whirls him around and then...
SPLASH!*

The teacher writhes in pain and claws violently at his head. He falls to the ground and manically scoots himself in a circle in a fetal ball ala Curly Howard. Caleb kneels down next to him and speaks.

CALEB

I told you that you were wrong about her. She is good. She is kind. She's going to help people.

Millicent joins them in the dysfunctional huddle.

MILLICENT

So, I guess I'm not getting that 'A' now, huh hon'? Well, at least I proved something to you. That I was paying attention? That I can learn after all. See, it was you who taught me how to make that particular concoction. And, in some weird way I knew that you taught me for just this reason. So, this is my path now. And, this is become my bright and shimmering future. Perhaps a monster you've made? Or perhaps a monster you've freed.

Both students begin to walk away. Millicent packs her belongings as Caleb has one last word with his atrocious melting mess of a teacher.

CALEB

You deserved that you festering, impending rape of a man. He swiftly turns to Millicent with his arms held out and his eyelids blasted open as if to say, 'Pretty good, right?'

MILLICENT

Yeah, that's pretty good. Now come on, CAD. You and me are going to have to grab some shots. I'm going to need them if you're going to get laid tonight.

Caleb Jumps for joy and meets Millicent who fixes his tie. She throws her arms around him and they both walk off stage and the lights dim.

END