

LAMBS VERSUS ALIENS

Written by

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Criteria - Comedy. Classroom. Whiteboard. Referee.

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INT. FRESCO COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Waiting for the lesson to start, a class of bored KIDS (15 yrs) study their mobile phones rather than their books.

A SCRATCHING noise disturbs their peace as...

...the legs of a WHITEBOARD drag across a hard floor to the front of the class. In charge, MISS JENKINS, 25.

She's energetic, hopeful, and completely out of sync with these less than excited children. We'll call her Miss.

She draws a line down the middle of the whiteboard and labels one side 'For' and the other 'Against'.

All keen, she spins round to face the class.

MISS

Phones down. Now, today we're going to have a debate. Can anybody tell me how that works?

Silence. No one's interested.

MISS

Jenny, can you tell me?

JENNY

Umm, is it when people stubbornly cling to their narrow view whilst pretending to listen to others they really think are dickheads.

The class giggles, but remain focused on their screens.

MISS

Very funny. It's where we consider a question and work out whether we agree with it.

Miss points to the chalkboard. On it is written:

"IS MONEY THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?"

MISS

And today's question is--

JIMMY

--Miss, would you allow us to debate whether to have a debate?

MISS

Err...no.

JIMMY

You've burst my bubble.

JENNY

Better than one of your boils.

MISS

Enough! We will have a debate.

KEVIN

Isn't that gaslighting, Miss?

MISS

Pardon?

KEVIN

You say let's debate, and ask everyone to join in, but then you take it away. I feel powerless.

MISS

WE ARE GOING...to have a debate. And today's topic - is money the root of all evil? What do we think?

She waits for a reaction - nothing.

MISS

Kevin? You wanted to take part.

KEVIN

Err, don't we need money for everything, like buy food, meds?

MISS

Well, yes.

KEVIN

So, without it we'd starve, or have a painful, lingering death.

MISS

Umm...well, I...

KEVIN

Therefore it's evil *not* to have it.

MISS

(flustered)
Anybody else?

No one responds, no one cares. Around her neck she lifts up a whistle, blows it hard. The Kids jump.

MISS

Now, any guesses why I'm pretending to be a referee?

PETER

It's Friday night?

MISS

What do you mean?

PETER

Well, at my Uncle's, lots of adults dress up on Friday nights with stuff around their necks? Most in tight leather. Some are teachers.

MISS

Err...they do?

SARAH

Yeah, my Mom has a secret box of clothes for that. Well, they're more like shoelaces than clothes.

PETER

MILF alert.

The kids laugh.

MISS

Quiet! I'm a referee because in a debate the same point can apply to both sides. I help us decide which side it fits best.

STEVEN

That sounds very flaky, Miss?

MISS

Flaky?

STEVEN

Yeah, you know, never really committing. Like saying you're for owning guns, and also against them.

MISS

Ok, good example, and on that one, I would be against guns.

STEVEN

What if your boyfriend loved guns?

MISS

Oh...

PHILIP

And what if the gun's not loaded?

STEVEN

Hey fugly, it could still have a bayonet. Useful to stab you with.

PHILIP

You couldn't stab a sausage.

STEVEN

Well your pitted face makes me want to shoot--

JENNY

--your load?

The class laughs as Steven flips Jenny 'the bird'.

Miss blows the whistle...HARD.

JENNY

Who invited the Karen?

MISS

(stoically carrying on)
Is money the root of all evil?

No response. Miss shakes her head - what to do?

PUFF...on Miss' shoulder appears a small **DEVIL**, all in Red, and on the other shoulder a small **SAINT**, all in white.

Miss' eyes scan from one side to another as they talk.

DEVIL

Hey cutie, you've money, a phone, wifi, let's go...SHOPPING.

SAINT

Nay, don't be corrupted my child, the little children need you.

DEVIL

Little! They leak hormones. I say, sod the freaks, buy the freakin' dress. Or there's always bingo?

SAINT

Remember your vows! Children are like clay, ready to be moulded.

DEVIL
They're the spawn of an alien
species.

Saint drops to his knees, begging her.

SAINT
Listen not, protect your lambs--

DEVIL
Suck this lamby.

Devil pushes Saint off the shoulder. In *slow motion* he falls back with flailing arms, like Hans Gruber in Die Hard.

SAINT
(whilst falling)
Beware the dark...side.

Miss snaps to, shuffles back to her desk and sits down.

MISS
(under her breath)
What next?

She lifts up her own phone.

DEVIL (V.O.)
It's Bingo time!

She slams her phone face down, but her gaze lingers on the device. Her eyes widen.

She jumps up, goes to the chalkboard and rewrites the title. Fired up, she blows the whistle.

MISS
CLASS!

She grabs a tray and passes it to the nearest child.

MISS
All phones in this, pass it round.
Now! And none are returned until we
consider our new topic.

She points to the chalkboard:

"ARE MOBILE PHONES EVIL?"

The Kids erupt in debate.

Miss smiles.