

## RS#3 Dewey & Rosalie

In her anxiety she drops her arms,  
and the girl seizes the moment to  
run away. Rosalie is a figure of  
terror at Horace Green. Dewey  
enters.

**Start** →

ROSALIE (CONT'D)  
Deliveries are out back.

DEWEY  
No, Hi. I'm Ned Schneebly. The  
substitute?

ROSALIE  
You're very late Mr Schneebly...  
never mind, you're here now.  
Principal Rosalie Mullins, we spoke  
on the phone.

DEWEY  
Sure. First things first: is there  
any chance of being paid up front?

ROSALIE  
What?

DEWEY  
It'd be really great if I could be  
paid now. In cash.

ROSALIE  
We don't do that.

DEWEY  
If you say so, but no checks made  
out to Ned Schneebly, OK?  
Everything made out to Cash. Tax  
purposes.

ROSALIE  
You can discuss that with Candace  
in administration at the end of the  
day.

Dewey raises his hand.

ROSALIE (CONT'D)  
Mr Schneebly.

DEWEY  
When is the end of the day?

ROSALIE

The school hours are from eight  
forty five to three.

DEWEY

Can I cut out a little early? I had  
a few last night and my head is  
like pounding. That's if you don't  
mind.

ROSALIE

I mind.

DEWEY

Cool.

ROSALIE

Mr Schneebly, perhaps you're not  
familiar with this kind of  
institution. Let me explain  
something to you.

End

She begins to walk Dewey through  
the halls of Horace Green to his  
classroom. As they travel, they  
are greeted by orderly and  
obedient faculty members at every  
turn.

**5. HERE AT HORACE GREEN**

ROSALIE (CONT'D)

HERE AT HORACE GREEN  
OUR NAME HAS COME TO MEAN  
PURE EXCELLENCE,  
IN EV'RY SENSE,  
WHICH WE COMMANDEER  
FOR QUITE A LOFTY YEARLY FEE.

WHEN THEY WRITE THOSE CHECKS,  
EACH PARENT HERE EXPECTS  
THEIR CHILD TO EARN  
A HIGH RETURN.  
AND BECAUSE THEY DO,  
THE PRESSURE'S ON FOR YOU AND ME.

HERE AT HORACE GREEN,  
WE RULE THE RANKINGS,  
LEAD IN FUNDING,  
TEST RIGHT OFF THE CHART.  
GREATNESS IS ROUTINE.  
THE BOARD DEMANDS IT.  
OR WE WILL BOTH  
BE RIPPED APART.