

*“Schooling II”*

A One-Act Drama

By

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## CAST

Beauman	Communications teacher, 30's
Rashawn	Basketball player, high school junior
LeRon	Rashawn's cousin, high school senior
Maxwell	Basketball coach, 40's
Intercom Voice	School attendance clerk
Voices	Teen boys cruising the park for illegal liquor

## SETTING

Time: May

Place: a Southern city

## Synopsis

Caught between his teacher, coach and cousin, an African-American teenager struggles for success beyond the basketball court and the hood.

Scene 1

*(May afternoon, an urban high school's classroom. Rashawn sits at a desk, earplug in, playing a computer game on his calculator. Mr. Beauman, communications teacher, looks up from a stack of papers on his desk.)*

BEAUMAN

Rashawn.

*(Louder.)*

Cut the game!

*(Rashawn looks up as Beauman stands.)*

Cut it off.

RASHAWN

I'm bustin' a record.

BEAUMAN

What about next season's basketball stats?

*(Holding out his hand.)*

RASHAWN

I got the power, Mr. B.

BEAUMAN

To pass or fail.

RASHAWN

*(Removing earplug but holding calculator.)*

Aw, you frontin' with me. Sophomores 'n Juniors got assembly; Seniors out for good. Ain't nobody in class.

BEAUMAN

Except you. Coach agreed: make up your work.

RASHAWN

Just a speech outline.

BEAUMAN

Finished, then?

*(He goes to take the calculator, but Rashawn puts it up.)*

RASHAWN

Why I got to put on paper what I already said?

BEAUMAN

That's backwards. Outlining makes your mind put the points in order before speaking. Like practicing the right offense before a game. Should you make the same court moves in the same sequence every time you play?

RASHAWN

*(With a laugh.)*

That'd be stupid.

*(Connecting the dots.)*

Hey, I didn't look stupid. This my best class, next to athletics.

BEAUMAN

Very confident with the audience.

RASHAWN

I'm sayin'.

BEAUMAN

But your thoughts were jumbled, hurting the speech grade. And you lost homework points. Shoot for those, while you can.

RASHAWN

You gave me A for poetry interp.

BEAUMAN

You earned an A.

RASHAWN

I never done that before.

BEAUMAN

Congratulations.

RASHAWN

After playin' NBA—

BEAUMAN

Whoa! Finish high school first, man.

RASHAWN

Just turned eighteen, Mr. B. Scouts already talkin.'

BEAUMAN

Coach advises you to go on up?

RASHAWN  
Naw, ‘cause of the championship, see.

BEAUMAN  
Well, a diploma’s good. So, after the NBA, what then?

RASHAWN  
Make sportscaster. You think I can?

BEAUMAN  
Sure. Keep after it.

RASHAWN  
Hah! Use the outline.

BEAUMAN  
Memorizing someone else’s words isn’t like writing your own.

RASHAWN  
Build my brain?

BEAUMAN  
Absolutely. Coach films games and makes you watch?

RASHAWN  
Yeah.

BEAUMAN  
How’s that help?

RASHAWN  
See mistakes, win next time.

BEAUMAN  
So, an outline shows your “word strategy,” before you “play” the speech. Check points, fix mistakes, practice and you win over the audience.

RASHAWN  
Game plan.

BEAUMAN  
Slam dunk analogy.

RASHAWN  
Analogy. Oh, got it.

BEAUMAN

Sports announcers make up analogies and organize their remarks. Check it out when you're watching ESPN.

RASHAWN

*(Shuffling his papers.)*

I can learn that.

BEAUMAN

Look Rashawn, pass this nine weeks, like you did third quarter. Then if you fail the final—

RASHAWN

That cold, Mr. B. Thought you had my back.

BEAUMAN

Can't teach a whiner.

*(Leaning over Rashawn's shoulder to see his paper.)*

Show me what you've done.

RASHAWN

A'ight.

BEAUMAN

Title: "Basketball."

RASHAWN

Yeah!

BEAUMAN

Hhhmmmm.

*(Scanning the paper.)*

You need more than an introduction.

RASHAWN

What? I tell 'em why I love b-ball, drawin' 'em in, like we suppose to.

BEAUMAN

Yes, but what do you want the audience to know, or to believe, besides that you like basketball?

Will you give them the history?

RASHAWN

Why?

BEAUMAN

Or tell them about the sport—make them better team fans?

RASHAWN

Yeah, tight!

BEAUMAN

Rashawn, listen up: it's key to the assignment. Your thesis is: knowing about a sport makes you a better fan.

RASHAWN

Got it. Got it.

BEAUMAN

Now, write three main things we should know about an important aspect of basketball, like the game strategies or—

RASHAWN

Player skills.

BEAUMAN

O.K. And one more. Then, under each main point, write a couple of supporting pieces of information: definitions or facts or descriptions or examples.

RASHAWN

Detail it for 'em.

BEAUMAN

Yep, and if you detailed my car you wouldn't wash one wheel and then polish a headlight, or use the tire scrub brush to wipe the rearview mirror.

RASHAWN

Yo, I'm boss. I can toss: my words—they won't be lost!

BEAUMAN

Remember our whole deal. You also failed the last three quizzes.

RASHAWN

You said I makin' 'em up.

BEAUMAN

Why miss our appointment at lunch yesterday to re-take the first one?

RASHAWN

Uh, personal business, see. Kinda a job, uh, makin' contacts.

BEAUMAN

These contacts help bring up failing grades?

Naw. RASHAWN

Make them wait. BEAUMAN

How 'bout tomorrow? RASHAWN

Done. Same quiz. BEAUMAN

*(Rashawn glances out the door.)*

You listening? BEAUMAN (Cont'd)

*(Rashawn looks to the hall again, chuckles and waves a sign.)*

Who's out there? BEAUMAN (Cont'd)

Uh-oh! The player Ron Don. RASHAWN

LeRon Jones? He's not allowed on campus. BEAUMAN

*(Beauman gets up and looks out door.)*

LeRon Dontelle Jones. My cousin, don't you know. He checkin' me out early to see the doctor. RASHAWN

What? BEAUMAN

For my knee. Popped on me at state tournament. I still got pain up in there. RASHAWN

After that last suspension, LeRon knows better than to wander down here. BEAUMAN

*(Rashawn gets up, gathering books.)*

No, wait. A monitor will get you. BEAUMAN (Cont'd)



*(Intercom buzzes.)*

INTERCOM VOICE

Mr. Beauman, please send Rashawn to Attendance.

BEAUMAN

All right.

RASHAWN

Chill, Mr. B. See, I just got a ride to the doctor.

BEAUMAN

Do that work.

*(Pantomiming a basketball shot.)*

Swish!

RASHAWN

Later.

*(He exits. Beauman steps out into the hall to speak.)*

BEAUMAN

And don't forget: lunch tomorrow. Mr. Broadcaster!

*(Blackout.)*

## Scene 2

*(Rashawn rides shotgun in LeRon's car. Rap music plays.)*

LeRON

'S muthafuckin' hot! Mmmmm. Summer. We goin' be 'bout it, man!

RASHAWN

Your sorry ass be out of school, dude. Mine ain't.

LeRON

Let it slide. Don't nothin' happen last two weeks anyways.

RASHAWN

You walkin' Tuesday night?

LeRON

Can't nobody fuckin' stop me.

RASHAWN

Damn! You pass geometry?

LeRON

Over to Crockett, I covered all fuckin' angles, man. Teacher ain't no bitch like Mrs. "Honky Butt" Holloway. Ho' worked wit me real well.

*(LeRon sees a pal driving and signals him to pull up for a meeting.)*

LeRON (Cont'd)

Yo, Marcus! Jay G's the place, dawg.

RASHAWN

Dude, drop me at the clinic.

LeRON

Ain't trippin', just gettin' tight with the plan.

RASHAWN

Go on, or I be waitin' all day for the doc.

LeRON

It's cool. Hey, make the run wit me again tonight. We hookin' up some b-ball preppies from Crockett wit forties. I cut you in.

RASHAWN

Naw. Later, Cuz.

LeRON

Shit! Get some laughs and some fuckin' bucks, like last night wit those dudes you brought.

RASHAWN

Got school crap.

LeRON

Which bitch fuckin' wit my Rock-Rock? I manage the situation.

RASHAWN

Naw, naw. Mr. Beaman's givin' me a chance to—

LeRON

Beaman the Beauty! Too sweet.

RASHAWN

Say what?

LeRON

Park be Beauman territory, “G.” He ridin’ a bicycle down them trails most ev’ry night. All up in them woods. Tight ass shiny pants and slipper shoes.

RASHAWN

You wrong for that. Mr. Beauman a triathlete. Most coaches ain’t fit like him.

LeRON

You a suck-up fan of his, huh?

RASHAWN

Shut up, Cuz. Don’t want him seein’ me sellin’ booze to dudes runnin’ ‘round the park in they white caps.

LeRON

Think he notice? Not ‘less you kickin’ it wit them fags.

RASHAWN

Shut the fuck up!

LeRON

Man, I’m your dawg. All’s I’m sayin’ is Mr. Booty don’t be workin’ after hours. Why you?

RASHAWN

Put that shit in check.

LeRON

I’m a help you get ahead in the world. Check this out: Maybe I ain’t seen Mr. Booty trollin’ the can, but say we caught him involved in a little, you know, freaky after school “tutoring?”

RASHAWN

You smokin’ crack Ron-Don!

LeRON

Trade it for hot points! Nothin’ but net.

RASHAWN

You don’t know jack. I got speakin’ talent—Mr. B. helpin’ me learn the ropes—be a sportscaster, after the NBA.

LeRON

So, in two fuckin’ weeks he gonna make you Charles Barkley? Get real.

RASHAWN

I want real jobs dude.

LeRON

The dream of ev'ry dawg with no sense. How many dudes win the lottery?

RASHAWN

Don't know.

LeRON

'Cause they not around. Ain't I always had your back, Cuz?

RASHAWN

Mos' times. Let it slide.

LeRON

What up wit that?

RASHAWN

You got trouble on a string, dude—jerk it anytime for excitement. Recruiters tell me leave it 'lone.

LeRON

Ah, you just blowin' smoke, Cuz. You ain't goin' anywhere soon.

*(They hear a horn honk and stop.)*

RASHAWN

Forget it. Tell Marcus your so-called plan.

*(Rubbing his knee.)*

Then get me to the doctor.

*(Blackout.)*

### Scene 3

*(The next day, Beauman's room. Noisy halls indicate lunch period. Rashawn approaches Beauman after others have left class.)*

RASHAWN

Yo, Mr. B.

*(Handing the outline assignment to Beauman.)*

RASHAWN (Cont'd)

My outline, points in order.

BEAUMAN

Good.

*(Putting it down, he picks up the test. Coach Maxwell enters the room.)*

BEAUMAN (Cont'd)

Ready for the quiz?

RASHAWN

*(Quickly sitting at a desk.)*

Uh, yes, sir.

MAXWELL

Rashawn got a test problem, too?

BEAUMAN

Hi, Coach. He turned in the speech outline today, but, yes: he failed three quizzes.

MAXWELL

I recollect the interim report was fine.

BEAUMAN

Right. He was pulling a "C." But he let go, slipped into the ditch.

MAXWELL

*(To Rashawn.)*

I got your attention, son?

RASHAWN

Yes, sir.

MAXWELL

Take care of your work.

RASHAWN

Yes, sir.

MAXWELL

I'll see a new interim Friday.

RASHAWN

Yes, sir.