

## BEHIND THE BLEACHERS

*By Sarah Maloney*

[Monologue]

It's my theory, that teachers become teachers for two main reasons:

1. They actually think they are helping kids to learn and grow as people and all that stuff.

And then there's

2. Because they want to get back at humanity, because they had such a crappy childhood that they want to make everybody miserable.

I think, at least in Mr. J's case, it's the second.

(Stand)

Ya know it's like you can just tell from the moment you meet him there's something you don't like about him, and there's something he doesn't like about you.

It's not really the way he shakes your hand, like you've got some rare and contagious fungus. Or even how he talks, like you're just not there. It's the way he looks at you like you've got some disorder or there's just, just something wrong with you.

It's like because he's a 12th grade social studies teacher I could never be his equal. Seriously that's what he thinks, and if all that weren't enough, I mean he just had to be our social studies teacher. There's no reading out loud in math or P.E.

But the P.E. teacher already thinks she's one of those teachers who actually thinks she's helping kids.

Personally I have no idea how being able to do 17 crunches is going to help me in life. But whatever.

Mr. J, see, he usually starts in the front of the class when he makes us read out loud. Which didn't used to be a problem because I sat in the back, to the left side. He always starts on the right, and by the time it was my turn, class would be over and I'd be in the bathroom, or waiting in the principal's office.

But now that we've switched seats and he's got me sitting, like up front and center.

It poses a problem.

A problem I'm not sure I know the answer to, I mean I can't skip class and sit under the school's bleachers forever. I don't know.

(Sit)

School's just always been hard, well not always hard. It's just never been easy, not for me, not like it is for some people.

(Lean forward)

I just hate it.

I hate everything about it.

I hate the food.

I hate the smell.

But you know what I hate most of all, other than Mr. J, is the way I just can't get anything right.

It's like school just won't let me.

Ya know, it's funny though, 'cause I used to love school.

Well I mean I liked it,

Well at least I paid attention,

most of the time.

But, it's like my teachers stopped trying, they stopped helping.

I mean, I know I acted tough but really, I wanted the help.

I don't know.

It doesn't matter.

I'm not going back.

(Stand)

Mr. J probably won't let me back in there anyway.

He'd probably yell at me.

Hell, he probably doesn't know I'm gone.

No one cares, but whatever.

I'm not trying to sound like some Sally-sob-story here.

It's my choice.

(Walk off)