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Ett försök till att skriva en kort 3 aktig pjäs. (Tror det här kallas en 3 aktig pjäs iallafall) /William

Organic - A Class

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Akt I

It's some day in the middle of the week. Wilbur, a newly educated Teacher is driving his first class in school. The Pupils are in the age between 16-18...

Wilbur: Organic. Mortality. Life. Immortality. Our Body...

Wilbur: The other day—Thursday. No—Wednesday. I felt incredibly pathetically Organic. Does anyone have a guess on why—what made me feel Organic?

Pupil: You're a teacher?

(The class laughs)

Wilbur: No, not that, but indeed a clever thought. Anyone else? Yes, you in the back. (Wilbur points towards a pupil in the back, wearing glasses and a t-shirt)

Martin: Martin. You're— because you're a human being?

Wilbur: Interesting. Does anyone else have any thought about—what made me feel organic? Yes?

Lisa: Hi—Lisa, uh—A Cold?

Wilbur (looks at his leg while speaking, shoving it around in the air a bit):

Close! I had a limp. From earlier this week. I could not walk, at all, using my right leg. The reason is not important—

Pupil (coughs): I—Sir, I think the reason is indeed important.

(The class laughs softly)

Wilbur (Scratching his Neck uncomfortably): Well—I lead a different class in kinder garden, which is about animals—This-But, it's not important! Clean those smiles off your faces because we're going into a serious area now—N-N—Not that I mean that as an insult-

(The class laugh again. Wilbur scratches his neck and giggle uncomfortably)

Wilbur (sits on the front desk) :

To feel Organic. To feel, M-Mortal—Mortality. Is something that we go through all the time, thought we may not think about it, we do certainly go through it—In the back of our head--Heads.

Wilbur: I felt like an injured animal. A weak character. Who could easily be targeted for; Assaults, robbery—

Pupil (yells): Rape!

(The class laugh out loud, interrupting Wilbur. Who keeps talking)

Wilbur: M-m-Maybe even that. Al though I find that unlikely.

Wilbur (looks around in the classroom): Has anybody—Does anyone—is there someone who can relate?

Wilbur (Looks around once again, moving his right hand towards his neck, though stopping in mid-air): No?

Pupil (Yells out): Doesn't look like it!

Wilbur (Picks up his suitcase, his coat and his hat): Ok that ends the lesson for today. I hope you all learnt something and that this will—I-Inspire you in the near future. Thank you.

(The pupils look at each other confused, some making weird faces towards Wilbur and some ask out loud what is going on, some laughing)

(Meanwhile Wilbur has exited the classroom)

Pupil: What was his name? He, I—He didn't even introduce himself? Did he?

Lisa: I don't think he did—no.

(Wilbur squeezes his head through the classrooms door)

Wilbur: Ah yes. I forgot to introduce my self.

(The pupils look over towards Wilbur)

Wilbur: But we'll take that some time later. (Wilbur shuts the door)

II

(After leaving the classroom Wilbur had made his way to the teachers lounge.

Wilbur enters

Three Other teachers are having coffee; they look up on Wilbur, surprised)

Mia (Puts her cup down on the coffee table): Wilbur— isn't your class—it finishes in 30 minutes doesn't it?

Wilbur (Dropping his suitcase nervously, resulting in a loud noise):

I—S-sorry. Does it? I thought it was only a-a-a-a prologue of some sort? N-no?

Mia: No, no. What's wrong? Y-you look-- uh, are-are you okay? You look a bit pale.

Wilbur: I'm fine—I'm fine. The class was fine. They seemed to-to-to enjoy it actually. Uh, the buggers!

(Laughing uncomfortably, sort of jumping on his toes).

(One of the other teachers. From Sweden, called Sven rises up from his seat. And approach Wilbur with long heavy steps)

Sven (Looks with cirtiscm at Wilbur):

You hold back—something, you hold it back.

Wilbur (Almost Taking a few steps back): What? I—I-I-I'm sorry, Sven. I don't f-follow, quite accurately.

Sven: You look too concerned to be telling the truth about this.

Wilbur: Coffee? I smell coffee, Jesus, I need some coffee.

(Both Mia and Sven look at Wilbur.

Wilbur wipes his forehead while sort of walk-running for a cup of coffee.)

Mia (Walking towards Wilbur who's filling his cup in the kitchen): Wilbur? Are you sure you're okay? I'm sure I sense—you seem troubled.

Wilbur: Me? I'm a fighter baby, I fall down, and I get back up. (Wilbur drinks his coffee cup in one go, then sighs heavily)

(Wilbur sits down. Mia does the same)

Wilbur: I—I'm not a good teacher.

Mia: Oh no, Why not? What—

Wilbur: I just can't see why I even try—

Mia: What's wrong?

Wilbur: I wanted to inspire, to make them think. But I'm just too nervous.

Mia: Everybody is nervous the first few lessons.

Wilbur: They laughed at me!

(Sven walks in, having overheard the conversation)

Sven: Only laugh? They spit at me—

Wilbur: Really? They did that—

Sven: Yes. Do your job and keep out any feelings. They don't deserve your passion or sympathy. They are ungrateful, all of them-- Spoiled Brats.

Wilbur: But that's—I mean, that's not the sort of teacher I'm not sure I'd want to be.

Sven: Well it's either that or some--some--some—I don't know what.

(Wilbur looks to Mia)

Wilbur: What about you Mia?

Mia: I don't know—

Sven: You don't know much do you. (Sighs) I'll see you two later, Time to face the evil.

(Sven exits the teachers lounge)

Mia: I'm just not sure how to act. But after some time, you gain confidence and in time the pupils will gain some sort of respect for you.

Wilbur (Sighs): I hope you're right. Well I guess I better go back now and prepare for my last 30 minutes. Thanks—

Mia: Don't worry about it. Good Luck.

III

(Wilbur enters the classroom.

It's still empty, the pupils have yet to come back from their break.

He puts down his suitcase, puts his hat on the desk, and brings fourth some papers)

(Wilbur walks carefully in front of the front desk)

Wilbur: We talked about, organic. And let me tell you that, Humans are not organic, or are we? Are we Mechanic? I hope you will think about this on your own.

Wilbur: Do we shape our own destiny? If so, does that make us organic? But we don't shape our own destiny do we? We can only influence it.

Wilbur: We can only be human.

Only with great insight can we understand how we're organic—only with great lack of insight can we understand that we're organic—with great insight can we understand that society, our world, is mechanic. Humanity is symbolic.

What does this teach us?

(Wilbur picks up his pack and exits the classroom.

He shuts the classroom door after him)

(He walks through the hallway of the school on his way to the schools main entrance. Meeting all the pupils, on their way to their classes)

(Mia comes out from the teachers lounge)

Mia (Shrugs): Wilbur!? Where are you going? You're class is about to begin!

Wilbur: It's okay Mia. Good Luck with your teaching.

Mia: What? Wilbur, I don't follow.

Wilbur (Wilbur waves as he walks out through the schools main entrance): I was every pupil in there. And the teacher I needed was me. Now I fulfilled my purpose and fed my hunger. I've got no more reason to stay, no more reason to teach, no more reason to learn-- Goodbye Mia.

The schools entrances doors shut behind Wilbur. Wilbur fades away.

The End.

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