

**SCHWARZY**

Doesn't anybody else here care about the rules!?

*(BARFEE and PANCH both raise their hands.)*

This bee is about as [well-organized as]

*(and seeing an opportunity she goes to the microphone and makes a political speech. The speech is re-written at least weekly, a topical ad-lib.)*

*For example: This bee is as archaic as...the conclave process. You know, I've been reading about our new pope, Pope Benedict; and as a progressive, half Jewish biracial child of two gay fathers, I don't believe this pope has my best interest in mind.)*

See **APPENDIX #3: Schwarzy Ad-Libs** on page 94 for more examples

**PANCH**

Does anyone mind if we get back to spelling?

**SCHWARZY**

I've been waiting for my word.

**PANCH**

I gave you a word.

**SCHWARZY**

No you didn't.

**PANCH**

Didn't I give her a—

**KIDS, RONA, MITCH**

No—

**PANCH**

My apologies. SLUICE.

*(To increasingly ominous underscoring...)*

**SCHWARZY**

May I have a definition?

**PANCH**

It's an artificial passage for water with a valve or gate for stopping and regulating flow.

**SCHWARZY**

And are there any alternate definitions?

**PANCH**

Yes—a channel to drain or carry off surplus water.

**SCHWARZY**

Hm. Are there any alternate definitions?

**PANCH**

Yes—it's a body of water pent up behind a floodgate.

**SCHWARZY**

Are there any alternate definitions?

**PANCH**

Why don't you quit stalling and spell the damn word!!

**RONA**

Principal Panch!

**PANCH**

Vice Principal Panch! Vice Principal! They won't let me be principal.

**BARFEE**

Gee, I wonder why.

**SCHWARZY**

*(very upset, over the rest)*

SLUICE. S-L-U-I-C-E. SLUICE!

**RONA**

That is correct.

*(to Panch)*

What is wrong with you?

*(Ad-libs as MITCH pulls PANCH offstage with RONA assisting him.)*

*[different productions have handled this differently – in one Panch collapses and is pulled offstage, in another Panch continues fit and has to be subdued, or Panch approaches Mitch to get him to do something and Mitch pulls Panch off in headlock]*

*CARL DAD comes on stage from in the audience as OLIVE goes to comfort SCHWARZY. CARL DAD shoos OLIVE away.)*

**CARL DAD**

Thanks Sweetie, I'll take it from here. Can we have a little privacy please? Breathe, Logainne. You're okay, buck up.

*(as he pours a can of coke on the floor)*

Oh that's no good.

*(aside to Schwarzy)*

No, no, let that dry.