



Clint Snyder

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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World's Best Teacher
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*To Dr. Sandra Hardy,
the world's best teacher
and a friend.*

World's Best Teacher

COMEDY. It's the first day of school and rumor has it that the new teacher from Russia, Ms. Porschtov, is a real pushover. But when Ms. Porschtov arrives, the students quickly meet her assistant, Comrade Vladimir, a medieval club to "keep moron children from being moron." Instead of learning her students' names, Ms. Porschtov gives them new names like "Tricky Witch," "Clown Girl," "Mr. Smarty-Arty Pants," and "Stupid Bird." Ms. Porschtov announces that there will be "no more dancy music, no more sugar sweets, and none of these tel-e-phones" for her stoopid American students. After a Russian history lesson in which they learn that Stalin never existed and that Russia is the best country in the world because its women are "strong like ox," Ms. Porschtov "rewards" the students with a game of Soviet Show and Tell!

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

Characters

(2 M, 4 F, opt. extras)

MS. PORSCHTOV: New Russian teacher; has a tight bun and wears puritanical dress clothes; carries a briefcase and a medieval-looking club; speaks with a thick Russian accent.

MORGAN: Teacher's pet who Ms. Porschtov calls "Tricky Witch"; has pigtails; female.

PHIL: Student who likes to draw pictures in class and is known as "Tiny Baby"; male.

CRYSTAL: Student whose mother has died and Ms. Porschtov refers to as "Stupid Bird"; female.

JESSIE: Student who desperately needs a pen; female.

GEORGE: Student who Ms. Porschtov has named "Mr. Smarty-Arty Pants"; male.

JANICE: Student who likes to put on makeup in class and is known as "Clown Girl"; female.

EXTRAS (opt.): As additional Students.

Setting

A typical classroom, the first day of school.

Set

Classroom. There is a teacher's desk, a chalkboard, and a trashcan. A large world map is hung on the wall. There are six student desks.

Props

Paper planes	Tiny potted cactus
Gum	Pens
Cell phones	Pencils
Candy	Paper
Stack of paper	Eyeglasses, for Ms.
Medieval-looking club	Porschtov
Briefcase	Lunchbox
Red apple	Marker
Lipstick	Chalk
World map	Eraser

Sound Effects

Samba music or another type of dance music

School bell

"I am Ms. Porschtov.
And for the next nine months
of your pathetic lives,
there is only one thing
you need to know about me...
I don't like you."

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(AT RISE: A typical classroom on the first day of school. The Students are severely misbehaving and there is a general feeling of chaos: Paper planes are being thrown, gum is being stuck to the bottoms of desks, and cell phones are out. Students are chasing each other and eating candy. Disgusted, Morgan, a teacher's pet, is watching everyone and writing down everything they do. Phil notices this. Phil comes up behind Morgan and yanks on both of her pigtails.)

MORGAN: *(Screams.)* Owwwwwww! *(Several Students laugh. To Phil.)* You idiot! You're getting in trouble for this! All of you! As soon as Ms. Perkins gets here, I'm telling on everyone. I've been writing down everything all of you've done. *(Holds up a stack of paper.)*

PHIL: Have you?

MORGAN: *(Proudly.)* Yes, as a matter of fact, it's all here. I made a list.

PHIL: Hmmmmmm...funny... *(Snatches papers from her.)* I don't see any list. All I see is a pile of paper scraps on the floor. *(Starts ripping up the papers.)*

MORGAN: Stop it!

PHIL: *(Mocking.)* Stop it!

MORGAN: *(Vengeful.)* I'm writing this down, too!

PHIL: *(Mocking.)* On what? Your list?

(Other Students laugh.)

MORGAN: I don't even need that list. I have one in my head. I can remember everything that all of you have done, and you're all going to pay for it.

PHIL: Even if you do tell her, she's not going to care. I talked to a bunch of people that had her last year. She's a... *(Shoves Morgan slightly.)* ...pushover.

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MORGAN: Fine, dig your own grave. *(Sits back in her chair.)*
See if I care.

PHIL: Hey, everyone! Morgan just told me we should have a dance party around her desk!

(Students excitedly cheer except Morgan.)

MORGAN: No! That's not what I said!

CRYSTAL: *(Shouts.)* Yeah! I just got a new [samba] song on my phone. *[Or insert another type of dance music.]* I downloaded it before class. *(Turns on the music and Students dance. Puts her phone on the teacher's desk and joins the dance party. Ms. Porschtov enters the classroom unnoticed by the Students. She wears a tight bun and puritanical dress clothes. She is carrying a briefcase and a medieval-looking club. She walks over to the cell phone and turns it off. She has a very thick Russian accent.)* Hey! *(Still lighthearted.)* Who turned off the music?

(Ms. Porschtov slams her club on the desk.)

MS. PORSCHTOV: *(To Students, shouts.)* Stop this nonsense! *(Students go silent, turn toward her, and stop dead in their tracks. Shouts.)* Seats, now! *(Terrified, Students rush to their seats. Morgan looks pleased.)* I am the one who turned off little dancing songs.

PHIL: Who are you?

JESSIE: *(To Ms. Porschtov.)* Where's Mrs. Perkins?

MS. PORSCHTOV: I don't know any... *(Butchers pronunciation.)* ...Misus Purkeeens.

JESSIE: *(Sheepishly.)* She's...our teacher.

MS. PORSCHTOV: I am your teacher. I am Ms. Porschtov. *(Writes her name on the chalkboard.)* And for the next nine months of your pathetic lives, there is only one thing you need know about me...I don't like you. *(Pause. Jessie starts crying softly.)* There will be no more dancy music, no more

sugar sweets, none of these... (*Looks confused at the phone she just turned off.*) ...tel-e-phones.

CRYSTAL: (*Sheepishly.*) Could...could I please have my phone back?

MS. PORSCHTOV: Your phone [beck]? Your question is can you please have your phone beck? [*"back"*]

CRYSTAL: Ummm...yes...please.

MS. PORSCHTOV: Ohhh...you are so polite. Because you're such a polite little girl, you can have phone beck.

CRYSTAL: Oh, thank yo—

MS. PORSCHTOV: (*Shouts.*) When you are dead! But since I am nice and polite, too, I let you call your mother and tell her you're not coming home for supper because you are in detention.

CRYSTAL: M-m-m-m-my—

MS. PORSCHTOV: You stammer like stupid bird. That is what I call you now. Say what you are going to say, Stupid Bird.

CRYSTAL: My mom is dead.

MS. PORSCHTOV: Well...good. I guess you're not missing supper then, are you, Stupid Bird?

(*Crystal sadly looks down.*)

MORGAN: (*Waving her hand in the air erratically, cheerfully shouts.*) Mrs. Porschtov! Mrs. Porschtov!

MS. PORSCHTOV: It is Ms. Porschtov. I am not married anymore. I pushed Mr. Porschtov into train after he make eyes at woman in Moscow.

MORGAN: (*Cheerfully.*) Ms. Porschtov! I brought you an apple. I just thought, you know, it must be difficult being a teacher, and you know what they say, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

(*Morgan laughs awkwardly and holds out a shiny red apple. Ms. Porschtov picks up the apple and looks disgusted.*)

MS. PORSCHTOV: You know what else they say?

MORGAN: No. What?

MS. PORSCHTOV: They say Ms. Porschtov is no big dummy.
(*Throws the apple at her desk.*) I see you are a tricky one,
trying to pull all kind of trick on Ms. Porschtov.

MORGAN: What? No, I wasn't trying to—

MS. PORSCHTOV: You think you are clever by slipping me
poison apple? I've read fairy tale. Ugly tricky witch brings
beautiful woman poison apple because she is jealous of
beautiful face. I know what you are up to, Tricky Witch.
Keep your evil spells to self and sit down.

MORGAN: Honestly?

MS. PORSCHTOV: There is nothing honest about a tricky
witch like you.

MORGAN: You're joking, right?

(*Phil laughs.*)

MS. PORSCHTOV: I never joke. (*To Phil.*) What you think is
so funny? Certainly not my jokes because I am not making
any. Is it clown over here... (*Indicates Janice, who is putting
on lipstick.*) ...doing her clown makeup? That is what is
funny? Little girl who look like clown? (*Janice isn't paying
attention.*) Of course Clown Girl does not know she is being
funny 'cause she is too busy putting on the clown lips.

(*Ms. Porschtov grabs her club and slams it down hard on Janice's
desk.*)

JANICE: (*Startled, screams.*) Ahhhh!

MS. PORSCHTOV: (*Mocking.*) Ahhhh.

JANICE: (*Looking at club.*) Is that a club?! Aren't there, like,
rules against having...weapons in school?

MS. PORSCHTOV: This not weapon.

JANICE: Ummm, yes, it is.

MS. PORSCHTOV: What? (*Pats club in hand threateningly.*)

JANICE: I mean, isn't that kind of like...*illegal* in school?

MS. PORSCHTOV: This not weapon. This is my comrade. His name Vladimir. He helps keep moron children from being moron. (*To club.*) Don't you, Vladimir? (*Lovingly pets club.*)

JANICE: You're so...psycho.

MS. PORSCHTOV: I'm sorry, I don't understand your stupid clown babble.

JANICE: What? I am not a clown.

MS. PORSCHTOV: I know it must be uncomfortable for little clown outside of circus tent, but please shut mouth. Thank you.

JANICE: I'm not a clown!

MS. PORSCHTOV: Okay. You are not clown. I do not know why I not see it before. You are tiny little yipping dog that they test makeup on in cages. Now leave before I put you in cage, Yippy Dog! (*Humiliated, Janice exits. To Students.*) I am thinking we can move on to learning now, [yeas]? [Yes.]

PHIL: Ms. Porschtov, I forgot my book.

MS. PORSCHTOV: You will not be needing book. My head is like giant book.

PHIL: You've got that right.

(*Ms. Porschtov doesn't hear Phil's comment.*)

MS. PORSCHTOV: (*To Students.*) Now, the world's most powerful country is Russia. (*With club, points to Russia on a world map.*)

GEORGE: That's not true.

MS. PORSCHTOV: The common mistake for stooopid Americans to make is that America is most powerful.

[END OF FREEVIEW]