

Tracey turns and sees Lou. She is annoyed at the intrusion.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Yes... May I help you?

LOU

Oh. Yes, I thought you'd be expecting me.

TRACEY

Why would I be expecting you?

LOU

I'm... didn't anyone... Huh...

TRACEY

What. Spit it out. Speak words.

LOU

I'm taking over the theater department.

TRACEY

Idiots. Fucking idiots.

LOU

I'm sorry the way this is all happening but I'd like you to consider staying on as my assistant director--

TRACEY

Where did this come from? This information.

LOU

From Principal Ward. I have ideas. Change things up. Make this program feel special.

TRACEY

It is something special.

LOU

Even more special then. I was thinking what if we do *Spring Awakening* as our first production? Provocative, emotional--

TRACEY

--What have you directed?

LOU

Honestly, not that much--

TRACEY

You must have some great credits to steal the job from me. Please. Tell me.

LOU

Fiddler On the Roof, Lake

TRACEY

Well, I could see how your work at Lake Shoot-My-Hammock trumps my 11 years of giving my blood, sweat and tears to this program. What's Ward paying you?

LOU

I don't think--

TRACEY

I'll find out. I find out everything.

LOU

Two thousand for the year.

TRACEY

I was getting four. Now that explains a ton, doesn't it? They just spent Forty G's to put new turf on the football field, but they threw their theater program out the window to save a lousy two grand. That should give you some insight into how much they think of this program. I would strongly recommend you do Grease. Uno. Gwen and Simon are practically off book. Dos. There's a movie so you'll get a good turnout at auditions. If you don't get a good turnout it'll land you in a heap of trouble, especially with boys-- boys are scarce at Roosevelt theater. My kingdom for a heterosexual boy. Tres. We have the costumes and props in storage from our last production which will save your ass since these mother fuckers keep ravaging our budget. That's all the free advice you're getting. I guess this is your classroom now. Break a leg, Mr. Mazzu.