

SCENE THREE - Horace Green - The Classroom

DEWEY walks back into the classroom. He is preoccupied.

SUMMER: What was the meeting about?

DEWEY: I don't know. Parents; Night.

SUMMER: Parents' Night??

DEWEY: They want to see your written work and the projects you've completed.

ZACK: What written work?

KATIE: What completed projects?

DEWEY sbrugs.

SUMMER: What are you going to do?

DEWEY: I don't know. What would you do, Summer? You're the one with the brains around here.

SUMMER: I don't know. You're the teacher!

ZACK: If our parents are coming tomorrow we won't be able to get away for the Battle of the Bands.

The KIDS begin to panic.

DEWEY: Don't worry. I'm working on it.

SUMMER: But how? It's just not possible.

MARCY: Well, it's got to be.

DEWEY: Yes! It's gotta be and it will be. We just need to come up with a plan. Any ideas?

The KIDS bombard DEWEY with ideas. TOMIKA raises her hand

DEWEY: Whoa! Hold on. Tomika has something to say. Front and center. What's up?

TOMIKA: Mr. Schneebly...I just wish...

DEWEY: Tomika, I know you're shy, but I'm not a mind-reader.

TOMIKA: I wish I was in the band.

DEWEY: I wish you were, too, but... do you play an instrument?

TOMIKA: No.

MARCY: You didn't want to sing.

TOMIKA: I do want to sing. But you asked me to be a back-up singer and I'm not a back-up singer. I'm a singer.

DEWEY: It's just a little too late for that, Tomika

DEWEY sighs.

DEWEY (CONT'D): Ok. If you sing something, maybe I can make you a singer. But I can't make you a singer unless you can sing. *(He waits for her to sing).* That's OK, don't worry about it. Alright, who's got an idea?

SUMMER and some of the other KIDS raise their hands as TOMIKA opens her mouth.