

STUDENT 1: (Whispering) Are you recording, now?

STUDENT 2: (Also whispering) Sure am. My mobile's in my bag again...

STUDENT 1: How the hell did this lunatic end up teaching here, again?

TEACHER: You two! Stop talking!

STUDENT 1: I'm sorry Sir. Are we interfering with your lesson?

TEACHER: Yes! Now for the last time, the planets of the solar system are in this order: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, YOUR ANUS. Your anus, your anus, your anus. Anus. I mean your anus. What comes next? Oh yes, Neptune, and for those of you who appreciate dwarf planets like I do, there's Pluto.

STUDENT 1: (Laughing) Sir! Please stop!

TEACHER: Oh, have I said something funny? Oh I get it. YOUR ANUS sounds like your anus. Well done. That joke hasn't been done before, has it?

STUDENT 1: Sorry, Sir. I like your podcast.

TEACHER: I don't want to talk about it.

STUDENT 1: Why not?

TEACHER: I've been suspended.

STUDENT 2: Why?

TEACHER: Attempted slavery.

STUDENT 2: What do you mean?

TEACHER: Who here knows what 'buying people' means?

(Silence)

TEACHER: You wouldn't understand, then. I tried to own Dan, basically and he complained to my boss AND the police.

STUDENT 2: How did you get in here?

TEACHER: I'm a master of stealth.

STUDENT 2: Where's our normal teacher?

TEACHER: He's tied up in the janitor's shed. He's not in danger, but he is in pain.

STUDENT 2: Are you going to jail again?

TEACHER: Yep. I'm assuming for longer this time, as I'm a repeat offender. And assault and imprisonment? That's going to go down very badly.

STUDENT 2: What was it like in jail?

TEACHER: I had to do very odd things to survive.

STUDENT 1: Like what?

TEACHER: Who here has any chocolate bars on them?

(Silence)

TEACHER: Come on. You won't get into trouble...

STUDENT 3: Here you go, Sir.

(Walking sounds)

TEACHER: Great. Now who here wants it for free? No strings attached. Well not really...

STUDENT 1: I'll have it, Sir.

STUDENT 3: Hey!

TEACHER: You want my chocolate bar? Go on. Take it.

(Walking sounds)

STUDENT 1: You're scaring me...

TEACHER: It's fine. Take it. Take it. (Hypnotically) Taaake it.

STUDENT 1: Errr...

TEACHER: Have a bite...

STUDENT 1: Ok...

(Chomping sounds)

TEACHER: Now, you know when I said there weren't REALLY any strings attached?

STUDENT 1: (Nervously) Yes?

TEACHER: Now I own your soul.

STUDENT 1: Ok. And that's how you survived?

TEACHER: Right.

STUDENT 1: I don't believe you.

TEACHER: Not grassing on people is very important. But it's ok when people grass on me, isn't it???

STUDENT 2: Are you crying, Sir?

TEACHER: No!

STUDENT 1: Why are you here, Sir?

TEACHER: I want people to look up to me. What better place to go to, than a school? Children are very easy to impress. Look at this...

STUDENT 2: You're chewing on some gum...

TEACHER: Wait, wait...

STUDENT 2: You're blowing a bubble...

TEACHER: Isn't that great?

STUDENT 1: Are we allowed to chew gum?

TEACHER: Sure! I'm a cool teacher!

STUDENT 3: You'll pay for my chocolate bar, right?

TEACHER: (Confused) No...

STUDENT 3: You see, I don't think you're cool for that reason, alone.

TEACHER: But you can chew gum... Mmm tastes good. (Hypnotically) Tastes good. Don't complain.

STUDENT 3: I think I speak for all of us when I say you're really weird. We actually feel quite fearful.

(Knocking on the door is heard)

TEACHER: Oh no.

MAN FROM OUTSIDE: Hello?

TEACHER: Hello?

MAN: James? You're not well...

TEACHER: The amount of times I've heard THAT...

(A door opens and closes)

TEACHER: Good day, Sir...

MAN: Come with me, James.

TEACHER: No.

MAN: Don't resist arrest as well.

TEACHER: You're a policeman?

MAN: No, but you might as well practice interacting with policemen...

TEACHER: Errr...

MAN: And why are so many people chewing gum, here?

TEACHER: Because I'm cool.

STUDENT 3: No you're NOT!

TEACHER: (Quietly) Yes I am.

MAN: Where's the REAL teacher?

TEACHER: He's bleeding in a shed. You won't be able to hear him scream, I've gagged him. He sure can mumble, though.

MAN: You better be joking...

TEACHER: Say... How would you like some chocolate?

MAN: Not THIS again!

TEACHER: If an idea works...

MAN: IT'S NEVER WORKED! You just THINK it has!

TEACHER: It has worked, actually. Ask that guy with chocolate on his face...

STUDENT 1: He said he owns my soul!

MAN: No he does not own your soul.

TEACHER: We had a deal!

MAN: Oh God.

TEACHER: Will you go easy on me if I get you some Pringles? Once you pop and all that...

MAN: Sure. Get me some Pringles...

TEACHER: Yes!