

BRITTNEY enters her area. She is plainly dressed: sweatshirt, jeans etc.. holding a shopping bag.

BRITTNEY: I can't believe this! I spent 240 dollars on my daddy's charge card on this awesome new outfit and what happens? School has a snow day! A snow day! Now I can't even wear it! Seriously! Stupid snow! Stupid school! Stupid day! I wasted four hours of my life in the stupid mall... actually, I take it back. I *love* the mall. It's not stupid. Except for those creeps in the food court. Anyway, I wasted 4 hours of my life trying things on, finding the right accessories, the right shoes, the right purse, coordinating everything and.. and... it's all wasted by the stupid snow. It could be days..or even weeks until I can wear it! Who's going to care by then? It may be out of fashion by the time school opens again! (*thinks for a moment*) Well, I don't care! Today is my day and it's all in fashion right now! (*stomps off*)

HERB walks into his area holding small video camera. He speaks directly into camera.

HERB: Today will be my first "Snow Day" V-log. So, on this day, I get a reprieve from Kelly *the killer* Larson and his lunch-money-extortion plot. The whole thing's sad and yet.. funny. Because, you see, I bring my lunch. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays I bring Tuna Salad on whole wheat, sliced apples and a pudding cup and on Tuesdays and Thursdays I bring Salami and cheddar on white, chips and jello. I've been doing this since the school year started. Actually since second grade. Yet everyday, in the hallway, Larson grabs the hood of my *Gallifrey High Council* limited edition jacket and says, "OK Four eyes! Gimme your lunch money!" to which I reply, "I don't have any 'Lunch' money. I brought my lunch. Again." And then he looks puzzled for the 487th time. Then he twists my arm and says, "Say Uncle!" So... I say "Uncle" and then he lets me go with this pathetic fake laugh. I don't even have an Uncle. And if I did, I seriously doubt he would help me.

SIMONE enters her area

SIMONE: So help me, this is no time to be bored. I have a whole free day ahead of me. I can do a million things. I can...(*thinks*) Well, I can't really go anywhere.. I mean, it's snowing. That pretty much limits me to-- well, staying here. Staying home. (*sighs*) But like I said, I have a whole free day to *not* be bored. I mean, really, *anything* could happen. I could do so much! Like what? What do people do on days like this? (*thinks*) Well, my mom freaks out and sends my dad out to buy bread and milk. I'm not sure what's up with that. Milk and bread are boring. Personally, I would stock up on soda and chips. Or pop tarts. Yea. Pop tarts. I could live on that if I had to. I heard about some guy who got trapped in his car during a blizzard. He was stuck for like-- a whole week and the only thing he had food-wise was breath mints. Wintergreen. Amazing that's all he had to eat. He lost like twenty pounds but he had amazing breath. (*sighs*) I couldn't imagine being trapped in car for a week. I mean, if I'm going to be trapped in a blizzard, I'd much rather be at home. It's much roomier than a car. Oh. I guess my wish came true. I am trapped at home. Actually, I could be trapped at school right now. That would be the ultimate bore. I guess the real question is which would be worse? If I was at school, I'd be in Earth Science right about now, looking at rocks. We'd be going over something like... the difference between stalagmites and stalactites. "Stalag- *mites* rise from the floor and they *might* reach the ceiling. Stalac-*tites* hang from the ceiling and they don't fall because they hang on *tight!*" (*long sigh*) Really? How utterly fascinating Simone. I didn't know that. Thank you.

TODD runs in his area -dressed for school: coat with hoodie, gloves, book bag.

TODD: *(removing book bag and coat)* Oh thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I was soooo not ready for that Algebra test today! Thank you, thank you, thank you! Oh and Bonus! This also means I get an extra time to finish the *Grapes of Wrath* book report! And that Matchu Pitchu essay for World History! *(beat)* Is that it? *(thinks)* Yes! Thank you!*(does small victory dance)* OK right, so.. I need to use this time wisely. Wise time! Wise productive time! I gotta nail this! No slack time. No snow angels, snow ball fights or sled riding at Shady Valley. I know it's tempting but no way Jose. Don't go there. I won't! So, right! First we... we... what do we do first? Book report? World History? Let me think. I'm carrying a B right now in History.. a low B, but a B none the less. And American Lit, a high C. Algebra.. about the same. So, which one really needs my attention first? And why?

TODD continues searching as BEVERLY enters her area and plops down on bed.

BEVERLY: Why? I mean seriously. I got up at 4 am to listen to the school closings, just hoping to get the day off, so I can get some serious sleep! And what happens? I get the day off. I can get some serious sleep and now.. I'm wide awake! *(gets up from bed)* For no good reason! Why? Why couldn't I have just heard the news and returned to snooze. *(beat)* Hey, that rhymes! *(thinks)* Cause I've got the times... When the alarm bell chimes... I'm awake and... it's such a crime. OK! Now I've completely lost it! I've finally snapped! I'm spewing poems for no reason. I'm so tired. *(short pause)* Utterly wired. Completely admired. All right stop! Snap out of it! I need to sleep. *(lays down on floor -long heavy sigh)* I need to shut off my brain. If I could just stop thinking I could go back to sleep! *(pause sits ups)* I wonder though if that's how poets do it, you know? Get up like.. amazingly early in the morning and just start talking to themselves? And everything they say comes out in a poem. That probably explains that one guy... what his face? e e cummings. He was so tired he couldn't even capitalize or punctuate. And that Frost guy. He was so tired he had to stop in the woods on snowy evening. I bet he wanted to sleep. I want to sleep. Deep.... Sleep.... Meryl Streep. Such a creep. *(yawns)plops back onto bed)*

MATT is seated in front of TV playing on line video game. He is speaking through headset.

MATT: *(into headset)* You cry baby! It was only a weak *sleep spell* my Wizard used on you. It wasn't a full attack dude. Relax! You'll only be out for a minute. *(beat)* What? No! The healing potion is the Blacksmith's cabin in the Scarzone woods. *(beat)* No, you go to the right after the Demon's Wishing Well. Next to the Magic Elm tree. Go down that path but watch out for the Zombie Blood Hounds, they're pretty wicked! *(beat)* Speaking of wicked, Hey Dunkleman, I heard you tried to make it to school this morning! What's up with that? *(beat)* Huh? Dude! Don't you keep up with what's going on in the world? The *Real* world? *(beat)* Overslept? So what? Overslept is my middle name! I knew they were gunna cancel school last night! For real bro! I got a dozen I M's and at least 50 text messages saying for sure it was gunna be a snow day! Didn't you watch the weather last night Dunkleman? *(beat)* Nah, of course not! You were in the chat room with Brittany last night, weren't you? *(beat)* Right! You two were talking about your favorite Hannah Montana episode! *(beat)* What? What did you call me? A troll? Well, you're a mutant water buffalo Dunkleman. That's right, a mutant Hannah Montana lovin' water buffalo. *(beat)* Huh? Sure! Bring it on! I'm not going anywhere. I'll be right here.