

NONE OF THE ABOVE

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excerpt from ACT I, Scene 1

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*Jamie is 17. Clark is 20 or 21. He arrives when she is not expecting him but someone else and turns out to be her S.A.T. tutor. She is not interested in being tutored. This excerpt is from the middle of the first scene.*

CLARK

Take this problem. Greg and Hilda are grading papers. There are 40 students in the class. Eighty-five per cent of the students do not receive A's. How many receive an A?

*(She pauses, as if about to answer. Then:)*

JAMIE

The question is ridiculous. It's not like it's a situation you're going to run into very often. Who are Greg and Hilda? Especially Hilda. No one today would dare name their child Hilda. Plus it's odd two people have to do the grading here. Schools are so understaffed, one teacher should be able to handle 40 papers. And 85% of the kids not getting an A? That means like what, 15% A's? That's unusual. It's not a lot. Why are they giving so few A's? They don't seem like very nice people.

CLARK

Why don't you just tell me the answer.

JAMIE

Twelve.

CLARK

That's not the answer.

JAMIE

Are you sure?

CLARK *(interested)*

Why do you say twelve?

JAMIE *(profoundly)*

Because the answer tends to be twelve. Believe me. If you answer twelve often enough you do pretty well.

CLARK

Do you know how to calculate fifteen per cent?

JAMIE

I don't think you appreciate how right I am about the nature of twelve. My friend Bill and I figured it out in the sixth grade, and it has helped us through many a trying time.

CLARK

Well, I'm in linguistics graduate school, and I can promise you the answer is never twelve.

JAMIE

That's your fault for studying linguistics.  
*(The phone rings)*

Excuse me. Hello? Hi! Yeah, Friday. Clash Club. Only rule is you have to wear something that clashes. Of course it can be designed by Jane's mom, just don't tell her.

*(to Clark:)*

The children of all New York City fashion designers attend Billington. It's very stressful.

*(back to the phone:)*

No one. Family friend. So I heard you got academic credit for baking in French class? How? *French cookies?* Oh my god from Proust?! Mmm hm. All my love. Later.

*(hangs up.)*

That was Sheila Martin. A horrible, vindictive, superficial girl, with no spiritual values or social graces, and the biggest moron ever to roam the earth. Sorry. You were saying?

*(Clark stares at Jamie's bracelet.  
He gestures towards it.)*

CLARK

What kind of triangle is that?

*(Jamie glances at it.)*

JAMIE

What kind of triangle? It's a bracelet.

CLARK

Yes, and...

JAMIE

And... it's a silver triangle.

CLARK

Is it -- equilateral? Scalene?

JAMIE

Looks like sterling.

CLARK

It's an isosceles triangle. Do you know why?

JAMIE

I don't need to know why. I just need to fill in the circle. Right? They don't want explanations.

CLARK  
I want explanations.

JAMIE  
Um, two sides are the same, the third side different.

CLARK  
Good!

JAMIE  
*(changing the subject)*  
I have triangle earrings too, with all the sides different.

CLARK  
*(returning to the subject)*  
And your earrings are...

JAMIE  
They're copper with a cubic zirconium stone?

CLARK  
But are they... isosceles?

JAMIE *(exhausted)*  
No.

CLARK  
They are...

JAMIE  
Clip-ons.

CLARK  
They're *scalene*. If you see triangles that look like your copper clip-on earrings on the test...

JAMIE  
I fill in the circle that says scalene.

CLARK  
Does any of this seem at all familiar to you?

JAMIE  
Sure, I just don't know why anyone would care. *(A knock on the door. She takes a wad of bills from her purse.)*  
Excuse me.  
*(opening the door and addressing someone offstage)*  
You're late. You sure it's good? Cool. Right. Later.  
*(returning with a paper bag)*  
Sorry.

CLARK  
Great. So you're on drugs too.

JAMIE

Are you kidding? I've totally quit. I don't even smoke anymore. Besides cigarettes.

CLARK

So what was that?

JAMIE

I deal a little. I need the money.

CLARK

*(looking around the palace that is Jamie's room)*  
You? Need the money?

JAMIE

My parents won't give me money anymore? Not since this party I gave where I... broke this Ming vase thing and they said it would come out of my allowance and I wouldn't see my trust fund till I'm 30. So I looked at my savings and thought, hey, in not many communities would a few hundred dollars be serious cash flow, but in a high school? I could be the connection girl. I can advance it, then take a little cut.

CLARK

What's a little cut?

JAMIE

Fifteen per cent.

CLARK *(incredulous)*

We just had a problem with fifteen per cent!!

JAMIE

Did we?

CLARK

Okay. Solve this. Guy sells you some weed. He charges you 40 dollars. You sell it to the next guy and take your usual cut. How much do you earn?

JAMIE *(quickly)*

Six bucks.

CLARK

Yes! And it's not twelve bucks is it! It's six bucks.

JAMIE

Why would it be twelve?

CLARK

You said it's the answer to everything.

JAMIE

On *tests*. Not in business.

CLARK

You'd prefer if the questions on the SAT involved illegal transactions?

JAMIE

Oh come on. You know drugs should be legalized. You're a graduate student.

*(continued...)*