

(driving it hard)

"You suddenly arose, and walked about
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle..."

A five minute break? Now? Could we just... OK. Five minutes. Thank you. Terrific.

(VALERIE removes a pack of cigarettes from her pocket and exits.)

(Lights up on BRIAN, lecturing. He holds a large stack of blue books [graded tests]. Even at his angriest, there is amused dedication.)

BRIAN. Please disabuse yourselves of this notion that I am obligated to teach you. Neither do I have an obligation to bestow upon you my, and I cite Harvard Review, 2002, "...effortless charisma and probingly insightful tutelage." *(beat)* I am obligated only to show up and talk for two hours twice a week. Note my frustration. I am not frustrated because I see in you some sort of great, collective, untapped potential. I am frustrated because I will never have these two hours back. *(skimming through stack)* With the exception of three outstanding students, you have all failed miserably. *(beat)* So. *(reading from blue books)* Mr. Goldstein, Ms. Jones, and Mr. Shwargdagala – you have distinguished yourselves as capable of not merely regurgitating information, but of actually absorbing and metabolizing it. You are excused from today's lecture. *(beat)* Really, go! I'm giving you the day off. For being smart. *(beat)* Go! *(They're leaving; he watches them out of the door.)* Thank you.

(BRIAN dumps the blue books into the garbage. All is forgiven.)

So, we shall begin again? *(beat, smiling)* OK shake it off. I don't hold grudges.