

HOMELESS HENRY

By

Cassie Miller Treadwell

INT. SCHOOL - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

MRS. BARTON, COMICALLY ECCENTRIC LOOKING AND ACTING. THE RECEPTIONIST GREETES POPS AND HENRY.

MRS. BARTON
(A WOMAN DRESSED LIKE
MEEMEE FROM THE DREW
CAREY SHOW)
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN. HOW CAN I
HELP YOU ON THIS FINE DAY?

POPS (BILLY)
WELL MA'AM, WE WOULD LIKE TO CHECK
THIS HERE YOUNGSTER INTO SCHOOL. WE
JUST CAME INTO TOWN AND THOUGHT IT
MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO GO AHEAD
AND GET ER DONE.

HENRY STANDS SILENTLY LOOKING AROUND.

MRS. BARTON
WELL ALL RIGHT SIR. Let's GET YOU
STARTED.
(RECEPTIONISTS REACHES FOR
HER GLASSES)
WELL ILL BE, WHERE'D I PUT THEM
RASCALS.
(TOUCHES HER FACE.)
OH WELL ILL BE, THERE ALREADY ON MY
FACE.

POPS WINKS AT HER. THE RECEPTIONIST STARTS DIGGING THROUGH FILES IN HER DESK, PULLING STACKS OF PAPERS OUT AND HANDING THEM TO POPS.

MRS. BARTON
Y'ALL NEED TO FILL OUT THIS AND
THIS OH AND THIS AND YES YES HERE
WE GO AND THIS.

POPS (BILLY)
THANK YOU MA'AM

MRS. BARTON
OH YOUR QUITE WELCOME. IF YOU WOULD
LIKE YOU CAN BRING THEM BACK LATER.

POPS (BILLY)
OK THANK YA YOUNG LADY. BUT I THINK
WE MIGHT JUST FILL THEM OUT OVER
YONDER, IF THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YA
MA'AM?

MRS. BARTON
YES'ER THAT'S JUST FINE.

CUT TO: