

Ms. Principal

PA system (**The counselor's voice**): Listen up children, this week's model student is Atefeh Moqimi. Everybody please applaud her. Come on up my dear. [Sound of children shouting] The next student is Mehrnaz Rezaie. Please applaud our sweet girl. Our next model student is [...]

Ms. Principal's voice: Shirvani! What's so funny?

Ms. Principal's voice: What are you holding? The school is no place for this...

Teacher1: You're so mindful of everything.

Teacher2: I like this pot a lot.

Ms. Principal's voice: Stop laughing!

Teacher1: Look, that place you told me about, my sister-in-law recommended it to me.

Teacher 2: Really?

Teacher1: They say it's good.

Teacher2: What about the prices?

Teacher1: They're alright.

Teacher2: Isn't Ms. Lashkari taking it too hard?

Teacher2: She used to be softer.

Teacher1: That's what happens when you get older. Loneliness makes a mess of you.

Ms. Moqaddam: Did you notice that she left cheering for the kids to the counselor?

Teacher1: Ms. Moqaddam! What happened to the suitor?

Ms. Moqaddam: Nothing. After they talked on the phone the first time, the guy told her, "You talk too loud."

Teacher 1: Really? You mean they didn't go on even one date?

Ms. Moqaddam: No. My husband joked, "You should have told your colleague to cover her mouth with a handkerchief or something."

Teacher 1: One of the teachers: Poor thing.

Ms. Principal's voice: Don't talk in the corridors.

Ms. Lashkari: Why is she still here? Where's your grandma?

Grandma: Hello.

One of the teachers: Hello.

Ms. Lashkari: What are you waiting for, lady? Take your kid and leave. Be quick. Are you here to showcase yourself? Here is a school. What the hell do you think you're doing?

Ms. Moqaddam : Ms. Lashkari! Sit down and let us talk.

Ms. Lashkari: No, Ms. Headmaster! You know it yourself very well. It's not her first time. I can't take it anymore. You should ask how her poor teacher is

doing. What has she done wrong to end up teaching such a baboon that drives her crazy?

Ms. Moqaddam: Where is Ms. Darvish now?

Ms. Lashkari: In the infirmary.

Grandma: Ms. Headmaster! I swear to God, I brought her up singlehandedly since she was an infant.

Ms. Lashkari: That's enough! You tell us the same story every time. She was...

Grandma [on the phone]: Hello? You got the wrong number, mister!

Ms. Lashkari: She was pulling on her poor teacher's scarf. Why? Because "she didn't let me hide my dirty fingernails with nail polish." This kid is dangerous. She's a psycho. She's constantly napping or making trouble or speaking hogwash. You tell me what to do with her.

Grandma [on the phone]: How many times should I tell you that you've got the wrong number?

Ms. Lashkari: She stinks, too. You better keep her home to yourself packaging vegetables! Looks like you're very busy. You made her clean the whole town's vegetables and now her fingernails are black with dirt.

Grandma: Ms. Headmaster! I swear to God, her mother gave her to me in the hospital and went her way. Up till now, she hasn't asked the girl how she's doing even once. Her father was very young when he died. I was left with this kid, with no heritage or alimony whatsoever, nobody cared

about us. If someone else was in my shoes, she wouldn't even let her grandchild go to school.

Ms. Lashkari: Is this sound coming from your car?

Ms. Moqaddam: Ms. Lashkari! How about giving our smart girl another chance to prove herself? Don't you agree? [To the girl] Didn't you tell me you want to make Ms. Lashkari happy? Let's see how perfectly you'd do your homework this time. Now, go back to your class with Ms. Lashkari and apologize to everybody.

Ms. Lashkari: I won't take this kid back to the class.

Girl: May I go by myself?

Ms. Moqaddam: Go! Go upstairs and stand by the door and wait for me. And don't you talk to anybody!

Girl: May I Ms.? May I?

Ms. Moqaddam: Ms. Lashkari allows you too.

Grandma: Ms.! I swear to God!

Ms. Moqaddam: Get up and leave and let this kid study.

Grandma: Ms.! I swear to whatever you hold dear that everything people say behind my back is nonsense. Since I bought this fancy car, and got my driving license, people can't stand my success. They talk trash behind my back. Why do *you* believe them?

Ms. Moqaddam: Look! If only more time I see this kid's hands colored like this, or if she tells me about the places you send her to, I won't hesitate to call

the cops on you. She has turned a seven-year-old girl into her dealer. She goes on drop-offs in her car, sending the girl to get the goods to customers.

Grandma: Ms.! I swear to whatever you hold dear...

Ms. Moqaddam: Shut your mouth! Now get up and get that damn car out of my schoolyard.... She should be ashamed of herself for calling herself a grandmother.

Teacher 1: I hope she doesn't hit her today.

Teacher 2: She pinched the kid on her way in, too.

Teacher 1: That's what I'm talking about. Now she goes home...

Ms. Moqaddam: I'm fed up, too! The kid tells me they stay up all night packaging qare quroot [a black cuisine made in Iran]. Her notebook's all black and dirty. Nobody likes to sit beside her. And whenever the kid doses off, she [points to Ms. Lashkari] punishes her. And that woman calls herself a grandma!

Teacher 1: What terrible fates! Wouldn't it be better if she didn't look so meek?

Teacher 2: Since she got here, she has been staring at Ms. Lashkari, Let's go.

Ms. Moqaddam: More power to you!

Teachers: Would you excuse us?

Ms. Moqaddam: I better go upstairs and take the kid back to Ms. Darvish's class. I pray to God she won't get her back up. The meeting at the department starts at 12:00... I won't be back, you're

in charge of the school.... Mina, are you okay? Don't take it so hard. See you on Saturday.

(Soulmaz's voice): May I Ms.?

Ms. Darvish: May we come in?

Ms. Lashkari: What is it this time?

Ms. Darvish: Nothing.

Ms. Lashkari: What the hell has she done now?

Ms. Darvish: No, it's not what you think.

Ms. Lashkari: Why did you bother yourself bringing her in, Ms. Darvish? You could've sent her with the model students of your class like Mehrnaz or Atefeh...

Ms. Darvish: Please let me explain to you Ms. Lashkari...

Ms. Lashkari: I have nothing more to do with her. Her case is somewhere here...

Ms. Darvish: If you allow me...

Ms. Lashkari: I would throw her out of here, the stupid halfwit.

Ms. Darvish: Ms. Lashkari! Look what our girl has done. She has done her homework without any instructions and showed it to me. Look!

Teacher1: It's past 12:30.

Ms. Lashkari: Well... She should keep it up, Ms. Darvish, am I right?

Ms. Darvish: Of course. I wanted to ask your permission to applaud Solmaz on Saturday morning in front of the school.

Ms. Lashkari: Okay.

Teacher 1: Have you been charged with overtime?

Teacher 2: I was waiting for the bell to ring.

Ms. Darvish: she said I want Ms. Principal to laugh

Girl: Ms. ! May I?

Teacher on the left: I was like, why doesn't the bell ring? I was afraid the pastry shop would close, so I came downstairs myself.

Ms. Darvish: She brought it to me herself and said, "Show it to Ms. Principal." Goodbye, ladies!

The teachers: Goodbye! Have fun!

Teacher on the left: The kid was so excited she couldn't sleep till now. Goodbye.

Girl: Ms.! May I?

Ms. Lashkari: Go home.

Girl : Ms.! May I?

Ms. Lashkari: Come on, go home Asghari.

Teacher on the left: Hey kiddo, let it go. Go home.

Girl: Ms.! May I? Goodbye.

Teacher on the right: I'll be at the office until you come back.

Teacher on the left: Would you go to Ra'na straight from here?

Teacher on the right: Come on, go, or you'll be late.

Teacher on the left: Oh, I totally forgot. Goodbye.

Teacher on the right: Goodbye.

Teacher: Why are you soaking wet? You should have at least taken my umbrella with you. Goodbye.