



STAGE



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Az Európai Unió
Erasmus+ programjának
társfinanszírozásával

GIVING



HUNGARY

Online Homeroom Class

Class teacher – Balázs Szandavári

Victim (Míra) – Anna Figezky

Friend 2 (Szandi) – Sándor Bíborka

Boyfriend (Robi) – Mátyás Burka

Cool Girl (Zsófi) – Noémi Fülöp

Geek Girl (Ivett) – Dorcsa Horváth

Friend 1 (Boti) – Ádám Hulik

Weird Boy (Csabi) – Gergely Nógrádi

Ex-Girlfriend (Kitti) – Lili Talpag

Monologue 1

Class Teacher: Dear colleagues! Dear Mr. Headmaster and Mrs. School District Head! Thank you very much for coming. Due to a rather unpleasant event, I was forced to call you and hold this extraordinary online homeroom class. A terrible incident happened in my class. A crime. I'm not exaggerating, it really is one! A terrible crime, both in the legal and moral sense. A crime that violates personal rights, even human rights. I am ashamed and feel responsible that such an amoral act could occur in my class. If you feel that guilt and continued self-flagellation are not punishment enough for me, and feel compelled to take other actions after this because I have failed as a class teacher, I understand, I will not protest, but more importantly, we have more important things to do now! I will not prolong this, I



will tell you what happened. From the Facebook profile of one of the students in my class, Míra Teleki, someone posted an intimate photo depicting her. Although Facebook is supposed to block such content, the perpetrator shared the picture in a private class group, from where it went viral in other groups and private messages throughout the school and even outside the school. Naturally, you might think that in a serious case like this one should go to the police, and that would indeed be the appropriate course, but I believe that given the situation at the moment our school does not need any more limelight and media attention, so I hope we can resolve this matter in-house. I trust in your expertise and your intelligence, which is why I have invited all the pupils who may be involved in this crime, and I ask you, colleagues, Headmaster and School District Head, to draw the appropriate conclusions from what you have heard, to help expose the perpetrator and decide on the appropriate punishment. First of all, I ask the victim to tell us how the incident happened. Obviously, it might seem obvious that she did it herself, we all know that at this age teenage girls are prone to make bad decisions and misjudge what should and should not be done for attention, but she claims that she did not do it and there is no reason for her to do it. Míra, please turn on your microphone and tell us in your own words what happened.

Monologue 2

Victim: Thank you! I didn't do it! I'm sorry, but I'm not stupid! And I don't care what the class teacher thinks of today's teenage girls, I'm not such an idiot! I'd only be hurting myself! Someone in the gym locker room took my phone. I didn't put it in my locker, I left it on the bench during class, because Mr. Géza, he won't let us take it to gym class. Someone took it from there! It's got a PIN code, but I've told it to a lot of people, and it's not complicated, it's my birthday. There, now I've told you. I don't know who it was, but they've ruined my life! You have no idea how humiliating this is! Everyone saw it! The whole class, the whole school even, went to my parents, my boyfriend's parents. They even saw it at my brother's school. Do you know how that feels? I can't go to school, I can't go out on the street because I don't know who saw it! It's even worse at school, because there I know everyone saw it. I can see it in the boys' eyes, the way they smile, lick their lips, throw kisses. They show their phones, that they've set it up as a background. And they keep trying with me because they think if I have a picture like that, I must be easy. I'm not even going to repeat what they say... It's disgusting... Some people grope me,



whistle, wink at me, as if seeing me without my clothes on makes me theirs, or some public good they can do whatever they want with. As if it empowers them to not have to hide the fact that they fantasize about me. Excuse me, but they're disgusting little vermin. But the girls, they're even worse. You'd think they'd at least have compassion, but they don't. They laugh at me, they whisper when they see me, I hear them calling me a whore because they think I did it myself, and do you know what I see in their eyes? Joy at my expense, and relief that it didn't happen to them. Do you really think it was me after all that? Someone ruined my life and I want to know who! I don't want revenge, I don't care if they fire them or what they do to them. But I want everyone to know! I want them to apologize and clear my name. I know that it can't be taken back, I know that the internet doesn't forget, but I need everyone to know that I didn't do it and that it wasn't my fault! My little brother gets teased about it, my parents are ashamed, my boyfriend won't talk to me! I want the perpetrator to confess in front of them!

I had conflicts, like everyone else. I'm a hothead sometimes and I wear my heart on my sleeve, so maybe a bit more conflicts than others, but I've never done anything to anyone to deserve that! Here is everyone who might have had reason or the chance to do this to me. I don't want to make accusations, and no one is above suspicion, but it might help if I told you who I had a fight with last. After all, it makes sense that they'd be the most suspicious, right? Two months ago, after prom, I hooked up with Robi, who was dating Kitti back in the summer. But then they broke up in September, so it's long over, I wasn't coming between them or anything, but when she saw me and Robi she totally freaked out. She was crying and texting all the time. To me too, but especially to Robi. And she wouldn't even talk to me at school, but she would tell other people that I was a slut, and spread around that I cheated on Robi, which I didn't. And her little clique was always picking on me. Then we both went to a house party on the weekend, I had a few drinks and she was running her mouth there too, so I said something back, we started arguing, she started shoving me and shouting at me, I shoved her back, she shoved me back, I got a bit carried away and spilled my... my soft drink on her. She started crying, quickly picked up her stuff and left. Then on Tuesday, someone put that picture of me up. So you see, it's suspicious that it was her or someone in her clique. That's all I wanted to say, thank you.

Monologue 3



Ex-Girlfriend: Of course I'm the one being accused by this petty bitch... I'm sorry, I'm just very upset. I think she did it, and she did it exactly to blame me. I wouldn't be surprised if she did, she's crazy, seriously. Robi could tell some stories. She always wants to be the centre of attention. She's always showing herself off too. She's only doing all this because I tore her up at the party. And I was still being a lady, I could've easily kicked her ass. I think it's proof enough that she's got a picture like this on her phone in the first place. No normal girl would take such a picture. Am I right? Everything she's just said is totally fake. But you could see it too, because she's no good as an actress – maybe as a porn actress at most, as the picture shows!

First of all, it's true that Robi and I broke up in September, he said that a relationship was too much for him besides school and work and he couldn't give me what I deserve. And that he loves me, but he feels guilty all the time that he doesn't have time for me and can't concentrate because of me. It hurt, but I understood and accepted it. But Robi couldn't do without me, despite the breakup. We talked all the time, he wrote me every day, we got to know each other much better, even though we were no longer together, but we were getting closer. I didn't want to rush him, but little by little we got closer and closer to continuing our relationship, we met more and more often in person before prom, we'd go after school for a coffee or in the evening he would come over and we would sit outside to talk in the playground. He told me several times that he still loved me. I tried keeping things slow, I didn't want it to be the same again, he wanted to start over several times, I told him not to... Once maybe a little more harshly... And he got a little upset. Then came the prom, he was mad at me, and he had too much to drink, and that's why he made out with Míra at the afterparty. But that was it, they just made out. But then Míra started getting all clingy with him, she started acting like they were going out, when Robi wanted to back away from it, she threw a tantrum, she made a scene, she started using psychological terror and all that, you know? And Robi, he's just gotten caught up in it, he doesn't like Míra, he just doesn't know how to shake her off. It's not true that I started to write to Robi, Robi wrote to me saying that this is not what he wanted, that he still loves me, but I hurt him by rejecting him. He writes all the time, sometimes that he is happy with Míra, but more often that he needs me, that he messed up, that his life is a failure... If he writes I reply, but it is not true that I keep writing to him. As for Míra... I wrote to her once. Out of kindness, to make her understand. I told her to leave Robi alone, because she was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, and she got caught up in this story of ours, and that Robi and I belong together, and if she doesn't let Robi



go, she will be the one to get hurt. I just wanted to help her, I really did, I didn't want her to suffer because of me, you know...

She started the whole fight at the weekend party too, she saw on Robi's phone that he had texted me, and she freaked out. He says it was an accident... Of course, he's always checking his phone and stalking him. That's what she's doing, stalking him... Anyway. The point is, it wasn't me. This crazy girl isn't worth that much to me, believe me. Maybe it was Robi trying to get rid of him? Poor guy, can it be that he just can't take it anymore? After all, if she sent that naked picture to Robi, then only Robi knew she had it on her phone, no one else, right? It totally makes sense. If it wasn't Míra, which I think is most likely, it must have been Robi.

Monologue 4

Boyfriend: What a bunch of nonsense! Why would I do that? This whole thing sucks the worst for me! I mean, it's worse for Míra, but it sucks for me too. Everyone laughs at me. Now everyone thinks my girlfriend is the school slut. It's so humiliating. My girlfriend's on everyone's phone, every dweeb is thinking about her while they... you know. It's embarrassing. Everyone sees what only I should be allowed to see. Plus, she didn't send that picture to me. Why does she have a picture like that if she's not sending it to her boyfriend? Did she send it to someone else? I feel really sorry for her, but I'm in a shitty situation too. My parents saw it. Some animal sent it to them. I had a place at this school, I had prestige, but this is totally ruining it. As for the things Kittí says... Yes, I told her in September that I wanted to break up with her because of school and work, but the truth is I got bored of her. Okay, maybe I told her I still loved her, but it was just to make it better for her. Because she was crying so much. We weren't going anywhere, we weren't doing anything. I'm not one of those guys who only wants sex or anything, but if you feel like you have no chance, after a while you get fed up. There was nothing to do either, whatever I said, she just wanted to talk or watch a movie at her place. While her mother was ironing behind us, an amazing date, really... After we broke up too, she was the one who wanted to keep seeing me, and I thought, why not, we can still be friends. So I went for coffee and went to the playground with her, but she kept wanting to kiss me, I could barely keep her off of myself. As for Míra... It's true that at first I did it just to make Kittí realise she didn't have a chance, I just wanted to get rid of her, I didn't want anything serious, but that was a long time ago. Now I'm with Míra, and I'm glad it worked out that way. She's totally different from Kittí. We get on much better with her. It's a much more real



relationship, even though it's only been two months. And now someone wants to ruin it. I don't think it's Míra who's being attacked. I think it's the two of us. They're trying to break us up. I think a lot of people are just pissed off that we have a good relationship. If you find out who did it, they'd better keep out of my sight. I'm not just gonna let someone do that to my girl.

I don't know who did it, but it sure wasn't me! And actually, I don't think it was Kitti either. Kitti is not evil. Yeah, she'd have a reason to do it, but she wouldn't sink that low. Someone who does that is not normal. I think you should look around among the weird kids. There are a few in this school. I'm sorry, I know it's not PC, but anyone who isn't normal doesn't have a normal moral compass either. And Míra, somehow she attracts these freaks. Sorry, I mean the ones who have something wrong with their heads. Like Csabi. He's always staring at Míra, or following her while mumbling. Don't tell me he's normal. He's the type of person who'll become a serial killer. Everybody says we should be nice and accepting, but even still. That's how it is. It's not society's fault if someone can't fit in. I think so, anyway. Ask him. People like that just snap one day and do something like that. Míra never told him to fuck off, to leave her alone. She acted like he was some stray dog, but now we find out where it leads.

Monologue 5

Weird Boy: It wasn't me. I would never do that. Not to anyone. But especially not to Míra. Besides, why am I always the suspect? I just get by on my own. I don't talk to anyone who doesn't talk to me. I've got my own problems, I don't care about this popularity game. And yet I have to listen to this all the time, that I should shut up, that I should get lost, that I'm a freak and a nutcase. That no one cares about me. Well, it's interesting. If they don't care about me, why don't they leave me alone? Why do they always think about me? I don't bother anybody. I don't bother Míra either, no matter what that braindead boyfriend of hers says. He's always picking on me. The class teacher knows that, and the headmaster, too, so you can't possibly believe him. Míra is important to me. I love her. Yes. I love her. I'll tell anyone. I told her in ninth grade. And then everybody started telling me who I thought I was, that she was out of my league. I know she is. But I told her. Because it takes courage. But once again, they only saw it as proof that I was weird. Anyone who admits how they feel is weird. So I don't fit in? Only in a place where everyone lies and where feeling something is a weakness. In fact, it's weirdness, freakiness, craziness, a sign that something is not right in my head. That I'm going to turn into



a serial killer. Yeah, right. But Míra was nice to me. I knew I'd never have a girlfriend like that. That's not why I told her. And she thanked me, said I was a sweet boy and brave and that she appreciated it. She's been nice to me ever since. She smiles at me, sometimes asks me how I'm doing. At Christmas, when she pulled my name from the hat, she spent a long time searching the internet for a present that she knew I would like. She got me handwritten volume by Sándor Weöres. Because she knows I love poetry. So I started writing poems for her. Not out of harassment or because I wanted something from her, but because it became a bond between us. And I'm not good with words. But in poetry I can describe how I feel to her. And she likes it. And if she's happy, I'm happy. I've recently started drawing. I draw a lot of things, but it's just practice. I want to draw her. The way she really is. The way I see her. Míra wants to please a lot of people. To her parents, to her friends, to Robi, to an image of what others think she should be. But I want to draw what she really is. So she can see what I see. Then she'll realize she's more valuable than she thinks she is. I'm not following her because I'm a pervert or a stalker, I just need it for my drawing. To observe her. And I don't mumble, I write poetry, I look for rhymes, and sometimes I have to say it out loud to see if it really sounds right. If Robi had any sense of art he would understand. He once read a poem I wrote about Míra, and then he came after me, saying he'll beat me up if I ever do it again, and to settle it right now if I wanted something from his girl. I didn't even say anything back and yet both of us were sent to the principal's office... so he's just mad at me, that's why he blames me. But I would never hurt Míra. And Míra knows that too. I think you should ask Boti. He used to be really clingy with Míra all the time, and he'd pick on me, even though it was worse than what I'm doing... He's in love with Míra and he's stuck on her like a tick. But since Robi came into the picture they hardly talk and don't hang out after school. Maybe he did it, out of jealousy. He thought he had a chance, maybe he felt in the saddle, and then Míra chose Robi. And this is his way of getting revenge.

Monologue 6

Friend 1: Shut the fuck up, freak! You don't understand anything! You have no idea what you're talking about, you're just going on and on about something that has nothing to do with you. As usual! You know what's up? That Míra hates you. She hates you and she hates your poems. She says they're all lousy. And you know what? She's right. Your rhymes are awful, and you stole all your metaphors from others. She hates that you keep following her around, hates that you stare at her, hates your smell, hates your voice. She's disgusted by you. She pretends to be nice



because she's afraid of you. She's scared of your psycho stare, your mumbling. She's terrified you'll snap and go crazy! That I'm in love with Míra and I'm chasing after her? You idiot! She's my friend. Yes, in the present tense, because we don't talk much these days, but still, Míra is my friend. Your accusations are only going to embarrass yourself further. Anyone who even slightly matters knows you're full of shit. Especially Míra. She knows full well I'm not in love with her, and she certainly doesn't think I posted the picture. I don't even know what I'm doing here! Why do I have to explain myself? Because... What the hell, it's not a secret after all... My friends know, my parents know, everyone who matters knows, but I didn't think I'd have to tell strangers and my teachers. I'm gay. There, now you know. The whole class knew before, except you, you little freak. Because you don't notice anything, you don't listen to anyone. You're a sociopath who only knows emotions from books. You're accusing me? When you must have some creepy altar of Míra at home? It's not Robi who ruined our relationship. Sure, new relationship, great big love, there's less time for friends at such times, but this is normal. I have nothing against Robi, Robi has nothing against me. We're mates. It's all because of Szandi. She's the reason we've grown apart. Mediocre, insignificant little Szandi. She thought she was finally worth something because Míra started to care about her for some reason. They'd been together during summer, at some theatre camp, they'd come back best friends from thee. It must have been a horrible camp if Szandi was the best option there. She's been hooked on Míra ever since. She's jealous of everyone. She pushes away everyone from Míra. Except Robi. But she doesn't give them a minute of privacy either. She's with them everywhere, as if she thinks they're both Robi's girlfriends. This bitch is toxic, seriously. She's hogging Míra for herself. Anyone who wants to get close to them is an enemy. She takes it as a personal attack. Clearly, she can sense that she's not in Míra's league. Insignificance, inferiority complex and poisonous malice. That's all she is. Now she's basking in Míra's popularity. She's getting a bit of attention besides her too. But maybe it's not enough for her. Maybe Míra's just a stepping stone for her. Now she thinks she's also pretty, she's also cool, she's also popular. She wants to get out of Míra's shadow. This picture scandal suits her just fine. She pretends to be the compassionate girlfriend, but she's the one who's done it. With this move, he can make herself the dominant party. Now she's the one who's looking after Míra. Up until now she's been the mousy little girl who needed to be coddled, but whoops, now she's the one coddling Míra. She obliges and destroys her at the same time. Míra picked her up, she exploits her, and then she steps over her. Maybe she wants Robi, or maybe she just wants Míra's life. She wants to take everything from her



because Míra has everything she has always wanted. Maybe she thought up the whole idea at theatre camp already!

Monologue 7

Friend 2: What a vivid imagination! You've really got into it! It was good, really, just a shame it's the same story as that old movie with Matt Damon. He's really trying hard to smear me. But it's all just lie. Besides, why would being gay put him above suspicion? I think it just makes him more suspicious. Most gay men are misogynists. Someone hurt my best friend! And anyone who hurts her hurts me. It hurts me just as much! Of course, in the fantasy world that Boti lives in, I just benefit from it. How? How does humiliating my friend benefit me? Does he think I care for her just as a means to an end? It only proves his insensitivity. I'm not coddling her, I'm there for her when she needs it most. Because that's what a friend does. But he's supposed to be such a great friend of Míra's, isn't he? Well, I've heard enough about that. Míra told me what that friendship is like... Boti's friendship is all about gossip and malicious lies about everyone. He needs something exciting to happen all the time, to make life like a Netflix series. And if it's not, he'll make something up. It would be very typical of him to post that picture. Out of sheer boredom, just so something happens to satisfy his need for gossip.

But that's how Míra is. She is the best person I know. She thinks the best of everyone, trusts everyone, and gives everyone a second chance. She forgives people's mistakes. She likes Boti too, but he's not her best friend. I am. I feel sorry for Boti if this hurts him, but he could never be the friend to Míra that I am! Many people don't understand this friendship. In tenth grade we were not on good terms at all. Not on bad terms, either, we just weren't moving in the same circles. And this year it surprised everyone that we are inseparable. But it's too sudden only for them, because they weren't there in the summer at the theatre camp in Balatonmárfürdő. It started with us sharing a room and a group and then we had to do a scene together. We immediately clicked, we knew what the other was thinking and we brought out the best in each other. Then we wanted to work together on every task. During an opening drama exercise we started talking and it was fantastic. No one ever understood me as much as she did, and she felt the



same way. We'd sneak out at night and talk the night away with two bottles of wine on the beach. We shared everything. It was so natural. Since then we've had no secrets from each other and we share everything. It had to happen this way, that we would find each other. It was fate, or whatever they say. Nothing can come between us. No matter what happens. I was afraid that Robi would spoil our friendship, that Míra would spend less time with me, but luckily that didn't happen. She told Robi that I was her best friend, that she would not neglect me. And if it bothered Robi, then they shouldn't even start a relationship. But luckily it didn't. And Robi's cool. There's no love triangle or jealousy. Only the type of person as Boti sees anything like that in it. We're just having fun, the three of us. I hope that Robi will swallow his pride and stop punishing Míra for something she is the victim of. I don't know who would want to hurt Míra when she is nice to everyone. Maybe it wasn't even Míra's person that caused the picture to be posted, but the fact that she has such a picture in the first place. Not that it was anyone's business. It must've been some kind of prudish moralist. Someone with no friends. Who ratted us out on the class trip for buying vodka, who rats out people who cheat on tests... Yes Ivett, I'm talking about you! I could see her doing it. Preaching on her high horse, that geeky little prick, and to make it worse she's a member of some Satanist cult, and proud of it! It might be a good deed in her fucked up religion, or something! I think you should ask her!

Monologue 8

Geek Girl: Why do I have to get involved in this? I have nothing to do with you. It's not true that I have no friends, I have lots of friends. It's a huge tight-knit community on the internet. People who listen to each other, care about each other, who can talk to each other about anything. People who love me and know my values. People who know me. I may not see them, we may only communicate in writing, but they are more human and know me better than any of you do. With them we love the same things, we believe in the same things, we have the same values. They are people you look down on. People who are marginalized in their class, who are picked on. But we found each other, and together we're stronger than you. So whatever you say about me, it's gonna roll off my back. This class means nothing to me. I don't want to be friends with you. I just want to come in, pay attention in class, get good grades so I can get into vet school, and that's it. Every day I wait for it to finally be over so I can go home and read, study, watch anime and talk to my real friends. Why can't I be left alone?



I'm not a Satanist anyway. I am a Wiccan. Which is not Satanism, but a New Pagan religion. But I'm sure you don't understand that. It's too complex for your shallow world. We don't worship Satan. We just don't believe in a Christian god, we believe in a bipolar god who is both male and female and is everywhere in nature. In every object, in every living thing, in every human being. If you knew anything about my religion you would not accuse me of sharing naked pictures of anyone. In my religion we take the sanctity of sexuality much more seriously than you who believe in nothing. You call yourselves Christians because grandma once took you to mass and you mock me, but it is you who believe in nothing, who have no respect for anything. You never pray, you're just happy that the Baby Jesus is coming at Christmas to bring presents. You condemn me for something you know nothing about. I have faith and I take it seriously. The Wiccan religion has one basic principle. Do you know what it is? *An ye harm none, do what ye will.* I live my life by that. So I do not and I cannot do anything to harm Míra or anyone else, so you can be sure I didn't post that picture.

I don't have any conflict with Míra. Well fine, when I told the class teacher that she and her friends went out for a smoke after music class, she threw my books out the window into the mud. But I don't care about that. I don't even notice these things. The books were fine. So just leave me alone. You can take me off the suspect list. The most obvious candidate hasn't even been asked yet. Because there are people here who don't give a damn about anyone, who hate everybody. And for whom, moreover, this would not be the first time they do such a thing! Just ask Zsófi! She's done this once before! She posted a picture like that of me! She must have done it! She's a repeat offender!

Monologue 9

Cool girl: I took a picture of you on a class trip when you fell asleep. It doesn't show anything of you, except that your belly is sticking out and you're drooling. And I didn't send it to anyone, only to the people who slept in that room. And no one sent it to anyone else. I'm sorry, sweetie, but nobody cares enough about you to send it on. And it was in the ninth grade. I've grown up since then, but I guess you haven't, if you're still going on about it.

And it's not just you. This whole thing is childish and petty. We're sending naked pictures of each other now? What is this, a kindergarten? I will not sink to your



level. I do have my own friends. The jock seniors. This class leaves me totally cold. They're all idiots.

Míra, stop whining and get over it. You're stupid and irresponsible. Did you seriously set your birthday as your PIN code? Well, congratulations. Even if you didn't tell everyone, anyone can check the bulletin board! You're a spoiled child trying to play big girl. I'm guessing that's why you took the picture, too. And see, this is where it leads. And now you're throwing a tantrum over it. Does it bother you that people fantasize about you? Do you think they're not fantasizing about your 20 bikini pictures? If it bothers you so much, take those down too. Or, if you like, leave them up and stop caring about what anyone else thinks. For once, do something without obsessing over what other people think of you. As for the the love of your life, if he won't talk to you after this, at least you'll have found out how much he's worth. Dump him. You're snitching on each other like children. And you all keep lying. You're shallow, you're garbage, you're stereotypes, all you care about is what other people think of you. Who gives a shit? Whoever sent that picture, congratulations to them. It was worth it just to finally be able to say this!

Kitti. You got broken up with. It happens to everyone. Have some dignity and don't degrade yourself. Robi, I don't know what these girls see in you, but you're like a five year old who wants to eat all the ice cream and then wonders why his tummy hurts. Csabi, don't hit on someone who doesn't want it, it's annoying and a bit scary. Boti, it's not brave to play the gay card only when it benefits you. Sandi, your sanctimonious Virgin Mary bullshit almost made me puke. And you, Ivett, you made up all that Wiccan nonsense just to make yourself interesting. I'm guessing you got it from one of your vampire books. But I'm sorry, you're not. You can make up whatever you want, but you're still just the boring geek chick to everyone else. Whom you supposedly don't care about, but it's like you're dying to please them. And teacher, excuse me, but what is this nonsense about solving this in-house? This is a crime. Let Míra file a complaint to the police and that's that. Besides, as far as I know, Míra isn't 18 yet, so not only is it a crime to forward her picture, it's a crime to store it. So all the little perverts can go straight to jail. What is this detective stuff, seriously? I didn't know the entire faculty was made up of Sherlocks and Columbos. Let's stop pointing fingers and let me mind my own business.

Monologue 10



Teacher: Thank you, Zsófia, I think that's enough. Everyone had the opportunity to say what they wanted to say. We have listened to everybody, thank you for being so... honest. It was very enlightening for all of us. Dear colleagues, Mr. Headmaster, Mrs. School District Head, thank you for your patience and your attention. I think we have heard all we needed to hear. Then, after careful consideration, we can draw the right conclusions and unravel this terrible case ourselves. Because, although, as Zsófia very... wittily pointed out we are neither Sherlocks nor Columbos, we do know our students, we do know adolescent psychology and we are intelligent enough to see the whole thing put together, as they say, right... So. Now, I would like to ask you, dear colleagues, to give some more of your time and attention to this matter, and after the students have left, to share your comments with me. Thank you. Dear students! You can go! Tomorrow we begin with homeroom and geography class. See you there. Don't be late. Good night. Good night.