Setting: Students, one female and the rest male are sitting around in a classroom waiting for class to start. The words “Multivariable calculus” are written on the board behind them. As the scene goes on James will lean progressively further back in his chair.

Rod Sterling (*Walks onstage smoking*): Observe a standard classroom filled with students discussing the weekend plans. Observe one James Smith, a bright engineering student ready for the big game, only this game will take place in the Twilight Zone.

James: I cannot wait for the game tonight!

Jake: Are you going Andrea? Gonna be lit!

Andrea: I have to stay home and read for my medieval literature class.

James: Yeah! If you were an engineer like us, I would understand. Let’s be real though, literature majors don’t work.

Jake: Boo! Literature sucks! What a joke! You’re not even STEM. You can take a few hours off Andrea. Your homework won’t take all weekend.

Andrea: Well, actually I am going to see a play tomorrow, so I really cannot afford to skip.

Jake: Can you afford not to? Come on Andrea! You’re not going to make any money as a literature student. Meet a husband, so you don’t starve to death. (*Makes kissy faces at Andrea*)

Andrea: I need to pass this class, so I can make money. Come on guys, literature is a respectable major!

James: Literature isn’t a real major. Besides plays are boring. Football is awesome. I’ll make you a deal. If you attend the game, I’ll tutor you for the rest of the semester. You look like you could use it.

(*James falls back in his chair*. Everyone freezes in place)

*(Suddenly, Jake, and all other male actors except James leave are replaced by two female actors, and the sign at the back of the room reads Advanced Theatre. James comes to and looks around confused.)*

Andrea: You okay, James? You look like you hit your head.

James: Yeah I am fine Andrea. Where are Jake and Tim?

Jane: I have no idea. You’re the only boy in this class. Most boys don’t have what it takes to take Advanced Theatre.

James: Theatre? No, this is multivariable calculus. I am an engineering student. I don’t have to take theatre.

Lily: You STEM majors really are stupid! (*all the girls laugh*) All engineering students are required to take at least three semesters of theatre.

Jane: You’d think you’d be happy to learn something useful for once. Of course, you’re probably failing this class anyways. Most engineers just aren’t cut out for theatre classes. It’s not their fault. Their brains only know how to add numbers and have no idea how to write two sentences.

James: Hey! Engineers make plenty of money, and I’m doing just fine in this class.

Lily: Ha! Engineers all end up unemployed. You’ll probably teach shop at a high school.

Andrea: It’s okay James. You’ll be fine. My dad is an engineer. He doesn’t have to make a lot of money because he married a history major.

Jane: LUCKY! They make bank! You girls going to the play this weekend? I heard it’s going to be awesome! You should come James? You could find a wife who will support you!

James: I can’t. I have engineering homework.

Andrea: What do you have to do, add two plus two? You really can’t take the night off? It’s not like you’re liberal arts.

James: Well, I’m going to the football game later.

Jane: Seriously, I didn’t know people even went to those! Football is so boring! James, the whole school will be at the play. We’re pre-gaming it with brunch and mimosas right before!

James: I don’t like mimosas, and I don’t like plays.

Andrea: Typical guy. Can’t take mimosas. Probably doesn’t even understand plays.

James: I understand plays!

Jane: James, if you understood plays, you would major in theatre like the rest of us and make six figures instead of being a poor engineer.

James: I have no idea what’s going on right now.

(*Teacher walks in*)

Teacher: Typical of an engineering student (*class laughs*). Let’s get started talking about our feelings. This is a big deal in the workplace.

(*All freeze. Rod Sterling walks back on stage.*)

Rod Sterling: And so we leave James, an engineering student who looked down on the liberal arts only to have the tables turned. Be careful at the football game tonight. Don’t want to pass the line of scrimmage into the...

 (James *Looks up*)

James: Who are you and who are you talking to?

(Rod Sterling is shocked someone noticed him)

Rod Sterling: Twilight Zone.