

FEMALE 1

Dad, you will let me take the car myself. I'm going to be 16 in two weeks. Yeah, technically my learner's permit requires you in the car with me ... technically I have to wait two weeks to get my license

But you know I can drive, you told me I'm better than mom. I can three point turn, parallel park, and I observe the traffic laws like a religion. So it's not like irresponsible to let me drive, because you know I'm awesome at it.

GOD! This is so unfair. I hate you! You're going to ruin me socially.

The coolest girls in freshman year, the one's whose parents are all probably making huge donations at mom's gala tonight, who live in the massive houses on the hill and won't talk to me. They started talking to me. Because, they needed a ride to the dance. And I'm like, I can take you. And they're like, "you're 16?" and I'm all "yeah." And then they said, "cool." And I've been eating lunch with them everyday this week, and they're all so excited.

It was well thought out. You and mom were supposed to be at her benefit gala thing tonight ... you weren't supposed to have a stupid fever and be stuck at home. If I let them down... If I don't get in that car right now and go pick them up and take them to the dance ... I'm dead or I might as well be. They will make it their life's work to ruin me. I will be marked, mocked, and probably shunned. My entire high school experience will become hell.

I'm not being dramatic. I'm being accurate, dad. This is how things go.

So I'm begging you ... just Just go to sleep. You have a fever you know. You need your rest. Just, go to sleep now and I'll... I'll still be here when you wake up in exactly 3 hours. Right before mom gets back.

Please dad. My life depends on it.

FEMALE 2

I ate them. That's right. I ate the divorce papers, Charles. I ate them with ketchup. And they were good...goood. You probably want me to get serious about our divorce. The thing is you always called our marriage a joke. So let's use logic here: If A we never had a serious marriage then B we can't have a serious divorce. No. We can't. The whole thing's a farce, Charles – a farce that tastes good with ketchup.

I mean, wasn't it last week, your dad asked you the reason you walked down that aisle with me, and you said "for the exercise." Ha, ha. That's funny. You're a funny guy, Charles. I'm laughing, not a crying. Ha, ha. I'm laughing because you're about to give up on a woman who is infinitely lovable.

For instance: Paul. He has loved me since the eighth grade. Sure, he's a little creepy, but he reeeally loves me. He's made one hundred twenty seven passes at me, proposed forty seven times, and sent me over two hundred original love sonnets. He sees something in me, Charles. And he writes it down, in metered verse!

And that's not something you just find everyday. Someone who really loves everything about who you are as a person. Paul may be insane, but I value his feelings for me.

I would never ask him to sign his name to a piece of paper promising to just turn off his feelings for me forever. But that's what you're asking me to do, for you. To sign away my right to...to that sweet voice Charles, those baby brown eyes, the way your hands feel through my hair before bed...

Those aren't things I want to lose. In fact, I won't lose them. I won't lose you. I'll woo you. I've written you a sonnet. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day. Thou art more lovely and more temperate, rough winds do shake the darling buds of may and..." I'm not crying. I'm laughing. It's all a big joke. It's very funny, Charles. I keep waiting for you to say "April Fools." Then I'll rush into your arms and... But you're not going to, are you? No. Of course not. It's not April.

I, I didn't really write that sonnet, you know. Paul did. I think it's good.

You see, the truth...the truth is, Charles, I ate the divorce papers, I ate them, because I can't stomach the thought of losing you.

FEMALE 3

Ryan, there's something I have to tell you. (Pause.) I was born in 1931. I never lied to you, I am 23. But I've been 23 since the year 1954.

I know, I know. It's impossible, right? No one lives forever? But, sometimes they do. In 1953, I got married. A few weeks after the wedding, I suddenly fell ill. My husband took me to a hospital. I was there for almost a week. I was in so much pain. And no one could say for sure what was wrong. One night, in the hospital, a stranger came to see me. He told me, "Janie, you're going to die tomorrow." That was my name then, the name I was born with.

This man, the stranger, he offered me a chance to live forever. He said, "You can die tomorrow, or you can live forever. Stay young forever." Well, of course my first thought was, the devil has come to tempt me. He wasn't the devil. And of course, I don't believe in the devil anymore. There are powerful beings on this earth, but man created Satan. And God, for that matter. My point is, this man offered me a chance to live. And I took it.

I will live forever. I will never age. I cannot be harmed, not physically. I can't be hurt by bullets, or knives, or fire, or even explosions. I can't be hurt by diseases -in fact, I can't even catch a cold.

When my husband was 45, he died in a car accident. At his funeral, the stranger came to see me again. He asked me if I wanted to... give up my gift, and... die. I thought about it. But I said, no. I wasn't ready. I knew there was more for me. I have centuries and centuries ahead of me. These first hundred years... are like a drop in the ocean...

My husband never knew about me, and he didn't have a choice. I don't want to go through that again. I don't want to fall in love again for twenty years. Twenty years is... gone in the blink of an eye. I'm looking for someone to love forever. Most people, when they say forever, they mean... well, they don't really mean forever. But I do. I'm in love with you, Ryan. And I'm asking you to share forever with me.

FEMALE 4

I wanted those moments - few and far between as they were. I wanted whatever time and affection you could give me. No matter what it cost me. I felt like you found comfort in me. And maybe I wasn't your first choice, you know? But I was glad that I was somewhere on the list. I let it happen again and again, more times than I can even count.

You wanted to keep things casual, you wanted to keep me at arm's length. You leaned on me. I cared about you so much. I can't explain it, but, I've seen the best and the worst of you... and I love you. I love the way you can tell me what I'm thinking. I love the way you tell a story, drawing me in. I love you for all the times you convinced me, with a stupid joke, or even just a look... to stop taking myself so seriously and just enjoy my life. Nothing could ever make me regret the way I feel about you. What I feel for you isn't a negative thing. It makes me better, it makes my life better. That's what I've been trying to say: That love is never wrong, even when it grows in the worst conditions, with no encouragement...

FEMALE 5

You give up so easily! You don't get validation, you walk away. You don't get enough attention, you take some pills. That's the problem with your generation, really. You're over-indulged by your parents and you're spoiled and impatient and entitled. Hence the so-called suicide attempts. You don't want to die, you want people to pity you. It's pathetic.

If you wanted to die, you'd be dead. You would keep trying, over And over, until you got it right. But you don't drink bleach. You don't hang yourself or jump off a bridge or crash your car into a wall. You take pills. You stick your head in the oven. It's a cry for help. So stop wasting your time idealizing and romanticizing death and accept the fact that everyone is miserable. Life is hell for everyone. They just fake it better.

Who are you to think you deserve to be different? Just grow up already! Lose 80 pounds, buy some new clothes. Get a haircut and put on some make-up. Stop looking for fairness and authenticity and inspiration, because they don't exist. Get a job at a bank and get a manicure once a week. Marry a dentist. But for God's sake, don't have children, because your DNA is filled with idealism, and no kid deserves to be saddled with that. When you're unhappy, go shopping. Run five miles a day and grow your own tomatoes. Volunteer at a soup kitchen. Read to visually impaired gay senior citizens. All you have to do is quit whining, show some willpower! You're not special. You are just like everyone else. You think you're in pain, but that's all in your head. Just SNAP OUT OF IT.