

## Being a Teen

Oh, my gosh. I think I've just come up with the best theory. Teenage life sucks. That's it. I mean, once you hit 13, your life just goes (rocket). All the adults are like "I loved being a teenager!" Ha, sure. Well, I'm sorry but this isn't "Sunshine 70's" anymore. They're just trying to make us feel better. And the little kids are like "I can't wait to be a teenager! It would be so fun much to be older!" Haha, no you don't. No, you really don't.

Okay, first of all, you're in Middle School when it all starts to happen. For some weird reason, it seems like when you're a teenager, all your friends start to turn on you. I mean, at first they're like "Hey, best friend!" and you know, you do the regular things like hang out and stuff. And then once you leave, they go around gossiping "Oh, my gosh, did you know that Gretchen made out with Justin at movies... oh yeah, it was definitely tongue," (what expression) I don't even know a Justin! Then, there's puberty. Actually, I'm not even gonna get into that.

And then there's high school, the black-hole of all teenage life. Once you get there, everything starts to fall apart. First, everyone expects you to be this pencil thin stick or you're considered "fat", but when you are that thin, they just go spreading around that you're anorexic! And all through high school, it's nothing but college this or college that, and the college-councilors are not much help about it. They're like "You fail! You lose! You fail at life! You better memorize the phrase 'You want fries with that?'! Grrr! I hate them! I wish they'd die!!!! (Sigh) Where was I? Oh yeah, life sucking. You know what, I'm tired of complaining. So, I just say two things to say: Adults, you're wrong, and kids, get ready.

### I'm not your counselor!

I hate it when they all come running to me when they need someone to listen to them whine. What they don't see is that I'm just like them. To them, I'm this pillar of happiness that's always standing up proudly. To them, I've got no troubles in my daily life-- it's all just flowers and sunshine. They don't stop to consider that maybe all this sadness surrounding me gets me down once in a while.

But, no, they've got their own problems to deal with first. So, they come to me. They want to hear me say that everything will be okay in the end, and that things really aren't as bad as they seem to be. I need to listen to them ramble on about their crushes not liking them and their boyfriends not spending every minute of every hour of every day with them.

Maybe... it's my fault. I put on this front like I'm always so happy and cheery, so they naturally come to the happiest person they can find within a mile radius. Maybe they're hoping a little bit of my happiness will be passed onto them. Maybe they think that they'll be happier if they're like me.

Oh, God. Stop me. I'm going on an ego trip again.

But they wouldn't want this happiness spared onto them-- if you can even call it happiness. I can barely handle it anymore. People say that I'd make a good psychologist, and maybe they're right. But if it means dealing with all of this everyday, I don't think I would. I don't think I could! I--

I've really got to stop saying "I" so much.

### Perfectly Frank

Amy and her friend Doug are in Study Hall together getting ready for the big math exam the tomorrow morning. You can tell that Amy is a little tired and cranky, and the math homework seems to have taken her over the edge. Doug lends a sympathetic ear.

**Amy:** You know something Doug, it seems like every person I know is trying to be perfect. They're all working out to get that perfect body, shopping to find those perfect clothes, saving money to buy that perfect car, all this while trying to maintain straight "A's" so they can get into the perfect college. Then we get to college...and how many years do we have there?...Yeah, another four years to make tops in our class, while balancing sports, activities, and part time jobs to try to have that perfect resume for our applications. And I suppose you're wondering why we need a perfect resume?...Well let me tell you. So you can get that perfect job, make lots of money and be successful. (shakes her head) Oh and then there's dating....we can't leave that out. Going out with the right guy gets you into all the right parties, not to mention improving your chances for being nominated for the Homecoming and Prom royalty. It can make or break your high school experience. Some of my friends are even perfect enough to be Runway Models, you know the ones, they suck in their cheeks and prance down the runway with their "I disdain you little people" look on their faces. The other night, while I was up at 11 p.m. finishing my homework, (pushing the point) "because I'd just gotten home from work after volleyball practice," so I got frustrated and looked up the word "perfect" in the dictionary. You know something, it's ironic, that we're all striving for an idea that comes somewhere between "penguins" and "pinball". Doesn't that strike you as being stupid, life is just too precious to waste? I'm ready to have some fun! (pause) Well? You just going to sit there? Why don't you give me your opinion on the matter? (beat) Yeah, Please, and be perfectly honest.

## The Divorce

Jamie's parents are getting separated. It doesn't quite sink in at first, she's sort of in shock. She truly believes that her influence can change the situation. Once that fails she moves from one desperate attempt to the next trying to get her parents back together again, with her confidence and feelings losing footing each step of the way. When she finally sees that the situation is hopeless, her emotions spiral down to the point of sobbing and begging.

**Jamie:** (sits in disbelief after hearing the news her parents' divorce) What? (pause) What do you mean you're getting a divorce? No, (pause) no this can't be happening to me. (shaking her head.) Can't the two of you work things out? I mean how bad could it possibly be? (beat) (turning to her mother) It's your right? it's your fault it always is. You're always grilling Daddy, nagging him. I hear you. Maybe if you weren't such a nag then he wouldn't be leaving. (beat) Why shouldn't I, Daddy? She should know the truth. If she weren't always on your case then we wouldn't be having this conversation! (beat) I can't believe you're doing this to me! (jumps out of chair in anger) Do you know how embarrassing this is going to be for me at school? Everyone thinks we're happy. I'm always telling people how in love you two are and how I want to have that same kinda love. (pause) What am I going to do? I mean really? I'm going to have to change schools. All of my friends' parents are still married you know. (pauses as the inevitable sets in and begins to sob) Please tell me what's going on, Daddy. Tell me why you're leaving. Tell me what's wrong. (The father attempts to hug Jamie but she pulls away) No--no don't touch me. Don't touch me! How could you do this to me? Huh? How could you? I don't want you to touch me. I don't want to be comforted, Dad. Wait! (openly crying now and begging) Please don't go, Daddy. I promise I'll do better. I'll go easy on the shopping. I won't bug you about the silly stuff. I'll do the chores without tripping out...I'll do anything. Mom, why is he leaving? (beat) No--no I don't want to hear that okay? There is no such thing as "making it work out for all of us" okay. There is no such thing. Stop trying to lie to me I'm not a child! This is the worst possible thing that could happen and I will never...NEVER forgive either one of you ever again! (storms out of the room).

### The Breakup

Well, I haven't really had any time to do much thinking. But I really think the best thing I could do, would be to get out of New York. You know, like we were saying, this morning - how things might be different, if you only had a chance to breathe and spread out a little. Only when I said it, I never dreamt it would ever be this way.

I like you so much, Sam. I like you better than anybody I know. It would be so nice to be with you. You're different from anybody I know. But I'm just wondering how it would work out. There are lots of things to be considered. Suppose something was to happen - well, suppose I was to have a baby, say. That sometimes happens even when you don't want it to. What would we do then? We'd be tied down then, for life, just like all the other people around here. They all start out loving each other and thinking everything is going to be fine - and before you know it, they find out they haven't got anything and they wish they could do it all over again - only it's too late.

It's what you said just now - about people belonging to each other. I don't think people ought to belong to anybody but themselves. I was thinking, that if my mother had really belonged to herself, and that if my father had really belonged to himself, it never would have happened. It was only because they were always depending on somebody else, for what they ought to have had inside themselves. Do you see what I mean, Sam? That's why I don't want to belong to anybody, and why I don't want anybody to belong to me. I want love more than anything else in the world. But loving and belonging aren't the same thing. Sam, dear, listen. If we say good bye now, it doesn't mean that it has to be forever. Maybe someday, when we're older and wiser, things will be different. Don't look as if it was the end of the world, Sam! It isn't Sam! If you'd only believe in yourself, a little more, things wouldn't look nearly so bad. Because once you're sure of yourself, the things that happen to you, aren't so important. The way I look at it, it's not what you do that matters so much; it's what you are. I'm so fond of you, Sam. And I've got such a lot of confidence in you. Sam....

**The Wizard of Oz****By: L. Frank Baum**

Wicked Witch of the West: Next time I enslave a whole nation, I must check out their intelligence first. Nikko, Nikko! Where is the commander of my aerobatic apes? There you are. I have an important task for you. My enemies are about to enter the Haunted Forest. I want you to rouse your men and snatch the sickening little girl and her equally nauseating little dog. Exhausted? What do you mean you're exhausted? Alright, alright. I'll conjure up a spell to take the fight out of her. Now which of my creepy crawlies creations shall I send to plague her? The flibberty gibbet? No! The fly by night? No! Aha! I have it! The jitterbug! Well may you gibber. There is no more infectious bug in my book of spells. Once bitten, they can never stop dancing till they drop! And when they do, you shall be there to scoop up the little brat and the little brute and bring them both to me! Now go! Do my bidding! Fly, fly, fly! Soon those darling little slippers will grace my dainty feet... I wonder if the winkies do shoe repair?

**The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man in the Moon Marigolds****By: Paul Zindel**

Tillie: He told me to look at my hand, for a part of it came from a star that exploded too long ago to imagine. This part of me was formed from a tongue of fire that screamed through the heavens until there was our sun. And this part of me -this tiny part of me - was on the sun when it itself exploded and whirled in a great storm until the planets came to be. And this small part of me was then a whisper of the earth. When there was a life, perhaps this part of me got lost in a fern that was crushed and covered until it was coal. And then it was a diamond millions of years later - it must have been a diamond as beautiful as the star from which it had first come. Or perhaps this part of me became lost in a terrible beast, or became part of a huge bird that flew above the primeval swamps. And he said this thing was so small - this part of me was so small it couldn't be seen - but it was there from the beginning of the world. And he called this bit of me an atom. And when wrote the word, I fell in love with it.

Atom

Atom

What a beautiful word.

## And Turning, Stay

by Kellie Powell

Amy: Don't you dare walk away from me! And don't tell me you're sorry! And don't tell me to forget it, and don't you dare tell me to "let it go." God knows, I'd like to. I wish I could, but I can't! I can't forget that we had something, and you're running away. You're running away! Don't you see, Mark? You're running from what I've searched for all my life! Why, because you're scared? Well, I'm scared too, but you and I - we have something worth fighting for. We could make it work, I'm not saying it would be easy, but I care about you. And I know deep down, under this (Spitting out the word.) bravado, you care about me. And that's what it's all about, Mark, don't you get it? It's the human experience. You can pretend all you want, but you're only lying to yourself. You're denying the simple and wonderful fact that you are emotional, and vulnerable, and alive.

Can you honestly stand there and tell me that I mean nothing to you? That everything that happened that night was a lie? That you feel nothing? (AMY is crying or close to it. The following is a painful statement that she makes not to attack or threaten Mark but rather, to allow herself closure with the situation.) I feel sorry for you, Mark. I'll move on. I'll find someone else. I'll be all right, because I will know that I tried. That I did everything I could. But someday you will look back, and you will realize what you threw away. And you will regret it... always.

## Collaboration

by Kellie Powell

Kim: 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...

**Street of Blood****By: Ronnie Burkett****Edna:**

Thanksgiving dinner. There we sat, the five of us. Or rather, me and the silent quartet. Now you may have noticed, I tend to go on a bit. And when I'm nervous, well my chin wagging just won't stop. So I talked. I passed the turkey, and I talked. I passed the dressing, and I talked. I passed the gravy boat, and talked. I passed the potatoes, the turnips, the peas and the corn and I talked and talked and talked and talked. I was just about to pass around the jelly salad – oh the clear green one with fruit cocktail in it, not the creamy ambrosia one with the Philadelphia cream cheese and pineapple tidbits – when Eden stood up, cleared his throat and said: "Mum. Dad. I'm gay".

I didn't know what to do. I'd planned this for a week, and now it had all gone wrong. Maybe there wasn't enough food. I held the jellied salad in front of Diane and said "This one has fruit in it". Well, for once I was silent. It was dead quiet at that table. That eerie kind of stillness like right before a big storm. And I could feel him. From the other end of that table, my Stanley, starting to vibrate like a generator getting going. All in his neck, eh? His neck doubling in size and ready to burst. And his face. Eyes crazy like an animal, ready to attack. And getting all red, like every drop of blood in his body had rushed to his head. This had gone terribly wrong. This was all my fault. I should have cooked a ham too! Suddenly, Stanley slammed his cutlery down on his plate with a crash. Put both hands on the tables and lifted himself up to his full height. He looked bigger than I had ever seen him before. Like a giant. Like a crazy unfriendly giant. And his face was so red it looked like a missile would shoot straight out the top of his head at any moment. I had to do something. Say something. Fix this. Come on Edna, you're a smart woman, you read Chatelaine. Think Edna, think.

(Enda stands half from the excitement of her story-telling, partially as re-enactment.)

Dessert. I had dessert! My saviour! I put the jellied salad down, placed my hands on the table and stood opposite Mr. Stanley Rural, staring him down. Oh, not as tall but just as strong-willed. His eyes locked with mine. Like two gunfighters, fingers twitching for their pistols. I shot first. I spoke. I spoke as calmly and as bravely and as sensibly as any Canadian woman in my situation would. And I said to him, "Stanley Rural, keep your fork! There's pie.

## The Chocolate Affair

By: Stephanie Alison Walker

BEVERLY: I can't take it anymore!!

I'm up every day at five. Every day. Up at five, go for a jog, take a shower, wake Sally, cook breakfast—something healthy—egg whites, flax, kale, organic coffee, sprouted wheat. Sit down with Dave and Sally for breakfast. Eat a tiny portion. Be sure to leave some on the plate. Always leave some on the plate.

Get dressed. Something feminine, flattering. Kiss Dave goodbye. Make sure to give him a little something worth coming back home to.

Check on Sally. Comb her hair. Pack her lunch. Wait with her for the bus. Hug her goodbye. Make sure that hug lasts all day long...that she feels your arms around her even at recess when the mean kids pick on her because their moms don't hug them enough. Then let go. Watch her walk away, board the bus.

Choke back your tears. Taste the salt slide down the back of your throat. Go back inside. Check yourself in the mirror. Ugh. Turn around. Turn back hoping to see someone else. Cross through the kitchen. Pause. Feel the quiet of the empty house. No one watching. What can you eat? Open the pantry, look inside. Grab the jar of peanut butter. Unscrew the lid. Take a whiff. Stick your finger in the jar of peanut butter. Lick it off. Feel someone watching you. Turn around to face them. No one's there. Put the peanut butter away. Wash your hands, careful to remove any trace of peanut butter. Reapply lipstick. Head out the door. To work. Again.

This isn't fun anymore. There's something wrong with me.

**A Streetcar Named Desire****By: Tennessee Williams**

Blanche: He was a boy, just a boy, when I was a very young girl. When I was sixteen, I made the discovery -- love. All at once and much, much too completely. It was like you suddenly turned a blinding light on something that had always been half in shadow, that's how it struck the world for me. But I was unlucky. Deluded. There was something different about the boy, a nervousness, a softness and tenderness which wasn't like a man's, although he wasn't the least bit effeminate looking -- still -- that thing was there ... He came to me for help. I didn't know that. I didn't find out anything till after our marriage when we'd run away and come back and all I knew was I'd failed him in some mysterious way and wasn't able to give the help he needed but couldn't speak of! He was in the quicksands and clutching at me -- but I wasn't holding him out, I was slipping in with him! I didn't know that. I didn't know anything except I loved him unendurably but without being able to help him or help myself. Then I found out. In the worst of all possible ways. By coming suddenly into a room that I thought was empty -- which wasn't empty, but had two people in it ... the boy I had married and an older man who had been his friend for years ...

Afterward we pretended that nothing had been discovered. Yes, the three of us drove out to Moon Lake Casino, laughing all the way.

We danced the Varsouviana! Suddenly, in the middle of the dance the boy I had married broke away from me and ran out of the casino. A few moments later -- a shot!

I ran out -- all did! -- all ran and gathered about the terrible thing at the edge of the lake! I couldn't get near for the crowding. Then somebody caught my arm. "Don't go any closer! Come back! You don't want to see!" See? See what! Then I heard voices say -- Allan! Allan! The Grey boy! He'd stuck the revolver into his mouth, and fired -- so that the back of his head had been -- blown away!

It was because -- on the dance floor -- unable to stop myself -- I'd suddenly said -- "I saw! I know! You disgust me ..." And then the searchlight which had been turned on the world was turned off again and never for one moment since has there been any light that's stronger than this -- kitchen -- candle ...

**A Doll's House****By: Henrik Ibsen**

Nora: (after a short silence). Isn't there one thing that strikes you as strange in our sitting here like this? We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation? In all these eight years-longer than that-from the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on a serious subject. I'm not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything. You have never understood me. I have been greatly wronged, Torvald-first by papa and then by you. (shaking her head) You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me. I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you-or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which-I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman-just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

I have never been happy. I thought I was, but it has never really been so.

## The Care and Feeding of Baby Birds

By: Ann Wuehuler

But I've been waiting for the good things to happen for years now. I've been patient. I send out resumes, I act nice, I go out of my way for my friends when I can. Is that why I never get anywhere? Cause I wait? Cause I try to be as small as possible, not make any noise? I even write polite poems. About nature and waterfalls. Nothing profound. I'm not profound. At all. I never let myself be. I write pretty, shallow poems to please everyone and they please no one. So I drown in debt, I take jobs that eat my soul, and I ...!... And so I take care of baby birds my dad knocked out of their nest. Yeah. I'm too old to care about this, I should be all grown by now, and be all indifferent to everything but my credit report. I'll never be a mom. Or a wife. I've spent my life in school, working crappy jobs, waiting for the mail, or lately, the emails that don't get sent. Or the emails that say, sorry, we don't want your shallow crap, good luck not being a writer, ever. Don't you wish ... rejection letters were honest? That the editors would just say, plainly, once and for all—you can't write. Try marine biology. Or dead animal removal, I hear they're always hiring. I would so love to get that rejection letter! I could finally stop wishing, hoping, waiting, dreaming! I could stop all that crap. It would be so nice. I could finally give up and move on. This being in limbo all the time, waiting for dreams to come true ... it's cruel. Believe in your dreams!! "Hang in there, someday it will happen," my friends keep saying. They have houses and lives. They have money in the bank and go on vacations. They have children. A couple even have grandchildren by now. I have ... nothing. I have nothing to show. No awards. No college teaching position just until my book gets published crappola. I didn't mean to get on this, God. I didn't mean to get all ... maudlin.

**The Glass Menagerie**

by Tennessee Williams

Tom: What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that celotex interior? With fluorescent tubes? Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains than go back mornings. But I go. For sixty five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self ..... self's all I ever think of. Why listen, if self is what I thought of Mother, I'd be where he is, GONE!

I'm going to the movies! I'm going to opium dens, yes, opium dens, Mother. I've joined the Hogan Gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun in a violin case. I run a string of cat houses in the Valley. They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield. I'm leading a double life: a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night, a dynamic czar of the underworld, Mother. On occasion they call me El Diablo.

Oh I could tell you many things to make you sleepless. My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky high some night. I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentleman callers.

You ugly, babbling old witch....

**Absently Present**

by Terrence Mosley

Son: Nope. Picked up the blade when at 14 and never looked back. Ma never wanted me to shave. I thought she didn't want me to grow up, or something like that, but now I understand. She would always say to me... every time, she would say, "It's gonna grow back thicker". First couple times weren't too bad. A little irritation, no cuts, everything was fine. Next thing I know, I start getting all these bumps. I would let it grow out, they would disappear, and I would shave again. I would get more, every time I shaved, and I started to pick at them. I couldn't pop'em fast enough. Then it started feeling like I had steel pushing out of my pores. Sometimes it's so bad I can't sleep at night. Ma tried to warn me and I didn't listen. I would go to bed mad at you. Thinkin' you did this to me. Try and put you out of my head and there you are just beneath the surface pushing up. Pushing pain.

## Wasted Talent

by Joseph Arnone

Donnie: He stopped believing, that's it, that's why he failed...he quit. So much talent, so much potential but he stopped believing in himself...he lost his way cause he couldn't figure out what to do next with his career and I guess all the stress added up and finally broke him...his music was great...I would listen to it all the time...it would get me into a pumped up emotional state and his lyrics never got old...no one gave him a chance but I think that in today's world that doesn't matter; he didn't give himself the chance to take control of his career the way I knew he could have. Maybe it was fear from doubting himself and it crippled his ambition.

He did it for so long with no financial gain, no recognition for his genius and he couldn't do it no more...he gave up and that's why he hung himself in his studio; he couldn't do it anymore. It pains me because I believed in the guy more than he believed in himself. He forgot the number one lesson which is to do what you love for the sake of the journey...nothing is more rewarding than that. He lost sight of that. He forgot what it's all about. It's not about money or fame or compliments...it's about expressing yourself creatively because it's what your soul needs to do and enjoying the process. He lost track of that enjoyment and instead found himself caught up with what most people get stuck on...

I wish I somehow knew how deep he'd fell off in his belief cause I—

(pause.)

I will miss him very much, he was a dear friend and a talented artist and the world has been robbed of his contribution to humanity.

It hurts. It's sad. It didn't have to happen this way.

**Unity (1918)****By: Kevin Kerr**

Hart: This reminds me of something that happened some time ago in Halifax. Our neighbor, old Mr. Morris passed on and after the funeral they had the usual procession up the hill to the cemetery. Now this hill goes straight out of downtown and is quite steep. Well, part-way up the hill the carriage carrying the late Mr. Morris broke away from the horses and started rolling backwards down the hill. That carriage rolled past his wife and children, past the congregation, and kept on rolling. Now that road is as straight as an arrow and the carriage just kept on going with everybody chasing after it. It rolled right to the bottom of the hill and right into downtown and it kept on going. It seemed like nothing would stop it. Finally it rolled right to the end of the street where the drug store stood. And it kept on going. It rolled right through the front window of the drug store, across the room and right into the counter at a tremendous speed. Well the casket popped open, and the body of Old Mr. Morris suddenly sat up and said, "Hey Apothecary, can you give me something to stop this coffin?"

**You're a Good Man Charlie Brown****By: Charles Schultz**

Charlie Brown: I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes mornings aren't so pleasant, either -waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too - lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between - when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. (He opens the bag, unwraps a sandwich, and looks inside) Peanut butter. (He bites and chews) Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely. I guess they're right. And if you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. (He munches quietly, fingers running along the bench) Boy, the PTA sure did a good job of painting these benches. (He looks off to one side) There's that cute little redhead girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she'd do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her. She'd probably laugh right in my face. It's hard on a face when it gets laughed at. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up. (He stands) I'm standing up. (He sits) I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great and am I so small that she couldn't spare one little moment just to...(He freezes) She's looking at me. (In terror he looks one way, then another) She's looking at me. (His head looks all around, frantically trying to find something else to notice. His teeth clench. Tension builds. Then, with one motion, he pops the bag over his head)

**The Breakfast Club****By: John Hughes**

Andy: Do you guys know what I did to get in here? I taped Larry Lester's buns together. Yeah, you know him? Well, then you know how hairy he is, right? Well, when they pulled the tape off, most of his hair came off and some skin too. And the bizarre thing is, is that I did it for my old man. I tortured this poor kid because I wanted him to think I was cool. He's always going off about, you know, when he was in school, all the wild things he used to do, and I got the feeling that he was disappointed that I never cut loose on anyone, right? So, I'm sitting in the locker room and I'm taping up my knee and Larry's undressing a couple lockers down from me and he's kinda skinny, weak, and I started thinking about my father and his attitude about weakness, and the next thing I knew, I jumped on top of him and started wailing on him. Then my friends, they just laughed and cheered me on. And afterwards, when I was sittin' in Vernon's office, all I could think about was Larry's father and Larry having to go home and explain what happened to him. And the humiliation, the friggin' humiliation he must have felt. It must have been unreal. I mean, how do you apologize for something like that? There's no way. It's all because of me and my old man. God, I friggin' hate him. He's like, he's like this mindless machine I can't even relate to anymore. "Andrew, you've got to be number one. I won't tolerate any losers in this family. Your intensity is for crap." You know, sometimes I wish my knee would give and I wouldn't be able to wrestle anymore. He could forget all about me.

## Sparks in the Park

**By: Noble Mason Smith**

Barry: All right.. give me a break. I really think I'm going insane. Do you want to know why I'm going insane? Well, I'll tell you anyway. It's all because of this. Can you read it? It says, "Write a play and see it produced by two professionals in New York City in America's Annual Young Playwrights Festival". Pretty neat. My English teacher gave it to me just before school was out for the summer. Just the kind of thing an English teacher would give you right before summer. This thing has been like a curse. It's killing me. Don't get me wrong. It's not like I have to do this or anything. It's just become like a quest. I always thought... hey, I could write a play. I mean... listen. I have been to so many bad plays in my life. Stupid, idiotic plays... plays that make you say, My God, what kind of madman wrote this?" And do you know why there are so many bad plays? BECAUSE THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO WRITE! I have been sitting in this stupid room all month. It's not that I don't have anything to say. That's just it. I have too much to say. I'm too incredibly smart. Write a play... write a play. Have you ever gone to a play and sat through about the first ten minutes, maybe even up to intermission, without having any idea what was going on? People are sitting around you, laughing, or crying their brains out, and you're just sitting there thinking, "God, my tongue hurts". What's worse is when you have to go to a play, one you really like, and they give it this completely moronic ending. I hate them. I have decided that I hate plays more than anything in the world. That's it. I give up. No more plays for me.

## Alice in Wonderland

By: Lewis Caroll

ALICE: [Angrily] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [Calling after him] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! [Falling] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

**An Ideal Husband****By: Oscar Wilde**

MABEL CHILTERN: Well, Tommy has proposed to me again. Tommy really does nothing but propose to me. He proposed to me last night in the music-room, when I was quite unprotected, as there was an elaborate trio going on. I didn't dare to make the smallest repartee, I need hardly tell you. If I had, it would have stopped the music at once. Musical people are so absurdly unreasonable. They always want one to be perfectly dumb at the very moment when one is longing to be absolutely deaf. Then he proposed to me in broad daylight this morning, in front of that dreadful statue of Achilles. Really, the things that go on in front of that work of art are quite appalling. The police should interfere. At luncheon I saw by the glare in his eye that he was going to propose again, and I just managed to check him in time by assuring him that I was a bimetallist. Fortunately I don't know what bimetallism means. And I don't believe anybody else does either. But the observation crushed Tommy for ten minutes. He looked quite shocked. And then Tommy is so annoying in the way he proposes. If he proposed at the top of his voice, I should not mind so much. That might produce some effect on the public. But he does it in a horrid confidential way. When Tommy wants to be romantic he talks to one just like a doctor. I am very fond of Tommy, but his methods of proposing are quite out of date. I wish, Gertrude, you would speak to him, and tell him that once a week is quite often enough to propose to anyone, and that it should always be done in a manner that attracts some attention.

## No Smoking

By: Jacinto Benavente

LADY: For goodness' sake, don't stop upon our account! Smoke as much as you want to--it doesn't bother me, or my daughter, either. We are used to it. Her poor father, my first husband--who is now in glory--was never without a cigar in his mouth. As he bit off one, he lit it with the butt of the other. And my second husband--who now rests in peace--they were alike as two buttons; you could scarcely tell the difference. I had a difficulty at one time myself, a suffocating feeling, all stuffed up here--terrible distress--and the doctors were telling me that it was asthma and that it wasn't asthma-- Well, I smoked then myself--aromatic cigarettes--which didn't do me any good, either, by the way, I can say that. So you see as far as we are concerned, you needn't think you are inconveniencing us. You can't annoy us by smoking. Before we changed we were travelling in the ladies' compartment, and we transferred to this one as soon as we could because there were people in it one simply couldn't travel with; they were out of the question. You would think that people who travelled first class would have manners, that they would know something. But not a bit of it! Believe me, if you want to find out what people are like, play cards with them, or watch them eat, or else go travelling. You'll find out soon enough. There was a woman in that compartment--I say she was a woman because I don't know what else to call her--with her companion--she must have been her companion, she was with her anyway--well, I can tell you I was mortified. I was ashamed--such a conversation! Between the two of them! They might as well have been sitting in their own parlors. As far as that goes, you know, speaking for myself, a widow twice, it was nothing to me; but before my daughter.... I had to make her sit with her head out of the window all the way. It was pretty chilly for her. You can see for yourself she has taken cold. And she's got a cinder in her eye, too--worse luck! Her eyes are the best part of her.

## Nuts

**CLAUDIA:** When I was a little girl, I used to say to her, I love you to the moon and down again, and around the world and back again; and she used to say to me, I love you to the sun and down again, and around the stars and back again. Do you remember, Mama? And I used to think, wow, I love Mama and Mama loves me, and what can go wrong? What went wrong, Mama? I love you and you love me, and what went wrong? You see, I know she loves me, and I know I love her, and- so what? So what? She's over there, and I'm over here, and she hates me because of things I've done to her, and I hate her because of things she's done to me. You stand up there asking, do you love you daughter, and they say "yes", and you think you've asked something real, and they think they've said something real. You think because you throw the word love around like a frisbee that we're all going to get warm and runny. No. Something happens to some people. They love you so much, they stop noticing you're there, because they're so busy loving you. They love you so much, their love is a gun, and they fire it straight into your head. They love you so much you go right into the hospital. Yes, I know my mother loves me. Mama, I know you love me. And I know the one thing you learn when you grow up is that love is not enough. It's too much, and it's not enough.

## Jerry McGuire

**Jerry:** Who had I become? Just another shark in a suit? Two nights later at a conference in Miami I had a breakdown. Breakdown? Breakthrough. I couldn't escape one single thought: I hated myself. No, no, here's what it was: I hated my place in the world. I had so much to say and no one to listen. And then, suddenly, it happened. It was the oddest, most out-of-the-ordinary thing. I began writing what they call a mission statement. Not a memo, a mission statement. You know, a suggestion for the future of our company. It was great. Suddenly, I was my father's son again. I was remembering the simple pleasures of this job, how I ended up here out of law school, the way a stadium sounds when one of my clients performs well on the field. I was even remembering the words of the original sports agent, my mentor, the late, great, Dickie Fox who said "The key to this business is personal relationships." And suddenly, it was all very clear. The answer was less money. Fewer clients. Caring about them, caring about ourselves, and the games, too. Starting our lives, really. I'll be the first to admit, what I was writing was somewhat- touchy feely. I didn't care. I had lost the ability to BS. It was the me I had always wanted to be. I ran out in the middle of the night to find an all night photomat before I could change my mind. It looked incredible. Even the cover looked like "The Catcher in the Rye". I entitled it "The Things We Think and Do Not Say: The Future of Our Business."

## Female Monologue - Funny Monologue from "Tomorrow's Wish"

**JUNIPER:**

I kissed a boy once. At least I tried. I don't know if it counts if they don't kiss back. But I tried to kiss a boy and it almost worked. Most of the time Grandma and I don't get to see folks much, but we go into town. Sometimes. And Grandma says I just have to be careful to mind my manners, and Grandma says I'm real good at being careful, but sometimes I get so bored in that little town. Only one video store. Only two churches. And the park only has two swings and a pool that never gets filled up anymore. But in our little town there is a boy named Samuel. He's a bag-boy at the grocery store. He does it just right and never squishes the eggs. And he has red hair and green eyes. And...

*(Laughs at the memory.)*

Freckles all over his face! And Samuel is so nice. So nice to me and Gram. He would always smile and always say "thank you" and "your welcome." If he says, "Have a nice day," then you do. That's how good he is at his job. And I always wanted...I always wanted to be close to him, or to talk to him, without Gram around. And one day when Grandma had a really bad cold I got to go to the store all by myself. And I bought some oyster crackers and some medicine. Then I got to watch Samuel all by myself. Watch him do his bag boy job. I just stared and stared, trying to count all of those handsome freckles. Then, he asked if there was anything else I wanted. I just whispered "Yes."

*(Pauses, closes eyes in remembrance.)*

And then I grabbed him by the ears and MmmmmmmMM!

*(Pretends she's grabbing and kissing him.)*

That was my first kiss. It was the most romantic moment of my life. Until the manager pulled me off of him.

## "Curse of the Pharaoh's Kiss" - Comedic Female Monologue

**VERONICA:**

What do I look for in a man? Oh, what every simple woman wants, I suppose. A man who is kind, and who is honest, unless of course his honesty would be unkind, then he should be diplomatic, but still firm, both in integrity and physique. He should be devilishly handsome and angelically humble. And whether it be the rolling seas or the towering skyscrapers, he should love his work, and love it even more when he rushes home to ask how my day has been. The sort of man who can laugh fondly at a memorial service, shed a tear at a wedding, and cry openly after making passionate love. As a lover we would be gentle but rough, ruggedly soft yet delicately rigid. He loves the great outdoors, animals, large families, and pasta. He enjoys wearing sweaters, despises the color aqua-marine, and eats pineapple for breakfast every Sunday morning. He whistles showtunes, donates spare change to organ grinder monkeys, and makes a wish during every lunar eclipse. He has never known the pain of a broken heart, nor has he ever sprained his wrist while moving furniture, though he does suffer from tennis elbow and he gets dreadfully angry at crossword puzzles, and he has the sweetest smile in the entire world. (Pause.) Oh, and he's rich.

## Comedic Female Monologue from "Cinema Limbo"

**VICKY:**

I'm the kind of girl who takes pity on poor pathetic geeks who have never kissed a girl. Let's just say that I like someone who is easily trainable – someone who will truly appreciate me. It's sad, I know. But hey, I'll take an ego boost wherever I can get it. Unfortunately, these adorably nerdy boyfriends get boring after a while. I mean, I can only listen to their computer games and mathematic equations for so long. Of course, Stuart's different in a lot ways. He's terrible at math, for one. And he's pretty clueless about technology. But he's a comic book sort of geek. And a hopeless romantic. He's pre-occupied with holding my hand. Everywhere we go, he wants to hold hands. Even when we're driving. And he's got this new pastime. He keeps saying "I love you." It was so sweet and wonderful the first time he said it. I almost cried, and I'm not the kind of girl who cries easily. But by the end of the week, he must have said "I love you" about five hundred times. And then he starts adding pet names. "I love you, honey bunch." "I love you sweet-heart." "I love you my little smoochy-woochy-coochi-koo." I don't even know what that last one means. It's like he's speaking in some brand-new, love-infected language. Who would have thought romance could be so boring?

## Act Two Monologue from "Promedy"

**BEATRIX:**

Hold it right there, Dante! I've watched you do this all your life, from kindergarten to the twelfth grade. But it's not going to happen tonight. Don't look at me like that, you know exactly what I'm talking about. Remember first grade? The lunchroom. You're walking around begging for a chocolate chip cookie. "Oh, I'm little Dante and I'm so sad. My mommy packed nothing but veggies. Oh I wish I had a cookie. Oh if only!" Here, Dante, I said kindly, here's a chocolate chip cookie, and what did you say? "I'm not hungry." Flash forward. Third grade, playground. It's the game of tag. You're it. A hundred kids are running around and you can't catch a single one. You're desperate, you're panting, you're crying for someone to slow down so that you don't have to be it anymore. So, feeling sorry for you, because I'm an idiot, I walk right up and say, "Here Dante, I'll be it. You can tag me." And you say? "I don't want to tag you. That's too easy." Whatever you can't have, that's what you want. That's why you've said you were in love with Kay all these years. You knew, deep down that she would never return your affection. And that made things easy and safe. Every time she ignored you, that meant that you'd never have to feel anything real. You'd never have to know what it's like to have someone who wants to be with you, which meant that you could always be alone. But is that what you want, Dante? Look at her. You've been chasing Kay like she was some sort of dream. Well... don't you want it to come true? Wait, why are you looking at me like that?

## 100 Girls

**Matthew:** Without you, I'm as lonely as an abandoned dog on the side of a highway. I have gift anxiety, even though I don't know when your birthday is. We can spend perfect days shopping and cleaning together. I swear, I'll never make wisecracks when you scrape your tires against the curb while parallel parking. If you consent to live with me, I'll clean the toilet every week. I'll do it with my tongue if you ask. I'll love you. Even if your name is Mimi and you want me to pronounce it "May May". I will only pass gas underneath the covers and under the direst of circumstances. Hell, I'll go on a low cholesterol diet. And I won't buy one of those red sports cars when I hit my mid-life crisis. Your parents can come visit us every week, even if your mom is a witch with a capital B. And your folks don't have to go to a retirement home because they can come live with us. I declare, I'll separate the whites from the colors and learn the mysteries of hot and cold water washes. I'll never huff and puff while waiting for you to put on your makeup. If you're a cat person, I'll never point out the fact that a dog can save your life from drowning, but a cat can't. I will happily go see chick flicks with you, like "Pride and Prejudice." I'll make a point to trying new food like okra gumbo. I won't curl my nose at vegetables whose awful taste is disguised by having cheese on it. I pledge to always say "yes" when you ask, "Is my hair looking okay tonight?" I'm gonna bring a whole new meaning to the word "cuddle." I'll be thoughtful enough to read your horoscope every day. I'm gonna save every birthday card you send me! And I'll actually write you real letters when we're apart. I'm never gonna expect you to know where I left my car keys, and I'll never leave my socks on the floor. With me, you'll find the cap is always on the toothpaste. I'll start wearing those male bikini underwear if you like. My belly button will always be lint free. I declare now, I will give my life for you. And if you fail to come to me, I know some part of me will surely die.

Gray Matter**PAUL's GHOST:**

Hey Seth, how have you been? Long time no see. I guess it hasn't been too long for you, has it? A lot has happened to me. You're going to find something out tomorrow that I'm hoping will upset you. I didn't mean to upset you but - I hope you care enough to be upset. As much as I don't really want to say it, I want you to be upset. I know it's selfish, so, while I'm being selfish, I want you to understand, too. You know how I usually go for a drive when I'm upset. So I went driving well into the night. The road opened up before me, strait and narrow and black. It was raining. No, it was more than raining, it was storming. The road looked so lonely and - defiant. It shouted silently that it wanted a test, it was challenging someone to brave its loneliness so that it could prove its ability to withstand not only the storm but the vehicle that was thundering over it as well.

*[beat]* Like I was saying, I knew that I could tame it. I, Paul Deters, for once in my life, I was going to do something that no one else had done. Even if no one else knew; even if no one else saw, I'd be able to wake up everyday and remember I had done it. You might think I'm crazy, Seth. That's okay, I kinda think I'm crazy myself. *[beat]* I'm scared of my own heart. Remember what you were always saying about passion and how it's the truest of emotions? I was afraid that I didn't believe in anything like that. I was afraid because my heart trembled at the thought of anything daring. I refused to be afraid anymore, so I turned down this lonely road and stepped on the gas. I never knew anything could move so fast. I felt as if I was standing still and the world was spinning beneath me. This undefeatable road was moving for me, the whole universe was moving for me. It was daring and my heart did not tremble. Then it all stopped. And you know what it was? You're going to laugh, I know you are, but there was this rabbit. Yeah, a little white bunny. It was just sitting there on the road, in the rain. It looked so pitiful, it was all wet and one ear was dropping and it couldn't have eaten in days. I couldn't stay in control of the car without hitting it. It was at this moment that I felt the hand of God, or maybe an angel, or maybe it was just a flight of fancy, asking me which one I was going to choose, him or me. I chose him. Just looking at him, so lost and alone, he reminded me of... me. I didn't have the heart *[pause]* the heart to hit him. I suppose that's it. That's all I really remember and all I'm going to tell you anyhow. I don't know what happens now and I don't really care. *[motions to the hat on his head; pause]* You're a good man, Seth Lyons, don't let anyone ever tell you otherwise. Don't miss me too much; I won't be far.

## Stand By Me - The Aftermath of Eternal Friendships

**The Writer:** Ray Brower's body was found. But neither our gang nor their gang got the credit. In the end we decided that an anonymous phone-call was the best thing to do. We headed home. And although many thoughts raced through our minds we barely spoke. We walked through the night and made it back to Castle Rock a little past five o'clock on Sunday morning, the day before Labor Day. We'd only been gone two days. But somehow the town seemed different. Smaller.

As time went on we saw less and less of Teddy and Vern until eventually they became just two more faces in the halls. That happens sometimes. Friends come in and out of your life like busboys in a restaurant. I heard that Vern got married out of High-school, had four kids and is now the forklift operator at the Arsenal Lumberyard. Teddy tried several times to get into the Army but his eyes and his ear kept him out. The last I heard, he'd spent some time in jail. He was now doing odd jobs around Castle Rock. Chris did get out. He enrolled in the College-courses with me. And although it was hard he gutted it out like he always did. He went on to College and eventually became a lawyer. Last week he entered a fast food restaurant. Just ahead of him, two men got into an argument. One of them pulled a knife. Chris who would always make the best peace tried to break it up. He was stabbed in the throat. He died almost instantly.

*[Typing]* Although I haven't seen him in more than ten years I know I'll miss him forever. I never had any friends later on like the ones I had when I was twelve. Does anybody?

## The Chorus Line

**VAL:** So, the day after I turned 18, I kissed the folks goodbye, got on a Trailways bus - and headed for the big bad apple. Cause I wanted to be a Rockette.

I decided to be a Rockette because this girl in my home town - Louella Heiner - had actually gotten out and made it in New York. And she was a Rockette. Well, she came home one Christmas to visit, and they gave her a parade. A goddamn parade! I twirled a friggin' baton for two hours in the rain. Unfortunately though, she got knocked up over Christmas. Merry Christmas - and never made it back to Radio City.

That was my plan. New York, New York. Except I had one minor problem. See, I was ugly as sin. I was ugly, skinny, homely, unattractive and flat as a pancake. Get the picture? Anyway, I got off this bus in my little white shoes, my little white tights, little white dress, my little ugly face, and my long blonde hair - which was natural then. I looked like a frigging nurse! I had 87 dollars in my pocket and seven years of tap and acrobatics. I could do a hundred and eighty degree split and come up tapping the Morse Code. Well, with that kind of talent I figured the Mayor would be waiting for me at Port Authority. Wrong! I had to wait 6 months for an audition. Well, finally the big day came. I showed up at the Music Hall with my red patent leather tap shoes. And I did my little tap routine. And this man said to me: Can you do fankicks? - Well, sure I could do terrific fankicks. But they weren't good enough. Of course, what he was trying to tell me was...it was the way I looked, not the fankicks. So I said: To Hell with you, Radio City and the Rockettes! I'm gonna make on Broadway!

Well, Broadway, same story. Every audition. I mean I'd dance rings around the other girls and find myself in the alley with the other rejects. But after a while I caught on. I mean I had eyes. I saw what they were hiring. I also

## Ever Wish You Could Control Your Dreams?

Ever wish you could control your dreams? You know--you go to sleep and dream about whatever you want? Sometimes I think I could really FIX things if I could just dream them right. I guess that sounds pretty stupid. Like last week I had this huge test in Chemistry. I really like Chemistry, but there's so much to remember. I tanked. And I KNOW that stuff--that's what makes me so mad. Who cares, right? It's just a stupid test. But I'm the one who's supposed to be so smart. My dad wants me to go to medical school, and I guess I do too, but who needs the pressure? I mean, doesn't he have a life of his own? If I turn out to be a moron, what's that to him? "My son/daughter, the Honor Student. My son/daughter, the Doctor." Can't he talk about sports like everybody else? The first thing he says to me when he gets home: "So, how'd the test go? Another A, right?" I told him we didn't get the test back yet.

So that night I dreamed I aced the test. In my dream I remembered every stupid element. I could see the protons and electrons and neutrons spinning around like little solar systems, and I could recognize every one. I think I was flying among them for a while, like with a jet pack or something. Or maybe I WAS an electron. That part of the dream is sort of fuzzy. But the thing was, I KNEW IT ALL. I woke up before the dream was over, so I never saw my grade on the test, but I know I aced it. I had the stuff cold. And the funny thing was, the dream made the real test okay. I mean, I still got an F and all. I still probably can't get an A for the semester no matter what I do on the next test, but I'm okay with it. Look, I KNOW Chemistry. Hey, for one thing, if I didn't, how could I have dreamed all that stuff? I just had a bad day.

The next morning I told my Dad I flunked the test. He gets all quiet for a minute, but then he goes, "Well, you'll do better next time, right?" He didn't even freak.

I bet he still tells his buddies on Friday that I aced it, though. It's kind of pathetic when you think about it.

It Came From Texas**TIM:**

Weird? You think I'm weird? You come into my basement, which, by the way, is owned by Texas today, and you start yelling at people because of the music that's playing! What a weak will you must have, eh? But I suppose that's not weird, is it? No, of course not. It's completely normal to just go along with the flow and do whatever everyone else is doing and never taking the time to question what's going on or where you're going. It's perfectly normal to be a sheep. Ah, but I do know something about you, Beth, that's isn't so normal. Oh, that would hurt, wouldn't it, if I could expose something about you that wasn't pristine and pure and, heaven forbid, normal? That would be awful. But, sadly for you, I do.

Why did you come over here today, Beth? Oh, that's right, you came to see Jonas, whom you care about, right? Yes, you do. You care about him. That's too bad, because it's not "normal" to care about anyone these days, takes too much effort and individualistic thought. People want what they want now and they don't give a flip who they hurt or why they hurt them, that's what's normal, that's what not weird, right Beth? But you care about him anyway.

What is causing you to throw yourself onto that spear? You know he'll never want you, you know this! You're too intense for him. Jonas can't live in your world anymore than you can live in his, and yet, despite this, you still call to him, you still go to him. Do you enjoy the heartache? He'll be there only when he has nothing else to do, and is bored with himself. Run, Beth, run while you can. Only pain awaits you at the end of this road. But you know it and you're going to walk down the road to the end anyway, knowing it will only leave you empty and hurting. But you call me weird? Please.

*[pause; TIM puffs out audibly]* Whose turn is it? *[long uncomfortable silence]* What? *[BETH takes in a sobbing breath]* Oh, calm down Beth, I wasn't serious.

## Comedic Monologue from "Promedy"

**BEATRIX:**

That's not true. Young women need the Prom. It's a rite of passage as sacred as getting your driver's license or buying your first bra. There are only a few things in life that are guaranteed to be glorious and memorable and sparkling with gowns and cummerbunds. Prom is the quintessential teenage experience. Think of the unlucky grown-ups and the elderly who lament the day they decided not to go to the Prom. It is a key ingredient to a happy and meaningful life. Prom is short for Promenade, a slow, gentle walk through a shady glen, and this beloved ceremony symbolizes our journey from the shadows of adolescence to the bright sunshine of the adult world with all its freedoms. And it may be the only chance I'll ever have to dance with a boy. Maybe I'll never have someone get down on their knee and Offer me a diamond ring. Maybe I'll never walk down the aisle with a smug look of bridal triumph. But it is my right, and the right of every plain, frumpy, book-wormish, soon-to-be librarian to have one night of Cinderella magic. Even if we have to go with our cousin, or our gay best friend from tap class, we will have a Prom. And you will help me.

## Comedic Male Monologue - Romeo's Monologue from Spoof "Romeo Revised"

Romeo:

Oh, you do not remember anything? Nor do I. We must both be plagued with amnesia, a foggy blight of forgetfulness caused by our mutual head trauma. Tell me stranger, do I seem familiar to you? For thy beauteous face seems a pleasing mystery. Sadly, I recall nothing, yet I have an idea as to our dire situation. Clear it is that we are strongly attracted to each other. Perhaps you and I met, not long ago, and blessed by love at first sight, we devoted ourselves to one another, spiting all family and friends, whereupon, before we could be together as man and wife perhaps I was banished, and the only way you could join me was by feigning thy death. Thus, I was sent here to revive you and steal you away, where we would then find some nest of love hidden away in the hills of Verona, and hence we would spend the rest of our lives snuggling in the spoon position. (*Thinks a moment.*) No, that doesn't make sense. No one could fall in love so quickly.

swiped my dance card once after an audition. And on a scale of 10....they gave me for dance 10. For looks: 3.

## Dawson's Creek - Cheerleading Tryouts

Jen: When you see Belinda and her clique in the hallway, you're desperately wishing that you were walking with them, aren't you? And thinking that maybe if you were wearing the right shoes, sporting the latest hairstyle, and using the hottest shade of lip gloss, then maybe they would toss a glance in your direction. Ever wonder why they force their narrow-minded opinions down our throats? Perhaps it's because they have an inkling of what the future has in store for them beyond graduation. Cut to 25 years from now, Belinda McGovern wakes up one morning feeling empty. Maybe it's because her Dartmouth-educated lawyer husband Tad has run off to Tijuana with her daughter's roommate from boarding school. Or maybe it's because the twins, Timmy and Tommy, call her by her first name and their live-in housekeeper "Mom." Or maybe it's Belinda's daily 2:00, 5:00, 7:00, and 9:15 showdown with her bottle of Prozac. Her life has become a domestic wasteland. Avoid this fate. Don't let yourself become another cookie-cutter blonde, size 4, rah-rah-sis-bam-boom, mindless, soulless, spineless wench. Screw these auditions, screw cheerleading, and screw Belinda McGovern.

## The Princess Bride – Fascination with pain

COUNT RUGEN: I'm very interested in pain....In an intellectual way, actually. I've written, of course, for the more learned journals on the subject. Articles mostly. At the present I'm engaged in writing a book. My book. *The book*, I hope. The definitive work on pain, at least as we know it now....I think pain is the most underrated emotion available to us....The Serpent, to my interpretation, was pain. Pain has been with us always, and it always irritates me when people say 'as important as life and death' because the proper phrase, to my mind, should be, 'as important as pain and death'....One of my theories....is that pain involves anticipation. Nothing original, I admit, but I'm going to demonstrate to you what I mean: I will not, underline, *not*, use the Machine on you this evening. I could. It's ready and tested. But instead I will simply erect it and leave it beside you, for you to stare at the next twenty-four hours, wondering just what it is and how it works and can it really be as dreadful as all that....I'll leave you to your imagination, then. But I want you to know one thing before tomorrow night happens to you, and I mean it: you are the strongest, the most brilliant and brave, the most altogether worthy creature it has ever been my privilege to meet, and I feel almost sad that, for the purposes of my book and future pain scholars, I must destroy you....Good night now. Try and sleep. I doubt you'll be able to. Anticipation, remember?