

DRAMATIC:

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. And now you're just giving up. (pause) Is it because of me? Is it something I did? (Pause) Then why can't you guys try harder? I'm still here. Isn't that enough reason to at least try?

Miss Meyers, can I talk to you for a second? Every year, it's exactly the same, I'm forced to humiliate myself in front of the rest of the class. It's not so bad for the kids who are athletes, but for the rest of us, like me, it's not so easy. (Beat) I just become entertainment for the rest of the class. School is humiliating enough without coming in five minutes after everyone else during the mile run...while they're showered and going to lunch, I'm just crossing the finish line. (Beat) It's OK. I know there's not much you can do for me, but thanks, for at least letting me get that off my chest...See you in the gym.

I know I'm supposed to stand up here and tell you what a good guy my dad was. But the truth is I can't forgive him. I've been afraid of him my whole life. I spent every waking moment trying to keep him from exploding. And mom, you just ignored it. You let him do this to us. (beat) I'm sorry if this ruins your image of my dad. Go read "Footprints in the Sand" if it'll make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Today my father's going in the ground. Except, I don't remember having a father. A father couldn't do that to his kids.

Hi grandpa. Yeah I know you can't talk, mom told me. I know you're pretty sick and everything, and mom told me to come and say goodbye. I just want to tell you that is was fun having you as a grandfather, and I'll never forget you and all the times you came over and took me out for ice cream and took me fishing and didn't make me touch the worms. That's all I wanted to say I guess.

I saw the whole thing. It was messed up. That kid in there just hit Alex for no reason. Alex is standing in the schoolyard minding his own business and then he comes over and says, "Hey Alex" and Alex turns around and bam, he punches him in the face and hard too. But it was weird because they weren't fighting over anything. I don't even think they knew each other.

I failed the test. I read the chapter twice, went to every class, studied for two hours, and I got a 'D'. A 'D'! I can't keep facts in my head. It's going to be another year in summer school. All my friends will be out playing ball, and I'll be in a hot classroom taking global studies. Again. And what's worse is my parents will be understanding. They will look at me like I had some terrible disease and be really understanding.

COMEDIC:

Road trip? You want to go on another road trip!? Are you kidding me, mom? Have you completely forgotten about the fender bender on our last trip where you went full on banshee? You thought I had been hurt when I was really just asleep. You had Uncle Tony do CPR on me. Hairy, smelly, Uncle Tony! I'm scarred for life. And that was just the first day. There were THIRTEEN MORE DAYS of this. *(Pause)* And you wanna go on another one? Therapy. I'm going to need lots and lots of therapy. "

Hi! I'm running for class president and let's be honest. I'm clearly the obvious choice. I mean...have you seen my opponents? We have...Troy Carmichael over here on my left whose all, "Hey dude, vote for me. I'm not that bad." Not that bad? I refuse to settle for not that bad. And we have Leslie Smith over on my right, whose all, "Recycle, global warming! Blah blah blah!" Lame. Vote for me! I'm fun and I'd make the new school mascot a vampire. Team Edward! Who's with me?

I know you think I murdered your ferret and I know coming in and seeing me with the knife over Foozu's box makes it look rather strange. But hey, stop crying. You're gonna make me cry too. Okay. Okay. Julia, your ferret ran away. He did. I know you don't want to believe me, but I know this, because...well, I saw him. And I was wearing my glasses. He was wearing the yellow rainslicker, not the winter coat you tie-dyed for him, so I think he was headed for Seattle. I'm sorry to break it to you like this, But, yeah, Foozu went to Seattle.

It was hot. I heard the ice cream truck and I was a dime short. There was a dime on the table, and I took it. I didn't *look* at the dime. It was on the table like any ordinary dime. It wasn't in a special case. It was just sitting there. You see a dime on the table, and what does it look like? It looks like a dime. You don't think to yourself, "Oh I better get a good look at this dime and make sure it isn't a 1955 double stamped Roosevelt dime worth ten thousand dollars." You don't. So I bought a bomb pop. An eighty-five cent bomb pop that cost ten thousand dollars.

Where are the clowns? I ask you. Whatever became of that noble profession? The men and women dedicated to lifting the human spirit through humor. Day in and day out putting on their exploding shoes, their clown white makeup, their gigantic polka dotted boxers in order to brighten up our humdrum lives. I want a clown revival! A clown in every town! And they're out there, I know they are. They are there, but they're in hiding.

Stitches and a scar. All to open a can of tuna fish. I bet the scar is ugly too. I will be permanently disfigured. I read somewhere that people who have nice hands can make a fortune just to be photographed holding up products. Here's ten thousand dollars to hold a hot dog. Here's twenty thousand to hold up a box of crackers. Hand modeling. Just add that to the list of careers I'll never have. I don't even like tuna fish.