

MELVIN

Before you punch me there is something you should know.

This woman we're fighting over is no ordinary woman... You don't know how good you had it.

If I am going to die I want the world to know how great she is... Why do you want me to shut up? You afraid? You afraid I will say something that will hurt you? You that sensitive? You gonna cry, Softy?

Then listen... Punch me all you want when I am done... Beat me to a pulp but let me say how I feel... For her.. Do this one kindness for her... She's worth it.

Do you know about serendipity? Word too big for you? I should stick to one or two syllables when speaking to you...

"Serendipity means a "happy accident" or "pleasant surprise"; a fortunate mistake. Specifically, the accident of finding something good while not specifically searching for it."

That's what our love was... A happy accident. We didn't plan on this.

She is amazing ... She is so very good... She has made me happier than I thought was possible. Before her, it was like I was living in black and white and suddenly she brought color to my world.

And by some miracles she chose me. I thought she was wonderful of course but I never thought in a million years she'd want me. She was the princess to my pauper. The batman to my robin. The Picard to my Wesley Crusher. She was so much better and I was so unworthy yet she wants me. By some incredible stoke of luck, she wants me. And her kisses will last me until death... Which might not be very far off.

Yes, we're talking about the same woman, you idiot.

(Takes off glasses)

And now you can punch me.

END

Mark has had a crush on this girl in his class for a while now, he finally thinks it's time he tells her. Before he does so he confronts his friend to ask him for help.

Mark: No I can't do it, I thought I could but I can't. Can't you be a good mate and do it for me? (Pause) Come on man, I need your help here. I don't even know what to say to her. I mean she's so perfect I get cold feet every time I'm near her. (Pause) I don't know, there's something about her. It's the way she plays with her hair when she's deep in thought or how she always giggles when she's embarrassed. Everything about her is perfect. She has the power to make my heart race just by looking at me. She's like no other girl I know she has so much confidence yet she's not arrogant if you know what i mean... She's smart, she's funny, she's cute but it's like she doesn't even know how cute she is which just makes her more cute... she's just... she's just perfect. (Pause) Shut up! It's not cheesy it's just how I feel... Ok, that's it I'm just going to go through with it, I am going to ask her out I mean what's the worst that can happen? She rejects me? I can handle that. Ok I'm doing it, wish me luck.

JIMMY

I need detention. I really need detention. See, there's this girl... I know, I know, it always starts with a girl ... But this girl is special... I mean it this time... Really special. Her name is Harmony... But she goes by Harm. Cute huh? She can harm me any time she wants. And she has too. A couple of times. But I deserved it... Cause I touched her once. I didn't touch her anywhere bad. Just on the shoulder. And she broke my finger. So I guess we kind of have held hands. I was just gonna ask to borrow a pencil. One of those ones she sharpens with her pocket knife and then throws in the ceiling all over school. She even got one in the gym ceiling. You know how high that is? Like 5000 feet. And I just stand under those pencils, hoping one will fall down and I can have one of them for my very own. Something to remember her by. Until I get in to detention. I gotta figure out some way to get detention because I wanna see her more... Be with her more... And turn Harm into Harmony again... Cause I see that beautiful harmony under all that black and gloom. She just needs a reason to smile and I want to be that reason. So I have to get detention. What's something good... I mean I want it to be really really good so I get thrown in there a long time... Plus I have to make it worth it... Something great that she can respect... How about giving the principal a wedgie? That would do it... A good old up the back over the head mega wedgie. Let's do this.

END

WOLF

I know exactly what you mean. People misconwhattionize me all the time. Man, you accidentally knock down some pig's house with a sneeze and they start telling stories about you. And now there's this little girl and her red hood. Who knows what they'll say about this one.

I have self-a-team issues too.

Everyone is always going around saying "what a big nose you have" and "what big teeth you have". It hurts.

I just want to go away some place where I won't bother anyone.

They're always promising happy endings but where's my happy ending? All that happily ever after seems to be reserved for princesses and cute little animals. Especially bunnies. Why are rabbits always getting happy endings? They're rodents, I tell you. Rodents!

The Beanstalk *by Tara Meddaugh*

Jack: Please don't poke my eyes out! Wait—don't leave! I mean, unless that's what you were going to do, poke my eyes out—were you? But otherwise, just, just stay. I—I—I mean, you understand my worrying about that, right? But—well, you don't seem like those birds. Right? And, even if you are, I'm not like those girls. So. It's just—I really am happy to see you. I'm getting a little, well, maybe a little anxious. I don't know if you can tell, but, I'm kind of a little bit stuck up here.

See, I didn't...really...think that I'd make it this far up. I didn't really think it through at all. My mom keeps telling me that's my problem, and I guess it is. I just...saw it, and I've always been a bit of a climber, my mom said. When I was nine months old, she found me sitting on top of the brown cow in the barn one morning. I guess we all have our strengths. I've never really considered myself afraid of heights before, but, it's not really the climbing up that scares me. It's the getting down, Black Crow. It seemed so easy getting here—just put one foot on the branch—if you can call it a branch. They sure don't seem like branches now—looking down. Oh, and, I've tried going down already. I put my foot on a branch, but it seems slippery now. See? It's like the sludge at the bottom of the pig trough. And you do not want be climbing down from the clouds on pig sludge! I'm not a bright boy. They all tell me that, but that is one thing I do know.

And see, that's why this is so, so, kind of tough to swallow. Maybe I was proving something. Maybe I was running away. I don't know. But I was doing something. You know? Climbing up something. Something that wasn't there before, but then suddenly was, and it made me feel powerful and strong and, and, smart. And I liked that feeling. So I kept on going, because the feeling kept on going. And, I'd never felt that way before. I mean, strong maybe, but—not smart.

PROTECTO (KID HERO) BY D. M. LARSON

I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super. I let a spider bite me... no spider powers; just lots of itching. I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me. Nothing. And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn. But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party. I was a hero that day. So I guess it kinda worked.

I love being a hero. I love helping people. I love making them happy. And I hate bad guys. I hate creeps who hurt people.

There's this kid at school... he is always hurting everyone. I am sick of him hurting us. I just need those super powers. I need something that will make him stop.

(lost in thought) Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches. They look radioactive. If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me... something is bound to happen. (nods in approval)

And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name. Protecto! Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask. Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff. (thinks then frowns) Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly. I better rethink this.

“Tommy Boy”

Tommy is a sophomore in high school. He’s a nice looking teen, who loves to be around his friends. He is outgoing, except when it comes to girls. Tommy’s talking to his friend Ivan after school while waiting for the bus.

Tommy: Dude, you’ll never believe what happened to me today. It all started when I woke up this morning. You know usually I press the snooze button about four or five times... but today was different. When I heard the alarm, I just sprang out of bed and said to myself, “Today is going to be a great day!” I don’t know why I said it, but I was feeling great! I got in the shower and found myself humming a cool song I heard the day before. While I was combing my hair in the mirror, I noticed that not only was it a great hair day, but my skin seemed different too... alive and glowing, and no it wasn’t that new acne cream I’d been using... it was LIFE! So instead of dragging around, I threw on my clothes and headed out. When I got on the bus, the girls seemed to look at me differently. I thought maybe it was my confidence, or the hair, but then I thought who the heck cares, they were looking at me! So I looked back at them and they giggled. I was on top of the world! I went and got a seat in the back of the bus... then it came to me, I had a presentation due in first period... I wasn’t about to let that ruin my day. I knew the material and I was on a roll. A few moments later, walking down the hallway, it was like a movie, almost every group of girls turned to look at me, it started to become spooky actually. My next thought was, with my luck, I should be playing lottery. I got to my first period class and sat down. It’s almost like I could feel Jamie, that hottie that sits behind me in class, starting at the back of my head... it felt great! And of course, I was called first to read my presentation to the class, so I strolled up to the front of the room with a gleaming smile... I actually winked at this girl who snickered at me in the front row... man was I getting bold! I couldn’t help myself though, this never happened to me before, it was like a dream, and right when I was getting ready to start my presentation, the teacher called me aside... I thought I’d gone too far with the winking, but decided not to lose my cool and casually stroll over to her to receive my reprimand. Dude, when she starting talking to me, my stomach dropped to my feet, like I was on a fast roller coaster ride, and I could feel my face turning as white as a ghost. It was like the whole day flashed before my eyes. Well, I thanked the teacher anyway, turned away from the class, swallowed my pride and zipped up my fly.