

MONOLOGUE – ALICE

Play	<i>Bottle Baby</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Drama, Simple Set, 10 minutes
Casting	2W
Description	Alice is Beeb's (Barbara) younger sister. Beeb has been battling sobriety for a year, after a car accident that seriously hurt Alice. Beeb is on the verge of suffering a relapse, and is relying on Alice to save her. Alice doesn't want to be the one everyone relies on.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

This isn't the way it's supposed to go Beeb. I'm not supposed to save you. You're not supposed to rely on me. Lean on me. I'm supposed to do that to you. You're my big sister. Who do I lean on? *(she sighs)* Good girls, bad girls. White hats, black hats. Why is it when they were handing out good girl/bad girl cards you got bad and I got good? Nobody asked me.

When you're good and you dress in pretty clothes, and you're polite and nice and you get good grades, no one gives a crap about you. I can see their eyes gloss over and I can hear inside their heads: "Thank God. I don't have to worry about her. I don't have to think about her. Thank God she's quiet. Thank God she's quiet and smart and sane and pretty and nothing like her sister." Alice the good. Alice has no idea what it's like to be bad. That must be the way it is. Never mind that I learned from the master. Well, I learned from your mistakes. Your brilliant flashes of light. You pulled out a flask in English class. I have headaches. *(very matter of fact)* I have terrible headaches. Everyone knows. I was in this "little" car accident a year ago. No one ever questions that I have a big bottle of aspirin in my backpack. And no one ever shakes the bottle. No one's ever wondered why there aren't any pills. How come I don't hear any pills? How come it sounds like liquid in there? How could that be? I had a cough syrup bottle for a while, liquid for liquid, but I thought, that's too easy.

This past year has been the most fascinating experiment. I should have documented the whole thing for posterity. "How far can an Invisible Good Girl go before anyone pays attention?" What the hell do I have to do to get noticed in this town? The funny thing is that no one notices. No one cares. They think they see a good girl and that's what they believe. They think they see a bad girl and that's what they believe. Good ole, hell raising, car smashing, money stealing, amount to nothing, take her little sister for a joy ride on a bottle of Jack so she almost killed her, bad girl Beeb. Ok. If you're right and if I'm the good girl white hat coming in on my horse from the sunset to save everyone, life jackets for everyone, then I won't be able to handle a pull from that bottle. *(she holds out her hand)* Give me the bottle. What are you afraid of? You're right aren't you?

ALICE wipes her mouth, tips up the bottle and takes a long pull. It's obvious she's done it before.

Continued Over...

Who's the bottle baby now, huh Bee Bee? Who wears the crown? Who's the one who drinks her liquor straight from the bottle, no mix, no nothing and it's smooth like butter. You think you're the only one who sneaked drinks at Mom's? You think you're the only one who got Roger Thompson to buy you bottles? You think you're the only person in this house? This world? This life?

BEEB cries and ALICE watches her.

Aw Beeb don't cry. You're not supposed to cry. How can I feel good about being bad if you cry?

MONOLOGUE – ASIA

Play	<i>Deck the Stage</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy/Drama , Simple Set, Two Acts
Casting	Various
Description	Asia stands in a pose of boredom and snobbery as she describes her Christmas traditions. But is her boredom real or is it a cover up?
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Our Christmas tree is white. All white. Green would clash too horrendously with the decor. The tree is light. The lights are white. All the decorations are white. All the decorations are wrapped in white paper. Mumsy wouldn't have it any other way and neither would I. She's an artiste. I plan to be an artiste after I make my 'mil' in the stock market. That's how she did it. What a role model. She buys Barbie dolls and spray paints them gold and sells them for five hundred bucks a pop. Can you believe it?

For half a second ASIA sounds like a normal, excited teen. She coughs and reverts back to her pose of boredom and snobbery.

What I mean to say is that she reflects on the illusion of female perfection in such a manner that it would be inconceivable to value her magnificent creations within a lower price range.

She shifts into another pose, equally bored and snobby.

Our tree is artificial. One year Mumsy tried to spray paint a real tree. But for some unknown reason all the needles fell off. We now refer to that dismal year as Black Christmas. We hung black crepe paper throughout our abode and did not celebrate the traditions of the season in any way. We didn't even exchange the customary tokens of our affection. Oh sure, I really wanted a pair of roller blades that year but when Mumsy gets into a mood... there's no stopping her. (*distracted*) No stopping her at all. (*back on track*) Not that I'd want to. Mumsy is a force. A force to be reckoned with. I want to be just like her. Once she sets her mind to something it's impossible to change it. She's a tour de force. Oh, yes, occasionally one finds oneself on the other end of that force. But it's for one's good. Yes. Indeed. Yes indeedy.

(*fast*) Like in the fifth grade when I made a macaroni angel to go on top of the Christmas tree but she wouldn't let me put it on because she was at war with folk art. War with folk art. How do you war against folk art? I worked really hard on that stupid macaroni angel! I took great pains to paint each individual macaroni. I even did it white even though everyone in the class was painting theirs silver and gold, which is what I really wanted to do. But nooooooooooooo. It was all for her and did she appreciate it? Nooooooooooooo. We have to have the albino tree! What is the point of a white tree and white decorations and white light? You might as well hang a sheet over the thing.

Continued Over...

(a revelation!) I like colour! I'm not afraid to say it! I like all of them: red, blue, yellow, chartreuse, goldenrod, cerulean, emerald, indigo, ginger and tan! I like colour and I hate the spray painted Barbies! I like colour and I really, really wanted those roller blades! I like colour, I LOVE COLOUR! I LOVE, LOVE, LOVE IT!

She freezes when she realizes the extent of her outburst. She reluctantly coughs and reverts back to her pose of boredom and snobbery.

As I was saying, uh, articulating... Christmas. What a bore!

MONOLOGUE – DARCY

Play	<i>Moving</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Serio-comedy, Simple Set, 25 minutes
Casting	5W
Description	Darcy is preparing for a date with her best friends. Her friends are shocked when the truth comes about her date's age—ten years older! Darcy explodes, telling her friends exactly what she thinks.
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Maybe I'm special, ever think of that? Huh? Maybe he likes me. Me. Maybe we connected and he's got crap parents too and he knows what crap parents can do to you when they try and run your life till you can't see straight. Maybe that's why he's going out with me. Maybe age has nothing to do with it.

You think I'm moving too fast? You have no idea what you're talking about or what any of it means. Maybe I should be sitting on the front porch sucking on a popsicle and holding hands with some cutie who blushes when you say his name and never looks you in the eye.

Moving too fast? You bet I am. If I could move faster I would. I'd fly right out of here. You wouldn't see my feet. I'd be gone. The less time I have to spend in this house, this place, this town, this stupid sixteen-year-old body, the better.

The sooner I get out from everyone's thumb, everybody's expectations, the better. And you can sure as hell believe I won't look over my shoulder. Not once. I'll be gone and I won't look back. I don't know. What about you? You're not moving fast enough. None of you.

MONOLOGUE – JOSIE

Play	<i>Somewhere, Nowhere</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy, Simple Set, Two Acts
Casting	3M+13W, Expandable to 5M+15W+7 Either
Description	Josie prepares to run away from the small town she hates so much.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

JOSIE: My idol! (*she kneels at FEE's feet*)

Teach me! Teach me what you know. You have to. You've been there. You've done it.

Sorry. Sorry. My head. (*she makes a spinning gesture with her hand*) Whoo! Fastfastfastfastfast! My brain is going a million miles a minute. I can't catch up! I've done this thing and I'm not sure at all what to do about it.

(*she stands*) I'm excited. (*pause*) And terrified. (*pause*) And excited and terrified, back and forth, back and forth. I don't know which side to land. I don't know what to feel or what to do and there's the lack of sugar. In general. Not now. Now I am on a boatload of sugar. I am on a sugar rush like you would not believe! But in general, my grandmother doesn't allow sweets in the house. You never know how much you miss sugar until someone takes it away. And when I left the house (*pause*) I emptied out the change jar and spent the whole thing on chocolate bars. So I am on a sugar rush like you would not believe!

Sorry, sorry, I said that, but it's true cause I ate them all which would be way less pathetic if this were Willy Wonka and there was the potential of a golden ticket but there's no ticket, nothing but a stomachache and a sugar rush like you would—

Sorry! Sorry. Sugar. Whooooooooo.

Today was the day. The end. The straw that broke that camel's back. Who knew camels had such weak backs? Today, today, I left school. I drove out to 3rd line. I sat in my car. I may have had a cigarette. It's not a crime. Not really. (*she thrusts out four fingers*) FOUR people called my grandmother on me. FOUR tattletales felt it necessary to inform my grandmother about my activities. The Nelson sisters called her separately, except their calls were like three seconds apart so you know they were sitting side by side, cackling with glee over it all. (*she imitates someone cackling with glee*) Can't a person skip school and have a smoke without the whole world knowing?

It's like everyone here is waiting for me to do something bad. Or get involved with insider trading, which, as poetic as that would be, daughter falls down same well as parents, is practically impossible since I don't even know what that is. So if I'm not doing anything near as bad as that, why am I being spied on? Why, why, why??? I thought I could stick it out. How bad could it be in the middle of nowhere? It. Sucks. Bad. I hate everything and everyone in this stupid crap-ass town. I've had it. I am out.

MONOLOGUE – TEXT GIRL

Play	<i>Ths Phne 2.0: The Next Generation</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy, Simple Set, 30 minutes
Casting	2M+3W, Easily Expandable
Description	Communication has come a long way, baby. Are you 21st century savvy? Text girl tries to decipher her boyfriend's text message.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

Hv goo dy. Hv goo dy. (*spelling it out*) H-V, G-O-O, D-Y. Hv goo dy. He wants me to hv goo dy. (*she sighs*) I would like to formally announce the death of the English language. It just died. On my cellphone. (*she points*) There. Doornail. Dead.

She blows out 'taps' through her lips before running over to her phone and holding it up to the audience.

This is a text from my boyfriend. Hv goo dy. My mother has a shoebox in her closet of notes and letters and postcards and things written on napkins that dad wrote to her over the years. She has tangible things that she can take out of her closet and wave in front of my face to show me how great a guy dad was at one point, and just because he yells over the improper lining up of the recycling bins doesn't mean he's a freak. (*she changes tangent*) Why must the recycling bins be lined up grey, blue, green? Why is it a major tragedy when the bins are not lined up grey, blue, green? When I am bringing down the existence of life as we know it because I forgot to line those stupid freaking bins up grey, blue, green?

My mother can show me a birthday card my dad sent to her when she was twenty years old that seriously melts my toes. Not because it's my dad, don't be gross. Because it's a good old fashioned love note from a guy to a girl. On actual paper. I have no note. I'm supposed to have love. I have no note. I have dots on a screen that spell out Hv goo dy. My mother has notes. I have a decided lack of vowels.

And what does this mean exactly? Hv goo dy. Am I supposed to have a good day or a goo day? As in a day filled with goo? As in gooey pus? Does he want me to have a toxic pus filled day? Is this a bizarre boy way of breaking up with me? Is Dane, my boyfriend, and I'm already extremely weirded out by the fact his name is Dane, I'm going out with a guy named Dane, is Dane trying to use as few letters as possible to give me the big kick off? Is that what Dane is doing?

You know I see his mother, Dane's mother, sometimes and she a pretty together woman, she works in marketing, and I seriously want to ask her why, why did she... I stare at Mrs. Eckart and I'm dying to ask 'why did you saddle your kid with such a retarded name?' (*she slaps herself on the wrist*) Sorry. That just came out. I'm really trying not to use the word retarded. I know it's a bad word. I know. But sometimes, you have to use the bad words to get your point across.

Continued Over...

Sometimes you have to use WORDS. Full words. Words, words, words! Not short forms, not acronyms, WORDS! Have a good day. Is that so hard? I do not want to LOL I want to Laugh out loud! I do not want to say B-F I want to say Boyfriend! I do not want my word love shorted! My lovely word Love, has no passion, no spark, no joy, no nothing in L-U-V. I hate L-U-V! Just as much as I hate being told to HV GOO DY!!!

She takes a deep breath and looks at her cellphone.

Am I taking this too seriously?

MONOLOGUE – TJ

Play	<i>Floating On a Don't Care Cloud</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Drama, Simple Set, 40 minutes
Casting	3M 5W + 7 Either
Description	Fourteen-year-old TJ watches as her older brother Jamie becomes consumed by pot use. She doesn't know what to do. At the end of the play when she finally confronts him, he retorts that 'it's just pot' and that 'he's not dead.' This is her response.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

But Jamie don't you see? You might as well be dead. You're standing in front of me and you don't see me. You're not here. You're staring at this. (*holding up the joint*) You want this. You do this instead of school. You do this instead of trying to figure out what you want in life. You don't care about anything. You look at me but I'm not here. We used to be so close Jamie and now I'm at one end of a tunnel and you're at the other end and we're never going to be in the same place, the same time again. You might as well be dead. (*she stands and crosses to JAMIE*) So I'm going to need you to choose. I need to know for sure whether I should keep hold of the shreds of the guy you used to be. Should I hold tight or let you go? (*holding up the joint*) Pot. Or me.

MONOLOGUE

Play	Box by Lindsay Price
Stats	Middle School, Vignette Play, 35 minutes
Casting	3M, 6W, 9 Either
Description	<p>Sometimes we choose the way the world sees us. Black box - indestructible. Jewelry box - plain on the outside, shiny on the inside. Sometimes our box is defined by others - our parents, our friends, our enemies. A box built by others can feel small, confined, impossible.</p> <p>How do we handle the boxes imposed upon us because of our gender? Our race? From peer pressure? From parent pressure? Do we have to live with our box for the rest of our lives? Can we change?</p>
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

Justice explains why she can't get excited about Thanksgiving

JUSTICE: Everything is upside-down at my house. People keep leaving when they shouldn't and not leaving when they should disappear. Nothing is the same day-to-day. Last week I went downstairs and the furniture was gone. And she sat there, eating cereal on a milk crate like everything was alright. "It's fine. Eat your cereal." (*getting loud*) There's no furniture. This is not all right. What are you going to do about it? (*regaining control*) "It's fine. Eat your cereal." Everything is fine to her. Maybe if she keeps saying it things will magically... I don't know. Yesterday I came downstairs and she was eating cereal, on a milk crate with a black eye. (*beat*) Everyone in school is talking about Thanksgiving. "I can't wait—my mom makes awesome stuffing. I haven't seen my cousins all year! Football, Football, and more football..." I don't remember the last time my sister and I had Thanksgiving. There's no one to do that for us. She says holidays are for suckers. (*imitating*) "Holidays are for suckers and I'm gonna take advantage of every one." (*looks around*) How do I explain my life? The cafeteria is filled with noise. The hallways are filled with drama. My mom is sitting on a milk crate with a black eye. This is my box.

MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>Discovering Rogue</i> by Christian Kiley
Stats	High School, Drama, 30 minutes
Casting	2M, 4W, 6 Either
Description	Rogue has the best beachfront property ever. Right on the ocean – location, location, location. Her home happens to be a cardboard box but she doesn't mind. Others, like Constance, mind very much. They want Rogue to leave the beach. Now. But she isn't budging. Rogue isn't just running away from home; she's running away from herself.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

CONSTANCE, a well to do teen girl has just realized her parents have been duping her for years. She talks to ROGUE a homeless girl who lives on the beach.

CONSTANCE: (enters with a hat full of checkers) All red! Every single checker is red. There is not a black checker in the hat. Not one. We have been using this method for chores and homework and everything! And now that I think about it, I have never once drawn a black checker. Not once in years and years and years of doing this. And I just blindly went along and accepted it. I never once asked for an audit, an inspection, any form of insurance that this was anything more than another way to control me.

Well, I will show them. (she looks around) I am going to live in this box. And my flag, my flag will be a single black checker to signify my ability to make my own decisions. (CONSTANCE takes a black marker out of her pocket.) Do you have that stupid letter I gave you about leaving the beach? I will make my flag on the back of this ridiculous letter!

CONSTANCE quickly makes the flag. A big black circle. She laughs and is celebratory for about three seconds. Her laughs dies down. She looks around.

I think this will prove to be the wrong decision.

MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>Have You Heard</i> by Krista Boehnert
Stats	High School, Drama, Monologue Play, 45 minutes
Casting	2M, 3W
Description	This monologue-based play follows what happens in a school when rumours and secrets spin out of control. What makes a secret more powerful: When it's the truth? Or when it's a lie?
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

CLEO is a teenage girl who is dealing with the death of her boyfriend.

CLEO: Cause of death undetermined. That's what it says on the police report for Steve's accident. No mechanical malfunction with the car. No health problem. Not weather. He wasn't talking on his cell phone. No other car collided with him. They've ruled all that out, you see. So what we're left with — those of us that loved him — is "Cause of death, undetermined." He couldn't have fallen asleep behind the wheel because he had only been on the road for five minutes in the first place. And he didn't kill himself because the way the car careened off the road, well, that would've been impossible to orchestrate. Even if he'd wanted to.

Even if he'd wanted to have been ejected out the back window because the force of impact was so strong his seatbelt broke. Even if he'd wanted to hit that power pole when the car spun around, breaking it in half. Even if he'd wanted to – the police officer said there was no way someone could do that on purpose. No. Way. He could have swerved for an animal. If he did, he must've missed it, because there was no dead deer at the scene. No blood that wasn't his. There was so much of his blood.

He was leaving my place that night. Headed home on the highway to his parent's acreage a couple miles out of town. We'd just watched a movie and ate popcorn and joked around. Typical date night. I loved watching movies with him. Or just hanging out. Or just doing nothing

Continued Over...

at all. Together. Steve's parents called me. Told me there'd been an accident. Told me Steve was already gone. How could he already been gone? I could still feel the warmth from his body when we hugged goodbye. I could still feel his lips on mine when he kissed me good night. I could still hear him whisper "I love you" when he held me close. How could he be gone? Where did all that warmth go? Where did he go?

The police officer at the accident scene showed me where Steve lay in the grass after he was thrown from the car. He said Steve was already dead by then. The grass was cold and brown.

No. Red.

The grass was red.

And Steve wasn't there. Cause of death undetermined. Seems like such a poor explanation in this day and age. We can train satellites to see anything we want, anywhere in the world. We can clone sheep. We can send a rover to Mars. But you can't tell me why Steve had to die? Can't tell me how? Can't explain to me why it had to be him? Why he had to go? Why he had to be the one? Why I didn't get to say goodbye? You can't tell me? Not any of it? There's no explanation? Life just happens?

That's little comfort. In fact, it's no comfort at all.

MONOLOGUE

Play	MYTH-O-LOGUES by Janice Harris
Stats	Monologues, Greek Myth 40 minutes
Casting	14M, 17W
Description	Cassandra (the Trojan prophetess no one believes) is here to be your Greek mythology tour guide. She'll lead you through stories of war, relationships and the origins of good and evil. She'll share all before old Charon ferries the whole audience across the River Styx. Will you listen? Will you learn? Will you believe? A fantastic one act and classroom resource. Pick and choose from this must-have collection of monologues from Greek Mythology's greatest characters.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

ANTIGONE is talking to her sister ISMENE who is afraid of breaking the law.

ANTIGONE: What further dishonor could I bring upon our family? We pay for our parents' sins. I am not afraid to die by honoring the greater law of the gods. You fear punishment for disobeying the laws of man. I fear punishment for violating the laws of heaven. Polyneices, our brother, lies unburied on the battlefield. Birds and animals ravage his body. I will obey the higher law and give him the honor and rites decreed by the gods.

I will not insist that you help me bury Polyneices. If you do not have the mind and strength to aid me, I will act alone. Your choice is to live; mine is to die, for I have no illusions that this act will go unpunished. My tomb will be my bridal bed. I will not know the joys of marriage and children. I will die before my time, but I will die unafraid and unashamed.

MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>neet Teen</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	High School, Vignette Play, 35 minutes
Casting	4M+6W, Easily Expandable
Description	Teen life – backwards, forwards and inside-out. This play explores many forms from kitchen sink, to absurd, to movement, to audience participation, to song. There's even the opportunity to add your own scene in the mix.
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TYNE: (*sitting, primly*) I didn't kill her. She killed herself. She...It's her own fault. That's the truth. I'm good, a nice person. They keep calling the house. Surrounding the house. Flashes like lightning, over and over – get your side, tell us your side, tell us your side, killer...A shark feeding. Frenzy. The noise, the angry snapping. People foaming at the mouth, over me. (*standing*) They're not supposed to be angry at me. I'm right, a good person. She should have known it wasn't real. She should have had a tougher skin. I do. My parents taught me to be tough. You think they're babying me over this? To get what you want you can't be a baby. Stand up. I have four brothers. You want the turkey leg at Thanksgiving you better roll up your sleeves and fight. And if you have to bleed a little so be it. If you have to be a little mean, so be it. A little mean never... hurt anybody. Right? A little mean is all it was. That's the truth. You can't blame me, she should have stood up for herself. I do it all the time. My brother Jimmy calls me fat every day. "Hey fatso, pass the ketchup. Hey fatso, what do you want for breakfast?" It's just a little mean. Right? I take it and I don't crumble. She shouldn't have crumbled like that, she shouldn't have believed what we were saying if it wasn't true. If it wasn't true why did she... (*sitting*) I'm not wrong. I'm not fat. My brothers do it to me all the time. I'm not wrong. I'm not. I can't be. (*she takes a breath, shaken.*) It's her own fault she died. It was just a little... mean.

MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>Red Rover, in Chemo Girl and Other Plays</i> by Christian Kiley
Stats	High School, Issue Based, 20 minutes
Casting	1M, 3W, 12 Either
Description	A young girl is pulled out of her history class to go to the hospital where she discovers she has cancer. She befriends Lucy (who is chemotherapy personified) and she and Lucy prepare to take the disease.
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HOLLY, sixteen, is talking to a social worker.

HOLLY: I just found out three days ago that I have... See, I can't even say it. I was in the middle of a lecture on the Cold War when I was called out. Something about my blood test and that I needed to get a CT scan and, I don't know, it got so crazy and it was like ordering off a fast food menu, that common. Like ordering a cheeseburger meal off some menu with big pictures all over the place, "give me that" or "I'll have that." I've got a jumbo-sized cheeseburger meal. *(beat)* Did you know they hid under their desks? During the Cold War emergency drills, they hid under their desks. *(beat)* I'm sixteen. Is that why no one will say it? Why won't anyone say it? Not even me. I won't say it. What I have. Say it. Say it! The C-Word. Go ahead and say it. You won't, they won't, I won't. No one will. It's like hiding under desks as a defense against an atomic bomb. Any drill you could participate in would not prepare you for this. Only peaceful and violent, pulpy and spiky, medicine and poison, Lucy. Only Lucy. Lucy running through my veins and being dumped into my body to destroy everything there is. Tumor, growth, mass, stages, 1, 2, 3, 4, A, B, white blood cells, kidney function, hair follicles, short term memory, muscle control, bladder control, platelets, the ability to have children, childhood, the future. My future. *(beat. She stands)* Her name is Lucy. She is helping me. Yes. She helps me fight. She is in my body with a sledge hammer, a torch, an axe, explosives, a tank, a machine gun, an atomic bomb. Lucy is an atomic bomb.

MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>The Gift</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	High School, Full Length
Casting	4M, 12W, 5 Either
Description	<p>Kymberdee has gone through a transformation. Her family life has been turned upside down and because of that she has changed from a selfish materialistic hollow human being to someone who puts people ahead of things. She's changed her name, her friends, her outlook.</p> <p>But what are the events that have lead to this transformation? And when given an opportunity to return to her materialistic friends, has she changed enough to resist?</p> <p>Inspired by the short story <i>The Gift of the Magi</i>.</p>
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

MS G is a young drama teacher who has reached the end of her rope.

MS G: *(being jostled by students back and forth who are tugging at her, trying to get her attention, all talking at once)* Now, now. No need to shove. Let's do a group meditation. Perhaps some downward dogs? OK, stop shoving, stop yelling in my ear, if you're not going to stop shoving and yelling I'm going to have to get angry and I don't want to get, OK, now you're really making me – **THIS IS NOT MY HAPPY PLACE!** I know yoga death grip moves and I'm not afraid to use them! Stop talking! *(beat)* All of you, take a step back. Get back, get back. Sit down. That's better. Now breathe. Do it! Now, now, now! *(beat, retains cheery voice)* Breathe in...and breathe out... In... and out... Now. We can have a conversation like civilized human beings, or we can do this like animals, **WE ARE NOT ANIMALS!** As I was saying, *(she takes a breath and lets it out noisily)* I know that you, my stubborn, stubborn, little souls, can participate in our big blue marble like civilized, rational human beings. Because ladies and gentlemen that is what we are, yes? We are a wonderful, advanced society with a love of theatre. That's what this is all about, yes? That's what all this lawless pandemonium is about, yes? Not a mad dash grab for **five minutes of media fame. None of you would be so shallow as that.** This maelstrom of unrepentant chaos is about a love of the theatre and presenting the best work possible to me, your favourite teacher. *(beat)* Now would be the time to say, "Yes Ms. G." *(The response is less than enthusiastic. She slumps)* I give up. Do what you will. Except the pyrotechnics. I will be in the corner rediscovering my love of teaching through an extended child pose. Disturb me at your peril.