

Description: *A teenager is forced to go and see a psychologist by their parents.*

Genre: *Dramatic*

How do I feel about it? You seriously just asked me how I feel about it? Classic. Ya know, this whole psychologist thing in general is kind of corrupt. You sit down, listen to my problems, (supposedly) and ask me how I feel? Look, I know my parents gave you the rundown of my whole life story or whatever. I heard you from the waiting room. You know I was bullied. You know I have bipolar. You know my grandma died. How does that make me feel? Not great. But I don't let that stuff define me. I've moved on. I've dealt with that stuff on my own. To be honest, you guys are just reopening those wounds. Last night I googled stuff about psychologists. All I have to say is wow. Y'all get paid a pretty hefty salary considering you just sit down and listen to people go on, and on about their problems. But I mean, let's be honest here. You don't actually listen. You're just thinking about going home, watching tv, what you're going to make for dinner. Look, I'm not stupid. You guys are still regular people. You have your own problems. If you ask me, I don't think you want to spend your time engulfing yourself in some randos life. So, I'm just saying maybe asking me how I feel isn't the best approach. Cause, I'm pretty sure I just told you how I feel. Let's just cut this short okay. You can have that power bar you've been eyeing on your desk, and I can go ride my skateboard for the next hour. That'll make us both feel better. (gets up and exits)

Description: *The genie in 'Aladdin' vents his frustration*

Genre: *Comedic*

Yes, I'm a genie. It was supposed to be a secret. But now everybody knows about me because of Aladdin. You've got the book, the film, the stage production and of course the merchandise. There I am, Aladdin's big fat comedy sidekick. Well, let me tell you something, life isn't all what you see in the movies. For a start, look at me. Do I look oversize to you? No, I'm very slim actually. The director, Bob, comes up to me and says he needs a genie of 'gigantic proportions'. Fair enough I say, puffing out my chest, I can work out ... This was when I found out they didn't want me to appear as myself in the film. Bob comes to me the next day and says, 'I'm envisioning you in blue'. I say, 'no problem, blue has always suited me, it's my signature colour. Of course, he wasn't talking clothing, he meant skin tone. So now I'm a big, blue blob! Great!... Deep breathe ... After I calmed down, I thought, never mind, it will still be my story, I'll just look a bit different. 'Come and visit the set,' Bob says, 'See how we've brought your story to life.' Well, I walk in and there's sand everywhere and it looks like a holiday brochure for Tunisia. 'Not very Devon is it?' I say. 'About that,' says Bob, 'We were looking for a more 'exotic' location.' 'But you're never going to find a grocery store around here are you?', I reply. 'Hmm,' says Bob, 'I've been wanting to talk to you about that.' Apparently, the true story...that I came out of a milk carton in the local supermarket when Alan unscrewed the lid, wasn't 'exciting enough', it didn't scream 'blockbuster'. 'We're going with Aladdin rubbing a magic lamp to summon you instead,' says Bob.(Sighs, head in hands.) I consulted my solicitor. He said that because I signed over my rights, I have limited input on how my story is told. Something about artistic license. Of course, by this point, it isn't my story anymore anyway. Apparently, they thought 'Aladdin' was the standout character. Handsome guy gets the girls and all that ... and by the way she was actually called Sandra, not Jasmine, and she was no oil painting, let me tell you. Anyway, it's Alan's, I mean 'Aladdin's' name in lights and I'm there in his shadow providing the cheap laughs. The very cheek of it. I'll have you know I did method acting in my youth; I've had calls from the RSC. I am not and never will be a joke act!

Context: *Bill is sensitive, creative, imaginative, and is more into computers, than he is into physical fitness. In a world, consumed with staying in shape, Bill is like a fish out-of-water. He becomes rebellious, as he is faced with confronting his weakness.*

Miss Meyers, can you just answer me just one question? Why is it that I have to take P.E. every stinking year, because really...I want to know. I mean 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) Yes, Miss Meyers...I know, I know...P.E. is just as important as algebra and biology, and yes I agree that you should get a grade based on your abilities and skills. But everyone has to take the same class! They don't have "Basic P.E." like they have "General Science" or "Basic Math"...that would be a whole different subject completely! And why do we have to rotate activities all the time, why can't we stick with one thing for awhile, that way I could redeem myself by getting better at something. Soccer and Basketball aren't so bad, but this body shouldn't be on a balance beam during gymnastics. I just become entertainment for the rest of the class. High 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. I already know the theory around fitness...it-is-a-part-of-a-well-rounded-education. But the least they could do is level the playing field for everyone. 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.

Context: *Billy comes running up to his best friend to talk about a conversation he overheard between the girls in his class*

Billy:

Andy! Dude! You are not going to believe what I just overheard! Okay so, I am walking back from the library right, I just checked out the Dungeons and Dragons Monster Manual, I know you can get a PDF online but you know how I feel about books – anyway! So – I am walking back out of the library right, and I see like Alicia and Breanna and Kylie all the 'cool' girls walking towards me and they're like talking and laughing and stuff like that. So I do what any of us would do right? I hide! I duck myself between a watercooler and a classroom door and a I turn to face the door like I am reading the class list on the front of it and they walk right on by! And as they're going past I am ready for them to make fun of me or to like say something super witty and cutting but what I heard instead blew me away. As they walked past I heard Kylie say 'Yeah, like I am so sick of playing a Barbarian, I think I want to make a new character.' and then Alicia said 'No way babe! I love Torben the Barbarian, she's amazing!' (a beat) Dude. The cool girls at our school are playing Dungeons and Dragons. The cool girls at OUR SCHOOL are playing Dungeons and Dragons! I wonder if they need a halfling wizard?

NELL

I hate buffets... Not for the obvious like germs... Get your fingers out of there! Yes I know I'm not your momma.... Just do it... That's gross... Don't you dare lick your fingers. Gross... Okay maybe it's the germs too... But here is my main problem. All you can eat is way too much for me... It's too much for everyone. Why do we need so many options? I hate all these choices. And I always feel like I make the wrong one.

I eat something and it sits like a lump in my stomach... I try another... Two lumps. Another... It's all terrible... Buffets don't give you more... Just a lot of bad choices... I just want to find one place... A great place with something really good. One really good thing I can count on to always be good for me. So yummy I will just eat it over and over again... That one wonderful thing that settles inside me...

(Burps or almost throws up...) Not this... This torture... Eating and eating bits of everything... Tearing me up inside... It's gonna rip me apart.

PROTECTO

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 smooch 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.

MEZMERO

I finally did it. I finally beat you. And all I had to do is NOT reveal my evil plan. Why do we villains always do that? Why do we have this strange need to tell you all our devious plots before we do them? That always gives you time for that last minute save... That last minute effort that gets you through... Or perhaps we reveal some flaw in our plan you are able to exploit. Not this time. This time it was kill first, gloat later. This is so much better. I get to brag now. Bragging is so much better than revealing the plan. Time for a victory dance on your grave!

PRINCE HAL

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.