**1. UNIVERSE by Douglas M. Parker**

I saw on the Discovery Channel where a long time ago, before the beginning of time, the entire universe was as small as the head of a pin. And everything was inside it. Stars, planets, houses, people, cars – other pins. Everything in the universe. And then one day, this head of a pin just exploded and everything came out at like a million degrees hot and million miles an hour. And all the stars and planets and people and cars just kept getting bigger and bigger, until they filled up all of space and all of time, just burning and melting and spinning. And as soon as I heard that, I knew that I was just like that pin, and that one day I’m gonna explode too. And when I do, fire and stars and whole worlds will come out of me and they’ll be a million degrees hot and they’ll travel so far and so fast that I’ll never have to come back here again. Not ever . . . Not ever.

**2. SCOUT by Douglas M. Parker**

Before we moved here, we had this big dog named Scout. Mom always said he was a total mutt, but I think he was also part collie. And maybe part golden retriever. But he was definitely at least half mutt. Scout was supposed to be the whole family’s dog, but he was really mine. I mean, after school, it was me he would be waiting for. And when anyone threw his ball, I’m the one he always brought it back to. And at night, it was always my bed he slept in. But before we moved here, my Mom found out we weren’t allowed to have any pets, so we had to give him away to my cousins. I don’t really talk about it, but sometimes I dream about Scout. He’s got his ball in his mouth and he’s looking for me. And I’m saying, “Here, Scout. I’m right here.” But he doesn’t hear me, and he can’t see me, and I’m saying, “I’m right here. Scout. I’m right here.” And then, I don’t know, I guess I wake up . . . I don’t know if Scout dreams about me.

**3. ST. JOAN by George Bernard Shaw**

JOAN: (rising in consternation and terrible anger) Perpetual imprisonment! Am I not then to be set free? Give me that writing. (She rushes to the table; snatches up the paper; and tears it into fragments) Light your fire:do you think I dread it as much as the life of a rat in a hole? My voices were right. Yes:they told me you were fools (the word gives great offence), and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied (indignant exclamations). You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear: I can live on bread:when have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of god when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him:all this is worse than the furnace in the bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God. His ways are not your ways. He wills that I go through the fire to His bosom; for I am His child, and you are not fit that I should live among you. That is my last word to you.

**4. Gilbert or Frank**

by Terrence Mosley

**Frank:** When we moved here, my parents wanted me to go to the best public school

available so we got this tiny ass apartment right next to these million dollar homes and I went to school with white kids. Mind you, I’d seen white people. I just never really was friends with one. First day of school. Dressed like I always dressed which was fly. Specially, the first day of school. We’re running late and I didn’t have time to brush my hair. So took my brush with me to class. I’m in homeroom, the teacher leaves, and this kid immediately starts in on me. Talking ‘bout “Why are you brushing your hair?” To which I replied “I know how to take care of myself, so shut up.” He then takes my brush and the kids start throwing it around the room. One of the kids puts my brush in his book bag. I went to get it and the teacher walks in right as I grab it. I try to tell her “That’s my brush, that’s my brush!” and she said “You have no hair to brush.” So I spat in her face. I got expelled. My dad kicked my butt when I got home. I was fourteen crying like five. I have this theory: No matter how old you are, your parents beating you will always make you cry. We moved to a neighborhood with a lot more black people, with a lot more space, for a lot less money. I promised my parents, I wouldn’t do that to them again. That I wouldn’t take them through that embarrassment. They understood why I did it, but what’s pride worth when coupled with embarrassment? And I— I sort of agree with them. So I say OK. At least I can keep my pride.

5. **I AM A SHARK**

**By Tara Meddaugh**  © 2014

*Jaime is a child or teen (may be played by a male or female actor), anywhere from 10-20 years old. Jaime is standing at a beach when confronted by a group of bullies.*

JAMIE

Sometimes, when I stand on the beach and look out at the ocean, I imagine I’m a shark. My feet are hot, so hot they’re burning. Burning so much, I start to not feel the pain anymore. I take several deep breaths, and I breathe out the heat through my nose. I can feel it leaving me. My feet are tingling. A little numb. But I feel no pain. I am a shark. I’m swimming through the water and you can cut me with your knives, but my skin is hard and I am tough. And I feel no pain. A boy, this boy I know, but wish I didn’t, runs out of the ocean and past me. I feel the cold water he’s brought in on my legs. He’s tossed sand on me too and it’s sticking to me. I reach my hand down to feel the roughness on my legs. It’s like sandpaper. His friend runs out of the water too, chasing him, and he bumps into me. Pushes past me. My body turns with him, but my feet stay grounded. Like a rooted flower blowing in the wind. I don’t fall over. He yells something. *Freak…Try again..Knock*…but I can’t make out these words. I can’t understand them. My head is under water. Sound is muted down here. I am swimming fast. I am a shark. As two bodies now run past me, run into me, there is the sound of laughter. My roots were not deep enough. My face is burning hot against the floor of the beach. My hands push my body up and I taste sand in my mouth. It’s rough in my mouth now. Like my legs, my arms, my chest. I feel a kick to my side, but it is nothing to me. I am strong. My skin is tough. I feel nothing. I am a shark.

**6. ANTIGONE by Sophocles**

Tomb, bridal-chamber, eternal prison in the caverned rock, whither go to find mine own, those many who have perished, and whom Persephone hath received among the dead! Last of all shall I pass thither, and far most miserably of all, before the term of my life is spent. But I cherish good hope that my coming will be welcome to my father, and pleasant to thee, my mother, and welcome, brother, to thee; for, when ye died, with mine own hands I washed and dressed you, and poured drink-offerings at your graves; and now, Polyneices, 'tis for tending thy corpse that I win such recompense as this.   
  
And yet I honoured thee, as the wise will deem, rightly. Never, had been a mother of children, or if a husband had been mouldering in death, would I have taken this task upon me in the city's despite. What law, ye ask, is my warrant for that word? The husband lost, another might have been found, and child from another, to replace the first-born: but, father and mother hidden with Hades, no brother's life could ever bloom for me again. Such was the law whereby I held thee first in honour; but Creon deemed me guilty of error therein, and of outrage, ah brother mine! And now he leads me thus, a captive in his hands; no bridal bed, no bridal song hath been mine, no joy of marriage, no portion in the nurture of children; but thus, forlorn of friends, unhappy one, I go living to the vaults of death.   
  
And what law of heaven have I transgressed? Why, hapless one, should I look to the gods any more,-what ally should I invoke,-when by piety I have earned the name of impious? Nay, then, if these things are pleasing to the gods, when I have suffered my doom, I shall come to know my sin; but if the sin is with my judges, I could wish them no fuller measure of evil than they, on their part, mete wrongfully to me.

7. **SCENE - BUG-EYED CREATURE (LUKE)**

LUKE

Being the new kid at school is like discovering a new planet. Everything is strange and confusing and you're the weird alien everyone is afraid of - well not fear - you are the gross bugged eyes creature that's completely misunderstood.

(LUKE speaks like an alien to someone passing)

"I come in peace." Ignored as usual. Maybe I have on my cloaking device? No one seems to see me.

(He tries talking to more people as they pass and does the related hand motions for the following [ie Star Trek, Mork and Mindy])

Live long and prosper!  Nano nano!  Those are my geek gang signs.

May the force be with you.  How come that one doesn't have a hand sign? It really needs one.

(He tries out different hand and arm motions)

May the force be with you... may the force be with you... may the force make you live long and prosper. I like that. I need to make a t-shirt with that on there.

You know, the principal made me change my shirt. I had one with Spock doing the Vulcan hand signs saying “Go Trek Yourself” Like anyone could be offended by that. He said students are not allowed to wear anything with words on it. Isn't that ironic? A school banning words.

School is not the place to be unique or stand out. They have this mold they want everyone to fit into. If you're not a certain way the whole school says you're not their type and they reject you.

Rejection - life is all about rejection. I am proud to say I have always been the last to be picked for any school activity. Especially when it’s sports. I try to make sure I'm last - and if I am really lucky they have too many team members so I have so sit out.  To make sure I am last to be picked I always limp so they think I am a liability - and if they don't notice the limp, I add in a nose pick because who wants to pass the ball to a nose picker? Oh, that's a good idea for a hand sign.

(LUKE picks his nose and holds out his finger)

May the force be with you.

(Laughs)

They noticed that one. I know that’s gross but hey, I have my bug-eyed creature reputation to maintain.

END OF MONOLOGUE

8. **SCENE - WHO WANTS TO BE MY BULLY? (LUKE) by D.M. Larson**

**LUKE**

**Hello. I am taking applications to my official bully. I want to make sure the right person is picking on me day after day. It's a very unique and special relationship.  Ready for some questions? Okay. First of all, are you interested in my lunch money or my lunch? Because if you need the cash I will bring that it if you prefer to have me bring a lunch already prepared, I can do that too.**

**No this isn't a joke. I'm very serious about this. Or do you prefer I tell jokes? Are you the knock knock joke kind where you walk up and knock on my head? Knock! Knock!  Or do you prefer the walk in to the bar kind of jokes?**

**I could try work up some dirty jokes too but that seems more appropriate for your friends to tell than your victims. We have to have the right kind of relationship here. We need familiarity without closeness.**

**I can provide services such as homework preparation and go-foring - in return I ask that I only receive swirlies at the end of the day so I can go home and shower after.  And then one more thing - the most important part of all this - I ask for your protection. I want you to protect me from all the other bullies. This has to be an exclusive bullying arrangement and you have to make sure you step in at the first sign of any danger from other bullies. I like my day to be predictable - deliver your homework in the morning - lunch or lunch money at noon and then a farewell swirly or wedgie in the afternoon - yes I will even throw a few wedgies in the deal - so what do you say? Do we have a deal? Good - sign here please.**

**END OF MONOLOGUE**

9. "I CAN'T STOP" by D. M. Larson

SAM

Homeless kids aren't homeless because they want to be. Homeless kids are usually ones that aren't wanted. Either their parents died or they left them. Oh, sure there's foster homes but they don't really want you either. If they did, why would they keep getting rid of me?

I didn't always have a home. I lived on the streets a little while. And surprise, there were lots of kids there with me. People never thought we were homeless even though we weren't dressed nice. Kids never dress nice anyway. And sometimes we'd even get a five finger discount on something nice from a store. That's how I got caught. I hadn't been out there very long when they got me. Some kids are out there forever. They learn how to survive. I didn't.

They gave me a choice. Come here to the Happy Rancher or go to jail. Sarge even came down to visit with me.

(Softens)

He told me about the Happy Rancher and despite the stupid name it sounded kinda cool. And he did something most people never did for me. He asked me what I wanted. He really wanted to know what he could help me do for myself. I just broke down and cried. It seemed like I cried forever.

I'd finally found someone who cared.

(Realizes she's just spilled her guts to a stranger and makes a total turn around)

Oh, man, what am I saying. You must think I'm a total dork.

(Laughs)

Real sob story, huh?

(Sam laugh turns to a cry... starts crying)

I guess that's why I'm crying. Such a sad pathetic story.

(Sadness slowly turns to anger)

That's me .  Sad and pathetic. I have been most of my life... Until now.  I finally had something good. But then I had to go and destroy it.

I've ruined everything with Sarge.

(Angry)

How could I be so stupid?!

Why do I always do this? Why do I always mess things up.

(Pause)

I get something good then I ruin it.

(Kicks something handy)

I always have to go and spoil things for people. I just try to have a little fun... but... I don't know when to stop. I keep playing... like a little kid who tells a funny joke over and over. They keep saying it 'cause it was funny once so it should be funny a bunch of times. Then when it's not funny any more, they don't know how to quit. They keep trying, hoping it will still be funny. They keep on joking until someone gets mad and... hurts you.

(Pause)

I'm always playing games. I can't stop.

(She has trouble speaking)

I... can't... stop.

(SAM gains control again)

I always hurt someone. My daddy left because of me.

(Sees reaction)

He did. I found a letter he wrote my mama. He said he didn't want to be tied down by a kid.

(Chokes)

Mama said it was for the best.

(Sad)

But I ran Mama off too. She had better things to do than to sit around playing my games.

(Looks at house)

And I'm still playing my little games. I should have listened to you. You got a good head. You stopped playing games when you were two or three I bet. Adults always like you... Me? I get 'em to like to hate me. Get 'em so worked up they want nothing but to have me gone.

You gotta admit, I do it well.

(Sits. Trying to control her crying)

I'm sure you've got better things to do than listen to me.

(SAM looks away)

I wanna be alone okay? Please ... Go. Run far away... Like everyone else.

11. From Mabel Chiltern’s “An Ideal Husband”

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.

12. INTRODUCTION MONOLOGUE

There is an island where rivers run deep. Where the sea sparkling in the sun earns it the name “Jewel of the Antilles.” An island where the poorest of peasants labor – and the wealthiest of the *grands hommes* play. Two different worlds on one island! The grand hommes, owners of the land and masters of their own fates. And the peasants, eternally at the mercy of the wind and the sea, who pray constantly…to the gods. Asaka, Mother of the Earth, Agwe, God Water. Erzulie. Beautiful Goddess of Love. And Pape Ge, sly Demon of Death.

Once on this island, there was a terrible storm. Many huts washed away! Many peasants drowned by Agwe’s angry water! But one small girl caught his attention. And she was spared. An orphan plucked from the flood by Agwe. Sheltered in a tree by Asaka… and sent on a journey by the gods: a journey that would test the strength of love against the power of death… on this island of two different worlds!

And Ti Moune was cast out of the Hotel Beauxhomme, and the gates slammed shut

behind her. And for two weeks, Ti Moune did wait at the gate. Not eating. Not sleeping.

Only waiting, only watching, as the grounds of the Hotel Beauxhomme were made even

more lovely, in preparation for the wedding. And at last, Andrea and Daniel were

married. And as superstition dictated, they came to the gates of the hotel to throw coins to the peasants, thus assuring that their own fortunes would multiply. And the gods began to cry – tears of compassion for the orphan Ti Moune, who proved that love could withstand the storm, and cross the earth, and survive even in the face of death.

13. From the film “Love, Actually”

The British Prime Minister (Hugh Grant), in a voice-over credits prologue, spoke about how "love is everywhere," with views of the arrivals terminal at London's Heathrow Airport where people were greeting each other, hugging and kissing:

Whenever I get gloomy with the state of the world, I think about the arrivals gate at Heathrow Airport. General opinion's starting to make out that we live in a world of hatred and greed, but I don't see that. It seems to me that love is everywhere. Often it's not particularly dignified or newsworthy, but it's always there - fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, boyfriends, girlfriends, old friends. When the planes hit the Twin Towers, as far as I know, none of the phone calls from the people on board were messages of hate or revenge - they were all messages of love. If you look for it, I've got a sneaky feeling you'll find that love actually is all around.

14. “Romeo and Juliet” by William Shakespeare

ROMEO:

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

15. “A Raisin In The Sun” by Lorraine Hansberry

JOSEPH ASAGAI:

I LIVE THE ANSWER! In my village at home it is the exceptional man who can even read a newspaper… or whoever sees a book at all. I will go home and much of what I will have to say will seem strange to the people of my village. But I will teach and work and things will happen, slowly and swiftly. At times it will seem that nothing changes at all… and then again the sudden dramatic events which make history leap into the future. And then quiet again. Retrogression even. Guns, murder, revolution. And I even will have moments when I wonder if the quiet was not better than all that death and hatred. But I will look about my village at the illiteracy and disease and ignorance and I will not wonder long. And perhaps… perhaps I will be a great man… I mean perhaps I will hold on to the substance of truth and find my way always with the right course… and perhaps for it I will be butchered in my bed at night by servants of empire… or perhaps I shall live to be a very old man, respected and esteemed in my new nation… And perhaps I shall hold office and this is what I’m trying to tell you, Alaiyo: Perhaps the things I believe now for my country will be wrong and outmoded, and I will not understand and do terrible things to have things my way or merely to keep my power. Don’t you see that there will be young men and women -- not British soldiers then, but my own black countrymen -- to step out of the shadows some evening and slit my then useless throat? Don’t you see they have always been there.. that they always will be. And such a thing as my own death will be an advance? They who might kill me then...actually replenish all that I was. Beneatha… stop moaning and groaning and tell me what you plan to do. Actually, I have a bit of a suggestion. That when it is all over -- that you come home with me. My dear, young creature of the New World -- I do not mean across the city -- I mean across the ocean: home -- to Africa. I will show you our mountains and our stars; and give you cool drinks from gourds and teach you the old songs and the ways of our people -- and, in time, we will pretend that -- you have only been away for a day. Say that you’ll come.   
  
16. The Lion’s monologue from “The Wizard of Oz”

Courage! What makes a king out of a slave? Courage! What makes the flag on the mast to wave? Courage! What makes the elephant charge his tusk in the misty mist, or the dusky dusk? What makes the muskrat guard his musk? Courage! What makes the sphinx the seventh wonder? Courage! What makes the dawn come up like thunder? C ourage! What makes the Hottentot so hot? What puts the "ape" in apricot? What have they got that I ain't got?