

NORMAL

Nadia, seriocomic

Ugh. This bagel has a long, black *hair* in it. I'm starving, too. I must have the worst karma in the world.

See, everyone thinks my life is so different, so glamorous, but I get hairs in my bagel. I'm just a normal girl!

Who am I kidding? You are the only friend I still have. They tell me to tell everyone in interviews that I'm "normal" 'cause I go to regular school. People look at me like I've got four heads now — each with six eyes, three noses, and no teeth! Just 'cause I'm on TV.

Be my best friend and get me a new bagel? PLEASE. I'll love you forever. I'll be your best friend forever — please, please, please? You are THE BEST. Really. I'm going to tell people from now on "I'm not normal, but my best friend is." That's a big compliment in my book.

TABLE FOR TWO

Phoebe, seriocomic

See that? Those two on a date? *(Beat.)* Yeah, that's not the weird part. The weird part is how they're sitting. Right next to each other. I don't get that. Wouldn't you normally sit across from the person you're with when there's only two of you? When you sit like that, one right next to the other, you can't talk. You'd get a crick in your neck from holding your head to one side all night.

And if they're sitting like that to kiss — well, it's a restaurant for goodness sake. People are eating here. I don't want to look at that. Two dopes staring all googily-eyed at each other and slobbering all over. Give me a break. And think about it — you eat and little bits of food get caught in your teeth, right? So, if you kiss someone — Ugh! I can't even think about it. It's just too uggy.

It looks like they're riding the bus. Weird.

BLIND FOOL

Kirsty, comic

What?! You have to stop asking me what the board says. I can't read everything off to you. Listen, mister, I hate to break it to you, but you need glasses. You're blind! OK, not blind, but you have two choices:

Sit in front, like maybe a few inches from the board, OR *get glasses!*

Sorry, Mr. Sparr. Nothing's wrong.

See? You keep getting me in trouble. I'm not trying to be mean, but it's time to face facts. Besides, glasses are cute.

Not that I'm saying you're cute or anything. I mean, don't get any ideas here. I'm just thinking about, oh, Harry Potter, and, ah, other celebrities. (*Beat.*) I don't know who, just other people.

Hey, they are not nerdy! *I* wear glasses. And *I'm* cute. You'd know that if you weren't blind.

FAME

Alicia, comic

Ooo! I have the best idea. Why don't we jump up on the lunch tables and sing and dance like on TV? *(Beat.)* I don't know what we'd sing. Maybe a song from chorus! Like "Jingle Bell Rock"! *(Beat.)* Why not? Maybe everyone will join in with us! *(Beat.)* OK, maybe not everyone. *(Beat.)* How should I know what dance steps we'd do? Maybe everyone wouldn't be doing the same steps — no! Wait! We could do the hokey pokey! Everyone knows that! I'll do it if you do it. Come on, pleeeeeeease? Pleeeeeeeeeeease???? It'll be fun!

Ready? On the count of three. One, two, three —

Ha, ha, ha! No *way* I'd do that! I can't believe you fell for it! You look so stupid! Everyone was staring, too! I give you points for having guts, though!

Hey, where are you going? It was funny! Wait up!

PARTY TIME

Jessica, comic

I've got it all planned out.

At six, we eat hamburgers and fries.

At six-thirty we eat cake. Oh, and everyone sings "Happy Birthday," of course.

At seven, we watch a scary horror movie and scream our heads off and practically wet ourselves because we won't walk to the bathroom by ourselves because we're afraid of the dark.

I'm guessing somewhere in there my stupid brother tries to scare us. Oh, and we eat popcorn during the movie and cheese curls.

Then we put in my sister's makeup at nine and paint our fingernails and toes at nine-thirty.

What else? We eat ice cream. We tell ghost stories. I know this one about a man who gets killed — I'll tell it later.

No sleeping allowed. Oh, and someone barfs. Someone always barfs. I dunno why.

MAD DOG ON MAPLE

Shane, seriocomic

I'm not taking that way to school. No way. I made that mistake once. It's a shorter path, but there's a dog halfway down the block that's evil. I swear. It's black with red eyes and vicious pointy teeth. I had to run for blocks and blocks. I'm completely serious, man. This dog is insane. I bet his owner trained him to go after kids who walk past the house. Think about it. How come no one ever takes this shortcut? You've seen the news stories about kids being attacked by dogs. Seriously, I'm no chicken. And there's no way I'm letting that dog take a bite of me.

Let's take the long way around. It's worth it. Is it so bad if we're late? If you ask me, it's a good thing to miss five minutes of homeroom.

THE SLIME

Peter, comic

I have something to tell you. I wasn't paying attention in science class today. *(Beat.)* Don't yell at me! I'm not even finished telling you my story. So, I'm in science class and I thought the teacher said to mix together the two things on our desks. But we weren't supposed to do that. We were supposed to put them in different tubes with litmus paper or something.

So, anyway, I put them into the same tube. And, and —

(Beat.) OK! Brian Howell is green! I don't know how. I told you, I wasn't paying attention! But the goop overflowed from the tube and got on Brian and he's green. Just his hands, though. So he has to wear gloves, that's all.

(Beat.) I don't know if it will go away! I'm not a scientist! This is why I shouldn't have to take science. I'm a danger to myself and everyone around me!



BEHIND THE SCENES

Marcus, seriocomic

Does everyone have to audition? Because I'd rather not. I'm OK with being a tree or a rock. Or helping out with lights or something.

Please, could we just skip all this? I'll level with you. I can't sing. When it's someone's birthday in my family, they ask me to hold the cake. When I was little, I didn't know I stunk, and in church people used to turn and stare at me. I thought it was because I was cute! Now I know. And I don't want anyone staring at me ever again.

I'm doing a public service. My sister told me my singing sounds like a dying turkey. I've never heard a turkey dying (which I'm pretty happy about), but I'm pretty sure that wasn't a compliment. She's not a very nice girl, my sister. She's not about to give me a compliment, if you catch my drift.

So, how about I paint the set? Is it a deal?

ARCH ENEMY

Neal, seriocomic

Uh, uh, Miss. Grant? Um, um — Excuse me? Mrs. Grant? *(Beat.)* Sorry, I know I'm not supposed to interrupt you, but — Sorry, but — please — I'm sorry but I just *have* to interrupt, please, Miss —

MISS GRANT, YOU ARE STANDING ON MY FOOT!

Those are some pointy shoes you have on. I'm sorry, Miss Grant, I'm sorry, but I just had to interrupt you. I couldn't take it anymore! Forgive me for saying so, but you really ought to give a guy a break sometimes. You never know when it might be important. Sometimes a kid like me might have something very important to say.

It's OK, Miss Grant. I understand. Rules and all that.

Miss Grant, I know I'm interrupting again, but — Maybe can I go to the nurse?

BIAS

Jo/Joe, dramatic

What are you looking at? Is it OK if I look at this? Am I permitted? I am a potential customer. And this is a store? And a free country? You don't think I can pay for this, but I can. Just because I'm not an adult doesn't mean that I can't pay for anything. I save my money. It's so unfair. That you just follow people like me around. It's ageism. Ever hear of that? I could sue you. *(Beat.)* Ha, ha, ha. You think it's funny. Because I'm a kid. You won't be laughing when you're in court. You don't even make so much money anyway. I bet I make pretty much what you make. Not so funny now, is it? A shop girl. You're so smug. Well, I [baby-sit/mow lawns] and I make good money. I can pay for whatever I want, so leave me alone and let me look at things without you hanging over me!

OK, I want this. Wait, do you get a commission? *(Beat.)* Hold on, I'm going to find another salesperson.