The Audition

Please, Mrs. Smith. Don't cast me as the kid! I always have to play the kid. But I can play anything! Watch. I can be a Mom: "Oh honey, welcome home from school. Here are some cookies I just baked for you." Or a real Mom: "Hey honey, jump in, bus is leaving, brought you a snack, how was school, did we lose your brother?" Or wait. A dog. I love playing dogs. "Yip. Yip. Yip. Where's my ball? Just let me play catch. I love to play catch." Or a villain: "Give me the money and give me it now! No questions and nobody'll get hurt."

See! I have great range! *(Pause.)* It's just....I'm the littlest in everything. Nobody ever gives me a chance....in anything. Please. Just let me try.

Don't Worry

Don't worry! Be happy! That's my motto. You always get so worried about every little thing. Like you were so sure you wouldn't score in soccer today, and you did. And you knew you wouldn't pass your geography test, and you got an A! I got a B. I'm the one who should be worried. My Mom said if I got more than one B this quarter, she'd take the phone out of my room. And I've still got that big science project to go. I'll never ace that. And what will I do without my phone? Oh, see what you did! You got me worried. Some friend!

The Museum Visit

Dad, I told you, I'm not interested in this stuff? You're always doing this. Draggin me to museums to see a bunch of old things right in the middle of baseball on TV *(He sees an airplane.)* Wow! Is that Lindbergh's plane? The real plane that he flew across the ocean in? I bet it's a fake. *(Reading the airplane's name.)* "The Spirit of St. Louis." It *is* the real plane. But it's so small. Man, Lindbergh must have been on brave pilot. He flew all that way in something built like that? And he was the first! Incredible! Dad, you should've brought me here before. What kind of a Dad are you?

Victory Garden

(Talking to a teacher. It is 1943, during World War II)

I heard him! I heard President Roosevelt on the radio. He said every American who has a scrap of land should plant a victory garden. If we grow our own food, then the big farmers can send the food they grow to the soldiers. That'll help us win the war, won't it? My yard's only five by five from back porch to alley. But Momma says I can plant beans, maybe some squash. It won't be much, but I know it'll help. It's gotta help. I'll do anything! Cause….my brother's over there. In Germany or somewhere. We used to get letters from him, but we haven't gotten one in a long time. I get so scared every time I see a car comin' down the road. That's how you find out. A man in a uniform brings you a telegram if…..I can't think about it. I'm gonna plant every patch a' dirt I can. What do I do first?

Moon Watching

Dad, if you'd let me explain then you'll understand! See, I'm spending the night at David's house. There's gonna be a ring around the moon Friday night. It's an astronomical phenomenon! We get extra credit if we stay up late to see it. You can't see a once-in-a-lifetime thing like this by yourself! Don't look worried. I promise, we won't do any of the things we did last time. No bike riding after dark, no chemistry experiments in the kitchen. Just moon watching.....with your binoculars. Please, can I borrow them, Dad, please????

Singing

You have got to help me. I have to find a way to get my mom to STOP singing. She sings in the car, she sings while she makes dinner, she even sings along with American Idol..... Who wants to see and hear their mom singing....*(impersonating Beyonce)* All The Single ladies ...all the single ladies... All the single ladies... all the single ladies... and dancing all crazy around the kitchen??!! It's embarrassing. Not to mention she is tone deaf. Her singing sends our dog running into the other room. In fact it's so bad she was kicked off the PTA because the other mom's couldn't stand another karaoke fundraiser with her! So... quick ...You have GOT to help find a way to keep my mom from singing!!!

TTYL

So last night... O...M...G.... I was watching TMZ with my BFF...FYI her name is J.C...to get the 411 on my latest peeps, aight.. When I see it's official... all experts have agreed that Justin Bieber is out and Simon Curtis is in!!!! Holy Jonas Brothers!! JC and I immediately take out our Bold BB's and start to BBM with all our worthy peeps. We had to save the popular kids in school from making a "my bad" the next morning at school. I mean one slip up like this could cost you your entire social career in Middle School. This one girl T.J. she didn't get her BBM cause her mom grounded her for not doing her HW, whatever LOL... she showed up with a Justin Bieber T-shirt on at school the next day... let's just say she's now the girl that check's out AV equipment in the library. TTYL.....

VOTE

Hi, my name is Terry Taylor and you should vote for me for class president, because of all the really amazing ideas I have to make all of our lives here at Rolilngs a better place. Like, OK, for instance, this one idea that I have that there should be a table out in the hallway all the time filled with free cookies and brownies. This would improve school morale and also keep everyone's energy up for better studying.

Another amazing idea I have is to completely get rid of grades, mostly because I think they're elitist and also because even someone who fails is actually a successful person in their own way. So there's that.

And finally, I would like to introduce a by-law or something that would make it socially not acceptable for anyone to be called a geek or maybe shoved into a locker or have their lunch money stolen just because they maybe wear glasses or, for instance, are running for class president. So there's that. Thank you . . . Terry Taylor. Vote for Terry Taylor . . . Thank you.

Scene from "Wizard of Oz"

But it wasn't a dream. It was a place. And you and you and you... and you were there. But you couldn't have been could you? No. Aunt Em, this was a real truly live place and I remember some of it wasn't very nice, but most of it was beautiful; but just the same. All I kept saying to everybody was I want to go home and they sent me home! Doesn't anybody believe me? But anyway, Toto, we're home! Home. And this is my room and you're all here and I'm not gonna leave here ever. Ever again. Because I love you all. And, oh Auntie Em! **There's no place like home!**

Scene from "Bones the Pirate Girl" by D. M. Larson

I am sick of being at sea. I want to feel solid ground. Oh... To take a nice warm bath... Instead of washing in freezing cold sea water. You see what the sea has done to my hair! No more pirate's life for me. No more yo ho with these yo-yos. I am tired of all the bottles and bums. I want to drink from a chilled glass goblet... And have some ice cold milk. Fresh cool milk... and ice... a glass of ice water would even be nice. And you know what else you get when you mix milk and ice... this incredible thing called ice cream. You'll never find that on a pirate ship. I'd give anything for a scoop. But you'll never find anything like that on this rust bucket... no milk, no ice cream, not even an itty bitty ice cube... How come the most wonderful things in life spoil so quickly?

Scene from "Aladdin"

Aladdin *talking to himself in the cave*

I don't like this being a prisoner! But I do like Jasmine. I mean "The Princess"! UGH! I must've sounded so stupid? Then again, what does it matter? I'm never gonna see her again. Me, the "street rat"! Besides, she deserves a prince. Or at least someone better than me. Oh why did I ever meet her? *(Pause)* Boy I'm glad I met her! Look at all this junk! I bet no one's been in here for years. Huh, a lamp. *(picks it up)* Something's written on it. Let's see here.....

Scene from "Peter Pan"

Peter talking to Tinker Bell

Why, Tink, you've drunk my medicine! What's the matter with you? It was poisoned! You drank it to save my life. Tink, dear, -- Tink –you're dying? Your light is growing faint, and if it goes out that means you're dead. Your voice is so low I can scarcely hear what you're saying. You say...you think...you think you could get well again if...if...if what Tink? If children believed in fairies. *(to audience)* Do you believe? Say quick that you believe. If you believe, clap your hands!