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“FOOTLOOSE”

CURTAIN CALL

“January First”

Genre: Comedic

I'm turning a new leaf this year. My New Year's resolution is to do *everything* differently. I am going to study. I am going to do all my homework... at home. I am going to get along with my siblings. I am going to get along with my teachers. I am going to actually like gym class and running the great mile. I'll iron my clothes. I will actually put my clothes in the dresser. I am going to mind my manners and respect my elders. I am going to do kind acts for less fortunate people. I am going to help my parents around the house. I will even walk the dog. I am not going to complain when I can't have my phone at bedtime. I am going to join extra curricular activities. I...I... I... I am going to stop starting every sentence with "I". *(Pause)* I am... *(Pause)* I am destined to fail. I will start tomorrow.

“Attention”

Description Student is explaining why children need their parents' attention.

Genre: Drama/Comical

Maybe you've heard of me. Let me assure you that no matter what you've heard, I'm not so bad as you might think. Some people simply don't understand children. But, being a child, I understand myself very well. What I don't understand is why grownups are so hard on us. I put it down to plain, old-fashioned jealousy. We live our lives of total spontaneity. Time is divided two ways—school and summer vacation. As you might have observed, we have an endless supply of energy— an enviable characteristic to those of you who are trying to make it in the fast lane. You think we think we're immoral. Making rash decisions. You think we are selfish and egotistical; looking for instant gratification. Believe it or not, we do have reasons for our actions. Whether it's driving our parents crazy or pouring bleach on our siblings clothes, or slightly forgetting to walk the dog we begged and pleaded that we really wanted and would do anything to have. There is a purpose to our activities. What we love the most is your undivided attention, and if you fail to notice us, we simply respond by making sure you're aware we're here. So if we pour cooking oil on the carpet, draw pictures in permanent markers on the wall or steal that forbidden cookie from the jar right before dinner. All we want is your uninterrupted, undivided attention. Life is just full of all sorts of sweets; and if you buy me a Hershey bar, I'll be your best friend and love you forever and ever... or at least for 24hrs.

MOVE

Moving is like being transported to a parallel universe. You stay the same, but everything else changes. So maybe at your old school in your old universe, everyone thought it was cool you could play jazz. But at your new school in your new universe, *nobody* thinks it's cool. Or at your old school, you were one of the worst ones on the soccer team. But at your new school, you're one of the best. And even weirder, in this parallel universe, you're almost invisible. It's like, they can tell *something's* there, but they're not sure what. So on the one hand, no one talks to you. But on the other hand, no one tries to walk through you either. And you're like a year ahead in math and a year behind in history, and up is down and green is blue and I don't know what. But after a while, even strange worlds in parallel universes just become *the* world. And everything that was weird starts to seem normal. And you stop being invisible, and people start talking to you. And eventually it all turns out pretty awesome. Because in this new universe, somehow I really, really am one of the best people on the soccer team. But in my old universe – that was never going to happen.

“The Perfect Day”

Description: A student is asked to imagine their perfect day.

Genre: Dramatic

What's my idea of the perfect day? Honestly, it would have to be when I was six or seven years old. Those were the days when I didn't feel anxiety or sadness. The only thing I worried about was missing my favorite cartoon on TV or dropping my ice cream on the floor. Life was good and easy, like nothing in the world could hurt me. Now things are different and unstable...like an unstitched patchwork put together. But if I could magically have that perfect day, it really wouldn't matter the location. Preferably I'd like for it to be something like a big day out with my family. Then I'd get to talk to my friends about how great it was. And my best friends from school would all be there. Or maybe the perfect day would be playing with my favorite cousin at my old house with no chaos or drama to disrupt it all. Just two kids playing all day eating whatever we want. Or maybe the perfect day would just be a regular, calm day in middle school. No loud or obnoxious distractions in the hallway. No one is mean and tormenting. Teachers only discipline the ones who deserved it, not the innocent ones. Who knows, maybe there will be a perfect day in the future. I hope so.

“Climb a Tree”

When I was little, I climbed trees all the time, especially when something was troubling me or when I didn't get my way. They were things like – I couldn't watch T.V., or I couldn't have soda and candy for dinner.

There was this big tree in our backyard... about a mile high, I used to think. At first it was really hard to climb. I would struggle up and get sap all over me. It was hard to get off my hands and off my clothes. Mom was not happy about that. Anyway, when I would finally get to the top, the branches at the tip-top would fork up and make a perfect seat. When I sat down in the seat, it was like I became part of the tree. I would sit up there for hours, just swaying in the wind. When I was up there I didn't think about the things that bothered me. Each time I climbed the tree it got easier. Soon the thrill was gone. So many activities and school work keeps me pretty busy. Oh, and I am about to go to high school. I just got old, I guess.

My parents got a call this afternoon. It was from the nursing home where my grandfather lived. He passed away. He was real sick. At least he won't suffer anymore. He was the one person who listened to me when I was younger. I guess because he was a kid, too. You know what I mean? He was the person who understood me. He always talked to me and took me to the park to let me climb trees when I was away from the big one at home. He knew.

Well, I'm going to go climb a tree. I'll see you.

Different

I wish I could be like everyone else. But I'm not.

So what do I do about it? Keep my head down? Hope they don't notice me?

'Cause they will, you know. They'll notice you when you're different. It's like there's a scent. Something in the air. The moment you come in you can see their nostrils widen, you can see their lips curl. They'd hurt you if they could. If they thought they'd get away with it.

Mostly they avoid you. Shrink away. Or make jokes. Ugly jokes.

Because they're afraid.

Isn't that it? As scared as I am of them, aren't they scared of me? Because I'm different. They don't know how to deal with that. They don't.

Sometimes I entertain them. Act silly, put on a little show. Sometimes it works, too. Everybody laughs. Even me.

Anyone who saw us would think we were having a good time. A great time.

They'd never guess I'm scared of them. Or even less that, deep down, they're scared of me.

Because I'm not like them. They don't know how exactly. Maybe in fact they're scared that I'm *not* that different. That beneath the surface they're just like me.

I understand that. I understand why they would be scared. Because *I'm* like me. I just am. And I like being just me. I like it with with all my heart.

And the one thing I know for sure is, that's not going to change.

“A Look into my Mirror”

Description: A Look into my Mirror

Genre: Dramatic

When I look at myself in the mirror, I don't see my looks. I see the inside. You see, when I was little, I was a naughty troublemaker. But, like most children, I eventually learned from my parents how to be kind and loving. They taught me by their example. It was a happy childhood. I even had a horse! Every night Majestic and I would ride to where the sun touches the earth. I was devastated when he died. But losing him taught me that sometimes life is sad. It taught me how to grieve. When I got my first iPhone, I spent days glued to the screen. I didn't even realize what I was missing out on. It took a while, but I finally decided to put the phone down and live in the real world. That's when I learned to be social; To appreciate my friends and family. Then there was the time I was sitting in a classroom facing the smartboard. The science teacher was teaching us about watersheds. I learned that creeks and rivers carve and shape their way, leading to a big body of water. This got me thinking about myself, and all the things that have shaped me; They are like the creeks and rivers of my life and I am that big body of water. My parents, Majestic, even my iPhone, have made me who I am today. I guess that's how I'm able to look past my appearance. When I look in the mirror today, I see the inside. I see me.

“Tense”

Description: A teenager opens up about feeling anxious.

Genre: Dramatic

I have the perfect life. Loving parents, a supportive sister, the cutest dog in the world. I go to an amazing school and have the most caring friends I could ever ask for. But out of 1000 positives, why do I let the 2 negatives take over? At 6:00 A.M my alarm starts screaming at me, and by 6:01 I have 100 anxious thoughts. While my mom drives me to school, I worry about another 100 thoughts. So, I turn up the music even louder to drive out these thoughts. But once I'm at school it continues. I'm a good student but I sit in math class and my brain shuts off.

“I can't do this,” I say to my teacher.

“Yes, you can, just take a deep breath,” she says.

I turn in a blank test and walk to the counselor's office overwhelmed, panicked, defeated.

Sitting in the blue-flowered chair I try to hold back tears, but I break down under the smell of orange essential oils and I cry for an hour feeling hopeless. My head spins with all thoughts about what is happening in the world. Who am I? What extracurricular activities do I want to join? Who am I going to sit with at lunch? Where do I want to go to high school? Stay with my friends or go somewhere new? What will life be like when I go to high school next year? Where should I then go to college, am I smart enough to get into nursing school, and how much I will miss my friends and teachers in middle school. My life is starting to change and I'm not ready. Sometimes I feel guilty that I feel this way because I truly do have a blessed life and lots of people have it way worse. But sometimes life is hard. Sometimes I'm afraid. I'm gonna just try to focus on the present and remember that I don't need to have all the answers today. Heck, I'm just a kid.

THANKFUL II
by Doug Hara



ACTOR. What am I thankful for? Don't you hate that question? We're forced to think about it every year on Thanksgiving, and we say, "I'm thankful for the food on our table and a loving family." I mean, I know that there are starving people all over the world, but I just can't bring myself to be thankful for my dinner every night. There has to be some thing more. I don't know. I'm thankful for my health. I've got two arms and two legs and all the right parts. And my brain's okay, too, I think. I mean, some people have handicaps and diseases and stuff. But, I don't know. That's not it. I don't feel lucky for that.

What I'm truly thankful for is being here. I mean, if I wasn't here, think of what I'd be missing. But I am. Alive, I mean. Everyone's alive, unless they're dead, and then it doesn't matter anyway. I am alive. And I go to bed, and I wake up, and I'm still alive. I guess that's what I'm most thankful for... existing. And not just me existing, but everyone else, too. Even the planet existing. I mean, we're all living and having a great time. Who knows why, but who cares. It's great to be alive.