Person 1: Lane
Person 2: Staci
Person 3: Lindsey Smith
Person 4: Amy Hubbard

Sex/sox

Person 1: What the hell is sex?
Person 2: Sex is...
Person 3: Insert here
Person 4: Oh baby, oh baby, oh baby
Person 1: I love you
Person 2: Sex is...
Person 4: Not just penetration
Person 1: a fusion of bodies
Person 3: Between any two... or more people
Person 2: A way to love myself
Person 1: Something I crave!!!
Person 4: Really fuckin scary
Person 2: Sex is...
Person 3: Being alive
Person 1: exploring your body
Person 2: umm... sweaty
Person 4: Sex is making jokes
Person 3: Don’t you love sox?
Person 1: Depends on what kind.
Person 2: I like long sox.
Person 1: I like angry sox.
Person 3: business sox
Person 2: awkward sox
Person 3: hairy sox
Person 1: aggressive sox
Person 3: sweet sox
Person 1: ruffled sox
Person 2: short sox have their place...
Person 1: Consensual sox
Person 3: LESBIAN sox
Person 4: real subtle
Person 1: Sex is...
Person 2: Intercourse
Person 4: Intercourse? that sounds boring
Person 3: I used to think sex was just a guy peeing inside a girl to make a baby
Person 2: I hope you got it figured out
Person 3: yeah, I was still shocked
Person 1: What is sex?
Person 4: Sex means a lot of different things to a lot of different people.
Person 2: Bottom line, there’s no such thing as normal sex, it’s what you want it to be.
Person 3: Just go out there and enjoy yourselves!
Body Language
Person 1: Jessica
Person 2: Roland

The following lines are repeated 5 different ways to show how bodies change meaning.

2 people sitting- sad
suggestive
business like
charleston dancing
inspired

Person 1:  What do you mean?
Person 2:  You know what I mean
Person 1:  That again?
Person 2:  Exactly.
Furry Hands

Good girl. Yeah, I know you like to work, huh? You can pull me up in bed. You can open doors. You can pull my jacket off. And pick up all the stuff I drop. Yeah, I know I’m clumsy! You like pushing buttons in tight spaces. No more pesky half-open drawers and cabinets anymore! What about chairs in the way? You love rolling chairs! Karma doesn’t leave Amy in the dark, jump for light switches! Can you go find people when I need help? Oh, all right fine TUG!
Brainwave

am the brain
Your thought process
What you do to yourself
It’s one thing to respect your body
Another thing to love it
Another thing entirely to become healthy
Your heart pumps blood.
Never stops, never rests
Clogs from fat will hurt it
Chemicals change the rhythms
It effects your blood stream
Your lungs are special
Processes the fresh air
Of the compost we live in
The smoke has toxins
Special lungs, special beauty
And the smoke can bind you
Your liver processes your blood
Detoxifying it, hard work
But an important one
And that blood goes everywhere else
If that toxins hit the blood
We’re dead
Your body is a factory
Take care of me
Take care of the heart
Take care of the liver
Take care of the lungs
(Take care of your body!)
They are your property
They are your children
We work to please you
We work to keep you alive
And if we don’t succeed
Then you, do not exist
Your body is a machine
One cog goes missing
The machine crumbles
Listen to Your Body
By: Vanessa Reynolds

Vanessa                        VANESSA
Gallbladder Voice-over        Jessica E.
Concerned Friend 1            Amy L.
Concerned Friend 2            Kelly
Concerned Friend 3            Jennifer P.

Current run time: 2 minutes 14 seconds

Blocking: Three chairs on stage, cheated out towards audience, on the side of the stage with chairs.

Vanessa:                    Ohh….
Gallbladder:                 Hey!
Concerned Friend 1:    Are you okay?
Vanessa (shrugs):       Yeah. I’m fine.
Gallbladder:                But what about me?

(Concerned Friend 2 and Concerned Friend 3 come in).

Vanessa:                    Oh, yeah! I’m really glad we got to hang out---ow! Ow! Ohhh….
Concerned Friend 3: Vanessa, what’s going on? (Gives Vanessa a serious look.)
Vanessa:                    I don’t know. I think I need to lie down.
Gallbladder:                 No, you need to get help!
Concerned Friend 2:    No, I think we need to go to the hospital.
Gallbladder:                 Thank you!
Vanessa:                    No way. Finals are next week. I should be studying!
Gallbladder:                 You got that right. Get me out of here!
Concerned Friend 1:      But V, if you can barely stand, how are you going to take a test?
Vanessa:                    Don’t worry. I’ll make it...somehow.
Gallbladder:                 That’s what you think.
Concerned Friend 2:      No, we are going to the hospital right now! (Grabs Vanessa’s hand and carries her offstage.)
Gallbladder:                 Hallelujah!

Switch to emergency room like scene.

Blocking: One chair, in a corner, cheated out towards audience, on the ramp side of the stage.
Vanessa: (sitting up) I’m much better. It turns out that I had gallstones in my gallbladder, so it had to be removed.
Concerned Friend 1: So you had no idea?
Vanessa: I thought I was just stressed out, with Finals and all.
Concerned Friend 2: But V, you know you should check these things out!
Vanessa: I thought I could deal with it. It could have been worse.
Concerned Friend 2: But you could have died!
Concerned Friend 1: Um, what is the gallbladder?
Vanessa: Well, it’s this little organ by your liver and pancreas that helps with digestion. But sometimes, your body, like mine, doesn’t process fat well. So some of it stays inside the gallbladder. Too much of it can cause your gallbladder to swell, and that’s what causes the pain.
Concerned Friend 1: So are you going to be okay?
Vanessa: Yeah, but I didn’t listen to my body in time and now I’m paying for it. But enough about me.

Concerned Friend 3: Yeah, because surgery isn’t that big of a deal. I have an O Chem Final tomorrow!

****Friends leave****

Vanessa (to herself): Well, I guess I learned my lesson.
Gallbladder Voice Over: Hell yeah! You’ve only got one life. You have to help your body or else the rest of the organs will go on strike! I think you and your cerebrum need to have a chat later. How can you think about studying after surgery?
Vanessa: Sorry. (Puts down book.)
Vanessa: (writing) Dear Diary, I just listened to my body for the first time. I never noticed that my body parts can talk. Well, I need to get my rest.

Peace always, Vanessa

THE END
Not Alone

*Three people on stage*

PERSON 1: Can be anyone in the cast.
PERSON 2: Can be anyone in the cast.
PERSON 3: Can be anyone in the cast.
CREW: Up to three cast members who will remain off-stage during this scene and say their lines from within the audience.

Person 1: Whitney
Person 2: Jennifer
Person 3: Lane
Crew 1: Staci
Crew 2: AVAILABLE
Crew 3: AVAILABLE

Crew:
I have Obsessive Compulsive Disorder
I have Schizophrenia
I have Bipolar Disorder
I have Bulimia Nervosa
I have Pre Menstrual Dysphoric Disorder
I have Depression
I have Panic Disorder
I have Generalized Anxiety Disorder
I have Anorexia Nervosa
I have Dysthmic Disorder

Person 1: I feel like a walking zombie
Person 2: Nothing is fun anymore
Person 3: At any given time 1 in 20 people is significantly depressed
Person 2: There is a disconnect from everyone around me
Person 1: No one would understand
Person 3: The ratio of depression in women to men is 2 to 1
Person 1: I want to cry a lot
Person 2: I wake up sad with no answer to why
Person 3: Those who fail to graduate from high school had the highest rates of depression
Person 1: My closest friends don't know who I really am
Person 3: Depression accounts for more than 10% of all disability
Person 2: I feel so alone

Person 3: It's the only thing I have control over
Person 1: I don't see what's really in the mirror
Person 2: Nearly half of all Americans personally know someone with an eating disorder
Person 1: I am fat
Person 3: I feel guilty when I screw up
Person 2: 44% of high school females are trying to lose weight...as compared to 15% of males
Person 3: It's no big deal...it's just a diet
Person 1: I don't have a problem
Person 2: Almost half of American women have a negative body image
Person 3: If I can't be smarter, I'll be thinner
Person 1: No one will love me if I'm fat
Person 2: It is estimated that 8 million Americans have an eating disorder – seven million women and one million men

Person 3: I feel like I am dying
Person 2: I am always terrified that everything will go wrong
Person 1: 40 million Americans deal with some form of anxiety
Person 2: It feels like there's wheels rolling across my chest
Person 3: I know exactly what I want to say...but it won't come out
Person 1: People with anxiety disorders are 6 times more likely to be hospitalized for psychiatric disorders than those that do not suffer
Person 2: I can't sleep but I'm always tired
Person 3: I feel like I'm going crazy
Person 1: Social anxiety disorder is equally common among men and women
Person 2: My thoughts are racing.
Person 1: Only 25% of people who qualify for a diagnosis of anxiety disorder ever seek psychological treatment
Person 3: Why are these people staring at me?

Person 2: We aren't staring at you.
Person 3: Well, you're not fat.
Person 1: And you...you are beautiful. You know guys...

Person 1, 2, & 3: We are not alone.
My Body is a Temple

PERSON 1:  A rather shy person; does not call attention to themself.
PERSON 2:  An "average" person who uses decorations to ease social access.
PERSON 3:  An extremely decorated person with a "devil-may-care" attitude.
MOBBERS:  A group of individuals who will envelope the speaker and adorn them with various objects. (Up to 3 people.)

Person One:  Vanessa
Person Two:  Jennifer
Person Three:  Roland
Mobber One:  AVAILABLE
Mobber Two:  AVAILABLE
Mobber Three:  AVAILABLE

PERSON 1:
I hide within my decorations. They strategically shield me from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that hail on me daily. They are private talismans, known only to a select few and myself. They serve as a constant reminder that Hey, I've been through worse, and suddenly that day that was really getting me down is no biggie, now. Getting bullied? Hey, you've been stabbed with ink-filled needles thousands of times, this a 'int nothin'! my art cries. You've had metal rods jabbed through your earlobes! And then the bullies are nothing; their taunts are just words, and their fists fade fast behind my fleeing heels. My art gives me strength to endure. It is a hidden strength, my body’s conduit to good energy and positive thoughts. My body is a temple, a plain but powerful temple.

PERSON 2:
My decoration identifies me. I know that by looking at me, you come to all sorts of conclusions. And you know, you’re probably right. Easy identification means easy access, means easy transition from goth to hippie to preppy and back again.

Person One points in succession to a studded bracelet (goth), a peace sign (hippie), and a set of pearls (preppy).

Easy access and easy transition translate to belonging, to being part of something bigger than myself. I can fade and blend in, putting chameleons to shame. Without my decoration, even I wouldn't know what to think of me. I am a blank canvas for us to
project our hopes, dreams, and dare I say, desires on. My body is a temple, a highly customizable temple.

PERSON 3
I don’t give a fuck/damn what you think about my decorations. They mean something to me, and it doesn’t matter what they mean to you, or even whether or not they mean anything at all. This whole “appropriateness” question is a load of bullshit. What I wear depends entirely on how I feel that morning. If I wake up on the wrong side of the bed, you’ll know it without ever having to ask me. Some days, I’ll be in my sweats others I’ll dressed to the nines. Sometimes I get the itch for new some new ink. *someone puts on fake tattoo* and sometimes I wish my skin was as pristine as a newborns. My hair color changes faster than the national security alert levels and often corresponds to the warning color of the week.

Show 1: green for being at peace with the world (high).
Show 2: blue for when I’m on top of my game.
Show 3: orange for when I’m on the edge of sanity.
Show 4: red is a warning claxon saying stay back, not responsible for damages.

My body is a temple, a constantly reinvented temple.
Setting Jen and Kelly are walking back from class

Kelly  Hey Jen
Jen    Hey Kell, what’s up?
Kelly  Dude, guess what happened to me last night!
Jen    What?
Kelly  I got screwed!
Jen    Really! Me too!
Kelly  Where? When? Why didn’t you tell me?
Jen    You know what? Technically I got screwed 3 times. There was a rod too.
Kelly  What!? Tell me about it!
Jen    Well, I don’t get screwed and tell. Now tell me about yours.
Kelly  Well, technically, I got screwed when I was 17, on both sides, and it took 2 hours.
Jen    Mine took 6 hours!
Kelly  All right, fine, let’s see this 6 hour feat of wonder.
Jen    Okay, fine.

Jen turns around with her back to Kelly, and starts to lift up the back of her shirt

Jen    You know what though, I’m really glad I did it. I feel so much better now. And he really knew what he was doing.

He’s one of the best orthopedic surgeons around here. Since I had my back surgery, I can stand without pain, which is a nice change from being in constant pain.

Kelly    I can imagine. You know, I’m really glad I got my ankles fixed because I wouldn’t be walking now if I hadn’t. I wouldn’t have the scooter. How could I get up 10 minutes before class and still get there on time? And now I have indestructible ankles! It’s pretty cool what technology can do for our bodies.
Together  I’m really glad I got screwed!
AT THE SHRINK

STACI: Staci
JENNIFER: Jennifer
WHITNEY: Whitney
VICKIE: Vickie
LIZ: Liz
SHRINK: Jessica

The scene will be without set or props with the exception of a chair, in which the SHRINK will sit and interject stereotypical lines from counselors/therapists/psychologists/psychiatrists.

SHRINK: Tell me about yourself.

VICKIE: I had no intention to draw blood, or even leave a scar. I just wanted to see what it felt like. All the energy focused. A red terrain raised like a mountain. All the pain, guilt, the need for punishing, everything directed itself into the irritated skin, forcing its way up. I just watched it change before my eyes. Every time I did it I knew I could punish myself harder, further, more than last time, but I still was afraid to draw blood. So I burnt. Once I was done, I returned to life as usual, my friends and family, school and work. ‘Did they know?’ I would think. ‘Would they care? Would they guess?’ Certainly not. I wasn’t that kind of person. I’m not crazy or depressed. Then and now, I’m just another kid like you, trying to get by.

LIZ: Day 0: It was the second week of my second year of high school and I decided to stop for good. It wasn’t an easy decision; I analyzed it for days, weighing pros and cons and fretting over whether or not this would be a long-term change or yet another one of my infinite stuttering starts for renewal. I realized that self-injury was no longer an effective coping mechanism for me, and just as many of my peers descended into the world of self-injury, I decided to clamber out.

JENN: I don’t even know why I started, it seems like it was so long ago, like I’d been doing it forever. You’d think, something like that would stick with you, that you’d remember the first time. Maybe, subconsciously, I don’t want to remember. But I’ll never forget what it started.

WHITNEY: I really don’t understand why people do it. It’s more common than you think. People cut their arms, and burn their hips (and other places where people don’t notice the scars). People bang their heads. People pinprick themselves. They draw blood or don’t draw blood. They have many different reasons. They are punishing themselves, or they have too much emotional pain, or they feel alone, or they are perfectly fine but just happen to have an unusual hobby. They have many different motivations and methods, but there are two things they all
have in common. One: they are self-injurers. Two: they are a THEY. THEM. Separate from me, and us. A completely different species, basically.

STACI: There are two sides of me. One side is completely understanding. The other is horrified and doesn’t get it at all. I can see it both ways. I see both sides. One side enjoys the rush that comes with the blood. The other, freezes and stares confused. The side that weals the blade may cut into flesh but it helps me channel emotion. The side of me that is horrified is also that same side that bandages me up, antiseptic ointment and gauze. One side heals me with an outlet for emotion, the other with band aids and soothing fingers. One side tears me down yelling why, why, why, what is wrong with you, the other leaves behind angry red lines as it cuts into my flesh. There are two sides of me. Both are healing and harmful in their own way.

SHRINK: And how does that make you feel?

VICKIE: Some people make you feel like you’re crazy when you admit to self-injury. Whether or not they verbalize it, their eyes ask questions. How could you do that to yourself? What were you thinking? It’s not as crazy as one might think. The pain we feel is probably similar to the same pain you feel everyday…some people just handle pain differently.

LIZ: Day 228: That was the third day that the same guy made my sandwich at the Thundercloud Sub Shop by my school. When I skipped half-days to go to the central library, I went there, and got either the tuna salad sub with a scoop of egg salad, or the New York Italian with hot peppers. Either way, the same guy made my sandwich, and either way, I saw his scars. Every time, I imagined him saying “You want scars with that?” as the little white lines marched off of his arms and onto mine. So I stopped eating subs on the days I became a truant to go to the library, and instead switched to Chinese.

JENN: Why did I do it? It doesn’t make sense, even now. There isn’t a rational, logical explanation, or even an excuse for why I would want to inflict physical pain on myself. But when that tumult of thoughts takes over, reason disappears. The torrent of emotion is so overwhelming, I can barely breathe. Pain is the only thing I can control. I can’t change anyone’s expectations, or the demands placed on me. But this I have power over. I choose when, where, how much. Even when I can’t influence any other part of my life, the pain is mine. And as strange as it sounds, enough physical pain can mask the strongest emotion. Those frantic thoughts are drowned out, and then they’re gone. You don’t have to worry about them anymore. And that freedom, that relief is better than any coping mechanism they consider healthy. But it’s only temporary, like sleep. As soon as you close your eyes, you’re awake again. It all comes rushing back, and you need it again. I couldn’t go on like that. Temporary freedom isn’t freedom at all.
SHRINK: And what does that make you think of?

VICKIE: What was I thinking? You wanna know what I was thinking? Vickie has been known to cause side effects, including headaches, upset stomach, anxiety, nausea, and in some rare cases internal bleeding. At the end of my rope. Should be disposed of properly. Bedridden, wants to sleep forever. Just is...just leave me alone. How am I not myself? I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm doing something wrong...it must be my fault. I don't think I can ever be good enough for you. There's something out there, but it's not here...I can't find it. What I could find is a pin, some matches, and at that moment it seemed like a more viable option.

LIZ: Day 855: My friends and I were celebrating the glorious fact that we had only one more semester left in the public education system. We were at a pool hall on Family Night, and a family we were; drinking pop, eating fries, shooting pool, and generally being well-behaved miscreants. I was thoroughly beating everyone else, and was walking around the table to line up my next shot, when I saw it. I had been looking down, at people's feet, and noticed that one of the girls playing at the table next to us had three razor-thin blood-red scabs on her leg. The urge to return to my inefficient coping mechanism flooded me, and I missed the shot I tried to take, and every single one subsequently.

WHITNEY: But then I start thinking...I dig my fingernails into my palm sometimes, hard enough to hurt. I looked down at my hand yesterday and noticed three bright red marks ...I barely even knew how they got there. Do I like to dip my fingers into hot wax to savor the burn? Do I look into the sun for a few seconds longer than I should, and pinch my elbow to see how long it takes to start hurting, and bite my lip to wake myself up when I'm falling asleep in class? Of course I do. I do it without a second thought.

JENN: How do you resist it? Having experienced that relief, how do you turn away? It's so much easier to escape. Just one more time. And the desire will always be there. You'll suddenly want to feel the pain, to see the blood, to experience the relief. It's just so strong. Those thoughts, you can push them aside, block them out, try your hardest to ignore them, but they'll always be there. And they'll find a way to be resurrected, to come back again. Someone will mention it, you'll see something. It's just waiting to pull you back to that place you struggled so hard to leave. How do you not go back there?

I'm not crazy, but I'll never be "fine". Is there even such a thing as "fine"? Is anyone really "fine"?

SHRINK: Have you ever considered yourself a depressed person?
VICKIE: These are feelings I have to this day, since I quit the cutting and burning. I don't feel the need to hurt myself anymore, but the negative thoughts are constantly there. The point is, everyone is overwhelmed by emotions at some time or another. Whether or not you hurt yourselves on your arms and legs, I would daresay we all beat ourselves up in our thoughts and mind.

WHITNEY: I also like to think of sad things for the hell of it. I like to see how long I can hold my breath, feeling my lungs aching for air. I like to bend my fingers back. Pushing myself to the limit …to see how much I can take. I'm not saying they are the same thing. But are we really so different? We…us…people. People with self-destructive tendencies. I don't have all the answers, but I think I understand a little bit more.

LIZ: Day 1643/1644/1645: Here I am, now, still counting. I don't religiously count much any more, but I used to. I kept a tally on a small scrap of paper tucked into the dust jacket of my favorite book. I stopped tallying on that paper after day 546, but just because you stop actively counting doesn’t necessarily mean that things are getting better. I’m still triggered by things, even little things that I am embarrassed being triggered by. I can't always tell what will trigger me; sometimes things that should logically plunge me back into self-injury don’t, and sometimes things that should logically leave me untriggered are the most triggering. Like telling you about this, doc. If you had asked me whether or not this would trigger me before I started telling you these things, I would say that it probably would. But strangely enough, I feel fine telling you these things. And before you ask, I don’t know what that means.

SHRINK: Mmmhmmmm, I see.
Self-Image

Title: The Everlasting Battle for Happiness

Gina - (Jessica) Gina's an average person. Not quite exciting, but it's true. He/she can be man or woman, or transvestite. Born in the Bronx. How's that for character development?

Gina’s Consciousness (GC) - (Roland) Always negative, self depreciating, GC is the voice in Gina's head. Played by the same gender of the actor/actress who is playing Gina.

Happy Thoughts (HT) - (Alex) Happy Thoughts is a unisex hero that comes around when you summon it.

Neighbor - (Lane) Gina’s neighbor, a parent of two kids who have a unique view on life.

Scene: Gina’s Apartment - a two chairs and a small table. Gina’s sitting in one chair, GC in the other. There’s a pile of magazines on the table, along with a mug. Gina’s reading a book. GC’s staring at him intently.

Gina: Ah. So that’s how the television works. I always thought it was gnomes.

GC: You’re a stupid fool.

Gina continues to read, ignoring GC. Gina starts to hum.
GC: You flunked mechanic’s school. All your boyfriend’s cheated on you. You have a black heart, blacker then black coffee.

Gina: I didn't realize I flunked mechanic's school...you know, for my mind you are quite stupid.

GC: Ha! You’re paying attention to me! Now, you’re mine! Your low self image...you're starting to feel it!

GC laughs mechanically.

Gina: Shut up, mind. Stop thinking. Don’t rain on my parade!

GC: Your parade is full of lazy college students still at home talking about the wrongs of the world over the internet.

Gina: That’s not true. I have a parade. It’s full of festive...gay people. I guess. I don’t know.

GC: Because you don’t have one!

Gina: Well...uhhh...uhhh...you're just a big meany!

There is an awkward moment.

GC: We’re the same person, you ninkapoop! Remember, you’re the person that the most desperate boy in the universe dumped!

Gina: Well, she said it was because of my negative self-image...(beat) you know, I can shut you up.

GC: How?
Gina pulls out a canister of bleach.

GC: You’re poisoning yourself? How melodramatic. Be a real woman! Live your life, hating it every second at a time! Meanwhile, I’ll have plenty of popcorn to eat while watching you suffer.

Gina: No, I’m doing laundry. While listening to the Beatles. And singing. Loudly.

GC: That's a really, really awful song. Your singing voice is so horrid.

Gina: Ugh. I’m going to go do laundry.

Enter Neighbor in the background, putting out the garbage.

GC: You’re just wasting water, you water waster! You’re killing the environment faster then poachers and Al Gore combined!

Gina: Well...well....then there’s gotta be a better way....

Gina sees Neighbor outside and runs into the “door”.

Gina: Hey, neighbor! (There is no response, Gina sighs) Hey, neighborino! Come inside. I want to ask you a question!

Neighbor walks into Gina’s apartment. Cannot see or hear Gina's Consciousness.

Neighbor: What’s up, neighborino? I was just putting out the trash. One of the kids got into the fingerpaints and decided to make little Mona Lisas on my very important documents and...
Gina: (INTERRUPTING) Oh, that's sad. Hey, Neighbor, I need to ask you a question. It’s slightly important.

Neighbor: Alright, neighborino. What’s up?

Gina: Well, you see, I kinda have a problem with myself at this time...he’s being a “Negative Nancy”, if you get my drift.

Neighbor: Well, neighborino, do you have depression?

Gina: Well, I’ve never been diagnosed...but I don’t think I am. I just have a low self-image because my mind won’t shut up about my failures.

GC smiles.

Neighbor: Have you tried calling Happy Thoughts?

Gina: No.

GC starts to panic.

GC: No, you don’t need to do that, you can solve this on your own time!

Neighbor: Oh, he’s a real superhero! He can kill any negative thoughts you have and hang out with you for an unspecified amount of time! He once hanged out with me when I was ill with malaria. Made me feel so much much better.

GC: It’s a lie, it’s all a lie. Don’t do it! Don’t do it!

Gina: How do I call him?
Neighbor: Think about it.

GC: No...don’t. I’ll make your life a living hell, Gina! I swear this until the day I die!

_Gina looks annoyed at GC._

Gina: I think I’ll do that. I’m tired of this.

_Neighbor laughs._

Neighbor: Good. I need to get going. One of my kids have a soccer game. I’m going to go pelt the other parents with tennis balls.

Gina: Well have fun, neighbor. Thank you.

Neighbor: No problemo, neighborino!

_Neighbor laughs and exits. Gina sighs and sits back down. GC looks extremely panicked._

Gina: That man watches too much Simpsons. Now, let me think. H...

GC: No! Don’t do that! Think about Batman! Or Spiderman!

Gina:...appy T....

GC: You’re loser, Gina! Such a loser! Your mother cried the day you were born not from pain, but from the fact that you are such a loser! Loser! Beck Hansen has nothing on you!

Gina: ...houghts...?

GC: Noooo!
There is a large cymbal clash as HT walks in explosively into Gina’s apartment.

HT: I am Happy Thoughts, and I am here to spread happiness!

GC: So, we meet again, Bill.

HT: Hello, Mark. So we meet again.

GC: I just said that you pimple on Gina’s brain!

HT: And I see you haven’t changed a bit. Your tired insults are getting tiring!

GC: You’re being repetitive!

HT: And you’re a jerk, but you make delicious cookies! (To Gina) So, you’re Gina Hunster?

Gina: Yes.

HT: Good. I got the right house this time.

HT turns to GC. GC looks scared.

GC: You aren’t going to send me back, are you Bill?

HT: Hahahaha. Of course I am. You see, you’re making poor Gina here feel miserable. This, of course, is bad for productivity (and other things), as a happy worker is a productive worker. That’s how I’m a communist!

GC: Communism is dead, Bill. Just like you will be.
HT: Like really.

_HT throws the net on GC._ *GC acts like he just took an acid bath._ *GC acts dead, because he is temporarily._

HT: There we go. How are you, buddy? You’re looking good today. I like your shoes.

Gina: I feel better about myself. That’s good, right?

HT: Yes.

Gina: So, if I have a problem, I just need to think about you?

HT: No...see Gina, you can’t keep running to me for all your problems. There are so many people who want some Happy Thoughts, but they can’t all get some if everyone calls to me. If it repeats multiple times, you might want to see a therapist.

Gina: Well, okay...that might be something important to do. So...what do we do now?

HT: I dunno. Want to go to a club?

Gina: Why?

HT: Because you’re feeling good! You’re happy! You’re great and wonderful. You want to feel sexy! Have the guys claw after you, like if you were water and the world was in a giant drought!

Gina: Hmmm...okay, that sounds rather fun. Let’s go. I’ll get a jacket.
HT: Wonderful!

Gina exits momentarily. HT looks a bit awkward, and starts to read Gina’s book.

HT: Ooh. So that’s how a television works. I always thought gnomes controlled them! HAHAAHAHA! I’m such a stupid fool! HEE HEEE HEE! HAHA!

Gina returns.

Gina: What’s so funny?

HT: Oh nothing much. Let’s go. That jacket looks wonderful! You’re powerful, woman! Powerful!

Gina: Hahahah! Let’s leave!

They walk towards the door.

HT: Have I ever told you how nice your clavicles are! Stunning! Absolutely stunning!

As they are leaving

Gina: Thanks, I got them from Dior.
Listen to Yourself, Love Yourself

Amy:
Life is so busy and so loud. Everyone and everything wants our attention all the time. How does our poor brain keep up with our busy body? Wouldn't it be nice to just stop, and be able to think? Have you ever taken the time to listen to what's around you, without all the noise and the traffic? It's so peaceful and life just makes sense. I think that's what we are really supposed to do in life. Not run our bodies ragged all the time. So why does society tell us that we have to be busy? Why can't we listen to what our body needs, physically and emotionally, and just stop and smell the flowers.

Kelly:
You have brown hair, I have blonde. You have blue eyes, I have green. Your legs move to the left, mine move to the right. We all have different bodies and each one of them is beautiful and unique in their own way. In fact these differences are not something to be ashamed of, but rather to take pride in. Because no person is made exactly as another and those differences can turn into beautiful gifts. For example, because you have curves, you may be able to fit into a sexy black dress, and look better than someone half your size. If your legs move a different way, or your eyes don't see well, you may be able to hear the song of the hummingbird when no one else can, or may be able to help someone in a way you never thought possible. So what's the bottom line? Be proud of your differences because without them life would be boring, and you wouldn't be the great person you were meant to be.

Jess:
You've heard the story. Everyone has. It's in all of those 1930's melodramas. A blind violinist, (why is it always a violinist?) railing at God and wondering why, in His infinite wisdom, He would take her sight away. She becomes a social recluse and lives a bleak, solitary life before tragically perishing at the hands of some sighted criminal or other. Alas, this is not my story. I wish it were. My story is much less fraught with glamor. Contrary to popular opinion, I am not angry with God. I'm not even mildly miffed with him. In fact, there isn't a day that goes by that I don't thank Him for this magnificent gift He gave me, the gift of blindness. Now, like any sane people, and are probably thinking "Here she goes. The Blind Superiority Rant. We don't need this again. We've seen The Miracle Worker 36 thousand times." This won't be a rant, I promise. But blindness is a gift, one which I often feel
compelled to share. It has helped me to listen. Through listening, I can hear not only words, but the secret meanings behind words. I have learned to look beyond the walls people build around their speech and into the root, the true voice behind all of that smoke and mirrors. This is a skill I am still working on, and I doubt I would have been so interested in voices and words had it not been for the fact that my optic nerves are permanently out to lunch. Blindness has humbled me. Well, okay, it's been trying to humble me. See, it's very difficult remain aloof and imperious when you're running into walls and falling into shrubbery. It just doesn't work.

I have learned to discover the kindness that lives in most people's hearts. The willingness of people to respect, to help, to love is staggering.

Being branded as "different", I have learned to show tolerance and find the beauty in others who bear the societal scarlet letter.

Would I want to have my sight back given the chance? No, absolutely not. How can I? To throw such a gift away would be foolish of me. It has helped me listen, helped me quell my pride, helped me love, and I am eternally grateful.

Jess:
If you take the time to stop an listen...

Amy:
You might find...

Kelly:
That your differences make you beautiful.
Title: Is That Your Final Answer?

Game Show Host : Liz Westbrook
Teen:                    Lane Hill
Person 1:              Liz Westbrook
Person 2:              Jessica Espinosa
Person 3:              Roland Dunkerly
Person 4:              Amy Hubbard

Liz:                   Hello and welcome to the time in your life where you make decisions!

Teen comes up

Liz:                   Do you want to be sexually active?

Dude:               Yeah

Liz:                   Your choices are: Not use a condom, which may lead to….
Chlamydia! From unprotected vaginal, anal, and oral sex!

Person 2:              For Women: The need to urinate more frequently and pain whilst urinating.
                      Pain during sex or bleeding after sex.
                      Mild lower abdominal pains.
                      Irregular menstrual bleeding.

Person 3:              For Men: A white cloudy and watery discharge from the penis.
                      Burning sensation while urinating
                      Both sexes may be asymptomatic

Person 4:              Chlamydia is easy to cure with simple antibiotics after a diagnosis but if not treated may lead to Pelvic Inflammatory Disease, Cervicitis, Epididymitis, or Urethritis.
Liz: Herpes!

Person 2: Passed through unprotected vaginal, anal, oral sex or kissing.

Person 3: Itching or tingling sensations in the genital or anal area.
Small fluid-filled blisters that burst leaving small painful sores.
Pain when passing urine over the open sores (especially in women).
Headaches or backache.
Flu-like symptoms, including swollen glands or fever.

Person 4: There is no cure for the herpes simplex virus and treatment is not essential, as an outbreak of genital herpes will usually clear up by itself. Recurrences of genital herpes vary from person to person in frequency. The virus can be passed to a partner at any time.

Liz: Gonorrhea from unprotected vaginal, anal, or oral sex.

Person 2: In women: a change in vaginal discharge; it may appear in abundance, change to a yellow or greenish color, and develop a strong smell. a burning sensation or pain whilst passing urine. irritation and/or discharge from the anus.

Person 3: In men: a white or yellow discharge from the penis. a burning sensation or pain whilst passing urine, irritation and/or discharge from the anus.

Person 4: Treatment is easy and essential. The patient will be given an antibiotic in tablet, liquid or injection form. If not treated gonorrhea can cause pelvic inflammatory disease or epididymitus, and if the woman is pregnant she will pass the infection on to her baby during a natural birth.

Liz: Syphilis

Person 2: The symptoms of syphilis are the same for men and women. They can be mild and difficult to recognize or distinguish from other STIs. Symptoms
can take up to 3 months to appear after initial infection. Syphilis is a slowly progressing disease that has several stages. The primary and secondary stages are very infectious.

During the primary stage both sexes will find one or more painless ulcers around their genitals, anus, and/or mouth.

Person 3: During the secondary stage both sexes may experience a flu-like illness, non-itchy rash covering the whole body or appearing in patches, flat, warty-looking growths on the vulva in women and around the anus in both sexes, white patches on the tongue or roof of the mouth, and/or patchy hair loss.

Person 4: Treatment of syphilis usually consists of a two-week course of intramuscular penicillin injections, and the number of these injections is reliant upon how long the patient has had syphilis. If left untreated, the infection may develop into symptomatic late syphilis, also known as the tertiary stage. This usually develops after more than 10 years and is often very serious. It is at this stage that syphilis can affect the heart and possibly the nervous system, which is irreversible.

Liz: Or Use a condom and not have to worry about that shit!

The information used was from: http://www.avert.org/std.htm
Baby Steps

(1) I wanted to save the world in one poem, but people told me I couldn't because we are creatures who believe in self preservation. They told me we had to take baby steps. So we're gonna take baby steps.

(2) The world is an egomaniacal schizophrenic who thinks it's too good to talk to itself. Step.

(4) Can we have sex without spirituality? If so, where do our souls go when we take off our clothes? Step.

(5) Since war is used to construct peace, can we use intercourse to spread celibacy? Step.

(7) We are obsessed with obsession, obsessing over obsessions until we forget why we obsess. Step.

(10) Avoiding pain does not mean you will run into joy. If you don’t believe me, just ask yourself. Step.

(11) The Truth? The Truth is a movie that uses our secrets for subtitles, which explains why none of us really want to see it. Step.

(12) Backwards: It’s a stereotype about my race and my gender. And though I’m an innocent man, I must now today surrender because I have cried in secret. I’ve stored tears in crevices of the heart that begin to leak and dilute blood, pulse, and feeling. (Motherfucker), I’ve raged in hiding, I’ve tucked away anger inside limbs and organs and
I’ve limited my movements, my possibilities, AND my life expectancy. I’ve swallowed emotions, forced them down my throat and digested them and I’ve poisoned my tongue, my mind, and my senses. I’ve lived the limitations of this so-called manhood, and I am not happy here. Step.

(13) Tears have emasculated more men than slavery. Emotions have incarcerated more men than prison. Miles of women have testified to this, miles of women have been the jailers. Mouths that speak the hunger for passion, vulnerability, sensitivity, and honesty, the hunger for the shedding of machismo and bravado but the exact same mouths then say: Sensitive men taste like sissies. Compassionate men taste like suckers. Honest men taste cruel. Strong men taste heartless. Vulnerable men? They taste weak. Average men? They taste so undesirable. And emotional men? Girl, they taste just like women. Yes. Yet, these same mouths question why they have never tasted a good man. Step.

(14) Men construct boys not to cry, complain, or show emotion unless it’s necessary. But never install the understanding to teach boys when it’s necessary. So boys don’t cry, complain, or show emotion, tired of being labeled: “You little cry baby.” Sick of being dismissed by ill men who dress them in quit-being-a-little girl insult, dressed and planted in callousness, boys grow into petrified men who are not skilled at intimacy and they are demonized for it. Step.

(15) Backed up tears crystallize into indifference. Hands that don’t touch with sensitivity perch in frustration. Mouths that don’t speak vulnerability eat life and spit fire. Feet that don’t walk toward the truth, run to lies. People, who are not allowed to be human embrace the inhumane, are usually referred to as animals – are usually called men. Want to be human without punishment, gentle without ridicule, understand emotion is human, tears are CLEANSING. Vulnerability is growth, strength is honesty, HONESTY is knowing the limitations of strength -- is not being able to carry the world. It is the
willingness to. Use understanding before judgment, use love before abandonment, and
tell the truth to little boys before they’re disfigured into dysfunctional men who abuse
their women and eat their young because I have cried in secret, I’ve raged in hiding, I’ve
swallowed emotions, I have lived the limitations of this so-called manhood, and I am not
happy here. Step.

(16) Into delusions. Because sometimes I’m not lying I got to… laugh to keep from
crying. So I ain’t lying baby when sometimes I say, “Sarcasm… is the orgasm… that gets
me off… when I can feel absolutely… nothing.” For example when I ignore ignorant
people just because I think they’re saying something. Maybe… maybe what I need to
help me to succeed would be to write an R-rated movie, rock n roll, gangsta rap, a hate
inspired racial attack, a six-pack, a government-linked phone tap, pornography, yeah,
violece on TV, ooh yeah, an STD, parents who neglected me, a system making too
much money off my negative acts to positively correct me, an incurable man-made
disease to terminally infect me, illiteracy, uncontrollable greed, a cop-like vermin
preacher who considers passing the plate of sermon at a meeting with president Bush so I
can begin learning how to breathe, I mean, without these things life would be like soda
pop without the fizz I can’t believe what a wonderful world this or think of a better place
to raise my kids. Oh yes that felt so good, sarcasm is the orgasm that makes me excrete
premature thoughts that are incomplete like when I throw food and shelter to children in
other countries but throw trash to the children living in my streets? Children who act like
they look human enough to be feared in these shelters over their heads, clothes on their
back, or shoes on their feet, give me a break! We need to solve problems in Afghanistan,
Iran, and Iraq before we deal with the problems of United States of Hysteria… I think
I’m about to reach my apex so if you don’t want to get doused… please clear the area.
Garbage men, oops, I mean engineers of sanitation, get paid more to dispose of waste
than teachers get paid to educate a nation, that could be why we’re in such a state of
deterioration. Maybe, people have retreated into themselves because of the overwhelming
personal frustrations and the resulting problems, plagues and pains are the results of
unfulfilling self-induced stimulation….. *Nothing*. And the reason people are jacking others is because jacking off has become a played out sensation. Oh no, it couldn’t be that. Sarcasm is the orgasm that puts spasms in my back. What I mean to say is that don’t you know that the rich don’t get richer and the poor don’t get poorer, it’s all a matter of perception. The only difference between screwing and being screwed is the position and source of the erection and if you happen to hear any vocal inflection, I’m simply getting one off without your detection… Was it good to you? Sarcasm is my orgasm and I’m not ashamed to flaunt it and since I got what I wanted, beat it, I’m through. Step.

(17) And into self-realization. Because we got a lot of false poets walking around in this nation, I just got to ask you one question: How do you do that with your voice? Create such compassion and convincing sounds with such a callous and uncaring throat? Pretending your muse is mass salvation and healing when you ain’t been able to pronounce love since your first word. And ain’t been able to spell integrity your entire life. Tell me, I mean, um… I’m trying to figure this out. I guess you been living and writing other lives because the real “you” doesn’t look good on paper. It’s heavy on the ears, causes people to break out in severe case of contempt. I guess poetic dress-up is a fun game when you know no one likes the real “you.” The you that you’re you with when you’re not being un-you, by writing poems condemning misogyny you woman exploiting prince charming, by writing poems condemning bigotry you bigot dressed in a Messiah suit, by writing poems about how intelligent and deep you are, you idiot without the savant. Standing on the stage, donning a red cape with a big fan to make it look like it’s blowing in the wind. But even you can’t make hypocrisy look good, how are you going to write about love when you don’t love the people you write about? Be honest. Image is your cause. Image is your cause, status is your desire of paradise and the pillar of your faith is becoming more in love with yourself. Your words are big neon signs blinking, “Watch me save these people, listen to me champion this cause. I am the prophet AND the solution,” while your life is a broken light bulb flickering, “I wouldn’t save one person if people worshipped me. Consideration is a meal I’ll only serve to myself. And
exploiting a people’s suffering is a drink best served in front of an audience.” While the truth, the truth is just a simple whisper of life saying, “Poetic license doesn’t give you the right to operate heavy concepts or to force words in the mouths of the victimized that they would never speak and that pretending to save someone for personal gain is the highest expression of selfishness.” I mean, man, if you are too cheap to love, why do you keep shoplifting causes and stealing other people’s stories? If you are that precious and irresistible, do me a favor, why don’t you just screw yourself? Step.

(18) Into the truth about love because I’m tired of seeing people blame love for shit that people did to them. So this letter is to you. You know who you are. You stranger walk through the garden of human interaction, flowers brushing against ankles, begging for reciprocity and touching... but your fingers refuse. I watch you smell peace in the air -- you sniff just to taste. Afraid that your lungs will become familiar with holding what they can never possess. I watch you dig up trust like an anthropologist, classified as an artifact of a great, lost ideal and then hang it in Bad Memory museums and abstract art view it as a colorful mural with no real meaning outside your imagination, but your heart does not listen to your imagination anymore, doesn’t go to museums, and has lost its appreciation for art. You only go to playgrounds, holding covert séances with the spirits of the young, fantasizing about finding Never Never land where you’ll never grow up, never know heartbreak, never know disappointment, never love. To you, love is a passive aggressive war game that adults use to murder dreams and the only way to win is not to play. So you join an anti-war movement, protesting the terrorist attacks of abusive men on battered women, carry picket signs to protest the merciless bombings of innocent hearts and true devotions. And fellas, we ask for reparations for times spent in she-said-she-loved-me concentration camps. Then, ask that all prisoners of war be set free, allowed to go home, and we vowed never to walk with the troops in the battlefields of the relationships because civilian life is safer, it doesn’t demand a winner or loser. It’s safer. It’s safer, but no one ever told you the truth. See, cowards testify against love to divert attention away from their shortcomings, they badmouth love to take attention away from their
inadequacies. I mean, be honest, if I’m painting a bad picture, would you really say…
painting sucks? Or would you say, that boy right there… he really sucks at painting? But
admitting that we suck at love will make us take responsibility for all our actions and take
away all the excuses we use to justify our complaining. So here we go, we made love the
fall guy, and your dumbass believed, joined the ‘Pity Me’ band wagon, rode your faithful
horse, ‘Shit Happens’ into the ‘Lovers is for Suckers’ sunset and now you tell horror
stories on the other side of the ‘I’ll Never Trust Again’ horizon -- Trying to discourage
anyone considering love as an option, still refusing to admit that love don’t hurt people.
People hurt people. And love ain’t blind, we close our eyes when we’re afraid to see what
we’re seeing, forgetting that no matter how perfect the picture looks, it was painted by an
imperfect being prone to make mistakes. But instead of refining our techniques and
practicing our brushstrokes, we speak ill of the art of love, painting fire in trees, and oil in
lakes and as a pessimist we name it the portrait: This…this is my fate! Forgetting that the
future ain’t something you arrive at, baby it’s something you create. So create it. See, the
world ain’t what you make it, but your life is what you make it, is the color you paint it.
So paint it as big and as beautiful as you want it. Listen, paint your life the way you want
it! ‘Cuz you’re gonna have to live in that picture you’ve painted. Art classes might be a
good idea. Step.

(19) Into the realization that unless you love yourself, you won’t love anyone else, and
that if you perpetrate a fraud and live a lie, it still will not make you love you.

“BABY STEPS” by da boogie man.
What’s Going on Down There?

Show clips of puberty videos, classroom setup. Teacher and a couple kids. Boys talk in broken changing voices the entire time.
M-Teacher- Martin Fergus
Boy 1- Roland Dunkerley
Boy 2- Lane Hill
F-Teacher- Jessica Espinoza
Girl 1- Lindsey Smith
Girl 2- Whitney Johnson

Boy scene plays
Boy 1: crude comment
Teacher: don’t interrupt this is important
Boy 1: we already know we’re sweaty, smelly, and hairy! Have you not noticed?

Girl scene plays
Teacher: Now girls, do you have any questions so far?
Girl 1: So do guys have periods or something?
Teacher: Boys don’t have babies. Any other questions?
Girl 1: I don’t get it I don’t have babies either.

Boy Scene
Teacher: Now boys, after going through puberty you might find yourself thinking about girls. But the best way to live life is to abstain from sex until you’re married. This way you don’t get a girl pregnant and you don’t get AIDS, which are the two worst things that could ever happen to you.
Boy 1: What about condoms? I heard they prevent stuff like that?
Boy 2: Stop asking question, just listen to the teacher and you won’t get AIDS.

Girls Scene
Teacher: Boys might try to pressure you into doing things you don’t want to do.
Girl 1: Like do his homework for him?
Teacher: The best thing to do is to remain abstinent.
Girl 2: What’s abstinent?
Teacher: Abstinence is not.... it’s not giving into temptation.
Girl 2: Like not eating apples?
Teacher: It means remaining pure.
Girl 1: Like taking showers?
Teacher: It means not having sex!
Girl 2: What’s sex?

Boy Scene
Teacher: Now if you have questions these books might help explains some things.
pause
Boy 1: Hey look humping chickens! I didn’t know chickens humped!
Boy 2: Me neither! oh wait I mean, quit being so gross, it’s a natural process.
boy 2 looks away

Girl Scene
Girl 1: That’s where babies come from? (shows the picture of baby crowning)
Teacher: Yes that’s the miracle of life.
Girl 1: It’s a miracle it fits through there.
Girl 2: I’m never having babies.
Teacher: But don’t you want a family once you’re married?
Girl 2: Not if it comes out where the pee does.
Teacher: That’s a different hole, the vagina is below the urethra.

Boys Scene:
Erection pop-up book page

Teacher: Some of you may have already started experiencing erections.
Boy 1: What if we haven’t?
Teacher: Your time too will cum. Here is an illustration of the mechanics leading to an erection.
Boys: Laugh, look in horror, be turned on
Boy 1: Looks like you have an illustration of the mechanics too.
Boy 2: ugh, umm, ugh, what?

Girls Scene:
Teacher: When you go through puberty you may also start wearing a bra for support.
Girl 2: I already wear a bra.
Girl 1: psh, you don’t need one.
Girl 2: at least I have a boyfriend.
Girl 1: you call that a boyfriend.
Girl 2: your mom calls that a boyfriend.
Girl 1: are you saying your boyfriend’s dating my mom catfight ensues....
Teacher: Girls! Girls!

Boys Scene:
Female teacher walks in furiously.
M-Teacher: So, Seth you have an erection?
Notices female teacher and looks embarrassed.
F-Teacher: Wow puberty talks are awkward!
M-Teacher: Let’s go to recess.
F-Teacher: sounds good to me.
All run away
Image Emporium

Self-Image Script:
Characters:
Infomercial Presenter: Lane
Person 1: Lindsey
Person 2: Roland

(Spotlight up on Infomercial Presenter.)
Presenter: Are you tired of looking like the same old you? Are you in the market for a new style, maybe a new personality, perhaps an entirely new way of being? Look no further, my friends! The Image Emporium can meet all of your stereotype needs! No more of that tiresome standing in front of the mirror, trying to make your own dull, unflattering look more interesting. Never again will you have to ask the question "Who am I?" We here at the Image Emporium have the skills and equipment to define you. Just listen to these absolutely true, completely unscripted testimonials.

Person 1: (Stepping forward.) I was just an ordinary schoolteacher who wore beige and voted "moderate." Then, I went to Image Emporium and voila! I got the new and improved Aging Hippie look. Now, I don't vote, because that's playing straight into the system, and I got those brand new fringed skirts to top off the perfect image!

Person 2: I was a lonely teen-ager frustrated with the state of the world. I could have turned to drugs, but I found stereotypes instead. At the Image Emporium, they changed my life. Now, instead of being average, I'm wearing all black, writing bad poetry, and being cynical about everyone and everything. It's great being depressed just for the fun of it. I can't believe I waited this long to get my new identity.

Both: (in Unison) Thanks, Image Emporium!

Presenter: The services of Image Emporium are not for everyone. Side effects may include sore throat, social alienation, headache, spiritual conflict, minor allergic reactions, awkward self-consciousness, difficulty maintaining friendships, temporary hearing loss, and death. Call now! Remember, at Image Emporium (all three in unison.) looks matter!
She Never Told Them

"ATTACKER": LIZ

(No scenery or properties needed; this scene will be longer than it would seem upon reading, as "ATTACKER" will appear to be thrown across the stage by an invisible DEFENDER. There will be flips and rolls and grimaces and such up until "She never told them...", at which point the scene will become more serious in nature.)

"ATTACKER": One time, I volunteered as an attacker for a sexual-assault-defense class at a university. It was a full day of me getting beat up and thrown across the room by a tiny, rail-thin woman.

This was a full-day affair, as I said, and after the lunch break, we got right back to work. The leader of the demonstration showed them techniques, and they would practice lightly on each other, and then step up the intensity when they practiced on me. She showed them the "handles" of the head; eye sockets, nose, philtrum, and ears. Sixteen pounds of pressure, she said, to rip off someone's ear. A real buzz-kill, she said.

Then she showed the best ways to flip and immobilize attackers; how to break arms and legs and properly dislocate shoulders and hips, because apparently there is a right and a wrong way to do these things. Armlocks, leglocks, chokes, she showed them everything. She told them everything. Almost.

She never told them that they should practice this while drunk or high, because more than a third of sexual assault victims are under the influence at the time of the attack. She never told them that they'd need to be able to do these things to someone they knew and cared about, because three-quarters of assault victims know their assailants. She never told them that they'd need to practice on their significant others, on their parents, on their siblings, their cousins, their very own friends. She never told them, so I did. And here I am, telling you: don't become another statistic, don't become one of the quarter-million people raped in America every year as a systematic tactic of social warfare. She may not have told them, but I am telling you.
START: [ATTENDEES chatting, GROUP DIRECTOR calls all to attention]

GROUP DIRECTOR: The Itty Bitty Titty Committee is now in session. Okay, so we have a new member with us today…welcome. Let's go around the circle, introduce yourself, state your bra size, and tell about the first time you realized you had a boob problem, so we can make our guest feel welcome.

STACY (Vickie): Hi, I'm Stacy, I'm 32 or 34A. I don't know which. All I know is that I'm not 34B. I tried to be so hard in high school. I bought big bras in high school, mostly because I didn't really know how bras were supposed to fit. When I later realized they were too big, I kept them anyway, hoping that I would someday fit into them. [getting choked up] They're still sitting with my other bras, waiting to be worn…

GROUP DIRECTOR: [rubs STACY’S back to console her] It's okay.

STACY: My sister, she's six years younger than me, just barely hit adolescence, and she can already wear my size in bra! She steals them from me and they fit her!

GROUP DIRECTOR: There, there.

STACY: It's just so hard sometimes. I see other girls, out there with successful boobs and getting attention to their chests, and I think, why can't that be me? Why me, mom? This is your fault!! [weeping into hands]

GROUP DIRECTOR: All right. Stacy here is obviously still struggling with her problem. Let's applaud her for sharing with us. [Claps] Okay, let's go to the next person.

WHITNEY: Hi, I'm Whitney. I've been a 32A ever since 5th grade, when I started (and stopped) developing. I remember asking my mom for my first bra, and she said..."Well what do you need that for?!" For my boobs, Mom! They're right here! Can you see them, or do you need a microscope? Way to point out my flaws! Just buy me a bra, so at least I can PRETEND I'm normal looking!

GROUP DIRECTOR: That's right! Express your repressed anger!
WHITNEY: *angrily* "Ant bites", she called them...just little ant bites...

GROUP DIRECTOR: They are much bigger than ant bites, dear, much bigger. Aren't they, ladies?

OTHER MEMBERS: Yeah! Sure! Uh huh...

GROUP DIRECTOR: Let's thank Whitney for sharing. *everyone claps* Now how about our new member introduces herself and tells us about her boob problems.

THIRD ATTENDEE: Hi, I’m [actress’ name or fictional name]…I don’t think I have a problem, per se…

GROUP DIRECTOR: You’ll learn. Okay, so we’re going to try a new exercise for this week. Let’s go around the circle again and, in one sentence, share some of the more difficult tribulations we have experienced in our small boobie-ness. I know this might be difficult for some of us, but this will be a good opportunity to get everything off your chests.

STACY: Dresses don’t fit.

WHITNEY: We are not good pillows.

STACY: We are overshadowed by the big-breasted ones.

WHITNEY: Some of us look like little boys…when we want to look like women.

STACY: Breast exams….they’re just too easy. Nothing really to search.

THIRD ATTENDEE: Ummm…I have no complaints…

WHITNEY: [Talking over THIRD] Sometimes, I slip back and wear training bras.

STACY: [shocked] Oh, God!

GROUP DIRECTOR: You are constantly making progress, Whitney. It can only be expected that you might relapse at times, when you are feeling unsure of yourself. But we can’t give in to training bras. It’s only a crutch that will hold you back. It’s a step down the slippery path…

THIRD ATTENDEE: [to STACY] To what?

STACY: [whispering] Not wearing bras!!

THIRD ATTENDEE: [still hushed] What’s wrong with that?

STACY: [astonished] Are you a lesbian?

GROUP DIRECTOR: [not acknowledging the conversation] We are each other’s strength, ladies. We are each other’s solidarity in times of weakness and
insecurity. [[Emphatic and cheesy, like a cheerleader] We may be small, but we sure don’t feel small, right?]

WHITNEY AND STACY: Yeah! [Third attendee looks put off]

GROUP DIRECTOR: Okay, I think that was productive, let’s applaud ourselves for putting ourselves out there. Good job. [Everyone claps] Now I would like for us to try a positive exercise. Let’s go around again and talk about our individual progress that we have made.

STACY: I found some really cute push-up bras that add a full cup size! I finally have cleavage! [Everyone claps except for THIRD]

WHITNEY: I have good news, everyone. I’m taking the next step. I finally saved enough money to get a boob job.

STACY: [ecstatic] Oh, yay!

GROUP DIRECTOR: Congratulations! Let’s give Whitney some applause! [Everyone claps except for THIRD, who has had enough]

THIRD ATTENDEE: Why would you want to do that? What’s wrong with being natural?

WHITNEY: They’re…small!!

STACY: What is your problem?

GROUP DIRECTOR: [feeling challenged and defensive] What are you trying to say?

THIRD ATTENDEE: I feel as if we are not supposed to like our bodies. There’s nothing wrong with having small boobs, damnit! [Everyone gasps, is offended]

STACY: [defensive] And I suppose you’re perfectly fine with not wearing a bra too?

THIRD ATTENDEE: Why not? I mean, it’s uncomfortable to wear one all the time!

WHITNEY: [upset] I can’t listen to this!

GROUP DIRECTOR: I’m going to have to ask you to leave.

THIRD ATTENDEE: No! I won’t! There’s nothing wrong with having small boobs! I like my boobs, and I think it should be okay that I like them! [Everyone shocked, THIRD addresses other attendees] Stacy, do you have any shirts that just fit your figure perfectly?

STACY: [reconsidering] Yeah…now that I think about it, I think I have a few…

THIRD ATTENDEE: And Whitney, think about what will happen to your boobs later on if you got implants. ((They’ll probably start sagging sooner)), or it might give you back problems!

WHITNEY: I hadn’t thought about that…

GROUP DIRECTOR: That is quite enough!!

STACY: I kind of like the way my boobs look in this tank top I wear to sleep…
WHITNEY: More than a mouthful is a waste anyway!

STACY: [Feeling herself] Mine fit into my hands nicely!

THIRD: Boobs of all sizes should be celebrated!

ALL ATTENDEES: [Everyone gets up, feeling their boobs] Yeah!

GROUP DIRECTOR: NO! This is not productive! Everyone sit back down!

STACY: EVERYONE, FUCK BRAS!

ALL ATTENDEES: YEAH!! [Everyone takes off bras from under shirts, throw them out at the audience]

GROUP DIRECTOR: [ultimately flustered] This is madness! Put your bras back on! [All ATTENDEES ignore her, shout excitedly and feel themselves, maybe cue some positive music, exit stage.]