

Teen 1:

I took an acting class and the teacher was this weird creepy guy who was going bald and who wore tight pants and didn't pronounce my name right ONCE. ANGELIQUE. My name is ANGEL-EEK. Not "Angelica," not "Angie"... Angelique. It's French for "Like an Angel" or "Born from Angels" or "Touched by an Angel"... something. I dunno. It doesn't matter. He didn't get it right once. He made us do all these weird creepy breathing exercises and all I could think of the whole time is MY MOTHER IS NOT PAYING FOR YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO BREATHE, WEIRD CREEPY BALD GUY WITH TIGHT PANTS... MY MOTHER IS PAYING YOU TO TEACH ME TO ACT. 'Cause that's what I'm good at. Acting. Like I'm really good at swimming and I paint too and my sister and I made State Jazz Ensemble but what I'm REALLY good at? Is acting. "Breathe in"... "Hold"... "Breathe out"... "Feel your inner animal reaching through"... Inner animal? Are you kidding? I Google-d the guy when I got home, whatever, I know it's weird, but I had to. I HAD to know what this guy's done that makes him so special. Know what this guy's done, this guy who's supposedly gonna teach me how to act? Three episodes of Ghost Hunter Deluxe and a deodorant commercial. DEODORANT? Is this a joke? What's this guy gonna teach me to do? NOT SWEAT?!

Teen 2:

I got beaten up pretty bad. I feel great. Ricky kept pushing me around, kind of half-slapping me. Just for fun. Like kids have been doing for years. And you know I can't fight. Only, this time I thought: "If I don't do something, this will never end. This will be my life." So I hit him back. That is, I tried; it's not like I hurt him. In fact, he punched me. Hard. So I punched him back. And he hit me again. A few times. But each time I hit him back. He kept saying, "C'mon, man. You're gonna get hurt." I didn't say a word. Just kept hitting him, every time he hit me. Not hurting him. Don't get me wrong. Just hitting him. Finally he stepped back. "You're crazy, man. You're just crazy." And he took another step back. Then I realized: "He's afraid. He's afraid of me." And he was. Can you believe it? He walked away, just turned around and walked away. How do you like that? All because I fought back. I finally fought back. I fought back, and I won.

Teen 3:

Do I get to go home now? (Beat.) But Sir, I told you everything was okay. My dad didn't mean to get mad. It was my fault. He wanted to be left alone and I went in the room to get a pencil to do my homework. I shouldn't have bothered him. That's why he made me stay outside in the snow. He probably forgot that I was still out there when he left. I know he was gonna let me back in. He tells me all the time if I'd behave he wouldn't have to hit — (Seeing officer look at a bruise on his arm.) he didn't do this, I fell down when I was playing. It doesn't really hurt anyway. Sir, I have to go. My dad's gonna think bad things — like I ran away from home. I wish my neighbor never called you. My dad always says people need to mind their own business. So can I go now? (Beat.) I can't stay! I can't! Don't you get it? The longer I'm here the more he's gonna hurt me! I have to go back now before it gets worse!

Teen 4:

Oh, no you don't! Don't you be pointing that thing at me! I am done with love. Go find someone else you can trick into going all mushy and stupid only to have his heart torn out and smashed like a wine glass at a Jewish wedding. Ugh. Why did I even say wedding?! Love is like getting a puppy. At first, it's like heaven opened up and sent you this thing, this incredible, furry, loveable thing. And two years later, it gets run over and your parents try to tell you that he ran away, but you heard them talking about how nice the man was to come tell you. He wasn't nice. HE WASN'T NICE! He killed my dog! And now I wish that I never had a dog in the first place. Love is like that. Happiness, that ends up dead on the side of the road. So, kindly point your arrow in another direction. Find someone else to rip their heart to shreds.

