

Perfect Man

What do I look for in a man? Oh, what every simple woman wants, I suppose. A man who is kind, and who is honest, unless of course his honesty would be unkind, then he should be diplomatic, but still firm, both in integrity and physique. He should be devilishly handsome and angelically humble. And whether it be the rolling seas or the towering skyscrapers, he should love his work, and love it even more when he rushes home to ask how my day has been. The sort of man who can laugh fondly at a memorial service, shed a tear at a wedding, and cry openly after making passionate love. As a lover we would be gentle but rough, ruggedly soft yet delicately rigid. He loves the great outdoors, animals, large families, and pasta. He enjoys wearing sweaters, despises the color aqua-marine, and eats pineapple for breakfast every Sunday morning. He whistles show tunes, donates spare change to organ grinder monkeys, and makes a wish during every lunar eclipse. He has never known the pain of a broken heart, nor has he ever sprained his wrist while moving furniture, though he does suffer from tennis elbow and he gets dreadfully angry at crossword puzzles, and he has the sweetest smile in the entire world. (Pause.) Oh, and he's rich.

One Way Street

Janice: (On the Phone) Hey, girl! Sorry I haven't called you back. My Mom's throwing a fit again. Two weeks ago, it was because I snuck out at night to go to a party out on the beach, last week because I skipped school to go to the mall, and now today because she found that pack of cigarettes I had hidden in my underwear drawer...she shouldn't be in my room anyways. (Beat) Oh, yeah, tell me about it! Thank goodness I have you to talk too; otherwise I'd surely lose my mind. It's not easy being understood nowadays. (Beat) I'm O.K. I guess. It's more annoying than anything else. I just feel like curling-up and falling asleep when this happens. You think everything will be O.K.? Really...thanks girl. I appreciate your encouragement. You're always there for me...you're the best friend a girl could ever have...you make me feel so...Hello? Hello? (To the Audience) Why, that little tramp hung-up on me again!

I Don't Like Girls By Michaela Jones

Toby: I don't like girls they're gross! My friend Samuel says they have germs! They're always giggling and laughing, and telling lies. Today at school I was playing in the playground and then this girl in my class, her name is Rachael, she went and told me that girls were as tough as boys. But girls aren't as tough as boys! That's a lie! My older brother says that boys are stronger than girls. My older brother is right, boys are stronger than girls. But she didn't think that but they are, and then she fell and hurt her knee but her friend Isabelle told the teacher I pushed her! But I didn't. Girls just say things, but it's not true. My brother has a girl friend which I think is yuck because girls have germs.

Cowboys and Idiots

Sayin' it's "hotter than Hades" is a common misconception. Hades ain't all that hot. It's humid but it ain't scorchin'. Wanna know how I know? You see there was this Greek Goddess, Percy-phony. And uh, Hades kidnapped her and spirited her away to the underworld. And they had a garden with pomegranates and such, so it couldn't of been too hot or the fruit wouldn't grow. Percy-phony's Greek Goddess Mama was awful sad that she had to marry against her will, so spring and summer sort of dried up and ruined everything. So Hades agreed that he'd let her go during the pleasant months but during fall and winter she was stuck downstairs. Now, you might feel sorry for Percy-phony, but I say it was her own danged fault for eating the food of the spirit world. but what chaps my hide is, how come she didn't escape? If I was her, I would have walked up to Hades nice and polite like and then SUCKER PUNCH! Right in the gut! Then just take off running!