

CHARACTER: 19-year-old feeling the deep pull of infatuation

There is this girl...

I'm nearly 20-years old.
I've studied Biology.
I've had an education.
I've been inside a lab, dissected violets.
I know the way things are.

I'm grown-up, stable, willing to conform.
I'm beyond such foolish notions...
And yet, in spite of my knowledge,
There is this girl.

She makes me young again!
And foolish.
And with her, I perform the impossible.
I defy my biology and achieve---Ignorance!

There are no other ears but hers to hear the explosion of my soul! There are no other eyes but hers to make me wise! And despite what they say of species, there is not one plant, or animal, or any living thing that is made quite the same as she is. It's stupid, of course. I know it. And immensely undignified. But I-do-love-her!

CHARACTER: Very old, grand stage performer trying to "book the gig"

Sir, the Players have arrived!
Oh, don't look at us like we are, sir, please. Remove ten pounds of road dust from these ag-ed wrinkled cheeks. See make-up, caked...in glowing Powder Pink! Imagine a beard, full blown and blowing, like the whiskers of a bear! And hair! Imagine hair. In a box, I've got all colors. So I beg you--imagine hair! And not these clothes. Oh no, no, no. Dear God--not rags like any beggar has. But see me in a doublet! Mortimer, fetch the doublet!
There--Imagine! It's torn; I know. Forget it. It vanishes under light. That's it! That's the whole trick! Try to see me under light!
I recite. Watch this.
"Friends, Romans, Countrymen....
Screw your courage to the sticking place!
And be not sick and pale with grief
That thou, her handmaidens.
Should be more fair
Than she...
Is..."
Try to see it under light. I assure you--it's dazzling!
Perhaps you recall my Hamlet?

CHARACTER: 16 years old with a flair for poetry and drama

This morning, a bird woke me up.
It was a lark, or a peacock, or something like that.
Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard.
And I said, "Hello"
It was mysterious.
So do you know what I did?
I went over to my mirror and I put on my mother's necklace.
And the minute the jewels touched my skin
My eyes turned mauve!
No, honestly, mauve!
And then blue!
And then sort of a deep magenta
When the sun hit them!

I'm sixteen years old and everyday something happens to me.
I don't know what to make of it
When I get up in the morning to get dressed,
I can tell:
Something's different.
I like to touch my eyelids
Because they're never quite the same.

Oh, I hug myself until my arms turn blue!
Then I close my eyes and I cry and cry
Until the tears come down
And I can taste them.
I love to taste my tears!
I am special! I am special!

Please, God, please--
Don't let me be normal.