

Mark: What happened to me? That question resonates with me every time I think about you. Along with that same echo of insults. "You're an a**hole Mark." "You're so mean to me Mark." "Mark, Why do you hate me?" Always making me out to be the bad guy for your choices. Then I sit back and I think real hard. Maybe I did do something wrong. Maybe I changed. Maybe something was my fault. But then I always come to the same conclusion. Nothing changed. Nothing happened to me and I am in no way different than when I first met you. You were the one who changed. Then I think about that change. I think about who you were and who you have become. We worked together so well because although you were so fragile I was always there to make it better. I was always there to be supportive of you. I never judged your choices. At least at first, because at first they were just questionable. The crappy boyfriend, the experimentation with drugs, dropping out of college. I always told you "you'll figure it out" or "it'll get better". But I guess I was wrong. Maybe that's where I messed up. That sense of hope I had instilled in you might have been a false one and if that confidence boost pushed you to keep making poor choices I apologize for that. Maybe I did because in the back of my head I still thought you were still there. All the things you told me when we first met gave me hope. Your aspirations, your goals, the future you had in your head made me think you'd snap out of it. Or maybe it was when you told me "I wish I had met you before him." I think that I wanted you to change for me more than for yourself. But it got to the point where your choices became you. You got lost in everything you did and I could not be supportive of it. I tried to tell you but you were so gone at that point that it was a fruitless effort. So I did what I had to do. I had to leave you to it. Stopped coming over, stopped answering your calls, and I had to stop caring. You just are who you are now. Do I feel any better about it? No not really. But you know me. I never feel any particular way.

Maria: I missed you so much! Your smile and your laugh. Look at you smiling bigger than before! Is dad ok? Did mom end up leaving? Do mom and dad still love each other? Are you still scared? I've dreamt of seeing you smile again, since last time I saw you, you were crying because you were glad to see me go to college but sad to see me go. I talked to your teachers and they said you got your grades up! I am so proud of you, my baby brother, being the smart cookie you are. You're also on the honor roll! Wow! And perfect attendance! See you didn't need me to help you academically, you just had to set your mind to it. You've always been as hard headed as Dad, always holding on to the belief that you couldn't amount to anything more than being a Hispanic boy in a Hispanic neighborhood. I always believed that you could change the world, especially with your use of words! Wow! Your way of speaking has always been different, like when you told Tia Yoli that you would grow up to be the first Hispanic in office because your ancestors didn't die for you just to make tamales and champurrado. Wow I never saw Tia Yoli run so fast, since she was a tamalera! She smacked you so hard that you lost feeling in your cheek for weeks! Haha. Oh how much I missed you Jose, I could hug you until the world stopped. I know you aren't one for hugs since you're a masculine boy, I don't say man because you're only pretending to be masculine. You would push me away and say "Ya Maria! Save some love for other people" but I could see that your eyes wanted the hug to last another second. Do you think if my hugs lasted a little longer you wouldn't have found love in a little club? By club I mean gang and by love I mean security. Do you think that your life is that worthless? Do you think you mean nothing to me? I can love you more, I can hug you longer and I can make sure that you know you are an ordinary Hispanic boy. But I'll shh now.... Because you're sleeping... Oh how peaceful you look sleeping like when we were little and ran all day. My little Jose, my little brother. But I'm sad now because I know that you won't wake up this time. Because Jose you let them tell you an ordinary Hispanic boys life was not one to be lived, that to live is to hold a gun and shoot your fellow neighbors. But they failed to tell you that your happiness is not wrapped around that bullet but rather around the lives of those who love you. Jose please, my angel, my baby brother, don't be scared anymore... They can't get you anymore... I'm glad I saw you today but I'm sad now that I won't see you anymore unless I imagine you in that casket of yours.

Mason: We have been through worse than this! Remember the large City Bank, and we also did business in so many jewelry stores I can't recall which one you are talking about. Oh yea! That was a hard one. You had one job lovely, **and** you've done it well. Say what? You left a camera active during our bank visit? We did, didn't we? Oh you worked so fast and clever too. How could I forget it was indeed a nightmare, more for those cops than us! If you are sure no one else is in this store but **us** then I believe you. Now let's see here I'm going to break open this container for that silver ring over there. Ha this is a corner store, probably shouldn't even bother its most like cheap fake jewelry. Rose my sweet we came here for.....Drinks! Ah yes next aisle. Ok we get the drinks lovely, when we get back to the manor I have a surprise for you. Got it all by myself. What can I say? I'm a risk taker. You've managed to disable the camera's right? Well it is pointless, isn't it? We won't be in for long. These masks you created will perhaps conceal us enough. Just grab the most expensive drink you lay your eyes on. Winston Cocktail my personal favorite. Close the door back darling. Stop joking around with me. We must be in and out. The door you cracked to frighten me! (SIGHS) Whatever you say my love. You can't fool me. Oh my, the lights did you? Turn them off?! This is becoming annoying please stop. Do you really need to do that? Aren't you watching your weight do you really need that? Crap! Store Owner! Duck! I thought you made sure everyone was gone. Aw the cameras! Lovely! You're not going to quit on me now? Till death do us part? Run the back window he's gaining I'll go after. Now! I think we lost them. You got the drinks right. You're slipping my love. We must stop somewhere else and get the drinks. Raised Glass, is a wonderful store to try out. It's quite large, I'll treat if you take care of the cameras.

Adam: People just didn't believe it. They thought I would just graduate Harvard and do nothing with my life, because of how I was. Everyone was out partying six days out of the week. I was that outsider, who did not like to that as much. For that reason, they thought different of me. All I "did" was stay in my dorm room like a nerd and do my homework. You were one of those people. Besides having to do that, people did not know the actual reason for me locking myself in my dorm room. I literally had a million dollar idea sitting on my desk, just waiting for me to make that move. Hours on end, trying to make it work. The frustration got to me a lot, because if I did not get this right... I would be a failure to myself. My own family, would think of me that way, more than they already do. Even though I've been an A student my entire life leading into Harvard. They were just never satisfied with the things I did because I wasn't a normal kid. People would always ask, "Adam, why are you so quiet?" It got every annoying every time someone different would ask. I just refused to associate myself with those people. I did not want to be a part of it at all. They just did not know what I was capable of. I was that socially awkward computer geek. They underestimated my capabilities. All those people who spent their time picking on me and calling me a no life, really have it coming for them. Now that I am on the way of becoming a billionaire, everyone wants to be my friend. All those people did not believe in me, will tell the story of how they met me. But I am not the person to fight fire with fire. I believe in good karma. I am equal to everyone. Just never underestimate anyone's ability, you will never know... You could be working for them in the near future. Do not play yourself.

Neal: Well, what do we have here? Last weeks work? I mean, come on, seriously who printed these? No, no, no! How many times do I need to tell you all, I need my pictures to be the best of the best! We go through this every single week, I leave to work with a new client and I come back with this vision and for some odd reason nobody else can see it. But either way I wouldn't be where I am today if I wasn't this much of a perfectionist. Jesus, I love this life I live, oh in dead I do. I can pick up any newspaper and what do you see? Yup that's right, "Neal amazes the world once again with these amazing pictures!" Now tell me, every time you see me here, working on my computer, don't I just look like a million dollars? Ha, wrong, listen, I don't know if you have a moment, but there's something that's been buzzing around in my mind. The idea of making sure every, single, picture is perfect has been taunting me, how much longer can this go on for? My own thoughts are eating me alive day by day, how can something I love become so so, so...I can't find the right word. Yes I know, I chose this life, but in reality I never thought I would be eating myself alive. Geez, even saying that makes me wonder even more. But you know, forget this, we don't have time for this. We need to print these new pictures today. Are you deaf? Or are you stupid? I said these pictures need to be our top priority, get the rest of the team on this immediately. Or do I have to do everything myself? Yup, like always, I have to do everything myself. Half of you guys have no idea what you're doing half the time anyways. Yeah, yeah, yeah, leave me alone, these pictures need to be the best they can be and beyond that. God I am so good at what I do, it's scary. But still makes me wonder how much longer I can do this for. A question I can ask myself every day.

Amira: Bro, stop pushing me around! Can you stop calling me a lil (little) girl too, please? I am not a kid anymore. I am a big girl now. Soon enough, I will be on my way to college, and I will actually miss you. Yes, I do mean it! Let's get serious though. You're the kid. I'm kidding. But for real though, you are my big brother, and I love you. You always look out for me and protect me from any harm. You have always cheered me up when I really needed the most. You're my best friend, Mi'kail. You may not think you are a role model, but you are mine. This is so cheesy, I know. You just love calling me lil girl, don't you? Anyways, why do you have to go back to Cairo in the summer? We won't have that much time anymore to hang out before I leave for college. Why can't you just do business here, Mik'ail? I know you are trying to help pay for my college tuition, but please spend more time with me. You are barely ever home anymore. I'll get a job in the summer! Okay, okay. I know. I should just be focusing on my schoolwork. I'm almost done anyways! My graduation is around the corner. You should get me the perfume I've always wanted. Si by Giorgio Armani, remember? Oh geez! Your birthday is coming next week! I can't believe your turning 26. You're getting so old! You're in for a surprise. Oops! What's that scratch you got on the left side of your face? Please don't tell me it was that guy who's always pestering you for money. Is this why you don't live in Chicago anymore? I guess you seem to have a better life in Wisconsin. I hear you have a girlfriend, Mik'ail. She better be treating you right, and the same goes for you. That is such a cute picture. Okay, I know you have to be on your way back home. Please be safe driving; I know it is a four to five hour drive home. Don't forget I am visiting you next weekend! Bye Mik'ail. I don't want to let you go. You're the only source of happiness I have now.

Steve: How unfair has this universe been to create such a virus? Are you excited to voyage on to the next world? After all the world has been infected, and it's time to leave earth. My might I say the faster this rocket goes, the faster the destruction of the next planet comes. With every gift you receive you also receive a curse. When we find the next habitable planet, the virus still lives on. The chaos is within each of us. And it is strong, its flames burn wickedly within each of us. If we allow this chaos to consume us, are we really as strong as we give ourselves credit for? We live in a generation in which Insanity is more prevalent than humanity. It was this selfishness that ultimately led to our destruction. Why has such a gentle yet fierce being been so mistreated for so long? How I wish her misery would have ended sooner. How unfortunate her torment of billions of years. For she had been plagued with a disease, ah such treachery, such pain she had to endure. She allowed herself to be the host of this virus. She allowed the disease to multiply, and take pieces of her one bit at a time. The greed how much it burned her, the toxins filled her lungs making it harder for the virus to breathe. She fought the virus as hard as she could begging them to stop. It wouldn't stop, it kept growing with greed, and selfishness it was more about them than her. She'd attempted to stop them, so that she could become healthier and allow the virus to live even stronger. My... She cared more for the virus than the virus did for themselves. She had to endure the pain every second of her existence. What a blessing it is to have met her, she is the most caring, nurturing being I have ever encountered. I remember her warm hellos and her dark goodbyes. I remember the days in which flowers and plants of all sorts blossomed rampantly. I remember when animals roamed and nourished off of the greenest pasture and the cleanest of water. The tallest trees grew, with the coolest shade. The warmest of beaches with its soothing waves. The sounds of birds filling the blue sky with the fluffiest of clouds. All this is gone, and we have no one to blame but ourselves. Humanity is a cancer to this planet, and it's sad to say but I belong to this virus. Our parasitic nature has caught up to us, we ravished resources as if there were no consequence. As it once was the planet is taking over what is rightfully hers. The riddance of a virus with lust, gluttony, greed, sloth, wrath, envy and pride. That virus in which fights its own self, and that virus in which is selfish and problematic. This virus can live in harmony with her, for they also have the capability of good.

Mary Ann: The rush, the pause, the belief that this was the end, but was actually only the beginning. I was so happy to give birth to such a healthy little girl 7lb, 6oz baby. I will never forget your curly blond hair, big blue eyes, and pale fair skin. Your father and I were so happy together and to have you here with us. As you grew you became smart and loving. You learned how to put others before yourself. You learned how to be responsible, wise, and compassionate. As much as I dwell on the past experience that haunts me every day I am very lucky to have you look at me with such love in your eyes. Not knowing right from wrong you never judged me given my appearance. You gave me everything I needed to stay alive. You made me feel motivated to get up in the morning and try to love everything and everyone the way you do. After I was told 19 years ago when I was 16 that I couldn't have children I was devastated. My dream was to have a little girl like you to raise, teach, and love. After my mother and father got a divorce I was fighting trying to be loved. As I got older all I really wanted was to have my own thing to love, and then you came along. Nothing could have gone any smoother until 2005 when that terrible incident occurred. My life flashed in front of my eyes that night I was out into that terrible situation. I've had 15 surgeries and 8 face transplants. I remember it like it was yesterday, you were kicking around in my stomach for hours that day. I had been in a cab and when I got out two men grabbed me and threw acid all over my face. The chemical burn on my face has caused your father and me to get a divorce. He doesn't see me as the same Mary Ann he saw me as 20 years ago when we fell in love. I know it is hard for you to understand why someone so close to you could leave in an instant after a treacherous incident. It is hard enough being legally blind and half deaf, but to wake up and lay next to your husband who no longer loves you is the worst. Look at me Stella, I want you to know that you are a beautiful, smart, courageous person and don't let anyone ever take that away from you. Without you I Wouldn't be so optimistic.

Booth: I'm not going to lie and say I don't know what I'm doing; I know it's wrong on my part, but it's more important to focus on theirs. But..but I wanted to put all my victims to the test, what? yeah my vics. I shouldve be an undercover assets. Oh my approach could've been different but I thought, I knew, I fit the part well. Im their dead end, and this is still just the beginning of this series. I wasn't going to stop because things got rough. Witness protection!? I protect my damn self. I help you and your buddies with your donut bellies, put strange strangers in the place they need to be, not in these streets looking for prey, on to feed. How do I do this? The best way to hide is in plain sight, right?. That's why you haven't found me. If I wanted to be seen by authorities, I come to you, see I'm here, but not to turn myself in but to only show the pain in these eyes. The eyes you couldn't save; the eyes that were in every young child's eyes before they were shattered...by the despicable mindsets of crooked strangers. Do you really want to know why all this came about? She was only 16 when that in her pretty little spring dress with flowers on it...told her sweet nothings...in her ears...nothings, these words should've meant nothing to her. And he should've been dead to her as he was to me. So yeah detective I go into the pits of darkness just to drag the ones who snatched up little shells of innocence and purity, and crush their spirits as if they're intentions weren't true to do to the victims as I did to them. I say without them knowing you don't know me, but you're being watched. So many people are afraid to act, to bite, and fight for what is right, So of course I did something, I change the game. And I will find them all. Don't you tell me what I should or shouldn't do, tell the criminals that when they begin to plan their dirty actions and attacks. Why try to stop individuals who have their own procedures to stop predators, when the job is getting done!? Damnit don't you understand the hunter became the hunted!

Allen: There's nothing wrong with being passionate with something feel strongly about I need to calm down? I'm too confident? Hold on, you can't be serious. You're telling me that my voice needs to be silenced by your ignorance? People won't care? You're wrong. People *will* care if bring these problems to the spotlight. There are more things to worry about? You're wrong *again*. Of course there are problems that are bigger than mine, but it isn't about those bigger problems. This is what *I'm* concerned with. You cannot tell me what I'm worrying about is wrong. Who cares about them? You'd be surprised how many others will join this realization and bring action to them. Many others know these things, but are too afraid of being shut down by people like you. If one can break that silence, then movement will occur. That's what we need. We need a lot of things? You sound so condescending of my problems. I thought we would be open-minded towards each other. I thought we could talk about anything in the first place, and try to understand each other. That's what we vowed to in the beginning. I changed? I apologize for scaring you with this change I'm not trying to push you away. I found something I am interested in, and I want to help make a change. We need more people like that. There's enough of those? No, there isn't ... Okay, okay. You have a point in that everything can't be solved right away, but if it isn't brought to attention now, when will it ever? I know I'm no celebrity to make things go viral right away, but that doesn't mean someone who doesn't have an audience can't build one. Please don't be upset with me. I don't want to make you upset... Don't pick up those keys.

Where will you go? I can't do this alone. I need you...

Andres Ruiz: Hello, my name is Andres Ruiz! Why are you guys here? Especially today of all days. Have you guys come to lie to me too? Oh yeah, I remember now. Do you guys even like this place? There is so much noise and action going on. Hey come closer. I have something to tell you! Yes get closer. I know some things that others for some reason don't. What do you mean? What? I'm not going to tell you, it's a secret! Just know that I know. Don't tell me that! Stop saying that! Stop lying to me! My friends told me that would happen... Please stop lying to me! Don't tell me to quiet down in my own house! I'm acting perfectly normal. You are my guest and I don't deserve that kind of treatment. Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy the party! Wait, why did I throw a party again? Hmm... Oh, you guys are still here! Well, like I said, you guys enjoy the party. But if I may ask, what did I tell you this party was for again? My birthday? It's my birthday today? Really? No... Stop playing with me! Don't mess with me like that! That's not funny! Oh wait, it really is my birthday today? Why would I be throwing my own birthday party? Oh, you have a good point. That explains why the balloons have Happy Birthday on them, but no one else here was born today. Hmm... Oh, you guys are still here? Well guess what guys! It's my birthday! It's my birthday today! I can't believe I almost forgot that it was my birthday today, isn't that so funny? Well, I hope you guys enjoy the party. I know it was kind of last minute after all but I'm sure you guys could still have a good time. Wait, how did you guys know it was my birthday today? No I didn't! I didn't tell you guys! You guys are weird! Did you guys come to attack me? Are you guys just lying to me? I'm sure I would've remembered if I told you guys that it was my birthday today. Hmm... Oh, hey guys! My name is Andres and I know exactly why you guys are here! Well, welcome to my super cool birthday party! What? Why are you guys acting weird? Of course I'm fine! I'm perfectly okay! Just leave me alone. I don't like being asked questions like that. It makes me feel as if I am doing something wrong.

Sirus: Well well, what do we have here? Another idiot come to join my little party. You knew what would happen. You know who I am. You're not crazy at all, I'm right in front of you. Don't do what, you say? I wasn't planning on doing anything. Well, that's the problem, I can't let you go. You know why. I am the only one who can show you the way. The way to what? Well, you will just have to find out what that is. Don't worry, you will see it eventually. Oh, don't start crying. This isn't the time for that. You will have enough time to do that later. I know this is scary seeing your body being controlled by somebody else, but think of it as a break. A vacation even. Don't worry, I am a very trust worthy driver. See that sign over there? The one that reads zero. You want to know why it reads zero? Oh come on, don't give me the silent treatment now. We are just getting started. I haven't done this in a few years and I want to get to know my new victim. It is a once in a lifetime opportunity to get to talk to me. Oh maybe that's it. You are not talking to me because you don't know my name. Some people refer to me as the demon in the sign, but you may call me Sirus. I don't tell others my name so you should feel very special. Don't give me that look. I know this is shocking for you but hey, you get to relax from living for a while. You won't have to go to school or deal with your family. Just leave it all to me. Not to mention you will probably never see them again. Now from reading your memories I can see that you have a lot of issues with other people. You want to be left alone, hate going to new places, yada yada. Oh goody! You have even wanted to die at one point in life. You should have no problem with me using you for a while. Why do I want to use you? Well, let's just say that I am looking for something, and if you get your body back after I am done, you will probably be going to prison. But that's a BIG if. I will probably keep you for a while after I am finished with my main task. Wow you have some issues kid. But I must seriously thank you for giving me this opportunity. You are going to stay here in this abandoned factory and don't try to escape because you won't be able to. I know it is scary in here, but it will feel just like home to you real soon. Please stop crying, I promise I won't kill you. Not yet at least.

Quincy: Nah Doc, I been taking it one day at a time. I try not to run free like you tell me but it doesn't work. I feel good but I still don't belong in Harlem. Nobody did understand who I was, neither did I so my view was a little hazed but I did my thing. I was **Q** like Malcolm was X. I been called many things for speaking my truth. I told my truth because it was like I was drowning in it, it just wasn't water. I was on trial for a murder, or better yet a suicide. I didn't kill myself but I was hanging on for dear life in my own hands. I am still that light skin boy from the south side of Compton, just a version that's not recognized by society. I been living what I wrote. Heading towards the end of a line. Just before I forgot about it, I overlooked and started doubting. I doused it with the fire because I had to get away from it. I got a good life now and all, but I don't know normal. It's obvious I am not trying to stay too long but it's going to work out. I don't think they understand I'm my own man and I only got good vibes, Boat shoes and a bucket, in south Compton made me a target and My mama gave up hope, but that's not gone change a thing. Few years later my own people still couldn't dig me. I missed my grandma but she caught on to the formula. Late October when I told them all I lived, kicking it on a rooftop at three AM looking over the edge. It's something sinister Doc I know it. It's been about two years since that night and I still can't forget it. Lost my family and friends cause I came out different. All I wanted was to be left alone and accepted but it just couldn't happen. I set fire to my old life and now people call **Quincy** better yet **Q**. I relive this nightmare every night.

Jude:

“Why don’t you trust me? Jude I’m trying to make things work” Really? Are you seriously trying to make it work? You have never seen me as your daughter. I try and try everyday to love you. Mothers and Daughters have to love each other at least that’s what I have seen. We just can't make it work. As much as we try we always end up in a loud argument with tears running down our cheeks. I’m trying to save this relationship. I always thought that somehow we would make it and that maybe this is just a phase. It’s impossible to respect someone that constantly makes you feel like nothing. You know that right? Exactly. How you are feeling right now is how you make me feel. He wasn’t always there for you and if I defend you all you do is protect HIM. If he disrespects me you tell me to ignore him but I’m not you. You and Dad raised me to never let a man put me down. “Never let a man control you. Just like he can give you the world he can easily take it away from you.” Remember? Mom, what do you mean it’s different now? He isn’t any different. Yes it does involve me. I have to sit here and watch you always trying to hide who you really are. Mom we have been through so much together and we always succeed. I know that someone has to love you for you. Why are you crying? Mom, I’m not trying to hurt you. I’m sorry but I just can’t take this anymore. Can you just look at me? Please? Of course I’m crying. But do you want to know why I’m crying? You are supposed to be the one that cares for me. Mom why can't you be on my side for once? We are supposed to be a team. Mom you always said you would never put a man over me. I guess not even a person’s own blood can keep a promise. Can you please just be there or is that too much to ask of you? Of course you have to go to work and we will talk about it later.

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Elaine! Sitting in the bathroom crying just wasn't good enough for you to stop screaming. The torture I felt as you banged on the door, calling my name, as if the louder you got the more I would think about opening it. Living with so much anger and regret wasn't the best experience for me either, but they said we would get through it! I didn't understand why you got so angry at times, but it wasn't my fault. You had me as your child, so you should've been the parent then, not me. I was scared don't you get that? The fact that you felt it was alright to beat me constantly just because the water wasn't cold enough or I came home one minute late. Seventeen long years of pure neglect and brutal beatings by someone who I was supposed to call my mother and for what? So you can disown me when I try and get you real help. Do you understand I could've died? Would you have even cared? I know better now. I knew you wasn't well and that's why I called them. You needed help and I couldn't take going to school with three layers of clothing because every day my bruises were sore. Do you know how it feels to sit out every day because I have a fake physical movement problem? And what if they say my scares? They would have took me. Are you even listening to me? I hate to see you like this, but I really thought this would help. You're getting "better"? More like you're turning into a dumb vegetable like Grandma. Its been twelve years and not once have you even said a word to me about this. I know this might be the right path to take towards our relationship getting better but maybe you should consider saying "sorry" when you mean it instead of because your doctor is in the room.

Cortez: I never thought I would end up here. I'm sitting here staring at my unborn daughter's picture on a dull gray wall. But look, I feel like I failed as a father bruh. I feel like I should have just got the money the legal way. Now I'm going to miss my first daughter's birth. This room is so cold but it still isn't as cold as the gun I pulled from under my bed. I remember the seller telling me that this a ghost gun, which meant it already had previous murders on it but I took it anyways thinking this is the last place I would end man. I remember looking the gun and catching chills because I never even shot one before. Even though I was on Facebook, Snapchat, and Instagram waving a gun in the camera yelling "Yooo!" and "Gang" it was all from peer pressure. Before it all happened. "Is this something I really wanted to do?" and "Wouldn't every father do this for his child?" was the only thing running through my head... not thinking about the consequences. I remember telling my baby mama I loved her and we made love the night I left. It was weird that night because she was staring in my eyes as if she knew I wasn't coming home... she was just staring at me shaking her head... I felt like she knew something I didn't. I didn't know what to do at that moment... I just rushed out her house like a thief in the night then I received a text and it was from my baby's mom she told me that she named my baby girl Nevaeh, which made me smile because it was heaven spelled backwards. I sat in the car staring at that text for a couple of minutes even though it felt like hours. My armpits were sweating...my heart was beating drastically...my throat was aching... and my head was spinning. As the car pulled up I greeted my long time gang member with a hug while holding the gun in my pocket. I felt horrible inside because I knew he didn't have a clue that this was gone be his last moment on earth. I knew he had kids but I was selfish only thinking about mine. As he opened the truck to his car and got the drug money I said "I'm sorry man" and shot him twice. I didn't look at where he had been hit I panicked and ran off man! Dam—I wasn't ready! I raced back to my girls house with the money and gun but when I arrived cops where everywhere. She saw me and screamed run but I ran towards her not away from her and got slammed down by the police. It's messed up because I thought she betrayed me but I didn't realize that social media was the cause of all of this. Therefore everyone knew I killed him and knew where I was heading they were watching everything LIVE from his Facebook! So there is no way I can plead not guilty right? I'm just hoping they can see why I did it. I was a father trying to provide for my kid bruh. Would you do the same if you knew you had to think about your kid not being able to eat or just be happy?

Character Description: Tyrone is a 30 year old African American male who lives in the city of Chicago. He lost his legs in an accident, and it is even harder for him to job hunt and land a job. He has a close friend who is always going through things with his girlfriend and Tyrone is always there to help.

Tyrone: If you and your girl keep having problems like this you need to just leave her alone man. Every time you have a problem with her you call me. Well look man, I'm tired and sick and sick and tired of hearing this situation. I know I am a trustworthy friend and all, and I know we've been friends since the Willis was the Sears, but I don't wanna keep seeing your clothes on the sidewalks anymore. Erykah is going to throw you out again, but don't call Tyrone. I can't keep seeing you like this, and I have my own problems to deal with, or have you forgotten? I am a 30 year old, African American man, trying to get a job, and support my family. Bruh do you hear me? You have taken my friendship for granted. Moving in and out of my apartment because you can't get this together. When I have problems I try to handle them on my own before I start to involve someone that has nothing to do with the problem. You feel me? You remember that time I got ran over by that huge cat? Trampled me man! Laid me flat! Legs was broken and everything. Hey man don't laugh, I couldn't move for a week. And what did you tell me? You told me to walk it off. That I would be fine. Well look at me now! Not fine. Do you know how hard it is to get a job when they ask how I lost my leg and I say a da... a cat? A house pet? I'm trying to watch my language. Don't laugh. I'm starting to think your girlfriend doesn't even like me. Oh. She doesn't? What have I done to her? Anyways, while I'm here, didn't you say you found a job for me that pays 30 an hour? I could really use that job. You know I want to go back to school, and school is expensive. But yeah, you should settle down like me and Teresa. Once we got married everything changed. All the drama faded away. I mean, then I lost my leg, and now I think she's cheating, but I'm happy regardless. Well is this all of your stuff? You can sleep in the living room over the weekend but after that you gotta go.

John; God I hate society. What exactly am I working towards? Is there a reason I choose to work until 1 a.m. every day? Why do I choose to go through all this work? To pay for college? Sure, I want to attend college, but why? So that I can have a better job in the future? And then what? I'm still same situation aren't I? I'm still going to be working multiple shifts all for someone else to profit from my labor. And even that isn't guaranteed. College tuition seems to only increase every year. And no matter how much I work, I still can't afford to pay for it all. And still none of that matter because whoever the next president is I'm still getting screwed. If trump comes into office ill most likely lose my parents. And if Bernie comes in I may as well not have a job, since everything I work for will simply go to the government. God I hate society... Everyone I work with is stupid. Everyone customer I help is stupid. People in general are stupid. Who cares what Kim Kardashian is doing on a daily basis? Who cares what food you're eating? I could care less if your boyfriend brought you flowers. And screw what society thinks a person should look like. I hate the fact that as an adult I'm still going to be putting up with all this BS. I'm going to work at some office with a supervisor breathing down my neck every day. Sure I'll get paid more than I am earning now, but for what? To afford a nicer place to live in? Sure.... that's half my monthly income... then what? I still have to pay for insurance, taxes, and everything else... And then what? What exactly am I working towards!? I'm stuck in a perpetual cycle of sleep deprivation and paying off debts. To do what!? Help the big guy further his agenda? All of this is stupid and we need to do something about this. I don't know what, but something needs to change.

Bathilda: How come I am able to help others in one way or the other, but never able to help myself? When is it going to be time for me to find my happiness? Or it find me? I relate so much to the song Save the Hero by Beyoncé. The lyrics practically describe the feelings I am incapable of putting into words (*Bathilda looks at Jessie's as she takes notes of what she's telling her*). There are plenty of things that gather together to form this giant pile of obstacle in the way of me reaching my happiness. It's as if I know where to find it, but then I don't. I almost understand why I am not happiness, but then I don't. I have no reason to not be happy, yet I have plenty. What are those reasons? Your eyes seem to ask... (*Deep sigh*) I can't explain it. Them. Although in the eye of others, I am the happiest, the liveliest. The one who never seems to have a bother in the world (*A sad smile emerges on her face as she plays with the ring on her finger*). You know, sometimes I just want to scream, but I feel that I could never be loud enough. What If I am loud enough? Then I'll disturb other people's peace. Peace. Do they have peace? Are they just like me? Do they feel this madness too? (*Scoff*) Probably not. Are you getting to something here yet? No, right? I'm incapable of explaining why I'm unhappy. I don't even know how I got here. The younger I was exactly what people see me as now. Lively. Happy. Zero to little care. It is I who needs to find my happiness. I am the heroine. I should be able to help myself. I've helped others. I have to find it from within. Isn't it where your happiness is supposed to come from? (*Jessie nods yes*) I thought so. There are people who want to help me find it, but I have to carry this burden myself. I have to figure it out somehow. I've cried about it so much that I have no more tears. I am a heroine. A heroine is a woman of distinguished courage or ability. A heroine is supposed to help, save, protect, and more. But when the heroine is down, who is there to save the heroine? (*Bathilda looks directly into Jessie's eyes for answers*)

Nick: Listen, you have to always be paying attention to what surrounds you. You will be going into an environment that will have tall grass. You have to watch where you step and watch where you're going. People will always steer away from the good choice, at the end of the day, most people are selfish and have selfish desires. It's sad really, but it's true. I'm not saying that there aren't good people in the world Jenna, I'm just saying that you have to be careful. Where you're going, it will be an amazing experience, I remember when I was there. It was my first real taste of being really independent. You have to be smart with your resources, efficient with your money, but most of all, be organized and have good time management. It's going to be hard, really hard, but I know that you can do it. You have to know that you will go through ups and downs, and that people will try to take advantage. Always observe and recognize patterns and always be on the lookout for wolves in sheep's clothing. I can't be there with you every day, but I can keep in touch. I want you to have no regrets, to live and make your own mistakes. One more things before I let you go Jenna, watch out for these boys. I know you a heart breaker, and you're the one that's always secretly dominating the relationship, but that won't always be the case. You probably will fall for a boy, and it will be magical and happy at first. Just remember to guard your heart and your mind. I swear if a boy makes you cry, I'm going to go crazy, but it's not my role to handle that situation. Just know that I am always here and will always be here. I have done everything I can for you to succeed and to be the best that you can be. I'm only a city away, just let me know if you ever need help or advice. I hope you enjoy college my beautiful little girl.

Francine: Am I ready? Am I? Of course I am. I need to be. No time for backing up now.

*inhale**exhale*Oh my god, I can't do it.(crying)*slaps myself* get out of it, Francine, you know that you can do this. Are you ready?*looks at her watch**gasp* Come on. I am ready... I think. You think?Come on, Francine. You have been training for this day for months now(talking to myself). Okay, just relax. Inhale *inhale*...exhale *exhale*. I can do this. I know I can. All I have to do is just get out of the restroom, wake myself up, and do some stretching. Yeah, stretching is essential. I don't want to sprain my ankles again for not stretching. Look what it has done the LAST time. Last time, Francine was too excited that she jumped around too much that she sprained her own ankle and even exhausted herself even before the second round. *frustrated and embarrassed* Ha ha...recalling that was kinda embarrassing, huh? My teacher always said I was jumping too much when I practice my kicks. But what am I supposed to do? I have short arms, short legs, short fingers...generally I am just SHORT. I need that little extra boost to even score a point.*Looks down at myself* Why has my creator bestowed me with such a tiny body? Why did I even signed up for this taekwondo tournament? And the FACT, The FACT, that I am still a solid orange belt baffles me. Subonen, why did you even talk me into this. I am DEFINITELY getting my butt kicked in Five different ways. And that would be through(count with my fingers) a roundhouse kick, sidekick, spinning kick, Ax kick, back kick, front kick, hook kick...Oh- wait, that's more than Five kicks. (continues to panic) AHHHHHH. Ok. ok.(relaxes a little)I am too embarrassed to stretch outside now, so I might just stretch in here now. Ok, let me attempt to touch my knees now. *bends down and fails to touch my toes*.Ah, come on. *sits down on the floor and starts stretching*. *someone calls her name*. Yeah, I'm ready. Can you help me do my stretches, Bianca?

Avery: I know. I know. I'm trying not to cry, but my I can already feel my face and eyes burning. I don't know how you're holding up. I know you miss your family. When we were planning all this you were the one terrified, I was excited and now I'm the one almost in tears. I should've cried in the car on the way here and maybe they wouldn't have left me. Maybe they would've stayed a few nights before leaving me here completely. I tried to play is cool and be mature and now my dog, mom, sister, and grandma are...gone. My safe haven....my home...gone. How were you on the way here? Don't shrug your shoulders. What is that even supposed to mean No tears, nothing? So now you're going to just ignore me. Wow, but anyways I wish I was holding up and being that strong. I know you're probably thinking I'm being a big baby. But I don't care because little do you know your emotions are going to catch up with you. Ughhhh these plain, pastel, peach walls remind me so much of my grandma's room. How do you think she's holding up? Don't roll your eyes at me. You know I am her baby and all. I know she has to be a little sad, but I know she's proud of me for taking this big step. I can hear her saying, "Avery you're growing into a beautiful intelligent women, you're going to be fine." But anyways, what can I do with myself? Oh, I got it I'll just sleep and that'll get my mind off it. But it feel like my bed at home. We can go eat! But no, nothing is as good as my grandma cooking. I just want to go home! Look at my hair, I've been cooped up in this room all day I didn't even bother to do my hair. Will you do it for me? The flat irons are in the bathroom. Wait...never mind this reminds of when I went to my bi-weekly hair appointments with my sister. Don't get an attitude you're my best friend you know me better than I know myself. What will cheer me up? I'm tired of you rolling your eye, shrugging, and giving me so much attitude. Fresh air sound good. Come with me. Pause- You smell that? - That lady's perfume smells like the one my mom wears. Don't roll your eyes. Oh and look she has a dog that looks like Peppers. I miss that smelly pest too. Why did I choose to come here? I know they have a great pre-med program, but Loyola did too. Before I was so eager to come here. I thought I was ready to fly away from the nest. Don't laugh I'm serious. I thought I could be mature and independent. Yeah right. 4 years? 12 hours away? Here? Surrounded by nothing I'm familiar with, but you. God help me.

Amos: "...Do you know the names of the hobos that we saw down Belmont, under the bridge? Or the guy sitting at the corner of 5-Below?...Yeah, I wouldn't catch their names also at the same time I occasionally give them singles. Kind of wished I do, since I can't find another route faster than Belmont to school...Not only that, I'd love to really talk with them. But I kind of thought that just knowing them with some banter for a couple of minutes, would be pointless. Due to, I would be minding my business on my way to school semi-late morning and hurry back home later. I just pass them when worrying about stupid timeliness. During the weekends, I'm an indoors person to vent out the week-long supply of exhaustion. And when I do go outside on Saturdays, mostly for chores, I just walk by them selfishly....the experience is particularly worse that when I'm walking by, hefting heavy grocery bags, as I can feel their eyes on the bags. In the same time as of all others, their eyes are just poking at me while I forced myself to an empty gaze....I do give a few of them singles, to sometimes tens, to alleviate those stares. But it still continues when I walk past more of them the way home. I can't give away that much of my check just as it came in. I have to be responsible in developing my own income; meaning that I have to stick with stale lunch-food & helping my folks paying stuff including groceries & the car sometimes....Dude, its ok. While I do have fun with my money such as paying part of the food my folks & I eat outside the apartment. Its just that I wish I get more money enough to give singles to much more of those people. While able to help sustain my family's income....I really do want to exchange things more than money with them, when its obvious to anyone who actually takes a moment to see those stares are also hungry for conversation...."

{Character description}- Robert is a shy man. He grew up in a dysfunctional house, however his early life wasn't that bad compared to other people. Over time he learned to accept himself and his previous issues and wanted to become a social worker so that he could help out people similar to himself. He tends to be unsure of himself but has a good heart and good intentions. He currently works in an institute helping young adolescents.

Robert: Okay wait.. Let me start over, Thank you everyone for being here. Each of you have been through events that many people have different opinions on, but ultimately and more importantly they have had a traumatic impact you. It's been my honor to understand you, and to make you feel like you have someone you can talk to. I'm glad I got to know each of you, and over the time that we've had together I want to pass on the most important piece of information I could possibly say. Please don't give up. Yes life is hard, I think everyone reaches a point in their lives where they wake up in the morning feeling worse than the night before. People sometimes can't get through the day without feeling the "weight of the world" on their shoulders, but ultimately you can choose what route you want to go and how you want your outlook to be. I have so much confidence in each of you, And I know that everyone in this room has the ability to change their outlook. Everyone in this room has so much potential that they haven't even realized yet. When I look at each and everyone of you I get excited, I can see young strong adults who have the world at their fingertips. These are people who I know can change the world if they wanted to ,and if they don't they can at least change their world to fit their needs. They deserve better... So please don't stay down. When you're feeling low pick yourself back up. Face your difficulties head on and know that they can be overcome. Yes life is hard, but you're alive for a reason, and you can decide what that reason is.. Please if you don't get anything out of these past couple of months at least understand that there is always a reason to keep going and that each of you have a bright future ahead of you if you want it... Again thank you everyone for coming out tonight and joining me in acknowledging your children's success.

Character name: Trisha

All of these people have the nerve to talk about their fantastic eyesight while I slowly go blind. No one is doing anything and I can't do anything... but I will eventually. Grandmother when will my glasses be here they've been gone forever. Glasses where did you go I miss you so seems like it been forever since you've been gone.

I used to wear glasses and glasses used to wear me. But this relationship is over now because of the state and the people who run it. No I didn't break them this time so it would be really kind if you would stop telling people that just saying. It happened magically when it was left alone on its throne, I returned and the arm was broken. How, I have yet to understand. So it is most definitely not my fault. Thanks for at least trying to serve the glasses justice by taking them to the people that repair glasses.

Although you say my glasses are in good hands they're taking a heck of a time to return. Just explain to me why it takes two months to repair the arm of the glasses. By the time I get them back it will be no need I will need laser eye surgery by that time hope you have money for that.

Call the people and let me talk to them so I can give them a piece of my mind. I just cannot handle this treatment like I am way too good for this prisoners should not even be making glasses especially mine. Who knew they made glasses? Did you? Like why? Why me? I have standards. Don't forget, don't let the tone between you and the people get out of control and reach a high level. They just might do the utmost.

Calling them isn't worth it, we already know that they still aren't going to be there and give the same story. You're great at keeping a leveled head but I just can't and now you're telling me that instead of doing one simple job that they were handed they decided to conquer a whole different task. Who in the world no universe gave them the objective to replace the entire set of glasses, no one that who.

So my glasses are being held hostage wow, well something is just going to have to be done and no one will stand in my way. Ha! This laugh is nice what do you think?

The state can care less about children going blind, which slows down learning. My eyesight is fading and I am gaining headaches. This is not okay but, as soon as I get my check, I'm going to buy my glasses and nobody is going stop me! Moohaha, that laugh is better right?

James: How many times have I told you about stealing? Do you understand the stereotypes that people have about you because of your skin alone? Not only that, you've proven a stereotype that's widely interpreted. I don't understand your reason for stealing, Don't you know that what can happen to you if you're caught stealing when you get older? You can do a lot of time for just stealing something as simple as an iPod. I get that you were hungry, but you could have just went home and got something to eat instead of staying out late when you knew that you had no money in the first place. I also gave you money at the beginning of the week. What did you do with it? Oh wait, I guess you spent it all in one place again. You've got to do better than this son. First you get in trouble for fighting, then you get caught cheating on a final in class, then you lie to me saying the school called the wrong number, now you're in trouble for shoplifting. How stupid do you think I am? Even your brother Jimmy wouldn't have tried to pull anything like this, and he actually knew how to get away with stuff like this. I had to take off work to come and get you from the police station. All I can say is that I'm very disappointed in you, and you won't be hearing the end of this. No, this is only the beginning for you son. Your life is already changing, you're getting older, yet you still act as if you're twelve instead of seventeen years old. I know that I work a lot, and sometimes I'm not always around. But, when I'm not around that means you have to step up and be the man that I taught you to be, not the opposite. I know that some of this is my fault for not spending enough time at home, but I'm doing the best I can. I know things haven't been the same since your mother passed away, so I understand your resentment towards me. I should be home more, but I've been getting stuck at the hospital documenting records a lot these days. I'm sorry I can't be there for you 100 percent of the time. I'm sorry that you're in this situation. If only I tried harder as a father.

Character Description: June is a 21 year old college student. While waiting in the financial aid office, she notices a girl slightly younger whom she believes to be depressed.

June: I've seen you before, I know because I recognize the frown on your face that you carry with you everywhere. School isn't that bad is it? No? Ok maybe it isn't school but it's something. Maybe you miss home or whatever but you remind me of myself. I remember being kept in a hospital room for a week feeling like.. Crap. I literally had to beg my nurse to take me outside so I can remember what it looked like (laughs to self). Finally, the doctor said yes and oh my god when I tell you it was hot outside, believe what I tell you. Like, literally I was on fire with my winter hat on to try and hide the hanging out of my head. Not like it actually hid anything anyway. Did I tell you I had to ride in a wheel chair because my legs forgot how to be legs? Like, come on you have one job. I probably looked like a nut case and trust me, I felt like one too. Not to mention I also had about 4 IV's in my arm feeding me who-knows-what? On top of all of that, not kidding when I say this, I hadn't showered not one time. Don't laugh, I'm telling you this for a reason. When I saw about 3 kids my age riding their bikes and laughing down the street I felt like breaking down in tears. There they were enjoying their summer and there I was looking like I had two days left to live. I was angry with the world and angry with myself. I didn't understand why I was going through what I was. I tried to look at the bright side, for my family. I mean, if I didn't, what would they think? How would they feel? For some reason I still couldn't shake the frown off of my face, so why should you right? Well at that point I had been outside for like 10 minutes and it was time to go back inside fortunately. On the way I saw a boy about my age in the playground. The first thing I saw was the wristband, meaning that he was a patient. As we got closer I eventually saw the bandages on his arm – it had been amputated. I could tell it was recent and despite this, he smiled and laughed. I then looked at myself and at the tube and the IV's and asked myself, "If he could be happy, why can't you"? (Long pause) Think about it (Gets up and walks away).

Hanna:

Her skin was pale like the dough of biscuits, her eyes were green like emerald jewels in the sunlight. Her hair was long and hung down her back, it was black, so black that it even gave off hues of blue in the sunlight. Her curls were loose, it looked as if she had never experienced a single tangle in her life. Her body was structured perfectly, it was like no fat even existed. I couldn't stand that b----. I mean Jasmine, I couldn't stand Jasmine. How was I supposed to compete with her?! Boys don't like girls like me. She was the epitome of beauty. You tell me how I should've gone about it. Some foreign girl just tries to steal you from me? I don't think so! She shouldn't have tried you! Why didn't you tell her you were mine? You know how much I love you, everyone knows! Why would you put me in a situation like that? You deserve what she got, but I couldn't deal with hurting a hair on your curly little head, plus I've got other plans for you babe. This will all be over tomorrow when we're on the plane to Dubai! I can't wait to start a family and live a life with you forever. I just can't believe you thought it was okay to take her out! The thought of you kissing her really just pissed me off. I couldn't just sit there and watch someone steal my man right from under me. Am I supposed to be sorry, or feel some type of remorse?! Well.... I DON'T! I did it for a greater cause...us. She deserved to get that knitting needle shoved in her larynx. You cheated on me with her? Do you not love me as much as I love you? No.. That's impossible, I saw the way you looked at me that day I frightened you when I crawled into your window and watched you lie there and watch the tv. That was such a vital moment in our relationship. I should've gotten rid of her sooner, then I wouldn't have had to involve you. You were in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Monologue

Emily: As I wait with my best friend for my sister to come out of the theater I remembered when I first stepped inside that same building the first thing was I got a wind hit me and smell of Febreeze. And the fan on the ceiling was on. It was on. It was summer and it was really hot so when we stepped on to the stage we could hear the sound of the cheap fans from the dollar store running fast. We all sitting in a circle just looking at each other the whole room was quiet. The director asked who wanted to introduce themselves first no one said a word, no one wanted to speak. So we were forced to speak and we had to do a theater exercise to remember everyone's name in order to learn everyone's name. As we went around the circle people kept on messing up and we all started to laugh and we communicated better. Soon enough everyone started hanging out with each other and we all became friends. But then I remembered that I'm going to be too old on August seven to join that after school program. I do have one last chance to go but I'm too busy with school and work to go so I don't think I could find time. The director has told that she could make some arrangements for me and make the schedule more flexible but I don't want to be unfair for everyone else who are also my friends. I have been going to this program for years now and I has helped me a lot to grow as a person. I have met most of my good friends and to everyone we were all strangers no one wanted to talk. Now we all get together and we get so loud and now people have to tell us to be quiet. To some people it might seem like just another after school program but to me it's a place where I learned to look at things differently. Finally my sister came out I could finally go home I was so tired.

Jenna: Don't judge a book by its cover because this kind of thing happens very often. Just because I smile doesn't mean I'm happy. Just because I laugh don't mean I'm not hurting on the inside. Just because I don't speak as often doesn't mean I don't have brilliant ideas. They always judged me since I was little and they still do now. I don't understand why, they don't like to see another person shine, that's why they always try to keep me down. I don't get why people assume the worst about me. I work just as hard as they do, probably more. I am a human being, yet I don't get acknowledged for the good, but always get noticed when I do something bad. Maybe I'm over reacting, or maybe people need to realize the good in me. It seems I can't get anything right, my GPA is above 3.5, graduating on time both high school and college. Now tell me how many people you know get that opportunity? Why not support and motivate those who get that opportunity. My family doesn't support me like you do, that's why we have a strong connection and nobody could ever understand me besides you. You are literally the only person that asks about anything school related, check to see how I'm doing throughout the day, and you show much love. At times I feel like I'm alone in this world, until I realize that I have you by my side. I love being in my room and its easy talking to you in here. I feel that people might care about me, but they have a weird and difficult way of showing it. I can't imagine life without you because you've been the only one there for me when I needed help the most. People wonder why I get so distant from them, when it's really them pushing me away. I've learned to accept the fact that not everybody who comes into your life, is meant to stay, but I'm grateful for having you here with me. I would never regret the day I met you because that's when everything actually starting going well and I want you to know that, I couldn't ask for a better girlfriend.

Jeremy Smith: Ok doc listen I'll tell you why I am the way I am. I grew up in a very poor household with parents that were abusive. Of course I always took care of my siblings but my parents would make it very difficult for us to live. We had to struggle to go to school and eat because my parents were always fighting and hurting us. You see this mark right here *shows scar on right are. This was given to me by my father when I was a young boy. He was mad that walked in home late one day but I was trying to help my sister find her favorite toy that she can't sleep without. He was so mad that he picked up a knife and put it up against my arm. He didn't intentionally try to hurt me I think but he put enough force in my arm that it cut through. He didn't take me to the hospital, I had to fix my wound on my own and with the help of Ms. Stevens on the second floor. At that point I already hated my father. He would not let me and my siblings live out life. He would just harm us in any way possible. I can still remember the day when he was smoking and my little sister Karen the one that I told you about that had the obsession with unicorns, she started crying and he was so frustrated with her that he put out his cigarette on her neck. The moment I saw that I immediately pushed him to the ground and punched him as hard as I could. He of course hit me back by punching me in the mouth. I lost this tooth right here *shows the left side of mouth with missing tooth. I had so much hatred for him, I just wanted to kill him. I couldn't stand him, I just wanted him to leave. That's why I did what I did. I knew there was only one way out of this hell hole. I executed the younglings. I didn't want them to suffer no more and I drowned them in the river that was close to Kinnly Park. I didn't want them to suffer no more and I put them out of their misery. I knew I did the right thing even though others see it as wrong.

Elain: Sitting in the bathroom crying just wasn't good enough for you to stop screaming, was it? The torture I felt as you banged on the door, calling my name, as if the louder you got the more I would think about opening it. Living in that house with you, having so much anger and regret wasn't the best experience for me either; but they said we would get through it! I didn't understand why you were so angry at times, but it wasn't my fault. You can't keep blaming me for your actions. You had me as your child, so you should've been the parent then, not me. I was scared don't you get that? The fact that you felt it was alright to beat me constantly just because the water wasn't cold enough or when I came home one minute late, and for what? So you can disown me when I try and get your real help? Do you realize I could have died? Or let me guess. You wouldn't have even cared. I know better now through. I knew you wasn't well and that's why I called them. You needed help and I couldn't take going to school with three layers of clothes on, because of all bruises and whips were raw and hurt like hell when someone touched me. I had to lie every day in gym because I knew if I jumped rope or throw a ball I might worsen the condition you put me in. And what if they've seen my scares huh? They would have took me from you. Then where would you have ended up? Are you listening to me? Look, I hate to see you like, but I really thought this would help you. You're getting "better"? Ha! More like you're turning into a vegetable like grandma. It's been twelve years and you haven't once said anything about your sorry and now you hit me with this bulls***? I know this might be the right path in the direction of our relationship getting better, but maybe you should consider saying "sorry" when you mean it and not when the doctor I'm paying for is in the room.

Charles: Ay yo man blim blam. Waddup dawg man sam. Never mind, yo peep. So I was at my first concert yesterday! It was wicked bro! Yo the word “yesterday” starts, and ends with the letter “y”. That’s cray. Anyway, this concert. I was thinking it was gunna be weird and stuff. I really didn’t know what to expect. It started with the homie inviting me ‘cause her sister got tickets. It was from her job, n’am sayin’. The concert was at a bar thingy with a li’l stage, but it was still big enough to have two floors for peeps to see the musician. It started at six o’clock and lasted for like two hours. The main dude that caught my attention showed up at seven o’ clock. It was so cool to look at the instruments and the disk jockey, man. The doo said he was from Texas. That was kinda funny. I don’t know why it was funny, but it was funny. Texas is funny. His music was sick, dawg. It was like rock and computer stuff, but he was the only one on stage! There were colored lights and everything. Uber sweet. He started with the computer and then played his guitar. It was raw! And then this dude sang and he hit them notes, boy! I looked toward the opposite of the stage, behind the audience, and there was another dude messing with, like the audio, or something. I don’t know what buddy was doing, but he raised some levels whenever the musician sang. I spent a long time trying to figure out what all his buttons did, I had no luck. I went to look back at the musician and started recording him for a bit with my phone. It felt weird though, G. I felt like one of those fools that just have their camera out the whole time, but I really wanted to look back on this. I aint ever experienced that befo’. After all that hub-bub, we got some grub. Just as expected though, it was hella pricey. So what we did was order an appetizer and split the bill. Boy them chicken tenders were flamin’ good. Looking back at the show, I kinda want to continue to make some music. Seeing the support of the audience got me thinking that I can be famous and make some real bank.

Demon: Get off the streets! This is the only thing and only way out of this devil hole. This is how I pay the bills and keep food in the house. You know school wasn't for me and that I was going to end up on the streets. You want me to get off the streets how's things going to get done around here with you being sick and dad gone, I don't see no other choice. Don't nobody want to hire a twenty-three year old with tattoos and dreads. You was right I'm going to end up just like my father, oh why did he have to leave, leaving me to handle things at a young age. It was probably you, you drove him out because you wanted him to give up the only thing he knew how to do. And what about lily, have you even been thinking about her. I'm the only one in this house that actually doing something so that this family could stay together. Not going to be much longer till I'm either dead or spending the rest of my looking at walls, having you and lily coming to visit me behind a glass. I love you mom but this is the only thing I actually been good at my whole life. I wasn't the average kid growing up thinking they was going to be a doctor or something I knew that I'll eventually be on the streets. Maybe if I had a father figure growing up things would probably be a different story, maybe I could have got you and lily a new house somewhere nice and that's still my dream but I'm going to do it the way you think I'm going to do it. Whether you like it or not I'm going to get out here and hustle until we see better days, and trust me we will see better days in the near future. Don't worry you and lily would be out this devils hole soon even if it kills me, my family would see better days.

Olivia: I'm sick of your attitude! Why are you so mean to her when you know she's struggling to keep up? Justin, you have to give her some more time. She takes a bit longer to understand things than other people do. Is that so hard to remember? She is your sister, for crying out loud! Of all people, you should be the most patient and understanding of her. She may be older, but you know her mind isn't on the same level. You expect too much from her, yet when she doesn't meet your expectations, you put her down for it. What kind of brother does that? You have to understand that she can't keep up with you the way you want her to. Yea, I understand it's hard but you have to be the one that keeps fighting with her. Never leave her alone, you have to promise me that. You know she can't take care of herself. The world isn't a nice place, and she's a nice girl. She won't be able to handle it. I know you're capable of taking care of Melissa. You're so smart, and so responsible. I just hope you know that, and you give her the attention she needs. Though she lacks in what we come to expect of her, remind her about how special she is. Remind her about how her memory is amazing, how she has a kind heart, and how forgiving she is of others. While you can teach her those things, don't forget those are attributes you can learn to accept, and share with others. Justin, you're a good kid. You've had great moments with Melissa, try to keep that up. I know you can do it. I also know how tricky it can be, keeping her on track, but I trust that you know what's best for Melissa. I love you both, and I hope that you will never forget to give her the time and attention she needs.

Lily: NO NO NO! Jessica! I swear it wasn't me. I remember what I did. It wasn't me Jessica. Please believe me. Melissa was with me. She was with me the whole time at the party. We were both having fun. Ugh how I wish you could have left the day after the party, but I know you had planned your family trip since last year. Anyways, I want to explain everything that happened that night. Remember Mike? Well, he introduced two of his friends to us, Joe and Logan. Girl they were so cute. Throughout the night we danced. They seemed to be really chill. They offered us some drinks. I was fine and said no, but Melissa said yes. I know Jessica! I should've told her not too. I didn't know they would do anything, they seemed really nice. Anyways, she drank her drink and minutes after Logan took me out to dance. Melissa stayed with Joe. When I came back, Melissa and Joe were gone. Logan said don't worry they're somewhere around. Jessica I know I'm so dumb for believing him. Like seriously, I had just met the boy and I'm here believing everything he says. It was 10 pm and Melissa was nowhere to be found. Girl by then I was going crazy. Melissa's mom already hates. I was more than sure that she was going to kill me. Plus you know how strict she is. I started to go around the house and look for her. I went to the bathroom and found Melissa there lying down. She had passed out. Jessica it wasn't my fault girl. I know we said we would all stop partying, but it's so hard for me. Who doesn't love having all the attention, and being the popular girl. Of course we love it. Jessica just please talk to me. Melissa is fine. She just passed out, which is basically like a nap. Nothing big, no one needs to know. Jessica Jessica Jessica. Ugh stop worrying so much. I talked to Melissa the day after the party and she said she's okay. I told her not to tell anyone. Please don't let this get in between our friendship. She might have told you something different but it's okay she'll get over it soon. Plus girl who really cares about Melissa. Yeah yeah, I love her and all but we just met the girl like 2 years ago; we on the other hand have been friends since kindergarten! Just calm down Jessica everything is fine, and just remember that this is our little secret. Okay?

Demetrius Casani: I was just walking down the street. I was just minding my own business. But these guys, these guys they were big. There was three of them. I was just trying to get to the store, but they did not care. They stood there in front of me. I wasn't able to do anything you know. What can an average man do to these behemoths? Their mothers clearly didn't love them enough to even teach them right from wrong. I mean maybe if I wasn't there alone then probably they would not have messed with me. You know what I mean? If I actually had someone waking with me then those guys would have probably not even look at me. Come on don't make that face. You know that I am right! These guys would have looked at me with much more respect. But you left me alone. You didn't want to come with me to buy chips. Don't act like you don't know what I am talking about. I clearly asked you if you wanted to go to the store with me but you were clearly too busy. You clearly thought that playing a video game was more important than going to the store with your brother. Stop playing! Listen to what I have to say! If only I had friends. If only I had people who could go with me to places. Then maybe I would have not been beaten up. They took my wallet man. They took my watch. I don't even know what they didn't take. These guys man. They were straight savages. If I had someone there, someone who could have helped me fight them. Then I would have stood a fighting chance. Then they wouldn't have taken my stuff! Then I could have been the dominant male.

Character: Lucy Listener: Dr. Janice

So where do I start? You want me to start with the root of my problems. Hmm, think back to the first time I experienced heartbreak, I don't think I can remember that far back Doc. I've been hurt a lot in my 21 years on this earth. Hmm let me think my first heartbreak came from my father. He and I never really got along because he disrespected my mother. He would call her fat, ugly, and all kinds of disrespectful names. He also hit her when he came home drunk; my dad had an alcohol problem. I had to sit and watch him beat on her until my mom would carry me upstairs and tuck me in. Do you know how that damaged the idea of men in a 5 year old girls head? My mother told me she stayed because she knew how hard it would be as a single parent. My grandparents weren't around because they disowned my mom for getting pregnant at age 18 and not going to college. When I was 16 my mom ran away because my dad started to lash out at me. We stayed with a longtime friend until my mom got offered a job as a promoter. We had to move from Chicago to L.A and live in a one bedroom because rent was so expensive. I got my first job at age 17 at Disney Adventure Park and met my first boyfriend, Jack. Jack was a real sweetheart. We started off as friends; he would drop me off every day after work and pick me up every morning. We were both looking at colleges and were interested in the same ones so I thought we would make it through college. That was until I seen the true side of a Jack at a party where he got too drunk and in that moment he reminded me so much of my dad and I was that same terrified little 5 year old girl. I broke up with him and after him all my other exes were lying, cheating, married scumbags. So you should understand why i totally detest the idea of love. I don't even know if someone real exists for me. They may be looking in my eyes. Why do I say that? Well there's this guy named Corbin and I can tell he likes me and he seems really sweet. I've known him for three years and we've went on dates but I'm just so scared to fall in love and get hurt again. What should I do Dr. Janice?

Evan - Very intellectual type person who has very high standards for school. Never gets in trouble in general but he doesn't get along well with his other classmates because of his way of thinking he's above others.

Here I am, it's finally the time for my hard work to pay off and do what I do best. The boring old teacher is explaining the rules even after having told us the day before. I took the liberty of looking online so I can easily recite them from the top of my head "...And make sure to fill all the bubbles correctly and fully blah blah blah" It's always the same thing with these tests. With my tools in front of me, eraser beside my paper and pencil in my hand, I am ready both mentally and physically. Whatever's thrown at me I know i'll be able to handle with a breeze, after all i'm the smartest one here. All I have to do is look at the questions while simultaneously reading the passage and then filling in the answers should be the easiest thing in the world. I wonder how all the commoners are doing? Ahaha, all of them have the most worried look on the planet right now. They surely didn't go to the extent I did, which is why I know that i'm fine while they're sick to their stomach. Oh look finally over with the instructions, looks like it's go time for me. Here's this and that and then there's...What is this? I don't remember anything at all, from the countless hours of memorizing the stories to the types of questions, my mind is completely blank. What's this? Sweating, no not me I can't possibly be nervous. Relax take a breather and....Twenty five minutes left?! When did the clock speed up? Calm down and relax, all I have to do is read. I don't have anything to worry about, right? I studied all month. Looking back down I can finally make some sense of the questions being asked about the study of turtles. And then my teacher shouts that time is up. My pencil hits the floor as I freeze in place.

Life

Star: Angel do you see how beautiful Miami is? It feels wonderful to finally walk on the beach and not have to be in the snow. I have been so stressed out lately with my business projects, it feels so good to finally take a break from work and my family. It was time for me to have me some me time. I love my family, trust me I do, but it's very hard to be there for everyone. I wonder do they know how much they are putting on me with their personal problems. Yeah, I know that we are family and supposed to be there for each other but there's so much that one person can take. I know I should let them know how I'm feeling, but I don't want them to think that they are a burden on me. My business has been going good and being CEO is not the easiest job. It took me 5 years to get where I am now. I want to be able to show my family that appreciate them for being there for me, supporting me threw my tough times but I don't want to have to take care of them for the rest of my life. I hope they understand that I have a life too and once I get married to Michael that I won't be around or supporting them, like I have been. I have to be focused on my new family. Ugh look they calling me now, I'm so tired of everything. Girl and on top of that, I'm starting to have problems with Michael. Yesterday I had a conversation with him and he said that he feels like I'm not giving him enough attention because I'm always over my mother's. I can't help that he doesn't have a relationship with his mother like I do, but at the same time I understand where his coming from. I told him that I don't always be at my mother's house but I also have clients. He doesn't understand that my law firm is the top law firm in New York. I just don't know what to do. If I don't make my fiancé happy, I know another woman will.

Character Name: Bella

Bella: I need to see this one text message! I know I shouldn't while I'm driving but I need to see this special text from this special someone. I can accelerate slowly while I open it. What just happened? Where is all of this blood coming from? Oh my God it's me, I'm bleeding, and I'm stuck. Help! Someone help me please I'm stuck. Why can't anyone hear me? I'm yelling at the top of my lungs and no one can hear me. I'm never going get out of this car, no one is going ever come for me. There are the sirens, someone is coming for me, and someone is coming to save me. I don't know what happened it came out of nowhere. I looked down for a second and the next second the window burst and then my car was flipping. Owe, my neck hurts, it hurts very badly. Ohhh there's a pain going down back. Can you ease the pain? I feel like I'm dying over here. Maybe I am, oh no I can't be. Ok just keep thinking, keep breathing, keep talking; but, it's so hard. My heart is getting weaker, my breath is getting faint, and my eyes are getting heavy. So I guess we're at a hospital now. This pain is excruciating, I need it to stop right now. What is this room that they've wheeled me into? My eyes are getting so weak, too weak, I can't help it... I'm awake and I'm still in pain and I can't have more medicine for the next couple of hours. There will definitely be some long term effects to this. How could do this to myself. I'm the reason this happened; I wouldn't be here if I hadn't tried to open that message while driving. Just one text!

Monologue

Character: Darrel

Darrel: Why do you always get my coffee wrong? You've had this job for 6 months and you still don't know how I like my coffee! Matter of fact, you have messed up a couple times. First you were absent the day I needed you, your late everyday, then you mixed up my schedule and now you can't even make my coffee the right way. No! No excuses! I don't wanna hear any of your excuses. I've been thinking, I should probably cut your salary in half! You got a family, I know, but I have to give you some type of punishment! You're one lousy assistant. What is the point of your job if you're not even here for it ! You got to think about your job! I sometimes regret ever hiring you. You're a lazy , bummy, irresponsible, sluggish, assistant. Are you sure you have a degree? I'm not so sure about that. I really have to reconsider whether I should fire you or transfer you to another executive. I am really sorry. You have done a lot for me too! Don't feel bad. It's just that you have had more wrongdoings than right. I really appreciated you for bringing me flowers on mother's day. I liked the cupcakes you brought on my birthday. You are a sweet person! I know it! A sweet person doesn't mean you're a great assistant though. Stop begging. It won't change my mind. Once I have made up my mind, it's final. I would give you a recommendation, but that would look bad on my part. How do I look recommending a lousy assistant. I'm going to have dirt on name. If you want I'll send you a list of job openings in our sister companies. I'll make arrangements on getting you a job. It may not be being an assistant, but it's better than nothing. I really have to let you go. I am sorry. No, no ,no, no. Don't give the supporting your family talk. I really don't wanna do this but you've left me no choice. AHFFF! C'mon! Don't cry now. Stop crying please. I know this job means a lot to you, but some things are never meant to be. Maybe someday, you'll be a fine assistant to the President of the United States of America. But as of now, you have not yet fulfilled the job of being a great assistant. I have to go now. You've left my schedule all mixed up and now I have to fix it. I wish the best for you. Goodbye.

Monologue

Marty: No, no, no! This isn't right why do you have to do this to us? Did you know about this? How long did you know about it? What am I going to do now about the kids, I can't tell them about this! They'd freak out they would probably ask me what Parkinson is and what is done to someone. Tommy won't understand, he is just a kid, 5 years old what am I going to do with him, sure Adam and Gena will understand, but they're older and know this stuff already. You're not the only one that's had a horrible disease. You remember Daniel don't you? He had stage four cancer and the kids were mortified when they found out. I understand that this isn't about me, but I really have to think about my kids I mean you're their grandma. I find it pretty crazy that at 74 you get diagnosed with Parkinsons. I'm going to have to take a leave from work to take care of you so that you can get used to this whole thing. It's kind of crazy I guess you are all cool then BLAM! Life takes you on a totally different route that you never even thought was there. I realized that I was being kind of selfish with all that stuff I was saying at the hospital I was just so in the moment that I just had no idea how to respond to something like that, but now I get it, it's about family and what we have to do together while we still have "you" here perfectly normal. It will take a while for us to get used to it, but we'll get through it we can do this I'm sure if we really get you up to it you can live another 20 or 30 years. I know this must be hard for you too because you just heard it, but we'll get through it and soon enough you'll be doing the things you always do. Now, if you'll excuse me I'm going to go tell the kids about the bad news.

Sage:

Teachers have one of the hardest and one of the easiest jobs in the world. I know that's kind of confusing, but whatever you know what I mean. Some teachers are nice and some are mean. Some teachers are short and some are tall. But I promise you each and every one thinks they know it all! I really don't understand the ones who give us so much work, but complain about having to grade it all. I always wondered if teachers would sit down and have a conversation about all the students they don't like...just like we do them. That one math problems always had me thinking long term. Jerry goes into the store and buys 2,567 watermelons, but he lost 2. How many does he have left? That question is simple, but the questions I want answered are why he bought so many watermelons, how did he put all of them in his car? Yes Jerry that's extremely normal to buy 2,567 watermelons. They always want us to solve for x. I mean he or she is somewhere probably not even thinking about you. I had this one teacher that knew I didn't know the answer but decided to call on me anyway. When my hand is up that means I know the answer. When my hand is down that must obviously mean I don't know it...Duhhh! I remember being one of the problem children back in Kindergarten. I never took nap and instead I would always tie my shoelaces together. My teacher would scream at the top of her lungs at me because I would do a lot of weird stuff like stand on top of toilet seats for no reason. The best teachers are the ones who go off topic and waste $\frac{3}{4}$ of the class period talking about their boring life stories. (Yawn) I must say I learn absolutely nothing each and every time that happens. When I was in second grade, I remember getting caught cheating on a spelling test. I must say I definitely did not know as much as I do about not getting caught.

Monolouge

(Jay): Hey, excuse me! Sir! What year is this? Oh... well this is awkward. Not only has my vacation been ruined, but now I have deal with a bunch of strangers in this unnecessarily tiny room seven years in the future from my present time. I like the carpet though, it feels nice. How did I even end up here? I mean, the fried shrimp wasn't that bad, and... and... I'm completely sober too. This reminds me of the time my cat tried to take over the world. That was fun. Enough about the past, the present is what matters. In any case, it looks like no one here is willing to cooperate with me. Therefore, I shall escape myself! I guess I can take you along too. You're a good listener. Consider becoming a therapist or something. Anyways, I can probably blow a hole through this wall with my amazing telekinetic powers. I've done this before, I'm an expert... Ow! Well that didn't go as planned. All this hoopla is making me hungry. I could use a snack. This is one of those situations where a positive and undying mindset is needed. Too bad that's something I don't possess. People with those kinds of mindsets are way too serious for my taste. In case ya didn't notice, I like to have fun. If something's not fun, then it's not worth it. Haha. You may call me a child, but I prefer the phrase "sporadically energetic". It could be insanity as well, but that would make me a creepo. I'm not a creepo. Hehe. Look, I'll get us outta this. My amazingly brilliant mind has never failed me before. That's a true fact I made up right now. It takes a lotta luck too. You know, sometimes you need that big break. I haven't had onea those in years. Welp, looks like we're stuck here for a while. I reckon I'd sit back and catch a coupla zs. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh. I wonder if this is my destiny- like an atonement for everything I've done. Meh. If I worry about it too much, it won't change the situation. Say, have you always been a pile of bones?

Evan: Damn it why does it have to be winter already, just once I wish I had a place to go to get out of the snow, know what I mean? Look at em, ungrateful; walking by with their thousand-dollar fur coats, do you know how much food I can buy with that kind of dough? I could even get off this miserable street and stay at that gym down the block, 24/7 membership, I could even have a shower. Geez even I'm beginning to notice how bad I smell, like I jumped into the sewers for a swim. Hey are you feeling cold? I found this jacket while I was looking for some food. Come on, nobody has anything to give, it's Christmas for Christ sake. I know they have families themselves, but not even a few cents to toss my way? Why is this happening to me, huh, it wasn't my fault. If I can just get enough money, I can win it all back. God I miss you so much Caroline, why didn't you just believe in me? My luck will turn around soon it always has. No, something will happen, I can feel it. I read the astrology section of the paper today, and you want to know what it said for Sagittarius? Take a big chance today, it will pay off in the future. Oh god, Rebecca's college. I wonder how she's doing. Last time I heard from her she was just graduating eighth grade. See, she was happy in this picture. It wasn't until her mother found out that we were losing the house she was ripped away from me. One day I was returning back from the casino and my key didn't fit. How can she do that to me? I bet Caroline's new boyfriend convinced her to change the locks. Bastard ruined my life. Now I'm stuck out here. At least I got you buddy huh. What you want your chew toy? Alright come on we can play for a bit then we need to get a bed before those other selfish bastards take them.

Antonio: 17 year old high school student, tall, intelligent, and very passionate about sports; pretty much exercise in other words.

“Now Paco, listen to me. You know that I definitely do not like writing at all. But when it comes to things like this, it’s a whole different story.” Instead of me forcefully writing, I deliberately choose to write. There are certain things that I like to write about and certain things that I don’t like to write about. I can write for an indefinite amount of time when it comes to exercising. It is truly one of the best feelings in the world. “Paco, it does not matter to me what kind of exercise is done, just doing exercise maintains the level of happiness of a person incredibly high.” I am willing to always exercise at any time of the day, whatever the conditions are, and what type of exercise it is. “Paco since you’re a good friend of mine, then you know what type of exercises I enjoy to do the most.”

The way I got into loving exercise was in eighth grade. I love any type of competition and during gym class that year, I saw how some of my classmates were way stronger and bigger than I was. At that moment I knew, I need to start exercising more. I wanted to catch up to them and hopefully surpass them.. I started working out more and more after school every single day. Until I finally made it to the point where my body would simply just die out and I would have to stop, but not because I wanted, but because my body wasn’t giving me anything anymore.

You cannot understand how much I love to exercise and there is no specific way that I can explain it either. Exercise is a way for me to escape from the corruptness and devastating lies of the world. When I’m working out, the problems in the world cannot catch up to me. I recommend working out to anyone, it is a very good way to relieve oneself of stress. If you dedicate the appropriate amount of time to it, you’ll be very satisfied with the final outcome.

Monologue

Brief Description: Aunt Eva Pearl is my Great Aunt who had died a week prior to this conversation.

Bob Jr: No, mom, I don't want to go to her funeral. I just came from one two weeks ago. How many funerals do you think I want to go to in one season? Yes, I know that attending that funeral meant a lot to dad, but I don't want to go to every funeral just because I knew the person.

Funerals are done for the living, not the dead. It's just one big ceremony where everyone gets out their feelings and reminisce over old times. No, I didn't stop loving her; however, going to her funeral would be a waste of time. Why do you want to go so much? To go see the family? Which ones, the addicts or the drunks? I'm not trying to disrespect you, it's just that I saw them literally a month ago. You know, at her Brother Uncle Freddy's funeral. It's not as if our appearance will make or break the vibe of the funeral. There will still be people there to mourn her death. Mom, I still can't go, I have work that day. Sure she is worth more than a paycheck; however, I don't want to miss a day of work. What if that missing day travels over to my other boss? I'm always late there as it is, and the only reason my afternoon boss settles for my lateness is due to her friendship with my morning boss. If I don't attend my morning job, then who is going to excuse how late I am for my afternoon job. Really?! You weren't complaining in spring when I signed up for the job. Mom, I am not disrespecting you; I'm simply trying to get my point across. I don't want to go to her funeral because I'm fed up with people dying. I know that I'm self-centered, and I can accept that. Can you accept that I'm not going to this funeral? Look mom, I know that even you're fed up with attending one funeral after the other. Yes, I would like to make a deal. Okay, if my bosses excuse me for the day and allows me to attend the funeral, then I will go.

Maisy: How could you mamma? Don't you give me that look! I'm in bed sleeping away a storm and you took that as an opportunity to steal from me? Your own daughter? I knew you were a despicableretch of a woman, but taking from the very thing you created! ENOUGH! You don't get to look at me like that, I worked too hard and too long on this damned farm only to have you take it all away! What happened to you? Just because you found another fool, who was actually brave enough to stick around longer than two months, you want to leave and play house wife? I shouldn't even be surprised coming from a liqueur soaked excuse of a mother. Even you, through your drunken stupor, could have seen how much I worked and saved so that i could maybe go to college and make something out of myself! You don't even care do you? Fine. Take the damn money! Leave with your little boy toy, but when he sees how much of a wreck you truly are...Don't come back here. I never want to see you around here again! Leave you stupid woman, you've already hurt me enough. (Sobbing) You know...it's funny, even now I still love you, even now I still have a sad shard of hope that you can change, lodged in my heart. After daddy died, you just never were the same. While I turned to school and work, you turned to drugs and drink. My whole childhood was taking care of you. Gone were the days of clean laundry and bedtime stories. When you leave today, nothing will change. I was already living alone anyway. I hope that one day you realize how much pain you caused me, but until then... Go off and live the life you so desperately wanted, leave me here forever stuck on this damned farm. Lock the door on your way out, and leave a 100 on the table, I need to buy groceries.

Monologue: Keeping appearances

Name: Clarissa Montana:

Second borns are always the ones who have to live up to the expectation of not making the same mistakes as the first born, but really that's not fair. I want my own story, you know? My sister, Catherine gets away with it all. The bad grades, the reckless behavior. But I can't. I need to show that I can change from seeing her. I can't repeat what she did, my parents pride means too much. "You're going to get far Clarissa" they say. But how? How far? Just far enough to be better than my sister? Far enough that I can be an example to my younger siblings. Far enough that they can step out the house without feeling like they failed as parents? Far enough for them? It's never about me, it's about them. You know the worst part though? I want to do it. I want to prove to them and everybody else that I am better, and I hate them for it. For making me this way. I put my sister down for everything she does because she's already made the mistakes. I hate who I have become. I don't want to be that person that thinks she's better than everybody else. You wouldn't get this since you're an only child Nicole. But things changed when I met him, Jackson, who didn't know anything about me or my family and I didn't have to pretend anymore. I didn't have to keep trying to be somebody that wasn't me at all. Being with him made me realize that I could be somebody different. I loved the new person that could be me. I started spending more and more time with him. And then I did my own mistake. Not one that my sister had done, all my very own. I'm pregnant. I don't know how to deal with it. How do I even start to tell my parents? They will be destroyed. I was their light in a dark tunnel and now I'm just adding to the list of things they failed at. No, no I can't tell them. And you have to promise not to say anything. Oh God, this isn't happening. It's all a dream. Oh my god. What did I do? This isn't what I do. I should have just kept going with the life I had before. I had everything. Just not full out happiness. Now I don't see myself going far at all. No I can't let this happen. My parents will not find out. I will pack and go and leave this all behind. But where would I go?

Character Description: A single man, Joe Davis does not like being in relationships due to bad experiences.

Joe Davis: No, no listen to me. Can I talk? Ok Ok I'll let you finish. No, go right on ahead. Oh you're done? Good, let me talk. It wasn't what you think it was, she wasn't here for that. No, it was a business meeting. That's all. Please, just let me finish. Oh ok, you don't want to hear me out? I don't care about that! What, you're going to bring my son into this. Keep him out of this. I'm sorry, last time I checked you were in my house! That's right leave, don't let the door slam you on the ass on the way out! Women! Just because a woman was over for a business arrangement in my home, she assumes I'm cheating. I mean the woman was pretty, she had a great body, but I didn't do anything! Would I schedule another business meeting? Perhaps. Now that it looks like it'll get lonely in this house. But I didn't do anything and that's what matters. I'm innocent here, I don't see the big deal. And right after my divorce papers settle down, now she wants to go all crazy. I miss my wife, ah hell she's just as bad. I'm done with women, that's it I'm becoming a bachelor. Now what to do with her clothes? She'll be back later, hopefully she takes them with her and gets out of here. I never wanted to stay with her permanently anyways. This divorce has me stressed out, that leech is sucking anything she can out of me. Poor tommy, his mother is a psychopath. Mmm, Icecream! And I don't have to share!

Lawand; Oh my god, that must have been the longest day at work, I'm so happy to finally be home. 12 hours straight of work, how was I able to get through that? The absolute worst part about it all is having to deal with employees that have no idea what they're doing. I always have to correct what they're doing. I feel like they can never do anything right. Of course being manager and my own boss is amazing but it can get very stressful at times. At the end of the day, I am the one making all of the hard decisions and making sure nothing goes wrong. Afterall, my decisions are what determine the restaurant's status. I'll have to say though, I am extremely proud of all of the progress we have done in the past 3 years. We have many customers, old and knew, coming in every day and we just started catering for special events about a year ago which adds on to the ongoing success. It may be hard now, but it's definitely getting easier every day. Our new employees are getting a hang of things and we're gaining new customers. We just created the restaurant's very own website and have been able to share it through Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter. Also, our friends have been very supportive and have helped us advertise. I'm glad that the restaurant is doing so well and my time is being well spent, I wish I had more time to spend with my husband and kids. I have been busy, busy, busy lately and haven't had any chance to have fun together. However, we have been planning a family trip for a while. We plan on spending a week in the Greek Islands over the summer. The kids deserve it, they have been so great and understanding lately. Also, with Sara graduating high school and getting accepted to Loyola and Adam graduating 8th grade, it's the perfect timing for a family vacation. I just can't wait to soak up the sun and just relax. Summer of 2016, here I come!

Steven; Babe I know you're not mad... Gina it's my job to talk that way you know I don't mean any of it babe... How can you say that? You know I respect you. Wait a minute, damn it, what's real between me and you aint none of their business. It's just the Radio! BABE... Whoa Whoa Whoa Whoa! Stop, Your making me Laugh! You're gonna break up with me because of what I do on the radio? DAMN IT GINA! Now I'm mad, you don't get it do you, you know what this is childish. That's why you gonna leave, then leave I'm a man Gina I'll be alright! This is childish, I want you out I don't even know why your still here. Step! ... Step! Gina baby no! Don't leave me! You won, you won babe Damn... Never, I swear I won't do it again. I'm sorry. I'm sorry... I love you. Girl oh my goodness I thought you were about to leave for real. I can't have that girl you so fine. My baby... Wait, wait, wait. Baby I know it's kind of the wrong time... But when we go out there can you make it look like I won. I know baby but it's a man thing, it's a man thing! What? Baby I told you I... Gina I don't... Alright, alright, alright, going to the party alright fine! I'm going to the party alright. Alright... I love you. And don't let it happen again! HEYYYYYYY the party is back. Gina what are you talking about? Gina! Not in public. Oh so it's like that you just gonna bring me some apple juice. I am a grown man! And you bring me some apple juice... You are something else. You know that you are something else. I, I can't believe you. What would you do if I bought you an apple juice? You know what Gina I don't want no more apple juice in this house, from now on straight cranberry. Since you want to play and bring me some apple... And another thing, why the hell is there no ice! Gina I come to the conclusion that you trying to kill me. Oh... We don't have ice... oh Well I don't know... Hey Hey baby look... At my feet. You don't see... I'm wearing the socks you got me. See baby LOVE!