

Trapped in an Elevator - Sophia Martin

*(Actor mimes getting into the elevator, pushing the button, and having the elevator start up and then lurch to a stop.)* No. This isn't happening. This is it. My nightmare has come true. I'm going to die. The cable is going to snap and I'm going to fall hundreds of stories. *(Rapidly breathing.)* I'm running out of air. I've got to get out of here. Which button do I press? This red one is for emergencies, right? Or is it the blue one? NO. Probably the red one. Use your head. Think. Think. Oh heck, I'm just going to press all of them. *(Presses the buttons. Waits.)* Nothing's happening. There should be a siren or something. Help! Help! I'm trapped in here! Anyone? Where's my cell phone? *(Digging through bag, checking pockets.)* Oh my God, I left it charging in the car. Okay, calm down. Just calm down. What do I have to eat or drink. *(Rifling through bag.)* Two sticks of gum. Gum covered in lint. I'm going to die. *(Slumps to the floor.)* No one knows I'm in here. They're not going to find me until my rotting corpse starts stinking up the building. This is a dream, right? *(Pinches himself/herself.)* Nope. I'm awake. I'm having a nightmare, but I'm awake. So, this is the way it ends for me. I'll never get married, or have children, or finish my snake skin collection or fulfill my life-long dream of being a fortune-cookie writer. *(Lies down on the floor.)* Okay God, take me now. I'm ready. *(Hears noise.)* I can hear the angels. They are coming to get me. Wait a minute. *(Sits up.)* That doesn't sound like angels. It sounds like a blow-torch. *(Jumps to feet.)* Hello! I'm in here! I'm still alive! *(Elevator doors open. Actor leaps out, pantomimes hugging rescuers.)* You found me just in time! I've been in there for days! What? It couldn't have been just five minutes! Fine. If you say so. But from now on, I'm taking the stairs.

## Fearless - Lilly Johnson

You're scared of the ocean? Yeah, I understand that. The ocean seems scary to many, even dangerous. People's fear of drowning or being attacked by creatures from below. But this does not apply to me. I'm as fearless as it gets when it comes to water. Or, at least I was. There are some things that I've seen happen in the ocean that would normally scar you for life. I've heard about shark attacks, but they never really scared me...didn't seem real. Until one day last summer. The morning sky was clear, not a cloud could be seen for miles. The sun had already risen, its heat overbearing. Seeing the waves reach all the way out from the deep to the shore, I couldn't help but think of what a perfect day it would be for surfing. I grabbed my surfboard and broke into a sprint across the beach; I could feel the ocean spray before I reached the water. I waded through the water, trying to keep from being pushed back by the rising waves. After about two minutes, the water was above my waist. Right about that time, unfortunately, a huge wave was forming, and was starting to come my way. I grabbed my board and tried to pull myself onto it, but it was too late. I opened my eyes, only for the saltwater to flood them. Now, some people would have panicked, but that's not who I am. As I attempted to swim up, a huge object pushed against me, sending me farther down. I looked around. What I saw was terrifying. A shark, at least fifteen feet long, was staring at me the way a barn owl stares at a mouse. With all my might, I swam upward. It seemed like forever until I reached the surface and swam towards the shore. I used to brag about being fearless, but I can't imagine what would have happened if I didn't get scared that day. Being scared saved my life. Yeah, I'll admit it. I'm a little scared of the ocean now too.

## Sorry I'm Late! - Lisa lordache-Stir

I know I'm late for work, but you would not believe the morning I've had! Last night, I put all my clothes into the washer and dryer since most of them were dirty. To my surprise, they were all shrunken about three sizes after taking them out of the dryer! I only had my pajamas I slept in, so I wore them, as you can see. Then, when I went outside to get into my car, my car door wouldn't open. I put my hands onto the freezing car window and saw that my keys were inside of the car! I had no choice but to walk to work. As I walked down the street, I heard something come from a nearby alleyway. Out of curiosity, I went to see what it was. Let me tell ya, big mistake. There were about ten, no, about twenty ferocious street cats staring me down. I slowly backed away, but it was too late. They chased me down the alley. About five jumped onto me and attacked me. This is why there are a ton of scratches on my body. See? By some miracle, I was able to escape. I thought to myself, how can this morning get any worse? Trust me, it did. I was a block away from the work office when I went to the coffee shop right around the corner and got some hot coffee. I realized that I was about to be late for work. I hurried to get out of the shop, and of course, I tripped and spilled the coffee all over the place. My work bag, my pajamas, my shoes, were soaked! I tried to wash off as much as I could in the bathroom, but it's still there, as you can see. So, that's why I'm late. I'll try not to let it happen again. What? It's daylight savings time? Oh, I'm an hour early? Oh, then never-mind.

## I Hate Performing - Amber Dutton

*(Pacing back and forth.)* Oh, why did I even sign up for this class? I didn't know we'd have to practice auditioning. It's not fair. Everybody will be looking at me, judging me. If I do one thing wrong everybody is going to notice, and laugh at me, and I'm going to be so embarrassed. The lights will be beaming in my eyes and my hands will start shaking like crazy. My throat will get really dry and I'll stutter like there's no tomorrow. I'll fidget and play with my hair. I'm so nervous, what if I suck? What if I'm horrible? What if people start throwing things; or worse, tell everybody about my performance, and how much I sucked. I'll be embarrassed everywhere I go. I'll have no escape. People are always going to remember me as the person who couldn't perform, the person who can't ever talk in front of a crowd. I don't want to do this, I hate performing. If I was confident I could just stand on that stage and nail it, but I'm not. I'm terrified, in fact I'm petrified. I would use any excuse in the book to not have to perform. I know what you guys are all thinking, just pretend to be sick. Well, unfortunately I've tried that already and they didn't buy it. Use a doctor note, well I tried that one too, and as it turns out I'm not very good at forging signatures. They didn't even buy the dead pet excuse. You know what; actually maybe I can do this. I've practiced for hours. I know all my words. All I've got to do is go up there and perform it the way I know I can, the way I've rehearsed it dozens of times in the mirror, and if I do that I'll be fine. In fact, I'd be better than fine, I'll be amazing. I just have to stay calm and relaxed. And the point is just to have fun, right? I don't have to be the best, I just need to do the best I can. Alright, I can do this. I'm ready. Hey, I'm... I... I... I can't do this. *(Walks off-stage.)*