

Adults Scenes

First Dates

GG 17 +

Amy: So... spill it. Who is the mystery guy?

Hannah: There is no guy.

Amy: Then why did you make me rush over here?

Hannah: Well, there is this guy in my new office...

Amy: A proper crush. It's the best way to get psyched on the new job. You find someone who you're excited to see every day... gives you a reason to dress nice.

Hannah: You're talking about the beret. It's bad, isn't it. Johnny, the guy at the office, tried to tell me...

Amy: Forget Johnny. Obviously the boy doesn't know style. The beret is fabulous. We're going to find you a guy who totally gets you and your beret.

Hannah: Um... I don't really do boyfriends. Or...I mean... have them.

Amy: We're not talking about a boyfriend. Were talking about a crush. A date.

Hannah: I've never been out on a date. Well, once back in high school, but that doesn't count.

Amy: You're kidding? Oh my gosh, this is even more perfect than I thought. Don't worry about anything. I'll find the guy. I'll planned date. All you have to do is bring your favorite lipstick. I'll even lend you mind... it's new.

Hannah: Why is this happening? I'm so nervous, for no reason.

Amy: Trust me. This is going to be the best experience of your life. Almost like having your first kiss. Oh dear... you have kissed a guy before, right?

Hannah: Yea. Once. Well, does not using your tongue can't?

Amy: You've got so much to learn.

Dinner with Mom Adult G G 18 +

Melanie: [*on the phone*] Yeah, okay. Well, just tell her I'll call her when I get to the office.

[*hangs up*]

Kerry: Call who?

Melanie: My mother. It seems she and her dad, are coming into town tonight and they want us to meet them for dinner.

Kerry: Oh...dinner. Well, I already had dinner.

Melanie: That was last night. Try again.

Kerry: Okay, I was going to clean the oven.

Melanie: It's self-cleaning.

Kerry: Well, I was going to keep it company.

Melanie: Kerry, you've canceled four times. My mother thinks my imaginary friend is back.

Come on Kerry, she's not that bad, can't you just get over it.

Kerry: Mel... this is the woman who said I looked like a tramp on senior prom night in high school.

Melanie: Mom just has a weird sense of humor that's all.

Kerry: She cut me out of your prom pictures.

Melanie: You were wearing gray... couldn't really see you anyway... it was dark.

Kerry: Mel, you have to admit she's very intimidating. And I don't want to have dinner with someone who is analyzing my every move.

Melanie: I know. But hey, I'll be right there by your side. And look at it this way... if you

survive, you might get a great comic strip out of it.

Kerry: Ah-ha! So you admit it. There's a chance I might not survive. Your mother is like the last person I want to spend my evening with. I don't mind your dad so much.

Melanie: Okay... you've made your point. Stop criticizing her. She IS my mom.

Kerry: Uh, I know. Fine. But you owe me big-time. [*evil like*] Maybe I'll wear my skimpy black dress just to irritate her.

Melanie: Oh please, that would only bring her pleasure.

The Accident: Adult/ Teen Boy/Girl 1:25

Carolyn pulls into the driveway to see her brother's car has been wrecked. She walks in the house and her brother is sitting on the couch.

Carolyn: Ah, What happened to the car in the driveway?

Tom: None of your business.

Carolyn: Tell me what happened.

Tom: I had a minor accident. I was leaving soccer practice and wasn't paying attention because I couldn't get my stereo to work. I pulled out in front of someone and they hit me.

Carolyn: I can see that. What are you going to do?

Tom: I don't know. It's not like I have the money to fix it myself.

Carolyn: Mom and Dad are going to kill you. There is no way they are going to pay to get you out of this mess.

Tom: I know that. But what should I do about it?

Carolyn: Why don't you just tell them that you had the car parked on the street and someone drove by and hit you without leaving a note?

Tom: I used that excuse last time when I wrecked dad's truck.

Carolyn: Then why don't you tell them that you were attacked by bees and you lost control of the car and hit the guardrail?

Tom: Well that would work, but I think the owner of the other car would argue that he's not a guardrail. Think Logically.

Carolyn: Well, logically, all I know is you'll be in a lot of heat for this and probably have to pay for it yourself. And get a job...then your grades will drop completely and you'll probably have to quit soccer. Somebody's not going to get into college

without that soccer scholarship.

Tom: Whatever. Can you be more negative? Just leave me alone so that I can think of how to get out of this.

Carolyn: Better think quick. (pause) Cause mom just pulled in the driveway and I can see her jaw opening from here. Later.

Teen Scenes

Shopping : 13 - 16 GG

Tiffany: (*Pulling Jodi along*) You've got to see this dress. You'll die. Look!

Jodi: Oh my Gosh!

Tiffany: Isn't it outrageous?!

Jodi: I love it. I just love it!

Tiffany: Look at those sleeves. And the different colors.

Jodi: The color! That is my favorite color. Oh, you'd look so great in that.

Tiffany: I know. My mom won't let me get it, though.

Jodi: Why not?

Tiffany: Too expensive.

Jodi: Yea. That's what my mom would say too. Yuck. Look at these shoes. Who would wear these?

Tiffany: I know someone who would.

Jodi: Who?

Both: (*Laugh*) Brian the Weirdo.

Tiffany: Yea. I think he even has a pair.

Jodi: He wears them with those big brown socks...

Tiffany: Oh my Gosh. Oh my Gosh.

Jodi: What's the matter?!

Tiffany: Don't look.

Jodi: Where?

Tiffany: Don't look! Over by the yogurt place. Bruce and Steve.

Jodi: So? What's wrong? I thought you liked Steve.

Tiffany: I do. But I don't want him to see me. He doesn't know got braces yesterday.

Jodi: Well he's going to see you in school on Monday anyway.

Tiffany: I know, but I just don't want him to see me yet.

Best Friends 13 - 17 GG

Kari: (Storms in) Oh my Gosh! I can't believe her!

Tracy: What?! What did she say?

Kari: No.

Tracy: Why?

Kari: Because she's being a pain, that's why.

Tracy: What did she say?

Kari: She goes, "You can't go to the beach unless one of Tracy's parents go because I don't think her brother is old enough to take you."

Tracy: Really! He's nineteen and he's got his own car.

Kari: I know. I know. I told her.

Tracy: I can't believe it.

Kari: I can, she's so weird.

Tracy: So what does she think's gonna happen? We're gonna get attacked by the lifeguard and Jeff won't be able to save us?

Kari: Probably. That's how her mind works.

Tracy: I mean... God... He's got his own car. We'd be perfectly safe. My mother would let us.

Kari: Yea, but she's not my mother... I can't believe her. She worries about the stupidest things.
I'm sure something is gonna happen. God, she treats me like I'm seven years old.
Oh yea.

Get this one. Last night we were watching this boring program on Channel 28 about gangs or something and she goes, "Kari do you know what a gang is?" I mean, I'm sure!

Tracy: She did? I can't believe it.

Kari: Yea... Your mom's really cool. Does she ever go bananas?

Tracy: Oh, yea. Sometimes... Like, last summer I went with my aunt and my cousins to Lake

Tahoe for a week, and my mom kept going, "Now don't get sunburned, Tracy. Use a

sunblock. Don't forget the umbrella." Like, I'm sure I'm gonna sit under an umbrella like a geek all day and not get a tan.

Kari: Parents are just too over protective.

Tracy: Tell me about it.

Cheater Teen Girl/Girl

Nicky approaches Amy in the hallway at school.

Nicky: Well, Well, Well, if it isn't the backstabber.

Amy: Hey, you did this one all on your own. I just told them what happened.

Nicky: Yeah I know. My mom got a call from Mr. Douglas this morning. She is going in to talk to
him later. I am going to be grounded for sure.

Amy: Well, what can I say? You shouldn't have done it. I had to tell them the truth.

Nicky: But why couldn't you have told Mr. Douglas that you knew nothing about it? They would
have never have known had you not whined like a baby to them.

Amy: What did you want me to say? They wanted to know why our papers looked similar. I didn't
know you were going to copy my essay when I let you look at it for reference.

Nicky: Thanks to you, I may get expelled from school.

Amy: You should have thought about that before you copied my paper. Didn't you know they
would suspect something?

Nicky: I don't know. I messed up. I didn't really copy it word for word.

Amy: Changing "it was to it has" doesn't necessarily apply. At least you were smart enough to
change the name on the paper.

Nicky: Whatever. It really was somewhat different.

Amy: That doesn't matter. All of our research was the same, which is what gave it away. I trusted
you.

Nicky: Uh, I know. I just didn't understand the assignment. That class is way over my head. Sorry
if I got you in trouble.

Amy: Why didn't you just ask me for help? You knew I would have explained everything to you.
But copying my paper? I will never be able to trust you again.

Nicky: I know. I just don't want to lose your friendship over something so stupid.

Amy: It wasn't stupid, it was idiotic.

The Dance Teen Boy/Girl

Rose and Mathew approach each other in the hall after school.

Rose: I got your message.

Mathew: And?

Rose: And, I want to go to the dance with you, but I don't know if I can.

Mathew: Why wouldn't you be able to go? Are you grounded or something?

Rose: No, it's just...it's just if I go to the dance with you, then I will have to tell Alex that I can't go

with him.

Mathew: Alex? When did Alex ask you? And why would you have said yes anyway?

Rose: He asked me two weeks ago. I felt sorry for him. I mean, he seems so lonely, and I felt bad

telling him no.

Mathew: Alex only asked you to the dance to get back at me for getting him kicked off the football

team. He's a total loser and it's going to ruin your reputation if you show up with him.

Rose: That's not a very nice thing to say. I don't think he's a loser at all. He just has different interests than you do.

Mathew: Well, maybe, but I still think you should go with me. I will show you a better time and I already have the invites to the best after-parties. What partying do you think Alex will be going to?

Rose: If I were concerned about attending an after-party, then yes, you're right and I would go with you. But since what I care about is having a good time with a nice guy, then no, you are so rude. No. I am not going to the dance with you.

Mathew: Rose, come on, I'm sorry. I just think that we should show up together.

I mean we are the most popular couple in school.

Rose: You are so egotistical! All you care about is your image and we are not a couple.

Mathew: Fine, go to the dance with "Alex", and have a very NICE time. I'm late for practice.

COMFORT FOOD: Teen G B 16 - 19

Sarah is ordering food at a movie concession stand

Sarah: I'll have some M&Ms...a Reeses Peanut Butter Cup... a large popcorn... some Milk Duds, Nachos... and a Diet Coke. And make it snappy.

Billy: Is that all?

Sarah: Of course that's all. And it's all for me. You wanna to make somethin of it?

Billy: No, no. It's none of my business.

Sarah: Then wipe that look off your face.

Billy: I don't have a look.

Sarah: Sure you do.

Billy: Okay. But it isn't what you think. I just recognized you. I sit behind you in English class.

Sarah: What are you... some kind of a stalker?

Billy: Hey... I work here. You just came to MY counter... and ordered food. A lot of food.

Sarah: Maybe I got a reason for eating so much.

Billy: Like I said, it's none of my business.

Sarah: My boyfriend dumped me...okay? And the prom is in two weeks.

Billy: Wow. Big mistake on his part.

Sarah: What a nice thing to say. *(Pause)* What did you say your name was?

Billy: Billy. Billy Allen.

Sarah: Two first names. Me too.

Billy: I know. Sarah... Lewis... though you don't look much like a "Lewis."

Sarah: I hope not. You know what... forget about my boyfriend. My EX-boyfriend. I'm not gonna give him the satisfaction of being upset. I can do better. In fact... do you have a date for the prom?

Billy: Ah... no.

Sarah: So. Do you wanna to go?

Billy: With you?

Sarah: Either me or "Lewis"... take your pick... what do you say?

Billy: Would you like extra butter on that popcorn? (option..."I say this order is on me")

Love Interest: Teen BB 15 +

Jordon: So, what did you get for number four? I just can't seem to figure it out. Josh? Josh, are you listening?

Josh: What? Oh, I got - 42.

Jordon: Ok, so are you going to tell me what's wrong or not. You have been in la la land all day long.

Josh: Sorry, it's just this girl. I can't get her out of my head.

Jordon: *Who is she? Do I know her?*

Josh: No, it's my brother's babysitter.

Jordon: What?! Are you crazy? She is way too old for you.

Josh: It's not that weird that I like her just because she's taking care of my brother is it?

Jordon: Oh, just a little.

Josh: Yeah. I get this funny pain thing in my stomach whenever I see her.

Jordon: Funny pain thing? You've gone mad.

Josh: *Ok, so she's older, a little. Which is tough but not impossible. Definitely have to make the first move. Any suggestions?*

Jordon: Yeah, snap out of it, ok? She's (age), you're (age), Not gonna happen.

Josh: Maybe she likes younger guys.

Jordon: Doubt it. I think that's illegal. Stop mooning over this baby-sitter and help me with my algebra. I don't want to get put on academic probation. Me and ten other guys are going to come to your house and do a job on your face so that no girl will ever find you attractive again. Ok?

Josh: There is no point in threatening a man in love.

Jordon: You're hopeless!

THE BEE KEEPER: Teen G G 11 – 17

SARAH tries to protect her friend JANET from being stung by a large bumblebee

Sarah: Whatever you do... don't move.

Janet: What are you talking about?

Sarah: Stay perfectly calm and still.

Janet: You're freaking me out... what are you talking about?

Sarah: There's a very large Bee on your shoulder.

Janet: Where?

Sarah: (talking slowly as if to a child) On... your... shoulder.

Janet: (Shouting) Wear on my shoulder? Which shoulder?

Sarah: You're starting to get hysterical. You really need to remain calm.

Janet: (taking a big breath) Sarah... please tell me... which shoulder is it on.

Sarah: Your right. I mean you're left. My right... you're left. (shouting) YOUR LEFT
SHOULDER

Janet: (shouting back) WHY ARE YOU YELLING AT ME?

Sarah: Sorry, I don't know what to do. I mean... you're supposed to ignore Bees and
eventually they'll go away.

Janet: Oh, why did I wear this sweater today. You're not supposed to wear bright colors.
They attract bees. It probably thinks I'm a flower. I am allergic to bee stings.

Sarah: I know. So... just don't panic. Don't move.

Janet: Where is it now?

Sarah: Still there on your shoulder. It's not really doing anything. Maybe it's trying to get pollen from you.

Janet: That's sick!

Sarah: And it's sooo big... like... *huge!*

Janet: Are you serious??

Sarah: It's the biggest bee of ever seeing.

Janet: *Sarah!!*

Sarah: I am sorry, but it's true. It's like a *big black bumblebee*. Wow, that's a tongue twister... *big black bumblebee*.

Janet: (shouting) Will you please stop with the tongue twisters and do something!

Sarah: I don't know. It really must like you. It doesn't want to move.

Janet: It's not moving?

Sarah: Hasn't for some time now.

Janet: Is it alive?

Sarah: (taking a closer look) Uh... I think it is... Oh!
my gosh.

Janet: What? What? Is its stinger out? Is he getting ready to sting me? This is it... I'm going to die for sure. I'm going to swell up right before your very eyes and just die. So long Sarah... it's been nice knowing you. (She squinches her eyes together and becomes very tense in preparation for something awful to happen)

Sarah: You know you're a very dramatic person. Has anyone ever told you that before?

Janet: Oh sure... you can be calm... it's not your life on the line here.

Sarah: Janet! Open your eyes!

Janet: I'd rather keep them closed until it's over.

Sarah: Until what's over?

Janet: The pain.

Sarah: There won't be any pain.

Janet: There won't?

Sarah: This is what's been on your shoulder the whole time. (She pulls a piece of black lint from Janet shoulder) You were worried for nothing. See?

Janet: *I* was worried? *You* were the one who told me there was a big black bumblebee in my shoulder.

Sarah: Yeah... but it's all good. There is no bee... just some drier crud in your shoulder. I hate it when that happens. You really should tell your mom to use those drier sheets or something... they keep the lint of ya know.

Janet: Grrrr...

Pre Teen Scenes:

Sports Aren't for Everyone

B / B 9 – 12

Jerry: Hey! How come you never play baseball or football or anything?

Ross: Playing ball is stupid.

Jerry: You're chicken.

Ross: No way, ape brain!

Jerry: You're afraid of getting hurt, that's what.

Ross: Who says?

Jerry: Everybody.

Ross: Oh yeah?

Jerry: Yeah!

Ross: Just because I don't like sports doesn't mean I'm afraid. Goon.

Jerry: Who you calling a goon?

Ross: You see anyone else around here?

Jerry: For two cents I'd punch you out.

Ross: Go ahead and try!

Jerry: Maybe I will!

Ross: Whatcha you gonna hit me with a baseball bat?

Jerry: What will you use...a book?

Ross: So I like books, so what?

Jerry: That's the reason you don't have any friends.

Ross: Because I like books?

Jerry: Yeah. Nobody likes people who read books all the time and doesn't play games and stuff.

Ross: How many books have you read?

Jerry: I dunno know. Who cares?

Ross: See this book?

Jerry: Wow!

Ross: It tells about all kinds of battles and people and how the war was won.

Jerry: No kidding? I like planes. Like the old ones you see in movies.

Ross: You mean like P-51's and Spitfires and that?

Jerry: Ya, like that. Those were really neat planes with neat guys flying them.

Heros and

aces. My dad knows a guy who flew a P-51.

Ross: Wow! Really?

Jerry: Yeah. He's real old now. I've been in his basement where he keeps all

kinds of neat

stuff.

Ross: Wow! I'd sure like to see that.

Jerry: You can come along with me sometime.

Ross: Hey, that'd be neat. (*Pause*) Say, maybe I'll play some ball with you

guys

tomorrow. Okay?

Jerry: Sure, okay. Say, er...ah

Ross: Yeah?

Jerry: Like...would you mind if I borrow that book sometime?

The Tease (Bros Love)

B B 10 -12

David: What are you doing?

Sean: Combing my hair...duh! What does it look like?

David: It looks stupid! Why are you putting all that gook on it? Huh? Why?

Sean: Why are you such a little nerd?

David: Is it for your *GIRLFRIEND*?

Sean: No!

David: I'll bet!

Sean: So what if it is?

David: See, I told you. You have a girlfriend! Is it Heather? I'll bet it's Heather! You're not supposed to have girlfriends until your... like... 16. You're so dumb.

Sean: I am not!

David! Are to!

Sean: Am not!

David: Are to. "R - 2 - D - 2

Sean: Oh, so now you're a little "Star Wars" nerd. Besides... she doesn't even like me.

David: Awww... poor baby. It's probably because of Your spazzy hair. You look like.

"Alfalfa"

Sean: I do not... I look Gooood.

David: I knew it. Your combing it for "Heather the Feather". If she doesn't like you, why are you doing that? Do you lo-ove her?

Sean: Dude! I'm 11... pretty sure I don't know what love is.

David: Do you ki-i ss her? Do you chase her after school?

Sean: No... she chases me.

David: (laughing) She chases you? And she probably catches you too. You're such a wuss.

Sean: Do you see how much bigger I am than you? I could flatten you. Mo-oM

David: Oh, the poor little baby's calling his mommy.

Sean: I'm calling her for YOUR protection.

David: Why?

Sean: Cuz you're about to eat a delicious *knuckle* sandwich.

David: Okay. Come on, I was just joking.

Sean: Well, I'm not laughing.

David: Okay Okay. You don't have to go crazy.

Sean: Just get out of here.

David: Okay (as he exits). You are so weird.

Beauty is only skin deep Pre Teen-Girl/Girl

Kristen: Do you think Corky Johnson is cute?

Janice: Corky Johnson? Ooooooh! He isn't cute, he's gross.

Kristen: He is not.

Janice: I saw him the other day and he was wearing ugly shoes. He was with Eddie Clark.

Kristen: Eddie Clark? Ooooooh!

Janice: Eddie Clark is cute.

Kristen: No way. He's got these ears that stick out and make him look like a donkey.

Janice: He does not. He has nice ears. And good manners. He opened the door for me one time.

Kristen: Every time I look at him I almost laugh.

Janice: That's not nice. Making fun of people isn't nice.

Kristen: But he looks like Dumbo. *(She pulls out her ears)*

Janice: Stop that! You don't see me making fun of Corky Johnson even though he's got a neck that's
too long. *(She extends her neck)*

Kristen: I thought you said it wasn't nice to make fun of people.

Janice: Can I help it if his neck is funny?

Kristen: Nobody's perfect.

Janice: How about Frank McKenzie?

Kristen: Frank McKenzie?

Janice: His father owns the McKenzie Lumber Company.

Kristen: He's really cute.

Janice: He's perfect.

Kristen: He's too tall to be perfect.

Janice: But he's really cute.

Kristen: He's, like, this beanpole and it makes you feel funny when you stand next to him, like you're this dwarf, or something.

Janice: But he's nice looking and dresses cool. That's because his dad owns a lumber company.

Kristen: Corky Johnson's dad owns a drug store.

Janice: Corky Johnson. Are we back to him? Ooooooh!

Vacationing: Pre Teen Boy/Girl

Janet: Where do you think we're going this year?

Bill: I dunno.

Janet: I heard mom talking to Aunt Sally about the Smokey Mountains.

Bill: Oh, wow! The Smokey Mountains is the pits.

Janet: We have been there three times already.

Bill: It's pretty but real boring. There's nothing for kids to do. Except, play around the hotel and watch people sleeping in their chairs.

Janet: And I hate watching those mountain people make those stupid wooden bowls and junk.

Bill: Yeah. And do weaving. Who cares about weaving, anyway?

Janet: Old people-they're into weaving a lot, I think. Grandma loves to watch them weave.

Bill: Yeah, old people like stupid junk like that.

Janet: The last time I got poison ivy, remember?

Bill: Yeah. You looked like an alligator.

Janet: I did not!

Bill: You were gross. (He giggles)

Janet: It's not funny, lame-o! You itch all over and can't scratch yourself and you have to rub on this stuff that smells awful.

Bill: Maybe we can talk them into going someplace else for a change.

Janet: Like Where?

Bill: Las Vegas.

Janet: Las Vegas?

Bill: Yeah. I see these commercials for it on TV all the time.

Janet: Mom'll never go for it.

Bill: How come?

Janet: Because it's not educational.

Bill: Hey! What's educational about watching people sleep in their chairs?

Janet: Yeah.

Bill: They have all kinds of neat shows.

Janet: They wouldn't let us go, we would have to get a babysitter or something.

Bill: Yeah, but during the day we would get to walk around to all the cool places, mom and dad would be busy gambling.

Janet: Nuts. I don't wanna go back to the Smokey Mountains again.

Bill: Although it would be funny to see you with poison ivy again.

Rooms: Pre Teen Boy/Girl

1 of 1 1:25

Mathew: So, we finally get our own rooms...this is great!

Angela: Yep, no more room-sharing. No more of you leaving your stinky clothes all over the floor, no more of you flipping on the light when I'm trying to sleep.

Mathew: Aww - you're not gonna miss me?

Angela: Are you kidding. I am so glad to be away from you that I could tell the whole world.

Mathew: Yea...Well, I'm glad I don't have to look at your stupid dolls anymore or your girly pink bedspread. ~~Oh yea, and your unicorn poster over your bed.~~

Angela: So you won't miss me... at all?

Mathew: Well...maybe just a little, I mean you are my sister, so I guess I have to.

Angela: True. I'll miss you too, but only a little bit.

Mathew: Well, if you ever get scared...I guess you can come to my room.

Angela: Really... Can I come over and play video games with you too.

Mathew: What?! No.

Angela: Fine. Then you are never to come in my room for anything.

Mathew: Good. I may get attacked by one of your dolls.

Angela: That's it! You are so mean.

Mathew: I'm mean. Now, there's no way you are coming in my room.

Angela: Good. Cause it will smell anyway.

Mathew: Yours will smell with all that perfumey stuff you wear, you're not even old enough.

Angela: Yes I am. Mom told me I could wear it.

Mathew: Whatever. I'm going to my room. *(turns his back)*

Angela: Ha Ha. Too bad your room isn't ready yet. And you can't come in mine.

Mathew: MOM!

Children's Scenes

A5-Kid (Boy or Girl)/Parent

Parent: So, are you ready to go?

Kid: Where are we going?

Parent: School, it's your first day.

Kid: I don't wanna go.

Parent: I thought you were excited about going?

Kid: What if the other kids don't like me?

Parent: They will love you! Don't worry.

Kid: I don't feel good, my belly hurts...I think I have a cold...

Parent: Well, then I better call Dr. Blake.

Kid: Wait! I think I am feeling better now. We can go.

Parent: What's the matter.

Kid: I can't find my cat.

Parent: You mean, Fluffy?

Kid: Yeah, she is missing.

Parent: Well, did you look under your bed?

Kid: Yes, everywhere!

Parent: Well, lets call for her. Fluffy... Fluffy...

Kid: Where are you Fluffy?

Parent: What's that...right over there? Is that a tail I see?

Kid: Fluffy! You silly cat, you were under the couch.

A5-Kid (Boy or Girl)/Teacher

Teacher: So, what character would you like to be in the play?

Kid: I want to be the Giraffe.

Teacher: The Giraffe, but you are too small to play the Giraffe.

Kid: No I'm not, I'm big!

Teacher: How about you play the lion.

Kid: Rooooaaarrrr! I'd be a good lion.

Teacher: Yes, with that roar you would.

Kid: I'm the lion! I'm the lion! I'm the lion!

Teacher: Ok settle down now, you can defiantly be the lion.

Kid: Yea.

A5-Kid (Boy or Girl)/Parent

Parent: Time for bed.

Kid: Oh, just ten more minutes, Please.

Parent: No. That's what you said last night and it turned into half an hour.

Kid: But I want to finish up watching "The Simpsons."

Parent: That's why it comes on so late, you are supposed to already be in bed.

Kid: Please. This one is really funny.

Parent: No. You shouldn't be watching that show, it's a grown-up cartoon.

Kid: Why would they make cartoons for grown-ups?

Parent: Because.

Kid: Because why?

Parent: Because I said. Now off to bed.

Kid: Fine, but I'm not going to fall asleep for half an hour.