

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

**Description:** A student panics while taking a test.

The white clock on the wall is mocking me. Counting down the minutes until I fail this test. It makes no sense. Hey, why aren't there any posters hung up in Ms. Daniel's room? I've never noticed that before. I need something to take my mind off this paper in front of me. This paper that will destroy my GPA. I'm grinding my teeth. I never grind my teeth. Wow. Look how interesting this pencil looks when I twirl it. Why is the second hand on that clock moving so slowly? And how is everyone else still working on this test? I can't make sense of it. I read the novel, but this question doesn't make any sense. Look at Hanna. Furiously scribbling. I hate her. She knows the answers to everything. Ms. Daniels is reading a book. Really? At a time like this, she is just sitting there reading? She's mean. Whoa. There's the bell. My paper is still blank. I think I'm going to have a heart attack. Great. Everyone's getting ready to go. I'd better turn in my paper. But really, what's the point? It's blank. I guess I'll just turn it in. Wait, what? Ms. Daniels is going to grade our papers right now? How can she do that? I think I'm going to turn to stone. She's making everyone sit back down. Why is she shuffling through the papers so fast? Wait, she stopped on one. I think it's mine. Here we go. My heart's pounding through my chest. She's going to announce to everyone that I've failed. Wait, what? I am the only one who passed? It was a test to see if we could read directions, and it said not to write anything down? Ha! Take that, clock! Take that, Hannah!

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

**Description:** An ice cream flavor is having an identity crisis.

Hi, I'm Neapolitan. *(Smirks at audience, winking flirtatiously.)* I come from a mixed family, my mom's like half cherry, dad's rocky road. Its makes me a whole lot of chunky, with a side of smooth. *(Looks around, pause.)* What was I talking about... Oh yeah, people ask what my biggest flaw is... I guess I'm just too strong. They just can't take all this flavor, you know? *(Gestures to entire body. Pauses.)* It's hard for me, you know? *(Tone switches, slightly hesitant.)* I have no idea who I am. My one aunt is certain I'm Vanilla, my uncle thinks I'm chocolate. But I'm strawberry too right? In the freezer section, the flavors pretty much stick to their own kind. Vanilla with Vanilla and Chocolate with Chocolate. They never accept me the way I am. That's okay, though. I'm going to be myself even if they don't accept me. I'll scoop out my own sorta life. Maybe I'll travel the kitchen, see the counter... visit the tower of pizza. We all need to accept who we are, like that Miss Strawberry chic. She's natural, and I respect that. Even if she stalks me day and night. It's kinda' creepy... I can't even re-freeze without being sure she's not looking. But hey, at least she's not one of those dairy-free flavors. I don't buy that for a second.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Dramatic

**Description:** A young woman overhears her sister singing alone at night.

*Amanda sits on her sister Isabel's bed.*

I don't mean to eavesdrop on you, but the walls are so thin. I can't help but listen. I hear you singing at night and it's very calming, but also kind of sad. It reminds me of an angel ringing a bell in the moonlight. It's both soft and light, Isabel. I know you hate me for listening and that I'm just an annoying little sister, but I love listening to you. I love you. Sometimes I wonder if something has happened to you. I wonder and I wonder, and I know that you say it's just my imagination. But your voice sounds so sad sometimes that it frightens me. There are stories in your songs. I know you have a right to privacy and you don't have to tell me anything. But you would, wouldn't you? Just please don't yell at me again. I hate it when you do that, or when you stop talking to me. The only thing worse than yelling is silence. We're sisters. We're blood. And with things are the way they are, we're sometimes all each other has. I guess we don't have to talk about it anymore, but please don't stop. It helps me fall asleep...the sound of you singing your heart out.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

**Description:** The leader of the elves union rallies the elves against Santa.

As the leader of the Union of the Order of the North Pole Elves, I stand here today and urge you to say no to Santa! No more working from sunup to sundown without so much as a snickerdoodle break! What does Santa think we are, robots? No, we're elves, and we have rights! Tinsel, remember when he made you clean Dasher's stall after he got into that barrel of chocolate? Cleaning chocolate poo is not in the elf job description! And Snazzy, there was that time when he ordered you to let Mrs. Claus use you as a mannequin for the little girl's dresses she was making. Humiliating! I mean, what the falalala was he thinking? I mean he makes us wear these ridiculous Pinnocchio outfits and sing while we work, while he sits on his big fat butt watching the weather channel. And on Christmas day, he takes ALL the credit. *(Imitating children.)* "Mom, Santa came! Ooooh, look what Santa got me! How did he know I wanted this?" Listen up children of the world: Santa is not the one who made your train sets, and your dolly houses and your walkie talkies. It was US, the Elves of the Order of the North Pole. We did it all.

Santa is just a lazy guy with a wiggly belly who works basically one day a year. Nothing but a gloried delivery man if you ask me! *(Pauses. Listens to someone in the audience.)* What's that? Santa is where? *(Looks behind him.)* Oh fudgesicles.