**FARRAH**

We moved here when I was in seventh grade. The language wasn't the worst part, believe it or not. There's a whole cultural thing that's different. That's what was so weird. When I first moved here I couldn't believe how many clothes people owned. I mean, everyone had a closet just crammed full of stuff. We had to wear uniforms to school, so we only needed clothes for the weekend. But in some ways it's cool because no one looks down on you because of what you're wearing. There's a bunch of things that are different in my country. Like, in the afternoons everyone is outside playing, or watering their lawns, or whatever so you say "hi" and catch up on things. Here, everyone goes home and stays inside all day. And when I say "family," I mean all my aunts and uncles and cousins and grandparents; here, people just mean their immediate family. It's just all a little...different.

**TRAVIS**

The sun was going down when I got outside. And I thought about what Nick had said to me, all that stuff about finding my place in the world, or finding some way to make a mark, and I hadn’t done any of it. I hadn’t made a single mark. Even at the funeral I wasn’t all that important—not that many people really paid much attention to me. And it occurred to me that all I was really, was just a hole. Just an empty spot. And then I thought, I can’t even believe that all I’m thinking about right now is myself. Maybe that’s why I’m nothing. The whole world just goes on around me—my mom and dad are in there, hashing it out, my brother’s in the ground, and I’m out here whining about the fact that I’m uncool. If I was really a good person, I’d be crying about Nick, but I’m not. I was the last person to talk to him, he even told me he was worried, in his way, and I remember during that conversation that I wanted to cut it short cause there was a good TV program coming on.

**ALEX**

**Alex**, a high school freshman who has been a target of bullying behaviour for years, has had enough of it.

I'm so sick of this.  I'm SO done.  Everyday goes so fast.  I can't keep up.  At school I don't know what to say to anyone.  So many other people have it just right.  Laura has just the right thing to say at just the right time.  Laura always gets the biggest laughs from everyone, even teachers.  I can be funny, I just have to think about it a little longer.  How does she DO it?  It's like she has a script, all of them do, and I have to improvise.  Like, one day, when our biology teacher made a really corny joke, suddenly it came to me, like a "pop," like a static electricity shock-- I thought of the funniest thing to say back, and I tried to say it out loud, but it was just really quiet, and only Laura could hear me.  She looks over, and says, "Alex, seriously?  Grow up."  Then SHE raises her hand, and says exactly what I just said, and everyone laughed their heads off.  It's not fair, but whatever.  I guess I am getting used to it.  
***(Beat.)***

That's not true.  I'm not used to it at all.

**PHIL STEEN**

David, high school student, enters carrying a sign that reads, FREE COUNSELING WITH DAVID SHEPHERD.  He never (ever) speaks.  **Phil Steen**, the ultimate high school jock from a rival team, enters, making sure no one else sees.

Hey David. Remember me? It’s Phil Steen.  
**(angry)**  
The Giant you knocked out with a baseball!   
**(beat)**  
I shouldn’t even be talking to you cuz, well, it’s you I need to talk about. But no one else will listen. And I know you won’t make fun of me if I tell you. You see, ever since you knocked me out with that baseball, everyone’s been laughing at me. Kids used to hand me their lunch money in the cafeteria. They used to throw themselves against lockers when I walked down the hall, just so I wouldn’t have to do it myself. But now, they call me sissy. They throw things at me. They, they...  
**(David hands Phil Steen a card.)**  
DON’T LET IT GET YOU DOWN. I don’t need a pep talk. I want my dignity back. I wanna teach those losers a lesson.  
**(David hands him another card.)**  
GET IN A FIGHT. Closer. But I don’t want to get my hands dirty.  
**(David hands him another card.)**  
TELL EVERYONE YOU BEAT ME UP. You’d really let me do that?  
**(David nods.)**  
Wow, David. You’re the kindest, sweetest guy in the whole world.

**MANDY**

I’m so ashamed. Burton, close the door.  
***(He closes the door.)***Good. Please dim the lights.  
**(He dims the lights.)**Don’t think I’m a bad person but I ate them all. You have to help me hide the wrappers. My mother is going to be home from Bingo any minute and we need to hide the evidence. I ate them all, Burton. I’m a terrible person. I ate the Thin Mints, the Do-si-dos, the Trefoils, the Tagalongs, and even the Carmel Delites. And I don’t even like the Carmel Delights. No one does I’m never going to get that cookie connection badge now. I’ve let down everyone. Everyone. Mad Dog, Toastito, Rashida, Miss Lick, my grandmother, the whole troop. My mother is going to kill me. I mean really kill this time. She’s got a temper, especially after Bingo. Once when I lost my retainer, she had to be restrained and tranquilized. Not really. But I had to slip some Benedryl in her Snapple just to get her to calm down. Stop laughing. I’m serious. I think I may have eaten a thousand dollars of crap this evening. Maybe we could go to coles and get some arnotts and stuff them back into the boxes. No one will know the difference. We’ll sell them to your Aunt Dotty. She’s blind and she’s always liked me. It’s such a rip off anyway, 15 cookies in a box for four bucks! Obscene! That’s almost 24 cents a cookie, Burton. Do you think she has a thousand dollars? She’ll never know the difference. Burton, I can’t kiss you right now. I’m feeling a little nauseous. It’s not you. It’s the thin mints.