ADVANCED CAMP SHOWCASE

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**One Feather Tail Of Miss Gertrude McFuzz**

(Seussical)

**GERTRUDE:** Ella

**MAYZIE:** Katie

GERTRUDE

Doo doo, doo doo, doo doo, doo doo doo doo...

There once was a girl bird named Gertrude McFuzz

And she had the smallest plain tail ever was.

One droopy-droop feather, that's all that she had

And oh! That one feather made Gertrude so sad

She curled it. She dyed it she gave it a puff

She decked it with flowers

But it wasn't enough.

For no matter what,

It just was what it was-

A tail that simply wasn't meant

To catch the eye of an elephant...

The one feather tail of Miss Gertrude McFuzz.

**Amazing Mayzie**

MAYZIE

Poor little Gertrude!

A sorry sight!

Well, I'm gonna take you under my wing

And baby, you'll be all right!

I was once a plain little bird like you, kid.

One pathetic feather was all I grew.

I had nothing showoff-ish.

What's a plain bird to do?

And there's certainly nothing showoff-ish on you!

GERTRUDE

Thank you, Mayzie

MAYZIE

Then I made a plan for my self-improvement

No more crumbs. I vowed I would have the cake!

Yes, I went to the doctor-

GERTRUDE & BIRD GIRLS

Doctor Dake by the lake!

MAYZIE

And he told me

What sort of a pill I should take...

Now I'm ......

Amayzing Mayzie!

As feathered as feathered can be now!

Amayzing Mayzie!

It was all for sale!

MAYZIE & BIRD GIRLS

Amayzing Mayzie!

MAYZIE

The birds are all whistling at me now.

MAYZIE & BIRD GIRLS

Amayzing Mayzie!

MAYZIE

Baby, that's my tail!

(MAYZIE begins to dance, flaunting her tail. GERTRUDE watches in awe.)

BIRD GIRLS

High or low

GERTRUDE

Gee, it's fabulous!

BIRD GIRLS

Watch her go

GERTRUDE

Gee, I'm envious!

BIRD GIRLS

To and fro,-

Mayzie's fabulous tail!

GERTRUDE

I wish I had one like it.

BIRD GIRLS

Left and right

GERTRUDE

Best I've ever seen.

BIRD GIRLS

Day or night

MAYZIE

Kid, you're turning green!

GERTRUDE & BIRD GIRLS

What a sight-

Mayzie's fabulous tail!

MAYZIE BIRD GIRLS

Get those pills

Get the pills

And you can have frills

Frills!

MAYZIE & BIRD GIRLS

For all the world to see.

And you can be amayzing-

MAYZIE

Almost...

As amayzing...

As me!!!

(MAYZIE exits with flare.)

**Mannequin: Amber**

Hi there. The name’s Stacy, and I’m a (moves into a stylish pose, freezes for a moment, then breaks). Phew! That was a close one! As I was saying, I’m Stacy and I’m a man -- (moves into a stylish pose, freezes for a moment, then breaks). It’s hard being a sales rack mannequin. I’m telling you, the girls up in pregnancy wear have it so easy. Down by the sales rack, there are always a million annoying people digging through these ugly clothes as if they actually want to buy any of it. And there’s always a frumpy old lady who just HAS to grab that pair of crocs. And I have to freeze in this cheesey position, wearing the ugliest clothes! I mean, do you see what they’re dressing me in? Mom jeans and a turtleneck? I might as well be a crash dummy! You know, I used to be a Neiman Marcus mannequin, styling all the latest fashions. A symbol of luxury. But of course, our branch had to get shut down for “sweatshops,” and “illegal elephant usage.” I mean, I tell you (moves into a stylish pose, freezes, mutters under her breath.) Are you kidding me? It’s 11:01, lady, just leave the darn store already. (Unfreezes) Anyway. Back to what I was saying. Life right now is just a disappointment. I deserve more. I deserve to be a store-front window girl. The ones up there now who look at me like I’m a cockroach. Well, enjoy it while it lasts, because soon enough you’ll be down here with me. At least I hope they will be, because there is one mannequin who has really caught my silicon eye. His name is Brent. He’s the one in the cashmere sweater and khakis. I hope to model with him one day in the family section. Wow. A girl can only dream. (Two people enter and pick her up to move her.) Oh my goodness! My time has come! Brent, here I come! (People turn around and the back of their shirts says “Garbage Collectors” or “City Dump.”)

**The Untrue Pigeon (Runaways): Maria**

(*Holding pigeon*)

Ooo, ooo, ooo. Caw, caw, caw. Brraaw. Brraaw. Ooo, ooo.

Well, you know, they call me the bird lady.

And I’m supposed to be one of those crazy types that talks to pigeons and pheasants and whatnot.

But, the truth is, that tehy talk to me.

And this one says to me, he says: “Hey Nikki-Kay Kane,

you know, I was a frog before I was a pigeon, and a prince

before that, and if you would just lay your lips on an

appropriate part of my feathers, then I’m going to take you

away from all this on my big, white, frog, pheasant, prince,

horse. Yeah!”

Alright, are you ready? O.K., here we go. (*Kiss.*) Hey!

You weren’t ready, were you? One more time, O.K.?

Here we go. (*Kiss*.)

Darnit!

I’ve got me a defective fairytale.

Hollywood’s done gone and bought it all up.

You sellin’ out now, huh?

And won’t do nothin’ for free.

Well, that’s alright.

I’ll just keep on talkin’, and I’ll keep on truckin’.

And I’ll keep on ooo, ooo, ooo...

**I am A Shark: Ella**

Sometimes, when I stand on the beach and look out at the ocean, I imagine I’m a shark. My feet are hot, so hot they’re burning. Burning so much, I start to not feel the pain anymore. I take several deep breaths, and I breathe out the heat through my nose. I can feel it leaving me. My feet are tingling. A little numb. But I feel no pain. I am a shark. I’m swimming through the water and you can cut me with your knives, but my skin is hard and I am tough. And I feel no pain. A boy, this boy I know, but wish I didn’t, runs out of the ocean and past me. I feel the cold water he’s brought in on my legs. He’s tossed sand on me too and it’s sticking to me. I reach my hand down to feel the roughness on my legs. It’s like sandpaper. His friend runs out of the water too, chasing him, and he bumps into me. Pushes past me. My body turns with him, but my feet stay grounded. Like a rooted flower blowing in the wind. I don’t fall over. He yells something. Freak...Try again..Knock...but I can’t make out these words. I can’t understand them. My head is under water. Sound is muted down here. I am swimming fast. I am a shark. As two bodies now run past me, run into me, there is the sound of laughter. My roots were not deep enough. My face is burning hot against the floor of the beach. My hands push my body up and I taste sand in my mouth. It’s rough in my mouth now. Like my legs, my arms, my chest. I feel a kick to my side, but it is nothing to me. I am strong. My skin is tough. I feel nothing. I am a shark.

**CatNap**

**Gathy:**

**Kit: Julien**

**Kat:**

(Kit and Kat singing): Whisker patrol, whisker patrol

Cat scratch fever is the way we roll

Whisker patrol

Kit: (Talking over each other for the next few lines) Thank you.

Kat: We're Catnap.

Kit: Whoo-hoo.

Kat: Thanks.

Kit: That was amazing.

Kat: Kevin, good job tonight.

Kit: Oh, my gosh.

Kat: Kevin was great.

Gathy: Good job, buddy.

Kat: Hi?

Gathy: You guys were great tonight.

Kat: Thank you for coming.

Kit: How'd you get in here?

Gathy: I can't believe I'm meeting you guys. It's so crazy.

Kat: We really appreciate it.

Gathy: What's next for you guys? 'Cause you guys are really selling out shows and becoming really popular.

Kat: More shows.

Kit: We want to record in a month or so.

Gathy: Stay in Portland.

Kat: We're gonna put out a full-length album and go on a bunch of tours.

Gathy: Stick around, touring just around Portland at different venues and stuff?

Kit: Kevin wants to get out.

Gathy: Kevin? What are you talking about, Kevin?

Kat: He's never seen New York.

Kit: We want to take it as far as we can.

Gathy: I think you guys are gonna stay here because you're my band and you're not going anywhere.

Kat: You don't think we should go on tour? Ok.

Kit: Maybe we won't.

Gathy: I followed other bands in the past, and they've gone mainstream and left me here alone and--

Kat: We really appreciate you coming, but we’ve got a lot of stuff to do. I got to take down my equipment and so does Kit, so--

Gathy: Don't you get what's gonna happen? You guys are gonna be this huge band that everyone knows about, and all stupid high school jocks and moms are gonna like your music.

Kat: Our music's more tailor-made than that. It's specific. It's for a niche audience.

Kit: Don't engage her.

Gathy: What do you mean, don't engage her? I can hear you. I used to watch Pink play on a little crappy wooden plank outside of a gas station. It was just her and her guitar. I was the only one out there. She had long hair.

Kit: Who, Pink?

Gathy: Yeah. That's how you know her. I know her as her real name.

Kit: Ok?

Kat: Which is?

Gathy: Barbara.

Kit: Barbara.

Gathy: Barbara Jean. By the way, I'm Gathy.

Kit: Cathy, nice to meet you.

Gathy: It's Gathy with a "g.

Kat: We're sorry for your loss. Seems like you have a lot going on.

Gathy: You guys are going with me, and so is Kevin. Watch this. (Pulls out a rope)

Kit: Whoa?

Gathy: Yeah, now hi, right?

Kit: Do you know how to use that thing?

Gathy: Uh, yeah. Look. (Gets caught in rope) Darnit!! (Gets out of the rope, loops it around Kat and Kit)

Kat: Kevin, call 9-1-1.

Gathy: Kevin, don't call 9-1-1. You get back up there.

Kit: Sorry, Kevin.

Gathy: You're gonna stay in Portland, and you're gonna play here, and you're not gonna leave me. Do you understand, Kevin?

Kat: Leave him alone.

Gathy: I'm not gonna have another Pink situation. Do you understand? I am not gonna have another Barbara leave me. So you guys are gonna get in my van right now. Do you hear me?

Kit: Your van?

Gathy: My van! Kevin.

Kat: What's he doing? What's he trying to get out of that box?

Kit: Nothing. He's doing the merch.

Gathy: Let's go.

Kit: Just do it.

Kat: Let’s walk together.

Gathy: Let's go. Go, get in my van. Go.

Kat: Don't hurt us.

Gathy: Kevin? Yeah. My van! My van! My van!

**I Won’t Say I’m In Love- Amber**

(Hercules)

**Backup: Mei, Jacqueline, Audrey**

If there's a prize for rotten judgment

I guess I've already won that

No man is worth the aggravation

That's ancient history, been there, done that

Who d'you think you're kidding

He's the earth and heaven to you

Try to keep it hidden

Honey we can see right through you (Oh no)

Girl, you can't conceal it

We know how you're feeling

Who you thinking of?

No chance, no way, I won't say it, no, no

You swoon, you sigh, why deny it, oh, oh

It's too cliché, I won't say I'm in love

I thought my heart had learned its lesson

It feels so good when you start out

My head is screaming "get a grip, girl"

"Unless you're dying to cry your heart out"

Girl, you can't deny it

Who you are and how you're feeling

Baby we're not buying

Hon we saw you hit the ceiling

Face it like a grown-up

When you gonna own up that you got, got, got it bad?

No chance, no way, I won't say it, no no

Give up, give in, check the grin, you're in love

This scene won't play, I won't say I'm in love

We'll do it until you admit you're in love

You're way off base, I won't say it

Get off my case, I won't say it

Girl don't be proud, it's okay you're in love

At least out loud I won't say I'm in lovee

**Batter Up: JJ**

(stumbles on with baseball bat, gets up and steadies himself) Oh God. This is happening. This is--this is really happening. How am I supposed to put my arms again? Is it a triangle, do I make a triangle? Am I supposed to lean forward or back? Oh, no, this doesn’t feel right. Oh God, why are they all talking to each other. Did they say “easy out?” About me? Oh gosh, he’s winding up his arm….it’s coming...it’s coming…(Swings bat wildly and screams) Ahhh! Oh crud. Why did I just do that. Now they’re all laughing. C’mon Frank, man up! C’mon...it’s not even that scary. Just leather and yarn. A lot of leather and yarn that comes at me at 50 miles an hour...OH MY GOD what if it hits me in the mouth and knocks out all my teeth?! I had a dream about that where a baseball came flying at me. It cracked my front two teeth right off. Or it could hit my nose, or knock my eyeballs out. This is inhumane! This is dangerous! Get me out of here! I can’t do this -- no. C’mon. I can do this. Please God don’t let it hit me. All I have to do is take a swing. No big deal. He’s winding up -- (swings wildly, gets hit in the arm with the ball) Oww!! Ow ow ow! Okay that wasn’t that bad. The coach is coming -- No coach, I’m good, I’m okay! I can’t let that ball control me. That wimpy, filthy, piece of leather and yarn does not own me, and I’m not going to let all those outfielders make fun of me! It’s coming, it’s coming!!! (Swings) I HIT IT! I HIT IT! (Starts running wildly) I hit it!! Frank, you did it! You are the king of the world! Derek Jeter ain’t got nothin on you! Rounding second base, coming for third, this is the best day of my life -- What? Are you kidding me? What did he just say? Oh my God. Of course. Foul. Ball.

**Sure Thing**

**BILL: Jack**

**BETTY: Morgan**

(Scene: A café. Betty, a woman in her late twenties, is reading at a café table. An empty chair is opposite her. Bill, same age, enters.)

BILL: Excuse me. Is this chair taken?

BETTY: Excuse me?

BILL: Is this taken?

BETTY: Yes it is.

BILL: Oh. Sorry.

(A bell rings softly.)

BILL: Is this seat taken?

BETTY: No it's not.

BILL: Would you mind if I sit here?

BETTY: Yes I would.

(Bell)

BILL: Is this seat taken?

BETTY: No it's not.

BILL: Would you mind if I sit here?

BETTY: No. Go ahead.

BILL: Thanks. (He sits. She continues reading). Every place else seems to be taken.

BETTY: Mm-hm.

BILL: Great place.

BETTY: Mm-hm.

BILL: My name’s Bill, by the way

BETTY: I just wanted to read in quiet, if you don't mind.

(bell)

BILL: My name's Bill, by the way.

BETTY: I'm Betty.

BILL: Hi.

BETTY: Hi.

BILL: Do you come in here a lot?

BETTY: Every once in a while. Do you?

BILL: Not so much anymore. Not as much as I used to. Before my nervous breakdown. (Bell.)

BILL: Do you come in here a lot?

BETTY: Why are you asking?

BILL: Just interested.

BETTY: Are you really interested, or do you just want to go out with me?

BILL: Not really, I just want to go out with you.

(Bell.)

BILL: Do you come in here a lot?

BETTY: Every other day, I think.

BILL: I come in here quite a lot and I don't remember seeing you.

BETTY: I guess we must be on different schedules.

BILL: Missed connections.

BETTY: Yes. Different time zones.

BILL: Amazing how you can live right next door to somebody in this town and never even know it.

BILL: We probably pass each other in the street every day. Right in front of this place, probably.

BETTY: Yep.

BILL: You weren't waiting for somebody when I came in, were you?

BETTY: Actually I was.

BILL: Oh. Boyfriend?

BETTY: Sort of.

BILL: What's a sort-of boyfriend?

BETTY: My husband.

(Bell.)

BILL: You weren't waiting for somebody when I came in, were you?

BETTY: No, just reading.

BILL: Sort of a sad occupation for a Friday night, isn't it? Reading here, all by yourself?

BETTY: Do you think so?

BILL: Well sure. I mean, what's a good-looking woman like you doing out alone on a Friday night?

BETTY: Trying to keep away from lines like that. (begins to walk out)

(Bell.)

BILL: You weren't waiting for somebody when I came in, were you?

BETTY: No, just reading.

BILL: Sort of a sad occupation for a Friday night, isn't it? Reading here all by yourself?

BETTY: (sarcastic) Wow thanks…

(Bell.)

BETTY: To tell you the truth, I was headed to the movies after I finished this section. Would you like to come along?

BILL: That's a very nice offer, but. . .

BETTY: Uh-huh. Girlfriend?

BILL: Two, actually.

(Bell.)

BETTY: Girlfriend?

BILL: Sort of.

BETTY: What's a sort-of girlfriend?

BILL: My cat. Madame Whiskers.

(Bell.)

BILL: I just ended a relationship, actually. This is my first night out alone in a long time. I feel a little bit at sea, to tell you the truth.

BETTY: So you didn't stop to talk because you have some weird political affiliation--?

BILL: Not really. I just think that Donald Trump has some really good ideas and-

(Bell.)

Have you heard of scientology?

(Bell.)

I like to think of myself as a citizen of the universe.

(Bell.)

I'm unaffiliated.

BETTY: That's a relief. So am I. Labels are not important.

BILL: Labels are not important, exactly. Take me, for example. I mean, what does it matter if I have a my little pony collection—

(Bell.)

So what if I am a Level 7 Yu Gi Oh master?

(Bell.)

Think ‘Friends’ isn’t funny AT ALL.

BETTY: Sure.

BILL: I believe that a man is what he is.

(Bell.)

A person is what he is.

(Bell.)

A person is what they are.

BETTY: Listen, I was headed to the movies after I finished this section. Would you like to come along?

BILL: That sounds like fun. What's playing?

BETTY: Minions.

(Bell.)

BILL: What’s playing?

BETTY: A couple of really early Steven Spielberg movies. You like Spielberg?

BILL: Sure.

BETTY: But you're not crazy about Spielberg.

BILL: Those early ones kind of get on my nerves. Like E.T., are you kidding me? It doesn’t even look like an alien, it’s like if Benjamin Button was a worm.

BETTY: Uh-huh.

(Bell.)

BILL: Y'know I was headed to the--

BETTY (Simultaneously): I was thinking about--

BILL: I'm sorry.

BETTY: No, go ahead.

BILL: I was going to say that I was headed to the movies in a little while, and. . .

BETTY: So was I.

BILL: The Spielberg festival?

BETTY: Just up the street.

BILL: Do you like the early ones?

BETTY: I think anybody who doesn't ought to be run off the planet. Do you like Entenmann's crumb cake. . .?

BILL: Last night I went out at two in the morning to get one. Did you have an Etch-a-Sketch as a child? BETTY: Yes! And do you like Brussels sprouts? (Pause.)

BILL: I think they’re disgusting.

BETTY: They are disgusting!

BILL: And will you love me?

BETTY: Yes.

BILL: And cherish me forever?

BETTY: Yes.

BILL: Do you still want to go to the movies?

BETTY: Sure thing.

BILL AND BETTY (Together): Waiter!

**Ugly Stepsister - Katie**

It isn’t easy being the ugly stepsister. Everybody always feels so sorry for poor little Cinderella, but what about me? I deserve a little sympathy, too. Does my fairy godmother ever turn up with a magic wand? Does the prince ever dance with me at the ball? Not on your life. The best I can ever hope for with my pumpkins is a decent piece of pie. And as for the rats, well, rats are rats, with their sneaky eyes and skinny tails, nibbling and gnawing at the garbage. I never saw one yet who turned into a coachman.

If you ask me, that Cinderella is weird. Certainly, she isn’t normal. Besides the fact that she has naturally curly hair and wears size 4 1⁄2 shoes, she is so good-natured that it’s downright sickening. If you had to dust and sweep and clean all day long, would you go around singing to the birds? Of course you wouldn’t. No sensible person would.

A lot of people think I’m jealous of her. Maybe I am. And with good reason. I subsisted on seven hundred calories a day for three whole weeks before the ball. I did my leg-lift exercises faithfully. I got a perm and a facial and a manicure. I even bought a new gown. Blue velvet. Designer label. I mean, I was ready. Princey, I thought to myself, here I come!

And what happened? Little Cindy, who has never seen the inside of a health club in her life and who doesn’t know the caloric difference between a carrot stick and a chocolate éclair, whips together a dress out of some old curtains from K-Mart, waltzes off to the ball and snags the prince.

It isn’t fair! It really isn’t fair!

**Every Now and Then**

(Runaways)

**AUDREY**

EVERY NOW AND THEN A PERSON HAS TO GET AWAY,

EVEN FROM THOSE HE LOVES,

HOW HE GOES OR WHO HE HUNTS,

CAN NOT MATTER AT THE TIME

Company

HE’S LEAVING

**RACHEL**

OH, OH, I’M SORRY,

I THINK I WAS INCONSIDERATE.

I MADE YOU WORRY,

WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT

Company

EVERY NOW AND THEN A CHOICE GETS MADE

AND SOME DEBT IN YOUR HEART WON’T BE PAID

WHO GETS LEFT BEHIND NO ONE KNOWS,

DON’T ALWAYS CONDEMN THE ONE WHO GOES.

**I am Not a Number: Sarah- Margot**

If -3 is less than or equal to 2x + 7,which is less than 11, then (*mumbles*) subtract the 7 to equalize both sides, which would mean -10/2 is less than or equal to 2x/2 which would be less than 2, which means -5 is less than or equal to x, which means that 2...Oh, crud. You know, I really hate these prep classes for my SAT prep classes. As if there wasn’t already enough with school and homework and violin and piano lessons and spanish and history and biology tutors. Plus, our teacher smells like sardines. You see, my mom really wants me to get into Herman Wilkshire Academy. They say Wilkshire girls always get into the Ivy League.. You know, back when I was 6, all I wanted was to get into the Ivy League, and then become superhero lawyer extraordinaire. But after school homework, and more homework, and math tutor homework, and prep class homework, and lessons, and did I say homework? I mean take 10 is less than 2x minus 5. Like, WHO CARES? WHO. REALLY. CARES. Just look around. Everyone in this room is a number. Even me. When I ace a history test. I’m a 100, and it feels GOOD. Mom and Dad take me out for ice cream, I get to stay up late, and I can treat myself to a diet coke. But, sometimes when I’m tired and forget to read over my notes, I’m an 82. And when you’re an 82, there’s an emptiness you feel in your stomach -- like the world is about to end. Ice cream? Soda? Forget about it. All you get is yelled at. “Sarah, we work so hard for you.” Sarah, how could you do this to us.” “Sarah, you’re a DISAPPOINTMENT.” But, you know what. I’d rather be a disappointment than a number. I refuse to spend my entire life in a little room, taking test after test while a clock ticks my life away and my parents go around bragging to their friends about how “Sarah made honor roll, sarah has straight As.” And I just stand there with a stupid little smile. Cause I’m not a 100, and I’m not an 82. I’m just Sarah Lee Goldman, and I am more than the test, and the results, and the quizzes, and the results, and the assesments and the scores, and the rankings, and the scores, and the scores, and the NUMBERS. I am not a number. I am NOT a number. But you know what is a number. 2. And 2 is less than or equal to x which is less than -5! Mrs. Hoffenstein, I know the answer.

**Doctor: Beneatha- Mei**

When I was small...we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day... and it was very dangerous, you know... far too steep... and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and sewed it all up... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face.... I never got over that... What one person could do for another, fix him up – sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that.

I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know – and make them whole again.

**Little Miss Garden State: Bea MacDonald- Rachel**

(Enters waving, big fake smile, then stumbles halfway on. Pauses at microphone for a second as if listening to audience) Hello Mr. VanBuren, my name is Bea MacDonald, and here is why I think I should be Little Miss Garden State. It has been my goal to become Little Miss Garden State my whole life. Aside from being charming and articulate, I am confident, as well! In my school, I am working hard to become class president. Also, in order to be crowned Little Miss Garden State contestants must be physically fit and proportionate. My big sister helps me everyday to achieve this goal, by teaching me healthy eating and exercise habits. Shoutout to her! Finally, if crowned, I will work my very hardest to promote animal rights, because who doesn’t love animals!? Thank you everyone! Enjoy the show. (walks offstage, sits back down, takes off sash. walks back on to the microphone. Expressionless stare ahead for a brief moment.)

Reasons why I should be Little Miss Garden State. I have wanted this my entire life. My entire life. Charming? You got it! You know how many times I’ve had to smile and nod my head, just to convince everyone that everything is okay. Articulate? Of course. I spent hours, and I mean hours, reciting the dictionary out loud in front of a mirror, recording myself, replaying it, fixing it, redoing it all, until my lips bled. Just so I could be one of those pretty girls on TV with voices like honey. Confidence? Well. I can pretend, can’t I. Every day I walk home from that school tears streaming down my face like the melting wax of a candle. I heard all the whispers, the “she looks like an overgrown potato in that dress,” “why is she always talking to herself,” “her sister is so much prettier than her” When I’m Little Miss Garden State and I get to be on Channel 12 News with Tom Barksdale all those those girls will EAT IT. I can see it now, Tom will ask me “what’s your favorite color?” (giggles) And I’ll say, “why pink, of course!” “Who is your role model?” “Why Miss America herself, and my big sister.” (pauses.) My big sister taught me everything. Every night, dinner would be just the two of us, and I remember that she never ate enough food off her plate so that she could see her reflection. Because that reflection would be just be of a fat, ugly girl. You know, my sister was Little Miss Garden State 2009. She stood up on that podium like an angel. I deserve to be Little Miss Garden State because I didn’t cry two weeks ago when I saw my sister flung into an ambulance as if she was a dead body being thrown into the morgue. I didn’t cry when I saw her eyes, engulfed by the dark bags , crying for help. I didn’t cry. I just practiced my routine. So thank you. Thank you everyone and enjoy the show.

**Suddenly Seymour**

(Little Shop of Horrors)

Seymour: **Jack**

Lift up your head, wash off your mascara

Here, take my Kleenex, wipe that lipstick away

Show me your face clean as the mornin'

I know things were bad but now they're okay

Suddenly Seymour is standing beside you

You don't need no makeup, Don't have to pretend

Suddenly Seymour, is here to provide you

With sweet understanding, Seymour's your friend

Audrey: **Margot**

Nobody ever treated me kindly

Daddy left early, mamma was poor

I'd meet a man and I'd follow him blindly

He'd snap his fingers me I'd say, "Sure"l:

Suddenly, Seymour is standing beside me

He don't give me orders, he don't condescend

Suddenly, Seymour is here to provide me

Sweet understanding, Seymour's my friend

All:

Suddenly, Seymour is standing beside me

He don't give me orders, he don't condescend

Suddenly, Seymour is here to provide me

Sweet understanding, Seymour's my friend