

You're scared of the ocean? Yeah, I understand that. The ocean seems scary to many, even dangerous. People 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.

What do you thing you're doing?! I mean as if it wasn't bad enough you asked Ginny out on a date behind my back, but I had to find out about it, from Shannon, who couldn't wait to throw it in my face. I was so humiliated, I could have died! I thought we were supposed to be going out...isn't that what you told me Monday? What ever happened too, "Tina, you're different from other girls," or, "I feel like I can tell you anything", or, "I knew you were special the first time I saw you"? Were you just playing me? What do you want from me? (Pause) No! You know what? I don't even care...this whole thing was just a pathetic lie to satisfy your ego, wasn't it?...I mean you didn't even have the decency to break it off before you jumped into something else. I can't believe I fell for the whole honesty routine...Just leave, I can't even look at you, you make me sick (Pause) Please, just leave!...O.K...I admit it, you got me, so take your little trophy, add me to your collection and get out of my life!

Yeah, I've got one. Well, there was this one guy. Queer as a three-dollar bill. Guy's father didn't know about his son. So, he comes down into the basement one night when he's supposed to be out of town. Catches his son with another boy. So, he starts beating him. But not like the slap kind. Like the real kind. And the boyfriend says, "Stop. You're killing him." And the son just yells "Get out." And eventually the boyfriend just did. (*Patrick stops. Gripped by sad. He can't shake.*) Forget it. I'm free now, right? I could meet the love of my life any second now. Things will be different now, and that's good. I just need to meet a good guy.