**Option 1: (one person)**

**Setting: a library**

Here’s the charger you asked for.

What? It’s an LG. Like, the phones. They have, like, flip phones, also like printers, refrigerators.

LG! Lucky-Goldstar. The Lucky-Goldstar Corporation, shortened to LG in 1995 to facilitate better competition in the Western market?

LG! Based in Seoul, South Korea. CEO Jo Seong-jin. Home entertainment, consumer electronics, stock priced at 105,000 South Korean Won at an upward trend of 0.48%. You know, LG.

DO I NEED TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU? (*spelling it out with his hands in the air*):ELLE GE. (*Pronounce in Spanish*): LG. Emerging from the union in 1995 of GoldStar with Lak-Hui Chemical. LG, used the slogan "Future’s Technology" until 1997, at which point it shifted to "Digitally Yours" from 1997 until 1999 before finally being altered to "Life’s Good" which currently stands as both the slogan and an infuriatingly common misconception as to what the letters LG actually stand for.

L-FUCKING-G. EPA Energy Star Partner of the Year in 2015 and they’re gunnin’ for this year’s title too. Offers more than 800 ENERGY STAR qualified models in a range of product categories including clothes washers, dishwashers, refrigerators, TVs, computer monitors, air conditioners and LED lighting. LG: 12.4% market share for televisions, beaten only by their fellow Koreans at Samsung who better prepare for domination. Brad, I’m talking about LG!!!

**Option 2: (1 person)**

**Setting: a town hall meeting**

What’s up you guys

My name is Kieran, and I’ve been doing a lot of critical thinking about my place as a white, middle class male living in one of the most historically complicated cities in the United State of America: New Orleans, Louisiana.

But I’m here today to just be really upfront and say it:

Okay?

I am a gentrifier, full stop.

You know?

It’s just like:

Full stop: I am a gentrifier.

Okay, I am a white, middle class male working in Marketing and PR for Bumble,

writing a screenplay on the side,

and living in one of the most historically black, family neighborhoods in my city.

Okay?

I’m a gentrifier, full stop.

Right?

My presence in my neighborhood actively makes the lives of the families who have historically lived in my neighborhood …harder.

Okay?

You picking up what I’m putting down?

And I’m complicit, right?

Complicit?

We’re all familiar with complicit?

Because I am actively gentrifying, I am complicit with gentrification.

Okay?

Comprende?

Be*cause* I am a gentrifier, right? I am complicit with the symptoms and ramifications that come with gentrification.

Okay?

I drink a five-dollar small cup of coffee brewed by a white woman with dreadlocks.

Right?  
I do.

Okay?

It’s the only place in my neighborhood that serves oat milk but guess what:

NOT FOR LONG.

Because Full Stop: gentrifiers love oat milk and guess what? I’m gonna go ahead and be

COMPLICIT IN GENTRIFICATION.

*(He gets increasingly emotional until he cries)*

Full stop: I am a gentrification.

Right?

Staying with me?

Because I gentrifier in coffee shops that are historically black and also complicit, I *am* white.

Right?

And not only am I white, I am also complicit in my oat milk that *is* underserved.

Right? Okay?

Because Gentrifier: I am Full Stop.

You got that?

I complicit the system of oppressions in that I gentrification my underserve.

Right?

Because I *am* a historically black neighborhood.

Right?

Does that check out with everyone?

That I am gentrifier in my systematically oppressed complicit?

We all get that?

White flight?

That’s clear to everyone?

**Option 3: (2 people)**

**Setting: Ted’s house**

*Ted is fast asleep onstage. Jerry knocks loudly, then comes running onstage. He sits in a chair by the bed.*

Jerry: Ted! There you are. I’ve been looking everywhere for you.

Ted: Jerry, it’s 4:00 in the morning. What are you doing here?

Jerry: I figured it out.

Ted: Jerry, leave my apartment.

Jerry: No, Ted, you don’t understand. I figured it out.

Ted: You figured what out?

Jerry: You know, *it*. I figured out why I’ve been feeling like a mongoose lately.

Ted: Sure, you – wait, what?

Jerry: It’s because I *am a mongoose*.

(Long pause.)

Ted: What the fuck are you talking about?

Jerry: I’m a mongoose. That’s why I’ve been feeling this way.

Ted: You’ve been feeling like a mongoose because you’re a mongoose?

Jerry: Right!

Ted: You’re not a mongoose.

Jerry: Yes I am.

Ted: You are very clearly a human being.

Jerry: No no no. I *look* like a human being, sure. But, I’m actually a mongoose. It’s like, you know how some girls look totally different before they put make-up on?

Ted: Yeah.

Jerry: Well, I’m a mongoose.

Ted: That explained nothing.

Jerry: Alright. Well, about a week ago, I couldn’t get to sleep. For a really long time I couldn’t figure out why, but then I realized it was because mongooses are nocturnal.

Ted: No, they’re not.

Jerry: So, I went downstairs to get a bite.

Ted: Mongooses aren’t nocturnal.

Jerry: And I just had this crazy desire to eat a lot of berries.

Ted: Mongooses are carnivores.

Jerry: So, I just started shoving these berries into my mouth.

Ted: Mongooses don’t eat berries, they’re carnivores.

Jerry: And by that point I knew, I just *knew* I was a mongoose.

Ted: You knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that you were a mongoose because you couldn’t sleep and –

Both: *(simultaneously)* Wanted berries.

Jerry: Exactly.

Ted: *(turning away)* I hate you. Leave me alone. It’s 4 am.

Jerry: Oh. Oh, ok, fine. Whatever man. I just drop something huge on you, something monu-fucking-mental –

Ted: That you’re a mongoose?

Jerry: YES THAT I’M A MONGOOSE! And you’re just passing it off like it’s nothing.

Ted: You have given me no reason to think you are a mongoose.

Jerry: Ok, alright. Fine. What about this? I’m originally from South America.

Ted: Mongooses are from Southern Eurasia.

Jerry: I am a huge team player.

Ted: Mongooses live predominately solitary lives.

Jerry: I have a tail!

Ted: Mongoose – wait, what? You have a tail?

Jerry: *(pause)* No. No, that last thing was a lie.

Ted: Oh.

Jerry: How the fuck do you know so much about mongooses?

**Option 4: (1 person)**

**Setting: a TV infomercial**

Well hi there and hello! My name is Geraldine Panopolous. I interrupt this episode of “Cake Boss” with a question for all you parents out there. Is your little one being bullied at school? Is he coming home every day with a head hanging lower than my geriatric knockers? Well then look no further my friends, because oh me oh my have I got the service for you!

Geraldine’s “Buck the Bullies” brings a ground-breaking new model to the quandary of child bullying. Here’s how it works: you tell me who is messing with ya little munchkin, and I beat them within an inch of their life. That’s right, we’re fighting adolescent insecurity with deeply injurious violence.

Let’s say your little Frankie’s coming home saying that Sampson McGuberqueen keeps taking his lunch money? Easy caprese. Call us, and within 24 hours I myself will follow Sampson home from school, and run over three out of his four limbs with my Chevorlet Impala.

Little Becky getting her pigtails pulled by Sally Perkins? No problem, hobgoblin! I myself will take a wool sock, stuff it with assorted coins of varying worth, tie the sock so that none of the coins fall out of course, and use it to repeatedly strike Salley Perkins in the nose, cheeks, and general facial vicinity.

People ask me questions. They say, Geraldine—is what you do illegal? And to those people I say yes!

(*sung*) “Kids being mean? Call Geraldine! ‘1800DONEFORE’”!

**Option 5: (3 people)**

**Setting: Dora!**

Dora: Hola! Soy Dora!

Boots: And I’m Boots!

Dora: Tomorrow is Halloween! La Noche de Brujas! So Boots and I are going to find a costume! What are you going to be for Halloween?

*(Pause for audience answer)*

Dora: Wow! That’s SO interesting! To get to the costume shop, Boots and I will have to cross the bridge over the river, and then pass through the scary forest, and tiptoe around the prickly thorns. Will you help us? Great!

Boots: Oh Dora this trip sounds like it’s going to be very scary! Good thing I downloaded my favorite audiobooks onto my phone to listen to!

Dora: Boots, what?

Boots: *(very much in character)* What Dora? I think our audience could really benefit from the joys of audible reading! And with my access code located at the bottom of your screen, you can help me make some extra dinero and get 10% off the first three months! Hear that kids? Tres Meses!

Dora: Anyways, we should get going! Come on vamanos!

Dora + Boots *(singing)*: Come on Vamanos! Everybody let’s go! You know we can-

Swiper: Not so fast!

Dora: Oh no! That sounds like swiper the fox! We have to say swiper no swiping!

Dora + Boots: Swiper no swiping! Swiper no swiping!

Boots: Yeah Swiper no swiping! Unless it’s to purchase a bi-monthly subscription to the audiobook company of which I have a very important sponsorship which, with your generous contribution, can support me financially!

Swiper: You want me to swipe?

Boots: C’mon mi amigo! Boots is in a lot of trouble with loan sharks and selling his plasma just isn’t cutting it! He could really appreciate it if you could help him out by clicking on his access code!

Dora: It looks like Boots is going through a hard time but so are we! C’mon kids, let’s go back to getting rid of Swiper!

Boots: HE CAN WAIT. Especially because Boots hasn’t been able to cover his interest payments for the past three months, and now Boots is VERY SCARED that Diego will come and chop off his tail if he can’t pay up!

Swiper: Maybe I should go-

Dora: No Swiper don’t go, we can still save the show! We’ll need help from Backpack to cross the bridge over the river! *(sings Backpack theme song)* Backpack Backpa-

Boots: Oh yeah let’s bring fucking backpack into this! Do you know how hard it is to share a makeup trailer with that hoarder? Do you know how much CRAP he keeps in his fucking sack? Maybe if I had enough dinero to pay off my MOUNTAINS of DEBT I could afford a separate dressing room, but NO I’m stuck with a supporting character’s salary on a children’s television network-

Dora: Back to the show-

Boots: All these years and all I have to show for myself is an eviction notice and a deferment on my car loan! Yet everyone’s too busy to spare some loose change for their friendly neighborhood Boots! You see these boots that everyone keeps talking about? They’re the same pair from my audition 15 years ago! I get water in my socks every time we have to cross the fucking bridge, Dora! Boots is TOO POOR for BOOTS!

*Enter Diego, slowly cracking a whip*

Diego: Enough of this stupid monkey business, where’s Boots?

Boots: Dora, save me!

Dora: Get it kids, monkey business, because Boots is a monkey. That was a pun!

Diego: Time to pay up, kid.

Boots: Please Diego, I have nothing left!

Diego: Gimme the boots.

Boots: But they’re my entire personality!

Diego: I SAID GIMME-

Boots: Okay!

*(Boots reluctantly removes his iconic red boots. He hands them to Swiper the Fox, and a tear falls from his eye. Swiper awkwardly takes the boots and hands them to Diego).*

Diego: I’ll be back next week, punk!

*Diego leaves.*

*Painful Beat. Boots is crying. No one knows how to fix this situation.*

*Finally, Swiper reaches into Dora’s pocket and pulls out a twenty-dollar bill. He hands it to Boots.*

Dora: Swiper! No swip- Honestly I think he needs it more than I do.

Boots: Gracias.