

## I'M ONLY 15

*At rise: Actor is center stage. Actor sometimes is in present with flat affect, same volume & tone like a dead person might have, at other times she is physically and verbally expressive as she has flashbacks and relives what she relates.*

*(Flat affect)* The day I died was an ordinary school day. I dressed and ate breakfast as I had hundreds of times before. I said some snotty remark to my brother over something trivial and got on the bus.

*(more emotion, steady volume)* It doesn't matter how the accident happened. I didn't belong in a "borrowed" car with an unlicensed driver. I had no business being in any car when I belonged in class. But I had to go along with my friends.

The last thing I remember was passing this goofy old lady who seemed to be going awfully slow. *Flashback to accident; duck, dodge, protect your face from the wreck, loudly with fear*) A deafening crash, a terrific jolt, glass flying everywhere, steel bending into sickening shapes. My whole body seemed to be turning inside out. *(flat affect as actor returns to present)* I heard myself scream.

Later on, I awoke. It was very quiet. *(monotone, cold, lifeless voice)* A policeman was standing over me. Then I saw a doctor. My body was mangled. I was saturated with blood. Pieces of *(gingerly feel head and face, make the audience see the blood)* jagged glass were sticking out of my head. I couldn't feel anything. *(snap out of the dream state - loud, forceful)* Hey, Don't pull that sheet over my head. I can't be dead. I'm only 15. Fifteen year olds don't die. *(pleading)* I'm supposed to grow up and have a wonderful life. I can't be dead... I haven't lived yet.

*(softer, no emotion)* Later I was placed in a drawer in the morgue. My folks had to identify me. *(emotion creeps in as she nearly cries)* Why did I have to look into mom's eyes? Dad looked old - really old.

*(lifeless)* The funeral was weird. Friends and relatives passed by the casket one by one. They looked at me with the saddest eyes I have ever seen. Some of them were crying. They touched my hand, sobbing as they walked away.

*(all but screaming like she is trapped in a box)* Please, somebody, wake me up. Get me out of here. *(quieter but with emotion)* I can't bear to see mom and dad so broken up. My grandparents can hardly walk, they're crying so hard. My brother is like a zombie. They, everyone, they all look like robots. I can't believe this is happening to me.

*(crying)* Please don't bury me. I'm not dead. I have allot of living to do. I want to run, laugh, sing. I haven't even gotten to high school yet. Please don't put me in the ground. I promise, if you'll just give me one more chance God, I'll be the more careful. *(begging, crying)* All I want is one more chance.

*(softly pleading)* Please God, I'm only 15.