



GRANDMA HARRIETT'S MEATLOAF (TEEN - MALE/FEMALE)

Grandma's World-Famous Meatloaf should be renamed to Grandma's Famous Moving Meatloaf.

Grandma's house? Tonight? For dinner? What is she making? Her world-famous meatloaf? Oh, no. Mom, I am surprised that you survived your childhood. I have to break it to you. Grandma's meatloaf, yeah, the one she calls world-famous? Well, it's not so world-famous.

The last time I stayed at their house, I was helping her make meatloaf. She asked me to get the oatmeal out of the cupboard. Watching her put the ingredients in the bowl, I noticed the oatmeal was moving. Uh, yeah. It had a bunch of tiny little bugs moving around in it. I said, "Grandma, look!!!" And all she said was, "Don't tell your Grandpa. He doesn't need to know." Mom, you probably grew up eating bugs and you didn't even know it...hahahaha!

Don't get me wrong, I love Grandma, but tonight I'll be taking my own TV dinner, thank you very much. Actually, I'm taking two. The other one is for poor Grandpa. He could use a good meal.



THE WARNING

(TEEN - MALE/FEMALE)

Lexie just moved into the neighborhood. Her new friend immediately informs her about the bully on the block.

Lexie, you moved into the neighborhood just in the nick of time. You need to know about creepy Rudy. He lives next door and he loves to torture and make fun of other kids. Last month he dumped a bucket of live earthworms down Daisy Mae's pants. She hasn't walked the same since.

Just last week he emptied a coffee can full of crickets into his own sister's bed, while she was sleeping. Poor Sarah, she still twitches. I've heard rumors that my friend Destiny is next. My inside sources say that he has caught fifteen frogs and is storing them in his basement. The way I see it? It's our turn to torture Rudy. Are you in? Great! My uncle has a straight jacket that I'm sure I can borrow without him knowing.

Tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, Sarah will let us in the backdoor. We will hold Rudy down, put the straight jacket on him, and stick a few daddy long-leg spiders down his shirt. How many? Oh, I don't know. Twenty-five sounds like a good number. Let him feel those creepy crawlers for a couple of hours. He'll never bother anybody again.