

# THERE AIN'T NO REAL GROWN-UP'S NOWHERE NO-HOW by Leanna MacFarlane

*by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III*

I come from the forest ... that's why there's lots and sticks and stones in my shoes ... I know you're looking at me funny, it must be your recess or something, maybe your teacher took a smoke break for a moment ... but ... those slides are unoccupied, I see, and you can break a neck on those, they're slippery, be careful ... I don't mean to point and make you all look at once, in unison, like it's a school play or function ... but ... I guess you're used to that ... okay, I'll go back into the woods now ... don't tell your teacher I was here, okay?? ... 'cause we got a whole bunch of bombs and are planning on shooting up the town square in Sunday in about a week's time ... I'd stay out of the town square that day, if I were you ... tell your families to do the same, really ... just don't say why ... I'm tellin' you, this goes back a ways, some people are really pissed off, they're a powder keg, just ready to explode ... our time has come ... okay, you kids sure are cute, just stick with your Muppets™, okay? ... this is grown-up business ... okay then ... see ya ... [CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH ... SOUNDS FADING]

**THE END**

curtain rises -- *and*

