



(girls)

by jason chou

NARRATOR:

What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails
And puppy dog tails
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And all things nice
That's what little girls are made of.

It's a pretty cute rhyme... cute considering it's festering with lies!! *(sudden volume and temperament change)* For there is something that the nursery rhyme scholars forgot to mention. Girls are MESSED UP! And today it is up to me... the sultan of suave to lead all of you to a better understanding of the inner workings of girls.

First, appearance, something that all girls are never satisfied with yet still love to show. No matter what a girl says, she wants to have her picture taken.

GIRL: Nonono I don't want to be in it... I don't want... i look so gross...

(GIRL gives in and poses while giggling)

NARRATOR: And once a memorystickfull of pictures are taken, you know she's going to put them on her xanga... or her shutterfly... or her myspace... or her livejournal. And if a girl is going to post her pictures online, you know there will be little captions depicting her hatred towards her own appearance.

GIRL: *(typing)* OMG...I hate this picture... everyone in it looks so cute but me!
Oh my god.. what am I doing with my face? my arm looks so fat...

NARRATOR: When trying to characterize a girl, one quality always seems to show through... a love for shopping. Now let me first clear the mists of doubt in the air by saying the myths are true ladies and gentlemen. Girls do do preshopping. They do do it! THEY DO DO IT! What is preshopping you may ask? Let me show you. Meet Nancy...

GIRL: Hello!

NARRATOR: Nancy is your average everyday schoolgirl.

GIRL: I am your average everyday schoolgirl!

NARRATOR: So one day Nancy decides that she wants to go shopping.

GIRL: I'm going shopping shopping shopping lalalala

NARRATOR: She scans the shelves and racks for the newest clothes

GIRL: (*looking at clothes*) ooo cute ... cute... cute...cute... adorable!

NARRATOR: Then, Nancy goes home... empty-handed-handed-handed-handed (*echo*). How is that possible!!! Do not fret, it is all part of her plan.

GIRL: That's right.

NARRATOR: Nancy goes to her room and takes out all of her clothes. And then, she thinks.

GIRL: Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

NARRATOR: She thinks about all the clothes she saw at the mall and how they would match the clothes she already has at home.

GIRL: Oh my god! That cute pink tank top I saw would totally go with this skirt....and those shoes!! It's so perfect!

NARRATOR: Upon finding the perfect match, Nancy then returns to the mall... on the same day-day-day-day (*echo*). Why do girls do this? Why do they put themselves through the torture of parking at the local mall twice in one day on a Sunday afternoon?

GIRL: Duh. Because I'm worth it.

NARRATOR: If girl were a religion, then mall would be her temple, or pagoda, or maybe even a mosque. Let's watch in the Passion of Christ-ina.

(*sing while opening and closing the doors of the mall*) Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hale-i-lu-jah!

(*GIRL walks inside*)

LOUDSPEAKER: Attention all shoppers, there is a sale at Abercrombie and Fitch.
(*sing heavy action music. GIRL runs passionately and elbows someone out of the way*)

VICTIM: My baby!

GIRL: Sorry!!!
(*continue singing*)

OBSERVER: Orange Julius? (*He offers to Girl*)

GIRL: Thank you!!!

(*continue singing while GIRL splashes water on face*)

OBSERVER: Watch out wet floor!!

GIRL: Noooooo!!

(*GIRL jump and flying action. After landing, GIRL's cell phone goes off*)

GIRL: Hello?

GIRL2: Hi Christina! Guess who I just saw? I just saw Amanda and she's totally wearing Abercrombie and Fitch!

GIRL: Yea... so?

GIRL2: Well no one wears Abercrombie and Fitch anymore duh!

GIRL: Oh right, duh...

GIRL2: Yea... so where are you right now?

GIRL: Oh. I'm at the mall...inside every single store but Abercrombie and Fitch. Okay gotta go, kisses!

NARRATOR: Heaven to some, hell to others, Sephora... the perfume and makeup shop in every mall where a girl goes to punish her boyfriend. From a girl's perspective...

GIRL: Oh my god sephora!! It smells so good in here ... honey how does this look on me? (*grab lipstick and try it on*)...ooo look blueberry (*pick up fragrance bottle and try it*)... ooo with a hint of cloud... you should try it! It'll be cute! Just try it (*spray boyfriend*)... kiwi! Try it! Mango! Try it! Passion fruit! Passion (*seductively after glancing at boyfriend*) (*Water gun pumping noise and action*) (*Sprinkler spray action*)

NARRATOR: From a guy's perspective...

GUY: Holy (*sensor beep*) sephora... (*walk with bass beat... suspense... christian hand movement*)...yea honey... that's a great color, how about we get it and leave? ..now... no it's really okay... no I know it'll be cute but really ahhhh... my eyes!! stop it!!! I smell like demon!! What are you doing? No, three pumps is enough! Nooo... (*GUY falls back*)

NARRATOR: Theorists claim that girls and boys will never understand each other. And this is very true, girls and boys even listen to different kinds of music.

(*GIRL puts in earplugs... scroll ipod with tongue click*)

(*GIRL sings*) I love you...everytime I sleep you're in my dreams you give me wings...butterfly kisses...caterpillar nibbles...you're fuzzy and cute...I love love love love love you...

(*GUY picks up boombox, GUY sings*)

NARRATOR: Boys and girls even care about different things

GIRL1: Oh my god! Did you hear the news? Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston totally broke up!

GIRL2: (*in crying pain*) Noooo...no they didn't... they were so beautiful together... what about their beautiful future babies!!!

GUY1: Dude... did you hear the news? Kobe and Shaq aint playing together next year man.

GUY2: Nooo...no way man... they were so beautiful together...

NARRATOR: And one final quality of girls is their power to ruin a guy's life through the employment of a conversation deception. This form of trickery is so hard to explain that mathematicians have struggled for years to think of a way to classify it. And they have, with the simple equation of $y=0$. $Y=0$ where y is how much a girl truly cares about you.

GIRL: Oh my god I haven't seen you for like two weeks. I'm so interested in all that you did over break!

BOY: Well... I found a cure for ca...

GIRL: *(interrupts)* Oh my god I hate Charlotte... I mean... I didn't hate her before..but now she just really t's me off...

BOY: Well. I guess we could talk about Charlotte...

GIRL: Yea we definitely should.

NARRATOR: That is all the time I have for today. I know that you may think I sound like a bitter male chauvinist, but I can bet that every single girl in this room can relate to every single scenario that I have presented today...And every single guy in this room is now very uncomfortable by your presence.