

The Runaway

A teenager who wants to run away, explains his/her big dreams to a friend.

A: What are you doing?

B: I'm packing.

A: Where are you going?

B: I'm running away.

A: Again?

B: This time it's for good.

A: Where are you going to go?

B: I don't know. I thought I might try New Zealand this time, or Borneo. I hear it's beautiful there.

A: Do you have any money?

B: Yes. \$14.76.

A: You can't get anywhere on \$15.

B: Well, maybe I'll take a bus until I see a circus and I'll get a job putting up the tents and they'll like me so much that I'll work my way up to Ringmaster.

A: I don't think it works that way.

B: Okay, then maybe I'll ride my skateboard until I see a slow-moving train. I'll hop on that and wind up in Washington DC and everyone there will like me so much that eventually I'll become President.

A: Why are you running away, anyway?

B: My parents. They won't let me do anything. I wanted to borrow my dad's good video camera to make an audition tape for a new reality show.

A: And he wouldn't let you do it?

B: Well, it was more about what I was going to film. The reality show is called 'Gross Out,' and I was going to eat twenty live cockroaches.

A: Gross.

B: See? They would have put me on the show!