

"DRAMA"

Lights up on CB's sister. She performs to the audience. The following can only be described as BAD.

CB'S SISTER

Metamorphosis. Transformation. Evolution. Change. Evolution. Change. *Changing evolution.* I am a teenage caterpillar. I know of these things. For soon, I'll spin a cocoon. And from the silklike craft that I will create, a magnificent creature will emerge. No. Not a butterfly. For butterflies are a dime a dozen. Destined to flit about for a day or so, then drop dead. Or have it's wings ripped off by a demented child. Or have it's body pinned to a piece of cheap foam core and matted underneath a cheap frame and hung in the bathroom of an elderly woman who wreaks of Preparation H and Vick's Vapo-Rub. (Beat.) This will not be my fate. This CANNOT be my fate. I will become a platypus. It's not impossible. It's just never been done before. It's only a matter of time, you see. If I stay in my cocoon longer, I'll change from a butterfly to a swallow and then from a swallow to a duck and then from a duck to a platypus. It's all just a matter of time. And time I have. I will wait to become a platypus. I will be an extraordinary creature.

The lights fade as she pulls a silk scarf from her pocket and begins to wrap it around herself.