

Amy (or your amygdala): She is one of your last remaining brain cells after months stuck in your house. Amy gives off Southern PTA mom vibes mixed with the bluntness only your best friend could have. She is usually very organized and calculated (and super passionate and a little passive aggressive), so she hates the laziness that has inhabited your body and is beginning to influence her. To be honest, she's kind of fed up with your crap and needs something to change, or else she's gonna jump ship like the other brain cells. Therefore, in this scene, she is coming to you with this month's progress report.

AMY

*Amy is standing in an office space, with a clipboard or notebook underneath her arm. She waves to her audience, her human.*

Hey girl, hey! It's that time of the month...

*She realizes what she said and makes a "gag me" motion.*

God, no. Not that time of the month. That's totally not my job. I mean it's the end of the month, so progress report time. *(beat)* I know, I know. Now June was... it was... great...

*She shakes her head thinking of the right word for it.*

It was okay...

*Breathes a heavy sigh, with the weight of the month behind it.*

It was a month. June was a month.

*Reading off of her clipboard or notebook.*

Activity levels were low again. Serotonin was very scarce. I was starving for it... starving. Which I think is hilarious, since you've been stuffing your face with Cheeto Puffs every five seconds. *(awkward and annoyed laugh)* I've been up and down every couple of hours. I'm starting to get whiplash. Also.... it's official... I'm all alone up here. Celine Dion ain't got nothing on me. The others went on a permanent vacation, if you get my drift. I think the last few stragglers were done in a couple of weeks ago by the twenty-four hour *Twilight* binge. Too many sparkles, too much cgi, and way too much Kristen Stewart.

*Claps her hands together with forced enthusiasm.*

Okay, so now that we got through that, I've got some notes that might make July... not a train wreck.

*Periodically takes glances at her notebook, to look at her notes.*

Number one: this is so easy... take a shower. Enough said. *(beat)* Number two: no more snacks. You need to eat something that has nutrients that weren't processed by Frito Lay. With the way you're going, you're gonna end up looking like you belong on a TLC show. And not one of the fun ones like *Sex Sent Me To The ER* or *Say Yes to the Dress*. *(beat)* Number three: no more *Tiger King*. The moment's over... it's gone... Carole Baskin covered it in sardine oil and fed it to a tiger. I know it's kind of a spectacle... a gay, gun toting redneck... only in America. Three viewings, twenty one hours, so much of your life down the drain. I should not be able to sing every word of "I Saw a Tiger." Kay? Going along with that, number four: go outside. In my dreams I long for the feeling of a refreshing breeze on my face. We need sun, air, and water... we're like a plant... a hot mess of a plant, but we're trying. Walk around the neighborhood a few times... just don't touch anybody or anything. Number five: pluck your mustache. In the beginning, it was cute and quirky. We're doing something new. Our situation has become dire. You're starting to look like People's Sexiest Man of the Year. Just get rid of it, like how you got rid of all your bras. I promise it'll make you feel so much better. Number six: ooh number six. I swear to the serotonin gods, if you text Josh again, I will scream... and it's gonna hurt... because I'm in your head. And don't forget, you ran out of Advil last week, so you'll be stuck with me. *(beat)* No, no, no ma'am. You do not text your ex. Don't you know any of the rules of womanhood? If you're lonely, get a hobby. But don't you ever text Josh "my abs are my only personality trait" ever again. *(deep sigh)* Okay... number seven: How about yoga? Meditation? Xanax-

*Crosses something off of her notebook.*

No, that has to be prescribed. Just find a way to cope. Exercise can usually do the trick. I don't think we're at the Xanax stage yet... but you will be if you lose me. Keep that in mind. Lastly: think of the light at the end of the tunnel. It may look like a tiny speck of gold glitter right now, but you will get out of here. You will go back to school, and get away from your crazy as hell-crazy lovable parents. The world will fix itself, just give it some time. And all the stupid people will eventually return back to their hidey holes. Hopefully... I'll pray on it. Just don't do anything drastic in the meantime. Okay?

*Her face gets serious.*

What are you doing? You know we don't look good in bangs. Put down those scissors. Oh, no.  
*(beat)* I need a drink.