

NOTES

THIS SELECTION CONTAINS MATURE SUBJECT MATTER.

Welcome to the future—the year 2097 to be exact. This futuristic science fiction short story should be performed by a male and may be entered in either Prose Interpretation or, due to its first person confessional style, be entered in Dramatic Interpretation. While the subject matter centers on gender identity as it pertains to relationships, the performer should be mature enough to treat the subject matter with complete honesty. If used in Prose Interpretation, the drama mask icons are visible to show the performer where to turn the pages in his manuscript.

Today is the first day of ninth grade. I will finally know who I am. Ever since they passed the Accepting and Respecting Natural Attraction Act of 2095, America has been the best country in the world. No one is discriminated against based on how anyone was born. Science has come a long way in helping us figure out who we are. In the sixth grade, when we studied the great reordering of America, we learned about how President Alodus Hume made the studying of human genetics a top priority. This, of course, led to the Revolution of the Saints, but science helped us cure them of their disease. Now everyone can grow up to be tolerant, loving, caring, and accepting individuals. Science has saved us.



On the first day of ninth grade, all students are given their official identification card. This identification card tells every single person who he is based on his personal genetic testing. As it turns out, you can be born gay—a view that turn-of-the-21st-Century Americans would find utterly astounding. You can also be born straight, or be born with unmatched genitalia; however, in the unlikely event that you are born with unmatched genitalia, you no longer have to live under oppression. Doctors simply perform an operation at birth to correct nature’s mistake, because everyone knows science doesn’t make mistakes! If a baby is born sub-optimally, science can debug and reprogram the child. This simple gift from science guarantees that each child receives a more enjoyable life—much more enjoyable than the life nature would have given him.



I can't wait to find out what my identification card says. I mean, I know what it will say. I've had a crush on Cindy LeFanair for, well, forever! My friend, Jeff, tells me that I shouldn't have crushes yet, because crushes breed identity doubt. He says that we shouldn't even know what a crush is, but I was going through the attic at my grandma's house and found a box of old books. In one of the books, there was a fairy tale about a boy named Leo who met this girl named Stargirl. She sent him a greeting card on this day called Valentine's Day. And the greeting card had a picture of a star, a girl, and the words "I like you" on it. Pretty soon, Leo was going to the mall with her and kissing her. I didn't know what the words "I like you" meant, but another book in the box talked about crushes. It was then that I realized that I've had lots of crushes on girls—girls that I wanted to take to the mall or kiss in the park or dance with at the Lunarplex. I showed the books to Jeff, and he asked his mom about "crushes." Jeff's mom told him not to think about crushes, because that was for after he knew his identity. As the great thinker, Albert Einstein, once said, "One cannot say 'I love you' till one can say 'I.' And one cannot say 'I' until one knows his DNA." This is why the first day of school occurs on Einstein Day, because this is the day that allows the incoming freshman to enter a world of love without any of the fears and self-doubt that destroyed love in the pre-scientific age.



I've always been more advanced than most of my classmates, which is probably why my teachers like me so much. Don't get me wrong. We're all smart; I'm just generally smarter. So it makes sense that I would be more developed than my classmates when it comes to love. I just know my DNA. I've known it for years. When I was in kindergarten, I kissed Trudy behind the playground. I asked her if I could kiss her, and she said, "No." Then she kissed *me*, looked me in the eyes and said, "I'm a woman. I can do what I want with my body." The truth is, however, we could have gotten into a lot of trouble. If we had been caught, we would have had to see a psychiatrist in order to determine if our kiss had created any identity issues for either of us. But when you're five, having to talk to a psychiatrist instead of playing outside is, I suppose, its own kind of punishment.



I arrive at school, and Jeff is already there. He grabs my hand. We always hold hands, because we're best friends. He asks me, "Are you excited?" I ask, "For what?" He says, "To find out who you are, Silly." I tell Jeff, "If you mean to have what I already know *confirmed*, then yes; I'm excited." Just then, our homeroom teacher, Mr. Anderson, walks into the classroom.