

INTROVERTS UNITE

(ALEX, M/F/Gender Neutral, any age, dyed-in-the-wool introvert speaks to their best friend who's encouraging ALEX to be more socially engaged. As ALEX enters, someone leaving the room at the same time tries to high five them. ALEX misses. It's obvious this isn't the first time that has happened but ALEX just carries on.)

How many times has someone tried to high five me and I've missed? I'd say a solid 7 out of 10. Do I care? No. Why? BECAUSE I'M AN INTROVERT!!! I don't WANT to high five you! I'm not trying to BOND with you! I'm trying to figure out how to get AWAY from you! Am I supposed to apologize for that? No! Look, I'm *tired* of hiding my light under a bushel. It's *my* light! If I want to keep it in a dark place, out of sight, maybe even under a bushel, for example —(*realizing the circular logic*)—OK. Possible contraction there. Noted. BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT!!!!—IF I WANT TO KEEP IT HIDDEN THAT'S MY BUSINESS. I don't WANT my light out there. I'm happy alone, at home, with my light, my bushel, my semi-feral calico cat, my ficus tree and re-runs of Battlestar Gallactica. (2009 re-boot. OBVIOUSLY!) I'm PROUD—but in a quiet way—of avoiding phone calls, turning down offers for potlucks, baby showers, and bar mitzvahs. Why can't people manage their communal rituals in a normal way—alone, with a Radiohead playlist looping in the background? Jeez.