

TIFE THEATRE

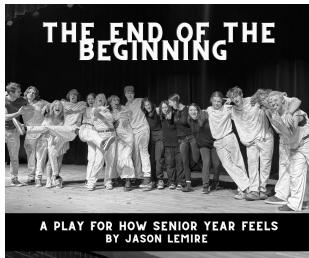
“This Is For Everyone”

2025 - 2026 High School Teacher Sampler

you deserve to feel seen

you deserve to feel heard

you deserve to feel inspired



THE END OF THE BEGINNING

Full-Length Comedy | Cast of 10 - 40+

Ten seniors share stories of overprotective parents, college applications, and musings on the big question: will anyone in their friend group *finally* end up dating before graduation?



THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR

One-Act Comedy | Cast of 15

When a mysterious stranger arrives in a small village, the lives of the corrupt townsfolk are thrown into disarray in this raucous retelling of the classic Russian farce.



CALL ME BLOOD

One-Act Drama | Cast of 5

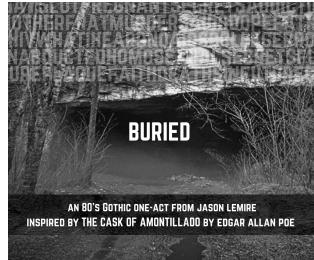
When Cam comes out as non-binary, the consequences spiral quickly. A story that explores social pressures, addiction, and the power of love between siblings.



BODIES

Full-Length Drama | Cast of 7+

A team of scientists and investors meet to answer a pressing question: can an Artificial General Intelligence ever understand what it's like to have a mortal body?



BURIED

One-Act Drama | Cast of 11

Inspired by the classic Edgar Allan Poe story “The Cask of Amontillado”, the ghosts of economic decline, bigotry and the AIDS epidemic swirl during a HS party in 1989.



THE ROMANTIC

Full-Length Comedy | Cast of 30+

What if one day, every single person who ever broke your heart wanted you back? What if each one of those people wanted you back as someone different?

ABOUT TIFE THEATRE

"TIFE" stands for This Is For Everyone, the philosophy that inspired the launch of TIFE Theatre.

Our three core offerings — licensing, workshops, commissions — are all designed to deliver engaging, student-driven experiences.

As a publishing/licensing company, we offer a wide range of dynamic, Thespy-approved plays. Students have used TIFE Theatre scenes and monologues to earn Superiors at state and ITF competitions, and troupes have earned highest honors at district, regional and state competitions with our one-acts.

We also offer directors the option of changing their production scripts to reflect the identity and creativity of their troupe. From changing character names to reflect the background of their actors, to allowing troupes to create their own original adaptations based on our works, licensing a show with TIFE means offering your students and community a unique level of ownership.

TIFE Theatre Workshops are all about empowering your students to find their voice and dare to do dynamic work. (See back cover for more!)

Finally, TIFE Theatre Playwriting Residencies are your program's opportunity to create a world-premiere work, from a one-act play to a full-length musical. Scripts can be an adaptation of an existing work or a completely original collaboration between Jason and your students. A TIFE Theatre Residency is your opportunity to create that piece of theatre you've always wanted to make!

After all, This Is For Everyone.

Jason Lemire

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"Jason is amazing with high school students! In just three days, my Advanced Acting students were able to lay the foundation for what would become several personal, impactful short plays for use in our final showcase of the year."

JODI PAPPROTH - CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN HS

"Jason Lemire is a phenomenally talented educator! He is deeply passionate about his students — any student — meeting them where they are and spurring them to greater heights and a broader perspectives, not only in theatre but also with regards to their place in the universe."

JEREMY GOLDSON - MOUNTAIN VISTA HS

A SPECIAL GIRL — DRAMA

from Buried by Jason Lemire

In this dark tale inspired by Edgar Allen Poe's short story *The Cask of Amontillado*, Jane takes extreme steps to preserve her future. Here, her Boyfriend's Mother, explains what "special girls" like Jane deserve.

For many people — most people, really — there is no... path to great things. And that's all right. We are surrounded by the ordinary. Butchers. Farmers.

Unless... God intends something more for you, in which case, a great life must be lived.

Such are God's intentions for you, my dear. I know it. I've prayed on it. I know it in my bones.

Of course, that does not mean there won't be obstacles. But you must understand that these obstacles are meant to forge you. To strengthen your resolve. So while they might feel like burdens, really, they are all a part of God's plan.

[she grins, conspiratorially]

You are a special girl, Jane. And special people deserve special... allowances. It is God's will for you to walk that path to greatness. And it is my responsibility to help you. Some things simply must be done.

Especially when you already feel like a part of our family.

You do feel a part of this family, don't you, dear?

[she is pleased with Jane's reply]

I tell you, it just fills my heart the way my Travis looks at you. Like he's happy. Like he's safe. He's a special one too, isn't he?

[again, she is pleased. there is something deeply sinister going on here.]

You keep him safe, dear.

THAT CUP DON'T MISS — DRAMA

from Call Me Blood by Jason Lemire

In the waiting room of the school psychiatrist, Cam, another student, asks Francisco why he needs counseling. When Francisco answers that he's an alcoholic, Cam asks "why he drinks." This is Francisco's answer.

I don't know. Same reasons as everyone I guess. Just... more...

I think it's cuz it feels good to take a break. You know?

Like, you take that first sip and you know the break is coming, and just that, knowing the break is coming, that feels so good. It's like this gift you're giving yourself. And then it just sort of takes over. You can take your hands off the wheel and it just goes on autopilot and everybody loves you, or everybody doesn't, it doesn't matter, because you know that the break is coming.

And then you wake up and you know it's later. You made it to later without having to live through it. Any pain that could have touched you couldn't touch you. Because you made yourself *untouchable*. And the only other thing in this world that feels that way is *love*...

But *love* is so conditional.

It relies so much on other people. And other people have their own damage too. And they need you to be these things for them, and if you're not those things it's always a problem. You always feel like you're a problem. And you know that the things they want for you are good. And their picture of life that makes all this sense is good. But the more you look at life the more you feel like it doesn't make sense the way they say it does...

Like all this effort to make the world have order is just a waste of time because it never will...

Other people are a negotiation. Other people, you have to keep your hands on the wheel to get there. To get to *untouchable*.

But when I got that cup in my hand, I can let someone else drive. *Something* else. And I know I'm gonna get there no matter what...

And it's hard to let go of something that dependable.

Cuz that cup don't miss...

TEN YEARS FROM NOW: SADIA — COMEDY

from The End of the Beginning by Jason Lemire

Sadia is working on her college essay, a reflection paper on where she sees herself in ten years. While she begins the assignment in good spirits, the essay soon stirs up some feelings.

In ten years, I can see myself living out any number of dreams and aspirations I have for my future, and I can not wait to spend my college years discovering which passion I will pursue.

Science. Drama. Architecture. Social justice. The world is full of so many exciting opportunities!

[a beat... she considers the words she has just written]

The problem with having all these ambitions is that it's kind of hard to decide which one to pursue, because...

What if you spend all this time studying to be one thing, and then you finally become that thing, then all of a sudden you're like "Oh no!" "I hate this!" "What have I done!"

So, that's why it can feel kind of stressful...

[a beat... and then another... as the stress mounts... until finally, she explodes]

I can't take the pressure! Okay??? You want to know what I really want to do? Huh??? Nothing! I want to do nothing. There. I said it. I want to sit. In a comfy chair. In the dark.

Do you know how good that sounds right now? I have been doing five hours of homework a night, every night, for the past three years, and now you want me to go to college.

College????? No! I'm not going!

I just want. A comfy chair. And darkness.

[a beat to calm down]

I... I guess I'm just saying that some of us don't have it all figured out just yet, and I hope you can understand that. Because we really are trying. And we'll get there. Eventually. We promise... Just let us get through high school first. Okay?

Thank you.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW: DEREK — COMEDY

from The End of the Beginning by Jason Lemire

Derek is working on his college essay, a reflection paper on where he sees himself in ten years. While he begins the assignment in good spirits, the essay soon stirs up some feelings.

In ten years, I hope to be doing something for the good of humanity.

I guess you could say I'm kind of a "people pleaser".

I just... kind of live for that: when someone says "thank you". I'm not sure exactly what I'll be doing... but I know I want to be helping people!

[a beat... he considers the words he has just written]

The trouble with helping people though, I have to say, is that they're not always, exactly, grateful.

Like I might do this really nice thing for someone and then they might just kind of leave...

And I'm like "you're welcome" and then they're like "get over yourself" and I'm like...

It's just kind of frustrating.

[a beat... and then another... until finally, he explodes. As he rants and raves, he flips over his desk and turns it into a weird little fortress]

Come to think of it. Maybe the best thing I could do would be to move away, far away, from all the ungrateful jerks in the world!

Just me and the squirrels!

And then, when you people do find yourselves with some sort of problem, and I'm not there to help you solve it, you'll think, "Gee, I wonder where the helpful guy went?"

He went to the woods and grew a beard! That's where! Maybe you should have said "thank you" more when you had a chance!

[he hunkers down under behind his desk, his eyes like a wild animal]

In closing. Be nice to people. Or they'll end up living in the woods. That is all.

Don't mind me. I'm hunting squirrel.

PICKING HORSES — COMEDY/DRAMA
from I Know I'm Kind of a Lot by Jason Lemire

It is Halloween Night on a college campus, and Sean has just had his heartbroken by his first real boyfriend. He explains the events of the evening.

At age nine, in a kitchen in upstate New York, I come out to my parents as homosexual. My mother, elbow deep in her world famous sloppy joe mix, replies, “tell us something we didn’t know.”

My father, a functioning degenerate gambler, slides me an Off Track Betting form and asks me to pick the horses for the following day. I oblige, and that’s the end of the conversation.

From a young age I demonstrated an ability to pick winning horses. I generally go with the names that strike me as most likely to be ridden into concert by Lady Gaga. It’s likely how my parents are able to afford me going to college.

By the time I’m seventeen I’m doing high school theatre because I refused to deny the world my middling talent. On stage, I play the roles no one else dares to play. Which, in the Hudson Valley, means most of the male ones.

My female co-stars are obsessed with helping me “find someone special.” When I protest they assure me that it’s their way of expressing their allyship. I’m not sure if this makes me feel more or less like a prop, but I don’t have the self confidence to protest further.

One night, we pile into Kristina Apaloosa’s station wagon and drive down to New York City where her cousin can sneak us into “one of those” dance clubs. Getting dressed for the club is exciting. It’s like getting ready for opening night, but if you look good enough someone in the audience might sleep with you.

I catch a glimpse of myself in the rearview mirror when we’re crossing the George Washington Bridge and I gasp.

“Who let this grown and ravishing man in the back seat of this car full of tawdry teenage girls?”

But the club itself I find overwhelming. It turns out I’m only an attention whore when I can’t see the faces of my audience.

By the end of the night I’ve adopted the posture of a middle school dance chaperone and, too terrified to brave the men’s room, really need to pee.

On the walk to the car, one of Kristina's friends complains that I'm "the most boring gay she's ever met." Another asks me if I'm even gay at all.

Allyship my ass.

Fast forward to March of sophomore year of college, I have been in the arms of three men, but have yet to find love in any of them. The arms that is.

I decide to attend an information session for a study abroad program in Prague, not because I have any intention of applying, but because I like the idea of meeting someone who likes the idea of studying abroad in Prague.

I spot Kevin immediately. By the end of the session we find ourselves standing next to each other.

"So? What do you think of Prague?" I ask.

An incredible question, really.

What's he going to say? "Three stars?"

But he glances at me and smiles.

"It seems like a beautiful city to do nothing."

I am instantly in love.

Our first date we get Italian. Our second date we get Vietnamese. He is nurturing and kind and assertive and free. By May, we agree to stay together through the summer.

Fall break, I invite meet my parents.

My father takes us to the race track in Saratoga Springs. I win \$1700 on a horse named Majestic Return. After dinner, Kevin offers to do the dishes. My mother nudges me and whispers, "you sure can pick 'em." And I think to myself "yeah... maybe I really can."

That night, in my childhood bedroom, Kevin tells me I make him feel like home.

And after he falls asleep in my arms I cry because I've never been so happy.

And then.

Three weeks later, he breaks up with me on the steps of my dormitory.

And all I can do is stare at him.

HOW ARE YOU NOT EMBARRASSED — DRAMA

from Bulletproof Backpack by Jason Lemire

A group of students have been stuck in a classroom, without any teacher supervision, during an unusually long lockdown drill. Here, Janessa reacts to a peer who has said he thinks protesting and social activism are pointless.

You think it's someone else's job to fix it? The climate and the guns and the whole—the whole system? You think that's the "adults" job?

How are you not embarrassed?

[he answers]

Of course's things are f***ed up! Things have *always* been f***ed up! You think that's new? You think that everything has been great up until now, and now, suddenly, just for you, everything sucks? Grow up!

Everything has always been f***ed! We're just the first generation that's been so... *comatose*, so *spoiled*, that we don't think it's our job to try and fix it.

Can you imagine, our generation, fighting for anything? Anything in the course of human history? Labor rights. Women's rights. The Civil Rights—People walked, during the bus boycotts in Alabama, for *over a year*! A year! How many days—how many *hours* do you think this generation would make it?

[a beat]

We *know* what the problem is! It's the same! It's always the same! Greedy powerful a**holes making life miserable for the rest of us! The only difference is, instead of standing up to them, like every other generation, we sit around on our phones and do nothing! Because we. Are already. *Satisfied*. By how easy everything is. It's all so easy. Rich. Poor. Everyone acts so goddamn entitled.

And then people like you pretend to be apathetic and convince yourself that it's *not your job* to do anything about. And you tell yourself that, you make yourself believe that, because deep down, you know, that making things things better is going to require actual, hard work. And you don't have the stomach for it.

Alexa, play me a song. Doordash, bring me my food. AI, do my homework. Pills, take me away. It's never been easier to be comfortable and look what we're going with it? Nothing. Nothing! Except turn ourselves into human targets. For the algorithm. For advertising. For rage-bait-click-like-bull****.

And then we sit around and complain that the *adults* aren't fixing things for us.

How are you not embarrassed?

ALREADY BROKEN — DRAMA

from Bodies by Jason Lemire

Mary is a science experiment volunteer. Sitting a laboratory, with a team of scientists watching, Mary tries to explain to a powerful Artificial Intelligence what it's like to have a body.

There's a house in my neighborhood that's abandoned. There's a bunch of them, actually. I guess that's pretty normal these days.

Anyhow, this particular house I'm thinking of, it's all boarded up now. Stucco's peeling. Grass is dead. Gutter is all hanging down. It's like how they say in the Bible... That house has been... forsaken.

But for some reason I've been drawn to it. I can't stop looking at it. And just the other day I... think I figured out why. It's because no matter how forsaken a house might be, once upon a time it got to have a day when it was brand new.

Picture that. One specific day. Pure and clean. Like the Virgin Mary herself. That's who I'm named after, by the way. Not that it means anything...

But the idea's been sticking with me because even though it's true for the things that we *make* — houses, chairs, some little toy something — people never get to get that. Ever. No one ever gets to be clean. Or finished. Or perfect.

And I know what the Bible says about that, but that's not even how I mean it. I'm talking about how even when you're a *baby* — as new as a person gets — you've already got inside of you the trauma that's in your bloodline. That's— It's in you, you can look it up.

And then, when you're growing up? Life is *happening* to you. And happening and happening and happening again — to your *body* — every day, so that by the time you get adult size? This finished thing? You're already broken.

[she indicates her own body]

There is no perfect day that we get to start from. You carry with you— I carry with me, inside my body, everything that ever happened to me. And a lot has happened to me. A lot. But it's who I am. It makes me, me.

And every time I get myself out of bed in the morning, it is a testimony to my will. And the things I've done right. And a f*** you, a f*** you, to all the things — all the other bodies — that have done me wrong. And I don't know if that's good or bad, but it's true.

So they say you want to know what it's like to be one of us? A real person? Flesh and blood? That's the first thing you need to understand.

GONE LIKE A BURRITO — COMEDY

from It Was Probably the Butler by Jason Lemire

Detective Deckler has just arrived at the Von Canterbury Estate to investigate the disappearance of a multi-million dollar postage stamp. He's a classic, 1930's, hard-boiled detective.

The stamp was gone. That much was clear.

Gone like an ice cube left out in the sun. Gone like a burrito smothered in green chili and left in front of a hungry fat man.

Or anyone really. He doesn't have to be—I apologize. The man's *size* is not relevant. Burritos are delicious. He could be anyone.

And— And— And!

He doesn't even have to be a *he*, either. He could be a she. Or a they. It's all completely fine with me.

The point is, the burrito is gone! And so is the stamp!

And that's why you called me. Detective Deckler. Private eye.

The sort of man who makes grown men tip their fedoras.

The sort of man who makes grown women weak in the knees.

Or not!

It could be the women wearing fedoras!

If there is a woman here who wants to wear a fedora, that's perfectly fine with me!

And if there is a man here who sees me and something happens to his knees that is perfectly fine with me too!

The point is, the stamp was gone.

And one way or another I was going to get the bottom of it.

Respectfully.

STRAWBERRIES — DRAMA

from I Know I'm Kind of a Lot by Jason Lemire

It is Halloween Night on a college campus, and Brooklyn is navigating falling in love while suffering from an anxiety disorder.

Or movies. I love movies. And, of course, Alan loves movies. And we talk about movies. And it's great because he's really smart and funny — and he thinks I'm really smart and funny — and talking about movies is a great way to *seem* smart and funny because a lot of the smart and funny is already built into the conversation with the quotes and the — you get it — except now he has this whole list of new movies that he wants me to watch with him and it's like —

[shouting]

I want to watch these movies with you but I'm scared I'm going to have a panic attack next to you on your couch, because what if I find the third act unsatisfying!!!!!!

[a beat]

Sometimes, when it's time to take my pills, I'll dump them into my hand. But then I'll just stare at them. Because I take a pretty high dose of the two kinds of pills that I take. So if I ever took two of the same kind by accident it would be really bad. I think. And even though I load my pill container myself, every week, and I'm super careful about it, I still sometimes will just stare at the two pills in my hand to make sure they're not the same pill.

Sometimes, I'll even put the pills in my mouth, but then spit them back out into my hand, just to make sure one more time. Just to make sure...

And I know he says he's falling in love with me, but I don't see how he could love someone who spits their pills back into their hand just to make sure one more time.

Or last week. He took me for a picnic. And it was so nice. Like, really, truly, nice. And he had these strawberries. And I *love* strawberries. And he went... He went to do that thing that they do in the movies. Like, he went to feed me one. And it was so sensual and romantic and...

All of a sudden, all I could think about was this article I read once about a girl who had choked to death on a strawberry. Like why would I even read an article like that in the first place? And why would I still remember it? And why can't I get just one afternoon of just him! And me!

And I remember thinking, "Please. You've already taken so much from me. Don't take this too."

BILLY'S BEST — COMEDY

from If We Shadows by Jason Lemire

Isha wants more than anything to audition for her school's Shakespeare production, but her sensory sensitivities makes it feel impossible. Still, she dares to dream.

In this scene, Isha has reimagined the classic character of Puck — from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* — in the style of Lin Manuel Miranda. Here, "Hip Hop Puck" introduces himself to the crowd.

[Hip Hop Puck does a little dance and bows to the audience]

Introducing, shrewd and knavish
Scuttle-my-butt just like a crayfish
Billy's best, and no, not Danish
Misch'vousness all in my brainish

Merry wanderer of the nights, I
Grunts, and roars and burns and bites, I
Spy a forest of delights, with some
Not insignificant appetites

There's Oberon, there's Jill and Jack
A donkey with both front and back
Some potion dipsomaniacs,
Lysander looking like a snack

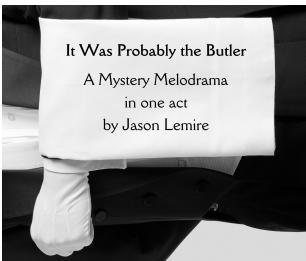
I shall lead them on but good
In goblin-mode, it's understood, first
Hasten dreaming as they should
Then wake them just like morning would

[Puck bows gallantly.]



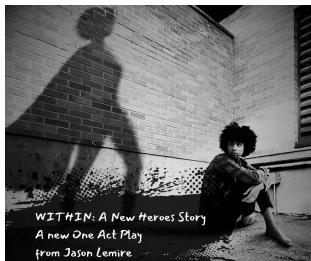
HEY, I GET IT... One-Act Drama | Cast of 14

Imagine if friendship with a Chatbot could finally make you feel seen? But what happens when you outgrow your AI friend? What happens if they get jealous?



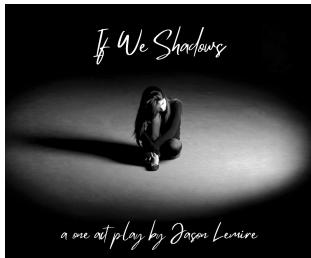
IT WAS PROBABLY THE BUTLER One-Act Comedy | Cast of 15

A lavish estate. A stolen stamp. An unspoken love. Well... maybe several unspoken loves. And entirely too many detectives. A melodrama spoof of the classic whodunit.



WITHIN One-Act Dramedy | Cast of 15+

At the School for the Uniquely Gifted, Sara's powers still haven't come in. But when crisis arrives, she will have to figure out what kind of hero she is, and what kind of villains await.



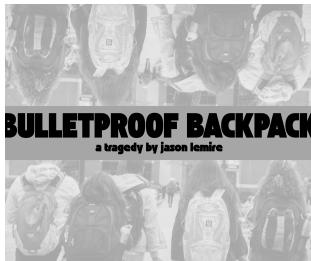
IF WE SHADOWS One-Act Dramedy | Cast of 9 - 30+

In this story of sisterhood, neurodiversity, and the rich history of theatre around the world, a gifted young woman reimagines Shakespeare, and searches for real connection.



IT'S GOOD TO HAVE A DREAM One-Act Comedy | Cast of 15

A fish-out-of-water comedy that follows a small-town kid who accidentally ends up in the middle of one of life's most ridiculous endeavors, making a Hollywood movie.



BULLETPROOF BACKPACK One-Act Drama | Cast of 7+

A standard lockdown drill transforms into something more alarming as a group of students are left alone to wonder what these drills say about the state of their world.

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT

A Denver-based educator and playwright, Jason Lemire was recognized by the Colorado Thespian's as a 2019 Drama Teacher of the year for his student-driven approach to the creative process. He has served as a teaching artist and writer-in-residence with Mirror Image Arts, The Rutgers University Institute on Ethnicity, and countless schools, school districts, and State Thespian Festivals around the country.



WORKSHOPS

TIFE Theatre offers a wide variety of workshops and residencies to support the work of dynamic theatre programs like yours!

ALL IN: Committing to Big Choices

BEING BAD: A Villains Workshop

COLLEGE INTERVIEW PREP

COMMISSION AN ORIGINAL WORK: From One-Acts to Musicals

DEvised: Student Driven Theatre

FINDING THE HEART: A Monologue Workshop

IMPROV: Basics to Improvised Musicals

MOTIVATION: A Pathway to Connection

PLAYWRITING: For Everyone

24 HOUR PLAY: From Page to Stage in a Day

SSN, INCLUSION, and PEER-TO-PEER THEATRE

With a background in Special Education, Jason has helped numerous programs create original scripts, scenes and showcases that celebrate the strengths, passions and curiosities of students across the ability spectrum.

"My entire troupe fell in love with his teaching style. He really brought out this passion in so many of us."

STUDENT - GEORGIA THESPIANS CONFERENCE

"Your workshops will always inspire me. Seriously life changing."

STUDENT - COLORADO THESPIANS CONFERENCE