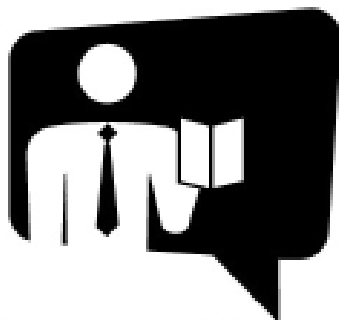


SpeechGeek



Season Six: Fall 2008



SpeechGeek

ISSN 1545-9209 Price \$25 US
<http://www.speechgeek.com>

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ISSN 1545-9209

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SpeechGeek is published four times per year: August, October, December, and April by Corey Alderdice, 806 Brownstone Way, Bowling Green, Kentucky 42104. Special issues are published from time to time.

<http://www.speechgeek.com>

With a new season upon us, there's really not a lot of time to chat. Let's save that for the judges' lounge at tournaments, shall we?

SpeechGeek is coming off an exciting summer with the celebration of five seasons of publication. We were extremely delighted to welcome middle-school competitors from around the nation and world to Bowling Green as part of the 2008 IDEA/NJFL National Tournament.

Season Six has lots of great new products and surprises in store. For those of you who have been with us since the beginning, we thank you. For coaches and students who are just joining us: welcome!

It's going to be a fun year, indeed.

Corey Alderdice
Publisher

Robin Hood

by Natalie Pronk

Scene 1: A Carriage in Sherwood Forrest

WOMAN. Dearest Prince John, I'm ever so happy to be leaving the city of London, even for a fortnight. Although your dear Sheriff of Nottingham informs that the countryside is fraught with dangers, he's raised the terror level to a House of William Orange. I don't often go slumming on this side of the shire and find that— *(A menacing sound effect is heard and Robin Hood's telltale feather is seen in the background.)*—Oh, dear, what was that? *(Another, more menacing sound effect is heard and Robin Hood's telltale feather is seen again in the background.)* Is that... a feather in a cap? *(The sound of an arrow fast approaching. It hits near her head and she shrieks)* John, *(Four more arrows hit around her.)* I'll quill you back later. That was really close.

ROBIN. Good day, I'm Robin of Locksley. And Say Hello to my Little John.

LITTLE JOHN. 'ello

WOMAN. How do you do? What do you want?

ROBIN. Your GOLD!

WOMAN. *(Horried, she gestures to the gold pouch in her hand.)* This is my dowry for my wedding.

ROBIN. No, *(Takes the gold from her hand.)* This is my dowry for your wedding.

WOMAN. You're as evil as Prince John said.

ROBIN. Evil is a luxury of the wealthy. For the rest of us, it is simply a means to an end.

WOMAN. This is madness!

ROBIN. Madness? NO! *(He kicks her out of the carriage.)* THIS IS SHERWOOOOD!!!!

Scene 2: Prince John's Throne Room

PRINCE. *(To the audience with grand gestures)* Welcome to Wednesday Night's ball! This evening we're featuring a duck roast and bobbing for baubles.

NOTTINGHAM. Prince John, I must speak with you!

PRINCE. If you'll excuse me, it appears I have some business with the Sheriff of Nottingham, *(Picks an audience member and directs his ridiculous pun toward him/her.)* or the Sheriff of Naughty-ham! No? *(When the audience member does not laugh, gesture to an unseen guard.)* Kill him/her.

NOTTINGHAM. *(Ignores the death sentence and continues to follow the Prince around the room and report the news.)* Prince John, I've just had a most disturbing report from one of my guards. It seems Robin of Locksley is back from the Crusades and taken league with a

band of extremists calling themselves the Merry Men.

PRINCE. So, the prodigal son returns! *(Laughs maniacally.)*

NOTTINGHAM. Very clever, sir. *(Forces a laugh as well.)*

PRINCE. *(Bothered by Nottingham's contribution.)* Shut-up. You're fired.

NOTTINGHAM. Very good, sir. *(Begins to leave.)*

PRINCE. No wait, I need you. Come back. *(Nottingham returns with practiced grace.)* What does Locksley want?

NOTTINGHAM. No idea sir.
(An arrow carrying a message slams into the wall.)

NOTTINGHAM. Wait, we've just received this *(Pulls the arrow out of the wall and hands it to Prince John)*.

PRINCE. *(After careful inspection he proclaims.)* It's a scroll! It's from Locksley...

ROBIN. *(A voice over with menacing music.)* To whom it may concern: This is a declaration of war on Prince John and his cruel regime. This is a country tired of taxes, wars, bloodshed and poverty. Soon, you will feel the weight of our fury and you will know that this is not a country of servants or slaves. Your tyrannical reign has come to an end and mine has only begun. R.O.L.

PRINCE JOHN. What is Rol and why is it so angry?

NOTTINGHAM. Robin of Locksley, sir?

PRINCE JOHN. *(Regaining his composure.)* Yes, just as I suspected.

NOTTINGHAM. Don't worry sir. We'll get him.

Scene 3: A Road in Sherwood Forrest

NOBLEMAN. *(Rides his horse through the forest, but grinds to a halt to avoid hitting a filthy beggar. The Beggar is actually Robin Hood in clever disguise.)* You there, peasant filth, get out of the road or I shall kill you where you stand.

ROBIN. Apologies, sir. I'm just an old blind man.

NOBLEMAN. Really? *(Waves hand in front of the beggar's face to test his blindness.)* Well, your story checks out. I'm just glad you're not that bloody Robin Hood, stealing from the rich and giving to the poor—

ROBIN. *(He stands up straight, removes his disguise, draws his sword and holds it to the Nobleman's throat.)*

NOBLEMAN. *(Gasp)* Oh my god, you can see!

ROBIN. Yes, I see. I see the wealth that you've taxed from the poor. I see the hardships you've caused for the people of this country. I see Prince John's evil plot to seize King Richard's throne.

NOBLEMAN. I get it, I do. And I support your right to dissent. I think having the freedom to express your grievances is important and it's just as valuable as the gold that's in the trunk of my carriage. I think the important thing in this age of diplomacy and rhetorical turmoil is that we can agree to disagree—*(Robin has grown tired of his speech and kills him.)*

ROBIN. Do you agree to that? *(The Nobleman dies and Robin proclaims.)*

Eharmonize

by Natalie Pronk

Scene 1: Mike's Apartment

(Mike sighs and enters his apartment.)

MIKE. Hi, kitty. How was your day? *(Lonely silence ensues. Turns on TV.)*
(Eharmonize commercial music, both pop into a "happy couple" that are dancing and laughing at something.)

BOTH. *This will be... everlasting love... whoa whoa whoa!*

MAN1. To be loved for who I really make myself seem like, it's better than I could ever have imagined.

WMN1. Finally, I found someone I want to be with for the rest of his life.

MAN1. You know, I could've sworn I checked "man seeking woman" in the box, but I'll be darned if this isn't working out for me.

DR. LOVE. At Eharmonize if you beat the 29 compatibility levels, the warp worlds, and defeat King Koopa at the end, you'll find that the princess is still in another castle. Log on to Eharmonize.com. And get married... in a hurry.

MIKE. *(Pops back to him sitting in his chair and looks at his empty ring finger.)* Well at least I'm not that desperate, huh? *(The kitty does not respond.)*

Scene 2: Mike's Apartment

(The sound of the apartment buzzer is loud and insistent.)

MIKE. Hello?

MOM. Hello, Michael! It's Mommy!

MIKE. Mom? What are you doing here?

MOM. I'm here to clean. Open the door.

MIKE. OK.

MOM. You didn't do it.

MIKE. Yes, I did.

MOM. You didn't do it.

MIKE. Yes, Mom. I did.

MOM. You didn't do it. Oh, wait. It's a "push" not a "pull." I got it!

(Mom enters the apartment.)

MOM. Hello sweetheart! Oh, my! Look at this place. You are still not married.

MIKE. Nope.

MOM. Well, ok. I'm going to clean this, and then this, and then... what the hell is that?

MIKE. It's my trophy!

MOM. *(Playfully teasing)* For what? Being a bachelor for 35 consecutive years?

MIKE. No, for swimming. 5th place in men's singles.

MOM. Singles, indeed! *(Suddenly curious)* Whatever happened to that cute

little—

MIKE. She broke up with me, Mom.

MOM. *(Surprised and contrite)* Oh, sweetheart, what happened?

MIKE. She just didn't like me for who I am.

MOM. Then you change. That's not so hard.

MIKE. What? I can't change who I am. Love shouldn't work that way.

MOM. Oh, Michael. What do you know about love? You are an architect. You like the math and the drawing. Why don't you draw a picture of this math: you plus change equals grandbabies for mommy! Everybody's happy!

MIKE. *(Gets his coat on in frustration)* Ok, Mom. Time to go.

MOM. What? Where are you going?

MIKE. I'm going out.

MOM. You're going out? Are you going to wear that?

MIKE. Mom!

(They leave the apartment together.)

Scene 3: Bar

(There is loud music coming from inside the bar. Mike is outside the bar. He takes a deep breath and enters into the crowd of partying people. Mike nods to the music, trying to blend in, and eventually makes his way to the bar and when the Bar Girl appears in front of him. He obviously tries to pour on the charm.)

MIKE. Hey! How's it going?

BAR GIRL. For you? Not well I'd say. *(She laughs, pours him a drink and leaves.)*

MIKE. Right. Well. Nice talking with you.

CAROL. *(Seated next to Mike at the bar and can't help but laugh at him)*

MIKE. Yes, of course someone saw that.

CAROL. I'm sorry. I don't mean to laugh. I'm just really glad that happens to other people, too.

MIKE. Yeah. Awkwardness: the great equalizer.

CAROL. I'll drink to that. If I can get a drink...

MIKE. Please, allow me.

CAROL. That'd be great, I've been trying to get this guy's attention forever.

MIKE. Well, you've got mine. What'll it be?

CAROL. A Heineken and a Cosmo.

MIKE. Wow. You're ambitious.

CAROL. It's the only way to live.

MIKE. I'm Michael

CAROL. Carol. And please—no Christmas jokes

MIKE. Don't worry, I was raised Jewish; all of Christmas is a joke to me.

CAROL. *(She laughs)* You're funny.

MIKE. Yeah? Thanks.

CAROL. *(Gets a great idea)* You should come hang out with us.

MIKE. *(Thinks he's found a date)* Oh yeah? Who's us?

CAROL. My friends May and Steve and my husband Jeff.

MIKE. *(Awkwardly)* Oh, you know I'd love to, but I just remembered I have

The Apple Never Falls Far

by Natalie Pronk

(It is the sixth day of creation. At opening there is no light, just the sound of God rustling around in the darkness and having a hard time.)

GOD. ...can't find anything in this....who can create anything in this...why is...(Sigh) Let there be light!
(Lights up and we are in the Garden of Eden. God is standing center stage in his/her long white robe and golden sash. Adam is upstage left, wandering around with amazement.)

GOD. *(Commenting on the light)* Ah, much better. *(Sees Adam)* Good morning, Man.

ADAM. *(Approaching with innocent glee)* Hello, who are you?

GOD. *(With pride initially, but becomes more and more game show-like as s/he tries to keep the focus of the easily distracted Adam.)* I am God. In the beginning there was nothing and I said "Let there be light" and—HA!—light. I said let there be sky and Shazam! Sky! Land! Birds! Fish! And I created you just now. *(Adam has already lost interest in God's speech. He rubs his nose and then realizes that he has a hand and that he can move it to his great delight.)* You are the first—*(Stares at Adam)* What are you doing?

ADAM. *(So amazed by his ability to move his limbs)* I'm moving. Look at me. I'm moving! *(Realizes)* Ah! I am moving and talking at the same time!

GOD. Yes, I can see that.

ADAM. *(Elated jumping)* Now I'm jumping!

GOD. Obviously.

ADAM. *(Equally enthusiastic and impressed)* Now I'm tired! Look at me! I'm tired!

GOD. Look, Man. I am your God and I created you do you understand?

ADAM. I'm incredible!

GOD. *(With frustration)* I know! I made you!

ADAM. G! O! G! O! D! Made the world and then made me!

GOD. Shut-up! For the love of me have some reverence!

ADAM. Sorry.

GOD. Look, We need to get a few things straight. You - Man, me -God. You were created in God's image.

ADAM. *(Looks to self and back at God confusedly)* I was?

GOD. Yes. Somewhat. Maybe. To be honest, I wrote this speech before I made you. But that is irrelevant.

ADAM. *(Naively)* Why?

GOD. Because I'm God and I say so! *(Regains some composure)* I need you to give names to the animals. Why don't I name you as an

example? *(Proclaims)* Man, I hereby call you...Adam.

ADAM. Adam. Adam. That sounds like some miniscule particle.

GOD. No, it doesn't. It's your name. Is that clear?

ADAM. *(Enthusiastically)* Nope!

GOD. This is going to be a long day. *(Sighs)* You're so...so not what I expected. I...I need a do over. Give me your rib

ADAM. What? *(God reaches over and pulls a rib out of Adam who is surprised, amused and hurt by the pain of having his rib pulled out.)* Ah!

GOD. Thank you. Now, go away.

ADAM. Look at me going away!
(Adam walks upstage left and finds a stick to amuse him. God throws the rib on the ground and in a an explosion of smoke a new human, Eve, is standing there.)

EVE. Oh, hello.

GOD. *(Rehearsed and a little hurried, but still a proclamation)* Hello, I am you God. I have just created you in my image.

EVE. *(Looks at self and then back at God a bit incredulously)* You did?

GOD. *(Sighs)* Ok, never mind the image thing. *(Proclaims)* I am the creator. Moments ago I created the world—

EVE. You did? It's beautiful.

GOD. *(With great relief)* Yes, I saw that it was good.

EVE. And then, did you create this sky?

GOD. *(Pleased)* Yes! Then I created the water—

EVE. *(Notices Adam for the first time)* God, I'm curious, what is that thing over there?
(Adam is upstage left doing something ridiculous)

GOD. *(Looks where she is pointing and sighs again)* That's Adam. He's a Man. Kind of. Really, he was more like my rough draft. *(Suddenly upbeat again)* As I was saying, I created sky then water—

EVE. *(Still intrigued by Adam)* Does he talk?

GOD. *(A little annoyed)* Yes, he talks...in a manner of speaking. *(Realizes his joke and becomes very pleased with himself)* Ha! The world's first pun! It was good.

EVE. Maybe I'll talk to him.

GOD. *(Shocked and a little appalled)* Him?

EVE. And I don't mean to be rude, but I'd feel silly talking to him with my creator just standing over here. So...would you mind leaving for a bit?

GOD. Leaving? Do you understand that I created you?

EVE. *(Distractedly)* Yes.

GOD. I took a simple spare rib and made you!

EVE. I understand.

GOD. That I—*(sigh)* well, all right, fine. I suppose I have work to do.

EVE. Thanks. Bye. Thanks for the life!

(God exits. Eve stands unsure for a moment then cautiously approaches Adam.)

EVE. Excuse me. Hello?

The Toychest Chronicles

by Natalie Pronk

CHRIS. Cool! (*Picks up the doll.*) An Arnold the Amazing Astronaut doll. (*Pulls the pullstring*)

ARNOLD. Proud to be an Americaaaaaaaannnnnn!

CHRIS. Cool! I wish you could be my Arnold the Amazing Astronaut. (*Pulls the pullstring*)

ARNOLD. Then you should buuuuuuuuuuy me!

CHRIS. But i don't have any money (*Pulls the pullstring*)

ARNOLD. Big saaaaaaale tomooooooooorow.

CHRIS. Really? Cool! See you tomorrow.
(*Chris leaves. All the toys remain still for a moment*)

ARNOLD. All right—Beth-Ann Barbie, Surf's Up Sam, iPod—it looks like the coast is clear.
(*Beth-Ann Barbie, Surf's Up Stan, iPod seem to magically wake up from their pleasant toy demeanors.*)

BETH-ANN. Oh, thank goodness, Arnie. I thought this day would never end.

iPOD. (*Sings*) You had a bad day, the camera don't lie.

BETH-ANN. Tell me about it, iPod. (*Looks at mirror*) Oh! Look at this! I was in that wretched packaging all day and now I have box hair.

STAN. So that explains your hair, but what explains your face?

BETH-ANN. (*With impatience that implies how long they have been enemies.*) Shut-up, Surf's Up Stan! I hate you.

STAN. I hate you!

BETH-ANN. I hate you times infinity!

STAN. I hate you times infinity plus 2!

iPOD. (*Sings*) Shut-up. Just Shut-up, shut-up.

ARNOLD. Be quiet! My god, I miss outerspace. At least there no one could hear you scream! (*There is a thud. All three dolls gasp.*) What was that noise?

TEDDY. (*Springs from behind a box*) TEDDY!

ARNOLD. Oh, crap. Not again.

TEDDY. (*Picks up Arnold in a big bear hug*) I love you!

ARNOLD. I know, Teddy. (*Wrestles himself free*) What are you doing out of your aisle?

TEDDY. (*As if saying that this is his aisle now, he points and explains*) Teddy.

BETH-ANN. Oh my god, if he's in *this* aisle now, that means...

ARNOLD. There's a new toy somewhere in the store!

STAN. It all makes perfect sense. A sale to make room for the new toy!
(*LegoMan enters*)

LEGO MAN. Hey there Lady and Gentlemen!

ARNOLD. LegoMan! How did you get up here? Have you been moved too?

LEGO MAN. Course not! I just built myself a ladder (*Pulling blocks from behind his back he builds as he speaks*) to come and see if the lovely Ms. Beth-Ann needed another chaise lounge for her boudoir.

BETH-ANN. That's so sweet.

LEGO MAN. Well I promised I'd build you whatever you want and, I never drop the block on a lady.

STAN. That's because your block is buckled to your hand.

BETH-ANN. You're just jealous Surf's Up Stan because your surf board is sold seperately.
(*As if to say "Sick Burn"*) Teddy.

TEDDY. Shut-up, Teddy.

STAN. I also came by to tell you all the news.

LEGO MAN. (*Urgently*) News? What news?

ARNOLD. Whoa, depressurize there, Rocket Man.

LEGO MAN. (*Sings*) Oh no no no I'm a rocket man

iPOD. Not now, iPod. What's the news, LegoMan?

ARNOLD. The stock boy was unloading a bunch of boxes in the Purple Aisle.

LEGO MAN. The Purple Aisle? That's the movie character aisle!

BETH-ANN. I've been there before! I've never see snootier toys in all my life.

ARNOLD. They think they are better than you because they are movie characters.
(*Sings*) Video killed the radio star!

iPOD. You sang it, iPod. But they do have better accessories like a Malibu mansion with a fake marble floor, a palates machine and a whirl-pool.

BETH-ANN. Yeah, but the Oscars are over. Most of the *Juno* Ellen Page Dolls with inflatable pregnant stomach got shipped out last week.

STAN. (*Scared*) Teddy...?

TEDDY. Yep, to the toy grave yard.

LEGO MAN. The "Everything's A Buck" store.

ARNOLD. And with the Big Sale tomorrow, we might just end up there ourselves.

LEGO MAN. We need to find out what this new toy is!

ARNOLD. (*Sings*) I need to know. I need to know. Tell me baby girl, cuz I need to know.

iPOD. We should just go find out. That's what I think

BETH-ANN. You think?

STAN. Ah, what's a matter, Stan? Is it low-tide on your insult abilities?

BETH-ANN. Hey Beth-Ann, how about I put a sticker in your hair?

STAN. You wouldn't dare!

BETH-ANN. (*Oblivious*) I love you!

TEDDY. We know, Teddy! We know!

STAN. Dolls! My life-force-o-meter is telling me that there is something approaching. Quick...LegoMan build us a hideout.

ARNOLD. On it! (*Starts to build*)

LEGO MAN. The rest of you, be on the lookout!

The Smell of Lavender

by Shane Cole

(Danny is facing sideways and looking into a car window straightening his tie. He seems quite nervous. He begins to talk as he continues to check his clothing.)

DANNY. It's hard to believe that the day is finally here. You wait your whole life for this day, and you honestly don't think it will actually happen, but here we are. When my best friend proposed to his girl, I had to stop him from drinking. He'd only started in order to calm his nerves, but I knew that if he drank until that happened, he'd be so drunk he wouldn't be able to stand after getting down on one knee. But, surprisingly, I'm calm. I've played this out in my head time and time again. Me, walking out into the park, meeting her at our favorite spot, something I would have pre-planned. I'd have the chocolates and the roses... *(Picks up roses from the backseat of the car)*... I would tell her what she means to me. I would tell her how she changed my life. Tell her that, before her, I was ready to give up on life and love. It's funny actually. How is it that we run into people that will change our lives just by being in the right place at the right time? Lyndsay was a gift from heaven sent to me at my lowest point, and because of her my entire life is better. All because of a chance meeting. It's amazing how one moment in time can change your life. *(He puts the roses down on the bench.)*

It was right here. Nine months ago. I was sitting right there on that bench when this stranger came up to me and started the most random conversation I've ever had in my entire life. I had just ended a two-year relationship earlier that same day. I wasn't in the mood for small talk. But there she was anyway asking me if I knew the time. I was pretty rude, and said I didn't carry a watch, and she walked off. I thought that was it, but she turned around and said, "Life's too short to waste time feeling sad for yourself. Besides, you're not very attractive when you cry."

Well I had a very visceral manly response. It just sounded like a third grader when it came out. "I am not crying!!!" She raised an eyebrow and just smiled. I don't know why but for some reason I smiled back. The humor in my incredibly immature response was not lost on me. That's when I got her name. Lyndsay Wallace. Her gaze into my eyes was intense. And she never looked away. She invited me to have a cup of coffee with her and needless to say, I stopped mourning the death of my fallen relationship. I found out that she was a social worker and worked at a local after school program downtown. She did most of the talking. I enjoyed listening and watching her. I was mesmerized by the fact that she never stopped smiling. After three hours of talking, I finally got the guts to ask for her phone number and from that point on, it was a pretty typical relationship. *(Pulls a rose out of the container and smells it.)*

No, that's not true. There was nothing typical about this relationship at all. It was one of a kind. Unique. Like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I know I just said three things that all mean the same thing but the emphasis is needed. She blew me away. I didn't know you could feel like this. Even the usual landmark evenings that are always stress inducing, like meeting the parents of the other, were fun. It will make me sound like a complete momma's boy, but after meeting Lyndsay my mom

just smiled at me. I'd never seen that look from her after meeting any of my other girlfriends. She liked her, and I liked that she did. That night I told her I loved her for the first time. *(Long solemn pause)* It smells so good out here. I never noticed it myself, but that's just another one of Lyndsay's quirks. Always having the ability to experience the beauty in things that everyone just takes for granted. One of her favorite things to do is to come out to this bench in this park after it's rained. It really is a remarkable smell; a mixture of rain and grass and flowers. That was partially Lyndsay too. She never wore perfume but always wore this lotion that smelled like lavender. She liked natural things, and supposedly lavender relaxes you. It gives you a sense of peace. *(He sees that they are looking past him and elsewhere.)*

Oh, her? No, that's not her. It's actually my sister. She didn't want me to go through this alone. Not the proposal, I mean I could do that on my own, but that's not what I'm here for. If you caught that I used past tense a couple of times. It wasn't an accident. I still have trouble referring to her that way. If you're lost, well, I'm sorry. I proposed right here one month ago today. Just like I imagined it. I got down on one knee and told her how important she was to me and said "Will you marry me?" She just smiled at me with tears in her eyes and said, "Yes." Do you even know what it's like to be truly happy. You only will if you've experienced it, but it's unlike anything you could ever imagine. Every ounce of your being feels it. I felt it for the first time when she said yes. And it was then that I realized how special she really was. She felt this way all the time because she lived in happiness all the time. In that moment I was more amazed by her than ever before. I envied her because I wanted to feel that way. Constant happiness. And I knew I could as long as I was with her.

About a week ago, I was at work and I was in this meeting and I saw my sister walk into the lobby. She didn't look well, and I thought something was wrong with one of our parents. I ran up to her and she said she had to get me to the hospital. Only, it wasn't one of our parents. Lyndsay was working in their offices downtown and there was a shooting. Evidently one of the older kids that hung out and played basketball made the wrong people angry. Lyndsay was the only one hit. I arrived at the hospital barely in enough time. Her mother walked me back to her room and I saw her with all those tubes and wires and I lost it. I grabbed her hand and kissed her forehead. She was conscious but barely. She was trying to say something to me but she couldn't. I leaned down to hear her. She said, "Life's too short to feel sad for yourself." *(Pause)* Her grip on my hand went limp, and all these doctors and nurses rushed into the room. *(Pause)*

We're on our way to the funeral now, but I had to stop and come here. I can't think of her in a box in the ground. She would be here. That's stupid, right? I guess it's true what they say. Happiness is fleeting. It doesn't last forever. I guess coming out here was just wishful thinking on my part. *(He turns to leave and mumbles to himself.)* You're not very attractive when you cry. *(Danny stops. Thinking about those words, he smells the air and smiles.)* Do you smell that? Lavender. *(He lays flowers back on bench.)* Okay, Lyndsay, I get the picture. *(To audience)* I guess "they" were wrong. Happiness can be everlasting. I can remember... I will remember the moment she said yes. My one moment in time of true happiness. I can relive it. Even after everything that's happened. *(Smells the lavender)* I can still have peace.

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