

SpeechGeek Presents



Female/Female Duos



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One of the questions I receive most often from forensics coaches and competitors is, "Where can I find a good female/female duo?" I've never understood why it's so hard to find this kind of script. Over the years, SpeechGeek has published several scripts to meet this need, but it never seems to be enough.

You asked, we listened. This issue marks the first in our **SpeechGeek Presents** line of scripts. These special issues that fall outside of our normal publishing schedule will be used to supplement the greatest needs of coaches.

We worked for a while to figure out a title for the issue. Some of the rejected titles are listed below:

- 1) The Powderpuff Duo Issue
- 2) Take Back the Stage
- 3) No Fury Like a Woman: Duos for Women
- 4) Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves -- Our Duos for Women Have None of These
- 5) Because You Can't Take "Gossip Girl" to NFL: F/F Duos.

We were close with the fifth choice, but erred on the side of brevity to get our final title.

I hope you enjoy these scripts. If you have ideas for future types of scripts for **SpeechGeek Presents**, please send an email to thegeek@speechgeek.com!

Corey Alderdice
Publisher

Force of Habit

by Julia Neva

SCENE 1

THIEF. *(runs in, gasping for air, and looks around quick)* Whew. For a group of grannies, those old biddies sure can move fast. But luckily for me, not fast enough to get their stuff back. *(looks into purses)* Let's see what we have here. Coupon. Coupon. Receipts from Talbots. Old Sweet-N-Low packets....that are empty. Dr. Scholl's callus removers. Used. Gross. And some cash. Thirteen dollars. *(heavy sigh)* What a rip-off.

MERCY. Having a bad day?

THIEF. *(startled)* ARGH! Holy crap, lady...

MERCY. Watch your language, child. This is a place of worship.

THIEF. *(sarcastically)* Really? Der...gee-golly-whoppers, Sister UpInMyFACE thanks for the newsflash. I couldn't figure that out with all the stained glass windows, pews and gi-normous crucifixes all over the place. This whole time I thought I was in a Burger King.

MERCY. I'm fairly certain that those purses don't belong to you.

THIEF. Wow. Now – did they teach you those super sleuthing skills in the nunnery – or did you do that all on your own?

MERCY. And I'm definitely certain that I don't like your attitude.

THIEF. Boo-hoo. Listen lady – why don't you leave me alone and go sing songs or make some soup for dirty orphans. I've got places to be.

MERCY. Tell you what. I'll give you to the count of three to get your mean, nasty, sinful self out of my chapel before I teach you a lesson.

THIEF. Oh yeah? You and what congregation?

MERCY. *(pause)* Forgive me, Father. HEEE-YAAAA! *(whirls around, kicks the back of the thief's knees, dropping the thief to the floor before whipping handcuffs around their hands)*

THIEF. AHHH! What? What? Who are you?

MERCY. Call me Mercy. Mother Mercy.

SCENE 2

(Mother Mercy is restacking books while Emma reads excitedly from the paper.)

EMMA. Wow! Mother, you're in the papers again! They can't stop talking about you! Look, this one reads: "Local would-be thief thwarted by mysterious crime-fighting nun who brings new meaning to the term 'force of habit'. This marks the third time this month the city has been made safer by the lady in black..."

MERCY. *(smiling)* Thank you Sister Emma, that's enough.

EMMA. Seriously, you're bigger than Batman.

MERCY. Humility, Emma.

EMMA. Yes, Mother.

MERCY. Thank you.

EMMA. *(beat)* But I mean, you could totally take Batman in a fight, right?

MERCY. Of course.

EMMA. If you don't mind my asking – what made you decide to do all this?

MERCY. What do you mean?

EMMA. I mean, a butt-kicking nun? Really? Doesn't that seem, I dunno, weird? After all – aren't we all supposed to take on a path of non-violence?

MERCY. I understand. It's like the old saying – there are those who do evil and those who do nothing when they see evil being done. After a while, I grew tired of seeing evil all around me. So I decided to take a stand. I don't like using force – but if the situation requires – so be it. Plus – the firm hand also works well at the potlucks and canned food drives. I've taken a couple members of this congregation down a peg or two in my time.

EMMA. *(reading paper)* Wait! Mother! Listen to this! "Local authorities have discovered the fourth disappearance of a teenage girl this week. Veronica Gragan, 15, was reported missing yesterday morning when school officials noted that she failed to attend class. Her parents said she had no history of running away and seemed to be in high spirits after returning from a concert she had attended with her friends the previous night."

MERCY. You're right, Emma. This is cause for concern. Get your things together, Emma.

You mean?

That's right.

Really?

Really. Gas up the Honda Pray-us. We've got some missing girls to find.

SCENE 3

(In Veronica's room)

MERCY. *(looking around)* My goodness. Since when did teenage girls have such messy rooms?

Since always, Mother.

You can barely walk through here...

I know, Mother.

It looks as though a trash can exploded, and then a laundry hamper threw up over the debris.

I know...

And what is that smell?

Super happy vanilla bubble gum room freshener.

It's making my sinuses shrivel. Seriously? Is my nose bleeding.

Great. I think I just stepped in a puddle of body glitter. It'll take days to get it off.

Digging Too Deep

by Doug McDonaha

Synopsis: A college student and a professor are locked in a serious battle of wits for control. This scene involves two actors, one dressed as a college student, one as a professional. The scene is set in a small office. One chair faces the audience.

PROFESSOR. (turns to other actor, who is seated on a stool, facing the audience) Please look at the camera. Remember that this interview will be recorded as part of the overall project. Please state your name, year and major.

CATHY. My name is Cathy Davis, I am a freshman. My major is English Literature.

PROFESSOR. Thank you. Dream therapy is not a precise science, do you understand that Cathy?

CATHY. Of course, I'm not really here because I need to be, this is just a dare from my friends. After your lecture to our class last week, several of us started talking about some of your theories. Personally, I don't believe most of what you said, and I'm a natural skeptic anyway. So, when you issued your challenge to have you analyze our dreams, I thought it would be entertaining. I even called my dad after the last class and he agreed that I should be part of this demonstration – he's even read one of your books. Do your best, or your worst.

PROFESSOR. I see, so what inspired you to take my class in the first place, if you're so skeptical?

CATHY. Well, the title of the class, "The Dream as Mental Mirror," sounded, well, frankly, like a class that wouldn't be too hard, not a lot of work, you know. We were told at freshmen orientation to take at least one class that would be kind of fun, low stress, something like swimming or beginning art. My dad told me that this would fit into my schedule better than anything else.

PROFESSOR. So you're not interested in psychology at all?

CATHY. Not at all – it's mostly smoke and mirrors, I think. This class seemed like a good break from my business classes. Who knows, maybe it'll even be worth a chuckle or two.

PROFESSOR. That's a fairly arrogant attitude from a freshman. That's even bold for a senior.

CATHY. I'm sorry, I don't mean to be disrespectful towards you, personally, professor; I just don't believe that psychologists or therapists have much credibility. It seems like a lot of guess work to me.

PROFESSOR. Have you read any of the textbook material that I assigned?

CATHY. Actually, I read more than you assigned. I already told you that my father has a copy of your book, *Discovering the Nightmares*. He gave it to me and asked me to have you autograph it. He's kind of a

fan of yours. I've read the whole book. It made me laugh.

PROFESSOR. What if I could change your mind? Last chance to back down.

CATHY. No, I don't back down. From anything. Let's get started.

PROFESSOR. Fine. I'll start by asking you to close your eyes. You must keep your eyes closed during the entire session. Do you agree and understand?

CATHY. (sarcastically ominous) I hear and obey, master.

PROFESSOR. Cathy, if you are going to be rude, then we'll stop now and find someone else willing to do this.

CATHY. Sorry, professor, I was just kidding. I'll keep my eyes closed, and try to keep my mind open.

PROFESSOR. Good. Now concentrate on my voice. I want you to sit back in your chair and relax. My voice is the only sound that you should pay attention to. Take a deep breath and hold it. Wait, now, let it out slowly. Again, deep breath, pause, exhale. You are beginning to relax. Let's start with something simple. Think of a color – maybe your favorite color, maybe a color that shows up in your dreams from time to time.

CATHY. (pause, fake snore)

PROFESSOR. Funny. How about an answer?

CATHY. Fine. I see red, mostly. Not my favorite color, but I'll say that so we can get on with it.

PROFESSOR. Thank you. Now, I want you to think of a place, a place where you feel safe, or felt safe in the past. Is that picture in your mind?

CATHY. (pause) Yes.

PROFESSOR. Where is this place?

CATHY. It's my backyard. My favorite spot as a child was sitting under this big cottonwood tree. It was old and very tall.

PROFESSOR. Continue.

CATHY. That backyard was – is – the best place. In the winter, I would build snow forts and make my dad pull me in the sled. (smiles, obviously a good memory). Summer, though, summers were my favorite time. I was a voracious reader, even as a kid, and I would sit under the tree and read in the shade.

PROFESSOR. What else?

CATHY. Some days I didn't ever want to go back into the house – it was so peaceful in the backyard.

PROFESSOR. Do you have any particularly good memories about those times?

CATHY. I have lots of great memories of that place. Once, when I was under the tree, I fell asleep while reading a book about wizards and dragons. I had the most vivid dream that I was in the book. I was so disappointed when I woke up, because it was such a beautiful place to escape to.

PROFESSOR. Escape? Interesting word choice. What were you escaping from, Cathy?

CATHY. Nothing in particular. It was just such a good dream that I hated to

Letters Home

by Christine Howard

(Christine will sing the song facing upstage while Melissa puts a flower down on the memorial.)

CHRISTINE. (sings) *Where have all the young men gone? Long time passing. Where have all the young men gone? Long time ago. Where have all the young men gone? Gone for soldiers every one. When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?*

MELISSA. (holds up picture to audience) This is my husband, Kevin. We were high school sweethearts. It's hard to believe that we've only been married three months and are already apart from one another. He got deployed just a couple of months after the wedding. I miss him. And it's been really difficult since he's been in Iraq. If we can just make it through these next few months, then he will be home and we can be together. I can't lose hope, but it's hard when the news is talking about so many of our soldiers dying over there. That's why I wanted to come here today, to show my support...

(They rotate.)

CHRISTINE. (holds up picture to audience) This is my brother, Mike. He got deployed to Iraq late last year. I'll never forget the day he called us to tell us that he was being deployed. I had this sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I just knew that something horrible was going to happen, you know? It's funny—when Mike and I were little kids, we always wanted to be the person who was right in an argument. Well, it ends up that I was right about Mike being in Iraq. What I wouldn't give to have been wrong this time...

END OF TEASER

CHRISTINE. (reads letter aloud) *Dear Sis—It seems like I've been here for so much longer than I have. My life away from here seems so far away. In some ways, I don't think I'll ever have it back completely. I think war takes certain things from you, or maybe it gives certain things that change your perspective. In the past two nights we've been attacked each night while on patrol. No casualties for us... I see more bravery in a day here than I had seen in my entire life prior to this. We got a blow to our morale a few days ago when the corps commander visited us. He said there was no way we were going home in less than nine to twelve months. Man, that's going to suck. We're working on month number four right now and it already seems like we've been here forever and a day. I still love being a commander. I love leading troops and taking care of them. It is a huge responsibility and I feel the weight of it every day. I send the*

thing I love most out here — my men — into harm's way every day and every night. I just do my best to ensure they're ready, trained, equipped and properly led in every situation. Hey—It's still pretty warm during the day, but gets very chilly at night. Could you try and find one of my hooded sweatshirts to send to me? Stay safe, sis—love you, Mike

MELISSA. Hi—are you here to pay tribute to someone? I'm Melissa, by the way—

CHRISTINE. Hi, I'm Christine. And yes—I'm here to pay tribute to my brother, Mike. He got killed in Iraq last month. My mom and dad couldn't bear it to come here to the memorial, but I had to be here. Did you lose someone, too?

MELISSA. Me? No, my husband, Kevin, has been over there for a couple of months—he supposed to be there for a year. But with this stop-loss executive order, we don't really know.

CHRISTINE. I know—it's hard not knowing an exact date. Are you okay?

MELISSA. I don't know. I just don't know anymore.

CHRISTINE. So, have you heard from your husband lately? I'm not trying to pry, I just can see the worry on your face. And I guess what I told you about Mike doesn't help much. I'm sorry.

MELISSA. No, no, it's okay. I'm so sorry about your brother. I can only imagine what it must be like to get that news. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night wondering if I am going to get that phone call. And when I don't get an e-mail from Kevin at least every other day, my mind automatically goes to the worst possible scenario. I just can't help but think the worst, you know?

CHRISTINE. I understand. So, you get to talk to Kevin quite a bit, huh?

MELISSA. I can't imagine not being able to talk to him as much as I do. Can you imagine what the families of soldiers overseas did before cell phones and e-mail? It had to be a lesson in patience. I mean just the other day, Kevin and I were talking for a least a half an hour and I (sees that she is upsetting Christine)...I'm sorry—I didn't mean to make you think about—

CHRISTINE. You didn't do anything wrong. I think about him every single day. It's been a month today since we got the news. We just buried him a couple of weeks ago. It took a little longer to get his body back to the states and then we had so many people to get in touch with that it's just been one long, horrible nightmare. I thought if I came to this memorial that I could get a little closure, you know? Talk to some people who know how I'm feeling. I have to say that I'm glad you have no idea how I'm feeling right now, but I'm happy that you don't mind talking to me about it.

MELISSA. If you don't mind my asking, how did Mike die?

CHRISTINE. He was killed when a bomb detonated under his vehicle. The details are a little sketchy, but it doesn't really matter now, I guess.

Nightmares

by Doug McCconnaha

This scene involves two females, both dressed as high school students. The scene is in a living room, two chairs with a cover for the couch, and one other chair stage left.

Synopsis: an innocent sleepover turns into a nightmare.

- MELANIE.** (on the phone) So then what did your dad say about your grades? No way, he can't ground you just because you get a "D" for the quarter; only the semester grade really counts. Yeah, I know, your dad's really pretty nice, but he's way too hung up on grades. (looks at watch). I can't believe that it's already 10:30 and Becky's not here yet. She said that she'd be here right after she got off work at 10. What a way to spend a Friday night, stuck at home, waiting for Becky to show up. Hey! Don't talk about my best friend like that. I don't care if she drives you crazy; we've been friends since third grade.
- BECKY.** (walks into room, sees Melanie on phone, slowly sneaks up behind her and then scares her) HAH! Gotcha!!
- MELANIE.** (screams, then angry) That's not funny, you could have hurt me.
- BECKY.** Don't be such a wimp!
- MELANIE.** (looks at phone, then speaks into it) Sorry Bobby, I've got to go, Becky's here, and I'll call you back tomorrow. Yes, she's spending the night.
- BECKY.** (obnoxiously into phone) Yes, Bobby dear, we're going to stay up all night and watch scary movies and talk about boyfriends. (overdone "blown kisses")
- MELANIE.** Ignore her, Bobby, I do. Bye. (hangs up phone and turns to Becky) You are such a jerk. Bobby and I were having an important discussion and you just butt right in. Who let you in here, anyhow?
- BECKY.** You left the door unlocked again. I should have stayed around the corner and listened to you talk to Bobbie. Who knows what I might have learned?
- MELANIE.** What Bobbie and I talk about is none of your business. You should have knocked until I answered instead of just coming in.
- BECKY.** I did knock once, but then the door popped open, so I came in. You know, the biggest danger of me hearing your conversation with Bobbie is that I'd be stupider for having listened.
- MELANIE.** Funny. Besides, I always tell you everything we talk about anyway.
- BECKY.** And don't think that I'm not fascinated with your love life, because I'm not. So, what did he say?
- MELANIE.** He said that his dad wasn't going to let up on him. He's still grounded until his grades come up.
- BECKY.** My folks wouldn't dare ground me for bad grades – they'd be too

tired of having me home all the time. Look at the bright side – this way Bobbie can work on his homework and you and I can hang out. I brought food and movies to last all night.

- MELANIE.** If my folks knew that I was letting you spend the night, they'd never have gone out of town in the first place.
- BECKY.** What do your folks have against me?
- MELANIE.** Face it Becky, whenever you come over, something gets broken or wrecked. My dad still doesn't know that it was you who put the scratch on his car, and not me. I lost my driving privileges for two weeks for driving without permission, and I wasn't even behind the wheel.
- BECKY.** Oh, poor little Mel gets punished. That must've gone on the calendar. "Miss perfect sent to her room." You should have told the truth and said it was me.
- MELANIE.** Oh, yeah, my dad would have gone ballistic. You're not exactly his favorite person anyway. You would have been banned from my house for life.
- BECKY.** Well, I'm here now, so let's get this party going.
- MELANIE.** (looking at the videotapes) Oh, come on Becky, you promised me that we wouldn't watch scary movies. I thought that you were just teasing me when you said that to Bobby.
- BECKY.** Scary movies are the best. Stop being such a coward.
- MELANIE.** You know how I feel about stuff like that. Ever since I was a little kid, I've hated those kinds of shows. Pick something else.
- BECKY.** Why? Why do you hate them? What are you afraid of?
- MELANIE.** I don't want to tell you. It's personal; besides, I was just a little kid.
- BECKY.** Come on; tell me, I can keep a secret.
- MELANIE.** (struggles) No, just forget it.
- BECKY.** Are you kidding, I have to hear it now.
- MELANIE.** Look, when I was a kid I used to have nightmares ok. Just drop it.
- BECKY.** What about?
- MELANIE.** Leave it alone. If I start talking about it, I'll start to have them again. Look, I've got goose bumps now. Thanks, Becky, I'll really sleep good tonight.
- BECKY.** We weren't planning on sleeping anyway, so... talk to me. I didn't know you had nightmares. You never said anything about it.
- MELANIE.** Remember in fourth grade, you had a slumber party, and I went home early because I was sick? I wasn't sick OK? I was afraid that you'd find out about the dreams and you'd all laugh at me.
- BECKY.** Ok, so, I'm not laughing now. I'm listening.
- MELANIE.** (takes a moment, drinks some pop, then starts) When I was a little girl, maybe seven or eight, my folks took my older sister and I to a movie one night. My dad really wanted us to see this movie, he said that it would be really scary and he thought we'd all like it. My mom didn't want to go, so my dad just took us girls. The movie was so scary that I started to cry. My dad leaned over in the seat and told

SCENE 1 — Premonitions

ANNE. I know it's not very original, but like every other little girl, I dreamed of being an actress. The dream always starts off the same.

PHOTOG. Anne! Anne!

ANNE. It's just an ordinary day, so boring and average and its almost alarming.

PHOTOG. C'mon, Anne. Over here!

ANNE. And then some slick haired talent agent spies me. At the mall. Or the grocery store. They say:

PHOTOG. Hey beautiful!

ANNE. Or...

PHOTOG. That's what we're looking for!

ANNE. And before you can blink, I walk the red carpet and I'm lit up by flash bulbs like a Christmas tree. I'm a household name.

PHOTOG. Show us some love, Anne.

ANNE. What little girl doesn't dream of everyone watching her every move? Of slipping into a new role, a new character, a new life – as easily as slipping into a new dress? That dream of transformation, changing and becoming something so monumental that even if for a brief moment, everything is altered. But who am I kidding?

PHOTOG. You're killing me, Anne. Give me something to work with! I got a wife and kids to support!

ANNE. No little girl would ever dream of a life like this.

PHOTOG. C'mon. Give us a smile.

SCENE 2 — In the beginning

ANNE. (*flipping through the television channels*) Ugh. No. No. No. *Law and Order*. Nope. *Spongebob*. Nuh-uh. *Heroes*. Maybe. *Baby Story*. (beat) No thank you. (pause – looks at book next to her.) Well Pre-Calculus, looks like it's you and me.

ELIZABETH. (*enters from off-stage*) Anne?

ANNE. In here, mom.

ELIZABETH. Did you get the mail?

ANNE. Yeah.

ELIZABETH. Where is it?

ANNE. Kitchen table.

ELIZABETH. Found it.

ANNE. Woo.

ELIZABETH. Don't be smart.

ANNE. Okay. (*picks up book*) Guess this is good-bye, Pre-Cal. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

ELIZABETH. Cute. Care to explain why you decided to stay home from school today?

ANNE. Wow. Don't go overboard with the concerned, nurturing mother routine. I dunno. I've been exhausted lately and was throwing up this morning. So what?

ELIZABETH. I wasn't born yesterday, Anne. Are you hung over?

ANNE. What?

ELIZABETH. Did you consume alcoholic bev-

ANNE. I know what hung over means, mom. I mean, what are you asking me that for?

ELIZABETH. You're seventeen.

ANNE. Yeah. And?

ELIZABETH. Seventeen year old girls are drawn to boys, beers and bank accounts. Seeing as how you already have a generous allowance, I assume you've been distracted by the other two. And I'd rather ask questions now than deal with issues later.

ANNE. Listen, mom, it's probably just a stomach flu. Wanna explain why you're snapping at the drop of a hat as of late?

ELIZABETH. I'm sorry, sweetheart. (*gives her a peck on the forehead*) It's August. It's an election year – and needless to say – a pretty big one for your mom here.

ANNE. Yeah. Woo-hoo. Go mom. Lady power, and what not.

ELIZABETH. Thank you dear. I've been running around like a chicken with my head cut off trying to get all of the campaign stops organized.

ANNE. Careful. That's not the kind of language that wins over the animal rights activists.

ELIZABETH. (*sarcastic*) Why am I not paying you to run my campaign? You're obviously so insightful. And plus – we'd get to spend more time together.

ANNE. No kidding. I barely see you anymore. It's any wonder I still recognize you.

ELIZABETH. I know, dear. I'm sorry. I promise that once the election is over we will go off for a weekend, just us girls. We'll get pedicures. Order room service. Watch a movie. Spend some quality time together. But right now, your old mom has a lot on her plate right now – and I've got to do everything possible to secure my election as governor. Once that happens, it will be smooth sailing for Governor Elizabeth Wright and daughter.

ANNE. Okay.

ELIZABETH. Now go get some rest. If you're still throwing up tomorrow morning, we'll call and get you in to see a doctor.

SCENE 3 — One week later

(*Both Anne and Elizabeth stand silently for a few beats. Neither are looking at each other. You could cut the tension with a knife. Easily. After a few moments, Elizabeth speaks in a low, angry voice.*)