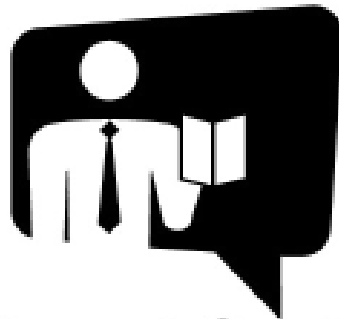


# SpeechGeek



## Season Seven: Nationals 2010



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## Season Seven: Nats 2010

**SpeechGeek**  
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There are still some days where I wonder how this company came to be what it is now. It has certainly been a fun journey.

In October 2009, **Extemp Central** joined the **SpeechGeek** family of websites and services. We're excited to offer this free resource to extemp coaches and competitors.

In February 2010, we got, well, a lot bigger. **DebateChamps** also joined the **SpeechGeek** family just a matter of weeks ago. With products from fourteen forensics companies in one store, **DebateChamps** is the one-stop speech and debate shop.

Be sure to check out the store at [www.debatechamps.com](http://www.debatechamps.com)!

It's an exciting sign of things to come in 2010. Of course, we're still publishing the best interpscripts available. We want to ensure **SpeechGeek** is your best resource at any part of the speech season for any event.

**Corey Alderdice**  
**Publisher**

Don't forget to become a fan of **SpeechGeek** on Facebook at: [facebook.com/speechgeek](https://facebook.com/speechgeek).

# Senseless

by Katherine Raul

*(The character is deaf and fluent in American Sign Language. The performer should make vocal adjustments to reflect the character's communication handicap. Additional study of American Sign Language and deaf culture is strongly encouraged.)*

*(Elle, a middle aged woman with no visible disability, fiddles with her iPhone.)*

Thank god for this thing. *(She puts the iPhone away.)* My husband gave it to me. Some people think it's ridiculous, a deaf woman with an iPhone. But that's just ignorance, and there's no app for that. Text messaging was actually based on the technology deaf people have been using for decades to use the phone. So there. Plus, with the iPhone I can use email, so I am completely accessible at all times. Which is sometimes not such a good thing. You should know, though, that this little thing is a major concession for me. I don't like to fit in. I spent too much of my life trying too hard. "The only thing worth fitting in is your jeans," that's what I tell my son. *Told.*

Some people wonder if it's rude to ask if I was born deaf. No, it's not, and, no, I wasn't. I was born perfect: I liked the sound of my mother singing and I remember what my father's laugh sounds like. But when I was 11, I had an epic war with Meningitis and then—poof—I couldn't hear mom singing and dad stopped laughing. At first, I thought it was great. I was just sure that my other senses would become more intense. Like super powers. I would be Deaf Girl—with the power to smell...more! Or something. Alas, I don't have heightened senses. And, of course, I never really felt all that super.

*(Laughs at an audience member)* I like you. You are brave. Sitting here asking a deaf woman all these hard questions. I don't find a lot of people who ask, just a lot who assume. Anyway, I went to—what you called—a "normal school." We call them hearing schools, by the way. But, I was never very good in school. It wasn't because I wasn't smart—In fact, the words "smart" and "aleck" were frequently mentioned with my name.

The problem was fitting in. People didn't really understand me...on so many levels, and I didn't understand them. So school was...lonely. Until I met Terry. He was in my Intro to College Chemistry class and the irony was never lost on us. At first, he smiled a lot. Then he would write notes to me. That's how we went on our first date: notebooks and pens in hand. What did he call it? Email circa 1989. Eventually, Terry learned sign language. His hands were slow and clumsy, but so was my heart, so it worked out.

When we got married, Terry didn't know what he was getting himself into. We went

house shopping, we had to find a deaf friendly house—one that you could see each other from different rooms so we could communicate, and we needed light systems that would flash when the doorbell rang, and hardwood floors so that I could feel the vibrations of the phone bells when they would ring. He was overwhelmed. We spent eight months looking until we found this place. I think we will retire and die in this house. It's so much of who we are, and when Spencer was born, it really felt like the house was finally a home.

It wasn't supposed to happen, statistically speaking. Deafness is almost always one generation thick. Over 90% of deaf people have parents who can hear, and most deaf parents have children who can hear. Spencer was going to be my loud, musical...normal...little boy. When we found out he wasn't going to be that. When we found out that he wasn't going to fit in, I made a decision that I would never try to make him something he wasn't. That is why I insisted against the cochlear implant. It's a device that provides a sense of sound for deaf people.

I wouldn't even discuss it and would purposefully ignore the subject when it came up. This, of course, made Terry furious. "You aren't thinking about our son. You are so concerned about your pride, you aren't thinking about the good it could do. You are being selfish."

But I wouldn't listen. Because it was about pride, it was about my son. He was going to be born perfect. It isn't something that needs to be fixed.

We argued for the last four months of my pregnancy. But when Spencer was finally born, the arguments stopped. Because we were both so in awe of that little man and his big brown eyes.

We started him in hearing school, because Terry wanted him to try it. He was labeled so many things in those first three years. First, he was mute. Then he was hearing challenged. Then he was deaf. Then he was "special." Then he was hearing impaired. Then he was ear disabled. Retarded was thrown in there a couple of times, too. And it was right about then that I insisted that we move him to the Clarke School for the Deaf. For the next six years, he loved school. He would come home with slang sign language and new stories about his multitudes of friends. And needless to say, I was proud that I had raised a son who was so comfortable and so happy in the world.

Spencer learned about the cochlear implant at school. He said that maybe for his high school graduation present, we could sit down as a family and talk about that possibility. I was so mad at him for that. I felt...betrayed. Terry told me, it wasn't my life and that I needed to let Spencer find his own way. You can imagine how I took that bit of advice. When I was finally ready to talk about the issue, Spencer smiled and those big brown eyes melted whatever resistance I had left. He said he would do research and bring us home information. On the way out the door, he made some smart-aleck comment about how, in the future, if I want to get my own way I should

# Pinnochia

by Natalie Pronk

**MS. BLUE.** (with a magical explosion, the Blue Fairy appears) Ugh! I always get smoky magic exploding gunk in my wings. Hello! Have time for a little fairy tale? Ha! Because I'm a fairy and I'm telling you a... Anyway, let's start at the beginning!

**GEPPETTO.** *Seventeen, Vogue, Teen People, Elle—*

**MS. BLUE.** Oh, here comes our papier-mâché puppet maker.

**GEPPETTO.** *Red Book* for the lips. And for the eyes, *O* magazine... "and you get an eye and you get an eye." Ah, my little puppet girl, you will be perfect in every way, like a real girl should be. Good night, my little Pinnochia.

**MS. BLUE.** And with a little flick ....

**PINNY.** Hello?

**MS. BLUE.** Ah-ha! You're ALIVE!

**PINNY.** I am? I am! I can move! I'm reeeeeeeeeaaaaa!

**MS. BLUE.** Not so fast.

**PINNY.** What? Am I not real?

**MS. BLUE.** Oh little puppet girl, you are as real as you choose to be.

## INTRO

**PINNY.** So do I get a talking cricket or something?

**MS. BLUE.** No. I'm afraid there is no such thing as a talking cricket. I considered bringing you a wise old goat for a conscience, but since you're made of paper... he'd eat you.

**PINNY.** Well, who will help me?

**MS. BLUE.** My dear Pinnochia, your father made you with a veritable gold mine of information. A modern woman's bible: magazines! Indeed all your answers can be found within... and on you. Look (*rips piece off of Pinny's arm*)

**PINNY.** Ow!

**MS. BLUE.** "Colors this spring are frosted pink with shades to match." See? How insightful!

**PINNY.** So... I have all the answers?

**MS. BLUE.** Now you sound like a teenager. All right, off to high school.

**PINNY.** But why?

**MS. BLUE.** Exactly.

**TEACHER.** Foxy Sly?

**FOXY.** Here!

**TEACHER.** And our new student? Pin—ocahantas?

**PINNY.** Actually my name is Pinocchia.

**FOXY.** Whoa, check out freak show. She's got strings!

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**FOXY.**

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**PINNY.**

**TEACHER.**

**MS. BLUE.**

**PINNY.**

**MS. BLUE.**

**PINNY.**

**MS. BLUE.**

**PINNY.**

**MS. BLUE.**

**PRINCIPAL.**

**PINNY.**

**PRINCIPAL.**

**FOXY.**

**PRINCIPAL.**

**FOXY.**

Oh, do you like them? I'm a puppet. I'd fall over dead without my strings. Sort of like if you didn't have a brain.

Actually, she seems to function quite well without one of those.

What is a puppet doing at our school? Huh, Pinocchia?

Pinocchia. I've come to learn to be like other girls so the blue fairy will make me real.

Um... we have a strict zero tolerance policy at this school, Pistach--chio—

Pin-o-cchia. And what is it that you are intolerant of?

Don't twist my words young lady. Drugs and racism will get you nowhere in this life, Pincushion.

Pin—

You are going straight to the pin-cipal—I mean principal's office.

Will he have more tolerance?

Certainly not. Now I'll just fill out this pass. To: principal's office. For: Pinstripe?

No.

Pinup?

No.

Pinny?

That'll do.

Off you go.

(With a magical explosion, the Blue Fairy appears.) ...Ugh, every single time! (*picks stuff off of her wings*) How's it going, my dear?

Well, I am learning a lot. Apparently, real girls can get by without a brain, are intolerant and unable to pronounce names.

Um, what?

Yep. And now I'm off to see the principal.

This isn't exactly what's supposed to be happening.

I suppose that's what makes it real. (*rips off paper*) "Outfits are best when there's an element of surprise like a funky accessory or an accent color." Ah, yes. It all makes so much sense.

Well, alright. (*With a magical explosion, the Blue Fairy disappears.*)

So, you're the new troublemaker.

Oh no, sir.

So, you've made trouble before, have you? Well that ends now. If you want to be a proper high school girl you'll need to start acting like one. (*pushes intercom*) please send Foxy in.

(*enters*) Hello, Principal Stromboli. How can I help you sir?

As student body president, cheerleading captain, prom queen, and all around stereotypical teen princess, perhaps you could lend a hand and help her fit in.

Fit in to what, sir? Sesame Street? I mean look at this (*marionettes her around*) This is ridiculous.

# God in a Grilled Cheese Sandwich

by Clint Snyder

*ALEX. (M/F) Young, frail, has lost sight of the meaning in life. Feels disconnected from society and has reached a point where there is nothing more out there, occasionally covers pain with a sarcastic angry persona.*

*Note to Forensic Coaches: There is a clear break after the first beat that is a good place to put an intro. The competitor should make sure that there is a clear journey and not to make the piece overdramatic by being too emotional from the beginning.*

I saw God a few days ago. I'm not a very religious person, but you have to believe me I say I saw the face of God. See, now you probably think that I'm one of those crazy people that sees Mary on a potato chip or Jesus in a plate of spaghetti, but it's not like that at all. (pause) I saw God in a grilled cheese sandwich (pause) and it saved my life.

There are all these rules when you grow up, I guess I wouldn't really call myself a grownup, I mean, I think I can pretty much look after myself, but I'm still pretty young. Anyway, these rules, they make everything so simple and easy, so you don't even have to think for yourself, just go through the motions. Rules like wait your turn and treat others like you want to be treated, (pause) they make life routine.

I was eating lunch the other day by myself and this girl Abby comes up and sits right next to me. She starts blabbering on about how wonderful the grilled cheese was today and how she wishes they had it every day and how I must think that it's great too because we have so much in common and I'm just sitting there wondering the entire time what the heck grilled cheese has to do with anything. The way she talks about it this must be this girl's entire life, grilled cheese sandwiches. I don't know what's more depressing: that this is the most exciting thing that she will do today or that hearing her get excited about it is the most exciting thing I'll do all day. I thought for a little bit and said, "You're fat, and you're ugly." She wasn't really either of those things, I just wanted the thirty-minute sales pitch on the grilled cheese to be replaced by silence. And I got what I wanted, she ran into the bathroom crying. (pause) I would not necessarily call myself a loser, I mean if I really wanted to be friends with grilled cheese girl I could have, it's just I want my life to mean something more. I want to be better than all of these other kids so I try to separate myself from them. Not because I hate them, but because I hate myself.

After school that day, I went home and shoveled the driveway. When I got back inside, my mom made me some pizza. It was just a frozen pizza that she had taken out of the freezer, but she made it more than that. She threw on some toppings and oregano from the cabinet. I think that's her passion. I always see her in the kitchen cooking something. Even if it turns out terrible, I still eat it and throw a fake

smile on my face. It would break mom's heart if I told her what I actually thought of those brownies she made last week. I could never kill her passion. I wish I knew what mine was, I feel like I'm floating out there looking for something or someone to latch onto. I've been looking for years, but I still haven't found out what my "thing" is. Maybe I'll end up being the crazy kid that says he saw God. I hope that's not my only claim to fame; still, it might be better than people not even knowing I exist.

The house is a mess, it always is, no one ever questions it and nobody wants to rock the boat or change the routine. I guess it's because mom doesn't have enough time. She works and, when she doesn't work, she cooks. I tried more than a few times to clean it, but I ended up feeling like that Greek guy I learned about in class, Sisyphus, who has to push a huge rock up a hill forever. I think I can identify, I feel exhausted like I have to constantly keep on fighting for everything that I do, no matter what and I never end up getting anywhere. Thirty years from now I'll be all grown up and still stuck in this, cycle.

I was lying in my bed and it dawned on me: what if I didn't have to fight anymore? What if I didn't have to push that rock? Instead, I just let go and it falls back over me. I would be relieved, I would be free, from responsibility, from the pressure to be somebody, from the need to find my place in this world because I wouldn't even be a part of this world anymore. (pause) You might think the thought of ending my life would make me sad, or depressed, but I was glad, it felt great, like a huge weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I've been sad; I've been sad my whole life and it has been eating me away from the inside until there is only this empty shell that people call Alex shuffling around like a corpse. I've been dead inside for too long.

I got up and I planned it out. I would use pills. I had seen it on TV before. It's how celebrities do it all the time. I went into the kitchen and without anybody watching I grabbed two full bottles of aspirin and a bottle of water, snuck back into my room and locked the door. I closed my eyes (rocks back and forth in place) and I thought about my life—everything that had brought me to this point. There wasn't a whole lot there. There was nothing there and there would be nothing left when I was gone except my body. Nobody cared—why should they? I'm nothing. Then I opened my eyes, I must have left the TV on, so I started walking over to turn it off and I saw something: a cheese commercial. On it, people were making grilled cheese sandwiches and laughing. I thought "you got to be kidding me; has the whole world gone crazy?" I thought about Abby, the grilled cheese grill. Then I had this idea—a major thought—what if I wasn't the only one looking for a purpose in life? Because grilled cheese girl, well, she was just trying to find something to latch onto, too. Mom, she cooks. The only reason I didn't have something is because I wasn't looking. The whole world is alone, just looking for something to give their life meaning and maybe that is the meaning of life—to find meaning—even if it is just getting excited about grilled cheese sandwiches.

# On My Own Two Feet

by Clint Snyder

**JANE.** *Strong willed and tough. She uses jokes or anger as a defense mechanism to cover up her pain.*

**CARYN.** *A sensitive girl with pale features and a genuine curiosity about the world. She tries to find the good in everything and everyone.*

**SETTING**  
*A kitchen in the suburbs, wintertime.*

**CARYN.** Where did you go?  
**JANE.** I was out at the mall with some friends.  
**CARYN.** Did you tell them?  
**JANE.** Tell them what?  
**CARYN.** Jane, they had to have said something. I mean we've been gone from school for about a week now.  
**JANE.** A few people asked where I was.  
**CARYN.** What'd you say?  
**JANE.** I told them to mind their own business.  
**CARYN.** Oh. *(sits down at table, plays with glass)*  
**JANE.** What about you?  
**CARYN.** *(pause)* what do you mean?  
**JANE.** What have you been doing all day?  
**CARYN.** Well, I was in the garden, mostly. *(looks out at window)*  
**JANE.** Again? You keep watering those roses like that and we'll need a rowboat just to get through the backyard.  
**CARYN.** *(laughs)* I wasn't just watering them. I had to replant a couple.  
**JANE.** Why?  
**CARYN.** One of those stupid deer came up and chewed up some of them last night.  
**JANE.** Well, If you just covered them up like I told you, the deer might not get at them.  
**CARYN.** I just don't like the idea—to have to cover up something beautiful like that just because some stupid deer comes in and chews everything to bits. Those roses are meant to be seen and enjoyed.  
**JANE.** Well, you could put some soap or spray some red pepper on them. I read in a magazine somewhere that those things will work for keeping deer away. They don't like the smell—or something.  
**CARYN.** I want to still be able to smell the roses.  
**JANE.** You can't have everything you want.  
**CARYN.** I just don't want to do any of that stuff.  
**JANE.** Alright, Caryn, but don't come complaining to your big sister tomorrow if all that's left of your roses is little green sticks.

**CARYN.** I won't, I just, I just don't understand it. I mean, you'd think they'd stay away with them being covered in thorns and all.  
**JANE.** Maybe that makes them tastier, you know, because they're harder to get at.  
**CARYN.** Maybe. I don't know what I'm going to do with dad's birthday present.  
**JANE.** What do you mean?  
**CARYN.** Well I mean I can't really give it to him.  
**JANE.** Why not? What'd you get him?  
**CARYN.** Dancing lessons.  
**JANE.** *(a short laugh, reflects)*  
**CARYN.** I know, but I remember he used to always talk about how he could never dance that well.  
**JANE.** Yeah, he showed me the video from his wedding, it was pretty awful. I think he elbowed grandma in the face.  
**CARYN.** He was saying how, maybe, if he learned how to dance he might be able to find somebody, you know, to date.  
**JANE.** I don't think mom ever really knew how good she had it, now where is she? Middle age, dead end job, loser boyfriend and forced to take care of us.  
**CARYN.** But that isn't really her fault.  
**JANE.** Well it isn't ours either. *(pause)*  
**CARYN.** I guess there are some things in life that are just out of our control.  
**JANE.** I don't like that idea, I don't believe it for a minute. Fate, destiny, it's all garbage Caryn, do you really believe for a second that somebody's out there moving us around like chess pieces?  
**CARYN.** I guess not.  
**JANE.** That there's a big wheel out there somebody spins and if it lands on the wrong spot, you're dead? How can you believe that there is somebody watching over us after we end up here? *(pause)* I don't know what to believe in anymore after what happened to him.  
**CARYN.** Mom will be coming home in an hour or so.  
**JANE.** So what?  
**CARYN.** She'll probably want us to do the dishes or some laundr-  
**JANE.** She can do them herself, because I'm done with her and every thing she wants me to do.  
**CARYN.** Well I just thought that since we're stuck here we might as well make the best of the situation.  
**JANE.** You can make the best of it if you want, all I'm saying is that I'm not stuck anywhere. I can go wherever I want whenever I want to, and nobody is gonna tell me different.  
**CARYN.** *(pause)* It wasn't his fault Jane.  
**JANE.** He could have taken a different exit, or, or driven a different car. It's someone's fault, It has to be.  
**CARYN.** He got into a car accident! It's nobody's fault!  
**JANE.** I don't know. I don't even know anymore. Maybe we should just

# Psychobabble Cliche Blues

by Clint Snyder

**CHARLOTTE.** *An uptight professional that always tries to maintain dignity.*

**MICHELLE.** *A psychologist that is overly confident in her abilities. She has become detached from society and is very animated.*

**MICHELLE.** It's wonderful that you're coming in. Counseling is a beautiful thing and I want you to know that you're a beautiful person Charlene.

**CHARLOTTE.** It's Charlotte.

**MICHELLE.** Right, whatever. The important thing is that you're here now, so we can begin the healing process. *(makes hand gesture to animate healing process)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Great, ummm, where do we start?

**MICHELLE.** Well, why don't you tell me a little about yourself.

**CHARLOTTE.** Well I grew up in a small town in Illinois.

**MICHELLE.** Wonderful, wonderful, when did your dog die?

**CHARLOTTE.** What? I didn't say anything about a dog.

**MICHELLE.** Hmmm? I just said it's so nice to say hi.

**CHARLOTTE.** I could have sworn you said something else.

**MICHELLE.** Oh no, no, it's just I enjoy meeting new people, it's such an exciting experience. A wonderful, beautiful thing, like a portrait of a butter fly or two baby angels kissing while riding puppies off into rain bows.

**CHARLOTTE.** *(pause)* Yeah, I guess.

**MICHELLE.** Do you find yourself guessing at life constantly, Cheryl?

**CHARLOTTE.** It's Charlotte.

**MICHELLE.** Right, yes...of course.

**CHARLOTTE.** What do you mean guessing?

**MICHELLE.** *(pause, forgets what she was saying)* Are you a mean person?

**CHARLOTTE.** Well, I wouldn't really say mean. I mean, I get along with all my coworkers.

**MICHELLE.** Is this you? *(make frowny face and points to self)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Excuse me?

**MICHELLE.** Is this you? *(repeats gesture)*

**CHARLOTTE.** No that's not me that is you, you pointing to yourself.

**MICHELLE.** No. No. No. This is me. *(points to self)* And this is you. *(makes frowny face and points to self)*

**CHARLOTTE.** *(pause)* You know, maybe therapy isn't for me.

**MICHELLE.** *(forces her back in her seat)* Therapy is for everyone *(pause)* That can pay.

**CHARLOTTE.** I'm sorry I guess I just don't understand your "unique" approach. *(sarcasm)*

**MICHELLE.** Then we'll try a different one.

**CHARLOTTE.** A different one?

**MICHELLE.** A better one. Ready? I'm going to say a word and I want you to say the first word that comes to your head.

**CHARLOTTE.** Ok I guess I could do that.

**MICHELLE.** Face...

**CHARLOTTE.** Paint.

**MICHELLE.** Nose...

**CHARLOTTE.** Red.

**MICHELLE.** Hair...

**CHARLOTTE.** Wigs.

**MICHELLE.** Circus...

**CHARLOTTE.** Clowns!

**MICHELLE.** *(pause)* Clowns?

**CHARLOTTE.** Eating people! Oh my god. *(starts sobbing)*

**MICHELLE.** Ok, I think I've discovered the root of your fears and the cause of all this pain in your life.

**CHARLOTTE.** Really?

**MICHELLE.** Now, I want you to be completely honest with me and yourself. *(pause)* Are you afraid of dogs?

**CHARLOTTE.** Are you even listening to a word I'm saying?

**MICHELLE.** Carmen, I've been listening to every word you've said in great detail, but that's the first time that someone has actually heard you in your life isn't it?

**CHARLOTTE.** My name is Charlotte.

**MICHELLE.** That's not important. The important thing is that you have decided to move past your raging fear of dogs and begin the healing process. *(makes gesture for healing process)*

**CHARLOTTE.** I'm not afraid of dogs.

**MICHELLE.** You're in denial.

**CHARLOTTE.** No, I'm not.

**MICHELLE.** The first step to getting better is admitting that you have a problem.

**CHARLOTTE.** But I don't.

**MICHELLE.** Then why are you here?

**CHARLOTTE.** I've been asking myself that question, too. *(goes to leave, Michelle sits her back down)*

**MICHELLE.** You're here to so that you can feel better in here. *(points to heart)* And start to understand all the nasty wittle things going on up here. *(baby talk, points to head)*

**CHARLOTTE.** Well, I'm afraid of clowns.

**MICHELLE.** Now don't try to make this about the clowns.

**CHARLOTTE.** What is it about then?

**MICHELLE.** I want you to tell me.

**CHARLOTTE.** Why?

**MICHELLE.** Psychology is a journey of self discovery. In order to overcome your fears, you must confront them head on, like a ram or sport utility vehicle.

**CHARLOTTE.** What are you talking about?



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Dramatic Interpretation  
**Senseless**  
by Katherine Raul

Humorous Interpretation  
**Pinnochia**  
by Natalie Pronk

Dramatic Interpretation  
**God in a Grilled Cheese Sandwich**  
by Clint Snyder

Duo Interpretation (Female/Female)  
**On My Own Two Feet**  
by Clint Snyder

Duo Interpretation  
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