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Humorous Interpretation

The Ultimate Drama

by Carrie Taylor and Katie Garlock

Poetry Interpretation

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Duo Interpretation (Male / Female)

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Duo Interpretation (Male / Male)

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Prose Interpretation

Through These Gates

by Corey Alderdice

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Fresh Goes Better

by Garlock and Taylor

2. (autistic) Brother Mikey! (realizes "Brother Mikey isn't there, becomes more frantic) Brother Mikey! Brother Mikey! Brother Mikey! (Brother Mikey enters, "Brucey" becomes upset and less frantic) I called you, I called you!
1. (sounded) Brucey, you okay? What's the matter?
2. I called you, I called you...
1. I didn't hear you, Brucey, I didn't hear you, (frustrated) I said I didn't hear you! I've had it!
- BOTH. (pause in a frozen position then turn to audience) (hum Mentos theme)
1. Mentos. For when your brother just won't leave you alone, here's one way to keep cool.
2. Mentos. The Freshmaker. (both do thumbs up & smile)

1 begins to present to "group" while 2 is distracted by various things. Both as new characters.

1. Hi.... L. I'm Alice. Thanks for letting me come here. I just needed to talk, and I guess AA isn't a bad start. You see, I just got home from a concentration camp where they just don't have the kind of group treatment you'd like for alcoholism. Or the alcohol. Anyhow, now that I'm back in the states and...Hey, aren't you supposed to be listening?
2. (snaps to attention) I'm terribly sorry, I have a mental disorder.
1. Which one?
2. ADD.
1. Mentos?
2. No thanks- (looks out a "window") OOH! Birdie! (moves to follow bird then character two acts as a bird while character 1 turns into a person driving a car which hits the bird.)

Flash to 2 as bird getting hit by 1 driving a car.

1. (looking out windshield as he drives the car) What the..?
2. (child in the backseat) Hey mister, what was that??
1. Shut up kid! I gave you your candy, now be a good little abductee.
2. Okay! (eats candy)
1. And stop twitching
2. Sorry... I have schizophrenia. And ADD!
1. You're damaged? Now I'll never get that billion-dollar ransom. That's it, get out!
2. Ohhh....(steps out of car then sees a cat) Hey look at that!
- BOTH. (as a cat) MEOW.
1. (as patient Berta, sitting in an office with her therapist) Was that the sound of a kitty? Ay me. I remember kitties from my old country.
2. (as therapist taking notes/ interviewing) Tell me about your daughters.
1. Well Greta was anorexic and Hannah, we feared, was bulimic. Sylvia....
2. Sylvia? What was she like?
1. Well... something like this:(spin to Sylvia character) Hello. Talent... I have none. (spin back to patient Berta) She had OCD. With schizophrenia. And ADD. Anyhow, we were all sitting together when sud-

2. denly, there came a knock at the door. (Flashback sequence)
1. (as German officer) Knock knock! Let me in!
2. (Flashback Berta) Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin!
1. Let me in or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down.
2. The next thing I knew, I was on a train, headed for the heart of Germany. When we got there, my husband and I were separated. We were told to work.
1. Work!
2. Those who didn't work would be shot...
1. Those who do not work will be shot.
2. After a few days, I had noticed that officer Schfinctinhaus had taken an unusual interest in me. I feared for my life. You can imagine my terror when he caught me alone one night...
1. Mmmm Hmmm Hmmm! Why 36-24-36. What a pleasant surprise. Come with me!
2. He led me into his quarters, I had no idea what was happening. (both characters face back and say, "bow ohika wow wow!") Then Character 1, or "Berta" turns back around.)
1. A month later I, I found out that I, I was pregnant. Don't get me wrong, I still loved my baby, it was still my baby. The problem was, hiding it. Months passed and, needless to say, they noticed. I prayed and prayed for help which turns out is only a phone call away.

Character 2 turns around.

2. (some sort of "teohnioian") Hi.
1. Who are you? (2 hands 1 a business card.) Abortions R Us?
2. Quick and Easy for the Sleazy
1. (disgusted) That's terrible!
2. I know, we're working on a new slogan. Anyway, now I know that button is around here somewhere...(begins searching for a "button" originally the intention was a belly button) oh there it is! (pushes button on stomach and pulls baby out.) Bye bye now. (turns around and drops hands to sides)
1. You just dropped my baby!
2. Oh no, see I was ending the scene...
1. No, you dropped my baby on the ground!
2. Oh sorry, let me clean that up for you. Oh, sorry. (picks up fetus)
1. (fetus) Fetus! Hi...(giggle)
2. Hey, do you wanna play a game?
1. (fetus) Uh-huh.
2. Okay (throws into air, pulls out shot gun and shoots fetus)
1. (fetus) Fetus....Sploosh.
2. (Pops back to patient Berta) Sorry, where were we??
1. (Doctor) I'm sorry, I have Alzheimer's, OCD, schizophrenia, and ADD....do you hear that?

BOTH make the "Charge" theme.

1. (as baseball announcer) Kawabata is one away from a perfect game.
2. (as baseball announcer) Kawabata set up, delivered and - ! Home run.
1. Which is followed by a single, which was followed by a triple.
2. Kawabata left the game.
1. And for the first time since his suspension, Shane Munget is in. Shane seems intense on the mound.

In All Directions

by Nancy Harper

My time machine
is short, squat,
red with lavender stripes,
and makes a whistling noise
(whistles)
When it takes off,
(which is quite often)
it jolts left first,
Then right,
Then forward,
Then backward,
down
and finally up
At about 100 kilometers an hour.
(that's about 36 miles an hour for all you metric system people)
which is pretty fast when it's just you and
a six foot tall metallic box that knocked
my socks straight out its window
through the door, and—
Well, I had to go retrieve them,
So I did,
Jumped out the window
And who should I bump into but
Gray haired shrunken slightly rat-a-tat
eighty year old me.
Sizing old me up I said,
"You look wrinkly and you smell like mothballs."
Ew.
Well, old me wasn't about to take that:
"Kid, this'll be the best time of your life
because no one cares what you smell like
look like act like.
They expect you to be crazy and lazy so you are,
and I am.
So there.
There.I thought. Yeah.
(fold up time machine)

You're ten.
You wake up in the middle of the night and
realize
you're going to die.
That someday, you won't be here.
But I mean, then, you just move on,
Because you're ten, and that's what
10 year olds do.
Didn't you do that?
And then you move on.
Move on move on move on.
You're eighty.
You wake up in the middle of the night and
Realize.

You're going to die,
That someday, you won't be here.
Won't you do that?
But the problem is you won't
Move on move on
Move on move on

Move on.
You will have children and you'll hear them
Through the corners of your hearing aids,
"You know, it's all a matter of time now,
we're just waiting for her to let go.
It's her time."
The thing is,
There is no death until the day you die
so stop waiting
(Breaths)
keep breathing
(breaths)
there is no death until the day you die.
If there's only one thing you can focus on through your cataracts,
Make it
Move on move on move on.

Golden Girls, Matlock, Murder She Wrote.
The only three television shows created ,directed, edited and cut for
people with their senior discount card in their back pocket.

Hey hey hey Angela Lansbury!
I have a secret.
I know who did it... again.
And again and again and again.
Because knowing the killer is never a thriller
When every eighty year old man that's watching is yelling,
"speed it up, bitch!"
I get bored just watching your fingers slide
Smoothly across silver embedded keys,
Pulsating with each. Tap. Each. Push. Ah.

Ok, see? See what you did?
That would have been sexual
But the lack of intellectual levels
Leaves you dumb and us dumbfounded.
What if, what if the cast of, "Friends"
became 80 year old women gossiping and hyping about who had the
best looking girdle
And and the hottest chick was the one
who had the least amount of facial hair?
What if Joey, from Dawson's Creek, turned 75, and had a heart attack from climbing that
dumb ladder against
Dawson's window?
Because, I don't want wait for out lives to be over...
then don't.

With A Kiss

by Trevor Anders

JUDY. *(she is extremely nervous, pacing back forth. JUDY is unsure of her next move, what to say, what to even do...)* It's that simple. Call him up and get him here. He takes the fall and you're off the hook. It's that simple. No one has to know. It's that simple. *(grabs her cell phone)* It's not that simple, but why shouldn't it be? He's the family favorite. He's the pride and joy, and what am I? I'm the black sheep, the big mis take. I'm sorry Jace, but it's the only way.

JACE. *(grunts)* This has better be important. *(picks up the phone)* Hello?

JUDY. Jace?

JACE. Yeah, this is Jace. Who is this?

JUDY. It's Judy. Look, I need a favor.

JACE. It's almost midnight, not to mention the fact I haven't heard from you in two months.

JUDY. I'm at my wits end Jace. I got myself in trouble—something I can't get out of. You're the only person I knew to call.

JACE. All right, all right. Where are you?

JUDY. I'm at the garden in the park.

JACE. Judy?

JUDY. *(crying)* Thank you Jace. Oh, thank you for coming. I didn't expect you here so quickly.

JACE. I took a shortcut. Here, sit down. Now tell me what's wrong.

JUDY. It's the cops, Jace. The police are looking for me and I've got no place to go.

JACE. Easy. Now just slow down and start from the beginning.

JUDY. As always, I screwed up.

JACE. That doesn't matter, but if I'm gonna help you out, you're going to have tell me what's going on.

JUDY. I met this guy named Darion, and he was so nice to me. I was clean and sober and thought I had finally got my life back on track. Then one night we went to a party and everyone was smokin' weed. I said I was cool, that I didn't feel like smoking...

JACE. But?

JUDY. Darion said I was making him look like an idiot so I should just shut the hell up and take a hit. Besides, it was only a hit. He promised he'd look out for me. And he did. And one hit turned into smoking all night. It was that easy to bounce back into it.

JACE. What the hell were you thinking?

JUDY. I wasn't, but what else was I supposed to do?

JACE. Oh, I don't know, maybe leave?

JUDY. It's always that simple for you Jace. Just say no. You booze you lose. Don't have no need for weed.

JACE. You're the one who called me out here in the middle of the night. If you don't want to hear what I have to say...

JUDY. Ok, fine.

JACE. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. I have a feeling the party incident isn't the reason why you're here?

JUDY. It gets worse. I should have learned from that night, but I didn't. Actually, it just made things easier. Then D gets the idea we should get in the business for ourselves. Then D decides he wants to get into the business...asks if I want in.

JACE. Get in the business?

JUDY. We should start dealing. He said it would be easy cash and it would make things much simpler for us.

JACE. So now you're not only a user again, but a dealer to boot? What is wrong with you? So now you're using and dealing! *(she doesn't respond)* Answer me!

JUDY. Yes. That's why I called you here. The cops are on to us. They're looking for Darion, but he's been laying low. He wouldn't tell me where he's at. What I'm trying to say is that I need a place to crash.

JACE. Do you know what that would make me?

JUDY. I don't know...a really swell guy?

JACE. For your information, it would make me an accessory to a crime.

JUDY. Then would you at least give me some cash so I could get out of town?

JACE. I thought you were rolling in dough from dealing drugs?

JUDY. D took the money when he left.

JACE. Surprise, surprise.

JUDY. You know, you can be a real ass.

JACE. Maybe, but I'm not the person the cops are looking for.

JUDY. And what if you were?

JACE. I'm not. Look, I can't keep bailing you out. I give you money and then I don't hear from you or see you for six months or until you're in another scrape, whichever comes first.

JUDY. Well, I'm sorry Jace, but I'm not like you.

JACE. I don't want you to be perfect; I just want you to take responsibility for your own life.

JUDY. By what? Going to jail?

JACE. It would, at least, give you some time to get your life together...you put yourself where you are.

JUDY. No, I didn't. You did.

JACE. What exactly do you mean by that?

JUDY. All my life I've been in your shadow. Judy, why can't you be like Jace?

JACE. Jace isn't a screw up, so why the hell are you?

JUDY. That's exactly what I'm talking about Judy. Where were you when I was studying so I could get a college scholarship? You were out partying every night. Where were you when I was working my ass off to have a future? You were off moving from boyfriend to boyfriend as long as you had a place to stay.

JUDY. Where were you when I needed you the most? You were too busy with your own damn life to give a care about anyone else.

JACE. That's not true. Think of things I've done for you.

JUDY. You mean what you write off on your taxes? Those little things you do to keep a clean conscience? Who introduced me to my first boy friend?

JACE. That isn't how you wound up here.

JUDY. Who hooked me up with his best friend who got me drunk at a party and raped me while I was unconscious? And who didn't warn me that his friend David would be a loser that wouldn't accept responsibility for his baby so I had to have an abortion?

JACE. It was me! Is that what you want me to say? And I've paid for those mistakes every day since.

JUDY. I stay high most of the time so that I don't just go on and kill myself and get it over with. You have no clue what suffering is like, but you will soon.

JACE. What do you mean by that?

JUDY. Let's just say the cops aren't looking for Darion and me. They've been tipped off that Jace Christianson is a major dealer that has just set up shop in town. I have a feeling that when they bust into your apartment, they'll find more than enough evidence to send you away for

Philadelphos

by Odell Workman

GARY. Friendships. Of all the relationships a person can have with another human being, the friendship is, by far, the most odd one of them all. You know what I mean? We merge paths with hundreds of people every day. Chances are we'll never see ninety-five percent of those faces again, but with a little luck you just never know what conversation will change your life forever.

STEVE. Yeah...uh...I'll have the Big Mac meal with a Coke. That's all. Thanks.

GARY. Let's see...I will...I will have the Double Quarter Pounder...no onions and a Sprite.

STEVE. You'd really think they could speed this up.

GARY. I know. How long could it possibly take to flash fry a potato?

STEVE. For minimum wage teens? Who knows? Hi, I'm Steve.

GARY. Nice to meet you, man. Gary.

GARY. Funny word 'friendship.' It evokes a picture of two little cartoon boats chugging along a sea whistling a happy tune. Okay, maybe that's just me. Even funnier is the fact that Steve's and my friendship began waiting in line at McDonalds. 'Would you like a hot apple pie with that? No, but I'll have a buddy meal.' Fine, humor never was my strong suit. Unlike most people, Steve and I didn't lose touch after that lunch. In fact, we began to talk more and more frequently. We became close. I mean, I've had several great friends over the years, but there was something different about Steve. I just couldn't put my finger on it.

STEVE. Big news, man. You're never going to believe what I did today.

GARY. You threw out that God-awful shirt your mother, girlfriend, and I all hate?

STEVE. Hey, I like that shirt.

GARY. You told your boss he could go to...

STEVE. Even better.

GARY. Geeze, I give up.

STEVE. I asked Jessica to marry me.

GARY. You what?

STEVE. I just knew it was the right time. So I said, 'If you not doing anything for the next fifty or so years, I thought we might tie the knot?'

GARY. You're not serious? And she said?

STEVE. Well, she said she'd have to move some things around, but Jessica thought she could pencil me in.

GARY. I cannot believe you.

STEVE. Now there's just one more thing.

GARY. And that is?

STEVE. I want you to be my best man.

GARY. Wow, I'm honored. You bet.

STEVE. There's no one else I'd rather have behind me.

STEVE. All of my other friends are too small to stop me if I make a run for the door.

GARY. Do you ever plan on growing up?

STEVE. Only when I have to. By the way, here's my list of ideas for the batchelor party.

GARY. Ladies and gentlemen if I could have your attention please. C'mon. C'mon. There'll be plenty of time to drink and dance later. Today is a

very special day. We celebrate the marriage of two great people. Jessica, I've never met a girl with such a kind heart and spirit...uh...besides my wife. Hi there honey. And to Steve, you're like a brother to me. I feel fortunate that I am lucky enough to know you and have you as a friend. I wish you, and your new bride, health, wealth and all the happiness life has to offer. So, if you would, please raise your glasses to Mrs. and Mrs. Steven Sullivan.

STEVE. Hey, Gary. I just wanted to say thanks.

GARY. Yeah, I'm still worn out from the party last night. I didn't know some of those things were humanly possible.

STEVE. No, you lunkhead. About what you said during the toast. It really meant a lot to me.

GARY. It was nothing.

STEVE. No, I really mean it. You know I was adopted. And when my folks got one look at me, they knew one was enough. Seriously, though, without any brothers and sisters, at least any that I know of...what I'm trying to say is thanks. It's just when you said I was like a brother to you...

GARY. I meant every word of it.

STEVE. Well, I just wanted to let you know I'd be proud to have a brother like you.

STEVE. Gary, we need to talk.

GARY. What's wrong? Wife maxed out your credit card?

STEVE. Nah, Jessica's great.

GARY. What's wrong then?

STEVE. Actually, it's me. I uh...I got some bad news from the doctor.

GARY. It's nothing serious. Is it?

STEVE. I'm afraid it is. I got the results back from my annual physical and the doctor found an irregularity. He wants to run some more tests, just to be sure, but he thinks I'm in the early stages of kidney failure. At best, I have a couple of years. At worst, around six months.

GARY. What about a transplant?

STEVE. Other than the kidneys, I'm a healthy guy so I'm a good candidate. There's just a slight catch: a genetic abnormality. A donor would most likely have to be someone in my family. Otherwise, it's a million to one shot.

GARY. I'll still get tested.

STEVE. It won't likely pan out.

GARY. Well, I'm not giving up and I hope you're not either. What about your birth parents?

STEVE. You mean the parents I've never met?

GARY. There's gotta be a way you can get to that information. You could very well have brothers or sisters out there that could help you—that could save your life.

STEVE. Don't get your hopes up. I'm not.

GARY. I just wish there was something I could do.

STEVE. I just wish you were my brother.

STEVE. You're not going to believe this. We think we've found a match.

GARY. Oh my God. That's fantastic, Steve. Does that mean you found your family?

STEVE. Short answer: yes. Not the way I expected, though.

GARY. I'm confused. I guess I'm still in shock. I thought the odds were a million to one.

STEVE. They were. But the odds of what I'm about to tell you are more like a zillion to one.

Through These Gates

by Corey Alderdice

I have this theory about clubs.

You've probably seen it all in action, especially if you're a guy of average looks in your early to mid-twenties. If you're of the female persuasion, well, you're probably oblivious. This theory is rather simple in mechanics, but—like gravity—I find that I am damned into submission.

You're still not getting it, okay. To simplify: there are six kinds of guys at dance clubs and they're each very, very different. Like the Israelites of millennia ago, they are searching for the Promised Land—a place of milk and honeys. And just like that first generation in exile, few will ever see its borders.

Trust me, it sucks, but at least I've gotten used to it.

The fourth week of each college semester is the byproduct of some great conspiracy. C'mon, you expect professors to gang up on you during midterms and finals, but this one comes out of the blue. My first taste of hell. By the end of this fourth week, I'm ready for something else—anything else. The pages of Hawthorne and Sartre and Stuart are beginning to blend into a literary smoothie. I guess that's why it doesn't seem like such a bad idea when Lucy calls and says we should go clubbing.

"Oh, come on. It'll be fun," she says.

"Root canal fun or Chinese water torture fun?" I think this is clever.

I always think my little quips are clever.

"I was actually thinking more of the electric cattle prod kind, but if you're looking for something a little more exotic."

Damn, she topped me. "I really would like to sleep, I've had three Lit exams this week."

"Then you need some fun."

"Like I need a hole in my head."

Lucy and I play this little game; I always lose. She knows that whenever I pick up the phone I'm going to do whatever she says. That's just my nature. Call it a desire to please or to just feel wanted—whatever—but I'm already beaten.

"I take it I'm driving." At least I am humble in defeat.

"Oh, you're the best. Pick me up in an hour."

Lucy and I are not dating. Was that obvious? Because people who are actually dating don't like clubs. Again, you're confused. How do I say this? Guys go to clubs for one reason: to get ass. Blunt, but painfully true. My visits only seem to add to the bigger picture of my frustration.

We arrive at Lucy's club of choice this evening. The Inferno is housed in an old meat-processing plant, the genius of urban planning and reconstruction, a mix between S&M and Trading Spaces. I think it's only fitting that the place was once a bloody mess. It's exactly how I feel.

For Lucy's sake I try to put on a happy face. I even dress up. My outfit is the result of Lucy's impulse shopping: brown cords, a purposefully-wrinkled imported long-sleeve shirt, shiny black buckled shoes, and a coral necklace. I honestly don't know if I should laugh or cry. As we pass the windows of bistros and coffee houses, I catch glimpses of myself. It's always pleasant to know you dropped a week's paycheck to look this foolish, but Lucy is happy so I must be happy by proxy.

The building is basked in a red glow. Groups of girls in halter-tops and stretches of string enter the building. By the way that one of them is stumbling around, my guess is that she's already begun the festivities for the evening. Standing in line are people of every sort: skin tones, socio-economic status by choice of clothing, even age—despite their best attempt at using Just For Men. I'm beginning to forget why I'm even here in the first place, because I have to look just as stupid as the rest of the crowd—a pathetic facsimile of Where's Waldo.

"All they need is the sign that says 'Abandon hope all who enter through these gates,'" I comment. There actually are gates: metallic grids topped with sharp points and gothic demons pulled from some artist's worst nightmare. His catharsis is at least profitable. I, on the other hand, will be losing twenty dollars for our entrance.

"That would be overdoing the metaphor," she replies punching me in the side and taking my wallet.

"No one's big on subtlety these days."

"Promise me you will try and have a good time tonight."

"No promises."

This is where Lucy and I part ways. I mentioned we're not together, right? I mean, I fulfill the daily roles of a boyfriend: shopping, talking, complaining, and the occasional witty retort. I just fail to receive the perks of the actual relationship. I'm in this whole thing pro bono. I like to think of myself as the "Hetero Gay Best Friend."

Inside The Inferno, the music is overpowering. I'm not sure who the artist is, but he has an affinity for doggy style and the f-word. Now, I know I'm in hell. So I do what any other person of legal age would, I head to the bar.

"Red Bull and vodka, lots of vodka."

"Enjoy," he says. He. The servers behind the bar are all women except for this joker. My face flushes red as I feel my temperature rising. As always this is my luck. And by the expression on his face, he can see the ridiculous nature of my costume.

"Thanks."

I move across the crowded room and settle into a corner table. It's the only open seat and it's next to a speaker. I scan the room and become informed of a different singer's love of Barcardi and pimpin'. At this point you're wondering why I'm here in the first place? If I'm this miserable, there's really no point in being here.

No one is in hell by choice.

I'm a pro at this. I can spend four hours of my life reading or making someone else happy. Too bad she's dancing with someone else. Now is the precise moment when my eyes catch sight of Lucy among the throng of clubbers. Fire and brimstone do not burn this badly. She's made a new friend with above average looks, impeccable taste in clothing, and this guy must have the soul of a Latin samba dancer. He's one of the lucky.

You see, I have this theory about hell. And that's really what this club is. The place is overheated and a confined space where the noise is so loud that you can't hear your own thoughts. When the lights are swimming around the walls, you lose sight of even yourself. Depending on what drugs are being passed around that night, there's a decent chance for weeping and gnashing of teeth. However, this is not a unilateral hell; there are, in fact, many levels. Each one filled with lost souls seeking salvation and constantly being turned away.

"You got a light?" a guy asks. Back to reality. He reminds me of myself. I look more ridiculous, but at least he looks more dejected.

"Yeah." I reach into my pocket. I don't smoke, but I carry a lighter. It's just in case I'm ever covered in gasoline. I'd hate to waste the opportunity, or if some smoker needs a light. Always looking to help a person in need. "Thanks man," he says.

"No problem. You alone?" Of course he is.

"Just killing time."

At this point, I realize it sounds like I'm hitting on him. So I stop talking. There's an awkward pause of around twenty seconds and he simply walks away. He resides in one circle higher than I and yet he doesn't even know it.

My residence is in the lowest circle of hell. I've done nothing to get here and that's precisely why I'm being punished. At the bottom are the guys who don't even stand a chance, so they don't even try, so they don't even get a name. They are happy (kinda) with sitting at a table and watching the torture of other souls by demonic