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Duo Interpretation (Male / Male)
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Duo Interpretation (Male / Male or Female)
My Other
by Ingram Black and Dean Allen

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Pipe Dreams

by Andy Birge

NARR. In a time long past, there once lived a man and his brother with the ability to make right where there was once wrong, peace where there was chaos, and nothing where there was once spaghetti. These that I speak of are the brothers Mario...

LUIGI. Wait! Why does it have to be all about Mario? Mario...Mario...Mario...

NARR. But isn't your last name Mario?

LUIGI. Well...yeah, but I mean...WHAT KIND OF NAME IS MARIO MARIO ANYWAY? (turns away sobbing)

(Toadstool wanders into the room.)

TOAD. Hhhheeeeey guys...you got any candy? (stammers)

LUIGI. What's up Toadstool? Look at me. Let me see your eyes. Are you drunk again?

TOAD. Yeah. So?

LUIGI. SO, it's 9:30 in the morning.

TOAD. Hey, let me tell you something, I love you man...No, I mean it...I really love you man...(mumbles off)

LUIGI. Have you paid the utilities yet?

NARR. Like I was saying before, the Mario Brothers have revolutionized our world as well as the Mushroom Kingdom. I am here today with Luigi Mario, faithful sidekick and brother to the world famous Mario Mario. So, Luigi, I see that you have gained a few pounds since we last saw you. What happened?

LUIGI. Well, mainly, I was tired of maintaining my image. After our life story was made into a movie, my reputation was ruined. I attribute the fall of my career to John Leguizamo. Hollywood wanted to make me seem like the pansy sidekick. Back in the day, I ran the game.

NARR. years? years?

LUIGI. So, what have you and the crew been up to over the past fifteen Well, Mario and I don't speak much since the plumbing business went down the drain. No pun intended. Since he went on the Atkin's diet, he thinks he's too good for me, rolling in royalties and spaghetti sauce. He doesn't eat the noodles anymore, though—or the mushrooms.

NARR. No mushrooms?

LUIGI. Well, the mushrooms from the Kingdom are really high in carbs. Haven't you seen that fool? He's emaciated, but he still has the best parties, I'll give him that. Everyone's there...me and Toad, the Princess, all the goombas, Bowser...

NARR. Bowser?

LUIGI. Oh, Bowser gave up his life of crime long ago when he married. It's shunned upon and everything—marrying outside of the game. It's an issue to some, but I don't care.

(Cut to interview with Bowser, AKA King Koopa.)

BOWSER. There is only one way. We must find the light that lies within us in order to find our ultimate purpose. Isn't that right, honey?

WIFE. Of course, Bowzie.

NARR. So tell me, how did you meet?

BOWSER. Well, one day I was at the bottom of a castle throwing fireballs at tourists and I realized I was missing something. A hole that no fireball could fill: the hole of true love. In the past, every woman I abducted was rescued, but this time, I knew she would rescue me.

NARR. So...how did you meet?

WIFE. Online dating.

BOWSER. That's right, my little doll. I finally got the guts to send her an instant message.

WIFE. ChainedPrincess18.

BOWSER. And I was KoopaDupa21. It was like we were meant for each other.

NARR. So, no more fireballs?

WIFE. Well...

BOWSER. Uh....

WIFE. There are still fireballs, but he has a prescription for that.

BOWSER. I used to have to worry about little men throwing me into my own lake of magma. Now, it's Iritable Bowel Syndrome. Life is a balance.

NARR. So we decided to go back to Luigi to find out the scoop on the lost Mario brother—Wario.

LUIGI. Wario had the most troubled life out of us all. When we started our plumbing business, he didn't want anything to do with it. He went and got his own job as a pharmaceutical sales rep. Mistake number one. But what really did it was something we don't talk about.

NARR. And what is that?

LUIGI. Well, like I said, we don't talk about it...because he was adopted.

NARR. I decided to do a bit of my own investigation

WARIO. I JUST WANT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD! (evil laugh)

NARR. Right...So why have you maintained a life of criminal intent as opposed to all other other ex-villains?

WARIO. I JUST WANT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD! (evil laugh)

NARR. Exactly, but why?

WARIO. I JUST WANT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD! (evil laugh then oough)

NARR. Disillusionment seemed to plague most characters I had interviewed, but two integral players, or, uh, playees still remained. The original adversaries: Donkey Kong and Super Mario.

DK. Yeah, we had some good times. I watched Mario develop from a small lad to a full blown fireballing machine, and I take full credit for giving him a start. I don't know why he gave up on the Princess, though. I guess he just got tired of chasing her from castle to castle.

NARR. Eventually, I grew tired of chasing Mario himself, trying to get an interview.

He seemed to still be a busy businessman, and his office in the Mushroom Kingdom repeatedly denied me interviews.

ASST. Hi, can I help you?

NARR. I am here to interview Mr. Mario, please.

ASST. Do you have an appointment? Let's see, no. No, you don't.

NARR. Yes, Two thirty.

ASST. I'm showing...no.

NARR. But I spoke with you on the phone...

ASST. Hold on. (picks up phone) Yeah, there's a guy out here with a camcorder, says he's interviewing you. No, he's too skinny. He can't be Michael Moore. Alright. Okay.Alright. Yes sir. Okay.

(The door creaks open. Narrator overlooks Mario because he is short and skinny.)

MARIO. It's a me, Mario! (Narrator tries to figure out where voice is coming from, and sees Mario with his hand barely reaching the handle of the door. Mario switches to a regular voice.) Okay, okay, you've got 5 minutes.

NARR. (dumbfounded...pauses) I'm uh, (clears throat), yeah, you're smaller in person.

MARIO. Don't flatter me, please. Now, what can I do for you?

NARR. Well, I have lots of questions. Perhaps we could break the ice with this

Inside a Specimen Box

by Jacob Alcantar

Author's Notes:

This play is intended to be a drama that asks the audience to think about the transitory relationships we have with people, and how our lives are shaped by the "boxes" we are put in, and the people we come across. In other words, it is a play that follows the life of an individual who becomes a professor of entomology because of his/her specific life circumstances. I say his/her for the specific reason that, while the monologue was intended for a male, it is perfectly understandable for a female to play the role and the necessary pronoun changes to be made in the script.

The characters are meant to be vividly humorous, brief, and are meant to give the audience the impression that, while they took part in a relatively small part in the professor's life, they had a significant affect on the person he becomes. The characters should be introduced and executed quickly, as if their voices and postures are merely characters in the memory of the professor, as if they are concomitant memories or thoughts happening in the professor's head as he is speaking. Their humor is to be accentuated as this allows for peaks and troughs and amplifies the drama of the piece.

The professor must address the audience as if they were his/her students in a lecture hall or classroom and must make subtle swallowing noises or expressions. All other stage directions should be taken as notes within the script and are just good ideas, but a unique interpretation is, by all means encouraged. It is vital, however, that the audience is addressed as students. This makes each member of the audience a character in the play with their own personal relationship and reactions to the professor. Eye contact, and a believable, multidimensional, and a tragically real main character is a must.

Otherwise, this piece is meant to be interpreted to the hearts content. It should be stated that cutting and adding the necessary remedies to make the story personalized and personal for both the actors wishing to utilize the script and the audience are welcomed. The actors wishing to utilize the script should not preoccupy themselves too much with the stage directions, but should ask themselves and ask their audience as best they can: "Where, exactly, shall we begin?"

The Schmidt Pain Index was developed by an entomologist whom wished to categorize the amount of pain an insect could render upon the human body. The scale ranges from a one to a four. One being the most painless, four being the most painful. Welcome to the world of entomology. This classroom, like life, is often hard and tedious work. Some days in here will be a one on the pain scale, but some might be closer to a four. So, for today, I would like to get personal; tell you why I do what I do; tell you all about myself. And the first thing I will tell you about myself...*(The professor holds up his specimen box and a pair of tweezers)...is that I consider all of my students to be specimens.*

*I have only two memories from my childhood. One is being bitten by some kind of bug on my left cheekbone after playing in a truck trailer full of poinsettias. And one is of Mrs. Russo, the old Jewish woman from the apartment next door, having an arthritis attack while scrubbing my vomit out of the carpet. *(He puts the box and the tweezers down.)* A child's fever and vomiting and an old woman's arthritis attack. Schmidt Pain Index number one.*

(As Mrs. Russo)

The best thing I can tell you is to learn how to count it...(While she speaks she is preoccupied with scrubbing vomit out of the carpet, but she is also trying to watch television and comfort the professor at the same time. Her hands let the audience**

know that she is in pain from her arthritis.)...the pain that is. Low numbers means it's coming on...high numbers means you just gotta believe that it's going away...That's all. No really, that's all. Now get out of my way will you, I've been cleaning up your barf for half an hour and I'm going to miss the end of my soap opera...'

(Chuckling slightly to himself.) That was what Mrs. Russo told me that once when I was very sick. You see, Mrs. Russo was the closest thing to a grandmother that I had, and I suppose I was the closest thing she had to a son, I mean, after her real son died in Vietnam. She once gave me a little black box that his war medals were originally kept in...*(He holds up the box to insure that the audience knows that the box he is referring to is the box directly in front of him)...and told me it was only meant hold remnants of things that had died, so I've kept dead bugs in it ever since. I even took it with me in my mother's big rig truck that summer after I graduated high school. Now I spent every summer in my mother's big rig truck, so at first I didn't want to go, but my mother said she had something important to tell me once we got to Michigan. Besides, I had grown accustomed to stopping at a small pink motel called the Flora Rosada in a remote town somewhere in southeast New Mexico near Mexican border. The owner let my mother park her truck in the parking lot there. He was a nice guy who had a son with some type of skin disorder and he always did our laundry but I never knew why.*

(As the owner of the Flora Rosada)

'Here's the laundry. Tell your mother she doesn't have to leave any money, but I could use a few dollars to buy Leroy some more bleaah, you know for his skin. Doctors in Santa Fe said to give him warm baths with a little bit of bleaah in it or else his skin will get all infested cause he ain't got enough collagen and that's why his skin melts off like it does. Anyway I used the last little bit of the bleaah I had washin' your clothes cause they smelled like ass...(spit)...phah. Asphalt. But your mother always said that was just the smell of the road.'**

But even on the sweltering summer days like that one; like the one's when I spent hours in the pool in the middle of the parking lot waiting for the owner of the Flora Rosada to back the wash, that boy just stayed up inside room fourteen and peered down at me with his pale white face with open wounds and thin silver glasses like a ghost. I often wondered if he ever got to come outside. I wondered if he ever got to enjoy the sun; if he ever got to cross the skinny highway that ran past the motel like I did in order to talk to the one-eyed Indian Chief who owned the gas station next to the bar.

(As the one-eyed Indian Chief)

*'I seen you out there in that pool across the street; I seen you out in the heat in that pool all day. You whacked out on pey-o-te? *(Pause.)* No stupid, not coy-o-te...*(Howls)...I'm talking about peyote...you know...*(The chief makes an inhaling/slurping gesture and howls again, except more wildly and as if under the influence of a hallucinogen)...peyote. *(Pause.)* Well, good. It's a good thing you don't have any idea of what I'm talking about. You're a good boy. You stay away from peyote—and those men at the bar—bad medicine.'***

But my mother went into the bar all the time. Some nights, she'd put on a dress with a million octagonal blue sequins-looked like flies eyes-and on those nights there wasn't a place to park for miles and, though I was never allowed inside myself on those nights, I could always hear that bar brim-full of drunk happy men singing:

(As a Drunken Truck Driver)

'Take a load off Fanny...(He burps on cue to the rhythm of the song, grabs another beer.)...take a load for free; take a load off Fanny...*(Takes money out of his pocket.)...and (and) you can put the load right on me.'* *(As he finishes he stuffs the money into his pants above his crotch, or into someone else's waste line insinuating that 'Take a load of Fanny,' the professor's mother, is an exotic dancer or stripper. This should be slightly humorous as to add to the dramatic effect of the professor's next lines.)***

That song meant that my mother would have a little extra money, if you know what I mean, so we could afford to pay the man whom owned the trailer on the

Take 43

by Collin Aldridge

The scene opens
with an
unfocused wide-angle shot
of a house on the
bluff in the Palisades.
It's mine.

The two vehicles parked outside,
not to mention the
convertible and Land Cruiser
in the garage,
are mine as well.

A soft melodic theme song
fades in as Camera One
pulls up closer to the house.

A clean rack focus on an upstairs window displays a bedroom.
It's mine. A slow dolly
pans the room,
showing its size,
and then rests on an unmade bed.
One half wrinkled and slept in,
the other half still made.
That's mine too.
Now fade to black.

My name is Geoff
and that's all you need to know.
Nothing else is really important.
That script is still
in its first draft.
My name is spelled G-E-O-F-F,
it's a Hollywood name.

In my life I have directed 11 films,
I tried television but it wasn't my style.
I like risk.
I like blood.
I like flesh.
I like being able to put the "fuck"
in a sentence without having to
worry about TV censorship.
That "fuck" is what sells.
It's not the "poop"
or the "dump"
or the "turds" that sell.

It's the "shit."
My biggest pet peeve is when one of my films will have its television premiere.
The climax scene
with that perfect low angle of our hero
will come up and audiences are psyched.
Then you hear one of two things.
You hear a sentence of bleeps,

those mother-fucking bleeps
or,
if they don't bleep them,
the censored board throws in words that don't make sense.
"Listen punk! I WILL KICK YOUR 'behind'! Why don't you get out of my face and go (fight)
yourself!"
And it's not even well-bleeped.

You hear
Go fu-ight yourself.
What the hell is that? What in the hell is that?

My days are busy,
but I try to splice them with my own instances of love and security,
I am so damn single.
I just have no time,
or desire,
to have anything serious.

My work is my life.
Every time I have tried directing a love flick,
I have failed miserably.
There's just something about
hypocrisy
that fosters unrealistic feelings.

Anyway, here I am.
I wake up next to this beautiful woman.
It's dark outside.
I pull the covers away,
glancing down at her barely covered body.
She has the curves of a question mark.
Relaxed.
Asleep.
Curving and
entangling herself in the sheets.
The story line is simple.
The script is even simpler.
Not much dialogue.
In this particular case,
two people are working on a feature together. Work leads to drinks.
He buys her a few and comments on things she is hoping to hear as her mind puts his
celebrity name in rewind over and over in her mind.
Two hours later her body is
wrapped in my silk sheets.
There should be some sort of triumphant music playing in the background now.
A smell of sex envelops the room and the scene fades to a cold black.
Cut.
Take 2.

I wake up and this
beautiful woman is
tangled in me.
I feel her curves as her brown hair
dances with each of
my exhales.
I wipe the sleep from my eyes
and look over again.

The General Salute

by Jace Lux and Matthew Gerbig

DAVID. late 20's / early 30's
LUKE. late 20's / early 30's

-teaser-

DAVID. *(kneeling down, talking to little boy).* First day of school big guy... you nervous? Don't be. Just remember, if you need anything, call us. You're going to meet so many new friends Jeff. And you're going to learn a lot too. Kindergarten is so much fun. I wish I could go with you because I remember how much fun that was. Just go easy on all those little girls, alright buddy? Okay...

LUKE. *(appears, David stands up)* Is my son ready?
DAVID. Yeah, I was just telling him about all the fun he's going to have and the friends he's-

LUKE. *(puts him off)* C'mon, Jeff. We need to go. *(David leaves.)* Well private, you ready? *(adjusts Jeff's hat)* Remember to stand up straight and be proud. Be polite, look people in their eyes and if you have any problems, you call me. Have fun. Now let me see that salute. No, no, make sure your fingers are straight and your wrist is tight. Like this *(he salutes his son).* There you go. You're ready. Knock 'em dead private.

-scene change-

LUKE. How do you talk to a five year old about divorce? How do you let him know that it's not his fault...that things between his mother and I just didn't work out. That's all there is to it. I wish that I could explain to him that my job with the military requires me to be gone... a lot. And that's what the problem was. I was just never around for her...or for him. I wish I could explain to him that the new guy his mom is married to is not his father. I will always be his father.

DAVID. I love that boy. He's one of the greatest joys I have ever come into contact with. But how do I, as his stepfather, compare to his real father? That man is one of the most successful generals ever to serve this country, and Jeff has him on a pedestal. Hell, I have him on a pedestal. And I don't want to be up there with him, I just want Jeff to understand my role in his life.

-scene change-

LUKE. *(kneeling, talking to son. Looking through son's drawings)* Oh, these are good, private. You've got some real artistic ability here. Can I have this one? *(David walks in the room.)* Alright Jeff, I'm going to pick you up for school again tomorrow morning. Why don't you go hang these drawings on the refrigerator. Hey. *(salutes him.)*

DAVID. How did he do?
LUKE. Oh he was fine.
DAVID. Yeah, I knew he would be. You know that kid is something else. He just gets along so well with everyone. And he can really adapt to new situations.
LUKE. Yeah. Well he's done a lot of that lately.
DAVID. Why, don't forget about his youth league basketball game tomorrow. I know he's gonna want you there. It's at seven in the...
LUKE. I know when the game is, David. I'll be there. I gotta run. Tell Susan hello.

DAVID. Luke, I know this is awkward for everyone, but I'm really trying to make this work.
LUKE. Well stop trying. My only concern is Jeffrey. I don't care about being your friend and I don't need to make peace with Susan. So whatever it is you're trying to make work... don't bother.

-scene change-
(David is on the basketball court warming the kids up, and Luke is behind him, shuffling through the stands to his seat)
DAVID. Come on Steve, dunk it *(lifts boy above his head)* 'atta boy! Your turn Ryan! *(lifts boy above his head).* You can't get past me. *(in an announcer voice)* And Jason has the ball, he head fakes, pivots, drives for the layup, this could be the game folks. It's good, Bulls win!!!! OK guys, hustle up, pull it in. Go Lizards on three. One, two, three, Gooo Lizards!!!
(The game begins. David is ad-lib cheering from the sidelines and Luke is doing the same from the stands.)
LUKE. Come on private! Go... *(ad lib)*
DAVID. Come on Jeff! *(ad lib)* Take it to the lane. That's it. Go son! *(all action stops. Luke has a look of disbelief on his face. He stands and walks up to David.)*
LUKE. That boy is not your son. He is not your fucking son. Look in a mirror. You're nothing alike. He is not your fucking son!

-scene change-
(Later that evening. Luke hears a knock on his door. He opens it, and it's David.)
LUKE. You want something?
DAVID. Yeah, can I come in?
LUKE. It's a free country.
DAVID. Luke, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it to come out like that. I mean, I did, but not like it sounded. I'm not trying to take your place. I don't want to take your place. The fact of the matter is that I am a part of Jeff's life now.
LUKE. *(interrupts him)* Do you think this has been easy for me? I mean, a divorce is enough to deal with, but now I have to share my son with a man who I don't even like? A fucking...a black man.
DAVID. And why is that Luke? What is it you have against me?
LUKE. My image, for one. Do you honestly think that his friends don't wonder why he's the only one to show up to a school function with a black man?
DAVID. His friends are five years old! Besides, things have changed!
LUKE. Not enough! I hear the same shit today I heard fifty years ago. Things don't change that much. Things just...slightly transition.
DAVID. This hasn't been easy for me either you ignorant son of a bitch!
LUKE. Excuse-
DAVID. Coming into a new family, feeling like I'm on someone else's territory, always feeling like I will never live up to you. But the simple fact is, and there's no getting around this, is that it's not about you and I. We don't have to like each other, but we both have to love that little boy, and he has to love both of us. And you're the one who's making that difficult for him. Would you rather it be someone who doesn't even give a damn?
LUKE. Don't you ever come into my home and insult me like that! This is not your place to question me. This is my home, remember? My family.
DAVID. Not anymore.
LUKE. Don't you ever- *(beat)* Do you know that next week I'm being sent to a country whose location I can't even disclose to you? Or how about

My Other

by Ingram Black and Dean Allen

Nick Franks: mid-twenties, advertising specialist

Christopher/Christine Franks: late twenties, entrepreneur, small business owner

—teaser—

NICK. *(talking to the maitre 'de)* I...um, I am a little late. Sorry, but I am looking for a Christopher Franks. He was expecting me. He should actually already be here. No, not Christine, Christopher...it's my brother...

CHRIS. And she's been waiting for over twenty minutes.

NICK. I'm sorry...do I know you? Have we met before?

CHRIS. Well, I should think so. We only took baths together from the time we were two.

NICK. WHAT?

CHRIS. Nick...it's me.

NICK. Me, who?

CHRIS. Chris. *(Nick gives weird look)*. Well, Christine.

NICK. WHaaa? *(Christine laughs)*. Prove it.

CHRIS. You used to masturbate to the JC Penny catalog.

NICK. Hungry?

CHRIS. Famished.

—intro—

NICK. So...how are things?

CHRIS. Oh, fine. My little coffee shop has evolved into quite the java house.

NICK. Oh, good.

CHRIS. You're staring.

NICK. Yes, I am. I'm sorry I was just uninformed that you were a...a...

CHRIS. A woman?

NICK. Yeah, that pretty much...nails it.

CHRIS. Problem?

NICK. No, I mean, yes I'm uncomfortable but...I'm sorry Chris—

CHRIS. Christine.

NICK. Yeah, um right, I'm just in shock that's all. It's fine really it is...

CHRIS. Okay, how 'bout a quick change of subject then?

NICK. I'm afraid to ask...

CHRIS. I have a favor to ask.

NICK. I'm not dressing in drag and being your twin.

CHRIS. Worse. Actually, I'm looking for some help, a roommate of sorts for the next couple months or so. Just help around the shop, free room and board.

NICK. Chris—

CHRIS. —fine—

NICK. —Whatever. Look I haven't heard from you in five years. You can't just expect to suddenly reappear and I jump at the chance to be some kind of servant or something. I mean, I have a job, a good job, and I can't just up and leave. Are we talking two weeks...six months...a year?

CHRIS. It depends.

NICK. What do you mean it depends? You either know or you don't. It's not a difficult question here. I mean, c'mon, Chris, who the hell do you think you are? I...

CHRIS. I'm dying Nicky.

NICK. What? How do you know...

CHRIS. I have—

NICK. Let me guess—AIDS, right? How perfect.

CHRIS. Screw you, Nick. Can you get anymore stereotypical here? You know not all gay men contract AIDS. We can die from things other than our sexuality. For some reason I expected you to actually know that...

NICK. I'm sorry, Chris. I really am, I don't know what came over me. God, you tell me that you're dying and I proceed to insult you...

CHRIS. I know it's not easy, that it'll take some getting used to.

NICK. So, what's your disease of choice?

CHRIS. Hepatitis C.

NICK. Is that common? Because I've never even heard of that...

CHRIS. It's becoming more...popular. Remember when I had my appendix out in like the 8th grade? Part of the blood used in the transfusion was contaminated.

NICK. Why didn't you do something sooner?

CHRIS. The earliest symptom is fatigue, I thought I was just like everyone else...tired...I didn't know. In the advanced stages the symptoms become more obvious, but by then...

NICK. How long?

CHRIS. Not very, couple months at most, and that's why you're here. I know I haven't been there, Nicky...I don't deserve this but...just think about it, okay?

NICK. What? You're my brother, Chris; I have no choice but to be there. Listen, you might've been away becoming...who you are...but you will always be my brother.

CHRIS. I always knew you liked me.

NICK. Don't push it! *(mirks)* And by the way can I still call you brother? Or sister? Or my—

CHRIS. —other.

—scene change—*(Christine's coffee shop, both cleaning up shop)*

NICK. It has come to my attention that this coffee crap is a lot harder than one would think, and I hate washing these huge bowls you call cups...

CHRIS. Well, it's not exactly the advertising agency but I like it.

NICK. So, how long have been doing this?

CHRIS. Dressing as a woman or running a coffee shop?

NICK. Both.

CHRIS. 4 ½ years for either question. Okay, Mr. Advertising...what do you think of my new poster?

NICK. *(furns and reads)* For her final performance at the Pussy Cat Club, Angelina Dynasty...the Matron of Drag...will delight you with her presence on Friday, October 23. Who is Angelina Dynasty?

CHRIS. Me.

NICK. Where is the Pussy Cat Club?

CHRIS. Here. It transforms on Friday's.

NICK. I see. Are you sure you're up to that?

CHRIS. Oh, honey...I live for this...it's what keeps me going. Besides, my number one fan will be there...won't you...you will be there, right?

NICK. And miss Angelina's final performance...why it would be a travesty to the Drag community.

CHRIS. Thank you very much...and back to the dishes!

—scene change—

NICK. Hey, Chris! I mean Angelina Dynasty, Queen of the Sugar Tits...God who comes up with these names? Ugh, you ready in there? Chris, hey...*(opens door)* Chris? You okay?