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Humorous Interpretation

Spike

by Paul Davis

Dramatic Interpretation

Things to Do Before I Die

by Paul Davis

Dramatic Interpretation

Tiptoe Through The Tulips of Regret

by Paul Davis

Duo Interpretation (Male / Male)

The Most Beautiful Sunset

by Paul Davis

Dramatic Interpretation

Rose and June

by Bonny McDonald

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ANNOUNCER. And now, let's give a big, far warm welcome to the fantastic Phil Baker.

PHIL. Hi folks, how's everyone doing tonight? Are you guys ready to laugh? Knock-knock?

AUDIENCE. Who's there?

PHIL. Dead—

AUDIENCE. Dead who?

PHIL. Dead babies!

AUDIENCE. Booooo!

PHIL. Hey, did anybody order the olubbed sandwich tonight? It's made from fresh baby seal!

AUDIENCE. Not funny!

PHIL. Hey, what do you call a crippled woman in a nightclub?

CRIPPLED LADY. I don't know, what do you call a crippled woman in a nightclub?

PHIL. Oh, uh...jeez, um, a very lovely woman.

AUDIENCE. Get off the stage!

PHIL. So a conjoined twin walks into a bar—

JOINED TWIN 1. Oh really—

JOINED TWIN 2. What did he order?

PHIL. Two drinks.

AUDIENCE. Get lost you loser! You suck!

SPIKE. Hi Phil.

PHIL. Hey Spike. What's up?

SPIKE. Nothing. How did your show go?

PHIL. Bad.

SPIKE. Why is that?

PHIL. Well, right after I got booed off the stage I went upstairs to my dad's office—

DAD. Well son, you did it again. Not only did you manage to have nobody laugh at any of your jokes, but you also pissed off everybody in the audience. And when people are pissed, they don't buy drinks, when people don't buy drinks, we don't make money, when we don't make money, I get pissed, and when I get pissed, you get fired!

PHIL. I'm fired? You're firing your own son?

DAD. Not yet, but if you keep it up with these horrible "comedy" routines, you will be. You're just not funny. We even went as far as hiring a drummer to hit the symbols after you make jokes to make the jokes seem funnier. He comes in tomorrow. You need something other than just offending the audience.

PHIL. But risqué is good.

DAD. Risqué is good, crap is not.

PHIL. How was I supposed to know that there was gonna be a crippled lady in the audience. Or a conjoined twin?!

DAD. You need to spice up your show. Do something different. Do something good.

PHIL. Can you believe that he told me my comedy routine wasn't funny?

SPIKE. Wow, that sucks.

PHIL. What do you think of my comedy act, Spike?

SPIKE. Well Phil, you're my best friend, so I'm not going to lie to you...it's great.

PHIL. Thanks—

SPIKE. But maybe it's a little offensive. Some people like baby seals.

PHIL. But offensive works for some people. Ever heard of Andrew Dice Clay?

SPIKE. Actually I have. He's not funny.

PHIL. Don't worry about it. I've got something new planned for tomorrow night. It's not offensive at all.

SPIKE. Well, whatever it is, I'm sure it will be good.

PHIL. Thanks Spike.

SPIKE. Hey, who's your best friend?

PHIL. You are. Even if you are a lizard.

ANNOUNCER. Please welcome to the stage, once again, Phil Baker.

AUDIENCE. Booo!

PHIL. Evening folks, how's everyone doing tonight? Okay, well, I thought that I would do something a little different than the usual comedy routine...So, let me introduce you to a good friend of mine...Knot Head! (Phil pulls out a ventriloquist dummy)

(AS KNOT HEAD) Hey, who you callin' knot head?

(AS PHIL) I called you knot head, Knot Head. So, Knot Head, how does it feel to be made of wood?

(AS KNOT HEAD) Sometimes its kind of hard (drums).

(AS PHIL) So, Knot Head, have you ever been in love?

(AS KNOT HEAD) I fell in love with a Christmas tree once.

(AS PHIL) What happened?

(AS KNOT HEAD) After we split, I pined for her (drums).

AUDIENCE. His mouth isn't moving. Make his mouth move!

PHIL. Sorry, that string is broken.

AUDIENCE. I think that your string is broken, dummy! (drums)

PHIL. Hey, you only drum at my jokes.

DRUMMER. Sorry.

PHIL. So, Knot Head, why didn't you work things out?

(AS KNOT HEAD) We couldn't get to the roof of the problem (drums).

(AS PHIL) I'm sorry to hear that.

(AS KNOT HEAD) It wouldn't have worked anyways. I was bark-ing up the wrong tree (drums).

(AS PHIL) Gee, that's really sad.

(AS KNOT HEAD) Oh Phil, don't get sappy on me (drums).

(AS PHIL) So Knot Head, (drums) what's your favorite kind of music? (drums) That wasn't a joke (drums). Hey, stop it. (drums) What are you doing? (drum solo) Cut that out! (Phil throws dummy at drummer...Drums).

DAD. Well, congratulations son. I didn't think that you could do anything worse than stand up, but you proved your dad wrong once again. Don't you have any thing to say for yourself?

PHIL. But it wasn't—

DAD. Did I say you could talk?

PHIL. Sorry, sir.

DAD. Ventriloquism. What the hell were you thinking?

PHIL. But dad, it was that stupid drummers fault—

DAD. Hey, don't blame the drummer. He carried you through that

Things to Do Before I Die

by Paul Davis

SCOTT. What would you do if you knew that you were going to die? How would you spend the rest of your life? I've asked myself this question a lot. My answer? Live the rest of my life in the remaining time I had. I would do everything I've ever wanted. I would go up to the most beautiful woman I could find, plant a big, wet kiss on her mouth, and run away. I'd see how many hot dogs I could eat in an hour, throw up, then do it again. I'd go swimming with sharks. I would go into an opera, hide six cell phones, go outside and call one letting it ring and ring until someone found it and shut it off. Fifteen minutes later, I would call the next one. I'd go up to a man with the fakest toupee I could find, rip it off, and run away. I would bungee jump, sky dive, hang glide, parasail, eat sushi, and streak during the Super Bowl. I'd put a puppy in a sack and throw it in a pool. No I wouldn't, I like puppies. I'd go to the biggest bad ass I could find, punch him in the balls, and run away. I would use the shocker on someone. I would fly to Britain, find one of those soldiers in the funny hats that never talk or move, and take a crap right in front of him. I'd yell fire in a porno theater and see how long it took everyone to get out. People say they would do all of these things, until they find out that they are actually dying. It's then you realize that the rest of your life is too precious to mess around with. I won't do any of those things, but there are three things that I am going to do, because I have always wanted to do them. I am going to ride a horse, paint a picture, and write a story. My story.

I recently went to the doctor to get the results of some tests they ran on me. Once I got there, the doctor started to explain what was wrong with me. I didn't even know anything was wrong with me, and then he starts beating around the bush. He was really vague and I didn't know what he was saying and I was getting nervous and frustrated so I finally just yelled, "Spit it out already! What, do I have cancer?"

DOCTOR. Lung cancer. It's inoperable so we would like to get you into chemotherapy as soon as possible. I'm sorry.

SCOTT. Well, that blows.

SCOTT. Lung cancer. I have lung cancer. I didn't smoke a day in my life and I have lung cancer! But, hey, it could be worse. I could have breast cancer. You know it's possible for a man to get breast cancer, I've heard about it. Talk about embarrassing. My tombstone would say, "Here lies Scott Hartman, died of breast cancer. What a pussy." People would hang bras on my tombstone to humiliate me even after death. No thank you. I'll stick with my lung cancer. And it'll stick with me.

The doctor says that I start chemo in about two and a half weeks. That's where my story ends. After my first treatment, once the poison goes into me, it's over. I'm not going to continue this while I'm skinny, weak, and bald. I want to be remembered as I am, not like I'll be. That is why I am writing my story. So people know that how I will be, wasn't always as I was. Last impressions sometimes stick in people's minds, and this time, I don't want it to.

I still haven't told my ex-wife yet. I could actually care less if she knows.

Shit, she probably gave me the cancer... somehow. The only good that came from that relationship is my twelve-year old son, Philip. That's who I was really scared to tell. So one day I just sat him down and told him that I have cancer.

PHILIP. That sucks.

SCOTT. Yes it does, son.

PHILIP. That sucks ass.

SCOTT. It sucks major ass, son. Don't say that. It was actually easier than I expected. I think the main reason was because he doesn't quite understand. I mean, he knows that cancer is bad, but he knows that the flu is bad too. He just doesn't understand the long-term effects, well, effect, of cancer. And I couldn't bring myself to explain to him that he had better get a lifetime of bonding, experiences, and quality time with his daddy in less than six months. So I guess that Philip pretty much summed it up. Cancer sucks.

SCOTT. After a while, I figured that as long as I'm dying from something that I'm not doing, I might as well do it. Right? Why not? So I took up smoking. And boy did I look cool doing it. It lasted for a while. For about half a cigarette. It didn't work out too well. It only managed to make me smell like smoke and give me a headache. So, I gave it up. It was a long hard struggle... like cancer! Not funny. I have to stop making jokes like that. I keep getting complaints from people. My jokes make them feel uncomfortable. Can you believe that, people have actually complained about it. Maybe the thought never crossed their mind that I'm scared shitless and making inappropriate jokes is my way of dealing with it. Maybe they don't notice that I'm terrified and helpless and don't know what to do. Maybe they shouldn't be so selfish and concerned with how they feel.

List of things to do before I die: Ride a horse.

This was my first real encounter with a horse. I had never seen one up close. I finally realized where the term "hung like a horse" came from. I always assumed that they had a large member but this was absurd. That was the biggest penis I had ever seen in my entire life. I asked the stable guy if I wait until its erection died down a little before I rode it. That's when he informed me that the horse didn't have an erection. After I got over my horse penis envy, I did end up riding the horse. Now I just have one question for any males out there who have ever ridden a horse in their lives: Still have your balls? If I wanted to lose my testicles, I would have gotten testicular cancer. Hopefully the painting goes better.

I was brought up in a family that didn't really express their feelings very well. Well, we expressed some feelings, but not happy ones. And if that's the case, you don't really hear the words "I love you" very often. And I do love Philip, it's just really hard to say after a lifetime of not. Why is it so hard to say it to my own son? So we came up with this thing. A little secret between me and Philip. Whenever we want to tell each other that, we just give each other the thumbs up. (Give audience thumbs up, get it in there head) It's our own special little way of saying "I love you" and "Don't worry about anything" and "Everything's going to be okay". And now, doing that kind of means more than just saying the words too.

As you can imagine, having this is a little depressing, so I decided to milk this whole cancer thing for all it was worth. If you hear someone

Tiptoe Through the Tulips of Regret

by Paul Davis

Tif I asked you, "what was the biggest mistake you ever made in your life?" could you tell me what it was? Because I sure know what mine was. Looking down to change the station of the radio while driving down Morris Road at 10:30 P.M., February 17th, 1998. Because I sure wasn't expecting a lady to ride across the street on her bicycle at that time. And unless you have done it yourself, you would not believe how quick and easy it can be to take someone's life. Before I knew what happened, her bike was under my car and she was hitting my windshield, breaking through the glass. She died instantly, with half of her body sprawled out on my hood like some gruesome ornament, and her other half inside my car with her lifeless, bloody head laying in my lap, looking up at me. She was still in one piece, but she was definitely broken. And everyone says, "It's not your fault. She darted out into the middle of the road, there was nothing you could do. Don't blame yourself," but they don't know. They don't know. I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. But, I'm trying to move on. I'm trying because that is all I can do. I can either keep replaying the incident in my head over and over and over again like I have been doing, or I can move on. I am sick and tired of living my life in the wake of one accident. Of one mistake. But in order to move on completely, I must come clean. I lied. She did not die immediately. She did die shortly after I hit her, but not immediately. While her head was in my lap and she was looking up at me, she spoke. She said only three words and they were very quiet, but I heard them as loud as thunder and I could not forget them even if I wanted to. Believe me, I've tried. She said: "Tell my children." As if it wasn't bad enough that I just hit this woman with my car and she was about to die, she lets me know that she has kids. Thanks lady, that is just what I want to hear after I kill somebody. That they have fucking children. And I should tell them what? That I killed their mother? That I didn't want to listen to radio commercials so I changed the station to the song "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" and while doing that, killed their mother? That I held her head in my blood soaked hands as she died? You want to know something weird? The song "Tiptoe Through the Tulips", the song that was playing as she died, is actually about masturbation. But every time I hear it now, it's a song about murder. And I really used to like that song, too. I'd like to like it again. I tried to block it out of my memory, that she had children, but I couldn't. In fact, I couldn't even stop thinking about it. So, I did speak to them. Not right away though. Nine months later I worked up the courage to speak to them. A ten-year old and a thirteen-year old. Two boys. But I still didn't know what to tell them, so I just told them exactly what happened. And they said it was okay. They didn't blame me. I orphaned these two children, took their remaining parent away, and they forgave me. Before I met them, I had their mother's blood on my hands, but when I left that house, they were clean. Later I found out that three years earlier, them and their mother were driving somewhere. The two kids were goofing off in the car, distracted their mom, and she hit another car, which just happened to be their dad on his way home from work. The mom and kids were okay, but their dad died. And the two children never really forgave themselves for their mistake. But they forgave me for mine. And if it weren't for those two angels, I could have never gotten over it. Over the biggest mistake I ever made in my life. If I asked you, "what was the biggest mistake you ever made in your life?" could you tell me what it was? Because I sure know what mine was. Looking down to change the station of the radio while driving down Morris Road at 10:30 P.M., February 17th, 1998. Because I sure wasn't expecting a lady to ride across the street on her bicycle at that time. And unless you have done it yourself, you would not believe how quick and easy it can be to take someone's life. Before I knew what happened, her bike was under my car and she was hitting my windshield, breaking through the glass. She died instantly, with half of her body sprawled out on my hood like some gruesome ornament, and her other half inside my car with her lifeless, bloody head laying in my lap, looking up at me. She was still in one piece, but she was definitely broken. And everyone says, "Bill, it's not your fault. She

darted out into the middle of the road, there was nothing you could do. Don't blame yourself," but they don't know. They don't know. I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. But, I've moved on.

The Most Beautiful Sunset

by Paul Davis

FRANK. I see you invited yourself in.
CHUCK. Well if you had gotten up and answered the door I wouldn't have had to.
FRANK. I was busy.
CHUCK. Doing what? Being fat and lazy?
FRANK. Shut up. Didja get my message?
CHUCK. Nope. I was passing through the neighborhood and I thought, "Hey, why don't I give big, fat, lazy Frankie who doesn't answer his door and who never cleans his house a visit." Yeah, I got your message. I'm not here to keep your fat, lazy company.
FRANK. Hey, you want to lay off on the fat, lazy talk. It hurts. You want the job or not?
CHUCK. Yeah, I want it.
FRANK. My, you change your tone so quickly when it comes to making money.
CHUCK. You gonna give it to me or not?
FRANK. It's yours. You're the best I've got.
CHUCK. I know.
FRANK. How you gonna do it?
CHUCK. Same way I always do it. Put a bullet in the back of his head.
FRANK. Don't you ever feel like a coward. Shootin' em in the back of the head each time?
CHUCK. Hey, you make the arrangements and I take care of em'. I don't tell you how to do your job and you don't tell me how to do mine.
FRANK. Hey, all I'm saying is—
CHUCK. I don't care what you're saying. I get it done don't I?
FRANK. Yeah.
CHUCK. Then what's it matter how I do it? It's not exactly like I have the most moral job here. I'm an assassin. I kill people for money. What does it matter if I choke, stab, poison them, blow them up or shoot them in the back of the head? And at least this way they don't know what's coming.
FRANK. Okay, I see your point. It's nicer to shoot them in the back of the head.
CHUCK. Listen, Frank—
FRANK. All right, let's just drop it.
CHUCK. Fine.
FRANK. Fine.
CHUCK. So who's my target?
FRANK. It's a guy named Michael Christopher. Two first names. Weird, huh?
(Frank hands Chuck an envelope, which he opens as he says—)
CHUCK. Yeah, weird. (Chuck stares at the photo)
FRANK. Chuck, what's wrong?
CHUCK. Nothing.
CHUCK. Hi, my name is Charlie Stone. You can call me Chuck. I'm a killer for hire. That guy right there, (points to Michael Christopher) that's my next hit. The only problem is that he's my best friend. When I first started this job I told myself I would never refuse a hit just because I know a person. Besides, I'm a heartless killer. I don't care who I kill. The only problem with being a hitman is that sometimes the jobs are so few and far between and the money for each one only lasts so long. Sometimes there are dry spells. Sometimes people just don't feel like killing each other I guess. But they eventually snap out of it. This is my

career. How I make money to pay my bills. I know, it's funny to think of hitmen as having to get bills in on time, but that's the way it goes. I've killed a lot of people. A lot of people. But this...we met in college.

MIKE. Hello?
CHUCK. Yeah, come in.
MIKE. Are you Charlie?
CHUCK. Yeah.
MIKE. Hi, I'm Michael Christopher, your roommate.
CHUCK. Hi, I'm Charlie Stone. You can call me Chuck if you want to.
MIKE. Okay.
CHUCK. Michael Christopher? That's weird that you have two first names.
MIKE. Yeah, I guess. You can call me Mike.
CHUCK. Can I call you Mike Chris?
MIKE. I guess. If you want to.
CHUCK. I was just fooling around. You can put your stuff in the back room.
MIKE. Okay, thanks.
CHUCK. Kind of an awkward start, but we were best friends from then on. We could relate to each other. We were both pretty socially awkward. We didn't have any other friends, we just looked out for each other. We were roommates all four years. He came in one day our senior year all bloodied up and ugly.
MIKE. Hey Chuck.
CHUCK. Mike, what the hell happened to you?
MIKE. Oh, I got into a little scuffle with Robert Singer.
CHUCK. A scuffle?
MIKE. Well, he kicked the crap out of me.
CHUCK. Why?
MIKE. I guess he had a bad day. I think he's always had it out for me. We went to high school together.
CHUCK. So he kicked the crap out of you for no reason?
MIKE. I guess. Whatever, it's no big deal. I'm gonna go clean up.
CHUCK. I had never been so angry in my life. I mean, here was some guy who beat the living crap out of my best friend for no reason. Mike didn't even know how to defend himself. He was just a scrawny nerd. He was peaceful. I, on the other hand, was not. I had only killed one person by this point and it wasn't for money. Some asshole tried to mug me one night my sophomore year. He was taller than me, so I had to punch up a little to reach him. Turns out that I broke his nose and splintered the bone up into his brain. Oops. I freaked out, thought I would get arrested, but I never did. After that I bought a gun. I went shooting every once in a while, but I had never used it. Anyways, Mike always looked out for me. Covered my bills when I couldn't, did homework for me when I didn't get it, I mean, he got me through college. The problem was that I was so angry I wasn't even thinking straight. I found out where Robert Singer lived, went into his house and shot him in the stomach. He was looking in my eyes as I killed him. I didn't mind the actual killing, but I didn't like to actually see the life leaving his eyes. So I don't do it like that anymore. Robert was the second person I ever killed. I never got caught. Soon after that, we graduated and soon after that, I got into this business. And I made a killing. I never told Mike about my job or that I killed Robert. It's kind of ironic. Mike was the reason I killed Robert, killing Robert was the reason I became an assassin, after realizing how easy it is to get away with it, and being an assassin is the reason that I'm supposed to kill Mike.

Rose and June

by Bonnie McDonald

JUNE. Hey? Well, good morning. Isn't it nice for you kids to visit us old people? Yeah, yeah, it's windy. Eh...If you talk about the weather I'm gonna SMACK yeh. SMACK. (She laughs conspiratorially.) Yeah, that's funny, yeah. I'm very funny, alright. Aren't you a nice one. That one who visited me yesterday, she was a pretty one. You're...you're a nice one, yes. Funny little nose, but...nice. What's that? What, dear? WHAT? Well, my feet are just killing me, just KILLING me and my sister's gone crazy, so don't ask me again how I'm doing.

JUNE. Now I have some pictures to show yeah. Mmmhmm. Now this one—I worked 37 years in the theatre—here we are at the theatre—there's Rose my sister—she's uglier than me, eh? Heh. Ugly. Yes, pretty ugly. An here's me, in my boxy dress. But look, look this one—this is the dress I wore to the school dance. What? Oh, no, I went by myself. Nobody asked me and I was perty sad, but my mother was always sayin', "Life is short, life is short" and I said to here, I said, "I'm not going to dance because nobody asked me!" You see, I was very proud, but that's not any fun, is it? No, so she said, "WELL," she said, "life is short so you might as well go dancing anytime, somebody or nobody asked ya." You might as well! Look at that dress. Just look at it. Red, huh? SEXY! Seeexy. That's me. I went by myself. Pertiier than Rose, though nobody asked me. Somebody'd asked Rose. Nice boy. She doesn't remember him now. You've met Rose, right? ...Next door to me! She lives right there next door. We've lived here for 30 years, can you believe it? Mr. Howell keeps the rent just as it was then, nice man. Not too bright, is he? But nice. Funny voice, though, but nice...Oh, she's inside, don't like to let her out too much, she's so crazy! But well, let's let her out so she can get a look at you.

JUNE. Rose?!?!?!? Rose, come out and meet our new neighbor...Yes, a college girl. Here we go.

ROSE. A new kitty?

JUNE. Listen to her, a new kitty. NO A NEW NEIGHBOR.

ROSE. Well, hello, I can hardly see you I'm so blind. You know, I'm 93 years old. Mmm hmm, mmm hmm. 93.

JUNE. You wondered why I look so funny, I'm 95!

ROSE. Aren't you a darling. Oh, look, it's Jack rubbin' on me. Hello Mr. Jack. That cat is so bad.

JUNE. She thinks it's Jack—we used to have a cat named Mr. Jack when we was little, we did.

ROSE. It's Mr. Jack come back, can you believe it, June?

JUNE. I can't believe it. She's funny—he does look like Jack a little bit. Rose was so sad when he died. Oh, she can't hear me unless I yell...You did? Oh, your poor little kitty. Yeah, people hit 'em I think, people don't like cats. They are dirty. My mamma said, never let 'em in the house, you know. But Rose snuck Mr. Jack in all the time.

ROSE. Honey, why don't you take Mr. Jack in your house, mamma won't let me.

JUNE. She wants you to take him in. You should, yes, they get hit, you know. By cars. Blat. Very nasty, very sad. But, you have to go on. My daughter, you know, she was like you. A nice girl. She was a teacher, mmm hmm. Abbey. She died. Abbey. She died when I was 39. I

didn't forget that. I can't forget that. You have to be brave in this life. Brave enough to be old and ugly! Rose doesn't remember when Abbey died, but she remembers that stupid cat, let me tell you. Silly little cat. Rose was always a little silly, but she helped me. When my daughter died. I was 39. I was 39, and Rose was 37. Rose took care of me, oh yes. I was in the theatre, did I tell you? A small part, but she did it for me. She knew she'd have to, I was too sad. And she combed my hair. Look, her hair's a mess today, I gotta fuss with it a little. She took care of me, made me laugh, put some silly cat on my lap for me to pat on. I didn't give a shit about that stinky dirty little cat, but it was her way of loving me and knew if I could feel that feeling I could maybe...it's not okay, it's always sad, worst thing for a child to die. Blat, like the cat. Car accident, you know. Very sad. But life is short and there's sisters and cats and love in other places. Life is short, it is. Even when you're 85. That's the same thing I thought when I tried out for the, for all those parts: life is short, life is short. But oh yes, I've been on the stage. You gotta be BRAVE, very brave to sing in front of people. (Very high with much fanfare and misplaced bravado) "The hills are alive with the sound of muuuuuusic." Hurt you ears, huh? Well, it's MY LIFE, so...that's what you hafta know. It's YOUR LIFE, all the time, and it's gonna go go go. There's sad things, happy things. Mother said that, over and over. I would nervouuuuuuus! Then I would think: life is short! Here I go! Got that part. Moved to New York City by MYSELF—it was 1939 when I did that, too. Asked my husband to marry me. Very unusual, me asking the boy, now isn't that? Brave, huh? Now he's dead. Sad. It's sad, yeah, but (shrugs) he was 80. That's old for a man—they don't live as long as we do, do they? No. But life is shorter and shorter when you're an old gal like me—I been dancin' every day since he died. Dancin' sexy. Oh, I've just done so many things I wanted to do. Aren't you a sweetheart for listening to me. Oooh, but I am very interesting. Very interesting. Thaaat's me. Yeah. I've got to get Rose inside now. Come on, Rose.

ROSE.

JUNE.

Bye-bye, little kitty.

She's so crazy!