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by Rubin Bernstein

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Season Three: Winter 2006
Copyright 2005
ISSN Number 1545-9209

SpeechGeek



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ISSN 1545-9209 Price \$25 US
<http://www.speechgeek.com>

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Trevor and Travis

by Odell Workman

Standing on the fence, looking out across the middle of nowhere, things finally came into perspective—at least that's what Trevor thought. Perspective was what Trevor prided himself on the most. He always knew how to get to the bottom of things...how to put even the most confusing situation into words. He held his arms outward, trying to maintain his balance. Perspective was what he was looking for in the woods. The back of the family property, rolling hills covered in soybeans, ponds and trees, provided the setting for this mental retreat. Just the thing you'd expect for a two hundred acre farm in Kentucky. On the edge of the property was a fence—the farthest place you could be and still remain on the farm. The farthest you could get away from home and still be there. Trevor was looking for perspective in those woods and dying to be alone.

Perhaps the wrong choice of words.

END TEASER

Trevor grunted as he landed somewhat precariously on the fourth post. For some reason, he remembered this—jumping from post to post—being a lot easier. That was thirteen years ago. Lots of things change in thirteen years. He moved precariously from one post to the next. False cues aside, he was getting the hang of the process again. He certainly didn't remember each landing producing some sort of exasperated sound effect and was almost certain the old attempts took less than twenty seconds to reach the end. He tried to convince himself that the reason he was having difficulty was that he lacked focus. As a kid the goal was to get across as quickly as possible. What was different he thought.

He wasn't laughing.

Trevor made one promise to himself that Sunday morning. No matter what happened over the next few days—no matter how bad he felt—he wouldn't cry. Trevor had done that plenty of times as a kid. Now that he was twenty-three years old crying was no longer an option. Leaning against the faux-marble kitchen counter, he made that promise. The morning sun slowly crept beyond the horizon. The row of trees that marked the back of the farm had turned navy against the warm pink sky. It was shaping up to be a beautiful day—not even a cloud in the sky, but he wouldn't notice it.

Trevor's mother Faye placed an arm on his shoulder. He knew that it was hers because of the scent. His definition of Mom was based on jasmine and orange blossoms. The human mind has a way of piecing together a picture of someone even when you can't see them.

"I just can't believe she's gone," his mother whispered. Her quiet sobs broke the string of words into an awkward phrase. "I knew it was coming, but I just can't believe she's gone."

Trevor had made a promise not to cry. He felt something wet on his shirt. They weren't his tears. They belonged to his mom. For the first time he looked away from the early autumn sunrise and into his mother's eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mama," he says. "I'm sorry I wasn't here sooner."

"You know, I think she held on until you got home. She just wanted to see you one more time." She wouldn't look at him as she said this. *You cannot cry. This is no time to break promises*, he thought. He had already promised to come home more often, but school had gotten in the way of that. Now, his grandmother was gone. Or she had died. Or he could have picked any other sanitized version of the truth. What the truth really was, though, is that Trevor had missed the most important month in the life of his family.

"Will you go back in there with me?" Faye asked. "I just don't think that I can go

in there alone."

Trevor paused. The last thing he wanted to do was go back into the room where the corpse was—even if it was a corpse he loves—well loved—more than just about anyone in the world. The request had unnerved him. Even his mother could tell that. Trevor placed another hand on the counter to steady himself.

"I know it's not really her in there," Faye sighed. "It's just a shell. I know she's in heaven now. She's in heaven now." Trevor wasn't sure if his mother was convinced even of her own words. It was unlike her to repeat herself. That also unnerved Trevor.

Laughing was the point of the game, after all. You had to jump down the line of fence posts to the oak tree. As you moved down the line, the cousins would toss rocks, clods of dirt, corn cobs—whatever happened to be lying around—trying to knock you off. Trevor's twin brother Travis was always the best at this. Inevitably, Trevor would fall and Travis would die laughing. Again, not the best choice of words.

While focused on days gone by Trevor's sneaker moved two inches too far to the left and that would be end of the fence hopping for the day.

The screen door of the utility room opened. Coming around the corner was Travis wearing the Carhart jacket that their grandmother had gotten him for his—their—birthday a month ago. She had joked then that it was going to be a cold winter, the man with the goose that predicted the weather on TV said so. She said he'd have to take her four wheeler riding when the first snow came on Christmas. The goose said it was going to be a big snow on Christmas Eve. At least a foot, maybe even two.

On Christmas Eve—she was certain—she would be better by then. Trevor zoned out again. He didn't even realize his mother was now wrapped around Travis' frame. Travis was never one for words, but he didn't have to speak that morning. Trevor could see a small stream of tears going down his twin brother's face. Still, he didn't cry. "It's okay, baby," she says. And with that they exited toward the bedroom.

Now alone, Trevor reached into the cabinet to procure a plastic mug for coffee—a crayon blue trinket he had gotten from Chuck-E-Cheese's when he was nine. He went ahead and took down the red one as well. Always blue for Trevor. Always red for Travis. They were always different. Trevor poured the coffee into the small cups and added the sugar and milk. The coffee in the mugs looked darker than he remembered. As kids the mugs were filled with more milk and sugar than coffee. It was their grandmother's way of making them feel more grown-up.

Trevor didn't need an illusion to feel old today. He just needed to be alive.

Trevor heard a bawling in the other room. Dropping the spoon on the floor he took three steps in the direction of the bedroom before he even knew it. *Shit*, he thought. *Shit*. *Shit*. *Shit*. He had to leave the house. Sitting on the well shed, Trevor tried to catch his breath. It hadn't looked that cool outside, but Trevor felt a sharp chill through the cotton undershirt and track pants he was wearing. He wrapped his arms around his shoulders to keep warm. Rocking back and forth, Trevor mumbled to himself.

"You wanna explain to me why this is going on?" he questioned. There wasn't anyone around. Maybe God, to whom the question was phrased, but Trevor didn't feel like debating the finer points of Christian theology that morning. He didn't expect an answer. He had learned not to expect answers from above. And so Trevor rocked back and forth with the rhythms of the Kentucky morning.

"Where did you go?" Travis' words snapped Trevor from his catatonic state.

"I needed fresh air," Trevor quickly responded. He thought a moment before he opened his mouth again. "I'm sorry, I just freaked out."

"It's understandable."

If there was one thing that Trevor found annoying about his twin brother, it was that Travis was his big brother. It was hard to place that kind of qualification on things, but people always wanted to know who came out first. So Travis was the big brother by thirty seconds. It had nothing to do with conception or even perception. It was simply a

Hiding Behind the Humor

by Courtney Wright, Christopher Ellis and Jonnie Ray Delta

The Next Title Has Been Edited Because of the F Word

By Courtney Wright

Someone will get offended
Because some people are sensitive
Someone will complain
Because those people are BITCHES
High and mighty, insulted and snubbed,
FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE

And they'll smile
And nod
And circle around
And laugh
And gather together
But you're the asshole who's never serious
Unless you're seriously being an asshole
So fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.

I'll Make You Laugh Your Heart Out

By Courtney Wright

Why does Dale Earnhart have the biggest halo in heaven?
It's not a halo, it's a steering wheel.
I've told that joke 300 times probably -
And I live in NASCAR country-
So it's like telling a holocaust joke in Florida.
My brother's car just got blindsided by a beat up Chevy with
"Remember Number 3" across the back window -
And as I think of that joke
My face convulses with disgust.

By the third hour in the hospital
There's no real news except that matt's in intensive care and we can't see him yet
Oh, that and my mom's begun staring at the same 4 puzzle pieces
Pretending not to cry while she acts like putting them together

The fifth hour brings relatives
Lots of smiling, supportive, relatives
And they're in a circle telling stories about Matt
So, I steal the show and I tell this story about Matt in the 7th grade
Getting drunk off his ass on triple sec
Okay, that's a margarita mixer

So, we show up at his friends house around 3 in the morning and there he his lying in
the middle of the kitchen covered in vomit. And the first thing he says is: "You think
I'VE been drinking? I'VE been drinking?"

And everyone begins laughing and smiling and nodding
As if they'd forgotten where they were
And why they were here
But then my mom chimes in...

"I didn't even know there was alcohol in that stuff! He stole it from us, we'd had it for like
5 years, now who in the world drinks Orange margaritas?"

And it was the first time she'd smiled all night.

My younger brother makes me feel cool to hang out with. I don't know if he really knows
that. He's four years younger and forty times cooler. He's the type of person people really
like, he's considerate and not condescending, charming and not fake, he can be funny
as hell, but he rarely begs for it. I feel like I should be in his fan club, I love that kid so much.
It's hour 7, 11 pm I get back from the bathroom and there's a crowd outside of his room. I
peer over relatives telling him how lucky he is. He looks annoyed, aggravated, ex-
hausted. His jaw is broken, he can't speak. A brace keeps him staring at the ceiling and
he's holding back tears with dignity.

I enter his peripheral vision. Now I can't speak. His eyebrows raise his lip quivers and tears
stream down his cheeks. The room grows silently awkward. I feel like everyone wants me
to tell a joke. How can I be funny when I hurt this much? But I've been doing it all my life
so I say:

You look like shit man. You been hitting up that triple sec again?

The room lets out a sigh of relief and I feel like until now Matt's been pinned underneath
that dash

He tries to smile...

And he looks ridiculous trying.

The Jester's Gesture

By Christopher Ellis

The King has called me in to make him laugh

So, naturally, I'm a wreck.

I'm a motherfucking carriage wreck.

I forgot to check myself before I wrecked myself.

Most people don't lose their head

Over a joke or two

But if my joke's no good

I'll lose my motherfuckin' head

You follow?

That shit'll get chopped the fuck off

Maybe I should use that in my routine

That's not bad

Do you want to hear my main joke?

Me too!

I'm fucked.

Lord I hate this job.

I

Hate

This

Job!

I only became a jester because people said

I was funny,

Well, they didn't really say it

But they laughed at me.

When my brothers said I was adopted

Because I was a foot taller

Than the rest of the family...

They laughed.

When my parents reassured me that

I was not adopted

Because they would never adopt

A freak show...

God Walks the Dark Hills

by Trevor Anders

BILLY. (sings) GOD WALKS THE DARK HILLS
THE WAYS AND THE BYWAYS
HE WALKS ON THE BILLOWS OF LIFE'S TROUBLED SEAS
HE WALKS IN THE COLD, DARK NIGHT
THE SHADOWS OF MIDNIGHT,
GOD WALKS THE DARK HILLS
JUST TO SHOW ME THE WAY...

CURTIS. (begins on next to last line) I remember the first time I met BILLY. We were both in our final year of seminary. To be honest, I was still trying to figure out why God had sent me here. Was I actually meant to spread the gospel? But Billy, on the other hand, knew he was called to serve God with the melodies of his voice. I mean, the boy sang like an angel. I knew God had blessed him. But what I didn't know at the time, was that God would bless me through him.

END TEASER

BILLY. Hey, Curtis! Some of the guys are going up to the Ozarks near the Miller Base this weekend to camp out. You wanna go?

CURTIS. I don't know, Bill. (sarcastically) Hmm...let me see. I can spend all weekend in the dorm studying for that midterm we both have coming up, or I can spend a Saturday lost in the woods fighting insects for my very life and limbs. Wow. That's a toughie.

BILLY. I assume it's an easy choice, isn't it?

CURTIS. I figure you're not taking no for an answer?

BILLY. I figure you're right. The bus leaves at 4 a.m.

CURTIS. Well, Moses couldn't ignore the Red Sea parting, so I guess I'm not going to be able to ignore you. (throws hands up and sighs) You win. Great! Don't forget some repellent...it might, uh, come in hand.

BILLY. (leaving)

CURTIS. (just realizing) Four in the morning? Gee, I can't wait.

CURTIS. If there was one thing that Billy loved as much as God, it was those mountains. He'd talk over and over about how beautiful they were and how much majesty was in God's creation. He was baffled and in awe that something, someone capable of creating such awesome beauty—a being so powerful—had taken His hand and created him too...

BILLY. Isn't it breathtaking? I feel as though I could just reach my hands out and touch God from this place.

CURTIS. (oafing his breath) Yeah, 100% scenic...needs to be on a postcard. (fakes in a deep breath) What do you say we sit down for a moment and "take in this beauty"?

BILLY. Fine. (looks around) Do you ever wonder how God created all this? How in just a moment of time, there was nothing and then God brought it all into creation?

CURTIS. Right now, I'd like to see God create an elevator to get me to the top of this thing.

BILLY. Curt, I'm serious. So much to see. So much to take in. Listen to the melody of the win. In that bird's song, I hear God's voice. In that tree, I see God's hand. Everywhere I look, something reminds me how much

God loves us. (sings) "God walks the dark hills, just to guide my footsteps..."

CURTIS. Here I am about to keel over and die of a massive heart attack and you're able to sing?

BILLY. C'mon, CURTIS. "He walks everywhere, by night and by day..." Haven't you heard my imitation of a tenor in chapel?

BILLY. What do you think? "He walks in silence..." (continues)

CURTIS. (joins in) "On down the highway..."

BILLY. "God walks the dark hills..." (grabs head and groans) Ahh...

CURTIS. Are you all right?

BILLY. I'll be okay. It's just another one of those sudden headaches. It'll go away in a few minutes, but let's get started back down the mountain.

CURTIS. Billy hadn't mentioned the recurring headaches that hit him out of nowhere. He said it was nothing to be worried about. It was just the stress of midterms finally catching up to him...that's all. But I had my doubts, so I finally convinced him to go to the doctor—just to be safe.

BILLY. (entering the room) Hey, CURTIS. You mind if I come in?

CURTIS. Yeah, sure. By the way, Brother James called and wanted to know if you'd be able to sing for Sunday morning's service. You know I was thinking you might sing "I'll Fly Away."

BILLY. (dead pan) Curtis, we need to talk.

CURTIS. In a minute. Or maybe "Standin' on the Solid Rock." That's always been one my favorites.

BILLY. Please listen to me...

CURTIS. No, I got it: "Amazing Grace." Nothing moves a crowd more than that.

BILLY. CURT! (shouting abruptly) The doctor said I have cancer.

CURTIS. What?

BILLY. It's a tumor...malignant...in my brain. From the CT scans and MRIs the doctors say there's little they can do.

CURTIS. No! No one dies from cancer these days. There's gotta be a treatment. Some kind of surgery. With all of the technology, there has got to be something they can do.

BILLY. Not this time. It's just a matter of time.

CURTIS. How...how long?

BILLY. Three, maybe four months.

CURTIS. Is there anything I can...I can do?

BILLY. First, tell Brother James I'll sing "Trust and Obey" and second...well...would you pray.

CURTIS. He asked me to...to pray. I did, but I admit my heart wasn't in it. Think about it, the God I had dedicated my life to was ripping away my best friend. It wasn't a matter of faith, it was a matter of fair. The next two months weren't easy. Each day that passed, he was left with a little less memory and little less of himself. I watched as the man who was bursting with life, so full of spirit, so full of love dwindled away to almost an empty vessel in a hospital bed.

CURTIS. How you holding up?

BILLY. I'm having one of my good days today. It's just hard to keep focused. (joking) You should try the Jello, it's extra runny.

CURTIS. Seriously, man. I mean how are you really holding up?

BILLY. What do you mean?

CURTIS. I mean, how can you accept the fact that the God you dedicated your life to stands by and lets you slip away to eternity from a hospital bed?

BILLY. I'm not afraid of death if that's what you're asking. I know what

The Top of Number 10

by Wilma Suiter

SAM. So, I guess the rumors are true. Someone finally got you to settle down. Never thought I'd see the day.

JAKE. *(shooked)* Sam?

SAM. *(simply greening)* Jake.

JAKE. You're here?

SAM. Yeah. Been a while, huh?

JAKE. Why?

SAM. Lots of reasons—

JAKE. No. Why are you here?

SAM. Well, I would have called first, but all I had was the number from before you moved. I actually did call that, but some woman answered and was very rude.

JAKE. Sam, I moved like six years ago.

SAM. Yeah—well—I said it's been a while.

JAKE. I guess you haven't changed much.

END TEASER

SAM. Remember the last time we were in this room together?

JAKE. No.

SAM. Ah, sure you do. Ash Wednesday—you were, like, nine and I was fifteen.

JAKE. *(suddenly remembering)* Oh, yeah. We took the grease from our foreheads and put it under our eyes and played GI Joe—

SAM. —and Jane—

JAKE. And the priest walked in and called us—

SAM. Something that should not be repeated in God's house.

(both reveal in a moment of laughter before they settle into heavy silence again)

SAM. *(trying to stay in the moment)* We should really do it again sometime.

JAKE. *(trying to be congenial)* Is it money?

SAM. *(stung)* What?

JAKE. Do you need money? Did you come here for money?

SAM. Wow, Jakey you sound just like dad.

JAKE. Don't call me that. You're not mom.

SAM. Well, thank God for small favors.

JAKE. *(suddenly panicked)* They don't know—

SAM. That I'm here? No. Just you. But if they saw the way you tied that tie, they'd be turning shades of red Crayola hasn't made yet. *(looks at the tie on his neck which is apparently in shambles)* Here. Let me help you. *(answering his silent question)* No, Jake, I don't need money. *(both are quiet as she ties his tie)*

JAKE. Well then?

SAM. Looks much better.

JAKE. You know as well as I do that that's not what I meant.

SAM. Did you mean "Well then...why am I here in a church with my brother whom I haven't seen in fifteen years?"

JAKE. Yeah. That's exactly what the "well then" meant.

SAM. It's complicated.

JAKE. *(sarcastic)* Well geeze, Sam. You sure picked a hell of a day to make things complicated.

SAM. Well, it's what I do best. Jake, I was really messed up when we were kids. You know that.

JAKE. I do.

SAM. Well I've been sober for about ten years. I'm doing the twelve-step program. I'm on step ten.

JAKE. Step ten?

SAM. It's where you track people down and say sorry. Anyone you've ever hurt because of your addictions. I made a list and worked from the bottom to the top. I've been on step ten for about 8years. It's a long list.

JAKE. Mom and Dad?

SAM. Three and a half years ago. They appreciated the gesture, but as you can tell, not much has changed. I don't blame them—not at all.

JAKE. So how many more are on your list? *(not impressed, sighs deeply not looking at her)* Oh, I'm the top.

SAM. Hey, you're the top—that's a healthy way to put it. Ugh, this is exhausting.

JAKE. Ok, so what now—

SAM. I'm not here to make excuses for the things I did.

JAKE. Then why are you here?

SAM. I'm trying to tell you what happened—

JAKE. Well, this should be good.

SAM. *(shrugs)* I'm your sister.

JAKE. No! No, don't do that. Don't you dare play the family card. You don't deserve—

SAM. I'm here, aren't I?

JAKE. Today. You're here today, but what about all the birthdays, and graduations, and Christmases, and yesterday, Sam? What about yesterday, and Saturday, and Wednesday and the last fifteen years?

SAM. Jake, I understand you're angry. I deserve that, but if you'll just listen—

JAKE. *(starts losing it—laughs)* No, Sam. You listen, ok? It's your turn. You think you're the only one whose been dreaming up what to say for the last fifteen years?

SAM. Ok, Jake. What do you want to say to me?

JAKE. *(unflinching, simple)* I hate you.

SAM. *(poignantly, building)* Jake, you don't hate me. You hate who I used to be. You hate the me that was addicted to drugs, and alcohol, and sex. You hate the me that was a professional screw-up and let-down artist. You hate the—

JAKE. You're right, Sam. But guess what? Since you have been AWOL for all the other seasons of your life, that's the only you I know. The Sam I know took off with my life savings in her pocket without so much as a goodbye. She left me and everyone else in the world wondering if the next story on the news would be an overdosed corpse of a teenage girl.

SAM. Jake, you have to believe me. I was scared and screwed up and I was hurting.

JAKE. Screw you. You were not the victim in this!

SAM. I know that. That's why I'm here. I'm trying—I'm telling the truth, I've changed Jake. Please—

JAKE. Look, Sam, this fairy tale ending of the reunion is a nice bedtime story, but we're both adults now and I feel like at this point in the game honesty is the best policy.

SAM. I agree.

JAKE. Ok, then. I don't know you and you don't know me—brother and sister is only a blood tie now, because you are a stranger to me.

JAKE. For crying out loud Sam, you weren't even at my graduation. So spare me your righteous twelve step rehabilitation group therapy "save me" crap. It's too late for that. It's too late for you. It's too late for me. And it's definitely too late for us. Just go and run away—you were always good at that.

SAM. You're graduation gown from high school was blue.

JAKE. What?

SAM. It was blue. You wore a white shirt with a green tie. Your college gown was maroon and you wore the same white shirt and the same green tie. I could tell from the stain on the collar. Your white coat from med school had "Jacob

Shotgun Blast to the Third Eye

by Ingram Black and Dean Allen

Based on the comic book by L. Mark Casey

SCENE 1: STUDIO/MARK'S APPARTMENT

MARK. I've got it!
LORI. Really?
MARK. I've got it.
LORI. Great.
MARK. I've got it and its slap your grandmother in the face good.
LORI. I'm listening.
MARK. Oh, ha. I've got the feeling! The, "I've got it," feeling! You know?
LORI. Yeah, right. Where it just, like, burns?
MARK. Yeah! Yeah!
LORI. Yeah, that's a sexually transmitted disease. I know a good doctor.
MARK. [laughs] You just admitted you know a good STD doctor.
LORI. Touché, Mark. You always win.
MARK. Well, I am enlightened by my third eye... and you should be, too.
LORI. Oh, please. Not that mushrooms crap.
MARK. What? It works. It's real. I take the mushrooms, I look at Dad's pictures and he tells me what we should write about. It's proven.
LORI. So it's proven if one trips mushrooms—while staring at a book of pictures of our dead father—the pictures will tell an adventurous tale which to write as a cartoon for his kid sister's website?
MARK. Yes.
LORI. How? Where is that proven?
MARK. Right here, little sis. Here is your proof.
LORI. This is the monthly hit count for Shotgun Blast?
MARK. Sort of. The actual title is Shot Gun Blast to the Third Eye, if you'll remember.
LORI. Wow.
MARK. I guess acting talent doesn't have to remember the small details... like, title.
LORI. Our ad sales alone will gross 15,000! Holy crap, I can't wait to see T-shirt sales.
MARK. So, does that mean you'll finally try 'shrooms?
LORI. Touché, big brother. Touché, and no.

END TEASER

SCENE 2: MARK'S APPARTMENT

LORI. You ready to go, bro?
MARK. Lori! Shhh! [tripping]
LORI. Mark, what's up? You okay?
MARK. I'm working on the website, shh.
LORI. So, you're on mushrooms? Mark, seriously? Come on, what the hell? It's Collin's 2nd grade sing along tonight. You promised him you'd go when you missed his Christmas pageant.
MARK. Collin? Oh, the boy! He's in a show? I'll watch it on TV!
LORI. I knew when we signed up for this "big brother - big sister" thing, sharing a kid was a bad idea. It's just like when Mom left.
MARK. What do you mean?
LORI. Well, when it was just one parent it was like whenever we shared: you got to do the fun stuff, like drinking with him and his buddies.

MARK. Oh, and was that a blast.
LORI. And I had sing along with him as he danced on stage, dressed in a giant turnip costume like the rest of the second graders.
MARK. Wait, Collins is dressed in a giant turnip costume?
LORI. Yeah, it's friggin' sweet, man.
MARK. You're driving.

SHOTGUN BLAST SCENE 3: COLIN ON STAGE.

Two turnips, one boy and one girl, stand on stage and sing. The girl is opera singer good, and the boy isn't.

BOY: We are giant turnips,
And, we are from the earth.
If you eat us quickly,
We'll make you want to burp!
GIRL: We'll make you want to burp!
BOY: Burp.

SHOTGUN BLAST SCENE 4: IN THE KITCHEN MAKING DINNER

MARK. You didn't tell Collin's mom about your stories, did you?
LORI. My stories? Dad tells them to you, dude.
MARK. Oh, oh, right. Yeah, Dad tells them to me.
LORI. Where are the pictures of Dad that talks to you?
MARK. There on my shelf in that album. Do you finally wanna trip, lil' sis?
LORI. I wouldn't want to ruin your Dad time.
MARK. Come on, just you and me. It's Dad's hallucinogenic day off.
LORI. Look, Mark, no offense, but I'm thirty-one.
MARK. Gasp, no!
LORI. Yeah, and I'm a little too old to trip... you know, weak hips, they break easily when I fall. Also, I know for a fact that you bought your mids off a guy who prefers being called T-Rav over Travis. And third, I don't feel like waking up in a week on a bus out to St. Louis.
MARK. That was one time.
LORI. It took you a month to get back. I thought you had left me. It was just like Mom and Dad.
MARK. I know, and I'm sorry. And if you really didn't want to trip 'shrooms tonight, well, then, I'm really sorry. How do you like the salad, by the way?
LORI. You're a dick.

SCENE 5: DRIVING

LORI. How long does this take to work?
MARK. It should kick in as soon as we get out to the lake.
LORI. I can't trip there. We grew up there.
MARK. Dude, that makes it better.
LORI. I haven't been there since Dad shot him...
MARK. Don't. Rule one: don't talk about that. It is your first time and you can easily freak yourself out on your first time. Plus, these are strong mids and you ate a lot.
LORI. I was hungry and I thought it was just salad!
MARK. Oh, I know, and it's hilarious that you didn't recognize the horrible taste.
LORI. I overuse ranch.
MARK. Still, a bad trip could mess you up.
LORI. Okay, sorry. I'm sorry to you, too.
MARK. Who are you talking to?
LORI. The dragon outside. Hey Dragon-y.
MARK. Right.
LORI. Mark! Mark! Mark!
MARK. What?