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Duo Interpretation (Male / Male)

**Faux Real**

by Paul Davis

Dramatic Interpretation (Male)

**The Man Who Loved Her**

by Paul Davis

Dramatic Interpretation (Male)

**Trash Can Heart**

by Paul Davis

Dramatic / Duo Interpretation

**The Music Teacher**

by Paul Davis

Dramatic Interpretation (Female)

**Totally Sheltered**

by Bonnie Minkey

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by Paul Davis

AL. Hey.  
BILLY. Hi.  
AL. How's it hanging?  
BILLY. Good.  
AL. Check this out. (Al pulls up his pant leg.)  
BILLY. What? Your socks?  
AL. You know it.  
BILLY. They're very nice.  
AL. Scotland, baby.  
BILLY. You bought you're socks in Scotland?  
AL. You know it.  
BILLY. Cool.  
AL. Thirty pounds.  
BILLY. I'm sorry, they must be very heavy.  
AL. (Al laughs hysterically, for an uncomfortably long amount of time.) That's funny. I like you kid. You got spunk. Come with me.  
BILLY. What?  
AL. Come on.  
BILLY. No. I'm waiting for a bus.  
AL. I have a car.  
BILLY. That doesn't matter; I don't know you so I'm not getting in your car.  
AL. That's perfectly understandable...My name is Al. Come on.  
BILLY. No.  
AL. Come on.  
BILLY. No.  
AL. Come on.  
BILLY. No.  
AL. Come on.  
BILLY. No.  
AL. Come on.  
BILLY. No!  
AL. (pause) Come on.  
BILLY. NO.  
AL. Please!  
BILLY. NO.  
AL. Get in my car!  
BILLY. NO! Leave me alone! And what is with this dude putting a video camera in my face?  
AL. Congratulations. You passed the first test.  
BILLY. What test?  
AL. You noticed the camera man.  
BILLY. Of course I noticed, he's right in my face.  
AL. You. You're good. Come on.  
BILLY. NO! What's going on here?  
AL. Alright. I am a recruiter for the CIA.  
BILLY. What's with the camera man?  
AL. Congratulations, you passed the first test—  
BILLY. I know I passed the first test, why's he here?  
AL. Because. A television studio wants to make a reality TV show out of me recruiting someone for the CIA. And I want to recruit you.  
BILLY. Wait, you want me to be in the CIA?  
AL. Yes.  
BILLY. And you want me to be on TV?

AL. Yes, I do.  
BILLY. Well why didn't you say so? Of course I'll get in your car!

VIEWER. Time to check out my new entertainment center. Welcome to the future of television. What would you like to watch? TV. You have selected *Faux Real*. The hot new reality show where an actor pretends to be a recruiter for the CIA and fools a civilian into doing the most unlikely things. Good family fun for people of all ages and most nationalities. VIEWER. This sounds pretty funny.

AL. Billy, what are you doing?  
BILLY. Warming up. Aren't we gonna train?  
AL. Forget that. The first thing you need to know in order to be in the CIA is how to dance. Once you can dance you can pick up any chick. And they need to have great buns. Nothing is more important than a good pair of buns. I love buns. Buns are good.  
BILLY. Are looking at a bakery or something?  
AL. *(Al stares at him blankly for a long time and then bursts into another spasm of hysterical laughter)* I knew I picked you for a reason. But seriously. I love buns. Tight buns. Fun buns. Oh, buns, buns, buns. Just call it an ass or something.  
BILLY. There's no room in the Central Intelligence Agency for chauvinists, Billy.  
AL. That's lesson number two. But first things first, let's get you dancin'! Loosen up. Shake the bugs out.  
BILLY. Bugs?  
AL. Shake! Alright. You got it. Now let's do some real damage.  
*(Al and Billy proceed to do a choreographed dance. At the end of the dance Al exclaims:)*  
AL. Alright kid! You got it!

VIEWER. *(He is talking to a friend on the phone while watching TV)* Yeah man, I'm about to turn it on. There's no way I would miss the season finale.  
TV. Welcome to the future of television.  
VIEWER. They say that something outrageous is planned for Billy on the last episode. It's on now.  
TV. Would you like to watch *Faux Real*?  
VIEWER. Uh...yeah.

AL. Alright kid, now tonight is what you've been training for. Are you ready to do whatever it takes to be in the CIA?

BILLY. Yeah!

AL. Alright, here's a gun.

BILLY. A gun?

AL. You want to be in the CIA or what? You're gonna have to use a gun. Now behind that door-bound and gagged—is a terrorist.

BILLY. Wait, what?

AL. I said a terrorist. He has caused great damage to America and he is going to do it again unless we stop him. You are to shoot him in the head.

BILLY. What, I can't kill someone.

AL. You can and you will, if you want to be in the CIA. Now I'm gonna open the door.

VIEWER. Oh my God! There is no way this is happening.

AL. Okay, Billy. Shoot him.

BILLY. Al, I can't.

# The Man Who Loved Her

by Paul Davis

So I suppose you want to hear about Julie. Everyone wants to hear about Julie. Well, she's a great girl. She has a lot of terrific qualities. Like her teeth. They are perfect. Nice and straight and white. I love a nice set of teeth. She's got a few freckles across her face and long brown hair. The freckles are cute, I think. But not cute to the point where she's not sexy. Cause oh, man, she can be sexy. She can be really sexy. Sometimes she puts on this nighttime...ah, you don't want to hear about that. Well, you probably do, but I'm not gonna tell you. Some things are still private. But every morning when I wake up next to her, I say, "Hey baby." I know, hey baby, real original, right? But whatever. When I say it, I know that it's gonna be a good day. Because she's with me. Oh, hang on one sec, I have to take this. (He answers the phone) Hello? Oh, hey. No, she's not. Nope, haven't heard anything new. Thanks. Bye. (He hangs up) I'm sorry...where was I?

Yeah, so Julie is a super duper lady. Super duper, who came up with that? Someone really wanted to top super, I guess. But, yeah, Julie's super duper. Super duper. That's funny. Super duper. Sorry, I'm stuck on that now. She's so pretty. Even in the morning without her makeup on and stinky breath, she was still beautiful. I told her she didn't even need makeup but she was always like, "Yeah right. That would scare everyone." I guess that is part of what's so great about her, is that she doesn't even know how beautiful she is. But that's also pretty annoying. Never thinks she looks good, always thinks she's fat, which is just ridiculous. That seems to be a problem that a lot of you ladies have, you never know how good you really look. That's not her only problem either, not by a long shot. I know, she's great and beautiful and all, but she's not perfect. Nobody is. For example, she's a farter. I know, I wish I never found it out either. Now when she's awake, I never hear her fart, but when she's asleep, man, her true side comes out. She's always asleep before me, and once in a while, she really lets em' fly. Scared the life out of me the first time I heard it. I was just watching some TV and I hear this loud noise. I thought she rolled out of bed. And sometimes she'll wake herself up. She'll let one rip really loud and then she'll be all, "Huh, did you say something." And I'm like "No, but your butt did." I'm clever like that. But that is a minor thing that I can overlook. After I got over my astonishment I actually thought it was kind of funny. Hold on. (He answers the phone) Hello? No, she's not. I don't know. I will. Bye. These calls. They just don't stop. But I understand. Sometimes, Julie would surprise me with something nice, like a romantic dinner all prepared when I got home. Or something she bought that reminded her of me. Or when I would walk into the room at night and she would be wearing this see through...ahhh, you almost caught me. Pervs. That's all you want to hear, I bet. The dirty parts. Well you're not gonna. But they're good though. Most of the time. Sometimes we won't do anything for kind of long periods of a time. Like a month. She will be really vague and not tell me why for a while and then it will be something silly like she thinks I'm not into her anymore. Which is never the case. And if I wasn't, not having sex with me isn't gonna make me more into her. No, I'm just kidding. But she just gets kind of down sometimes. And when she does it's almost too much for me to handle. I just want to be like "cheer up; there is nothing to be upset about." And when I try something like that, she just acts like I don't understand and because of it our relationship is going to fall apart or something. It's enough to drive a man insane. And I know that I shouldn't get upset by her being depressed, but there are other things, too. There are lots of little things. She leaves dirty clothes lying around and I always end up picking them up. She argues with me in front of people about stupid things and it almost seems like she's trying to make me look stupid, and I don't think that she would actually intentionally do that, but sometimes it really feels like it. She will use like twelve cups in one day, just for water, instead of just filling up the same one. And these things just drive me nuts. (He answers the phone again, more frustrated this time) Hello? No, she's not. (He hangs up) No one even calls to talk to me. To see how I'm doing. Everyone always liked her better.

# Trash Can Heart

by Paul Davis

So you probably want to hear about the day all that messed up stuff happened. That's all everyone wants to hear about. Can't really blame you. Not much happens at high schools in Utah. At least not in mine. Nothing exciting ever really happened until the day we found Jared Guerrero's heart in a trash can.

Of course we didn't know it was Jared Guerrero's heart until later. Some sophomore found the heart in a garbage can next to his locker. He looked at it for a while before he told anyone. And then he told some other kids. So there was basically a bunch of kids standing around this trash can looking at a bloody heart, trying to decide if it was real or not. Some butthead, I think his name was John or something, decided that it wasn't and picked it up out of the garbage can for a joke. The joke didn't go so well, cause after he picked it up, he suddenly realized it was real for some reason, so then he dropped it on the ground and started screaming. There was blood on his hands and everyone started freaking out. Administrative people came down with security and decided that the heart was real and canceled school for that day and called the cops. Everyone was pretty happy about school being cancelled, but we couldn't leave since everyone had to wait for the cops to tell them everything they saw. I had to take a pee, so I went to the bathroom, but it was packed. All the kids were in there talking about what was going on. But I really had to go, so I went to the other bathroom across campus. That one was empty. Almost.

I went to a stall and relieved myself. And while I was going, I heard a strange noise. A soft kind of moaning or crying coming from a bathroom stall. "Hello," I said, wondering if the person was okay, but really just making sure I wasn't about to get my heart cut out. As I was hastily zipping up, accidentally getting some piss on my pants, I heard the stall door open and someone step out. I spun around to see Will, one of the special ed kids. He was one of the bigger ones, not giant, but bigger than me. He was kind of whimpering and I think crying and then I saw what he was holding. In his hand Will had clenched a bloody knife. I don't know where he got it on campus, maybe he brought it from home, but right then I knew that he was the one who cut out Jared Guerrero's heart. Of course I didn't know it was Jared Guerrero's heart at the time. I found that out later. But right then, I knew that Will was directly related to the heart in the garbage can, which was now on the ground or by now maybe even an evidence bag or something. "Hey, Will, what are you doing? Hey man, why don't you put that down." I was trying to talk softly, calm him down so that maybe he would drop the knife. But he just kept looking at me. I thought for sure that he was going to try and cut my heart out next. Then for some reason I started thinking that this was some kind of joke. That everyone was going to run in laughing and pat me on the back and give him a cookie or something for playing along. But right as I had that thought, I knew it wasn't true. This was too messed up and random for someone to plan as a joke. "Will, that would be awesome of you would put that knife down. Dude, knives aren't for playing around with. Put it down."

"Make the boys suffer," was what he said. Boy, I don't really know what he meant or where he got the idea to say that, but it sent chills down my spine. Suddenly I started racking my brain to remember if I had ever picked on Will. Lots of people laugh about the retards at school, but do they realize it while it's happening? "Make the boys suffer," he said again, stepping towards me. Now I was starting to panic. Even with him holding the knife he almost seemed docile, like he wouldn't use it. But I started to panic because it was dawning on me that he already had used it. Was it out of malice? Out of hate? Out of confusion? Did he consciously cut out the heart of a boy, or was it an innocent mistake, like Lenny from *Of Mice and Men*? We had to read that in our English class. As Will was stepping towards me, raising the knife, I wondered if he realized what he was

# The Music Teacher

by Paul Davis

CHILD. *(singing)* O-o-h ohild things are gonna get easier  
O-o-h ohild things'll get brighter  
O-o-h ohild things are gonna—can we sing something else now?

CHARLIE. No. You can't move on until you get this song right. Now keep going.  
*(Hums the tune)*

CHILD. *Someday we'll walk in the rays of a beautiful sun  
Someday when the world is muuh lighter—I think our time is up for the lesson.*

CHARLIE. It's not over yet, Steven. This isn't even your designated lesson time, so we end when I say.

CHILD. But when you picked me up walking home from school, you just said you needed to swing by your house really quick before you dropped me off.

CHARLIE. Right, so I could see how you're coming along. *(He reaches out to run his fingers through the child's hair)*

CHILD. Can I go home now?

CHARLIE. No...not yet.

COP. *(banging on the door)* Charlie! Open up, this is the police.

CHARLIE. *(he opens the door)* Hey Phil. What's going on?

COP. Sorry Charlie, I'm here as a cop, not a friend. Another child has disappeared.

CHARLIE. That's terrible. Who was it?

COP. Steven Banks.

CHARLIE. Steven? You're kidding.

COP. No, I'm not. Some parents of the children that you give private music lessons to are starting to get concerned.

CHARLIE. What?

COP. Nobody is pointing any fingers yet, but the first three children to disappear were all students of yours.

CHARLIE. That's ridiculous! They were all in the same class together too. They all went to the same stores, they all live in the same neighborhood. It's not like any of them went to a music lesson and never came home or anything. They always got home safe when we were done.

COP. Chuck, calm down. No one is saying you did anything. We're going to search those places too. But right now I just need to look around your house if that's alright.

CHARLIE. Now?

COP. Well, since I'm here, I thought it might be kind of convenient.

CHARLIE. Yeah, alright.

COP. Thanks. I tried explaining to the parents that you were a totally normal guy. You've just been a little off since...your mother disappeared.

CHARLIE. Phil. You think I'm a little off?

COP. Well, you were raised by just your mother, right? No siblings or father or anything?

CHARLIE. That's right; it was just me and her.

CHARLIE BOY. Sing it one more time, Mom.

MOM. Charlie Boy, it's getting late.

CHARLIE BOY. Just one more time. Please.

MOM. O-o-h ohild, things are gonna get easier

CHARLIE. *(eyes closed, humming in a daze)*

COP. Charlie.

CHARLIE. Huh?

COP. I was just saying that being raised by just your mother for eighteen years and then her disappearing out of nowhere would be dramatic for anyone.

CHARLIE. Yeah. It was hard.

COP. I mean, we all assumed that it was that guy she met, but we could never find enough evidence to bring him up on it.

CHARLIE. The worst was just not knowing what happened to her.

MOM. Charlie Boy. You're eighteen years old now, so I think that you can handle the news I'm about to tell you. When I was raising you, I wasn't looking for anybody, but now that you're almost all grown up, I want someone to spend my time with.

CHARLIE BOY. Don't you want to spend time with me?

MOM. Yes honey, but I've also met someone.

CHARLIE BOY. What? Are you leaving me?

MOM. No, of course not. I just need someone to love.

CHARLIE BOY. Don't you love me?

MOM. Of course I do. I just get lonely. I need love that you can't give me.

CHARLIE BOY. Who am I gonna spend my time with?

MOM. Charlie, you're eighteen, you need to make some friends.

CHARLIE BOY. I'm not gonna let someone take you away from me!

MOM. Charlie, don't talk to me that way. Nobody is going to take me away from you. You're just going to have to share my love with someone else.

CHARLIE BOY. I can't.

MOM. Well, you're going to have to.

COP. Well, Charlie, everything here looks normal. Just one more thing. That trunk on the floor there. Can you pop it open for me?

CHARLIE. It's what's left of my mother...all her belongings. I don't really like to open it.

COP. Well...I understand. Thanks for your time Chuck.

CHARLIE. Yeah, one sec. *(he turns to answer the phone)* Hello? Hello? *(he hangs up and turns back to the cop)* Must've been a wrong number.

COP. Did your phone ring, Charlie?

CHARLIE. Yeah, that's why I answered it. Check your hearing Phil.

COP. I guess I need to. Okay, well, see you in church on Sunday.

CHARLIE. Bye. *(He closes the door and then turns to answer the phone again)* Hello?

MOM. Hi, Charlie Boy.

CHARLIE. Who is this?

MOM. Charlie Boy, don't you recognize your own mother's voice.

CHARLIE. Yeah...but you're dead.

MOM. But you're the only one who knows that.

CHARLIE. What do you want?

MOM. I just want to see my boy.

CHARLIE. Well you can't!

MOM. Of course I can.

CHARLIE. Go away! I can't do it again. I have to stop. You have to leave me alone.

MOM. You have to give me the boy. Then I'll leave you alone. But first I need another child.

CHARLIE. He's already with you.

MOM. He can't be alive, Charlie Boy.

CHARLIE. I don't want to anymore.



# Totally Sheltered

by Bonnie Minkey

*Dalia is a 17 year-old, oblivious middle class-type, who talks a mile-a-minute in her own unadulterated stream-of-consciousness vernacular, using her hands a lot, and taking long, sporadic pauses to work out her next ramble. We get the feeling she'll soon grow out of her ditz phase to be an active, empathetic young woman.*

**DALIA.** So I am like ABOUT to get into the tub—I even had music on in the bathroom okay—and there's this FRANTIC knocking at the door and it's my friend Stephanie—big hippie—and she is like...

**STEPHANIE.** You have to help me—I just got a call from the women's shelter...there was a fire so they're setting up a temporary thing with cots and stuff in the gym at First Methodist and we need ALL the help we can get, you HAVE to come it's going to be crazy and we really need to get these women inside somewhere because this sort of thing can get messy.

**DALIA.** Oh my GOD I just wanted to get in that bathtub but I just—I mean I would just look like a totally bad person if I didn't go, obviously. Right? Blugh. So I was like: O-kay.

So I put some clothes on—I mean, I had CLOTHES on when Stephanie came over, but they weren't exactly Rescue Mission clothes—they were way more I'm About to Take A Beautiful Bath—you know: robe-type clothes—well, I dressed and I started to grab some stuff—but Steph said I didn't need any stuff, and we need to GO, so I left my stuff—no purse or anything—which felt totally weird. And I said bye to Emily, my sweet little Pomeranian—oh my GOD she is just so sweet, wif her sweet little face, yes. But anyway, I had to leave her—I was all: I'm SORRY, Emmy, it's Save the World Time, which she totally didn't understand, OBVIOUSLY. So, then we...left. Right, well it WAS crazy in there—the gym at the church. The place was packed—I had no idea so many people had been smushed into that little teeny rat hole of a shelter—WOW. The gym was SO very drab—that terrible khaki paint job they always do in gyms—what is UP with that? Not much of anything to look at, just cots cots cots and all these people—looking really strung out or whatever, I mean FREAKED-out—

**NURSE.** Hey—Jennica and Sarah are hyperventilating as usual—I need you, Steph, to get on that STAT; Mallory has a team taking care of assembling all these cots; I gotta go calm down the pastor who lost it when Mary vomited on the entry mat—and the heat is busted, so we need blankets and we need to hand them out cuz we've got a lot of older women out here tonight, oh, and we need to find somebody to be on watch out there in case any sketchy characters try to take advantage of this situation. Who's your friend? Any public health or nursing training?

**DALIA.** I'm Dalia. I don't really—

**NURSE.** Okay Dalia, why don't you hand out blankets, bring folks water, and then in about an hour, go ahead and clean the bathroom—supplies are in the closet down that hallway, take a right, second door on the right.

**DALIA.** (to Stephanie) Is she like, serious?

**STEPHANIE.** She's not "like" serious, she IS serious and I've gotta hustle. Good luck, Dal.

**DALIA.** I worked really hard. I was running around everywhere. It's like, my whole thing was to get these blankets out of this big crate-thing and pass them out.

So there were just barely enough to go around, which was AWFUL because everyone was SO cold—oh yeah, it was really cold, like freezing practically—so everyone wanted more than one which was really stressing me out because I had to be like—no, sorry you can only have one to these little five-year-old kids and stuff, like:

**CARRIE.** Miss Lady, I'm fwoazening.

**DALIA.** Aw, here you go sweetie.

**CARRIE.** Miss Lady, I'm fwoazening still. I need anuvah one.

**DALIA.** Oh, sweetie, there's only enough for everyone to have one—do you have a friend you could snuggle with?

**CARRIE.** You?

**DALIA.** Oh! I've got to pass out water and stuff, but...here—you want my sweater?

I had on this like J Crew sweater—it was totally cute, but like—everybody just—I don't know how to say this—it was just so NOT J Crew in there and I was sort of feeling funny in it even though I didn't really MEAN to dress up or anything, I dunno. It just—I was warming up anyway, since I was totally all over the place, back and forth and back and forth. There were just so many...people...women...I mean it's a battered women's shelter and...so there were lots of women, like LOTS of them, who...they were hurt, you know, bruised up. Broken arms, horrible expressions. Scared. It was so depressing, I just—I could barely LOOK at them, you know? I didn't want anyone to think that I was staring or whatever, and it was just so much easier to keep busy, keep moving. I didn't want to sit still—not just because there was a lot to do, but because I didn't know what to say, or how to act. I just kept finding things to DO, I mean, even cleaning the bathroom was—I mean it was totally gross—yuck—but totally a relief too, just to take a break from all those eyes in that room. These women...it was easier to keep busy than it was to make eye contact with...any ONE of them. I walked around all important, right, like I was on a mission all the time. Here, I go, getting a blanket, gotta concentrate—like I was really making things better and like I was just there to do what I had to do, like I do this every weekend...Volunteer Extraordinaire...but...God, I have argued with Stephanie before—kind of a lot, really—about this whole spending LOTS of time with needy people who really make you really sad to talk to all the time and whether you really owe it to the World or whatever—I dunno—she does this sort of thing like seriously ALL the time—I mean, she's always doing stuff for other people, volunteering or whatever, and I totally respect that, it's awesome. It's just I always have felt like, I dunno, like it wasn't fair that to do the right thing you have to be so...interrupted. I mean it's not like I'm rolling in it and buying the fanciest jeans ever—I mean, I have some nice clothes and stuff, but not a ton—and I don't bug my mom for EVERYTHING all the time like some people do—you know what I mean. But the truth is, if you think of the whole package, my parents and school and money, yeah, and just my life, I guess I AM a "Rich Person." I dunno, this is weird to talk about, you know—why is this so weird to talk about? I dunno, but okay—around all those really, like REALLY poor people I just felt...stupid? (long beat) It's just I felt embarrassed.

I always felt like 'here's my life and I'm doing my thing' and to interrupt it to do someone else's thing FOR them was like, stealing mine. Like stealing from the rich to give to the poor! That's how I felt—oh my GOD—when I had to give up that dreamy bath when Stephanie knocked on my door—that she was stealing something from me, my time and...whatever. I was so mad, but that was so lame to be mad, because...I mean—look at me—what do I...NOT have to give? You know?

Well, okay—so there I was, I was handing out blankets and there was this

## SpeechGeek Gear: A Poem



Whether the weather is cold,  
Whether the weather is hot,  
Unfashionable never, whatever the weather,  
Whether they\* like it or not.

\*\*They" being the other forensics websites that sell poorly screened shirts and charge outrageous prices. Your friend The Geek wants you to look fashionable both in and out of rounds. Poetry aside (unless that's your event, of course) check out our awesome deals on the most clever forensics gear online.