

SpeechGeek Presents



Female/Female Duos, Vol. 2



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Here's the message I started off with in the intro to our first edition of female/female duos:

One of the questions I receive most often from forensics coaches and competitors is, "Where can I find a good female/female duo?"

It seems that was a more-than-accurate assertion.

In the few months since that issue of scripts was released, it has quickly become our fastest selling individual issue.

Based on your needs and enthusiastic response, we wasted no time in assembling five more female/female duos from a group of talented authors.

I hope you enjoy these scripts. If you have ideas for future types of scripts for **SpeechGeek Presents**, please send an email to thegeek@speechgeek.com!

Corey Alderdice
Publisher

A Brief Primer...

by Julia Neva

BETH. (to audience) Well hi there, ho there happy faces. How is everyone doing this morning? (Silence) Anyone? (Silence) Can those of you in the back of the room hear me? (*awkward silence*)

SARAH. (to audience) Listen up, people! She asked you a question. The woman wants to know how you're doing!!

BETH. SARAH...

SARAH. Yes?

BETH. I'm gonna need you to pump the breaks on the ole enthusiasm wagon there, okay?

SARAH. Yes ma'am.

BETH. As I was saying...I hope everyone is doing okay this morning...

SARAH. (in a loud whisper with great energy) Doin' great!

BETH. ...and that no one had any trouble finding the room...

SARAH. (same whisper) None whatsoever!

BETH. ...and that everyone is ready to learn...

SARAH. (same whisper) Boo-yah!

BETH. (gritting her teeth) Sarah!

SARAH. Sorry.

BETH. Thank you! AS IWAS SAYING...(looks at SARAH. Sarah 'zips' mouth shut) My name is Dr. Elizabeth Lady - but you can call me Dr. Lady.

SARAH. But not 'Lady Doctor' because that would be super awkward...unless you had an appointment!! Get it? "Lady Doctor"?

(laughs at her own joke, Beth is not amused)

BETH. You get three strikes.

SARAH. I'm sorry.

BETH. That was strike one.

SARAH. I'm sorry.

BETH. Two more outbursts and I'll be reassigning you to manure duty at the Humanities Department's annual "Rodeo for the Homeless" fundraiser. You wanna start shoveling horse biscuits full time or do you want to let me start my lecture?

SARAH. (very quiet) Lecture.

BETH. Okay. (*demeanor quickly changes when she speaks to audience*)

Okay! Welcome to WOMN 101: A Brief Primer on the Female Species. As an introduction to Women's Studies - we will be covering the impact women have had on the world.

SARAH. From the first woman to first ladies...

BETH. ...from bra burning and baby raising...

SARAH. ...to leg shaving and job hunting...

BETH. ...from Helen of Troy and Joan of Arc...

SARAH. ...to Lady Godiva and Lady Gaga.

BETH. We will be breaking down all the man-made myths and mister mistakes that have been perpetuated against womankind for centuries. With the help of my graduate assistant, Sarah...

SARAH. What up, fools.

BETH. We're going to re-write history.

SARAH. And turn it into her-story.

BETH. Or rather, our-story. With that...let's get started. And what better place to get started than:

SARAH. Chapter 1: Rave in the Cave

(Both begin chanting *Oooga-chakka. Oooga-chakka. Oooga-chakka. SARAH becomes the male cave-dweller while BETH plays the female cave-dweller*)

CAVE MAN. (*grunts*) Argh. Ungh. Me home.

CAVE WOMAN. (*working busily, not paying much attention*) Well it's about time. I could use a break.

CAVE MAN. No break.

CAVE WOMAN. Excuse me?

CAVE MAN. Me say you no break.

CAVE WOMAN. I heard what you said.

CAVE MAN. So what your big deal?

CAVE WOMAN. My 'big deal' is that I've been working all day to try and make this cave look respectable.

CAVE MAN. Argh. Ook. No care. Bring meat. (*heaves a giant bloody corpse onto the floor of the cave, right in front of BETH*)

CAVE WOMAN. No no no no!!! I just cleaned up the floor and you just got fur and blood all over the place.

CAVE MAN. Eat meat.

CAVE WOMAN. Did you not hear what I just said?!? I've spent the entire

...Throwing Your Voice

by Julia Neva

PERFORMANCE NOTE: No ventriloquism experience is needed when performing this piece. If you have a performer who is capable of throwing her voice, then it may be possible to showcase this talent in the early stages of EMILY playing with DUMMY. DUMMY will always speak for herself. DUMMY is an extension of EMILY, so she will reflect EMILY'S mood early on, then eventually develop her own personality to argue back with her.

EMILY. *(enters somewhat awkwardly, loaded down with backpack, books and purse, worn out) Ugh. It's days like this that make me want to be home-schooled. (Calls out) Mom? MOM! Mom, are you home? (listens, then with sarcasm) Mom, can I have tons of friends over for a loud crazy keg party? If so - then don't answer. (silence) Awesome, I can have a loud crazy keg party. Now all I need are tons of friends. Or even just a couple of friends. (goes to open fridge and finds a note) Ah, the note from Mom.*

MOM. *(voiceover as note) "Hey sugar-booger!"*

EMILY. I hate when she calls me that.

MOM. "Sorry I couldn't be here to see you home from school."

EMILY. Pfft. You never are.

MOM. "I hope you're okay with holding down the house 'til I get back."

EMILY. What? Is it gonna float away? I'm sixteen. I think I can handle it.

MOM. "Martin and I have an appointment at the baby doctor this afternoon for my check-up, then we need to run some errands so we can get work done on the nursery so we probably won't be home until later."

EMILY. *(making faces while MOM reads note, gets snack out of fridge)*

MOM. I know you're still trying to get to know Martin."

EMILY. What's there to get to know about Count Dork-ula?

MOM. "He's not fond of the nickname Count Dork-ula, after all, accounting is an important profession. I know the past several months have been hard on you - with Dad leaving, Martin coming into our lives and now a new baby on the way. Since he knows how much you love performing, Martin bought you a present! It's on the coffee

table in the living room. We'll be home at 8. Love you! Mom."

EMILY. A present? *(excited) Oh, man! (exiting the kitchen and goes toward the living room) If Martin actually got me the dance lessons I've been want-(enters living room, other partner steps out to reveal DUMMY slumped over with a big wooden smile and empty eyes staring straight at EMILY.) A ventriloquist's dummy?!? WHAT?!? You have GOT to be kidding me! (DUMMY will maintain a stiff pose and will stare at EMILY in the scene until she picks up DUMMY to make it talk. To DUMMY) What are you staring at? Creeper. (tries to close DUMMY'S eyes, but the lids pop back open and the big grin remains) Seriously? What person in their right mind gives a sixteen-year-old girl a ventriloquist's dummy? (goes to pick up the DUMMY, who gets 'in position' on EMILY's lap. EMILY starts working the DUMMY) Ha ha. Let's see, how does this work? (At first, EMILY is just goofing around with the DUMMY, the DUMMY's movements should mirror EMILY working/handling it)*

DUMMY. *(babbling, acting silly) Blah blah blah. Doopity doopity weee-ooooo. Duh, look at me, I'm a big dumb stupid dummy.*

EMILY. Heh heh, or better yet.

DUMMY. Martin is a big old DORK-ula if he thinks this dummy is a good idea. Hee-yuk, hee-yuk.

EMILY. Wait a sec - there's a tag on it. It says its name is Sassy Sally.

DUMMY. *(Excitedly overlapping EMILY) Sassy Sally!*

EMILY. Ugh. Gag me.

DUMMY. Don't tempt me, princess.

EMILY. Heh. What are you going to do, ya' stinkin' lump of wood?

DUMMY. I'll smack you so hard your grandkids will be born with splinters.

EMILY. How are you going to do that when I'm the one working you?

DUMMY. Yeah. Let's talk about that, shall we?

EMILY. About what?

DUMMY. Your hands.

EMILY. What about them?

DUMMY. They're horrible. Rough. Cold. It feels like an alligator who's been ice fishing. Seriously. Call me when you get some lotion and a pair of gloves.

EMILY. Wow. For a pile of rejected beaver feed, you sure have an attitude problem.

(EMMA enters while CALLIE is rummaging through her closet, searching for something to wear.)

EMMA. (very cautious) Hey.
CALLIE. (distracted) Oh. Hey.
EMMA. Your mom told me you would be up here.
CALLIE. And coincidence of all coincidences...here I am.
EMMA. I see that.
CALLIE. Good old mom, always knowing where in the house I am. I should tip her more often.
EMMA. (weirded out) Uh, okay.
CALLIE. So what are you up to, Emma? I feel like haven't seen you in, like, forever.
EMMA. I'm fine. Thanks. (pause) The bigger question is, how are you doing, Callie?
CALLIE. Ugh. Horrible.
EMMA. Really?
CALLIE. Yeah. I totally flaked out on my paper on The Sound and the Fury for AP English and I doubt Mrs. Wright it going to extend the deadline for me and...
EMMA. I don't think Mrs. Wright is going to care about the paper, Callie.
CALLIE. ...and I am, like, super behind on my Chem lab experiments plus...
EMMA. Callie.
CALLIE. I haven't been to soccer practice, and I can feel my muscles getting...
EMMA. Callie, I don't think you need to worry about all that.
CALLIE. Huh?
EMMA. Listen, I don't know how to tell you this...
CALLIE. Tell me what? Oh, no. I don't have a booger...
EMMA. Your mom wanted me to come up and talk to you.
CALLIE. Pfft. That was lazy of her. There goes her tip.
EMMA. She's worried about you. A lot of people are.
CALLIE. Oh. Well, tell her...them...thanks but I'm cool. I can get the paper finished over the weekend and just beg Mrs. Wright...
EMMA. Stop it, Callie.
CALLIE. Stop what, Emma?
EMMA. Stop acting like you don't know what I'm talking about. (silence) So what, no funny one-liners for me? (silence) It's been a week and you haven't said a word to anyone other than the police and the hospital staff. Now you're acting like everything is hunkie-dorie and it's freaking everybody out. (silence, then quietly) You have to talk

about it. The accident. Eric. You can't keep acting like nothing happened.

CALLIE. Is that it? Is that the message my mom tied to your leg like a little pigeon to bring up here to me?
EMMA. That, and one other thing.
CALLIE. Which is?
EMMA. That I'm not allowed to leave this room until you talk about what happened.
CALLIE. And if I don't?
EMMA. She gave me a toothbrush. I think she means it.
CALLIE. Typical mom. So melodramatic.
EMMA. Callie, I'm not trying to push your buttons or anything.
CALLIE. Really? Because you sure seem more-than-willing to be my parents' little lap dog and come running up here when they don't know what to do with their own daughter.
EMMA. So what happened?
CALLIE. Wow, Barbara Walters, great interviewing skills.
EMMA. What?
CALLIE. You're not going to warm me up with some small talk first? Just want to jump into the heavy stuff right off the bat.
EMMA. We have been. There's been nothing but small talk for the past few minutes. I'm sure you're sufficiently warmed.
CALLIE. Says you.
EMMA. I'm being serious.
CALLIE. So am I.
EMMA. (sigh) What is it going to take to get you to start talking about the accident?
CALLIE. Gossip.
EMMA. Huh?
CALLIE. The dirtiest, nastiest gossip you have. Spill.
EMMA. About what? Who?
CALLIE. Anyone. Preferably someone popular, bonus points if they're pretty and vapid.
EMMA. Good word, by the way.
CALLIE. I know. Thank you, SAT prep. Now dish.
EMMA. Um...I dunno...uh...(thinks) oh...I think I heard that the boy Trisha Goodwin spent making out with all summer is actually her second cousin.
CALLIE. Ew. Nuh-uh.
EMMA. Yeah. She's mortified.
CALLIE. Understandably. How did she not know?
EMMA. It was on her dad's side of the family and her parents have been divorced since she was two, so she doesn't really know that side of her family that well. Plus - she met him at soccer camp over the summer. She didn't think to ask, "Hey - are we related?" But I mean, second cousin isn't that big of a deal, really.

Thirty-Six Minutes

by Jesse Gall

(A restaurant. Deb waits anxiously, twitching.)

- DEB.** Ugh. This is just so... typical.
KATE. (*stumbling in*) Hi!
DEB. Well, there you are.
KATE. Oh for crying out loud, you can't even say hello?
DEB. Well, you're thirty-six minutes late.
KATE. Thirty-six min—You're so strange.
DEB. Why is that strange? You're thirty-six—
KATE. I know! But most people just say half an hour, not... Thirty. Six. Minutes.
DEB. Well, but you were thirty-six minutes late not half an—
KATE. Okay! Alright! I get it!
DEB. There's no need not to be precise.
KATE. (*sighs*) Deb...
DEB. Yeah, sorry. I know.
KATE. How is she?
DEB. Oh so you're interested now—
KATE. Deb!
DEB. Sorry, I know. Well, it's started again.

INTRO

- KATE.** So Mom's finally gone too crazy, huh? How bad is she this time?
DEB. She's not living at home anymore. She's at a hospital. We have to clear out some of her stuff so that we can sell the house.
KATE. And since when did we decide to sell the house?
DEB. Well, let's not pretend that you care. We both know you need the money, so save the fraudulent attempt at nostalgia or sadness.
KATE. (*silence*) Wow.
DEB. I know. I'm sorry.
KATE. You keep saying that... "I know, I'm sorry. Sorry, I know." I wish you would stop. Mom said that all the time. We used to hate that phrase.
DEB. Well, you live with someone long enough and it's hard not pick up a few behaviors.
KATE. You didn't live with her that long.
DEB. Five years, Eleven months, sixteen days.
KATE. Six years?
DEB. No, Five years, Eleven—
KATE. Okay! It's been six years?
DEB. Welcome back, sister. Hope your vacation from us was worth it. Get

your stuff. I'm not hungry. We have to get working on the house; I'd like to finish this as soon as possible. You'll be sleeping in Mom's room.

- KATE.** Deb, c'mon. I'd rather sleep on a couch.
DEB. The couches have been cleared out. You'll just have to sleep in Mom's room. I'm sure you'll be fine. You probably don't even remember it.
KATE. I seriously doubt that.

(At the house the next morning. In the living room, boxes all over the floor.)

- KATE.** Ugh.
DEB. Well, good morning. It's about time. It's almost 9:30. I thought for a second you would sleep 'til noon.
KATE. I would have if it weren't for the monster truck rally occurring in our living room.
DEB. Oh, was I loud? So sorry.
KATE. Yeah, sure. Coffee?
DEB. Kitchen.
KATE. Mmm. (*from kitchen*) So what are all those license plates in Mom's room?
DEB. Mom's old room. It's not her room anymore.
KATE. (*still from kitchen*) What?
DEB. Nothing. The license plates... She started collecting those when you left.
KATE. (*back to living room, sipping coffee*) What? That doesn't make any sense.
DEB. Well, she would spend days tracking down old antique license plates whenever we got a new postcard from you. She said it made her feel more familiar with the places you were going. She felt closer to you.
KATE. Wow.
DEB. She missed you... for some reason. So, let's get to work then. I've divided the room into four quadrants of boxes that need to be sorted through based on chronology. We have "Married," "After He Left," "Mentally Ill" and "After She Left."
KATE. Deb...
DEB. Though I know it's a little flawed because I guess she's been mentally ill through all of the other phases too, but—
KATE. Deb!
DEB. Hmm? What are you yelling about?
KATE. This is seriously messed up, Deb. Most people just categorize with, like, "Family Room" and "Christmas Stuff."
DEB. Well, we never really had a family or a Christmas, so I thought my labels were more appropriate.
KATE. I can't do this.

The New Girl

by Julia Neva

SCENE 1

KIMMY. (On her cell phone) Listen, Frank – as far as agents go, you’ve been doing a pretty lousy job at booking me jobs.... Uh huh. ... Yeah, right. It’s been nearly two years since the show ended, and I’m really tired of waiting around for something new to pop up.... What do you mean no one wants to work with me because of my “attitude problem”? I don’t have an “attitude problem.” I have a “I don’t like having to tell people three times older than me how to do their job” problem. Besides, it’s not my fault that make-up artist quit.... It is? Oh, well. She can go back to putting lip gloss on rabbits for all I care. Pay attention, Frank, because I’m not going to tell you this twice: Find me an audition and get me out of this public school before I throw up. Or turn thirteen. Chop. Chop. (hangs up her phone).

MRS. HALTRON. Kimberly?

KIMMY. It’s Kimmy. What?

MRS. HALTRON. We were in the middle of diagramming sentences.

KIMMY. Yeah. So?

MRS. HALTRON. So, it was a bit rude to talk on your cell phone while I’m trying to teach.

KIMMY. Uh.... what’s your point?

MRS. HALTRON. Students aren’t allowed to have cell phones at school, much less use them in class.

KIMMY. Look, Mrs. Haltron. I’ll make a deal with you. You let me conduct my really important business affairs when I need to – and I’ll dip into my vast wealth to buy you an outfit that’s a little less ugly. (under her breath) If they make them in your size, that is.

MRS. HALTRON. That’s it. Go to the principal’s office, young lady.

KIMMY. Seriously?

MRS. HALTRON. Seriously.

KIMMY. I thought they just did that in movies.

MRS. HALTRON. No, we do it here in Fullerton as well.

KIMMY. Okay. (looks through classroom and points to people) You. You. Come with me.

MRS. HALTRON. What in the world are you doing?

KIMMY. I don’t go anywhere without my entourage.

MRS. HALTRON. (Rubbing her head and writing a note) Kimmy...just...go to the principal’s office.

KIMMY. Fine. Later, losers.

SCENE 2

SARAH. (Holding an ice pack to her head, is waiting outside the principal’s office. She watches Kimmy walk back and forth a few times.) Can I help you?

KIMMY. (Defiant) No.

SARAH. Okay. (She watches Kimmy strut around aimlessly a bit longer.) Are you lost?

KIMMY. Does it look like I’m lost?

SARAH. Kinda. Sorta. Yeah.

KIMMY. Well...I’m not. I’m researching a role.

SARAH. Researching a role?

KIMMY. Yeah. Don’t you know who I am?

SARAH. Not really.

KIMMY. UGH. I’m Kimmy Kilgore. Ring a bell?

SARAH. Nope. Sorry.

KIMMY. I’m an actress....

SARAH. (Searching) Uh...

KIMMY.on television...

SARAH. (Searching) Mmmm...

KIMMY. Oh, for crying out loud! I starred as the Bionic Baby for five seasons! I have an honorary Young Actors Guild Award for the role! I appeared in the Dreamy Boyz music video for the song “She’s Got the Hair”. See? (flips hair) I’ve got the hair!

SARAH. (Fake recognition) Oh! Yeah. No. Sorry. I don’t watch TV.

KIMMY. You’re kidding, right?

SARAH. Sadly, no. My parents think television rots the brain and destroys independent thinking.

KIMMY. What a horrible thing to say!

SARAH. Yeah. Needless to say – it doesn’t make being the new kid any easier when you can’t talk about what was on TV the night before.

KIMMY. Oh. You’re new at this school too?

SARAH. Yep. I was home schooled up ‘til now.

KIMMY. Oh! Like the kids from “Mystery Island Adventure”?

SARAH. Huh?

KIMMY. It was a show about a family that gets shipwrecked so the mom teaches them to count using coconuts.

SARAH. Yeah. That’s exactly what home schooling is like. (looks at Kimmy) What are you writing down?

KIMMY. Character study notes. I may have to play a home school girl one day in a film and you’re providing me with some wonderful authenticity.

SARAH. Whatever you say. (They stand in silence, after a while, she speaks in a high pitched fake voice.) Gee, girl-with-an-ice-pack-on-your-head, what’s your name?

KIMMY. I don’t have an icepack. What are you talking about?

SARAH. (Sighs) My name is Sarah, by the way.

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Duo Interpretation

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