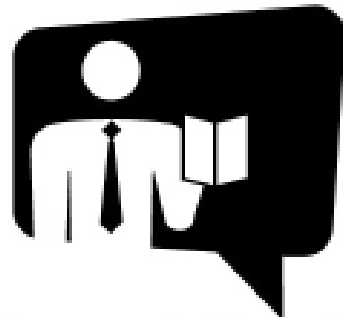


SpeechGeek



Season Seven: Spring 2010



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We're half the way there.

Before you know it, teams from across the country will converge in Kansas City, Missouri for the 2010 National Forensic League National Tournament.

Think of the performances.
Think of the celebration.
Think of the barbeque!

Until June, there's lots to be done.

SpeechGeek is happy to be a part of your team's preparation.

Corey Alderdice
Publisher

Don't forget to become a fan of **SpeechGeek** on Facebook at: [facebook.com/speechgeek](https://www.facebook.com/speechgeek).

Genetically Altered Genesis

by Connor McElvoy

NARR. (*lifts up heavy book and puts it on a stand*) In the beginning, there was nothing, and then... God YAWNED!

GOD. (*yawns*)

NARR. Thus, the great creation began. The first thing God created was a bed. So that he would have something from which to get up.

GOD. (*laying down, waves hands*)

NARR. And the bed asked the Lord...

BED. Am I good, Lord?

GOD. Beds can't talk.

NARR. And the bed was silent. Next God created dark and light, so he would know when to get in and out of the bed.

GOD. (*waves hands in a whatever gesture*)

NARR. And the darkness and the lightness asked the Lord...

DARK. Are we...

LIGHT. ...good, Lord?

GOD. That's even freakier than the bed talking.

NARR. So the light and dark were silent. God looked at his creations, and he was pleased. The lord, then, decided that he would make a creation to share the bed with... That came out wrong, I meant to say... Oh, boy.

INTRO

NARR. So the creation of life began. First, God formed from the cold, dark vacuum of space... EARTH: the great planet.

GOD. (*God picks up lump of clay from ground and starts' mashing it, drops it, picks it up and starts again. God then begins to juggle the ball and spins it on his finger ala a Harlem Globetrotter.*)

NARR. (*slightly disgusted look*) ...Where life... will abound.

GOD. (*holds up Earth proudly before him and places the sphere in front of him*) Hmm, it's missing something... Ah-ha! (*God clicks on the sun light a pulled lamp string and flicks earth to start its rotation. Earth goes around, and then hits him in the back of the head.*)

NARR. Then, with a great, thundering roar that echoed throughout the heavens, God created LIFE!!!

GOD. (*flicks fingers*) Pwef...

NARR. (*really let down, then he regains composure*) So, then God created the amoebas. Let's see how they responded to meeting God.

GOD. Greeting creation, I am your...

AMOEBA. Blag blag blag.

GOD. ...Oh my...well...me. It's...a blob of jelly...

AMOEBA. Blag blo blag blag.

GOD. Hmm. (*pokes amoeba*) Ew. (*checks for other people and then tastes amoeba*)

NARR. So God decided to go off and do godly things.

GOD. (*plays golf, pops a back of popcorn, and/or any other series of novel or mundane daily activities*)

NARR. Ahem, yes, well, when God returned, he found the amoebas had changed...into the dinosaurs!

GOD. Greetings creations, I am your God!

T-REX. NHAAARR!

GOD. Ah, it's cute! (*pats T-Rex on head*)

T-REX. NHHAAAAARRRRRRR! (*bites God's hand*)

GOD. Ow. Ow. You let go right now. (*checks to make sure no one is looking and gets rid of the dinosaur*)

NARR. After that, the dinosaurs had a little "accident." (*laughs nervously*) God, then, began anew, searching for the right creature. He made fish and lizards and cats and dogs. Cassowary, kangaroos, platy puses, and warhogs. He made them all, and none of them were right. Until, one day, God got an idea.

GOD. Hmm. (*God builds Adam*) Igor, throw the switch!

IGOR. Yes, Master.

GOD. (*throws up hands upon completion*) It's...ALIVE!

ADAM. Hi, my name's... (*searching*) Adam?

GOD. Ehn, close enough.

NARR. God's search was over. He had found...man. God brought Adam to the great Garden of Eden.

GOD. This, Adam, is Eden. It's very nice, and it is yours to do what you will with it. One thing first.

ADAM. Yeah?

GOD. See that really delicious, healthy looking tree over there?

ADAM. Yeah, Adam likes the tree, Adam want to touch. (*tries to touch*)

GOD. No! (*stops Adam*) That's the one rule in my garden. Don't touch the tree.

ADAM. Okay.

GOD. Good, now enjoy yourself. I'll check up on you in a few days. Just frolic or whatever. (*starts to walk away*) Don't burn anything down. Unfortunately, Adam didn't adjust to life that well. There were a few problems.

NARR. (*does array of stupid things like walking into tree, pokes horse, and gets kicked, tries to eat rock*)

ADAM. Adam, are you trying to eat a rock?

GOD. Yes. (*continues eating the rock*)

ADAM. Adam, rocks aren't edible.

GOD. Oh. (*drops rock*)

ADAM. Look, Adam. I know I just made you a few days ago, but you're not adjusting that well. I mean, the chimps are already using tools, and you're—

Ants

by Clint Snyder

Sam can be played by a Male or female, as long as they connect to the constant feelings of insecurity and need to please other people. Sam can see these traits in Clark, almost as a reflection, and hopes to find some peace by solving Clark's own problems because he is still too insecure to face his own.

SAM. It's a funny thing, reality. You can somehow go your entire life ignoring it, until one day you find it staring you in the face asking you for another apple juice. I've never really seen myself as capable of taking care of another person; I could hardly take care of myself, but Clark needed me. And in some ways, I needed him.

I got a summer job working as a camp counselor. The pay wasn't ideal, but neither was I. I was having lunch with the kids and Clark was explaining to me that, "the ravioli tastes like dead cat." If there is one thing that can be said about kids, it would be that they're always honest. Not that I really count myself as a grown-up—I mean I'm still a teenager. I guess I'm just not that honest. That wasn't what told me we had been through some of the same stuff, though. He was perfect, or at least he wanted to be. I do, too. Most therapists will tell you that in cases of... abuse... children usually get bad grades or skip school, but sometimes they're the perfect ones.

I took a nature hike with all the campers and a few other counselors. Overall the trip was pretty boring, mostly just dead logs and trees, but to a ten-year-old it may as well have been a journey to the moon. Clark had to point out everything to me—the footprints and beetles—but one thing he showed me caught my attention: an anthill. That anthill haunts me to this day.

I watched as the other children stepped all over the worker ants, who were all scattering, working themselves to death for this big black monster that lived under the hill. Their whole lives they had just been seeking to please this... thing... until it had become their only purpose in life. It would eventually kill them. I was shaking with anger. When Clark noticed this, he gave me a hug. I took out my bottle of water and poured it down the anthill. I can't be sure it did anything, but I sure felt better. Sorry, that must sound kinda dumb—ants bothering somebody like that.

On the way back to camp, Clark tripped and banged his knee on

some rocks. I sat down with him, but he just kept saying, "I'm fine. It's no problem," but I could tell by the way he was limping that he was hurt. I picked up his pant leg and saw a fresh scrap, but behind that there were huge bruises the color of plums and just as big up and down both his legs. I guess the reason I didn't fall down in shock right there was because I wasn't all that, well, shocked. I already knew, but I just kept pushing it out of my mind because it was another...imperfection. Clark had told me about all of his clubs, awards and good grades. He needed these things, like I did, because we thought by making them happy they wouldn't hit us.

Of course Clark made up a quick lie, "I roller-skate a lot, and I'm just not very good at it." Maybe kids aren't so honest. He was a good liar. So was I. I had been lying to myself my whole life, trying to convince myself that my life was normal. We both seemed perfectly well-adjusted because that's what we wanted people to think. On the inside, though, I was being eaten away like a mound of dirt by ants.

That night I had a dream, a nightmare. I was standing on a hill watching the sunset with Clark. A dark hooded figure—a monster—grabs him from beside me. The figure slaps him across the face and I try to go and help him, but my feet won't move. The figure starts beating Clark to death, and I can't move a muscle. I feel like my insides are rotting because I can't do a thing. Clark starts crying, "I'm a good boy. I'm a good boy." I woke up panting heavily and sweating.

I couldn't take it any longer. I hated myself, and I blamed myself more than I blamed the monster. I had been smiling my whole life but dying on the inside. I needed peace, or I at least needed to allow Clark the opportunity for peace I never had. I could never have the courage to face my own monster, but if I could help him then I had to help him. Otherwise, I am no better than them. I called Child Welfare and told them everything I knew, or at least everything I knew about Clark. They said they would look into it. He would hate it, he would hate me. I know because I would feel the same way.

I sat Clark down at a table in my cabin and got him his apple juice and a brownie. He looked so innocent and happy, but I knew the anger that was about to break out of that fake shell. "I know your parents beat you, even if you won't admit it Clark... You don't have to say anything, but you have to stop blaming yourself for some thing someone else does to you. I called some people to help the problem." And Clark started crying right there in front of me. I had

The Art of Theater

by Doug McConaha

- ACTOR ONE.** *(Affected director's voice, addressing a "classroom", Actor Two sits on a chair in front acting like an excited student)* Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Acting 101. I am Reginald Herringbone, the theatre director here at South Hills School for the Performing Arts. Perhaps some of you have seen me on stage in local productions? No? Well, perhaps you should get out more. Let's get to work. We will begin our lessons with the basics. There are three great exercises that all actors need to learn, because they form the cornerstone of all other acting techniques. First, I will teach you how to "visualize", followed by an improvisation session and wrap up tonight's class with a quick overview of stage combat. You all signed up to be actors, now let's all learn if you have what it takes. *(points to Actor Two, three times)* You there, you and you. You three students will be the perfect examples for the rest of the class. Come up here please and introduce yourselves to your classmates.
- ACTOR TWO.** *(As first character – shy and nervous; the "nerd", maybe add a snort when he laughs)* Uh, my name? My name is Melvin. Melvin Zitmeyer. Not much of a stage name, I guess. I was hoping to get a really cool stage name someday.
- ACTOR ONE.** *(Sarcasm)* That's so fascinating, Melvin. And why do think that you can act?
- ACTOR TWO.** I like movies a lot. I go to movies all the time, mainly because I have no friends. Someday, I want to meet Jar-Jar Binks in person.
- ACTOR ONE.** *(Sarcasm)* Well, you're on the right track! You're practically on your way to being invited to his house for dinner right now. Let's see if you can pass yourself off as an actor, shall we? Goody. And you, *(pointing to a spot that Actor Two steps into)* why are you here?
- ACTOR TWO.** *(The Over-actor)* Oh! I must tell you this! When I was born, my family knew that I would be an actor - a STAR! My name says it all – get used to seeing my name in lights: Triumph! Now that is a sight I was born to see!
- ACTOR ONE.** *(Feigning admiration)* What an honor to have you here, Mr. uh... "Triumph"... I hope that my years of experience will be enough to meet your needs, and "obvious level of abilities." *(moves and points to the last empty spot that Actor Two has moved into)* And who do we have here?
- ACTOR TWO.** *(The gum-chewing hick, with a cowboy hat)* *(shakes hands with Actor One, closes on personal space)* Howdy, my name's Jimmy Lee Colorado. I just got into town yesterday! Yes'sir, just decided to follow that dream, just like Elvis. Shucks, I ain't even got to see all the sights yet! That Greyhound bus pulled up in front of the biggest

bus depot I ever seen, I stepped out and said out loud, "Jimmy Lee, you done made it to California, just like you told everyone back home." *(getting choked up)* All my life, I wanted to be in the westerns, just like in the picture shows back home. *(gunslinger move)*. Yippee i-o pardner.

- ACTOR ONE.** *(Becoming the sidekick, dripping with sarcasm)* Well, dip me in cornbread! Welcome to our friendly little ol' town stranger! We'll make your name famous in "pitcher-shows" yet! *(steps back surveys the "3" and addresses the "class")* These three volunteers will perform the basic of acting for us. Please take notes, as this is, believe me, an opportunity. *(moving stage right)* We'll start with the basics. First, we'll find center. *(demonstrating)* Your body is erect; knees slightly bent, back straight, arms loose at your side. This position is called 'center.' The actor returns back to this position after going through a character exercise. *(moves to Actor Two)* Melvin, please find your center.
- ACTOR TWO.** *(Raises hand, to ask a question. Actor One sees, smiles and says "Yes, Melvin" and Actor Two points to his own stomach)*
- ACTOR ONE.** Oh, good try, Melvin! I'll come back to you. Keep looking. *(moves one side-step to the right, Actor Two moves simultaneously, and becomes Triumph when he moves)* How about you Triumph? Find center.
- ACTOR TWO.** *(Always the over actor, screams out)* CENTER! MY CENTER IS HERE! *(whereupon he adopts the stupidest version of 'center' possible – arms and legs in awkward positions, face contorted in pain, eyes wide, etc.)*
- ACTOR ONE.** *(Truly)* Amazing. Simply amazing. *(moves again, and Actor Two moves with him, becoming Jimmy Lee)* Your turn pardner, find center. *(Actor Two is standing with thumbs hooked in belt loops, etc. Doesn't move)* Find center please.
- ACTOR TWO.** I am. Ain't I?
- ACTOR ONE.** *(Turns to 'class')* You know, when I was hired to teach these classes, I was amazed that they would pay me to do this. To teach actors, to help theatre survive and grow, to create art. As I stand here, with these three examples of the future of drama, I grow even more amazed that I get paid for this.
- ACTOR TWO.** *(Moving and becoming Melvin. Hand up)* Uh, coach?
- ACTOR ONE.** *(The picture of patience)* Yes, Melvin?
- ACTOR TWO.** I think I found center.
- ACTOR ONE.** Wonderful. Show us please.
- ACTOR TWO.** *(Points to heart, almost in tears)* It's in me, isn't it? Center is like, the cosmic force. Am I right?
- ACTOR ONE.** *(Pause)* You are, without a doubt, in the deep of the cosmos right now.
- ACTOR TWO.** *(Moved)* Oh! Thank you so much. *(deep breath)* I can feel it.
- ACTOR ONE.** Uh, yeah. Now that we have found center, we need to become

The Relationship

by Doug McCannaha

During the play, each actor will move in and out of character for the asides as they address the audience.

SCENE ONE — The Awakening – Childhood

The scene opens with the two as children, playing with toys.

- JOHN.** (aside) Oh no, there's Nikki again. Just when I start to play, she always butts in. Girls, blech! Why can't she leave me alone and play with her dolls somewhere else?
- NIKKI.** (aside) Oh look, there's Johnny. Isn't he so cute? He plays army every day right there, and I know that he sees me. He's so cute. (waves and giggles) (to John, as small girl) Hi, Johnny-John. Can I play? We could have a tea party.
- JOHN.** Leave me alone. I'm playing a game, and I don't want any girl cooties on my army guys. Load rockets - fire! Whoosh! Kablammo! Girl cooties destroyed, sir!
- NIKKI.** Fine. If you want to be that way, I'll play over here. We'll have cookies and milk, just us. We don't need any dumb old boys.
- JOHN.** (aside) There it is - the secret. Did you notice how clever that was of her? I stated clearly and plainly that I didn't want to play. SHE counters with the "I don't want to play either" move, and then she brings in food. But I have to be tough. (to Nikki) That's right - you don't need any dumb old boys! Hah!
- NIKKI.** (aside) It's amazing how the whole dance works, even as kids. Of course, the music's only begun... (to John, starts to cry) Boo hoo, you're so mean....
- JOHN.** (aside) Oh, great. Tears. Guys can't defend against that. (to Nikki) I'm sorry Nikki, I'll play...
- NIKKI.** Go away! Leave me alone! I don't want to play with you now. Meany!
- JOHN.** (aside) Oh, she's good. (to Nikki) Please don't be mad, Nikki; I'm sorry I said you had cooties. I'll play.
- NIKKI.** Say "pretty please."
- JOHN.** Pretty please.
- NIKKI.** Say "pretty please with sugar on top."
- JOHN.** Pretty please with sugar on top.
- NIKKI.** Say "pretty please with sugar on top can I play dolls with you?"
- JOHN.** Pretty please with sugar on top can I play dolls with you?
- NIKKI.** (stops crying, sniffles) Okay... Here, you be Bo Peep. (Aside) Did you see that? One minute he doesn't want to play, and the next minute he's begging to be humiliated. Sometimes it's not fair, but

it's always fun.

- JOHN.** (aside) Did you see that? One minute I'm a happy-go-lucky little kid, playing army, and the next minute I'm begging to be humiliated. I practically started crying myself because I was afraid she was going to say that I couldn't be Bo Peep. It's a wonder they ever let guys get drivers licenses.

SCENE TWO — The Confusion - Adolescence

- NIKKI.** (as teenager, yelling to another room) Mom! Johnny's going to be here in five minutes. Please don't embarrass me by asking him all sorts of questions again. The last time we went out, you and dad were trying to get him to commit to a college. I just want him to get through his senior year. Oh! There's the doorbell. Answer it, please. And, dad, don't you dare ask Johnny to pull your finger! I don't care if you both did laugh. I was so embarrassed. (aside) I hate dating. I can't be me, and he can't be himself. We both have to act so...you know - (mimics) "Oh you look so nice. Why thank you. Nice weather for a movie." (rolls her eyes)
- JOHN.** (teenager) Oh, you look so nice, Nikki.
- NIKKI.** Why, thank you. Nice weather for a movie. (both turn opposite directions and roll their eyes).
- JOHN.** (aside) Oh, man. I get to work three days a week after school bagging groceries, find time to do my homework, and then I get to collect my check, put gas in my car, and spend the rest on a date with her. Dinner, a movie, popcorn, candy, pop, and a small dessert afterward. By the time I get home, I'm broke, stuffed, and even more confused than ever before. I can't wait until I'm older and married and I don't have to try to figure girls out anymore. (to Nikki) I am really looking forward to seeing this movie: *Blood Soldiers in the Desert of Death*.
- NIKKI.** I thought we were going to see *Love Never Dies*.
- JOHN.** Chick flick. (pause) I mean, I've heard that *Love Never Dies* was kind of boring, and I wanted you to enjoy our date (tries to smile).
- NIKKI.** That's okay. We can go see your movie (sighs, tries to smile).
- JOHN.** No, let's go see *Love Never Dies*. I've been hearing good things about it. I can see *Blood Soldiers* on DVD. It's just as good that way. I'd hate to miss *Love Never Dies* on the big screen. (smiles lamely). Ready? (aside) I'm so confused. I just lied to her so I wouldn't disappoint her. But I thought... oh, never mind. I just know that this stuff gets easier as we get older. It certainly can't get harder.

SCENE THREE — Big Decisions – The Proposal

- JOHN.** (aside) I cannot believe I'm about to do this. I'm only twenty-two-years-old. I could back out. Nikki doesn't know that I've already