

SpeechGeek



Season Five: Winter 2008



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

Season Five: Winter 2008

SpeechGeek
ISSN 1545-9209

Corey Alderdice
Editor and Publisher

Stephanie Patterson
Publications Manager

959 Morgantown Rd., Apt. 3
Bowling Green, KY 42101
(270) 705-3632

SpeechGeek is published three to four times per year: August, October, December, and (sometimes) April by Corey Alderdice, 959 Morgantown Rd., Apt. 3, Bowling Green, Kentucky 42101

<http://www.speechgeek.com>

As a person who has always been an early adopter of new technology (yeah, I waited in line for nine hours to get a Nintendo Wii), it surprises me that **SpeechGeek** has taken so long to get around to making our scripts available in digital format.

I am proud to announce that all SpeechGeek interpretation scripts and coaching resources are now available through the **DebateChamps.com, LLC** online store for purchase and instant digital download. SpeechGeek is proud to join the network of speech and debate websites who are helping to establish **DebateChamps.com** as your one-stop source for high school forensics resources.

Check out their website for teaching resources, critical briefs, and (of course) the best interpretation scripts available online.

Isn't technology fun? (Except for when you pay big bucks for an iPhone on launch day only to see the price slashed weeks later). Yup, that also happened to me.

I guess we all learn our lessons, though.

Corey Alderdice
Publisher

...States the Obvious Girl

by James Sweeney

CAST

STATES THE OBVIOUS GIRL (GIRL.)
 REMARKABLE MAN (MAN.)
 AMBIGUOUS WOMAN (VILLIAN.)
 CHIEF
 RUBY SANCHEZ (REPORTER.)

SCENE 1

REPORTER. Breaking Headline News. The bank is being robbed. Currently, there are three hostages being held. Tied up in rope, their mouths duct-taped shut, and guns pointed at their heads. And all against their will. The identity of the bank-robber is still unknown. Police are on standby waiting for a list of demands from the perpetrator. Back to you Chief.

CHIEF. The identity of the bank-robber is still unknown. But we are on standby. Waiting. For demands. And doughnuts. *(To the side.)* Where's that Larry?

REPORTER. Thank you, Chief. Remember, I'm Ruby Sanchez and even though you heard it first on CNN, I tell it better. Because I'm pretty.

CHIEF. Hey Ruby. There's something in the sky. Is it a bird?

REPORTER. Is it the ozone layer?

MAN. No, it's me. Remarkable Man. Fear not local citizens for I will conquer this fiendish foe using my remarkable powers. With the help of my daughter, States The Obvious Girl.

GIRL. We're related!

MAN. Here's the game-plan. I'm going to use to my laser beams to penetrate the back entrance. Then we'll deactivate the security system and turn off the lights so the bad guy won't know what's coming.

GIRL. Can't we use the front door?

MAN. No, that would be too simple. And I'm Remarkable Man. Nothing is simple.

GIRL. Men are complicated. Look! A hostage! They're tied up so they can't move.

MAN. Good job. Now where's the bad guy?

GIRL. We could ask the hostages. But they can't speak because they have duct tape on their mouths.

VILLIAN. Very clever. Your daughter's almost as clever as you, Remarkable Man.

GIRL. Look! A bad guy!

MAN. That's not a bad guy. It can't be. She's a woman.

GIRL. Women are female!

VILLIAN. What's the matter, Remarkable Man? You've never fought a real bad guy before?

GIRL. Yes, he has.

VILLIAN.
GIRL.
MAN.

GIRL.
VILLIAN.
GIRL.
VILLIAN.

GIRL.
VILLIAN.
GIRL.
VILLIAN.
GIRL.
VILLIAN.
GIRL.

MAN.
GIRL.
MAN.

GIRL.
MAN.

GIRL.
MAN.
GIRL.

SCENE 2

(MAN is reading a newspaper.)

GIRL. Hello Daddy. I just saved a kitten from a tree.

MAN. Good job.

GIRL. And I helped an old lady across the street.

MAN. Good job.

GIRL. And I got on 'A' on my history report: "The Louisiana Purchase Cost Money."

MAN. Good job.

GIRL. Do you have anything else to say?

MAN. Nope. But I have to log onto my hotmail for SOS emails. They just upgraded my account to 10 gigabytes. Now I have storage room for spam mail. Some of them make me LOL.

GIRL. Can I help?

MAN. No. Just have fun. Invite a friend over.

GIRL. Superheroes don't need friends. You don't have any friends. And I want to be just like you.

MAN. You're just my sidekick. You're allowed to have friends.

GIRL. Does that mean I'm not a superhero?

MAN. I'm sure you're super to some people.

GIRL. But am I super to you?

Max and Cindy

by James Sweeney

CAST
MAX
CINDY

MAX. *(Toddler)* December 21. Today I learned how to spell my name. M-A-K-S. Max. It's almost Christmas and Santa's bringing me the Red Power Ranger action figure deluxe set. I been good this year. Mommy said if I do her taxes, I get Pink Ranger, too. But I don't want Pink Ranger cause girls are icky. I saw mooses. Dad doesn't like mooses ever since one bit off his right leg.

CINDY. *(Toddler)* Dear Fairy Princess, I want a pony. They're so pretty. Toads are not pretty but I kissed one today. I was looking for my Prince Charming, but Mommy thinks I'm going to get mono. Dictionary for Dummy's Jr. says mono means singular. Am I going to be alone forever? Fairy Princess, do you have a Prince Charming? If so, do you want to trade for my silver marble? It's sparkly.

MAX. *(1st Grader)* September 12th. Today I started first grade. I learned how to tell time on fancy clocks. I met a girl named Cindy. I hate her. She's icky. She invited me over to have a tea party with her stupid stuffed animals so I punched her in the face. Mrs. Peterson gave me a timeout.

CINDY. *(1st Grader)* Dear Diary, Max is a butthead. He punched me. He hits like a sissy but I pretended to cry so he would get in trouble. My tea party will be so much fun. Mommy's making her home-made brownies. I love them because they taste like pork chips but we're not allowed to buy them because Daddy's Jewish. Mr. Bunny and Dominatrix Barbie were supposed to get married at my tea party, but Mommy doesn't think the marriage will last. She's a divorce lawyer.

MAX. *(8th Grader)* May 15. Eighth grade is almost over. I'm looking forward to a rigorous academic course load in high school. Machiavelli, Kant, Proust, oh boy! Quick think of something sad before this excitement gives me an asthma attack. Dead puppies, dead children, socialism. Okay, I'm good. On a peripheral note, Cindy's mom is guiding my parents through the divorce. Dad pulled a Moby Dick, claiming he wouldn't rest until he settled the score with that pesky moose. That didn't *settle* well with Mom. *(Chuckles)*

CINDY. *(8th Grader)* Dear Diary, I invited Max to my birthday party. I think Max would be cute if he didn't wear glasses. And head gear. And sweater-vests. For my birthday, I wanted Oops I Did it Again Britney Spears Barbie. But they were sold out and all that was left was Rehab Britney Spears Barbie. But I don't like her because she doesn't have any hair. I wonder if Max thinks I'm too old for dolls.

MAX.

(Teenager) February something. I'm not really sure what today is. But I think it's Tuesday. Or Wednesday. Anyways, there's this really hot chick in my math class. Remember Cindy? Well the hot chick sits right next to her. Today, I winked at her. She winked back. Twice. So I guess it was more of a blink. Either way, it was complete chemistry. One Max plus one hot chick equals too much hotness for one formula. In chemistry, we call that a synthesis equation. Or you can call it math if you want to, but that's kind of lame.

CINDY.

(Teenager) Dear Diary, Max Collins just turned sixteen, and oh my parent's conflicting religions, he's hot with two t's. Ever since the time he went out for the football team and had his asthma condition literally knocked out of him, he transformed from a geek into a god. Like how an oyster turns into a pearl. And I think he's finally noticing me because he winked at me today in math class. Diary, do you think we're meant to be together forever? February something else. Today I asked that hot chick out.

MAX.

CINDY.

Dear Diary, I hate my life. I'm fat and ugly and my nose is too big and my eyes are too close to my ears and my lips are too anti-Angelina and my hair is too blonde and why doesn't Max like me? Me? Exclamation point, exclamation point, question mark, underline, underline, underline. Semicolon. I don't know why I put a semicolon there but it sounds really smart. He's dating this...I don't even know the word for it. This...this girl. And I hate her. I wish she would grow a big toe on her face or die of carpal tunnel or...hey...here's a thought.

MAX.

March 1st. After that hot chick from math class mysteriously disappeared on our class field trip to Hungry Grizzly Bear Forest, I've started to notice Cindy. I realize now that she was always here for me. The time my parents got divorced. The time I got peanut butter stuck up my nose. The time my Dad got arrested for killing moose out of season. Because she's been loyal, honest, and I enjoy sharing my true feelings with her, I've decided to date her. I'm just joshin' ya, I only asked her out cause she's hot. Dear Diary, Mr. and Mrs. Max Collins. Mr. and Mrs. Max Collins. Mr. and Mrs. Max Collins.

CINDY.

MAX.

April 20th. Prom is almost here. I hate proms. They're icky. But Cindy keeps dropping subtle hints that she wants to go. Like 'Hey Max, I want to go to prom.' But there's a football game on ESPN that night, and even though I've already seen it, I want to see it again because I forgot who won. I guess I have to decide what's more important in life: Cindy or football. This hurts my brain. If only Cindy was a football. Then my problem would be solved. But Cindy probably wouldn't let me kick her across the field. She's sensitive like that.

CINDY.

Dear Diary, I told Mom I have a funny feeling in my stomach when I think about Max. Mom thinks I'm pregnant, but I think I'm in love. Love is a fickle four letter word. That sounded cool. I wonder what else is a four letter word. Prom. Boys. Risk. Baby. *Lifetime* movie. No, that's thirteen. I wonder what Max is thinking right now.

The Godself Series

by Bonny McDonald

"when you hear the breakbeat, you let your godself loose"

—afrika bambaataa

i heard kevin coval quote this line at a reading and have since embarked on a spirited pursuit of my godself. this pursuit has mainly amounted to closing the gaps between what i know is right (or at least what i can discern as most right based on extensive reading, listening, observing, and intuiting) and what i do. every day affords a new opportunity to work toward closing the gaps between me and my most righteously available, miraculously shining, graciously hilarious version of myself—my godself. most of my poems are an effort to call that self into being. in sharing them, i hope to inspire others to do the same.

bonfire

medio ergo sum

it is the nature of a sphere
not to favor any particular point
each apex and axis
each begins and ends
perhaps the circleness of the earth's surface
is the essence of our self-obsession
no wonder how effortlessly
we position ourselves
at the center of things

godself part 1

...i wanna be monkeyme i wanna speak from the arches of my feet i wanna quit my dayjob to sing in the streets i wanna drink the sky and pour it out thru my flute dah dah doo lah dee doot i wanna jittery shimmer shoo bah doo bah doo shanglesha it's my birthday every day so i'll use my own language to greetcha i'm rockin 26 anos and i'm pleased to meetcha been tryna dance stupid and spit smart climb every tree in my city and breathe thru my heart i buy less so i can live more gonna ohm myself into a warrior

i'm a ledge-stander a down-town nite-time and woodland meanderer i'm a genderless person and a colorless fighter and i put the earth first in case you need a reminder i rode my bike till i forgot how to drive i redact reductions and signify signs i deplore destruction and can control time and you can't chart the corners of my spherical mind cuz math can't express in terms of the sublime

i wanna make poem magic and bake my own bread spit tomes right off the top of my cinnamon head i eat bananas for breakfast and to-do lists for lunch and i'd have sex with an animal before i'd eat one i won't buy my own death from the grocery store and i'll pay for organic since one dollar more means some father got benefits

his child didn't labor the earth wasn't flavored with poison pesticides cuz i know the price i don't pay just gets passed down the line

and i always recycle and i promise to vote and i'll try to haiku you out of that next cigarette smoke

cancer, schmancer. stop
funding rightwing pigs with your
dirty cigarettes

and i cut off my long hair cuz it took too much time and if guys rock their leg hair why should i shave mine

i write letters to congress question linear progress y mi pais es el tuyo tambien i teach myself spanish tho my grammar is rough you know i'd rather try before giving up i am willing to lose and for my truths go to jail and i always learn most when i'm willing to fail i've messed up at the mic more times than most poets combined i tend to lose track of my lines in the depths of y'all's eyes so next time i mess up please just wait for my flow

you can laugh if you want to my pause at the mic will just take a moment i'll be rejoicing inside that i'm fearless enuf to get right back up on it in fact i don't care to be better than the rest i find hierarchy to be lower than less just trying to flex at my personal best i weighed in on my birthday and the scale just read blessed i don't want to beat poets i'd prefer we beatbox so open all mics and invite the whole block

i pilot my life 'stead singing along i used to write essays now i just write songs found out brrum diggy dummie can get some things done still i'm willing to riot when song takes too long so i'm painting my chakras in shades of nonviolence and turning my voice all the way down to violet

i wanna get off the grid live radically simple place all my bids on the power of people to change what they see and to be what they want to see changed in their scenes from kidz teens to retirees we can battle empire if we quit drinking lies from our tv screen dead meat corporate greed quagmire can you feel the bonfire...

godself part 2

godself, be
godself, be
godself, help me to be my godself
godself, help me to be my godself
godself, help me to breathe deeply, to love freely
to smile and shine and empathize
to style and stretch and be on time
to speak out to sing out to reach out to go outside to ride my bike
to cross the trax to cruise library stax to complete tasks to fast
to bask in the gift that is each day

godself,

Argos

by Elizabeth McCutcheon

I know. Okay. I know. I know what you're thinking, because, trust me – I've been thinking it, too. It's bizarro. It's unholy. It's just not natural. I've tried everything I could possibly think of – but it's just not working. No, seriously...If I could, I would turn back the hands of time...literally jump into a Delorean and shoot through the pages of history to that one day...grab myself by the shoulders and say "The fate of the future as you know it hangs in the balance...so don't do it."

But no. I can't. So now we're stuck. For three years – we've been stuck with the dog from hell. My husband, Michael, *loves* it. And when I say loves...I mean la-la-luh-uh-uhves that dog. I think it's ruining our marriage. Oh, what? You think I'm joking? Hah. You just wait. You'll see. You'll all see.

(Looks down, dog is there) Well. Well. Well. Look who decided to join us. *(picks up a slobbery ball)* Ugh. *(Throws it)* Go, Jack. *(Watches the dog run off)* Go...go..go.

(sighs) Where was I? Oh yes. Michael. Michael is crazy about dogs. Me? I guess they're good in theory. Who wouldn't want to come home every day to something wiggling and panting and breathlessly waiting to see you? When we first bought the dog, *(Dog returns with ball...she throws the ball while continuing the conversation)* it seemed like an innocuous newlywed purchase. I mean – having been married for six months and comfortably settled into our new home, buying a dog seemed like the next logical step as we started to build our family. You know – like training wheels for having a baby *(Jack returns, paws her legs)*. Only a baby doesn't leave hair, slobber, and poop all over the place...down, Jack. Unless you...Jack, down...let your baby crawl around naked day in and day out, but hey, then you've got bigger problems on your hands. JACK! SIT!*(Pauses)*

(Laughing) Oh, my...oh, you must think I'm the worst hostess in the world. I swear, the first time in weeks I actually have people over and I can't even function as a hostess. Can I get you something to drink? *(Pause)* Are you sure? *(waits)* It's okay, we have sodas, tea, I can brew a cup of...oh...okay, okay. Well, just let me know if there's anything that you need. The gate out front didn't give you any trouble when you came in, did it? Oh, good.

I was having lunch when you stopped by. I've been trying to finish this paper I've been writing on feminist analysis of 19th century Russian poetry to submit for publication. Yeah. Three years into my Ph.D. and the program is a stickler for publications, so this paper is really important. Look, *(crosses over and picks up a book)* it took me months to track down a copy, but I have an early edition copy of Evgeny Baratynsky's "The Gipsy" that predates most English translations.

(Pause. Reacts to guest/audience) Michael? Oh, no, he won't be here – he's been out of town for a week. Some business conference, convention, I don't remember. I'm shocked he was able to tear himself apart from Jack for that long, but he'll be home tonight. *(Looks down at Jack)* Yes, I'm talking about you. Keep wagging that tail of yours. Keep wagging that big, hairy wrecking ball attached

to your butt.

From the minute we brought Jack home – NOTHING was safe. As a puppy, he needed to chew on everything – couch cushions, books, shoes, even dragging dirty underwear from the laundry hamper. Can you imagine how mortifying it would be to have Michael's coworkers over for dinner and cocktails only to have this bounding little Labrador puppy tottering around with a pair of my panties in its mouth? Then, as soon as he was tall enough, he'd run around the house with his tail wagging, which would catapult drinks off the coffee table. So we had to replace our plush white carpet with hardwood floors. For those...and other...little accidents.

And no matter how many times I was on the verge of losing my mind, of wanting to just strangle that dog, Michael would obsess over it. I mean – the dog has three dog beds throughout the house. One in the bedroom with us, one in the back yard, and one in the living room by the window that faces the driveway. Michael insists that Jack can sit and rest his head on the windowsill when we're out of the house. Michael loves to come home and see Jack's big dumb head poking up at the window. He loves that he waits for him. When get out of the car, he runs up to the front windows to wave to Jack saying, "Where's my Jack-Jack? Where's Jack-Jack? C'mon Jackie-boy, let's go out side!" *(Jack runs up, wanting affection from her)* No! Get down, Jack. Yes, that was your name, stupid dog. I wasn't talking to you. Ugh – your breath smells like rotten garbage and dead squirrels. Get off me. Here's your ball. Go, chase it. Anyhow – what was I saying? Oh, that's right, the waiting.

See...I probably shouldn't tell you this, but you won't say anything, right? Seriously. Michael's father walked out on him when he was about 10 years old. I know. It's horrible. He doesn't like to talk about it. But think about it, when you're 10 years old, you don't know that this person is walking out of your life forever. You've got the mind of a dog. The same way that we watch a pot, thinking it will boil faster – Michael would come home every afternoon after school and just watch the window...patiently waiting for his father to pull up the driveway. And he never did. It just breaks your heart, doesn't it? Sort of reminds me of the Odyssey – how Odysseus travels for years and years and returns home looking like a beggar, and nobody recognizes him. Nobody but his dog, Argos. This dog, that had sat and waited in this one place for his master to come home. He wags his tail when he finally sees him return home and dies contented.

Michael doesn't trust a lot of people. His father taught him that people can disappoint you. They can run off and leave you waiting for a sign of hope. But Michael always insists that dogs are different. That Jack is different. Ha. Jack is different, alright. It takes a real special dog to crap all over the place. Where is he? *(Calls out)* Jack? JACK. Great. When he disappears it's usually because he's getting into trouble.

(Starts to move toward leaving the room) Hey, if you don't mind – I'm going to run to the kitchen really quickly and grab the rest of my sandwich. I'm starving and was figuring I could munch on it while we talked. *(Over her shoulder as she exits)* The other day we bought some turkey from the deli and - *(Gasps loudly. She looks down to see a demolished kitchen. While she was talking, Jack had pulled*

Killing the Love

by Saeed Jones

CHRISTA 21 years old; African-American; energetic and loving
BRYAN 23 years old; Caucasian; a little more introverted and focused

Set in the present looking back at events that unfolded in 2005. The action of the play takes place in Austin, Texas even though the heart of the protest is in California.

SCENE ONE

Christa and Bryan are standing next to one another at center stage. There is clearly some awkward tension between them (they stand close, but not close enough) yet they manage to be amiable with one another. The stage itself is very sparse aside from the projector scene at the very back of it. "February 2006" appears on the screen and fades away once they begin talking.

(Brian and Christa get off to a rough start with both attempting to talk at the same time.)

CHRISTA. This is not a love story...

BRIAN. In 2005, Stanley Tookie Williams...

CHRISTA. Okay. We can't do this at the same time. Would you prefer to start, Bryan?

BRIAN. No. No. You go ahead.

CHRISTA. *(Hesitates and then proceeds)* I guess we should start with how we met. *(Bryan nods in agreement)* You see, in 2005 we were both students at the University of Texas at Austin and...

BRIAN. *(Nervously interjects)* I was a graduate student...

CHRISTA. Yes. Bryan was working on his doctorate and I was working on my master's degree. Anyway, I was at a club one night with some friends of mine. And I'm just sitting at the side, drinking and talking when I see this guy *(Bryan sheepishly raises his hand)* in the middle of the dance floor.

BRIAN. I wasn't in the middle.

CHRISTA. Oh. You were definitely in the middle. Anyway, it was funny because everything about Bryan just looked wrong in the club. He was dressed... well, like a doctoral student and he couldn't dance at all. But he just kept on dancing and he looked so confident in spite of himself. Of course, I had to go talk to him. So I put down my drink, walk over...

BRIAN. And I punched her. *(beat)* Not on purpose or anything. I guess I was just really into dancing and I didn't notice that someone was walking up to me and I was swinging my arms and...

CHRISTA. Totally nailed me in the nose.

BRIAN. Sorry about that.

CHRISTA. It's okay.

BRIAN. And the rest is history. *(beat)* Literally. The year I met Christa was the year Stanley Tookie Williams made the news. *(Christa is noticeably annoyed that this is where the story is going)* He was a

former gang member who 26 years prior had been involved in the death of four people. *(As Bryan continues his explanation, scenes from the news begin to flash on the screen and noise from the protest while at first very soft begins to build)* He was on death row in San Quentin State Prison. But he had turned his life around. He had written anti-gang children's books and made speeches about the dangers of gang violence. He was even nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. He, clearly, had been rehabilitated and yet, California was going to execute him by lethal injection. So of course, I had to join in the protest. Killing a reformed man is just wrong. *(Background noise abruptly stops.)* *(Distant)* So. You see, this isn't a love story at all really. What's that supposed to mean?

CHRISTA.
BRIAN.

SCENE TWO

"June 2005" appears on the screen and then fades away. Christa and Bryan are sitting in bed enjoying a quiet evening. Bryan is reading from a copy of E.E. Cummings' poetry. There is a television in front of the bed.

CHRISTA.
BRIAN.

Read that last part again.

Here is the deepest secret nobody knows / here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud / and the sky of the sky of a tree called life / and this is the wonder that keeps the stars apart / I carry your heart. I carry it in my heart.

CHRISTA.

So beautiful. I think we should read poetry to each other every night. It would be so romantic.

BRIAN. And convenient.

CHRISTA. What?

BRIAN. We could read poems from my British Literature book and that way I could do school work and romance you at the same time.

CHRISTA. And that is why I love you so much.

BRIAN. I think it's a great idea.

CHRISTA. Of course you do. *(Before Christa can finish her sentence the projector and the television come on simultaneously. For a moment they are both startled but then begin to listen more intently to the news cast)*

VOICE OVER.

Stanley "Tookie" Williams, founder of the notorious Los Angeles Crips Gang has yet again been denied clemency by the state of California. Convicted more than 20 years ago for the murder of four people, Williams has since become a vocal speaker against gang violence - Publishing 8 children's books among other works. With this newest development, time is running out. If the Governor fails to intervene on his behalf, Williams is set to be executed in December. *(Thinking nothing of it, Christa grabs the remote and turns the television off.)*

CHRISTA.

Okay. Where were we? Oh yeah. You pick a poem and I'll read it to you.

BRIAN. Uh. Maybe later, Christa. *(Turns the television back on)*

CHRISTA. But...

BRIAN. I want to hear more about this Williams guy.

CHRISTA. He started a gang, killed some people, and now he's going to fry.