

SpeechGeek



Season Five: Anniversary



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Looking back on the last five years, there have been several surprises that SpeechGeek has afforded me along the way.

This publication, which started as an interesting hobby, has since grown into a personal passion. With each issue, we strive to provide competitors and their coaches with affordable, quality performance material that will challenge them as performers while delighting their audience.

We hope that you have enjoyed the content of the last five season of scripts. This season will mark our fifteenth issue of scripts. As we have grown in the last few years, we have learned what coaches and students want in a performance.

We have learned what forensics is about: taking a peice of literature and making it your own. A great performances is one that Infuses a selection with your own energy and adding to the tapesty an author has laid out.

That--in the end--is more rewarding than any trophy. We're just glad to have been and continue to be a part of that process. Stay tuned...more surprises are on the way!

Corey Alderdice
Publisher

Pinnochiante

by Allen Harris

SCENE 1

GEPPETTO. I wish I had a son. Maybe I should make one. Hmm.
WOOD. Build me.
GEPPETTO. What?
WOOD. Build me.
GEPPETTO. Is that a talking piece of wood?
WOOD. I said build me.
GEPPETTO. *(he gets a saw and starts to cut wood in the form of a puppet)* A puppet. *(he plays with the puppet)* He needs some flavor. There's an iPod. He's actually all right. He does kind of look like a real boy. *(sigh)* Who am I kidding? He'll never be a real boy. What do you think Figaro?
FIGARO. Meow.
GEPPETTO. Yeah, you're right. I think I'm going to just go to bed now. Hey Figaro, look, a shooting star.
STAR. *(flying in the air)* What's up?
GEPPETTO. Oh shining star that shines so bright, let me make this wish tonight that my puppet becomes a real boy, for me to hold, cuddle, and touch. Amen. And thanks. Figaro, I'm going to bed.

SCENE 2

FAIRY. *(big musical number for the fairies entrance)*
Fairy in the house, I said, the fairy in the house,
I said, the fairy,
The fairy,
From the East Side,
So you people better,
Go and hide,
The fairy is in the HOUSE!
Hello? Is anyone in here? Where is this man at? Geppetto? Geppetto, I know you are not sleeping. You need to wake up right now. I said right now, Geppetto. You are knocked out aren't you? It must have been some night. Look, Geppetto, you broke. *(looks around his house)* Wow. You is hecka broke. You is ghetto, Geppetto. Look at your windows. They is made out of Saranwrap. But you're honest and lonely, so I'm going to grant you your wish. Where is that puppet? There you are. You are ugly. Oh well. *(grabs magical wand and transforms Pinocchio)*
Alakazoom,
Alakazam,
Wanna be a real boy here I am.
(hits Pinocchio with wand)
PINOCCHIO. Thanks.
FAIRY. Look. Now that you're a real boy, you have to prove yourself by showing bravery, honesty, and unselfishness. You have to listen to your conscience.

PINOCCHIO.
JIMMINY.

What's a conscience?
I can answer that. The name is Jimminy Cricket. I'm your conscience. You see, a conscience is that little voice in your head. It is there all the time. Your left...it's there. Your right...it's there. You're in the desert riding a camel. It's back with no water for 37 days. And it's lost, but when you leave it's there. It's that little voice in your head that tells you right from wrong. It be like hey, "Don't you mix that cream cheese with that soda or else it's going to be all on your clothes and you going to be hot, sticky, and cheesy."

PINOCCHIO.
FAIRY.

What?
All right then, Pinocchio. I'm about to get on out of here. Make sure you handle your business. And do your thang. *(fairy leaves with some music)*

Fairy's out the house,

I said the fairy's out the house,

I was here and now I'm there,

But now the fairy's out the HOUSE.

GEPPETTO.
PINOCCHIO.
GEPPETTO.

Hello? Who's there? Hello? Somebody better speak.
Dad. It's me, Pinocchio
Oh, wow! Pinocchio, my son. You're alive. Look at you. You're amazing. My own son that I can hold, cuddle, and touch.
Dad, I'm over here.
Sorry about that. Wow, Pinocchio, you're really alive. Now that you're real, you have to do real-boy things. Like...going to school. Get to school. *(slaps him on the behind)*
PINOCCHIO. *(looks confused)* Okay. Bye, Dad.

SCENE 3
FOX.

Keep it walking,

While in talking,

Keep it walking,

While I'm stalking,

I'm fly,

I'm cool,

It's the fox and yes it's true,

Dude.

Step. Dip. Step. Dip. Step. Dip. Step. Oh, spin with it. *(sees Pinocchio)* Is that a walking puppet?

PINOCCHIO.

La, la, la, la. Wow, I'm a real boy and I'm actually a walking puppet.

FOX.

That is a walking puppet. Hey. Come here. Say there, little puppet. Wooden thing. Where do you think you're going?

PINOCCHIO.

Well, I was going to school so I can learn and hopefully become a real boy.

FOX.

No.

PINOCCHIO.

No?

FOX.

No.

PINOCCHIO.

No?

FOX.

I said no. Don't be a square. Or a triangle. Or a rhombus. *(hand makes a weird shape)* You know what I'm talking about. You're an

The Crayon Map

by Oliver Leslie and Christopher Marianetti

(Frankie lies in a bed, coloring on a piece of paper.)

FRANKIE. *(Coloring)* Blue...and....Red....some yeeeeellow.... Green... Purppple....

(Aaron enters.)

AARON. Hey, little bro!

FRANKIE. Aaron!! Where have you been? I've been so bored!

AARON. Well you know how mom is. *(imitating mother)* "Is this where this belongs!?" "What kind of *rat-hole* do you think we live in?" So, yeah, I got here as fast as I could. And the whole way over in the car she was on me about my grades. Man, she is really getting on my...

FRANKIE. *(interrupting)* I drew you something.

AARON. What is this?

FRANKIE. It's a map.

AARON. A map? *(turns it)* Oh, yeah. Ok, I see. Cool.

FRANKIE. No, it's the other way.

AARON. *(turns it)* Oh, yeah. I see. Nice.

FRANKIE. It's sideways.

AARON. Oh. *(turns it again. faking seeing it)* Oh yeeeeaaah. This is good. So what is this stuff there?

FRANKIE. That's us.

AARON. *(pointing)* And this?

FRANKIE. *(pointing on the map)* Well, these are the flowers...and this is the pond ...and this is where Dr. R's house is....

And this?

FRANKIE. *(laughing)* I can't really tell you about that.

AARON. Come on, what is it?

FRANKIE. *(serious)* No. It's a secret.

AARON. Hey, it's fine with me if you want to keep secrets. I guess I just won't be telling you how I managed to sneak into the neighbor's house and stole *all* their socks so we could build that giant rope fortress....I guess I'll just keep that one to myself...

FRANKIE. *(getting emotional)* NO!!! C'MON!! YOU PROMISED YOU'D TELL ME THAT!!! YOU PROMISED!!!!

AARON. Nope. Sorry, little bro. A secret for a secret....

FRANKIE. Ok. Ok...ok...ok...ok...ok...ok. I'll tell. *(pause)* This is the last sign you need in order to wake up.

AARON. To wake up? That's cool. So this map is like a dream world or something?

FRANKIE. Yeah, kinda.

AARON. I still can't see what it's supposed to be...what does this say here...?

FRANKIE. No! You can't start there. You have to start here. At the flowers.

AARON. Right here?

FRANKIE. Yeah.

(The two worlds begin to collide. The map world and reality.)

SPACHIANA. Hey ju! Hey ju! Come over here, I want to ask ju a question!

MAGNOLIQUA. You know what Spachiana. He's gorgeous!

SPACHIANA. *Claro que si, es hermoso!*

AARON. *(To Frankie, playing along)* Ohh. So these are "talking" flowers?

FRANKIE. Yeah. Only *that* one's a flower and *that* one's a cactus.

AARON. *(very slowly)* Helloooooo, Mr. Flower.

SPACHIANA. Who is he calling mister?!!

MAGNOLIQUA. We is the girls! Ain't no Mr. Flower, stupid.

SPACHIANA. *(to Magnoliqua)* Stupid is as stupid *does*...and girl, he *do*. *(flowers crack up at this)*

AARON. *(to Frankie)* Do they have names?

FRANKIE. Yeah. This one is...

MAGNOLIQUA. I'm Magnoliqua.

SPACHIANA. And my name is Spachiana! *(pause)* Gonzales.

MAGNOLIQUA. And we is the girls! Get it girl! Okay, you got it...You got it! Shoot always trying to

out do somebody! *(as she does this one of her petals falls off)*

SPACHIANA. Magno! Your petal! Your petal!!!

MAGNOLIQUA. Girl, what are you talking about *(Sees fallen petal. Screams)* EGH!!! *(begins crying)*. Oh, no!! Not another petal!

SPACHIANA. *(crying with her, very dramatic)* Ayy! *Porque? Porque??!*

AARON. What's wrong with them?

FRANKIE. They're sick.

MAGNOLIQUA. My petals is falling off!

SPACHIANA. We are losing our petals.

AARON. Can't you guys...girls just grow some more?

SPACHIANA. *(to Magnoliqua)* He obviously knows nothing about flowers.

MAGNOLIQUA. He may be good looking but he dumb as a fillet -o-fish.

FRANKIE. *(picking up petal)* Here's your petal Magnoliqua.

AARON. How long have you been sick?

SPACHIANA. Well, we can't remember exactly. But...

MAGNOLIQUA. Ever since *he* started doing his tests.

SPACHIANA. Yeah, that's when we started losing petals and stuff.

MAGNOLIQUA. Before Dr. R started with his tests we was *fine*. And now look at us!!

SPACHIANA. Mira! We losing our petals!

MAGNOLIQUA. You know Spachiana, I ain't a violent flower, but sometimes I think about taking my pistils and shoving them right up his...

SPACHIANA. *Calmate Magno!* They say he's just trying to help.

MAGNOLIQUA. Well, all I know is it's not getting any better.

FRANKIE. Don't worry, Magnoliqua. You're gonna be ok. I promise. We gotta go now, but it was good to see you girls again. And keep drinking your water!

MAGNOLIQUA. Thanks, Frankie. You know we love you. *(waving with one petal)* Bye.

SPACHIANA. And ju got a cute brother. Oooh! Bye. Bye.

AARON. *(getting into it)* Bye. *(to Frankie)* They're crazy.

FRANKIE. I know.

AARON. So....*(looking at the map)* We must be close to the pond now.

Ahidjo

by Christopher Marianetti and Cormac Copperhead

SCENE 1

NORBERT. Son!
JACUB. What?
NORBERT. Wash the counter!
JACUB. I already did.
NORBERT. Well it ain't clean.
JACUB. You haven't even looked at it yet!
NORBERT. I can sense it...
JACUB. (*irritated*) Fine.
NORBERT. Wait.
JACUB. What?
NORBERT. Use this.
(*Norbert holds a toothbrush in his hand, offering it to JACUB.*)
JACUB. What? Why wouldn't I just use the -
NORBERT. Use this!
JACUB. No! I'm out of here!
NORBERT. You come back here dammit!
(*JACUB goes outside.*)

SCENE 2 – The street at nighttime

(*Jacub is staring off into the distance when a creature comes up to his side.*)
GORBLAN. (*offering flower*) Take it.
JACUB. What the hell?
GORBLAN. The flower! Take it!
JACUB. (*confused*) Fine! Now go away!
GORBLAN. You must not use the flower.
JACUB. What?
GORBLAN. You must not unlock the great power of the plant by consuming its petals!
JACUB. Then why are you giving it to me?
GORBLAN. Shh! Beware!
(*Gorblan makes an eerie wind noise out of his mouth and hides behind his hands as though he disappeared. Jacub stands looking at him.*)
JACUB. What the hell was that?
GORBLAN. (*still hiding*) Goodbye.

SCENE 3 – Later at Jacob's house

NORBERT. Where have you been? What is in your hands?
JACUB. Nothing.
NORBERT. Dammit Jacob! I'm sick and tired of your disrespect! You never properly clean the house; you never do anything I tell you to... you owe me respect!
JACUB. (*muttering*) I hate you.
NORBERT. Excuse me? What did you say?
JACUB. Nothing. I'm going over to Pronak's house.
NORBERT. Hell no, you aren't!

SCENE 4 – Later at Pronak's house

JACUB. Hey, Pronak. Check out this weird flower.
(*Pronak examines the flower with slight fear in his eyes.*)
PRONAK. (*mysteriously*) Where... where did you obtain this?
JACUB. From some weird creature.
PRONAK. Uh-rey bha-gwan!
JACUB. What?
PRONAK. You encountered a Gorblan! You saw a Gorblan! A mythical creature from centuries ago believed to reside in the forests of Cameroon millions of years ago until the humans destroyed their people. They are said to have cultivated a strange plant called the "Ahidjo Flower". That must be what you have!
JACUB. How do you know all of this?
PRONAK. Wikipedia. I've memorized the pages up to "G".
JACUB. Well, what does the flower do?
PRONAK. I am unaware. The article did not mention it.
JACUB. Oh. Well, I think I'm going to eat it.
PRONAK. That's probably a good idea.
JACUB. Well, the Gorblan told me not to.
PRONAK. Oh, then do it, definitely do it.
JACUB. What?
PRONAK. Well. Gorblans are basically like... you know those two guys at the gate? One tells the truth all the time and the other lies all the time? Well Gorblans are the latter.
JACUB. The latter?
PRONAK. Being the second of two persons or things mentioned. (*Jacub is obviously bewildered.*) Gorblans always lie.
JACUB. Well, here goes.
(*Jacub removes a pedal from the flower and consumes it.*)
PRONAK. So... do you feel different?
JACUB. Not really. Maybe it takes a while to set in.

SCENE FIVE — Interior of Jacob's great-grandfather's house, three generations earlier

DAD. Jacubo! Eat your latkes and bagels!
JACUB. What? Where am I?
DAD. You heard me! Eat your damned latkes!
JACUB. I don't even know who you are! And I hate latkes.
DAD. You will eat a proper Jewish meal and enjoy it or I will disown you. And not in the joking "you better do this or I'll do that, hehehe..." I will seriously disown you.

SCENE SIX – Interior of Pronak's house, the present

PRONAK. So... do you feel different?
JACUB. What?
PRONAK. Different, do you feel it?
JACUB. What the hell?
PRONAK. What? What's wrong?
JACUB. I don't know man... I'll talk to you later.

Rodger Dodger

by Lindsey Marquette

ABBY. When I was a kid, my mom and dad wouldn't let me have a dog.
MOTHER. Honey, when you get your own house you can have your own rules. But as long as you live under my roof, the only dog entering this house is your father.

ABBY. So I stole the neighbor's. It was actually a long process. We didn't have leash laws where I lived, and I thought it was a stray at first. So I talked to it: (*as if talking to a dog*) "here, puppy. Here, dog." Then I began to pet it. Then I began to feed it. Pretty soon, it was sleeping at my house. He, actually. He was sleeping at my house. His name was Roger – Roger Dodger I called him because he dodged his home to come live in mine. I heard his real owners calling him at night from down the street as I played with him in my backyard.

NEIGHBOR. Roger! Roger! Where could that dumb dog be?
ABBY. I thought it was weird to have a dog with a person's name, but who cares? Roger was an awesome dog, a proud full-bred Collie. Yep. If you're going to steal something like a dog, you might as well get a good one.

ABBY. When I was a kid, I had another dog named Rascal. Dad had found Rascal on the side of the road on his way home from work, and he couldn't leave him there alone, so he loaded him into the truck and brought him home to my mom and me. Rascal was adorable, but he was nuts. He used to run up the slide on my jungle gym – something I could barely do. Mom thought Rascal was ridiculous. So I wasn't surprised that when my mom found out that she was going to have another baby, we had to give Rascal away. Mom and dad said it was because dogs were a lot of work – almost as much as a kid, they told me – and they were kind of expensive, too, so with the new baby, we just couldn't handle it. So I lost Rascal, and I got Joey.

The thing is, when you can't have something - sometimes you want it more. Not having a dog made me love dogs. Not in a creepy, get a dog calendar kind of way, or the I'll put my dog in a stroller kind of way – just a regular, I like to pet dogs kind of way. So when this stray Collie started wandering up to my house, I was really excited about it. I figured it was a stray and I didn't want to find out otherwise. At first, I just spoke to the dog from a distance. It started with the general, "here, girl" and gradually moved into full sentences and even questions like, "back again, are we? I thought you might be." I decided that I would try to pet this dog. It wasn't afraid of me at all. In fact, it seemed to like the attention. I wasn't surprised by this. I was pretty much a dog whisperer.

About this time, my dad noticed the dog hanging around our house.

DAD. I think that's the neighbor's dog. I've heard them call for it. It's got a strange name...a really weird name for a dog. It's a person's name.

ABBY. I didn't say anything. Internally, I was startled that the dog belonged to someone on the street. In my head, this was my dog already. Worse still, my dad knew that the dog belonged somewhere else. I was freaking out on the inside.

DAD. Roger. That's his name.

ABBY. They don't feed it, dad. That dog is always hanging out at our house.

I conveniently left out the art about me petting and talking to Roger Dodger.

DAD. They might not. I know that they have a couple of little kids at their house, and you remember what I told you about having little kids and dogs.

ABBY. I don't want him to suffer, though. I think we should bring him some food. I hate it when animals suffer, you know?

Dad hesitated. On the one hand, he really liked dogs too. This was the guy that picked up Rascal on the side of the road, remember?

DAD. Yeah, I don't want him to suffer either. I think we have some old hot dogs in the fridge.

ABBY. Thanks, Dad.

Well, once we began feeding Roger Dodger, he began spending most of his day at our house. He would sleep on the back porch, wake up and walk down to his real family's house to eat all of the food out of his bowl, then walk back to our house in time for breakfast scraps. My dad was right – the other family really did have small children, two little girls. They kept feeding him, but they didn't play outside the way my little brother and I did. Roger loved being around people, so our house was the easy choice for him.

After several months of Roger Dodger's rotating houses, Dad decided to make an honest puppy out of him. He called the family down the street and asked if we could have Roger. The family actually said yes! He wasn't spending much time at their house anymore, anyway, and had two small little girls that were keeping them busy. That weekend, Roger's old family drove up to our house – which was kind of unnecessary, because they lived right down the street – and brought his water bowl, some left-over dog food, and his papers. Speaking of unnecessary – I didn't care about Roger's papers. I didn't want him because he was a purebred Collie. I just wanted him because he was a great dog. I

Inspired by a True Story

by William Ruff

JAKE. A lot of people don't know the real story. I'm an actor, too, you know? I'm a real person, but I'm an actor. Sure, I have to learn scripts a different way, but I'm pretty good. One time the school newspaper called my performance in *Jack and the Beanstalk* "inspirational."

People always say that they want to see different people up on the stage...like in *Rent* or *Doubt* you know – people with real problems and real issues. But in my experience, nothing could be farther from the truth. I guess you could say that they are the actors – acting like they want to know your story when they don't.

You wouldn't mind hearing the story, though, right? I really can't call the story mine, per say, but I'll be the one telling it this time.

INTRO

JAKE. I am a student at Roosevelt School for Exceptional Thinking. The funny thing about a school for exceptional thinking is that it means, "different in a bad way." The only thing exceptional about me is how much trouble I had reading. Notice, I said "had trouble reading" which means that I read fine now. Anyway, my mother enrolled me in this school to see what they could do about my reading problems. Not much....except they made me famous....well, they sorta made me famous. We'll get to that later.

In this school, I discovered something that I was really good at: acting. I've always been really good at reading people, you know? I'm a good people watcher, and then a copycat. One of my favorite things to do is to go to the mall and just sit on a bench and watch the people walk by and then go home and create the people I just watched in the mirror. So acting was a natural choice! I haven't done much...some school plays, which are pretty stupid cause half of the kids in my school can't even talk...but also some community stuff. I'm not professional yet, but maybe some day. Tom Cruise has a learning disability, too, you know. My mother said he has a new a different kind of learning disability than me called "Scientology," but look at him now...he's been in tons of movies.

But this story isn't about me acting. It should have been, but that's not what happened. Nope, this story began when my teacher asked my mother and I to meet with this producer. Plays have producers too, you know. I'd worked with them before, so I

wasn't nervous. Anyway, this guy sat down with my mother and me in a conference room at school. He asked some questions about me and encouraged me to talk about myself. I've never had a problem talking. That's one reason why I like to do plays. Sure, I can't read the lines, but as long as someone can teach them to me, it's no problem. My mom always said, "If you've got lines to perform, you've got a mother that will teach them to you." So, it's really not a big deal.

At the end of our meeting, the producer said that he wanted to make a movie about me. Holy cow!?! This is my big break. This totally pounds every bad thing every jerk has ever said to me, this totally kicks the butt of every bully I've ever had. I was shocked! I'm an actor, you know, so I was really excited for the movie. What better role than to play yourself! He asked my mother and I if that was okay. Okay? Okay? Of course it's okay! She was just as surprised as I was, but for some reason, less excited. She didn't say "yes" right away. I had to beg forever to get her to say "yes."

MOTHER. "There's a lot more to it than you understand, Jake."

JAKE. I hate it when adults say that. I think they mean that there is a lot to the situation that *they* don't understand.

When mother finally told the producer, "yes," I thought we'd start making the movie right away. But we didn't. In fact, we didn't even hear from the producer, or anyone else, about the movie for a really long time. Then one day, I showed up to school and there was a kid a few years older than me waiting.

My name is Jauquin. I'm you.

JAUQUIN.
JAKE.

I was really confused by this. How can anyone else "be me?" I'm me. I looked at my teacher to explain.

TEACHER.
JAKE.
TEACHER.

Do you remember the producer?

Yes, I guess...

Well, they are still working on that movie about you. Jauquin is in the movie. He just wants to follow you around for a while and see what your life is like.

It seemed dumb to have some guy from the movie follow me around like that, but then I didn't care. Whatever had to happen to make that movie was fine with me.

Jauquin stayed with me for a few days, basically following me around. He didn't talk to me all that much, which was fine. He didn't seem like the kind of guy that would be my friend anyway.

Then, just as suddenly as he had appeared, Jauquin vanished. Oh well, I didn't like him anyway. I didn't hear anything about him for a long time. I didn't hear anything about the movie, either. I guess they ran into money trouble. You know that happens all the time in show business. I remember I was going to be the comedic lead in the school's production of *The Day of Raining Frogs*, but



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.