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Excerpts from As the Globe Warms: 
An American Soap Opera in Twelve Acts

All characters, all sounds, and all animals are portrayed by one performer using a microphone.

EXCERPT 1: LORELEI SPEAKS AT PATHWAYS TO CHRIST 
PENTECOSTAL CHURCH 
The wind blows.
PARISHIONERS (singing and clapping): Glory to Go-od! Glo-ry! Glo-ry!
PASTOR RAY: Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! That concludes our sermon today—you may place aside your Bibles. Praise the Lord.
BREATHY ERNEST FEMALE PARISHIONER: Praise the Lord!
MINNY (speedy talking, eggy, and nasal-voiced parishioner): InJesusNameA-men!
PASTOR RAY: Oh thank you, and before we go on and call upon the Lord to bless us in his tongue, I’d like to give one big thank you—one big shout out to Jesus.
MINNY: Shout out to Jesus!
ANOTHER ENTHUSED PARISHIONER: Whoo yes!
PASTOR RAY: Shout out to Jesus, thank you, sister Minny. Thank you. Praise God. All right, we’re going to give a big thank you to Jesus because there’s a hot, mean, dangerous wind blowing out there this Sunday morning, isn’t there? Yes there is. (PARISHIONERS agree.) Yes, and we want to say thank
you Jesus, because we realize there are a lot of brothers and sisters out there on the road today, getting into accidents, not finding their way, but the Lord saw fit to make sure that everyone here at Vane Springs Pathways to Christ Pentecostal made it safely here in their cars. Yes he did! Praise the Lord!

MIDDLE-AGED RESPONSIBLE LADY PARISHIONER: Yes, Lord!
OLD-TIMER MIKE: Praise the Lord.
MINNY: InJesusNameAmen!
PASTOR RAY: Yes, God, this is your house!
PARISHIONERS: Amen.
PASTOR RAY: Your house! In the name of Jesus amen. Is anyone called today to testify?
    Lord, whom do you call? Do you call anyone, Jesus? Let us know. Let us know who is called. Let us know, let them come forward to your altar, sweet dear God Jesus if they are called and speak in your name. Oh Jesus Amen.
BREATHY PARISHIONER: Oh Jesus Amen.
PASTOR RAY: Connie Rodriguez. Connie Rodriguez, are you called?
CONNIE (shy Latina lady): I think so.
PASTOR RAY: Don't be shy. Step forward, sister!
CONNIE (tentative): Abbboooooo. Go funga prebuptualeeeevnah— (She hesitates.)
PASTOR RAY: Yes, sister Connie, tell us! Tell us: what sayeth the lord?
MINNY: Testify!
LATINA NATIVE AMERICAN: Testify, sister!
BREATHY: Testify!
CONNIE raises upturned hands, rolls her eyes back, and rocks onto her tiptoes. She speaks gibberish but maintains her Spanish accent, rolling Rs, etc.
CONNIE: Thessala thessala mangifish rab moke dore jimini cricket jim crasket or mandia porquadeesh lamboko lamboko rrrrrroccabo drim drim meekerboo bram lisb lisb und rye cosboratio. (Last section sounds Scandinavian in addition to her Spanish accent.)
    Innah neck or frum ish laaaas sa!
PASTOR RAY: Hallelujah! Testify, sister, testify! Is anyone one else—thank you, Jesus—called to testify this windy Sunday morning? Step forward to the Lord if you are called!
SERIOUS BLACK MAN: Brother Brett Morrisey is called to testify.
BRETT (lean tough cowboy steps out, raises upturned hands, rolls eyes, rocks onto tiptoes): Preeeeeeeerrrrrm!! Yebbaa. Noss berg pwab tat om jiggj jwat
krembalore misgot tarn prune dot in kembrn stembrok eurtght eurgth
(tonal sounds as heard in Chinese) saaaaa liiiis rayyyyy ma!

ALICIA (fat voice): Praise the Lord!
BREATHY: Praise the Lord!
PASTOR RAY: I see my own little daughter Lorelei Jennifer Ray stepping forth.
   Speak it, daughter, speak, are you called?
LORELEI: Dad!
PASTOR RAY: Are you called? Speak in the tongue, don't be afraid, Lorelei Ray.
LORELEI: Dad—I’m hearing voices.
PASTOR RAY: Praise the Lord.
LORELEI: No, no, but Dad, it’s a translation in American English words. It’s—
   the Lord is translating to me.
BREATHY: Speak it, sister!
PASTOR RAY: Lori, be seated, child, you’re not being called.
LORELEI: But Dad, I am. The Lord is translating Connie Rodriguez and Brett
   Morrisey for me.

OLD-TIMER MIKE (stooped in half, on canes, trying to raise his arms and rock
onto his tiptoes): Hezzbucka! Whinga higget lab nase lab nasa xorta xortion
amd kef!

SKEPTICAL OLD LADY: There he goes, Old-Timer Mike.
PASTOR RAY: Step forward, Mike, you are called.
SKEPTICAL OLD LADY: Seems like every Sundee, he’s called.
HER MIDDLE-AGED FRIEND: Uh-huh. Here he goes!
LORELEI: Dad? (OLD-TIMER MIKE interrupts her with more gibberish.)
   Now God’s speaking through Old-Timer Mike too. I can’t! It’s too many
   translations at once. Ahh!
PASTOR RAY: Lori, you are unwell, I don’t believe you’re receiving. Be seated
   and we will pray for you.
BREATHY: Let your daughter testify, Pastor Ray, maybe it’s true maybe she’s—
LORELEI: Ahhhhhhhhh! (Her eyes roll up as she is possessed as a bat, speaking
in a kind of lisping baby voice a person might use talking to a pet animal.)
   Ahh! Ahhh! Silver white on my brain-brain, hangie upside-down no more.
Fly fly fly, why awakey? Why why? I se feel silver pain-pain in me spine, me
wing, me throat. Bleedie blood, bleedie blood. What this silver hurtie take
over me brainie? Why all these other batties fly? What happen to our long
long sleeepie rest? Why why? Cave smash! Rock bash-bash. (She enacts a
bat smashing its head against wall.) It hurt! Hit rock. Hit rock. Hurtie! Stop
silver pain! Stop it! Stop! Blood bath, blood bash-bash! Big-big black heap-
heap? What that? Oh, other dead batties like me. Oh, die on top, die-die
good, die-die now, feel gooder now. Bye. Black. Offffffffffffff.

“Bat” dies. LORELEI tilts her head to one side and closes her eyes.

PASTOR RAY: Lorelei, sit down, hon, you are disturbing the congregants.

LORELEI opens her eyes but is shaking and foams at the mouth.

ALICIA (fat voice): Um, she’s foaming at the mouth. She’s having a seizure!

CONNIE (now fully carried away in tongues): Goshob blomiga themea brim-
bassa neese asdfdammm asad dealinasbhere terersfdmnbvoteregistra-
tion lambastion!

PASTOR RAY: Okay-dokay, Connie, you kin snap out of it now, Lori’s having
a seizure! This may be the devil’s work. I knew I felt an evil in the wind this
morning.

LORELEI (as a bee): Goldwingsunshine zzzzip! Whip! Dash! Sip! Nec-tar,

Off now. Yes? Offffffffffffffffff. (“Bee” dies.)

PARISHIONER: Look at Old-Timer Mike!

OLD TIMER MIKE: Booom boom nas-vi bramblishker tod.

PASTOR RAY: Old-Timer Mike, Connie Rodriguez—pipe down!! Alicia, can
you take ’em to my office in back and let them carry on in the name of the
Lord all they please while we get a grip on what’s going on with Lori?

ALICIA (fat voice): Yes!

PARISHIONER: Pastor Ray? Is she going to be all right?

LORELEI (lying in the pew, foaming and shaking): Thirsty dry, thirsty dry, no
rain, no no no no rain, no mud, where put me eggies? Where put me me
eggies?

PARISHIONERS: What was she saying? A translation?

PARISHIONER: Of what? Of who? Was it the Lord or the devil speaking?

PASTOR RAY: I don’t know.

NATIVE AMERICAN LADY: Call Brenda Stiller—she’s a nurse and her daugh-
ter’s epileptic. I have her cell.

PASTOR RAY: Okay. Good.

RESPONSIBLE MIDDLE-AGED LADY: Lay her back, keep her mouth open,
make sure she’s breathing, her tongue’s out. There we go.

PASTOR RAY (prays with his hand on LORELEI): Lord, help us. Aid us in this
trial, support us in understanding your mysterious ways, oh Lord, we pray.

BREATHY: Amen.
SERIOUS BLACK MAN: Amen.
MINNY: In Jesus' Name Amen!

EXCERPT 2: CLAUDIA AND JESSE MAKE A CHRIST TEEN
MESSAGE FOR LORELEI
Performer addresses the camera, filming herself throughout this scene with the camera in hand. Audience sees live performance and views the camera perspective on a screen.

CLAUDIA (brimming with enthusiasm, speaking into the camera): Hi. Miss Lorelei Ray? Hi! Oh we're just so excited to be talkin' to you out thar in the wald wald west somewhar!
JESSE: She's in Nevada, Clod, that's near Vegas?
CLAUDIA: Riiight! Well, we're flocking you with this personal message because we seen your videa on Christ dot teen dot net and we believe you are the messenger of God. We b'lieve Sweet Jesus Christ our Savior has sent you to translate words that don't make sense for us into his holy word. Hi, I'm Claudia.
JESSE: Hey and I'm her cousin Jesse. Hi.
CLAUDIA: Miss Lorelei Ray? We're over here in Clarksdale, Mississippi, and you're out thar in the wald wald west somewhar!
JESSE: I tole you it's Nevada, Clod.
CLAUDIA: Right. Akay, Jesse, let's take her over to Aunty Cee.
They carry the web-cam over to the bed.
JESSE: Hi, Aunty Cee-Cee!
CLAUDIA: This here is our very own Aunty Cee-Cee who we love so very much. Say hello, Aunty Cee!
AUNTY CEE (in an elongated croaking speech): Ohhhhhhaawwwww, scrub me firm in the mos' livin' part, oohhhh yayy-yus!
CLAUDIA: Aunty Cee, she's ninety-seven years old—this here a web-cam, Aunty Cee!—she don't even know what a web-cam is. Here, talk to us, Aunty Cee.
AUNTY CEE: Belly dry scruble my gaiter plain. Roll me up jest a heapa rolllllll.
CLAUDIA: See that? Aunty Cee, she talks what the doctors call dement?
JESSE: Dementia they call it, Clod.
CLAUDIA: Right. They call it dementia. But we're not so sure. We love Aunty Cee-Cee so very very much and we hope you will too, Miss Lorelei Ray! We believe she is tryin' to tell us somethin' before she passes on into to the next world and we would shure appreciate if you could translate what she was sayin' into to American like you do and flock us back on Christ dot
teen dot net if the Lord calls you to. So we going to let Aunty Cee speak a spell now. Bless you. Say somethin’, Auntie Cee!

JESSE: Amen. G’ahead, Aunty Cee!

AUNTY CEE (pushes out her words like a constipated person trying to shit): Blind rot, keep telling that! Feel a belly breeze comin’ oh yes! Brim cup and spill it over. Over and over. That’s right. Blind rot and stumble down. In the yella shade. In the yella shade . . . In the tree tree tree, squit, he skat. He sat and squit. Oh ho—don’t you brang me no dipper-full now. Skip me down. Down down down. Tell Wobbly. Tell Bell. Tell Brush. And jush an’ jush hush. Legs that away. I know! You know—we all know it. I said. Been a belly breeze feelin’, been a sampler t’embroider that away . . . simple lak that, I say, I say. I said. Hear it? Hmm Hmmmm.

CLAUDIA: Well, Lorelei Ray, that’s it. Um, an’ we’re just wond’rin’ keen you translate that?

JESSE: Yeah, that’s what we’re wond’rin’ wonderin’ here: keen you translate that?

CLAUDIA: Keen you translate that? Keen you translate that? (Laughs nervously-ly, beholden and delighted.)

EXCERPT 3: MEAN TWEENS INTERNET BULLY SESSION

Three young tweens are giggling and watching LORELEI’s viral video on line.

MELODY: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I can’t believe it’s her. Lorelei Ray foaming at the mouth at that retarded church. Play it again!

KIMBER: It’s buffering. Play it again, play it again, ha, ha!

CASPIAN: No, no, no, Melody, Melody, do the thing, the voice! Giggling. MELODY puts a gauze scarf over her face jumps up and towers over web-cam.

MELODY: Okay (speaking in exorcist voice). Hhey, Lorelei Ray, you fat Christian Ffreak, we’re glad we found you and your Christian freak friends on Christ dot teen dot net! We saw you on YouTube having your Christian freakout at your pathetic PPPPPP-Pentecostal church. We love you on YouTube, Lorelei Ray! Hey, Lorelei Ray, can you translate this? (She spews exorcist babble; they all giggle out of control.) Ha ha ha. Turn it off! Turn it off!

CASPIAN turns it off. MELODY jumps down from web-cam position.

CASPIAN: That was so funny, that’s so funny. Oh Mmy God, let’s do another one.

KIMBER: Send her another one!

MELODY: No, no, I gotta go home. I gotta check in on my little sister Nicole. Bye.
KIMBER: Bye!
CASPION (giggles): That was so funny, so funny. How does she do that? Ha ha ha, I love how she goes: Hey, Lorelei Ray, can you translate this?
KIMBER: Can you translate this?
CASPION: Can you translate this? *(They collapse in giggles.)*

**EXCERPT 4: POLAR BEAR SOMNAMBULANT**
LORELEI is asleep in bed, wrapped in a white sheet.
LORELEI sits up and becomes a polar bear. She speaks in high-pitched tone with a baby-talking lisp. She thrashes, swims, and mimes the other narrated actions, wrapped in the white sheet.

**Bear dies. LORELEI falls out of her bed. Her dad comes to the door.**
PASTOR RAY: Lorelei Ray, are you all right?
LORELEI (wakes): Huh? Oh yeah, Dad, I just—I was just having a dream about water. I’m all right, Dad.
PASTOR RAY: All right. Lo-li, don’t you be upset about them mean little tweenagers on the online making fun of you. That’s why your stepmom says the online is evil.
LORELEI: Don’t worry, Dad, I’m all right, just go back to sleep. *(She falls back asleep.)*

**EXCERPT 5: A DISCUSSION ON CHRIST.TEEN.NET WEBSITE**
This is performed in front of microphone on a mike stand, as much as possible indicating run-on sentences and spelling errors through pronunciation, hold-
ing up fingers to indicate use of numbers in place of words, as in “4ever”—hold up four fingers. Sometimes speaking aloud the especially emphatic punctuation as in “Exclamation point. Exclamation point.”

SMOOTH ROBOT VOICE: Christ dot teen dot net, forward slash, Christchat, forward slash, loriraydiscussionfold.

ASHLEY (young innocent voice): “Ashley G.” What I want to know is who posted this viral YouTube video here on vids4him, anyways? It’s not a righteous video. Someone used their phone to hijack this girl at a pentecost in the desert somewheres having a eclectic fit or something and ran it up on YouTube. It’s like what they did to Sarah Palin. It’s totally media terroristic. I 41 am offended. How did this viral vid crucifying our fellow Christ teen member pass the vids4him standards?

BOY (young voice, not changed yet): “Kid4christ.” I agree, ashleeee geeee thizz izzza sposta bees sanctified website don’t vids4Him have betr standards than that why is it on?

PETE (affable southern teen boy, voice still breaking): “Pete4BK.” Hey y’all that dude Lucius Troy from Dirtsikrzz4JC.org the featurrrd teen last week he talk about that viral vid in his post sayin’ YouTubin’ was mocking Oour faith too like they did to Sarah. But then, I admit, I am the 1 who posted it here on vids4Him b/c I fess up I watched it on YouTube and I seen this girl was not havin a eckileptis seizure at all—it seem like she said GOD is telling her to translate and it is not medical but is God talking to uzzz. I thote we need to see this and lizzten up. It is God after all people. Watch it you will see what I am sayin.

TRICIA (upper-class Carolina accent): “Tricia Darling Everson.” I am mortified beyond the extreme that this is even being discussed seriously in a Christchat fold on a sanctified site like Christ.teen.net!! What this girl is doing there is a word for and it is apostasizing. She is either pretending—which is a denouncement of faith in the form of trickery—or the devil is speaking through her. This is not THE WORD, it is not even glossolalia, itself a questionable practice that the Pentecostals insist upon and maybe their indulgence in this regard led to this girl crossing the line even further. BTW: This video crosses the line! I demand that it be removed immediately from vids4him. Also by the way, the word is epileptic seizure. You all need to study more because you appear to be ignorant and ill-educated.

OFFICIOUS TEEN GIRL (one of those girls with a premature matronly tone of voice): “RitewiththeLord.” Tricia, who do you think you are, Tthe Holy Spirit? How can you claim to know what is the logos? I study at Vacation Bible school and God has the last word and you betr keep that in mind. I am Pentecostal and you are stepping over my line with your prideful opin-
ions. That girl Lorelei Ray in Nevada is not most Pentecostals, okay?! She is just a mental ill girl and it got on YouTube.

Christ.teen.net staff need to remove it NOW and I a-mean NOW. And Pete4BK you need to be barred from this site for posting it. 

Claudia (Mississippi accent): “ClaudiainMississippi.” No way. That is a sin to remove it! Did you people who are critickalizing it even witch????? She is speaking from God. Thank you, Pete4BK, the Lord called you to post that. Blessings upon ya.

Christina (eastern European girl): “Christina.” First, I think this is waste of time discuss fold but then from curious I watch the vid of the girl Lorelei breaking out in the Pentecostal church and I heered her words loud and clear. God is speaking thru as animals din’t anyone hear that? Clear as a bell rings to my ears. Bats, bees, egg-laying creatures! Wake up! The animals are dying out and Jesus wants us to see our sin and stop it. Scripture tells us to be stewards of the Planet and we are not being. He is trying to tell us.

Rena (scratchy fun-loving party-girl voice): “RnRRena.” Hey every1 check out redhearts new song water to wine! They are panteescoastal plus super cute n fine and their musix awesome! peace out!

Devon (spooky, strong New Jersey accent): “AnonymousC.” I agree with ClaudiainMississippi, Lorelei is called by God to translate what the tongue speakehs are sayin’. But Christina—global warmehs are a trick by socialist atheists to stray us off ar path. God is our rock and He murmurs to us the rapture is nearby at hand. He is taking away the animals, not some science hoax that it is man-made. They are going to everlastin’ life. They are innocent beasts but we are going to hell 4ever if we don’t repent. God is telling us thru Lorelei that the end is nearer than we think. Get ready.

Adult (matronly fat voice): “Christ dot teen dot net staff member number thirty-three.” Kids, let’s simmer down here. We have removed this controversial video from the vids4Him player. Everyone in this discussion fold needs to take it down a notch and appeal to the Lord for guidance. If inappropriate testimonies continue to be posted here, we may have to shut down this discussion fold. So keep on your righteous tippy-toes and mind your Christlike Ps and Qs! “The Staff”

Excerpt 6: Lorelei Is Possessed By A Frog

Lorelei and Selena in the back room of Queequeg’s Coffee. Lorelei is online.

Selena: Lori, what are you doing? Get offline. Let’s poke our heads outside a minute for our break!
LORELEI: No, I can’t. There’s all this flack about me on Christ dot teen dot net. Now all these Christian teens think I’m fronting. As if I wanted to be all celebri-deified! Like, these weird kids in Mississippi want me to translate their old relative’s, like, demented talk into God’s word. They think I’m the “messenger of God.”

SELENA: The what? I’m so glad I’m Catholic! But, you know, you are kinda like a celebrity now in your own little sick evangelical world—you are! Hey—you got to do like celebrities do. You got to issue a public statement. You got to get on that site and say you don’t even remember what happened at the church that day, tell your personal point of view, put it to bed.

LORELEI: Really? Yeah, I could message those weird people in Mississippi and group flock it so that anyone could watch it.

SELENA: There you go!

LORELEI: My heart is beating real fast.

SELENA: Lori, how many glacecissmos did you do today?

LORELEI: Three.

SELENA: Oh! You’re like the Lindsay Lohan of Queequeg’s Coffee! You gonna need rehab!

LORELEI: No it’s not—it’s—it’s the Lexapro from the doctors that my step-mom is making me take. Selena, I can’t, I feel—

SELENA: Yes, you can. I’m telleen you, go! Do it!

LORELEI: Okay! *(She speaks into the web-cam; audience can see web-cam view on a screen.*) Hi, Jesse and Claudia in Mississippi. I’m Lorelei Jennifer Ray, the viral video girl? And, um, I just want you and everyone else who may be watching this to know that I am not “apostaying” or whatever it’s called, I am not crazy or epileptic either, and I am not, I repeat not, translating God’s word for Him. Okay? Who knows what happened? My dad is a pastor and he’s praying on it and you should all pray too because it’s a mystery so stop putting all this on me and just—don’t expect me to translate *(gasp)* ah! My heart is beating so fast, so fast. *(She taps her chest frantically, panting; her eyes roll back. She curls her body into a frog shape and speaks in a sing-song baby-talk lisp.)* Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! *(She flicks the air with her tongue.)* Fly! Yum-yum. Gweeen! Splash! Hop! Hop! Hop! *(She smacks her lips.)* Watch Watch? Watch?

Gween-gween gwass-gwass. Watch? Watch? Yellow frogger! Yellow dot boy frogger! Jump me! Jump me! Ah! Ah! Ah! *(Frog mates.)* Makie eggies! Makie eggies! Makie eggies! *(Now frog is pregnant.)* Holdie eggies, holdie eggies! Lay eggs in wet mud! Wet mud! Hatchie eggie! Hatchie eggie! Hi tadpole! Hi tadpoley! Hi! Hi! *(She sings a little song.)* Growie-growie, Poley-poley, eatie gooey, yokey-yokey, eatie yokey, gooey-gooey,


*Frog dies. LORI is released from her trance. She pants.*

**SELENA (watching her dumbfounded, suddenly realizes this is all online):** Lori, what are you doing?

**LORELEI:** I don’t know.

**SELENA:** Did you hear what you just did?

**LORELEI:** Yeah. Yeah, kind of. Is this still recording? Oh shit—turn it off!

**EXCERPT 7: WHALE NET**

**LORELEI (on web-cam at Queequeg’s Coffee back office):** Hi, Christ Teen Net believers! It’s me, Lorelei Ray. Um, a lot of you have still been asking me to translate your words that don’t make sense for you so today I chose Cole and his family. Cole, I’m sorry you got brain damage in Iraq, and Cole’s family, I’m going to try to ask God to translate this into words for you, okay? God? *(Lorelei upturns her hands; her eyes roll back. Ss she jerks and becomes a Right whale, puffing out her cheeks, her arms stretched to indicate her wide circular girth. As usual, she speaks in baby talk as the animal. Her voice is high but slow like the big mammal that inhabits her. The whale addresses the camera as it swims.)*

We move in da waters by da long-long land. We big-big, no need no fin. We swim. We swim swim swim. We swim. We swim swim swim. We swim swim swim. Me open me mouf to eat da plank-plank, da plate-plates suck dem in in in, da plate-plates suck dem in in in. Baby calflets, me suckle you eleven moons and when cold-time come, we swim swim swim.

Where? Swim, swim (sees a shark).

Here come kill-kill, here sharp tooth! Swim-swim! Fast-fast–fast. Away, away!


(LORELEI comes to as herself and addresses web-cam.) Okay, that’s all I have time for today, I’ve got to go to work now. Bye, Christ teen believers! (She switches off the web-cam, starts to cry.) It’s so sad! (She wipes her eyes and then leaves back office to start her work shift.)

Months later

EXCERPT 8: BEEVANGELICAL

LORELEI (at the web-cam on the computer that her stepmom keeps in the garage, off-limits to her): Hi, Christ Teen net believers. It’s me, Lorelei Ray, making another vid4him. Let’s see, OMGosh, I think this is my fortieth one! Yep! I can’t believe it—and the last one about pelicans got I think, like, thirty thousand and fourteen flocks? Superneat! Sooo, for those of you who never watched before, I’m Pentecostal and I grew up speaking in tongues which is neat enough but, like, five months ago at my Dad’s church out here in Nevada, the Lord called me to start translating the people who were testifying into American words. At first I freaked but after a while we all saw that these words are all about animals and in the last few months we’ve been figuring out that all the animals the Lord brings through me are endangered, or worse! That’s why some of the eco-vangelo teens I’m meeting here on Christ dot teen dot net have started to call my vids4him the Endangered Species Act? But this is for all godly teens. Some of you out there think this is about the rapture? Um? All I know is I’m just being called by the Lord and I can’t stop. Okay, here goes. Tonight, I’m going to translate into God’s words for Tina and her brother Darroch who has
autism and only speaks in numbers? Tina, I have to say watching Darroch was superneat. I’m home-schooled so I don’t know supercomplicated math? But I never heard numbers sound so beautiful. So, now the Lord is going to help me translate what Darroch said. (She turns into a bee.)

Petal so open / Me-me fly so nice to you / Sip dip zip where hive-hive? Fly / Color so hot, yeah / Me fly nice, no? Sick dust thick / No dip, where hive-hive? / No-no know no more

Fly to hive, fly to hive, where? / Where-where? sink-sink, wing no wink / Sink-sink, oh, oh, / Oh earth, oh, oh, soft dirt / Die-die now, where-where hive? Die-die now, die. Offfffffffffffeee. (Bee dies; she comes to as herself.) Oh! Okay! That’s it tonight. I think that the Lord is telling us about bees. Pretty sad. If you look on your Haagan-Dazs ice cream cartons, they say that the bee colonies are collapsing. Does anyone know why? You can tell us on Christchat, forward slash, loriraydiscussionfold. (She hears something.) I gotta go. I’m in my parents’ garage and it’s late. Bye for now, Christ teen believers. Send me your words that don’t make sense to translate into God’s words and I’ll do it if I’m called to. Bye! (She turns off web-cam.) Is anyone there? (To her dog.) Oh, Cheri-werie, it’s just you! Good girl. Shhh! Don’t tell tell on Lo-li. Parents don’t know, don’t know I’m using Mom’s computer. Shhh!! Okay? Shhhh. I’ll check my emails.

Performer morphs into the dog lying down at Lori’s feet. CHERI the dog stretches and yawns.