

**“WOMEN WHO TALK TOO
MUCH
AND THE MICROPHONES THAT
LOVE THEM”**

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**WOMEN WHO TALK TOO MUCH AND THE MICROPHONES THAT
LOVE THEM**

**WRITTEN BY AND STARRING
MICKI MOORE**

**POOR ALEX THEATER
TORONTO, ONTARIO
OCTOBER/NOVEMBER, 2002**

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STEVE EASTWOOD**

ZELDA RIFKIN

A BAR MITZVAH MOTHER, WHO NEVER DRINKS, HAS BEEN PLIED WITH COCKTAILS BY HER FAMILY, IN ORDER TO HELP HER GET UP THE COURAGE TO SPEAK. SHE STAGGERS TO THE MICROPHONE.)

MUSIC: TYPICAL JEWISH MUSIC, PLAYED AT A BAR MITZVAH

(V.O.) “ Ladies and gentlemen, a quick switch in the program: Zelda, mother of the bar mitzvah boy, has been persuaded to come up and say a few words. Put your hands together for Zelda Rifkin.”

ZELDA: Honored friends, family and rabbits.... I mean, Rabbis. I never make speeches, but my dear husband, Mendel (LOOKS TO HIM FOR ENCOURAGEMENT) *I'm ok, I'm ok*, Mendel. He says I should just get up and say what's in my heart. This is what's in my heart. (HER EYES LOCK ONTO HER SON) To Zachariah, our little Bar Mitzvah man, you were terrific. You are our “nachas” in neon lights, you are our pride and joy (STARTS TO CRY) ...and our largest household expense (SHE SOBS).

I'm fine, Mendel, no, no let me finish.

I look at my beautiful son, Zachariah and I see my husband; the same eyes, the same mannerisms. They are like two peas in a pod. You should see them both sit, in their underwear, scratching themselves, like 2 friggin' hockey zombies, in front of that (MAKES A HUGH LARGE SCREEN GESTURE) big screen, (LOUD VOICE) surround sound TV. (WHISPERS IN MIKE) I swear to you, if they could crap in their pants, they wouldn't move for three days. (MENDEL TRIES TO HUSH HER). I know, Mendel, shouldn't have said, (MOUTHS WORD) “crap”. (PREGNANT PAUSE) Now I want to talk about the dead people. I'd like to take a moment to think of those who are here in spirit, but no longer with us. Zaidy Morris, Uncle

Nertz and Nana Nunu. When I told Zachariah his beloved Nana Nunu had died, he looked up from his video game, his little eyes filled up with tears and he said, (CHILD'S VOICE) "Who killed her?"

Well, these shoes are killing me. (TAKES OFF ONE HIGH HEEL) Zacahariah, I should never have worn these fuck me pumps to your Bar Mitzvah. (CATCHES HERSELF, EMBARRASSED) I shouldn't have said that, I should have called them my "Poke me with the remote control for a two minute time out" pumps. (TIME OUT HAND SIGNALS)

(HER MOTHER TRIES TO STOP HER; ZELDA FLIPS TO ANGER) Mom, I knew you would have something to say, my mother always has something to say! You never let me speak. My mother...my mother (ALMOST TELLS HER OFF, BUT THEN COMES TO HER SENSES, FLIPS MOOD) I need to thank my mother. I couldn't have planned this Bar Mitzvah without her. She picked everything you see on your table; the linens, the wine glasses, (SEES YUCKY FOOD), those lumpy, scaly brown things on your plate. She even chose...my underwear; I'm wearing this merry widow thing with a thong up my ass. (SAVORS FEELING OF THONG) Oh Mendel, you could learn a thing from this thong...(DRUNKENLY BELTS OUT A TUNE) Thing a thong, sing a song, sing out loud, sing along. (HER MOTHER TRIES TO STOP HER AGAIN. SHE GETS ANGRY) Oh Mother, shut up! This is *my* party! Can't you see I'm singing from my heart!?! (EXASPERATED) Mother, sometimes you are right and sometimes you are wrong. You were right about the thong, (STICKS HER ASS OUT), see, no visible panty line, but you were wrong about Mendel. He is NOT one sandwich, short of a banquet. Mendel is smart, Mom. He taught me to put my grocery list on a Palm Pilot and all my recipes are on a DVD & a MP3. I don't know how to play them... *(MENDEL STANDS UP AND TRIES TO GET HER TO SIT DOWN)* No MENDEL, YOU SIT DOWN! I want to speak from my heart. And I

have something to say to you. It is an honor to be your wife Mendel, and Zachariah (SHE STARTS TO WEEP) it is a privilege to be your mother. But if I could follow my dream, I would want to be Martha Stewart. Look! See all those flowers in the centerpieces; I picked them myself from my own garden. And those napkin rings you're holding, I macramed those myself out of old tampax strings. And I swear to you, if I could lay my own eggs, I would. (*WALKS AWAY, MUMBLING*) *My heart likes to speak. It's easy.*

MUSIC: UP, THEN FADES OUT BEHIND EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE WITH V. O. (FLASHED ON SCREEN OR SET)

OVER THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, ZELDA MADE IT TO STEP FIVE OF HER 12-STEP PROGRAM.

UNFORTUNATELY, SHE FELL OFF THE WAGON.

AFTER GETTING LOADED AT A RECEPTION AT THE YMCA, SHE TOOK A SWING AT SHELIA COPPS.

SHE IS NOW DOING TIME, JUST LIKE HER IDOL, MARTHA STEWART.

THEY'VE BEEN CORRESPONDING ON THE BEST WAYS TO DECORATE

AN EIGHT BY TEN FOOT CELL WITH ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY MACRAMÉ.

HER HUSBAND, MENDEL, AND SON, ZACHARIAH, ARE STILL WATCHING THE

PLAYOFFS ON THE BIG SCREEN, SURROUND SOUND TV.

THEY NEVER NOTICED THAT ZELDA NO LONGER LIVES IN THE HOUSE.

GUNDA VON HOSSEN

MUSIC: NOSTALGIC MUSIC FROM THE 1930s

(A DRAMATIC CAPED FIGURE, SEEN FROM THE BACK, IS POSED IN THE SPOTLIGHT)

(V.O.) THE NOSTALGIA TELEVISION NETWORK IS PROUD TO PRESENT, IT'S NEW 'CELEBRITY REALITY' SHOW WITH FILM LEGEND, GUNDA VAN HOSSEN.

THOUGH GUNDA HAS KEPT A LOW PROFILE FOR THE PAST 32 YEARS, SHE OPENS HER HEART AND HER HOME TO HER LEGIONS OF FANS. LADIES & GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS: THE SPOTLIGHT HAS NEVER LEFT HER: MISS GUNDA VAN HOSSEN.

(LIGHTS UP: GUNDA MAKES A DRAMATIC TURN TO FACE THE AUDIENCE. HER SHAGGY DOG, SHNOPSY, IS HIDDEN IN HER ARMS. SHE SPEAKS WITH A THICK EUROPEAN ACCENT)

I don't want to be alone anymore. (DOG GOES CRAZY, yap, yap, yap). Sorry, Shnopsy. WE don't want to be alone anymore. (Kiss, kiss, Gunda loves him)

Of course you know who I am, you've seen my movies.

I know you all want to look like me. You all want this face, but you can't have it, it's mine. But you can watch it morning, noon and night as fur-teen camechras move into my house and follow my every move, (THE DOG YAP, YAP, YAPS) and of course, Shnopsy's every move. (Gunda loves him..kiss, kiss). On my show, you'll be able to see how a chreal shtar walks across the room, (DEMONSTRATES) and turns on the light switch, how a chreal shtar picks up a pencil and how a chreal star has a sip of water. Just Watch! (SHE SIPS WATER)

Tzis part is so fascinated; ve vill do it in slow motion. (SIPS WATER IN EXAGGERATED SLOW MOTION TO “CHARIOTS OF FIRE” MUSIC & SOUND EFFECTS OF GUNDA AND SHNOPSY SIPPING WATER). Oh! For tzis close up shot, I had my elbows bo-toxed. (DISPLAYS HER HIDDEN ELBOWS) I know you all vant to be like me, but you can’t, you can’t. My life is fachr more interesting than youchrs could efer be.

I’ve had fur husbands, maybe five, twenty-four lofers and two hundred and seventeen one-night shtands, no, two hundred and nineteen, if you count tzhe twins. So, for tzhe first episode of my series, I’m having a bo tox party for all tzose men who are schtill alive and vant to show and tell. My first husband, Helmet vill show up, for sure. A good-hearted man, but he vas an arms dealer when I met him. Not veapons, darling, chreal arms. If you lost an arm, he’d replace it with a guarantee tzat if anyzing, anyzing vent wrong, he’s come ofer and give you a hand.

I came to Hollywood with my second husband, Gunter. He vas a movie director. He vas a genius, dahlings, but he had problems. He vas bow-legged, prone to fits, had trouble with his bowels. Tzey were always constricted. He choked to death. Poor devil.

You know to me, botox is tzhe new penicillin.

Look. I had Shnopsy bo-toxed from head to tail and look how good he looks. He’s furty seven and tzat’s NOT in dog years, in CHREGULAR years. I sent him to Keith Richards doctor and had his blood replaced. Efery bone in his body has been given by a donor animal, carefully selected from the pound. You look tired Shnopsy. Have a knap! (SHE HEARTLESSLY TOSSES THE LITTLE STUFFED, THOUGH LIFELIKE ANIMAL ON THE TABLE)

People vant to know vhy am I doing tzis TV show, vhy now?

I knew I had to come out of seclusion, when I vas walking through a store and saw my photograph on a package of.. goat’s cheese. Chwritten under my picture were the vords, “Aged

and Crusty. Schmell has been removed.” I called tzhe President of the Maple Farm Dairy. And said ...in the voice I used in my movie, “DESTINY DIES A THOUSAND DEATHS.” Tzis is Gunda Von Hossen. And I am going to sue your dairy milk ass off”.

You know vhat he said to me? “ Gunda?, You’re schtill alive? Where have you been?”

I told him I was in seclusion in a little Schpa in chRomania, vhere you get B 12 injections efery day in your nostrils. Oh it’s schnot for me, it’s for Shnopsy. I shpent the time there vittling away my vaist. I always vanted a vasp sized vaist, like Wivian Leigh. I could hafe been, I should hafe been Shcarlett O’Hara in Gone Vith the Vind. My audition vas vonderful. (SHE DRAMATIZES THE MOVIE SCENE) “As God is my vitness, I’ll nefer go to HunGARY again.” (DOG BARKS) But tzey hired Wivian, not me. Why? She has a vasp-size vaist. I don’t. Vhat else could it be?

(DOG BARKING; SHE PICKS IT UP AND CUDDLES IT) Shnopsy, I missed you so. You are tzhe only man in my life. You are tzhe only one that has nefer left my side. (TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE FOR HER PITCH) Vatch us, efery Tuesday morning at 2AM on the Nostalgia Network. (PAUSE) But now, ve vant to be alone again. (SHE TURNS, SWEEPS HER CAPE AND MAKES A DRAMATIC EXIT)

MUSIC: UP AND FADES UNDER EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE WITH V.O. (FLASHED ON SCREEN OR SET)

SADLY, GUNDA’S SHOW WAS NOT AS POPULAR AS “THE OSBOURNES.” OR “THE ANNA NICOLE SMITH SHOW.”

OR EVEN A TEST PATTERN.

SHE HOLDS THE RECORD FOR THE SHORTEST RUN IN TELEVISION HISTORY.

GUNDA'S SHOW WAS CANCELLED DURING THE VERY FIRST COMMERCIAL
BREAK.

IT WAS REPLACED BY STOCK FOOTAGE OF A BEAR SCRATCHING ITSELF ON A
LOG.

THE BEAR WON THE TIMESLOT.

YVETTE MUMU

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL

V.O.: And the award for best acting in a TV commercial goes to Yvette Mumu.

YVETTE: (GUSHING, PUCKERED AND NAIVELY SEDUCTIVE BLONDE BOMBSHELL FLUTTERS & POSES UP TO THE MICROPHONE) I am How (ow) you say in English... “flabbergasted” to win zee best act-ress award for my “Pick-le On A Stick” commercial.

Everrrytime I nibbled zhat little pick-le on TV, the hole world stopped to watch me “do it.”

(PAUSE) Oooh oui! I like zhat. My acting coach, Bob Loblaw showed me what to do with zee pick-le.

It was so sim-pal. He say to me, “Yvette, just tink like a pick-le. What does zee pick-le want?”

(LONG CONFUSED PAUSE, THEN OVERWHELMING INSIGHT) To be eaten. I take zhis moteva-tion with me to the set. But when we start to shoot, zhey bring a le-ttle pick-le.

(FURIOUS)I tell them, I cannot do my best work with a le-ttle biddy pick-le.

Zhen they bring me two pick-le at the same time. (INCENSED AND EMBARRASSED) No, I tell them. I, Yvette Mumu, do not do two pick-le at the same time.

You know, some of the pick-le are very long. Some are, ow you say in English.... Chub-by.

Sometime the pick-le are too big for my mout. My mout, it only has so much room.

But when zhe camer-a roll, I tink of my moteva-tion: to be eaten, to be eaten, to be eaten. I infuse my whole body with zee hunger for zeeow you say in English...zhe salty cucumber and

zhen I ravage zee little ger-kin. (PAUSE, THEN SHE FLIRTS WITH AUDIENCE) Oh, you really, really like me... Noo! (MUSIC COMES UP TO FORCE HER OFFSTAGE; SHE

RUSHES TO SAY SOMETHING PROFOUND & NEWSWORTHY BEFORE SHE LEAVES; SHE FLIPS TO A SERIOUS MOOD)

I need to say zhis.

(PULLS PAPER FROM HER CHEST & READS)

I condemn all zoze peop-les responsi-ble for global warm-ing. Right now, zhey need to sign zee coyo-te ports of call (*The Kyoto Protocol*). No really, tink about it, if zee global warm-ing gets worse, you will not have any pick-les to pick from the pick-le trees anymore and zhat is so sad.

(GETS MORE DRAMATIC) I dedi-cate zhis award to all zhose actres-ses with phoney accents who came before me, and who could not break through the glass (POINTS TO THE CEILING).....ow you say in English.... roof cover.

You know, I never had to work hard for my lucky break, tanks to the executives at Pickle On A Stick. You guys gave it to me first. (MUSIC UP, SHE BACKS OFF STAGE, THROWING KISSES) Merci beaucoup.

MUSIC: UP AND FADES UNDER EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE WITH V.O. (FLASHED ON SCREEN OR SET)

THE SUCCESS OF YVETTE’S “PICKLE ON A STICK” COMMERCIAL SENT HER CAREER SOARING.

SHE HAS NOW APPEARED IN COMMERCIALS FOR OSCAR MEYER WIENERS, PURDY’S POPSICLES AND TESTE’S TONSIL TICKLERS.

DON’T ASK.

IN HER SPARE TIME, SHE TAKES NIGHT CLASSES AT RYERSON POLYTECHNICAL INSTITUTE

IN GLOBAL FEMINISM AND EMPOWERMENT.

SHE HAS DEVELOPED A HUGE CULT FOLLOWING.

A PICTURE OF HER USING A GARDEN HOSE TO SIPHON GAS HAS BECOME THE MOST DOWNLOADED IMAGE ON THE INTERNET.

SHE IS WORKING ON HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY, "I AM WHAT I EAT."

YVETTE HAS NOW WRITTEN ONE MORE BOOK THAN SHE HAS EVER READ.

CORNELIA OGLEBOTTOM

MUSIC: CHURCH ORGAN MUSIC

V.O: (READ OLDER, & VERY FOLKSY) To continue our annual meeting, Cornelia Oglebottom has a few important announcements for our congregation.

CORNELIA: (LITTLE OLD LADY SHUFFLES TO THE MICROPHONE) It's so good to see all of you again. For those few congregants, who don't know me, I'm Cornelia Oglebottom, Treasurer of this Trinity Anglican Church. And every Sunday night, I lead the bible study group. I am also addicted to pornography and the stock market.

Before I get to our financial report, I want to confront those ugly, vicious rumors that, somehow or other, I am involved in pornography. Well, I swear on the holy Bible, this is not true. I am not a participant in pornography; I'm merely a fan....thanks to Ernie Eves and the Conservative government of Ontario. They appointed me to the Etobicoke Film Review Board. You know, on my very first day at work, I was so thrilled because I got to screen that wonderful little film, "Chitty Chitty, Bang Bang." I was so looking forward to that lovely part where Mary Poppins sings that sweet little ditty. Only to my amazement, it wasn't her umbrella, she opened up. Goodness me, it was shocking! But the more I watched those heart wrenching little dirty videos of how people overcame life's obstacles, the more addicted I became to watching them. There was always a happy ending. Oh! There was one video, where the young woman's air conditioning broke down. It was stifling hot and she had no money to pay to fix it. Oh! What's a girl to do?? Suddenly, on her doorstep, a handsome young man, very strapping, very hunky, wearing a tight t-shirt and cream-colored leotards turns up. And wouldn't you know it, he has the part she needs, right on him and somehow, they managed. Such a happy ending.
Not so with the stock market.

Oh goodness me, (CHECKS CLOCK ON WALL), the market opened. (SHE TOTTERS TO HER DESK; SHE'S WEARING THE HANDS FREE EAR PHONES AND MIKE) I must call the broker right away. (SHE DIALS AND SHUFFLES HER PAPERS) Where are my papers?? Hello Rob. Cornelia Oglebottom. We need to review the statement. Look in the left column, all the stocks you bought for our orphan's fund; Bre-x, Nortel, Enron, Implode and Fly By Night.Com. Well, they're all in the crapper. (COVERS HER PHONE, TALKS TO AUDIENCE). You know, when I think about it, there are a lot of similarities between the stock market and pornography. All the ups and downs, the ins and outs, the humps and bumps, and then, everybody gets screwed. (PULLS PHONE MIKE BACK, TO TALK TO ROB) Now Rob, look at the right hand column, you see all that Worldcom stock you bought for us. You see how it was sky high and then fell like a stone to rock bottom; well, we'd like that to happen to your commissions.

Now sharpen your pencil young man. I will be making all the investment decisions from now on. (SHE STARTS TO ABSENT MINDEDLY DIDTHER AROUND)

Rob, I was watching Diane Francis on TV last night. Oh, I just love her hair do. She said, The interest rates are up and unemployment is down...or was it the unemployment is up and the interest rates are down. Well, it was one of the two. She said to buy Elco or was it

Quellco....anyway, it has 4 letters, you'll know what it is. (SHE JUMPS UP AND SCURRIES AROUND IN AN INTOXICATED INVESTING ZONE) Now, I want you to buy 4000 shares of C.I.M.H. What do you mean you've never heard of C.I.M.H.?

It's the growth industry of the future. It's a Christian porn site. [WWW.\(DOT\)CHRIST,I'MHORNEY.\(DOT\)COM](http://WWW.(DOT)CHRIST,I'MHORNEY.(DOT)COM). I do my homework, unlike some people I know.

Here's an article from the business section of the Globe and Mail. It reads "Porn calms Swedish seniors. In Stockholm, doctors at the Thor-ben, Gorp-ben, Storp-ben Nursing Home found pornography and prostitutes have a greater calming effect on their elderly patients than traditional drug therapy.

I say that if it's good for the people in the Thor-ben, Gorp-ben, Storp-ben nursing home, then it's good for you and me, Rob.

Rob, are you still there? Goodness gracious, he hung up on me.

But don't worry, dear friends, you can put your trust in me. "I live by the good book and I keep good books". I'd like to close with the quote from the scriptures that I read before making each of my financial decisions.(PAUSE AS SHE SEARCHES FOR IT) "The lord giveth and the lord taketh away.

Buy low, sell high"

MUSIC UP AND FADES UNDER EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE WITH V.O. (SHOWN ON SCREEN OR SET)

CORNELIA CONVINCED HER ENTIRE CONGREGATION TO INVEST HEAVILY IN CHRISTIAN PORNOGRAPHY.

AS A RESULT THEY ARE ALL MILLIONAIRES.

ROB, THE STOCKBROKER, IS CURRENTLY AWAITING TRIAL ON CHARGES OF INSIDER TRADING.

HE PLAYS GOLF REGULARLY WITH GARTH DRABINSKY.

CORNELIA HAS JUST BEGUN A SECOND CAREER AS A MOVIE REVIEWER FOR THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

RECENT RECOMMENDATIONS INCLUDE: “ON GOLDEN BLONDE” “MY BIG FAT GREEK” AND “I’M NOT FEELING MYSELF TONIGHT. “

PHALICIA GEEZ

MUSIC: HARD ROCK

V.O.: “THE MILHAVEN WOMEN’S CORRECTIONAL PRISON CONTINUES IT’S
TALENT NIGHT WITH ...FELICIA GEEZ.

(FELICICA GEEZ, WITH HER RASTAFARIN HAIR-DO, HAT AND LEATHER
ACCESSORIES STRUTS ANGERILY ON STAGE.)

FELICIA: (MUMBLES A FEW WORDS) HERE’S A LITTLE SOMETHING I WROTE
ABOUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING THAT HAPPENED IN MY LIFE. I HOPE YOU
DIG IT. (SHE THEN INCOHERENTLY TUNES UP HER VOICE, WITH GUTTERAL OFF
BEAT FUNNY SOUNDS, AS THE BAND VAMPS UP)

(BAND VAMPS IN KEY OF G)

VERSE 1

MY GOODNESS YOU’RE BACK ...

UH HUH ...

DO YOU REMEMBER MY NAME? ...

REMEMBER ALL THAT SHIT YOU PUT ME THROUGH? ...

TWENTY-THREE YEARS ...

BUT YOU’RE STILL MY MAN ...

AND WE’VE STILL GOTTA TRY ...

BABY ...

YOU’VE COME HOME BEFORE, SO DO WHAT YOU ALWAYS DO

AND LEAVE YOUR LAUNDRY AT MY BEDROOM DOOR.

I’LL HAND PRESS YOUR SHIRTS WITH A LIGHT SPRAY TOUCH, CAUSE WHEN I

LIFT UP THAT HOT IRON, I FEEL YOU SO MUCH

WELCOME HOME, BIG BOY

(BAND MODULATES TO KEY OF A FLAT)

VERSE 2

YOUR DIRTY LAUNDRY ALWAYS KEPT ME FRANTIC ...

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT ...

WHOSE LIPSTICK STAINS ARE THESE? I SCREAMED ...

YOU SAID I WAS UPTIGHT ...

THE IRON IS SET AT PERMANENT PRESS ...

AND I RIVET IT UP TO HIGH ...

I'M GONNA SPECIAL HANDLE YOUR UNDERWEAR IN A SPIN CYCLE FROM HOT TO
DRY.

OH! I BURNED THAT SPOT ... THAT COVERS YOUR CROTCH

WOULD I HURT YOUR GONADS? WELL, BABY, JUST A TAD

I USE THE LEADING LAUNDRY ADDITIVE, NEW FORMULA SHOUT

I SENT YOU WALKING, AND I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT.

WELL, "GET OUT"!

(BAND MODULATES TO KEY OF A)

VERSE 3

YOU WANT ME TO FORGIVE AND FORGET ...

THAT YOU CHEATED ON ME ...

OKAY, I'LL JUST SCRUB IT OUT WITH DETERGENT ...

THAT'S PHOSPHATE FREE ...

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, BIG GUY ...

I'M TOUGH ON STAINS ...

I'LL WRING YOU OUT, AND HANG YOU UP,

TO WASH AWAY THE PAIN

OF LOVE NOTES IN YOUR POCKET AND LIPSTICK ON YOUR COLLAR

A CONDOM IN YOUR WALLET WHERE THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A DOLLAR

I TOOK SOME FABRIC SOFTENER, AND SOME CHLORINE BLEACH

(SLOWS DOWN) AND PUT IT IN YOUR COFFEE ... JUST WITHIN YOUR REACH.

(TALKING) I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT YOUR HONOR, THOUGH I KILLED A HUMAN
BEING,

I'D LIKE TO SAY ...IN MY OWN DEFENSE..THAT

(SINGS) HIS UNDERWEAR WAS ALWAYS CLEAN.

(BIG CRESCENDO CLOSING AND BLACK OUT)

MUSIC UP AND FADES UNDER EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE WITH V.O. (SHOWN ON SCREEN OR SET)

FELICIA'S PERFORMANCE WAS SPOTTED BY ANOTHER JAILED MUSICIAN,

RAPPER BLIND LEMON POPPY SEED MUFFIN,

WHO IMMEDIATELY SIGNED HER TO HIS RECORD LABEL "DIE, WHITEY DIE!

HER FIRST CD WILL BE RELEASED THIS SPRING.

IT WAS RECORDED IN THE PRISON LAUNDRY, USING THE SOUND OF THE WASHERS AND DRYERS AS BACKGROUND NOISE.

FELICIA'S FIRST SINGLE, "KILLING HIM SOFTLY WITH FABRIC SOFTENER" IS CLIMBING THE CHARTS.

A "FREE FELICIA" MOVEMENT HAS TAKEN ROOT, SPONSORED BY TIDE.

HER NEW LINE OF PERMANENT PRESS MEN'S UNDERWEAR GOES ON SALE AT PARTICIPATING WAL-MART STORES THIS SPRING.

LADY PENELOPE ASKWITH III

MUSIC: ARISTOCRATIC AND BRITISH: HAIL BRITAINNIA

V.O.: For it's premier lecture series, Chapters Book store is proud to present author, Lady Penelope Askwith III.

(ARISTOCRATIC BRITISH WOMAN IN OUTRAGEOUS HAT WITH LONG CIGARETTE HOLDER; "MAGGIE SMITH-ISH" IN APPEARANCE AND MANNERISMS, STANDS IN ABSURB POSES & PONTIFICATES ABOUT CELIBACY.)

LADY ASKWITH: Celibacy, as you all know, is the state of abstaining from sexual relations, for indefinite periods of time. My name is Lady Penelope Askwith III and I am proud to say, I am a born again virgin! I began to practice celibacy every Saturday afternoon between 2:15 and 4:00 p.m. and I found it worked very well for me. Without all that mucking about in the bed, I could pursue my other passions, which are the royal family.... And... finding a cure for snoring. Many of you are here because you are interested in becoming celibate. And I say, jolly good for you. You are in very good company. There are many, many famous celibates: Joan of Arc, Elizabeth Taylor, no, no, no, I mean Queen Elizabeth I, Mahatma Gandhi. Think of Mahat. He never ate and he never had sex and dahlings, he looked wonderful. Just to test his resolve, Mahat, bless his pure soul, would sleep naked with beautiful young women. I'm sure one of them must have whispered in his ear "Have a cookie, Mahat, no one will know." But with Mahat, it was No cookie, no nookie!

Now, can you get your virginity back? Absolutely, silly girls. All a woman needs is a good hot bath and cup of strong Earl Grey tea and tah dah.... Virginity is yours again. There are many of us out there and I see you all: (SHE PANS AND POINTS TO THE AUDIENCE) recovered

sluts, born again nymphomaniacs, and that whole row of hussy housewives. So reclaiming your virginity can be done. And then.....undone. And dahlings, trust me, that's the fun part.

There is a worry, of course, that if everyone were celibate, the whole world would come to an end. Nonsense! Look at the royal family, they're celibate and they managed to reproduce. Oh! I do adore the royals. People always thought the reason Prince Charles and Princess Diana slept in separate bedrooms was because of Camilla Parker Bowles. Absolutely not! It's because Charles snored. How do I know this? Just look at him: big ears, big nose and that flapping uvula. So, in hopes of saving Diana's marriage ... along with my own, I took it upon myself to find a cure for snoring. (SALES PITCH) How many of you have fallen madly in love, gotten married and found yourself lying naked next to this: (tape recording of loud "geezer wheezer" snoring sounds) Those ferocious, disgusting, geezer wheezer sounds are that of my own husband, Goodyear Askwith III. To put a stop to it, I simply took a toilet plunger, slapped it over his face and pumped like hell. This is not a permanent cure, but (SHE SMILES SMUGLY) it does destroy the rhythm. Next you must declare "no sex" in your household until those horrible bodily noises stop. Goodyear, the poor dear, did try to stop snoring and this was the result. (TAPE RECORDING OF LOUD GASPING "SNIFFER WHIFFER" SOUNDS, WHICH REMAIN THROUGH THE NEXT DEMO, THEN THE SNORING STOPS SUDDENLY, AS SHE FINISHES CLANGING THE POTS TOGETHER) He became a sniffer whiffer. I say zero tolerance and up the ante. Grab two iron fry pans, stand spread eagle over his slumbering body and clang them together in a syncopated rhythm to his old goat noises. I guarantee he'll think twice about ever going to sleep again. I have written a book, (WHICH SHE HOLDS UP) with my tried and true techniques, called "You, Your man and his Uvula". If Gandhi could bring down the British Empire by being celibate, I know we women

together, arms folded, legs crossed, united in a sex free zone, can put an end to snoring. I thank you very much.

MUSIC UP AND FADES UNDER EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE WITH V.O. (SHOWN ON SCREEN OR SET)

LADY PENELOPE NEVER DID FIND A CURE FOR SNORING,
BUT THE PROCEDURES SHE DEVELOPED ARE NOW BEING STUDIED AS
INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES BY LAW ENFORCEMENT ORGANIZATIONS ALL
OVER THE WORLD.

SHE IS IN THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS FOR RECLAIMING AND
RESTORING HER VIRGINITY, HANDILY BEATING THE OLD RECORD HOLDER,
DORIS DAY.

SHE WAS ABOUT TO CELEBRATE HER 50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY,
WHEN HER HUSBAND, GOODYEAR, PASSED AWAY FROM SLEEP DEPRIVATION.
IRONICALLY, HE DIED IN HIS SLEEP.

MUFFY MEREDITH

MUSIC: BOUNCY INTRO MUSIC

(CONSERVATIVELY DRESSED, WITH GREY HAIR, GRANNY GLASSES AND A LARGE ABSURD HAT, MUFFY MEREDITH, HEAVY BOSOMED, LARGE DERRIERE WADDLES TO THE MICROPHONE)

As you all know, I'm Winfrey Meredith. My good friends call me "Muffy". As President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Timothy Beaton Presbyterian Hospital, it is my honor to welcome our new doctors. (HER EYES SEARCH THE AUDIENCE FOR DR. SLOOMP)

Dr. Jeremiah Sloomp has joined our staff here at Timothy B's. When I first met Dr. Sloomp, I didn't notice that he was black. Honestly, it took me 10 minutes to realize he was a Negro. Then, of course, I looked into his eyes, and you know what I saw?? I saw Afff..rica.

(SHE SUDDENLY BECOMES AWARE OF THE DISCOMFORT HER WORDS HAVE CAUSED. SHE BECOMES SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED)

Oh dear, I do believe I made a faux pas. I shouldn't have used the word, "Negro", I should have said Afff..rican American, which makes no sense to what so ever, since he is a Canadian of Jamaican descent. Well then again, sometimes I call my hat, a chapeau, and other times, my chapeau, a hat. I don't quite get it....but c'est la vie!

I'd also like to welcome (HER EYES SEARCH THE AUDIENCE) Dr. Abraham

Green..schteen, who is not black. Of course, I noticed that right away. He is Jewww..ish!

Welcome! Sha..loom! Dr. Green..schteen, we want you to feel at home at our little medical kee...boots. On a personal level, I want you to know that some of my best friends are Jeeewwwws. So please know that my hospital is your hospital. And in the spirit of

multiculturalism, we're serving gee-filty fish and I've special ordered some kosher bacon bits for the ceaser salad, along with the fried chicken.

Now from In-ja, I'd like to welcome Dr. Sari Sa..hharra to Timothy B's. (MUFFY NOTICES SOMETHING ABOUT DR.SAHARA AND WHISPERS LOUDLY) Dr. Sahara, there's a little smudge on your forehead. But I'll talk to you about it in the ladies room later on. (MUFFY GETS DISTRACTED BY HER OWN THOUGHTS)

I've been to In-ja many times, in season of course. The Taj Mahal by moonlight is exquisite. Dr. Sahari is Hindu; she worships a cow. (LONG THOUGHTFUL PAUSE)

Which I never quite understood...how a cow can be a holy person. We bar-b-que them.

Many of you have asked how these staff changes at Timothy B's came about. I must take some of the credit. Well, I must take all the credit. Several months ago, my driver took ill and I had a very important appointment with my esthetician, who is, by the way, Bulgarian.

So for the first time, on my own, I descended into the subway. When I was sitting on the "tube", I could not get over the multi-ethnicities of the people around me. They wore those funny wrap around hats and drapey, baggy costumes. I'm sure most of them could ride a camel. One man even smelled of curry. Honestly, I could have been in Sumbara, Botswana, not the heart of Toronto. It was shocking, but so exciting. Honestly, I thought it was

Halloween. But when I rose up, out of the Rosedale station, I had an epiphany. This hospital, the Timothy Beaton Pressss..byterian Hospital, can't just serve our kind of people, it must serve all kinds of people, including those subway kind of people.

To celebrate Timothy B's, as our new little medical united nations, I picked up the urban beat of the subway and I wrote this little song.

MUSIC: STRONG, HARD RAP BEAT POUNDS

(MUFFY COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE PODIUM, WITH HER HANDBAG OVER HER ARMS AND WEARING WHITE GLOVES, & ORTHOPEDIC SHOES AND SHE STARTS A RAP NUMBER, DOING HIP HOP MOVEMENTS)

I'M A CHICK

AND I'M SICK

NEEDA DOCTOR REAL QUICK

ATE CURRY ON A BUN

CALL 911

(MUFFY DOES AWKWARD HIP HOP MOVE FOR 4 BEATS)

IF YOU'RE YIDDISH

OR YOU'RE BRITISH

AND YOU'RE FEELING KINDA SKITTISH

IF YOU'RE BLACK

OR YOU'RE WHITE

WITH A FEVER OUT OF SIGHT

COME TO TIMOTHY B'S (silent 3, 4)

NO USER FEES (silent 3, 4)

WE TAKE FAKE IDS (silent 3, 4)

SERVE BLACK EYED PEAS (silent 3, 4)

IF YOU'RE .. UNITARIAN

OR RASTAFARIAN

OR NON-SECTARIAN

OR HIMAYLARIAN

COME TO TIMOTHY B'S (silent 3, 4)

NO USER FEES (silent 3, 4)

WE TAKE FAKE IDS (silent 3, 4)

SERVE BLACK EYED PEAS (silent 3, 4)

(MUFFY POSES IN AN EXAGGERATED RAP POSE)

(SPEAKS) THAT'S THE TIMOTHY BEATON PRESS...BYTERIAN HOSPITAL

YO DOG, UMM GEE, ASK FOR ME "MUFFY D".

MUSIC UP AND FADES UNDER EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE WITH V.O. (SHOWN ON SCREEN OR SET)

MUFFY MEREDITH STILL HAS AN INCURABLE CASE OF "FOOT IN MOUTH"
DISEASE.

SHE WAS RECENTLY ASKED TO RESIGN FROM THE HOSPITAL COMMITTEE ON
RACIAL AND CULTURAL DIVERSITY

BECAUSE OF HER DEMANDING TOUR SCHEDULE AND HER CONSTANT USE OF
THE WORD "PICKANINIES."

TO BETTER UNDERSTAND "SUBWAY PEOPLE,"

SHE HAS RIDDEN A CAMEL, VISITED MECCA AND DRIVEN A TAXI.

SHE BOUGHT HERSELF A SUMMER HOME IN THE JANE-FINCH CORRIDOR, AND
STARTS EACH MORNING WITH A PIPING HOT BOWL OF CURRIED OATMEAL AND
GOAT.

MIRIAM MEISEL

MUSIC: DIXIE

(MIRIAM ARRIVES ON STAGE WITH A RUSSLE OF PETTICOATS, A BIG BOW IN HER HAIR, HIDDEN BEHIND A TWIRLING PARISOL. SHE HAS A THICK SOUTHERN ACCENT)

MIRIAM: It's so nice of all y'all to gather for the 21st anniversary of little ole me becoming a Canadian. (FLIPS PARISOL OVER TO REVEAL HER FACE.) Go leafs go! Ooh! It's so cute when they bash their little heads into the boards. (SHE FLIRTATIIOUSLY TITTERS AND GIGGLES). I know what you must be asking. How does a shy, southern, polish, Jewish girl named Miriam Meisel, leave the bayous of Louisiana and end up somewhere "slightly north of Montana" and becomes Micki Moore. (WEDDING MARCH PLAYS, HER FRILLY UMBRELLA TURNED UPSIDE DOWN BECOMES A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. SHE HURRIES TO BACK OF STAGE AND SLOWLY MARCHES UP THE AISLE WITH AN INNOCENT, GIDDY LOOK ABOUT HER)

(V.O. MALE VOICE, SOUTHERN ACCENT): Do you take this Canadian fella to be your lawfully wedded husband?

MIRIAM: And there, under the hoopa, the Rabbi proclaimed,

(V.O. MALE VOICE, SOUTHERN ACCENT): "May the Lord bless you and keep you, as you head for the GIANT TUNDRA to the NORTH."

MIRIAM: And all starry eyed, I'm thinking....to myself, "What's a tundra?"

I ran to the library in the synagogue and looked up the word. (SHE SEARCHES THE BIG BOOK. SHE FREAKS OUT) "Tundra" - a vast Artic wasteland. So I packed up all my petticoats and pretty bows, and sure enough, the first thing my new Canadian husband asked

me to do was go outside with the garden hose and make a hockey rink. (SHE ACTS OUT THEIR CONVERSATION) “Well, little darlin’, just how do I do that?” I said (BATS HER EYELASHES) batting my eyelashes. (PUTS ON MASCULINE PERSONNA) “You take the garden hose, pour water on the ground till it freezes. Then you do it every hour on the hour, again and again, till you have 15 layers.” (FEMALE PERSONNA, STILL ALL SWEET AND SMILEY) “But it’s 20 below zero out there.” (MALE PERSONNA) “That’s when you make the best hockey rinks.” So at the divorce hearing, I told the judge, “Your honor, and what a fine looking man you are, (BATTING HER EYELASHES) I just don’t do hockey rinks.” (MISCHIEVOUSLY) So much to my regret, I no longer had a place to skate, but I did have two babies to look after. All the while, I had my eye on the TV, trying to figure out how to get the rest of me on it. In the commercials, there were people who looked like people having people’s problems: bad breath, underarm odor, drippy nose, dirty laundry, pounding head. I said to myself, “I’ve got all those things.” The next morning I woke up and my sink was stopped up. It was a sign, an omen. Did I call a plumber? No, I called an agent. And I landed my very first commercial audition. It was almost too much, too soon cause I got that first whiff of fame. I’d be walking down the street with my kids, and people would say to me, “Aren’t you the woman in the Milk of Magnesia commercial?” And my son would say, (IN A CHILD’S VOICE) “Yes, and my mom is the constipated one.” For that job, all I had to do was stand around with a pinched face. (DEMONSTRATES IT) “Feeling logy, Marge?” (NODS PAINFULLY) and for that, I made \$5000.00. Then I learned, there’s even more money, if you can speak on camera, so I signed up at the Royal Conservatory. (VOICE OF INSTRUCTOR, IN PRECISE UPPER ENGLISH ACCENT) Say, “How now brown cow”. (MIRIAM REPEATS IN THICK SOUTHERN ACCENT) “Hooooow noooooow brooown

coooow.” After 2 years of practicing, I finally learned how to speak Canadian. Listen: “How now brown cow, EH!” Pretty soon I had my own television show and a new name, Micki Moore. Little did I know that my son, while I was lying in backyard sunbathing, was going up and down the street, shouting, “Come one, come all, see Micki Moore in a bikini. Only 25 cents.” He sold out. Lying on the cot, I open my eyes and I am surrounded by a group of grade school boys, all staring directly at my chest. (LITTLE BOY’S FROGGY VOICE) “Them sure are nice, Mrs. Moore”!

Well, I almost had it all. I had the kids, the TV show. I had my identity, my autonomy, my RRSP and my IUD. Now I was looking for the man of my dreams. And suddenly, a “gentleman caller” turned up with such charm, such savoir-faire. He had a way with words that melted my heart. He had a new store opening and he wanted me to attend, so he said, (TALKS AS MALE PERSONNA), “If I can’t get a real celebrity, can you come?” Then before I knew it, he whisked me away to South Africa for a kind of Meryl Streep, Robert Redford dangerous, passionate “tame the lion” safari in the jungle. It was hot, it was primitive; the hyenas in heat were howling. He gathered me in his masculine arms, pulling me close to him. Then he whispered in my ear, those words every woman longs to hear, “Capitalism is far superior to socialism.” After my whirlwind romance and (PAUSE) political science lecture, a very exciting thing happened. He asked me to marry him. Only it’s eleven years later and this time it’s in France.

MUSIC: THE WEDDING MARCH

(MIRIAM DUPLICATES WEDDING MARCH WITH UMBRELLA AS FLOWERS, INNOCENT LOOK)

(V.O. MALE VOICE WITH FRENCH ACCENT) “Do you take zis Canadian fella to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

MIRIAM: “OUI” to the tundra, but “NON” to the hockey rink. So you see,

I’m not a lumberjack or a Mountie

I don’t live in an igloo or eat blubber

I say schedule instead of schedule

My name is Miriam Meisel

Here's to standing tall and saying it like a true Acadian

Honey child, I looove this land, I love this tundra

Cause I am a Canadian.

Now y’all come back now, ya hear.