

## **Them's the Breaks!**

### **Characters:**

Donny

Melatonina the 3<sup>rd</sup>

The "Them's the Breaks!" House Band

The Panelist/Judges:

Margereen Traylor Queen

Justice Thomas Clearance

Nancy Paloosie

Paul Paloosie

Two Transvestite Handmaidens

Two Stormtroopers

The Wrong Man

The Right Man

Rafael "Teddy" Crudz

BoBo Boobert

The Unknown Wiseguy

Tricky Dick

Tricky Dick's Assistant

Vlad Puta

Elton Spoor

Rooty Tootiani

Happy the Wonder Dog

The January 6<sup>th</sup> Liberty Chorus

Prisoner/Soloist

The Young Godfather

## **Setting:**

*The play takes the form of a talent show. The set is structured like the old Gong Show Chuck Barris used to host. Everything about it is suggestive of Busby Berkeley extravagance, but lavishly cheap and tacky. The Band is at the extreme right, a small version of a big band, with conductor, brasses, winds, etc. Two golden go-go cages are hanging behind and above the orchestra. Three panel members/judges sit at a similarly decorated table on the extreme left. The center of the stage is reserved for the host, hostess, and contestants. The audience, like the audience of a game show, is encouraged to participate, in effect becoming part of the show. A guillotine with a dummy's head in the chock is located a few steps away from the panelists who can use it to stop any act they find objectionable.*

## **The One Act**

*Curtains are drawn. Each curtain has a huge "\$" in the middle with little "\$"s surrounding it, like the curtains in Busby Berkeley's "Gold Diggers of 1933." An unseen solo trumpet announces the start of the show by playing the few measures of the paso-doble fanfare that always precedes a bullfight. Curtains part, revealing the band on the right and three panelist/judges sitting at their table on the left. The musicians shout "Ole!" and begin to play the show's theme song ("We're In the Money"). Enter Melatonina the 3<sup>rd</sup> accompanied by two Transvestite Handmaidens dressed as vestal virgins scattering flower petals. Band switches to "Isn't She Lovely." "Applaud Now!" sign flashes. She will introduce the panelists- who are standing, clapping their hands and cheering wildly- and Donny, the show's host, who has not entered the stage yet. She is dressed in an extravagant and very revealing gown in the euro-slut tradition. Her floppy hat is low in the crown and wide in the brim. Snap-traps (like the ones used to kill mice) hang off the brim like pom-poms on a Mexican sombrero. Throughout the play, she will be wearing hats and employing other artifices that prevent Donny from getting physically close to her. She speaks in a thick, guttural eastern European accent, like the Gabor sisters chewing peanut butter. The two Transvestite Handmaidens step into the background.*

Melatonina (to the audience): Dahlinks! Wie ghets! Enchante! Goodt eveningk undt velcommen, ladies undt herrink, to "Zem's Ze Breagks!", ze talent show zat made Treblinka fahmoose! (Electric sign flashes "APPLAUD NOW!") Zank you! Zank you! Eef you've been living under ze rocks or maybe in Guantanamo undt are too ztupeed to know eet, I am your beauteeful undt intelleegent hostess, Melatonina the 3<sup>rd</sup>! (Electric sign flashes "APPLAUD NOW!") Zank you! Zank you very moosh, Dahlinks! Now zat zat ees undyershtoodt, let's geeve a beeg handt to our paneleests who veel be judging ze geefted performers who are here tonights to enterstain you vith zer amazink talents! ("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Panelists rise and bow.) Zank you! Zank you, Dahlinks! (to the panelists) Ok, ok, enough mit youse. Sit down undt shut up already! (to audience) Now Dahlinks, ze moment you haff been vaiting for! (Pause. Long drum roll.) He's handscum! He's intelleegent! He's very very reech! Dahlinks- let me present to each uf you my hoosband... Uff! I love heem zo moosh!... ze ztar uf our show... Uff! Vhat a man!.. your favorite preseedent, man about ze town, undt ze world's first trillionaire... Uff! I can't get enough out uf heem... Donny Tro-o-o-ompkeen!! ("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Band plays "Pennies From Heaven". Enter Donny, flanked by the Transvestite Handmaidens who are sprinkling flower petals/confetti, grinning broadly from side to side, hands victoriously up above his head. He does his signature

*side-to-side twist, forefingers pointed as he swings his arms back and forth, legs planted. He is wearing a blue suit, white shirt and red tie, a gold guillotine pin with an American flag background on his lapel.)*

Donny (*sucking up the adulation; examining the two Transvestite Handmaidens critically; the two Transvestite Handmaidens enter the go-go cages and are hoisted up where they will be dancing when the band plays; aside*): Hmmmm. I never noticed them two cuties before. Maybe the three of us can get together after the show... good thing that Chinese Viagra factory can't ever go on strike. We got to get rid of our traitor unions too. (*notices Melatonia the 3<sup>rd</sup> glaring at him*) Hey Melatonia! Let's show these losers how Daddy gets a great big kiss! (*As he brings his face near hers, he bumps into the brim of her hat causing some of the snap-traps to snap shut loudly. He jumps back, startled*) Ok, ok. You gotta be startin' that crap up again! Enough! ("APPLAUD NOW!" *sign flashing. To audience.*) Ok, ok, all right. I get it! Enough of your sucking up, too. You're not gonna win anything here today anyway and you don't have no pre-nup, as if that and a lawsuit would get you anywhere. Believe me! Believe me! ("APPLAUD NOW!" *sign flashing. The panelists, musicians, Transvestite Handmaidens continue to clap, encouraging the audience to applaud despite Donny's protestations. The scene is reminiscent of Stalin's speeches, where no one wanted to be the first to stop cheering. To audience.*) Jeez, won't you shut up already?! I already know how great I am! Everybody does! Now set your dumb selves down and shut up and let's get this show over with. I've got a big meeting with Elton and Vlad coming up right after this disaster and I don't want to be late. ("APPLAUD NOW!" *Sign flashing madly. Cast still clapping enthusiastically. To audience.*) Are you stupid or just deaf? Didn't I tell you to cool it? What do you want me to do with you? (*points to the guillotine*) Maybe you'd like to have a little taste of that? Eh? Would you? It's not just for the contestants, you know. Let me show you. (*to the Two Stormtroopers who are offstage*): All set, boys? (*Two burly guards dressed like Nazi Stormtroopers enter, approach guillotine. One of them pulls the drop lever; the blade descends and chops the dummy's head off. It drops into the basket. To audience.*) Now shut the hell up already! ("APPLAUD NOW!" *sign flashing; it is important that the panelists, musicians, Handmaidens, etc. - in short, everyone on the stage who is not occupied- clap, cheer and encourage the audience to applaud ecstatically throughout Donny's dialog despite his demand that they desist. Stormtroopers reset the guillotine and place the head back under the blade. Donny notices an audience member who is not clapping his hands.*) Hey! Who's that disrespectful slimeball over there who's not applauding? (*points at the man who is not clapping*) Hey! You over there! Yeah, Meatball, you! Who do you think you are coming on my show and dissing me like this? Screw you! That's right! Screw you! Here's what traitor radical loser commies like you get! (*turns and yells*) Security! Security! Get your asses over here and make it snappy! Chop chop! (*Two Stormtroopers rush in*) It took you long enough! Didn't they teach you what snappy means in reform school? Maybe you want me to say "mach schnell," lamebrains? Let me remind you we have a finishing school in Guantanamo that has two vacancies. And when I say "finishing," I'm not discussing your manners. I mean finishing as in kaput. (*slides forefinger across his neck*) You know what that means. So watch your steps. Now try to pay attention with those little minds you were born with. See that rude loser over there? You do have eyes, don't you? (*points*) Grab that traitor's ass and toss him out on the street. And not so gently. He needs a lesson in manners. Don't bother about the traffic- just chuck his butt out into the gutter. I'll pay your lawyers' fees if he sues you. (*Band plays "Hit the Road Jack." Two Transvestite Handmaidens frug in their cages. Stormtroopers rush into the audience and grab the Wrong Man.*)

Wrong Man: Hey! Watch it! Lemme go! Lemme go! Owwww! I didn't do nothin'! It wasn't me! It wasn't me! You got the wrong guy!

Donny (*realizes they made a mistake but doesn't acknowledge it*): Yeah, yeah! That's right! Grab his ass! Grab his stupid ass!

Wrong Man: You can't do this! I've got my rights!

Donny: Yeah, yeah. Listen to this human refuse. "I've got my rights! I've got my rights!" Let me tell you something, Scumbag-everybody has his rights, until a fist in the face says different. (*to Stormtroopers*) Grab his ugly ass! And get that disloyal slob sitting next to him too! (*points to the Right Man who didn't applaud. Stormtroopers snatch both. They resist and protest in vain as they are dragged out. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes wildly.*)

Right Man (*struggling*): Sic semper tyrannis!

Donny: We must be nuts to let these terrorist immigrants in who can't even speak American. Look around you. What do you see? Shit-hole sewer countries sending us deviant rats like this one. The worst of the worst. Poison to our country. And the radical left-wing mob just keeps letting these miscreants in. Horrendous how long we've been suckers. Too long. Too long. But believe me- things are going to change. Believe me! It's disgusting what this country is coming to. And if you don't believe me, open your eyes and see what's around you. You can't hardly ever get a quality crowd anymore. Now the rest of you degenerates in the audience- don't even try to hide!- you know who you are and so do I!- you clowns better watch your steps- and I mean it this time because I still got to introduce those three pathetic side show refugees sitting over there who think they're some kind of judge of talent. See them? (*points to the panelists*) Do you think they're celebrities? Well? Do you? Because if you do you're stupider than them if that's possible. They were nobodies, nobodies, just losers like the rest of you until I came along and raised them up. Now look at them. They still look stupid- right? Nothing I can do about that. But at least they're up here getting minimum wage- which they won't collect if I can help it- instead of squatting where you are. (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up*) Now if you're done making complete un-American idiots of yourselves, let's meet those three loser judges starting with that mongoloid looking broad in the middle who's maybe a three on the gnome scale even on her good days. (*Points to Margereen Traylor Queen.*) Ok, Gruesome- get on up and let's get a load of ya.

Margereen Traylor Queen (*rising*): Oh, thank you, Sir! What a thrill it is for me to be in the same room with you!

Donny: Yeah, yeah. Very original. Breathe in the other direction, will you? I don't want to suck in the same air as you. Now explain yourself, Margereen. How come you're here? What retard let you in?

Margereen Traylor Queen: Oh, Sir! I'm so excited!

Donny: Well, don't wet yourself. You got to clean up any snail trail you leave behind you.

Margereen: No Sir! I mean yes Sir! Oh my goodness- I can't believe it's really you!

Donny: Of course it's me! You don't think I'd actually pay someone else to do this bullshit job do you? What kind of idiot do you think I am? Now enough about you. Just shut your trap, set yourself down on your brains and let me introduce that fat black slob with the mayo drooling down his chin who's sitting next to you. Hey!

Professor Nappyhead! (*Justice Thomas Clearance points to himself.*) Who do you think I'm talking to? Yeah, that's right, dummy, you! (*to audience*) Here's another example of wasteful government spending and influence peddling, Justice Thomas Clearance, a total loser until I put him on the Supreme Court. And the only reason this grafter isn't a complete incompetent anymore is because whatever I say, he bobbles his head, shuffles his feet, and nearly yassuhs me to death. Isn't that right, Sleepy Tom? At least nobody will ever be able to call him woke.

Justice Thomas Clearance (*grim, bobbling his head*): Yessir, Sir. That's right, Sir.

Donny: Shut up, Tom. Nobody asked you. By the way, when did you finally return from your all-expense paid vacation to Bali with that creepy wife of yours? Must be nice not to work for a living, unless you call keeping your palm open a job. You know, I didn't put you on the Supreme Court because of your good looks. As if you had any. You got to be good for something, but we haven't figured out what it is yet.

Justice Thomas Clearance: Yes Sir, I surely hope I am, Sir. I'm ready and proud to serve and be served, Sir, in any capacity that would please you, just the way you like it, Sir.

Donny: Well, you better get it right this time. I'm tired of wasting my time on you, so let's move on to our last panelist... (*looks at the last panelist and is shocked*) ... Nancy Paloosie?... Nancy Paloosie?... NANCY PALOOSIE??! (*addresses Nancy Paloosie*) Who the hell let you in here, Hater? I thought I left strict orders to keep you out of this show? What did you do? Sneak in while nobody was looking?

Nancy Paloosie: Somebody's gotta keep this lousy game honest. So Paulie and I decided to make sure it's run on the up-and-up. (*Waves to her husband who is sitting in the audience with a large bandage wrapped around his head.*) Hi, Honey! Stand up and say hi to everyone! (*Paul Paloosie stands up smiling, bows in all directions and waves to the crowd throwing kisses. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up. Audience applauds.*)

Donny: Hey! What's wrong with that traitor sign? Didn't I warn it last time it messed up? (*Takes pistol out of his pocket and shoots the sign. It drops to the floor, hanging by its cord, still flashing.*) Security! Security! (*Two Stormtroopers rush in.*) Grab that traitor sign, line it up against the wall and let the firing squad do its duty. (*The Two Stormtroopers push the sign against the wall, remove their Lugers from their hip holsters, and shoot the sign. It twitches in its death throes and finally stops flashing. Donny addresses the sign.*) Who the hell do you think you are, anyway? You think you're the only sign we got? Let me tell you something, Palsy- we've got lotsa signs, a whole lotsa- and they all want to be on this show! All of them! Every one of them! (*As he speaks, the two Stormtroopers return with a new sign and begin installing it.*) Now let's see you try that again, Stinkin' Blinkin'!...(pause, to the audience) And let that be a lesson to the rest of you goofs out there who should be out making America great again instead of hanging around here wasting my time. Bing bing, bong bong, bing bing bing!

(*Enter Melatonina the 3<sup>rd</sup> wearing a belly-dancer's outfit- veils, chains made of coins, woven steel mesh, etc- playing castanets. The Band strikes up a belly-dancing tune. She dances up to Donny provocatively.*)

Donny: Baby! Get your assets over here! (*Melatonina the 3<sup>rd</sup> dances up to him seductively, teasingly, always just out of reach of his grasping hands. The music speeds up.*) Come on now, Poopie- don't be that way!

Melatonina (*dancing exotically*): But Dahlink please! Ze show must go on. Ze performers are waiting to begin zere acts. Call zem out, Dahlink, undt let zem do zere ding!

*Donny lunges forward, trying to grab her. She nimbly ducks out of his grasp still snapping her castanets. He tries again. She gracefully sidesteps and catches his nose in one of her castanets. The castanets stay locked to his nose. He struggles, but finally succeeds in removing them.*

Donny: OWWWWW! That hurt! Whatcha gotta play so rough for?

Melatonina: Read ze pre-nup, Dahlink. Tonight's not ze night!

Donny (*Band plays introductory bars to the tune of "I Got You Babe." He sings; the Band accompanies him*):

They say we're dumb and we don't know  
But they still came to see our stupid show.

Melatonina:

Vell I don't care if that's a fact  
'Cause you got dough, and I have gots ze rack. (*Wiggles her rack.*)

Babe.

Donny and Melatonina:

I gotchoo babe  
I gotchoo babe.

Donny

They say money won't buy me love  
But dough's the thing I've always been fond of.

Melatonina:

I guess zat's true, you sure have a lot  
It keeps me here, ze rest of you ees shot.

Babe.

Donny and Melatonina:

I gotchoo babe  
I gotchoo babe.

Donny:

I gotta penthouse in the sky.

Melatonina:

You make me break out in hives.

Und when you're here, you make me retch.

Donny:

And when you're here, you always kvetch.

Melatonina:

Don't let zem say your zing's too short

It's longer 'cause you got all zem damn varts.

Donny:

Our pre-nup is the bottom line

When you get dough my moves you can't decline.

Babe.

Donny and Melatonina:

I gotchoo babe.

I gotchoo babe.

Donny:

I got you to steal my dough.

Melatonina:

Just how mosh you'll never know.

Donny:

I just want a little fun.

Melatonina:

Zo cough up ze friggin' mon.

Donny:

I get so horny at night.

Melatonina:

You just zpoiled my appeetite.

Donny:

I gotchoo, I won't let go.

Melatonina:

I hate you, eef you really muhst know.

Donny and Melatonina:

I gotchoo babe.

I gotchoo babe.

*(Repeat 6 times and fade. New "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.)*

Donny *(rubbing his nose)*: Ok, ok, enough of this sentimental crap. Let's get the show rolling with our first contestant, another loser who is so ugly his proctologist stuck a finger in his mouth, so stupid he thinks I like him and such a suck-up that I can slap that equally ugly wife of his silly and he'll still kiss my butt, Rafael "Lyn' Teddy" Crudz. *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Band plays "Yellow Rose of Texas". Enter R.T. Crudz carrying a trombone case.)* Well, Raffy, what's your excuse for mucking up my show? Your equal opportunity days are over, Paisano, so you better make it good.

R.T. Crudz *(reddening bashfully; with a servile smile)*: My mother called me Raffy, Sir. You can call me Teddy.

Donny: I can call you worm chow if I want to. You and your tomato-pickin' mommy. I'm surprised she wasn't deported for dumping toxic waste the moment you were born. Now stop being a moron for a moment and tell me what dopey act you've got to bore us with today. Go on. Get your fingers out of your mouth and explain your mindless self.

R.T. Crudz *(excitedly, sensing his moment has come)*: Well, Sir, I've come to show the folks how we cook bacon down home in Texas.

Donny: And you're going to do it with a friggin' trombone? Are you an idiot or what?

R.T. Crudz: Not exactly, Sir. Allow me to demonstrate. *(Opens case and removes an AR 16 assault gun with a 300-round magazine. Donny is terrified. Crudz, smiling broadly and servilely, opens a package of bacon and wraps the strips around the barrel.)* Now don't y'all worry folks. We'll be usin' blanks this time. At least, I think they're blanks. Ha Ha! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up. Laughing maniacally, he points the weapon at the ceiling and fires. Donny jumps behind Melatonina, cowering. Ringers in the audience scream, though the ringers*

*might not be necessary. The shooting goes on until all the ammo is spent. A few bits of detritus fall from the ceiling. Crudz is laughing hysterically throughout. The stage fills with smoke and the smell of cordite and sizzling bacon. Once the shooting is over, Crudz becomes the smiling sycophant again. He unwraps the cooked bacon and begins to eat it.)* Yum yum! Just how Ma used to cook it. Them little piggies sho nuff didn't sacrifice their lives in vain! No, Sir! And that folks, is how we fry up a mess of bacon in Texas. (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Crudz licks his fingers.*)

Donny (*recovering*): Why you crazy son of a bitch! I didn't think you had it in ya! That was really good! You know, Homeland Security can use a low I.Q. morphodite who thinks like you.

R.T. Crudz (*beaming bashfully*): Thank you, Sir!

Donny: Don't let it go to your head, Horseface. You're not exactly a stable genius. Let's see what the judges think of your performance. (*to Margereen*) What about it, Liver Lips? What score did you give Raffy and his trombone?

Margereen: (*reveals a sign with "10" on it*) A "10" Donny! Raffy was fabulous! We all do the same in my neck of the hollow, exceptin' we use snakes! Smell just like fried chicken roasting!

Donny: So do you when you don't shower. You did shower this month, didn't you?

Margereen: I didn't want to disappoint you, Sir. I hear you like fried chicken.

Donny: I wouldn't want to try it even if I was crazy Bernie's cousin Colonel Sanders. But speaking of fried chicken, let's ask Justice Shiney-head what he thinks. Hey! Sleeping Beauty! Wake up! Wipe the grease off your chin and tell us what you think of Raffy's act.

Justice Thomas Clearance (*soporifically*): Huh? Wha? Oh, yes. Gun ownership is allowed under the Second- or was it the Third? - Amendment. Whatever. I always mix them up. There's too many to keep track of. We should think about getting rid of most of them anyway. But the point is that Americans have the right to arm bears. Even those who were born in weird foreign places like Canada. There's not much we can do about it.

Donny: So where's your score card? (*to audience*) How do you like this guy? See what happens when you got Affirmative Action?

J.T.C: What score card? (*pauses; rolls his brow; wakes up*) Oh! The score card! I'll give Raffy what Liver Li... I mean, Margereen, gave him! What did you give him, Margereen?

Margereen: A ten.

J.T.C. Sounds good to me. Raffy gets a 10 from me too.

Donny: You are an idiot, Unky, but you do make the Supreme Court look like average Americans, and you know how dumb they are. I mean, what kind of moron would vote for me in the first place? And they haven't even seen half of it. It just goes to show you how empowering stupidity can be. I owe it a lot for my success. Now as much as I hate to do it, let's ask that traitor Paloosie what she thought of Psycho Raffy's act.

Nancy Paloosie: Well Donny, I like my bacon less crispy. He should have used a 200-round magazine, so normally I'd give Raffy an 8. But since he was born in Canada, I'll add an extra point for a total of 9.

Donny: Well, isn't that real liberal of you, Paloosie, siding with the enemy against your own country.

Margereen (*upset*): What??! Raffy was born in Canada?!? I didn't know that! Is it too late to change my score?

*The Band strikes up the theme song of the Unknown Wiseguy, "In the Mood," playing very quickly. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. The introductory bars over, he dances onstage, shuffling his feet in a caricature of the Nicholas Brothers. He is wearing a white KKK robe, holes for his eyes, a slit for his mouth. There's a "Black Lives Matter" sign on the back of the gown, a large peace sign necklace around his neck. Throughout their conversation, he will continue his fake, frenetic tap dance. He is incapable of being still; he is in constant motion. The "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*

The Unknown Wiseguy (*frantically excited*): Donny Baby! Donny Baby!

Donny: Oh no! Not you again!

The Unknown Wiseguy: Donny Baby! Donny Baby!

Donny: What do you want this time? And don't think I don't know who you are!

The Unknown Wiseguy: Donny Baby! Donny Baby!

Donny: I gotta sic the Justice Department on this guy!

The Unknown Wiseguy (*still dancing wildly with exaggerated arm movements*): Donny Baby! Donny Baby!

Donny: And the IRS.

The Unknown Wiseguy: Donny Baby! Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Donny: How the hell do I know? It was dark. We were all wearing robes. You couldn't see a damn thing. She had incredible sexy feet, though. Yum yum!

The Unknown Wiseguy: Ha ha, Donny Baby! That was no lady, Donny... that was my transvestite cousin Melvin! (*drummer plays a rimshot*)

Donny (*enraged*): Security! Security! Get this asshole outta here! Get him outta here!! (*Two Stormtroopers march in and begin to drag the Unknown Wiseguy away; he is struggling and laughing hysterically.*)

The Unknown Wiseguy: Ha ha ha! Love those 5-inch heels, eh, Donny?

Donny (*screaming*): Get 'im outta here! Get 'im outta here!

The Unknown Wiseguy: Nice ankle bracelet, eh Donny?

Donny (*maddened*): Get 'im outta here! Get 'im outta here! (*The Unknown Wiseguy's laughter dies down in the distance as the Stormtroopers drag him away. Donny slowly recovers. Breathing heavily.*) I gotta stop being so nice to people. See how they take advantage of me? It's not fair. It's not nice. You give 'em the finger; they take the hand. Is that right? How can it be right? Well, the show must go on. Let's see who's next. Hmmm. Maybe

Melatonina knows. Melatonina! Oh Melatonina! Where'd you go? Get over here! *(She enters wearing another revealing, slinky gown and large hat woven out of barbed wire.)*

Melatonina: You called me, Dahlink? Uff! But you look so ongehoiben! Vhat happenedt? Did you lose your leettle rubber doocky again? Come here. Let me cuddle you! Come closer, Dahlink, to your lovink Melatonina! *(sways her head as he approaches)*

Donny *(seeing the barbed wire and backing off)*: Not now, Melatonina. Jesus! Is that all you think about? I'm running out of Viagra, Baby!

Melatonina: But you're so cutsie-whoopsie, Dahlink! I veel gomfort you! *(Tries to head bunt him; he dodges her.)*

Donny: Later, later. Right now we've got a show to run and I need to know who's on next. Do you remember?

Melatonina: Of course, Dahlink. I'm not ztubid like zum beople. Of course Melatonina knows!

Donny: Well don't keep me in suspense. Who the hell is it?

Melatonina *(annoyed)*: Uff! You should know, Doughnny: zat four-eyed shamuta whose hand ees always in ze wrong lap. Uff! Eef I ever catch her hand in your lap, I'll know vhere you got ze varts on your leettle moshroom cap.

Donny *(mock innocently)*: Which one is that? And stop being so jealous. *(aside)* They're all jealous! All of them. I can't blame them, but I'm gonna have to get an ugly stick to beat 'em off with.

Melatonina: Ha! Zat vill be ze daze. Und you know perfectly vell who eet is. Zat little chyotchka, BoBo Boobert. Don't even try to pretend you don't know ze slut!

Donny *(boastfully)*: I know 'em all! All of 'em! And you can breeze off now- I remember what she's going to do. *(exit Melatonina; addresses audience)* Folks, prepare yourself for a juicy musical interlude. When I say juicy, I mean she's been a fresh squeeze ever since she was 12. And when I say "interlude," I mean she's lewd. Really lewd. I mean so lewd that she's nasty, not that we don't like that. So let's give a big hand for the little lady who's probably given most of you a little hand herself. *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes)* Man, I love her act! But then again, I've been watching crap like this ever since I was old enough to sneak into a porno theater.

*Enter BoBo Boobert carrying a ukelele. Melatonina glares at her from behind the edge of the curtain. The Band begins to play "She Works Hard for the Money". "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. She is dressed like a high school sleaze would on prom night: tight gown, lots of exposed leg and bust. Wears glasses that make her appear brighter than she is, but the 5-inch heels give her away.*

BoBo: Hi, Donny! *(mock petulantly)* You bad boy! Why haven't you called your lonely BoBo like you pwomised? She's been sitting home all by herself missing you. You don't wanna make her cwya again, do you?

Donny: Cool it, BoBo. We're on the air.

BoBo: But you pwomised, Donny! You pwomised!

Donny: Yeah, yeah, I know; I know! But ya gotta zip your lip just now. *(Whispers in her ear.)*

BoBo (*mock shocked*): OOOOOOOO, Donny! You **are** a bad boy!

*Donny whispers in her ear.*

BoBo: OOOOOOOOOOO! You're encouragable!

*Donny whispers in her ear.*

BoBo: OOOOOOOOOOO! You are nasteeeeeee!

*Donny whispers in her ear.*

BoBo (*mock outrage*): That's disgusting! Hee hee hee!

*Donny whispers in her ear.*

BoBo (*giggling*): Ok, ok, Donny, you bad boy you! Sounds like fun! I'll see ya later in your dressing room.

Donny: You betcha! Bing bing bang bang. Just as soon as this dopey show is over. Now cheese it. (*To audience.*) Folks, here's a classy little lady whose act is so fantastic that I'm thinking of replacing Drowsy Tom over here (*points to Justice Thomas Clearance, who is snoozing*) with her. ("APPLAUD NOW!" *flashes*) Those Supreme Court justices are so dumb I doubt they'll even notice I did it. And if they do, so what? What do you think they're gonna do? Decide against me? Ha! Those losers? You got to be kidding! They're so scared of getting schlonged that they'll do the same they always do. Which means doing exactly what I tell them to do- if they know what's good for them. So get used to saying "Justice BoBo," because you'll be hearing it a lot. Now let's give the little lady the big hand that she's known for ("APPLAUD NOW!" *sign lights up*) and welcome Justice BoBo! And let me tell you something- all I got to do is think something in my head to make it real. Bing bing, bong bong, bing bing bing. And just like that, it happens. ("APPLAUD NOW!" *signs flashes; addresses BoBo*) So what do you got for us today, BoBo? Are you going to use those lungs of yours or just stand there looking stupidified and confused?

BoBo: You gotta be patient, Donny. We'll have lotsa time for my lungs later. I gotta sing my song first.

Donny: Uh huh. So let's not waste any more time then and get the show on the road. (*to audience*) Here she is folks. She's gorgeous. She's intelligent. Her many talents never fail to amaze me... just look at her, folks...see what I mean? Oh! I like her so much! But then again, so does anyone who's ever sat next to her in a dark theater... so let's give **her** a big hand for a change: Justice BoBo! ("APPLAUD NOW!" *sign flashes. Enter Transvestite Handmaidens who will accompany her on harps. BoBo approaches microphone, begins to strum her ukelele and sings "I Wanna Be Loved By You" in the style of Marilyn Monroe in "Some Like It Hot."*)

I wanna be loved by you, just you

And nobody else but you

I wanna be loved by you alone

Boop-boop-de-boop!

Donny:

Bing-bing-de-bong!

*Nancy Paloosie, disgusted, rises with the intention of stopping the act by engaging the guillotine. Margereen notices this and shakes Justice Clearance awake.*

I wanna be kissed by you, just you

Nobody else but you

I wanna be kissed by you alone.

*Nancy Paloosie steps away from her chair. The other two panelists rise from their chairs.*

I couldn't aspire to anything higher

Than to feel the desire

To make you my own

Ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-doodly-dum-boo.

Donny:

Ba-bing-ba-bong-ba-bingly-bong-bing!

*Nancy Paloosie approaches the guillotine with the intention of stopping the act. The two panelists approach her.*

I wanna be loved by you, just you

And nobody else but you

I wanna be loved by you alone.

*Justice Clearance and Margereen block Nancy Paloosie's way.*

I couldn't aspire to anything higher

Than to feel the desire

To make you my own

Ba-dum-ba-dum-ba-doodly-dum-boo!

Donny:

Ba-bing-ba-bong-ba-bingly-bong-bing!

*Justice Clearance and Margereen intercept Nancy Paloosie. They wrestle with her and Clearance restrains her. She is struggling dramatically, trying to free herself and get to the lever.*

I wanna be loved by you, just you

Nobody else but you  
I wanna be loved by you  
Ba-deedly-deedly-deedly-dum-ba-  
Boop-bee-doop!

Donny:

Ba-bingly-bingly-bingly-bong-ba  
Bing-bee-bong!

*As Justice Clearance holds Nancy Paloosie, Margereen delivers a series of brutal punches to her belly until she can't fight anymore. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. The two let Paloosie drop to the floor, shake hands, nod their heads, and return to their seats. Paloosie slowly recovers. She will be staggering to her seat on her hands and knees in time to judge the act as the other two panelists reveal their score cards.*

Donny: I don't know which act I liked better- BoBo's singing or you two laying a beatdown on that degenerate Paloosie. Tell you what- let's ask that loser husband of hers which he preferred. Hey! Bandana head! *(Paul Paloosie gets up smiling and points to himself)* Yeah, Band-Aid Boy. You. How'd you like seeing that ugly contest winner you call a wife get a solid ass-whupping? Did it turn you on?

*Paul Paloosie, a bandage like a turban wrapped around his head, smiling broadly, lifts his hand and bowing, waves to the audience in all directions- left, rear, right, front. His salute completed, he quietly sits back down in his seat. The new "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes once, then shuts off immediately when Donny glares at it while sliding his thumb across his neck.*

Donny *(threateningly, to the sign)*: Yeah. I thought so, Hater. *(to Paul Paloosie)* I bet you wanted to slug her too while you had the chance. But it's too late now, sucker. You blew it. So you just sit there and shut up while we hear from your betters. *(to JTC, who is nodding off)* Hey! Ichabod Crane! What did you think of BoBo's act? *(aside)* No. I didn't read the book, but I did see the cartoon.

J.T.C.: I pass.

Donny: Whatcha mean "pass"? What kind of bullshit answer is that?

J.T.C.: Ladies first, Sir. I thought I'd let Margereen go first.

Donny: What do you mean you "thought" you'd let Margereen go first? Who authorized you to think? What made you think you can think in the first place? And who would care what you think even if you could think? Listen up, dummy. You don't do the thinking around here, ok? So don't think. That's not your job. No need to strain yourself. You just sit there and do as you're told. Now to repeat myself, what did you think of BoBo's act?

J.T.C.: Well, it was pretty good.

Donny: "Pretty good." "Pretty good." Is that all you got to say? Don't you appreciate a great talent when you see one? All the work that went into the show, and that's all you can say? What kind of educated dope are you anyway?

J.T.C.: Well, I don't know. I never thought about it.

Donny: "Never thought about it." You never thought about it. You're sitting here supposedly a judge of talent but you "never thought about it." What do you use your head for besides stuffing it with food? What do you think a head's for anyway? A place to store the food you chew in those chubby cheeks like some kind of giant chipmunk? Let me clue you in- most heads have brains in them for losers like you to think with. Heads aren't like second stomachs, ok? There wouldn't be no room in there for all the grub you put away anyway. Your big head is not a pantry. It's where some people think. So why don't you try using yours for something besides a food sink hole? Now let's see if you can think up an answer to my very simple question and cut your nonsense: What do you think of BoBo's song, Genius?

J.T.C.: It was great. I give her a "10."

Donny: See? How hard was that? Now you're thinking and not thinking at the same time. (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes*) Keep it up and you'll go places- like maybe Guantanamo. Now I'm done with your sappy self. Let's move on to your nitwit associate, Margereen. Hey! Grizzle Chips! What did you think about BoBo's amazing performance?

Margereen (*nursing her injured fist*): Fabulous, Sir, absolutely fabulous. She clearly stated what so many of us women think but don't know how to express.

Donny: I'm glad you said "us women." Because sometimes when I look at you, I wonder what the hell you are- man, woman or whatever. So what score did the big suck-up give the little suck-up?

Margereen (*rubbing her knuckles against her lips*): A "10," Sir. A perfect "10." (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes*)

Donny: One point for each knuckle. That's a good score, so you can sit down on your brains and shut up. Now if that rat Paloosie has managed to crawl back to her place, let's see what kind of score she thinks BoBo deserves. What do you say, Nancy? No hard feelings, not that I really care.

Nancy Paloosie (*wheezing, still recovering from her beating, barely makes it back to her seat*): Nah- no hard feelings. Just a big fat zero for that little tramp who can't carry a tune or strum a ukelele. (*writes a "0" on her scorecard, but as she shows it to the audience, Margereen grabs it out of her hand, writes a "1" in front of the "0" and displays it for everyone to see. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Donny: I don't know about you, Paloser, but that looks like another "10" to me. That makes it unanimous- a perfect score of "33" for our very own Justice BoBo Boobert! Congratulations, BoBo! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

BoBo: Thank you, Sir! I don't know what to say.

Donny: You never do but that never stopped you from making an ass of yourself. So shut your trap and let's move on. *(to audience)* Can you imagine a dopey, illegitimate ignoramus like that sitting on the Supreme Court? The freak reminds me of a urinary tract infection I can't shake.

BoBo *(ecstatically)*: Thank you, Sir! Bye-bye! See ya later! *(winks and exits)*

Donny: Yeah, yeah. After I get done with them two- *(waves to the Transvestite Handmaidens in golden go-go cages suspended in the air behind the orchestra)* if I have any Viagra left over. Now let's see if we can finally get some real talent to entertain us. Melatonia! Melatonia! *(aside)* What makes her big head so hard? *(Rimshot. To audience.)* Melatonia! Where are you hiding? We've got a show to run! Get over here now and announce the next act! *(Enter Melatonia dressed as Cleopatra carried onto the stage in a splendid litter/couch by the Two Stormtrooper bearers. Her golden headdress/crown is encircled by two golden snakes. The two Transvestite Handmaidens sprinkle flower petals from their go-go cages. The House band plays Egyptian music. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.)*

Melatonia *(recumbent)*: Dahlinks! Here I yam! Your own lovely Melopatra for you to vorseep undt adore! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign continues to flash.)*

Donny *(lecherously)*: Why doncha show me how you walk like an Egyptian?

Melatonia: Anythink for you, Dahlink! *(Leaps off litter gracefully and sways her hips erotically. Her hands together as in prayer are above her head. She tilts her head from side to side producing an oriental effect. She circles Donny provocatively. He tries to paw her unsuccessfully- she dodges him gracefully as she dances in mock Egyptian fashion.)*

Donny: I'll get you yet! You can't escape! *(Lunges at her and misses.)*

Melatonia *(amused)*: How you like thees, Doughnny? *(Shows him her backside and twerks obscenely.)*

Donny *(excited)*: Oh yeah! That's what I'm talking about! It's nice to be married to the First Lady of Twerk. *(Tries to grab her. Misses.)*

Melatonia: Do you want a little beet of thees, Doughnny? Hmmm? *(Swings around him and twerks.)*

Donny: Do you want a little bit of this? *(Pulls out his wallet and shows it to her.)*

Melatonia: Eet's the best theeng about you, Doughnny! *(Dances provocatively toward him.)*

Donny: It's the only thing you understand. *(As he lunges toward her, the two snakes on her headdress/crown spring at him and hiss menacingly. He jumps back fearfully.)* Call 'em off! Call 'em off! I hate snakes!

Melatonia *(gleefully)*: Vy Doughnny! I zhought you knew I vaza znage jarmer!

Donny *(panicking)*: Call 'em off! Call 'em off! I hate snakes!

Melatonia: Melatonia jarmed you, didn't she Dahlink? Vith a leetle beet of thees. *(shows him her backside and twerks obscenely. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.)*

Donny *(terrified)*: Ok, ok! Call 'em off and let's get on with the next act.

Melatonia (*returns to her litter/couch and reposes like Goya's Maja*): Really, Doughnny. Vy can't you be real man like our next performer?

Donny (*annoyed*): Nobody is as real as I am! Nobody!

Melatonia: Ha! Vait unteel you zee thees next act! Zen you veel know vhat real man ees!

Donny: Yeah? I guess we'll find out what a real man is when he's stretched out on a waterboard in Guantanamo. Send the fool in.

Melatonia: Zat I veel do! (*to audience*) Madams undt herrink- here by popular demand- undt by zat I mean my berzonal demand- I veesh to present for your enlightenment undt enterstainments ze Prezeedunce uf... Achhh! He ees zo goodt loogingk undt ztrongk!.. I veesh all men gould be like heem! Ladies undt gentlemens, eet ees mine bleasures to eentroduce to you tonight ze magneefeezent leader of ze former gommuneest barty mine own Pappa vas zo broud to belongk to, ze oreegeenahl barty berzon heemselve, ze Prezeedunce of Roosyah, Vlad Puta! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. House Band plays the "Song of the Volga Boatmen". Enter Vlad Puta bare-chested, pasties on his nipples, riding a horse. If a horse is not practical, substitute a motorcycle or a child's hobby horse. He is wearing a red cowboy hat which he removes and waves above his head in salutation cowboy-style. Smiles and flexes his pectoral muscles.*)

Donny: Why Vlad! If I'd known you'd be coming, I would have rolled out the red carpet and cooked you some borscht!

Vlad Puta (*with an annoyed look*): Deed I heard you right, Doughnny? Are you tryingk to be fonny like decadent capeetaleest vise guy again?

Donny (*getting anxious*): Huh?? What do you mean funny, Vlad? Did I say something funny?

Vlad Puta: Da, da- you zaid somethinks very fonny, Doughnny.

Donny (*getting scared*): But Vlad- really. I wasn't trying to be funny!

Vlad Puta: Vell you vere fonny. And not zo fonny too.

Donny (*nervous, scared and flustered*): Honest, Vlad! I didn't mean nothing! I didn't mean nothing at all!

Vlad Puta: You never do, Doughnny. You never do.

Donny: What did I say then? What did I say that's so funny?

Vlad Puta: Maybe now ees not zo fonny, Doughnny. Maybe ees not zo fonny at all.

Donny: So what's so funny that I said that's not so funny, Vlad? I really don't know. You gotta help me with this, Partner. I'm totally lost.

Vlad Puta: Vell, Doughnny, you haff always been lost. But maybe you understand byetter eef you vatch mine act.

Donny: Sure Vlad, sure. What are you going to do?

Vlad Puta: I demonstrate. You stand here negst to me undt shut your svine mouth. I veel throw my voices at you.

Donny: Throw your voices! You mean you're a ventriloquist?

Vlad Puta: Da, da. I am leading ventreeeloqueest een all Mother Russia! Zo shut up your mouth now. Watch undt leesten carefully. Standt over here next to me like you are pooppet undt move your leeps vhen I make talks. *(Donny does so. Vlad, his lips barely moving, imitates Donny's voice.)* Hello. My name is Donny, and I am the biggest asshole in the world! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes)*

Donny *(craven and impressed)*: Wow! Amazing! That sounds just like me!

Vlad Puta: Da, da. Eet ees pyerfect chust like you. But you moost move ze leeps more next time.

Donny *(excited)*: Yes Sir, Boss... I mean Vlad! Geeze, this is going to be a swell act!

Vlad Puta: Da, da, Doughnny. Now you shut mouth and I tell you vhat's zo fonny vith you. *(Takes out a hand puppet that resembles Donny. Shows it to the audience; puts it on. To Hand Puppet.)* So, Doughnny. You thinks you are fonny fellow, da?

Hand Puppet: Sure, Boss. Why not?

Vlad Puta: So you roll out red carpyet for me, eh?

Hand Puppet: Sure Boss, why not?

Vlad Puta: An' you thinks thees ess fonny, eh Doughnny?

Hand Puppet: Sure Boss, why not?

Vlad Puta: An' you theenk ees fonny eet ees red, Doughnny?

Hand Puppet: Red? But red's our color too, Boss!

Vlad Puta: An' you theenks eet ees so fonny for beeg steenkeenk capitaleest feets to walk over pyerfect beauteefool red? Ze downtrodden masses crushing und zdainingk ze bee-youu-tee-fool red vith zere feelzy feets und decadent fongassy toes like ees nazdy door mat? Ees zat vhat you findt zo amusingk, Doughnny?

Hand Puppet: Well, now that you put it that way, Boss, I guess it's not so funny after all. Anyway, I'm glad the borscht would have been green.

Vlad Puta: Nyet. Eet ees not zo fonny, Doughnny. Not fonny at all. Und you know, Doughnny, vee haff ze places for beeples who thinks eet ees fonny.

Hand Puppet: You mean like Guantanamo, Boss? I always wanted to check it out.

Vlad Puta: Guanotonomo? Guanotonomo? Again you are making vith ze jokink, mine flend. Und you are not zo very fonny. You know, Doughnny, ve have ze places that make Guanotonomo look like your imperialist Glub Med. Maybe you would like to make pearzonahl eenspection tour und zee for yourself?

Hand Puppet: That's ok, Boss. I believe you.

Vlad Puta: You belief me? *You belief me?*

Hand Puppet: Of course I believe you, Boss.

Vlad Puta: Und vhy moust you belief me? Ees because you do not belief me?

Hand Puppet: No Sir! I would never believe you because I don't believe you!

Vlad Puta: Zo vhat you mean ees I am liar? Are you gallink me liar?

Hand Puppet: No Sir! I would never call you a liar!

Vlad Puta: Zo you send secret agents to zay I am liar? You make ze propagandas on me, Doughnny? Maybe you make ze broadcasts on imperialist Rahdio Free Evrope, Doughnny?

Hand Puppet: No Sir! Never Sir! We're shutting the station down!

Vlad Puta: Ah! Zo you do belief zat you are liar?

Hand Puppet: Yes Sir! I mean no, Sir!

Vlad Puta: Mine flend, ve have ze ways uf dealing veeth liars who zpeak from both zides of mouf. Maybe you like we demonstrate zem to you?

Hand Puppet: But I've been loyal to you, Sir! Don't you remember how I stuck up for you in Helsinki when the CIA, FBI, Department of Defense, DOJ, Homeland Security, NSA, National Guard, plus 7 other security agencies said you interfered in the election that made me president? Didn't that prove my loyalty to you, Boss?

Vlad Puta: Da, da. You make good job betrayink your coughntry, Doughnny. Und now you betray me like traitor rat zat you are. Your shoes are shiny, Doughnny. But still your feets steenk. Ve haff our vays veeth counter-revolutionary collaborators like you.

Hand Puppet: No Boss! No!

Vlad Puta: Soldatih! Soldatih! Bystro! Bystro! Poscoree! *(Two Stormtroopers rush in) Remove zees traitor! Line heen oup against wall und pop goes veasel! (Stormtroopers remove hand puppet from Vlad's hand and rough it up. Vlad indicates the wall and slides thumb across his neck. Holding the hand puppet by each hand so that it is suspended between them, the Stormtroopers carry the hand puppet and set it against the wall. They tie a handkerchief around its eyes. They remove their lugers from their shiny holsters and shoot the hand puppet, who slumps to the floor. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.)*

Donny *(nervously)*: That was great act, Vlad! At least, I hope it was an act.

Vlad Puta: Da, da. Eet vas beeg sensahtion een Minsk!

Donny: Let's find out what our judges thought of your skit, Bos... I mean, Vlad.

Vlad Puta: Bah! Vhat I care vhat decadent Americansky swine theenk of mine art? *(spits on floor)* Ptheeww! Zat ees vhat I theenk about zem undt your ztubeed zhow! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes)*

Donny: Well, Vlad, at least we can give you a complimentary "30" and a parting gift prize. How about a province in Canada? Would you like that?

Vlad Puta: A proveence when I can haff ze whole theeng? You are making jchokes again, Doughnny?

Donny: No, no Sir! We'll scrap our plans to invade it right away. Just take it! Take it if you want it! Take Puerto Rico too if you want to.

Vlad Puta: You are luocky I haff appointment with Elong now and moust leaf. Too mosh you jchoke, mine leetle flend. Too mosh... Und I hope you veel remember vhat I zaid about Alaska. You haff 5 days, no more. You vill not cheat us, Doughnny, like you do everybodies elses. No Alaska, no hotel, Doughnny. No Alaska und you vill be ztarrink een new zhow galled "Doughnny Takes Ze Golden Shover." Und zat's final! Five days, Doughnny! No more! *(mounts horse, motorcycle, hobby horse and exits. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Hopefully, nobody applauds except Margereen, Justice Clearance and Donny.)*

Donny *(resuming former swagger)*: Some kidder that Vlad! Ha ha! I'll have to catch his show when it comes to Smolensk. What about it, Melatonina? Would you like to go?

Melatonina *(descending from the ceiling in a couch shaped and decorated like a sickle-shaped moon, dressed like a Greek vestal virgin, wearing a golden headband, strumming a lute.)*: Already I haff seen eet, Doughnny. Eet vas sensahshanal! Ze beegest heet seence ze dancing bears ate zere trainer. Eet voon 5 golden pashki een zee eenternational talent zhow een Vladivostok undt ees steel rounningk in Peshkov for last 5 years. Uff! I chust love heem... I mean, eet.

Donny: Yeah. It was great. Now what let-down do we have coming up next? *(tries to paw her, but she hits his hand with the lute. It shatters on impact.)*

Melatonina: You broke mine eenztrumyent! You broke mine lute!

Donny *(nursing his hand)*: OOOOwww that hurt! You want loot? *(takes out and shows her his wallet; puts it back into pocket)* I'll give you loot. But you gotta play nice-nice. Now tell the losers in the audience what's next. *(puts his hand to his mouth; sucks it)*

Melatonina: Vell, eef you poot eet zat vay, Doughnny, ees ah fahmoose how-you-zay majeek-ceedan.

Donny: Magic? Magic? It's all fake! I think I'm going to love it!

Melatonina: Ees not zo fake, Doughnny! Look at zees! *(Shows her empty hands. Closes them and waves them around ritualistically. Opens them revealing his wallet.)*

Donny *(checks his pocket)*: Hey! Gimme that back! *(Chases her around the stage. She turns and swings her broken lute at him. He backs off.)* Cut the rough stuff, Melatonina! Give me back my wallet and I'll stay in my own room tonight. *(She tosses the wallet at him. He catches it and puts it away. Shows his crossed fingers.)* Ha ha! Fingers crossed!

Melatonina: You are peeg, Doughnny. I steal your uondyerwears eef zey vere nod zo deezgostingk.

Donny *(deprecatingly)*: Right!

Melatonina: Here zen. *(Waves hands ritualistically)* Next time I veear ze globs. *(Hands him a yellowed, soiled pair of tidy-whities.)*

Donny (*undoing his belt and peeking inside his pants*): Holy shit!

Melatonia: Ees not zo holy, but eet ees sheet. Undt some pee-pee too.

Donny: I thought I felt a breeze, but holy crap! How'd you do that?

Melatonia: I never tell, Doughnny. But you can ask that szajha Boobert vere I got zem next time you see hyer.

Donny: Man oh man! Girls! Can you believe how they talk?! So who's this magician you say is going to do some tricks for us?

Melatonia: Ah, Doughnny! Thees ees best treekster you have ever seen, except for you uf gourse! (*to audience*) Damen und gentlemens, eet ees now our greatest bleasure to preesent to you ze greatest master of ze dark arts who has ever bulled rabeet out of hat, ze man who eenvented ze deep state, ze greatest escape arteest who ever broke out of ze preezon... He's zo vunderbar! Ach! Vat a threel to present heem! For your bleasure undt amoosement, here he ees: Ze magneefeecent, ze faboolous Treeky Deek heemselves! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. The House Band strikes up C.C.N.&Y'S "Ohio." Transvestite Handmaidens dance in their cages. Enter Tricky Dick accompanied by an attractive female assistant. He is wearing a tuxedo and top hat. She wears a tux top, tights, high heels.*)

Tricky Dick (*bowing, removes top hat from his head and sweeps it from side to side; rabbit falls out of hat*): Ha ha! (*to rabbit*) Get back in there, you fuzzy little devil! (*Assistant grabs rabbit; puts it back in the hat*) Ha ha! Don't mind him- he's been acting very frisky lately- I think it's rabbit mating season and it's getting a little crowded in the hat. (*rimshot*) You know, he makes a great pet and loves his life in my hat. It's just that sometimes I forget to shake it out before I put it on my head! (*rimshot*) Ha ha! But at least the pellets are soft! (*rimshot*) Don't believe me? Watch closely! (*pulls rabbit out of hat and hands it to Assistant. Flips hat over and rabbit pellets fall on the floor. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*) See what I mean? (*to Assistant*) careful not to step on that mess!

Donny: Wow! I can't believe it's you! If I was not my own hero, you would be my ideal!

Tricky Dick: Thank you, Donny! I wish I'd known you back in the 70's. I'd still be the president instead of a lousy magician. Oh well! Que sera, sera!

Donny: Yeah- them's the breaks! So what else can you pull out of that hat of yours? You got any gerbils?

Tricky Dick (*winking, smiling broadly*): Ah Donny, Donny, Donny. This is a most amazing hat! Amazing! Now observe closely. Nothing in the hat- right? (*Shakes hat; nothing falls out.*) Now look inside just to be certain it's empty. (*Donny looks in hat; sees nothing.*) Are you satisfied that there's nothing in the hat?

Donny: I don't see nothing.

Tricky Dick: Exactly: you see nothing in it because it's completely empty. Now watch this! (*waves hat above his head*) Abracadabra! Look what we've got for you! (*Pulls absentee ballots out of hat; passes one to Donny*) Voila, baby! How do you like that? (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes*)

Donny: I can't believe it! An absentee ballot vote for me! This is fantastic! (*displays it for the audience to see*)

Tricky Dick (*pulling out another absentee ballot*): Have another!

Donny (*snatches the ballot*): Wow! I love it!

Tricky Dick: Who says dead people can't vote, eh Donny?

Donny: Keep 'em coming! Keep 'em coming!

Tricky Dick: For you, anything! (*Upturns hat: pile of absentee ballots falls out. Assistant gathers them. Shows one to the audience. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Donny: You are a genius! Make sure you get all of them.

Tricky Dick (*Pulls out a deck of cards; shows it to the audience*): Bah! That was nothing! Now watch this! (*Shows the audience the deck of cards*) I want you to pick a card- any card, from this ordinary deck... but don't look at it! (*Shuffles deck; Donny pulls a card.*) Donny, this is the best card you'll ever need, and believe me when I say you're gonna need it. Now turn it around and see what it is. (*Donny does so and is open-mouth speechless in his joy.*)

Donny: I I I I can't believe it! I always wanted one of these!

Tricky Dick: Yes, Donny. And there are 51 more of them for you- your very own "Get-Out-of-Jail-Free" card collection! (*Shows the cards to the audience; "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Donny: Gimme! Gimme! Gimme 'em!

Tricky Dick: Sure Donny- but have you washed behind your ears lately? (*pulls "G.O.O.J.F." card out from behind his ear.*) Ha ha! How about that?

Donny: This is better than pardoning yourself!

Tricky Dick: You have to remember to clean both ears, Donny! (*pulls another "G.O.O.J.F." card out from behind the other ear.*)

Donny (*beaming*): And I thought Viagra was great!

Tricky Dick: Confidentially, Donny, I can give you a hand with that as well.

Donny (*awkwardly*): Maybe later. What else you got?

Tricky Dick: Well, Donny, I don't know about you, but I've always had a fondness for cigars. Do you ever enjoy smoking a proper Havana?

Donny: Nah, but I caught one hell of an act there once. It's true what they say about those guys.

Tricky Dick: Ha ha. I know what you mean- and I repeat my offer to help you with that. But I'm talking about that other cigar- the type you smoke.

Donny: Oh! Yeah! Yeah! I getcha!

Tricky Dick: Well, Donny, what a lot of people don't know is that you have to clip the end very carefully. You can't just bite it off, or the taste won't be as good.

Donny: Is that right?

Tricky Dick: Certainly. As a matter of fact, I have a little item here that does the job quite expeditiously. *(Assistant brings him a small-scale version of the "Them's the Breaks!" guillotine.)* Recognize this?

Donny: Why, it's just like my chopper we use here, but much smaller!

Tricky Dick: Right! Among other things, it's perfect for clipping a cigar. Watch! *(Removes a cigar from his breast pocket. Slides it into the chock where a head would normally be, pulls the lever and makes a perfect cut.)* How'd you like that, Donny?

Donny *(nervously)*: Uhhhh...I guess it was alright. But so what?

Tricky Dick: So what? So what you ask? Let me show you what else it can do. Here. Put your finger in here where the cigar was.

Donny *(downright frightened)*: Oh hell fuckin' no!

Tricky Dick: Oh, come on, Donny! There's nothing to worry about! It's not going to hurt you! It's perfectly safe!

Donny: I don't wanna!

Tricky Dick: Come on, Donny. It's simple!

Donny: I don't w-a-a-nna!

Tricky Dick: Come on, Donny- you don't want to disappoint your audience! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.)*

Donny: I don't give a shit- I don't wanna and I'm not gonna do it!

Tricky Dick: Really, Donny- there's nothing to it! Watch me! *(Puts finger in small guillotine; Donny cringes; T.D. pulls lever; blade drops; pulls finger out unharmed. "APPLAUD NOW! sign flashes.)* See Donny? Nothing to it!

Donny *(suddenly brave and bragging)*: I coulda done that!

Tricky Dick: Of course you could have!

Donny: There's nothing to it!

Tricky Dick: Exactly. It's no big deal. Any idiot can do it!

Donny: Ha ha! That's right!

Tricky Dick: Sure that's right!

Donny: As a matter of fact, I know I can do it.

Tricky Dick: Certainly you can.

Donny: Hey- how's about letting me try it?

Tricky Dick: I don't think so, Donny. You were so much against it at first.

Donny (*swaggering*): I was just kidding you. Any idiot can do it. Can't you take a joke?

Tricky Dick: I don't know, Donny. You might not like it.

Donny (*boastfully*): Of course I'll like it. Come on. Let me try it!

Tricky Dick: You sure?

Donny: I'm telling you I'm sure. I'm not scared of nothing!

Tricky Dick: But Donny- this thing is just a little toy. Don't you think that a real man like yourself should make a more impressive performance than the one I just did? (*nods toward the full-size show guillotine. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Donny (*getting nervous again*): Huh?

Tricky Dick: You know. Something more... inspiring. (*points to the real guillotine. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Donny (*terrified*): Are you friggin' nuts?

Tricky Dick (*slickly, pointing to himself*): Who? Me?

Donny (*scared as hell*): Yeah. You.

Tricky Dick: You mean that little thing is gonna make you nervous? Oh come on, Donny! It's no big deal! Think how the audience is going to love it! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Donny: Forget the audience! I'm not putting my finger in that!

Tricky Dick: I wasn't thinking of your finger, Donny...

Donny: What?! You're crazy if you think I'm gonna put my thing in there!

Tricky Dick: Ha ha, Donny! A little bris never hurt anybody. Besides, it's good for maintaining proper hygiene.

Donny: I've got enough hygiene already. Ask anybody.

Tricky Dick: Well, Donny, if you're going to be stubborn, why don't we just do it the traditional way?

Donny: You mean with a rabbi in the back seat of a speeding car?

Tricky Dick: Not at all! We're talking about your second most favorite organ...

Donny: What?! You really are nuts if you think I'm gonna stick my handsome head in that thing!

Tricky Dick: What's the matter, Donny. Don't you trust me?

Donny: Trust you?

Tricky Dick: Sure! Why not? It's perfectly safe.

Donny: Safe? Safe? You really think so? Watch this. *(to Margereen)* Hey! Mighty Mule Team! Pull the chopper lever and make it snappy.

Margereen: Yessir, Donny! Right away! *(Gets up and rushes to guillotine. Pulls lever. The blade drops swiftly and chops the dummy's head off with a clatter. Head rolls toward Donny. He kicks it back toward the guillotine.)*

Donny: Safe, huh? You've gotta be kidding!

Tricky Dick: Was I kidding before? It's perfectly safe, I can assure you. Nothing can go wrong! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.)*

Donny *(whimpering)*: I don't wanna! I don't wanna!

Tricky Dick *(slyly)*: Oh come on, Donny! You're making a filthy rich billionaire spectacle of yourself! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.)*

Donny: I don't wanna! I don't w-a-a-a-nna! Besides, I'm a trillionaire!

Tricky Dick: Really, Donny! Do I have to show you how it's done? Just put your head on the chopping block like the dummy. That's it! That's all you have to do. Nothing to it! Nothing at all. After all, if the dummy can do it, why not you?

Donny: Not me! I'm not gonna do it! I'm no dummy!

Tricky Dick: But look at your audience! Don't you think they want you to do it? You don't want to disappoint them, do you? *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.)*

Donny: I don't give a crap what they want. I don't wanna do it and I'm not gonna do it! That's final!

Tricky Dick: Tell you what, Donny. What if I go first? And we'll use our arms instead of our heads. *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.)*

Donny *(still frightened, but thoughtful)*: Well, if you go first, then maybe it'll be alright. But you got to go first.

Tricky Dick: You betcha, Donny! Now you're talking! You're going to see how safe and fun it really is! *(Puts arm in guillotine.)* Now if my lovely Assistant will pull the lever... *(Dramatic drum roll. She pauses, smiles to the audience, pulls it. Blade descends and chops off his arm.)* Yaaaaahhhhhhhh! Omigod! Omigod! *(Rushes off stage followed by his Assistant. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.)*

Donny: Well, that was awkward. *(Notices severed arm. To Stormtroopers)* Hey! One of you grab his arm! *(Stormtrooper picks up his arm and exits. To the other.)* Wipe off the chopper and reset the blade! *(Other Stormtrooper does so. To audience)* Let's see what our judges thought about Tricky Dick's act. *(to Margereen)* So, Ghastly- what did you think about Tricky Dick's performance here today?

Margereen: It was fabulous, Donny, absolutely fabulous! I loved every minute! For a moment I thought he had stolen my underpants too, but then I remembered that I wasn't wearing any today.

Donny: Hmmmm. That explains the fried chicken. What score did you give him?

Margereen: Normally, I would have given him a full “10.” But since his arm got chopped off, I think it’s only fair to give him a “5.”

Donny: A “5”? That’s a good score. I don’t like magicians who do their acts with only one arm anyway, but the arm that does all the work shouldn’t be penalized. So a “5” is all he deserves. Besides, I’m sick of all these stinkin’ handicappers getting special privileges. As a matter of fact, I’m sick of them getting extra parking spaces. It discriminates against the rest of us who can never find a spot. I’m driving around for hours and hours, looking for a spot to park. And you know somebody has to use the bathroom. Meanwhile, everything’s always full up except for the empty handicap places. (*to Justice Clearance*): Isn’t that so, Justice Shineyhead? Don’t you get tired of driving that big-ass R.V. all around town looking for a place to camp for the night? Then Tricky Dick over there chops off his arm and gets to park wherever he wants. And you know his record. The motherfucker doesn’t care. He’ll do anything. Anything at all. And chopping off his own arm isn’t nothing to him so long as he gets his parking spot. Is that fair to the rest of us regular people? There’s got to be a law against these handicappers and the wannabes. Isn’t that in the Constitution somewhere? That you got to have both arms and legs or you’re just three-fifths legitimate? To be a citizen, I mean? And if it’s not in there, maybe we can revoke their citizenship and deport them to El Salvador anyway, before they discriminate the rest of us normal people. What do you think, Uncle Tommy? Are you going to just sit on your lazy butt and let them abuse you, or are you going to be a man and pass an Amendment and do something about it?

JTC: Maths is not my specialty, Sir, but upon deep reflection, I believe that it would not be advisable to award the act a “10” at this time insofar as the other contestants, being sound and whole in body, do not have the same advantage good fortune has bestowed on Mr. Dick- an advantage, I might add, that required no effort on his part to acquire and that he came upon strictly fortuitously. Certainly, we can feel sorry for Mr. Dick. Indeed, our common humanity demands it. But our sympathy for him should not be conflated with unearned privilege. Perhaps, should he choose to perform public service- knitting socks for the elderly comes to mind- the time will come when certain limited privileges might be extended. But we cannot discriminate against the other performers who lack his unique enhancement, compassionate though we may be. Nor are we any more responsible for the painful consequences that he brought upon himself through his own freedom of choice than he is himself for any concomitant benefit that he may have subsequently accrued. And so, in accordance with Title VII and all other germane Titles of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and pursuant to all subsequent pertinent laws that support our never-ending mission to restore equal rights and opportunities to all effected parties with legitimate standing, I award the act 3/5’s of 10, which is a solid “5.”

Donny: And you ought to award yourself a solid “10” for distinction in the category of excessive bullshitting. And when I say “distinction,” I mean you really did put enough “stink” into your boring speech to empty the house. Matter of fact, I don’t even know what the hell you were trying to prove with all your woke sappiness and that fake book learning they gave you at Yale Law School which is about as stupid as what I got at Wharton. Nobody feels sorry for that Tricky Dick beater. And you know he’s going to try to cash in even though he probably already forgot all about the arm. So why should we care if he doesn’t? I say forget him and his damn arm. But you got to get mushy, don’t you? Well, forget him and forget you too! Anyways, what score did you say you give the chiseling bastard again?

JTC: A “5,” Sir. But a solid “5.”

Donny: A rat like you would. So what's he got so far if the both of you gave him a "5"?

JTC (*counting on his fingers*): Let's see, Sir... now I gave him a "5," and Margereen gave him a "5," hmmm.

Donny: Come on, Brainiac. Step on it. We haven't got all day.

JTC (*fumbling with his fingers*): Just a second, Sir. I've almost got it. (*mumbling*)

Donny: You are one slow son-of-a-bitch!

JTC (*fumbling with his fingers*): I think I got it, Sir. "11"! Right?

Donny: Eleven! How's it going to be "11" when you only got 10 fingers? Man, you are dumb!

JTC: Sorry, Sir. Maths isn't my thing. So you say it's "10" Sir?

Donny: Just because you got 10 fingers doesn't mean he got 10 points, Lunkhead. Do you think he'd give himself a "5" just because he only has 5 fingers? Don't be stupid. You gave him a "5," right? And Gruesome gave him a "5." That means he got 9 points. And that's what you get for sleeping in math class instead of paying attention like the rest of us.

JTC: I don't like maths, Sir.

Donny: Maybe you'd do better counting on chicken fingers. But enough from you. Let's find out what that Paloser thought about Tricky Dick's performance. Go on, Paloosie. Tell us what you gave the 5-finger, 10-toe bum.

Nancy Paloosie: Well, in general I support evening the playing field for the handicapped, so I would have given him a "10" just for the sake of fairness, but I think he was very rude to rush off the way he did without even saying goodbye to us. Therefore, the best I can do for him is a "5."

Donny: He doesn't have no manners, eh? Still, a "5" is probably more than a schnook like him deserves. So with their "9" and your "5," Tricky Dick walks out of here with a total score of 15. That's a pretty good score for a guy with one arm. He should be pleased with it, not that any of us care. But enough of him. Let's see what's next. (*calls Melatonia*) Oh Melatonia! Melatonia! Where are you? Time to announce the next crummy act. *Enter Melatonia dressed as a happy meal. Her skirt is a cheeseburger. Her bodice is a french fry carton with fries sticking out of the cleavage. She is wearing a hat whose wide brim and short crown consist of pickle slices. Donny will try to grab her, but the cheeseburger will be too wide for his arms to get past. She is carrying a huge cup of soda with a straw sticking out of the cover that doubles as a water pistol. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*

Melatonia: Feeling hoongry, Doughnny?

Donny: You're my favorite yum yum flavor, Baby! I can eat you right up!

Melatonia: I bet you zey dees to all your cheesebourghyers.

Donny (*Trying to reach for a fry from her cleavage. She uses her cheeseburger skirt to stay out of reach.*): Baby, you gotta give me some of that! (*lunging at her*)

Melatonia (*Blows into straw which makes her soda cup a water pistol. Sprays soda on his face.*) But Dahlink, wouldn't you like a drink first? (*squirts him again*)

Donny (*wiping himself with his sleeve*): Enough of that. Where's the beef?

Melatonia: You mean you would like zome of thees? (*She turns her back to him, bends over and twerks.*)

Donny: Oh yeah! (*Tries to grab her. She squirts him again.*)

Melatonia: Oy, Donny, you are such eempulseeve, undt repulseeve too. Would you like zome gedjub veeth your fries? (*squirts him with a ketchup pod.*)

Donny (*dodging*): Thanks, but this isn't getting me anywhere with you. What we got next?

Melatonia: Ah! Donny! Ees your flend undt reechest man on planet, Elton Spoor!

Donny: Elton! What's he doing here? I thought he was meeting Vlad...

Melatonia: Yes, yes. But here he ees anyway: Elton Spoor undt his guitar!

*Enter Elton Spoor dressed as Elvis Presley in the gaudy white leather body suit he wore in his comeback period- rhinestones, upturned collar, etc.- wearing a huge wig, accompanied by two Stormtroopers. He has an acoustic guitar that says "ELVIS" on it in glitter. It hangs off a clothesline strap around his neck. The Two Stormtroopers, also carrying guitars, will be accompanying him as he sings "Love Me." The "APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.*

Elton (*bowing and smiling mock-humbly*): I wanna thank you very much!

Donny: Well, this is a surprise! I thought you'd be out conferring with Vlad.

Elton: I don't confer with Vlad. He confers with me.

Donny: But what country is greater than the Soviet Uni... I mean, Russia? Don't you just love those little wooden dolls they make?

Elton: I could buy that shit-hole country 5 times over but who in his right mind would want to own it let alone visit it? What a depressing dump!

Donny: You better not let Vlad hear you say that.

Elton: Whadaya think I just finished tellin' the schmuck?

Donny: But Elton, he's got thousands of nukes.

Elton: And just wait until he tries to aim them with my satellites. I'll give him the Moscow coordinates and he'll never know the difference. Wait 'til he launches those babies- then you'll see what I mean. Ba-boom! You'd have to be a moron to have a hotel there.

Donny: Man oh man! I got to hand it to you- you are one slick son-of-a-bitch.

Elton (*thin-skin insulted and angered*): Huh?

Donny: “Huh,” huh?

Elton: What did you just say?

Donny: Didn’t you hear me? I said “‘Huh,’ huh?”.

Elton: Before you said “‘Huh,’ huh?”.

Donny: I don’t remember that far back.

Elton: I mean before you said, “‘Huh,’ huh?”.

Donny: Oh! I said, “Didn’t you hear me?”.

Elton: Before you said, “Didn’t you hear me?”.

Donny: Was that before I said “‘Huh,’ huh”? Or before you said, “‘Huh,’ huh”?

Elton: Before I said that you said “‘Huh,’ huh?”.

Donny: Oh! I said, “I don’t remember that far back.”

Elton: Before you said, “I don’t remember that far back.”

Donny: Oh! I thought I said, “I said ‘Huh, huh?’” Is that what you meant?

Elton: I can’t remember anymore.

Donny: I know how you feel. I can’t remember either. Tell you what. Let me introduce you to our idiot audience so you can do your act. What are you all dolled up for, anyway?

Elton: Don’t you recognize who I am?

Donny: Certainly. You’re Elton Spoor, artful Doger and billionaire.

Elton: Not me! The guy I’m impersonating.

Donny: Oh! I didn’t know you did that. Impersonating, huh?

Elton: There’s a lot about me you don’t know Donny. So who do you think I’m impersonating this time?

Donny: Well, most of the time they impersonate me, but you got a guitar, so I guess you’re going to sing a song. Right? So you’re impersonating a famous singer, not me?

Elton: That’s right.

Donny: And you’re all dressed up.

Elton: Right again.

Donny: Let me guess: You’re Libby-Rachie! He plays a musical instrument, and he likes to dress up all shiny in rhinestones, too!

Elton: Liberace? He's gay, Donny. You don't think I'd imitate a pansy do you?

Donny: He is?! And I always use to like him, too!

Elton: You would.

Donny: So if it's not Libby-Rachie, it's got to be Elton John! He wears fancy duds and stuff. You're impersonating Elton John because your name is Elton too!

Elton: No, not Elton John. And it's "his name is Elton too"- not "your name is Elton too."

Donny: Boy George, then! Is that who you're supposed to be?

Elton: I don't think so.

Donny: Barry Manilow? How about him?

Elton: Nope.

Donny: Ricky Martin?

Elton: Uh-uh. Try again.

Donny: George Michael?

Elton: I'm afraid not.

Donny: David Bowie?

Elton: Sorry.

Donny: Freddie Mercury?

Elton: Not even close.

Donny: Rufus Wainwright?

Elton: Really, Donny! Do I look like a Rufus to you?

Donny: Well then, I'd say Billy Porter, but you're not in black face.

Elton: Be very careful, Donny. I'm from South Africa, you know.

Donny: Then how about Sinead O'Connor?

Elton: First, I am not bald. Second, I am not a woman.

Donny: You mean Sinead's a girl's name? And all along I thought she was a dude! Then I guess all that's left is the Pet Shop Boys. Are you them?

Elton: Tell you what, Donny. I'll do my act and then you can guess again. Ok?

Donny: Wow! I thought I had it that time too! *(to audience)* People, I'd like you to welcome my friend and personal follower, Elton Spoor. I have no idea who the hell he thinks he's supposed to be, but when you're that rich, it doesn't matter. So here he is to entertain you- please give it up for the second richest man in the world... ELLLLL-ton Spoooooor!

*The "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes and the Band strikes up the introductory bars to "Love Me." Elton, flanked on either side by a Stormtrooper, bows to the audience. The Two Stormtroopers get together on Elton's left side and the three of them begin to play their guitars backed by the other musicians. Elton sings, imitating Elvis Presley.*

Treat me like a fool

Treat me mean and cruel

But love me

Wring my faithful heart

Tear it all apart

But love me

*(Two Stormtroopers, faces close together, their helmets almost touching, sharing one microphone):* Won't you  
love me?

Well, if you ever go

Darling, I'll be oh, so lonely

I'll be sad and blue

Crying over you, dear, only

I would beg and steal

*(Two Stormtroopers):* Beg and steal

Just to feel

*(Two Stormtroopers):* Just to feel

Your heart

*(Two Stormtroopers):* I want your heart

Beating close to mine

*(Two Stormtroopers):* So close to mine

Well, if you ever go  
Darling I'll be oh, so lonely  
I'll be sad and blue  
Crying over you, dear, only

I would beg and steal  
(*Two Stormtroopers*): He would beg and steal

Just to feel  
(*Two Stormtroopers*): Yes, just to feel

Your heart  
(*Two Stormtroopers*): I want your heart

Beating close to mine.  
(*Two Stormtroopers*): So close to mine

Well, if you ever go  
Darling, I'll be oh, so lonely  
Beggin' on my knees  
All I ask is please, please love me  
Oh yeah

*"APPLAUD NOW!" sigh flashes.*

Elton: I wanna thank you very much! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. He bows.*)

Donny: The Village People? Was it the Village People? Am I right? Huh? Was it the Village People? Was it? Man oh man! I love the Village People. (*Begins to form the letters to YMCA with his arms, singing*): YMCA! YMCA!

It's fun to stay at the YMCA  
It's fun to stay at the YMCA  
You can get yourself clean  
You can get a good meal  
You can do whatever you feel (*interrupts himself*)

How cool is that? I just got to dance when I hear them sing it! *(resumes singing)*

It's fun to stay at the YMCA

It's fun to stay at the YMCA

They have everything

For young men to enjoy

You can hang out with all the boys

You did a fantastic job, Elton! I love these guys- I really do! Now let's see what our judges thought about your act. *(to Nancy Paloosie)* So what do you think about the act, Wrinkles O'Plenty? Didn't you just love them?

Nancy Paloosie: I thought they sounded too much like Elvis, so I can only give them a "7."

Donny: Elvis? Elvis? You got to be kidding me! Even that dopey husband of yours has better hearing than you, and he has a bandage wrapped around his tin ears- *(to Paul Paloosie in the audience)* Isn't that so, Wadhead? *(Paul Paloosie rises from his chair smiling broadly, throwing kisses, and bows to the audience in all 4 directions.)* Sure, he's a libtard, but at least he appreciates good music. *(to Paul Paloosie, who is still standing and throwing kisses)* All right. Enough of you. Sit down and shut up already. Everybody got to be a critic. Makes me sick. Let's see what these other idiots thought. *(to Justice Clearance)* So what do you say, Nappy Nuts? How'd you like Elton's act?

JTC: After sober reflection and cogitation, I have concluded that in the final analysis any resemblance between the song just performed and Elvis is purely incidental. It's a shame so many people share the misguided notion that Mr. Elton impersonated Elvis Parsley and I suggest that consultation with an audiologist could disabuse them of their delusion, but I must append that this remediation is only tenable when the subject is willing to listen closely to his analyst and take him and his suggestions seriously.

Donny: Yeah, yeah. Blah, blah. So can the chatter and tell us what you gave him.

JTC: Well, typically a performance of this caliber would be worthy of a full "10," but I prefer the songs of prayer and devotion the young Elvis sang, so I can only grant them a "7." My hands are tied.

Donny: Speaking of caliber, a 45 in the head would be good for you. But when it comes to the Village People, you must be the Village Idiot. *(to the audience)* Do you believe this guy sits on the highest court in the land? *(to Margereen Traylor Queen)* So what words of wisdom will you add to these genius observations, Queen of Toads?

Margereen Traylor Queen: They were fantastic! Only I wish they'd played YMCA instead. So I'll give 'em a "7." I hope that's ok, Donny.

Donny: Well, it's good to see there's one person- if that's what she is- who understands the difference between fine music and trash. So what's Elton's final score if we've got three "7's"? Is that division or multiplication?

*The three panelists and Donny scratch their heads wondering.*

Elton: Good grief but you're dumb! Think! Are you splitting up the points or are you combining them?

Margereen: Huh? What points?

Elton: The points you awarded me!

JTC: I was never too good at maths.

Nancy Paloozie: Me too.

Elton: The total number of points I get for my act. Are you splitting 'em up, or are you making a big pile of them?

Donny: You mean if I am sharing the loot, or keeping it for myself?

Elton: That's the idea, Donny. Are you gonna give me all the points or are you gonna split them up among yourselves?

Donny: I never give nothing to nobody.

Elton: Ah! So you're not dividing up the points, are you?

Donny: That's genius! So if I'm not dividing, I must be...?

Margereen: Subtracting!

JTC: Or maybe adding 3 plus 7.

Donny: That's wrong. It's 7 plus 3.

Elton: Right! You must multiply!

Donny: But here's the part that always messes me up, that they never explained when I was a student at Wharton no matter how many times I asked: is it 3 times 7, or 7 times 3?

Elton: Why is that so important?

Donny: Because I never got as far as the 7-timesies. But I know that 3 times 7 is 37.

Elton: I'll take it!

Donny: That settles it: Elton gets a 37! And that's a good score- a real good score! Congratulations! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Elton bows to the crowd and exits.*) Man is he overrated! He probably would have got a better score if he multiplied 7 times 3. Oh well, sucker. Better luck next time. And speaking of suckers, I wonder what we have next? Let's ask Melatonina. Oh Melatonina! Melatonina! Where are you?

*Enter Melatonina goosestepping as if she's in a parade, showing a lot of leg. She is wearing a slinky, revealing euro-slut styled gown, 5-inch heel jack-boots. She is encircled by a tuba, playing the Drei Lilien or the Horst Wessel Lied or any banned Nazi marching tune. The Two Stormtroopers flank her, marching alongside, rifles on their shoulders, Nazi-style helmets on their heads. The "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. The House Band accompanies her solo. The Transvestite Handmaidens march in place and join in on piccolos from their go-go*

*cages. The panelists rise, hum, and clap along. The Two Stormtroopers step to the rear. She marches around the stage, playing her tuba to Donny and teasing him mercilessly. He tries to grab her.*

Donny (*lunging*): I'll get you yet. Just wait and see. (*misses her; bangs his hand on the brass*) OOOOwwwwww! That hurt!

Melatonia (*aims the tuba bell at him and blasts him with a very loud, obnoxious raspberry note*): Ah ha, Dahlink! Eet ees so goodt to know you appreciates fine museek, Doughnny. But I know you like thees even better. (*Turns around and bends over, displaying her rump. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Donny (*as he tries to grab her, she spins and hits him in the head with the tuba's bell*): OOOOwwwwww! What the hell, Melatonia!

Melatonia: Zo sorry, Doughnny! You vant to try again? (*Turns around and bends over as before. Donny lunges at her; she spins; he misses and his head gets caught in the bell.*)

Donny (*his head stuck in the bell; his voice is somewhat muffled by it*): Hey! Get me outta here! Get me outta here!

Melatonia: What are you doing in mine tuba? Too moosh proxeemeety, Doughnny! Too moosh proxeemeety!

Donny: What do you think I'm doing in here? Growing mushrooms? You know I hate mushrooms! Get me outta here! Get me outta here! (*Melatonia tries to free him, but he is stuck.*)

Melatonia: OOOOfff! You are shtook! Poor gonstbated Doughnny! I guess ve'll haff to feed you through ze mouthpiece!

Donny: Get me outta here! Get me outta here!

Melatonia: Come on, Doughnny! Ees not zo badt!

Donny: It's too dark in here! Get me out!

Melatonia: Maybe vee can get you night light, Doughnny. Would zat help?

Donny: I don't want no damn night light. I wanna get outta here!

Melatonia: Are you afraid of boogie man, Doughnny?

Donny: He better not be in here!

Melatonia: You are never sateesfied, are you, Doughnny?

Donny: Just get me the hell outta here an' I'll be satisfied. Why it gotta be so dim?

Melatonia: Zome beeples are never sateesfied. Tch, tch, Doughnny.

Donny: I'll be satisfied! I'll be satisfied! Just get me outta here and I'll be satisfied for life.

Melatonia: Vell, I haff ze idea but maybe you won't like.

Donny: I like! I like! Just get me out already!

Melatonia: Your veesh ees mine gommandt, Dahlink! *(Puts her lips to the mouthpiece and blows the most wrenching and obnoxious note ever played fortissimo on the tuba. Donny is shot out of the tuba like a cannonball. He lands on the ground, crumbling like a sack of potatoes, disheveled and breathing hard. His wig is out of place.)* Now zat ees vhat I call real blow job. How you like eet, Doughnny?

Donny *(recovering but still disoriented)*: Whew! I gotta catch my breath. What was I thinking when I agreed to marry this bitch?

Melatonia: Eet vas sperm of moment deeceesion, Doughnny. But now I moost greuhm you! I moost greuhm your leetle bald spots. *(adjusts his wig)*

Donny: Wheew! That's much better.

Melatonia: As always, Melatonia has come to the rescues. Now Doughnny, don't you vant to know vhat next act ees?

Donny: Not really, but anything has to be better than getting your head stuck in a tuba.

Melatonia: Thees you veel like, Doughnny! Ees former mayor of Nyew York Ceety heemselves, ze honorable Rooty Tootiani! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. House Band plays "New York, New York." Enter Rooty leading a dog by a leash with one hand and holding two full plastic bags in his other hand.)*

Rooty Tootiani: Sorry I was late, but I had to clean up after the pooch. *(shows Donny the full bags)* Oh how I miss our good old high school days when you'd leave your tray for the janitor to bus and your dog's poops on the curb for the people to step on. Oh, why does everyone have to be so woke nowadays?

Donny *(admiring the full bags)*: Wow! That's an amazing dump for a dog that's so small! *(Melatonia picks up dog; cuddles it; kisses its snout and gets lipstick on it. Wipes lipstick off with her sleeve.)* What do you feed him? Elephant chow?

Rooty: Well, Donny, dogs find their own food in their natural environment. He doesn't require any handouts, like a certain group I could mention, so I don't feed him anything. He is responsible for feeding himself just like the rest of us should be. What the world needs is less free gravy train lunch and more grit and gravel.

Melatonia *(holding, cuddling, kissing dog)*: Ah! Yes, Dahlink. Thees Greet undt Grabel eest Doughnny's mooost favoreet restaurant. Undt your dooggie he ees zo gute! But vhat does he usually eat eef you don't geeve heem ze feeds? Do you take heem to Greet undt Grabel too?

Rooty: Well, it's cheaper if I just turn him loose to see what he can find on the streets. He roots around in the trash cans with the homeless, I suppose. And a few times I've caught him flipping rats with his mouth. He just loves to toss 'em in the air by their tails an' catch them as they fall. After they're tenderized, he dines.

Melatonia: Eeeech! *(drops dog in disgust and exits hurriedly, hands to mouth, as if she's going to throw up)*

Donny: Ha ha! Lookit her go!

Rooty: I wonder what got into her?

Donny: Don't pay her no mind. Women are like that- one second they're you're best friend; the next moment, they're ready to heave. Speaking of throwing up, what do you got for us today, Rooty? Is your dog going to juggle rats or what? I think the audience would love to see that. (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up*)

Rooty: Happy the Wonder Dog has better things to do than juggling rats, Donny. He's the world's first canine calculator. Today, Happy will be solving some math problems for us. He can add, subtract, multiply and divide. Wait 'til you see him in action- you'll wish you had brought him to school with you on math test days.

Donny: I had a real smart gerbil once, but this I got to see.

Rooty: You're gonna love this. (*to Happy*): Now Happ, pay close attention- if I have 3 biscuits (*removes 3 biscuits from bag and shows them to him*) and find 2 more biscuits (*removes 2 more biscuits from bag and shows them*), how many biscuits do I have?

*Rooty pats the dog's head 5 times. Happy the Wonder Dog barks 5 times.*

Donny: Hey! He only howled five times!

Rooty: Correct! What's wrong with that?

Donny: The dopey dog should have multiplied.

Rooty: Huh?

Donny: You know. Two times three, 23. Unless you go three times two, 32. So either answer is correct because two times three is the same as three times two.

Rooty: So does he have 23 biscuits or 32?

Donny: He got both.

Rooty: How can that be?

Donny: Don't ask me. I didn't invent math. But if I did, you'd see how much better it would be because I am smarter than your stupid mutt.

Rooty: Let's move on to the next problem then. (*to Happy the Wonder Dog*) Now Happ, listen closely- let's say I have 5 biscuits (*shows Happy 5 biscuits*) and you eat 2 of them. (*Shows Happy 2 of the 5 biscuits*) How many biscuits are left?

*Rooty pats the dog's head 3 times. Happy the Wonder Dog barks 3 times.*

Donny: Hold on now! I saw that! That mutt of yours cheated!

Rooty (*getting nervous*): I can assure you that Happy doesn't need to cheat. He's the smartest dog in the world and I have incontrovertible evidence to prove it.

Donny: Oh yeah? If he's not cheating, how come he keeps looking at his paw? He just ate the crib sheet he was hiding in there.

Rooty (*getting more nervous*): I can assure you, Sir, that there is absolutely no cheating going on! I didn't rig the questions or provide him with a cheat sheet. He had nothing in his paw. And I didn't tell him what questions I was gonna ask before the show. He's a genius dog, and that's all there is to it.

Donny: You lie, Rooty! That mutt's been using a cheat sheet all along!

Rooty (*hair dye begins to drip down the side of his head*): Well, Sir, if you feel that way, why don't you ask him a question yourself. Will that convince you?

Donny: Ha! There never was a dog that could fool me, though many tried.

Rooty (*hair dye still dripping*): Well then, ask him a problem, let him answer it, and see for yourself.

Donny (*to Happy*): So you think you're so smart, eh? (*Happy whimpers*) Let me check your paws. (*checks paws for crib sheet; finds nothing*) See? I knew you ate it. Let me look again in case you wrote the answer on your paws somewhere. (*checks the paws again*) No scribbling nowhere. I guess you've met your match, smart aleck. Now get the wax out of your ears and listen to this. Say you got 5 biscuits and you eat 6 of them. How many you got left, wise guy?

*Happy the Wonder Dog remains silent.*

Donny: Ha ha! What happened to the genius calculator? Got a problem that's too tough for you? I knew you couldn't handle the advanced stuff, you dumb mutt!

Rooty: But Donny, he's not saying anything because the answer is zero. There aren't any biscuits left if he ate all of them.

Donny: That just goes to show how dumb the both of you are. First of all, how can the answer be zero if 5 take away six is one? And second, if the answer is zero but 5 take away 6 is one, then how can something be nothing? Think about it: How can something be nothing? It doesn't make any sense unless the mutt ate the extra biscuit. Many very smart people who are like professors have told me that.

Rooty: What extra biscuit?

Donny: You said he ate all of them. Five take away 6 is one, so that means he ate the extra biscuit. Maybe he was hungry. Do I have to explain everything to you?

Rooty: Can you show me where that extra biscuit came from?

Donny: How the hell do I know where that biscuit or any biscuit comes from? Do I look like a friggin' pet store? And why are you changing the problem?

Rooty: I'd still like to know how you got that extra biscuit if the dog ate all of them.

Donny: What do you mean how I got the biscuit? I didn't get no damn biscuit. What would I want a stupid biscuit for? Do I look like I want a damn biscuit?

Rooty: I'm not saying you have a biscuit. But I still don't get how there's an extra biscuit if the dog ate all of them.

Donny: Man, you are slow! I guess I'll have to show you by counting fingers. Let's see your hand. *(Rooty shows him his hand.)* Good! How many fingers do you see?

Rooty: Five. I see five fingers.

Donny: That's right- five fingers. Don't forget that. It's important. Now take away 6 of them. *(Rooty counts off 5 fingers, pauses)* What about the sixth finger, Rooty?

Rooty: I ran out of fingers!

Donny: Exactly. Which means you got to use your other hand. Now show me your other hand. Jesus! It's not like you're Tricky "One Hand" Dick or nothin'! You've got to use both hands. *(Rooty does so)* Ok. Now follow closely. So you already took away 5 fingers- that means you got one more to go to get to 6. Right?

Rooty: I guess so.

Donny: Now take one more finger away. *(Rooty does so)* So how many fingers you got left? *(Rooty counts off 4 fingers)*

Rooty: Four! I've got 4 fingers left!

Donny: See? That's the answer- you've got 4 fingers, so you've got 4 biscuits left. Simple!

Rooty: I never knew that!

Donny: That's because of all that fake math you and that dumb mutt been doing.

Rooty: But what happened to that extra biscuit?

Donny: The mutt must of ate it when he polished off the crib sheet.

Rooty: That must be it. Where else could it have gone?

Donny: Don't look at me. I didn't eat it. But maybe you stole it while the mutt wasn't looking.

Rooty: What?! That's preposterous! Why would I steal a biscuit if I've got a whole bag of them right here? *(shows him the other bag which is labeled "BISCUITS.")*

Donny: Who knows how the criminal mind operates? But knowing you the way I do, Rooty, I wouldn't hold it past you!

Rooty: I've never stolen a biscuit in my life!

Donny: Some people say you once stole a pancake at the Waffle House. If you can steal a pancake, a biscuit's nothing.

Rooty: What people said that about me?

Donny: Lots of people. Lots of them, Rooty. People talk.

Rooty: But it's a lie! I never stole a pancake or a biscuit in my life!

Donny: Oh yeah? Well, if you're so innocent, you wouldn't mind if my boys frisked you, not that I care if you do or don't.

Rooty (*hair dye streaming freely down the side of his head*): Of course I mind! You can't frisk me for no reason! Or even if you had a reason. This is America, and I have my rights!

Donny: Yeah, yeah. Pretty speech. Everybody's got their rights, Rooty, until they get punched in the mouth. (*to the Two Stormtroopers*) Security! Security! Get your asses over here and make it pronto. (*Enter Two Stormtroopers*) Took you long enough! What do I have to do before you understand what pronto means? Were you always asleep in English class? Maybe you'd like to visit sunny Guantanamo to complete your education? What the hell! Now listen, dummies: grab that braggadocios jerk over there (*points to Rooty*) and frisk him for a biscuit he hid somewhere on himself. And look for a pancake while you're at it, but don't eat it when you find it. We'll need it for evidence. Best put on some gloves first- you might have to check some very funky places.

*Two Stormtroopers put on rubber gloves. Rooty is cowering. They grab him and search, finding a biscuit in his pocket.*

Stormtrooper 1: Here's the biscuit, Sir!

Donny: What about the pancake?

Stormtrooper 2: No pancake on him, Sir!

Donny: Aha! Told you, you thief. But that's how it goes: They start with an entry level pancake, and before you know it, they've moved up to biscuits.

Rooty: I protest! I'm innocent! I'm innocent, I tell you!

Donny: Yeah, yeah. Innocent. Well, if you're so innocent, what're you doing with the biscuit, pal? Saving it for lunch?

Rooty: I was framed! They must have planted it on me!

Donny: Save your excuses for the judge. (*to Stormtroopers*) Ok, boys- take him out of here! (*the Two Stormtroopers drag Rooty out; to audience*) See what happens to liars and cheats? We've got no tolerance for them. Here everything's on the up an' up. (*notices the full bag that says "BISCUITS" on it*) He must of forgot his bag of biscuits. (*Opens bag and removes a large turd that he thinks at first is a biscuit.*) I always wanted to try one of these. (*brings it close to his mouth*) Eeeeeech! Doody! (*Flings it at the judges who duck to avoid it. Enter Happy the Wonder Dog with Donny's wallet in his mouth.*) Hey! That looks like my wallet! (*Checks his pocket for his wallet; pulls out a rat by its tail.*) Holy shit! (*Throws the rat at the judges who duck to avoid it.*) What the fuck! That mutt must of picked my pocket while I wasn't looking and left his calling card! Gimme my wallet, you traitor mutt! Gimme! (*Margereen and Justice Clearance chase dog around stage and finally retrieve wallet.*) Yeah- and all my dough better still be in there! (*checks wallet; to panelists*) Did one of you palm a fin out of here? Or was it the mutt?

JTC: It appears that the dog took the money, ate it, and left you the rat. Would you like the rat back?

Donny: I got enough rats here already. Each of you owe me a fiver. *(to Margereen)* So what did you think about Rooty's act, Fungus Face?

Margereen: I give 1 point to Rooty and 6 for his dog. I never even seen him pick your pocket, he was so good.

Donny: You couldn't of gave the act a score. You had to go and make it complicated! So what are you giving the two of them? And don't forget my fin.

Margereen: I give 'em 8, Donny!

Donny: Eight's a good score. *(to Justice Clearance)* How about you, Professor Ashy Flakes?

Justice Clearance: I don't like dogs. So I gave the dog one point and Rooty six.

Donny: Another wise ass who can't give us a straight answer. So how much is that altogether, you dufus?

Justice Clearance: I award them an 8, Sir.

Donny: Eight's still a good score. *(to Nancy Paloosie)* How about you, Leather Face? What do you give the act?

Nancy Paloosie: Well, Donny, I was really looking forward to seeing the dog juggle a bunch of rats and I hate math too, so I could only give him a one, but I gave Rooty a six for his dye job- if that was really dye rolling down his head.

Donny: Another wise ass. But from you, I really did expect it. So how much would that be?

Nancy Paloosie: I gave them a 9, Donny.

Donny: Nine's a real good score. So how much did Rooty and his dog get for his total score?

*The four of them scratch their heads in puzzlement. Happy the Wonder Dog barks 27 times.*

Donny: I guess we'll have to take the pooch's word for it: Rooty and Happy the Wonder Dog get a grand total of 37 points.

*The House Band strikes up the theme of the Unknown Wiseguy, "In the Mood," playing it at a frantic tempo. Enter the Unknown Wiseguy, dancing wildly. He is wearing the same KKK outfit, except that it has a rainbow flag on its back this time.*

Unknown Wiseguy *(gesticulating wildly)*: Donny baby! Donny baby!

Donny: I thought you were on that one-way ride to Guantanamo! Heads are going to roll when I find out why you're still here.

Unknown Wiseguy *(gesticulating wildly)*: Donny baby! Donny baby!

Donny: I 'd have you gassed, but that's too good for you.

Unknown Wiseguy *(gesticulating wildly)*: Donny baby! Donny baby!

Donny: All right, all right, what do you want? Let's get this over with.

Unknown Wiseguy (*gesticulating wildly*): Donny baby! Donny baby! Knock knock...

Donny: Oh no! Not that again! Didn't I warn you about your stupid knock knocks?

Unknown Wiseguy (*teasingly*): Come on, Donny! Live a little! Knock knock...

Donny: I hate this!

Unknown Wiseguy (*teasingly*): Knock knock, Donny- You can't fool me. I know you really love this.

Donny: I hate it and I hate you!

Unknown Wiseguy (*teasingly*): Come on, Donny! I'm being serious this time! Knock knock...

Donny: Oh well, all right. If you're being serious...

Unknown Wiseguy (*mock seriously*): Of course I am, Donny. So come on now. you're gonna like this. Knock knock...

Donny (*exasperated*): Ok, ok. Jesus, the shit I have to put up with! Who's there?

Unknown Wiseguy: Annie.

Donny: Annie who?

Unknown Wiseguy: Annie way you like it, baby! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.*)

Donny: That's retarded!

Unknown Wiseguy: All right! All right! Let's try another!

Donny: I wonder what size cement shoes this dummy wears.

Unknown Wiseguy (*ecstatically*): Donny baby! Donny baby! Knock knock, Donny baby!

Donny: Oh, all right! Who's there?

Unknown Wiseguy: Honeydew!

Donny (*puzzled, softly*): Honeydew? Honeydew who? (*pauses*) Honeydew who??!... Honeydew who??!!... That can't be right!

Unknown Wiseguy: Honey, do you like me? (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.*)

Donny: Arrrgh! I hate you and your idiotic knock knocks! And don't call me honey!

Unknown Wiseguy: Ok, ok. Here goes a good one: Knock knock.

Donny: You are extremely annoying.

Unknown Wiseguy: Knock knock, Donny.

Donny: Did anyone ever tell you that there's a perfectly good, currently unoccupied guillo... guillo... chopper not more than a few steps away from you?

Unknown Wiseguy: Knock knock, Donny.

Donny: You're like a jammed kidney stone, but I better play along or we'll never get you out of here. So, who's there, as if anybody cares?

Unknown Wiseguy: Ivana.

Donny: Ivana who? And you better not be screwin' around this time if you know what's good for you!

Unknown Wiseguy: Ivana give you a big kiss! *(tries to kiss him; "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes; Donny fights him off)*

Donny *(sputtering)*: Yeeech! Try that again and I'll have you waterboarded!

Unknown Wiseguy: Ok, ok! This one's a beaut: Knock knock...

Donny: I'm losin' my patience with you! This better be good! Who's there?

Unknown Wiseguy: Jamaican!

Donny *(puzzled)*: Hmmmmm. Jamaican... Jamaican,,, Jamaican who?

Unknown Wiseguy: Jamaican me very horny! *("APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.)*

Donny: That's terrible! *(to the Stormtroopers)* Security! Security! Get him outta here! I want him outta here! *(Enter Two Stormtroopers. They chase the Unknown Wiseguy around the stage. He evades them, laughing maniacally.)*

Unknown Wiseguy: Donny baby! Donny baby! I got another one for ya! Knock knock...

Donny: I'll knock knock your ass!

Unknown Wiseguy *(still being chased; still laughing maniacally)*: Come on, Donny! Be a sport! This a good one! Knock knock...

Donny: Fuck you and your fuckin' knock knocks.

Unknown Wiseguy: Loosen up, baby! This one'll kill ya! Knock knock...

Donny: Never!

Unknown Wiseguy: Oh don't be like that! Knock knock...

Donny: No! Never! Get 'im outta here!

Unknown Wiseguy: Knock knock, Donny!

Nancy Paloosie: Who's there?

Unknown Wiseguy: Dozer!

Donny: I'll kill him! I'll kill him!

Nancy Paloosie: Dozer who?

Unknown Wiseguy: Dozer the smallest hands I've ever seen! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Donny waves his fist at it and it turns off.*)

Donny: Get 'im! Get 'im! Get the treasonous asshole! (*to sign*): And I'll deal with you later, traitor sign!

*The Two Stormtroopers finally grab him and begin to drag him off stage. He is struggling furiously and laughing maniacally.*

Donny (*to Nancy Paloosie*): Why'd you have to do that for?

Nancy Paloosie: Knock knock, Donny.

Donny: I'd like to knock knock you!

Nancy Paloosie: Oh, be a man and play! Knock knock...

Donny (*recovering*): Well, all right. I must be nuts. So who's there?

Nancy: A yam.

Donny: A yam? A yam? A yam who?

Nancy: A yam what a yam, dummy! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flickers once; Donny gives it a menacing look; sign dims*)

Donny: And a yam surrounded by idiots! Well, at least we got rid of him. Remind me to have the guy who invented the knock knock shot. Let's see what's up next. (*to Melatonia*) Oh Melatonia! Melatonia!

*Enter Melatonia dressed like a peanut in lingerie- thong, nighty and high heels. Tassels where her breasts should be. Her head, arms and legs protrude from a shapely peanut, something like Mr. Peanut himself but feminine. She's wearing a top hat and carrying a cane.*

Melatonia: Oh Doughnny! Doughnny! How you like me now, Doughnny? (*approaches him and tries to embrace him; Donny recoils in horror*)

Donny: Get away from me! Get away from me! (*runs away from her; she pursues him*)

Melatonia: But Doughnny! Don't you luff your Melatonia? (*she rushes toward him; he struggles to keep away from her*)

Donny: Keep away from me! Keep away!

Melatonia: But Doughnny! I vant you! I need you! I can't leeve veethout you! (*tries to grab him; he evades her*)

Donny: Of course you do. They all do. Now stay away! (*she lunges; he ducks*)

Melatonia: Ouuff! Vy you play zo hard to get? Don't you vant your luffing Melatonia? I zought you luffed me! I zought you needed me! Vere you lyink, Doughnny? Oh Doughnny! Doughnny! Take me! Take me now! Take me how you neffer take me before! *(tries to embrace him; he ducks and dodges)*

Donny: Please stop. Please go away!

Melatonia: Aaaach! You are zo shy! *(chases him; he is just out of her grasp)*

Donny *(huffing and puffing)*: Ya gotta cut it out, Melatonia! You know I'm allergic to peanuts!

Melatonia *(mock petulantly)*: Exguses! More exguses! Always you make ze exguses! You neffer vant to make luff to me anymores! Vhat happened to us, Doughnny? Vhat vent wrongk? I am havingk crisees uf self-esteem. Don't you find me attractives? *(twerks him, peanut costume and all)*

Donny: At the moment, no!

Melatonia: But Doughnny! I need man to luff! Wooof! *(twerks again)*

Donny: Maybe Mr. Peanut is available. Lemme go check.

Melatonia: Uuufff! But I need *you*, Doughnny. Meestair Penus ees not same. *(lunges at him; he sidesteps)*

Donny: Not in that get up. You want me to get sick?

Melatonia: Ees not sooch beeg deal. I yam alla times seek. *(tries again; he escapes her clutching)*

Donny: Tell you what: Announce the next act and go change and I'll see what I can do for you.

Melatonia: Always the eggsgusez! Headaches. Nausea. Gonstibation. Vhen veel you luff me, Doughnny? Vhen veel you luff your lonely Melatonia?

Donny: Later, later! I'm starting to get sick!

Melatonia: Zometimes I theenks you do not luff me, Doughnny, undt I get zo zad!

Donny: You gotta get over it, that's all. Now step back and announce the next friggin' act already.

Melatonia: Aaaach! I yam ze voman zgornedt. But my hoosbandt I moost obey. Aachhh! Zo hardt eet ees to be voman!

*The House Band plays an introduction to "Stand By Your Man." Melatonia sings:*

Sometimes ees hardt to be ze voman

Geevink all your luffs to chust vone man

You'll have ze bad times, undt hee'll haf ze goodt times

Doink theengs you cannot stand

But eef you luff heem, you'll forgeeve hims

Even though he's charmingk as a clam

Undt eef you luff heem, ach! Be proud uf heem

'Cause after alls, he's chust a man

*Melatonia is joined by Margereen Traylor Queen and the two Transvestite Handmaidens who accompany her for the next two choruses. All sing.*

Shtandt by your man

Geeve heem two arms to gling to

Undt zometheenk varm to gum to

Vhen nights are cold undt lonely

Shtandt by your man

Unst show ze vorld you luff heem

Keep geevink all ze luff you can

Shtandt by your man

Shtandt by your man

Undt show ze vorld you luff heem

Keep geevink all ze luff you can

Shtandt by your man!

*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Melatonia bows. Margereen returns to her seat. Two Tranvestite Handmaidens return to their go-go cages.*

Donny: Yeah, yeah. That'll be the day. So what's next? And hurry it up. I'm starting to break out in fantoids.

Melatonia: Ooouuff! I yam zo frustratingk! But I moost my doody do. Undt zo, meine dammen undt meine herrink, let me breezent ze negst enderdainments: Ze mighty January Seekst Leebyerty Choroose! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up. Enter several singers, male and female, wearing prison outfits, carrying balls and chains, some in leg irons, necklaces bearing their numbers, Hamburglar-type masks covering their eyes, etc. They form up in 3 lines. The House Band strikes up "I Saw the Light." It should be played lively, with camp meeting instruments: guitars, bass, harmonica, Jews harps, fiddle, drums, tambourines, etc. Tambourine players should*

*be wearing manacles. Others rustle their chains in time with the music. Panelists take turns soloing the main verses; everyone joins in on the choruses. There should be a camp revival meeting feel to the performance. A prisoner solos on the first verse.)*

*Prisoner/Soloist*

I wandered so aimless, life filled with sin

I wouldn't let my dear Donny in

Then Donny came like a burglar in the night

Praise the Don! I saw the light

*Donny, Melatonia, panelists, Two Stormtroopers, Two Transvestite Handmaidens in their cages, band members who are not playing- in short, everyone, including the audience (if possible), join the Chorus, singing, clapping, banging tambourines, chains, etc. and stomping rousingly.*

I saw the light, I saw the light

No more darkness, no more night

Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight

Praise the Don, I saw the light

*Justice Thomas Clearance solos:*

Just like a loser, I wandered along

My pockets were empty, self-respect gone

Now I shine his shoes, so shiny and bright

Praise the Don, I saw the light

*As before, everyone joins in singing, clapping, stomping etc. lustily:*

I saw the light, I saw the light

No more darkness, no more night

Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight

Praise the Don, I saw the light

*Margereen Traylor Queen solos:*

I was a fool to wander and stray

But straight is my fate, and gay's not the way

Now I have traded the wrong for the right

Praise the Don, I saw the light

*As before, everyone joins in:*

I saw the light, I saw the light

No more darkness, no more night

Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight

Praise the Don, I saw the light!

*Nancy Paloosie solos:*

Good people on both sides, will someday agree

That Donny's for Donny, and not you and me

He'll lie and he'll cheat and he'll steal all your dough

So don't blame me, people- I told you so.

*As before, everyone joins in:*

I saw the light, I saw the light

No more darkness, no more night

Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight

Praise the Don, I saw the light

*Donny solos:*

I don't understand why some losers are sore

They should be happy that I get much more

If they're unhappy, they know where to go

A nice waterboard in Guantanamo

*Everyone joins in:*

I saw the light, I saw the light

No more darkness, no more night

Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight

Praise the Don, I saw the light

*January 6<sup>th</sup> Liberty Chorus:*

We pissed on the floor and shat on the walls  
We shoulda been shot, but you haven't the balls  
You whined and complained with all your woke jive  
But listen up Copper- you won't take us alive

*Everyone joins in:*

Won't us alive, won't take us alive  
No more wokeness, no more jive  
Now we're so happy for our liberty  
Praise the Don, he set us free

I saw the light, I saw the light  
No more darkness, no more night  
Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight  
Praise the Don, I saw the light

*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. The performers bow.*

Donny: How great was that? Let's give the freedom fighters a great big hand! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign continues to flash*) But why are you guys still wearing chains? I thought I set you free...

Prisoner/Soloist: Well, Sir, the fact of the matter is that most all of us is busted an' back in jail agin. The Warden let us out for this show, but he ain't takin' no chances. So here we is, victimized by the deep state once mo', draggin' the ball an' chain.

Donny: Is that right? And I thought you guys were all set. What did y'all do this time? Spit in a no spitttin' zone? Dump trash along the highway? Make moonshine? Flash on a highway overpass?

Prisoner/Soloist: Oh no, Sir! We done outgrown that.

Donny: Well, what did you do?

Prisoner/Soloist: The usual, Sir. Rape. Murder. Pillage. Armed robbery. Buggery. Producing and distributing child porno. Marryin' our sisters an' cousins. Nothin' out of the ordinary, Sir.

Donny: Holy crap! That's unacceptable! Leave me a list of the judges who sentenced you and the names of the jurors who found you guilty and I'll put an end to this travesky. How can we expect the world to respect us and call this country civilized if it continues to treat its patriots so unfairly? It's a disgrace!

January 6<sup>th</sup> Liberty Chorus: Thank you, Sir! We knew we could depend on you!

Donny: Betcha asses! Now go on back to your cells and beat it. We've got this dopey show to finish or we'll never get out of this dump. I'll see you after you're sprung. Go on now an' beat it. You oughtta be used to beatin' it by now. *(exit January 6th Liberty Chorus. House Band plays "Beat It" as they leave. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.)* How do you like those guys? No sooner than I freed them, their asses are back in stir. I better get them out of jail soon- we can use patriots like that in the V.A. and the Social Security Administration, and the armed forces, and law enforcement. We've got lots of new openings in the Justice Department too that we need to fill and these guys got experience and lots of it. Anyways, enough about them. Let's ask our panelists what they thought of their act. So what do you think, Justice Spooky? What score did you give them?

Justice Thomas Clearance: Well, Sir, this performance we have just had the pleasure of being a part of is proof of how successful the corrections system has been in rehabilitating recidivists who up to now have been unjustly considered irrehabitable deplorables, and incorporating them back among us as functioning members of society. They are a hope and inspiration to all of us. I give each and every one of them a full pardon and a full "10."

Donny: First off, Wooley Willie, you don't give nobody a pardon. I give the pardons around here, and you better remember that the next time you need one. All you got to do around here is shut up and try not to look too stupid. Next, why do you got to make it so complicated by giving each of them a "10"? How about everybody else in the audience who stomped their toes and rattled their chains? Don't they deserve some points too? And what about the rest of us who were on the stage? Did you forget about us? Huh? Don't you think we want our points too? And furthermore, who do you think is going to want to count all those points? And who's got all day to do it? Huh? You know, Unkie, sometimes I wonder about you.

JTC: Please pardon my enthusiasm, Sir. I thought they were great. What's the most I can award the act?

Donny: A "10," dummy! A damn "10" is the most you can give any act!

JTC: In that case, Sir, I award them a "10" and wish them well.

Donny: Save your wishes for yourself because you're gonna need 'em. But we'll take your lousy "10." Now how about hearing from the runner-up in the Miss Hairy Nipples pageant, our very own Margereen Traylor Queen. What did you give the act, Fuzzy Nips?

Margereen: I almost won, Sir- how was I to know they let the Bearded Lady compete against me? Still, I almost beat 'er, an' thassa fact.

Donny: More excuses. You should be ashamed of yourself, you loser. So what did you think about these guys?

Margereen: They were great! I can't wait 'til their record comes out!

Donny (*incredulous*): Their record?? Their record??? Holy shit! Why didn't nobody tell me? Now they'll stay in their cells 'til I get my cut! How do you like those crooks? I pardon them- and what do they do? Hold out on me and cheat me outta my share!! Well, I'll teach them! Nobody rips me off! Nobody! I do all the ripping off around here! So what do you give these low-life crumb-bums, Booger Lips? And it better not be a "10"!

Margereen: They stunk, Sir. They didn't deserve to be on the show. I give the mob of 'em a cruddy "4."

Donny: Even that's too much for talentless scumbags like that, but I guess you woke up on your woke side today. How about you, Paloosie? What did you give these chiseling bums?

Nancy Paloosie: I thought the whole lot of you sucked, but I did award myself a "10" for telling the truth.

Donny: You wouldn't recognize the truth if it bit you on your ass. And judging by the size of it, something must've bit it. But it couldn't have been the truth. Maybe a horsefly or a tick or a snappin' turtle, but not the truth. Anyway, what else could I expect from a traitor like you but to give them thieves a "10"? So what's the total score for the act? (*Panelists scratch their heads*) Any of you seen Rooty's mutt? We can ask him. He'll probably know. (*Panelists scratch their heads*) I'm surrounded by idiots. Let's see... Uncle Tom-Tom over there gave them a "10"...

JTC: Is it too late to change my score, Sir?

Donny: "Is it too late to change my score, Sir?" How do you like this traitor? Him and Paloosie. No!! You can't change your score! It's too late to change your score! We got your number now, Palsy, and you'll just have to face the consequences.

JTC: What if I give you my share of the royalties, Sir?

Donny: You mean a lousy ten cents for every million copies sold?

JTC: If that's what it is, Sir.

Donny: All right then. But just shut up and stop being stupid, if that's possible.

JTC: Thank you, Sir!

Donny: So have any one of you found Rooty's mutt yet? (*Panelists still scratching their heads*) I guess I'll have to make another executive decision. We got two "10"'s and a "4." How many numbers is that? Let's see. (*using his fingers*) A "10." That's two numbers, one and zero. Another "10." That's two more. And a "4." That's one more number bringing us up to... (*counting on his fingers*) one, two, three, four, five numbers. That's a total score of "5" for the act. They're lucky they got that. Let them think about it while they rot in prison. Now let's see what's next. Melatonia! Oh Melatonia! Get yourself over here and tell the folks what's coming up next.

*Enter Melatonia, dressed up as the Statue of Liberty. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. Her crown is a replica of the original. She cradles a copy of "Mein Kampf" with one hand and holds a torch in the other. A sash crosses from her shoulder to her waist. It says "I really don't care. Do you?" An armband displays a hand making an OK gesture. The Two Stormtroopers march along either side of her, one bearing the Gadsden flag; the other the Stars and Bars.*

Donny (*clicking his heels together and saluting her*): Jawohl, Baby! This I like! (*tries to grab her; she eludes him*)

Melatonia: Doughnny, please! Show zome respect for ze seembol of American exceptionalism!

Donny: I can't help it. I always get patriotic when I see the statute. (*tries to grab her; she eludes him*)

Melatonia: Don't geeve me your tired, your poor, your hoodvinked messes, Doughnny. I am yearning to be free.

Donny: I love it when you talk dirty! (*tries to grab her; she swings "Mein Kampf" at his head; he ducks, fails again*)

Melatonia: Thees ees vhat you like, Doughnny! (*bends over; lifts skirt revealing underpants with "SATURDAY ONLY" printed on them; "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes*)

Donny: Bet your ass, baby. (*makes another grab at her; she evades him*)

Melatonia: Undt thees too, Doughnny! (*twerks at him; "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes*)

Donny: Get over here! (*lunges at her; she fights him off with her torch*)

Melatonia: Ouffff, Doughnny! I got you hot undt bothered!

Donny: Ouchhh! You almost burned me! You better watch out! Keep it up and the fire marshal's gonna shut us down!

Melatonia: Oh Doughnny, real man vould zhut fire marshal down. (*twerks at him again; "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes; Donny lunges at her again; she tries to butt him with her spiked crown*)

Donny: Not so rough! You almost spiked me!

Melatonia: Next time maybe I not meees, Doughnny.

Donny: Ok, ok. Just tell us what's next.

Melatonia: Ouuuf! Thees you like, Doughnny! Ees great hero uff yours!

Donny: The Hamburglar? Huh? Is it? Is it the Hamburglar?

Melatonia: No, Doughnny. Ees byetter zen ze Hambourghglar.

Donny: Better than the Hamburglar? This is gonna be good! I'm getting excited!

Melatonia: Yes, yes Doughnny! Me too. He ees such man! Zo here he ees, ze Yoong Godtfather heemselfs! (*House Band strikes up the theme from "The Godfather." Enter grim Young Godfather. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up.*)

Donny: Godfather! Welcome! I am honored to have you here on the show!

Young Godfather (*with a raspy voice*): Ah Donny, Donny. You disappoint me, Donny.

Donny (*apprehensively*): Disappoint you, Godfather? You, who are my highest ideal? The greatest of all my heroes? Believe me when I say, Godfather, that you are the last person on this earth that I would want to disappoint!

Y.G. (*gravely*): Nevertheless, Donny, you disappoint me. I expected so much more from you, and yet you continue to disappoint me.

Donny: No, no, Godfather! How can this be? Have I not shown you respect and devotion in every possible way? Haven't I even eaten pizza, Godfather, when you know how much I love those Mierdalarido Burgers?

Y.G.: Though no one can deny that you did eat a slice once, Donny, and it was good that you did, there is more to my source of disappointment in you than your unwillingness to eat the cuisine of my heritage. You showed so much promise, Donny. Now see what you have become. Un completo stronzo.

Donny: Anchovies? Was I wrong to get an anchovy topping?

Y.G.: It is true that the anchovy topping did you no honor, Donny, but my disappointment in you goes deeper than fishes with eyeballs on una fetta di pizza, even though it was on a Friday.

Donny: I don't understand, Godfather. I truly don't. All along I tried to please you. I modeled myself after you and learned from you. In all ways, I have done my best to be like you. Aren't the many ways I have imitated you proof of the highest form of flattery? How can you say that I disappoint you?

Y.G.: Flattery? Flattery? Is that what you call it?

Donny: Of course, Godfather! I want to be just like you! In every way, Godfather- in every way!

Y.G.: A pappamolle like you? A sfigato perdente fallito who would flatter when he should respect?

Donny: I didn't know, Godfather! I didn't know! (*Falls on his knees before the Young Godfather, groveling. Clutches his hand and kisses it several times.*)

Y.G. Eh. You're drooling on my hand, Donny. (*Removes his hand from Donny's grasp. Wipes it on Donny's hair. A shock of hair gets stuck on his ring. He yanks the hair out. Donny winces and yelps in pain.*) Eh. You should be using olive oil instead of hairspray, Donny. A man does not spray his head.

Donny (*wincing, stung by criticism*): Ouch! Not even with spray olive oil, Godfather?

Y.G. No. You are irrecuperabile, Donny. Disperato, disperato. Women spray their heads. Men do not spray their heads. Are you a man, Donny, or are you a woman?

Donny: I'll do better, Godfather!

Y.G.: Better? You think you will do better, Donny? A man is not ashamed of his fish-belly skin. He does not spray it with a false tan like an undertaker who must dress a body that's been underwater for a week.

Donny: I will do better, Godfather! I will make you proud of me yet. Someday the world will know me as Don Donny!

Y.G.: Don Donny! Don Gavone is what the Five Families call you now. Why should a fessacchione deserve better than that? A cazzone who shows no rispetto to his betters whom he claims to admire. No, Don Coglione, you'll never amount to anything a man could respect.

Donny: But Godfather...

Y.G.: (*Tut-tutting him*): You invite me here to your show and expect to profit and trade off my fame and celebrity. But though I am Godfather to all your children, when was the last time you had me to your home for a cup of espresso and a slice of prosciutto?

Donny: Forgive my staff for their incompetence, Godfather! It was never my intention to neglect you. I'll have them all shot tomorrow.

Young Godfather: Buono, buono. That is good. That is good. Nevertheless, you have disappointed me Donny. You have disappointed me very much. And you have irked me and the heads of the Five Families as well.

Donny (*becoming nervous*): Irked you? Irked you, Godfather? And them too?

Y.G.: You have disappointed and irked, Donny. Disappointed and irked. But when you disrespected them, you went too far.

Donny: But how, Godfather? What did I do?

Y.G.: Even now as we speak, Don Skoochio of our Florida Family and Don Chuchinni of our Washington Family are wondering why you have been operating in their territories without proper authorization. I too am puzzled by your breach of consideration for the protection they have extended to you. There comes a time when a lack of common courtesy is perceived as disrespect, Donny. For too long, you have behaved inconsideratamente, Donny. Inconsideratamente.

Donny: I'll pay! I'll pay, Godfather!

Y.G.: Don't get me wrong, Donny. Your business with the Five Families is strictly your business. As for me, I must decline such associations inasmuch as breaking up families is a dirty business that is both wrong and, in the long run, unprofitable. This is no value judgment on my part, Donny, though I choose not to participate in such activities. It is for the sake of harmony that I choose not to take sides. But I am disappointed in you. You have shown no consideration for our associates, and as such brought shame and infamia to all of us, and for this there can be no pardon.

Donny (*Breaking down completely. Clutches his sleeve. Whimpering. Crying.*): What can I do, Godfather? What can I do?

Y.G. (*Loud and angry- loses his cool. Grabs Donny by the throat and slaps him viciously several times*): You can be a man!!

Donny (*crying pathetically*): Oh Godfather, Godfather! How do I begin to be a man? What must I do?

Y.G. (*calming down; resuming his soft voice*): You must start by respecting your own family. Do you spend time with your family, Donny?

Donny (*less upset, but still shaky*): Yes, Godfather. I try to spend as much time with her as possible. You can ask Melatonia. She'll tell you.

Y.G.: That is good, Donny.

Donny (*still shaky, but growing calmer*): Thank you, Godfather. Thank you. Let me show you. *Calls Melatonia.*  
Oh Melatonia! Melatonia!

*Enter Melatonia. She is dressed in mourning- all in black, veil and all- as if she will be attending the funeral of a capo de tutti capi. She is wearing a very thick wreath made from garlic around her neck, reminiscent of the huge garlic wreaths that Transylvanians use to ward off vampires. She gets on her knees before the Godfather and kisses his ring.*

Melatonia (*suppliantly*): Gotfathers, I kees your handt...

Y.G.: That is good. You are a beautiful woman and mother. You have shown the proper respect that befits me, and you smell like Mama's red gravy. I am pleased.

Donny (*exuberantly tries to put his arm around her but jumps back*): Garlic! Garlic! What did I tell you about garlic? I hate the stinky shit! What'd ya have to smear yourself with that crap for?

Melatonia: But Doughnny- eet ees Gotfather's favorite flavoour!

Y.G. (*enraged, but controlling himself*): A man who is a real man likes garlic, Donny. He spends time with his family, Donny, and a real man puts garlic- lots of garlic- on everything he eats and everything his family eats.

Donny (*frightened and insecure*): Eh, eh, of course Godfather. I actually love garlic. I put it on everything. Even on my cannolis. By the way, Godfather, are you going to perform for us today?

Godfather (*with a grim smile*): Of course, Donny. That is what you do on this show. I am just waiting for tua bella moglie to announce me as is proper. *Smiles and winks at Melatonia.*

Melatonia (*elated*): Uf courses, Gotfather! For you, anyzingk! (*to audience*) Beeples! I veesh now to present ze final act of tonight's enterstainments: ze Gotfather heemself has come to us to show us hees moust fahvoreet houbby. (*to the Young Godfather*): Gotfathers, velcomb to our zhow! (*"APPLAUD NOW! sign flashes. The House Band strikes up the theme song from the "The Godfather." He raises his hand palm up like the Pope and waves slightly to the audience.*) Tell us, please, Gotfather, vhat your houbby ees zat you veell zhow us todays?

Godfather: I wish to thank you on behalf of myself, my family and the Five Families as well. (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up*) Thank you. Many people do not know of the humble profession my dear padre and his padre and his as well practiced in the old country. Had I not become a businessman when I came to this wonderful land, I too would have followed in their profession. But though my many businesses have gone in a different direction, out of respect for them, I still take time when occasions like the one tonight call for me to... let us say, dabble in their trade.

Donny: What is it that they did, Godfather? You're keeping me in suspense!

Melatonia: Yes, Gotfather. You haff me in ze sospenders, too.

Y.G.: My padre and his, in fact, all our padrinos as well were cobblers. They made shoes to earn a humble living. They were not as fortunate as we are to have the opportunities this great nation offers.

Melatonina and Donny: Shoes!

Y.G.: That is right, Donny. That is right. Esatto. They made shoes. And tonight, I am going to make you your very own pair. How would you like that, Donny?

Donny: Gee! My very own pair of shoes! Thank you, Godfather! That sounds fantastic!

Y.G.: Bene, bene, Donny. I will make you a custom pair of shoes that will fit like a glove and I guarantee you that they will never slip off your feet like some cheap ones do on those special occasions when you are on the lam and the coppers are close on your trail. What size do you wear, Donny?

Donny: Wow! I always wanted shoes like that. Laces are so complicated. I wear size seven, Godfather.

Y.G.: Very good, Donny. I will be happy to accommodate you. And you will never be bothered by those confusing laces again. *(Calls his two henchmen). Vito! Rocco! (Enter Two Stormtroopers dressed loudly like two Mafiosi made-men. One is pushing a handcart with a basin on its platform. The other is carrying a bag marked "CEMENT." "APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up)* All right, Donny. Step into the basin.

Donny *(panicking)*: No, Godfather! No!

Y.G.: I never ask more than once, Donny. *(Points to the two hitmen who are smiling. One is slapping his palm with a sap. The other is fastening brass knuckles to his hand.)* You do not want to disrespect the tradition of my family, do you, Donny? You have already disappointed and irked me. Besides, Donny, look around you. Do you see any water?

Donny *(getting into the tub, though he clearly doesn't want to)*: No, Godfather, I don't see any water.

Y.G.: That is good. *(points to his two hitmen)* Ok, Vito. Pour the cement. *(Vito does so. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign lights up)* How is the fit, Donny?

Donny: My feet are cold!

Y.G.: I asked you a question. How is the fit, Donny?

Donny: I can't feel my toes!

Y.G. *(to the Two Hitmen)*: Explain to our little friend just what I mean when I ask him how his new shoes fit. *(Two Hitmen approach Donny menacingly.)*

Donny *(cringing)*: Just right, Godfather. Just right.

Y.G.: That is good. I am pleased that you are comfortable in them. You will be wearing them for a long time. A long time, Donny.

Donny *(petrified)*: What do you mean, "a long time," Godfather?

Y.G.: A long time, Donny. Permenentemente, in fact.

Donny (*terrified*): But how will I change my socks, Godfather?

Y.G.: Where you are going, you will not have to worry about socks. The fishes do not wear socks, Donny.

Donny (*hysterically*): No, Godfather! No!

Y.G.: I am taking over your racket, Donny. You are all washed up.

Donny (*frantically*): No Godfather! No!

Y.G.: You are through, Donny. Finito, Donny.

Donny (*desperately*): No Godfather! No!

Y.G.: You are going for that big dive, Donny.

Donny (*frenziedly*): Nix, Godfather! Nix!

Y.G.: You are finally going to make a big splash, Donny.

Donny *desperately*): Nix, Godfather! Nix!

Y.G.: And that's bada-bing, bada-bang, bada-boom, not bing-bing, bong-bong, Donny.

Donny (*frantically*): Nix, Godfather! Nix!

Y.G.: Do not forget the suntan lotion, Donny. (*to the Two Hitmen*): Va bene, boys. Get him out here. (*The Two Hitmen cart Donny away.*) Leave the cement bags. Bring the garlic.

Donny (*frantically*): No, no! Mommy! Mommy! Mooooommmmy! (*Exit Donny and the Two Hitmen. His screams fade out. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Y.G. (*To the panelists*): So what did you think of my act? Let us start with the one who calls himself the Judge. So how did you like my shoes, Big Shot? And, by the way, what size do you wear?

Justice Thomas Clearance: I believe that justice was served, Sir. You definitely rate a "ten," Sir. A legitimate "ten."

Y.G.: Ten is a good and legitimate score, but you did not mention your shoe size.

JTC.: Sorry, Sir. I meant to say that my shoe size is a "ten." I thought you said the show size.

Y.G.: Are you being a wise guy or un asino saggio? I asked you nicely for a score and a shoe size. First you say I get a "ten," and now you tell me your shoe size is a "ten." Why do you want to twist things around like un saccente smart ass?

JTC.: I'm sorry, Sir- I didn't mean to jerk you around. It's just that...(Y.G. *interrupts him*)

Y.G.: Jerk me around? Jerk me around? You did not mean to jerk me around? You jerk me around and now you are saying you did not mean to jerk me around?

JTC.: Why, no Sir! I mean yes, Sir!

Y.G.: “No, Sir!” “Yes, Sir!” I think you are still trying to jerk me around. *(Calls the Two Hitmen who come running.)*  
Vito! Rocco! *(enter Two Hitmen)*

Two Hitmen: Yessir, Sir!

Y.G.: The Judge here has indicated that he would like to go for a ride. A one-way ride. I’d like to accommodate him, se sai cosa intento, if you know what I mean.

Two Hitmen: We know what you mean, Sir!

Y.G.: E bene. E bene. Take good care of him. *(Exit Two Hitmen with JTC between them, protesting his innocence.)* Now let’s ask the young lady what she thought of the act. *(to Margereen Traylor Queen):* You are no relation to Ellery, are you, Signorina? He sent me up the river 10 years ago and I have not had the opportunity to thank him yet.

MTQ.: No, Sir. No relation at all.

Y.G.: That is good. We can proceed then. I must tell you, Signorina, you look very fit.

MTQ.: Thank you, Sir. I can do 50 pushups no sweat. Same with pullups. And I can press my own weight on the barbells.

Y.G.: I am impressed. I do not know if Vito or even Rocco can do that.

MTQ.: I been workin’ out an’ liftin’ weights since I was 12, Sir.

Y.G. Molto buono. That is very good for your health and digestion. I do not suppose you know how to handle a rod, do you, Signorina?

MTQ.: I been shootin’ rats an’ squirrels all my life, Sir. An’ I’m right quick with a hand-gun, you betcha.

Y.G.: Shooting rats. That is good. Molto buono. We shoot many rats in our business. How about driving? Can you drive a car?

MTQ.: Me an’ my Pappy been runnin’ moonshine long as I can remember. Nobody handles the wheel or stomps the pedal quick as me, Sir.

Y.G.: Buono, buono, Signorina. You are a woman of many talents. Tell me, have you ever robbed a bank?

MTQ.: Not yet, Sir- but I walked out of a pet store with an iguana under my blouse once and I’m willin’ tuh learn.

Y.G.: How about coppers? Have you ever shot a copper, Signorina?

MTQ.: No, but it’s on my drop-dead list, Sir.

Y.G.: Well, Signorina Queen, you certainly have some fine qualifications, queste qualificazioni siono molto fine. How do you feel about meeting me and my associates after the show so we can discuss some potential career opportunities for you within my organization?

MTQ.: Thank you, Sir. I’d be pleased as punch, Sir. I always admired your style.

Y.G.: That is good. What did you think of my act?

MTQ.: I always wanted to learn how they make shoes. To tell you the truth, I never knew they were made from cement. I would have given you a “ten” just for that.

Y.G.: Well now you know, Signorina. Don’t forget to see me after the show. You don’t want to disappoint me. In fact, go wait for me in my office and we will work out the details of your employment just as soon I am done here, though I should warn you in advance that we are not a union shop.

MTQ (*kneeling, kisses his hand*) Thank you, Godfather. I don’t believe in unions. (*exit MTQ*)

Y.G.: (*to Nancy Paloosie*): How about you, Mother? Were you entertained?

Nancy Paloosie: Entertained? You gotta be kidding!

Y.G.: Not at all, Mother. I never kid a lady, especially one as distinguished as yourself.

NP.: Don’t you sass me, young man! Don’t you sass me!!

Y.G.: I would sooner rot in prison than sass you, Mother. As long as I can direct my business from there.

NP.: And don’t give me any of your lip either, young man!

YG.: Rather I cut off my lip, Mother, than offend you with it.

NP.: And I don’t want to hear any more of that backtalk from you, young whippersnapper!

YG.: May my tongue wither and fall from my mouth first, Little Mother, before I talk back to one as esteemed as you.

NP: You mind your cheeky manners, young man! Don’t you act so fresh with me!

YG.: Better I should be garroted before I say an unkind word to you, Little Mother!

NP.: And you can keep your impertinence to yourself, you saucy young jackanapes!

YG.: Forgive me, Mother, for any misunderstanding that may have arisen between us. Believe me when I tell you that I hold you in respect above all others.

NP: And stop calling me “Mother,” you impudent young whelp! Surely I’m no mother to you!

YG: Again I beg that you forgive my familiarity with one so far above me. But the truth is that you bear a remarkable resemblance to one whom I hold most dear, my own dear Mama, Angelina Annunziata Squazcialupi, that I last saw some 30 years ago when first I left our village to come to this great land. You bring back memories, Mother, and with those memories come happiness and responsibility. So forgive me, Mother. I can only try to please you.

NP (*stunned*): Angelina Annunziata Squazcialupi? Did you say Angelina Annunziata Squazcialupi, you young rascal?

YG: Her maiden name, Mother. Angelina Annunziata Squazcialupi.

NP (*shocked*): Angelina Annunziata Squazcialupi... And the village? What village did this Angelina Annunziata Squazcialupi come from?

YG: My entire family comes from the poor little southern village called Ramazzano le Pulci, Mother. Why do you ask?

NP: Ramazzano le Pulci? Is that what you said, you oleaginous scalawag? Ramazzano le Pulci?

YG: Ramazzano le Pulci, Mother. Ramazzano le Pulci.

NP: And this is the Ramazzano le Pulci that rests between the villages of Orgia and Pisciotta?

YG: No, Mother. Not the Ramazzano le Pulci that rests between Orgia and Pisciotta. La nostra famiglia is from the Ramazzano le Pulchi near Femminamorta and Bastardo, in the South.

NP (*stunned*): You're sure of that? You're not just kidding me, you young devil? Your mother is Angelina Annunziata Squazcialupi from Ramazzano le Pulchi, the village by Femminamorta and Bastardo?

YG (*crossing himself*): Of course I'm sure, Mother. I cannot tell you a lie. It is the village of my birth, and she is my sainted Mama whom I lost 30 years ago. Why is this so important, Mother? Why do you press me so?

NP: Oh heavenly saints above preserve me from such degradation! (*crosses herself*) Paloosie is my married name, you unholy incubus, the one I took when I married Paulie. But before then my surname was Cantalupi.

YG: Cantalupi. Cantalupi. The name sounds very familiar, Mother. I have a very distant memory of it. Where have I heard it before?

NP: The Cantalupi and the Squazcialupi are related, young man. Your mother and I were cuginos.

YG (*stunned*): Cuginos!

NP: Yes, cuginos... your mother and I.

YG: Cuginos!

NP: And more than just cousins, you were the little boy whom your sainted Mamma entrusted to me as her figlioccio.

YG (*overwhelmed*): Figlioccio!

NP: Yes, to my eternal shame. Figlioccio.

YG: Figlioccio!

NP: Don't rub it in!

YG: Figlioccio!

NP: I should have kept my big mouth shut!

YG: Figlioccio!

NP: Oh, the pain! The pain!

YG: Madrina! Madrina! Godmother!! (*Rushes to her; falls to his knees; kisses her hand many times*) Madrina! My Godmother!

NP: Get offa me! And stop slobbering all over my hand! (*Pulls him up by his ear*) Was that your tongue? Cut that out! What am I gonna do with you? Oh the shame! The disgrazia!

YG: Godmother! Madrina! My beloved madrina!

NP (*still holding him by the ear*): To think that our once noble line has fallen so low! Suddenly this comedy has become a tragedy! Well, there's only one thing I can do. I must fulfill my obblighi as Madrina. I must keep my promise and live up to my sacred vow. I owe it to my Angelina, my beloved and long-lost cousin. (*shouts to Paul Paloosie who is still in the audience*) Paulie! Paulie! Get up here! Hurry it up! We've got an insolent young reprobate here who needs to learn how to behave. (*Paul Paloosie rises from his seat, bows and waves to the audience and walks up to the stage. Nancy, still holding Young Godfather by the ear, leads him off the stage, Paul trailing behind them. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*) Come on, young man. Let's see if Paulie and I can knock some sense into you. (*the three of them exit.*)

YG: Awwwww, Godmother! (*Sound fades away. Enter Melatonia dressed as she was originally, in a revealing gown in the Euroslut style, heels, etc. She is alone except for the Two Tranvestite Handmaidens in their cages and the House Band which strikes up "Isn't She Lovely." "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*)

Melatonia: Vell, Dahlinks, vee certainly hope you enjoyed the show as much we enjoyed havengk you here veeth us tonights! (*"APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes.*) Zank you! Zank you very mouch! Stay tuned for next week, vhen vee veel breengk you another proqramm veeth the many talents of whoever vee can get to zhow up. Vee seem to have lost ze paneleests undt Doughnny undt all ze men too, zo perhaps I, Melatonia, veel haff to be ze hostess all by myself. (*The "APPLAUD NOW!" sign flashes. The House Band strikes up "In the Mood," the theme song of the Unknown Wiseguy, who comes bounding onstage, dancing wildly. "APPLAUD NOW!" sign still flashing. He is still wearing a KKK robe, but it's painted to look like a tuxedo. A black painted circle surrounds one of the eye-holes- it represents a black eye, a consequence of being roughed up.*)

Unknown Wiseguy: Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: Ach! Eet ees my secret boyfriend! Achhh! Mine own true luff! Ze only man I haff I haff ever vanted! Ze Unknown Viseguy! (*to Unknown Wiseguy*): Dahlink! At last you haff come to your luffink Melatonia! (*she rushes to him*) Zo longk ve haff been abart!

U.W (*still dancing, shuffling feet frantically, etc.*): Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: Ach, Dahlink! Always you are souch mouch fun!

U.W (*doing his frenzied, manic dance*): Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: Ach, Dahlink! Always you makes me zmile! Always you makes me feel like real voman! I honger for you, my beluffed!

U.W (*dancing wildly*): Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: But mine own true luff, what is happen to your eye? You are hurted!

U.W (*with non-stop frenetic movements*): It was nothin', Doll-face.

Melatonia: I veel gomfort you! I veel gure you!

U.W (*shuffling feet madly*): Don't let it bug ya, Hot Stuff. You should see how those other two punks looked after I got through with 'em.

Melatonia: Ach! Finally I haff found ze man for me! An eenteleegent man! A senseeteef man! A man who ees not afraid to be heemselfs! A real man like I haff neffer effer knowned!

U.W (*still dancing wildly*): Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: Yes mine dahlink. Yes. I am Melatonia, undt she ees all yours! (*Throws herself at him. They embrace passionately.*)

U.W: Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby! (*He remains in non-stop frenetic motion through to the end.*)

Melatonia: Yes, yes mine own true luff!

U.W: Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: Make ze bassionate luff to me! Do eet now!

U.W: Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: Take me now, my Dahlink!

U.W: Melatonia baby! Melatonia baby!

Melatonia: Don't make your Melatonia wait any longers! Ufff, how I luff zat man of mines!

U.W: Knock knock, Melatonia!

Melatonia: Achhh! Always you make veeth ze knock-knockers!

U.W: Knock knock, Melatonia!

Melatonia: Uff! You are making me crazy! Crazy!

U.W: Knock knock, Melatonia!

Melatonia: Always ze knock-knockers!

U.W: Knock knock, Melatonia!

Melatonia: Uff! You are vild man!

U.W.: Knock knock, Melatonia!

Melatonia: How can Melatonia reseests your gharms?

U.W.: Knock knock, Melatonia!

Melatonia: Ufff! I geeves up! Who ees there veeth ze knock knocks?

U.W: Juicy.

Melatonia: Ach! Juicy! Juicy! Juicy who, my dahlink?

U.W: Juicy how much I love you?!

Melatonia *(to audience)*: Dahlinks! At last my man has gum alongk! *(The House Band strikes up “In the Mood” in breakneck time and the two of them frantically, frenetically tap dance together like Fred and Ginger on locoweed. “APPLAUD NOW!” sign flashes. They exit dancing arm in arm. Curtain falls.)*

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