

Creative Apartment Living – Rent’s Late Again

By: Jerry Bowman & Shawn Millar

The Opening

Both: What do you do when you’re home all alone and you’re bored?

J: When you’ve cleaned out the kitchen the very last time

S: You cleaned out the fridge, you drank all the wine

Both: You want to have fun and then suddenly a friend drops by

S: And says

J: Well, what kind of a show are you guys going to do this year?

S: I was thinking we should do a more exciting and entertaining show than last year.

J: Well, that’s good. Is there any new material this time?

S: Actually, it’s about 95% new material. We’re running about two hours. It’s light, and fluffy, and Jerry Bowman and Shawn Millar come back and play all the parts and I hear they’re incredible.

J: I look forward to it.

Both: What do you do when you’re home with a friend and you’re snoring.

Do you give to the yen, to watch TV again, cause you’re stuck in the den.

Oh we want so much more.

Creative Apartment Living

The gift that keeps on giving

Creative Apartment Living is the way

J: So what about the tip hat in the kitchen? What’s that all about?

S: Well, just like a street performer will put a hat down when he’s miming in the park, we’ve put a hat in the kitchen to help cover production costs, you know, we like to call ourselves apartment performers.

J: OK, so what if someone new comes over, and they want to put money in the hat?

S: That is the great thing about the hat, the hat doesn’t care. It’s a non-partisan hat. Any economic, social, religious groups, it doesn’t care.

Both: So we fight for the right, to perform here tonight

To create our own rules, to add life to the crazy

And end all the hazy and dreary monotonous nights

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Doctor Goodyear

(Paul Johnson sits and waits for a doctor. Doctor comes in with a little small talk. Checks his file, etc.)

Doc: How are we today Mr. Johnson?

Paul: Pretty good, except...

Doc: How's the wife?

Paul: Great

Doc: And what's her name, Janie?

Paul: Oh fine. She's three now.

Doc: Great, great, now what seems to be the problem?

Paul: Well my throat's been a little sore for the last three days or so.

Doc: Oh yeah, let's have a looksey shall we. Have you been having plenty of fluids, antifreeze?

Paul: Huh? (laughs) Oh yeah.

Doc: Been checking them regularly, you seem a bit dehydrated.

Paul: Well, my throats just a little swollen or something...

Doc: Yes, it does look like your hose is a little clogged in there.

Paul: What do you mean?

Doc: You know.

Paul: My throat?

Doc: If that's what you want to call it, any way, it's a little warm and that's causing some over heating.

Paul: I have had heartburn lately.

Doc: Well, lets put you on the lift here. Most likely you have an exhaust problem here...

Whoa, definitely an exhaust problem. How's the ol' engine been running?

Paul: Oh (getting into it a little) the ol' engine's been running just fine. It's like a Toyota, got years to go. I really thing it's just a bit of the flu coming on.

Doc: Are you experiencing any stalling in the morning, like it's hard to shift into second gear?

Paul: Well yeah, after a hard night of drinking.

Doc: What?! Don't even use anything other than premium in your tank. All right, how's the lube job. (moves Paul's' limbs around a bit) Feels pretty good, now blow your horn for me.

Paul: Blow my horn?

Doc: (a little crazed) Yes, blow your horn. Oh, I obviously see what the problem is here. You just need a new computer chip. (picks up a razor and shaving cream) I'll just have to clean up your processor a little bit (pointing to his head) and we'll have you out of here in ten minutes or less.

Paul: Now wait a minute doctor, or mechanic or whatever the hell you are. You are not touching me you freak, you quack, you weirdo. I'm leaving!

Doc: (holding him back) (sinister) Not without your coil wire!

Paul: You're insane.

Doc: (straps him down) We might as well rotate your ties while we are here. Maybe a nice flush and fill while we are at it. (gets out drill)

Paul: (screams)

Doc: Periodic maintenance is the key to longevity!

Paul: Wait!!!

Nurse: (sound effect) Doctor, your next patient is waiting... Doctor?

Doc: (back to his senses) Um, yes, I'm sorry. I'll be right there Ms. Vancor. (to Paul)

Mr... um.. Mr....

Paul: Johnson?

Doc: Right, Mr. Johnson. Oh, you'll be fine. Just drink plenty of orange juice and take it easy for a couple of days. (Paul looks relieved) And, ahh, make sure you come back and see me in 3,000 miles (stick s Jiffy Lube sticker on his head and exits)

Spy vs Spy

Starts out with music intro. We stand out on a corner. (street noises in background) J looks at S and takes out cigarette very deliberately. S takes out lighter and coolly walks over to try to light it. He can't, and after a few tries, J grabs the lighter, flicks the safety proof feature, and hands the lighter back to S. S lights cig. Puts lighter first in one pocket, then moves it to shirt pocket instead. J recognizes the signal, pulls an envelope from his pocket to show S, then slides it back in. J speaks.

J: The flashlight shone bright over yon dew covered hill.

S: Shouldn't you?...

J: Shhhh... not here. (does a small ballet dance, stops and repeats angrily) The flashlight shone bright over yon dew covered hill!

S: (trying to remember) Old Mc Donald had a cat in the hat, and the dish ran away with the spoon.

J: (Does a karate routine) The man with the plan is sitting on the can.

S: I don't understand.

J: Shhh....

S: (frustrated, then remembers his pocket guide. Takes it out, looks up the right passage) Ohhh, um... the soothsayer speaks in Chinese weeks.

J: Would I like to go bowling tonight?

S: Huh.. Oh.. (looks at book cover) Oh, last year's edition.

J: Shh... no more words. (begins an elaborate dance)

S: (shrugs)

J: (begins a simpler dance)

S: (shrugs again)

J: Fine! (begins charades. Holds up one finger)

S: One word, one syllable. Got it

(they both proceed to discover the word "key", and when S finally gets, J is exasperated)

S: Oh, a key.. I've got one for you!!! (pulls out key a key and throws it to J, J pulls out an envelope and throws it to the ground, knees him in the nuts while flicking S off, and exits)

S: What?

Need a Job

J: No sorry Jane, we have no opening on our list for secretary's assistants. I'd say try back tomorrow, we get new calls everyday. Good Luck... OK... Bye now. Hello, this is Bob, thanks for calling "Need a Job". Um, yes we do have an opening for a civil engineer. Tell you what, give me your number, and I'll call you right back for some more information, there's someone here in my office. Great, I'll call you in about ten minutes. Hello there.

S: Hi. I a... I am...

J: Looking for a job?

S: Yes, yes. I'm in desperate need of work. I just recently lost my job due to cutbacks.

J: What job was that?

S: Scissors inspector.

J: All right, do you have any other experience?

S: Yes, all kinds. Just run down the list of things available.

J: In due time, sir, let's chat for a second. Do you have a resume I could look through, something to get me better acquainted with you previous background? Any school experience? A Masters degree?

S: No

J: College?

S: No.

J: High school?

S: Well, of course I graduated high school man, I'm not stupid, I'm poor. Now come on, what have you got?

J: Well, for a high school education, we have to use this list. (removes the big one off his desk and refers to a small group of stapled pages)

S: That doesn't look very promising.

J: There's actually some very good stuff in here. Did you get along with your mother?

S: Excuse me?

J: Did you get along with your mother?

S: Well, yeah. Is that going to help me get a job?

J: No, I didn't get along with mine. Everyone always said I had an "Edible" complex or something like that. I mean come on, I'm not a cannibal, especially where my parents were concerned.

S: Oh boy.

J: Well now, how would you feel about being a gynecologist? Have you ever been convicted of a felony?

S: Well, yeah. Once.

J: Oh, that's too bad. They have strict rules in that business. Wait a minute, this shouldn't be on this list. I'm so sorry, my secretary is a little flaky. Quality help is so hard to find these days.

S: Well, what's next? Do you think I could get an interview today?

J: Never lose hope, I'm very good at my job. SO how desperate are you? I have an immediate opening as a sanitation worker, a painter, or one of those guys that oils the lanes in the bowling alley? Oh yeah, that includes some light concessions duties.

S: Well actually, I just started dating a really nice girl, and I kind of want something a little more glamorous. I don't want to come home smelling of garbage and hot dogs.

J: What about bagels?

S: Bagels aren't so bad. I actually lived in New York for a little while.

J: I've got a server position available at Barbara's Topless Bagels.

S: Topless?

J: Yeah, you server bagels with your shirt off. It's a new concept, should be a piece of cake.

S: At least it's not Barbara's bottomless bagels. That would make for some very interesting ways to serve... but I don't know if I have the body for that kind of thing.

J: No worries, I have a long list here. Here we go. Are you an outdoorsy type?

S: Sure.

J: This is perfect. There's a man in California, a very rich man I might add, who is looking for people for his life size chess board in the backyard. He still needs a few pawns and a castle. You kind of look like a pawn, but the castle pays better if you can get it.

S: They don't have a king?

J: Nope, sorry. Filled that yesterday.

S: If I can't be the king, I can't do it.

J: I'm trying to help you now, you understand this?

S: I understand, but I just couldn't do that.

J: OK, lets see. I have a subterranean landscaper.

S: A what?

J: A grave digger. No? Alright, this is perfect. The new Macy's downtown wants a human clock. Eight hour shifts, and they want you to hold your arms with the real time for the shopper. (demonstrates)

S: That could get painful.

J: Yeah, I've been having trouble filling that one. Are you creative? Quick on your feet?

S: I like to think so.

J: Conan O'Brian is looking for a new head writer.

S: I don't think anyone can help him now. Come on, you've got to have something good in there.

J: This is interesting. Airporn.

S: Air port?

J: No, Airporn. A new idea on the market, a flying strip club. Being in the air is kind of like being in international waters, there's no regulations for the gentleman to follow.

S: Now we're getting somewhere. What do they need, a host, DJ, a bartender?

J: No, a pilot, can you fly a plane?

S: No I can't fly an airplane!

J: Oh come now, maybe we can find you some temporary work before we find that perfect job. The gay liberation parade is looking for a few good men to ride in on. Do you have a bridle?

S: No, no. Read me the rest of the list, there's bound to be something I like.

J: OK, but you've passed on my best stuff so far. We've got a photo shoot for the before picture in a penis enlarger ad. One of the guys who hands out towels in the bathroom. An architecture group in Egypt is looking for laborers to help build a life size pyramid using ancient Egyptian methods. Is anything sounding good?

S: Put a check by the photo shoot, we might need to come back to that one. What else?

J: We have an assortment of line cook positions, a garage door opener, a taffy maker, manager at a glue factory, or if you want to get away from it all, we have a five year stint on a satellite taking pictures of the ozone layer. There's going to be a nice lunar eclipse in the year 2000. That's about it except for condom tester.

S: Condom tester?!?!?

J: What, did we hit something here?

S: Are you kidding? That's a dream job. Screw my new girlfriend, or maybe she can get hired, too? Oh my God, this is my lucky day. Where have you been all my life? (kisses him) I'm going to be a condom tester. You put my name down right now, and you call them and tell them they have their man. No, their stud. No, their man, I don't want to sound pretentious. Wow, I'm going to tell all my friends about you. I'm going to send so much business your way you won't know what to do with all of it. Oh, thank you!!.

Thank you so much!!! (exits)

J: Hey wait, we forgot to get a lung capacity test from you. Gail, please make sure Mr. Hendricks pays us before he leaves. (pulls out a condom and blows it up into a balloon)

The Audition part 1

D: Alright, slate for me

1: I'm Ron Benson. You know I know you.

D: I don't think so. OK, here's your script, read it over real quick, lemme know when you're ready (hands script to Ron) Alright, you ready?

1: Well, I was going to read it over first.

D: OK, take your time (side talk)

1: OK

D: Great, great, alright, Any time there, go ahead

1: (takes a breath) MMM, biscuits.

D: OK, thank you Ron, that's good.

1: I'll see you around.

D: (vamp) 35 let's go!!!

2: Hey remember me... Michael Bradley, yeah, we worked on the Gaffers thing down in.... Hey I got you a thank you card, and some cookies and some bottles water if you get thirsty, OK

D: Thank you

2: Hey no problem, back when we were in birmingham...

D: No thank you. (waves bye)

2: Oh... hey thanks for the opportunity... Michael Bradley, OK?.

D: Uh Huh. Right. (vamp) Yeah? 35?

3: Balloon delivery.

D: What is this?

3: It's ahhh.... Thank you, oh thank you, oh thank you thank you thank you, from Michael Bradley.

D: What are you talking about? Wait, was that that kid that was just in here?

3: Yeah he just gave me 35 bucks.

D: 35 bucks? OK, I'm going to give you 100 dollars... alright?... 100 dollars.. what's your name?

3: Tim Brown

D: Tiiiiim... Broooown. (as he writes) Alright, I want you to go out there, and make that kid feel like a real loser. OK? I don't ever want him sending me any more balloons in here. I never want to see that kid again.

3: 100 bucks talks.

D: Here you go. Oh yeah, and I want to hear him crying, OK? You better do a good job. (boys walks out of the room)

3: Hey Michael... Michael Bradley... (singing) you're climbing the ladder to schwagville. (starts singing loser song)

Michael Bradley: Hey come on man, I'm a really good actor, man, I know a lot of people.

3: But you're a loser....

Michael Bradley: but you're just a balloon delivery guy...

D: hahahahaha (vamp)

D: Hey what's going on we got 36?

4: Hey dude, what's going on buddy?

D: Alright, first of all, I'm not your buddy... I'm your director. OK? Let's start off on the right foot.

4: Oh OK.

D: Alright, you know the script?

4: No they didn't give me one, man

D: No of course they didn't give you one out there... what sense would that be? That would just make things go faster, right? OK. Here you go. (hands him the script) Look it over. OK. You ready?

4: Alright, just anytime?

D: Yeah (to his invisible camera guy) you rolling?

4: Ummmmm.... (pause).... Cool biscuits man.

D: Alright.. first of all kid... you're playing a character here, you're not playing yourself, second of all, the script says, MMM biscuits... MMM biscuits!!!! We have writers.. we paid them lots of money to come up with that script that says MMM biscuits, so if you could at least try it again.

Alien: We need more mimes.
Mime: Well, I'm not a mime.
Alien: Yes, you are.
Mime: No, No way. I hate mimes.
Alien: We've been watching you.
Mime: Do what?
Alien: Standing still.
Mime: No, wait a minute, let's get this straightened out. That standing still, that's yoga. We do this a lot here. I don't even look like a mime. I'm on my way to a formal black tie affair. And this, you probably think this is make up don't you? It's bullfrog sunblock. I worry about skin cancer you know which I bet that light isn't helping a whole lot. Can I go now?
Alien: What about the hat?
Mime: That's not a hat, it's a chair, see? (he sits on the hat like mime)
Alien: See, you are a mime.
Mime: No, no I'm not. And don't call me that. All my life, my friends, my family, my dog, everyone made fun of me and called me a mime, but I am not a mime... I am an actor.
Alien: We need more actors.
Mime: Alright, well what's in it for me?
Alien: An audience.
Mime: A big audience?
Alien: Yes, with money.
Mime: Well, occasionally I mime, well, yeah, yeah, I'm a mime. I'm a mime, OK? All right, I'll bite. I'll do it. So what do I need to do?
Alien: We need two hot dogs.
Mime: Huh? What is this some kind of joke? Hot dogs?
Alien: Look in your pocket (two dollars have appeared, and he takes them out)
Mime: Wow, cool, that was a good trick. I could use a tall leggy blonde for trip.
Alien: Don't push it.
Mime: That's funny, that's great, this is great. We are going to get along wonderfully. I can't wait. An audience.. money... I can handle this... I'm ready....
Alien: Are you sure you are a mime?
Mime: Yeah. Yeah I am a mime.
Alien: Then shut up... and get me my hot dogs.

Welcome to My Aquarium

Shawn is dressed as a homeless guy. Jerry walks by and throws some change in a cup next to him)

Hey man, I don't need any change. If you want to help me out, why don't you give me

your credit card! Moron. All these people are morons, with their pretty dresses and high heels and red lips. It's like a giant game of dress up in here!!! And this corner is my aquarium, for me to sit here and stare at. (to audience) I'm staring at you. You're a part of it, not me, I'm on the outside. I'm out of the loop. You won't see me dancing around for forty hours a week waiting for food to fall from the sky, praying that God won't forget to feed us today, cause I know, I know that sometimes God forgets, cause I'm the smart one. That's why I'm not trapped inside that bowl like you.

You amuse me. You're trapped inside my aquarium and you don't even know what you're doing in there. You should just take a look at yourself. You know why I'm not in there? No? Can you guess? I can't wait in line. No. I can't do it. Long, short, fast, slow, single file, it doesn't matter, I can't do it. Have you ever watched yourselves waiting in line? It's pathetic. Eyes trained forward to some inoffensive spot. Not talking. Don't talk to anyone. Don't look at anyone. Just take a short step up every now and then, holding on to your milk til your hand gets too damn cold, so you can drop your money so you can go on and go sit in traffic or go sit on the elevator, still not talking, too afraid to speak. There's people all around and you won't talk to any of them. Why? You afraid they gonna think you some evil person? Afraid they gonna think you some evil person for talking in line? They gonna come up.. breathing behind you and scream Lynch um!! Lynch um!!! Not me. I can't do it. I can't do it. I talk all the time in line. Damnit, I only got so many breaths and I'm not going to waste one if I don't have to!!!!

You know there's a lot of people like me, and we may not have fancy cars, but we laugh a lot. You amuse us. But you created us. You put this piece of glass between us because you were scared of us. And you tell us we have Attention Deficit Disorder in school, and call us stupid to make us think that we can't keep up with your world, when the truth is, is that we are really too creative to go as slow as you go. Our minds are moving too fast to be quiet in single file lines, and to sit in school and learn about whatever bullshit got mandated this year. We're too busy dreaming about how much better things could be. We're not listening to you on purpose, we've got better things to do baby, and we will not be told what to do.

We understand the games, maybe not at first, but we catch on fast. You go around telling everyone, "don't pop your zits... it's bad for you and it will leave your face all marked up and nasty", cause they want you to walk around with ugly pimple faces and think you're no better than anyone else, and if you listen to them, you cower in public all insecure about your face, but not me man. I've popped every pimple I've ever had, and still do. And it doesn't leave a scar, never did, but if that's what they want you to believe, believe it.

Have you ever watched a bunch of people watching television, It's so sad. Lifeless lounging flesh, just sitting there, not moving, except you know, to get a beer... a little more popcorn, or even worse, to get up and actually look for that damn remote control so they can sit still for even more and more hours, letting the TV control their brains and fill them up with blinking images of what they should be doing if they ever got off the damn couch long enough to go buy something. I can't sit still that long. It's all moving, set in

motion. Sitting still in a world of motion is a waste of time. And I won't have any of that in my house you fucking suit wearing douche bag!

Just spend a day here with me and you'll see. Come look at my aquarium. It only takes a day, and it'll change you, if you're smart enough... smart enough to really see what's going on all around.

Go to the Burger King, or any of those nasty places, it doesn't matter, and you watch a really fat woman... I mean so huge you can't imagine how she ever let herself get that way. But you don't laugh at her, cause you know the same thing could happen to you, with all the nasty food you eat, double burgers and biggie fires and shakes, over and over again cause the menu doesn't change out there, this is what they feed us! And you watch that fat lady walk up and order her double burger with everything but pickles and some fries out of a machine that no good parent would ever allow anywhere near their house. And you watch her take her little to-go bag and as soon as she turns her back, those damn people behind the counter start laughing at her, when they're the ones that just fed her all of that shit! And then it all turns full circle when she gets to the door, and she starts to push it open and she lets out a little chuckle at them cause their makin' minimum wages, and that's what all our life's training comes to. Learning how to laugh at everybody?

I can't believe that everybody is so busy laughing at everyday that we're too afraid to talk in line, we're too afraid to pop our zits, and we're too damn afraid to turn the damn TV off and go out and deal with the world, because we want to be able to go to our comfy little jobs and talk about what the funny people did on the TV last night.

Well, I'm glad there's a big piece of glass here (pointing to glass) cause I don't want to be in there with you. (Pause.. thinking) You know the sun is going to explode someday. I'm not going to be here. You're not going to be here.. but it will take my aquarium and everything with it when it goes, and all the bullshit you lived through along the way won't really have mattered.

It's good to be a little crazy, cause you all take yourselves way too seriously.

The Poem Boys

Tim: The wall is not without two sides
One to live freely and one to hide
Whirling, twirling I dwell within
The wall, not knowing my freedom has died

(He goes to write it down, mumbling the words to remember them)
(Shawn walks in as Jim, tired from just waking up)

Jim: Good morning, Tim.

Tim: Good morning, Jim.

Jim: Is it really afternoon? The sun always comes up too soon for my taste.

Tim: Haste makes waste I always say.

Jim: And I agree.

Tim: But unfortunately for you, last night's fun pales to missing this day. (opens the curtains letting stronger light in)

Jim: What did you say?

Tim: I'm saying there's too much sleeping here.

Jim: Oh shut up. Can I have a beer?

Tim: Only if you bring me two.

Jim: (brings one coffee and one beer) This one's for me, and this one's for you. (sits and takes a big whiff of coffee) Mmmm... "Ode to Coffee" Write this down.

Locked again up in my head

This constant morning daze

A haze

Consistency of jello

Keeping thoughts held to microscopic movements.

Tim: (writing, interrupts) Microscopic quagmire movements.

Jim: (accepts the addition, then smells the coffee again for more inspiration)

But this smell

Aims to tell me it will all soon be ended

Luscious satin liquid

Burning brightness to my body and tongue

The armies mounted

The caffeine war's begun

Trudging up the morning mountain

To the realm where all humans reside, save me.

And Oh, thank God the coffee's warm

I feel my speed rising into storm

As the coffee slowly cools inside my belt

Tim: Wow, is that really what you felt? So all you do is drink a cup and all your thoughts come bubbling up.

Jim: That's what it does, I love my cup of coffee cuz.

Tim: You know we are the greatest poets ever.

Jim: Yes, we're funny, insightful, and clever.

Tim: Without a doubt, the world will shout

Jim: Of our creative clout!

Tim: Ahh, you know Jim, you'll always be my friend.

Jim: I know Tim, to the very, very ever.

(They both look confused)

Tim: What was that? That wasn't right.

Jim: (trying again) To the very, very... endocrine system. I can't say it. I can't rhyme.

Tim: We used to do it every tiny. That's not what I meant to say. What's happening?

Jim: I don't know. We've forgotten all we've learned. We are poets for God's sake! Do something!!!

Tim: Calm down, I've got it. Serve me an easy rhyme. I'll return it.

Jim: OK, OK... A hole filled with honey in a Cypress tree.

Tim: Would attract a billion, busy, buzzing, bolts. I can't do it!!! We've lost it!!!

Jim: This is bad. This is very, very bad!!! We used to be good.

Tim: What did we do to deserve this? If we can't rhyme, everything is lost. The worls will be in turmoil, economies will collapse. I'll lose my girlfriend!!!

Jim: What will my parents think. My whole life has been based on rhyming. They taught me how to rhyme before I could even ride a bike. The will kill them.

Tim: I'm going to kill myself!!!

Jim: Noooo!!! Don't do it. I need you.

Tim: I can't go on. I can't go on.

Jim: God, why have you forsaken us????!!!

(Utter confusion and ad-libbing, One screams he's dying and falls to the floor. Both are weeping until it gradually calms down)

Tim: Hey, I'm still alive. Maybe we don't have to rhyme.

Jim: Maybe every other time.

Ticket to Home

Jimmy: Is this the place to be Delta?

Tim: This is Delta, my name is Tim. Is there something I can help you with?

Jimmy: I'm gonna buy a ticket to fly.

T: OK, where would you like to fly to?

J: My name is Jimmy, and I'm going to fly to see my momma. She told me to see her again.

T: Oh, you're going to see you mother, how nice. Well, where does she live?

J: She's my momma. (gets confused) What's that mean, where does she live?

T: Where do you want to go?

J: To see my momma. She said come see me in the house, cause I had to be there when she gone to be up there. What's your name friends?

T: My name's Tim.

J: Tim, you're a funny boy, you're crazy man. You like my brother.

T: I remind you of your borthor?

J: Yehya.

T: Where does your brother,... does your brother live where your mom lives?

Yehya, we all live there, but we all got to go see momma home, cause we're not there yet. My momma's a pretty woman. She always makes me breakfast eggs and waffles. I got picture. Want to see my momma?

T: Yes, she is pretty. Is that your house?

J: Yeah man, that's my old house when I was little. My momma said when we played baseball, don't go for the ball in the creek, or else you'll get sick. My momma's smart girl.

T: Jimmy, where do you want to go?

J: (pissed off) To see my momma!

T: Where's your mother?

J: With my brother.

T: Where are they?

J: (confused, scared)

T: Where do you want to buy a ticket to?

J: I want to buy a ticket to heaven to see my momma.

T: Your momma's in heaven?

J: Yehya.

T: Well, you might not be able to buy a ticket today.

J: I can buy a ticket now, right?

T: No, you have to wait.

J: Wait for what man? You crazy boy. I got money for my ticket now. I got to go to heaven to see my momma. I got to be there. Help me please. I got money.

T: OK, well let's see what's on the computer here.

J: Can I go there, man. I have money in my pocket, but I need coach and to see a movie, cause I only have 33 dollars and 42 pennies.

T: It's coming up here. Oh no... Jimmy, it appears there's a big snowstorm in heaven right now.

J: I like the snow, I can make a snowman very tall.

But you see, planes can't land very well in the snow. It's too slippery.

J: No.

T: Jimmy, it's too dangerous to try and land an airplane on snow, so the airport in heaven is closed.

J: I want to see my momma.

T: It will open up sometime, and you can see her then.

J: I miss my momma.

T: Jimmy, we can't always go see our momma's when we need to. I really want to see my momma now, but I can't cause I have to work.

J: You work here all the time? Can't your momma come see you?

T: No, not right now, I'm pretty busy now.

J: When did you see your momma?

T: It's been a long time.

J: Well, call her.

T: Right now?

J: Yeah, man.

T: You know, you're a smart man, Jimmy, that's not a bad idea. (to Jimmy) Hold on. (looks right) Ma'am, someone will be right with you. (looks left) Sandra, can you take over for a minute. I've got to leave for a second. (looks back at Jimmy) I'll tell you what, we can call her together.

The Audition part 2

D: Alright, what did I miss? (Ad-libbing) OK, where are we? 36? Do we have 36 out there?

5: (dressed in drag as Sally Johnson) Hi

D: Well, what do we have here?

5: I'm Sally Johnson, I'm a dancer.

D: Really? So that means you're the athletic type, huh?

5: Yeah

D: Well, that's great, that's great, OK. What I want you to do is, I want you to pretend like you're on one of those Healthrider things for me. Can you do that?

5: I would, but my agent said this was a Hardees commercial.

D: Nah, I do all kinds of commercials. I do them all right here. But, I'm doing Healthrider commercials right now, so I want you to pretend like you're on one of those Healthriders for me. That would be great.

5: OK, do you have one?

D: Uhhhh... No. Delivery truck broke down, flat tire, by the airport, couldn't bring it, so you're going to have to improvise for me. Can you do that, honey?

5: Oh yes, I've been taking improve classes from (Insert local teacher name)

D: Ahhh, that's great. OK, what I need you to do, is you know how they got their arms out there. (mimes getting on the Healthrider as an example, 5 follows along) Then you pull back. (5 pushes chest forward) Yeah.... That's great. That's great... ok, and now ahhhh, add that pelvic motion.

5: OK

D: Yeah. Oh yeah. Yeah, that's great honey. That's sweet, ok thank you. Thank you. OK, now what I need you to do, is to come over here, turn around, and bend over for me.

5: I don't think so.

D: Wait, you're not here to think. You're here to do what I tell you to do. When I tell you to do something, you do it. You wanna get jobs?

5: (starts to cry)

D: Alright look. Come here. Come here. I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to make you cry. OK, now watch. It's very, very easy. (picks up a pencil, and throws it down on the ground in front of him)

5: Oh. (perks up and bend down to pick up the pencil.

D: (staring at her ass) MMMmmm biscuits!!! Alright, that's great, ok, now I need you to write down your home phone number here... oh yeah that's great, that's close to here, that's going to work out nice. So don't worry honey, I'll be calling you, I'll be calling you. Bye. (vamps about making sure the tape from this audition gets sent to his summer home in some funny city) I love my files, I can spend hours with my files. OK, NEXT!!! OK, who do we have next here... it's a Jerry. Jerry Bowman? Oh Bowman! I remember that guy. I had to direct him so many time in that damn Friedmans commercial. (mocking) "Do you like it, it's from Friedmans"

(note: At this point, if anyone is using this script for a show someday, pick something your partner has done to make fun of that the audience will have some knowledge about)

D: Ohhhh... that's fine. That's fine. Here is where we get even. I'm going to give him the A #1 treatment. Hey Bowman, #37, I don't care, get in here.

Jerry: Hi, how'ya doin'? (holding resume) Um, where do you want these?

D: (blank menacing stare)

Jerry: Did you do the Friedmans? Yeah, that was a great spot. You know, it's busy as hell out there.

D: (continues stare, Jerry starts to get uncomfortable. Picks up resume, and starts to look at it silently, occasionally laughing, sighing, or grunting) So, you pole vault, huh?

Jerry: Actually, that could probably come off there, I haven't pole vaulted since high school.

D: Uh huh. How old are you now?

Jerry: 30

D: Right. So ah, you're a mime huh?

Jerry: Yeah, I've been doing mime since I was like 12 years old.

D: Yeah, that's great, I fucking hate mimes. OK, mime something for me. Pretend like you just got the job.

Jerry: (mimes getting the phone call from his agent, and looks mildly happy)

D: Yeah, you are a terrible mime. OK, tell you what.... You got the script?

Jerry: Yeah, I've got it memorized.

D: No, that's not what I asked you. Do you got the script?

Jerry: Yeah. (reaches into pocket, has it, shows it to him)

D: Wad it up.

Jerry: Huh?

D: Wad it up!

Jerry: OK

D: Throw it on the ground.

Jerry: Alright.

D: Stomp on it. (Jerry steps on it once) Noooo, stomp on it. Ten times.

Jerry: (counts as he finds larger and larger ways to step on the paper on the floor, counting as he goes, stands up with a smile on his face like he did well)

D: (resumes coldly looking at resume) You're not gay are you? I can't stand those light loafing queeros. (continues to be silent again) OK, do you know any impressions? Can you do an impression?

Jerry: Yeah. (as Marge Simpson) Homer, save some pie for Bart and Lisa. Mmmm... blueberry.

D: What the hell is that?

Jerry: The Simpsons

D: Ohhh... Boy... Ok, I've been here a long time, and I want you to make me laugh. Just do something funny.

Jerry: OK. (Does a weird dance)

D: (Continues blank stare) You are terrible kid. You are awful. I mean, I've seen your picture on the TV. How the hell did you get on the TV in this city? I don't understand it.

But I like you kid, I'm going to give you one more chance. What I want you to do... I want you to tell me, why are biscuits important to you?

(lights dim, special on Jerry)

Jerry: Well, my mom used to cook a lot. And her favorite thing to make were biscuits. She worshiped the biscuit, and taught us to. She learned all the secrets, she would bake dozens and dozens of biscuits, and then she'd leave them in the basement for a year and a half until they were perfectly hard. It was soon after that, she began making things out of biscuits. Dishes, cups, she even made our shoes out of biscuits to save money. (Chariots of Fire music starts low in background) She became insane. No, not insane, obsessed, and she worked day and night baking biscuits, making things. I came home from school one day, and we had a new couch, biscuits. It wasn't the most comfortable thing, but mom made it, and I appreciated it. She was really amazing. She was an artist. She started making decorative toilet seat covers and a new front door. Dad got excited. He started to help her out. They made nails and screws, and boards, and in two months, they got so good they had added rooms onto our house. I thought it was all so great until dad lost his job, and couldn't pay the mortgage, and the bank came to repossess the house, but mom and dad stood firm. So the bank sent the wrecking crew down to our house to destroy it, and I remember the bulldozers coming down the street and dad yelling, "Everyone to the biscuit room!!!", so we all ran to the biscuits room and as we huddled together in terror, I heard the triumphant cries of the wrecking crew as they crashed and burned down the walls of the rooms I once lived in. But within all the fury, they could not destroy the biscuit room. Biscuits saved my life that day, and I don't even like biscuits, but I respect them. (Music fades out)

D: Uh, that was good, some real honesty there kid. I think you're ready. Alright, grab the script, try it from the top.

Jerry: MMMMmmmm biscuits.

(Lights out)

The Infomercial

(warm up guy comes out)

Warm Up Guy: Hi, we would like to thank you for taking the time out of your schedules to be here. If you don't know by now, you have been chosen to be in the studio audience of an infomercial. It's easy. All you have to do is applaud when we say applaud. Listen, look interested. OK, let's practice. (Holds up applause sign) Come on now, we paid you each 75 dollars cash which you have in your wallets rights now to help us make this a believable show. So please cooperate. (holds up sign again) One more thing, when you see this sign, please say it along with your host. Let's practice (sign says "Just tell us how much") Great, I think you're ready.

Grip: All right everybody, we are going to have some panning shots of the audience. I want to have your best infomercial clap. I need big smiles, this is what we are putting the titles over, so are are you ready? Counting down, 5, 4, 3, 2...

Harry: Hi, my name is Harry Barns. Have you ever been robbed, mugged, or just didn't want people to know how much money you have in your wallet? Well, today Royce Clemmons joins me with a new and exciting product. Royce?

Royce: (enters) Hello, hello.

H: Now you've graduated from Georgia Tech with a degree in engineering and sociology.

R: That's right, with my particular background and experience, I've developed a new product that's going to save everyone lot's of money.

H: Wow, that's great, can you show us what the product is?

R: Not yet Harry. I'd like to set up a scenario many people in America and around the world have suffered through sometime in their life.

H: OK, how can I help?

All right, you're going to play the part of the mugger.

H: Whoa! Are you going to spray some pepper in my eyes?

R: No, Harry. I wouldn't do that to you. Come on. That would make you mad right?

H: Yes, I'd have to hurt you if you did that.

R: This is exactly the situation we want to avoid. If you're being threatened, you don't want to antagonize your attacker, you want to outsmart him. I'm going to show you how. Try to rob me.

H: Alright, just go for it?

R: Yes, try to rob me.

H: Give me your money now.

R: But I don't have any money.

H: Your wallet, give it to me.

R: Don't shoot. Here you go.

H: (grabs wallet) There's nothing in here.

R: That's where you're wrong! There's plenty of money in that wallet.

H: I didn't see any money.

R: No of course not, because the wallet you have in your hand is no ordinary wallet. It is the new Ultra Wallet 2000, 009 series.

H: 009? What is that? Some kind of James Bond wallet?

R: Not only that but it's more. This wallet here is the only wallet you'll ever need for any situation in life. Our team of analysts have anticipated any problem you could ever have, and have beaten them all. For example, do you remember the bet we had on the San Franscico game?

H: That's right, you owe me five bucks... And if I recall, you already said there's money in your wallet. So give it up.

R: Yes I did (shows audience lots of money) But I'm sorry, I was just kidding because I really have nothing in here.

H: Wait a minute, let me see that. (grabs wallet from Royce)

R: Yes, ladies and gentleman, the most profound feature of the Ultra Wallet 2000 is it's ability to hide money. So well in fact, that someone searching your wallet couldn't find a nickel if they had a crowbar.

H: There's nothing in here.

R: But as easy as a press on the secret button, and, amazing, here's your five bucks.

H: So, you're saying I could be on a date, and say I have no money?

R: That's exactly what I'm saying. For the rest of your life you could be free from the obligation of buying that drink for your friend on his birthday when you don't have enough money to pay for it. Or when your roommate asks for the rent, and you're just not ready to give it up. And best of all Harry, when you're at a strip club, and you want to convince an ugly girl that you don't want a table dance, the Ultra Wallet 2000 is what you need.

H: That's great, and I like the wallet, but what happens when I get up, I'm running late, ready to walk out the door, and I can't find my wallet. I look for it in my pants, and on the dresser where I usually put it.

R: Well, Harry, you're going to pee your pants, because not only does the Ultra 2000 have a beeper on it, so you can call your wallet and find out where it is, but it also has... are you ready for this Harry? (Plays digital recorder inside wallet which says "Stop! You are stealing this wallet. Stop! You are stealing this wallet") It also has it's own bugler alarm and low jack system so the cops can locate it anywhere in the country. Usually returned within 24 hours.

H: That's amazing! OK, I like to camp. Can it help me there at all?

R: Oh this wallet is the best for camping. Look at this. It comes equipped with it's own flashlight. Say you're hiking, you are getting a little lost, it's got it's own compass. Say it's looking a little rainy, it's got a barometer. So you can find out how to get back to camp, and if it's going to rain on you before you get there.

H: that sounds handy. So what if I need to freshen up while I'm out camping.

R: It's got it's own shaver. It's got it's own toothbrush in there. You've got places for the shaving cream, it's the most incredible wallet. Oh and guess what? Say, you're feeling a little sick, all you have to do is hold onto the wallet, and it knows what your temperature is.

H: You're saying you just hold it in your hand, and it knows your temperature?

R: I'm saying hold it in your hand for three seconds the display, right here, will show your temperature to a hundredth of a degree.

H: Alright, I like to cook. How can this wallet help me in the kitchen?

R: This wallet is a wiz in the kitchen. Come with me over to the kitchen. (they both run over to the kitchen set up) Not only does this wallet have it's own egg timer, so you can time anything you're baking, but say it's the holidays, you're making cookies, look at this, all you need is this handy little attachment (places wisk in wallet) and you can mix the cookies with the wallet Harry. Isn't that amazing? Now how do you get those cookies onto the pan? It's also a spatula. (use outside of wallet to clean out bowl) Look at that.

H: But doesn't that make it dirty?

R: No Harry, this wallet is so easy to clean, everything comes right off. Good as new. Now after your egg timer goes off, look at this Harry. You can use it as an oven mit! (use crease in wallet to demonstrate) to pull the cookies out of the oven. The Ultra Wallet 2000 is the way.

H: So you're basically saying it does everything.

R: Oh, I'm saying it does everything and more. Say you're on vacation, and you don't want to stay out of touch with all your friend. This wallet is a personal computer. Look at this right here... it pulls out, (pull out small keypad) it's got a keypad right here, and this is my favorite part... a digital camera. So you can take digital photographs of what's going on, send them to your friends over the Internet, so they can see you sparkling on the beach.

H: So you're saying I could get all of that, in a wallet?

R: Yes.

H: I don't think I could afford something of that quality.

R: Harry, before you talk about price, you should know, that this wallet, right here, can achieve, cold fusion.

H: Cold fusion?

R: Cold fusion! I'm saying, you put a dollar in this slot right here, and you can power your home, you can power your friends home, you can power everyones home, just for a dollar. Watch this, look at this. (holds wallet to lamp, light bulb goes on as it gets close)

H: Ok, stop it, I can't take it anymore. We've got to find out. (gets sign) Just tell us how much! Please Royce, how much? A thousand dollars?

R: Before we go there, you should know that if you buy right now, you will get your own leather restorer and polishing kit.

H: Can you give it to us for less than a thousand dollars?

R: I can do better than that. Are you ready? I'm going to give you this wallet for three easy payments of four hundred dollars.

H: Alright!! (thinks) Well, wait a minute Royce, that comes out to be twelve hundred dollars.

R: You're wrong again Harry, because I'm going to take the first payment, and pay it for you.

H: Just like that?

R: Just like that. So now how much are you going to pay?

H: Eight hundred dollars.

R: Oh so close, cause I don't like the number eight, never did, kinda reminds me of my mum, so I'm going to knock that down to seven. Seven hundred dollars.

H: What do you think audience. I think we can go lower.

R: Lower than this? You've got cold fusion, you've got a digital camera, you've got a Pentium processor in here. What, you want six hundred dollars? Six hundred, is that what you want?

H: I think that sounds good.

R: Ahhhh... you've got shaving kits, you've got a low jack system. Tell you what, I'm going to half that right now. Three hundred dollars.

H: Come on now, that's still a little steep for just a wallet.

R: Alright. Alright. This is my final offer. I'm going to make you all the supreme deal. I'll sell this wallet, and all it's wonderful features to you, and everybody in the studio audience for the amount of money in your wallet right now.

H: My wallet?

R: In your wallet, right now.

H: Should I do it audience? I don't even know how much money I have in my wallet.

R: Yes or no Harry?

H: (looking at his wallet) Oh actually, I have nothing.

R: (grabs the normal wallet from Harry) Oh look at that. Don't you wish you had an Ultra Wallet 2000 right now. You and everyone in the audience would be getting this amazing wallet for free. So let me see, 10, you have a five.... 19 (dumps change out from the wallet in his hand) and 95 cents. 19.95! All new locked in price. \$19.95.

H: See the number at the bottom of your screen, call now for this amazing new wallet. Something you just can't live without. The shaving kit, the Pentium processor.

R: Oh and I'm sorry, I forgot to show you this. It's got it's own pizza cutter. (pulls one last thing from the depths of the wallet)

H: I want to thank Royce Clemmons for stopping by and everyone I our studio audience. Thank you Royce. Visa and Mastercard taken.

R: Thank you Harry.

H: And good night!

Finale

S: It's New Years Eve
There's a chill in the air
Sends a message to me
That the time in near
To tuck away the old year

Who am I gonna kiss tonight?
Who am I gonna kiss tonight?
Who am I gonna hold in my embrace,
To separate the space of the year?

J: Who am I gonna kiss tonight?
Who am I gonna kiss tonight?
Will the evenings magic work it's spell
And bring to me the gal of my dreams?

S: Does my tie look straight? I should of had a haircut.

J: Come on now, you look great, if I didn't know, I'd say you were upper class.

S: Thanks

J: And to me, how am I? I should have had a shower.

S: Oh my friend you'll be fine, with all that cologne, I'd say you'd be good for an hour.

J: Thanks a lot.

Both: Who're we gonna kiss tonight?

Who're we gonna kiss tonight?

J: I'm gonna kiss, the girl in the corner

S: Oh not if I'm there first.

Both: The race is on.

Both: It's New Years Eve

There's a thrill in the air

And I'm ready to share my good fortune with you.

J: Don't you owe me a dollar?

S: (pulls out Ultra Wallet) Yeah, I don't have any money

J: Remember my friend

That I paid for your tux

That you're wearing so nice, now you owe me twice.

And man, I need the money

S: And I hope you get it.

I really hope you get it

I make my resolution that I hope you get it.

J: I resolve to be new, and more patient with people like you.

Cut back on my sugar intake, and start working out.

Both: Less TV for me, and my food will all be fat free

Pay the rent on time and live in ecstasy

J: I resolve to clean the bathroom, day and night

Register to vote, to pay my taxes, and to go online

S: I resolve to go to school, get straight A's

Paint a lovely landscape, start less fires, take a picture of a UFO

Both: And this year's gonna be my best year.

And this year's gonna be my best year

J: I resolve to save the whales, eat less pork

Cut back on my smoking, plant a forest, get that root canal

S: I resolve to get a Rolex, organize

Stop and smell the roses, be a good friend, and to court a lovely lady

Both: So this year's gonna be a tough year.

Yeah, this year's gonna be a tough year.

We talk a lot, but we'll do a lot, we're really really gonna try.

Well... Happy New Years everybody!!!

S: Oh all the pretty dresses all around

J: It's a party

S: The corks are popping how I love that sound

J: It's a party

S: When everybody's year gets turned around

J: A new years party
S: To sip champagne and then a shot of crown
J: Now that's a party
Both: And I love new years. And I love new years

S: And will the night reveal what I desire?
A brief exchange as the year falls in retire
All the warmth and the glow of all my friends around
Both: At three two one the ball falls gently to the ground.

Both: Who are we gonna kiss tonight?
Who are we gonna kiss tonight?
Who are we gonna hold in our embrace
To separate the space of the years?

Who are we gonna kiss tonight?
Who are we gonna kiss tonight?
S: I think that's time to end the show
J: Cause I just have to know
Both: Who it is

Both: So we say so long
It's the end of the song
It's time to go
It's the end of the show

So we thank you for your time tonight
We think a glass of champagne is in sight

So a big salutation
And congratulations
For participation
In our adoration
Applause, applause, applause

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