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DUMB BLONDES AND OTHER NIGHTMARES
written by Karen Keela Martin

(Music up, then fades out. WOMAN enters, wearing a bathrobe, smoking a pipe. She strides to the far side of the stage and takes a grand bow. Strides to opposite side of stage, takes another grand bow. Comes center stage, as she contemplates her audience. Pause.)

WOMAN

Before I start, I just want to let you all in on a fairly magnipotent bit of information that has just come crashing into the forefront of my brain. This is a dream. And, no, I don't mean a "dream" in the sense of "a dream come true to be standing here on stage under the bright lights." No, that is definitely not what I mean when I say to you that this is a dream. No, when I say to you that this is a dream, I mean it literally -- that I am asleep and I am dreaming. Or perhaps it is more factuitous to say, "I am having a nightmare". Yes, this is definitely a nightmare. There are a few porcureal clues that I've been picking up on that tell me, undisputarily that I am dreaming. One, I keep using words that don't exist in the English language; two, I forgot to get dressed; and three, I have this urge to open my bathrobe and flash you all.

Dreams are so bobbling, anything can happen. But what does it all mean? I've been getting into analyzing my dreams lately. It's kind of interesting actually. There's a theory that everything in your dreams represents an aspect of you. So, for example, right now I'm having a dream that I am standing, talking to a group of people, wearing (peeks inside her robe) only a bathrobe, and I am trying to decide whether or not to flash my naked body. So, to analyze this dream, I would say that my naked body represents my soul -- the real me, with all the superficial layers peeled off. Then the robe would be one of those superficial layers. Perhaps keeping the robe on represents my resistance to being completely vulnerable -- a fear of showing my true self to my audience. But, the audience, in this way of

analyzing dreams, is also an aspect of me. So, maybe this dream is saying that I'm not even willing to show the real me to myself.

You know -- it's so strange -- I'm contrusely aware that I'm dreaming, and yet I'm still timid about opening my robe. Why do I have to keep myself hidden under this robe? I mean, what's the big deal anyway? (Peeks inside robe) I think I'm a little insecure that what I am underneath isn't prolusive enough. I'm afraid that if I do show myself, we may all be edundantly disappointed. So, in order not to disappoint, I'll just stay cloaked for now, if you don't mind.

But, I'm babbling again, which is something else I do in my dreams. So, enough about me!

Let's just start the damn show. Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me bundful pleasure to introduce a vitalic young comic, please give a warm welcome to TAMMY COOKE! (Gestures for TAMMY to enter. No one comes out. Into microphone) Oh, Tammy. (Finally motions to sound man to put on some music.)

(Music up... "Keep Young and Beautiful". WOMAN exits. Quick change. CAMI enters, platinum wig, bimbo look. Music fades.)

CAMI

Hi! Thanks so much for coming. Oh, and by the way, it's 'Cami' with a 'C', not 'Tammy' with a 'T'. Anyhow... boy oh boy what a great looking audience (looks at one man in the audience and gives a flirtatious wink). So, anyhow, I just flew in from Vegas and boy am I tired. You're in for a really good show tonight. This is actually my first gig as a professional stand-up comic. I used to be a flight attendant, can you believe it? (imitates herself) "The exits are to the fore, mid and aft cabins". And, anyhow, I used to make little jokes on the intercom, and entertain the passengers (once again, imitates herself) "Well, we're very sorry about that bumpy landing, but I asked the pilot about it and he said it wasn't his fault, and I asked the co-pilot and he said it wasn't his fault, and I know it wasn't my fault, so it must have been the ass-phalt" (pleased with herself). And I worked in first class a lot, so I met tons of really famous people, like for example, I met Chelsea Clinton and I met Marie Osmond -- she's making a comeback you know. And, anyways, I learned to impersonate them in really funny ways. So, then I thought, "hey, I'm so funnn-ny, I should just make the big move, try my hands at stand-up", and well, like they say, "here I am". Ummm, o.k., anyway, so, to start I'm going to need a little audience participation to do my famous impersonations. I need you to give me the names of any two really really famous people, and then I will do a, ummm, uh, oh yeah, an improv of their first meeting. So, come on, just shout out the names of any two really really famous people you'd like me to, ummm, impersonate. (Ad lib, then move on).

O.k., ummm.. you know what, I just thought of something, I didn't want to start off with the impersonations, I wanted to start with... ummm.... (trying to change the subject and get out of doing impersonations).. Oh yeah, with some jokes! (concentrating hard) What do you see when three blondes lift their skirts? Nobody knows? O.k. then, how many blondes does it take to screw in a lightbulb? (Pause) Nobody knows? O.k. then, ummm, how can you tell if a blond girl has ummm, is having a good day? Nobody knows? (Long pause. Trying to contain her emotions). Urn, you know what? Time out for a minute. I just have to say that I know what you all are thinking and I don't appreciate it. You think just because I am blonde, I can't be a comedian. That I'm stupid and I'm not funny. Well, I'm tired of it! Ever since I was a little girl, people just predisposed of me as stupid. Excuse me, but why is it that if you're umm, really really cute and you happen to be happy and bubbly most of the time, people just assume you're an airhead? Okay, so I don't walk around all the time complaining about my life and my problems and what's wrong with my life and everything. Big wow. I don't really think there's anything wrong with being a happy person. Personally speaking, I don't understand why so many people try to dig and dig and dig until they find something to be upset about. It seems to me that there's an awful lot of people around who just aren't satisfied unless they are uncovering some kind of pain or whatever. I mean, call me stupid if you want, but personally I am happier when I'm happy and I don't see any reason to waste time looking for stuff to be sad about. And if that makes me a dumb blonde, then so be it! And what's the big thing with blondes anyway? I hate to inform you, but the color of one's hair does not an I.Q. make! I mean, if I was born with blonde hair, you'd think, "Oh, she's just a dumb blonde" and if I was born with brown hair or red hair or gray hair, and I bleached it, you'd think "Oh, she's just a bubble-headed bleach blonde". So, you know, just put that in your thinking cap and smoke it. Blondes are people too, and if I want to be a stand-up comic, I deserve to be laughed at!!! And to quote Mick Jagger -- I'm not going to let any of you, umm, under my cloud. (Relaxes) I mean, I'm sorry to blow up like that, but I just really had to get that off my breasts.

(Lights out. Music up... "What a Feeling". Lights up as actress changes behind sheer dressing screen. Music fades. Lights out, then up on JULIETII, ROMEO, brunette wig, New Yorker. She is seated, eyes closed, screaming.)

JULIETTE

Oh my God, I think I was having a nightmare. Sometimes when I have nightmares, I wake up screaming my lungs out. Yeah, I guess I was having some sort of a horrible nightmare. I WAS screaming, right? I mean, just a second ago -- I was sitting here, in this nice, sturdy chair --- and I just started... screaming right? Or was I singing? Because there's lots of times when I wake up and I'm just belting it, you know. See, I'm supposed to be a famous singer. It's my destiny. I have dreams about it all the time. I've had dreams that I'm anyone all the way from Janis Joplin to Marie Osmond... she's making a comeback you know. The only problem with fulfilling my destiny is that I'm tone deaf. It's not a good thing for a singer to be. You wanna know something? It pisses me off that I can't sing. I mean, I know it's my destiny. I feel it in my bones, in my soul. I got this music going on insida me all the time, it's like a constant rhythm under my skin, you know. Do you ever think about your destiny and all that junk? I mean do you think we all have our lives plotted out for us? 'Cause, I mean, I spend so much time, trying to figure out my life and who I am and all, and then I think I'm just wasting my energy 'cause whatever my destiny is, I can't do nothing to change it. I mean, that's what destiny's all about right? But I really believe that I was supposed to be destined to be a great singer, but somehow God fucked up and made me tone deaf. So, what does that leave me with? What do you do when you finally figure out your purpose on this earth and then you realize you can't fulfill it 'cause God fucked up and forgot to give you your special talent? I mean, it's bad for everyone 'cause I got no proper outlet for all my deep down emotions. They're just raging insida me, looking for a way out. One of these days, I swear to God, I'm gonna spontaneously combust or something. The other day I was at work and I just blew up at a customer because he complained that he ordered his cheeseburger "hold the lettuce" and I served it to him with lettuce. I mean, I know it's not that big a deal to get upset over, but I just blew. I said, "well, why don't you stick your fat fucking fingers in there and pull it out you pig. There are more pressing matters in the world at this moment that need my attention. If you feel the need to express some disappointment or pain in your life, at least make it worth your breath. There's pain in the world, mental patients are being pushed onto the streets, people are starving to death all over, children are carrying guns to walk to school, our oceans are polluted, the rainforests are disappearing, we're in the midst of a plague, and you dare to invade even one of my braincells to tell me that you ordered your ground up dead cow, "hold the lettuce"??!! Well, you want to know something you fat ass pig? I'd put a bullet in your head and do the world a favor before I'd lift a finger to do something for you". And he just looked at me real hurt, and took a bite of his burger. Now, I just have a feeling that if God would've given me a voice, I could have a better outlet for my emotions. If I could just belt out alla my stuff and have musicians there to put a rhythm and heat to my words, it would be the ultimate catharsis. It gets my visceral juices going just to think about it. It's even sort of sexual, you know? I have to say, I think singers are the sexiest people alive. They're so vulnerable, letting all their emotions just pour out on stage for everyone to witness. And yet, at the same time they're talented and powerful and focused. That's what makes someone sexy -- that mixture. Take Axl Rose, millions of women find him sexy. But let's get real, the man is a dog. And believe me, the list goes on: Tom Petty? Looks like a prepubescent smoking grounds loser from the '70's... I'd definitely do him. Prince? I mean, "the artist formerly known as Prince"! A 5 foot tall anorexic drag queen... gets me totally hot. Tom Waits? Please! Don't even get me started. He's completely grimy and disgusting -- straight out of the gutter-- I'd BRING the man crackers in my bed, are you kidding me!

(Lights out. Music up... "Don't You Feel My Leg". Lights up as actress changes behind sheer dressing screen. Music fades. Lights out then up on ALEXANDRIA BELLE. Red wig, southern belle)

ALEXANDRIA BELLE

Hi y'all. My name is Alexandria Belle Cornchowder, which makes my initials just as simple as A-B-C. Well, that's what my mama always said. My mama was just full of helpful little adages. She worked so hard to make me grow up right. Ever since I was a little sprig, she would say to me, "Alexandria Belle, there are 3 rules a woman must know to get through life: One: When life seems hard, let a smile be your umbrella; Two: Marry a generous man over a rich man; and Three: Don't ever leave the house without your lipstick." (Pause) Did you all see the paper today? Well go look at it you all! There's a little notice of my coming out. This weekend is my Debutante Ball!!! Starting this Saturday, I will no longer be a girl. I will be a perfect fucking lady. Oh my, I feel a little woozy. What the fuck is going on? Oh- I understand now, this must be some sort of a nightmare which I am involved in. Yes, why yes, of course! I am certain of it now. This is a nightmare. I know this because I used the word "fuck". Oh yes I did indeed. Dreams are the only place where I allow myself the use of profanity. I would not normally use such words as fuck, shit, piss, asshole, pussy, prick, dick, cock, and certainly not cunt. Oh no no no no n0000. You see, my mama taught me to be a lady, and a true lady does not swear. My purpose on this earth is to be charming. Yes indeed. I am here simply to beautify the planet with my presence. The joy I feel when I bring a smile to someone's face is the greatest joy there is. When I can turn a fucking frown upside down... oh, there I did it again. Well, 1 may as well admit it... I hate being a Goddamned lady. I really just want to be a poet. A tortured poet, who dresses in black all the time. I want to wear black and I want my poems to express pain and anguish. I don't want my stupid smile to be some asshole's piece of shit umbrella! I don't want to simply cry over spilt milk, I want to kick someone's fucking ass over spilt milk! And fuck spreading sunshine y'all, I'd rather be spreading my legs!! (Pause) Oh my goodness, I am so sorry. I better wake myself up from this miserable dream before I completely destroy my reputation. (Starts pinching herself).

(Lights down. Music up... "Brain Damage". Lights up as actress changes behind sheer dressing screen. Music fades. Lights out, then up on TILDY BROWNSTONE, gray wig, English. She's chugging from a bottle of wine.)

TILDY

Oh, hello darlings. Looks like you caught me taking a quick swig, doesn't it? Well, mind

your P's and Q's, it's just wine anyway. Nothing wrong with that. And it's my day off you

know. (Pause) You do know who I am don't you? It's me, Tildy Brownstone, of "The

Jolly Good Cooking Show".

(Sings)

Cooking is such Jolly Good Fun

When Tildy shows you how it's done.

So, put on your aprons everyone

The fun has only just begun.

Yes, I know dearies, I do look a bit different off the tele. But it's me. Promise. I hope it doesn't bother you if I chop while we chat. You see, I'm preparing a lovely supper.

Indeed. My dear husband Ernest is having a few of his colleagues over this evening. (Takes some pills, washes down with wine). It's quite nice really... being married to a doctor. Oh, this evening should be a smash! A room full of do-gooders (the drugs are taking affect). Well, that's what doctors are aren't they? Do-gooders. Always doing good things. Saving lives and all that. Sometimes I wish I could "do-good" the way Ernest does. (Cuts finger) O0000h!!! Blood! (bandages finger. Then ties arm, slaps it and shoots up. Smiles. Collapses. Comes to... notices audience) What? Oh lovies, it's only a painkiller. (shows finger) I'M IN PAIN!!! Yes, well, anyway, what was I chatting about? (Druggy) Oh, yes, the bloody do-gooders. Such a benevolent bunch they are. No doubt the chin-wagging this evening will center around how fulfilling it is to actually be able to save lives and do good things... cut people open, fix them up, and stitch them back together again. Meanwhile, I'll just be sitting quietly hoping I've chopped everything small enough so that some brilliant doctor doesn't choke to death. Oh, but how silly of me... if somebody does happen to get a bit of meat lodged in his throat, everyone in the room but me would be able to save him, wouldn't they. Well, of course they would. They've got that Hemlock Maneuver... or Heimlick Remover or whatever it's called! Oh dear, I'm feeling a bit knackered actually. I don't much fancy cooking at the moment. But... duty calls. Yes, indeed it does. Well lovelies, I'd better get back to the kitchen and get on with it. (Singing to herself) Cooking is such jolly good fun, when Tildy shows you how its done, so put on your aprons everyone, the fun has only just begun.

(Lights out. Music up... "Killing in the Name". Lights up as actress changes behind sheer dressing screen. Music fades. Lights out then up on MERCEDES. Black wig, Mexican).

MERCEDES

Excuse me, but I just have to vent for a minute or I'm going to explode or something. I mean, what planet are these people from? No puede ser que todo el mundo sea tan estupido! Hoy, no creo haber hablado con alguien que tuviera tantito cerebro. Todo el dia trabajando con gente mas plastica que Barbie! I work at this beauty salon in Beverly Hills and todo el dia, all I hear is: who got a facelift, who's cheating on who, what's the most important party to be seen at, who lost weight, who gained weight, who got liposuction where, and etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. It drives me crazy. Que esta gente no tiene nada vedadero de que hablar? Que todo tiene que ser superficial? Sometimes the only way I can make my day bearable is to purposely cause pain to these ladies. You know, like if I'm giving a bikini wax, y caliento la cera un toque mas y la dejo que se reseque un poquitito justo antes de arrancarla. Como que les duele de verdad, y gritan con tuti. Y ademas es tan gracioso cuando se enojan con migo porque me retan en su Spanglish de Gringa Ricachona: (imitating) "Mer-say-deez" my name is Mercedes. "Mer-say-deez, por favor, no so hot the wax por favor." And they have to say "por favor" because it's one of the only Spanish words they know... that and "agua". Those are two of their favorites. "Mer-say-deez, por favor, bring me some ag-wa... immediate-a-mentay... you burned my leg-go." Leggo? Que? Un momentito por favor. Creo que aqui el unico use adecuado para esa palabra es "Leggo my eggo". Oh man, they annoy me so much, sometimes I think I'm going to lose my mind. And then today, after work, I went to a comedy show, and you wouldn't believe this dumb blonde girl on stage. Que no puedo creer que sea real. I mean, esta mujer es una desgracia para la humanidad. What made her think people want to watch her ugly blonde head bobbing all over the stage trying to tell some stupid joke she can't even finish? She's poison to mankind. Es el resumen de todo lo que odio: vanity, materialism and superficiality. Porque la gente no deja caer el ego y se preocupa de lo que es importante? She should take all the money she spends on plastic surgery, Clairol, tanning booths and her ridiculous bimbo clothes and use it instead for something really useful, like a brain transplant. It boggles my mind that so many people are caught up in such meaningless superficiality. Y esta chica que trata y trata y trata de contar este chiste mas estupido: (Imitating CAMI) "What do you see when 3 blondes lift their skirts?" That's not funny. You know what I think would be really funny? Seria muy chistoso if I took a gun, put in 3 bullets, shot her one time in her head to let all the air out, and one time in each of her thousand dollar tits, to let more air out, and just watched her fly away. Sabes? Now that would be funny.

(Lights out. Music up... "Amazing Grace", opera version. Lights up as actress changes behind sheer dressing screen. Lights out then up on WOMAN, dressed in simple black clothes).

WOMAN

Alright! Before I go any further, I may as well admit it. I'm still asleep. I know, I've been hooked on dreams for so long that I'm pretty good at hiding it now. I've learned little tricks, like, never using words that have no meaning, getting dressed before going out in public, you know, little things like that. But, uh, I'm tired and I really want to wake up. Come on, wake up baby, wake up!

You just don't know how exhausting this is. Who are all these people in my dreams and why are they bothering me? What are they doing here? I know -- don't even say it -- I know what you're thinking (imitating herself) "Everyone in your dreams represents an aspect of you." Well, yeah... I know I said that earlier, but that was just a theory. I don't really believe it anyway. I mean, please! What? Don't tell me you believe everything I tell you. And besides, wasn't I dreaming when I told you that theory? Yeah, so, uhh, just put that in your thinking cap and smoke it!

(Lights out. Lights up. No costume change.)

CAMI

(Speaking into microphone)

Hello, my name is Cami, and on behalf of the flight crew, I'd like to welcome you all aboard Flight 782. In case of an unlikely loss of cabin pressure, an oxygen mask will be released from airhead. I mean, from OVERhead. So, umm, what do you hear, I mean, what do you see, when umm... three blondes lift their...

(GUNSHOT sounds. CAMI falls. Lights out. Lights up.)

JULIETTE

I don't believe this! Somebody just shot our fucking flight attendant. Alright, you know what... everybody just be calm. Is there a doctor or something on the plane? O.k. great... see what you can do with her. Now, why don't the rest of you just sit back, relax, and I'll sing a little song to pass the time. (Into microphone) My name is Juliette Romeo, and it's my destiny to be here to sing for you today. Of course it's just my luck that nobody warned me that today was the day my destiny was going to take hold, so I didn't rehearse any songs. But, just give me a minute, I'm sure I can think of a good one (does some voice exercizes). Sorry, I just had to get my voice warmed up. O.k., I got one! I'm going to need some audience participation here. (Pointing to "audience members") You... you... and you. Get up here and grab an instrument. Come on, we're all waiting. (Sings with band, "I Shall Be Released". Finishes... very satisfied.) Gee, you guys are great! Does anybody have any requests or anything?

ALEXANDRIA BELLE

Yes, I do, would y'all mind terribly, playing Far Far Away? (Motions band off stage). My name is Alexandria Belle Cornchowder, and I am going to recite a poem that I wrote. Why yes indeed I am.

Tonight is my Debutante Ball

It will be held at Chanteclaire Hall

I have conducted my life in such a proper way

That I deserve this special day

I learned to sit: "knees together, ankles crossed"

To ensure that my virginity wouldn't be lost

Now, I will charm y'all

And I will disarm y'all

But watch out motherfuckers 'cause I may alarm y'all

I want to drink Coca-Cola with Whiskey

And see if it makes me feel frisky

Oh mama, I can't handle being perfect even one second more

I want to be a cheap little whore

Who walks around on the streets late at night wearing nasty clothes and gets in fights and

says fuck and piss all the time.

Y' know?

And tonight as I come down the dreaded stairway

And everyone's eyeballs are headed my way, staring at me, scrutinizing my every step,

judging me like I'm some sort of a show horse, trying to get close enough to pull up my lip

and inspect my gums...

I will simply smile and act coy

As I pretend to feel joy

And I will go on with this yucky life

And be some man's lucky wife

Yes, Alexandria Belle Cornchowder is my name

And I am a Debutante--

What a cryin' shame.

TILDY

Ooohh, I must say, I'm so delighted. I seem to have talents I didn't even know I had. Well, yes darlings, I've just performed surgery on Tammy. It was quite similar to cooking actually. You know, I'm very good with knives. And with needles too, don't forget. I simply gave her a wee shot of a painkiller, then cut out the bullets and stitched her up. It seems that all those hours I spent trussing the rabbits from Ernest's bloody hunting parties finally paid off, didn't they. (Miming) Snip-sutcher-stitch, snip-sutcher-stitch. A little something extra did fall out but it was no problem really. I just picked it up, dusted it off, put it back in, added a touch of salt, and sewed her back up. Much easier to handle than a rabbit actually... not all that fur to deal with. I've put her aside to marinate for the moment. I think about 20 minutes at 72 degrees and she'll be up and about and looking good enough to eat. Oh lovies, I must say -- it was just a delightful experience. I'm so very proud. I've actually saved a life. I've made a difference in the world. One might even call me -- dare I say it -- a do-gooder! "Tildy the do-gooder." Oh, I do hope Ernest hears about this. Now, as for you dear, why in Heaven's sake did you shoot her? She's done nothing wrong to you. Well, I know she's a wee bit stupid, but it's no reason to stuff her full of bullets now is it?

MERCEDES

Primero quiero recordarte, Gringa pontificadora de mierda, this is only a dream. Y estoy segurisima because only in my dreams could I reach this level of satisfaction. And second, no me caes mucho mejor que ella. I mean, you're as far away from dealing with reality as they come. Vives tan drogado, que no tienes la mas remota idea de quien eres. Pretendes ser un gran chef pero ni puedes cortar una zanahoria. And what is with that fake accent! You're probably not even English. I mean, pull out the needle for a second lady 'cause you're living in some kind of really messed up dreamland. (Notices CAMI) Que padre! Look who's ugly blonde head decided to get up and join the living. Senoras y senores, les presento... Tammy.

CAMI

Hi, ummm, first of all, it's Cami, with a C, not Tammy, with a T. So, umm, what do you

see when three blondes lift their skirts? (Pause) Ummmm, so, nobody knows? 0.k. then...

JULIETTE

Oh my God, not her again. Please, somebody just end this nightmare already. It's driving me crazy! I've got way more important things to do with my life than hang out waiting for this chic to locate a brain cell. I gotta get out of this dream from Hell. Somebody just finish her stupid joke already. Please, I'm begging you.

ALEXANDRIA-BELLE

Yes, yes... I too am simply burning for an answer! We beg of you -- somebody -- please

give us an answer and release us from this dreadful nightmare.

TILDY

(Shooting up) Oh now duckies, don't get your knickers in a twist! I must say... for a bunch

of young people, you all seem a bit uptight.

MERCEDES

Fuck you lady!

TILDY

Oh now dearies, let's all just calm down and put our heads together for a moment. (As if she's solving a mystery) If three blondes were to lift up their skirts, what would we see? Well, we'd see what they look like underneath wouldn't we? Yes, indeed we would.

(Lights begin to gradually dim)

MERCEDES

Yeah, yeah, I know, tres pinches morenas. Cuando tres gueras se levantan la falda, se ye

tres pinches morenas.

CAMI

HAAA-HAA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-Ha-ha-ha... huh?

JULIETTE

OH MY GOD, THIS IS A NIGHTMARE!

ALEXANDRIA BELLE

MY GOODNESS, THIS IS A NIGHTMARE!

MERCEDES

POCOMADRE, WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

TILDY

OH, THIS IS SIMPLY A NIGHTMARE!

(Lights out)

CAMI

Oh, I get it! This is a bad dream or something.

(Music up... "Strip it Down", T. Waits. Lights up on actress as she turns her back to audience, walks upstage, strips off all her clothes and puts on a bathrobe. WOMAN turns to face audience and walks downstage. Takes bows, etc., as in opening.)

WOMAN

Before I start, I just want to let you all in on a fairly magnipotent bit of information that has just come crashing to the forefront of my brain. This is not a dream. And this is not a nightmare. This is really happening. Right now, I am standing here, on stage, in front of all of you, and I am wearing (peeks in) a bathrobe. Now, normally, I'd probably be embarrassed about something like this -- but I'm not. As a matter of fact, I'm even considering dropping the robe altogether. This is the thing -- I've been having all these really intense dreams lately that I've been analyzing. And not to sound cocky or anything, but I think I figured out the secret to attaining peace on earth. Okay, here it is: There are all different types of people living on this planet, but really... aren't they really all just like the same person? With different wigs? So, you see, we can have peace on earth. But before we can have peace on earth, *you* need to get undressed! We have to show who we are so we know what we're dealing with. We need to see what we're made of. So, I think we should all expose ourselves. If we could all just do a huge worldwide strip-tease, I think it would be wonderful... don't you think? And imagine the tips we could make if we pooled it together. Yeah... we just need to strip off all the layers, one by one, until we're just a bunch of butt naked souls, strutting around in all our glory and diversity. Now, I know this probably sounds scary to a lot of people, and you may worry about someone laughing at your fat ass, but just remember, it's not your fault. And it's definitely not my fault. It's probably just the ass-phalt.

**(Blackout)**

**THE END**