

Headed To Heaven W/ Flat Jimmy Fallon

By
Vicki Vodrey

HEADED TO HEAVEN W/ FLAT JIMMY FALLON

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HEADED TO HEAVEN W/ FLAT JIMMY FALLON

Headed To Heaven W/ Flat Jimmy Fallon was originally produced by Lot In Life Productions, LLC and Egads! Theatre Production Company on July 21, 2012 at the Unicorn Theatre in Kansas City, MO (as part of the Kansas City International Fringe Festival). Direction and stage management by Steven Eubank. Set design and lighting by Alex Perry. Sound design and original music by Jeff Eubank.

Featuring the following cast:

Angela	Vanessa Severo
Ethan	Scott Cox
Betsy	Mandy Mook

CAST: 1 M, 2 W

ETHAN	34, Angela's twin, an attorney, smart, attractive, likes to be in control
ANGELA	34, Ethan's twin, attractive, quirky, nonconformist
BETSY	mid 20's, attractive, not the brightest bulb in the room

PLACE: A funeral home

RUNNING TIME: Approximately 70-75 minutes.

The song "Rockin' Robin" is in the public domain.

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ACT 1

SETTING: A funeral service. Dreary funeral music is playing. A podium is on stage. There is also a coffin; we cannot see who is in it. ETHAN and his wife, BETSY, walk in and take their seats on the front row of the theatre. At the end of the last song, Ethan rises, walks to the podium, and addresses the audience.

ETHAN. Dear family and friends, ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here to pay respects to, and follow the wishes of, my dearly loved sister, Angela. As you know, her death was very sudden and unexpected, with no warning in sight. Please bear with me, as I never expected to be in the position of officiating at my twin's funeral service. *(Ethan takes a moment to compose himself before continuing.)* I loved her more than I can express. Many of you did, I know. But I truly feel that twins share a link that is beyond the realm of most relationships. Maybe that's unfair of me to say, and in no way do I mean to make less of the other close relationships that we have. But in many ways, Angela and I were one, literally cut from the same cloth. And right now, I can't begin to imagine how I'll live without her. *(Ethan, after taking a deep breath, continues.)* After the accident, we discovered Angela left very specific wishes to be followed for her service. *(The audience hears a voice from inside the coffin.)*

ANGELA. That's so stupid, Ethan. Everyone knows it was no accident!

ETHAN. One of the requests in Angela's will was that personalized notes be read at her service.

ANGELA. "This was no boating accident!" God, I loved *Jaws*. And who in hell picked that dreadful pre-service music?

ETHAN. Naturally, I volunteered to read them. *(Angela sits up in the coffin. She wears a The Tonight Show Starring Jimmy Fallon T-shirt.)*

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ANGELA. Bullshit. Reading the notes is how you get my sizeable inheritance. I know all about you “borrowing” that dough from the law firm. Gee whiz, what could happen if you don’t pay that back soon, Ethan? Divorce? Prison, maybe? *(To audience.)* He never could pull off stripes. *(Angela smiles.)* Plus, his wife is a money-grubbing twit. But I digress. *(She spots someone in the audience and waves.)* Hi! You came!

ETHAN. Angela loved many things in her life - her family, her job -

ANGELA. Asshole, I hated that fucking job.

ETHAN. With the prestigious law firm that I’m fortunate to work for - Spinolli, Sparretti, Pisano, and Smith.

ANGELA. Do you know how hard it was to spit that out on the phone?

ETHAN. As executor of her will, Mr. Pisano is here today to guarantee that my dear twin’s wishes are followed to the T. And he and his partners are such wonderful and caring men that they closed the law firm for two hours today so her fellow employees could attend.

ANGELA. Ethan, stop sucking up. Your job is secure. For now.

ETHAN. A job that I helped arrange for her after I joined the firm.

ANGELA. Forced me into it more like it.

ETHAN. She loved her beloved dog, Oliver.

ANGELA. Now we’re talking! Oh, Ollie.... *(Angela holds up a jar of ashes and embraces it.)*

ETHAN. She loved her many friends.

ANGELA. Many? Three is many?

ETHAN. And my dear wife, Betsy.

ANGELA. I barely know the woman! Will someone shut him up? *(She crawls out of the casket and points to the gunshot wound on her head.)* I know. Women don’t normally go for guns. But I can’t swallow pills, okay?

ETHAN. I know I’m leaving some of you out. I’m just having so much trouble....

ANGELA. Get to the damn notes.

ETHAN. There was one more love that Angela had. And that was her love of Jimmy Fallon. Without fail, Angela watched him every weeknight on *Late Night*. She loved him on *Saturday Night Live*. And now, *The Tonight Show*.

ANGELA. Don’t forget *Fever Pitch*.

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ETHAN. And the movie *Fever Pitch*.

ANGELA. Thank you.

ETHAN. Everything that you could record of him, she had. And I think one of the best presents she ever received was the life-sized cutout of him I gave her last Christmas.

ANGELA. Now that is the truth. (Angela takes the cardboard Flat Jimmy out of the casket.) I love you, Jimmy. (Angela stands him up and kisses him.)

ETHAN. So, as I said, in lieu of a traditional service, Angela has requested that we honor her by conducting her service copied after her favorite *The Tonight Show Night Starring Jimmy Fallon* segment – “Thank You Notes.” Mr. Pisano gave Betsy the notes that he just happened to find at the office.

ANGELA. Just happened to find. Uh huh.

ETHAN. Well, let’s get started.

ANGELA. Thank God! (*Ethan opens the first envelope.*)

ETHAN. “Thank you, multiple ova, for giving me someone to play with and love from the moment of conception. From the second those two sperm hit our separate eggs, we hit the scene together, like Batman and Robin.” (*Ethan’s voice fades as Angela’s takes over, overlapping.*)

ANGELA. Think about it. Generally, with single births, the fetus is closer to the mom, right? Not so with twins. Ethan and I were the first people we ever knew. We had so much fun in our womb. Make no mistake about it - it was *our* womb. When you live in a house, even if you rent it, you call it your house, right? Same way with wombs. Ah, the memories, the good times. We would frolic and play games. All this was possible because we had each other. Sure, there were a few power struggles. Whose turn it was to stretch all the way out? Who got to sit in front? No one ever wants to sit in the back. In front, you can hear all the cool noises so much better. Plus getting too close to that spine is a bitch. And oh my God, it was always a fight about who laid where when Mom and Dad had sex. You think walking in on your folks when you’re five or six is bad. Those of you who don’t have that memory - be glad. Ethan handled the motion better than me. Plus, they were loud, and said things that no child should ever hear from their parents’ mouths. (*Angela says something obscene, then smiles at the audience.*) On the positive side, Ethan and I both have other, more

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pleasant memories about things that happened before we were born. Case in point - we both remember the aquarium that Mom and Dad got rid of one month before we arrived. Freaky, I know, but it's true. Ask Ethan.

(Angela's voice fades as Ethan begins speaking, overlapping.)

ETHAN. "So, anyone who thinks you can't recall memories from before your birth - you're fucking fooling yourselves." *(Ethan looks uncomfortably at audience.)* Dizygotic is the proper term applied to our specific type of twins.

ANGELA. Word of the day - dizygotic. Another word used for what most of us call fraternal twins, requiring two different eggs. A term that typically is used by scientists, reproductive specialists, and goddamn pompous know-it-alls.

ETHAN. I do remember that aquarium though.

ANGELA. See? I wasn't shitting you. *(Ethan opens the next note.)*

ETHAN. "Thank you, bath toys, for giving me an excuse to stay in the bathtub longer when I was little."

ANGELA. Ethan and I played with those Fisher Price people until we were past pruney. Mom never understood our fascination with bath time. Most kids hate to take baths. Jesus, I remember that Ricky kid in third grade said he only took a bath once a month. He didn't know what he was missing out on, or the other kids I heard bitch. But I know it's more fun with two. Most things are.

ETHAN. "The saying 'two's company' exists for a reason. And the saying that 'three's a crowd' is true, too." *(He smiles uncomfortably to the audience.)* I still prefer baths to showers to this day.

BETSY. Ethan... ummm....

ETHAN. With my wife, of course.

ANGELA and BETSY. Ethan!

ANGELA. We don't need to know that.

ETHAN. I'm so sorry. I don't know why I said any of that.

ANGELA. Inappropriate. Happens when he's stressed.

BETSY. Sweetheart, why don't you just go on to the next note? *(Ethan looks lovingly at Betsy.)*

ETHAN. Always the voice of reason. Even on the worst of days. *(Angela flips him off.)*

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ANGELA. This is my fucking funeral. Not some Nicholas Sparks novel. *(Ethan opens next note.)*

ETHAN. “Thank you, Grandma, for letting me believe that when I grew up, I could become a boy or a horse.” *(He looks at the audience.)* Grandma had Alzheimer’s. *(Angela nods. Ethan opens next note.)* “Thank you, kitchen scissors, for being laid, and forgotten, in our bedroom that afternoon two weeks before Christmas. Mom had wrapped presents that morning before the luncheon she was hostessing at our home.”

ANGELA. We were such good kids - why check? We were quiet. We’d never been destructive. Just because we were twins, why would you ever think it would occur to us to try to look like each other? I pulled on Ethan’s hair to make it grow. It didn’t work. It just gave him bald spots and made his head hurt. It was so much easier to make me look like him! Hair down to my waist one minute – an “I’ve had chemo” look the next. God, Ethan was good with those scissors. We were so proud. Until we came downstairs and showed Mom and her friends. They laughed. Mom cried. Mrs. French went upstairs and put my hair in a mesh lingerie bag. When she came downstairs, Mom started crying again until Jasper nipped it out of her hand with one bite, ran into the kitchen and started shaking it like a dead rat. It went everywhere. Each hair reminded me of the feather floating in *Forrest Gump*, multiplied by hundreds. Hair confetti! Like New Year’s! It stopped being fun when each hair floated down and landed all over the luncheon ladies’ plates. Those women raced out of there. It took forever to pick that hair off all those iced cupcakes. *(She sighs.)* When we donated them to the community food pantry, I doubt if they ever knew.

ETHAN. “It’s got to suck to be poor. Shit, who knows what you’re eating?” *(Ethan looks at audience. Decides not to speak and opens the next note.)* “Thank you, Uncle Verl”- Thank God. One about someone else. I was beginning to feel like I was at a roast.

ANGELA. Pussy.

ETHAN. “Thank you, Uncle Verl, for being my very favorite uncle. Every time I thought of you, even on a very bad day, I always felt better. You were the person for fun.” *(Angela speaks to man in the audience.)*

ANGELA. I’m so lucky we lived next door. I used to hide from you when you came home from work. Remember that time I didn’t come out from

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under the bed when you yelled, “Give up, Angie!”? There I stayed under that bed, not knowing that you, Aunt Mary, Mom, Dad, and half the neighborhood went on that search for me. I was scared shitless when I crawled out from under the bed and saw the police. Everybody was frantic because that stupid kid had drowned in the water tower the week before. Shortly after that, I got a pair of roller skates. At the exact moment I first put them on and looked over at Ethan, you pushed me down that hill. Is that why? You were just so mad at me? Come on, I was a kid. Took me awhile to get over that. But once that broken bone healed, I forgot all about it. Until now. (*Angela does a karate-type kick.*)

ANGELA and ETHAN. “Just fucking with you, Ver!”

ETHAN. Oh, Lord. (*He continues reading.*) “You taught me to ride a bike. You hauled Bobbie and me to that movie theatre every Sunday. I love you for that.” (*Ethan looks at the man in the audience.*) Uncle Ver, I don’t remember her having a broken leg.

ANGELA. I didn’t say it was my leg. I said broken *bone*. Do you ever listen?

ETHAN. I think that was one of Angela’s slight exaggerations.

ANGELA. It was not! I broke my wrist! Stop with the editorials, Ethan. This is *my* service. Just read the goddamn notes. (*Angela looks to an audience member.*) You’ve read them, Mr. Pisano. Please, keep him on track. (*Angela walks upstage in a huff.*)

ETHAN. One of the things I loved most about Angela was her imagination. Overactive as it sometimes was.

ANGELA. Do you remember the movie *Ghost*, Ethan? You don’t shut your mouth, we’ll re-enact those scenes. Nightly. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

ETHAN. “Thank you, Bobby Joe, for not strangling me when I went screaming through the neighborhood after you showed me your....”

ANGELA. Pecker.

ETHAN. “Pecker.” No wonder he got kicked out of the state senate. (*Ethan opens next note.*) “Thank you, pop-up tent that Aunt Sarah gave me, for providing Ethan and me a great place to watch the stars late at night in our back yard.” (*Mutters mostly to himself.*) Now what?

ANGELA. Again, a bonus for having two. Mom and Dad would have never allowed either one of us to stay outside by ourselves. But with two,

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there's security. Peace of mind. We'd take our s'mores, pack that teeny cooler, and have our own camping experience. Ethan, being the smart one, knew all the constellations and taught them to me one by one. By the time I got to college, astronomy was a snap. Everyone else thought it was hard, but I'd had the best teacher in the world.

ETHAN. "Ethan knew it all." (*Pleased at the comment.*) "After years of coaching, you never look at the sky the same. Or the rest of the world either." Now that was such a sweet note.

ANGELA. Awwww. I'm so pleased you're pleased.

ETHAN. Even though we were twins, it was almost like I was her big brother.

ANGELA. Oh, right.

ETHAN. My sweet little Angela.

ANGELA. Sweet little Angela, my ass. Read! (*Ethan opens the next note.*)

ETHAN. "Thank you, Depends, for coming out with a less bulky diaper so that Aunt Jeannie would finally wear them. I was so tired of her leaving wet spots on my new sofa." How embarrassing.

ANGELA. She's a super-soaker. (*Ethan speaks very loudly.*)

ETHAN. Sorry, Aunt Jeannie! (*He waits for response, then says to Betsy.*)

I'm so glad she doesn't have her hearing aid in. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson, for being the best teacher I ever had. You actually made sixth grade fun."

ANGELA. Ethan and I were both in your class that year. You were the only teacher that favored me over him. I loved you for that. But I always had the feeling that you got in trouble a lot with the principal. Do you remember when we ran out of supplies halfway through the year? I bet you got reamed for that one. Our parents had to buy more so we could make it through the school year. And the field trips! Even on a Saturday! Did the school ever know about that? Pam Clemmons's parents arranged for a bus to take us to her dad's bank. Shit, you couldn't even get kids to go on a Saturday now. But we had fun. We went in the vault and Steve Ricketts got locked in. Man, that kid caused a bunch of shit. Mr. Clemmons had to call the security guard to get him out. Hell, I wanted to leave him in.

ETHAN. "He stole everybody's lunch money."

ANGELA. I think I heard a year ago that he died. Man, I hope I don't run

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into him. Hopefully, there's another wing for suicide deaths.

ETHAN. "Anyway, Mrs. Wilson, you made school the way it ought to be - fun, adventurous and memorable. It was the only year I ever liked." (*He gestures to Betsy for more notes. Ethan looks at the audience.*) Does anyone at this time have anything they would like to say? (*Betsy walks to Ethan to give him the next stack.*)

ANGELA. I didn't ask for a commentary!

ETHAN. Aunt Mary? Uncle Verl? Anyone? (*Betsy raises her hand.*)
Betsy?

BETSY. I liked sixth grade, too.

ETHAN. Great, hon. (*Betsy returns to seat.*)

ANGELA. I'm sure she's nice - but she's stupid. (*Ethan opens next envelope.*)

ETHAN. "Thank you, Jasper, for being my friend for eight years. You were such a ham. How you loved to show off."

ANGELA. You were such a funny dog! I remember how you used to gather all the chew sticks in your mouth. You were selfish with the other dogs, but charming. Jesus, you did some weird stuff! You dug tissue out of the trash, and if it had Noxzema on it, you would roll all over it. And why the hell did you want to eat the crotches of my underwear? I got so sick of hiding my hamper in my closet. That part of you was a turn off. And always the goddamn tampons! Sick. Once you got in the trash and tore it to shreds right in front of Tony before Homecoming. And Ethan, being a dick, took a picture of it while we stood there. On second thought, you only get half a thank you. But the day you went for that one-way trip to the vet was one of the saddest of my life. Mom and Dad didn't even tell us they were putting you to sleep until they got back. (*Angela looks upwards.*) I never quite forgave you guys for that. I didn't get to tell him goodbye.

ETHAN. This is kind of uncomfortable. (*Continues reading.*) "I still love you, Jasper. And I know you loved me. I hope I see you often running with a pair of underwear in your mouth." I wish you luck, Angela, but I don't think we see dogs running with panties in their mouths in Heaven. (*Angela makes a harsh beeping sound.*)

ANGELA. Wrong answer! I saw him just this morning running with my flowered boy shorts. Remember? We buried them with him.

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ETHAN. I don't know that we see our pets in Heaven.

ANGELA. Finally. I know something and you don't. (*Angela walks cockily by Ethan. Betsy raises her hand.*)

ETHAN. (*Reluctantly.*) Betsy?

BETSY. I bet she saw him on the Rainbow Bridge.

ETHAN. What?

BETSY. That's where they run to get to Doggie Heaven.

ANGELA. Oh my God! He's been dead for twenty years. They don't keep running back and forth over the damn thing. (*Ethan sighs and opens the next note.*)

ETHAN. "Thank you, Faith, for making me feel like shit in seventh grade."

ANGELA. I'm not being facetious. I really do thank you. Your words made me who I am today. Seventh grade. That was the year I wanted to be popular. I had your best friend, Stefie Stiles, in every single class. Every girl wanted to look like her, talk like her - be her! Every boy wanted to go with her. And here I was, Angela, getting to sit next to her in class. Then she started talking to me, just a little. When she realized I didn't have cooties, she talked more. Talk about feeling important! Next thing, she was walking in the hall with me and asking me to spend the night. For the first time in my life, I felt pretty. I felt confident. People say that girls get their ego strokes from guys, that they form their identities by how men treat them. I disagree. I think we feel good about ourselves when we get singled out by our queen bees. The best of our own gender. Those are the women we identify with. Not some jock football player. She did more for my ego than almost anyone ever. So, there we are one Thursday, planning the weekend. Everyone knew, Faith, that you were having a party Friday. Stefie asked you, "How about asking Angela?" You gave her this look, and said, "You've got to be kidding! That ugly bitch? You only hang around her to get to her brother." The others started laughing. I got the fuck out of there. Everything good I had felt about myself melted away. Mom had to practically drag me to school the next day. I knew all the girls had a crush on Ethan. I told him to go to the party, but he didn't. After you said that, Faith, Stefie never talked to me. Never walked with me down the hall. Never even glanced in my direction. I wasn't mad at her. I understood. She

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was scared of being alone, of being an outcast. Of not having a soul to sit by at the lunch table. Scared of becoming me. But I hated you, Faith. To be delighted at the expense of others' feelings is despicable - even at thirteen. That day I learned not to trust many humans. To keep to myself and guard my heart. Too many beatings, you won't recover.

ETHAN. "So, I learned to stick up for those being picked on. Your words, though hurtful, made me stronger and more compassionate. Thanks for being an asshole." (*Ethan looks up, shaking his head and scans audience.*) All I can say is - Faith, I don't think you're here today, but if you are, if it makes you feel any better - all the guys thought you were hot.

ANGELA. She killed herself five years ago, shithead! (*Pause.*) Oh God! I so take it back about the suicide wing. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

ETHAN. "Thank you, Kleenex, for helping me pick my nose in a discreet manner."

ANGELA. Yes. Thank you. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

ETHAN. "Thank you, every hotel, restaurant, and theatre in New York City that we visited, for not kicking Aunt Nadine and me out. Other than feeling humiliated and embarrassed, it was one of the most fun weeks of my life."

ANGELA. Nadine, you are a national treasure. Having a week of you to myself, without Ethan, made me the happiest girl in the world. God, the places you took me and the things we did! I've looked at the photo album you gave me of our trip constantly. We did all the touristy stuff. But I have to ask - why do you think you see celebrities everywhere you go? I told you when we were sitting at the Hard Rock that the person clear across the room wasn't Prince. Did you believe me? No. We marched up to that table with your camera. It wasn't until we were there, with you already yelling, "Prince! Prince!" that you realized I was right. That hood you thought he was wearing, that I told you was a light fixture, *was* a light fixture. At the Sheraton, it was the kid with one white glove and a fedora. "Michael, Michael! I love *Captain EO!*" Thank goodness we stepped into the elevator because you thought the man in it was cute. I bet he didn't think *you* were after you started laughing so hard you peed your pants. But the most humiliating was the server at the coffee shop. Yes, she did look like Doris Roberts from *Everybody Loves Raymond*. But did you have to scold

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her every time she filled our coffee mugs? Did you really have to berate her for squandering her earnings from the show? And that she didn't deserve a tip for her stupidity? I had to sneak back to the table to leave her a five. And apologize to *Erma*. We saw so many shows. Ate at so many restaurants. Looking at our pictures is difficult now. Michael, Prince, and Doris are gone. The World Trade Center is gone. Where we stood and ate there is gone. And now you are, too.

ETHAN. "It put the embarrassment I'd felt over Prince, Michael, Doris, and peeing in an elevator in perspective. And it made me thankful, very thankful." (*Ethan thinks back and is emotional.*) None of us will ever forget 9/11. It definitely reminds us of just how much we really have. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

ETHAN. "Thank you, slim fit tampons, for realizing not everyone has a vagina the size of a whale." Now tell me, was that one necessary?

ANGELA. I have a small vag, Ethan. I have a smag. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

ETHAN. "Thank you, I-70 toll booth, for ending my ability to sneak out at night when I was in high school. I was pissed at you at the time, but you might have saved my life."

ANGELA. Like it matters now! Anyway, I was never much into curfews. Mom and Dad were so strict, what else was I to do? Mom always kept her keys hidden in her purse next to her bed. So, Ethan suggested I use Dad's set. He said they weren't hidden because he'd never think we had the guts to borrow a state car. They went to sleep so early; the temptation was too great. I took that baby out a couple of times a week. I would have kept getting by with it if Lauren hadn't gotten stranded in Lawrence. I had to help my friend. The thing is - I never had good night vision. I swear - I never saw that toll booth. Wouldn't you know those assholes had cameras? I thought Mom and Dad were going to shit a brick when they saw that picture of the back of the car going through that booth. Funny thing was, I'd put Sadie in the back seat, and it looked like a St. Bernard was driving! They *reamed* me for that. When they finished, I calmly said, "If Sonny Corleone had done that, he'd still be alive," and walked into my room. Ha! End of subject - other than you guys buying the safe to keep all your shit locked in.

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ETHAN. “But it was for the best. Probably kept me from getting in a wreck. As you know, a gun shot to the head is preferable to being splattered all over the windshield.” Umm... Angela was always direct. More than direct.

ANGELA. Awkward!

ETHAN. Not to disrespect the dead, but she shouldn't have said that. *(Betsy delivers more notes to Ethan.)*

ANGELA. Well, when you kill yourself, you can say what *you* want, okay?

ETHAN. Wow. How many more of these are there?

BETSY. A lot. *(Betsy returns to seat.)*

ETHAN. A lot. Okay! *(Ethan opens the next note.)* “Thank you, Kelvin Herrera, for laughing at yourself when you looked like an idiot at your first at bat during the 2014 World Series. You made all of us non-athletes feel a teensy bit better.” *(He looks at audience.)* Any of you Royals fans? Quite the series. What a phenomenal bull pen.

ANGELA. That's not the point. Herrera couldn't hit the broad side of a barn!

ETHAN. Angela never could appreciate a gifted athlete.

ANGELA. Ethan? Fuck you.

BETSY. When we went to the play offs, I never got to see them.

ETHAN. Yes, you did, Betsy.

BETSY. No, I didn't. I kept looking for them, but they were hidden. *(Ethan looks at her puzzled.)* Why do they have bulls at the game, anyway? They're not even our mascot. *(Ethan sighs. He opens the next note.)*

ETHAN. “Thank you, asshole Roland Thomas, for being the second worst person to treat me like shit in school.”

ANGELA. Of course, I said yes when you asked me to Court Warming. How did I know you did it on a bet to win two cases of beer? I hadn't been asked to dances. I wanted to buy a formal. I wanted to have my hair done. You were cute. Smart for a jock. Even talked to me in Trig when your friends weren't around. But couldn't you have been honest? It would have saved us both time and dough. I paid for my first strapless dress out of my own money for babysitting that brat, Mallory. Problem was, not having the

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body of Kim Kardashian, I had to buy those chicken cutlet things to stuff around my boobs to hold the damn thing up. There we were – the night of the dance. Ethan is there with goddamn Faith. We eat our snacks. We drink our punch. We visit with the teachers and your friends. Finally, you ask me to dance. We go to the middle of the dance floor. *(She brings Flat Jimmy downstage to act out the scene. We hear a ballad.)* The DJ starts playing a slow number. I'm excited, but nervous. And short. You're six foot six. I try to put my arms around your neck. I keep reaching higher. Never occurs to me that as my arms go higher, my dress slips lower. And the chicken cutlets bail to each side of me. You - "What the fuck are those?" Me - "I don't know. Looks like some kind of gelled ice packs." You- "Jesus! They're your fake tits!" Embarrassed as hell, I bend over to pick them up. *(Angela pretends to scoop them up.)* When I stand back up, my dress slips and my barely-there boobs are peeking over the top. I hear deafening laughter. Flashbacks of *Carrie* go through my mind. "They're all going to laugh at you! They're all going to laugh at you. They're all going to laugh at you!" "I see your dirty pillows!" *(She extends her arms out, holding the pretend boobs.)* "They're breasts, Mama!" Having no supernatural powers, I get the hell out of there as fast as I can and start walking. Five minutes later, you drive by and ask me if I want a ride. "Hell no!" I yell. You? "We don't have to go back to the dance, Angie. Let's just go fuck. I like small titties." Finally, I got something for my money when I took one of those fake tits and hurled it right into your fucking eye. *(Angela strikes a 'goal' pose.)*

ETHAN. "I may not have big tits, but my aim is impeccable." *(He smiles uncomfortably.)* She always was good at Skee-Ball. *(Ethan opens next note.)*

ETHAN. "Thank you, Angel of Death, for taking my parents at precisely the same time - they were inseparable."

ANGELA. But not cool to do it at the same damn toll booth! Sandwiched between two semis! Did you get a picture of that, State of Kansas? If you did, you failed to mail me a copy. And to make them so *un-separable* that we had to use a double wide casket? And had to dress them together in Mom's Snuggie? When they died, Ethan and I clung to each other for life support. If we hadn't had each other, I think we would have died from

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grief. We would never have made it through that bitch of a service.

ETHAN. “And speaking of bitch. Aunt Bev? You lose a point for taking a picture of them in the double wide with their Snuggie on.” (*Ethan peers at audience. Angela searches, also.*) I don’t believe Aunt Bev is here today, thank God.

ANGELA. Damn! I wanted to nail that bitch. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

ETHAN. “Thank you, university Freshman Dean, for bending the rules because we were twins who had just been through a horrible loss.”

ANGELA. Freshmen were required to live in one of the dorms, but no yucky, fungus-filled group bathrooms for us. Because everyone felt sorry for us, rules were waived, and we landed into the cutest two-bedroom bungalow I ever saw. It looked like the one I’d fantasized about as a little girl. And I got to decorate! Mom and Dad’s violent deaths paid for our envied living conditions. Surely you can imagine the size of the settlement after Mom and Dad got mutilated. I’d received the lion’s share of that huge settlement and trust fund. And why? Because Ethan, after all, was the smart one. Mom and Dad had always expected him to be successful. But me? I barely squeaked out average grades. I needed to be “taken care of.” But after seeing the shitload of money that lawyers could accumulate with fancy words and paper, no wonder Ethan became one.

ETHAN. “Anyway, after the shock wore off, the college experience was one of the most fun times of my life.” You know, it really was. I had a lot of great times with my fraternity brothers.

ANGELA. They were a bunch of assholes. (*Ethan opens next note.*)

ETHAN. “Thank you, Brix sweet Pinot Grigio, for helping me lose my virginity that November of my freshman year of college.”

ANGELA. I don’t know if that night would have happened without you. When you’re young, all girls wonder what the big event will be like. You hear all the stories. So - will it hurt, or will it feel great? Will you bleed all over whatever you’re doing it on? If you don’t, will he think you’ve already screwed someone? Do you even have the damn cherry after all the years of tampon use? Or will the big moment be like in the movies? Just complete bliss and little gasps of ecstasy? Ethan always said guys are lucky. They don’t have to worry about that stuff. I want you to know, all the worrying was for nothing. But here’s why, at the risk of sounding

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cheesy. I saved myself for someone I really knew. Someone I truly loved and who loved me. All that crap your parents say is true. The evening was glorious. A candlelight dinner for two. Great conversation. Dancing by the dining room table. A bottle and a half of wine. My mother's Barry Manilow's Greatest Hits CD playing. Don't make fun of him! His music can serve a purpose.

ETHAN. "My only regret is that I didn't take the time to write the book *If You Want To Lose Your Cherry, Put On Your Mother's Barry.*" It is at this point in the service that Betsy thought it would be appropriate to sing one of Angela's favorite songs.

ANGELA. Jesus! Please don't have Betsy ruin "Bohemian Rhapsody." *(She looks up.)* Sorry, Freddy! *(Ethan looks at Betsy and smiles.)*

ETHAN. Something from the King of Pop.

ANGELA. Oh my God! Yes! Michael! *(She looks up again.)* I'm so sorry I didn't write you a note! I knew I was forgetting someone!

ETHAN. One of his favorite hits.

ANGELA. It's "Thriller"! It's gotta be "Thriller"! *(She does the famous zombie move, going side to side. Then Betsy takes the stage. Angela is horrified. She looks up.)* Michael, forgive me for not requesting a specific singer.

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