

COMPROMISING SITUATIONS

a One Woman Play

Cy Young

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(Use clones of: O'Reilly Factor, 60 Minutes, Diane Sawyer, Wa-wa, Dateline, Nightline, Ted Koppel, Nancy Grace, Tyra Banks, Gretchen Von Sestern, Wendy Williams (outspoken Buddhist), Dr. Phil, Fox & Friends (Steve Doocy, Gretchen Carlson, Dave Briggs)..

Scene One

(In the darkness, SEVEN GUN SHOTS are heard followed by the THEME SONG for a Diane Sawyer-like Show.)

(Music in - Lights up to reveal the WOMAN sitting in a chair being interviewed by Sawyer. (The TV hosts are neither seen nor heard.) A vivacious individual, the Woman is vitally extroverted, loves to talk, and has a buoyancy that seldom fails her. Forties or fifties. She divides her attention between her interviewer and the TV audience.)

(Behind and above her is a large SCREEN on which still shots and film will be projected. Currently, we're looking at AN UPSCALE HOME in the suburbs on the SCREEN, white picket fence, rose bushes, and all.)

WOMAN

... and I walked into the master bedroom, Diane
, and caught Ken having sex with his
secretary. He couldn't see me because he was
under the sheets, his secretary did, though,
and she started yelling, "Oh, my God! Oh, my
God!" He said, "Yeah, Baby, Yeah!" She said
, "No, it's your *WIFE!*" Then he stuck his
head out looking like a hound dog caught
soiling the kitchen floor.

SHOT

of Ken peeking out from under the covers with a horrified expression.

WOMAN

We have a pet who's done that several times, that'
s where I got the simile.

SHOT

of a Labrador peeking out from under the covers.

WOMAN

Anyway, I went over to the dresser, got the
gun, and started shooting.

SHOT

of the Woman firing a gun at the SCREEN, her eyes squeezed shut.

WOMAN

The reason I fired more than once, Diane, was because I didn't want to hurt him.

(waves her hand)

I know, I know, that sounds contradictory, but what I mean is, I didn't want him to suffer, I didn't want to just wing him, you know, like a quail or a rabbit that takes some buckshot in a non-vital organ and then romps off to lick its wounds. I didn't want Ken licking ... anything ...

(she takes a question)

I used a 7 shot Desert Eagle, .50 caliber. It's the most powerful handgun there is, it's the premier handgun on the market, Diane. It has a standard six inch barrel with a maximum effective range of 650 feet ...

SHOT

of a Desert Eagle handgun. It's huge.

WOMAN

It's just a beautiful piece of engineering. It's a gas operated, semi-automatic pistol with a rotating bolt. It's *very* heavy, I could hardly hold the darn thing. Of course, I was a lot closer than 650 feet. It has a laser sight and ... Ken just had to have one. He treated that gun a lot better than he ever treated me! Maybe that's why I used it, it was like I was shooting Ken with the object of his affections.

(takes a question)

It uses a bullet with a half-inch base, it's much more powerful than the 44 magnum used by Clint Eastwood in "Dirty Harry."

A SHOT

of Eastwood holding his 44 magnum.

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WOMAN

I've been compared to him. One of the tabloids branded me "Dirty Harriett!" I think it was BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS.

A SHOT

of the Woman beside Clint holding the Desert Eagle in the crook of her arm.

WOMAN

(another question)

Selfish? Maybe it was. It's true I wanted Ken to myself, but isn't that what marriage is all about? 'Til death do us part'?

(nodding)

See, what it is, Diane, I bought the Prince Charming myth, that idea we're spoon-fed from birth about marrying the man of our dreams and living happily ever after. Of sacrificing ourselves on the alter of feminine submissiveness, serving him, taking care of him, washing his dirty socks, *watching football* with him.

(thinks a moment)

I got lost somewhere in all that acrobatic maneuvering to be the perfect wife, the Barbie to his Ken, the Miss Piggy to his Kermit ... I wasn't able to do it, I fell through the cracks, I ...

Someone in the audience asks a question.

WOMAN

Oh, no, I didn't shoot his secretary, Melissa, why would I do that? *She* wasn't the one at fault, it was Ken. No, he used her just as he used me. Melissa ran out of the bedroom like a spooked goose ...

SHOT

of Melissa running out of the bedroom bearassed and completely naked ...

- -

ANOTHER SHOT

of Melissa running down the stairs, her bear ass showing ... and a

THIRD SHOT

shooting her from behind hitchhiking on the road, her rear end flashing white as a Nun's collar.

HOLD on this SHOT.

WOMAN

(thinking)

Where was I? Oh, yes, Identity, now *there's* a subject for discussion. What are women? Do we exist just to stand in a man's shadow? Are we defined by our ovaries? Are we just a bunch of molecules with lip gloss? What *is* the meaning of life? Who killed Marilyn Monroe?

THREE QUICK SHOTS of

JFK, then

BOBBY KENNEDY, then

AL GORE. HOLD on Gore.

WOMAN

(to Diane)

Sorry, I'm getting a little "deep" here, aren't I?

(listening, another question)

Well, I guess, Diane, the *real* reason I did it was, I felt used and betrayed. I took a back seat to Doug, put everything on hold, he ---

(interrupted)

Doug was my first husband.

(a beat, she listens, then

laughing)

No, I didn't shoot *Doug*, I divorced him, but then I was young, I had my life before me. I didn't have children with Doug like I did with Ken, I didn't give up my own career for him the way I did for Ken,

- -

WOMAN

I was a clothes designer, you know, I could have given Armani a run for his money. I spent 20 years with him. Ken, not Armani. He abused me for 15 years with his affairs, then he said he wanted to get a divorce. Well, I gave that a lot of thought, the divorce. By then I'd lost all the connections I'd built up in the designer field, I was rusty, unprepared for the market place. But the thing that really threw me was the fact that Ken was so willing to cast me aside like an old thing, it was like I didn't have any value, like I was just a piece of refuse, an overripe melon, yesterday's scrambled eggs with melba toast and marmalade --- blackberry.

SHOT

of the Woman peeking out of a garbage can with a cantaloupe on her head.

WOMAN

(to interviewer)

--- Oh, so soon? My, this hour really zipped by, didn't it? Okay. Well, I really want to thank you for having me on your show, Diane ...

(looking at audience)

I also want to thank everyone who helped me make bail - people have been just wonderful, including Marny Fishkin, an officer at the Tombs.

(to Diane)

Tombs is slang for "jail."

(to Camera)

Thank you Marny for cutting me down.

(to Diane)

SHOT

of the Woman hanging from a rope, her tongue sticking out comedically, her face contorted.

WOMAN

I tried to kill myself the first night I was in jail. I hung myself with my Ann Taylor smock. It's my favorite smock, Diane, it had a WW II era San Blas Indian design, it was just stunning! Well, it's true that I overreacted, I apologize to all my friends. It wasn't the Christian thing to do, suicide.

SHOT

of a sign reading, THOU SHALT NOT SMOCK THYSELF

WOMAN

(listening, then to Diane)

Oops, am I being politically incorrect here by saying "Christian?" I should add to that it's not the Jewish thing to do, or the Islamic, or the Buddhistic, or the Hinduistic, or the Shintoistic, etc., etc.

(another question)

Well, the next step is the Grand Jury hearing. I have an excellent lawyer, he thinks I have a good chance of getting off. Of course the D.A. is supposedly going for me tooth and nail. He wants the death penalty. That's if it goes to trial and if I'm convicted. He says it was premeditated. Ken had been having affairs for fifteen years but I hadn't thought about killing him. I don't think I had ...

(a beat, looking front)

The death penalty. It seems so unreal. I went to Northwestern.

End Scene One

Scene Two

(SEVENTEEN GUN SHOTS are heard in the darkness followed by the THEME SONG of the Barbara Walters Show. Lights up. The Woman is sitting in her chair being interviewed by Wa-Wa. On the SCREEN is a SHOT of a newspaper clipping reading, HOUSEWIFE SHOOTS HUSBAND --- AND SHOOTS HUSBAND --- AND SHOOTS HUSBAND!)

SHOT

on the SCREEN of the Woman. Now she's holding a semi-automatic Glock in profile, again her eyes squinted shut and firing the gun.

WOMAN

That's true, Barbara, I did, and the media made a big deal out of the fact that I fired seventeen more bullets at Ken a few moments later. The reason was, I thought I heard him moan and like I told Diane S., I didn't want him to suffer. They said they could understand me doing something in a burst of anger, but getting a second gun, coming back and shooting him again was ... well, premeditated.

SHOT

of the bed riddled with bullets.

WOMAN

It wasn't premeditated, it was just an extended burst! A bursting. A series of bursts. See, there's a double standard here. When a man has an outburst, it's righteous anger, but when a woman does it, it's hysteria, it's ---

(beat)

---- The second gun was a Glock 17. It's a semi-automatic, it's the weapon of choice for the cops .. a, for law enforcement ...

- -

SHOT

of the Glock.

WOMAN

(enthusiastically)

It's a really neat gun, Barb, it's plastic, the first handgun to have ferretic nitro carburizing, that's an anti-corrosion surface treatment for metal gun parts.

(listening)

Well, yes, I know a lot about weapons, I learned from Ken. He had quite a collection.

SHOT

of a huge array of handguns, rifles, and shotguns, including hand grenades.

WOMAN

Anyway, I was talking about hysteria and the double standard ... I'll give you an example:

(a beat)

A few years ago, men had women committed to institutions for being "emotional" or just because they disagreed with their husbands. Like Mrs. Packard.

(pause)

Mrs. Packard, Mrs. Elizabeth Packard. She lived in the late 1800's. Her husband was a preacher. She disagreed with him about the nature of God, so he had her committed. When she finally got out, she wrote a book about it and got the law changed in Illinois so married women were actually people, they were recognized by the courts.

SHOT

of Mrs. Packard's book.

- -

WOMAN

Anyway, men rule the world and we have to accept their rules and definitions. Like their definition of rape.

(beat)

When I was 14, a boy raped me in his Oldsmobile coupe. He said it wasn't rape 'cause I agreed to go out with him. I told him it *was* rape 'cause I said no. But anyway it started when I was 14 and never let up. The thing that always saved me was talking. I could talk a blue streak. I'd rather talk than eat or have sex or watch Judge Judy decapitate those low-lifes on her TV show.

SHOT

of Judge Judy holding a shotgun and smiling at the Camera.

WOMAN

What is it about us, Barbara? Maybe it's because we're women and women love to communicate and converse and find out what's going on under the surface of things ...

SHOT

of the Woman peeking under the bed covers.

WOMAN

(she laughs and nudges
Walters)

Sometimes my mouth's gotten me into trouble but usually I've been able to talk my way out of compromising situations. My mother tells me that I started talking when I was 8 months old and that even when I was a little girl I could talk everybody under the table. When I was three, I was riding in the pick-up with my dad and he said I talked so much he drove into a ditch!

(laughs)

You know, Babs, I was chosen The Most Perfect Baby at the Arizona State Fair in 1971?

SHOT

of the Woman as a baby.

WOMAN

I was! One of my sisters, there were 9 of us, 6 girls and 3 boys, my big sister, Tamsey Bee, sent my photo in to the committee and I was chosen out of all the babies in the state of Arizona. We went to the Fair and they crowned me. 'Course, I don't remember any of it but I still have the clippings to prove it.

She glances back at the SCREEN.

WOMAN

Okay. You mean what did I do when I got through shooting him, right? After I fired the last bullet into ...

(nods)

Okay. Let me think, it's all kind of muddy.

(a beat)

Okay. I ran out of bullets, I remember the gun clicking, and the next thing I recall ... it's kind of vague, it seems to me I did something else, but I definitely remember vacuuming the living room ... I was thinking I had to do something about that coffee stain on the rug by the table, when all of a sudden I got this overpowering yen for brownies. I went to the kitchen and got out all the ingredients for this recipe I have called "Killer Brownies," they're so ---

(She listens to a question from Wa-wa.)

WOMAN

-- Yes, that's what they're called, "Killer Brownies". They're, Barb, they're the most incredible brownies you'll ever eat! I'll make some for you, they just melt in your mouth, I know, that's a cliché, but they're so, well they really *do* melt in your mouth. I'll get you the recipe ...

- -

SHOT

of Al Capone holding a gun and eating a brownie.

WOMAN

(a question from
the audience)

What's ironic?

(beat, she listens)

Oh. No, they're not brownies only killers make or eat. "Killer" means they're so good they'll knock your socks off. Besides, I didn't kill Ken with brownies, I used a gun. Several guns, I think ...

(brightly, back to
audience in general)

Anyway, I got out all the ingredients and very carefully laid them out on the counter. I went through each step very carefully, I was so careful and methodical, and I mixed it all together and cooled the first batch in the freezer. Then I made a second batch and while that was cooking, I started eating the first batch. I was munching the fifth brownie when I heard the ---

(to Walters)

---- those were the best brownies I'd ever eaten, Wa-Wa, I couldn't believe how good they were. I remember wishing that Ken could be there to have one.

(back to audience)

I was eating my sixth when I heard the sirens. I picked up my plate of brownies and went into the living room. There was a loud knock on the door. I asked who it was 'cause you can never be too careful these days, and they said "Police!" I looked out the window and sure enough, there were at least a dozen squad cars outside. There were men crouched down with guns pointing at the house, some men had bullet proof vests on, it was very exciting, just like "America's Most Wanted." There was even a squat team outside ...

SHOT

of a S.W.A.T. team surrounding a house.

WOMAN

(listens to Walters)

What? Oh, SWAT team, sorry. Anyway, I opened the door and one of them said a woman had dialed 911 and reported gunshots being fired in the house. It must have been Melissa. I said yes, that was me, I'd just shot my husband and would they like a brownie. They ignored my offer and asked where the body was. I said upstairs but that they couldn't come in, the house was a mess and I hadn't finished vacuuming yet. One officer, I think he was a lieutenant, said that was okay, they wouldn't look at the floor, so I said to come on in but for everyone to please wipe their shoes first.

(to Walters)

I've become a very good housekeeper, Babs, I keep the house immaculate, I'm a good cook, I do all that homemaking stuff very well. Give me a can of Spic 'N Span and I'm in heaven.

SHOT

of the Woman with a halo and wings with a beatific look on her face and holding a can of Spic 'N Span.

WOMAN

(to audience)

So anyway, we went upstairs and I showed them Ken. He looked so peaceful, had a little smile on his face. I'd swear he was sleeping ... but he wasn't. They took me down to the living room and asked me lots of questions and then one of them read me my Melinda Rights and ---

(take to Walters)

Oh. Miranda. I knew it started with an "M."

SHOT

of a Brazilian woman wearing a hat of flowers and snapping castanets. The heading under her picture is CARMEN MIRANDA.

WOMAN

Then they actually cuffed me, like on TV.

(she's proud of this)

I didn't have to "spread 'em," though, thank God. It's so unladylike. Then they put me in a squad car and drove me downtown. I love that "downtown," it has so much meaning, doesn't it? It was like they were taking me shopping. Someone even wrote a song about it:

(sings a few bars)

DOWNTOWN, LA LA LA LA, LA LA ...

(back to Wa-wa)

So they booked me. I called my lawyer and he made bail and here I am.

(nods to Barbara)

Thank you. I was in the choir. My parents were very religious, we went to church every Wednesday and Sunday. Willa Maude, the choir director, thought I was good enough to be a professional singer so she started giving me voice lessons. 'Course my parents couldn't afford to pay for them, so I got a job as an usher at the Mayflower Theater on Main Street. Actually it was Route 66. Remember that song, Route 66?

(sings)

KINGSTON, BARSTOW, SAN BERNADINO

... GET YOUR KICKS ON ROUTE 66!

SHOT

of the cast of the Route 66 TV show.

--

WOMAN

Later I went to the Music Conservatory in Kansas City, then sang with some bands and after that on TV in Chicago ...

(to Walters)

Oh, no, I haven't sung in ages, I couldn't ---

(to audience)

Barbara, don't do this to me ---!

(to Walters)

Well, maybe a few bars ...

The lights narrow to a spot on the woman's face as she stands. A pre-recorded instrumental of THE MAN I LOVE begins.

SHOT

of a huge heart.

WOMAN

(singing)

SOMEDAY HE'LL COME ALONG
THE MAN I LOVE
AND HE'LL BE BIG AND STRONG
THE MAN I LOVE
AND WHEN HE COMES MY WAY
I'LL DO MY BEST TO MAKE HIM STAY

HE'LL LOOK AT ME AND SMILE
I'LL UNDERSTAND
THEN IN A LITTLE WHILE
HE'LL TAKE MY HAND
AND THOUGH IT SEEMS ABSURD
I KNOW WE BOTH WON'T SAY A WORD

MAYBE I SHALL MEET HIM SUNDAY
MAYBE MONDAY, MAYBE NOT
STILL I'M SURE TO MEET HIM ONE DAY
MAYBE TUESDAY WILL BE
MY GOOD NEWS DAY

WOMAN

(singing)

HE'LL BUILD A LITTLE HOME
JUST MEANT FOR TWO
FROM WHICH I'LL NEVER ROAM
WHO WOULD, WOULD YOU
AND 'TIL HE COMES ALONG
I'M DREAMING OF THE MAN I

SHOT

of the heart broken in two.

The Woman stops in mid-sentence with a wistful, far away look as the lights slowly fade ...

End Scene Two

- -

Scene Three

(In the darkness we hear FIVE GUNSHOTS, then the sound of a LONG, CONTINUING BURST OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS' FIRE, and finally, after a beat, ONE LAST SHOT.)

(Lights up as the theme song for the Nancy Grace Talk Show is played. The Woman is seated again being interviewed. She is animated and relaxed.)

(On the SCREEN above her is a photo of the Woman looking through prison bars.)

WOMAN

Altogether, Nancy? Let's see, it was ... Four. I used four guns. Five. No, Nancy, I didn't reload the Desert Eagle, when I ran out of bullets, I just got another gun, Ken had guns all over the place.

(a beat while she listens)

Well, the other ones I used were the five shot 357 Taurus revolver, it's not my favorite, it's hard to pull the trigger, the Tek-9, and when they all ran out of bullets, I ended up with the .22. It only had one bullet in it. I couldn't find the MP-5 and the Sig Sauer wasn't loaded. All-in-all the police said I fired 257 rounds. One of the officers who'd been in the army said the bedroom looked like Beirut. The Tek-9 alone fires 750 shots a minute ...

(changes her focus)

You think that was excessive? I don't agree, Nancy. I mean, how can you measure a woman's pain ...

FOOTAGE

on the SCREEN of bombs being dropped ...

WOMAN

... or the depth of her misery ...

FOOTAGE

on the SCREEN of explosions, buildings falling down, tanks rolling ...

- -

WOMAN
... or the scope of her sense of betrayal?

FOOTAGE

on the SCREEN of a Woman Pirate sword fighting ...

WOMAN
How can you gauge the intensity of her
grief, her rage, her ---

FOOTAGE

on the SCREEN of Joan Crawford emoting.

WOMAN
(to Grace)
Well, see, Nancy, we're both members of the NRA,
I joined of course because it was something Ken
loved and I wanted to share his likes and hobbies,
you know, back to the old submissive woman thing.
Anyway, there's a shooting range we used to go to,
Zimro's I think, in the city, a lot of policemen and
people from the B.A.F.T. go there for target practice ...

(to audience)
B.A.F.T. stands for the Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms
and Tobacco.

(to Nancy)
Ken was a criminal lawyer, he knew all those people,
so we'd go there and take target practice. I was pretty
good, I could usually put 6 out of 7 in the "kill zone."

SHOT

of a target of a man with myriad bullet holes in his chest.

- -

WOMAN

(to audience, suddenly
apologetic)

That sounds vicious, doesn't it? The "kill zone?" I didn't mean it that way. It's just a term they use, it doesn't refer to a *desire* to kill people in general or, a, husbands in particular ... it's just a way of speaking.

(She clears her throat, then back to Nancy.)

WOMAN

My favorite, Diane, was the German made MP-5 because it's so light. It's an automatic, but there's this little lever that only allows it to fire short bursts. Ken had it fitted with a halogen light and a scope that aims a red laser dot at the target, it's very fancy. He used to say that that gun was real sexy.

SHOT

of a handgun painted with lipstick with a pair of boobs underneath.

WOMAN

I never understood that. How can a gun be "sexy?" It's a piece of steel, for God's sake! It's a destructive weapon that kills people. And cars. Ken had a Jaguar. According to him, it was sexier than I was. I can see how another woman might be more alluring, but a gun? A *car*?! I don't get it.

SHOT

of a car with a woman's body.

- -

WOMAN

(another shift in focus)

I *knew* you were going to ask that question, Nance. I can see why you would after 257 shots. No, Ken didn't look like a sieve. The bed did. The walls and ceiling did. But not Ken. You're not going to believe this, but he only had one bullet in him. Right through the heart, clean as a whistle.

(nods to Grace)

I know. Everybody was amazed that I missed so many times. Maybe I was trying to miss, maybe I didn't really want to kill him, maybe I just wanted to scare him. Maybe one bullet hit him by mistake. I don't know. I mean, I do know how to shoot a gun.

(thinking)

Now that I think about it, I had my eyes closed all the time I was firing. It was like Ken wasn't my target, it was as if I was trying to ... (quoting with closed eyes) "... destroy every myth and suffocating belief about what it means to be a woman in today's world, trying to annihilate all the fantasies and claptrap about trying to be the perfect wife and mother," all the stuff that I was drowning in. It was like I was "trying to strip off all the socially imposed strictures that were dictating who I was and find the real me ..."

SHOT

of a muscular woman in shorts and T-shirt striking a muscular pose.

WOMAN

(a beat, then to Nancy)

That's a quote from Dr. Joyce Brothers. We talked on the phone for over two hours. She was very nice. She said she could understand the rage a middle-aged woman could feel after years of trying to do everything "right," after years of trying to contort her own identity and her own personality into the mold the world says she belongs in, then being betrayed by her spouse, by his infidelity. She was very understanding.

(waving to Camera)

WOMAN

Hi, Dr. Brothers. If you're watching, I think you're wonderful!

SHOT

of Dr. Joyce Brothers waving back.

WOMAN

(back to Grace)

I've had such wonderful support from people and groups like the National Organization of Women. They made me an honorary member. Gloria Steinem took me out to dinner at the Plaza Hotel. She's such a bright lady. Pete Hamill was there. He was a columnist with the New York Post. He came over and said hello. He said he was behind me 100%. He did an article on me and why I deserve to be set free. It was very exciting. It's like Andy Warhol said, everybody's going to be famous for five minutes and I'm living proof of that. Andy Warhol was my contemporary. I think he had a lot of guts but I never liked his "art." I think he was putting us on.

(a shift in focus)

then nodding)

Well, Nancy, I think my reason in coming on all the talk shows is to air my story, to give women of my generation courage, to let them see it's important to stand up, to make their statement. It's kind of like we're coming out, you know, like the Gays are?

SHOT

of several women lined up facing front, dark circles under their eyes, fuzzy hair, unkempt, tough-looking, staring menacingly at the camera, and holding shotguns.

WOMAN

By the way, the gay community has been so sweet, so caring. I got a call from the President of Gay Pride. He said they were with me and understood what I did. Also AMFAR sent me a very supportive letter and so did the Alliance of Lesbian Mothers. Anyway, we "mature women" have the right to be who we are just as they do. To that end, I hope I make it to Prime Time.

(quickly)

No offense, I mean, I'm *very* grateful for the opportunity to be on your show as well as on Diane Sawyer and Barbara Walters shows so far, I think you're just wonderful, Nancy, I feel like I've known you all my life, but what I mean is, I have to reach the widest audience possible and I think the only way to do that is to do The O'Reilly Factor and Fox & Friends and Rachael Ray and Regis & Kelly and Gretta Von Sestern and Tyra Banks and Wendy Williams, who, they say, is an "outspoken nudist." I ...

SHOT

of a nude woman standing in a barrel.

WOMAN

(listens to Nancy)

Oh. "Outspoken Buddhist" ... I got that wrong I guess. Anyway, my agent's working on it, we've had a few nibbles. Nibbles. Food. That reminds me of something that sums up what I've been saying: I have a friend who's a secretary at a public relations firm. They have a news letter they put out every week about what's going on at the firm which is a very large one. Well. The wife of one of the big executives died and they had a quote that he made in the news letter in tribute to his wife. You know what he said? "Bernice made a great meat loaf!" That's what he said, honest to God. Not, "I loved her and I'll miss her deeply;" not "She was a great companion and enriched my life with her caring and wisdom;" not "She was a wonderful,

- -

WOMAN

complete being who made the world a better place and losing her is a loss for all mankind." He didn't say that. He said, "She made a great meat loaf."

SHOT

of a huge meatloaf with a sprig of parsley and a gravestone on top.

WOMAN

Not even a flambé or a mousse which are a little more exotic. Well, that's my message. Women should be noted and remembered for what they are as individuals, not for how good their meat loaf was.

(The Woman changes focus as if being asked a question from someone in the audience.)

WOMAN

Sure, go ahead, ask me anything you want.

(listens, then:)

The Grand Jury voted to go to the next step which is the arraignment. It's in a few days but I'm not worried. I have a good lawyer.

(brightly)

Well, thanks a lot for letting me be on the show, Nancy. I think you're wonderful and I'm going to send you some of my chocolate chip cookies with pecans. Oh, and Nancy, say hello to Frank for me.

SHOT

of Frank Gifford

WOMAN

(listening)

Oh, I'm sorry. That's right, he's married to Kathy Lee isn't he? I got my talk show hosts mixed up. I hear

WOMAN

Frank is really a nice guy.

(waving to Camera)

Hi, Frank! Say hello to Kathy Lee for me.

(beat)

He's dead? Oh, I guess I missed that!

(waves)

Sorry, Kathy, my condolences.

Big smile from the Woman.

End Scene Three

Scene Four

(Fade in sounds of a beauty salon with hair dryers running and voices in the background. Lights up to reveal the Woman sitting under a hairdryer talking on the phone.)

(On the SCREEN is a sign saying, SENIOR CITIZENS' BINGO NIGHT!)

WOMAN

You won again? What'd you win, another can of creamed corn?

(beat)

I'll bet you put it in the cupboard under the sink, right? With the other cans? Last time I visited, mother, you had at least 50 cans of corn stuck in there every which way, you could open your own super market. I don't know, maybe you'd better stop playing bingo until you eat some of your winnings. What do you do at the Senior Center besides play bingo?

(beat)

You talk to anybody in particular?

(beat)

What do you talk to Arnold about other than his hernia?

(beat, a smile)

His ingrown toenail, that's very funny, mother, you thinking of becoming a comic on the Senior Circuit?

SHOT

of an elderly Woman standing in front of a microphone wearing a hat with flowers sticking out. Above is a sign reading THE IMPROV.

WOMAN

What else do you do at the ...

(beat)

What shows do you watch?

(nodding)

- -

WOMAN

What do you mean "racy?" How can a nature show be "racy?"

SHOT

of a bear reading "Deep Throat."

WOMAN

(beat)

If you think two water buffaloes copulating is bad, you should see what those kids are doing on "General Hospital."

(beat)

That many times in one show? What about the talk shows? Did you, a, see me on Diane Sawyer?

(beat, then hurt)

Diane Sawyer, mother. She's a newscaster, she's very famous. I was on her show last week. It was really exciting. They have a green room where the guests wait until it's their time to be on the show. You sit there and meet other celebs, they give you food and treat you like royalty, it was really ...

SHOT

of the Woman sitting beside Newt Gingrich in the green room eating yogurt.

WOMAN

(beat)

I don't know why they call it green, that's what they call it, it could be any color, chartreuse, indigo, it's just a kind of reference, it's not important what color it is ...

(beat)

I told you I was going to be on. I guess you didn't watch me on Barbara Walters or Nancy Grace either.

(beat)

WOMAN

Nancy Grace is an attorney who has a talk show, mother. She became famous during the O.J. trial. Now I *know* you know who O. J. Simpson is, he's the ex-football player who used to do that commercial where he was running through the airport, jumping over ... Right, I knew you'd remember. You used to tell me how much you liked that commercial, but I don't want to talk about trivia. I want to talk about why you've never seen my appearances ...

(beat)

Well, couldn't you have made an exception and skipped "Gilligan's Island" just once? I mean, how many times is your only daughter on TV?

SHOT

of cast of Gilligan's Island

WOMAN

(beat)

I don't understand, mother. In the first place, you never called after it happened, I had to call you, you're not watching me on the talk shows and now you say you don't want to discuss what I did. You know how hard this experience must be for me, I'd like to think I have your support ...

(beat)

I'm sorry it's embarrassing for you, what do you think it's like for me? I didn't do it on purpose, I didn't plan to shoot Ken, it just happened.

(beat)

I couldn't divorce him like you divorced Daddy, it's totally different. Daddy was a simple man. Ken's a lawyer.

SHOT

of the Devil holding a pitchfork. Stuck on the pitchfork is a sign reading, LUCIFER, LLC.

- -

WOMAN

He said he'd fix it so it looked like *I* was having the affairs, he'd get men to say they'd had affairs with *me*, he'd arrange it so I wouldn't get a penny and never get to see our children again. He put me in an impossible position, he was just ...

(beat)

Why don't you stick up for me when they say things like that about me? They don't know what really happened, only what they read in the papers. What are the papers saying in Oklahoma?

(beat)

Uh, huh ... uh, huh ... I didn't think you read the Inquirer.

SHOT

of the Woman on the front page of the Inquirer dressed in army fatigues and holding a submachine gun.

WOMAN

(beat)

They're calling me "Dirty Harriet" because ... you've heard of Clint Eastwood ...

(beat)

He's an actor, mother.

(beat)

Movies. He's a movie star.

(beat)

Yes, like Humphrey Bogart. He's very famous. He played a character named Dirty Harry who carried a big gun and ...

(beat)

Not Humphrey Bogart, mother, Clint Eastwood.

End Scene Four

Scene Five

(In the darkness we hear the theme song of the Wendy Williams Show. Lights up. The Woman is seated being interviewed.)

(On the SCREEN overhead is a foto of Wendy.)

WOMAN

Yes, Wendy, I guess it did take courage to do what I did, I mean, to stay with him while he was having all the affairs? I don't know, maybe I was just dumb. My friends wanted me to leave him but I couldn't. I just couldn't do it. Maybe it wasn't courage. Maybe it was fear, fear of being alone, fear of the unknown. I'm not very good at math.

(beat)

Some people understand what I did, others don't. And I am disappointed in the way the media's been painting me.

(listening)

Well, they treat me like a criminal, like the whole thing was my fault, like I was jealous of Ken's success, that I laid in wait for him, things like that.

SHOT

of the woman lurking behind a tree with an axe in her hands.

WOMAN

Also they misquote me and make jokes. Even Jay Leno called me "Sal" Capone. I'm not a criminal. Al Capone was a vicious man who killed people - I'm a wife and mother who bakes.

(listening)

Yes, I talked to him many times about his affairs. He denied it at first. He said the blond hairs on his shirt were from our Labrador Retriever and that the perfume smell got on him from a female client at the law firm during business hours. When I reminded him that our

WOMAN

dog had black hair and the perfume smell was on his shorts, he got huffy and walked out of the room.

SHOT

of a Labrador retriever with a pair of shorts hanging from its mouth.

WOMAN

He always walked out of the room. Why do so many men do that? Why can't they stand and face the music? Talk it out, explore and dig? I don't understand that about men, never have, never will. Anyway, after a while he didn't even try to hide his affairs, he flaunted them. He told me if I didn't like it, I could leave.

(listening)

Because I loved him. It's easy for others to say, well, you should have done this, you should have done that. Yes I probably should have, but don't forget, I was raising children. I didn't want to repeat what I'd gone through with Doug, my first husband.

(listening)

Doug was physically abusive, but the worst thing was, he was a slob. He'd aim his used Kleenex at the waste basket but I don't think he ever made two points, much less three.

SHOT

of Shaquille O'Neil tossing a piece of Kleenex toward a wastebasket.

WOMAN

(to audience)

I know a little bit about basketball. I watched a game once on the MSG Channel.

(to Wendy)

Chinese food. That was another thing about Doug, he hated Chinese food, with or without MSG. That alone would've been enough to divorce him. I love Szechuan, Wendy, especially Orange Chicken. He was a control

WOMAN

freak. He --- with brown rice, Wendy, Orange Chicken with brown rice is incredible. Anyway, he always insisted on driving and, now this really sounds trivial, but he never once let me have the remote control. You've heard jokes about this but it's true. What I did was order a second one from cable.

(to audience)

Why not? It's a woman's inalienable right to own her own remote control, isn't it?

SHOT

of the Woman with a remote control stuck in her cleavage.

WOMAN

Isn't it? One night I pulled it out and started changing every channel right after he flipped to it. He'd flip, I'd flip. He got so mad he kicked the TV set in, put his foot right through Lucy's face.

(beat)

Lucille Ball. It was that segment where she and Ethyl were at the assembly line and couldn't keep up with the chocolates?

FOOTAGE

of Lucy and Ethyl at the assembly line stuffing chocolates into their faces.

WOMAN

Anyway, when I left him we had a two year old son. He got a good lawyer, Doug, not my two year old son, and they did a number on me. I didn't have a lawyer, I was a 19 year old kid, what did I know. Doug took our son and I got nothing in the divorce. So see, when Ken started cheating on me, I was very hurt, but I just couldn't leave again, I couldn't leave my children, I didn't want to put them through a messy divorce ... and as I said, I loved Ken, even with all his warts.

(beat, to audience member)

WOMAN

No, he didn't have real warts, it's just a manner of speaking. I meant his symbolic warts, his male excesses, his faults.

(beat)

He never beat me, I'll have to say that for him. He wasn't a big man, I never felt physically threatened by him. Just betrayed and deceived. Betrayal is a terrible thing, Wendy. And deception.

SHOT

of a Colonial man. Underneath is the heading: BENEDICT ARNOLD.

WOMAN

I think people should be honest and keep everything out in the open, don't you? Maybe that's why I wear red.

(beat)

Well the connection between betrayal and wearing red is that, to me, red is an obvious color. People see you coming, it's hard to be devious when you're all crimson like a cardinal. You're out in the open. I'm not a devious person so maybe that's why I wear it. Of course red was the symbol of Communism and it's also the color of shame, you know, "The Scarlet Letter" and all, but that's history now. Communism, not shame.

SHOT

of Stalin wearing a dress with a scarlet letter.

WOMAN

But basically, I wear it because it bolsters my confidence. McCalls says it's one of the confidence builders, wearing red. I don't know, Wendy, it seems to me that people who wear red are less deceptive, don't you think?

(looks at audience)

Well, discussing the color of your clothes may seem superfluous to you, but for someone in my predicament, it's the little things like that that can make the difference.

WOMAN

Details are important. If you don't pay attention to details, if you pull the wrong switch, you could land your plane in a swamp.

SHOT

of a sign that says, MCCALL'S CONFIDENT WOMAN LOGO

(Another question from the audience - the Woman looks at the logo on the SCREEN.)

WOMAN

I'm glad you asked that. That's McCall's Confident Woman logo. It's cute, isn't it? I cut it out, a smaller version of course, and take it with me everywhere. They did a whole feature on confidence, how important it is to women today. They had pictures of some women who are movers and shakers and a little blurb from each one ... there was Hillary ,..

SHOTS

of Hilliary C., Julie Krone, Terry McMillan, Nora Ephron, Cokie Roberts, Janet Reno, an alligator with Janet Reno's head, and Bernice Wood synchronized with the following dialogue:

WOMAN

Julie Krone, a jockey who was the first woman to win the Belmont Stakes, Terry McMillan who wrote "Waiting to Exhale," Norah Ephron, ABC's Cokie Roberts, Janet Reno whose mother wrestled alligators, and Beatrice Wood, the one-hundred-year-old ceramist who lived to be one hundred and five. Beatrice said her secret was, she tried to be honest with herself, if she did something wrong, she always faced it. That's what I'm doing. I did something wrong and I'm admitting it. I married Ken, that was my mistake. So was shooting him. Anyway ...

I wanted to show the Women of America some of McCall's confidence builders. They've really helped me and they can help you, too.

- -

SHOT

of a card that says: APPRECIATE YOURSELF AS OTHERS DO

WOMAN

Now, this is important. It's a real shortcut to confidence-building. Reread your resume, cards from friends or family members, and if you've had an article published about you in the local paper, read it again.

(beat, thinking)

Of course, if it says you're "a vicious murderess whose vile presence in the world is an affront to the human race," read Peanuts instead.

SHOT

of a card that says: DO A HOUSEHOLD FIX-IT JOB

WOMAN

This is good, this is good. It gives you a feeling of accomplishment. Fix the toaster, repair a drippy faucet, or clean your husband's blood off the bed. It certainly made me feel a lot better.

(big smile)

SHOT

of another card that says: EXHIBIT GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

WOMAN

This is really great. Don't react to criticism with self-justification. Just say "Point well taken." Don't try to defend yourself when you get angry. Stay calm. Don't act irrationally.

(beat)

Don't get the gun, don't ---

SHOT

of another card, one that says PUT ON A PAIR OF HIGH HEELS)

- -

WOMAN

It's amazing, but a couple of inches boost your spirits just as it does your height. Before the police took me down and booked me, I put on a pair of Liz Clairborn pumps. They gave me a lift.

SHOT

of a card that says: REARRANGE YOUR FURNITURE

WOMAN

(cheerfully)

I don't know why this works, but when you're really depressed and feeling like a rotten piece of filth, moving the chaise to the sun deck will refresh you and give you a feeling that you're in control ...

(She stops suddenly, stands up and moves her chair to a different position, then sits back down.)

SHOT

of the last card which says MAKE YOUR CASE WITH BODY LANGUAGE

WOMAN

Why does sitting up straight boost your ego? Who knows! But no matter how bad things are, if you just sit up straight and smile, it always helps.

(She sits straight, looks at the audience with a big smile, and bursts into tears. Her crying is brief.)

WOMAN

Sorry. It's the pressure. Any questions?

(indicates a questioner)

Well, the Grand Jury voted to indict me. The indictment's tomorrow.

(another question)

Innocent, of course. Due to temporary insanity. My lawyer said she wasn't sure how temporary it was due to the fact that anyone would *have* to be insane to stay with Ken as long as I did ...

- -

WOMAN

(beat, back to Wendy)

I just want to close by saying to all the women, the wives and mothers who may be having trouble with a certain person who wears Brut, be strong, take control of your lives, be assertive and have a positive attitude. It can do wonders for you and improve the quality of your life. Look what it's done for me!

(big smile)

End Scene Five

Scene Six

(Theme song for the Rachael Ray Talk Show. Lights up. The Woman is seated being interviewed. She speaks with a lively abandon.)

(There's a stand beside her chair with a telephone sitting on top.)

(On the SCREEN overhead is the newspaper headline: DIRTY HARRIETT INDICTED!)

WOMAN

Yes, Rachael, thank you for having me on your show. I'd like to answer a question one of the journalists said in one of the publications about me being a Godless person.

(beat)

I'm *not* a Godless person! You can't go wrong by putting God first, that's what I've always tried to do.

(a beat)

Early in our marriage I went to church and had the children enrolled in Sunday School, but Ken made such a stink about it, we stopped going. He was an atheist, said the only god was the almighty dollar.

(beat, a question)

"Thou shalt not kill?" Oh, well, I ... a ... slipped up on that one!

(self-conscious laugh,
then another question)

Our sex life? That's personal. I can say, I was never a good actress. I tried it once, faking an orgasm. I broke out laughing. Ken didn't appreciate that.

(looking to her left)

Yes, I *adore* romance novels! I've read everything Barbara Cartland ever wrote.

SHOT

of Barbara Cartland.

WOMAN

You know, a study I read about in "Psychology Today" said that married women who read romance novels have sex 3.04 times a week and wives who don't read romance novels only do it 1.75 times a week. For me it was the exact opposite.

SHOT

of a sign reading $3.04 - 1.75 =$ FOTO OF WOODY ALLEN

WOMAN

(a beat, thinking)

We did it 1.75 times a week. I don't understand how they arrived at the .75 ... unless you count Ken's premature ejaculations ...

SHOT

of a sign reading, OOPS!

WOMAN

(she looks to her right)

What?

(listening)

Somebody's calling? For me?

(to Ray)

Can I take it, Rachael? Is it okay?

(nodding)

Thanks. Is it Fabio?

(laughs)

Just kidding.

(takes phone, to Rachael)

Do you know who it is?

(her face registers
astonishment)

WOMAN

You're kidding? You're KIDDING!! I don't believe you, Rachael, this must be a joke ---!

(into receiver)

Hello?

(beat, she scowls)

I know who this is. Betty Lou, it's not funny!

(slams the receiver down, then to Ray)

I have this friend who does impressions, she's always calling and pretending to be Barbara Streisand or Cher or Janet Reno who has a voice like the CNN guy ...

(in a deep voice)

"This is CNN ..."

(to Ray)

What? You're kidding me, Rachael. That really *was* her? You mean I hung up on ...

SHOT

of Sarah Palin with a ?.

(She's still holding the phone ... it rings again ... she picks up the receiver.)

WOMAN

Hello?

(she nearly faints)

WOMAN

Is it you? Is it really *you!*?

SHOT

of Jodie Foster with a ?.

WOMAN

(big smile)

Oh, God. Oh my God!!

(lowers phone, to Rachael)

It's her, it's really *her!*!

- -

SHOT

of Miss Piggy with a ?.

WOMAN

(into receiver, in
a rush)

I'm so sorry I hung up on you I thought you were
Betty Lou a friend of mine kidding me I'm sorry
I'm really really really sorry I don't believe I'm
talking to you I loved you in "Speed"!

(beat)

SHOT

of Sandra Bullock.

WOMAN

Yes?

(beat)

Yes?

(beat)

Really? It must have been horrible, I mean, to
believe in someone like you did, to think you had
a great marriage, and then have the rug jerked out
from under you ... well, it's yes, it's the same
thing that happened to me. I guess we have a lot
in common.

(another beat)

You did? But you didn't --- well, I'm glad you
resisted the urge ... oh, well, I'm just flattered
that you called and I really appreciate it so much!
Goodbye.

(hangs up and
sits speechless)

I don't believe it. Sandra Bullock called me. She
actually called me on the ---

(to Ray)

You know what she told me? She said when she
found out about his affairs, she wanted to shoot
her husband! Can I have this phone, Rachael?

WOMAN

Can I keep it? Please?

(nodding)

Thank you. I don't know what to say. This is ...
the highlight of my life.

(beat)

There's only one thing missing: I just wish Ken was
here to share it with me.

End Scene Six

Scene Seven

(Lights up. Limbo. The Woman is pacing, talking on her cell phone.)

WOMAN

Icon.

(beat)

Well originally an icon was a religious image painted on a wood panel, but today it means anyone who's famous and respected. Like Sandra Bullock. She's considered an icon. That's why I called her an

(beat)

... No, Momma, I don't think she's particularly religious. I don't think she's religious all. It has nothing to do with her being ...

(beat)

It's just a ... Look. People still refer to you as Mrs. even though you've been divorced for 20 years, right? It's like a hold over. You're not really a Mrs., you're a Ms. or a madam or ...

(beat)

Momma, "madam" is a perfectly legitimate word, it's a form of respect ...

(beat)

True, but not all madams own houses of prostitution. Originally the word was ... it's like icon. Forget it. Anyway, she called me while I was on the show and ...

(beat)

The Rachael Ray Show. I was on several days ago. I told you about it, Momma, I asked you to watch.

(beat, sighs)

You must really be hooked on bingo. Your daughter is on a nationally televised show and you can't even take a few minutes away from yelling "Bingo!" to watch me?

(beat)

Oh? What did your friend say?

(beat, nods)

WOMAN

I haven't been eating much. I haven't been getting much sleep. I didn't think it showed. I'll have to ask the makeup person to use more white liner under my eyes. And I like my hair this way. You told me your friend was bald, right? That's probably why she doesn't like my hair, because it's not on *her* head! Anyway, let's get back to Sandra.

(excited, animated)

Do you know what she said to me? She said she understood why I did what I did. She said she'd wanted to do it herself. Imagine that! Sandra Bullock having the same thoughts I do ...

(beat)

What do you mean, "why" did she call me?

(beat)

What's to understand? She called to be supportive, to tell me she identified with me, with what I did, with my pain, my sense of loss and mourning ...

(beat)

Momma, she wasn't congratulating me for killing Ken, she did it because I finally put my foot down, because I refused to be a victim anymore, because I let Ken know he couldn't treat me like an old door mat. She called because I claimed my right to be respected and ...

(beat)

What does that have to do with anything? No, she didn't call collect! Why would she call collect? She has more money than Saudia Arabia.

(beat, really pissed)

You're not on my side, are you, Momma? You're doing what you've always done, take the other person's side.

(beat)

I know I broke the law. I'm not saying what I did was right. It wasn't. I wish I hadn't done it, but I did. What about Ken? What law did he break? How about "Thou shalt not commit adultery?" Huh? How about that one? Maybe I broke "Thou shalt not kill," but Ken broke "Thou shalt not commit adultery" didn't he? At least I shot him out of righteous indignation. What's his excuse for breaking the adultery commandment?

WOMAN

(beat)

That's not true. We had a good sex life ... up until we got married. I don't know what happened. Maybe he was one of those men who kept a separation between sex and motherhood. Maybe he had trouble having sex with the mother of his children, I don't know. I know you had a good sex life with M.J.

(stops pacing)

I know, Momma, because you hid your diaphragm under our bed so M.J. wouldn't know you were wearing one and Sally, Jorita, and myself always knew when you were doing it with daddy because you'd sneak in in the middle of the night and get it out from under our bed.

(beat)

Alright, Momma, alright, alright! I'm sorry. I don't know why you get upset, you must have known we knew you were having sex with M.J., there were nine of us. Let's get off the subject.

(beat)

Let me just say that I was flattered and honored that Sandra Bullock would call me. Period. End of story. Now, I want to know if you'll come to my trial in a few weeks.

(beat)

Why not? I'd like you to be there. At least come and stay in my house so when I get back each day I'll have you there to talk to ...

(beat)

It's not going to be like "Family Court," Momma, it's a murder trial. More like Perry Mason or L.A. Law. It'll be exciting. I'm sure I'll get off. Pretty sure. If not, maybe we'll try for justifiable homicide. I'd do time for a few years but not long. Murder One, that's what I have to watch out for. Murder One is a bad deal. I could end up getting ---

(shudders)

I don't even want to *think* about it.

(laughs)

WOMAN

Listen to me, I can't believe I'm saying these things.
It's like a dream I'm having. A strange dream.

(beat, wistfully)

If I do have to go to prison ... I wonder if they'll
let me take my "Sheena Easton's 7 Minute
Stomach" video?

End Scene Seven

Scene Eight

(Focused lights up down left. The Woman is standing in a ladies room fixing her hair, looking frazzled. She finishes, stands staring at herself, then looks for and finds a flask in her purse and takes a long swallow. After responding to the taste of gin (she's never been much of a drinker), she screws the lid back on and shakes her head to clear it. A beat while she stands looking into the mirror.

WOMAN

(under her breath
to herself)

I feel fine, I feel just fine, I feel just fine, I feel just fine. I'm alright and I feel just fine. Really just fine. Really fine, fine, fine, fine, fine, fine, fine!
My mouth is functioning, *I'm* functioning. I'm fine.

(a beat, sings)

"Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail, the Caissons go rolling along." Rolling along. They roll. How ... they ... what the hell *is* a caisson anyway? How do I feel? Ask me how I feel. Ask me how I feel ... Just fine, that's how I feel, I'm feeling actually wonderful, I'm feeling actually wonderful, I'm feeling actually. And I'm rolling along. With the Caissons. They roll, I roll. And I'm fine.

(She takes another long drink, straightens her skirt/slacks, and after one last look in the mirror, moves to Center Stage as the lights cross-fade and come up on the Center Stage area. Intro to the Ellen DeGeneres Show booms out, the Woman sits in the interview chair Center Stage as the MUSIC THEME continues. The Woman tries to pretend that her situation is not as desperate as it is and keeps a glued-on smile, even though she's slowly coming apart.)

(On the SCREEN is a photo of ELLEN DEGENERES.)

WOMAN

... and I certainly admire you for what you've done with your life, Ellen, you're well adjusted, you're happy, and you make millions of dollars a year. I'd certainly like to have a little of *that* happiness! Oh, and I just *loved* that show you did with Gwyneth

WOMAN

Paltrow, she's so talented, sings, acts, and just released a couthbook ... cookbook.

(laughs a little
too loudly)

Of course, I'd be happy to answer any questions anyone has ...

(looks Stage Right
into audience)

Yes, they're choosing the jurors right now, they think the trial should start in about two weeks ...

(looks Stage Left
into audience)

Of course I was upset. I think the reason the Grand Jury voted to indict me was because of the large number of rounds I fired at Ken. I obviously shot him, I admit that, the question is, was I "sane" when I did it? That's why they wanted it to go to trial, I guess ...

(looks Stage Center
into audience)

My attorney is Jake Tuvary, he handles high profile cases like mine, he ---

SHOT

of a middle-aged attorney with a huge smile and a light-up bow tie.

WOMAN

(looks Stage Right
into audience)

--- Yes, that's true, his nickname is "Jake the Flake." Well, I think it's because he wears loud ties that light up and he's always pulling practical jokes on opposing counsel and judges. He's "flamboyant," that's what the New York Law Journal called him.

SHOT

of Jake mooning the camera.

- -

WOMAN

But he's a very good lawyer, he has a very high percentage of winning difficult cases ...

(looks Stage Center
into audience)

Well, I heard he put a Whoopee Cushion on a Judge's seat and when she sat down, it sounded like she passed gas ... and once he wore a Groucho nose and smoked a huge cigar on one of his closings ...

SHOT

of Jake wearing a Groucho nose and smoking a cigar.

WOMAN

(another question)

I know Jake handled the trial of Millard Boodle, the serial killer from Ottawa who sold body parts to work his way through Hofstra medical school. And also that man a few years back, you know, in Kennebunkport, who swore eating red meat had killed his wife, so he went into the A&P and shot everyone in the meat department ...

SHOT

of a meat department with bodies draped over the steak and chopped meat counters.

WOMAN

(looks at another
location in the audience)

... I haven't heard that. I think your information is wrong, he's not a mob lawyer. He may have handled some shady characters at some time but not recently. He handles decent, respectable people who ... make a mistake or, well, life just gets to be too much for them and they snap and do something stupid. Like I did. I wouldn't have a mob lawyer, one has to draw the line somewhere.

SHOT

of Tuvare standing beside John Gotti.

WOMAN

(another question)

No, I don't feel I'm "milking what I did for all it's worth" to become famous and rich. I am using the media to get my message across, but I feel it's my duty, my obligation to try to help other women like myself who're having similar problems. A lot of well-known women are doing this. Some write books, others lecture or teach.

SHOT

of a stripper.

WOMAN

I ... go on talk shows and talk about murdering my husband.

(clears her throat,
then another question)

No, I wasn't. Drugs sap your energy and do funny things to your liver.

(another question)

Where did you hear that?

(beat)

As far as I know Mr. Tuvare wasn't barred in New York. But I'll check it out. Yes?

(indicating another
questioner)

My children are on my side 100%. They wish I could have found another way to sever my relationship with their father, but they understand. They say they understand. I think they understand.

(another question)

No, just that once. My neck was a little raw for a few days, but I recovered fully.

(another question,
she shakes her head "no")

WOMAN

I've never had an urge to try it again. Suicide is wrong and I think Hitler should have faced the music.

(to Ellen)

Hitler had nothing to do with that question, Ellen, sometimes I make funny connections.

(another question)

Yes. Cher is going to play me. Yes?

(another question ...

the Woman registers

anger)

Same to you.

(another question)

No, I'm not advocating keeping guns in the house. Guns are trouble. If Ken hadn't had guns in the house, who knows ...

(another question)

Yes, I have received death threats over the phone. I've changed my number twice.

(another question)

That's a misquote. I only said the person making the threats *sounded* like my minister. I'm sure it wasn't him.

SHOT

of a minister looking accusingly at the camera.

WOMAN

(another question,

a long one)

Of course you doubt it, Beth, you're Ken's sister, I'd expect you to believe the best about him and the worst about me, but look. Lots of people knew he was having affairs, I'm not the only one. Melissa admitted it ...

(beat)

Well then she's changing her story. He'd been seeing her for ...

(beat)

I know because she was there in bed with him, Beth! I saw her!

WOMAN

(beat)

Well, she's lying! It's not my word against hers.
I have a lot of proof ...

SHOT

again of Melissa's rear end. This time she's pointing to it.

WOMAN

(beat)

I was always plucking her long blond hairs off his
shirts and his shorts reeked of her perfume!

(beat)

I think it was Chanel #5.

(nods, pleasantly
conversational)

Yes, I used to wear it too but now it reminds me
of the incident so I switched to Caroline Herrera.

(back to serious
and another question)

It's true I shot Ken on Friday the 13th, but I'm not
superstitious. I don't think I am. Am I?

(thinking, to herself)

I did break my hand-mirror that morning and later
I went out without my lip balm. But I thought
everything would be okay because the moon was
in the ascendency and the Dallas Cowboys had
just won another game.

SHOT

of the Cowboys on the field.

WOMAN

(another question)

The lie detector test didn't go well. I was nervous
and upset. I felt guilty about shooting Ken so every
question I answered, my heart was beating a mile a
minute. My attorney thought it would be helpful in

WOMAN

proving a lack of premeditation and I *am* an honest person, so I figured, what could I lose? The leading question was "Did I plan to kill my husband?" I didn't, but each time the question came up, I felt so guilty the needle zig-zagged all over the place. It's okay, though, I don't think they can use the lie detector results in California courts so it won't...

(a statement from
the audience)

They can? Oh. Thank you.

(a statement from Ellen)

Thank you, Ellen. I feel very confident that all's going to go well at the trial. It's going to be in Orange county, California. We have joint residency, an apartment in New York City and a home in Malibu but because I shot him in California, the trial will be here. We don't know who the judge will be yet. Jake says there's only one magistrate we have to watch out for. His name is Leo Smackler, I think. He's known as the hanging judge.

SHOT

of cartoon character Yosemite Sam holding a noose.

WOMAN

The term's a throwback to the old west. What it means is he tends to go for murder one and the death penalty. But Jake's not worried. He says we have a good case. And I believe in Mr. Tuvary, no matter what the New York Bar Association says.

(a question)

No, I didn't know that. Well, see, that proves it wasn't premeditated. If I'd premeditated it, I'd have shot him in New York where they don't have the death penalty. I really don't think I have to worry about that, though. I'm *not* going to worry about it.

(starts to perspire
heavily)

WOMAN

Worry just makes you upset, it's counterproductive, just negative energy. The thing to do is focus on right now, on you, Ellen, on ---

(starts to hyperventilate)

--- is it getting warm in here? I *love* your nails, Ellen! You have very appealing cuticles, what are they? Fan-shaped? I love the way they kind of arch up there ...

(struggling)

... now mine, they're oval-shaped, I have to use subtle polish, see, my skin type is yellow-based. The way you find out what skin type you are is by holding the underside of your wrist up to a bright light, your skin will either have a pink or a yellow tinge, you know, so I wear, being yellow tinged, I wear, a, peaches and corals ...

(quick subject change)

Deepak Chopra, you know about him? He's a very positive man, a doctor, he wrote a, what was it, a, "Ageless Body, Timeless Mind," a very helpful book, it, a, you should wear plum polish with your, they'll compliment your cuticles, Ellen. I don't feel good ---!

(she passes out)

End Scene Eight

Scene Nine

(Theme song for the Maury Povich Talk Show swells, then dies out as the lights come up on the Woman, slightly intoxicated and looking stunning in a green suit.)

(On the SCREEN overhead is a newspaper headline reading: DIRTY HARRIETT'S BEST FRIEND REVEALS ALL!)

WOMAN

Yes, Maury, I do feel betrayed. When something like this happens, that's when you find out who your friends really are. I thought Joanmarie was my bosom buddy, but I found out she's selling her version of the story to the New York Post for \$25,000! I couldn't believe it! I never in my wildest dreams would have imagined she'd do something like *that!* I mean, I revealed intimate things to her, what I told her was in strict confidence because I thought she was my friend, because I thought she was someone I could trust. She must really need the money. And she's not the only one. The man who picks up our garbage is writing about the kind of garbage we had ...

SHOT

of a garbage man in front of the white picket fence in front of the Woman's house with a big smile holding a banana peel in one hand and an apple core in the other.

WOMAN

... the postman's writing about our mail ...

SHOT

of the mailman with a big smile in front of the Woman's home, standing behind the mailbox, his elbow on the mailbox with his head resting on his hand and holding a Netflix envelope ...

WOMAN

... and our druggist is being interviewed on CNN.
Where does it stop?

- -

SHOT

of druggist in his white uniform being interviewed by a CNN reporter.

WOMAN

(beat)

Yes, Maury, the trial is tomorrow. My lawyer counseled me to stay home and rest up but, just sitting around thinking about it made me nervous, so I decided to accept your invitation and come on your show instead. Thank you for asking me.

(a question from Maury)

I have a new one. Marvin Belli.

SHOT

of Marvin Belli.

WOMAN

I fired the Flake. He was a little too exotic. I didn't think the jury would take a lawyer seriously who wore sneakers with neon lights.

(she drinks from
her flask)

Cough medicine.

(faking a cough)

I've been feeling a little under the weather lately.

SHOT

of the Woman in the Inquirer holding a bottle of gin, hair askew, and obviously drunk.

WOMAN

(taking an adjustment)

Do you mind if we don't talk about it? The trial? The shooting? My attorney thought it would be better if I didn't, you know, in case I say something incredible ... incriminating ... inCRIMinating!

(a too-bright laugh)

Some words are *so* hard to pronounce, aren't they? Another one I'm having trouble with is ---

- -

WOMAN

(pronouncing it carefully)

--- cul--pa--bil--i--ty. I usually leave out the "I" and say cupability or ... something silly like that ... Anyway, I'd like to answer some of the people who've been saying terrible things about me that I don't understand. It's like they're talking about someone I don't even know ... I'm not an evil, conniving person, I was brought up to be thoughtful, to be considerate, honest and church-going. If I'm one thing, I'm honest. I've never lied or cheated, not even on my income tax. Well, I did win \$23.00 in Atlantic City, I never reported that, but another time I lost \$30.00 so I figured I was even.

(to Maury)

--- Specifically? Well, for instance, one of the papers said that an authority told them he thought I planned the whole thing, that I *knew* Ken was going to be there that Tuesday night and that I purposely laid in wait for him, that my motive was not only revenge but to collect the insurance money. I didn't even know Ken *had* insurance on himself. Maybe I did, but it wasn't something I ever thought about. I think he had insurance of some kind but I was never really aware of exactly what it was.

(back to Murray)

Anyway, I don't even remember having a motive. I just reacted. Like a hockey puck. You get hit, you react.

SHOT

of headline saying: TRIAL OF HOCKEY PUCK KILLER BEGINS TOMOROW!

WOMAN

The lid blew off. All those years he'd been playing around I'd tried to look the other way, to ignore it, to tell myself it wasn't going on, that I was mistaken. Then when it became too obvious to ignore, I tried to rationalize it, to tell myself it was something I could handle. When I confronted Ken with it, he

- -

WOMAN

denied it each time. I asked him to go for counseling but he laughed. Joanmarie said I should have an affair of my own but I could never do that, it's devious and tacky. I just didn't know what to do, Maury, so finally, in deep desperation, I wrote Dear Abby. She was very helpful.

SHOT

of Abby

WOMAN

(takes letter out
of her purse)

I carry her letter with me wherever I go. It says:

(reading)

"I thoroughly understand your plight and my sympathies go out to you. After careful consideration of your situation, my suggestion is that you shoot the son-of-a-bitch between the eyes with either an M-16 or a 12 gauge shotgun with ---"

(squinting at letter)

Sorry, Maury, wrong one. That's a letter I received from a friend in the NRA.

(takes out a
second letter)

"Dear Deep: You are not alone. According to Masters and Johnson, 80% of married men play around in America. The other 20% play around in Europe. There's a lot of male cheating going around, but only 15% of married women cheat. So it's a problem most of us have to deal with at some time or another."

(puts letter down)

She goes on to say I should talk to Ken about it and if he won't listen, to speak with my minister. She also gave me a hot line to call. It was helpful.

SHOT

of the admonition: DON'T SHOOT! DIAL 800-555-5454

- -

WOMAN

(puts letters away)

I just feel so bad about all this.

(beat, thoughtfully)

I did a terrible thing, I know that. I can't excuse it.

I took a life. I think about Ken all the time ...

(beat)

... I keep seeing him the day we got married. He looked so happy, so *young!*

(she breaks into

tears, then recovers)

We were in our early 20's, we got married in the Little Church Around the Corner.

SHOT

of the church.

WOMAN

It was the most wonderful day of my life! We were really in love. Everything went perfectly except for one little thing: when the ceremony and reception were over, we ran out to the car laughing and Ken stepped on something dead lying near the curb. It was a dead rat or a squirrel. We noticed the smell when we got in the car.

(pause, she thinks)

Sometimes I wonder if that was an omen of how things were going to go with the marriage. With life. That's the way it is, isn't it? You're strolling along down life's path, everything is great, then you step on something ripe. I guess if there's any advice I could give to young women getting married it would probably be, park the car in the driveway so you can see where you're walking. Anyway, thanks for having me on. Say hello to Connie for me. I still remember the time she said the "s" word on TV!

(waves)

Hi, Connie!

SHOT

of Connie Chung.

End Scene Nine

- -

Scene Ten

(The Woman is sitting Stage Left under a hair dryer and talking on the phone.)

WOMAN

I'll pay for everything, mother, think of it as a vacation. You don't even have to come to the courtroom, I'd just like you to be here for moral support and ...

(beat)

... are you watching television?

(nodding)

... uh huh ... What's Vanna wearing?

(nodding)

Yes, I agree, she's much too thin. Anyway, I ...

(beat)

... what are the letters?

(beat)

...J A blank K, blank H E and blank blank P P E R?

Mother, I think it's "Jack The Ripper!"

(beat)

It is? I'm right? See, I would have won. Anyway, please try and ... well, yes, I do have friends, but they have lives, momma, I can't expect them to hold my hand through this thing ... and besides, no one can take the place of family ...

(Hurt but trying not to show it)

WOMAN

Okay. I understand, don't worry about it. I have my Weight Watchers friends. And Lipshitz. Lipshitz is very understanding. He'll be waiting for me every day when I get home. He's good at fetching. Maybe he'll be able to fetch my life back for me.

(hangs up and looks front)

Arf, arf.

End Scene Ten

Scene Eleven

(The theme song for the Howard Stern TV Show on the E! cable network swells. As the lights come up, the Woman is discovered sitting facing front taking a long swig from her flask. She finishes and looks at the audience with half-closed lids as she drunkenly screws the cap back on.)

(On the SCREEN is the caption: "THE HOWARD STERN SHOW" with a foto of Stern.)

WOMAN

(staring at audience)

What are *you* looking at?

(She looks up at Stern on her left)

WOMAN

Would you mind sitting down, Howard? I'm getting a crick in my neck.

(She adjusts to him as he sits.)

WOMAN

Thank you. I must say, you're the biggest talk show host I've ever encountered.

(Beat, then a sardonic look at his crotch.)

WOMAN

No, Howard, I was referring to your height, get your mind out of the gutter.

SHOT

of Stern's book, Private Parts.

WOMAN

(beat)

No, I haven't read "Parts" yet. I figured I wouldn't have to 'cause you'd show 'em to me.

(beat)

WOMAN

Yes, the trial is over and as you probably know,
it didn't go well. The ---

(beat as she
looks at Howard)

What does the size of my breasts have to
do with my trial?

(Beat as she watches Stern get up and cross behind her.)

WOMAN

Howard?! What are you --- get away!

(Swatting at him as he tries to see what her bra size is.)

WOMAN

Get away, Howard! HOWARD! ALRIGHT, IT'S
34-D, 34-D! OKAY?!

(She relaxes as Howard goes back to his chair Stage Left and sits.)

WOMAN

Why don't you GROW UP!? Why are you so
fixated on *SEX*?!

(She readjusts her seat, then to Howard.)

WOMAN

Well, I think you *should* look into it. Why
don't you ask Dr. Ruth?

(Turns to her right, smiles sweetly.)

WOMAN

What do you think, Dr. Ruth?

SHOT

of Dr. Ruth under the heading, "MASTURBATION WITH DR. RUTH."

- -

WOMAN

(listens)

Really? Not breast feeding a baby can do that?

(to Howard)

Were you breast fed?

(beat)

No, Howard, not last night. When you were a baby.

(Beat, then to Dr. Ruth.)

WOMAN

There goes that theory.

(back to Howard)

Anyway, I thought you had me on your show to talk about my trial. You're the "King of all Media," right? The "Shock Jock!?" You want to know the gory details, don't you?

(nods)

Okay.

SHOT

of newspaper headlines: "DIRTY HARRIETT GUILTY!" and underneath: "HOCKEY PUCK' GOING TO PRISION"

WOMAN

(looking front)

Well, by now you all know the verdict. I was found guilty by the jury on all counts, including Murder One. The Judge, Leo Smackler, let me out until the sentencing in two weeks. I guess he figured where would I run? "America's Most Wanted" would track me down within hours.

Anyway I'm not the type. I'm an honest person and I won't try to get out of paying whatever price I have to pay for my deed. What I did was wrong and ---

(to her Left)

Howard, get your hand off my knee.

WOMAN

(beat)

Now the other hand.

(beat)

Thank you. Excuse me.

(She takes another long swig from her flask.)

SHOT

of newspaper headline: "SAL CAPONE SENTENCING IN TWO WEEKS!"

WOMAN

What it all came down to, the jury felt that the number of rounds I fired at Ken went beyond the spur-of-the-motion passion and made it look like a vicious act with the intent to do bodily injury, or something like that. They didn't understand.

(looking at Dr. Ruth)

There were 6 men and 5 women, Dr. Ruth. I thought the women would understand but I guess they didn't. Two of the psychiatrists found that I was temporarily insane but the other one said I knew what I was doing.

SHOT

of the Woman wearing a straight jacket.

(To Howard, shaking her head.)

WOMAN

No, Howard, I don't think that's a good idea.

(beat)

Because the FCC would black out the show if we all took our clothes off. Stop bringing up sex! I need to talk about this! I need to communicate! Sex is what got me into all this!

(A long-suffering look at Dr. Ruth.)

WOMAN

We're going to appeal of course, and F. Lee Bailey thinks I have a good chance of having the verdict overturned ...

SHOT

of F. Lee Bailey

WOMAN

(to Howard)

... Marvin Belli did an excellent job but I felt I needed someone with a fresh approach. Lee is a wonderful lawyer, he had me take another lie detector test. The salient question was, "Was my act pre-mediated" .. and I passed! It can't be used in court, but ...

(Sipping from the flask,
to herself)

I don't know ... I don't know where I went wrong ... all I ever wanted was to fall in love, get married, have children and be a grandmother ...

SHOT

of a Norman Rockwell painting of a grandmother and grandfather serving a turkey to a big family. It's called, "FREEDOM FROM WANT."

WOMAN

I don't know what happened ... I tried to be a good wife and mother, I did everything right. I went to PTA meetings, I darned socks, changed diapers, fixed lunches ...

(to Howard with
a dazed look)

... usually peanut butter and jelly. I always included an apple or piece of fruit. Ken was Catholic so on Fridays it was tuna before the Church changed its mind ...

SHOT

of a hamburger with an X superimposed on it.

WOMAN

(introspecting)

... I subscribed to Look and Life Magazine and Reader's Digest and Good Housekeeping. I had a flower garden and learned to cook Szechuan food ... and there's a little joke about that. "How do you cook a Szechuan dish?"

SHOT

of a heading that says: "FIRST YOU STEAL A CHINESE COOKBOOK!"

WOMAN

I did aerobics, watched my fat intake, exfoliated my lips regularly and used a Libman Wonder Mop. I even found out how to keep candle wax from spoiling our holiday tablecloth.

(Leaning forward toward audience,)

WOMAN

What you do is first, scrape off the wax, then you get four paper towels, put two under the stained spot and two on top of it, then press it very gently with a warm iron. Very gently. Very, very gently. Then all you do is remove any trace of wax with your favorite dry-cleaning fluid. It works every time. I also found a secret for reheating popped pop corn. See, what you do is reheat the oven and ...

(to Howard, flaring)

No, Howard, I don't want to *dance!* I want to talk about this, to share my pain, to try and communicate my feelings about the verdict. What's your problem, huh? Be serious!

(another sip)

Where was I? Oh, yes, the popcorn. You put the already popped popcorn on a cookie sheet, leave it in for a few

WOMAN

minutes and when you take it out, it's just like it was freshly popped! Works every time, it ---

(to Howard)

No, Howard, I don't know any dirty jokes! I don't tell dirty jokes! I'm trying to ...

(listens, big sigh)

Alright, Howard, alright, I'll go along with the gag. How *do* you play golf in the snow?

(beat)

SHOT

of the reply: "WEAR GLOVES AND PAINT YOUR BALLS RED!"

WOMAN

Very funny. I'm trying to keep this whole thing out of the gutter but you keep pulling it back.

(she gives in)

Well, you know what? I give up! You want to get into the sexual thing, right!?! *RIGHT!!??* Alright, Howard, baby, *YOU GOT IT!!!*

(She stands up weaving and wobbling.)

WOMAN

(signaling with her thumbs)

Here it is, Buddy boy! Whatta ya' say? You wanna do it with "Dirty Harriett?" You want a quickie with "Sal Capone?" You wanna muck with the puck? Let's get your staff in on this ...

(She looks offstage shouts)

COME ON, ROBIN, COME ON BABA BOOEY, STUTTERING JOHN GORILLA, GET IT OUT HERE!

(to audience)

How about the rest 'a 'ya? I'll take ya' all on! Hey, Dr. Ruth, how's about it?! *You* want in on some a' this action? How 'bout you, me an' Howard in a "menage

\

- -

WOMAN

a twat?" Huh!?! The both of you wanna ring my bell?
You wanna part my waters? How about it Howard,
boobala, you all *TALK* and no *SHOW!* Huh? *HUH!!!*

(She holds her flask to the sky.)

WOMAN

Here's to you, Hillary! I'll shtupn your whole village!

(She drains the flask and throws it aside, then begins bumping and grinding as sexy music comes in and the lights dim.)

End Scene Eleven

Scene Twelve

(Lights up on the Woman wearing a jacket with orange trim that could easily be considered chic and fashionable but could also pass for prison garb. She's talking on the phone stage left.)

WOMAN

So how's Lipshitz, Mother? Behaving himself?

(nods)

That's his fifth litter this year, isn't it? I always knew he had it in him.

SHOT

of a Labrador Retriever

WOMAN

(beat)

Oh, I'm just fine. I was calling to ask ... now I know you don't like to travel, but, well, this is a special occasion.

(beat)

Can't you make an exception, it's my execution. Geraldo's nice, he'll make you feel right at home.

(beat)

Alright, I understand. I don't want to deprive you of your bingo. I expected it, you didn't come to my graduation from high school, either.

(beat)

I know, Mother, you were always exhausted. I would be too if I'd had nine kids. Don't worry about it.

(beat)

No, all the appeals are exhausted. I'm hoping to hear from the Governor. If I do, I'll be calling. If not, enjoy your creamed corn.

(The Woman hangs up, then crosses to the chair Down Left that has arms as the lights cross-fade. This is the electric chair. It's been decorated with flowers, brightly covered knits, the arm straps are yellow and the leg straps are blue. The head fitting has cute little mouse ears.)

(The Woman sits in the chair as the lights come up. She's vivacious and buoyant, covering her fear. She's wearing a red jacket.)

(On the screen is a newspaper headline reading: "WILL THE "PUCK" GET A REPRIEVE?")

WOMAN

(to Geraldo)

Thank you for being here, Geraldo, and the first thing I'd like to do is apologize to all of America for my disgusting performance on the Howard Stern Show. I was under a lot of pressure, what can I say. I lost my shit.

(catching herself)

Ooops! Sorry, I shouldn't say that on Television, should I? Well, this is a special occasion, though, so ...

(The lights dim momentarily, then come back up)

WOMAN

What was that? ... Oh. It's working okay?

(Nods, looking off to her right)

WOMAN

Oh. Good. We used to have a lot of trouble with our electric wiring at home so I bought a lot of extra fuses ... I'd let you have them but I don't know where they are since the house got sold ...

SHOT

of the house with white picket fence. A big "X" is superimposed over the face of the photo.

WOMAN

(back to Geraldo)

Anyway, I'm really glad you could be here, Geraldo. Of all the shows I've been on and all the hosts I've seen, I have to say that you're the most understanding. I saw your "Women In Prison" documentary in 2000. It was very impressive. Little did I know then that ...

(She makes an uneasy adjustment)

- -

WOMAN

(to Geraldo)

I have the feeling you really care. I know this show will send your ratings through the roof, but I have the feeling you really care about me. Personally. Don't you, Geraldo?

(nods)

I don't know what I'd have done without all my talk show friends.

(to audience)

Many of you are here tonight and I really appreciate your support ... Joan, Regis and Kelly ... and Maury and Connie and Oprah and Barbara, Wendy, and there's my favorite, Sandra Bullock. Thank you all for coming ... and I want to thank the Los Angeles Department of Corrections for allowing Geraldo to film this, to allow me to have all my friends around at ... this particular time.

(looks up)

Do you mind if Geraldo straps my arms down? I'd really appreciate it.

(beat)

Thanks. No, it's not too tight.

(The Woman looks up and to her right, listening.)

WOMAN

Last words, last words ... Yes, I do have some last words. How many can I have?

(beat)

What's reasonable? See, a man's idea of reasonable isn't necessarily the same as a woman's, it has to do with framing and conversational styles and assumptions so ... if I go on a little longer than you think I should, Warden, I hope you'll understand ... and by the way, Warden, thank you for letting me spruce up the electric chair. It's so drab. I feel it's really cute now, don't you think? I wanted to go out in style and I'm grateful you let me decorate.

(big sigh)

WOMAN

(to audience)

Finally, Let me say that, if I had it all to do over again, I don't think I'd get married. I think I'd be a little more selfish and take better care of my own needs, my own wants, and try to fulfill those instead of taking care of everybody else. If I've learned anything from this, I think it's that I am a person and I have rights just like anybody else does and I wish I'd been taught that when I was growing up. Instead of a doll, maybe I would have liked to have a toy car or even a cowboy hat or a Swiss Army Knife. Maybe things would have been different.

(looking up)

I was just wondering a ... Am I the first person from Northwestern to be executed?

SHOT

of a sign that reads: "NORTHWESTERN 1
OHIO STATE 0"

WOMAN

(brighter, more
anxious)

Now I'm going to practice what I preached and sit up straight ...

(she sits up straight)

... and hold a positive thought like McCall's Confident Woman. I'm wearing my high heels, see...?

(She tries to hold up her shoe.)

WOMAN

I'm wearing red ... I'm going out with confidence in myself and the future ...

(a second thought)

... well, maybe not the future. At least not here but ...

- -

(A furtive look, more anxious.)

WOMAN

Can I have a few more words?

(disappointed)

Oh. Well, alright.

(to audience
and Geraldo)

Thanks, mom, for taking care of Lipshitz! Thanks to the producers of this show for letting me share my last moments with America! Thanks to you Geraldo, I've always loved your hair, do you use minoxidil?

(calling out)

Oh. KILLER "ACE" KAGEL IN CELL NUMBER 3? IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, I WANT YOU TO HAVE MY PINK LACE CURTAINS AND KNITTED TOILET SEAT!

(to audience)

Oh, and Barbara? I never sent you that recipe for "Killer Brownies!" Here it is ...

(more quickly)

... use *brown sugar*, that's the secret, also three sticks of butter, *NOT MARGARIN*, margarin would ruin it, and ...

(louder and
quicker)

... *FRESH PECANS!!* Also a dollop of peanut butter, not too much or it will ...

(The lights dim, then immediately come back up.)

WOMAN

(to her right)

What happened? You blew a fuse, didn't you? How many amps does this thing take anyway?

(a beat)

Oh? It's probably the wiring, have you tried ... Oh, good. I'm glad it wasn't major. It's an amazing gismo isn' it, the electric chair? We've come a long way since old Ben Franklin ...

SHOT

of Franklin flying his kite with a key attached at the bottom of the string.

WOMAN

Isn't progress wonderful?

(to audience)

Goodbye, everybody, and Wa-Wa? For God's sake,
DON'T OVERCOOK, OKAY!?

(The lights dim for about 10 seconds, then come up again to full. The Woman is still seated in the chair.)

SHOT

of two angels holding a sign between them saying, 'WELCOME, MARCIA!'

(She looks around as if she's in a strange place. Suddenly her face registers recognition.)

WOMAN

Ken? What are you doing here?

(beat)

What people? Why did they want *you* to meet me?

(beat)

Oh. You mean it's not over? We still have to work it out?

(beat)

Okay, I can handle that.

(beat as she gets up)

Ken? You're not mad at me, are you?

End scene Twelve

THE END