

EXTREME FAKEOVER

by John C. Havens



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At Rise: BARBARA and BOB, hosts of the show, spring onto the stage.

BOB: Hi, I'm Bob Shallow!

BARB: And I'm Barb Banal. Welcome to the show documenting America's passion for butchery into beauty -

BOTH: Extreme Fakeover!

BOB: The show that begs the question: "How much can you nip and tuck before your neck erupts when you sneeze?"

BARB: And: "Is it inappropriate to carry and use your portable liposuction machine after every meal?"

BOB: Great question, Barb. Let's go to Obesity, South Carolina where Margo Hipwobbler is waiting to answer that very question.

(BARB spins around and becomes MARGO.)

MARGO: ***(Southern dialect)*** Hi Barb and Bob. People have just got to get over themselves when it comes to Lipo'n yerself in public. Portable liposuction machine'll only cost ya 'bout a hundred dollars, or you can do what I did and get your brother to reverse the motor on your leaf blower and attach the hose right to your thighs. Crank that puppy up and you'll drain that blubber fastern' a shook up Pepsi can.
(spins back around and becomes BARB)

BOB: Fabulous, Margo! Hey, Barb, did you notice she had a zipper attached to her hips?

BARB: I sure did, Bob. That's so she can remove any excess poundage with a simple zip and tuck.

BOB: All right, then. Well, let's meet our first contestant for tonight's "Extreme Fakeover."

BARB: We take you to Moscow where we'll meet Yevgeny Tripimov who suffers from an embarrassing and mysterious third leg attached to his left elbow.

(BOB spins around and become YEVGENY. HE turns to the side and puts his right hand on his elbow to look like his foot. If props are used, HE can attach a sneaker to his hand.)

YEVGENY: ***(Russian accent)*** Helloski, Barb and Bob. Goot to see you.

BARB: Good to see you, Yevgeny. Well, I wish I could say something trite like you're still a beautiful person even with your horribly

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grotesque redundant appendage. But I can't, **(holds up her fingers as she counts off the reasons)** because a) I'm seconds away from hurling because of your extraneous limb, a thought that terrifies me since when I gag my new chin slips below my Adam's apple, and b) I can't say you're still a beautiful person because I think it's a bucket of crap.

YEVGENY: What ees this word 'redundant'?

BARB: It means **(cups her hands around her mouth and yells)** YOU DISGUST ME.

YEVGENY: What are we discussing?

BARB: Your bowel loosening freako-leg.

YEVGENY: Da, I have job offer at Russian Circus.

BARB: Okay, Yevgeny, can you hear me?

YEVGENY: Da.

BARB: Great. SHUTY UPSKI. You aren't worth listening to until we fix your horrible-ness, okay? Nobody likes the "Before" picture, just the "After" picture. **(She pauses. YEVGENY freezes in place with a confused smile.)** Good. Now I understand you want some other minor work done to your body while our doctors exorcise your gangly man-paw?

(YEVGENY nods and begins to spin around in a slow circle similar to "Extreme Makeover" while BARB talks about his changes in a CHEESY ANNOUNCER GUY voice. The idea here is that CHEESY ANNOUNCER GUY is a voiceover allowing BOB to point to or extend the various body parts being mentioned.)

CHEESY ANNOUNCER GUY: Yevgeny's extra leg will be removed at his left elbow, allowing for normal arm movement and a spare sneaker. All of his teeth are being removed and replaced with Chicklets, and his armpits will be lined with shag rug. Both eyes will be extracted and switched for sheer amusement, while an unnecessary and cumbersome third buttock will be inserted as a practical joke requested by Yevgeny's brother.

(BARB, as a doctor, walks to YEVGENY and mimes doing the mentioned surgeries. This should be choreographed so each operation can be mimed for its full comedic effect. When finished, YEVGENY stands smiling, a bit lopsided and somewhat confused.)

BARB: So how do you feel, Yevgeny?

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(YEVGENY blinks a lot due to his eye switch and scratches his armpits. Every few seconds HE stands on his tiptoes and grimaces, uncomfortable with his new buttock.)

YEVGENY: I experee-ence horrible, blinding pain, but I know bee-cos I am now beeutifol, nothing else matters.

BARB: Good answer! And as a thank you for being on our show, we've shellacked your festering lame-o leg and turned it into a chair.

YEVGENY: ***(looking at the imaginary leg, blinking, and scratching his backside)*** Spasebo ***(means thank you in Russian)***. I weel license design for IKEA and then sell it on Ebay.

BARB: Hey, only one product placement per freak or I don't get the residuals I deserve.

(YEVGENY spins around to become BOB.)

BOB: Well, hey, Yevgeny, good to see you're doing okay now that you're beautiful and back in the U.S.S.R.

BARB: The U.S.S.R. doesn't exist anymore, Bob. The Cold War is over.

BOB: Well, ***(pointing to his head and then nodding at BARB)*** looks like someone got their cerebral cortex nicked while suffering through a bungled hairweave! Anyhoo, let's move on to our next contestant, Spanky Moansalot from Westminster, Ohio.

BARB: Great. What bit of human biological perversion does Spanky suffer from?

BOB: Well, she's got a Nerf ball instead of a tongue. ***(BARB spins around and becomes SPANKY.)*** Hi, Spanky, can you hear me, darlin'? ***(SPANKY responds by yelling in a muffled voice, much like the sound of a dying moose.)*** Right-o! So how long has your tongue been a Nerf ball?

SPANKY: Mlllllaatooonerrd.

BOB: Including weekends?

SPANKY: Spooooorlatskol.

BOB: You mean the periodic table of the elements or more like Newtonian physics?

SPANKY: Ort ort spulange spulange spulange squishy squishy toot my pants tootalootaloot.

BOB: ***(as if answering her comment)*** Ah, seven. Well, moving on, let's see what changes we have in store for you, shall we, dearie?

(SPANKY spins around like "Extreme Makeover." This time, where appropriate, SPANKY moans while BOB does CHEESY ANNOUNCER GUY voice. The joke here is that HE's translating what SHE's saying which doesn't make sense as SHE wouldn't be

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doing the voiceover anyway. Also, in this scenario as the ANNOUNCER lists off the various operations, SPANKY acts them out at the same time.)

CHEESY ANNOUNCER GUY: Spanky has chosen to have her nerf-tongue replaced with a golf club. **(SPANKY sticks out her tongue, possibly miming the golf club in her mouth with her arm.)** A chin tuck. **(SPANKY tucks in her chin.)** A chin untuck. **(SPANKY thrusts out her chin.)** A chin re-tuck. **(SPANKY thrusts out her chin, moaning this time as SHE does.)** And a 'how - much - chin - would - a - chin - tuck - tuck - if - a - chin - tuck - could - tuck - wood' bypass. **(SPANKY acts this out.)** Sideways walking, backwards flapping arms, smiling like a banshee, head swirling, chicken dancing, chin back to normal, never should have touched it in the first place. **(SPANKY stops moving, breathing heavily.)** Spanky has also opted to have both breasts removed and replaced with thermoses, a latte machine installed in one ear, and a milk machine in the other.

SPANKY: **(breaks from her miming to address the audience)** I'm hoping to get a job at Starbucks. **(returns to SPANKY position)**

CHEESY ANNOUNCER GUY: Lastly she wants a tattoo of the front of herself tattooed onto her back so people will never know if she's coming or going, plus she won't have to worry anymore about the size of her butt anymore. Doctors, do your magic! **(BOB spins around and becomes a doctor, wildly miming in front of SPANKY while SHE does her Nerf-ball moans. After a moment of this, they stop spinning.)**

BOB: **(as himself)** Well, what do you say, Spanky? Can you learn to talk with that golf club in your mouth?

SPANKY: **(trying to talk)** Msrewkerknoodle....

BOB: Yes?

SPANKY: Turfen turfen lawnen mowen...

BOB: Right?

SPANKY: **(louder)** Scropendoogiehouserleiderhosen!

BOB: Sure.

SPANKY: **(breaking character and addressing audience)** I'm still not happy with my chin. **(turns around and becomes BARB)**

BOB: Now there's a gal you want on the green with you.

BARB: I know, Bob. A five iron and a latte all at the same time.

BOB: Well, now's the time on the show when we take an email request from one of our viewers. Now did I miss something because of my medulla oblongata being the size and shape of a distilled raisin? What's this email thingie?

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BARB: It's how the ugly people who don't use picture view on their cell phones communicate. But don't worry about it, Bob, I'll read the email for you. ***(pretends to read the viewer's email)*** Your show is a violent aberration of anything even quasi, remotely related to entertainment or medicine. I loathe the condescending, belittling, one-sided, fatuous, excuses for human beings that you *aren't*. Since you have to take my request and do whatever extreme fakeover I ask, I want you and Bob to physically remove each other's heads and glue them onto one another's shoulders. P.S. I loved the third buttock thing with the Russian guy.

(BARB and BOB are momentarily stunned.)

BOB: Well, officially we do have to do what he asks.

BARB: I know. If my face could move I'd frown, but if I do I'll tear my forehead in two.

BOB: It's times like this I wish my teeth were Chicklets.

BARB: Well... shall we?

BOB: I suppose we shall.

(BARB and BOB, with much grunting, shrieking, and general carrying on, remove each other's heads and place them on one another's shoulders. When finished they both stand for a moment, adjusting to their new bodies.)

BARB: ***(in deeper voice, with BOB's head)*** I'm Bob Shallow.

BOB: ***(in a higher voice, with BARB's head)*** And I'm Barb Banal.

Thanks for watching "Extreme Fakeover."

BARB: Want to trade heads back?

BOB: Nah. Let's give ourselves nerf tongues!

BARB: ***(excited)*** Okay!

(They pull out their tongues and replace them with Nerf tongues, running offstage, moaning like SPANKY did.)

END OF PLAY



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