

The Bo Show is a small girl's fantasy of a television talk show that takes elements from *Oprah*, *Jerry Springer* and *Maury*.

Characters:

Mommy

Katie, *her daughter*

Bo Peep, *the talk show host*

Missy Muffet

Dixie, *her baby*

Raspberry, *a spider*

Ruthann Dumpty, *Humpty's widow*

Sergeant William Winkie, *a boot camp sargeant*

Egg Girl, *one of Ruthann's children*

Jack Spratt

Jill Spratt, *his wife*

The Bo Show

A typical nursery room. MOMMY is reading a book of Mother Goose's Nursery Rhyme to her daughter, KATIE.

MOMMY

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet-

KATIE

Mommy, what's a tuffet?

MOMMY

(laughs, thinks, pauses unknowingly) ... eating her curds and whey, but along came a spider and sat down beside her, and frightened Miss Muffet away!

KATIE

Yeah! Mommy, one more! Please!

MOMMY

Okay, Katie *(reading)*. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, humpty dumpty had a great fall...

KATIE

Mommy—

MOMMY
Yes, Katie?

KATIE
What's a junky-ho?

MOMMY
(beat) Where did you learn that word?

KATIE
I heard it on the TV show?

MOMMY
Katie! Daytime smut is not for little girls!

KATIE
Oh, sorry Mommy.

MOMMY
That's okay sweetie. And all the king's horses and all the king's men...

KATIE falls asleep, and we see her dream sequence, which takes place in a studio of a television talk show. We first see Bo Peep, who speaks in an intense, Oprah-like manner

BO
Welcome to "The Bo Show!" I'm Bo Peep, and I though I may be little. I got a big personality. *(laughs. suddenly serious)* But on a serious note, the search continues for my missing sheep. They are said to be fluffy, adorable and wagging their tails behind them. In times like these, there is one thing that can raise my spirits, and that is the sheer exuberance that one can only come from the exploitation of... other people's problems. *(beat)* Now let's get started!

BO
Our first guest is a young mother named Missy, who says that her ex boyfriend Raspberry seemed like a perfect guy, but turned out to be a perfect pest. Missy, welcome to the show.

MISSY is slow and aloof. She appears unshowered and distracted.

MISSY
Hey Bo. Sorry about your sheep, girl. And thanks for the snacks in the green room. I mean, string cheese is, like, my fourth favorite food, yo.

BO
Missy, tell us what happened.

MISSY
Well I was sitting on my tuffet, and—

BO
Your tuffet?

MISSY
What?

BO
Go on.

MISSY
Well along came Raspberry, and, well, we had, like, a connection, you know. Like, ICUT "I" we both really liked curds and whey, and we both liked to weave things...

BO
So what went wrong?

MISSY
He just got all up beside me and in my business. His butt would do this weird thing, and then messages would appear in his web. They started out nice like "I like the way it feels when I hold your hand." But then they got scary. Real scary. You know, like, "I want to squeeze you until your brain explodes." Things like that. Scary.

BO
So what did you do?

MISSY
I up and left.

BO
You go girl.

MISSY
But then...

BO
Uh oh...

MISSY
I had my son Dixie.

DIXIE
Wah!

MISSY
And now I'm raising his kid, and he won't give either of us the time of day!

BO
Lets see what Raspberry has to say about that.

Raspberry appears on a monitor. A spider, he wears a dark hooded sweatshirt and several golden chains.

RASPBERRY
My name's Raspberry and I'm the baddest spider in town. I may be itsy bitsy, but I don't take nothing' from nobody, and I don't front. I'm a hundred and fifty percent sure I'm *not* the father. That kid don't look nothing like me! And besides, Missy was cheating on me the whole time. She's nothing but a no good pain in the tuffet. I don't front.

BO
He doesn't front. Let's bring him out. Raspberry!

RASPBERRY
Naw! Naw! You don't know me! You don't know!

MISSY

You've got to get off your tuffet and take care of your baby!

RASPBERRY

I ain't your baby daddy!

BO

Raspberry, welcome to the show. Now, you said you were certain that you were not Dixie's father.

RASPBERRY

He don't look nothing like me.

MISSY

He has eight legs.

DIXIE

Wah!

RASPBERRY

So?

MISSY

He has an exoskeleton.

DIXIE

Wah.

RASPBERRY

Psshhh, that don't prove nothing. Besides, she cheated on me, Bo!

BO

Well, Raspberry, are you suggesting that Missy was unfaithful to you?

RASPBERRY

Bo, I caught her in the act!

MISSY

What?

RASPBERRY

I saw her kissing Georgie Porgy.

BO

Missy, is this true?

MISSY

Georgie Porgy kisses everybody.

BO

I hold in my hands the shocking results of the is-this-spider-baby-the-offspring-of-this-spider test.

RASPBERRY

I ain't your baby daddy.

MISSY

We'll just wait and see.

DIXIE

Wah!

Bo begins to open the envelope, then stops.

BO

I should explain that these tests are only 99.9% accurate and there is always a chance that—

RASPBERRY

Just read the damn thing.

BO

(reads) When it comes to three-month-old Dixie, Raspberry, you *are* the father.

RASPBERRY

Naw, shoot man! Naw!

MISSY

I told you! I told you!

RASPBERRY

How am I supposed to take care of a freak like that!

DIXIE

Wah!

MISSY

He ain't no freak... he's your baby. *(Hands Raspberry the baby)*

DIXIE

Waaa---dada!

RASPBERRY

(Blushing) Aw, shoot.

BO

Raspberry, Missy, and Dixie, we hope you all are very happy! You know, every once in a while on the Bo Show, we like to feature someone who has found her spirit in the face of tragedy. In light of my lost sheep, it was the story of Ruthann Dumpty that inspired me to remember my spirit. A mother of seventeen. Ruthann lived with her husband, Humpty, and seventeen children in a giant shoe. In November of last year, Ruthann lost her husband in a tragic accident, but has found herself through prayer, mourning, and a monthly subscription to Bo Magazine. Welcome to the show, Ruthann.

RUTHANN

Hi Bo, great to be here. I am so sorry about your sheep; your bravery is really inspiring.

BO

Yes. Yes it is. So, Ruthann, take us back to that day.

RUTHANN

Well I was back home in the shoe, vacuuming the heel, when I got a phone call. I asked who was calling, and the man on the line said the [that] he was one of the kings men, which seemed like an oddly vague description at the time. but—

BO
Go on...

RUTHANN
... then he said that my husband had-- (*crying*)

BO
Yes...

RUTHANN
He had...

BO
Yes???

RUTHANN
A fall.

BO
(*confused*) A fall?

RUTHANNE
A *great* fall.

BO:
Huh?

RUTHANNE
A fall from a wall.

BO
I still don't really see how—

RUTHANNE
He's a giant egg, okay?

BO:
Oh I see. And how did you deal with this.

RUTHANNE
I did a lot of soul searching, and finally I told myself to wake up. I said, "Ruthann, even if the man you loved more than anything in the world may be shattered into thousands of tiny pieces without any hope of being put back together again, you can still put back together the shattered pieces of your life.

BO
Wow. That's really beautiful.

RUTHANNE
I know.

BO
So what did you do?

RUTHANNE
I chunked my hair, lost fifteen pounds, and started to face the woman I am: a middle-aged stay-at-home mom who lives in a giant sneaker with seventeen egg-children and the fading memory of her dead husband.

BO

You go girl. But how have the children dealt with the trauma?

RUTHANNE

Well, Bo, you have experienced a great loss...

BO

You bet your tuffet I did.

RUTHANNE

And you know that along with grief comes a lot of anger.

BO

Of course.

RUTHANNE

And with anger comes cussing and sassiness.

BO

Like...

RUTHANNE

Like staying out *past 8 o'clock*.

BO

So what did you do, Ruthann?

RUTHANNE

Bo, I sent the whole mess of 'em to Sergeant Willie Winkie's all night boot camp for sassy teen-agers who stay out past 8 o'clock.

BO

Let's take a look.

The seventeen egg children are seen at bootcamp. Sergeant William Winkie paces from side to side in a drill sergeant manner. He is overly muscular, and wears a tight muscle shirt and a nightcap.

WINKIE

When I address you, you will respond "Sir yes sir!" Do you hear me?

EGG GIRL

Sir yes sir!

WINKIE

My name is Sergeant William Winkie, and you disgust me.

EGG GIRL

Sir yes sir!

WINKIE

You've got to learn some respect! You kids have it so easy!

EGG GIRL

There are seventeen of us, sir! We live in a shoe, sir!

WINKIE

When I was growing up I had twenty-eight brothers and sisters and we lived in an earmuff! I am gonna work you harder than you have ever worked. You are gonna do two hundred pushups a day!

EGG GIRL

But we don't have any arms, sir.

WINKIE

Then you'll do three hundred, you over-easy embryo-HO.

EGG GIRL

(crying) Why are you doing this to us! Our dad fell of a wall!

WINKIE

Cause it's a scrambled up world out there, and you got to be hard-boiled to survive.

EGG GIRL

(sings)

It's a hard-boiled life for us.

It's a hard-boiled life for us.

When we fall down we get broke,

'Cause we're made of shell and yolk,

It's a hard-boiled life!

WINKIE

Shut up or I will shut you up! Don't you think for a moment that I won't go completely benedict on yo--

EGG GIRL

(sings)

I'll be sunny side up, tomorrow

Sizzlin' in a non-stick pan, tomorrow

Come what may...

Tomor--

WINKIE

Oh, that's it.

Winkie smacks the Egg Girl and she cracks open onto the floor.

WINKIE

Oh, tuffet.

Back in Studio

BO

Wow. That was really powerful stuff.

RUTHANNE [Ruthann]

Powerful my tuffet! That man just cracked open my baby!

BO

Yes. Yes he did. Thank you for being with us Ruthann, and best of luck to you and your family. My next guest is a man who says that his wife Jill's disgusting eating habits are ruining their marriage. Welcome to the show. Jack Spratt!

JACK

Bo, you look great.

BO

Oh, thank you. All the grieving over my lost sheep has done wonders for my waistline. Plus, I am on an all-lean diet

JACK

Me too.

BO

So what's the problem.

JACK

My wife has a bit of a weight problem, but she's confident about her body. She eats pudding by the quart, and doesn't give a tuffet how she looks. How's she ever going to lose any weight with all of that self-confidence?

BO

Let's bring her out. Jill!

JILL

Look at you! Look at you! You know you're jealous.

JACK

She's out of control. Just look at her!

JILL

What? I look good. I'm big *and* beautiful.

BO

Well, one out of two isn't bad.

JILL

Jack, you've got to realize that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

JACK

Well this beholder says that you look like a beached whale.

BO

It's true, Jill. You *are* only as beautiful as we think you are. Which brings us to an interesting question. How does one get to a point of such obesity?

JACK

Well, she eats no lean.

BO

No lean?

JACK

But it's not just the lean she won't eat, Bo. It's *anything* remotely nutritious.

JILL

What?

BO

So, you wouldn't eat a bowl of cereal?

JILL
No

BO
Grapes?

JILL
No.

BO
Peas?

JILL
No.

BO
Celery?

JILL
Maybe if it was dipped in puddin'.

BO
So what do you typically eat for breakfast.

JILL
I don't know, twelve eggs.

RUTHANN
That's murder!

BO
Twelve eggs! You eat a dozen eggs every morning?

JILL
It didn't look like that much when it's scramble.

BO
Now, is it true that your fighting has actually escalated into something even more serious?

JACK
If by something serious you mean she tried to murder me.

JILL
Oh, my tuffet I tried to murder you.

BO
Jack, take us back to that day.

JACK
Well, it was time to fetch some water from the hilltop.

JILL
Only you didn't tell me we was just fetching water.

BO

What did you think you were going to fetch?

JILL
Puddin'.

BO
I see. You believed you went up the hill to fetch a pail of pudding.

JILL
And he lie, Bo! He lie so bad!

BO
So you assaulted him.

JACK
She pushed me down the hill.

BO
You pushed him down the hill.

JILL
That's right. And I shouted, "get me some puddin', skinny!"

JACK
(Beginning to tear) And during the fall...

BO
Yes?

JACK
I broke my crown.

BO
He broke his crown.

JILL
Why you always wearin' a crown, anyways? Who do you think you are?

BO
Jill, here on the Bo Show, we believe that problems can be fixed from the outside in. And so, for an obese, manic-depressive spouse-pusher like you, Jill...

JILL
Jealous?

BO
... there can be only one answer: make-over!

JACK
Sorry, Bo, but I don't think the best hair and makeup in the world could fix this one.

BO
We'll take the fat from her stomach and put it in her lips! We'll take the fat from her legs and put it in her breasteses. And we'll shrink her stomach down to the size of a chestnut so she won't gain an ounce.

RASPBERRY

Wait!

BO
Yes?

RASPBERRY
I think she look good the way she is!

BO
What?

RASPBERRY:
I like my girls with a little extra junky-junk in the badunkadunk.

Suddenly we see Mommy, who is waking up Katie.

MOMMY
Katie, Katie?

KATIE
(opens her eyes) Mommy?

MOMMY
Katie, did you have a nice nap?

KATIE
I had a dream about the mother goosey book!

MOMMY
Did you?

KATIE
Can you read me some more? I think that's the best book in the whole world.

MOMMY
(laughs) Oh, you think so?

KATIE
Straight trippin'.