

"Jufunay" was originally intended to be performed by one woman on a clear stage, and all props are intended to be pantomimed. Bearing that in mind, the characters' descriptions are as follows:

Cast List (In Order of Appearance)

- Norma:** Bland, confident, and sometimes overbearing female in her mid-twenties. Her frustration with society in general has driven her to a number of eccentricities.
- God:** Slightly neurotic version of the creation of the universe. Sounds somewhat like a stereotypical elderly New York Jew.
- Eve:** Naïve, inquisitive, bold and beautiful, woman. Very controlling and demeaning towards Adam. First woman on earth.
- Adam:** An idiot. First man on Earth.
- Duck:** Seductive French mallard.
- Caller1:** Nameless, faceless, insecure woman.
- Laura:** "Ninety-seven year old testosterone hunting, respect crushing, cantankerous psychologist from the inner most depths of Dante's Inferno."
- Caller2:** See caller 1, has a fatal disease.
- Caller3:** Single father of three.
- Girt:** Seven brain cells short of a coma. Ditz.
- Olga:** A very masculine and brutish woman. Dresses in flannel and jeans.
- Caller4:** Frantic woman, easily offended.

Optional Props List

Bookshelf
Books
Kleenex
Telephone
Apple

Scene opens with Norma turning the pages of a book one by one, reading a line or two and then turning again, tears out a page, blows her nose with it, folds it in half, places it back inside the book, then places the book on a library shelf.

NORMA. Oh... hi. You uh... saw me... with the... yea. Oh who gives a funky chicken? You think that's funny? Holy wounded Moses! That's the only way you'll think I'm funny anyway. I mean look at me! No, not there! Here. In my eyes! I wanna talk eye to eye wit you on this, not eye to boob. See that's the thing; that's why broads aren't funny... because we are women. And I can say "broads" because I am one. You know, broad, chick, estrogen bag. I can say that, but I can't be funny. Well I can, but no one else thinks so. Why aren't women funny? Give you one solid answer. Eve. It all started with the first one.

GOD. Adam, Eve, you can do whatever you want. ANYTHING. Just don't eat of the fruit of life. The consequences are so far beyond your comprehension that if I even gave you a hint you would break down into your molecular structure and reform as a Richard Simmons Look-alike.

EVE. What's a Richard Simmons?

GOD. You don't want to know. Just remember I am the creator and controller of the Universe, and whatever you do, DO NOT EAT OF THE FRUIT.

EVE. Don't eat the fruit. Don't eat the fruit. Don't eat the fruit.

ADAM. Look a butterfly! PRETTY!

EVE. Shut up Adam.

NORMA. Now this is where the story has become a little inaccurate over the past 5000 years. See, the serpent wasn't actually a snake, it was a duck. A French duck. Moses thought that a duck might not be intimidating enough to instill fear in the hearts of God's chosen people. So instead, he rewrote it as a python.

DUCK. Le quack quack. You know... You wanna eat that fruit right?

ADAM. God said not to eat da fruit.

EVE. Shut up you. Go on duck.

DUCK. The fruit... it will let know of what God knows.

ADAM. YAY FRUIT!

EVE. But... but... God told us not to eat it though.

DUCK. Oh what does he know... So he created the universe and all that dwells within it big freaking deal.

EVE. Well... he is God... But you are a Talking Duck. I see God everyday but this is the first time I've seen a talking duck....

(Adam and Eve take a bite of the fruit.)

ADAM. Nummy in my tummy!

GOD. EVE WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!

EVE. *(with mouth full)* Nothing.

ADAM. I'M NAKED!

GOD. Thanks for the hot tip, Adam. For this I banish you both from paradise! Woman, you shall now in childbirth pass a grapefruit through your bellybutton. Adam, that's like passing a barbed wire kidney stone. Oh yea, and you are both going to DIE! Well, not right now but eventually. Oh yea, and Eve... you don't get to be funny.

NORMA. See it's all right there. Most of it. Some of it. OK, so it might have happened. The fact is, that women don't have *what it takes to be funny: beat Huzzah*. Huzzah is that oomph with hishaw and the pizzazz. The razzle dazzle blat. I've lost you, haven't I? Huzzah is that line between self awareness and self-ignorance. Huzzah is the ability to laugh at yourself when everyone else is just walking out. Without huzzuh, someone telling jokes is just sad and pathetic, like Carrot Top. Huzzah is what establishes a personal and respectful connection between a comic and the world. Most women, however, sacrifice their huzzuh to the likes of N'sync and makeup. How can we not when we have someone like Dr. Laura as one of our supposed role models? Now for those of you who don't know, Dr. Laura is ninety-seven year old testosterone hunting, respect crushing, cantankerous psychologist from the inner most depths of Dante's Inferno. I call her Lucy... short for Lucifer. I can't understand why these people call her show. Some nice, unsuspecting housewife calls her up looking for advice about her Schizophrenic masochistic Ridilin injected devil-child, and Lucy tells her to stop whining, take an industrial strength Midol, and buy her new book, Embracing the Demon Within. A typical call goes something like this:

CALLER 1. Hi Laura, I have a problem

DR. LAURA. Yea you do.

CALLER 1. Umm... k...

DR. LAURA. Spit is out Betty Cleaver, I only have so many angry ovaries.

CALLER 1. Well, I think my Husband is having an affair.

DR. LAURA. You deserve it for not keeping him happy in bed you slack jawed Yokel. Goodbye. Next caller you're on the air and in my world now princess.

CALLER 2. Hi Laura, I have a rare tropical disease, and I have three months to live, what should I do.

DR. LAURA. Drink. Next Caller.

CALLER 3. I'm a thirty-six year old single father of three—

DR. LAURA. This is just Fate telling you it hates you... Now buy my book you deadbeat dad.

NORMA. RAAHHHHHHHA! Hold on, one second *(turns around, screams again)*. I apologize for that outburst I'm just a little upset. But I'm not bitter... really. It's just that, that's what I mean about huzzuah. We voluntarily subject ourselves to this kind of torture and take it all to heart. I mean there is on one hand the Hilary Clinton-esque ice princesses tearing the very fabric of our society with their demonic war cries, while on the other hand you have the Bouncing Barbie Dolls that have had enough plastic surgery to make Sunny Look like Cher.

GIRL. Like, I have to go in for a check-up with my plastic surgeon; I want to get the wrinkles in my brain smoothed out with some botox. Oh yea, and I'm getting collagen implants in my chin.

NORMA. So-called female comedians, however, just sit and complain about guys and their period.

OLGA. Get it? The word men is in the word menstruation! They both must suck!"

NORMA. For the love of Michael Bolton, the only funny woman on earth is Ellen DeGeneres... and she's well... you know... uh...from the Louisiana. No really, she is. The truth is, women will never be able to tell a good joke until they can walk down the street bald, beer belly sticking out, wearing cabana shorts and a Van Halen t-shirt and still believe they look good. Or at least not care. I've got to be honest with you, yea, I've given some silly little reasons as to why women aren't funny, but here's the truth: We are as irrational as Dan Rather in a leotard. We spend so much time trying to figure ourselves out that we can't even begin to make fun of somebody else. We aren't getting anywhere comical anytime soon.

Men, let me give you a little tip: GIVE UP! One day we'll like you, the next day we don't. I know women that have fallen in and out of love during a single commercial break. We don't have the answers, we don't have the way, we have PMS. You won't get anywhere comical with us, I promise. We don't make any sense. We can't be funny if we are worried about missing our monthly visitor-- Child support. You want irrational? I hate my boyfriend because my dog is going bald. Want to know why I'm upset with my mother? So do I. Know what ticks women off more than anything? Me neither. Just as a sidebar men, don't think for a second that our place is in the kitchen because I swear to you that we are all liable to stab someone in the face with a shrimp fork. Half my friends can't choose what state they're in, let alone a state of mind, and you want us to tell JOKES! We are too busy continuing the human race by giving birth to and raising mankind, all while working nine to five to support our children to allow the trivial matters of Comedy Central to bother us. Excuse us for sticking with the practical and the useful while men spend their days in a fanciful daze. I have been willing to admit our many faults and flaws, but our strength and struggle is more than we can ever laugh at. So listen, maybe after we achieve world peace, invent the car that runs on water, and find the cure to cancer women might get around to pumping out the next Jerry Seinfeld.

CALLER 4. Dr. Laura, I just watched this horrifically offensive comedy bit in which some girl had the audacity to poke fun at women... it hurts... I ate an entire box of bon-bons and it still hurts. Help me.

DR. LAURA. Well, look at the bright side, at least you're not a man.