

Title

Notes

Tech/props/choreography

to the exit..."

It's made her much more selective

Intro: *Heart Belongs to Daddy*

So, while we're on the topic of the Family of Man, I'd like to do a little song about one of my favorite kinds of male relatives. You've got your brothers, you've got your uncles, you've got your hunky 2nd cousins twice removed who you figure are so far removed on the family tree that they hardly classify as forbidden fruit...but my favorite of course, is daddy.

? or reverts to old skits or something like

Heart Belongs to Daddy

Intro: *Penis Sighs*

Trixie: "I'd like to continue my recital (ably assisted by my back-up singers) with an exquisite aria entitled..." Rachel interrupts, talking about "classical" original Mimsy MS that she's found. Hands out notebooks, says we are such accomplished musicians we can sight read it.

this is my big operator numbers

Penis Sighs

Dismayed reactions of the Sicks as they go through song eventually reveal the true authorship of the song, Rachel.

Music notebooks
Choir robes(?)
Music stands

missant clamoring from Trixie "I want to live pressing her face against the bar"

Winnie's Story

Jailhouse Rock. "It was awful - I couldn't tinkle for 3 whole months." At end of story, another girl interrupts her with "Winnie, what're you talking about?"

if they filmed one more porno film w/ 500 singers how was a girl to get her sleep

Intro: *Johnny Get Angry*

Winnie: "we're going to do a song because, because, uh, well, because we know it..."

smart that appeared to be her Johnny w/ Johnny
to be very different
needs/wrap it around in reaction

Kazoos

Johnny Get Angry

Rachel's Story

Religious disorders. Taking the holy vows, "Our Lady of the Immaculate Ecumenical Hook and Latter Day Saints" (an order of reformed courtesans and sundry ladies gone astray). Prodigal Daughters of the American Revolution.

Trixie takes this opportunity to do a costume change

chivaluna sex slaves

no changed satisfied

self-esteem

Intro: *Queen of the Nile*

Trixie: Ever since I went to the King Tut show, I became obsessed with things Egyptian. Got three PhD's in Egyptology just to get the eye makeup right. On an archaeological dig at the pit next to Josie's (perfect chance to wear my clever little khakis and pith helmet

Trix puts on spectacles to look more bookish

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<i>Queen of the Nile</i>	ensemble), found an ancient text penned by a scribe in the court of the great Pharoah Ramses Papyrus Papaya. This is a song of love, lust, longing and learning...	Some kind of baton prop, to be used as Cleo's scepter, Moishe's oar, etc.
<i>I Wish I Knew How</i>	No intro	Spotlight on Ben Trixie puts on cape
Intro: <i>It Must Be Him</i>	Vassy: "So anyway, oh, were you done, Rachel? So anyway, I called 1-900-BIGHUNK and talked to a guy whom I just knew was Mr. Right, or at least Mr. Right Now, and I gave him my number to call me back. Well, I waited by that phone for a good 3 days and he never returned my call. Don't you hate that? Our next song..."	Trixie takes this opportunity to change backstage
<i>It Must Be Him</i>		
Intro: <i>Beaver</i> (encore)	All: "alright, we'll do an encore. What would you like to hear?" As replies come back, Sicks does repartee until the right answer is shouted out.	
<i>Beaver</i>		

I apologize
for our being away so long
we were unavoidably detained in a
state facility

I should have known they were peace
officers, the donuts on their breath

anyway the facility...

- ▶ Same garment for 3 months
- ▶ one look @ the powder room — for 3 mos
this girl didn't tinkle
at gas day
- ▶ back to jail

everynite shooting film
the lights, noise squeak squeak

one of the whimsosities I live w/ =
if you can't lick 'em

~~the~~ the exp had a lasting effect on my
sensibilities.

when I was bailed ~~out~~ by my beau,
Johnny, I found I was no
longer satisfied.