

Hilarious

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Drum Roll. The crowd cheers.

Announcer voiceover:

Ladies and Gentlemen; please give a warm welcome to the funniest woman in the business. She works hard for the money and makes lots and lots of it. She has the newest gadgets and a great body. Here she is, the lady who put the *really* in *Really Hilarious* – Rosy Rosen!

Applause. Upbeat music by a small band of female musicians: drums, guitar, bass, keyboard and a band leader who holds a trumpet but conducts the band without playing. The comedian runs upstage, wearing a long-sleeved pink cotton shirt. She leaps, gyrates and dances. Her hand gesture signals the band to stop. She points in recognition at the band leader who points back. A woman in the crowd points at the comedian and says something to her exalted friend. The applause continues. The comedian hushes the crowd.

Comedian:

Hello Tel Aviv! [Cheers; responses] TEL AVIV! It's great to be here, even though I had to see my doctor today [Some giggles from the crowd]. Again! [More giggles] The doctor. [Pause; in a different, suggestive tone and facial expression:] the doctor! [Giggles from the audience. Pause. She performs the first of a selection of four recurring stock gestures, yielding sporadic laughter. In a different tone, more emphatic:] the

doc-tor! [Laughter] The doctor? [Crowd roars in laughter. The comedian resumes before they calm down]. Can you guess the name of my doctor? [Pause] Well, can you? [Pause] His name ... is doctor ... *Schwartz!* [Laughter]. How about that? Schwartz! [Laughter. Stock gesture 1. More laughter] I would say chances are he's Jewish, don't you think? [Laughter] A Jewish doctor. How about that? Jewish [raises right index finger] Doctor [raises left index finger]; a Jewish doctor [brings both index fingers together. The crowd loves it]. I'm not saying that all doctors are Jewish. I'm not racist, God forbid. [With a fake Jewish accent, while raising her eyes and arms upwards:] God forbid! *Oi!* [Laughter] There are also Italian doctors. German doctors [giggles] Swedish doctors [laughter. She rolls up her sleeves] Swedish WOMEN doctors [snare-drum; crowd laughs hysterically, some hand claps. Stock gesture 2. Applause] Arab doctors [musical response; "oohs!" from the crowd]. What? What did I say? There are Arab doctors. What's wrong with you? You don't read the news? You don't like sex? Arab doctors! [Laughter].

Talking about doctors and sex, did you hear the one about the guy who goes to the doctor to get his CRI results, and the doctor tells him: "I have good news and I have bad news; which would you like to hear first?" so the guy says, "the bad news," so the doctor tells him: "you only have three months to live!" [Snare drum; laughter] Talking about doctors and death, here's a classic: a man is being led to the scaffold, and cries out all of the sudden, "It's Monday! I am going to die!" [Music, laughter] I mean that's a classic because it's both funny and

true – we are all going to die. [Waves her arms, rolls her eyes upwards and wails:]
We are all going to die! [cheers, claps]. Thank you, thank you.

Talking about the news, I read today–this is September 16th, 2008,
yes? – Tuesday, right? [Giggles] – I read today that Wall-street is
collapsing, *Lehman Brothers*–bankrupt; *Merrill Lynch*– sold; *AIG*
[Pause; giggles; stock gesture 3; laughter] In fact – listen to this, this is too
funny – they're calling it the worst crisis since 1929 [raises an eyebrow.
Pause; giggles]; but the question is: how funny is money? Is money as
funny as anal sex? [Drums. Stock gesture 2. Much laughter]. Like that joke
about the Belgian bartender who had a voluptuous underage
daughter, and one day a rich arms-dealer comes to the bar and tells
him: "if I'll give you some money and promise not to kill you,
would you let me make love to your daughter?" so the bartender
asks him, "do you want the short answer or the long answer?" so
the Nazi says, "Ze short answer, bitte," so the Jew says [pause] "yes!"
[Musical response; laughter] ...And how about Barak Obama? *Schwartz!*
[Hysterical laughter; stock gesture 3; rekindled laughter. She says quietly, as if to herself:]
see, it's funny because *Schwartz* means *Black* in German [a woman in the
audience opens her mouth in an "oh" of sudden understanding].

Seriously, folks, certain things are not always funny; they're topical,
so they're only funny when fresh. Like this Obama joke you liked
so much – yes – it's a good one – but if the guy's not elected, how
funny is it going to be then? [This is the reflective part. The crowd is listening
attentively, without laughter. As the comedian proceeds, the camera pans on a row of

thoughtful viewers. When the camera returns to the comedian, she wears a T shirt]. And certain things are just not funny. Even I know that. It's improper conduct, for instance, to compare the Israeli occupation to the Nazis [Sporadic handclaps]. That's just plain wrong. Plain wrong [handclaps strengthen somewhat]. I mean – you may not like the occupation but, hey, the Nazis were much, much worse. So, you see, you better avoid that. Simply saying the words "Nazism" and "Israel" in the same sentence is already obscene. It's not even funny, Nazism and the Israeli occupation. The occupation is much better than Nazism.

Talking about the occupation, you probably forgot it already, but there was this footage of an Israeli brigade commander holding a bound Palestinian who demonstrated against the wall, while another soldier shot him from zero range – smack – in the foot [some giggles]. Ouch! [Stock gesture, crowd laughs]. I mean, I could go on all night talking about Viagra! [Laughter] Anyhow, do you know what was the name of that Israeli officer? [A man in the audience shouts: "Schwartz!" Laughter.

The Comedian laughs. The band leader laughs and does a short dance with her trumpet]

No... no ma'am... good guess, though. His name was... *Boorberg!* [Much laughter] Boorberg ... Oh, man, it doesn't get any better than this... *Schwartz ... Boorberg...* The chief military prosecutor decided the right charge in this case, of shooting a bound man, was not anything like torture or assault, but rather "improper conduct." ... And now: can you guess the prosecutor's name? I'll give you a hint: it's not Schwartz [giggles] His name is [pause] *Mendelblit!* [Laughter, the

comedian screams, as if in panic:] *Arab doctors!* [Laughter, Stock gestures 1 + 4, some applause] *Mendelblit! Schwartz! Boorberg! Polanski!*

Talking about the occupation, one day my ex wife met my wife, and said to her: "what do you have that I don't?" so my wife said: "See these?" [Grasps her breasts. The crowd loves it.] "See this?" [She grabs her crotch:] *MMMMMendelbit!* [Laughter] *Polanski! Polanski! Polanski!* [Applause].
How about that Bill Gates? [Giggles] I mean, what's the deal? Is he gay, or what? [Laughter] I heard a rumor that he's related to...
Stephen Hawking! [Laughter, stock gesture 2] Have you ever noticed the way anchorwomen, when the news is sad [very long pause] ... and the weather report ... I mean, what's the deal? I have this really obese friend. Three Times a day? [giggles]

Talking about the weather, did you hear this one – a Jewish doctor, a Wall-street WASP millionaire and a gorgeous pregnant Swedish woman were sitting together on the 95th floor of one of the twin towers, just as the buildings were about to collapse. Theirs' is the Second tower to be hit, so they already witnessed the horror of the first collision, and then – *BAAM* – they were hit, and now the flames are spreading fast, real fast, it is difficult to breathe, people are jumping from the floors above them, flames and smoke and havoc all around.

Apocalypse Now [laughter].

The Towering Inferno! [Much Laughter].

Armageddon! [Laughter]

When Harry Met Sally! [Laughter]

I mean, 9/11! ...And they know they're going to die, there's no hope, the Jewish doctor wailing with this heavy Brooklyn accent, making big Jewish flaps, and the WASP, all red in the face, urinating in his *Armani* wool trousers, but even in that state he is very handsome and has this superior air. And the young, ravishing blond mother-to-be, I mean, it is heartbreaking because Swedes are practically super-human –and this particular Swede is outstanding even by Swedish standards, she's like a super-Swede, so the tragedy is even more moving. She will die a terrible, futile death and she will not be a mother after all, and she's holding fast to her belly, eight months pregnant, she's grasping her swollen belly for dear life, she's clinging to her belly like it's about to fall [stock gesture 2; laughter].

And all of the sudden the smoke lifts in front of their shattered window, and out of the blue appears in midair a magic goldfish. Unbelievable! A magic goldfish! Did it leap up all the way from the Hudson? [Laughter] The East River, perhaps? [More laughter] Or maybe it came from one of those spectacular aquariums investment bankers stare at as they eat raw fish, those aquariums that are now falling from way up with sickening speed, along with office equipment and burning debris? At any rate, it is a miraculous thing, that magic

fish, fins quivering like dragonfly wings, and the fish opens its mouth and speaks to them in perfect English, with only the slightest foreign accent: "Good people," the goldfish says, "There's not much time. I'm afraid I cannot save your lives. That's the bad news. The good news is that I can grant each of you one last wish."

[Close up of a woman in the audience, attentive and sweaty].

The stunned threesome stare at the fish, and when the Jewish doctor realizes that the fish eyes him in expectation, he says, "My last wish is this: I would like one last delicious gefilte-fish meal, just like my mother used to make." And lo and behold, out of thin air pops a huge dish with a dozen or so gigantic gefilte-fish, drenched in that tasteless quivering fatty jelly old school East-European Jews relish, and there's also a colossal slab of horseradish and five soft slices of sweet *challah* bread, glazed with yolk, sugar and sesame, for that's how the *Ostjuden* likes his gefilte. Now, as you know, gefilte-fish are minced and stuffed dead fish, so there's a tinge of improper conduct about a magic fish supplying Rosen, the slimy Jewish gynecologist, with his shredded brethren, but – and this you should remember – the twin towers are about to collapse, this is no time for petty etiquette, and that *was* the kike's last request, and besides, they make gefilte-fish from Carps, which really are quite remote in terms of kinship from a *magic* goldfish. Anyhow, to make a long story short [stock gesture 4, laughter], the Jew gulps and gobbles the gefilte. He stuffs it into his mouth in big lumps, barely

masticating at all, howling and sniveling all the while, because even as the fish tastes divine [pause] *he is going to die!* [Close-ups of sweaty audience members. When the camera returns to the comedian, she is wearing a sleeveless shirt, and is conspicuously sweatier].

And then the Goldfish turns to the tall, New England billionaire, and asks: "What is your last wish, Mr. Hurt?" Because that's his name, William Kirk Hurt the Third, and that sobbing patron of the *Metropolitan Museum of Art* says: "I can't get out of my mind my summerhouse in Connecticut which I just began to renovate and had so many hopes for the luxurious-yet-blasé time I'll spend there. I wish to see with my own eyes the renovations complete before I die."

And then something stunning happens. I mean, don't get me wrong: it's not the planes crashing into the twins was not a stunning affair, it certainly was, it was a huge terrorist attack, it was a colossal tragedy, yes, but what happens *next* with the goldfish is supernatural so it's even more impressive: a huge plasma TV screen appears in the sky, right behind the flying fish, and on the screen appears an enormous mansion. Each room as big as a theater, and the rooms are filled with fantastic gadgets and with masterpieces and furniture ransacked from all over the world, just like at the *Metropolitan Museum of Art*. The house is too big for us to have a full tour, but just to have a taste the camera enters one of the bedrooms. There's a bed with a canopy as big as a circus tent, and right next to

it we can see a Damian Hirst shark floating in Formaldehyde, but this dead shark is three times as big as the dead shark Saatchi got, so this is definitely the ultimate Damian Hirst shark, big, big money, and next to it, kneeling on the floor, Bianca Jagger and Marc Jacobs cling fast to each other, awestruck, dumbfounded, speechless, dwarfed, humbled, green with uncontrollable envy. Finally the camera roams to the window, as if to assure us that each room is a room with a view, and we observe the mandatory artificial lake, but it's six, seven times bigger than the neighbors' lake, and in it calmly swim lots and lots of Goldfish. And that sight, of that consummate piece of real-estate, good living and refined taste is so glorious, that even Rosen quits stuffing his gorge for a moment, the Jew's jaw drops and down his shirt cascade chunks of rather off-putting grayish gefilte mush.

William Kirk Hurt the Third is now crying profusely, he's oinking like a slaughtered pig, and you can't tell whether he's crying from happiness at the cost-effective yet resplendent renovation or because he'll never have the pleasure of enjoying that house.

And so finally, finally, finally [some giggles from the crowd] the goldfish turns to the pregnant Swedish slut and asks: "and what is your last wish, my dear?" So the Swede looks back at him with her big, beautiful blue eyes and says... [Pause] "I'm about to die and my unborn child will never see the light of day; I don't want anything! I don't think I want anything! ...Because me and my child are going

to die!" [Her expression changes from deep sadness to a grimace] *We're all going to die!* [She is beaming:] I mean, that's not just a good joke, that's a great joke, because it's both funny and true – we're all going to die! [howls in a guttural, wild manner:] *GRRRRAAHHH!* [Laughter and cheers that continue to the end; cheerfully:] I have cancer... Thank you... Thank you [she begins a routine of her entire repertoire of stock gestures. As she does, the applause becomes rhythmic, and the band joins with the end music, accompanied by enthusiastic hand claps].

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