

As performed at The Comedy Store in LA in July, 2006 (my first time ever) during the open mic and again later, upon invitation, during the paid portion of the evening:

My name is Andrea. I go to church. The people in my church give me such a hard time about the Botox and the boobs and the whoring. They are so judgmental. Fucking Quakers. With their little hats and clogs and “peace”...and hot bodies...

Speaking of boobs, wouldn't it be cool if your boobs appreciated? You know like real estate. If they rose in value...if they grew in price...if you built up boob equity? And then when you were broke you could take a loan out on your boobs to pay off your credit cards? And then one day you could sell! You would have to get a broker – to get the comps – you know, to find out how much other boobs in the neighborhood were worth. And then you would hold an open house. People would come inside and take a look around. There would be brochures and cookies and milk. Well, milk anyway. And then you would take bids and finally sell your boobs to the highest bidder. And then of course you would have to upgrade – to bigger boobs in a better neighborhood – you know, for the schools. And people would see you with your huge, 8,000 square-foot boobs and they would say “Who's your broker?” and you would say, “Why are you so nosy, what are you Quaker?”

Oh, and you know what else would be cool? If your Botox backfired and your face froze in the exact expression you were trying to eliminate. You would be in this constant furrowed brow ...concoction... and then just imagine...you'd be on a first date and your date would see your face and he'd keep trying to please you. He'd open the door for you. He'd pull out your chair. He'd offer you another glass of champagne and then he'd pay the bill. Twice. And then later, at his apartment, he'd keep trying to please you. You'd be having sex. He, of course, would want the light on...Why is that? Why is it that the only time men want to see you is when you don't want to be seen? During sex?! If the light is on then that completely interrupts your cop fantasy. You know the one I'm talking about, ladies. The one you conjure when you are trying REALLY, REALLY hard to express your enthusiasm? You're driving down Pico. Pico and Robertson, by the Kabbalah Center, and you glide right through a light you swore was yellow. The cop pulls you over and approaches the car. “Excuse me, Ma'am, may I see your license?” and you say, “Sure, and, um, do you want me to flip my trunk?” (Move tush in a suggestive manner).

But, being a cop from West Hollywood (indeed, he's a bit outside of his district), he's not interested in flipping your trunk. But he does want to flip your boobs.