

“Ask Ms. Woman” Excerpts
Will Giese

The following are excerpts from my drag cabaret show, “Ask Ms. Woman” performed throughout the summer of 2021 at Club Cafe in Boston, MA.

Ms. Woman- My drag persona. Brash and crass. She may as well be the sun- the world revolves around her. A spectacular dumpster fire with a great rack.

Pianist- Playfully sarcastic. They’re growing weary of Ms. Woman’s antics, but ultimately they are supportive.

This dialogue occurs after the opening number, “Get The Party Started” by P!nk (which featured an extremely sick cowbell solo). The following is spoken under a piano instrumental.

MS. WOMAN

Hellooooo everybody! How’re y’all feeling tonight?

Hopefully the audience will throw out a spirited “woo”.

MS. WOMAN

For those of you who don’t already know me, my name is Ms. Woman. The wittiest, prettiest, most bodacious advice-columnist-slash-cabaret-singer on this side of the Mississippi!

PIANIST

Witty and pretty, huh? You forgot to mention modest-

MS. WOMAN

Give it up for Jessye on the keys, everyone. *(all of a sudden she’s pissed)* WHO ISN’T SUPPOSED TO BE SPEAKING RIGHT NOW!

The piano cuts out. A pause. Tension. Then she continues as if nothing happened. The instrumental picks up again.

MS. WOMAN

I've been writing for the Boston Herald for 3 months now. And my column, "Ask Ms. Woman" has been a smashing success.

PIANIST

Define "success".

MS. WOMAN

Essentially, all the squares and flops of Boston write to me and I give them advice on how to be less square-ish, less flop-ish. You know the type: the romantically challenged, the financially unfortunate-

PIANIST

Musical theatre majors.

MS. WOMAN

I get thousands of letters a day-

PIANIST

Thousands?

MS. WOMAN

Hundreds of letters a day-

PIANIST

Hundreds?

MS. WOMAN

I get about ten letters a day. And boy, let me tell you- it is grueling work.

Transitional music morphs into Dolly Parton's *9 to 5*.

PIANIST

(sarcastically)
Grueling.

MS. WOMAN

Exhausting.

PIANIST

Exhausting

MS. WOMAN

Just clickity clack clack clackin' away at the typewriter all day long.

PIANIST

All the livelong day!

MS. WOMAN

-Not to mention, my editor's a total prick! He's got me working like a dog!

PIANIST

Somebody throw this poor girl a bone!

MS. WOMAN

(with great sadness)

Bow wow :(

PIANIST

What's your schedule like?

MS. WOMAN

It's absolutely crazy-
(Singing)

Well, I tumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen.
Pour myself a cup of ambition.
Yawn and stretch and try to come to life.
Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumping'.
Out on the street, the traffic starts jumping.
With folks like me on the job from 9 to 5.

This dialogue happens after *9 to 5*.

Sitting atop the piano is a sparkly box filled with letters from MS. WOMAN's fans seeking advice.

MS. WOMAN

I get so tired of sitting behind a desk all day. I mean, between the hand cramping, the butt cramping-

PIANIST

The brain cramping-

MS. WOMAN

I needed a change of scene. And I thought it might be fun to read some letters aloud and give advice in real time. Do y'all wanna hear letters from some flops?

Once again, hopefully the audience will respond. If they don't, just yell at them until they do.

MS. WOMAN

Jessye, would you like to do the honors?

PIANIST

I suppose I don't have a choice?

MS. WOMAN

You do not.

PIANIST draws a letter from the box and begins to read.

PIANIST

"Hi there Ms. Woman,
I am 45 years old and still living at home with my mother. After grad school, I started playing Call of Duty and I haven't been able to stop. My mom does everything for me, my laundry, she cleans my room, she makes me chicken tenders every day. She's great but I need to leave the house so I can finally get laid. I don't know how to break the news to her. We're extremely close. She'll be heartbroken! Any advice?
Xoxo,
Stuck
P.S. you're so sexy sit on my face sometime"

MS. WOMAN

Wow, Stuck! That seems like quite the predicament. See- if I were you, I would start by shoving my mother down the stairs. This will prove to her your dominance-

PIANIST

Show her who's boss!

MS. WOMAN

If you push her hard enough, you should be able to break a bone.

PIANIST makes a crunching sound in the mic.

MS. WOMAN

You'll wanna break the news right after. That way, she won't even be thinking about the bad news she'll just be thinking-

PIANIST

(grandma voice)

Jiminy Christmas- my deadbeat son just shattered my pelvis!

MS. WOMAN

You know, I was never all that close with my mother.

PIANIST

Wonder why.

MS. WOMAN

I was constantly keeping secrets from her. You know- my mother always wanted to be a nun at "Sister of the Immaculate Suffering" in Gun Barrel City, TX.

PIANIST

Hallelujah

MS. WOMAN

But while she was a postulant, she got knocked up and had me instead.

PIANIST

Amen.

MS. WOMAN

That didn't stop her from still being a total narc though! Growing up, it was always-

PIANIST

“Ms. Woman, stop huffing rubber cement!”, “Ms. Woman, stop selling my painkillers, I’m not bailing you out of jail AGAIN.”

The music for “Don’t Tell Mama” from
Cabaret begins.

MS. WOMAN

Even now, she has no clue where I am. I’m still lying to her today. And I’ve been a very bad girl.

(singing)

Mama thinks I’m living in a dorm room
In an itty bitty dorm room in the southern part of Massachusetts!
Mama doesn’t even have an inkling
That I’m working at a nightclub...
In a sexy little dress!
