

# **Stella Ann**

by  
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A GLITZY PERSON stands at a podium at a  
glitzy awards ceremony.

GLITZY PERSON

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my great honor to introduce to you to the recipient of the Apex Award for multiple achievements in numerous fields simultaneously. This year's winner gave her own stunning portrayal of herself in her box office record-breaking film based upon her masterfully crafted #1 bestselling autobiography (97 weeks running), which has had sweeping global repercussions and is, at this very moment, being used by the United Nations as the inspiration for a universal treaty of peace. It is the greatest moment of my entire life to introduce you to, without further adieu, Stella Anne Mabley.

A huge round of thunderous applause.  
Stella Anne enters from behind the  
glitzy curtain to receive a strange  
large golden statue from the Glitzy  
Person. She holds the statue throughout  
her speech, which she delivers in a  
regal manner.

STELLA ANNE

Thank you.

The crowd, on the brink of being out-of-  
control, is roaring and clapping.

STELLA ANNE

I --

Enormous applause.

STELLA ANNE

I just want to --

More applause.

STELLA ANNE

I just want to say --

Yet more applause.

STELLA ANNE

I just want to -- please --

Stella Anne gives in and basks. Ever  
so slowly, the applause diminishes.

STELLA ANNE

I've forgotten what I was going to say.

Sustained uproarious laughter.

STELLA ANNE

It is a magnificent honor to receive this prestigious award tonight. I would say I am speechless only, as you all know from reading my 1300 page autobiography, I have much to say.

We hear the crowd yelling *Bravo!*  
*Bravo!*

STELLA ANNE

But I shall make this brief.

We hear someone shout, "We love you Stella! Another round of cheering and applause.

STELLA ANNE

Thank you. I love all of you so very, very much. I would love to bring each and every one of you home with me tonight. But I don't think you'd all fit in the elevator.

We hear *We could try!* followed by chants of *let's try! let's try! let's try!*

STELLA ANNE

As you all know, my life has not been an easy life. It has been chock full of hardships and disappointments. My heart has been broken so many, many times by so many, many people, that it continues to beat solely because of my incredible will to persevere in the face of adversity, despite a great deal of scar tissue.

We can not achieve our goals without the kindness and generosity, the assistance and guidance, the support of other human beings in our lives. No person is an island. You will note that I did not say "No man is an island" as there are several men whom I believe should be airlifted to a tiny remote dessert island and dropped from a height high enough to injure them, but not so high that it would kill them. There, on that tiny remote dessert island, with no water and no shade of any kind whatsoever, they could be free to do as they please, preferably to draw straws to determine who among them should be eaten first, until eventually they have all eaten each other with only one man still remaining, who would eventually perish in the hot tropical sun and who's body would eventually explode due to the intense unrelenting heat.

Specifically, the particular men who should be airlifted to the tiny remote tropical island are Michael Matchstick of Spring Green, New Jersey, Michael Fagus of New York City, Kent Keither of Boston, Massachusetts, Charles Meyers of Weston, Vermont, Bulreguard Vickman of Denver, Colorado, Stephen Chuckles of Columbus, Ohio, Ed Bouchard of Chicago, Illinois, Carlos Cisneros of Chicago, Illinois, Richard Flink of Chicago, Illinois, and Darren Stephens of Bewitched. I mean the Darren Stephens of Chicago, Illinois. Ron Kane, of Assville, North Carolina, Minh Le of Chicago, Illinois, and Geoffry Miley of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I believe Ron Kane of Chicago, Illinois should be the last remaining man on the island who slowly perishes in the tropical sun until his body explodes.

But I digress. No person is an island. I could not have achieved this award without the help, the support of several persons along the route of my life. Where to start. First and foremost, I would like to thank, which is to say, without the help of, without the support of, without the generosity of...I could not have been made possible without....Well, I could not have been made possible without the sexual union of Marge and George Mabley, who met, fell in love, got married, and were rewarded by a tiny adorable bundle of bouncing joy, namely me.

But I do not want to thank George and Marge. They have never understood me. They have caused me volumes of exasperation and great angst. They abused me, they cut me off financially at the age of 27, and there have been numerous occasions when they have caused me to cry. Also, they made me go to an all girls Catholic school where I was forced to wear an ugly blue jumper which did not go well with my delicate complexion and where I learned absolutely nothing because I never paid attention because the teachers, both nuns and laypersons, never had anything interesting to say to me, and both the nuns and laypersons repeatedly flunked me, even though it was not my fault that they were boring.

So I can not in good conscious thank either Marge or George. They, in fact, should be thanking me because now when they go Krogering for juice, milk, ground beef, what not, people stop them in the aisle and say "Aren't you the parents of the magnificent Stella Ann Mabley I was so moved by her #1 for 97 weeks running bestselling autobiography, please let me buy your groceries"

Also, Marge and George gave me the name Stella Ann, which is reason alone for why I should not thank them, although I've grown to like my name, as I've grown to love myself in all my splendor.

Likewise, I can not in good conscience, thank my children because I did not have any. Children would have gotten in my way and would have forced me to concentrate on something other than my own self, my own pain and my own suffering, which was prodigious indeed.

However. I could not leave this podium without thanking those friends who have supported me during times of particular hardship. That is a lie. I can not, in good conscience, thank any friend I have ever had because every friend I have ever had has inevitably bailed out on me when I was in most need. They have collectively and repeatedly insinuated to me that my pain and my suffering is all in my head, they have dared to intimate that men would be attracted to me if I would simply stopped braying at them and they went so far as to suggest that the world and its inhabitants would tolerate me better if it were not for my incessant whining.

Specifically I won't be thanking Becki Rennoe of Columbus, Ohio, Julie Bogatay of Columbus, Ohio, and Liz Shultz of Palo Alto, California. Lizzard, I will never forgive you for what you did to me at that slumber party, and what you told that group of boys who were smoking at the Cedar Point Amusement Park.

As with my children whom remain unborn, I will also not be thanking my husband because no man ever asked me to marry him prior to my stupendous success and to those of you who have proposed after the fact, you are too late, I am above all of that now, and it indeed is your great loss.

As to those persons who have come to my aid in life, particularly Dr. Frank Kasursky, who pulled off Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, Illinois to save me from that burning bus and raced me to Northwestern Hospital where he performed an emergency appendectomy on me without which I would not be standing here now, I would like to not thank Dr. Kasursky because he left upon my torso a 4½ inch scar which will be with me for life, some would say I should be grateful but I am not, try to do better next time, Dr. Kasursky.

I should not overlook my four-footed feline friends, Cagney and Lacey, who I would like to not thank because I was constantly put upon to open those nasty little cans of smelly kitty food and my reward for such generosity was masses of fur adhering to my new sienna sofa and the disdainful task of scooping out your nasty little turds from the litter box that even when I pretended it was an archeological dig, was never short of disgusting. It was unfortunate that I tired of all of this and had the two of you put to permanent rest, but you have no one to blame but yourselves and after all, you had a full 5 months of existence in my company and like George and Marge, really you should be thanking me.

We hear an approaching helicopter.

STELLA ANNE

I said I would keep this brief and true to my word I am almost finished. There is but one more I cannot in good conscious thank and that is God, the Almighty. God, I used to worship you, I used to pray to you, but you never once gave me what I justly deserved, not even that pony, not even that Malibu Barbie, not even one miracle.

A hook swoops down. Perhaps the Glizty Person reappears and assists in hooking up the unsuspecting Stella Anne. Stella Anne, still grasping her strange statue, is hoisted into the air.

STELLA ANNE

I have accomplished everything all by myself, for myself, so that all of you could finally realize my true greatness. I am apparently being airlifted, perhaps to a remote tiny island, perhaps not, so lastly and most importantly, I would like to thank... me. Myself. Thank you self. I love you Stella Anne. And good night.

Stella is airlifted out of the auditorium. As the sound of the helicopter recedes, we hear Stella Anne scream.

STELLA ANNE

ARRRRRRRRGGGGGggggghhhhhh.....

As she is dropped on a desert island.

THE END