As we filter in, we find ourselves in what seems like the living room and kitchen of any normal, Nevadan recluse whose fifteen minutes have passed. It's unkempt and filled to the brim with what could either be construed as mementos or trash. What makes this house different is the sound scape; the squawks of over forty parrots are constantly heard throughout the halls and just above our heads. Every now and then, we may even see the shadow of one passing by.

That having been said, as foreign as this all sounds to us, to Heidi—passed out on a reclining chair in the den—this is just ambient noise that she uses to fall asleep.

Three women, dressed like punk rock back up singers, appear ominously throughout the apartment. Three mic stands rise in the corner of the room, and they seat themselves on stools behind them. They begin singing, sensually, carefully and lovingly, to Heidi. It almost sounds like they're trying to wake her up.

1. OPENING

GIRLS
HEIDI
HEIDI

HEIDI, murmuring in her sleep

Five more minutes…

GIRLS
HEIDI
HEIDI
HEIDI

HEIDI, still half asleep

Nooooo…. 

GIRLS

IT’S ONE PM
AND THE RENT IS LATE AGAIN
HEIDI SAYS—

HEIDI, still sleeping

If they waited this long, they can wait another month.

GIRLS

IT’S ONE PM,
AND THE BILLS HAVE NOT BEEN PAID
AND, SOON THEY MIGHT TURN OFF THE LIGHTS
AND IT’S BEEN YEARS SINCE HEIDI’S GOTTEN LAID
GOOD MORNING, HEIDI
GOOD MORNING, HEIDI

(An uptempo drum beat begins. Heidi is finally starting to get up. She rises from the chair as the phone begins ringing.)
Instead of going to pick it up, Heidi heads to the sink and pours herself a glass of water. She drinks it, takes out a cigarette and begins smoking with a look on her face that doesn’t quite scream “Kill me now”, but at least murmurs it. You know—the kind of woman who isn’t suicidal, but if an air conditioning unit happened to fall on her head, she wouldn’t be too upset. Heidi is 53 and if her home isn’t a clear indication that she’s seen better days, her deeply cracked, medically enhanced lips are.

As the call goes to voicemail, one of the girls speaks the message into her mic.)

GIRL #1 (AS THE ANSWERING MACHINE)
Heidi, I can’t keep doing this. It’s been six months without getting a cent from you. I’ve never had another tenant treat me this way. Call me back, Heidi—I know you’re going through some stuff, and I wanna help you with that, but I need you to pay your rent or you’ll be evicted.

(Heidi is uninterested. As though a routine, Heidi takes out a spoon from a drawer, and a little baggie of something else. Oh god….is she really about to shoot up, right here in front of everyone??

Heidi turns on the answering machine and plays the messages from the last day or so.)

GIRL #2
This is a final turn off notice from NV Energy—

(Heidi clicks thru to the next message.)

HEIDI
I hate the first of the month.

GIRL #3
Hi, Heidi. It’s Amy again from the publishing house.

HEIDI
Oh jeez.

(Heidi heads back over to the kitchen and begins—you guessed it—putting the tar and crystal into a spoon, and heating it up (with a stove top no less).

GIRL #3
Listen, we are still VERY interested in you and your story. As we talked about, now is totally the time for us to revisit it. I mean 25 years later, and I think you can really reclaim so much of it in a positive way. Obviously, we’ll hook you up with a writer—we’ve got this young woman who wrote the Bob Iger autobiography—and we’re gonna send her to meet you. And knowing about everything you’ve kept since that time—papers, pictures, a certain book—I think that this could be a once in a lifetime opportunity….for all of us! I’m talking BIG paydays. Who wouldn’t see your name in a Hudson Booksellers and buy your book before boarding a connecting flight to Sarasota. I mean, c’mon, Heidi. This is gonna be big. Please, call me back ASAP and I’ll send over those papers.
(And with the riff of a bombastic, over the top electric guitar solo, Heidi shoots up. WHAM, the lights explode into a strobed frenzy. Suddenly, the apartment transforms into an underground rock concert, and by the time the lights come up, the girls are backup singers, each with a tasteful touch of feather adorning their grungetastic looks. HEIDI reappears as Joan Jett, clutching a mic chord. She’s high, she’s pissed and she’s ready to fucking do this.)

2. LITTLE BLACK BOOK

HEIDI

HERE’S MY SITUATION
DID MY TIME, AND GOT PROBATION
DID THE PEOPLE MAGAZINE BIT

GIRLS

HEY, HEY, HEY

HEIDI

LIVED LIKE LIZ THE SECOND
BITCHES BOWIN WHEN I BECKONED
HIT THE HEIGHTS AND LANDED IN SHIT

GIRLS

HEY, HEY, HEY

HEIDI

POOR AS DIRT AND DESPERATE FOR A PAYUP FROM THE PAST
CHECKS GET SENT FROM TMZ BUT NEVER SEEM TO LAST
AND ONCE THE COUNTRY CHEWS YOU UP AND
SPITS YOUR BROKE ASS BACK OUT,
THERE’S ONLY ONE THING LEFT THAT THEY ALL WANNA TALK ABOUT

OHHH

EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
THAT’S WHAT THEY’RE ALL DYING TO SEE
EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
AND A MILLION LITTLE PIECES OF ME

NOW IT’S NOTHING SHOCKING—
PANDERING TURNS INTO HOCKING,
NOT TO MENTION ALL THE MACAWS

GIRLS

CAW, CAW, CAW

HEIDI

BUT WHEN YOU STAY HIDDEN
BIDING TIME IN THE FORBIDDEN
YOU GET ROOM TO SHARPEN YOUR CLAWS
GIRLS
HEY, HEY, HEY!

HEIDI
QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAS PASSED ALONG THE WAY
AND TONYA AND LORENA MAKE IT LOOK LIKE CRIME CAN PAY
BUT EVERY LIFE CAN’T SPAWN A MOVIE DEAL,
THERE’S COMPROMISES
STILL, EVERY NOW AND THEN AN OPPORTUNITY ARISES

OHHH

ALL
EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
THAT’S WHAT THEY’RE ALL DYING TO SEE
EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
AND A MILLION LITTLE PIECES OF ME

HEIDI
THE OLDEST PROFESSION MET AN L.A. FANTASY
I’D PROVIDE A SERVICE THAT THESE APPS ALL DO FOR FREE
SO, AS TIMES CHANGE, THE 90S TURN INTO MERE HISTORY—
THE ASHES CLEAR, AND I’M STILL HERE
DISGRACED AND DISCONTENT
WITH DIRT ENOUGH TO TOPPLE

ALL
THE ENTIRE ONE PERCENT!

EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
THAT’S WHAT THEY’RE ALL DYING TO SEE
EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
AND A MILLION LITTLE PIECES OF ME

EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
THAT’S WHAT THEY’RE ALL DYING TO SEE
EVERYBODY WANTS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK
AND A MILLION LITTLE PIECES
MILLION LITTLE PIECES
A MILLION LITTLE PIECES OF ME