

THE SANDS OF SORROW

-- performed by Carl Larsen and Joseph Nicholson
as a regular feature on Station WBPZ, Lock
Haven PA

EPISODE ONE: The Day of Days

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you by Twiddlers Underarm Macrame Kits, for Overly-Hairy Women, who are seeking a new, inexpensive hobby.... As we join the Sorrow household today, we hear Helen Sorrow speaking to her illegitimate son, Onan.

Helen: What are you doing, Onan? You're always messing around, messing around.

Onan: I'm building one of those Model Kits I got for Christmas -- that's The Lord's Birthday, isn't it, Mom?

Helen: Yes, yes it is. And we should never forget -- say, what kind of a Model is that, anyway?

Onan: It's a real-live Model Electric Chair, Mom! When I get it finished, I'll be able to really electrocute my illegitimate brother, Howie -- whose father you never told me about.

Helen: That's not a good thing to do, Sonny. Especially on this Day of Days.

Onan: Why is that, Mom?

Helen: Just shut up and quit messing with that thing, quit messing! Your illegitimate father will be here in a minute, to fill our hearts with Christmas cheer.

Onan: You gonna get bombed again, right Mom?

Helen: You little devil! I'll teach you to talk back to me!

Onan: Mom! Mom! No!

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if Onan will recover, and succeed in his attempt to electrocute his illegitimate brother, Howie ... if Helen herself will, indeed, get bombed on this Day of Days ... and if Father Sorrow will fill their hearts with Christmas Cheer ... The Sands of Sorrow, twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman, will return tomorrow at this time, brought to you by Twiddler's Underarm Macrame Kits.

EPISODE TWO: Last Thursday Arrives

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you by the Dead-Kitten-of-the-Month Club.

Announcer #2: Imagine the fun and excitement your family will share when your first Dead Kitten arrives, delivered in a sturdy, leak-proof plastic bag. You'll glow with Pride as your friends and neighbors see your collection of attractive, decorative Dead Kittens!

Announcer: Join now, and with your membership you'll receive a free subscription to "The Dead Kitten Digest" a monthly pocket-sized magazine dedicated to Dead Kitten Lovers everywhere.

Announcer #2: As we join the Sorrow household -- a bombed out bunker in Beech Creek -- we find Helen Sorrow and her illegitimate son, Onan, in the living room, cluttered with shredded wrapping paper, broken toys, and empty bottles of Iron City beer.

Announcer: It is the Day of Days -- known as "Christmas" to some, "Chanukah" to others, and, simply, "Last Thursday" to still others. Father Sorrow has come and gone, leaving the house full of Christmas cheer and shattered glassware. Let's listen, as we hear Onan say:

Onan: Gee, I wish my illegitimate father would drop around more often, Mom!

Helen: Why do you say that, Sonny? He comes by every time there's a full moon, doesn't he?

Onan: It's just that he's so nice -- I mean, when he's not juiced out of his skull. Look at all the swell stuff he brought me for The Lord's Birthday!

Helen: What did he bring, anyway? I was so busy thrashing your illegitimate brother, Howie, that I didn't even have time to watch you open your presents.

Onan: He gave me these real nice scars for my scar collection, and this whole box of ground glass!

Helen: You're not gonna sprinkle that stuff on Howie's Chicken Croquettes again, are you? You know he's a Hemophiliac!

Onan: Gosh, Mom, it's all in fun! Where is Howie, anyway?

Helen: He's over at Mr. D'Artagnan's house, taking his Fencing Lesson.

Onan: Gee, Howie has all the fun!

Helen: I just don't know what I'm gonna do with you, Onan.
Hand me that bottle of Johnnie Walker over there.

Onan: Sure, Mom!

(Sound: Bottle breaking.)

Helen: Now look what you've done!

Onan: It was an accident, Mom!

Helen: Well, it's almost time for your four o'clock thrashing, anyway. Run in and get that birch rod we've got soaking in the pickle brine.

Onan: Sure, Mom! ... And Mom ...

Helen: What is it, you little heathen?

Onan: Merry Christmas.

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if Onan will, once more, survive his four o'clock thrashing ... if Helen will find a way to replace the bottle of Johnnie Walker ... and if the Sorrows will, indeed, have Chicken Croquettes for dinner ... The Sands of Sorrow will return tomorrow at this time, brought to you by the Dead-Kitten-of-the-Month Club.

EPISODE THREE: A Plumber's Best Friend is His Helper

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you each day at this time by "Goiter-Ade."

Announcer #2: If you walk around, looking like you've swallowed a beaver -- keep your chin up, Goiter-Sufferers!

Announcer: Why, the mere thought of a tall, cool glass of "Goiter-Ade" is enough to bring a lump to your throat!

Announcer #2: "Goiter-Ade" -- the official drink of the Miami Dolphins.... Available wherever soft drinks are sold.

Announcer: It is the Fourth of July in Beech Creek -- as it is in the rest of our Great Nation. And as we join the Sorrow household, we find Helen Sorrow and her illegitimate son, Onan, in the kitchen. They are busy repairing Onan's brother, Howie, who seems to have broken.

(Sound: Wood being sawed.)

Helen: Onan, if you ever stick firecrackers in your brother again, I'll send you back to the orphanage! Hand me the Vapo-rub!

Onan: Here, Mom. I sure am sorry, Mom. But golly-whiskers, did you see Howie's eyes bug out when I lit the fuse?

Helen: He's such a frail child.... Go get the Gravy Baster. I think he's got what they call "internal bleeding" and I wanted today to be so nice.

Onan: Why is that, Mom?

Helen: Well, unbeknownst to your father, your Uncle Edwin is coming over today. He's just back from the Slave Labor Camps in Wyoming.

Onan: Isn't he the same Uncle Edwin who fought his way to Fame and Fortune as a Plumber's Helper, then threw it all away for a woman's kiss?

Helen: How did you find that out, you little snoop! You've been reading my diary again!

Onan: I read it in the newspaper, Mom!

Helen: Read it? When did you learn how to read. You know we can't afford Education!

Onan: I taught myself, just like Tarzan did!

Helen: Why didn't you tell me?

Onan: I was saving it, as a surprise for your birthday.

Helen: I hate surprises! -- Almost as much as I hate you, you sneaking little ...

Onan: I think Howie's dead, Mom. He quit breathing.

Helen: All that wasted Vapo-rub! What's a mother to do?

Onan: Isn't that Uncle Edwin I see, approaching the bombed-out bunker we call home?

Helen: So it is, so it is. You drag Howie down to the cellar and bury him, while I pretty-up. Uncle Edwin and I want to be alone.

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if Howie is really dead ... if his decomposing body will eventually be noticed ... and if Uncle Edwin will succeed in his attempt to build castles in ... The Sands of Sorrow.

EPISODE FOUR: When the Lights Go On Again, All Over the World

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you, each day at this time, by Max Factor's Combination Face-and-Trash Compactor.... As we join the Sorrow household today, we find kindly old Helen Sorrow sitting by the fireplace, oiling her blacksnake whip. Her illegitimate son, Onan -- fresh from his six o'clock beating -- is curled up by her feet, busy licking his wounds.

Helen: Onan, where's your illegitimate brother, Howie?

Onan: Don't you remember, Mom? He died in our last episode!

Helen: Dear little Howie ... I loved him so

Onan: We buried him in the cellar, Mom -- remember?

Helen: Go dig him up, Onan. Mommy wants to cuddle him.

Onan: You never cuddle me, Mom.

Helen: You're nothing but an orphan! Nobody cuddles orphans!

Onan: He's probably pretty rotten by now, Mom. The Meter-Reader ran out of the cellar, just yesterday, gagging and making Throw-Uppies! Are you sure you want me to....

Helen: Wait! What -- what's happening? Everything is growing dim! Have the lights gone out?

Onan: What's wrong, Mom?

Helen: I can't seem to ... see anything!

Onan: You mean....

Helen: Blind! I've gone blind!

Onan: You're just teasing, aren't you, Mom?

Helen: No! I am blind! You must help me, Onan! Help me, or....

Onan: Or ... what ... Mom?

Helen: Or....

(Sound: Fist striking Elderly Woman)

Helen: Ouch! You struck me!

Onan: That's right, Mom! Here's another one!

(Sound: Fist striking Elderly Woman again)

Helen: Ouch! You did it again! What on earth's got into you, you little savage? Call a Doctor!

Onan: How does it feel, Mom? After all these years?

Helen: What on earth do you mean?

Onan: All the years you've beaten me, and kicked me, and given all your love to Howie -- my illegitimate brother who was a Hemophiliac before he died -- how does it feel!

Helen: I didn't mean it, Onan! I always loved you -- in my strange, Motherly fashion! Don't hit me again!

(Sound: Vase of freshly-cut daffodils breaking over Elderly Woman's head)

Onan: Don't lie!

Helen: Oh, my goodness. I can feel the blood running down my wrinkled, care-worn face.

Onan: Mommies who lie get whacked in the head with a chair!

(Sound: Chair breaking)

Helen: You hit me with a chair! I'm going to lose my consciousness! My whole life is passing in front of my eyes! ... there I am, on my Wedding Day ... what a lovely ceremony!

Onan: What? You can see your life, passing in front of your eyes?

Helen: And there I am, the day that thirteen-ton Flywheel crushed your father to shreds, down at the plant!

Onan: You can see?

Helen: Why ... why, my goodness, so I can! That sharp rap you gave me on the head must have restored my sight! It's a Miracle! The Lord has delivered me!

Onan: I ... I'm sorry I hit you, Mom.

Helen: Yes ... I can see you now. Come over here, Onan.

Onan: Let me explain, Mom.

Helen: Take off your tattered little shirt.

Onan: Mom! Why are you picking up that freshly oiled blacksnake whip?

Helen: Take advantage of your poor, blind Mother, will you!

Onan: I'm sorry, Mom! I'm sorry!

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if her temporary blindness was a forecast of even graver misfortune to come ... if Onan will survive the beating he so richly deserves ... and if a few grains of Happiness will be left in Beech Creek, when the tide goes out ... abandoning ... The Sands of Sorrow.

-- Carl Larsen

Lock Haven PA