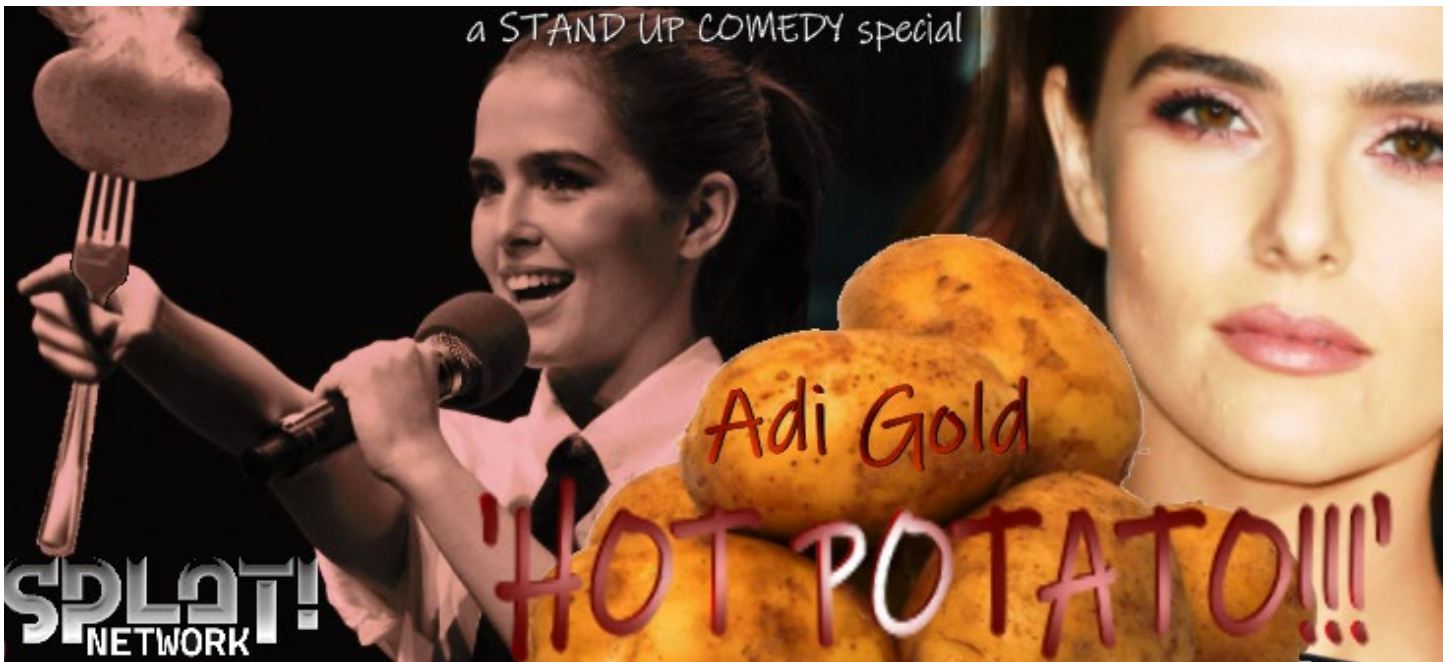




Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen.... ADI GOLD!

The crowd cheers as "Walk Right In" by the Rooftop Singers plays. Adi Gold comes out with a bunch of dancers in potato costumes. Adi does the cabbage patch dance as the dancers do cartwheels, flips and break dances to the music. The crowd claps to the music as the dancing potatoes dance off to the back of the stage.

Adi: Wow... give it up for the Bay City Dancing Taters', folks!

The crowd cheers and whistles.

Adi: Wow, it's great to be back in Idaho. Some say the home of potatoes. Which in some ways is true. I mean I think Idaho is where prostitution started too. Because what does a confident hooker say to a potato in this state? I-DA-HOE!

Laughter.

Adi: Seriously, if you have seen my special 'Let's Get Egggy' a few years back, YER' probably thinking. "Hmmm, hey! Hey! Hey! HEY! Is this show only about potatoes? Hey!" To that i first say, HAY is for horses, pal.

Laughter.

Adi: Yeah... And secondly. No friends. Tonight just isn't about only potatoes. Potato this, potato that? C'mon. I won't YAM potatoes down your throat. The state would FRY me for that!

Laughter.

Adi: Is there a death penalty in this state? I really don't know. Yer' probably thinking, 'OH ADI! You should know this!' And I am like, why? Why should I know this? And a person from the state always reminds me. "OH ADI! That's IDA HO backwards!" Haha!

Right? I mean I guess I should know this. But that be like Kevin Bacon having to know NOTHING about cab drivers. Because NOCAB is Bacon spelled backwards. It's a win-win argument for me!"

Laughter.

Adi: But seriously! Not just about potatoes. Or Idaho! Nope, I hope to discuss a few important topics during tonight's show. But guess what? If we're lucky, we may have a little... F.U.N! FUN!"

Cheers.

Adi: And speaking of fun, let's get back to the topic of death. I mean, I don't know much about anything. But I do know that death is the only thing all of us will have in common. It's coming, and it's coming fast. We can't avoid it. Right? That's the truth... "HEY! ADI! YOU SAID 'FUN' RIGHT!?!?" Haha, well HAY is for horses first of all... and how about this for fun? Interactive fun. You, the audience, get to be a performer too. You're saying and thinking... "WHAT!!!??? I'M NOT AS FUNNY AS YOU ADI!" Believe me, I know. I know. But let's play a game, anyway. It's called dead celebrity. I want someone in the audience to name a dead celebrity and I will incorporate it into my act. But you don't know when. It will pop out of nowhere. So let's have one...

Someone from the crowd: William Hurt,

Adi: Um, too soon. Because it WILL - HURT a lot of peoples' feelings. Try again.

Someone else: Princess Diana!

Adi: Eh, touchy subject. While I could write a whole joke book on our late Princess. I'd call it... wait for it... PRINCESS DIE-an a whole Bunch of Hamburger Jokes. I have a lot of hamburger jokes. But please, c'mon peeps a REAL dead celebrity!

From the crowd: Sean Connery!

Adi: Perfect. So get ready and listen for the Sean Connery joke at some point during the show. And shall we BOND together!?! Nooooo that's not the joke haha...

Cheers.

Adi: Now, thinking about death. I still thinking being burned a live would be the most painful way to die. Unless, someone staples my eyelids to my forehead and puts fish guts over my eyes and waits for the crows to rip out my eyes... and then lights me on fire. That's much worse. And worse of both worlds. But I don't want to be tied down with tubes and wires at any point either... unless of course... they are trying to save my life. Then damn it, get an extension cord and more wires in me. SAVE ME! DO IT!!

Laughter.

Adi: So as I traveled to Idaho for this special. I had to do some writing for my material. What would I talk about on stage? So I stopped for breakfast in a nice little diner. Ordered myself up about 2 or 3 eggs, over easy, hash brown taters, toast (plastered with butter) sausage links if they got them and of course a large black coffee with a side of cream and sugar. I'd sit there with my notepad in front of me. Spilling ketchup and butter all over it. But something was wrong. It was still blank. I had NO ideas. So I kept driving and stopped at another diner for lunch. I'd order up a six-piece chicken meal, with a plate of fries with a roll, buttered, with a coca cola variant drink. And for dessert, a buttered large piece of pie. But once again, nothing on the page. Nada. Zip. Zilch! So I drove, just in time for supper. I stopped at yet another diner. I'd get a pepper steak, some kind of potato, usually baked, liberally buttered... and a scotch and coke. The idea fuel. That's what I was missing. Booze. That's what makes things funny. Think about it. Have you ever watched a dull, far fetch lame movie like say, 'Philadelphia'. I mean, right?

Adi (geeky voice): I'm TOM HANKS AND I HAVE AIDS! BOO HOO HOO! GIVE ME AN OSCAR! BOO HOO HOO!" And they did! For that stupid movie. But... have a few shots of Jager and some scotch. Mixing it up with a joint full of banana kush... and baby, that movie feels like Tom Hanks in the movie BIG. "Whaaaaaaahhh I'AM TOM HANKS, AND I HAVE BIG BOY AIDS! WHAAAAAAAHHHHHH!" Seriously, get together with some friends, booze, weed and some Cheetos and throw on Philadelphia and get ready for a real laugh fest!

Laughter.

Adi: But anyway, I had my buttered breakfast, lunch, and supper. And a few drinky-poops... and started writing. And drinking some more... the ideas came out of me like three full heavy meals I vomited into the toilet that night. I was really drunk. So I went to the bar to observe how people think. People are funny I said. So, I put on some denim, very tight denim, and went to the bar. Guys were buying me drinks left and right. I felt on top of the world. Top of the World then became top of the bar stool, then dancing on top of the bar counter. Taking off my bra and throwing it at the barkeep. Then finding myself on top of the naked bar keep in his apartment. Him snorting cocaine off my butt cheeks. It made me think. People are funny when they drink booze. What topics I could I dive into when on stage? Then I passed out... I asked the barkeep in the morning if doing jokes about drunk people is funny or not? He threw me 20 bucks for a taxi and said, "I don't care". I laughed. I cried. And I threw a rock at his Cutlass Supreme.

Silence.

Adi: Um, that's the end of that bit."

Awkward applause.

Adi: So... do you all have like a perfect dream-like summer day? Huh? I can't hear you?

Cheers.

Adi: I CAN'T HEAR YOU!?!?!?

Louder cheers.

Adi: No I have this rare ear disorder, I really can't hear you right now. And it's scaring me. ... I'll keep going as if you agreed with me. Because I have one summer perfect dream day. I am like in Hawaii.... in this sexy green bikini. Not the one piece that chubby girls wear. A sexy string bikini. I am laughing at the chub girls on the beach, per usual. A sexy ripped as hell waiter in a G-string brings me over a martini. As he walks away, I smack his behind. I am listening to some Sia smooth jazz on my phone. Really feeling it. To the point I close my eyes. I am Grinding. And grooving. Loving every minute of it... Then I feel it... inside me. Is it the muscle-bodied waiter? Did he sneak inside me when I wasn't looking? But then I open my eyes... and I am totally being boned by... Sean Connery's corpse!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Audience laughs. Also a little disgusted.

Adi: Like in CLERKS? Wow... you all totally didn't see that coming!!!! But let's get back to some potato talk. It says in my weekly copy of Potato Lovers magazine that you can make 5 different kinds of mashed potatoes. No way, right??!!!! You can TOTALLY way!!!! Rosemary Garlic. Bacon Shedder. Parsley Cumin. New England Chutney and of course Regular. See I am a potato risk taker. But brother 'Henry' from the Goldblum family tree. He... would only have regular mashed potatoes. When we lived in the house on Roseview, we had a basement seller where the bad kids would have to go have supper with 'Henry' as punishment. In his dark cell. Ma and Pa would cook up some steak for us good kids, but the bad kids would get the 'special' meat with a plate of mashed potatoes. One day, I was about 11. Fisher, my older brother, and I were fighting over who was going to hell and who was going to heaven. This enraged pa'. After Fisher and I were given 20 spanks. We thought it was over... but... it wasn't... we had to eat our supper with... 'Henry'... The cell door was shut. We had our plates of 'meat' and mashed potatoes. We slowly walked through the basement. Only hear noises of shrieks and cries of pain... and then silence. Fish' and I had a plan though. We would eat as fast as we could and go back upstairs. But 'Henry' caught us gabbing. 'Henry' approached us. On his plate was a very large blob of mashed potatoes and just a little piece of meat. I offered 'Henry' my bigger piece of meat. 'Henry' just looked at us and mumbled something like 'You mean like this?' and then he would pull out a dead rat from the blob of mashed potatoes where he hid it. Then he would stick the dead rat in his eye and try to eat it. I know what yer' thinking. Why the eye? Because we assumed that was his mouth... because the one time ma' fed him soup in his hole... it

sort of winked at her.... but, hey. Some say potatoes. Some say po-tah-toes... me? I say 'TATERS!!!! Good night, folks! TAKE CARE!!!

WALK RIGHT IN begins playing again as the crowd sits quietly as Adi and the dancing potatoes appear again. They all dance backstage as the credits roll.