

MARK (*Loudly, coming forward*) Ah, Mark Anthony. Really Mark Philip Lawrence Tabori. Tempe, Arizona. I'm twenty. And if I get this show, I'll work real hard. Well, I get the feeling most of you always knew what you wanted to do. Me – I didn't. I was just a kid for a while. Oh, then one day – well – my father has this fabulous library in the back of the house – and when I was – about eleven, I guess – I found this medical textbook. It had pictures of the male and female anatomy. Well, I thought that was pretty interesting. I used to read that book a lot.... and from the book I diagnosed my own appendicitis. And when I was thirteen, I had my first ... wet dream. I went right back to the book ... Milky discharge ... milky discharge, milky discharge ... GONORRHEA! I was in shock, I mean ... GONORRHEA! Before I'd even started. I was terrified. I could tell my mother I had ... GONORRHEA! So, the book said, drink a lot of water ...actually, it said take penicillin, strepto-something-or-other, but I couldn't do anything about that unless I told somebody. So all I could do was drink the water, and I drank like twenty glasses a day. For three weeks. I almost drowned. Finally I went to confession and told the priest I had GONORRHEA! Well, he was in shock too. "Who have you been with my son?" Nobody. Nobody! "Then how can you have GONORRHEA?" I told him about the book's diagnosis for milky discharge and he set me straight. It's the only time the Church ever helped me out.