

**WINDY MILLER, CORPORATE WHORE by PHILLIP BARRON**

VOICE OVER:                    Here is a box, a musical box, wound up and ready to play. But this box can hide a secret inside. Can you guess what is in it today?

**WINDY MILLER takes the stage, hiding something behind his back.**

VOICE OVER:                    Oh look it's Windy Miller! Morning Windy.

**Windy smiles and waves.**

VOICE OVER:                    What's that behind your back Windy?

**Windy pulls out a box of Quaker Oats.**

VOICE OVER:                    **(disappointed)** Oh Windy. Have you become a corporate whore, corrupting childhood memories just to sell breakfast cereal?

**Ashamed, Windy nods and makes a 'sort of' motion.**

VOICE OVER:                    There's more? Are you cashing in on the nation's psychoses about being fat, and marketing your product as some kind of low cholesterol super food?

**Windy nods and hangs his head in shame.**

VOICE OVER:                    What have those ad-men done to you? Next they'll be portraying you as a sex starved manic.

**A girl jogs across the stage. Windy's face twists into a leer and he runs after her.**

VOICE OVER:                    Poor Windy.

**END OF SKETCH**