

Paul: "Say, remember when

*You're so vain,
you prob'ly think this song is
about you
Don't you? Don't You? Don't
you?*

That was Carly Simon checking in at #12 and it's eleven o'clock one hour just one hour left in the seventies one hour until the eighties arrive like a train nothing's gonna stop the train ol' Terry's gonna open up the phones now to let you call in and tell everyone what ya thought of the seventies were they good for ya bad for ya what happened to you in them the number is 971-9993 and I'd really appreciate it if you'd phone in the number is 971-9993 and I'm waiting for the first call I know there are a lot of parties going on tonight but why don't you call in surely you have something to say you can take the time what did you think of the seventies that's the obvious question tonight I think the number is 971-9993

it's been a few minutes now I guess you don't have much to say about the decade I know I enjoyed it what about you

come on now don't the memories flood on a night like this I wish you'd phone just a short call

this is so embarrassing no one's calling surely something happened to you in the last ten years just phone me at 971-9993 is anyone out there I'm all alone in the studio here spinning these memories and you don't respond am I all alone doesn't anyone listen

come on answer
come on answer
what's wrong

Debbie: (shouting) "OK, everyone! One minute 'til the New Year! Everyone crowd around! Here, around the TV. (the guests, around 30 in number, congregate hurriedly around the TV from different points in the living room) Someone turn on the TV, it wouldn't be New Year's without Guy Lombardo at Times Square!"

Lucy: (to herself, while turning on the television) "I thought Guy Lombardo was dead."

Debbie: "Is everyone ready? (a variety of drunken mumbles are heard) Look! (pointing at TV) The ball's starting to drop!"

All: "10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. . . Happy New Year!"

(As soon as "Happy New Year" is heard, the guests start the traditional hugging and kissing. Confetti is tossed around. "Auld Lang Syne" is sung. There is general pandemonium in the crowded room. Debbie hugs Lucy. Robert hugs Debbie. Paul kisses Debbie. Ned kisses Candy. Ned kisses Lucy. Ned kisses Debbie. Paul thinks he sees Times Square explode on the television.)

Paul: (trying to yell above the din) "I thought I saw Times Square explode!"

Ned: "What?"

Paul: (gesturing to the television) "The TV! Times Square exploded!"



Ned: (cannot hear, but looks at the television picture, which has now turned to snow) "Yeah, it's on the hummer!"

Debbie: (from out of the melee, faintly) "The baby. . . meele, faintly) "The baby . . ."

Lucy: "What?"

Debbie: "The baby's coming

now! I can feel it."

Lucy: (screaming, the pandemonium subsides immediately) "Get out of the way! Let Debbie lie down! The baby's coming! Debbie's going to have the baby! (to Debbie) I thought it wasn't due for another week! Can't you tell it to wait?"

Debbie: (smiling) "No, I'm afraid that's impossible."

Ned: "This is going to ruin a damn good party."

Lucy: "Oh shut up, Ned. It might make the party." (exits to get towels and water)

Debbie: "Where's Paul?"

Paul: (making his way through the crowd to the couch, kneels

in front of it) "I'm here. Right with you. Always."

Debbie: "Not always."

Paul: "From here on."

Debbie: "We'll have the baby naturally, like we planned?"

Paul: "Anything you want. I know exactly what to do. I was reading the text last night."

Debbie: "You know I'm sorry, Paul. About what I suggested. Paul. About what I suggested . . . I didn't mean it."

Paul: "I know, I know. We'll give this baby a home; something to believe in."

Debbie: "It'll be a beautiful baby."

Paul: (sighing) "Yes, you folks are in for a treat. Everything's going to be all right."

Robert: "A Happy New Year."

It's 12:01 ladies and gentlemen welcome to the 1980s the Long Snore is over wake up with Terry Dale on CKLY I'm OK now you're OK and here's the #1 song of the sensational seventies countdown:

*Whether you're a mother or
whether you're a brother
you're stayin' alive
stayin' alive. .
stayin' alive...*

Tia Maria goes with Bogota.
Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
Tia Maria goes with music.
Tia Maria goes with dessert.
Tia Maria goes with friends.



Tia Maria goes.

For recipe booklet write: Tia Maria (S), P.O. Box 308, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3J7