

Phyllis



Every story Phyllis tells is more outrageous than the last. Although she is a very down-to-earth and salt of the earth Opposum, if you come between her and her husband, Chuck, she can become a bit of a shrew. Literally. On her mother's side. VOICE COMPS: Rhea Perlman meets Reba McEntire

(OVER the TOP) Oh don't worry about me CHUCK, guess I'll just go crawl out to the 405, take a loooong walk down a short off-ramp and wait for a SEMI-TRUCK or a TESLA... Sorry? Those ole' onion rings...were for me? This whole time?

(SUDDENLY SWEET) Ya mean it? Chucky, ya big kayootie patootie
smooch

(MATERNAL) Listen girls, some feller EVER looks at you the wrong way, you can always play hard to get, if that don't work you can fake your own death, swipe the credits cards and travel across state lines.

(WHISPERED) If they don't catch you within 5 business days, you're scot-free legally, or so my uncle Marcel always said. Course he got killed by the police before he could test that theory.

(SNIFFLING) Runned over. Meter maid. True Tragedy.

(HEARTFELT) I know we ain't kin kiddos, but you got some possum in there somewhere, I swear to high-heaven!

(CONFUSED) FOUR?! Why they keep yelling that? THREE, FIVE! SEE I can count too you two-legged yeller-bellies. Oh Chuckie, I am so sorry. These rich golf types have the strangest customs...

(FERAL) AY! YOU YUPPIES JUST CLEANED MY HUSBAND'S CLOCK!
THINK YOU CAN TAKE ME? I'LL BRING THE BAYOU TO YOU!

(EFFORT PACKAGE: 3-5 second of UNHINGED POSSUM SOUNDS)