

Cups runneth over

Mardi Bra gets great support from smart and sassy comedy duo **By GLENN SUMI**

MARDI BRA written and performed by Renée Percy and Jen Radomsky, directed by Lorne Frohman. Runs to October 9, Thursday 9 pm, Friday 10 pm, Saturday 10:30 pm. \$12, stu \$10. Tim Sims Playhouse (56 Blue Jays Way). 416-343-0011. Rating: **NNNN**

AS THE CLEVER TITLE HINTS, MANY OF the sketches in Jen Radomsky and Renée Percy's show **Mardi Bra** deal with breasts. But don't expect any cheap "tit"-illation.

At their best, the pair deliver smart, sassy comedy that's intelligent and physical yet timeless. These sketches

and videos will be as funny a decade from now as they are today.

Their big recurring gag of poking their heads through a pair of giant breasts to play various sets of talking nipples owes a lot to Woody Allen's sperm bit from *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex (But Were Afraid To Ask)*.

Come to think of it, their sensibility is kind of like Allen's: neurotic, urban, smart. One of the best moments comes in an audio sketch when a woman phones 911 but can't leave the house because she doesn't want to miss her call-waiting calls. (It's much stronger than another sketch about

phone operators, the only one I'd cut from the show.)

Tweaked and tightened from their 2003 Fringe show, *Mardi Bra* demonstrates above all the pair's great comic chemistry. Percy has a zany, all-out quality that evokes everyone from Lucille Ball to Kathy Griffin, while Radomsky, with her small mouth and serious expression, is better at playing the straight role.

A visual highlight comes when the two play a pair of synchronized swimmers looking for work after the Olympics. With the *Laverne and Shirley* theme playing in the background, they become everything from syn-



Jen Radomsky (left) and Renée Percy combine wit with outrageous physical antics.

chronized stewardesses to hookers.

The Olympics inspires other classic video moments. In one, Percy plays an obsessive-compulsive gymnast who can't stop powdering her hands. In another, she's an agoraphobic long-distance runner who watches the marathon from her window as the race goes by outside.

For clever social commentary, the pair offer up a documentary video in which Percy asks Americans if they would vote for a heterosexual president. The genuine answers are hilarious (seems lots of good ol' Americans don't know what the word means), and

the video cleverly segues into a sketch where two pregnant moms' fetuses talk to each other and realize that one of them is gay.

There are a few technical glitches—the lighting is harsh, and some of the timing's off on the staged bits. I wish I could have heard all the words in a sketch about two Jewish ladies bragging about their ailments to the tune of *I've Got Rhythm*.

But Percy and Radomsky have matured a lot in a year and a half, and they're definitely worth checking out.

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theatre beyond words
toronto premiere



Silly
Old Men

directed by
Robin Patterson

dramaturgy &
co-direction by
Laurie Steven