Testing. Testing. Can you hear me…

This is Ben Hubby, live, from the bedroom.

I hope you are all having a wonderful time.

My wife Barbara sure knows how to stoke the Christmas spirit.

I’m afraid I won’t be joining you because I hate parties.

I hate the music.

I hate the meatballs.

But most of all I hate the guests.

Look at you all…

Can anybody imagine all that darkness beneath your banal chatter?

Does anybody know how twisted you all really are?

Well I do.

Because I’ve been googling you for years.

And I am shocked quite frankly that you are not all in jail.

Until that day, I feel it is my civic duty (*cough*) as Dr. Ben Hubby to tell everyone your secrets so you will never get invited to a party again. Not on my watch.

Here we go…

Hashtag no filter.

Where do we start?

*(Ruffling papers)*

Sarah…Ah… dear Sarah.

I wonder if anybody here knows that you slept with your sister’s husband?

While she was having brain surgery.

Nice.

Hunter…

Wearing your wife’s pantyhose is no longer a secret.

Or how about you Bettina Hubby…

If this isn’t the worst case of daddy issues I don’t know what is.

Get your own ideas, you selfish unoriginal artist.

Dan Curry…Dan Curry… Dan Curry…

Yes, I’m starting to use last names.

Hit and run much?

Venetia. Or should I call you ‘home wrecker?’

Gabe, I do not believe you are gluten free for one second.

Albert, it is 2016 and you do not know how to use Uber.

My god, you are all so dark.

Barnaby, Barnaby… is there a Barnaby here? You used to fart on stacks of bar towels and then do sniff tests.

Touch a towel in this house and I’ll kill you.

Casey, you keep going on and on about how scared you are of white men…

Do you know how scared we are of you?

Tyler… as a young man, you used to put lizards in your anus.

While we’re in the area, Aaron has an extra testicle.

Ha! You thought you’d left that secret in Calabasas. (*sings)* Wrong…

Agnes, you used to masturbate with your mother’s electric toothbrush.

And years later, you told her about it in a fight.

Eh Hew.

Shelly, I have one more person to the add to the list of people you’ve driven away.

Dr. Ben Hubby.

Anna, you’re a successful, beautiful woman in your thirties and not potty-trained.

Alma, you once dreamt of killing babies while baby-sitting. Yes, that information is on google.

Omar, you haven’t filed tax returns for years.

Running for president?

Daniella…you chicken.

Natasha, most families have secrets but yours take the biscuit.

JENNA, YOU GOT CAUGHT STEALING CONDOMS AND TIC TACS WHEN YOU WERE THIRTEEN YEARS OLD. WHAT WERE YOU UP TO?

JAMES, YOU’RE PLANNING TO KILL THE PRESIDENT-ELECT. IS THAT CRIME?

Or how about you Steve?

All the meditation in the world won’t wash away your sins.

Uma, you claim to know where the Malaysian aircraft went down.

You say you’re a psychic. I say terrorist.

Eve, what kind of woman rents a movie for four years due to quote “psychological reasons.”

The accounting department at Netflix didn’t understand and neither do I.

Or how about my wife Barbara?

A round of applause for Barbara everybody.

Hasn’t she done a great job? Isn’t this a fantastic party?

She’s married me four times. Looks like a fifth is out of the question after tonight.

Nicola, I’ve been conversing with your ex-husband about a crime called entrapment.

Saskia, Saskia, Saskia, the only thing worse than a real drug dealer is a fake drug dealer.

Rory. Hedonist.

Andrew. Masochist.

Jane, the Satanists are watching you.

Oliver… Oliver…how many women have you vibrated to orgasm. Ten million? What a foundation for your fine career.

Maura, you steal Amazon packages that do not belong to you. You revolting person.

STEPHEN BUTLER…FIRE STARTER.

Jim, they’re still looking for you in Mexico.

Claudia…let’s talk about how you seduced a married college professor…

But really, you were in love with his wife. Dah! Dah! Dah!

Tricia… you once peed in a cat litter box.

My god, this party is so disgusting I’m surprised I can’t hear police sirens.

Gary, you voted for Ronald Reagan.

Actually, at this moment in time, that’s not so bad. Sorry, Gary. Forget that.

BYRON BOWERS USED TO HATE DOGS BECAUSE THEY GOT MORE AFFECTION THAN HIM. MWAH. MWAH.

Emily and John… How’s that marriage holding up?

Micka, you fuzzy sweater festishist.

Declan, I know the story behind that suit in your closet and it chills me.

Steffi you say your dog soils carpets. But isn’t it really you?

Bolyn… you identity thief.

Gabriella, you once put a little sweet boy in a coma.

Page Weary, I remember when you used to break up blowjobs for a living. Now everyone else remembers.

And Dave Jones… What a dark daddy you are…

The Reverend mills is here… Hookers and blow. Charming.

Bob… you are distantly related to a Nazi, I’m afraid that’s close enough for me.

Sasha… You’ve worked in advertising for seven years. You are the most disgusting person at this party.

Marta… I know you started the Spanish Civil War.

Jamie, you stole scissors from a hairdresser. You. Are. Gross.

Mike… Your parents are wailing with the tears of abandonment.

Mary, is it perfectionism or neuroticism?

Steven, you panty licker.

Oh my god… they need to re-open Alcatraz and send this entire party there right now.

Paris, ex-con.

Dave CUll, you were too embarrassed to yell for help while drowning once. Pathetic.

Tiffany, who are you? Really?

And Emma Reeves, who on this earth don’t you know?

And then there are those of you that claim to be un-googleable.

Well I know that you are all part of a secret mountain goat bestiality ring.

Oh, that is on google too.

Urgh…

When I think of this party I am reminded of the time when as a young man I was running down a football field in a white polyester training outfit and I shat myself.

The excrement ran all down my legs and pooled into my socks.

So when I think of you all…

That is exactly what I feel.

And yet I wonder…

I wonder… I wonder… if somehow by revealing your darkness, you have in fact…

Just been cleansed.

Enjoy this party. It will be your last.

Good night.