

Members Only

by Mike Mariano
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(Two young men, JEFF and PETE, sit onstage.)

JEFF:

Hey man...

(PETE turns.)

Wanna see my penis?

PETE:

(Amused:)

What?

JEFF:

My penis, man. Take a look.

(PETE stares at him.)

PETE:

Now?

JEFF:

Yeah!

PETE:

Right here?

JEFF:

Right here, man. Come on; take a look.

PETE:

Is there something wrong with it?

JEFF:

Pete, what—? No, not a chance. I've got a champion down here.

PETE:

Uh huh....

JEFF:

If anything this is for your benefit.

PETE:

I don't know....

JEFF:

Of course you do, man. It ain't everyday I give it a public exhibition.

PETE:

Let me get this straight. You want, right here, right now, to whip out your penis?

JEFF:

Uh huh....

PETE:

And you want me to look at it?

JEFF:

Yeah.

PETE:

And then what?

JEFF:

Dude, you're going to bow down to the master. Cause once you see that penis...I mean, dude, you'll just know.

PETE:

I'll know?

JEFF:

Yeah. You'll know who's top dog around here. I just want to get it all out in the open, so there's no mistaking it.

(He motions to his crotch. PETE is still skeptical.)

PETE:

What if I don't want to see your penis?

JEFF:

I understand.

PETE:

You do?

JEFF:

Yeah.

PETE:

All right.

(Beat.)

JEFF:

It can be a little overwhelming I know. Not everybody's ready to take a look at my penis.

PETE:

Uh huh.

JEFF:

You know, you don't have to stare directly into my penis, if you don't think you can handle it. You can just sorta bask in the aura.

PETE:

Thanks....

JEFF:

So you changed your mind? Wanna see my penis?

PETE:

I don't know. No. Not right now....

(JEFF sighs.)

JEFF:

You know, you know something man? I figured you, out of anyone, would want to see my penis. It's a privilege.

PETE:

I know; I know what you mean. But right now? It's not really what I had in mind...

JEFF:

Oh. Yeah, I understand.... Guess I was aiming too high....

PETE:

Aiming too high...with your penis?

JEFF:

Yeah! Well, I mean, there are some people, you show 'em your penis, and they're impressed, but so what? It's not like their opinion matters. They don't know quality....

(He scoffs and turns to PETE.)

But you, you know what you're looking at. I'll show you this penis and you won't only say you're impressed, you'll know you're impressed. I can trust you.

PETE:

Really?

JEFF:

But I guess I asked too much of you. I thought you could handle my penis....

PETE:

Hey.... I might want to...see your penis.... I just.... Not right now....

JEFF:

You aren't ready for it yet?

PETE:

No.

JEFF:

(Nods:)

I've heard that one before. It's no big deal; it's just preparation. It doesn't make you any less of a man. You've got to put your game face on.

PETE:

Yeah.

JEFF:

Totally cool; you just let me know when you change your mind.

PETE:

OK.

(Long silence. The two stare out into space. PETE turns to JEFF, slowly.)

PETE: (cont.)
Hey, Jeff?

JEFF:
Yeah?

PETE:
Do you want to see my penis?

(JEFF stares.)

JEFF:
(Breaking the stare:)
Nah. That's alright.

PETE:
Oh....

(Beat.)

Why not?

JEFF:
Oh, it's not that I don't.... It's just that that doesn't have anything I haven't...well, you know....

(PETE stares.)

PETE:
Jeff. You want me to see your penis, but you don't want to see mine?

JEFF:
Yeah.

PETE:
Hmmm....

JEFF:
Hey Pete. You understand why, right?

PETE:
No. No Jeff, I don't think I do.

(JEFF opens his mouth to speak, exhales, and begins again.)

JEFF:

It's all about impressions, man. You just don't seem like a guy who's bringing anything to the table. That's all.

PETE:

So my penis isn't worth looking at?

JEFF:

No. Not exactly. You just don't act like a guy who thinks his penis is worth looking at.

PETE:

I don't?

JEFF:

No.

PETE:

Tell me Jeff, how do I act?

JEFF:

You act like...you act like you know where you stand....

PETE:

That's vague.

JEFF:

Dude, it's the truth. You know what you got down there. You know it does the job...in its own way...and you leave it at that.

PETE:

Basically my penis has nothing to say.

JEFF:

Not much.

PETE:

And yours does.

JEFF:

(Hands up:)
Hey....

PETE:

But Jeff, let's say for a minute that I could make a statement "down there." If my penis was important, the way to act like it is to ask, "Hey man, wanna see my penis?"

JEFF:

It's all a matter of style.

PETE:

Ah. Style....

JEFF:

Totally.

(Beat. PETE furrows his brow.)

PETE:

Jeff. I'm going to show you my penis.

(JEFF looks at him. He chuckles, slightly nervous.)

JEFF:

Aw, Pete, you don't want to do that.

PETE:

Why not?

JEFF:

What would be the point?

PETE:

(Shrugs:)

Let's find out.

JEFF:

Pete, all right; I'm sorry I brought it up.

PETE:

No, I'm glad you did. Because you're the one who's going to see a penis. You're the one who's going to bow down!

JEFF:

Come on; you can't be serious.

PETE:

Oh, you want serious?

(He gets up, fumbling with his belt.)

JEFF:

Pete, listen to me! Listen to what you're—I mean, this isn't solving anything!

PETE:

Jeff, you're the one who got yourself in this situation. You brought it up.

JEFF:

I brought it up?

PETE:

The topic.

JEFF:

Oh.

PETE:

You brought it up, and now you're going to face the music....

(With a flourish, PETE takes both ends of his belt, pulling either side to the tune of a burlesque he is loudly humming.)

JEFF:

Oh geez....

(PETE begins to pull the belt off, still humming.)

Pete, this is too much....

(He turns away.)

PETE:

Look at me Jeff. You're going to see my penis!

(PETE takes the belt and whirls it around in a circle with one hand, in time with his striptease. JEFF shakes his head. PETE switches to a rhythmic, a cappella "cymbal crash" as he reaches for his fly.)

CHRIS:

Oh my God!

(CHRIS rushes in, holding a folder. PETE immediately stops his striptease. Both PETE and JEFF watch CHRIS awkwardly.)

CHRIS: (cont.)

Can someone explain to me what happened in Santa Rosa? I've been on the phone playing voice mail Keno for the past two hours and I haven't reached a single human being. Gentlemen, it's Thursday. Every Thursday I get a Summary on my desk. Today my desk is empty. There's no Summary. There's no Santa Rosa. There's something wrong!

(He looks at the pair.)

What the hell have you two been doing?

(JEFF and PETE look at each other.)

JEFF:

Uhh...

CHRIS:

"Uhh." It must have been a whole lot of "uhh," because I haven't seen any news on the Quarterly Report. You think you can get some work done on that before starting your "uhh"?

PETE:

Now Chris, Jeff and I have a draft of the report; we were just—

(He shoots a look at JEFF.)

CHRIS:

You were just what?

PETE:

Just taking a break.

CHRIS:

Taking a break. Great thing to do with a belt in your hand.

(PETE remembers the belt and attempts to put it back on without drawing too much attention.)

CHRIS: (cont.)

Gentlemen, my work is at a standstill. When I'm at work, and I can't do work, I define it as a problem. But where is that problem coming from? Are you guys the problem?

JEFF:

Chris...

PETE:

No, not at all...

CHRIS:

Really? Then where is my report draft?

(PETE and JEFF shuffle uncomfortably.)

I think I see a problem. And I think that I have to apply "the fix".

(Jaws drop. Panicked, PETE and JEFF overlap:)

JEFF:

Ohhh, no....

PETE:

No....

JEFF:

Chris, you know we're on top-

PETE:

Chris, we can go back to my desk right now-

JEFF:

If we had a problem, it's gone. Long gone.

PETE:

-get settled, and there's no problem.

(CHRIS stands, contemplative.)

CHRIS:

You know guys, I want to believe you. But believing you won't get me that report any faster. Really guys, you forced this upon yourselves. It's time for "the fix". I'm going to have to show you my penis.

JEFF:

No, no—

PETE:

Oh God....

JEFF:

—no; Chris. There's no reason to get drastic.

CHRIS:

Oh I think there is.

JEFF:

There's not. Pete and I know what we're doing; you just caught us at an off moment, that's all.

(Nervous chuckle. CHRIS is not moved.)

Chris. Really. We don't need to see your penis.

PETE:

Chris, this is a bluff, right? I mean, we've done the Quarterly Report. We'll fix it—do another one!

(Still no response.)

Oh God....

CHRIS:

Come here, guys....

(The pair shuffles toward CHRIS from either side. CHRIS motions with his fingers: move closer. They shuffle again. CHRIS motions again. They are now toe to toe with him. CHRIS sighs.)

Let's get this over with....

(He begins unfastening his belt, then starts unzipping his fly. JEFF flinches and turns away.)

Look at me.

(He slaps JEFF in the face.)

Look at me!

(JEFF complies.)

CHRIS: (cont.)

Now....

(Unzipped, CHRIS pulls apart the sides of his pants, and reaches in for his penis. Since PETE and JEFF obscure the view, the audience is spared the sight. But PETE and JEFF get front row seats, and their expressions go blank. CHRIS extends his arms, awaiting a response.)

Yeah?

JEFF:

Ooh....

CHRIS:

Yeah?

(PETE looks away and looks back, inhaling sharply.)

PETE:

Yeah....

JEFF:

Yeah, I-yeah....

CHRIS:

Yeah?

JEFF:

Yeah.

CHRIS:

Yeah?

JEFF:

Yeah.

CHRIS:

Yeah. That's what I thought.

(He pulls his pants up, fastening them.)

Don't forget this.

(He walks away from the pair, who remain still.)

CHRIS: (cont.)

That report is going to be on my desk before the end of the day. You don't want to see what happens if it's not.

(CHRIS exits. JEFF and PETE stand, humbled.)

PETE:

Wow....

JEFF:

Yeah....

PETE:

He really showed us.

JEFF:

Yeah...showed us his penis....

(PETE nods and sighs.)

PETE:

Well, I guess we'd better polish up the Quarterly Report....

JEFF:

I guess....

(PETE turns to leave. JEFF remains still, staring out. PETE stops and turns.)

PETE:

Hey Jeff? You all right?

JEFF:

Yeah....

PETE:

You sure?

(JEFF grimaces, forcing a smile.)

JEFF:

I'll be OK. I just need a few minutes to....

PETE:

OK....

(Beat.)

Hey Jeff?

JEFF:

Yeah?

PETE:

Do you still want me to see your penis?

(No response.)

Cause I'll do it. I mean, if you still want me to.

JEFF:

There isn't much point now, is there?

PETE:

I guess not.

JEFF:

You go on ahead. I'll catch up with you.

PETE:

OK....

(PETE exits. JEFF stands, staring out. Finally he looks down to the ground. And then down to his crotch. He pulls his pants away from body and looks down. He sighs.)

JEFF:

I'm sorry. I wish I could have done more.... And it's not like you're bad; you're just-outclassed. That Chris.... Well, that's why he's the boss, and we're just....

(He stops, giving his crotch a closer inspection.)

What are you-?

(He smiles.)

Don't look at me like that. Don't.... Awww....

(He shakes his head.)

JEFF: (cont.)

You know what? Even after today, I can't turn my back on you. You've still got it....

(JEFF lets go of his pants and puts his arms down. He smiles at his crotch.)

Come on, let's go back to work.

(JEFF exits and the lights fade.)

THE END