

IN THE POCKET

Comedy

Role 1 - F - 20 to 40

Role 2 - M - 20 to 40

Author: Gilbert-Hill, Richard

(A large office. BARBARA sits behind her desk. RALPHIE comes in.)*

BARBARA: I have a job for you.

RALPHIE: So soon?

BARBARA: Is that a complaint?

RALPHIE: Oh, no.

BARBARA: Good, I'm glad. You know how I feel about complaints.

RALPHIE: Yes, very clearly.

BARBARA: You do?

RALPHIE: Oh, yes.

BARBARA: How long have you known me?

RALPHIE: Uh...

BARBARA: A week? Two weeks? When did you transfer?

RALPHIE: Two weeks ago.

BARBARA: Two weeks.

RALPHIE: Yes.

BARBARA: So you've known me for two weeks.

RALPHIE: Yes.

BARBARA: And it that time, you've learned how I feel about complaints.

RALPHIE: Yes. (Beat) Word gets around.

BARBARA: I see. (Beat) I want you to lay down on the floor with your face pressed down into the carpet. (Beat) Scratch that. I want you to kneel down on the floor with your face pressed into the carpet.

(Beat)

RALPHIE: Is this a joke?

BARBARA: Absolutely not. Do you want to keep your job?

RALPHIE: I don't know.

BARBARA: Excuse me?

RALPHIE: Well, I sure don't want to kneel with my face pressed into the carpet and my ass up in the air.

BARBARA: You have a problem with that?

RALPHIE: Yeah. It's undignified.

BARBARA: Oh, come on, you're in advertising!

RALPHIE: What's that supposed to mean?

BARBARA: Like you're an expert on dignity?

RALPHIE: I never said I was an expert.

BARBARA: Not even close.

RALPHIE: Well, I don't know about that. In certain things I am.

BARBARA: Oh, really?

RALPHIE: Yeah.

BARBARA: Like what?

(Beat.)

RALPHIE: Certain things.

BARBARA: Uh, huh. (Beat) Do you want to keep your job?

RALPHIE: That would be nice.

BARBARA: Then get down there and do as you're told.

(Beat.)

RALPHIE: You're not going to hurt me, are you?

BARBARA: It depends on how you define pain.

RALPHIE: Wow. Uh, anything that makes me scream.

(Beat.)

RALPHIE: This feels like a set up.

BARBARA: It's your job. Now get down and do it.

RALPHIE: I'd rather be fired.

BARBARA: Okay. Done. You're fired.

(Pause.)

RALPHIE: Okay. Okay, I'll do it.

(Beat.)

BARBARA: Well?

RALPHIE: Okay.

(RALPHIE gets down on his hands and knees. He buries his face into the carpet, his ass sticking up in the air.)

RALPHIE: How's this?

BARBARA: Good. Now, stay there.

(BARBARA walks around to behind RALPHIE and sits down on his upright ass.

Beat.)

RALPHIE: How long is this supposed to last?

BARBARA: Not long. (Beat) By the way, congratulations.

RALPHIE: For what?

BARBARA: Your promotion. It came through.

RALPHIE: It did?

BARBARA: Yes.

RALPHIE: Then why am I doing this?

BARBARA: This is your first lesson in what it means to be my equal. (She gets up off of him.) Don't ever forget it.