

**TOTALLY STRAIGHT,
INCREDIBLY MASCULINE**

A Short Play

written by

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CAST

BRAD, 20s, bro, lives in a his mom's basement, wants to be a crypto king.

KEVIN, 20s, BRADS best and only bro friend. Actually has a job.

Feel free to have fun with casting. These characters could be played by opposite genders in "male drag" or older actors. Readings have been done with both casting choices and still equally meaningful and funny.

TIME

This takes place in the worst timeline of all: now.

SETTING

A cramped makeshift podcast studio. BRAD and KEVIN sit at a folding table. Microphones with the pop filters, etc. A small pile of mini-snacks. A slingshot. Squeezable stress balls. The vibe is aggressively masculine but poorly executed. It is low budget podcast central.

NOTES:

A // indicates where the next line of dialogue overlaps with the previous line.

A line with . . . Indicates that the actor will have a non-verbal moment/reaction.

TOTALLY STRAIGHT, INCREDIBLY MASCULINE

A ten-minute play

Small, confined podcast studio. It could be a walk in closet. Harsh studio light snaps on.

BRAD and KEVIN sit at a folding table. Microphones with the pop filters, etc. A pile of snacks. A slingshot. Stress balls. All aggressively masculine and poorly executed.

BRAD turns on the control panel.

BRAD

(in podcast voice)

Welcome back, brothers, to *Totally Straight, Incredibly Masculine--*

KEVIN

The podcast where nothing confusing ever happens.

BRAD

Ever.

KEVIN

Because confusion is// weak—

BRAD

Beta.

A practiced nod between them.

I'm Brad.

KEVIN

I'm Kevin.

BRAD

And we're just hanging as usual.

KEVIN

Like testicles.

BRAD

What the did you just say, dude?

KEVIN

Yeah, I mean, I'm just saying, like the two of us. Like. We hang.. Close. You over there, me over here. Side by side.

BRAD

That's fucked up, bro. So sus.

KEVIN

One of us is even shorter than the other, like -- It's an anaology!

BRAD
It's cringe, bro. Cringe pervo stuff.

KEVIN
Come on! What's more masculine than balls, bro?

BRAD
Look, let's just.. run it back, okay?

Reset. Clicks button on console again.

BRAD (CONT'D)
So, hey, brothers! Today we're talking about masculine--

KEVIN
Hierarchy.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Dominance.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Leadership, bros!

BRAD
Yeah like Moses!

KEVIN
(Hunh?)
What, like Moses out of the desert?

BRAD
We as men don't hear enough about Moses. He's the man, man. So manly!

KEVIN
(playing along)
Sure . . . Guy leads his people through the desert, man! Total confidence.

BRAD
Goes up a mountain// comes--

KEVIN
-- back with// rules! Tablets!!

A moment. Okay that topic was lame. Reset.

BRAD
So. Uh. Brothers! I'm sure all you bros are wondering, like, will we address--

KEVIN
The numbers.

BRAD (CONT'D)
The numbers.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Not our fault!

BRAD (CONT'D)
Pussies out there.

BRAD (CONT'D)
So many pussies, bros!

KEVIN
And sure, we lost half our listeners last week.

BRAD
Which is fine!

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Totally fine!

BRAD (CONT'D)
Because trimming the herd—

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Culling the herd!

BRAD (CONT'D)
—makes the herd stronger.

KEVIN
But! . . . We lost the other half yesterday.

BRAD
Pussies!

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Pussies!

KEVIN (CONT'D)
We said, what can't be said, man . . . That men search for -- for bro-hood with each other and -- um -- stuff like that . . .

Short beat.

BRAD
They'll come back, bro. Just have to get back to basics.

KEVIN
Return to the origin story of our totally masculine// heritage!

BRAD
Our roots.

Short beat.

KEVIN
I can't do this! I can't, bro. It's fucked.

BRAD
Kev, what the fuck? Reset, reset, bro!

BRAD turns the light off. Dark.

KEVIN
No! No, bro. Turn it back on, bro.

BRAD turns the light back on. They blink.

BRAD
What's the matter, // bro?

KEVIN
I'm fine, bro! //Jeez.

You sure? BRAD

It's too weird to like tell everyone// ugh! KEVIN

Bro! Tell me. BRAD

That thing where . . . oh God . . . KEVIN

Bruh! What're you saying? BRAD

Where you look at me. KEVIN

(ewwww)
Like that.

Like what? BRAD

Like I just said something fucking vulnerable. KEVIN

But you did say something-- BRAD

Did not! KEVIN

You said "I can't do this." BRAD

I meant the numbers. The numbers! The pussy numbers stress me out, bro. KEVIN

Oh, yeh, me too . . . bro. BRAD

They lock eyes. BRAD clicks console again.

Okay. So Hierarchy, brothers! KEVIN

Hierarchy! Yeah!! BRAD

If two men are alone— KEVIN

One naturally leads. BRAD

Alpha. KEVIN

One follows. BRAD Beta! KEVIN (CONT'D)

That's science, brothers. BRAD (CONT'D)

Bio 101. I went to Community College. KEVIN

'Kay. Then you know, you know about it, right? BRAD

Sure. KEVIN

Uh, what, dude? (thinks)

Clownfish, bro. BRAD

A what? KEVIN

Clownfish, man. When the dominant one dies, the other uh, I mean . . . you know . . . The beta becomes the "woman." BRAD

They freeze.

No fuckin' way! KEVIN

Clearing of throats. They play with the props-- a cigar, a sling shot, rubbing, feeling them.

I don't love that example. BRAD

It's nature, man, basic Darwin stuff, bro. KEVIN

We're not fish! BRAD

It's an analogy, bro! KEVIN

We mammals. With microphones. Puts us above fish, especially that kind. BRAD

KEVIN
But if they did have a microphone.

BRAD
Stop about the clownfish// bro--

KEVIN
Okay, okay . . . but still.

(A beat.)
Hypothetically . . . If the last and only person left in the world// was

BRAD
What are you asking...?

KEVIN
--another totally straight, incredibly masculine--

BRAD (CONT'D)
Kay. Wait-Wait-- Bro! stop--

KEVIN (CONT'D)
--would it ever and I mean ever be possible to be// attracted--

BRAD
NO way! Bro! Cringe, lame, soo beta!

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Right, right. Of course. Yeh. Soo beta.

Slight beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Unless . . . Oh my god, this podcast makes me do shit man..

KEVIN
Me too, bro!

BRAD
...

KEVIN
What're you gonna say?

BRAD
We're doing the show here, bro. Come on, don't make// me say--

KEVIN
We swore to our brothers out there that we'd be true patriotic masculine men the whole way, bro. We're totally straight , incredibly masculine. So truth. Bro.

BRAD
(squirming looking away)
Unless unless unless that. Other. Dude. Was. I mean. . . You.

Beat : What the fuck??!!

KEVIN
Fuuuuck . . . Noooo!

BRAD (CONT'D)
Yeh. Yeh. Yeh. Bro.

KEVIN shoots BRAD with a fun-size candy bar. Brad shoves stress ball into KEVIN's face. They throw candy, launch themselves at each other, wrestle on the floor. Chaos.

All following dialogue is over the fight.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Not funny!

BRAD (CONT'D)
Fucking joke!

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Okay. Well. I don't appreciate—

BRAD (CONT'D)
Stop stop stop

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Fuck you fuck you I'm not beta you cuck!

BRAD (CONT'D)
If attraction happens!! Stop fuckin with me!

They roll away, panting . . . spent.

So. KEVIN (CONT'D)

So. BRAD

What I want to know is, I mean, bro. . . If that would happen then . . . which one of us would be// uh the uh KEVIN

Don't say it! Don't say it! BRAD

—the woman? KEVIN

The air changes. Charged.

BRAD
Can we say, on this podcast that um noobody has to be the woman.

KEVIN
Right, bro, right! I sincerely regret I even brought up the Clownfish analogy.

Beat.

BRAD
Wait! But we didn't decide: who's the real alpha?

KEVIN
We already know who's dominate, come on.

BRAD
Do we?

KEVIN

It's me. I'm the one who bought the microphones. I put them in. I set up this whole fucking thing. This primo podcast studio, dude.

BRAD

Nuh unh, I brought the snacks, bro. And the stress balls.

KEVIN

I'm supposed to think you're dominant because you brought Snow Caps?

BRAD

Fuck you! They're the worlds most popular theatre snack!

KEVIN

Cuck candy, bro. Cucks eat them.

BRAD picks up the slingshot.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And I don't like how excited you look with that thing in your hands.

BRAD

It's ergonomic, bro.

KEVIN

In that case . . .

KEVIN pulls nail polish out of his pocket.

Here's the ultimate test, bro. //Mano a mano.

BRAD

Polish?! I don't even want to ask why you have that in your pocket.

KEVIN

Let's see who flinches, bro.

BRAD (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no!!

KEVIN paints one of BRAD's fingernails.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

If I can do this—

BRAD (CONT'D)

Stop.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

—and make you look away—

BRAD (CONT'D)

Bro! Stooooop!

KEVIN (CONT'D)

—then I'm the alpha and . . . you're beta.

Look at each other.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Your breathing just changed.

BRAD

Don't. . . Stop, Kev.

KEVIN

There's a reason the listeners left, bro, and it wasn't me.

KEVIN reaches for a box on the floor. Opens it. Looks inside.

BRAD

Don't open that, bro. Please!

KEVIN

We keep coming back to the thing we can't mention. But it's here, bro.

BRAD

If we admit this we'll--

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You're being a puss.

BRAD (CONT'D)

-- lose who we are, bro.

KEVIN

But if we don't—

BRAD

—we lose each other?

Kevin pulls a heart out of the box. Holds it up.

BRAD (CONT'D)

It was a joke, bro, a joke. It was lame, I know, but come on! It was a lame joke!

Small beat.

KEVIN

Now . . . Who's the woman?

BRAD slowly hands KEVIN the slingshot.

BRAD

You.

KEVIN

Why?

BRAD

Because I can't lead, bro.

KEVIN takes it. But he's shaking. Both hold the slingshot. BRAD looks away.

KEVIN

Where did you go just now?

BRAD

It was weird. It felt. Gushy. Like Jello. Warm. Red. Jello. Inside. Bro.

Okay. Stand up. KEVIN

They stand.

Bro. BRAD

Bro. KEVIN (CONT'D)

Without music, without warning, they begin a stiff line dance. Wrong steps. Too close. Breathing hard.

They stop.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
We're never airing this episode.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Never airing this episode!

KEVIN turns the light off.

Darkness in a beat.

The light snaps back on instantly.

They're still there, but frozen together, bro hug . . . or more?

BLACK OUT.