





IN THE SACK

by Dennis Bush

A SMITH SCRIPT

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Production History

In the Sack had a reading at Pearl Studios, followed by developmental productions at the Players Club and the Barrow Group Theater, all in New York City, with the following cast (in order of appearance) and creative team:

Barry	Josh Evans
Wayne	Jon DiSavino
Paula	Melissa Teitel
Kristie	Dayla Perkins
Lester Thomas Shane, director	

Synopsis

A summer evening in the suburbs: Two guys and a couple bottles of beer.

Barry mentions that his girlfriend wants him to have a surgical procedure to reduce the sag and swing of a certain sack he's very attached to. His buddy, Wayne, an opinionated truth talker and bullshitter, goes ballistic.

Wayne's wife, Paula, is a ballsy broad with a fondness for cocktails and a collection of Precious Moments figurines. When push comes to shove, she knows how to knock Wayne into place.

Barry's girlfriend, Kristie, is pretty enough to believe that nobody's rules apply to her. While Barry and Paula share laughs in the kitchen, Kristie reveals some of Barry's disturbing behind-closed-doors behavior.

As the booze and bile flows, polite conversation turns to the baring of naked truths. The world of *In the Sack* spins on raucous laughs and deadly barbs.

It's all fun and games till everyone gets hurt.

About the playwright

Dennis Bush's award-winning plays have been performed in New York and throughout the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom, and elsewhere around the world. He has extensive credits as a writer, is a sought-after coach for professional writers and actors, and is a noted script and dialogue consultant in all areas of the entertainment industry, as well. He is a proud member of the Dramatists Guild of America.

Characters (in order of appearance)

BARRY

mid- to late-20's; nice guy; keeps his quirks behind closed doors

WAYNE

40's-50's; a self-described truth talker; opinionated; likes to be the big man

PAULA

late-30's to 40's; ballsy broad; tough; foul-mouthed; has a fondness for cocktails and Precious Moments figurines

KRISTIE

mid-20's; a cheerleader in high school who can still fit into her uniform eight years later; pretty enough to believe that nobody's rules apply to her

Setting

Wayne and Paula's living room. A summer evening in the suburbs. The present.

Lights up on BARRY and WAYNE. Each has an empty bottle of beer and one that's half full. Barry is drinking Bass Pale Ale. Wayne is a Budweiser man.

A beat.

BARRY

... So Kristie wants me to have a scrotal lift.

Wayne nearly chokes on the mouthful he's trying to swallow.

WAYNE

I don't even wanna know what that shit is.

BARRY

It's so my balls won't hang so low.

WAYNE

I figured that much. Jesus, what kind of girlfriend would ask a guy to do that?

BARRY

She says my balls hang down too far. Like an old man.

WAYNE

You're not an old man.

BARRY

I know that. I said, *like* an old man.

WAYNE

How does she know how far down an old man's balls hang?

BARRY

I guess she's seen some old guy's sack.

WAYNE

That's fucked up.

BARRY

I know. But what can ya do?

A beat.

BARRY (cont.)

How far do yours hang?

WAYNE

(Trying to distance himself from the question)

I don't know. They hang. Like they're supposed to.

BARRY

But how far down?

WAYNE

I don't pay much attention to 'em.

A beat. BARRY and WAYNE each take a big swig of beer.

BARRY

I've been looking at the guys at the gym.

WAYNE

You've been looking at their nuts?

BARRY

Yeah. In the locker room. The steam room and sauna don't count. Everybody hangs down extra low in there.

WAYNE

And in the hot tub.

BARRY

Absolutely.

WAYNE

No two ways about it.

BARRY

Your nuts hang lower to get away from the heat. It's what they do.

WAYNE

You're preachin' the choir, buddy.

BARRY

But Kristie doesn't understand that.

WAYNE

She's got no love for your fleshy pendulum.

BARRY

Which is why she emailed me the info about the scrotal lift.

WAYNE

That shit is wrong.

BARRY

Wrong as shit.

WAYNE

You oughta tell her to go pound sand up her ass. That's what I'd tell her. No doctor is going anywhere near me down there with a knife.

BARRY

Apparently, it's a very safe procedure.

WAYNE

Well, *apparently* wouldn't be good enough for me. Accidents happen, ya know. He could slip and there go your nuts, just like that.

BARRY

All I told her is that I'd *think* about it. I didn't tell her I'd *do* it.

WAYNE

Vienna Boys Choir, buddy. That's all I'm saying. You could end up like one of the castrated little dudes in the Vienna Boys Choir.

BARRY

They're not castrated. Their voices just haven't changed.

WAYNE

Believe what you want. But there's a doctor in Vienna with a big barrel full of choir-boy balls, mark my words.

BARRY

(Laughing)

I'll steer clear of Vienna.

A beat.

WAYNE

Paula's at some kind of jewelry party, tonight. Silpada or some shit like that. I think it's foreign. Foreign jewelry. Like the cars weren't enough. Now we gotta buy foreign jewelry.

A beat.

BARRY

Maybe I'll get one of those chemical peels.

WAYNE
(Horried)
On your ball bag?

BARRY
Christ, no. On my face.

WAYNE
Good God in heaven.

BARRY
What?

WAYNE
You *know* what. It's a slippery slope. A chemical peel on your face, today. Surgery on your sack, tomorrow. The knee-bone's-connected-to-the-shinbone. One thing leads to another.

BARRY
I don't think it can hurt to give yourself a competitive edge.

WAYNE
Joan Rivers. Before she died. Joan Fucking Rivers.

BARRY
I'm not talking about plastic surgery. I'm not about to have my face look like I'm perpetually sky diving. *(Pause)* Maybe just a little Botox, when I need it. Something they do right in the doctor's office.

WAYNE
Florida.

BARRY
What?

WAYNE
Florida. That guy with his own personal zoo. In Florida. You remember. The faggoty dude who lived with a bunch of lions and let 'em sleep in his bed with him. And one of the lions bit him on the face!

BARRY
(Vaguely remembering)
Right. What about it?

WAYNE

He had all that kinda shit done. Botox, cow cocks. You name it and he was getting it shot into him. That's why the lion tried to chew off his face. It freaked him out. Animals get spooked by faces that've had that kind of shit done to 'em. Do you want your dog to chew your face off while you sleep?

BARRY

Hell no.

WAYNE

Well that's what'll happen if you get your ball bag tightened up.

BARRY

(Defensive)

I didn't say I was gonna do it. I'm just thinking about it. Just rolling around some ideas.

PAULA

(Yelling from offstage)

You left the garage door open.

WAYNE

(Shouting in the direction of the kitchen)

Are you back already? I thought you were at the jewelry thing.

PAULA enters. She's a tough woman, though not butch by any means. She has an in-charge vibe that's clear and present. She's wearing a bold-print dress and high heels. Her hair has been enthusiastically highlighted. Her cleavage is ample and is home to a key-shaped pendant that dangles there. Simple earrings and large bracelets complete her look.

PAULA

The food was shit. Literally, for all I know. Lumps of some kind of meat that looked like what their dog does in the backyard. And pizza rolls. I thought they were yesterday's news in 1983 but apparently not. Maryann served 'em up like they were gourmet fucking cuisine. *(To WAYNE)* Did you hear me?

WAYNE

(As if taking an oral exam)

Dog shit. Pizza. 1983 fucking cuisine.

PAULA

(Engine fully revved)

And you left the goddamn garage door wide open.

WAYNE

Yeah, I heard you.

PAULA

And the door from the garage into the kitchen was unlocked, too. You might as well have put a neon sign on the front lawn inviting people to come ransack the house.

WAYNE

We've been here the whole time. How's anybody going to rob us with Barry and me sitting here the whole goddamn time watching the game.

PAULA

Don't flatter yourselves. That's why burglars have guns. To shoot guys like you so they can ransack the house without any further interruptions. *(Noting the TV)* And how are you watching the game with the TV off?

BARRY

It got rained out.

PAULA

I thought they played in the rain.

BARRY

That's football. Baseball games have rain delays and...

WAYNE

(Finishing the thought; the expert speaks)

And when it rains too much or too long they call the whole thing off.

PAULA

(Sarcastically)

Fascinating. I'm gonna go make myself a gin and tonic.

PAULA exits to the kitchen.

WAYNE

(Hollering toward the kitchen)

Did you buy anything?

PAULA

(Shouted from offstage)

A bracelet and a bra.

WAYNE

(Still yelling)

You brought a bra at a jewelry party?

PAULA

(Loudly, as if it should be understood without explanation)

The Bra Lady was there.

BARRY

(Intrigued, joining in the shouted exchange)

Who the hell is The Bra Lady?

PAULA enters with a cocktail in hand.

PAULA

Her name's Charlene but she goes by The Bra Lady. She's got a gift from God. *(Quick pause)* She can find you the perfect bra no matter what kind of boobs you have. *(Quick pause, with awe)* And she does it without measuring you. She just steps back, takes a good look at your boobs and hands you the perfect bra.

BARRY

You make it sound like some kind of mysterious science.

PAULA

If you knew anything about bras, you'd know how hard it is to find one that fits right. Ninety-nine percent of the women walking around out in the world are wearing the wrong bra.

WAYNE

(Like a dirty-minded teenage boy)

I like it when they don't wear any bra at all.

PAULA

Oh really? Is that what you like? You want me to walk around like some tribal woman in National Geographic? With my boobs down to my belly button?

WAYNE

I wasn't talking about you.

PAULA

(To BARRY)

Excuse him, Barry. He can't help talking out his ass.

BARRY

He's excused.

WAYNE

You don't have to excuse shit. There's nothing to excuse.

PAULA

So if there wasn't a game on, what'd you two boys do? Sit around and braid each other's hair?

WAYNE

We just shot the shit.

BARRY

And had a few beers.

PAULA

(To BARRY, picking up an empty Bass Pale Ale bottle)

I see you brought your own. *(Pause)* Wayne's beer not good enough for you?

BARRY

(Selling bullshit like it was the stone cold truth)

No, it's not that. I was just being a good guest. I'm not one of those guys who shows up and drinks all your beer and eats you out of house and home.

PAULA

Did you eat?

WAYNE

I opened a bag of chips.

PAULA

When Kristie gets here, we can order pizza or I can heat up the leftover lasagna from Thursday night.

BARRY

Kristie's coming over? My Kristie?

PAULA

No, the Pope's proctologist Kristie. Of course, *your* Kristie. She was at the party. She knows The Bra Lady. I told her to come over when she was done listening to Maryann's schpiel about the free jewelry you get when you host your own hoohah.

WAYNE

(To BARRY, conspiratorially)

Better keep her out of the kitchen. We don't want her grabbing a knife and going after your nutsack.

PAULA

(Very involved with her gin and tonic)

Whatever you boys are plotting, you can just stop it right now.