



AN EVENING WITH PENIS

By Bob Buckley

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Characters: **Penis:** Man in a large foam-rubber Penis costume. (or woman)
Bernard (Bernie) Flockenpopper: Agent and long-time friend.

Set: Comfortable, wingback; Masterpiece-Theater type chair, a small table for sundry items; i.e. Webster's Dictionary, other hardback reference books, note cards, a pointer, a towel, finger-poms, water bottle, etc. *[Note: Finger-poms are made from colored sticky notes that are sliced on the non-sticky edge and placed in the show's programs so everyone in the audience will have one. Penis will instruct the audience in their use.]*

Flockenpopper: *(The actor that plays Flockenpopper can have a certain amount of latitude with this introduction.)* Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Bernard Flockenpopper. Bernie, if you will, - Mr. Flockenpopper if you must! And tonight, it is my distinct honor and privilege to welcome you to the "name of theater" Theatre for what may possibly be the most shocking, the most astounding and the most naked theatrical experience that - until this time - you have ever encountered. Raw is not the word I'm looking for, but it is the first; and certainly most accurate that comes to mind. Because tonight's "Evening with Penis" is not just a celebration of the world's most celebrated organ but an inspiration as well; and when the symbol of a gender finally speaks, who couldn't listen? I know I would! I will now, in mere seconds, yield this stage to that which I know will delight your hearts, dazzle your minds, dive deep into your souls and tickle you in places that only true artistry can reach. Ladies and Gentlemen; please join me in welcoming to the stage, fresh from a sold-out performance at the Denver Urological Society's Annual Kidney/Colon Gala and Reproductive Product Symposium, here's... - **Penis!**

{ Penis enters to applause: }

Penis: Thank you, thank you, thank you! No, please; go ahead - laugh. It's perfectly fine. It's all right. No, no, I want you to laugh. You know you want to. Go ahead. Let it out. Please, be my guest. It's difficult, I know. Here I am, in the flesh, less than five feet away in some places. 3Living, breathing, walking, talking, bigger-than-life, super-sized Penitude! Probably a little overwhelming for some of you. It's strange, I know. Giggers too. Come on, get it out. Ha, ha, ha, giggle, giggle, giggle, laugh, laugh, laugh. Please, you'll be doing everyone a big favor. It's OK. I've been laughed at before. Good, very good. Now – I need you to empty your minds. I need you to empty your judgment. I need you to empty all your preconceived notions right here in my imaginary trash basket - if you will! (*Collects imaginary notions from audience and puts them in imaginary waste basket*) Thank you, thank you, thank you very much. Now, stop thinking. (*Pause*) And start - thinking! Hm? Right? (*very sm. pause*) Morton Einstein, the younger, better-looking of the Einstein brothers, once said “How can I learn anything, if I already know everything!” Makes sense doesn't it? (*sm pause*) Well, he was often considered the smarter of the two. And what he said is this : ‘When you let go of what you know - you give yourself a chance to grow!’ And tonight, my friends, is about much more than just getting a new grip! It's about breaking a silence - a silence that has held me null and void since the development of basic language skills. It's about an ancient story; and a storyteller as wise and as ancient as that story itself. Some will think, ‘Why here?’ ‘Why now?’ And to that I say ‘No better time, no better place.’ Some will try to keep the silence, - fine, – let them, - but some, like you; will join with me and walk into the light. And that is why, Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight's

“Evening with Penis” is not just a celebration of the world’s most beloved organ, but an exploration as well; an exploration of what it means to be a Penis in this Post-modern/post-post modern, modern/post-modern world. What are the moral implications of 21st-century Penishood? What are the issues? What are the core values of the Male organ in a world where it’s very existence - (does anyone remember the fish and the bicycle thing? Well, I do! Gloria Steinem, 1974, look it up!*) - the very existence of the Penis is constantly doubted and questioned. Where does the modern penis find meaning? Where does he even begin to look? Can anyone tell me? (*pause*) (*to audience member*) No, sir, that’s ok, I’m kidding, if anybody knows I do; right? Anyway, thank you all for coming. Now, let’s talk Penis!

Penis. Ah, yes. What is in a name? Penis. Is that what we are? Our name? Because Penis is simply what I’m called in polite, Theatre-attending society. But I can, and have; I assure you, gone by many, many other names? Names more direct, perhaps. Names with a bit more style, maybe. Some of these names tossed with a bitter disregard; and some, with a strange and satisfying pride. Perhaps you know some of them? Pee-Pee, Cock, Weiner, prick, dick, manhood, putz, meat, pizzle, rod, dong, member, dingle, phallus, shaft, hose, boner, wang, poker, schlong, weinus, sausage, wee-wee, prong, stiffie, Johnson; Manstick, dipstick, joystick, foolstick, jibberstick, happystick, rutstick, meatstick, Beefstick, spitstick, fuckstick; anything-stick I guess; (*pause*), schmeckle, pole, dangle, snake, chopper, schlag, dork, knob, gherkin, pecker, talleywhacker, marrowbone, peter, tool, winky, pud, wick, todger, chode, unit, fuzzbuster, log, pinkisicle, chubby, hammer, stub, wood, tunk, bishop, dingus, hog, dongle, kickstand, lingam, Bumtickler, lizard, scullywogglor, dooker, poinswatter, schwanz, thumper, diggler,

Cobra, tinkler, plumthumb, tubesteak, skin-twig, Wazoo, knobgoblin, tuggle, yingyang, dobber, willie, vein, bratwurst, and, let's not forget; Rumplesforeskin. Whew. I know, that's a lot, right? And those are just the simple ones. Ever hear of The Tan Banana, The Piss Weasel, The Bald Avenger, Charlie Russell the One-Eyed Muscle, Big-Daddy Longstroke, Elmer the Glue-Shooter, Mac McManStick, Fleshy Clitorinski, The Pantsaconda, The Pink Torpedo, The Horse-Necked Clam Separator, The Labinator, The Free-Foaming, Forward-Roaming, All-American Beef-Injection Machine, The Kingsnake, The Incessant Tumescant, The Everlasting Gob-Dropper, The Tennessee Throatwarmer, The Universal Womb Broom, The Goo Bazooka, The Mayonaiser, Rodzilla, The Cave-Scratcher, The Fandangling Mandangler, The Ivory Beanstalk, The Gash Mallet, The Chrome-Domed Giggle Stick, The Girth of Mirth, The Master Bamblar, The Purple-Headed Pump-Action Spunk Dispenser, The Hammer du Hymen, The Heat-Seeking Moisture Missile, The Pork Sword, The Hang-Down, The Kipper Ripper, The Silken Cyclops, Roddington P. Coochpounder, I mean how many nicknames can you have? Donnie Deep-Vee Diver, It never ends. The Original Groin-Ferret, Hugh G. LongFellow, Ol' Beaver Basher, Fondo Wormicon.... Sometimes I just don't know what to say. Who could live up to all these things? So much misinformation; so, so much. I wouldn't say that's THE problem with the world today; but... You'll have to concede that it is one of them. Much too much misinformation. What are you going to do? Well, why don't we go right to the source, shall we? (*Gets Dictionary from table*) According to Webster's 13th InterCollegiate Dictionary, the Penis is, and I quote, "the male organ of urination and copulation." Hmmm. (*Pause*) Let me read that again, it may have gotten by some of you. It did me.

“The male organ of urination and copulation.” Wow! (*Sm pause while counting words in dictionary*) Let’s see, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Whoa. Really? Can you spare the ink? Was it a noun, was it a verb, was there a pluperfect or transitive case? I sure wasn’t going to find it there - in a skimpy little seven-word definition, for probably the human organ most responsible for a hell of a lot of the good in this world; (pause) and, I suppose you could argue, quite possibly most of the evil as well. But, nevertheless, that’s not quite enough for the Messrs. Webster, et al. A seven-word definition. Ha, I laugh; I, Penis - laugh, Ha! The Japanese have more than a hundred and fifty words for me. The Romans and Greeks built temples for me. For goodness sake; even Dolphins have a distinct sound for me! In fact, the Klingon word for Penis is banned in some provinces of Canada; -as there are some very suggestive pelvic motions that go along with it; and a good bit of phlegm, is why. But, at any rate, do I seem to you to be a simple fluid delivery system? Is there nothing more complex and important in the Penis than mere flushing actions? Am I not more than the sum of my part?

(Lights dim, [Flockenpopper uses a flashlight as a spotlight] (Penis strikes Hamlet-like pose)

If you prick me, will I not bleed?

If you kill me will I not die?

If I said I loved you too –

Would you promise to be true?

And help me; – understand?

If words were wishes and wishes had wings

Would I be one of your favorite things?

And yet foresooth, fivesooth and sixsooth -

In the tide and scope of mortal flesh

there is none so worthy as he

whom codpiece calls home!
No unit greater for woman's pleasurance -
nor no better lover of female form,
though she be most from Venus born
and yon Penis in Mars' manifestation resembled.
How can these two; star-crossed, poltrooned, and doom-ed'
thence find union in the speckled firmament?
And to the end of days cry "Jack Cock!" to the morning dew
and "Bob's your Uncle" to the prelate's hairy arse!
Heigh ho, say I, and cry "Anon" to the miller's fickle daughter.
Heigh Ho!! and Hey, Nonny, Nonny Ho!

(Lights come back up, Penis bows) Thank you, thank you. Just a little bit of Elizabethan Drama in the Shakespearean mode, thank you. That's a piece of a larger work by Sir Roger Rutting, called "Ode to an Anonymous Organ." And I'd really like to see some of the other organs try that. You think the spleen can do that? You want free verse from a kidney? Pentameter from a pancreas? Please! Let us hope - that when next the Webster Clan convenes to scribble their barely adequate drivel - that they remember - this Penis played Hamlet! "To beat or not to beat?" - now that's a question I know something about, ok! Some of you may not have seen that production, "Long Dong Dane," 1976, Peter Greenaway's first movie, it didn't get a very wide distribution, but it did, however, make Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas' ten best list.

Seriously folks, there's more to life than what's in the dictionary, and Ladies and Gentlemen, if we learn nothing else tonight; then let us learn that, shall we? And there is so much to learn. The word Penis, is, in and of itself a very, very interesting word, don't you think? Penis. Peeee-Ness. P-ness. It has a