

# Mucho Macho

by

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## DESCRIPTION

Testosterone poisoning is probably one of the greatest environmental hazards the world faces.

## CHARACTERS

- A and B—Two men of ordinary appearance
- Voice

## SETTING

- Subway car

## TIME

- Mid-day

## MISCELLANEOUS

- A newspaper
- A magazine
- Two chairs

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*Subway car, mid-day; it can be shown by two chairs. On one chair is a newspaper. A enters and sits; there is a newspaper on the bench next to him. B enters. B is carrying a magazine.*

## VOICE

Next stop: Broadway. Please stand clear of the closing doors. The doors will be closing. Please move to the center of the car and cuddle with your fellow passengers—it'll improve your mood immensely.

*A and B react as if they hadn't quite heard what they just heard.*

You reading that? B

Huh? A

The newspaper. B

The newspaper. A

Yeah. B

That newspaper. A

Yeah. B

Don't talk to me. A

Well, okay—but are you reading the newspaper? B

Don't talk to me. A

I'm trying not to, but I have to talk to you if I want the newspaper. B

Read your magazine. A

Bored with it. B

*A stands up, takes the newspaper, and sits on it.*

Yes, I'm reading it. A

*Stands up, turns a page, and sits back down.*

I haven't gotten to the comics yet. A

You're reading it? B

Yeah. A

(wiggles his butt)  
How uncultured we would be without our daily information.

*B sits.*

Oh, yeah? What're you reading? B

Huh? A

Right now. What's the article? B

*A makes a facial expression to show he's reading.*

The Attorney General— A

Yeah? B

Is investigating— A

Oh, good guess. B

A

Let me skip down a few paragraphs.

B

Take your time.

A

Crimes. White collar.

B

You read pretty thoroughly. I guess you can do that when you're brains are so close to the page.

*A turns the page again; B looks like he's going to try to snatch it away, but A sits down before he can act.*

A

On to the editorials.

B

Where'd you learn how to do that?

A

Special school.

B

Butt school? Derriere academy?

A

Don't mock my alma posterior.

B

You brought it up. How do you do it?

A

Promised never to reveal the secret.

B

Is it through the texture of the paper—

A

Stupid!

B

Hey!

A

Not you. This letter writer. Some people ought to be denied access to the mails.

B

Yeah?

A

He's complaining about people who leave newspapers on the subway. Obviously he doesn't read.

B

You think you're pretty smart.

A

Not everyone can do this. Takes talent.

*B takes his magazine, stands, spreads it on his seat, and sits on it.*

A

Thought you were bored with it.

B

Haven't finished it, though.

*B turns a page.*

A

I'm on to the business news.

B

I'm reading about sex tours in London.

A

Sex tours? In England?

B

Something for everyone. Ooh, doing that must hurt!

*B turns a page.*

B  
Whew—now that would be interesting.

A  
Something with kippers and bangers?

*A turns a page.*

B  
You read pretty slow.

A  
I don't move my lips, though.

B  
But I bet you use your finger.

*A turns a page. B turns a page.*

A  
The financial news in Asia is pretty bad. The bhat—

B  
The what?

A  
Bhat. A kind of money. Jeez, didn't know that?

B  
Naw, I'm more interested in B&D.

A  
B&D?

B  
It ain't a deli sandwich. Whips, rope.  
(turns a page)  
And things with angel hair pasta.

*A turns a page.*

A

The Federal Reserve is talking about raising interest rates to offset—

*B turns a page.*

B

This review about the latest movies from underground Iranian directors—

*A and B turn pages rapidly now in a bid to outdo each other. They do this until they reach the last page in each publication. The comments should fly, and they don't even need to coincide with the turning of the pages. The actors are also free to add any lines they wish, the more outrageous, the better.*

A

New snack called Anne Frank; best place for ribs; Demi Moore changes name to Semi Phore; gift ideas for Boxing Day; tofu turkey for Thanksgiving; weird 'zines; drive-in funeral parlors; carbonated coffee.

B

Politicians thrown into jail; boy kills mom with Cling Wrap; fossils show humans born yesterday; proven you can get blood from a stone; free trade, no free lunch, free gift, no free trade; personal digital assistant implants.

*In a frenzy as they reach the last page, they both grab their respective publications and put them on their heads, like tents. They both sit breathless, staring.*

A

Beat you.

B

No, you didn't.

A

Did.

B

Didn't.

I can read it, even like this. A

So can I. B

Yeah? A

Yeah. Only—I don't much feel like it at the moment. B

Me neither. A

*They both slowly slide the publications off their heads.*

VOICE

Coming in to Broadway. Be sure to check that you have all your faculties, and have a nice day.

All your "faculties"? A

Read any good books lately? B

Huh? A

Books. B

I gotta get off here. A

Right. B

*A gets up. B offers him the magazine. A offers him the newspaper. A exits. B puts newspaper on seat next to him.*



VOICE

Next stop, Park Square. All aboard who are getting on board.

*A reënters, wearing something different to indicate a new passenger.*

VOICE

Please be careful, the doors will be closing but will open up soon for other possibilities.

A

(indicating the newspaper)

You reading that?

*B looks at the audience and smiles.*

BLACKOUT