

B My Name Is Bob

By Gregory T. Burns

NOTES

B My Name Is Bob is a satire of its popular counterpart from the 1980's and 1990's and is a celebration of all things manly. Through eight scenes, or vignettes, a myriad of boys and men from all walks of life entertain us with humor and heart. This selection should be performed by two males and be entered in either Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting; however, a single male may choose to perform this selection and enter it in Humorous Interpretation. The actor(s) may delete scenes for time purposes and rearrange the order of the scenes to best suit the needs of the performance. As with all vignettes, creative blocking, sharp transitions, over-the-top characters, varied pacing, and sound effects will only add to the overall performance of this play. The last scene, however, should be portrayed with 100% honesty, because it is this scene, *B My Name Is Bob*, which gives the play its relevance in today's society. This is a tour-de-force play for two talented performers!

Manly Men Poem #1

A poem. From my collection, *For Manly Men Only*.

I am a manly man.
An aging lion.
The safari is barren.
My claws are gone.
She did it.
She did it.
I was her strong Simba.
Silly Simba..
Silly stupid Simba.
“Won’t somebody stroke my mane?”
I am a manly man.
An aging lion.
R—roar
R—roar
R—roar
R—Meow.

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My Dad Can Beat Up Your Dad

Danny: Hey, Kevin.

Kevin: Yeah, Danny?

Danny: I was talking to my dad last night...

Kevin: Yeah?

Danny: And I asked him who would win, if he ever got into a fight with your dad.

Kevin: What did he say?

Danny: Well, when he stopped laughing, he said that fighting your dad would be like fighting a big bowl of Jell-O.

Kevin: (*Defensively*) Oh, yeah? Well, I'll bet my dad could beat up your dad any day of the week.

Danny: (*Defensively*) Oh, yeah? Well, my dad would put your dad in a headlock, grab one of his ears, and pull his head off. Then we'd use your dad's head as a bowling ball.

Kevin: My dad's head couldn't be a bowling ball!

Danny: It could, too. We'd stick our fingers in his nose and roll it down the lane. Perfect strikes every time!

Kevin: Yeah, well, my dad would rip both of your dad's arms off, and we'd use them for baseball bats in Little League. Perfect home-runs every time!

Danny: Yeah? Well, my dad would rip both of your dad's legs off, and we'd use them for golf clubs at Putt-Putt. As big as your dad's feet are, I'll bet we'd never miss the ball! We'd get a hole-in-one every time!

Kevin: Yeah, well, my dad would rip your dad's stomach open, and he'd pull out all of his intestines! Then we'd use your dad's intestines like rope to pull our boat down to the lake! Fun in the sun, buddy—fun in the sun!

(*Beat*) Hey, look, there's your sister!

Danny: (*Looks over shoulder*) Where?

Kevin: (*Laughs*) Made you look! (*Back in arguing mode*) But I bet my sister could knock your sister out with just one whiff of her breath!

Danny: Yeah? Well, I bet my sister could make your sister drop to the ground and roll around in pain from my sister just *looking* at your sister with my sister's ugly face!

Kevin: (*Stops for a second*) Hey, that's funny. We both have ugly sisters.

Danny: (*Realizing Kevin's right*) Hey, that is funny. (*They both laugh, then Kevin jumps right back into arguing mode*)

Kevin: And I bet my dog, Trixie, can beat up your dog, Fido!

Danny: That's stupid! No way can a girl Miniature Poodle beat up a boy Bulldog.

Kevin: Oh, yeah? Well, have you ever seen your sister get really, really mad?

Danny: (*Thinks about this for a second, gasps*) Hey, that's not fair, you've

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got a poodle!

Kevin: (*Changing the subject*) Hey, what time is it?

Danny: (*Not one to resist the opportunity to tell a joke*) Time for you to get a watch! (*Looking at his watch*) It's five-thirty. Why?

Kevin: (*The fight is forgotten*) Uh-oh, I'm late for dinner. Mom said she'd ground me the next time I was late. Is your family still coming over for the barbecue tomorrow?

Danny: Yeah. Mom's making potato salad.

Kevin: Okay. See you then!

Danny: Later, Alligator!

The Interview

Mr. Welch: Welcome, Mr.—*Ogre*, and thank you for interviewing with us today. (*Looking over Mr. Ogre's application*) I see here on your application that you have been unemployed now for—several years. Is that correct?

Mr. Ogre: The stupid idiots never give me a chance. (*He belches, then grins*) Oh, by the way, that was for you.

Mr. Welch: (*Shocked*) You—belched—

Mr. Ogre: You know, your name—*Mr. Belch*.

Mr. Welch: (*Correcting him*) My name is *Mr. Welch*.

Mr. Ogre: (*Beat*) Well, then your secretary needs to work on her diction.

Mr. Welch: (*Wanting to get this over quickly*) Okay, well, let's just get down to business, shall we? Why would you like to work here at the Institute of Financial Conglomerate, Incorporated?

Mr. Ogre: You pay, don't you?

Mr. Welch: Of course, all of our employees receive a salary.

Mr. Ogre: Good enough for me! Do you want to arm wrestle me?

Mr. Welch: I'm sorry—I—

Mr. Ogre: If I win, I get the job. How about it?

Mr. Welch: I'm afraid that's not how we do business here.

Mr. Ogre: (*Picking up a picture off of Mr. Welch's desk*) Hey, who's the hot babe?

Mr. Welch: That would be my wife.

Mr. Ogre: Is she home?

Mr. Welch: (*Not sure where this is going*) Yes, she's preparing for a dinner party tonight.

Mr. Ogre: Can I come over? I haven't been to a party in forever.

Mr. Welch: (*Trying to be tactful*) I'm afraid it's just a little get-together for a few co-workers.

Mr. Ogre: (*Excited*) Okay, now we're talking! Hire me *right* now, and I'll bring the bean dip! I *would* bring caviar, but seeing as how I've been unemployed for a few years—money's a little tight, you know?