

‘‘Buying a Ferrari’’

Joseph Mack

from a discussion with Guy

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CUSTOMER: male. Although driven by the seemingly small size of his penis, the protagonist is not a wimp or a mess. He's a normal person, who has to make it through life with a small penis. His attitude is that of a normal man visiting the doctor, to get Viagra or be checked out for an STD, only to find that the doctor is a woman. Customer flinches everytime the salesperson says "SMALL PENIS" or "REALLY SMALL PENIS".

SALESPERSON: female. She has all the power. The customer has already decided that he needs the car before stepping into the dealership. The only unresolved matter for the salesperson, is which car he'll get. She's used to dealing with men and their concerns about penis size. It's totally normal for her and doesn't affect her one way or another. Since she's in the position of power, she should show that she is enjoying the customer's discomfort, without being mean to the customer. She regards finding out the required information as just part of the job. She's relentlessly chipper. Every time she says "SMALL PENIS" or "REALLY SMALL PENIS", she does it as if shouting from the rooftops, like everyone should know.

DARLA: Younger female sales assistant. Has the demeanour of a waitress: all smiles. Has one line at the end.

script consultants: Guy, Jocelyn, Katie (Jocelyns's friend), Steve, Judy, Anoo (who says that discomfort, for the customer, is good).

6mins. To get through in 5mins, the salesperson will have to talk at the speed of a late night TV salesperson. I'm going to let it run over. To hell with the 5min limit.

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 Author's introduction:

In Australia, if a man has a fancy, expensive or large car, some woman will say loudly, "what's his problem?", while the other women exchange knowing looks. This shows that women are paying attention and are willing to engage in public dialogue with men.

In the US, everyone has big cars, and somehow, everyone has agreed to ignore the problem.

It's like what happens when you enter a malaria zone. When you point out "everyone here has malaria?!", they reply "what malaria?" or "this is the way it's always been".

It's harder here to start a discussion about the problem. Neither is there any perception amongst men that collectively women are watching them.

It would seem that the best way in the US, to move to

smaller and more fuel efficient cars, is not by legislation, nor by taxation, but by the women saying "What's his problem?".

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## ACT ONE

FADE IN

## 1. EXT. FERRARI CAR DEALERSHIP, --- INDOOR, DAY

Salesperson cheerily at desk (say typing on kbd, looking at monitor). An empty chair faces her. Customer enters looking around confused, in a way to indicate that the woman is not the person he's looking for.

SALESPERSON

Hi there! Welcome to Carrboro  
Ferrari. May I help you?

CUSTOMER

Err... yes... I was looking for a  
salesman. I don't see any around.  
All I can see are secretarial  
staff.

SALESPERSON

Ah! All the people you see ARE  
sales staff. Everyone here,  
including the mechanics, are  
women. You see, we're the first  
all-women Ferrari dealership in the  
world. We've been so successful,  
that Ferrari is changing all its  
dealerships world-wide to all-women  
staff.

CUSTOMER

(embarrassed and  
flustered)

Oh, I see ... ah, well ... I was  
hoping to talk to a man. You see,  
it's about buying a Ferrari.

SALESPERSON

Ah! You've come to just the right  
place! Who better, to understand  
the concerns of a man buying a car,  
than a woman? Please take a seat.

customer cautiously sits down

CUSTOMER

(cautiously)

Oh, I don't think you understand.  
For a man, buying a car, especially

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

a car like a Ferrari, is an intensely personal process. It's not the sort of thing you can talk about to a woman. Only another man could possibly understand.

SALESPERSON

(asks as if she's asking a perfectly normal question)

Rest assured, we women understand these things PERFECTLY. NOW! Is this purchase for a man with a SMALL PENIS, or for a man with a REALLY SMALL PENIS?

CUSTOMER

(stunned, looks around to make sure no-one is looking)

You mean ... how ...

SALESPERSON

Yes. How SMALL is it?

CUSTOMER

You expect me just to come straight out and tell you, a woman?

SALESPERSON

Men all have the measure of each other. You would have talked freely with the salesperson if he was a man, right?

CUSTOMER

Well yes ... of course ... but we have a way of talking about these things. A man just understands.

SALESPERSON

And a woman doesn't? Has it ever occurred to you that women may be very knowledgeable on this matter?

CUSTOMER

Well ... I guess ... Actually I'd never thought about it. However, now that you mention it, it does sound logical that you'd know something, but it never occurred to me that you were all experts.

SALESPERSON

Of COURSE we are. Back to the car.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

We can't get you into the right car unless you answer the question.

CUSTOMER

But if I do that, you'll just go tell all the other women and then I'll never get any dates.

SALESPERSON

It's too late for that. We already know. Men won't believe this, but a woman can tell everything she needs to know about a man the minute he walks through the door. You can't possibly hide it from us.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

You're the customer though, and you get the car you want, so we have to hear it from you. But if it makes you feel any better, I promise not to tell a soul.

CUSTOMER

(wary silence)

SALESPERSON

Well... how SMALL then?

CUSTOMER

Oh, I was afraid you were going to ask me that. It's for a man with penis that's just a little bit small, but only just a little bit. And it's not a really small penis at all. Definitely not.

SALESPERSON

Come on now. Is it a SMALL PENIS or a REALLY SMALL PENIS?

CUSTOMER

(flinches, then is resigned)

(sigh) Oh, I guess it's a small penis.

SALESPERSON

(still chipper)

You sure now? You look like a man with a REALLY SMALL PENIS to me.

CUSTOMER

(agitated)

No, no! You can't possibly tell.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

You're making this up. I want to see a real salesperson, a man!

SALESPERSON

(ignores demand  
and carries on  
unperturbed)

Just want you to know what you're getting yourself into here. You're going to be dropping a quarter of a mil on this one. You don't want to drive out of here with the wrong car. You'll be back in a week, saying it isn't working. It's more prudent to drop half a mil, the first time around, on a car that PRECISELY matches your requirements.

CUSTOMER

(unsure. doesn't  
know what's really  
happening yet.)

Of course.

SALESPERSON

Even worse is to get into a car for a man with a REALLY SMALL PENIS, when you actually have only a SMALL PENIS. This will overload any man and you don't live long after that.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

You've heard all the stories about men dying with a smile on their face?

CUSTOMER

(stammers)

oh,y,y,yes

SALESPERSON

You wouldn't want this to happen to you would you?

CUSTOMER

(anxious to be  
helpful)

Oh no. Definitely not.

SALESPERSON

(leans forward, half  
standing, hands on  
table. She can't  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

believe the customer  
is denying the  
obvious)

You're suuuuuuu...rrrrre you don't  
have a REALLY SMALL PENIS?

CUSTOMER

No, no! Absolutely not. It's only  
a little bit small, really. It's  
actually almost normal.

SALESPERSON

(resigned to the  
customer being  
right, even when  
he's wrong)

OK. As long as you're sure. We  
want happy customers here. NOW! As  
you know, you're not just buying a  
Ferrari; you're buying a lifestyle.

CUSTOMER

(confused, wondering  
what she's leading  
up to)

Yes...

SALESPERSON

All your male friends and business  
associates will go out of their  
minds when you drive up in one of  
these. Their brains will turn to  
mush. They'll be thinking you're  
getting so much action, that they  
can't imagine how you can get out  
of bed in the morning.

CUSTOMER

(looks hopeful)

SALESPERSON

(show catalogue,  
flip pages)

To help with your new image, look  
at this catalogue of beautiful  
women, who can accompany you to  
parties, on trips and to meetings.  
You tell everyone they're your  
personal assistants.

CUSTOMER

Wow! All this comes with a  
Ferrari?

CONTINUED



SALESPERSON

It's just a small annual service fee. You can write it off as a business expense.

CUSTOMER

I thought having a Ferrari, women would be flocking to me. It's the reason I'm buying it. Why would I want YOU to supply me with women?

SALESPERSON

OK, here's the deal. Men go nuts about a Ferrari. Most women couldn't care less. Men won't believe this, no matter how many times we tell you. It may as well be a State secret.

CUSTOMER

You sure? All my friends say that women go crazy about guys with cars like this.

SALESPERSON

(resigned sigh)

That's guys talking. The only women who take notice, are looking for men worried about their SMALL PENIS and who have enough money to drop on a car like this. Those women will be around for a decade or so and then will just disappear - poof - in an expensive divorce. Believe me, if you stay with our women, you'll be happier ... and in the long run, it will be better for you financially.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

Part of the contract is 10M\$ insurance, in case you ever wind up in a messy divorce. The program works so well, we've never had a claim on it.

CUSTOMER

(cautiously)

Ah ... Remember you asked if I had a ... a small penis or if I actually had a ... a really small penis?

SALESPERSON

(rolling eye type expression on her

(MORE)

CONTINUED

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

face)  
Yeeees?

CUSTOMER

Err ... ahh ... What are the  
options if it's actually a really  
small penis?

Big Pause. Let audience laugh. The customer has just revealed that he was lying for the whole sketch. The only time I've done this, the audience were silent the whole time. They were worried that I was going to do something awful to the customer, to humiliate him.

SALESPERSON

(rolls eyes - stage  
whisper to audience,  
or to the air)  
I knew it! Why do men think we  
don't know these things?

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

OK for a customer with a REALLY  
SMALL PENIS we have just the thing;  
a car with twin V12 engines and a  
sound system that can't be beat.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

(flip pages of  
catalogue in front  
of customer)  
Included in the package is a  
yacht for entertaining friends and  
business associates with on-dock  
parking for your guests. It has an  
all-women crew, who wear bikinis  
on duty. You actually only have a  
share in the yacht, but as far as  
your friends are concerned, it's  
\_yours\_.

CUSTOMER

(looking at  
catalogue, tongue  
hanging out)  
Wow!

SALESPERSON

(going into  
salesman mode,  
conspiratorially  
excited, the  
customer is on the  
point of buying the  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

car.)  
Would you like to take it for a  
test drive?

CUSTOMER  
(nods, unable to  
speak, his brain is  
mush)

SALESPERSON  
(calls out loudly to  
off-stage)  
Darla! Can you help this  
gentleman?

CUSTOMER  
(hands clasped in  
supplication)  
Oh, please don't tell her my  
secret! I would just die if  
anyone found out! It would be so  
humiliating. Please! Promise?

SALESPERSON  
(grand reassuring  
hand wave)  
I won't say a word. Cross my  
heart.

Darla enters

Salesperson looks at the ceiling or does something (twiddles  
thumbs, whistles or its female equivalent), to indicate that  
she knows exactly what's going to happen next.

DARLA  
(cheerily to  
customer. she has  
the demeanour of a  
waitress.)  
Good afternoon Sir.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
(scrutinises the  
customer for a few  
seconds. Look at  
his face and upper  
body. Don't look at  
his pants; this is  
too obvious. Speak  
matter-of-factly.)  
You're interested in the car with  
the twin V12 engines and the sound  
system that can't be beat, right?

CONTINUED

CUSTOMER  
(puts head in hands)

groan

FADE OUT

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Author's comments:

The initial motivation came from one of my "comedy in the park" sessions with Guy, where we explore ideas (about 3 Dec 2014). That day we were looking for things that were important to men. What holds men's attention better than cars and women? Guy suggested the two V8 engines (now twin V12 engines).

The small penis part was inspired by a scene in Anoo's class at VIF about Oct 2014. Greg was selling a car to Gerald. Greg asked Gerald if he was man enough for this car. After the scene, Lori explained to Gerald (and all of us), that Greg was asking Gerald if his penis was big enough. Meanwhile, I had forgotten that penis size is directly involved in buying a car, until Guy and I started talking about it again in our "comedy in the park" session.

Leo Hodson (paralysed below the waist in a wheel chair) has a routine where someone admiring his wheelchair says it's the Cadillac of wheelchairs. Leo says "Why would I want the Cadillac of wheelchairs? Women would think I had a small penis."

In Australia, if a guy has a big car, women ask "what's his problem?". Here in the US everyone accepts that you need a big car. It's hard to have a discussion on the matter here.

When I was a company member with DSI, we would have weekly team rehearsals with a coach. In the time I'd been with the company, I'd never seen anything addressing men's concerns about their penis size. The coach was a voluble person and never caught out for something to say. At the start of each rehearsal, sometimes we would say what we'd been working on during the week. I had written a sketch that week about men's concerns about penis size. I held off saying anything about it as long as I could, as the two women in the group hadn't arrived yet and I wanted to see their reaction. After it was clear they weren't going to arrive before we started practice, I said that I'd written a sketch about penis size. I had expected the men to lean forward and say "wow, that must have been difficult. How did you do that?". Instead there was deafening silence from the (all male) group members. After a short interval, the coach started babbling. He seemed to be replying to my statement, but he wasn't saying anything coherent. When he stopped babbling, he started up the day's practice as if he'd satisfactorily addressed my accomplishment.

I hadn't expected silence from the men. If you're into

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comedy and you can't laugh at your penis size, you shouldn't be in comedy. This was one of many events that made me realise that I wasn't going to make it at DSI.

DSI wasn't interested in my sketch and I later performed it as "The Men's Support Group" at NoShame. About 6 mo later I was kicked out of DSI for my lack of understanding of comedy.

I don't have names for the two main characters.

This was a difficult one to write.

The first problem was that I found that men and women have different views on what is funny here.

The second problem was that I made the protagonist rich. This turned him from a person with whom the audience could sympathise, into a rich, powerful person, for whom I (at least) felt little sympathy.

The sketch was initially about men and women communicating with each other. We all seem to think that if we keep parts of ourselves hidden from the other person that we'll be better off. We think we'll be in a better negotiating position if the other person doesn't know our weaknesses. We'll actually be worse. If the partner really doesn't know, then they'll be falling over the weakness whenever it happens. If they do figure it out, the knowledge lessens the credibility of the person hiding the weakness. Of course we all have distress about our perceived weaknesses and failings. This is the point of the sketch.

By making the protagonist rich, the audience now wants to mock him for his troubles. This complicates the sketch. Instead of it being only about showing what happens when men and women don't talk, now it includes mocking a powerful person.

The initial version of this sketch addressed the first problem: by having the saleswoman using the terms "small penis" and "very small penis". A subsequent version, that was funnier to me, had the saleswoman use terms like "weenie", (and "ennie weenie"), "twinkie" or "pee-pee".

I found that there are a limited number of affectionate or fun names for our private parts. (Thanks to Susie, who I worked with at UC Davis, for "twinkie".) This shortcoming undermines attempts to interact with a partner through these body parts.

Men think that women see the penis as a symbol of dominance. If the saleswoman uses names like "twinkie", this contradicts the fear that men expect women to have about penises. A woman coming out with "twinkie" is hysterical to men. The term "small penis" is too close to our distress. The men sit there in wary silence wondering what's going to happen next.

Women see it differently. At least Jocelyn and Katie don't laugh at twinkie, weenie or pee-pee, but laugh at "small penis".

Jocelyn says "Twinkie is not funny because it is a pastry. It is also an actual size. Katie noted that someone with an actual 'twinkie' sized penis may not need a Ferrari."

Steve points out that women only use the technical terms penis and vagina; men use cock and cunt amongst themselves, but not with women. Without realising it, over the years, I've adopted the technical terms because if I want to talk to women about sex, these are the only terms they will allow.

This is one in a series of sketches about what goes wrong when men and women don't talk. I regard that I've put a large amount of time into finding out how women think. I would have expected my efforts at writing to start paying off by now. I was chagrinned to find, only one day into writing, that I knew so little about how women think, that I didn't understand why Jocelyn didn't like the term "twinkie". When I did find out, my conclusion was that it would not be possible to have a version that worked for both men and women.

Jocelyn points out that, as written, it's targetted to women and that I can't hope to make everyone laugh; I have to pick my target and forget the rest. Is the piece for men or for women? If for women, I have to use "small penis"; if for men I use "twinkie".

The sketch involves inversion of status. The woman is in control and the man, who just before he stepped through the door, and was in control of his world, is now unexpectedly subordinate to the woman.

The male in the sketch has a couple of problems; his measure of success comes from impressing his male peers, whose brains are full of mush, and he does not want women to find out his perceived inadequacies. In the sketch neither of these problems are solved; instead they are heightened to point them out to the audience. At the end of the sketch, although the male is in a better position to impress his male peers, he isn't any happier about his penis and he doesn't have a better basis to relate to women. Instead he unexpectedly finds that he has to endure women knowing his perceived inadequacies without realising that they aren't problems to the women.

This is Snyder's "Monster in the House" (MITH) theme.

The MITH is the male's value system, where he put high value on his peer's opinions. The peers value certain types of cars and women. The peers brains turn to mush whenever these cars and women come up. The men think that women don't know anything about how men think. The men don't ask women what they think. It doesn't occur to them. When they

do hear what the women think, they don't believe it.

For the sake of the sketch, women couldn't care less about penis size or cars, women know everything about men and how they think, and it doesn't affect them in the slightest. If the man wants to buy a Ferrari to compensate for his small penis, well then go right ahead.

Steve commented that if the saleswoman had asked him his penis size, he would have walked out. As the sketch is written, she wouldn't have tried to sell a Ferrari to a man with a normal sized penis. It would dilute the brand that Ferrari has developed of being for men with small penises. However if the audience was a little more mathematically inclined, it would be best if Ferrari sold about half their cars to men with normal (or larger) penises. Then none of the Ferrari owner's male peers would know if any particular man had a small penis. Of course (in the sketch) all the women know.

For the man with the really small penis. I had to think of something available through the Ferrari dealership, that would send his peers out of their minds. The first iteration was a car with two V-8 engines, big tyres and a sound system that takes up the whole back seat. The tyres and sound system sounded like a low-rider car. The protagonist has enough money to buy a Ferrari. I don't expect his peers would be all that impressed by a low-rider car.

Next iteration came from Jocelyn, who suggested hypermasculine things like membership in an exclusive strip club with parking out the front (so he doesn't need a valet), an iPhone with a solid gold case and various accoutrements of wealth (*e.g* a gold chain). One suggestion (Katie?) was a membership in a country club. While his peers may be mildly impressed by a country club, they won't go out of their minds with envy. If the peers aren't in a country club, they would probably be mystified by him joining one. If his peers were in a country clubs, they probably would wonder what took him so long. I didn't want to bring strip clubs into it. I don't like the idea myself (as Caitlin Moran says, spending an evening looking at women's labia just isn't fun), Personally I can't see any value in paying for promises of sex and the idea of men going to strip clubs turns women off. (If you want sex, go find someone to have sex with.) I didn't want the whole audience shutting down.

I decided on the yacht with a female crew in bikinis.

After I wrote this, I realised that another establishment catering to men worried about their inadequacies and staffed only by women, is a brothel. I decided that having a person playing piano, in the foyer of the dealership, would only be a distraction.

The sketch was written to point out the distress of male

oppression, where a male's worth is dependant on penis size. As with all oppression, the victim is disempowered for something that is intrinsic to him, that he can do nothing about and that isn't itself a problem. The only way out is to discharge the distress associated with his male oppression and in particular the distress about penis size. Then he will see that his penis is just a penis, and that women regard him as a person no matter what its size.

As Steve pointed out, the saleswoman is treating the customer like an insecure little boy. This is why "twinkie" fits the sketch. The description of the situation, as stemming from the customer's insecurity, although well accepted, doesn't work or at least doesn't lead to a way out for the male. It only makes the situation worse. The male is told there is something wrong with him, *i.e.* he's insecure. The solution offered is silence (to pretend he doesn't have a small penis). This removes the problem for the listener, of having to listen to a situation they don't know how to fix, but the solution doesn't help the male at all. He supresses his feelings or feels even more inadequate about feelings he's not supposed to have. Then the male becomes aggressive towards others or turns it on himself. This path leads to wars. The only way out is to discharge the distress.

It seems ironic that a sketch designed to illuminate the nature of male distress winds up designed to appeal to women. This was not my intention, when I started working on it in the park with Guy. Then it was just something for Guy and I to laugh at.

I chose a Ferrari, because it was just beyond most people's world. Everyone knows someone with a Porsche. I don't know anyone with a Ferrari. But at least people know about Ferrari. A step beyond that would be a Lamborghini, but this is just too far removed from anyone's experience for the audience to relate to. As well Ferrari has a reasonable (ie untarnished) name amongst the populace (they haven't been involved in recalls like the Corvair).

This sketch is about men's distress. Let's for the moment leave aside that women have distress here too. Many people's reaction to the concern of the Ferrari customer, about his penis size, is that it's stupid.

What would it take for men not to think that penis size (or its various proxies, like cars, wealth) is important in mate selection or just in making it through adult life? Women could stand up and declare that it's not important. It may take 2 generations for the message to get through and for men not to think about it again. The problem is that there'll always be women who break rank and seek out a man who dominates other men. Many of these women would be seen as desirable partners. Men would see, that despite the large numbers of women waving placards saying "Size doesn't matter", that it is important.



Boys early on notice that a small fraction of them get much of the attention from girls and that the same small fraction belong to the popular/dominant group(s). It's obvious early on that life is a competition and that the nice guys finish last. The girls won't tell you what the rules are, what they're looking for. You do know you have to rate, whether it be looks, coolness/personality, brains, or potential earning capacity. She doesn't want to live with you in a trailer park, no matter how wonderful you are. If you have kids, she will want the best start for them and that means money, and you will likely be supplying most of it.

Through distress, penis size becomes a part of mate selection. When you tell a guy that he's stupid for looking for the best mate in whatever way he can, which may involve buying a Ferrari, he's not going to regard you as being helpful. Through discharging his distress about his penis size, a male will see that his penis (or its proxies) are not part of mate selection. Still that doesn't change that he has to compete for a mate.

A couple of days after I'd written this, I realised that it was being mean to the protagonist. I had e-mail exchanges with Steve about it to straighten me out.

In all my other sketches, the protagonist is behaving rationally and is doing his best to navigate an irrational world. In this sketch the protagonist is acting irrationally (within his distress) (about his penis size) and thinks the world is normal.

The guy is on a downward spiral the whole time he's in the dealer's. At the end the women know about his small penis, and he's about to lay down half a mil for a car and a yacht with a bikini clad crew, whose only function is to turn to mush, the brains of the males he wants to impress. None of the money he's about to fork over is going to fix any of his problems.

(No-one seems to notice that the guy is not getting anything at the Ferrari dealership, that makes his life better, even Anoo, and even after I pointed it out to her, she hadn't seen it. All he's getting is a car and a gorgeous woman assistant, to make his male peer's brains turn to mush. He doesn't get love, get a woman, or get over his insecurities.)

Later (Jul 2017) after seeing a gorgeous woman in WellSpring, all dressed like a model with a nicely made up face, I thought "What could you do with her? Take her to parties?" What for, so that every other guy in the party has his tongue hanging out?

In Norah Vincent's book "Self-Made Man", at the end she's in a men's group and goes on a retreat. One of the guys is good looking, has an athletic body and is one of the guys at high school that all the girls would have been throwing themselves at. What was his problem; why was he in a mens'

group? He had a gorgeous wife, and everywhere he went with her, guys were giving her attention and she just lapped it up. He hated it.

I forgot about the reaction of my women friends. They would take me aside and quite reasonably say "Ah Joe, Can we have a word with you? what are you doing with her?!"

I expect anyone who'd take one of these women to a party, to impress his men friends, probably wouldn't have any women real friends to tell him that he was being a stupid ass.

It's a sign that I'm doing well with women that I have women in my life who would say such things.

Although I thought it was funny, this is not exactly an ennobling story.

Earlier in the year I had sent Steve a sketch, where a couple on a date wind up at an icecream store. She's on a diet and sits with him while he eats a plate of icecream. Being a guy, he didn't have a clue that she'd been eating celery and drinking water for 2 weeks, so that she'd look good for him. In the icecream store, she's turning herself inside out watching him eat and by the end of the sketch, she's eaten most of his icecream and is hating herself. It took me two days to write and I was quite pleased that I got it to work. However Steve commented that it wasn't exactly a nice story. The guy was being mean or at least insensitive. I realised this was true as soon as he said it. As a result, that sketch has never seen the light of day.

Are these two sketches, the guy worried about his penis size and the young woman worried about her waiste size, any different? They are both people spiralling down, powerless in their distress.

Men have learned that you don't mock women having trouble with their diets. You get a frosty reception from any woman if you do. They all back each other up on this.

On reflection, here's why not: The overweight girl just wants her date to like her and treat her well, but is trapped in a situation (not being able to control her weight) that is beyond her. In her day-to-day life she probably has a low salary, is doing her best and is unlikely to be oppressing anyone. She gets sympathy.

As a subject of humour, diets have been done to death, so you don't do them any more.

What about the guy with a penis size problem? First off, unlike the girl on a diet, in our society, guys worrying about their penises are fair game. Men don't dare cry "foul" in front of women. You'll be seen as being too sensitive. (It's tough being a guy.)

The only redeeming feature I can see in the Ferrari sketch is its original purpose, that it brings up the subject of guys worrying about their penises, something that isn't a topic of normal conversation between men and women, but which should be. Is this enough to justify what I do to the guy in the sketch?

The next part I realised is that, without intending to, I'd made the protagonist rich. If a male wants a car, a Chevette is not going to hold the audience's attention, so you make him want the most outrageous car possible, say a Ferrari. This had the unforeseen consequence that the protagonist had to be rich.

People have less sympathy for the guy who's rich and almost certainly didn't get that way by helping others and who now turns around and uses that money to bolster his ego in a way that the audience knows is not going to work. Does this justify mocking the protagonist?

Maybe the justification for is that the icecream sketch doesn't show us anything about the world that we don't already know, but the Ferrari sketch allows us to start a conversation about the things that men value, that aren't helpful, but only make the world worse. In the latter case, it's worth watching the rich guy suffer, even though in the grand scheme of things, rich guys shouldn't suffer any more than poor guys.

At this stage I went for a walk to realise that I'm not allowed to mock the rich and the powerful. It's part of my upbringing. I had to be stopped from doing that when I was young, as my mother's plan for me was to be rich and powerful myself. My Dad had a Jaguar, a real car back in the 50's. I should have one when I grew up too.

Who are the rich and powerful to think that they shouldn't be mocked?

So instead of focusing on communication between men and women, this sketch includes mocking the rich and powerful. I hope this doesn't obscure my original intent.

When I presented this piece to Anoo, she said she felt sympathy for the poor guy. I wrote to her:

" A funny thing happened on the way back from (my presentation of) the Ferrari dealership. You said that you felt sympathy for the poor miserable customer. I hadn't felt any sympathy for him at all. He was some rich guy who was wasting his money on something that wouldn't solve his problem. My reaction to a rich guy being miserable was mostly in response to growing up surrounded by filthy rich abusive people I hated - let him suffer - he's caused enough misery already. I was astounded at your response. I haven't met a guy for whom penis size isn't a matter of distress no matter how they're built. As a result of your response, all of a sudden I realised that penis size just

isn't a problem. "

One of my Improv teachers, Alan G, says "don't try to be funny. Just be a person. From there it won't take long to find something funny, because people are just weird". So say I'm in a sketch playing a rich guy. First thing I want is a Ferrari. Why? Then you have the sketch. I didn't make it up; rich guys buy Ferraris all the time. I'm just telling it as it is.

Maybe I should try writing a version of this where the protagonist is a quiet guy who works in stacks, who is saving to buy a Prius, which he hopes will impress the girl at the reference desk, who he is too shy to talk to.

Notes from Anoo:

Anoo didn't get this next bit. She didn't think that men would talk about penis size to each other. In reality they wouldn't directly, but they'd be discrete or joke. I thought this exchange would be funny because it emphasises that the customer won't talk about penis size with women, who he has sex with, but will talk about penis size with men, who he doesn't have sex with. I expected the audience to suspend belief because it was a sketch. Anoo didn't get it. She straight blocked at men talking to each other about penis size and was lost after that.

SALESPERSON

You would have told the salesperson  
if he was a man, right?

CUSTOMER

Yes, of course ... but that's  
different ... because, well ...  
he's a man. He just understands  
these things.

I changed it to

SALESPERSON

Men all know how each other measure  
up. You would have told the  
salesperson if he was a man, right?

CUSTOMER

Well yes... but there more  
discrete ways of addressing the  
matter. Men just understand these  
things.

I eventually decided that in the sketch world that men talk about their penis sizes when buying a car. (In the sketch world, a woman can tell all she needs to know about a man when he walks in the door, so in this same world men talk about their penis size.)

Both Judy and Anoo didn't get this next part. (Judy didn't

‘‘Buying a Ferrari’’

FINAL

answer my emails asking for further explanation, so I didn't find out the problem with her). For myself, I was delighted with this part, as when I was in my 20's, I was lead to believe that dying during sex was a likely way to go. This belief was further reinforced when Australia's ex-PM (of Australia's most right wing party, the Liberals) Billy Sneddon died in the arms of a prostitute in a motel. The joke amongst guys is that he died with a smile on his face, so it can't be too bad. (Richard Pryor's joke is "he came and he went".) In fact dying of a heart attack while having sex would be horrible for all parties involved. However guys don't hear about it, since the guy who's dead can't talk about it. Only the women get to talk about it, presumably about how their thing killed someone. This paragraph was one large slab of male jokes. I was sorry that two women didn't get it.

Anoo didn't like "last long after that" as it connoted lasting long in sex.

#### SALESPERSON

Even worse is to get the car for a man with a REALLY SMALL PENIS, when you actually have only a SMALL PENIS. No-one can handle the change in their life. Men don't last long after that. You all die with a smile on your faces, so it can't be too bad. Still if it were me, I would rather be alive and having fun, than being dead with a smile.

Here's the new one.

#### SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

Even worse is to get the car for a man with a REALLY SMALL PENIS, when you actually have only a SMALL PENIS. This will will give such a boost to your life that it will overload any man. You don't live long after that. You've heard all the stories about men dying with a smile on their face?

A long time later, I remembered Alberto Tomba, the Olympic skier, who always had to have a (beautiful) woman by his side.

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*THE END*