

# The Red Tie Club

*(A man, Bill, approaches the entrance to a club. A sign reads "The Red Tie Club." There is a doorman in front of the door. As the man goes to enter, the doorman doesn't budge.)*

Bill: Excuse me, I need to get in.

Doorman: I'm sorry, sir, but you can't come in. Members only.

Bill: How do you know I'm not a member?

Doorman: This is the Red Tie Club. You aren't wearing a red tie.

Bill: But I'm expected!

Doorman: Your name?

Bill: "Bill Blotz."

Doorman: *(Checking a list on a clipboard, he flips through the pages.)* Let's see, Blitz, Blottoman, Bluber... Sorry, no Blotz.

Bill: But, I'm supposed to meet some friends inside for a dinner engagement! *(He looks at his watch.)* I'm late already!

Doorman: I'm sorry sir, but you can't come in dressed like that, regardless of who your friends are.

Bill: What's wrong with the way I'm dressed?

Doorman: This is the Red Tie Club. You need to have a red tie to come in.

Bill: That's ridiculous.

Doorman: It's the rule. *(He points to the sign.)* "Nobody Gets In The Red Tie Club Without A Red Club Tie."

Bill: I don't have time for this, I'll miss my meeting. *(He pulls out some money and offers it to the doorman.)* Here, this ought to help you look the other way while I slip in.

Doorman: You can't buy your way in, sir. I work for the richest man in town. Bribes mean nothing to me.

Bill: Do you know who I am?

Doorman: You just said you were Bill Blotz. Have you forgotten who you are?

Bill: No! I mean, you don't know who you're dealing with. I'm friends with the mayor, and all of the city councilmen know my name. Now, let me in before I have to tell them that you disrespected their friend.

Doorman: The owner is richer than all of them, and is no respecter of persons. No amount of contacts can get you in without a red tie. "Nobody Gets In The Red Tie Club Without A Red Club Tie."

Bill: Look, I can get a red tie later, but I need in right now. My friends are probably waiting at the table for me right now. Go ask them, they'll vouch for me.

Doorman: It won't do any good, sir. No-one inside has any influence on who gets in.

Bill: I don't believe this. I really need to meet with these men, my financial future could depend on getting this contract! Can't you give me a break, I'm a major contributor to all of the city's charities! I'll make a donation to one in the Club's name.

Doorman: That's very commendable, sir. But it doesn't get you in.

Bill: Look, I'm just as good as any of the people already in there. Better than some, even! It's not fair that you should let some in and keep others out.

Doorman: On the contrary, our rule is the only fair way to let anyone in. It makes all even, since they get in only by virtue of having the red tie.

Bill: *(Getting angry.)* Just get out of my way, Bluto. *(Tries to shove his way past.)* Report me once I'm in.

Doorman: *(Blocking him and preventing him from entering.)* Trying to force your way in is futile, sir. I'm much stronger than you.

Bill: Oh, yeah? Just try and stop me!

*(He tries to shove the doorman aside but it's like hitting a boulder. He bounces off and falls backward.)*

Doorman: Please don't do that, you'll only hurt yourself if you try to get past me. No-one has ever gotten past me, around me, or through me.

Bill: *(Rubbing his shoulder, as he gets up on his knees.)* No kidding, you're like running into a solid stone wall. What do I have to do to get in?

Doorman: "Nobody Gets In The Red Tie Club..."

Bill: *(Interrupting and finishing it for him.)* "...Without a Red Club Tie," yeah, I get it. You're real big on repeating that. Thanks for nothing, pal. *(He gets to his feet, brushing off his pants as he walks away a few steps. He grumbles to himself.)* You haven't seen the last of me, Mr. High and Mighty Doorman.

*(Just then he spies several men walking up to the entrance wearing red ties. He snaps his fingers as he gets an idea. As they pass him, he falls in behind them and tries to blend in. The Doorman opens the door and lets them in with a friendly greeting.)*

Doorman: Hello, sirs! Enjoy your visit.

*(Bill ducks down on the side of the group farthest from the doorman and tries to slip in with them, unseen. But, the Doorman is too sharp and grabs him by the collar, stopping his progress. The others go on in, leaving him in the grip of the scowling doorman, standing on his tiptoes as he is held up.)*

Doorman: Not you, sir. You can't get in on the coattails of others.

Bill: *(Grinning weakly, he shrugs.)* Well, you can't blame a guy for trying, can you?

*(The Doorman, still holding his collar, escorts him back to the front of the entrance and lets him go.)*

Doorman: It's been tried before, sir. And don't think of looking for a back door and sneaking in, this is the only way in.

Bill: *(Adjusting his collar, he speaks with sarcasm.)* Thanks for the tip. But you won't get one from me for it.

*(Walking off again, he speaks to himself.)* I need a red tie, but I don't know where I can get one real quick!

*(Standing next to a garbage can, he gets an idea.)* Wait a minute... if I can't find a red tie, I'll make one instead!

*(garbage sounds as he is in the trash can.)*

*(Reaching into the trash can, he rummages around in the garbage a moment, then he pulls out a piece of dirty red cloth. He tears it into strips, then fashions a crude tie out of it and wraps it around his neck.)*

Bill: This ought to get me in! Hope nobody smells me, though. This crummy piece of cloth is really rank! *(He approaches the doorman again.)* Hey, man! I've kept the rule, see? I've got a red tie.

Doorman: *(Looking at him with disdain.)* I'd hardly call that a proper tie, sir.

Bill: (Protesting.) Hey, I made it myself! That ought to show you I'm trying, even more than if I went out and bought one! Doesn't my effort to keep your rules count for anything?

Doorman: Sir, that rag is filthy and smelly. All it does is show your inability to abide by the rule. Your own efforts count for nothing.

Bill: Alright, I've had it. What's your name, mister?

Doorman: DeLaw, sir.

Bill: *(Taking out a pad and pen.)* Spell that for me, please.

Doorman: D-e-l-a-w.

Bill: *(He writes it down as it is spelled out, then, clicking the pen and putting it away, he holds up the paper.)* Well, Mr. DeLaw, I'm reporting you to the manager. You have demeaned me, and made me feel like a second-class citizen. I will have justice.

Doorman: It's mercy you need, sir, not justice.

Bill: We'll see. Now, get me the owner or manager. I want to speak to him.

Doorman: Very well, sir.

*(He walks inside for a moment, as Bill hums and sways on his toes. He looks confident. Shortly, the doorman returns with the manager.)*

Bill: Are you the owner of this joint?

Mr. King: My father is the owner, I'm the manager. To get to him, you must first go through me.

Doorman: *(To Bill)* "This is Mr. King, the Manager of the Red Tie Club. Mr. King, this is Mr. Bill Blotz. He has a complaint he would like to speak to you about."

Mr. King: *(Shaking hands with Bill.)* A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Blotz. How can I help you?

Bill: Thank you for coming out to me, Mr. King. I couldn't come in to where you were.

Mr. King: I'm happy to do it.

Bill: And that's the problem... I can't seem to get in. Getting past DeLaw here is impossible. He won't let me in under any circumstances!

Mr. King: I admit, DeLaw can be a bit intimidating at times, but that's his job. He must enforce the rules to the letter, and keeps out all those who don't meet the requirements.

Bill: But I can't meet the requirements, and I need to get in! I have friends waiting on me! You're the manager, will you please tell him to let me in?

Mr. King: Well, Bill, I can't let someone in who doesn't meet the standards, that would be unfair to those already in who did!

Bill: But you run the place, you write the rules!

Mr. King: Yes, and I must stick by them. "Nobody Gets In The Red Tie Club Without A Red Club Tie." In fact, not just any old red tie will do, it must be a special Red Club tie, made by me.

Bill: Well, how can I get one? Can you loan me one?

Mr. King: No, we don't loan them.

Bill: Then can I buy one from you?

Mr. King: You couldn't possibly pay what it's worth.

Bill: This is insane! How does one get into your club, then? If I can't get in without one of your ties, and I can't buy one from you, or anyone else, and I can't borrow one, then what do I do?

Mr. King: You must simply ask.

Bill: Ask? That's all?

Mr. King: That's it.

Bill: Wait a minute, it can't be that easy. Not after all that. These red ties are too costly to be free.

Mr. King: True. They are not free. A high price was paid for them. But I am paying it, and giving it to any that ask as a gift.

Bill: It's too easy, there must be a catch. I don't believe it.

Mr. King: But you must believe it if you are to ask and receive it. Otherwise you'll never ask.

Bill: If getting a tie is so easy, why didn't DeLaw here offer me one? He could have gotten me in right away!

Mr. King: DeLaw has no ties to give. All he can do is let you know you need one. I'm the only one that can give you what you need to get into my club. So, ask, and you will receive.

*(emotional music, to underscore his getting a tie.)*

Bill: Don't you want to check my background, to make sure I'm worthy, or something?

Mr. King: Your past doesn't matter to me; it's forgotten. Helping you build a brighter future is my goal. Once in, your association with me will affect all of your dealings with others.

Bill: That sounds too good to pass up, but it's almost too good to be true. *(a pause.)* Alright, I give up. May I have one of your red ties, please? I'd like to be a member.

Mr. King: Of course, Bill. But once in, you are more than a member of the club, you're a member of the family. *(He takes out a red tie from his suit jacket and hands it to Bill.)* This is the beginning of a wonderful relationship.

Bill: Wow! Thanks so much! *(He takes off the dirty tie, and Mr. King takes it, and throws it away. Bill begins putting on the red tie.)* Now everyone will know I'm a member. I'll wear it with pride!

Mr. King: Not pride, Bill. Wear it with joy! And everyone will want to know where you got it. Then, you can introduce them to me, and they can get their own red tie.

Bill: That sounds great, I'll do it!

Mr. King: Come on in, Bill, your friends are waiting for you!

*(They enter as the doorman opens up for them. Bill salutes Mr. DeLaw as he passes, and for the first time DeLaw smiles at him.)*

Doorman: Welcome, Mr. Blotz. Enjoy your stay!

*END*