

Stand-up Comedy Writing Sample - R-Rated / Sexist

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Good evening, folks. Well, actually, it wasn't such a good evening for me. I just got rejected by a cute girl.

But to be fair, I didn't have enough money for a lap dance.

I think strippers are probably the worst con artists in the world. Coming up to a guy like me and convincing me that I'm the sexiest man alive? I think they've got used car salesmen beat! "Oh, you're so sexy with your thinning red hair. I've always had a thing for balding Ronald McDonald types!"

I love how people hate on the strippers with the fake tits. Do any guys here like fake tits?

Yeah, notice all the guys with girlfriends in the audience shaking their heads like this. Like I just found out you used to deal coke in South America. "No, honey, I love your breasts... which are flat as a pancake... and sag down to your knees. But hey, at least you don't look like you got a pair of beach balls on your chest." (lets out a fake laugh)

I really shouldn't talk. As if I'm on the well-endowed person on the earth. A couple months ago, I went to Disneyworld with my niece. She wondered why I was crying while on the *It's a Small World* ride.

(while pretending to cry) "It feels like prom night all over again."

I know exactly what you're thinking. Yes, I actually *did* have a date for the prom. Luckily, my dad found a cheap escort service.

Of course, everyone at the prom was wondering why I was taking a chubby Russian chick in her 50's who reeked of stale cigarettes... but I made the best of the night.

They say you just have to look at the bright side of life. Live every day like it's your last. Which is why I'm never afraid to masturbate in public.

Hey, if women can breast-feed in public, then why can't I masturbate... to them breast-feeding?

OK, I'll stop talking about masturbation. We *do* have some older folks in the audience tonight. And it just wouldn't be fair to talk about this stuff... you know... considering you *can't* masturbate with your arthritis and all. It's like talking about chocolate cake in front of a diabetic.

The problem with me is I'm just very awkward socially. Recently, I took a class in "how to build your social skills." That's when I realized something really enlightening: socializing is fucking boring.

"What do you do for a living? What are your career goals? Where do you see yourself in ten years?" Who gives a shit?!!

I want to know two things: who wants to blow me and where can I get some pancakes?

Who can blame me for being insane? I *am* an accountant... which means I *voluntarily* deal with numbers all day. And I thought it was masochistic to burn your privates with candlewax. Not that I don't enjoy doing that shit, too.

However, being an accountant is like burning your privates with candlewax while your grandmother catches it on videotape.

I should keep that in mind the next time my niece asks me to come in for Career Day.

(imitating a kid) "Mr. Black, what's it like to be an accountant?"

"Well, kid, just imagine we're celebrating your birthday, and the candle falls off the cake and onto your... "Eh, you get the point.

I'm a tall guy, as you can see. Of course, being tall is great. Women love tall guys... provided they don't look like me. But I can change a light bulb without using a step ladder. Boo-yam!

One problem with being tall is everybody assumes you play sports. "Hey, you're pretty tall, you play a little basketball? Yeah, you must be a basketball player, 'cause you're... pretty tall."

Motherfucker, I get injured running for the bus. No, I don't play basketball! You're pretty short. Are you riding a horse in the Kentucky Derby?

And, of course, you can't make fun of short people nowadays. Isn't the word "midget" outlawed in 38 states? We're supposed to call them "little people." No, if you're 5'4, you're a little person. If you're 4'10 or under, you're representing the Lollipop Guild.

The funny thing is both my parents are pretty short. We had a mailman in your neighborhood who was 6'1, so my friends always used to joke, "Hey, your daddy's coming down the block. Hahaha!"

Then again, our mail always *did* come in time. Plus, my mom was a slut.

I shouldn't disrespect my mother like that. After all, she did give me life... and this face... and this body. On second thought, "Fuck you, mom!"

Naturally, when you look like this, it's hard to have a high self-esteem with the ladies. You know you have a low opinion of yourself when you want to have a kid *just*, so everyone can know you had sex at least once in your life.

Hey, it could be worse. I could be 400 pounds. You ever see these fat, ugly couples with kids? All I could think is, "Wow... Jim Beam must've made a fortune on these two-fucking people. And so did Sealy Posturepedic."

But, as my mother would always tell, "There's a cover for every pot." Of course, she used to smoke a lot of pot...

She does make a good point, though. No matter how fat you are, no ugly you are, how fucked up you are, there's always someone on this earth who won't try to get you arrested for flashing her in the parking lot.

I'm just messing around, of course. I would never become a flasher, because, well, you know... I don't own a trench coat.

But despite how depraved I can be, I actually do have a good heart. I try to help out the homeless whenever I can. Anytime a homeless man asks me for money, I always tell him the names of all the rich people in the neighborhood.

"Mr. Waller never locks his Porsche when he stops by the bank. Do you know how to hot wire a vehicle?"

You see that? I'm like a modern-day Robin Hood.

Hey, what's wrong with stealing from the rich and giving to the poor? We can do what the U.S. government does: steal from the poor and give to the rich.

But I shouldn't hate on all rich people. If I ever hit the lottery and came into money, I'd become just like them... except instead of spending it on fancy cars, I'd spend it all on lap dances... in one night... and then the next day I'd be back to being a broke-ass accountant.

Hey, we all make stupid decisions financially. One night, I was buying a woman drinks all night and ran up a tab of \$200.00. Of course, I thought that sucked. After I threw away *all* that money... I had nothing to spend on roofies.

I always tend to get carried away with the drinking when I'm with women, but I can't blame myself too much. How else am I supposed to get the courage to tell a girl she's pretty... especially when she looks like my dog's ass?

I should go after the pretty ones, but I get too intimidated by them. I should keep in mind that no matter how pretty the girl... she probably has an uglier sister who'd be willing to fuck me.

The problem is I can't relate to women. In order to relate to them, you have to have empathy. I always hear women complain,

"I feel so cheap and used. Anytime a man talks to me, I feel like all he wants to do is bang me." Whenever a girl talks to me, I already have my fly un-zipped.

"Do you know where I can find the nearest 7-Eleven?"

"Here in my pants!"

And, of course, sometimes the women are just asking for it. Like when they walk around in those skimpy outfits with their boobs and asses popping out? While at the beach?

The problem is I don't have too many interests and hobbies, besides watching porn. Naturally, that's not going to do much to attract the opposite sex.

(imitating a woman) "Oh, you're a porn watcher? You too?"

But I've been trying to develop more "hobbies." I tried to take up sky-diving. I wasn't aware you had to pay for a private plane and jump out using a parachute... and not just leap out the Emergency Exit of a United Airlines flight.

Of course, a parachute would've helped me out a lot. Luckily, I landed in the ocean. It would've *also* helped if I knew how to swim, but I figured - one hobby at a time.

I've also been finding a lot of these Meetup groups online. What I do is I just type in a random hobby into the search engine and see if there are any meet-up groups in my area. Just last week, I found an archery group. Unfortunately, I got banned on the spot. How was I supposed to know we weren't supposed to shoot each other with the arrows?

Of course, there aren't as many of these Meetup groups, because nobody meets up anymore. Everybody just plays games on their I-Phones. It just sucks that I'm not any good at those games. Then again, it's a little hard to play while you're cruising down the highway.

So I've developed all these new hobbies and interests, but still I'm single. Sometimes I think it's best if I stay single for the rest of my life. So do most of the women I meet.

But I figure I'm better off staying single than trying to figure out the dating scene. Because it's almost impossible to figure out! They say it's not good to tell women that you're single, because if you do, they'll get suspicious and wonder *why* you're single. So I'm supposed to get a fucking wedding ring? Seriously, am I supposed to get a wedding ring? Where can I get one for a cheap price?

But relationships aren't the end of the world. After all, I still have my health... as if that's worth anything. Don't you love when people say that? "At least you still have your health." What the hell's that supposed to mean? So you're gonna miserable as shit. At least you'll *live* to be miserable as shit.

The good thing is as much of a loser as I am, at least I can stand up here and laugh at myself, and make all of you laugh at my expense. Because that's all I live for.

(pretends to cry)

I love how women always talk all that crap about how *alllll* they want is a guy with a sense of humor. If that's the case, this place must be like Chippendale's to you chicks. Please, do women really value sense of humor in a guy? You ever met a good-looking guy who's really funny? That's like finding a dog with three legs. You either fuck a good-looking guy *or* a funny guy. Take your pick, ladies!

I've been reading a lot of these positive affirmations lately. One of them said that if a girl dumps you, "Don't take it personally. Think of it as her losing out on a really good guy." Which is a very comforting thought... after thinking about all the better-looking guys who get to bang her brains out every night. On second thought, fuck that affirmation. It wasn't positive at all!

"Don't take it personally." That's a line that women give you all the time. "Oh, don't take it personally, it's just I'm not ready for a man in my life." Next thing you know you jumps on the next cock she sees. But hey, like my mother said: there's a cover for every pot. So if any ladies would like to cover my pot after the show, I'll bring the flame.