

SCATTERED MANNEQUINS

A COLLECTION OF EXPLOSIVE COMEDY AND DRAMA MONOLOGUES

by
Dennis Bush



BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

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SCATTERED MANNEQUINS

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Scattered Mannequins

TYLER: Doesn't want to be afraid.

Nobody folds shirts like me. I don't even use the folding board anymore, unless my manager is standing right there. He insists that we use the folding board because that's the only way he can fold shirts. He's envious of my skills. He's jealous of my ability to fold shirts without using the board that look better than the ones he folds using it. Chanterelle—a girl who works with me—always asks me to fold her shirts for her. Her nails get in the way. She says, "I will do all the put-backs from the dressing room, if you'll fold all the shirts, baby." She calls me, "baby." It's a term of affection. There's nothing going on between Chanterelle and me. She's moody. Anything can set her off. She got a serious attitude with me, when I asked her if her parents named her after a mushroom. *(quick pause)* A chanterelle is a mushroom. I know about mushrooms. I watch the Food Channel. I cook. *(quick pause)* I plan recipes in my head, while I'm folding shirts. My job allows me a lot of daydreaming time. When Chanterelle and I are working together, a lot of my recipes have mushrooms in them. It's a case of mushrooms by association. So, last week, I was thinking about doing something bold with portobellos. That's what I was doing when the explosion happened. The Wet Seal store right across the mall from us exploded. There were clothes and mannequins scattered everywhere. *(reflects on the memory)* Scattered mannequins. *(quick pause)* And scattered mannequin parts all over the place. It looked like a war zone. At first, we thought it was a terrorist plot. Somebody who had something against Wet Seal. Did you know that if you rearrange the letters in Wet Seal it spells WE STEAL. It can also spell WE STALE, but I think stealing would irritate a potential terrorist more than being stale. Unless they're part of a hygiene-obsessed cult. *(pause)* Your whole world can change in a matter of minutes. And you never know when it's gonna happen. Being so close to an explosion makes that very clear. It shakes you up. Your sense of stability is stolen. *(pause)* That's what terrorists do. They steal your sense of security—your innocent idea that everything will always be all right. Because it won't be. Everything won't always be all right. *(pause)* Two people died in the explosion. I suppose I should have mentioned that before I told you about the scattered mannequin parts. The two people who died were in the dressing rooms. Imagine being half naked when you're killed by an explosion. Even being fully dressed in the clothes you're trying on could be horrible. You'd have a price tag on you. *(quick pause)* Imagine how humiliating it would be to wearing something with a clearance tag! There's no dignity in that. In the blink of an eye: Full price to clearance . . . life to death. *(pause)* The explosion at Wet Seal wasn't caused by terrorists. It was some kind of electrical malfunction. A major malfunction. *(quick pause)* We got a memo from the company that owns the mall. They didn't want anyone to be afraid. *(quick pause)* Too late for that. I was afraid. I think about it all the time. *(pause)* I'm very aware of time, now. I always thought I'd have a limitless supply of it. But nobody does. Yesterday, I told Chanterelle not to get an attitude with me because life's too short. It is. *(pause)* Life is too short.

END OF PLAY

END OF FREE PREVIEW