# SOCKS GO IN

# THE BOTTOM DRAWER

(a 40 minute comedy)

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**CHARACTERS**

Adam (m) A man 20s-50s.

Keeper (f) A robust, down to earth woman.

Citizen Swan (f) A teacher. Sensitive and full of enthusiasm.

Citizen Jesmond (f) A teacher. Dry and intellectual.

Lucy (f) A naïve and mischievous young woman.

Katherine (f) Lucy's friend.

Girls Optional non-speaking parts.

**SET**

The play takes place a number of decades in the future and costumes should reflect this. The stage is dominated by a large cage, above which hangs a notice 'Do Not Feed The Man'. There is a small hoarding, stage left, with printed information on the species Homo sapien (Male).

**FURNITURE AND PROPS**

Inside the cage there is a chair, a small sofa, and a chest of drawers. An exercise-bike stands in one corner, and a laundry basket and ironing board in the other. A life-sized female inflatable doll sits on the sofa.

Adam (AS THE LIGHTS RISE, ADAM IS ARGUING WITH THE DOLL) It's my money. I've earned it. And if I say we're going to Ibiza, then Ibiza it is. (PAUSE) For God's sake, Samantha, don't sulk. I hate it when you sulk. (AS IF LISTENING IMPATIENTLY TO HER REPLY) Yes, yes, yes, I know we need a new sofa. Yes, yes. Your sister's got a three piece suite . . . Yes, yes white leather . . . Look, I'm not made of money. If you want a holiday and a three piece leather suite, go out and buy one yourself! (PAUSE) Aha. That shut you up. That put a zip in your lip. (PUFFED UP) I'm the breadwinner in this house. I wear the trousers. I am Boss man, the Capo, the Numero Uno. Know what you’d be without me? (TRIUMPHANT) A shrivelled up piece of plastic. As far as you’re concerned, I’m God.

Keeper (ENTERS CARRYING A BUCKET, UNNOTICED BY ADAM WHOSE FOCUS IS 'SAMANTHA') Adam. How many times do I have to tell you? No doll when we've got visitors. (SHE DROPS HER BUCKET AND HASTILY EXITS)

Adam (TO THE DOLL) Don't give me that look. She’s nothing to me. Nothing. (COAXING) You'll love Ibiza. Sunny beaches, lager, the Birdie Song and you and me, hip to hip, doing the Lambada. What more can a girl want? (LOOKS LONGINGLY AT THE DOLL) Come to me, Samantha. (HE PULLS A PIECE OF STRING WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE DOLL'S ARM. SHE FALLS OFF THE CHAIR AND IS DRAGGED ALONG THE GROUND) Come to me. (HE PULLS HER UNTIL SHE REACHES HIS FEET, THEN LIFTS HER UP TO FACE HIM) My God, but you're beautiful. (HE KISSES THE DOLL PASSIONATELY)

Keeper (JANGLING KEYS, SHE ENTERS FROM STAGE RIGHT) Adam!

Adam (HE CLUTCHES THE DOLL PROTECTIVELY) Leave us alone!

Keeper Time to put her to bed.

Adam No!

Keeper Samantha wants to go bye byes. (SHE ENTERS THE CAGE)

Adam She's my wife!

Keeper She's going to bed and no arguing.

Adam I demand my conjugals.

Keeper We’ve got visitors, Adam. Important visitors. We can’t let them see you humping plastic. You’re our prize exhibit.

Adam (BLOCKING THE DOLL'S EARS) Sssh. Not so loud. She gets jealous. (TO SAMANTHA) There’s no-one else in my life but you, babe. Honest.

Keeper (GRABS HOLD OF THE DOLL) Let her go.

Adam No.

Keeper Not so tight, Adam. You'll give her another puncture.

Adam I won’t.

Keeper I had to stick her head in a bucket of water to find the leak.

Adam (SHIRTILY) It was only the once.

Keeper You shouldn't knock her around like you do.

Adam (HE GRABS THE DOLL BACK) She's my wife. I know my rights.

Keeper I'm warning you, Adam. (SHE POINTS A SMALL DEVICE AT HIM) I don’t want to have to Tazer you, but . . .

Adam (THREATENS KEEPER) Try that and you’ll feel the back of my hand!

Keeper Give her back.

Adam ‘The balance of my mind was disturbed, m'Lud’. There’s not a judge in this country who won’t see it my way.

Keeper Final warning.

Adam ‘Something inside me snapped, M’Lud.’ (HE RUSHES AT THE KEEPER WHO FIRES THE TAZER. ADAM CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND WRITHING IN PAIN) Aggh.

Keeper (MORE KINDLY) Poor poppet. I know how it upsets your digestion. (PICKS UP THE DOLL) But Rules are rules. She’s only meant for therapy sessions.

Adam (WEAKLY) She gets lonely without me.

Keeper (STARTS TO DEFLATE THE DOLL) I'll blow her up for you again tonight. But only if you behave yourself with the visitors. You were a right misery yesterday. People don't travel hundreds of miles just to watch you with your feet up reading The Sun.

Adam (TO THE DEFLATING DOLL) Missing you already.

Keeper You’re incredibly popular, you know.

Adam So you keep saying.

Keeper Even the orang-utan doesn’t get as many visitors. Women all over Britain are discussing your attributes.

Adam So you say.

Keeper You’ve got pulling power. (SHE TUCKS THE FOLDED DOLL UNDER THE SOFA)

Adam Have I?

Keeper When I look at you, do you know what I see? A babe magnet.

Adam (INFLATING WITH PRIDE) That’s true.

Keeper Rippling torso. Thighs like tree trunks. Give me a little flash of the six-pack.

Adam I’m quite something, aren’t I?

Keeper Very nice, Adam.

Adam So, which lucky ladies are worshipping at the temple Testosterone today?

Keeper The Humanities Field Study Group from Birmingham Methodist College.

Adam Oh God.

Keeper Be nice to them, Adam. They sponsor your toilet paper.

Adam That awful stuff . . .

Keeper Two hundred rolls a year. Three hundred when Arsenal plays at home.

Adam (PERKING UP) Arsenal! Up the Gunners! (STARTS A FOOTBALL CHANT) Ole, ole, ole . . .

Keeper Works like a dream. (CHECKS HER WATCH) Right, I’d better go and collect them from reception. (UNLOCKS THE CAGE DOOR AND LETS HERSELF OUT) Try and remember to smile. (SHE EXITS)

Adam (MIMES SCORING A GOAL) Goal! Pure magic off the left foot. (HE DRIBBLES AN IMAGINARY BALL) Dribbling down the centre, pass to Smithy, cunning little flick to Bernardo, just on-side, waiting, waiting, waiting . . . and (KICKS) Goooooalll!!! (HE RUNS AROUND THE CAGE, PULLING OFF HIS SHIRT AND DOING THE VICTORY SALUTE) He’s got the hatrick! (AS IF BEING INTERVIEWED ON TV) My reputation? I’m only human. When you transfer for ten million, you’re going to have gorgeous young women flinging themselves at you. I mean, look at me. I’ve got pulling power. I ooze animal magnetism.

Lucy (ENTERS WITH KATHARINE) If I have to sit through one more lecture on the male endocrine system . . . (SHE SPOTS ADAM) Wow!

Kath It's a man! Look at his feet. They’re enormous.

Adam (HE STARES MESMERISED BY THE GIRLS, THEN SPOTS THE DOLL’S DEFLATED ARM POKING OUT FROM UNDERNEATH THE SOFA) Ahh! (HE TRIES TO PUSH THE DOLL FURTHER UNDER THE SOFA) Samantha go bye byes! (HE TURNS TO FACE THE GIRLS WITH A WILD SMILE)

Lucy Do you think he'll come if I whistle?

Kath Better not. He's dangerous.

Lucy You don’t believe everything Jezza says, do you?

Cit J. (ENTER CITIZENS JESMOND AND SWAN, THE KEEPER AND EXTRA GIRLS IF AVAILABLE) Ok girls. Gather round. Can everyone see and hear properly?

Others Yes . . . Ok . . . Thanks.

Cit. S. Lucy, not so close, please. He may poke something out through the bars.

Others He's not very hairy . . . I thought he’d be hairier . . . He's standing up, just like us . . . Do you think he'll do anything violent?

Cit J. Note books at the ready, girls. We’re taking full field notes. Mark everything down - his behaviours, his gestures, his verbalisations. And remember, we’re here to record dispassionately. ‘Assumption is the enemy of science’.

Cit. S. Try and forget the cage. Forget the bars. And observe Homo sapien (Male) as though he were roaming freely across the housing estates and betting shops of the pre-revolutionary world.

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TO OBTAIN A COPY OF THE FULL SCRIPT PLEASE CONTACT

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