# SOCKS GO IN

# THE BOTTOM DRAWER

(a 40 minute comedy for youth groups)

by Claire Booker 2012

bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk

[www.bookerplays.co.uk](http://www.bookerplays.co.uk)

**CHARACTERS**

Adam (m) A man of athletic build.

Keeper (f) A young woman. Robust and down to earth.

Citizen Swan (f) A young teacher. Full of enthusiasm for her profession and pupils.

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

Lucy (f) A school girl, mid teens. Mischievous.

Katharine (f) Lucy's friend. The classroom swot.

Zak (f) A teenager on work experience

Tiffany(f) A slow-witted school girl. (may be played by the same actress)

Schoolgirls (f) Additional walk-on parts as available.

**SET**

The play takes place a number of decades into the future, and costumes should reflect this. The stage is dominated by a large cage, above which hangs the notice 'Do Not Feed The Man'. Inside the cage there is a chair and small sofa. 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.

EXCERPT

Adam So, which lucky ladies are going to be 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.

Zak Two hundred rolls a year.

Keeper Three hundred when Arsenal plays at home.

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

Keeper Ah. That’s more like it.

Adam Ole, ole, ole. Ole. Ole. (HE STARTS PLAYING AT BEING A FOOTBALLER)

Keeper Good. Everything looks ship shape. I’ll go and collect the visitors.

Zak (CHECKS HER WATCH) Shall I get started on his lunch?

Keeper Yes. That’s a good idea. He’s always hungry on Display Days. (EXITS)

Zak (TRYING TO REMEMBER) T bone steak . . . HP sauce . . . chips . . . a second portion of chips. And . . .? (RESORTS TO LIST IN HER POCKET) More chips. (SHE PICKS UP THE BUCKETS)

Adam Goal!

Zak See you later, Adam. (COLLECTS THE BUCKETS AND EXITS)

Adam Pure magic off the left foot. 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, DOING THE VICTORY SALUTE) He’s got the hatrick! (AS IF BEING INTERVIEWED ON TV) My reputation? As a babe magnet? 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 AND KATHERINE ENTER AHEAD OF THE OTHERS)

Lucy If I have to sit through one more lecture on the male endocrine system . . . (SHE SPOTS ADAM) Oh.

Tiff 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?

Tiff Don't do that, Lucy. He's dangerous.

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

Cit J. (ENTER CITIZENS JESMOND AND SWAN, KATHARINE, TIFFANY PLUS ANY OTHER GIRLS) Gather round, girls. Can everyone see and hear properly?

Girls Yes . . . Ok . . . Look.

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

Girls He's not very hairy . . . He's standing up, just like us . . . Do you think he'll do anything violent?

Cit J. So remember, girls. I want you to take full field notes, mark everything down - his movements, his gestures, his verbalisations. We’re here to record dispassionately. ‘Assumption is the enemy of science’.

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

Tiff Will he urinate against the wall?

Cit J. No, Tiffany. That's dogs.

Tiff I’m sure I read somewhere . . .

Keeper Lighting up now, Adam. (SHE FLICKS A SWITCH)

Adam (THE CAGE IS FLOODLIT. HE SHIELDS HIS EYES FROM THE GLARE) For crying out loud.

Keeper Ooops. Sorry. Wrong level. (SHE REDUCES THE BRIGHTNESS) Better?

Adam (ADAM SNEEZES, THEN BLOWS HIS NOSE INTO HIS SHIRT. TO THE KEEPER) You know that plays havoc with my allergic rhinitis.

Lucy Not exactly the stuff of nightmares, is he?

Cit J. That depends which side of the cage you’re on.

Keeper (TO ADAM) Come on, Adam. Why don't you have a little go on your bike?

Adam I’m not in the mood.

Keeper They've come all the way from Birmingham to see you.

Adam Oh, in that case. Right profile, left profile . . . (STARTS TO LOWER HIS TROUSERS). . . full frontal.

Keeper Adam! (ADAM SWIFTLY DOES UP HIS TROUSERS) (TO CITIZEN JESMOND) He's a bit unpredictable at the moment. I wouldn't let them get too close.

Cit J. Girls. Stand well back. Use your binoculars.

Lucy (TO ADAM) Coooie. (AS IF TO A DOG) Here boy. (ADAM GAZES AT HER IN AWE, THEN GIVES A LONG LOW WOLF WHISTLE)

Cit S. Oh, I say. The mating call of the mature male in must. (SCRIBBLING NOTES) Very clear. Very distinct.

Girls (SCRIBBLING NOTES) Did you hear that ? . . . It’s a mating call . . . He's almost human . . .

Lucy (TO CITIZEN JESMOND) Does that mean he wants to play?

Cit J. In a manner of speaking.

Tiff He must get lonely.

Cit J. Oh no. A man is never lonely. He has his ego for company.

Adam What’s a lovely girl like you doing in a place like this? Got the

 time on you, babe? Your place or mine?

Cit S Chat up lines. How lucky.

Kath Which one does he want us to answer first?

Cit J. Any or none. All he needs is our attention.

Cit S. Note the word ‘babe’ – suggesting a Thames Estuary origin for this particular individual. Such a pity the North has been voided of men. Those wonderful regional variations – love, pet, hen, eh up petal . . .

Adam (INCREASINGLY EXCITED BY LUCY) Waahaay, hot totty!

Kath Is this the courtship ritual, Citizen Swan?

Cit S. Fascinating, isn’t it?

Adam (SINGING) I've got a loverly bunch of coconuts . . .

Keeper Adam, behave!

Kath He‘s trying to woo us.

Cit J. Definition of ‘woo’ anyone?

Keeper It’s his new medication. It’s playing havoc with his hormones.

CONTINUED

TO OBTAIN A COPY OF THE FULL SCRIPT PLEASE CONTACT

Claire Booker at

bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk [www.bookerplays.co.uk](http://www.bookerplays.co.uk)