

CLOTHES-MINDED

A one-act dramedy by
Andy AA Rassler

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ATHLETIC MOM, strong, active, brave; she has a history with errant laundry that makes her protective.

ATHLETIC CHILD 1, brash, active, happy, a little sharper than the rest.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2, vacant but cheerful.

ANKLE DAD, buttoned tight; suburbanite. The "man" of the load.

ANKLE MOM, yuppy, "basic" middle-aged woman.

ANKLE CHILD, pre-teen; privileged, but not entirely spoiled.

PILLOWCASE 1, tired, old but still fighting the good fight.

PILLOWCASE 2, cantankerous, argumentative.

COLORED SOCK, just wants to live his/her life with peace, harmony, and happiness. Doesn't understand the prejudices of the people around him/her.

SETTING

The inside of a washing machine.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The washing machine can be indicated with merely an agitator-looking contraption in the center of the stage or, if that's not possible, a blank stage will do. It helps create the world if there is a sound effect of a washing machine in the background at least in the beginning of the play; after a bit it can fade out so it doesn't compete with the dialogue.

Nearly all of these characters are non-gender specific. For example, Athletic Mom can be Athletic Dad if you need. Also, if you are needing or wanting to expand the cast, you may

have three or four Athletic Children, more than one Ankle Child, or more Pillowcases. Keep the integrity of the idea and all is good.

For ease of reading, certain gender pronouns were used in the script. If other genders are cast, feel free to change the pronoun genders accordingly.

All laundry, with the exception of Colored Sock, must be costumed in white! It is a white load. Colored Sock was red in the original production, which visually worked out extremely well, but there is flexibility here, too. What worked best for the premiere production was to have the "bleed" color as a t-shirt and leggings or shorts underneath the white and red clothes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Clothes-Minded was first produced under the title *Don't Bleed On Me* at Northwest Cabarrus High School in Concord, NC on November 18, 2016. It was directed by Andy AA Rassler. The stage manager was Michaela Wehner. Costume and sound by Taylor Rinaldo. Lighting by Alexandra Thurber. The set crew was Samuel Cunningham. The agitator crew was Brian Rassler and Jon Kadela. Script editing by Matt Webster, Jean Kadela, and Brian Rassler. The cast was as follows:

Jasmine Herbert.....	ATHLETIC MOM
Lauren Rowland.....	ATHLETIC CHILD 1
Bailey Siner.....	ATHLETIC CHILD 2
Blake Sackeli.....	ANKLE DAD
Mya D'Amico.....	ANKLE MOM
Haley Shinn.....	ANKLE CHILD
Chaeli Kruckenberg.....	PILLOWCASE 1
Tyler Shuntich.....	PILLOWCASE 2
Ashley New.....	COLORED SOCK

DEDICATION

Dedicated to my family, both biological and of the heart.

(We see an agitator on stage [or a blank stage]. After a few beats, ALL [except COLORED SOCK] tumble – literally – onto the stage. We hear the sound of a washing machine filling with water and they all start standing as though floating. The fill sound changes to agitation and they start moving around. They should be in their family groups as soon as possible and move with them, at least initially. ANKLE MOM, DAD and CHILD; ATHLETIC MOM and ATHLETIC CHILD 1 and 2; PILLOWCASES. In the premiere production, the group reversed direction every so often, as agitators will do.)

ANKLE CHILD: Yay! It's wash day again!

(Ankle Child splashes around.)

ANKLE MOM: Enough splashing! You're giving Mommy a headache.

ANKLE CHILD: Aw, Mom...

ANKLE DAD: You heard your mother!

ANKLE CHILD: I only get to play like this once a week, Mom.

ANKLE MOM: Everyone will think I never discipline you.

ANKLE CHILD: So?

ANKLE MOM: Shhh!!

(Escorts Ankle Child to one side.)

You want the rest of the laundry to think I'm raising a wild, untamed child?

ANKLE CHILD: Ah, fuzz buckets –

ANKLE MOM: *(To Ankle Dad:)* Honey!

ANKLE DAD: Do not disrespect your mother!

ANKLE CHILD: Aw, come on, Dad.

ANKLE DAD: She's waiting. We're waiting. Apologize.

ANKLE CHILD: *(With an appropriate pre-teen eye roll:)* Sorry, Mom. Sorry, Dad.

ANKLE DAD: Did you just roll your eyes?

ANKLE CHILD: I—maybe??

ANKLE MOM: We didn't raise you like that!

ANKLE DAD: We certainly did not!

ANKLE CHILD: You guys get frayed about every little thing. Can you just let me do me? Please?

(Ankle Child swims away. Ankle Mom tries to follow.)

ANKLE MOM: Honey—

ANKLE DAD: *(Intercepting:)* Now, dear. Let's just let that one go. Go with the flow. Get it? Go with the flowww??

ANKLE CHILD: *(From her distance:)* Oh, no...a dad joke!

ANKLE MOM: I get it.

ANKLE DAD: Terrible teens, you know. We can address it later, maybe in the dryer when we're all feeling a little more...refreshed.

ANKLE MOM: You're right. *(Deep breath.)* It does feel good to get out of that smelly hamper.

ANKLE DAD: Ah, yes. The "Tide" has come in! Do you get it? The "Tide"? 'Cuz the detergent—

ANKLE MOM: Oh, good. Another dad joke to brighten our day.

ANKLE CHILD: Clean, clean, clean!

ANKLE DAD: I got a million of 'em.

ANKLE MOM: I know you do. Gee, look at the time.

ANKLE DAD: (*As Ankle Mom swims away:*) What happened to the leopard who fell into the washing machine? He came out spotless!! Get it!? Get it???

(Ankle Dad swims after his family as Pillowcase 1 and 2 take the stage.)

PILLOWCASE 1: Move your arthritic keister, you old sloth. We'll never get clean if we can't move faster than this.

PILLOWCASE 2: I am moving my arthritic keister exactly as fast as I need to. Stop nagging me.

(The Athletic family starts to overtake the slow Pillowcases. Their dialogue intersperses.)

ATHLETIC MOM: Go long, kid!

(Athletic Child 1 runs ahead of Athletic Mom and successfully catches the ball [wadded up sock].)

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: I caught it, Mom! I caught it!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Betcha I can catch it, too.

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Can not, either. You're too weak.

ATHLETIC MOM: Hey!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Too weak? Too weak?? Oh, yeah??

(Athletic Child 2 throws down Athletic Child 1 and pins him down, getting ready to deliver multiple punches to the face. Athletic Mom grabs her arm to stop her.)

ATHLETIC MOM: Okay, kids.

PILLOWCASE 1: Are you comin'?

PILLOWCASE 2: I am right here, old lady!

ATHLETIC MOM: We're here to get clean. All of us. Together. Get along!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: I can get along, Ma. I can. She's the one who—

(Athletic Child 2 starts to sputter and flail around as the agitator changes direction.)

ATHLETIC MOM: Oh, here we go...

(Mom has seen this a zillion times. She starts stretching.)

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: I'm drowning! I think I'm drowning!

PILLOWCASE 2: *(Now ahead:)* I thought you said we should move faster?

PILLOWCASE 1: The agitator changing directions does not mean you're in the lead, you moldy old onion.

PILLOWCASE 2: Well, I look back and see you, you wrinkled old raisin.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Help! Help! I can't breathe... I. Can't. Breathe!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: You really think you're drowning, don't you?

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: This is it! This is it!! Is that a light? Do I see a light?!?

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Fluorescent light, yes. On the ceiling. Of the laundry room.

PILLOWCASE 2: The agitator kicks up my rheumatism something fierce. I hate laundry day.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Help me!

PILLOWCASE 1: Rheumatism, arthritis, gout, constipation... Is there anything you DON'T complain about?

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: A little help here?

PILLOWCASE 2: I wouldn't complain at all if I could just STAY on the PILLOW, which I believe is our JOB.

(As the agitator changes directions again, Athletic Child 2 starts crawling toward Athletic Mom.)

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Anyone?

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: You're not drowning!

PILLOWCASE 1: Now who's ahead again, you decrepit, faded old pillow sham!

PILLOWCASE 2: Case! Pillow CASE!

PILLOWCASE 1: Po-tay-toe, Po-tah-toe.

PILLOWCASE 2: Nobody says Po-tah-toe! NOBODY!!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: I'm drowning! I can't breathe! Mom!!

ATHLETIC MOM: Just power through, honey! You're tough, you can do it!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: I. can't. I'm dying! I'm dying! I can't breathe!!!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: *(Pulling Athletic Child 2 off the floor:)* Of course you can't breathe! We don't breathe! Laundry doesn't breathe!

(Slaps Athletic Child 2's face.)

Snap out of it!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Wh— what??

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Every time wash day comes around we go through this, you cotton-brained idiot.

ATHLETIC MOM: Name-calling!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: We can live in the air. We can live in the water. You're not drowning.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Oh, thank God. That was a close one.

(As Athletic Child 2 finishes this line, Colored Sock tumbles in and falls face first in the center of the load. At this point, the rotation [clockwise/counter] stops and the load is soaking. Colored Sock stays face down for a beat or two, as the rest of the white load freezes in place and looks at the new member. Colored Sock slowly sits up and looks around at her surroundings. All are frozen. After a long beat of frozen stillness on stage, Ankle Dad panics and starts screaming. This startles the rest of the load, and they all start screaming and running around as well. Total chaos and panic! After a few beats of this, the younger members of the white load [Athletic Child 1 and 2, Ankle Child] approach with curiosity [others are still panicking] and one gingerly reaches out to touch the strange outer "skin" of this Colored Sock. Only because these kids are strangers, the Colored Sock avoids the touch and moves away. This amuses the children, who chase after her. As this happens, the adults are universally alarmed and gather together – Pillowcase 1 with Pillowcase 2, Ankle Mom and Dad, and Athletic Mom on her own – each with disgust, worry or horror on their faces. At an appropriate time, the action goes to slow-motion and Colored Sock pointedly looks to the Pillowcases, the Ankle Parents, and Athletic Mom while she is playing, seeing these looks on their faces. Colored Sock is still playfully keeping away from the inquisitive kids. After the three pointed looks, the action goes to normal pace.)

ANKLE DAD: What are they doing?

ATHLETIC MOM: Are they – playing – ?

ANKLE DAD: With a...with...with a...

ANKLE MOM: You'd better go get them, honey.

ANKLE DAD: Me?

ATHLETIC MOM: I'll go get them.

ANKLE MOM: But, he's the man of the load.

ATHLETIC MOM: And – your point?

PILLOWCASE 1: What is going on over there? Does anyone know who that is?

PILLOWCASE 2: There's trouble brewing here, I can promise you that.

ANKLE DAD: It's okay, everyone. I'll take care of this.

(Ankle Dad saunters over. He stops abruptly, realizing he has no clue how to handle this.)

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Look, Ma! We found a new friend.

ATHLETIC MOM: A friend!?

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: That would be your ONLY friend, dork.

ATHLETIC MOM: Kids...

ANKLE CHILD: Hey, Dad – isn't she cool?

ANKLE DAD: I – I think –

ATHLETIC MOM: Oh, for corn's sake, let me –

ANKLE DAD: I said I'll handle this!!

(Hedges toward the children.)

Kids...kids, what are you doing?

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: We're running around.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Playing!

ANKLE CHILD: You started it!

ANKLE DAD: Well, come on over here now, kids. We don't want to bother this poor person. Maybe she doesn't want to play with you.

ANKLE CHILD: Aw, Dad. We're having fun! *(To Colored Sock:)* Aren't we?

COLORED SOCK: Well, sure.

ANKLE CHILD: See?

ANKLE MOM: Well, I'm sure she has better things to do than entertain you kids. So...just leave her alone and come play over here. Okay?

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: *(Continuing playing:)* Tag! You're it!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: You're it, you're it, you're it, you're it...

COLORED SOCK: I'm it, huh?

ANKLE CHILD: Try and catch me!

PILLOWCASE 2: Back in our day, those kids would've snapped right to it.

PILLOWCASE 1: Or else!

ATHLETIC MOM: *(This has gone on long enough:)* Over here! NOW!

(Athletic Children obey immediately. Ankle Child notices, then slowly slinks back over to her parents.)

PILLOWCASE 2: Well, my Aunt Gertrude's corset cover—

PILLOWCASE 1: Yup, that's how it was done alright. *(To Athletic Mom:)* Bravo, darlin'.

ANKLE MOM: Just calm down, honey.

ANKLE CHILD: Calm down? I am calm.

(The rotation resumes here. The white load does its best to stay clear of Colored Sock. The movement can be silent for a few beats as it dawns on Colored Sock what they're doing.)

COLORED SOCK: *(Showing amusement:)* What are you doing?

ANKLE MOM: What are we doing? What in the world do you mean?

ANKLE DAD: We're not doing anything. You know, just swishing around, minding our own business. Just like you.

COLORED SOCK: Just like me, huh?

ANKLE MOM: Yes. Just like you.

COLORED SOCK: *(Makes a deliberate move towards the Ankle family, who moves decidedly away:)* Boo!

(Makes a move toward the Pillowcases, same reaction.)

Boo!

(Then a move toward the Athletic family.)

Boo! Well, look at that. I must be pretty scary, huh?

ATHLETIC MOM: We're not afraid of you. We're just keeping our distance.

PILLOWCASE 1: We'll just keep our distance over here until we know it's safe.

PILLOWCASE 2: If it's ever safe.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Stranger danger, right Mom? Is that it? Stranger danger?

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Your face is stranger danger.

ATHLETIC MOM: *(Quick to agree:)* That's right, honey! Stranger danger.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: I knew it! I was right!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Mark today on your calendar, dummy.

COLORED SOCK: Stranger danger. Right. I see. I am pretty scary.

ANKLE DAD: Look, no offense or anything, but this is just common sense. Think about it. We can't get too close to your—

ANKLE MOM: It's not you. I mean not just you. I mean, everybody knows that we can't mix with—that we can't get close to—it says right on our label: Wash with like colors! Look! It probably says it on yours, too.

PILLOWCASE 1: We didn't make the rules, we just follow them.

COLORED SOCK: So you just follow the label? You've never been washed with any other colors?

PILLOWCASE 2: Of course not! We're white!

COLORED SOCK: You sure are.

ANKLE DAD: So, let's all do what we're supposed to do, and you just keep your distance, okay?

ANKLE MOM: You stay over there. And we'll stay over here.

PILLOWCASE 2: Amen!

ANKLE CHILD: Guys, maybe we should—

ATHLETIC MOM: This is a white load and you're just not supposed to be here.

COLORED SOCK: I'm not supposed to be here? Do you think I want to be here?! I didn't ask to be here, okay? I was just lying on the floor, minding my own business. Next thing I know, I'm tumbling around in here with you.

ANKLE DAD: Yeah, well, you being here is obviously a mistake and now you have to stay away from us.

ANKLE MOM: Please.

COLORED SOCK: I don't have to stay away. This place belongs to me, too. It's not just yours.

PILLOWCASE 2: We were here first.

PILLOWCASE 1: Yeah, we were here first.

COLORED SOCK: You were here first? First before who? There have been a multitude of multi-colored, variegated, mixed loads in here before you. Even—dare I say it—different *fabrics*.

ATHLETIC MOM: Well, we got here before you did, and we were having a great swim around before you came.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: I thought I was drowning, but I wasn't, I guess.

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Shut up, you twit.

COLORED SOCK: I'm not bothering you! You want to swim? Go ahead and swim! Go enjoy your stupid white bubbles and swim.

ANKLE CHILD: Can we, Mom? Can we swim?

ANKLE MOM: I don't—

ATHLETIC CHILD 1 & 2: Mom?

ATHLETIC MOM: Absolutely not.

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Aw, Mom!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Why not??

ATHLETIC MOM: Our labels are clear. The rules are clear. You have no idea how dangerous this is. God knows what could happen if you all swim together.

ANKLE CHILD: Mom, Dad, you'll let me go, right?

PILLOWCASE 2: We can't all swim together! Not ever! It's on our labels, for God's sake!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: We don't have to all swim together. We'll swim over here!!

(The Children all escape and go swimming around, go around the agitator, etc...and generally have fun – just don't pull focus. They are, with respect for their parents, swimming on the other side, away from Colored Sock. Colored Sock is between the Children and the Adults, which is what keeps the Adults from getting the Children right away.)

ATHLETIC MOM & ANKLE MOM: Kids, no!

ANKLE DAD: Come back here!

PILLOWCASE 2: This can't happen!

PILLOWCASE 1: Somebody do something!

COLORED SOCK: That's right! Go ahead, swim! Get clean and white again!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: I even smell better!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Better than what?

ANKLE CHILD: I love laundry day!

(As the Children swim around, Colored Sock turns and looks at the Adults.)

COLORED SOCK: Aren't you going to swim?

ANKLE DAD: This isn't going to work.

COLORED SOCK: What? That we just leave each other alone?

ANKLE DAD: We can try to keep our distance as much as we want –

ANKLE MOM: But it doesn't make any difference.

COLORED SOCK: What do you mean?

ANKLE DAD: We're all in the same water.

COLORED SOCK: And?

ANKLE DAD: And, if we're all in the same water, then it doesn't matter how far away you are—

COLORED SOCK: I'm still going to color the load? Is that what you're trying to say?

ANKLE MOM: It's nothing personal.

COLORED SOCK: Oh, it's not?

ATHLETIC MOM: We don't mean anything.

COLORED SOCK: Well, did you "well-meaning" people stop to think that no matter how far away you stay in the water, you're going to fade me? Ever think of that?

(The Children have expanded their playing and get awfully close to Colored Sock.)

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: I can't wait for the rinse cycle. I love the rinse cycle.

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: I'll give you a rinse cycle!!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Woo-hoo! Oh, Lord, I don't ever want to leave here!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: We can arrange that, you know.

ANKLE CHILD: This is awesome!!!

ATHLETIC MOM: *(A heroic dive between Athletic Children and Colored Sock, causing a ripple of "water":)* Not too close!! You want her to—to—corrupt you??

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Corrupt us?

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: What does that mean?

ANKLE CHILD: Criminals are corrupt. Is she a criminal?

COLORED SOCK: Is that what you're saying, "Mom"? Am I a criminal?

ANKLE MOM: Well—

COLORED SOCK: You're serious, aren't you?

ANKLE DAD: We're white. You're not.

ANKLE MOM: The water mixes us together—

ATHLETIC MOM: —and we're tainted. We're soiled. We're not so white anymore.

PILLOWCASE 1 & 2: Nobody wants that.

COLORED SOCK: Oh, no! Nobody wants that! What's going to happen to our world if the lily-whites don't stay that lily-white? How will the humans organize their sock drawers?? How will they know one sock from another? How will they label socks and know which outfits to wear with them? How will they know how to pair them together or where they belong? Tragedy in here! Tragedy up in here! Tragedy in the washing machine!!! Help!! Help!!

PILLOWCASE 2: Hey, make fun of us all you want, but if we're not white anymore—

ANKLE MOM: We're not bad people, you know.

COLORED SOCK: Do I know that?

PILLOWCASE 2: We just like things the way they are, you know? I'll bet you do, too. Like things just the way they are. Am I right?

COLORED SOCK: You prejudiced, jacked-up son-of-a—
(*Restrains herself.*) All of you! I'm not so bad, you know. Why do you hate me? You don't even know me!

ANKLE MOM: I don't hate you! One of my very best friends is a colored sock.

COLORED SOCK: Oh, is that right? Where is this so-called best friend?

ANKLE MOM: Well, she doesn't belong in h—. She knows better than to—well, I—

COLORED SOCK: *(Perhaps a slow clap here:)* Great friendship. I'm very impressed.

ATHLETIC MOM: This isn't about you! We're fighting for us! You get that?

COLORED SOCK: No, I'm sorry! I don't get that!

PILLOWCASE 1: This is the way it's always been.

PILLOWCASE 2: We're fighting to keep things normal.

COLORED SOCK: What's normal?

PILLOWCASE 1: This is who we are.

ANKLE DAD: We're fighting to stay the way we are. That's not evil, that's just science. You mix with us, we change.

COLORED SOCK: And?

PILLOWCASE 2: And that's not how it's supposed to be.

COLORED SOCK: Says who?

ANKLE MOM: Says our labels! Can't you read?! Are you stupid?? Wash. With. Like. Colors!!

COLORED SOCK: So what happens if you don't follow the label? What happens if you try something new? What happens?!

ATHLETIC MOM: She makes us into rags.

PILLOWCASE 1: I've seen it happen. Many times.

PILLOWCASE 2: Me too.

(A beat.)

COLORED SOCK: *(Starts laughing:)* She makes you into rags? That's it? That's what you're so worried about?

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: What's so funny? Why is she laughing, Mom?

ATHLETIC MOM: It's not funny.

COLORED SOCK: *(Still chuckling:)* A trip to the ol' rag pile. What a horrible tragedy.

PILLOWCASE 1 & 2: It is a tragedy!

COLORED SOCK: I'm so scared to go on a giant, soft heap of fabric!

ANKLE DAD: Are you mocking us?

ANKLE MOM: Honey —

(The Children have felt the humor of this and start to gravitate toward the happiness of Colored Sock. They aren't sure what they're laughing about, but they like it.)

COLORED SOCK: Watch out, kids! You might end up in a giant dog pile of soft, fluffy RAGS!

(The Children think this is outrageously funny and they mock landing in a pile together, and roll around some. The Adults [of course] are flabbergasted by this display. Athletic Mom finally explodes.)

ATHLETIC MOM: This isn't a joke! You have no right to come in here and make this all into a joke. The rag pile is real, you clueless idiot. Look around. Just take a hard look around. Do you see my match anywhere? Huh? Answer me! Where is he?!? He went to the RAGPILE.

ANKLE MOM: Oh, my Lord.

PILLOWCASE 1: It can't be.

ATHLETIC MOM: I've seen and felt the hell of losing someone to that horrifying, atrocious pile and I won't have

you stand here and make fun of it. Nothing good comes out of colors mixing, I can testify to that!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Dad...? Is that what happened to...?

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Shhh...

(During Athletic Mom's rant, Ankle Child has trouble getting back up from the pile. Ankle Child's somewhat comical efforts to get back up are amusing to Colored Sock – she is grinning at Ankle Child, which Athletic Mom misinterprets as about her.)

ATHLETIC MOM: Are you smiling? Are you mocking my pain??

COLORED SOCK: No, I—

ATHLETIC MOM: Wipe that stupid grin off your face, you ignorant scrap of fabric!

COLORED SOCK: I'm ignorant??

ATHLETIC MOM: Ignorant, stupid, clueless, brainless, mindless, dim-witted waste of cotton! You don't even know what you're doing here! I lost my mate, my one and only mate. I lost him forever and no one can change that. But I'll be damned if I'm going to stand by and watch it happen to my children, too. [But I will NOT stand by...] I'd rather die. I *will* die before I see that happen!

(Athletic Mom launches herself at Colored Sock, who is caught off-guard. Adults try to pull Athletic Mom off Colored Sock, and it ends up in a scuffle with all of them on the floor, rolling over and over. The Children see this as great fun, and they jump in to mix things up. Pillowcases are caught in a series of being knocked down and trying to get up. Dialogue below (or something like it) happens during the scuffle. During this scuffle, all will pull off their shirts to reveal a color underneath that is all the same – a shade somewhere between Colored Sock's color and white. [This seems the best way to handle this, but if

the director sees some other clever way of handling this color change, the answer is: yes!] Please do choreograph this fight to create definite moments, not just a pile of fighting socks.)

Get off her! Get off!!

COLORED SOCK: You get off! –

ATHLETIC MOM: I'll kill you!

ANKLE DAD: Killing her isn't the answer!

PILLOWCASE 2: My hip! I may have broken my hip!

ANKLE MOM: Get away from us! Oh, no! No!!

COLORED SOCK: I'm trying to get away –

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: Fight! Fight! We're having a fight!

PILLOWCASE 1: I am entirely too old for this!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Hot dog! I can finally pulverize you –

ANKLE CHILD: My leg! I think I hurt my leg!

PILLOWCASE 2: You're too young to hurt yourself fighting.

ATHLETIC MOM: Let me at her! I can take care of this!

ANKLE DAD: You need to stop this –

ANKLE MOM: She's attacking us! Help! Help!!

COLORED SOCK: I'm not attacking you, I'm tangled up in –

ANKLE MOM: Somebody save us! Help!!! Do something!

ANKLE CHILD: We are doing something!

PILLOWCASE 1: I've fallen and I can't get up!

ATHLETIC CHILD 2: This is awesome!

ATHLETIC CHILD 1: Hold still so I can pound you!

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