

© 2004. Anne Phelan. **Bowery**. A Ten-Minute Play. Sample. For script copies or performance rights, contact anne@annephelan.com.

Characters:

Peter	20s
Carolyn	20s
Customer	20s/30s

The play takes place in a designer clothing store on the Bowery next summer.

(CAROLYN enters, carrying a white robe over HER arm. PETER is behind the counter, wearing HIS white robe)

PETER:

You're 40 minutes late. Put that on!

CAROLYN:

I just got off the subway. I-

PETER:

If anyone walks in off the street and sees you like that-

CAROLYN:

I'm drenched. All the grime from the street's sticking to my sweaty carcass.

PETER:

We need business. I can't have customers seeing you in street clothes.

CAROLYN:

I only took this job because I needed the money.

PETER:

Carolyn-

CAROLYN:

I'm not capitalizing on people's fear, like you and George Bush.

PETER:

If there's void in the market, why not fill it?

CAROLYN:

Peter, were you selling designer gas masks three years ago?
(Puts on HER robe)

PETER:

I'm the boss- remember? You're a mere worker bee.

CAROLYN:

Have you been out there? It's chaos.

PETER:

I saw all those people holding candles in Union Square last night. Singing "Kumbaya," and swaying.

CAROLYN:

I meant the orgies in Times Square. They all dance in circles, like the pagans do in Central Park on May Day. And then they all have sex. The cops don't even try to stop them anymore.

PETER:

Disgusting!

CAROLYN:

Sex makes more sense to me than "Kumbaya." I think it's all an excuse to drink. St. Patrick's Day without the parade.

PETER:

You can't say that in front of the customers. If they're in here, they're sure the world is ending tomorrow.

CAROLYN:

Why can't people make their own robes?

PETER:

It's the American way- buy it.

CAROLYN:

What if everyone in heaven is naked?

PETER:

Perish the thought!

CAROLINE:

Most people look so much better fully clothed.

PETER:

There'd better be a qualified fashion consultant up there.

CAROLYN:

Why not buy a bedsheet at Century 21?

PETER:

We're in fashion, remember? It's all about how it looks. Are you ready?

CAROLYN:

For what?

PETER:

Tomorrow.

CAROLYN:

What's tomorrow?

(HE looks stricken)

You gotta be kidding me.

PETER:

I'm ready.

CAROLYN:

(A little freaked by HIM)

If I believed the world was ending tomorrow, would I have come to work today?

PETER:

I did.

CAROLYN:

Why?

PETER:

Because it's my job. I am the captain going down with the ship.

CAROLYN:

The good ship End-of-the-world?

PETER:

I could fire you.

CAROLYN:

Like I'll miss your reference if the world is ending! Why do you even believe this guy?

PETER:

Bill Miller had a vision of the end of the world. It appeared to him over the Hudson River.

CAROLYN:

I think he was on crack.

PETER:

There are a lot of people who don't agree with you.

CAROLYN:

He's an unemployed park ranger.

PETER:

He's a prophet.

CAROLYN:

He can't be a prophet, he hasn't got a beard.

PETER:

God told him the date the world was going to end.

CAROLYN:

Miller changed the date. The world was supposed to end last Friday.

PETER:

Clerical error.

CAROLYN:

What, God didn't enunciate?

PETER:

(CUSTOMER enters)

What can I do for you?

CUSTOMER:

I need a robe. Custom-fit.

PETER:

Armani? Prada?

CUSTOMER:

Comme des Garçons.

PETER:

Excellent choice.

(CAROLYN gets a robe and puts it on)

CUSTOMER. Starts pinning)

CUSTOMER:

They're my fashion touchstone. I bet God wears them, too.

PETER:

My little seamstress, Carolyn, will be happy to fit you.

CUSTOMER:

To take with.

CAROLYN:

Well, you can't really pick it up next week.

(PETER shoots HER a really dirty look)

A little pre-apocalyptic humor.

CUSTOMER:

I can't show up in something off the rack.

PETER:

Certainly not.

CUSTOMER:

You don't want to meet these people wearing an old tablecloth.

CAROLYN:

Is God people?

CUSTOMER:

Not only him- I'll finally get to meet Andy Warhol!

CAROLYN:

If you'll lift this over your head.

(Pulls robe off of CUSTOMER)

Careful of the pins.

(Starts sewing)

CUSTOMER:

(To PETER)

What are you having for your last meal?

PETER:

It depends when it happens tomorrow. I've thought about-

CAROLYN:

Only a New Yorker would think the food in heaven won't be as good.