

Single Socks

SETTING: A bedroom.

AT RISE: ERIN is asleep in her bed. STEVE comes in, creeping toward the dresser. He opens the top drawer and takes out a single men's sock. He starts to leave when he trips on the bed and wakes ERIN up. She sees him, screams, and proceeds to beat him senselessly with a pillow.

STEVE:

AH! Ok! OK! I GIVE! STOP IT! OWW - !!

ERIN:

Who the hell are you - !?

STEVE:

Calm down, lady -

ERIN:

Oh my god, were you in my underwear - ?!

STEVE:

I wasn't -

ERIN:

Oh my god, OH MY GOD - !!

STEVE:

OK! Ok, calm down, I wasn't trying to -

ERIN:

Where the hell is my bat?

(She starts looking for it.)

STEVE:

Bat? Whoa, whoa lady, don't go getting the bat!

ERIN:

Oh, I'm getting the bat!

STEVE:

Don't get the bat! I'm not going to hurt you!

ERIN:

You're not going to hurt me?

STEVE:

I'm not going to hurt you.

ERIN:

What in the ever loving hell were you doing in my underwear drawer then?

STEVE:

Oh, jeeze, um...ok, this is really -

ERIN:

Are you a sex pervert!?

STEVE:

A sex perv...no! Jesus, I was just doing my job...

ERIN:

...Your job.

STEVE:

Yes, my job.

ERIN:

Care to enlighten me?

STEVE:

Ok, um...I work for an agency which...specializes in the collection of single socks.

ERIN:

...

STEVE:

Yeah.

ERIN:

...

Yeeaaaah...

STEVE:

So...you...you're the reason -

ERIN:

- your socks go missing. Yup. That's all me.

STEVE:

I...you're an organized group?

ERIN:

Yup. With department heads and everything.

STEVE:

Jesus tap-dancing Christ...

ERIN:

I know it's a lot to process...

STEVE:

(Beat.)

No.

ERIN:

Sorry?

STEVE:

Nooooo....

ERIN:

I don't...

STEVE:

Is this one of those hidden camera shows? Where's the crew? Ha! You got me, you really -

ERIN:

This isn't a hidden camera show.

STEVE:

ERIN:
Come on.

STEVE:
No, really.

ERIN:
...Come on.

STEVE:
No. Really.

ERIN:
(More distraught.)

Oh, come on...

STEVE:
Are you ok?

ERIN:
I don't know, just...just take your sock and get out of here.

STEVE:
Um...ok. Sorry...sorry to have disturbed your sleep.

(He starts to exit.)

ERIN:
Wait.

(He does.)

Which sock did you take?

(He shows her.)

No. Sorry, not that one. You can't have that one.

STEVE:
This was the one on the register though, I have to take this one.

ERIN:

Well, you can't have it. I said you can't, so you can't. Give it back.

STEVE:

I can't just give it back...

ERIN:

You can and you will.

STEVE:

But I have to take a sock back, I can't just -

ERIN:

Fine take...

(She rummages and pulls out another sock.)

...this one. Give me that.

STEVE:

But it's not on the register...

ERIN:

Oh, FUCK YOUR REGISTER!

(Beat.)

Can I please...please have that sock?

(He looks at her, unmoving.)

Look, I know you're just doing your job, I realize this. I'm not trying to screw you over or anything, I just...you need to give me back that sock. I can't...not have that sock. Ok? Please.

(He still doesn't move.)

What's your name?

STEVE:

Steve.

ERIN:

Steve. Hello, Steve. My name is Erin.

(She holds out the sock for him. He takes it and hands her the other sock. She rummages in the drawer and finds the other one, balling them together and holding them to her chest.)

Thank you, Steve.

STEVE:

Sure...

(STEVE starts to leave with the other sock, but stops to check his register. He reads for a moment then looks back at ERIN, still cradling the socks. He walks towards her and hugs her, tightly. She doesn't hug back.)

I'm so sorry.

(She hugs him back. STEVE lets go and starts to leave. He turns, waves, and exits. ERIN is left onstage holding the balled up socks. She climbs back into bed, putting the socks beside her, and stares at the ceiling. Lights fade. End of play.)