

Hummanequins

By Leonie Thompson

CHARACTERS:

M1, Mannequin 1

M2, Mannequin 2

CAZ, an ex-soldier

JAN, an onlooker

SARAH, an insomniac

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

All characters could be played by any gender. Alternative names are:

TOM, an ex-soldier

JON, an onlooker

SIMON, an insomniac

EXTRACT:

M2 Here is Caz.

M1 (*to M2*) This may be our last night to save her. I don't think she has many more nights left in her.

M2 I thought she would come in once Bess had come to us.

M1 But animals are better at knowing when their time has come. She knew that she couldn't survive another cold night of wandering the city with her. She knew she needed to rest.

M2 Let's try with Caz. She has walked by every night since Bess left her, perhaps she knows.

M1 (*to the audience*) Some people are understandably freaked out when they realise that we are somehow alive but many of those whom we see at night experience so much confusion and chaos in their lives that living mannequins are just another aspect of life that is impossible to make sense of, and they are the most accepting. Many already have distorted

perceptions of the world, this is just one more. Some need to talk, some need someone to listen but most just need to rest.

By now, CAZ is on stage. She is looking into the shop window, she has quietened now, transfixed by the ceramic dog that is by the feet of M1. When CAZ arrives M1 and M2 have adopted the poses as mannequins again.

JAN appears from the wings at the right side of the stage and stands quietly listening.

CAZ Well, that certainly looks like Bess. Is that you, girl?

M1 Yes Caz, it is.

CAZ I lost her. Why is she with you? Is she dead?

M2 No, just resting. She needed to rest, Caz. She wanted to be able to just sit and watch the world go by from the warmth of the shop window. Wouldn't you like that? To rest.

CAZ Yes.

M1 Come and be with us, Caz. Come and rest with Bess.

CAZ I can't.

M2 Why not?

CAZ Because... *(she starts to look down and shake and sob quietly)*

