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Buying a Brassiere

by Rebecca Ritchie

From...

35 in 10

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN

This excerpt contains sexual references.



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(35 IN 10)

ISBN: 1-58342-283-8

BUYING A BRASSIERE

By Rebecca Ritchie

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Buying a Brassiere premiered at The Alleyway Theatre, Buffalo, N.Y., in 2000. It was part of Pandora's Box Theatre Company's "Escaping the Box" festival of one acts and monologues by women. In 2001, it was a finalist in the Actors Theatre of Louisville National Ten-Minute Play Contest.

CHARACTERS

DIANE: A woman with breast cancer who is shopping for underwear.

MARIE: A French Canadian underwear fitter.

SETTING: The lingerie department and a dressing room in a department store.

TIME: The present.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Diane must deliver her lines with *joie de vivre* and a sense of self-kery. If this play isn't funny, don't even try it.

BUYING A BRASSIERE

AT THE CURTAIN: Blackout. In the blackout, Spotlight up on DIANE, who stands on a soapbox-sized riser, DL, facing slightly left. In blackout, MARIE stands on a similar riser DR, facing slightly right.

DIANE (to AUDIENCE). I'm considering buying a brassiere. —The decision unsettles me. It reminds me of visiting Student Health thirty years ago: Then, if you didn't use birth control, you weren't having sex. Now, if I don't buy this brassiere, I must not have cancer. (Pause.) I find myself on the lingerie floor of a large department store. There is a bower of bras the size of a football field: purple bras, cheetah-print bras, push-up bras, strapless bras. And lace, lace everywhere. —But I don't see what I'm looking for. -So I go up to the counter and wait for a clerk, and when she stops chewing gum long enough, I say, "Do you have a fitter?" And she says, "A fitter?" And I say, "For a bra." When she still looks clueless, I point to an advertisement in a Plexiglas stand. "Ohhh..." she says, "that kind of bra. —You'll have to wait for Marie." And she points to a chair against the wall. —I'm not in a hurry. In fact, I'm not completely committed to buying this brassiere. I'm keeping a low profile, so I don't arouse the interest of the Red Beast. It's crouching out there, waiting for the slightest opening: arrogance, or complacency, or a thoughtless moment of joy. —You'd be surprised how even the most benign activity, like shopping for this brassiere, could cause the Beast to lunge for the jugular.