

# PAIRLESS

A dramatic monologue

By

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*A woman enters with a laundry basket filled with clean clothes ready to be folded. She dumps them out and begins to fold them carefully. However, one lone sock hangs over the edge of the otherwise empty basket. She speaks.*

I hate when this happens. I'm warm and dry and I don't know where he is. I get scared. He could be outside, trapped. Cold and wet. *(sighs)* I wish we were folded inside each other knowing that for at least a little while we will be together, but also knowing that time will eventually separate us. I feel so useless without him. He completes me. Without him I'd probably perish. Or, I'd just probably stay inside and clean all day—dusting the furniture, wiping down the kitchen, cleaning the toilets—a life without real meaning, without adventure. *(she begins matching some socks)* There was one time when he was with someone else. He told me that she looked like me. Was that supposed to make me feel better? He says she reminded him of me. But it makes me wonder why. Why? Why couldn't someone say to them that they shouldn't be together? It must've been obvious that they shouldn't have been together. *(she finds a stretched out sock)* She was so fat! I'm sure she used to be thin, but it was like she'd been stretched out like silly putty but didn't bounce back to her original size. How could anyone think they were a pair? Really! Walking down the street like that. Ridiculous! I remember walking down the street once and seeing someone lying at the side of the road. Cold. Dirty. Grimy. Almost unrecognizable, really. Like an old discarded rag. Every time we're apart that image flashes before me. Like it could've been him...or me. Don't get me wrong! Don't think that I don't like to go outside and explore. I'm not a shut-in or something weird like that. I just prefer being next to him...in the fresh air or feeling the breeze on us. It's just that I don't like crowds. I feel I might lose myself, lose my identity in the heat and the chaos and the confusion! Tumbling and rumbling around...Shocking! I'd rather be beside him feeling the warmth of the sun, the scent of wild spring flowers. But I'd much rather us be together enveloped in a pair of fuzzy slippers or nuzzled next to each other in our cozy little bed. *(She finds one lone sock in the pile and frantically looks round for its mate. She looks under the other clothes, under the basket and then discovers the lone sock hanging on the edge).* Ah! There you are! My partner! My other self! *(She folds the socks together in a soft knot.)* Now we are one being a pair. And all is right in the world again.