'THE LAST PERFORMANCE'

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE HISTORIC HOUSE - NIGHT

A large historic house has been converted into a community theatre.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

The front room used to be the historic house's living room. At one end, a bar is set up for the evening's performances' patrons.

Two mannequins, one dressed in a man's formal clothes, the other in a woman's fancy dress, stand on either side of a table near the bar.

A middle-aged woman, CYNTHIA, tidies up the bar, wipes the top, and puts away the beer bottles.

A middle-aged man, ANDRE comes in with a broom.

ANDRE

Hi, Cynthia. Are you almost cleaned up?

CYNTHIA

Oh, Hi Andre. This play's last performance had the largest crowd so I will be a few more minutes tidying up.

ANDRE

Ok. Lock the front door when you are finished. I'm just running out for a pack of smokes then I'll finish cleaning up the theatre.

Cynthia ties up the garbage and puts the bag in front of the bar.

She grabs her purse and goes up to the front door.

She turns quickly to see a mannequin dressed in a woman's fancy velvet dress at the top of a flight of stairs near the door.

She gives a shudder, turns, and goes out the front door with the SOUND of the lock engaged.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The theatre is an add-on to the back of the house. The floor has chairs set up for 60 seats.

On the stage is a couch, a variety of chairs, a fireplace with mantel, and a shelf of books.

The house lights are low but then they shimmer.

The beaded mannequin, CLARA, appears lying horizontal on the couch.

The male mannequin, CHARLES, appears leaning against the mantel.

The velvet mannequin, VIVIAN, appears lying horizontal across the arms of a chair.

CLARA

Aaah, it's so nice to get off my feet.

CHARLES

Even to lean takes pressure off my back.

VIVIAN

My back hurts lying in these arms.

CHARLES

You know, Vivian, if I had arms, you would be in them.

CLARA

Now, Charles, over my stuffed body you would.

VELVET MANNEQUIN - VIVIAN Clara, that's why he prefers me over your stuffed body.

BEADED MANNEQUIN - CLARA Vivian, if I had arms, you wouldn't have any stuffing.

CHARLES

Ladies, ladies, I know I have a body to fight over.

The beaded mannequin shifts upright from the couch.

VIVIAN

Charles, you must save me from her. She ruined my dress the last time.

CLARA

I would rip out your eyes, Vivian and lop off your head to keep my Andrew.

The male mannequin falls on the floor between the two women mannequins.

VIVIAN

Huh! I don't have eyes or a head but Andrew still prefers ME.

CHARLES

Ladies, do you want to end up in a back cupboard together?

The lights turn up in the theatre and Andre enters.

He looks at the stage to see the three mannequins in various positions on the furniture and floor.

ANDRE

That Cynthia! This is the third time she has left the door open and we have had vandals. Jeesh!

FADE OUT.

THE END.