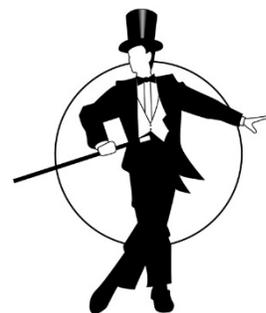


# The Thingamajig

Jo Hamlet



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THE THINGAMAJIG

By Jo Hamlet

CAST

DORIS: Middle aged or older bossy woman, manager of thrift store that benefits a charity.

FREDA: Older timid woman, assistant manager of thrift store.

MAN: Middle-aged friendly customer.

Place

Thrift store.

Time

The present, morning.

THE THINGAMAJIG

*Setting: A thrift store counter with a trash can next to it. Secondhand clothes and goods are displayed, plus a screen to change behind. The toilet, window, and entrance door to the shop are off-stage.*

*At Rise: Doris is standing at the counter trying to look busy. She's annoyed because Freda has been in the toilet since she arrived for work.*

DORIS: What are you doing in there Freda? Come and give me a hand, will you?

FREDA: Coming. *(toilet flushing, Freda enters walking slowly with the aid of a walking stick. Her skirt is caught up in her knickers)* Sorry Doris.

DORIS: 'Bout time. I was just about to send out a search party. *(pointing)* Your skirt's caught up in your knickers again.

FREDA: *(pulling her skirt down)* Must be those prunes I had for breakfast.

DORIS: Give me a hand up with this will you? Peter Smith just dropped it off.

*(they struggle to lift a large box on to the table)*

FREDA: I can see some books on the top here. *(removing a book)*. What's this? 'K-a-r-m-a S-u-t-r-a'. Never heard of it. Sounds exotic. Bet it's a romance. You read it Doris?

DORIS: Never heard of it. *(snatching it from Freda)* Looks well thumbed. Must be good. I'll take it home tonight. *(puts it aside)*

FREDA: Don't suppose there are any more in there for me?

DORIS: Let's see. *(sorting through box)* Yes, here we are. 'The Perfumed Garden'. You like gardening. *(handing it to Freda)*

FREDA: I'll give it a go. If it's no good, I'll give it to my old mum. She still likes to read, especially garden books. *(looking in box)* What have we here? Silk knickers. They're nice Doris.

DORIS: *(snatching them)* Let me see. *(holding them up)* They're no good Freda. Look there's no gusset. Must be rejects. *(throwing them in the bin)*

FREDA: *(pulling them out)* Perhaps I could sew them up. They look new. I rather like them. Pity they're black.

DORIS: What's wrong with black?

FREDA: I've always stayed away from black. It's so ageing.

DORIS: Well I don't think you need worry too much about that. If you like that sort of thing, you take them. *(retrieves the knickers and hands to Freda)* Let's see what else there is. Oh look at these Freda. *(holding up something that looks like a large pair of feather earrings)* It's my lucky day. Lovely feather earrings to add to my collection.

FREDA: The clips look a bit big. Try them on Doris.

DORIS: Okay. Here goes. *(putting one on)* Ouch, *(rips it off)* That hurt. They're like clamps and they're so heavy. Nobody will want them; they'll rip their ears off. *(throws them in the bin)*. I wonder what Peter was doing with earrings and reject knickers.

FREDA: Must have bought them for one of his girlfriends. He's a good-looking lad. *(looking in box)* Oh look, there's another book at the bottom.

DORIS: Whip it out then, let's have a look.

FREDA: *(taking it out)* "Fifty Shades of Grey."

DORIS: *(snatching book and flicking through)* Mmm...I've read some reviews about this one. I think it's what you call a spanking good read.

FREDA: I'll have it.

DORIS: After me you can.

FREDA: *(looking in box)* There's something pink and fluffy down here Doris.

DORIS: Pull it out then. Let's see.

FREDA: It's a pair of kiddie's handcuffs. *(holding them up)* Aren't they lovely? And such a pretty shade of pink. My little grandson would love them. Can I have them Doris please?

DORIS: I suppose so. No good to me. What's in that box at the bottom?

FREDA: *(reaching in and pulling out a small box)* Shall I open it?

DORIS: Well if you don't, we'll never know, will we?

FREDA: *(opens lid but leaves object inside)* What is it?

DORIS: Here let me see. *(looking inside)* No idea. There are no instructions or anything. *(handling object without taking it out of box, so it is out of view of the audience)* Look it takes batteries. Pity we haven't got any.

FREDA: I think it could be some sort of grip. Nice and fat for people with arthritis so they can exercise their fingers perhaps.

DORIS: Don't be silly. It looks like something for darning socks, you know, save you putting your hand right in.

FREDA: You could be right I suppose, but I don't think so.

DORIS: Yes, well I don't want it. I don't have any socks to darn. Do you want it?

FREDA: I don't think so. No good if I don't know what to do with it. Do you want me to put it in the window?

DORIS: Well it won't sell itself sitting here on the table will it? Put it right at the front.

FREDA: *(takes box off stage to window, then returns)* It was nice of Peter to drop these things in, wasn't it? You know him and Jackie are getting married next month?

DORIS: The Reverend's daughter? Never, you must have it wrong.

**END OF FREEVIEW**  
*You'll want to read and perform this show!*