

Mel: A Phobia

A One-Minute Play
by Ken Preuss

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Mel suffers from an unusual fear during a quarantine.

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BLAIR

(Rushes into the room.) You okay? You sounded panicked!

MEL

I'm not prepared!

BLAIR

You're fine. *(Looks around.)* You've got food, soap, toilet paper. So much toilet paper.

MEL

It's the videos.

BLAIR

The news?

MEL

No. Those musical balcony videos from Italy. What do I do if a song starts out there? I'm a lousy singer.

BLAIR

You play any instruments?

MEL

Can't even make one! No wax paper for a comb kazoo. No rubber bands to twang between fingers. I tried to carve a flute from a carrot: I sliced my hand and ruined my hole punch. *(A beat)* Listen! An acapella vocal!

BLAIR

It's okay. You can handle this.

MEL

More voices. Harmony! A keyboard... saxophone! Accompaniment! It's Intensifying!

BLAIR

Just... dance along!

MEL

I can't take it. This has to end! I'm going out there... to jump!

(Music swells. MEL pauses a beat, screams, and runs out. The scream fades as if MEL has jumped and is falling. A loud crash accentuates the final note of the song.)

BLAIR

(Shrugs.) Perfect timing. Maybe (s)he was a percussionist. *(Takes toilet paper. Exits.)*

THE END