

# More Dishes

by

Leon Martell

Managed by:  
Windfall Management  
310 - 471-6317  
windfall1@adelphia.net

The following monologue is copyrighted and is to be used for class and audition purposes only. For production rights please contact the author.

The monologue is written for a man, but there is no reason it couldn't be performed by a woman. If you have an affinity for the material, you are the right person. Feel free to change the name of the character to suit.

This piece was originally written in Sam Shepard's writing workshop and the assignment was to create a "music driven piece." The idea was to have the "music of the kitchen" underscore the whole piece. I present some ideas, but let your particular circumstance present it's own opportunities. Have a good time with the percussion.

## **MORE DISHES**

Gilbert stands at a sink in the back room of a restaurant. There are sinks or tubs of water. He is surrounded by bus trays full of dishes, plates, glasses, silverware... and there are pots and pans, colanders, etc.... all usable for percussive effects. As the lights come up, he is singing to the dirty dishes, doing his sleaziest lounge singer impression, using a large spoon as a microphone.

### **GILBERT**

It's a quarter to threeeeeeee, and no one's in the place, except you and meeeeeee.

(He pauses then erupts)

**MORE DISHES! More dishes. more dishes. more DISHES!!! I must have MORE DISHES!!**

(He calls to the head waiter, who he knows left long ago.)  
Maurice!?!?!)

Get 'em IN HERE!  
I need more dishes!  
I can't reach full tilt unless I know it's going to be worth it.  
It's not safe for me to go into my trance unless I'm totally barricaded in by DIRTY DISHES!!!

I need 'em.

Maurice?

You think because I can't see you, I don't know you're out there.  
Mon petite chou.  
I'll wash them for you, my little Pillsbury Dough Boy, but I cannot guarantee a masterpiece unless I have more dishes.

Even if this is my LAST NIGHT HERE!!!  
Yes my little Poppin' Fresh!

That's right.

(Using two spoon ( or whatever) he beats out a Bo Diddley beat and sings to the tune of "Who Do You Love.")

I need forty-seven miles of pats and pans  
No rubbah gloves, ah got dish pan han's  
Aaaah love tah scrub...  
(he plays solo licks on the pots and pans)  
Aaaah love to scrub...  
(slam bang boom)

Aah need dinah plates an' silvah weah...

(he pauses.. washes a plate then re-inspired drops it and picks up where he stopped in the song with the same energy)

red wine glasses anda...

(pause.. at a loss)

MAURICE!?!?!

You see...  
(In a bad French accent)  
Dees ees totally un-acceptable.  
(Normal voice)  
And don't give me that crap that they're not done eating.

you MAKE 'em eat!

Bring 'em in here.  
Show 'em the expensive food  
Bring ME the dirty dishes...

(French accent)  
I don't care what you do wid zee patrons!

(Normal voice)  
Maurice?

(Throws a spoon at the door)

I know you are hiding out there. Squatting under a table. Hiding your kisser behind a menu.  
You and your whole little army of "fruit fly" waiters.

You're spying on me. Trying to learn my secrets.  
HAHA!  
(A la Henny Youngmen stand up)

What's worse than a waiter?  
(Drum roll)  
Two waiters!  
(rim shot)  
What's worse than two waiters.  
(drum roll)  
Nothing.

(Back to his usual manic self)  
An even better idea.  
(Throws a spoon in another direction)  
Chef Raymond!?!  
(Feigning shock)  
Get out of the Pantry Girl !!!

To celebrate my last day here, burn me a pot!  
Coat the bottom with béarnaise, and put it upside down over an open gas flame.  
This is your last chance to see an artist at work.  
(Putting up plates - making a banging rattle)  
You have all  
(BANG)  
Failed  
(BANG)  
your probationary period  
(BANG)  
and I must leave.

I could have all of you leave, but it's easier this way.

There are standards I must maintain.  
(Slides a glass to end of the drain board and it clinks on the end)  
I studied at "Le Scrubaree" in Paris.  
(Slides another glass)  
Ah Maurice...  
(Throws another spoon at the door)  
in Paris,  
at the gathering of the great French dishwashers  
(slides a glass)  
I saw the maestro scrape a 20 liter stock pot clean with his spatula, without setting it  
down once.  
(Another glass)  
So clean, he only sponged it to please the crowd.  
Then with one step a rinse in cold Champagne, a rinse in Lourdes water, and on the drain  
board to dry!

He doesn't even work for money  
Only gifts

paintings  
wine  
antiques

silk aprons

Really Maurice, I've got to go.  
Better not to dishwash then to disgrace myself and my heritage.

Besides, there has been a call for help.  
The girls at Our Lady of Immaculate Ignorance College. The neeeeed me  
(Playing the edge of a wet glass, getting it to ring)  
to teach classical literature.  
A steady hand to guide them through the De Cameron, the throbbing passion of the  
Iliad...  
Aeneas  
and  
Queen--  
Di---  
Do

So that's it.  
(He pulls the drain plug)  
Hang it up.  
Adieu!  
Kiss it good-bye my fine Froggies. I'm out the door tonight.  
Don't cry. If the dirty dishes pile up, you always buy more clean ones (Rim shot).

I can hear you in the corners  
wetting your pants with fear.  
(French accent)  
We are out of salad forks!  
We must have three half carafes clean and dry immediatement!!  
(Drinks a wine remnant from a glass as he condescends to the imaginary begging  
Maurice)

O.K. Maurice  
I can understand your groveling pig-like behavior.  
You're a desperate man.  
When I'm gone, in a week you'll be reduced to eating off of birch bark plates with sticks.  
(Tings a glass)  
So.

O.K.

I'll stay another week.  
A chance for everyone around here to SHAPE UP!

I want things.... NEW! Some sexy leftovers, different color food to come in here. Fancier china. NO MORE STEUBEN BOWLS! I won't do 'em. If one comes in here, it goes back out there, on the floor, and I'm talking BIG NOISE .

(Crashes a bucket of silverware)

I'm going to finish up now, so we can aaaaall go home.

Another week.

You got it?

Good!

(Starts the Bo Diddley beat singing and playing heavy percussion)

Ah need forty seven miles of pots and pans

no rubbah gloves ah got dish pan han's

Aaaah love tah scrub!

(Slam bang boom)

Aaaah love tah scrub!

(Slam bang...)

Lights crash out.