

# WHAT TO DO WITH DENNIS:

A play in 15 minutes

By:

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What To Do With Dennis was originally a staged reading at the University of Louisville in 2002. Later that year, a full production of the short premiered at the Rudyard Kipling Cafe in Louisville, Kentucky. The production was directed by David Alan Morrison, and featured:

Chris: C.T. Reaves  
Sharon: Crystal Martin

In 2003, a film version appeared on Louisville Community Television and featured the following cast:

Chris: C.T. Reaves  
Sharon: Crystal Martin

In 2002, Theatre Rhinoceros in San Francisco included the work in a festival of short plays. It featured the actors of the troupe.

In 2004, DENNIS was staged in Sacramento, California as part of the Pride Week Festival of Art. The cast was lost to history, but the author will always be in their debt.

Author's Note: The play leans toward a limited set. I invite the directors to run with their creativity. It can easily be produced without a set at all, in which case Sharon's first few lines will be delivered offstage.

#### CHARACTERS:

Chris: a struggling painter  
Sharon: an estranged wife

#### TIME:

Tonight

#### PLACE:

Chris' apartment

*(At LIGHTS UP, we see Chris's modest, quasi-loft space. Few items of furniture, all of it hand-me-downs. Most of the floor space is taken up by Chris' original paintings. It is sunset. CHRIS is painting & smoking. For the moment, all is quiet.)*  
*(Knock on the door. Chris answers it, revealing an extremely drunk SHARON.)*

CHRIS

Can I help you?

SHARON

I dunno. Can you? *(Distastefully)* I need Ms. Chris Fulton

CHRIS

Mister. That's Mr. Chris Fulton. You got him. *(Sharon stares.)*

*(Beat)*

Hello? *(Sharon stares)* Please don't stare at me. *(Sharon stares)* Didn't your mother teach you it's rude to stare? Look, lady, who the hell are you?

SHARON

*(Finding a demented humor in it all)* I am Mrs. Sharon Heller. You're fucking my husband, Dennis.

*(Beat)*

CHRIS

Oh. Wow. Um...

SHARON

Imagine what I feel.

*(Beat)*

CHRIS

You want to sit down?

SHARON

*(Pushing her way in)* Thought you'd never ask.

CHRIS

Wine?

SHARON

White?

CHRIS

Red.

SHARON

Damn. Okay.

*(Chris pours. He offers her the glass. She takes the bottle.)*

*(Beat.)*