

TANK TOPS
WHEN YOUR CLOSET GOES MAD

Written by

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TANK TOPS

INT. 2ND BEDROOM

The morning light filters through the blinds.

8am. Already 84 degrees in Sunny Wilton Manors.

The 2nd bedroom. A collage of old memories from multiple lives. Picture perfect. Rarely used. As if memorialized.

Pictures. Artifacts. Accessories. Books read. Notions from experiences dangle, drip, and lie on shelves.

A thin layer of dust sheens the entire room, almost like glitter.

Muffled sounds can be heard behind two floor to ceiling closet, guarded with louvre doors, wooden and worn.

SFX. A light snaps on.

Large feet, with black socks are seen on the floor.

The muffled sounds crescendo, voices overlapping. Insults and bromides spew forth. Words not yet recognizable. Anger and angst are felt.

SFX. The closet doors are folded open.

Silence. All noise stops.

POV from the man's eyes. His nose holds a pair of 50's Clark-Kent style glasses in place.

The brush of his 5 o'clock shadow is seen.

He hums.

THE MAN

(hums)

*And it's daybreak, if you wanna
believe*

A black dress shirt suddenly falls off a hanger to the floor.

The shirt rumped.

The man picks up the shirt. AIR SNAPS it. He places it on the hanger and puts it back in the closet.

A radio is heard in another room.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
 Another beautiful day in store.
 Get your tank tops, your flip flops
 and get to the beach.

A dog, small in size, big in attitude, comes in, leash in his mouth. He rustles and snuggles around the MAN'S feet.

THE MAN
 (childlike)
 Do you want to go for a walk?
 Who's the good boy? Who's the good
 boy?

The MAN and the dog depart.

SFX. DOOR opening. Dog Barking.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 (in the distance)
 Who's a good booooy?

SILENCE.

POV: looking up and down the closet.

Stuffed with shirts of all types. Not arranged by color or style.

Too many shirts for the space and it is a large space.

A snort and a laugh is heard in the room.

The camera slowly turns to find the culprit. Pan right. Pan left.

The laughter again. The camera turns.

GLASS DRAGON
 (Irish brogue)
 I am having a fine damn good time
 watching you boys tussle about.

A puff of smoke puffs out of his nose.

In the background in the closet, the black shirt falls again.

BLACK SHIRT
 (English proper accent)
 Now that will be quite enough.

MULTIPLE SHIRTS
 (echo in different voices,
 mocking)
 Now that will be quite enough...now
 that will be quite enough.

BLACK SHIRT
 Fine. Push me off the rack again.
 Go ahead. I don't care.

CUBAN SHIRT
 (in Spanish)
 Veremos cuánto duras, amigo mío. No
 tienes dónde esconderte. (See how
 long you last my friend. You have
 nowhere to hide.)

Other shirts clamor on their hangers.

BLACK SHIRT
 (to the Cuban Shirt)
 Diego, I don't know what you said,
 but I can tell it wasn't nice. No
 doubt you were made in a sweatshop
 by children.

The shirts all start shouting like inmates.

The CUBAN SHIRT falls to the floor on top of the BLACK SHIRT.

The toss back and forth. Muffled sounds heard. All other
 shirts raise their voices in vengeance.

SFX. DOOR opens. Dog feet pad into the room.

All shirts go silent.

The MAN enters. POV is from his eyes.

He sniffs. He looks left and right.

He sniffs.

THE MAN
 Why does it smell like a Cuban
 cigar?

The dog sniffs the two shirts. He paws the black shirt aside
 and sniffs the Cuban shirt. The dog growls. He picks up the
 Cuban shirt and shakes it back and forth.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 (to the dog)
 Leave it.

The dog tosses the shirt and catches it again. Shakes it with violence. He darts out of the room with the shirt.

The MAN sighs.

He looks in the closet. Side to side.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Well, I have a hundred more to choose from. What's one less Cuban shirt gonna matter in Miami? (he laughs)

He looks down. The BLACK SHIRT on the floor again.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Now, how do you keep falling off the hanger? It's like someone pushed you. Let's get you washed and ironed. You and I have a dinner date this evening. How does that sound?

He picks up the shirt, hangs it on his arm.

SFX. The dog tearing up the Cuban shirt.

THE MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ok. Ok. You can keep it. Guess you like the scent of a Cuban cigar like me. Good Booooooy.

Silence.

Looking around the room.

GLASS DRAGON (O.S.)
Ah laddies, didn't that go well don't you know. Hunger is the best sauce.

Focus now on the Glass Dragon. Puffs of smoke come from his nose.

GLASS DRAGON (CONT'D)
And who *wouldn't* want to be washed, ironed and going to dinner?

In the background a shirt falls to the floor.

A tank top, blue lays there.

TANK TOP
Come on! They said it was a beach
day. A beach Day. I'm a tank top!

THE MAN (O.S.)
BEACH DAY!

The dog barks. The MAN'S feet plod in. POV from his eyes.
He rifles through the closet.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Where is it. Hawaiian, no. Linen,
no too formal. Disco, god no, that
shirt would fit again. Where is
it.

The Dog paws his leg. The MAN looks down.

THEN'T
each!

The man and dog leave.

SFX in the background the door opens and closes. The sound
of the car door opening and the engine starting.

THE MAN (O.S.)
Get in, buddy, we are going to the
beach!

THE DOG
HOOOWWWLLLLL

Radio plays some summer song.

INT. 2ND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

The White Linen shirt falls to the floor.

WHITE LINEN SHIRT
See what happens when he doesn't
pick me, "Too formal."

HAWAIIAN SHIRT
Aloha!

The shirt falls to the floor.

DISCO SHIRT

I feel like dancing, all, all, all,
all night long.

Dozens of shirts fly off the hangers onto the floor.

A mashup of colors and styles.

BROWN SHIRT

STRIKE!

ARMY SHIRT

Witness protection.

The shirt chaos fades. A puff of smoke fades across the
screen. Then another.

POV: The Glass Dragon

Another puff comes out.

GLASS DRAGON

You never plough a field by turning
it over in your mind.

END