

TANK TOPS  
WHEN YOUR CLOSET GOES MAD

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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 closest, 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 rumpled.

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