

A script from



“Getting Dressed”

by
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- What** Three men reflect on how their fathers taught them to dress... and live.
(Themes: Fathers, Armor of God, Wisdom, Surrender, Protection, Peace)
- Who** 3 males
- When** Present day
- Wear
(Props)** Tie
Fedora
Hat
Pair of shoes
- Why** Ephesians 6:10-20
- How** Each monologue can be used altogether or separately. The three articles of clothing correspond, loosely, with the Breastplate of Righteousness, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Feet of Readiness and Peace from Ephesians 6.
- Time** Approximately 7-9 minutes

Scene One

Actor is tying a necktie during this whole monologue.

It's not easy, learning how to tie one of these. It's even harder to teach somebody. I tried to teach my boy. I couldn't do it... well, not backwards anyway. Next to impossible. Finally, I had to face the same way he was and teach him like that. And it was still tough. (*chuckles*) It sorta makes you understand why they've got those clip-on ties for boys. Not for my boy, though. He learned from me... just like I learned... from my dad.

I was probably 12 years old. One day my dad sat me down, and he says, "Son, today you will learn how to tie a tie. This is one of the things men do." And he says, "Boy, you may eventually have a job where you wear a tie. Or you may not. That's not important. Wearing a tie won't make you better than anybody else. But you gotta know how to wear one and how to tie one. That's just...right." And he began to teach me: over and around, loop it through.

And I'm fumbling with my fingers, trying to get it right. Totally frustrated. My dad, he's real patient, just watching me. Finally, he puts his big old hands on top of mine, and he guides my hands through the motions. And he says to me, "Boy, tying a tie right is just like living right. When you're doing it right, it's like there are hands outside of you doing all the work. Just relax and surrender to those hands, and you'll get it right."

He ran me through it about 100 times, his hands on mine, until I got it right. And every time through, it was the same words. Now, I wear a tie every day to work. Sometimes I forget I'm wearing it. (*chuckles*) One day I came home from work and immediately went out and mowed the grass. Forgot I still had my tie on. One of these is second nature to me now. But hardly a morning goes by, when I'm putting this on, when I don't think "Boy, just surrender to those hands, and you'll get it right." It's a good thing to nail down every morning. My boy'll learn that.

Scene Two

Actor is working class guy, preferably balding. He holds an old Fedora.

This, uh... this belonged to my Pop. (*He puts it on. It's too big for him. He chuckles*) My Pop had a real big head. I don't ever wear this old thing. But I just can't bear to throw it out. I've got some deer antlers in my bedroom. That where I hang my hats. This hangs on one of the antlers. Fortunately, it was a real big deer, 'cause I've got lots of hats. I like 'em. I've been wearing hats since I was a kid. Well, my Pop wore a hat. I guess I got it from him. My boy wears hats...well, baseball caps. He wears 'em backwards. He's tried to explain it to me, but I just can't seem to catch

the ... nuance of it. The best I can figure it, there's a statement in wearing 'em backwards. I'm just not sure what that statement is (*chuckles*).

Now, my Pop believed a man wasn't really fully dressed without his hat. He was from the old school. He said, "If a man's outside, he wears a hat. If he's inside, he takes it off. Simple as that." Best I can figure it, Pop sorta saw it as protection. Well, he was from Canada. It got mighty cold up there. But, I think it was more than just from the weather. He never really told me this, but I always had the feeling that Pop sorta saw a hat as a.... humblin' thing. A fella who wore a hat, he was sorta saying, "I ain't too big for my britches. I realize there's something over me. That I need protection". I mean, he never really told me that directly, but that sure was the way he lived.

I got a straw hat's my favorite. I work outside every day. It gets mighty hot down here in the summer (*chuckles, and rubs his bald head*) and I got a lot to protect. (*a bit pensive, but not "heavy"*) The older I get, the more I realize all I need to be...protected from. A hat won't do it all... but at least it's a good place to start.

Scene Three

Actor holds a woman's shoe, which he shines as he talks.

Alright, I've got two girls... and I'm divorced. They live with their mother. I see 'em, what, maybe three times a month, and for a month in the summer. It's not a real easy situation. Well, it's better than it was. Their mom, she was not real... happy with me when we split up. Well, I don't blame her. I wasn't real happy with me either. There wasn't a lot to be happy with.

But, I sort of went to the bottom and, fortunately, found God down there. And, thank God, I'm on the way up. So, things are better, a little bit, with my wife... my ex-wife, Dorothy. So, anyway, the other day, when I was picking the girls up for the weekend, my ex, Dorothy, she says to me, "Hey, now that you got religion, you ought to teach your girls what you know".

I laugh. I say, "Yeah, I'll do that". I get the girls back to my apartment, and we do the usual weekend things. I take 'em to the Braves game, we go bowling. I take 'em to church on Sunday morning.

But, what my ex says is sticking in my mind. So, Sunday afternoon, I call up my dad. I tell him what my ex says and ask him what they think I should teach the girls. My dad doesn't even hesitate. He says, "You should teach 'em to shine shoes".