

# A "LIKELY" STORY

5 minute comedy filler

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## A LIKELY STORY

MISTER CONROY (40's) is sitting at his desk, reading a report.

MISS HASTINGS (20-30) is standing before him, literally on the carpet.

CONROY

Miss Hastings, do you know why you are being dismissed?

HASTINGS

I believe so. I was slow.

CONROY

Not just slow, Miss Hastings. I am told that you deliberately bogged down the cashier line in some sort of protest. I heard it was about the layoffs.

HASTINGS

No, sir.

CONROY

You didn't bog down the line?

HASTINGS

It wasn't about the layoffs.... sir.

CONROY

You have five minutes to tell your side of the story, Miss Hastings.

HASTINGS

Yes, sir. Well... I was waiting on a customer who wanted twelve of the cashmere sweaters with the tiny pearl buttons and who insisted that I button every sweater before she would take them. The buttons are very small and the buttonholes are even smaller. I was afraid that she would notice how impossible it was to re-button the sweaters and we would lose the sale for \$2,400 plus tax.

CONROY

Wait! How much?

HASTINGS

\$2,400. Plus tax. They're \$200 each, in twelve different colors. The customer wanted one of each. They were on hangars, unbuttoned. Anyway, there were several people in line behind this customer and I was trying my best to re-button the sweaters when Mister Hodges, my manager, came over to assist me. Unfortunately, Mister Hodges has very large hands... how well I know... and he

HASTINGS (cont'd)

was unable to hook the little hole over the tiny pearl buttons also.

When I bent down under the counter to get some more tissue paper

for the sweaters, Mister Hodges bent down to help me... not that I

needed help with the tissue paper... and that's when he cupped his

hand around my breast and... I guess you could say... tweaked it. He

whispered that if I lost this sale, he'd deal with me in the back room...

again.