

PERUSAL SCRIPT

The Store

by
Travis G. Baker



Newport, Maine

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THE STORE

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CHARACTERS: 3m, 3w, 1 either

KENNY — (65-75) A curmudgeon.

ADAM — (63-73) — A friend.

BEVERLY — (60-80) — Owner of the Store.

MOLLY — (30-50) — A farmer.

ROSUM — (55-65) — An inventor.

THE BOX — A box. (ITs voice)

SET: The Store — interior

THE STORE — a 10-minute Play by Travis G. Baker. 3m, 3w. 1 either 1 interior. Contemporary costumes. The Store is the place where locals gather for a coffee, groceries, gossip and pumpkin-chocolate chip cookies. When a tech genius from away brings AI to the town, shenanigans ensue! About 10 minutes.
ORDER #3366

TRAVIS G. BAKER - *Hockey Mom* premiered at the Penobscot Theatre Company in March, 2022 after earning the Literary Award for Drama by the Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance in 2021. Other PTC productions include *SQUATCH* (2019), *Hair Frenzy* (2016) and *One Blue Tarp* (2014) - named the Best of Maine in the 2013 Clauder Competition for New England Playwrights. *Boy Missing* (2018) and *The Store* (2019) were included in the Maine Playwrights Festival. New York plays include: *Sex & Violence* (2010) and *God & Mr. Smith* (2001 and 2003) with Kaleidoscope Theatre Co. He received a Berilla Kerr Award for *Cold* (NYFringe-1997) and *The Weatherbox* (Rattlestick-1998) and was an Edward F. Albee Foundation fellow. He studied theatre at the University of Houston and went on to work at the Signature Theatre Co. (1995-98) in New York. He has an MA in English (University of Maine-Orono) and an MFA (Fairfield University). He is an Illustrator for Foundations EIC and BHP for Watch Me Shine, a pre-school for children with special needs. He resides in Orono, Maine with his wife, Holly Twining, and their boys, August and Zane.

THE STORE

SCENE — *KENNY sips at his coffee and considers his paper. Across the small table, ADAM does his crossword.*

KENNY: Adam.

ADAM: : Yes, Kenny?

KENNY: You read about what them idiots are up to now?

ADAM: What idiots?

KENNY: The same ones.

ADAM: Oh, them. What are they up to?

KENNY: Shenanigans! Damn Shenanigans!

ADAM: Idiots.

KENNY: That's what I'm saying!

ADAM: Always up to their shenanigans. What is a five-letter word that means 'work'?

KENNY: I don't know.

ADAM: Starts with an 'R'.

KENNY: Rumpelstiltskin!

ADAM: Too many letters.

KENNY: It's brazen is what it is. You see here what they're doing with their tariffs and taxes and commissions and subsidies and non-binding resolutions? Look here, Adam, I don't know much but I know what I know and that's enough for me to know that them there idiots are up to their brazen shenanigans again and I won't stand for it. Not this time!

ADAM: What are you going to do, Kenny?

KENNY: I am considering running for office.

ADAM: Again?

KENNY: I've got the backing to get my name on the ballot.

ADAM: Again?

KENNY: This time will be different.

ADAM: How so?

KENNY: I might run unopposed.

(ADAM returns to his crossword. BEVERLY enters with a tray of cookies. She places the cookies in an empty rack.)

ADAM: Something smells good.

BEVERLY: Pumpkin Chocolate Chip. Fresh from the oven!

ADAM: Mmm.

BEVERLY: You want one?

ADAM: Not just yet. But set one aside for me for the walk home.

BEVERLY: Fresh from the oven!

ADAM: I like them to settle a bit.

BEVERLY: I'll save you one then.

ADAM: Thank you.

BEVERLY: Kenny? You want one set aside?

KENNY: No, thank you Beverly. My damn doctor says I can't. He's got me on, Adam, did I tell you what that damn doctor has me on, on account of my blood pressure, he says?

ADAM: You did not.

KENNY: Kale! Damn KALE! Kale chips! Kale salads! Kale loaf!

ADAM: They make a loaf?

KENNY: They make a loaf.

BEVERLY: You want I should stock more kale, Kenny? Afraid we're all out at the moment. Jamie comes by tomorrow with a fresh bunch. Molly comes by with the potatoes today, I could ask if she has any kale.

KENNY: I don't want any kale!

BEVERLY: We've got some seaweed crackers.

KENNY: What has this country come to?

BEVERLY: The kids love them.

KENNY: My day, you wanted seaweed you went down to the shore and picked some off the rocks and you darn well didn't eat it!

BEVERLY: What'd you do with it?

KENNY: You flung it at your brother like you're supposed to! That's all that stuff is good for and they go and make a chip out of it.

BEVERLY: There's a woman in Portland that makes a sexual lubricant out of seaweed. For sex!

(Pause)

ADAM: How is your brother? They still in Florida?

KENNY: Golf carts and yoga classes. That ain't my kind of living. I don't know how those folks even get up in the morning without something to do.

ADAM: You just said they're golfing and taking yoga classes.

KENNY: I mean something useful!

ADAM: Like what?

KENNY: Like this morning. I woke up and raked the leaves out of the gutter.

ADAM: Well, that is something.

KENNY: You're darn right it is. It shows I take care of my own. Down in Florida it's all hired hands in jumpsuits using drones.

ADAM: Drones?

KENNY: I've seen them! Leaf raking drones!

BEVERLY: Kenny, I found you some seaweed/kale/coconut chips! Do you want them on your tab?

KENNY: Sure, Bev.

(BEVERLY delivers the chips and goes to mark down the purchase in her ledger. KENNY sighs and opens the chips.)

ADAM: What do the guys in the jumpsuits do?

KENNY: Fly the drones.

ADAM: Oh.

(MOLLY enters carrying two 50 lbs bags of potatoes.)

MOLLY: Morning, Bev!

BEVERLY: Molly!

MOLLY: Good morning, Gentlemen.

KENNY: Morning, Molly.

ADAM: Morning. Molly slings the bags next to the counter.

MOLLY: 100 lbs worth of potatoes.

BEVERLY: Oh, but honey, I only ordered 50.

MOLLY: We had extra.

BEVERLY: I really only need the 50.

MOLLY: Half-price.

ADAM: I'll take them if you don't need them Beverly.

MOLLY: I've got more in the truck, Adam. If you'd like a bag? We ended up with a lot more potatoes than we counted on.

BEVERLY: Do you have any kale? Kenny needs his kale his doctor says.

KENNY: Stupid kale.

(Eats another chip)

MOLLY: All sold out of kale. Plenty of potatoes though. Overflowing with potatoes I can't even give away and the kids need new winter boots. And jackets. Christmas presents, maybe. Food.

KENNY: Aren't you a farmer?

MOLLY: Yes.

KENNY: Then you have food, don't you.

MOLLY: I've got potatoes.

BEVERLY: It seems I could use 100 lbs. I can make needhams!

(BEVERLY writes a check.)

ADAM: I'll take a bag, please, Molly.

MOLLY: Great! Thank you.

(ADAM stares at Kenny.)

KENNY: What?

ADAM: Wouldn't you like a bag of potatoes?

KENNY: What do I need 50 lbs of potatoes for?

ADAM: Mashed potatoes. Baked potatoes. Potatoes au poivre.

KENNY: Don't you start speaking French at me!

ADAM: C'mon, Kenny.

KENNY: Fine. Sack of potatoes. The wife will think of something.

MOLLY: That's great! That's great. Thank you. I'll have the kids toss them in your trucks.

(MOLLY rushes out as ROSUM and THERESA enter.)

Sorry. Hi!

ROSUM: Excuse me. Hello.

MOLLY: I'm just getting 50 lbs bags of potatoes for everyone, would you like one?

ROSUM: Oh, no thank you. I'm a one potato at a time person.

THERESA: I'm potato intolerant.

MOLLY: Oh. I've never heard of that.

THERESA: It's new.

(MOLLY exits. ROSUM heads to the counter.)

ROSUM: Is that? What's that I smell? Pumpkin chocolate chip?

BEVERLY: It is, Mr. Rosum! Fresh from the oven!

ROSUM: I should. I shouldn't. I should. I shouldn't. This is the Store, Theresa! Beverly's family...how long has your family owned the Store?

BEVERLY: Oh, well, my Great-great-great-great Grandfather opened the Graves General Store in 1845 but we've been around so long people just call it the Store now.

THERESA: It's wonderful. I could just...Rosum, when you said...well. It is, isn't it?

ROSUM: It is.

KENNY: *(to Adam)* Folks from away.

ADAM: *(to Kenny)* Very much so. That's the Richard Rosum that bought Fishers Island.

FIVE+ more pages to the end