

Patrick Cronin

A Trip to Dixies

Begin Scene

It is a Thursday evening, approximately 7pm. The store is brightly lit but it is dark outside.

Man working the register- dark blonde straight hair-fairly scraggly looking-small frame glasses-black graphic t-shirt

A boy walks into the store he makes eye contact with the employee and nods hello, as any shopper would do. He is wearing a scally cap, a white-button down dress shirt, and fake mustache (left up to the audience's interpretation of whether the character actually has a mustache or he is donning a fake mustache in the performance)

The boy is the only one in the store. He peruses the aisles for affect but inevitably makes his way to the desired burnetts on the bottom shelf to the back right of the store. He then walks up to the counter and places the liquor in front of the clerk.

Clerk: Can I please see some ID?

Boy takes out his wallet and produces an ID which he hands to the clerk

Boy: Yeah, of course.

The Clerk takes a look at the boy, the id, and a possible fake mustache, Boy strokes the indeterminate facial hair.

Clerk: *no tension in his voice, speaking in an absent minded manner* Alright this isn't real. Please leave the store before I have to do anything with this. You're probably a nice kid so I'll just throw this out.

Boy: Larry, please just sell me the liquor, give me my ID back, and move on with your day.

The clerk is startled, he's done this a hundred times, never has he been met with a response like this- he is fully alert now.

Clerk: Yeah ok, stick around and we can let the cops sort this one out.

*Clerk reaches for the phone
Boy strokes mustache again*

Boy: Cool it Larry. Put down the phone.

Cashier realizes he's been called by his first name twice now.

Cashier: How'd you get my name?

Boy: Let's be real Larry, we both know my real name is not Morton Brooks, that this isn't my ID. We also know that you live on 17th street. You drive a honda crv. You work out Monday Wednesday Friday at Family Fitness, you show up at 7am because that's when the cute girl with the great feet shows up. But most importantly Larry,

Look at me Larry, **leans in**

I know your girlfriend lives alone on Belmont St. in Arlington. I know people in Arlington Larry.

Larry: Who ah what are uh..WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? I'm calling the cops.

Boy: Larry, right now I'm asking you nicely to cool it. Put down the phone

*Larry dials 9-1 *two phone beeps**

Boy: Larry, you refuse to buy reusable utensils, you get a slight rush when you see your aunt and think it might be sexual, you wipe sitting down, and I'm fairly certain you enjoy wearing socks with holes worn through the bottom. Listen, I'm cool with holding a couple secrets, but...

Larry blurts out

Larry: ... you're insane. You're absolutely insane. Get the fuck out of here

Boy: shut **scream** **UP LARRY.**

Boy's voice drops back down to a menacing tone, a forceful whisper

Larry I know that your grandfather passed away a few months ago, that your grandmother is lonely, that she lives at Linden Ponds Retirement Community, that I have a friend who works at said retirement home as a masseuse, that my friend would love to rub down your lonely grandma the moment cops show up to this store.

Silent pause

If you'd like to keep this between the two of us why don't you sell me the Burnetts and we can both move on with our days.

Larry is visibly upset and startled. The boy smiles.

Larry pauses then puts down the phone

Larry: Fine, take it. Just leave

Larry hands over liquor and ID

Boy takes items.

Rubs mustache

Boy: Thanks Lare

Boy strokes his mustache.

walks out

End Scene