

Ox-Pull Libations

by David Garry

For production
information,
please contact:

David Garry
(david@davidgarry.com)

Cast Of Characters

<u>Burt</u> :	Bookish man in mid-twenties
<u>T.J.</u> :	Young guy
<u>Hank</u> :	Young guy
<u>Jessica</u> :	20's girl

Scene

Convenience Store.

Time

Nighttime.

SETTING: The interior of a convenience
store.

AT RISE: Burt is alone in convenience
store, looking out the window.

BURT

Ooh. This'll be fun.

(BURT goes behind counter. T.J. enters, grabs a 12-pack of beer, and heads to BURT)

T.J.

Yep, that'll be all.

BURT

I.D please?

T.J.

Dude.... we've gone through this. I'm 24, remember?

BURT

As I recall, we deduced the last time you were in here, your I.D. was that of a 62-year old Asian man. Nonetheless, you have failed once again at the attempted purchase of alcoholic beverages.

T.J.

What?

BURT

No I.D., no beer. There's a multitude of choices you have of purchases to make here. But no alcohol.

T.J.

Alright, that last I.D. was a joke.

(fake laugh)

Here's my real I.D.

(T.J. gives BURT another I.D.).

BURT

Okay...so I would either be mandated to pay a fine or be subject to incarceration if I were to act as an accomplice with this misdeed.

T.J.

What?

BURT

Your birth-date in red means you're underage. You're 17,
T.J.

T.J.

What if the date's not in red, like on this I.D.

(T.J. hands BURT another I.D.)

BURT

Not gonna work Martha... getting warmer, though. At least it's your mother. Ya know, I would give you some credit if you at the very least borrowed your 24-year-old brothers' I.D.

(T.J. does two jumping-jacks facing window)

T.J.

He's out doin' the Monster Truck riggin' in Texas. But, if you don't sell me some beer, when he comes home, I'll have him kick your ass, like he used to when you was kids.

BURT

(Wooden)

Oh, a threat. Well, let's just see what Trooper Downs is doing this evening... you two have been getting along splendidly as of late, right?

(BURT picks up the phone, and HANK runs in)

HANK

T.J., the ox pull's startin' soon. Jessica and Karen are waitin'! Let's go... what... did you forget your ID? Ya need mine?

(HANK hands BURT an I.D.)

T.J.

(Rehearsed/wooden)

Boy, I sure do Hank. You always come through in a pinch.

BURT

And there 's a red restriction on your identification as well, Hank. Ah, Red. The color symbolizing stop. Do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars. Let's not stoop to subterfuge boys, okay?

HANK

You were gonna give us two hundred dollars?

T.J.

I don't know, man. Dude talks in riddles.

BURT

It is my responsibility to obey and uphold the laws of our nation, whether as a citizen in our community, or

specifically in this situation, as a service provider in a store of convenience

(A beat)

for customers who patronize it.

(A beat, then HANK leads T.J. downstage)

HANK

Is he gonna sell us the beer or not?

T.J.

No. He went to school with my brother, so he knows how old I am.

HANK

Did you tell him you're brother would kick his ass?

T.J.

Already done that. Do we have to have beer for the ox pull?

(A beat: HANK stares at T.J., then swats him on the head)

T.J.

Ow!

HANK

We're tellin' Jessica and Karen we can buy beer, and if we walk out with nothin', they're gonna drive off and leave us here. Look at em... They're pumpin' gas now, but they'll be done in a second! This might be our last chance for a date or more with the new ladies in town, 'fore they start hearin' about us. Now, you know this guy better'n I do. Ask again. And hurry up. Red Devil's first...

(HANK imitates Ox pulling.. snort, snort...etc).

T.J.

Ya know, why don't we get some Yoo-hoo's or somethin'. I remember Karen sayin' she liked chocolate.

(HANK ignores T.J., goes back to BURT)

HANK

Hey, what's your name again?

BURT

(Points to nametag)

Sound it out.... Buh....

HANK

Right, Burt. Listen. Let's play a game. Let's pretend that you're actually worried about us havin' a good time tonight with some new ladies in town, who happen to be a little older than us, which is what us guys like, so you take our money, give us the beer, and keep a secret about it. Somethin' like that... Cool?

BURT

Oh...Hm...Quite an active imagination there, Hank. I intensely appreciate that. And you need to impress the new girls in town, ad nauseam. But really, what's in it for me?

HANK

What do you mean?

T.J.

You ain't askin' us to do anything homo-like, are ya?

BURT

(Staccato:)

No. What will you do for me if I sell you beer when I cannot do that by law.

T.J.

Um...say thank you?

HANK

Wait! I got my other I.D.

BURT

No Hank, Let's not try that one again...any other ideas?

(There is a honking horn- They all look out)

BURT

Huh... looks like there's something wrong with the pump. I'll be right back and I cannot wait to hear your idea.

T.J.

What do we do?

HANK

Grab the beer!

(They grab the beer, HANK and T.J. run across stage to the door)

HANK

Bathroom!

(HANK and T.J. try stuffing beers down their pants, down shirt, in socks, etc. It doesn't look right to them)

HANK
Start guzzling!

T.J.
Hank, this is bad!

HANK
Just do it!

(HANK and T.J. each open a beer, and start to guzzle. BURT walks back in)

BURT
What the-?

HANK
You walked out of the store! You left guy under the age of 18 alone with beer!

(A beat, then JESSICA walks in)

JESSICA
(Savvy to the boys plan/behavior)
Oh boys... did you forget your I.D. You need mine?
(She pulls out I.D.)
I'll take care of this... what's your name again? Burt?

(HANK and T.J. hi-five)

(BLACKOUT)

END OF PLAY