

Name of Play

A full-length play

By Your Name here

Contact:
Your Name
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Represented by:
Mary Agent
The Mary Agency
123 Main Street
Anytown, USA 11111

ACT 1

SCENE 1

Late afternoon or evening. MYRA is stocking her shop, standing partway up a ladder. She wears a long skirt, sweater, long hair and glasses. IRON BILL COOLEY, the local mail man, walks by outside with his bag and looks inside to see what she is doing. Smiling, he enters. Bill is a confident man with abnormally large calves that are covered by tall, striped tube socks.

MYRA

(Turning to him) Ah. Good afternoon!

IRON BILL

Hello there! So, you are the new shopkeeper.

MYRA

(Coming off the ladder) That's me. I'm Myra Clutch. Welcome to Shadetree Curiosities!

IRON BILL

You've worked up my curiosity already!

He shakes her hand and looks around.

I think I have something for you here.

While he digs in his bag, Myra cocks her head as she sees his enormous calves.

Yes, here we go.

He pulls out a brown envelope.

MYRA

Oh, good. That's my dragonfly.

IRON BILL

Is it ... alive in there?

MYRA

No, no dear. It's a powder. Hundreds of dragonflies, dried and ground into an iridescent dust.

IRON BILL

That's different, huh?

(He looks around. She notices his calves again.)

What kind of shop is this exactly?

MYRA

Magick. With a K.

IRON BILL

Huh?

MYRA

Steps in just a bit closer.

What's your name, sir?

She holds out her hand.

IRON BILL

Bill Cooley. But (*false modesty*) everyone around here just calls me "Iron Bill."

MYRA

Iron Bill! What a fabulous name. If I am guessing, I'd say it has something to do with ... those? (*She indicates his calves.*)

TEETEE, the Russian landlady, enters from the street. She is wearing large black glasses and exotic clothing that seems out of place. She is well-postured and dressed like a clothing designer.

IRON BILL

Well, yeah, gosh. I am the only mail man serving downtown Shadetree, and with all the hills, you, uh, get a pretty good workout.

TEETEE

Such modesty, darling!

MYRA

Miss Teetee! How's your day?

TEETEE

Day start good, my new tenant. *(Turns head hard to BILL)* One look Iron Bill like shot of coffee in bottom

She gestures the shot, then saunters in to him.

Iron Bill specimen. Need fine woman who ... appreciate sculpture.

IRON BILL

(Shrugging it off)

Miss Teetee, I have something for you here, too.

(To Myra)

What do you do with that dragonfly dust?

MYRA

Many things. Make it into tea. Cook it into a soup. Rub it on your skin. And if you light it on fire!—

TEETEE

You think dragonfly make nice eye shadow for Teetee?

MYRA

It would be very expensive elegance.

TEETEE

Teetee spare no cost for beauty.

(Turns head to Iron Bill)

Or *passion...*

IRON BILL

Your shop is going to do well here, Miss Myra. The stranger it is, the more these people will like it.

APRIL GUESSING, manager of the Book Crook and a bit of a nerd, comes in through the side door to her shop, black clothing, dark lipstick, carrying a little wrapped box and a sheepish grin. She walks with a little shuffle. TEETEE walks to her, disapproving.

APRIL

Hi mom.

Kisses TEETEE on the cheek.

TEETEE

Child, what you wearing?

APRIL

Mom...

TEETEE

Happy Frumpoween.

APRIL

(Cutely) I appreciate the darker things.

TEETEE

You like cave bat. So black. So shapeless. You name April, for spring. Like rainbows, baby goats. *(Indicating her look)* This no good, April. You no Stevie Nix. This no Twilight.

APRIL

You must be Myra! Mom told me all about you and the shop. I'm April Guessing, I manage the Book Crook, over there. Hope you don't mind me barging in.

MYRA

No, it's my pleasure, April, and I love your look. *(Extends her hand)* Come in any time. One of the things that attracted me to this spot is that shoppers move from store to store, inside. You can peruse the books and then come find yourself a ... Brazilian chicken foot.

TEETEE

Raising her arms like Evita.

That my *genius*.

APRIL

I look forward to working with you. Maybe we can do a double promotion. Meanwhile, I brought you a little gift, from the shop. (*Excited*) Welcome to Shadetree.

MYRA

How incredibly kind! April, I appreciate this.

She walks to the table and sets it down to start opening it.

IRON BILL

Well, ladies, I bid you good day. These rounds won't make themselves. Oh, April, I think you have a special-order here.

He hands off an envelope with a book in it.

APRIL

Thanks.

TEETEE

Walk strong, Iron Bill. Crush hills with mighty legs.

IRON BILL smiles at TEETEE, then exits the side door for CHARMED, leaving TEETEE wistful. Face front, away from the other characters, MYRA happily unwraps the gift, pulling out a book. She looks at the cover and her smile fades.

APRIL

Is it okay? I was afraid you probably have it already. Of course you do. Let me get you another--

MYRA

No, it's wonderful, thank you! I am not, I admit, familiar with the author, but I don't read as many new books as I should. What is it about?

APRIL
(Incredulous))

Are you? ... Oh!

(She giggles and looks at TEETEE, who frowns at her. APRIL shifts tone.))

It's the last novel from Virginia Eliot.

(MYRA grins and raises her eyebrows.)

OK, Virginia Eliot is ... the best-selling novelist, eh, in the world. Well, was. She writes novels about witchcraft! Which is why--

MYRA

Oh of course! Sorry. I see why you selected it. What a thoughtful gift! I admit that I am still trying to catch up on the classics. The last book I read was Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein."

APRIL

Eliot dominated the book world for 12 years, until she disappeared.

MYRA

That is dreadful! Does anyone know what became of her?

APRIL

It's still unsolved, and there are updates on the news magazines every few weeks. She lived in a private penthouse in Seattle. One night she came home from dinner with a friend and there was a man sitting in her kitchen.

TEETEE

Why this not happen me?

APRIL

Harvey, something. Sounded like Christmas.

TEETEE

Harvey Krinkle.

APRIL

Kringle, like Santa Claus.

TEETEE

No, Krinkle, like tato chip.

APRIL

Anyway, he had drinks waiting for her...

TEETEE

Gin Martini. Blech. Fine woman drink wine...

APRIL

And he comes to her for a hug, and she just runs. She gets in her car and calls the police.

MYRA

Did they find Harvey?

APRIL

Yes, he was in jail a few days, but Eliot decided not to press charges – everyone says she is such a nice person, just shy. She left the police station for her house. Apparently, she took one small rolling bag, left nearly all her clothes in the house, valuables, etc, and took off. She drove her car through a toll booth using her auto pass, then threw the pass out the window and doubled back to throw people off.

TEETEE

Woman of mystery! Like me.

APRIL

She then stops her car, raises the hood like she is having mechanical problems and calls a taxi to take her to the train station. She pays the driver in cash and has not been seen since. That was three months ago. They say she hasn't used a credit card. She hasn't been picked up on any facial recognition, so they don't think she has been in an international airport. She isn't logging on to her old e-mail accounts or using her old computer or phone. She is just gone.

MYRA

Is she alive?

APRIL

No sign of foul play, they say. They think she's in the U.S. still. That she got scared by the break-in and decided to disappear. Eliot has always been reclusive. That's why I was surprised when she agreed to come here.

MYRA

How do you mean?

APRIL

Heading to BOOK CROOK.

Oh... we worked on this for years...

She goes off, but yells so she can be heard when she is offstage.

IN ADVANCE OF HER LATEST NOVEL, I ARRANGED FOR HER TO COME HERE ON HER BOOK TOUR.

APRIL comes into the room with an easel and a mounted poster that she puts on it, bearing a picture of the author on it and the words "Virginia Eliot."

MYRA

The poor woman. What a horrible fright.

APRIL

She was supposed to arrive here for the signing two weeks after she disappeared. We have hundreds of copies of the new book. Way more than we can move.

At this point, REV. RANDALL comes to the window outside and looks in, tentatively. A bell rings from the BOOK CROOK and April heads for the side entrance.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Well, gotta go. I have a customer!

TEETEE

April. You look like Snape.

MYRA

She's adorable. Wonderful child.

TEETEE

(Softly) People wonder, how she come from me. I no adopt her, if you think that.

MYRA

None of my business, Teetee. You're a lovely pair.

TEETEE

She fruit of my womb. I tell you 'bout dad, other time. *(Beat)* Need help with shop?

MYRA

Absolutely. You are the best landlady.

The bell rings as Rev. Randall enters.

TEETEE

Ah, Bob. How ... surprising? *(She considers him)*

RANDALL

Teetee, good afternoon to you.

MYRA

Hello, sir, I am Myra, the store owner. How can I help you? We're still setting up shop, but I'll see if I can find what you need.

RANDALL

(Friendly) I'm Rev. Bob Randall, from Epiphany Lane, just outside town.

MYRA

Yes, reverend. I remember passing Epiphany two days ago. It's ... the big one, right?

TEETEE

Fort God.

RANDALL

(Nods and smiles at Teetee) We are the largest congregation in the area, yes, ha-ha.

MYRA

Do you need candles? We have a large selection.

RANDALL

Not ... exactly, Miss Myra. My trustees asked me to come by and see what this store is all about. They were...*(his smile fades)* concerned.

MYRA

What ... is the concern?

RANDALL

Um, the ... well ... this is awkward, and I am sorry. It's the type of merchandise you are offering, *(smiles)* if I can be candid.

MYRA

I see. Well, take a look around. I have nothing to hide.

RANDALL

Thank you.

He moves about the store, slowly, and with a friendly disposition. Some of the items he mentions might be in boxes or wooden crates.

So what do we have ...*(curious)* chicken feet!...*(matter of fact)* squirrel hair... *(kind of interested)* giant crystals, very cool ... Oh look, here's ...a *(looks back at her, a bit troubled)* book of spells....*(brighter again)* a selection of exotic herbs ... a set of ... very strange knives? ...and... a cauldron? *(He looks up at her. Smiles quickly, and it fades.)*

TEETEE

Perfect for cheese dip.

She exits through the book shop.

RANDALL

Miss Myra, to the untrained eye, it might look like you are encouraging the, uh ... dark arts. *(She stares at him)* Communion with Satan.

MYRA has a good belly laugh.

MYRA

I suppose it does! *(Keeps laughing)*

RANDALL

Why is this funny?

MYRA

Rev. Randall, do you think Hasbro is selling Ouija boards to summon the devil?

RANDALL

Of course not. I mean I don't like the silly game, but our own church kids have it in the basement. You know what? When they are playing it I make a shuffling sound on the