

Pier Shakes

*Scene is a shake shack on an ocean pier in a
tourist beach town.*

ARCHIE sells shakes

GARTH, and LUCE are customers

At rise, ARCHIE is behind the counter

ARCHIE *to audience*

Welcome you, welcome you. Welcome all here, to
My very fine shake shack, out on my pier.
I offer just shakes, not burgers or beer.
Nor fries do I make, nor corn on the ear.
You come here for shakes, so never need fear,
I sell the best shakes, on this, my shakes pier.

LUCE *enters*

My heart heavy hangs, I weep such great tears,
But sadness should end, when I visit this pier.
For I know that the shakes here will bring me much glee,
This very fine shakes pier can help me to see
That life may be happy, and ever so sweet,
But let me just start with a very good treat.

ARCHIE

My shakes won't bring love, but their cost is not dear
You are ever most welcome, to shakes on my pier.

GARTH *enters*

I long much for love, and love have I lost.
But here I take ease, in a treat cold as frost.
I once knew a lady, her promise was strong
And her voice she did lift in such glorious song
But I listened, and heard, and I thought that – god-dammit-her
Poetic meter was not quite -- pentameter.
So now I look elsewhere, and roam o'er the land
But always fair love seems to slip through my hand.

ARCHIE

Now tell me dear people, how came you so sad?
By what part of life were you treated so bad?
(Continues)

ARCHIE (Continued)

Mayhaps I mean “badly” but each of those cases
Has me yearning most madly to learn of the basis
For the torment you suffer, the aches that you feel
And perhaps on these shakes I will make you a deal.

LUCE

I am called Luce, and I’m seeking romance.
But it seems where I live, there’s too little chance.
My town seems quite fair, but resembles no others,
For the boys look alike there, they all could be brothers.
The women all speak with such similar voices
It sets me to wonder at such narrow choices.
I would be a wife to one much of my taste, and
I’m finding no life in such a great waste land.

ARCHIE

Oh my dear Luce, I am wracked with your sorrow
But hope may arise for a brighter tomorrow.
Please savor your shake, and let’s hear from this man
His story may make you a shining new plan.

GARTH

My name it is Garth, and I know of your plight.
For your home is a place that suffers a blight.
The power all comes from a nuclear plant,
And the men working there have found that they can’t
Become dads to babies, no matter they try.
Yes, everyone longs to hear infants cry.
But the one thing in life that no one did factor
Is that danger be rife near a leaking reactor.

LUCE

So tell us, dear Garth, if these words be all true
How came the town’s babies? What did the moms do?

(Continues)

LUCE (Continued)

For sure you have seen that the children abound,
How the women walk heavily all through the town.
How they glow much in joy, and they grow much in girth.
With men so afflicted, how be so much birth?

ARCHIE

There surely be fathers whose powers don't fail.
Please tell us the answer, we must hear your tale.

GARTH

Indeed there be daddies of babies created,
But that doesn't tell you with whom who has mated.
The problem you see, for the men in this town
The nuke plant has left them ... umm ... totally down.
Yet for babies in making a girl does need shaking,
Or some kind of faking down under her gown.

LUCE

Are you saying dear Garth, that the men are all flaccid?
Then how be the wives so happy and placid?
And how bring they babies so fat and delighted
With husbands whose tackle you say is benighted?

ARCHIE

That there must be an answer is certainly clear.
The lady and I are much longing to hear
How a town brims with children where the men very sadly
Find that themselves, they cannot be dad-ly.

GARTH

An answer quite simple, now you will find.
The wives, as it happened, did not so much mind.
(Continues)

GARTH (Continued)

When their husbands completely had lost all their boners
The ladies so fleetly just googled for donors
Where men visit clinics and take things in hand
And leave gifts of joy for the offspring demand.

LUCE

But how came the children to look all the same?
As if just one family, as if just one name.
I can't find a partner who looks not like me,
Whose face in the mirror is not what I see.

GARTH

You surely will frown at what I do say
For the ladies in town all choose the same way.
They have many options, from lots of donations
But when they go shoppin' for baby creations
It seems not to matter the choices they've shown her
The women all pick from one singular donor.
So the babies resemblance is surely no mystery
When you think how they come by their family history.

ARCHIE

That so well explains why there's such little choice
Why upon our dear Luce such problems are hoist.
And pleased am I now that your rhyming with "donor"
Skipped the obvious word, and raised up the tone here.

LUCE

If the town's all related, there's no good selection.
My love stays belated, I have no direction.
But Garth, on this shakes pier, is somebody new ...
My heart madly quakes dear, could my love be you?

ARCHIE *to audience*

You know that this outcome could make a girl happy
But the time it is running, we best make it snappy...
And yes, while this play is ever so crappy
We can hope for an ending not terribly sappy.

LUCE

Please tell me now Garth, don't leave me to frown,
Say that you come not from my little town.
If indeed you were born here, like everyone other,
I would surely mourn, dear, for you'd be my brother.
If that were the true case, we then would be kin
And in all of the blue states, our love would be sin.

GARTH

Now raise I this curtain with news to uncover --
I tell you for certain, I am not your brother.
But love has no season, it must never be
I'll give you the reason, you surely will see.
And I know it will bring you some very great bother
When I tell you dear Luce, that I am -- your father.

ARCHIE *to audience*

So this be the man spawning most of the town
Who spread his, umm – influence -- so far around.
And Luce now must face something painful to hear
When her happy grace came so gainfully near.

LUCE

Sorry am I, for this troubling news, and
To learn that my father is somebody whose hand
Brings about family, creates a new life
By reaching for tupperware, not for a wife.

(Continues)

LUCE (Continued)

But the answer at least has come totally clear
As we finish our treats on this lonely shakes pier.
My only wish now, the prayer that I make,
Would my busy-hand poppa please pay for my shake?

ARCHIE *to audience*

We thank you for sharing our story tonight
And we hope that my shakes pier has brought you delight.
With flavors so bold, so creamy and cold
And a story that truly just aches to be told.
In masterful rhythm and rhyme like the Bard
(Pentameter's really not so very hard.)
But one final lesson, when you want love so badly,
Please take your time. Don't move ahead madly,
And learn what is key, seeking lass or a laddie --
You must ask the question "WHO is your daddy?"

end