

# THE BAKER'S DOZEN

by Becky Kimsey

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**SYNOPSIS:** The Baker's Dozen doughnut shop is the place to be in this small rural community. There you will find yourself surrounded by boston crèmes, apple fritters, and the town's retired and charming military veterans. When two teenage boys show up and attempt to commit an armed robbery, what follows is a surprising turn of events reminding us that sweetness does not always come with cream and sugar.

**DURATION:** 90 minutes.

**TIME:** Fall of 2013.

**SETTING:** A small town doughnut shop in Rural Washington State.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(4 female, 12 male)*

DOTTIE CLEMENS (f).....50's. Owner of The Baker's Dozen donut shop. *(115 lines)*

JEREMY PAIGE (m).....20's. Dottie's rotund nephew and kitchen help. *(25 lines)*

WALTER KLOCKE (m).....60's. Doesn't say much. Marine Special Forces. Retired. *(1 line)*

LIZZIE CLEMENS (f).....20's. Dottie's daughter. Works the register. *(78 lines)*

TERRY DAVIS (m).....20's. Food Critic. *(84 lines)*

CASEY COATES (m) .....60's. A kind hearted man. Army Major. Retired. *(113 lines)*

HERB BRUMLEY (m).....60's. Army Engineer. Retired. He is a person who stutters. [See character note below.] *(28 lines)*

BRUCE LEIGH (m).....60's. Aviator and ladies man. Air Force Tech Sergeant. Retired. *(101 lines)*

ALLEN HUDSON (m) .....60's. Surly man with a New York Accent. Marine Gunnery Sergeant. Retired. *(77 lines)*

- MARLA HUDSON (f).....40's. Allen's spunky wife. New York Accent. *(85 lines)*
- DUANE EVERSBERG (m) .....60's. Addicted to the lottery. Navy Petty Officer 2<sup>nd</sup> Class. Retired. *(69 lines)*
- JASON (m) .....Early 20's. A criminal. *(64 lines)*
- DANIEL (m) .....Early 20's. His reluctant accomplice. *(36 lines)*
- JUDY COATES (f).....60's. Casey's wife. *(32 lines)*
- REECE (m) .....40-50's. A small-town policeman. *(21 lines)*
- ROD (m) .....60's. Just here for more donuts. [See cast note.] *(1 line)*

CAST NOTE: Rod should be cast as a celebrity impersonator. Originally penned as Rod Stewart, however this role can be substituted for any celebrity. It must be a public figure that was famous and alive during 2013; someone whose appearance at the doughnut shop is plausible but not very likely. If a substitute celebrity is chosen, a production note with alternative text can be found at the end of the script.

CHARACTER NOTE: Herb is a person who stutters. In the script whole lines have been given to Herb, it is up to the director and this actor to make the best choice for the speech impairment.

## COSTUMES

DOTTIE, JEREMY, LIZZIE: White aprons.

JEREMY: Hairnet.

MARLA: Something flashy but fashionable.

ALL OTHER CAST: The rest of the cast can wear what is comfortable for their characters. The Vietnam Vets should wear casual, comfortable clothing with Veteran accessories. IE: pins, hats, jackets, etc.

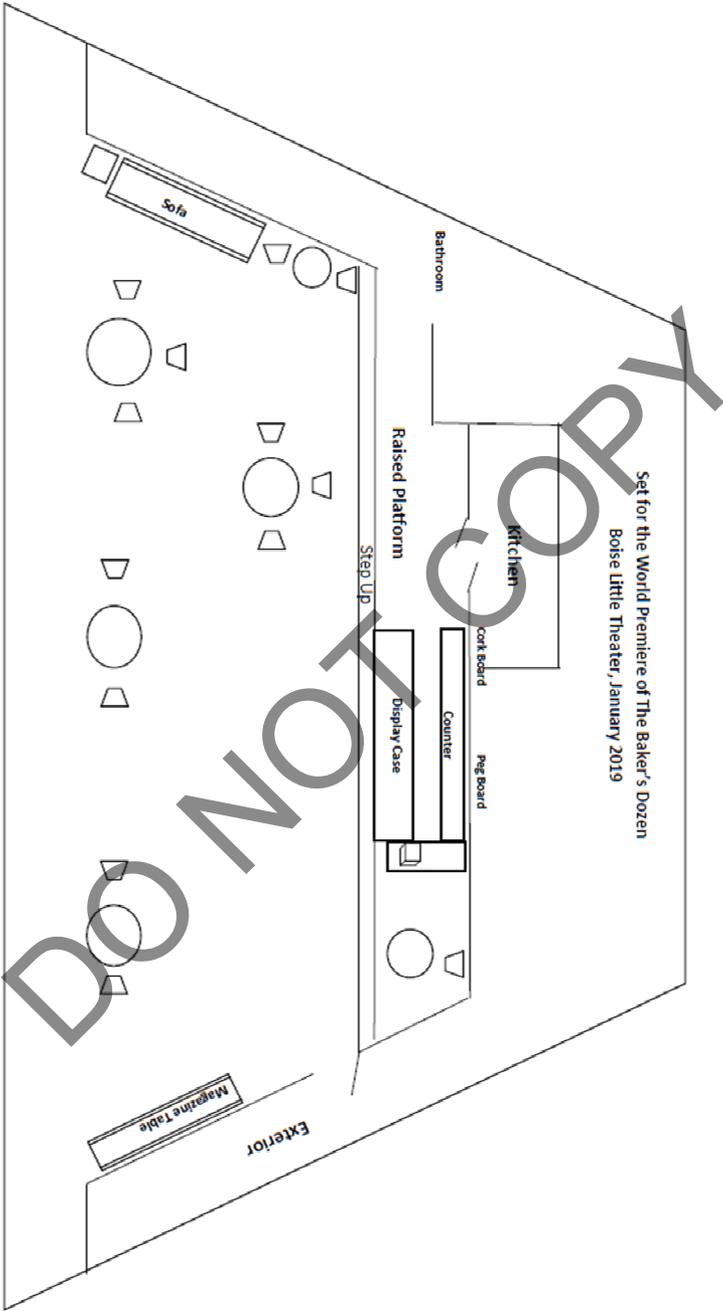
**PROPS**

- broom (DOTTIE)
- Polaroid camera (DOTTIE)
- coffee pot (DOTTIE)
- serving gloves (DOTTIE)
- paper plates (DOTTIE)
- doughnut trays (JEREMY)
- headphones (JEREMY)
- smart phone (JEREMY)
- serving gloves (JEREMY)
- cane (WALTER)
- toothpick (WALTER)
- backpack (with: long rope, Dental Floss, various instruments, crossword puzzle book, pencil.) (WALTER)
- wallet with \$20.00 bill (TERRY)
- notepad (TERRY)
- pencil (TERRY)
- textbook (LIZZIE)
- wallet w/cash (CASEY)
- newsletter (HERB)
- bathroom key w/large wrench attached (HERB)
- Sudoku book (BRUCE)
- pencil (BRUCE)
- newspaper or magazine (ALLEN)
- wallet w/cash (ALLEN)
- purse (MARLA)
- Lottery scratch tickets (DUANE)
- backpack w/ loads of cash (JASON)
- 2 guns (JASON, REECE)
- map (DANIEL)
- purse (JUDY)
- prescription pill bottles (JUDY)
- magazine (JUDY)
- Police radio (REECE)
- badge (REECE)
- handcuffs (REECE)

**DONUTS EATEN DURING SHOW**

MAPLE BARS:	5
BOSTON CRÈME:	1
GLAZED:	3
APPLE FRITTER:	2
CROISSANT:	3
SPRINKLES:	3
OLD FASHIONED:	2
<hr/>	
Total	19

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**PREMIERE PRODUCTION**

*The Baker's Dozen* premiered at Boise Little Theatre in Boise, Idaho.  
Directed by Becky Kimsey, the cast and crew included:

DOTTIE.....	Barbara Beautrow
JEREMY.....	Alexander Campbell
WALTER.....	Doug Brinkman
LIZZIE.....	Michelle Green
TERRY.....	Steve Martin
CASEY.....	Greg Finley
HERB.....	Larry Chase
BRUCE.....	Jerry Snodgrass
ALLEN.....	Kevin Kimsey
MARLA.....	Karen Marker
DUANE.....	Blair Jaynes
JASON.....	Edin Jahic
DANIEL.....	Nameer Almudhafar
JUDY.....	Patti Finley
REECE.....	John Ode
RODERICK.....	Randy B. Fowler

Stage Manager: Harmony Soto  
Set Designer: Kevin Kimsey  
Lighting Designer: John Myers  
Prop Master: Tyler Schild  
Sound Operator: Byron Best  
Lighting Operator: Patty Kuhl  
Costumes: Linda Snodgrass

## DEDICATION

This play is dedicated to all those who have served our country. Thank you for your service!

And to Barbara Beautrow; you will always be my Dottie, and I hope you are “Twistin’ The Night Away” in that great big donut shop in the sky!

Special Thanks to Donut Nook in Vancouver, Washington; the place where the idea for The Baker’s Dozen was born. Try their maple bars... seriously!

**ACT ONE**

**SETTING:** *The Baker's Dozen, 5:25 a.m. on a Saturday morning.*

**AT START:** *A cozy doughnut shop. UC is a raised platform that upon which the display case, counter, a small table, and chair sit. USR of the display case, also on the raised platform is the entry to the kitchen with double-swinging doors. SR of that is an opening to the back hallway which leads to the restroom. Up against the back wall is another counter with a coffee maker and a variety of mismatched mugs hanging from a peg-board. Also hanging on the back wall is a large blackboard with menu, pricing, and The Baker's Dozen in large bold letters. A corkboard is also hanging on the wall with a few Polaroid pictures tacked on; hanging beside it is a giant pink inflatable donut with "Dottie's Doughnuts" written on it in fake frosting. On the counter are creamer and sugar containers, napkins, a desk bell, and a tip jar. On the lower level, SL is the shop glass door which leads to the outside. Hanging on the glass from a suction-cup hook is an Open/Closed sign. We see the word "Open." Large round tables are arranged throughout the place with chairs. Up against the DSL wall is a long narrow table with magazines on it. The shop is decorated with various crocheted hanging baskets, pictures of animals, painted landscapes, perhaps a print of dogs playing poker. The general atmosphere is comfy like your grandmother's house. It's clean but cluttered; comfortable but kitschy. DOTTIE enters from the kitchen wrapping her apron about her. She is about to open the store. Optional: DOTTIE turns on a radio and dances happily to an upbeat song as she prepares the shop for opening. The song "Twistin' The Night Away" By Sam Cooke works well, but any peppy tune will do. DOTTIE checks the coffee pot and the display case. Then, she shouts offstage.*

**DOTTIE:** *(Shouting offstage.)* We still need those maple bars, Jeremy! Come on hon, I gotta open the shop. Can you get them out here?

**JEREMY:** *(Offstage.)* Hold on.

**DOTTIE:** *(Looking out shop door.)* Ohhh... Walter's already outside.

*WALTER is seen through the door window. He's in his 60's. He wears sunglasses, leather jacket, and khaki slacks. He walks with a cane, but he's carrying a backpack and has a toothpick in his mouth. She waves at him, points at her watch and lifts a finger. "One minute."*

**DOTTIE:** Come on, Jeremy!

**JEREMY:** *(Offstage.)* I'm comin' I'm comin', geeze louise!

**DOTTIE:** Oh goodness! Walter's gonna catch his death out there!

*JEREMY enters from the kitchen. He's a large young man in his 20's, dressed as any baker boy should be. Hairnet, white tee shirt, white work pants, and a large apron tied around his waist. He's carrying a tray of maple bars.*

**JEREMY:** *(Looking at WALTER.)* Why doesn't he wait in his car? Or show up after we open like everyone else? *(Puts maple bars in the case.)*

**DOTTIE:** Because, because. It's not our business to ask why. It's Walter. Who knows what goes on in that great melon of his? Don't make a lick of difference. You get the crullers goin'?

**JEREMY:** Yes ma'am.

**DOTTIE:** The old fashioned's are done?

**JEREMY:** In the case.

**DOTTIE:** What about the apple fritters?

**JEREMY:** Done. All done. Geeze, Aunt Dot.

**DOTTIE:** Where's Lizzie?

**JEREMY:** Haven't seen her.

**DOTTIE:** You haven't—well who's gonna run the register?

**JEREMY:** I dunno. Not me. *(Exits to kitchen.)*

*WALTER peers in the window.*

**DOTTIE:** Oh for heaven's sake— *(Checks her watch. Nods and crosses to the door, flips the Open/Closed sign over and unlocks the door.)* Morning, Walter! Nice to see you again!

*WALTER shuffles over to the counter. DOTTIE follows, chattering away.*

**DOTTIE:** Hope you didn't freeze to death out there. You been waiting long shug<sup>1</sup>? (*WALTER pulls out his wallet.*) Lizzy isn't here yet so I can't ring you up. Darned new-fangled machine; too many buttons for me to handle. Haha! (*Pause.*) I'll tell you what, I'll get you whatever you want and when Lizzie gets here, I'll have her ring you up. (*WALTER hands her some cash.*) Or, I can—yep, you wanna do that? Okay, I'll take this and... set it right back here. Safe as houses. Lizzie can take care of it when she gets here. You want your usual? (*Pause.*) You got it.

*Over the following DOTTIE hands WALTER a large mug of coffee and places three maple bars on a plate with a napkin.*

**DOTTIE:** You go on and sit down sweetie. I'll bring these out to ya.

*WALTER puts his wallet back in his pocket, takes coffee mug from DOTTIE and goes to the USL table, sitting with his back to the wall. He removes the toothpick from his mouth and sets it on a napkin. He reaches into his backpack, takes out a crossword puzzle book and a pencil and begins to solve the mysteries of the universe. As DOTTIE brings WALTER his donuts, she calls off:*

**DOTTIE:** Jeremy! Give Lizzie a call will ya? Make sure she's not dead or something. (*Returns to counter, muttering to herself.*) That girl. Got no sense of time. I swear sometimes I think I gave birth to a cabbage patch doll.

*The front door opens and TERRY enters. He's a man in his late 20's, a rather ordinary but not bad looking fellow. He looks around, takes in the room, and approaches the counter.*

**DOTTIE:** Why good morning young man! What can I get ya?

**TERRY:** Hi there. Um. Let's see...

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<sup>1</sup> "Shug" is short for "sugar." Meant to be a term of endearment.

**DOTTIE:** Take your time sweetheart. They're all hot and fresh.

**TERRY:** Nice. They all look good. What, uh. What do you recommend?

**DOTTIE:** Well, the maple bars are the most popular. But the boston crèmes are like heaven itself. *(Pause as he looks in the display case.)* But if you like something simpler, the glazed doughnuts are also a big hit.

**TERRY:** Okay. I'll take one of each. And some coffee please.

**DOTTIE:** Comin right up. *(Calling offstage.)* Jeremy! *(To TERRY.)* Are these to go shug, or are you gonna stay and rest apiece?

**TERRY:** Um...

*Shop door opens and LIZZIE enters swiftly. She's a pretty girl in her 20's.*

**LIZZIE:** Sorry! Sorry I'm late!

**DOTTIE:** Where have you been?

**LIZZIE:** Alarm didn't go off.

**DOTTIE:** That's the third time in a row, Liz! Do I need to get you a new alarm clock?

**LIZZIE:** No. It's alright, Mom.

**DOTTIE:** I can get you a new one!

**LIZZIE:** No, it won't happen again. *(Going behind counter, she smiles at TERRY.)* Hi.

**TERRY:** Hi.

**DOTTIE:** Well, get your apron on and help me out up here. *(LIZZIE exits to kitchen. To TERRY.)* Sorry, hon; did you say it was for here or to go?

**TERRY:** *(Watching LIZZIE go.)* I'll, um... I'll stay. For here.

**DOTTIE:** All right then. *(Pours coffee and hands it to TERRY.)* Cream and sugar is right there and there's more on all the tables. *(LIZZIE reappears with apron on.)* My delinquent daughter will ring you up. *(To LIZZIE.)* One coffee. One maple, one glazed, and a boston. Oh, and Walter's cash is right here. Be right back. *(Exits to the kitchen.)*

**LIZZIE:** Oh. Got it. (*Punches buttons in machine.*) One glazed, one maple, a boston, and a coffee? That'll be five twenty eight. (*TERRY holds out a credit card.*) Oh, sorry. (*Points to small sign on counter.*) Cash only.

**TERRY:** Oh. Really? Okay, hold on... (*Looks through wallet.*)

**LIZZIE:** (*Helpfully.*) There's an ATM next door.

**TERRY:** No, I got it. Here. (*Hands her a twenty dollar bill.*)

**LIZZIE:** (*To TERRY.*) Oooh! Big spender, huh?

**TERRY:** Emergency doughnut fund.

*They exchange smiles as she gives him his change, some of which he drops into a small plastic bucket on the counter that reads: "Tips Tips Tips!" He takes doughnuts and coffee and selects a seat at the DSC table as CASEY and HERB enter. CASEY is in his 60's and very affable. HERB is his best friend, he is also a person with a stutter.*

**CASEY:** Yeah I guess he passed away in his sleep. Carla didn't say when, she was too— (*To LIZZIE.*) Hi Liz.

**HERB:** Hi Liz.

**LIZZIE:** Hi boys. The usual?

**CASEY:** Yep.

**HERB:** No.

**CASEY:** (*To HERB.*) No? What do you mean no? You get the same thing every time, Herb. (*HERB shrugs.*) You don't want the boston today? You love the boston.

**HERB:** No. I want the app—the app— (*Points in case.*)

**CASEY:** Apple fritter? Since when? (*HERB Shrugs.*) Okay. Two of those? (*HERB nods.*) Alright then. Two apple fritters, two glazed, and two coffees. My treat today, okay? (*HERB frowns.*) I dare ya to object.

*HERB pauses, shrugs, and pats CASEY on the back.*

**LIZZIE:** Comin' right up. That'll be eight forty four.

**CASEY:** Eight forty four?

**LIZZIE:** Apple fritters are a buck fifty.

**CASEY:** (*Giving HERB a look.*) Is that so?

**LIZZIE:** It's the fresh apples. They're really good. (*Hands CASEY and HERB their coffee.*) I'll bring them out to ya. Go ahead and sit.

**CASEY:** Thanks, Liz.

**HERB:** Thanks, Liz.

**CASEY:** (*To HERB.*) You're unbelievable. (*Waves to WALTER.*) Hey, Walter.

*WALTER returns a nod. CASEY and HERB sit at a table DSR. Over the following, LIZZIE plates the doughnuts and BRUCE enters. He's in his 60's and a bit of a womanizer.*

**CASEY:** Anyway, she asked me to arrange the funeral for her and I told her I would.

**BRUCE:** (*To LIZZIE.*) Hey there sugar!

**LIZZIE:** (*To BRUCE.*) Hi, Bruce! Be right there! (*Serves HERB and CASEY.*)

**BRUCE:** Where's your mom at?

**LIZZIE:** She's in the back.

**BRUCE:** (*A wicked smile.*) Perfect. (*Exits towards kitchen.*)

**LIZZIE:** (*Alarmed.*) Hey! Bruce! Wait! You're not— (*He's gone. Under her breath.*) supposed to go back there.

**TERRY:** (*To LIZZIE.*) Excuse me, miss?

**LIZZIE:** Hold on— (*Shouts.*) MOM! INCOMING!

**DOTTIE:** (*Off. A surprised squeal.*) AAAAh!!

**LIZZIE:** (*To TERRY.*) Yeah?

**TERRY:** Yeah, hi. I was wondering—

*DOTTIE storms in with BRUCE close behind as LIZZIE sits at table with TERRY.*

**DOTTIE:** (*Behind counter. Scolding.*) Bruce, I told you time and again, you aren't allowed to sneak back there! Now you keep your hands to yourself, you hear me? HANDS to YOURSELF.

**BRUCE:** It's not my fault your lovely behind found it's way into my capable hands.

*JEREMY enters with more doughnuts for the case. He's listening to his headset, completely oblivious.*

**DOTTIE:** You pinched my butt, Bruce.

**BRUCE:** Your butt can thank me later.

**DOTTIE:** Bruce, I will beat the living daylight's out of you—

**BRUCE:** (*Leaning in salaciously.*) And I will give you an hour to stop.

**DOTTIE:** Ohh you!! (*JEREMY has put a doughnut in his mouth.*)  
Jeremy! No! Those are for the customers!

**JEREMY:** But I haven't had any breakfast!

**DOTTIE:** You can eat that protein bar I brought for you.

**JEREMY:** Those taste like tree bark. Can't I have a doughnut? Just one!

**DOTTIE:** Remember your cholesterol? The doctor said to ease off of the sweets and fats! Now I brought you that protein bar and you're gonna eat it! Got it?

**JEREMY:** Geeze. (*Exits, shaking his head.*)

**DOTTIE:** (*Calling after him.*) You'll thank me when you reach thirty!

*DOTTIE turns around and runs into BRUCE who is standing right behind her teasingly.*

**DOTTIE:** (*Startled.*) Ahh! (*Swats him. Calls out.*) Lizzie!

**LIZZIE:** (*To TERRY.*) Sorry. (*To DOTTIE.*) Yeah?

**DOTTIE:** (*Pushing BRUCE DS.*) Will you ring up this degenerate? If I take any more of his advances, I'm gonna have to open up a line of credit for him.

**LIZZIE:** (*Returns behind counter.*) Sure. Usual, Bruce?

**BRUCE:** Naw, I've a mind to try something new. How about one of those raspberry filled... Frenchy things.

**DOTTIE:** (*With coy French accent.*) Raspberry croissant?

**BRUCE:** (*Affected.*) Yeah. Two of those. And a (*Attempts in French.*) coff-ay.

**DOTTIE:** Alright. Lizzie, cut him off after this. And don't let him sneak up on me like that again! (*Grabs coffee pot and proceeds to refill everyone's mug.*)

**BRUCE:** They don't call me Bruce Lee for nothing. Hey, Casey! Hi, Herb. (*CASEY and HERB wave.*) Walter. (*WALTER nods. BRUCE looks at TERRY. To LIZZIE.*) Hey, who's the new fella?

**LIZZIE:** Don't know. He didn't say.

**TERRY:** It's Terry. Terry Davis.

**BRUCE:** Terry. Terry Davis. I know that name. (*To CASEY.*) Hey Casey, don't I know that name?

**CASEY:** I don't know. I guess it sounds familiar.

**HERB:** He's the f—

**BRUCE:** (*To TERRY.*) Are you famous or something?

**TERRY:** Not exactly.

**HERB:** (*Pointing to newsletter.*) He's the—uh the—

**BRUCE:** Terry Davis. Terry Davis. I know I heard that name before.

**HERB:** (*Holding up the newsletter.*) Food! He's the food!

**BRUCE:** (*Approaching TERRY.*) He's the food? You're the food? Now, what the hell does that mean? Casey, come on. Translate for me.

**CASEY:** I think he means—

**TERRY:** I'm a food critic. (*Pause. ALL stare at him.*) I review local restaurants. Cafés, pizza places, doughnut shops. (*Another awkward pause.*) Oh, these are great by the way! (*ALL relax.*)

**BRUCE:** Food critic, huh? Aren't we supposed to hate you?

**CASEY:** No, wait a minute. I know him. Terry Davis. Yeah, my wife swears by him. (*To TERRY.*) She loved your article on Janet's Diner. She's been telling people about their crappy pancakes for years. You vindicated her.

**TERRY:** Well, I'm happy to hear that.

**CASEY:** Course, Janet was devastated. Her business tanked after that, you know.

**TERRY:** Oh.

**BRUCE:** (*To TERRY. Hostile.*) Tanked.

**CASEY:** She bounced right back, though. Opened up a Chinese restaurant, I hear.

**TERRY:** Well that's good I guess. At least there won't be pancakes. (*Chuckles. No one joins him. Awkward pause.*)

**BRUCE:** (*Glaring at TERRY.*) I thought her pancakes were just fine.

**CASEY:** Oh, but you know what? My favorite article is that last one you wrote. About the Covered Wagon Buffet?

**BRUCE:** Why? What did it say?

**CASEY:** Oh man, it was a good one. *(Grabs newsletter off table.)* Let's see. How did it go? Oh here it is. *(Reading.)* "The chicken and dumplings, though often considered a hearty American comfort food, was completely lacking in flavor and possessed a suspiciously chewy texture that left me wondering if the Donner Party had actually thrown up in my mouth. Rather than inspiring American nostalgia and patriotism, the Covered Wagon's chicken and dumplings tasted more like a national tragedy."

*CASEY laughs. HERB and LIZZIE join in. DOTTIE'S eyes widen. BRUCE glares at TERRY.*

**BRUCE:** *(Unamused.)* National tragedy?

**HERB:** *(Laughing.)* That's fu—

**BRUCE:** *(To TERRY.)* What the hell's that supposed to mean?

**HERB:** Funny!

**TERRY:** Well, I'm not an authority or anything. I'm just an educated informer.

**BRUCE:** You saying I'm not educated, boy?

**CASEY:** Bruce, come on. Back off.

**BRUCE:** He thinks he's better than us! Better than me! *(To TERRY.)* I'll have you know that I flew in thirty-five combat missions...

**CASEY:** Bruce—

**BRUCE:** Faced the enemy day in and day out...

**CASEY:** Lay off him—

**BRUCE:** A man can work up a fierce appetite in the war.

**TERRY:** Look, I didn't mean—

**BRUCE:** *(Advancing on TERRY.)* So don't you tell me I ain't educated, son. I know way more about food than you ever will. I know a good flapjack when I see one and I know a national tragedy when I see one! *(Pointing at TERRY.)*

*DOTTIE hastily moves down stage. She has a pot of coffee and a Polaroid camera.*

**DOTTIE:** Bruce! Now, now! There's no reason to get all worked up.

This nice young man is here to write an article about this place and I'm sure he's—um, would you like more coffee, Terry? Can I call you Terry? Is that okay?

**TERRY:** Sure, sure. That's fine. *(To BRUCE.)* Look, I didn't mean any offense, sir.

**BRUCE:** Don't call me sir! I work for a living.

**CASEY:** Not anymore. *(BRUCE glares at CASEY.)*

**TERRY:** Listen, I just like to write about food and getting paid to eat it. It's just one man's opinion. That's all. No hard feelings, huh? *(Holds out his hand. BRUCE stares at it.)*

**DOTTIE:** *(Pouring TERRY'S coffee.)* Bruce?

**BRUCE:** *(Taking TERRY'S hand.)* Fine. Fine. Their dumplings are pretty nasty. I guess he's okay.

**DOTTIE:** Of course he's okay. Everyone's okay! *(To TERRY.)* Now you let me know if you need anything else, you hear? Oh! Can I take your picture?

**TERRY:** What?

**DOTTIE:** For posterity! Any time we get someone famous in here, I put their picture up on the wall. *(Points to a little cork board on the back wall. There are exactly three Polaroid pictures on it.)*

**TERRY:** Oh, I'm not famous. Well, not yet.

**DOTTIE:** Sure you are! You're a published writer aren't you? You deserve to be up on that board for all to see!

**TERRY:** Well, alright.

*TERRY smiles as she prepares to take his picture. But just as it snaps, BRUCE photobombs TERRY from behind with bunny-ears. DOTTIE lowers camera uncomfortably.*

**DOTTIE:** Beautiful. *(Pulls developing film out quickly and puts it in her pocket as she moves US to the cork board.)*

**TERRY:** *(Following her.)* Out of curiosity; who else you got up there?

**DOTTIE:** Well, we got Mayor Childers here. You might remember; he got kicked out of office a few years ago. Awful scandal, it was in all the papers. Then there's Ruby Garrison. She won the high school beauty pageant when she was a senior. She came in here a lot after she graduated... (*Cocks her head.*) She plumped up quite a bit after that picture was taken. Wouldn't recognize her now. Anyway, oh! I can't believe I forgot! My crown jewel! (*Points.*) Rod Stewart<sup>2</sup>!

**TERRY:** Rod Stewart? Really?

**DOTTIE:** Yep! He came in here last April. Ordered up a whole slew of doughnuts. He jumped into his tour bus before I could get a good picture so all I got was the back of his head. Nobody believes me. But I would swear on my mamma's grave it was Rod Stewart.

**LIZZIE:** It was NOT Rod Stewart.

**DOTTIE:** It was too! Anyway, now we got the famous food critic up here on the wall. Right here for all posterity! I'm sure it'll be worth a fortune someday.

**TERRY:** Well, I'm not famous... yet.

*As TERRY returns to his table, ALLEN and MARLA enter. ALLEN is a surly man in his 60's, MARLA on the other hand is in her 40's and dressed to kill, complete with big hair, hoop earrings, leopard print clothing, and manicured fingernails. MARLA is the pepper to ALLEN'S salt. Both speak with a New York accent.*

**BRUCE:** (*Secretly, to TERRY.*) Actually, it wasn't Rod Stewart. It was Barry Manilow.

**TERRY:** Ah.

**BRUCE:** Easy mistake, though. I bet he gets that all the time.

**TERRY:** Sure.

**BRUCE:** (*To CASEY.*) Hey, Casey, I got a question for you. (*Moves to sit with CASEY and HERB.*)

**DOTTIE:** (*To ALLEN and MARLA.*) What can I get you folks?

**CASEY:** (*To BRUCE.*) Shoot.

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<sup>2</sup> See production notes at end of script.

**MARLA:** Ooh! Look, Allen! They have maple bars. You like maple bars.

**ALLEN:** (*Grumpily.*) Mm. They don't look right.

**BRUCE:** (*To CASEY.*) I need some help with this new game Olivia was telling me about. Do you know anything about Sudoku?

**MARLA:** No, they look good! Oh and look, they got those croissant things, Allen. They got raspberry, apple. Ooh! That one has ham and swiss! You want ham and swiss?

**CASEY:** (*To BRUCE.*) Oh sure, it's a great game. Judy bought me one of them Sudoku pocket books last year. Here, I'll show ya.

*During the following, CASEY tries to explain Sudoku to BRUCE.*

**ALLEN:** I don't like swiss. Cheese shouldn't have holes in it. It's like the Swiss are ripping us off all over again.

**MARLA:** Oh don't start that again. (*To DOTTIE.*) I'll have a ham and swiss croissant. (*To ALLEN.*) And you're gonna watch me enjoy it.

**DOTTIE:** Sure thing! You want me to warm it up for ya?

**MARLA:** Oh, sure!

*DOTTIE removes one from the case and hands it to LIZZIE.*

**DOTTIE:** (*To LIZZIE.*) Fifteen seconds.

**LIZZIE:** I know. (*Exits to kitchen.*)

**DOTTIE:** Anything else?

**ALLEN:** No.

**MARLA:** Oh, come on Allen! We're in a doughnut shop! We gotta get us some doughnuts! Don't ya wanna see how they taste up here? (*To DOTTIE.*) We just moved here from New York.

**ALLEN:** She doesn't care, Marla.

**MARLA:** Anyway, we're gonna splurge today, aren't we Allen? The water is so nice up here, I bet these taste real good.

**BRUCE:** (*To CASEY.*) I don't get it. How come you can only use the number once?

**CASEY:** See, that's the strategy. You have to arrange it so that each row, column, and section all have the numbers one through nine.

**BRUCE:** Well I can do that. Anyone can do that.

**MARLA:** Can we do that, Allen? Get some doughnuts?

**BRUCE:** Why do they have to put some of the numbers there already?

**ALLEN:** Fine, I'll try one of those. *(Points.)*

*LIZZIE returns with the heated croissant.*

**MARLA:** Just one? We should get a dozen, Allen! A baker's dozen! Just like the sign! Look!

**CASEY:** *(To BRUCE.)* Here, look.

**MARLA:** Look! Look; at these prices, we can give some of them to Carl and Danielle.

**CASEY:** Think of it like a crossword puzzle. You know crossword puzzles?

**HERB:** *(Nodding.)* Crossword.

**BRUCE:** Of course I know crossword puzzles. You think I don't know crossword puzzles? I'm the crossword puzzle king!

**ALLEN:** We're not getting a baker's dozen. Carl doesn't need doughnuts. He's fat enough already.

**CASEY:** *(To BRUCE.)* Okay, so this is basically the same thing as a crossword puzzle, only it's with numbers and no trivia.

**HERB:** Noooo Trivia.

**MARLA:** Come on. He could use a little treat right now. Let's get it!

**BRUCE:** Yeah, yeah. Okay I get it. I get it.

**MARLA:** *(Bouncing excitedly.)* Let's get it! Let's get it!

**ALLEN:** Fine!

**BRUCE:** So what happens if I put a three right here?

**MARLA:** Oh, you're the best Allen. *(Kisses him on the cheek. To DOTTIE.)* Okay, we'll get a baker's dozen. This is gonna be fun!

*During the following, DUANE enters. He's in his 60's. DUANE is high on life and lottery tickets. He approaches the counter.*

**DOTTIE:** Be right with you, Duane.

**DUANE:** No problem, Dottie! I got nothing but time! *(Meanders DS.)*

**MARLA:** Okay, okay. So we'll have three maple bars...

**CASEY:** No, no. You don't want to put a three there.

**MARLA:** Three of those chocolate covered ones...

**BRUCE:** Why can't I put the three there?

**DUANE:** *(To TERRY.)* How ya doin'?

**MARLA:** Three glazed...

**TERRY:** *(To DUANE.)* Fine, thanks.

**ALLEN:** Come on, Marla, your croissant's getting cold!

**CASEY:** You can't put a three there, there's already a three right here!

**DUANE:** *(To TERRY.)* I just won the lottery.

**TERRY:** Really?

**CASEY:** Yessir! Three hundred bucks!

**MARLA:** Three jelly doughnuts...

**TERRY:** Congratulations!

**BRUCE:** So there's a three here and a three there, so what?

**CASEY:** You can't—

**BRUCE:** *(Scribbling angrily.)* Three, three, three.

**MARLA:** Three crullers...

**BRUCE:** There! That makes nine, don't it?

**ALLEN:** That makes fifteen.

**MARLA:** Huh?

**CASEY:** Huh? You're not supposed to add them, Bruce.

**ALLEN:** You didn't count.

**CASEY:** You gotta count.

**BRUCE:** I can count!

**MARLA:** What?

**ALLEN:** *(Loudly to MARLA.)* You didn't friggin' count!

*ALL stop and stare at ALLEN. Awkward pause. MARLA looks wounded.*

**ALLEN:** Sorry, Marlie.

**MARLA:** That's okay, Allen. You're right. *(Little embarrassed laugh.)* I forgot to count. *(To DOTTIE.)* Sorry miss. Um... *(Now she can't remember her own name.)*

**DOTTIE:** That's alright shug. How about I get you one cruller? That'll make it a baker's dozen.

**MARLA:** Yeah! Okay yeah. Thank you. Is that okay, Allen?

**ALLEN:** *(Softly.)* Yeah, that's real good, Marlie.

*DOTTIE boxes and serves them while LIZZIE rings them up.*

**BRUCE:** Forget it. I hate numbers and I hate squares. I'll just stick to solitaire. *(Turning.)* Hey, Duane! I didn't see you come in!

**DUANE:** Hiya boys! Guess who hit the Jackpot!

**CASEY:** No kidding?

**DUANE:** Yeah! Three hundred greenbacks! Next rounds' on me boys!

**HERB:** Congrats, Duane!

**CASEY:** That's great, Duane!

**DUANE:** Yessir! I'm a high roller today! Gonna take the wife out for a night on the town.

**BRUCE:** Ooh! Where you taking her?

**DUANE:** *(Proudly.)* The Olive Garden. *(Oohs and ahhs from the others.)*

**CASEY:** Nice.

**BRUCE:** *(Conspiratorial.)* Oh, but don't tell the food snob over there. He probably wrote a scathing article on the Olive Garden.

**TERRY:** *(Loudly.)* I like the Olive Garden.

**DUANE:** Who doesn't like the Olive Garden?

**MARLA:** *(Overhearing.)* Ooh! They have an Olive Garden?

**ALLEN:** Now don't start. *(ALLEN and MARLA move to the large USR table and sit.)*

**DUANE:** *(Approaching counter.)* Hey, Dot! Two old fashioned's and a coffee please.

**CASEY:** You gonna put the rest down on that cruise you and Joanne were talking about?

**DUANE:** Aw crap. I didn't think about that!

**DOTTIE:** Here you go, hon. *(LIZZIE rings him up.)*

**DUANE:** Thanks Dot! Coffee?

**DOTTIE:** I'm brewin' up some more. I'll bring it out to ya.

**DUANE:** Sure thing. *(Moves to table SR.)* Good grief. I can't believe I forgot about the cruise!

*DUANE wordlessly asks permission to take a vacant chair from ALLEN and MARLA'S table. ALLEN nods permission. DUANE takes chair and sits between BRUCE and HERB.*

**DUANE:** Joanne's gonna have my head on a platter. Well, too late now. I already spent most of it.

**CASEY:** On what? (*DUANE lowers his eyes.*) Duane, your wife was really excited about that cruise. Yesterday she couldn't stop talking about how, after all these years, you were finally gonna take her to the Bahamas.

**DUANE:** I will! I will! (*Reaches into his coat pocket and fishes out an enormous stack of freshly purchased scratch-it lottery tickets; they cascade down to the table in a heap.*) I just gotta score on one of these first. (*Sits.*) I have a really good feeling about these!

**CASEY:** Duane...

**DUANE:** Nope, I'm on a roll here. It's my lucky day!

*DUANE begins to scratch them off in a frenzy as JASON and DANIEL enter. Both in their 20's and dressed in street clothes, carrying backpacks. They glance about and sit down at the SL table. DOTTIE comes out from behind the counter and serves DUANE his coffee. Noticing the boys as she pours.*

**DOTTIE:** You boys want something? We serve at the counter.

**MARLA:** Mmm. These really are delicious, Allen! You gotta try a bite of this.

**ALLEN:** I don't like swiss.

**JASON:** (*To DANIEL.*) Stop making that face.

**MARLA:** (*To ALLEN.*) I hate it when you make that face.

**ALLEN:** What face?

**DANIEL:** I'm not making a face.

**JASON:** You're making that face. This'll work. Trust me.

**DOTTIE:** (*In front of counter.*) Hey boys! Ready when you are! Hot and fresh.

*JASON and DANIEL are still ignoring her. She glances at LIZZIE behind the counter who shrugs.*

**MARLA:** You know what I mean. Hey! I wonder if they have any cronuts. Did you see any cronuts in the case?

**ALLEN:** No.

**MARLA:** I love cronuts. I wonder if they've even heard about cronuts over here. Do you think I should ask her? (*DOTTIE overhears.*)

**ALLEN:** Leave it alone, Marla.

*MARLA glances at DOTTIE who quickly looks the other way.*

**MARLA:** (*Whispering.*) Yeah, but she seems nice. I bet she'd love to give cronuts a try. Might give her some more business.

**ALLEN:** Look around, Marla. They seem to be doing just fine.

**CASEY:** How you doing? Any winners?

**DUANE:** (*Still scratching.*) Not yet, not yet. Four more to go. Come on bay-beee!

**BRUCE:** Geeze, how many of those did you get?

**DUANE:** Damn it!

**MARLA:** I don't know why you have to be so cranky.

**ALLEN:** I'm not cranky. I just want to eat my doughnuts in peace.

**MARLA:** Are you still mad that we moved here?

**ALLEN:** No.

**MARLA:** You can say if you're still mad.

**DOTTIE:** (*Calling offstage.*) Jeremy! Come out here a sec! Bring your smart phone.

**ALLEN:** I ain't mad. You wanted to live in the country. Boom. We're in the country. You said it'll be good for us. Okay fine. It'll be good for us.

**JEREMY:** (*Entering.*) Yeah?

**MARLA:** Oh I'm sure of it. And now that we're closer to Carl and Danielle, when they have that baby we'll be right here.

**DOTTIE:** (*To JEREMY.*) You got your smart phone?

**JEREMY:** Yeah.

**ALLEN:** Sure.

**MARLA:** You're finally gonna be a grandpa! Can you believe that?

**DOTTIE:** (*Secretively to JEREMY.*) Okay. (*Stage whisper.*) What's a cronut?

*JEREMY looks it up on his phone and DOTTIE, LIZZIE, and JEREMY stare at the results with interest.*

**MARLA:** Yeah, it's good that we're here. The only thing I'll miss about New York is their cronuts.

*DOTTIE, JEREMY, and LIZZIE are now staring at the phone like they just discovered the keys to Fort Knox.*

**DUANE:** Crap in a crust! Not one! Not a single one! I can't believe it!

**BRUCE:** *(Patting him on the back.)* That's okay, Duane. You still have the Olive Garden.

**CASEY:** Duane, Bruce... you heard about Reggie?

**DUANE:** No.

**BRUCE:** What? Did he finally buy that new walk-in tub?

**CASEY:** No, he's—

**DUANE:** What new walk-in tub? Aren't all tubs walk-in tubs?

**MARLA:** How do you like them maple bars? Pretty damn good right?

**ALLEN:** They're alright.

**BRUCE:** Naw, this one's different. Remember? He was talking about it the other day.

**DUANE:** What the hell makes it different? You step into the tub, you step out of the tub. Big deal.

**BRUCE:** No, see that is the difference. This one you don't have to step in. You walk in. It's a walk-in tub.

**DUANE:** How the hell is that different? Step in, walk in. Same thing!

**BRUCE:** Come on, Duane. You've seen the commercials!

**DUANE:** I don't watch TV anymore.

**BRUCE:** How come you don't watch TV anymore? Don't you wanna know what's going on out there?

**DUANE:** I don't give a flying fudgecicle what's going on out there. What's the point? I made it through the Vietnam War didn't I? *(ALLEN overhears this.)*

**CASEY:** We all did.

**DUANE:** Yeah, so what else is there to see? What else is there to know? I got married, had the kids, grandkids, I'm retired. I've seen it all and heard it all. There ain't nothing I gotta know about the world out there. My life isn't out there anymore, it's here. Right here. All I need to know about the world I get from you guys. You tell me everything. Apparently there's an amazing new invention called a walk-in tub.

**BRUCE:** You're useless. We'll wait till Reggie gets here. He'll tell you all about it and then you'll suddenly decide you can't live without one. You always do. (*Looks around.*) Hey where is Reggie? He's usually here by now.

**CASEY:** Reggie passed away last night.

*The others react, then respectfully remove their hats and put them over their hearts, including ALLEN.*

**MARLA:** (*Seeing this.*) What's the matter sweetie?

**ALLEN:** Shh.

**MARLA:** What's wrong? Ooh! Is there a parade comin'? (*Looks eagerly out the shop window.*)

**HERB:** (*Sees ALLEN, nudges CASEY.*) Look.

**CASEY:** (*Turns. Sees ALLEN.*) Excuse me. Did you serve?

**ALLEN:** Yeah.

**CASEY:** Army?

**ALLEN:** Marines. Sorry to hear about your friend.

**MARLA:** Oh no, did someone die?

**ALLEN:** Their friend passed away, Marla. Show some respect. (*To CASEY.*) Gunnery Sergeant Allen Hudson. This is my wife, Marla.

**MARLA:** Hiya boys. Sorry about your friend. Hey, you want some of these doughnuts?

**ALLEN:** They already got doughnuts, Marlie.

**CASEY:** No, but thank you for the offer ma'am. Name's Casey Coates, Army Major. (*Gestures to BRUCE.*) And this is Air Force Tech Sergeant Bruce Leigh.

**MARLA:** Bruce Lee? Like the karate guy Bruce Lee?

**BRUCE:** That's right, ma'am. Only it's spelled with an I, G, H.

**MARLA:** Ohhhh... (*Trying to work that out in her head.*) Hi.

**CASEY:** This here's Duane Eversburg; petty officer, second class.

**DUANE:** Ma'am.

**CASEY:** Walter Klocke over there... he was in the Marines.

**ALLEN:** *(To WALTER.)* Semper Fi! *(WALTER looks up. Raises his cup of coffee.)*

**CASEY:** *(Off ALLEN'S look.)* He doesn't talk much. And this is Herb Brumley. Army Engineer.

**ALLEN:** Good to meet you.

**HERB:** Same.

**MARLA:** See there, Allen? Aren't you glad we came here?

**ALLEN:** Yeah. I really am sorry to hear about your friend. Cancer?

**CASEY:** Yep. Colon cancer.

**MARLA:** Well, shit!

**ALLEN:** *(Embarrassed.)* Marla!

**MARLA:** Oh. *(Realizes.)* Sorry.

*They continue to talk among themselves. HERB gives up his seat for ALLEN and exits to the bathroom using a key attached to a large wrench. MARLA sits happily and eats more doughnuts.*

**DOTTIE:** *(To JEREMY.)* Okay we are definitely gonna try to make some of those. Save that page. Can you save it? *(JEREMY nods.)* Okay, let's get back to work. Hey! Lizzie hon... *(Whispers in LIZZIE'S ear.)*

**DANIEL:** I don't like this, Jason.

**JASON:** Just keep calm and follow my lead, alright? We gotta wait for the right moment.

**DANIEL:** Why can't we just hitch a ride?

**JASON:** I told you, it's illegal in this state!

**DANIEL:** *(Voice rising.)* Well, so is this!

**JASON:** Shut up!

*LIZZIE comes from around the counter towards TERRY with another doughnut.*

**LIZZIE:** Hey. Apparently this one's on the house.

**TERRY:** Oh! You don't have to do that.

**LIZZIE:** Mom's worried that the boys might have ruined your experience.

**TERRY:** Oh, not at all. Actually, their conversations are pretty interesting. You have quite the following here. Are they all regulars?

**LIZZIE:** Yep. They come in every Saturday. Mom keeps the coffee hot and tries to keep the conversation light. Sometimes they sit here for hours talking about the glory days.

*HERB returns and gives the bathroom key to CASEY who exits to the bathroom.*

**TERRY:** It's great that they have a place like this to come to. It's cozy and eclectic; it's real homey.

**LIZZIE:** Yep. That's what Mom was going for. She decorated it with all the stuff from grandma's house. But she crocheted most of these hanging baskets.

**TERRY:** Nice. She's pretty talented. These really are delicious.

**LIZZIE:** Glad you approve, now will you please smile and wave at her so she knows she doesn't have to file for bankruptcy?

**TERRY:** Oh, wow, she doesn't have to—

*TERRY smiles and waves. DOTTIE is finally relieved and goes back to work. To LIZZIE.*

**TERRY:** Uh... care to join me?

**LIZZIE:** Oh, I can't. Sorry.

**TERRY:** Purely professional. I'd like to ask a few more questions. For my article?

**LIZZIE:** Oh. Well, in that case. *(Sits.)* Ask away.

*JUDY enters carrying two prescription pill bottles. She's also in her 60's but seems a little addled. She looks around nervously.*

**JASON:** Damnit! Here comes another one.

**TERRY:** *(To LIZZIE.)* How long have you worked here?

**DANIEL:** Let's just go, okay? We got enough to get home now, let's just leave!

**JASON:** Shut up!

**LIZZIE:** Oh, about eight months. I'm trying to save up for school.

**TERRY:** Oh really? Which school?

**LIZZIE:** Washington State. I'm gonna study criminology.

**TERRY:** Wow! That's quite a leap from the doughnut shop. How long have you been interested in the justice system?

**JUDY:** *(To DANIEL.)* What are you doing here, Timothy? You're supposed to be in school.

**DANIEL:** Huh?

**LIZZIE:** Aren't you going to ask me about this place? I thought you were a food critic.

**TERRY:** Sorry, yes. So your mother is the owner, right?

**LIZZIE:** Yep! And Jeremy in the back; he's my cousin.

**JUDY:** Come on now, Timmy. You get yourself back to class. Don't make me tell your father on you.

**DANIEL:** *(Nervously.)* Jason?

**TERRY:** And how long has this place been open?

**JASON:** *(Sharply.)* Leave him alone lady, he doesn't know you!

**JUDY:** *(Astonished.)* You need to find better friends, Timmy. I'm telling your father. *(Wanders to the magazine table.)*

**LIZZIE:** We've been open about ten years.

**JASON:** *(Under his breath.)* Crazy bitch.

**DANIEL:** Come on, knock it off.

**TERRY:** Really? That long?

**LIZZIE:** Well at first it was called Dottie's Donuts. See that pink monstrosity over there? *(Indicates the large inflatable doughnut. TERRY nods.)* That was the old sign that hung over the door. But a few years ago some lady accused my mom of putting drugs in the doughnuts.

**TERRY:** You're kidding?

**LIZZIE:** No! She told everyone that she did some scientific tests or something on one of Mom's doughnuts and claimed she found a "highly-addictive substance" in the chemistry. There was an editorial in the paper and a big investigation. It caused a huge stink in the town. People were throwing things at the shop. One day they were throwing eggs and the sign fell down and broke. Mom was just devastated.

**TERRY:** God! I don't blame her.

**LIZZIE:** Yeah. But when the real scientists did an actual study and released their findings, the “highly-addictive substance” turned out to be just plain sugar.

**TERRY:** Sugar?

**LIZZIE:** Yeah. Sugar.

**TERRY:** Wow. Why would she deliberately try to slander your mom like that?

*CASEY enters from hall and gives the key to BRUCE who exits.*

**LIZZIE:** I don’t know. She was totally crackers. Her husband was one of the regulars here and when he died of a heart attack, I think she just wanted somebody to blame. I thought Mom should sue her for damages but Mom wouldn’t have anything to do with it. She said she had a good reputation before and she could have it again. So she just... started over.

**TERRY:** Is that why she changed the name of the shop to The Baker’s Dozen?

**LIZZIE:** Yep.

**TERRY:** It’s a great name.

**LIZZIE:** Well she got the idea from Casey over there. He was telling her about this movie he saw once called “The Dirty Dozen.”

**TERRY:** “The Dirty Dozen?” Oh, I think I’ve seen that.

**LIZZIE:** Yeah! With Lee Marvin and—

**TERRY:** Charles Bronson.

**LIZZIE:** Right! Donald Sutherland was in it too, wasn’t he?

**TERRY:** Yeah, yeah! It’s a great movie.

**LIZZIE:** Yeah. So I guess Casey made a joke or something about how they were all just like the Dirty Dozen. Only instead of invading the Nazi’s at an officer’s ball, they were constantly invading her doughnut shop. So, Mom took the idea and ran with it.

**TERRY:** That’s really great. *(Without thinking, he begins to count the men.)*

**LIZZIE:** (*Seeing this.*) Yeah. There used to be a dozen. Not anymore. They've lost a few soldiers over the years, you know? Heart attack, cancer, stroke. You name it. It's pretty sad... they were really tight. You know how it is. (*DOTTIE rings the bell.*)  
Oops, sorry. I better—

**TERRY:** Yeah, okay. Hey, thanks for the information.

**LIZZIE:** You bet. (*Crosses back behind the counter.*)

**JUDY:** (*Approaching CASEY.*) Oh there you are honey! You left without taking these with you!

**CASEY:** Judy! What are you doing here?

**JUDY:** Well you forgot these! You're not supposed to eat without taking one, remember?

**CASEY:** (*Getting up.*) Judy, this is Allen and Marla. They just moved here from New York.

**JUDY:** How do you do? (*To CASEY.*) I'm sorry, sweetie. I know you like to come here alone, but—

**CASEY:** Honey, I took the pills before I left. Remember?

**DOTTIE:** (*Approaching JASON and DANIEL.*) I'm sorry, but if you boys wanna stay here, you do have to order something.

**JUDY:** You did? No you didn't. I saw you leave them on the counter—

**CASEY:** Exactly. Right after I took them. Remember? You made me some toast to go with it.

**DOTTIE:** (*Trying to stay pleasant.*) Are you boys gonna get something or not? (*Pause.*) Am I talking to myself here?

**JUDY:** Dry toast?

**CASEY:** That's right.

**JUDY:** (*Tapping her head lightly.*) Oh, I'm a darned fool.

**CASEY:** No, it's alright, sweetie. Thank you for taking care of me.

**DOTTIE:** Come on kids; don't make me call the cops on you. Didn't you see the sign out there? No loitering.

**DANIEL:** (*Nervously.*) Jason—

**JASON:** Shut up.

**DOTTIE:** Hey!

**JUDY:** (*Turns to leave, embarrassed.*) Well, I'll leave you boys to it then.

**TERRY:** (*To DOTTIE.*) Hey, you okay, Dottie?

**DOTTIE:** *(Turning to TERRY.)* Yeah, I'm fine it's just these kids won't—

**JASON:** Daniel! Get the door!

*JASON jumps up, grabs DOTTIE from behind and points a gun at her. Commotion.*

**DANIEL:** SHIT! *(Runs to the door and locks it.)*

**JASON:** Nobody move!

**TERRY:** Oh my GOD!!

**DOTTIE:** JEREMY!!

**JASON:** *(To DOTTIE.)* Shut up bitch!! Everyone freeze! This is a stick up!

*SFX: a toilet flush. As everyone is standing there frozen, BRUCE enters from behind and comes into the room. As soon as he sees JASON holding DOTTIE hostage—blackout.*

END OF ACT ONE

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