

SOCKS

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By **Tim Bohn**

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SYNOPSIS: Kim is having a bad day until she runs into Henry. Henry shows her how to appreciate the little things in life and find joy every day.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(ONE MAN, ONE WOMAN)

HENRY.....A happy man.

KIM.....Having a bad day.

SETTING

The action of the play takes place at a bus stop in a big city. There is a bench and a sign. The working day is over and it is a cold blustery day. It is threatening to rain.

AT RISE:

HENRY stands calmly waiting for the bus holding a reusable shopping bag. KIM rushes in carrying her purse, briefcase, and her plastic shopping bag. She fumbles for her cell phone to check the time and drops her shopping bag.

KIM: DANG IT!

HENRY: Here, let me help you—

KIM: I got it—

HENRY: It's no problem—

KIM: I said, I got it. Leave it alone!

HENRY: Sorry, I was just trying to help.

KIM: Well, I don't like strangers grabbing my groceries.

HENRY: Understood. My apologies.

KIM: Sorry, I'm sure you're a very nice man. It's just—

HENRY: No worries. Lots of creeps around. Better safe than sorry.

KIM: Yeah. That's what I figure... sorry.

HENRY: No problem.

KIM: Has the #6 come yet?

HENRY: Nope, I'm waiting on the 6 too. Plenty of time. My name's Henry.

KIM: Yeah, hi. Nice to...excuse me. *(KIM rummages further through her purse. She comes up with a pack of cigarettes and tries to get one out only to discover the pack is empty.)*

KIM: CRAP!

HENRY: Not your day, huh?

KIM: You have a cigarette?

HENRY: Nope, sorry. I quit.

KIM: I was just at the store! Why? Why does this always happen?

HENRY: I dunno. *(KIM stuffs the empty cigarette pack back into her purse and searches further for more cigarettes. After a bit of this she dumps her stuff on the bench and sits.)*

KIM: Any gum?

HENRY: Nope, sorry.

KIM: Figures.

HENRY: Sorry.

KIM: It's fine. I'll get some cigarettes out of the machine at my apartment.

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HENRY waits calmly for the bus. After a moment, he comes to a decision and sits on the bench.

HENRY: Want some socks?

KIM: Socks?

HENRY: Yeah, I just bought some.

KIM: No. Thanks. Keep your socks, crazy.

HENRY: I just thought, since you couldn't smoke...

KIM: That I would like some socks?

HENRY smiles and pulls a brand new pair of socks out of his shopping bag. He offers them to her. She shakes her head and tries to ignore him. He puts the socks away and waits calmly for the bus.

KIM: Socks?!

HENRY: Nothing like a new pair of socks—

KIM: Unbelievable.

HENRY: I'm serious.

KIM: I know. I'm sure you are. This is why I need to get a better job. So I can afford a car and I won't have to talk to crazy sock man at the bus stop.

HENRY: I'm not crazy. If you don't want the socks, that's fine. It's just—you know what? Nevermind. Sorry to bother you.

KIM: It's just what? Huh? Make it quick, the bus will be here soon and I am gonna sit far away from you.

HENRY: Forget it.

KIM: No, tell me. I'm gonna be having a nicotine fit and won't be able to think about anything except what the hell your reasoning is, so you might as well tell me.

HENRY: Okay, fine. I used socks to quit smoking.

KIM: Oh, this is good. Go on.

HENRY: That's it. I thought maybe you could do the same. It was the best thing that ever happened to me.

KIM: Socks are the best thing that ever happened to you? Sorry to hear that.

HENRY: I know it sounds strange, but it wasn't just the socks. The socks were only the beginning. They opened my eyes.

KIM: How very zen.

HENRY: Kinda, yeah. Just focusing on that simple thing made me realize what I was missing.

KIM: Like underpants? Your meds?

HENRY: Like enjoying my life. I am happy every day, because I choose to do things that I know make me happy.

KIM: And socks, of all things, make you happy?

HENRY: Think about it. Is there anything better than slipping your foot into a fresh new sock? Clean, comfy, soft...they will never feel that good again, right?

KIM: I guess. So what?

HENRY: So you admit that putting on new socks is awesome?

KIM: Fine, yeah. But so are a lot of things.

HENRY: I can think of a few that I like as well, but not many.

KIM: So what? How does that help you quit smoking?

HENRY: Well, I substituted.

KIM: Socks for cigarettes?

HENRY: Yup.

KIM: Do you suck on them or what?

HENRY: No, I just put on a brand new pair of socks each and every day. I haven't worn the same pair of socks twice in over two years. Some days, I wear two new pairs. Like, if my feet get wet or something.

KIM: That's ridiculous. What a waste!

HENRY: A waste? Why? I enjoy it.

KIM: It's expensive, and wasteful. New socks every day?

HENRY: It's cheaper than cigarettes—

KIM: No way.

HENRY: Seriously! I was spending about twenty bucks a week on cigarettes, you?

KIM: Well, about that I guess.

HENRY: I buy really nice socks, like these— (*Holds out a pair of socks.*) —really nice ones. I buy these guys for about a buck a pair. Sure, I buy 'em in bulk, but I know I'm gonna use 'em. I'm saving money—

KIM: And wasting socks!

HENRY: I donate them.

KIM: Used socks?

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HENRY: Washed socks. I donate them to the homeless shelter downtown. What do you do with your cigarette butts?

KIM: Whatever. Nothing beats a smoke.

HENRY: Try it.

KIM: I'm not gonna go buy socks.

HENRY: You can have a pair, on me.

KIM: No thanks.

HENRY: Come on, try it. It's been a long day, don't your feet hurt?

KIM: So what?

HENRY: Treat your feet right. Come on. (*HENRY gives her a pair of socks. KIM reluctantly takes the socks and starts to put them on.*)

Now wait. Close your eyes when you do it. Really think about what you are doing, experience it.

KIM puts on the socks. She is transformed.

KIM: Ohhhhhhhhh...

HENRY: Feels good, huh?

KIM: I never really thought about it before, but yeah. That's amazing.

HENRY: Still want a cigarette?

KIM: Yeah, but not as much I guess.

They laugh.

HENRY: Here, take a couple more pair— (*He digs more socks out of his shopping bag and offers them to her.*)

KIM: I couldn't, no. Thank you, but no.

HENRY: Really, no big deal. I have a ton at home, I promise!

KIM: I don't need them. I'll probably just stick to cigarettes.

HENRY: It's a shame. I really thought you were going to...

KIM: Quit smoking? I need my vices.

HENRY: Look at you! You smiled ear to ear and every bone in your body melted when you put on those socks. That's a vice.

KIM: Socks aren't a vice.

HENRY: You said yourself I was wasteful, that's what a vice is! I also eat six Nutter Butter cookies for breakfast every day. How's that for a vice?

BY TIM BOHN

KIM: Cookies? Socks? What's with you?

HENRY: I was having an Egg McMuffin every morning. Which is worse for me? More importantly, which one makes me happy? Before I leave the house, each and every day, I've had Nutter Butters and I'm wearing brand new socks. How could I do anything but smile?

KIM: You just do whatever makes you happy?

HENRY: Usually, yes.

KIM: Amazing. What else?

HENRY: I stopped wearing a watch.

KIM: Why?

HENRY: People were always asking me what time it is. I was always wondering what time it is. I decided I don't care.

KIM: You have to be at work on time, all that.

HENRY: Sure, there are clocks all over the place. Plus, now, I'm the one asking other people what time it is. Really takes the pressure off.

KIM: I guess.

HENRY: Also, I sold my car so I can take the bus every day.

KIM: You want to take the bus?

HENRY: Yeah. Great way to meet people. Hi, I'm Henry. (*HENRY holds out his hand. KIM smiles and takes it.*)

KIM: I'm Kim.

HENRY: Hi, Kim. Want some socks?

KIM: Sure. I'd love some.

HENRY hands KIM several pair of socks. She puts them in her bag, they wait for the bus, smiling.

THE END

NOTES

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