

Baby Starbucks

By Sheldon Shaw

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Characters

Tiffany- (African American), 27, Starbucks Barista.

Gena- (White) 30's, proud mother.

Setting

Starbucks coffee shop.

Time

Donald Trump is president.

ACT 1

SCENE 1

The Starbucks coffee shop is empty. Tiffany is the only one working behind the counter. Since there are no customers Tiffany job duties include scrubbing the floors, stocking the shelves, taking inventory, cleaning out coffee machines. So during this scene, she never stops working.

Gena rolls a stroller into Starbucks wearing skin-tight workout leotards, running sneakers, a high brand stylish workout shirt, and sunglasses.

Tiffany enthusiastically greets Gena.

TIFFANY

Good morning Miss Gena!

GENA

(Tired but enthusiastically)

Good-morning.

TIFFANY

The usual?

Gena sluggishly shakes her head “yes”. She sees her usual table by the front entrance is available, she moves enthusiastically and sits. She rolls her stroller back and forth, making cutsie sounds for her baby.

A few moments later.

TIFFANY

Gena! A Grande Mocha latte, Quad, Nonfat, One-Pump, No-Whip!!!

Gena jumps up like a rocket.

GENA

Coming!

She rushes to front counter like she hasn't eaten in days. She grabs her Grande Mocha Latte like it was a precious metal. She tastes the beverage and is unhappy with it. She goes over to the side counter where the condiments of whole milk, skim milk, half and half, almond milk, soy milk, white sugar, brown raw sugar, sweet n low, Splenda, Stevia & Monk Fruit, small straws, large straws, wooden coffee stirrers, and napkins are all located. Gena grabs the clear glass bottle of sugar and pours a generous amount in the latte. She tastes it. Still, not satisfied. She pours another generous amount. She stares at the Tiffany-like it's her fault her latte is not to her exact liking. She tastes it again and finally the right consistency of sweet and chocolate goodness. She stumbles back over to her child, probably from the sugar high. She stops. She looks around. She's motionless. Then. She screams.

The stroller is gone.

GENA

Aaaaaagh...My baby! Where is my baby? My baby. Where is my baby??

Tiffany looks concerned for Gena but she doesn't stop working. She runs out the door. She runs left. Then runs right. Then runs back into the Starbucks still holding her Latte.

GENA

My baby. Someone has stolen my baby! My baby! Someone has stolen my baby!

Gena weeps uncontrollably

TIFFANY

Mrs. Gena, Ma'am, I can call the police for you.

Gena looks at Tiffany. She gathers herself.

GENA

I can do it myself.

She takes out her phone. With a latte in one hand and phone in the other she dials, 911.

Hello. Hello... I need the police right away. Someone has stolen my baby! (Pause) No, I did not see who did it.

Gena stares at Tiffany.

Did you see who took my baby? DID YOU?

TIFFANY

No, I didn't.

GENA

You didn't??

TIFFANY

No, I did not!

Gena goes back to the phone.

GENA

Apparently, no one saw what he looked like. I can't believe this.

Gena focuses on Tiffany.

What do you mean you didn't see what they looked like? Then what the fuck have you been doing. There is nobody here to serve!

TIFFANY

Sorry ma'am that you are upset but I have other things to do behind here than...

Gena puts the focus back on phone.

GENA

Um, yes. OK.

Focus back on Tiffany.

What's the address here?

TIFFANY

305 e. 23rd St. On the corner of 1st. Avenue.

Focus back to the phone.

GENA

Yes. It's 305 E. 23rd St. Close to the river.

TIFFANY

Ummm...

GENA

It was a Maclaren bassinet stroller, charcoal black. With an adjustable back, to keep my baby warm in winter and then it adjusts electronically to lower the back so she can be cool in the summer. The inside was pink silk that covered the inside top and the bedding was white silk and polyester blend. Actually, my baby was allergic to the blend and I changed the bedding to all full silk..... OK. Thank you. Please come as soon as possible.

She hangs up.

Oh my God. Oh my God...What am I going to do?

She takes a sip of her mocha latte.

My husband is going to kill me.

She starts to sob.

I can't tell him. I can't tell him. Oh my God I can't tell him.

Tiffany comes from around the counter and hands her a box of tissues.

Thank you.

TIFFANY

I'm so sorry that this happened to you.

Gena just stares at her.

I don't know what I would do either...

GENA

I should be out there looking for her!

But where should I go???

Gena gets up to leave gut...

Where are the police?

Tiffany shrugs.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW!?!?

Gena looks out the window, then to Tiffany.
Tiffany shrugs again.

I'm sorry, but someone stole my baby.

Tiffany stares at Gena with contempt.

TIFFANY

I know. I'm sorry about that and if there is anything I can do...

GENA

Who the fuck would steal a baby out of a Starbucks in this day and age??? What are they going to do? Sell her? OH MY GOD... They are going to sell my baby, aren't they?

Gena starts to pace.

They are going to sell my baby and raise it like it's their own.

TIFFANY

Don't worry I don't think they do that anymore.

GENA

Anymore?

Pause.

Anymore?? So you would know about this type of thing?

TIFFANY

What?

GENA

You know...maybe you've been watching me daily. Scouting me out. You now know my routine...

(Pause)

And today was the day.

TIFFANY

The day for what?

GENA

Stealing my baby!!!!

TIFFANY

You need to just calm down cause you are losing your mind.

GENA

Just tell me where my baby is right now and we can pretend like this never happen. I will tell the police that a good Samaritan brought back my baby back and just left it out front.

TIFFANY

You have lost your mind! I didn't take your damn baby and there is nothing I could do with your baby anyway. They would know I stole that baby as soon as I crossed the street...

The sounds of police sirens can be heard. Gena runs, opens the door and runs waving her arms.

GENA

Hey!!! Over here...

The cop cars fly by with no interest of stopping for Gena. She goes back into the Starbucks.

GENA

What hell! Where the hell are they going??

TIFFANY

(Sarcastically)

Maybe they had a crime to fight.

GENA

This is no time for jokes!

TIFFANY

I'm not trying to be funny. I was trying to be helpful but you're blaming me like I'm some kinda criminal trying to steal your baby away.

(Pause)

Shit. I have my own kids to deal with and I sure as hell do not want yours.

GENA

I'm sorry. I'm just so stressed. I feel helpless. I want to run and search every corner of New York by myself, but I can't. I want to tell my husband but I'm too embarrassed.

TIFFANY

You should call him.

GENA

But I can't. He would kill me.

TIFFANY

I highly doubt that. He could be out there searching too.

GENA

I guess...

Gena starts to cry.

I miss my baby so much.

Her phone rings.

Oh my god it's my husband.

TIFFANY

Just answer it. Be honest. You really need him now.

GENA

OK.

She answers.

Hey babe.

(Pause)

Oh, it was nothing, the doctor said I could have an anal prolapse.

(Pause)

No. It's no big deal. He said to run less and do some Kegel's or something.....anyway.....listen. I need to tell you something.

Her other line rings. It's the police.

Hold on, babe. It's the other line and I need to answer..... Hello!?!?

(Pause)

Yes, You did?

(Pause)

Oh my goodness. Oh my goodness. Thank you!!!!

(Pause)

Really? Holy shit. OK. I See. I will be right here.

She hangs up and goes back to her husband.

Hey babe. I need to call you back.

(Pause.)

Don't worry everything is fine. I will talk to you later tonight.

(Pause.)

No, it's not important. I will see you tonight.

(Pause.)

OK.

(Pause.)

I love you too.

She hangs up.

Yes! They found my baby.

TIFFANY

Really? Well, that is great news!

GENA

Yeah, my puppy was taken by a crazy woman and she had her at another Starbucks right on the same street. Can you believe that? I didn't know there was another one right down the street.

Gena is so excited she does a dance.

Tiffany stares at her in disbelief.

GENA

What?

TIFFANY

You said puppy? As in dog??

GENA

Yes. It was my baby girl. My chocolate lab.

TIFFANY

(In disbelief)

Holy shit!!! A DOG???

GENA

Yes. A dog. Is it a problem?

TIFFANY

You were having what it seemed like a heart attack over a dog?

GENA

Betsy is my baby. She is a member of my family. She is no different from your children.

TIFFANY

Excuse me?

GENA

Betsy is just the same as the children you have, if not more.

TIFFANY

EXCUSE ME!?!?

GENA

You heard me.

TIFFANY

(Pissed)

Your baby is just a dog. Just a dog. It is not a child. MY CHILD IS MY CHILD, that I delivered from my own womb.

GENA

I am not going to sit here and argue with someone who doesn't understand what it is like to have the love of an animal. I'm just not going to do it. You just don't have the compassion to understand that love.

TIFFANY

Are you fucking kidding me?!?! IT'S-A FUCKING DOG! (Pause) A dog is your slave.

GENA

(Baffled)

What?

TIFFANY

You take it from its mother as soon it is born and then you become its mother. You train it to live your life how you seem fit. You take all its animal instincts away and force it to become your baby! (Pause) It's something your people are just used to I guess.

GENA

You are so ridiculous. You are calling me a slave owner??? You people are always playing that slave card shit at any chance you get. My baby is my baby and loves to be my baby. She is well-taken care off. She doesn't have to work. She is fed well. And she is grateful for it. Unlike some people.

TIFFANY

Lady, I'm not going to sit here and argue about what is a real baby and what is the figure of your imagination. But you are insane and lonely and trying to fill it with a make-believe kind of relationships. I think maybe if your people give up that type of slavery just maybe you all can have some real relationships with real people. Most of you don't even know the names of your next door neighbors. (Pause) You want someone to do whatever you want at any time without any pushback or lip, you can treat them bad but they will come right back to you wagging their tail. It's a facade kinda life you have created. Lifelike your ancestors had with slavery. And you want to call yourself a Christian or a Jew or whatever, but your life is still filled with meaninglessness. Why can't you face life how it is? Instead of running away from it? Putting yourself in small groups of yes men and yes women.

GENA

You have some lip girl. Maybe that is why you work where you do and probably will only get this far in life.

TIFFANY

Maybe.

GENA

That's it? That all you can say? See. No motivation.

TIFFANY

I'm in a system. So probably I will not make it much further. I have been working here for over two years and the management promotes people of your complexion all the time. I've seen black and latino women busting their ass off and go nowhere. They get fed up and leave. I'm not sure where they go but they're gone. My girl Trish used to work here and one day got fed up and left she started studying college online to get her degree and when she got it there were no jobs in sight.

GENA

Online college? Are you serious?

TIFFANY

Yes, I'm serious! I'm doin a course right now. You got a problem with that?

GENA

No, but no one takes that online stuff seriously. So maybe that's why your friend wasn't able to get a job. You should go to a real school and stop being lazy.

TIFFANY

You motherfucker! Books are books. And studying is studying. I got the same motherfucking books as those other fucking schools. I work here 8 hours a day go home and study for 4 more hours take care of my kid and sleep for a few hours and do it all again every motherfuckin day. Don't you dare call me lazy!

GENA

(Flustered)

Well...

TIFFANY

Well, you need to mind your business when it comes to my business.

(Pause)

The Starbucks phone rings. Tiffany answers it.

Yes. Mr. Denten. Yes.

Tiffany looks up at a camera hanging on the ceiling.

But..... Yes. Yes, I understand. Yes. Yes. OK.

She hangs up the phone and quietly goes back to stock a shelf. Gena stares at her, amused.

GENA

Was that your boss?

(No answer.)

I see. Interesting how all this works. The world that is. My world I should say.

Tiffany continues to stock the shelves. Police lights can be seen out the window and Gena notices them. She waves with glee as she sees baby jumping around in the police car.

Finally, They have arrived with my baby girl. Well, I guess this is goodbye for now. Would you be a lamb and give me a refill on my mocha latte dear?

Gena hands her the cup she has been holding onto the whole time. Tiffany takes the cup and looks at the camera again and does as she wishes. She hands her back the cup filled with Mocha Latte. Gena takes a sip. She smiles in delight.

Awww, perfecto!

She begins to leave.

Chow! I will see you tomorrow...

(Pause)

Oh, and you should really think about changing your hair, your makeup, and that dreadful attitude. It will make for a better Starbucks experience! Okay, dear?

There's a stare down between the two.

Arrivederci!

Gena exits towards the glaring police lights outside.

Tiffany works in sullenness.

BLACKOUT.

END OF PLAY.