

# Barred

A One-Act Play

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# Barred

## A One-Act Play

### ACT I SCENE 1

*Set outside a dive bar in Nashville that is located across from a City Park. The entrance to the dive bar is on the right, and there is a very small outdoor patio area with a single table, currently unoccupied, though showing remnants of having been used that night – a couple of beer bottles on the table, a pack of smokes. Across from the bar there is a low concrete wall. A street separates the two. It is around 10 or 11 PM. Dark.*

*We see the bar door open and the YOUNG GIRL is being ejected buy the DOORMAN. The OLDER GUY is sitting on the low concrete wall with a bottle in a brown paper bag. He is still, and in the shadows; unnoticed.*

DOORMAN: I told you to get the hell outta here! You know you're barred. Don't make me call the cops on you again!

*The DOORMAN slams the door, and the YOUNG GIRL gives it a hard kick with her boot.*

YOUNG GIRL: [RANT]

*YOUNG GIRL spots the beers on the table, reaches over and tries them, but they're empty. So is the pack of cigarettes.*

YOUNG GIRL: Fucking hell!

*YOUNG GIRL is pacing around in the street, muttering to herself.*

OLDER GUY: You look like you could use a drink.

*YOUNG GIRL notices him for the first time. She sizes him up, then walks over and accepts his offer. He hands her the bottle and she takes a swig.*

*As she's recapping the bottle and handing it back to him he already has a cigarette pulled out.*

OLDER GUY: Smoke?

*The YOUNG GIRL takes the cigarette, lets him light it, and resumes pacing. She pulls out her cell to look at something. OLDER GUY holds up the bottle in her basic direction.*

OLDER GUY: 'Nother?

*YOUNG GIRL doesn't alter her circular path, and when she comes near OLDER GUY she nonchalantly grabs the bottle. She takes a swig then, as if she was just living out a dream, cocks her arm as if to throw it through the bar window. She stops, bends over laughing/talking to herself. She straightens up, walks over and hands OLDER GUY the bottle.*

OLDER GUY: If you're gonna throw a bottle through their window, and least let me polish it off first.

*YOUNG GIRL jumps up on the wall next to the OLDER GUY.*

YOUNG GIRL: Oh I ain't gonna do it now, but before I move back to Cali, I'll spray paint all kinds of shit. Ban me?

OLDER GUY: Oh, you got banned?

YOUNG GIRL: Yea, for the stupidest reason. I got hired by this band to paint a mural, and when it was done she said the pitcher was on the bar. And those fuckers told me that wasn't the deal – yet they still have my artwork. So the next pitcher set down I grabbed. I almost got half of it down before they kicked me out. But that was years ago; and I offered to pay for it. I's just the

girl who manages the bar won't let me in cause I was really close to Big Bennie and she dated him so she hates me.

*OLDER GUY takes a swig, and lights himself a smoke.*

OLDER GUY: Oh please Honey, I got thrown outta there long time ago. And shit – I wasn't doing anything that was socially unacceptable at the time, or stealing beer. No, mine's the usual – got in a fight and clobbered this – lying asshole.

*OLDER GUY takes a swig, and lights himself a smoke.*

OLDER GUY: But who cares. I've been thrown out of way better bars than this dump!

YOUNG GIRL: I know. I went to this huge show out in Oakland and I didn't have my ID on me, though I was old enough, and this Nazi dick doormen won't let me in, but I sneak around back where you could smoke and just walk in the door. And I'd just bought a drink – for like ten dollars! And the guy from the front is coming in and sees me – I mean I guess I maybe shouldn't have spit on his faggy badge, but anyway he kicks me out! And I didn't get to finish my drink.

OLDER GUY: Oakland? I used to live in San Francisco, like years ago. With some crazy girl. But you're all crazy.