

Barfly

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PATRICK. 30s. Typical workaholic sort of guy.

PATRICIA. 30s. Confident and sure of herself. Independent.

BARTENDER. Any age. Self-explanatory.

TIME & PLACE

Present day. Evening. The bar at a bar & grill

(Lights up on a bar. BARTENDER is busy making drinks, while PATRICK sits on a bar stool)

BARTENDER.

Hey buddy, could I get you anything?

PATRICK.

Huh? Oh, just a second. I'm still deciding.

BARTENDER.

Alright, just let me know when you're ready. We've got Guinness, Shock Top, Blue Moon, and Coors on tap.

PATRICK.

Thanks.

(PATRICIA walks in and sits on a stool near PATRICK)

PATRICIA.

2 shots of Captain, please.

BARTENDER.

You got it. *(starts pouring shots of Captain Morgan, and gives them to PATRICIA)* There you go.

PATRICIA.

Thanks, bud. *(looks over at PATRICK. beat. slides one of the shots over to him)* Here.

PATRICK.

For me?

PATRICIA.

Do you see anyone else sitting at this bar?

PATRICK.

Well, thank you.

PATRICIA.

Don't mention it.

(they sit in silence taking their shots)

PATRICIA.

(beat) So what's the deal? You look like a walking stereotype.

PATRICK.

What stereotype?

PATRICIA.

You know. Depressed 30-somethin' sitting alone moping at a bar.

PATRICK.

I am not moping. I'm perfectly happy!

PATRICIA.

How often do you come here?

PATRICK.

I don't know. A few times a week.

PATRICIA.

Alone?

PATRICK.

Well, yeah.

PATRICIA.

Barfly.

PATRICK.
What?

PATRICIA.
You're a barfly.

PATRICK.
I am not a barfly!

PATRICIA.
Yes you are. You don't have anything exciting in your life, so you spend your nights alone at the bar. And not even an actual bar. The bar at Sadie's, for pete's sake.

PATRICK.
Keep in mind, you're here too. I have a perfectly happy life, thank you very much.

PATRICIA.
Alright, Mr. Happy. What do you do during the day?

PATRICK.
I'm an accountant.

PATRICIA.
Cubicle job?

PATRICK.
Yeah.

PATRICIA.
Divorced?

PATRICK.
How did you know?

PATRICIA.
No wedding ring.

PATRICK.

Okay fine, I'm divorced. Big deal. Tell me, what's so special about *you* that makes you perfect.

PATRICIA.

I'm not perfect, I'm just...happy, I guess.

PATRICK.

Hey I'm happy too.

PATRICIA.

You're your own person, believe what you want.

PATRICK.

Well then I will!

PATRICIA.

(to BARTENDER) He's not happy.

BARTENDER.

Same here!

PATRICIA.

(to another patron who just walked in) This guy's not happy.

PATRICK.

I am too! I'm probably the happiest person alive, do you see the smile on my face?! Well anyway, I am. I am happy as a damn clam, okay?

PATRICIA.

I never understood that phrase. "Happy as a clam". What makes clams so happy? What goes through their minds everyday? Do they think about rainbows and sunshine all day? Are they so optimistic in life that nothing stands in their way? Do they get angry when people mistake them for oysters? Just think -- a little clam skipping through the water minding its own business when a minnow swims up and yells out "Hey! Hey oyster!". How awful must that feel to be mistaken so often? It's like a personal identity is gone. It isn't there.

(PATRICK and BARTENDER have been staring at her for a while now, and continue to do so)

BARTENDER.

(beat) That was beautiful.

PATRICK.

What are you, some kind of philosopher or something?

PATRICIA.

Nope. I'm just a little quirky.

PATRICK.

Why are you talking to me? I'm busy, ma'am, I need to-

PATRICIA.

With what? You got a big checkers game coming up? Waiting for some buddies to show up so you can kick their asses at Big Buck Hunter?

PATRICK.

No.

PATRICIA.

So they can kick *your* ass at Big Buck Hunter.

PATRICK.

I just so happen to have the top 3 high scores on the Sadie's Big Buck game. I bet I could blow you out of the water.

PATRICIA.

Put that on a resumé, Mr. Hot-shot. Anyway, I think I can give you a run for your money.

PATRICK.

Alright lady, right here, right now. Me and you, Big Buck.

PATRICIA.

Let's go.

PATRICK.

Wait are you serious?

PATRICIA.

Scared?

PATRICK.

No, it's just-

PATRICIA.

What happened to "I bet I could blow you out of the water! Ohhh patriarch supremacy! I'm a man, therefore I can beat a random woman at a trivial game, ooohh!"

PATRICK.

Hey, now! I never said any of that stuff.

PATRICIA.

Scaredy cat.

PATRICK.

Okay fine, I'll play you at Big Buck Hunter! This is so juvenile.

PATRICIA.

Says the grown man with the top 3 high scores.

(Both walk over to play Big Buck Hunter)

PATRICK.

See those top scores blinking on the screen? All mine.

PATRICIA.

(reading) P_Dizzle315?

PATRICK.

What? Come on, let's just play.

(both pick up their guns and begin shooting. ad-libs "gotcha!", "dang it", "so close", "alright!" etc. as they are playing)

PATRICK.

Where'd he go?

PATRICIA.

There! BAM!