

Possibilities

a short play by
Peter M. Floyd

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Donna: A young woman

Phoebe: A young woman

Bartender: Male, young to early middle-aged

Mark: A young man

Tim: A young man

SCENE: The bar at a club in Boston on a Friday night

The scene is a bar in a happening, if vaguely sleazy, club somewhere in Boston. Visible on stage is the bar itself, in front of which is a row of stools. A bartender, a rather large man, stands behind, and a man sits on one of the stools, with his back to us. Soulless rock music pounds away in the background, and there are also the sounds of voices of people talking, laughing, and generally whooping it up. These sounds should pervade through the entire play but not, of course, loud enough to distract from the dialogue.

The lights come up on the above, and then Phoebe and Donna enter. They are both attractive young women somewhere between twenty and thirty-five. Phoebe is dressed stylishly (and provocatively), whereas Donna is dressed more conservatively.

DONNA

Phoebe, I can't believe I let you talk me into coming here.

PHOEBE

Oh, for God's sake, Donna... Look. This is a club. It's a place where young people like you and me go and drink and shake our groove thing and have fun, and maybe, just maybe, hook up with a man of the opposite sex. It's not like we're entering some den of iniquity, not that I'm saying that would be a bad thing. Just loosen up, and have a good time.

DONNA

I was just never into the whole club scene, and I don't see why I should start now.

PHOEBE

It's Friday night! Did you have any other plans?

DONNA

Well, I was thinking of renting a movie and watching it at home.

PHOEBE (*after a pause*)

Donna, darling, you're one of my best friends, and I really hate to be the one to tell you this, but only losers watch movies at home by themselves on Friday night.

DONNA

What are you talking about? I do it all the time. (*Phoebe pointedly remains silent, until the other shoe drops.*) And I am not a loser! It's just that I spend all week at my crap job, and when it's over I just want to go home and slip into a coma and forget about how meaningless my life has become.

PHOEBE

Well, there's nothing better for slipping into a coma than a nice glass of something supremely alcoholic. Come on, let's get a drink.

They sidle up to the bar.

BARTENDER

Good evening, ladies. What can I get you?

PHOEBE

Vodka martini, please. As dry as is humanly possible.

BARTENDER

One vodka martini with maximum dryness. And you, miss?

DONNA

Uh, a diet coke. (*Phoebe gives her a withering look.*) What?

BARTENDER

Diet coke it is.

The bartender goes off to fix the drinks.

During the following dialog, the man at the bar (Mark) turns to listen to the two women talking. They do not notice this.

PHOEBE

Diet coke, my ass! Donna, you've really got to loosen up a little.

DONNA

Well, maybe I don't want to be as loose as you are.
(*Realizes what she said.*) No, I mean, I'm really not the party hearty kind of girl, and I don't want to be. Remind me again why I'm supposed to be here.

PHOEBE

To meet men. My God, you're always complaining about how you can never meet anyone decent.

DONNA

The operative word being "decent". Just because I'm single doesn't mean I don't have some standards, and one standard is that I'd never want to date a guy who goes to a place like this to find women.

PHOEBE

Do you always have to have such a negative mindset? Think of the possibilities!

DONNA

Well, at this place the possibility of getting hit on by some jerk with bad breath and a mullet seems pretty likely. I want a man that will make me feel, I don't know, *special*. I *don't* want guys who will make me feel nauseous.

The bartender returns, bearing the drinks.

BARTENDER

Here you are, ladies. One diet coke, and one vodka martini, compared to which the Gobi Desert is the Sea of Japan.

PHOEBE

Thanks.

DONNA

Thanks.

BARTENDER

Shall I start a tab for you?

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM