

**Reunion**

Jeanne Beckwith  
275 Wall Street # 1  
Northfield, VT 05663  
802-485-5636  
jbeckwit@norwich.edu  
brettandjeanne@aol.com

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Characters

Dusty ..... Bartender, Mid-Twenties

Nancy ..... Waitress, Early Twenties

Cal ..... Customer, Mid-Fifties

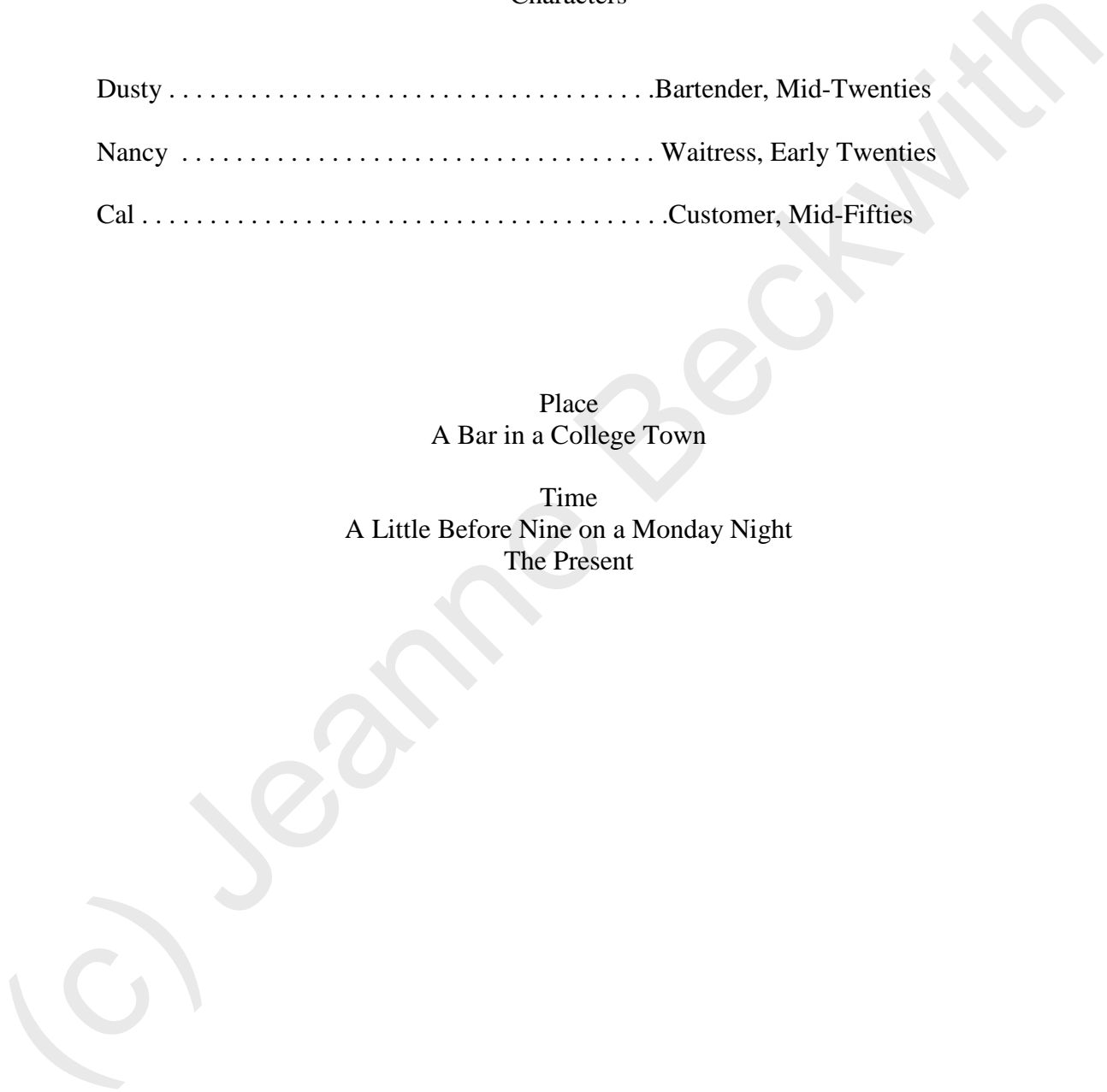
Place

A Bar in a College Town

Time

A Little Before Nine on a Monday Night

The Present



REUNION

(SCENE: A Bar. There are two or three tables visible, one with crepe paper streamers. There is also a bar where a young man is setting up drinks. The rest of the bar is somewhere just beyond. A young woman enters and heads for the piano carrying more crepe paper.)

NANCY

The lady in the green dress said you should get yourself a drink on her.

DUSTY

(Looking for said lady.)

Yeah?

NANCY

She says you remind her of her husband.

DUSTY

Oh.

NANCY

Her *late* husband, so maybe you stand a chance.

(He smiles and waves to some spot off-stage)

DUSTY

Tell her I don't usually drink while--what are you doing?

NANCY

I thought the bar would look nice with some festoons.

DUSTY

I don't want any festoons on my bar.

NANCY

It's for the party, remember?

DUSTY

I don't care. No festoons!

NANCY

You promised you'd be nice about this.

DUSTY

Not once did I ever imply that I wanted festoons on my bar.

NANCY

Oh come on. It will look nice.

DUSTY

I don't want it to look "nice." I want it to look like a bar.

NANCY

The lady in green is looking at you. You better be nice to me or you won't remind her of her dead husband anymore. Look. I'm only using the blue. It will look nice.

DUSTY

If you use the word "nice" again, I'll tear it all down and stuff it in the toilet.

NANCY

Why do you always have to be so darn mean about everything?

DUSTY

I'm not trying to be mean. I just think we should be realistic. This whole thing is going to be a fiasco, and I don't want my bar taking part in it.

NANCY

But you are part of it. You have to help sing "Happy Birthday" when he comes in.

DUSTY

I hate crap like this. I bet he does too. He'll probably turn around and walk right out the door.

NANCY

He won't! He'll be touched. Please try and be nice—I don't care! I don't know any other word to use. I just wish you wouldn't be such an old poop all the time.

DUSTY

Poop! I am not an old poop—

(CAL has entered during the previous line. He is somewhere in his fifties and dressed conservatively. He heads toward the decorated table.)

You've got a customer. Better grab him before he takes the place of honor.

NANCY

(Hurrying toward the man.)

No! I mean, please . . . excuse me, but could you sit somewhere else? We're having a little party here, and this place is reserved.

CAL

Oh. Sorry. I didn't notice.

NANCY

You can sit at the bar. Dusty likes people to sit at the bar.

(DUSTY signals that he does not want anyone at the bar.

NANCY ignores him.)

Dusty! You want company don't you?

CAL

I guess the bar is fine.

(Taking a stool at the bar.)

NANCY

Get this nice man a drink, Dusty.

DUSTY

Sure. What will you have?

CAL

A beer, I guess. Whatever's on tap.

DUSTY

We got Miller, Miller light, Bass, Sam Adams—

CAL

A Bass would be good. Thanks.

NANCY

I got to get table five.

(She moves off. She calls to someone in the "projected" bar area.)

Hey! Maybe we should move those two tables together. We'll need room to dance later.

DUSTY

You can't dance in here!

NANCY

Watch me.

(She does a half dance step, grins and exits.)

DUSTY

We don't have a license to dance in here! Damn it! I hate dancing.

CAL

Sounds like this is some good time you've got planned.

DUSTY

(Drawing CAL'S beer.)

Is an avalanche planned? Is a volcano eruption planned? Every time you turn around, she's got some asshole idea cooked up. This poor bastard tonight is really in for it.

CAL

Poor bastards usually are.

DUSTY

Yeah. I guess maybe they are. Here you go. I don't remember seeing you in here before.

CAL

It's been a few years. I moved away.

DUSTY

No kidding.

CAL

Pittsburgh.

DUSTY

Pittsburgh? You're a long way from home.

CAL

Yeah.

DUSTY

Pittsburgh's nice, I hear.

CAL

Pittsburgh is just dandy.

DUSTY

What do you do there?

CAL

I am a servant of the state. I supervise welfare cases. I take applications for food stamps.

DUSTY

Oh. Must be interesting work.

CAL

Fascinating.

(Nancy re-enters with balloons. She stands by the bar and starts blowing one up, talking between breaths.)

NANCY

God, I haven't done this since I was a kid. Here, you want to help?

(She shoves a balloon at CAL who looks at it reluctantly.)

Dusty, you want to blow up some balloons?

DUSTY

No. I do not want to blow up any damn balloons. I told you I don't want that stuff around the bar.

NANCY

It's Monday night, Dusty. Nobody's coming in besides regulars anyway. And this gentleman. He doesn't mind helping.

DUSTY

It's the principle of the thing!

NANCY

You should have a better outlook on life, Dusty. You should have more fun. It looks neat don't you think?

CAL

It looks terrific. Who's the lucky guy?

NANCY

His name's Omar. Did you ever hear of anybody named Omar—who wasn't an Arab or something? He's a graduate student. That's his place with the paper roses on it. He comes in here every night at nine o'clock on the dot. You can set your watch by him. He doesn't even know anybody knows it's his birthday. He's going to be so surprised.

CAL

Thrilled.

DUSTY

Pissed.

NANCY

He dropped his wallet last week when I was helping him into a cab. When I picked it up, I saw his driver's license. That's how come I know it's his birthday. I'm so glad. He's such a nice old guy.

CAL

How old can a graduate student be?

NANCY

He's forty! Tonight. Can you believe?

CAL

Oh.

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