

Happy's

A One-Act by Tiffany Gilly-Forrer

Note for casting: Gender/pronouns in this script can be adapted to each production team's casting preferences.

November 2020. New Orleans. 5:15pm. A local bar called Happy's that barely survived hurricane Katrina. It's beaten up, but very clean. It's been tough during the pandemic to keep customers coming around. The bartender and owner, CARA, sets things up. She wears a mask. KYLE enters. He has come here regularly for years. Something is weighing heavy on him today. He wears a mask, except for when he is actively drinking.

KYLE. Hey Cara.

CARA. Kyle. Usual?

KYLE. Yes, please.

CARA. You got it.

CARA pours KYLE his usual drink, Guinness. She notices something's off about him.

CARA. Happy Tuesday.

KYLE. You too.

CARA. Uneventful, but happy.

KYLE. Is it?

CARA. Still open, aren't we?

KYLE chugs the Guinness straight until it is gone.

CARA. Bad day, huh?

KYLE. It was fine.

CARA. It's been a quiet open. Hardly any customers. But I suppose that's no surprise since the number of cases has been climbing again.

KYLE. Another, please.

CARA. Sure.

CARA pours KYLE another Guinness. KYLE chugs that one as well.

CARA. Um... special occasion?

KYLE. It's my birthday.

CARA. You're kidding. Happy B-

KYLE. It's not my birthday.

CARA. Guess I don't know when your birthday is.

KYLE. Birthdays don't really matter when you're over 30.

CARA. Right. They get celebrated every decade after that.

KYLE. And we wanted so badly to grow up when we were young.

CARA. Little did we know how good it was.

KYLE. Bunch of idiots.

CARA. Even with all our Gen X parents snorting cocaine-

KYLE. Or procreating with twenty different guys-

CARA. Or abandoning us for three months for one of 'em with a Jaguar-

KYLE. Or playing Fleetwood Mac all day on the boombox-

CARA. Hey, you shut the fuck up. Fleetwood Mac is great.

KYLE. Yeah, they got one thing right.

CARA. Just one though.

KYLE. One.

CARA. But everything else—

KYLE. Fucked it up.

CARA. We survived. And now here we are. Still surviving. Looking forward to the next decade.

They share a fleeting moment of melancholic nostalgia.

CARA. I should put some music on.

KYLE. Can I get another?

CARA. You sure?

KYLE. Yeah.

CARA. Alright, it's your dime.

CARA pours KYLE another Guinness. He drinks about half of it, but doesn't finish it off right away.

CARA. Guess I'm gonna need to call you a Taxi tonight, huh?

KYLE. Taxi? What decade are you in?

CARA. Ah sorry, we got talking about Fleetwood Mac, guess I went back to the seventies.

KYLE. Jesus, do they even have taxis anymore?

CARA. Probably. New York maybe

KYLE. Maybe.

CARA. You gonna tell me what's going on?

KYLE. No.

CARA. Yes you are.

KYLE. Yeah, I am.

CARA. 'Cause you tell me everything.

KYLE. Yeah.

CARA waits, but KYLE doesn't say anything.

CARA. Do you need me to put some Fleetwood Mac as a fuckin' underscore?

KYLE. Come on, Cara. I'm having a hard time here.

CARA. Well how am I supposed to know that?

KYLE. Just look at me.

CARA. I see you, but you ain't sayin' much.

Another brief silence.

KYLE. Maybe put on some Fleetwood Mac.

CARA. Jesus.

KYLE. Christ.

CARA. Alright, alright. I'll play it on shuffle.

She puts on the bar playlist. The first song that plays is "Dreams." It's a cover.

KYLE. This is a cover.