

Strangers in a Bar - Draft 1

Script by Dennis Groves - DennisGroves.com

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TERRY (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY) -

Irritable, emotional, half British, half Australian date-seeker, who subscribes to online dating services.

FRANCIS MARQUEE (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY) -

Fraudulent, charismatic, antagonist, who hacks online dating service databases.

FRANCINE -

The supposed woman Terry has been corresponding with on the online dating service.

WAITER -

Inquisitive table server at the crowded bar.

NARRATOR -

The all-knowing, overdubbed voice at the beginning and end.

NARRATOR

These are 3 strangers in a bar. For reasons beyond explanation, they have met tonight to discuss matters of light to moderate relevance. Please do not be shocked or overwhelmed by the significance of the knowledge that will unfold itself upon you.

FADE IN:

1. CROWDED BAR - NIGHT

A bar/restaurant filled with people celebrating a birthday. Every table and standing space is occupied. That is, with the exception of one small table. There sits the only loner in the bar, Terry. In a catatonic

state, he is staring blankly at the empty seat across from him. There sits a full pitcher of beer on his table.

Francis Marquee approaches the table

FRANCIS

Hello...is this seat taken?!?

Terry is shaken from his haze and looks up

TERRY

Yes...well...no. My date will be here any moment.

FRANCIS

How long have you been here?

TERRY

um, about 15 minutes...

Francis stares coldly, leaning forward, in an attempt to extract the truth.

TERRY

Alright 45 minutes. I think there has been some kind of misunderstanding. Maybe, she thought I meant Wednesday the 22nd, not Wednesday the 15th, and...

FRANCIS

I'm sitting down.

TERRY

Yeah, sure. But if she shows up, I don't know you.

FRANCIS

Yes, I know. I don't know you either. This place is packed and there isn't anywhere else to sit down, hardly a place to stand. It must be someone's birthday.

TERRY

Yes, yes it is. It's my birthday, in fact.

FRANCIS

and these are all you're friends?

TERRY

No, I don't know who these people are. All I know is they smell like cologne and cigarettes and I don't think some folks know how to wipe properly.

FRANCIS

Oh, well..that might be me. I didn't have time for a bath before I left and I just smoked my last cigarette. I'm quitting today, so I thought I would celebrate by having a drink at the bar with some friends.

TERRY

Great! Where are you're friends?

FRANCIS

All around I suppose. I meet new friends all the time. However, most people who get to know me over the course of some time end up hating me. I don't know why. Maybe they can smell shit under my cheap cologne. I have been shopping around for the new Calvin Klein brand. I think that will help my plight a bit.

Francis grabs the beer pitcher and drinks directly from it. Streams of foam drivel from each side of his mouth as he gulps down Terry's beer.

TERRY

Yes, I'm sure. So since we are sitting together and now drinking together, I suppose I should ask your name.

FRANCIS

You're gawd damn fuckin' right! The names Francis. Francis Marquee.

TERRY

But that's my! That's my!

FRANCIS

Your supposed dates name? Well, guess what? Francine is now a man. That's me. Is this not what you had in mind?

TERRY

Absolutely not! I would never knowingly court a tranny to the ball.

FRANCES

Well, I think I look much more attractive now, than in that photo I sent you.

TERRY

I have no response....nothing at all!

Terry moans and weeps hysterically.

FRANCIS

I don't know what it is, the older I get, the more good looking I get.

Terry continues to moan and weep, his face winces and scowls.

FRANCIS

Well, since we're getting to know each other, I suppose I should ask you your name.

Terry makes more noises.

FRANCIS

That's good. Talk is cheap anyways

Frances gulps down more of Terry's beer.

FRANCIS

You might be curious as to how modern medicine has managed to bring this majesty before you. It's really very simple. Just a minor rearranging of the facilities. You just...

TERRY

I am not interested in that. I already have a good idea of what has happened. At the university, I took a mandatory general education course featuring transgender folk.

FRANCIS

Good, good. You're up on all the facts. Recycling is jolly jack splendid.

Terry stands up abruptly.

TERRY

I am out of this place, some bloody date this turned out to be, happy fucking birthday.

Terry leaves the table.

TERRY

Damned eHarmony spokesman! He should date Cleo...

Francine approaches table.

FRANCINE

Hello, My name is Francine. Oh, you must be my date I have been waiting for! Mikel...Right?

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)

That's right! The names Mikel, Mikel Musurgsky. I've been waitin' for ya. I bought you a pitcher of your favourite beer.

FRANCINE

Oh, how I do love to chug American Piss brand alcoholic beverage.

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)

Midwest Piss makes the best drink I personally have ever drank.

FRANCINE

Yes, yes...and the weather outside is good too.

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)

So...I could help but notice your hard nipples through your shirt.

FRANCINE

Whaaaa!?!?

Terry approaches table.

TERRY

Hey! What in the fucking hell is going on here?!?

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)
 You watch your gawddamned mouth in
 front of the fuckin' lady!

TERRY
 Your the fuckin' lady!...or the
 somethin...

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)
 What is your name anyways?

TERRY
 Terry...and think I know what is goin'
 on here! this is classic identity
 theft. You have stolen my existence
 and robbed me of my soulmate! who I
 have been paying \$29.95 a month to
 instant message and seldomly cyber.

FRANCINE
 This is bullshit, none of this makes
 any sense at all! If your name is
 Terry, why the hell would I be looking
 for a Mikel?!?

TERRY
 Mikel is my online chat name. I use
 that name when I wanna get down and
 party.

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)
 I think you just wanna be me...and I
 can't say I blame you.

FRANCINE
 I smell shit! I smell shit!!

TERRY
 Well it must be Mikel!

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)
 Are you talking about me or yourself?

TERRY
 You!!!

FRANCINE
 OhMyGawd it's me! I just shat my
 fucking pants!

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)

Dude, it's outta control! It's running down your leg!

TERRY

Get the fire hose!

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)

Your not supposed to whip out your cock until at least 150 minutes into your date, somewhere between after dinner and before dessert.

FRANCINE

Its runnin down into my boots! The poo is shishhin!

TERRY

Dear Lord!

Waiter approaches table carrying a tray with a "Lorde" brand cola bottle on it.

WAITER

Did somebody order a "Lorde"?

FRANCIS (AKA MIKEL MUSURGSKY)

And I'm a Mormon!

TERRY

A Mormon!? Francine is the real victim here! You have absolutely lambasted and crushed her fragile demeanour (shaking) and I could have loved her! Ahhhhhhhh!!!

Terry lunges at Francis, in an effort to kill him. Then, for no apparent reason, Francine's head explodes.

NARRATOR

Francine's head explodes in a fury of fire and smoke, sparks captivate the wide and frozen eyes. Francine was an android prototype constructed by the eHarmony corporation. A glitch was revealed in the circuits by unrelenting social malfunction. All accounts of this phenomenon have been stricken from the records.

END