

Rod - Weston
Oliver - Hagen
Bartender -

INT. BAR

Modern day

Oliver (25) sits at a bar alone and looking mighty depressed. He is still in his business clothes and drearily scrolls through his phone

A cowboy-esque figure, Rod (40), struts up to the bar and looks over at Oliver

Rod
You like you're scheduling time to masturbate on your google calendar

Oliver
Me?

Rod
Not even a laugh... it's worse than I thought

Oliver
What the hells that supposed to mean?

Rod
What does it matter what it means, stop fucking figuring out what everything means. Here let me buy you a drink

The bartender is making a drink in front of them, without waiting to be acknowledged Rod orders

Rod
Two scotch and sodas

The bartender nods acknowledgement

Rod

Why are you letting life cuck you

Oliver

I am not

Rod

It's not that you don't look happy, it's that you also don't look sad. Truly, your eyes are empty

Oliver

Is my posture really that bad?

Rod lets out a boisterous laugh

Rod

When's the last time you got pissed at someone and told them to fuck off?

Oliver

Never, I don't tell people to fuck off

Rod

Never?! Obviously you've never hit anyone but Christ alive I've never seen such alarming levels of pathetic

Oliver

Honestly, I get along with everyone I meet, It's not that hard... if you're not an ass

Rod

That was it you spineless piece of shit, I all but gift wrapped the opportunity

Oliver

What?

Rod

To say fuck off

Oliver
To who

Rod
ME! God damn it. Pissing me off!

Oliver
You know what yeah, fuck off. I was enjoying myself before you barged in here and started projecting whatever the hell your dealing with onto me. I doubt you've even told anyone to fuck off

Rod
Let me break this down point by point. First off, you were clearly not enjoying anything when I showed up. Second, all I've done since I got here is speak my mind. If you want to hide behind pseudo psychology to avoid addressing your dreadful existence I suggest you look up repression. Third, break out your journal, I know you journal, and take some notes...

The bartender brings over two drinks and begins to tidy the area in front of the two men. Rod wrangles both tiny straws between his two lips and with force sucks back the entirety of his drink until it gargles empty.

Rod
This is weak as shit

The bartender looks up

Bartender
Its a standard poor, if you ask nicely you can order another

Rod
I'm not paying for shit. Top me off

Bartender
I said nicely

Rod takes a large swig of Oliver's drink

Rod

Fuck off

Rod springs out of his seat, he turns his cowboy hat backwards (as if it makes a difference) and hops on an invisible motorcycle, mermaid man and barnacle boy style. Rod ventriloquizes a motorcycle, it's super loud, he revs the engine and then zooms off stage leaving Oliver to sit with his thoughts.

(could we have a swivel chair with a rope tied to it so that Rod can be pulled off stage as if he's riding a motorcycle)?