

UnBeerable

(A Short Red-Neck Bar Farce)

By Christine Williamson

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Synopsis

The playwright warns the audience before subjecting them to the stupidity that ensues as 4 rednecks argue about their alcoholic beverages after work.

Characters

GOPHER A curious Redneck

BUBBA/DISCLAIMER A Redneck with a Southern flair

CHUCK A beer-loving Redneck

CHIGGER A proudly-stubborn Redneck

(It is possible, but not necessary, for each character to be regionally distinctive in their Redneck-ness.)

Setting: A counter bar in a pub/tavern/bar.

Time: Evening, a couple hours after work ends.

Approximate Running Time: 5 minutes

(Curtain rises/lights up revealing a bar and bar counter. CHIGGER, GOPHER, CHUCK, and BUBBA are seated, frozen, in shadows on barstools, each with an opaque tankard/glass on the counter before him/her, arrayed in the mentioned order. If BUBBA is giving the DISCLAIMER, he/she is revealed standing downstage, holding his/her tankard/glass. His/Her bar stool is brightly illuminated, but vacant.)

(DISCLAIMER may be pre-recorded. It may feature the director's voice, a member of the production venue's staff, or the playwright, (if available). However, if given by an actor instead, DISCLAIMER must be done by BUBBA.)

DISCLAIMER

WARNING! This play is dumb. The characters are dumb. The dialogue is dumb. The premise is dumb. Pretty much, the only thing it has going for it is its comedic timing, and if the actors botch that... Well... That's the reason for this disclaimer. The playwright, the actors, the director, and all entities associated with this production, wish to remind you, the audience, that by entering these premises and watching this play, you agree to release everyone involved from any and all liability for any and all rampant destruction, mental distress, damages, and or dismay caused by the loss of IQ points resulting from witnessing this show. And now... That said. Enjoy... ...Or not.

(If DISCLAIMER is performed live by BUBBA, BUBBA takes a restrained, yet fortifying, sip from his/her tankard/glass before going to the bar. BUBBA places tankard/glass on counter and sits on bar stool. BUBBA freezes as his/her light drops to match the shadows obscuring CHIGGER, GOPHER, and CHUCK.)

(Beat.)

(Lights up on the bar. GOPHER, CHUCK, CHIGGER, and BUBBA take their tankards/glasses and peer into them. They begin.)

GOPHER

Heh, heh. I got beer. What you got?

CHUCK

I got beer, too.

(Chugs beer.)

GOPHER

Heh. What'choo got?

CHIGGER

I gotta pint.

GOPHER

Pint 'o what?

BUBBA
I got cider.

GOPHER
Pint 'o what?

BUBBA
I said, I got cider.

GOPHER
Hey, pint 'o what? Don't 'old out.

CHIGGER
Right. Pint 'o—

BUBBA
(Drowning out CHIGGER)
CIDER! I got cider!

GOPHER
I don't care 'bout your Damn cider!

BUBBA
Well, I do!

CHIGGER
—that's what I got.

GOPHER
Now look! Ya made me miss it! What you got, 'gain?

CHIGGER
I already tell'd you.

CHUCK
I got beer.
(Chugs beer.)

GOPHER
I know you got beer. You tell'd me.

CHIGGER
An' so did I.

GOPHER
Not you!

CHIGGER
Did so!

GOPHER
But I didn't hear it!

CHIGGER
Not my fault, that.

BUBBA
That was mine! My fault. Right-e-o, indeedy-do. Right here.

GOPHER
(Glares.)

BUBBA
I got cider. Want a sip?

GOPHER
I don't want your Damn cider! I got beer.

CHUCK
I got beer.
(Chugs beer.)

BUBBA
(Watching CHUCK chug.)
Not for long...

CHIGGER
An' I gotta pint.

GOPHER
Pint o' what?!

BUBBA
Pint o' cider!

GOPHER
Not you!!

BUBBA
But the cider—

GOPHER
Shut up about your cider!

CHIGGER

Dang, Gopher. What'choo getting' so worked up for? I've a mind to chug an' run.

GOPHER

I just wanna know what'choo got in your pint!

CHIGGER

Well, I tell'd you what I got in my pint. You didn' listen.

GOPHER

I did! But Mister Cider distracted me!

BUBBA

My name's Bubba. Ain't no Mr. Cider here. An' besides—

GOPHER

And again! Anytime I start havin' meanin'ful conversation you interrupt!

CHUCK

I got beer.

(Chugs beer.)

GOPHER

That's nice, Chuck.

BUBBA

He's lyin', you know.

GOPHER

No, he ain't.

BUBBA

He is, he is.

GOPHER

He's got beer. Just like he always got.

CHIGGER

Bubba's right.

BUBBA

Whoo hoo! I'm right! Right here! I'm right! Yeah!

GOPHER

Like Hell you are!

BUBBA

I am! Chuck's got nothin'!

GOPHER

He got beer!

CHIGGER

He's got nothin'.

CHUCK

(Attempts to chug, then up ends tankard/glass morosely. It is empty.)

My beer's gone.

BUBBA

That's what'choo get for drinkin' it so fast. Now cider. Cider's a fancy drink. Cider you sip, like a gentleman.

GOPHER

Ain't no drink gonna make a gentleman outta you. You is a Bubba

BUBBA

An' you's a Gopher. But I can pretend.

(Sips cider flamboyantly.)

CHIGGER

(Laugh and chugs noisily.)

CHUCK

(Seeing CHIGGER and BUBBA drink, upends glass/tankard morosely and sets it down. Reaches past it, over the top of the counter, and pulls out a new glass/tankard from behind the bar. It's full.)

I got beer!

(Chugs happily.)

BUBBA

Woo! Resourceful!

GOPHER

This is stupid. Stupid! That's what this is.

(Chugs beer.)

BUBBA

You don' mean that.

GOPHER

I do! I do!

BUBBA

You's only sayin' that cause you're jealous.

GOPHER

Jealous?!

BUBBA

(Proudly.)

Jealous.

GOPHER

Jealous of what?!

CHIGGER

He's askin' for it now.

(Chugs noisily.)

CHUCK

I got beer!

(Chugs beers.)

BUBBA

Jealous o' my gentleman's drink.

(Sips flamboyantly.)

Jealous o' Cider!

GOPHER

Like Hell! I ain't jealous o' no Cider!

BUBBA

You is!

GOPHER

Like Hell!!

CHIGGER

(Laughs)

I'm thinkin' you are. You're yellin' too much not to be!

GOPHER

Shut up! This is your fault!

CHIGGER

My fault?

GOPHER
Your fault!

CHIGGER
An' how you reckon that?

BUBBA
It's the pint.
(Giggles.)

GOPHER
It's 'cause you won't tell!

CHIGGER
Tell what?

GOPHER
What'choo got!

CHIGGER
I tell'd you what I got!

CHUCK
I got beer!
(Chugs beer.)

GOPHER
Shut up, Chuck!

CHIGGER
I tell'd you. I got a pint o'—

BUBBA
(Drowns out CHIGGER again.)
CIDER! I got cider! Whooh! Yeah!

GOPHER
(Glares at BUBBA)

BUBBA
CIDER! CIDER!!

CHIGGER
Not my fault, that.

GOPHER

Dammit! Dammit all to Hell! I'm done. Done!

(Stands up.)

I'm takin' matters to my hands. My hands! These two hands right here!

CHIGGER

What'choo doin'?

GOPHER

My hands, I say. Gimme that!

(Tries to take CHIGGER's pint.)

CHIGGER

(Stops him.)

No! That's mine!

GOPHER

Gimme the Damn pint!

BUBBA

WHOOOO! Fight! Fight!

(CHIGGER and GOPHER struggle briefly over the pint. GOPHER wins, then strikes a triumphant pose, fully open to the audience, holding the pint way up high.)

GOPHER

(Yells triumphant and ecstatically.)

What's in the Pint!!!!

(Lowers pint and makes as if to drink.)

CHIGGER

(Lunges for GOPHER, but is too late to stop him.)

GOPHER

(Chugs noisily from the pint. Then chokes and coughs, sputtering and spitting in shock.)

BUBBA

(Leaps up, gleefully triumphant.)

CIDER!!!!!!!

(Lights start fading to black. GOPHER turns to BUBBA and tackles him, knocking CHUCK over as everything vanishes. The sound of brawling chaos ensues for a few moments, followed by several beat of silence. Then...)

I got beer!

CHUCK'S VOICE

Finis