BEER GIRL

by WALTER WYKES

CHARACTERS

BOB
FLO
BEER GIRL

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BEER GIRL

[A hotel room. BOB sits on the bed. BEER GIRL, constructed entirely of beer cans, sits next to him. She does not move. After a moment, BOB takes her hand.]

BOB

I love you.

[Pause.]

I hope that’s not weird.

[Pause.]

I mean, I hope it doesn’t make you uncomfortable.

[Pause.]

I know I just made you and everything, and it’s only been a few days, but I can’t help it. I love you. I’ve loved you from the moment you started to take form. From that very first beer can, I knew we had something special. You're not like the others. You’re different. You're like my other half. I can't live without you. You … complete me.

[Pause.]

You don’t have to say anything.

[Pause.]

I mean, it’s okay if you don’t feel the same way. That’s understandable. I’m a complete loser, and you’re … you’re perfect in every way. You're like some kind of angel. Some mythological creature of beauty and light and goodness. I'm overwhelmed by your goodness. I've never had anything like this before. Something real. Before, it was always just how fast can I get them in the sack, you know, there was no real connection, no love, but with you …

[Pause.]

I don’t want to move too fast. I don't want to blow this. But … if I tried to kiss you …

[There is a knock at the door.]

Oh god.

[He looks through the peephole.]

Shit! Flo!

[Another knock—louder.]

Shit shit shit!

[He covers BEER GIRL with a blanket.]

Don’t say anything!

FLO

[From outside.]

Open up, Bob! I know you’re in there!

BOB

Go away!
FLO
We have to talk!

BOB
No! No more talking! I hate talking!

FLO
Just open the door!

BOB
No!

FLO
Why not? Is someone else in there? Do you have some whore in there with you?!

BOB
No!

FLO
Oh my god! You do! I’m gonna kick your alcoholic ass, Bob! You hear me?! Open this door! Right now!

[BOB opens the door.]

BOB
There’s no one here, Flo. Keep it down.

[FLO pushes her way into the room.]

FLO
Where is she? The little tramp! Ah-hah!

[FLO rips the blanket off of BEER GIRL.]

Oh. My. God.

[Pause.]

BOB
This is kind of awkward.

FLO
What the hell is she?

BOB
Beer Girl. I made her.

FLO
You made her?
Yeah.

Why?

Why?

Yes—why? Why did you make her?

Why did Michelangelo make David? Why did da Vinci make the Mona Lisa?

Yours is made of beer cans.

I know. She’s perfect.

This is so pathetic! You couldn’t have me, so you made yourself a fake girl!

What? No! This has nothing to do with you!

Oh, c’mon. It’s so obvious.

I could have you any time I want!

In your dreams!

Why else are you here, if not to lure me back?!

This is ridiculous, Bob.

She’s not ridiculous!
FLO
Come home. You can sober up. I'll make pancakes.

BOB
I can’t go home.

FLO
Why not?

BOB
It's not home. I don’t love you.

FLO
You love her?

BOB
Yeah. That’s right.

FLO
You’re in love with this little beer-sculpture?

BOB
She’s more than that. We’re soulmates.

FLO
Soulmates?

BOB
Uh-huh.

FLO
Listen to yourself, Bob.

BOB
I know. It sounds a little crazy. But I’ve been praying.

FLO
Praying?

BOB
I get down on my knees and everything.

FLO
You don’t pray.
I started. This morning.

You don’t believe in God.

Beer Girl has opened my eyes to the magic of the universe.

Okay, what have you been smoking?

Nothing. I haven’t been smoking anything.

All right, look, I’ll make a deal with you—okay? Prove to me that you’re serious about this thing with Beer Girl, and I’ll leave you alone. The two of you can get back to your little honeymoon or whatever this is. I’ll disappear.

Poof? Like the wicked witch?

Like the wicked witch.

Deal. How can I prove it.

Do her.

Huh?

You always said sex was an important part of any relationship. I mean, you made me do it every friggin’ night.

Sure.

If she’s your soulmate, you’ll have to do her sometime. Right? I mean, that’s what soulmates do.
BOB

So … you … you want me to …

FLO

Do her. Have sex with the giant aluminum cupie doll.

[Pause.]

BOB

Right now?

FLO

Uh-huh.

[Pause.]

BOB

I don't think she'll go for that. Not in front of you.

FLO

Why not? Is she shy?

BOB

I want the first time to be special.

FLO

Oh, c’mon, Bob, don’t get all sentimental. Our first time was in the back of my dad's pickup truck ‘cause you were too cheap to pay for a hotel.

BOB

That was different.

FLO

Why?

BOB

You’re not my soulmate. We were both drunk.

FLO

Beer Girl doesn’t drink?

BOB

No. She isn’t that kind of girl.

FLO

Are you gonna give it up too? You know what they say about drinking alone.
I’d do anything for Beer Girl.

Even that?

Even that.

Wow.

[Pause.]

Wow. I guess I’ll have to let you go then. I mean, I’d only be holding you back. Right? If you’re going to sober up and get a job …

Whoa! Who said anything about a job?

Don’t you think she’ll want to stay home with the children.

Children?

You are going to have children—aren’t you? With your soulmate?

I … I don’t know. We never talked about it.

Maybe you should ask her.

[To BEER GIRL.]

Do you want children?

[Pause.]

She isn’t answering, is she?

No.

I didn’t think so. Just wanted to make sure.
BOB

[To BEER GIRL.]
Do you?
[No response.]
Do you want kids?
[No response.]

FLO

Does she answer often?

BOB

No, not yet, but I prayed about this. About this specifically. Maybe … maybe if I kiss her.

FLO

Oh, right, like maybe if you kiss her she’ll just—
[BOB kisses BEER GIRL. She immediately springs to life.]

FLO

Oh my god!

BOB

It worked!

FLO

What the fuck?!

BOB

My love brought her to life! It's a miracle!

FLO

This is impossible!
[BOB hugs BEER GIRL.]

BOB

Do you? Do you want children?
[BEER GIRL nods.]
Me too! I’m so happy!

FLO

Back off, you aluminum bitch! He’s mine!

BOB

Stay back, Flo!
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FLO
It’s not fair! How can you love some liquid freak like her, but not me!

BOB
She doesn’t nag.

FLO
If you acted like an adult every once in a while, I wouldn’t have to nag!

BOB
She likes baseball.

FLO
She does not! She’s lying!

BOB
Do you like baseball?

[BEER GIRL nods.]

BEER GIRL
I like it for him.

FLO
Why, you little—

[FL O lunges at BEER GIRL, but BOB stops her.]

BOB
I said stay back!

BEER GIRL
Please, don’t fight.

FLO
I’m gonna kill her!

BEER GIRL
I want you to be happy.

BOB
See! Did you hear that?! You’re trying to kill her, and she wants you to be happy!
Don’t you feel a little petty?!

BEER GIRL
Both of you. I want both of you to be happy. Together.
Together?

What?

You and Flo.

Me and him?

But … what about us? You and me?

Oh, Bob.

What?

It can never be.

Why not? Don’t you love me?

I do. More than anything.

[Taking her hand.]

Then … why can’t we be together?

When you made me, Bob … you forgot one thing.

Did I?

One important feature. Something essential for … physical union.

Physical union? I don't understand.
Sex, Bob.

[Pause. BOB considers this.]

Oh! Oh my god! No!

[He cries to the heavens.]

Noooooooooooooooo!!!

You didn’t make her anatomically correct?

How could I be so stupid!

There’s still a way. For us to be together. But it will require a sacrifice.

Anything! I’ll do anything!

Take my life.

What? No!

Drink me.

Drink you?

Drink me, Bob.

I … I can’t.

I want to be one with you. It’s the only way.

Go ahead. Drink her, Bob. It’s what she wants.

[BEER GIRL removes a beer from her chest and hands it to Bob.]
BEER GIRL  

Take it.  [He does.]

Pop my tab.

Will it hurt?

No. It won’t hurt at all.  [He stares deep into her eyes.]

I love you, Beer Girl.  [BOB pops her tab and drinks.]

I love you, too.

Can I have one?

Sure.  [FLO picks a beer.]

You know, this really is a beautiful gesture. Maybe we should give it one more try, Bob. I mean, maybe I could be more like her.

Like Beer Girl?

Yeah. Why not?

[Toasting.]

To Beer Girl.

[Toasting.]

To Beer Girl!

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