

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 ... would that be—

[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. BOB

Why? FLO

Why? BOB

Yes—why? Why did you make her? FLO

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

Yours is made of beer cans. FLO

I know. She's perfect. BOB

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

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

Oh, c'mon. It's so obvious. FLO

I could have you any time I want! BOB

In your dreams! FLO

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

This is ridiculous, Bob. FLO

She's not ridiculous! BOB

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.

BOB

I started. This morning.

FLO

You don't believe in God.

BOB

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

FLO

Okay, what have you been smoking?

BOB

Nothing. I haven't been smoking anything.

FLO

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.

BOB

Poof? Like the wicked witch?

FLO

Like the wicked witch.

BOB

Deal. How can I prove it.

FLO

Do her.

BOB

Huh?

FLO

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

BOB

Sure.

FLO

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.

BOB

Even that?

FLO

Even that.

BOB

Wow.

FLO

[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?

BOB

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

FLO

Children?

BOB

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

FLO

I ... I don't know. We never talked about it.

BOB

Maybe you should ask her.

FLO

Do you want children?

BOB

[To BEER GIRL.]

[Pause.]

She isn't answering, is she?

FLO

No.

BOB

I didn't think so. Just wanted to make sure.

FLO

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!

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—

[FLO 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? BOB

What? FLO

You and Flo. BEER GIRL

Me and him? FLO

But ... what about us? You and me? BOB

Oh, Bob. BEER GIRL

What? BOB

It can never be. BEER GIRL

Why not? Don't you love me? BOB

I do. More than anything. BEER GIRL

Then ... why can't we be together? BOB

[Taking her hand.]

When you made me, Bob ... you forgot one thing. BEER GIRL

Did I? BOB

One important feature. Something essential for ... physical union. BEER GIRL

Physical union? I don't understand. BOB

FLO
Sex, Bob.

BOB
Oh.

[Pause. BOB considers this.]
Oh! Oh my god! No!
[He cries to the heavens.]
Noooooooooooooooooooo!!!

FLO
You didn't make her anatomically correct?

BOB
How could I be so stupid!

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

BOB
Anything! I'll do anything!

BEER GIRL
Take my life.

BOB
What? No!

BEER GIRL
Drink me.

BOB
Drink you?

BEER GIRL
Drink me, Bob.

BOB
I ... I can't.

BEER GIRL
I want to be one with you. It's the only way.

FLO
Go ahead. Drink her, Bob. It's what she wants.
[BEER GIRL removes a beer from her chest and hands it to Bob.]

