

MARGARITA ON THE ROCKS

by  
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## **Margarita on the Rocks - No Salt**

### **Characters:**

Frank - Late 40s.

Carmen - Early 20s. Latin heritage.

Setting: A dive bar.

*Carmen sits at a table with a drink.  
Frank approaches.*

FRANK

Carmen, I saw you were low so I brought you another margarita.

CARMEN

I'm not going to sleep with you, Frank.

FRANK

It's not about that, Clarence gave Pete and Shelly the night off because they wanted to spend Christmas Eve with their families. I'm the guest bartender.

CARMEN

So, instead of sitting at the bar and drinking, Clarence is letting you stand behind the bar and drink.

FRANK

Pretty much. I do like mixing cocktails though. Making something with my hands, and then passing it to the hands of a customer, and watching them drink and enjoy it. It's the closest thing to touching a person without actually making contact with their skin.

CARMEN

Why don't you just touch a real person?

FRANK

Is that an invitation?

CARMEN

Nope.

FRANK

You want to play pool?

CARMEN

So you can look at my ass when I bend over the table to hit the ball.

FRANK

I am a gentleman.

CARMEN

Is that why you always sit on the stool closest to the pool table?

FRANK

So, you've been checking me out.

CARMEN

I have to walk by you when I go to the bathroom.

FRANK

I made a list of three reasons why you should sleep with me. Do you want to hear them?

CARMEN

Not if they're dirty.

FRANK

Which is why I have this alternate list of three reasons why you should sleep with me.

CARMEN

Ok, go.

FRANK

Can I at sit down first?

CARMEN

You're bartending.

FRANK

I'm on a break.

CARMEN

When did you start working?

*Frank sits.*

FRANK

Fifteen minutes ago. Okay, here we go. Three reasons why you should have sleep with me. One: I'll make you laugh. Two: I'll wear a t-shirt. Three: I'll make you breakfast in the morning.

CARMEN

Ok. I have three reasons why I **don't** want to sleep with you.

FRANK

Shoot.

CARMEN

One: When we have sex, you'll make me laugh.

FRANK

I didn't mean it like that.

CARMEN

Two: You have to wear a t-shirt when you're naked. Three: You'll snore so loudly that I won't be able to sleep and I'll have to sneak out and go home.

FRANK

You don't know that I snore.

CARMEN

Really?

FRANK

Ok, I snore, but only when I lay on my back.

CARMEN

I rest my case.

*Carmen drinks her margarita.*

*Beat.*

*Without tipping off Carmen, Frank secretly pulls out a pitch pipe and tries to blow a low "C."*

CARMEN

What are you doing?

FRANK

I was going to sing a Christmas carol.

CARMEN

You're not singing to me.

FRANK

It's Christmas Eve.

CARMEN

I will leave if you start singing.

FRANK

Or you'll fall madly in love with me. A way to woman's heart is through song.

CARMEN

You'd have to be an opera star. An opera star with amazing abs.

FRANK

Yeah, those two things don't co-exist.

*Carmen shrugs and takes a drink.*

FRANK

You're not hanging out with family tonight?

CARMEN

I'm headed out to a cousin's in the suburbs.

FRANK

I didn't know the people from Chile lived in the suburbs.

CARMEN

Really?

FRANK

No, I realized that was stupid as soon as I said it. Parents?

CARMEN

They passed away. You?

FRANK

Same. My brother and his family are spending Christmas in Europe. I'm catching a movie or two tomorrow.

CARMEN

With who?

FRANK

This, uh, guy in my building.

CARMEN

At least we both have long vacations, because we work at schools.

FRANK

Yep.

CARMEN

You like being a custodian?

FRANK

It's a good job. This sounds weird, but the only drawback is that I don't really touch people much at work. I'll go weeks without even a handshake. You're lucky. You teach second graders. You get to touch them all the time.

CARMEN

Gross.

FRANK

That's not what I meant.

CARMEN  
I'm just giving you shit.

FRANK  
You're pretty.

CARMEN  
I'm in my twenties.

FRANK  
Good point. When you're in your forties everyone in their twenties is pretty. It's still true though.

CARMEN  
Thanks.

*Carmen drinks.*

*Frank secretly brings out a pitch pipe again, which he tries to hide. He plays a "C."*

CARMEN  
Frank.

FRANK  
Ok.

*Frank puts away the pitch pipe.*

CARMEN  
You should try online dating or something. You know there's someone for everyone.

FRANK  
Nobody really believes that. You don't have anyone.

CARMEN  
I meet guys all the time.

FRANK  
No, you leave here with guys all the time. They never come back.

CARMEN  
Are you slut shaming me, Frank?

FRANK  
No! I'm a big fan of sluts. Go Sluts!

CARMEN  
They're has to got to be some old sluts out there for you.

FRANK

Maybe. It's not the sex that I miss. I mean I love sex, and I do still have it. Sometimes. And I'm *really* good at it. It's waking up in the middle of the night, and pulling someone close and they just fit right. That doesn't always happen. It's the one or two women that fit right that I miss the most. Does that make sense?

CARMEN

Not really. At this point in my life, I'm happier without someone up in my business.

FRANK

And here you are. Drinking alone at a bar on Christmas Eve.

CARMEN

I'm sitting here with you.

FRANK

I'm just on break.

*Carmen takes a long drink.*

*Beat.*

*She reaches over and grabs Frank's hand. Relaxed at first. Then they re-adjust and their hands clasp together firm. They don't look at each other. They look out. Connected. Alone. It's Christmas Eve.*

*We think they're going to just sit there in silence. Then--*

FRANK

(Singing)

Silent Ni--

CARMEN

Frank!

FRANK

Sorry.

CARMEN

Merry Christmas, Frank.

FRANK

Merry Christmas.

Slow fade.

END OF PLAY