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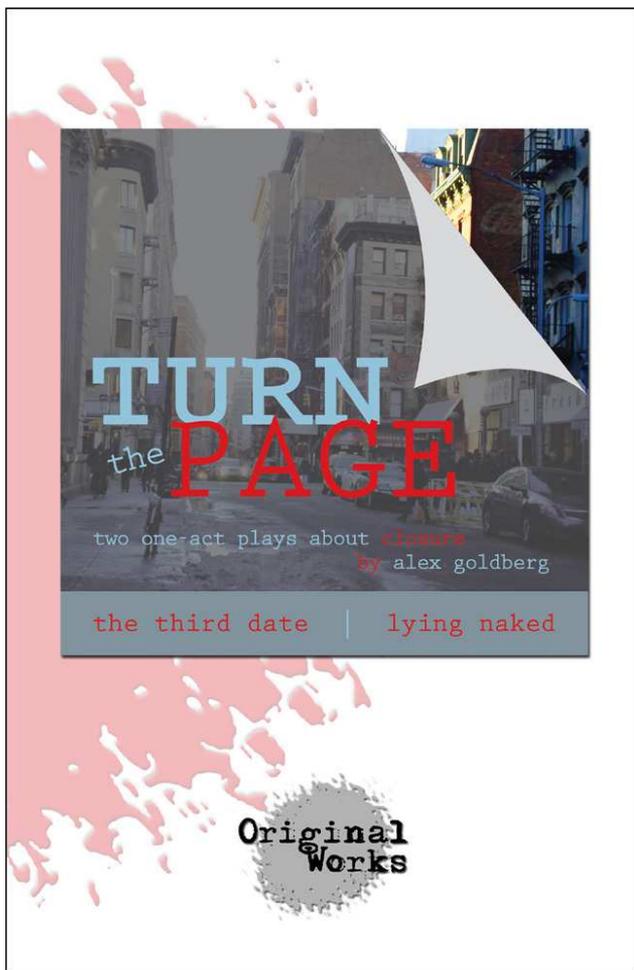
It Is Done

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*Also Available By
Alex Goldberg*



IT IS DONE

by Alex Goldberg

Characters:

HANK, 40s, grizzled, loner, bartender

JONAS, 30s, white collar, strung out, on the run

RUBY, 20s-30s, dark, mysterious, sexy, tough

Setting:

A rural bar in the middle of nowhere

IT IS DONE was first produced by 22Q Entertainment and Go AlleyCat Productions at The Mean Fiddler, New York, New York. The world premiere performance was on November 7, 2011 with the following cast and crew:

Hank
Jonas
Ruby

Matt Kalman
Ean Sheehy
Catia Ojeda

Director
Producers

Tom Wojtunik
Robert Levinstein,
Alan Wager

Associate Producer
Production Stage Manager

Joe Coots
Amanda-Mae
Goodrich

Set/Prop Coordinator
Lighting Designer

Tim McMath
Christopher
Thielking

Sound Designer
Assistant Stage Manager
Press Representative

Colin Whitely
Lisa Haedrich
Joe Trentacosta -
Springer Associates

IT IS DONE was first produced in Los Angeles by 22Q Entertainment and Go AlleyCat Productions at The Pig 'n Whistle, Hollywood, California, on May 13, 2012 with the following cast and crew:

Hank
Jonas
Ruby

Michael McCartney
Andre Tenerelli
Catia Ojeda

Director
Producers

Michael Michetti
Alex Goldberg,
Robert Levinstein,
Alan Wager
Rosie O'Shea
Terry Hanrahan
KC Wilkerson
Julie Ferrin
Sam Levey
David Elzer -
Demand PR

Production Stage Manager
Production Designer
Lighting Designer
Sound Designer
Assistant Stage Manager
Press Representative

IT IS DONE

(In darkness, the wind howls.

Lights up on a rustic bar, functioning but dilapidated. The door to the outside world is upstage center. Above the door and on the upstage wall are a variety of neon beer signs, mounted moose and deer heads, license plates from various states, and any other wall hanging to indicate that this is a rural bar, anywhere in the country.

Stage right are a few booths with ripped upholstery, sometimes patched with duct tape, sometimes not, with stuffing overflowing. Between the booths and the door sits a juke box. Center stage are a few tables and mismatched chairs.

Stage left is the bar, angled from center stage to downstage left. A few bar stools stand in front of the bar while bottles line the wall behind the bar. Also behind the bar is a doorway to the stockroom.

Otherwise, the bar is empty. The end of "Take These Chains From My Heart" by Hank Williams plays. The song plays out, then silence.

An old school phone, connected to a cord leading behind the bar rings five times, then stops.

The door of the bar opens and the wind loudly whines. JONAS enters. He is in his thirties and dressed in layers to protect against the wind.

He slams the door shut, wipes the dust off his jacket and looks around.)

JONAS: Hello? Anyone here? You open?

(Jonas takes off his jacket and places it on a hook on the wall. He looks around, crosses to the bar, sits on a stool, and drums his fingers on the bar.)

JONAS: Hello?

(HANK the bartender enters. Grizzled and unkempt, he holds a porn mag in one hand, and his pants are unzipped. He notices Jonas. He places the porn mag on the bar, zips up and buttons his pants, and stares at Jonas.)

JONAS: You open?

HANK: Perpetually. What'll you have?

JONAS: Anything.

HANK: What?

JONAS: I don't care.

HANK: You don't care.

JONAS: It's like a tornado out there. This is the first sign of life I've seen in hours. My brain is frozen. I'll take anything.

HANK: You are the first customer I've had all day. The first live human being I've talked to. Now you want me to make a decision on what you are going to drink? My mind might snap. I could get an aneurysm or something. A dead bartender at a bar could be a very dangerous thing.

JONAS: Okay fine... um... Tequila Sunrise.

HANK: I'm out of tequila.

JONAS: Oh. Jack on the rocks.

HANK: No Jack.

JONAS: Really?

HANK: I'm just kidding.

JONAS: Oh. Ha. Tequila Sunrise, then.

HANK: I wasn't kidding about the tequila.

JONAS: Fine, fine. Jack on the rocks.

HANK: You got it.

(As Hank mixes the drink the phone rings. Hank sighs and picks it up.)

HANK: *(into phone)* Bar. Oh, hey Pam. What? I...
Pam... Pam... Pam... will you shut up? Pam...
Pam... aw, hell.

(Hank puts down the receiver. Pam is faintly heard on the other end, garbled and unintelligible, but definitely shrill and angry. He finishes pouring the drink, then drinks it himself. He inhales deeply, and picks up the receiver.)

HANK: Shut up, Pam. Listen to me, Pam... Pam...
Pam... Pam! What day is it? I know it's Tuesday, but what day is it? The 27th? So it's not the end of the month yet, right? Well, don't bother me about it until then. Gotta go, Pam. I have a customer. Yeah, he's real. Say hello-

(Hank holds out the phone to Jonas. Jonas looks at it. Hank indicates he should talk.)

JONAS: *(into phone)* Hello.

(Hank takes the phone back.)

HANK: *(into phone)* See? So yeah, I'm busy. Gotta go, Pam. Gotta go, Pam. Gotta-

(Hank hangs up the phone.)

HANK: Oops! So, what can I get you? Jack on the rocks, right.

(Hank fixes the drink.)

HANK: So, not from around here?

JONAS: Why, I look like I'm from somewhere else?

HANK: It's a trick question. No one is from around here. This is the only place within 90 miles in either direction.

JONAS: So why is this place here?

HANK: Location, location, location. I mean, sure, I don't get a lot of business, but you're here now.

JONAS: Not for long, hopefully. No offense.

(Hank gives Jonas his drink.)

HANK: Stay as long as you want, buddy.

JONAS: When do you close?

HANK: Oh, we never close. You never know when someone needs a drink. Like you, for example. How screwed would you be if I was closed?

JONAS: But this isn't very cost effective.

HANK: So what? It's perfect. I get the radio when I get reception, I got a cot in the back, I got my short-distance relationship-

(He holds up the magazine.)

HANK: And all the booze I can drink. What more do I need?

(The phone rings again. Hank stares at it.)

HANK: Will you get that?

JONAS: What, the phone?

HANK: Yeah. Tell her I'm not here.

JONAS: I'm not going to lie for you.

HANK: C'mon, don't be a jerk.

(Jonas picks up the phone.)

JONAS: Hello? Who? Hank? Is he the bartender? Yeah, he's right here.

(Jonas smiles and holds out the phone.)

HANK: Asshole.

(He takes the phone.)

HANK: Hello? Oh, must have been disconnected. Yeah, it happens. Of course I'll have it for you by then. Or some of it... Pam... no, you shut up, Pam. Remember, we never even got married so legally I don't owe you a damn-

(Hank pulls the phone away from his ear as Pam screams insults at him.)

HANK: *(to Jonas)* I hope you burn in hell.

JONAS: It's not my fault you're in trouble with your lady.

(Hank mouths "fuck you" to Jonas, then listens to the phone again.)

HANK: Pam! C'mon, baby, when have I let you down? When it comes to money, I mean? Fine, I get it, it's "let's piss on Hank" time. I told you I'd get it to you in three days and I will, so leave me the hell alone. Thank you. What? No, I don't want to talk to her, I have to go now, I... hi, baby! How are you, princess? Oh, that's real good. Yes, I miss you too, princess. What? No, baby, not this weekend. Daddy has work. Well yes, daddy worked last weekend too. I know, princess, it's been a while. Look, it's been great talking to you, but daddy has a customer. Okay, bye... What? No, I don't have time to talk to your brother. No, I can't talk to your sister right now, either. Look, I gotta go, I... no, I don't want to talk to... do not put your mother on the phone. Do not put your mother on the phone. Do not-

(Hank quickly hangs up the phone.)

HANK: Next time they call, is it too much trouble to pick up the phone and lie for me? I'd do it for you.

JONAS: Really? You don't even know me and you'd lie for me?

HANK: That's what friends do! Lie for each other!

JONAS: Look Hank, I've been on the road for a while and I'd just like to have my drink alone. Pretend I'm not here. Do whatever you were doing.

HANK: Yes sir.

(Jonas drinks. Hank picks up the magazine, undoes his pants, and resumes masturbating behind the bar.)

HANK: *(to the magazine)* Where were we, my love? You are so foxy, girl. Show me your bush.

(Hank turns the page.)

HANK: *(to the magazine)* Ah, there it is. Mmm.

(Jonas turns around.)

JONAS: Ah! What are you doing?

(Hank stops.)

HANK: Give you one guess.

JONAS: Are you masturbating?

HANK: I was before you got in here, then you told me to do what I was doing.

JONAS: Okay fine, don't do that.

HANK: Yes sir.

(He zips up again.)

JONAS: And enough with the sir, okay? Sorry if I was rude, I just don't feel like talking. The wheels have been turning for so long, I just want quiet for a while. Let me warm up.

HANK: You got it. If you need anything, I'll be over here, reading this magazine, and not jerking it.

JONAS: Thank you.

(The phone rings again. Hank sighs and rips the cord out of the wall. The phone stops ringing. Hank triumphantly smiles at Jonas.)

JONAS: So it's really just you here? All the time?

HANK: Not all the time. Mostly. At the end of the summer there is an apple harvest near here, so we get a bunch of migrant workers. Tons of people drinking, fighting, hanging out. But that's just September. Since then... shoot, I don't know. Haven't had more than one person in here a week since then.

JONAS: Really.

HANK: Really.

JONAS: It's so desolate. Aren't you worried about some crazy person coming in here and attacking you?

HANK: This is America. Crazy is our second language.

(Hank reaches under the bar and pulls up a pistol.)

HANK: I've never used it on the job, but today could be your lucky day!

JONAS: Don't worry, I'm a model citizen.

HANK: Sure you are. So are all the loners who come in here, looking for privacy.

JONAS: So why stay open?

HANK: It beats anything else, I guess. Who wants to wear a tie, or cut up meat at a supermarket? I like the thought of being open when nothing else is, for miles. A beacon, if you will. Plus, I get a lot of reading done.

JONAS: I see.

HANK: No, not just the porn. You can't live on a diet of porn. Maybe once in a while, like asparagus or veal. But all the time? That would make you crazy. No way. I usually read erotic novels.

JONAS: So I'm your customer of the night?

HANK: Yep. Of the week, looks like it.

JONAS: That's perfect. Well, for me, at least. Just a nice, quiet place to relax for a while. Privacy.

HANK: If I were a betting man I'd say you'd have my undivided attention.

(The door bursts open, and the wind howls. RUBY enters. She wears a coat over her face to shield the wind. She slams the door shut.)

HANK: But I'm not a betting man.

(Ruby removes the coat from her face.)

RUBY: Goddamnit. That's some wind.

HANK: Indeed. Can I get you anything?

RUBY: A mechanic.

HANK: Not tonight.

RUBY: Seriously?

HANK: Where do you think you are?

RUBY: I have no idea where I am. My car died about 100 yards up the road.

HANK: That's fortunate.

RUBY: Fortunate? How exactly is that fortunate? My car dies in the middle of Wizard of fucking Oz.

HANK: Fortunate because there is nothing around for a hundred miles in either direction.

RUBY: Well, lucky me.

(She opens her purse and the contents spill out on the bar. A wallet, makeup, lipstick, cell phone, etc.)

RUBY: Goddamnit!

(She puts things back, one by one, except her cell phone. She leaves her purse on the bar.)

HANK: Something to drink, miss?

RUBY: No.

(She pulls out a card from her wallet and enters the number into her phone. She puts the phone to her ear. She takes it away and looks at the display.)

RUBY: Are you kidding me?

HANK: What?

RUBY: I get no reception? What year is this?

JONAS: You can use mine, if you want.

(He takes his phone out and looks at it.)

JONAS: Or not.

(He puts it away.)

RUBY: *(to Hank)* Are you kidding me? No reception here?

HANK: Total dead zone. I only get three channels on my TV. Even the radio is spotty.

RUBY: Wow. What do you do for fun?

JONAS: Don't ask.

RUBY: May I borrow your phone?

(Hank indicates the pay phone.)

RUBY: Seriously? You don't have a phone?

HANK: I did. Until recently.

(Hank winks at Jonas.)

RUBY: Stupid backwoods hick joint.

HANK: I got a quarter.

RUBY: It's toll free. *(to Hank.)* Thanks for nothing, bar-keep.

HANK: I'd be pleased if you'd call me Hank.

RUBY: I bet you would.

(She crosses to the pay phone and picks it up.)

RUBY: Rotary? Seriously?

HANK: It's a classic.

RUBY: So's syphilis.

(She dials the number while looking at the card. She checks to make sure Jonas and Hank aren't looking, and discreetly hangs up the phone before she talks.)

RUBY: Yeah. Hello? Member #428635. My car broke down. What? I don't know where... barkeep, where in this godforsaken universe are we at this moment?

HANK: Route 32.

RUBY: Any other details?

HANK: Yeah. 98 miles west of the Interstate.

RUBY: That's all you're giving me?

HANK: As long as you call me barkeep, yeah.

RUBY: *(into phone)* Does Route 32, 98 miles west of the Interstate mean anything to you? What? How long? Fine. Hurry.

(She hangs up the phone.)

RUBY: The cavalry is on their way.

HANK: Charge. Drink?

RUBY: Why not? Bourbon. Best you got.

HANK: Rocks?

RUBY: Do I look like a rookie?

HANK: Understood.

(She looks around the bar. Hank pulls a bottle off the shelf, grabs a glass, and pours.)

RUBY: Classy place. Kill that deer yourself, or did Cletis and Cletis Junior trade it to you for a bottle of Pappy's applejack?

HANK: Neither. I just walked in here one day and there he was. He was actually alive at the time and we coexisted peacefully. Until he turned into a snarky bitch.

(He places the glass in front of her. She ignores it and crosses to the juke box.)

RUBY: I'm guessing the juke box is for show only.

HANK: No, it works.

(She crosses to it and looks.)

RUBY: This is a lot of Hank Williams.

HANK: *(proudly)* Yep!

RUBY: This is... this is all Hank Williams.

HANK: Not true. Some Hank Williams Jr.

RUBY: I stand corrected.

HANK: Yes you do. Your drink is getting lonely.

(She takes a sip. It's almost orgasmic.)

RUBY: Yeah. That is really wonderful. Yeah.

(She takes a gulp.)

RUBY: How much do I owe you?

HANK: Nothing.

RUBY: Come on.

HANK: Membership has its privileges.

RUBY: Membership in what?

HANK: You know.

RUBY: Do I?

HANK: The Pretty Girls' Club.

RUBY: (*indicates the magazine*) Is she in the club?

HANK: Miss, I'm offended. You are a beautiful, classy lady. She's just for jerking off.

RUBY: Well thanks, but I'm not one for clubs.

(*She pulls out her wallet and leaves a 20.*)

HANK: Want me to start a tab?

RUBY: If I last that long.

(*She turns her attention to Jonas.*)

RUBY: Hey you. Yes, you. Townie #2. So what's your story, Regular Bob?

JONAS: (*offended*) I'm not a regular.

RUBY: Tourist?

HANK: He doesn't like questions.

RUBY: And I don't like interruptions. So, Regular Bob, just passing through?

JONAS: I don't like questions.

RUBY: Ah. I see.

JONAS: Look, I'm sure you're a very nice person... when you are not stranded in the middle of nowhere. I'm just not interested in casual conversation.

RUBY: What about deep, meaningful conversation? Not a one-night stand type of conversation but a long, monogamous conversation. Multi-syllabic.

JONAS: Sure, you say that now, but get a little meaningful conversation out of me, then you'll turn back into one syllable grunts, and I'll feel abandoned. So no. Sorry.

RUBY: I'm not offended, Regular Bob. I'm just killing time. I want to hear your life story.

JONAS: So what's your life story?

RUBY: Oh, it's not very interesting.

JONAS: No? I bet I can guess.

HANK: Oh, I bet I can guess better.

JONAS: I don't think you can give a better guess.

HANK: I know I can. I'm a bartender.

JONAS: So?

HANK: Bartenders are known for their listening skills.

JONAS: You barely have any customers.

HANK: Except in September.

JONAS: Right. September. When this place is a petri dish of diversity.

HANK: Mock me all you like, but I can guess better than you.

JONAS: Wanna bet?

RUBY: Oh boys, don't fight over little old me.

HANK: Don't flatter yourself. I'd bet on a cockroach race.

JONAS: What's the bet?

HANK: Free drinks?

JONAS: How about a place to crash for the night?

HANK: Free drinks it is. And what happens if I win?

JONAS: I'll overtip you. A hundred bucks?

HANK: How about two hundred? I've got a little problem that needs settling.

JONAS: A hundred bucks it is.

RUBY: Wait a minute, you guys are betting as to who can more accurately guess my life story?

HANK: Yep.

RUBY: That's kinda disgusting.

HANK: Got a better way to pass the time until AAA shows up?

(Ruby thinks about this.)

RUBY: Fine.

HANK: Great! Ground rules?

JONAS: I'll guess, then you. Simple.

HANK: Yeah, but how much time to prep?

JONAS: I don't need any.

HANK: Bullshit.

JONAS: Fine. One minute?

HANK: I only need forty seconds.

(Hank exits to the office.)

RUBY: Wow, he takes this seriously.

JONAS: Yeah, I guess.

RUBY: He a friend of yours, Regular Bob?

JONAS: It's Jonas.

RUBY: Ah! The ice begins to melt.

JONAS: Maybe I'm tired of being Regular Bob.

RUBY: Okay... Jonas it is. Do you have a last name, Jonas?

JONAS: Yes.

RUBY: And it is...

JONAS: Jones.

RUBY: Jonas Jones?

JONAS: Smith. Williams. Johnson. It doesn't matter.

RUBY: I get it. Going for that whole incognito thing. Good for you. There are too many people in the world seeking fame any way they can get it. You, my mysterious friend, are a breath of fresh air.

(Hank reenters.)

HANK: Ready.

RUBY: That was quick. What'd you do in there, jerk one out?

HANK: Yes. Clarity. Now I can focus. You first.

JONAS: Okay. Ummm. Okay. You're from an upper-middle class family. Dad is white collar... mom is... mom also works. She's a bookkeeper. Something with numbers. You have older brothers, that's why you're quick witted and defensive. You went to a very good college, but not the one of your choice. You moved to the big city, took a job in sales, like... pharmaceutical? Yep, you work sales for Pfizer. You are not in a serious relationship. You've dated a string of guys, all very attractive, all treated you like crap. You're in the midst of a long trip to find yourself. Two week vacation from work. Driving the desolate country. That's it.

RUBY: Okay.

HANK: Man, you suck at this.

JONAS: You can do better?

HANK: Get ready to have your minds blown.

RUBY: Oh, I'm ready.

JONAS: Me too.

HANK: You are from the south. There's a hint of accent. Therefore your name is something trashy like Betty Lou or Nancy Jane or Ruby Sue. You lived on the poor side of the tracks. Daddy left home early. You worked the counter at McDonalds from when you were 15. No! Wendys. Two years of Community College. Your academic career was cut short by an unexpected pregnancy. Then abortion, but school wasn't in the cards for you anymore. Moved to the big city: Tallahassee... Jacksonville... Birmingham... Orlando! Worked for a theme park. Trained yourself out of your accent.

Almost. Had to get out of that job after you slept with your boss. Who was married. Hit the road, bounced from town to town. That's it.

JONAS: Nicely done.

HANK: Thanks. Well?

(Ruby looks at the two of them. She points at Jonas. Jonas smiles.)

HANK: Damn.

RUBY: Although to give you some credit, my name is Ruby.

HANK: That's gotta be worth something.

RUBY: I wish it was, barkeep.

JONAS: How about another round on the house?

HANK: I've been called many things in my life, but a welcher on a bet I am not.

(He pours more drinks.)

RUBY: *(to Jonas)* Well done.

JONAS: Thanks. But it was an easy victory.

RUBY: Oh, so I'm that predictable?

JONAS: I know a thing or two about human nature. Will you let me know what I got right?

RUBY: Maybe. Will you let your ice melt a little more?

JONAS: Maybe.

(Hank brings the drinks over.)

HANK: Here you go.

(Hank pulls up a chair and sits.)

RUBY: What do you think you're doing, barkeep?

HANK: It's Hank.

RUBY: It's barkeep to me. Isn't this a little close for comfort?

HANK: It's my place. All of it.

RUBY: Maybe I want a little one on one time with Jonas here.

HANK: He told you his name?

RUBY: Indeed.

HANK: *(to Jonas)* So you talk for the lady? Typical.

RUBY: Jealous?

HANK: Whatever.

RUBY: So...

HANK: Whatever.

(Hank crosses to the office doorway.)

HANK: Anyone needs another drink I'll be in the office.

RUBY: Rub another one out?

HANK: Maybe. Maybe I'll be thinking of you naked.

RUBY: Disgusting.

HANK: It certainly is.

(He exits.)

RUBY: Wow.

JONAS: I know. So was I close?

RUBY: Close to what?

JONAS: Your story. Did I get anything right?

RUBY: Oh. No. He was actually much closer. But there was no way I was going to let him win. Grubby McGee scares me, and I don't want to owe him anything.

JONAS: So you lied?

RUBY: That's so cute that this whole game was dependent on my honesty.

JONAS: So you're not a Pharmaceutical rep?

RUBY: Actually, that was the worst part of your story.

JONAS: Oh. So what do you do for a living? Doctor?
Cattle rancher? Princess?

RUBY: I find things.

JONAS: Like a collector?

RUBY: People, mostly.

JONAS: Like a detective?

RUBY: Yeah, pretty much.

JONAS: That's cool.

RUBY: It is, thanks.

JONAS: Very exciting.

RUBY: It's usually pretty boring. It's not like a TV cop show, where everything is solved in neat little packages before the closing credits. Long hours. Lots of detail work. But I always get it done.

JONAS: Always?

RUBY: And when it pays off, it's magical. Every time.

JONAS: Working on a case now?

RUBY: Indeed.

JONAS: Can you tell me about it?

RUBY: I shouldn't.

JONAS: Oh, who am I going to tell?

RUBY: If I do, then you have to tell me something about yourself.

JONAS: No deal.

RUBY: Fine. No deal.

(They sit and drink.)

JONAS: Oh, okay.

RUBY: Good. So my latest hire is a guy collecting on a debt. Pretty boring, run of the mill debt collection. Happens all the time. Some guy makes a loan to another guy. When it's time to collect, the other guy bails.

JONAS: Any clues?

RUBY: Very few. The deadbeat dropped off the map. No contact whatsoever.

JONAS: That's tough.

RUBY: Indeed.

JONAS: Well, if it's any consolation, I can tell you that it's not me. I don't owe anyone any money. Well, except the credit card people, but they don't count, right?

RUBY: They certainly do not. In my opinion, credit card companies are worse than the devil.

JONAS: Glad you agree.

RUBY: Okay, my turn.

JONAS: Fine.

RUBY: What are you running to? See, that's an interesting question. I didn't ask "what are you running from" because I can pretty much guess what a guy like you runs from.

JONAS: A guy like me?

RUBY: Yes, generally.

JONAS: So you are stereotyping me based on what, my look?

RUBY: It's what I do. You dress fairly well. Wrinkled, but good quality. You haven't been on the run for long. You smell of high quality cologne, but too much of it, like you've poured it on to overcompensate for not showering enough. Maybe once or twice this week. Your clothes need laundering. Your eyes are tired. Your past is troubling. Your future is more interesting. What are you running to?

JONAS: Wow. That is a good question.

RUBY: I am good at my job.

JONAS: I don't know. Is that an acceptable answer?

(Ruby looks at him.)

RUBY: It's honest, so it's acceptable.

JONAS: I don't know where I'm going.

RUBY: Maybe I can help?

JONAS: How, exactly.

RUBY: Well, if I knew exactly what you are running from, then I can offer you advice on how to get to the opposite of that. Or, at least, to a place where you can never be found.

JONAS: Nice try.

RUBY: What do you mean?

JONAS: I mean really, who cares? My story tells you nothing about me. You want me to tell you my story. Well, I won't.

RUBY: You're too smart for me, I guess.

JONAS: It must be lonely.

RUBY: What?

JONAS: Living on the road like this.

RUBY: No, I love it.

JONAS: But it's so rootless.

RUBY: You would know a thing or two about that. After all, people don't run away to set down roots.

JONAS: But are you lonely? How do you keep up relationships?

RUBY: I don't. I meet people, here and there. I get what I need.

JONAS: That's rare for a lady. Most I meet want to settle down.

RUBY: Not me. I guess I have wanderlust. Most places annoy me after a while. I start to notice the flaws. Too dirty. Or too boring. Or too cold.

JONAS: Well, maybe it's not a place you need. Maybe you haven't met the right person.

RUBY: Are you asking me out?

JONAS: No. You definitely would not want to go out with me.

RUBY: Ah. Reverse psychology. I get it.

JONAS: I'm serious. So no, I'm not asking you out. Rest easy.

RUBY: You're an interesting guy, I'll give you that.

JONAS: No, I'm not.

RUBY: So what's your big secret?

JONAS: Stop.

RUBY: Right, that's personal. I forgot. You want to have a good conversation, but only on the surface. Of course, I'm way out of line. Another drink?

JONAS: Why not.

RUBY: Barkeep!

(Hank enters.)

HANK: The name's Hank.

RUBY: Barkeep is fine for me.

HANK: Your bartender is Hank. Hank may not respond to barkeep. Hank may choose not to serve you.

RUBY: Well, considering you lost a bet and owe the only other customer in here free drinks for the night, then your only chance to make money is off of me. So if I want to call you barkeep, or simpleton, or anything, you should probably serve me.

HANK: A barkeep has feelings.

RUBY: Don't worry, I may be obnoxious but I tip very well.

HANK: More of the same?

RUBY: Please, barkeep.

(Hank begrudgingly grabs their glasses and moves behind the bar to refill them.)

RUBY: Jonas was just telling me his life story.

JONAS: So how long have you lived here, Hank?

RUBY: Nicely done.

HANK: What, here in the bar, or here in this corner of the country?

JONAS: Both, I guess.

HANK: This part of the country... fifteen years. This bar... ten years? Maybe eleven? Time is one big blur of happy desolation.

JONAS: Hey, maybe Hank is your guy!

RUBY: Oh, I doubt it. Hey barkeep, any money problems?

HANK: What?

RUBY: Do you owe anyone any money?

HANK: Nope. Clean slate.

JONAS: Really? What about... you know...

HANK: Oh, Pam? Well sure, I owe the mother of my children a little support every now and then-

JONAS: Ah hah!

HANK: But I'm never more than a few days late. Maybe a week. I'm an honest man.

RUBY: No lies? No secrets.

HANK: What's the point? I'm not saying I'm perfect. I've made mistakes. I've maybe led a woman astray here or there. When I was fifteen I shoplifted a six pack. Once there was a bar fight, and I snuck in a punch, even though it wasn't my fight. Ran a few red lights. Speeding tickets. Yep, that's it.

(Hank brings them their drinks.)

RUBY: See? Someone doesn't mind sharing. Thank you for opening up, Hank.

HANK: No secrets. That's me.

RUBY: That's hot.

HANK: What?

RUBY: A man who is not afraid to bare his soul. Very attractive.

HANK: If this guy bores you, come on back. Plenty of room in the love shack.

RUBY: I'm sure there is.

HANK: I even changed the sheets this month! Just giving you the chance to have a memorable evening... while you wait. I'll make sure we finish before the tow truck comes.

RUBY: Oh barkeep, let's slow it down a little. Let me have a drink and unwind. Get the dust out of my eyes.

HANK: You sure?

RUBY: I'm sure.

(Hank looks at Jonas.)

HANK: You?

JONAS: Me what?

HANK: You want a little fun time?

JONAS: With you? Um... no. I'm not like that.

HANK: Oh, me neither. But I rarely get customers, so sometimes, you know...

(Hank exits.)

RUBY: Where are you staying tonight?

JONAS: No idea. I was driving along at a good clip when that wind picked up. This was the first place I saw. Apparently the only place. You?

RUBY: Depends when the cavalry gets here. I was hoping to get some work done today.

JONAS: How long have you been at this job?

RUBY: Ages.

JONAS: Aren't you tired of it? Don't you ever want to do something else?

RUBY: Never.

(She crosses to the jukebox.)

RUBY: Mind if I play us something?

JONAS: Go right ahead.

(She selects a song. Nothing.)

RUBY: Shoot. Got a quarter?

JONAS: Nope.

(Ruby crosses to the cash register behind the bar.)

RUBY: I love the job, because I sleep well at night. I work hard, I believe in what I do, and at the end of the day, I've earned a full night's sleep. *(She yells over her shoulder.)* Barkeep, I'm stealing quarters from the register for the jukebox!

HANK: *(Offstage)* I don't give a crap!

RUBY: Thank you!

(She opens the register, grabs some quarters, and closes the register.)

RUBY: Of all the luxuries in daily life, a good night sleep is something I never take for granted. And you know what? I don't even dream. Haven't in years.

JONAS: Lucky.

RUBY: Oh?

(She puts the quarter in the jukebox and selects a Hank Williams song. "Cold, Cold Heart" plays.)

JONAS: I'm a terrible sleeper. And I have awful dreams.

RUBY: Like what?

JONAS: Well, I don't like to talk about it.

RUBY: I love this song.

(She starts dancing along with the song.)

JONAS: This is a depressing song.

RUBY: Do you know what's even more depressing?

JONAS: What?

RUBY: A woman dancing to it, by herself, in a decrepit old bar, miles from civilization with a broken car and some random stranger who freaks her out a little.

JONAS: I freak you out? Between me and barkeep, I'm the one who freaks you out?

RUBY: You're the one with all the secrets. We'll probably never see each other again, probably for as long as we live. You know, sometimes if you can't unload your problems on a friend, you can unload them on a stranger.

(He watches her dance.)

RUBY: I'm just saying. It will make you feel good.

JONAS: I have bad dreams. Constantly. Every night.

(Ruby gradually stops dancing as she listens to him.)

RUBY: Bad like how?

JONAS: Bad like... well, it's always the same dream. Almost every night. And it gets more and more intense every night, until... well, until I move. Change locations. Fresh scenery. Then it gets better. For a week or so.

(Ruby sits.)