

Characters

Bar Person (M/F)	-	Pub employee
Paul (M/F)	-	Teetotaller
Gary (M/F)	-	Pub goer
Dave (M/F)	-	Pub goer

Scene 1 – A pub

(Tabs open to a bar scene with people drinking, chatting and laughing. SFX. Light pop music plays in the background.)

Bar Person: What do you want to drink? Lager?

Paul: Oh, I don't drink

(Everyone stops talking. SFX. Needle scratches over a record and music is silenced. Everyone turns round and stares at Paul.)

Gary: (Incredulous) You don't (pause) *drink*?

Paul: (Confused) No

(SFX. Music starts again)

Gary: What? Not even *Cider*?

Paul: No, I don't drink alcohol at all.

Dave: Not even (thinks for a minute) *Vodka*?

Paul: Well, that's alcohol so –

Gary: Not even wine though?

Paul: Again, that's alcohol –

Dave: You don't drink *any* alcohol at all?

Paul: No, just soft drinks and water

Gary: Well (confused) what do you even look forward to when you get home from work? How do you celebrate stuff? (Pauses) How do you think of things to talk about in pubs?

Paul: I've got this thing, it's called a personality.

Dave: Very funny. Only weirdoes don't drink if you ask me.

Paul: How do you work that out?

Dave: Well, they've got a name for you haven't they?

Paul: A name?

Dave: Yeah, they call you (with derision) 'tee-total'. If it was *normal* not to drink they wouldn't have a name for it would they?

Gary: (Disdainfully) Yeah, if you drink too much they call you an alcoholic, if you don't drink at all they call you a tee-total and if you drink alcohol in moderation, there's *no* name for it so it *must* be normal! (Downs the contents of his glass)

Dave: Alcohol makes things that aren't funny, funny. How can that be a bad thing?

Gary: Yeah, we drink at the end of the day to help de-stress and feel a bit tipsy and happy. There's no harm in it is there?

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Paul: You know alcohol is a depressant don't you? You know it's a poison don't you?

Dave: **(Pauses and stares in disbelief for a moment)** So, you don't drink *any* alcohol? Like at all? Even at Christmas?

Paul: No

Dave: Christmas though?

Paul: No, never. I don't know how you're not getting this. **(Measuredly)** I don't drink alcohol.

Dave: **(Really confused)** Why though?

Paul: I don't *like* being drunk for a start. It makes me feel sick and dizzy and I want to enjoy my night out not spend the second half of it trying not to fall off my chair.

Gary: Oh, it's *great* feeling sick and dizzy. Once I drank so much, I woke up the next morning fifty miles from my house!

Dave: **(Laughs)** Yeah, that's great! I once drank so much I couldn't get out of the Biffa bin round the back of Legends and I had to wait for the bins to be collected before I could go home. The bus driver wouldn't let me on!

(Gary and Dave laugh)

Paul: In what world are either of those stories meant to sell the virtues of getting drunk to me? Why not just drink something that tastes nice, like orange juice, stay fully in control of your faculties and then drive home so you get there nice and safe?

Gary: **(laughs raucously)** Orange juice!?

Paul: What's wrong with Orange juice?

Gary: In a pub?

Paul: Britvic. **(Points behind the bar)** They have it in bottles behind the bar.

Gary: Yeah, as a mixer for vodka and that.

Dave: So, you don't even drink like – Shandy?

Paul: *Again*, that's got alcohol in it

Dave: I just find it so *weird* that you don't drink. You come to a pub and you don't want to just have a nice glass of Fosters?

Gary: How old are you?

Paul: 44

Dave: And you don't drink?

Paul: **(Mischievously)** That's not the most outrageous thing about me either

Gary: What do you mean?

Paul: I don't like dogs!

(Music stops abruptly with needle across a record as before and everyone looks round)

Gary: **(Incredulous)** You don't like *dogs*?

(Blackout)