

MAN
JAMIE

START →

MAN. I got lucky. Heads up! Left!

(A big explosion meaning the game is over.)

JAMIE. Wow! That was, that was . . . strange.

MAN. What's strange?

JAMIE. Mostly . . . video games are a young—er uh . . . thing. No offense.

MAN. No, I get it. It's fine. How much for the drink?

JAMIE. Oh, uhm, a buck twenty-five.

(MAN takes out his wallet.)

MAN. Buck twenty-five!

JAMIE. Yeah . . . that's pretty standard.

MAN. No, it's great, it's great. Here, keep it.

(MAN hands him a five.)

JAMIE. Thanks!

MAN. Busy tonight?

JAMIE. No, nobody's drinking. Everybody's hunkered down. Reagan's got to fix this recession.

MAN. Reagan, right. But, you know, recessions come and go.

JAMIE. I hope so. I need to make some money soon.

MAN. What's up?

JAMIE. Oh, nothing . . .

MAN. No, tell me.

JAMIE. I can't. Bartenders do the listening. It's not just a good idea, it's the law.

MAN. It's OK, I used to be one. I'm still licensed . . . come on.

JAMIE. (Beat.) OK, you know who Miles Davis is?

MAN. Oh course, jazz trumpeter, one of the greats, everyone knows him.

JAMIE. He's like a "Shaolin monk" for the trumpet. He said an interesting thing, he said "Sometimes you have to play a long time to—"

BOTH. "—be able to play like yourself."

JAMIE. You know that one?

MAN. I've heard it. So?

JAMIE. Well, that's what I'm saving for. I play piano. Graduated from music school a few years ago. Got my MA. But I think I still suck.

MAN. Where'd you go to school?

JAMIE. University of Rochester. Maybe the best music school in the country. Know it?

MAN. No, but if it's so good, how come you suck?

JAMIE. It takes a long time--

BOTH. "--to be able to play like yourself."

JAMIE. Yeah! I mean, really, my left hand is pretty good, but my right is kind of an idiot.

(He holds up his right hand as he speaks.)

I'm talking about you! I'm sorry, this is so boring. Hey, let's talk about something else . . . *Rocky III* is out, you see it?

MAN. Wait, wait, show me.

JAMIE. What?

MAN. You ever play that old Steinway you got here?

(He points to the piano.)

JAMIE. Sometimes. I think that's why I got this job. Basically, I just need to know "Auld Lang Syne" and "Danny Boy."

MAN. OK, your right hand, show me what's going on.

JAMIE. What?

MAN. I used to teach a little. Come on . . . Whattayagottolose?

(They go to the piano. JAMIE sits and plays something, a few random notes.)

JAMIE. Well, look, it's these quick runs that mess me up sometimes. Like . . .

(He plays something fast like a boogie woogie piano blues piece. He gets into it but it's a little rough here and there.)

JAMIE. Dammit!

(He stops. MAN sits in.)

MAN. Can I suggest something?

JAMIE. OK . . .

STOP