

NO MEANS YES, RIGHT?

Written by

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INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - EVENING

A GUY sits by himself at a crowded bar drinking a beer. He looks at a group of women nearby laughing and cutting up. The FEMALE BARTENDER comes up to him and smiles.

GUY

Benjamin Franklin said, "Beer is living proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy."

FEMALE BARTENDER

The Founding Fathers knew what's what. Another?

GUY

Yes, please.

There is a burst of laughter from the women nearby. A WOMAN turns from the group and heads for the bar. She has on jeans and a tee-shirt that reads, WHO NEEDS BRAINS WHEN YOU HAVE THESE. She squeezes into a spot at the bar next to The Guy. He has followed her progress and continues to look at her as she tries to catch the bartender's eye.

WOMAN

(without looking at him)

No.

GUY

What?

WOMAN

(still not looking at him)

You can't buy me a drink.

He looks her up and down. The bartender brings him his beer.

GUY

(to the bartender)

"When one goes on a journey of self-exploration, one should go heavily armed." Verlaine.

He turns away and takes a sip of beer.

WOMAN

I'll have a Makers Mark on the rocks with a twist.

The bartender looks at her tee-shirt and smiles as she goes to pour the drink.

GUY

Come on, you know you actually want me to buy you a drink. Admit it. That's why you said no in the first place. No means yes, right?

WOMAN

In this particular case and, in fact, in every known case past, present and future, no means no. It's that simple.

GUY

That would make a good tee-shirt.

WOMAN

Short on irony, but they would sell like wildfire. My gift to you.

GUY

Thanks. Let me buy you a drink as a show of gratitude.

WOMAN

Thanks, but I have a drink. Bought it myself.

GUY

We're on solid ground. I bought mine myself as well.

WOMAN

Here's to self-sufficiency and to the tee-shirt. Long may it extol its virtues.

GUY

I'll drink to that.

They toast one another. She returns to her group of friends. He watches her and then turns to the CAMERA (bartender.)

GUY (CONT'D)

Norman Mailer said, "The worst American promise is the promise of an unearned freedom from dread." I hear you Norman.

The bartender slips him another beer.

FEMALE BARTENDER

On the house. You earned it.