

**SPEED DATING AT THE  
SECOND CHANCE SALOON**

**by Tom Baum**

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Characters

**DAMON**, late 20s-30s

**AMY**, late 20s-30s

The setting is a bar. The time is the present.

*(Lights up on the SECOND CHANCE SALOON—identified by a neon or projected sign above where DAMON and AMY are sitting, several stools apart. At the moment the sign is dark.)*

DAMON: You know, it's strange. I've driven past here a thousand times and I never noticed this place. I've heard of "last chance," but "Second Chance Saloon"? Weird name for a bar. Can I buy you a drink?

AMY: Sure, why not.

*(DAMON moves to the stool next to AMY, calls to an unseen bartender:)*

DAMON: I'll have a vodka rocks. *(to AMY)* What about you?

AMY: Same for me. So what do you do?

DAMON: Me? I used to be a salesman in a gun shop. But that's history.

AMY: Why, did they go out of business?

DAMON: No, they found out I was on parole. Don't worry, it was a totally bullshit charge. I got into a barfight and they found an unlicensed .38 in my pants. So my ex-wife, she got the condo, and now I'm living in a shithole with my mom and dad. So what do you look for in a guy?

AMY: Somebody who wouldn't ask that question. Listen, good luck finding another job.

*(AMY gets off the stool and walks away.)*

DAMON: *(to himself)* Jesus, when are you gonna learn. Stop that.

*(With a sizzle, the SECOND CHANCE SALOON sign glows bright. AMY stops in her tracks, walks backwards, exactly retracing her steps, and retakes her seat, as time rewinds to:)*

AMY: So what do you do?

DAMON: Me? I work for a pacifist foundation. We're committed to ending war on this planet.

AMY: Really? That's fantastic.

DAMON: So what about you, are you employed? I mean with the economy and all.

AMY: Yeah, I work from home.

DAMON: As what?

AMY: You really want to know?

DAMON: Hey, I'm all for honesty. Since everything wears off eventually.

AMY: I do internet porn.

DAMON: Is that right.

AMY: He, three kids, deadbeat husband, how else am I gonna cover my daycare expenses? My sister, she has my kids tonight. I pity her, 'cause my youngest, he goes around smashing everything in sight with his xylophone hammer.

DAMON: You might want to consult an exorcist. Listen, it was nice talking to you. I'll look for you on the Net.

*(The sign goes off. DAMON gets off his stool and walks away.)*

AMY: *(to herself)* Ohmigod. I wish I'd never opened my mouth.

*(The sign sizzles on. DAMON stops in his tracks, walks backwards, exactly retracing his steps, and resumes his seat as time rewinds to:)*

DAMON: What about you, are you employed? I mean with the economy and all.

AMY: Yes, I'm one of the lucky ones. I'm a social worker.

DAMON: Wow. That's a tough gig.

AMY: I help homeless people find apartments and mental patients stay on their meds.

DAMON: We have a helluva lot in common, don't we?

AMY: Yeah, we're both trying to save the world.

AMY: And waiting for the perfect match.

*(Both their cell phones ring. DAMON and AMY turn away from each other, answer their phones.)*

DAMON: Yeah, hi Janella....What do you mean, the check bounced?

AMY: Vicki, I told you to hide the xylophone, did you try giving him Benadryl?

DAMON: Please don't call my parole agent, they'll just send me back to the joint.

AMY: He's one of my regulars, I made the mistake of showing him my cooch, just hang up if he calls again.

*(DAMON and AMY hang up, turn to each other.)*

DAMON: So...I hope I'm not being too forward...but your place or mine?

AMY: Gee, my place is kind of a mess.

DAMON: Yeah, mine too. Hey, you're gonna think this is weird, but know where I've never been?

AMY: No, where?

DAMON: One of those no-tell establishments.

AMY: You mean a hot-sheet motel? Oh yeah, me neither.

DAMON: There's a first time for everything.

AMY: Wow, I feel so wicked! No, I'm lying. I feel like I've known you all my life.

DAMON: Same here.

AMY: Not like most couples. They're stuck with who they are.

DAMON: Which we're not.

AMY: We're free to reinvent ourselves.

DAMON: So I'll meet you at the Royal Pagoda?

AMY: Unless you prefer the Come Right Inn.

*(DAMON and AMY stare at each other. The sign flickers and goes out. They both shrug.)*

AMY: What the fuck.

DAMON: Yeah, what the fuck.

AMY: Who says we have to save the world? You know what gives me true satisfaction? Working my shit on Youporn. My kids get underfoot, but at least I'm giving people what they want. How many people can say that?

DAMON: I felt the same way when I was dealing guns. Think you can get me an internet gig?

AMY: Size matters.

DAMON: Hey, that's the least of my problems. And if you don't mind another mouth to feed, I could look after your kids while you're doing your thing.

AMY: Why not? You can bunk with my youngest. He could use some male supervision.

DAMON: So where are we going, the Come Right Inn?

AMY: The Royal Pagoda's closer.

DAMON: If you get there first, book the Emperor's Room.

AMY: Love that room! What did you say your name was?

DAMON: I didn't say.

AMY: Neither did I.

DAMON: Who needs names? (*triumphantly*) We know exactly who we are!

*(Blackout as they exit. Sound of a motorcycle revving up and a car peeling away. END OF PLAY.)*