

BUTCH O' MY DREAMS  
by  
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## CHARACTERS

Fay: Bartender. Secret femme.  
Spike: Rock star.  
Denny: Recovering alcoholic.  
Alice: Romantic. Letter carrier.  
Rocky: Graduate student in psychology.  
Branch: Young jock.  
TIME: Now  
SETTING: Coffee Bar with a pool table

## NOTE

This play should be performed by a multi-cultural cast whenever possible. Except for the fact that all players should look "butch", no physical descriptions have been attached to the characters. Directors should feel free to add, delete, or change lines to suit the actors' experience, should there be cultural differences from the lines as written

The music for this play has been composed to be easy to perform. That is, it can be played on only one instrument (a guitar), or in fact could be pre-taped and each character could place her tape in a tape recorder on stage. There is a reasonably easy range so that players need not be accomplished singers to play the roles.

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: We are in a cozy coffee bar. It contains a bar, stools, tables, chairs and a pool table.

AT RISE: It is early evening. Standing behind the bar making coffee is FAY. SPIKE and DENNY appear at swinging doors.

Go ahead. SPIKE

No that's okay, you go on. DENNY

Go ahead, I've got the door. SPIKE

No really, go ahead,. DENNY

I got the door... SPIKE

Women please! Come on in!  
(They burst through the swinging doors side by side.)

You two afraid somebody's gonna call you a lady? Look boys, nobody's here but us chickens.

No, hell no, everybody knows I'm no lady. SPIKE

Oh, like I am! DENNY

You two want to go back outside and settle this, or can I pour you a cup of coffee? FAY

Sorry about that. I'll take mine black. (Pulls out a wad of money, pulls off a five and puts it on the bar.) This is for both of them. SPIKE

DENNY

Thanks, I'll take you up on it.  
(Spike and Fay both raise eyebrows.)  
(Alice enters, plops on stool.)

FAY

What'll it be?

ALICE

Give me a mocha.

DENNY

Mocha? What are you? A wuss? Give me black coffee, Fay.

ALICE

No I'm not a wuss. When you're as butch as I am, You can drink anything you want. (To FAY)  
Make that a double mocha.

SPIKE

Think you're a tough dyke huh? Want to arm wrestle?

ALICE

I could. Don't choose to.

DENNY

I'll wrestle you, Spike -- for a fifty.

SPIKE

A fifty? How about a twenty?

DENNY

I don't have anything less than a fifty. Scared you'll lose?

SPIKE

To you? Ha!

DENNY

I may look small, but I'm wiry as hell.

SPIKE:

Well come on then, let's go.  
(They go to table)

ALICE

They always act like that?

FAY

I don't know. I've only worked here a month.

ALICE

Oh really? You new in town?

FAY

Relatively. How about you?

ALICE

No, I've been here for years.

FAY

I haven't seen you in here before.

ALICE

Oh well, I never been here before.

FAY

Really? Why not?

ALICE

Oh I don't know. Not really my type of place, I guess.

FAY

You seem to know everybody here.

ALICE

Who? Them? Everybody knows them. They get around.

FAY

You don't?

ALICE

Not like I used to when I was young and cocky.

FAY

Why is that?

ALICE

My interests have changed. I'm more of a homebody than I used to be. Ever since I broke up with my partner I've tried to make myself get out and get involved, but I like my house. I like taking care of my yard and stuff.

FAY

That must be nice, owning your own home.

ALICE

Yeah, me and the mortgage company.

FAY

So what brings you in here tonight?

ALICE

Oh it's silly I guess. But I saw this ad in Just Out and I got the idea it was written just for me, you know?

FAY

Really? What did it say?

ALICE

(Pulling folded ad from pocket)

"Handsome Woman: You dress like Tom Cruise in *Rainman*, work as a motorcycle cop or firefighter; you love to cook; you're handy around the house, and you sing like Elvis. Romantic that you are..."

FAY

"You want to see me wearing black lace, high heels and diamonds while arranging long stemmed lavender roses in a crystal vase."

ALICE & FAY

(in unison)

"Meet me at Sappho's this Thursday. I'll be the one with the rose in my teeth. You'll be the Butch O' My Dreams."

ALICE

You know the whole thing by heart?

FAY

Oh, I have a certain interest in it.

ALICE

Oh of course! Because you work here.

FAY

Well...

ALICE

But, I mean, you don't, uh, you're not a cop or a firefighter. Are you?

FAY

Me? No, I'm the bartender. Are you?

ALICE

What? A cop?

FAY

Or a firefighter?

ALICE

No, but I could've been. I decided to go with something a little safer.

FAY

What's that?

ALICE

I'm a letter carrier.

FAY

So you do wear a uniform?

ALICE

On the job. The rest of the time I dress like Tom Cruise in *Rainman*.

FAY

And you're romantic?

ALICE

Oh yeah. Totally.

DENNY

(coming up to the bar)

Alice, romantic? Sheesh. She cries at TV commercials. She's a sentimental sob sister. C'mon Alice, come arm wrestle with me. I already destroyed poor Spike.

ALICE

Later, Den. Right now I gotta go see a man about a dog.  
(Exits)

DENNY

(To Fay)  
She's a wuss. Pees a lot too.

FAY

What'll you have?

DENNY

Better give me a couple more coffees.

ROCKY

Hey Fay! How about a couple of non-alcoholic beers over here!  
(She and Branch enter, go to oval table)

BRANCH

You wanna rack 'em this time?

ROCKY

No, go ahead. I'll wait. I got all night.

BRANCH

No homework?

ROCKY

Semester break.

BRANCH

Wish I could go to school. I hate my job.

ROCKY

You could have had a soccer scholarship Branch. You should have taken it.

BRANCH

Wasn't enough. I couldn't play soccer, study, go to classes and work.

ROCKY

And your parents couldn't come up with the difference?

BRANCH

Wouldn't. You know. They disinherited me.

ROCKY

Just because you're queer?

BRANCH

Hell no.

ROCKY

Why then?

BRANCH

Because they found out I was queer.

ROCKY

How did they catch on?

BRANCH

Caught me fucking my cousin Jocelyn -- on their bed.

ROCKY

I hate when that happens.

(Chugs her fake beer)

BRANCH

Yeah well. It'll never happen again. I haven't seen 'em since I turned 18.

ROCKY

Want another beer?

BRANCH

(Looks at her nearly full bottle, chugs it.)

Hey Fay! Bring us a couple more.

ROCKY

Almost like the old days, huh?

FAY

Yeah, except now that I'm old enough to drink, I don't.

ROCKY

It's been 7 years for me. How about you?

BRANCH

Almost two.

ROCKY

Got a girlfriend yet?

BRANCH

Maybe I'll get one today.

ROCKY

Where you going? I don't see any prospects in here.

BRANCH

(pulling out ad)

Me neither -- yet. But listen to this: "Handsome woman. You dress like Tom Cruise in *Rainman...*"

ROCKY

Hey! That's why I'm here. You're not a motorcycle cop or firefighter!

BRANCH

Well neither are you!

ROCKY

No, but at least I can cook!

BRANCH

What do you mean? I love to cook.

ROCKY

You couldn't cook your way out of a wet pasta box!

BRANCH

What do you know? You haven't even been to my place since you started grad school!

ROCKY

Oh yeah? Well, Chef Boyardee, what's your specialty?

BRANCH

What's yours?

I asked you first.

ROCKY

Ummm, pancakes.

BRANCH

Pan cakes?

ROCKY

Light, fluffy pancakes. And hot maple syrup.

BRANCH