

THE INVISIBLE COSMO

CHARACTERS

MARCI: A woman of a certain age.

TOM: A bartender.

CINDY: A young attractive woman.

JOE: A young handsome man with a man bun.

SETTING

A bar, any place, any time.

The Invisible Cosmo

MARCI takes a seat at the bar as TOM, the bartender washes a stack of glasses at the far end of the bar. After a few beats, MARCI begins getting annoyed that TOM doesn't stop what he's doing to wait on her. After a few more beats, a young handsome couple, JOE and CINDY, walk in and take their seats near MARCI. Tom sees them and stops what he's doing. He places two coasters in front of the couple, ignoring MARCI, who is now ticked-off.

TOM

Hi there. I'm Tom. I'll be serving you today. Would you like a cocktail?

CINDY

I'll have a Cosmo, please.

TOM

Excellent choice. And you, sir?

JOE

Those barrel drinks look interesting.

TOM

We ferment our own concoctions. I have to say they're pretty great.

JOE

Uh, what's in the "Pine Barrens" one?

TOM

That's one of our most popular. It's Rowhouse gin, cranberry jam and house-made aromatic bitters, garnished with a fresh pine sprig.

JOE

Wow!

TOM

Yes, definitely a big wow-factor there. I'd say it's bracing, but pleasant at the same time.

JOE

Okay, I think I'll it.

TOM

Oh, I'm sorry. I should have mentioned that it's not quite ready yet.

MARCI

(MARCI can't contain her anger any longer)

Excuse me! ... Speaking of ready ... Do you know who *is* ready? Me? Can I get some service here?

(No response from TOM or the couple. Now, CINDY to TOM.)

CINDY

That's sooo disappointing.

JOE

I know, honey. (To Tom) Well then, How about the Devil's Door. What's in that?

MARCIA

Oh, for Christ's sake.

TOM

Another great choice.

MARCIA

Of course it is. These three are so fabulous, aren't they?

TOM

That one has Devil's Springs Vodka with Laird's Applejack and Amari. It's one of my favorites.

JOE

Well then, bring it on!

TOM

You've got it. (as he starts to walk away to make the drinks)
Oh, and let me know if you need anything else.

MARCI

I need something else, Tom. A waiter! Do you know one?

(No response as TOM continues walking away.)

Hey ... HEY! Did you hear me? Where are you going?

(No response. MARCI to the couple.)

Do you believe him?

(The couple doesn't respond. They just continue
low chatter as they look at the menu.)

Okay, just go on being your young adorable selves. Don't mind me
(to JOE) ... Nice man bun.

CINDY

(To JOE)

How about the chickpea fries appetizer. That sounds interesting.

MARCI

(To CINDY)

I was looking at that. It sounds a lot healthier than regular
fries.

(No response)

JOE

(to CINDY)

I was looking at that. It sounds a lot healthier than regular
fries.

MARCI

Is there an echo in here?

(TO the couple)

That's okay. You don't have to answer that question.

(TOM returns with the drinks and places them in front of the couple. To JOE.)

TOM

Here you go. Let me know what you think.

MARCI

Yes, please, do let us parched and pissed-off patrons know if it suits your sophisticated palate.

(JOE takes a sip.)

JOE

Oh, man! That is sooo delicious.

CINDY

Ooo, let me have a sip ... (she sips). Scumptious!

(MARCI makes a gagging motion.)

JOE

It's, like, invigorating, yet somehow comforting at the same time. Don't you think?

TOM

Thanks. We're pretty darn proud of it.

MARCI

Okay, now that we've all orgasmed over the barrel drink, may I please order?

TOM

We only have one special entrée today. Would you like to hear it?

COUPLE

Yes.

MARCI

NO!

TOM

(As Tom describes the dish, MARCI tilts her head and lifts her arm as if she's hanging herself.)

It's a pan-seared salmon with squash, cauliflower, pepitas, farro, greens and squash vin.

CINDY

That sounds awesome!

MARCI

I would except nothing less of Tom.

JOE

Now I don't know what I want.

MARCI

Oh my God! ... Stop! Stop!

(TOM and couple freeze. MARCI continues speaking.)

Okay, I know what's going on here. I get it. In fact, I get it all too well these days ... I AM INVISIBLE. Like dark matter. I just don't exist anymore. And if you want to know the truth, I'm getting pretty goddamn sick of this shit. I walk around all day long ignored ... dismissed ... outright shunned, if you ask me. It's truly unbelievable! Sad, really. And you know what's even more surprising? I didn't see it coming. Well, not for *me*, anyway. I'm still 26 up here (points to her head). I'm literally flabbergasted no can see it ... What a fool to think I'd be different. So, here I am, just another dissipated cloud among the masses, a nebulous fog wherever I go. A see-through person. Even at the gym it's like working out on a deserted island. Not one person talks to me unsolicited. I don't even get an accidental smile. Hello? Anybody there? ... Well, maybe I should just start robbing banks! Or commit some brazen shoplifting. That might generate some attention. Get the old juices flowing. I mean, I *used* to be quite something, you know. I WAS VISIBLE! Very visible. In fact, much *too* visible sometimes. When I was a lot younger, and, okay, I'll admit it, much prettier than I am now, I'd come into a bar like this and I simply couldn't stop people from noticing me, wanting to just be near me. Why, I couldn't sit down without someone engaging me. In fact, I lost count of all the times guys would try to chat me up. I mean, in less time than it takes for a rocket launch, they would already be talking nonsense, or trying to impress me with their

MARCI

unimpressive resumes, or just plain old mansplaining the menu. It was annoying. So annoying that I'd always try to find a spot at the bar where there would be no one around me. All I really wanted was to be left alone to have my drink and eat my meal in peace. And if I'm really being honest, there were times I actually wished I was ... INVISIBLE. There ... I said it. ... But you know what?

(Turning directly to TOM and couple)

I wasn't an ASSHOLE! ... When I was one of the beautiful people, I wasn't oblivious to others, or dismissive ... even if they were old or didn't quite float my boat. You know, LIVING, BEING, is about HUMANITY, not VANITY! ... So, SNAP OUT OF IT PEOPLE!

(She claps her hands and the bartender and couple come back to life.)

JOE

(To the bartender)

Sorry, We're going to need a few more minutes with the menu.

TOM

No problem. Take your time.

(TOM places a coaster in front of MARCI)

Hi there. I'm Tom. I'll be serving you today. Would you like a cocktail?

MARCI

Oh! Well, yes, thank you ... I'd very much like an Invisible Cosmo.

TOM

Invisible Cosmo? I've never heard of that one. But if you know what's in it I'll try to make it for you.

MARCI

How kind of you. So, it's a regular Cosmo, but with white cranberry juice to make it see-through ... invisible.

TOM

I'm sorry we don't have clear cranberry juice here.

MARCI

Oh, that's such a pity, because it's quite a lovely drink, even though it may not be as colorful or vibrant as the original.

TOM

Well, clear cranberry juice is kind of an unusual mixer.

MARCI

More exotic than pine sprigs and Amari? ... That's okay, dear, you don't have to answer that question.

(She glances toward Cindy)

Let's just go with the flow, shall we? I'll have a regular Cosmo. Just like this delightful young woman here.

CINDY

Oh, It's scrumptious!

MARCI

Of course it is, love. Enjoy the headiness while you can.

END OF PLAY