

Bartender

Story By Greg Galloway

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Phylly sits at the bar. The bartender cleans the area in front of her before placing a vodka soda down.

PHYLLY

Thanks.

She wearily drinks it.

BARTENDER

You okay? You seem kind of down today.

PHYLLY

I'm just tired of my life. Bored really.

BARTENDER

Well, have you came up with any new material?

PHYLLY

Nothing good. Just more boring songs about my boring life.

BARTENDER

Ugh, well please don't let the "boring" rub off on me.

The bartender swats at her, then goes to attend other customer.

Phylly finishes her drink, as the bartender returns.

PHYLLY

I don't know it's just I had such high hopes for myself growing up.

BARTENDER

Didn't we all, want another drink before you go on?

PHYLLY

I'm not even in the mood to sing tonight.

BARTENDER

I'll take that as a yes.

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The bartender fixes her another vodka soda, afterwards she looks up and notices a local music producer, SONNY BEATZ, and a couple of his entourage enter; dressed down and discreet.

BARTENDER

You might want to break out your best material, girl. Sonny Beatz just walked in.

PHYLLY

Who?

BARTENDER

Sonny Beatz.

Phyllly turns around to see him.

PHYLLY

What is he doing here?

BARTENDER

I don't know, but this may be your golden opportunity.

The bartender is waved down by other customers. Phyllly turns back toward the bartender.

She hands Phyllly her drink and she downs it.

PHYLLY

One more.

MOMENTS LATER