

# *Basement Brew House Dialogues*

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Part 1 "RUMBLINGS DOWN UNDER"

BASEMENT.

The basement shows all the signs of being decorated by a guy. The stereo equipment is worth more than the furniture. Beer posters and girl posters on the wall. There is a large pot steaming in the kitchen area. There is a computer area.

There are two guys sitting on a couch. WILL and ROB. Both are casually dressed and appear to be in their early thirties. They are playing a video game

BOB

Yeah! I'm going to kick your ass

WILL

And this is what gives you a sense of accomplishment in your life?

WILL (VOICE OVER)

My name is Will and the guy next to me, who is very proud of the fact that he can crush me, is my best friend Bob. (Bob is getting up in pointing in his face) He comes over to kick my ass in video games as stress release. As you can see I do not need to go out and make real enemies anytime soon. He has come over to say hi, beat me and wonder how my unemployment is going. Bob is a shipping manager for a trucking firm. Nice job, nice pay, benefits and a sense of job security. (Pause) Bastard. He is also married and he's the first one of us who is willing to face the black hole. Parenthood. Poor bastard. But that's his story. I will get to mine later.

BOB (jumps up and down)

High score! Once again I reign supreme!

WILL

So if you reign supreme... Why are you here during a workweek?

BOB sits down.

BOB

I had to take Cindy to the doctors so I used a personal day.

WILL

So how's the pregnancy?

BOB

Good nothing major.

A buzzer goes off

WILL

Hold that thought I have to add the hops to brew pot.

WILL goes to the pot, adds a bag of hops and stirs the pot.

BOB

Making the "Two Fingers Down the Throat Beer" Again

WILL

You will get none of this with that attitude when it's ready. I'm making a Boston Lager today.

WILL places the ingredients in the pot and stirs. He then goes to a small fridge and grabs two beers

WILL

Well then you may not want the latest batch of Irish Red Ale.

BOB

I would never say no. Even though I should at times to it

WILL pours the beers into glasses and hands one to BOB. He sits back on the couch.

WILL

So back to your wife.

BOB

All's well. 6 months down three to go.  
Plus the best news. The Tittie Fairy has come

BOB and WILL (high fiving each other)

WAAH YOOWOO!!

They both drink up.

BOB

Why are you so happy?

(Pause)

WILL

Hmmm, Well I cannot take credit for your success.  
More importantly I cannot feel your success. But none the less  
I would like to share the moment with you.

They clink glasses and drink again

BOB

I guess that is what friends are for. Sharing the success of making bigger breasts. Here's to the hoping for the next cup size.

WILL

Amen.

They clink glasses and drink again.

BOB

So what about you and Amy? Ready to a least try.

WILL

Don't start. At least with my new found unemployment. That's a conversation. I think we can put off for a few more months. I'm just not ready to go there.

BOB

Other than brewing homemade hooch beer. What have you been up to?

WILL

I have been searching the Web for jobs. You know what the problem with searching the internet for jobs is?

BOB shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders.

WILL

Every search always comes up with a porn site

BOB

Not seeing the problem.

WILL

Hard to operate the mouse.

BOB

Really?

WILL (looking at his hand)

No, but it's distracting none the less. Plus I have a nice severance package so I'm not worrying yet. I want the right job. Not the right for this moment job.

They clink glasses again.

BOB

If that exist please let me know. Besides is Amy going with this plan? To brew beer and quasi-job search.

WILL

I mention it between orgasms and snooze alarms. In both cases she's there technically but not fully conscious of what's going on. I call it the B-1 Stealth Bomber method. You don't see it coming but you probably should have expected it.

BOB

You the man.

They clink glasses again.

A doorbell chime is heard.

WILL

Who is it?

TOKEN

Avon dude!

WILL

Down here!

Another man about the age of WILL and BOB comes down the stairs

WILL (VOICE OVER)

The next contestant here is our friend Tom. Better known as the free spirited "Token". If they ever come to the conclusion that hydroponics can best be used to solve world hunger rather than propping up the sale of Twinkies. Then Token is their man. He works as a part time welder but makes his real living by making art out of the scrap pieces of metal lying around. He does this under the artistic name of "Petrov" and developed with his art dealer some biography of a tortured artist from the former Soviet Union. His work is "the representations of modern man coming to grips with his new found world order". Token spends more time making up titles for his work that he does actually does making them. He has such great titles. (WILL pulls a muffler wrapped in metal out from behind the couch) Like "Search to be unleaded" which for lawsuit reasons had to be changed from "I am not going to pay a lot for this muffler". The muffler came off my car for this one. Not willingly though but the pothole had another plan. (WILL puts in back and brings out another piece) Or "CRTL/ALT/DELETE provides winning Lottery numbers". It's a highly conceptual piece. I don't see it either. And for this he makes from \$500 to \$12,000 per artistic piece. Bastard. (Pause) But he latest piece is in the form of his latest girlfriend. 22-year-old blonde with a firm ass and a nice rack. I love my wife don't get me wrong. But Token. Asshole. He is everything my parents said not be. Therefore, he does not suffer from stress in any form. All I can say is. Fuck him. (Pause) But don't get me wrong. He's still my friend. I wish my story went that well.

TOKEN walks over and reaches to fridge and helps himself to a beer. TOKEN then sits down on the recliner.

TOKEN

What's up?

BOB

Not much. Tittie Fairy came

TOKEN

Should've just paid for the implants. Don't have to change the diapers on those.

BOB

I love how you can always find the alternatives when it's way too late.

WILL

Working this week?

TOKEN

Not really in the mood.

WILL

I wish I could work when the whim hit me.  
I have to work when the bills hit me. Amy hits me.

TOKEN

It's my curse.

BOB

It's your gift.

TOKEN (takes a sip)

Hey! This is some good octane here. (TOKEN pulls a bag of pot out of his shirt pocket). I will trade you some homebrew for some homegrown.

WILL

No thanks. It's bad enough this place smells like a brewery.  
Amy will kill me if I made it smell like Cheech and Chong's palace.

TOKEN

Bob?

BOB

No. Work has the random drug testing. Right now I only fail it due to bad aim.

TOKEN (puts the bag back)

Bad aim?

BOB

Yeah, I take the Playboy in with me to read.

TOKEN

Read? That's it. Say no more.

Oh! I saw Carl at the supermarket yesterday

WILL (gets up and walks over to a tombstone)

You know how all guys fear that marriage will be a total lost of control over their own destiny. A woman will try hard convincing you that she would never do that to you. Well, Carl found that woman who got a hold of his' balls and placed them in a jar. He married HER. He works and she stays home and prides herself on being worthless around the house. Every time he gets the courage to stand up. She opens her legs and WHAMMO all the courage is sucked right out of him. He never sees it coming. I fear she may share this skill with Amy. A man's home should be his castle. Not the place where he has to yell. INCOMING!!! TAKE COVER!!! I hope he is praying for death. If not HER'S. Maybe his own. My story is not that sad. Whew!

BOB

How did he look?

TOKEN

Like a shell of man.

WILL

That poor boy.

They all hang their heads for a moment of silence.

WILL

OK Token spill it. We need some good news.

TOKEN

What good news?

BOB

You know. News from our single friend.

WILL

The single friend with the knock out .. young girl-

BOB

With a beautiful ass-

WILL

Nice tits to match.

TOKEN

You mean Teri

BOB (shaking his head)

Yes.

TOKEN

Why can't you call her by name?

Will gets up and walks over to the pot.

WILL

Hot girl with a nice ass and good tits. Is a hard name to call her in mixed couple like with my wife.

WILL goes over to stir the pot.

BOB

Cindy uses Bimbo a lot

TOKEN

I should protest. But hey when you can get a 45-minute blowjob. (As he throws up his arms to signal field goal)

BOB and WILL

45 minutes?

WILL comes back and sits on the couch.

WILL

I could cry.

BOB

I would settle for 2 minutes at this point. Cindy cut them off with pregnancy.

WILL

Amy cut them off with the marriage.

TOKEN

Jealousy makes you two look evil.

WILL

I would kill you just to get one.

TOKEN

Be honest.

TOKEN stares at WILL. WILL looks back at BOB then to TOKEN.

WILL

No, but I want to. I wish somebody would've told me loving my wife would be this tough.

TOKEN

You knew what you were doing but Carl should've been told.

BOB

It's hard to tell a man thinking with dick what to do. But in Token's case all I can say is. You are the man!

TOKEN

Please call me your hero.

WILL and BOB both get on their hands and knees and begin bowing

TOKEN

Enough. My lowly subjects. My mind is stronger. I could resist marriage. I know it does get better than this.

The door upstairs slams shut.

AMY (upstairs)

I go to work all day. You stay home make the place smell like a brewery AND YOU CAN'T EVEN DO THE DISHES.

TOKEN

HI! AMY!

AMY

And you've been hanging around with Tom. Who doesn't know what work is

TOKEN

Jealous!

WILL signals TOKEN to cut it out. BOB drinks quicker. BOB gets up and runs over the basement window to look for an escape route.

AMY  
I HAVE HAD A BAD ENOUGH DAY! BUT NOT ENOUGH FOR  
ME TO MAKE YOU STOP BREATHING!

TOKEN looks at the clock

TOKEN  
Say hi to Bob here too.

BOB nods and waves to TOKEN

AMY  
THAT'S JUST GREAT IT'S CLUBHOUSE DAY AT MY HOUSE!

BOB  
Time just flew real quick all of the sudden. I will talk to you later.

BOB and TOKEN both walk up the stairs

BOB (heard)  
Have a good evening.

The door is heard closing

AMY (upstairs)  
Will can I see you up here for a moment.

WILL gets up off the couch, takes a deep breath and moves towards the stairs.

WILL (in a lower tone)  
He walked up the stairs with out realizing he was walking  
into the final conflict for which he is so unprepared.

What was he final thought?

45 minutes. Is it really possible?

No.

Maybe.

I wish.

(He arrives at the top of the stairs) Yes dear.

*TO BE CONTINUED*