

The Dangling Participle Bar and Grill

a radio play

by

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‘We are all writers together.’ These words are written above the bar where I hang out. When I say hang, I use the word loosely. We’re not exactly like Monkeys in a tree, but it is reassuring when we all get together. Sure, sure, I’m a writer. I spend the day pounding the keys trying to write the world’s next great novel. No it’s not working. There... I said it and now there’s no looking back. Around about four of the clock, I have to get out and stretch my legs and maybe my brain cells too. I will laugh there, because even that’s a stretch. Words! They’re fun to use!

Four of the clock. Tea time... and pardon me if I spit. Tea is nothing like a nice cold beer when it comes to unwinding the gray matter. My watering hole of choice is a bar run by a young feline type by the name of Wirez. He doesn’t talk much but whenever I come in he’ll side a cold one across the bar to me and he’s darned accurate with his pitch. It was like that on this day too.

(door opening and bell tingling)

Wirez: Hey Vixxy

Vix: Hey back Wirez... how's your participles dangling?

Walter: They kinda slap the sides of his inner legs as he moves about. I don't know how he puts up with it.

Vix: Crude one Walt, I see you're still here from yesterday.

Walt: I went home for a write, right Barkeep?

Wirez: It was closing time.

Vix: How's the Sci-fi doing Walt?

Walter: I'm here ain't I?

Vix: Blockage?

Walter: Hair balls the size of greasy bowling balls trying to get through the drain trap of a bathroom sink.

Marmelmm: Are you writers always this descriptive?

Wirez: (Chuckles) Beer and BS... you guys give this place a bad name. And you should talk Marm.

Walter: Oh come on Kitty Cat, we're your customers. We bring the money to your coffers.

Wirez: Speaking of which. (sound of paper slapping down on the bar) Your tab, sir.

(Group voices) I'm paid up – me too – catch you next week [door opens and closes] –me too.

Marm: So what's on your paper today Vix?

Vix: Conversations.

(door opens and bell rings)

Perfesser Bear: Hi Ho everybody. Are we word bending or are we simply bending words?

(sound of a beer being slid across the bar) [everyone: Oh... good catch there Perfesser!]

Perfesser: From the bar to the lips and I raise my glass to those who chase down the obtuse and forlorn squiggles of ink that can evoke the most powerful of emotions from those who read them.

Walter: Is he always that wordy?

Vix: He writes romance novels.

Marm: That explains it. Do you get Fabio to model on the covers Perfesser?

Perfesser: Whatever works, but no, I couldn't afford him. Doing the soap opera thing does get me published and it does pay the bills.

Wirez: But does it get you laid?

Perfesser: I'm here aren't I?

[everyone laughs]

Marm: So what are you writing these days Vix?

(door opens and bell rings)

Sirius: May the Abnormal Mythology concerning the other side be kind to you before it rips your throat out.

(everyone) Hey, hello Sirius... hey there... good to see you... got thirsty did ya?

(sound of beer sliding across the counter and being caught – sounds of lapping)

Sirius: Oh man I've been looking forward to this all day. I don't know how you do it Wirez. It's always cold and it's always wet.

Vix: Beer is kinda like that, but that's just my opinion. You got a blockage too I'm betting.

Sirius: Just like the chicken bone that gets stuck in your throat when you swallow.

(everyone) Whoa... that's serious... heehee... Sirius as serious

Marm: Bad pun! Bad pun!

Vix: A toast to puns! I was going to write the world's great novel but... but...

Everyone: WRITERS BLOCK!

(door opens and bell tingles)

Unknown person: EVERYONE COME QUICK, THERE'S AN ANTHOLOGY ADVERTISING A COMPETITION!

(sound of chairs scraping the floor and a rush of feet after which the door slams shut)

Wirez: You're not going too Vix?

Vix: What's the point?

Wirez: You could get published.

Vix: (sighs) Coulda, woulda, shoulda. Call me depressed, but it just seems that unless you're a known name, no one wants to read what you do. Shoot me another beer, will ya?

(sound of beer being slid across the bar, being caught, and lifted)

Vix: Here's to the dangling participle. So few know what it even is; and yet it sure hurts when they get caught like a fly by a Venus Fly Trap.

Wirez: Dancing across the pages of Webster's dictionary, we saw a whole lot of words.

Vix: Not bad... You just made that up?

Wirez: Nah... I googled it.

Vix: You better give me another beer.

(sound of beer sliding across the bar)

Wirez: This one's on the house V.