

# Bloody Mary

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## Bar/Interior/Night

*A customer enters the place limping and sits at the bar. The waiter is cleaning some glasses.*

BARMAN (*cleans glasses*): Want something to drink, sir?

CLIENT: Something very, very strong.

BARMAN (*still cleans glasses*): Do you need encouragement, sir?

CLIENT: Apparently...yes...

BARMAN: A Bloody Mary works for you?

CLIENT: Oh, yeah.

BARMAN: Heartbreak, sir?

CLIENT (*looks shocked*): And how did you know that?

BARMAN: From your sigh, sir.

CLIENT: My sigh?

BARMAN (*puts the Bloody Mary drink in front of the client*): Exactly, the sigh of love is very different from the disappointed sigh of the ruined or simply depressed. I have been a waiter for over thirty years, and I do not find it difficult to identify different types of sighs. You have all the symptoms of a man recently abandoned.

CLIENT (*touches his face and hair*): Well, you don't have to be too smart to see that. Just look at my face.

BARMAN (*after putting bottles in their places, he turns to the Client*): True. Could it be a tall blonde ?

CLIENT (*hesitates*): And that?

BARMAN (*pushes another glass towards the Client*): A waiter's deduction. You have a blond strand of hair on your shoulder and a lipstick mark on your temple. As you are of good stature, only a girl measuring at least 1.75m could have left a mark that high.

CLIENT: Excellent. Can you tell me something else, my dear Sherlock Barman?

BARMAN (*serves another client while still calmly talking to the Client*): The woman's name is Mary. She is an air hostess. She likes animals, and she likes going to Dedalus Park.

CLIENT: This is all true. Are you clairvoyant or what?

BARMAN: I repeat, sir, simply a waiter's spirit of observation. You jumped when I said the name of Bloody Mary, from which I have deduced that Mary or Marina could be the name of the woman on your mind. (*He gets paid and returns the change, then again turns toward the Client.*) You also left a pack of cigarettes not bearing a stamp on the bar...not seeming like the type who buys contraband, I gather they were purchased on an airplane, and your tie is a brand which is sold in

airport stores, too. (*He returns bottles to their places.*) And that lighter with the picture of the dog on it...that cannot be yours. It is a gift from Mary, right? And finally, next to the cigarette lighter is a paper from Dedalus Park, a parking ticket or something similar.

CLIENT: All of this is accurate. Can you tell me how Mary has left me?

BARMAN (*wipes the bar with a damp cloth*): Well, first of all because of your sick jealousy of that pilot.

CLIENT (*confused*): That is also true. But how...?

BARMAN (*puts away the cloth he was using and takes his tie out*): Clearly, if you're in love with an air hostess, you cannot help but be jealous of a pilot. You even wore a blue jacket and dark glasses, wanting unconsciously to be dressed as a pilot, to compete with the ghost of his rival.

CLIENT: Okay, okay, Sherlock. Don't tell me now that you also know why Mary and I had a fight?

BARMAN (*suddenly still*): The dishes, sir?

CLIENT: By God, it's true. You know that just by coincidence?

BARMAN (*leans against the wall and cleans his glasses*): Even though Maria comes home tired, she cooks for you, as that fresh tomato stain on your clothes testifies. This is the splash of a frying pan at home and not a restaurant stain. After that, she asks that you at least wash the dishes. You protest but end up doing them...clumsily, as evidenced by the smell of the detergent coming from the sleeve of your shirt. Suddenly you break a dish, and it cuts the index finger on your right hand. That's how I know...

CLIENT (*surprised and starting to get afraid*): But ...

BARMAN (*gesticulates*): Do not interrupt me! Mary gets angry and shouts, "You are useless," and grabs you by the wrists; I can see the mark of the bracelet in the palm of your hand. Mary scratches you on the neck. You hug. And as often happens in these cases, you both become excited and begin to make love.

CLIENT (*much more surprised, stands up and sits again*): And that? How, how could you know that?

BARMAN (*takes a small bottle of whiskey out of his pocket and drinks*): Your shirt is not tucked in, your pants are badly fastened, and you give off a slight smell of many secretions of innumerable liquids. But Mary rebels because you want to have anal sex. She gives you a blow with the heel of her shoe on the back of your leg. There you have the dirty stain. Then she gives you a big slap on the neck. Fighting, you both throw dishes and break them by the dozens. I can even see a piece of porcelain stuck to the back of your pants. Mary pulls out the necklace that you gave her, shouting, "I no longer want anything from you!" She leaves the house. You mechanically collect some pearls and put them in your pocket. There they are. (*The Client looks at the pearls.*) Then you try to stop her from leaving, but you slip on the landing and fall. (*He pauses.*) In fact, you entered the bar limping.

CLIENT (*worried, he lights a cigarette*): You scare me...

BARMAN (*staring*): After that, you run outside without even putting on your coat. But you can't find Mary. And now, you are here in front of me, desperate.

CLIENT: If you know everything, can you tell me how this is going to end?

BARMAN: I can try. (*He looks for cigarettes in his pockets.*) Mary is furious. Air hostesses have many nervous conditions because of their schedule changes. Your wife—sorry, I mean your ex-wife—runs to take comfort with the pilot, who is at the Bar Dmcp, the one where all the pilots get together. (*He moves closer to the Client and takes his lighter.*) But today is Monday and Dmcp is closed. She walks one hundred meters and finds him in the Spanish Bar Gregorio. Mary tells the pilot, "Please, I beg you, let's get out of this place." Your name is Gregory—it's written on your necklace—and the name

Gregorio reminds her of you. *(He lights the cigarette.)*

CLIENT *(takes a deep breath)*: Now what are they doing?

BARMAN *(smoking)*: Given that five minutes ago it started to rain, they will probably be taking refuge in the nearest bar.

CLIENT *(downs his Bloody Mary in one gulp)*: Which bar is that?

BARMAN *(leans on the bar and watches the entrance)*: This one, sir. According to my calculations, they should be here within a minute or two...

CLIENT *(gets really nervous and looks at the entrance a couple of times)*: And what will happen then?

BARMAN *(looks fixedly at the Client)*: I think, sir, you will be carried away by anger because you won't stand seeing them hugging and because you know there is nothing like rain to bring an air hostess and her pilot closer, emotionally and physically. Plus, Mary has a temper of her own...she will probably provoke you.

CLIENT *(can't even look at the Barman)*: And then?

BARMAN: Then you will take out the gun that, by accident, I've seen under your jacket. But it is a terrible mistake. There, at that table, you see, is a policeman in civilian clothes. Take a look at his haircut and shoes. The officer will remove his gun, the one he has on his waist, and kill you in less than a minute...

CLIENT *(looks behind him to check that there is a policeman)*: It's absurd. It has already been a couple of minutes and nobody has come yet.

BARMAN: Sure! Damn...I forgot that right there, next to the corner, there is a kitchenware shop. Mary did not resist the temptation to see if they have any dishes to replace the ones you both broke in the fight.

CLIENT *(really, really nervous)*: And...? And what do you mean by that?

BARMAN *(smirks for having been right)*: Well, everything has been delayed a bit, sir. But look, as planned, here they are...

*(A couple enters the bar.)*

CLIENT *(turns, surprised at what he sees)*: Oh my God, no!

BARMAN *(standing still)*: Stay calm, sir...I told you.

MARY *(arrogant, overly confident)*: Ah, you're here, Greg, still standing. Did you not tell me you were going to shoot yourself?

CLIENT: Mary, do not provoke me.

MARY: And who wants to provoke you? Meet Commander Dud, the pilot of my plane.

COMMANDER *(with irony)*: What a pleasure...

CLIENT *(sarcastic)*: Pleasure, indeed. Was easy replacing me, wasn't it, bitch?

MARY: Greg! You're always acting like an animal!

COMMANDER *(stays calm)*: I forbid you to speak to a lady like that.

CLIENT *(takes out the gun)*: Oh, I thought you were the lady. And what if I do? What are you gonna do, you fucking bastard?!

MARY: Greg, calm down and put the gun away, for God's sake!

CLIENT *(smiles, cynical)*: Umm, let me see...NO.

POLICEMAN: Freeze! Police! Put the gun down or I shoot!

CLIENT *(doesn't look at the Policeman but at the Barman)*: I'm going to kill you! I'll fucking kill you!

*A shot...a scream...the sound of a body falling to the floor.*

VOICES:

—Oh my god...

—I had to do it, miss, he was about to shoot...

—Call an ambulance! Now!

—What happened?

—There was a shooting: an officer shot a man, but he suddenly ducked and the bullet hit and killed the barman.