

2 and A Half Pints

A Solo Performance by Robert Anderson and Drunken Bo

(Bo enters stage left carrying luggage, he is well dressed in suite and tie, throughout the performance the suit jacket and tie will

slowly be taken off and discarded)

(Speaking to self:)

"Okay I'm at gate C... need to get too... Level 14B???"

(Advance towards center stage, with British accent)

"Welcome to Heathrow international airport. Bonjour vous arrivez sans l'aerogare international de Heathrow"

(Open carry-on and pull out beer)

My biggest problem with myself of at least my least favorite asset, would have to be my lack of belief in myself.

(Search for train ticket in baggage and throw art supplies on ground, approach center stage again and speak)

"This is the Piccadilly Line, mind the Gap between the train and the platform. This train terminates at Cockfosters. This train is departing, stand clear of the doors stand clear of the doors."

(Poor first pint while speaking)

When I was younger and older friend of mine once poured out a beer for me and as he handed it to me he said, "Here it is Bo... Liquid Courage, drink up!" Fuck what a concept, I mean just think about it for a second... Liquid courage, freakin' amazing! I never drank that beer not one sip, I just stared at it, in amazement and wonder not fully understanding what it meant or how it worked. BUT... that... was a long time ago when I was a good little boy and my liver and kidneys didn't know what it meant to be abused. I can still remember... I was still so young at 20 (drinks entire first pint)

Life (open next can and pour into glass)

London

2002

I went to London in search of myself... In search of

history

dignity culture and class, only the person I was looking for was never really there. I did manage to find, however, a friend at the bottom of an empty pint glass night in and night out, out and in, in and out and in and out, uh and so on and so forth. (Drinks)

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my distinct pleasure to introduce to you tonight, live on the streets of London, the one the only, your friend and mine

DRUNKEN BO:(take steps to left and transition into drunken Bo) "Hey, how you doing? Ladies having a good time tonight? Ha-ha I'm pretty crazy, pretty funny, IM DRUNK HAHA!" It's a little known fact, but since I'm drunk I will tell you, it's a fact, a fact, a factafactafactafact... that anyone at anytime could point a finger at me and say "Now there's a man in search of other's approval... No, approval is wrong... shit...aaaaattention, attention works best. Attention is what I need what I crave what I love" And do you... know... what... that person who said that thing with the thing about me and attention would always be right, ALWAYS!

(Soberer)

Over time in England I developed the overly serious bad habit of sobriety and would rid myself of it every chance I got. (Raise glass) Drinking quick and easily became second nature me, like breathing out or breathing in... (begin singing to self and dancing back and forth with beer glass) it was second nature to me now... ladeedee ladedumm...

(Embarrassed about dancing, drink more beer)

2 months or so prior to my arrival in England the Queen, or somebody, decreed that all the public museums would be free to the people of the land, and so it was and it was good. In search of my character, class, dignity, and blah, blah, blah, I took full advantage of this diving head first into the world of the 'mysterious' social elite. Luckily for me I had drunken Bo to bring along for the ride, "Hey!"

(Drunken Bo waives) Following a hunch and suffering a bad hangover I popped into a local corner store and bought myself some cheep art supplies and booze. And interesting combination I'm willing to admit, but it cried out to me with the

possibilities of inspirations to come!

So I would go to these museums, drunk off my ass, and sit for hours in front of the greatest artworks Western Civilization had ever

produced!

Sit in sweet intoxication, mostly from the booze, and become truly inspired! (Stair into audience and become stupidly inspired, sit on ground with art supplies there and start drawing getting slowly more and more angry) Whistlers, Turners, Pollock's, Picasso's, Magritte's and Dali's all on all sides of me they would come alive to me... and after one whiff of my breathe they would begin laughing, laughing at my arrogance, my stupidity, encircling me they would encompass my every thought, drowning me in a sea of my own self pity until I had finished UNTIL I HAD COMPLETED THE DRAWING, UNTIL IT WAS COMPLETE...

ITS NEVER, EVER COMPLETE, NEVER!!!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

In later observation my art would mock me. (Revealed to audience artwork says drunken Bo sucks. Throw art pad down) Sometimes art classes would pass by me and I could listen in on their lectures and sometimes draw along side them, pretending like I belonged. No one seemed to notice, and slowly, so terribly terrible slowly my art work developed a life of its own and began to grow and despite my best attempts to drown it its grew even further into something that I was actually almost proud of. Something I could show my friends. Something to write home about. (Pride takes hold)

AND Eventually... using only #2 pencils, Crayola crayons, and the cheapest art paper money could buy... the Tate modern, the Tate Britain, the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Museum of London and the Museum of Britain all became my bitches! Pretentious moi? Hell yeah!

(Big swig of Beer)

MMMMM... Omar, my gay bald Mexican friend from LA who I met while attending university in Juneau, once told me that the only reason I do crazy shite, or rather make a spectacle of myself is in order to more fully fill out the pages of my autobiography. An interesting compliment and insult in one, labeling me interesting, though only because I want to be interesting, so that one day I can look back and say that I- I was interesting. How... Interesting.

(Finish second Pint open next can and drink from can)
(Beer takes Hold)
You might say that I went to London with you might say
Great Expectations, no pun intended... yinow, Fuckin'
Charles Dickens! HAHAAHHAHAHAHA with Little Pip, "thank
you sir may I have another!" HAHAAHAAH, MAN that Dickens
is a fuckin riot! HAHAA... uhn... hooooo! (Laughter
stopping and turning to disgust at audience)
AH what do you know about it? Americans! PSH! You people
have no class, no culture! Bunch of fucking wankers and
cunts is what we have here. (Pull out of luggage a British
Flag tie and put it on)

(Brit accent from center stage staring directly into
audience) This is the East Bound Metropolitan line, this
train terminates at Harrow on the Hill, the Next stop is
harrow on the hill. All change please, all change. As you
exit the station please note the excessive amounts of Pubs
conveniently located in your area, these Pubs are now open,
please take time to get to know your local social deviants.

(Pick up luggage)
<Youthful Bo> "Oh look a Pub, I wonder if it's open,
perhaps I will
meet some social deviants there!"
(Exit stage right)