

Time for a Drink – best short endings

1. About Hotel Beverly Hills (excerpts from Interview about Love)

Journo: *let us have a break.*

D.L.: what would you like?

Journo: *a Dr. Love's Blonde Cruiser?*

D.L.: they don't make here at the Hotel Beverly Hills, not yet. It's a secret formula under development.

Journo: *what about a Strawberry Muddle?*

D.L.: standard or special?

Journo: *what's a special?*

D.L.: sorry I just remembered the lady who used make it doesn't work here anymore (after HBH re-opening March 2009). I grab you a Tequila Sunrise.

Journo: *you look sad.*

D.L.: I miss the Angel a lot. (Read Interview – About Hotel Beverly Hills, aka the Chamber)

Journo: *would you like to see her face again?*

D.L.: until the end of time. I just want a private conversation with her over a long black. I like to explain her where Dr. Love comes from and why Dr. Love did what he did at the Chamber. There will always be a hole in my heart until that happens.

Speaker: *paging Dr. Love, paging Dr. Love*

D.L.: got go.

Journo: *is there an emergency?*

D.L.: looks like there is a fight over the microphone.

Journo: *what number are you doing?*

D.L.: Angels by Robbie Williams.

Journo: *good choice. By the way, you won't tell my boss we've doing this interview inside a pub.*

D.L.: Dr. Love wouldn't do that. Enjoy your Tequila.

Speaker: *Dr. Love going once, Dr. Love going twice*

Speaker: Heeello.

2. About the Comedy Club *(excerpts from Interview about Society)*

Journo: *let's have a break.*

D.L.: what's the score?

Journo: *does anyone know the score?*

Waiter: 11-6 (Los Angeles Dodgers against the San Francisco Giants). The captain struck two magnificent homes runs in the dying minutes of the game. The balls cleared the fence by a country mile.

Journo: *mate, next time I'm going to do the interview after the game.*

D.L.: you can't. The corporate boxes get cleaned out 10 minutes after the game.

Journo: *there is no luck when I am hanging out with you.*

D.L.: I wouldn't say that. You know the Comedy Club at Echo Park is just short distance away.

Journo: *there will be a big queue.*

D.L.: I can get you through the back door.

Journo: *what do you know about the Comedy Club?*

D.L.: I think a few barmaids still remember Dr. Love when he was last there.

Journo: *that's if they still want to talk to you?*

D.L.: true, I think a couple of barmaids may want apply a chokehold.

Journo: *just a couple?*

D.L.: well, there is Lola and Almost Miss Love to start with.

Journo: *Almost Miss Love?*

D.L.: well, she almost became the first official Miss Love. She is a lovely lass and I don't understand why Dr. Love didn't embrace her. I wonder if she would give him a second chance.

Journo: *Gee, you walk fast.*

D.L.: with my short legs, I have to.

Journo: *which door should we use?*

D.L.: the one down the back leading to the dining room.

Journo: *where is the night man?*

D.L.: he's the manager now.

Journo: *let's go say hello to him.*

D.L.: that's if he'll let me in.

Journo: *no worry, a journo can get you through every time. Just say you are the camera man.*

D.L.: mate, I am going home, I can't face the humiliation. Taxi, taxi

3. About the Rower's Club *(after leaving the Forex Hotel)*

Journo: *let's have 3 cheers for the kitten.*

D.L.: what are you having?

Journo: *a jug of Pure Blonde.*

D.L.: I'll have the jug, you have a pot. It's your turn to drive.

Journo: *gee, you drink fast, where is your car?*

D.L.: down the alleyway, but I think we should go in your car.

Journo: *why?*

D.L.: you see the Rower's Club at Silver Lake is just up the road from the Forex Hotel, they'll spot my car.

Journo: *don't they love you there anymore?*

D.L.: I think all the hypes and notoriety around Dr. Love have worn off. Goodwill at Silver Lake, just like on Echo Park, has evaporated. I don't think I am welcomed there anymore.

Journo: *couldn't you spin some Dr. Love magic one more time?*

D.L.: yeah, yeah, I can feel it. I can feel it coming. It's coming alright. Let me open the boot. How does this look?

Journo: *"Disney Mickey for President", that's old stuff. Haven't you got any new T shirt printed?*

D.L.: what about this one?

Journo: *"www.drlove.net". I think you'll convert a few true believers again.*

D.L.: at least for a little while. I think we'll go in my car.

(a few minutes later, up Sunset Boulevard, out of the sunroof)

Journo: Billy, Billy, Billy, we're coming. Billy, Billy, Billy, we're coming.

D.L.: shih... we'd better not stress the manager, his hair is getting thin.

Journo: *so is yours.*

D.L.: I've told you, don't give anybody any idea.

Journo: *don't forget to turn left?*

D.L.: I won't, its Dr. Love's Lane

Journo: *look, the first space is vacant.*

D.L.: it's reserved for Dr. Love. Everything still looks the same. Even one of my ex-Chamber mate, Merc, is minding the cab queue tonight.

Journo: *how do we get in?*

D.L.: back entrance.

Journo: *I left my id in the ute.*

D.L.: no worry, you've forgotten, a journo can always get in. Just tell them you are here to interview the African Queen.

Journo: *the African Queen?*

D.L.: I am going to keep some secret. Only Dr. Love and Marilyn know who the African Queen is.

Journo: *hey, there is a young African man waving to you.*

D.L.: yeah, he's been a go between for Dr. Love. I think I'm going to use his service tonight.

Journo: *you think the African Queen is going to make a comeback?*

D.L.: well, it's doesn't matter if it's the African Queen or the Little Gem (Gemma), as long as one of them makes a comeback, I'll be happy.

Journo: *I am confused. Do you really want to go in?*

D.L.: tonight could be the lucky night.

4. Life at the Tower

(Excerpts from Interview about Hotel Beverly Hills)

Journo: *I am getting thirsty listening to you, let's grab a drink.*

D.L.: what would you like?

Journo: *Tequila Sunrise.*

D.L.: can't make you one. For a start I haven't got Grenadine syrup.

Journo: *just use some cordial.*

D.L.: it won't be the same without the pomegranate extract. Anyway, let's see what's in the fridge. You just have to put up with Pure Blonde. That's all I've got.

Journo: *what's the bottle of Champaign for?*

D.L.: the Moet Chardon is for someone's birthday.

Journo: *mate, forget about being so generous, it hasn't won you many friends.*

D.L.: I agree. I'll save it for the supper with the Angel.

Journo: *I'll tell you what this place is pretty plush with a million dollar view. How much does it set you back?*

D.L.: 850 bucks a week for the 16th floor lake view.

Journo: *I see you have got two bedrooms here, what do you need that for?*

D.L.: well, there is one bedroom apartment at other tower and is less pricy. I am like you, trying to work out why I ended in this tower. The one thing I can tell you is that there are security cameras everywhere.

Journo: *the Big Brother is watching.*

D.L.: I don't know about that. All I know is that the property manager Bogah is a compatriot of Columbus, the ex-security guard from Hotel Beverly Hills. They are both from Brazil.

Journo: *what's life in the big tower like?*

D.L.: bloody lonely, just about every day I drive past the Chamber, seeing it being rebuilt. Life without the Angel is never the same.

Journo: *has your thinking changed?*

D.L.: well, after tours of the Comedy Club and the Rower's Club, Dr. Love is getting emotionally worn out.

Journo: *time to pack up the Dr. Love show?*

D.L.: well, he's giving it all but he is not about quit. This old dog still has bit of fire left in him.

Journo: *good to see a bit of agro. Let's empty the fridge.*

D.L.: next time it's going to be at your place and don't forget the Grenadine.

Journo: *I grow pomegranate in my back yard.*

D.L.: bring a bagful next time and I'll pass it to the Tower. They should be congratulated for doing their homework.

Journo: *what are you talking about?*

D.L.: Dr. Love is well known for his abstract thinking.

Journo: *well, this world still looks the same*

D.L.: another frame.

Journo: *drink up.*

D.L.: I think I might jump while I still can.

Journo: *when is the lease up?*

D.L.: soon.

Journo: *you know no one is going to catch you if you fall.*

D.L.: I know. It's Life in the City.

5. Dr. Love Interviews Bon Jovi *(excerpts from Interview About Music)*

Journo: *time for a drink.*

D.L.: waiter.

Waiter: *what would you like, gentlemen?*

D.L.: a jug of Vodka and Whiskey on ice.

Waiter: *sorry, we are out of Vodka and Whiskey, the Bon Jovi crew emptied the bar last night. There are just a few roses left on the shelves.*

D.L.: looks like they've taken that blonde barkeeper with them.

Waiter: *she's done well with a wig.*

D.L.: I said we should have come to Beverly Wilshire last night. I could have got my photos taken with that barkeeper and autographed by Jon & Richie. You know I've never been in the arms of a blonde before.

Speaker: paging Journos No. 288, the crew has arrived in the interview room.

Journo: *that's my number.*

D.L.: can I come along.

Journo: *quite frankly, I'm tired of listening to blokes with elevated egos week in week out. Why don't you go and do my job for a change. I'll just put my feet up, enjoy a few Wild Turkeys and watch the sunset on Rodeo Drive.*

D.L.: me, did you say. Mmmh, let me think: "Dr. Love interviews Bon Jovi", does that sound right?

Journo: *let me close my eyes. Dr. Love going once, going twice... Where's he gone?*

Waiter: did you see the bloke who was chatting to you, he jolted away in no time.

Journo: *I am glad I got rid of him. I hope Bon Jovi can put up with the runaway Doc.*

(In the distance, fading): Crooning "It's My Life" by Bon Jovi

6. At the Los Angeles Lakers' Club (*excerpts from Interview About Generation Y*)

Journo: *time for a drink.*

D.L.: how is your liver?

Journo: *probably as good as yours.*

D.L.: mine is nearly up for a transplant. What would you like?

Journo: *Pink Lady.*

D.L.: Pink Lady? Not at the Lakers' Club. Real men don't drink that stuff.

Journo: *what do they serve?*

D.L.: looks like it's all Budweiser or Pure Blonde on taps.

Journo: *grab a couple of jugs of Pure Blonde.*

D.L.: you are supposed to be working.

Journo: *it's for Michael and Magic.*

D.L.: Michael and Magic?

Journo: *do you recognise those couple of bald guys sitting at the bar?*

D.L.: that's Jordan and Johnson, the Bulls' and Lakers' heroes.

Journo: *any memorable moments?*

D.L.: yep, back in March 21, 1989, a Bulls' vs Lakers' match when Michael and Magic were playing on the same court. Jordan scored a 3-pointer in the dying seconds to lead his team to a memorable 1-point win, 104-103.

Journo: *fair dinkum, you still remember that. It's good to know dementia hasn't set in.*

D.L.: I've told you, don't you give anybody any idea.

Journo: *I know you've gone through a lot of trouble looking for love, but can I give you some advice?*

D.L.: what may that be?

Journo: *I think you should come to the Lakers' Club every Friday night, have a few drinks and watch a game or two, instead of wasting your time on Sunset Boulevard. You see sheilas in Beverly Hills just want a good time. They want to be in arms of pretty boys and they don't look at life the way you do. It's time to quit.*

D.L.: I know, but this love thing, it's addictive. There is always the thought: one more night I could get lucky.

Speaker: attention ladies and gentleman, a taxi is looking for Dr. Love.

D.L.: got go. My fans are waiting at the Chamber.

Journo *(talking to himself): I don't know what it is, there is something wrong with this guy. He is going to lose everything one day.*

7. Walking the Streets of Shanghai *(excerpts from Interview About Dr. Love)*

Journo: *let's have a break.*

D.L.: what would you like?

Journo: *Tequila Sunrise?*

D.L.: would you like it as a duet.

Journo: *is there a karaoke bar around?*

D.L.: you bet.

(a few minutes later)

Journo: *gee, you walk fast.*

D.L.: everyone walks fast here.

Journo: *look, there is a karaoke bar here.*

D.L.: what would you know?

Journo: well there is a queue right out onto the street. Looks like some blokes have even brought their own CDG's. Didn't you used to do that at Beverly Hills?

D.L.: well, Chinese people are known to be obsessional.

Journo: what does that sign say?

D.L.: couldn't you read?

Journo: I am not as talented as you are.

D.L.: it reads: "Karaoke Court on the 88th floor, open 24/7".

Journo: that's amazing! You know what, you don't ever have to return to the Chamber and fight over that microphone.

D.L.: but competition could come from those blondes at the front of the queue.

Journo: I wouldn't worry about those local debutants with bleached hair-do. You just hang around me for a while. I'm good at seducing Anglo-broad. A natural blonde is always a winner.

D.L.: I know, in this country the locals love foreigners more than other locals, which is something I wished for back at home.

Journo: in your dreams. Mind you, you could always bleach your hair, get a nose job and throw away those ugly looking glasses.

D.L.: a blonde Dr. Love, he could be so lucky.

Journo: did you see that?

D.L.: what?

Journo: another local Sheila just brushed passed me and said in broken English: "do you want come with me."

D.L.: how come I didn't get any offer?

Journo: well you look like you are my porter, a local. The Sheilas will be thinking you won't even have money to pay for your own dinner tonight.

D.L.: it's all perception isn't it, if only they knew who owned that Mercedes parked at the Beverly Hills?

Journo: what are you doing?

D.L.: I am adjusting my pocket, trying to get my American passport out in view.

Journo: that's one thing you are good at, promoting yourself.

D.L.: did you see that?

Journo: what?

D.L.: a Sheila just brushed passed me and said in fluent Mandarin: "please marry me" and dropped her card in my hand.

Journo: it's amazing what fame brings.

D.L.: I don't think they've heard of Dr. Love in Shanghai yet. I think she recognises the emblem on the passport.

Journo: who cares, she is gorgeous, take her home.

D.L.: but I'm committed to the Angel.

Journo: then I'll have her.

D.L.: I can tell she's a cheated Chinese princess.

Journo: what's the mattress like in Shanghai?

D.L.: but the last plane out of Shanghai is almost gone

Journno: *it's only a one-way ticket you got me, but thanks anyway for the freebie and the roses.*

D.L.: you didn't have to mention the roses.

Journno: *it's time for some tea.*

D.L.: tea?

Journno: *yep, I want to live the healthy lifestyles of the locals.*

D.L.: bit of liver cleansing will do you a lot of good. Stepping in, that's a Yum Cha House.

Journno: *are you coming in?*

D.L.: I'll join you in a tick. There is an Irish pub around the corner and I'll have a couple of Guinness first.

Journno: *mate, it's 4 o'clock in the morning and the Irish closes at midnight. I know where you want to go?*

D.L.: where?

Journno: *you want to chat up that Sheila who wants to marry you.*

D.L.: I know. I better let somebody love me before it's too late.

Journno: *I even know the outro: G, G7, C, Cm6 & G (Desperado by Eagles).*

D.L.: forget the tea house, let's head to the 88th Floor and watch the sunrise.

Journno: *"this old world still looks the same"*

D.L.: I'm not doing a duet with you.

Journno: *"another frame".*

D.L.: (after 3 measures) "Mm._____"

Journo (talking to himself): *there is something wrong with this guy, he changes his mind so quickly.*

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