

The VISITOR

(Scene:

session night at the "Happy Shamrock" pub in Anytown, USA. Lots of decorations left over from St Patrick's Day still in evidence [to be taken down in early December]).

(The pub door opens slowly and an incredibly smooth, suave individual enters carrying a tenor banjo case. After dusting off the seat of an empty chair with a finely-embroidered handkerchief, he sits carefully at the session table, avoiding damage to his \$4500 Armani suit. From his inside pocket he takes a gold cigarette case, carefully chooses one - it looks handmade - and is about to light up when he notices the "No Smoking" sign over the bar. With a momentary but nonetheless attractive blush, he replaces the cigarette and the case. At that moment Tom, the Session Alpha, arrives.)

Tom (after general hellos to the regulars, addresses newcomer)

Well, good evening and welcome to our session. First time here . . . ? I'm Tom. *(extends hand, not taken)* But you look very familiar . . .

Newcomer:

The name is Bond . . . James Bond.

Tom *(gasps)*:

. . . of course! Now I know where I've seen you . . . all those great movies . . .

JB:

Thank you. I miss making them, of course, but they weren't getting any easier as I got older. But when I had to give up the gorgeous women, the sports cars, the exotic trips, I decided it was time for me

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to concentrate on my real love . . . the banjo! (*proudly holds up cheesy case covered with decals and shredded duct tape*).

Tom:

. . . but James - may I call you James?

JB:

I would prefer Double Oh Seven, if you don't mind. At least until we know each other a bit better. Do you mind?

Tom:

Certainly not . . . but 007, the banjo? Meaning little or no disrespect, but one would probably not associate the banjo with a person as smooth, suave, and - dare I say it? - sensitive as you are.

JB:

A common misapprehension, my dear boy. I have always believed that in the right hands, the banjo can be an instrument of exceeding delicacy and tenderness. At Oxford I wrote my Master's thesis on that very subject. By the way, you are of course aware that I have multiple degrees in Martial Arts, Wine Tasting, Foreign and Domestic Seduction, Applied Sensitivity, and Bad-Ass Banjo Pickin' . . . ?

Tom:

But fine wines, beautiful women, sports cars . . . and tenor banjos? Sorry, 007 - I'm having a little trouble with that.

JB:

While you're trying to come to grips with it, can I take a moment to . . . (*snaps beautifully manicured fingers in the general direction of Timmy the bartender*) oh garçon - the wine list please! (*to Tom*) Have you any idea whether or not I could get a bottle of Meurtault-Savonnay 1986 in this place? I'm quite dry.

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Tom: ... uh ... can't say - I'm a beer drinker myself ...

JB (*continuing to snap fingers at Timmy, who is naturally ignoring him*):

Of COURSE you are, Bob ...

Tom:

Uh ... that's Tom ... Bob's my brother! (*chuckles lamely*)

[Tune in next time when we'll hear Timmy the bartender finally reply "A bottle of WHAT?" followed by "No, we DON'T have any Northeastern Swiss beers on draft"]

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