

## Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep On Hoppin' Tour  
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing  
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar 212:

### Red Barn Theatre

319 Duval Street

[www.redbarntheatre.com](http://www.redbarntheatre.com)

Saturday, 13 May, 8:00 PM

Yuengling (can) \$4.00

Yes, this one *is* a bit of a stretch, thanks for noticing, but it met enough applicable criteria to warrant its inclusion in this project. That's a lot syllables just to say, *Of course it's a damn bar!*

If you've been to Red Barn Theater for a show, then you probably know where the bar is. Right, it is not actually *in* the theater, and it's not open for bizniz while the performance is going on. They'll serve you in the "mingling time" before the curtain rises and again during the intermission, but that's it.



My co-hoppers and I often ask bartenders if they can think of an obscure bar that we might have missed. No one ever mentioned this place. The only reason it eventually popped into my mind was that I saw *Rocky Horror* here several years ago, and I remembered having a couple of beers at that tucked-away little bar at halftime. Clearly, it took me a *while* to remember that; we're at Hop 212.

You may have noticed that the sign says *Theatre*, not *Theater*. That bugs me a little. Not as much as *centre*, though. It's all from our European roots, of course. course. Brits and Frenchiees and so on.



Some say that the “-re” spelling refers to the art form and that the “-er” version refers to the building. I don't know about that, but *theatre* just comes across as a tad snooty to *moi*. Not as much as *centre*, though.

I have no doubt that it's deliberately a tad snooty, boldly separating them from the more crass and base entertainments to be found just beyond the driveway. It only bugs me a little,

though, and that is mostly because it does remind me of *centre*. *Centre* sucks.

The timing is the key to this Hop. An 8:00 show means a 7:55-or-so shutdown. I arrived at exactly that time. I saw a couple of people walk through the door of the theater, and the door close behind them. One tall guy in an odd suit was walking in that direction. Nobody else was outside. I walked towards where the bar was and saw nobody tending it. Hmm, this could be a setback. I did not recall it this being a self-service bar. (That is is something I *would* remember.)

Odd Suit Dude, though, stopped and turned back. "Did you need a drink?" he asked, with obvious haste in his voice. It occurred to me that he must have had a role in the play and had to get inside forthwith.

"Yes!" I replied, already reaching for my wallet, sensing that a quick exchange was going to be key. key. "Got a Yuengling?"

"I do, I do." He reached under the counter and produced a cold can of Yingles. "Do you already have your ticket to the show?"



"No," I said with strange good cheer, "I'm just here for a beer."



He had brought out a large red cloth to cover up the bottles and such, and he stopped in mid-motion, and froze for a second or two. He gave me a raised-eyebrow look. "Really?"

"Really." His look didn't change, so I offered, "Long story."

"Oh-kayyy." He covered the bottles and hurried off.

I took my can-o-Gling for a casual saunter (is there any other kind?) around the empty courtyard. It's right peaceful back here -- I mean, considering the proximity to Fat Tuesday (#91) and the merry mayhem of Duval.

I sat at one of the tables for a bit, digging the trees and the strings of lights, and the big old building. Then I did a little walkaround. I noticed a poster that said that Thursday was Date Night. Cost was \$40, and, it said, they do not supply the date.

It would have been funny to return at intermission and get another beer from the same guy. I actually made a tenuous plan to do just that, but, well, I forgot to do it.

Content with my evening at the theater (but not at the *theatre*), I swaggled down the last of my Glingying and moseyed on.



