

ACT TWO

with Scene Five, which is entitled ...

THEY FELL

Music fades. Lights up on Randy and Chad — these guys are one-hundred-percent “guy,” two “Aroostook County boys” — hanging out in a potato field in Almost, Maine. They’re probably drinkin’ some beers — Natural Lite, if you can get it. They’re in mid-conversation.

CHAD. I believe you, I’m just sayin’ —

RANDY. It was bad, Chad. *Bad.*

CHAD. I hear ya, b//ut —

RANDY. But you’re not *listenin’*, // Chad: It was bad! >

CHAD. No, *you’re* not listenin’, ’cause >

RANDY. Real bad ...

CHAD. (*Topping Randy.*) I’m tryin’ to tell you that I had a pretty bad time *myself!!!*

RANDY. (*Taking this in; then:.*) No. There’s no way! —

CHAD. It was pretty bad, Randy.

RANDY. Really.

CHAD. Yeah.

RANDY. Okay ... go. [*Let’s hear it.*]

CHAD. (*This is a little painful.*) She — ... She said she didn’t like the way I smelled.

RANDY. What?

CHAD. Sally told me she didn’t like the way I smelled. Never has.

RANDY. (*Taking this in.*) Sally Dunleavy (*Say, “DUN-luv-ee.”*) told you that she didn’t // like the way — ...?

CHAD. Yeah.

RANDY. When?

CHAD. When I picked her up. She got in the truck — we were backin’ outta her driveway — and all of a sudden, she starts breath-

in' hard and asked me to stop and she got outta the truck and said she was sorry, but she couldn't go out with me because she didn't like the way I smelled, never had!

RANDY. What?

CHAD. Said she thought she was gonna be able to overlook it, the way that I smelled, but that that wasn't gonna be possible after all, and she slammed the door on me and left me sittin' right there in her driveway.

RANDY. (*Taking this in.*) 'Cause she didn't like the way you smelled?

CHAD. Yeah.

RANDY. Well what kinda — ...? (*Beat.*) I don't mind the way you smell.

CHAD. Thanks.

RANDY. Jeez.

CHAD. Yeah ... (*Beat.*) Told you it was bad.

RANDY. More than bad, Chad. That's sad.

CHAD. Yeah. (*Beat.*) So, I'm guessin' I'm the big winner tonight, huh? So ... I get to pick tomorrow, and I pick bowlin'. We'll go bowlin', supper at the Snowmobile Club ... coupla beers at The Moose Paddy ... and just hang out.

RANDY. (*Looks at Chad. Beat.*) I didn't say you're the big winner, >

CHAD. What?

RANDY. did I say you're the big winner?

CHAD. No —

RANDY. No. All that's pretty sad, Chad, and bad, but you didn't win.

CHAD. What do you mean?

RANDY. You didn't win.

CHAD. You can beat bein' told you smelled bad?

RANDY. Yeah.

CHAD. Well, then ... [*Let's hear it.*]

RANDY. (*This is tough to share.*) Mine's face broke.

CHAD. What?

RANDY. Her face broke.

CHAD. (*Taking this in.*) Her — ?

RANDY. Only get one chance with a girl like Yvonne LaFrance, (*"LaFrance" rhymes with "pants."*) and her face broke. (*Beat.*) Told you it was bad. (*Beat.*)

CHAD. How did her face break?

RANDY. When we were dancin'.

CHAD. *Dancin'? (These guys don't dance.)*

RANDY. Yup.

CHAD. Why were you *dancin'?*

RANDY. 'Cause that's what she wanted to do. On our date. So I took her. Took her dancin' down to the rec center. You pay, then you get a lesson, then you dance all night. They teach "together dancing," how to dance together, and we learned that thing where you throw the girl up and over, and, Yvonne — well, she's pretty small ... and I'm pretty strong. And I threw her up and over, and, well ... I threw her ... *over ... over.* (*Beat.*) And she landed on her face. (*Beat.*) And it broke. (*Beat.*) Had to take her to the emergency room. (*Long beat. Then, finally:*)

CHAD. That's a drive.

RANDY. Thirty-eight miles.

CHAD. Yup. (*Beat.*)

RANDY. (*Disgusted.*) And she cried.

CHAD. Hate that.

RANDY. Whole way. (*Beat.*) Then had me call her old boyfriend to come get her.

CHAD. Ooh.

RANDY. He did. Asked me to "please leave." (*Beat.*) He's small as she is. (*They laugh. Beat. Chad laughs.*) What?

CHAD. That's just — pretty bad.

RANDY. Yup.

CHAD. And sad.

RANDY. Yup.

CHAD. So ... I guess you win.

RANDY. Yup!

CHAD. That right there might make you the big winner of all time!

RANDY. Yup!

CHAD. "Baddest-date-guy" of all time!

RANDY. Yup!

CHAD. Congratulations!

RANDY. Thank you!

CHAD. So what do you pick tomorrow?

RANDY. Bowlin'. Supper at the Snowmobile Club. Coupla beers at the Moose Paddy. Hang out.

CHAD. Good. (*Beat. They drink their beers, and crush the cans, and shoot them into crates or an offstage abandoned potato barrel, maybe. Everything settles. Beat. Chad laughs.*)

RANDY. What?

CHAD. (*Sitting.*) I don't know. Just sometimes ... I don't know why I bother goin' "out." I don't like it, Randy. I hate it. I hate goin' out on these dates. I mean, why do I wanna spend my Friday night with some girl I might *maybe* like, when I could be spendin' it hangin' out with someone I *know* I like, like you, you know?

RANDY. Yeah.

CHAD. I mean ... that was rough tonight. In the middle of Sally tellin' me how she didn't like the way I smelled ... I got real sad, >

RANDY. Aw, buddy ...

CHAD. and all I could think about was how not much in this world makes me feel good or makes much sense anymore, and I got really scared, 'cause there's gotta be something that makes you feel good or at least makes sense in this world, or what's the point, right? But then I kinda came out of bein' sad, and actually felt okay, 'cause I realized that there *is* one thing in this world that makes me feel really good and that *does* make sense, and it's you. (*Everything stops. Chad isn't quite sure what he has just said. Randy isn't quite sure what he has just heard. Long, long beat of these guys sorting out what was just said and heard.*)

RANDY. (*Escaping the discomfort.*) Well, I'm gonna head. (*He starts to leave.*) >

CHAD. Yeah ...

RANDY. (*Deflecting throughout the following.*) I gotta work in the mornin' ...

CHAD. Well, I'm just supervisin' first shift at the mill, so I can pick you up anytime after three —

RANDY. Oh, I don't know, Chad: Me and Lendall, we got a long day tomorrow — we're still catchin' up, fixin' roofs from all the snow in December, // gotta do Marvalyn and Eric's, and —

CHAD. Well, four // or five? Or six or seven?

RANDY. Prob'ly busy all day, I don't know when we'll be // done.

CHAD. Well, you just // say when —

RANDY. I don't know, I don't know!, so, >

CHAD. Well —

RANDY. (*Putting a stop to this — he wants outta there.*) hey-HEY!! I'll see ya later! (*He leaves.*)

CHAD: Yeah. Yeah-yeah-yeah ... (*Chad watches Randy go. Then:*) Hey, Randy! — (*Suddenly, Chad completely falls down on the ground. Maybe it's more of a crumple to the ground. Love is, after all, often described as making people weak in the knees.*)

RANDY. (*Rushing back, seeing Chad on the ground.*) Whoa! Chad!