

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.

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

CHAD

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

RANDY

What?

CHAD

Her face broke.

RANDY

(*Taking this in.*) Her -- ?

CHAD

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

RANDY

How did her face break?

CHAD

When we were dancin'.

RANDY

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

CHAD

Yup.

RANDY

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 makes 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 start to leave.)* >

CHAD

Yeah . . .

RANDY

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