

**Guy and Roy**, by Tom Evans

*(Roy, sitting at a table works a crossword puzzle.)*

ROY

City on a lake of the same name. Erie. The only Pennsylvania town close enough to make a break for Canada. E--R--I--E.

*(Guy enters with a paper grocery sack.)*

ROY *(cont'd)*

About time.

GUY

Fuckin' five-thirty, Friday night, Roy! Longest line at the drive through Beer Depot I've ever seen.

*(From the sack he takes a six pack of beer.)*

GUY *(cont'd)*

P B R. For the man with less taste than a numb tongued orangutang.

ROY *(reaching for the six pack)*

Gives the same buzz as you get from yours, Guy.

GUY

No, no. *Rules*. Guy bought the beer so--???

ROY *(reluctantly)*

Roy makes the supper.

GUY *(his cell on Voice Memos)*

For the record.

ROY *(resignedly, into phone)*

You got beer, I make supper.

*(Guy hands the Pabst Blue Ribbon six pack to Roy, then takes out a second six pack, takes a bottle and does an imitation of Brando in **Streetcar**.)*

GUY

STELL-AAAAAH!

ROY

The beer built by snobs--for a buncha snobs got more money than sense.

GUY

To your PBR, the beer that makes horse piss in a can taste good.

*(They toast, then Roy finds a placard in the beer sack.)*

ROY

What's this?

GUY

Was stuck under my windshield wipers.

ROY

Moving company offer?

GUY

Don't know. Didn't take time to read it.

ROY *(reading)*

We're watching you. M, A, D, D. What the fuck?

GUY

Oh, I heard about this at work. Is there some hand written stuff on it?

ROY

Naw. No, yeah. On the back.

GUY

Lemme see. *(reads)* Dear New Jersey SKT 2077.

ROY

What the hell's SKT 2077?

GUY

My license plate.

ROY

How'd they get that--never mind.

GUY

Dear New Jersey SKT 2077. Neighborhood parents have observed you exceeding the speed limit along Claxton Ave. Please slow down and let our children live. M, A, D, D. *There're kids on this block?*

ROY

I wouldn't worry. From the ones I've seen most parents would be happy to lose them.

GUY

Whatever. I'd rather not be the guy who gives them that pleasure. M, A, D, D?

ROY

It's an acronym. Like POTUS.

GUY

POTUS?

ROY

President of the United States.

GUY

Oh, yeah. Like ASAP. As soon as possible.

ROY

I believe M, A, D, D is Mothers Against Drunk Driving.

GUY

Stop, stop. That's about all the enlightenment I can take at one whack. Where's the thing?

ROY

The thing?

GUY

The clicker.

ROY

You mean the remote?

GUY

Yeah, the channel surfer. See what's on the idiot box.

ROY

Our set died.

GUY

What! When?

ROY

Last night while we were watching re-runs of *Rosanne*.

GUY

Is that what happened? I thought we had a momentary blossoming of good sense and turned it off.

ROY

No, the only good sense in the room seemed to come from the TV set--which died.

GUY

How we gonna keep from having to talk to each other without TV?

ROY

We could play a word game.

GUY

No, no, no. No fuckin' twenty questions!

*(Roy looks at the MADD notice.)*

ROY

How about this? I'll say an acronym and then you have to say another one--except the first letter of your acronym has to start with the final letter of mine.

GUY

That sounds *hard*.

ROY

It'll be fun. Like, if I say ABC you could say CBS. Got it?

GUY

Got it.

ROY

You start.

GUY *(after a swig of beer.)*

IPA.

ROY

IWW.

GUY

What the hell is that--IWW?

ROY

The Wobblies. International Workers of the World.

GUY

Fine. But the last letter in IPA is an "A," not an "I," turtle neck.

ROY

An "A?" Crap. OK, then....AFL-CIO.

GUY

Never heard of it.

ROY

Proving you ain't really blue collar.

GUY

The hell I'm not? I work in car maintenance down at Jackson Toyota.

ROY

*At the desk*, where customers check their cars in. You don't work with your hands. You don't labor. You just put some check marks and model numbers and stuff like that on a repair form. Now, if you want a bona fide blue collar worker, look to me.

GUY

So, you drive a garbage truck. Big deal.

ROY

*Sanitation and recycling*, if you please. I'm in sanitation and recycling. And I'm blue collar to the bone. Hell, my daddy was a union man all his life.

GUY

Whatever. You're just stalling because you made up....C, I, F, A, L, O.

ROY

A, F, L, C, I, O. Can't even say it right.

GUY

Don't matter, cheater, because I know you made it up.

ROY

The hell I did. AFL. American Federation of Labor. Dash. CIO. Congress of Industrial Organizations.

GUY

Well, that'd be heavy--if was true.

ROY

True as this PBR I'm drinking beats the shit our of your IPA.

GUY

Stella ain't no IPA. It's a lager.

ROY  
So what, turkey butt. Your letter's an "O."

GUY  
OK.

ROY  
OK's not an acronym.

GUY  
*OK, I'm thinking. OK? (pause) OBGYN.*

ROY  
Say what?

GUY  
OBGYN.

ROY  
Meaning?

GUY  
An obstetrician-gynecologist.

ROY  
What the fuck is that?

GUY  
A doctor who delivers babies. Which makes your letter "N"--and it's easy to guess what your answer's gonna be.

ROY  
NFL.

GUY  
Easy money if we'd been betting.

ROY  
Asshole! (*statement*) You think I'm talking National Football League.

GUY  
Obviously.

ROY  
Wrong. This NFL stands for a club where you're a charter member.

GUY

Horse shit it does.

ROY

Listen up. NFL. Nugatory Fuckin' Losers. Your go. With something starting with a "L."

GUY

*Nugatory?*

ROY

Google it. N, u, g, a, t, o, r, y.

GUY *(from his phone screen.)*

"Of no value or importance."

ROY

That's you to a tee.

GUY

Asshole. How'd you come by a nine dollar word like that?

ROY

Fortune cookie. *(Guy waits.)* Little piece of paper in my cookie said, "For ordinary people, to study nuclear physics will prove nugatory."

GUY

You're making this up.

*(Roy pulls from his wallet a well worn slip of paper from a fortune cookie.)*

GUY

Well I'll be an SOB. How long have you had this?

ROY

F, A, A, D.

GUY

In English.

ROY

F, A, A, D. Forever And A Day. To tell the truth--since high school.

GUY

Why've you kept this all these years?

ROY

Well, Guy, nugatory's a word that can so easily slip from a man's vocabulary. Especially when I don't use it more than once or twice a day.

GUY

I've known you for years and years and I've never, ever heard you say nugatory. Purgatory--maybe. Nugatory? Never.

ROY

*I just said it three times.* You must be suffering from CRS.

GUY

That's so old it's got moss growing on it.

ROY (*cont'd*)

CRS is a good one. Can't remember shit. Suits you to a tee. Now, to get back to the game. Your letter is L--as in lackluster, lunkhead, loser.

GUY

LBJ.

ROY

JFK.

GUY

KGB

ROY

BYOB

GUY

BFF.

ROY

FUBAR. (*foobar--fucked up beyond all recognition*)

GUY

That end in an "R?" (*Roy nods, "Yes."*) Then, RFD.

ROY

DOB.

GUY

BSA.



ROY

BSA? What's that? Baptist Student Association?

GUY

Nope.

ROY

Big shitty a-holes?

GUY

No, dummy. Boy Scouts of America.

ROY

Same difference.

GUY

Hey, easy there. I was a boy scout.

ROY

Eagle?

GUY

Naw. I backed off on that.

ROY

How come?

GUY

Hell, I'uz fourteen, wouldn't be caught dead wearing a sash.

ROY

You were a damn homophobe?

GUY

No. I wadn't. Nor now neither. The sash was just my excuse. I didn't make Eagle Scout because I couldn't manage to tie all those different kind of knots. Never could get the hang of how to make the damn squirrel go around the damn tree and--wherever the hell else he went on the way to tying a bowline. On everything else I was OK, but on tying knots--especially bowlines--I was NDG.

ROY

Well, have a little TLC and let's move on.

*(Hoists his PBR. They both have swigs.)*

GUY

This Stella's so fine. Your turn.

ROY

Tell you what, Guy. My feeling's we've pretty well run this acronym game into the ground? What say you crack us fresh beers and I'll get on making some eats?

GUY

Right now?

ROY

ASAP.

GUY

To hell with ASAP. Make it PDQ.

ROY

Fine. But no griping. Whatever I make you'll say it's AOK.

GUY

M, S, M, N.

ROY

What's that? M, S, M, N?

GUY

Maybe so, maybe not. Depends on what you got in mind to cook?

ROY

How's this sound? Main course--BLT's with SOS on the side--and M&M's for dessert?

GUY *(thumbs down)*

Sounds totally SNAFU. *(snafoo)*

ROY

SNAFU. I know that. That's WWII talk. That means, uh, it means, uh--shit. How the hell does that go?

GUY

SNAFU. Situation Normal--all fucked up.

*(He hands Roy a PBR. They toast. Guy with his Stella, Roy with his PBR.)*

END