**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-AAAAAAH!

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?

The thing?

ROY
The clicker.

You mean the remote?

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

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?

Got it.

ROY
You start.

GUY (after a swig of beer.)
IPA.

ROY
IWW.

GUY
What the hell is that--IWW?

ROY

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.

Say what?

ROY
OBGYN.

GUY
Meaning?

ROY
An obstetrician-gynecologist.

GUY
What the fuck is that?

ROY
A doctor who delivers babies. Which makes your letter “N”--and it’s easy to guess what your answer’s gonna be.

GUY
NFL.

ROY
Easy money if we’d been betting.

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

Obviously.

ROY
Wrong. This NFL stands for a club where you're a charter member.
Horse shit it does.

Listen up. NFL. Nugatory Fuckin’ Losers. Your go. With something starting with a “L.”

Nugatory?

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

“Of no value or importance.”

That’s you to a tee.

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

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

You’re making this up.

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

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

F, A, A, D.

In English.

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

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 wasn’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.)
This Stella’s so fine. Your turn.

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?

Right now?

ASAP.

To hell with ASAP. Make it PDQ.

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

M, S, M, N.

What’s that? M, S, M, N?

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

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

Sounds totally SNAFU. (thumbs down)

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

SNAFU. Situation Normal--all fucked up.

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