Scene 5: They Fell
(Female Version)

Music fades.

It's a few minutes earlier—8:50 P.M. or so.

Deena and Shelly—two "County Girls"[10]—appear.

They are in a potato field.

Each carries her own cooler (the coolers will eventually serve as stools) and each is drinking a bottle (or can) of Natural Light beer.

Deena and Shelly are mid-conversation.

START →

DEENA. All I'm sayin'—

SHELLY. No—

DEENA. All I'm *sayin'* is that it was bad, Shell!

SHELLY. No: No way it was as bad as mine.

DEENA. Shell! It was bad! >

SHELLY. But—

DEENA. *Real bad*!

SHELLY. But—

DEENA. Badder-than-it's-ever-*been* bad!

SHELLY. I believe you—

DEENA. Baddest-date-*ever* bad!

SHELLY. I hear ya, b//ut—

DEENA. But you're not *listenin'*, // Shell: It was *bad*!

SHELLY. Deen—no! *You're* not listenin', // 'cause—

DEENA. Like epical-monumental-*historical* bad!

SHELLY. *(Exploding—and topping Deena.)* WELL, I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU THAT I HAD A PRETTY BAD TIME *MYSELF*!!!

Little beat.

10 A "County Girl" is a woman who was born and raised in Aroostook (uh-ROO-stick) County, the northernmost county in Maine and the largest county east of the Rocky Mountains. To be a "County Girl" is a source of pride.

DEENA. No. There's no way it was // worse than mine!

SHELLY. It was pretty bad, Deen.

DEENA. Really.

SHELLY. Yeah.

DEENA. Okay: Go. [Let's hear it.]

Deena opens her cooler, drops her empty beer bottle (or can) in it, gets herself another beer, pops it open, closes the cooler, takes a seat on it, and offers Shelly the proverbial floor.

SHELLY. *(This is a little painful.)* He—... He said he didn't like the way I smelled.

DEENA. What?!?

SHELLY. Todd told me he didn't like the way I smelled. Never has.

DEENA. *(Taking this in.)* Todd *Dunleavy*[11] told you that he didn't // like the way [you smelled]—...?

SHELLY. Yeah.

DEENA. When?

SHELLY. When he picked me up. I got in his truck—we were backin' outta my driveway—and all of a sudden, he starts breathin' hard—hyper-hyper— *(Searches for but can't find "ventilating.")* // breathin'—

DEENA. *(Finds the word Shelly can't find.)* —ventilating.

SHELLY. —ventilating, yeah, and he stops and he gets outta the truck and says he's sorry, but he can't go out with me 'cause he doesn't like the way I smell, never has!

DEENA. What, never has? When has he smelled you before?

SHELLY. I don't know, around town or whatever.

DEENA. Well, jeez!

SHELLY. Anyway, he said he thought he was gonna be able to over*look* it—the way that I smelled—but that that wasn't gonna be possible after all, because he couldn't breathe, somethin' about allergic, >

DEENA. Allergic?

11 Pronounced, "DUN-luv-ee."

SHELLY. and he said it wasn't *me*—it wasn't *me*!—it was somethin' about "the women" and "the // lengths" we go to—

DEENA. What?, "The women"?!?

SHELLY. Yeah, and "the lengths" we go to to // smell nice, >

DEENA. "The *lengths*" we [go to to smell nice]—?!?

SHELLY. and he said that whatever it is I use to smell nice just was too sweet-smellin' for him, he said—

DEENA. Oh!, Like, *perfume*! // Oh!

SHELLY. Yeah—and just doesn't smell very nice to him, "no offense," and he slammed the door on me and left me sittin' right there in my driveway. In his truck.

DEENA. *(Taking this in.)* 'Cause he didn't like the way you smelled?!?

SHELLY. Yeah.

DEENA. Wait, you don't even use any kind of perfume, do you?

SHELLY. No! // No!

DEENA. That's just how you smell, right?

SHELLY. I don't know, I don't smell myself.

DEENA. Well...what the [heck is his problem]—...I think you smell great.

SHELLY. Thanks.

Little beat.

Anyway, he said he'd come back and pick his truck up tomorrow and would I mind please rollin' down the windows for him to air it out overnight.

DEENA. What? There's nothin' to air *out*! >

SHELLY. I know!

DEENA. Todd has issues! END

SHELLY. Yeah.

Little beat.

Suddenly Deena starts to leave, with purpose.

What are you doin'?

DEENA. Doin' somethin' to his truck.

SHELLY. Deen!

DEENA. *(Grabbing Shelly.)* Come on! We're doin' somethin' to his truck. >

SHELLY. Deen—no!

DEENA. You're too nice! Time to get mean! We're doin' somethin' to his truck!

SHELLY. Deen! >

DEENA. We *are*!

SHELLY. We're not doin' nothin' to his truck!! Relax!!

Deena calms down and sits back down on her cooler.

DEENA. Jerk. He should be so lucky, gettin' to go out with you.

SHELLY. Nah.

DEENA. Yeah!

SHELLY. Anyway: Pretty bad, huh?

DEENA. Yeah. And a little sad, too.

SHELLY. Yeah.

Little beat.

So, I'm guessin' that I'm the big winner tonight, huh?, And so I get to pick tomorrow, and I pick bowlin'. We'll go bowlin', supper at the Snowmobile Club, couple of beers at the Moose Paddy, hang out.

Little beat.

DEENA. I didn't say you're the big winner.

SHELLY. What?

DEENA. Did I say you're the big winner?

SHELLY. No, but [there's no way you can beat bein' told you smell bad]—

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

SHELLY. What do you mean?

DEENA. You didn't win.

SHELLY. You can beat being told that you smell bad?

DEENA. Yeah.