

# **HURRY HARD**

By Kristen Da Silva

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Characters

Terry: The skip of the men's team, a former hockey player – 40s

Bill: Terry's brother and Sandy's ex-husband – 40s

Sandy: The skip of the women's team – 40s

Darlene: Her best friend, also on the women's team – 40s

Johnny: The new guy – 20s or 30s

Hurry Hard was developed in 2017 as part of Lighthouse Festival Theatre's New Play Development Program. Hurry Hard was first produced in July, 2019 with the following creative team:

Terry:	James Hawksley
Bill:	Bruce Davies
Sandy:	Daniela Vlaskalic
Darlene:	Susie Burnett
Johnny:	Adrian Shepherd-Gawinski
Director:	Sarah Phillips
Stage Manager:	Josephine Ho
Set Designer:	Eric Bunnell
Lighting Design:	Wendy Lundgren
Costume Design:	Alex Amini

ACT ONE SCENE 1

Time/Place: Winter, present day. A curling club in Stayner, Ontario.

*We are in the club room of a small town curling club - a club that has been around for several decades. This is the building's second floor. We have the impression there is a flight of stairs from the street to the main entrance. On the opposite side of the room a door labelled "Ice" leads down to the curling rink. Other doors in the room lead to the washroom and the kitchen. There are plenty of chairs, at least a couple of tables (one of which has an African Violet on it), a garbage can, a water cooler and a trophy case in the room. At present two women's purses are on one of the tables. At rise, Bill Mead stands downstage, at the window that overlooks the ice (the audience).*

Bill: *(To himself.)* Wow. Great shot.

*(Terry Mead enters with a duffle bag. He puts it on a table.)*

Terry: Hey, Bill, tell me the truth. Can you see my scalp?

Bill: What?

Terry: My scalp. Can you see it?

Bill: Well, not from here.

Terry: I got a haircut from Vern this morning and look what he did. *(He points to his head.)*

Bill: What am I looking at?

Terry: A bald spot! He shaved a bald spot into my head!

Bill: How did that happen?

Terry: *(Demonstrating.)* He talks with his hands! *(Beat.)* How bad is it?

Bill: I don't know. It looks the same to me.

Terry: No, it doesn't! Look at it! I could land a chopper on it.

Bill: Why do you go to him, anyway? None of us guys go to Vern anymore. Not since he lost his eye.

Terry: He's the only real barber in town.

Bill: He can only see half your head at any given time.

Terry: I've been going to him since I was a kid.

Bill: And he was old back then.

Terry: He gave Dad his first haircut.

Bill: That should tell you something.

Terry: I've got to fix this. You got a sharpie?

Bill: What are you going to do with a sharpie?

Terry: I'm going to fill in the spot. You have a better idea?

Bill: Yeah. Stop going to Vern!

Terry: I feel bad for him, Bill. If none of us go to him he's going to go out of business.

Bill: Maybe that's for the best. The man has one eye. And I'm not even sure he's 20/20 out of that one.

Terry: *(Looking at his reflection in the window.)* Oh God. I look like Friar Tuck.

Bill: Here. Problem solved. *(Bill takes a toque from his bag and tosses it to Terry.)*

Terry: *(Looking at the ice.)* Sandy and her friend are here again, I see. Practicing their women's curling.

Bill: Just called curling.

Terry: Is that what you were looking at when I came in?

Bill: No.

Terry: Come on.

Bill: I wasn't. I was stretching. I hurt my neck installing a ceiling fan.

Terry: Okay. Sure.

Bill: You know from this vantage point, that bald spot looks massive.

Terry: *(Grabbing his head.)* Dammit! I can't believe this. Just my luck. The day before the regional bonspiel. You know the paper's going to want our

picture.

Bill: Only if we win.

Terry: We are going to win. And when we do, they're going to put us on the front page.

Bill: I don't think they're going to put us on the front page.

Terry: Do you read our paper? This week a lost mitten made the front page.

Bill: Oh yeah, I saw that. Did they ever find it?

Terry: So, this is definitely front page worthy. Full page, with a colour photo. And now everyone's going to be looking at my hair.

Bill: Well, no, they're going to be looking at your scalp.

Terry: Oh, that's very amusing.

Bill: Wear the toque.

Terry: I can't wear a toque! My hair is my crowning glory, Bill. It's my trademark.

Bill: It is?

Terry: Yes. "There goes Terry Mead and his beautiful hair". That's what people say.

Bill: I've never heard anyone say that.

Terry: Well, they do!

*(Terry's phone chimes. He takes it from his pocket. He looks at the screen.)*

Ahh! Finally some good news! Look! That little dot. *(He shows Bill his phone, where he's tracking a shipment.)* That's my new broom. It's on its way!

Bill: It's in the ocean.

Terry: It's in a plane flying over the ocean. From Glasgow.

Bill: Scotland?

Terry: Yeah. That's where they make them.

- Bill: There's a sporting goods store twelve minutes from here.
- Terry: They don't carry this broom. *(He takes a worn brochure from his pocket.)* This is a Hercules Platinum Line limited edition ultra-light high-modulus carbon fibre broom with a performance head.
- Bill: That sounds like more adjectives than you can afford. How much does this thing cost?
- Terry: That's not important.
- Bill: It is to me. You owe me money.
- Terry: Oh, okay, well, when an artist buys a new canvas upon which to paint the colours of his imagination, do you ask him how much it costs?
- Bill: You do if he owes you money. How did you pay for it?
- Terry: I sold a few things I had laying around.
- Bill: Like what?
- Terry: A futon. Some comic books. My car.
- Bill: You sold your car?
- Terry: I had to. I had thirty-three dollars in the bank.
- Bill: Have you lost your mind?
- Terry: I did it for you as much as I did it for me! Because this is it, Bill. Our last shot. Has it not sunk in? Look around you. Everything you see is going to be gone by this time next year. The town's ripping this place down. Where we're standing is going to be a frozen yogurt place, probably. This is the end of the road for the Stayner Curling Club. If that's not a big deal, I don't know what is.
- Bill: We can curl somewhere else. We could go to-
- Terry: Don't you dare say Meaford.
- Bill: We could go to Meaford.
- Terry: We're not going to Meaford! We're Stayner boys. I'd rather hang up my sliders forever than curl for Meaford.
- Bill: Hey, they win.

Terry: Not this year. This is our year. If we're going out, we're going out in glory. (*Beat.*) Friggin' Meaford. Every time I drive through there I'm forced to look at that stupid banner they have hanging over the road.

Bill: Home of the three pound burger?

Terry: No. The one that says "regional champions". I can't wait for tomorrow, when they need to change it to "regional losers".

Bill: I don't think they're going to put that on a banner. (*Beat.*) You really sold your car? Is that why you keep borrowing my car?

Terry: Yeah. By the way, it's out of gas again. You should really look at getting something more fuel efficient.

Bill: Yeah, I was thinking that.

Terry: You could get a Prius.

Bill: Or, I could stop letting you drive it.

Terry: Or, you could get a Prius.

Bill: Don't worry about my car, worry about your car. How are you going to get to work?

Terry: There's a bus.

Bill: You've been taking the bus?

Terry: No. I said there is a bus. I didn't say I've been taking it. (*Beat.*) The thing about work, Bill, is that it's...a fickle mistress.

Bill: I don't know what that means, but I don't think I'm going to like it.

Terry: We've gone our separate ways.

Bill: You and your paycheck?

Terry: Let's just say there were artistic differences.

Bill: You build closets. What were the artistic differences?

Terry: Number one, they expected me to show up for work at the same time every day. Do you know how hard that is when you don't have a car?

Bill: So you got fired. That's great, Terry. Does Dad know?

- Terry: I don't know.
- Bill: He got you that job.
- Terry: Well, downsizing happens to the best of us.
- Bill: You didn't get downsized. You got fired, because you sold your car to buy a broom.
- Terry: No. I sold my car to buy a dream.
- Bill: Easy, Martin Luther King.
- Terry: We have to win this thing at least once. If we don't, then why did we do it all, all these years? Why did we sweat, bleed and cry? Hope, dream and pray? Spend all those early mornings on the ice-
- Bill: Our earliest practice is ten a.m.
- Terry: I'm not a morning person! (*Beat.*) You know you should take this more seriously.
- Bill: It's just a bonspiel, Terry.
- Terry: Excuse me? It's the nineteenth biggest curling event in the province. And it's our last one.
- Bill: I'm just saying, is it really worth losing sleep – or a car – over?
- Terry: Bill, haven't you ever wanted to really do something with yourself? Because I have. You know I have. And life keeps knocking me down but I keep getting up because I know in my heart I was destined to do more than punch a clock every day. Maybe this bonspiel's finally it. Maybe I win this and then there's a chain reaction and I win everything from now on. Anything could happen. I could be scouted!
- Bill: Terry, you're forty-three years old.
- Terry: What does that mean? I'm done? I've reached my potential?
- Bill: No, I-
- Terry: You think the only reason I was put on earth was to work on some construction site, busting my back to build people's walk-in closets?
- Bill: I think you're a great athlete.

Terry: Then don't I deserve a chance? Can't you see it? Us on the front page. Regional champions.

Bill: Yeah. I can see it.

Terry: And then we'll hang a banner over our road, and everyone will talk about how Terry Mead led Stayner to victory. Let them tear this place down after that. But not before. We need this. And I can't do it alone. I need you, and Darryl and...that new guy.

Bill: Johnny.

Terry: Right. So, are you with me, or are you gonna continue to be hung up on a little detail like me selling my car?

Bill: I'm with you. Of course I'm with you. You know that.

Terry: Thank you.

Bill: Alright.

Terry: You're a good brother.

Bill: I know.

Terry: What about if I stand this way. Can you still see the bald spot?  
*(Terry stands with his head cocked at an unnatural angle.)*

Bill: No. That looks real natural.

Terry: That is one strike for Vern.

Bill: There was the time he cut the top of your ear off and I had to take you all the way to Barrie for stitches.

Terry: Two strikes.

Bill: And the time he scalded your crotch with a hot towel.

Terry: Yeah, alright. He's a terrible barber.

Bill: You could go see Darlene down at her shop.

Terry: What, the ladies hair salon? No thank you.

Bill: She cuts men's hair too.

Terry: The whole place is pink. And there's the whole issue of how she feels about me.

Bill: How does she feel about you?

Terry: I don't know if she'd be able to concentrate. I don't want to be, you know, cocky or whatever, but Darlene..? You know what I'm saying.

Bill: I really don't.

Terry: Well that's because you don't have the same effect on women. No offense. You're a great guy.

Bill: Wow. *(Beat.)* Alright, well, stick with Sweeney Todd and let me know how that works out for you. *(Beat.)* Where are my keys?

Terry: Here. *(He tosses a set of car keys to Bill.)* Hey, so can you get me a job at your company? I could do what you do. It's just like fixing computers and stuff, right?

Bill: You already got fired from my company.  
*(Beat.)*

Terry: Right. Totally forgot I worked there.  
*(Bill crosses to the main door.)*  
Where're you going? You going to your car?

Bill: I need my broom.

Terry: Oh. Hey. Uh, don't be mad-

Bill: Don't be mad about what?

Terry: There was this mailbox at the end of your driveway...

Bill: Was?

Terry: I might've slightly clipped it when I was backing out.

Bill: With my car?!

Terry: Well, yeah. I don't have a car. Try to follow along, Bill.

Bill: I'm gonna kill you!

Terry: It's a little scrape. It wasn't even my fault. The blind spot is huge.

Bill: You hit a mailbox with it and you didn't even fill it up?

*(Bill exits.)*

Terry: *(Calling after him.)* Bill, I just spent a thousand dollars on a broom. Do I look like a guy who has money for gas?

*(Terry exits after Bill. Sandy and Darlene enter from the ice. Darlene is limping and holding onto her buttocks.)*

Darlene: Ah! Son of a-

Sandy: You sit down. I'll get you some ice!

Darlene: I think I broke a bone back there. What bone is this?

Sandy: There's no bone there.

*(Sandy exits to the kitchen. Darlene tries to sit. It immediately hurts her bruised buttocks)*

Darlene: *(Calling to Sandy, off.)* Sandy! I can't sit down!

Sandy: *(Off.)* Elevate the wound!

*(Sandy enters with an ice pack.)*

Darlene: Why do we play such a slippery sport? Why don't we take up something safer? Like lawn darts?

Sandy: They don't make those anymore.

Darlene: What?

Sandy: Lawn darts. They don't make them anymore. People were getting impaled and stuff. Here. For your bum. *(She holds out the ice pack.)* It's the biggest one we had.

*(Darlene gasps.)*

No! I didn't mean...Sorry. You have a very petite bottom.

Darlene: It's muscle. I do a lot of Stairmaster.

Sandy: It's tiny. Where is it, even? I can't even see it.

Darlene: Shut up and ice me.

*(Sandy holds the ice to Darlene's bum.)*

Ugh, that hurts. I'm so crappy at curling.

Sandy: No, you're not. You're just new to it.

Darlene: I've been doing it for seven years.

Sandy: Has it been seven years already?

Darlene: Yeah, remember? It was right after you and Bill got the big D-I-V-O-R-C-E.

Sandy: You don't have to spell it out. I know I'm divorced. *(Beat.)* Wow. Seven years.

Darlene: Yeah. Seven years since you sat in my salon and invited me to come curling, which, based on name alone, I thought sounded fun. Little did I know. *(Beat.)* Don't take this the wrong way, but your divorce is the worst thing that ever happened to me.

Sandy: You told me you wanted to get into shape.

Darlene: I didn't mean by exercising! *(Beat.)* I can't sit on my bum, Sandy! And that is the only reason a bum exists!

Sandy: I'm really sorry. Would food cheer you up?

Darlene: You have food?

Sandy: In the van. I catered a job today.

Darlene: Great. I'll take it.

Sandy: Some carrot sticks, a couple lettuce wraps...

Darlene: What were you catering, a Weight Watchers meeting?

Sandy: Sorry, that's all that's left.

Darlene: Why did you say you had food? I already started salivating.

Sandy: Vegetables are food.

Darlene: Barely. They're one step up from grass. *(Beat.)* Ow. It's a good thing we're not playing in the bonspiel tomorrow. I'm not going to be able to

walk.

Sandy: Well you better be able to, you're helping me cater it.

Darlene: Yes, yes. No problem. I've got my niece covering for me at the salon.

Sandy: You know, I really wanted to compete in this one. I have to admit, I thought we'd win it at least once. It's about time someone takes the title from Meaford. If we had enough players to make up a team, it could have been us. I'm a little miffed at Jill for skipping out.

Darlene: Sandy, she's on her honeymoon.

Sandy: I know. Have you spoken to her?

Darlene: I tried, but she isn't picking up her phone. She must be having a really good time in Sarnia. *(About the ice placement.)* A little to the left.

*(Sandy moves the ice pack.)*

Sandy: Here?

Darlene: No, my left.

Sandy: That was your left.

Darlene: No, that was your left.

Sandy: We're facing the same way!

Darlene: Oh. Then a little to my right.

*(Sandy moves the ice pack.)*

Nope.

*(Sandy moves the ice pack.)*

Warmer.

*(Sandy moves the ice pack.)*

Almost there.

*(Sandy moves the ice pack.)*

No, now you've overshot it.

Sandy: Darlene! Why am I even doing this for you? You didn't hurt your arm!

*(She tosses the ice pack to Darlene.)*

Darlene: Shoot.

Sandy: *(About the plant on one of the tables.)* This really cheered the place up, huh?

Darlene: It still smells like feet.

Sandy: Well, this club has been around a long time. There's been a lot of feet in here.

*(She picks up the brochure Terry left on the table.)*

Ohh. Hang on. What is this? Oh my God. It's a Hercules Platinum Line limited edition broom. Wow. Look at that shaft.

Darlene: Are you okay? Your cheeks are flushed.

Sandy: I've always wanted one of these. They're what all the top curlers use. They're made with the most cutting edge technology to be ultra-light and remarkably strong. They weave the carbon fibre. It creates exceptional tensile strength. More fibres per bundle than any other manufacturer. Essentially, it's like being able to knit steel, but without the weight. You know, it's the same technology used by Nasa.

Darlene: Hm?

Sandy: The broom.

Darlene: Oh, sorry. I stopped listening ages ago.

Sandy: Oh, that's nice. I don't tune you out when you start talking.

Darlene: That's because I'm very interesting.

Sandy: Alright, throw me that ice pack. You're done resting.

Darlene: No! I'm still hurt!

Sandy: *(Taking the ice pack.)* Falling down is a fact of life. You want to sit there moaning or do you want to pick yourself up, dust yourself off and get back on the horse?

Darlene: I want to shoot the horse.

Sandy: Come on, Darlene. You can do it. Athletes don't let a little slip stop them.

Darlene: I'm not an athlete. I'm an esthetician. And I need ice.

Sandy: Well, there's lots of that out there. Let's go. Chop chop! We've got training to do!

Darlene: I don't like you.

Sandy: *(Helping her to the door.)* You love me.

Darlene: Well, maybe I do, but my butt doesn't.

*(They exit to the ice. Bill and Terry enter from the main door. Bill is carrying the rear taillight of his car.)*

Terry: See? I told you it's barely noticeable.

Bill: Don't.

Terry: It might have already been like that.

Bill: Terry-

Terry: I'm sure it can be buffed out.

Bill: Yeah. Maybe we can use your new broom.

Terry: You know I didn't do it on purpose. You're not mad, are you?

*(Beat.)*

Bill: No. It's fine. Why would I be mad?

Terry: I'll pay for it to be fixed. *(Beat.)* As soon as I get a job. In the meantime, you want me to tape it back on?

Bill: Just leave it.

Terry: Hey, it's two-thirty. Where the hell is Darryl? And the new guy.

Bill: Johnny.

Terry: Yeah. Where are they? They're late.

Bill: They're probably on their way. Maybe they stopped for gas.

*(Terry sits to tape his knee.)*

Terry: Well, I hope they get here soon. I want to work on Darryl's stance before tomorrow. I'm very concerned about how wobbly he's been coming out of

the hack.

Bill: He hasn't been wobbly.

Terry: He's been very wobbly! (*He notices the plant.*) What the hell is this?

Bill: What?

Terry: This.

Bill: A plant?

Terry: A plant. Who put a plant in here?

Bill: I don't know.

Terry: It was the women. Never in the history of the world has a man bought a plant.

Bill: I'm sure that's not true.

Terry: Why the hell do we need a plant in a curling club?

Bill: Are we going to go through this again?

Terry: Well, it's a slippery slope. They bring in a plant and next thing you know they'll be putting those...things over the tables.

Bill: Tablecloths?

Terry: Co-ed curling club. What's next? Co-ed locker rooms? Co-ed hardware stores?

Bill: Hardware stores have always been co-ed.

Terry: Have you been to the bathroom lately? Someone put potpourri in there.

Bill: So?

Terry: So, I don't want potpourri in the bathroom! I want a bathroom to smell like a bathroom should!

Bill: I find the potpourri pleasant.

Terry: It's not pleasant, it's confusing! They're overrunning the place. I'm throwing the pot pourri out!

Bill: Just leave it, Terry.

*(Bill crosses to the window.)*

Terry: You're going to get nose prints on the glass. I don't know why you torture yourself.

Bill: I'm not torturing myself.

Terry: Bill, you're D-I-V-O-R-C-E'd. You've got to let it go.

Bill: Why does everyone spell that?

Terry: Staring at her isn't going to help you get over her.

Bill: I wasn't staring at her. I was just checking on the ice.

Terry: Uh-huh.

Bill: Looks good. Looks slippery.

Terry: Bill.

*(Long beat.)*

Bill: I think she cut her hair.

Terry: You don't say.

Bill: She got layers.

Terry: Layers.

Bill: You don't think she's...No. She's not, right? She's not...D-A-T-I-N-G or anything. Is she?

Terry: *(Has to think hard about what that spells.)* Dating?

Bill: Yes. Give it to me straight. I can take it.

Terry: Can you?

Bill: Yes.

Terry: Then, yes, she probably is dating.

Bill: You think so? Oh God, you're right. She is. I mean, why else would you need layers? You wouldn't. You wouldn't need layers to stay home by yourself. So, conclusively, she's dating. *(Beat.)* I can't believe she's dating. God. My body's not even cold.

Terry: Bill, you've been divorced seven years.

Bill: Barely. Barely seven. I'm not dating. It's been seven years for me too, but I'm not dating.

Terry: Well, maybe you should. Put some oil on the old equipment, see if it still runs.

Bill: It runs.

Terry: See if it runs with a passenger. Look, I hate seeing you like this. You need to keep living. Go on a date. God. Sleep with someone.

Bill: I don't want to.

Terry: Of course you do. Why don't you go out with that woman that works the drive-thru at the Tim Hortons? Remember that time she gave you an extra Timbit? I don't think it was because she can't count to ten.

Bill: Emily Ross? She's a teenager.

Terry: No, the other one.

Bill: The other one's her grandmother.

Terry: So?

Bill: So, she's seventy-five!

Terry: Age is only a number, Bill.

Bill: Well, that's true, but hers is a really high number. *(Beat.)* I don't want to date.

Terry: You don't want to date because you want Sandy back.

Bill: Not true.

Terry: It is true. You know how I know? You can't even look her in the eye.  
*(Terry takes his socks off and drapes them on the back of a chair.)*

Bill: I can too.

Terry: Yeah?

Bill: Yeah.

Terry: Well, good. You're about to have your chance. Here she comes.  
*(Sandy enters from the door to the ice. Bill immediately stares at the floor)*

Sandy: Oh. Hey Billy. I didn't know you were here.

Bill: Hey, Sandy.

Sandy: You guys here to practice for the bonspiel?

Bill: Yeah. That's right. You got it.

Sandy: Great. Good luck. I hope you take it from Meaford.

Bill: Thanks.  
*(An uncomfortable pause.)*  
New shoes?

Sandy: Nope. Nope. Not new. Cleaned them, though.

Bill: Oh yeah? What, uh, what do you use to clean them? Just the dishwasher or...

Sandy: A cloth.

Bill: Right. That's smart. Keeps dirt out of your dishes.

Sandy: Yeah.  
*(Another uncomfortable pause.)*  
How are your folks?

Bill: Good. They're good. You know, Mom has gout, Dad has diabetes. But they're good.

Sandy: That's great. I should go see them sometime.

Bill: They'd love that.

Sandy: Yeah, me too. *(Beat.)* Well, I just came up to get some water.

Bill: Good idea. Stay hydrated. So important.

Sandy: Right.  
*(Sandy crosses to the water cooler. Terry gives Bill a pointed look.)*

Hey, Terry.

Terry: Hey, Sandy. You know anything about this plant?

Sandy: I believe it's an African violet. Native to Tanzania...

Terry: That's not what I meant. And don't make up countries to sound smart.

Sandy: What did you mean?

Terry: I meant, why is it here?

Sandy: I brought it in. It's pretty and it smells like *(She takes a breath to smell the flower and smells his socks instead)* ugh! *(She sees the socks.)* Ew! Terry!

Terry: Yeah.

Sandy: Why are they on this chair?

Terry: Because I'm airing them out. Moist environs are a breeding ground for fungus.

Sandy: That's disgusting.

Terry: It's an athletic club. It's supposed to be disgusting. *(Beat.)* You almost done on the ice? We booked it.

Sandy: There's lots of ice.

Terry: Yeah, well, some of the guys don't concentrate so well when there's women around.

Sandy: Pardon me?

Terry: They get distracted.

Sandy: Are you being serious?

Terry: Yes.

Sandy: Maybe you should put blinders on them.

*(Sandy crosses back to the door labelled "Ice".)*

Please put your disgusting socks away. *(To Billy, who is still unable to make eye contact.)* See ya, Billy.

Bill: Yeah. See ya.

*(Sandy exits. Terry waits for the door to close.)*

Terry: You haven't seen her in seven years.

Bill: Shut up. And she's right, put your socks away.

*(Terry crosses to the trophy case.)*

Terry: You know, when we win tomorrow, they're going to have to move their trophy to make room for ours.

Bill: Ours can go on the second shelf.

Terry: Why should ours go on the second shelf?

Bill: Why should theirs go on the second shelf?

Terry: I don't know, maybe because women's curling isn't really a thing.

*(He takes the women's trophy from the case.)*

Bill: Of course it's a thing. Don't be so sexist. Women probably invented curling. They're the ones who had the brooms. No. That sounded better in my head.

Terry: And you call me sexist.

Bill: Just put their trophy back before you break it.

Terry: Say what you want, it's not natural. Women aren't made for sports.

Bill: What?

Terry: I'm not being a jerk, it's a scientific fact.

Bill: No, it's not. And you are being a jerk.

Terry: Are you honestly trying to tell me you believe women can be as good at sports as men?

Bill: Yes, I do.

Terry: No you don't. You know why? Because they can't.

Bill: Of course they can.

Terry: No, they can't.

Bill: Yes, they can.

Terry: No!

Bill: Why?

Terry: Boobs! I like 'em, but I'm pretty sure God put 'em there to prevent women from running around too much. *(Beat.)* Come on, Bill, Look at the names of the teams on this trophy. *(He reads from the trophy).* Curl Power? The Rockettes? The Spice Curls?

Bill: Well, we don't have a trophy.

Terry: That's not the point. *(He puts the trophy back. He checks his watch.)* Where the hell are those guys? It's not like Darryl to be late. I bet it's that cousin of his, the new guy.

Bill: Johnny! It's not an unusual name!

*(A brief silence while Terry and Bill each get ready.)*

Terry: What do you think of him, anyway? You think he's better looking than me?

Bill: Who?

Terry: The new – Johnny.

Bill: Oh. Yeah. Way better.

Terry: No he's not.

Bill: He absolutely is.

Terry: No.

Bill: He's better looking than you in every single way.

Terry: Well, he's not smart.

Bill: No. He's not smart.

*(Johnny enters wearing a backpack, carrying a duffle bag. He's limping.)*

Johnny: Hey guys.

Terry: There you are!

Johnny: Yeah, I'm right here.

Terry: *(Looking at his watch.)* It's quarter to three. Where've you been?

Bill: Where's Darryl?

Johnny: Well, let me tell you, I've had quite a day.

*(Johnny limps to the water cooler.)*

Bill: Are you limping?

*(Johnny takes a bottle of pain killers from his pocket and takes one with a cup of water.)*

Johnny: Funny story. You're going to like it a whole lot.

Terry: What happened?

Johnny: Well, this morning, Darryl asked me to help him haul some stuff to the dump. We did, and that went off without a hitch, so we're heading back through town. There I am, driving along, relaxed as can be - arm out the window, tunes on the radio. Suddenly, I see a gravel truck. And the driver is a real friendly guy. He's honking his horn and waving at me, so I start honking and waving back. And the more noise I make, the more noise he makes and soon enough even people on the sidewalk are getting in on it. For a few seconds there, it was a lot of fun. And then it hit me: that truck is in the wrong lane. And then it actually hit me. *(Beat.)* Did you know Elm Street is one-way? Because it was news to me.

Bill: You got hit by a truck?!

Johnny: Yeah, it was hilarious. Well, not for Darryl. He's in the hospital.

Terry/Bill: What?!

Johnny: He's going to be fine. They're just sewing some parts of him back on. Linda's there.

Bill: Oh my God!

Johnny: Nothing big. Not a leg or anything. A couple of fingers.

Bill: He lost fingers?!

Terry: Is he going to be able to curl?

Bill: Terry!

Terry: What?

Bill: The man just got hit by a truck!

Terry: We've got a bonspiel tomorrow!

Bill: Didn't you hear what Johnny said? He lost fingers!

Terry: Well, they're sewing them back on!

Johnny: Yeah. Except for the one they couldn't find.

Bill: What?

Johnny: For that one, they're gonna use a toe.

Bill: A toe?

Johnny: Yeah, well it's an important one. The thumb. You need that. Without that, you can't do a thing.

Bill: He's gonna have a toe for a thumb?

Johnny: Apparently they do it all the time. It seems having a thumb is more important than having a toe.

Bill: What about where the toe was?

Johnny: I guess maybe they'll stick something else there. I don't know, Bill. I'm not a doctor.

Terry: Oh my God, I'm going to be sick.

Bill: I know. This is awful. Poor Darryl.

Terry: Poor Darryl? What about the bonspiel?

Bill: I can't believe you're actually thinking about curling right now.

Terry: What else would I be thinking about?

Bill: Darryl?

Terry: Well me thinking about him won't help him! (*Beat. To Johnny.*) Did they say when he was going to get out?

Johnny: Oh, he'll be out in the morning.

Terry: Great! Then he can play.

Johnny: I don't know about that...

Terry: Well, why not? He needed a thumb, they gave him a thumb. What's the problem?

Bill: Terry, his thumb is now a toe! I'm sure there's a bit of a learning curve involved.

Terry: Argh! What are we going to do?

Bill: We'll forfeit. They'll understand.

Terry: Oh yeah, they'll understand. And they'll hang that stupid banner for another two years! Or forever, because we're not gonna be around to take it from them!

Bill: What other choice do we have?

Terry: We can find a replacement.

Bill: Forget it, Terry.

Terry: This is a town of fourteen thousand people. Surely some of them can curl.

Bill: Fine. Knock yourself out. I'm going to go order flowers to be sent to Darryl in the hospital.

*(Bill exits to the stairs.)*

Terry: *(Calling after him.)* Flowers? You think Darryl wants flowers? He'd be happier if you sent him a steak and a dirty magazine.

*(Johnny limps towards the washroom.)*

Where are you going?

Johnny: To the bathroom?

Terry: No. Sit down. You've got to help me find a replacement for Darryl.

Johnny: I've really got to go.

Terry: You should've thought about that before you decided to get hit by a truck.

Johnny: You're right.

*(Johnny sits.)*

Terry: Now come on. Think. You got any other cousins?

Johnny: Lots.

Terry: Any of them curl?

Johnny: Most of them are in prison.

Terry: Damn.

*(They think.)*

What about that kid that used to play football at the high school. Jamie. Jamie Welland. You think he'd be any good at curling?

Johnny: Oh yeah, he's a hell of an athlete. He'd be real good. But he just got married. He's on his honeymoon in Sarnia.

Terry: Shit. *(Beat.)* In Sarnia?

Johnny: Yeah, they've been saving up for a while.

Terry: Well, how about Kyle Boggs? From the Esso.

Johnny: Kyle Boggs can't do it. He's got a broken leg. He hit somebody with his snowmobile last week.

Terry: Jeez.

Johnny: He was ejected from the seat, catapulted through the air and collided with a tree.

Terry: Whoa. He walked away with only a broken leg?

Johnny: Yeah. Well, no. He didn't walk away at all. They had to sort of drag him. The tree's not in such hot shape either.

Terry: Shit. *(Beat.)* Okay. Well, what about Dale Larocque?

Johnny: That's who Kyle hit. He's got two broken legs. *(Beat.)* There's Brandon Cross...

Terry: Yes! Brandon Cross. Good thinking! You got his number?

Johnny: Oh wait, no. He moved.

Terry: So? He can drive.

Johnny: To Africa.

Terry: Probably not then. Damn it all to hell!

*(Darlene enters from the ice, backwards, limping, holding the other side of her buttocks.)*

Darlene: *(Calling back to Sandy.)* Badminton! Beach volleyball! Lawn bowling! Anything on solid ground-

*(Darlene turns and sees Terry and Johnny staring at her.)*

Oh. Hi. *(The magnificence of Johnny sinks in.)* Hi.

Johnny: Hi there.

Darlene: *(Taking her hand off her buttocks so she can shake his.)* I'm Darlene.

Johnny: Johnny.

Darlene: You're new.

Johnny: Well, not to earth, but to the club, yeah.

Darlene: Oh. Well, welcome.

Johnny: Thank you. You okay there?

Darlene: Yes, I'm fine. I just need some ice. For my...for places.

Terry: In the freezer.

Darlene: Right. That's where that usually is.

*(For several beats, Darlene continues standing, staring at Johnny.)*

Johnny: Aren't you going to get the ice?

Darlene: Did I not get it yet?

Johnny: No. You haven't moved.

Darlene: Haven't I?

Johnny: No.

Darlene: Are you sure?

Johnny: Pretty sure.

Darlene: Right. Okay. *(She backs out of the room, keeping her eyes on him.)* See you later.

*(She exits to the ice.)*

Johnny: She forgot her ice.

*(Beat.)*

Terry: Do women always act like that around you?

Johnny: Act like what?

Terry: Shit.

*(Bill enters.)*

Bill: I phoned over to the hospital.

*(Johnny crosses to the window and looks out over the ice.)*

Johnny: Hey Bill, did you know there were women here?

Bill: It's a co-ed club.

Terry: That's why there's a plant.

Bill: Linda says Darryl's doing okay. They've got him on a lot of drugs.

Terry: Yeah, well have them send some of those over here.

Bill: Are you serious, Terry? Our friend was in an accident and you're sitting here feeling sorry for yourself? The man lost fingers! And a toe!

Terry: Well, I'm having a bad day too!

Bill: Yeah, but you can still wear flip flops!

Johnny: Women curlers. Oh, who's that one? She has great layers.

Bill: That's Sandy. Don't...

Johnny: Don't? Don't what?

Bill: Just don't...anything.

Johnny: Oh hey, I'm sorry. Is that your girlfriend, Bill?

Bill: No.

Johnny: Whoa. Look at this shot she's setting up.  
*(Bill crosses to the window.)*  
Double take out. That takes balls. I mean, ovaries.

Terry: Double take out? She'll never make it.

Bill: Bet ya she will.

Terry: Bet ya she won't.

Bill: Bet ya she will.

Terry: Bet ya-

Johnny: Holy crap. She made it!

Terry: Come on!

Johnny: Two rocks. Bing, bang. Landed hers right on the button, too.

Terry: No way.

Bill: She's a good curler, Terry. I've been telling you that.

Johnny: She really is. Now that other one... She's a mess out there. It's like the scene in Bambi where he walks on the ice. *(Looking out the window at Darlene.)* Ooh, God. I bet that hurt. Oh good, she's getting up. *(Beat.)* No. There she goes again. I can't watch. I'm going to go use the bathroom. Is that alright. Terry?

*(Terry crosses to the window and looks out over the ice.)*

Terry: Yeah, go ahead.  
*(Johnny exits to the bathroom, limping.)*

Bill: He's asking permission to use the bathroom now?

Terry: *(Watching Sandy.)* Hm.

Bill: What?

Terry: *(Still watching.)* Hmm.

Bill: No.

Terry: You don't know what I was thinking.

Bill: Yes, I do. And, no. No way.

Terry: Why not? You're the one insisting women are good at sports.

Bill: She's my ex-wife.

Terry: So?

Bill: So we've spent the last seven years avoiding one another. We haven't said more than two words to each other since we split up.

Terry: Sure you have. You just did.

Bill: Oh yeah. "Hey Bill, hey Sandy, how's your folks, oh they're good, glad to hear that, yeah, okay see ya".

Terry: I'm not asking you to have a conversation with her. I'm just asking you to curl with her.

Bill: She'll never agree to it.

Terry: Why not?

Bill: Because! We're divorced. Divorced people don't play sports together. Why do you think they usually practice on the nights we're not here?

Terry: I bet you she'd do it if you asked her.

Bill: No way.

Terry: Come on, Bill.

Bill: No, Terry. This time, you're asking too much.

Terry: Think about that banner.

Bill: I don't care about the stupid banner.

Terry: Well then, think about how much you owe me.

Bill: Owe you?

Terry: Do you want me to show you the scar? I will.

Bill: Oh come on, you're not dragging that up?

Terry: Yes, I am.

Bill: It was decades ago. How long am I going to owe you?

- Terry: Let me paint you a picture. Terrence Mead, better known as Terry “The Wall” Mead. OHL Rookie of the Year, with an over a point-per-game average. First season out: 72 points in 63 games.
- Bill: I know all of this.
- Terry: To quote Don Cherry: “the most promising young defenseman to be born of Ontario loins in decades”. Terry Mead. Until, the night of his seventeenth birthday.
- Bill: Stop. Don’t do this.
- Terry: Warm night for February-
- Bill: Look, I regret that-
- Terry: Yeah, well your regret doesn’t change things.
- Bill: If I could turn back time-
- Terry: Well, you can’t, Cher. So go get on your knees and beg until Sandy agrees to play with us.
- Bill: You care too much about this bonspiel, it’s not healthy.
- Terry: Here she comes.
- (Sandy and Darlene appear behind the door to the ice.)*
- Darlene: *(Off.)* I’m telling you, you’ve got to see this guy.
- (Sandy and Darlene enter.)*
- Oh, hello. Where did, um...Where did that other fellow go? The one that looks like he’d be a real animal in bed?
- Sandy: Darlene!
- Darlene: Sorry. I mean, the new one.
- Terry: He’s using the john.
- (Johnny enters from the bathroom.)*
- Johnny: It smells just like a stroll through an English garden in there. *(Seeing the women.)* Hello.
- Darlene: Hi, again. It’s Darlene. From earlier? *(To Sandy, from behind her hand.)*

Didn't I tell you he was a complete smoke show?

Sandy: I think he can probably hear you.

Johnny: *(He extends his hand to Sandy.)* Name's Johnny. I love your haircut.

Sandy: Oh, thank you. Darlene did it.

Darlene: I'm a hairdresser and esthetician. I also waxed her upper lip.

*(Sandy shoots a look at Darlene.)*

Johnny: Great work. Clean as a whistle.

Sandy: It's very nice to see you. Meet you. All of you. Not just the physical you...which is impressive. But all of you. The whole person that you are. Inside and out. Because both matter.

Terry: *(To Bill, sotto.)* What the hell's wrong with Sandy?

Bill: *(Sotto.)* I don't know.

Johnny: What was your name?

Sandy: I'm Sandy.

Johnny: You sure are.

Sandy: Oh!

*(She giggles and blushes. Bill watches with horror.)*

Bill: *(To Terry.)* What? What does that even mean?

Darlene: And I'm Darlene.

Johnny: Yes, you told me. Three times.

Darlene: Well, use it three times and it's yours. That's what my word-of-the-day calendar says. Today's word is "masticate". Sounds dirty, doesn't it? It's not. It just means "to chew". Would you like some gum? *(She takes some gum from her pocket.)* To masticate?

Johnny: Thank you.

*(Johnny takes a stick of gum from Darlene.)*

Sandy: Excuse us. We were just taking a break.

Darlene: Just a breather.

Sandy: We're going to get some water.

Darlene: H2O.

Sandy: Curling is such thirsty work, isn't it?

Johnny: Sure can be.

Bill: Water cooler's over here.

*(Johnny is between Sandy and the water cooler.)*

Sandy: Excuse me.

Johnny: By all means.

*(He gestures for her to go past him. As she moves, he moves too, so he's blocking her path.)*

Sandy/Johnny: Oh!/ Oops.

Johnny: I'm in your way again.

Sandy: Only a little bit. It's just that you're so *(she gestures to indicate his height)* and so *(she gestures to indicate his broad shoulders)*...mmm.

*(Bill seethes.)*

Johnny: *(Indicating that she can go past.)* Please.

*(Sandy smiles at Johnny and tries to side step him. He steps in front of her again.)*

Sandy: And there you are again!

Johnny: I'm sorry. I thought you wanted me to move.

Sandy: Well, then I moved.

Johnny: Right. Duh.

Sandy: Honest mistake.

*(Sandy moves again, Johnny blocks her again, in perfect unison. She giggles.)*

It happened again! It's like we're dancing! *(Beat.)* How about this time you stay still and I'll move around you?

Johnny: That's a great idea.

Sandy: Okay.

Johnny: Okay.

*(Sandy gets passed him.)*

Sandy: Success!

*(She moves to the water cooler. Darlene stands staring at Johnny. )*

Darlene: I want to be your backpack. I mean, I like your backpack.

Sandy: Darlene?

Darlene: Coming.

*(Darlene moves to the table nearest the water cooler, where she's left her purse. She takes out a bottle of nail polish and starts painting, stealing glances at Johnny. Sandy fills a cup of water and drinks.)*

Terry: *(To Bill.)* Now's your chance.

Bill: I can't do it.

Terry: Come on, Bill.

Bill: I can't.

*(Terry starts rolling up his pant leg to reveal his scar.)*

Argh. Fine. But clear out. I don't need an audience.

Darlene: Sandy?

Sandy: Mm?

Darlene: Do you think this colour is too flashy for church? I'm singing in the choir later.

Sandy: No. It's not that flashy. *(Bill has made his way to the water cooler.)* Hey, Billy.

Bill: Hey.

Sandy: What's up?

Bill: Uh...not much...I was just...thirsty.

Sandy: Oh. Well, you've come to the right place.

*(She fills a cup of water for him. Darlene reads the name on the bottle of nail polish.)*

Darlene: "Lustful Envy". Oh God, that's like two out of seven sins. I've got to take this off.

*(Darlene exits to the bathroom. Sandy hands the cup of water to Bill.)*

Bill: Thanks. Okay. I guess that's all I wanted.

*(Terry clears his throat. Bill looks at him. He makes encouraging gestures. Bill shoos Terry out of the room.)*

Terry: *(To Johnny.)* Come on.

*(Terry and Johnny exit to the ice.)*

Bill: Actually, uh, we were wondering if you girls...I mean ladies. Women? Females?

Sandy: Women is fine.

Bill: Right. Well, we understand you aren't playing in the bonspiel tomorrow. Is that because you're busy?

Sandy: Oh. No.

Bill: No?

Sandy: It's because we didn't have enough players.

Bill: That's too bad.

Sandy: Yeah. Well, no big deal, I guess. I'm catering it.

Bill: Congratulations! Business is going well, then?

Sandy: Well, you know, I'm just starting out.

Bill: It's great though. I know how long you've wanted to do it. Good for you.

Sandy: Thanks.

Bill: We have a bit of a problem.

Sandy: Oh yeah?

Bill: Yeah. Today, uh, Darryl...Do you know Darryl?

Sandy: Yes. He emceed our wedding.

Bill: Right. Yeah. I forgot you were there for that. (*Beat.*) Well, he had an accident.

Sandy: That's terrible. Is he okay?

Bill: Yeah. He's great! They sewed a toe to his hand.

Sandy: Pardon?

Bill: It's apparently something they do. (*Beat.*) So, you don't have enough players either, huh?

Sandy: No. We're down two. You probably heard that Jill married Jamie Welland? They're on their honeymoon.

Bill: Right. Yeah. I did hear that. Sarnia.

Sandy: Yeah. And, our vice-skip, Nicki, she entered a hot dog eating competition.

Bill: And its tomorrow?

Sandy: No. It was last week. She won, but she really tore up her esophagus. Doctors said she'll probably never shout again. And, well, that basically takes her out of the game.

Bill: Naturally. I'm sorry to hear that.

Sandy: And I'm sorry to hear about Darryl. Please send him my best.

*(Sandy moves to head back to the ice.)*

Bill: Wait. Sandy?

Sandy: Yeah?

Bill: Maybe...Maybe we could team up.

Sandy: Us?

Bill: Yeah. I mean, we need players and you need players, right?

Sandy: I don't know about that.

Bill: Yeah. Okay. Right. Yeah. Dumb idea.

Sandy: It's Darlene. She's not a fan of Terry.

Bill: Oh, really?

Sandy: Yeah, well, I mean, he picked on her pretty bad in school.

Bill: Right. I remember that.

Sandy: So, I don't think she'll go for it.

Bill: Well, what about you?

Sandy: Without Darlene?

Bill: We really only need one of you.

Sandy: Oh. *(Beat.)* Do you want me to? *(She tries to make eye contact with him.)*

Bill: Well...it's really for Terry. It means a lot to him.

Sandy: For Terry.

Bill: Yeah. You know, I'm indifferent.

Sandy: Right.

*(Darlene enters.)*

Darlene: This is not coming off. I'm going to need nail polish remover.

Sandy: I have some at the house. We can take it off after we finish our practice.

Darlene: After we finish our practice? Sandy, both sides of my butt are swollen. I'm running out of places to land.

Sandy: Alright. We'll call it a day.

Bill: So, what do you think?

Sandy: I...don't think so. I'm sorry, Billy.

Bill: Oh. No, don't be. No problem.

Sandy: I just don't think it's a good idea.

Bill: I understand.

*(Terry and Johnny appear in the doorway. Bill shakes his head at Terry to let him know she said no. Terry and Johnny enter.)*

Sandy: You ready, Darlene?

*(Darlene moves towards Sandy. She stops at Johnny.)*

Darlene: Before I go, I just wanted to say: thank you.

Johnny: For what?

Darlene: Just for existing.

Johnny: You're welcome.

Darlene: This is my business card. *(She hands him a card.)* In case you ever need anything...especially anything waxed-

Sandy: Darlene.

Darlene: Just give me a call. Or send me a fax, if that's easier for you.

Sandy: Okay. Time to go.

Darlene: Bye-bye.

*(Sandy and Darlene exit. The men watch them go.)*

Terry: So, what happened? She said no?

Bill: Yeah. She said no.

Terry: Well, why?

Bill: I told you. She wants nothing to do with me.

Terry: Damn it! This is the worst! *(Beat.)* I mean, her not wanting anything to do with you is bad too. Sorry, Bill. You alright?

Bill: I'm fantastic.

Terry: You want me to buy you a beer?

Bill: Are you going to borrow money from me to buy it?

Terry: I could borrow it from Johnny.

Bill: Alright.

*(Beat.)*

Johnny: Man, that Sandy is hot. *(Bill and Terry look at him.)* I'm sorry. Did I just say something insensitive?

*(End of scene.)*

## ACT ONE SCENE 2

Time/Place: The next day. Same.

*Lights up. Sandy is setting up a coffee machine and other catering supplies. Darlene is folding up towels and stuffing them down her pants to pad her injured bum.*

Darlene: I still can't believe he asked you.

Sandy: I know.

Darlene: Like he thought you were going to say yes.

Sandy: I know.

Darlene: As if.

Sandy: As if, indeed.

Darlene: I mean, on what planet would that be something you'd want to do?

Sandy: Not on this one. Not on any nearby ones. He can't even stand to look at me but he wants me to curl with him? I don't think so.

Darlene: I don't think so either!

Sandy: Men.

Darlene: I know. They're so weird!

*(She turns to show Sandy her lumpy bottom.)*

How does this look? Does this look okay?

Sandy: ...No.

Darlene: Shoot. I'm going to try folding them instead of bunching them.

*(Darlene pulls the towels out. She hands one to Sandy. There's a moment of silence as they fold.)*

You know, something just occurred to me. Maybe this is Bill's way of extending an olive branch.

Sandy: How so?

Darlene: Well, you curled together in the junior curling club, right? Way back when. A hundred years ago.

Sandy: It wasn't quite a hundred years ago.

Darlene: And he proposed to you on the ice, you had your wedding right here in the club... Maybe he's thinking that if you curled together again, you just might remember what made you love him in the first place.

Sandy: You think so?

Darlene: It's a definite possibility.

Sandy: I didn't consider that.

Darlene: Little does he know you already still love him-

Sandy: Right, little does he – What? I do not still love him.

Darlene: You a little bit love him. You still keep his picture in your bedroom.

Sandy: When were you in my bedroom?

Darlene: At our last wine and cheese night. I used your ensuite and I noticed that you have a picture of him on your dresser. And also that you're taking amoxicillin.

Sandy: You snoop!

Darlene: You said I could go in there!

Sandy: Well, I didn't know you were going to case the joint!

Darlene: I didn't. I need to have my eyes open to see where I'm walking and sometimes they also see other things. Like the picture of Bill standing in front of that giant flamingo at the mini putt place.

Sandy: Okay. Well, I happen to like the background in that picture. Bill being in it is a coincidence.

Darlene: The flamingo?

Sandy: Yes.

Darlene: Oh, okay. So I'm mistaken then.

Sandy: Yes, you are. And, anyway, your theory is wrong. Bill told me why he asked and it's only because of Terry. Because of how much this bonspiel means to him.

Darlene: Oh.

Sandy: Nothing to do with Bill at all. In fact, he declared he's indifferent.

Darlene: Ouch.

Sandy: Nothing new there.

Darlene: Terry must have put him up to it.

Sandy: Of course he did. Almost everything stupid Bill's ever done has been because of Terry.

Darlene: Ugh. That guy is the biggest-

Sandy: I know.

Darlene: He is so-

Sandy: I know.

Darlene: I'd like to-

Sandy: I know. You don't care for him.

Darlene: Don't care for him? That's an understatement. I can't stand him. Are you forgetting high school? He filled my locker with manure!

Sandy: Yes, I remember that.

*(Sandy tries to nod sympathetically.)*

Darlene: It's not funny, Sandy. My home-ec project was in there. Those brownies nearly made me fail twelfth grade.

Sandy: You're right. That was a really shitty thing to do.

Darlene: Was that a pun? Because I would hate to think you were making a pun right now, about something so painful to me.

Sandy: I'm sorry. It was only home-ec.

Darlene: It ruined my average! That prank might've been the reason I didn't get into medical school.

Sandy: You didn't apply to medical school.

Darlene: So? I might've wanted to! He didn't know that! Think of all the people I could've saved. Not that I'm not saving people now, because I am. I'm saving them from having bad hair.

Sandy: Every bit as noble.

Darlene: Anyway, it doesn't surprise me that you don't want to help him out. What are they even thinking? On top of everything else, they expect you to curl

with your ex-husband? I mean how awkward would that be? Everyone knows you're not over him.

Sandy: Why do you keep saying that? I am over him. And who is everyone? Who else thinks I'm not over Bill?

Darlene: No one. (*Beat.*) The whole town.

Sandy: The whole town thinks I'm not over Bill?

Darlene: Well, yeah. I mean, why else wouldn't you date my cousin Randy who keeps asking you?

Sandy: How does the whole town know about that?

Darlene: He spray painted "Randy loves Sandy" on the bridge.

Sandy: That has nothing to do with Bill. I don't want to go out with Randy because we don't have anything in common. And because I've just learned he spray painted my name on a bridge.

Darlene: I think if you got to know him, you'd learn you have lots of things in common.

Sandy: Name one.

Darlene: You're both athletic.

Sandy: Randy's athletic?

Darlene: He's the reigning dart champion at the Stayner Pub. (*Beat.*) Okay, how about: You live in the same town. You both like food. (*Beat.*) You both have a cat.

Sandy: I have a dog.

Darlene: That's a dog?

Sandy: It's a Pomeranian. (*Beat.*) Look, no to Randy. And no to Bill. I'm telling you. I'm over him, it's been seven years.

Darlene: If you're sure.

Sandy: I am. Bill and me? We tried that already. And you see how that turned out. Why would I continue to harbour feelings for a man I know it doesn't work with?

Darlene: The heart wants what the heart wants.

Sandy: Even if my stupid heart wanted Bill, which it doesn't, my head would know better. Bill and I don't make sense. Period. And that is why I have no feelings for him. In fact, I could play with him in a bonspiel and it wouldn't faze me in the slightest.

Darlene: Well, I think that's a bad idea.

Sandy: It would be like any other bonspiel.

Darlene: It'll drum up a lot of difficult memories.

Sandy: Just any other game.

Darlene: What would your therapist say?

Sandy: You're right, Darlene. It would be silly not to play just because of Bill.

Darlene: I didn't say anything remotely like that.

Sandy: I'm glad we had this talk. Here's your butt towel.

Darlene: Sandy.

*(Terry and Bill enter.)*

Terry: Because I don't feel like it, that's why.

Bill: You have to kick off the bonspiel. We're the host town.

Terry: The host town who's not even competing.

Bill: Terry, you're being a baby. Where's your speech?

Terry: You want to hear my speech? There's the john, there's the ice, may the best team win.

Bill: Oh, very stirring. *(Beat.)* Hey, Sandy. You're here early.

Sandy: Caterers and roosters. Both up at the crack of dawn.

Bill/Sandy: Coffee smells good./ I'm going to play in the bonspiel.

Bill/Terry: What?

Sandy: I'll play. Today. For your team.

Bill: You will?

Sandy: Yeah.

Terry: Holy shit. Sandy, I love ya.

Sandy: Well, let's not get carried-

*(Terry picks Sandy up and swings her around.)*

Terry: You brilliant, beautiful woman-

Bill: Terry, put her down.

Terry: I'm just so happy!

*(He puts Sandy down.)*

Sandy: Well, good. How about you, Billy? You happy?

Bill: Yeah. Sure. It's great.

Sandy: Good.

Bill: Good.

Darlene: What could possibly go wrong?

*(Terry doubles over, holding his back.)*

Terry: Ow!

Sandy: Terry?

Terry: You're heavier than you look.

*(Lights out. End of Act One.)*