

SAD & Glad

Sandrine takes a seat and is about to explain—when a waitress comes blasting in.

The waitress is in constant motion, always appearing and disappearing equally quickly.

WAITRESS. Look at you two, tucked away in the corner over here! Lucky I found ya! (*Referring to Jimmy's couple of Buds.*) Is the man and his lovely lady ready for another round?

JIMMY. Sure, we'll [have a coupla beers]—

SANDRINE. No! We're not together.

JIMMY. Well [we used to be]—

SANDRINE. We're all set, thanks.

JIMMY. Well [don't you want a drink?]

SANDRINE. All set!

JIMMY. Okay—yeah, we're good.

WAITRESS. Okay. (*Taking in the weird dynamic; and then starting to go.*) Well, holler if you need anything.

SANDRINE. Thanks.

WAITRESS. (*Stopping.*) No really—you gotta holler. It's busy up front!

SANDRINE. (*To the waitress.*) Okay.

JIMMY. (*To the waitress.*) Okay.

WAITRESS. (*On her way out.*) Okay!

And the waitress is gone.

Another awkward beat.

JIMMY. (*Fishing.*) So, um...ya here with anybody, or...?

SANDRINE. Yeah—um...the girls.

JIMMY. Oh.

SANDRINE. We're, uh—... (*Covering.*) Girls' night! We're in the front. (*Getting up and starting to go—she wants out of this situation.*) Actually, I just had to use the ladies' room, so I should get back to // them.

JIMMY. (*Stopping her.*) Aw, but I haven't seen ya! They'll survive without ya for a minute or two! So, what's been—here—have a seat—so what's been goin' on, whatcha been up to?

START →

SANDRINE. (*Giving in, sitting.*) Well—

JIMMY. Did you know that I took over my dad's business?

SANDRINE. Yeah, that's great!

JIMMY. I run it now! >

SANDRINE. I heard that.

JIMMY. I'm runnin' it! >

SANDRINE. Heard that.

JIMMY. Runnin' the business! >

SANDRINE. Congratula >

JIMMY. Runnin' the whole show, >

SANDRINE. tions!, Good for you!, Good for you.

JIMMY. the whole shebang—thanks—yeah. We still do heating and cooling, >

SANDRINE. Yeah?

JIMMY. and we've expanded, too. Just got into pellet stoves: sales and service.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah, it's a lotta work. A lotta work. I'm on call a lot: weekends, holidays, you name it, 'cause, you know, your heat goes, people die, it's serious.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Yeah. Like, I do Thanksgivin', Christmas, 'cause I let the guys who work for me, like, East helps with repairs sometimes, I let 'em have the day off so they can be with their families since I'm all alone this year.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah. (*Driving the point home.*) I really don't have anybody anymore, really. My brother and sister got canned, so they left town. >

SANDRINE. Right...

JIMMY. And Mom and Dad retired, headed south.

SANDRINE. Yeah, I heard that.

JIMMY. Vermont.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah, winters there are a lot easier. And then—I don't know if you heard, but...then Spot went and died on me.

SANDRINE. Oh, Jimmy, I didn't know that!

JIMMY. Yeah. He was old, it was his time. He was a good fish, though. (*Seriously sad about Spot.*) But, so, like I said, I really don't have anybody anymore, really...but, (*Trying to put his sadness behind him.*) so, um, I was wonderin'—would you like to come over? It'd be fun! Catch up, hang out...?

SANDRINE. Oh, Jimmy [I really can't]—

The waitress blasts in again.

WAITRESS. And I forgot to tell ya—don't forget: Friday night special at the Moose Paddy: Drink free if you're sad. So, if you're sad, or if you two little lovebirds are ready for another coupla Buds or somethin', you just let me know, all right?

SANDRINE. No, we'//re [not together]—

JIMMY. Okay!

WAITRESS. (*Exiting.*) Okay!

And the waitress is gone.

SANDRINE. (*Helplessly.*) Okay...

JIMMY. So whatta you say? Wanna come on over, for fun?

SANDRINE. No, Jimmy. I can't. I can't. (*Getting up to leave.*) I really gotta get back with the girls.

JIMMY. Naw—

SANDRINE. (*Forceful, but kind.*) Yeah, Jimmy, yeah. I gotta. 'Cause, see...oh, gosh, I've been meanin' to tell you this for a while: There's a guy, Jimmy. I've got a guy.

JIMMY. (*Huge blow. But he's tough.*) Oh.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Well...good for you. Gettin' yourself out there again.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Movin' on.

SANDRINE. Yeah, well, actually, Jimmy, it's more than me just gettin'

myself out there and movin' on. Um...this is my...bachelorette party.
I'm gettin' married.

JIMMY. (*Huger blow.*) Oh.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. Wow, that's—...

Jimmy is devastated.

But he's tough.

I thought you said you weren't gonna do that. Get married. Thought
it wasn't for you, you told me.

Little beat.

Guess it just wasn't for you with me.

Beat.

So, who's...who's the lucky guy?

SANDRINE. Martin Laferriere.² You know him? The // [game
warden]—

JIMMY. Yeah, the game warden guy, over in Ashland!

SANDRINE. Yeah!

JIMMY. Wow!

SANDRINE. Yeah!

JIMMY. He's a legend! Legendary! I mean, if you're lost on a
mountain in Maine, he's the guy you want lookin' for ya!

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. I mean, if you're lost out there in this big bad northern
world, Martin Laferriere's the guy you want to have go out there
and find ya!

² Pronounced, "la-FAIR-ee-AIR."

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. And he found...you.

SANDRINE. Yeah. I'm sorry I never told you—I actually thought you woulda known, I thought you woulda heard.

JIMMY. How would I have heard?

SANDRINE. Well, you know...people talk.

JIMMY. Not about things they know you don't wanna hear, they don't. And I gotta be honest with you: That's not somethin' I woulda wanted to hear.

A painful beat.

Then Jimmy bucks up.

So...when's the big event?

SANDRINE. Um...tomorrow!

JIMMY. [Oof.] Really.

SANDRINE. Yup!

JIMMY. Well then...

Jimmy downs his Bud and then raises his arm to wave down the waitress.

As he does so, his unbuttoned sleeve slides up his arm a little.

(Hollering to the waitress.) HEY!

SANDRINE. *(Not wanting the girls—or anyone—to see her with Jimmy.)* What are you doin'?

JIMMY. *(Going toward the front—where the waitress has exited and where the bachelorette party is.)* Gettin' our waitress—she said holler. *(Calling to the waitress.)* HEY! *(To Sandrine.)* What's her name?

SANDRINE. I don't know, she's new // here.

JIMMY. *(To the waitress.)* HEY!

SANDRINE. *(Not wanting to draw attention.)* What are you doin'?

JIMMY. We gotta celebrate! You got found! And you deserve it! He's quite a guy.

SANDRINE. Aw, Jimmy.

JIMMY. *(To Sandrine, and completely sincerely.)* And so are you. I mean—you're quite a girl—woman—person.

SANDRINE. (*Moved by his kindness.*) Thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY. (*Raising his arm again and hollering to the waitress.*) HEY!

SANDRINE. (*Trying to stop Jimmy from drawing attention to them.*) Jimmy! Whoa!

Sandrine notices a black marking on the inside of Jimmy's forearm.

Jimmy—hey! What's that?

JIMMY. (*To Sandrine.*) What?

SANDRINE. (*Referring to the black marking on his arm.*) That!

JIMMY. Oh, nothin'—tattoo—

Jimmy hides his tattooed arm behind his back and uses his other arm to wave down the waitress.

HEY!

SANDRINE. What?!?

JIMMY. (*To Sandrine.*) Tattoo., (*To the waitress.*) HEY!

SANDRINE. (*Intrigued.*) What—when did you get that?

JIMMY. (*To Sandrine.*) Um...after you left., (*To the waitress.*) HEY!

SANDRINE. (*Going for Jimmy's arm.*) Jimmy! Well—what's it of, what's it say?

JIMMY. (*To Sandrine.*) Nothin', nothin', (*To the waitress.*) HEY!

Sandrine grabs Jimmy's tattooed arm and pushes up his shirt sleeve.

(*To Sandrine.*) N-n-no!

Sandrine reads the bold, black letters on the inside of Jimmy's forearm:

SANDRINE. "Villian."³

JIMMY. Villain.

SANDRINE. Who's Villian?

JIMMY. Villain. It's supposed to say, "villain."

SANDRINE. What?

JIMMY. It's supposed to say, "villain."

3 Rhymes with "Jillian."

SANDRINE. Well, it doesn't say, "villain." It says, "Villian."

JIMMY. I know, (*Pulling his arm away from Sandrine, and pulling his sleeve down so he can cover the unfortunate tattoo.*) I spelled it wrong— >

SANDRINE. What?!?

JIMMY. —*they* spelled it wrong. It says, "Villian," but it's supposed to say, "villain."

SANDRINE. Well, why is it supposed to say, "villain"? Why would you want a tattoo that says, "villain"?

JIMMY. 'Cause...

SANDRINE. 'Cause why?

JIMMY. Just 'cause.

SANDRINE. Just 'cause *why*?

JIMMY. Just 'cause...when a guy's got a girl like you...well, I just think that losin' a girl like you, drivin' a girl like you away... >

SANDRINE. Jimmy, you didn't drive me away—

JIMMY. is just plain criminal. It's *criminal*. It's *villainy*! And it should be *punished*! So I punished myself, I marked myself a villain so girls would stay away so I'd never have to go through what I went through with you again—can I kiss you?

SANDRINE. (*Not mean.*) No.

JIMMY. Sorry.

Beat.

SANDRINE. (*Kindly, referring to Jimmy's tattoo.*) You can get that undone, you know.

JIMMY. Yeah.

Beat.

SANDRINE. I gotta head.

Sandrine starts to go.

JIMMY. Yeah.

Little beat.

Then, calling to Sandrine:

Hey, I'm—...

END →