

I - NAN / SWEETHEART

NAN. KYLE.

KYLE. (Calm.) Don't do this, whatever this is.

(Calm.)

Where'd you find the duct tape?

(Calm.)

WHAT do you WANT FROM ME?!

~~IT'S OFF TO THE HELLHOLE, KYLE.~~

(NAN cues SWEETHEART to re-tape his mouth.)

KYLE. Waitwaitwait

NAN. I swear. The *one* night I do something for myself—~~THAT'S~~ the night you—~~I~~ ~~AM~~ ~~NOT~~ ~~WALKING~~ ~~AWAY~~ ~~FROM~~ ~~YOU~~ ~~EVER~~ ~~AGAIN~~ ~~AFTER~~ EVERYTHING I'VE DONE FOR YOU.

~~SWEETHEART. Everything he's done.~~

NAN. (A calming breath.) Ok.

Ok.

I gotta text some back-up.

SWEETHEART. Back it up.

(SWEETHEART tosses her the cell, NAN texts and talks.)

NAN. This is all gonna be—GODDAMNIT KYLE—it's gonna be fine.

SWEETHEART. Are we still—should I go?

NAN. NoNoNo. Show's still on.

SWEETHEART. Sweet.

NAN. We just gotta speed things up, and I know Simon's sitting there staring at the closet trying to decide what mood to be in. Just lemme...

(She finishes the texts, sends them.)

Ok. Yes. No. Let's just do the next scene before he comes.

SWEETHEART. I await your cue.

(SWEETHEART actor-prepares in the corner.)

NAN. (To KYLE:) We've been practicing for you, babe. So you can feel the acute baptism of this moment. See I've been reading—have I been reading some real quality lady business: *The Second Sex*, and Jane Austen, and National Geographic Magazine, and I'm reading all that and thinking—huh—that's not my world? Why is that not my world? So either the world's been lying to me...or you have.

(Her cell rings, she answers.)

NAN. *(Continued:)* Yeah.

No Simon, it means come over now.

'Cause I'm doing it now.

And he went and busted up the truck so we're gonna—

Yes the—*yes, would you get gone*—And please take the back roads up here cause I know you think you can outsmart Atlanta rush hour but god himself could not get on the freeway right now *and I need you like tout freakin suite, Simon.*

(Small pause.)

I don't care what you wear, you're playing yourself.

COME ON.

(She hangs up. She realizes...)

Wait.

(KYLE squeals.)

Did you say you hit a deer?

(KYLE nods, mumbles.)

You said it was in the back?

(KYLE nods, mumbles.)

Of the truck?

(KYLE nods, mumbles.)

We got a dead deer in the truck?

(KYLE nods, mumbles.)

NAN *and* SWEETHEART *squeal in excitement!*

Oh my god!

SWEETHEART. Oh my god! For the scene!

NAN. For the scene! Perfect!

SWEETHEART. Ohmygod it's *perfect!*

(They run out the front door

Long beat. KYLE in the chair. KYLE looks at us. Pleads.)

(Sweetheart enters with a small dead doe maybe in a sack or wrapped in a tarp. NAN follows grossed out.

They plop it on or against KYLE.)

SWEETHEART. *(Re: deer:)* I was a Girl Scout and everything but that is just...warm.

NAN. Yeah.

SWEETHEART. You alright?

NAN. I think so.

SWEETHEART. You ready?

NAN. I think so.

SWEETHEART. Hellyes, and just so you know, because I have grown to love you and I firmly believe in what you're about..I memorized it.

NAN. You did not.

SWEETHEART. The whole thing, yes ma'am. Every line.

NAN. That is just *professional*.

SWEETHEART. And with the right props—I mean—Ok. I don't wanna get all mushy right before we start but—

NAN. Oh honey.

SWEETHEART. No seriously Nan. Most actors don't ever get to really work like this—in this kind of setting, and I think you're just giving me exactly what I need—like, emotional needs—so that I can go to LA and be really emotional.

NAN. As Jimmy Carter said: It's not necessary to fear the prospect of failure but to be determined not to fail.

SWEETHEART. You and He are—oh my god—SO right. OK, I'm sorry. I know we got a lot to cover, I just—Ok. This is SO great. Narrate me unto the breach!

(SWEETHEART hoists/draws the deer off, exits.

KYLE tries to sneakily get un-duct-taped from the chair...)

NAN. That girl's gonna be a star. I tell you what. I mean she's doing what she has to for now, but she is really dedicated to her craft. And stripping keeps her fit.

(Bops KYLE on the head.)

Stop.

Ok! Let's do this thing!

(Narrator voice:)

"One year ago. Lights up on Nan folding t-shirts on the couch. She smells like bleach. Kyle enters drunk again." Go.

(Ding!

One Year Ago...

SWEETHEART *enters with the deer, "drunk."*)

SWEETHEART. Hey, look at this shit!

NAN. Jesus. What did you—KYLE!

SWEETHEART. I shot it, baby. Da-dead da-deer-ass dead

NAN. WHYWHY?! NO! WHY?!

SWEETHEART. Cause it's stupid and thus deserved what it—quit getting pitchy—There's a surplus of 'em and we're gonna eat it.

NAN. I AM NOT, GET IT OUT!

SWEETHEART. That's my meat!

NAN. You killed it?!

SWEETHEART. Hunting season means huntin' shit.

NAN. You don't hunt!

SWEETHEART. I shot it and it's dead so it's hunted so I hunt.

NAN. You need a license and permits and—

SWEETHEART. Self defense.

NAN. That's not what hunting is!

SWEETHEART. Stop squealing, it's a stupid animal.

NAN. No-No-No-What-do-I-do-with-it?

SWEETHEART. Cook it like ham.

NAN. I am NOT touching that thing.

SWEETHEART. Your husband tames the wild, brings you an—

NAN. I wanted a cat!

SWEETHEART. And you can't even for a second—

NAN. A LIVE CAT!

SWEETHEART. Even for a minute consider doing the right thing, and cooking it and eating it, cause I'm ENTITLED to a DEER MEAL.

NAN. NONO GOD I HATE IT NO.

~~(SWEETHEART has grabbed NAN by the shoulders and—~~

~~forces her to eat all over the poor dead animal~~

~~NAN revolts but "he's" stronger,~~

~~SWEETHEART reacts with horror and grace out of us.)~~