

10-NAN, SIMON, KYLE

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

FIVE.

(The room, real-time. KYLE in chair.

Adding the button to NAN's line...

SIMON and SWEETHEART high-five.)

KYLE. Hey. Hey! I was in the middle of working that—I was doing my thing and you *Braveheart*-ed in and—a Taser? God, you're a dick man. OW.

(To NAN:)

Nan, you were mine—you were with me, Nan, and you know I'm still the guy you married. We're still those people. And—

(To SIMON:)

Goddamn that shit hurt my teeth.

(To NAN:)

Nan. We may be way past anything traditional at this point, but we still got something here. There's still *us* in here - and you can't kill *us*, so you can't kill *me*, cause *us* is *me*!

NAN. *Us* is not *you*, and *us* is not *us*. And memories are not *us*. And that day is not *us*. And you are not *that* guy, Kyle, you are *this* guy.

KYLE. Wait now, penguin—

NAN. Oh! And! Emperor Penguins are actually *serially* monogamous so they find a new mate every season. And I think it's proving to be a very new season.

SWEETHEART. New season!

SIMON. New season!

(Cheers! But KYLE is done playing around. Switches gears.)

KYLE. OK, You know what? I'm done with this shit. Bring on the bears, goddammit. Get outta my sight and bring it on.

SIMON. I was thinking the same thing.

KYLE. You can't blame me for the way the world works. You can't blame me for life and biology. You can't do it. So I don't care what magazine you read, or where you think you can go to make the world any different, or what Jesus or Jimmy Carter would do—but I

am NOT the BAD GUY. I am JUST A GUY. And GUYS are different than GIRLS.

SIMON. *(With pomposity:)* Insight.

KYLE. And we get madder and pushier than y'all, and it's not our fault! Power and muscle were given to us! Sexiness and cooking skills were given to you! It's the way my daddy did things and it's the way most of the goddamn world does things.

SIMON. Nono, keep going. This is great.

NAN. Kyle.

KYLE. Fuck you.

NAN. Kyle.

KYLE. You're a dumb, stupid girl.

NAN. Biological determinism has no effect on me, Kyle.

KYLE. Bring it on, I said. I'd rather have a bear on my lap than a pregnant liberal.

SIMON. Well this just got easy to wrap up.

(SWEETHEART puts a honey bear right in Kyle's crotch.)

NAN. For all the women all over the world who swallow panic every day, I say to you:
Get the meat.

(SIMON and SWEETHEART nod and go out back to get the deer.)

KYLE. FINE. FINE. I DON'T CARE. I DON'T CARE SO MUCH THAT I WILL KILL YOU WHEN I GET OUTTA THIS.

SIMON. Just try it, small man.

KYLE. You shut up, freak.

SIMON. Oh *I'm* the errant human being in this situation?

KYLE. You stole my wife and not for sex.

SIMON. And who do you think's going to hell first, cowboy?

KYLE. You've always hated me, and you poisoned my wife, and you're a sissy little shit. I bet that little freak nugget ain't even mine. I bet it's queenie's little freak, huh? You buy a syringe, and have little freak baby with a cheerleader?

SIMON. Oh yes I have pep, and moral relativism, and executive power. And guess what just got decided? BRING ON THE BEAR. SUCK IT.

KYLE. YOU SUCK IT! You will not get away with this—my guys'll be here, and the police and wildlife police and goddammit I will rise like a goddamn phoenix outta this and SMITE—YES SMITE YOU IN ORDER OF SHITTINESS.

(SIMON, then NAN, then SWEETHEART:)

You! Then You. And I still don't get who the hell you are but I will smite you last!

SWEETHEART. I work at The Highway Club under the name Peaches and last month you tried to get me to blow you for twenty bucks.

KYLE. Oh.

NAN. Oh.

SIMON. Do tell.

SWEETHEART. I politely passed. At which point you grabbed my arm and my ass and I had yours thrown out by the bouncer. Now that we're clear on the extent of your misbehavior, you can stop calling other people stupid when it took a whole lot of dumbass to land yourself in this.

(SIMON *high-fives* SWEETHEART.)

KYLE. (To NAN:) Baby wait now, I don't even remember that—I wouldn't do that—Come on now.

SWEETHEART. I didn't want to say anything, Nan. Not about him.

KYLE. (To SWEETHEART:) That's why you're doing this? Because I—what—*accidentally* propositioned you?

SWEETHEART. I'm doing this because I love your wife like a sister. Because fate and William Shakespeare brought us together at a Subway. Because I had no idea you were that same jackass until we showed up here tonight. And because I like the narrative.

KYLE. This's—this is cracked. This is *outrageous*.

NAN. It is an outrage. And when Anderson Cooper or Ellen DeGeneres asks me "why? Why did you abandon your husband and leave him for the bears?" I will say: "Anderson? I was outraged. And I decided to do something about it."

And then I'll tip my tell-all book forward—with a hardened yet hopeful picture of my son and me—

SIMON. And me.

NAN. And I will know that my life was lived with purpose.