

3 - SWEETHEART MONO.

~~by~~

(Ding!

Spot on: SWEETHEART.)

SWEETHEART. Here's my deal, y'all.

Two months ago I was on my way to audition for *Hamlet* at the Dahlonega Community Players when I first saw Nan. She was at the Subway just tearing through this foot long with all that stringy lettuce and crying and mauling those poor SunChips.

And I thought—this is real drama. Investigate.

So I asked her if she needed anything. And she told me that she didn't believe in love or justice anymore.

And I was like: whoa. Deep drama, y'all.

So I told her I was going to this audition—cause *Hamlet's* got some major justice, kids. And she went with me, and then we got some food at the Chick-Fil-A, and it was over those super puffy waffle fries that we became friends. I told her about my dreams of acting (I did not get the role of Hamlet, however), and she told me about her dream of saving animals (she works at this small vet in Canton), and I gave her my copy of *The Collected Works of William Shakespeare*, and she gave me free cat check-ups.

I even told her I was stripping at the Highway Club until I got my big break. And she didn't hate me for it. Which some people do.

And after a month of sharing books and meals and funny LOL cat pictures—she told me about Kyle and love and justice and how there was a bigger truth at stake if only she had the courage. And I said...

Let's get classical.

(Blackout.)

~~by~~

(Ding!

Spot on: KYLE.)

~~and strapped to his recliner, but more of his old self. Cocks it, bossy, and munny.)~~

~~KYLE I think we got off on the wrong foot here. I'm not an asshole. For real. Listen to me, I don't know why she's pulling this in front of everybody but...~~

~~OK. Thunt. OK. She's never had a problem with it before. And I know it's not ethically legal but those deer are my best friends. Jammit~~