

come on help me—y'all know this is crazy please god please god PLEASE.  
(Blackout.)

# 4-SIMON MONOLOGUE

D)

(Ding!

A spot on.

*SIMON posing in a red cheerleader's outfit.*

*Shakes the pompom.*

*This is sarcastic, judgey, mocking, whatevah.)*

*SIMON.* Yaaaay, he's innocent. He doesn't know what in the world he did wrong. Bless his heart!

Pregnant Pause.

Now that shitbird has f-ed with my girl. And that does not abide in the House of Simon.

Cause Nan and I have been righteous friends since we met at the Drama Club Interest Meeting on the first day of middle school. She *is* my soul mate, y'all. For god sakes, we went to prom together (in a slightly ironic way but we had fun)—*And* she was the first person I came out to and, y'all, she said Jesus loved me even more because I had the courage to be true to the way God made me and God made me *pretty* fabulous—*And* Junior year she played Juliet to my—well I played Balthasar so we didn't really—whatever, it was miscast—the point is we defy category and crapass husbands.

Now. Let's take a journey into the mind of one Kyle Carter.

Systematic abuse slash desperate need for women that his father and modern buddy comedies taught him ever since his very first beer at age 12, which was quickly followed by a joke about a woman with two black eyes that's supposed to be funny because the punch line is something like "you've already told her twice"—which solidified the neural pathway from whiskey, to funny, to girls-being-hit, to do-what-it-takes-to-feel-like-a-man, to being king, to realizing your kingdom is a cracked driveway in the woods and you're a dream-withered mammal dying of Cheeto-induced heart disease, to hurting my friend, to shame that would be the color of eggplants if things like that were color-coded, to drinking more, to losing his step, to losing it all, to this very moment right goddamn now.

*(Silence. Pompom.)*

*(Blackout.)*