

# 6-20 SIMON, SWEETHEART, NAN

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

Systematic abuse slain 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. Pom-pom.)*

*(Cuekout.)*

## THREE.

*(Real time in the house. KYLE in the chair, passed out. SWEETHEART holds a bear-shaped jar of honey and Kyle's gun. And SIMON has just entered the building—)*

SIMON. Y'all. The air in here is totally intense.

NAN. Rising action!

SIMON. And that woman is holding a gun.

SWEETHEART. Badass.

*(SWEETHEART cocks the gun like a badass.)*

SIMON. Ok, this is non-violent re-enactment? Which leads to a confession, which leads to everyone leaving unscathed. Right?

NAN. Right. I just added to the dramatic arc.

SIMON. Nan...

NAN. I mean the first thing you said was "I'll kill that sonofabitch," and I said "that's a great idea."

SIMON. No. No. We said make him see the error of his ways, and get him arrested—

SWEETHEART. But I think the bears make it organic.

NAN. I added bears.

SIMON. To what?

NAN. To the end. The bears take over.

SWEETHEART. Which is why there's like a billion empty squirty things of honey drizzled up the walkway. It's like neon bear catnip.

SIMON. So she's not shooting him, but she is luring every bear in the nearby bear community into this room.

NAN. Yeah. But. Realistically and unfortunately: Worst-case scenario, he just gets scratched up.

SIMON. By a *live bear*, Nan! This is not what you want to do—this is not a real plan—

NAN. This is vengeance.

SIMON. This is overkill!

SWEETHEART. I thought it was profound and foolproof.

SIMON. (*To SWEETHEART:*) Who *are* you?!

NAN. This is Sweetheart, whose stage name is Peaches, who's playing Kyle. And doing a little stage management.

SWEETHEART. It's such an honor—

SIMON. Why didn't you cast me as Kyle? You cast the *stage manager*—

SWEETHEART. And props.

SIMON. *Whatever*, I'm the man.

NAN. In a UGA cheer skirt.

SIMON. You said you needed support. This is a supportive outfit.

NAN. I said *back up* not—

SIMON. FINE. I'll put on track pants.

(*He whips out and dons red track pants - a la male cheerleader.*)

Sorry for my zeal. I was rushed, I'm doing my own costumes, left my latte on the counter—

NAN. God a'mighty.

SIMON. And you ask a girl for help, then you don't give her the male lead.

NAN. She's a professional!

SIMON. So am I!

NAN. *You* are your profession.

SIMON. Which will someday land me a daytime talk show, but for now? For now and always, I am the best friend you ever had, and

you need this cheer, and I'm here for you, and I'm so proud of us for doing this.

*(NAN hugs SIMON. He hugs back.)*

You know I heart you with all my heart.

NAN. I know. And your outfit is perfect.

SIMON. I know.

SWEETHEART. Awww.

*(Pompom within the hug.  
They break.)*

SIMON. *(To NAN:)* But hey. Can we not commit to the bear until later?

SWEETHEART. Ooh, but the bear is symbolic of the male-dominated—

SIMON. *(To NAN:)* Can we wait. To make a decision. On the bear.

NAN. *(Reluctantly:)* If he learns a lesson... maybe.

SIMON. Still premeditated. Catch me up!

NAN. So we did the scene where he first starts hunting.

SIMON. Ugh.

SWEETHEART. And we used real deer!

SIMON. Ugh.

NAN. Porch freezer's full of meat—so that's ready to go.

SIMON. The truck?

NAN. Busted.

SIMON. I swear that man. Is a hamster.

NAN. But we got the money from my account plus his last two checks from the shop. Plus I got some gift cards from Barnes and Noble.

SWEETHEART. And we scored his gun—Bonus!

SIMON. So he's not dead.

SWEETHEART. Konked out.

SIMON. How konked?

SWEETHEART. It's been about an hour of in and out.

NAN. But he's like that when's he's drunk anyway.

SIMON. Y'all. This's like really really real. Like it is happening right now.

NAN. I can't believe it.

SIMON. You ok?

NAN. As long as I'm moving I'm ok.

SIMON. Then let's move.

SWEETHEART. Let's move!

NAN. We have a few more scenes of great depth and moment to share with the hamster. Then we're outta dodge with the smell of mall and sushi guiding us West!

SIMON. You said we were going to Nashville.

NAN. Now we're going to L.A.

SIMON. Which does *not* mean Lower Alabama, please Jesus.

SWEETHEART. City of Angels! I'm gonna act the hell outta life.

NAN. And I'm gonna take Pilates.

SIMON. And I was not consulted. Therefore, as I'm not sure where I rank in the power structure I can't really commit to this plan. No ma'am.

NAN. Simon. You have to.

SIMON. What I *have* is a date this weekend, not that you asked.

NAN. With who, cagey?

SIMON. The city of Atlanta.

NAN. *Simon.*

SIMON. I have a life!

NAN. (*To SWEETHEART, exposing SIMON:*) Shopping at Urban Outfitters.

SIMON. And a job—

NAN. At Urban Outfitters.

SIMON. And a blog—

NAN. (*To SWEETHEART, exposing SIMON:*)  
BitchPlease.blogspot.com

SIMON. Ok, I have many and varied real-life human friends!

NAN. But not other *best* friends. And I'm frankly jealous of your urban outfitting. And I depend on you in way more ways than you

depend on me. And I so rarely have an epically good idea like this and—*Come on.* You've always wanted to go to California—Road trip! IHOPs! Heated pools at various La Quintas!

SWEETHEART. And I'm bringing a cat, are you allergic?

SIMON. No.

SWEETHEART. Cause I'm actually bringing two.

SIMON. Okay, wait.

NAN. If you get bored I'll buy your ticket back, and I know you know you're gonna cave so stop making me work so hard.

SIMON. As your best friend, I would just like to have a little more control over your decisions.

NAN. You can control the music.

SIMON. Jefferson Starship?

NAN. All the way.

SIMON. Done. Go Dawgs!

(SWEETHEART takes up. (imitates a little.)

SWEETHEART. He's up!

NAN. He's up! Please!

SIMON. YOU'RE A SONOFABITCH! KYLE CARTER AND I HATE YOU AND I'M GLAD YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN!

NAN. Si—

SWEETHEART. Hot damn.

SIMON. I was moved and I'm going

NAN. Sit down. You're not in this scene.

SIMON. Well, write me in.

NAN. It's a metaphor, Simon.

(SWEETHEART HEARNS)

SWEETHEART. Yes, in a—

SWEETHEART. Yes, in a—

(To SIMON.)

This part is so pretty.

SIMON. If I don't have any... and I'm really listening