

# 7-SIMON, SWEETHEART

35

SIMON. After what he did!

KYLE. What did I do?

NAN. I'm tired of fightin' and worryin' and plannin', y'all. I'm tired.

KYLE. *Me too.*

SWEETHEART. *(To KYLE, taping his mouth shut.)* God, you are such a none boya.

*(To NAN...)*

Now you take a time out, ok? I got this.

*(To KYLE...)*

Cause I can tell you exactly what you did to push your wife to this point, Mr. Kyle Carter. Because I am prepared. Because I know my lines and her lines.

*(To NAN...)*

You just keep eating as much of that ice cream as you want.

*(To NAN...)* but not really.

SWEETHEART. The time? Two weeks ago. The setting? Simon's house. The YouTube clip? That nappy British lady singing that dreamin' dreams song. She is so good and so funny looking and no one believed in her and there she was singing like an angel. Thoughts course through our heads as we weep openly at the funny lady's soaring voice. It makes us think, it makes us question our lives. Begin.

*(SIMON realizes it's his cue and joins SWEETHEART.)*

*(Ding!)*

*Two Weeks Ago... Simons's House*

*SWEETHEART plays NAN. SIMON plays himself. She sings with the end of Susan Boyle's YouTube clip. Happy tears.)*

SIMON. I have got to do that song at karaoke.

SWEETHEART. She is so beautiful. On the inside.

SIMON. *Deep* inside.

SWEETHEART. I want that, Simon. I really want that kinda—like—moment in my life. When I can really be good and beautiful.

SIMON. We can get Krispy Kremes and mani / pedis?

SWEETHEART. *(Tears, tears:)* What am I doing?

SIMON. You should get bright red like Superman's hotpants.

SWEETHEART. (*Tears, tears:*) With my life!

SIMON. Get a clear coat if it's a big deal.

SWEETHEART. What, what, *what* am I doing?

SIMON. What are we talking about?

SWEETHEART. I'm sick of myself. I'm sick everyday.

SIMON. Like you need some zinc?

(SWEETHEART *takes out a National Geographic Magazine.*)

SWEETHEART. This came to the house by accident.

SIMON. Ok, it's...?

SWEETHEART. The world, Simon! And my world is not this. I'm not saying I need to be all White-Knight Anderson Cooper but there's stuff out there and it's big and it's beautiful and it's not this life—!

SIMON. Whose—?

SWEETHEART. (*Weep! Weep!*) Mine! And don't get me started about—like—*space*, which is glossier than I can handle right now without setting fire to things.

SIMON. What are you talking about?

SWEETHEART. I hate that I have no choice or hope or *life* because of him and I stay with him when I should get out—why don't I get out? Because I can't. I think I can't. But why? Cause I'm scared... and all my stuff's there. Why am I scared of my stuff?

SIMON. Whoawhoa—

SWEETHEART. Even when he doesn't hurt me it hurts.

SIMON. Wait. He *actually* hurts you or he's just a dumbass?

SWEETHEART. I can't tell the difference.

(*Thick pause.*)

SIMON. What does that mean, Nan?

SWEETHEART. Pretty much maybe once a week...every other day...sometimes every day...

(SIMON *moves to hug her* SWEETHEART/NAN *flinches...like she's used to dodging hands.* SIMON *saw that.*)

SIMON. *Sonofabitch.* I will kill him. In an alley. *With this nail file.*

SWEETHEART. That might be easier than leaving.

SIMON. He *really* did that?

SWEETHEART. Then it'd be totally done.

SIMON. Wait. Goddammit. He really—like he *really*? Like *once* or—?

SWEETHEART. Is there a quota? God, it's hard to even say, and I'm saying, and you don't care.

SIMON. I *do*. OhMyGod. I *do*. I just—I'm shocked. I—OhMyGod. Why did I not know this, Nan?

SWEETHEART. I just thought it was—like—compromise. Like marriage is supposed to be.

SIMON. Marriage is supposed to be manageably annoying, not—not—  
Ok. Ok.

SWEETHEART. What do I do?

SIMON. We're getting you out.

SWEETHEART. (*Loving this idea.*) He's gonna be mad.

SIMON. He better be.

SWEETHEART. Jimmy Carter said: "If you fear making anyone mad, then you ultimately probe for the lowest common denominator of human achievement."

SIMON. Hell yes.

SWEETHEART. "America did not invent human rights. Human rights invented America."

SIMON. That's very moving—

SWEETHEART. "We should live our lives as though Christ were coming this afternoon."

SIMON. You are a Jimmy Carter search engine, I swear.

SWEETHEART. You know what I'd do if Christ were coming this afternoon?

SIMON. Hope for the best and eat a lot of cheesecake.

SWEETHEART. I would tie my husband to a chair and make him understand that what he thinks is right is not right. And I'd do it... with flair.

SIMON. Girl. That is what Jesus would do too.

(SWEETHEART *nods*. *Scene over*.)

SIMON *high-fives her*. They bow. NAN *claps*.)