

8-40-NAN/KYLE

FOUR.

A)

(Ding!

Six Years Earlier... At A Crossroads

NAN waits for someone. She puts on chapstick.

Cell phone goes off. Nan answers.)

NAN. Hey, talk at me for a sec, whatcha doing?

Oh, applying Cherry ChapStick. Invigorating the senses.

(Looks at her necklace.)

Well why are you calling me on *your* date?

Just get drunk. You'll feel better, he'll look better.

Because I already like my date so I don't need to get drunk—

Ugh. I know what you think, I don't wanna hear—

Simon. I only listen to you when you're right, and you're not right about—

He's sweet! He's nice! He likes me!

Ugh. I'm gonna go. Drink more. Love you!

(KYLE enters.)

KYLE. Hey there, fancy pants.

NAN. Hey.

KYLE. Sorry I'm late. I'm always late. Get used to it.

NAN. Ha. Cool.

KYLE. Naw, I'm not that bad. You wanna eat something?

NAN. I can always eat. Get used to it.

KYLE. Ha. Fattie.

NAN. Uhh...

KYLE. Not Funny. At all. Uh. Food?

NAN. Yeah. Outback has surprisingly good salads?

KYLE. Or my friend works at that pizza place up the road. Free cokes. We could drive all the way to Atlanta but—like—

NAN. We'd have to drive back.

KYLE. Sucks.

NAN. And I never know what to do down there.

KYLE. Ha. Sounds like me and—

(Points to her crotch.)

NAN. What?

KYLE. Not funny. Sorry. I forget you're not a dude. In a good way. Dammit. Anyway.

I was thinking of you and, like, *animals*? Cause you like animals, right?

NAN. Yeah. We raised rabbits when I was a kid. I told you that.

KYLE. Yeah and I just thought—'cause they have a zoo down there. And it's supposed to be super cool—with monkeys, and tigers, and a panda named SingSing—that's a prison—anyway—if you're looking for stuff to do in the city you might like it.

NAN. Thanks. I've been. It's really cool. Gorillas look like my uncle.

KYLE. We could go. Sometime.

NAN. That'd be great.

(Smile. Smile.)

KYLE. Zoouuuuuuuuu...

Is a weird word. You think it's—like—Chinese?

NAN. What?

KYLE. Or Scottish?

NAN. Probably not.

KYLE. You are so pretty.

NAN. Oh stop it.

KYLE. It's a gigantic kinda pretty. You know you are.

NAN. You know you're a charmer.

KYLE. Tell it like I see it, you're the prettiest and coolest—

NAN. Kyle Carter, you are shameless.

KYLE. Dude, you are the mammoth T-Rex of pretty!

NAN. Oh my god, I already like you, just buy the damn pizza.

KYLE. A woman that cuts the bullshit. I like it, I love it, I want some more—

NAN. Are you coming, talky? Or am I gonna date myself?

(She winks. Then drops it.

Out of the scene—or trying to be)

NAN. *(Continued:)* Alright. See? Done. Downhill from there—

KYLE. *(Out of the scene, to NAN:)* No. No it wasn't. Let's keep going. Dare ya. Date Two. Come on.

NAN. *(Out of the scene:)* What? No.

KYLE. *(Out of the scene:)* Come on, that was fun. That was really fun, Nanner. Lil bit more.

NAN. *(Out of the scene:)* You get *one* scene, not—

KYLE. *(Out of the scene:)* Just a tink more. Double dare. The next date I wasn't such a tool bag.

NAN. *(Out of the scene:)* I can't believe I didn't smack you after that "down there"—

KYLE. *(Out of the scene:)* I know, right? Do it now!

NAN. *(Out of the scene:)* No. This is done, we had our time and—

KYLE. Date two, Bowl-A- Rama!

*(Bowl-A-Rama—Two Days Later.
Sound of pins crashing victoriously,
KYLE jumps victoriously, both are in the scene.)*

KYLE. Yeeesss! Oh I am a ruler at this ancient sport of titans!

NAN. Eh, pretty good.

KYLE. You may be pretty, and you may be good, but that was not pretty good. Beware the spare, chica.

NAN. Ok, cocky. You think you're messin' with kids?

KYLE. Some advice from a champion: Don't look at the triangle, look at the—

NAN. Shut up.

(Nan "rolls" confidently, waits, watches and...sounds of ALL the pins crashing extra victoriously!)

Ooooooh! STRIKE on your face! Who is the baddest ass? *Who is it?!*

(KYLE grabs her and lifts her up—she is all smiles)

KYLE. You have just won my heart. And a free thing of nachos.

(Out of the scene—steamrolling her:)

See? This is fun! Come on—One more—The one at the zoo! With churros!

NAN. *(Out of the scene:)* No. No churros.

KYLE. *(Out of the scene:)* What a perfect day—you remember?

NAN, (*Out of the scene:*) We're not doing that scene. So don't—

KYLE. Date thirty two, at the zoo!

(Zoo Atlanta—Three Months Later.)

KYLE, (*In the scene—pointing everywhere:*) Holy crap there's some weird looking shit here.

Llamas and pandas and pirates—

NAN. Primates.

KYLE. Awesome! You hungry? Churros on me.

God I love churros.

NAN. I know.

KYLE. And hey...

(The first time he's said this:)

I love you.

NAN. You... you just said you love me.

KYLE. From the very first time I saw you I was just drunk with it. And Eda never come here without you and—I dunno, I just wanted to say it.

NAN. You love me.

KYLE. Yeah. How's that sound?

NAN. Ok. Whoa—I said ok.

KYLE. Ok?

NAN. Ok.

KYLE. Ok!

NAN. I love you too.

KYLE. You do?

NAN. I think...yeah.

KYLE. Well look at us. In love.

NAN, (*Out of the scene:*) NO. No. It was stupid love, not real love.

KYLE, (*Out of the scene:*) Oh it was real and right and leading to—

NAN, (*Out of the scene:*) I know where it lead to.

KYLE, (*Out of the scene:*) The park. That day. One year—

NAN, (*Out of the scene:*) No—stop it, Kyle—you're doing this wrong—