

SWEETHEART. Do not lose sight of the dream you dreamed in time gone by, Nan. You deserve better.

NAN. I really do.

SIMON. I really do, too.

SWEETHEART. This is a movement, y'all. And with our aptitude for dialogue, and this supporting cast, we can and will make the world a better place.

SIMON. And it's 4th of July, y'all. *Independence Day*. Amen.

SWEETHEART. Oh! We got sparklers?

(SWEETHEART *rips off the tape from KYLE's mouth.*)

KYLE. In the bathroom.

SIMON. The bathroom?

KYLE. Do not touch my shit, man.

SIMON. (*Grabbing NAN into a showy hug:*) You shoulda thoughta that before you touched mine.

SWEETHEART. I like how you turned that around.

SIMON. (*To KYLE, in an overwrought Hollywood action movie style.*) So when those fireworks go off in the distance? You'll feel the shudder and hear the crack of freedom. And no one will hear you scream.

SWEETHEART. You should teach.

KYLE. You're makin' her do this. I see it now. *You're* puttin' this shit in her head.

NAN. It's re-enactment, not fiction.

KYLE. Well you're doin' all the bad scenes! It wasn't all like that. Come on. Romance and—

SIMON. Romance doesn't bruise!

KYLE. I did not do that!

NAN. You know you did.

KYLE. Y'all've whipped yourselves up into a feeding frenzy of meanness to Kyle. I'm a like a bait ball, y'all. You just nip at me until I'm done, well fine. Fine! Whatever sexy lies you're telling yourself—I don't care. You love me, Nan. You know me and love me and I'm your man.

SIMON. Gross.

KYLE. Fight the frenzy, Nan. Do a love scene, huh?

SIMON. What?

KYLE. I *dare* you.

SIMON. No way.

KYLE. Do a scene of that time we went to the Olive Garden for your birthday. Huh? You had fun.

NAN. I had *wine*.

KYLE. You dressed up, and I dressed up, and we had a date. So fuck y'all—we dated!

SIMON. You went to an Olive Garden!

KYLE. You're a snob and a Democrat!

SIMON. Loud and proud, kitten.

SWEETHEART. Do we *have* a love scene?

NAN. Not scripted.

KYLE. I may have royally F-ed up a little and I already had a big ol' "forgive me Father" moment tonight. I'm changed. I'm back. Love scene. Dare ya'.

*(Pause. NAN looks to SIMON. SIMON does a "Faaaaaaace".)*

SIMON. Face.

SWEETHEART. I mean I love love scenes. That's always my favorite part of movies and stuff? Right before the two main folks kiss—cause they always do that, don't they—where you want 'em to kiss so bad and the music's all soupy and you're like "dammit, just do it!"

SIMON. *Not helping, striper.*

KYLE. You married me for a reason, Nan.

SIMON. Not a good one.

Nan.

*Nan.*

KYLE. We met by the park, you were wearing that necklace, I was late, it was fun, I dare you. I dare you.

*(Silence. NAN considers. NAN opens her mouth to speak—)*

*(Blackout.)*