

SWEETHEART.

It's just a fucking deer Nan-
hshuththellup...

NAN.

Stop stop it oh my god oh my-
god oh my god...

(Until SWEETHEART releases her and NAN flings herself away.)

NAN. Jesus Jesus Jesus.

SWEETHEART. Joke, Nan. Shit.

NAN. *(Numb, rote:)* "There should be an honest attempt at the reconciliation of differences before resorting to combat." Jimmy Carter.

SWEETHEART. Shut the trunk, Nan.

NAN. *(Numb, rote:)* "It is good to realize that if love and peace can prevail on earth, the joys and beauties of the outdoors will be here forever." Jimmy Carter.

SWEETHEART. "Deer steak or nobody sleeps." Kyle Carter.

NAN. *(Small:)* Stop.

SWEETHEART. Let's move on.

NAN. *(Very small:)* I hate you.

SWEETHEART. What.

NAN. I...don't know how to—

SWEETHEART. Field flay-dress—field dress. Just google it.

(SWEETHEART drags the deer outside, and comes back in.)

NAN. Jesus Jesus Jesus.

SWEETHEART. All I know is you bleed it first.

(NAN gets a knife. Goes outside.

Bends over the deer and swiftly slices its neck open.

Blood on her hands.

She comes back in. Nods to SWEETHEART, who drops her act. Real time.

NAN looks to KYLE.)

NAN. And that was when I had the idea...to let nature in...and get the hell out.

Cause, baby, we're all animals...and we're all wild.

(BLACKOUT.)

TWO. **NAN**

A)

(Ding!

Spot on: NAN.)

NAN. I thought you might be trying to figure out whose side you're on.

I'm not a violent person. But it's like when you get a project in your head—like an herb garden or buying new scissors—and you just can't focus till it's done? Well I just cannot rest until this's done. "This" means Kyle, and "done" means... "bear"?

God. See, that sounds awful. I don't mean it that way. I'm just... I'm—ok. Here's what I am.

I am Nan Carter. I grew up here. I loved my parents. I went to church. I married a man I thought was gonna be good. He wasn't. And my big decisions kinda stopped there. And I've seen *Thelma and Louise* so I get that I have a choice in my future; but I never felt like I could drive a Thunderbird into a canyon.

I'm one of those women that you look at and think, "Why doesn't she just leave?" Well I didn't leave until now because I'm broke, and I'm stuck, and I'm scared. I am scared.

I am Nan Carter. And I wish Jimmy Carter was my dad but he's not.

I am Nan Carter. And I wish someone had told me to wait to settle down, and to not be so sweet, and to move to Atlanta after school, and to seriously consider professional soccer—y'all I was good—and to not marry the first one, and to master the art of sedition, and to listen to my mom, and to cook healthier but Kyle doesn't like salads, like *any* salads *goddammit*.

And he wasn't always so angry, but he is angry all the time now. And he has never asked me what I want to eat. And he is awful and I wish he was dead—oh my god please forgive me but I wish he was dead. I wish he was secretly rich and then dead.

I am Nan Carter and I am alive in this wide world.

So I will be leaving tonight for good.

(Blackout.)