

## B) SWEETHEART

*(Ding!**Spot on: SWEETHEART.)*

SWEETHEART. Here's my deal, y'all.

Two months ago I was on my way to audition for *Hamlet* at the Dahlonega Community Players when I first saw Nan. She was at the Subway just tearing through this foot long with all that stringy lettuce and crying and mauling those poor SunChips.

And I thought—this is real drama. Investigate.

So I asked her if she needed anything. And she told me that she didn't believe in love or justice anymore.

And I was like: whoa. Deep drama, y'all.

So I told her I was going to this audition—cause *Hamlet's* got some major justice, kids. And she went with me, and then we got some food at the Chick-Fil-A, and it was over those super puffy waffle fries that we became friends. I told her about my dreams of acting (I did not get the role of Hamlet, however), and she told me about her dream of saving animals (she works at this small vet in Canton), and I gave her my copy of *The Collected Works of William Shakespeare*, and she gave me free cat check-ups.

I even told her I was stripping at the Highway Club until I got my big break. And she didn't hate me for it. Which some people do.

And after a month of sharing books and meals and funny LOL cat pictures—she told me about Kyle and love and justice and how there was a bigger truth at stake if only she had the courage. And I said...

Let's get classical.

*(Blackout.)*

## C)

*(Ding!**Spot on: KYLE.**Still strapped to his recliner but more of his old self. Cocky, bossy, and manly.)*

KYLE. I think we got off on the wrong foot here. I'm not an asshole. For real. Listen to me, I don't know why she's pitchin' this fit in front of everybody but...

OK. I hunt. Ok. She's never had a problem with it before. And I know it's not technically legal but those deer are in my back yard dammit

so it's more like lawn mowing and people don't need permission for that. And people—like—do stuff other people don't like. Like couples. That's how relationships work, goddammit, and you don't have to duct tape 'em to a damn chair! And I swear I don't know who that other one is. Who is that?!

You don't believe me. I can tell you're sittin' there thinkin' she might be right about me. That I just might deserve...

Shit. Shitshitshit—

I'll be straight with y'all—I don't know how this is gonna end. I really don't. She doesn't ever get mad, and she sure don't "act it all out" (which I'm not sure I get what that's about). The point is I don't know what the hell is going on and what the hell I did to make whatever is going on, going on.

I'm trying to say that she's lost it—And we're not safe—And I don't deserve this! Who deserves this!? THERE ARE BEARS OUT THERE—Please lord Jesus help me—she might actually kill me and I'm really hungry and my head hurts like a bitch and—JESUSLORD come on help me—y'all *know* this is crazypleasegodpleasegodPLEASE.

*(Blackout.)*

## D)

*(Ding!**A spot on.**SIMON posing in a red cheerleader's outfit.**Shakes the pompom.**This is sarcastic, judgey, mocking, whatevah.)*

SIMON. Yaaaay, he's innocent. He doesn't know what in the world he did wrong. Bless his heart!

Pregnant Pause.

Now that shitbird has f-ed with my girl. And that does not abide in the House of Simon.

Cause Nan and I have been righteous friends since we met at the Drama Club Interest Meeting on the first day of middle school. She is my soul mate, y'all. For god sakes, we went to prom together (in a slightly ironic way but we had fun)—And she was the first person I came out to and, y'all, she said Jesus loved me even more because I had the courage to be true to the way God made me and God made me *pretty* fabulous—And Junior year she played Juliet to my—well I played Balthasar so we didn't really—whatever, it was miscast—the point is we defy category and crapass husbands.