

SIMON:

Yaaaaay, 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.

Now. Let's take a journey into the mind of one Kyle Carter.

Systematic abuse slash desperate need for women that his father and  
modern buddy comedies taught his ever since his very first beer at age 12,  
which was quickly followed by a joke about a woman with two black eyes  
that's supposed to be funny because the punch line is something like  
"you've already told her twice" which solidified the neural pathway from  
whiskey, to funny, to girls-being-hit, to do-what-it-takes-to-feel-like-a-man,  
to being king, to realizing your kingdom is a cracked driveway in the woods  
and you're a dream-withered mammal dying of Cheeto-induced heart  
disease, to hurting my friend, to shame that would be the color of eggplants  
if things like that were color-coded, to drinking more, to losing his step, to  
losing it all, to this very moment right goddamn now.