

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 seduction, 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.