

NANCY:

START

I will be a whole person to you.

I will.

Brian looks at her, stunned into silence.

The point is, your father never praised me that way.

And then this man... Hal...

Well, it was very powerful.

And then afterwards, he didn't ask me for anything.

We just lay together, in the dark, side by side.

Staring into each other's eyes.

And you know, I didn't feel guilty at all?

Not for a second.

Because—I felt like something this beautiful—

A moment this perfect—that's why we were put on the earth.

He was looking at me and he was

Tracing his finger along my shoulder.

Just gently tracing my shoulder.

And then he noticed—I never even noticed this before—

But, he noticed this group of five freckles.

I have five freckles on my shoulder that—if you connected the dots—

Would make a perfect line.

It's sort of back here, so, you know, I had never even noticed it myself.

But he traced it over and over again, this perfect line.

Nobody had ever seen that about me before.

But once he pointed them out, I would look for them every time I got undressed.

That little line of five.

END

Brian is suddenly full of grief.

BRIAN. You should have run off with him.

NANCY. You're angry that I left you and Ben alone for one night—

A night you don't even remember.

BRIAN. Still, I would have wanted you to be happy.

NANCY. Children don't care if their parents are happy.

You just want us to be there.

BRIAN. Well, I didn't want this.

I wouldn't have wanted—this.

Growing up surrounded by—

You want to talk about why I'm alone?

You want to talk about why I can't ever, like, find intimacy—
I never saw it.

I never actually saw it.

Pause.

NANCY. Well, maybe you're seeing it now.

Nancy walks back up to bed.

Brian reels.

Scene 4

Night has turned into day.

Bill is alone, pattering and packing.

Some furniture is missing.

More huge piles of clothes fill the living room.

*From across the way, a neighbor's dog whimpers tragically,
left alone.*

It might even howl.

Bill pauses to listen.

Maybe he considers murdering the dog.

Instead, he continues to pack as he works on his stand-up.

BILL. ...I've been married fifty years...

We each had a very happy twenty years.

After that, we met!

I'm the kinda guy who

I'm the kinda man who.

I'm a guy who.

I'm the kinda husband who.

I'm a gentleman, ladies and gentlemen!

Oh no.

That doesn't work.

I'm a gentleman, folks.