Dawson Moore's Oh, Nancy!

RON: Male, late 20s; a hippie waiter, soulful and stoned.

RON So… How've you been, Nancy? (pause) You don't remember me? I'll never forget you. I look different, and it was a long time ago. Ron Williams… That's not ringing any bells? Your father's S.U.V., a crisp April night… Your DOG was in the back, and he was very upset… that's right. That was me. That night shaped my life. No. More than that. It taught me to persevere. It was all a big metaphor, man. No matter how life grinds you with its stick shift, or how cramped you feel, or how scared you are of the big MASTIFF snarling in your ear, keep on persevering. Keep on trucking. Even if the woman who takes your virginity never speaks to you again and tells everyone at school you've got a small dick. Keep on trucking and things will be okay… I have this poem I wrote for you, Nancy. It's called "Oh, Nancy!" My love for you has become A Giant Joke A real laugher. The Dog Is Gone. How could I have ever become So Dramatic? So Unraveled. The Dog Is Gone No more terror, no more tears Just Giddy Pain And Wryish Grins The Dog Is Gone, The Dog Is Gone. Because I can no longer tell If I'm the Joke Or We're the Joke All I know is that it's about a Dog And it's fucking funny And it makes me laugh… The Dog… That Dog… THAT FUCKING DOG!