



*ALL ACTORS WILL READ THE PART OF SLOAN*

SLOAN: Can't you leave me alone?

THYME: I'm worried about you.

SLOAN: Just let me mourn.

THYME: Of course, you lost somebody, I know that, but you can't shut us all out.

SLOAN: Everybody grieves their own way.

THYME: I'm just worried – a lot of us are worried.

SLOAN: Look. It's grief. It's not a crisis. It's a process. I'll work through it. It just takes time.

THYME: How long?

SLOAN: I don't know... I might feel a little better tomorrow and a little better the day after that, but it's not like a cold you just get over one day.

THYME: Okay, but how long till... you'll go out for a drink... or a coffee? How long till you stop trying to get rid of me?

SLOAN: This is not about you.

THYME: But I miss Butler too, and it's worse cause it's kind of like I lost you both.

SLOAN: That's... nice. That's very nice. It's just...

THYME: What?



SLOAN: It... was not an accident.

THYME: What? Of course it was.

SLOAN: Butler drove off the road... on purpose.

THYME: You can't know that. Butler was alone in that car.

SLOAN: There was... a note.

THYME: No... there wasn't.

SLOAN: I destroyed it. I didn't want people remembering Butler like that.

THYME: And you've been carrying that...?

*Sloan shrugs. Thyme tries to hug Sloan, who resists.*

SLOAN: Will you let me work through this now?

THYME: Not alone.

SLOAN: Really?

THYME: Really.

SLOAN: Okay. I'll stop trying to get rid of you if you stop grilling me, okay?

*Thyme nods in agreement and Sloan turns away. Thyme puts a hand on Sloan's shoulder. Sloan pretends not to like it, but after a moment, Sloan smiles just a little.*