

DOUG. Why'd you come?
 KAYLEEN. I don't know, Dougie. I was asleep on the kitchen table.
 DOUG. What?
 KAYLEEN. I had some drinks when I got home.
 DOUG. What about that guy. That guy. That guy you live with.
 KAYLEEN. He's sleeping. He was sleeping when I got home. His name is Brad.
 DOUG. His name is ass-face. Why do you have mud all over your legs.
 KAYLEEN. I drove halfway, but the car got stuck in the mud.
 DOUG. What do you mean?
 KAYLEEN. I mean, I drove part of the way until the car got stuck in the mud.
 DOUG. The car got stuck in the mud.
 KAYLEEN. Yeah.
 DOUG. What are you even talking about? What mud? Where is there mud between the hospital and your house that you could get stuck in?
 KAYLEEN. Just don't ... Just shut up. There's mud. On the side of the road.
 DOUG. What, you veered off the road? Are you drunk?
 KAYLEEN. No! It's just the windshield is all jacked up because Brad hit a tree last February, and I couldn't see, and there was this mist or fog or something. And I drank a few vodkas. But I mostly slept those off.
 DOUG. So you just left the car.
 KAYLEEN. You know how I get.
 DOUG. How you get?
 KAYLEEN. Fuck you. You know how I get. When you get hurt. You know.
 DOUG. *(Matter of fact.)* Doctor said I'm gonna be blind in one eye.
 KAYLEEN. *(Quietly.)* Dougie ... *(She sits near him, covers her eyes briefly with her hands.)*
 DOUG. *(Not sad, just observing.)* It's gone. The whole thing. But I think it wasn't just the poke. It was the burn, too. The thing kept burning once it had punctured the eye. And so the burn really messed it all up.
 KAYLEEN. You always had problems with that eye.
 DOUG. Yeah.
 KAYLEEN. The chopping wedge.

DOUG. The wedge.
 KAYLEEN. And that girl who skared on your eye, right? When you were little? And then senior year. The Tabasco sauce.
 DOUG. And pink eye.
 KAYLEEN. Yeah.
 DOUG. I gave you pink eye that time.
 KAYLEEN. No, you didn't. I never got it.
 DOUG. I think about that all the time. *(Beat.)* I think about that all the time. I always think about it.
 KAYLEEN. Yeah, well, you're a freak.
 DOUG. I didn't want you to come in here.
 KAYLEEN. Yeah, right.
 DOUG. I mean, I'm glad you're here. For sure. But you have the funeral tomorrow and everything. You should go home. Take a bath. Get some rest.
 KAYLEEN. Shut up. I don't feel like walking back to my car just yet.
 DOUG. Wow, you're really drunk, aren't you?
 KAYLEEN. No, I'm just bleary. I feel like I just woke up. You don't understand the week I've had. I have to get a call at work to tell me my dad's lying dead in the driveway. And then dealing with everyone. And this shit. And then tonight, you come riding into town. Here's Dougie, five years later all of a sudden. I haven't slept. I just haven't slept in like ... I don't know. Four years or something.
(Doug holds up four fingers.)
 DOUG. How many fingers am I holding up?
 KAYLEEN. Four. *(Doug holds up his middle finger.)*
 DOUG. How about now?
 KAYLEEN. Shut up.
 DOUG. We can both hardly see. *(Kayleen smiles at him.)*
 KAYLEEN. Maybe that's for the best. *(Long silence.)*
 DOUG. I think I'm seeing two of you.
 KAYLEEN. I'm seeing two of you, too.
 DOUG. Let's dance.
 KAYLEEN. Shut up.
 DOUG. No, we're both seeing double. We can dance, all four of us, we can play Ring Around the Rosie.
 KAYLEEN. Sit down. *(Doug pulls her up.)* I'm seriously dizzy!
 DOUG. Me too! *(They sway strangely with each other. Sings, any random melody.)*
 Ohhh Leenie ...