

KAYLEEN. You were dancing?
 DOUG. Yeah. I was all over the place.
 KAYLEEN. Were you "break" dancing?
 DOUG. No, man. It was the limbo.
 KAYLEEN. Did you hurt your ankle?
 DOUG. Yeah. What's wrong with you?
 KAYLEEN. Nothing.
 DOUG. I mean: What about the dance?
 KAYLEEN. What about it.
 DOUG. It's going on!
 KAYLEEN. Big deal.
 DOUG. You don't like it?
 KAYLEEN. No.
 DOUG. It's fun.
 KAYLEEN. So go back to it.
 DOUG. I jacked up my ankle.
 KAYLEEN. Doing the limbo.
 DOUG. Yeah, it's Mexican, you know? I was rocking out. How come you don't like it.
 KAYLEEN. I just don't.
 DOUG. So why'd you come?
 KAYLEEN. Shut up. (*Long beat.*)
 DOUG. Did you throw up blood?
 KAYLEEN. What?!
 DOUG. I heard Sister Boniface tell Mrs. Wheaton that you had thrown up blood.
 KAYLEEN. I didn't throw up blood. I just threw up.
 DOUG. You want me to get you some ginger ale?
 KAYLEEN. No. Thank you.
 DOUG. I can throw up whenever I want.
 KAYLEEN. That's reassuring.
 DOUG. Really, though. I don't need to like stick my finger down my throat or anything. I can just do it, if I want.
 KAYLEEN. Why would you want to.
 DOUG. Sometimes, you know, just to feel better. Or, like to gross people out, or something. I was playing hockey? I play hockey. I was he kept creeping all over me, he was annoying you know? He was just annoying. And so I made myself throw up a little bit in my mouth? And I spat it on him.

KAYLEEN. That is the most disgusting thing I've ever heard in my life. You're disgusting.
 DOUG. Man! He got so grossed out he started to cry. And then I scored a goal. We lost, but I was like, skating all over the place. I scored a goal. We lost, but I still scored a goal.
 KAYLEEN. Hockey sounds like a wonderful activity.
 DOUG. I tore my Achilles tendon last summer.
 KAYLEEN. Why are you talking to me right now? Why don't you go back to your dance?
 DOUG. But that's why I just hurt my ankle. It never really healed right, I think. Sometimes I hurt it just by walking. Do you know how I did it?
 KAYLEEN. You said: Dancing.
 DOUG. No, I mean tore my tendon.
 KAYLEEN. I don't know. Playing hockey?
 DOUG. Nope. Uh-uh. I was riding on the handlebars. Todd Scott was riding and I was on the handlebars and we were speeding down the Noble Road hill and my foot got caught in the spokes and I got flipped off the bike. I also got 10 stitches in my face. But also, I tore my Achilles tendon. I'm accident prone. That's what my mom says I am.
 KAYLEEN. If you're riding on the handlebars of a bike going down a hill, you're not accident prone, you're retarded.
 DOUG. You shouldn't say "retarded." That's real rude to retarded people.
 KAYLEEN. Sorry I offended you.
 DOUG. No, it's cool. (*The pulse of music can be heard echoing in the distance. Nodding his head with music.*) Aw yeah. I like this one. You wanna dance?
 KAYLEEN. What are you talking about. (*Doug gets up, gimpy but spirited. He starts to dance awkwardly.*)
 DOUG. Let's dance!
 KAYLEEN. Yeah, right.
 DOUG. I'm serious! I wanna dance with you. Get it up!
 KAYLEEN. I'm not dancing!
 DOUG. Come on! (*Doug pulls her off the bed and they very awkwardly dance to the distant music. But it's too awkward and Kayleen walks away and flops on the bed.*) What?
 KAYLEEN. So! Retarded!
 DOUG. How come you don't like to dance?