

KAYLEEN. *WHAT?*

DOUG. I'm just saying: I never kissed anyone. And I'm assuming you haven't either. And I'm nervous about doing it, and you probably are too, so why don't we just practice so when we do have our first kiss, we'll know what we're doing.

KAYLEEN. No thank you.

DOUG. Come on.

KAYLEEN. No.

DOUG. Come on.

KAYLEEN. No, I'm not going to kiss you! That's gross! And besides, we wouldn't have a "first kiss" after that. That would BE our "first kiss." And I don't want my first kiss to be with you. And I just threw up anyhow.

DOUG. It wouldn't be our first kiss, it would be a practice kiss. I don't like you, I like Erin Marks.

KAYLEEN. I just threw up.

DOUG. Didn't you wash out your mouth?

KAYLEEN. Yeah.

DOUG. So that's okay then. Come on. *(He stands up.)* Kayleen, come on. Practice kiss. Then we go back up to the dance.

KAYLEEN. I can't even believe you're talking about this.

DOUG. Come on. Practice kiss.

KAYLEEN. This is just weird. Let's just go back to the dance. *(Kayleen gets up. Doug leans in. His face hovers just in front of hers. She looks at him, then allows Doug to kiss her. They kiss. Then they step apart. They look at each other for a moment. Kayleen puts her hand over her mouth.)* DOUG. What's wrong? *(She's going to puke. She grabs a trash can and throws up in it. She throws up a lot. When she's done, she just stands there, holding the trash can.)* Are you okay? *(Kayleen won't look at him. She's clearly humiliated.)* Kayleen, you okay?

KAYLEEN. Just please go. *(Doug looks at her. She holds the trash can close to her body. Doug cocks his head back and makes a really strange sound, like a deep groan or gargle. He keeps doing this and then grabs the trash can from Kayleen and he throws up into it. When he's done, He shakes his head, as if to clear it. And he stares into the trash can.)* DOUG. Our throw up is all mixed together. *(Looks at Kayleen.)* You wanna see? *(Kayleen stares at him, and then steps to him and she and Doug look in the trash can together.)* So awesome.

KAYLEEN. Yeah. Yeah. *(Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 4.)*

Scene 4

Age Twenty-Eight: Tuesday

Fifteen years later. The kids are 28.

Hospital. Doug is in a coma. He wears an eyepatch over his left eye.

Kayleen enters. She hasn't seen him like this.

KAYLEEN. *(To herself.)* Goddamn it. *(She goes to Doug. Only beeping and other artificial sounds. She looks at him for a long time.)* Hey again. *(Kayleen covers her face with her hands and then she exits. She reenters quickly.)* So I'm trying to get more healthy. Mostly. Most of the time. I thought you should know. So, you know, don't worry about me or anything. *(A long moment.)* Come on, Doug. Wake up now. Just wake up. I'm here. I'm here to wake you up, okay? It's been a long time, I know, and I just want to ... *(Kayleen shakes her head, realizing she's basically talking to herself.)* Jesus. What the fuck am I doing here? *(She goes into her bag and gets some pills. She takes them. She sits down in a chair that's not close to the bed.)* I'm so sick of your shit. *(Kayleen rubs her temples. She gets up and walks to him quickly.)* WHO GETS STRUCK BY FUCKING LIGHTNING?! *(She goes back to her seat and collapses in it.)* ON THEIR FUCKING ROOF! I hate to tell you this, you stupid fucking genius, but getting up on the roof in the middle of a fucking electrical storm isn't a brilliant fucking move! *(Kayleen calms herself. She takes out a bottle of lotion and takes some in her hands.)* I'm trying not to swear so much. And I'm moisturizing. So that's what's going on with me these days. *(She rubs lotion into her hands.)* So congratulations on almost being married. I mean, I heard about it. I heard about her. Elaine. Elaine. She sounds lovely. Poor girl. You probably made the right decision, though. I don't think you're gonna be ready to settle down till you stop climbing up on the roof, you know? I mean, I'm no model

Scene 5

Age Eighteen: Pink Eye

Ten years earlier. The kids are 18.

Kayleen's bedroom. Kayleen sits on her bed, knees to her chest. Doug enters. He's beaten up pretty badly. He carries an enormous hockey duffel bag. He's in pain. He drops the bag, collapses against her bed, and yells in pain.

KAYLEEN. What are you doing?

DOUG. Had to stop by.

KAYLEEN. What happened?

DOUG. Marty Dozier happened.

KAYLEEN. What do you mean?

DOUG. I got in a fight with him.

KAYLEEN. *(Very concerned.)* You got in a fight with MATTY DOZIER?

DOUG. Yeah. And then that stupid Girl Scout gave me pink eye. *(He takes Girl Scout cookies out of his bag and throws them at Kayleen.)* Here. I bought her stupid cookies. Girl Scouts. What a bunch of little bitches.

KAYLEEN. These are Samoas.

DOUG. Damn right.

KAYLEEN. Where are the Thin Mints?

DOUG. Fuck that.

KAYLEEN. Fuck you.

DOUG. What's your problem?

KAYLEEN. Go home. I'm sick. And you're annoying. I wanted

Thin Mints.

DOUG. Shut up or I'll give you pink eye.

KAYLEEN. Go away. *(Doug gets up, starts rubbing his eyes. And then walks to her like Frankenstein.)*

DOUG. Give ... pink eye ... mmmmmh ...

citizen, but I do know basic fucking things about personal safety, you dumb piece of shit. *(Kayleen puts her lotion back in her bag. She gets up and walks over to Doug again.)* I mean, you're not the first groom to get cold feet. *(Kayleen shakes her head and wanders around the room.)* I feel like an idiot here. I was pretty sure, I'd get here, say two words to you and you'd snap out of this shit. Because it's ME! It's KAYLEEN, DOUGIE! I'm BACK! Last time I saw you you'd just blown out your stupid eye. It was this same hospital. *(She goes back to her chair.)* Twice in ten years. Not stellar for a couple of kids supposed to be best friends. Twice! Well, I guess this is three times. Does this count? Does it count if one of us might be brain dead? Of course, you've always been brain dead, haven't you, Dougie? Ha ha ha. *(Kayleen rubs her face.)* What else what else what else what else...? *(Kayleen gets up and looks at Doug. She slowly walks to him and touches his hand. She takes his hand in hers. This is the first time in this scene she's really let herself look at him. She gingerly holds out her hands over him, as if she had the power to raise the dead but knows she looks ridiculous. She touches his chest and then lifts her hands up, as if she might have just woken him. Nothing.)* I am retarded. *(She walks in a circle, and then comes back to him. She stares at him for a long moment. She holds his hand, rubs it. She goes to her bag, gets out the lotion, comes back to him.)* Your hand is all dry. *(She moisturizes his hand.)* You can't marry that girl, Doug. You can't. Because what about me? What about me, huh? When my dad died, when you ... said to me ... You're always doing that, you know? The top ten best things anyone's ever done for me have all been done by you. That's pretty good, right? And I know. I know I know I know ... I'm so stupid. I'm always ... I'm just fucked up, you know that. And so I need you to stick it out, Dougie. I'm gonna need you to come looking for me again. I'm sorry. But you have to wake up to now. You have to wake up for me. Because I'm not great, you know? I'm not great. And I really need you right now. I really need you to come over and show me some stupid shit again, tell me some stupid joke like you always do. I'm sorry I've been gone. I'm back now. You know? I'm back now. So wake up. Wake up now, buddy. Just, you know ... rise and shine. It's Tuesday. That was always your favorite day. *(Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 5.)*