

KAYLEEN. Ew! Stop! Get away! *(Doug crawls all over her on the bed. Kayleen fights him off.)* Get OFF ME, you pervert!

DOUG. PINK EYE!!!!

KAYLEEN. *(Very serious.)* GET OFF! GOD!

DOUG. What? What's wrong with you?

KAYLEEN. You're a fucking pervert! Every guy in the world! You all act like you're playing around, except you have to crawl all over me! You think I don't know you have a total hard-on right now, you perv!

DOUG. I do not!

KAYLEEN. You do too!

DOUG. I'm wearing a cup! *(Doug knocks on his crotch. It's plastic.)* It's a protective cup, you paranoid little horn dog.

KAYLEEN. Just leave me alone.

DOUG. Fine. *(Doug sits down and opens cookies. He eats.)* Ho bag.

KAYLEEN. Shut up.

DOUG. Enjoy the pink eye. It's like the most contagious thing in the entire world.

KAYLEEN. I don't care.

DOUG. What's wrong with you, anyway.

KAYLEEN. Nothing. I just am tired. What happened with Dozier.

DOUG. First, I punched him in the face.

KAYLEEN. Why? *(Doug shrugs.)* It's MATTY DOZIER, Dougie.

You don't go punching Marty Dozier in the face. What do you have, a death wish?

DOUG. He threw me down and kicked me and wailed all over me. But I didn't care 'cause I busted his stupid nose. Fuckin' pussy.

How come you weren't at school? Are you sick again?

KAYLEEN. I'm always sick.

DOUG. You don't look sick.

KAYLEEN. I'm not. Not right this minute, anyhow.

DOUG. But you sure look weird. And you're all rude and everything.

KAYLEEN. Probably 'cause I totally had sex today. *(Doug chokes on his cookie.)*

DOUG. What?

KAYLEEN. With Tim.

DOUG. You had ... TODAY? WHEN? How? What are you TALKING ABOUT?

KAYLEEN. He's my boyfriend.

DOUG. So? I know!

KAYLEEN. So we have sex!

DOUG. You mean ... you've been HAVING sex? How long?!

KAYLEEN. Like two weeks. We did it two weeks ago.

DOUG. How come you didn't tell me?

KAYLEEN. I'm telling you now!

DOUG. Well what the fuck?!

KAYLEEN. WHAT?

DOUG. I don't want you having sex with TIM!

KAYLEEN. He's my boyfriend!

DOUG. You're too young!

KAYLEEN. Just because you've never had sex.

DOUG. I told you I did have sex.

KAYLEEN. With your cousin.

DOUG. *We're not cousins, we're family friends!* Shut up! I can't believe you had sex with TIM. That guy is nasty.

KAYLEEN. It's not like we've been doing it non-stop anyway. We only had sex twice.

DOUG. Twice?

KAYLEEN. Once two weeks ago. And then today.

DOUG. TODAY? Here?! In this bed? EWW! I was just in this bed that you were screwing Tim Reilly in? That guy is skeeze central.

KAYLEEN. Just forget about it then.

DOUG. I can't just forget about it!

KAYLEEN. It wasn't ...

DOUG. ... What?

KAYLEEN. Nothing.

DOUG. What?

KAYLEEN. Nothing. I just. It's over anyway. I mean. I did it. Twice. I got that over with.

DOUG. Sounds like it was really fun.

KAYLEEN. It wasn't, okay? It wasn't fun. It was ... It was just like, you know. Like you have to pretend you're not even doing anything, like you're just playing around, like you were with me, just now. Tim's over here, and we have to pretend like we're just being normal, you know, playing around, wrestling around and everything and then suddenly we're not, suddenly he's like ... you know ...

DOUG. He's like what?

KAYLEEN. Nothing.

DOUG. You didn't WANT to?

KAYLEEN. I mean ... not at that exact moment ... *(Doug stands up, stares at her.)*

DOUG. Kayleen ...

KAYLEEN. Don't get all crazy. You're always so dramatic.

DOUG. I'm going to fucking kill him

KAYLEEN. No you're not.

DOUG. I'm gonna kick him in his ugly skull, that dirty piece of shit.

KAYLEEN. You're not going to do that.

DOUG. Why not?

KAYLEEN. Because you're not, okay? Just forget about it!

DOUG. *(Starting to lose it.)* I'm talking about you, Kayleen! I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna fucking / kill him ...

KAYLEEN. / Will you shut up PLEASE? Will you just sit here?

DOUG. NO I'M NOT GOING TO SIT DOWN!

KAYLEEN. He's my boyfriend!

DOUG. No he's not! Not anymore! I hate him I hate him I hate him so much ... *(Doug puts his face in his hands.)*

KAYLEEN. Doug ... Doug, come on. Are you crying?

DOUG. *(Not removing his hands; crying.)* NO. *(Kayleen grabs his shirt and pulls him to the bed where he sits, still face in hands. Kayleen hugs him. Doug wipes his eyes.)* Why's everyone got to be so mean? Dozier ... Tim ... they don't ... They're all such ... *(Beat.)* He called you a skank. Dozier did. I was leaving school and he yelled out to me and ... him and all those guys were laughing and just ... saying all this stuff and ... People think they can say things like that about you, but then they get punched in the face, and they always will, Kayleen, they will always get punched in the face. By me. *(Beat.)* You're not a skank. You're not. *(They sit for a moment. He looks at her and then at her hands. He strokes her leg in a tender way.)* You got blood on your jeans.

KAYLEEN. It's not blood.

DOUG. Yeah it is. Yeah it is. *(He looks at her.)* When you start that again?

KAYLEEN. I didn't start anything. *(Doug looks at her. She looks away.)* I thought having sex would, you know. I thought it might make me stop.

DOUG. Does it hurt?

KAYLEEN. A little.

DOUG. What could make you stop?

KAYLEEN. I don't know. Nothing. *(Doug gets up and walks away from her. Kayleen watches him. She unbuttons her jeans and pulls them down. Her thighs have small cuts on them.)* Look. *(Doug looks at her legs. He goes to her. He kneels in front of her and lightly touches them.)*

DOUG. You think I could give your legs pink eye?

KAYLEEN. Maybe.

DOUG. Yeah. Maybe. *(Doug studies her legs.)* What do you use? *(Kayleen takes a razor blade from underneath her pillow.)* If it hurts, why do you do it?

KAYLEEN. I don't know. *(Doug touches her legs gently. They look at each other.)* Don't tell me to stop. *(Doug stands up and unbuttons his pants. He pulls them down. He holds his thigh out to her.)* I'm not going to cut you.

DOUG. I won't tell you to stop if you do.

KAYLEEN. Why?

DOUG. Just do it. Just like how you do it. *(Kayleen puts the razor to his thigh, but doesn't cut him.)*

KAYLEEN. I can't.

DOUG. Do it.

KAYLEEN. Dougie, why?

DOUG. Just do it. I want to see what it's like, okay?

KAYLEEN. It's different. I can't do it to someone else.

DOUG. I'm not someone else. I'm you. *(She looks at him. She puts the razor to his thigh. She cuts him. He breathes sharply once.)*

KAYLEEN. I'm sorry ... *(He touches his cut. He kneels back down in front of her. He puts his hands on her thighs. She puts her hands on top of his hands. They look at each other.)*

DOUG. You're the prettiest girl I've ever seen.

KAYLEEN. I know. *(Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 6.)*