

START:

I don't want to be your girl anymore.

GIRL
(with difficulty)

(BOY makes a pained expression.)

I'm sorry, but I have been thinking about this for a long time. I'm just not happy. I feel like I am in such a rut, and every day is the same. I just need a change. Can you understand that?

BOY

(after a beat)

No, girl, I can't understand that. Yeah, this life can be a little basic, and sometimes I wanna dip.

(with a smile)

But then I hear that cuckoo bird, and that banger starts to play.

(He briefly sings the tune of "Der Fröhliche Wanderer" and pairs it with a Tik Tok style dance.)

And I know that I am going to be with you, and it makes everything else worth it.

GIRL

(unswayed)

I don't want to hurt you, but it's over.

BOY

(incredulous)

What does that mean?

GIRL

It means... I'm not your girl.

BOY

And what does that look like?

GIRL

What do you mean?

BOY

Like... do you move out?

GIRL

(indicating her feet fastened to the ground)

No, I have to stay here.

BOY

(genturing to his fastened feet)

Well, I can't move out. So what do we do?

GIRL

I guess we'll have to live together as friends.

BOY

Friends?

GIRL

Yeah. Friends. What's wrong with that?

BOY

I can't be friends with a girl I've... well... you know.

GIRL

No, I don't. With a girl you've what?

BOY

You know. You and me, we've...

(GIRL looks confused; shyly)

... we've kissed.

GIRL

Oh.

(she thinks)

Have we?

BOY

Of course we've kissed. We've kissed thousands of times. Every hour on the hour for as long as I can remember.

GIRL

I know that there's a cuckoo sound and the music plays and our lips get really close together, but I don't recall a single time when they actually made contact. I don't think we've ever kissed.

(BOY is panicstricken, but she doesn't notice.)

So, I guess we will continue to cohabit, but when we hear the cuckoo, I'll just stay here. There's no point in participating in what we now realize is a pointless exercise.

(she looks at BOY and notices his crazed demeanor)

Are you okay?

BOY

No, I'm not okay. I've always thought of myself as a kisser. It's like... what I do. I mean, people walk past this clock, look at me and say, "That boy's a good kisser! Look at how satisfied that girl looks!" And now I realize that you haven't been satisfied, and I...

(horrified)

I've never even kissed a girl.

END