

DOUG: I just need you to help me out, Leenie. You know. You know what you do.

*It's all off except for an extremely bloody gauze pad taped over his left eye. It looks ghoulish, disgusting, frightening.*

DOUG: Will you please touch my eye? *to beg (touch my heart)*.

KAYLEEN: Get away from me! Doug, I can't look at that! Please?! Put your . . . Put that stuff back over it! This can't be healthy, come on!

DOUG: You can make it better. *to plead.*

KAYLEEN: No, no I can't. Leave me alone.

DOUG: Just touch it! Once! *to force*

KAYLEEN: *(with fury)* No! I will not!

I'm not here to take care of you, Doug.

I am not a healer.

DOUG: I'm in pain, do you understand that?! *- to beg, demand!*

KAYLEEN: I don't care!

DOUG: Then leave! Get out of here, fucking go! *- to break.*

*For an instant they are both startled. Then she exits.*

*Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for scene three.*

### Scene 3. Thirteen: The Limbo

*Ten years earlier. The kids are thirteen.*

*The nurse's office. Night.*

*Kayleen enters. She is unwell. She wipes her mouth from having just coughed something up. She's unsteady. She is dressed for the eighth-grade dance.*

*She lies on the bed, feet still on the floor.*

*Doug enters, hopping on one foot. He sits quickly on the other bed.*

**DOUG:** *(in pain)* Ah! Ah! Ah!

*Kayleen looks up at him.*

**KAYLEEN:** What happened to you?

**DOUG:** I was rocking out.

**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 playing and this dude on the other team, he was a real agitator. And 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 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 ten 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.*

**DOUG:** *(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.*

DOUG: What?

KAYLEEN: So! Retarded!

DOUG: How come you don't like to dance?

KAYLEEN: Would you just leave me alone?

DOUG: Go up with me.

KAYLEEN: I'm not going back to the dance, okay? Leave me alone.

DOUG: But it's fun.

KAYLEEN: It's not fun for me.

*Doug stares at her for a moment.*

*He sits, takes off his shoe, and starts scratching the bottom of his foot vigorously.*

KAYLEEN: What are you doing?

DOUG: Got an itchy foot.

KAYLEEN: That's disgusting.

DOUG: So? So is throwing up blood.

KAYLEEN: I didn't throw up blood.

*Doug continues scratching his foot. Kayleen watches him, unguarded, for a moment. Then she turns away.*

DOUG: So . . . Kaitlin . . . Who do you like?

KAYLEEN: What did you just call me?

DOUG: Kaitlin.

KAYLEEN: My name is Kayleen.

DOUG: Oh, yeah, Kayleen. I meant to say Kayleen.

KAYLEEN: You're a dick.

DOUG: I am not.

KAYLEEN: Shut up.

*Doug takes off his other shoe. He scratches that foot, but not nearly as vigorously.*

DOUG: So who do you like?

KAYLEEN: (*irritated*) I don't understand the question.

DOUG: Which guy do you like?

KAYLEEN: I hate everybody.

DOUG: Why?

KAYLEEN: I just do. Shut up.

*Doug stops scratching his feet. He looks at them. Stretches. He takes off his socks.*

DOUG: Hey Kayleen.

KAYLEEN: What.

DOUG: Look!

*Kayleen looks at him and he whips one of his socks at her face.*

KAYLEEN: (*totally skeeved*) Ew! Ew! That's so gross!

DOUG: It's my sock!

KAYLEEN: I know!

DOUG: It's stanky! It's smelly!

KAYLEEN: That's the grossest thing I've ever seen! You are disgusting!  
Get away from me!

DOUG: *Who do you like?*

KAYLEEN: Just go away!

DOUG: There's not one guy you like?

KAYLEEN: I told you, *no*. Leave me alone.

*Doug goes and picks up his sock and takes it back  
to his bed.*

KAYLEEN: You're so stupid.

DOUG: I like Erin Marks.

KAYLEEN: Good for you.

DOUG: She's really pretty. I danced with her tonight. She kissed Dan  
Strauss.

KAYLEEN: Yeah, she also kissed Ian McGee.

DOUG: She did?

KAYLEEN: Yes.

*Doug thinks about this.*

DOUG: She did not.

KAYLEEN: I saw them kissing backstage at the choir concert.

DOUG: Have you ever kissed anyone?

KAYLEEN: You are so stupid.

DOUG: I am not. Have you?

KAYLEEN: Shut up.

*Doug is quiet for a moment. He goes and gets his  
other sock. He puts both socks back on.*

DOUG: I haven't ever kissed anyone.

KAYLEEN: I don't care.

DOUG: I'm going to kiss Erin Marks tonight.

KAYLEEN: Good for you.

*Doug lies down on the bed. He stretches.*

KAYLEEN: Why don't you just go back up there?

DOUG: I'm gonna go in a second.

*Kayleen lies down. They both face the ceiling.*

DOUG: I think kissing is going to be really nice.

KAYLEEN: You're retarded.

*Doug starts kissing his forearm and the crook of his arm, as if to practice. He gets more and more passionate, trying to annoy Kayleen.*

DOUG: Mmm. Kiss. Kissy kiss. Kissy kiss kiss.

*Kayleen gets up to leave.*

KAYLEEN: I'm leaving. You are so annoying and stupid.

DOUG: I'm not stupid. That's really mean, you know? Everyone just thinks just because I'm awesome at sports and I always get hurt that I'm stupid, but I'm not stupid, I'm just brave, that's all. I'm brave.  
Don't leave.

KAYLEEN: I thought you wanted to go back to the dance.

DOUG: Not yet. I want to sit here.

*Kayleen goes back and sits down.*

DOUG: I'm not always brave.



KAYLEEN: Yeah. I know.

*Beat.*

DOUG: Do you want to practice kissing?

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.*

DOUG: 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.*

**DOUG:** Are you okay?

*Kayleen won't look at him. She's clearly humiliated.*

**DOUG:** 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.*

DOUG: So awesome.

KAYLEEN: Yeah. Yeah.

*Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for scene four.*

**Scene 4. Twenty-eight: Tuesday**

*Fifteen years later. The kids are twenty-eight.*

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

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

KAYLEEN: *(to herself)* Goddamnit.

*She goes to Doug. Only beeping and other artificial sounds. She looks at him for a long time.*

KAYLEEN: Hey again.

*Kayleen covers her face with her hands and then she exits.*

*She reenters quickly.*

KAYLEEN: 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.*

KAYLEEN: Jesus. What the fuck am I doing here?

*She goes into her bag and gets some pills. She takes*