

KAYLEEN. What?  
DOUG. (Normal.) My face hurts. I broke it.  
KAYLEEN. You did not. It's just cut. Can I see it?  
DOUG. What?  
KAYLEEN. Can I see the cut on your face?  
DOUG. Why?  
KAYLEEN. Can I? (Doug slowly takes off his gauze bandage to reveal a huge gash. Kayleen looks at it for a long time. Doug looks at Kayleen looking at his wounds.) Does it hurt?  
DOUG. A little. (Kayleen continues looking at his cut. Doug continues looking at her.) What happened to the blood in your eye?  
KAYLEEN. It went back into my head. (They continue looking at each other.) Can I touch it?  
DOUG. Why?  
KAYLEEN. Can I?  
DOUG. Okay. (Kayleen touches Doug's wound.)  
KAYLEEN. Gross.  
DOUG. Your hands are cold.  
KAYLEEN. It's because I wash them a lot. You should wash your hands. They are grimy.  
DOUG. (Showing his hands.) I fell. There's pieces of rock in them. (Kayleen kneels down and takes his hand and starts to pick pieces of gravel out of his palm. Doug stares at her, transfixed as she does this. Quietly.) Ow.  
KAYLEEN. Does it hurt?  
DOUG. A little. (Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 2.)

## Scene 2

### Age Twenty-Three: Eye Blown Out

Fifteen years later. The kids are 23.

A hospital room. Doug sits on an examining table. He's wearing a black suit splattered with blood. He has an enormous bandage across his face, covering specifically his left eye. He looks dazed. His front tooth is missing.

Kayleen enters. She wears a black dress and heels. She also looks dazed. She has mud all over her feet and lower legs.

She sees Doug like this for the first time.

They stare at each other.

DOUG. The fireworks were awesome.

KAYLEEN. Shut up. Okay? Just shut up, Doug. You shouldn't be left alone with explosives.

DOUG. I didn't want to be alone.

KAYLEEN. Oh, it's my fault? The night before I have to bury my father?

DOUG. What are you even doing here?

KAYLEEN. Kristen MacConnell called me.

DOUG. Kristen from high school?

KAYLEEN. She's a nurse here. She said you came in and you kept saying my name. So she called me. They thought you tried to kill yourself.

DOUG. Who tries to kill themselves with a firework?

KAYLEEN. I know. I told them, no, you're just a crackhead dumbass with shit for brains. I told them you'd never commit suicide because you wouldn't have any scars to show off afterwards. Anyway, she said you got hurt.

DOUG. Why'd you come?  
KAYLEEN. I don't know. Dougie. I was asleep on the kitchen table.  
DOUG. What?  
KAYLEEN. I had some drinks when I got home.  
DOUG. What about that guy. That guy. That guy you live with.  
KAYLEEN. He's sleeping. He was sleeping when I got home. His name is Brad.  
DOUG. His name is ass-face. Why do you have mud all over your legs.  
KAYLEEN. I drove halfway, but the car got stuck in the mud.  
DOUG. What do you mean?  
KAYLEEN. I mean, I drove part of the way until the car got stuck in the mud.  
DOUG. The car got stuck in the mud.  
KAYLEEN. Yeah.  
DOUG. What are you even talking about? What mud? Where is there mud between the hospital and your house that you could get stuck in?  
KAYLEEN. Just don't ... Just shut up. There's mud. On the side of the road.  
DOUG. What, you veered off the road? Are you drunk?  
KAYLEEN. No! It's just the windshield is all jacked up because Brad hit a tree last February, and I couldn't see, and there was this mist or fog or something. And I drank a few vodkas. But I mostly slept those off.  
DOUG. So you just left the car.  
KAYLEEN. You know how I get.  
DOUG. How you get?  
KAYLEEN. Fuck you. You know how I get. When you get hurt. You know.  
DOUG. *(Matter of fact.)* Doctor said I'm gonna be blind in one eye.  
KAYLEEN. *(Quietly.)* Dougie ... *(She sits near him, covers her eyes briefly with her hands.)*  
DOUG. *(Not sad, just observing.)* It's gone. The whole thing. But I think it wasn't just the poke. It was the burn, too. The thing kept burning once it had punctured the eye. And so the burn really messed it all up.  
KAYLEEN. You always had problems with that eye.  
DOUG. Yeah.  
KAYLEEN. The chopping wedge.

DOUG. The wedge.  
KAYLEEN. And that girl who skared on your eye, right? When you were little? And then senior year. The Tabasco sauce.  
DOUG. And pink eye.  
KAYLEEN. Yeah.  
DOUG. I gave you pink eye that time.  
KAYLEEN. No, you didn't. I never got it.  
DOUG. I think about that all the time. *(Bear.)* I think about that all the time. I always think about it.  
KAYLEEN. Yeah, well, you're a freak.  
DOUG. I didn't want you to come in here.  
KAYLEEN. Yeah, right.  
DOUG. I mean, I'm glad you're here. For sure. But you have the funeral tomorrow and everything. You should go home. Take a bath. Get some rest.  
KAYLEEN. Shut up. I don't feel like walking back to my car just yet.  
DOUG. Wow, you're really drunk, aren't you?  
KAYLEEN. No, I'm just bleary. I feel like I just woke up. You don't understand the week I've had. I have to get a call at work to tell me my dad's lying dead in the driveway. And then dealing with everyone. And this shit. And then tonight, you come riding into town. Here's Dougie, five years later all of a sudden. I haven't slept. I just haven't slept in like ... I don't know. Four years or something.  
*(Doug holds up four fingers.)*  
DOUG. How many fingers am I holding up?  
KAYLEEN. Four. *(Doug holds up his middle finger.)*  
DOUG. How about now?  
KAYLEEN. Shut up.  
DOUG. We can both hardly see. *(Kayleen smiles at him.)*  
KAYLEEN. Maybe that's for the best. *(Long silence.)*  
DOUG. I think I'm seeing two of you.  
KAYLEEN. I'm seeing two of you, too.  
DOUG. Let's dance.  
KAYLEEN. Shut up.  
DOUG. No, we're both seeing double. We can dance, all four of us, we can play Ring Around the Rosie.  
KAYLEEN. Sit down. *(Doug pulls her up.)* I'm seriously dizzy!  
DOUG. Me too! *(They sway strangely with each other. Sings any random melody.)*  
*Ohhh Leemie ...*



Leenie Deenie ...

Leenie Deenie Weenie Moe.

Moe Weenie.

My Leenie Deenie Diney Doo.

Diney doo.

Diney doo.

*(They both dance and laugh. Doug takes her hand and puts it over his face.)* Will you touch it?

KAYLEEN. What?

DOUG. My eye.

KAYLEEN. You don't have an eye.

DOUG. My eye socket.

KAYLEEN. That's disgusting. *(She stops dancing with him and leans against the bed.)* I probably can't smoke in here, right?

DOUG. Will you touch it?

KAYLEEN. What are you talking about. Stop being weird.

DOUG. You've always been able to mend my wounds.

KAYLEEN. Great. Glad I could've been of service. *(She takes out a pack of cigarettes.)* I'm just going to smoke. What are they going to do?

DOUG. I know it's probably superstition, but I kind of need it. You know you always do it.

KAYLEEN. I don't always do anything.

DOUG. You've got like super powers. Even tonight. When we kissed, you kissed my missing tooth. The gap. And it stopped hurting.

KAYLEEN. Well, I'm not touching your disgusting eye socket. *(Doug starts to pick at the bandages around his head.)* What are you doing?

DOUG. You'll do it. You'll touch it. You'll heal me. The pills only last so long.

KAYLEEN. Stop that.

DOUG. Once the pills wear off, it's going to kill again. You've got to just touch it.

KAYLEEN. Doug, stop doing that! *(Doug starts unpeeling the bandages around his face. He unpeels the top layer off, and then starts unwrapping another layer.)*

DOUG. It's okay. I know what I'm doing / okay?

KAYLEEN. / I really don't want to see / this!

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.)* Will you please touch my / eye?

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.

KAYLEEN. No, no I can't, leave me alone.

DOUG. Just touch it! Once!

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?!

KAYLEEN. I don't care!

DOUG. *Then leave! Get out of here, fucking go! (For an instant they are both startled. Then she exits. Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 3.)*

### Scene 3

#### Age Thirteen: The Limbo

*Ten years earlier. The kids are 13.*

*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 8th grade dance.*

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

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

DOUG. *(In pain.)* Ah! Ah! Ah! *(Kayleen looks up at him.)*

KAYLEEN. What happened to you?

DOUG. I was rocking out.

Scene 6

Age Thirty-Three: A Blue Raspberry Dip

*Fifteen years later. The kids are 33.*

*A sterile lounge in a health facility. Kayleen sits in a chair, staring into space. Doug enters. He walks with a cane and a pronounced limp. He wears an eyepatch. He sees her before she sees him.*

DOUG. Leenie. *(She doesn't notice. Louder.)* Kayleen. *(She turns to see him.)*

KAYLEEN. I thought you were dead.

DOUG. I wasn't.

KAYLEEN. You woke up.

DOUG. Yeah.

KAYLEEN. When?

DOUG. Five years ago.

KAYLEEN. Five years?

DOUG. Yeah.

KAYLEEN. You really woke up five years ago? Where have you been?

DOUG. I don't know. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. What's with the cane?

DOUG. Nothing.

KAYLEEN. Come on, what happened? *(Doug shrugs.)* Did you ever marry that girl?

DOUG. Elaine?

KAYLEEN. *Elaine.*

DOUG. You heard about that?

KAYLEEN. Yeah.

DOUG. No.

KAYLEEN. I thought you were dead.

DOUG. Did you visit me?

KAYLEEN. They've got me on about twenty-five medications or

something. Like a swirl of ice cream in me. You know how they dip the ice cream and it gets a hardened shell?

DOUG. Like at the Frostee Freeze.

KAYLEEN. I'm a blue raspberry dip.

DOUG. Delicious.

KAYLEEN. Yeah. *(Beat.)* This place isn't too bad. Except for the food and you can't smoke. *(Beat.)* I had a bad patch, Dougie.

DOUG. What did you do?

KAYLEEN. I hurt myself.

DOUG. How.

KAYLEEN. I don't remember doing it.

DOUG. Doing what?

KAYLEEN. My stomach. You know, it always hurt. And my mom, and all that. And it got worse, and I just tried to take it out.

DOUG. What do you mean.

KAYLEEN. I was out of my head. I tried to cut my stomach out.

*(Beat. Doug finches.)*

DOUG. That sort of thing. It's not healthy.

KAYLEEN. It was okay. I'm not very good with a knife.

DOUG. Kayleen ... You visited me, didn't you? In the hospital? Because I swear to God I heard your voice out there. Or your

presence or, what, your echo ... I don't know how, but I remember you, something about you ... coming to me, and sinking into me,

and giving me breath again. You came and healed me.

KAYLEEN. What does it matter?

DOUG. What do you mean what does it matter? You raised me from the dead!

KAYLEEN. No, I DID NOT! I'm not your guardian fucking angel, Doug, for God's sake look at me, okay? I didn't come and see you.

DOUG. No. No no no, you can't lie to me. I can see it all over your face, you were there. You were *there*.

KAYLEEN. *(With rage.)* I wasn't *fucking there!*

DOUG. *(Angry; slams cane.)* Well, why NOT?

KAYLEEN. Because why would I, Doug? What about when I needed somebody?! Where were *you* the last five years?

DOUG. My life got away from me.

KAYLEEN. Poor you.

DOUG. Every angle of it. I probably have ten thousand excuses, but I ... Kayleen, I'm sorry. Something happened to me and I had



to find you. Look ... *(Doug goes into his bag and takes out a small stone statue of an owl.)* I brought you this.

KAYLEEN. What is it?

DOUG. You don't remember?

KAYLEEN. No.

DOUG. You don't remember this owl.

KAYLEEN. No.

DOUG. Yes you do.

KAYLEEN. Am I supposed to?

DOUG. Stop LYING!

KAYLEEN. I'm NOT!

DOUG. You know this owl! We used to think it was an angel, back at school! It was a small statue on the roof of Saint Margaret Mary's.

KAYLEEN. I don't remember.

DOUG. You're full of SHIT!

KAYLEEN. I don't remember anything, okay? I'm sorry! How'd you get it?

DOUG. St. Margaret Mary's blew up.

KAYLEEN. What?

DOUG. It exploded.

KAYLEEN. Were there kids in it?

DOUG. No, you idiot. It closed down like ten years ago. It was used by the diocese for storage. There was a leaking gas main.

Kaboom.

KAYLEEN. So what, you went to pick through the rubble?

DOUG. No, I work in insurance now.

KAYLEEN. *What.*

DOUG. I'm a claims adjuster.

KAYLEEN. You're such a loser.

DOUG. I know. But I got to go and investigate the wreckage. I go over and the place is collapsed. So I hoist myself up there and I'm walking on the roof and then I stepped through a weak board or something and this upright nail went clear through my foot. It was about eight inches long. Then the board with the nail in it — *that* board snapped through another board and I broke my leg in three places. It took them five hours to get me out. And then I got an infection. And that's why I have this cane now. But listen: I'm up there, you know? Struck up there, waiting for them to come and get me. And there were these severed heads of a bunch of saints that had ended up all over the place, and they were just staring at me. And

this owl was there too. And so I lean over and grab the little guy. I was in some serious pain, you know? And I just gripped him close to me, because ... Because all of a sudden, I was like, *Where the fuck is Kayleen?* You know? All of a sudden, everything was clear ... trapped up on that roof, impaled, surrounded by all the angels and saints ... That's my life, up there, Leenie. That's my life without you. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. Does it hurt?

DOUG. It's Stigmata!

KAYLEEN. It's not Stigmata, it's one foot. Stigmata is both feet and both hands. Let's keep perspective.

DOUG. It hurts a little. *(Long beat. Kayleen holds the owl and looks at him.)*

KAYLEEN. Look at this poor guy. He's all beat up.

DOUG. Spent his whole life up there on that roof. Looking down. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. Do you want to touch my scar? *(Doug doesn't answer. They stare at each other for a moment. She gets up and goes to him. She pulls her shirt out so Doug can put his hand up her shirt. He does and touches her stomach.)*

DOUG. God, Leenie.

KAYLEEN. That's my scar, Dougie. It's like a roller coaster across my stomach. You're not the only retardo on the planet. *(She tenderly touches his head. He takes her face in his hands. His hand remains up her shirt.)* You didn't even like him. You said he was a stupid-looking angel.

DOUG. You do remember.

KAYLEEN. Yes, goddamnit, I remember my goddamn angel. *(They sway together for a moment.)*

DOUG. I wish I could do to you what you do to me. *(Beat.)* I wish you'd let me. *(Beat.)* You think we could get out of here? You think we could just pry ourselves out of everything? Go somewhere else?

KAYLEEN. Somewhere else.

DOUG. Yeah. Anywhere.

KAYLEEN. I can't.

DOUG. Not even right this minute. Sometime soon, I could come and get you and ...

KAYLEEN. I can't. I can't. *(Kayleen steps away from him. She stops*

looking at him. She sits back down, holding the owl. He stares at her. A long beat.)

DOUG. Are you going let me drift away here? Because I don't want to, Leens. I'm worn out. I don't have so much left in me anymore you know? I'm saying, don't let me. Don't let me drift away again. I might not make it back. *(The lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 7.)*

## Scene 7

### Age Twenty-Three: Tooth and Nail

Ten years earlier. The kids are 23.

*Night, outside of a funeral home. Kayleen sits on the steps of the funeral home, smoking. She wears the same black dress from Scene 2, but she looks clean and sober.*

*Doug enters. He's wearing the black suit from Scene 2, but no blood, and he still has his left eye. He's missing one of his front teeth.*

*They look at each other.*

DOUG. *(Smiles.)* Hey again.

KAYLEEN. What happened to your tooth?

DOUG. Knocked it out. This morning. I was hammering in the shed. Hi, Kayleen.

KAYLEEN. Hey again.

DOUG. I'm sorry.

KAYLEEN. For what.

DOUG. For your dad.

KAYLEEN. You're sorry for him.

DOUG. About him.

KAYLEEN. You missed the wake. Everyone went home. No one in there but a dead guy in a box.

DOUG. I thought it went till nine.

KAYLEEN. Eight-thirty.

DOUG. It's good to see you.

KAYLEEN. Fuck off. Toothless piece of shit. *(They smile at each other. Doug goes to her for a hug.)*

DOUG. It's so good to see you.

KAYLEEN. No, don't hug me. I'm all hugged out. I've been hugging people all day. Everyone in here: *I'm sorry for your loss. I'm so sorry for your loss.* What loss? If I hug one more person I'm going to choke on my own spit.

DOUG. It's been forever, Leenie.

KAYLEEN. I've been here. Where the fuck have you been?

DOUG. College.

KAYLEEN. College.

DOUG. I came back in the summers and Christmas. I tried to find you. I tried to look you up, but I couldn't find you.

KAYLEEN. I was here.

DOUG. Where? Not listed. Not at home.

KAYLEEN. I work. I work and I sleep. What do you do?

DOUG. Nothing. Not right now. Looking. I don't know. Seems whenever I'm home I'm looking for you.

KAYLEEN. You didn't look hard enough. *(Doug shakes himself out, as if waking from a dream or a trance.)*

DOUG. Jeez, Leenie, you're here now! I found you! *(He sits next to her and hugs her. She's annoyed.)*

KAYLEEN. Would you stop? You're a freak.

DOUG. I missed you. I missed you, Leenie.

KAYLEEN. Don't call me that. Nobody calls me that.

DOUG. I call you that. *(Beat.)* So what's been going on with you for the last four years? *(She moves away from him.)*

KAYLEEN. No, let's not do that. I don't feel like recapping the last four years of my life.

DOUG. Fine. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. I'm waiting tables.

DOUG. Your dad told me you were waitressing. *(She looks at him, not expecting this.)* I told you, I came looking for you.

KAYLEEN. You talked to my dad?

DOUG. I came by your place.



looking at him. She sits back down, holding the owl. He stares at her. A long beat.)

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DOUG. I came by your place.

KAYLEEN. When?

DOUG. This was like a year ago. I stopped to see if you were there. I talked to your dad. He told me you were waitressing but he didn't know where.

KAYLEEN. You *talked* to my dad?

DOUG. You think I enjoyed that? I hated being in the same room with that guy. May he rest in peace. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. He never told me you stopped by.

DOUG. Big surprise there.

KAYLEEN. He's such an asshole. *(Beat.)* I'm alone now, Dougie.

DOUG. You're not alone.

KAYLEEN. Yeah, I am. My mom died last year.

DOUG. What? She died? When? How?

KAYLEEN. I don't know. Her stomach.

DOUG. Jesus, Leenie, I'm sorry.

KAYLEEN. Yeah, I know, you're *sorry for my loss* ... I hadn't seen her in eleven years. Her ex-boyfriend called me to give me the news. You know what my dad said when I told him?

DOUG. What?

KAYLEEN. He started crying and told me she was a better woman than I'd ever be. This bitch who walked out on us. *(Beat.)*

DOUG. You're not alone, Leenie.

KAYLEEN. Don't call me that.

DOUG. *Leenie.*

KAYLEEN. Shut up.

DOUG. *Leenie Deenie.*

KAYLEEN. I'm going to burn you with my cigarette. *(He grins at her.)* You need to get a fake tooth, like, *stat*. You look imbred. *(Beat.)*

Did it hurt?

DOUG. It hurt like crazy. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. It's good to see you, too.

DOUG. I think I'm home now.

KAYLEEN. What's that mean?

DOUG. It means I'm home. I'm back.

KAYLEEN. Well, that's good, I guess.

DOUG. You know, whenever anything crazy happened in college, or I saw something amazing or beautiful or fucked up, I'd think, man, Leenie'd love this shit. Sometimes I'd just imagine you were there, you know, I'd imagine you were there and I'd start having a conversation with you. Just start talking to you.

KAYLEEN. Yeah, there's a word for that and it's SCHIZOPHRENIA.

DOUG. I just want to be friends again.

KAYLEEN. You're the one who left.

DOUG. Are you okay?

KAYLEEN. I'm fine.

DOUG. Are you okay?

KAYLEEN. I told you, I'm fine.

DOUG. Come here.

KAYLEEN. No.

DOUG. Kayleen, come here.

KAYLEEN. Fuck off. *(Doug walks to her. He takes her face in his hands. She tries to resist, but relents.)*

DOUG. Look at me.

KAYLEEN. *WHAT, Doug. (They stare at each other. He kisses her. She lets him, but doesn't kiss him back.)*

DOUG. I love you. *(She pulls away from him.)*

KAYLEEN. Your parents were here tonight.

DOUG. I know.

KAYLEEN. They sent flowers. Your mother said she was going to bring by a casserole. That's what your mom is like. She's the kind of woman who brings over a casserole.

DOUG. They love you, too.

KAYLEEN. This is so fucked up what you're doing right now.

DOUG. What are you / talking about...?

KAYLEEN. / Kissing me. Coming back like this. Telling me you love me, your parents love me. Just leave me alone.

DOUG. Leenie ...

KAYLEEN. You're so stupid. You always think everything is one way, but you don't know anything.

DOUG. What?! What don't I know?

KAYLEEN. You don't know *me*, okay? You think I'm someone, some girl you dreamt up a million years ago.

DOUG. Well, then, who are you?

KAYLEEN. Nothing. Just shut up.

DOUG. No, who are you? Since I don't know anything, who are you? KAYLEEN. Shut up. *(Doug goes to her and tries to kiss her, but she steps away and doesn't let him.)* Don't.

DOUG. Why not. *(She doesn't answer. She lights a cigarette.)* I've got some fireworks in my car. KAYLEEN. You're retarded.



DOUG. I do. I've got a mess of them in my trunk. Killer, too. The Japanese shit.

KAYLEEN. We're not going to light off fireworks.

DOUG. Why not?

KAYLEEN. I don't know, Dougie. Maybe because we're not fifteen anymore? Or because you're retarded? Or because I have to wake up tomorrow for my father's funeral?

DOUG. We'll go to the bridge down on Roanoke. Just like old times.

KAYLEEN. I'm living with someone.

DOUG. You're living with someone ... what, like you have a roommate?

KAYLEEN. I'm living with a guy. We've been together for a year.

DOUG. Where is he? He's not with you?

KAYLEEN. He doesn't like funerals.

DOUG. He doesn't like funerals? This isn't a funeral. This is a wake.

KAYLEEN. He said seeing a dead body would wig him out.

*(Beat.)* Just shut up.

DOUG. And you're WITTH this guy.

KAYLEEN. Don't judge him. He's sensitive.

DOUG. Fuck him. Fuck him fuck him fuck him.

KAYLEEN. That's nice. *(Doug paces. He starts to leave. He comes back.)*

DOUG. You know what, Kayleen? Jesus Christ, you know, I came to your house last year and your dad was there, and I know he hates my guts, he always has, and he's like, *She is where she is. I don't know where the girl is.* He said he didn't care and didn't care to know. And I was about to just leave, but I didn't. I didn't and I said to that son of a bitch ... *(He turns to the funeral home and shouts at it.)* You remember, asshole? You dead piece of shit! You remember what I said to you?! I said to him, you are fucking WORTHLESS. You have a daughter and she is a gift from God. She is the most perfect being to ever walk this earth and you don't even know it. And she loves you because you're her stupid father. But you've never loved her back, you've just damaged her and fucked her up, and never even bothered to notice she's this ANGEL. So FUCK YOU COCKSUCKER. *(Beat.)* And then I told him I hoped he'd die alone. Which he did. So I feel a little guilty about that now. *(Beat.)* I can take care of you, Leenie. *(Beat. He approaches her. She hasn't been looking at him, but she has been moved by his words. He reaches out and touches her face. She flinches, recoils from his touch, and steps away from him.)*

KAYLEEN. I don't need anyone to take care of me. *(Doug turns to leave.)* Where are you going.

DOUG. I'm going to go light up my fireworks. *(He exits.)*

KAYLEEN. Bye. *(She takes out a cigarette. Lights it. Looks out after him. Sits down. More to herself.)* Don't blow your face off. *(Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 8.)*

## Scene 8

### Age Thirty-Eight: Zamboni

*Fifteen years later.*

*The kids are 38.*

*An empty indoor ice rink. Kayleen stands on the ice.*

*After a moment, Doug enters. He is in a wheelchair. He wears a coat and a knit cap, and of course an eye patch. They haven't seen each other since he visited her in the hospital, five years ago. They look at each other but don't say anything. They both look out at the rink.*

DOUG. I did a good job with that ice.

KAYLEEN. It looks like glass.

DOUG. They rebuilt the Zam for me. I can drive it with my hands. *(Beat.)* Last cut of the day. It's late.

KAYLEEN. I didn't know. About you. About the accident. *(Doug doesn't answer.)* After I got out ... I was too ...

DOUG. It's okay. I know.

KAYLEEN. It's cold.

DOUG. Ice rink. *(Beat.)* I watch the kids play hockey. Oh, they fly around. They fly around the rink. *(Beat.)* I like it at night after the last cut. Look at the ice, Kayleen.

KAYLEEN. Your mom told me I could find you here. She's so nice