

Second Kiss was originally produced by the Vital Theatre in 2005, and was directed by Stephanie Gilman, with Ellen Crowley-Etten, Jenny Gammello, Jenna Kalinowski, and Will Reynolds at the Samuel French Off-Off Broadway Short Play Festival.

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CHARACTERS

ME: *a just-turned-16-year-old girl.*

BEST FRIEND: *an 8th-grade girl.*

BOY: *a 17-year-old boy.*

GIRL: *an 18-year-old girl.*

TIME

Any Time and Not So Distant Past.

SETTINGS

School Yard

Coffee Shop

Down the Path

NOTE: Since most one-act festivals involve many actors, many of whom are young, the play calls for as many couples as the company can spare to make out, hook up, and otherwise flirt around the main character.

A school yard.

ME: I am sweet, sweet sixteen and I have never been, never been, never. A lot of things actually never mind kissed which I haven't cause I don't count "seven minutes in heaven" rubbing dry lips mush mush with Steven Kurtz in the fifth grade or my cousin Barry's bar mitzvah when the DJ made us play dance/freeze and his obnoxious girlfriend Karen got the bright idea to stick me and Mitchell Drecker's braces together. I've never been kissed. And, really, see, I don't . . . I don't even get it. Kissing. his . . . I don't know. This wanting to kiss . . . maybe I'm retarded.

As many actors as the company can spare make out, hook up, and otherwise flirt.

Back then, eighth grade.

BEST FRIEND: Lora Tosk went all the way.

ME: All the way where?

BEST FRIEND: She did it.

ME: Did what?

BEST FRIEND: With a sophomore.

ME: I don't understand, I don't understand.

BEST FRIEND: Lora Tosk had sex.

ME: You mean . . .

BEST FRIEND: Yeah.

ME: Like with a . . .

BEST FRIEND: Penis.

ME: I had to think about that a lot. A lot and still, to this day, when I see Lora Tosk . . . I mean, every single time, even now, years later when I don't see her every day but only just Tuesdays and Thursdays in Spanish. Every time I see her all I think is Lora Tosk *había sexo en octava grado*. I understood the principle. The procedure in theory, but I still didn't, don't have any feel for it or interest, which is very confusing to not at all give a shit about something that most every other person I know and like the rest of the planet . . .

The frolicking gets serious.

. . . it's not like I haven't tried. It's not like I haven't explored my hand brushing by my nipples under my sheet. I've reached all the way down to like find the parts. My parts. And the nipples or whatever I briefly brush. Probably too briefly. Feeling something disconnected from anything I know. But liking a little bit the idea of someone telling me to do something as in making me.

BOY breaks out of another girl's arms, turns to ME.

BOY: Come here. Watcha doing?

ME: Sitting. Nothing. Going.

BOY: So like that was weird with your party, your parents being there.

ME: They surprised me.

BOY: And then they stayed.

ME: It was my birthday.

BOY: Weird.

ME: I guess.

BOY: How'd they even get you to the party?

ME: Uh . . . they just took me to the restaurant.

BOY: But how'd they like know where you were?

ME: I was home.

BOY: Don't you go out?

ME: Sure, yeah, sometimes.

BOY: You want to go?

ME: Right now?

BOY: Yes.

ME: Where?

BOY: I don't know.

ME: Oh.

BOY: Get a soda.

ME: I guess.

ME and BOY walk away from the "school yard" to a "coffee shop."

BOY: A raspberry lime rickey. Why are you laughing?

ME: It's just a joke. My best friend. From my old school. We used to call it. Back in eighth grade. We used to go to Friendly's and we'd call it . . . I don't know, one of us made a mistake one time so we called it a raspberry lime lickey.

BOY: A lickey.

ME: Stupid.

BOY: I like lickeys.

ME: Yeah.

BOY: Do you like lickeys?

ME: I like ginger ale better.

BOY: Let's sit at the counter.

ME: I've never been here.

BOY: No?

ME: We don't come here. We haven't.

BOY: Who?

ME: My family. My parents, I guess.

BOY: Do you go everywhere with them?

ME: No. Sometimes. Well like . . .

BOY: One raspberry lime lickey, please.

ME: One raspberry lime rickey.
 BOY: Don't you want to share?
 ME: Oh, okay.
Drink arrives.
 BOY: Like this.
Sticks straws in.
 One for me and one for you.
 ME: Oh, kay. Funny.
They drink.
 BOY: Lick.
 ME: Lickey.
 BOY: Lick.
 ME: Lickey.
 BOY: Lick.
 ME: *To the audience:* He just licked me. Flicked me with his tongue.
 BOY: Raspberry.
 ME: Top lip.
 BOY: Lime.
 ME: Bottom lip.
 BOY: Lickey.
 ME: Tongue.
 BOY: Tongue.
 ME: Thick, poking.
 BOY: Rise, blood, filling, filling.
 ME: Poke.
 BOY: Wanting, wanting.
 ME: Poke. Poke.
 BOY: Wanting!!!!!!!
 ME: I don't get it.
 BOY: See you.
 ME: Yeah, okay.

BOY *hooks up with someone else.*
 I have always liked being by myself, have always had things to do, so I guess that's a good thing since I don't really like anyone half as much as everyone else seems to . . .
Spoken with a very loaded tone:
 . . . like each other.
A new girl approaches. She has not been part of the crowd.
 GIRL: You see the maple?
 ME: Yeah.
 GIRL: The one behind the field, down the path.
 ME: Past the bog.
 GIRL: Near **the rock**.
 ME: That's my rock.
 GIRL: That's my tree.
 ME: You have a tree?
 GIRL: You have a rock?
 ME: Sometimes a tree.
 GIRL: Sometimes a rock.
 ME: Since I could walk.
 GIRL: Since I could crawl.
 ME: Since I was born.
 GIRL: Since forever.
 ME: I used to leave my ma's womb at night to go sit on my rock.
 GIRL: I waited in that tree till my folks fucked to make me.
 ME: I'm . . . out. . . .
 GIRL: I'll show you my tree if you show me your rock.
 ME: Okay.
 GIRL: Now?
 ME: Now. Yeah.
 GIRL: Come on.
ME and GIRL walk away from the school yard down the path.

ME: Butterflies.
 GIRL: Wonder.
 ME: Something. Something. Something.
 GIRL: Hurry.
 ME: Last one.
 GIRL: Last one.
 ME: Racing.
 GIRL: Breath.
 ME: Heart.
 GIRL: Beat.
 ME: Beating.
 GIRL: I like this rock.
 ME: I like this tree.
 GIRL: There's only one thing wrong.
 ME: You have to go home?
 GIRL: I'm eighteen.
 ME: I know.
 GIRL: Eighteen-year-olds don't have to . . . anything.
 ME: I have to a lot of things.
 GIRL: I know.
 ME: Then what's wrong?
 GIRL: You're over there.
 ME: You're over there.
 GIRL: Tree or rock?
 ME: Tree.
 GIRL: Here I come.
 ME: Okay.
 GIRL: Quick.
 ME: Lips.
 GIRL: Tongue.
 ME: Luscious. I didn't know I knew that word, I didn't know, I

didn't know.
 GIRL: Luscious.
 ME: More.
 GIRL: Sweet.
 ME: More.
 GIRL: Salt.
 ME: More.
 GIRL: Yummy.
 ME: You.
 GIRL: You.
 ME: Stay.
 GIRL: Stay.
 ME: Stay. I get it.
Out.
 I get it.
Back to GIRL.
 I get it.

END OF PLAY