

JUDY: I—I don't have any secrets. I'm boring . . . and I'm in a hurry! I have to guard Bathsheba—your soul mate.

[JUDY runs out.]

Le Morte d'Alex

Brandon M. Crose

Seriocomic

ALEXIS: 13 to 15, a teenage girl

CHRIS: 13 to 15, a teenage boy

ALEXIS arrives home after school with her new boyfriend, CHRIS, who wants to do things with ALEXIS but is less eager to tell his friends that they are dating. The setting is a living room. ALEXIS enters, followed by CHRIS. They both have their school bags.

ALEXIS: Howie . . . ? Are you home? [*Beat.*] Nope! All alone.

CHRIS: When does he usually come home?

ALEXIS: Depends. Whenever he wants, since he made assistant manager.

CHRIS: Great.

ALEXIS: What's wrong?

CHRIS: Nothing. I just don't think he likes me.

ALEXIS: I think he thinks that you don't like me.

CHRIS: You know that I like you.

ALEXIS: Do your friends know that you like me?

CHRIS: My friends are stupid. Forget about them.

ALEXIS: Why would you want to be friends with stupid people?

CHRIS: They're not always stupid. Just sometimes.

ALEXIS: That's a relief.

CHRIS: Are we going to make out, or what?

ALEXIS: Be still, my heart!

CHRIS: You know what I mean.

ALEXIS: Yes. You mean, "Are we going to make out, or what?"

CHRIS: Well, are we?

ALEXIS: I dunno.

CHRIS: Do you want to make out?

ALEXIS: You gave me chapped lips last time.

CHRIS: C'mon, before your uncle comes home.

ALEXIS: You also tried to put your hand up my shirt.

CHRIS: That's what people *do* when they make out.

ALEXIS: What people?

CHRIS: *People*. Everyone.

ALEXIS: Not you and me.

CHRIS: Not yet.

ALEXIS: Swine.

CHRIS: You know I like you a lot.

ALEXIS: How much?

CHRIS: This much.

[He kisses her; then again, then harder. ALEXIS pushes him away.]

ALEXIS: Ow!

CHRIS: What?

ALEXIS: You bit my lip!

CHRIS: You didn't like it?

ALEXIS: No!

CHRIS: Oh. Sorry.

ALEXIS: You're not very good at this.

CHRIS: Maybe I need more practice.

ALEXIS: Just go slow.

[They begin to kiss again. It is awkward at first, then less awkward, but never comfortable. CHRIS moves ALEXIS to the couch. They fall onto it, still kissing. CHRIS starts to put his hand up ALEXIS's shirt.]

ALEXIS: Stop that.

CHRIS: Stop what?

[ALEXIS removes his hand. They continue kissing. CHRIS tries again to put his hand up her shirt.]

ALEXIS: Chris!

CHRIS: It's okay! Just relax!

ALEXIS: It's not okay!

CHRIS: Fine!

[They part. Awkward beat.]

ALEXIS: Are you angry?

CHRIS: [Is angry.] No.

ALEXIS: I'm sorry.

CHRIS: If you were really sorry, you'd let me do it.

ALEXIS: That doesn't make any kind of sense at all.

CHRIS: Don't you like me?

ALEXIS: How could I not? You were the first person who called me a retard to my face. I knew it was love.

CHRIS: How many times do I have to apologize for that?

ALEXIS: You don't have to. I just like to hear it.

CHRIS: I'm sorry that I called you a retard.

ALEXIS: A *bleeping* retard.

CHRIS: I didn't say "bleeping."

ALEXIS: No, you did not!

CHRIS: Well, okay, you were sort of running around with a plastic sword, yelling things at no one.

ALEXIS: You were wearing an oversized hoodie and shoes that were two sizes too big for your feet.

CHRIS: That's what was in style.

ALEXIS: Plastic swords will always be in style.

CHRIS: You're better now.

ALEXIS: Yeah?

CHRIS: Yeah. A lot better . . .

[CHRIS kisses her, and they lay back down on the couch. He begins inching his hand up her shirt. ALEXIS looks uncomfortable, but says nothing.]