

KIMBERLY. No.

JEFF. That's good. *(Pause while he works.)* So you glad you moved to Bogota?

KIMBERLY. It's okay.

JEFF. And it's not weird for you?

KIMBERLY. Is what not weird for me?

JEFF. To be in high school?

KIMBERLY. No. Why would that be weird?

JEFF. I mean ... since the other kids ignore you?

KIMBERLY. I could ask you the same question.

JEFF. They don't ignore me. I *wish* they ignored me.

KIMBERLY. Oh yeah?

JEFF. *(Slams down pencil proudly.)* Done!

KIMBERLY. Really?

JEFF. How fast was I?

KIMBERLY. *(Checks watch.)* Fifty-six seconds.

JEFF. It would've been faster but I was carrying on a conversation at the same time.

KIMBERLY. What'd you get?

JEFF. Kimberly Levaio turns into ... Cleverly Akimbo. *(Pause. She's not impressed.)* What's the matter?

KIMBERLY. What's akimbo?

JEFF. It's ... best. You know, when your hands are on your hips, then your arms are *akimbo*.

KIMBERLY. *(Still mulling it over.)* Cleverly akimbo.

JEFF. It's good. You should be happy. I did my grandmother's name and she got Arabian Beard. *(Debra, a woman in her early thirties, approaches suspiciously. She's somewhat disheveled and rough around the edges. She carries a garbage bag filled with her belongings.)*

DEBRA. *(Whispers.)* Kim. Hey. *(They look over at the strange woman.)* How you doin', beautiful?

KIMBERLY. I'm fine.

DEBRA. God, I'm glad to see ya.

KIMBERLY. Where have you been?

DEBRA. You won't believe it. I was actually in a squat for a couple months, in Trenton.

KIMBERLY. A squat? What's a squat?

DEBRA. It's a terrible place, Kim. But the people are nice. And

after that, I was living in the woods for a few weeks, but then my tent caught on fire, so I went back to Secaucus, but you guys weren't there anymore, so I called Aunt Helen, and she wouldn't let me stay with her, but she told me you all took off to Bogota. *(To Jeff.)* How you doin'?

JEFF. Good.

DEBRA. And so I came here, but you're not listed in the phone book, so I figured I'd wait in the library until you came by. And I knew you'd come by because I remembered you like to read so much. And so I've been here for ten days.

KIMBERLY. You've been living in the library?

DEBRA. Yeah, keep it down though. They're real strict about the noise. It's comfortable. I sleep in the pillow room. At closing time I hide under the pile of beanbag chairs. Haven't been caught yet. *(To Jeff.)* What's your name?

JEFF. Jeff McCracken.

DEBRA. Nice to meet you. I'm Debra Watts. You gonna eat that cookie?

JEFF. *(Looks at his snack.)* I guess not.

DEBRA. *(Takes it.)* You don't mind, do ya? I haven't eaten in a couple days. *(Takes a bite and looks to Kimberly.)* I missed ya, kiddo. *(To Jeff.)* Kimmy ever mention her Aunt Debra?

JEFF. No.

DEBRA. We're best buds, right Kimber? *(To Jeff.)* If you ever do anything to hurt her, I will fuck you up *big time!* *(Beat, turns to Kim.)* I think your friend just shit his pants.

KIMBERLY. Debra, come on ...

DEBRA. What? I'm sorry. *(To Jeff.)* You know I was just messin' with your head, right? You're a good kid. You want a handjob? I'm just kidding. I'm a dyke so I don't actually do that anymore. Unless ya got twenty bucks. You're not underage are ya?

JEFF. Yes.

DEBRA. Well the deal's off then. I've spent enough time in jail. You'll have to pleasure yourself, Dexter.

KIMBERLY. What are you *doing*?

DEBRA. I'm just playin' around. What happened, you don't like my jokes anymore? Wait, this isn't a date is it?

KIMBERLY. No.

DEBRA. Oh good, 'cause this kid's kinda freaky. *(To Jeff.)* Don't take offense though. I was a total outcast myself.

JEFF. That doesn't surprise me.

DEBRA. Hey, there ya go! Rising to the occasion! *(To Kim.)* He's a keeper.

KIMBERLY. Could I maybe meet you out front in a few minutes?

DEBRA. Hell no. I gotta go see a guy about something. Hey, how come you guys didn't tell me you were moving?

KIMBERLY. You disappeared.

DEBRA. You coulda left a note or something.

KIMBERLY. Dad seemed anxious to leave.

DEBRA. Yeah, me too. I understand. *(Suddenly notices someone nearby.)* Shit. *(Grabs a book and pretends to read.)*

KIMBERLY. What's the matter?

DEBRA. That old lady's been giving me the stink-eye all day.

KIMBERLY. The librarian?

DEBRA. Yeah, she might be on to me. She caught me giving myself a splash-bath in the ladies' room this morning.

KIMBERLY. A what?

DEBRA. You know, just the vials: the pits, the snatch.

JEFF. Ew.

DEBRA. *(Turns on Jeff.)* Hey kid, you have no idea how hard it is to be homeless!

JEFF. Sorry. *(With the librarian out of sight, Debra starts rummaging through her garbage bag.)*

DEBRA. Hold on, I got ya somethin', Kimmy. For your birthday.

KIMBERLY. You did?

DEBRA. Don't sound so surprised.

JEFF. When's your birthday?

KIMBERLY. Today.

DEBRA. I found ya just in time.

JEFF. Why didn't you say anything?

DEBRA. *(Hands her a badly gift-wrapped present.)* Sweet sixteen and never been kissed, right?

KIMBERLY. Shut up.

DEBRA. I wrapped it myself.

KIMBERLY. *(Unwraps a conch shell.)* It's a shell.

JEFF. A conch shell.