

JEFF. Yes. That's why I take anxiety medication. *(Kimberly enters.)*
DEBRA. You're late. And I thought I told you to fill the kid in?
KIMBERLY. *(Surprised to see Jeff.)* Oh. Actually ...
DEBRA. Why is it always up to me to be the responsible one?
(Motions Kim to a chair.) Sit. I got some stuff in the Xerox machine. Don't move until I get back. Neither of ya. *(Exits.)*
KIMBERLY. You should probably escape while you can.
JEFF. That's okay. She'll just catch me and drag me back here.
(They sit in silence. After an awkward pause ...) I liked your glaucoma paper by the way. It was way better than Bonnie Gigante's.
KIMBERLY. You think?
JEFF. Yeah, you had that eyeball diagram and everything. It was very thorough.
KIMBERLY. Thanks.
JEFF. *(Another pause.)* So, are you like ... mad at me?
KIMBERLY. No.
JEFF. About my paper?
KIMBERLY. No, it was good.
JEFF. Because you looked weird after I read it in class.
KIMBERLY. No, it was a good paper.
JEFF. Then how come you ate lunch by yourself?
KIMBERLY. I was just reading.
JEFF. I thought you were mad at me.
KIMBERLY. I wasn't. I just ... I thought you were done, so ...
JEFF. Done? With lunch?
KIMBERLY. With the paper. Since you were done writing it, I thought ...
JEFF. You thought I wouldn't have lunch with you?
KIMBERLY. I don't know.
JEFF. I thought you were mad about the paper, or your dad or something.
KIMBERLY. My dad?
JEFF. Or embarrassed. Since he told me not to touch you and kiss you and stuff.
KIMBERLY. Oh, no I wasn't — I don't really wanna talk about that.
JEFF. Because I was thinking that if you wanted me to, I'd do it anyway.
KIMBERLY. What?

JEFF. I know it's his job to be protective and everything, but you might want to do something that he thinks you don't want to do. So if you wanted to like be kissed or whatever, then I would do it. *(Beat.)* As a friend, you know? *(Silence.)* Like if you just wanted someone to practice on. *(Beat.)* But not if you didn't want to, obviously. I'm just saying. I'm not afraid of your dad. I mean I *am*, but I'm assuming you wouldn't tell him, so in that case I wouldn't be. Afraid of him, I mean. *(Kimberly is too overwhelmed to speak. She has a giddy, mortified, thrilled expression on her face.)* Are you mad?
KIMBERLY. No.
JEFF. Because that's not why I've been hanging out with you or anything. I wasn't even thinking about it until your dad brought it up. So ... I don't know. I guess ... if you ever want to, just let me know.
KIMBERLY. Okay.
JEFF. *(Beat.)* Okay, you'll let me know? Or okay, right now?
KIMBERLY. Okay, I'll let you know.
JEFF. Okay.
KIMBERLY. It's just ... She's gonna come back, so ...
JEFF. Oh right. I see. Cool. *(Debra reenters with checks and Xeroxes.)*
DEBRA. All set. Now listen up, because the plan's genius. You know what check-washing is?
JEFF. This is the sort of thing I think Mr. Levaco was talking about. I really shouldn't get involved with any kind of *check-washing plans*.
KIMBERLY. He doesn't wanna do it.
DEBRA. Just hear me out. It's the end of month, right? So everyone's paying bills, popping 'em in the mail. Gas, cable, whatever. So last night, I unbolted the mailbox outside Krapp's Liquor Store and dragged it home.
JEFF. You stole a mailbox?
DEBRA. Cool, right? And then Kim and I got these glue traps, you know, for mice ...
KIMBERLY. *(To Jeff.)* I just helped a little.
DEBRA. And we tied strings through them and lowered them into the mailbox, you know, like we were fishing, and we pulled up all these envelopes. And guess what was inside most of 'em.
JEFF. Checks?
DEBRA. Exactly. Checks I just Xeroxed on that machine over there

