

Kiss

A 10-minute play

By Kennedy Boehning

Kennedy Boehning
409 Ivy Ave
(765)426-7387
Kennedy_Boehning1@baylor.edu

CHARACTERS:

Lyla- 18, a girl

Peter- oddly optimistic and inhumanly attractive

SCENE 1

Lights up on a LYLA sitting on her porch. There's thunder and lightning in the distance, hints of a storm on the horizon. She just sits, staring off.

PETER enters. He walks along the sidewalk, passing in front of LYLA. He exits.

PETER enters. He walks backwards back onto the stage. He spins around and fixes his hair, he walks past LYLA again. PETER exits.

PETER enters. He begins walking along the sidewalk again.

LYLA
(still staring at the sky)

Can I help you?

PETER looks around, confused if LYLA is talking to him or someone else. There is no one else.

Yes, I'm talking to you.

LYLA

Oh, I just wasn't sure.

PETER

What's your deal, huh?

LYLA

I was just trying to get the attention of a pretty girl. Did it work?

PETER walks over towards LYLA, he stands at the base of the porch, looking up at her. LYLA's cold demeanor instantly melts.

Perhaps.

LYLA

PETER

Do you like me?

LYLA

I just met you.

PETER

No, we've met before. Just once though, I'd never forgot you.

LYLA

Smooth, I'm flattered. Tell me, when did we meet?

PETER

You don't remember.

LYLA

Nope, nothing rings any bells.

PETER

It was summer.

LYLA

Oooo, very detailed.

PETER

Ok, you had a brown shirt on that day with a pair of blue jeans. There was a band name on the shirt, just a simple graphic T. When you first crossed in front of me, the whole world stopped.

LYLA's face turns red as a tomato. She looks away.

LYLA

You can't just say things like that.

PETER

Why not if it's true?

LYLA

Yeah, but who would just say that to another person openly?

PETER

I'm just someone who doesn't like to waste time, it's precious.

LYLA

Then you have more balls than me.

PETER

Two actually.

LYLA

Oh, you've got the whole package. Funny and charming.

They laugh.

PETER

Can I kiss you?

LYLA

(flustered)

Yes. I mean no. I mean-wait, what?

PETER

Can I-

LYLA

No I heard you. Uh no, not yet at least, I mean I do, I want to, but I just met you.

PETER

I don't have all night, and neither do you.

LYLA

What does that mean?

LYLA becomes alarmed, she tries to stand and leave. PETER runs up the stairs of the porch. LYLA stops.

PETER

I told you, we've met before.

LYLA

Uh-huh. I think you might just be a little crazy.

PETER

A lot of people who meet me say that. They call me all sorts of names. I used to be called Doyle, Mort, Azrael, Lefu, Haedon-but I don't really like that one a lot, Thana-

LYLA

Look, it was really nice meeting you, but I think you should go.

PETER

Wait, I didn't mean to scare you.

LYLA

Then what the hell did you mean?

PETER takes a few steps back.

PETER

I'm not going to hurt you. I need you to listen to me. I have to kiss you.

LYLA staggers, her balance becoming unsteady.
She grabs the railing for support, trying to
remain unwavering.

LYLA

What the fuck?! Is this some kind of prank?

PETER

No please, I'm serious.

LYLA

What the hell is wrong with you? Leave me alone!

PETER

I'm sorry, I don't mean to come off as pushy or anything. What if we just talk for a minute and then you decide if you still don't want to kiss me?

LYLA

Get off my porch and I'll consider it.

PETER steps backwards off her porch and
backs away a few more feet. LYLA moves
herself slowly back to her chair and plops down.

PETER

What's your truth?

LYLA

What do you mean "my truth"?

PETER

Your truth.

LYLA

Yeah, you said that. But what does it mean?

PETER

What makes you, you?

LYLA

I don't know. "What's your truth"?

PETER

I'm someone where people think disaster follows in my wake, but I think I just open a door of the unknown and that scares people. People don't like what they don't know.

PAUSE

LYLA

What the hell does that mean?

PETER

People don't like what they don't know, and it's easier to be angry or blame someone else for things that they consider going wrong in their life.

LYLA

Yeah, well sometimes shitty things happen to good people for no reason.

PETER

Oooo, someone's bitter, juicy.

LYLA

Yeah, well when the world has cursed you from birth, you'd feel the same way.

PETER

How has the world cursed you?

LYLA

I'm not in the mood to tell a sob story, and I don't want the pity of someone I find attractive.

LYLA throws her hands over her mouth.

PETER

Ooohh, so you think I'm attractive do you?

LYLA

I don't know why I said that.

PETER

I have that effect on people.

LYLA

What effect? Seducing strangers to kiss you?

PETER

Getting them to be honest.

LYLA

Who even are you?

PETER

I already told you, I go by many different names, but you can call me Peter.

LYLA

Ohhhh, so mysterious. What are you, a criminal? Who has a bunch of different names?

PETER

I'm not a criminal Lyla.

LYLA

I didn't tell you my name.

PETER

I told you, we've met before.

LYLA

You keep saying that, but I have no memory of that ever happening! I'm sorry, I think you're really cute, but you're freaking me out and I'm going to call the cops if you don't leave.

PETER

They wouldn't do anything.

LYLA

Oh my god! Do you have a gun or a knife?! I swear to god, I will scream.

PETER

No, no, never. See?

PETER flips all his pockets inside out.

PETER

I'm not a fan of weapons. I don't like hurting people, or anything for that matter. I prefer to think I bring them peace.

LYLA

Then what do you mean the cops won't do anything?

PETER

I mean, you can call them, but then you'll just seem crazy.

LYLA

Why would I seem crazy?

The thunder and lighting are growing louder and sound closer.

PETER

It's going to rain soon, can I stand under the awning?

LYLA

(hesitantly)

I guess/

PETER

Thank you/

LYLA

But on one condition, you have to tell me about the first time we met, in detail.

PETER

Ok.

PETER walks up the porch steps and begins towards the chair next to LYLA.

LYLA

Uh, no. You can sit over there, I still don't know you.

PETER

Fair enough. Does this ring any bells? "Lyla keep your eyes open. Open your eyes."

LYLA

My dad-but how do you-

PETER

So you remember.

LYLA

Yeah, you looked a little different then, your hair was shorter.

PETER

I gotta keep up with the current styles and trends.

LYLA

I thought-can I touch you?

LYLA struggles to stand, PETER notices and walks over to her.

LYLA cups PETER's cheek, then pinches it, not hard. She pulls his cheek then cups his face with both hands. She runs her hands through his hair.

PAUSE

LYLA

But why are you here?

PETER

For you.

LYLA

But why? What do you want?

PETER

I told you what I want.

LYLA

That's not fair. What about my parents? My friends? Can't you just go bother like anyone else?

PETER

I wish I could, I really do, but that's not how this works.

LYLA

Don't you make the rules? Can't you break them for once? What would be the big deal?

PETER

If I make an exception for you, then everyone will want one.

LYLA

But they'd never have to know!

PETER

That wouldn't be fair, it's not right.

LYLA

How is anything that's happened to me fair?!

PETER

I'm not saying it is.

LYLA

Then why can't you leave me alone?! I still have my whole life ahead of me.

PETER

Lyla-I-

LYLA

No! No! It's not fair! Stop! I-I...I just want to be normal. Is that so much to ask for? I want a normal, boring life.

PETER

Everyone wants that. The ability to travel, anywhere and everywhere. Spend a little more time with their family and friends.

LYLA

I haven't even dated anyone. I've always dreamed that my first date would be-

PETER

Stargazing?

LYLA

Yeah.

PETER

Lyla, we all want those things, we want adventures, love, connection, more time. We want, we want, we want. But we don't get what we always want, sometimes we have to just acknowledge what we do have, and realize that's enough.

PAUSE

LYLA

Can I ask you something?

PETER nods.

LYLA

Why do you do it?

PETER

I told you, I think it opens a door to something new, something people don't expect. I think that good can come out of it. I know you don't see it right now, and I don't expect you to, but if you trust me, I promise, eventually, you'll see.

LYLA sits for a minute in silence, listening to the rain pouring around her.

LYLA

Will it hurt?

PETER

No. Most people find it enjoyable even.

LYLA chuckles.

LYLA

Well it better be if it's my first. And my last.

PETER stands and walks towards LYLA. He squats next to her.

LYLA

Just-...make it quick, ok?

PETER nods. He cups the side of her face.

LYLA

Wait! I'm scared.

PETER

It's ok.

LYLA

Will it hurt?

PETER

No. Do you trust me?

LYLA

Not really.

PETER
(chuckles)

Just close your eyes.

LYLA closes her eyes. PETER leans in and
kisses her.

END OF PLAY