

An excerpt from THE REVOLTING CROTCH

SYNOPSIS:

The following scenes are excerpts from my two-act play “The Revolting Crotch.” It follows eighth graders Kelly, Simon, and Harry on their mission to gain control over their turbulent lives by standing up to ferocious bullies using unconventional pranks made in their club; The Chaos Rivalry Organization to Create Hell or-- “The C.R.O.T.C.H.” Unfortunately, navigating adolescence and Kelly’s mother, Mrs. Stockholm, who has agoraphobia with obsessive-compulsive disorder tendencies, gets in the way of their plans. But when the house is broken into, leaving Mrs. Stockholm in trouble, will Revolting Crotch be able to band together again to use their rebellion for good?

CAST:

Kelly Stockholm- An energetic thirteen year old girl with a temper, looking for trouble anywhere she can find it.

Harry Greene- Kelly’s best friend-- or at least used to be. Hot headed and not afraid to get in a fight to prove he’s alpha.

Simon Stuart- Kelly’s new best friend. Book-smart, good with parents, and is following Kelly’s advice in trying to be less of a pushover.

Mrs. Stockholm- Worried mother of Kelly. Struggles from mental illness, but does her best not to trouble others with her fears. Desperately trying to convince her daughter, and herself, that everything will be okay.

ACT 1, Scene 1

(Early morning, a girl’s bedroom in a house in the suburbs in the 1970s. Eighth grader KELLY stands in front of an empty wall surrounded by ripped posters on the ground. Classmates SIMON and HARRY sit in front of the wall side by side.)

KELLY

There, that’ll do it.

SIMON

Are you sure you want to get rid of all your posters--

HARRY

Shut up, the meeting is starting.

SIMON

Kelly, can’t you just tell us what this is all about?

KELLY

If you could just wait one minute--

HARRY

Didn't she say this was about screwing?

KELLY

Screwing the system.

HARRY

Exactly.

SIMON

What does that mean?

HARRY

Sounds like we are gonna have sex with a machine.

SIMON

Kelly, I don't want to have sex with a machine.

KELLY

No guys-- that's not what's happening.

HARRY

Bummer. *(beat)* Unrelated... You promised me there was gonna be some stuff...

KELLY

Can you just wait a second? I'm trying to get tape off the walls.

SIMON

The day Harry *waits* for anything is the day I eat my pants.

HARRY

At least I don't piss my pants, sissy!

KELLY

Have either of you seen my sharpie?

SIMON

I'm surprised Harry even got here this morning! How early did you have to get up to put your wet sheets in the laundry AND get here on time?

HARRY

Oh my sheets were wet, but not from what *you're* thinking of. (*HARRY stands and makes an obscene thrusting movement*)

KELLY

It's red... Simon are you sitting on it?

HARRY

Seriously Kelly, you promised. Where's the stuff?

KELLY

Under my bed you impatient--

SIMON

(*Stands to reveal red sharpie marks on his pants*) SHIT! (*Hands sharpie to KELLY*)

HARRY

(*HARRY pulls out duffel bag from under the bed*) MOTHERLOAD!!!!

KELLY

Give me that. (*Drags duffel bag away, pulls out three canned beers. Tosses one to HARRY and one to SIMON*) Now sit.

SIMON

(*sits*) Beer? Its 6am! We have school in an hour!

HARRY

What's the matter Simon? Never *firearmed* a beer before? (*Opens beer, tries to chug it*)

SIMON

I think you mean shotgunned a beer--

KELLY

CAREFUL! Don't get it on the carpet or my mother will-- (*beat*) nevermind. (*opens beer*) C'mon Simon, don't be a wuss.

SIMON

I really don't think--

HARRY

(finishes beer, crushes can and throws it across room) AAAAAAHHHH! *(walks toward bag)*

KELLY

Eh!!! Not until after the meeting. I said sit!

HARRY

Yes *ma'am*. *(beat while KELLY makes face)* Alright, well, get on with it!

KELLY

(clears throat) WELCOME! COME ONE, COME ALL

HARRY

Jesus Kelly--

KELLY

TO THE VERY FIRST OFFICIAL MEETING

SIMON

Shhhhhh Kelly, your mom will--

KELLY

OF... *(writes in large letters on the wall in red marker)* THE REVOLTING CROTCH!
(beat)

HARRY

Ew...

SIMON

Revolting Crotch?

KELLY

YES!

HARRY

That's disgusting.

SIMON

What does it mean?

HARRY

I woke up at 5:45 AM to be here before school for THIS?

SIMON

My crotch isn't that revolting is it?

HARRY

I mean, really Kelly? I thought this was serious.

KELLY

SHUT UP. *(beat)* Welcome to Revolting C.R.O.T.C.H. Chaos Rivalry Organization To Create Hell. *(beat)* I've gathered you all here today to introduce you to our new club.

SIMON

When did I agree to be in a club?

KELLY

I SAID SHUT UP. *(beat)* Each of you possess a certain... je ne sais quoi that I believe has potential to intimidate the douchebags of our society. I'm sick and tired of being pushed around by the system! Parents, teachers, and bullies take advantage of their positions of authority to make us feel like shit and I'm DONE. Aren't you? Don't you want to be able to wake up without the dread of facing your parents down stairs? Without dodging Conrad and Casey in school? Without being constantly told what to do by teachers who are assholes and--

HARRY

Hah-- teacher's assholes.

KELLY

(Throws beer can at HARRY) My POINT is that if we work together, we don't have to deal with anyone ever again! Anytime one of us needs to get away from a situation, we can help each other! We can make it known WE are the new top of the food chain. Everyone at school will know NOT TO FUCK WITH US.

SIMON

(flinches) SHHHHHHHH KELLY!

HARRY

Alright so how is that gonna happen? Everyone at school will magically be afraid of us?

KELLY

THAT is why you are here this morning. I have come up with a plan. A statement! A big prank to pull at school TODAY.

HARRY

A prank? (*HARRY and KELLY turn to SIMON who is sipping his beer, making grossed out faces*)

SIMON

What??

HARRY

Now I know why he's here.

SIMON

Oh c'mon guys.

HARRY

Smart thinking, Kelly.

KELLY

Simon, your prank last spring was the best I've ever seen.

SIMON

That was an ACCIDENT! I almost got EXPELLED!

HARRY

Releasing two thousand fire ants into the auditorium during the fire marshal assembly was an accident?

SIMON

YES! They were for my environmental class!

HARRY

(*laughing*) Principal DeRosa screaming—

KELLY

(imitating) GET THE HOSE! GET THE HOSE! *(laughing)*

MRS STOCKHOLM

(offstage) Kelly honey? Everything okay in there?

KELLY

(stops laughing, covers HARRY's mouth with her hand) YES MOM!

MRS STOCKHOLM

Okay well if you want to come down for breakfast soon, I got those supermarket sticky buns!!!
Still hot!

KELLY

OKAY MOM! *(lets go of HARRY)* *(beat)* Did u *lick* my hand?

HARRY

(whispers) Can I have another beer now?

SIMON

Kelly I'm still confused.

KELLY

You *licked* me! Never do that again!

HARRY

No promises.

KELLY

(walks to duffel bag) This brings me to surprise number two. *(KELLY pulls out a plastic bag full of green leaves)*

HARRY

IS THAT WEED??

KELLY / SIMON

SHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

KELLY

No it's not WEED you IDIOT where the HELL was I gonna find WEED????

SIMON

(stands) I know what that is...

HARRY

That *is* WEED, I know it is!

KELLY

No Harry. It's poison ivy. Here's the plan.

HARRY

If I can't smoke it, I'm not interested.

KELLY

(Holds up another beer) Will this keep you quiet? *(HARRY nods)* Okay. *(Hands beer to HARRY)* Today during first period, Conrad and Casey have gym class. You know what unit they are in? *Swimming*. All of their clothes will be in the locker room for the entire period. *(Hands a bag of leaves to HARRY and another to SIMON)* All you need to do is find an excuse to leave your first period, sneak into the locker room, rub some leaves on their underwear, and get out! I don't think the king and queen of middle school will be as intimidating if they are royally itchy do you? If all goes well, the entire school will think they gave herpes by 2pm. Poof! No more bullies!

SIMON

Poof...

KELLY

Simon, look at me. *(beat)* Do you remember when Conrad pantsed you in fifth grade in the cafeteria in front of everyone? When he stuck his boogers in your hair during class? When he and his friends cornered you by the water fountain because they thought you needed a *bath??* *(beat)* And Harry--

HARRY

I'm not afraid of Conrad.

KELLY

Remember when Casey screamed at your little sister last year for knocking a pencil off of her desk? If I'm remembering correctly, her revenge was cutting one of Lucy's pig tails clean off! Her hair still hasn't grown back on one side completely, has it?

HARRY

You're right.... That BITCH!

KELLY

Don't you want to give them a taste of their own medicine??

SIMON

Yeah. I do!

KELLY

DON'T YOU WANT TO SHOW THEM WHAT WE ARE MADE OF??

HARRY

(stands) I CAN SHOW THEM WHAT WE ARE MADE OF.

KELLY

WE ARE THE NEW ROYALTY OF THE SCHOOL.

SIMON

BOW DOWNNNNNNN!!!!!!

HARRY

TO THE REVOLTING CROTCH

KELLY

TO THE REVOLUTION *(raises a beer)*

SIMON/ HARRY

THE REVOLUTION!!!!

MRS STOCKHOLM

(offstage) HONEY??? WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE??

KELLY

Shit-- MOM IT'S NOTHING I JUST HAVE FRIENDS OVER!

MRS STOCKHOLM

Oh!!! Okay sweetie! Invite them to breakfast! *(suddenly panicked)* They didn't wear shoes in the house did they?

KELLY

We'll be right down!! *(beat)* So we're clear? First period, okay?? You both take the boys locker room, I'll take the girls. Give their idiot friends itchy clothes too if you want! You each have a bag? Great. We'll meet again at lunch to make sure everything went as planned. You better not screw this up.

(Blackout)

ACT 1, Scene 2

(SIMON, HARRY, KELLY, and MRS STOCKHOLM sit at the kitchen breakfast table downstairs. The room is neat, clean, and colorful. No one is wearing shoes. There are brightly colored orange sticky notes on the floor. One is in front of the fridge SL, another is near the front door SR past a sofa SR. The sticky notes signify what areas have been deemed "safe" for MRS STOCKHOLM to walk in. Anything beyond the first edge of the fridge or past the sofa is unsafe.)

SIMON

Thanks for letting us eat here Mrs. Stockholm.

MRS STOCKHOLM

Simon, darling! It's been so long, you've gotten so big! And HARRY! What handsome men you both are becoming.

KELLY

Mom.

MRS STOCKHOLM

I feel like it was just yesterday you and Harry were running butt naked around the front yard together!

HARRY

(coughs) What an appetizing image.

MRS STOCKHOLM

Of course, I've seen Harry plenty since then. Although not so much recently hmm? Simon honey, I don't think I've seen you around since your mother would drag you here for book club! That must have been-- well! Eight years ago? You couldn't have been more than four or five years old.

KELLY

MOM can you just be quiet? Please?

MRS STOCKHOLM

Honey I--

KELLY

PLEASE. *(quiet while everyone eats. HARRY lets out a loud burp)*

MRS STOCKHOLM

HARRY! How many times have I told you, not in this house!!! *(waves at the air as if to clear it)*
So, Kelly dear, when you get home from school I was thinking we could finally start that puzzle!
(beat) The one of the golden gate bridge during the day, over the water... you remember the one?

SIMON

Mrs. Stockholm, do you have any orange juice?

MRS STOCKHOLM

Oh sweetie yes! *(Stands, walks toward fridge, stops at orange sticky note, tries to reach for the door of the fridge)* Oh alright hold on one second dear... *(KELLY abruptly stands, walks to the fridge, gets the orange juice and sits back down)* Haha your slow mother! *(sits)* I found the puzzle under the couch last night! It's been so long... Wouldn't that be fun honey? I can put on the history channel and we can eat champagne grapes like we did when you were little! *(beat)* I know sweetie, I know you're not little anymore. I just thought it would be fun to do something like we used to! Right honey? Wouldn't you like that?

KELLY

I think I'm a little sick of Costco sticky buns. Do you guys want any fruit? *(stands, begins cutting apple slices)*

SIMON

Yes please!

HARRY

Sounds great.

KELLY

Harry, could you get some bowls out of the cabinet?

HARRY

Sure. *(stands, a beer can drops from his coat pocket)* Sh--

MRS STOCKHOLM

Harry honey, what is that?

HARRY

I-- (*bends to pick it up*)

KELLY

It's nothing. (*Slaps HARRY's hand out of the way*)

MRS STOCKHOLM

Kelly... honey-- is that--

KELLY

It's a beer can mom.

MRS STOCKHOLM

Where-- where did it come from dear?

KELLY

The garage.

MRS STOCKHOLM

(*clearly upset*) the garage.

KELLY

Yes.

MRS STOCKHOLM

I didn't know--

KELLY

They must have been Dad's.

MRS STOCKHOLM

I haven't been in there-- I mean-- You know-- He would hate to know I was touching his stuff while he's away on his-- um-- business retreat!

KELLY

I know mom.

MRS STOCKHOLM

(stands, grabs dish towel and disinfectant spray) Let me just--

KELLY

Can't you just leave it for one second? *(picks up beer can)* It's not going to hurt you!

MRS STOCKHOLM

(flinches) Honey, you know where outside objects go.

KELLY

I'll throw it away on my way out.

MRS STOCKHOLM

I'd really prefer you do it now.

KELLY

I'll throw it away *on my way out.* *(HARRY sits)* *(There is a long silence)*

SIMON

So Mrs. Stockholm, have you ever been to the golden gate bridge?

MRS STOCKHOLM

Oh! Well... no I haven't. When I was young and exciting I once drove across the border into California! But God knows... those earthquakes and wildfires! Best not to stay in that state for very long. You can't test your luck! I think I turned the car around within the hour. But I once watched a thrilling documentary on the sights of America-- *(glances at beer can)* Honey-- haha your silly mother-- I just really think-- Could you just go throw it out now? It would just put me at ease. *(KELLY does not look up)* I know I know, me and my quirks! I just can't feel-- sweetie I've worked so hard for this house to be clean-- I just want-- could you please go now? Kelly? Kelly honey, it'll only take a second! No big deal! I know how silly I sound--

SIMON

Kelly... Do you want me--

KELLY

Shut up.

MRS STOCKHOLM

Oh Simon honey, how sweet of you to offer! What handsome men you both are becoming, really! Kelly just hand him the can! Please honey... I remember when you all would run around

together in the yard-- you are all sweet kids I know it! Please, I made you all sticky buns! Harry honey, eat yours before it gets cold-- anyone could take the can out! It'll only take a second-- sweet kids-- (*KELLY stands, takes disinfectant spray and moves it outside of the sticky note area, sits back down at the table*) Kelly honey-- KELLY please don't touch that! (*KELLY takes a spoonful of food and forcefully throws food onto the floor*) KELLY!

HARRY

Uhh...

SIMON

Oh my god.

MRS STOCKHOLM

(*screeching*) KELLY!!!!!! KELLY-- (*Throws self onto floor, tries to reach disinfectant spray without crossing sticky note*)

KELLY

C'mon guys. We don't want to miss first period, do we?

SIMON

Kelly...

HARRY

We can't...

KELLY

We can. (*stands*) (*beat*)

HARRY

No way. (*Stands, walks toward spray*)

KELLY

(*hits table*) LOOK AT ME. This is what needs to happen if you want to be the top of the food chain. This is what we have to do.

MRS STOCKHOLM

(*hysterical*) Honey!

SIMON

We can't just leave her here--

HARRY

Screw this. (*Kicks spray towards MRS STOCKHOLM, she crawls to mess and cleans it in silence*)

MRS STOCKHOLM

(*holds dirty towel up to Kelly*) Honey... could you put this outside? (*beat*) On your way out?

KELLY

(*Takes towel*) C'mon guys. Let's go. (*Kids grab backpacks*)

HARRY

Mrs. Stockholm... where did you put our shoes?

KELLY

They're outside. Go ahead. I'll be there in a second. (*Exit HARRY and SIMON*) (*beat*) Mom... Do you need help getting up?

MRS STOCKHOLM

Oh honey... (*KELLY walks towards her*)

KELLY

My hands are a little sticky--

MRS STOCKHOLM

(*flinches away*) Dear... do you think you could just wash them off-- just before touching--

KELLY

Mom.

MRS STOCKHOLM

I know honey I just can't--

KELLY

WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BE NORMAL? DO YOU THINK SIMON OR HARRY'S MOMS ASK THEM TO WASH EVERY INCH OF THEMSELVES BEFORE TOUCHING--

MRS STOCKHOLM

Honey-- I know-- I'm working on it...

KELLY

You are insisting that everything that comes into the house is dirty! Including *me*. Can't you see what this is doing? Can't you see how bad it's gotten? Mom--

MRS STOCKHOLM

Sweetie, I promise!!! It is under control! I'm just a little type A... that's all! Really! I've always been a neat freak. I just want the house to look nice! I'm doing this for you, for us! For our comfort!

KELLY

You aren't listening. And you have to stop telling guests that dad is just away on a business retreat! It's pathetic.

MRS STOCKHOLM

Honey, honey, no, I just don't want to advertise his disappearance that's all! Can you imagine what people would think?

KELLY

Mom that's not--

MRS STOCKHOLM

I know I'm not like other parents! I'm sorry... things have been... difficult the past year. For both of us! A tidy house equals a tidy mind. We are safe here, nothing can hurt us.

KELLY

Nothing unless you step beyond the fridge.

MRS STOCKHOLM

And I'm working on it okay?? I'm getting better. I'm really trying--

KELLY

No mom. NO. It's not getting better. LOOK AT YOURSELF. *(beat) (Places beer can outside of sticky note safe zone)* I'll see you after school mom.

MRS STOCKHOLM

Kelly... *(Exit KELLY)* KELLY!

(Blackout)

ACT 1 Scene 3

(Lights up on two middle school locker rooms. SL is the girls locker room, SR is the boys. There is a hallway in-between the two entrances. When characters enter either locker room, they cannot hear what's happening in the other locker room or the hallway. Each locker room has a stall and a sink.)

(enter KELLY and HARRY to hallway)

KELLY

Dammit, I was hoping Simon was already here.

HARRY

You don't think he flaked did you?

KELLY

No. He's coming.

HARRY

You sure? He seemed a little chicken about facing Conrad.

KELLY

He wouldn't just leave us.

HARRY

I wouldn't be so sure. He seems like a flake to me.

KELLY

Don't be so mean.

HARRY

Me? Mean? Really?

KELLY

What?

HARRY

You wanna talk about the stunt you pulled with your mom this morning?

KELLY

You don't know what you're talking about.

HARRY

I've always known it's been bad, but I didn't realize how much worse--

KELLY

Well it's really none of your business, is it?

HARRY

I guess but--

KELLY

Butt out Harry.

HARRY

Hey! We've been friends since kindergarten, you know you can tell me things right?

KELLY

Oh, don't give me that crap.

HARRY

What??

KELLY

You've barely looked me in the eye this year. Ever since the stupid soccer team took you in--

HARRY

That's not fair.

KELLY

You know what's not fair? Suddenly being abandoned by your best friend in eighth grade because he chose soccer practice over you.

HARRY

It's only a few months out of the year!

KELLY

Well color me grateful it's between seasons!

HARRY

Kelly...

KELLY

Don't pretend like it's all okay! I see the way your friends look at me. No wonder you don't want to be seen with me. I'm the embarrassing girl with the screwed up home life.

HARRY

No! You're more than that.

KELLY

Well clearly I'm not good enough to be your friend during the fall and spring seasons.

HARRY

I'm just saying that you can still talk to me about your mom--

KELLY

When? After school when no one is looking? I have a great idea! You can pretend I don't exist all school year, and then whenever I get desperate, I can bribe you to talk to me with BEER!

HARRY

Kelly no, you're still my best friend.

KELLY

Well it doesn't feel that way.

HARRY

I'm sorry. I didn't know... I thought now you are friends with Simon that--

KELLY

That I don't need you anymore?

HARRY

That you didn't need *me* anymore.

KELLY

(beat) Maybe I don't. Maybe after this prank is over, we shouldn't be friends anymore.

(Enter SIMON)

SIMON

Sorry guys!!! I'm sorry, Ms. Flounce wouldn't let me leave until she finished her story about her weekend ski trip. I can't believe teachers have lives outside of-- *(beat)* Everything okay here?

KELLY/ HARRY

Fine.

SIMON

Alright...

KELLY

You both got the bags?

HARRY

I do.

SIMON

(scrambles through backback) Yea it's in here somewhere... Here! *(Pulls out empty bag)*

KELLY

Simon...

SIMON

No no no no no... The bag opened... It's all over my stuff...

HARRY

Jesus Simon.

KELLY

Go wash your hands. NOW! *(Exit SIMON into boys locker room)*

HARRY

Really? *Simon* is your new best friend? What a guy.

KELLY

You should go with him.

HARRY

(scoffs) In a minute.

KELLY

(beat) Are you nervous?

HARRY

No. Are you?

KELLY

No.

HARRY

Great.

KELLY

You remember what Conrad was wearing this morning?

HARRY

Yeah. Jeans and his stupid yellow sweater vest. I'll look for his underwear near them.

KELLY

Great. *(Turns to exit into girls locker room)* Oh and Harry--

HARRY

Yea?

KELLY

Don't forget to wash your hands after.

HARRY

Don't worry... I brought *(hold up gloves)*

KELLY

Gloves. Smart.

HARRY

I am smart, aren't I?

KELLY

Don't get too cocky. *(KELLY smiles, then enters the girls locker room, HARRY enters boys)*

HARRY

Alright idiot.

SIMON

Harry I'm sorry--

HARRY

It's fine little guy, you can be look out.

SIMON

Don't call me little guy.

KELLY

(to herself) Casey... Casey... Where is that *adooooorable* pink cashmere of yours?

HARRY

Okay. I'll stick with idiot.

SIMON

Whatever. Do you know where Conrad's clothes are?

HARRY

Look for jeans and a yellow sweater.

SIMON

Yellow? I'm pretty sure he was wearing green this morning.

HARRY

Yellow, green-- whatever.

SIMON

Not whatever! What if we do it to the wrong person's clothes???

HARRY

We won't. Because unlike you, I'm actually paying attention. *(Holds up yellow sweater)* This is his, which means THESE are his. *(holds up boxers)*

SIMON

No, I don't think you are. *(Holds up green shirt)* This is his, which means THESE are his. *(holds up briefs)*

HARRY

I swear to god I saw him wearing this sweater this morning. And Conrad would never wear BRIEFS.

SIMON

He was wearing yellow yesterday. Today he was wearing green. And everyone knows assholes wear boxers.

HARRY

I wear boxers. And I can tell you only DORKS wear briefs!

SIMON

Christ.

HARRY

You're always doing this.

SIMON

Doing what?

HARRY

(Throws down sweater) Getting in my way.

SIMON

Jesus Harry... Do you have some kind of problem with me?

KELLY

(to herself) God, I have to pee.

HARRY

So what if I do? What are you gonna do about it?

SIMON

Jesus. Look at you... you just assume I'm some child that can't stick up for myself.

HARRY

That's kinda why we are here, isn't it?

SIMON

We are here to help Kelly.

HARRY

I am here to help Kelly. I really don't know why *you* are here.

SIMON

Because unlike you, Kelly actually thinks I'm smart.

HARRY

HA, that's hilarious given that so far all you've managed to do is spread half the poison ivy all over yourself, and target the WRONG CLOTHES!

SIMON

You know... Kelly's idea is smart and all... but I think we are targeting the wrong bully. (*steals poison ivy bag out of HARRY's hand*)

HARRY

Give that back!

SIMON

I'm tired if you pushing me around like I'm second best. Maybe it's time you get a taste of your own medicine. (*open's bag*)

HARRY

No... Simon... We have a plan... (*across the stage, KELLY enters stall*)

SIMON

I have a new plan.

HARRY

DON'T! (*HARRY and SIMON fight. It turns into a wrestling match over the poison ivy bag. Leaves go everywhere-- down each other's shirts, in their hair, all over the locker room and everyone's clothes that are in the open.*)

KELLY

(*Kicks open stall door and screams*) AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (*Boys stop wrestling*)

SIMON

What was that?

HARRY

Kelly! Kelly... Oh my god... (*SIMON and HARRY run into the hallway*) KELLY?? KELLY ARE YOU OKAY??

KELLY

Shit shit shit shit SHIT! No this can't be happening.. Not right now...

SIMON

KELLY?? Should we go in?

HARRY

Are you crazy? What if she got caught?

SIMON

What if she's hurt?

HARRY

(*pause*) Fuck. You're right.

SIMON

Of course I'm right.

HARRY

(*Shoves SIMON*) SHUT UP before I kick your ass again!

SIMON

I'm going in.

HARRY

No, I am. (*SIMON and HARRY Enter girls locker room to see KELLY on the floor crying*)

SIMON

Kelly?! Are you okay?

HARRY

What's wrong?! Oh my god... is that blood on your hands?! Where did it come from?!