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)* AAAAAHHHH! *(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
Shhhhh 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 DOWNNNNNN!!!!!!

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-- (Threats 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 by 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 backpack) 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) AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH! (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?!