

*Scene One*

Dusk.

A schoolyard. A small grassy slope. GAIL and JUNIOR are entwined. She is on her back with her hands behind her head. He has one leg over her thighs and his head under her sweater. He is making many varied and muffled sounds of pleasure. Her mild enjoyment turns gradually to restlessness and eventually impatience.

Behind them, some distance away, a bum is curled up against a wall.

GAIL: Junior?... Junior.

JUNIOR: (something muffled)

GAIL: God, Junior, it's time to move on...try some other part of my body. Sex does not begin and end at my chest. Do you realize how much time you spend under my sweater.

JUNIOR: (something muffled)

GAIL: I'm beginning to think there's something wrong with you.

JUNIOR: (pulls head out) I love them. I...I can't think of anything else to say.

GAIL: But it keeps me, you know, passive. What can I do to you when your head is under there. I'm tired of running my fingers through your hair.

JUNIOR: That's all I need. My hair is sensitive. It's exciting, really. (he goes under her sweater)

GAIL: It's not that it's not...you know nice. Well, sometimes it's boring. But mostly, Junior it's well...Were you breast fed.

JUNIOR: (pulls head out) I have no problem about breasts. I've never had a breast thing in my life. I just like yours...that's all I can say really. And I love being under your sweater. Try to understand.

GAIL: Try to understand what.

JUNIOR: That I love being under your sweater.

GAIL: How can anyone understand something like that. You've got to give me a reason. You love being under my sweater, because...

JUNIOR: Because why.

GAIL: I don't know. You tell me.

JUNIOR: I don't know. I just do. Try to understand.