

The Kissing List of Margaret Jones by Y York

Ginger and Margaret, both 16. Ginger's house. Margaret enters.

Ginger. How come you're so late? Where's Debby?

Margaret. Her mother wouldn't let her come. Her mother doesn't want her hanging out with us any more.

Ginger. Oh, my God. That bitch.

Margaret. Don't worry. I brought the key.

Ginger. I don't want to do it without Debby.

Margaret. We can still do it. When we finish these ones, we'll get her to write more. We'll do it at school. Her mother can't stop what we do at school. Get the box.

Ginger. It's not going to be the same.

(Margaret uses the key to unlock the box which is filled with small folded pieces of paper.)

Margaret. Ta da! After you.

Ginger. Go ahead.

Margaret. You go ahead.

Ginger. I went first last time.

Margaret. You didn't, you just didn't. Take one.

Ginger. You are so bossy. (She takes a folded piece of paper, reads it) Oh my God, this is disgusting. She is disgusting.

Margaret. What is it.

Ginger. It's the frog prince.

Margaret. A frog? You have to kiss a frog?

Ginger. A toad.

Margaret. You get all the easy ones. That is so easy.

Ginger. They carry diseases.

Margaret. The disease danger is mitigated by how easy it will be. Remember when I had to kiss a state senator.

Ginger. That wasn't hard.

Margaret. It was extremely hard and it was complicated. Getting hired by that catering company? Getting training? It took a long time. You can just go in your yard with a net and you will be done and you can add another number to your list. It took me weeks to add the senator. You'll add a number in an hour. Not fair. (Takes a piece of paper.)

Ginger. What did you get?

Margaret. Never mind.

Ginger. Come on. What does it say?

Margaret. I don't have to tell.

Ginger. Margaret!

Margaret. Really, we don't have to tell until we accomplish the kiss.

Ginger. But we always do.

Margaret. But we don't have to.

Ginger. Did you get the cripple guy?

Margaret. She put in a cripple guy?

Ginger. Yeah.

Margaret. How do you know that? She's not supposed to tell.

Ginger. She was so excited when she thought it up she blurted it out. A cripple guy will be hard. Tell me what you got.

(Margaret waves her piece of paper.)

Margaret. No, no. It will be a surprise. A happy surprise for you when you find out who I picked.

Ginger. Shut up.

Margaret. ... Why do you think a cripple guy would be so hard?

Ginger. Because "disgusting" is why.

Margaret. But a little exciting. Don't you think that it's a little exciting.

Ginger. No I do not.

Margaret. Like putty in your hands, a cripple guy. (Grandly) "You're so cute even though you're cripple. I want to kiss you, would you let me kiss you."

Ginger. Oh my god, you already had the cripple guy! Why didn't you tell me? Who was it? Was it somebody at school?

Margaret. No. It was at an army thing. I knew it would be safe to kiss him even though he was older, him being crippled and all. But he was horny even though his penis didn't work. He wanted me to kiss it while he looked.

Ginger. Kiss his penis? You didn't do that, did you?

Margaret. Why not?

Ginger. That's not part of the deal.

Margaret. It wasn't going to get hard or anything. He was crippled. And he was nice. He made me come.

Ginger. Shut up.

Margaret. Yeah. He did something with his fingers. Do you want me to show you.

Ginger. You let him finger you just so you could put him on the list? I would never do that. I would take the demerits, I would never do that.

Margaret. He wasn't for the list.

ginger. You kissed a cripple guy for fun?

Margaret. Don't you ever do stuff not for the list? Just because it's fun and different and sexy?

Ginger. No.

Margaret. Oh, come on. Don't you ever want kisses not for the list. Somebody to kiss you and touch you and make you feel good.

Ginger. No. I don't. I do not not not.

Margaret. Don't you get lonely?

Ginger. How could I get lonely? We talk every hour.

Margaret. Lonely for sex.

Ginger. God, no.

Margaret. Or then...lonely to talk about something serious.

Ginger. I never want to be serious.

Margaret. Share things. Personal things.

Ginger. (Brief pause) Oh my god. Margaret? What is wrong? Is something wrong?

Margaret. Um. No, nothing is wrong exactly. But something did happen.

Ginger. With the cripple army guy?

Margaret. No, um, no, it was...it started a few guys ago. With number...thirty...uh...the blind one.

Ginger. Oh, yeah. The slobbering blind guy.

Margaret. ...I didn't really tell you everything about the slobbering blind guy. I sort of made it up, the slobbering drooling part. He was really quite dry.

Ginger. We don't lie to each other, never, we never lie. You are my best friend, and you must never lie to me.

Margaret. I only lied...because I was afraid...it was so...so.. scary...and it was amazing. It was scary and it was amazing.

Ginger. Did he hurt you? I'll kill him if he hurt you, blind or not.

Margaret. No no, it wasn't violent. It was...magical.

Ginger. Kissing is not magical. Not for us.

Margaret. He said my kiss was magic. That...he could see again. After our kiss.

Ginger. He just wanted you to kiss him again.

Margaret. He told me what I looked like. What I was wearing.

Ginger. Maybe he isn't blind in the first place. He fakes it so he can sell more newspapers.

Margaret. Then the next guy? The "abnormally short guy?" He said when I kissed him he felt tall. The tallest man in the world, and the next time I saw him, he was taller. A few inches at least.

Ginger. Lifts in his shoes.

Margaret. He was barefoot.

Ginger. It's too cold for barefeet.

Margaret. At his apartment. I saw his feet at his apartment. And they looked taller.

Ginger. (Gasp) that is not allowed. We do not go to their apartments.

Margaret. I wanted him to grow more. When we kissed I could feel the tingling growing of his short body.

Ginger. That was his penis.

Margaret. We only kissed for growing not for penis hardening. Now each time I kiss a new person for the list there is a tingling in the air, a magic sensation between me and the kissee.

Ginger. Get out.

Margaret. Yes. My kisses are causing healing.

Ginger. Maybe you should stop.

Margaret. I can't stop. It would be immoral for me to stop if my kisses are healing. I must go on.

Ginger. If boys find out you can make them grow, they will never leave you alone. You're lips will get sore.

Margaret. It doesn't work like that, I don't think. It's only to cure people. A normal boy without shortness wouldn't grow. They won't grow because they want to grow; they have to be clinically short to grow from a kiss. ...And. I have cured other ailments.

Ginger. What? What else did you cure?

Margaret. I think the tingling means that something is being cured. Maybe it's something I can't even see. Maybe I am curing cancer with my kisses. Or insomnia. Or shyness. Or nerves before a test? Bad breath?

Ginger. Could you cure pimples?

Margaret. (Score!) If there is tingling, there is curing. I am sure of it. Do you know a boy, a boy with pimples that you want me to cure?

Ginger. My pimples.

Margaret. Ah. Your ones. I don't know.

Ginger. You wouldn't cure my pimples?

Margaret. It has to be a French kiss. A long and very wet one.

Ginger. That is gross.

Margaret. I don't tingle from a dry peck. I've tried it.

Ginger. Okay. Do me.

Margaret. ...It would be very disturbing. To kiss a girl? My friend?

Ginger. I would kiss you to cure your pimples.

Margaret. I don't have pimples.

Ginger. But we'd do that for each other. We'd cure each other.

Margaret. It would cause mental turmoil. How could I ever look at you again, knowing that we had kissed long and deep?

Ginger. But I've tried everything. I've been to the Mayo Clinic.

Margaret. What's that?

Ginger. They study diseases of the skin.

Margaret. I really don't think I can kiss someone with a skin disease.

Ginger. Please, Margaret, Please.

Margaret. Oh, all right. If it is that important to you.

Ginger. It is everything to me, everything.

Margaret. Lone and deep.

Ginger. Long and deep.

(They kiss.)

Ginger. I didn't feel anything. Did you feel anything. Did you tingle? Is my face cleared up? You stuck your tongue almost to my tonsils. I thought I was going to gag. What? What are you smiling about? Are my pimples gone.

(Margaret hands ginger the piece of folded paper from the box. Margaret takes out her list and writes on it.)

Margaret. Number thirty eight.

Ginger. You...you...Margaret. Margaret Jones!

End.