

From A Tiny Miracle With A Fiberoptic Unicorn by Don Zolidis

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(for rights to the play and a larger sample, please visit www.playscripts.com)

LOUIS, 13, a somewhat geeky kid.

KELLY, 17, his older sister.

(LOUIS, 13, and KELLY, 17 are brother and sister forced to stay in the same room while their grandmothers visit for what proves to be a disastrous Christmas. In this scene they are getting ready for bed late at night. LOUIS is sleeping on the floor on an inflatable air mattress, Kelly is in her bed.)

If you look at me, I'll kill you. KELLY

I wasn't looking. LOUIS

You better not snore. KELLY

God you're mean. I don't snore. LOUIS

You snore. I've heard it. KELLY

You snore. LOUIS

I do not. KELLY

It's like a motorcycle. LOUIS

You're a moron. KELLY

I love you too, Kelly. LOUIS

(KELLY throws something at him.)

Ow! What was that?

My clock radio. KELLY

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He's got anger issues, Mom. He said that he's upset because he hasn't undergone puberty yet.

LOUIS

Shut up.

KELLY

See? It's driving him insane.

EMILY

Both of you: be quiet. Go to bed. I don't want to come in here again.

(She flips off the lights and leaves.)

LOUIS

God you're a liar.

KELLY

Have you undergone puberty?

LOUIS

Has your hair undergone puberty?

KELLY

Oh good one. Good one, Louis. You really got me there.

LOUIS

One of these days I'm gonna come at you with a match and your whole head is going to ignite.

KELLY

Errr. You're cool, Louis.

LOUIS

Ah! My head's on fire! Ah!

(KELLY throws something else at LOUIS.)

Ow!

KELLY

Go to sleep or I'm going to knock you unconscious.

LOUIS

Fine. Good night.

KELLY

Good night.

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LOUIS

I hope I don't roll onto you in the middle of the night.

KELLY

I'm not talking to you any more.

LOUIS

Good night.

(Pause.)

Hey Kelly?

(no response.)

Hey Kelly are you asleep?

KELLY

Yeah I fell asleep in the ten seconds you shut your stupid mouth. I am not talking to you any more. Do not talk to me.

LOUIS

How old were you when you had your first kiss?

KELLY

I'm not telling you.

LOUIS

Was it with that guy from Wilson?

KELLY

Which guy?

LOUIS

The guy with the little mustache and the rat-tail?

KELLY

No. Gross.

LOUIS

You never kissed him?

KELLY

He wasn't my first. Wait a minute, have you kissed anybody?

LOUIS

Define kissed.

KELLY

So you haven't kissed anybody?

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LOUIS

I kissed Rachel Marber on the bus in sixth grade. Well... I mean, she kissed me. And then later I found out that Cass Thompson had bet her a dollar she wouldn't do it.

(KELLY snorts.)

So do you think that counts?

KELLY

No.

LOUIS

Why not? She kissed me.

KELLY

Yeah, but it was on a dare. Like, I bet you won't kiss the monkey over there. Or, I bet you won't eat a ball of cat fur.

LOUIS

Uck.

KELLY

It's not as gross as it sounds.

LOUIS

You ate a ball of cat fur?

KELLY

I got five bucks for it. Shut up. Like you've never done anything weird.

LOUIS

You ate a ball of cat fur and you kiss people and I never ate any cat fur and I never get to kiss anyone.

KELLY

Yeah, life sucks that way.

LOUIS

I'm gonna kiss Carolyn Warren.

KELLY *(sarcastic)*

Yeah you are.

LOUIS

I am. I made a pact with myself.

KELLY *(even more sarcastic)*

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Oh well in that case then.

LOUIS

You don't think I can do it?

KELLY

Like, if you tie her up and knock her unconscious then you could do it. Otherwise no.

LOUIS

Why not?

KELLY

Oh come on. Carolyn Warren?

LOUIS

What about her?

KELLY

Have you seen Carolyn Warren?

LOUIS

Obviously that's why I want to kiss her.

KELLY

Is she like freakishly weird in ways I don't know about?

LOUIS

I don't think so.

KELLY

Has she called you on the phone or anything?

LOUIS

No. I mean, yeah. One time. For math help.

KELLY

She doesn't like you, Louis. She's cute, right?

LOUIS

Yeah.

KELLY

So why would she like you? She's probably got lots of guys that like her. She doesn't have to settle for you. Not to hurt your feelings or anything.

LOUIS (*obviously hurt*)

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You didn't.

KELLY

Okay, all right, all right, no need to get sad about it. It's just the way things are. Girls in junior high don't go for the smart guys. Unless they're tall and good at sports. Smart doesn't really get a girl to like you.

LOUIS

What should I do?

KELLY

You're asking me for advice?

LOUIS

Yeah. I mean you've got like tons of experience with guys. Like. Tons.

KELLY

Thanks Louis.

LOUIS

Every week there's like a new guy. It's like you don't have any standards at all.

KELLY

All right shut up. You want my advice? Give up.
(Pause)

LOUIS

I'm not gonna do that.

KELLY

Well why do you ask me for advice then? You're so rude.

LOUIS

Your advice is lame.

KELLY

Don't ask me then.

LOUIS

I want to know how to make her like me.

KELLY

Either she likes you or she doesn't like you; there's nothing you can do about it.

LOUIS

What if I was like, dangerous or something?

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KELLY

It doesn't matter. Go to sleep. God.

LOUIS

Maybe if I—

KELLY

All right, all right. Look: you've got a lot of things stacked up against you—you're a dork, you're ugly, you're stupid, you can't dress yourself, I mean the list goes on and on. But underneath *all* of that, you're a nice guy. So don't try to not be a nice guy because that's the only thing you've got. Okay? And maybe, you know, God will smile on you or something and momentarily paralyze her brain and she'll kiss you. But that's best you can hope for.

LOUIS

I love you, Kelly.

KELLY

Shut up.

LOUIS

I'm going to hug you at the mall tomorrow.

KELLY

I'll knee you in the balls if you try it.

LOUIS

You're so sweet. Seriously, though. Thanks.

KELLY

Don't mention it.

LOUIS

You're the best older sister a guy could ever have.

KELLY

Go to sleep before I gouge your eyes out with a spoon.

LOUIS

Hey Kelly?

(Pause.)

Kelly?

(Pause.)

Do you think Mom and Dad are happy anymore?