

# A TINY MIRACLE WITH A FIBEROPTIC UNICORN

by Don Zolidis

## Characters

LOUIS, 13, a rather normal-looking 13-year-old boy. That is to say, awkward.

KELLY, 17, Louis' older sister. Big big big unbelievably big hair.

## Scene

Louis and Kelly 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.

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

**LOUIS.** I wasn't looking.

**KELLY.** You better not snore.

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

**KELLY.** You snore. I've heard it.

**LOUIS.** You snore.

**KELLY.** I do not.

**LOUIS.** It's like a motorcycle.

**KELLY.** You're a moron.

**LOUIS.** I love you too, Kelly.

*(KELLY throws something at him.)*

Ow! What was that?

**KELLY.** My clock radio.

**LOUIS.** That hurt.

**KELLY.** Really? I'm sorry. Let me make it better.

*(She hits him with a pillow.)*

**LOUIS.** Ah!

**KELLY.** Shhhh! Grandma's sleeping!

*(She hits him with a pillow again.)*

Don't make noise. Louis! Don't make noise!

*(She pounds on him with her pillow. LOUIS escapes and fights back.)*

Stop it!

*(LOUIS manages to knock KELLY over with a vicious hit from his pillow.)*

Ow.

**LOUIS.** Take that, wench!

*(She fights back.)*

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

**LOUIS.** Fine. Good night.

**KELLY.** Good night.

**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?

**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.)

LOUIS. 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:) 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:) 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?

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?

## **A Scene for Either**