

From One Good Thing
By Don Zolidis

JESSIE, 14, a scrappy, somewhat weird girl.

TRAVIS, 17, an awkward boy.

(TRAVIS has just left his brother's funeral. He has a huge crush on JESSIE's older sister, KIMBERLY, who doesn't know he exists. JESSIE, on the hand, does.)

JESSIE

Are you doing okay, Travis?

TRAVIS

I'm fine.

JESSIE

That suit looks good on you.

TRAVIS

It's actually Nick's.

JESSIE

Oh—I'm sorry.

TRAVIS

Nah, it's all right, it doesn't fit him any more.

(short pause.)

I mean, it didn't fit him.

(Pause.)

JESSIE

So what are you doing tomorrow night?

TRAVIS

I don't know. Nothing.

JESSIE

We're having a sleep-over. You wanna come?

TRAVIS

To a sleep-over?

JESSIE

Well I mean it's... it's a very sophisticated sleep-over. It's more like a party really.

Is your sister gonna be there?
TRAVIS

Why do you care?
JESSIE

Just wondering.
TRAVIS

I don't know. She's going out to a party tonight or something.
JESSIE

Where?
TRAVIS

Why do you like her?
JESSIE

I don't like her that much.
TRAVIS

You're like totally obsessed with her. And she doesn't even know you exist.
JESSIE

She knows I exist.
TRAVIS

She knows you exist in the way she knows cockroaches exist. As long as they stay hidden in the dark and don't come around where she can see them, she's fine with it. I mean I guess that's okay because you're lurking in the bushes and all—
JESSIE

That was one time. I lost my Frisbee—
TRAVIS

Yeah you're out there throwing your Frisbee to yourself and you "accidentally" toss it into our bushes—
JESSIE

I was not doing that on purpose—
TRAVIS

JESSIE

Whatever. I'm just saying it's kinda sad. Most people try to play catch with at least one other person. But you got your own thing going.

TRAVIS

I was practicing—

JESSIE

Listen, let me tell you something about Kimberly. She's never going to go out with you. You know what Kimberly thinks about all day? Her hair. And her clothes. Her entire brain is filled up with that; it's like a warehouse for the mall. Okay? And you know who's she gonna go out with? Some guy just like her past nine boyfriends who has a car and money and does some kind of sport where he hurts people. That's her life. And you don't wanna be part of it, trust me.

TRAVIS

You don't know her—

JESSIE

What?! I'm her fricking sister! Have you ever talked to her?

TRAVIS

Yes—

JESSIE

About more than the weather?

TRAVIS

I talk to her all the time—

JESSIE

About homework? Leaving those sad little messages on our answering machine? What do you think she does when she hears those? First she tries to remember who you are, and then she rolls her eyes and deletes them. Okay?

TRAVIS

Well she called that one time—

JESSIE

I called. I called you.

TRAVIS

What for?

JESSIE

To make you stop leaving those stupid messages! God. You know I used to think my sister was dumb, and now I'm realizing that everyone's dumb. Maybe you two should go out. Look—she's not going to be at my party, okay? She's got other superficial-wench-type-things to be doing.

TRAVIS

How old are you again?

JESSIE

Fourteen. Practically.

TRAVIS

Aren't there any other practically fourteen year old guys you could invite instead?

JESSIE

They're all idiots. Seriously. On medication. Part monkey. Retarded.

TRAVIS

Okay, but like... I'm seventeen, okay?

JESSIE

Yeah, but you're immature for your age.

TRAVIS

Sorry.

JESSIE

You had fun last time—

TRAVIS

No I didn't—you guys tormented me the whole time.

JESSIE

Yeah but that's fun.

TRAVIS

Listen, Jessie, you are a very nice girl—and there are probably lots of guys your age—

JESSIE (*overlapping*)

But they're retarded!

TRAVIS

Who would love to go out with you—

JESSIE

Wait a minute, wait a minute! I'm not asking you out!

TRAVIS

Okay, fine.

JESSIE

I can ask you over to a party without asking you out.

TRAVIS

Okay, fine, you're not asking me out.

JESSIE

If I was asking you out you'd be lucky because I'm a lot hotter than any girl you're going to get—

TRAVIS

I don't know about—

JESSIE

And I'm only getting hotter. I mean, a year or two—you're going to be creeping over in the bushes trying to look into my bedroom—

TRAVIS

I lost my Frisbee in the bush!

JESSIE

Keep saying that and it might become true.

TRAVIS

It is true.

JESSIE

You know what, Travis? I might be the only person who will ever say this: but I think you're pretty cool. So come over if you want, but... if you ever need someone to actually catch that Frisbee, let me know, all right? So...

(TRAVIS' FATHER exits the house.)

I should go.

TRAVIS

What?

JESSIE

I'm sorry about your brother.

(she gives him another quick hug.)

Bye.

TRAVIS

Bye.