

## ONE GOOD THING

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A play in two acts  
by  
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## Cast of Characters

### **The Families:**

ERYNNE O'NEILL, 17, a troubled punk girl.

ERYNNE'S FATHER, (Brad), 40ish, a former pitcher, partly disabled and unemployed.

ERYNNE'S MOTHER, (Gail), 40ish, soft-spoken and defeated.

DIERDRE O'NEILL, 14, Erynne's older sister, dead for five years.

TRAVIS ARNESON, 17, sweet, awkward, a little bit bored.

NICK ARNESON, 20, Travis' older brother, a marine.

TRAVIS' FATHER, (Jim), 45, married 23 years, going through a mid-life crisis.

TRAVIS' MOTHER, (Terri), 42, married 23 years, not going through a mid-life crisis.

### *Erynne's world:*

NEMO, 18, her boyfriend. Charming, ruthless, a little dangerous.

TRANK, 18, a criminal from a Christian Academy.

CHUBB, 16, a thin punk girl.

SCOOTER, 17, a very strange boy.

ROHAN, 21, Scooter's older brother, a warlock.

ESMERELDA, 23, Scooter's older sister, normal in comparison.

### *Travis' world:*

KIMBERLY WALUSCHKA, 17, his next-door neighbor, blond and beautiful.

JESSIE WALUSCHKA, 13, Kimberly's younger sister, a little weird.

LILY, 13, Jessie's depressed friend.

MORGAN, 13, Jessie's friend.

KALLIE, 14, Jessie's aggressive friend.

DANICA, 13, Jessie's friend.

KATIE, 17, Kimberly's friend. A prep.

### *Other Characters:*

MISS WINDHORST, 40ish, a flustered history teacher.

ANNOUNCING VOICE

MINISTER

NURSE

PERSONS 1-4, people at a party.

MARINES

Other students

*A note on the language: Some productions may wish to substitute the words in <brackets> for the words in the script to make the play more suitable for school audiences. Other language deemed unsuitable may be changed as necessary.*

***One Good Thing*** is intended for ages 13 and up, and may not be appropriate for younger audience members.

## Cast

*One Good Thing* was originally produced at Haltom High School from October 21<sup>st</sup>-24<sup>th</sup>, 2005. The original cast was as follows:

ERYNNE O'NEILL  
ERYNNE'S FATHER  
ERYNNE'S MOTHER  
DIERDRE O'NEILL

Sarah Harbison  
Chase Robinson  
Sarah Dickerson  
Jenna McDade

TRAVIS ARNESON  
NICK ARNESON  
TRAVIS' FATHER  
TRAVIS' MOTHER

Trevin McLaughlin  
Sterling Mathis  
Jef Erwin  
Maeghan Gibson

NEMO  
TRANK  
CHUBB  
SCOOTER  
ROHAN  
ESMERELDA

Anthony Hernandez  
Jeffrey Branch  
Alyssa Jones  
Jordan Starks  
Kevin Whiteside  
Roxanne Moore

KIMBERLY WALUSCHKA  
JESSIE WALUSCHKA  
LILY  
MORGAN  
KALLIE  
DANICA  
KATIE

Sonia Rehman  
Jewel Gobe  
Yanina Gonzalez  
Alysia Martinez  
Bre Gibson  
Natalie Bodak  
Chloe Gobe

MISS WINDHORST  
MINISTER  
NURSE  
PARTY PEOPLE

Christina Thompson  
Jake Hill  
Alysia Martinez  
Samone Scott  
David Sylvester  
Chelsea Spaulding  
Lauren Rowland  
Kelsey Harris

MARINES

Bill Tyler  
Drew Cagle  
Nic Neufeld  
Christian Velasco

## Act One

*(Rosedale. A small town on the verge of fading entirely out of view. On stage are the shadows of buildings and trees, looming, broken, sinister. Wreckage strewn about. The scenes of the play take place scattered around the stage, carved out in pools of light. Various doorways, recessed into the edges of the city provide entrances and exits. At rise, the forestage is bare except a twin bed. ERYNNE, 17, lies on the bed stage left, writing in a journal. She wears dark, ragged clothing, many sizes too large. She wears heavy makeup and is drawn out to look as frightening as possible. Stage right, TRAVIS, 17, a skinny, unpretentious kid, holds a basketball and dribbles clumsily.)*

ERYNNE *(to the audience)*

I live in a one-story ranch house in Rosedale—our neighborhood, when I was real small, used to be pretty good, but that was before people stopped mowing their lawns and started parking their cars on their yards. And that was before the creepy sex offender moved in two doors down who keeps his door open all day long—So he can keep an eye on the neighborhood and make things safe for his own brand of insanity. Anyway, we used to have a downtown, with a movie theatre and everything, and you could even get something to eat there, but eventually all the stores closed except for the Big Lots, which kind of gobbled up the other stores around it like some kind of cancerous octopus—and you know, I love the three-liter bottles of generic soda as much as the next guy, but do we really need the gigantic rolls of toilet paper? So the Big Lots sits there like the Tower of Sauron, this malevolent, oozing pimple on the face of the town, and I guess the rot just radiated from there, and so what we have left—what we have left... what we have left is a Wal-Mart, a Target, a whole selection of fast food restaurants, and a high school. If it were me, I'd just burn the whole place down and start over.

ERYNNE'S FATHER *(off-stage)*

Who are you talking to in there?!

ERYNNE *(shouting off)*

I'm on the phone!

ERYNNE'S FATHER *(off-stage)*

Get off the phone!

ERYNNE

Get off the couch!

*(TRAVIS speaks to the audience, dribbling the basketball. He makes to take a shot.)*

TRAVIS

I like it here. I mean some people have their problems with Rosedale, but really it's all right. I mean I guess it's the same as everywhere else. There isn't all that much to do. But um... anyway, it's home, you know? And that makes it cool. Not so much cool as safe. I was on the basketball team in eighth grade, which is where I learned to dribble. I played a grand total of fourteen minutes in our season. I took twenty-three shots in those fourteen minutes. I made two. Every time I touched the ball I would just... hurl it towards the basket, you know? And then I would run into people trying to get the rebound. I fouled out of three games. When we had our end of the year banquet, I got the award for most improved. But I hadn't really gotten any better, you know? I pretty much sucked in the beginning, I sucked in the middle, and I sucked hard-core at the end. So the coach gave me an award because I didn't end up quitting like they all wanted me to. My point in this is that I'm not really good at anything. My brother, on the other hand—

*(NICK, 20, comes out from behind and steals the ball from TRAVIS. He dribbles around him. NICK is wearing desert fatigues.)*

NICK

Oh!

*(He acts like he's going to give him the ball back, then tosses it backwards off-stage. Pause. He stares at TRAVIS.)*

You look like a retard.

TRAVIS

Shut up.

NICK

How do you stand to go outside like that?

TRAVIS

I manage.

NICK

Stand up straight.

TRAVIS

No.

NICK

Stand up straight. Do it. Do it or I'm gonna punch you in the face.

TRAVIS

Do it then.

*(NICK goes to punch him. TRAVIS flinches.)*

NICK  
Two for flinching.  
*(NICK hits TRAVIS hard in the shoulder twice.)*

TRAVIS  
Ow.

NICK  
Wuss.

TRAVIS  
Shut up.

NICK  
When are you gonna grow up?

TRAVIS  
When are you gonna grow up?

NICK  
I am grown up. Check this out.  
*(He flexes.)*  
Feel it. Go ahead feel it.

TRAVIS  
I don't want to.

NICK  
You're scared. Feel it. You know what this is? This is a muscle. Rock hard. This is what three months at Camp Pendleton does to you.

TRAVIS  
I thought it made you an asshole <jerk>.  
*(NICK goes to punch him again. TRAVIS doesn't flinch.)*

NICK  
Oh! I was an asshole <jerk> before I went. They just helped me bring it out. You gonna sign up after you graduate?

TRAVIS  
No.

NICK  
Why not?

Cause— TRAVIS

Cause you're a wuss. NICK

No. TRAVIS

Cause you're a wuss. NICK

Cause I'm going to college. TRAVIS

NICK  
Marines'll help you pay for college. You're not a marine though. You'll never be a marine—you'll probably be like... expert toilet cleaner or something, you know? When there's a clog on the battlefield they'll call you in.

You scared? TRAVIS

No. Quit asking me that. NICK

I'd be scared. TRAVIS

NICK  
That's why Uncle Sam pays me to defend the country and he pays you nothing. Because he wouldn't take you—because you're a wuss.

*(Lights switch back to ERYNNE. She has moved to the living room. Her FATHER sits on the couch, watching television, beer in hand.)*

ERYNNE *(to the audience)*  
My Dad... well, what to say about him?

ERYNNE'S FATHER *(at the television)*  
Ah come on!  
*(He throws his empty beer can at the TV.)*

ERYNNE  
That's pretty much his main characteristic. When he saw something he didn't like, he threw something at it. Every once in a while he'd get really upset at something and he

ERYNNE (*continued*)

wouldn't be able to find something appropriate to throw, so he'd just kind of squirm around in the couch reaching for anything, like freaked out that something hadn't hit the television yet—if he could have thrown his own head at the TV, he would've. Actually, the screen of our TV used to be the only nice thing in the house, when he bought it, on credit, it was more expensive than his truck. But now it has all these dents and scratches in it—

ERYNNE'S FATHER (*at the television*)

What was that!?

*(He looks for something, gets up a little, and tosses a pile of mail at it.)*

ERYNNE

Yeah, he's a winner. He used to work as a contractor, but then something fell on him and his left arm is down to like forty percent motion or something like that—so he gets these disability checks and that's pretty much all he does. A whole lotta nothing. So my Dad's effectively like sixty percent of a human being—apparently he was like a pitcher when he was in high school—

*(He throws something else at the television)*

Which I guess explains the throwing stuff.

ERYNNE'S FATHER (*to ERYNNE*)

When did you get home?

ERYNNE

I've been home.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

What did you do in school today?

ERYNNE

Nothing.

*(Pause. He goes back to watching the television.)*

Nice talking to you, Dad.

*(She starts to leave.)*

ERYNNE'S FATHER

When are you gonna get some decent clothes?

ERYNNE

Give me money to go to the mall.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Yeah, so you can go buy jeans that are already all ripped up.

ERYNNE

I don't wear ripped jeans.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Or your crazy black parachute pants.

ERYNNE

They're not parachute pants.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Plumber pants. Whatever. You look suicidal.

ERYNNE

Talk to you later, Dad.

*(She leaves. Lights switch to TRAVIS and NICK.)*

NICK

You got a girl?

TRAVIS

No.

NICK

Why not?

TRAVIS

I haven't met the right one yet.

*(NICK laughs.)*

NICK

Yeah, whatever. 'I haven't met the right one yet.' Are you like quoting some stupid movie or something? Oh I'm waiting for true love. Have you ever had a girlfriend?

TRAVIS

Yes.

NICK

Liar.

TRAVIS

I'm not.

NICK

What was her name?

Jessica. TRAVIS

You just made that up. NICK

No I didn't. TRAVIS

What was her last name? NICK

Walker. TRAVIS

What's her phone number?  
*(NICK takes out his cell phone.)*  
What's her phone number? NICK

She doesn't have a phone. TRAVIS

Is she like homeless or something? Did you go out with a homeless girl? Man, that's sad, was she liked passed out the whole time? Gimme the number. NICK

No. TRAVIS

You're such a liar. Look—let me give you some advice—you find a girl, it doesn't matter which one, any one, and buy some dinner or whatever—like Olive Garden, take `em someplace nice— NICK

Is that what you had to do? TRAVIS

No but I'm better looking than you. Girls bought me dinner. NICK

They did not. TRAVIS

Ashley... I don't even remember her last name—remember Ashley? NICK

TRAVIS

The chick with all the acne?

NICK

It cleared up. She bought me dinner.

TRAVIS

She was just grateful cause she had such bad skin.

NICK

No. No—she was hot. All right forget Ashley—Tara, remember her? Tara was hot—and she bought me dinner—and then we made sweet, sweet—

TRAVIS

Great.

NICK

You know why? Check this out.

*(He flexes again.)*

Oh! Look at it. It's beautiful. You gotta go to the gym or something. What do you weigh? One thirty?

TRAVIS

No.

NICK

What do you bench?

TRAVIS

I don't know. One fifty.

NICK

Yeah right. Let me go get my weights—I wanna see this. I'm gonna put one fifty on the rack and I'm gonna watch you try it and we'll see what happens.

TRAVIS

All right, maybe less than that.

NICK

Maybe less. Maybe. Huh. Man you are such a wuss. I'm so ashamed that I'm related to you. You're like this ghost that warns me of what I could've been if I sucked a lot more.

TRAVIS

Shut up.

NICK

You embarrass me, man. What are you gonna do when I'm gone?

TRAVIS

Sleep better.

NICK

You sleep like twenty hours a day as it is.

TRAVIS

No I don't.

NICK

What do you got to be tired from, it's not like you actually do anything. Sit around—come home from school—play video games—eat—pee—play more video games—you don't have any friends, you don't have a girl, you're sad, man. You're pathetic. I'm glad I'm not you. You know what—when I come back—when I get home—you better not be this worthless piece of crap that I see right now—you know what I'm saying? Get out there. Talk to people. Go to the gym or something. I mean, if you're the future of America, it's pretty sad, you know? You are pretty sad.

TRAVIS

Sorry, I guess my life goal to please you hasn't been achieved.

NICK

That's right, make jokes. What do you think about that, huh? What do you think about the fact that you suck?

*(He waits for a response.)*

You haven't been thinking about that? Man, if I were you, that's all I'd think about.

TRAVIS

Have fun in Iraq.

NICK

I will. And when I get home—

TRAVIS

Yeah I know.

NICK

I'm serious, Travis.

TRAVIS

I hear Baghdad is nice this time of year.

NICK

It's gonna be nice when I'm through with it. Let me tell you something about the American army, all right, wimp? You know what these guys do to try and kill us? They can't actually show up, right? They can't actually say hey let's actually duke it out like men. No these guys are vermin. They put tiny little bombs on the side of the road, aimed to blow up underneath a hummer, where it's weak. And they put all kinds of stuff in there, nails, glass, anything, so that it will send as much crap flying as possible. And then they run away and they blend back in with the rest of the people: You know what that makes them? Wusses. Makes me wanna puke. Doesn't matter though, cause we're gonna exterminate `em. Make the world safe for Starbucks.

*(Pause.)*

TRAVIS

Hey um... don't get blown up.

NICK

I'm not gonna get blown up, man, they're gonna get blown up.

TRAVIS

Right.

NICK

Yeah, well, keep an eye on things around here, and stop being such a wuss. It's not good for ya. And it wouldn't hurt to get yourself a girl. That's an order, mister.

TRAVIS

Uh huh.

NICK

Bye.

TRAVIS

Bye.

*(NICK leaves.)*

*(Lights switch to ERYNNE's bedroom. She's sitting on her bed listening to her headphones. There's a knock on the door. She doesn't hear it. Another knock. She still doesn't hear. There is a pounding on the door as someone tries to open it; it's locked.)*

ERYNNE'S FATHER *(shouting)*

Open the door!

*(He pounds on it.)*

Open the damn door or I'm gonna kick it in! Erynne! Erynne!

*(She finally hears him.)*

ERYNNE

What!

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Open the door!

ERYNNE

You don't have to shout!

*(She opens the door and her FATHER bursts in.)*

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Since when do you need a lock on your door?

ERYNNE

Since you've been trying to get in.

*(He examines the lock, takes out a screwdriver.)*

Hey.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

What. You put this on here yourself?

ERYNNE

Chubb did it.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Who the heck is Chubb?

ERYNNE

Chubb. You've met Chubb.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Does he have an actual name?

ERYNNE

She's a girl.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Does she have a name?

ERYNNE

Amy.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Is she fat?

ERYNNE

No.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Why's she called Chubb then?

ERYNNE

I don't know. It's a nickname.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

It's a drug name. Well you tell Chubb from me that if she comes over here and puts any more locks on your door I'm gonna slap her stupid. You got it? You don't need a lock. I don't know what you think you're gonna do in this cave of a room—

ERYNNE

Dad—

*(he can't get the lock off.)*

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Damn it. Look at this place. What have you got in here?

ERYNNE

Nothing.

*(He begins searching the room.)*

Dad what are you doing?

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Painting the walls black; colored lights everywhere. You know why people have colored lights on their walls? Cause they're on drugs.

ERYNNE

I'm not on drugs, Dad.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Look at me. Look at me. You think I don't know what you do? I know what's going on here. I know what you're doing. And don't think you're gonna get away with it.

*(he kicks at the desk.)*

I said look at me.

ERYNNE

What?

ERYNNE'S FATHER

You wanna be a druggie, is that what you want?

ERYNNE

Leave me alone.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Huh? Sit down.

ERYNNE

Go away.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Sit down.

ERYNNE

No.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

What?

ERYNNE

Leave me alone.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Sit your butt down.

*(She stands there. He grabs her by the shoulders and throws her into a chair, standing over her.)*

I'm gonna tell it to you straight. When you graduate, when you leave here, you are free to screw up your life—

ERYNNE

Dad—

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Listen to me. You are free to be a crack-addicted prostitute if you want—you are free to live on the streets and sell your body to get drugs if that's what floats your boat—but you're not doing it under my roof. And just cause I can't find anything right now doesn't mean it's not here—you understand? You understand where you're headed? And I'm gonna wash my hands of you. And then you're gonna come crawling back here one day, strung out, needing money, needing a place to sleep, and you know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna laugh at you. I'm gonna shut the door in your face, because that's what you do to me every day. Look at me. Tell me where they are and I'll go easy on you.

*(she doesn't say anything.)*

ERYNNE'S MOTHER *(off-stage)*

Erynne!

ERYNNE'S FATHER

She's busy!

ERYNNE'S MOTHER (*off-stage*)

Your friends are here!

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Tell them to go away!

ERYNNE

Tell them to come up!

*(No response from below. He gets off of leaning on the chair.)*

ERYNNE'S FATHER

So what are you gonna do with your friends?

ERYNNE

Hang out.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

You're grounded. You're not going anywhere.

ERYNNE

Since when?

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Since right now.

ERYNNE

For what?

ERYNNE'S FATHER

For the lock on the door.

ERYNNE

I'm not grounded.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Yes you are.

ERYNNE

You're not gonna stop me.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

You try anything and—

*(SCOOTER, 17, CHUBB, 16, and TRANK, 18, enter. They come in a jovial mood. All three look like typical goth children, with the exception of SCOOTER, who is so weird that he seems strange even in comparison to the others.)*

CHUBB

What's up?!

*(They stop when they see her Father.)*

TRANK

Hey Mr. O'Neill.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Why can't you dress like normal people?

TRANK *(overlapping)*

Because we don't want to.

CHUBB *(overlapping)*

This is normal.

SCOOTER *(overlapping)*

Normal people scare me.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

You know one of these days you're gonna have to get a job. And it's all fun and good that you can walk around wearing—what is that, a dog collar? Are you a dog?

CHUBB

Bark bark.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

What is wrong with you? Huh? You see what happens when you walk into an office wearing that.

TRANK

I have a job.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Where do you work?

TRANK

At a Christian Youth Ministry.

*(Pause. ERYNNE'S FATHER doesn't know what to say.)*

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Are you supposed to be Chubb?

CHUBB

Um... I think so.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Why are you called Chubb?

CHUBB

Cause I'm so fat.

*(He looks at her quizzically.)*

It's ironic. I'm filled with irony. Do you know what irony is?

ERYNNE'S FATHER

Erynne's grounded. She's not going anywhere. And I want you people out of my house in thirty minutes or I'm calling the cops.

*(He leaves)*

CHUBB *(calling out after him)*

Hey one of these days you're gonna have to stop being a total—*<asshole>*

*(He comes back fast.)*

ERYNNE'S FATHER

What was that? You wanna tell that to my face?

CHUBB

No.

ERYNNE'S FATHER

I didn't think so.

*(He waits there, looking at them. Then he leaves. They shut the door.)*

CHUBB

Picking on a sixteen year-old girl. Yeah, you're tough.

ERYNNE

I'm sorry guys.

CHUBB

Not your fault.

TRANK

Is it me or does your Dad become more of a jerk every day?

ERYNNE

I don't think it's you.

SCOOTER  
He scares me.

TRANK  
Yeah, whatever.

SCOOTER  
He's like a demon.

ERYNNE  
He's not a demon, he's my Dad.

SCOOTER  
You don't know that. He could be a demon. He could be possessed. Perhaps we should perform an exorcism on him.

ERYNNE  
Is there a reason you guys brought Scooter over? Cause he's freaking me out.

CHUBB  
We're looking after him. He just kinda found us.

ERYNNE  
Okay. Where's Nemo?

CHUBB  
I don't know, he's your boyfriend.

TRANK  
We were gonna go look for him. His cell phone's off.

ERYNNE  
He probably lost it again.

CHUBB  
Probably.

ERYNNE  
I'm grounded, though.

TRANK  
Who cares?

ERYNNE  
No I really can't go.

TRANK

What's he gonna do, call the police?

SCOOTER

He might have magical powers. He could put a curse on you.

ERYNNE

Right.

TRANK

We just go out the window.

*(He opens the window.)*

Come on. Chubb, lock the door.

ERYNNE

Guys.

CHUBB

Don't you wanna see Nemo?

ERYNNE

Yeah.

TRANK

Come on. What else are you gonna do? Sit here and get yelled at by your Dad?

ERYNNE

All right.

*(CHUBB, TRANK, and ERYNNE go out the window. SCOOTER remains in the room. He gets under the covers in the bed and goes to sleep.)*

*(Lights switch back to TRAVIS, in school. Several students sit in the class, including KIMBERLY, 17, blonde and beautiful. He sits directly behind her. MISS WINDHORST, 45, is at the imaginary blackboard. The ANNOUNCEMENTS are on.)*

MISS WINDHORST

All right quiet!

ANNOUNCER

Good morning Rosedale High School. These are your morning announcements. Please pause for a moment of silence.

MISS WINDHORST

Quiet!

*(ERYNNE enters, hurrying.)*

MISS WINDHORST

That's your third tardy Erynne.

ERYNNE

Oh come on. I had to talk to the counselor.

MISS WINDHORST

Couldn't you do that after school?

ERYNNE

I'm having severe mental problems.

ANNOUNCER

All right, let's remember all the people out there fighting for our freedom. They sure are doing a good job. First up: The Math Club is meeting today after school in room 212. Today's discussion topic: The Quadratic Formula. So you better read that before you show up or you won't be allowed into the room. Today's meeting for guys who want to beat up math nerds is in room 212 after school.

*(Short pause.)*

I'm just kidding about that guys.

MISS WINDHORST

All right guys, open your books to page—

ANNOUNCER

This is from the wrestling team: There are still openings in the squad, so guys, if you want roll around and get sweaty with another guy wearing a leotard... no wait, that's not what it says here. If you want to join a team of exciting physical competition, stop by the auxiliary gym today after school.

*(Pause.)*

MISS WINDHORST

We were talking about George Washington's retreat from New York—

ANNOUNCER

And it's about time to get tickets for the Homecoming Dance. So, guys out there, if you're totally obsessed with the blonde girl sitting in front of you and you wish to God that she knew who you were, now's about the time to ask her to the dance and get shot down and be miserable for the rest of the year because you're a hopeless loser. But remember, even if she shoots you down the first time, you still have the opportunity to be idiotically in love with her for the rest of the year and get shot down a few more times because you have this stupid hope that she's going to change her mind. She's not going to change her mind, guys, she doesn't like you.

*(Pause. TRAVIS looks up.)*

MISS WINDHORST

This was quite a defeat for—

ANNOUNCER

And that's all we have for today. Remember: Be healthy, happy, and full of pep. Go Wildcats.

*(He makes a growling sound.)*

MISS WINDHORST

He had lost quite a few of his men in the battle, so he was left, really, with a skeleton crew.

ANNOUNCER

One more thing, the girls' soccer coach is still looking for a manager. So if you want to be around a bunch of... Anyway, they're looking for a manager.

*(NEMO, 18, a ragged-looking yet charming punk kid, darts into the classroom and crouches next to ERYNNE. He is passing a note to her.)*

MISS WINDHORST

Excuse me?

NEMO

It's really important.

*(to ERYNNE)*

So what are you up to tonight?

ERYNNE

Not much.

NEMO

You should come on over.

ERYNNE

Okay.

MISS WINDHORST

What is your name?

NEMO

Names are just labels we give to things we don't understand.

Want to read the entire script? Order a free electronic perusal copy today!