

UNICORN

INT: KATIE'S BEDROOM.

KATIE, an elementary school student, has been sick in bed with a long illness. Her friend, JENNA, is visiting and has just finished telling her everything that's been happening with school and friends.

KATIE
(*Wistfully*)

Karen didn't invite me to her birthday party. Probably because I'm still sick. I thought it would be fun here in bed all day. I thought my mom would just let me read and watch TV and I guess she does. But I wish I was at school with you guys. The TV hurts my eyes and I'm always tired. I hate throwing up. You're the first person to come see me in two weeks.

(*Trying to rally.*)

Well, at least I don't have to go to school, though. And I get to have breakfast in bed. And lunch and dinner. And last week when my mom was at work I hooked up the Wii and played Mario Kart for four hours and now I'm great at it.

(*Looking out the window.*)

Also, there's a unicorn in my backyard and only I can see it. I mean, she. It's a girl.

(*Sneaks a glance at JENNA to see if she's impressed*)

It's true. I named her Buttercup. She's like Santa—she doesn't want you to know she's there, but if you're really

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(CONT.)

special you can tell. I thought she wanted carrots, like Karen's horses did, but she's not like any other horse in the whole world. She eats marshmallows. And...and whole jars of peanut butter. Her horn is made out of gold and she smells like a garden full of roses. I don't see her all the time, but sometimes she comes to my window in the mornings, when everyone else is gone at school. Her horn is a different color every time I see it. Yesterday it was pink and last week it was purple.

(JENNA goes to the window. With satisfaction)

You're not going to see her. She doesn't come for everyone. Besides, you'll probably just scare her off. She doesn't like other people. And I'm kind of tired now, so you have to go home.