

ONE WAY STREET

Written by

Elisa Fong-Hirschfelder & Charissa Vesurai

ACT 1 INT. CAR - DAWN

GIRL, 17, dark, short hair, normally bright and bubbly. Very aware of other people's feelings, but not hers. She

A car engine turns on and a seatbelt buckles. A girl is sitting comfortably in her car, eating. She throws it into a big pile of trash on the floor of the passenger seat. She finds another bag of chips and starts snacking. She puts on her earbuds and talks as she starts to drive.

GIRL

Heyy! Hello?
Can you hear me?
It's meee, the best person ever.
How are you! We haven't talked in
so long.

GIRL fidgets with her hair and shifts around so she is sitting upright. She's a bit on edge.

(sarcastic)
I feel like I barely know you.
What's your name again? Emory?
Huh.. Sorry, I don't think I know
any Emory's.
This must be the wrong number.
Lucky for you, I'm *amazing* to talk
to.

She laughs. She drives past Jefferey's diner.

I'm just jokinggg.
I just still can't believe you had
the audacity to leave me here all
alone. I mean Dad's here, but aha
ha...

She clears her throat laugh.

Lately he's been on my ass about
school. Yet here you are, full paid
vacation.

She rolls her eyes, sighs, and leans back in her seat and looks out the window at the stoplight.

I've been good...

The stoplight turns red.

School's a bitch but we knew that.
I'm behind on all my chem homework
but that's old news.

Also oh my god, Mr. Johnson is so
annoying. He has such clear
favorites.

She presses on the gas.

And he won't stop calling me by
your name!

Every time I correct him he looks
disappointed, like sorry I'm not
the star student you were.

I feel like I'm talking too much.

She opens the window then closes it. Opens it again.

Hey, you never tell me about *your*
teachers. Oh wait, sorry,
~professors~.

It's been a whole year and I still
don't know what classes you're
taking. I don't even know who your
friends are.

(beat)

Do you still talk to Beth? From
across the street? I mean surely
you talk to her more than me.

small sigh anyways...

(ACT 2)

She enters a quiet neighborhood.

My friends? I don't know... I've
been kinda busy... I haven't found
the right time to see them.

She sees kids playing in front yard.

(MORE)

GIRL (CONT'D)

I mean they're great, but after a long day I'm pooped, ya know.

I haven't gone to softball in weeks so I don't know how those friends are doing either. Guess you could call me struck out ...

She closes the shade of the sunroof. She makes the joke but doesn't laugh. Her smile fades. She tilts her head up.

I hate being at home but school isn't any better. Lunch is probably the only time I feel like I'm getting a break.

GIRL finishes the chip bag and throws it into the trash pile. A Jeffery's Menu in the pile catches her eye. She slowly picks it up.

Remember that old diner we used to go to? You were obsseSED with their tuna melts. It was always the best part of my week.

She plays around with the steering wheel with her fingers.

I never wanted to sit down because I was always messing with their boombox. You even tried to steal dad's old tapes to play on it.

(beat)

You know, the most memorable conversations I've ever had were with you in that diner.

I listened to so many of your stories and hoped that my high school experience would be just as cool.

You used to tell me everything about your life. And I told you everything about mine.

She sees the same front yard but there's only one child playing now.

Why did you stop?

She stops abruptly at a stop sign.

No calls, no texts, no nothing. You
fell off the grid.

And for what?

She turns the steering wheel aggressively into the parking
lot.

What were you even doing? Out
drinking? Going to parties?

She shifts the car into "park" aggressively. She yells at her
steering wheel.

You became so selfish. Was the time
we spent together worth nothing to
you?

I'm literally your sister! Why did
you shut me out? Why did you
abandon me? You knew how much I
needed you. Didn't you need me too?

(beat)

You were the only person who made
me feel like I mattered.

What did I do to deserve this?

She puts her hands on her head and begins to cry.

sob

Like, did I do something wrong?

Was it my fault?

Was I just oblivious?

(beat)

Her breath is shaking. She pauses to process.

(ACT 3)

I should have noticed something sooner.

She wipes her tears off her face.

I should have been better.

You weren't being selfish. I was. I know I'm not your priority. It wasn't right of me to think I was.

(beat)

I know you would never hurt me on purpose.

And I'm sorry for thinking you would.

I never should have blamed you for leaving.

Hey, even I've thought about it too. Staying here gets really hard sometimes. I'll deal with it though.

She chuckles sadly.

I just wish I could have shown you how much you meant to me.

She unbuckles her seatbelt and gets out of the car. She walks through the park and stops. GIRL looks down at the tape recorder and cries/breathes heavily.

(under her breath)
I love you.

She stops the recording, takes out the tape and places it next to Emory's grave.

THE END.

NOTES:

Problem: girl is mad at sister because she stoppped talking to her. Blames death on lack of communication. Transitions to her realizing maybe her sister passed away because she didn't know she was loved (never said ily to each other).

Act 1

- eating then throws trash into trash pile on the floor (wide shot)
- upbeat, playful fake happy, establish sister away, establish dad

Act 2

- slowly revealing sincere emotions, not fully open yet
- talks about friends, school

STARTS DRIVING IN CIRCLES

- set dressing: food trash on the passenger's seat floor
- finds chopstick paper sleeve in the side of the car
- notices objects that reminds her of sister, more aggressive/sad

Abyss: break down

Act 3

- Dad calls, ends tape recording
- walks out of car, puts tape on sister's grave