

INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM - DAY (D2) Nate

4.12 enters the dressing room where Diamond sits, upset. 4.12



NATE
Um... hello?

DIAMOND
I'm sorry, but I can't work under
these conditions.

NATE
Nope. Wouldn't expect you to.
Just so we're on the same page,
what exactly are "these
conditions?"

DIAMOND
For starters, this costume is
obviously polyester and I wear
nothing less than a cotton-poly
blend.

NATE
Did not understand any of that.

DIAMOND
And I asked for Kalamata olives,
not Manzanilla.

NATE
There are different kinds of
olives?

DIAMOND
And worst of all, this imported
water is cold.

NATE
And you wanted...?

DIAMOND
Slightly chilled!

Nate proceeds with caution and a cheery demeanor.

NATE
Diamond, I'm doing my best with
this, but you're being kinda
strange... er than usual.

Diamond pauses for a moment, then opens up.

(CONTINUED)

4.12

DIAMOND

Look, Nate, the truth is... I'm scared. I've never been in front of a real audience before.

NATE

But you have own your own channel. You're in front of millions of viewers all the time.

DIAMOND

Yeah, viewers. That's just me and my phone. It's easy. But a play? Did you count how many seats are out there?

NATE

No.

DIAMOND

Me either, but there's a lot! I don't know if I can do this. What if I look dumb?

NATE

So that's the problem... stage fright? We can deal with that! (thinks, then) ~~He's gonna know your dad! He's gotta know~~

DIAMOND

(bummed) ~~Are you kidding? My Dad's never had stage fright in his life.~~

NATE

Okay, I hear ya. Well, I'll do some research and come up with ideas to help. Cool?

DIAMOND

Totes. I'm sorry about all this. I'm not normally such a demanding diva.

NATE

(unconvincing) Nooo... of course not.

DIAMOND

Why are you saying it like that?

A beat, then:

NATE

I'm gonna go find some olives.

Nate exits.

← END

