

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

Michaels stands on stage, reads from clipboard:

MICHAELS

Well, I can honestly say that each audition has been more disappointing than the last. Who's next?

EMILY

I am...

MICHAELS

Speak up. Use your voice!

EMILY

I'm next. Me. Emily Miller.

MICHAELS

Well?

Emily steps quickly up onto the stage. Alone. In spotlight.

EMILY

Okay. Wow, bright light. So should I do the monologue or song first?

MICHAELS

Just be great. I don't have time nor patience for a *pleaser* today.

EMILY

Right. No pleasing. I will make you *displeased* with my performance.

(beat)

Just a joke to lighten it up in here. After all, theater should be fun, right?

MICHAELS

No.

Emily regroups.

EMILY

My monologue is from a piece I wrote...

MICHAELS

Oh Jesus.

EMILY

--But it's good. I swear.

Emily takes a deep, settling breath and begins:

EMILY (CONT'D)

I know you think I'm just some  
little kid...a girl. But I'm not  
weak. I'm not gonna cry because you  
want me to. I won't give you that.  
So for the rest of the year, I plan  
to be the wrinkle you can't  
straighten out. Get used to it.

(beat)

...and scene.

MICHAELS

Well that was fabulous. Did you all  
see her?

(clapping)

Brava!

EMILY

Thanks.