

The "Actor" Type

by: J. Gordon

EXT. SCHOOL - DROPOFF - LATE AFTERNOON

Heather is sitting alone. She looks focused; in her own head. Evan comes over and sits.

EVAN
Hey Heather.

HEATHER
Oh. Hey Evan.

EVAN
Your mom late too?

HEATHER
She just texted. Lots of traffic.

There's a silent BEAT. Evan's looking at his phone. Then:

HEATHER
"I'd appreciate it if you stayed
outta my business. This is MY
life!"

EVAN
Oh. Sorry.

HEATHER
"...my life!"

EVAN
I heard you!

HEATHER
What?

EVAN
I get it. Too personal. I won't ask
about your mom anymore.

HEATHER
No, not you -- I wasn't -- [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I'm
practicing my monologue.

She displays her script.

EVAN
That makes way more sense.

HEATHER
Do you think you can help me?

EVAN
Me? I'm not really the 'actor'
type. I probably can't...

~~HEATHER
C'mon. Watch me do it and tell
me what you think.~~

~~EVAN~~

HEATHER
Just honest feedback.

EVAN
Okay.

HEATHER
Okay.

Heather takes a deep breath. WITH THE SUBTLETY OF A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, SHE PROCEEDS TO BUTCHER THE FOLLOWING.

HEATHER
"That message was personal. Where'd
you get it?! (BEAT) Oh yeah? Well,
I don't care if you know. Now you
all know the truth! From now on,
I'd appreciate it if you stayed
outta my business. This is MY
life!" ...and scene.

EVAN
Wow.

HEATHER
Well...?

EVAN
I mean...You want my honest
opinion?

~~HEATHER
Yes, this is my chance at being a
real thespian.~~

~~EVAN
(shakes, to himself)
Thespian.~~

HEATHER

~~read it out loud~~. Was it too big?

Evan pinches a little space between his finger and thumb.

EVAN

Tiny bit.

HEATHER

I'm trying to put her emotions out there.

EVAN

Maybe keep 'em inside more. May I?

He takes her script and delivers a deeply moving, emotional, Oscar-worthy piece of art:

EVAN

"That message was personal. Where'd you get it?! (BEAT) Oh yeah? Well, I don't care if you know. Now you all know the truth! From now on, I'd appreciate it if you stayed outta my business. This is MY life!"

HEATHER

(stunned)

Oh Evan...

EVAN

I know. I'm deep.