Romance duet & multi-cast scripts

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The Wrong Umbrella

Rom-com, meet-cute · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: OWEN JUNE

A bus shelter in a downpour. JUNE, 22, and OWEN, 24, have each picked up the other's black umbrella from the stand

OWEN Excuse me. I think that's my umbrella.

JUNE It's black. They're all black. That's the whole design.

OWEN Mine has a bent spoke. Third from the handle.

JUNE Everyone's has a bent spoke. It's an umbrella.

OWEN And my name on the strap. In silver pen. Owen.

JUNE ...Oh.

OWEN Yeah.

JUNE Then where's mine?

OWEN I'm guessing it's the one I'm holding. Purple inside. Little cartoon ducks.

JUNE That was a gift.

OWEN I didn't say anything.

JUNE You said "little cartoon ducks" in a voice.

OWEN That's my normal voice.

JUNE Then you have a very judgmental normal voice.

OWEN So we swap.

JUNE We swap.

OWEN Or. The number twelve's another twenty minutes. There's a café across the road. Somebody has to get wet getting there.

JUNE And you're volunteering?

OWEN No. I'm volunteering the ducks. They look like they can handle weather.

JUNE Fine. But I'm holding it.

OWEN It's your umbrella.

JUNE It was a gift. Keep up.

Handover

Workplace, slow burn · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: DANA PRIYA

A hospital ward, 7 a.m. shift handover. DANA, 38, the night nurse, and PRIYA, 34, on days. Six months of handovers and never anything more

DANA Bed four, Mr. Kowalski. Slept well. Asked for you twice.

PRIYA He asks for everyone.

DANA He asked for "the one who laughs at the crossword." That's you.

PRIYA That's not a description, that's an accusation.

DANA Bed six goes home at ten. Bed nine wants toast, not the eggs. And there's coffee in the break room. The good kind. Not the machine.

PRIYA Who brought good coffee?

DANA Nobody. It just appears.

PRIYA Dana.

DANA It's in the green flask. You don't have to drink it.

PRIYA That flask has been there every morning for three weeks.

DANA Has it.

PRIYA I thought it was the cleaner. I've been leaving thank-you notes for the cleaner.

DANA Oh no.

PRIYA She's very confused. She thinks I'm proposing.

DANA I'm off till Thursday.

PRIYA I'm off Thursday too.

DANA I know. I checked the rota. Which, I realise now, sounds—

PRIYA It sounds like you should buy me a coffee somewhere with windows.

DANA Bed four's going to miss you.

PRIYA Bed four will survive.

Second Pew

Second chance · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: ELLIS THEO

A church before a wedding. THEO, 36, a groomsman; the bride is his sister. ELLIS, 37, his ex of eight years, arriving late

ELLIS Is this seat taken?

THEO It's the family pew.

ELLIS I was family. Four years. Your mother still sends me a Christmas card.

THEO She sends the mailman a Christmas card.

ELLIS Mine has a photo in it.

THEO ...Of course it does.

ELLIS You look good. The suit.

THEO It's a rental. The trousers are held up by hope.

ELLIS Nora said you'd be here on your own.

THEO Nora's been at the champagne since nine.

ELLIS She said you kept the dog.

THEO Biscuit. He's thirteen now. He still sits by the door at six.

ELLIS Six was when I got home.

THEO I know what six was.

SFX: organ music begins

ELLIS I should move. This is your family's row.

THEO Ellis. Stay. Just sit. It's a long service, and Mom will want you in the photo.

ELLIS Mom will.

THEO And I'd... yeah. Me too.

ELLIS Does Biscuit still snore?

THEO Like a tractor. You'd have to come and hear it.

Last Orders

Small town · Adult (40-55) · Irish · 1 minute

Cast: MAEVE DECLAN

A village pub in County Clare, closing time. MAEVE, 47, runs the bar. DECLAN, 50, the widowed vet, has been the last customer every Friday for a year

MAEVE Last orders, Declan.

DECLAN I'll have the same.

MAEVE You'll have a pot of tea. You've a calving in the morning.

DECLAN How do you know I've a calving?

MAEVE The whole parish knows. Tommy Flynn's heifer. She's the talk of the post office.

DECLAN God help her.

MAEVE So. Tea.

DECLAN Tea. And, Maeve. Could I ask you something?

MAEVE You could.

DECLAN Every Friday I sit here till you lock up.

MAEVE You do.

DECLAN A year now.

MAEVE Fifty-one Fridays. You missed one for the Galway show.

DECLAN You counted.

MAEVE I run a pub, Declan. I count everything.

DECLAN Would you come out with me. Somewhere that isn't here. Somewhere you don't have to pour.

MAEVE ...And where would that be, in this village?

DECLAN Ennis. There's a place does fish. I've been practising asking you since March.

MAEVE Since March.

DECLAN I'm a slow worker. Ask the heifer.

MAEVE Sunday. And you're driving.

DECLAN I'm driving.

MAEVE Now drink your tea before I change my mind.

The Prom Committee

Rom-com, young adult · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: SAM JAVI

A school gym after hours. SAM, 18, head of the prom committee. JAVI, 18, stuck on balloon duty as part of a detention

SAM That's the forty-first balloon you've popped.

JAVI You're counting?

SAM I'm in charge of the budget. They're eleven cents each. You owe the senior class four dollars and fifty-one cents.

JAVI I'll pay you in exposure.

SAM Just tie it. Loosely. It's not a knot for a boat.

JAVI So show me.

SAM Hold it here. Pinch. Round your finger. Through.

JAVI ...Your hands are freezing.

SAM The gym's freezing. Focus.

JAVI You going to prom? Like, going going. With someone.

SAM I'm going as the committee. I'll be holding a clipboard.

JAVI Very romantic.

SAM Are you going?

JAVI Wasn't planning on it. It's forty dollars to stand in a room I have detention in.

SAM The committee gets a plus-one. Free.

JAVI Is that true?

SAM It is now. I'm in charge of the budget.

JAVI ...Then I guess I owe you four fifty-one and a dance.

SAM Tie the balloon, Javi.

JAVI Show me again. Slower this time.

Seed Catalogue

Contemporary, mature · Mature (55+) · Neutral British · 1 minute

Cast: ARTHUR MARGARET

Neighbouring allotments, early spring. MARGARET, 68, a widow. ARTHUR, 71, a widower who took the next plot last year and has lost every battle with the slugs

ARTHUR Morning, Margaret. Don't look at my cabbages.

MARGARET I've seen them, Arthur. The whole committee has seen them.

ARTHUR The slugs had a banquet. They sent a thank-you card.

MARGARET You need copper tape round the beds. And you water far too late in the day.

ARTHUR Joan always did the garden. I just carried the bags.

MARGARET Frank was the same. Forty years, and he couldn't tell a weed from a dahlia.

ARTHUR I brought you something. It's only a seed catalogue. I've marked the pages I don't understand.

MARGARET That's every page.

ARTHUR It is, yes.

MARGARET Arthur, are you asking me to do your garden for you?

ARTHUR I'm asking if you'd sit with me on Thursday and go through it. There's a café by the garden centre. They do a scone.

MARGARET ...A good scone?

ARTHUR A reasonable scone.

MARGARET I'll bring a pen. You'll need more than copper tape.

ARTHUR I'll need all the help I can get.

MARGARET Yes. I had noticed.

ARTHUR Two o'clock?

MARGARET Half past one. The scones go by two.

The Telegraph Office

Historical · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: RUTH WALTER

A railway telegraph office in Nebraska, 1926. RUTH, 24, the operator. WALTER, 27, a farmer who has come in every week for a month to send the same telegram

RUTH Afternoon, Mr. Hale. The usual?

WALTER The usual.

RUTH To your brother in Omaha. "Crop fine. Weather dry. Walter."

WALTER That's the one.

RUTH Four weeks of the same four words. He'll think you've been struck by lightning.

WALTER He hasn't written back.

RUTH Because I haven't sent them.

WALTER ...You haven't?

RUTH Your brother moved to Denver in the spring. His wife told me at church.

WALTER Then why'd you take my money?

RUTH I didn't. It's in an envelope in the drawer. Eighty cents. I was waiting for you to tell me why you really come in.

WALTER Miss Carver.

RUTH Ruth.

WALTER Ruth. This office has the only window in town that faces west. And you sit in it.

RUTH That's the most words you've ever said to me.

WALTER It cost more than eighty cents.

RUTH There's a social at the Grange on Saturday. You could spend it there.

WALTER I don't dance.

RUTH I'll teach you. Crop fine. Weather dry.

Two Desks Apart

Enemies to lovers, workplace · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: CASS HOLLIS

A newsroom at midnight. CASS, 31, twelve years on the politics desk. HOLLIS, 29, the new hire who has scooped her twice this month. Both waiting on the same source

CASS You're in my chair.

HOLLIS It has wheels. It's everybody's chair.

CASS It has my back cushion on it.

HOLLIS That's why I'm in it. Your back cushion is excellent.

CASS Get your own.

HOLLIS I had one. Somebody stole it. Probably someone who's been here eleven years and thinks the building owes her.

CASS Twelve years.

HOLLIS Worse.

CASS He's not going to call you, you know. The councilman's aide. He calls me.

HOLLIS He called me Tuesday.

CASS ...He did not.

HOLLIS He asked if "the scary one with the red glasses" was still on the zoning story.

CASS What did you say?

HOLLIS I said yes. I said she's the best reporter on this floor and he should talk to her.

CASS Why would you do that?

HOLLIS Because I want to beat you at full strength. And because you're cute when you're furious. That second part's off the record.

CASS Nothing's off the record at midnight.

HOLLIS Then print it.

Dog Park Rules

Rom-com · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: JORDAN ALEX

A city dog park. ALEX, 29, owner of an enormous shy dog. JORDAN, 32, owner of a tiny furious one. The dogs have been inseparable for weeks; the owners have never exchanged names

JORDAN He's doing it again.

ALEX I know.

JORDAN Your dog is lying on my dog.

ALEX It's how he shows affection. He's a leaner.

JORDAN Pickles is eight pounds. She's being flattened with love.

ALEX She started it. She bit his ear on the first day.

JORDAN That's also affection. Where she's from.

ALEX Where's she from?

JORDAN A parking lot in Tucson. She's seen things.

ALEX That explains a lot.

JORDAN I just realised I know your dog's name, his vet, his favourite ball, and his feelings about pigeons.

ALEX Strongly against.

JORDAN And I don't know your name.

ALEX ...You call me "Moose's person." I've heard you.

JORDAN Out loud?

ALEX To Pickles. Every day. "Oh look, it's Moose's person."

JORDAN I am so sorry.

ALEX It's Alex. And for the record, you're "Pickles's person" in my head.

JORDAN Only in your head?

ALEX For now. I'd like to put you in my phone.

The Night Bus

Slow burn · Young adult (18-25) · Scottish · 1 minute

Cast: ISLA CALLUM

The last bus out of Glasgow city centre. ISLA, 23, and CALLUM, 25, have caught it from the same stop for three months. Tonight she sits next to him

ISLA Is this seat free?

CALLUM The whole bus is free. There's us and a man eating a pie.

ISLA I know. I wanted this one.

CALLUM ...Right.

ISLA You read the same book every night.

CALLUM I read it slowly.

ISLA You've been on page two hundred since August.

CALLUM You've been watching my page numbers?

ISLA There's not much else to do on the forty-two. The pie man's not a talker.

CALLUM The truth is, I keep losing my place.

ISLA Why?

CALLUM Because you get on at Hope Street, and I look up, and then I've no idea what I've read.

ISLA Oh.

CALLUM That was more honest than I meant.

ISLA No. It was fine. It was good.

CALLUM Your stop's next.

ISLA I know. I'm going to miss it.

CALLUM On purpose?

ISLA On purpose. Tell me what happens on page two hundred.

CALLUM I genuinely couldn't tell you. Start from the beginning?

Sugar War

Enemies to lovers, small town · Adult (30-45) · Southern US · 90 seconds

Cast: BEAU RAFE

Main Street in a small Georgia town, the night before the county fair. BEAU, 41, owns the old bakery. RAFE, 36, opened a new one across the street six months ago. They are judging the pie contest together

BEAU You gave the peach a six.

RAFE It was a six.

BEAU That's Miss Delphine's peach. She's won this contest nineteen years running.

RAFE Then she's due a six.

BEAU You do not give Miss Delphine a six. This is not New York.

RAFE I'm from Macon.

BEAU Same thing.

RAFE It's two hours down the road.

BEAU You know what I mean. You came in with your sourdough and your little chalkboard and your oat milk.

RAFE People like the oat milk.

BEAU People like you. That's the problem. My Saturday line's half what it was.

RAFE ...Is that why you haven't said a civil word to me since March?

BEAU I say civil words.

RAFE You called my croissants "ambitious."

BEAU That was a compliment.

RAFE It was not delivered as one.

BEAU Fine. They're good. I went in on a Tuesday in a hat and bought three.

RAFE That was you? In the fishing hat?

BEAU It's a perfectly good hat.

RAFE I thought you were a food critic. I gave you extra butter.

BEAU I noticed.

RAFE Beau, I didn't come here to put you out of business. My grandmother's from here, and your bakery was the first place I ever had a biscuit that made me cry.

BEAU ...That's my daddy's recipe.

RAFE I know. I've been trying to get it right for six months.

BEAU Well. You won't get it right from across the street.

RAFE Is that an offer?

BEAU Tuesday. Five a.m. Wear the hat. And change the peach to a nine.

Grid Reference

Slow burn, workplace · Adult (40-55) · Scottish · 90 seconds

Cast: FIONA KERRY

A mountain rescue bothy in the Cairngorms, sheltering from a whiteout. FIONA, 44, team leader, twenty years on the hills. KERRY, 33, in her first winter on the team, who left the line to reach a casualty and got them both stranded

FIONA Hold still. Give me your hands.

KERRY They're fine.

FIONA They're white. Give them here. Inside my jacket.

KERRY That's... okay. That's warm.

FIONA That's the idea.

KERRY You're going to write me up.

FIONA I'm going to write you up.

KERRY He'd have gone over the edge. You heard him.

FIONA I heard him. Then I heard you leave the line without telling anyone, and I had to follow a head torch down a gully in the dark.

KERRY You didn't have to.

FIONA Yes, Kerry. I did.

KERRY Because you're team leader.

FIONA ...Aye. Because I'm team leader.

KERRY That was a long pause.

FIONA It's cold. My mouth's slow.

KERRY The helicopter can't fly till it clears. That's hours.

FIONA Then we've hours. There's a stove and two teabags. I'll make one. You keep your hands where they are.

KERRY Fiona. When you came down that gully. You said my name like...

FIONA Like I thought you'd fallen.

KERRY Like you'd not have been able to stand it if I had.

FIONA Kerry.

KERRY I'm only asking.

FIONA You're not asking. You're telling me what you heard.

KERRY Was I wrong?

FIONA ...No. You weren't wrong. And you're still getting written up.

KERRY That's fair.

FIONA Keep your hands there.

KERRY I wasn't planning on moving them.

Gate Nine

Second chance · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: MARCUS LENA

An airport gate in Denver, a four-hour delay. LENA, 38, a surgeon. MARCUS, 39, a high-school music teacher. They were engaged at twenty-six; she left for residency and he didn't follow

MARCUS Lena Park.

LENA Oh, God. Marcus.

MARCUS "Oh God, Marcus." That's what you said when I proposed.

LENA That was a good oh God.

MARCUS Was it? Hard to tell. You were crying into a burrito.

LENA It was a very emotional burrito. What are you doing in Denver?

MARCUS Band trip. Forty-two sixteen-year-olds and a tuba that doesn't fit in the overhead.

LENA You're a teacher.

MARCUS Twelve years. You're a surgeon. My mom sends me your hospital's newsletter.

LENA She does not.

MARCUS She circles your name in red. Like a warning.

LENA That sounds like her.

MARCUS Are you happy? Sorry. That's a big question for a gate.

LENA We've got four hours.

MARCUS Then are you?

LENA I'm good at my job. I have a very nice apartment I'm never in. I have a plant I named after you.

MARCUS You named a plant after me?

LENA It's a cactus. It survives on no attention whatsoever.

MARCUS That's fair.

LENA Are you? Happy?

MARCUS Mostly. I married someone. It didn't take. We're friends. I still think about the burrito.

LENA I should have asked you to come.

MARCUS I should have come without being asked.

SFX: a gate announcement chime

LENA That's not us.

MARCUS No. Four more hours.

LENA Buy me a burrito, Marcus.

MARCUS Only if I get the good oh God.

The Dance Card

Historical, Regency · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: ELEANOR HENRY

An assembly room in Bath, 1814. ELEANOR ASHBY, 21, sharp-tongued and in her third Season. CAPTAIN HENRY WARD, 29, a naval officer home from sea, who has asked for a dance she has already given away

ELEANOR My card is full, Captain.

HENRY It was empty an hour ago. I watched you fill it.

ELEANOR Then you watched me fill it with gentlemen who asked first.

HENRY Mr. Pym has put his name down for the cotillion. Mr. Pym is sixty and has the gout.

ELEANOR Mr. Pym is a very gentle dancer.

HENRY Mr. Pym is asleep in the card room.

ELEANOR ...Is he?

HENRY Snoring. Quite musically.

ELEANOR Then I shall sit the cotillion out and be grateful for the rest.

HENRY Miss Ashby. Have I offended you?

ELEANOR You told my brother I had the tongue of a boatswain.

HENRY I meant it as the highest praise. I have served with boatswains. They are the most honest men afloat.

ELEANOR It did not travel well to a drawing room.

HENRY Few things of mine do. I have been at sea since I was twelve. I am better at gales than conversation.

ELEANOR You are not so very bad at conversation.

HENRY That is the kindest thing anyone has said to me in Bath.

ELEANOR You have been in Bath four days.

HENRY And on every one of them I have looked for you first when I came into a room. There. I have said it like a boatswain.

ELEANOR ...Give me my card.

HENRY Are you striking out Mr. Pym?

ELEANOR Mr. Pym is asleep. It would be cruel to wake him. Write your name, Captain. Plainly. Sailors' handwriting is notorious.

Fake Date, Real Fries

Rom-com, fake dating · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: TESS MIA

A diner booth after a college party. MIA, 20, asked her roommate TESS, 20, to pretend to be her girlfriend so her ex would stop texting. It worked too well

TESS Okay, debrief. How did I do?

MIA You were amazing. Too amazing. Where did the forehead kiss come from?

TESS I improvised. Kayla was watching. I committed to the bit.

MIA You committed so hard she left the party.

TESS That's a result.

MIA She's texting me. "Since when? Since WHEN?" All caps.

TESS Tell her since the Hawaiian pizza incident.

MIA There was no Hawaiian pizza incident.

TESS There was. October. You had the flu. I ordered it, you said pineapple on pizza was a crime, then you ate four slices and fell asleep on my shoulder during the baking show.

MIA That's not an incident. That's a Tuesday.

TESS Well. It was an incident for me.

MIA What does that mean?

TESS Nothing. Eat your fries.

MIA Tess.

TESS They're getting cold. Cold fries are a tragedy.

MIA Tess. Was tonight a bit?

TESS Was it a bit for you?

MIA I asked first.

TESS You asked me to fake it. That's asking first in a very specific way.

MIA Okay. It wasn't a bit. Not the forehead part. I've been thinking about the forehead part for two hours.

TESS Me too. It's been very distracting. I just put ketchup on a napkin.

MIA So what do I tell Kayla?

TESS Tell her since October. It's true.

MIA Since October.

TESS And give me your fries. You're clearly not going to eat them.

Reading Glasses

Contemporary, mature · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: WALT HAROLD

A library meeting room after book club. HAROLD, 72, a retired chemistry teacher. WALT, 69, a retired English teacher. They have disagreed about every book for two years

WALT You didn't read it.

HAROLD I read it.

WALT You read the back.

HAROLD I read the back thoroughly. It was a very persuasive back.

WALT Then who died in chapter nine?

HAROLD ...The uncle.

WALT There's no uncle.

HAROLD There should have been. It would have livened things up.

WALT Two years, Harold. Two years of you arguing about books you haven't finished.

HAROLD I finish them. I finish them after. When I know what you're going to say.

WALT Why would you wait for what I'm going to say?

HAROLD Because you get angry about them. In a very particular way. You take your glasses off and point them.

WALT I do not point them.

HAROLD You're pointing them right now.

WALT ...I'm cleaning them.

HAROLD At me.

WALT That's the dumbest reason I've ever heard for reading a book.

HAROLD Is it? I spent forty years teaching fifteen-year-olds how acids work. Nobody ever got angry about a book in front of me. Not like that. Like it mattered.

WALT It does matter.

HAROLD I know. I learned that from you.

WALT Harold. What are you saying?

HAROLD I'm saying next month, you pick the book. And come to dinner first and tell me about it. So I'm ahead for once.

WALT That sounds like a date.

HAROLD Only if you want it to be.

WALT I've been choosing books you'd hate for two years just to watch you argue.

HAROLD Then we've both been wasting a great deal of time.

The Performance Review

Workplace · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: GREG NADIA

A glass-walled meeting room. NADIA, 35, head of design. GREG, 37, head of engineering. A new HR system has made them assess each other in person. They have been polite rivals for three years

GREG "Strengths." You go first.

NADIA Strengths. Punctual. Owns a stapler.

GREG That's it?

NADIA It's a very good stapler.

GREG Fine. Yours. "Strengths: bold. Visionary."

NADIA Thank you.

GREG "Visions often arrive at four fifty-five on a Friday."

NADIA That's not a strength, that's a complaint.

GREG I put it under strengths because it's the only time I get to see you.

NADIA ...Sorry?

GREG Nothing. Next section. "Areas for growth."

NADIA No, go back.

GREG We're on a schedule. HR booked this room for thirty minutes.

NADIA Greg. What did you mean?

GREG I meant every Friday at four fifty-five you come to my desk with a new idea, and I stay till eight making it work, and I've never once minded. That's what I meant. It's in the form now. It's permanent.

NADIA You put that in an HR form.

GREG I panicked. There was a box.

NADIA Okay. My turn. Areas for growth.

GREG Go on.

NADIA "Greg should know that nobody has an idea at four fifty-five. I have the idea on Tuesday. I wait till Friday."

GREG Why?

NADIA Because on Fridays you order Thai food and let me have the last spring roll.

GREG So the whole time—

NADIA Three years of fake deadlines, Greg.

GREG That's a terrible management practice.

NADIA Put it in the form.

GREG What do we tell HR?

NADIA That we're working on our communication. Friday. Seven. Somewhere that isn't your desk.

Harbour Lights

Small town, second chance · Adult (25-40) · Australian · 90 seconds

Cast: DANNY JESS

A jetty in a fishing town on the south coast of New South Wales, dusk. JESS, 29, home to sell her late father's boat. DANNY, 31, the deckhand who worked it with him for ten years

DANNY She's not for sale.

JESS She's mine, Danny. Dad left her to me. It's in the will.

DANNY He left you a lot of things. He didn't expect you to flog them all in a week.

JESS I live in Melbourne. I work in insurance. What am I meant to do with a thirty-foot trawler, park it at the office?

DANNY You could keep her here.

JESS And who'd take her out?

DANNY ...I would.

JESS You can't afford the mooring. I've seen your ute.

DANNY What's wrong with my ute?

JESS It's held together with a bumper sticker.

DANNY It's a very strong bumper sticker.

JESS I'm serious. I've got a buyer from Eden. Good price.

DANNY He'll strip her for parts.

JESS So what do you want me to do?

DANNY Stay till the weekend. Come out once. Saturday, four a.m. See what he saw.

JESS I grew up on that boat, Danny.

DANNY You haven't been out since you were seventeen. You used to sit on the bow and sing flat and scare the fish.

JESS I did not sing flat.

DANNY The fish have a different opinion.

JESS Why do you care so much? Honestly.

DANNY Because the whole time you were gone, he talked about you. Every trip. "When Jessie comes home." And I'd sit there and think, yeah. When Jessie comes home.

JESS ...You thought that?

DANNY Ten years. You just never came.

JESS Four a.m.?

DANNY I'll bring the coffee. You bring the singing.

JESS I'm not singing.

DANNY You'll sing. Everybody sings at sunrise.

The Karaoke Rule

Rom-com, friends to lovers · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: BEN ROSIE

A karaoke bar on a Thursday night. BEN, 30, and ROSIE, 29, best friends since college. They have one rule: no duets. Rosie has just signed them up

BEN You wrote both our names.

ROSIE I did.

BEN On the same line.

ROSIE There's one line per song. That's how it works.

BEN We have a rule. We made it in 2018. No duets. Duets are how friendships die.

ROSIE You made that rule. I'd had three margaritas and agreed with everything. I agreed that night that pigeons were government drones.

BEN They are.

ROSIE Ben.

BEN What song?

ROSIE I'm not telling you.

BEN Is it a slow one?

ROSIE It's a medium one.

BEN Rosie, you can't sing.

ROSIE I know. That's not the point.

BEN What's the point?

ROSIE The point is you've stood next to me for eight years singing everything except with me, and I'd like to know what happens.

BEN What happens is we're terrible and the bartender skips to the next song.

ROSIE Maybe.

BEN And what if it's not terrible? Then what? Then it's weird.

ROSIE Ben. It's been weird since my cousin's wedding.

BEN ...You remember the wedding.

ROSIE You held my hand through the whole slideshow. There were two hundred photos. My hand was sweating.

BEN I thought you'd forgotten.

ROSIE I didn't forget. I was waiting for you to break the rule.

SFX: the host taps the microphone

BEN That's us.

ROSIE That's us.

BEN If I sing and it's bad—

ROSIE Then it's bad with me. Come on. Medium song.

The Lamplighter

Historical, Victorian · Adult (25-40) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: TOM ANNIE

A Kensington street at dusk, 1889. TOM, 26, the lamplighter. ANNIE, 22, a housemaid who has opened the same attic window every evening for a month, just as he reaches her lamp

TOM Evening, miss.

ANNIE Evening. You're late.

TOM I'm exactly on time. The lamp's late. The lamps have their own opinions.

ANNIE Mrs. Pell says you're the slowest lamplighter in Kensington.

TOM Mrs. Pell times me?

ANNIE The whole house times you. Cook has a wager on.

TOM What's the wager?

ANNIE Whether you'll ever say anything to me but "evening, miss."

TOM ...How's the betting going?

ANNIE Cook's losing a shilling a week.

TOM I'm sorry for Cook.

ANNIE Don't be. She's put money on tonight.

TOM Why tonight?

ANNIE Because I told her I'll not be opening the window tomorrow.

TOM You're leaving?

ANNIE I've a new place. In Bristol. A doctor's house. Better wages, and a room with a fireplace.

TOM That's... that's grand. That's very good for you.

ANNIE It is.

TOM Bristol has lamps.

ANNIE I expect it does.

TOM I could light them. Just as well as these. Better, if I had a reason.

ANNIE Tom Harker. Is that you saying something besides "evening, miss"?

TOM I think it might be.

ANNIE Then say the rest of it, before Mrs. Pell sees the window.

TOM I'll ask for a transfer. And on Sunday, if you'll walk with me in the park, I'll tell you why I've been so slow on this street.

ANNIE I know why.

TOM I'd still like to say it.

ANNIE Sunday, then. Cook will be unbearable.

Custody of the Cat

Second chance · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: ROBIN CASEY

A lawyer's waiting room. CASEY, 46, and ROBIN, 48, are finalising their divorce. Everything is settled but one item: Admiral, a fourteen-year-old cat

ROBIN He's mine. I picked him.

CASEY You picked him because he bit me.

ROBIN He bit you because you held him like a baguette.

CASEY I'd never held a cat!

ROBIN Clearly.

CASEY He sleeps on my side of the bed.

ROBIN Because it's warmer. You run hot. It's not a moral victory.

CASEY He waits for me at the window.

ROBIN He waits for the mail carrier. He's in love with Denise.

CASEY Everyone's in love with Denise.

ROBIN That's true.

CASEY He's fourteen, Robin. He's got maybe two years. I'm not missing them.

ROBIN Neither am I.

CASEY So what, we split him? Week on, week off? He throws up in the car.

ROBIN He throws up everywhere. He's an artist.

CASEY Remember when he got stuck in the dryer vent?

ROBIN You sat on the floor with a flashlight for three hours singing to him.

CASEY It worked.

ROBIN It worked. That was the night I thought, okay. This person. For good.

CASEY ...Then what happened?

ROBIN We stopped sitting on the floor. We got busy. We had separate flashlights.

CASEY That's the most honest thing you've said in a year.

ROBIN Lawyers are expensive. It concentrates the mind.

CASEY What if we didn't sign today?

ROBIN We'd lose the deposit.

CASEY What if we went home, and sat on the floor, and figured out who gets the cat?

ROBIN That could take a while.

CASEY He's got two years. We could start there.

One Percent

Slow burn · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: NOAH KAI

A university observatory at 3 a.m. KAI, 24, a PhD student with the telescope booked. NOAH, 23, the undergrad technician paid to stay awake with him. Their fourth night

NOAH You're doing the thing again.

KAI What thing?

NOAH Talking to the telescope. You said "come on, sweetheart" to it.

KAI It responds to encouragement.

NOAH It's a mirror in a tube.

KAI So are most people.

NOAH That doesn't mean anything.

KAI It sounded deep at three a.m.

NOAH What are you even looking for? You've told me four times and I've nodded four times.

KAI A dip. When a planet crosses in front of its star, the star gets dimmer. Barely. About one percent. If you're not paying attention, you miss it.

NOAH One percent.

KAI You have to stare at the same thing for hours and notice it change.

NOAH ...That sounds lonely.

KAI It was. Before.

NOAH Before what?

KAI Before the technician brought two coffees on the second night, without asking how I take it, and got it right.

NOAH You left the cup on the desk the first night. Milk, no sugar. It wasn't hard.

KAI Most people don't notice.

NOAH I'm paid to notice. That's the whole job. I sit here and notice things.

KAI What have you noticed?

NOAH That you stop talking to the telescope when I come back in the room. That you've booked eleven more nights, and the study only needs six.

KAI ...You read my proposal.

NOAH It was on the desk. Next to the coffee.

KAI So you knew.

NOAH One percent. You have to be paying attention.

SFX: a soft beep from the computer

KAI That's... that's the dip.

NOAH Yeah?

KAI Yeah. Stay here. I want someone to have seen it with me.

Proposal Practice

Rom-com, unrequited · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 2 minutes

Cast: DEV LUCY

An empty restaurant after closing. LUCY, 31, the pastry chef. DEV, 32, her best friend since school, who is proposing to his girlfriend Claire here tomorrow and has asked Lucy to stand in for a rehearsal

DEV Okay. You're Claire. You're sitting there. You don't suspect a thing.

LUCY Claire would suspect. You've been sweating since Tuesday.

DEV I'm not sweating.

LUCY You're glistening like a glazed bun.

DEV Just be Claire. Please.

LUCY Fine. "Oh, Dev, what a lovely restaurant. I hope nothing unusual happens."

DEV She doesn't talk like that.

LUCY How does she talk?

DEV Normal. Quieter. She says "super" a lot.

LUCY "Super restaurant, Dev."

DEV Okay, that's actually pretty good. So, dessert comes. You're making it, by the way.

LUCY I know. Chocolate torte, ring on a raspberry.

DEV Not in the torte. Beside it. Someone at work's cousin swallowed one.

LUCY Fine. Ring beside the torte. Go.

DEV Claire. When I met you, I—

LUCY Stand up. You can't propose sitting down, you look like you're doing your taxes.

DEV Right. Right. Claire. When I met you, I didn't know what I wanted. I'd been in the same place for a long time. Same town, same job, same friends.

LUCY Harsh.

DEV Same friend. One friend. And you made me want to find out what else was out there.

LUCY ...That's nice.

DEV Is it? Is it too much?

LUCY No. It's good. She'll like it.

DEV Then the ring. And I say, "Will you—" And she says...

LUCY She says yes, Dev.

DEV You didn't let me finish.

LUCY I don't need to. She'll say yes. Anyone would.

DEV Luce. You okay?

LUCY I'm tired. I've been up since four doing croissants.

DEV You're crying.

LUCY It's flour. It gets in your eyes.

DEV We're not in the kitchen.

LUCY It travels, Dev. It's very fine flour.

DEV Lucy.

LUCY Go home. Practise in the mirror. The torte will be perfect. I promise.

DEV Have I been doing this to you for a long time?

LUCY Only since we were sixteen. It's fine. It's my fault for never saying anything.

DEV ...Say it now.

LUCY No. You've got a ring in your pocket. Go and be happy. That's what I want. Really. That's what I've always wanted.

The Best Woman

Enemies to lovers · Adult (25-40) · Neutral British · 2 minutes

Cast: HARRIET GEORGIA

A hotel function room the night before a wedding. HARRIET, 33, the bride's maid of honour, a planner with a laminated schedule. GEORGIA, 30, the groom's best woman, who has not looked at the schedule once. They are folding four hundred napkins into swans

HARRIET That's not a swan.

GEORGIA It's an interpretation of a swan.

HARRIET It's a napkin with a neck injury.

GEORGIA Some swans have neck injuries. It's inclusive.

HARRIET We've three hundred and eighty to go. Could you please look at the diagram?

GEORGIA I looked at the diagram. The diagram is lying.

HARRIET The diagram is from a professional.

GEORGIA The diagram is from you. You drew it. That's your handwriting in the corner. "Fold firmly."

HARRIET That's good advice.

GEORGIA You underlined "firmly" three times.

HARRIET Because you fold everything like it's a paper aeroplane.

GEORGIA You've been cross with me since the hen do.

HARRIET I have not.

GEORGIA You have. Ever since I took Priya to the karaoke bar instead of the wine tasting.

HARRIET The wine tasting was booked. Non-refundable. I'd planned it for four months.

GEORGIA And she had the best night of her life at the karaoke bar.

HARRIET I know. I've seen the video. She sang an entire power ballad standing on a chair.

GEORGIA You were laughing. At the back. I saw you.

HARRIET I was checking my phone.

GEORGIA You were checking your phone while crying with laughter?

HARRIET ...It was very funny. The chair wobbled.

GEORGIA So why are you still cross?

HARRIET Because you make things look easy. I plan for four months and you walk in with a microphone and everyone has a better time.

GEORGIA Harriet. I only knew about that bar because you mentioned it. In the group chat. In March. You said, "If I weren't so boring I'd take her somewhere like this."

HARRIET I don't remember saying that.

GEORGIA I do. I screenshotted it. I thought, she's wrong about the boring bit. Somebody ought to tell her.

HARRIET And you decided that somebody was you?

GEORGIA Well. I was hoping you'd sit with me at the reception tomorrow, and I'd tell you properly. There's a very firmly folded swan on the seat next to mine.

HARRIET You folded one properly?

GEORGIA Took me forty minutes. I followed the diagram.

HARRIET ...Show me.

GEORGIA It's got a neck injury.

HARRIET I don't care. Show me.

Class of '81

Second chance, mature · Mature (55+) · Southern US · 2 minutes

Cast: EARL DEE

A high-school gym in Alabama, a forty-five-year reunion. DEE, 63, a widowed retired teacher. EARL, 64, divorced and back in town this year. They went steady senior year until he left for the Navy without a word

EARL Dee Watkins.

DEE It's Dee Harmon now. Has been for forty years.

EARL I heard. I'm sorry about Ray.

DEE Thank you. He was a good man. He'd have hated this. The punch is pink.

EARL The punch was pink in '81.

DEE It's the same punch. I think they kept it.

EARL You look—

DEE Don't. I look sixty-three and my feet hurt. You look like you lost a fight with a sunburn.

EARL Thirty years on boats will do that.

DEE Everybody knows. The Navy, the shrimp boats, a wife in Pensacola.

EARL Pensacola's over.

DEE I heard that too. This town talks, Earl.

EARL Did it ever say why I left?

DEE It said you got on a bus on the second of June and didn't leave me so much as a note.

EARL I left a note.

DEE You did not.

EARL In your locker. Folded inside your chemistry book.

DEE ...I never opened that book.

EARL I know that now. I figured you'd find it by September. When you didn't write back, I figured that was my answer.

DEE Earl Tucker. You put the most important letter of my life in a chemistry book?

EARL I was eighteen. I thought it was romantic. Elements. Bonds.

DEE That is the dumbest thing I have ever heard.

EARL It's in my top five, too.

DEE What did it say?

EARL That I was scared. That my daddy was drinking again, and if I stayed I'd turn out like him. That I'd come back for you when I was somebody worth coming back for.

DEE And were you? Somebody?

EARL Took me longer than I thought.

DEE Forty-five years, Earl.

EARL I'm a slow reader. That's why I dropped chemistry.

DEE ...That book's in my attic. I kept every schoolbook.

EARL You could look.

DEE I could. Or you could just tell me the last line and save me the dust.

EARL The last line was, "Save me a dance at the reunion." I meant the fifth one. I was off by forty years.

DEE Well. The band's still playing. Give me your arm. My feet hurt.

The Hymn Books

Historical · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 2 minutes

Cast: ROBERT JAMES

A village church vestry in Yorkshire, 1953. JAMES, 32, the organist. ROBERT, 34, the churchwarden, a farmer. After choir practice they are putting the hymn books away. They have walked home the same way every Thursday since spring

ROBERT You played the last verse faster.

JAMES I played it as written.

ROBERT You played it like you'd a train to catch. Mrs. Dunning nearly lost her teeth.

JAMES Mrs. Dunning sings a bar behind everyone. I was trying to catch her up.

ROBERT You'll not catch Mrs. Dunning. Nobody has since the war.

JAMES You're here late.

ROBERT Counting the hymn books. Churchwarden's duty.

JAMES There are sixty. There have always been sixty. You counted them last week.

ROBERT One might have walked off.

JAMES Robert.

ROBERT I hear you're leaving.

JAMES Who told you?

ROBERT The vicar. Very pleased with himself. A cathedral post, in York. He said it like it were good news.

JAMES It is good news. It's a proper organ. Not one that wheezes on a low C.

ROBERT I like the wheeze. It's got character.

JAMES You would.

ROBERT When?

JAMES After Michaelmas.

ROBERT That's five Thursdays.

JAMES You've counted those too.

ROBERT I count things. It's how I know where I am.

JAMES You know why I have to go.

ROBERT I know why you think you have to.

JAMES This is a very small village. People notice who walks home with whom. Even Mrs. Dunning notices, a bar behind.

ROBERT Let her notice. Two men walking home from choir. There's no law against a lane.

JAMES There are laws against a great many things.

ROBERT ...Aye. I know.

JAMES I'm not brave, Robert. I'm an organist.

ROBERT You don't have to be brave. You only have to come back at Christmas. They'll want a proper organist for the carols. I'll see to it.

JAMES And what would I be coming back to?

ROBERT A wheezy low C. Sixty hymn books. And a man who'll have counted every day till you do.

JAMES That's not nothing.

ROBERT No. It's not nothing.

JAMES Walk me home, then. The long way. Past the beck.

ROBERT That's not the long way. That's the other direction entirely.

JAMES I know. Five Thursdays. I'd like them to take as long as possible.

Black Sesame

Slow burn, workplace · Adult (25-40) · Australian · 2 minutes

Cast: RILEY SAM

Neighbouring stalls at a Friday night market in Brisbane, packing up at eleven. SAM, 34, runs the dumpling stall. RILEY, 30, runs the gelato stall. They have traded food for eight months and split the cost of one extension lead

RILEY You owe me four dollars for the lead.

SAM I paid you in dumplings.

RILEY Dumplings aren't currency.

SAM In this market they are. Deb at the candle stall takes them for tent pegs.

RILEY Deb takes anything. Deb once took a biro.

SAM It was a nice biro. Here. Pork and chive. Last six.

RILEY ...Fine. Four dollars forgiven.

SAM You want some gelato for them?

RILEY You mean do I want to give you gelato.

SAM That's what I said.

RILEY Mango's gone. I've got salted caramel and the black sesame nobody buys.

SAM I'll take the black sesame.

RILEY You always take the black sesame.

SAM Somebody has to. It's underrated. People walk straight past it because it looks like cement.

RILEY It does look like cement.

SAM Doesn't taste like cement.

RILEY I made it for you, you know.

SAM What?

RILEY The black sesame. Back in March. You said your nan used to make black sesame soup and nobody makes it anymore. So I worked out a recipe. Took me six goes.

SAM You've been making a flavour nobody buys for eight months? For me?

RILEY It's not nobody. There's a bloke on Thursdays.

SAM Riley.

RILEY One bloke. He's very loyal.

SAM I thought it was on the menu by accident.

RILEY Nothing on my menu's an accident. I'm a very organised person. Deb says I'm frightening.

SAM Can I tell you something embarrassing?

RILEY Always.

SAM The extension lead. It's not broken. The socket on my side works fine.

RILEY What?

SAM I just liked having a reason to be plugged in next to you.

RILEY ...You've been making me pay half for a lead we don't need to share?

SAM I've been paying you in dumplings. It evens out.

RILEY That's the worst flirting I've ever heard.

SAM Is it working?

RILEY Pass me the dumplings and sit down. The sesame's melting.

Out of Office

Workplace, rom-com · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British, Neutral American · 2 minutes

Cast: MAYA OLIVER

A hotel lobby at a company retreat. OLIVER, 36, from the London office. MAYA, 34, from Chicago. They have been on video calls together every day for two years and have never met

MAYA Oliver?

OLIVER Maya. Hi. Hello. You're... you have legs.

MAYA I'm sorry?

OLIVER That came out wrong. I've only ever seen you from the shoulders up. In a little box. You're very tall.

MAYA I'm five-four.

OLIVER Well, you're taller than the box.

MAYA You're not in a cardigan. I didn't know you owned other clothes.

OLIVER I own three shirts. This is the good one. I ironed it in my room with a hair straightener.

MAYA That's resourceful.

OLIVER It's scorched at the back. Please don't walk behind me.

MAYA Where's your cat? I feel like I should say hi to your cat. She's in every meeting.

OLIVER Marmalade's in London, furious with the neighbour. You haven't brought the plant.

MAYA The plant's fake. I bought it for the background so I'd look like I had my life together.

OLIVER It worked. I've been jealous of that plant for two years.

MAYA This is weird. Isn't this weird?

OLIVER It's very weird. Two years, and I know you hum when you're thinking, and you hate the colour orange, and you say "right, okay" before you disagree with me.

MAYA Right, okay—

OLIVER There it is.

MAYA I was going to say, you do the same. You say "lovely" when you mean the exact opposite. You said it about the third-quarter budget. Nine times.

OLIVER It was a very bad budget.

MAYA I know. I wrote it.

OLIVER Lovely.

MAYA Oliver. The opening dinner's in ten minutes, and there's a seating chart, and I'm on a table with the finance team.

OLIVER I'm by the fire exit with IT.

MAYA I swapped the cards.

OLIVER You swapped the cards?

MAYA Right, okay. I've been wanting to see you from the shoulders down for about eighteen months. I'm not doing it across a room from finance.

OLIVER That's the loveliest thing anyone's ever said to me.

MAYA Do you mean lovely, or "lovely"?

OLIVER The first one. Definitely the first one. Just don't walk behind me.

The Last Waltz at Harwell Hall

Historical, post-war · Adult (25-40) · Neutral British · 3 minutes

Cast: JACK PEGGY

A village hall dance in Kent, 1946. PEGGY, 27, a land girl who has stayed on to run the farm. JACK, 29, just demobbed after four years as a prisoner of war. They wrote to each other all through the war, having met once, the week before he shipped out

JACK Miss Hollis.

PEGGY Sergeant Dean. I wasn't sure you'd come.

JACK Nor was I. I've been outside by the bicycles for twenty minutes.

PEGGY I know. I saw you through the window. Mrs. Crane thought you were stealing one.

JACK I considered it. It would have been quicker than coming in.

PEGGY We can stand by the door. The draught's lovely.

JACK You look different from the photograph.

PEGGY So do you. You had more of a face in yours.

JACK I had more of everything in mine. Four years of turnip soup.

PEGGY I didn't mean it cruelly.

JACK I know. You never did. Not in a single letter.

PEGGY I had to be careful. They read them before they sent them. I used to picture some poor censor in a hut reading about my pig.

JACK Gertrude.

PEGGY You remember Gertrude.

JACK I remember everything about Gertrude. I read that letter until it came apart at the folds. The lads in my hut used to ask for news. They took it very hard when she had the piglets.

PEGGY Why?

JACK They'd a sweepstake on seven. She had nine.

PEGGY She's still going. Fat as butter and twice as vain.

JACK I'd like to meet her.

PEGGY That's the nicest thing a man's ever said to me at a dance.

JACK Peggy. Can I say something, before the band starts again?

PEGGY If you like.

JACK I'm frightened I'm not him. The one who wrote to you. That lad had a lot to say. He had plans. I'm not sure where he went.

PEGGY Jack.

JACK I don't sleep much. I don't like the dark. I jump when a door goes. That's not who you were writing to for four years.

PEGGY Do you know what I'm frightened of?

JACK Tell me.

PEGGY That you were writing to a girl who sounded brave. And I'm not. I wrote those letters at the kitchen table at two in the morning because I couldn't sleep either, and I made everything funny so I wouldn't have to say I was scared stiff. Of the planes. Of the telegram boy. Of you not coming home.

JACK You never said.

PEGGY Of course I never said. What use would that have been to you in a camp in Silesia? You needed a pig.

JACK I did need a pig.

PEGGY So neither of us is who we wrote. That's all right. We had four years of pretending. We can have a bit of time being the real ones.

JACK That sounds like a lot of work.

PEGGY It's a farm, Jack. Everything's a lot of work.

SFX: the band starts a slow waltz

JACK I'm not much of a dancer now.

PEGGY You weren't much of one then. You trod on me through the whole of the last waltz in 1942.

JACK I remember. I apologised in five letters.

PEGGY Six. Come on. By the door, where the draught is. If you need to stop, we stop.

JACK And if I tread on you?

PEGGY Then I'll write it down, and read it to Gertrude.

Every Tuesday

Slow burn, contemporary · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 3 minutes

Cast: LOU BEA

A laundromat, Tuesday, 9 p.m. BEA, 52, an ER doctor, divorced. LOU, 45, a sign painter. They have used the same two machines every Tuesday for a year. Tonight Lou's dryer is broken and Bea's has room

LOU Dryer six is dead.

BEA Dryer six has been dying since March. It was only a matter of time.

LOU I put four quarters in. It ate them and made a noise like a goose.

BEA It does that. I call it the goose. You kick it low, on the left.

LOU I kicked it. It's still a goose.

BEA Mine's got room. If you want.

LOU You'd share a dryer?

BEA It's a dryer, not a toothbrush.

LOU No, I know. It's just, you've got a system. Whites on the left, towels folded in thirds. You iron your pillowcases.

BEA How do you know I iron my pillowcases?

LOU They're too flat for someone who doesn't.

BEA That's a very specific observation.

LOU I paint signs. I notice edges.

BEA Put your stuff in. Hurry up, it's already running.

LOU Thank you. I'll pay half.

BEA It's a dollar fifty.

LOU Then seventy-five cents and my undying gratitude.

BEA Seventy-five cents is plenty.

LOU ...Why do you come on Tuesdays? You've got a nice coat. People with nice coats have washing machines.

BEA That's an assumption.

LOU Is it wrong?

BEA No. I have a washing machine. It's very good. It plays a little tune when it's done.

LOU So why?

BEA Because my house is very quiet. My son's in Oregon, my ex-husband's in a condo with a woman who does hot yoga, and I work nights in an emergency room where nobody is ever having a good day. Here, nobody needs anything from me. I just watch the clothes go round.

LOU That's the most you've ever said to me.

BEA You've never asked.

LOU I've been trying to ask since October. I was going to ask about your book. The one with the bird on the cover.

BEA That's a textbook. Toxicology.

LOU Oh. Then I'm glad I didn't.

BEA Why do you come here? You don't have a nice coat.

LOU Rude.

BEA Accurate.

LOU My building's machines are in the basement, and there's a guy down there who wants to talk about crypto. And because a year ago, a woman in a nice coat told me dryer six was a goose. And she laughed when she said it, and then she looked surprised that she'd laughed. And I thought, I'd like to see that again.

BEA I don't remember that.

LOU I do. Second Tuesday in September.

BEA ...That was the week my divorce was final.

LOU I didn't know.

BEA Nobody did. It's funny what you'll laugh at.

SFX: the dryer buzzes

LOU That's us.

BEA Your shirt's in with my pillowcases.

LOU Sorry. Is that against the system?

BEA I'll allow it. Just this once.

LOU Next Tuesday? Same dryer?

BEA Dryer six will be fixed by next Tuesday.

LOU I could kick it again. Low, on the left. Make sure.

BEA ...Kick it hard.

Practice with these, record them, post them as demos or reels, use them in auditions. Please do not resell them as scripts. © VO Journey Academy · avosjourney.com