

THE PERFORMANCE

RAPHAEL FROST GONZALEZ

4556 West Ave. 40, Los
Angeles, CA, 90065
323-573-8779

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

We are in the middle of a classroom, facing a wall. On a whiteboard written in Sharpie-marker: "WELCOME TO CAREER DAY."

Otherwise, the room is littered with the usual middle-school decorations: motivational posters, a US Flag, map of the globe, etc. Kids talk amongst each other.

NOTE: This entire film will be done in one shot. Aspect ratio is a circle.

SCHOOLTEACHER MRS. WOLVERTON (50s) enters stage left to address the kids.

MRS. WOLVERTON

Settle down class! Next up, we have a Marvin Bigbsy. He's an actor who has worked in film and TV. He's here to talk about what it's like in Hollywood. Let's give him a round of applause.

Exit Mrs. Wolverton.

Mild clapping as MARVIN enters from RIGHT OF SCREEN. He's dressed nicely, has a blue sweater with a matching collar and black jeans.

MARVIN

Hey everyone! It's good to meet all of you. Thank you Ms. Wolfington.

MRS. WOLVERTON

Wolverton.

MARVIN

What?

MRS. WOLVERTON

My name. It's Mrs. Wolverton.

MARVIN

Oh. Sorry about that. Anyways! My name is Marvin Bigsby. I'm the older brother of Henry. His Dad couldn't make it today, so I'm filling in. Now, rather than *tell* you what an actor does. I thought it'd be better if I *showed* you.

Marvin adds a slight pause for dramatic effect.

MARVIN

Who here has seen Boogie Nights?

Nobody in class answers.

MARVIN

Oh really? It's with Mark Whalberg. It has this great fireworks scene and-

Mrs. Wolverton clears her throat.

MARVIN

Anyways. Here we go.

Marvin turns around to face the wall. He takes off his sweater and shirt. He's wearing a wifebeater underneath.

MARVIN

I've been around this block twice now. Looking for something. A clue...

Marvin turns around to face the class.

MARVIN

...Been looking for clues and something led me back here. Yep, here I am. Could've been me at Ringo's place when the shit went down-

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)

I'm sorry, did you say Boogie Nights?

Marvin turns to look at Mrs. Wolverton stage left.

MARVIN

Yeah.

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)

I don't think that's appropriate for children this age.

MARVIN

What do mean? These kids are old enough.

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)

They're 11.

Marvin looks surprised. He turns to his little brother.

MARVIN
Henry, you're 11-years-old?

HENRY (O.S.)
I just turned 12.

MARVIN
Oh.

Pause.

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)
Why don't we do some Q&A?

MARVIN
Yeah! Ok. Questions. Does anyone have anything to ask?

Marvin looks around. Sees a kid raise his hand.

MARVIN
You there, in the back.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
When did you first know you wanted to become an actor?

MARVIN
Great question. Well I started acting when I was a kid, doing stage plays and stuff. And I was going to school but figured-

JESSICA (O.S.)
What have you acted in?

MARVIN
Also a good question. You know, you may not have seen a lot of my stuff. I do mostly mature, non-kid, work. I've been on Criminal Minds. Couple episodes of NCIS. Basically anything shooting in Los Angeles-

RENA (O.S.)
I've seen Criminal Minds.

MARVIN
Oh.... You're old enough to see Criminal Minds but not Boogie Nights?

RENA (O.S.)
Yeah. And you're not in it.

MARVIN
No I am! I just play a background cop
in a couple of episodes.

TYSON (O.S.)
So you're not famous then?

A collective sigh emerges from the audience.

MARVIN
Well, no. Not yet. I mean that's not
why I even do it. I love acting and
the fact that I can make a living off
of it is a gift enough.

LINUS (O.S.)
How much money do you make?

MARVIN
Ummm...

Marvin turns to look at the teacher. She's not stopping any
of this.

MARVIN
I mean... a fair amount. Sometimes
things get a little tight and I drive
Uber... And Lyft.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
When was the last time you did that?

MARVIN
Hey. We're here to talk about acting.
Not Uber, right?
(Sotto)
Mrs. Wolfenstein can you -

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)
Wolverton.

MARVIN
Right, sorry. Can we just-
(Sotto)
Can we just make sure they stay on
topic?

Mrs. Wolverton sighs, then walks up to the front of class.

MRS. WOLVERTON
Now everyone. Marvin is here to talk
about acting. Let's keep our questions
related to that. Ok?

MARVIN
Thank you.

Mrs. Wolverton walks off screen. Marvin looks for a question.

MARVIN
Yeah, you there.

ISAAC (O.S.)
Is it true that all actors have small
dicks?

MARVIN
Jesus Christ -

The kids start laughing.

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)
ISAAC!

Mrs. Wolverton walks back up to address the kid.

MRS. WOLVERTON
That is incredibly rude. People do not
choose a career because of their
anatomy. And even if they did, we
would not judge them for it.

MARVIN
Just to be clear I do not have a small-

MRS. WOLVERTON
Now everyone. Be respectful.

Mrs. Wolverton walks off.

MARVIN
Are there any more questions-

Marvin sees a hand raised all the way in the back.

MARVIN
Henry. You have something to ask?

HENRY (O.S.)
Where have you been?

MARVIN
I'm sorry?

HENRY (O.S.)
It's just - It's been so long since
I've seen you.

MARVIN
Um. Why don't we talk about that later
Henry-

HENRY
Is it because of Uber?

MARVIN
No! It's not because of Uber. I just
have a lot of things and auditions and
personal stuff to keep track of.

Another pause. Henry keeps going.

HENRY
Dad says you're embarrassed.

MARVIN
I'M NOT EMBARRASSED, alright? I am
just busy. I am just very very busy.

LENA (O.S.)
(Beat)
With Uber or with acting?

The kids start giggling. It immediately gets to Marvin.

ISAAC (O.S.)
Or is it Lyft?

The class *explodes* into laughter. The effect is loud,
overwhelming. Marvin just stands there. Fuming.

It lasts a few moments. Marvin FLINGS his stool against the
whiteboard.

Everyone goes silent.

MARVIN
I'm sorry, who the *fuck* do you think
are?

Nobody speaks.

MARVIN

Ooohhhh. So now nobody wants to talk. Well I wanna tell you all a story. This is about an average boy. Every morning, this boy would wake up. His Mom and Dad would make him a delicious breakfast, give him a kiss on the cheek, then drive him to school. In class, this boy's life was even easier. His teachers would give him a gold star, and he and his friends would make dick jokes during lunch. Then the boy got to go home and do it all over again. Those were the days. But life... it would never be this easy again. The boy went to high school, where his advisor told him he's not good enough for college. But the boy didn't care. He wanted to go into the arts. Yayyyyyyy. So what does he do? He works hard. He works really really hard. He waits tables and drives cars and moves furniture to try and make a living. All while auditioning for every available role in this fucking town. But it doesn't work. So the boy ends up here, giving a speech about how swell life is in Mrs. Wolverton's class-

MRS. WOLVERTON

It's Wolverton-

MARVIN

I DO NOT GIVE A FUCK WHO YOU ARE!

Marvin turns back to the class.

MARVIN

I may not be successful. But at least that means nobody will remember me.

An awkward silence. Marvin reaches down for his sweater...

Clap... Clap... Clap...

Marvin looks up. The clapping grows a little more.

MARVIN
What are you doing?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
That was the best...acting...ever.

MARVIN
(Pause)
What?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
You were so good!!! I've never seen
anyone yell like that.

The other kids begin ooh-ing and ah-ing. Realizing the monologue was a "performance".

MARVIN
I wasn't-

DEBRA (O.S.)
Do it again!

Marvin takes a beat, before responding...

MARVIN
I'm not gonna, I'm not gonna do it
again.

LINUS (O.S.)
Ah please? C'monnnnnnnnn.

MARVIN
No stop-

LINUS (O.S.)
Do it! Do it! Do it!

Linus' chant is soon repeated by the whole room. It grows louder and louder. CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON MARVIN. He thinks for a moment.

MARVIN
Alright seriously stop! That's enough.
That's enough.

Finally, he silences the classroom, looks over to the teacher.

MARVIN
Mrs. Wolverton?

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)
Class. That's enough for one day. You
may not know it, but acting takes a
lot out of you... Let's all give
Marvin a round of applause.

MARVIN
No plea-

But too late. Cheers ERUPT from off screen. All the kids and
parents start clapping for Marvin.

MARVIN
Please stop.

But it's relentless. Marvin looks down at the floor, grabs
his sweater and shirt. The cheering goes on for a minute,
maybe more.

After a beat, it finally starts to die down.

We end on a CU of Marvin. He looks up at the audience. Once
the final clap is made, he takes a beat, sighs, and simply
says -

MARVIN
Thank you.

FIN.

FADE TO BLACK.