

REAL ACTORS

Written by

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The Theatre is empty besides AN ELDERLY MAN, THE ELDERLY MAN'S WIFE, and ROBBIE.

ROBBIE, early 20s, tall and lean, has a dark trench coat on and circular glasses. Watches the stage performance of *A Doll's House*, watches behind the elder couple. The stage is small and the set looks home made. The theatre seats look as if they are peeling and the curtains have subtle rips in them.

Robbie is drinking a hot coffee when AN USHER, 15, walks up to him with a flashlight.

USHER

You can't drink anything besides
water in the theatre, sir.

Robbie turns his head slowly and takes a long sip.

ROBBIE

Why don't we keep this on the down
low?

The Usher looks around to the back of the theatre and sees HIS BOSS, shaking his head vigorously at him with beady eyes as he walks back into the lobby.

USHER

(shaky voice)

I'm going to ask you one more time
sir, please dispose of the drink or
I will have to escort you out.

Robbie rolls his eyes, and dumps out the coffee on the floor of the theatre and throws the cup at the teenage usher.

ROBBIE

Disposed.

Robbie does a dramatic hand gesture of brushing his hands clean as the usher leaves in defeat and shock. Robbie tries to get back into the show when EMILIA walks to the center of the stage to start her final monologue.

Emilia, playing Nora, is also in her early 20s, she is average looking, but when in character she demands a stage and her presence is ethereal.

EMILIA

You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me. It is perfectly true, Torvald.

Robbie sits up in his seat, he takes out a notepad from his coat pocket and writes her name and her age.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls.

Robbie starts writing down key words under her name: physicality, articulation, understanding.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

And when I came to live with you--I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as your else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which--I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman--just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me.

As Emilia utters her last line she makes eye contact with Robbie, almost giving him a small smile.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

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INT. DRESSING ROOM- NOON

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Emilia is taking her hair out of the late 1800s hair style. She is already out of costume and is wearing an all denim dress.

Robbie does a slight knock and holds a crushed rose in his hand as he slowly pushes through the door.

Emilia looks at him through the mirror. Not bothering to turn her head around.

EMILIA

I didn't think you were going to come to the show.

ROBBIE

I wouldn't have missed this for anything.

Emilia gives him a small smile. Robbie sets the sadly crushed rose next to her on her dressing table.

EMILIA

Why did you really come?

Robbie starts to say something then stops himself. He shuts the door and pulls up a chair next to her.

ROBBIE

You know how I told you about my family business?

EMILIA

The very vague one that you aren't allowed to tell anyone about.

ROBBIE

Yes. That one.

He really thinks before he speaks.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I've decided I can tell you about it now.

Emilia stops playing with her hair.

EMILIA

I'm intrigued.

ROBBIE

It isn't really a *family* business.

EMILIA
I figured as much, you did use to
either come home at one in the
morning or days later.

ROBBIE
I work for a guy as a con artist.

Emilia furrows her brow.

EMILIA
(disbelief)
You're a con artist?

ROBBIE
I like to tell people I'm a more
useful kind of actor.

Emilia glares at him.

EMILIA
Why do you want to tell me this
now?

ROBBIE
I usually work with two other
people: Patrick and Diamond. But
Diamond left.

EMILIA
Why did the classy sounding Diamond
leave?

ROBBIE
Lets just say some things went down
in Vegas and there were a few
hurtful words said and she stormed
off with her middle fingers up.

EMILIA
So, you slept with her?

Robbie stares at her, a blank stare.

ROBBIE
I plead the fifth.

EMILIA
I bet diamond was a lovely lady.

ROBBIE
She wasn't lovely but she was good
at her job.

Emilia realizes where this is going.

EMILIA
Absolutely not.

ROBBIE
I didn't even ask, yet.

EMILIA
You are not dragging me into being
a criminal. You've ruined me
enough.

ROBBIE
There is more than just asking you
to work with me.

EMILIA
I don't care to know. I don't care
why. And I don't care how much!

ROBBIE
Not even if I promised you in 6
million dollars cash.

Emilia for the first time turns to look at him.

EMILIA
You are promising me 6 million
dollars?

ROBBIE
Then we can part our ways.

Emilia turns to look away, she is really thinking.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
It is the least I can do for what
happened.

EMILIA
I didn't know our breakup would
have such a big price tag or else I
would've walked away a lot sooner.

ROBBIE
So, are you in?

EMILIA
I'm in.

Robbie and Emilia shake hands, sealing the deal.