

THE MASKS WE WEAR DRAFT 2

Written by

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INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

NATALIE is waiting anxiously in the green room when CHRIS arrives, disheveled and aloof.

NATALIE
Oh my god, Chris! There you are!

CHRIS
(sarcastic)
Here I am. Ready for yet another public flogging. You know, I was thinking, maybe I should walk out backwards so my butt is easier to kick.

NATALIE
(gentle)
Come on now, don't go to negative town. This is the one guy still willing to interview you because you were so nice to his mom when she broke her hip.

CHRIS
What? Oh, right. How is Sheila?

NATALIE
(inhales sharply)
She died.

CHRIS
Just like my career.

NATALIE
Forget that, did you memorize the talking points I gave you?

CHRIS
(scoffs)
No. What's the point? Everyone hates me. Didn't you hear?
"Disgraced comedian is public enemy number one."

He flops on the couch. Natalie looks down at him and her empathy turns to disgust.

NATALIE
Alright! That's it! I have had enough of your pity party. You are gonna get your sugar honey ice tea together or else I'm gonna cut your face off and do the interview myself, now get up!

She pulls him up and he attempts to un-dishevel himself.

CHRIS
Ow! I'm up! And this isn't a pity party! I need people to like me.

NATALIE
So what you stepped on a dog which
then ran in front of a speeding
bus. It was an accident, right?

CHRIS
Right.

NATALIE
And you like making money, right?

CHRIS
Right.

NATALIE
Well, so do I! So get out there and
tell people how much you love dogs
so I can keep my health insurance!

Natalie hurries him out the door.

CHRIS
I'm going, I'm going!
(stops)
Sheesh, you sure are scary
sometimes.

NATALIE
Which is why you hired me. Go!

Natalie pushes him out.