

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tommy and Greg sit in Diner. Tommy feasts while Greg sips coffee.

TOMMY

So. Why you bring me here?

GREG

Wha-what do you mean?

TOMMY

Scene partner... That joke?

GREG

No, not at all.

TOMMY

Then what, Greg? I don't see point.

GREG

Okay. Um... All right, listen. When, um, when I, when I get up on stage in front of people, it's like all I can think about is, uh, "What if, what if they laugh at me or if I embarrass myself?"

TOMMY

Mm-hmm.

GREG

Um, but you, man you're, like, fucking fearless, and I just I-- I wanna feel that, too. I just, I want, I want that. I want what, what you have. And I just, I-- I figured I could, I could learn something from you. That's-- that's it.

TOMMY

Oh, all right.

GREG

Yeah.

TOMMY

Let's do scene.

Tommy Hands greg a copy of the play, "The Lightning-Rod Man".

GREG

Oh, you wanna, you wanna do a scene here?

TOMMY

Are you not dedicated actor?

GREG

I'm dedicated. I just... There... You know, there's other people eating, and I just don't--

TOMMY

I don't care about these people. Come on, you have to do it.

GREG

O-- Okay, yeah.

TOMMY

I'll play the man, The Lightning-Rod Man. And you play this other one with the Z.

GREG

Uh, Zechariah. Zechariah.

TOMMY

Yeah.

GREG

Okay.

Tommy and Greg start reading from the play "The Lightning Rod Man."

TOMMY

"Good day, sir."

GREG

Uh... "Good day."

Tommy breaks from the reading.

TOMMY

Come on, you have to be louder.

GREG

Tommy, I just, I don't...

TOMMY

Don't worry about these people. There only you and there only me. Now do it. Project.

GREG

O-Okay.

Back to the cold read.

TOMMY

"Good day, sir."

GREG

Okau, uh. Um...

TOMMY

Don't be weird. Just do it.

GREG

Yeah, I'm--I'm... I'm sorry. Uh.

Greg reads.

GREG (CONT'D)

"H--Have I the honor-- A visit, uh, from the illustrious g-god, Jupiter Tonans."

TOMMY

(re: Greg's reading)  
Okay, that's good. Keep going. Try it.

GREG

Uh, okay... "So stood, stood he in, in the Greek statue, uh, of old, grasping the lightning bolts..."

TOMMY

Yeah. What you doing?

GREG

...Uh... "If... If you be he or his viceroy, I have to thank..."

TOMMY

Okay, good.

GREG

... I have to thank you for this noble storm you have brewed among our mountains."

TOMMY

Okay, that's great. Now, we're at top of mountain. The rain pouring, wind going. And the lightning, everything. okay. "

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

A very fine rod, I dare say. And what are these particular precautions of yours? Close yonder shutter. The slanting rain beating through." Come on, come on.

GREG

All right. Uh...

TOMMY

Mountain top right now.

GREG

"Are...

TOMMY

There's rain and wind going.

GREG

Yeah. "Are, are you mad?" Uh... "Know you not that, uh, yon... yon iron bar is a swift conductor?"

TOMMY

"Pray touch the bell pull there."

GREG

Uh "Are, are you frantic? Are you frantic? Never touch bell wire in a thunderstorm!"

TOMMY

Oh, wow.

GREG

"Nor ring a bell of any sort!"

They turn attention to the patrons in the diner. As they slowly applause in awkwardness.

TOMMY

Wow! How about this guy? Wow.

GREG

Thank you.

TOMMY

Wow. Everybody got lucky today. You don't have to pay for this performance. Thank you. Your welcome very much.

GREG

Tommy, that felt fucking amazing,  
man.

TOMMY

There you go. Now you're acting,  
Greg. That was like Shakespeare.

END.