

ACT FOUR

EXT. CAMERON THEATER - DAY

START →

INT. CAMERON THEATER - HOUSE - DAY

It's quiet. No one appears to be there.

CHARLOTTE
I don't know, Sid...

INT. CAMERON THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte sits on the floor, in her waitressing uniform, as Sid stands at a saw horse, sawing some wood planks.

SID
Why did you audition if you didn't want the part?

CHARLOTTE
I wanted a part. I didn't want the part.

SID
Charlotte, forgive me if I'm wrong, but isn't that kind of the whole point of being an actress? To get the part?

CHARLOTTE
(sighs)
Well, I'm not really sure I'm an actress anymore...

SID
What, you have one phone interview and you're suddenly a corporate stooge? Instead of a Christmas Scrooge?
(winks)
See what I did there?

Charlotte chuckles and rolls her eyes.

CHARLOTTE
I just... I'm brand new to the group. I feel bad... coming in and taking the lead.

Sid reaches his hand out.

SID
Sandpaper, please.

Charlotte hands it over. Sid starts sanding the wood.

SID (CONT'D)
What did Julian say?

CHARLOTTE
He said it's not a seniority system
and whoever's best for the role is
best for the role.

SID
And you don't believe him?

Charlotte looks down. That's it. She doesn't believe him.

CHARLOTTE
Maybe he's just casting me out of
pity!

SID
Because of that show you two
auditioned for together?

She doesn't answer.

SID (CONT'D)
He said himself he had nothing to
do with the casting decisions on
that show. He didn't prevent you
from getting that job.

CHARLOTTE
He could still feel bad. That show
was his big break and my...

She doesn't finish her sentence.

SID
Biggest failure?

Charlotte doesn't answer. Instead, she reaches into her purse
and pulls out her name tag, pinning it on.

CHARLOTTE
I have to go. People need pie and
greasy french fries.
(beat)
And that's my job.

She gets up.