

LIGHTS UP

TED

(hold script, trying to memorize lines)

"And that's why I can't join your cause, Deputy..."dammit..."That's why I won't fight for you,  
Deputy..." "That's why I won't fight for YOU, DEP-uty."

*MISTER CHUCK enters on with a coffee of cup.*

MISTER CHUCK

Memorizing those lines, huh?

TED

Yeah, sorry. I swear I thought I had these.

MISTER CHUCK

Well, professionals know that performance is all about prep.

TED

Yeah. That's a good point.

*TED turns away to continue practicing.*

TED

"THAT'S why I WON'T FIGHT for you, Deputy."

MISTER CHUCK

The name is Chuck Kleeeger.

TED

Excuse me?

MISTER CHUCK

Chuck Kleeeger. K-L-E-E-ger. And you are?

*MISTER CHUCK pulls out a piece of paper and small pencil.*

TED

Oh, I'm Ted. Ted Jacobs.

MISTER CHUCK

(checking off paper)

Yep, there you are. How did you hear about this shoot?

TED

A friend posted about it, actually. On facebook.

MISTER CHUCK

Well, you sound like you're a little green. (offstage, waving and flirting) Hey, Sheila! (back to TED) No offense, but this isn't my first rodeo. Let me show you the ropes. I've been doing this for twelve years.

TED

Oh, thanks, that'd be great Mr. Kleeger. Sir.

*SHAWN enters with large headphones.*

SHAWN

Hey, Ted? We're gonna need to mic you up in a second, alright?

TED

Yeah, sure, thanks Shawn.

SHAWN

No problem. "See you on the dusty trail!" (laughing) Great improv from yesterday man.

TED

Oh, thanks dude. I'm glad everyone liked it.

MISTER CHUCK

Excuse me, when will I be mic'd?

SHAWN

Who are you?

MISTER CHUCK

We've worked together before. I'm Chuck Kleeger. K – L – E

SHAWN

Yeah, we don't mic background extras.

*SHAWN exits. Awkward pause.*

MISTER CHUCK

So you were improvising yesterday?

TED

Yeah, I got in town yesterday and they wanted me to try some stuff out.  
I'm glad everyone laughed at it.

*MISTER CHUCK stands up to refill coffee.*

MISTER CHUCK

That's great. That is great. Well, I've worked with a lot of the crew before.  
Sheila! You are looking great today...

*No response from offstage Sheila.*

MISTER CHUCK

(following her with his eyes, sipping coffee)  
She...she knows me. We go back. Are you SAG?

TED

No, this is actually this first time I've done one of these.

MISTER CHUCK

Well you know you are SAG eligible after you do this when you have a speaking role. The paperwork is a little complicated, I can help you out.

TED

Oh wow! I had no idea.

MISTER CHUCK

I'm pretty sure I can get one in today. My boy has a piano recital tonight but I told him,  
"Nope. I'm busy...acting."

TED

Right...

MISTER CHUCK

That's why I told them I'm not fucking come down here for any more shoots unless  
I'm getting fucking SAG for it. Twelve years...

*DIRECTOR walks onstage.*

DIRECTOR

Hey Ted, good to see you. We're just setting your shot up and we'll start filming in about 15 mins. You're next for makeup. Sheila, let me know when you're ready.

MISTER CHUCK

And when are we going to film my scene?

DIRECTOR

Chuck, I told you we are filming the crowd scene last. Why are you up here with the principals?

MISTER CHUCK

I have some costume options I wanted to show you.

DIRECTOR

Fine, what do you have?

MISTER CHUCK

Well, I know it said "townsfolk" in Actor's Access, so I brought some period piece pants, suspenders, an old banker's suit, a cowboy shirt and hat, and some black spandex in case you want some contrast.

DIRECTOR

What you are wearing is fine. And we don't have much coffee - do not drink any more. There is bottled water downstairs for the extras. Oh, and do not talk to Sheila again. Period.

*DIRECTOR starts to exit, then sees MISTER CHUCK making notes on a paper.*

DIRECTOR

(taking notes from CHUCK's hands)

These are for the cast, Chuck. You don't have any reason to be taking notes on them.

DIRECTOR

(CON'T, exiting while muttering)

Fucking extras.

MISTER CHUCK

So...no on the spandex.

*MISTER CHUCK takes out another copy of the same paper and crosses off a line.*

MISTER CHUCK

So, who is your agent? That's the secret. A good agent. Isn't that right...

MISTER CHUCK looks offstage towards Sheila, but decides against it.

TED

I actually don't have one.

MISTER CHUCK  
Neither do I.

LIGHTS OUT