

Accidentally confessing to your crush's asshole twin

By: SleepyDreamyLullay

... = listener is speaking or general pause

[words] = sound effects and sounds

(words) = tone/mood/voice direction

{words} = replace with desired pronouns, subject, etc.

****Script****

Hm?

...

Oh, uh... Hi...?

...

(confused) Whoawhoawhoawhoawhoa. Wait. What are you saying?

...

(slowly understanding, concocting mischievous plan) Uh huh...

(closer, lower voice) Start again. But look me in the eyes this time.

...

Oh, bashful now, aren't we? Where'd all that bravery go? I'm *certain* the wall behind me isn't as pretty as my face, so let's look here, yeah?

Up-bup-bup. No backing up--- you look as if you're about bolt.

I'm not that scary, am I?

Now look here and repeat what you said. Don't make me hold your chin.

...

Good. That's better.

(closer, softer) Say that again, but slower now. Savor. *Every*. Word.

...

(very close, very soft) Mmmm. That's good. But could you back it up a bit?

...

No, no, no. What did you say *before* that.

...

No. Before *that* too. Before the whole "I've been feeling this way for a while now" part.

(CLOSE close, whispered) Say my name. Again.

...

[*Snaps*]

(Normal, loud voice. Jarring) Aaaaaand the spell is broken.

We're done here.

[*Footsteps walking away, Footsteps hurrying to catch up*]

Oh jeez. *Yikes*. Desperation is *not* a good look on you, (disgusted, like an insult) *Lovebird*. It's.. um...

How do I put this gently...

Ah! ----

--- *Laughably* pathetic.

Ugh. I'm feeling all sense of dignity and self-worth drain out of me just by being *near* you.

...

(cheery) Okay, bye now!

...

See, *there* it is with that name again. Look, *Lovebird*, I gave you a chance earlier to recognize your mistake, but it looks like you were too busy getting lost in my *dreamy eyes*. Take another look at me.

...

(annoyed) God, don't be so embarrassed. See, let me just grab your face and---

See now?

...

Aaaaaand the realization is dawning. I don't know what's sadder--- your confession, or the dying light in your eyes as you realize that the last bits of courage that you scrounged up *just* for this occasion were wasted on a truly *fruitless* and frankly *humiliating* endeavor.

[*Pats face twice*]

Whelp. Good talk. Have fun doing that all again with my brother.

Oh, and, if it's not too much trouble--- when he *inevitably* rejects you, do you mind snapping a pic of your reaction face for me? I'm thinking it could be a fun pick-me-up. Something to laugh at. You know, a reminder for whenever I'm feeling depressed or pitiful that there's always someone who's somehow *more* desperate and pathetic...

[Faux comforting pats]

...

(jarringly cheery) Okay! Bye for real now~~

...

Hm. This whole "chasing after me" thing is *really* not showing me that you're all that bright.

(like you're talking to a dumb child) Me? Wrong twin. You? Hopeless. Fool. Boo-hoo. Wah-wah. Love is dead and with it, your fantasies of skipping happily ever after into a flowery meadow sunset with my brother. Now Leave. Me. Alone.

...

[Snorts]

How do I know he'll reject you?

Hmmm... Well. Let's take a look at you now, shall we?

... *[Pointed silence, a tsk]*

At this point, I think it'd be cruel to put it into words though...

Let me try a different approach:

Look, my brother is... simple. He's like a puppy. An innocent, moronic puppy. His primary thoughts basically boil down to friends, food, and fun.

He's been confessed to a hundred times over. I would know. I've been accidentally confessed to on his behalf for, like, 50% of those attempts. The guy just doesn't know the effect he has on people. So when you give him your whole *spiel*--- really sweet, by the way, so sweet in fact that it made me want to *throw up*--- he's not going to know what to do, and so he'll reject you. Simple as that.

Got it? Dreams crushed? Hope in romance and happy endings thoroughly stomped on?

Nice. I'd really love to enjoy the look on your face right now, but I'm on my way to class.

(cheery) Have fun dying alone, and whatnot!

...

[Laughs]

Help you??

Yeah, no. Sorry, Lovebird. Tough luck. Go find some other schmuck to swoon over. The *last* thing I want to see is another induction of a dedicated mooney-eyed idiot into my brother's personal fan club.

...

[Snorts]

Anything?

You'll do *anything*??

Jeez. I can't tell if you really, really like him or if you're just really, really stupid.

I guess it could be both though, huh.

...

Hmmm... Alright then.

(mischievous, douchey low voice) ... *beg* me.

...

[Laughs]

Oh, c'mon now. Let's use our grown-up *nice* words. And try to summon up some of that cute, demure, *blushing* persona that you were oh-so-willing to show to my brother.

Try again. Make sure I *really* believe you.

...

[Disappointed Hiss, *tsk tsk tsk*]

Ah, see. I'm still not convinced.

(closer, softer) I may require... *other* methods of persuasion...

I'll be generous though. One more time but bow your head a bit so that you'll have to look up at me. I *love* the view from up here.

And add in a "Please" for good measure. Make it *extra* sweet.

...

[Deep inhale]

Mmmm. *That's* the good stuff.

...

[Pats *comfortingly*]

(Jarring, cheery) Still a no though!

...

(sarcastic) oooo. *Scary*. Where'd those innocent, pleading eyes for my brother go, Lovebird?

...

Uh huh. Sappy sob stories won't move me, so you're resorting to insults now, right? Funnily enough, this is actually working in your favor.

...

Of course! I don't give 2 shits about your "feelings" and "friendship" and "something more" blah blah blah with my brother. That's *actual* nonsense gibberish that I'm actively tuning out--- which is *really* saying something, considering you're already so bland and meek that it's hard to even remember that you're still speaking to me.

I swear, if I wasn't looking at you right now, it'd be like you never even existed---

When I look away: peaceful bliss.

When I look here: a sad bummer.

Away: Wow! A tree! A wall! A door! Things that *actually* have a presence!

Here: oh, a boring lump of blah.

Away: Golly gee, things that are actually *interesting*!

Here: ...

Oh, um. Who are you again?

...

[Laughs]

I'm starting to like you more and more, Lovebird. At least you're proving to have more backbone than the usual ilk that take interest in my brother.

Hmm. I *suppose* I might be willing to give a *few* tips for how to get him to go out with you--- if you give me something in exchange.

...

What's wrong, Lovebird? Where's your faith in the (mocking) power of "True Love"? Worried about monetary extortion? That'll I'll ask for one of those earlier *special* methods of persuasion?

(closer) You know, even though we're identical, I think you'll find that I'm the twin that's blessed in brains, brawn and... *other* skills.

... better... *parts*, too.

...

[Snorts]

What's with the embarrassment?

You've already bared your *naked* heart. I'm sure you wouldn't mind being *extra* vulnerable with me.

[Laughs]

Kidding, kidding.

As if *I'd ever*.

In all seriousness though, anything requiring a neuron in my brother's brain to produce a single thought other than "yay!" or "Oooh, *shiny*" would require nothing less than persistent, specialized effort. This is going to take some time and *serious* work for him to recognize you as a potential partner.

I'm willing to give you some tips, set up some strategic encounters, brainstorm whatever lovey... dovey... gross *thing* you need if you...

(disgusted, a bit mumbled) ... pretend to date me for a bit.

...

(annoyed) Yeah, yeah. Do I seem particularly jazzed about the offer?

Look, there's this pretentious, smarmy, stuck-up club of absolute pricks on campus that do nothing more than flaunt their connections and frankly *disgusting* wealth.

And I want to join them, obviously.

...

Your judgement isn't really effective on me, Lovebird. I'm a *finance* major, after all.

I'm trying to rush the club, and in order to do so, I have to prove that I'm able to fit into their privileged, gilded world. To do that, I need to show that I respect the 3 things they value most: tradition, legacy, and reputation.

You can argue that they have a 4th value--- kissing ass and licking boots so that you sit primly upon the lap of some top one-percenter, but I mean. That's a *given*, don't you think?

Anyway, this group loves nothing more than when their members are able to bag a particularly nice piece of arm candy. What's the point in being rich if not to improve your image by investing in every vain, shallow, aesthetic add-on? A reputable, attractive partner is just another rarer, harder to obtain accessory, after all.

And you... fit the bill, I guess. Sorta.

In a weirdly charming way.

...

Har Har. See, that clever mouth of yours is exactly what those idiot elites will eat up. I mean. I'll obviously have to clean you up a bit, refine those really *really* rough edges, but in the end? We'll have something that's almost halfway decent!

I hope.

That's really all I need though. Attend a couple events, talk me up a bit, make me look like an enchanting, "worthy" candidate for their club, and I'll help you with my brother. We'll keep it a secret from him throughout our "dating" and "break up" when the rushing period is over. Sound good?

...

Wow. That was a *very* fast yes. Not much in the way of self-respect, huh?

Walk with me. I can give you some starting pointers for how to slowly drop hints to my brother while on the way to class.

Hold my books.

...

(fake scandalized) Why, what kind of *lover* would refuse to hold the books of their own partner?? That's not very *romantic* of you.

Need I remind you that while you absolutely need me, I could find any other pig to slap lipstick on and fill your role. Remember that the success rate of asking out my brother currently stands at 0%.

Oooo, that's right. I can see the gears turning in that head of yours. I'll call this off anytime I feel the need to. Having a suitable partner would be *nice* for the club, but I'm sure I'd manage just fine without.

You're the one who needs me, and so, it'd be *advisable* to do what I want when I want it.

Speak, sit, stay, heel, *beg*. Commands that I *strongly* recommend you learn, and ironically, go *perfectly* for your aspirations of eventually dating my brother.

As of now, you're my *dog*.

...

Hm. That speech made me a bit tired now. I'm suddenly feeling like I can't hold my books *or* my backpack anymore.

Won't you be a *dear*?

...

Ha! You're *actually* doing it. Wow. Just what kind of spell does my brother have on you?

I mean, I have my own ways of wrapping others around my finger but *he* just...

... Doesn't really matter I guess.

What was I saying? Oh yeah. Tips.

The main things you want to avoid with my brother? Giving in to his extroverted, bubbly ways. He's all too used to people fawning over him and wanting high-fives, hugs, and other forms of physical closeness. Deny him that extra touch of friendliness a bit. Be a bit more aloof and reserved. He'll be confused, but intrigued, and it'll make him want to put in more effort into trying to break you out of this false shell.

Another thing you should probably do is stop giving him so much attention. I don't know you that well, but I can already tell that you're the type of person to prefer one-on-one time to make someone feel (mocking) *special*. Interesting.

Yeah, don't do that with him.

Don't be *too* mean but be sure to make it clear that you have more friends. More *options*. It'll make him want to *earn* your affection even more.

You could also try mixing these behaviors with the complete opposite--- interspersing detachment with affection. Keep him on his feet. Once he thinks he's secured you, flip the cards and distance yourself. This push and pull, hot and cold sort of approach will capture his extremely short attention span and maintain your spot at the forefront of his thoughts.

Last thing: *Colors*. We can get into his likes, dislikes, and interests later, but wardrobe is something that can be easily addressed and deployed now. My brother is... Well. You know how he is. Easily delighted and readily entertained. He *loves* vivid, lively things, and is drawn to anything that invokes excitement. Wear the brightest things you own. I see that you're partial to a... monochrome, understated palette. Lots of blacks, greys, whites, and neutrals.

(sarcastic) Aren't *you* fun at parties.

But really, you should try wearing pastels, and vibrant hues. His face involuntarily lights up whenever he sees his favorite color. We can use that. Really Pavlov him into associating you with happiness. You should try wearing that light green shirt--- the V neck, not the mock neck.

...

Really? "How do I know that"? Do you not remember??

...

I was in your art appreciation elective last semester, remember? I sat, like, right behind you?

...

I did my final presentation on Italian Architecture during the Renaissance period?

...

Wow. Not ringing any bells, huh? Your memory is just *that* terrible.

I guess you're *perfect* for my brother then.

Anyways, yeah. The green top. Suits your complexion and my brother will love it.

Now that *that* unpleasant business is out of the way, let's go over some of the rules that you'll have to follow while "dating" *me*.

No pecks, no hand holding, no hugs. In general no... *touching*. No calling, texting, or contacting me unless I reach out first. No mentioning that we're together unless directly asked. No nicknames, or other terms of endearment. You seem to hate the name "Lovebird".

So *I'll* still call you that, of course.

Limit your contact with anyone associated with the club, and until we break up, you will be an absolute *saint*. Got it?

...

Good. You might want to write some of that down. I don't really trust you to remember all of that.

...

Hey, watch it. You're still holding my stuff, remember? You're doing a terrible job, by the way. Look at what you dropped.

... oh?

Is this...?

No

[Laughs]

Is this a *love letter* to my brother??

[Laughs]

Oh, *ew*. This is... this is just...

[Snorts]

Barf.

Jesus, Lovebird. I wouldn't have expected you to be so *cheesy*.

(mocking) "The way you smile, the way you laugh" *ugh*.

You're lucky my brother didn't see this. Would've freaked him out!

Unless...

[Paper rustles]

Uh-uh-uh. Not so fast. I'm keeping this. As...

[Snorts]

... *Collateral*, of a kind. Think of it as an *incentive* to put on your absolute *best* performance for me.

It's also just so, so, *so funny*.

...

Mmm. Hold on to that anger, Lovebird. It looks good on you.

I'll see you, let's say... 2 days from now? At the pavilion? To discuss your current... *shortcomings*--- both in the realm of high society etiquette and brother flirting skills.

Do *not* be late.

Oh, and Lovebird?

Are you ever going to stop blushing?