

VERVE, INTENSITY, AND PERSONALITY

By: Hannah Moore

Lights up on the waiting room of a casting office - an audition session is underway. Three empty, plastic chairs line the back section of the room, and beside them is a plastic folding table; a printed out 8 x 12 sheet of printer paper, with the words "CHECK IN + GRAB SIDES HERE" written in blocky, black Sharpie is taped and hanging from its side. A single potted plant is artistically positioned on a diagonal from the table - for ambience and flair, of course.

Silence. Anticipation. Tension.

Suddenly, ABIGAIL REESE bursts into the room, panting and knocking over a chair. She's clutching a HUGE bag, which we can see is overflowing with headshots and resumes. She drops to the ground to pick up the chair and ALL of her headshots and resumes fall out. Yikes. She scoops them up and struggles to get them back into her bag. It's, like, a whole ordeal.

Finally, she wins the battle and effectively stuffs her materials back in. She looks around and spots FELLOW AUDITIONER (the audience.) Oops. She straightens up and assumes an air of confidence.

ABIGAIL

Hi. You're auditioning for, uh, the thing? The...?

She gets a desirable answer, nods, and sets her stuff down on a chair, then sits in the one beside it. She smiles at FELLOW AUDITIONER. She's NOT rattled, by the way.

Silence for a beat. Then:

ABIGAIL

Oh my gosh, HA! I'm, like, kind of sweating, I hate parking in LA, it's like every street sign is a riddle written in ancient Aramaic and also I'm a medieval peasant boy who's vastly illiterate. Heh. Like "please m'lord, tow not my carriage!"

Another silence. Then:

ABIGAIL

Um. But they almost- they tried to take my car because I guess I was parked in front of someone's driveway - who effin' knows - but I was like "hey um stop" and they did, so, feeling very Mariska Hargitay girlboss in this moment. But like I had to move my car too, so, I guess we compromised.

She grabs a water bottle from her bag and takes a long swig. Then sits for a bit, silent again. Looks to the door. Needs to regain a sense of ownership of the room. She's a professional.

ABIGAIL

How are they doing on time, are they running behind? *(Beat.)* Yeah, I figured. Brandi usually does, haha. *(Beat.)* Brandi- Who's Brandi? Oh my gosh that's so refreshing, these rooms are usually overrun with kiss asses and try-hards, that's so cute of you. Uh, Brandi is the AP, and she's running the room with Armando the Casting Director today. She really likes to chat after each person, so I'm not surprised that they're a couple slots late. Yeah, yeah, typical Brandi. Typical Brandi Stark. Brandi Brandi Stark. That's so funny you don't know her, wow. Good on you for getting here early, though! I'm not technically called for another twenty minutes, but I wanted to be here early, because, you know, early is on time and so on and so forth and something about singing Newsies in a Denny's haha. Did you- were you ever in theater in high school? Yeah, you get it.

They sit for a bit. ABIGAIL touches up her lipstick, LOTS of red.

ABIGAIL

Big opportunity, huh? Haha yeah. I've come in for a bunch of these and been pinned for a few. Actually just last month I came in for a dog food campaign. Didn't quite book, um, they were actually casting the dogs. So. But I think they could've taken an avant garde approach after my audition, like I really committed and... here I'll just show you.

ABIGAIL searches on her phone, then finds the desired video. She flips the phone around to show FELLOW

AUDITIONER a video that is
simultaneously displayed via projector:

It's ABIGAIL's audition. She's on all
fours, and is jumping around like a dog.

READER (O.S.)

Um, I'm sorry, is this-

ABIGAIL

(Tugging at the collar around her neck:)

Yeah I'm ready, give me the lines.

READER

Sorry, I don't- Yeah you're gonna have to get up, please.

ABIGAIL

Ruff! Ruff!

READER

Ruff, yeah, that's an apt description of this situation.

ABIGAIL

I can roll over too watch this-

The video pauses mid-roll. ABIGAIL
looks at the FELLOW AUDITIONER
like "Well? Pretty ballsy, huh?"

ABIGAIL

Yeah I did a lot of animal work in my conservatory, so. I really got into the body of
the dog. Kind of wish they'd been a bit more open-minded and receptive to the
creative choices I was offering, but. You can't win them all, right?

ABIGAIL sizes up FELLOW
AUDITIONER. Maybe gives them a
sideways glance - *how good are they?*

ABIGAIL

Are you from around here? *(Beat.)* Okay, cool. No, yeah, I kind of am but also I'm
not. I'm originally from Pennsylvania, but like around Amish country. Mhm. I feel
like there's a part of my soul that's kind of Amish. Like I could be very at home in a
barn raising. Or churning butter or marrying a Hezekiah and having twelve children
and dying of something stupid as a result of inbreeding. I'd be so double jointed it's

not even funny. Sometimes we would drive through their little settlement to go into the city and they would wave forlornly at our car. They just had such a melancholic absence of knowledge in their eyes. (*Beat, she listens to FELLOW AUDITIONER.*) Oh yeah, I don't know, it was kind of an adjustment. I actually- (*An obvious brag:*) I moved out here when I was 11 to start auditioning, so. Yeah, yeah. Did the whole audition circuit, and everything. Mhm. I booked, too.

ABIGAIL lets that linger. Do NOT mess with her.

ABIGAIL

But you're from here originally? That's awesome, what area? Oh my gosh, I love Inglewood! The Kia Forum rocks. So I guess you've been auditioning for a while, too. (*Beat.*) Oh. Interesting. No, I guess I just figured you would've taken advantage of the location if you were trying to work and- Oh. Wow. That's- Only 2 years? Good for you. Yeah. Wow. Um. Cool. (*Beat.*) But this is like one of your first of these, right? Yeah, okay, fifth, that's- sure. Still a ways to go haha. Well, that's nice.

ABIGAIL pulls out the sides from her bag and looks over them. Something strikes her as odd and she giggles a little.

ABIGAIL

Sorry, just- The emotional stakes of this scene are soooo all over the place. I'm hoping these are dummy sides because if this is the script on the day I'm gonna have to pull out some serious training cheats to make it work. But honestly that's sort of how it is on these big network shows, it's like, did we lose our brains when we downloaded Final Draft? Twelve people to a writer's room and no one knows how to write an interesting guest star spot, I swear. Have you seen the first season? Oh. Okay, interesting- no, it's just- that's like the number one rule of TV auditioning, "always watch the first season," but- I guess if you want to give it a fresh take, that's good!

She looks over the side again.

ABIGAIL

It'll be nice to go back to multi-cam. I've done a lot of commercial work and stage performance so this will be a breath of fresh air. Kind of a return to my roots, haha. Oh, I was on- Gosh I hate saying this because it makes me sound like an ass HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA. Ahhhhhh. But I was on a couple Disney Channel pilots back in the day that never got picked up. They ran in Malaysia, though, really big in Malaysia. Recast, of course, with- with Asian people. But. That's neither here nor there nor anywhere, huh? (*Beat.*) I'm sorry I just like launched into all of that, I'm sure you're like "uh what the heck get me out of here PLEASE I'm stuck with a crazy person AHHH AHHH" haha but I just really love the waiting rooms at these things,

you know? Everyone looks basically exactly the same, and we're all probably equally talented, and it makes me so sad when nobody ever talks to anybody for... I don't know, superiority? Like if you're quiet that means you're more serious or something but I just want to know everything about people and to be known, I guess. I wish people would get over themselves and share a laugh and be PEOPLE for god's sake, like yes we're actors but we're also humans. Like your art won't take a hit if you joke about the drive in, you know? I just want to know more people, I guess, and- I don't know. This industry can be pretty lonely, um.

ABIGAL notices the sign on the table.

ABIGAIL

Oh my gosh, has that been there the whole time? Haha no imagine it just got here like "oh hi Mr. Sign thanks for joining!" haha. Did I tell you- I do improv, so- yeah, if I start bit-ing or doing silly stuff just don't get too lost cause I move kind of fast haha. But, um- But did you sign in already? Okay, yeah, I probably should, too.

She gets up and crosses to the table to sign in.

ABIGAIL

Oh, love the plant, that's nice. Ficus.

She bends over and writes.

ABIGAIL

(As she writes:)

Yeah, I typically am much more "on." Um. This is kind of... kind of a big one for me, so. Not that they all aren't, but... I kind of told myself that this has to be The One, or else, um. I don't know. I'm actually expecting a call from my agent about some of my previous auditions, so hopefully- Yeah she told me she'd call today, so. Are you repped, or-?

She listens as she writes, nodding.

ABIGAIL

Awesome, nice. I think I have some friends who work with them, too. They really seem to like it. How long have you been repped by them?

She crosses back to her chair, listening.

ABIGAIL

Oh wow, so fairly recent. I've been with my agent since... I don't even know. Since I was 13, probably. Thick and thin, you know. Yeah 15 years. It's not- I've had the

chance to swap or move up or whatever but if it works it works! And even if it doesn't, it's just nice to get emails from a name you've known since middle school. (*A beat.*) Yeah, she got me in for those Disney pilots back in the day. And I did this huge Kohl's ad campaign, it was pretty cool. I was the face of turtlenecks and winter wear... apparently I had a face for coverage. Of my entire body. Um. You probably saw me, honestly, we were bought nationally for a good while, like four-ish years I wanna say. Those residuals... ooo they were so sweet. Got me through college, actually. You probably saw me, honestly, it was a big campaign. It was the song "I Want Candy" but it went "IIII WANT KOHL'S PLEASE" which wasn't very innovative, really, in retrospect, but you had to have seen it, right?

Beat. She listens, then deflates.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, I don't know, I thought it was pretty big. When you're a kid, everything you do is monumental. So. Maybe I just thought... I don't know. I guess I thought that I was eternal, um, in a way. I really miss what it felt like to walk in a room and know you can nail it. Like, just have it in the palm of your hand before you even know what it is. Just know that you've *got it*. I wish I- I mean, this is kind of, um. I need some of that today. It's been a while since I went fishing for one of the big ones and reeled it in, so... I told myself that, if I don't get this one, I'm gonna move back home and- and do real estate, I don't know. Find some other thing to hold. (*Beat.*) God, I was so brilliant when I was nine. You should've seen me, I was prodigious. I was like this supernova of potential and it radiated from me and I had starbeams in my smile and I was wickedly smart, and I mean that in the biggest sense of the... I was like the world's sharpest knife. I had life behind my eyes when these other kids were stumbling over three-syllable-words, I was just... And I didn't fucking care. I didn't fucking care. (*Looks to audience.*) Sorry. You don't care either.

Beat. ABIGAIL picks at the hem of her shirt. Realizes she's been too vulnerable. Straightens up.

ABIGAIL

You probably don't even want to know what my signature move was that booked me the audition.

Beat. Wait for the audience.

ABIGAIL

I said you probably don't even want to know what my signature move was that booked me the audition.

Beat. Wait for the audience.

ABIGAIL

I SAID. You PROBABLY. DON'T EVEN WANT. To KNOW. What my SIGNATURE. MOVE. WAS. that. bOOKED. Me. THE audITIon.

Let someone in the audience say something.

ABIGAIL

Ha wow that's so crazy of you to ask, so basically I knew one thing going in to the Kohl's ad: everyone is just gonna model. What they WANT is someone with V.I.P. - Verve, Intensity, and Personality. That's my motto. And you have to show all of that to a casting director in less than a minute. So I whipped out my signature move: a singing cartwheel. It's where I belt a 16 bar cut and, at the highest note, I hit a cartwheel. I can do it for you right now, if you want. It's pretty amazing. ... Yeah? Okay. Um. Let me warm up into it.

ABIGAIL stands, does some crazy warm up, then begins to sing:

ABIGAIL

(INSERT FUNNY SONG IDEA HERE:)

The high note is coming. ABIGAIL winds up, shoots the audience a look: "this is the big one."

Just as she's about to launch into it...

RING RING RING.

ABIGAIL's phone rings in her back pocket.

ABIGAIL

Oop! Saved by the AP-PELL. iPhone.

She grabs her phone and sees who's calling...

ABIGAIL

Oh gosh. It's my agent. Um. Give me one sec.

She steps to the side but inexplicably takes the call on speaker phone.

ABIGAIL

Hi Rebecca.

REBECCA

(On the phone:)

Abby! Hi, sweetie, how are you? You at that audition?

ABIGAIL

Yeah! Got here a little early, so. You know me, I like to scope out the place, haha.

REBECCA

Haha, yeah, I know you. Well, uh, listen hon, you got a sec to chat?

ABIGAIL

Yeah! Yeah yeah yeah, hit me with it.

REBECCA

Alright, well Abby, sweetie, um, this is gonna be kind of tough to say, but... We were doing an inventory of our clients recently, just a check up on who's doing what, you know, and... Um, gosh, hon, this is hard, but... You didn't have much recent work to look at.

ABIGAIL

Well- yeah, uh, I know, um.

REBECCA

And I don't want... hm. Let me just say this. I really tried to find some reason to avoid this, but... look, I'm gonna keep sending you stuff as it comes to me if that's what you want, but I think it's in my best interest if I focus on the careers of some of my other clients right now, and I kind of take my foot off your gas pedal for a bit. I need to prioritize the people who are really putting that work in and finding those jobs and nabbing them. It's nothing to do with you, just... everything to do with them, you know?

Beat. ABIGAIL swallows.

ABIGAIL

(Crushed.)

Mhm.

REBECCA

You okay, hon?

ABIGAIL

Yeah, um- just- yeah, just stretching for the audition, so.

REBECCA

Ah. Well, tell you what, if you can book this one, make me put my foot in my mouth, then we'll just forget all about this call, alright? Big sitcom guest spot, that's the kind of stuff I'm looking for, yeah?

ABIGAIL

Yeah. Right. Uh huh. Yeah, sounds good.

REBECCA

You can do it. I've seen you do it. You were, like, 13 and doing it, just channel some of that, yeah?

ABIGAIL

Yeah. Okay. I will.

REBECCA

Alright. V.I.P., right?

ABIGAIL

V.I.P. Mhm.

REBECCA

Okay, break a leg, talk to you later, hon. Bye bye.

ABIGAIL

Bye Rebe-

REBECCA is already gone.

ABIGAIL puts her phone in her pocket.
Maybe sheds a tear. She's RATTLED.
Fuck fuck fuck.

She looks to us. Double fuck fuck fuck.
She needs to pull it together.

ABIGAIL

Um. I'm sorry, I- I need to go to the bathroom. I want to be... I'll be back.

ABIGAIL runs offstage through the door she came in from. Lights dim and we see:

ABIGAIL REESE'S DEMO REEL -
DISNEY CHANNEL

INT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Multi-cam shots and sound stage lighting date this clip significantly. We see two teen-ish actors in soccer jerseys, warming up with soccer balls - one of them is ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL

I'm totally nervous for this game. I think I'm sweating in places there should never be sweat.

Laugh track.

KELSEY

Don't stress, Lexi, we've totally got this. All you have to do is... you know... *do*.

Laugh track.

ABIGAIL

Wow, Kelsey, come up with that yourself?

KELSEY

Yeah, I did! How'd you know?

Laugh track.

A whistle blows. COACH enters (man or woman).

COACH

Girls! We've got a big game against Seacliff today!

ABIGAIL

I know! My uncle bet his house, his dog, and his prize collection of Elvis Presley dinner plates on this match up.

Laugh track.

ABIGAIL

He said he can find another place to live and get another pet, but those plates are irreplaceable, mamas.

Laugh track.

COACH

Alright then, Silverman, let's see you do that drill we've been practicing. Maybe it'll save your uncle's Hound Dog.

Laugh track.

Abigail begins to do really bad soccer - REALLY bad soccer. Like so bad.

KELSEY

Abigail, you better learn how to do the Jailhouse Rock, because those moves are *criminal*.

Laugh track.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Two teen boys are chatting in the hallway.

RYAN

Hey, have you figured out who you're taking to the Spring Fling?

GARRETT

Well, I've kind of got my pick of the litter, so I'm asking in alphabetical order. Starting with Anya and going alllllll the way to Zoe. Whoever says yes first gets to be MY letter D - DATE.

Laugh track.

RYAN

Maybe re-think that saying, buddy.

Laugh track.

GARRETT

Well, who are you taking?

RYAN

I don't know, man, it's hard to find girls who are available-

SUDDENLY - ABIGAIL, dressed in pig tails and braces, slams a locker door shut, revealing herself.

ABIGAIL

IIII'M AVAILABLE!!

The boys jump.

RYAN & GARRETT

AHHH!! KRAZY KAT!!

ABIGAIL

It's KATHERINE, thank you. Like Hepburn.

GARRETT

Dude, I think Hepburn is what she's gonna give you if you take her to the dance.

Laugh track.

RYAN

Uh, sorry, Kat, I- I think I have to... walk my grandma.

Laugh track.

ABIGAIL

Huh. I do that on Thursdays, easier on her joints.

Laugh track.

CUT TO:

INT. RABBIT HOLE - DAY

It's just Abigail dressed as a rabbit.

ABIGAIL

Aw man, it's so hard becoming a woman!

Laugh track.....

...continues as the light fade up, sound fading down.

Silence.

ABIGAIL re-enters, wiping her mouth. Did she throw up? Drink water? Who knows.

She doesn't look at the audience. She sits down. Solemn.

Beat.

She looks up. Smiles at FELLOW AUDITIONER. Then looks to their left and sees...

ABIGAIL

Oh. Hi. You... Did you just get here?

Wait for OTHER AUDITIONER to respond.

ABIGAIL

Okay. Um... You dropped your script under your chair, by the way.

There will be a piece of paper already below the chair, which reads:

“Say yes to every question, make up everything else.”

THE FOLLOWING SEGMENT WILL BE IMPROVISED.

The OTHER AUDITIONER will follow the instructions on the paper as ABIGAIL asks:

1. Are you going before them (FELLOW AUDITIONER)?
2. But they're going in 15. So you're going in 5?
3. You got here RIGHT BEFORE your audition?
4. Do you know someone in the room??
5. BRANDI???
6. Wait, do you know EVERYONE in the room???
7. Etc., etc.

Finally, ABIGAIL gets furious.

ABIGAIL

Sorry, I just- You got here *five minutes ago*. You- You don't even, do you even know the sides? Are you prepared? Are you still? Are you ready? Is there- Is there anything about you at all that gives a fuck about what you're going to do?? Sorry, I just, I really can't- And whatever, so fucking what if you know them, you could walk in there and shit on the floor for an hour and *knowing them* wouldn't save you at all, would it??? Would it???

Let the OTHER AUDITIONER answer.
They have to answer yes to every question.

ABIGAIL sits in the "yes." The truth in it.

ABIGAIL

I... I hate... (*Beat.*) I remember when I thought if you were *good*... if you were *able* and *focused* and *dedicated* and you *wanted it*... you got it. I remember when being the best was a definitive. It was just something that was known and you could walk into a room and they wouldn't know a single thing about you except what you offered them on an 8x12 sheet of bone white paper and you had the chance to change their lives for a minute and a half, and if you were brilliant, you were brilliant, and everybody fucking knew it. And it's like... it's like the fish stay big but the pond gets bigger so now you see all these huge swimmers next to you and you begin to wonder if you were ever that big at all, or if your pond was just fucking miniscule. And all the big fish are in the same circle and they all go to the same parties and drink the same champagne and I don't... I don't like prosecco, so. And it doesn't matter if you're good. It doesn't. Doesn't matter if you're bad, either, honestly. You could be absolutely miserable and they'd treat you the same as the next Meryl Streep. If you don't have the look and you don't have the friends, then.... And I never had the look. And I have... a couple friends. But not where it matters. Clearly.

She sits. Looks at OTHER
AUDITIONER.

ABIGAIL

You're gonna book it, aren't you?

OTHER AUDITIONER must answer every question with a "Yes."

ABIGAIL nods. Stands. Walks to them.
And...

Spits in the ficus.

ABIGAIL

The fuck you are.

ABIGAIL hears something we can't. She
turns to OTHER AUDITIONER.

ABIGAIL

You're up.

ABIGAIL watches as OTHER
AUDITIONER leaves.

Once they're gone, she whispers under
her breath:

ABIGAIL

Stupid dumb poopy head.

She sits again. Silence.

Looks at FELLOW AUDITIONER.

ABIGAIL

So sorry, um. I'm sorry. I hope that didn't- I hope you're not thrown off, or anything. I just... Ugh, it makes me so mad, I can't even begin to tell you. You're newer to the industry, so you're probably not as sick of it yet, but I just hate how... I don't know, helpless it can all feel sometimes. Like... if we go in there and we *try*, like really *try*, and we don't look right, or we don't sound right, or somebody has to pee, or their kid has to be picked up early from school, or their sandwich just turned in their stomach, or they haven't eaten their sandwich yet and they're starving, or they just don't fucking care... then it's like we never tried at all. Which is very pessimistic, I know, I- I don't know when I started thinking in negatives. When I was five, I swear, I could fly.

Silence.

ABIGAIL

I think I'm gonna warm up for a bit, if that's okay. Get re-centered. It's kind of... primal, I guess, so I hope I don't startle you. Yeah. Yeah, alright.

ABIGAIL stands and crosses to the side of the stage. Improvise warm up - loud and BIG!!! Let this go on for a while.

Finally, wrap it up.

ABIGAIL

Ahhhh. Okay. Sorry, you probably need to warm up, too. Place is all yours.

ABIGAIL waits and watches for the FELLOW AUDITIONER to get up. Maybe they stretch a little, nothing crazy.

ABIGAIL

Oh! Alright, that's it? Did you stretch before? Here, I can teach you one of my favorite stretches, if you want. I just can't remember the name of it, it's like... ugh, maybe you can help, can you just toss out words??

I'm taking a suggestion lolz. Take one, teach a fake warm up, fun.

ABIGAIL

There, and you should be all set! Oh, no, no need to thank me, I just expect to see you onstage at the Taper Forum someday haha.

She sits back down. Takes a sip of water. Looks at FELLOW AUDITIONER... gratitude.

ABIGAIL

Hey, thanks for talking with me. You've actually... you've really made this nice. If this is my last one, I'm glad you were here. Ew. Gross. Forget I said that.

FELLOW AUDITIONER asks the question we're all thinking.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, I- I think this really is it. If I don't get this... It's back home to Amish Country for me. I'll sell all the newly raised barns. I think if I let myself off the hook here it means less, you know? There have to be stakes, duh. (*Beat.*) I think it's really cool that you're just getting started. You get to believe in the possibility of a "yes" for as long as you want. And you get to play, and you get to dream, and you get to be bold and brave and say words like "fuck" and it doesn't feel like spewing vomit, it feels

like a bullet flying from a gun. You get to be fresh and new and anything. You can be absolutely anything.

Aha.

ABIGAIL hears something we can't.

ABIGAIL

Alright. Well. Break a leg.

FELLOW AUDITIONER says
something that makes ABIGAIL laugh.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, on the highest note, hit the cartwheel. Mhm. Hey. Really, Thank you.

And they're gone.

And ABIGAIL is alone.

She sits. Sips her water. Waits.

Then she pulls out the sides and practices her lines.

ABIGAIL

Hey, open up! *(Beat.)* Uh... I ordered a Frosty and they said first window? *(Beat.)* It was a little funny. *(Beat.)* Just let me in. Wowww, swanky place. How many stepmoms does it take to change a flatscreen TV? *(Beat. She grimaces at that.)* Well, as your cool aunt, I think I earn the right to... Um. *(Clears her throat. Takes it again.)* Hey, open up! *(Beat.)* Uh... I ordered a Frosty and they said first window? *(Beat.)* It was a little funny. *(Beat.)* Just let me in. Wowww, swanky place. How many stepmoms does it take to...

ABIGAIL slowly drifts off, overcome by emotion. She sets the script to her side and stares into nothingness. Then, she crumbles.

ABIGAIL

(Soft desperation.)

Oh gosh. Come on. Gosh. Um.

She looks up. A prayer, a petition, a plea:

ABIGAIL

Please let me be undeniable. I don't have the patience to be mediocre. But I'm afraid I don't have the skill to be great. Just please put it in me for five minutes. Just five minutes and you can give it away after. I don't believe that anyone can be anything. I don't. I think you either have it or you don't and that's harsh and unfair but so is the world and so is that room and so just put whatever you have to put in me because if it isn't in me already it will never be. But I... I feel like it used to be. It *used to be all over me*. I was festering with it. And I love it- this- so, so much...

PING!

A text on her phone. She sniffles and pulls out her phone to read:

FRIEND: Hey Abby!! Crush it today, you got this!!

PING!

Another text:

FRIEND: GOOOO ABBY KNOCK EM DEAD!!!

PING!

FRIEND: Abs you're literally so fucking sexy they'll lose their pants

PING!

TEACHER: Proud of you, kiddo, show them what you've got!

PING!

TEACHER: It's all in you, use it! You did the work!

PING!

FRIEND: Love you, Abby!

PING!

FRIENDS: (Flooding the screen) LOVE
YOU ABBY!!

PING!

DAD: Maybe you could do some of this
in there, I think they'd like that:

(Picture of Hannah doing something
silly)

Love you!!

PING!

MOM: Give the gift. Serve the story.
You. Are. Light.

PING!

AGENT: It's yours to take!

ABIGAIL is overwhelmed by the
support. Grins. Wipes away tears. IT'S
HERS TO TAKE.

ABIGAIL

I can fly I can fly I can fly I swear I can fly.

ABIGAIL hears something offstage we
cannot hear.

It's time.

ABIGAIL

Yup, ready.

She gathers her things. Looks around.
Smiles. This is the moment this IS the
moment and she knows it and it's
everything and it's here and she can't
quite prove it but she knows that it's
fucking in her.

She turns back to the presumed STAGE
MANAGER offstage. Decides she's
gonna be charming.

ABIGAIL

Hey, I really liked the ficus. Super classy.

This kills. Fuck yeah.

She begins her walk to the door. Stops.
Takes a deep breath...

...and enters the moment.

A FLOOD OF VIDEOS OF LITTLE
HANNAH. Onstage. At dance. In choir.
ART ART ART PERFORMANCE JOY
DREAMS PASSION AND IT'S ALL
RIGHT THERE.

We see what it is to love something so
powerfully abstract.

It's flying. When we were five, we could
fly.

Blackout.