

**MAYBE ONE DAY**

Written by

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INT - LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT

NICK is lying on a couch that EVYN is sitting in front of. Nick is staring at the ceiling and Evyn is reading a book. Nick looks at Evyn.

NICK

Would you sell your dreams if you could?

EVYN

(not looking up from her book)

Which ones? The ones we have while we're awake or the ones we have while we're asleep?

NICK

(chuckling)

Either.

EVYN

Not for all the money in the world.

NICK

(tenses up)

I got fired.

Evyn looks up from her book to Nick. She gets up and sits on the couch with him, not taking her eyes away from his sight.

NICK

They said the column was getting bland. Wanted something new. Specifically that they 'didn't like the direction I was taking it.'

(sad chuckles)

EVYN

Well you still haven't heard back about the book deal yet.

NICK

I did... I did, Evyn. Fell through.

(shaking his head)

I hated writing for them. They value nothing. I'm not going to be some white-collar snob who has my face buried in my boss's ass.

EVYN

Lucky for you, you don't have to go back there.

Nick glares at her.

EVYN

I am not trying to push your buttons. Although, that does sound like something I would do.

Evyn looks at Nick expecting a response which she doesn't get.

EVYN

Alright, I'm sorry. No jokes. But maybe this is a blessing in disguise.

NICK

How? How can this turn out fine? I hate this. I hate doing this. Not knowing where our next meal might come from. I mean we put out again

and again expecting different results, but nothing's ever going to change. It never will. What if we never make it? We go to countless auditions and interviews. We submit portfolios that are never even glanced at. Why? Why do we constantly do this to ourselves? Are we just psychotic or worse; Are we masochistic because all of this pain we feel, in reality, is all self-inflicted. You think we would know better by now. We constantly get rejected.

EVYN

Well. You say we are psychotic. I say we are people who have dreams. You remember growing up. Everyone would constantly say 'settle down, get a reasonable job, get married, have kids' and then die, I guess. We had different ideas. And when everyone thought we couldn't make it, well that gave us all the more reason to prove them wrong, to make something of ourselves.

NICK

I know, but I just don't know if I can do this anymore.

EVYN

So what are you gonna do instead, huh? Move back home? Find a sensible job, get married, have kids and then die? I must really know nothing about you if you are really considering that as an option.

NICK

I should have listened to my mother.

EVYN

Oh screw that and screw your mom. Well

don't screw you... Just don't start with that.

(mockingly)

'I should have listened to my mom.' Boo hoo. You listened to yourself. You didn't want your life boiled down to a menial job in a town in the middle of nowhere. You are making a name for yourself. You are living. Good for you. And one day, everyone in that town is gonna see your name in a Barnes and Noble's or some other... I don't think I can name another book store, but the point is they are going to remember you. They might think 'wow I used to know him.' It will be worth it. I promise you ... with every fiber of my being. This is worth it.

NICK

Yeah ... but it still hurts.

EVYN

That's the job.

NICK

(chuckles)

It's an awful job.

EVYN

Always has been. Always will be.

NICK

So what am I gonna do?

EVYN

Keep fighting. Keep ... writing.

They both laugh and look at each other.

NICK

She's a natural.

EVYN

A poet at heart.

(laying her head on his shoulder)

We always figure it out. One way or another. Just don't stop ... please, because you are not a quitter. You're not. It's tough, sure, but we've been through worse. The regret you would have not knowing if you could have made it or not would be so much worse than what you are feeling now. We get rejected constantly. Don't give up. If you left, who would be there to motivate me to go to another brain-melting audition, to keep perfecting my craft?

NICK

(smirking)

Huh, How did your audition go today?

EVYN

Shhhhhh... We need not talk about negative things.

She puts her pointer finger over his mouth. Nick laughs.

NICK

..You know what? Speaking of perfecting your craft, you should show me that new monologue you are working on.

EVYN

(beat)

No.

NICK

Oh, come on.

EVYN

No! It's ... It's not ready yet.

NICK

Do you have it memorized?

EVYN

(hesitantly)

Yes.

NICK

Then do it!

EVYN

Nick.

NICK

Evyn. Come on, please.

Evyn stays quiet and crosses her arms.

NICK

I've had a rough day.

Evyn rolls her eyes.

EVYN

Geez.

Evyn comes to downstage center. She breathes deeply. Nick claps.

EVYN

You don't have to-

NICK

Woah Woah Woah. What? I don't get a slate.

EVYN

Oh, you are cruel. (beat) Hello my name is Evelyn Dalton. I will be performing a piece entitled "They Are Okay" by Julian Campbell.

(beat)

You don't have to talk about it, about anything at all, but I would like to tell you something. Just a story. I remember back in, what was it? Maybe 5th grade science class. We had just started a unit about astronomy: stars, planets, and whatnot. So we all get to class and sit down, then the teacher asks "how many planets do you think there are in the entire universe?" A simple introduction to the topic, but man, we got excited.

A spotlight falls on her.



*Stage note: The set should be moving as she delivers the monologue.*

EVYN

She had us all write down our answers and read them aloud so we could find out who was closest. It was like one of those "Guess how many jellybeans are in the jar" games you play at baby showers. "11 ,23 ,46 ,107" we responded and after we all finished saying our answers, she calmly looked at us and said " there is an infinite amount of planets out there, there is no number big enough to even describe it." We stared at her dumbfounded. We couldn't wrap our brains around the concept so we asked "well how?" and she simply said "I'll explain that later, but for now, think of a planet, your planet, it can be anything, have any people or objects, it's your world." She said " for the rest of the day I want you to imagine your planet and draw it." And so we were away with our busy pencils, crayons, and markers. I drew a land of tree-people and fairies with big antlers. When we all finished, she told us that our planet exists somewhere in the universe.

(chokes up)

If I were to create my world again now, I would make it nearly exactly like Earth with only one difference. That you and I would be happy again because even if I feel broken here, I know that somewhere else they are happy. And if they are happy, I know I'll be just fine. Actually, I would probably fix world hunger as well. Anyways, my point is that everything does get better. Soon. You may feel as though the world is against you, but you are on another planet somewhere where these feelings are completely fictitious. Everything is okay. Eventually, you will feel as happy as you do

on that other planet far away.

DIRECTOR

And cut! Let's break for lunch.

The spotlight lifts. An Assistant comes from off stage and gives Evyn a jacket and phone. Evyn is seen calling someone.

EVYN

Hey. Just wanted to call and see if we are still on for lunch.

(beat)

Lovely. I can be there in about 15.

She looks down at her watch.

EVYN

(beat)

Oh really is that what they're saying?

She walks off stage still on the call, smiling to herself.

EXT - CAFE TABLE

Nick is sitting alone at a table. Evyn walks in.

NICK

(sarcastically)

Late as always.

EVYN

Ugh. Three minutes.

NICK

Late is late.

EVYN

You are unbelievable.

(sits down)

NICK

Tisk, tisk, tisk.

They both laugh.

NICK

How was set?

EVYN

Same as always: riveting. Although, Ryan is being an asshole to the new PA's. Gotta feel bad for them.

NICK

So... the same as usual.

EVYN

(smiling)

Exactly.

NICK

Well that's good because I have news.

EVYN

Good news I hope.

NICK

Great news.

EVYN

Oh, do tell.

NICK

We got it.

EVYN

It? Like it, it?

NICK

Yup.

EVYN

No way.

NICK

Yes way. I mean I didn't expect a response just a few days after, but they said they loved the team's pitch and would be glad to make the series into films.

EVYN

Nick! That's amazing! Holy moly. We've got to celebrate. Let's go out somewhere to get a drink.

NICK

It's quite literally one pm.

EVYN

It's five o'clock somewhere. Let's go!

NICK

Don't you have to be on set? You know,  
your job?

EVYN

I technically am not on the call sheet. So if  
you would, just indulge me.

Evyn takes out her wallet and pulls out some cash that she leaves on the table. She grabs his hand. They stand to walk out. Nick pulls Evyn into a passionate kiss. They both pull back and smile at one another before exiting. The lights dim.

END



*A Sunday Afternoon* by Evelyn Vale