

PEARL

(calling off)

No, I'll get it mom. No, don't reach for it! Augh, she fell out of her chair reaching for the remote. Hold on. Mom, I told you not to...

(Trails off. Taylor waits. Pearl returns)

Ugh, she just doesn't listen sometimes. What were you saying? About the gig?

TAYLOR

Yeah. Listen. About the gig--

PEARL

(calling off)

No, mom. She can't come here. Where's she going to sit? On the laundry pile?

(Back to Taylor)

She's just excited. Sad she can't come. Your parents see a lot of your stuff?

TAYLOR

It's um...been awhile.

PEARL

But they're supportive? Of your career?

TAYLOR

My career? It's...complicated.

PEARL

Sure. They worry about the uncertainty, right?

TAYLOR

Yeah. You could say that.

PEARL

But what else would you do? I can't do anything else. This is it. For better or worse, this is my life. In it to win it.

TAYLOR

(after a moment)

Yeah. Yeah, you're right.

PEARL

So what did you want to tell me about the gig?

TAYLOR

I uh...found a good rehearsal space for us.

SCRIPT SAMPLE