

"THANK YOU"

Written by

Jack Cherry

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY

A casting director sits behind a fold-out table. His associate reads sides with an actor auditioning:

ACTOR
No, you get out...

The actor dramatically turns his back.

CASTING DIR.
That's great. Yeah, really, really
awesome stuff... thank you.

PAUSE. The actor locks eyes with the CD, holding a hard, but polite stare. It's awkward and a little too intense, when...

He scampers out of the room. The door slams.

CASTING DIR. (CONT'D)
Almost every time... awkward.

CASTING ASS.
Can't you just tell them-?

CASTING DIR.
Kid, wanna survive casting? Hold a
smile. Hold strong. Say "thank
you." They figure it out fast.

Another actor, JOHN, walks in. The CD grabs his headshot.

CASTING DIR. (CONT'D)
Hey... John?

JOHN
Yessir.

CASTING DIR.
Great. Whenever you're ready.

John takes a beat. He nods, then...

CASTING ASS.
*"You live with my rules or you can
get out, Todd."*

JOHN
No, Aunt Cherise. No, you get out.

He holds dramatically. Then...

CASTING DIR.
That's great, John. Yeah, really,
really awesome stuff... thank you.

JOHN
(not missing a beat)
Don't mention it- so, what's going
on? How're you..?

CASTING DIR.
...um. I'm okay... thank you.

JOHN
It's what it is, right? I'm also
torn on my day. Debating a lunch,
mango acai bowl... or fries.

CASTING DIR.
Either sounds nice... Thank you.

JOHN
I wasn't offering, but I'm bringing
some home for the family anyway, so-

CASTING DIR.
No... no, that's alright. I've
eaten, so... thank you-

Joe lets out a thick cough over his "thank you."

JOHN
"Bless you" comes first, but I
appreciate the gesture- got a fam?

CASTING DIR.
I'm sorry?

JOHN
Got a family?

CASTING DIR.
Uh- a little personal... thank you.

JOHN
You're right. "Give personal to get
personal," I have a niece who says
that. Smart as a whip, which she
calls "problematic," which I find
odd. I don't think Gen Alpha's
supposed to know what problematic
is, conceptually. But she does.

CASTING DIR.
Oh, really... thank you.

JOHN

Oh, don't thank me, she's in, like, Connecticut. She's your case of an iPad baby gone right, y'know?

CASTING DIR.

Oh... believe me, I get that...
thank you.

JOHN

I'm glad you agree. Got a kid, too? They like what you do? They act?

CASTING DIR.

I'm not an actor... thank you.

JOHN

Don't be modest. You look like one.

CASTING DIR.

Thank you.

JOHN

You're welcome! I bet you have a favorite monologue! I bet you do it in the mirror at home all the time.

CASTING DIR.

Ha! No... thank you.

JOHN

Ha! Yes... please. Let me guess.
(to the associate)
Do you know what it is?

The associates eyes go wide.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ending of "When Harry Met Sally."

He's right.

CASTING ASS.

Fuck, that was my guess. Thank you!

JOHN

My pleasure! It's the perfect monologue. Tight, sweet, jewish.

CASTING DIR.

Right?! Thank you!

JOHN

Gimme some right now. Lets hear it!

CASTING DIR.

I- Um...

John runs to the table and helps the casting director up.

JOHN

Get up here. I'll do it with you. I know it.

CASTING DIR.

Oh, okay. Um... thank you!

JOHN

Of course, let's do it. Ready?

They grin at each other then...

CASTING DIR. & JOHN

"I love that you get cold when it's seventy one degrees out, I love that it takes you an hour and a half to order a sandwich, I love that you get a crinkle above your nose when you look at me like I'm nuts..."

John stops and lets the CD go. He sits in the CD's chair.

CASTING DIR.

"I love that you are the last person I want to talk to at night. And I came here because when you realize you want to spend the rest of your life with someone, you want the rest of the life to start as soon as possible..."

The CD finishes, out of breath but proud of himself. Then...

JOHN

That's great. Yeah, really, really awesome stuff... thank you.

PAUSE. The CD locks eyes with the John, holding a hard, yet polite stare. It's awkward... but John doesn't break. Then...

CASTING DIR.

Have... have a good one...

He scampers out of the room. The door slams.

The associate looks to John. John picks up another headshot.

JOHN
Who's next?

END OF SKETCH.