

HERESA. I think that's probably a bad / id —
 SCHULTZ. Just for a minute.
 Just for a minute.

(He starts walking out the door. A little reluctantly, Theresa follows. The room is empty for twenty-five seconds. Then Lauren reenters, looking a little traumatized. She puts her bag down. She isn't sure what to do. She stands facing the mirrors, looking at herself. She frowns, then walks closer and inspects a pimple on her chin. After a little while Marty enters, looking at her phone. She sees Lauren and smiles.)

MARTY. Hey Lauren.

LAUREN. ... Hey.

MARTY. Are you excited about school starting in a few weeks?

LAUREN. Um.

I'm not sure.

(Marty laughs a little.)

MARTY. That's understandable. I guess school is a mixed bag.

(A long pause while Marty smiles at Lauren. Then Marty walks over to her bag in the corner and starts rummaging through it.)

LAUREN. *(Suddenly.)*

Hey.

Um.

I have a question.

MARTY. *(Looking up.)*

Yes.

LAUREN. Um ...

(A long silence.)

LAUREN. Are we going to be doing any real acting?

(Another silence.)

MARTY. ... What do you mean by "real acting"?

LAUREN. Um ...

(Pause.) Like acting out a play. Or something. I don't know.

(Pause.)

Like reading from a ...

(Pause.)

MARTY. Um. Well. Honestly? I don't think so.

(Another silence.)

LAUREN. Okay.

MARTY. Did you ... were you looking forward to that?

LAUREN. Um ... I signed up for this class because I thought we were gonna act.

MARTY. We are acting.

LAUREN. ... Yeah.

(Pause. She sighs.)

Okay. Thanks.

(Lauren exits. Marty watches her go. After a few seconds James enters.)

JAMES. She won't pick up. Her phone is on. She just won't pick up.

MARTY. Do you want me to call her?

JAMES. No. That's absurd.

(Pause.)

She's so fucking ungrateful.

MARTY. I don't know if I agree with that assessment.

JAMES. Okay. Could you please —

(Schultz and Theresa enter holding hands. Theresa drops Schultz's hand the second she sees other people in the room, then goes over to her bag and starts looking through it. Schultz is smiling. James looks at Schultz.)

JAMES. What.

SCHULTZ. Sorry?

JAMES. You're smiling like something ... like something hilarious just happened.

SCHULTZ. Oh. Ah ... no. Sorry.

(Blackout.)