

POP GOES THE STAR

Written by

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Pages: 2+

Characters:

Ariana, female, 18 - 23, pop singer from an influential family

Jesse, male 20's, ex-military, Ariana's body guard, country boy

Synopsis: Jesse confronts Ariana about her wild antics, while trying to hide his feelings for her. Ariana doesn't handle it well.

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Mock Sides, Volume 2: Original Scripts for Workshop Actors

INT. GRAND HALL DRESSINGROOM - NIGHT

ARIANA enters the dressingroom with a pompous and seemingly proud attitude and takes a seat at the mirror to touch up her makeup. JESSE follows her in and shuts the door.

ARIANA

Can you please stand outside the door?

JESSE

I have direct orders from Mitch to not let you out of my sight.

ARIANA

Fine.

Jesse stands in silence with folded arms, biting his tongue, until...

JESSE

I know I'm not supposed to stick my nose into your personal business, but I have to...

ARIANA

Then don't.

JESSE

Fine.

Ariana stands and grabs a dress off the wardrobe rack. She begins to disrobe. Jesse blushes and turns away. Ariana turns and sees Jesse facing away.

ARIANA

I thought you said you had orders not to take your eyes off of me.

Jesse keep his eyes turned away.

JESSE

You know, when I was pitching in the minors, I saw guys get called up to the majors, and then, poof, disappear.

ARIANA

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

The ones who couldn't cut it would sometimes go back to the minors, work on their game, some gave up, some got injured, but the ones who had all the right stuff, had a only a short to time to prove themselves.

Ariana is now dressed in her performance attire.

ARIANA

What is your point, Cartright?

JESSE

I was hired to protect you. That means I would gladly beat down the paparazzi, the creepy stalkers, hell, I would even take a bullet for you.

This touches Ariana and she smiles, but only for a moment as she manages to hide it again.

ARIANA

Well, that *is* your job.

JESSE

Well, the one thing I didn't sign up for was protecting you from yourself.

ARIANA

What? Oh, please. Your not my father.

(beat)

Look, you have no idea what I have to do to stay on top of this business. Besides, there is no such thing as bad publicity.

Jesse throws his arms up and huffs.

JESSE

Oh my God! Can't you see it? No one is going to take you seriously if you don't take yourself seriously, if you don't take the game seriously.

ARIANA

Now that's funny.

(CONTINUED)

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JESSE

What?

ARIANA

This is not baseball, Cartright.  
It's all about publicity, parties,  
power, and rubbing elbows with the  
people who have the power. I choose  
to have a little fun because it  
works.

JESSE

Now that sounds like someone who  
doesn't believe in their own  
talent.

ARIANA

Really, what's your excuse? Oh  
yeah, you had to go off and be a  
war hero first. How convenient.

JESSE

Okay. Okay.  
(beat)  
I'll be outside the door.

Jesse leaves.

ARIANA

Jesse.  
(pause)  
Shit.

CUT TO:

END