

My Fifteen Minutes

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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM

Clean and tidy.

Books neatly stacked on shelves, accompanied by flowers and candles. Photographs stand proud around the room, they show EDWARD, mid twenties, tall and handsome with JENNIFER, early twenties, slim and beautiful.

A coffee table stands in the centre of the room, it's surface scattered with papers and envelopes. A mug of tea steams next to a slice of toast.

Edward sits at the table. He wears a white shirt with an open collar, a slice of toast in one hand and a piece of paper in the other.

He takes a bite from the toast, crumbs scatter across his lap.

He jumps up, drops the toast on a plate, and brushes the crumbs from his trousers.

He shakes his head.

EDWARD (V.O.)

This is my big chance, my big day,
the one I'd been waiting for, for
as long as I can remember.

He sits back down and slurps from his tea.

He scans over the paper in his hand and shakes his head. He scrunches it up and tosses it over his shoulder.

EDWARD (V.O.)

All the auditions, the knock backs,
they don't bother me now.

He spins and looks over at the photographs.

A wry smile appears across his clean shaven face.

EDWARD (V.O.)

And she said I'd never be famous,
what does she know. Mind, I doubt
this opportunity would have arisen
if we'd still been together.

He takes a bite of toast.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Funny how things work out.

He rubs the crumbs from around his mouth.

EDWARD (V.O.)
God, I haven't worn this suit in
ages. I'm surprised it still fits
me.

He shuffles in his seat.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Trousers are a bit tight though.
Maybe I'm just a bit bloated, all
that lager I had last night I
guess.

He takes a sip of tea.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Anyway, I wonder why I never
thought of it before. A sure fire
way of making it. Of course it
takes planning, you can't just wake
up and say, today I'm gonna be
famous.

He stands and leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY

A large mirror hangs near the coat stand. A gleaming pair of shoes stand on the doormat.

Edward stands before the mirror and ruffles his hair.

EDWARD (V.O.)
I've checked the time
countless...times. I do wish my
English was better.

He fastens his top shirt button with a struggle.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Blimey, that's tight too.

He spins and glances at the coat stand and sighs.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Where's that.

He walks up the hallway and enters the room.

A moment later.

Edward walks back into the hallway, a silk tie in his hand.
He stands before the mirror and ties it around his neck.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Looking good.

He fidgets with the knot.

EDWARD (V.O.)
What was I saying? Oh yeah, time.
I wouldn't want to turn up and no
one be there, how would I become
famous if no one noticed.

He smiles.

EDWARD (V.O.)
That would be a waste. A waste of
time, and I'm not a waste of time,
or a waste of space, despite what
she said.

He takes the jacket off the coat stand and threads his arms
through the sleeves.

EDWARD (V.O.)
I can see it now, I'll be all over
the news, just you wait and see.
That will rub her face in it, to
right.

He slips his feet into his shoes and takes one last glance in
the mirror.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Best set off then, don't wanna miss
my train.

He glances up the hallway and walks back into the room.

A moment passes.

He re-enters the hallway.

He smiles into the mirror and exits the front door.

INT. ROOM

The papers on the coffee table show rejection letters from auditions.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The Underground came to a stand still this morning following a fatality, which has left commuters stranded at the Brentmouth station.

Rejection letter after rejection letter.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Reports suggest this might not have been an accident though, and the man, yet unnamed, simply stepped off the platform and on to tracks.

One letter reads *'Unfortunately Edward, we don't see you as the right person for this part but we wish you every success in your future career'*.

REPORTER (V.O.)

One witness said, the man was well dressed and was even chatting to other commuters before he stepped out in front of the train.

Another letter reads *'We would like to thank you for taking the time to come to the audition, but unfortunately we feel you were not right for the role'*.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Our sympathy goes out to the mans family and also to the driver and his family too. Witnesses here are still deeply shocked by this mornings events.

A letter, crumpled and creased, lays straightened on the table. It reads *'Dear Edward, I'm sorry it came to this but I feel we have drifted apart over the last few months. I'm not sure things are working out between us and our arguing has left us both feeling hurt. Perhaps a break would benefit us both. I hope things work out with your acting career, I'm sure they will. Take care, Jennifer'*.

FADE OUT.