

## ***Role: HILARY WHEELER***

### **INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

HILARY (AGE 27) sits at her tiny desk that she got for free from her friend who moved last year. She stares at the blank document on her laptop and types "letter of intent" at the top of it. She looks to the wall for inspiration; it is lined with hand painted pictures from her artist friends, personal film photos, and a collaged vision board. She wonders if she should pull cards from the crunched tarot box that sits on top of a pile of partially read books. She looks at the dust bunny nestled under her bed.

HILARY

How do I even begin?

The air hangs silently. It's not giving her any ideas.

HILARY pulls up the CFC website and blankly stares at it for what feels like 15 mins. The anxious pain in her chest has come back, and she tries to rub it away.

HILARY

Okay, start with... something. Just *anything*.

HILARY cradles her head in her hands as she stares into her screen. She begins to slowly fold into her own head.

HILARY (V.O.)

I... There's a longing to improve myself, and my craft. And I want nothing more than to have the time and space where I don't have to worry about the stakes of getting the job and can instead just focus on the joy of the work. Because let's be honest, I feel like —despite the fact I've been trying so hard to have a career in this industry—I don't have the slightest clue of how to actually make that for myself. What I know about this industry is just lil bits and bobs I've scrapped from wherever I can find it. And my training is in theatre, not film. They said it would be easily transferable, but how is it supposed to feel easy when we were all just trying to survive a pandemic during my last year of school... I know there's always more to learn, but my training feels unfinished.

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She gets an idea. We see her type the following.

HILARY (V.O.)

I feel like I'm a pokemon. It's like I've been stumbling through the same stage for the last few years wondering when I'll evolve. But now I have. And I don't even mean this just as an artist but as an everyday human; it's this feeling, it's like I know myself more intimately and honestly. I feel grown and ready, that I've leveled up personally and want my career to match it. I'm at my prime pokemon level to be entering a new chapter of my career development, because I have a deeper connection to myself and the work.

The world warps around her. Words wiggle off the page and she gets sucked into the oversaturated glow of her screen.

HILARY (V.O.)

And like, can I be honest about something? I Just want to feel confident when I do the work. I feel like when I am in a process for theatre that I know every step in my muscle memory. But when I get in front of the camera I don't know where to begin. How do I feel as grounded on screen as I do onstage?

The world warps even more. The keyboard clicks and clacks at a rapid speed. She's fully engulfed.

HILARY (V.O.)

And you know what else? I just want to regain some control over my career. I'm tired of doing theatre for young audiences-I don't even like kids that much! But yet, that's been like 90 percent of my acting jobs. I want to do what I WANT. And I can't follow anybody else's career trajectory, because I'm *me*, not *them*. And why would I want to be anyone but me? I need to build up my toolbox and understanding of how to work in this industry as myself, and then I can actually figure out how to get to where I want to go, in the way that I need to

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get there!

An end credit appears in front of HILARY's eyes, "written by and starring Hilary Wheeler". She is hypnotized by it and then POOF! It disappears into a wisp of smoke.

HILARY snaps back to reality. She sits in the ring of silence. She rereads what she's written and wonders if any of it will make sense.

HILARY

...It's hard out here.

HILARY shuts her laptop, she'll try again later. She closes her eyes and lets the sunlight bathe her face.

CBC ACTOR'S CONSERVATORY