

Lifeloop

by
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Based on the short story by
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Felice reclines on the sofa reading a gossip magazine. Confetti, dirty glasses, and other items lay scattered around the room - the remnants of a raucous party.

FELICE
Did you see this? Julia Roberts died.

ARRAN
(offstage)
Who?

FELICE
Julia Roberts. The actress.

ARRAN
You mean this Julia Roberts?

Arran enters and makes her best Julia Roberts grin.

FELICE
Rude.

ARRAN
(exiting)
She was old.

FELICE
She was eighty-two.

ARRAN
That's old.

FELICE
(reading)
She acted in such film classics as Pretty Woman, Steel Magnolias, The Pelican Brief, Armed and Dangerous, Monkey Trouble, and Shazbot the Female Android.

Arran enters and she and Felice do a synchronized Shazbot move.

FELICE AND ARRAN
SHAZBOT!

ARRAN
Now there's a classic.

FELICE
Get this.
(reading)
(MORE)

FELICE (cont'd)

Because of the increased popularity in pseudo-reality programs known as Lifeloops, Ms. Roberts was considered by many to be the last of the great film actresses.

ARRAN

Pseudo-reality. What's that supposed to mean?

FELICE

That Lifeloops are fake.

ARRAN

Fake?

FELICE

And that people in Lifeloops are bad actors.

ARRAN

That's ridiculous. Of course they're real.

FELICE

Most people would disagree.

ARRAN

Most people are idiots. Last of the great film actresses my ass.

Arran exits to the bathroom.

FELICE

Why does that upset you?

ARRAN

I'm not upset.

FELICE

You sound upset.

ARRAN

You shouldn't read that trash.

FELICE

It's your magazine.

Arran enters with a bottle of nail polish.

ARRAN

Lies. All of it. I wouldn't be surprised if Julia Roberts was alive and well, doing cartwheels somewhere.

FELICE

There's photos of the funeral.

ARRAN

Photos can be doctored.

FELICE

The woman was in her eighties. She was old. You said so yourself.

ARRAN

It's bad journalism. Even if it's true.

FELICE

You're just miffed because they took a jab at Lifeloops.

Arran frowns as if to say "Puh-lease."

FELICE

Admit it. You like Lifeloops, and you're annoyed they don't.

ARRAN

They're entitled to their wrong opinion.

FELICE

Arran, come on. You can't tell me you really believe the loops are real. You're joking, right?

Pause.

ARRAN

Put on some boiling water, will you?

FELICE

You're avoiding my question.

ARRAN

I'm hungry. And no, they're not actors. They're real people. It's life. Lifeloop. Get it?

FELICE
You don't detect even a hint of
theatrics?

ARRAN
People aren't stupid, Felice.

FELICE
No, they're idiots, remember?

Felice exits.

ARRAN
Viewers. Viewers aren't stupid.
They can tell what's real and
what's fake. The pasta's on the
shelf above the stove.

Felice enters with pasta.

FELICE (O.S.)
But maybe they're just really good
actors. Don't you think a really
good actor can fake being real?

ARRAN
Will you drop it?

FELICE
I mean, if I was an actor - a
really talented actor - honed my
craft, as they call it, walked the
walk, etc. - Don't you think I
could fake being real? Isn't that
what a good actor is? Someone who's
acting, but you can't tell they're
acting.

ARRAN
I wouldn't know.

FELICE
Think about the loops. Everything
about these people, except for
their performance, is fake. I mean,
take Brock Singleton for example.
Who has a name like Brock? Don't
you think that's fake? Even the
guy's name is fake.

ARRAN
I know three Brocks, Felice.

FELICE

Are you sure that's their real name?

Arran throws her a look.

FELICE

I'm just saying.

She exits with the pasta. We hear it hitting the pot, and she enters.

FELICE

OK. Let's assume Brock is his real name. Go with me on this. Brock Singleton. Handsome. Debonair. Charming. Lives in this loft apartment in Manhattan that's got about, I don't know, four thousand square feet. His wardrobe is nothing but Armani and Posh Tucor. He's got a Jackson Pollack hanging over his weight-lifting equipment. He gets laid every night by a different super model, and the man doesn't ever leave his house.

ARRAN

So?

FELICE

So? Doesn't that strike you as odd?

ARRAN

What's odd? A handsome guy in New York who gets laid all the time. Who wouldn't want to watch that?

FELICE

Exactly. That's exactly my point. It's too perfect. It's too staged. Guys like that don't exist. It's a fantasy. He's an actor.

ARRAN

He's an attorney.

FELICE

Who never goes to work?

ARRAN

So he works at home.

FELICE

He's an actor who lives in an apartment with a hidden camera in every corner, and he gets paid to act like an attorney.

ARRAN

Lifeloops are continuous, Felice. Who would memorize a 24-hour script? It's nonsense.

FELICE

So they improvise.

ARRAN

For twelve days? Each episode is twelve days. Nonstop.

FELICE

OK. What about these women he's always bumping? How does he meet them if he never leaves the house?

ARRAN

I don't know.

FELICE

Somebody has to be sending them to him.

ARRAN

I'm guessing there are plenty of women who watch the show who would love to get in his pants.

FELICE

Aha. Aha. But that's just it. They aren't.

ARRAN

Aren't what?

FELICE

They aren't women who watch the show. They never say, "Oh, Brock, I just love your show." Or, "Oh, Brock, that last episode was amazing." Or "Oh, Brock can I have your autograph?" They don't say that. It's always, "Brock, don't you remember me? I was in your third-grade class.

(MORE)

FELICE (cont'd)
Here, take my clothes off." They
all know him already. They're
phonies. All of them.

ARRAN
You're jealous.

FELICE
Excuse me?

ARRAN
Jealous.

FELICE
Of what?

ARRAN
Brock's women.

Felice makes a sounds as if to say, "Whatever."

ARRAN
You are.

Felice reaches for the toenail polish.

FELICE
Give me that.

Arran holds on to it.

ARRAN
Admit it.

FELICE
I'd like to polish my toenails
please.

ARRAN
Who's changing the subject now?

Felice reaches for the bottle again.

ARRAN
Get your own bottle.

FELICE
This is your apartment, not mine.

ARRAN
There's another one in my room if
you're so desperate.

Felice goes.

FELICE
Jealous my butt.
(yelling from offstage)
Where?

ARRAN
On the night stand

Felice enters holding a used condom wrapper.

FELICE
Well well well.

ARRAN
What?

FELICE
What is this?

Arran looks then goes back to painting.

FELICE
I'm tired, you said. I'm going to
bed early, you said.

ARRAN
I was tired.

FELICE
We throw you this big party, and
you sneak off-

ARRAN
I didn't sneak off.

FELICE
You sneak off to your bedroom and
get it on with someone while the
rest of us are still in here?

ARRAN
That's from a few days ago.

FELICE
Bull. We cleaned your room
yesterday.

ARRAN
Well, not thoroughly enough
apparently.

FELICE
Who was it?

ARRAN
Will you check the pasta, please?

FELICE
Who was it?

ARRAN
None of your business.

FELICE
You know, you are one twisted
little pervert to have the audacity-

ARRAN
I'll do it myself.

Arran goes to the kitchen.

FELICE
To have the audacity to get it on
not twenty feet from your own
birthday party.

ARRAN
Please. Just stop.

FELICE
You're telling me who it was.

ARRAN
Don't you think you would have
heard something?

FELICE
From you? The snake? The
seductress? I don't need to have
heard anything.

Arran enters.

FELICE (CONT'D)
I got the proof right here. Or have
you found another use for these I
don't know about.

ARRAN
OK, who's the pervert now?

FELICE
Who was it? Richard?

ARRAN
Richard was in here with you.

FELICE

Right. And so was...Phillip, Todd,
Jackson, and that Persian guy.

ARRAN

Sching Sching.

FELICE

Right, Sching Sching. I can't
believe this. You were in your room
last night doing the nasty while I
was in here playing Charades with
Sching Sching.

ARRAN

You invited him.

FELICE

Who was it then?

ARRAN

Read your magazine.

FELICE

Carlton?

ARRAN

No.

FELICE

Gunther?

ARRAN

Nein.

FELICE

Stuart?

ARRAN

No.

FELICE

Felipe?

ARRAN

No.

FELICE

Donner?

ARRAN

No. Nor Blitzen. Nor Rudolph.