

(Name of Project)

(Genre)

by  
(Name of Writer)

Name  
Address  
Phone Number

Agency Information

CHARACTER NAME

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

AGE

GENDER

Mona-Lisa gestures for Alex to sit. He hesitates, then takes the chair across from her desk. The atmosphere is warm but slightly tense.

MONA

Look who finally made time for the great Mona-Lisa. What brings you here, Mr. Star Actor?

Alex grins faintly, but his tone is serious.

ALEX

Needed a reality check. You're good at those.

MONA

Reality check, huh? You mean for you, or for Hope?

Alex shifts uncomfortably, the smile fading. Mona leans forward, softening her tone.

MONA

She's been through a lot, Alex. And she's scared. You disappearing doesn't help.

ALEX

(defensive, but not harsh)

I don't disappear. I just... need space sometimes.

MONA

(sharply)

And that's fine—if you're a comet. But you're a man in a relationship, Alex. Space isn't a solution when someone's drowning. You don't have to fix everything, but you do have to show up.

Alex looks down, running a hand through his hair. When he speaks, his voice is quieter, rawer.

ALEX

What if I can't be what she needs? What if I'm just another weight on her shoulders?

MONA

(leaning back, crossing her arms)

Or what if you're the hand that pulls her out? She doesn't need you to save her, Alex. She just needs to know you'll stand with her.

A long pause. Alex nods slowly, the weight of her words settling on him. He stands abruptly, the mask of charm slipping back into place.

ALEX

I'll talk to her.

Mona watches him go, a mixture of hope and doubt on her face as the lights fade.