

Pep Talk

By

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The weird conversations I have with myself while looking in  
the mirror in the morning.

Black.

MUSIC PLAYS.

A boy hums to himself while SHOWERING.

The shower head SHUTS OFF.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

The Boy is LUCAS KOTT (18 years old, tall, blond, and skinny).

He steps out of the shower, throws on a robe, picks his phone up off the bathroom counter top, and shuts off his music.

He then turns his eyes over to a large bathroom mirror that takes up most of the wall.

He stares at his reflection for a moment, studying himself.

There's a KNOCK at the door. It's his brother NICK.

NICK

Hey, remember the other people who live here, man?

LUCAS

Uh, yeah, sorry. I'll be out in a sec.

NICK

...Five minutes. You said you'd be out in five minutes, dude.

LUCAS

I know. Got lost in thought. Sorry.

NICK

You get five extra minutes. If you're not out by then I'm grabbing the key and just coming in.

LUCAS

Not at all necessary but, yeah ok...

NICK

You've been warned.

Nick walks away.

Lucas returns his gaze to the mirror, then he presses a button on his phone and sets it down. He's making an audio recording.

Beat.

LUCAS

Ok, times a bit limited here; but, I still think it's important that I get this little pep talk in before I start the day... Yesterday was bad. Yesterday was really fucking bad. You know that? There's no reason to dwell on it... The day before that kinda sucked too. And the day before that. And the day before that... Why is that? Why does every day fucking suck? Whats wrong with you?

He moves his head closer to the mirror.

LUCAS

What-is-wrong-with-you? Why can't you do anything right? Why can't you turn your projects in on time? Why can't you remember to check in on your friends and family? Why can't you tell Mavis how you feel? Why can't you take control over your own god damn life? Why can't you... NO! STOP! Stop right there Lucas.

He points to himself in the mirror.

LUCAS

We aren't gonna have those thoughts. Those thoughts are not who we are. So don't say them to yourself. If you do you'll start to believe them. Thats not what we want... We also don't want to be referring to ourselves as we. You sound like Gollum...

Lucas sighs and buries his face into his hands.

Beat.

He looks back up at himself.

LUCAS

Alright, come on man. You're doing this wrong. You're supposed to be building yourself up right now. Thats the point of this. So lets take a second and then try again.

Lucas looks away from the mirror again.

He takes a deep breath

Beat.

He turns back.

LUCAS

Don't worry about things you can't control. Mavis is into Hunter. You can't control that. Forget it.

Your friends and family can take care of themselves. Do your best to be there for them when they need you, and your good. Try and spend the rest of your time working on yourself, focus on self improvement. You're almost twenty, it's time to focus on being the you that you wanna be. If you don't become that version of yourself now, when will you? Do you wanna stay the same forever? Do you wanna be broke, skinny, and unskilled forever? Fuck... Thats negative again. You're so bad at this. FUCK! I did it again.

He puts his face in his hands again.

LUCAS

(muffled)

Why do you make everything harder on yourself?

Beat.

Lucas takes a peak at himself in the mirror. His face is still covered for the most part.

LUCAS

You know you shouldn't touch your face so much. You're gonna make yourself break out again. You don't want that.

He puts his hands down to his side and lifts his head.

LUCAS

Ok, we gotta wrap this up. Damn it, I'm calling me "we" again. Thats fine. Whatever.

... Maybe you didn't do this right. Thats fine. It doesn't matter. Remember what Mrs. Teresa said. All that really matters is that you end these talks with one simple thing...

Beat.

Lucas stares hard into his own eyes.

LUCAS

You are good...

You are good...

You are good. You are good. You are good. You are good. You are good...

Nick KNOCKS at the door.

NICK

What are you doing in there?

LUCAS

I uh, I'm...

Lucas thinks. He can't come up with a good response, so he just goes with the truth.

LUCAS

I'm just talking to myself.

NICK

Oh...

Beat.

NICK

Thats weird.

Thats really weird.

Why you doing that? Why you being weird?

Lucas roles his eyes.

LUCAS  
Just something I do, Nick.

It's just something I do.

NICK  
Ok... well, can you get out  
already? I gotta get in there.

LUCAS  
Sure, I'll just throw on my robe.

NICK  
Thanks. Finally.

Lucas gets up, stops the recording on his phone, grabs his robe of a hanger, and wraps it around himself.

Before leaving he looks himself in the mirror one last time.

His face looks plain, but also non-conflicted; like for just a split second he feels ok with himself.

He opens the bathroom door and leaves.

Nick walks in. He's wearing tinted glasses and a white shirt. He's only a little older than Lucas.

He closes the door and stares at it for awhile. Waiting...

Once he's sure Lucas is out of ear shot he turns over to the mirror.

NICK  
Ok, so now you know you're not the  
only one. Good. Thats good. You  
know we should maybe be a little  
offended he didn't mention you  
during all that. Shit. Now you're  
doing that. Don't refer to yourself  
as "we". Thats mental. Thats weird.  
Your such a weird guy...

He goes on.

FADE OUT