

You're Too Pretty Script  
Kelsey Peshek  
Video Production

Video:

E.C.U.s of  
Her hands, nervous  
Her eyes, watching him  
His eyes, looking down, reading  
His hands, holding papers

Long Shot

He and Her are shown, across the room from each other. She sits while he stands by the window

Over-the-shoulder

Over the shoulder, eye-line match

Close up of Her

Stays on her for reaction shot

Medium shot of Him

He moves out of the window light, leans on desk, finally facing Her.

Audio:

*Soft piano music plays, paper rustling*

Him: Oh, you are too poetic.

Her: So, is that bad?

Him: No, no, not at all... but sometimes-

Her: *(quick)* Sometimes?

Him: *(emotionless)* Yes, sometimes... you don't have to be pretty about it

Her: *(blushing)* Well, I don't mean to be pretty.

Him: Yes, you do. You won't admit it, but you do.

PAUSE

Her: Poetry doesn't have to be pretty.

Him: *(smirking)* I agree, it doesn't. Too bad yours is.

Over-the-shoulder, eyeline match

Her: *(quick)* Nothing is pretty about a lost love.

Medium shot, eyeline match

Him: Again, I agree...

Long Shot

but you write about it like it is beautiful, like it is all roses and tulip. A stroll in the park. Just another day! Oh! I'm tasting how sweet your words are!

Her: *(angry, but uncertain)* Is not!

Close up of him

Lingers on him

*Piano music abruptly stops*

Him: *(frustrated and angry)* Is too! Do not sit here and say that to me. You do not write about your scars, the moments that make you fear. You are cautious when it comes to heartbreak and eath. You shield yourself away from the ugly, the grotesque! Tell me something naughty! Make my skin crawl! Emotions aren't pretty. Not even the pretty ones. It is all ugly.

Close up of her, follows her movement

Her: *(crying, stands, starts for the door)*

Him: ...you're a good writer... you could be so much more though.

Her: Just let me live in my dream, not my reality.

Close Up of Him

Him: I cannot let you do that.

Close Up of Her

Her: Why not?

Close Up of Him

Him: You have to face the reality before the dream takes place.

Long Shot

They stare at each other. She grabs her papers from his hands and leaves. He stands there.

*Soft piano music fades back in*

Fades to Black, Roll Credits

*Fade music*