

# COACHING LAB SIDES - NOTES

- Choose just one role to work on
- If there are multiple scenes for a character, choose just one of them to work on (unless very short).
- When choosing a role, feel free to ignore gender, pronoun, age or ethnicity references and make the role your own.
- Whenever possible, a breakdown/description is provided either before or after the scene to add context.

# DOMINIC CARVER

Prod. #28223/2833

21

Production - BLUE 3/22/24

42 INT. COURTHOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Institutional beige. Coffee gone cold on the table. A folder half-open, papers sliding out. DOMINIC CARVER sits back, jacket off, tie loose, like he owns the room. JORDAN WHITAKER leans forward, hands knotted. ERIN CHO, late 20s, junior associate, stands by the door with a legal pad, silent and tense.

START



DOMINIC CARVER

(casual)

They're gonna want a story. Yours plays better. Cleaner edges.

JORDAN WHITAKER

That's you telling me to eat it.

DOMINIC CARVER

I'm saying—probation, maybe a fine. Nobody remembers six months from now.

JORDAN WHITAKER

My kids remember. They see me in a mugshot—

DOMINIC CARVER

Better than seeing you in cuffs on the six o'clock. Trust me.

(beat)

Cold as a morgue in here. Fitting.

Beat. Dominic flicks an evidence photo toward Jordan: grainy still of a car in a lot.

JORDAN WHITAKER

That's my plate.

DOMINIC CARVER

The camera doesn't lie.

JORDAN WHITAKER

You swapped it. Jesus, you swapped it.

DOMINIC CARVER

Hey. All I did was make sure the  
truth lined up with the picture.

Jordan looks sick. Dominic leans in, softer.

DOMINIC CARVER (CONT'D)

Look—you take this, it's over. You  
fight it? They'll dig. They'll dig  
till there's nothing left of you.

JORDAN WHITAKER

And you're in the clear.

DOMINIC CARVER

(half-smile)  
Yeah. Funny how that works.

Erin clears her throat, shifting.

ERIN CHO

Judge is waiting upstairs.

Dominic doesn't look away from Jordan.

DOMINIC CARVER

Clock's running. You walk or you  
crawl. Your choice.

JORDAN WHITAKER

(quiet)

Okay.

Dominic nods once, satisfied.

DOMINIC CARVER

Good man.

CUT TO:

END

# AVA SIDES

THE BEND 05/14/23

37a EXT. OLD HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Crickets. Porch light flickers. AVA steps out with a chipped mug of tea. LEILA, AVA's niece, sits on the steps, hoodie up, earbuds dangling.

START



AVA

You know there's a bed in there with your name on it.

LEILA

It smells like her.

Ava nods.

AVA

I used to sit out here too. When your grandma was having one of her...declarations.

LEILA

You mean fights.

AVA

That too. Claire took the closet. I took the porch.

LEILA

You didn't come to the funeral.

AVA

People always notice what they're told to.

LEILA

She was better to me than Mom ever was.

AVA

I said that once too. (beat) I wrote her a letter. Five pages. Everything I couldn't say without lighting the house on fire. Took me four hours to write. Six years to mean.

LEILA

Did she ever read it?

AVA

No. I buried it under the dogwood out back.

LEILA

That sounds fake.

AVA

That sounds like survival. Grief isn't about who dies. It's about what version of you dies with them... I'm just trying not to lie to you.

LEILA

You always lie. Just in softer words.

AVA

Then let me try again. (beat) You don't owe her sainthood. But you don't have to carry her unfinished stories. Claire and I—we were shaped by her pain. She made love feel like a debt. You don't have to carry that.

Ava stands.

AVA (CONT'D)

I'll crack the windows. Come in when you're ready.

She goes. Leaves the door open.

END

CUT TO:

~~38 INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT~~

~~Dim. Fan hums in the corner. AVA opens two sticky windows. Dust lifts off the curtains like breath.~~

~~She moves slowly, deliberately — setting the chipped mug down, folding back the afghan on the couch. She finds an old photo~~