Opinions
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December 2008       jayrex@hotmail.com
EXT. MARKET - MORNING

BOB (51), dressed in a hazelnut-colored cord blazer and pants. He wears prescription glasses with a plaster mending a corner.

He stands in front of a table and a mock-up board with various words in every color of the rainbow, encircled with silver stars.

And with his trusty cane in hand, he yells out his pitch to the passing public.

BOB
Get your opinions here. We have ’em all. Good opinions, bad opinions, secret, fat & honest opinions.

His cane points to words on the board, whilst his other hand points, waving dramatically for effect. Pointing skywards, to the growing crowd, and to himself.

BOB
We have ’em for all shapes and sizes, for all people of all backgrounds. You name ’em we hav’ ’em.

STAN (49), with gelled hair, wears ripped jeans and a Nirvana t-shirt, catches Bob’s eye and steps forward.

Bob turns to face the Stan, pointing his hand at him.

BOB
Hello sir, what’s your name?

STAN
Stan, Stanly McCormick.

BOB
Well Stan, would you like an opinion?

STAN
Go on.

BOB
You look like a reject from a music channel, get a personality.
Stan shrugs his shoulders.

    STAN
    Is that it?

    BOB
    And you smell.

    STAN
    Finished?

    BOB
    No, not yet.

He steps closer to the board and points to the title: OPINIONS.

    BOB
    Now how would you like one of your own opinions?

Stan nods, expressing interest.

    STAN
    I’m listening.

    BOB
    You gotta girl?

    STAN
    A ha.

    BOB
    I wasn’t stallin’, that was a question.

    STAN
    Yes, I’m married. Going on twenty years now.

    BOB
    (Feigns Interest)
    That’s great!

Bob points to the large crowd, gathered around his diminutive table.

    BOB
    Nod along or shout out if you know what I’m talking about.

Bob returns back to Stan.
BOB
You know those awkward moments where your wife says, "do I look good in this?" And you answer?

STAN
Don’t know.

BOB
(Smiles)
Thanks for playin’ along.

Bob glances to the crowd.

BOB
He’s a smart one this fella.

He turns back.

BOB
Anyway, you go and say, you know, sweet talk to her, "You look amazing honey, and yes your ass is big in that", insert clothing item.

He smacks his left hand off his right, like a game show host revealing a prize.

BOB
And hey presto. You’ve got yourself a certified opinion, an honest opinion straight from Bob’s Opinion Workshop. What d’you think?

Stan smiles, nodding approvingly.

STAN
Hey, not bad. It’s good.

Bob extends an eager open palmed hand.

BOB
Great, that’ll be five dollars.

Stan hands Bob a note before continuing on to the next stall.

Bob pockets his sale before lifting his head revealing a smile from ear to ear.
BOB
Who’s up next? Anyone.

KATE (19), a petite brunette wearing a figure-hugging latex dress, two sizes too small steps forward with her hand up.

KATE
I’ll have a go.

BOB
What’s your name young lady?

KATE
Kate. And I’ll tell you what I want.

BOB
(Grinning)
I’m all ears.

KATE
I want to learn to lie, as my boyfriend’s crap in bed. Aside from the moans and groans. I don’t know what to say.

Bob rubs his chin. Eyes rolled to the top of his head thinking.

BOB
Moaning you say. I hear you on that one. Hmmm.

He glances back at the board before looking back at Kate.

BOB
Ooh, we’re running out of those opinions. My best seller last month. All women too. Got a shipment in last week from China and had to send them back. Damn opinions weren’t in English.

He raises his hand and points to Kate.

BOB
I got it. If this guy is as good lookin’ as you, he’ll be vain. Tell ’em "your huge penis makes me orgasm every time." Voilá.

He opens his palm in search of payment.
She shakes her head.

KATE
He’ll never believe that. My vibrators already intimidate him. Here’s one of my own opinions for free, that was shit.

A flabbergasted Bob stumbles for words, fidgeting with his watch, as Kate walks off.

Kate shouts back.

KATE
I’ll come back when you’ve fully stocked up.

The crowd disperses, laughing, leaving a dejected Bob scratching his head for answers.

Bob speaks to himself, punching the air.

BOB
I should have gone with the white lie.

FADE OUT.