

Opinions

By

Javier Torregrosa

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[jayrex@hotmail.com](mailto:jayrex@hotmail.com)

FADE IN:

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.