

INT. KEATING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Keating seated at the desk, writing a letter and occasionally looking up at the framed photo of a cellist. A KNOCK.

KEATING
It's open.

Student enters and closes the door behind - nervous.

KEATING (CONT'D)
Hey, what's up?

STUDENT
Can I speak to you a minute?

KEATING
Certainly. Sit down.

Student goes to take a seat but notices the chair is occupied by a pile of books. Student picks them up and Keating gets up to take them and move them.

STUDENT
I'm sorry. Here.

KEATING
Excuse me. Get you some tea?

STUDENT
Tea. Sure.

Keating goes to a table in the corner and pours cups.

KEATING
Like some milk or sugar in that?

STUDENT
No, thanks.
(akward beat)
Gosh, they don't give you much room
around here.

KEATING
No, it's part of the monastic oath.
They don't want worldly things
distracting me from my teaching.

Keating gives student that cup of tea. Student looks at the photo on the desk.

STUDENT
You in love?

KEATING

(nodding)

She's in London. Makes it a little difficult.

STUDENT

How can you stand it?

KEATING

Stand what?

STUDENT

You can go anywhere. You can do anything. How can you stand being here?

KEATING

Cause I love teaching. I don't wanna be anywhere else.

(beat)

What's up?

STUDENT

I just talked to my father. He's making me quit the play at Henley Hall. Acting's everything to me. I -- but he doesn't know. He -- I can see his point. We're not a rich family like the Charlie's and we -- But he's planning the rest of my life for me and he's never asked me what I want.

KEATING

Have you ever told your father what you just told me? About your passion for acting. You ever show him that?

STUDENT

I can't.

KEATING

Why not?

STUDENT

I can't talk to him this way.

KEATING

Then you're acting for him, too. You're playing the part of the dutiful child.

(MORE)

KEATING (CONT'D)

I know this sounds impossible, but you have to talk to him. You have to show him who you are, where your heart is.

STUDENT

I know what he'll say. He'll tell me that acting is a whim, and I should just forget it...how they're counting on me. He'll just tell me to put it out of my mind, "for my own good"

KEATING

You are not an indentured servant. If it's not a whim for you, you prove it to him by your conviction and your passion. You show him that and if he still doesn't believe you, well, by then you'll be out of school and you can do anything you want.

A tear falls down students cheek.

STUDENT

What about the play? The show's tomorrow night.

KEATING

Well, you have to talk to him before tomorrow night.

STUDENT

Isn't there an easier way?

KEATING

No.

STUDENT

I'm trapped.

KEATING

No, you're not.