

A woman in a white golf outfit with dark stripes on the sleeves and a white visor is lying face down on a green. A golf ball is on the grass near her head. In the background, other people are visible on a golf course.

Performance

Tone.

Everything's underplayed. No broad expressions. Facial neutrality is mandatory. Their body should betray them, not their face, their faces are simply on the verge of betrayal. The comedy comes from precise timing, not speed. The characters can't resist this happening. This gives them the correct internal tension. The dialogues, Flatten delivery. No emphasis. No awareness of humour. Slow realization. Micro expressions. Stillness. The laugh comes from "oh shit, I do that".

A man in a green shirt is seen from the side, looking into a fireplace through a multi-paned window at night. The room is warmly lit, featuring a chandelier, bookshelves, and a red sofa. The scene is framed by dark foliage on the left and right sides.

Mood & Tone