

Fall 12-18-2015

## HEADSHOT

Jason s. Obrien  
*University of New Orleans*, [info@jacksonbeals.com](mailto:info@jacksonbeals.com)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.uno.edu/td>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Obrien, Jason s., "HEADSHOT" (2015). *University of New Orleans Theses and Dissertations*. 2100.  
<https://scholarworks.uno.edu/td/2100>

This Thesis is protected by copyright and/or related rights. It has been brought to you by ScholarWorks@UNO with permission from the rights-holder(s). You are free to use this Thesis in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use. For other uses you need to obtain permission from the rights-holder(s) directly, unless additional rights are indicated by a Creative Commons license in the record and/or on the work itself.

This Thesis has been accepted for inclusion in University of New Orleans Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@UNO. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@uno.edu](mailto:scholarworks@uno.edu).

Headshot

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the  
University of New Orleans  
in partial fulfillment of the  
requirement for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts,  
in  
Creative Writing  
Screenwriting

by

Jason Scott O'Brien

B.A. Florida State University, 1996

December, 2015

FADE IN:

EXT. TORA BORA - DAY

Ethnically ambiguous JACKSON BEALS, 29, bearded, balding, dad bod, runs for his life between EXPLODING land mines and enemy FIRE.

Jackson dives for cover behind a giant boulder and catches his breath.

He spots an injured soldier nearby.

He rushes over. It's too late. The soldier's dead.

Jackson bows his head. Takes a beat.

JACKSON

Amen.

Jackson jumps up and charges the mountain.

He jukes left. Bolts right. Spins, and dives into a 'Tuck and Roll'...

Comes up FIRING--

--BLAM!!!

Jackson stops cold. SHOT.

Jackson falls to the earth.

Blood trickles from his forehead.

Jackson's dead.

We hover over his lifeless body--

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

--Cut.

The bombs continue...

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I said cut goddammit.

The bombs and bullets stop.

Jackson opens his eyes to the MOVIE SET buzzing with activity.

Soldiers rise from the dead. Two GRIPS move a light. A P.A. hands out bottles of water.

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You, hey you, extra. Get over here.

Jackson hops up and jogs over to the DIRECTOR, 50, perfect hair, designer clothes, standing under a tent in video village.

JACKSON  
Yes, sir?

DIRECTOR  
What the fuck were you thinking?

JACKSON  
What do you mean?

DIRECTOR  
You can't say "Amen" out loud.  
You're an extra. No speaking.  
Pantomime. Comprene?

JACKSON  
Yeah, but it just felt right to say it.

DIRECTOR  
Sven. Get this lens meat off my set  
and find me a real background  
artist for this shot please.

SVEN, 39, tall, imposing, militant, marches over to Jackson.

SVEN  
You're wrapped. Report to back to  
base camp immediately.

EXT. HOLDING TENT - DAY

Jackson walks up to the cute P.A., 24, at the extras holding tent.

P.A.  
What are you doing? They wrapped  
you already?

JACKSON  
Yeah, they cut me.

P.A.  
Lucky you.

JACKSON  
Why? I basically just got fired.

P.A.  
One of our S.A.G. extras didn't show up. Has a big last minute audition or something. So we have to give his S.A.G. voucher to a non-union extra.

She holds up the pink S.A.G. voucher. Jackson's eyes light up.

JACKSON  
Really? I've been trying to get my third voucher for like a year.

P.A.  
Well, you got it.

JACKSON  
I did?

P.A.  
Yup. First come, first serve. That's our policy. That way we can't play favorites.

She pushes the voucher in front of him.

JACKSON  
Hell yeah!

Jackson signs it. She tears off his copy and hands it to him.

P.A.  
Union pay is higher, but there are less jobs.

JACKSON  
No offense, but my extra days are over. I'm going to be a leading man.

P.A.  
You don't have the face of a leading man. Or the body. No offense.

Jackson holds up the pink, S.A.G. voucher and smiles.

JACKSON  
Thank you so much. I just got my S.A.G. card.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jackson gets in his VW VANAGON and drives away.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

The Vanagon sits parked on a shoulder somewhere in the Los Angeles Mountains overlooking the city.

INT. VANAGON - CONTINUOUS

Jackson rifles through a cardboard box in the back of his packed Vanagon, which looks as if he's been living in for some time.

He shuffles through a manila folder and finds the other two, pink S.A.G. vouchers.

EXT. S.A.G. BUILDING - DAY

Jackson walks up to S.A.G. headquarters in Beverly Hills.

INT. NEW MEMBER OFFICE - DAY

A S.A.G. REP, 45, pretty, friendly, checks his vouchers.

S.A.G. REP

All three vouchers look good.  
Everything seems in order.

JACKSON

Yes.

S.A.G. REP

That will be one thousand, four  
hundred and fourteen dollars to  
join.

JACKSON

I thought it was free.

S.A.G. REP

No, baby. I'm sorry.

JACKSON

I don't have that kind of money.

The S.A.G. rep gives him a sympathetic smile.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jackson gets in his Vanagon and turns the key... But it won't start.

He tries again. Nothing.

JACKSON

Damn.

Jackson looks out the window and sees a billboard for BOB'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP.

INT. BOB'S AUTO REPAIR - DAY

Jackson stands in the garage looking at a bunch of autographed headshots on the wall. None famous.

BOB, 60, white hair, bearded, comes out from under the Vanagon up on jacks.

BOB

I could her fixed in a couple days.  
About a thousand bucks. Plus a  
hundred for the tow.

JACKSON

I don't have that much.

BOB

How much you got?

JACKSON

Five hundred.

BOB

Give me that and I'll order the  
parts and start working. Hand you  
the keys when you pay off the rest.

JACKSON

I don't know.

BOB

Or, how about I give you a thousand  
bucks and take it off your hands?

Jackson thinks about it... He looks over at the wall of headshots. He looks at the Vanagon.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Jackson rides a crowded city bus looking at his shiny new S.A.G CARD.

He opens a BACKSTAGE WEST and flips to the classified section.

ANGLE ON

"S.A.G. OPEN CALL: PILOT, GONZO, MALE 25-35, from the Creators of The Blair Witch Project, Improv Skills a must."

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD STRIP MALL - DAY

Jackson walks up to a casting office.

A dozen 15-65 year old ACTORS loiter outside.

A couple actors taunt him as he makes his way to the door.

16 YR OLD ACTOR  
Fifteen minutes too late, sucka.

50 YR OLD ACTOR  
I'm sure I booked it anyway.

Jackson elbows through.

A sign on the door reads: "CASTING CALL CLOSED"

Jackson opens the door and walks in anyway.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jackson approaches the sign-in table.

The smug, HIPSTER ASSISTANT, 23, looks him up and down.

JACKSON  
Hi, I'm Jackson Beals. I'm here for the audition.

ASSISTANT  
Sorry, we're not seeing any more actors today, much less homeless men.

JACKSON  
It's just that Brad Fox said I'd be perfect for this.



ASSISTANT  
You know Mr. Fox? The executive  
producer of Blair Witch?

Jackson smirks.

JACKSON  
Yeah, we play poker every Thursday  
night in Silver Lake. I'll just  
tell him the assistant wouldn't let  
me read. What was your name again?

The assistant hands Jackson audition sides.

ASSISTANT  
Take these and sign in here. I'll  
get to you as soon as I can.

Jackson signs in. Scans the waiting room:

A BEEFY ACTOR does pushups. A HIPPIE ACTOR meditates. A  
THEATER ACTOR fakes an epileptic seizure.

Jackson reads the audition sides out loud in his head.

JACKSON (V.O.)  
*Interior, newsroom, day. GONZO, 30,  
struts through L.A.'s busiest  
newsroom as if he owns the place...*

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Jackson struts through the door into a small, gray audition  
room as if he owns the place.

Jackson holds out his right hand to the casting director,  
HAROLD SCHMIDT, 53, comb over.

HAROLD  
I don't shake hands. Headshot and  
resume.

JACKSON  
Headshot? Shit? I don't have one.

HAROLD  
Well, have you done anything?

JACKSON  
I was just a featured extra in a  
top secret--

HAROLD  
--Extra work doesn't count. Who  
have you studied with? Anyone?

JACKSON  
Not really.

HAROLD  
Do you have an agent?

Jackson shakes his head.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Okay, chief, go ahead and stand on  
that mark and slate to camera.

Harold hits record.

AUDITION CAMERA ANGLE

Jackson finds his mark. Looks up.

JACKSON  
What's a slate?

HAROLD  
All right, get the fuck out of my  
office.

JACKSON  
I'm sorry. Look, I'm so sorry,  
please.

HAROLD  
I don't have time for this.

JACKSON  
Please, give me a shot. I can do  
this.

HAROLD  
You're what, thirty? Give it up  
man, go back home. You're never  
going to make it here.

JACKSON  
But, please. This is my first  
audition ever. I've been out here  
for two years and lost everything.  
I can't go home yet, not without  
going on at least one audition,  
right? Please, I'll do anything.

HAROLD  
Fine, stand on that mark. Say your  
name and the role you're reading  
for to the camera.

Jackson finds his mark. Looks directly at the camera.

JACKSON  
My name is Jackson Beals and I'm  
reading for Gonzo.

Jackson turns away for a beat, then back to Harold.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*My flight sucked. Had to sit in the  
way back. Loud as hell. Give me a  
drink.*

HAROLD  
*This is a job interview.*

Jackson looks down at the page and reads.

JACKSON  
*And I'm an award-winning  
investigative journalist who you  
want to hire.*

Jackson looks up.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*Give me a goddamn drink.*

HAROLD  
*Fine. Get him a drink. Look, this  
brings up our main concern about  
you. We're network. Are you willing  
to tone down your tactics enough to  
be digestible for middle America  
and our sponsors?*

Jackson stares at Harold. He gets up and walks toward the  
door. He reaches for the handle--

HAROLD(O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*--All right, come back. We were  
just testing your volition. That's  
why we like you, your edge.*

Jackson comes back, sits down.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
And cut.

BACK TO WIDE

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Not bad.

JACKSON

Thanks. That was a lot of fun.

HAROLD

The lead's already been cast.

JACKSON

Aww, man. Hey, well thanks for giving me a shot at it anyway. I really appreciate it.

HAROLD

We got a name actor for the lead, but you're perfect for one of the henchman. I want you to come and read for the director. Call my office Monday.

Harold hands Jackson a card.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And get yourself a headshot.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Jackson busts through the door onto the street.

EXT. BUS STOP - DUSK

Jackson waits at the bus stop. He notices he can see the famous "Hollywood" sign from where he's standing.

He pulls out a yellow, box-shaped, disposable film camera. Puts it up to his eye.

THROUGH THE LENS

He frames up the "Hollywood" sign in the distance, cutting the top of the letters off.

He presses the button. CLICK.

FREEZE FRAME

His phone RINGS.

He looks at the caller I.D. and answers.

JACKSON  
Hey Redge.

REDGE (O.S.)  
Hey son, how you doing?

JACKSON  
Doing all right, what's up with you?

REDGE (O.S.)  
You still out in L.A.?

JACKSON  
Yeah, just went on my first audition. Took a while but things are finally starting to happen.

REDGE (O.S.)  
That's great son. I'm proud of you for sticking with it.

JACKSON  
Thanks.

REDGE (O.S.)  
You've been taking pictures with the disposable I gave you?

JACKSON  
Still haven't got that picture of Mark Wahlberg for you yet.

REDGE (O.S.)  
He's my favorite.

JACKSON  
There's still a few frames left.

Jackson looks down at the frame count and it shows that he's only taken "1" picture.

REDGE (O.S.)  
There's something I have to ask you.

JACKSON  
Shoot. Anything.

REDGE (O.S.)  
I was hoping uh... Florida, it's just that... If you have the time...

This is THAT phone call.

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The doctor says I have a week or  
two to live, maybe a month.

A long SILENCE...SNIFFLES...TEARS, neither man able to  
speak...

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can you make it? I'd really like to  
see you if you aren't too busy.

Jackson pulls a few crumpled bills from his pocket.

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Either way, I want you to know I  
love you. And I'm proud of you for  
chasing your dreams. Take care,  
son.

Redge hangs up.

Jackson stares at the omnipresent "Hollywood" sign in the  
distance.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD GREYHOUND STATION - DAY

A Greyhound Bus pulls out in to traffic.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Jackson plops down in a window seat.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The bus crawls along in rush hour gridlock.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jackson looks at Harold's card.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

The Greyhound traverses West Texas.

INT. BUS - DAY

Jackson wakes up and looks out the window, sees the New Orleans Superdome.

EXT. MOBILE TUNNEL - DAY

The Greyhound Bus descends into the Mobile tunnel.

EXT. SUNSHINE SKYWAY BRIDGE - DAY

The Greyhound crests the tallest bridge in North America over Tampa Bay.

EXT. SHOTGUN SHACK - DAY

Jackson walks up to Redge's shotgun shack. Knocks on the screen door.

RONDA, 43, busted, hanging on to pretty by a thread, opens it.

They stare at each other, bewildered.

RONDA  
Just like Redge not to tell me  
about you. I'm Ronda, his old lady.

JACKSON  
It's good to meet you, Ronda. I'm  
Jackson, his son.

RONDA  
He's inside.

INT. SHOTGUN SHACK - DAY

Jackson walks in, sees REDGE BEALS, 63, toothpick skinny, jaundiced, hunched over in a wheelchair looking dead already.

Redge comes-to. Sees Jackson, smiles.

JACKSON  
I had no idea you were sick.

Redge coughs. Sounds awful.

Ronda puts a hand on Redge's back, hoping it will somehow stop the pain.

RONDA  
Skipped some of his meds to be more  
coherent when you got here.

Redge motions for Ronda and Jackson to help him stand.

They each take a side. Redge lifts an arm over each of their  
shoulders. Pulls them close.

REDGE  
My last wild woman and first be-  
gotten Son.

Redge guides Jackson and Ronda to link arms and close the  
circle.

REDGE (CONT'D)  
Guess this is what it's like to  
have family.

Jackson and Ronda size each other up...

Redge COUGHS.

Jackson and Ronda lay Redge down on the couch.

RONDA  
I'm going in the bedroom for a bit.  
I love you.

Ronda kisses Redge.

REDGE  
I love you too, foxy lady.

Ronda walks into the bedroom and closes the door.

REDGE (CONT'D)  
She's a good one.

JACKSON  
Why didn't you call?

REDGE  
Shit happened fast. I only found  
out I was terminal from this  
goddamn cancer four months ago.

JACKSON  
If there's anything I can do.

Redge points at a nice CAMERA on the mantle.



REDGE

Go get it.

Jackson walks over to the camera and picks it up. He looks through the viewfinder.

REDGE (CONT'D)

First lesson, take the lens cap off.

Redge laughs. Jackson takes the lens cap off.

REDGE (CONT'D)

I want you to have it.

JACKSON

Are you serious?

REDGE

It's all I have to pass on.

JACKSON

Thank you, Redge. But I'm an actor not a photographer.

REDGE

All actors need headshots. My nurse is trying to be an actor. I took her headshot. I'll take yours too, and teach you how to take other actor headshots.

JACKSON

I really should just focus on acting.

REDGE

Trust me, it will help your acting. Besides, you need a way to support yourself while you chase your dream. Your mind is directly connected to your wallet. Took me a long time to realize that. I give it to you now, as a young man.

Jackson puts the camera to his eye.

THROUGH THE LENS everything looks different.

An old AC window unit becomes interesting with its horizontal lines and round dials.

CLICK.

A metal sink, beautiful in its native shade of black and white.

CLICK.

Jackson points the camera at Redge, finds focus.

He's sick. Real sick. Yellowing skin, dehydrated, spaced out eyes.

REDGE (CONT'D)  
Just promise you'll remember me the  
way I was the day we met.

They stare at each other for a long time.

Ronda walks in, drinking a beer.

RONDA  
Come on Redge, let's call it a day.  
It's been a long one.

She brings over the wheelchair.

REDGE  
I don't need that.

RONDA  
Jackson, there's fresh sheets and  
towels on the desk in the guest  
room. You can stay as here as long  
as you want. Our home is your home.

JACKSON  
Thanks, I'll see you guys in the  
morning.

Jackson walks in the guest room.

After Jackson leaves Redge points to the wheelchair.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackson pulls down the Murphy Bed in the guest room.

He gets in bed and stares at the ceiling.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jackson wakes up in Redge's guest room.

He gets out of bed and pushes the Murphy Bed up against the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackson walks into the living room.

Sees Redge hunched over at the kitchen table, eyes rolled back, oblivious. Nine prescription drug bottles lined up in front of him.

Hospice Nurse SALLY, 25, plain, southern, ebullient, greets Jackson.

Ronda looks on.

SALLY

You must be Jackson. Reggie raves about you. Says you're going to be a big Hollywood Star. I'm Sally.

JACKSON

Nice to meet you, Sally.

Jackson walks to the table, picks up the prescription bottle.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Metavxsdbiua...

Picks up another bottle.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Aeorga'vpja... This seems like a lot of pills.

SALLY

Those help Reggie manage his pain.

Redge MUMBLES something incoherent, opens one eye, drugged out of his gourd.

SALLY (CONT'D)

How are you doing today, handsome? Did you like the wheelchair? Sorry it took so long.

Redge, on another planet, doesn't respond.

JACKSON

You can take the wheelchair back.

SALLY

That's not a good idea.

JACKSON  
Are his legs broke?

SALLY  
No.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(To Ronda)  
How's he doing on the new meds?

RONDA  
He's able to sleep more at night.  
Less pain.

Jackson picks up another bottle and reads the label.

JACKSON  
There's no way he needs all these.

RONDA  
Yes, he does.

JACKSON  
If I was taking all this I'd be  
probably be dying too.

Jackson walks out the front door. Sally follows.

EXT. SHOTGUN SHACK - DAY

Jackson and Sally stand outside talking.

SALLY  
I know this is hard, but it means  
so much to Redge that you dropped  
everything and came down.

JACKSON  
Sorry I got a little hot in there.

SALLY  
Jackson, I'm going to be very  
honest with you. He refused  
treatment. The drugs are making him  
comfortable. Redge and Rhonda are  
at peace.

Jackson almost breaks down, but holds it together.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
If you ever need someone to talk  
to, I'll be here once a day until  
we take him into our care. (Beat)  
That's going to be soon.

Sally gives him a long hug.

JACKSON  
Do you think you can bring him a  
walker?

SALLY  
I'll see what I can do.

JACKSON  
Thank you.

SALLY  
Oh, and... Never mind.

JACKSON  
What?

SALLY  
Well... It's not L.A. or anything,  
and I don't know if you are  
interested, but I take an acting  
class a few nights a week. Just a  
hobby really... More like therapy  
actually for me after days like  
this.

JACKSON  
Thanks. But I'm taking a break from  
the acting thing for a while.

SALLY  
Okay, Jackson, it was nice to meet  
you. Your dad really is so proud of  
you.

Sally smiles and gets in her car. Jackson walks back inside.

INT. SHOTGUN SHACK - DAY

Ronda grabs a lunch bag out of the fridge.

Redge lies on the ground, MOANING and squirming.

RONDA  
Make sure Redge takes all his meds  
at proper times while I'm at work.  
I made a list.

Ronda puts the list on the table next to the drugs.

Jackson walks over to the kitchen table, picks up the list.

RONDA (CONT'D)  
I should be off work around six.

She grabs a pack of cigarettes off the table and heads for the door.

RONDA (CONT'D)  
If you need anything, call me.

Ronda leaves.

Jackson picks up a one of the bottles and reads the back. He looks over at Redge, passed out on the old carpet.

EXT. SHOTGUN SHACK - DAY

The front door flies open. Jackson, bathed in sunlight, holds Redge like a rag doll bride in his arms.

JACKSON  
You need some air.

Jackson puts Redge in the wheelchair.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - DAY

Jackson wheels Redge down the road towards the dead end.

EXT. DEAD END - DAY

Jackson and Redge sit quietly in the patch of grass just beyond the dead end road.

Jackson looks up, sees buzzards circling.

A crow lands on a tree limb, CAW-CAW.

WIND gusts and leaves RATTLE.

A Rooster weather vain spins atop a house.

Redge COUGHS... Jackson watches... Redge can't stop...

Jackson lifts Redge off the wheelchair and lays him in the grass.

The sun slips behind a cloud.

Redge quits breathing. His eyes go wide.

Jackson stands over him.

JACKSON  
Please, not yet.

Jackson looks up at the sky.

He INHALES deep... EXHALES long... INHALES deep... EXHALES long.

Jackson pinches Redge's nose. Purses his lips. EXHALES into his mouth...

REDGE'S EYES COME BACK TO LIFE.

Redge receives the breath and EXHALES out.

Jackson lies down next to him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
The most important thing in life is  
the breath. Deep breath in, long  
breath out.

Jackson BREATHES in. Jackson BREATHES out...

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Try it with me. In through the  
nose, out through the mouth.

Father and son lie in the grass, side by side, BREATHING.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I don't care when they say you're  
going to die. These drugs are  
making you sicker, not better.

Jackson picks him up and puts him in the wheelchair.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I need some more time with you  
before you go. Who's going to teach  
me how to take a picture?

Redge looks at his feet, dangling above the pavement.

REDGE  
Maybe I'll stick around a little  
while longer.

Jackson pushes the wheelchair back onto the road.

EXT. SHOTGUN HOUSE - DAY

Jackson pulls a walker out of Sally's trunk.

SALLY  
That was the best I could do on  
short notice without putting an  
order through the VA.

JACKSON  
It's great. Thank you so much,  
Sally.

SALLY  
He already seems better with you  
here and it's only been a couple  
days.

Sally gets in her Ford Escort and rolls down the window.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
I'll see you tomorrow.

JACKSON  
Maybe we could talk more about your  
acting class. I mean, who knows how  
long I'm going to be in Florida?

Sally smiles and drives off.

INT. SHOTGUN SHACK - DAY

Jackson pours creamer into his coffee at Redge's kitchen  
table.

Redge sits relaxed and lucid reading the newspaper.

JACKSON  
You ready to go for another walk  
today, old man?

Jackson gets up and grabs the Walker.



REDGE  
Put that thing away. I ain't that  
old.

Redge gets up slowly. Motions to Jackson.

Jackson helps him to the door.

Redge grabs a cane.

Jackson opens the door.

Redge grabs the camera.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Redge stands in the backyard, cleaning the lens with the  
bottom of his shirt.

REDGE  
An old T-shirt's as good as any  
overpriced micro fiber whatever you  
can buy at the camera shop.

Redge puts the camera to his eye.

THROUGH THE LENS

The world looks magical. Redge takes in his surroundings.  
Everywhere he lands, a picture...

ANGLE ON

An old bicycle leaning up against up a wooden mailbox. CLICK.

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Chase your dreams son, be an actor.  
But you got to find a way to make  
money while you do it. Take the  
camera.

Overgrown summer grass jutting up around an old stone  
fountain, catching the light just right. CLICK.

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
First, you stabilize.

ANGLE ON a leaf, dew gathering... dropping. CLICK.

FREEZE FRAME of the water suspended in mid air.

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Then you elevate.

ANGLE ON a silkworm inching its way across a branch. CLICK.

A lizard jumps on the branch, swallows the worm... CLICK.  
...And runs out of frame...

BACK TO WIDE

Redge finally moves from the spot he's been standing.

REDGE (CONT'D)  
Let's take a walk.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - DAY

Jackson and Redge walk up to where the road ends. Redge leads them into the wood beyond the dead end.

Jackson follows his dad.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Amongst the palms and cypress is an old barn in a clearing.

INT. BARN - DAY

Jackson and Redge open the barn doors.

REDGE  
Besides having a natural eye, which  
you were born with, there's only a  
couple things you need to know  
about taking a great portrait.

Redge places Jackson just inside the barn doors so the light hits his face soft and even.

REDGE (CONT'D)  
Always put your subject in recessed  
natural light. Double recessed is  
even better if you can get away  
with it.

Redge puts the camera to his eye and messes with the focus ring.

REDGE (CONT'D)  
Now focus on the eyes. Hell, focus  
on one eye. That's your point of  
entry. Your highway to the  
universal.

(MORE)

REDGE (CONT'D)  
Whether it's acting, photography or  
life. It's in the eyes. That's your  
focus.

THROUGH THE LENS

Jackson's eyes snap into focus.

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Once you've got your focus, blurr  
everything else out.

The deep background fades into floating hues of color,  
blending and blurring, drawing the viewer naturally to  
Jackson's hazel-blue eyes.

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now drop your chin just a tiny bit.

Jackson drops his chin. His eyes light up, glowing.

CLICK. FREEZE FRAME

REDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
There's your headshot.

INT. TRAILER - DUSK

Redge and Jackson walk in, laughing.

Ronda stares at Jackson.

RONDA  
He shouldn't be walking without his  
walker.

REDGE  
Oh, come on, babe. It's okay. I  
feel good.

RONDA  
You need to take your medicine.

JACKSON  
Come on, Ronda. We were just taking  
some pictures.

RONDA  
Yeah, well, you don't know what  
it's like at night with him. When  
he's in pain and can't sleep  
because he won't take all his meds  
while you're around.

JACKSON  
Look, I'm sorry. He's getting  
better. Please?

RONDA  
I'm giving him his medicine.

Redge glances at Jackson, communicating to him that he should  
go. He'll handle her.

REDGE  
Go on.

JACKSON  
Okay, I'm going to bed. Good night.

Jackson goes into the Office/Bedroom and pulls down the  
Murphy Bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Jackson wakes up on the Murphy Bed. Looks at the picture of  
him and his dad the day they met, back when he was healthy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackson walks into the living room.

He sees Redge... hunched over at the table, drugged out of  
his gourd.

JACKSON  
What's going on?

Ronda walks in YELLING.

RONDA  
You don't know what it's been like.

JACKSON  
He doesn't need all those drugs.

RONDA  
Don't talk to me that way. You only  
came here to get the house, and  
when you couldn't get that you went  
for the camera.

JACKSON  
What do you mean? I'm trying to  
help him. I'm his son.

Ronda's had it.

RONDA  
Redge, I'm going to work. If he's  
not gone by the time I get back,  
I'm leaving you.

Ronda grabs her lunch bag off the camera and storms out,  
slamming the door.

Jackson takes a breath, looks over at Redge.

JACKSON  
Finally, she's gone. We're going to  
have to start over, Dad. First the  
breath, then water, then food--

REDGE  
--Get the fuck out.

JACKSON  
What? But Dad?

Redge gets out of his chair and right up in Jackson's face.

REDGE  
If my woman says get out. Then get.  
The fuck. Out.

They stare at each other.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Jackson packs his stuff.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Redge is sprawled out on the floor, barely conscious,  
completely doped up. Groaning...

REDGE  
Jackson...

Redge barely lifts his arm and points to the mantle. Jackson  
walks over and picks up the camera.

Redge nods.

REDGE (CONT'D)  
Sell it if you want to. But trust  
me, that's your best friend, your  
bank account and you'll never be  
alone. Women love photographers.  
Please.

Jackson picks up the camera and walks out the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FOURTH WALL ACTING STUDIO, FLORIDA - NIGHT

Complete darkness.

The lights come up.

Jackson stands on stage alone. His beard shaved down to a  
goatee.

The Acting Teacher, CATHY, 68, obese, dirty feet, sits cross-  
legged in the front row.

CATHY  
All right, give me a gorilla. Go!

Jackson beats his chest. Bares his teeth. Scratches his  
armpits. Clearly taking on the physical characteristics of a  
Gorilla.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Stop. Stand up. Say your lines.

Jackson stands upright, ROARS his lines:

JACKSON  
*DROP YOUR WEAPON. I SAID DROP YOUR  
WEAPON, OR I'LL SHOOT.*

Jackson beats his chest.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*Hoo, Hoo... Hoo.*

CATHY  
That's enough. Bastante. Give me a  
cow. La Vaca. Let's go, action.

Jackson droops his shoulders, hunches over, walks around  
stage in slow motion acting just like a cow.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Lines.

Jackson speaks slowly:

JACKSON  
*Drop... your... weapon. I... said  
... drop... your... weapon... or  
I'll... shoot.*

CATHY  
Jack Russel Terrier. And action!

Jackson darts around stage like a Jack Russel Terrier.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Lines.

Jackson delivers lines staccato:

JACKSON  
*Drop-your-weapon-I-said-drop-your-  
weapon-or-I'll-shoot.*

CATHY  
And cut. That's called an  
"External", taking on the physical  
characteristics of an animal or  
person. Use them. Thank you, Jason.

JACKSON  
I told you my name's Jackson.

CATHY  
Whatever, that sounds like a last  
name. I know you as Jason the P.A.

She turns to the mixed bunch of ACTORS in the audience, Ages  
16-75, male, female, black, white, yellow and brown.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
I have a big announcement to make,  
actors, but first I'd like to  
congratulate Savannah and Ross on  
booking the Kevin Costner movie in  
Shreveport.

The class APPLAUDS.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
How long will you two be in  
Louisiana?

SAVANNAH, 31, brilliant and gorgeous, with a Law Degree and  
her S.A.G. card, stands up.

SAVANNAH  
Three weeks.

CATHY  
How crazy is it all these movies  
shooting in Shreveport? After  
Katrina, films shooting in New  
Orleans went up there to finish so  
they could keep the Louisiana film  
tax credit.

ROSS, 25, Abercombie model type, stands up.

ROSS  
My agent Jeffery says there's two  
more movies starting in a week.  
Shreveport's booming til New  
Orleans gets back up and running.

CATHY  
Class, maybe we'll get their  
Louisiana agent to come down here  
to good old Florida for a showcase.

SAVANNAH  
I already asked Jeffery about it.  
He wants to do it.

The class CLAPS again.

CATHY  
Stick with me, folks. I can make  
things happen.

Cathy straightens up. Clears her throat.

The class quiets.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
As of today, I'm officially Casting  
*National Lampoon's Robodoc*.

The class erupts in APPLAUSE. Jackson gives a fist bump.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jackson drives along the water on Bayshore Blvd., windows  
down.

EXT. BACKYARD DECK - DAY

Jackson listens to the headset on a busy film set.



A camera rig glides between two trees, settles over the deck.

Jackson steps in front of the lens.

CINEMATOGRAPHER (O.S.)  
Thanks Jackson. Mark it.

A GRIP, 51, wearing shorts and flip flops, marks Jackson position with tape.

Jackson steps away. Listens to his headset.

JACKSON  
Copy that.  
(aloud)  
Two minute warning people. We got a  
hot set in two minutes.

Jackson walks over to the craft service table, grabs a handful of water bottles and passes them out to crew.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Last looks everybody.

Jackson dries off the last water bottle with a towel and hands it to the assistant director, STEVE MADDUX, 50, full beard, cigar in his mouth.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
We did it.

STEVE  
Another day in paradise.

INT. BERN'S STEAK HOUSE-NIGHT

Jackson sits at an expensive dinner eating steak and lobster with the New York Producer, MARTY.

MARTY  
Good job, today. Now go get the  
car.

EXT. BERN'S - NIGHT

Jackson pulls up in the Town Car, jumps out, and opens the door for Marty.

Jackson jumps in the driver's seat and takes off.

EXT. HOTEL-NIGHT

Jackson drops Marty off at the Hotel.

EXT. ACTING STUDIO - NIGHT

Jackson pulls up to the studio.

INT. ACTING STUDIO - NIGHT

Jackson finds a seat. Cathy sits quietly on stage looking at the actors like she knows a secret.

The waiting continues...

A phone VIBRATES in the audience.

Savannah looks at her phone, stands up.

SAVANNAH  
Excuse me, Cathy, it's my agent. I  
have to take this.

Cathy smiles and nods.

Savannah walks out.

Another phone VIBRATES.

Ross stands up and walks out looking at his phone.

CATHY  
Hmmm.

Sally, the Hospice Nurse stands up and looks to Cathy for permission.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Go, go, go.

More students get calls about the audition and leave the room.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Your agents will tell you what  
character you're reading for and  
your audition times.

Jackson checks his phone. Nothing.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
This is the first S.A.G. movie of  
the year, folks. I expect you to be  
nothing but mangificique' at your  
auditions.

Jackson sits back in his chair, slowly realizing he's not  
getting a call.

JACKSON  
You're not bringing me in for an  
audition?

CATHY  
You're not ready yet.

JACKSON  
I've been coming to class for six  
months straight doing everything  
you asked, and I'm not ready?

Cathy points to KEITH, 23, blessed with everything.

CATHY  
Ready. You'll get a call from your  
agent tomorrow.

Cathy points to a blonde woman, 50s, fake tits and lips.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Not ready.

She points to an 18 year old, mixed race, male.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Ready. I just haven't decided which  
part yet. To be so ethnically  
ambiguous.

She points back at Jackson.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Not ready.

JACKSON  
This is bullshit.

Jackson gets up and walks out of the room.

INT. WARDROBE ROOM - NIGHT

Jackson pulls his wardrobe off the rack.

Savannah enters the empty dressing room, walks up next to him and searches the rack.

SAVANNAH  
She's just being a bitch. You're  
one of the best actors in class.

Savannah takes off her shirt.

JACKSON  
Thanks.

SAVANNAH  
Don't quit. Besides, we haven't  
done a scene together yet.

JACKSON  
I know, but...

SAVANNAH  
And the showcase with Jeffery is  
next Friday. That's more important  
than one stupid National Lampoon  
movie.

JACKSON  
You're right, but--

SAVANNAH  
--Ross and I are doing the bed  
scene from *Unfaithful*.

JACKSON  
Should be good.

She unhooks her bra and slides it off.

SAVANNAH  
You should stay and watch.

Jackson puts his wardrobe back on the rack.

Savannah grabs one of his button-down Oxfords. Puts it on,  
buttons it half-way.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Savannah, dressed in Jackson's Oxford and nothing else, makes  
out with Ross up on stage.

Savannah breaks free.

ROSS  
*...What's the matter?*

He begins kissing her over and over as she talks. She can hardly get the words out.

SAVANNAH  
*I can't let go. I can't...You're not listening to me --*

ROSS  
*(still kissing)*  
*I am.*  
*(looks at her)*  
*Hit me.*

She stares at him.

SAVANNAH  
*Why?*

ROSS  
*Just do it.*

She slaps his face half-heartedly.

PAUL  
*No, really hit me.*

She slaps him, hard. Then again. And again.

And, suddenly she's kissing him...

Savannah breaks free.

SAVANNAH  
*Scene.*

CATHY  
*I didn't say cut.*

Savannah pushes Ross on the bed, gets on top and straddles him.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
*There will be at least this many people one van a closed set.*

Ross bucks his hips. Savannah holds on to his chest hair with both hands.

CATHY (CONT'D)

And from what I read in the script  
you two are going to be doing a lot  
more than kissing in the movie.

Savannahs MOANS. Finding a rhythm...

KATHY

And cut.

Savannah ignores Cathy and keeps going.

She MOANS louder...

Savannah rips open Jackson's borrowed shirt. Buttons fly  
across the stage.

Savannah twists her nipples, crescendos to a full-body orgasm  
in front of the entire class.

She collapses onto Ross's chest.

CATHY

That's what it takes, people.

Savannah snuggles up to Ross like a cat.

CATHY (CONT'D)

You're both so perfect for my  
movie, Robodoc. What a great  
opportunity I'm giving you guys!

Jackson pipes in from the audience.

JACKSON (O.S.)

Not if you can't get an audition.

CATHY

You're not right for anything.

JACKSON

There's thirty-seven speaking parts  
in this movie. I have to be right  
for one of them.

CATHY

It's over Jason.

JACKSON

I told you to call me Jackson.  
Who's doing the Mental Patient?

CATHY  
Give it up. Besides, the director's  
probably doing that one.

JACKSON  
Who's the director?

CATHY  
Steve Maddox.

JACKSON  
The assistant director, Steve  
Maddox?

CATHY  
No, the director, Steve Maddox.  
They fired the original director  
yesterday over creative differences  
and needed someone from the D.G.A.  
to fill in quick. Steve fit the  
bill.

JACKSON  
I'll just call Steve my self.

KATHY  
Why, because you've P.A.'d for him?  
That has nothing to do with acting.  
It's not up to him. It's up to me.  
I'm the casting director. You  
wouldn't dare go around my back.

Jackson gets up and walks out.

INT. CLUB HELIUM - NIGHT

Jackson and Marty sip beers and watch a Go-Go Dancer back it  
up on her elevated pod.

MARTY  
You need a drink.

Marty heads to the bar.

The dancer turns around.

It's Savannah.

She bends down to talk, still dancing.

SAVANNAH  
My first night.

JACKSON

That's what they all say. I thought you were a lawyer.

SAVANNAH

I'm not taking the Florida Bar until January. It's free exercise and easy money. Besides, I love to dance.

JACKSON

A Go-Go dancer with a Law Degree and her S.A.G. card. You win.

SAVANNAH

Hey, I also model three days a week at the Home Shopping Network.

JACKSON

And I'm curing cancer one Sears commercial at a time.

Marty walks back with three shots.

MARTY

I'll drink to that.

Marty hands one to Jackson and the other to Savannah.

JACKSON

If I can't get an audition for a movie my teacher's casting and my boss is directing, then I should probably give up on this whole actor thing.

They raise their glasses.

SAVANNAH/JACKSON/MARTY

Fuck it.

CLINK. They shoot the shots. Marty takes a call.

SAVANNAH

Have you called Steve and asked him if you can audition?

JACKSON

You heard Cathy. She'll kick me out if I go above her head. I need this class to get better.



SAVANNAH  
That's too bad. I only date working  
actors.

HOUSE MUSIC kicks in like dynamite.

Savannah channels the THUMPING BASS, dancing herself upright  
atop the Pod.

The lights dim.

A spotlight blasts her from behind.

Jackson watches, hypnotized by her silhouette.

EXT. BAYSHORE DRIVE - DAY

Jackson stands on Bayshore Blvd. talking on the phone.

JACKSON  
Steve, hey it's Jackson.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Hey Jackson, how are you, my man?

JACKSON  
Doing good. Congrats on the movie.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Yeah, it was just one of those  
things. Last minute replacement.  
Hey, I didn't think about it since  
we're shooting over in Orlando, but  
do you want to come over and P.A.  
for me?

JACKSON  
No, thanks anyway Steve, actually I  
was hoping I could maybe ask you if  
I can audition for the movie?

STEVE (O.S.)  
Aww man, Jackson, we just had  
callbacks. If I would have known  
earlier. Besides we're only using  
S.A.G. actors.

JACKSON  
I'm in S.A.G.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Oh, you are. Look, it's really just  
too late.

(MORE)

STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I wish there was something I could do. Be sure to get you on the next one though.

JACKSON  
I understand. Just had to ask. It was good talking to you, Steve. Kick ass on the movie. And give Jane my best.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Will do. Jackson says hi. Hi, Jackson... Hang on a second, Jackson... What, hun?... Jane says you should put your audition on tape and Fed Ex it to me tomorrow.

JACKSON  
Really?

STEVE (O.S.)  
Yeah, we're making decisions on Sunday. I'll show your tape at the meeting. Do the MENTAL PATIENT.

JACKSON  
Oh man! Thanks, Steve.

Jackson hangs up.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Yes!

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Marty strides up to SOUND STAGE 3.

The same film crew from the commercial is busy setting up a shot.

MARTY  
All right, people, I'm on a plane to New York in forty-five. And thanks for sticking around after a long day on set. I won't forget it.

He claps his hands, points at Jackson.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
You ready?

JACKSON  
Yes sir.

MARTY

Last looks people. Let's do this.

The ART DIRECTOR smooths out the gray backdrop.

The KEY GRIP adjusts a light to hit Jackson's face.

The ASSISTANT CAMERA MAN sets focus, pulls a tape measure from the camera to Jackson's nose.

BOOM OPERATOR steadies the boom mic above his head.

The MAKE-UP ARTIST dabs Jackson's face.

Duncan stands next to camera, holding audition sides.

The CAMERA ASSISTANT holds the slate.

CAMERA ASSISTANT

Audition for The Mental Patient.  
Take one.

He THWAKS the clapper.

THROUGH THE LENS

We see Jackson in tightie-whities and a wife-beater.

MARTY (O.S.)

And Action.

Jackson's eyes blink rapidly. His arms jerk. He scrapes his chin against his shoulder repeatedly...

JACKSON

*Stay away from me.*

DUNCAN (O.S.)

*I. Am. Doctor Robert. I can do. The  
work of ten. Doctors. But. Can't  
feel. Human. Emotion.*

Jackson flips out.

JACKSON

*You're not a Doctor. You're a  
Robot... with the FBI, or is it the  
KGB, no, the CIA. You're from WKRP.*

Jackson darts around stage in circles. Beats his chest.

DUNCAN (O.S.)  
*Calm. Down. Patient. Number. Four.  
Three. Seven. Oh. Five. Six. I. Am.  
Your. Psychiatrist.*

Duncan mimes pulling out a syringe. Jackson cowers.

DUNCAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Now. I. Will. Administer. A. Dose.  
Of Anti-Psychotic. Tranquilizer.*

JACKSON  
*No.*

MARTY (O.S.)  
*And Cut! Beautiful. Print it.  
That's a wrap.*

JACKSON  
*Thanks Marty. Thanks everybody.*

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Marty gets out of the car at the terminal. Jackson takes off.

EXT. ACTING STUDIO - NIGHT

Jackson pulls into the packed studio parking lot.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Jackson gets changed in the dressing room.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

A MONTAGE of the showcase for agent Jeffery.

-Savannah and Ross perform the sex scene from *Unfaithful*.

SAVANNAH  
*Oh, yes. Yes...*

-Sally, in a nurse uniform, consoles another actor.

SALLY  
*We're here for you if you need  
anything.*

-Jackson, wears a suit, holding a fake gun on Duncan.

DUNCAN  
*Please, man you don't know who  
you're dealing with.*

JACKSON  
*I said drop your weapon, or I'll  
shoot.*

LATER

All the actors stand on stage.

AGENT JEFFERY KNIGHTHAWK, 60, face-lift, toupe, stands up  
from his seat and CLAPS.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Jeffery talks to the crowd of actors.

JEFFERY  
What's happening in Shreveport is  
unprecedented. Never before has  
there been anything like it. If you  
can move there, move.

The class of actors watch, enraptured.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)  
Just the other night I went out to  
dinner and saw Oliver Stone and Val  
Kilmer, sitting at different  
tables, in town working on  
different projects.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jeffery signs a 16-year-old high school student.

Jackson waits patiently for his turn to talk with Geoffery.

JACKSON  
I'll move to Shreveport tomorrow.  
I'm ready to sign.

JEFFERY  
I can't sign you. You're a decent  
actor but you're really not that  
marketable, and you don't have any  
credits.

JACKSON  
Well how do I get a credit If I  
can't get an audition because I  
don't have an agent?

JEFFERY  
Without any credits there's nothing  
I can do for you. You should stay  
in class and keep training.

JOLIE, 19, hispanic, hot, wearing a halter top and tiny cut-off jean shorts walks up with her contract.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)  
Hey, Jolie.

JOLIE  
I signed it. I'm so excited. I've  
only been in acting class a week  
and I already have an agent.

Jeffery turns his back on Jackson, ending the conversation.

EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY

Jackson reaches in his pocket for his keys but they aren't there.

INT. WARDROBE ROOM - DAY

Jackson finds his keys in a pair of pants hanging on the rack.

Sally walks in to the dressing room.

SALLY  
C'mon, Kathy wants everyone out  
here.

JACKSON  
No, thanks. I'm done, I quit.

SALLY  
Just come on, Jackson.

She grabs his arm and leads him in to the studio.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jackson sits next to Sally in the back of the studio watching Cathy up on stage, a proud mama bear.

CATHY

I want to congratulate all my students who booked The National Lampoon's Movie. You know who you are: Savannah, Ross, Duncan...

The class CHEERS....

The studio phone RINGS.

A STUDENT brings Cathy the phone.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Cathy, C.S.A.

She covers the phone, MOUTHS to the class.

CATHY (CONT'D)

More bookings.

She relays the conversation.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Uh huh, Uh huh, oh that's great, I'll tell her. So now you want Niki Spiridakos to be the Cross-Eyed Mother...

Niki jumps up like she's been crowned Miss U.S.A.

Savannah twitches.

CATHY (CONT'D)

No, I'm sure Savannah will be totally fine playing the Doctor Julie part instead. It works for a week, right? Great.

Savannah smiles. The class APPLAUDS. Cathy shushes them.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Wait, I thought the 'Guy with the Missing Eyeball' was a featured extra part?

She waives her arm at the class for silence.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I see... uh huh... the Director made the guy with the missing eyeball a speaking part. I know a lot of great actors-- Oh, you already did? Okay. Sure. What agency?

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)  
No agency? Just give me whatever  
number you have then, thanks.

Cathy hangs up.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
It's only two words, but it's a  
credit on I.M.D.B., if you should  
all be so lucky.

Cathy dials the number, making a show of it. She puts the  
phone to her ear.

A phone VIBRATES somewhere in the audience.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Still ringing, this is why you all  
need an agent.

The VIBRATING stops.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Hi, this is Cathy McAllister,  
C.S.A. Casting Director for  
National Lampoon's Robodoc. I have  
some very good news.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
(barely audible)  
Great.

Cathy hesitates, squints through the lights into the  
audience, confused. She goes back to the phone.

CATHY  
Yes. We'd like to offer you a part  
in National Lampoon's Robodoc.

JACKSON  
Hot damn.

CATHY  
Hello?

Cathy searches for the voice, sees Jackson in the back row,  
phone to ear.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Wait, Jason...? Jason, is that you?

JACKSON  
It's JACKSON, bitch.



EXT. BAHAMA BREEZE - SUNSET

The sun sets over Tampa Bay. The wrap party for *Robodoc* rocks out on the back deck.

Jackson stands with Steve Maddox, smoking a cigar.

JACKSON

Can't thank you enough, Steve.

STEVE

You deserve it. That was a great audition tape you sent.

Jackson holds up his bottle of beer. Steve holds up his.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Another day in paradise.

They tap glasses and drink.

Jackson glances around the party, sees Savannah, tipsy, staring at him from the bar.

She taps the guy on the shoulder next to her. It's Jeffery.

EXT. TIKI BAR - SUNSET

Savannah, Jeffery, and Jackson sit on lounge chairs at the private beach next to the Tiki Bar at Sunset.

JEFFERY

Now that you have a credit under your belt everything changes.

JACKSON

Really?

SAVANNAH

I told him you're one of the best actors in class.

JEFFERY

There's two auditions next week in Shreveport. What do you say?

SAVANNAH

We could ride together.

Jackson smiles.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - DAY

A slick Cadillac rounds the corner fast skidding to a stop in front of a beat-up shotgun shack.

Savannah, rolls down the window a hot mess.

ROCK MUSIC blares.

She bangs the HORN.

Jackson, hops off the porch.

JACKSON  
I like it. Where's your rig?

SAVANNAH  
Daddy said we could take the Caddy  
to Shreveport on one condition.

Jackson opens the driver-side door. Savannah scoots over.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
No loose pot or paraphernalia  
allowed.

Jackson stops.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
So he rolled us a big fat joint for  
the road.

She holds up the joint.

JACKSON  
Sweet.

Jackson hops in.

The Caddy peels out.

EXT. I-75 - NIGHT

The Caddy glides north on I-75 through the Florida  
Wilderness.

INT. CADDY - CONTINUOUS

Savannah sits cross-legged in the expansive front seat,  
reading script aloud from her laptop.

SAVANNAH  
*...The State Trooper approaches  
Tom's car.*

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
(Man's Voice)  
*License and registration, please.*

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
(Man's Voice #2)  
*What's the problem, officer? I  
wasn't doing anything wrong.*

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
(Man's Voice)  
*I said License and Registration.*

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
*Tom reaches in the glove  
compartment and grabs his  
registration. He hands it to the  
State Trooper. The Trooper pulls  
out his flashlight to check the  
license... OH MY GOD.*

JACKSON  
What?

Savannah reads excitedly, pointing at her laptop.

SAVANNAH  
*The Trooper hits Tom in the head  
three times with his flashlight.*

She looks over at Jackson.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
You get to beat up Samuel L.  
Jackson when you book this. How  
cool is that?

JACKSON  
Awesome... Hey, I don't want to  
freak you out, but I, uhm, ended up  
bringing my lucky pipe and some  
extra weed.

SAVANNAH  
I told you what my daddy said.

JACKSON  
I know, but--

SAVANNAH  
--I have something to tell you,  
too. But I don't want you to freak  
out.

JACKSON  
What?

SAVANNAH  
I wasn't sure how you'd feel about  
it since we hardly know each other.

JACKSON  
Just tell me.

SAVANNAH  
There's a loaded gun in the glove  
compartment.

Jackson deadpans.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Is that a problem?

JACKSON  
No. Now I can't speed is all.

SAVANNAH  
Don't worry. It's legal just as  
long as it takes three steps to  
shoot.

JACKSON  
Come on now. I don't think it's  
legal. I took a couple of classes  
in Criminology at Florida State. I  
should know the law.

Savannah *opens the glove*.

SAVANNAH  
One.

Savannah grabs the gun, *unsnaps the holster*.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Two.

Savannah aims the gun at Jackson's head. *Pops the safety*.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Three. I have a J.D. from Columbia  
University in New York City. I do  
know the law.

Jackson looks back at the road.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
What? You don't believe it's  
loaded?

She cocks the hammer.

JACKSON  
No, I'm sure it is. You just look  
hot holding that gun.

Savannah smiles, lowers the gun.

SAVANNAH  
You want to get high and read the  
rest of the script?

JACKSON  
Fire it up.

Savannah searches for the joint inside her exploding purse.

SAVANNAH  
Where did the joint go? I just had  
it.

She searches under the seats.

JACKSON  
Relax, we'll find it. Just use my  
pipe for now.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-10 NEW ORLEANS - DAY

The Caddy passes the Superdome at daybreak.

EXT. I-10 BATON ROUGE - MORNING

The Caddy crosses the Mississippi River Bridge in Baton  
Rouge.

EXT. I-10 LAFAYETTE - MORNING

The Caddy merges north onto I-49 towards Shreveport.

INT. CADDY - MORNING

Jackson MUMBLES his lines under his breath.

JACKSON  
*License and registration please.*

Jackson slams an imaginary Maglite into an invisible head.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*WHACK, WHACK, WHACK. This ain't  
your business and that's the only  
warning you get.*

Jackson checks himself out in the rearview mirror. Fiddles with his goatee.

His eyes shift in the mirror to Savannah sleeping in the back.

Jackson smiles, glances back at the road--

--A STATE TROOPER, parked in the median.

Jackson and the Trooper catch eyes as he whizzes by.

Jackson checks his speed: "68". He lets out a breath.

He glances in the rearview.

The Trooper pulls onto the highway.

Jackson switches lanes.

The Trooper switches with him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

SAVANNAH  
Huh, what?

JACKSON  
I think we're getting pulled over.

POLICE LIGHTS.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

The STATE TROOPER, 39, bald, tough-looking, gets out of his car.

The Trooper approaches the Caddy at a diagonal angle.

Jackson notices the Trooper's RIGHT HAND resting atop his gun.

The Trooper locks eyes with Jackson in the side mirror. He points with his left hand.

TROOPER

You, step out of the car, now.

Jackson hops out, smiling.

JACKSON

There a problem, officer? I wasn't speeding.

TROOPER

You were driving too close to the car in front of you. Where are you heading?

JACKSON

Shreveport.

TROOPER

Why you going to Shreveport?

JACKSON

You're not going to believe this, but I'm auditioning for the role of a State Trooper in a Samuel L. Jackson movie. Let me check out your uniform, make sure I got the right idea.

Jackson looks him up and down. The Trooper laughs.

TROOPER

A Samuel L. Jackson movie in Shreveport? Have you ever been there?

JACKSON

No sir, it will be my first time, but she has.

Savannah waves from the backseat.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something. If you were to hit the driver with your Maglite, how would you do it? Like this? Or like this?

TROOPER  
Wait here.

JACKSON  
Yes sir.

The Trooper approaches the passenger side to speak with Savannah.

INT. CADDY - CONTINUOUS

Savannah, wearing a see-through wife beater and bikini underwear, rubs lotion on her shoulder.

SAVANNAH  
Hi, Officer.

TROOPER  
Can I see your registration, ma'am?

Savannah squirts more lotion in her hand, rubs the other shoulder.

SAVANNAH  
Of course. But I have to warn you,  
there's a loaded gun in the glove  
compartment. So maybe it would be  
better if you got it.

The Trooper glances back at Jackson.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
It's my dad's gun. He worries about  
me and the Caddy.

She pours more lotion and starts to rub it on her legs.

The Trooper opens the passenger door. Squats down. Opens the glove. Grabs the gun. Takes it from the holster. Opens the chamber. Spins...

FULLY LOADED.

TROOPER  
Your dad needs to clean this thing.

SAVANNAH  
I'll be sure to tell him.

The Trooper puts the gun back. Checks the registration.

TROOPER  
Well, everything looks good.



The Trooper stands.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Ya'll drive safe and have--

--The Trooper squints. Squats back down. Reaches under the seat.

Jackson grimaces.

The Trooper stands up, holding the lost Joint.

The Trooper backpedals, hand on his gun.

JACKSON  
Her dad. Her dad smokes pot. He's  
got glaucoma. It must be his.  
Please. His car, his gun, his  
joint.

The Trooper looks at Savannah.

SAVANNAH  
I swear it's my dad's. We would  
never jeopardize our careers like  
that.

JACKSON  
We don't do pot, sir.

SAVANNAH  
Hard to memorize lines if you use.

TROOPER  
Give me your license now.

Savannah hands over her license.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Will I find anything else if I  
search the vehicle, Miss? Drugs,  
paraphernalia, large sums of cash.  
Dead body?

SAVANNAH  
No Sir, Officer. Please, go ahead.

The Trooper grabs her purse.

He pulls out a curling iron, a make-up case, headphones, a  
prescription drug bottle, condoms. The Trooper stops.

TROOPER  
What's your dad's number?

Savannah finds her dad's number in her phone and hands it over.

The Trooper turns back to Jackson.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
You, give me your license.

Jackson hands it over.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Stay right there.

JACKSON  
Yes, sir.

The Trooper ducks in his Police Car.

Jackson looks out at the pasture and the woods beyond.

INT. CADDY - DAY

Savannah reaches in Jackson's bag and grabs the pipe. She looks out the back window and smiles at Jackson as she hides the pipe under her dress.

The Trooper gets out holding the gun and joint.

TROOPER  
This and this together is a felony  
in the State of Louisiana. But,  
your story checks out.

The Trooper flicks the joint at Jackson.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Stomp that out.

Jackson looks at the joint, glowing in the morning sun.

His boot drops, twists.

The Trooper heads to the Caddy.

The Trooper puts the gun back in the glove.

SAVANNAH  
Thank you so much, officer.

The Trooper nods at Jackson.

Jackson walks to the driver's side and gets in.

The Trooper bends down.

TROOPER  
If I were standing here and I  
wanted to hit you with my Maglite,  
I'd do it like this.

The Trooper yanks out his Maglite, swings it at Jackson's head, stopping just before impact.

Jackson flinches. The Trooper cracks up laughing.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Oh, and lose the goatee. Either a  
mustache or nothing. Good luck with  
your audition.

The State Trooper walks back to his car.

INT. CADDY - DAY

Jackson puts on his seatbelt and starts the car.

SAVANNAH  
Oh my god! You were great. When I  
looked back, you guys were  
laughing. I knew we'd be okay.

JACKSON  
We make a good team, huh?

SAVANNAH  
I think Mr. State Trooper deserves  
a blowjob.

JACKSON  
Cool. Let's wait until he leaves.  
Okay?

Savannah looks out the back window at the State Trooper.

SAVANNAH  
Not you idiot, him. We could be in  
jail.

JACKSON  
But we're not.

SAVANNAH  
Or worse, we could have missed our  
callback for the Samuel L. Jackson  
movie.

JACKSON  
But we didn't.

SAVANNAH  
It's just a blowjob.

WILLIE NELSON'S TOUR BUS ROARS by down the interstate.

The Trooper pulls out onto the highway in hot pursuit, SIREN  
blasting.

Jackson takes a breath.

Savannah reaches under her dress, pulls out Jackson's pipe  
from between her legs.

Jackson moves toward her. They kiss. He nibbles her neck,  
down her chest, to her thighs.

Cars fly by on the interstate.

Savannah's MOANS escalate...

SOUND MATCH CUT  
TO:

EXT. RITE AID PARKING LOT- DAY

Savannah's MOANS play over the scene as she enters the  
Women's bathroom and Jackson enters the Men's.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Savannah applies make-up rapid fire.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)  
Hmmm...

INT. MEN'S - DAY

Jackson opens a packet of razors. Shaves his goatee down to a  
mustache.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Savannah puts on a smoking hot little black dress.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)  
Oh, yes, right there. Yes, ah, YES.

INT. MEN'S - DAY

Jackson tucks his crisp, polyester police shirt into his black pants.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)  
Don't stop....

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM-DAY

Savannah applies red lipstick.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)  
Yes. Yes. Yes. YES.

Her moans and screams peak...

SOUND MATCH CUT  
TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

A CLOSE UP of Savannah. Slate gray wall behind her.

Her sounds of pleasure morph into sounds of grief. She cries and screams, heartbroken.

She finally collapses.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Cut, fucking brilliant.

Savannah lifts her head, smiles. She says something in French to the director. He says something back in French.

Savannah exits frame. We stay with the AUDITION CAMERA ANGLE.

Jackson walks into frame, slates to camera.

JACKSON  
My name is Jackson Beals, and I'm  
reading for the State Trooper.

Jackson walks out of frame. The camera tries to follow, loses him--

--Jackson re-enters frame at a diagonal angle, calm, confident.

His fingertips rest atop his gun like the real State Trooper's did.

Jackson locks eyes with the reader and points with his other hand, 'doing' the State Trooper who pulled them over.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*License and registration please.*

READER (O.S.)  
*What's the problem, Officer? I wasn't doing anything wrong.*

Jackson whacks him over the head with his iphone.

JACKSON  
*WHACK, WHACK, WHACK. That's your only warning. I suggest you drop the case and get out of town.*

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
*AND CUT! Thank you. That was fantastic. You played it like a real cop. The cop has a gun. No need to yell like rest of the actors. Beautiful.*

JACKSON  
Thank you.

Jackson walks out of frame. We hear the door shut.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

WHORES and REDNECKS loiter in the waiting room. The women wear next to nothing. The guys favor camouflage and flannel.

A buff actor does push ups.

Two actresses in negligees run lines.

Another actor meditates.

Jackson sits in a chair watching.

An ACTRESS, 21, sits down next to him.

ACTRESS  
How's it going, Cowboy?

Jackson ignores her, not wanting to break character. He gets up, finds a door and exits into a side-alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUED

Jackson walks through the alley into a courtyard that looks like a junkyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUED

A live ROOSTER greets him.

The Rooster puffs up, bobs his head, scratches his feet.

Jackson gets on all fours and faces off with the Rooster, nose to beak, employing the 'External" technique he learned in acting class.

They stare into each other's eyes.

The Rooster starts bobbing his head again.

Jackson mimics the Rooster, move for move, bobbing his head, scratching his feet.

The Rooster flaps his wings hard, barely getting off the ground.

Jackson flaps his arms and jumps up, tries to fly with no luck.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jackson walks back into the waiting room, bowed up like a rooster, bobbing his head a bit.

ASSISTANT

Jackson Beals. Jackson, you're up.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Jackson walks into the room

The pretty, blonde, Texas Casting Director, JULIE, smiles.

JULIE

Let's get right to it. Please stand over there on the mark.

Jackson stands on the mark, scratches it with his feet.

JULIE (CONT'D)

And action.

Julie hits record.

THROUGH THE LENS

We see Jackson standing there. His eyes dart around the room.  
His head bobbing.

JULIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*All right, everybody gather round.*

Jackson looks up, excited.

JULIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*Okay, which one of you did  
something bad to a minority this  
week? Anyone?*

Jackson jumps up like a rooster trying to fly, flapping his  
elbows. Jackson raises his hand.

JULIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*You, Carter, what did you do bad to  
a minority this week?*

JACKSON  
*I tripped a beaner walking down the  
stairs at the Walmart the other  
day...*

Jackson bobs his head, looks at the other imaginary Klansmen  
around the pretend campfire.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*Guy crashed into a bunch of wine  
bottles. They made him pay for it.  
Wooooooo!*

Jackson attempts to fly again. Julie LAUGHS.

JULIE  
Thank you, Jackson. That's good for  
now. We'll be in touch.

INT. TRAVEL LODGE - DAY

Savannah irons Jackson's shirt wearing the silky, white  
negligee she wore to the Harold & Kumar audition.

JACKSON  
You look black and white photo  
erotic.



SAVANNAH  
I think I got the part.

A KNOCK at the door.

Jackson walks over and opens it.

Sally, the Hospice nurse and DESIREE, 33, a Latino bombshell from acting class, stand in the doorway dressed in hooker clothes from the Harold & Kumar Audition.

SALLY  
Hey, Jackson, we heard you guys  
were staying here, too. Just came  
by to see what you guys were up to.

JACKSON  
Just hanging out.

DESIREE  
Cool.

Savannah appears in her negligee. Sally looks past Jackson at the King Size Bed.

SAVANNAH  
How did you guys do?

DESIREE  
Great.

Jackson walks to the closet by the bathroom. Savannah and Sally talk about their auditions.

Desiree walks over to Jackson with a half empty six pack.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
Want a beer?

JACKSON  
No thanks.

DESIREE  
Suit yourself.

JACKSON  
How'd you do at the audition?

DESIREE  
Are you kidding? Great. Look at  
these.

Jackson looks down at her breasts exploding out of her lacy bra.

JACKSON

Wow.

DESIREE

Do you want to see them?

Jackson looks over her shoulder at Savannah and Sally in rapid-fire, no pause, female banter.

JACKSON

I don't know.

DESIREE

No, silly, that was my first line, for Tammy the Prostitute in Harold and Kumar.

JACKSON

Very convincing.

DESIREE

Ah, fuck it, do you want to see them Jackson? I'll have to show them to the world anyway if I get the part.

JACKSON

I don't know.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Just show him your tits already, Desiree.

JACKSON

Are you serious?

SAVANNAH

Wait, if he gets to see them then I want to see them, too. If I had those, I'd show them to everybody.

SALLY

Me too... want to see them... not show them to everybody.

JACKSON

But you have amazing...

Jackson looks at Savannah, stops himself.

The group convenes at the foot of the King Size Bed. Desiree lifts her shirt.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Wow. They are beautiful.

DESIREE  
I told you, Jackson.

JACKSON  
But how do they feel? That's how  
you can really tell if they're  
fake.

DESIREE  
You want to touch them, Jackson?  
Go ahead. My ex husband paid good  
money for these things.

Jackson, Savannah, and Sally move in. Jackson feels first,  
then Savannah, followed by Sally.

JACKSON  
That's nice.

SAVANANAH  
Girl. You have to give me his  
number.

The groping becomes more intense. Hands and lips tangle...

Jackson's phone RINGS.

SAVANNAH  
It could be Jeffery.

Jackson breaks free, answers.

JACKSON  
Hey Jeffery, what's up? Really,  
that's great. I'm here with  
Savannah, Desiree and Sally too...  
Really, sure I'll tell them...

Jackson hangs up the phone.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
You guys all got callbacks for  
Tammy the prostitute.

The women jump up and hug.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I got one, too.

They bring Jackson into the fold.

Savannah breaks it up.

SAVANNAH

I don't know about you guys, but I want to start preparing.

DESIREE

I have to call in to work.

SALLY

I'm hungry.

SAVANNAH

It was good seeing you guys.

Jackson walks Sally and Desiree to the door.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Sally waves Desiree on.

SALLY

I'll meet you at the car.

Sally walks over to Jackson

JACKSON

Look, uhhm.

SALLY

I didn't want to bring this up but I thought you should know, your dad's not doing too well.

JACKSON

So.

SALLY

I think you should go see him. I know you guys ended on a bad note but this is your last chance. I'm driving back tonight if you want to ride with me. I'm sure Savannah won't mind.

JACKSON

I'm not sure what our plans are.

SALLY

I'll see you around, Jackson.

Jackson watches her walk away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Savannah has Jackson's camera around her neck. Jackson walks in.

SAVANNAH

Hey, this is a nice camera. You can take my headshots. I'm trying to get Jeffery to get me a read for the lead in this Indie coming to town. I want a new headshot for it.

JACKSON

No, thanks.

SAVANNAH

Come on it will be fun. I've shot with a million photographers. You'd be great at it.

JACKSON

I have to prepare for my callback.

SAVANNAH

Just do the same thing you did the first time. Don't over think it. Come on, shoot my headshots.

She walks over to the closet and starts pulling clothes for the shoot.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SHREVEPORT - DAY

Jackson takes headshots of Savannah in an abandoned building.

He moves natural with the camera in his hand.

He places Savannah a little inside the double recessed lighting just inside the doorway off the balcony.

CLICK. CLICK.

JACKSON

Nice, love it. Drop the chin just a bit. Perfect.

CLICK CLICK.

SAVANNAH

You're so smooth with that thing.

She flashes a smile.

CLICK.

JACKSON  
Nice. Eww, right there.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

SAVANNAH  
We should see if Jeffery has anyone  
that needs headshots.

JACKSON  
I don't want to be a headshot  
photographer. I'm an actor.

SAVANNAH  
Yeah, but you are so natural at  
this.

Savannah throws a seductive look. CLICK.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Don't you want pretty girls to meet  
up and pay you a few hundred bucks  
to take their picture. Who knows  
what can happen?

She unbuttons her blouse.

CLICK.

EXT. CAMERA STORE - DAY

Jackson walks out of the camera store with prints in a giant  
envelope.

EXT. NOBLE SAVAGE - NIGHT

Jackson stands outside the pub looking at the headshots he  
took of Savannah.

INT. NOBLE SAVAGE PUB - NIGHT

Jeffery and Savannah sit on the same side of a booth in the  
dark English pub.

SAVANNAH  
So you really think I still have a  
shot at booking Tammy the  
Prostitute?

They both look straight ahead while talking to hide the fact she's giving Jeffery a quick, handy under the table.

JEFFERY

I talked to the producer today.

SAVANNAH

Yeah. Today, you did?

Her shoulder moves faster.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

It would be a dream come true to to  
book a prostitute smoking a fake  
joint in a make-believe Texas whore  
house while waxing philosophic  
about Nietzsche with my tits out.

Jeffery closes his eyes. Savannah pumps harder under the table.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

So are you going to get me an  
audition for the lead in that  
indie?

JEFFERY

I'm working on it.

Jackson walks in the bar and looks around.

SAVANNAH

Shit, don't freak out. Jackson just  
walked in; he's coming this way.

JEFFERY

Well, let go?

SAVANNAH

Just play it cool.

Jackson walks up.

JACKSON

Hey, what's the story?

Jackson sits down opposite Jeffery and Savannah.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Check these out.

Jackson lays Savannah's headshots on the table. They're fantastic.

JEFFERY

Whoah. That's really good. You have  
an eye my friend.

He turns to Savannah.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

I can get you that audition with  
these.

JACKSON

Any word on the auditions?

JEFFERY

Good news or bad news?

JACKSON

Good.

JEFFERY

They want to give you a part in  
Harold & Kumar.

JACKSON

I booked Carter The Klansman?

JEFFERY

No, it's a new role they just  
added. One of Rob Corddry's thugs.

JACKSON

Oh.

SAVANNAH

You didn't tell me that.

JEFFERY

I had to tell him first.

Savannah smiles. Jeffery squirms.

SAVANNAH

Oh my god, babe! That's amazing.

Jeffery coughs.

JACKSON

Thanks.

JEFFERY

Bad news is they want you to be an  
extra for ten days, and then on the  
last day they'll give you a line.



JACKSON

They want me to be an extra? No way.

SAVANNAH

I think you should do it. On IMDB no one will know you were an extra. You'll get another credit. You'll be on set.

JACKSON

I don't know. I did that shit in L.A., and you know, respect and all, but I have the one credit now. In this LA., Louisiana, I want to be an actor, not a hybrid extra.

SAVANNAH

Just take it. You'll be in Harold & fucking Kumar.

JACKSON

O.k. I'll do it.

JEFFERY

That's the spirit.

SAVANNAH

Congratulations, babe.

JEFFERY

I should close the deal first thing in the morning.

SAVANNAH

Hey babe, would you mind grabbing me a few napkins from the bar? And another glass of red.

JACKSON

Yeah, sure. I'll be right back.

Jackson gets up and walks to the bar.

SAVANNAH

Why didn't you tell me that?

JEFFERY

I told you I had to tell him first. It has nothing to do with whether you get a part.

SAVANNAH

Put that away.

JEFFERY  
I'm almost there.

SAVANNAH  
Jeez.

Savannah gives it everything she's got. Jeffery finishes quick.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Savannah and Jackson pack up the hotel room.

SAVANNAH  
I vote no. We should stay. You're shooting in two weeks. Why go back at all?

JACKSON  
I want to check on my dad.  
Supposedly he's not doing to well.

Savannahs phone RINGS.

SAVANNAH  
Hello... No way. That's amazing.  
Send over the sides. Thank you,  
Jeffery. Oh... O.k. I'll tell him.

Savannah ends the call.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
We're staying.

JACKSON  
What do you mean?

SAVANNAH  
I got an audition for the lead in that indie. Thanks for taking that headshot. You're good.

JACKSON  
That's great. What did he want you to tell me?

SAVANNAH  
Oh, he said for you to drop by the office.

JACKSON  
You want to come with?

SAVANNAH  
No, he's sending me the sides. I  
want to start working on them right  
away.

EXT. ACCLAIM TALENT-DAY

Jackson pulls up to acclaim talent in the Caddy.

INT. ACCLAIM TALENT - DAY

Geoffery sits at his office looking at the headshot Redge  
took of Jackson.

JEFFERY  
This really is a good headshot.

JACKSON  
Thanks, my dad took it. So what's  
up?

JEFFERY  
I don't quite know how to say this,  
amigo. You didn't get the part in  
Harold & Kumar. They said Jason not  
Jackson. I messed up.

JACKSON  
What do you mean? Are you serious?

JEFFERY  
The good news is they still haven't  
booked the Klansman part. They  
remembered you, so you never know.

JACKSON  
Shit.

JEFFERY  
You know what you should do, you  
should move to New Orleans and be  
the headshot guy.

JACKSON  
But I'm an actor.

JEFFERY  
Everybody's an actor. You're a  
helluva a photographer. It's much  
better to be the headshot guy that  
also acts than the actor that takes  
headshots. It sets you apart.

(MORE)

JEFFERY (CONT'D)  
Shreveport's over, New Orleans is booming. You can go down there right now and be The guy and own the market for years. I have a whole roster of actors who need new headshots.

JACKSON  
How bout you get me an audition for that movie Savannah's reading for instead. I like the Morris part.

JEFFERY  
You're not the leading man type. You're a character actor.

JACKSON  
This coming from a guy who wouldn't sign me a month ago because I wasn't "marketable." I've already booked two movies since then.

JEFFERY  
One.

JACKSON  
Come on, Jeffery, It's the least you could do after this.

JEFFERY  
Well, Jason's time slot is open since he'll be on set shooting Harold & Kumar.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Savannah wraps a bandana around her head to hide her striking red hair.

SAVANNAH  
What the fuck were you thinking? That's my movie, my chance to be a lead in an indie. Now you've gone and possibly fucked it up.

JACKSON  
What's the big deal?

SAVANNAH  
Don't be so stupid. Only one of us can be the lead. It's an indie.

JACKSON

So.

SAVANNAH

They have to get a name actor for one of the leads so they can sell distribution rights overseas if they even want to even think about starting production.

JACKSON

Yeah, but.

SAVANNAH

Shit, Jackson. Well, let's run the scene. I think we both have the same sides anyway. We don't have much time.

JACKSON

I just got them. I'd rather learn them before I read them aloud. I don't know them yet.

SAVANNAH

C'mon, you can learn them as you go. You're not even right for Morris. You're a character actor, not a leading man.

Savannah walks over to him, letting her robe fall open to reveal her naked body underneath.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Please, for me.

Jackson picks up his sides.

INT. HOTEL - LATER

Savannah lies propped up in bed with her sides, naked.

SAVANNAH

*I gathered all of you here tonight because I have something I want to tell you. It came back.*

JACKSON

*Oh my god.*

Savannah drops her pages and gets on all fours and crawls toward Jackson.

SAVANNAH

*It's okay. I've been through this  
before. I'm not scared...*

Savannah reaches up and unbuckles Jackson's belt. She yanks it off.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

*And this time I'm not seeking  
treatment. It's worse than the  
disease.*

She tugs at his zipper, reaches in.

Jackson can't remember his next line. He looks down at his sides, closes his eyes...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AUDITION ROOM - NIGHT

...Jackson's eyes open. He swallows hard. Stares into the audition camera, blank-face.

JACKSON

Uh, do you think I could start over. I forgot my lines.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Forget the lines. Just talk to her.  
Tell her how you feel.

Jackson takes a beat.

JACKSON

*I'm not ready for you to go. You  
just can't leave me. There's so  
much more for us together. Maybe  
there's still a chance, no matter  
how small. You can beat this...*

MATCH CUT TO:

SAVANNAH'S AUDITION

We intercut between both auditions as if they are talking to each other.

SAVANNAH

*But it's my choice. I don't want to  
spend my remaining times sick and  
stupid and weak from drugs.*

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
*I want to feel life, live life,  
with what precious time I have  
left.*

JACKSON  
*I don't want you to go. You can't  
leave me.*

SAVANNAH  
*I want to be lucid and drug free  
when I transition from this body.  
Can't you understand that?*

JACKSON  
*You can't give up. You have to  
fight till the last breath. I can't  
imagine this world without you.  
Please I need you.*

SAVANNAH  
And I need to go, in peace.

Jackson breaks down crying.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

The director, producer, writer and casting director clap.

DIRECTOR  
Man, that was better than I wrote  
it. I don't know what to say... I'm  
just going to tell you now. I want  
this part to be yours. That was  
amazing Jackson. Thank you.

The director gives Jackson a hug.

JACKSON  
Tthank you for reading me... and  
hey, I know you guys are seeing  
Savannah next. Go easy on her, she  
just had a nervous breakdown like a  
month ago. I don't know if she's  
really ready to do a movie yet.

Jackson walks out the door.

SAVANNAH'S AUDITION

SAVANNAH (O.C.)  
...It's my life.

The director nods. He may have found his lead.

DIRECTOR

That was perfect. I mean you are Sarah. Can you read another scene for us? Would you mind?

SAVANNAH

Sure.

The casting director hands her a two page scene.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Just read it over. You don't have to worry about the lines. Improv's fine. It's basically Sarah and Warner's last night together.

Savannah takes off the bandana revealing her gorgeous, long red hair.

The casting director sits on the couch with her to read opposite.

DIRECTOR

Whenever you're ready.

Savannah puts her hand on the casting director's thigh.

SAVANNAH

*You're a good man, and you're going to make a great father one day. I want you to find someone when I'm gone.*

CASTING DIRECTOR

*I don't think I could.*

SAVANNAH

*You have my blessing.*

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Hug him.

Savannah puts her head on his shoulder and drapes her arms around him.

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Kiss his cheek, and tell him you love him.

Savannah slowly kisses his cheek.



SAVANNAH  
*You're a good man. I love you,  
Morris.*

Savannah kisses his cheek again. She lightly kisses him on the lips. She coaxes him to kiss back.

The director watches on the LCD screen.

Savannah kisses down his chest. She unbuckles his belt and goes down, shielding the camera's view with her thick red hair.

DIRECTOR  
And Cut! Beautiful, it looked so  
real.

Savannah pulls back her hair, revealing her lips smashed against the Casting Director's pelvis.

She looks back at the Director.

She goes back down, pushes her ass in the air. Her short dress rides high.

The director walks into frame, positions himself behind her.

Rack-focus to the flip-out viewfinder on the audition camera.

The RECORDING LIGHT blinking.

A casting couch sex tape is born.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Jackson waits in the car, basking in his performance.

Savannah walks out, a hot mess.

SAVANNAH  
Get out.

Jackson gets out of the driver's seat. She gets in.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
I booked it.

JACKSON  
I think I did, too. I was just--

SAVANNAH  
--Sorry, but they're casting your  
part out of Hollywood.  
(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
They told me. One of the leads has  
to have a name.

JACKSON  
But.

SAVANNAH  
If it makes you feel any better,  
the director said your audition was  
probably the best he's ever seen.  
It's too bad.

JACKSON  
Wow, you must have been amazing.

SAVANNAH  
I was.

Savannah starts the car. Cranks the MUSIC. Revs the engine.  
Pulls down her shades. Takes a deep breath.

She reaches over and opens the glove. Frees the gun from the  
holster. Pops the safety. Aims it at the sky and FIRES.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Have a nice life, Jackson Beals.  
I'm off to be a fucking movie star.

Savannah peels out in her Daddy's Cadillac.

EXT. SHREVEPORT - DAY

Jackson walks up the hill out of downtown Shreveport.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Jackson can't get in the locked hotel room.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The CLERK hands Jackson his backpack from behind the counter.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jackson walks the deserted downtown streets of Shreveport,  
Louisiana.

He pulls out his phone and dials Redge's number...

JACKSON  
Hi, Beth. Is Redge around?

Jackson listens... He hangs up the phone.

Redge's dead.

MUSIC from a brass band begins to play...

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Jackson gets on a Greyhound.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - SUNRISE

The Greyhound approaches the Superdome at daybreak.

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION, NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Jackson gets off the bus with his backpack and Redge's camera around his neck.

CRANE UP to the Superdome and hold.

TIME LAPSE as the Superdome transforms from its dilapidated post Katrina state to the beautiful Mercedes Benz Superdome.

EXT. MAGAZINE STREET, NEW ORLEANS - DAY

The BRASS BAND we've been hearing turns the corner on to Magazine Street. A SECOND LINE PARADE follows...

Jackson, neatly trimmed beard, healthier, no more dad bod, watches the Second Line from MOJOS coffee shop on the corner.

The Second Line moves slowly, mourning the death of one of its own.

Jackson pitches his coffee and joins the line.

He walks along, feeling the communal weight of the music.

The band picks up the tempo... The lady in front, dressed in black, pivots with them, her slow march transitions to dance...

Reflective mourning to a celebration...

More people join the Second Line.

The brass band BLOWS it out.

Jackson's lost in it. Eyes closed, arms up, feet stomping.  
Letting it all hang out on the streets of New Orleans.

Revelry... Magic... Rebirth.

The Second Line flips the corner at Sophie B. Wright Park and  
heads back downtown...

Jackson peels off into Sophie B. Wright Park. He crosses  
Walks up the stairs of the white building just off the park.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson enters the lobby and looks around.

Fifty or so Men, 20-40, mill about. Half aren't wearing  
shirts. Most wear Saints gear.

Jackson walks to the sign in table. Hands his headshot to the  
assistant ROBERT, 45, friendly.

ROBERT

Ewww, I like this. Did you take it  
yourself?

JACKSON

My dad did. Hey look Robert, I have  
somewhere to be pretty soon. Mind  
if I go next?

ROBERT

Anything for you, Jackson. Love,  
love my headshots. You do amazing  
work.

JACKSON

Thanks

Robert looks at the sign in sheet.

ROBERT

Brian Darlington, you're up.

BRIAN DARLINGTON, 23, frat guy, shirtless, buff, walks over.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Okay, Jackson, take off your shirt.  
You both are reading for the Crazy  
Saints fans. No sides.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

A group of 9 PEOPLE sit behind a long table.

Brian and Jackson walk in topless.

They make their way in front of the lights and audition camera.

DIRECTOR

Jackson, can you hang out over there for a second? Thanks.

Jackson walks over to the window.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Brian, can you stand on that mark and tell us a little bit about yourself?

Brian takes his iphone out of his back pocket and checks the time.

BRIAN

Well, my name's Brian, and I'm a little tired. I got up at about five thirty this morning and drove here from Atlanta. I guess that's what Starbucks is for. Ha ha.

DIRECTOR

Oh, you're from Atlanta. So, are you a New Orleans Saints fan?

BRIAN

Ahh, no, not really. To be honest I really love the Dallas Cowboys.

DIRECTOR

Oh, okay. So tell me, Brian, is there a thing Saints fans do?

BRIAN

What do you mean?

DIRECTOR

You know. After they score a touchdown. Like a song, maybe a saying of some sort?

BRIAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

Jackson looks out the window at the Superdome a few blocks away in the C.B.D.

DIRECTOR  
Great Brian, thanks. All right,  
Jackson. Can you come stand on the  
mark, please?

Jackson walks over, finds the mark.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Tell us a little bit about  
yourself, Jackson.

The director sits back in his chair.

JACKSON  
Well, I walked a few blocks down  
Magazine St. to get here and I and  
hate the fucking Cowboys.

The room freezes.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I love the New Orleans Saints!

The director bursts out laughing. The rest at the table follows. Laughter cascades around the room.

DIRECTOR  
All right, Jackson. Ha. Ha. So tell  
me, is there a thing Saints fans do  
after a big play or a victory?

JACKSON  
Who Dat?

Jackson stomps his foot.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Who Dat say dey gonna beat dem  
Saints. Who Dat?

Jackson starts dancing around the room, stomping his feet, raising his arms...

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Who dat? Who Dat say dey gonna beat  
dem Saints. Who Dat?....

The table of creatives join in, clapping their hands, stomping their feet and dancing in their seats.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Who Dat? The clarion call of the  
Renaissance sweeping the Crescent  
City.

Jackson keeps dancing.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
If Katrina was our hell. The  
Superbowl was Nirvana. The Saints  
will make you believe in God.

DIRECTOR  
All right, Jackson. That's enough.  
Thank you. That was great. Who Dat?

The laughing subsides.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
All right guys, thank you.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
Thanks a lot, guys.

The casting director escorts them out and closes the door.

EXT. SOPHIE B. WRIGHT BUILDING - DAY

Jackson walks down the stairs and across Magazine street.

Jackson walks by the shops on Magazine and up to his studio.  
He pulls out his keys, unlocks the door and walks in.

CRANE UP

To a hanging sign, MAGAZINE STREET HEADSHOTS...

Further up, to the balcony...

We hear the sound of a camera firing. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK...

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Jackson takes headshots of Duncan on his balcony on Magazine  
street in New Orleans.

CLICK. CLICK.

JACKSON  
Move about a half a step to your  
left.

CLICK. CLICK.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Nice. Right there, hold that.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Man, you got a great look. Totally  
could see you on the new HBO show  
shooting here, Treme.

CLICK.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Jackson pulls out a black leather jacket from his closet.

JACKSON  
This is perfect. It just says bad  
guy.

DUNCAN  
You sure man? That's your jacket.

JACKSON  
Totally, you really need this shot.  
Just put it on.

DUNCAN  
You really love doing this don't  
you?

JACKSON  
I just want you to have everything  
you need to take advantage of the  
opportunities here. Come on, let's  
go down to the street.

EXT. MAGAZINE STREEET - DAY

Jackson shoots pics on the sidewalk under the balconies on  
Magazine Street to get that soft, even light Redge taught  
him.

THROUGH THE LENS

Duncan stands in the to an alley wearing the leather jacket.

Jackson focuses in on his eyes, the background becomes a  
blur.



JACKSON (O.S.)  
Drop the chin, just a bit.

Duncan drops his chin. His eyes pop.

CLICK.

JACKSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
There's your headshot.

Duncan's face turns into a teenager's face. CLICK.

Each time Jackson snaps a picture a new actor appears.

A kid. CLICK.

A father. CLICK.

A redneck. CLICK.

A teenager. CLICK.

A redhead. Click.

A blonde girl with pig tails. CLICK.

A black guy with dreads. CLICK.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Jackson shoots headshots of another actor just inside the doorway on his balcony.

CLICK.

THROUGH THE LENS we see Sally.

SALLY  
So you think it would be a good  
idea to move to New Orleans for  
acting if I wanted to get more  
serious about it?

Sally strikes some poses.

CLICK. CLICK.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
The movie business is booming.  
You'll get to audition for parts  
you used to only be able to read  
for in L.A.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
More than that, it's a great place  
to live. I'm happy with life. New  
Orleans is perfect for the creative  
soul.

CLICK. CLICK.

EXT. HI VOLT COFFEE - DAY

Jackson and Sally sit outside drinking coffee.

SALLY  
Have you been acting?

JACKSON  
I've been going on auditions, but I  
haven't booked anything in a year.  
I'm o.k. with it. I'm happy living  
life. If auditions come along they  
come along. Except for Treme.

SALLY  
Treme?

JACKSON  
The new HBO Series. That's the kind  
of show that made me want to become  
an actor.

A tall, good looking creative type, GABE, 28, walks up to the  
table.

GABE  
Hey, Honey, how was the shoot?

SALLY  
Great. Jackson tells me there's a  
lot of opportunity for actors here.  
They're shooting a new HBO series.

GABE  
Cool. Hey nice to meet you,  
Jackson.

SALLY  
It was good seeing you. I'll give  
you a call next time we come to  
town. Good luck with the acting and  
the headshots. Can't wait to see  
them.

INT. JACKSON'S LOFT - DAY

Jackson sets up a tall aluminum roofing sheet up against one of the brick walls in his loft.

He sets up a stool just inside the doorway to the balcony.

He cleans the lens on his camera.

His PHONE rings. He checks the caller I.D. and answers.

JACKSON

Hi, Brenda.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Guess what?

JACKSON

Your sending more actors my way for headshots?

BRENDA (O.S.)

You have an audition for, Treme.

JACKSON

I do? When is it?

BRENDA (O.S.)

That's the thing. Meagan wants to see you in an hour. Can you make it?

JACKSON

I live right around the corner. I'll be there.

BRENDA (O.S.)

I just sent over the sides.

JACKSON

Thanks, Brenda.

Jackson hangs up.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Jackson pulls pages from the printer.

He sits at his desk highlighting OFFICER FILLMORE'S lines.

He puts on a tight-fitting, navy blue T-shirt.

He walks out onto the Balcony reading his sides.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Jackson warms up his body and vocal cords.

He goes back inside.

CRANE DOWN past the MAGAZINE STREET HEADSHOTS sign to the front door.

Jackson comes out, ready.

He strides down Magazine St.

Takes a right on Felicity.

Walks up to SECOND LINE STAGES.

Presses the call button outside the lobby.

Security BUZZES him in.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Jackson walks up to the front desk.

JACKSON

I'm here to see Meagan for an audition.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure thing. Sign in here and have a seat.

Jackson finds a seat in the sleek lobby.

Three ACTORS wait with him. All unique thirty-something males, yet similar. Different shades of the same type.

MEAGAN LEWIS, 35, punked out with a short haircut, jeans and DEFEND NEW ORLEANS T-shirt, steps out of the elevator.

MEAGAN

Thank you guys for coming but they decided to cut the scene. I don't need you guys to read anymore. Next time.

Jackson closes his eyes.

EXT. MAGAZINE STREET - DAY

Jackson walks down Magazine Street.

His phone RINGS. He checks the caller I.D. and answers.

BRENDA (O.S.)  
I have another audition for you.

JACKSON  
Look, Brenda, we need to talk. I've been thinking a lot lately, and I'm fine just being a headshot photographer. I love doing it. It pays the bills. I'm making a difference in people's lives, empowering them to chase their dreams. I found my thing.

BRENDA (O.S.)  
You're going to this audition tomorrow and that's final. It's a huge movie with Mark Wahlberg. Tracy asked for you specifically.

JACKSON  
Tracy hates me.

BRENDA (O.S.)  
No, she doesn't. You're going.

JACKSON  
What's the part?

BRENDA (O.S.)  
Second Officer. I'm sending you the sides.

JACKSON  
O.k.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

Jackson walks in the casting office to see TRACY KILPATRICK, 55, old school, wearing the biggest, warmest smile you've ever seen.

TRACY  
It's so good to see you, Jackson.  
Thanks for coming in.

JACKSON  
Hi, Tracy. Thanks for seeing me for this movie.

TRACY

I just have to tell you. I  
absolutely love your headshots.

JACKSON

You do?

Jackson hands her his headshot.

TRACY

Oh, that's nice. But I'm talking  
about the ones you take. They are  
so beautiful. You have real talent.

JACKSON

Thank you, Tracy, I appreciate it.

TRACY

I just wanted to let you know how  
wonderful they are. The actors in  
Hollywood South really need good,  
L.A. caliber headshots if you guys  
want to compete for L.A. caliber  
parts.

Tracy walks over to the camera.

TRACY (CONT'D)

So, what do I have you reading for?

JACKSON

Second Officer.

TRACY

K. Good. Ready when you are.

Tracy hits record. Looks down at her sides.

TRACY (CONT'D)

*I told you I don't know what you  
are talking about.*

JACKSON

*Well, you guys don't do anything  
stupid. The Captain and I are all  
over you guys.*

TRACY

*What, you guys sharing a bunk now.  
Ha. Ha.*

JACKSON

*I'm warning you.*

Tracy hits stop.

TRACY

That was great. Works from me. Come back in two hours and read for the director and L.A. casting director.

JACKSON

Thanks, Tracy.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - LATER

AUDITION CAMERA aimed at a blank, gray Wall.

Jackson walks into frame.

TRACY (O.S.)

Hi, Jackson. Thanks for coming. This is Sheila Jaffe, the Casting Director from L.A. She does all Mark Wahlberg's movies. And this is Baltasar Komonkapur, the Director.

JACKSON

Hi guys, thanks for seeing me.

TRACY (O.S.)

All right, Jackson, you ready?

Jackson finds his exact mark. He looks at camera, then to Tracy. He "drops his chin," slightly. Popping the eyes.

Jackson moves his hand to the top of his gun.

TRACY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*I told you I don't know what you are talking about.*

JACKSON

*Well, you guys don't do anything stupid. The Captain and I are all over you guys.*

TRACY (O.S.)

*What, you guys sharing a bunk now. Ha. Ha.*

JACKSON

*I'm warning you.*

SHEILA (O.S.)

Desmond.

BALTASAR (O.S.)  
Desmond.

SHEILA/BALTASAR (O.C.)  
Desmond!

TRACY (O.S.)  
Jackson could you read Desmond for  
us.

SHEILA  
Do you mind, Jackson? We've been  
reading everyone in L.A., and we  
just can't find that authentic New  
Orleans flavor.

JACKSON  
Of course, let's do it.

BALTASAR (O.C.)  
Don't worry about sides, Desmond  
only has a few lines in this scene,  
but he's in the whole movie. Give  
him the gun.

A real looking, fake gun comes into frame. Jackson grabs it.

TRACY (O.S.)  
In this scene you've broken into  
Kate's house and you are  
threatening her kids with the gun.  
One of them reaches up for it and  
it goes off. Ready?

Jackson hunches over a bit. Beats his chest with the gun.

He ROARS at Tracy.

JACKSON  
*What in the hell are you guys  
looking at? You little shits.*

Jackson waves the gun in the air.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*You ever seen one of these? Hoo.  
Hoo.*

Jackson beats his chest some more. Getting Angrier. He waves  
the gun aggressively in Tracy's face.

BALTASAR (O.S.)  
Nice, Jackson. That was great.  
Thank you.

(MORE)



BALTASAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can you do it again for me? This  
time, I want you to be a little  
more like a criminal. How you say?  
Skittish?

JACKSON  
Let's do it.

Jackson starts darting around stage, flashing his gun at  
Tracy.

He focuses in on her eyeball. Everything else becomes a blur.  
A trick Redge taught him with the camera.

His movements are quick like a Jack Russell Terrier. He talks  
fast.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*What in the hell are you guys  
looking at? You little shits.*

Jackson darts back and forth, pacing like he's on meth and  
will fire the gun at any moment.

BALTASAR (O.S.)  
That was great, Jackson. This time  
if you don't mind, I want you to  
play Desmond dumb. How you say? A  
dimwit? Stupid.

JACKSON  
Yeah, no problem.

Jackson's movements and speech are slower, like a cow.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*What are you two stupid kids doing?*

Jackson aims the fake gun at Tracy.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*I'll shoot you.*

TRACY (O.S.)  
And cut.

Jackson comes out of it.

TRACY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Jackson.

Jackson stands there.

BALTISAR (O.S.)  
Let's see if we can bring it all  
together.

Jackson walks off camera...

Jackson charges back into frame as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Jackson/DESMOND, kicking down the front door in the Mark  
Wahlberg movie, *Contraband*.

HE GOT THE PART.

Jackson charges the two kids sitting on the couch.

He tears up the couch pillows with a knife.

JACKSON BEALS  
*You little shits.*

Jackson yanks a big screen T.V. off the wall and slams it to  
the ground, smashing it to pieces.

Jackson pulls out a gun, aims it at the two KIDS' heads.

JACKSON BEALS (CONT'D)  
*You ever seen one of these?*

Jackson waves it in their faces. One of the kids reaches out  
and swats the gun. It FIRES, missing the kid by inches.

JACKSON BEALS (CONT'D)  
*You little shit.*

KATE BECKINSALE runs in the room and gets in between Jackson  
and her kids.

KATE BECKINSALE  
*Stop. Stop. Stop. Please leave them  
alone.*

Jackson points the gun at her.

GIOVANNI RIBISI comes in, pissed.

GIOVANNI RIBISI  
*Desmond, what the fuck, man? I was  
just about to get laid. Put that  
gun away.*

JACKSON BEALS  
*The little shit hit my gun.*

GIOVANNI RIBISI  
*You idiot. Come on, let's go.*

Giovanni slaps Jackson on the head.

GIOVANNI RIBISI (CONT'D)  
*Go back to the farm, man.*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MARK WAHLBERG yanks Giovanni Ribisi out of the Bronco and slams him to the ground.

Jackson climbs out of the Bronco and FIRES his gun in the air twice. BANG. BANG.

He lowers the gun, takes aim at Mark Wahlberg's head.

JACKSON BEALS  
*What the fuck? Briggs?*

GIOVANNI RIBISI  
*Just shoot him.*

Mark Wahlberg throws up his hands.

MARK WAHLBERG  
*Shoot me now, you don't get the  
dope.*

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Two hooded Klansmen, HAROLD & KUMAR in disguise, fight over who's going to carry the keg.

HAROLD  
*You have to carry it. My balls  
hurt.*

KUMAR  
*Oh shit, here they come.*

A couple hooded Klansmen, ARCHIE and CARTER, walk up. ARCHIE takes off his hood. Spits.

ARCHIE  
What in thearnation do we have  
going on over here?

Carter takes off his hood. It's JACKSON. He got the Klanman  
part too.

JACKSON  
Oh good, you bought the keg. Woooo.  
Let's go, come on. Woooo.

HAROLD  
Wooo.

KUMAR  
Wooo.

JACKSON  
Wooo. Let's go.

Harold, Kumar, Jackson, and Archie carry the keg to the  
campfire HOOTING and HOLLERING.

EXT. CAMPFIRE-NIGHT

The Klan party in full effect.

Jackson shotguns a beer. Archie does a keg stand.

The GRAND MASTER/CHRISTOPHER MELONI, gets everybody's  
attention.

CHRISTOPHER MELONI  
*All right, everybody, gather round.  
Come on now.*

All Klansmen take seats around the raging fire.

Jackson sits next to the Grand Master.

CHRISTOPHER MELONI (CONT'D)  
*All right, who hear did something  
mean to a minority this week.*

Jackson raises his hand.

JACKSON  
*Me. Me. Me.*

CHRISTOPHER MELONI  
*All right, Carter. What did you do  
to a minority.*

JACKSON  
*I tripped a beaner walkig down the  
stairs at the Walmart the other  
day.*

The Klansmen listen with anticipation. Jackson baits them.

CHRISTOPHER MELONI  
*Yeah, go on. Tell them what you  
did.*

JACKSON  
*Guy crashed into a bunch of wine  
bottles. They made em pay for it.*

Jackson jumps ups and flaps his arms like a Rooster trying to fly.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*Wooo!*

The Klansmen go wild.

CHRISTOPHER MELONI  
*Carter, giving them what they  
deserve.*

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GANGSTER BAR, FRENCH QUARTER-NIGHT

Jackson stands behind the bar talking to a couple of criminals types in bar full of them.

JASON MOMOA walks in the front door.

JACKSON  
*Hey, buddy.*

Jason Momoa looks at him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*We're closed. Just got a couple  
friends here.*

Jason Momoa keeps walking.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*Hey man, I said we're closed.  
You're not wanted here.*

Jason Momoa ignores him and walks into a back room.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*What the shit was that about?*

Jason Momoa bursts back through the door, gun raised.

Sees Jackson.

Aims.

Pulls the trigger.

BOOM!

Headshot.~

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

## VITA

Jason Scott O'Brien was born in Tampa, Florida. He obtained his Bachelor's degree in English with and emphasis in Creative Writing from Florida State University in 1996. He joined the University of New Orleans low-residency Graduate Writing program in 2009. He is an actor, writer, and photographer living in New Orleans.