

Stealing Credit

By

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There are a lot of improvised scenes through out the film. that are not written in.

EXT. HOUSE. EARLY MORNING.

The opening CREDITS roll as we track at ground level, following a pair of beat sneakers down a debris filled lawn. Spliced in between the shoes are clips of a home renovation reality show.

VOICE-OVER

We're a part of every TV show and movie you've ever seen. We are the thread that holds it all together, we are the production assistants or how its more commonly referred to today as a P.A. Now some might say we have the best job of all we get to work with the director, the producer, the talent. Getting to see firsthand how a real TV show or movie comes together!

(silence)

I used to believe all that, till I realized I was the only one. Truth is were the dishwashers of the entertainment world... disposable.

EXT. SIDE YARD. DAY

CHRIS and JACKIE stand on the side of a house SMOKING. Chris (24) with no menacing physical presence but a sharpness that you can feel right off. Jackie (27) speaks with a Boston accent, good looking and stands confidently with too much gel in his hair. They both wear ear pieces with tee shirts and cargo shorts that hold their walkies.

(Note: Directorial note this walking scene will be similar to bottle rocket opening scene.)

CHRIS

I fucking hate my job. Why do I tell people I like it?

JACKIE

Where's this coming from?

Jackie playing with his smoke.

CHRIS

I do, I hate it and the worst part is when people ask what I do they always say "oh how interesting" or "wow that must be really cool?" ...never fails. And my automated response is 'yeah its great'. Why do I do that?

JACKIE

Cause that's what people want to hear. Nobody actually wants to hear about your job or your life or your girlfriend because really they don't give a shit. Its just pleasantries, bro. I mean how many times a day do you say to someone 'hey hows it going?' and the answer always comes back time and time again 'Fine'. Now what if that same person stopped and started bitching about how much they hate their job?

CHRIS

OK, I get it. I probably wouldn't give a shit.

JACKIE

Exactly! And why this feeling all of the sudden anyway?

CHRIS

Do you remember Josh Graham?

JACKIE

Maybe..why?

CHRIS

He used to work with us a couple months back. Anyway, I was reading indie wire and I saw his name under a directors credit.

JACKIE

I remember him. That kid was alright. So whats the point?

CHRIS

Jackie, the point is I trained that fucking guy here less than a year ago and now he's got a directors credit. How the hell does that happen?

JACKIE

Who knows. He probably bought a drink for the right person at the right time and 'boom'.... Why don't you just ask for a raise if your unhappy, that's what I do. I'm sure they'll give it to you.

CHRIS

I don't want more money, I want more credit. Did you know by the time Quentin Tarantino was our age he'd already written and filmed his first movie.

Chris and Jackie FLICK the butts and walk around the house, through the back yard littered with STACKS OF WOOD and TRASH PILES and enter the house.

INT. HOUSE. DAY

The house is under renovation. There is a crew of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS buffing floors and sweeping up dust. PAINTER putting finishing touches on walls.

JACKIE

Did you ever hear the phrase "you gotta start somewhere"? Humble beginnings.

CHRIS

Humble beginnings? You don't think I'm beyond that paying my dues bullshit? I've been here for three years! Being treated like an idiot and sent to get coffee. I'm sick of it.

JACKIE

Not for nothin', kid, but you ain't the only one. I mean this isn't exactly my dream gig but theirs still about a million people who would love to be in our place. It's not always about you.

CHRIS

I know that, but its been three years and I'm still taking out fuckin' trash... Shit you've been here just as long as me and I don't see you getting any lead roles.

They walk down a short hallway.

JACKIE

Hey don't knock my career I'm just fine where I'm at.

CHRIS

See that's the problem, you shouldn't be. Barely making rent and eating off the dollar menu can't make you happy. We deserve better than this. Something has to happen.

They walk through the FRONT DOOR.

EXT. FRONT YARD. DAY

The yard is consumed in FILM EQUIPMENT, CAMERAMEN, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, ELECTRICIANS and RANDOM WORKERS. Also, a SMALL CROWD has gathered to see the daily workings of a reality show. The street is lined with PRODUCTION TRAILERS as well as MOVING TRUCKS and VANS. It looks like organized chaos. Chris and Jackie continue to walk towards the street where PATRICK an aged frat boy is waiting. Patrick is wearing a tee-shirt that reads "Don't hate the player hate the game".

PATRICK

Nice of you guys to finally show up. Where were you?

JACKIE

We were making sure the side yard was locked up, like you asked.

PATRICK

I said for one of you to go.

CHRIS

It looked like he needed help.

PATRICK

To close a gate.

CHRIS

There was rust..

PATRICK

Look, This is gonna be a a hectic day were already behind schedule. I need one of you to go get coffee and..

JACKIE

Called it.

PATRICK

Jackie when I say get coffee, I don't mean joy riding around in the van and gunning it every time it turns green, OK?

Jackie NODS in agreement.

PATRICK

Well Chris I guess you'll have the honor of training our new P.A. today. She's waiting in the trailer. Just show her around give her an idea of what we do on the day-to-day.

CHRIS

Shit....Is someone getting fired?

PATRICK

No, but Frank is working in the lighting truck now so I got some more help.

JACKIE

(Sarcastic)

Help? Help with what? Is there more trash cans we didn't know about...
Someones getting fired, bro.

BLAISE, (25), wearing clothes that are a little to big for him but other than that he fits in with the others. He's walking by and buts in the conversation.

BLAISE

(to Patrick)

Someones getting fired?

PATRICK

No...Stop... Look you guys put me in a really hard place, OK?. I'm not firing anyone...but there's been a lot of complaints about conduct.

BLAISE

Like what?

PATRICK

Like what?!? Lets see, peoples possessions turning up missing, smoking on the set, showing up late. Also, when you hear a call on the walkie don't just assume that someone else is gonna go, just go for Christ's sake. Because whats happening is no one is going and we all look bad. You guys are production assistants, you have to assist, not sometimes, all the time, OK?

CHRIS-JACKIE-BLAISE

Yeah.

PATRICK

Good, now get back to work. Jackie don't smoke in that van.

They head for the trailer across the street.

CHRIS

(to Blaise)

I told you they'd find about those earrings.

Blaise exits.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. DAY

What would normally be a "living room" is cluttered with loose sheets of paper. Fake wood paneling is offset by cork board with papers stuck on them. Random ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT is stacked high. This is the Production trailer. ERIN, A slim producer, stands in front of the "bedroom" door with a sign that reads "DIRECTOR: DO NOT ENTER". There is YELLING coming through the door. Erin waits a few seconds for it to stop and then KNOCKS.

FRANCIS

Enter.

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

FRANCIS sits in the "Bedroom"/office in front of a laptop and NUMEROUS MONITORS. He is a slim, older white man with a clean shaven look. Erin stands with her back against the door.

ERIN

Hey Francis... Were behind on more than five key scenes that we need before the reveal and the reveal is tomorrow.

FRANCIS

Yes Erin I know when the fucking reveal is, this isn't the first show I've directed.

ERIN

Well?...what do you suggest we do?

FRANCIS

Simple. After everything is accomplished on today's agenda, I'll stay and finish the interiors just leave me one of those idiots.

Francis points out of the bedroom window to Chris and Jackie walking towards the trailer.

FRANCIS(CONTD)

And I should manage just fine.

ERIN

Great, Christopher has really been anxious to help you. He'll be glad to hear the news.

FRANCIS

Who?... Look I don't care who you bring me. They're all idiots the whole lot of them...

Francis turns around and starts working again while still rambling insults.

Erin mouths "asshole".

ERIN

I'll update the shooting schedule for tomorrow and make sure your givenn a copy.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. DAY

Chris and Jackie walk into the room right as Erin is escaping out the same one. Sitting in a booth-like dining table in the middle of the room is CATHERINE. She is girl-next-door-beautiful, and a smile to stop your heart.

ERIN

Chris do you want to pull an all niter with Francis tonight after we wrap to do some finals on the house?... This is what you've been asking me for. He asked for you specifically.

CHRIS

(caught off guard)
Yeah tell'em I'll do it. Absolutely

Erin NODS and walks out.

JACKIE

Good for you, kid. All that bitchin' and moanin' finally paid off.

CHRIS

I've been trying to get in there for a year and now I get asked by name to help. Your next man. I can feel it.

JACKIE

Yeah maybe.

CHRIS

Don't you see we're gonna be working side by side all night. I can give him my screenplay. Yes!

Jackie humors the thought then gives a weird look to Chris indicating CAT is still sitting there patiently.

CHRIS

(To Catherine)

Hi, sorry about all this, I'm Chris.

CAT

Catherine...Cat. Nice to meet you.

JACKIE

Cat, nice to meet you I'm Jackie.

CAT

Seems pretty crazy here today.

CHRIS

Yeah.

Jackie grabs KEYS hanging on a hook.

JACKIE

Well I gotta run, nice to meet you
Cat. Welcome to Clean Sweep.

Jackie gives Chris a look and walks out.

CHRIS

Well, lets get you a walkie and
then I'll show you around. Have you
ever P.A.'d before?

CAT

No.

EXT. FRONT YARD. DAY

They start STROLLING down the street towards the front of
the house. Cat toys with her walkie.

CAT

I feel so important.

CHRIS

You'll get over it.

CAT

So where do we begin?

CHRIS

Well were not rolling yet so I'll
just run through some basics. Were
a home renovation show, which I'm
sure you know by now. We redecorate
hurricane devastated homes, which
I'm sure you also know. Whole
project takes about eight to ten
days, everything from carpet to
shingles. Then we reveal it and
everyone's happy, simple as that.
As for us we help anyone who asks
for it.

CAT
So what do we do if no one asks?

CHRIS
Just act busy. See, Its a lot like
high school around here.

C.U. on the CAMERA GUYS and SOUND CREW shunning people away.

CHRIS(CONT'D)
First, you got your jocks who
always seem to be too busy to talk.
So don't bother asking them
anything.

C.U. on the lighting crew sitting on back of a truck. We see Frank.

CHRIS(CONT'D)
Then you got the slackers who don't
do much but seem to always float by
unnoticed. Not to mention get more
money.

C.U. of Erin and Francis BICKERING among a few others.

CHRIS(CONT'D)
Then the faculty of course. God
forbid you forget to kiss their
ass.

CAT
(laughing)
So what are you?

CHRIS
We unfortunately are the freshman,
which means, yes, we are at the
bottom of the totem pole. We just
take out trash, deliver drinks, run
errands, shit like that.

She looks playfully scared.

CHRIS
(off her reaction)
Sucks I know.

Jackie WAVES, with a cigarette hanging from his mouth as he ZOOMS by them.

CAT
So that's it?

CHRIS
That's it...have you ever seen the show before?

CAT
I've caught it a few times, never sat down and watched a full show. My mom watches it all the time, though.

CHRIS
Really?

CAT
You don't?

CHRIS
Never.

CAT
Get outta here. Yes you have?

Chris SHAKES his head "no".

CHRIS
Come on I'll show you the inside.

They WALK up the driveway.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Chris and Cat stand behind a FILM CREW while Francis oversees the filming. The FURNITURE is brand new and strategically placed.

FRANCIS
OK Cut! That should be it for the living room. Lets move on to the bedroom.

VOICE (O.S.)
(distant)
Lunch everybody. That's lunch.

FRANCIS
(pissed off)
We'll pick up in the bedroom in thirty minutes.
(to voice)
(MORE)

FRANCIS (cont'd)
Can you not yell when I'm in the
middle of a fucking shot.

Chris and Cat are left to pick up empty water bottles.

CAT
So I heard you say in the trailer
you have a screenplay. Whats it
about?

CHRIS
Well, I'm more of a filmmaker and
every great filmmaker should come
up with at least one original idea.
Mines sort of a work in progress.
Its about a guy who is a compulsive
liar. He's in therapy. He doesn't
really want help but likes to brag
about what he gets away with. To
the only person he can. A
therapist. Then, something happens
that changes his life from someone
unexpected.

CAT
Wow, that sounds great. So how does
it end?

CHRIS
Don't know yet.

CAT
Well let me know when you do?

CHRIS
OK.

EXT. BACK YARD. AFTERNOON

The backyard has a BUFFET TABLE with a MAN behind it SERVING lunch. Surrounding the backyard is FIVE BANQUET TABLES with a few PEOPLE at each one. Chris and Cat have heaping PLATES.

Chris spots a table. Cat follows.

--TABLE

Next to Jackie and Blaise sits FRANK, (30), clean cut.

CHRIS
Frank, Blaise, this is Cat. Cat
this is Frank...and this is Blaise.

She SHAKES their hands.

CAT
Its nice to meet you.

BLAISE
You too, baby.

FRANK
So hows it going in there?

CHRIS
Its hot as hell. We had to kill the
A/C because of the background
noise.

(to Frank)
You remember those days huh Frank?
When you used to work for a living.

FRANK
Oh I remember. I don't know if I
would call it work though. You try
working with those hot ass lights
all day.

CHRIS
I think I'll take my chances in the
trailer.

BLAISE
What trailer?

CHRIS
(nonchalant)
Francis' trailer. He wants me to
help him out tonight.

They stop eating. Their shocked.

BLAISE
Bullshit.

CHRIS
Swear to god.

Jackie comes out of nowhere and sits down.

FRANK

Where the hell have you been?

JACKIE

Nowhere! Why did someone ask?

BLAISE

Patrick asked me where you were about an hour ago.

JACKIE

What'd ya say?!

BLAISE

Told him you were in the bathroom.

JACKIE

Did he buy it?

BLAISE

I think so.

JACKIE

Good man.

(to Cat)

Hows your day goin so far sweetheart? He's treatin ya alright, huh?

CAT

Pretty good. Its pretty simple so far.

JACKIE

Well believe me it don't get no harder. What do we got for lunch?

He looks at everyone's plates.

Its mostly DRIED CHICKEN BREASTS with DRIED POTATO'S.

JACKIE(CONT'D)

Alright... what do we got for lunch today? God dammit are you fucking serious. How do they expect us to work when this is our fuel. What do you got over there Blaise?

Jackie picks up a piece of dried fish on Blaise's plate and holds it up.

BLAISE

Jackie, What the fuck?

JACKIE

I mean Look how dried out this is!
If they just used a little olive
oil...

Patrick ENTERS from behind and puts a hand on Jackie.

PATRICK

Jackie, where were ya pal?

JACKIE

Whataya talkin' about?

PATRICK

I've been calling you on the walkie
for an hour now.

JACKIE

I must've left it in the bathroom.
When I was dumping.

Jackie drops the piece of fish back on the plate. Blaise has a defeated look on his face.

PATRICK

Oh... well after you eat get it
back on.

(to Blaise)

Blaise, when your done eating, can
you do a trash run, their starting
to overflow.

BLAISE

(getting up)

Sure.

PATRICK

Cat, hows everything going today,
do you have any questions?

CAT

No. Everything's going great. Chris
is showing me a lot.

PATRICK

Good.

(to Chris)

Why don't you give'em a hand?

Patrick and Chris share a look as Chris points to his full plate.

CHRIS
Sure.

Chris and Blaise walk off.

CAT
So do y'all watch the show?

FRANK
Used to back in the day. Now there
all kinda the same.

JACKIE
When I get stoned.

CAT
What about Chris?

JACKIE
Refuses to watch a show that
doesn't give him credit.

MITCH MONTGOMERY, (30ish), "pretty boy" walks by exuding a cavalier attitude.

CAT
Oh my god, was that Mitch
Montgomery? The host of the show.

JACKIE
Yeah... Prick.

EXT. FRONT YARD. AFTERNOON

Jackie and Cat stand right next to each other, staring at the house. There's a new SMALL CROWD formed behind them to see the show in progress.

CAT
So whats going on in there?

JACKIE
Well, for bedrooms they try to minimize the amount of people inside so it stays cool. The lights get hot... Besides this is where you want to be...

CAT
So whats with the Boston accent?

JACKIE

It means I'm from Boston.

CAT

You know what I mean.

JACKIE

When the first season started, the studio gave the show a big budget so they could do a show in a different city every time. Boston was third on the list so I thought as an actor it could only help to work on a TV show. Then, the hurricane happened and the network jumped at the chance to move the show down here and exploit the situation. So they asked everyone who would want to go to New Orleans to "help" and here I am.

CAT

Do you like it?

JACKIE

Well it certainly isn't the job keeping me here anymore.

Jackie picks up a can off the street.

CAT

Oh...What are you doing?

Jackie lights a cigarette and stuffs it through the cans tab. Takes a drag making it look like he's drinking a soda.

JACKIE

The best way to hide something is in the open. There's one thing you gotta learn, your a P.A now.. 'bottom of the totem pole'... Your main goal as a P.A. is to show off what a hard worker you are so someone will want to give you a better job in the future. But what no one will tell you is pretending to look busy will get you just as far as being busy. Take me for instance I'm just standing here, right?

CAT

Right.

JACKIE

Wrong! If someone asks, I'm showing
the new girl how to watch for
deliveries. See how that works.

Jackie takes a drag from his can.

INT. BEDROOM. SAME.

The bedroom is extremely cramped. The crew is filming Mitch Montgomery in a scene.

MITCH

(Fake enthusiasm)

The pierce family is about the get
the surprise of a lifetime! Little
do they know but we've not only
renovated there house we've added
new...

(thinking, normal)

Shit...

FRANCIS

Cut!

MITCH

I can never remember what we buy
these people... Can we get some
water in here? Jesus I'm sweating
my nuts off.

Francis discusses details into the Cameraman's ear.

FRANCIS

(distracted)

Yeah.

(aggravated)

P.A.! Can we get a P.A. in here
please.

(beat)

P.A.!!

(under his breath)

Fucking useless these P.A.'s, I
tell ya.

Chris runs into the room.

CHRIS

Sorry Francis I was getting the
next bedroom cleared.

FRANCIS

Forget the other bedroom! We'll do
that when we get to it. Just get us
some water. Mitch is hot

CHRIS

Just trying to help out.

FRANCIS

(cold)

Then get the water.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Jackie and Cat are THROWING TRASH BAGS into a big dumpster.

CHRIS

You don't get it, he said "we".
(signals with his hands)
As in me and him, "We'll do that
later".

JACKIE

Whatever, come on lets play Six
"D's". Give me a name.

CHRIS

Gary Coleman.

CAT

Wait, I wanna play. What do you do?

CHRIS

The idea of the game is to connect
an actor to Kevin Bacon through a
trail of actors who appeared
together in movies, and do it in
less than six steps. OK, OK,
OK...for example, here's a hard
one.

(to Jackie)

Vanna White from the Wheel of
fortune.

JACKIE

Come on kid you can do better than
that?

(to Cat)

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)
He thinks he gonna get me.

JACKIE
OK, lets see... Vanna White was in
'Double dragon' with Rohn Thomas,
everyone know that. And Rohn Thomas
was in 'Telling Lies in America'
withOh yeah, Kevin bacon!

CHRIS
Nice.

CAT
Oh my god that was amazing.

JACKIE
(to Cat)
Wanna give it a try?

Blaise enters.

BLAISE
(to Cat)
Cat, Patrick's looking for ya.
Something about paperwork?

CAT
Oh shit, that's right I was suppose
to do my paperwork.

BLAISE
Its cool, I think he's in the
trailer.

Cat looks at Chris.

CHRIS
Go ahead I got this.

She runs off. Jackie, Chris and Blaise all watch.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Empty. She knocks on the directors door.

FRANCIS(O.S.)
Yes come in.

Cat walks through the door.

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Francis' seems busy staring at monitors. He turns around as Cat closes the door behind her.

FRANCIS
Can I help you?

His face reacts to this then softens.

CAT
Yes, my names Cat, I'm a new P.A.
here and..

FRANCIS
Ah yes I nearly forgot, my P.A. for
tonight. Well have a seat its going
to be a very long night.

CAT
No, actually I was just looking for
Patrick. I have to fill out my
paperwork.

He gives her a "I-call-the-shots-around-here-look".

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Chris and Jackie are still playing six "D's"

CHRIS
What about Estelle Getty?

JACKIE
Bro, are you kidding me? The broad
from the golden girls.

Cat enters.

CAT
Guess what?

CHRIS-JACKIE
What?

CAT
Francis asked me to stay late with
him tonight and help with the
scenes.

CHRIS

He wants both of us to stay?

CAT

Oh... He said it was gonna be just him and me... I'm sorry I still have to find Patrick before he leaves. See you guys later and thank you so much for showing me around today.

Cat walks off.

JACKIE

Sucks... OK, Estelle Getty..

CHRIS

Sucks!? Dude are you fucking serious right now? Did that just fucking happen? Motherfucker.

JACKIE

Whats the big deal?

CHRIS

I was gonna get to know him. Finally be on the same level. I was gonna show him my screenplay. I was gonna dazzle him. This is fucking Josh Graham all over again.

JACKIE

You were gonna dazzle him?..Chris, that asshole doesn't give a shit about us or your screenplay.

Chris leans against the dumpster.

CHRIS

That's it. I'm done. Its over. That was my last shot.

JACKIE

Why can't you just be happy to know that you work for a hit show?

CHRIS

Because I'm the only one who knows it.

JACKIE

Again with this credit thing. You know there's a...

CHRIS

(interrupting)

Million people who would kill for
this job. Yeah I know. I don't feel
like hearing that shit right now.

JACKIE

Well what do you feel like hearing?
Your the best director around, who
technically hasn't directed
anything. You deserve to get
promoted because you've been here
the longest. When the truth of the
matter is that girl has been here
eight hours and can do just as good
a job as us and you know it. The
only difference is she's got a nice
set of tits. So you tell me if you
were a director what would you do?
You hate this job so much? Why are
you revolving your world around it.
Take some fucking chances.

CHRIS

Man I'm not like you I can't go out
and mingle and meet people on a
whim.

JACKIE

I'm not talking about that shit. I
mean what do you really want? What
did you think being inside that
fucking trailer tonight was gonna
change. That he was gonna see what
a great director you could be,
introduce you to all his director
friends, drinks on the weekend? If
you *really* think was your last
shot then maybe you don't deserve
another one.

Chris walks off. Jackie watches.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Chris still walking. Erin exits a trailer.

ERIN

Hey Chris.

CHRIS

What the hell happened?

ERIN

What?

CHRIS

Francis asked Cat to stay tonight
instead of me.

ERIN

Sorry Chris but it's his decision
to make. It's just one night.

CHRIS

Can't you say something? Your the
producer.

ERIN

I am and its my job to make sure
everything runs smoothly. Which
means keeping Francis happy. Next
season Chris, I promise.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Chris lives in one of many shotgun house with a porch. The street is quiet. He's smoking on the porch, lost in thought. MARCUS (24), his roommate walks up and plops down, with a bottle. He is average looking guy in restaurant black and whites.

CHRIS

Whats up Marcus?

MARCUS

(sighs)

Ugh....It's good to be home. We
were slammed tonight... Finally
talked to that new waitress.

CHRIS

How'd that go?

MARCUS

Well I'm here, So... I did steal a
bottle of johnny red though.

CHRIS

Why?

MARCUS

Because I'm the bartender and on
busy nights like tonight my
dickhead managers never know what's
going on.

CHRIS

You not worried they'll find out?

MARCUS

Its a risk I'm willing to take for
something I love. Beside why
shouldn't I steal from them, they
screw me over all the time.

He opens the bottle affectionately.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You know what I mean?

CHRIS

I think I'm starting to.

EXT. FRONT YARD. EARLY DAY

Jackie and Blaise drink coffee lazily in the street. A large CROWD has gathered behind them to see the reveal of the new house. A crazy FAN screams.

BLAISE

(aggravated)

Don't these people have any thing
better to do? It's six in the
fucking morning.

Chris walks up with a underlying glow.

CHRIS

Hey.

JACKIE

Your late.

CHRIS

Yeah.

JACKIE

Your never late.

CHRIS

I'm hungover.

JACKIE

Oh well that makes two of us then.
Hey, listen I'm sorry about last
night.

BLAISE

Awww, that's sweet.

CHRIS

Forget about that, I need to talk
to y'all about something. I got an
idea.

JACKIE

Bout what?

Patrick runs up wearing a tee-shirt that reads "I'd hit
that" over a picture of a pinata.

PATRICK

(phony excitement)

Come on guys get pumped up! It's
reveal day!

Blank stares and silence.

PATRICK

(cold)

Just get back to work.

Patrick exits.

BLAISE

I fuckin' hate this show.

JACKIE

(points to Chris)

Tonight.

They disperse into different directions. CAMERA PANS to REVEAL a house with a huge VALE over it. The LARGE CROWD is becoming chaotic. MITCH MONTGOMERY on a bull horn stands SHOUTING in the front yard. He is pumping the CROWD up.

INT. RENDON INN . NIGHT.

Chris, Jackie, Frank and Blaise sit at a beat, scotch-plaid table. They all have cigarettes between their knuckles. The bar is a smoke filled dump, one to love. The epitome of a dive. Cramped and consumed in old pictures hanging on the wall. You can practically smell last nights spilled beer that no one bothered to sop up.

The bar is busy, but not packed.

The CAMERA REVOLVES around the table in a repeating "Reservoir Dogs" style over the shoulder 360 DEGREE PAN.

BLAISE

So whats up with you Chris?...You haven't said a fucking word all night.

CHRIS

I've been thinking.

FRANK

About what?

CHRIS

All the hours we spend trying to get ahead. Working hour after hour hoping someone will offer you more hours, so you can prove yourself so one day you can work less hours for more pay... Kissing Patrick's ass, hoping he will casually say what a good job I'm doing to the right person... Putting my fate in the hands of the same people I can't stand. I'm fucking sick of it! And I'm sick of coming here and bitching about it.

JACKIE

Whoa... Since when are you sick of coming here?

FRANK

So what are you gonna do, quit?
Work in a restaurant like everyone else? At least we got a cool job to bitch about.

CHRIS

Yeah..and then what?

FRANK

What do ya mean?

CHRIS

Come on we all know there's three episodes left in the season. Now I know there's not gonna be another one. Now I'm not saying I'm not gonna be working in a restaurant,

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)
god knows I've done it before. But
before this job is over before our
last opportunity to do something in
this town goes out the fucking door
let's do something great.

JACKIE

He's right about the show... I saw
some papers in the van a few weeks
ago... might have suggested... I
don't know, something like that.

FRANK

We got experience. There are other
shows we could get on.

CHRIS

Where? What shows? You think
there's gonna be another show like
this, shit the hurricane was over
four years ago, no one wants to
hear about that shit anymore. Let
alone seeing someone on TV
renovating yet another house. Were
yesterdays news. And even if you do
get on some other kind of show,
then what? You start on a new show
and start at the fucking bottom all
over again... How many P.A.'s have
you seen come through here just
like us. Writing scripts, working
on treatments, aspiring actors all
looking for a break, an easy way
in. They don't P.A for the money,
shit they could wait tables and
make twice the money in half the
time. They, just like us do it in
hopes of catching a break. Have you
caught a break since you've been
here? Have any doors opened for
you?

Silence.

BLAISE

Patrick told me he was finally
gonna promote me. That I just had
to wait till next season... What a
fucking prick.

CHRIS

See that's what I'm saying. They're just stringing us along till the inevitable. You think there gonna fly us out to LA. Fuck no! They'll just hire some more.

JACKIE

Get to the point. What are you talking about doing?

CHRIS

I'm talking about filming our own movie. I'm talking about opening our own doors.

Frank and Blaise laugh. Jackie unmoved.

CHRIS (CONTD)

(off laughter)

I'm telling you I've been thinking about it. It can be done.

FRANK

That takes a whole lot of things we don't have. Permits, money, equipment not to mention a script.

CHRIS

Look I got the whole thing figured out in my head. I got the script, y'all read it. With a little rewriting here and there and I know it will work. Think about it. Everything we need is at our disposal every night for eight hours. (Ticks them off.) Camera, sound, lighting, computers, monitors. Everything we need.

FRANK

Wait, your talking about using the equipment from work to film our own movie?

CHRIS

Exactly.

JACKIE

What about extras? There's a shit load of bar scenes in that script. We can't afford that.

CHRIS

That's the best part, we'll shoot while they're open. That way they don't lose money and we'll have all the willing drunks we want. And as long as we promise to show there joint in the film they'll do it. You know they will. Its a win-win situation.

BLAISE

Fuck yeah! I'm down.

JACKIE

Thats not a bad idea. Swingers style.

FRANK

Wait... No, I. We, don't know the first thing about filming a movie.

BLAISE

Bullshit. What about our short?

FRANK

That was a five minute short we put on you tube. And we didn't use a hundred thousand dollars in equipment.

CHRIS

That's right and we still got a shit load of views. Come on don't you want to make something real. Something we can be remembered for... (tick them off)Frank, you can make a light bulb look like the fucking sunrise, I've seen you do it. Blaise you can shoot the whole thing, you know that camera like the back of your hand. Jackie your the best actor around. We can do in one week what we've been trying to do for years.

Silence.

JACKIE

Thanks kid.

(beat)

There are a few actors from my acting class who are always hungry for roles. I'd need a copy of the script though?

CHRIS
You got it.

FRANK
I suppose your gonna direct it?

CHRIS
Only if I have y'all to help me.

FRANK
It's illegal.

CHRIS
So is driving home drunk.

Frank stares at Chris. Blaise laughs.

FRANK
(to Blaise)
Aren't you still on probation?

BLAISE
So.

FRANK
What are we gonna do with this
movie when were done with it? Put
on you tube?

CHRIS
(naive)
No. We can put it in festivals, we
could even get a showing at the
Pyrtania... Robert Rodriguez filmed
El Mariachi for seven grand and a
script he wrote in a month.
Everyone said he was crazy.. till
he sold it for a quarter mil. He
stopped saying and started doing.
We need to do the same thing.

Silence.

FRANK
(thinking)
I don't know. What about the sound?
None of us know how to work the
boards.

Chris smiles. He got him.

BLAISE

I know someone.

CHRIS

Really? Is he any good? Would he work for free?

BLAISE

I don't know. I'll have to call him. I'm pretty sure he will though.

CHRIS

I'm telling you this can work. We have the talent and all the resources.

FRANK

If we got caught. Theft, breaking and entering...

BLAISE

Possession...

CHRIS

(interrupting)

We won't get caught. I'll take full responsibility. Frank... It can't work without you.

FRANK

Whats the script about?

INT. JACKIE'S CAR. DAY.

Jackie and Chris are parked in front of Frank's apartment. The car is a black sports coup, tinted windows and a system. Jackie's on the phone. Chris pulls up a MANILA FOLDER from the floorboard.

CHRIS

(reading)

Skills: juggling, horseback riding, fencing. Languages: French, German!

Jackie hangs up the phone.

CHRIS

Dude what is this, you can't speak German?

JACKIE
Goo-ten-tag-en.

CHRIS
What does that mean?

JACKIE
I don't know, I heard it on a commercial. It sounds legit though, right? Besides bro I could learn German if I had to.

CHRIS
So what did Blaise say?

JACKIE
He'll be out in a minute. I meant to tell you. Your gonna like this. We got actors.

CHRIS
Shit. That's great. Who'd you get anyone I've met?

JACKIE
Just the usual suspects from class. Their is this one girl who I might've told you about.. The plain Jane.. She's the one who's...she's not really ugly but shes not exactly pretty either. I don't know its kinda hard to put my finger on it. She looks a lot like a mannequin. But not the sexy Victoria secret ones. The GAP ones who model tee shirts. That's it she looks like a tee shirt mannequin. Anyway, they think its cool what were doing. Scripts a little confusing but we'll have it down by Monday.

Chris looks at Jackie and RUBS his face in disbelief.

CHRIS
Just remember I don't want to many actors. We gotta keep the audience guessing. Your gonna have to improv a lot.

(beat)
Shouldn't you be memorizing lines?

JACKIE

Christopher were professionals. We don't memorize lines. We get to know our characters... Besides I don't like to over prepare.

CHRIS

Jackie, were filming in less than two days!

JACKIE

I told you already we'll have it down. Beside half the script is blank.

CHRIS

Those are gonna be the best parts. The improv scenes.

JACKIE

Exactly.

They both look at each other baffled.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(careful)

Don't take this the wrong way but some of these characters are really stereotypical? Not always in the best way.

CHRIS

All characters are based off of some sort of stereotype. That how people relate to them, they just don't realize it.

Frank gets in the car.

FRANK

Whats up? Whats up?

CHRIS

Same shit.

JACKIE

Where we headed?

FRANK

He's gonna meet us at The Royal with his boy.

JACKIE
The Royal?

INT. THE ROYAL BAR. DAY.

Chris, Jackie and Frank walk in and glace around the extravagant hotel bar full of FAMILIES and LAWYERS eating. Jackie sees Blaise sitting at a table with BACARDI DAVE.

JACKIE
Oh Shit.

Chris and Frank TURN to look in the same direction.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
It's fucking Bacardi Dave.

FRANK
Where?

JACKIE
(points him out)
Right there.

FRANK
Is he any good?

JACKIE
(approvingly)
Yeah. Used to work for the show.
He's a great sound guy, I don't
know where the hell Blaise pulled
him up.

INT. THE ROYAL BAR. TABLE. CONTINUOUS.

Chris, Jackie and Frank walk up the table.

BACARDI DAVE
(to Blaise)
Look at these assholes.

BACARDI DAVE, late forties, unkempt, unshaven, out of place and looks like shit rolled over. They ad lib hellos.

JACKIE
Bacardi Dave!

CHRIS
Whats up Dave.

BACARDI DAVE

(laughing)

Shit, I haven't heard anyone call
me that in ages. Who's ya friend?

JACKIE

Oh, this is Frank. Frank, this is
Bacardi Dave.

FRANK

Nice to meet you.

BACARDI DAVE

Frank.

BACARDI DAVE

I couldn't believe it when Blaise
said y'all were still slaving away
on that show.

CHRIS

(bashfully)

Yeah.

(to Blaise)

So how did y'all run into each
other?

BLAISE

(nonchalant)

Oh, were in the same AA class.

Yeah, after my second DWI, it was a
court order.

JACKIE

(mocking)

A lot of good its doing.

CHRIS

So did Blaise fill you in on what
were doing?

BACARDI DAVE

Yeah. He filled me in. But I gotta
tell you the truth I don't think
its gonna happen, me helping you
out. I wish you luck. Lord knows
you'll need it. Like I said I have
a lot on my plate. I just don't
have time.

Chris looks at Blaise then back to Dave

CHRIS

You have too.

BACARDI DAVE

Oh yeah. Whys that?

CHRIS

Because your the best sound guy
around.

BACARDI DAVE

Flattery ain't gonna get you
anywhere... Beside you and I both
know that's far from true. I just
got outta jail, I ain't trying to
go back.

CHRIS

(high energy)

Don't you want something that will
be around even after your not.
Something you can show people and
say 'see I was part of that'.
Something for the whole world to
see and have you to thank.

(reassuring himself)

Plus, man, the days of wasting all
of our energy on someone elses
ideas, with no acknowledgment are
over.

(back to Dave)

But we need your help.

BACARDI DAVE

Is that why your doing this?
Credit?

CHRIS

Yes.

BACARDI DAVE

And you think stealing it is the
way to go?

Pause.

CHRIS

Yes.

Bacardi Dave laughs then notices something in the
background.

BACARDI DAVE
(rushing)

Alright boys well I appreciate the offer but I'll have to pass. I hate to rush you off like this but I got some other business.

CHRIS
But..

BACARDI DAVE
Sorry kid. You'll find someone else. Now get out of here. Get to work.

HAND SHAKES all around. The CAMERA follows them as they make their way down to the door. Ahead, an attractive OLDER WOMAN walks towards them dressed in her finest, staring as she makes her way.

EXT. THE ROYAL. CONTINUOUS.

FRANK
Well there goes that idea.

CHRIS
We can still find someone.

JACKIE
Who kid? Who is there, This town ain't exactly spilling over with sound guys that are willing to work for free. Not to mention the other details.

(to Blaise)
Why didn't you ever mention you went to AA with Dave?

BLAISE
(obviously)
Cause its anonymous.

INT. THE ROYAL BAR. CONTINUOUS.

DAVE
Long time no see baby.

OLDER WOMAN
I thought you weren't drinking anymore?

DAVE
(humorous)
I'm not drinking any less either.

She doesn't laugh.

OLDER WOMAN
(cold)
So what did you want to see me
about?

DAVE
Just wanted to see you. Can't we
still see each other. Hows Sera
doing?

OLDER WOMAN
She's fine.

He wants more.

OLDER WOMAN
What do you want to hear. She a
stubborn teenager.

DAVE
Are there any other kind?

OLDER WOMAN
I guess not..It must run in the
family because now she wants to be
an actress.

DAVE
The entertainment business. Just
like her old man. No shit...

OLDER WOMAN
At first I frowned upon it but I
saw her in her summer play. She was
really remarkable. You were in
jail.

(cracking)
When are you gonna stop drinking
Dave?

DAVE
I want to spend some time with her.
Would you let me spend some time
with her? Please?

OLDER WOMAN

I don't think that's a good idea. I mean what would you have in common with a nineteen year old?

DAVE

She's my daughter. Besides I still have a few connections in this town. I could help her out.

EXT. THE ROYAL. SAME.

Dave walks out and our GUYS are still BICKERING.

DAVE

I changed my mind I'll do it.

CHRIS

Great.

DAVE

I have one condition though. My daughter Sera has to be in it.

CHRIS

Well...I...I...Uhhh..she'll have to audition.

DAVE

No. You have to guarantee her a part. Right now or I'm out.

JACKIE(O.S.)

We still need a Liz.

DAVE

She's has to have a real role. Not some bullshit background part. OK?

CHRIS

You don't leave to much room to bargain with.

Puts a copy of the "script" in his hand.

CHRIS

Make sure she's ready by Monday night. She just got the part of Liz.

They SHAKE hands

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

The Living room. There are two big couches and a TV. Chris and Blaise overlook a script. Their discussing details.

BLAISE

Its gonna be dark as hell..how are we...

CHRIS

Frank can do that.. Just worry about the angles cause its gonna be busy. I really want to do it swingers style you know through the crowd...

Silence.

BLAISE

(soft)

Why did you give this broad the lead role? You have no idea if she can even act. Plus did you notice he said teenager. How the hell is she gonna get into the bars.

CHRIS

Is that a joke? Besides, this whole film is a risk, why not take one more.

BLAISE

What if..

CHRIS

Just worry about the shots.

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. PORCH. AFTERNOON.

Jackie and Frank are both standing up with beers in there hands. We can still hear Blaise and Chris picking inside.

JACKIE

He used to have his own business, he just couldn't control his drinking.

FRANK

Is that why y'all call him Bacardi Dave?

JACKIE

Kind of, right before you started,
he got fired for doing this thing
called riding the rum river.

FRANK

The what?

JACKIE

The rum river. He swore by it. You
know that feeling you get a day
before you come down with a cold.
You just kinda feel off.

Frank nods smiling.

JACKIE

Well supposedly if on that one day
you drink only rum. No water. No
food, no nothing till you pass out.
You'll wake up the next day cured.
Theoretically. All the alcohols
suppose to kill the cold and the
sugar in the rum keeps you going.

FRANK

Did it work?

JACKIE

Far from it. The bar he was at was
close to the house we were filming
at. So in his drunken' mind knowing
the family isn't there, he decides
to go sleep it off at the house.
Wake up feeling fine before any one
gets there, right? Wrong, he woke
up in a random yard with what has
to be the worst hangover ever
known. Walked to work and was fired
for postponing the very show he was
trying to get better for.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

Frank and Jackie walk in.

FRANK

So whats the plan?

CHRIS

Starting Monday were gonna have
nine nights, and a eight hour

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)
window each night. Its gonna be
really tight. So to play it safe
were gonna start and finish an hour
before. Blaise is gonna take
everything off the camera and put
it on his computer. The lighting
shouldn't be to much of a problem.

FRANK
Are you positive about the eight
hours?

CHRIS
The permit states that the street
can't be blocked after ten p.m and
before six a.m.

FRANK
(to Blaise)
What about Slim? You talk to him
yet?

BLAISE
I'm bout to go over there right
now.

FRANK
Yeah, that would be a good idea.

EXT. FRONT DOOR. LATE AFTERNOON.

--ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF PROJECTS.

The neighborhood is poor and ugly, a typical N.O. low income project. The light of the corner liquor store and a few headlights make up for the broken street lights. Blaise stands in front of a door with a Katrina "x".

INT. SLIMS HOUSE. NIGHT.

Muffled Rap BEATS through the door. A LOUD CHAIN BOLT is unlatched to the door, opening it to reveal Blaise standing confidently. Slim, is a tall middle-aged black man with a gut.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

They are in a humble lower class living room, a couch, a TV and a coffee table shape the room.

SLIM
Whats happenin' wicha, boy?

Blaise shakes his hand as he walks in.

BLAISE
Chillin'.

SLIM
I known you's coming by this late,
I'd a met ya in the street. White
kids ain't got no business walkin'
around here at night. Get yo' ass
in ere'

BLAISE
(laughing)
I can take care of myself.

Blaise sits down on the couch.

BLAISE
(refers to the music)
I like this.

SLIM
This my shit. Me and my little
homie put this shit together.

BLAISE
It's tight.

SLIM
You got dat good?

Blaise pulls out an ounce of weed from his bag.

INT. SLIMS HOUSE. NIGHT. LATER.

They're both good and high now.

SLIM(CONT'D)
Look, bra, I don't know if I can
let y'all do this shit. I mean you
cool and all. But dis shit illegal
as a mothafucka, I could lose my
job, ya'eard me.

BLAISE

Whatchu mean! Just...look it...all you gotta do is sit there and do your shift, we'll be gone for a few and then bring everything back. No ones gonna find out.

(pause)

Just think about it.

Blaise throws the ounce on the table and gets up to leave. Slim looks at the weed and looks at Blaise.

SLIM

Y'all got a soundtrack yet?

BLAISE

Soundtrack?

SLIM

Yeah you know music you gonna put in the movie.

BLAISE

Nah. Why?

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Blaise walks into the house and sees Chris sitting at the table writing.

CHRIS

That was fast. What'd he say?

BLAISE

Where'd Frank and Jackie go?

CHRIS

Frank went home and Jackie went to his acting class. So what did he say?

BLAISE

He's gonna do it.

CHRIS

Yes! I knew it, this is gonna work. So he was cool with letting us in the trailer, taking the equipment, everything?

BLAISE
Everything.

CHRIS
Shit, were gonna get to use the best equipment money can buy for the next ten days and all is cost us was an ounce of weed.

BLAISE
Yeah..

CHRIS
What?

BLAISE
He had one condition.

CHRIS
What was it?

BLAISE
He wants us to put his music in the movie. So I told him yes.

Chris' head drops a little.

BLAISE
I had to. It was the only way he would do it. He has the keys to everything..

CHRIS
How many songs?

BLAISE
Three.

His head sinks to the table.

BLAISE
There actually pretty good.

CHRIS
Blaise, you've read the script, this isn't exactly the kind of movie you score with gangsta rap.

BLAISE
Cool. Well, you go back to the projects and argue about it with him. Its not like I suggested the fucking idea.

CHRIS

(Thinking positive)

OK, your right, my bad. Its not exactly what I had in mind, but we'll roll with the punches. We still got off really cheap.

Silence.

CHRIS

I gotta get some supplies downtown tomorrow, you wanna come?

BLAISE

I got court tomorrow but I'll be done by noon. I'll meet you down there.

EXT. RIVER WALK. DAY

Chris and Blaise cruise down the "riverside" of the mall. The CAMERA is C.U. on conversation. Behind them we can see the C.C.C and the river.

(Note: Think the beginning of bottle rocket.)

CHRIS

How'd court go?

BLAISE

Probation. Six months.

CHRIS

So you gonna stop slanging'?

BLAISE

Nah, I just can't get caught anymore. Besides this wasn't for possession it was when me and Matt took a bunch of oxys and drove around punching out side views. Then I got pulled over for running a light.

CHRIS

So what about all the mirrors, you gotta pay for em'.

BLAISE

Nah, we got away with that. I still had to go to court for the traffic violation though, it was my fourth one.

As the CAMERA PANS back a MAN holding a stack of fliers is staring at Chris.

CHRIS
(under his breath)
Shit, here we go.

MAN
(to Chris)
Hey guys how are we doing today?

CHRIS
No thanks.

MAN
Just hear me out! Don't you want to hear what I have to say.

CHRIS
What?

MAN
(even more energetic)
Do you need a job?

CHRIS
Would I be shopping in the mall if I needed a job.

Chris and Blaise walk by leaving the MAN perplexed.

EXT. FRONT YARD. AFTERNOON.

This is the new house (set) that the show is filming. It's a quaint one story house taken over by workers. The street is narrow and the sun is low in the sky. Chris and Blaise box up wires. Chris watches Cat walk out of a trailer towards him.

CAT
Hey guys. Long day, huh?

BLAISE
Yeah. Where you been?

CAT
I've been in Francis' trailer all day. Wants me too help him on all the shows now. Cool right?

BLAISE

Yeah.

Blaise stands up with a box and gives Chris a "play nice" look.

CAT

Whats up Chris?

Shakes his head and motions "nothing".

CAT

I know your mad at me.

Chris stands with a box and looks directly at her.

CAT

Look, I feel really bad. Maybe I could put in a good word for you. I mean *I* think your screenplay..

CHRIS

(interrupting)

I'm glad you 'feel really bad' but I don't need you to put in a good word for me. Unlike yourself I've been here long enough to prove *my* worth. So you don't do me any favors.

Chris storms off.

INT. CHRIS' TRUCK. NIGHT

Chris and Jackie sit camped out in front of a house. They watch "their" house from a distance. Slim is sitting in a chair relaxing in front of the house. The night is quiet.

CHRIS

Can you believe that bitch said that to me?

Jackie sits unmoved deep in thought. Eyes glued straight ahead.

CHRIS

Am I boring you?

JACKIE

No. It seems to me you might like this girl.

CHRIS

Are you *kidding* me. Have you heard anything I've said?

JACKIE

Yeah, I heard everything you said. It just seems to me there's a lot of other stuff going on. Primarily, the fact that we're all putting our jobs on the line and on top of that grand theft charges and jail time. And you can't seem to shut the fuck up about some chick...I'm sorry...look I'm just nervous that's all. Don't take this the wrong way but if it weren't for this chick we might not be here.

INT. FRANKS CAR. NIGHT. SAME.

Blaise and Frank sit parked directly behind Chris' car.

FRANK

I can't believe she let you do that?

BLAISE

Well it wasn't every night...
(self-conscious)
Why you think its weird?

FRANK

I guess a little, how many times did you do it.

BLAISE

(defensive, curious)

Well...How many times would make it weird?

Frank acknowledges Chris' signal.

FRANK

Come on. Lets go. Dave's here.

Blaise is left looking weird, from the unanswered question.

EXT. FRONT YARD. NIGHT.

Our guys walk up to Slim sitting in a folding chair in front of the treasured trailer.

SLIM
Sup y'all?

Hand shake hugs all around. Dave enters.

BLAISE
Slim this is Dave, he's gonna be our sound guy.

SLIM
Aight, whateva, just make sure y'all back by five.

CHRIS
You know it.

Slim opens the door.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Our guys stand all looking at the treasure trove of camera equipment (money shot, think Pulp fiction). Slim towers over from the back. Its the moment of truth. Are they really about to do this?

CHRIS
I know this is where I'm suppose to say: If anyone wants to turn back, now is the time to do it. Well, It's to late for that shit. Instead, I just want to say that this is gonna be one of the greatest things we've ever done.... Frank, start getting the lights outta the truck. We'll start loading this stuff out. We got a movie to film.

Frank looks over at Chris, holds, leaves the trailer.

BLAISE
(To Frank)
I'll give you a hand.

EXT. LIGHTING TRUCK. SAME.

Slim nervously stares at Blaise and Frank UNLOAD lights and stands.

EXT. CHRIS' CAR. SAME.

Chris and Jackie LOAD the last of the EQUIPMENT in as Blaise and Frank enter with equipment trunk. Dave steals a sip from his flask.

CAMERA will be at trunk level, when the last of equipment is loaded the trunk closes on the CAMERA. Similar to Jackie Brown.

Establishing Shots of New Orleans. Following both cars.
TRACKING CAMERA SHOTS.

"Slim's" music bumps through the SOUNDTRACK.

EXT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

(Note: In the text JACKIE will be referred to as GRANT.)

Chris CAMERA POV

We see GRANT walk out from a restaurant. He doesn't notices the CAMERA crew filming him. We watch him take out trash bags to a dumpster. When he turns he notices he's being filmed. Walks over.

This will be an improvised scene. This is just a template.

GRANT

Shit, I totally forgot were
starting this tonight. I'm sorry
I've been kinda busy... Anyway, my
names Grant, This is where I work.
I'm a waiter. It the perfect job
for a liar, I can tell people
anything, I tell a couple of
stories, a few jokes here and there
and they pay me for it.

(looks at watch)

Shit.. Look I gotta shower and
change..just follow me and I'll
explain later..

CHRIS(O.S.)

Cut!

GRANT

How was that, I can give more details.

CHRIS(O.S.)

No that was perfect.

(to everyone)

lets hurry up we still got a few more scenes.

Grant exits from the screen.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

RYAN (25), skinny, stands against a light post when the car screeches up. He's waiting for them dressed as a stereotypical hipster.

They all jump out of the car. Jackie's dressed the same as Ryan. Straight to business, unloading, setting up etc..

JACKIE

(mocking)

I like your outfit.

RYAN

(rambling, to Chris)

Hey Chris. Man this is gonna be awesome, Jackie told me what were doing, you know Jim Jarmusch did the same thing back in the day...wait maybe he was in school at the time.. I'm not sure, I can't remember right now but anyway this is gonna be great. I've been waiting for a part like this for awhile, I think this is gonna be big, I can't thank you enough for letting me be part of this.

He can tell he's blathering due to Chris' stare.

CHRIS

I trust Jackie's judgment. Speaking of, why don't y'all start going over the scene. I'm gonna get the camera set up... Wait where are the girls?

YOUNG MAN

There inside.

CHRIS
The bar?

Interrupted the Ryan walks off with Jackie.

FRANK
Which lights do you want me to use
for the street scene? The shadows
are gonna be tough to work with.

CHRIS
That's your call now.

Dave enters.

DAVE
I don't suppose you got any street
permits?

CHRIS
(mumbling)
no.

Dave laughs.

FRANK
Did you say no?

CHRIS
Yeah.

FRANK
Great, so we're filming downtown
with stolen equipment and no
permits. That's good. Fucking
perfect.

CHRIS
What did you expect? When they
asked me where I got a hundred
grand in camera equipment and no
insurance. What was I gonna say?
(silence)
Exactly. Besides I got all the bar
scenes under control.

FRANK
What exactly did you tell these
bars?

CHRIS
Told 'em we're filming a reality
show.

FRANK
Did you bring the release forms?

Chris flashes them, mockingly.

FRANK
Remember everyone has to sign them,
or we can add another charge to the
list.

C.U. on Jackie and Ryan who have stopped reviewing there script to listen to the bickering.

RYAN
(to Jackie)
This is gonna be fun.

Chris continues to get everyone ready. Looks to Blaise in confusion and shock. (We can't see into truck)

CHRIS
(to Blaise)
Whats that for!?!?

BLAISE
Its for a effect. Professional offices always have these hanging on the wall.

CHRIS
Alright y'all lets get this done.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Chris' CAMERA POV

Grant, walks down a car lined street. Enters a corner bar.

INT. MIMIS IN THE MARIGNY. SAME.

This joint is packed. The bar is three deep. This is the place to be seen if your a hipster. CAMERA follows the back of a cocktail waitress delivering drinks through a maze of smoke and lights. She drops a round of drinks at a table with Grant, Ryan, LAURA and Estella all dressed trendy fabulous.

Grant hands the waitress money.

GRANT
Keep the change.

GRANT
(to camera)
Alright this is the rowdy urban cowboy. Mister Ryan Swing or as he's come to know. Swing thing.

Ryan sticks his tongue out and acts crazy as this is said.

GRANT
(off Laura, to camera)
The future Ms. Swing. Also known as Laura

LAURA
(modest, smiling)
Yeah right.

GRANT
(Off Estella, to Camera)
And then there's this one we've only met a few times. But this chick can rage with the best of em'.

ESTELLA
Great introduction. My name is Estella.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER.....

CAMERA is at the head of the table as they catch up.

RYAN
I thought you were gonna be in Chicago till next week, fool?

GRANT
I was suppose to be, but we finished early, thank god, I can only stand Chicago for so long. Too cold.

ESTELLA
Why Chicago?

RYAN

Homeboy shot Kayne's new video.

LAURA

I thought you knew, Grants an
assistant director. He shoots music
videos.

RYAN

When's it coming out?

GRANT

Pretty soon. The next few months.

RYAN

Pretty soon you'll be doing my
music video.

Grant and Ryan slap hands.

RYAN

Hell yeah, seeing as its a special
occasion...

Ryan hold up a bag of coke.

INT. CORNER BAR. LATER.

The group is SHITFACED. Some more WOMEN have joined the party. Their all hanging on Grants story. The place has slowed down, not as packed.

GRANT

No... no... she was a bartender at
the hotel bar. Anyway, So I'm in
there and were bullshitting, you
know as you do, telling me how she
had just moved to Chicago from the
suburbs for school and how she gets
real homesick.

RYAN

(sarcastic)

Aww poor thing.

GRANT

Wait, it gets better. So she tells
me that a few weeks ago that she
was talking to her mother on the
phone crying and all this shit
about how she miss home. So her mom
suggest that she take the family

(MORE)

GRANT (cont'd)

dog. So when she comes home late at night she'll have something familiar to make her feel better. well it works shes not sad anymore. So a couple of weeks go by and school starts and with her job shes becomes a pretty busy girl.... Comes home one night after work...the dogs fucking dead.

ESTELLA

How did it die?

GRANT

Just old age I guess. OK, so... Wait that's not even the best fuckin' part though. In Chicago they have commuter trains that go into the suburbs. She calls her mom, hysterical. Mom calms her down tells her that its pointless to bring it to the vet. Cause... well...the fucking things already dead. So the mom tells her that tomorrow when shes at school, she'll take the train in, pick up the dog and bring it back and bury it in the yard. Anyway to make a long story shorter. She takes the train in get to the apartment sees the dog and puts it in a fucking garbage bag. Well what she failed to fucking realize is that this is no fucking chihuahua its a fully grown dead lab. How would it look carrying a garbage bag that looks like it could only be body parts or a fucking bomb. She re-evaluates and better decides to put it in one of her daughters suitcases. Then..she uh, brings it home and buries it.

Everyone erupts in disbelief and BOO'S.

GRANT

(off booing)

Alright... alright... Just wanted to make sure your still listening. So she gets on the train and thankfully for her theirs not to many people on it. Now since the

(MORE)

GRANT (cont'd)
train ride is about an hour she starts bullshitting with a guy on the train...you know just to pass the time..turns out this guy is going to the same stop as she is. So she tells him that shes bringing back some computer equipment her daughter doesn't use anymore. OK.. OK.. OK, this is where it gets good. So they get to there stop and the guy offers to carry her bag for her. They get about ten feet and the guy bolts.

Everyone gasps.

ESTELLA

No.

RYAN

No he did not. Get the fuck outta here.

GRANT

Yeah! think about it this fucking guy probably went ten stops past his own thinking he was gonna hit pay dirt and instead he gets Patches the fuckin' family dog.

Everyone goes crazy with laughter.

Grant begins to make out with a WOMAN.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM/DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Grant is sitting on a sofa talking to an UNSEEN PERSON. We can tell it's Chris' living room made up to appear as an office. A huge deer head hangs above the couch.(the time this scene takes place is unclear, but is to be assumed it's the next day.)

(Note: the voice will be referred to in text as Therapist)

THERAPIST

Did that actually happen?

GRANT

No. I just made it up.

THERAPIST
(off camera crew)
And how did you explain this?

GRANT
What? Oh the camera crew...I just told them it was a human interest piece someone wanted to do on me...Which is kinda true.

THERAPIST(O.S.)
Kinda doesn't mean its better. Now lets get back to your alter-ego.
Why assistant? Why not tell them your the director?

GRANT
Cause director is to big a title. Too much room for error there. See that's also why I chose music videos, because everybody watches them. But how many people know who directed there favorite music video, let alone the assistant director. It works perfect, see, I make good money but not great money. Which is why when I can't afford to go out all the time..see..I have had some close calls, but I generally don't worry about seeing them, but knowing I might keeps it exciting.

THERAPIST
Have you put any more thought into doing the steps?

GRANT
And disappoint my fans. Hell, in middle school I learned french over the summer so I could tell everyone at school I spent the summer in France. I'd been getting into a lot of fights with other boys, mostly due to the stories I was telling, they were jealous of the attention, you know? So the teacher called a parent conference. I swear I remember the look on her face when she heard I hadn't spent the summer in France. She looked so disappointed, like her dream of going had shattered along with my

(MORE)

GRANT (cont'd)
lie...huh...Anyway, what I'm trying
to say is I'm a natural
storyteller. My stories are gonna
be told to peoples grand kids.

THERAPIST
You didn't learn anything from that
experience at school?

GRANT
I can still speak french.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. MAGIC HOUR.

Like vampires our guys WATCH the day break. Exhausted.
Accomplished. They all look at each other. This might
actually work. (Money shot)

EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

The Backyard is shaped differently but looks exactly like
the previous. Chris stands drinking black coffee by himself.

CAT(O.S.)
I know what your up too.

CHRIS
What?

He turns his head.

CAT
Your making me feel bad on purpose.

CHRIS
Don't flatter yourself.

His head is facing away.

CAT
This isn't fair. How are we suppose
to be friends if your mad at me.

CHRIS
(cold)
I'm not mad at you.

CAT
Could've fooled me.

CHRIS

No. I'm not, really. But thanks.

Laughing as if he's just realizing it.

CAT

Well, I just wanted to say, I'm sorry for what I said.

She begins to walk off.

CHRIS

Hey! Thanks.

She smiles and continues.

EXT. MARIGNY PARK. DAY

DAVE

So you think your ready for this?

SERA

I think so. There's a lot of blank pages though.

DAVE

That's where you improv.

SERA

I know.

Silence

SERA(CONTD)

OK. You know as well as I do we need to talk about some stuff. Now I'm not gonna lay a bunch of heavy shit on you. Like "where were you when I was growing up type shit". Cause you were always there.

DAVE

So what do you wanna know?

SERA

I wanna know what happened to you? You would disappear for days and then one day you just disappeared.

DAVE

Common story I guess, married to young, financial problems, fighting a lot, drinking. I don't know. Your mother and I are both very stubborn people.

SERA

Right. So is that all the answer I'm gonna get?

DAVE

I don't know what you wanna hear?

SERA

The truth?

DAVE

I was a drunk. I didn't want you or your mother to see me... so I would leave. And when it became too much I just never came back.

SERA

And now?

DAVE

I'm trying..I mean.. I don't know.. All the AA classes and now who would've thought a bunch of kids filming a movie... need me..for the first time in a long time...some one needed me.

SERA

I needed you.

DAVE

You were seventeen. You didn't need me anymore. Your mother sure didn't.

SERA

Alright that's enough for today.

DAVE

I got something for you.

Dave hands her a fake id.

She gets really excited.

DAVE

Don't show your mother... Now come
on lets rehearse another scene.

INT. BACANAL. NIGHT.

Chris' CAMERA POV

Grant, dressed in New Orleans prep, Khaki shorts, polo shirt and Boat shoes. Breezes through the front door. CAMERA follows him through the wine covered walls and into a huge courtyard with CANDLES and CHRISTMAS LIGHTS hanging. Makeshift tables are full of DRUNKS, DEBUTANTES and everyone in between. A New Orleans JAZZ BAND pushes out brassy MUSIC.

Grant searches with his eyes over all the tables till he hears..

SHELLY

(yelling over crowd)

Grant. Hey Baby!

GRANT

(to camera)

There they are. Come on this way.
Your gonna love em'.

SIGNALS the way to a near by table.

JUSTIN, MARK and SHELLY sit at a table towards the back of the courtyard. There dressed in their Sundays best.

GRANT (CONTD)

(to Camera)

Let me tell you a little about Shelly. She's the kind of person who will survive in any environment. I'm not talking about wilderness type shit although I wouldn't be surprised. No. I'm talking about the bar environment, she can walk into a biker bar or a Mormon wedding and leave with just as many friends as she would anywhere else. New Orleans is a strange town like that. There's a million bars but most people who live here just go to the same three or four. And do you know why? Because most of us are alcoholics and alcoholics are creatures of habit. We go to the same bars

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D) (cont'd)
because we we know everyone who's
gonna walk through the door before
they do. We take the same route
home because it the route we know
is the safest route to not get a
DWI. I don't know where that was
going with that but here..This..

Grant kisses Shellys cheek.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(to camera)
This is Shelly.
(to Shelly)
Hey Shell. I'm sorry I'm late I was
stuck at the office all day.
(Joking for the camera)
Did you have nasty thought about me
again?

She playfully hits him.

SHELLY
(to Camera)
Oh stop it. He can be so bad.

Grant SHAKES hands with Mark and Justin. They quickly turn
and start talking again behind Grant.

GRANT
(Off handshakes)
These guys are the best. These guys
make up Shelly's posse. Now they
might not look it but... Have you
heard the saying "Its who you
know"? Well in there case it was
never more true. Between them they
share two ex-mayors, a senator and
ex-chief of police in there
families. They practically have a
police escort when they drive home
drunk. You would take advantage
too. Corrupt I know, but this is
New Orleans, who isn't in some way
or another.

SHELLY
I'm so glad you came! The band just
started. Luckily we got here early
enough to grab a table. Oh, and
there's someone I want you to meet.
She's inside getting some more
wine.

GRANT
Who is she?

SHELLY
We went to Bachelors last night just for "one". You know how that always ends up. Anyway, Leah was behind the bar. So we decided to stay, Mark was watching the game. So I started talking to this girl next to me. Turns out we used to work together ages ago. Anyway I told her about this place. She wanted to come, so here we are. You are gonna love her..
(looking off)
Speak of the devil..

ELIZABETH walks into frame. She is a knockout. Casually dressed in jeans and a tee-shirt with flip-flops. Grant watches this vision weave towards his table. Love at first sight? She looks at the CAMERA as if to say "whats this?"

(Note: Sear will be referred to as LIZ in the text.)

SHELLY
Grant this is Elizabeth. Elizabeth,
Grant.

LIZ
You can call me Liz. Whats all this about?

GRANT
(mesmerized)
Its a..uh..human..uh..human interest piece.

SQUASH CUT TO:

EXT. BACANAL. NIGHT. LATER.

Grant sits with his hand propped under his head listening to Liz tell her life story. Through the collection of wine bottles on the table we see the band is still full swing.

LIZ
I majored in business economics.
Now I'm getting my CPA. Which I'm kinda hesitant to do. Mostly because as soon as I do it, its like officially telling myself 'OK
(MORE)

LIZ (cont'd)
this is what you do now' You know
what I mean?

GRANT
What else would you want to do?

LIZ
I don't really know. I want to
travel, You know. Go hiking in
Spain. Go to Egypt. Learn a
language. Explore. Things everyone
would want to do I guess...What do
you think, know anybody hiring a
position like that?

GRANT
(Awestruck)
I'll keep my eyes open.

LIZ
What about you, what do you want to
do? Where do you want to go?

GRANT
(thinking)
To the bathroom. When I asked the
question, I had no idea your answer
was gonna be that long.

They share a laugh and a "look". She is phenomenal.

INT. BATHROOM. SAME.

Grant stares into the mirror. He can hardly contain himself.
He's in love with this girl.

OFF REFLECTION

GRANT
(to camera)
Shes incredible. Did you see me
sitting there just listening. I've
never done that before I would have
been three stories in and about to
close the deal by now. I can't. How
can I lie to a face like that?

Grant turns to the CAMERA and excitedly smiles. Walks out.

EXT. BACANAL. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Grant walks up to the table to Shelly and Liz cracking up.

GRANT
What happened?

SHELLY
I told Liz your story from when you
were in New York last week.

GRANT
Which one was that?

SHELLY
The one with the prostitutes on the
subway.

GRANT
(discouraged)
right.

LIZ
Why didn't you tell me you lived in
New York that's amazing I've always
wanted to go there.

GRANT
(discouraged)
I just went there for business.

He looks at the CAMERA like a kid on Christmas with no
presents.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM/DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Grant PACES FAST BACK AND FORTH in front of the couch.

GRANT
Of course it was Bullshit, I've
never even been to New York and I'm
sitting there talking about what
restaurants to eat at... AHHH! You
should have seen her sitting there
believing every word come out of my
lying mouth.

THERAPIST
That's usually the goal isn't it?

GRANT

Well yeah but this is the first time I wanted to get caught. I wanted so bad for her to catch me misplacing a street in the wrong neighborhood or a club that closed years ago. That way I would be forced to expose my big shining lie. But she didn't, she just kept asking. My heart sunk deeper into my chest with every word I spoke. Now we're suppose to see each other in a few days.

(stops pacing)

I'm done, that's it, no more lying. I wanna do the steps or whatever it is you're always asking me to do.

THERAPIST

I'm not completely sure that's a good idea.

GRANT

What? Why?

THERAPIST

It's usually recommended that when one decides to take on the commitment. That it be for one's self and not for another.

GRANT

I don't follow. What does it matter who I do it for. I get better either way. Right?

THERAPIST

When you do something for someone else, it's setting yourself up for failure. What happens if the person were to leave you. Then, your reason for quitting will have left with them and one will revert to old ways.

GRANT

I am doing it for myself.

MUSIC UP.

A MONTAGE that shows OUR GUYS movie is starting to take off. Show how much and how hard they are working. Grants relationship with Liz is getting more intimate.

--INTERIOR FRANKS CAR

Our guys are full of energy as they drive crammed in between equipment.

--THERAPIST OFFICE

Grant seems excited talking and smiling like we've never seen him.

--TRAILER. DAWN.

Our guys are exhausted. They stagger out of the trailer.

--INTERIOR TRAILER

Francis stands looking down(at equipment).

CUT TO:

Outside of trailer Chris peaks his head around the side. Then we see them all run to there cars. There cutting it close.

--FRENCH QUARTER STREET. NIGHT.

Grant holds Liz's hand as they stroll through crowds. Grants phone rings the caller id reads "RYAN SWING". Grant ignores the call.

--THE STREET. NIGHT

A shot of our guys running around in in full gear. Drunk people applauding.

--BAR FRONT.

Our guys walk up to the front of a bar and notice something and share a look at each other. The CAMERA finds...

...A huge line waiting for them. Word is getting around.

--BEDROOM

Grant and Liz are intertwined beneath the sheets.

--FRONT OF HOUSE

Patrick bitches at Chris, Jackie and Blaise who are all half asleep.

--CHRIS' APARTMENT. MORNING.

Marcus shuffles to living room, half asleep, plops on the couch. Realizes he is sitting in what looks like a therapist office.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. MAGIC HOUR.

Our guys are all working double time moving there equipment back in the trailer. Slim impatiently hangs by the door. Frank and Blaise are bringing stuff in. Jackie with his ever present cigarette in his mouth and Chris puts it precisely where it was.

SLIM

You sure you that's where that go?

CHRIS

Slim, were P.A.'s, continuity is our thing.

Chris looks over to Jackie.

CHRIS

Jackie, do you have to smoke right now?

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

We hear a key UNLOCK the trailer door. FRANCIS walks in with his coffee. He immediately feels something a miss. He walks further in and sniffs the air. He looks suspicious.

EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

Chris and Jackie stand drinking black coffee.

Blaise enters.

CHRIS

Did we put the living room back last night?

JACKIE

I don't think so.

BLAISE

(worried)

The bar shots are starting to really generate a lot of people.

CHRIS

The scenes are coming out really well. Your doing a good job.

BLAISE

Thanks, but with this many people involved and just people seeing us. Its only gonna be a matter of time before someone around here finds out.

CHRIS

The turn out was a little surprising. Even if it does get back to someone it won't be for a few days and by that time the movie will be done.

JACKIE

If we make it that far.

CHRIS

What are you talking about?

JACKIE

Were tired as fuck.

CHRIS

We just gotta keep it up for a couple more more nights. Did you see how much we got done last night.

JACKIE

Yeah, but not for nothin' kid, another day without sleep. I'm not gonna remember my name let alone my lines. I'm dying here.

CHRIS

So what... your ready for a break, were two nights away. Lets just finish it.

JACKIE

Hear me out, I'm just saying I can't.. We can't possibly put out a quality product, if were not quality.

CHRIS

What do you suggest?

JACKIE

If everything goes accordingly tonight, that'll put us ahead of schedule. Then tomorrow when the construction crew stays late... I know we said we could work around them but how about instead we take that night off, get some rest, recharge our batteries. I'm sure by that time we'll all be good and ready for a break.

Chris looks at Blaise already nodding. He relents.

INT. CHRIS' TRUCK. NIGHT.

Through the windshield Jackie and Chris watch Francis lock the trailer and double check it.

JACKIE

Who jiggers there own drinks? Who does that?

CHRIS

Whats the matter with a jigger.

JACKIE

Nothins the *matter* with the jigger. But you said you jigger your own drinks at home, that to me is fucking nonsense.

CHRIS

I like to portion, so it last longer.

JACKIE

Yeah well I like to get drunk and I wish it lasted longer. Which sound more fun?

CHRIS

Next time you come by my house I'm gonna jigger your drink.

JACKIE

Kid you ain't never jiggin' my drinks, if you do I'm taken a double.

They both laugh.

We see through the windshield, Dave walks up.

INT. STEAK KNIFE RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Grant and Liz are both dressed to the nines. They sit in an intimate dark table. They pull their NAPKINS from the table and lay them on there laps.

LIZ

Have you ever been here?

GRANT

(looking in her eyes)

No.

He secretly smiles to the CAMERA. He didn't lie.

They both READ there menus.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

How are you tonight guys. My name is a Scott. I would like to welcome you tonight to the Steak Knife. We do have some specials tonight which I will get to, but first can I start you off with some wine. We have a lovely Merlot which is only bottled every few years. Its called Spotlight.

GRANT

Oh yes when I...

(catching himself)

walked in I'd hoped you would have something nice, for us.

SCOTT

(to Camera Crew)

Anything for you guys?

CAMERA SHAKES "no".

SCOTT

I'll be right back with your drinks.

Exits.

LIZ

Your acting weird.

GRANT

The past few weeks have been really hard.

LIZ

(aghast)

OK? Care to explain.

GRANT

No, it has nothing to do with you, see your the not the reason for it but you kinda are. Its hard to explain. I'm not making any sense, I know.

LIZ

(enamored)

No your not.

GRANT

What I should have said is the past few weeks have been the greatest I've ever had..

LIZ

Well good because I gotta surprise for you.

GRANT

Whats that.

LIZ

My brothers coming in for leave. He's bringing some friends of his with em'. Of course they wanna do the whole bourbon street thing. I'm so excited I haven't seen him in months. He's going to meet us after dinner.

(off the camera crew)

I invited Mark and Shelly too. They think I'm keeping you hostage, they think your avoiding them. I told em' you've been busy with work.

GRANT

That's something I've been meaning to talk to you about. I don't actually..

Here goes. Spill your guts. Like a band aid, right off.

Scott enters with there WINE.

SCOTT
Have we decided?

He'll do it later.

GRANT
Yeah. I think so.

INT. SPOTTED CAT. SAME.

This bar is DIRTY, CRAMPED, HOT, LOUD MUSIC plays, awesome.

We hear a SCREAM over the conversation and MUSIC. This is Shelly's trademark. The CAMERA weaves through a gang of people to reach the table with Shelly, Justin and Mark. Justin and Mark are preoccupied with the MUSIC. Typical New Orleanians always smiling and always drunk.

SHELLY
(drunk)
Hey bay, where have you been?

GRANT
You know just around..

Shelly gets a kiss and the guys get hand shakes.

SHELLY
(joking, mocking)
Oh I forgot your too cool.
(Off Liz)
Liz you look gorgeous.

LIZ
Thanks you too.

SHELLY
Wheres you brother?

LIZ
I don't know, I'm gonna go outside
and call him right now.

She exits.

SHELLY
So what the deal? Liz tells me your
dating now? And don't tell me
that's the reason you've been
avoiding me.

GRANT

Well kinda, avoiding is a bad word.

SHELLY

So are you nervous about meeting
her brother, he's a marine you
know.

GRANT

Not really. More worried about you
telling her some drunken tale of
mine making me look bad.

SHELLY

You got it all wrong. I'll tell her
all the things you can't say.
Because you'd look self centered if
you did.

Grant nervously laughs with Shelly.

GRANT

Nah, no stories tonight.

MARK(O.S.)

Shelly slow down, a few more and
you'll be speaking in tongues.

Shelly doesn't want to hear it.

Chris look to the CAMERA as if they have the same idea.

GRANT

I'm going to the bar to get me and
Liz some drinks, let me buy y'all a
round.

Mark and Justin hear this.

MARK

I'll take a Heineken.
(to Justin)
Justin you want a drink?

JUSTIN

Yeah if your going Ill take a
Guinness.

SHELLY

I don't care. Just don't get me
anything too strong. I'm already
kinda drunk.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM/DOCTOR'S OFFICE

THERAPIST

So then what happened?

GRANT

Her brother ending up staying home
and then I keep buying Shelly long
islands till she couldn't speak
anymore...I've also been thinking
maybe I could skip this next step
and do it at the end.

THERAPIST

That's not how it works. The steps
are in place in order to help you.
Skipping one is out of the
question. I understand its hard for
you, but its not suppose to be
easy.

Stands up in disbelief.

GRANT

Hard. Hard is an understatement.
I'm suppose to make direct amends
to the people I've lied too. Are
you fucking serious? You know as
well as I do my whole fucking life
is a lie. For Christ sakes my
parents think I'm a college
graduate.... How am I suppose to
ask forgiveness for a lifetime
of...I feel like a fucking heroin
addict trying to kick a twenty year
habit.

(epiphany moment)

That's it. What if I have that one
last thrill, you know like junkies
do. They always have that one last
day to, you know, "say goodbye".

THERAPIST

Not sure I follow?

GRANT

(To himself)

Sure, one last night of lies. One
more night can't hurt.

CHRIS(O.S.)

Cut! That's it for tonight.
Everybody great job.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

A door is UNLOCKED from the outside. Francis walks hurriedly into the trailer and stops, looks down. He sees something.

INT. WORK VAN. AFTERNOON.

Jackie's snoozing in the "coffee" van. Cat opens the doors waking him. He immediately pretends he is looking for something.

CAT
Cut it out.

He relents.

CAT
Thought you might like to know its lunch.

Jackie exits the van.

EXT. FRONT YARD. CONTINUOUS.

They begin to walk toward the backyard.

JACKIE
Chris told me you guys talked.

CAT
Did he say anything else?

He stops and looks at her. This is how friends talk.

JACKIE
(smiling)
Whats the deal with you two? You into him or what?

CAT
No... What about you, whats up with you?

JACKIE
What?

CAT
You might think no one notices you guys around here. I think I agree because if they did they'd probably send you home for looking like shit.

Jackie is pleasantly surprised on her forwardness.

JACKIE
Ouch...I tell you what why don't
you come out with us tonight.

--BACKYARD

Chris, Frank and Blaise all with there head down on a buffet table. Jackie and Cat share another look of suspicion.

JACKIE
(to Cat)
Excuse me.

Cat obeys.

Jackie walks over.

JACKIE
(sitting down)
You guys want to make it a little
less obvious.

CHRIS
(out of it)
When is it?

Patrick enters.

PATRICK
Chris, you know where the extra
spoons are?

CHRIS
Yeah. There in the cupboard above
the walkies.

PATRICK
Do me a favor buddy and go grab
them. Its easier than me making a
mess.

CHRIS
Well if you just open the cabinet
and pull out the spoons I doubt
you'll make a mess.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM. SAME.

Chris opens the cabinet and RUMMAGES. Bingo. He turns.

CHRIS
(startled)
Hey Francis.

FRANCIS
(suspicious)
What are you doing in here?

CHRIS
Just getting some spoons.

FRANCIS
OK.

CHRIS
OK

They part on an awkward note.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Chris walks into his apartment exhausted. Marcus stands in the "therapy office" next to the deer head hanging above.

MARCUS
(off living room)
So whats been up?

CHRIS
(surprised)
Shit, I can explain this.

MARCUS
Wasn't sure if you took up
taxidermy.

Chris' phone rings.

CHRIS
(To Marcus)
Hold on.

CHRIS
(on phone)
Yeah Jack, whats up....your
where?....what happened to charging
the batteries....please tell me how
that makes any kind of
sense...dammit, alright...

(to Blaise reluctantly)
You wanna go to the Rendon?

MARCUS
(off the deer head)
I think we're gonna stay in tonight.

INT. RENDON INN. NIGHT.

Chris walks in still wearing his work clothes. He spots Blaise and walks up to the table where he also sees Frank and Jackie smoking casually. None of them have shaved yet and collectively they look like shit.

CHRIS
What the fuck is this? I thought you guys were so tired you couldn't work tonight.

JACKIE
Were not working, baby.

CHRIS
You know what I mean.

Chris is speechless.

JACKIE
(To Chris)
Relax kid, have a drink.

CHRIS
Jackie, the last thing I need right now is a drink. And how are you already drunk? What happened to being quality?

JACKIE
(Justifying)
I'm not even drunk. I mean I'm beer drunk but...I'm not drunk, drunk.

Jackie gets up. Chris takes his spot.

BLAISE
Were celebrating.

CHRIS
Celebrating what? Were not even finished.

FRANK
The fact that we haven't been
caught yet.

Chris can't argue that.

CHRIS
Wheres Dave?

FRANK
He was suppose to be here. He's not
picking up his phone.

CHRIS
That's cause he's smart, he's
probably sleeping.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Dave hawks over the TV with his finger pointed waiting for the perfect time to PAUSE it. Then BURST into action pointing and drawing dialogs on the screen with his hand to point out details. A plotted down Sera intenly soaks up the lesson while laughing occasionally.

INT. RENDON BAR. SAME.

Chris still looking around to try and get a grip on the situation. Once again his mind is blown. We see Cat, no longer in her work clothes but in a form fitting white dress. An angel walking through a bunch of DRUNKEN DEMONS.

CHRIS
What are you doing here?

He realized how it sounded.

CAT
(caught off guard)
I was invited.

CHRIS
(covering)
Sorry

Jackie enters and PLOPS a DOUBLE in front of Chris.

CHRIS
(Half heatedly, to Jackie)
Your an asshole.

JACKIE

I've been called worse by better.
Drink up. They ain't gonna be free
all night.

CAT

I usually go to this karaoke club.
Its only a dollar a song.

FRANK

I didn't even think they had
karaoke bars in New Orleans.

BLAISE

(To Frank)

Oh yeah there's a bunch.

FRANK

You would know.

CHRIS

Did you say its a dollar a song? As
in you have to pay to make a fool
of yourself?

CAT

Yeah. You could look at it like
that.

JACKIE

That's pretty expensive.
Considering it already costs most
of your pride.

INT. RENDON INN TABLE. LATER.

Montage of smoking, drinking, and laughing.

CHRIS

(Drunk)

Christopher Nolan did "Following"
for six thouand dollars...

FRANK

(Joking, Drunk)

Alright, enough with the analogies.
Do you have the filmmakers analogy
book. Jesus.

Jackie walks up and throws down FIVE DRINKS among the
already drink covered table.

CHRIS
Jackie?!?

JACKIE
(obviously)
Its fifty cent night.

FRANK
(referring to drinks)
Where's Dave when you need em'?

CAT
Dave?

FRANK
Our sound guy.

CAT
What happened to...

JACKIE
(standing, covering)
I wanna make a toast..to Cat..for
joining us tonight. Further more I
don't think she will ever know how
much she has affected our lives. So
here's to Cat.

They all toast.

JACKIE
(to Cat)
I know there's no karaoke machine
here but I'll sing to ya for free.

Jackie begins to sing to her and starts laughing with
everyone else. She surprises Chris by putting her face into
his shoulder to laugh.

JACKIE
(stopping)
Fine, I guess I'll have to do my
encore in the pisser'.

Jackie walks off.

BLAISE
Who wants to smoke a bowl outside?

Chris and Cat politely sign "no".

FRANK
Yeah I'll go with you.

They get up and walk off. Chris realizes hes alone with Cat.

C.U. on Cat and Chris' conversation.

She leans even closer to him. Due to her body language clearly shes a good listener.

CAT
So I want you to know something.

CHRIS
Whats that?

CAT
I like you.

CHRIS
Your drunk.

CAT
No, don't do that, I mean yes I'm drunk... I know you. You think I don't, you think your so mysterious. I see you trying not to talk to me, I see you trying not to like me. But you do, don't you?

CHRIS
(Off her look)
Yes.

A kiss is impending between them. She still seems heavy with thought.

CAT
I know what you've been doing?

CHRIS
I know, clearly I'm not as mysterious as I once thought.

CAT
I know what you've been doing at night. I waited outside a few nights ago and followed you.

CHRIS
Why haven't you said anything?

CAT

I already told you. I think its a good idea. But tomorrow night try not to leave so much evidence. Thanks to y'all Francis thinks I smoke a pack a day.

CHRIS

Now you can take more breaks.

INT. BATHROOM. SAME

Jackie walks up to a stall looks over to the guy next to him.

JACKIE

Tough crowd out there.

Jackie glances over to the BATHROOM GUY at the urinal and sees him lean forward with his eyes closed. His lips wrap around the urinal handle and Jackie grimaces then slightly forces the GUY back back. Awoken, he zips up and stumbles out.

EXT. RENDON INN. LATE NIGHT.

Blaise and Frank lean against the side of bar. Blaise pulls out his pipe and bag of weed. He positions and begins to pack.

FRANK

Whoa, whoa, is that schwag?

BLAISE

Yeah, I gave all my good shit to Slim. I haven't had time to re-up.

FRANK

I'm not smoking schwag out of a bowl. Come on I got papers in my car.

INT. FRANKS CAR. SAME.

They sit and pass a JOINT back and forth. Stoned talk.

FRANK

(off ED HARDY shirt)

I gotta ask, how much did you pay for that shirt?

Looking at it, in all its extravagance.

BLAISE

I think about one-eighty. You think it was too much?

FRANK

I wouldn't pay five dollars for that shirt if I was naked.

BLAISE

Bra, this shit is quality. You pay for the quality. The comfortablity.

FRANK

So your saying it has to be expensive to be comfortable.

INT. RENDON BAR. SAME.

The CAMERA follows Jackie as he walks towards us down the bar which is down to its last PATRONS. As the CAMERA continues to PAN backward we see the BATHROOM GUY trying a little to hard to get laid with a DRUNK GIRL. Jackie smoothly interrupts the kiss.

JACKIE

(to bathroom guy)

Hey bro I think your truck is getting towed outside.

He quickly jumps up and exits. DRUNK GIRL is none the wiser that she was just saved from kissing a toilet.

Jackie continues.

INT. RENDON INN. TABLE. SAME.

Jackie slides in.

JACKIE

Alright, I'm rollin'. You staying?

CHRIS

No. Unless...

CAT

No. I'm getting pretty tired.

CHRIS
I'll walk you to your car.

JACKIE
Where are the other two assholes?

CHRIS
They went to go smoke.

EXT. CATS CAR. PARKING LOT. LATE NIGHT.

Chris and Cat shuffle towards the drivers door. She puts her key in the door and begins to unlock it.

CHRIS
You really surprised me tonight, I
had no idea you'd be so...
unforgettable.

CAT
Thanks, I think.

CHRIS
Are you OK to drive?

CAT
Yeah, I'll be fine. Blaise gave me
some pointers.

Awkward silence. That same kiss threatens. They stare at each other.

CAT
Get some sleep you need it more
than me.

He wants to say so many things at this moment but instead he says:

CHRIS
I'll see you tomorrow.

He turns away.

CAT(O.S)
Hey wait.

He turns back

CHRIS
Yeah?

CAT
Think of an ending yet?

CHRIS
You'll have to wait and see.

He smiles and walks away.

EXT. SIDE OF RENDON. PARKING LOT. SAME.

CAMERA follows Jackie as he walks up to Franks truck. As we get closer we can see Blaise and Frank have switched tee shirts.

JACKIE
(off the shirts)
I always suspected.

BLAISE
Fuck you. Whats up?

JACKIE
Were gettin' outta here.

BLAISE
Alright.
(to frank)
You give me a ride home?

FRANK
Yeah.

Hand shakes. They drive off.

Chris walks up.

CHRIS
Where you at?

JACKIE
I'm down here.

CHRIS
Alright, see you tomorrow!

JACKIE
Yeah kid I'll see you tomorrow.

They SHAKE hands.

JACKIE

One more thing... I wanna thank you.

CHRIS

For what?

JACKIE

For believing in me. For believing in all of us.

CHRIS

Sometimes you gotta take a risk.

Chris begin to walk back towards the bar which simultaneously turns it sign off. His still feeling the high of tonight's magic.

EXT. TRAILER. EARLY DAY.

Chris walks up to the production trailer intellectually to get his walkie on. He looks refreshed Before he can get inside Patrick rushes him. Patrick is wearing a tee-shirt with a picture of a rooster that reads "How Big is Your Cock"

PATRICK

Chris! What.. the hell.. do you think... your doing? Your late, again! What the hell do think this is a party you can just casually show up late for, and wearing yesterdays clothes. See, that's the problem around here nobody thinks I notice anything around here. You've been slacking off this whole week. I got news for you, you pull this shit one more time and your fired, I don't need this... Have you forgotten what your position is?

We can now see the rage come into his eyes with this question. Patrick sees it and starts to backpedal.

CHRIS

Have I forgotten what my position is?!? Did you seriously just fucking ask me that?

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM. SAME.

Francis and Cat sit in the trailer talking as they work.

FRANCIS

(still working)

Catherine, the producers have decided to stop doing the show here. And we would like to offer you a position in California. So if you want it, let me know, OK?

CAT

When?

FRANCIS

A couple of weeks. Were gonna cut the season short, ratings are down, we just can't afford it.

The SHOUTS from outside now penetrate the trailer walls.

EXT. TRAILER. CONTINUOUS.

PATRICK

Chris just get to work OK?!?

CHRIS

I have worked for you for over three years now. Have I ever been late? Ever!?! I have done everything asked of me and then some! Including show up on time every fucking morning! You try and act like this fun easy going guy with your stupid fucking high school tee shirts! Your like a walking punch line to a bad joke! I can't believe you have the balls to ask me that fucking question? I'm done kissing your ass! And another thing..

Everyone has stopped pretending to work.

Francis POPS out of the production trailer DOOR.

FRANCIS

What the hell is going on out here?? You?

CHRIS

You better get back in your hole
cause you don't want me to get
started on you, you fucking piece
of shit. Matter of a fact do you
even know my fucking name?

JACKIE

(intercepting)

Come on lets walk it off.

CHRIS

Fuck that I'm not done!

JACKIE

(raising his voice loud)

YOUR DONE! NOW COME'ERE I SAID!

Chris reluctantly WALKS towards Jackie. Patrick is still in shock..

JACKIE

What the fuck are ya doin? Calm
down, kid. Jesus.

CHRIS

I am calm.

JACKIE

What happened, actually it doesn't
even matter. Just go home get some
sleep, your actin' crazy. We'll
talk tomorrow.

CHRIS

Tomorrow? Were filming our biggest
scene tonight.

JACKIE

Probably not the best idea.

CHRIS

(Flashing a calming smile)

Everything's alright, really.

Chris pulls him out of sight behind a car.

CHRIS

We have to finish the film.

JACKIE

Why can't it wait? We can carry it
over to next show.

CHRIS

Cause we'll lose our momentum. Plus I'm pretty sure I just lost my job.

JACKIE

(seeing the humor)

OK, we'll finish the film... You cool? You sure there's nothing else going on?

CHRIS

No, everything is cool. That was just a long time coming that's all and with everything else it all just culminated.

JACKIE

Alright, go get some sleep and I'll see ya tonight kid.

EXT. CHRIS' PORCH. NIGHT.

Chris and Marcus sit smoking. CAMERA is behind them and when they talk we see the sides of their heads.

MARCUS

So did you get fired?

CHRIS

Yeah... the best part is after tonight it won't matter. We'll be finished our film.

MARCUS

You know the Mona Lisa?

CHRIS

The painting?

MARCUS

Yeah. Do you know who painted it?

CHRIS

DaVinci.

MARCUS

The reason you know that is because...?

CHRIS

Because.??. Because that's who painted it everyone knows that.

MARCUS

Wasn't always such a known fact.
People before us, the real art
lovers, the really true die hard
fans of art, loved it so much they
dug and dug to figure out who had
painted it. because to them it was
the most beautiful thing they'd
every seen.

CHRIS

How could people not know who
painted it?

MARCUS

Because DaVinci never signed his
name on it. He didn't care about
the credit. He cared about the art.

CHRIS

So how did people know it was him?

MARCUS

Because when something changes your
life. You spend the rest of it
looking for the person who did
it....maybe I'm just drunk

CHRIS

See that's why were roommates.!..! I
need to hear enlightening shit like
that... DaVinci... Fuck yeah!

Chris skips down the porch to his CAR.

MARCUS(O.S.)

Have fun tonight.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR. NIGHT.

JACKIE

Last night

CHRIS

Yeah.

JACKIE

You wanna talk about today?

CHRIS

Did you know DaVinci didn't sign
the Mona Lisa?

JACKIE

What?

INT. FRANKS CAR. SAME.

Frank and Blaise sit in the car in silence. Frank is wearing a "Blaise" type shirt. They share a look.

(Note: Directorial note CAMERA is in back seat so we can see Jackie's car in front of them.)

We see the signal from Jackie's car.

EXT. TRAILER. LATE NIGHT.

Our guys are walking up to the trailer with Slim looking worried.

They walk up to Slim, he stands up. Hand shakes all around.

SLIM

(to Chris)

Heard you quit?

CHRIS

Yeah. I just couldn't take it anymore. Just cracked you know?

SLIM

Shit, you preachin to da choir, wit dat. You still got me doh, huh?

CHRIS

You got my back, I got yours.

SLIM

Wheres your other homeboy?

CHRIS

He's gonna meet us on location.

Slim walks up the trailer steps and unlocks the door.

CHRIS

Alright guys lets finish this.

EXT. STREET. LATE NIGHT.

Dave rushes up out of nowhere. There all standing around Chris' truck waiting. Jackie is in his "Grant" clothes.

DAVE

Alright Sera's at location. Its amazing how easy it is to get into a bar in this town.

Dave quickly throws his harness on from the truck.

FRANK

(eager)

Dude you should've come out last night. Jackie totally made a fool of himself.

JACKIE

Did you forget about your little late night costume change.

CHRIS(O.S.)

Are we ready?

FRANK

I told you we were having a debate about quality.

CHRIS(O.S.)

Are we ready!?!?

INT. ESPLANADE STREET. LATE NIGHT.

ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF FRENCH QUARTER.

Chris' CAMERA POV

We see "Grant" making sure his costume is ready. He's wearing a simple jean and tee-shirt outfit.

CHRIS(O.S.)

Do we have sound...?

Alright...Jackie?

We see Jackie NOD.

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

ACTION!

Grant walking down a street. As CAMERA PANS we see that he's on the corner of Esplanade and Bourbon. As the CAMERA continues to PAN we see the lights and occasional SCREAMS of a Saturday night on Bourbon st. Jackie continues to WALK till he's out of frame.

EXT. BAR FRONT. NIGHT

A steamy, alcohol-drenched miasma that is Bourbon st. We can practically smell the horse shit and beer.

Grant stands looking at the CAMERA on the phone.

GRANT

Hey babe...No I don't think I can make it out tonight... just got some stuff to finish up... nothing, staying in. So are y'all staying uptown all night or what?..

Grant looks at the CAMERA and SIGNALS "yes" with his arm.

GRANT

(on phone)

Alright well have a fun night. Tell your brother I can't wait to meet him...Bye.

(to Camera)

Perfect, she'll be uptown all night with her brother. This is gonna be a interesting night. Haven't told a lie in three weeks..

(off camera crew)

Aaahhh, yeah you got a good memory but that was more of a white lie. I know, I know well one lie in three weeks isn't bad. Good odds for things to come.

Walks inside.

INT. BOURBON ST. BAR. NIGHT

Grant in all his charm BREEZES through the door. The BARTENDER doesn't notice him walk in. He settles into a STOOL. Bartender finally comes over.

BARTENDER

(generic, cold)

What can I get you?

Grant flashes his signature grin.

GRANT
(slightly southern)
I'll have a Bourbon coke.

Bartender walks off.

Grant takes in the scene. Couple of lonely looking GUYS at the end of the bar. Some COUPLES sitting at tables.

Bartender comes back with his drink. Sets it down. They share a look

GRANT
(still staring)
Thank you.

MOMENTS LATER.

The Bartender is laughing along with the two GUYS at the end of the bar.

GUY#1
(still laughing)
So then what?

GRANT
So he tells her he locked his keys in his car in front of planned parenthood. And he was scared to go inside and ask for a hanger so he could fix a mistake.

Everyone erupts again.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Alright that's it for me. You can let me know what I owe you?

BARTENDER
(flirty)
Its on the house.

GRANT
Well thank ya, sweetheart.

Grant leaves as fast as he entered.

INT. BOURBON ST BAR'S. LATE NIGHT.

A SERIES OF SHOTS will happen each in a different bar. He will appear more intoxicated each time he is seen answering.

BARTENDER(O.S.)

Where is home?

GRANT

Los Angeles.

GRANT

Seattle.

GRANT

Colorado.

GRANT

Boston.

GRANT

Brooklyn.

1. Grant is seen stumbling a little in the street.
2. C.U. on Grant doing a LINE in the bathroom with a GUY.
3. IMPROVISED shots of Grant playing with crew...(3 or 4)
4. Grant entertaining a huge GROUP on the street.
5. Grant joking with some OFFICERS.

INT. ERIN ROSE. LATER.

The bar is small quaint "rocker" type bar with a open window to the street.

Grant has a small GROUP hanging on his words. He's drunk.

The Bartender is hysterically laughing.

BARTENDER

So what happened to him then.

GRANT

Well, he had work the next day.
Since he couldn't call in sick
AGAIN, he called in and said his
father had died. When your on a
bender you'll do anything to keep
it going, right?

They all slow their laughter due to this news.

YOUNG GUY#1
Yeah...but his dad?

GRANT
OK, It gets better. So of course they gave him the day off and told him to take his time coming back while he mourn. So he goes to the concert, has the time of his life. Wakes up the next morning feeling like shit. Opens his phone to fifty voicemails, text messages, you name it. Its his mother.

YOUNG GUY#2
Oh shit she found out?

Grant signals to him "But wait there more"

GRANT
She tells him to come home right away. She knows that he's been lying to get out of work. But he's still so fucked up from the concert, the thought doesn't even cross his mind. Turns out his boss feeling bad got everyone in the restaurant that night to donate some money to send some flowers to his mother. Well it must've been a busy fuckin night cause he walked into that living room looking more like a jungle.

GUY#1
Did he get fired?

GRANT
I can't remember but his parents made him go door to door returning each bouquet, telling them what he did.

They all share a final laugh.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET. SAME

Ryan walks down the street while unleashing some thoughts. Laura and Estella just listen calmly.

RYAN

...going to slit the throat of the next hipster that says they don't like a band because it's been "overplayed". "Oh really, what radio station was overplaying it? Oh, you don't listen to the radio? So what you meant to say was you were listening to it and witnessed someone who wasn't wearing ray bans listening to the same song and decided you didn't like it anymore." They can eat my asshole. Those fad following fucks. I'm so sick of these..

LAURA

Isn't that Grant?

CAMERA PANS to see Grant is sitting at the bar laughing with the same group.

INT. ERIN ROSE. CONTINUOUS

Grant is standing against the bar.

RYAN(O.S.)

GRANT!

Ryan, Laura and Estella are greeting him. He's shocked. But quick to recover.

There dressed in the hipster uniform: skinny jeans and expensive tee-shirts meant to look cheap.)

GRANT

This is motley crew if I ever saw one.

RYAN

(playfully, off clothes)

Wish I could say the same. Looking pretty lame these days.

GRANT

Had a small meeting earlier, you know how it is... What the hell are y'all doing in the quarter?

LAURA

My mom took us to dinner at ACME
and we were walking down to The
John.

RYAN

Where the HELL have you been homie?
Been trying to call you for a grip.

GRANT

I've been in..well I had to go
to..uh

He's fighting with himself in his head. He doesn't want to lie.

GRANT

(confessing)

Actually I've been...Uh..

RYAN

Not to cut you off. But can we take this conversation on the road. I'm thirsty and I'm not about to get a drink in here. I haven't been in a bar in the quarter since I was old enough to choose where I drink.

GRANT

Yeah, OK.

(to bar friends)

Y'all have a good night.

Bar friends collectively say "bye".

Grant gets up and pulls his wallet out to pay. Ryan and Laura start to walk out. Grant throws some money down and follows suit.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET. LATE NIGHT

Grant, Ryan, Laura and Estella walk down the street SMOKING and DRINKING as the CAMERA follows. Grant's arm is slung around Estella's shoulder as they wobble to there next destination.

We see a group of people SPILL out of a bar.

Its Liz and BRAUM, (30's), marine type.

Like a dark cloud descending on a city, such is this situation. Ryan and Laura are oblivious. Estella still playfully touches Grant.

LIZ

Grant? What are you doing here?
 (off his coupling)
 What is this?

Grant pulls his arm off and tries to sober up for a minute.

GRANT

Were just friends.
 (off Braum)
 I could ask you the same fucking
 thing?

LIZ

Yes you can. Grant this is Braum my
 brother! Remember... my brother..
 the one who is in town for leave.

(Ad lib an awkward greeting between the two.)

Grant pulls Liz aside to the sidewalk.

GRANT

(calmer, whispering)
 Yes, I remember. I thought you were
 gonna be uptown tonight?

LIZ

He wanted to come downtown instead.
 So is this what you do when "your
 just staying in"? Is that why you
 called me, to make sure I wouldn't
 see you out with your "friends"?

GRANT

(still whispering)
 No. There my... alter egos friends.
 I just happened to run into them
 tonight as me. The me you know. OK,
 that sounded crazy but I was
 suppose to go out alone tonight. It
 was gonna be my last night to be
 whoever I wanted. And do this whole
 one last night of... I feel like
 this isn't doing me justice, can we
 just stop. I can explain
 everything. Lets do this tomorrow
 when were both calm. Shall
 we?..Fuck I don't even say "shall"
 who says shall. Please can we talk
 tomorrow I'm out of mind right now.

LIZ

(sarcastic, pissed off)

Oh right. Don't want to interrupt
your party night with your alter
ego friends.

GRANT

I'm serious. I have different
groups of friends and I tell each
one something different. Like where
I'm from, what I do, where I go.

She's heard enough and storms off.

RYAN

What the fuck was that alter ego
shit about?

ESTELLA

Since when do you have an old lady?

Grant looks at both of them. Speechless.

He runs after Liz.

GRANT

(shouting)

Liz!..Liz!..LIZ!

She tells Braum something and he continues down the street.

Grant reaches her.

GRANT

I'm a liar! Everything that comes
out of my mouth is a lie!

MOMENTS LATER...

Grant sits curb side.

LIZ

Why didn't you tell me?

GRANT

Figured you would leave me.

LIZ

Your a fucking coward.

GRANT

I know.

LIZ

So you went out tonight with the intent of only telling lies?

GRANT

yes.

LIZ

...to women.

GRANT

to anyone...

LIZ

what do you tell them?

GRANT

Whatever they want to hear.

LIZ

..and then you sleep with them?

GRANT

No... Sometimes.. That's not why I do it!

LIZ

Then why!?! Why do you do it! Why do you even fuck them!??!

GRANT

(Standing up, SHOUTING)

BECAUSE I GET OFF ON LYING! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANNA HEAR! BECAUSE I GET OFF ON SOMEONE BELIEVING EVER WORD THAT COMES OUT OF MY FUCKING MOUTH.

He immediately regrets yelling.

Liz backs away.

LIZ

(Cold)

Have you slept with anyone since we've been together?

GRANT

yes.

Liz disappears down the street.

EXT. STREET. LATE NIGHT.

Grant jumps into his vehicle and screeches down the street.

INT. GRANTS CAR. CONTINUOUS.

Grants STRANGLES the wheel and SCREAMS through his tears.

GRANT
WHY CAN'T I STOP LYING! IDIOT! I
JUST LET HER WALK AWAY! FUCKING
IDIOT!

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM/DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

Grant sits calmly on the couch.

THERAPIST
How does it feel?

GRANT
My dad was pretty pissed seeing as
how he paid my way through
"college". As far as my friends go,
they weren't my friends. A part of
me who wanted to be them was
friends with them... Man, you
should've seen the look on Swings
face when I told him I didn't like
Joy Division... They used me for
the same reason I used them. My
stories gave them possibilities,
they encouraged them, they changed
their lives and they changed the
way people looked at me. Since I've
stopped telling them... I feel
lost... Then there's Liz, I thought
of calling, I imagined all these
different scenarios in which she
would understand somehow... but...
I'm gonna make it though... I
think...

INT. GRANTS BEDROOM. MORNING.

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

Grant Lays asleep in his bed. He looks peaceful.

The CAMERA slowly PANS back to REVEAL:

Liz's sitting on the side of his bed looking at Grant. Morning sun mixed with the white sheets makes them both look "Clean".

He wakes up and looks up at her. They take each other in.

(Note: she might say something here, I'm unsure)

CHRIS(O.S.)

Cut!...That's a wrap!... Frank that was awesome.

We pull away to REVEAL Frank holding a light to give the appearance of daylight.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. LATER.

Everyone is celebrating loudly. They try to get Chris to join in but he just watches everyone in a silent joy.

Marcus walks into the door holding two BOTTLES OF BOOZE. He is immediately caught off guard.

The GROUP screams at him in excitement.

Frank starts to get the equipment together. Everyone notices.

BLAISE

We still got a couple more hours.
lets celebrate a little.

FRANK

Lets just get everything back to
the trailer. Then we can party all
night.

CHRIS

(mediating)

No, everyone should stay.
Celebrate. We'll get everything
back in the truck, Blaise and I
will bring it back, were the ones
who know where it all goes anyway.

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)
It's pointless for everyone to
come. We'll be back in no time.

MOMENTS LATER...

Everyone is packing everything up.

INT. CHRIS' TRUCK. LATE NIGHT.

Jackie SLAMS the back hatch and walks to the driver window.

JACKIE
Hurry up kid, we got celebratin' to
do.

CHRIS
You got work tomorrow.

JACKIE
I'm thinking I might sleep in
tomorrow.

MOMENTS LATER.....

BLAISE
Bra, I can't believe were finished
this shit.

CHRIS
Yeah, I know.

BLAISE
Why aren't you more excited. This
is what you wanted.

CHRIS
When you've wanted something for so
long and you finally get it, you
don't know what to do... This is
just the beginning.

BLAISE
Your damn right its the beginning.
Were gonna be millionaires.

Blaise starts howling out the window.

Chris admires his energy.

Chris' phone rings.

CHRIS
(on phone)
Hey I got an ending for you.

Chris' face slightly distorts as he drives and listens.

Blaise still grinning with excitement. Chris covers the receiver.

CHRIS
Did you clear the Camera?

BLAISE
Yeah Baby! I got the whole thing back at your house! Just waiting for Sundance.

Blaise starts to yell again.

CHRIS
(calm, on phone)
Great, well I'll see you soon then.

He hangs up and slows the car.

CHRIS
Can you jump out and just check to make sure the hatch is closed? I hear something rattling.

BLAISE
Bra, were two blocks away. We made it this far lets just get this shit back.

CHRIS
(stern)
Just check it!

BLAISE
Alright.

Blaise exits and walks around the truck.

OFF THE REAR VIEW MIRROR...

Blaise stands and SLAMS the hatch closed then jumps off.

Chris PEELS out.

BLAISE(O.S.)
Chris!

TAIL LIGHTS...

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. SAME.

Our boys as well as some of the ACTORS in the film are partying in Chris living room.

C.U.: Jackie with a DRINK in his hand picks up his ringing phone.

JACKIE
(on phone)
Hello?... Cat, sweetheart is that you? Slow down!

His face drops.

INT. CHRIS' TRUCK. LATE NIGHT.

Chris drives calmly

CHRIS
(in mirror)
Your a filmmaker.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS test the cab of the truck. Chris continues till the lights consume the cab.

COP#1(O.S.)
Get out of the car!

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. MAGIC HOUR

--BLAISE'S POV

TIGHT ON BLAISE. He dashes around the corner with the phone in his ear. He's just in time to watch his friend get cuffed.

--SLIM"S POV

TIGHT ON SLIM. He stands looking helpless while he watches Chris.

--CAT'S POV

TIGHT ON CAT. She is standing next to Francis who speaks with a cop. Her tearful gaze is locked on Chris. He smiles at her and mouths the word "Thank You". She can't help but smile back through her flow of tears now.

CAMERA slowly pulls back from the scene. Blaise disappears as the SUN RISES. Chris is put into a car.

FADE TO BLACK:

There will be a voice over here.

1.VOICE OVER

Did you know Christopher Markers
had wrote and directed his own film
by the age of twenty four?

OR

2.CHRIS(O.S.)

And that was that. I got charged
with all the things we said we
would get charged with. So was it
worth it? Of course. I took a risk
and in my eyes it paid off. The
movie was released but with the
risk of incriminating my crew my
name couldn't be associated. Never
thought I would be able to put my
name in the same sentence as
DaVinci.

The Outro voice over has to be re-written.

Don't forget about slim .