Stealing Credit

By

JEREMY D. PAIGE
There are a lot of improvised scenes throughout 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 it’s 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 we’re 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 what’s 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 you’re 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 it’s 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 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.

CHRISS
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 what’s 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 waking towards the trailer.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
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 were 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.

CHRISt
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.

CHRISt
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.

CHRISt
You’ll get over it.

CAT
So where do we begin?

CHRISt
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, It's 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. What’s it about?

CHRIS
Well, I’m more of a filmmaker and every great filmmaker should come up with at least one original idea. Mine is sort of a work in progress. It’s 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 what’s 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 what’s 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’ with .....Oh 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? You’re the producer.

ERIN
I am and it’s 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
What’s 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
Your 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 (CONTD)
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 anything better to do? It’s six in the fucking morning.

Chris walks up with an 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 what's 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
That’s 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
What’s 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 she’s 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 we’re 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(CONTD)
(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 glance 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(CONTD)
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
What’s 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. Why's 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
It's gonna be dark as hell..how are we..

CHRIS
Frank can do that.. Just worry about the angles cause it's 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 what’s the plan?

CHRIS
Starting Monday we’re 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 happin 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 were 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 were 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 were 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 their 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 you’re 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
hes’ come be 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 know 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 names
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 bullshiting, 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 bullshiting 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 she’s 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
d 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 you’re 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 to 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 let’s 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 know everyone who’s gonna walk through the door before they do. We take the same route home because it’s 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 Shelly’s 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 "It’s 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 use 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)
She’s 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 were 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 your always asking me to do.

THERAPIST
I’m not completely sure that’s a good idea.

GRANT
What? Why?

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

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

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

Francis stands looking down (at equipment).

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

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

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

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.

Grant and Liz are intertwined beneath the sheets.

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
What’s 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
Where is 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 to 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 it’s hard for
you, but it’s not supposed 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 to. 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 supposed 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 dear head hanging above.

MARCUS
(off living room)
So what's 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, what's 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
We’re celebrating.

CHRIS
Celebrating what? We’re not even finished.
FRANK
The fact that we haven’t been caught yet.

Chris can’t argue that.

CHRIS
Where’s Dave?

FRANK
He was supposed 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 thousand 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)
It's 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 he’s alone with Cat.

C.U. on Cat and Chris’ conversation.

She leans even closer to him. Due to her body language clearly she’s a good listener.

CAT
So I want you to know something.

CHRIS
What’s 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 you’re 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. We're 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! You're 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
(Flashiing 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 ever 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 we’re 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?
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 an 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(CONTD)
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 EVERY 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 they 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.