



YIKES

by

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(Purchased Script Not Watermarked)

FADE IN:

1 INT. - KITCHEN - DAY 1

IAN, a man in his mid-thirties, scrawny build, stubble beard, is standing in his ECONOMY SIZED kitchen watching his toaster. Messed up hair, dazed look on his face. He just woke up. He holds a COFFEE MUG with a YELLOW SUN. The YELLOW PHONE on the wall rings.

IAN
Hello?

MORTY (O.S.)
(In receiver)
Good morning sunshine, or should I
say good afternoon?

IAN
(Hesitant) Morty?

2 INT. - MORTY'S OFFICE - DAY - SAME CONVERSATION 2

Morty's office is littered with papers dating back to the 1970s. MORTY is behind his desk.

MORTY
(Beat) So, yeah, enough with the
pleasantries, I got ya an audition
today. It's in an hour. Start
gettin' ready.

IAN
(Confused) This a joke Morty?

MORTY
No...it's an indie picture starring
one of those people from the show
in the apartment in New York... You
got this in the bag kid, you're
perfect.

In the back of Morty's office is a TELEVISION a few decades old, on it is an INDIAN WOMAN dancing erotically yet clothed.

IAN
Morty...(staring straight ahead)
...didn't you just call me about
this? Like (beat) a minute ago?

MORTY
Wha?...Kid, are you in or out?

IAN
 (beat) I'm in.

Toast pops up. We hear the sound of the scraping of toast...

CUT TO:

Ian is spreading BUTTER on his toast. He takes another scoop of butter on his knife when an eerie PORCELAIN noise is heard, like a dinner plate on a turn table. Ian stops spreading butter, looks down over his right shoulder.

PREMONITION: His coffee mug is in pieces, coffee spilled everywhere. The porcelain noise he hears is the one piece of his mug that is still spinning, the smiling sun. It stops and the premonition comes roaring back to reality.

Ian is staring at his toast. No shattered coffee mug. As Ian spins his body to look down, the butter knife knocks his coffee mug off the counter, breaking it. Ian stands there like a deer in headlights with no idea what to do.

3 INT. - BATHROOM - SOON AFTER

3

Ian stands bare chested in front of mirror, SHAVING CREAM on his face. Hot water is running in the sink. He leans forward to inspect himself in finer detail. He picks up the RAZOR from out of the sink and the world changes again:

PREMONITION: His face has been nicked. Deep red BLOOD mixes with pure white shaving cream. There are drops of blood across the steel slats. A drop of blood lands in the sink next to the running water.

Snapping out of it, Ian stands looking sternly in the mirror at himself. No blood, just fresh shaving cream and the blade held up in his left hand. He doesn't quite know what to do as he looks at the blade from the corner of his eyes. He moves the blade closer to his face and stops. Moves it again towards his face and he makes contact. We hear the light bristle of the blade and his stubble interact...

CUT TO:

4 INT. - NYC STREET - DAY

4

Ian rides his BICYCLE down the street with two pieces of TISSUE PAPER stuck to his face, adhered by blood.

5 INT. - CASTING STUDIO - DAY

5

Ian sits in a row of SEATS with other ACTORS also studying the lines. Ian is intently focused on the SCRIPT in front of him when actor sitting next to him notices the paper on his face, nudges him and points it out.

IAN

Oh! ...Thanks.

Ian removes the tissue paper. He looks to his right and sees a muscular black man reciting the same lines he is. Ian thinks nothing of it. He looks to his left and there are two more black men rehearsing, both muscle bound. The man pacing is black. Ian sits back in his chair slightly confused. An ASSISTANT opens the door to the audition room as another actor walks out. She reads aloud:

ASSISTANT

Ian?

Ian looks up at her.

IAN

Yes that's me.

ASSISTANT

They're ready for you.

Ian stands up swiftly with confidence.

CUT TO:

6 INT. - AUDITION ROOM - DAY

6

Ian stands in the front of the room, nobody is talking, just staring at each other. There is a CAMERA on a tripod with an indifferent cameraman. The director and his two producers are seated on the far side of the room on a YELLOW COUCH. All of them snooty.

ASSISTANT

OK, please state your name.

IAN

Ian Eagle.

DIRECTOR

Ian Eagle?

IAN

(Proud) It's a stage name.

DIRECTOR
 (Condescending)
 Hi Ian, I'm Vince, I'll be directing this project. Thank you for coming in... which role are you auditioning for today?

IAN
 I'll be auditioning for the role of George.

PRODUCER #1
 (beat)
 George?

The director looks over to his producers and back.

DIRECTOR
 OK Ian. Well whenever you're ready.

A premonition begins:

PREMONITION: Ian sees the filmmakers laughing hysterically.

He comes back to reality and is speechless.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Ian?

IAN
 Um...yes...

Ian centers himself, clears his throat. He squints his eyes and acts vaguely like Luke Perry(or someone else that is WAY off the mark) because that's how Ian sees George's character:

IAN (CONT'D)
 What's the matter-....
 (Starting again)
 Whats the matta with you boy?

ASSISTANT
 (Reading aloud) T-Bone shrugs and says nothing.

IAN
 T-Bone, you got wax in those big ass elephant ears of yours? Why don't you be a man and explain your-(looking down)...yo-self.

ASSISTANT
 (reading) Asshole, do you know who you're speaking to?

IAN

You nobody. Yeah I might be speakin' to a person with a dick tween his legs but that don't make his black ass a man-

DIRECTOR

-OK Ian I'm gonna cut you off there.

Ian stops, takes a breath with confidence.

IAN

(pointing to his script pages)
Very edgy stuff.

DIRECTOR

I have to ask, did you get a chance to read the rest of the script?

IAN

No, the girl at the front desk only had these pages...no...breakdown.

The filmmakers are trying to hide their smile. The director masks his smile, chokes back laughter.

DIRECTOR

OK, well the part of George is written as a six-foot-four Navy Seal from the South Bronx...who's also black.

Ian is clearly embarrassed.

IAN

Oh...I just...I just thought he was really racist...

Ian scratches the back of his head in nervousness.

DIRECTOR

(Choking back laughter)
We'll call you.

CUT TO:

7 INT. - CASTING STUDIO - SAME TIME

7

Ian walks out of the audition room scratching the back of his head as laughter emanates from inside.

MORTY (O.S.)
 What do you mean they were laughing
 at you?

CUT TO:

8 EXT. - PAYPHONE - SUNSET 8

Ian is standing on a corner on a pay phone.

IAN
 They were laughing at me Morty.

MORTY (O.S.)
 Hey, well you must have made an
 impression...that's good right?

9 INT. - MORTY'S OFFICE - SAME CONVERSATION 9

Morty is sitting behind his desk on the phone as an actress
 sits across from him. Her name is SARAH, she is a snotty
 hipster who wears a winter HAT 3 sizes too large.

MORTY
 I'll bet you my heart medication
 that they'll never forget your name
 kid.

IAN
 Morty...um... (beat)
 Did you read the casting call?

MORTY
 Ian, I must've mixed you up with
 another client. I couldn't be more
 torn up about it. I swear kid...

Sarah is staring at Morty getting irritated.

MORTY (CONT'D)
 (Overly dramatic)
 In fact I'm ready to open up my
 arteries over the whole thing...
 (Dryly)
 But you caught me at a bad time,
 I'm with a client right now.

IAN
 Morty. (beat)
 I've been seeing things.

MORTY
(Sigh) What kinda things?

Morty puts his hand up to Sarah to calm her.

IAN
Like, I've been...seeing things
before they happen...like
getting...I don't know... Deja vu
all day.

MORTY
Kid, you're just tired. That's what
happens when you're tired. We can
talk more but I'm with a client-

IAN
Morty, this is different.

Sarah stares impatiently.

MORTY
Kid I'm telling you, I saw a
special on it once, its like your
brain skips a beat and makes the
same memory twice. Listen, I'm
sorry but I really gotta go-

IAN
Can you just listen to me-

MORTY
Ah jeez, every Tom, Dick and Gary
get Deja Vu kid. And EVERYBODY
thinks it's a poignant moment in
their life that the world needs to
listen to.

SARAH
I get Deja Vu's Morty.

MORTY
Honey, nobody wants to hear it.

SARAH
But they're poignant.

IAN
Morty what do I do?

MORTY
Quit your bitchin' and go to a
casino!

Morty hangs up the phone, Ian hangs up reluctantly.

PETE (O.S.)

Ian, whether you like it or not,
you're going to have to do
something about this soon.

CUT TO:

10

INT. - BAR - NIGHT

10

Ian sits across from a BARTENDER in an IRISH PUB. An odd POLKA tune is playing on the jukebox. The bar is scarcely littered, no conversations, everybody is there by themselves.

IAN

What?

PETE

You've been staring at the bar for
the past twenty minutes...do you
know what you want?

IAN

Yes. Well...I know what I'm going
to drink. I don't know what I want.

PETE

Why would you order something you
don't want?

IAN

I'm not ordering anything. I said I
know what I'm going to *drink*.

PETE

(Beat) I'm not playing a game of
semantics with you.

IAN

And I don't want you to. I'm just
saying that I know what I'm *going*
to have, but it isn't what I want.

PETE

And what would that be?

IAN

(Beat) You ever have Deja Vu Pete?

PETE

...Bourbon it is.

The bartender turns and grabs a bottle of bourbon, pours it into a small glass and sets it in front of Ian. Walks away. Ian lifts his glass to the one other guy in the bar as a "cheers" sentiment but it isn't returned. Disgusted Ian sips the bourbon. When he puts the glass on the bar, a premonition begins.

PREMONITION: Ian looks up and Pete has his hands up in a defenseless manner, talking and nervous to somebody near the door. Ian looks and there is a MAN holding a gun. Screaming. Angry. Dangerous. Motioning with his gun. Pete's hand begins to lower towards something under the bar. The robber doesn't like this, warns him but Pete keeps reaching underneath. Gun goes off. A FLASH.

Ian is sprinkled with spots of blood. Another FLASH. The gun then turns towards Ian in complete fear.

Ian snaps out of it. Polka music. Panicked, he remains frozen in fear staring at the door. Pete is talking to the one other bar patron.

IAN

Pete.

Polka music is playing, Pete is out of earshot and doesn't hear.

IAN (CONT'D)

Pete. Lock the door.

Pete still doesn't hear.

CUT TO:

TRACKING SHOT - BEHIND ROBBER

We hear a door swing open and we see a 9mm semi-automatic pistol tucked behind the robbers back into his belt. We follow the robber about ten feet into the bar. He reaches behind his back.

CLOSEUP - ROBBER'S FACE

He takes a big breath in as he's about to speak.

ROBBER #1

(INHALE) OK every-

WIDE - BAR

Ian is standing uncomfortably close to the Robber, his presence makes the Robber cut himself off. They stare at each other for a beat, his hand still behind his back about to reach for the gun and Ian very clumsily sucker punches the robber, knocking him out cold.

Pete takes a step back in awe, Ian stands over the robber breathing heavily from his adrenaline. He looks up at Pete and the bar patron.

PETE

What the hell is wrong with you,
you god damn goon?!

IAN

(Beat) He!.....he was gonna...

It is no use, there is no way to explain. Ian's adrenaline quickly drains and he is back at square one.

11 EXT. - BAR - NIGHT

11

Ian stands in front of the bar for a moment, his hands trembling. He looks up towards the sky, studies it. Side steps to a small metal newspaper shelf, removes a paper.

Opens the newspaper, holds it above his head and a moment later the sound of THUNDER erupts. A strong surge of RAIN falls, the newspaper shields him.

CUT TO: BLACK