



YIKES

by

MICHAEL FODERA

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(Purchased Script Not Watermarked)

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.