

EXT. PARKING LOT OF CREATIVE ACTORS AGENCY -- DAY

A 1996 Pontiac rolls into the parking lot. It's rather dirty and is missing two hubcaps. JAIMI steps out in a cheap looking suit. He walks into the front door.

INT. CREATIVE ACTORS AGENCY -- DAY

It's morning and the office is already busy with people going about their day in the "normal" hollywood pace. JAIMI gets to his office and shuts his door, cutting off the noise. He looks at his phone which contains no messages and leans back in his chair. Although only 35, stress is rapidly aging his face. The door opens.

FRANK:

Hey man, you're late again.

JAIMI:

Yeah, I know. I had to get gas and...

FRANK:

I'm just kidding. Bobby doesn't know. He does want to see you though.

JAIMI:

About what?

FRANK:

I don't know, but he's in a bad mood. I guess Tommy just lost Frankie Munoz to Vision Finders.

JAIMI:

All right, thanks.

FRANK:

No problem.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONT

Jaimi is walking towards his boss's office. Every step he's adjusting something else on his suit.

INT. ROBERT KEYS OFFICE -- DAY

Mr. Keys is standing by the window looking out at the parking lot. He's directly looking at Jaimi's dirty old red car. Knock, knock.

ROBERT:

Come in.

JAIMI:  
Mr. Keys, you wanted to see me.

ROBERT:  
Yes, sit down.  
(pause)  
Red Bull?

JAIMI:  
No.

Robert grabs one for himself out of his mini fridge, which is full of just Red Bull, and chugs it. Upon finishing it, he proceeds to crush it and throw it in the trash, much like a college student does a beer.

ROBERT:  
How's your day going, Jaimi?

JAIMI:  
Uh, well it just started but it's been okay.

ROBERT:  
Uh-huh. How bout your week?

JAIMI:  
It's been...

ROBERT:  
Or your month, or your year, hell, how about the last 13 months?

JAIMI:  
Uh, thirteen months, sir?

ROBERT:  
Yeah, thirteen months. I brought it up because that was the last time a client's commission went through accounting.

JAIMI:  
Oh.

ROBERT:  
So like I said, how's the last thirteen months been going? What the hell have you been doing?

JAIMI:  
I don't know. Just been trying to sign some new clients.

ROBERT:  
Give me a break. You haven't signed  
anyone in a year!

Jaimi does not have an answer and Robert takes a minute to  
collect his thoughts.

ROBERT: (CONT'D)  
You know Jaimi, when you first came here  
you had that rare gift of spotting  
talent before they hit it big. For a  
while, you were our biggest asset.

JAIMI:  
And I can get back to that stage, I just  
need a little more time.

ROBERT:  
You know why Stanley Kubrick could take  
off a decade and still get A list  
actors?

JAIMI:  
Why?

ROBERT:  
Because HE was the talent. You may live  
in Hollywood and hang with celebrities,  
but THEY are the talent; not you. We  
are strictly businessmen and the only  
thing that counts is the bottom line.  
If you don't perform soon, and I mean  
very soon, you're out on your ass.

Robert walks to his desk, picks up a folder and drops it on  
Jaimi's lap.

ROBERT: (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna be your friend and give you  
this client.

Jaimi opens the folder to see a headshot of a mid 20's  
pretty boy with blond frosted tipped hair. He's the typical  
"California dude" look that people NOT from California try  
to pull off.

ROBERT: (CONT'D)  
His name is Christian Summers. He's  
been on Real World and Fear Factor and  
he's trying to become an actor.

JAIMI:  
But Bob, these people never amount to  
anything.

ROBERT:  
I've seen this guy act. He's not bad.  
He's got a good look.

Robert gets in Jaimi's ear.

ROBERT: (CONT'D)  
I want him signed and auditioning within  
the week. Otherwise, otherwise, you're  
gonna be pawning this suit to make rent.

INT. FRIENDS PARTY -- DAY

Jaimi walks in the front door and immediately sees his  
friend who is hosting the party.

KATIE:  
Jaimi, over here.

They embrace in a hug.

JAIMI:  
Katie, how are you? The place looks  
great. It's a lot bigger than your old  
house.

KATIE:  
Isn't it! It looks so much better than  
I even imagined. Here, let me give you  
a first floor tour.

The two of them walk around and she points to the usual  
stuff people point out in house tours. They walk by a group  
of four guys who don't look like the usual clientele of a  
Hollywood Hills party. The tallest one puts in a dip.

KATIE: (CONT'D)  
And here's the part you've probably been  
waiting to see, the bar.

JAIMI:  
Indeed.

KATIE:  
So I'm gonna do my hostess thing. Make  
yourself at home.

Katie walks away and stops at the four out of place guys.

KATIE: (CONT'D)  
Guys, I really can't thank you enough!

TRAVIS:

Oh, it's nothing. We're just a little worried this floor doesn't give out. Joel here put in two less floor studs.

KATIE:  
Are you serious?

JOEL:  
No, he's fucking with you.

Travis smiles.

KATIE:  
Oh, okay, funny. Well drink up, I don't want any of that liquor left.

ANDY:  
We'll make sure of it.

Jaimi fixes himself a drink and looks around the room. He sees a lot of well dressed people, the group of out of place guys, and alas, the reason for being there: CHRISTIAN SUMMERS. Christian is dressed in the latest fashion and looks just like his headshot. He's talking to a beautiful young girl. Jaimi swallows the rest of his Dewar's and heads towards him.

CHRISTIAN:  
So there we are, piss drunk, 20 miles away from the house and there's no cameraman in sight. Now you gotta understand how relieved we were not to have a camera like, Right in our face! You know it's like, "Yo, MTV, thanks for putting me on the show but I gotta breathe! You know? You know?"

The girl nods, so happy that she's talking with a "celebrity".

JAIMI:  
Christian Summers, right?

CHRISTIAN:  
Yeah, nice to meet you.

Christian barely looks at him and goes back to his story.

CHRISTIAN: (CONT'D)  
So we find this hole in the wall bar, I swear to God I thought it was some old speakeasy from the 30's...

JAIMI:

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