

THE PICK-UP GUY

by

Vandon N. Gibbs

770-778-6665

WGA Registration: 1270355

vgibbs@graphitepictures.com

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM/RUSS' APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON RUSSELL TAYLOR (40's) as he looks at us with intense eyes. His look is distinct, yet generic. You could mistake him for a movie star or a guy who bagged your groceries last week. CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS OUT AS HE STARTS TO SPEAK -- a la the opening shot from *The Godfather*.

RUSS

You thought I was someone who
cared. Someone who likes puppies
and ice cream. But now you know...
I'm that one. Mr. Not-To-Be-Fucked-
With and you just pissed on my
shoes.

He musters strength for a BEAT, then--

RUSS (CONT'D)

Two things can happen now: I can
fuck you up or I can fuck you up.
Your choice. Just know you have
options. But I want to give you
another road. You tap out and
leave me the fuck alone... or I'll
make you wish to God you had.

Then we see what he's looking at -- not us, but a SMALL CAMERA ON A TRIPOD. HE'S RECORDING HIMSELF: A SELF-TAPED AUDITION. He looks down at the CRUMPLED SCRIPT he's holding and finds his place before starting again.

RUSS (CONT'D)

(back into camera)

But I want to give you another
road.

(with different
inflection)

But I want to give you another
road. You tap out and leave me the
fuck alone or I'll make you wish to
God you had.

It's a shitty read and he knows it. He's saved by his RINGING PHONE. He stops the camera and answers.

RUSS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm in the middle of an audition.

It's Sal, a foul-mouthed curmudgeon.

SAL (V.O.)
I don't give a fuck what the fuck
you were fuckin' doing! I've
called you three fucking times.

RUSS
It's the biggest one I've ever had.

SAL (V.O.)
Question: How old are you? Answer:
Old as fuck. Don't you think if
you were gonna make it, it woulda'
happened by now? Now you wanna
pick-up or not?

Russ holds; the truth hurts.

RUSS
(reluctantly)
Yeah.

Russ grabs a pencil and paper, jotting down the info as Sal
talks.

SAL (V.O.)
118 Summit Plaza. Name's Carter.
He's a partner at some high-end
transportation company. They rent
out private jets, helicopters,
luxury cars. Why am I telling you
all this? Because it let's you
know he can afford to pay. So
don't go gettin' all faggotty if he
gives you some sob story about
having nut cancer. No more Mr.
Nice Guy. Twelve grand. Get it or
beat him until his mother can't
pick him out of a fucking line-up.

RUSS
(unsure)
Carter? Is that the first or last
name?

SAL (V.O.)
What?

RUSS
You know: Carter. It's one of
those names that could be either
or. So... which is it?

SAL (V.O.)
(losing it)
It's his fucking maiden name! Just
ask for Carter. Carter, Carter,
Carter! Carter with a fucking C. C
as in cunt, you... you cunt!

CLICK. Sal slams the phone down, hanging up.

EXT. PARKING LOT/GRUBER TRANSPORTATION - DAY

Russ opens the trunk of his piece of shit coupe and pulls out
an ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT.

INT. LOBBY/GRUBER TRANSPORTATION - DAY

Russ, carrying the bat, walks through the Gruber lobby that's
littered with PICTURES and MODELS of G4 JETS, LAMBORGHINI'S,
and JET RANGER HELICOPTERS. It's high-end stuff indeed.
He's greeted by a ditzy RECEPTIONIST (woman, early 20's).

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?

RUSS
(unsure)
Yes, I'm looking for a... Carter?

RECEPTIONIST
(confused)
Is that a first or last name?

INT. CARTER'S OFFICE/GRUBER TRANSPORTATION - MOMENTS LATER

CARTER'S (40's) phone RINGS.

CARTER
(answering phone)
This is Carter.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
You have a visitor.

EXT. GRUBER TRANSPORTATION - DAY

Russ and Carter stand by the dumpsters behind the building
for privacy. Russ takes out a cigarette for himself and
offers one to Carter, who takes it with trembling hands.

CARTER
(re: cigarette)
Trying to quit.

RUSS
Yeah, me too.

Russ lights Carter's cigarette, then his own. They smoke together like a pair of co-workers on break.

CARTER
What's your name?

RUSS
I'm the Pick-Up Guy. That's all
you need to know.

CARTER
Just saying... you look familiar.
(recognizing)
Wait. Do you have hemorrhoids?

Russ chuckles, flattered.

CARTER (CONT'D)
You do! You're the guy from those
hemorrhoid commercials!

RUSS
Anusol.

CARTER
Right! Anusol! Man those things
were hilarious.
(laughing a little)
Like the one where you're standing
when you're getting a haircut,
'cause you know... you can't sit
down.
(laughing harder)
Or the other one when you're
jogging and the back of your pants
catch fire.

RUSS
(annoyed)
I've seen 'em.

CARTER
(still teasing)
Sorry, am I being a 'pain in the
ass'?

RUSS
(sarcastic)
Funny.

CARTER
What are those things, like seven,
eight years old?

RUSS
Eleven.

CARTER
Wow. You been in anything else
since then? Like a big movie or
something?

RUSS
No.

CARTER
Why not?

No answer from Russ. He flicks away his cigarette, time for
business.

RUSS
Money. Let's talk it.

CARTER
It's complicated.

RUSS
Then simplify it for me -- no big
words.

Carter takes a moment, mustering strength.

CARTER
I'm going through a divorce. The
lawyer fees, the alimony, the child
support. I got in a hole and
panicked. Look, I know I shouldn't
gamble, especially with sharks like
Sal, but it was the only thing I
could think of to get caught up. I
mean, is there something we can do?
An arrangement?

Russ is taken aback; genuinely concerned.

RUSS
How much can you get me right now?

EXT. BANK ATM - DAY

Carter takes three hundred dollars in twenties from an ATM and hands it to Russ, who's not impressed.

RUSS
This it?

CARTER
Until the fifteenth. That's when
my mother's taking out a loan
against her 401k for me.

Russ gives him a "don't fuck with me" look.

CARTER (CONT'D)
I swear on my kids. Two weeks.

RUSS
(reiterating)
Two weeks.

CARTER
So Sal's gonna be good with all
this?

RUSS
What do you think?

CARTER
Then what do we do?

RUSS
I kick the ever-living dog-shit
outta you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Russ snaps three quick pictures of Carter's face with his cell phone, that now has two black eyes and a bloody nose via shoe polish and fake blood from Russ' small make-up kit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Carter cleans the shoe polish and fake blood off of his face with a dingy rag.

CARTER
I can't thank you enough.

RUSS
Don't thank me, pay me.

CARTER
I am. Two weeks. That's if I can
make it until then.

RUSS
What do you mean?

CARTER
It's nothing.

RUSS
Tell me.

CARTER
It's just...

RUSS
What???

CARTER
Well it's just that the three
hundred I gave you. It was all I
had.

RUSS
And?

CARTER
And now I don't have gas money.
How am I gonna get to work?

RUSS
Hitchhike.

CARTER
I live in the sticks.

Russ pulls out the three-hundred that Carter just gave him.

RUSS
How much?

CARTER
Eighty.

Russ gives him eighty dollars.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Wow. This is more than fair. I
just wish... you know... I had a
little more for groceries.

RUSS
You have got to be kidding me.

CARTER
No, no, no. It's okay. I can just
fast... for two weeks.

RUSS
How much?

CARTER
Two-twenty.

RUSS
Fuck you!

CARTER
I'll pay you back when I get the
money from my aunt.

RUSS
Thought you said it was your
mother?

CARTER
Sometimes I call my mother my aunt.

Russ can't believe what he's about to do.

RUSS
Here...

Russ gives him the two-twenty.

RUSS (CONT'D)
...I worked for free today.

CARTER
(elated)
Man, I owe you big.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Carter's tires SCREECH and Russ watches him peel off.

FREEZE FRAME ON RUSS.

RUSS (V.O.)
As far back as I can remember, I
always wanted to be an actor.

TITLE CARD READS: THE PICK-UP GUY

TONY BENNETT'S *RAG'S TO RICHES* PLAYS OVER FOLLOWING MONTAGE
(just like in *Goodfellas*).

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Russ (in his early 20's) gets CHEESY HEADSHOTS (bad 80's
hair, stupid smile, acne, etc) taken by a PHOTOGRAPHER.

RUSS (V.O.)
I stormed Hollywood like the beach
of fucking Normandy.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

AGENT looks at Russ' headshots.

AGENT
Too young.

INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY

PRODUCER looks at Russ' headshots.

PRODUCER
Too old.

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CASTING DIRECTOR looks at Russ' headshots.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Too ugly.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Russ (late 20's) walks through the background as the
PRINCIPLE ACTORS deliver their lines.

RUSS (V.O.)
My roles ranged from an extra...

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Russ (in his 30's) walks by again in the background, this
time a little closer to the action.

RUSS (V.O.)
...to Featured Extra...

INT. BAR/MOVIE SET - DAY

Russ (40's) wipes down the bar while playing a BARTENDER.

RUSS (V.O.)
...to a little something I like to
call the 'Thataway' guy.

LEAD ACTOR (20's, handsome) runs frantically into the bar.

LEAD ACTOR
(in a panic)
Where'd she go? Where'd she go?!?!

Russ points east.

BARTENDER/RUSS
(overly dramatic)
Thataway.

RUSS (V.O.)
What do I love about acting?

INT. MOVIE SET - NIGHT

Russ is set on fire and kicked out of a window while working as a stunt man.

RUSS (V.O.)
The rush. Physically transcending
into something I'm not.

EXT. STREET/MOVIE SET - DAY

Russ, working as a stunt driver, FLIPS a car while filming a chase scene.

RUSS (V.O.)
Living in a moment that's someone
else's life. What do I hate about
acting?

TONY BENNETT AND MONTAGE END.