

Standing Man

By

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Camp Productions

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EXT. FULTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Numerous members of the PRESS stand around the courthouse. STILL PHOTOGRAPHERS, CAMERA MEN, TV and NEWSPAPER REPORTERS are either crowding around court witnesses as they enter the building or doing television commentary.

Numerous FANS stand in support of the Defendant. Most are dressed in jeans and hold up cardboard signs.

INT. COURTHOUSE

DEFENDANT'S TABLE

REAR ANGLE

ROSCOE ARBIE, mid 30's, very large and tall male, hefty, large arms, dressed in a formal suit, short hair cut, sits in the defendants chair. His lawyer, ELEANOR JOHNSON, mid 50's, dressed in a conservative and professional manner, sports glasses, sits next to him.

The BALIFF, short male, mid 30's, stocky. Stands on the side of the BENCH.

BALIFF

All rise.

JUDGE MICHAEL GARRET: Mid 60's, male, tall appearance, wears customary robe. He paces quickly to his bench.

JUDGE

The court will hear the opening argument of "The People vs. Roscoe Arbie."

THE PROSECUTOR: Medium sized male, mid 40's, wears toupee, short, old fashioned moustache and suit. Looks like a nightmare high school principle. Talks slow, deep, and with authority. He walks to the Jury and studies them. He then speaks.

PROSECUTOR

When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Beyond a reasonable doubt that is its definition. Roscoe Arbie murdered Max Segal with a 45 caliber hand gun. He shot him in cold blood.

FRONT ANGLE: ROSCOE ARBIE & ELEANOR

(CONTINUED)

Roscoe has a fat, baby like face. He has very broad shoulders. Roscoe gives the Prosecutor a motionless stare.

Eleanor looks like the friendly lady from next door or a trusting guidance counselor. She wears a pleasant expression while observing the Prosecutors argument.

PROSECUTOR

(continuing)

Roscoe Arbie is a comedian. That's one of the ways to describe him. A man that has an immense talent for making people laugh. Roscoe Arbie is also a self centered, eccentric, violent and murderous sociopath who feels he has no moral obligation to society what so ever. On the night in question, October 31st, in the year 2003, Mr. Arbie was attending his own party. The occasion was Roscoe Arbie's successful audition for the new cast of Saturday Night Live. Max Segal, a private but very powerful agent, possessed the connections to get Mr. Arbie this audition. After Mr. Arbie's rather significant accomplishment, he felt he no longer needed Max. He was right where he wanted to be. In the limelight. Max Segal was now extra baggage and no longer necessary. And so Mr. Arbie shot Max Segal. In cold blood. In front of at least 4 witnesses.

The Prosecutor looks at Roscoe.

Roscoe writes in his notebook.

PROSECUTOR

(continuing)

Why is only one coming forward?
Well-

Roscoe continues to write in his notebook. The words are heard as he writes them.

ROSCOE (V.O.)

I am a comedian. I'm not a clown or a court jester. I'm a political commentator. A master of satire. I introduce aspects of life, some of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE (V.O.) (cont'd)
which are too painful for you to deal with. The only way you accept them is with a laugh. Voltaire said, "God was a comedian playing to an audience that's scared to laugh." I agree. Until people are ready to laugh at God's jokes, I'll have to do. I'm not scared to laugh. Not at this guy.

The Prosecutor continues his argument. Roscoe's V.O. is HEARD over it.

The JURY is shown. Reactions go from bored to disturbed to suspicious.

ROSCOE (V.O.)
(continuing)
If I know anything, I know how to read an audience and nobody's buyin this bullshit. Because no matter how hard they try, the jury'll never come up with a reason for me to kill Max Segal.

Roscoe writes carefully.

ROSCOE (V.O.)
(continuing)
He discovered me. He was the guy who gave me a reason to go on - living - in - this - armpit - of - a - planet.

HIS P.O.V.

Roscoe's notebook is shown as he writes in it. It reads, "PS: Always look official"

ROSCOE'S FLASHBACK

OCTOBER 10, 2002

EXT. COMEDY SPOT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The club stands on a busy street. It is a large, dated, red brick building. The billboard reads "AMATEUR NIGHT".

INT. COMEDY SPOT NIGHT CLUB

STAGE AREA

The dated, old styled but spacious club is half packed. There is a large seating area which consists of tables all around the space facing the stage. Bars are present on the far corners.

STAGE:

COMIC 1: Jeans, long hair, mid 20's. He is nervous and striking out.

COMIC 1

When I say women are confusing, I'm not talking about an argument with my girlfriend. I'm talking about being tricked by a transvestite.

FRONT DOOR OF CLUB

BOUNCER, tall and muscular, mid 30's, dresses in suit, wears ponytail hairstyle.

AUDREY, pretty, medium height, classy, long hair, dress. She is the HOSTESS.

MAX, mid 50's, dressed in an expensive, classy suit, hard look, friendly, thick hair, handsome.

Max enters. He passes the BOUNCER. They exchange nods.

He steps to the Hostess Station. Audrey smiles at him. He hands her a 20 dollar bill. Audrey leads him to his seat.

AUDREY

Thanks Max.

MAX

When are you gonna stop thanking me Audrey? You're a pleasure to behold.

Max is led to LEON'S table.

LEON'S TABLE: BACK OF CLUB

LEON, mid 40's, hard look, average build, 100 percent business man, wears nice suit. He welcomes Max by leaning back, smiling and shaking his hand.

(CONTINUED)

LEON
Hey Max. How are you?

MAX
How ya doin Leon?

STAGE

COMIC 1
The cabbies here are weird man.

RUDE VOICE 1
Yeah?! Why don't ya catch one now?!

Laughter is heard. Comic 1 is upset while looking out to the audience.

LEON'S TABLE

Max sits down. Audrey has a pleasant attitude.

AUDREY
One bottle of champagne coming up.

Max smiles softly at her as she leaves. He then takes out a wad of bills and hands them to Leon. Leon is motionless but laid back and friendly as he looks at Max.

LEON
Forget about it Max.

MAX
(Apologetic)
Look...Leon, I -

LEON
No worries Max. Really. It's
alright.

Max puts his money back in his pocket.

MAX
Bookies, ya know? They don't give
ya a break.

STAGE

MC: Stout, mid 20's, short, wears purple hat, jeans, looks like hippie. He steps from the rear left of the stage to the mike.

(CONTINUED)

MC

And that's Tony Wagner or Wider..

Boos are HEARD.

BACKSTAGE

The backstage hallway is packed with COMICS, young, old, male and female. They are rehearsing, pacing, praying, etc. There is also a downstairs area.

JENNIFER: Short, sexy blonde, early 20's, jeans and nice shirt, shapely.

Jennifer looks on a call sheet to call out the next Comic. She stands in the midst of them backstage. Comic One angrily walks past her and the others.

COMIC 1

Ya got a bunch of drunk assholes out there.

MC (O.S.)

Next on our list is a young lady from Tucson, Arizona.

Jennifer looks up from her list. She yells.

JENNIFER

Doris McCentyre? Doris?

DORIS: Mid 30's, classy brown dress, short hair. Doris is nervous. She steps upstairs and approaches Jennifer.

DORIS

Yes?

JENNIFER

You're up sweetie.

Doris nods and tries to smile. They walk towards the entrance of the stage. Jennifer is calming to her.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

Good luck or break a leg. Which ever comes first.

They stand by the stage. Jennifer looks out at the MC. Doris panics. She walks quickly to the back area and out of view.

JENNIFER'S P.O.V.

The MC is seen through a slit in the curtain.

(CONTINUED)

MC
And here she is. Finally. Doris
McCentyre.

BACK TO JENNIFER

Jennifer looks to her right. Doris is gone. She shakes her head in frustration at the MC, throwing up her hands as if she doesn't know what's happened.

DOWNSTAIRS AREA

The Downstairs waiting lounge is scarcely packed. 4 COMICS are seen nervously sitting down. ROSCOE is dressed in a light jacket, khakis and shirt. He chants to himself in whispers.

ROSCOE
Who's the champ? I'm the champ.
Who's the champ? I'm the champ.
Who's the Champ?.....

Jennifer's voice gets louder and louder as she approaches.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Roscoe Arbie? Roscoe?

Jennifer comes into the lounge. Roscoe gets up.

ROSCOE
That's me.

Roscoe picks up his backpack and walks to her.

HALLWAY LEADING TO STAGE

Roscoe and Jennifer approach the stage. Roscoe continues chanting to himself. Jennifer looks at him. She gives the MC a thumbs up.

STAGE AREA

MC
Yes. He is here. From the windy
city of Chicago. I give you Roscoe
Arbie.

The MC steps back to his space near the backstage entrance. Roscoe slowly walks on stage with a large Duffle Bag strapped around his shoulders. He places it on the floor of the stage. The lights and stage make him look even larger than his six ft.4, 260 lb. frame. Roscoe holds the mike at the end of the stage. He stares motionless at the audience as though he were studying it.

(CONTINUED)

The Audience stares at him with a morbid curiosity.

HIS P.O.V.

TWO PRIESTS are sharing a table towards the back.

A short BALD GUY, mid 40's, casually dressed, sits with his GIRLFRIEND towards the middle of the club.

BACK TO ROSCOE

Roscoe seems causal but insecure.

ROSCOE

I'm gonna come out with something....that uh.. I know people are gonna have some problems with.

The crowd looks mildly interested.

Roscoe dips down in his bag while he speaks.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

It's taking me a lot of nerve to admit this so don't laugh. Okay, I'm ...

Roscoe puts on a PAIR of CHEAP DEVIL HORNS.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

I'm the Anti - Christ.

The crowd laughs. Roscoe takes the mike off the stand and walks out into the audience.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

Hold on. Alright.. alright.... give it a rest. We all got a little something.

The crowds laughter goes down.

Roscoe walks in the middle of the TABLES.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

I come here to talk because I'm a little pissed at the way I'm being treated.

(CONTINUED)

Soft Laughter

ROSCOE
(continuing)
For example.. for example. Some guy
goes out and cheats on his wife.
They go to church and blame it on
me.

Roscoe pauses then yells.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I don't even know this horny son of
a bitch!!!

Laughter

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I got women of my own to take care
of! What the fuck would I try and
help him out for?!

Laughter. Roscoe Calms down.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
There's a war goin on.

Soft Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Yeah. I did the whole thing. It's
my fucking fault. But did I ever
tell anyone there were WMD'S in
Iraq???! It was the fucking
President!!!

Audience laughs.

ROSCOE
(continuing; To Audience)
Shut up!

Audience continues to laugh. They finally quiet down.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Everyone's so politically correct
when it comes to their own image.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE (cont'd)
What about me? And what's this
movie shit?

Soft laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
The Omen! This 666 shit! I don't
even know what the fuck that number
is.

Laughter.

Roscoe looks on his sleeves and chest as he talks.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I look on my arms.. all over my
fucking body... there's nothing
there. I got no tattoos.

Soft laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Oh wait. That ain't the worst of
it. My girlfriend's a dog in this
one. I'm not talking about an ugly
girl. She's a fucking dog! She's
got four legs and a tail. She's a
goddamn canine for crying out loud!

Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
All the beautiful women I have. Oh
it's time to have a son. Bring the
fucking dog out honey.

Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
That's fucken disgusting.

Soft Laughter

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I couldn't get a date for a year
after that movie. That stinking
shit of a mutt!!

Soft laughter

ROSCOE

(continuing)

And the kid comes out beautiful.
How the fuck did that happen? I
fuck Mia Farrow in Rosmary's Baby
and I get a monster as a kid. I
fuck a dog and get a normal kid.
Who writes this shit?

Laughter and applause.

BACK TO ROSCOE

Roscoe looks to the back of the club.

HIS P.O.V.

The TWO PRIESTS are shown. They look puzzled but curious.

BACK TO SCENE.

Roscoe looks at the Priests.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

Hooooolllllllyyyyyy Jesus!

Roscoe walks to the TWO PRIESTS and stands in front of their table.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

Jesus H. Christ. Well what the hell
do we have here?! You fuckers
really made a name for yourselves
haven't ya?

The audience laughs softly. The Priests are not entertained.
PRIEST ONE stares at Roscoe.

PRIEST 2

Excuse me?

ROSCOE

You're gonna come in here and act
like you're some holy fucking
virgins are ya?! Are Ya?! Hell
no!!! Did you two notice the sign
in front of the fucking building
before ya walked in?! It said over
21! Ya didn't make a wrong turn on

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE (cont'd)
the way to an elementary school.
Did ya?!

PRIEST 2 slowly gets up to face off with Roscoe. PRIEST 1 gently restrains him.

Roscoe comically returns to a normal state of mind.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Whoa.

LEON'S TABLE

Leon looks concerned. Max is humored but unnerved. He looks around but still concentrates on the action.

BACK TO ROSCOE

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Sir. You wanna sit down for the
remainder of the show?

The PRIESTS are peacefully approached by the BOUNCER. He holds up his hands up and talks softly to them. They leave for the door.

Roscoe wears an innocent smile as if oblivious to the anger. He is polite. He looks at the audience.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Uh... Thank you. Thank you very
much.

The audience claps softly. Most are surprised but wear looks of amusement.

BACKSTAGE LOUNGE - AFTER THE SHOW

Roscoe sits down and sips a beer. 3 or 4 COMICS hang around and drink, talk, etc. Jennifer talks to them. She casually recognizes Roscoe on her way out.

JENNIFER
Not bad. You scared the shit outta
me.

Max and Leon come in and walk up to Roscoe. Max looks at him. Leon is polite.

(CONTINUED)

LEON
Roscoe Arbie huh? Not a bad name.

ROSCOE
(Polite)
Thank you. Thanks a lot. Actually
that's my real name.

MAX
Not bad. Not bad at all.

LEON
Roscoe Arbie. Meet Max Segal.

Roscoe stands up and shakes Max's hand.

FREEZE FRAME

ROSCOE (V.O.)
I could never wish any harm on Max
Segal.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT DAY

THE BENCH

The JUDGE bangs his mantle on the table. The murmuring from
the crowd is silent.

JUDGE
Order. Order. The court will now
hear from the Defense.

DEFENSE TABLE

Eleanor is relaxed. She slowly gathers her paper work.
Roscoe's face loses some of it's stress.

Eleanor approaches the jury. She has a very friendly
attitude and relaxes them. She resembles a caring
grandmother.

ELEANOR
How do you do? I'm attorney Eleanor
Johnson and of course, I'm here to
tell what a great guy Roscoe Arbie
really is.

The jury laughs softly.

Eleanor walks slowly towards Roscoe as she talks.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
(continuing)
Roscoe Arbie did not kill Max
Segal.

She stops and faces the jury from the defense table.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
Roscoe did not wish any harm on Max
Segal. There is no report, nor is
there any reason to believe that
Roscoe ever spoke badly of Max
Segal. Roscoe loved Max, as any son
would love a father. Max was going
to take this face -

Eleanor grabs Roscoe's face as though he were a child. He
smiles.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
- and make it famous.

Eleanor adjusts Roscoe's tie. She then continues.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
There was a party. It was for
Roscoe's successful entry into a
nationally syndicated show, Max
Segal was present at the party as
were some witnesses. You'll hear
from 2 witnesses who were not 20
feet from the gun person when the
trigger was pulled -

JURY

Most are interested in Eleanor.

ELEANOR
(continuing)

- yet they don't place Roscoe at
the scene of the crime. There's
only one person who ever recalls
seeing Roscoe at the gala that
night. And though Mr. Segal was
known to have a gambling problem
and owe money to some shadowy
figures -

PROSECUTION TABLE

(CONTINUED)

The Prosecutor looks ahead motionless

BACK TO ELEANOR

ELEANOR

(continuing)

- there has been no investigation into the world of Max Segal. I find that strange at best. Criminally negligent at worst. My colleague began with a very wise statement. And I quote, "When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth." This is a quote straight from the fictional detective Sherlock Holmes. However we do agree. It would be especially appropriate to apply those words to this trial. This should all be very interesting. Thank you.

Eleanor smiles politely and sits down.

Roscoe writes in his book.

HIS P.O.V.

Roscoe writes a passage in his diary.

ROSCOE (V.O.)

As far as I'm concerned, Max did make me a star.

ROSCOE'S FLASHBACK

MARCH 10, 2003

EXT. COMEDY SPOT NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A large, casually dressed crowd stands outside for tickets. The BILLBOARD shows a large picture of ROSCOE.

INT. COMEDY SPOT

STAGE AREA

LIGHT LAUGHTER is HEARD

STAGE

(CONTINUED)

CHASE ADAMS: Mid 20's, wears dressy but casual jacket and pants, pretty boy. He is in the middle of his act.

CHASE

Actually, I hate to disappoint you,
but I heard our President used to
have a drinking problem. And... not
to say he's not doing a good job..
but I think he still has one.

Chase imitates George W. Bush as a drunk. He staggers slightly and points an accusing finger at the audience.

CHASE

(continuing)

You're gonna call me an idiot?!
Okay, Alright. Sadaam, North Korea
Saudi Arabia, all of ya get a nuke
up the ass. I'll show ya who's a
goddamn moron. I'm from Texas
goddamnit!

LAUGHTER

LEON'S TABLE

CHARLENE: Mid 20's, wears jeans and a polar shirt, dressed in cool, bumy wear. Attractive and thin with a nice smile.

Charlene and Leon sit across from Max. Max and Leon wear suits. Charlene drinks a beer. Max and Leon have champagne.

LEON

Charlene's a new comic we have
around here. Ya might wanna take a
look at her.

Charlene has a sweet smile. She raises her glass for a toast.

CHARLENE

Nice meeting you.

Max toasts with her and smiles softly.

MAX

The pleasure's all mine.

CHARLENE

I'll be performing tomorrow night
so -

MAX'S P.O.V.

(CONTINUED)

GANGSTER: Heavy set, mid 40's, balding, wears suit.

The Gangster looks at Max. He holds his drink up and taps it, asking Max to come over.

BACK TO TABLE

MAX
I'll be right back.

GANGSTER'S TABLE

Max sits down. He is not happy but is polite. The Gangster is friendly. Max hands him an envelope of money. The Gangster counts it.

GANGSTER
I'm really sorry for ya Max. It seemed like a good fuckin bet.

MAX
Ah. Ya win some. Ya lose some.

BACK TO STAGE

CHASE
...And finally, the moment you've all been waiting for. Straight from the windy city of Chicago. Roscoe Arbie.

LOUD APPLAUSE.

Audrey smiles softly and claps from her Hostess Station.

BACK TO STAGE

ROSCOE wears a nice but casual outfit. He walks to the microphone.

ROSCOE
There's a lawsuit pending. There was a minister who was doing a funeral and said the guy was going straight to hell. The guy in the casket.

Light laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Of course the family's suing.

Roscoe goes into his preacher imitation. He speaks slow and proper.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"We are gathered here today to pay
homage to a much loved and
respected individual. Everyone
makes mistakes, including God,
which was who I was referring to."

Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"Joe was.. well.. I didn't mind Joe
stealing from the Church when it
first began. A dollar here. A
dollar there. Who cares?"

Laughter.

Roscoe gets angrier as he goes on.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"But then he started getting a
little greedy. Ya know? He stole
from the Handicapped Children's
Fund. The Christmas Tree Fund."

Roscoe explodes.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"That's why I told the church ya
don't put a damn dime into this
funeral!!"

Loud Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"The Goddamn Pallbearers gotta
empty their pockets when they carry
this son of a bitch!!"

Loud laughter.

Roscoe looks down at an imaginary casket.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"Yeeeahhh! Ya think you're gettin
off the hook with this dead man
shit?!"

Loud Laughter

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"Ya knew I was coming after ya
huh?!"

Roscoe steps off the stage and to the casket.

ROSCOE
"In fact, open that casket!! I'm
gonna get what's mine!!"

Roscoe imitates an older, southern female.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"Hey! That's my boy.!" "Back up
bitch!"

Roscoe makes an angry face. He then opens his arms in a mock
gesture as if he were a King. The crowd applauds loudly.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Am I great or what?

Roscoe starts to walk back on stage.

BACKSTAGE LOUNGE AREA

The roomy area has about 12 people. They're all connected to
show biz in some way.

Roscoe sits on a small couch towards the back of the room.
He spreads his arms and kicks his feet up on the table while
drinking a beer. THE WRITER, jeans, mid 20's, thin, glasses,
sits on a chair to his left. GIRL ONE & 2 and GUY 1 & 2, all
in their early 30's, sit in chairs across the table. They
wear jeans and drink beer.

Jennifer is dressed in a sexy blouse and slacks. She talks
to JANET, mid 20's, tall, wears nice slacks and long coat.

The rest of the people are girls and guys dressed in jeans.
They chat, drink beer, smoke weed, etc.

GIRL ONE, cute, smiles at Roscoe while drinking beer.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL ONE

That was a really great show.

Roscoe smiles politely. He seems borderline shy. Roscoe motions for her to wait until he swallows his beer.

ROSCOE

Thanks a lot.

They laugh softly.

Roscoe keeps a straight face and drinks. He looks at Jennifer.

Jennifer faces JANET. She's close enough for Roscoe to hear.

JANET

I thought those things were hard as
a rock.

JENNIFER

They feel like regular breasts.
They're just firm. See?

Jennifer takes Janet's hand and places it on her breast.

Roscoe stares at them. GROUPIE 9, pretty female, mid 20's, casually dressed, approaches Roscoe from his right. Roscoe acknowledges her but his attention is with Jennifer. She hands him a napkin and a pen for an autograph. She is excited. Groupie 9 has a New York accent.

GROUPIE 9

I loved your show. Really. I'd like
to hear it again.

Groupie 9 hands him a pen and napkin. Roscoe smiles softly. He takes the napkin and pen from her.

ROSCOE

What's your name?

GROUPIE 9

Edna with an e.

Roscoe signs the napkin.

GROUPIE 9

(continuing)

I'd love to stay but my boyfriend's
right outside. I didn't expect you
to be so good.

Roscoe smiles and hands her the napkin.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE
Thanks for the support.

She hands him a book of matches.

GROUPIE 9
In case you smoke.

Groupie 9 smiles suggestively and leaves.

ROSCOE'S P.O.V.

"I like big men" is written on the empty book of matches along with her phone number.

BACK TO SCENE

Roscoe casually looks towards Groupie 9 leaving the room. He then looks back at Jennifer. She starts to walk towards Roscoe.

JENNIFER
Touch em Roscoe. You'll see.

Roscoe is casual.

ROSCOE
I'll take your word for it.

Jennifer walks back towards Janet.

JENNIFER
I don't want you to think I have two boulders under here.

THE WRITER holds up his hands like he's gripping her.

THE WRITER
Just walk straight ahead.

LIGHT LAUGHTER. Jennifer laughs. Roscoe keeps his same face. People continue to have light conversation.

CHASE ADAMS enters quickly and walks towards Jennifer. He quickly speaks to Roscoe with a smart ass attitude.

CHASE
Nice show pudgy. Just kidding.

Roscoe gives Chase a motionless stare. He then looks down and gives a sarcastic smile. He is calm.

Chase walks to Jennifer. She starts to giggle as he grabs and kisses her. He takes a drag off of Janet's joint. He talks to her and leaves with Jennifer.

CHASE
(continuing)
We'll see ya at the club.

Roscoe smirks at Chase as he leaves with Jennifer. He then gets up and follows them upstairs from a distance.

STAGE AREA

The club is almost empty. A BARTENDER, mid 20's, female, attractive, wears a white shirt, bow tie and black pants. Roscoe takes a seat. The Bartender gives him glass of beer.

BARTENDER
Hey Roscoe.

ROSCOE
How are ya?

HIS P.O.V.

FRONT OF CLUB

Audrey talks with Max. Chase and Jennifer approach them.

Chase tickles Audrey and she starts to laugh. Max puts his arm around Chase leading him and Jennifer to the left.

Audrey gets her things and leaves through the front door.

BACK TO BAR

BARTENDER
He's an arrogant SOB isn't he?

Roscoe continues to look at Audrey leaving.

ROSCOE
I don't see why.

Roscoe's glass is empty. The Bartender grabs it off the bar in lightening speed, making Roscoe smile. Roscoe then walks to the front door of the club and opens it.

EXT. FRONT OF COMEDY CLUB

HIS P.O.V.

Audrey slowly walks to her car.

BACK TO ROSCOE

Roscoe looks as though he wants to approach her but doesn't.

Audrey gets in her car and leaves.

Roscoe watches her drive off.

Roscoe turns and starts to walk back. He hears a whisper and turns around.

WEIRDO: Short, mid 60's, dressed in old jeans and jacket.
Speaks in HEAVY SOUTHERN ACCENT.

MIDDLE OF PARKING LOT

A WEIRDO stands in the middle of the nearly empty lot. Only his frame is seen in the darkness. His VOICE is HEARD in a HEAVY WHISPER.

WEIRDO

Hey funny man. Hey. Hey.

Roscoe turns around. He stares at the Weirdo's figure.

WEIRDO

(continuing)

You ain't as smart as you think you
are boy.

Roscoe stares at him. He wears a fearless smirk and talks casually.

ROSCOE

Why don't you come over here and
teach me something country boy?

The BOUNCER appears from the doorway with a gun. He starts screaming and yelling at the Weirdo. The Weirdo takes off and runs.

BOUNCER

Ya fucken piece of shit! I told ya
to stop hanging around here!

The Weirdo steps in his car and tries to drive off. The Bouncer grabs him out and crashes his body against the car. He screams at him while beating him up.

(CONTINUED)

Roscoe looks on. Max gently grabs his arm and leads him to the door.

MAX

Cmon Roscoe. You won't hear from him anymore.

INT. COMEDY SPOT

FRONT LOBBY

He puts his hand on his shoulder as they walk.

ROSCOE

I can't take this anymore. These fucken psychos are driving me crazy.

Max lifts up his jacket to expose a gun.

MAX

I told ya to get one a these.

ROSCOE

You know about my record.

MAX

I told you. Joe's Sporting Goods deals with anyone.

He and Max continue their walk.

MAX

(continuing)

The thing tonight was flawless.

ROSCOE

Ya liked it?

MAX

Perfect. Just keep it raw. Keep it scary. We'll have the people at Saturday Night Live eating outta our hands in no time.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT DAY

JUDGE

Call your first witness.

The Prosecutor stands.

(CONTINUED)

PROSECUTOR
The people call Joe Stewart.

JOE STEWART

Middle aged male, formally dressed, heavy set. Type of guy you wouldn't expect to see in a suit. Rough looking but tries to act respectable for the court. He walks to the WITNESS STAND and takes a seat. Uncomfortable at first, he finds confidence in the support he gets from the Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
State your name for the court.

JOE
Joseph Stewart the third.

PROSECUTOR
What is it you do for a living Mr. Stewart?

JOE
I'm a gun salesman.

Joe looks down. He seems bored as if he's been through this before.

PROSECUTOR
On April the fifth, 2006 at four p.m., you sold a 45 magnum hand gun. This particular gun only takes what is sold at your store as 45 caliber bullets. The type the victim was shot with. Correct?

JOE
That's correct. Yes.

PROSECUTOR
Do you sell any other type of gun which takes these bullets?

JOE
No sir.

PROSECUTOR
And to whom did you sell this gun?

JOE
Roscoe Arbie.

(CONTINUED)

PROSECUTOR
Is he in the courtroom today?

Joe points to Roscoe.

JOE
Right over there.

PROSECUTOR
Did you notice anything strange
about Mr. Arbie?

JOE
He seemed really nervous. Peculiar.
He didn't like eye contact too
much.

PROSECUTOR
Thank you Mr. Stewart.

Prosecutor speaks to Eleanor without looking at her.

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
Your witness.

Eleanor makes her case at the defense table. She begins
while looking down at her notes.

ELEANOR
Hello Mr. Stewart.

JOE
Ma'am?

ELEANOR
I'm fine thank you. You mentioned
that Roscoe took you as being, as
you say, peculiar, because of a
lack of eye contact during your
conversation with him.

JOE
Yes ma'am.

ELEANOR
Were you aware that when you were
talking to the Prosecutor, you
looked away a number of times? Did
that strike you as... peculiar?

Joe looks at Eleanor. He tries to maintain a friendly
attitude though he is embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I'm a little nervous about this whole thing.

ELEANOR

I see. On the average, how many customers do you see a day Mr. Stewart?

JOE

Anywhere from 20 to 30.

ELEANOR

Could it be that you recall the little talk you had with Roscoe because he shared with you that this was the first gun he had ever purchased?

JOE

He could have. I can't remember.

Eleanor pulls out a receipt and approaches Joe.

ELEANOR

I'd like to present evidence item A to Mr. Stewart.

ASSISTANT D.A., Female, mid 20's, nicely dressed, looks through her notes. The Assistant D.A. shakes her head to the Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

Objection your honor. I'd like to approach the bench please.

JUDGE

If council would approach the bench.

THE BENCH

The Prosecutor and Eleanor stand in front of the Judge. The Judge has his hand over his microphone. They whisper loudly.

PROSECUTOR

I have absolutely no record of any receipt. The defense never presented this to us.

ELEANOR

Your Honor. My client's life is in grave danger. If the prosecution

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
didn't do a complete investigation
into his witness that's not our
problem.

The Judge thinks for a second. He speaks to Eleanor.

JUDGE
Continue with the witness.

PROSECUTOR
This receipt -

JUDGE
You made your point. We're going
on. Proceed Councilor.

THE WITNESS STAND

Eleanor stands in front of a confused Joe. He stares at the
receipt in his hand.

ELEANOR
That's Roscoe's gun receipt. Is
that correct Mr. Stewart?

JOE
(Nervous and confused)
This is the receipt but my records
didn't show -

ELEANOR
Let's stick with the receipt for
now. That's not a 45 magnum on
there is it?

JOE
Could I say something because this
-

ELEANOR
Please answer yes or no.

JOE
No. It's not a 45.

ELEANOR
It fact, Mr. Stewart, it's a 38
revolver. The type of gun you
recommend for someone who has never
used a gun before.

JOE

I could've recommended it. It's a good beginners gun.

ELEANOR

And a gun that doesn't carry 45 caliber bullets. The kind found in Max Segal.

JOE

(Hesitant. Insecure.)

That's right.

Eleanor walks back to her desk to get a small COMPUTER PRINT of JOE'S RECORDS for that day. She walks back to Joe and hands him the Print Out.

ELEANOR

These are your records for the day in question. Do you study your receipts to make them?

JOE

No Ma'am. I do inventory based on the amount of guns I sell. I count em myself then write em up on the computer.

ELEANOR

You don't pay attention to the receipts? You count the guns yourself?

Joe looks at the receipt.

JOE

I been told I have a very good memory -

ELEANOR

Did you make a mistake Mr. Stewart?

Beat.

JOE

That appears to be the case.

ELEANOR

I'm going to ask you a question Mr. Stewart. It's important that you give the court a yes or no answer. Now you understand that. Correct?

JOE

Yes Ma'am.

ELEANOR

Did Roscoe purchase the type of gun, in your opinion, that killed Max Segal?

Beat.

JOE

No.

ELEANOR

Thank you Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart gets up and leaves. He returns to his awkward and uncomfortable nature.

THE DEFENSE TABLE

Roscoe writes in his notebook.

HIS P.O.V.

A picture of the Prosecutor with his pants down is seen.

BACK TO SCENE

ROSCOE'S BACK FLASH

INT. JOE'S SPORTING GOODS - MORNING

Joe's store looks like a Mom and Pops gun shop. Mostly firearms are for sale. Joe and Roscoe are at the dusty counter. Joe is dressed in a sweaty shirt and dirty jeans.

Roscoe is casually dressed in a black leather jacket and jeans. He is buying a gun.

ROSCOE'S P.O.V.

Joe puts a 45 Magnum gun in a package for a 38 box.

ROSCOE (V.O.)

He sold me a 45 alright. But in a 38 box. Dumb ass never caught on to why his register came up different than his inventory. But I could never cause any harm to Max Segal. I loved em. More now than I ever have.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO COURTROOM

PROSECUTOR'S TABLE

The Prosecutor stands.

PROSECUTOR

The people call Chase Adams.

Chase is dressed in an expensive suit. He tries to hide his anxiety. The BALIFF holds a Bible out for him to swear on.

BALIFF

Do you swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

CHASE

I do.

JUDGE

You may be seated.

Chase sits in the witness stand.

Roscoe looks at Chase.

FLASHBACK

APRIL 2nd, 2003

INT. COMEDY SPOT NIGHT CLUB

AMATEUR NIGHT

The club is nearly empty. People are not paying too much attention to BOMBING COMIC 2.

BAR

Roscoe appears sullen while drinking a beer. The BARTENDER, young female, cute, friendly, is fixing a drink for WAITRESS ONE.

STAGE

A sign reading, AMATEUR NIGHT, hangs above the stage. The MC is bored. He stands on the rear left of the stage.

Bombing Comic 2, young male, slim, dressed up, is friendly and tries to casually joke with the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

BOMBING COMIC 2

Okay.. I'm bombing. I'm really
doing this as a dare from a friend.

A high voiced male HECKLER is heard from the audience.

HECKLER (O.S.)

That's what everyone says!

BOMBING COMIC 2

Gimme a break man. Okay?

HECKLER

No! It's not okay. Get the fuck off
the stage!

Bombing comic 2 shakes his head in disgust and leaves the stage.

Roscoe looks down and shakes his head in pity.

MC

And that's it. Thank you for coming
to Amateur Night. And remember. If
you can't be a comedian, you can
always sit in the audience and
laugh your ass off.

BACK TO BAR

Roscoe drinks. The Bartender fixes a drink for herself while talking to Roscoe.

BARTENDER

It's a mean audience. Ya know? But
if you're not funny -

The Bartender turns around with her drink. Roscoe reaches down into his bag and takes out a small, wrapped gift. He smiles at her.

ROSCOE

Happy Birthday.

The Bartender blushes. She places her drink on the bar.

BARTENDER

How'd you know?

Roscoe is slightly bashful.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE

I have a list. Leon. He gave me a list.

ROSCOE'S P.O.V.

Chase and Jennifer come through the front door and walk towards the backstage entrance. Chase makes a smart ass wink at Roscoe.

BACK TO BAR

Roscoe glares at Chase.

Chase and Jennifer walk backstage.

Roscoe sucks up his anger and continues with the Bartender.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

Happy birthday.

BARTENDER

Thank you Roscoe.

Roscoe gives her a polite grin and leaves the bar. He loses his sense of humor quickly and walks to the front lobby.

FRONT LOBBY

Roscoe stands in shock. He looks at a LARGE POSTER of Chase which reads, "Friday Night. 8 p.m. Chase Adams".

Roscoe walks quickly into the club.

STAGE AREA

LEON'S TABLE

Leon relaxes at his table. Roscoe angrily approaches it and stands over him.

ROSCOE

What's this shit about Chase headlining Friday night?! I headline Friday night.

LEON

(Doesn't break his relaxed mood.)

You know the business Roscoe. Comics get switched around all the time. Max has a few people coming to see him.

(CONTINUED)

Roscoe ignores Leon's comments. He looks towards the stage as if looking at Chase. He quickly walks away and towards the backstage area.

BACKSTAGE LOUNGE

Roscoe slams open the door and looks for Chase. The Lounge is empty.

HALLWAY

Roscoe walks through the dark, backstage hallway. He hears SEXUAL SOUNDS coming out of the LADIES ROOM. He stops and puts his ear to the door. He then kicks open the door.

INT. LADIES ROOM

Jennifer sits on the sink. Chase has lifted her skirt and is making love to her standing up. Roscoe grabs Chase.

CHASE

What the fuck?!

Roscoe hits him with a powerful right hand.

Chase falls to the ground as if he was thrown there. He stomps Chase in the face. Chase grabs his face and kicks his feet.

JENNIFER

Ahhhhhhhh!

ROSCOE

(To Jennifer)

Shut the fuck up!

Jennifer backs up to a corner of the bathroom and watches in fear and excitement. She is entranced by the action.

Roscoe takes off Chase's belt and puts it around his neck. He talks while he does this.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

Blink now ya little bitch!! Blink now!

He uses the belt to drag Chase by his neck into a bathroom stall where he flushes his head down the toilet. He then rushes Chase out of the stall and stands him up.

(CONTINUED)

He runs his face into the mirror three times. Chase's face is bloody and battered.

Roscoe grabs his shirt collar and forces him to look at himself.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Ya see that? Plastic surgery can fix that! You come back here and I'll set your fucking panties on fire!

Roscoe throws him to the ground and leaves.

Jennifer breathes heavily. She is anxious but fascinated and turned on.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT DAY

WITNESS STAND

Chase Adams looks aghast. The Prosecutor is casual.

PROSECUTOR
Would you say that, Roscoe Arbie,
is a violent person?

CHASE
Yes I would.

PROSECUTOR
Did you come here voluntarily?

CHASE
No...This is the last place I wanna
be.

PROSECUTOR
Last question. Did you ever go back
to the Comedy Spot?

CHASE

(Hesitates)

No. I'm working at another club
now.

PROSECUTOR
Thank you Mr. Adams.

Roscoe writes in his book. The words are HEARD.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE (V.O.)
If you ask me, I think he
overreacted. Personally, I was a
little embarrassed over this whole
thing. Not that I gave two shits
about sugar britches.

FLASHBACK

COMEDY SPOT - NIGHT

INT. ROSCOE'S DRESSING ROOM

Roscoe's dressing room is dated and messy. It is the size of a large living room. Vanities cover the walls. Roscoe is only dressed in a robe. He sits down in front of one of the vanities like a dejected child. He is being yelled at by Max, who faces him from a distance.

 MAX
 (Softly but angrily.)
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Roscoe gives no response. Max yells.

 MAX
 (continuing)
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Roscoe looks Max in the eye, then looks down again, not wanting to challenge him. He speaks softly.

 ROSCOE
I thought he was taking my spot.

 MAX

(Still yelling.)
I brought some people in from Vegas
to see him! They were gonna book em
in a lounge! He can't perform
because of you!

 ROSCOE
I didn't really, uh -

 MAX
- Are you trying to make a point?!

Max stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

(continuing)

Are you trying to make a fucken point?! I look like an asshole!

ROSCOE

I didn't hurt him. I just wanted to scare him.

Max turns around in frustration. He does his best to calm down.

MAX

Look, kid. If you wanna see somebody, I can arrange that.

ROSCOE

You're from the same part a town I'm from Mr.Segal.

MAX

Yeah...yeah. But you can't go around acting like this and work for me. This is a business. Me. I'm running a business. You understand that?

ROSCOE

Ya leavin?

(Beat)

MAX

No, I'm not leaving.

ROSCOE

I'm sorry. I really am. I don't know what I was thinking. I snapped. Ya know? Nobody told me anything.

Max nods. He is motionless. He puts on his coat.

MAX

You're gettin closer to the show son. You're gonna have to start thinking about what you're doing. You understand what I'm taking about?

ROSCOE

I have to start acting responsibly. I will. This is just one thing. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE (cont'd)
lost it. I thought it all went
outta the window.

MAX
Ya trust me?

ROSCOE
Yeah Mr. Segal I -

MAX
The hell with that yes Mr. Segal
shit. Do you trust me?

Roscoe stares at him.

ROSCOE
Yeah...yeah. I trust you.

Max nods and leaves.

FADE OUT:

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT DAY

Chase Adams on Witness Stand.

PROSECUTOR

(To Eleanor)
Your witness.

Eleanor talks from her seat. She looks at her notes and then
up at Chase. She is business like.

ELEANOR
I am sorry about your alleged run
in Mr. Adams.

CHASE
Thank you.

ELEANOR
Was there a witness to this alleged
assault?

CHASE
Yes there was.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
And who might that be?

CHASE
That would be Jennifer Vaughn.

ELEANOR
Jennifer was your girlfriend I presume?

CHASE
Yes. Jennifer was my girlfriend.
Does this - I'm sorry. Continue.

ELEANOR

(Nicely)
Thank you. And I am sorry to bring up old flames but were you aware that Roscoe was having a, let's say, rendezvous, with your Jennifer Vaughn?.

PROSECUTOR'S BENCH

PROSECUTOR
Objection. Hearsay.

JUDGE
Overruled. Answer the question.

CHASE
I didn't know about anything like that and frankly I don't believe it ever happened.

Eleanor gets up and causally approaches Chase.

ELEANOR
Very well. You give the idea that you were beaten rather severely by Roscoe.

Chase tries to hide his fear. He nods slightly.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
I take it that's a yes?

CHASE
Yes... yes that's a yes.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
Are there hospital records of any
kind?

CHASE
I didn't go -

ELEANOR
Yes or no will suffice.

(Beat)

CHASE
No.

ELEANOR
Were there any other witnesses to
your injuries Mr. Adams?

CHASE
They won't come -

ELEANOR
Please answer yes or no.

Chase angrily looks at Roscoe.

CHASE
Yes.

ELEANOR
And who might that be?

CHASE
Roscoe Arbie.

ELEANOR

(Looks down and smiles)

That will be all Mr. Adams.

Chase gets up and slowly walks out of the courtroom.

JUDGE
Call your next witness please.

Prosecutor stands.

PROSECUTOR
The people call Jennifer Vaughn.

ENTRANCE

(CONTINUED)

Jennifer enters the courtroom. She wears classy slacks and jacket. Jennifer rapidly walks to the witness stand.

Roscoe looks back at Jennifer.

ROSCOE

Stares at her while she is sworn in.

BALIFF (O.S.)

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I do.

JUDGE

You may be seated.

WITNESS STAND

Jennifer is nervous but hides it with her lack of movement. The Prosecutor walks up and faces her. The jury is to his right. Though he fixes a stare on her, he lightens up to make her feel comfortable.

PROSECUTOR

Please state your name for the court.

JENNIFER

Jennifer Vaughn.

PROSECUTOR

Ms. Vaughn. Do you know who murdered Max Segal?

JENNIFER

Yes I do. It was Roscoe Arbie.

PROSECUTOR

If you would point him out to the court.

Jennifer points to her right at Roscoe.

Roscoe stares at Jennifer.

The Prosecutor walks over towards Roscoe.

(CONTINUED)

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
This gentleman seated right here?

JENNIFER
That's correct.

PROSECUTOR
How can you be so sure?

JENNIFER
I wasn't 20 feet away from him when he pulled the trigger. There was a party. It was thrown by Max for -

PROSECUTOR
Max Segal?

JENNIFER
Yes sir. Max Segal. He threw a party for Roscoe at the residence of Leon Bates. Roscoe had been accepted into Saturday Night Live and it was a happy time for all of us. I was outside of the basement when Roscoe pulled out a gun. I was standing right by him on his left when he shot Max in the stomach.

PROSECUTOR
There was no question it was Roscoe?

JENNIFER
No sir. I've known him for about 6 months. I'd think I'd recognize him by now.

PROSECUTOR
As you have no problem recognizing him in the courtroom.

JENNIFER
That's correct.

PROSECUTOR
Was anyone else as close to the murder as you were?

Jennifer looks down and hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Yes. The room was nearly empty but Audrey, his girlfriend Audrey Franks and Charlene Peters. Charlene is a comic at the club. They were directly in front of him. I'm sorry. Audrey was a hostess at the Comedy Spot. I hope I'm not confusing you.

PROSECUTOR

Not at all. Please continue.

JENNIFER

They were right in back of Max when he was shot.

INT. AUDREY AND CHARLENE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

TELEVISION

Audrey stares at Jennifer with a look of scared anger.

CHARLENE

Charlene tries to cover her fear with a smirk.

BACK TO COURTROOM

PROSECUTOR

So, you think they saw the murder?

JENNIFER

I know they did.

ELEANOR

Objection. Your Honor, Ms. Vaughn can not speak for other witnesses.

JUDGE

Objection sustained.

Prosecutor looks down and smirks. He then continues.

PROSECUTOR

As far as you know, were Audrey Franks and Charlene Peters looking at Roscoe when he pulled the trigger?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

They appeared to be. Yes.

PROSECUTOR

But, for now, they're denying it.
Do you have any idea why?

ELEANOR

Objection. Calls for the witness to
speculate on another witnesses
testimony.

PROSECUTOR

I'll rephrase the question.

JUDGE

Please do.

PROSECUTOR

Why do you think you're the only
witness coming forward?

JENNIFER

I don't know. Maybe - I had no
personal relationship with him.

PROSECUTOR

So you were not involved with
Roscoe in any way?

Jennifer seems annoyed and puzzled by the question.

JENNIFER

No sir I wasn't. I never associated
with him outside the club.

The Prosecutor walks towards the jury and stands.

PROSECUTOR

So, when you saw this - distant
acquaintance - shoot and kill Max
Segal in cold blood, what did you
do?

Jennifer looks nervous. She stares down. She then looks up
and talks slow.

JENNIFER

I heard something that sounded like
a firecracker. To see someone as
big as Roscoe holding a gun and
then to hear it go off. Max got
hit. I saw that. It was like time
froze. I ran -

(CONTINUED)

Jennifer tries to keep from crying. She holds her hands to her mouth.

JENNIFER
(continuing)
I'm sorry.

PROSECUTOR
Take your time Ms. Vaughn.

JENNIFER
I'm fine. Thank you. I didn't stop running until I got to my car. I drove off and I got home faster than I realized. I still don't know how I did it.

PROSECUTOR
What were you scared of?

JENNIFER
I was scared Roscoe was coming after me.

PROSECUTOR
The way he went after Max Segal?

JENNIFER
Yes. That's correct.

PROSECUTOR
And the way he went after Chase Adams.

JENNIFER
That's also correct.

PROSECUTOR
Thank you Ms. Vaughn.

Jennifer steps off the witness stand and walks towards the entrance.

JUDGE
I'm going to adjourn the court for today. If the jury would -

EXT. COURTHOUSE

FRONT ENTRANCE

Jennifer goes down the steps. The media attacks her from all sides. Two SHERIFF DEPUTIES keep them back and escort Jennifer to their car. She smiles softly, enjoying the attention.

INT. COURTHOUSE

DEFENSE TABLE

Eleanor gets her notes together as she talks to Roscoe. Roscoe is concerned. Eleanor is comforting but is more business like with the absence of the jury.

ELEANOR

Not to worry Roscoe. She said everything I hoped she would.

ROSCOE

She's crazy. I mean, she's fucken, excuse my language...evil. That's the word I was looking for.

ELEANOR

That appears to be the case. Tomorrow the jury'll share your opinion. And no apologies are necessary Mr. Roscoe. I was once married to a sailer.

Roscoe smiles. Eleanor gives him a friendly smirk.

The Bartender, casually dressed, sits isolated in the courtroom. Roscoe looks at her. She gives him a pleasant smile and winks. Roscoe smiles softly.

EXT. FULTON COUNTY JAIL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The JAIL HOUSE sits in a crowded group of government buildings. It is right beside the Courthouse. A dated grey colored building, it does not fit in with the modern looking buildings which surround it.

INT. JAIL

The hallway leading to Roscoe's cell is a lonely one. GUARD ONE, a thin, young looking, friendly male, approaches Roscoe's cell.

ROSCOE'S CELL

Roscoe is dressed in ORANGE JAIL FATIGUES. The cell walls are white and void of any decorations. Roscoe lies down on the floor, the bed being too small for him. A TV set sits on a night table. He stares at it, resting his head against the side of the bed. GUARD ONE knocks on the bars. Roscoe turns around and stands. GUARD ONE signals him over as if to tell him a secret. Roscoe walks to the bars.

GUARD ONE

(Whispers)

Hey big guy. I got ya a cinnamon
bun from down the street. Take it.

Roscoe reaches down to the bottom of the bars and takes it.

ROSCOE

(Whispers)

Thanks Bernie.

Guard One gives a quick thumbs up sign and leaves.

Roscoe returns to his old position. He looks at the TV while taking a bite of his snack.

HIS P.O.V.

COURT TV is on the set. NANCY, blonde hair, average figure, dressed in a leather jacket and slacks, intelligent, southern accent, enthusiastic and attractive, talks to COURT TV REPORTER M.J.. M.J., mid 30's, long coat, attractive, thin, intelligent.

Nancy talks from Court TV headquarters. M.J. is in front of the Fulton County Courthouse.

NANCY

Well, M.J.. I'd say it was a pretty
good fight in there today but the
prosecution dropped a bombshell.

M.J.

That's exactly what it looks like.
According to the prosecution,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

M.J. (cont'd)
Jennifer Vaughn is an eye witness
to the murder of Max Segal and -

Roscoe uses the remote to turn off the TV. He leans back and closes his eyes.

ROSCOE'S FLASHBACK

MAY 24, 2003

INT. ROSCOE'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Roscoe is in the mirror practicing comedy acts. His cell phone rings. He picks it up off of the piano stool.

ROSCOE
Yeah.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Hello Roscoe?

ROSCOE
Yeah?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
How ya doin? It's Jennifer.

ROSCOE
Oh right. How are you?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
(Very hesitant and
uncomfortable.)
Roscoe... I had something I wanted
to ask you.

Beat.

ROSCOE
What is it?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Um... I don't exactly know how to
say this.

ROSCOE
Jennifer... is it about the Chase
Adams thing?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER (O.S.)
No, it's not that.

ROSCOE
I was never angry with you. That
had nothing to do with you.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Chase turned out to be an asshole.

ROSCOE

(Sarcastically)
Really?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Okay. Here it goes. I'm very
attracted to you and I wanted to
know if you felt the same way about
me.

Roscoe pauses. His face loses any anger.

ROSCOE
I always wanted you. Evidently I
didn't do such a good job of hiding
it.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Yes you did. That's why.....

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAWN

Jennifer's neighborhood is a plush, upper middle class suburb. Her house is a quaint, three story study in elegance. There is also a guest house in the back.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE

The house has a large, spacious and modern look. It consists of a brick oven kitchen and a living room with a huge flat screen TV. Two small TERRIER DOGS are seen running through the house.

Roscoe and Jennifer kiss heavily on the couch.

The doorbell RINGS.

Jennifer is out of breath. She moves away from Roscoe. She paces quickly to the door.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Wait... I had, I had a little something else in mind. It's no big deal.

Jennifer opens the door. LOU BRADY, a police officer in uniform steps into the house. He is motionless.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

Lou, this is Roscoe. Roscoe, Lou.

Roscoe is surprised and annoyed.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

STAGE

Charlene is on stage. She is dressed causally in jeans, tee shirt, jacket and a child flower like hat. Her delivery is relaxed and down to earth.

CHARLENE

College was fun. I went out on a few dates once in a while. Small town girl. Thought I'd learn about sex. I know guys'll do anything to get your clothes off.

Soft, polite laughter is heard.

BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

Roscoe slowly walks towards the rear of the stage. He passes a casually dressed Jennifer. He smiles at her. She ignores him. Roscoe walks to the stage and looks at Charlene perform.

BACK TO STAGE

CHARLENE

(continuing)

I can respect an intelligent con man.

Soft laughter.

CHARLENE

(continuing)

Right?

Charlene imitates MALE COLLEGE STUDENT. She deepens her voice.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE
(continuing)
"I don't know what I'm doing
here... so far away from home...my
family... sometimes I just feel
like I need a hug."

Crowd laughs.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Now that's a sweet, horny, little
shit right?

Louder laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
He's respecting my intelligence..
Not really. I told em to go see a
fucking head shrinker and he got
angry.

Casual laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
I liked guys in college. Well, some
guys. If you were just honest you'd
have it so much easier.

Casual laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
I'm in my room. Alone on a Friday
night. Which is just where I want
to be. And one of my male friends
comes in with a 12 pack of beer.

Charlene's voice is sympathetic sarcasm.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Awwww. He wants to share.

Casual laughter.

She talks with same sarcasm.

CHARLENE
(continuing)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE (cont'd)
That's why you came in here. You
don't wanna get me drunk and fuck
me. Noooo.

Laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
So, this guy. He thinks he can out
drink me. But I'm the product of 2
alcoholics.

Laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
And I grew up on Jack Daniels. And
I have a fake starter pistol and a
vicious sense of humor.

Laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
And I'm going to fuck with him.

Laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
It was his fault. He was a nice
looking guy. I liked em up to this
point. So anyway, he thinks I'm
drunk and he starts telling me how
cute I am. How beautiful I am.

Light laughter.

Charlene goes into her PSYCHO ACT. She works up to it as she
stands.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Ohh, Charlie. Oh God. Didn't you
know? I was always IN LOVE WITH
YOU!!!!!!

She brandishes a fake pistol.

Loud Laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT???!!!!!

Loud Laughter.

Charlene goes back to normal while describing Charlie.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Charlie sobers up but it's too late
for that.

Imitates a scared CHARLIE.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
"But...I.. love you too".

Charlene screams.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
THEN WHY DID IT TAKE YOU ALL NIGHT
TO TRY AND FUCK ME???!!!

Loud Laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
WHO THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING
ABOUT?! THAT BITCH GIRLFRIEND OF
YOURS???!!!!!

Loud Laughter.

Charlene goes back to normal.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Ole Charlie.

Laughter dissipates.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
There's nothing wrong with getting
a reputation as a crazy bitch.

Applause.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Really, if you think guys are
getting too close just jerk your
head a little.

Charlene performs an exaggerated nervous twitch. She does this to the rhythm of her voice.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
I'm - a - god - damned - cra - zy -
bitch.

Loud Laughter.

She calms down. She talks softly and seductive.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
If a guy's honest and tells you
he'd like to sit you on his lap.
And play with your hair. Give em a
break. Give it up for cool honesty.

Laughter and applause

CHARLENE
(continuing)
That's what turns me on.

Soft Laughter.

Charlene is thinking as she talks.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
When I was little girl, my Mom used
to tell me racists were stupid.
Sounds like a basic statement.
Especially when you're a kid. But
I've come to know that to be true.

While Charlene talks, she goes in her jacket and brings out her LAWN JOCKEY. It's a small statue of a dark skin black male with a BIG smile on his face. He wears a red jacket.

Charlene is friendly and soft in her delivery.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Yeah, I bought my little Lawn
Jockey here.

Lifts it up. Crowd is rather stunned. She brings it back down while she talks.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
That's a happy guy.

Very soft laughter.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Look at his teeth.

Softer laughter.

Charlene talks while walking on the edge of the stage and taking a seat. She sits her LAWN JOCKEY beside her.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Ya know, there's a reason he's smiling like that.

Charlene talks in WHISPERS.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Back when Black folks were escaping from slavery, the abolitionists in the Underground Railroad would put this little guy in front of their houses to welcome em in. You could see the teeth at night.

Soft laughter. Charlene gets up and talks casually. She holds the LAWN JOCKEY in her left hand and the mike in her right.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
So, now, all you nice White people with little Smily on your lawn. Inviting all those homeless Black people into your house.

Loud Laughter.

Charlene goes into an act of sweet sarcasm.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
That's so sweet. And to think we had this slight misunderstanding.

(CONTINUED)

Crowd laughs and applauds.

BACKSTAGE

Roscoe smiles as if he admires her. He turns and walks back down the hallway.

INT. ROSCOE'S DRESSING ROOM

Roscoe sits in a chair by a vanity. He studies the jokes in his notebook. A KNOCK is HEARD at the DOOR.

ROSCOE

Come in.

The door opens. Max steps in and leads Charlene in the room. Roscoe is pleased. She seems excited.

CHARLENE

Hi. I'm Charlene Peters.

Roscoe is relaxed. Friendly but slow in reacting.

ROSCOE

That was some great stuff you were doing out there.

CHARLENE

(Serious expression)

You really laughed?

ROSCOE

Oh yeah. That was some deep shit.

Charlene laughs politely.

MAX

Liberal comics are in. Always have been.

ROSCOE

You write all that stuff huh?

MAX

She writes all her own material.

CHARLENE

(Playfully sarcastic)

Excuse me. He was asking me. I wrote most of it.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

(Casually. To Roscoe)

She writes the important things.
Right? She leaves the bullshit to
somebody else.

CHARLENE

I wrote the Lawn Jockey joke. I was
hoping it would work as well as it
did.

ROSCOE

That's a classic. Ya need to keep
that in the act.

CHARLENE

I'd like to ask your advice on
something if you don't mind.

ROSCOE

(Smiles)

Sure. No problem.

CHARLENE

(Casually)

I have a problem with guys watching
my...you know... on stage. It
takes me a while to get em outta
that.

Roscoe gets up. Speaking as though he's teaching, he moves
towards his closet.

ROSCOE

It doesn't matter how big or small
you are. They're tryin to see what
female comedian looks like.

Roscoe pulls out a pair of OLD VAUDEVILLE PANTS. They're
neatly hung on a wooden hanger.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

These should do the trick. They're
way too big but take em up so they
fit the waist but still hang down
on you. They're from the Vaudeville
era. Ya can't buy em anywhere.

Roscoe hands her the pants. She's excited.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE
Vaudeville era?

Charlene looks in the mirror. She's able to step in them fully clothed.

MAX
Ya sure you wanna give those up kid?

ROSCOE
Yeah, sure. Why not?

Roscoe and Max look at her step into them.

MAX
Well, ya got no sex appeal now. That's for sure.

ROSCOE
They'll work for ya. That's the effect you wanted right?

CHARLENE

(TO MAX)
You like em?

MAX
They're beautiful.

ROSCOE
You're a mystery. The only way we can see you is to listen to you.

MAX
(Heading towards the door)
Can't do anything about the face but no plan is perfect.

Charlene holds the pants on the hanger as Max walks. She shakes Roscoe's hand.

CHARLENE
It was really nice meeting you. I hope we can get together and brainstorm sometime.

ROSCOE
Yeah, sure. That'd be great.

Max opens the door. Charlene turns around to Roscoe.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE

Oh. There was one more question I wanted to ask you. Do you ever tell the truth about your life experiences? I mean, do you think that's a good idea?

Roscoe blushes.

ROSCOE

No. I just fabricate bullshit. You always gotta keep something for yourself in this industry. Most of the time that's all you'll ever have.

Charlene smirks as though she doesn't believe him. Max talks as he leaves.

MAX

You can't believe anything that son of a bitch says. Every other word is a goddamn lie.

Max closes the door. Roscoe pours himself a glass of wine.

INT. HALLWAY

Max and Charlene walk down the hallway.

CHARLENE

I love these pants. Really. I'm wearing em.

MAX

Looks great kid.

A sweet, feminine VOICE is HEARD.

GROUPIE

Charlene. Charlene?

Charlene and Max turn around.

THEIR P.O.V.

A beautiful 18 YEAR OLD FEMALE GROUPIE, short, petite and casually dressed, approaches Charlene as though she were in awe of her. She doesn't notice Max.

(CONTINUED)

GROUPIE
(continuing)
I loved your act. I thought it was
great.

Charlene smiles softly and runs her fingers through her
hair.

CHARLENE
Why aren't you waiting for me in my
dressing room?

GROUPIE
I'd love to stay but -

Charlene starts to tickle her side. The Groupie laughs.

GROUPIE
(continuing)
Really. My mom'll kill me. It's
already past one.

MAX
Go home. She'll give you a call.

GROUPIE
Call me tonight.

CHARLENE
Okay.

The Groupie leaves.

Max turns to make sure the Groupie is gone. He is calm but
angry.

MAX
No entry under 21. Ya got
girlfriends coming in. They gotta
be 21.

CHARLENE
Did you ever say anything to Roscoe
about his women? I know he has em.

Max stops and stares at Charlene.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Okay. 21 years old.

Max nods. They continue to walk.

BAR: LATER THAT NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

Roscoe sits one seat down from Audrey. Roscoe downs a mixed drink and smokes. Audrey takes a sip of wine. She looks at Roscoe. She talks with a casually shy, serious and vulnerable nature.

AUDREY

Do you like football?

Roscoe is causal and politely bashful.

ROSCOE

I love football. I've been a Steeler fan as long as I can remember.

AUDREY

I like the Buccaneers. They're a lot of fun to watch. Their coach looks like that little killer doll.

ROSCOE

Chucky. That's what everyone says.

They laugh lightly.

ROSCOE

(continuing; Shakes

her hand.)

I'm Roscoe Arbie.

Audrey laughs sarcastically.

AUDREY

I know. I'm Audrey Franks.

Roscoe goes back to drinking.

ROSCOE

Well, uh, do you like the shows? My show in particular.

She smiles softly.

AUDREY

I love your shows. I think you're a little twisted but in a good way.

They both laugh. Audrey's CELL PHONE rings. She looks at the CALLER ID. She is annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY
(continuing)
It's my boyfriend.

Roscoe tries to hide disappointment.

ROSCOE
You have a boyfriend?

Audrey turns off her phone and puts it in her pocketbook.

AUDREY
Not really. It's just like today. I just wanted him to come to the show and see what things are like around here. He just ignores me. We don't really talk anymore. I thought things would change when I moved out. They haven't. Ya know?

ROSCOE
I think you're really beautiful. I don't see why anyone wouldn't pay attention to you.

Audrey pauses to smile softly.

AUDREY
Thank you.

ROSCOE
Would you like to go dancing? I mean, if you're trying to work things out with your boyfriend I understand.

AUDREY
You know, I don't think I'm trying to work anything out with him. I go see him to make sure he's as boring as I think he is so I can justify leaving him.

They laugh.

AUDREY
(continuing)
It's over. Really. But I don't dance.

ROSCOE
Oh, I can show you how to dance.

AUDREY

I'd rather have a root canal than go on a dance floor.

ROSCOE

I can understand -

AUDREY

Do you have a stereo system at your place?

ROSCOE

I have a little music box. It's good though. You can hear all the songs.

Audrey smiles as if he's said something funny.

AUDREY

I might dance if nobody else was around. If you don't mind.

ROSCOE

Oh no. I'd like that.

AUDREY

Do you have Motown? I like Motown.

ROSCOE

Smokey Robinson, Marvin Gaye, Dianna Ross... well I lost Dianna but Smokey and Marvin I have.

AUDREY

I love Marvin Gaye. You're sure you have Marvin Gaye?

ROSCOE

Yeah I'm sure.

AUDREY

Is your house relatively clean?

ROSCOE

It's spotless. Really. And I live alone so you don't have to worry about roommates.

AUDREY

I couldn't picture you with a roommate.

Roscoe laughs lightly.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE
Neither could I.

Roscoe gets up as he speaks. He takes her coat and opens it for her.

INT. ROSCOE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is spacious with a bar, small stage and a large mirror to the left of the stage. It also consists of a couch and two comfortable chairs around a table. The large boom box sits on the stage. A song by MARVIN GAYE is HEARD.

Audrey is comfortable with both feet on the couch. Roscoe is mixing drinks at the bar for them. She looks back to talk to him.

AUDREY
I thought you were bullshitting
about your Motown collection.

He hands her a mixed drink.

ROSCOE
Nope. I got it all.

Audrey looks ahead to the large mirror.

AUDREY
So, is that the mirror you practice
your faces in?

ROSCOE
Yep.

He walks over to the mirror.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Check this out.

Roscoe looks in the mirror and does his best Robert DeNiro imitation.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
You talkin to me? You talkin to me?
I don't see anyone else here?

He suddenly breaks into an imitation of a ghetto thug.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Hell yeah I'm talkin to you
motherfucka!

Audrey laughs.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Who the hell do you think I'm
talkin to?!

Roscoe laughs softly while looking back at Audrey. She is still laughing. She is a little tipsy.

AUDREY
That's good.

Roscoe walks over to the BOOM BOX and puts in another CD. AL GREEN is HEARD.

ROSCOE
You never said anything about Al
Green.

Audrey still laughs softly.

AUDREY
I love Al Green.

Roscoe slowly walks over to her.

ROSCOE
Cmon.

She gets up. Roscoe slowly takes her hands. They slow dance. He gently puts his hands on her hips. He whispers in her ear.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Just let your hips go. My hand'll
move em. Just let go.

They kiss softly. Roscoe gently picks her up between her legs and lies her on the couch.

A loud, fast paced, GEORGE CLINTON song comes on. Audrey starts to laugh as Roscoe stands over her.

AUDREY
Is this what we're gonna listen to?

(CONTINUED)

Roscoe gives a sly smile. He raises his left eye brow.
Audrey starts to laugh loudly.

ANGLE

STAGE

Audrey's laughter is HEARD over the music.

EXT. ROSCOE'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Roscoe has an average sized backyard. It's fenced in. The sky is very cloudy.

Roscoe is dressed in large pajamas. He sits alone on a blanket eating Kentucky Fried Chicken.

PATIO

Audrey opens the sliding glass door. She wears shorts and one of Roscoe's tee shirts. She is amused.

AUDREY

This is a good idea except it's gonna rain any minute.

ROSCOE

Cmon.

It starts to rain lightly.

AUDREY

My hair.

ROSCOE

Cmon. See? We have KFC, a blanket...

AUDREY

Do you cook?

ROSCOE

Well, I have a microwave. This is a Fonzie Blanket. I love the Fonz. I never threw it out.

Audrey laughs lightly. She walks out to the middle of the patio. It starts to rain harder. She puts her hand over her head and walks to the door.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY

Oh my God.

She goes back inside. Roscoe stands up.

ROSCOE

Wait!

Audrey sticks her head out.

AUDREY

No!

ROSCOE

I just do a tribal dance and the whole thing goes away.

Roscoe puts on serious face as he starts to do a playful Indian dance. He does a mixture of a skip and a march in a circle, using his arms to lead his direction. He wears a serious look.

Audrey laughs. She sticks her head out again.

AUDREY

Come in! You'll ruin the chicken.

Roscoe continues to dance. She laughs.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

STAGE

Roscoe walks on stage. He is dressed in khakis and a shirt.

The Audience gives him a LOUD OVATION. He starts out with a casual intro.

ROSCOE

Wow... Alright.

The crowd dies down.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

I'd like to start out by putting the spotlight on a few friends of mine.

The GAFFER doesn't listen. No spotlight is given.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE
(continuing; Yells and turns
his head.)
I'd like to start out by putting
the spotlight on a few friends of
mine!!!

THE BAR

Jennifer is sitting at the bar with Lou. They face the stage. Both are dressed casually.

The spotlight is going in circles around the club.

STAGE

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Around and around and around she
goes.

Roscoe points at Jennifer and Lou at the bar.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Where she stops. Right there.

The spotlight is on Jennifer and Lou. Jennifer hides fear with a curious and nervous smirk. Lou is motionless. Roscoe turns to his right and addresses them.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Jennifer and Officer Lou - . What
is it?

Lou is a bit defensive in his silence.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
What's your last name man?

Lou smirks a bit from embarrassment. He speaks softly.

LOU
Uh...Brady.

ROSCOE
Actually, Jennifer's an employee
here and we had a date. Yeah.
Kind..of..a.. unique type of
situation.

(CONTINUED)

Spotlight stays on Jennifer and Lou. They look up at the stage with concern. Jennifer's face suggests she finds it humorous.

Roscoe jumps around the stage simulating sex with Jennifer.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
We were doing this - And were doing
that - And I was jumping up and
down from the back - the front -

Audience Laughs.

Roscoe simulates a SEXUAL THRUST.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya.

Roscoe stops until the laughter dies.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
And guess who I had in the corner
sucking his thumb.

Soft Laughter. Looks of shock.

Lou looks at Roscoe with anger.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Officer Friendly himself.

Roscoe looks at Jennifer. She's smiling as if it's a joke.
Roscoe addresses her.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Hey go on. Tell em to laugh. I'm
just jokin right?

Soft laughter. Roscoe continues act.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I love to be the dominant
personality. Go in the corner and
suck your thumb while I fuck the
taste out of your girlfriend's
mouth!

Loud Laughter.

Roscoe calms down and works his way up.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I can't have another go with Jenny
until I let the officer suck my
fucking dick!!!!

Soft laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
What kind of shit is that??!!!

Loud Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Ya wanna go to the prom?

Roscoe imitates a girl.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"Yeah. As long as you let my
boyfriend go down on you".

Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
You're supposed to protect and
serve man! Ya fucked up my date
with your fat ass!

Loud Laughter.

Lou is red with anger. Jennifer laughs.

ROSCOE
(continuing;

Thinking. Walking around.)
I'm fucking confused. I know. I'm
in the business and I should be
used to freak things.

Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
But this, "If you don't let em suck
your dick I never wanna see you
again"??

Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I can't get a hold on that one man.

Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I understand straight. I understand
gay. But what the fuck is that?

Laughter.

Roscoe imitates two rough, male, New York accents.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"Okay Bernie, ya screw me in the
ass while I bang that beautiful
blonde"!

Loud Laughter.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
"And when ya do it Bernie, do it
like ya mean it!!"

Loud Laughter.

Roscoe looks over to a shocked Jennifer. She hides it with a smile.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Next time I come over your place,
put a dildo in his mouth and tell
em to shut the fuck up!

Loud Laughter.

Lou gets up and screams at Roscoe. He's on his way to attack him. Jennifer waves over security.

(CONTINUED)

LOU
Ya wanna come down here and tell
those lies buddy?!

The BOUNCER comes and holds Lou back and peacefully guides him towards the door.

ROSCOE
We're just having a good time.
What's your problem?

Lou and the Bouncer approach the DOOR.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I was gonna buy ya a bottle of
champagne.

Roscoe puts on a confused, innocent expression. He looks over at the bar.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Linda. Give Jenny a bottle of your
best shit. I'm buyin.

Jennifer gives a relieved smile and waves at Roscoe. She sits down.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
Okay. Well, now that that's over
with, let's go with some acceptable
material.

The crowd boos.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
It's a sick crowd man.

They CHEER loudly.

INT. BACKSTAGE LOUNGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Lounge is halfway packed with the regular crowd of groupies, club workers and comics. Jennifer talks with JANET. Everyone is dressed casually.

Jennifer talks fast and hides her anger very well. Janet is a bit upset.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

I'm a professional Janet. That's why I got this job. It's just a joke. It was a tasteless joke -

JANET

It was tasteless.

HALLWAY LEADING TO LOUNGE AREA

Audrey and Roscoe walk to the Lounge Area holding hands. Audrey, dressed in tight jeans and a blouse, is amused but shocked.

AUDREY

My God, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

She knows I was just kidding. That's my uh -

Roscoe uses his hands to try and think of the right word.

AUDREY

- Act. The angry funny man from hell.

She laughs as does he.

AUDREY

(continuing)

I know but -

She shakes her head.

AUDREY

(continuing)

- If it makes money, it makes money.

BACKSTAGE LOUNGE

Audrey and Roscoe enter the lounge. Audrey gives Jennifer a cautious expression.

Charlene talks with SEXY YOUNG FEMALE GROUPIES ONE & TWO.

Everybody else carries on. Roscoe gets a few strange glances from the crowd.

Janet and Jennifer talk.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Don't make a scene okay. It was a joke.

Jennifer yells so Roscoe can hear.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

- BUT I'D LIKE HIM TO PICK
ANOTHER VICTIM NEXT TIME!

Charlene is half smiling.

Roscoe casually turns around from his walk with Audrey.

ROSCOE

Cmon Jenn. Who would ever believe some shit like that? Ya need to take care of that boyfriend of yours. He's too tense.

Roscoe continues to walk. Jennifer gives a playful smirk.

Charlene approaches Roscoe and Audrey as they walk towards the back door. She holds a beer in her hand.

CHARLENE

Hey Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Charlene. The next uh - Charlene. The one and only. This is Audrey.

Audrey and Charlene shake hands.

CHARLENE

Nice meeting you.

AUDREY

Likewise. I'm a big fan.

ROSCOE

We're gonna go on and get outta here.

CHARLENE

Might be a good idea. Just kidding.

ROSCOE

Take it easy, Charlene.

They start to walk away. Charlene taps Roscoe on the shoulder from behind. She then whispers in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE
I know it's true.

Roscoe and Audrey turn around. Charlene blinks at Roscoe and keeps walking.

Roscoe and Audrey continue to walk.

AUDREY
What was that all about?

ROSCOE
She has some idea for a joke.

Audrey looks at him.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
She's a lesbian Audrey. How can you get jealous of a lesbian? I should be jealous.

AUDREY
Yeah, right.

Roscoe and Audrey leave.

OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

Jennifer holds a glass of wine. She gives Roscoe a hateful glare.

INT. COURTROOM - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

The Courtroom is packed with PRESS PEOPLE and CITIZENS. The cross examination of Jennifer is in progress. She sits in the Witness stand. Eleanor sits at the Defense table.

DEFENSE TABLE

Eleanor sits and looks at her notes. She then politely greets Jennifer.

ELEANOR
Good Morning Ms. Vaughn.

WITNESS STAND

Jennifer sits calmly with her legs crossed. She wears slacks and a jacket. She seems to like Eleanor.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

How do you do?

Eleanor gets up with her note pad which she refers back to every now and then. She slowly approaches Jennifer. She stands a comfortable distance from her and has a casual approach.

ELEANOR

I'm fine thank you. I'd like to get right to the point if I may.

(more)

ELEANOR

(continuing)

I believe you stated yesterday that you've never had intimate relations with Roscoe.

Jennifer has a mildly, sarcastic, confused expression.

JENNIFER

Yes Ma'am. That's true. Any calls I made to him were business related.

Eleanor looks at her notes.

ELEANOR

Very well. Are you acquainted with a police officer by the name of Louis Brady?

JENNIFER

(Calm and respectful)

Yes Ma'am. We were dating at one time.

ELEANOR

(Polite smile)

I understand. Did.... members of the jury, you may brace yourselves, please. Did you have sexual relations..sex...with officer Louis Brady and Roscoe at the same time in a "menage a trois" on the night of May the 24th in the year 2003?

JENNIFER

(Angry but cool)

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

(Eye to eye with Jennifer)

Please answer the question Ms. Vaughn.

JENNIFER

No. Where - where did you get that from?

ELEANOR

Yes or no will suffice.

Jennifer pauses for a stare off.

JENNIFER

No.

ELEANOR

Did you share the company of these two men? At your house? On the aforementioned date?

JENNIFER

No, never, no.

ELEANOR

So you've never been in the presence of these two men? At your house? Alone? At night?

JENNIFER

I believe I said no.

Eleanor searches her note pad as she speaks.

ELEANOR

And I believe I have something for you to look at. One moment. Here we go.

Eleanor pulls out a small, color photo. She is polite while handing it to Jennifer.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

For you young lady.

Jennifer takes the picture and holds it down by her legs while looking at it. She looks up at Eleanor with a very slight sense of panic.

The Prosecutor stands and speaks loudly to the Judge.

(CONTINUED)

PROSECUTOR

Objection. I know nothing about this picture being presented into evidence.

JUDGE

(Fed up.)

Will council please approach the bench?

THE BENCH

The Prosecutor stands on the left while Eleanor is on the right. They whisper loudly to the Judge. The Judge looks angrily at the Prosecutor while putting his hand on his microphone.

JUDGE

(continuing)

What the hell's the problem?

PROSECUTOR

No fucking picture was ever presented to my list of items. I don't know what the hell's going on. This is my second time around on this bullshit.

Judge turns to Jennifer.

JUDGE

May I see the photo Ms.Vaughn?

Jennifer looks down at the picture, then up at the Judge.

JUDGE

(continuing)

Ms. Vaughn. May I see the photo?

She cautiously hands it to him. The Judge looks at the photo. The Prosecutor talks to Eleanor in angry whispers.

PROSECUTOR

I don't what kind of game you're playing but this is bullshit with a capitol b.

Eleanor addresses the Judge in a calm but stern manner.

ELEANOR

Your Honor. I will not be talked to in this manner. I have my clients

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
life on the line and the people's
witness has perjured herself. May I
continue?

The Judge looks carefully at the photo.

JUDGE
Get on with it.

ELEANOR
Thank you.

The Prosecutor grits his teeth and walks back to his seat.

The Judge hands the picture back to Jennifer. Eleanor calmly
approaches her.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
Now, Ms. Vaughn. Would you please
describe to the jury what you see
in that photograph?

Jennifer speaks softly. She tries to remain motionless but a
tinge of anger is heard in her voice.

JENNIFER
There's no reason for that. You
can show it to em.

JUDGE
Please answer the question Ms.
Vaughn.

Jennifer looks up. She is motionless.

JENNIFER
This is a picture of Louis Brady
and Roscoe Arbie. With me. At my
house.

ELEANOR
Please continue.

Jennifer looks down at the picture.

JENNIFER
We're on the porch...Roscoe has a
drink.

ELEANOR
What kind of drink is it?

Jennifer looks up and speaks softly.

JENNIFER
I don't recall.

ELEANOR
You remember getting it for him
don't you?

JENNIFER
Yes.

ELEANOR
About how many would you say -

JENNIFER
Four or five.

ELEANOR
What was the occasion Ms. Vaughn?

Jennifer looks away and stares blankly into space.

Eleanor sounds like an understanding but stern authority.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
Young lady, I realize your emotions
may be confused at this time but
the question is quite simple. What
was the occasion?

Jennifer resembles a dejected child while looking at
Eleanor.

JENNIFER
I slept with them.

ELEANOR
You had sexual relations with
Roscoe Arbie?

JENNIFER
Yes.

ELEANOR
If the jury may see the photo.

The Baliff approaches Jennifer and hands the picture to a
member of the Jury.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor casually continues her cross of Jennifer.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
And under what conditions did this
act take place?

JENNIFER
I wanted him to -

ELEANOR
Him as in Roscoe?

JENNIFER
Yes. I wanted Roscoe to have sex
with me...rough sex...and allow the
officer -

ELEANOR
Louis Brady.

Jennifer has a slight panic.

JENNIFER
I don't believe I'm saying this.
Does this have anything to do with
the murder at all?

ELEANOR
I think so but that's a matter for
the Jury to decide. Did Roscoe
allow, this oral pleasure as you
call it, from the officer? Louis
Brady?

JENNIFER
No he did not. And I got mad and
threw him out. That's all that
happened.

ELEANOR
Did you lie about having sex with
Roscoe, Ms. Vaughn?

JENNIFER
Obviously.

ELEANOR
(Stern)
We don't need to waste the court's
time with four syllable words.
Especially when we're only

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
describing a four letter word. Yes
or no will be sufficient.

JENNIFER
Yes I lied. Yes Ma'am.

Eleanor stares at Jennifer with disappointment.

ELEANOR
Very well. Let's continue. Did you
attend a Roscoe Arbie show with
your former dating partner, Louis
Brady?

JENNIFER
Yes Ma'am.

ELEANOR
Did he make mockery of that...
night... in front of a capacity
audience?

JENNIFER
Yes, he did.

ELEANOR
And he had the light technicians
focus the spotlight on you and Mr.
Brady when he did this. Correct?

JENNIFER
Correct.. yes... yes Ma'am.

Eleanor walks closer to Jennifer. She seems sympathetic.

ELEANOR
Jennifer.

Jennifer looks up at Eleanor.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
Do we need to play the tape for the
jury, or do you want to tell us how
you felt that night?

JENNIFER
I wanted to kill him. I hated him -
yes. I hated him. That wasn't
necessary.

Jennifer fails in holding back tears. Eleanor takes out a
tissue from her wallet. She speaks softly.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

It's okay to be disappointed in yourself dear. You're still very young. But you -

Eleanor hands Jennifer a tissue.

JENNIFER

- Thank you.

ELEANOR

You're very welcome. You'll have to pull yourself together for my next question. A man's life hangs in the balance.

Jennifer nods.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

Could you see? Possibly see, how

(more)

ELEANOR

(continuing)

someone could think you fabricated, lied, about seeing Roscoe commit this murder?

JENNIFER

No. I didn't -

ELEANOR

Yes or no will do dear.

JENNIFER

Yes. Yes Ma'am.

ELEANOR

Do you have any idea why you're the only one at this gathering who places Roscoe at the party? Let alone the scene of the crime?

JENNIFER

I have no idea.

ELEANOR

Thank you Ms. Vaughn. That will be all.

BACK OF COURTROOM

(CONTINUED)

A YOUNG REPORTER, dressed formally, excitedly writes on a small pad. He scurries outside.

COURT HALLWAY

Audrey stands with DEPUTY 1 by the left door of the courtroom. She sports a classy dress. The YOUNG REPORTER races through the hallway and runs outside.

Audrey looks in a small mirror to adjust her make up.

Jennifer walks quickly out of the right door of the courtroom escorted by DEPUTY 2. She glances angrily at Audrey. Audrey's face loses expression for a second. She then continues to beautify herself. She drops her mirror.

INT. COURTROOM

DEFENSE TABLE

Eleanor speaks while sitting.

ELEANOR

The court calls Audrey Franks to the stand.

Audrey walks in casually. She enjoys being the center of attention.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS

Jennifer is bombarded by REPORTERS. Deputy 2 tries to hold them back as he quickly escorts her to an awaiting car.

REPORTER 5 (O.S.)

Did you sleep with both men Ms. Vaughn?

REPORTER 6

Is it true you're posing for Playboy?

Jennifer makes it into the car. The car pulls off.

M.J., a reporter for COURT T.V., gives televised comments.

M.J.

Apparently the defense has scored some major points -

INT. COURTROOM

WITNESS STAND

Audrey sits in the witness stand. Eleanor stands to the left of her. She is friendly to Audrey.

ELEANOR

Ms. Franks. Did you see who shot
Max Segal?

AUDREY

No. I did not.

ELEANOR

To your knowledge, was Roscoe Arbie
at that party?

AUDREY

He wasn't there. No. He made it
clear earlier that night at the
Comedy Club that he had no plans on
attending the party. He was
actually very sick. He left our
table at the club to regurgitate.

ELEANOR

If it was Roscoe -

AUDREY

I would've seen him. Yes.

Eleanor speaks to the Prosecutor while walking to her seat.

ELEANOR

Your witness.

Prosecutor speaks from his table. He is motionless.

PROSECUTOR

No questions.

JUDGE

Next Witness.

ELEANOR

The court calls Charlene -

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS

Audrey steps out escorted by Deputy 2. She stands on the steps of the courthouse and is happy to answer questions.

REPORTER 9

Ms. Franks -

AUDREY

I'm Audrey Franks. Audrey is fine.

INT. COURTHOUSE

WITNESS STAND

Charlene sits down. She is dressed in expensive slacks and jacket. Charlene nervously looks down. She then looks angrily at Roscoe and the two have a quick stare off. Roscoe quickly looks down. Eleanor starts the cross. She is friendly to Charlene.

ELEANOR

I understand you were at the party
in question on the night of October
31st at the residence of Leon
Bates.

Charlene looks down and grits her teeth. Eleanor is confused.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

Ms. Peters?

Charlene tries to give a motionless look. She can't hide her angry anxiety. She speaks softly into the microphone.

CHARLENE

That's correct.

Eleanor tries to relax Charlene with her attitude.

ELEANOR

Did you at any time see Mr. Roscoe
Arbie? This charming young fellow
sitting here -

Eleanor softly pats Roscoe's back. Roscoe smiles softly.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

- at that party?

(CONTINUED)

Charlene leans back and stares at Eleanor and Roscoe. She has a controlled but intense look. She takes a second to answer.

CHARLENE

No. I didn't see him.

PROSECUTION TABLE

The Prosecutor's expression suggests he's back from the dead.

Eleanor is hesitant for the first time during the trial.

ELEANOR

I see... Now, as I understand it, you were right beside Max Segal when he was shot.

Charlene talks as to get it over with.

CHARLENE

I was standing right by Max Segal when he was killed. I didn't see who shot him. I was looking.... I was looking at the gun.

ELEANOR

Thank you Ms. Peters. That will be all.

Eleanor to Prosecutor.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

Your witness.

The Prosecutor walks directly to the Witness stand. He looks

Charlene in the eye. He starts speaking moderately. Charlene is angry with him.

PROSECUTOR

On the night of the murder, the distance between you and the killer didn't matter much did it? He could've been this close.

The Prosecutor moves back 5 feet.

PROSECUTOR

(continuing)

He could've been this close.

(CONTINUED)

The Prosecutor moves towards the Jury.

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
Or he could've been this close. It didn't matter because he was going to end up -

Prosecutor points to his head.

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
- this close. And you know that's where he is going to stay -

Prosecutor points to Roscoe.

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
- until you get him out of there by telling us the truth. Now isn't that right Ms. Peters?

CHARLENE
(Calm but smart ass angry)
I have no Godly idea what the hell it is you're talking about.

PROSECUTOR
You're not on trial here Ms. Peters.

CHARLENE
I'm very well aware of that.

Eleanor stands.

ELEANOR
Your honor -

JUDGE
- Objection overruled.

Eleanor sits down. She is concerned.

PROSECUTOR

(Slight raise of voice)
Isn't it true that when Roscoe Arbie pulled the trigger on Max Segal, your dress was splattered with blood?

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor stands and speaks angrily.

ELEANOR

Objection. The witness has already testified that Roscoe was not present.

JUDGE

Objection overruled. Answer the question Ms. Peters.

Charlene looks at the Prosecutor. She speaks under her breath.

CHARLENE

Fuck you.

PROSECUTOR

Excuse me?

Charlene says nothing.

PROSECUTOR

(continuing)

Do you feel safe when you sleep at night Ms. Peters?

CHARLENE

(Casual smart ass)

I said fuck you. You said excuse me and I said fuck you. I'm answering a question from a second ago.

JUDGE

Ms. Peters. May I remind you -

CHARLENE

I already said what I know and he's talking like he hasn't heard a goddamn word! What the fuck is wrong with him?!

PROSECUTOR

(Yells)

You saw Roscoe Arbie kill that man and it scared the hell outta you didn't it?!

ELEANOR

Objection!

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE

At this moment I need silence from
all parties!

Charlene turns and talks loudly to the judge. She points at
the Prosecutor.

CHARLENE

I don't have anything else to say.
This man is delusional. Any other
questions and I'm taking the 5th. I
know my rights.

JUDGE

(Yells)

I'm sure you do Ms. Peters. But you
do not have the right to be in
contempt of my courtroom! Now I'm
sure you understand that don't you?

Beat.

CHARLENE

I'm sorry your Honor.

JUDGE

(To Prosecutor)

Will there be anymore questions?

PROSECUTOR

(Hesitates)

No more questions.

JUDGE

The witness is excused.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

WITNESS STAND

Leon Bates, dressed formally, sits in the witness stand. He
wears a poker face. He looks straight ahead. He is crossed
by Eleanor, who stands in front of him.

ELEANOR

Is it true that Max Segal had
contact with many underworld

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
figures in the city due to his
gambling problem?

LEON
On the advice of council, I decline
to answer.

ELEANOR
Did Max Segal owe money to any
organized crime families?

LEON
On the advice of council, I decline
to answer.

DEFENSE TABLE.

Roscoe looks down and starts to write in his notebook. The
words are HEARD as he writes.

HIS P.O.V.

Roscoe writes the words that are HEARD.

ROSCOE (V.O.)
On the advice of 16 bullets in my
ass from every gangster in the
city, I decline to answer.

BACK TO SCENE

Roscoe sits back and looks at Leon. Leon continues his same
answer.

BACKFLASH

OCTOBER 30, 2003

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

FRONT OF OFFICE

A spacious, dated looking room with a wooden desk, phone and
a computer.

Roscoe enters. He's stunned to see Max and his secretary,
MABLE, thin, mid 20's, brown hair, dressed in a classy
skirt, attractive, staring at him. Max leans on the desk and
looks at Roscoe with glaring eyes. Mable has stopped typing
to look at Roscoe.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE

What?

Beat

ROSCOE

(continuing)

What?

Max quotes.

MAX

Jack Rosie. "The Not Ready For
Prime Time Players can use a guy
like Roscoe Arbie."

Roscoe smiles. He is speechless. Mable stands and shakes his hand.

MABLE

Congratulations Roscoe. We're all
very proud of you.

Max walks towards Roscoe. Roscoe is stunned. He looks at Mable.

MAX

Who's we? There's the 2 of us.

MABLE

(Angry. Walks into another
room on her

left)

Do you have to make me feel stupid
every chance you get?

MAX

Mable. Com'ere. I was asking a
question. We'll go out for crabs
tonight. How's that?

MABLE

I hate seafood.

Beat. Max walks closer to Roscoe. Roscoe is still smiling.

MAX

Something's never change kid. Some
things. Your bank account's gonna
do a helluva lot of changing.

Max pushes the CONTRACT towards the edge of the desk.

(CONTINUED)

MAX
(continuing)
Sign right here Roscoe.

He hands Roscoe a pen. Roscoe signs.

ROSCOE
Thank you Mr. Segal.

MAX
Sit over there. On the couch. I
don't want you collapsing on my
desk.

Roscoe sits.

MAX
(continuing)
How's that girl of yours doing?
Audrey.

ROSCOE
(Roscoe is smiling and
nodding.)
Everything's going great. We're
coming along fine.

Max stands in the middle of the floor facing Roscoe.

MAX
The female situation'll change
drastically for you. I hope that
holds up.

ROSCOE
There's a chance. Ya know? I like
her. I really do.

MAX
They expect you to write your own
material. I dunno if they'll use
it. But they expect it. Let's not
confuse priorities here.

ROSCOE
I understand... I understand 100
percent.

Max motions for Roscoe to get up and walk with him. Max
holds Roscoe's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

You'll have a few surprises coming
your way in the next day or two.

The Phone RINGS.

MAX

Mabel?

No answer. Max walks to the phone and pushes the button for
the answering machine. A ROUGH VOICE is on the other end.

ROUGH VOICE (O.S.)

You made a bet. You lost. I need my
fuckin money.

The ROUGH VOICE hangs up.

Max turns around. He calmly holds Roscoe's shoulder again as
they walk.

MAX

Don't worry about that. Just some
low class trash tryin to get his 15
minutes.

Max opens the door for Roscoe to leave. Roscoe stands in the
doorway. He shakes Max's hand.

MAX

(continuing)

I'm happy for you Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Thank you so much Mr. Segal.
Really. Thank you

MAX

You're a good kid Roscoe.

Max closes the door and walks back to the phone. He picks it
up and starts to dial.

INT. ROSCOE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The door bell is HEARD. Audrey is excited while running to
the door. She is dressed in old, dirty jeans full of paint
stains, a painters cap and a tee shirt. She opens the door
for Roscoe. He's comes in and is excited as well.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY
Close your eyes.

ROSCOE
I have to tell you something.

AUDREY
I have to show you the wall paper
first. Close your eyes.

Roscoe playfully looks at her body.

ROSCOE
I have a hard time doing that. What
- ?

Audrey jumps on Roscoe's back and puts her hands over his eyes. She's laughing while doing it.

AUDREY
Shut up. Walk downstairs.

Starts to walk.

ROSCOE
I can't see. This is dangerous.

AUDREY
Just walk. I'm looking out for you.

STAIRS LEADING TO BASEMENT

Roscoe slowly walks down the stairs with Audrey on his back.

AUDREY
(continuing)
There's a party at Leon's tonight.
We're going.

ROSCOE
I know we're going.

They're walking in the basement.

AUDREY
Turn right. Not too fast.

ROSCOE
This is a test of love if I ever
saw one.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY
Turn right again. Don't run.

She tickles him. He laughs.

ROSCOE
You're crazy.

AUDREY
Keep em closed. Okay. The new wall
paper.

A large patch of wall paper covers about one fourth of the wall. It has a dark blue and purple pattern. The rest of the wall is a boring brown.

Audrey jumps off of Roscoe's back and stands on his left.

ROSCOE
It's beautiful.

AUDREY
I know it's beautiful. I picked it.
Don't you like it though? It's a
dark blue and purple pattern. It's
peaceful isn't it?

ROSCOE
It's really nice. Yeah.

AUDREY
This is nothing compared to the
paint job upstairs. I've been
working all day.

Grabs Roscoe's hand to walk with him. Roscoe gently resists.

ROSCOE
Wait -

Roscoe and her look at each other.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I made the show.

Audrey screams loudly and jumps in his arms.

AUDREY
I'm so proud of you. I'm about to
have a breakdown. I have to do
something.

(CONTINUED)

Roscoe gently places her on the ground and kisses her.

ROSCOE
I love you.

AUDREY
I love you Roscoe Arbie.

Audrey talks in a soft tone.

AUDREY
(continuing)
It's happening ya know? It's
happening right before our eyes.
You're a star.

Audrey starts to cry. Roscoe hugs her.

ROSCOE
It's okay.

AUDREY
Are you sure?

ROSCOE
I'm positive.

She calms down.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
We're gonna have a ball.

AUDREY
You're gonna be a movie star.
Aren't you?

ROSCOE
Probably. An X rated movie star.

AUDREY
The comic from hell. What have I
done to deserve such a fate?

ROSCOE
You trusted me.

Roscoe gives a playfully fiendish laugh.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
You're all mine now.

AUDREY
Oooooohhhhh.

Roscoe smiles. They hug again.

INT. ROSCOE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Roscoe sits on a couch in his boxer shorts and tee shirt. He is in intense concentration while writing comic skits.

AUDREY (O.S.)
Roscoe! Roscoe?!

Roscoe gives an annoyed look. Audrey comes down to the basement. She is dressed in an elegant and sexy skirt with a classy blouse.

AUDREY
What are you doing? We're late for
the party as it is.

Roscoe gives little expression. He is bothered at the interruption.

ROSCOE
I can't go. I have to write.

AUDREY
What are you crazy? This is the big
celebration. Well, one of em
anyway.

Roscoe lowers his voice. He is not threatening, just elusive and annoyed.

ROSCOE
Can't go. Can't do it. SNL wants me
with my own shit. I gotta write.

AUDREY
That can wait Roscoe -

ROSCOE
I can't do it. Can't go. I gotta
write.

Audrey is dumbfounded and lowers her voice.

AUDREY
Okay. Well, I'll spread the good
news.

Roscoe nods and keeps writing. Audrey is offended. She stares at him and leaves.

EXT. LEON'S BACKYARD - LATE NIGHT

BACKYARD

Very spacious. Consists of large trees, jacuzzi, grill, dance floor, stage, etc. It has emptied out with a small crowd either dead drunk or leaving. Leon, dressed casually, sits on a bench and talks to a SEXY LADY. The house is tall, 3 stories, modern and beautiful.

INT. LEON'S HOUSE

LIVING ROOM

Very large. Big screen television. About 9 people mingle around the area. Most are drunk or getting ready to leave. A PASSED OUT GIRL lies on the sofa. Audrey talks with THE

WRITER and his four ARTIST FRIENDS. Two girls and two guys. They're drunk. Audrey is not.

There is a knock on the front door.

FEMALE ARTIST

It's open!

Charlene walks in. She is cautious and shy. She is dressed in a nice skirt with her hair out. She looks like another person.

AUDREY

Charlene?

CHARLENE

(Smiles)

Hi.

Audrey approaches her. They talk in the center of the room. Charlene keeps a type of bashful demeanor. Audrey is playfully sarcastic as she looks at her watch.

AUDREY

Well, you're on time.

CHARLENE

Well, I figured by this time all the drunks are passed out. The weed

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE (cont'd)
smokers too. I don't have to turn
down a joint every five seconds.

AUDREY

(Laughs casually)
It's not that bad.

Charlene smirks lightly at Audrey and looks away.

CHARLENE
How's Roscoe? Where is he?

Audrey and Charlene walk over to the champagne table and
make drinks.

AUDREY
I couldn't get em to come. He's all
involved in the SNL thing.

CHARLENE
SNL?

AUDREY
Saturday Night Live.

CHARLENE
Oh yeah. That's really great.

Charlene nervously looks around.

AUDREY
What?

CHARLENE
I also figured if I came late , I
wouldn't have to hear,

Charlene imitates man's voice.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
"Oh Charlene. You mean you actually
wear dresses? You look great."

They laugh.

The Writer notices Charlene from where he stands.

THE WRITER
Charlene?! Is that you?!

CHARLENE
No. It's your mother.

THE WRITER
Goddamn Mom!

The Writers group laughs as does Audrey.

CHARLENE

(To Audrey)
Cmon.

INT. COMEDY ROOM

The large room consists of posters of famous comics, bios on them, video's etc. It also has a large stereo system complete with a VCR and a DVD. A small stage with a microphone is also present.

Charlene and Audrey walk in.

CHARLENE
You mind if I lock the door?

AUDREY
That's fine.

Charlene locks the door.

CHARLENE
I'm normal. I swear.

AUDREY
(Comforting laughter)
It's alright Charlene.

Charlene walks around and looks at the posters.

CHARLENE
I'll become invisible if I ever
make it big. Ya know? Right now I
have to appear at things like this.
This club is like a team. Not a
family. There's a big difference.
Why isn't Roscoe here?

AUDREY

(Motionless)
He's busy.

Charlene nervously downs her glass of champaign.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE

Oh. That's right. You told me.

AUDREY

Everything's cool Charlene. No drunk'll make it down here.

CHARLENE

Yeah. When I'm nervous I talk obsessively. I guess it's obvious.

AUDREY

I wouldn't say it was obsessive. It's just a lot.

They laugh.

AUDREY

(continuing)

Roscoe doesn't talk that much anymore. He should've come tonight. The turn over rate at this club is crazy. I don't know that many people here.

Charlene stares at Audrey.

CHARLENE

If I tell you something you have to promise not to get mad.

AUDREY

What is it? If you wanna write alone with Roscoe I won't get mad. I trust the two of you.

Charlene reaches out and passionately kisses Audrey. Audrey kisses for a second. She then seems to think about what she's doing.

AUDREY

(continuing)

Whoa.

She backs away. Audrey is shocked as she looks at Charlene. Charlene softly takes her hand. They kiss again.

SHADOWS

THE SILHOUETTE SHADOWS of Audrey and Charlene making love are seen.

INT. ROSCOE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Roscoe's bedroom is complete with large mirror, king sized bed and a bathroom. Roscoe puts on his robe and looks at Audrey sleeping. She wakes up.

AUDREY

What are you doing up?

ROSCOE

It's ten o'clock. That must've been some party.

AUDREY

I was bored the whole time. Satisfied? Happy?

ROSCOE

I shoulda gone. This whole TV show thing caught me by surprise.

AUDREY

Wake me up at eleven.

Roscoe walks out.

KITCHEN

Roscoe goes into the fridge and takes out a sub sandwich. He places it on the counter and unwraps it. The phone RINGS. Roscoe looks at it. It RINGS again.

BACK TO BEDROOM

It rings a third time. A tired Audrey picks it up.

AUDREY

(continuing)

Hello?

INT. CHARLENE'S APARTMENT

Charlene dresses in shorts and a tee shirt. She walks around her quaint living room holding a cell phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CHARLENE

I'd like to see you again.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY
I can arrange that.

CHARLENE
Is Roscoe around?

AUDREY
No. He's downstairs doing something.

CHARLENE
When we kissed. I felt.. I felt like a teenager again. I don't want you to think I'm a psycho bitch or anything.

AUDREY
No. I don't. I never did anything like - but -

Audrey watches for Roscoe.

AUDREY
(continuing)
- I'd like to again. With you. Like today. And I don't want you to think I'm crazy either.

CHARLENE
Well, I'm at 404.948.8373. Call at 5.

AUDREY
That sounds good.

Beat.

CHARLENE
Bye bye love.

They hang up.

INT. ROSCOE'S KITCHEN

Roscoe stands with the phone in his hand. He is motionless. He starts to slowly walk upstairs.

BEDROOM

Audrey is sleeping. Roscoe stares at her. He sits at the side of the bed and looks at her. He then drops his head in his hands.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

The club is packed to capacity. Charlene is performing on stage. She dresses in her customary performing outfit along with the loose pants Roscoe has given her.

LEON'S TABLE

Leon opens a bottle of champagne.

LEON and his GIRLFRIEND, pretty, cheap looking, sit at the table. A dressed up Roscoe and Audrey are also at the table.

Roscoe wears a motionless expression. He goes through the motions of acting normal. The rest of the table has a ball.

STAGE

Charlene is close to the mike. She performs.

CHARLENE

Rock stars bore the shit outta me.
All that hair.

Soft laughter.

CHARLENE

(continuing)

I love their God, Jimi Hendrix. But
now they're all the same guy.

Charlene takes off her hat exposing her long hair. She shakes her head while singing, imitating the rock stars.

CHARLENE

(continuing)

Ahhhh! Ahhhh! I'm so glad to be
outta my mother's basement singing
this shit and busting your
eardrums!

LAUGHTER

Charlene calms down and starts talking again.

CHARLENE

(continuing)

See. I really am a girl.

Audience laughs and claps.

LEON'S TABLE

(CONTINUED)

They all clap including Roscoe. Roscoe stares motionless at Charlene.

STAGE

Charlene puts her hat back on.

CHARLENE

(continuing)

I love music. If it's good I love it. I just don't like groupies gone too far.

LAUGHTER

CHARLENE

(continuing)

Which is what most of this shit is now a days.

Audience claps.

CHARLENE

(continuing)

Spotlight please. And you know who to put it on.

SPOTLIGHT focuses on Roscoe and Audrey. Roscoe wears a small smirk in a desperate effort to smile.

CHARLENE

(continuing)

The newest addition to Saturday Night Live. The latest, "Ready Like Hell for Prime Time Player". Mr. Roscoe Arbie.

The crowds applauds wildly. They stand up.

Roscoe nods his head slightly. He wears a small, blank but pleasant look. Leon looks at him with a smile of admiration.

LEON

Stand up. Go on Roscoe.

Roscoe casually gets up and waves at the crowd. They go wild. Roscoe sits back down.

CHARLENE

And, Mr. Arbie, we do have a surprise for you. You'll be at Leon's house..Actually it's a mansion. For a party in your honor.

(CONTINUED)

Audience applauds. Noise level goes down a bit.

CHARLENE
(continuing)
And to the audience. If you're
wondering if you're invited. Well,
actually you're not.

LAUGHTER

CHARLENE
(continuing)
That's all folks. I love you.

APPLAUSE

CHARLENE
(continuing)
Yes! Good night!

Charlene waves as she steps off the stage. She walks to
Leon's table. She shakes a few hands on the way.

LEON'S TABLE

Everyone but Roscoe is overjoyed.

AUDREY
I'm so proud of you. Keep writing
okay?

Roscoe gives a small smile.

LEON
The thing is the movies. Fight for
the right to do your own material.
Don't get lost in their show. Here
she is.

Charlene approaches the table. She talks to Roscoe.

CHARLENE
Come here babe.

She opens her arms. Roscoe gets up and hugs her. He then
gently breaks away and looks down. He starts breathing hard
through his mouth.

AUDREY
Are you okay honey?

Roscoe puts his hand over his mouth as though he has to
vomit. Leon puts his arm around him.

(CONTINUED)

LEON
Cmon big fella.

Leon quickly leads him to the bathroom.

INT. BACKSTAGE BATHROOM

Roscoe bursts into a stall and starts to vomit. Leon comforts him.

LEON
It's no problem. No problem at all.
Let it all out.

Roscoe turns around. He takes out a tissue to wipe his mouth. He's out of breath.

ROSCOE
I don't feel too good. Tell em to
go to the party without me.

LEON
Ya sure?

Roscoe's eyes are running and he breathes hard. He shakes his head yes.

LEON
(continuing)
Listen...Roscoe..I hate to tell you
this but this is as good a time as
any. I guess. Your guy Max. He
ain't gonna last. He's got every
bookie in this city up his ass and
I can't help em anymore. We need to
talk about new representation for
you.

Roscoe continues to breathe hard. He holds his head. Leon pulls out a contract and a pen.

LEON
(continuing)
This is nothing. It's just a

(more)

LEON
(continuing)
contract that says you agree to
appear here once a month. With all
I've done for you -

(CONTINUED)

Roscoe takes the pen and signs the contract. He continues to vomit. Leon leaves.

BACK TO LEON'S TABLE.

Leon approaches the table. All the girls are still there.

LEON

The big guy says to leave without em. Nothing to worry about. He's just going through some changes.

AUDREY

But it's his party. Get em some Pepto Bismo or something.

LEON

I've seen it all before. It's success anxiety. He's worked all his life for this and now he's scared. These things happen. He just needs to be alone.

CHARLENE

If it was me I'd be completely crazy right now. I know...

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAWN

Max sits alone in his office. He is stressed out, wiping sweat off of his head. He dials Roscoe's number.

INT. ROSCOE'S DRESSING ROOM.

Roscoe is dressed in a bathrobe and sandals. He is writing a comedy routine by the row of vanities. His phone RINGS 3 times. He picks it up.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ROSCOE

Yeah.

Max is silent.

ROSCOE

(continuing)

What fucken weirdo is this?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

(Soft smile and soft words)
It's just Max kid. Most people
would agree with you about the
weirdo part.

ROSCOE

What are ya doin'?

MAX

Brace yourself Roscoe. It's not bad
news. Not as bad as you think. The
Saturday Night Live show decided to
wait a while on us.

Roscoe's face turns to a stone, cold panic.

ROSCOE

What do ya mean by a while? Are we
out?

MAX

No, we're not out. We're not out by
a long shot. There's one jerk there
that keeps talking about the
Belushi, Farlie thing. They kept
comparing you to those guys. I put
up a fight. I've been on the phone
for the last five hours. They just
want more proof of a cult
following. We just do a tour.
That's all.

Roscoe gets up and lights a cigarette. He then pounds it out
on the ashtray while he talks. He holds his head.

ROSCOE

Who is this.. who is this fucken
guy you keep talkin about?

MAX

Doesn't matter Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Who is he? Just tell me. I can talk
to em.

Max sits back in his chair and lights a cigar. He puts the
cigar down in his ashtray and holds his head. He rotates his
chair.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE
 (continuing)
 Hello?

Soft smile from Max.

 MAX
 I'm here kid.

 ROSCOE
 This kinda shit happens all the
 time. I'll just pull out some new
 material for em. I got all
 different kinds of angles Mr.
 Segal. I'm surprised you didn't
 think of that. Where does he live?
 We go over there now. Right now.

Max leans back in his chair and holds up his head as if getting a second wind.

 MAX
 They want Charlene Peters.

Roscoe tilts his head in a kind of shock.

 MAX
 (continuing)
 The feminist thing. It's in. They
 want it. It's politics inside and
 outside. This war is bringing
 liberal performers outta the wood
 work.

 ROSCOE
 What am I? A fucken fascist?

 MAX
 It's not like that Roscoe. We'll
 get on the show. We'll have our own
 show. We'll tour the country -

 ROSCOE
 Fuck that! You use me to draw em in
 and then make her the feature
 fucken attraction?! That's what you
 fucking did.

 MAX
 It's not -

ROSCOE

Shut the fuck up! You use me to bust their cherry and set her up on the prom date right? That bitch

(more)

ROSCOE

(continuing)

is a stereotypical female comic! "I hate guys!" "I'm a fucken hero to women!" "Look at me pull guns out on dates!" That shit ain't gonna fly! I'm Roscoe Arbie goddamnit! There's no other way this coulda happened unless you planned it this way!

MAX

(Stern)

Now hold it! Shit. I understand you're upset.

Max talks slowly with authority.

MAX

(continuing)

I need you to stay where you are. It's alright. Everything's fine but you're having a fucken break down. We can't afford another Chase Adams.

ROSCOE

Chase who-

MAX

Chase -

ROSCOE

You fucken played games with my mind to set that fucken Dike up for a shot. Or maybe she's ain't no Dike Max. You tell me. But, shut the fuck up. Don't tell me shit. That no good bitch Audrey found out about this fucken thing too didn't she?

MAX

Charlene doesn't even know about this kid. Nobody knows but us.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE
You're a fucken liar!

MAX
You're scaring me Roscoe. Just stay there.

ROSCOE
Yeah, so you can come over here and spill more bullshit. This is my fucken life!

Hangs up phone.

INT. CHARLENE'S DRESSING ROOM

Charlene is dressed in a nice skirt and blouse. She lets her hair flow. She looks in the vanity to straighten out her make up. Her PHONE RINGS. She picks it up.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CHARLENE
Hello? Oh hi Max. Listen, I really can't talk right now. I'm on my way to Roscoe's party.

Max's office is dimly lit. He has a stressed out voice.

MAX
I got some good news for ya.

CHARLENE
Good news?

MAX
I'll see ya at the party.

Max hangs up.

Charlene looks puzzled then pleasantly brushes it off.

BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

Charlene walks in the hallway. She stops in front of Roscoe's dressing room. She decides against going in and keeps walking.

INT. ROSCOE'S DRESSING ROOM

Roscoe sits in a chair which is in the middle of the room. He is dressed in his robe and boxer shorts. The robe is open. The lighting is dim. He has a quiet look of murder on his sweaty face.

EXT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Max walks out of his office and gets into his CLASSIC T BIRD. He drives out of the small parking lot. A BLACK CAR from across the street follows him.

INT. LEON'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Leon drives along with his SEXY LADY FRIEND and Audrey, who sits in the back.

AUDREY

Are you sure Roscoe's alright?

LEON

I told you what that was. He'll probably throw his own party tomorrow. Forget about em. Have a good time.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

STAGE AREA - LOBBY

Charlene walks through the back of the stage area to the lobby. The club is empty.

Roscoe stands on the stage in anger. He watches her leave.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB PARKING LOT

Charlene gets into her SPORTS CAR. She hears a noise and looks around. She then opens the car door and drives off.

CLUB ENTRANCE

Roscoe stands at the entrance. He waits until Charlene starts to drive. He then gets in his old styled CADILLAC and follows her.

PRESENT DAY

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON - FULL COURTROOM

All looking slightly to their right.

JURY BOX

The Prosecutor stands and faces the jury.

PROSECUTOR

Roscoe Arbie is a comedian. Roscoe Arbie is also a self centered, eccentric, violent and murderous sociopath who feels no moral obligation to society what so ever. That's what I told you on the outset of this trial. That's what Chase Adams told you. The young man who our office had to practically drag in here. No. He didn't want to testify. He didn't want you to know that Roscoe Arbie attacked him in a bathroom in front of his girlfriend. Beating him. Stomping him. Threatening to set him on fire if he stepped foot in the club again. He didn't want you to know that. He was embarrassed. All that because, for one night, he took Roscoe Arbie's place as the feature attraction. Roscoe Arbie is a murderer. That's what Jennifer Vaughn told you. She stood by Roscoe and watched him pull the trigger on Max Segal. She watched Max fall to his knees and bleed to death. Then she ran for her life. I believe Ms. Vaughn. And I also believe that each and everyone of you would've tried to cover up a sexual liaison that had no business making it into this courtroom in the first place. Had it been me, I would've attempted to preserve my privacy. We were told to look into the world of Max Segal all through this trial. Yet, when the lead witness for these imaginary gambling problems sat in that chair, we found that it led nowhere. Nowhere. Max Segal's world was Roscoe Arbie and we all know how that world came crashing down. Betrayed by a wolf in wolf's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)
clothing. A wolf, pretending to be
an actor impersonating a wolf.

Pause.

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
Now you've heard lies. Lot's of em.
But I have faith in you. If we
would have faith in justice, we
must only believe in ourselves. And
act with justice. And I believe
there is justice in our hearts.

Pause.

PROSECUTOR
(continuing)
Thank you.

The Prosecutor walks back to his table.

DEFENSE TABLE

Eleanor sits down and reads a quote to the Jury.

ELEANOR
If we would have faith in justice,
we must only believe in ourselves.
And act with justice. And I believe
there is justice in our hearts.

Eleanor walks slowly to the JURY BOX and faces them.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
That's a quote straight out of the
movie "The Verdict". Courtesy of
the famed actor, Paul Newman. But
it's a quote I happen to agree
with.

Pause.

ELEANOR
(continuing)
There's no reason for the defense
in this case to make a closing
argument. I'm not here because I
don't trust that you can't see a
miscarriage of justice in this
case. I'm here because it's my
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
responsibility as an officer of the court to make certain you know my client has not been proven guilty nor is he guilty. This case has no motive for murder. Nobody. Not even the Prosecution's only so called witness can come up with a fight, one minor argument between Roscoe and the man he saw as his surrogate father. Max Segal. The Prosecution brought in a Joe Stewart. A gun salesman that sold Roscoe a gun. A gun, I might add, that was to protect him from stalkers. A licensed firearm. And this gun salesman tells you that the gun he sold to Roscoe is not the gun that killed Max Segal. We should've stopped there. There should've been a mistrial.

Pause.

ELEANOR
(Continuing)
But no. Not with a young comic by the name of, Chase Adams, testifying that Roscoe assaulted and terrified him. But he wasn't so terrified to go see a doctor let alone go into a hospital for a routine check up. There is no proof that this altercation ever took place. Except if you believe the testimony of Jennifer Vaughn. Jennifer Vaughn is a liar. She was involved with Roscoe and that was the mistake he made. He committed no murder but is guilty of using bad judgement in choosing a mate. Even if it was just for a one night stand. Or what ever you'd like to call that. The chaotic mind of Jennifer could've seen anything that night. Roscoe made mockery of her sexual practices in front of her impotent lover and a capacity crowd. This was not a woman scorned. She was, in fact, burned. The 2 witnesses at the scene who really have no reason to lie are Audrey Franks and Charlene Peters.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR (cont'd)

They faced the shooter. Yet they don't even place Roscoe in the building let alone the crime scene. Nobody places Roscoe at the crime scene but Ms. Vaughn. And she told you herself that she would understand if you believed her to be a liar. The Prosecution's main witness is making a statement advising you to have a reasonable doubt with her testimony. And that's all you really needed to hear to drop this case. Then again, what case? There is no case against Roscoe Arbie. His life has been ruined for absolutely nothing. A travesty of justice. Leon Bates, the club owner, sat before you and protected himself by taking the fifth amendment. The right to remain silent. Did the People remain silent when he asked for protection in testifying against dangerous men? Men capable of murdering Max Segal and breaking Roscoe Arbie's spirit in the process. Yes I believe justice is in our hearts. Sympathy for two men. Max Segal. God bless his soul. And Roscoe Arbie. God bless his heart. It's broken.

Eleanor is angry and emotional though she speaks softly.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

There was never any need for this madness.

She turns and looks to the Prosecutor.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

Shame on you counselor. Shame on you.

The Prosecutor gives Eleanor a motionless stare.

Eleanor walks back to her table.

INT. COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The Jurors file in from the Jury Room.

DEFENSE TABLE

Roscoe opens his mouth ever so slightly. Eleanor gently holds his hand.

PROSECUTION TABLE

The Prosecutor is angry and nervous.

JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

We have your Honor.

JUDGE

Will the defendant stand and face the Jury.

Roscoe nervously stands and faces the jury. Eleanor holds his hand.

FOREMAN

Your honor. On count one, murder in the first degree. We find the defendant, Roscoe Arbie, Not Guilty.

Roscoe hugs Eleanor.

A slight applause of support comes from the courtroom.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS

Loads of Cameras, News People and Fans carrying signs are present.

Roscoe walks out with Eleanor. The fans applaud. Audrey, who has walked in back of Roscoe, turns him around and hugs him.

Audrey whispers in Roscoe's ear.

AUDREY

You must've been so lonely.

Roscoe smiles and whispers back with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE
I wasn't that goddamn lonely.

20 REPORTERS holler questions at Roscoe from the bottom of the stairs.

Roscoe and Audrey play the situation off by still appearing arm in arm. He has Eleanor in one arm and Audrey in the other. Roscoe holds his right arm up as he signals for silence. The press noise goes down though it is still present.

Roscoe stands behind a podium and speaks into a horde of microphones.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
These have been the hardest three months of my life. I've been vindicated.

The fans applaud.

ROSCOE
(continuing)
I'm going home.

FREEZE FRAME

PICTURE IS SNAPPED

A smiling and emotional Roscoe. A smiling Eleanor. A confused Audrey.

FLASHBACK

OCTOBER 31, 2003

THE PARTY

EXT. SPENCER BLVD. - NIGHT

LEON'S HOUSE.

A party takes place at LEON'S HOUSE.

Roscoe drives his CADILLAC a distance behind Charlene's SPORTS CAR.

INT. ROSCOE'S CADILLAC

Roscoe wears a cold, angry expression.

HIS P.O.V.

Charlene pulls over on the right curb to park. Roscoe pulls up a distance behind her.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. CHARLENE'S SPORTS CAR

Charlene lights a cigarette. She burns herself with the match.

CHARLENE

Shit!

She rummages through her glove compartment until she finds some ointment. She puts out the cigarette and rubs it on her finger.

OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

Max pulls up to the opposite side of the curb in his T BIRD. He is followed by the HITMAN who drives in a BLACK CAR.

INT. MAX'S CAR

Max takes out the keys and gets out of the car.

EXT. STREET

The HITMAN, mid 30's, hard look, stares hard and motionless at Max.

Max looks around for a second then goes into Leon's house. The front yard is empty, however, there is a small crowd inside.

INT. CHARLENE'S SPORTS CAR

Charlene puts a band-aid on her finger. Her CELL PHONE RINGS.

CHARLENE

Hello. Yeah, I'm here. I just
burned -

INT. ROSCOE'S CADILLAC

Roscoe looks hard at Charlene.

HIS P.O.V.

Charlene gets out of the car. She walks down the stairs beside the house which lead to the BASEMENT.

BACK TO SCENE

STREET

Roscoe gets out of his car. He is dressed in his BATHROBE. He has a blank expression. He seems oblivious to everything around him.

STAIRS LEADING TO PATIO AND BASEMENT

Roscoe looks down the stairs. The Writer and the WRITER'S GIRLFRIEND are kissing behind one of the bushes. The Writer and his Girlfriend come out to greet Roscoe. They are slightly intoxicated.

THE WRITER

Hey Roscoe. Congrats man!

The Writer sticks his hand out. His Girlfriend smiles. Roscoe ignores him and starts to walk down the stairs. The Writer talks to his girlfriend.

THE WRITER

(continuing)

He's kinda shy. You know how it is.

They continue to kiss.

INT. LEON'S HOUSE

The LIVING ROOM is semi crowded. Leon stands with his Girlfriend and a group of dressy Comics. Max approaches him.

MAX

Ya seen Charlene anywhere? It's important.

LEON

She's somewhere around here.

To his Girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

LEON
(continuing)
I'll be back.

EXT. LEON'S HOUSE

STAIRS LEADING TO BASEMENT

Roscoe slowly walks down the stairs carefully studying what's ahead of him. A drunk and loud Jennifer is at the bottom of the stairs. She is dressed in jeans and a blouse as she follows Roscoe.

JENNIFER
You motherfucker. You Motherfucker!
Who the hell....

She lowers her voice and yells in a loud whisper.

They are now at the bottom of the stairs approaching the BASEMENT. Roscoe completely blocks her out.

JENNIFER
(continuing)
Who the hell do you think you are talking to me like that?! I can have your fat ass killed just like that. I can make you a fucking ink spot.

She walks behind Roscoe. He glances back at her. She starts to talk louder.

JENNIFER
(continuing)
You're gonna remember this. Because there's a such thing as the National Enquirer buddy.

Jennifer kicks Roscoe in the ass. She side swipes him with her right foot. He keeps walking.

JENNIFER
(continuing)
Yeah. I kicked your fucking ass.
You slovenly, ungrateful pig.

Roscoe looks at her. He does not react at all.

JENNIFER
(continuing)
What the fuck are you looking at?!

Jennifer keeps talking. They come to the BASEMENT. There is a SLIDING GLASS DOOR. The EXT. is DARK and Roscoe nor Jennifer can be seen.

INT. BASEMENT

Audrey and Charlene chat as they drink.

Roscoe puts his left hand on the door. He then turns his back on the door.

Jennifer is cursing him.

INT. BASEMENT

Max approaches Charlene. Leon walks behind him.

EXT. BASEMENT

In one sweeping motion, Roscoe turns around, slams open the door and shoots.

STREET

INT. HITMAN'S CAR

The HITMAN hears what he knows is a gunshot. He is stunned and confused. He quickly drives off.

EXT. BASEMENT

Roscoe holds the gun by his side. He looks to be in shock. Jennifer holds her mouth in dire fear. She turns and runs.

INT. BASEMENT

AUDREY, CHARLENE, MAX & LEON.

Max is down on his knees. He holds his stomach then looks at his hands. They are bloody. He looks at Roscoe.

Charlene looks at her dress. It is bloody. She pulls it up to make sure she's okay. She then looks at Roscoe

Audrey stands by Charlene. Her glass shakes.

(CONTINUED)

Leon hears a BANG at the BASEMENT door. He runs up the stairs. THE BODYGUARD opens the door and enters the stairway. There's a crowd behind him but he closes the door, blocking them out.

Leon talks urgently to The Bodyguard.

LEON
Somebody lit a firecracker. Nobody
comes down here.

The Bodyguard nods. He turns and walks back upstairs.

EXT. BASEMENT

Roscoe stands alone. He looks inside.

HIS P.O.V.

Max lies dead on his back. Audrey and Charlene stand in shock. Leon comes back and stands over Max. He takes his pulse.

LEON
Shit.

Leon looks out at Roscoe. He is wide eyed and scared but manages to slowly approach him.

EXT. BASEMENT

Roscoe turns around. He puts the gun to his head and pulls the trigger. The gun is empty. Leon is a small distance from him.

LEON
Roscoe. Gimme the gun.

Roscoe looks down in shock.

LEON
(continuing)
He's gonna be alright. Ya just got
em in the arm. It was an accident.
Roscoe... you don't wanna kill
yourself.

Roscoe breathes hard. He slowly hands Leon the gun. Leon holds it by his side. He changes his attitude to one of authority.

(CONTINUED)

LEON
(continuing)
Leave. Go. Now.

Roscoe looks as though he's about to break down.

LEON
(continuing)
Get the fuck outta here!!

Roscoe turns around and leaves.

Leon pulls out his cell phone and dials 911. He is approached by The Writer.

THE WRITER
Is everything alright man?

Leon yells.

LEON
Get the fuck out!

THE WRITER
Alright man.

The Writer holds out his hands in peace. He leaves.

Leon talks on the phone.

LEON
We have an emergency. Someone's
been shot.

Pause.

LEON
(continuing)
No, I didn't see who did it. Are ya
comin right now?!

EXT. LEON'S HOUSE AND STREET - SAME TIME

Leon's house, and the Street are seen.

FADE OUT:

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. ROSCOE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Roscoe sits down at his kitchen table. He is dressed in jeans, tee shirt and sandals.

There are two booklets on the table. One is a REGULAR NOTEBOOK, which Roscoe writes in. The other is a large, HARD COVERED ALBUM. It contains large pieces of writing paper.

As Roscoe writes in his diary, his words are HEARD.

VOICE OVER

Leon is still running the Comedy Club. He thought it'd be better if I took a little break. He did allow me one more show after the trial. What a show it was. Told me it was a farewell concert. That I was going on tour. No tour. No Leon. It would probably be better if I didn't think about the past too much.

INT. ROSCOE'S DRESSING ROOM

Roscoe looks at himself in the mirror as he prepares to go out. He wears a black suit, and a tie.

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

Things that just don't seem right. Tuesday, July 3rd, 2004. Chase Adams ended up on Saturday Night Live. Guess that makes sense. I promised myself not to think about this, and here I am again. I know it's a bullshit business but goddamn.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

Roscoe walks through backstage hallway.

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

Not sure about her. Every time I turn on Comedy Central she's giving a show. Never made the big one. They change their minds every second on that fucking show. Something happened with her, and somebody's daughter. At least

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OVER (cont'd)
that's what I heard. But she's
going strong. No HBO special, but
she's been on there once or twice.
This is another thing that don't
seem right. I don't hate her, but
I'm not sure why. If anyone ever
ruined my life... I guess I'm just
glad to be outta the joint.

Roscoe arrives by the backstage curtain. He pulls a small
bottle of vodka out of his suit pocket, and takes a swig.

VOICE OVER
(continuing)
Eleanor's on Court TV every now and
then. Still calls me Mr.
Roscoe. Well, the one time we talked
she did. Doesn't answer my calls.
Guess she's a big shot too. I would
say something else, but she gave me
my freedom back so the hell with
it.

VOICE OVER
(continuing)
I really couldn't give a shit about
the prosecutor.

STAGE

Roscoe walks out to the front center stage, and takes the
mic. He looks out into the audience.

Light applause is heard. People have curious looks.

VOICE OVER
(continuing)
Audrey to write a book that never
went anywhere. What was she gonna
say? These days, you take the gun
outta my hand, I'm invisible. What
about the one where you killed your
agent? Let's hear that one. Always
one asshole in the crowd. Audrey's
with Leon now. Nothing surprises me
anymore. That's what they call
experience.

INT. ROSCOE'S KITCHEN

Roscoe continues to write in his Diary.

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

Things couldn't be better Roscoe.
You're free now. No more people
telling me what to do. Lying to me.
Just keep looking at the world from
the stage. Don't go in the
audience. That's the mistake you
made the first time. And keep
calling these goddamn comedy
houses. Somebody'll budge. I can do
it. I can do anything. But I could
never wish any harm on Max Segal.

Roscoe puts down his SMALL NOTEBOOK. He picks up the HARD COVERED ALBUM. He thumbs through it. It contains 300 PAGES OF LARGE WRITING PAPER with the statement, "I could never wish any harm on Max Segal" filling up everyone of them. He starts writing the statement again.

BACK TO COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

STAGE

Roscoe seems to wear an uncomfortable smile. His delivery is slow.

ROSCOE

Wow. I'm surprised to see all you
people here tonight. As high as gas
is today, you must really like me.

A very small, polite laughter is heard.

TABLE

NEATLY DRESSED WOMAN 1 wears a morbidly curious smirk. She whispers in the ear of her HUSBAND, a middle aged male dressed in a suit. They both stare at Roscoe.

BACK TO STAGE

ROSCOE

I tried to walk to work but I
developed a little problem of my
own. It's called the "Intergestion
syndrome." The , " I think I ate
the whole thing" syndrome.

(CONTINUED)

A small part of the audience laughs softly.

ROSCOE
Yeah... I don't think walking works
too well for me.

Beat.

ROSCOE
How many married couples do we have
out there tonight?

A few couples from the audience raise their hands.

ROSCOE
A lot. Ok. No wonder we're running
out of alcohol tonight.

Small laughter is HEARD from the back of the club.

ROSCOE
(Continuing)
Well, finally the moment you've
been waiting for. Amateur hour. Our
first guest hails all the way from
"The Big Apple." He's come all the
way to the comedy club to show us
what he's got. Bring em out here.

Applause.

MALE COMEDIAN walks out and approaches Roscoe.

FADE OUT

END OF SCRIPT.