

COACHING LAB SIDES - NOTES

- Choose just one role to work on
- If there are multiple scenes for a character, choose just one of them to work on (unless very short).
- When choosing a role, feel free to ignore gender, pronoun, age or ethnicity references and make the role your own.
- Whenever possible, a breakdown/description is provided either before or after the scene to add context.

Judge Marks Side

NOTE: Judge Marks is Bishop's dad. Kean has been told that Bishop is the emcee for this year's PANIC game.

INT. MARKS' HOUSE-- NIGHT.

The Marks house is very different from the homes we've seen so far. The federation-style six-bedroom is full of pricey antique furniture and \$25,000 rugs, tasteful artwork and the meticulously muted lighting to showcase it. Somewhere, Chopin is playing on invisible speakers.

Sheriff Kean looks like he regrets not wiping his feet more carefully. But not as much as Judge Marks regrets it.

IN THE STUDY --

Sheriff Kean closes the door behind him.

Start



KEAN
Bishop home?

Judge sloshes scotch into two rocks glasses.

JUDGE MARKS
If he is, he's doing an excellent
job of hiding.
(beat)
I assume that's why you're here?

Sheriff Kean is taken aback. Marks hands him a drink.

JUDGE MARKS (CONT'D)
Come on, Charles. You call me up
for help, you say it has something
to do with my son...
(beat)
The obvious conclusion is you think
he has some hand in the game.

Kean looks down at his drink.

KEAN
Someone gave up Bishop's name as
the emcee.

JUDGE MARKS
(amused --)
There's an emcee?

KEAN
(yup --)
Takes orders straight from the
judges. Might have pull with
them...

Judge Marks absorbs this.

JUDGE MARKS

Who was it?
(off Kean's confusion --)
Who told you about Bishop?

KEAN

You remember Caitlyn Miller?
(off Marks' look--)
Her younger sister, Sarah. Doubt
she'd risk lying.

JUDGE MARKS

If she's anything like her
sister...

He trails off. A beat.

JUDGE MARKS (CONT'D)

So? You're going to make an example
out of Bishop? Is that it?

He stands up and goes to pour another drink.

KEAN

We're on the same side, George.

Judge Marks' expression is steely.

JUDGE MARKS

Let's hope so.



End

We float past him to the window, and the blurry double of the
scene reflected there, as the music grows louder...

JOHN

~~Get out. You're drunk.~~

CLARK

~~Fuck you too, John! Early retirement? Made sure to ship 'em all out so there's plenty left for you to just sit on your ass for the rest of your life, huh? Oh, but thank you. Thank you for your service you miserable, racist fuck--~~

~~John punches Clark in the face. Clark staggers back.~~

~~Clark recovers and bares his teeth in a bloody grin. He spits at John's feet.~~

~~The men descend on Clark, pummeling him. He collapses against the pool table, barely defending himself.~~

BARTENDER

~~(coming out from behind the bar)~~

~~Hey! Hey!~~

~~Clark falls to the ground just as the bartender makes it through the fray. He grabs Clark's and pulls him out of the group. Pushes him towards the door.~~

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

~~Enough! That's enough! Out!~~

~~Clark falls out of the bar, as the door slams behind him.~~

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INT. ASSESSMENTS OFFICE - MELINDA'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

9

With a bruised eye and a split lip, Clark sits at a desk opposite MELINDA (40's, black), his boss. He reeks of a hangover.

She sits upright, hands folded on the desk. He avoids eye contact, slumped in his seat. She leans over the desk and looks at him expectantly.

START



MELINDA

You do realize people's lives are dependent on your actions in the field, yes?

CLARK

Yes! Of course I do!

She gives him a look and he slumps down further. She sighs.

MELINDA
So tell me about Elena Soto.

CLARK
I don't know her.

MELINDA
Yet you felt the need to tamper
with her results?

CLARK
Listen, I don't know what Laura
told you --

MELINDA
Clark.

CLARK
Her circumstances were outside the
purview of our assessment. I
believed her to be an asset to our
nation.

MELINDA
But you know that's not how this
works. There's no room here for
personal opinion or preferences.

Beat.

CLARK
I know.

MELINDA
I don't think you had bad
intentions, but your actions were
out of line. Can you agree with
that?

CLARK
(looks down)
Yes.

MELINDA
Good. I'm sure you'll understand,
you'll be required to attend a
workplace conduct session, and will
be under review for compliance with
Assessor standards.

CLARK
(doesn't look up)
I understand.

MELINDA

And we'll have to reassess Miss
Soto.

CLARK

(he nods, looks at her)
Can I be the one to drop her off?

She pauses before she gives a slight nod of approval.



END

Saul watches her go. He opens the package. It's a BRIGHT RED GAME CONTROLLER. He quickly puts it in his backpack, strangely paranoid.

INT. PACK & SHIP VALUABLES AND OTHER STUFF - LATER THAT DAY

Saul reads an article online about CLIMAX INDUSTRIES when -

CECILIA (50's) walks in holding a box of ornate, strange flea market items. She walks toward the counter when she catches the sign above Max that reads "self-service packaging."

She stops at Max -

SAUL

Cecilia, I can pack that for you over here.

CECILIA

This thing does it for you?

SAUL

Yeah, it does.

CECILIA

Bubble wrapped and everything?

SAUL

(resentful)

It does it all.

Cecilia follows the instructions and dumps her items into Max. A box pops out five seconds later.

Cecilia holds the box, smiling. She leaves without saying goodbye.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Bye, Cecilia.

INT. PACK & SHIP VALUABLES AND OTHER STUFF - NIGHT

Saul closes down the store as he talks on his phone with Pat. Local news plays on the TV in the back corner.

INT. PAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pat stands on a chair in his doorway doing his version of pull up. Feet BARELY leaving the chair.

SC. 01
START

A ROOMBA vacuums the floor.

INTERCUT - PAT AND SAUL'S PHONE CALL - NIGHT

PAT

Can you hurry up and get home? Raid starts in twenty.

SAUL

I'm not off work for another five. I know that's a novel concept for you -

PAT

Thank God for that.

Saul hears the Roomba -

SAUL

What's that sound?

Pat does a pull up. His feet don't leave the chair.

PAT

(strain)

Oh dude, I got one of these vacuum cleaner robot things. You ever used one?

Saul walks up to Max.

SAUL

Nah.

PAT

I love it. I spill shit on the floor intentionally just so I can get my moneys worth.

Saul, still staring at Max.

SAUL

It must not get *everything*?

PAT

Almost got Phil Collins the other day -

PHIL COLLINS, Pat's hamster, runs on its wheel.

SAUL

Jesus -

PAT

Ok I need to finish these reps. See you online in twenty.

SC. 01
END

Saul hangs up. He flicks Max.

SAUL

Bet.

Saul stands squarely in front of Max. He puts a stapler from his desk into Max. He powers it on. Max spits out a perfectly packed box. He tries two items. Two Boxes. He loads more and more items into Max, grabbing anything he can.

The momentum builds as he becomes crazed trying to overload Max. Max spits out boxes like a WWI cannon. Realizing he is unable to defeat Max, Saul resigns to the corner of the room. The TV plays a weather report of local flood warning.

EXT. PACK & SHIP VALUABLES AND OTHER STUFF - NIGHT

The sky pours rain. Thunder and lightning roll in the far background.

Saul rolls Max outside. He turns Max on and pushes him directly into the rain. Max doesn't flinch. Saul sees some rocks on the ground. He puts them in Max. He quickly takes out A LOT of duct tape and covers Max's output. Max tries to dispense the packaged rocks; The rocks pressing into the tape, almost bursting through. Max shakes, violently. Saul watches sparks fly.

INT. SAULS APARTMENT - NIGHT

A storm rages outside.

Saul sits with a frustrated gaze in his big, comfy chair in the living room playing a video game with his headset on.

INT. PAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pat, head seat on, sits mirror image to Saul. His gaze is focused. Phill Collins sits on his lap.

**SC. 02
START**

INTERCUT - PAT AND SAUL HEADSET - NIGHT

PAT

What the fuck Saul? We're getting destroyed.

SAUL

I know. I know.

PAT

Go get the scepter then. Hurry up.

Saul guides his player into the cave. He gets attacked -

PAT (CONT'D)

No. No.

Pat slams his controller.

Saul's character dies.

The game re-boots.

PAT (CONT'D)

I swear it's like you've never
played this game in your life.

SAUL

Shut up.

Saul leans back, furious. He pulls the bright red controller out of his backpack. He switches out the other controller. The bright red controller lights up. He looks nervous.

The game begins.

The bright red controller begins to operate on its own.

PAT

There we go. Finally.

The buttons move without Saul's fingers. The joystick rotating and twitching.

Saul watches in amazement.

Saul's character does a crazy three person kill.

PAT (CONT'D)

Saul, you fucking beast. Did you
just take an Adderall or something?

SC. 02
END

Pat: Dropped out of college to play video games, has an obsession with work-out equipment, but can barely lift a grapefruit. 3 scenes, MAJOR SUPPORTING.

TAMMY & DET. HANSON

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A woman, TAMMY CORGAN, sits opposite DETECTIVE HANSON.

Tammy is troubled as she just heard the news..

START



TAMMY

Where did you find him?

DETECTIVE HANSON

In a ditch off of the Jersey Turnpike.
(beat) I'm very sorry for your loss Mrs.
Corgan.

Tammy ignores the Detective's sentiments.

TAMMY

Was it anywhere near exit 5?

DETECTIVE HANSON

As a matter of fact, yes. What made you say that?

TAMMY

His secretary lives right off that exit in Burlington.
He's been sleeping with her for months. Laura
Stern.

DETECTIVE HANSON

The proximity to Ms. Stern's address could be
intentional. The murderer could be deliberately pointing
the police in her direction.

TAMMY

That seems a little far-fetched, doesn't it?

DETECTIVE HANSON

Not especially. (Beat) Must've been difficult for you to stomach...your husband and his secretary.

TAMMY

My husband was one of the highest-paid lawyers in this state, Detective.. Sometimes you put up with circumstances, so your quality of life isn't.. hindered

DETECTIVE HANSON

He was very rich. And now all that goes to you, right?

TAMMY

Marriage is an investment.. You take the losses and the gains. (beat) I hear what you're insinuating, Detective. And it's nonsense. Why would I risk my freedom—my life—when I stand to receive everything he has, whether whether I'm divorced or he's dead..

DETECTIVE HANSON

You have a point.. But crimes of passion have been known to happen,

TAMMY

I've been in a toxic marriage for over twenty years, Detective. I no longer believe in passion.

DETECTIVE HANSON

So, his affairs didn't bother you.

TAMMY

Not especially.

DETECTIVE HANSON

But maybe enough to want to teach him a lesson..

TAMMY

You're the expert.. What do you think?

Tammy grins.



END

SMASH TO BLACK