
KILLING JACK MICHAELS

Written by

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Fade In.

INTERIOR. A CAFÉ-DAY.

JONATHON, a white, middle-aged man, sits a table sipping coffee and looking at his mobile phone. He is dressed casually and blends in with the other half-dozen clientele having a beverage on this Monday afternoon. Enter LAWRENCE, another white, middle-aged man, slightly younger, slightly less grey round the temples.

JONATHON

Alright?

LAWRENCE

Yea, not bad. Yourself?

JONATHON

Yea, surviving. So, how did you get on?

LAWRENCE

Don't know. Still waiting to hear.

JONATHON

Sounds promising. They said by the end of today didn't they?

LAWRENCE

Yea, but you never know. It could take longer.

JONATHON

At least you had a call back.
More than I did this time.

LAWRENCE

Want another coffee?

JONATHON

Cheers. Just a latte or something.

Lawrence goes to the counter and we see him from JONATHON's POV ordering the coffees in Dutch ('twee lattes alsjeblieft'). He comes back to the table.

LAWRENCE

I hope I got it right. Last time I tried to order in Dutch they thought I meant three when I said 'twee'.

JONATHON

So, anything else in the pipeline?

LAWRENCE

Not a lot. Maybe a voice over.

It's been a shit year.

JONATHON

I know. I couldn't get cast even if I paid them to cast me. Seems like once you're 50 nobody wants to know. Too old for this. Too young for that. Always between two stools.

LAWRENCE

Ah, come on. It's just the way it goes. Something'll turn up.

JONATHON

Yea, small stuff. I never get a sniff of anything decent.

LAWRENCE

Know what you mean. At least you get respectable characters though. All I get is villains and perverts.

JONATHON

I wouldn't mind playing the pervert for once. Wouldn't be such a big challenge.

The WAITER appears at the table with three coffees.

LAWRENCE

(to the WAITER)

Oh, sorry mate. I only meant two.

WAITER

(in good English)

Ok. No problem. I thought you said three.

LAWRENCE

Sorry. No. 'Twee'. That's really kind of you.

The WAITER goes back to the counter.

LAWRENCE
My pronunciation's shite.

LAWRENCE's phone beeps. A message.

JONATHON
Any news?

LAWRENCE
Nah, just the wife.

JONATHON
So, who else is up for it then?

LAWRENCE
Don't know exactly. The usual
suspects I guess. God. I hope I get
it. I need the money mate. My
wife's working but we're struggling
to pay the bloody bills.

JONATHON
How's the little one?

LAWRENCE
He's fine. Had a bit of an ear
infection last week but it's
cleared up now.

JONATHON
Good. Yeah, I'm almost broke myself.
I teach drama one day a week as
you know to keep me going but it's
knackering. The kids have the
attention span of a goldfish
nowadays.

LAWRENCE
Maybe I need to get something like
that.

JONATHON
It pays the bills. I've been
wondering if I should grow a beard.

LAWRENCE
Why?

JONATHON

Well, if you look at all the ads
now all the guys have designer
stubble.

LAWRENCE

Nah.

JONATHON

It's true. You see all these
handsome model types and they all
have facial hair. I turn up clean
shaven, with my little round face.
No wonder I'm not getting it.

LAWRENCE

You had that Christmas ad.

JONATHON

True. But I looked like a pixie.

LAWRENCE

I think it was the Christmas hat.
Made your face look fat.

JONATHON

Thanks, mate. Heard from anyone
else?

LAWRENCE

I saw Maggie last week. Had a
coffee. She's alright. Same shit
though. Can't seem to get anything.
Doesn't know who does get it.

JONATHON

Yeah, it's probably harder for her.
More competition. Actually, that
makes it worse. We've got less
competition and still can't get
hired. How old is she now?

LAWRENCE

About 30 I think.

JONATHON

I wish I was 30 again. Still had hope
then.

LAWRENCE's phone rings.

LAWRENCE

Shit. Here we go. Fingers crossed.
Hi Patrick...yea...oh, ok...right,
thanks. Yea. Maybe next time. Yea.
Who got it then? Right. Ok. Yeah.
Thanks. Bye.

JONATHON

Sorry mate.

LAWRENCE

Shit, yea. I thought I had it this
time.

JONATHON

So, who got it then?

LAWRENCE

(distracted)

Sorry, what?

JONATHON

Who got it?

LAWRENCE

Oh...fucking Jack Michaels!

EXT. IN A STREET - DAY.

LAWRENCE and JONATHON are walking slowly looking despondent. LAWRENCE is pushing his bike.

JONATHON

Fucking Jack Michaels.

LAWRENCE

Yea, fuck.

JONATHON

How come he got it! I thought he'd gone.

LAWRENCE

He has. But it seems he comes back.

JONATHON

You're telling me. Look over there.

JONATHON points at a billboard poster advertising the action movie 'A KICK IN THE TEETH' with Jack Michaels fourth billed.

LAWRENCE

Title's appropriate. He looks cool.

JONATHON

Yeah and there you go...he's got designer stubble. You know, I'd hate him if I didn't like him so much.

LAWRENCE

Yea, he's a nice guy.

JONATHON

Yea, that's the problem. He's a great guy. I like him a lot. But he's everywhere.

LAWRENCE

Maggie said she'd seen him.

JONATHON

Really, when? I thought he'd moved back to LA permanently.

LAWRENCE

He has but apparently he came back for several jobs a couple of weeks ago. Lines them up, then comes over.

JONATHON

Several jobs in a week. The lucky bastard. How does he do that?

LAWRENCE

Connections I guess. Name me another professional American actor here in his age range? No, you see. He's got it sewn up. They call and he comes. My American accent's shite.

JONATHON

Mine's passable. Sometimes. Tends to wander between John Wayne and Geoffrey Boycott.

LAWRENCE

There's an idea. A Western with a gunslinger from Yorkshire.

JONATHON

Once Upon A Time on't Moors.

LAWRENCE
Yea...or True Git.

JONATHON
Thanks mate.

LAWRENCE
Ah, fuck him.

JONATHON
Yea, fuck him.

LAWRENCE
Listen, I've got to go. Got to
pick up my son from the crèche.

JONATHON
Yea, ok. Mind how you go. See you
soon.

They shake hands before LAWRENCE gets on his bike and rides off.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

A film crew is busy setting up lights and laying track for a dolly shot. In the near distance the director is leaning on a Ford Cortina prepping the scene with the driver.

CUT TO:

INT. A MARQUEE - DAY

LAWRENCE and JONATHON are waiting inside the coffee tent cum green room, dressed in 70s clothes and sporting moustaches. A few extras grab coffee and croissants.

JONATHON
Bloody cold isn't it.

LAWRENCE
Yea. Another day, another glamorous location.

JONATHON
My nuts feel like peas.

LAWRENCE
Stop feeling them then. Here. Have a coffee.

JONATHON

Thanks. Do you want to go through
the lines?

LAWRENCE

Yea, ok. 'There's one just down the
road. It's not far.'

JONATHON

'Next to the Cock and Bull.'

LAWRENCE

Bingo. There'll be a new category
at the Oscars for us next year.

Jonathon

Yea. Best actor with a small part.'

Lawrence

You mean 'in' a small part.

Jonathon

As I said, my nuts are freezing in
here.

Lawrence

Pass me a biscuit will you Jon.

JONATHON

Which one?

LAWRENCE

One of them oatly things.

The tent door flap is pushed aside and in walks MAGGIE.
She greets the boys with a peck on the cheek.

LAWRENCE

Mags. I didn't know you were
coming as well.

MAGGIE

No me neither. Very last minute.
Literally got a call about 6
yesterday asking if I was
available.

JONATHON

Yea, us too. Bloody ridiculous
really. You'd think they have
organised it better.

MAGGIE

Well, I heard there have been a few problems. A couple of actors, not the stars mind, had an accident yesterday, so they've had to recast and change the schedule quickly. That's why it's so chaotic.

LAWRENCE

Any idea who's in it?

MAGGIE

No. I didn't get a call sheet. Funny though. I had a casting for this film two weeks ago for the part of the girlfriend. I thought I had it. I even got a recall. But same old story. I guess they chose someone...younger.

JONATHON

I know how you feel.

The director, a boyish looking man, comes in.

STEVE

Hi everyone. I'm Steve. Sorry it's all very last minute so thanks for being here. So, the scene is this. It's very simple. You guys are waiting at the traffic lights. Then Jack approaches in his car. He wolf whistles at you...?...

MAGGIE

...Maggie...

STEVE:

...Maggie. He whistles at you. You shout your line...

MAGGIE

...'Fuck off, you perv'...

STEVE

...he asks you for directions guys and then drives off. Ok? Let's go for a rehearsal.

The director leaves as swiftly as he came in. The others start to follow.

JONATHON

Did he just say 'Jack'?

LAWRENCE

I think so.

JONATHON

Oh, bloody hell. It can't be. Did he just say 'Jack', Maggie?

MAGGIE

Yes. I think so.

JONATHON

Please don't tell me they've flown in Jack Michaels for this. Please don't.

LAWRENCE

I play the pervert's. Not Jack Michaels. That should be me out there.

They head out onto set.

EXT. THE STREET SET - DAY

LAWRENCE and JONATHON are standing at the traffic lights, waiting to cross. They look tense, in anticipation of seeing Jack. We HEAR the cry of 'Camera!', 'Rolling!' before STEVE shouts 'Action!' Maggie starts to walk towards them. A car pulls up, the driver winds down his window and sticks his head out and whistles at Maggie.

MAGGIE

Fuck off you perv!

DRIVER

How rude. Excuse me chaps. I'm having problems with the old motor. Is there a garage near here?

LAWRENCE

There's one just down the road. It's not Jack...shit, I mean it's not far.

JONATHON

Next to the Cock...

STEVE
(off)
Cut! Let's go again.

LAWRENCE
It's not Jack. Hey Maggie. It's
not Jack. Fucking relief.

They all relax and ready themselves for a second take,
big smiles on their faces.

INT - THE MARQUEE - DAY

A tall blond woman sits alone facing the corner studying her lines. One or two extras chat discreetly nearby sipping coffee. A young black man (DANIEL) enters. He looks around, acknowledges the blond woman and the extras then helps himself to coffee and a biscuit. He sits. For a few moments there is silence, then the sound of laughter before the others enter.

JONATHON
That was fun.

LAWRENCE
Yea. We're wrapped now aren't we?

MAGGIE
Yes. It was so funny. Your faces.

JONATHON
I know. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. 'It's not Jack!' Bit silly of us though. To think he would be here. I think we're getting a bit paranoid about him.

LAWRENCE
I hope he's enjoying the Californian surf somewhere, sipping cocktails.

JONATHON
I wouldn't mind joining him.

LAWRENCE
You don't surf, do you?

JONATHON
It wasn't that bit I was thinking of.

MAGGIE
Sex on the Beach?

JONATHON
Ooooh. You'll get me into trouble
Mags. Hashtag and all that.

MAGGIE
Anyway, it just goes to show how
wrong we can be. Jack Michaels does
not get every part going.

DANIEL
Hi. I'm Daniel. Sorry. Did you just
say Jack Michaels?

MAGGIE
Yes. Do you know him? Because if
you do we all like him.

DANIEL
Not really.

LAWRENCE
Then we hate the fucker.
Professionally speaking of course.

DANIEL
I had a casting recently.

JONATHON
Lucky you.

DANIEL
A really great role for a movie.
Not a lead, but a good supporting
role. And the character as it was
written was a black guy. So, hey,
I'm up for it. Perfect casting. And
there are two or three other black
guys there as well waiting to be
seen. Then out of the casting room
walks this tall white guy. And
we're looking at each other and
going 'what the fuck, he's white,
the character's not white.' Sure
enough, I hear the next day they've
changed the character and cast this
Jack Michaels dude.

LAWRENCE

You are joking.

JONATHON

I told you. He's everywhere. Jack casts his magic spell and everyone else is invisible.

LAWRENCE

I give up.

JONATHON

All these casting directors, producers, agents, whoever. It's always the same. They always go with the same faces. Playing it safe. Once a bit part actor, always a bit part actor.

MAGGIE

Well, I suppose I'm OK in that respect.

LAWRENCE

What do you mean Mags?

MAGGIE

They'd never stoop so low as to cast Jack as a woman.

The blond woman in the corner puts down her script and turns round.

WOMAN

That's what you think honey.

The WOMAN takes off her blonde wig. The others stand with their mouths open, temporarily stunned before...

JONATHON

JACK! How are you? Great to see you mate.

LAWRENCE

Yea. You're looking great.

MAGGIE

Glad to see you.

The greetings continue amidst a flurry of handshaking and hugs, the false bonhomie hiding the shock of an unwelcome surprise.

INT. ANOTHER CAFÉ - DAY

JONATHON, LAWRENCE, and MAGGIE are sitting in the corner of the café, chatting calmly and sipping lattes. DANIEL wanders in, looks around, sees them and saunters over.

JONATHON

Hey, Daniel. How you doing? Want a coffee?

DANIEL

No thanks. Just had one. (He sits). So what's this all about?

LAWRENCE

Can't you guess? Our friend Mr Michaels.

DANIEL

Ah right. He seems like a decent guy actually.

MAGGIE

See. He's charming. But it can't go on like this. He's getting all our roles. It's one thing getting roles they're up for... (pointing to LAWRENCE & JONATHON)

LAWRENCE

...Thanks Mags...

MAGGIE

...but to start playing women and black guys, that's bang out of order.

DANIEL

He didn't play a black guy. I never said that.

MAGGIE

No, but he took a potential role from you, didn't he?

JONATHON

The thing is Daniel. We've been talking here and we've decided we need to do something about it.

DANIEL

I don't follow.

LAWRENCE

We've got to protect our opportunities.

DANIEL

Right...I still don't follow.

MAGGIE

We've got to do something about Jack.

DANIEL

OK... and where do I fit into this?

MAGGIE

We want to know if you're with us.

DANIEL

Sure. Of course I'm with you. I mean, I've just arrived here. Opportunities are fewer. I may be a bigger fish in a smaller pond but it's good to have friends who know the pond.

JONATHON

It may be a smaller pond but there are sharks in it.

LAWRENCE

Can we stop talking about ponds and sharks and focus on Jack.

JONATHON

We are talking about Jack. Jack is the shark...and we're... tadpoles.

MAGGIE

Sharks don't live in ponds.

JONATHON

Eh? Well, the sea then. You know what I mean.

MAGGIE

Tadpoles don't live in the sea.

JONATHON

Bloody hell Maggie. Does it really matter?

MAGGIE

It does to the tadpoles...and the shark.

JONATHON

Some days I wonder why I ever get out of bed.

LAWRENCE

Ok. Forget about metaphors. Daniel. We need to think of something to stop Jack dominating.

DANIEL

You mean talk to him?

LAWRENCE

That's one possibility.

DANIEL

Well, I don't really know him so I'm not the best person for the job.

JONATHON

We need to brainstorm. Think of other ideas. Talking won't be enough.

DANIEL

What then? Threaten him? Beat him up? Have Maggie accuse him of sexual assault...?

LAWRENCE

Hey that's not a bad idea. What do you think Mags? You could lure him into a situation and then accuse him. That'd finish his career. Guilty or not.

MAGGIE

It'd probably finish mine as well. That's a ridiculous idea Daniel.

DANIEL

Wait a minute. I wasn't really suggesting it. I was just throwing out dumb ideas cos, you know, this whole thing is dumb. After all, he's trying to make an honest living too.

JONATHON

Then there's only one thing left to do.

DANIEL

What's that?

JONATHON

Kill him.

DANIEL and MAGGIE chuckle but their amusement quickly subsides as they begin to sense JONATHON might be serious. An awkward silence descends.

MAGGIE

Do tell me you're joking.

LAWRENCE

Do you have a better suggestion?

DANIEL

Yea. Leave him alone.

JONATHON

It's gone too far. He can't keep coming over and stealing our jobs.

DANIEL

But he's not exactly stealing is he!

LAWRENCE

That's what you think.

JONATHON

An unfortunate accident. That's all we need. Something falls on his head or he gets hit by a passing baseball bat.

LAWRENCE

Yea. An accident. No one will know you're involved.

DANIEL

Are you serious!!!

JONATHON

Keep your voice down will you!

DANIEL

Come on guys. You are joking. Please tell me you're joking.

JONATHON

Are you in or out?

DANIEL

You can't be serious. I'm a black
dude remember. I'm the first one
they'll suspect.

LAWRENCE

Mags. Are you in?

MAGGIE

No. Come on. I'm with Daniel. We
can't kill him. That's insane. I
know you. You're not serious...are
you? Are You???

The four sit in a tense silence for several seconds, DANIEL
and MAGGIE hoping it's a joke but not quite certain.
Suddenly LAWRENCE & JONATHON burst out laughing.

JONATHON

Look at your faces!

LAWRENCE

We had you going there.

JONATHON

What do you take us for? Good
acting though, eh?

MAGGIE

You bastards. You had me worried
there for a moment.

She smacks LAWRENCE on the shoulder.

DANIEL

You guys are crazy.

LAWRENCE

Just a little desperate mate.
Gallows humour. As if we could even
think of hurting anyone. We've both
got families you know.

DANIEL

Yea, well. I'm outta here. I don't
think my sanity will last being
round you nutters any longer today.
See you around.

JONATHON

Yea, sorry Daniel. Didn't mean to
scare you. We're decent guys.
Honest. See you at the workshop on
Saturday?

DANIEL

Yea. What time does it start?

LAWRENCE

Ten, I think.

MAGGIE

Yes, Ten. Look. I've got to go too.
I've got a dentist appointment at
four. I'll come with you Daniel.

DANIEL and MAGGIE leave together, chatting, probably about what they've just heard. LAWRENCE and JONATHON remain in silence, pensively sipping their coffees. They don't speak for several seconds

LAWRENCE

So what do you think?

JONATHON

I don't see another way.

LAWRENCE

Me neither.

JONATHON

We've got to do something.

LAWRENCE

Just us two.

JONATHON

Talking's no good.

LAWRENCE

We've got to do it.

JONATHON

It's not just for us.

LAWRENCE

It's for everyone.

JONATHON

It's for our future.

LAWRENCE

We kill Jack Michaels.

EXT. A PARK - NIGHT

It is late. JACK is walking briskly along the path which runs along the top of a steep incline. On one side is edge of a small wood, the trees overhanging the path blocking out the light from the moon. On the other side, below, is a small lake. One slip could send him rolling down the hill into its icy coldness.

Suddenly over JACK's shoulder we see a small light flickering in the distance. At first it seems insignificant but with each second it grows bigger and closer. JACK turns as he hears the sound of tyres on the gravel. It is a cyclist heading straight at him. JACK's reactions are fast and his judo training instinctive. As the cyclist readies his arm to push, JACK steps swiftly to the side and smacks the cyclist on the back. The bike wobbles, the cyclist breaks hard before comically hitting a tree. A second man rushes out from the woods to the cyclist and helps him to his feet.

LAWRENCE

Bugger it!

JONATHON

Are you alright mate? (to JACK) You could have killed him!

JACK goes over and helps LAWRENCE to his feet.

LAWRENCE

I'm alright. Ouch. My leg.

JACK

You'll have to do better than that guys.

JONATHON

What are you talking about?

JACK

Don't play innocent Jonathon. You guys have been stalking me all day.

JONATHON

Stalking? We were just passing through the park.

JACK

What were you doing hiding in the trees?

JONATHON

I wasn't hiding. I was taking a piss.

JACK

You're taking the piss right now.
Look. Let's get straight to the point. I know what you're trying to do.

LAWRENCE

You do?

JACK

You're trying to scare me. Maggie talked to me. Told me everything

LAWRENCE

Traitor.

JACK

Why didn't you just say something guys.

JONATHON

Would it have made a difference?

JACK

No. But it would've been more honest than this.

LAWRENCE

You mean you knew all along.

JACK

I saw you everywhere ducking in and out of corners. I thought 'when are these guys gonna act instead of just watching me.' So I lured you here.

JONATHON

So what happens now?

JACK

That depends on you. How does this story end? You could push me in the lake and drown me or...

LAWRENCE

...or?

JACK

We could make a movie.

JONATHON

A movie? What do you mean 'a movie'?

JACK

You know. One of those things you watch in the cinema. A short.

JONATHON

A short film. About what?

JACK

Listen. I've been here in Brussels meeting with some guys to set up a deal. I've got some funding. Not a lot. But enough to make a short. This story would be great.

LAWRENCE

And we can be in it?

JACK

Sure. It's your story.

LAWRENCE

Hey. Sounds great. What do you say Jon?

JONATHON

I suppose.

JACK

Now of course there'd have to be some changes. But we can discuss that later.

JONATHON

No wait a minute. What kind of changes?

JACK

To the story. This scene for instance. I wouldn't attack Lawrence. But as I said, we can talk about this somewhere warmer.

JONATHON

No. No. No. Wait a minute. I see your game. (MORE)

(CONT'D) You're going to change the whole thing aren't you? You're going to cut us out. No. Wait a minute. You'll end up not just playing yourself but playing us too. I see it now.

LAWRENCE

Yes. Both of us. At the same time. That's the next level for you.

JACK

Come on guys. You've got me wrong.

LAWRENCE

You're gonna steal this one too. I've had enough.

LAWRENCE launches himself at JACK. JONATHON joins in trying to grab JACK around the throat. They struggle. Three middle-aged men rolling on the ground.

LAWRENCE

Ow. My bloody leg.

JACK

Come on guys. Stop this. I won't play you. I swear.

LAWRENCE

Ow. My arm.

JACK manages to push them both off and rolls away to gain his composure.

JACK

Shit guys. What's wrong with you! I won't play you. I'll just be me. I'll just be Jack Michaels.

JONATHON

Just you. Promise?

JACK

I give you my word or may I never work in this town again.

LAWRENCE

You've got a deal.

INT: THE SAME CAFÉ AS SCENE 1 - DAY.

A clapperboard fills the screen. On it we see the name of the production: 'KILLING JACK MICHAELS'. Director: 'JACK MICHAELS'; CAMERA 'JACK MICHAELS'; SCENE 1, TAKE 1. Off, we HEAR the general hubbub of the actors and crew preparing for a take. The clapper is clapped and the clapperboard is taken out of shot to reveal the café as in scene 1. The camera is behind the actor sitting at the table, looking at his mobile phone.

JACK

(off)

Ready everyone! And...action!

The café door opens and in walks MAGGIE. She walks over to the table. We now see that the actor sitting is actually DANIEL.

DANIEL

Hey, Laurence (pronounced as in French).

MAGGIE

Hi Jonathon. How's life?

DANIEL

Surviving. How did you get on?

MAGGIE

Still waiting to hear. Wanna coffee?

The scene continues as in Scene 1 only to be interrupted by JONATHON and LAWRENCE appearing at the window.

JACK

OK. Cut!

JONATHON and LAWRENCE enter the café.

JONATHON

Hi Jack. Where do you want us?

LAWRENCE sees MAGGIE and DANIEL. They look a little sheepish.

LAWRENCE

Hi guys. What are you doing in this scene? Standing in for us?

JACK guides JONATHON and LAWRENCE to a corner, keen to keep the peace.

JACK

Listen guys. A few changes have been made. They're not standing in. They're playing you.

JONATHON

Excuse me?

JACK

Yea. Daniel is you and Maggie is Laurence. You know we thought having two middle-aged white guys. It's a bit old hat. This would be more...in line with things. It's diversity.

LAWRENCE

But you promised.

JACK

I said there would be changes.

JONATHON

Changes! It changes the whole fucking story.

JACK

Please understand guys. You'll have roles. I guarantee it. I had to do it.

JONATHON

Why!

JACK

The producer. The producer made me do it.

LAWRENCE turns to MAGGIE and DANIEL.

LAWRENCE

Traitors!

JACK

Come on guys. Let's not make a scene. Everyone here's just doing their job. We can talk about it later.

LAWRENCE
(still eyeing MAGGIE and
DANIEL)
Who's playing them?

JACK
A couple of other young actors.
Look. I'm sorry guys. It's the way
it is. That's showbiz. As I said,
we'll find you other roles. And you
still get a story credit.

JONATHON
(dejected)
Story credit. I bet you spell my
name wrong. Everyone spells my name
wrong. It's Jonathon. With an O.
Not an A. JonathOn.

LAWRENCE
So? What parts do we get?

JACK
We'll talk about it later. Go and
have a coffee.

JONATHON and LAWRENCE are clearly heartbroken but feel
powerless as they head towards the door.

JACK
OK positions everyone. Let's go
again.

JONATHON and LAWRENCE pause at the door and turn back to
look at JACK.

JONATHON
You know what. I feel shit but
he'll probably be a great director.

LAWRENCE
Great actor. Great director.

JONATHON
What a guy.

LAWRENCE
Wish I could say the same about the
producer. Who is he anyway?

JONATHON
I dunno.

LAWRENCE

Probably some bean counter sitting
behind a desk somewhere who knows
eff all about filming.

As the MAKE-UP ASSISTANT powders MAGGIE and DANIEL,
JONATHON notices the CALL SHEET she left on the shop
counter. He walks over, picks it up and brings it over to
LAWRENCE. A moment passes as they scan the crew list:
'PRODUCER: JACK MICHAELS'.

JONATHON and LAWRENCE stare at each other in disbelief.
The blood has drained from their faces. All their hopes
and dreams have gone forever.

JONATHON & LAWRENCE

You're dead Jack Michaels!

With that they run across the café and launch themselves
at JACK. Everyone looks astounded, none more so than JACK.
We see JONATHON and LAWRENCE mid-flight, theirs hands
outstretched aiming at JACK's throat. Suddenly they're
rolling around on the floor again. Coffee cups crash to
the floor as tables are knocked over. The crew scatter to
get out of the way of the melee. Legs and arms flail in
the air. There are shouts of 'ooo' and 'aaah' and 'ouch'
as JACK throws a few loose punches.

JACK

And cut!

JACK immediately jumps up ready to go again. JONATHON and
LAWRENCE remain collapsed on the floor, panting. They look
at each other, go for a high-five and miss.

JONATHON

(breathless)

How was that Jack?

JACK

Great guys. Let's reset and go again.

LAWRENCE

(breathless)

Again? I don't think I can Jack?
Are you sure?

JACK

One more for safety.

JONATHON

Look at him. He's hardly out of breath. What a guy.

LAWRENCE

I think I'll have to stop eating cookies. Ouch, my leg.

JONATHON

I think I've bruised my bum.

We see JONATHON and LAWRENCE from above, the POV of JACK.

JACK

Are you guys going to stay down there all day? We need to reset.

JONATHON

(jokingly)

What are you trying to do Jack?
Kill us?

CLOSE UP on JACK. He turns to camera and smirks.

JACK

Now, why would I want to do a thing like that?

JACK moves out of frame and goes to speak to MAGGIE and DANIEL. We see and hear the general hubbub of the crew resetting the scene. Everyone ignores JONATHON and LAWRENCE still prone on the floor.

LAWRENCE

(feebley)

Could we get 'twee' coffees over here please! Hello...can we have...

FADE OUT.

THE END.