

GOOD LUCK CHARM

by

Erin King

FADE IN:

INT. FIELDS TALENT AGENCY - SID FREEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

ANDY SIMMS, 45, and SID FREEMAN, 60, sit inside a large, tastefully decorated office that belongs to the latter. Sid, dressed in a suit and tie, sits at his desk sifting through documents. A gold deskplate displays his moniker.

INSERT - SID FREEMAN, FIELDS TALENT AGENCY ON NAMEPLATE

Andy, dressed in pants and a long-sleeved shirt that is noticeably wet from perspiration, is sitting at a small office table off to the side. He is about 5'10" and his face sports a small, neat mustache.

He gets up and walks over to a large window with his hand to his forehead. He appears very distraught, both in his posture and tone of voice.

ANDY

I don't understand, how does this guy do it?

SID

I'm sorry Andy, I know you were a shoe-in for that part, but I guess this Steven Best guy just had something the casting director liked a little more.

ANDY

But this isn't some fluke, Sid. I haven't had a commercial, or a feature role, or even a walk-on part in nine months because of this guy! This wasn't even an issue a year ago! Suddenly I'm running into this Steve Best at every freakin' audition and he manages to steal every job I'm up for? How?!

SID

You both happen to be the same type, it's the business.

Andy looks toward Sid.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANDY

(irate)

So why him and not me? What is he doing, blowing every casting director in Manhattan?! I'm dyin' here! I'm three months behind on my rent for heaven's sake!

Sid goes over to a small bar and pours a drink.

SID

Here, just relax and have a drink.

Andy shakes his head cynically.

ANDY

You trying to lower the boom gently, Sid? Please don't try to make me feel better with scotch if you're thinking of cutting me loose.

SID

Simms, I didn't say anything about cutting you loose, did I? Come on, this is a rough patch, you know that. You'll just have to charm the hell out of them tomorrow when you read for the NBC pilot.

ANDY

I wish I knew what the hell that means. I always thought I had something more than mere charm.

Sid walks over to Andy, holding out the drink. Andy takes it and gulps it down.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm an actor, Sid. I don't know anything else. You know what it's like out there, especially in this job climate. What the hell am I gonna' do?

SID

Go on home, get your bearings, then break a leg tomorrow morning. I'll call you as soon as I hear in a few days.

Andy takes a deep breath.

INT. NEXT DAY - CASTING STUDIOS HALLWAY - MORNING

Andy exits an audition room appearing confident. A mustached gentleman, STEVEN BEST, about his age and build, saunters up the hallway towards him.

Steven is dressed in jeans and a polo shirt, nearly identical to Andy's own clothing. Andy freezes in his tracks.

Steven sees Andy and stops.

STEVEN

Well good morning, stranger. Long time no see, eh?

ANDY

(unamused)

Steve Best. What's it been, two weeks?

Andy walks away but Steve grabs his shoulder.

STEVEN

Man, is it just me or have we seen each other at like every audition for the past year?

Andy is becoming annoyed.

ANDY

Something like that.

STEVEN

Pretty wild, huh? Hey, this pilot is supposed to be a pretty lucrative deal. I hope it takes off. May the best man win. No pun.

He CHUCKLES then walks into the audition room from which Andy has just emerged. Andy angrily digs his fist into his hand as he walks down the hallway and out of the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME DAY - MANHATTAN BUILDING - MORNING

Andy sits down on a bench across from the Manhattan highrise he has just exited.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He SIGHS heavily as he removes a piece of paper from his pocket and slowly unfolds it, revealing it to be an eviction notice.

INSERT - NOTICE OF EVICTION

He stares somberly at the notice then crushes it in his hand and shoves it back into his pants pocket. He buries his face in his hands for a time then looks up and notices Steven emerge through the building doors.

Almost as if in a trance, Andy rises slowly from the bench and begins to follow him.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

ANDY'S P.O.V.

- A) Steven strolls down Broadway to 44th
- B) Many people walk by; some go in and out of shops
- C) Steven turns onto Lexington; goes down into subway
- D) Steven gets on the subway train

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Andy stands away from Steven so as not to be seen by him on the uncrowded train. He grabs a newspaper from an empty seat and hides behind it, pretending to read.

A semi-large headline is displayed on the other side of the newspaper.

INSERT - MANY ACTORS EXPERIENCING ECONOMIC DOWNTURN

The train stops at the next station and Steven gets off. Andy gets off the train as well and follows him up the stairs and onto the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Rows of upscale apartment buildings appear. Andy mumbles under his breath.

ANDY

This asshole lives on the upper east side? Unbelievable.

Still blending in with the other New-Yorkers, Andy follows Steven a little further, then watches as the DOORMAN of a nearby apartment building opens the door for Steven.

DOORMAN

Mr. Best. How'd the audition go?

STEVEN

Not bad, sir. I have another one in 45 minutes. Just have to grab something from my apartment first.

Steven disappears inside the building while Andy lingers nearby, looking at his watch and pretending to pass the time.

About two minutes later, Steven appears again and walks back in the direction of the subway. Andy stays out of sight.

Looking very determined, he pursues Steven. He gets closer and closer to him as they both trot down the steps into the subway.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Andy is standing near the edge of the subway platform just several persons away from Steven. He is sweating profusely, pulling up the front of his polo shirt to wipe his forehead. He slowly inches toward his competition.

The train can be heard approaching the station from the left as Andy moves behind Steven and just off to the right of him.

People proceed closer to the edge of the platform as the train is heard moving nearer.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The sound of the train gets increasingly LOUDER as Andy closes his eyes tightly. Just as it approaches, he lurches his left arm forward in a swift, shoving motion.

Andy shoves only the air as he realizes in a split second that Steven has bent down to pick up a large shiny coin while he himself sprawls forward.

Unable to defeat gravity, Andy whacks his entire left arm against the corner of the fast entering train. He YELPS and falls to his knees, wincing in pain.

People in the subway are startled and hurry toward Andy, who is dazed and anguished from his injury. He sees Steven standing over him.

STEVEN

Damn man, are you okay? That was surreal how you fell into the train like that. Don't worry, they're getting an ambulance for you. Do you live around here too?

The anguish in Andy's face turns into sheer annoyance as he listens to Steven's voice.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I just came from my apartment. Forgot to bring my lucky coin with me to the pilot audition this morning so I stopped home to get it for my next audition. I swear it's worked for me everytime so far.

Andy rolls his eyes.

ANDY

Up yours, Steve.

INT. FIELDS TALENT AGENCY - SID'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Andy sits in the chair across from Sid's desk, his arm and shoulder in a plaster cast. Sid is in his chair hanging up the phone.

SID

Damn. They really wanted you for that pilot, kid.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SID (CONT'D)

Shame your arm won't be healed in time for the first shoot next week. Broken in four places, Jesus. What the hell happened, you tripped?

Andy leans his head back, looking resignedly toward the ceiling.

ANDY

Yeah, I guess I tripped.

Sid stares at him, shaking his head.

SID

Sorry Andy. Is there anything you need?

Andy ponders for a moment.

ANDY

Maybe a lucky coin.

FADE OUT.

THE END