

STILL WITH IT – Episode 2, “The Reality Show”

(Original Shooting Script)

by Raoul D. Luna

(FRONT DOOR. *Wearing sunglasses, Julian opens door for the cameraman. Jay-Z & Kanye West’s “N\*\*\*\*S IN PARIS” blasts from the stereo. He is a little breathless.*) Yo, yo, yo! You’re here! Come in. I was just working on my X-Factor audition.

(TALKING HEAD) So we are here today in New Jersey to start shooting for the new reality show that I was chosen to take part in. It’s a new series on the Learning Channel Annex. I’m not exactly sure what it’s about. But I am sure it’s relevant and is currently trending. // I offered to play my character as a hoarder of like, celebrity crack babies in tiaras and I need an intervention, but the "producers" said it’s not that kind of a show. I think they liked my pitch though, so . . . fingers crossed. // Just be myself?

(KITCHEN. *Wearing an apron, Julian pounds meat with a rubber mallet.*) I love to cook! (*Shows camera pulverized meat.*) The recipe says thin, is this thin?

(BATHROOM. *In mirror, demonstrating improvement plastic surgery would have on him.*) See how much better that is? And if I look a little Chinese, so what? Nobody knows what I am anyway. More casting opportunities.

(AT FULL LENGTH MIRROR) A trick of the trade; I carry my wallet in one back pocket and my phone in the other. Instant junk in the trunk! Unless you should accidentally butt-dial Scott Rudin - nice guy- but suddenly he's all like "Never call me again at the ballet!" Which I find encouraging. (*Checks phone*) I didn't get the Sham-Wow call back. Dammit!

(TALKING HEAD) I went in for a haircut. I asked for the John Mellencamp but I was given the Denny Terrio. // My therapist pisses me off. Not only does she look exactly like Moby but she totally agrees with him . . . They're always going on in group about fame being bad for the soul. Oh, tha' shi' cra'y! Fame is fame, and if you've got it it's good! (*Cameraman asks him a question*) What's that? You think you recognize *me*? Did you happen to see "When Beaches Cry" on Lifetime last weekend? Because I *was* in that. Just because ones name doesn't appear in the credits doesn't mean . . . Hmmmm? Yes, I did play that tiny guy in "Pinky's 2 - The Aftermath." Thanks.

(BY BOOKSHELVES. *Camera scans books and magazines on table. Julian is off camera.*) These are my plays and reference books. As you can see, I'm fascinated with Etiquette and Mahler at the moment. (*Camera scans table top, including a Hollywood Reporter w/ Chelsea Handler on cover, obviously signed by Julian, it reads: "XO Chelsea !"*) That's a sampling of the industry mags I read. She grew up near here. Just fourteen townships over.

(AT COMPUTER) I still want to make an "It Get's Better" video , but for Kim Kardshian. You *know* her love life would get significantly better if she turned gay. I know I'd watch. Have you seen her sex tape? You should! It's humiliating! But I mean, who wouldn't allow themselves to be publicly humiliated in perpetuity for a Zippy-Trim Commercial of their own? I would. No, seriously, I really think I would. // I do miss the old days when I had a hag of my own. Here she is on IMDb.com. This is Sharon Dixon. She and I were in the crowd scene together in "Independence Day". Broke my heart when she married the soap actor Jordan Buttz. You know him? Now she's hyphenated. Goes by Sharon Dixon-Buttz, true story. (*shrugs*) She gets work.

(ON PHONE, AT FULL LENGTH MIRROR) This film crew has been following me around all day, recording my every move, and I still don't know what kind of product I am supposed to be selling here. What's my brand?

(ON THE PHONE, TALKING HEAD) Yes, I realize I am a secondary story line, but is there a theme? You must have a theme!?! "Que Pasa Cuarenta?" What is that? "The Latino Magazine Show for the over 40 Go Getter?" Look, I don't know from where you have been getting your information but I am in my mid-thirties. Yes, still! Listen, I'd like to speak to a producer. Well, who do you think you should tell them is calling? *My* name is Julian Johns. *Not* Juan Julio! You don't even know who I am. That's it! Everyone, I hereby withdraw from filming! Cut, cut! Wait, what?? Who is a producer? *Charo* is a producer?! I looooooove Charo!! No, no, no, no senior; I was only joking! Meda, meda Senior? Si, yo estoy Juan Julio!! Por favor. Si! Bien. Now let me speak to Charo!!!

(BACK IN KITCHEN) And Aloha! I'm here today cooking tortillas. Coochie-coochie! (*defeated*) This is not gonna work.

(TALKING HEAD) I have to call my oldest friend in the world. We've been to Hell and back. No, not Sharon Dixon-Buttz. Though I do know a Helen Beck. (ON PHONE AGAIN) Buddy!! // I know, can you believe it? I don't need to stay out here to be humiliated; I can do that in New York. That's it! Have "that thing you do" clean my apartment. I'm coming to New York!

To Be Continued . . .