

SAMPLE ONE
ACTING OUT - DRAFT TWO

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FADE IN:

EXT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The screen is black, only a dot of light in the center. The dot of light gradually gets bigger, forming itself into the rectangle shape of a TV screen.

The screen stops growing when it fills 80% of the shot and we can see footage of a man being lead away from a large house.

This is MARK FLYNN, tall, stocky and rough around the edges.

At the front of the house we can see a crowd of party goers. They watch with shocked faces as FLYNN is walked away. From inside we can hear music and through the windows we can see people still dancing.

FLYNN is being lead away by two police officers, his hands cuffed behind his back. He keeps his head down as paparazzi do their best to get a shot of him, camera flashes light up the scene.

There is a headline running across the bottom of the screen in a red banner. It reads "ACTOR, MARK FLYNN ARRESTED AT PARTY FOR ATTACKING HIS AGENT AND CHILDHOOD FRIEND, JOSEPH UPTON"

As FLYNN is manhandled into the back of a police van we also see a stretcher being loaded into an ambulance.

CUT TO:

CREDITS.

The credits roll around and within a series of newspaper articles and news reports showing the media's perception of the MARK FLYNN case.

As the credits move on the claims become more outrageous, including FLYNN'S history of violence and drug taking.

We see the hand drawn pictures of the court case with a beaten agent, JOSEPH UPTON, pointing at FLYNN from the stand.

The articles go on to state that FLYNN not only beat his agent but his wife also.

We see headlines like: "SCREEN PSYCHO LOSES IT" "LIFE MIRRORS ART" "DRUG FUELLED RAGE ENDS CAREER".

(CONTINUED)

We only see snippets and never get the full picture of what has happened.

The credits end with a picture from the court house with the judge passing sentence. We hear the sound of a hammer and the solemn and single word from the judge.

JUDGE (O.S)

Guilty!

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The area is filled with reporters, cameramen etc. They are waiting silently, like predators waiting for the kill. This silence lasts only moments and then the door opens and FLYNN exits the rear of the courthouse.

On either side of FLYNN is a uniformed guard.

They force their way through the reporters who clamour to get close to Flynn, thrusting cameras and microphones into his face.

REPORTER 1

How do you feel about the sentence passed by Judge Koffman?

FLYNN

(sarcastic tone)
Couldn't be happier.

REPORTER 2

What is your opinion on Joseph Upton's claim that he'll never walk again?

FLYNN

He got off lightly.

REPORTER 3

What do you have to say about the claims that the violent characters you've played over the years has effected your state of mind?

FLYNN

You know where you can stick that question.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER 4

Is it true that you've asked for your wife's breast implants back as part of the divorce settlement?

FLYNN

(with a sarcastic smile)

She can keep them... they'd started going south again anyway.

FLYNN is loaded up into the back of the van that will take him to prison.

REPORTER 5

Any words for the fans, Mr Flynn?

FLYNN looks at the reporter and replies...

FLYNN

Don't believe everything you see.

The van door is slammed shut and the van drives away, followed by the reporters still getting shots and shouting questions.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON VAN - MOMENTS LATER.

FLYNN sits on one side, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, looking at his feet.

Opposite FLYNN sits two uniformed guards. These are JENKINS and HUTSON.

FLYNN raises his head, glances at JENKINS and HUTSON and then looks straight at the camera, a frown on his face.

FLYNN

(to audience)

What? Don't you look at me like that... like you know me just because you read the papers and watch the news... Most of what you see and hear is bullshit anyway.

(shakes head)

Most of them wouldn't know the truth it jumped up and sank its filthy teeth into their arses... Hell, they can't even lie straight in bed.

FLYNN looks over at JENKINS and HUTSON.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN
(to Jenkins and Hutson)
Any chance of a fag, lads?

JENKINS looks over but doesn't reply. HUTSON doesn't even bother looking.

FLYNN (CONT...)
Suit yourselves.

FLYNN turns straight back to the camera.

FLYNN
(to audience)
You're nearly as bad as those two.
They think they're better than
me... but they can't make that call
and neither can you.
(points at audience)
You haven't seen both sides of the
story... All you know is that I put
my agent in a wheel chair...
another violent outburst from the
unpredictable Mark Flynn.
(runs hands through hair)
Well, there was nothing
unpredictable about it. You'd have
done the same thing.
(pauses as if listening)
Don't give me that... you can't say
how you'd act in a given
situation... Picture this.

FLASH TO:

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is heaving with people and, as we move around, we see faces familiar from the world of TV and Film.

FLYNN (V.O)
(to audience)
Party, my house... A celebration
for being over looked by the
BAFTA'S yet again.

FLYNN enters the scene and begins shaking hands with those around him.

FLYNN breaks away from the group and walks on, looking at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN

(to the audience)

None of them really like me... or each other for that matter, but its part of the job... Get together at every opportunity and congratulate each other on the latest project.

FLYNN stops as a familiar female celeb steps out in front of him and hugs him, kissing him on the cheek.

FEMALE CELEB

Fabulous party, Flynn...

FLYNN

You look stunning tonight.

FEMALE CELEB

You should come to mine next, we really need to catch up.

FLYNN

I'll check my diary and call you.

FLYNN walks away and turns back to the camera.

FLYNN

(to audience)

Third new septum this year. And she isn't the only one.

FLYNN nods in the direction of a group of gossiping females.

FLYNN (CONT...)

(to audience)

I mean, take a look at that lot. More plastic than a Tupperware party.... And it ain't just the birds, oh no... The men are just as bad, nose jobs, eyelifts and bum implants... What's wrong with just being yourself.

(cheeky smile and a wink)

It works for me.

FLYNN starts looking around the room, as if searching for someone.

FLYNN (V.O)

Like I said it was my party, my house but I was missing one thing... my wife.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN reaches the stairs and heads upwards. Coming towards him is a short man with a taller, younger woman on his arm. This is ROBBY FOXX. He smiles at FLYNN.

ROBBY

Flynn, my man. Looking good... you had some work done?

FLYNN

Nope.

FLYNN carries on up without stopping but once again turns to the camera.

FLYNN

(to audience)

That's Robby Foxx. Not to be trusted... In fact don't trust anyone in this business who insists on adding an extra letter to their surname just because it looks cool in the credits.

FLYNN reaches the landing and starts heading towards the bedroom.

A man and woman are stood against the wall, kissing passionately.

FLYNN

(to audience)

And he's in denial. Different woman whenever he's in public and we all know he bats for the other side... Its like everything else in this industry... a facade... a bloody steaming turd on a foundation of lies.

FLYNN has reached the door to the master bedroom and opens the door.

FLYNN (V.O)

(to audience)

But every now and then the turd gets stepped in and the lies are revealed.

FLYNN pushes the door wide open and finds two people in bed, making love. This is JOSEPH UPTON and CAROL FLYNN.

Everything in the scene freezes apart from FLYNN, who glances at the camera and...

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FLYNN
(to audience)
It was my turn to step in the turd.

Everything but FLYNN remains frozen. He enters the room and approaches the bed.

FLYNN
(to audience)
Unlike most celebrity marriages I
thought mine was pretty sound... As
you can see, I was wrong.

FLYNN leans over the bed and looks CAROL in the eye.

FLYNN
(to audience)
This pretty thing is... sorry was
my wife.

FLYNN moves back and then glares down at JOSEPH.

FLYNN
(to audience)
And this, the guy up to the buffers
in said wife is... sorry was my
agent.

FLYNN sits on the edge of the bed and takes a sip from a wine glass on the bedside unit.

FLYNN
(to audience)
In retrospect I truly believe I
could've handled the situation
better... as it turned out I
didn't.

FLYNN takes another drink and places the glass down.

FLYNN
(to audience)
I know... I know. I should've
talked it out with them like
adults.

FLYNN stands.

FLYNN
(to audience)
Instead I did this.

FLYNN turns to the bed just as everything in the room begins moving again.

FLYNN grabs CAROL and throws her sideways. She ends up on the floor tangled in the bed sheet.

FLYNN points at JOSEPH.

FLYNN
You dirty little shit.

JOSEPH backs off the bed, his midsection hidden by a pillow clutched in his left hand.

JOSEPH
Come on, Flynn... No hard feelings.
Its all show business, right.
(pauses)
Right?

FLYNN climbs over the bed and JOSEPH continues to back away.

CAROL, wrapped in the bed sheet, jumps on FLYNN'S back.

CAROL
(screams)
Flynn, leave him alone.

FLYNN throws CAROL back on the bed, she bounces on the mattress and lands out of sight on the other side of the bed with a yelp.

JOSEPH is holding out his free hand in surrender.

JOSEPH
I tell you what... I'll forego my
commission on the next gig and
we'll call it quits... What do you
say? Forget this ever happened.

FLYNN grabs JOSEPH'S outstretched hand and twists it, at the same time he brings his head forward and head butts JOSEPH.

As the heads impact the scene freezes long enough for...

FLYNN (V.O)
Watch carefully... this is a
defining moment.

Everything starts moving again. FLYNN lets go of JOSEPH'S hand and JOSEPH flies backwards, going straight through the glass doors that lead to the balcony.

JOSEPH doesn't stop there. He hits the balcony and goes over the edge and disappears from sight.

We hear a thud and...