

MATT AND JORDAN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt Stone, (53), is dressed like a sheriff. With short, blonde hair and blue eyes, he has a brooding intensity about him, complete with furrowed brow. His face shows a lot of living, not all of it easy. He is in great shape, looking younger than his age, but nonetheless has an edge. He and Jordan Stone, (18), his son, are getting ready to film an audition outside. Jordan has curly brown hair and is slightly chubby. He wears cool, black, horn rimmed glasses, giving his baby face an interesting authority. He acts young but has already seen a lot. He's slightly detached, more interested in his next joint than helping his dad.

MATT

Jordan, are you ready?

JORDAN

Ya, dad. Let's go. Why do you have a paper badge and star on?

MATT

Because the only description for this role that I have is that it is a dramatic comedy and this guy is prone to anger outbursts, fights with his wife and is a slightly dishonest cop. And he's not too bright. Where's Omar?

JORDAN

He's meeting us there.

MATT

OK.

They leave the house, Jordan carrying the camera.

EXT. BACK OF CHURCH - MINUTES LATER

Matt and Jordan wait. Jordan's friend, Omar, (18), tall with dark hair, walks up to them. Jordan hands him the camera.

JORDAN

Hey man. How's it going? Just track my dad with the camera. He'll cue you.

OMAR

OK cool.

MATT  
Thanks, Omar, I really appreciate  
this.

OMAR  
No problem.

Matt cues him and Omar starts filming the audition.

INT. HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Matt is sitting at his computer, frustrated.

MATT  
Motherfucker!  
(Yells)  
Jordan, can you please come fucking  
down here and help me with my  
fucking video audition? It's making  
me fucking crazy.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
(Muffled)  
Okay, pop. In a few minutes.

MATT  
Now, goddammit! Your few minutes  
will be next month. By then I'll be  
killing people out of frustration.  
Jesus Christ! I am so retarded.

Jordan comes into the office and looks over his father's  
shoulder.

JORDAN  
Jesus, dad, are you crippled?

MATT  
Just fucking tell me before I beat  
you to death with this chair.

JORDAN  
Dad, are your ears getting bigger?

MATT  
What in Christ's name are you  
talking about? Just fucking help  
me.

JORDAN  
Seriously. Look at those ear hairs.

MATT

I'm getting old, you douche. That's why I have to learn how to put this shit up on the internet. By the time I make it as an actor I'll be a hundred. So focus and help me.

JORDAN

Okay, okay. Where's the video?

MATT

That's the thing. I think I downloaded it right, but I can't find the fucker on my computer. Fuck!

JORDAN

Okay, it's easy. We'll download it again and I'll show you what to do.

They download the video and Jordan shows his dad where it goes on the computer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

See, that was easy. Now where do you want it to go?

MATT

On this site. But wait, wait, where did the other one go?

JORDAN

Dad, you are so mental. You have probably put it somewhere in the computer and no one will ever find it. Just leave it.

MATT

I know. I'm developmentally handicapped. Fine, fine. Here's the site.

He shows Jordan the site and they finally get it done.

JORDAN

Can I go now or are you going to freak out again when I'm upstairs?

MATT

Yes, I mean no. Thanks, man.

JORDAN

S'okay, pop.

He starts to leave the office and turns back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So what happens now?

MATT

Nothing. The only time I'll ever get notified is if I get the role. I just have to keep putting this shit up into internet heaven and hope to Christ somebody eventually casts me.

Jordan comes back into the office.

JORDAN

Isn't Bob supposed to get you auditions?

MATT

That's the story that most actors tell themselves. My agent sucks; my agent's an idiot; that last audition he got me was for a shitty ass role; he doesn't get me decent auditions; he favors other actors over me; it's all my agents fault that I'm a loser sitting at home with my thumb up my ass waiting for him to call me. You know what? I guess if I was twenty I could afford to waste years of my career thinking like that, but I'm too damn old now. Bob is amazing. He showed me a list of the hundreds of times he has submitted me for auditions. If he could have gotten away with it, he would have submitted me for a seven foot tall African American basketball player with three arms who spoke with a Cantonese accent. It's not his fault I'm a douche and don't land more roles. My job is to be a good enough actor. If I'm not, fuck me. The truth is that this is a career that simply has no road map. Every single actor's path is different and it is up to me to figure out how to move forward. Hence my relationship with this fucking computer.

JORDAN  
Okay, cool.

MATT  
What? Jesus.

Jordan leaves the office. Matt keeps working.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Matt cuts his ear hairs.

MATT  
Jesus.

He brushes his teeth.

INT. HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Matt is sitting at his computer again.

MATT  
(Yells)  
Jordan, do you know much about  
Facebook? I'm supposed to use  
social fucking media to get likes  
and fans and followers. I can't  
find the fucking Like button on my  
page!

JORDAN (O.S.)  
(Muffled)  
Oh my God, dad. I have to get my  
essay done. Can't you figure it  
out?

MATT  
Ya. Jordan, I'm a fucking moron. My  
head just doesn't take this shit  
in. Can you please just help me for  
a few minutes?

JORDAN (O.S.)  
(Muffled)  
Gooooddd! Okay, I'm coming.

Jordan enters the office.

MATT  
Are you stoned, you fucker? You  
are. Now I'm really fucked. God.

JORDAN

Dad, I'm good. Fuckin' good shit.  
You interrupted me seshing.

He looks at the screen and starts laughing.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You idiot. You've been using your  
profile page.

MATT

I know that. What the fuck is  
seshing?

JORDAN

No, you're supposed to use your fan  
page. It's smoking weed.

MATT

What?

JORDAN

Your fan page.

MATT

What??

JORDAN

Are you deaf? Your profile page and  
fan page are different pages.

MATT

What???

JORDAN

You are sped, dad.

MATT

Jesus fucking Christ. This is  
making me lose my mind. What the  
fuck is sped?

JORDAN

Dad, calm down. Let me explain.  
Sped is Special Ed. It's where the  
special kids go at school. When you  
don't want to share your personal  
stuff you create a fan page.

MATT

I don't have any fans.

JORDAN

Oh, my God, dad, listen. You can set up what's called a fan page which is completely different.

MATT

Are you saying I will have two pages?

JORDAN

Yes, dad. Do you get it now?

MATT

I think so. I don't know. No. Yes. OK, OK, you can go back to your essay. Thanks, man. I love you.

JORDAN

I love you too, dumbass. I'm hungry.

Jordan leaves and Matt continues working on his computer.

INT. HOUSE OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

MATT

(rubs his head)

Oh, shit. Now I have to delete Fuckbook. Fuck. I mean my page.

He keeps working.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I think I created three pages. Fuck. OK, that's it. I'm deleting my whole Facebook thing.

He keeps working. Finally, he does what he wants.

MATT (CONT'D)

Ha! I did it!

(Yells)

Jordan.

JORDAN (O.S.)

(Muffled)

Ya.

MATT

I figured out how to completely delete Facebook and start over. I think. I'm a genius.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
 (Muffled)  
 Good shit pop. You're still  
 retarded.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Matt, bearded and unkempt, walks into the audition room and sees a camera man (mid 30's) and another man, Jim (40's), with dark hair and a beard.

MATT  
 Hi, I'm Matt Stone. I'm here for  
 the recovering drunk role. Would  
 you like my headshot and resume?

JIM  
 Hi, I'm Jim. I'm the director. This  
 is Tom, my camera man.

Matt nods at Tom.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 No, we have you online. How are  
 you? Did you find this place okay?  
 We're a little out of the way.

MATT  
 Ya, no problem.

JIM  
 Okay, so go ahead and do your  
 monologue. You did prepare one,  
 right?

MATT  
 Yes, I did.

JIM  
 Okay, slate and then go ahead when  
 you're ready.

MATT  
 (Into the camera)  
 Matt Stone, Agency Par Excellence.

He moves the chair out of the way and starts his monologue, standing up.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 My name is Walter Smith, and I'm an  
 alcoholic. Over the past several  
 years my drinking has gotten worse.

MATT (CONT'D)

I've had blackouts. I've tried to deny it, but I had to stop lying to myself. My family and friends are avoiding me. They don't like who I've become. Neither do I. I can't look at myself in the mirror any more. I feel embarrassed and disappointed in who I've turned into. I really want to get better now. My father was weak and also an alcoholic and I hate that I've turned into him. I don't want people to pity me like they did him. This is really hard, and I need help.

Matt finishes and there is silence. Jim looks at his camera man and then back at Matt.

JIM

Wow. That was really good. Where did you find that? Did you write it?

MATT

Yes, I did.

JIM

Okay. We're making our decisions next week. Are you available mid May?

MATT

Yes, I am.

JIM

Okay, we'll be in touch.

MATT

Great. Thanks.

Matt leaves the room.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Matt, clean shaven again, gets ready to go running. Jordan is at the open doorway with him.

JORDAN

How come you shaved?

MATT

Because I'm pretty sure I didn't get the alcoholic role and I wanted that shit off my face. Christ, I nailed that audition.

JORDAN

Oh, okay. How do you know?

MATT

Because the director told me they were filming mid May and that's next week. Also, my main headshot is clean shaven, and it's better that I look like that picture.

JORDAN

Oh, cool. How far are you running?

MATT

Until it hurts too much.

JORDAN

What do you mean?

MATT

You know how boxers take massive hits to their heads?

JORDAN

Yeah.

MATT

Sometimes, their skulls actually freeze. I have read that some of them discovered craniosacral therapy, where the bones in their skulls were manipulated and it actually freed them from constant joint pain in their bodies. The results were incredible. It allowed their life force to flow again through their bodies. My mother rejected me at birth and my whole body froze. I've spent my entire adult life unthawing my body so I could actually feel things. I've been fucking numb most of my life. That's why it's taken me so long to go after my dream. So, imagine an entire body freezing at birth. You know when your toes get really, really cold and then numb out? When they thaw out it is really painful.

MATT (CONT'D)

I have that residue in my body. I'm stiff and sore most of the time, because I went numb at birth. Look at all the motherfucking therapy I've had, just to thaw out and take tiny fucking steps forward. So, whether I run a hundred metres or fifteen kilometers makes no difference. I'm in pain most of the time. I just decide in the moment how much I want to hurt.

JORDAN

I'm very proud of you, dad. I know your mom rejected you.

MATT

Thanks, man. I love you. I'll see you in a minute or forty-five minutes.

Matt hugs and kisses Jordan and then takes off running down the street. He disappears around the street corner.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

Matt runs easily to start with, covering good ground.

He starts to slow down.

He labours to a stop, takes his shirt off and then starts walking.

Matt starts jogging again, sorting himself out.

He arrives back home, much later.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt and Jordan are drinking beer on the couch.

JORDAN

How come the only thing you talk about is acting and following your dream?

MATT

Because I am sharing my journey with you so that it helps you find your passion. I want you to find something that obsesses you so you can experience your bliss.

JORDAN

Yeah, but you weren't like this when you were still with mom.

MATT

Right. Look at the changes I've made since I left her. Look how long it took me to start going after it. My childhood was fucked up beyond belief. I guess, unconsciously, my mommy didn't like me. I'm a recovering rejectaholic. I've been fighting my whole life to get my life back. Depending what research you read, men like me turn into serial killers, rapists, violent criminals and misogynists. I chose to find love instead.

JORDAN

Why is acting so important to you?

MATT

Some of my earliest memories are of wanting to act. It always seemed magical to me. My father took me to see the original Planet of the Apes when I was five or six. I think that fucked me up permanently and caused me brain damage. Forget my mother rejecting me at birth, ha ha... Just kidding. I was so fucking terrified I actually believed those apes were going to come and take me away. I had nightmares for weeks after that. My mother never forgave him for that little stunt. Anyway, as terrified as I was, I knew it was just a movie and I wanted to be in movies.

JORDAN

That's sick, pop. I wish I knew what my dream is. I don't know what I want to do with my life.

MATT

As long as you actively spend your life looking for your passion, then you are living a good life. I mean, look how fucking nuts I am. Imagine knowing what you wanted to do your entire life and being so fucking numb that you couldn't do it. That would make God crazy. At this point, I'm just happy that I can finally go after it and not fucking freeze up out of sheer terror. I am actually getting my feeling back.

JORDAN

Ya, but what if you don't make it? That's what I'm scared of. I'm scared of being a failure in my life and not being good enough.

MATT

Good enough at what? Do you have any friends who have a clue what they want? Chances are they are already mindless drones. It doesn't mean they aren't nice. It just means that they already don't even know that they don't know. They have been raised by parents who are just as mindless. They will be forced to go to university, study shit they don't even like and get good grades. If they don't they will be considered losers. The mindfuck is that without a university education you are going to be a failure your entire life. So you get into debt up to your ass for degrees you don't even want and then have very little chance of even getting a job in that field. Then, you have to get a house and mortgage yourself into oblivion. Because if you don't have a house, you're a pathetic fuckin' loser. So now you're enslaved for the rest of your life paying for shit that you can't afford. Do you want to kill yourself yet?

JORDAN

Jesus dad, what am I supposed to do? That sounds terrible.

MATT

No shit. Most people are so asleep in their lives that they don't have a fuckin' clue that they are slaves. They waste this most precious of all gifts, which is life itself, by not following their dreams. Do you know where the word education actually comes from?

JORDAN

No. What does it mean?

MATT

One definition is that it comes from the Latin **educō**, which means to draw or bring out; to deduce about oneself. Knowledge of self is the only true education. What that means is that if you don't know who you are, which means you don't know your own feelings, it doesn't matter how many degrees you have, especially if you didn't want them to begin with. Education is supposed to free us, not enslave us by putting us in massive debt. So if you start from knowing what you want, you will be compelled to learn about it from every possible source, because it fills you with joy. The other part of this equation is that if you are one of the few who actually knows what you want and need university for that, it has become prohibitively expensive. So again, you are enslaved. Our society has made it very, very hard to get university education. Are you with me?

JORDAN

Yeah. This is really hard.

MATT

Yes, it is. Thinking is always harder than being mindless. Understand that when you attempt to live your own life, you are pushing against a giant fucking Tsunami called society. I'm sure you've heard people say that nobody knows what they want when they're in their teens.

MATT (CONT'D)

So why not be in university while you figure yourself out? The thinking behind that is that by studying you will magically find what you want to do. The problem with that is it costs so fucking much you are indebted for years and you can't even get the job you studied for. So once again, slavery awaits. Am I repeating myself?

JORDAN

So what am I supposed to do? All I know now is that I don't want to go to university and I don't want to play drums, even though I love the drums. I don't know who I am.

MATT

Do whatever the fuck you want. First and foremost, you have to feel good in your life. Every minute of every day. That is the number one goal, no matter what. We only get one shot at this life. Jesus, I'm talking a lot. To answer your question, making it as an actor is not the issue for me. Look at how old I am. I walked away from over a hundred thousand a year. I am happy just being on sets. Look at all the free shit I've done. It is my bliss and I can finally feel this. The only control I can exert is to get better and better at the skill of make believe. I can't control how high I climb. For me, we are either trained or untrained and that is a life commitment. I made the choice to train before I ever knew what that meant.

JORDAN

OK, I think I get it. What does trained mean?

MATT

It means you work out whatever fucking fear, doubt and anxiety stop you from getting what you want in your life. In my case, I was terrified at birth, so I had a lot to work out. You know I love you, right?

MATT (CONT'D)

And as your father the only thing I want for you is to find your passion and go after it. That is the only chance any of us have at real happiness.

JORDAN

I know, pop. Thanks.

MATT

The other thing is stay out of debt. No matter what. Or I'll fucking kill you.

JORDAN

OK, OK, thanks pa. Do you want to finish my beer?

MATT

Yeah, sure.

Jordan gives his dad the bottle of beer and kisses and hugs him.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt and Patricia (50), an accent coach, are sitting on the couch. They have been friends a long time. Patricia is very thin and scholarly, with fine, wispy silver hair and a narrow face.

MATT

As we discussed, I want to learn an English accent for an audition.

PATRICIA

Very well. The first thing to learn is that an accent is a different way of feeling words that you already know. The words are the same but sound and feel different. So we'll start with some vowels. Say raw.

MATT

Raw.

PATRICIA

Raw.

MATT

Raw.

PATRICIA

No, ruah.

MATT

Raw.

PATRICIA

Reaw.

MATT

Roaw. Fuck. Fuck. Jesus Christ. I can't even hear the difference let alone feel it.

PATRICIA

You can. Just take your time and take a deep breath. Is this what you mean when you say you block?

MATT

Yeah. That's been the story of my life. One inch forward and then a mile fucking backwards. I've spent most of my life moving endless piles of my own shit out of the way just so I could take a tiny step forward.

PATRICIA

My goodness, how you destroy the English language. You've never told me that about yourself before. I understand you better now. Well, let's start again. I believe in you, Matt. You can do this. Now say it. Ruah.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Matt comes in the front door and Jordan is in the kitchen. Matt has just come back from another audition and is wearing a very expensive suit. They hug each other.

JORDAN

(Seeming slightly worried)  
Hey pop. Shit, you look amazing.  
Where were you?

MATT

Hi man. One guess.

JORDAN

An audition? Dressed like that?  
Wow, you look really cool. What was  
it for?

MATT

Some corporate douchebag. I finally  
got to see one of the biggest  
casting agents in the city. Christ,  
it took long enough.

JORDAN

How does that work?

MATT

They have to trust that you can  
handle whatever the role is. So a  
lot of the time they only bring in  
people they know.

JORDAN

Wait a minute. I thought you didn't  
know her. I'm confused.

MATT

I don't. I don't know what the fuck  
I'm talking about. No, honestly, I  
don't have a clue. Maybe she's a  
Facebook fan. I have no idea how I  
got the audition. All I know is  
that it felt amazing and she SEEMED  
to really like it. I love playing  
an asshole.

JORDAN

Cool. Pop, can we talk?

MATT

I don't know. Can we?

JORDAN

Dad, I need to talk to you.

MATT

Thank you. Now?

JORDAN

Yes.

MATT

Sure.

Matt sits down on the couch and Jordan sits beside him.

MATT (CONT'D)

What's up?

JORDAN

I want to quit school. Wait. Before you say anything, I need to express some feelings. I've realized that I feel bad just thinking about school. I get anxious thinking about it. I hate being there. I don't want to do the work. I watch you do exactly what you want everyday and I want to live like that. You get up when you want, you eat when you want and you seem to be really happy most of the time. A lot of my friends hate school as well, but their parents force them to go anyway. It's taken me a long time to be able to acknowledge my feelings. I guess I thought if I ignored them, they would go away. OK, I'm done.

MATT

I'm very, very proud of you.

JORDAN

You are?

MATT

I've been waiting for the last couple of months for you to see that your behavior was showing you that you didn't want to be in school. And now you have finally acknowledged your feelings. That's incredible. But, here is how life works: now you have to work really hard to feel good with your decision, because people are going to think you're a loser, and feel sorry for you. It will be very easy to let them make you feel bad.

JORDAN

I know. That's what I'm really scared of. They'll think I'm stupid. I think that's why it took so long to be able to say I wanted to quit. Also, after our talk the other day I learned how important it is to be honest with myself. Will you help me sort my feelings?

MATT

Of course I will. I thought I was babbling like an idiot. I'm so glad you learned something.

JORDAN

Dad, you never babble. You just talk a lot. Thanks, pa, even though I'm scared, I feel better.

MATT

Good. I just want you to be happy. And nobody ever gets that one for free. You have to work your bag off for it.

JORDAN

OK. I'm going to go to my room. I love you so much, pop.

MATT

Me too. Say educo. Knowledge of self.

JORDAN

Don't be an idiot.

Jordan gives his dad a big hug and kiss and goes upstairs. Matt stays on the couch, staring into space.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan gets ready to film his dad for another audition. He is fiddling with the camera. Matt is standing against the wall.

MATT

Wait. Did you drink your greens?

JORDAN

Shut your ass. I'm too full. Later.

MATT

Come on, go drink it now.

JORDAN

Did you drink yours?

MATT

I'm too full. Later.

JORDAN

You're ill, dad.

MATT

Fine. Let's film this and then we'll both drink that shit.

JORDAN

OK, let's do this.

MATT

So I'm going to do it three ways, one after another. After I finish each one, pan the camera to the left and then back on me. After the third time, stop filming. Do you get it?

JORDAN

Why do you have to do it three ways?

MATT

Because they want to see the range of the actors.

JORDAN

OK, so left and then back on you. Got it. Ready? Go.

MATT

Wait, wait. Don't talk too loud because you're right next to the camera mic and it will sound like shit if you are louder than me. Also, at least try to be in character.

JORDAN

What do you mean? I can't be your wife.

MATT

Obviously. Just feel it as best you can. I don't want to look like a fucking amateur. Casting directors probably look at millions of these things. So I want it to be good and I have to submit it tonight. Otherwise I would have found a good female reader.

JORDAN

Oh my God, dad. Does that mean I have to help you upload it again?

MATT

No. I've actually learned how to upload it on my own.

JORDAN

Finally. OK, can we please get this done? Are you ready?

MATT

Yeah.

JORDAN

OK, go.

Matt starts turned away from the camera. He turns into it and starts speaking.

MATT

Please, Stacy, I've had enough. Leave me alone now.

JORDAN

(Sounding like an angry wife)

Shh, the kids are sleeping. Stop yelling so loud. You'll wake them up.

MATT

Since when has that ever stopped you? I agree. Let's just drop this.

JORDAN

I can't stand you. If we didn't have the kids I would divorce you.

MATT

I can't believe you just said that.

JORDAN

You heard me. Without the kids this marriage is worthless... Where do you think you are going?

MATT

Away from you. I'm going outside.

JORDAN

We don't even talk anymore. Let's work this out.

MATT

Here's a thought. Just leave. Don't worry about the kids. You're obviously that unhappy.

Matt walks off camera and then comes back into frame. He and Jordan do it two more times and then Jordan shuts off the camera.

JORDAN

Are we done?

MATT

Yeah. That felt really good. Thanks, Jordan, I really appreciate your support.

JORDAN

No problem, pa.

MATT

I love you.

JORDAN

Me too, pa.

Matt gives Jordan a hug and kiss. Jordan leaves and Matt takes the camera off the tripod.

INT. HOUSE LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Matt walks up the stairs with a script in his hands. He is memorizing lines under his breath. He goes into the laundry room and starts sorting clothes.

MATT

What the fuck! Jordan!

JORDAN (O.S.)

Ya dad.

MATT

Is this cum on your shirt? Oh my God, there's fucking jizz everywhere. Are you insane?

Jordan opens his bedroom door and comes to the laundry room.

JORDAN

I don't like using toilet paper. It sticks to my cock.

MATT

So use a rag. Jesus fucking Christ. I can't believe I'm having this discussion with my own son. What, have you got your favorite pieces of clothing?

JORDAN

No. I just grab whatever I can. I got some in my mouth once 'cause I missed.

MATT

OK. I'm going to just kill myself now. Please just let me die in peace. We are going to pretend for the rest of your life that you spill milk on yourself.

JORDAN

Chill out dad, it's only cum.

Jordan goes back into his bedroom. Matt is left standing there, speechless.

MATT

No more spraying cum all over the place. Practise sexual kung fu.

JORDAN (O.S.)

What?

Opens his door and comes back to the laundry room.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What did you say? Are you a wizard?

MATT

Yes. I have ear hairs, remember? No. Instead of blowing your wad all over the place and making my life a living hell, practise Tantric sex.

JORDAN

Dad, are you from another planet? Where do you learn this shit?

MATT

I've been around awhile and I've done a lot of shit.

JORDAN

No shit. So what is Tantric sex?

MATT

It's spiritual sex. A man and a woman learn to take their orgasms internally and bathe their organs with life force, so they stay young for a long time and connect to the universe, thus achieving a spiritual oneness and unity with all that is good and right, thereby becoming enlightened, and turn into light beings. Plus, and most importantly, the fucking man stops shooting cum everywhere.

JORDAN

Are you even talking English?

MATT

Google it. Google and God are the same thing. I'm only telling you this because I really, really don't want to see fucking cum when I'm having my quiet time doing the laundry and reading lines.

JORDAN

Well, tough shit, pa. I'm not going to keep a pile of rags in my room. It doesn't look right.

Jordan goes back into his room. Matt shakes his head in disbelief and reluctantly sorts the laundry again.

INT. HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Matt walks in and puts his backpack down on the floor beside his computer. He checks his emails. He finds one and reads it under his breath.

MATT

Hi Matt. I want to thank you for auditioning for us. You did a very good audition. We had a lot of actors auditioning for the role of the doctor, and it was a very difficult decision to make. I regret to inform you that we have cast the part. I want to thank you for your time and wish you good luck with your career. Shit. Fuck. I nailed that audition as well. God dammit... OK, onto the next.

He types back.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hi, Bruce. Thanks for taking the time to email me. That was very decent of you. I hope the film turns out beautifully.

Matt leans back in his chair, staring at the ceiling. He grins ruefully.

MATT (CONT'D)

God, I do love this business. I just wish I'd started earlier.

END