

BLACK JACK HART

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(television pilot)

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TEASER

EXT. COCKTAIL PARTY - ROOFTOP TERRACE (NIGHT)

Camera moves through the crowded rooftop party. SOAP STARS, SOCIALITES and HIPSTERS are drinking, posing, and networking. JACK J SUMMERS, a chubby 25-year-old man, wearing a bright 'Hey Hey I'm Crew' shirt, is talking to a petite YOUNG MODEL.

JACK J SUMMERS

They say you only need a few
feathers to be erotic. On you,
I'd love to use a whole emu.

YOUNG MODEL slaps JACK J SUMMERS across face. Camera follows YOUNG MODEL as she walks away to far corner of roof terrace. MAX BLACK, a handsome 33-year-old man, wearing a white suit, is encircled by FOUR FEMALE MODELS and a BEMUSED BOYFRIEND.

MAX BLACK

(holding MODEL ONE'S hand)
I'm sensing someone else here.
Another relative, recently passed.
Cousin, uncle, aunt?

MODEL ONE

My Aunty Jan.

MAX BLACK

And the colour purple.
(MODEL ONE shrugs shoulders)
It's more aqua. *(beat)* Blue.

MODEL ONE

Her blue cattle dog, Saffy!

MAX BLACK

How did she pass?

MODEL ONE

She was so lonely after Aunty Jan
died that she took her own life.

ALL MODELS

Oh my god!

BEMUSED BOYFRIEND

A dog committed suicide? Seriously?

MODEL ONE

She jumped off their balcony and
landed in the pool.

MAX BLACK

That must be the aqua I was
sensing.

BEMUSED BOYFRIEND

Poor bitch.

(*MODEL ONE starts tearing up*)

I meant the dog.

MAX BLACK

It's okay. They're back together now. I can see them playing fetch in the meadow. Jan says good luck for Tues-hursday.

MODEL ONE

(*wipes away tear*)

I've got Vivienne Knight's perfume campaign shoot on Thursday.

(*looks to sky*) Thanks Aunty Jan.

(*blows kiss*) I miss you too, Saffy.

(*looks to MAX*) You're incredible.

MAX BLACK

Please. (*smiles*) It's a gift.

MODEL ONE gives MAX an emotional hug.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)

I should be charging for this.

MODEL ONE kisses MAX on both cheeks, then scowls at her BEMUSED BOYFRIEND. The petite YOUNG MODEL grabs MAX'S hand.

YOUNG MODEL

Can you do me next?

MAX BLACK

As soon as you turn sixteen.

(*winks*) I promise.

MAX looks across roof terrace to JACK J SUMMERS talking to SOPHIE HART, a tall busty blonde 22-year-old girl, wearing jean shorts and knee high boots. MAX smiles.

CUT TO:

JACK J SUMMERS

We met at that TV Weekly after party, remember? (*SOPHIE shrugs*)

Molly Meldrum's jacuzzi...

MAX BLACK (V.O.)

Hey Jack-Off!

JACK looks across roof to MAX BLACK, smiles, then holds up both thumbs. SOPHIE looks to JACK'S 'Hey Hey I'm Crew' shirt.

SOPHIE HART

Oh yeah. I remember you.

(*smiles flirtatiously*)

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. COCKTAIL PARTY – ROOFTOP TERRACE (THAT NIGHT)

JACK J SUMMERS and SOPHIE HART are talking as MAX approaches.

JACK J SUMMERS
Remember, when I did Jack Nicholson
and you almost drowned from
laughing so hard.

SOPHIE HART
(shakes her head)
I remember waking up hungover.

MAX stands behind JACK, and mimics JACK'S impression.

JACK J SUMMERS
(Jack Nicholson impression)
There's nothing sexier, than a
woman you have to salute in the
morning. Believe me, if you haven't
been blown by a superior officer
yet, well, you just haven't lived.

SOPHIE HART
(looks MAX'S suit up and down)
If he's Jack Nicholson, then you
must be Don Johnson.

MAX BLACK
Don who?

JACK J SUMMERS
The star of Miami Vice, dude.
(MAX shrugs his shoulders)
Directed by Michael Mann. Ran for
five seasons in the eighties. Huge!

MAX BLACK
(touches suit) So, you're a fan?

SOPHIE HART
Who can resist fashion trends of
1986. *(rolls her eyes)*

MAX BLACK
And you must be...
(looks SOPHIE up and down)
Another swimsuit model?

SOPHIE HART
M.T.A actually.

MAX looks confused.

JACK J SUMMERS
Model turned actress.

MAX BLACK
Even better.

SOPHIE HART
Unfortunately for you I don't
believe in ghosts. Sorry Don.

MAX looks to SOPHIE'S feet as she points them towards him.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
Sweet feet. They're like arrows,
pointing to who you fancy. People
don't even realise that they do it.

YOUNG MODEL approaches MAX and presents her drivers license.

YOUNG MODEL
See, now you have to do me.
(*smiles at MAX, scowls at JACK*)

MAX BLACK
I'm sensing you need a private
reading, somewhere quieter.

YOUNG MODEL jumps with excitement. SOPHIE rolls her eyes.
YOUNG MODEL grabs MAX'S hand and leads MAX away into crowd.

CUT TO:

MAX struts across the crowded rooftop terrace behind YOUNG
MODEL. A RANDOM PARTY-GOER recognises MAX as he passes.

RANDOM PARTY-GOER
Hey your that, ah, religious dude.
(*MAX gives RANDOM a look*)
I saw you on youtube. You rock!

RANDOM high-fives MAX. MAX resumes following YOUNG MODEL.

MAX BLACK
I'm sensing everyone here thinks I
rock? (*CROWD cheers*) And the magic
eight ball says (*beat*) definitely!

MAX struts past JASON DONOVAN, a famous 1980's soap star
who's holding an expensive champagne bottle and two glasses.

JASON DONOVAN
Hey (*points to MAX*) You!

MAX BLACK
What's up there Neighbour?

JASON DONOVAN
(*looks MAX's suit up and down*)
You tell me, Colonel Sanders.
Aren't you suppose to be psychic?

YOUNG MODEL
He's like, so amazing!

JASON DONOVAN
Let's see it then.

MAX BLACK
Alright, get rid of these first.
(takes bottle & glasses off JASON)
You have to close your eyes and
really concentrate. Focus hard.
Even harder. Imagine yourself going
back in time, way back, before
Ramsay Street, before Kylie
Minogue, or even Michael Hutchence.
Now breathe in deeply, and hold it
for as long as you can. The longer
the better.

JASON looks focused with his eyes closed, holding his breath.
MAX signals MODEL, and they walk away with JASON'S champagne.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM

MAX and YOUNG MODEL are sipping champagne on ten seat sofa.

MAX BLACK
(chuckles) Soap stars.

YOUNG MODEL
That guy was a soap star?

MAX BLACK
Once upon a time.

YOUNG MODEL
They should give *YOU* a TV show.

MAX checks his watch, then points TV remote at giant screen
on living-room wall.

MAX BLACK
Funny you should say that.
(pushes button on TV remote)

CUT TO:

A channel six promo introduces the variety television show
'SUMMER TIME' hosted by DAZ SUMMERS. This week's upcoming
episode features the TV debut of psychic-medium MAX BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - DRESSING ROOM (LATER THAT WEEK)

MAX sits in front of a large dressing-mirror, adjusting his
new ivory suit. MAX is talking to himself in the mirror.

MAX BLACK
You wanna be at the top? Well this
is it, right here. Time to shine.

A goofy looking SHOW RUNNER wearing a headset and holding a clipboard enters. MAX'S motivational speech becomes a V.O.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
You know if you pull this off,
they're gonna give you a six figure
deal and your own show, for real.
You'll be the star!

MAX BLACK
Twinkle twinkle baby!

MAX notices the SHOW RUNNER staring at him in the mirror.

MAX BLACK (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

SHOW RUNNER
Me? (*points to himself*) Sorry, I
thought you we're reading my mind.

MAX BLACK
Get out.

SHOW RUNNER
They need you on stage now.

SHOW RUNNER quickly exits. MAX looks nervously into mirror.

MAX BLACK
I've got a bad feelin' about this.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - 'SUMMER TIME' STAGE (THAT NIGHT)

Veteran television presenter, DAZ SUMMERS stands on stage in front of large STUDIO AUDIENCE. PRODUCER cues DAZ to start.

DAZ SUMMERS

What a pleasure for you to be joining us this Summer Time!
(*smiles*) First up we have with us, an exciting and incredibly gifted psychic medium. You may have even seen his supernatural skills on youtube recently, phenomenal stuff, really unbelievable.

(*AUDIENCE makes excited noise*)

You can expect the spectacular tonight folks! (*AUDIENCE applauds*) Now just keep in mind, he may not be able to hear from the exact dead person you'd like to talk to, but let's just see. (*AUDIENCE sighs*)

This is his first television appearance, right here on Summer Time, so let's welcome him out. Introducing the amazing, Max Black!

DAZ points, AUDIENCE applauds. MAX BLACK appears on stage.

MAX BLACK

Thanks Daz. It's great to be here. Ladies and Gentlemen, I wonder what you'd say if I told you, that tonight I was going to reconnect you with your lost loved ones again. You might say, this Max is mad. (*smiles*)

ONE PERSON laughs. MAX takes deep breath in and out.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)

Tough crowd.

MAX BLACK

Well Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm about to do just that. Tonight I'll provide you with a connection, a psychic medium to reach your family and friends on the other side. Even now, I can feel an encompassing presence amongst us.

MAX looks to a 65-year-old LADY, seated next to the isle.

MAX BLACK (CONT'D)

It's coming from this area.

MAX walks up isle with his arms outstretched.

MAX BLACK (CONT'D)
 He's an older male, and he's
 showing me something in his chest.
 It's a pressing pain. And a chair,
 a special chair.

MAX approaches 65-year-old LADY, takes her hand, breathes in.

MAX BLACK (CONT'D)
 Did you lose a Husband?
 (OLD LADY nods) To an illness?
 Somewhere in the upper region of
 the body?

OLD LADY
 It was a heart attack.

MAX BLACK
 Did he smoke?
 (OLD LADY nods) He keep's showing
 me some kind of chair, it must be
 quite significant for him.

OLD LADY
 That's where Ronnie died. I came
 home from bowls and found him,
 alone, in his favourite chair.
 There was half a cigarette on the
 floor too.

MAX BLACK
 I can sense his bond with that
 chair is strong.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD LADY'S LIVING ROOM - (MAX'S PERSPECTIVE)

In a dark living room, OLD LADY'S HUSBAND sits in a lazy-boy recliner, smoking a cigarette, and watching porn on TV.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
 He'd spend all afternoon in it,
 and half the night sometimes.

HUSBAND ashes cigarette, unbuttons pants, and pulls down zip.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
 He was glued to that thing.

BACK TO:

INT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - 'SUMMER TIME' STAGE

OLD LADY
 Bless him. (smiles)
 Ronnie loved that rocking chair...

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD LADY'S VERANDAH - (*OLD LADY'S PERSPECTIVE*)

On a sun-drenched verandah, a different looking HUSBAND is on rocking chair with cigarette, race guide and radio in reach.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
Just listening to the races. He
lost most of the time, but he loved
a flutter, it made him happy.

BACK TO:

INT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - 'SUMMER TIME' STAGE

OLD LADY
I've always felt guilty that I
wasn't there to save him.

MAX BLACK
Ronnie says don't be. His death was
quick. By the time that smoke hit
the floor he'd already passed over.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD LADY'S LIVING ROOM - (*MAX'S PERSPECTIVE*)

Close up HUSBAND'S FACE, reclined in lazy-boy, cigarette in mouth with satisfied smile. HE closes eyes, blows out smoke.

BACK TO:

INT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - 'SUMMER TIME' STAGE

MAX BLACK
Who are the twins in your family?
(*OLD LADY shakes her head*)
I'm sensing Geminis maybe? (*beat*)
Who's had or having a birthday
around now?

OLD LADY looks to a 5-year-old BOY sitting next to her.

YOUNG BOY
Katie's birthday!

OLD LADY
That's right. She had her sixth
birthday party last month.

MAX BLACK
Ronnie was there, wearing his party
hat. He was touched by your kind
words and thoughts of him.

OLD LADY
(*looks up*) I miss you, Ronnie.

MAX BLACK
 He's smiling and waving goodbye.
 Wow, what a truly wonderful man.
 Thank you for sharing him with us.

MAX looks to the PRODUCER holding up two thumbs, behind him the SHOW RUNNER wipes away a tear. DAZ grins with amazement.

DAZ SUMMERS
 That was just astonishing.
 Let's hear it for Max Black.
 (AUDIENCE applauds)

MAX BLACK
 Please. (smiles) Its a gift.

DAZ points to MR RANGI, a heavy set 50-year-old Maori man, sitting in front row.

DAZ SUMMERS
 How about reading this young
 gentleman?

MAX reluctantly agrees. DAZ and MR RANGI exchange a sly wink. MAX looks MR RANGI up and down, then focuses.

MAX BLACK
 Was there a male in your family
 with leg pains? Knee, ankle, foot?

MR RANGI appears skeptical, but ponders the claim.

MR RANGI
 (with New Zealand accent)
 Maybe, hey.

MAX BLACK
 It sounds like he's banging a
 walking stick or crutches on the
 ground. Does this mean anything?

MR RANGI
 Not really, Bro.

MR RANGI'S FRIEND nudges MR RANGI.

MR RANGI'S FRIEND
 Didn't your Papa break his leg
 playing rugby?

MR RANGI
 Ah yeah, but that was years ago.

MAX BLACK
 I can see the colours green and
 red. Was there green or red on your
 father's rugby jersey?

MR RANGI

Nah, all black. I'd say he had a few green grass stains though, probably some blood too hey.

MAX BLACK

Did he have a green thumb perhaps?

MR RANGI

He used to do a bit of gardening, but only cause Mum made him.

MAX BLACK

Your father has passed, right?

MR RANGI

Yeah, he always passed. Papa was a team player. *(smiles)* Even scored his fair share, hey. Some tries too. *(AUDIENCE laughs)*

MAX BLACK

I meant is he dead?

MR RANGI

I hope not! Actually, he was pretty hammered at the rugby club last night. I'll have to check, hey. *(takes out phone and mock dials)* *(AUDIENCE laughs harder)*

MAX BLACK

The connection is quite weak at the moment. Could it be your other father? *(AUDIENCE laughs)* I meant his Grandfather! He's gotta be dead by now.

MR RANGI

(stands up and confronts MAX) Why, you looking to join him?

MAX steps back and stumbles, as MR RANGI bursts out laughing and AUDIENCE quietly cackle. PRODUCER signals DAZ to 'cut'.

DAZ SUMMERS

We'll give Max another chance to hone in on that voice right after this break, don't go anywhere.

PRODUCER

We're clear. Take five everyone.

MAX looks furious as the PRODUCER approaches him.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

What was that?

MAX BLACK
That fat prick was playing me!

PRODUCER
Alright, keep it down.

MAX BLACK
Daz can't just go and pick people
for me like that! That's not how I
work!

PRODUCER
Unless you wanna be working on
another psychic hot-line, you
better remember how you got this
gig.

PRODUCER pulls MAX backstage, out of audience view.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
Look, the guy is Daz's Gardener.

MAX BLACK
What?! Daz can't do that!

PRODUCER
Fine, I'll leave it up to you, but
you better give me something I can
use.

MAX BLACK
Fine.

PRODUCER
You may be booked for the week, but
things can change fast around here.
Believe me.

CUT TO:

MAX waits nervously as SHOW RUNNER counts 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

DAZ SUMMERS
Without any further ado, please
welcome back the great Max Black!
(AUDIENCE applauds)

MAX BLACK
Thanks Daz.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
You dick.

MAX BLACK
I'm feeling a Claire or Kate (*beat*)
Kelly or Kim? I'm getting a name
starting with a K sound.
(AUDIENCE is silent)

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
No one interested in dead relatives
here? Really?

MAX BLACK
It's a short name, maybe even a
nickname. Maybe a bee or tee
sounding name?

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
One in six names should've hit by
now!

MAX BLACK
Someone you knew, a relative or
friend? Anybody? Dead or alive?
No one at all?

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
C'mon guys, there's only so much
editing they can do.

MAX glances to PRODUCER looking unimpressed. MAX anxiously
scours AUDIENCE, then points to PHOEBE FRANCIS, a pretty 17-
year-old girl with smeared eye makeup, sitting in back row.

MAX BLACK
There's a strong presence around
you. Have you lost someone?

PHOEBE FRANCIS
I have. Her name's Roslyn Francis,
but everyone use to call her Rosie.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
Hallelujah!

MAX BLACK
Okay, I heard something with 'ee',
I thought it was Ka-tie. It must be
Ro-sie. And you lost her recently?

PHOEBE FRANCIS
Almost two and a half weeks ago.

MAX BLACK
That's why I'm getting such a
strong presence. *(beat)* You two
have a very similar look, different
but similar if you know what I
mean.

PHOEBE FRANCIS
(goes pale) Is it really her?

MAX BLACK
(looks to PHOEBE gripping necklace)
Did Rosie give you that necklace?

PHOEBE FRANCIS
(nods) For my year ten formal.
 This is the last thing she ever
 gave me. *(starts crying)*

PHOEBE opens the heart-shaped brooch attached to necklace.
 MAX looks to black and white photo of ROSIE inside brooch.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - (MAX'S PERSPECTIVE)

PHOEBE holds her GRANDMOTHER'S hand as she lays in a bed.
 GRANDMOTHER puts the necklace in PHOEBE'S hand, then takes
 her final breath, and closes her eyes.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
 Your grandmother was a generous,
 and kind-hearted woman.

BACK TO:

INT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - 'SUMMER TIME' STAGE

PHOEBE FRANCIS
 Rosie's not my grandma, she's my
 mum. She disappeared last month,
 and no one's heard from her since.
(beat) Except for you.

MAX BLACK
 That sounds like something for the
 police, no?

PHOEBE FRANCIS
 They said there's not much to go
 on, but you can ask her what
 happened, can't you?

MAX looks to PRODUCER desperately signal 'keep it rolling'.

MAX BLACK
 Of course. *(beat)* I could try.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - DRESSING ROOM (AFTER THE SHOW)

JACK J SUMMERS is sitting in front of the dressing-mirror playing on his iphone. MAX BLACK enters looking exhausted.

JACK J SUMMERS
There he is. The star of the show.
(hands MAX glass of champagne)

MAX BLACK
Really? You think?

JACK J SUMMERS
You nailed that, big time!
We need to celebrate. Seriously.
(skulls champagne & reads text)
You know those models from that rooftop party are still talking about you.

MAX shrugs his shoulders and sits in front of mirror.

JACK J SUMMERS (CONT'D)
I'd kill to have your powers.

MAX BLACK
Did your Dad say anything to you?

JACK J SUMMERS
He loved it! I told him your skills were next level Jedi.

MAX BLACK
I owe you one Jack.

JACK J SUMMERS
(Al Pacino impression)
Forget about it, you're family.
(refills his champagne glass)
Hey, you remember Sophie Hart, that crazy hot blonde with that...
(outlines her body with his hands)
banging rig!

MAX BLACK
The model slash actress?

JACK J SUMMERS
Isn't she rig-diculous?
I'm calling her rig eleven outta ten. She's off the rig-ter scale!

MAX BLACK
Looked like one of those self obsessed yoga-a-holics to me.

JACK J SUMMERS
 She has to be, she's an actress.
 You know how the camera adds ten
 pounds. (*rubs his chubby stomach*)
 Even more when it's 3D.

MAX BLACK
 If she was any good, she'd be
 acting in LA by now.

JACK J SUMMERS
 I'll make her famous. (*winks*)

MAX BLACK
 I'm telling you, the only way
 you're gonna score talent close to
 a ten, is if you find a six, with
 the attitude of a five, who can
 pretty herself up to a solid seven.
 Maybe an eight. Maybe.

JACK J SUMMERS
 I wanna score, not do maths.

MAX BLACK
 So did you?
 (*mimicking JACK*)
 Did you 'pump that rig'?

JACK J SUMMERS
 She took my number.
 (*MAX rolls his eyes*)
 Just get yourself prettied up. Dad
 told me about this private party at
 Kerri-Anne Goldstein's mansion.
 (*MAX shrugs his shoulders*)
 She own's channel six, dude.

MAX BLACK
 You serious? Let's do it!

MAX and JACK toast their glasses, then JACK skulls.

JACK J SUMMERS
 (*looks to watch*)
 It's show time baby!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANNEL SIX STUDIOS - CARPARK (LATER THAT NIGHT)

PHOEBE FRANCIS waits anxiously outside the carpark as MAX and JACK walk into view. JACK has a fresh glass of champagne.

JACK J SUMMERS (CONT'D)
 You wait till I get magic powers.
 I'm totally using them for evil.
 (*evil laugh*)

PHOEBE FRANCIS
I need to know where she is.

JACK J SUMMERS
Wasn't me.

PHOEBE FRANCIS
Please Mr Oaks. You have to help.

MAX BLACK
Look kid, the show's over.

PHOEBE FRANCIS
Can't you just ask her where she
is?

MAX and JACK enter a carpark elevator.

MAX BLACK
I can't okay. I gotta hit this
after-party.

PHOEBE FRANCIS
(*desperately*)
What about after the after-par...

The elevator doors slam shut.

JACK J SUMMERS
Fans. (*burps*)

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - EAST SYDNEY (LATER THAT NIGHT)

Camera follows SOPHIE HART'S long legs as she walks towards
JACK J SUMMERS and an impressive two door sports car.

JACK J SUMMERS (CONT'D)
You're lucky you texted me back.
This party's gonna be prime time!

SOPHIE HART
It better be, Jack-off. I'm missing
a triple episode of Gossip Girl for
this.

JACK politely opens passenger door. SOPHIE looks surprised to
see MAX sitting in the passenger seat, wearing a tuxedo.

MAX BLACK
You do yoga, right?

CUT TO:

INT. JACK SUMMER'S SPORTS CAR

SOPHIE is squashed in the middle, straddling the gear stick.
MAX is in passenger seat, JACK driving, and music pumping.

JACK J SUMMERS
 Top gear. Do it!
(SOPHIE changes gear stick)
 Sophie, I need more power!

SOPHIE HART
 Are you okay to drive?

JACK J SUMMERS
 I'm gold. You smell sweet.

MAX BLACK
 Smells like Vivienne Knight's
 Virgin Blossom. Although, I'm
 sensing your not...
(whispers in SOPHIE'S ear)
 a virgin.

SOPHIE HART
 Don't bother. I can see straight
 through your psycho magic act.

MAX BLACK
 We prefer psychic-medium.

SOPHIE HART
 My Dad warned me about guys like
 you.

MAX looks to SOPHIE's silver chain and cross.

MAX BLACK
 Did Daddy call us devil-
 worshippers?

Suddenly, a siren and flashing light signal JACK to stop.

JACK J SUMMERS
 Oh shit, it's the cops!
 Sophie hide somewhere, anywhere!

SOPHIE reluctantly squeezes onto the passenger floor between
 MAX'S legs. MAX lays his tuxedo jacket across his lap.

MAX BLACK
 See, I knew she did yoga, dude.

JACK J SUMMERS
 Dude, I'm about to go to jail!

A 30-year-old POLICE OFFICER approaches JACK'S window.

POLICE OFFICER
(with English accent)
 Do you know why you've been
 stopped, Sir?

JACK J SUMMERS
Was it that orange light?

POLICE OFFICER
I'll need to see your license.

POLICE OFFICER takes JACK'S license back to his patrol car.

JACK J SUMMERS
I've only got two points left!
I'm so screwed!

MAX pulls the jacket off SOPHIE and takes a photo of her face in his crotch. JACK smacks the phone from MAX'S hand.

JACK J SUMMERS (CONT'D)
You better bust out a jedi-mind-trick on that cop, or you're gonna be back catching the bus!

MAX BLACK
Alright, relax. I'll sort him out.

POLICE OFFICER returns. MAX scans him for information.

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
The key to winning someone's trust is finding a common denominator.

POLICE OFFICER
Mr Joy-Borg, I'm afraid I've got some bad news.

JACK J SUMMERS
But it was orange, I swear.

MAX BLACK
Joy-Borg?

POLICE OFFICER
(to MAX) Sir, will you be able to drive your friend's car? He's about to lose his license, again.

MAX BLACK
(with English accent)
I would love to help the lad out, but I've had a few pints myself, and I'd hate for both of us to get nicked, you know what I mean?

POLICE OFFICER shines his torch on the bulging jacket.

POLICE OFFICER
What's going on down there?

MAX BLACK (V.O.)
 Sometimes facing trouble head on
 can be the best way to avoid it.

MAX pulls back the jacket to reveal SOPHIE's beautiful head.
 POLICE OFFICER is disappointed but a little impressed.

MAX BLACK
 The poor lass is no match for my
 Leicestershire charm. Sorry
 Gov'nor, it won't happen again.

POLICE OFFICER
 You're from Leicester are ya?
 I'm from Nottingham myself.
 Well, just outside it.

MAX BLACK
 I thought your Chevy Chase looked
 familiar. Doesn't your family own a
 farm there? Goat or sheep farm
 in'it?

POLICE OFFICER
 A cheese farm.

Close up shot of POLICE OFFICER'S name tag 'Officer O'Mally'.

MAX BLACK
 Thought so. Old Man O'Mally still
 running it?

POLICE OFFICER
 Not any more. My cousin James
 O'Mally's looking after it now.
 Small world, hey.

MAX BLACK
 Who would've thought a couple of
 Leicester cheese-heads would be
 havin' a banter on the side of the
 road in bloody Australia.

SOPHIE HART
 Not me.

POLICE OFFICER
 You alright down there love?

SOPHIE HART
 (MAX pretends to zip up his fly)
 It's not what it looks like.

MAX BLACK
 She's still a virgin, apparently.

POLICE OFFICER
 Course she is.

MAX and POLICE OFFICER start laughing. JACK forces a nervous laugh and SOPHIE rolls her eyes.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 You got far to go?
(JACK and MAX shake their heads)
 Alright, I'll let you lads off the hook this time, but you better go directly there, okay?

MAX BLACK
 You're a legend!

POLICE OFFICER
 You look after that lovely thing between your legs ay. *(smiles)*
 Go on, piss off.

JACK J SUMMERS
(accelerates down street)
 Yeeeeehaaaaa!

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE GOLDSTEIN MANSION - DRIVEWAY (LATER THAT NIGHT)

MAX, JACK and SOPHIE walk up the long driveway towards the Goldstein mansion.

JACK J SUMMERS
 I had no idea you could act Max.

MAX BLACK
 Only if I have to.

SOPHIE HART
 Please, your accent was way off.

An overweight SECURITY GUARD holding a guest list approaches.

SECURITY GUARD
 Invites please.

MAX BLACK
(with posh English accent)
 Do I really need an invitation to see Aunt Kerry-Anne?
(looks to SOPHIE for approval)

SECURITY GUARD
 You do tonight. Names?

JACK tries looking at names on guest list. GUARD covers list.

JACK J SUMMERS
 Daz Summers, plus two.

SECURITY GUARD
 You're Daz Summers?

JACK J SUMMERS
Well, Daz is actually my dad.

SECURITY GUARD
You got some ID?

JACK J SUMMERS
He's my Dad, I swear!
(SECURITY shakes his head)
C'mon man! My agent's in there.

SECURITY GUARD
A lot of guys' agents are in there.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. THE GOLDSTEIN MANSION - BACK LAWN

A marquee on the lawn is packed with PRODUCERS, PERFORMERS and AGENTS drinking, dancing, networking. In the garden area, JACK, MAX and SOPHIE peak out from behind a large tree.

SOPHIE HART
You didn't tell me it was black
tie, Joy-Borg!

MAX BLACK
(*adjusts his tuxedo*) We'll be fine.

JACK spots ROXY SINCLAIR, a 45-year-old agent, wearing a Prada power-suit.

JACK J SUMMERS
Look, there's my agent.
She can get us in for sure.
(*shouting*) Hey Roxy!

MAX BLACK
Use your phone, 'Joy-Borg'!

JACK dials ROXY's number, and waits for her to answer.

SOPHIE HART
I don't understand why you wouldn't
have the same surname as your Dad?
Unless he wasn't really...

JACK J SUMMERS
He's my step-dad, okay?! I'd rather
make it as a comedian on my own
anyway. It's not like everyone in
the industry doesn't know who I am.

ROXY looks to her caller id, sighs, then continues talking.

SOPHIE HART
Maybe your dad doesn't want you
using his name cause he doesn't
think you're funny, Joy-Borg?
(*JACK pretends to laugh*)

MAX BLACK
Let's just do this.

MAX picks up a stone from the garden and throws it through a window on the top floor. SECURITY GUARDS run inside to investigate as MAX, JACK and SOPHIE strut into the party.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GOLDSTEIN MANSION - MARQUEE AREA / DANCE FLOOR

JACK looks for ROXY while MAX and SOPHIE try to blend in with the dance-floor crowd. SOPHIE scours the room for drinks.

SOPHIE HART
We need to find champagne or shots
or something.

MAX BLACK
But they're about to play our song.
I know you wanna dance with the
devil. *(smiles)*

SOPHIE looks to SECURITY GUARD scanning crowd for intruders.

SOPHIE HART
Only if I have to.

SOPHIE dances with MAX, then spots a WAITER with champagne. SOPHIE takes two glasses as JASON DONOVAN suddenly appears. JASON grabs a glass from SOPHIE'S hand, then slaps her arse.

SOPHIE HART (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

MAX BLACK
Hey man, the drinks are free.
She's not.
(JASON dismissively laughs)

SOPHIE HART
I thought you were feeling sick.

JASON DONOVAN
Yeah, sick of stayin' at home.

JASON looks to MAX, then pulls SOPHIE close and kisses her on the lips. SOPHIE pulls away awkwardly as MAX walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GOLDSTEIN MANSION - TOP FLOOR BALCONY

ROXY SINCLAIR is networking with PRODUCERS on a balcony that overlooks Sydney Harbour. JACK and MAX approach.

JACK J SUMMERS
Hey Rox, here he is.

ROXY SINCLAIR
Where's my red wine?

JACK J SUMMERS
The waiter's bringing it, but this
is the guy I was telling you about,
Max Black. The psychic. *(beat)*
He can act too.

MAX BLACK
Nice to meet you Roxy.

ROXY SINCLAIR
Jack Joy tells me you've got some
real talent. I'd love to see it.

MAX BLACK
Have you seen the show 'Summer
Time' on channel six?

ROXY SINCLAIR
Sure have. I got Daz that gig after
they axed 'Hey Hey It's Wednesday'.

JACK J SUMMERS
Dude, she's the best, trust me.
(to ROXY) Max needs representation
Rox. What do you think?

ROXY SINCLAIR
Why don't I introduce you to a few
people here, and let's see how you
go. *(beat)* Have you met Kerry yet?

MAX BLACK
Kerry-Anne Goldstein?

JACK J SUMMERS
(Jack Nicholson impression)
Is there any other kind?

ROXY SINCLAIR
I don't mess around Max. If you
want your own show, I can make it
happen. My Jackie-Boy's getting his
own national stand-up tour next
year. HBO are filming it in 3D.
(JACK looks surprised)
It's practically a done deal.

MAX BLACK
That's the dream.

ROXY SINCLAIR
And that's what I do.

WAITER arrives with tray of red wines.

JACK J SUMMERS
Here he is.

ROXY, MAX and JACK grab a glass each and toast them together.
MAX takes a sip, pulls a face, then pours it over balcony.
JASON DONOVAN is standing three stories below talking to his
PUBLICIST. Red wine explodes over JASON'S blue suit jacket.
PUBLICIST looks up and sees MAX giggling.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GOLDSTEIN MANSION - DRIVEWAY (LATER THAT NIGHT)

MAX and JACK stumble down the driveway, both clearly drunk.

JACK J SUMMERS

I knew Rox would hook you up, Bro.
Kerry-Anne Goldstein loves you now!

MAX BLACK

Great Grandma Goldstein loves me
even more though! *(laughs)*

MAX and JACK high five. JACK points to PHOEBE FRANCIS waiting at the far end of driveway. PHOEBE waves back.

JACK J SUMMERS

Even that girl loves you.

MAX BLACK

Is she cute? All I can see is
Jason's technicolor dreamcoat.
(laughs)

JASON DONOVAN and his PUBLICIST charge up the driveway towards MAX, obscuring the view of PHOEBE.

PUBLICIST

(to JASON) I'll make sure the media
doesn't find out. Get him!

JASON punches MAX in the jaw. MAX flies across driveway and lands in garden, unconscious. PHOEBE runs up the driveway.

PHOEBE FRANCIS

C'mon Max! *(holds up her broach)*
Where is she? Where's Rosie?

FADE OUT.

- THE END -