

# **BLACK JACK HART**

Written by  
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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 -**