

# INDICTMENT - AUDITION SIDES

ROLE: Hot Shot

SCENE: INT. HOLLYWOOD CLUB - VIP SECTION - NIGHT

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Bass pounds through a half-full room. One sparkler. One overpriced bottle. Enough to sell the booth. Outside the smoked glass, a black Rolls waits at valet like it's part of the section too. The CREW has the booth. HOT SHOT grabs the DJ mic and shouts his own name back at the room.

Across the booth, JAMAL BROOKS sits calm in a clean black shirt. Young grins while a bottle girl perches on the booth edge with her mouth at his ear, his hand drifting too low while he slips his phone out under the table. Baby catches all of it. CHRISTIE sits at the far end, quiet, taking the room in.

Hot Shot drops into the booth, sweating and pleased with himself.

HOT SHOT

Tell me I didn't tear that up.

Hot Shot points at Jamal.

HOT SHOT

Tell her.

JAMAL

I told you not to grab the mic.

HOT SHOT

And the room still rocked with me.

A PROMOTER in a slick suit leans into Jamal's ear.

Church clocks Jamal listening longer than he should.

The promoter slips Jamal a card. Jamal palms it without looking.

4.

Church sees Christie clock that too.

CHRISTIE

That ain't party talk.

CHURCH (V.O.)

Jamal was the kind of man people brought things to.

That night he listened too long.

HOT SHOT

Man, we moving.

One more bottle, then food.

CHURCH

Or we leave.

YOUNG WORLD

You say that everywhere.

CHURCH

Because everywhere ain't safe.

Jamal looks at Church, then the room.

JAMAL

Dat part.

Finish up.

CUT TO: