

Eddie's Big Break

by  
Caz Adams

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1 page Scene  
Agent, Paramount, Jelly Fish

cazadams@yahoo.com

INT. WARDROBE DEPARTMENT, FILM STUDIO - DAY

A no-nonsense WARDROBE LADY skillfully maneuvers her way through a sea of wardrobe racks.

Hot on her heels is hopeful EDDIE - 29, nondescript actor. With every clumsy step it's obvious that skilful maneuvering is yet another talent Eddie missed out on.

EDDIE

I didn't even have to audition. No screen test, no script... nothing. They said I could improv my way through it. Ten years of street theatre and then Paramount just hands me a movie role. Wow! But hey... improv is my thing.

He exuberantly mimes a Marcel Marceau 'hands and face on glass'. His face distorting at being trapped inside.

Oblivious, the Wardrobe Lady strides on, shoving a wayward shoe-filled shopping trolley aside. It SLAMS into Eddie, winding him. He buckles over, crashing down hard on the trolley's wire sides. He clutches his hurting arms.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Argh! Hope this role doesn't require an actor with arms. I thought a studio like Paramount would have gone high-tech.

Costumes slide aside revealing a shiny new touch screen. The Wardrobe Lady presses it. Whirring revs up.

Eddie glances up. A futuristic crane clutching acres of billowing blue material is thundering his way. He panics.

WARDROBE LADY

Stand still. Don't move.

Eddie freezes as... the 'costume' lowers right over him.

The whirring stops. Eddie cautiously sneaks a peek in the mirror. His head, body and arms are encased. He looks like a giant blue mushroom with dangling threads.

EDDIE

I'm a... jellyfish? No... no, no, no. I'm an actor! My agent swore this was a Dustin Hoffman role.

WARDROBE LADY

Dustin Hoffman? No way. Dustin was a tomato!