

An aerial night view of a city skyline, likely Los Angeles, with numerous skyscrapers and residential areas illuminated by city lights. The sky is dark blue, and the city lights create a vibrant, glowing effect. The text is overlaid on the upper portion of the image.

# the big part

written by m.lathrom

THE BIG PART

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. CASTING ROOM - DAY**

STEPHEN (16), thin and slightly androgynous stares straight ahead. His expression shifts from anger to nervous anticipation as he drops character. He lowers the script pages to his side.

He stands at the other end of a small, empty room across from:

MARCUS (46) nods with a warm smile. He sits behind a fold-out table. A modern, well-to-do man with thick, trendy glasses give him Disney-like doe eyes. He rubs his perfectly trimmed scruff.

MARCUS

That was absolutely amazing.  
Really.

STEPHEN

Thank you. Do you want me to try it  
another--

MARCUS

No. No. It's yours. What do you  
think of that?

Stephen's shoulders drop as tension leaves his body. He smiles, speechless.

STEPHEN

That's grea--

MARCUS

Listen, I know it's not a big part,  
but trust me when I say it's a big  
deal.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I know. Will they just send  
the stuff over to my agent?

MARCUS

Yeah, don't worry about it. It'll  
all be taken care of?

Marcus stands, walks around the table to Stephen. He puts his hand on Stephen's shoulder.

MARCUS

I'm having a get-together at my  
home this evening.

Some producers, talent, other people I've worked with will be there. Might be a good opportunity for you to meet some people. You interested? That cool with your mom?

STEPHEN

At this point, as long as I'm booking she doesn't care what I do.

MARCUS

Great. I'll have a black car to you at seven.

Marcus opens the door to the waiting room. Leads Stephen out.

**INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

They walk into the room full of folding chairs and model-worthy teenaged boys. Marcus leans into Stephen's ear.

MARCUS

(whisper)

Don't worry, this simply a formality.

A Stephen walks off, Marcus looks to the boy in the chair by the door.

MARCUS

Come on in.

Stephen looks back. Marcus winks behind the other boys back.

Stephen gives half-hearted smile.

**INT. HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT**

Stephen throws a leather jacket on. Peeks at himself in the mirror by the door as he rushes out.

STEPHEN'S MOM (O.S.)

When will you be back?

Stephen swings the door open. As he leaves.

STEPHEN

Probably late. I'll text you.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Stephen stares out the window. He rubs the leather seat. He scans the back seat. An impressed look at the expensive ride.

POV outside the window. The Los Angeles cityscape. A vast sea of movie lights that seems to extend forever.

Stephen sighs at the overwhelming sight.

**EXT. MARCUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

The black car pulls around the driveway of the large property. Other black cars parked around the loop driveway. Elegant steps lead up to a two-story mansion.

**INT. MARCUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Stephen walks through the main walkway toward the back. The walkway opens up into entertaining areas on either side. Living spaces a bit further down. Two staircases to the second floor.

He searches around, meek, out of his element. People fill every nook and cranny. Holding drinks, smoking weed, dancing. Some in swim suits. Some in suits.

Stephen notices someone his age, JACKSON (15), chatting with an older man, ROLLO (47). He walks over to them.

They eye Stephen up and down as he approaches.

STEPHEN

Do you know where Marcus is? He invited me and--

JACKSON

Right. Invaded right? He cast you in it.

STEPHEN

Yeah, are you--

ROLLO

No, no. He's mine.

Rollo extends his hand.

ROLLO

Rollo Martin.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I know.

Stephen chuckles. Nervous.

ROLLO

Look at you. I might have to nab you for a week or two. Speaking of, Marcus should be out in the cabana.

STEPHEN

Thanks. You want me to ask him about--

ROLLO

No. No. You're fine.

Jackson shakes his head. Laughs.

Stephen turns away.

**INT. CABANA - MOMENTS LATER**

Marcus jumps up from the booth around the table. Squirms around the people toward Stephen, who stands at the entrance.

MARCUS

Stephen! I'm coming. One sec. Move.

He pushes past some women and young guys sitting around the table. Some beer bottles topple over.

He rushes Stephen. Pulls him in for a hug. Taken by surprise, Stephen doesn't have a chance to hug back.

MARCUS

Come on, I'll show you around. You need a drink.

STEPHEN

No. I can't.

MARCUS

You can here.

STEPHEN

No, I mean it's a diet thing... carbs.

MARCUS

Oh, come on. I promise I won't fire you.

STEPHEN

Really, it's okay.

MARCUS

All right. All right. Come on.

Marcus pulls Stephen by the arm out of the cabana.

**EXT. POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Half-dressed people stand around the pool filled with people.

Stephen takes in the scene. Marcus leads him to the house as if it's just another day.

They stop at a bar next to house.

MARCUS

I'll get a jack and coke and...  
What do you want?

STEPHEN

Just a coke is fine.

Marcus nods to the bartender.

MARCUS

So let me guess where you're at right now. You're scared shitless because you've never been to a house this big with this many people. You're completely out of your element and have no idea what to do.

Stephen lets out a nervous laugh.

STEPHEN

Uh. I don't know about shitless.

MARCUS

You're scared shitful, whatever. I'm saying I get it. To be honest, I don't even know what I'm doing here most of the time.

STEPHEN

It's your house.

MARCUS

Right, but it's more my place of business. Deals are done here. This is how I meet people. But I usually end up holed up in my room and let the management handle the party.

Marcus grabs the two drinks. Hands one to Stephen.

Stephen takes a drink. Coughs.

MARCUS  
Whoops, sorry.

STEPHEN  
No, it's fine. Maybe I'll have this one.

MARCUS  
There it is.

#### SERIES OF SHOTS

1) Marcus and Stephen chat on the steps out from with Rollo and Jackson. Jackson passes a pipe to Stephen. He takes a small hit. Coughs.

2) Stephen lays on a pool table. Marcus hits a cue ball over his body, into the 8-ball, which lands in the pocket. Stephen sits up smiling. People around cheer.

3) Stephen hops in the pool. People around cheer.

#### INT. MARCUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Marcus pulls up the rope barrier to the stairs. Stephen heads up. Marcus follows.

#### INT. MARCUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stephen stumbles out of the bathroom in black gym shorts and a white shirt. His eyes bloodshot. Tosses his wet clothes to Marcus.

STEPHEN  
Assuming you don't go to the laundromat to do your laundry.

MARCUS  
Ha ha. I'll take care of it.

Stephen walks to the window wall overlooking the backyard.

Marcus approaches. Stands beside him.

MARCUS  
Not so bad once you get used to it, right?

Marcus bumps Stephen. Stephen nods, smirks.

STEPHEN

How were the other auditions? Think I saw a few of them here.

MARCUS

Producer's kids. Have to humor them. You're not getting jealous, are you?

STEPHEN

What time is it? I gotta text my mom. Let her know I'm gonna be late. She's probably already asleep.

MARCUS

Eh, don't bother her.

Stephen stumbles back. Marcus catches him. Balances him. Leads him to the bed. Stephen plops down. His eyes shut immediately.

MARCUS

Wiped out already?

STEPHEN

I just need a second.

Marcus looks Stephen over.

MARCUS

I'll get you some water.

**INT. MARCUS' HOUSE - NIGHT.**

Jackson and Rollow watch Marcus lift the rope barrier, walk up the steps with two bottles of water. They eye each other. Shake their heads.

**EXT. MARCUS' HOME - NIGHT**

Blurred vision. Wobbly. Muffled sounds. Marcus helps Stephen into the black car.

**INT. BLACK CAR - NIGHT**

Stephen can barely hold his head up. He looks down at himself. He's wearing his now dry clothes. His head falls back into the chair. He peeks over to see Marcus talking to the driver.

LATER

Stephen's eyes crack open a bit.

POV outside the window. The Los Angeles cityscape peppered with fewer lights. The city seems darker. The reflection of the city on the window is close and suffocating.

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. STEPHEN'S BATHROOM - MORNING**

Stephen sits back against the wall next to the toilet. One arm rests on the toilet seat.

His eyes glassy.

He breathes heavy. He leans over. Spits in the toilet.

A couple quick deep breaths. They turn into sobs. A few sobs escape as some tears fall. He sucks it up. Suppresses his emotions.

Close on his face. He grits his teeth. His expression shifts from sadness to a forced strength. Though a few more tears stream down his cheek.

FADE OUT.

THE END