OFFICIAL AUDITION NOTICE>>>>>>>>>>>

RE: Bo, The Everglades Racer (trailer): Audition

You are invited to Audition for "Bo, The Everglades Racer" trailer, a two-minute promotional trailer for a script to be shown at an industry event in June. Those chosen after the audition will be paid a $300 day rate.

If you choose to participate, you will need to be present at Auditions, on:

DATE: Saturday, March 30th

AUDITION TIME: 9 AM - 12pm (PST)

LOCATION: Pierson Playhouse, 941 Temescal Canyon Rd. 90272

You will be auditioning for the role of Sawyer.

Your Character Description is below.

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Sawyer, 40 - 55

A shrewd not-to-be–trusted racetrack businessman, his henchmen

steal the dog, Bo, and dye him black to enter him into races. Surly

and vicious, he will stoop to any level to win.

(Native American appearance a plus).

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ACTION REQUIRED: Reply with a "confirmed" at [wtbpitcher@gmail.com](mailto:wtbpitcher@gmail.com) that you or your agent received this <<<Notice>> and state whether you intend on auditioning.

You are welcome to check out our show website, here: https://www.badlandwives.com

Please contact us by replying to this email, or refer us to your TV/Film representation.

Respectfully,

William Pitcher, Casting / 310-525-9123 wtbpitcher@gmail.com

A Socially Conscious Entertainment Company

<<<<SIDES>>>>

INT. FLAGLER TAMPA RACETRACK - HOLDING CELL – DAY

Flickering light bulb hangs from the ceiling.

Francisco drops a bowl of breakfast slop in front of the

prisoner. Bo sniffs. Not interested.

FRANCISCO

Don’t worry, you’ll soon forget

about the boy. And we’ll see how

long you can go without chow.

In a dark corner, a match strike lights up Sawyer.

He tokes on his cigar. AXEL, his fearsome Black, sits

regal by his side, growls at Bo.

SAWYER

Yunno, I’m particular about two

things -- My smokes and my hounds.

This one’s a Radium cigar. Teddy

Roosevelt, leader of the free world.

smokes these... so gentlemen, tell

me why am I looking at a fawn?

FRANCISCO

It’s the kid’s hound we told you

about, boss. Outran that horse

down at the Tremont place.

SAWYER

You brought me a boy’s pet.

FRANCISCO

He runs fast, boss. Honest.

Albernese ENTERS.

ALBERNESE

He’s telling the truth. Saw it

myself. Hound’s got racing legs.

SAWYER

Fawn legs. Not exactly my color,

boys. Don’t get me wrong. I’m

not racist. I just have a color

preference.

(to Bo)

Fawn, can you run?

He pushes a button on his cane and a silver blade deploys.

He sticks it in Bo’s side. Nothing.

SAWYER (CONT’D)

He’s soft. Got no fight in ‘em.

Nah, he’s no finisher.

ALBERNESE

Won’t hurt to race ‘em.

SAWYER

I don’t need to be attracting the

law ‘round here because you two

buffoons saw fit to poach some

boy’s hound.

FRANCISCO

(gleaming)

You want me to put ‘em down?

Bo’s ears fall.

SAWYER

(taps cigar on armchair,

like Clayton)

Ah, hell. Race ‘em. If he doesn’t

win take him out back and shoot ‘em.

FRANCISCO

With pleasure.

ALBERNESE

What if people recognize him, boss?

SAWYER

Yeah, hmm... that is a problem. We

can’t race him like that, can we?

(contemplative beat)

Dye ‘em.

FRANCISCO

Dye ‘em?

SAWYER

Dye ‘em black, boys. Black as a

dead star in the night sky.

FRANCISCO

That’s an asteroid, boss?

SAWYER

Sure-sure. Fine-fine. Call it what

you want. Just make ‘em a Black.

Off Axel growling at Bo.

INT. BOILER ROOM – DAY

Labyrinth of winding pipes lead to a steam-pumping boiler.

Band commencement music reverberates above.

Francisco padlocks Champ’s chained torso to a downspout pipe.

He tosses the key behind the boiler. Turns a wheel valve.

FRANCISCO

Boy, best I open this valve a

smidgen... let off some pressure.

Otherwise this entire place could

go boom before your hound loses the

race. Can’t let that happen, now

can we?

Sawyer’s alligator shoes ENTER.

SAWYER

This the Boy Wonder causing all

the problems?

CHAMP

My name is Champ.

FRANCISCO

Boy menace, more like.

CHAMP

I know who you are. Yer --

SAWYER

Sawyer. George Sawyer. I own your

hound, and now, I own you.

CHAMP

When I get outta these chains, me

and my greyhound are gonna serve

you up a can of whoopass.

Sawyer lights a Radium.

SAWYER

Are ya now? ‘Fraid you’re too late.

Your racer is about to run his last

race... boy.

CHAMP

Only my Pa calls me boy. You stay

away from my dog. I’m warnin’ ya.

SAWYER

Shame, though. Your hound was a

helluva champion. What did you say

his name was?

CHAMP

Bo. His name is Bo.

SAWYER

Like Black Astor better.

(pulls papers from breast

pocket)

See these, boy? Insurance papers

on the place. Today, I’m taking up

a collection. A prepared mind pays

no price...

(looking down)

... nice footwear.

Dumps cigar ashes on Champ’s red sneakers.

SAWYER (CONT’D)

Tata.

CHAMP

Yer gonna pay...

(and then)

... Ef-fah.

117.

Sawyer halts.

SAWYER

What did you say, boy?

CHAMP

Ef-fah. Means dog.

SAWYER

I know what it means. Where’d you

learn to speak Seminole?

CHAMP

Your step brother, Buck.

SAWYER

Mal-ee-tul-kah.

[Half-breed: in Seminole]

He ain’t my blood, and he sure

ain’t my brother. His mama was a

white woman. He’s weak. Always was.

CHAMP

Buck ain’t weak. He has more

feathers than you’ll ever have.

SAWYER

Ha-ha, boy speaks of wisdom. No

amount of wisdom is going to free

you from those chains, boy. Now,

what to do with you...

Sawyer FINGER-TAPS his ring on a copper pipe.

CHAMP

Apprehensive?

SAWYER

No.

(to idling Francisco)

Make sure he gets a proper burial

beneath the rubble.

FRANCISCO

Yes, boss.

As Sawyer EXITS --

SAWYER

Ef-fah. Never want to hear that

name again.

FRANCISCO

You heard ‘em. After the race,

you go boom.

Francisco EXITS. Closes the door.