

‘URBAN COWBOY’

‘PAM’ SIDES & NOTES

MUST HAVE SOME DANCE EXPERIENCE. PLEASE
PREPARE SCENES WITH A STANDARD TEXAS ACCENT.

ON TAPE WITH CASTING NOTES:

- CHOOSE AND PREPARE ONE SCENE ONLY

ON TAPE WITH PRODUCERS NOTES:

- CHOOSE AND PREPARE TWO SCENES ONLY

SELF-TAPE NOTES:

- PREPARE & TAPE ALL SCENES
- TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOUR DANCE
EXPERIENCE IN YOUR SLATE

SCENE 1

PAM

PAM LOCKWOOD

EXT. GILLEY'S - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

VROOM! A WHITE CONVERTIBLE CORVETTE STINGRAY rolls up. Wes moves an orange cone allowing it to park right up front. He holds out his hand, helps a drop-dead gorgeous woman out of the car. This is PAM (29). Pam rocks the western style: tight jeans, a caramel colored suede vest with fringe, and a WHITE WIDE-BRIMMED COWBOY HAT WITH FEATHERS on the front. Boom!

She checks her face in the vanity mirror, coats her lips in red lipstick. She talks to herself with a smile...

PAM

And then God created you, baby. And he saw that it was good.

Flips up the mirror visor. SMACK! She enters Gilley's.

Marshall, up in his stoop, tips his hat to Pam --

PAM (CONT'D)

What're they biting on tonight, Marshall?

MARSHALL

Whatever bait you got in your tackle box, darlin'.

Pam twirls a well manicured finger in the air. Marshall announces over the loud speaker --

~~MARSHALL (CONT'D)~~

~~Round of drinks for the house!~~

CHEERS AND HOOTS. The crowd parts for Pam as she makes her way to the main bar.

(Beat)

GABY

Pam!

Pam leans over the bar to give Gaby an air kiss.

PAM

Been too long, girl. How ya livin'?

GABY

I'm trying to show these lugnuts how to take a proper shot.

JASPER
I've been drinking since I was
baptized. What am I doing wrong?

ALL EYES LAND ON KYLE as he steps through the gang, reaches for the bottle and pours himself and Gaby a shot.

KYLE
It's like this - you gotta connect.
You're making a bond... Don't look
away. Look right into their eyes.

GABY AND KYLE LOCK EYES, connected as they throw back the shot. It's hot. Pam watches. A girl who's used to getting what she wants, she can't be outdone. She pounces.

PAM
I'm Pam. And you are?

KYLE
Kyle.

GABY
From Spur.

PAM
So, Kyle from Spur. You wanna shot
with me?

Kyle downs another shot, turns to Pam. TIME TO LET LOOSE.

KYLE
Can you dance, Pamela?

PAM
To this? What, like the Macarena or
something?

KYLE
You got a time machine?

PAM
Don't make fun of me.
(holds out her hand)
Show me.

END

~~The Roughnecks watch in awe as Kyle leads Pam to the dance floor. He holds her firmly, one arm around her waist another holding her hand.~~

~~A FIGHT BREAKS OUT. WES and his team RACE into the melee. The line dancing doesn't miss a beat. Music blares as Gilley's regulars join in 'cause why not? It's Friday~~

One Guy gets PUNCHED by Kyle, STUMBLES INTO PAM. She holds him up, concerned...

PAM (CONT'D)
You okay, darlin'?

He nods and she KNEES him in the nuts --

PAM (CONT'D)
How 'bout now?

He drops and Pam grabs Kyle by the hand.

PAM (CONT'D)
Always know when to leave a party.

They run, busting out into the night. They hop into Pam's car and she takes off.

PAM (CONT'D)
I swear, all that fightin's got me sweatin' like a whore in church.

KYLE
I could have handled him myself if it wasn't four to one. Stupid *Pendejo!* Who the hell was that guy?

PAM
My brother.

Pam tilts her head back, lets out a WHOOP as they speed off into the Houston night --

Scene 2

INT. PAM'S DOWNTOWN PENTHOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Kyle's eyes open. Room is in shadow. He's naked and alone...

PAM (O.S.)
Morning, cowboy.

Kyle turns to see Pam wearing his blue shirt and nothing else. She's drinking a cup of tea, sitting in a nearby chair. Pam taps a remote. A hum. The shades lift on her towering windows, revealing a sweeping view of downtown Houston. Pam reaches down, lifts Kyle's black hat... puts it on.

PAM (CONT'D)
Oooo. That's bright.

KYLE

Been awhile since I drank that
much.

PAM

It didn't slow you down, I can tell
you that...
(crosses to the bed)
So... Who's Romina?

The name gives Kyle a chill. Pam clocks it...

PAM (CONT'D)

You said her name just now while
you were sleeping... Don't worry.
I'm not one of those possessive
bitches itching for a fight. Is she
someone special?

KYLE

She was... And you?

PAM

I don't see a ring on this finger.
Although Mother's set me up with
some polished turd I gotta meet
this Sunday. Probably some mouth
breather that smells like soap.

Kyle touches her neck, brings her in for a slow kiss.

KYLE

What do I smell like?

They kiss again...

PAM

Me.

She climbs on top of Kyle, unbuttons her shirt but keeps his
cowboy hat on...

KYLE

Should we shut the shades?

PAM

Why? Let the world watch.

As they dissolve into each other.

Scene 3

5.

EXT. HOUSTON COUNTRY CLUB - LATE DAY

ALAN CRANSTON (30s, white toast, privileged) smiles at Pam as she passes.

ALAN

Pam. Hey... your mother thought we should...

PAM

(interrupting)

Alan Cranston. From what Mother tells me you check all the right boxes. Rich, white, your family owns just as much land as we do, and might have as much money... And I'm sure with the proper amount of coaxing and alcohol you could fertilize one of my eggs with your pearly white sperm and we'd make beautiful pearly white babies. But I'm just not interested. Now, if you'll excuse me.

Pam walks off leaving Alan gob-smacked... And aroused --

ALAN

Wow.

Pam finds Bobby with his buddies by the pool on the LAWN. They order drinks from a waiter.

(Beat)

PAM

So what - you've got Kyle working valet like a good little fence hopper, that it?

BOBBY

Whoa. The bigot here might be you. It has nothing to do with the fact that he's Mexican. It has everything to do with him being a grunt who works for me. Now go get a drink and look pretty.

OFF PAM --

END

EXT. HOUSTON COUNTRY CLUB - VALET - LATE DAY

Pam marches up to the VALET KEY BOARD, starts looking through the keys....