

RAY SIDES

Slate: Your name, character name, your city, and state that you're available for the date of the recording September 26 at 12:30PM.

Tip: Position camera chest up and have your face well-lit. Read right from the script to the camera when appropriate. Don't memorize it. We want to hear your voice and what you bring to the character.

Submission Instructions: Label your video first name last name character name

(eg. John Doe Narrator) Put the same description in the Subject Line. In the body of the email put the same info as the slate: Name, character, city and available on Sept 26@12:30

Email audition videos to: disco.ninja.labs@gmail.com (YouTube video links are accepted)

Good Luck and Have Fun! Submission deadline: September 18

Scene setting: Various clips of Ray speaking to different characters. Pause in between each piece.

START:

Ray (speaking to his monkey)

God damn it, Scraps! The health department is going to shut us down if you keep this up. Seriously? This is what I get for teaching a monkey how to eat like a human?

(Scraps appears)

Hey, Dude! There you are. What did I tell you about yahooing beers from tourists, Scraps? Gimme that! We can't have you running around all over town like this. People will take notice of you and before you know it, you'll be put in a zoo with actual monkeys. The world will not allow you to live free with me.

(Beat) Sorry, buddy. I know it sucks. 'Keep Austin Weird' even has its limitations.

RAY (To himself)

Oh my God, those little fuckers and their Skittles! I swear to Christ I'm gonna...

(He takes a moment to calm down)

What would Skinny do? Skinny, what would you do?

(next page)

RAY (to himself)

When did I turn into the angry old white guy bitching about kids leaving candy on my doorstep? When? What the fuck, dude? This is so unpunk rock, man!

Ray (to Hazel)

Okay...Cliff's Notes. My dead friend mailed me Stevie Ray Vaughan's lost guitar. There's also a kilo of uncut Mexican meth. FBI wants it I guess... Cartel probably wants me dead. Maybe it's the other way around. Fuck, I just wanna smoke a joint and relax...GOD DAMN IT! Shove. It. In. Deep, God...ALL. THE. WAY. UP!

Ray (to El Jefe)

What are you going to do, Puto? Blow my stoner LSD assed brains out all over your precious little SRV coveted Stratocaster, you pussy? Go ahead, then every time you touch this fretboard, you'll be rubbing my brains and blood all over your cartel-stained fingers. I dare you. Blow my brains out, Ese!