

CARLOS 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 and that you are at least 18 years old.

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

Good Luck and Have Fun! Submission deadline: September 18

CARLOS

(He has walked into Ray's guitar shop and is messing with Ray.)

Greetings, Fumoso. We've come for the free coffee, ese.

Nice store you've got here Ragdoll. You like candy?

(Carlos scatters Skittles on the floor.)

It's only the green ones, pendejo. You like green don't you, Fumoso?

I bet you like the hard stuff, too. Oh, look, Fumoso's face is all red,

Ese. Old white man's getting all puffed out. Might need another hit off the bong, dude. El Jefe sends his regards. He'll be in touch.

CARLOS

(El Jefe's tiger has been let out of the cage, he speaks to Pablo his cousin)

Shit, cuz. Someone let Tortilla out of the cage, Ese. Don't be such a pussy, Primo. How else do we dispose of the bodies? You know that El Jefe loves Tortilla. We're "The Tigers." Stand up dude! Don't you know tigers can smell fear? Idiota! Make yourself as big as possible. Here!

It's only a 200 hundred pound kitten, Primo. Throw down some of those green Skittles, just don't look him in the eye. And don't bend down, asshole!

CARLOS

(Pablo and his cousin turn in El Jefe without question to the FBI agents. He is out of breath after a near fatal car crash.)

Fuck my Tio...he doesn't deserve El Scotch! Yeah, don't give it to him or that FBI culero! Give it to the monkey guy. They blew up his shop, it's not his fault--the cartel are blaming it all on him. I didn't want this life. I wanted to be a dancer. But my Tio wouldn't let me.