

PABLO 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 and that you are 18 or older.

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're 18 years or older.

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

Good Luck and Have Fun! Submission deadline: September 18

PABLO

(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.

PABLO

(talking nonstop to his cousin)

It's some TV show from the 80s, man, Miami Vice. These guys are cool! One is a white guy in a white suit, bro. He looks like you. So I get to be the black guy. Cool! The white guy is the good looking one. He's Fire. But I get to be the hard guy. The black dude. That's Mustard. Yeah.

Hot black mustard. So this video game, it's like virtual reality shit. You can pick your character: be the cool black guy or the sexy white guy. You can be El Fumoso too. And there's something for the ladies; they can be that rock chick but her tits are bigger. It's going to be the coolest thing to play, you'll see!

PABLO

(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 design video games. But my Tio wouldn't let me.