

AGENT WHITLOCK MONROE SIDES

Slate: Your name, character name, your city, state that you're available for the date of the recording September 26 at 1PM.

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.

Good Luck and Have Fun! Submission deadline: September 18

AGENT MONROE

(Monroe plays up the sarcasm with Agents Clarke and Dominguez)

Ladies! How are my two little favorite Austin agents doing this fine spring morning? How's that paperwork coming? I just love how you two are so meticulous with dotting all the i's and crossing all the t's and the what nots. I mean there isn't really a way I would have made it as far without y'all's help. See y'all chicks later.

AGENT MONROE

(to Agents Clarke and Dominguez)

Greetings Boys! (grinning) you broads get slower every second. I'm impressed y'all two are still alive. It's God-damned astounding!
(sarcastically applauds)

That "fuck up stoner" is gonna lead me right to the goods. And I'm taking it all. (beat) Delaney? He's just collateral: Monkey Business to get me to where all the money is. You two? I've always liked you, your screw ups always made my corruption look small, so no one paid attention. Imagine how they're gonna react now? Two dumb ass bitches that flew after evidence that don't matter to no one but me and El Jefe. Tomorrow y'all will be lucky to have a job. So go home girls. Good night and sleep tight.

MONROE

(to Ray, this is his big criminal defining moment)

Yeah. And he was an idiot. (smiles) Just like you. Thank you for bringing me right to the money, the drugs and the paper trail Agent Phelps was keeping from us. We've had an FBI tracking device in the guitar the whole time. You're what we call an idiot-savant. Nice work, you stoned loser. Now give me the guitar, and the file. It's over, you're done. (laughs) God, you're pathetically stupid. I set you up. I've been watching you get high with Skinny for years. I knew your dumb stoned ass would take the bait and lead us all here. All I had to do was ship you the guitar with Skinny as the sender. And you probably thought it was some dumb divine spiritual intervention crap that Skinny was always preaching. You moron. You'll be a match made in dumb-fuck hell! The real truth is--that I enjoyed killing your loser undercover agent friend. He had it coming, just like you. And I'll enjoy killing you, your friends here and your stupid monkey.