

PICTURE PEOPLE

Written by

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FADE IN

**INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT**

ADOLF HITLER stands above a wooden desk, fists balled on its surface. He looks with furious consternation at the map below him while HERMANN GORING drones on.

Other NAZI LEADERS are gathered as well; Goebbels, Himmler, etc. They smoke and lounge. Suddenly, an ARMY MESSENGER enters. All eyes raise to greet him. Hitler looks at him, perplexed, and he's lost for words.

HITLER  
Speak, man.

MESSENGER  
Stalingrad is lost.

Hitler's eyes widen in shock, and the room sits in stunned silence.

GOEBBELS  
You may go.

MESSENGER  
*Mein fuhrer--*

HITLER  
(in a scream)  
GO!

The messenger scurries away. The room returns to shock while the gathered leaders stare at Hitler, awaiting his reaction. He stares at the map in disbelief.

HITLER (CONT'D)  
For nine long years, I have driven  
this nation forward in a shared and  
sacred dream...to bring forth from  
our race a rain of righteous steel.  
One to baptize this unforgiving  
earth and cleanse from it her  
horrors and impurities.

He stops, still staring off into the distance.

HIMMLER  
*Fuhrer--*

Suddenly, he clears the desk with a loud yell. The assembled leaders are taken aback, shocked.

HITLER

So? Where is our victory? Where is our triumph? We stand in the heavy footsteps of the reichs before, and they LAUGH!

GORING

We will win!

Hitler gets in Goring's face with an accusatory finger.

HITLER

We will die, for our ineptitude! We have ventured Germany's future on the superiority of Aryan might, but now are no mightier than the Ox--  
(while spitting)  
--who ploughs a field he will never harvest!

There's a sudden shift in Goring's expression; awkwardness and disgust. He wipes his face. Hitler's expression shifts, too. In a calm, American accent:

HITLER (CONT'D)

Shit, was I spitting?

GORING

Yeah, man.

HITLER

Fuck. Sorry.

A.D (O.S.)

Cut!

We pull back to reveal:

**INT. SET - CONTINUOUS**

We're on a movie set in LA. A MAKEUP ARTIST steps forwards to do touch-ups on Goring's face. Hitler's actor, **JAMIE**, a thirty-something white guy who bears a striking resemblance to the *Fuhrer*, turns towards the crew.

JAMIE

(embarrassed)

Sorry, guys.

A sudden tiredness overtakes Jamie's face. He pulls out his phone and starts to scroll while walking.

He's approached by **LESTER**, his manager, a middle-aged Jew. Jason Alexander type. He clasps Jamie on the back.

LESTER  
Hey, great work there, kid.

JAMIE  
(bored)  
Thanks, man.

He puts his phone away, and they approach craft services.

LESTER  
I mean, I couldn't understand jack  
shit, but the anger. Rage. Really  
fucking powerful.

JAMIE  
Do you know if these scones have  
gluten?

LESTER  
Of course they have gluten. What,  
you don't eat gluten?

JAMIE  
I'm doing paleo.

LESTER  
Shit, everyone in Hollywood's on  
some fucking diet.

Jamie grabs some fruit and cheese.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
You know what it is? Shame. Jews  
don't keep kosher anymore so they  
gotta find something they can't  
eat.

(then)  
All my guilt's around sex and  
money, like a normal person.

The actor eats, leaning against a wall and watching the  
production.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
Lisa stuck a finger up my ass, the  
other day. Felt fucking fantastic  
but I couldn't look in the mirror  
for a week.

JAMIE  
I don't wanna be Hitler, anymore.

There's a pause. Lester is lost for words.

LESTER

What are you talking about? You're  
a great Hitler.

A MONTAGE OF SCENES THROUGHOUT JAMIE'S CAREER AS HITLER. HE  
TAKES A PIE IN THE FACE IN A FARCICAL STAGE COMEDY. HE GETS  
HIS NECK SNAPPED BY A MUSCULAR ACTION STAR. HE STANDS AT THE  
FRONT OF A CHILD IN A SURREAL MUSIC VIDEO WHILE BAND MEMBERS  
PLAY ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM. END MONTAGE.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Best goddam Hitler in Hollywood, in  
my opinion.

(a beat)

To get steady work in this  
industry? Woof. Count your stars,  
Jamie.

JAMIE

I'm just tired, man.

LESTER

Everyone gets tired, kid. I get  
tired of watching my son play  
Roblox instead of doing something  
with his goddam life, but it's not  
like he's got anything better to  
do.

JAMIE

Lester, you know what I wanna do.

LESTER

What?

#### **INT. ART STUDIO - DAY**

Jamie approaches an easel wearing overalls with no shirt  
underneath. He's carrying a can of paint. He sighs, staring  
at the blank canvas with excitement.

He tosses the paint onto the canvas and rushes into the  
painting, rubbing his hands and body along it with closed,  
excited eyes.

AS HE RUBS, INTERCUT IS A MONTAGE OF INSTAGRAM PICTURES.  
PAINTING SELFIES. PAINTING 'CANDIDS'. A POLITICAL PROTEST  
WHERE JAMIE, WITH HIS HITLER MUSTACHE, CARRIES A SIGN  
READING "ARTISTS FOR CHANGE".

#### **INT. SET - DAY**

We're back where we left them. Lester rolls his eyes.

LESTER  
I never said you can't paint--

JAMIE  
--I don't need your permission!  
It's not all about money, dude.  
This is how capitalism destroys  
art. Like if you look at--

LESTER	JAMIE
--Oh, god, if only he looked	--how Drake fucked up the
liked Rachel Maddow...	hip-hop game...

JAMIE  
Holy shit, this is exactly what I  
mean.

He storms off.

LESTER  
What? Oh, come on.  
(then)  
Where are you going!

JAMIE  
I quit.

The actor storms away, pulling out his vape. AN ACTOR in a  
Nazi uniform steps in front of him as he goes and gives him  
a salute.

ACTOR  
*Zeig heil!*

Jamie takes a puff of the vape.

JAMIE  
(without stopping)  
Fuck off.

He exits.

# **INT. DELI - LATER**

Lester sits in a booth at a deli across from **SID**, who looks  
exactly like Albert Einstein. Sid's a Jew in his late  
sixties with a mothball-ridden jacket.

They're both eating breadless cold cuts, dipping them into  
mustard before consuming them.

LESTER  
(mouth full)  
And so I tell him, you know, those  
*facachta* paintings--

SID  
--He paints?

LESTER  
Yeah.

SID  
Any good?

LESTER  
He's terrible, but I can't tell him  
that.

SID  
Of course.

LESTER  
But I tell him, y'know, how much I  
love them, how much they mean to  
me, but that there's no market for  
them. Just like that. You know how  
gentle I am.

SID  
Like a Jewish panda.

LESTER  
Exactly. And he quits!

Sid freezes in shock, cold cuts in hand.

SID  
You're kidding.

LESTER  
And Adriani won't let me find  
another Hitler--

SID  
--why would he? Kid's the best  
fucking Hitler in town.

LESTER  
So now I've gotta go and track him  
down.

SID  
Ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.  
You're a saint, Lester.

Lester waves him off.

LESTER  
I know, I know...

SID  
No seriously, I tell everybody, "My  
manager Lester is a fucking saint.  
Fucking Mother Teresa."

LESTER  
No, not Mother Teresa.

SID  
What?

LESTER  
She's cancelled.

SID  
Mother Teresa's cancelled?

LESTER  
Yeah.

There's a long pause. Both search for something to say and  
come up short.

SID  
Either way, I've been playing  
Einstein thirty goddamn years, and  
I have nothing to complain about.  
'Fore that, I was doin' lines of  
coke to stay warm 'cause I couldn't  
buy a winter coat.

LESTER  
Wouldn't the coke be more  
expensive?

SID  
Ah, fuck off, I'm workshopping it.

A beat.

LESTER  
You know, I always tell people, I  
don't manage actors. I manage  
expectations.

SID  
Forty dollars for some cold cuts...  
(MORE)



SID (CONT'D)  
Look, Jamie'll come around. He  
always does. You just gotta be  
gentle. Supportive.  
(a beat)  
Remember: Jewish panda.

Lester reacts and thinks for a moment.

LESTER  
Yeah, yeah. I know.

They both reach for the check.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
I've got it, Sid.

Sid sighs and leans back while Lester pulls out his card.

SID  
You're Mother Teresa, friend.  
Canceled or not.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Jamie's sitting on his couch in his normal clothes; snapback, t-shirt. He still has the Hitler mustache while he vapes and doomscrolls with the TV on some adult animated sitcom in the background.

He's swiping through tinder. All rights, no matches. Eventually he gets one. She's flipping off the camera with a Nazi flag behind her. She's cute, though.

He thinks for a minute and types, "hey how r u?" before quickly deleting it and unmatching.

JAMIE  
No, no, no...

Suddenly he's receiving a call: "Mom".

#### **INT. CAFETERIA - DAY, FLASHBACK**

An ADOLESCENT JAMIE sits alone at a lunch table, eating a sandwich. There's a small, peachfuzz Hitler mustache on his upper lip.

A group of KIDS watches him, snickering to each other. Eventually, one of them steps forward.

KID  
Um...hey. What's your name?

ADOLESCENT JAMIE  
                    (shyly)  
Jamie.

                    KID  
Oh, cool. Um, did you see the  
Pigeon Detective?

Jamie shakes his head.

                    KID (CONT'D)  
Sorry, did you?

                    ADOLESCENT JAMIE  
No.

                    KID  
No what?

                    ADOLESCENT JAMIE  
I didn't see it.

                    KID  
Did what see?

                    ADOLESCENT JAMIE  
Not see.

The kids burst out laughing. The bully turns and his friends start high-fiving him.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY, PRESENT DAY**

Jamie's still staring at his phone with the incoming call from his mother. He thinks for a second before declining.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Jamie stands in front of the mirror shirtless, towel wrapped around his waist. The shower goes in the background. He takes a deep breath. Some Eminem-type song is playing off a Bluetooth speaker.

                    JAMIE  
An inch of hair. Just shaving an  
inch.

He takes a deep breath before he reaches for an electric razor. He brings it closer and closer to the mustache, hesitating with each inch. He suddenly stops.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

He's standing there on the phone with someone.

JAMIE  
Hey, this is Jamie. Just checking,  
what's the penalty if I shave the  
mustache? For the Adriani thing?  
(a beat)  
Great, thank you.  
(hiding shock)  
I'm sorry, how much?  
(another beat)  
Great, thank you so much.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

He's pacing around, hands behind his head while  
hyperventilating.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Staring back in the mirror.

JAMIE  
YOU'RE. NOT. HITLER.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Back on the phone. He's sitting in a squat in the corner of  
the room.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
Hello, Anti-Defamation League. How  
can I help you?

JAMIE  
Yes, I'd like to make a donation.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

He's masturbating to mixed race porn.

PORN STAR (O.S.)  
You like this black dick?

JAMIE  
Fucking colonizer...

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

He's staring in the mirror, smiling serenely.

JAMIE  
I am an artist.

He takes a short and deep breath, gives himself another smile, and turns on the razor. He brings it to his lip. Right as it touches hair:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

SHIT!

He throws the razor at the wall and backs away from it like it's cursed. He looks back to the mirror and inspects the mustache; no damage. The razor's broken. He sighs in relief before a shameful look overtakes his face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Dammit.

#### **EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

A rooftop party in Los Feliz. Jamie's wearing a COVID mask. He approaches a group of ACTORS, who turn to greet him.

ACTOR 1

(excited)

Jamie!

JAMIE

Hey! I'm not sick, I'm seeing my aunt next week, just being careful.

ACTOR 2

Totally understandable.

#### **EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Jamie's sitting with the group.

ACTOR 1

I just think it's super important that we're using our platforms responsibly.

ACTORS

Yes, absolutely, etc.

ACTOR 2

No totally, I was asked to audition for Santa in a Little Caesar's Pizza commercial and I was like...Santa is a capitalist. Santa is a colonist, like with the Elves. He is a predator--

JAMIE

--Well someone has to play Santa.

ACTOR 2  
But why though?

JAMIE  
Because if nobody plays Santa, how  
do we know about what he did? About  
the Elves and the capitalism?

ACTOR 1  
In a pizza commercial?

JAMIE  
No but like if there was a biting  
historical drama.

ACTOR 1  
About Santa?

JAMIE  
Okay maybe not historical but  
imagine like a sort of speculative  
thing like--  
(then)  
--'The Santa Clause' meets 'A Few  
Good Men'.

ACTOR 2  
I don't get it.

JAMIE  
No, it's a twist. We see the  
fireplace. Stockings. Tree. Santa  
comes down the chimney. Who's  
there to meet him? The Geneva  
Convention.

They have no idea what he's talking about.

**EXT. LOS FELIZ - LATER**

Jamie's walking back to his car, discouraged.

JAMIE  
Fuckin' Lester...

Suddenly, his phone buzzes. He's receiving a call.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

**INT. COMEDY CLUB - EVENING**

Jamie walks into a dimly lit comedy club. The crowd is sparse; only a smattering of drunk OPEN-MIKERS. Sid's on the stage.

SID  
So, what's up with this Trump guy?  
I mean I thought I had a hair  
problem!

He pauses for laughs. There's one from an open-miker, teetering between sarcastic and polite. Jamie finds a seat, watching with a confused expression.

SID (CONT'D)  
What, you didn't like that? I get  
it, I get it. Must be Republican  
night.

Another single laugh, along with a groan.

**INT. DINER - LATER**

Sid and Jamie sit across from each other in a diner down the street. Sid's animated when he talks. Friendly, erratic. Jamie's maskless. People stare and mutter in the background.

SID  
Anyways, they're saying it's  
benign, but--

JAMIE  
--Oh, that's good.

SID  
No, no, I've gotta cut these  
fucking cigarettes. Like what am I  
supposed to tell Rachel? That a  
pack of Camels is more important  
than my grandchildren?

JAMIE  
Yeah, for sure.

SID  
Look at this.

He pulls a picture of his granddaughters from his phone and shows it to Jamie, who attempts interest.

SID (CONT'D)  
I mean look at that. Beautiful.  
Miracles, really.

JAMIE  
Oh, wow! Really cute.

Sid puts his phone away.

SID  
Fuck, listen to me ramble. Sorry.

JAMIE  
No, you're good.

SID  
How's the painting?

JAMIE  
I mean, it's coming along. I've got  
a showing tonight, so--

SID  
--Buyers?

He doesn't respond. Sid gives him a knowing look.

SID (CONT'D)  
Oy. Dreams.  
(a beat)  
How'd you like the show?

JAMIE  
(nervous)  
What? Oh. I liked it. It  
was...real.

SID  
It was terrible.

JAMIE  
Yeah.

SID  
And before Lester, it's what I had  
to do for money.  
(then)  
I was sucking cock for coke to stay  
warm when I couldn't afford a  
winter coat!

There's a pause.

JAMIE  
Why wouldn't you just suck dick for  
a coat?

Sid tastes the thought in his head before pulling out a notebook. He starts to scribble something.

SID  
That's not bad.

JAMIE  
Why even do it? If you know you--

SID  
--suck?

Jamie nods. Sid puts away the notebook and considers the question.

SID (CONT'D)  
You know, my parents didn't have a lot of money. Dad was a *shmata* guy, Ma, I mean she was in and out of the looney bin...

JAMIE  
What? Really?

SID  
She was a survivor. Used to start weeping if we took too long getting home from school.

Jamie looks guilty. Sid shrugs.

SID (CONT'D)  
Anyways, my dad always made sure to save up for one trip every year. 'The Antler Inn', up in the Catskills. And they had a club, and my dad would sneak me in. Wink at me when we walk through the door, let me sip his beer. And all those motherfuckers were crazy. Not funny, or talented, I mean some of them were but...

(a beat, chuckle)  
I was so fucking scared of being crazy. But those guys, they were just scared of being normal.

They're silent.

JAMIE  
I just don't want to be nothing.

Sid leans forward and squeezes his shoulder.



SID  
Nobody does, kid.

**INT. CAR - DAY, FLASHBACK**

Adolescent Jamie likes into the back of an SUV. His MOM is driving. She looks back at him with a smile while he mopes.

MOM  
Hey, sweetie! How was your day?

ADOLESCENT JAMIE  
Fine.

She purses her lips and looks ahead before driving off.  
There's silence in the car.

MOM  
Any fun classes?

No response.

MOM (CONT'D)  
I went to Safeway today. You would  
not BELIEVE who I saw --

ADOLESCENT JAMIE  
--I don't care.

His mom reacts. Frustrated. More silence.

MOM  
Your mustache is coming back.  
Someone say something?

ADOLESCENT JAMIE  
It's fine. Just drop me at  
Michael's.

She sighs sadly.

MOM  
You know...I know you're getting  
older. And people are gonna say  
you're all sorts of things. That  
you need to be all sorts of people.  
And some of those sorts, you're  
gonna wanna be.  
(then)  
But for me? You're just Jamie. And  
that'll always be enough.

**INT. GALLERY - NIGHT, PRESENT DAY**

Jazz fusion plays lightly in the background. Jamie stands in front of his painting in an artsy, checkered suit. He's nervous as hell, nodding at ARTISTS and GUESTS as they pass by.

His painting is... interesting? Highly abstract. Solid lines of color that seem to clash. Oblong, geometric shapes. Something unplanned, primal, instinctive. But not necessarily good.

His eyes widen as a couple of ART CRITICS approaches.

CRITIC 1

Outstanding, just... absolutely brilliant.

Jamie's face explodes in surprised excitement. They're not staring at the painting, though. They're staring at him.

JAMIE

Oh my God -- thank you! Thank you so much!

CRITIC 2

I mean, it's Skaggs, right?

CRITIC 1

Mmm -- I see Laderman Ukeles. Artist as Death Instinct.

CRITIC 2

Sure, I see that.

JAMIE

What?

CRITIC 1

It's so fucking cynical. I love it. Look at how desperate he is.

Jamie's face drops. Humiliation.

CRITIC 2

Is this a personal statement? Or it that every artist is a Fascist?

CRITIC 1

Ugh. Neither. It's more visceral.

JAMIE

This isn't a performance...

The critics react approvingly.

CRITIC 2  
God, that's good.

CRITIC 1  
And that hideous painting makes it  
so much better.

Jamie turns to look at the painting, then looks back to them  
with tears in his eyes. They gasp.

CRITIC 1 (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, is Hitler gonna cry?

LESTER (O.S.)  
Alright, alright, enough of that.

Lester enters to shoo them off. Jamie relaxes.

CRITIC 2  
Oh, is this a timed experience?

LESTER  
Uh -- sure. Like a sunset, or my  
hard-on.

# **EXT. GALLERY PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Lester and Jamie sit on the curb. The latter holds his  
painting close to his chest, his eyes distant and somber.  
Lester's looking at his phone.

LESTER  
Alright, Dalton's on his way. Five  
minutes.

He puts his phone away.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
Jesus, a white Uber driver. Now you  
know the economy's shit.

Silence.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
Lisa's got the Prius, and the uh,  
fiat's in the shop, so...  
(a beat)  
Why didn't you drive?

JAMIE  
I thought someone might ask for a  
drink.

Lester sighs sadly.

LESTER  
Fuck, kid.

He waits. Jamie's frozen.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
Y'know, I always say, I don't  
manage actors, I manage  
expectations.

JAMIE  
Lester--

LESTER  
--Fine! Fine.

He looks down to the side.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Jewish panda.

He turns back to Jamie.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
So, you know how Lisa stuck her  
finger in my ass?

Jamie's eyes widen in disgust.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
Well it wasn't just the one. Had to  
be three, maybe four, and they were  
going out as much as in.  
(then)  
Just really went for it, I was  
fucking dilated.

Jamie stands up to leave. Lester grabs his arm to stop him.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
And I asked for it.

The actor sits hesitantly. He's confused and no less  
disgusted as he listens.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
Since I can remember I was playing  
with my asshole. This was before  
every kid had an iPhone and an X-  
Box, wasn't much else to do, but--I  
mean I loved it.  
(MORE)

LESTER (CONT'D)

Before I was even jerking it, I was going knuckle deep. And once I started beating my meat, fucking forget it. Every part of me felt alive - vibrating. Musical. Like a violin playing a concerto. One of those strada-whatevers.

(a beat)

By the time I was in high school, wasn't just fingers anymore. My drumsticks, sister's hairbrush... I'd close my bedroom door and it was like I was on a spaceship, like Carl Sagan travelling the galaxy. And I was the galaxy.

He chuckles, smiling as he reminisces. A sadness enters his face as he continues.

LESTER (CONT'D)

One day, my father's favorite pen goes missing. He finds it writing a letter in my small intestine.

(gulps)

And he wasn't mad or nothing. Just very quiet. He tells me to pull up my pants, sits me down. Tells me, "*Boychik, futzing with your tuchus* is for little boys. You're a man now." And I haven't touched it since.

He snuffles, wiping a tear from his eye.

JAMIE

Um -- I don't really understand --

LESTER

--Recently, things get...stale. In the bedroom.

He motions flaccidness with his arm before shrugging.

LESTER (CONT'D)

She thinks I'm not attracted to her, which couldn't be farther from the truth, but I've got high blood pressure, so pills aren't an option. And it comes to a point I don't even wanna talk about it. But she can't drop it. Pretty soon, I start yelling. And she yells back. Thinks I'm cheating.

(MORE)

LESTER (CONT'D)

Then we're not talking at all. Next thing I know, we're sleeping in separate beds. One day I tell her - fuck. I tell her, if she wants a divorce, I'll give her half. No fight, no contest. Make it easy. But she says we should try therapy.

He wipes the shame from his face. Jamie puts an arm around him.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Thanks, kid. We had four sessions of me running around in circles, talking about everything but my soft cock. One day, the shrink asks to see me alone. I tell him *right away* I can't get hard. And he says I need to figure out what I want from sex, and I say, "well, Doc, I'd really love someone to play with my asshole."

Jamie takes his arm away.

LESTER (CONT'D)

He insists I tell her. And I was sure he was a fucking quack -- paying three hundred a session for Doctor Kevorkian. But he's insistent. So that night, I get brave.

(a light smile)

I was so worried she'd think less of me. See me as less of a man. Or fruity, or weak.

(a beat)

She was just so happy I asked.

Understanding dawns on Jamie's face. The Uber pulls up.

LESTER (CONT'D)

And after she was done, I fucked her like a stallion. God I love that woman.

Jamie pats him on the back. The two stand up and enter the car.

**INT. SET - DAY**

Jamie's on set. Hitler, again. He's alone at a podium.

JAMIE

Of all the licentious creatures on the Earth, there is none lower than the Jew.

He speaks with confidence. Poise. Direction.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He who corrupts the Aryan male, to separate him from the will of the Reich. This is a talent no Slav or Bohemian may possess.

(a beat)

He makes him without shame bringing him to homosexual acts by insisting his base urges and infantile concepts of romantic love supercede the reproductive needs of the Aryan race. His Jewish sciences speak of an inner world, in the mind and in the atomic space of the universe, that is subject to ready change and spontaneity, one in which the state has no control.

His fists slam on the podium.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

A true Aryan will ignore the empty words offered by the Jewish intellectual! Will remove them from his core, and the Jew from public eye! This is the will of the German people! The German Nation!

He performs a Nazi salute, full of rage and vigor.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Long live the Third Reich! Zieg heil! Zieg heil!

A.D

Aaaaand, cut! Thanks Jamie, that was great.

Without hesitation, Jamie switches out of character.

JAMIE

We're good?

A.D

Yeah man, go ahead and break.

JAMIE  
Cool. Thank you.

He steps out from behind the podium. From the set. From the camera. From his Nazi attire. Lester comes behind him. Pats his back.

LESTER  
That was great, kid.

JAMIE  
Thanks, man.

He moves to craft services and grabs a scone before placing a call. He takes a bite as he speaks.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, mom? Yeah, sorry I missed your call. No, I'm okay. Yeah, now's a good time. How are you?

THE END

FADE TO BLACK.