

AMERICAN GODS:

Role of TECHNICAL BOY

Character Description:

(THE TECHNICAL BOY) MALE early to late 20's. An entitled young tech aficionado, this idiosyncratic power player is trying way too hard to be cool. He may not be a physical threat, but he has a gang of enforcers to get his message across when met with resistance. He is a thorn in the side of both SHADOW MOON and MISTER WEDNESDAY. SERIES REGULAR.

Storyline:

Based on the award best seller by Neil Gaiman with a huge fan following, 'AMERICAN GODS' is a blend of Americana, fantasy and various strands of ancient and modern mythology. It is the unusual story of a common man who engages with mythic figures against the backdrop of an eccentrically drawn America.

Upon his early release from prison, SHADOW MOON learns that his wife has died in a tragic car accident. His life now in shambles, he reluctantly agrees to work for the mysterious MISTER WEDNESDAY who warns of a battle brewing in the days to come that will shake both heaven and earth.

Scene Set Up:

After his wife's funeral, SHADOW, distracted by grief, is picked up by two brawny men (Droogs) and hauled into the back of a limousine. There, THE TECHNICAL BOY is waiting to grill SHADOW about the nature of his new job with MISTER WEDNESDAY.

IMPORTANT NOTE:

Be sure to ground readings in reality. Make readings realistically conversational (not flat, real). Do not feel that because this is an extreme world the performance needs to be extreme. Be real. That is what is effective here.

TECHNICAL BOY SCENE 1

52.

INT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

Shadow sits at one end of the car while CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK abnormally far to REVEAL his host sitting at the opposite end of the limousine: THE TECHNICAL BOY. A young punk with an entitled attitude in clothes he is sure look good on him but don't. A Silicon Valley entrepreneur trying his best to act the cool he's seen on TV.

START →

TECHNICAL BOY

Hello, Shadow. Don't fuck with me.

SHADOW

Okay. I won't. Can you drop me off at the Motel America by the interstate?

TECHNICAL BOY

Hit him.

There's a VIBRATION out of the corner of Shadow's eye and **WHOMP!** A PUNCH is delivered to Shadow's solar plexus.

TECHNICAL BOY (CONT'D)

I said don't fuck with me. That was fucking with me. Keep your answers short and to the point or I'll fucking kill you. Or maybe I won't kill you. Maybe I'll have the Droogs break every bone in your fucking body. So don't fuck with me.

SHADOW

Got it.

TECHNICAL BOY

You're working for Wednesday.

SHADOW

Yes.

The Technical Boy opens his jacket and takes out an a E-CIG VAPORIZER from inside his pocket. Offers it to Shadow.

TECHNICAL BOY

Smoke?

SHADOW

No, thank you.

The Technical Boy inhales deeply, holds his breath and then blows a series of THICK SMOKE RINGS. CAMERA FOLLOWS the FAT OILY SMOKE RINGS as they drift the strange length of the limousine until they break like waves over Shadow's face. Forcing their way into his lungs. He offers a small cough.

1/4

AMERICAN GODS

SHADOW

It's not tobacco and it's not weed.
Smells like an appliance fire.

TECHNICAL BOY

Synthetic toad skins.

Another drag and he French inhales, then exhales the meaty smoke in two distinct chutes unfurling out of each nostril.

~~SHADOW (V.O.)~~

~~He practices smoke tricks in front of a mirror for moments like these.~~

TECHNICAL BOY

What the fuck is Wednesday after? What's he doing here. He must have a plan. What's the game plan, man?

SHADOW

I started working for Mister Wednesday this morning. I'm an errand boy.

Technical Boy takes another long draw on his vape, he exhales a long, writhing cloud of smoke in which -- IN SHADOW'S P.O.V. -- his two eyes glinted, copper-colored, like the eyes of a toad. The smoke must be hitting him. Shadow shakes his head clear. Trying to shake the effects.

TECHNICAL BOY

Wednesday is history. Forgotten. And old. He should just let it happen. We are the future and we don't give a fuck about him or anyone like him anymore. They've been consigned to the dumpster.

(then)

We have reprogrammed reality. Language is a virus. Religion is an operating system. Prayers are just so much fucking spam.

SHADOW

You say that like I know what you're talking about.

TECHNICAL BOY

It's all about the dominant fucking paradigm, Shadow. Nothing else is important. And hey, sorry to hear about your wife. Tough break.

SHADOW

Thanks.

2/4

AMERICAN GODS

TECHNICAL BOY

I'll ask you again: What is Wednesday up to?

SHADOW

We barely exchanged a dozen words. You can let me out here. I'll walk the rest of the way.

TECHNICAL BOY

You're saying you don't know.

SHADOW

I'm saying I don't know.

TECHNICAL BOY

Would you tell me if you did?

SHADOW

Probably not. As you say, I'm working for Mister Wednesday.

TECHNICAL BOY

Then why the fuck am I sitting here wasting my time talking to you?

SHADOW

I was curious myself how long you would go on sucking your own dick.

Technical Boy takes another drag, then:

TECHNICAL BOY

Kill him.

CONTINUE →

A moment, then Shadow and those flanking him MOVE AT ONCE.

SHADOW'S DISTORTED P.O.V.

Through the smoky haze of the limousine cabin, we get GLIMPSES of his foes and they look EXACTLY like the DROOGS from "Clockwork Orange." White pants, shirts, suspenders and cod pieces, topped off with matching black bowler hats.

A SURREAL BRAWL

Knees, elbows and fists are swung. Shadow THROWS AN ELBOW and it connects with a DROOG'S FACE as if it were comprised of a MAGNETIC FIELD -- not entirely solid, bucked by the hit. There is a very subtle, heightened brightness to the DROOGS' appearance -- almost pixilated, but not quite -- something else altogether. As if they were shot at 48 frames per second while the rest of reality languished at 24.

AMERICAN GODS

3/4

Shadow proves as slippery in the fight as the DROOGS, but finds it difficult to land a good hit as the DROOGS are strangely fluid in movements, as in not physically solid.

→
CONTINUE

TECHNICAL BOY

We're not just going to kill you, Shadow. We're going to delete you. One click and you're overwritten. Undelete is not an option.

STOP

Shadow and the DROOGS tumble down the length of the abnormally long stretch limousine toward the Technical Boy. Just as Shadow rolls under the MOON ROOF, the Technical Boy pushes a button on the console and the MOON ROOF POPS OFF as if torn free from a violent decompression.

The cabin quickly clears of SMOKE and SHADOW IS SUCKED OUT THE MOON ROOF as if sucked out of an airplane.

CAMERA FOLLOWS SHADOW -- SOARING and TWISTING through the night, finally landing in a heap in a gutter. We are --

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

Before Shadow can react, the DROOGS are on him, ONE after ANOTHER after ANOTHER after ANOTHER. Dog Pile on Shadow. He is pulled under a wave of suspenders, cod pieces and bowler hats as they pin him to the muddy earth.

ON SHADOW

Lost beneath the wave.

ON A NOOSE

Placed around his neck -- and he is suddenly, viciously YANKED. STAY ON SHADOW -- pulled up a steep embankment by the neck. His eyes BULGE as they pinball around his sockets.

EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

DOZENS OF DROOGS race around Shadow as he's dragged toward a TREE reminiscent of The Great Tree of his nightmare. He digs at the noose around his neck with one hand while the other lessens the tension of the choke by pulling up on the rope.

SHADOW SLAMS HARD against the trunk of his hanging tree, losing his grip on noose and rope as

HE IS HOISTED INTO THE AIR

Shadow dangles. Droogs CACKLE. As his consciousness begin drift... The CORRIDOR OF CONSCIOUSNESS NARROWS, dark clouds expand like fireworks in his vision transforming the world around him into...

AMERICAN GODS

4/4