

A BAYOU MYSTIC FILMS PRODUCTION

BOUDREAUX

THE 13TH SACRIFICE

Written & Directed by Antonio R. Ward Jr. • New Orleans, 1938

CASTING SIDES — SELF-TAPE

AUGUSTUS ST. CLAIR

SUPPORTING — FEATURED • AGE: 50-65

THE CHARACTER

Beaumont's father. Banker. Pillar of New Orleans society — and the coldest man in the film. Where Charles Boudreaux mistakes control for love, Augustus does not bother with the mistake: his son is a name, an heir, and a clean ledger line, and nothing else.

This is one scene and one scene only, and it must be unforgettable. Augustus never raises his voice — the horror of him is how quiet he is, a man doing arithmetic on the ruin of his own blood. The actor must deliver an unforgivable ultimatum with total conviction and zero theatricality. No rage. Rage would be a mercy, and Augustus does not deal in mercy.

ABOUT THE SCENE

CONFIDENTIAL SIDES — this scene contains a major character reveal; please do not share or discuss it publicly. Augustus has followed his son to a rented room on Rampart Street and opened the door. Deathly quiet throughout — the final speech is a sentencing, not an outburst. The reader plays BEAUMONT.

SELF-TAPE INSTRUCTIONS

- Slate: name, height, location, representation (if any), and the role you are reading for.
- Frame from the chest up, in good light, with a neutral background. Reader off-camera.
- Period voice welcome, but truth first — do not let the accent drive the scene.
- Two takes maximum. Label your file: LASTNAME_FIRSTNAME_AUGUSTUS.

The door BANGS open.

No knock. No warning. Just the door flung wide and a figure filling it -- and every drop of blood leaves Beaumont's face at once, because he knows that silhouette. He has known it his whole life.

His FATHER. AUGUSTUS ST. CLAIR. Banker. Pillar. And behind him a hired man with a lamp, holding it up like evidence.

Nobody moves. The lamp light finds the two of them on the bed. There is no version of this that can be explained.

AUGUSTUS
(deathly quiet -- and
that's the horror of it,
how quiet)
Get your shirt on.

Etienne is up, backing to the wall. Beaumont scrambles, fumbling, shame flooding him red.

BEAUMONT
Father -- Father, I can--

AUGUSTUS
Don't. Don't you make a sound in
this room. Not one.

He steps in. Looks at his son -- and the look isn't rage. It's colder. It's a man doing arithmetic on the ruin of his own blood.

AUGUSTUS
(low, final)
Here is what happens now. You put
on that coat, and you go home, and
you never see this -- person --
again as long as either of you
lives. You marry the Boudreaux
girl. You give me grandchildren
and a clean name and you take this
thing you are to your grave so
deep even God has to squint for
it.

(a beat)
Because if you don't -- if you
ever so much as look at another
man again -- I will not save you.
I'll bury you myself and tell the
parish you died abroad. And I will
sleep, Beaumont. That's the part
you should hear. I will sleep just
fine.

Beaumont stands frozen, half-dressed, a boy learning in real time exactly what he is worth to his own father: a name, and nothing else.

Across the room, Etienne watches the one true thing in Beaumont's life get sentenced to death in a sentence. Their eyes meet. One last time.

AUGUSTUS
(already turning)
Say goodbye to it. You won't get
to again.

Neither of them says a word. They don't get to. That's the cruelty -- they don't even get the goodbye.

Beaumont picks up his good coat. Puts it on. And with it, puts the performance back on too -- we watch the mask close over his face like water over a stone. By the time he reaches the door he is Beaumont St. Clair again, and the boy on the bed is already becoming a thing he is not allowed to have remembered.