

A BAYOU MYSTIC FILMS PRODUCTION

BOUDREAUX

THE 13TH SACRIFICE

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

CASTING SIDES — SELF-TAPE

PIERRE LANDRY

PRINCIPAL — THE LOVE INTEREST • AGE: 18 (playable 18–25)

THE CHARACTER

A young Black stable hand on the Boudreaux estate — capable, patient, easy in his body and careful with his heart, in a city and a decade where loving the wrong person can cost a man everything. The carriage house where he works is the first place in the film that feels like it's breathing, and that is not an accident: Pierre is the film's warmth.

He is not a brooding romantic lead. He deflects with humor, works with his hands, and protects the people he loves by keeping his distance — until he is given a reason not to. The role demands charm without swagger, and the ability to make restraint the most romantic act in the movie.

ABOUT THE SCENE

Golden hour at the carriage house. Scarlet arrives with impossible news, and Pierre lets himself believe it — joy, disbelief, and a hand-carved gift. Note where the scene chooses restraint over the kiss; that choice IS the character. The reader plays SCARLET.

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_PIERRE.

EXT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - DUSK

Golden hour, thick and honeyed. Scarlet crosses the courtyard she was forbidden to cross yesterday. Pierre looks up from a harness he's oiling, and his whole body goes on alert -- glad and scared in the same breath.

PIERRE

Whoa -- hey -- you can't be out here. Your daddy catch you out here, he's gon' have me shipped somewhere they don't got a name for yet.

SCARLET

My father gave his blessing.

Pierre stops. The rag goes still in his hands.

PIERRE

...Say that again. Slow. Say it like I'm Jules.

SCARLET

This morning. In the rose garden. He said he'd be a poor father to stand in God's way.

Pierre sets the harness down very carefully, like the moment might spook and bolt.

PIERRE

(working through it,
disbelieving, a laugh
building underneath)
Charles Boudreaux. The man.
Charles Boudreaux said that. About
me.

(pointing at his own
chest)
This me? Out loud? With the actual
mouth on his actual face?

SCARLET

(the laugh breaking free
of her)
With his actual mouth, Pierre.

PIERRE

(a stunned, delighted
breath)
I gotta sit down. No -- I'm not
gon' sit down, if I sit down I'll
wake up.

He crosses to her instead. Takes both her hands. And the joy in him is enormous and terrified and completely without armor -- the thing they both wanted and neither one ever let themselves believe would come.

PIERRE

So then I got no reason left to
keep my distance.

SCARLET

(quiet)
No. You don't.

Close now. Lantern light. The blue coming up under the gold. The whole warm world of the two of them.

PIERRE

(softly, the deflection
dropping away)
This the part I been scared of,
you know. The whole time. Not your
daddy. Not gettin' run off.
(a breath)
Just... this. Bein' close enough
to lose somethin'.

SCARLET

Me too.

PIERRE

(the ghost of the grin,
protecting it even now)
Good. Real things usually are. Ask
the fountain.

He reaches to the workbench without looking and picks up something wrapped in a clean rag. Presses it into her hand. A small thing. Carved cypress -- a rose, every petal cut by a pocketknife, patient and imperfect and his.

PIERRE

Couldn't afford the kind they grow
in the man's garden. So I made you
the kind that don't wilt when the
season turns on it.
(quiet)
It ain't much.

SCARLET

(barely)
It's the only thing anyone in this
house ever made me instead of
bought me.

That undoes him a little. And the space between them,

which has been closing all scene, closes the rest of the way.

He lifts a hand to her face. She leans into it -- not away, into it. His thumb moves along her cheekbone. Her breath changes. Neither of them is joking now. Neither of them is protecting anything.

They drift together. Foreheads first, the way people do when the wanting has been held too long -- resting there a moment, breathing the same air, on the very edge of it. His hand slides to the back of her neck. Her fingers close in his shirt. The whole world narrows to the half-inch of

dusk between their mouths.

And they hold there. Right there. So close it aches -- so close the audience leans in with them, certain it's about to go all the way --

-- and it doesn't.

Because Pierre, of everyone, is the one who stops. He pulls back an inch. Presses his lips to her forehead instead, and holds her there, and just breathes.

PIERRE

(rough, quiet, wrecked
with tenderness)

...Not like this. Not stealin'
minutes in a barn like it's
somethin' we gotta hide.

(a breath)

When it's you and me, cher, we got
all the time God makes. I'm not
gon' rush the one good thing.

SCARLET

(a shaky breath, half a
laugh, undone)

You picked a fine moment to have
manners, Pierre Landry.

PIERRE

(the grin, finally, back)

I know. Killin' me too.

She laughs into his chest. He wraps her up and just holds her, and it is somehow more intimate than the thing they didn't do -- two young people at the front edge of a whole life they believe they're about to get.