

Would You Like Hot Sauce With That?

DECEMBER 2011

ISSUE MOVIES

A non-Hispanic comedian is cast, in an indie film financed by Greek diner owners, as a Mexican in Daisy Duke cutoffs. What could possibly go wrong?



Flaco Navaja, Cameron Ocasio, D.C. Benny

In July, I was offered the role of Plaxico Diamond Philips, a giant Mexican who wears Daisy Duke cutoffs, in *Love Magical*, an independent film about a socially awkward white guy who wants to be an R&B songwriter — basically, *Rocky* with thrift shop espadrilles. I figured the footwear alone would make us a shoo-in at Cannes.

The film's budget came through a friend of the writer's who reached out to Greek diner owners in Queens, securing funds as well as daily deliveries of gyros with tzatziki sauce. We also got some frothy product placement from a high-level brand: Colt 45 Malt Liquor.

There were exotic locations, from a side street in Chinatown to a brownstone in Carroll Gardens where no one was allowed to touch anything, and even a celebrity star: '90s R&B legend Keith Sweat, playing the role of Delonte Skywalker, a fictional '90s R&B legend.

Here's a timeline of the final day of filming, in which Plaxico and David, the awkward white songwriter, were both up for a janitorial job that David desperately needed to fund his album.

July 30, 2011

9:00 a.m. Call time in Queens. My GPS keeps leading me into a dead-end street. Turns out a production assistant gave me the wrong address. I arrive an hour late, but we're running late anyway because an entire day had to be reshot due to the wrong outfits being worn in a crucial scene. The wardrobe person was also the food service person.

10:30 On set in an apartment. The air conditioning is broken. It's so hot, I think I see the lighting guy burst into flames before I realize he's just wearing a really orange shirt.

11:00 When I originally read this scene in the script, my character was wearing boxers. Now, suddenly, my wardrobe is a pair of women's leopard-print extra-large panties. I call the director and ask if there's been a misunderstanding, and am told there was a "rewrite" to make it funnier. I am handed a Colt 45 tallboy. It is suggested that I drink it. I do. Then I have another. Then I put on the panties. I am a pro.

12:00 p.m. The scene requires multiple takes because my balls keep tumbling out of the panties like a dyslexic Cirque du Soleil act. I apply gaffer tape and wish I was never born.



2:00 Lunch. I feast on gyros provided by the Greek producers and try to forget the unfortunate nether region exodus. I can't remember any of the producers' names because they keep calling each other "Malaka." One of the Greek

producers tells me he got into the restaurant business when his uncle won a diner in a poker game. I make a mental note to start gambling immediately.

3:00 Flaco Navaja plays my sidekick, El DeBarge. Together, we're supposed to terrorize the lead character, who is played by Justin Foran, who is also the screenwriter, co-director, and executive producer. Flaco is concerned about how our characters will be perceived by the Latin community, considering that we play Mexicans who wear straw hats, cowboy boots, and belts that say "Mexico" on the buckle, and have drunken piñata parties with our friends who play in a Mariachi band. I agree that someone might be offended. We bring this up to Justin, but he is method acting and will only communicate as his character. We scrap it.

4:00 Flaco goes outside for a smoke while still in costume, and a group of Mexican construction workers see us. Questionable words are used, including "chingada" and "cabrones."

4:15 We revisit the issue with the director, and it is decided that we are only half Mexican.

5:00 Flaco and I shoot our final scene, where we kidnap a nine-year-old kid named Robert and throw him in the trunk of a Toyota that has a Mexican flag on the hood. Robert is played by a boy named Cameron, an accomplished Broadway actor whose mother is watching proudly from off-camera. Robert's last line before being stuffed into the trunk is, "You guys smell like Astroglide."

5:30 In between takes, Cameron asks me what Astroglide is. I fumble some analogy about how the Toyota needs oil for its engine, and Astroglide is kind of like that for people's...engines. Cameron insists that I provide a more detailed answer. Flaco suggests that Cameron speak with his mother.



5:45 Cameron demands that his mother tell him what Astroglide is. She says no. He replies that he is an actor, and as an actor, he must understand the lines to

properly deliver them. Mom stands her ground. Minutes later, I see Cameron frantically typing on his iPad.

6:30 I am wrapped. The cast and crew applaud — as is tradition — and I head out in full wardrobe, too tired to change. I go to find my car.

8:00 I finally find where I parked my car after walking by it six times. It has been broken into, and the thief took 73 cents. Maybe “broken into” is too harsh a term; it’s a soft-top Jeep, so it has been “unzipped,” most probably the handiwork of a crackhead due to the vast sum missing. I drive home to Brooklyn with a busted zipper flapping in my ear.

9:00 I arrive home wearing my entire costume. My neighbors give me strange looks. I go inside and smell something good. My wife has made dinner. Finally, it is time to relax after a long day. I lift the cover off the plate of food — and there they are. In a perfect row, lying next to a bed of rice as if mocking my day.

Tacos.

For information on Love Magical, check out www.facebook.com/LoveMagical.

D.C. Benny is a Brooklyn-based comedian who performs regularly in New York comedy clubs. His website is www.dcbenny.com.

By D.C. Benny | *Posted November 22, 2011 @ 12:15 pm*

Tags: [D.C. Benny](#), [Daisy Dukes](#), [Greek diners](#), [Love Magical](#), [R&B](#)