

Audition
by
Kris Griffin

Current Revisions by
Kris Griffin
DRAFT #3

Kris Griffin

www.kristhescript.co.uk

+44 (0)78 999 22 506

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

FREUD (29) stands in rain by an expensive car and lights a cigarette. He is overweight, wears a black jacket and trousers with a white open neck shirt. There is a well-lit theatre building a short walk away.

Freud walks toward the theatre. He peers through the light in the first window he comes to.

INT. THEATRE - LATER

Freud stands at the back of the theatre by a door. HOWARD SAUNDERS (45), American and dressed in a sharp suit stands near him and leans against a wall.

STUART DALTON (26) and ALEXANDER MILLER (32) sit in the middle of the theatre on the end of an aisle near the stage. Loose pieces of written notes surround them on the chairs and floor. They each hold a pen and pad. They both start a fresh page in their pads.

Stuart and Alexander have not seen Freud and Howard.

STUART

(to the stage)

Next please! Lea Saunders!

(to Alexander)

This is the last one?

ALEXANDER

Yes. Let's hope we've saved the best until last. It's been a long day. I can't stand much more of this.

LEA SAUNDERS (16) walks on-stage from behind a curtain in a short skirt, high heels and low-cut top. She holds a book and chews gum.

LEA

When do you want me to start?

ALEXANDER

Whenever you're ready.

(to Stuart)

More of the same!

Lea takes the gum from her mouth and drops it on the floor. She drops a book on the floor. She adjusts her skirt and exhales loudly.

LEA

(halfheartedly)

Coming near, I found the door slightly ajar; probably to admit some fresh air into the close

abode of sickness. I put it back and looked in. My eye sought Helen, and feared to find death. Close by Miss Temple's bed, and half covered with its white curtains, there stood a little crib. I saw the outline of a form under the clothes, but the face was hid by the hangings. I advanced; then paused by the crib side; my hand was on the curtain, but I preferred speaking before I withdrew it. I still recoiled at the dread of seeing a corpse.

STUART

Stop. Enough. Thanks. We'll be in touch if we need you.

Lea leaves the stage her heels echo loudly.

Howard walks down the aisle towards Stuart and Alexander. Fraud follows Howard.

HOWARD

(claps)

Fantastic! Fabulous! Wasn't she great boys? Wasn't she just great?

Stuart and Alexander turn around surprised.

STUART

Can I ask who you are? This is a private audition.

HOWARD

That's my girl. I've come to support her. She's great isn't she? A real talent!

(to Freud)

Hey Freud wasn't she great?

Freud looks at Howard, gives a wide grin and nods.

HOWARD

I need to know. Which part are you going to give her? One with plenty of lines I hope. She won't let you down I'll guarantee that.

Alexander stands up and shakes hands with Howard.

ALEXANDER

Good to meet you Mr Saunders.

HOWARD

Howard. Call me Howard.

ALEXANDER

Thank you Howard. I'm Alexander Miller and this is my partner Stuart Dalton...I'm not sure how to tell you this...

STUART

(cuts in)

She's not good enough. Lacks passion, the enthusiasm and the talent. We won't be calling her back. I'm sorry.

Howard looks to Stuart and Alexander for answers.

Howard laughs hard and turns to Freud.

HOWARD

Hey Freud do you hear that? These two are having a joke. My buddies don't think my girl has any talent. They aren't going to call her back.

Freud shakes his head and looks at the floor.

Stuart stands up.

STUART

I'm not at all keen on the direction this conversation is going.

Howard moves towards Stuart aggressively.

HOWARD

You need to sit the fuck down and listen to what I'm telling you. My girl has the talent. You don't have the vision. Show some foresight here. Don't mess me around.

Howard **calms down a bit** and walks toward the stage.

HOWARD

I'm a man of vision. A man of enterprise. I take advantage of situations. No room for losers in this camp are there Freud?

Freud shakes his head.

Howard walks up the stairs onto the stage.

HOWARD

You see guys I'm an actor on life's stage. I may not do things by the book but I get results every fucking time. I'm about solid hard work and making people understand. I want you both to understand...my family_mean everything to me. I'll do all I can to protect them. This is where we start. Get the door Freud.

Freud closes and locks the door at the back of the hall.

HOWARD

If I was subtle I'd ask you to reconsider your decision. Explore the feelings you have about my daughter. Unfortunately I'm not a subtle man so I'm going to tell you something. Firstly the action and reaction. Welcome to school boys this class has started.

Howard paces the length of the stage, stares at Stuart and Alexander.

HOWARD

Lea. My daughter will get an opportunity to be in your production because it's the right thing to do. You both know, I know...fuck me, even Freud knows.

Freud cocks his head to one side and nods slowly.

HOWARD

So I don't understand where you're coming from. Secondly never confuse your audience. Let's simplify a bit. I'm good at getting things out of people!

FLASHBACK

EXT. - WOODLAND - NIGHT

Howard and Freud stand over a man in pain on the ground. Howard spits his gum at the man and walks away. Freud starts to kick him.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

HOWARD

I have a talent for persuasion.
It's something I'm proud of. I
enjoy changing minds especially
the kind that are resistant to
change. Gentle persuasion is all
that's needed. Let me clarify my
third point...clarity.

Howard pauses for effect and sits down with his legs over
the edge of the stage.

HOWARD

You are going to call my daughter
back or you could regret things.
I'll have you two little fuckers
hung by the balls. Freud will
slit you straight down the
middle. You'll disappear for
good, never to be heard from
again, no legacy, no one will
remember.

Stuart and Alexander shift uncomfortably in their seats.
Alexander puts his head in his hands.

HOWARD

Everybody loves a tragedy and
everyone loves a sad story. Apart
from me. I don't like them. I
want happiness. So I leave you
with my final point. Keep me
happy. Keep me fucking happy
boys. Make me smile! Call my
daughter and Freud won't have to
step in. It really is that
simple.

Howard gets up and walks down the stairs, off the stage,
toward Stuart and Alexander

Stuart and Alexander watch him open-mouthed. They applaud.

INT. BATHROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Lea and IMOGEN HARRIS (18), blonde and dressed in a smart
trouser suit, apply heavy make-up in front of a mirror.

IMOGEN

He's American that's all you're
getting!

LEA

Cool. My Dad's from the States.
So where from? What's his name?

IMOGEN

No more questions it's early
days.

LEA

Come on. Have you? You know.

Imogen laughs.

IMOGEN

No No. Give it up you aren't
getting anymore. And besides
you're too young to go there.

LEA

Get lost! I've been there plenty.
Remember Rob from the Grease
audition?

IMOGEN

Yeah. God what a freak.

Imogen looks at Lea. Lea nods with a wide grin on her face.

IMOGEN

Bad girl. Does your Dad know?
He'll kill you.

LEA

What do you think? He'll scare
away any guy who comes within ten-
feet of me. He only lets me come
to the auditions because he
thinks all the boys are gay.

Lea and Imogen laugh.

LEA

So when you seeing your new guy
next?

IMOGEN

Move on. Nothing to see. You are
persistent and irritating.

LEA

Inquisitive.

IMOGEN

Curiosity kills cats.

Lea mimes a cat in the mirror.

IMOGEN

Crazy!

Imogen finishes her make-up and puts it away in a bag.

IMOGEN

I can't believe you even bother to come along to these auditions. Do you care?

LEA

It keeps Dad off my back. Today I didn't even learn all the dialogue. It's so shit. You go on, you read, you leave. If they fancy you, you get the part, if they don't you don't. Simple.

IMOGEN

(sarcastically)

What and they don't fancy you...again?

LEA

Who cares? Mind you if I don't get this one my Dad will kill me. Acting classes and auditions. He keeps threatening to make me get a proper job.

IMOGEN

A proper job! What the hell is that?

LEA

He's old. Give him a break.

They both laugh. Imogen looks uncomfortable.

IMOGEN

And how is your Mum?

LEA

Just sick of him as usual. Nothing changes. And she's drinking again.

Applause and laughter are heard outside the bathroom.

IMOGEN

I thought you were last up?

LEA

I was.

IMOGEN

So what's all that noise in there? Who's still around?

LEA

I'll go look.

INT. THEATRE

Alexander and Stewart are nervous. They chat enthusiastically and laugh with Howard.

Lea appears from behind the curtain on stage.

LEA

Dad!

HOWARD

Hey I came to see how you'd done.

Howard moves towards the stage. He stands in front of Lea on the floor.

Lea stoops down and whispers in his ear.

LEA

Bullshit. You've come to make sure I get the part. I know you. You and monkey-boy at the back.

Lea nods at Freud. He smiles back.

HOWARD

Come now. I was just telling these two how things were. They were admiring my verbal skills. It's quite the cozy chat we are having here.

She stands up.

LEA

Fuck you! I know all about your persuasion, your intimidation...and your infidelities. You've upset Mum again. God know what you get up to. I dread to think. And now you have to interfere in my life again.

FLASHBACK

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Howard is in a clinch with Imogen.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. THEATRE

Lea is crying.

LEA

(with raised voice)

I don't know how she can stand to be with you. You don't spend any time at home. You spend more time with that idiot.

Lea points at Freud.

LEA

Anyone would think you are married.

Freud smiles.

Howard sneers at Lea and looks at the floor. He backs away from the stage.

LEA

Your loyal friend is a glorified bodyguard just because you don't want to get your hands dirty. I can't believe you trust him and I can tell you he isn't to be trusted. I know, I know all about him...fucking pervert.

FLASHBACK

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Freud walks with Lea. She is dressed provocatively in hotpants, heels and a low-cut top.

They chat. He grabs her ass. She pushes him away. Angrily he lunges towards her and pushes her into a doorway.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

LEA

I hate him. I hate you. You've neglected Mum and I. We need your love. You make me take acting lessons to get me out of the way. When I don't get the parts you give me a hard time. Ever thought what I want? Maybe I want a normal job with a normal Dad and a regular boyfriend who you could approve of.

HOWARD

Can you blame me for being protective. You're an attractive girl. I don't want some jumped up fuck getting his paws on you.
(at Freud through
gritted teeth)
Over my dead body that's going to happen.

Lea stands tall, hitches up her already short skirt and pushes her breasts out.

LEA

All I wanted was your attention. Dressing up, craving your eye, hoping you look, disapprove, tell me to change.
(In an American accent)
Put something a little more respectable on.
(In her own voice)
You don't give a shit. Is it too much to ask to let me live my own life.

Howard walks to Lea.

Lea sinks to her knees.

LEA

I feel like the dead girl in that shit I read earlier. Soulless, lifeless and without a way forward or a way out. I stand here on this stage with you four arseholes

To Howard.

LEA

Watching me.

To Stuart and Alexander.

LEA
Judging me.

To Freud.

LEA
(disgusted)
Fantasizing about me.

She leans forward. Her hands support her body.

LEA
Well you can pull back the
curtain now because I've nothing
left to give. I'm empty. Take
what you can. I've become the
corpse in the crib.

Lea sobs.

LEA
I'm empty. I'm 16. It's all
gone...I'm empty.

Stuart and Alexander look at each other open mouthed.

ALEXANDER
(mouths to Stewart)
Wow.

Freud looks to the floor.

Howard looks at Stuart and Alexander. He raises his
eyebrow. He points at Lea.

HOWARD
There's emotional talent...it's
over to you now.

Howard steps away from Lea, smiles and walks towards the
door at the back of the hall with a grin on his face.

Freeze-frame close-up on Howards face.

END