

A Bizarrely Droll Audition

By

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2021(C)

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OVER BLACK

A KNOCK at a door.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's a cramped space, but tidy and neat.

WALTER CUNNINGHAM, 55, pale and sickly looking, slowly makes his way to the front door and opens it.

He smiles, a flash of genuine excitement.

WALTER
Hey, Bud. C'mon in.

ALEX CUNNINGHAM, 20, steps inside.

WALTER (CONT)
You look good. Look real good.

Alex nods, but is clearly uncomfortable.

Walter closes the front door, then leads Alex over to the sofa, where he sits.

WALTER
You want a drink? I've got some cold beer in the--

ALEX
No thanks.

Walter nods, then sits beside Alex.

WALTER
So... What have you been up to? How's Amy doing--

ALEX
I'm not here to talk about that.

WALTER
Yeah, I figured.

He drops his head, smirks.

WALTER (CONT)
So ya' heard I didn't get approved.

ALEX
I heard you gave up.

WALTER
Son... I'm so tired...

Anger twists Alex's face into a scowl.

ALEX
You were a real asshole of a father,
but I forgave you for that. Do you
know why?

Walter lifts his head, tears welled up in his eyes.

The anger on Alex's face fades to a look of sympathy.

ALEX (CONT)
Because you promised me you'd be a
better grandfather.

Alex stands, glances around the room, then turns back to
Walter. He gives him a stern look.

ALEX (CONT)
I'm holding you to that promise.

Walter throws his hands up, defeated.

WALTER
I'm sorry, Bud. I just can't afford
the treatment. Even with my insur--

ALEX
I'm taking care of the money.

WALTER
What? How?

Without responding, Alex walks to the front door, opens it.
He goes to leave, but stops for a moment, looks back to the
clearly confused Walter on the sofa.

Alex forces a smile.

ALEX
I've got an audition.

CUT TO:

BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE WEEK LATER...

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Still tidy and clean.

WALTER (O.S.)

Alex. It's me. Bud, where the hell are you? No one's heard from you in a week... I'm worried... (BEAT)

Walter, still not looking so hot, steps into view, a cell phone pressed against his ear. He paces back and forth.

WALTER (CONT)

Alex... I went through your computer... I know what kind of audition you went to... Listen, I know you're probably ashamed. But... Bud, don't worry about any of that. Insurance company finally came through. They're gonna get me some medicine. So you don't have to do anything else. Just... Just call me when you get this alright?

He hangs up the phone. Runs his fingers through his hair, glances over at a framed picture on the wall. IN THE PICTURE: A portrait of a YOUNG ALEX (12). A happy young boy.

WALTER

Fuck it.

Walter grabs his keys off an end table and leaves through the front door.

The living room is left in silence.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter stands outside of an old rundown house with an overgrown lawn.

He stares down at a small piece of paper in his hands.

ON THE PAPER: Main street, number two.

He looks from the paper to the front door.

The door is labeled number two. Walter frowns, disgusted that this is the correct address.

WALTER

You gotta be kidding me. Alex, what the hell were you thinking?

He shakes his head, then walks along the stone path to the front door. Just before he is able to knock, the door opens.

ZACH LEE, 26, thin, awkward, wearing a hentai t-shirt and button-up sweat pants, steps in the frame.

ZACH

What the hell do you want?

Walter looks around, then back to Zach. He thinks about how to phrase his words.

MATT

Excuse me, but... Are you Director X?

ZACH

Who wants to know?

Walter shrugs.

WALTER

Sorry, I'm Walter. I-

Zach puts a hand up and silences Walter.

ZACH

Listen, I'm a very busy person. If you wanna audition you will have to schedule one like everyone else.

Zach backs up and goes to close the door, but Walter rushes forward and stops the door with his arm.

WALTER

Please! I'm looking for someone. My son. I think he came to you for an audition.

Zach studies Walter. A slight smile.

ZACH
Alex Cunningham.

Walter nods.

WALTER
Yeah. My son. You saw him?

Zach lets out a goofy LAUGH.

ZACH
Yeah, I saw him alright. Man, he
sucked. Had to turn him down.

Walter doesn't know how to take this news.

Zach sees that he's bothered, so he gives him a friendly slap
on the shoulder.

ZACH
Don't sweat it though. Not everyone is
cut out for anal gaping.

Zach studies Walter some more.

ZACH (CONT)
You on the other hand... You ever
consider-

WALTER
Not interested. I'm here because my
son's gone missing.

Zach shrugs it off.

ZACH
Whatever. If you don't wanna audition,
I'm not wasting my time with you.

He goes to close the door, but again is stopped by Walter.

WALTER
Please! I'll... I'll consider an
audition... If you tell me everything
about your meeting with my son.

Zach ponders this for a BEAT. He smiles, waves Walter in.

ZACH
Deal.

Walter forces a smile, steps in.

ZACH (CONT)
So... You into gay orgies?

WALTER
(surprised)
Uh...

Zach closes the door behind Walter.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is surprisingly clean and neatly kept, in stark contrast to the outside.

Walter turns to Zach, who is checking him out.

WALTER (CONT)
Actually, is there any way we could talk about my son first?

The goofy LAUGH again.

ZACH
No. No, I don't think so. But I'll tell ya what, I'll meet you halfway... A lap dance... Then I'll tell you everything. He did tell me where he might be going, you know.

Walter shakes his head, frustrated.

WALTER
Please, just tell me-

ZACH
Lap dance.

Zach smiles.

Walter takes a deep breath, gives in.

WALTER
Fine. I'll... I'll give you a lap dance.

A disgusted look spreads across Zach's face.

ZACH
Eww. Fuck that. I'm not a fag. Jesus.

Once more, the goofy LAUGH.

Zach moves to a stereo in the corner.

ZACH
I'll give you a lap dance.

Walter frowns.

WALTER
Uh... What?!

Zach motions for Walter to grab a chair against the far wall.

ZACH
Put that chair in the center of the
room and pop a squat.

Walter grabs the chair, moves it to the center of the room.

Zach turns his attention to the stereo. He opens a CD case
and pops it into the stereo.

ZACH (CONT)
You know, I knew you looked familiar
the moment I saw you.

Walter reluctantly takes a seat.

WALTER
Yeah... We look alike.

ZACH
I'll say. A regular chip off the old
block.

Zach turns, faces Walter.

ZACH (CONT)
Now... I'm currently casting for
Mandingo-Bu-Kaki volume four. And the
scene I want you for is really great.
A total show stopper. It starts with
you getting a lap dance from about ten
huge black dudes and ends with you
getting your ass just flat out
demolished. You like black dudes,
right?

The expression on Walter's face is priceless. He is shocked
and disgusted, but tries his best to keep a straight face.

WALTER

Wow... Sounds... Sounds intense.

Zach's signature goofy LAUGH escapes his lips again.

ZACH

You bet your sweet asshole it's intense. It's actually pretty fucking brutal. Let's get started!

Zach turns and hits the play button on the stereo. "You Spin Me Round" by Dead Or Alive BLASTS through the speakers.

Zach moves his hips to the beat of the song as he awkwardly tries to be sexy. His movements are eccentric and spastic.

ZACH

Now just try and imagine I'm ten massive black hunks.

Walter shifts around in his seat, his face turns red.

WALTER

Yeah, no problem...

Zach continues to dance, his moves growing more vulgar and exaggerated. He thrusts back and forth as he points to Walter, who forces a smile.

CLOSE ON WALTER

He can't take his eyes away from what he's witnessing.

Then, Zach's shirt is flung into view, directly onto Walter's face. He peels the shirt off his face, then is shocked by what he sees.

BACK TO ZACH

Zach just stands there awkwardly, shirtless. Large nipple clamps are attached to both nipples. He smiles, then bounces back into his groove and continues to dance to the beat of the MUSIC.

Walter fights back the urge to gag.

Zach, still dancing, turns around and bends over in front of Walter. He slaps his bouncing ass to the beat of the song.

Just as the SONG builds to the chorus, Zach rips off his button-up sweat pants, which reveals a super tight thong that

barely contains his junk.

Walter clasps his hand over his own mouth, in utter awe.

Zach swings the pants over his head as he shakes his hips back and forth. He sings along with the chorus.

ZACH

(sings off-key)

You spin me right round, baby, right
round! Like a record baby, right
round, round round! You spin me right
round, baby, right round. Like a
record baby, right round, round round!

SLOW MOTION MONTAGE

Various shots of Zach performing different sexually suggestive dance moves, all of which are hilariously awful.

He is very sweaty. Despite this, he looks extremely happy. Like a kid at Disney Land.

END SLOW MOTION MONTAGE

ON WALTER

Walter just sits quietly, wide-eyed. He can't believe that this is happening.

Zach tosses his pants to the side and waltzes over to Walter. A smile stretches across Zach's face.

Walter forces a smile, though it's obvious that he is extremely uncomfortable.

ZACH

You know, I killed your son in this
very room.

Walter's fake smile quickly disappears. He goes to get up, but is met with a vicious punch to the face. Walter crashes to the ground.

Zach is on him like glue. He wraps his arm around Walter's throat, squeezes tight.

ZACH

Your son squealed like a pig when I
beat his fuckin' brains in!

Yet again, the goofy LAUGH.

Walter struggles with all of his might, is able to get free. He turns on Zach and throws a flurry of punches.

WALTER

What did you do with my son!?

Walter throws another punch, but misses.

Zach bites down hard on Walter's arm.

Walter SCREAMS out in pain as he jumps to his feet and rubs his bloody arm.

Zach is up just as fast. He grabs a glass ashtray off of an end table and flings it at Walter's head.

It connects just as we-

SMASH TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Walter slowly comes to, a bloody gash above his left eye.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

He is tied to a chair in a dark, dingy room. Beside him is a rickety old side table.

Walter frantically fights with his binds, but it's no use. The rope is too tight.

WALTER

Shit! Hello!? Somebody help me!

No response.

WALTER

(sotto, starts to panic)

Shit! What the hell do I do!? What do I do!?

A tear falls down his cheek.

ZACH (O.S.)
Seriously? You're crying already? What
a *bitch*.

Zach, wearing only a small blue apron over his thong, steps into view. He holds a pot with a lid on it.

ZACH (CONT)
Can't say I blame ya'. If the tables
were turned and *I* was in *your*
basement... Well. I'd be filling my
diaper, let's just say that.

Walter seethes with rage. He spits at Zach.

WALTER
Fuck you! Untie me so I can rip your
fucking head off!

Zach smiles, followed by his goofy LAUGH.

ZACH
How about *no*, Walter. Ya' had your
chance. Ya' blew it. Just like Alex.

Walter's brow furrows.

More of his goofy LAUGH.

Zach places the pot on the side table.

ZACH (CONT)
Speak of the Devil.

Zach smiles as he lifts the lid off of the pot and reveals a thick, meaty stew.

Walter grows horrified as he looks at the pot.

WALTER
W-what's that? Where's my son!?

Zach pulls a wooden spoon out of his apron, scoops out some of the stew. He takes a big bite.

WALTER (CONT)
What the fuck is that!?

Zach swallows the bite, then coughs. He pounds his chest.

ZACH
Ugh... Toenail...

Walter goes white with terror.

Zach walks over to a shelf on the far wall, grabs a funnel. He moves back to Walter, who starts to cry.

WALTER
What the fuck!? You can't do this! You can't-

Zach jams the funnel into Walter's mouth, shovels spoonfuls of stew down his throat. Walter gags as he tries to resist.

ZACH
How does the chip off the old block taste? Think it needs more salt? Maybe some paprika?

Zach bursts into crazy LAUGHTER.

After a moment he slides the funnel out of Walter's throat, who instantly projectile pukes all over himself.

Zach jumps back, barely dodges the puke.

ZACH
Guess you're not a fan? Oh well. More for me.

Zach shakes his head in disappointment as he walks back into the shadows.

Walter heaves as he tries to catch his breath.

WALTER
I'm... I'm gonna kill-

Zach steps back into view with a baseball bat.

ZACH
Uh-huh. Sure ya' are.

He CRACKS the bat across Walter's face.

Blood spatters all over Zach's face and apron.

CLOSE ON ZACH'S FACE. He grins, licks the blood off his chin.

ZACH
For what it's worth, Walter...

Walter GURGLES and WHIMPERS O.S.

Zach grins wider.

ZACH (CONT)
You gave a much better audition than
your son did.

FADE OUT.