

OPEN CASTING CALL

River Reel Productions is now seeking cast members for their upcoming short film project currently under the alias “2B”. Shooting will be taking place in Central PA on June 11-12, with June 24-25 as a rain date/alternative date for cast availability.

Please record yourself saying the following lines and email the recording to producers@riverreel.com with the subject line being “2B – YourLastNameHere”. Please provide the following information along with your audition:

- Full Name
- Phone Number
- Preferred Contact Method
- Availability

If you have any questions, please feel free to reach out to us at producers@riverreel.com. We look forward to seeing your audition!

Characters

EDWARD WEHLING - Male, 30s-40s. A brooding father-to-be. Haggard, exhausted, desperate. He is an average man faced with an impossible decision, and approaching his breaking point.

LEORA DUNCAN - Female, 20s-40s. A nurse at a large government facility. A cheerful worker drone, oblivious to the bigger picture, but happy with her place in the pecking order. Not terribly bright. Submissive and fawning before authority.

DR. HITZ - Male, 30s-50s. The chief obstetrician at a hospital. Sophisticated, supremely confident - an alpha dog. Commands immediate attention and respect the moment he enters a room.

EUGENE - Male, 30s-50s. A cynical, world-weary painter. A working class guy, a bit rough around the edges, but a sharp-eyed and sharp-tongued observer of life.

SAM - Male, 20s-30s. A hospital orderly, and a good-natured buffoon. A bit of a rube. Not a negative thought in his head. Not many thoughts, period.

SIDES FOR LEORA

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auditions or questions to
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EUGENE

When I decide it's time to go, it
won't be at the Sheepdip.

SM

It's for yourself, isn't it? Money
business, Graham. Why don't you
have a little consideration for the
people who have to clean up after
you?

EUGENE pushes the comment aside.

EUGENE

The world could do with a good deal
more mess, if you ask me.

SM laughs and continues his walk into the room. EDWARD
makes a sound as if he's mulling something to himself
without lifting his head, but he falls silent once again.

A course, black-haired woman strides into the waiting
room in spike heels. Her entire outfit is a shade of purple
that EUGENE likes to call "the color of grapes on Judgment
Day." There's a medallion on her purple moustache bag that
reads: "Service Division of the Federal Bureau of
Termination" with an eagle perched atop a turnstile.

The woman seems to have facial hair, almost a full moustache.
She looks up to EUGENE and asks him a question.

LEORA

Is this where I'm supposed to come?

EUGENE

A lot would depend on what your
business was. You aren't about to
have a baby, are you?

LEORA

They told me I was supposed to pose
for some picture. My name's Leora
Duncan.

EUGENE

And you dunk people.

A beat.

LEORA

What?

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

Skip it.

LEORA

That sure is a beautiful picture.
Looks just like heaven or
something.

EUGENE

Or something.

Eugene mutters to himself while he pulls a list of names out of his smock pocket.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Duncan, Duncan, Duncan... Yes, here
you are. You're entitled to be
immortalized. See any faceless body
here you'd like me to stick your
head on? We've got a few choice
ones left.

Leora studies the mural bleakly.

LEORA

Gee. They're all the same to me. I
don't know anything about art.

EUGENE

A body's a body eh? All righty. As
a master of fine art, I recommend
this body here.

Eugene motions toward the faceless figure of a woman
carrying stalks to a trash burner.

LEORA

Well. That's more the disposal
people, isn't it? I mean... I'm in
service, I don't do any disposing.

Eugene claps his hands in mocking delight.

EUGENE

You don't know anything about art,
and then you prove in the next
breath that you know more about it
than I do! Of course the
sheave-carrier is wrong for a
hostess! A snipper, a pruner -
that's more your line.

Eugene points to a figure in purple who is sawing a dead
branch from an apple tree.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE (CONT'D)
How's about her? You like her at all?

Leora blushes and quickly becomes humble.

LEORA
Gosh.. That... That puts me right next to Dr. Hitz.

EUGENE
That upsets you?

LEORA
Good gravy, no! It's... It's just such an honor.

EUGENE
Ah, you admire him eh?

LEORA
(Swooning at his picture)
Who doesn't admire him?

Leora pauses to look up at Dr. Hitz in the mural. We see a tanned, white haired omnipotent Zeus, two hundred and forty years old.

LEORA (CONT'D)
Who doesn't admire him? He was responsible for setting up the very first gas chamber in Chicago.

EUGENE
(Looking disgusted)
Nothing would please me more than to put you next to him for all time. Sawing off a limb - that strikes you as appropriate?

LEORA
That is kind of like what I do.

~~While Leora is posing for her portrait, Dr. Hitz himself walks into the waiting room. He is seven foot tall and booms with importance and the joy of living.~~

~~DR. HITZ
Well, Miss Dancourt! What are you doing here? This isn't where the people leave, this is where they come in!~~

~~Leora giggles and responds shyly.~~

~~(CONTINUED)~~

SIDES FOR SAM AND EUGENE

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~~INT. INFINITE WHITE BACKDROP DAY~~

~~THE MOVIE OPENS WITH A STATIC SHOT OF OUR ACTRESS STANDING IN FRONT OF AN INFINITE WHITE BACKGROUND, RECEIVING A SLIGHTLY FOPPY yet INFORMATIONAL blast about the hospital and its procedures specifically regarding AIDS.~~

~~INT. CHICAGO BRING IN HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY~~

~~EDWARD IS SITTING IN THE HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM, LOOKING ANXIOUS. HE'S WAITING FOR HIS WIFE TO GIVE BIRTH TO TRIPLET. THE COLOR IS FADED FROM HIS FACE, HIS HANDS ARE COLD AND HIS HEAD IS IN HIS HANDS. THE FURNITURE IN THE ROOM HAS BEEN MOVED AWAY FROM THE WALL, DRAPES LITTER THE FLOOR.~~

~~THE ROOM IS BEING REDECORATED AS A MEMORIAL TO A MAN WHO HAD VOLUNTEERED TO DIE. AN OLD MAN, EUGENE, SITS ON A STEPLADDER PAINTING A MURAL THAT HE OBVIOUSLY HAS NO ATTACHMENT TO. EUGENE LOOKS TO BE ABOUT 35 OR 36, BUT IN A WORLD WITHOUT OLD AGE, HE'S ACTUALLY 200.~~

~~THE MURAL DEPICTS A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN, THE MOST WELL KEPT AND CARED FOR GARDEN YOU'VE EVER SEEN. MEN AND WOMEN IN WHITE, DOCTORS AND NURSES, TURN THE SOIL, PLANT SEEDS, SPRAY BUGS, AND SPREAD FERTILIZER. MEN AND WOMEN IN PURPLE UNIFORMS PULL UP WEEDS, CUT DOWN PLANTS THAT ARE OLD AND SICKLY, TAKE LEAVES, AND CAREFULLY REFUSE TO CRUSH BURNERS. A HOSPITAL ORDERLY, SAM, WALKS INTO THE ROOM SINGING A POPULAR SONG.~~

~~SAM~~

~~IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY KISSES, HONEY,
HERE'S WHAT I WILL DO. I'LL GO SEE
A GIRL IN PURPLE. KISS THIS GOD
WORLD GOODBYE. IF YOU DON'T WANT
MY LOVIN', WHY SHOULD I TAKE UP ALL
THIS SPACE. I'LL GET OFF THIS OLD
PLANET, LET SOME SWEET BABY HAVE MY
PLACE.~~

Sam pauses in front of the mural, amazed at the creation in front of him.

SAM (CONT'D)

It looks so real. I can practically imagine I'm standing in the middle of it...

Eugene looks down from his stepladder sarcastically.

EUGENE

What makes you think you're not in it? It's called "The Happy Garden of Life" you know.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

That's good of Dr. Hitz.

Dr. Hitz is the hospital's Chief Obstetrician. Classically good looking, and the centerpiece of the mural.

EUGENE

Lots of faces still to fill in.

He motions toward the empty faces in his mural.

SAM

Must be nice to be able to make pictures that look like something.

Eugene's face curdles into scorn.

EUGENE

You think I'm proud of this daub?

He motions toward the dropcloth.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Frame that, and you'll have a picture a damn sight more honest than this one.

A beat while Sam reflects on that statement.

SAM

Well you're a gloomy old duck, aren't you?

EUGENE

Is that a crime?

Sam shrugs.

SAM

If you don't like it here, Grandpa...

Sam slides a business card onto the stepladder. It reads "Dial 2BR02B".

SAM (CONT'D)

Why don't you try giving them a call?

Eugene makes an obscene gesture.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

When I decide it's time to go, it
won't be at the Sheepdip.

SAM

A do-it-yourselfer, eh? Messy
business, Grandpa. Why don't you
have a little consideration for the
people who have to clean up after
you?

Eugene brushes the comment aside.

EUGENE

The world could do with a good deal
more mess, if you ask me.

~~SAM laughs and continues his walk into the room. EDWARDS
makes a sound as if he's mumbling something to himself
without lifting his head, but he falls silent once again.~~

~~A course, brick house of a woman strides into the waiting
room in spike heels. Her entire outfit a shade of purple
that EUGENE likes to call "the color of grapes on Judgment
Day." There's a medallion on her purple moustache bag that
reads: "Service Division of the Federal Bureau of
Termination" with an eagle perched atop a turnstile.~~

~~The woman seems to have facial hair, almost a full moustache.
She looks up to EUGENE and asks him a question.~~

LEORA

~~Is this where I'm supposed to come?~~

EUGENE

~~A lot would depend on what your
business was. You aren't about to
have a baby, are you?~~

LEORA

~~They told me I was supposed to pass
for some picture. My name's LEORA
DUNCAN.~~

EUGENE

~~And you dunk people.~~

~~A beat.~~

LEORA

~~What?~~

(CONTINUED)

SIDES FOR EDWARD AND DR. HITZ

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EDWARD

Wehling.

Edward stands up, red-eyed and scruffy.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Edward K. Wehling is the name of
the happy father-to-be.

DR. HITZ

Oh, Mr. Wehling. I didn't see you.

EDWARD

The invisible man.

DR. HITZ

They just phoned me that your
triplets have been born. They're
all fine, and so is the mother. I'm
on my way in to see them now.

EDWARD

(Emptyly)

Hooray.

DR. HITZ

You don't sound very happy.

EDWARD

What man in my shoes would be
happy?

Edward gestures to show his carefree simplicity.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

All I have to do is pick out which
one of the triplets is going to
live, then deliver my maternal
grandfather to the Happy Hooligan
and then come back here with a
receipt.

DR. HITZ

You don't believe in population
control, Mr. Wehling?

EDWARD

(Tautly)

I think it's perfectly keen.

DR. HITZ

Would you like to go back to the
good old days, when the population

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. HITZ (cont'd)
of the earth was twenty billion -
about to become forty billion, then
eighty billion, then one hundred and
sixty billion? Do you know what a
drupelet is, Mr. Wehling?

EDWARD
Nope.

DR. HITZ
A drupelet, Mr. Wehling, is one of
the little knobs, one of the little
pulpy grains of a blackberry.
Without population control, human
beings would now be packed on the
surface of this old planet like
drupelets on a blackberry! Think of
it!

Edward continues to stare at the same spot on the wall.

DR. HITZ (CONT'D)
In the year 2000, before scientists
stepped in and laid down the law,
there wasn't even enough drinking
water to go around, and nothing to
eat but seaweed - and still people
insisted upon their right to
reproduce like jackrabbits. And
their right, if possible, to live
forever.

EDWARD
(Quietly)
I want those kids. I want all three
of them.

~~DR. HITZ~~
~~Of course you do. That's only~~
~~human.~~

~~EDWARD~~
~~I don't want my grandfather to die,~~
~~either.~~

~~DR. HITZ~~
~~(Sympathetically)~~
~~Nobody's really happy about taking~~
~~a close relative to the Gether~~

~~(CONTINUED)~~