

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. BUCHANAN (52) - an anxious casting director with mild anger issues - fumes on the phone.

BUCHANAN  
--Goddammit Gene! Why can't you  
just sit down and do you goddamn  
job??

Buchanan SLAMS the phone down on his desk. Takes a deep breath. *One slam wasn't enough.* He picks it up and SLAMS it down twice more.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)  
Enough of these *fucking* amateurs!

KNOCK KNOCK.

Buchanan snaps to attention. He desperately tries organizing the massive sprawl of papers on his desk.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)  
Ah!! Ahem - Come in.

In walks SUSAN (33) - a wealthy New Yorker - smiling wide.

SUSAN  
Mr. Buchanan? Hi, I'm Susan!

BUCHANAN  
Yes. Hello.

Mr. Buchanan gives up and pushes all the papers off his desk and onto the floor.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)  
You're here for the casting call?

SUSAN  
I am. Thank you so much for having  
me, this is really--

BUCHANAN  
No, thank you. You're doing us a  
favor. Where is he?

SUSAN  
He's right--  
(she turns around)  
Pyotr?

Susan looks around Buchanan's office, then to the open door behind her. She steps back.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Pyotr, everything okay?

Susan goes out the door. Buchanan waits anxiously.

Susan comes back, gently leading in PYOTR (95) - a man so old he can barely walk (or speak).

*Pyotr will be played by a 19-year old woman. There should be absolutely no effort to make her look like a 95-year old man, except maybe parts of her costume.*

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
This is Pyotr!

Buchanan stands up from his desk and walks over.

BUCHANAN  
Pyotr. Alrighty, let's see what we're working with.

Buchanan goes over and puts his hands onto Pyotr's face, inspects his eyes, nose, and mouth.

SUSAN  
It's okay, Pyotr, Buchanan here is a friend!

PYOTR  
Aa.

BUCHANAN  
Hmmm... Susan, this casting call was put out for an elderly man, preferably aged 80 to 90.  
(beat)  
I'm thinking Pyotr might be a little too old for what we're looking for.

Susan gasps.

SUSAN  
Too old? No, no, no, Grandpa Pyotr is perfect for the role! He worked in the film industry in his sixties - he has experience!

PYOTR  
Aa. Ahh.

BUCHANAN

I don't know. I've seen some old geezers in my time, but this guy - wow. I mean... wow.

SUSAN

Isn't there anything you can do? Some makeup? Prosthetics?

BUCHANAN

Maybe. Let me make some calls.

Buchanan dashes back to his desk and picks up his phone again. He motions for Susan and Pyotr to take a seat.

Susan helps Pyotr into a chair. Then she sits next to him.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Debbie? Yeah, it's me. Get Kevin on the line. We might have found our guy.

PYOTR

Aa.

SUSAN

What's wrong, Grandpa Pyotr? Are you hungry?

BUCHANAN

Oh, he'll do fine, but we'll have to rewrite his monologue about FDR. It doesn't make sense for them to have been romantic partners if he's old enough to be Roosevelt's dad.

SUSAN

Let's get something in your tummy.

Susan reaches into her purse and takes out an opened can of yogurt and a spoon.

BUCHANAN

Another thing: his bones look very brittle. And that worries me, I gotta say. We may need to get a stuntman for those insect battles in the Caribbean.

SUSAN

Open wide!

PYOTR

Aaaa.

Pyotr munches his yogurt.

SUSAN

Good, isn't it? Have some more!

Susan shovels more yogurt into Pyotr's mouth.

BUCHANAN

The insects are a good fucking idea, Kevin! Just because you're allergic to cockroaches doesn't mean the rest of us can't enjoy a good--

PYOTR

Ah. Aa-gghhk!

Pyotr's eyes go wide. He stops breathing.

SUSAN

Pyotr? Pyotr!!

Pyotr collapses onto the floor. Susan drops down next to him.

BUCHANAN

Oh god. What happened?

SUSAN

He's choking! Quick! Get help!

BUCHANAN

Fuck! Debbie, I gotta call you back!

Buchanan hangs up his phone and panics.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

This can't be happening! Goddammit this is a nightmare!

SUSAN

Call somebody! Call an ambulance!

PYOTR

Ghhak!

Buchanan dials on his phone.

BUCHANAN

Let's see... uhh... nine, um nine one...

SUSAN

Hang in there Grandpa Pyotr!  
Everything will be okay!

BUCHANAN

I can't remember the last number!  
What's the last number?!

SUSAN

Numbers are infinite, they go on  
forever! There is no last number!!

BUCHANAN

FFFFUUUCCK!!!

Pyotr takes one more rattly breath in, then goes limp on the  
floor. He is dead.

SUSAN

Oh, Pyotr....

Buchanan walks over to the two of them.

A moment of silence for the fallen Pyotr.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Today was his birthday, too.

CUT TO BLACK.