

THE CASTING BED

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK, 26, enters the office of a broad smiling LOUIS, 60's, a shameless producer who thinks with his dick, but his heart is in the right place.

LOUIS
Frankie, Frankie, you fuck-twat.
About time you drop by.

By the movie posters mounted all about the office, it's clear what kind of producer Louis is. That 70's, 80's scream-teen slasher horror kind.

FRANK
I had very little choice...

Frank notices a twin-size bed in the corner, that seems to have been around the block a few hundred times.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I was getting sick of my mother
bugging me to--
(re: bed)
--do you sleep in here?

Louis comes out from around his desk.

LOUIS
No, no, no... that's my casting-
bed.

FRANK
Casting-bed?

LOUIS
Yes. I'm not one to beat-around-the-
bush. I prefer to pound it.

Louis makes a fisting gesture as he chuckles at his own wit.

Frank merely stares at him blankly. Louis notices his wit is not received as well as he had hoped, he clears his throat

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I figure why put on some false
pretense. I'm up front with these
young impressionable actresses. I
don't pressure them. I simply put
it out there all casual.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Like it's no big deal: "Would you sleep with me for the role?" That way, no one's time is wasted.

FRANK

And does that ever work?

LOUIS

Sometimes... but not as much these days I'm afraid. The industry has changed quite a bit since I met your mother. The women are not as free and eager to just hop in bed with a rugged, rogue, such as my self. Just for some role where they're topless just before being slashed and hacked to pieces--yep, Hollywood isn't the same ol' dirty pair of seaman-crusteD, urine-stained underwear it once was. It's become a pair of bleached white Calvin Kliene tighty-whities. Smooshing your balls so tight you can't fart without the risk of shitting out a testicle.

FRANK

Right. Well, look, my mother was pretty persistent on me to come over here. Do you know why? She wouldn't tell me.

Frank then notices one of the movie posters: "**THE KILLER FROM THE PINES**". A young woman in tight cut-off shorts and tight shirt, tits popping, cleavage exposed, with an expression frozen in mid-scream as she looks down, in horror, at something just off the edge.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(re: the poster)

Ah, that looks like my mother. Is that my mother, Louis?

Louis wraps his arm around Frank. And guides him to sit.

LOUIS

Yeah, well, that has part to do with why she wanted you to see me.

Frank sits down at his desk again.

FRANK

You mean... my mother... uh, my mother was in one of your movies?

Louis produces a proud smile.

LOUIS

Two of them, and she was very good too. She was hotter than liquor on fire, and just as slick.

FRANK

But she's a tax auditor.

Louis shrugs.

LOUIS

We were all chasing a dream back then.

Frank looks at the twin-bed again for a moment then turns his attention back to Louis.

FRANK

What do you have to tell me Louis?

LOUIS

Well my boy, it has part to do with your mother and father.

FRANK

What about my father?

LOUIS

It's about a little secret they've been keeping from you all these years.

Frank is clutching on to he's arm rest for dear life.

FRANK

And what secret is that, Louis?

Louis pulls from his desk drawer a check, he slides it across the desk, face down. He looks to Frank to pick it up. Frank picks it up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's this?

Louis with a grand grin...

LOUIS

It's a check for fifty-seven bucks. It's your bloody first paycheck as a movie star that's what that is.

FRANK
Movie star??

LOUIS
That's right.

Louis gestures to the movie poster with Frank's mother on it.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
The Killer From the Pines finally made some bloody money. Out in Mongolia, or was it Nigeria?--what does it matter. The fucking film has finally turned a bit of a profit. And that bad-boy is your cut.

FRANK
Wait, wait. I don't understand why am I getting a check? I wasn't in the movie... was I?

LOUIS
Yes you were my boy.

Louis gets up again, rounds the desk goes to the poster and points at something on it. Something that would line up with what Frank's mother would be staring at, in horror.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
The Killer Mutant Baby from the Pines--was played by you. This was a real family production. Your dad penned and directed it, you're mother took off her top for it, just before being brutally hacked to pieces, and you starred in it as the Killer Mutant Baby.

Frank gets up, goes to the poster and leans into it to get a better look at what Louis is pointing to: It's Frank's baby hand as he was crawling on the ground. The only visible part of him in the poster.

Frank steps back in shock.

FRANK
My Dad wrote it? Wow, that's so weird. That's really me? Why didn't they tell me?

LOUIS

Beats me. I think that film is a bit of a touchy area for your folks. There was lot of bad experiences associated with it. It was a bit of a rough patch for your mom and dad... but they pulled through.

Louis returns to his desk.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Buuuutt... I suppose they left it to me to tell you.

Frank chuckles to himself. Louis with a smile, is curious...

LOUIS (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

FRANK

I kinda thought you were going to tell me that you were really my father or something.

Louis slaps his hands together and rubs them.

LOUIS

Right... on to that part of the news.

THE END.