

230 RED STREET

Audition Sides

SHORT HORROR FILM · WRITTEN BY RYAN CLAYTON

How to use these sides: Record a self-tape performing the side(s) for the role you want. Slate first (name, height, role), then perform. Have someone off-camera read the other character's lines. You don't need to memorize; a natural read matters more than perfection. Keep it to the pages here. A short second take with a different choice is welcome.

Content note: This is a horror film. The material includes grief, threat, and (in the basement scene) violence and profanity. Perform only what you're comfortable with.

COREY — Lead

Male, plays 30s. Grieving, exhausted, in over his head — carries most of the film alone before the story takes a hard, physical turn.

SIDE A — The phone call (emotional core). Read COREY; a reader covers BRAD.

EXT. BENCH - NIGHT

Corey sits alone on a bench overlooking a city, a lit cigarette in one hand, phone in the other. He calls his brother, Brad.

COREY

You know, we don't need to talk every night.

BRAD

Hey, yeah I know, we don't have to forever but I just want to check in on you bro. I think anyone... you know, in your situation... would just, I don't know, just need to talk.

COREY

(beat)

Are these talks for me, or are they for you?

Brad grimaces, he's caught.

BRAD

Ahh come on, I told you I just want to check in. That's all.

COREY

I'm just being pulled in so many directions right now. Like, I can't even keep things straight anymore, I'm so tired. I'm so fucking tired. Of all this. I want them back so bad. I want this to be over, and no one is doing anything to help.

BRAD

Yeah, I hear you. Man, it's awful. But we know the cops are on it, and it's only been a few days. You know, they have detectives doing their detective shit, I'm sure—

COREY

(gets pissed)

They have no idea what the fuck they're doing, or where to look, or who to talk to! Listen, shit, I've watched them run in circles, scroll on facebook for clues, write in their little notebooks, they have nothing! They say "people don't disappear like this, were you fighting? Maybe they just left for a while. Maybe they went to a friend's house. Or her mom's, did you call her mom?" They don't know anything!

Long pause as both collect themselves.

BRAD

Uh, yeah.

(beat)

Is that weird stuff still showing up to your phone, you know, when you thought you got hacked?

(beat)

The pictures and voice memos?

COREY

No, not in a while.

BRAD

Well I still think you should at least tell them about all your stuff that went missing, that's weird, your clothes and shit, it could be connected. I mean maybe they can do their police thing and track that down. What if there's something to that?

COREY

They already looked into it, it's a dead end.

He takes a beat and a drag of the cigarette, handling it better this time.

COREY (CONT'D)

Hey man, I gotta go.

BRAD

What? Wait okay... I just want you to stay safe, don't do anything crazy. The professionals are on it and they'll bring the girls home. Get some sleep. Just lay low.

COREY

Yeah I know. I will.

BRAD

Bye.

Corey hangs up and stares off into the distance.

COREY

I didn't ask for advice.

SIDE B — The basement (dark, physical). Read COREY.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Corey finds his wife and daughter caged. A Masked Man stands across the room. His family cowers, screaming, at HIM.

COREY

What have you done?!

The Masked Man cocks his head with intrigue.

MASKED MAN

You're here.

COREY

What the fuck?! Who are you!? What is going on!?

The Masked Man throws a hammer, striking Corey, then advances and wrestles him to the ground. Corey scrambles for the hammer and swings back. They trade blows, some landing; blood starts to flow. The Masked Man gets the upper hand — Corey ends up on his back, straddled and pinned. The fight pauses as he faces defeat.

COREY

What did I do to you to deserve this?

The Masked Man leans in to get closer.

MASKED MAN

What did YOU do? Nothing actually. And that's your problem. You... have become useless.

Corey is getting desperate, realizing he might not make it.

COREY

What the hell is going on????

This scene continues beyond this page. If you're invited to a callback, we'll share the remainder privately.

BRAD — Supporting

Male, plays 30s-40s. Corey's warm, worried brother. One intercut phone sequence, played across an entry way and a kitchen.

SIDE — The phone call. Read BRAD; a reader covers COREY.

INT. BRAD'S HOME - NIGHT (intercut with Corey on the bench)

Brad gets home after a long day, holding the mail and takeout for his family, when his brother calls. He sorts the mail on the kitchen counter as they talk.

COREY

You know, we don't need to talk every night.

BRAD

Hey, yeah I know, we don't have to forever but I just want to check in on you bro. I think anyone... you know, in your situation... would just, I don't know, just need to talk.

COREY

Are these talks for me, or are they for you?

Brad grimaces, he's caught. (Give this beat its own moment.)

BRAD

Ahh come on, I told you I just want to check in. That's all.

COREY

...I'm so tired. Of all this. I want them back so bad... and no one is doing anything to help.

BRAD

Yeah, I hear you. Man, it's awful. But we know the cops are on it, and it's only been a few days. You know, they have detectives doing their detective shit, I'm sure—

COREY

They have no idea what the fuck they're doing! ...They have nothing!

Long pause as both collect themselves.

BRAD

Uh, is that weird stuff still showing up to your phone, you know, when you thought you got hacked? The pictures and voice memos?

COREY

No, not in a while.

BRAD

Well I still think you should at least tell them about your stuff that went missing, your clothes and shit — it could be connected. I mean maybe they can do their police

thing and track that down. What if there's something to that?

COREY

They already looked into it, it's a dead end. ...Hey man, I gotta go.

BRAD

What? Wait okay... I just want you to stay safe, don't do anything crazy. The professionals are on it and they'll bring the girls home. Get some sleep. Just lay low.

COREY

Yeah I know. I will.

BRAD

Bye.

MASKED MAN — Physical / Stunt Role

Masked for a physically demanding confrontation scene. Cast to be a close physical match for whoever plays Corey. Tell us your height, build, hair.

SIDE — The confrontation. Calm, certain, wrong. Read the MASKED MAN lines.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Corey bursts in on the caged girls. The Masked Man is already there, waiting, calm. Everything this character does is read through a mask — stillness, weight, and where he puts his attention are the whole performance.

He cocks his head with intrigue.

MASKED MAN

You're here.

A hammer throw, a wrestle, a trade of blows. He gets the upper hand and Corey ends up on his back, straddled and pinned. The fight pauses. He leans in to get closer.

MASKED MAN

What did YOU do? Nothing actually. And that's your problem. You... have become useless.

This scene continues beyond this page. If you're invited to a callback, we'll share the remainder privately.

WIFE — Supporting

Female, plays 30s. Captive, terrified. Primarily reaction and screams, physically constrained.

SIDE — Reaction / scream read (mostly non-verbal). Show us your fear.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tied in a crate beside her daughter. When Corey rushes toward them, she and the daughter cower and scream, at HIM, terrified. Later, the final image of the film is the two of them screaming.

For your tape: play a full arc of fear, a burst of hope when someone arrives, then dread as you realize it is not safety. End on a held scream. No lines required; make the reactions specific and real.

DAUGHTER — Supporting

A young captive, terrified. Reaction and screams, plus lines below. (See casting page re: age direction.)

SIDE — Reaction / scream read with two lines.

INT. HOUSE / BASEMENT - NIGHT

Off-screen, she hears her dad enter the house and cries out for him. Later, in the basement, as the fight turns violent, she begs it to stop.

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Dad!!!

DAUGHTER

Dad, stop! Stop! Please STOP!

For your tape: give us the off-screen cry (pure need), then the basement plea (panic and heartbreak). A held scream at the end is welcome.