

FRED AUDITION SCENE

4 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The motel room is dated and warmly lit. Furniture of various browns and beiges scatter the room. Fred's suitcase is propped up against the wall, open and filled with neatly folded clothes. Fred makes his way to an armchair in the corner of the room. He takes a long moment to sit in the chair. She looks confused, and uneasy. Layla sits down slowly on the edge of the neatly made bed, facing Fred in the armchair. Fred gently grasps a mug filled with coffee sitting upon a small side table next to the armchair.

FRED

Would you like some coffee?

LAYLA

No- no thank you, I'm okay for right now.

FRED

Would you do me a favour then, Dear?

LAYLA

Sure.

FRED

Would you go onto that table over there and grab my pills.

Fred motions to the tv stand, where a dozen pill bottles sit. Layla looks over her shoulder and her eyes widen at the sight of the many pill bottles. She turns back to look at Fred.

LAYLA

Sure. Um, which ones?

FRED

All of them.

LAYLA

Okay.

Layla rises from the bed and takes a few slow steps toward the table full of pill bottles. She looks back at Fred and points her finger around all the pill bottles.

LAYLA

So just like
(Beat)
all of these?

FRED

(Nods)

Layla attempts to grab multiple bottles of medication. The bottles are clashing with each-other, and some fall over and roll around on the table. She manages to fill up her arms with bottles. She turns around and smiles nervously at Fred. Layla takes a few steps forward and drops the bottles onto Fred's lap.

FRED

Thank you dear.

Layla steps back and sits back down on the bed. Fred begins opening up all the pill bottles one-by-one and dumping singular pills into his hand. Layla curiously glances around the motel room, then back at Fred, who holds a concerning amount of pills in his hand. Layla's eyes widen.

LAYLA

So. Fred! What are all those pills
for.

Intercut Fred listing off all of his medications with Layla listening in worry. The camera gets closer and closer to her face as Fred's voice grows louder and more haunting.

FRED

Oh, different things. Arthritis,
Memory, Blood thinners, Water Pills,
Sleep Medication, Aspirin, High blood-
Pressure.

Fred smiles and all is calm. He lifts up his hand and tosses a heaping handful of pills into his mouth, followed by a large swig of coffee from his mug.

LAYLA

Oh my God.

FRED

Is something wrong dear?

LAYLA

No no no. I've just- never seen
someone take pills with coffee before!

FRED

Well... you've also never seen cash
like what you're going to see tonight
after we're through young lady. I
worked for the government for many
years. I know a thing or two about a
savings account.

Layla perks up. She realizes the potential monetary value of spending the night with Fred. She fixes her hair and begins to take her coat off. She leans her elbows onto her knees, and tilts her head while looking Fred in the eyes.

LAYLA

Why Fred... all of a sudden you sound
very flattering to me.

Layla extends her hand out to Fred. He smiles as if he's just won the lottery. Their hands meet.