

Casting for *Flake*

Horror-Comedy

Written and directed by: Theo Rudderow

Plot summary: An unemployed graphic designer is faced with a series of bizarre misfortunes at the hands of a cereal box after running out of milk.

Casting for the following roles:

Alex: (Lead) (Male: 18 – 25 years) Ethnicity does not matter - young adult, disheveled in appearance and attitude, artistic and imaginative but never made quite enough of himself. *Animated, almost slapstick comedy - no dialogue.*

Audition Dates: TBD

Audition Time: 6:30 p.m. – 10:00 p.m.

Shoot Dates: N/A

Sides are provided at the audition or can be downloaded. See the info below. If possible please become familiar with your audition sides.

Audition Location:

CSB Media Arts Center, 535 NJ-38 E, Cherry Hill, NJ 08002

Headshots and resumes are welcome if available, send to theorudderow@gmail.com / sal.tumolo@icloud.com

If cast, this is a non-union and unpaid film shoot. A digital copy of the film and DVD will be provided to you for your film reel and resume. Food and beverages will be provided.

To register for your audition and to see the casting sides, see below. If cast, CSB Media Arts Center will get back to you.

INT. MESSY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Enter a messy kitchen, not filthy but cluttered: dishes on the counters and in the sink, trash can overflowing, various papers strewn about or pinned up. It is fully dark out -- the kitchen light is on, as is a decorative LAMP with a red shade.

ALEX (early 20s), a disheveled young man wrapped in a long gray cardigan, is seated in one of two chairs at a humble wooden table. On the table is a BOWL of dry cereal and a CEREAL BOX, along with a DISH of miscellaneous junk including KEYS.

Alex is looking into space, until the half-finished scene in front of him seems to occur to him.

He picks up the cereal box and studies it for a long, unhappy moment.

He sighs and places it back where it was, then heaves himself up.

He shambles across the room to the fridge and opens it. It is sparsely stocked and contains mostly odds and ends -- pickles, mayonnaise, half-empty dressings and sauces, and a BOTTLE OF MILK with an open top.

Alex picks up the bottle, but immediately stops. Slowly, he turns it over... it is completely empty.

Disappointed, Alex stuffs the empty carton back into the fridge, closes it, and looks ruefully across at the bowl on the table.

His gaze goes from the windows, to the dish with keys on the table, to out the doorway.

He pulls his cardigan around him and gets moving.

INT. MESSY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alex crosses over to a wall-mounted MIRROR and, combing through his hair with his fingers, makes a questionably successful pass at straightening himself up.

Midway through, he is distracted by an ART PRINT tucked into the corner of the mirror. The print features a headshot of Alex and a pair of artworks on a box of cereal -- identical to the box on the table. It identifies him as the winner of a college's graphic design contest: one for a new box design for this brand of cereal. Alex's unhappy expression returns.

Then... there is a rustle from behind him.

Alex turns, perplexed, to see that the cereal box has fallen off the table and landed upright. Its front is turned towards him. Its bottom flaps are sticking out like feet.

Abandoning his attempt at cleaning up, Alex returns to the table. On his way, without looking, he absentmindedly fishes around in the dish on the table for his keys. Not finding them, his focus turns actively to the table.

He turns the dish upside down and assorted coins and junk scatter on the table -- no keys.

He pats his pockets, scans around the floor -- no keys.

From somewhere below him, there is a clink.

Alex looks down to see the keys on the floor in front of the cereal box, unmoved from its place. It hovers closely over them, guard dog-like.

Alex bends down, one hand outstretched for the keys and the other for the box.

Without warning, the cereal box lunges at his hand and latches on.

He stifles a yell and stumbles backwards, falling on his rear.

With some effort he shakes off the box; it lands a short ways away. Alex grabs his bitten hand in shock.

Behind him, barely visible, the cereal box slides away.

He whips around, on his guard, but it is already gone.

Then, he looks over to retrieve the keys, but they are nowhere to be found.

Alex glances around -- at the doorway, around the room, and lastly at the bowl on the table.

He steels himself, and awkwardly gets to his feet.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. UNDER KITCHEN SINK CABINET - MOMENTS LATER

Alex fishes around, one-handed, in a BASKET under the cabinet looking for FIRST-AID SUPPLIES. With a flourish, he pulls out ADHESIVE BANDAGES.

INT. UNDER KITCHEN SINK CABINET - CONTINUOUS

Alex finishes wrapping an excessive amount of bandages around his knuckles and flexes his hand.

INT. KITCHEN CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

From a collection of boxes and miscellaneous items haphazardly propped against the wall, Alex grabs a BROOM.

INT. MESSY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Close-up -- from the bottom up, Alex buttons up his cardigan and straightens it out with decisive motion.

INT. MESSY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Close-up -- Alex grips the broom close to his chest, bandaged hand prominent.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MESSY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alex is armed with a broom, gingerly opening cabinets and peering under furniture.

A rustling noise pans around the room. Frantically whipping his head around, he tries to follow it.

Suddenly, a cabinet door in front of him swings open. A few flakes of cereal fall forth.

The rustling noise concentrates in this area.

Alex creeps up to it, holding the broom aloft, and uses the end to push the cabinet door open.

Hesitantly, not putting his head too close, he peers inside. There is nothing out of the ordinary.

The rustling stops.

Alex pauses in apprehension.

Then, behind him, a large rectangular object falls from another cabinet and there is a thwack of impact on the ground.

Alex whips around to see what it is.

A BEGINNER'S COOKBOOK has fallen on the ground, framed by flakes of cereal apparently having fallen with it.

Alex hesitates, then prods it with a broom.

It does not move. He prods it again.

Tentatively, he leans down and picks it up.

He places it on the table next to the cereal bowl. Relaxing his shoulders, he slumps into the chair he was sitting in before, propping the broom beside him, and puts his face in his hands.

Suddenly, the chair Alex is sitting on is roughly pulled backwards --

He tumbles off the side and rolls on the floor --

The broom clatters to the ground --

The cereal box skitters around him like a rat --

On his side, Alex yelps as it comes close to his face --

He scrambles back in panic as it continues rampaging --

Desperately, he lurches forward and makes a grab for the broom, but doesn't quite reach it. The box snaps at him --

Scrabbling on the ground to reach, his hand closes around the broom handle and he staggers to his feet.

The kitchen light flickers and goes out as Alex lands a swinging hit on the box.

With an increasingly crazed intensity, red light harshly illuminating him, he brings the broom down again and again.

The light flicks back on as Alex raises his arms one more time, then stops.

He makes eye contact with himself in the mirror: wild-eyed, broom raised above his head. He stays frozen for a moment.

Slowly, he lowers his arms. The broom clatters to the floor.

He flashes himself a fraught smile of satisfaction.

He kicks the crushed box aside.

Trembling with exhilaration, Alex straightens out the chair and sits back in his place, propping the broom against the table.

Idly, he flips open the cookbook and starts paging through it.

Behind him, the fridge door slowly opens...

He turns at the movement, shoulders tensing.

He slowly rises and walks to the fridge, movements stiff.

As he goes to close it, he sees the contents. They are unchanged, but the view lingers on the bottle of milk.

Alex reaches out... slowly and deliberately... and picks up the milk.

He shakes it -- the heavy sloshing of liquid is unmistakable.

Alex's brow furrows.

He hesitates for a moment -- turning back to the table.

Then, heavily, he places the milk back in the fridge.

He reaches around it in search of something else.

From a drawer he picks out some crumpled packaged veggies, then a half-empty container of dressing from the door.

He shuts the fridge with a finality.

INT. MESSY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alex is rifling around in cabinets and drawers, pulling out PANS and UTENSILS and setting them on the counter. He has swept the papers and dishes off to the side to clear a space.

The kitchen fades out of view as the focus settles on the bowl of cereal, left behind on the table.

Then, as the camera moves down under the table, Alex's chair starts to wiggle slightly.

The crushed-up box twitches from side to side, bumping the chair leg.

It tries to prop itself up but slides down onto its 'back'.

It turns over onto its side, facing Alex, and goes still as the camera moves back up.

Close-up of Alex sauteeing vegetables as credits play.