

Casting Call for Remember My Birthday

Drama

Written and directed by: Patrick S. Hall

Plot summary: A father makes plans to celebrate his son's birthday in his apartment, but his struggle with memory complicates his plans and drives a wedge between them.

Casting for the following roles (3):

Phillip: (Lead, Male, 70's) A father living alone. He wants to give his son a happy birthday celebration, but his struggle with dementia and resulting impatience gets in the way.

Miles: (Antagonist, Male, 20's) Phillip's grandson, 20's. He wants to help Phillip, but he is weary after dealing with his grandfather's condition. He thinks he has already lost him, and he fears he may end up like him.

Arnold: (Supporting, Male, 40's) Phillip's son, 40's. He wants to make sure Phillip is taken care of - whether it's in a home or in the apartment.

Audition Dates: [Mon. May 19th], [Wed. May 21st], [Mon. May 26th]

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

patrick.sal.hall@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.

Phillip

INT. KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

Phillip pulls out his checklist. He stretches his hand towards the cabinets, then pulls back.

PHILLIP

Where do I keep the plates? Here? No... here! Ah, dammit...

Miles approaches.

MILES

Let me help, Pop.

PHILLIP

Sit down. Sit down. I know my way around my own damn kitchen. Miles opens the right cabinet, grabs two PLATES.

PHILLIP

Oh... Uh... Thank you, son.

Miles nods. He exits the kitchenette.

PHILLIP

How's school going?

MILES (O.S.)

I'm not in school, Pop. I'm working now. It sucks, as usual.

PHILLIP

At least you're making some money. Might be able to take that girl out somewhere nice. What was her name again? Ellen? Evelyn?

MILES (O.S.)

I'm not seeing anyone. Too busy.

PHILLIP

Well, are they at least treating you well at work?

Phillip looks through random cabinets.

PHILLIP

You don't have to take unnecessary bullshit. I taught you that. It's your labor, and it's your -

Miles reenters.

MILES

And it's my time, Pop. I remember. I'm just mixing paint. It pays the bills.

Phillip nods. He checks more cabinets.

MILES

What are you looking for?

PHILLIP

Uh... spoons. No, forks... shit. Silverware!

Miles opens a drawer, pulls out two FORKS.

PHILLIP

Thank you.

Miles nods, exits.

Miles

INT. PHILLIP'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The table's set. Two slices of melted ice cream cake each on a plate. SPOONS and NAPKINS sit between the plates.

Phillip and Miles sit down.

PHILLIP

Oh, my lord. I forgot candles.

MILES

Probably for the best.

Miles laughs. Phillip exhales, laughs with him. They eat.

PHILLIP

So, how's Ellen?

MILES

I'm not seeing anyone.

PHILLIP

What happened? You two seemed so happy together.

MILES

Never dated any Ellen, Pop.

PHILLIP

Well, what was her name? I know you were talking about this nice girl you met at the arcade.

MILES

Arcade? I'm not exactly making enough money to date right now.

PHILLIP

Who says you need money?

MILES

Everyone.

PHILLIP

What? That's horseshit. Look, I understand you need to pay your bills, but the right woman won't care how much you make. And if you need help, just ask me.

MILES

I appreciate it, but I'll be okay.

PHILLIP

Well, that makes two of us. I... I appreciate your help too. Around the apartment, I mean.

MILES

Of course. It's what I'm here for.

PHILLIP

And I'm not saying I need it.

He peeks at the brochure and checklist in his right pocket.

MILES

I know, Pop. I know.

Arnold

INT. PHILLIP'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A KNOCK on the door. ARNOLD, 40's, tall and clean, enters.

ARNOLD

Dad? Miles? Sorry I'm late.

(beat)

Is everything okay?

MILES

No, Dad. We're not okay.

Miles drops the toy, heads for the door. Arnold follows.

ARNOLD

Hey. Hey! What happened? What's wrong?

MILES

I can't do this anymore, Dad. I just can't watch him anymore. He can't remember where anything is. He can't remember me! Every time I come over, he thinks I'm you. Do you have any idea how frustrating that is?

ARNOLD

Of course, I do. That's why we came over to talk about this. We have to break it to him gently, okay?

Phillip looks down. He finds the brochure. He picks it up, holds the checklist in his other hand.

He shifts his view between both of them. He tears up the checklist.

PHILLIP
Son? A-Arnold?

ARNOLD
Yeah, Dad?

PHILLIP
Please don't talk like I'm not in the room. I raised you better than that.

Arnold approaches Phillip.

ARNOLD
Yes. Yes, you did. I'm sorry, Dad. I had work today. That's why I sent Miles to check up on you. How are you feeling?

Phillip breaks down. He embraces Arnold.

PHILLIP
I... I think I may need help. I'm sorry, Arnold. I'm so sorry. I just never wanted to not be there.

ARNOLD
I know, Dad.

PHILLIP
I'm afraid, son. I'm afraid you've already lost me.

ARNOLD
You're still here, Dad. No one's going anywhere.

Arnold spots the toys. He grabs one.

ARNOLD
Hey, I remember these! But it's been so long. How did you find them?

PHILLIP
Internet. Very convenient.

ARNOLD
Miles, these were the best when I was a kid. Pop worked overtime to buy these for me.

Arnold fumbles around with the toy.

ARNOLD

God, it's been ages. Is this how you play with them?

PHILLIP

Yeah, kind of. I think you used them for role play too.

ARNOLD

That's right!