

Audition Scripts

Summary

We're creating a three part anthology story called 51 Greenrose Avenue. Part one is a thriller wrapped up in a tragic love story set in the 1920s, wherein two speakeasy dancers fall victim to a jealous husband. Part two is a mockumentary that takes place in the same location, only in the present day. The speakeasy has been demolished in place of a school and two students record their account of supposed hauntings there. The final part jumps ahead into the future where the school has been turned into a giant complex. A private investigator explores the complex after it has been abandoned only to discover its supernatural inhabitants in a more horror centric story.

Parts

Daphne (Female) - Daphne Malone has everything, the perfect life, the perfect husband and a nice chunk of daddy's money, but the temptation of a forbidden love and a gambling addiction risks ripping her world apart at the seams.

Estelle (Female)- Estelle Myers is the love interest Daphne didn't know she was searching for, a drug too hard to resist.

Mickey (Male)- After making his way through the ranks during World War 1, Mickey is ready to live the white picket fence life he has always wanted. However, he becomes consumed by his jealousy.

School Girl 1 (Female)- Popular, gossiping girls who host a radio show in their school discussing urban legends and ghost stories that reside within the halls.

School Girl 2 (Female)- Same as school girl one, but is more of a yes man than adding points.

Kane (Male)- Kane Gladden is a tortured investigator blurring the lines between a resolute worker and obsession.

Narrator- Self explanatory role, someone who is articulate with their words and confidently spoken.

Ghost Daphne (Female) – Daphne's spirit, an echo of what she once, wanders in the halls in search of her lover. Painful vestiges of the past still sting what is left of her soul.

Witness

KANE GLADDEN, a haunted detective following an old forgotten case in an equally abandoned commercial complex, is startled by the sound of electronics whirring. He turns to find an old service droid, its headlight eyes blinking to life for the first time in years - decades likely. He approaches the machine and crouches down, tapping its metal face.

Service Bot (Daphne):

K A N E G L A D D E N!

The robot jolts and calls out his name, shocking the detective onto his backside. The machine's voice is a distorted mess. It juts over its own words as if multiple voices are competing for control. Beneath those harsh metallic twangs Kane swears he can hear the echoes of a woman's whispers.

S.B (Daphne):

K A N E G L A D D E N!

Kane [confused]:

How do you know my name?

S.B (Daphne):

K A N E G L A D D E N! Y-YOU INTERLOPE ON RESTRICTED
GROUNDS, LEAVE AT ONCE.

Kane [angry]:

How do you know my name!

Silence. The mechanisms inside the machine hum as if in contemplation.

S.B (Daphne):

K A N E G L A D D E N! YOU INTERLOPE-

Kane erupts with a sigh, sobering from his shock, and cuts S.B off.

Kane:

Yeah, yeah "leave this place. . ."

He lunges forward and grasps the robot's face, inspecting its ocular systems.

Kane:

I've got to admit, you had me going there. But I'm not in the mood for jokes so let's put an end to this little farce, yeah? Where are you? Someone must be accessing this pile of shit from somewhere. . .

Silence, once more. The machine hums and Kane grumbles in frustration.

Kane:

Oh don't go all shy on me now. . .If anything I want to shake your bloody hand. Hiding out here is no easy task. Takes a lot of determination and a hint of insanity.

And. . .I can't help but wonder what pushed you all the way out here. To abandon the world of the living for a hell hole like this. I reckon you must really hate people. That, or you've got the motherload of secrets to hide. Either way, you've got my attention so speak up!

S.B (Daphne):

YOU ARE IN DANGER, KANE GLADDEN.

Kane:

No shit. You must've taken a peek outside during your getaway, right?

S.B (Daphne):

Y-YOUR ARROGANCE MAKES YOU EASY PICKINGS.

Kane:

What?

S.B (Daphne):

YOU CANNOT BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WH-WH-WHAT YOU HAVE WALKED INTO, KANE GLADDEN. THIS PLACE WILL RAKE YOUR M-M-M-MIND WITH THE WOUNDS OF HISTORY, OPEN YOU UP, PI-PI-PICK AT YOU INNARDS AND ADORN ITS HALLS WITH YOUR GUTS.

Kane [gravely]:

That's a wonderful imagination you have there,
Mr.Operator. . .

The machine's mangled arm lashes out and grabs Kane by the collar.

Kane [struggling]:

Get off!

S.B [Daphne]:

LI-LI-LISTEN, LISTEN, LISTEN, L I S T E N! K A N E G L A
D D E N! YOU INTERLOPE ON RESTRICTED GROUNDS, LEAVE AT
ONCE. K A N E G L A D D E N! YOU INTERLOPE ON RESTRICTED
GROUNDS, LEAVE AT ONCE. . .

S.B repeats this over and over until Kane finally breaks free, tearing his shirt from the machine's grasp. S.B settles down slumping against the wall while the investigator catches his breath.

S.B [Daphne]:

M-MY MIND IS DILUTED. . .MOMENTS ROLL INTO ONE. . .BUT
THE VEST-VESTIGES OF WHAT ONCE WAS NEVER FADE. . .DO NOT
BE-BECOME ANOTHER. . .LET ME REST, KANE GLADDEN. LET US
REST. . .

The robot's voice fades into static as it powers down, light fading from its eyes once again. Kane stares, stunned. Eventually he shouts into the empty room:

Kane:

No matter how committed to this kooky bit you are, I'm
not leaving! Do you hear me! Do. . .Do you. . .

He trails off, realising just how badly his hands were shaking. Taking a breath, Kane continues his investigation.

END

NARRATOR

EXTRACT ONE:

The plaza rose before Kane, a monolith of concrete standing imperiously against the coastal winds. Balconies littered its four faces, their bannisters adorned with layers of snow that glistened in the moonlight. Blinking, sunken eyes, hundreds of them - watching Kane. The snow was almost a festive touch, he thought as he stared up at Greenrose's impossible figure, even in a place like a dead zone. The holiday spirit did not shake him. Kane manoeuvred through the block's straits, coat buffeting in the steady snowfall, and emerged from an alley by one of Greenrose's

many entrances. Smoke and fog lapped the borders of the courtyard between it and Kane, languidly eddying off to consume the rest of the city.

He approached the door, two thick slabs of metal sealed shut, and pointlessly tried the sensor. Nothing. Not even a groan as electronics trivially whir to ding at him. The system was completely dead. 'What were you expecting, Gladden?' his own voice, metallicly muttering through the respirator strapped to his face, almost came as shock to him as it echoed through the open air.

EXTRACT TWO:

They say that when you are born into a burning house you think your whole world is on fire. But it is not. However, no one navigates when you are gently placed into the centre of the flames, the rising smoke weighing down in your lungs. When you are surrounded by nothing but an insufferable heat with knowledge of what lies beyond the flicker of death, it creates a dystopia that consumes your mind. There were moments that I was grateful for the heat as I would never go cold again, but the more it crept up on me, singeing everything in its path and forcing me into this warped lifestyle that had suddenly become my reality, it terrified me. Although, I found myself quickly accepting my fate, never flinching when the flames licked at my skin because they were scalding me with traces of him. Atlas Moore. The man that had convinced me that my whole world was on fire.

EXTRACT THREE:

Sleep. A time where we dip our toes into oblivion and test the waters of inevitability, getting a feel for its cosmic warmth. Such a sensation is often as far from me as the night sky itself: a sheet of obsidian pin pricked with the remnants of expired suns. Those roiling masses of radiant light, Heralds sent by Morpheus himself, have travelled universes just to shine upon me and yet I will never do decency of properly receiving them.

I turned, the cushioned embrace of my bed long since frozen to indifference, and gazed out into the street. A squashed terrace lined the road, its houses looked as if they were just as uncomfortable as me. And yet, their glassy eyes remained dormant and black, lost within the shadows of fantasy.

The silence suffocating my room and the outside world only accentuated my solitude. For once I heard not the creaking of my neighbour's floorboards, the yowling of cats, drunks bleating their clumsy anthem or even the cry of skulks skulking about.

Nought but the occasional thwack of wind against the window and the imperceptible whispers that rose in its wake.

EXTRACT FOUR:

"5 minutes until show time, people. Let's get a move on!" Since when was November so hot? I had been stuck in the tiny dressing room for an hour and a half, breathing in nothing but recycled air and surviving off a stale bowl of crisps. It didn't help that one of Arthur's newest assistants was trailing behind me like a lost puppy, demanding her orders into her headset and glaring at the back of my head.

"Did you not hear me? 5 minutes!"

"Yes, yes, I heard you." I waved Headset off, her name slipping past me the moment she squawked her first command at me. Tonight was the final day to make the nation suck up to Arthur Moor before the polling stations opened, and to say I was nervous was an understatement. I brushed my hands down my navy suit in the mirror, staring at the bags that had become a permanent accessory under my eyes.

"Oscar! Are you ready?" Arthur greeted me as he walked through my dressing room door, his plastic smile glinting under the fluorescent lighting. This fake confidence he had created sickened me, I had been at the brunt of every breakdown this man had and yet here he was, parading around carefree.

"Ready as I'll ever be."

The Shoe Box

DAPHNE found it hard to ignore the way ESTELLE's fingertips signed her skin, the traces of her contact lingering long after she had let go. She had been so entranced that she had yet to notice the now muffled music, barricaded off by the walls of ESTELLE's office. DAPHNE continued to stare in wonder, her eyes locked on the fiery glare that was protruding through the tension that had settled in a thick cloud around them.

ESTELLE [She shouts, her tone harsh as it cuts through the air]:

YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE!

Her tone had caused DAPHNE to flinch, her features furrowing slightly, ESTELLE huffing as she began to pace the room. Her hands pulled at her roots in frustration and DAPHNE wanted to desperately wipe the look off her face. The look of anger and frustration she had only ever seen from her husband. The look ESTELLE had promised to never direct towards her, but they were both breaking promises.

DAPHNE [Stuttering, you can hear her heart breaking through the tremor in her voice]:

I- I didn't know what else to do. You won't talk to me.

(A sad, desperate laugh breaks through her lips, her sentence a quiet plea to try and make her smile again)

It took me promising poker lessons to Audrey for her to let me in.

Pausing in her tracks, ESTELLE finally meets DAPHNE's eyes, the guilt punching her in the gut with a deafening blow. Their love for each other was like oxygen, something they needed to survive, greedy with every breath and taking it for granted until finally, they were suffocated.

ESTELLE:

You're a smart girl Daphne

(Estelle can see the way saying her name affects Daphne, her body practically glowing at the snare)

If it took so much to get in here maybe, it's a sign you're not wanted. You have caused enough damage here, you need to leave.

Every ounce of pain rushing through DAPHNE's body freezes, an angry blush scouring up her neck, she dares ESTELLE to continue, her laboured breath challenging her to finish her statement. Outside a commotion begins to stir within the crowded room, the women turning back at the sudden outburst, but brushing it off as they turn back to each other and dive headfirst into the heated conversation.

ESTELLE:

You are not welcome here anymore, you made that explicitly clear to us the second you told your husband.

DAPHNE:

(Her chest heaves as she struggles to get her words out, the tears brimming in her eyes as she finally lets the thought rushing around her head burst through)

Not wanted? NOT WANTED? Is that what you really mean because I don't think it is.

(She walks closer towards ESTELLE, lowering her head to try and meet her eyes that had been casted towards the floor. Her scent overwhelmed her, but the floral scent wasn't enough to overcome the storm she had caused in her mind.)

I want you to look at me and tell me that I'm not wanted here. Look at me.

(She reaches forward and grabs her face, her warm cheeks taking her breath away. Forcing her eyes up DAPHNE hardens her stare on hers but ESTELLE remains quiet. She takes a deep breath, her mouth opening but it snaps shut before she can blurt out any lies.)

See you can't and I know that because the thought of saying those words to you pains me. It antagonises my whole body, stopping at a deep cavity in my chest that gets deeper every time I even think about it. I know you in and out and I truly thought we were on the same page but if you can tell me that I'm not wanted and let me walk out of that door then clearly, I was wrong.

END

Radio Show

SCHOOL GIRL 1 and SCHOOL GIRL 2 are recording in an empty classroom, making a makeshift broadcasting room. You can hear students outside though. Albeit a bit muffled.

SCHOOL GIRL 1:

Hey, did 'ya hear?

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

Hm? Hear what?

SCHOOL GIRL 1:

Talk of the school is that there's ghosts haunting the place, The toilets, classrooms, everything.

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

Really? Jeez, that's a bit scary...

School girl 1 giggles

SCHOOL GIRL 1:

Mhm, I don't believe in that nonsense though, It's always just actors or special effects. I wouldn't be surprised if someone just mistook a student for a ghost.

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

Are you sure? I mean, you never know... What if the ghosts are real, they might target you next.

SCHOOL GIRL 1:

Not you too... Look, they're not real. End of. I mean, even if they did exist, why would they pick this stupid, dingy hell hole of school to haunt? Why not the white house? Or Buckingham palace? Hell, I'll even prove they aren't real!

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

Woah, that's going a bit far don't you think? And what about the broadcast we're recording, we can't just end it here.

SCHOOL GIRL 1:

Mm, true. How about we prove it here, we could do Charlie Charlie or something. Maybe even a Ouija board, I have one on me if we do.

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

In here!? What about all the equipment, this is only a small classroom..

SCHOOL GIRL 1:

We'll do them on the floor, c'mon, move the mics to the floor too so people will still be able to hear us!

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

So, we are doing this.. Fine. What's the worst that could happen?

Awkward shuffling can be heard as they move to the floor.

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

Right, that's everything set up. The mics, the Ouija board and, well, us.. I guess.

SCHOOL GIRL 1:

Great! time to get into the ghost-busting mood. Are you ready?

SCHOOL GIRL 2:

Mhm, let's get this over with.

END