

AUDITION/SELF-TAPE: COVER PAGE

****TALENT MUST BE ABLE TO LEGALLY WORK IN CANADA****

CALL OF THE VOID

NOTE: We are only collecting self-tapes for this project

AUDITION NOTES FOR TALENT SENDING IN A SELF-TAPE:

- SLATE: Name, height (inches and feet), and location
- SIDES (below)

Tone References: The Menu, Saltburn, Parasite

THANK YOU!

They look at each other... Olivia sighs...

OLIVIA
Let's just... let's show him.

EXT. LODGE FRONT DOOR

We PUSH IN on the hidden CCTV camera... THUMP! The front door opens... Nicky leads the way...

INT. HAL'S COMPOUND - DAY

An industrial desk; a bank of monitors... we CREEP IN on one as the group leave the house, dressed to hike; Mike distinctive in a burnt orange hoodie.

Hal watches. Behind him - above an immaculate bunk bed - walls are lined with weapons. Rifles, cross-bows, knives, machine-guns. Racks filled with torture implements; traps, chains; hideously painful restraints...

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

The group makes its way through trees. Anxious, Mike notices the terrain dropping away from each side of the path.

START SC.1 →

MIKE
We're going up?

OLIVIA
(playful)
Spot on, detective.

MIKE
Where we going?

NICKY
Mike. I'm gonna need you to work
with us honey... Can you do that?

Mike stops, resolute.

MIKE
Okay. No further. What is this?

The others look at each other. Mike shrugs, unmoved.

NICKY
Mike... we know what you went
through and...
(MORE)

NICKY (CONT'D)
we know you've been *stuck*... with
these horrible, *intrusive* thoughts.

MIKE
'the fuck?

NICKY
There's a technique, I've used *many*
times, *successfully*... called ERP.
Exposure and response pre-

MIKE
-Exposure therapy? This is a joke?

OLIVIA
Hear her out Mike. *Please.*

MIKE
No, I get it! You're taking me some
high up place to see if I jump?

NICKY
We're not taking you to see if you
will! We're showing you, *you won't.*

MIKE
Ha! And the experiment fails, I
die!? *Fuck* this.

RYAN
Dude it's not an experiment. It's
her job! You need to deal with this
shit Mike!

MIKE
Fuck! You know I am!

NICKY
Your compulsion to jump, Mike? It's
a super common manifestation of a
fear of height-

MIKE
*-It's not a fucking fear of fucking
heights! It's ME! You don't get it!
The adrenaline, when it comes? It's
like a fuckin' train! I can't stop
it! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S UP THERE?!*

They all look at each other. Ryan tries to calm him...

RYAN
Okay, chill! So there's a cliff
bro. We just want you to see it...

Mike eyes them all, incredulous. He shakes his head...

MIKE
This is not the way.

← **END SC.1**

He storms off, back down the hill...

RYAN
Dude. *Dude!*? Come on!

NICKY
It's fine. Let him go.

Nicky looks the other way... and we follow her look...
DRONING back from the group through the trees, faster and
faster... until... a clearing... we TRACK BACK and TILT DOWN,
revealing... a terrifyingly high cliff.

EXT. LODGE - DUSK

Lights illuminate the dark house...

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Hal is outside on a stepladder, changing an exterior light
bulb... HUMMING as he works... slightly creepy.

INT. MIKE AND OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Mike sits by the window, staring anxiously into space. But
outside, Hal catches his eye - and Mike peeps out at him.

START SC.2 →

MIKE
'something off about that dude.

Olivia unpacks...

OLIVIA
Which dude?

MIKE
Owner. Looks like a... I don't
know... pervert or sumthin'.

OLIVIA
He's nice. You're just paranoid.

She remembers her cookie, neatly set on the bedside table.

Hal switches the light on - and suddenly turns; Mike ducking away... and carefully looking back out... to see Hal staring - the light above casting eerie shadows across his face.

Then he smiles and waves, grabs his ladder... and HUMS away.

MIKE

Hundred percent there's semen in those cookies.

OLIVIA

(spitting cookie out)

GODDAMMIT MIKE! He's not a pervert or a peado or whatever the fuck next! Just some nice weird dude!

MIKE

Sorry. I'm sorry.

OLIVIA

(softening)

Now we're here you're gonna have to try and chill out! 'Take your meds?

Mike shakes his head and unzips his holdall... then freezes, seeing a black plastic box.

MIKE

'The hell is this?

OLIVIA

What the hell is what?

MIKE

My... my gun? You put that in?

OLIVIA

Why would I do that?

Mike checks inside the box, revealing a GLOCK 9mm.

He eyes her suspiciously... In a flash he pops the magazine and checks the chamber... military speed...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Mike nobody magically put your gun in your bag, you always take it! But relax it's a hunting lodge, you can have as many guns as you want.

He angrily replaces the gun and slams the box in a drawer.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Jesus Mike! If this is gonna work,
you're gonna have to lighten up.

She SIGHS and goes over to him, kneeling at his side. Gently holding his face, she takes a moment to read him; and frowns.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What is it Mike? Something you're
not telling me. I know you.

Mike holds her gaze.

MIKE
Just... like something's changed.

OLIVIA
Nothing's changed Mike. But you're
always with the... *thoughts!*? I'm
on my own here, I need to feel like
you're *trying* to fix it. 'Cause I
can't live like this forever Mike,
no one could. You understand what
I'm saying?

He nods, fighting back tears.

MIKE
I'm fixing it Liv. I'm gonna do
whatever it takes.

OLIVIA
You'll go to the cliff?

MIKE
Fuck... I'll jump.

OLIVIA
I'll be there. You won't.

He inhales deeply, eyes clasped shut in anguish. ← **END SC.2**

EXT. TERRACE - DUSK

The dark water shimmers with broken waves. DRONE in on a small boat at the jetty where Ryan's slumped, taking a call.

RYAN
So to summarize Chuck... We've
actually gone backwards in *all* the
polls. And now we're just... bang
outta cash?

RYAN
 When it came to it, here and now? I didn't want it. Because I love you man, I do! But yeah. I think *that's* right. And I think you know it too.

Mike processes.

MIKE
 Okay. Sit there. Look out. Don't say another fucking word.

RYAN
 Mike, please. We don't have to-

MIKE
 -what you think this is, slap on the fuckin hand time?! SIT DOWN! LOOK OUT! DON'T SAY A FUCKIN WORD.

Ryan unhappily obeys... Mike backs away...

EXT. CLIFFTOP - EARLY DAWN

Nicky and Olivia make their way through the trees, parting at the cliff top to reveal the sky with a bluish tinge of first light - and Ryan, sitting near the edge.

Seeing him, they walk faster... Then Nicky stops...

NICKY
 Wait...

MIKE
 Too late.

The spin round: *They've fallen straight into Mike's trap.*

NICKY
 Mike?! What is this!

From behind the shotgun Mike's cold glare penetrates...

START Sc. 3 →

MIKE
 How could you do it? Our *baby*!?

Oliva looks at the ground, ashamed. Then meets his look...

OLIVIA
Four million dollars Mike. How could you do it!? How could you go behind my back!

MIKE

Gonna stand there 'side your
girlfriend and ask *me* that?
(off Olivia's look)
And to think I thought better it
was her than... some *guy*.

He shakes his head disparagingly - Olivia is shocked... But Nicky smiles, quietly calculating...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay. Over we go.

They hesitate... Mike goes at them, aggressively...

MIKE (CONT'D)

GO! GO! GO! Come the fuck on!

They reluctantly move back toward the cliff... hands raised; Mike following - his gun to their backs.

OLIVIA

You're so fucking righteous Mike.
But your wife, your best friend -
we all want you *dead*! We'd all be
better off without you!

MIKE

Yeah? Well not as much you think.

They turn back, lining up with Ryan - all at gunpoint on the cliff edge.

MIKE (CONT'D)

See I wanted that money to go to
the *wives of my men*. But you
wouldn't listen. If something
happened to me... if... if I didn't
make it through. Well I made damn
sure *it* would. I already put it in
that trust... in the name of the
only person I *do* trust - or *did*
trust - to see it right... It's in
Ryan's name now. Every cent.

Ryan's jaw drops - and he seems genuinely heartbroken. Olivia turns red with rage... but Nicky can't hide a smile.

OLIVIA

W - what? You can't? It's ours!
It's... It's *mine*! I earned it!
It's fuckin' MINE!

MIKE

What was your plan? Split the cash,
you two run off together? See... my
guess...? Is he knows about *you two*
just fine... and that *you...* got
played for a fuckin' fool... right
Ryan?

Olivia looks at Ryan - who shakes his head...

RYAN

What!? No! I didn't know... No!

For a second it looks like she might explode... She can see
it's true. Mike smiles, sadly and looks over to the edge just
along from where they're standing - and slowly begins to
approach.

MIKE

Betrayal hurts! Shit... the three
people I love most in the world
tryin' to kill me...?

He gets to the edge, stopping as his boots lap the precipice.
And he leans forward, starring straight down - *emotionless*...

MIKE (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)

If the fear means we're alive...
Maybe... *nothing*...? Means I'm
already dead.

← END Sc. 3