

Send tape (private or unlisted, vertical or horizontal, full-HD resolution minimum), headshots and resume via email to casting@primitiveplanet.com by Sept 02. Email Casting or message @directorbrian on Instagram with any questions.

For the role of Luken, we are looking for an experienced indie or foreign film actor with an international flair. The actor can be located anywhere if they have a passport.

Luken (M 11-13) LEAD

Luken is a twelve-year-old boy who is half-human and half-zombie, a unique and tragic figure in a post-apocalyptic world. He is skinny with wild hair and ragged clothes, reflecting the harsh environment he has grown up in. Despite his decaying left side, Luken retains a strong will to survive. He is deeply conflicted, constantly battling between human emotions and his violent zombie instincts. He survives hidden in the wilderness but longs for a sense of belonging.

Martina (F 19-21) LEAD (Texas-based Actress)

Martina is a nineteen-year-old warrior, hardened by the apocalypse. She is Latina, beautiful, and fierce, with a commanding presence and a tough exterior. Martina is highly skilled in navigating the dangers of the world. She is practical and no-nonsense, but beneath her hardened exterior lies a compassionate heart. She struggles to balance her survival instincts with her desire to help others, particularly Luken.

EXT. RIVERBANK -DAY

Luken's rotting hand is still holding the hook. He tries to thread the worm but keeps dropping it. The futility is too much to bear. He's on the verge of tears.

A CRUNCH of leaves behind him.

Luken freezes.

MARTINA (O.S.)

Don't move, or I'll blow your head
off.

The CLICK of a gun being cocked.

Luken is still facing the water, his back to Martina. He SOBS quietly.

LUKEN
Can you please help me?

Martina walks closer, her gun aimed at the back of his head. She surveys the ramshackle shelter. The dying fire. The full water jug.

She kicks open the shelter flap.

MARTINA
Who else is here?

LUKEN
Just me. Nobody else knows about this place.

MARTINA
Bullshit.

She takes another step closer.

LUKEN
Please don't shoot. I'm trying to fish but I -

Even from behind, Martina can tell the left half of Luken looks odd and decaying—like he's turning into a—

MARTINA
What the hell are you? Turn around.

LUKEN
You said not to move.

MARTINA
I said turn around! Slowly.

Martina is all business - a seasoned fighter in this world. She moves closer, ready to shoot in a heartbeat.

LUKEN turns.

Martina is horrified. Confused.

MARTINA (CONT'D)
What the hell!?! What are you?

Luken's face is half zombie, half normal kid. He looks like a nightmare. His rotting left hand is still holding the hook. His good right hand holds the wiggly worm. His only good eye is red from crying.

LUKEN
I can't get the worm on.

Martina wants to end him.

MARTINA
Never seen your kind before.

She cocks the hammer. Luken shuts his eyes.

BLACKOUT.

A loud THUD as Martina's backpack hits the ground.

Luken opens his eyes. Martina's gun is inches away from his face. He gasps for air. He's alive.

MARTINA
How long you been here?

LUKEN
Two winters. It was cold and-

MARTINA
How many with you?

LUKEN
I told you. Nobody. It's just me. I left-

MARTINA
Parents?

Solemn, Luken shakes his head, No.

LUKEN
I had a brother but-

MARTINA
Human food? You eat human food?

LUKEN
Yeah. Like fish.

He motions with the rod and empty hook.

LUKEN (CONT'D)
Don't usually have a taste for brains.

His attempt to lighten the mood falls flat, he smiles weakly.

MARTINA
Guns?

LUKEN

I have all kinds of stuff from scavenging but I don't like guns. They're too loud-

MARTINA

What day is it?

LUKEN

You're very rude. It's Sun- Sun-.

Luken stutters. Martina presses the gun against his forehead.

LUKEN (CONT'D)

W-wait! W-wait! I stutter sometimes. It's nothing. I get nervous. Do YOU even know what day it is? Please stop cutting me off when-

She steps back.

MARTINA

How old are you?

LUKEN

12. Maybe 13. Is it July? I think it's Sunday but I honestly d-don't know. Could you please lower the gun?

Martina takes her finger off the trigger.

MARTINA

No.

She steps back, keeping the gun aimed from a distance.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

You got bit. How'd you stop it?

Luken holds out the hook and worm. Puppy dog eye.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Set 'em down.

He does.