

# AUDITION

1X01 | WE HAVE ARRIVED

Written by

Brady Brown

**Created by**

Brady Brown

**Produced by**

TheVPN (<http://www.vpntv.net>)

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## WE HAVE ARRIVED

### CAST

JOSH HUTCHERSON.....ALEX BERRETA  
ALYSON STONER.....ALISHA HALL  
PATRICK DEMPSEY.....MICHAEL BERRETA  
AMY ADAMS.....PAULA SMITH

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

We're TIGHT on the face of a teenage boy. Fresh out of high-school, this is ALEX BERRETA. His hair is parted different ways, probably because of rolling around during his slumber.

Still on his face, we hear a door open. Oblivious to our surroundings, we can only hope the opener is friendly. We see a hand slowly enter frame towards Alex's shoulder. The hand quickly shakes the teenager awake, and he bolts up as quickly as he possibly can. We arise with him.

Now, we come to the view of Alex staring at his father, MICHAEL BERRETA, whose scruffy face and black hair are receding to grey. Michael gives a comforting smile to Alex, and Alex follows suit.

MICHAEL

(soft)

I've been calling your name for the past twenty minutes. I thought you were *excited* to be here.

ALEX

Dad, I am. I was just a little tired.

Alex slings his covers away, revealing the bottom half of his body, swings his legs onto the floor, and walks to his drawers. Michael continues to sit on the bed.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So, what's on the agenda for today?

MICHAEL

I thought we could go walk around and look at some talent agencies. Alisha's trying to find some online.

ALEX

Maybe we'll get lucky today.

MICHAEL

Alex, we've been here two weeks. You've got to give it time.

Alex pulls a t-shirt out of his wooden drawer and slams it shut. He quickly focuses on the drawer below.

ALEX

Yea, I'm just gettin' a little antsy,  
ya know?

MICHAEL

Tell you what.

(beat)

I'll go make some breakfast while you  
get ready, and we can talk about it  
then. Sound like a plan?

Alex gives his father a nod, signaling his reply. Michael quickly stands from the bed and makes his way out. But we STAY ON Alex shutting the drawer he just retrieved his pants from.

CUT TO:

**INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - KITCHEN**

We come to the view of an 8x11 picture frame filled with a photograph of Alex and a young woman his age in a cap and gown. Her name is ALISHA HALL. They've graduated. They look happy. Like best friends should.

We slowly ZOOM OUT to reveal a standard, American kitchen. Solid white walls with matching appliances and a light brown island. Nothing too fancy. Nothing too not-fancy. We continue to move back until we meet eighteen year old Alisha, sitting at the island, typing away on her LAPTOP. Her hair is tied in a ponytail, and she's wearing shorts and a tank top. She sighs in frustration but continues to type.

While she's still typing, we see Michael make his way in, scuffing his feet across the hardwood floor. He walks to the refrigerator and opens it up.

MICHAEL

Good morning, Alisha. How long have you  
been up?

ALISHA

Oh, just about fifteen minutes. You  
screaming Alex's name kinda woke me up.

MICHAEL

(embarrassed)

Oh! I'm sorry! I was just-

ALISHA  
(smiling)  
Michael, it's okay.

Michael replies with a smile, revealing his white as snow teeth, which stand out in the gray and black forest on his face.

MICHAEL  
So, what do you want for breakfast?

ALISHA  
Eh, anything's fine with me.

MICHAEL  
Bacon and eggs?

ALISHA  
Sounds good.

He pulls the slabs of pork meat out of the refrigerator along with a carton of eggs. He lays them on the counter and turns his stove on high.

ALISHA (CONT'D)  
Alex still not up yet?

MICHAEL  
Well, I just-

Before Michael can finish his statement, Alex makes his way in, parting his hair to his liking. He wears a simple outfit of jeans and a t-shirt.

ALEX  
I'm up. I'm up.

ALISHA  
(smiling)  
And the beast awakes.

ALEX  
Funny.  
(beat; to Michael)  
Bacon and eggs?

In answer, Michael gives a slight nod along with a smile. Alex also smiles and takes a seat next to Alisha, who sighs once more.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Can't find any?

ALISHA

I think I've found *one* good agency around here. But look at the kids they have.

(beat)

This kid has been in over *twenty-six* commercials. All we've been in are high-school plays.

ALEX

We just need someone to give us a chance. That's all.

The sizzle of bacon fills the air around them, but they don't seem to notice. They gaze intensely at the laptop screen.

ALISHA

Yea. Hopefully someone will.

ALEX

(playful)

Well with that attitude they won't!

ALISHA

I swear, if we weren't friends...

Michael walks towards them, carrying two glasses of milk. He lays them down next to the laptop and places his hand on Alex's shoulder.

MICHAEL

Look, we'll walk to the agencies and see what they say. If we have no luck, there's always tomorrow.

Small particles of smoke begin to enter frame, and Alex takes a whiff of the stench. His eyes quickly sling open. He tugs on his father's sleeve.

ALEX

Dad, I think you're burning the bacon!

Michael lets out a yelp and runs towards the stove. He flips it off and throws the pan into the sink, and lets the cold water run.

MICHAEL

(devastated)

Great.

ALEX

Dad, it's fine. It was just bacon.

MICHAEL

This is why I never cooked. Your mother always did the cooking...

His voice trails off at the mention of "mother". Michael stares blankly at his son, and quickly walks out of the room. Just before he leaves, we see him wipe a tear from his eye. STAY ON Alex and Alisha.

ALISHA

He still really misses her, doesn't he?

ALEX

Yea. I do, too. But I try not to think about it.

ALISHA

(sympathetic)

How long's it been?

ALEX

Three years and a few months.

Alisha rubs Alex's shoulder in the friendliest way she can. They both make eye contact and smile.

ALISHA

He'll be fine.

ALEX

I know he will. I just don't know for how long.

On Alex's saddened face --

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - LA'S TOP TALENT AGENCY**

We come to the crowded outside of LA'S TOP TALENT AGENCY. Many young and old hopefuls make their way inside, looking for an agent. Some walk out either happy-as-can-be or devastated.

A HIPSTER playing the guitar sings outside in front, playing for donations. Many walk by, but only a few donate.

We finally FOCUS ON Alex, Alisha and Michael making their way past the crowd. Alisha holds a map, attempting to

direct them. Alex gazes in awe at his surroundings.

ALEX

Can you believe it? We're really here!  
We could become movie stars and win  
awards and go on talk shows and-

ALISHA

Alex, calm down. We've just settled in  
and this is our first day looking. No  
offense, but I don't think we'll find  
anyone on the first day.

MICHAEL

Why don't we go inside and see.

They begin to walk to the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - LA'S TOP TALENT AGENCY**

ANGLE ON: DOOR. Alex, Alisha and Michael make their way  
inside as Alisha begins to fold her map. TURN AROUND to  
show many hopefuls sitting in a wide array of chairs,  
awaiting their dreams. A WOMAN, sporting a tight bun, sits  
at the FRONT DESK, talking on her DESK PHONE. Her face  
looks like it is being held together by clothespins. The  
three make their way towards her.

She continues to talk on the phone, not noticing them in at  
all. They await in front her for a few BEATS until she  
finally glances at them.

WOMAN

(into phone)

Yea...uh-huh... She what?!

(beat)

Hold on. Let me call you back, June.

She places the phone back on the dial, and faces them.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How may I help you?

ALEX

Hi! I'm Alex and...

(points to Alisha)

That's Alisha. And we're looking for an  
agent. So, if we could-

WOMAN

Did you make an appointment to be in the Actor's Workshop?

ALEX

Well, no. But if we could-

WOMAN

I'm sorry. But all actors must pay a fee and make an appointment for the workshop if they wish to find an agent.

(beat; prissy)

So, once you do that, I guess we'll see each other again. Bye now.

Alex gapes at the decline he just received as the woman picks up her phone and calls June once more.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - LA'S TOP TALENT AGENCY**

Alex angrily storms out of the agency, forming fists. He grinds his teeth as he leaves his father and best friend in the dust.

ALISHA

Alex!

He stops, still with fists by his side. Alisha and Michael speed-walk to catch up with him. Anger still steams off of Alex.

ALEX

I can't believe that! She just shut us out like that!

ALISHA

Well, we *didn't* pay nor make an appointment.

ALEX

Yea, thanks for backing me up by the way.

ALISHA

Alex, you know I hate talking in front of people. I don't run my lines with you all the time for the heck of it!

MICHAEL

We all just need to calm down.

ALEX

I'm sorry. I just... Ugh! That made me so mad!

MICHAEL

I hate to say it, Alex, but you're going to be rejected. Better it starts off now.

(beat)

Off to the next one.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - TALENT FOR TEENS**

Alex, Alisha and Michael all exit through a set of double-doors, Alex and Alisha looking rather mad with Michael looking supportive.

ALEX

Great. Another denial.

ALISHA

This is starting to get on my nerves. All of them keep saying we need more experience. Well, give us a chance for some experience, people!

Alisha begins to breathe heavily. Alex and Michael look at her like she's a different person.

ALISHA (CONT'D)

Sorry, it's just *frustrating*.

MICHAEL

Look, how about we try one more for the day?

ALEX

But this is our *fourth* agency today!

ALISHA

Come on. One more won't hurt. You *do* want to find an agent, don't you?

ALEX

Yea.

They all stare at each other in silence. But the silence is soon broken by a woman bumping into Michael. All of her belongings fall onto the hard floor. This clumsy gal is PAULA SMITH, who's wearing a pantsuit and black heels.

PAULA

I am so sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going. I mean I was but - I mean I didn't really see you and... Wow.

(beat; takes a long breath)

Okay. I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Oh, no. It's fine.

Michael bends down, out of frame, to retrieve her belongings. He rises back up carrying a purse full of items and hands it to Paula.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Here.

PAULA

Thank you. For - ya know - picking my stuff up. Yea.

ALEX'S POV: A small card lays face down on the ground. It must be the clumsy woman's.

Alex bends down to retrieve it. While bending, he takes a look at what it says. It reads: **Paula Smith, Talent Agent.**

Alex quickly bolts up.

ALEX

(hopeful)

You're an agent?

PAULA

Yea. Well -I mean- sorta. I mean...

Ugh, I stink at this.

(beat)

You see, I haven't been with an actor for at least a year.

ALEX

Are you looking for some?

PAULA

I mean, yea, I'm always looking for some.

Alex wraps his arm around Alisha and pulls her close. He grins towards Paula, while Alisha gives an awkward stare.

ALEX

Well, here are some actors! Right here!

MICHAEL

Alex, we can't just ask random people to be your talent agent.

PAULA

Yes! I mean...were you asking me to be your agent? Cause if you weren't I *totally* take back the "yes". Unless you were asking, then I give it back.

(beat)

But if you weren't it's totally okay.

ALEX

Yes!!

ALISHA

(shocked)

What?

ALEX

Yes, we want you to be our agent!

MICHAEL

Alex, are you sure about this?

Paula begins to jump up and down. Her ginger locks flop around as she jumps. She leaps towards Alex and hugs him tightly. Alex does the same.

Alisha just stands there, along with Michael, staring at the two like wild animals.

PAULA

You won't regret this, I promise!

ALISHA

Alex, shouldn't we talk about this? I mean we don't even know her.

(to Paula)

No offence.

PAULA

Oh, none taken.

Alex looks at Alisha.

ALEX

We came here to become actors, right?

ALISHA

Yea.

ALEX

Then what is there to talk about? We have an agent right in front of us, and she could make our dream come true!

Alisha thinks for a couple of BEATS. She lets out a strong exhale and finally comes to a conclusion.

ALISHA

All right! Fine! She's our agent.

PAULA

Yay! Thank you so much! I won't let you two down!

(beat)

Now, we must go discuss some things! There's a coffee shop a few blocks down. Unless you don't like coffee, then we can go somewhere else.

(beat; laughing)

What am I saying? It's Hollywood! Everyone drinks coffee!

**CUE MUSIC:** Echoes - *The Rapture*

The Theme Song begins to sound as Paula and Alex run off, leaving Michael and Alisha behind. Michael leans in towards Alisha's ear.

MICHAEL

(whisper)

What just happened?

ALISHA

Looks like we found our agent.

We ZOOM OUT until we have a bird's eye view. Hopefuls still enter LA'S TOP TALENT AGENCY, wanting their dreams to come true. But we mainly FOCUS ON Paula and Alex running off, happy-as-can-be, and Alisha and Michael walking casually to catch up.

The screen begins to darken, and the music begins to fade out, as we stay focused on the exterior of the agency. Darker and darker until we finally --

**BLACKOUT.**

**END OF EPISODE**