

AUDITION

1X02 | HOLLYWOOD TROUBLE

Written by

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Created by

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AUDITION

HOLLYWOOD TROUBLE

CAST

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

FADE IN:

INT. SMITH APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We open to a very tired PAULA SMITH, sitting at her kitchen table, talking on her BLACKBERRY. Her face tells us she's upset. Disappointed actually. A smoky male voice can be heard through the phone. Paula seems to be paying very close attention. She moves her hair out of her face.

PAULA

Please, just give them a chance. I know they're new - I mean they're like eighteen, and I know you're booked, but can't you just squeeze them in somewhere?

She is cut off by the smoky voice. We are unable to understand what the smoky man is saying. That's probably a good thing. His voice stops, and Paula's face drops. She looks as if she was just punched in the stomach.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

Yes.

(beat)

Thank you for your time.

She pulls the Blackberry away from her ear and shuts it off. She throws it on the table beside her and sighs with discomfort.

She stares in deep thought for a few BEATS, then snatches her phone back, dials in some numbers, and puts it back up to her ear. She awaits an answer.

MICHAEL

(through phone)

Hello?

PAULA

(awkward)

Hey, Michael... Um...listen. Well, you're listening anyway - I mean, I called to book a photographer for Alex and Alisha.

MICHAEL

(through phone)

And?

PAULA

Every place I called are booked through the week. I tried to squeeze them in, but they wouldn't see them.

MICHAEL

(through phone)

You're their agent, aren't you? You just...have to convince *someone* to take their headshots.

(beat; soft)

We'll talk to you later, Paula.

A *CLICK* is heard, signaling the end of the phone call. Paula stares off into space until she finally throws her phone back onto the table. She covers her eyes with her palms, and we --

CUT TO:

INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MICHAEL sits on the couch in his dimmed living room. The only source of light coming from the TV off-screen. He scratches his scruffy face. He drops his phone beside him, on the couch and sends his hand through his hair, itching his scalp.

ALEX (O.S)

Dad, what's wrong?

TURN AROUND to show ALEX, in gym shorts and a t-shirt, standing in the presences of his father. His face looks worried, like this could be serious.

MICHAEL

Paula...

(beat)

She couldn't find a photographer to book to take your headshots. She said they're all booked.

ALEX

Yea. Hopefully Paula can find us an a photographer soon.

MICHAEL

Son, are you sure it was a good idea to hire Paula? I mean, she did say she hasn't had any actors in the past year.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And we didn't really get a chance to get to know her before we said "yes".

ALEX

She's trying her best! And, at least she *is* trying!

Alex storms off, leaving us on Michael sighing with frustration. He takes a note from Paula, and covers his eyes with his palms. And on this image...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Paula, with a devastated look slapped on her face, begins to pull her pajamas out of a wooden drawer. Once she retrieves a tank-top, she throws it on the bed and takes a seat beside it.

PAULA

So much for being a good talent agent.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE COFFEE TRIALS - NEXT DAY

The crowded building is flooded with customers sitting and servers flying around with coffee. We, almost instantly, PUSH PAST the crowd until we are met with Alex, ALISHA and Michael sitting at a table for four. Three coffees sit in front of each of them, steaming.

ALISHA

Wonder where she is?

ALEX

She might be stuck in traffic or something.

Michael sits, quiet as a mouse. Alex and Alisha notice, and quickly make note.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Dad, what's wrong?

MICHAEL

I still don't think hiring Paula was such a good idea.

ALEX

She's trying her best!

ALISHA

And she seems to be all we've got. We need to save our money, and we couldn't pay for the Actor's Workshop.

MICHAEL

But she's not getting you guys anywhere.

ALEX

Like you said.

(beat)

We just have to give it time.

Michael leans back in his chair, and takes a sip from his coffee, whose steam as decreased.

We begin to hear Paula off-screen, walking towards the three.

ALEX'S POV: Paula, in a skirt and blouse, carefully makes her way through a crowd of people, dodging coffee cups and pointed shoes.

PAULA

Sorry!

(beat)

Sorry, sorry!

(beat)

Sorry!

She finally reaches her destination, Alex, Alisha and Michaels table, and takes a seat next to Michael, who couldn't look less enthused.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(sincere)

I'm really sorry I'm late. My friend just went through a massive divorce, and she wouldn't let me off the phone. Well, I could have, but I didn't, because - well... never mind.

MICHAEL

(quiet; rude)

Well, did she drive all the way from Georgia to get here and not have one single audition yet?

Audition "Hollywood Trouble" by Brady Brown

PAULA
(to Michael)
I'm sorry. Did you say something?

MICHAEL
Yea.
(beat)
I need more cream.

Michael bolts up and goes off-screen. We STAY ON Paula and the teenagers. Paula has a look of sadness on her face.

PAULA
(to Alex and Alisha)
He doesn't like me, does he?

ALISHA
He just-

ALEX
He's just a little frustrated that you haven't booked us a photographer for our resume yet.

PAULA
Guys, I'm trying. I really am. And, I'm sorry if I haven't been making you guys tons of money yet. Please, just give me a little while longer. I swear I'll book you an audition... Well, first a photographer.

ALISHA
Paula, we're not going to get rid of you.

PAULA
(happy; stunned)
Really?

ALISHA
Paula, you're trying your best. That's all we ask of you.

ALEX
(playful)
But if, ya know, you wanna put some auditions in there, that'd be great, too.

The three of them share a comforting laugh as Michael

returns, coffee in hand. He sits down in his same spot.

MICHAEL

What was so funny?

PAULA

Oh, nothing.

(beat)

Well, I mean, it was something. Alex just said something funny.

MICHAEL

Oh...

Paula empties her items, contained in her bag, onto the table. Papers fly out, and scatter all over. She spreads them out for Alex and Alisha to see.

PAULA

These are some bios of the photographers I called. And I'd like to know which one you guys want before I call back next week.

Alex and Alisha begin to sort through the papers, looking at the list for possible jobs. This goes on for a few BEATS until Paula breaks the silence.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Well, do you see any you like?

ALISHA

I like this guy... Xander Scomph. He seems to be pretty good.

PAULA

Great! I'll try and give him a call next week!

Her phone begins to sound, and she quickly pulls out her BLACKBERRY, and runs from the table, out-of-frame. STAYING ON the other three, Michael raises his eyebrows.

MICHAEL

No offense, but I wouldn't get your hopes up about this one.

ALISHA

What?

MICHAEL

I'm just saying; don't expect to get the photographer any time soon.

(beat)

And I still think we need to let Paula go, and take our chances finding someone else.

ALEX

Dad, we can't just give up on her. Not when she hasn't given up on us.

MICHAEL

Well, if you want to keep her, that's both of your choices. But don't get all depressed when you don't have auditions.

PAULA (O.S)

I am trying my best, Michael!

TURN AROUND to show Paula, hands on her cocked hip, stern look on her face. Her eyebrows are knitted and expression is deadly.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Look, I know you don't like me right now, but please, just bear with me. This isn't some walk in the park, where auditions, photographers and money decide to fall out of the sky.

MICHAEL

I'm just trying to find what's best for my son.

PAULA

So am I.

(beat)

Well, I mean he's not my son, but... You know what I mean.

Michael can't help but let a smile cross his face. He tries to hide it with his hands, but Paula already saw.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Michael, I really am trying. Really, I am. I'm doing everything in my power to make Alex and Alisha stars, but I can't do that unless you give me a chance.

She awaits an answer from him, as well as Alex and Alisha. They all lean in to hear the response.

MICHAEL

Promise me.

(beat)

Just promise me you'll try your best,
and do everything you can to help them.

Paula's pearly whites form a grin that stretches across her face, which is infectious towards the rest of them. Alex, Alisha and Michael can't help but smile, too.

PAULA

Thank you, Michael! Thank you!

She bends down to hug Michael, who slowly hugs back. He pats her back, and she does the same. They detach.

ALEX

So, Paula, what was the call about?

PAULA

Oh...

(beat; sad)

Just my friend that went through the
divorce.

(beat)

Sorry, I just got up and left. Not very
professional, huh?

ALEX

(smirk)

Eh.

ALISHA

(smile)

You could be worse.

The four of them smile, Paula letting out a slight chuckle. Alisha strokes her hair behind her ear, and Michael takes another sip of his cream-filled coffee.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paula, sheltered by the cream colored sheets on her bed, types away at her LAPTOP, hair in a ponytail. She stares at her laptop screen, whose light reflects off her face.

ANGLE ON: LAPTOP SCREEN. She scrolls through the results of

a search-engine. We're oblivious to the thing she searched. She continues to scroll until she comes across a link labeled **LA'S TEEN TALENT CLASS**.

She drifts her mouse over the link and clicks on it.

Up pops a clean, professional website. The logo rests at the top of the page surrounded by children in their late teens. Alex and Alisha's age.

She clicks on the tab labeled **INFO**, which takes us to a new web-page that reads: **Want your children to become the next biggest star? Enroll them at LA'S TEEN TALENT. This is no ordinary class. Teens enrolled will develop the skills they need, and deserve, to perfect their audition technique and etiquette. Also, have your young hopeful's headshots done! Have any questions or want to enroll your child? Call 323-228-2996.**

CUE MUSIC: Echoes - *The Rapture*

Our Theme begins to sound as we go BACK TO Paula to show her glowing smile. This could be her big break, and she knows it. She quickly grabs her phone and begins to punch in numbers, as the music builds up, then we --

BLACKOUT.

Our music slowly fades out.

END OF EPISODE