

AUDITION

1X07 | JEALOUSY

Written by

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Created by

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Produced by

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

AUDITION

JEALOUSY

CAST

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

REOCCURRING CAST

NATHAN KRESS.....JORDAN LANGSTON
ELIZABETH GILLIES.....ANGELA DAVIS
ANNETTE BENING.....MS. CARLYLE
RYAN REYNOLDS.....JAMES DAVENPORT

FADE IN:

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN --

A HOUSE pops up on the screen, and the camera that was used to film it maneuvers its way inside the house, revealing several TEENAGERS sitting in the LIVING ROOM, on the couch; standing up; all talking.

WOMAN (V.O)

Want the hottest clothes of the new season?

We PUSH into a hallway as ALEX and ALISHA walk down, smiling, looking forward. Their clothes are noticeably stylish.

We continue to PUSH until we reach a DOOR, going through it outside to the BACKYARD. Several more teenagers stand around the decorated area. They all dance as a song begins to fade in.

WOMAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Then pick them up, starting this Friday, only at Hollywood Teen Apparel. These clothes will rock your world.

We PULL AWAY until we get a BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the party, and our screen begins to fade until we're --

INT. LA'S TEEN TALENT - CONTINUOUS

We PULL AWAY from the television screen until we see several rows of seats filled with students. MS. CARLYLE sits at a chair closer to the television, and she quickly gets up and turns it off. She faces the class.

MS. CARLYLE

Let's give a round of applause to Alex and Alisha for this stellar achievement!

The crowd of students begins to clap, but we CUT TO JORDAN LANGSTON and ANGELA DAVIS, sitting among the crowd, glaring forward, neither one clapping.

JORDAN

How is it that we've been here *months* longer than they have, and they've already been in a commercial? It makes no freaking sense.

ANGELA

Right? I mean, they don't even have any talent, whatsoever.

Jordan glares at Angela.

JORDAN

(fiercely)

You don't have to bring up what I already know, Angela.

Angela, her face dropping, turns her attention back to Ms. Carlyle.

MS. CARLYLE

If Mr. Beretta and Miss Hall will please stand?

CUT TO:

EXT. LA'S TEEN TALENT - CONTINUOUS

PAULA'S BLACK TOYOTA suddenly flies into our frame, but suddenly *STOPS*, and the car slings back and jumps forward, jumbling its inhabitants.

CLOSE UP: TOYOTA. PAULA shifts the car into park; MICHAEL grabs on to the sides, holding on for dear life; ALEX and ALISHA fumble in the back, attempting to open the doors.

ALISHA

Paula, unlock the door!

PAULA

Oh, sorry! I locked it, because we were, like, in a rush or something like that, I sorta forgot --

ALEX

Paula, unlock the door!!

Paula *CLICKS* something on her car door, and Alex and Alisha jump out, running towards the entrance of the building.

Michael continues to breathe heavily, his grip on the car door not loosening.

MICHAEL

You... Ran... Two... Red lights...

PAULA
Pfft. We lived, right?

MICHAEL
Barely!

PAULA
Yeeeee...

She drives off, and before they leave we get a glimpse of Michael scared expression and Paula's smile.

CUT TO:

INT. LA'S TEEN TALENT - CONTINUOUS

We come back to the class as Carlyle, along with the rest of the students, look around the room.

MS. CARLYLE
Has anyone seen Alex and Alisha?

And as if on cue, Alex and Alisha thrust themselves into the classroom, heaving for oxygen.

Everyone in the class turns their heads towards them, and the best friends stare back, awkwardly.

ALEX
Ummm... Hi?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LA'S TEEN TALENT - LATER

A couple of students pass our frame, revealing Alex and Alisha standing in front of a STUDENT, all three of them smiling.

ALISHA
Thank you.

The student walks away, and it's safe to assume they were discussing Alex and Alisha's appearance in a commercial.

ALISHA
(to Alex)
See, aren't you glad you did the commercial.

ALEX
A movie would've been better, but whatcha gonna do?

The best friends let out a laugh as we DRIFT AWAY from them, finding ourselves on Jordan and Angela, glaring at their competition.

ANGELA
I wish they'd just leave already.

JORDAN
I can't take this anymore.

ANGELA
What're you --

But before she can finish, Jordan has already made his way over towards Alex and Alisha. Angela suddenly follows him.

CUT TO Alex and Alisha. We find them in conversation as Jordan rushes up to them and shoves Alex's shoulder.

ALEX
What the hell?!

JORDAN
(angry)
What is your freaking problem?

ALEX
My problem?!

Angela hurries to them, and grabs Jordan's arm, attempting to hold him back.

JORDAN
(to Alex)
What just because you and your little mouse over here were in a commercial, you have to go brag about it?

ALISHA
(voice rising)
Excuse me?

ANGELA
Alisha, just, please, shut up and let him talk.

Alisha turns her attention towards Angela, and stares at her with disbelief.

ALEX
(to Angela)
Hey, don't talk to her like that!

JORDAN

You better watch the way you talk to my
girlfriend, Beretta!

ALEX

I wouldn't have to if you got your
jealous ass out of my face!!

Jordan grabs Alex by his collar and begins to shake him.
Alex grabs Jordan's and attempts to pry him off.

Angela begins to tug on Jordan, and Alisha positions
herself between the two boys, pushing them apart.

ALISHA

Stop it!!

ANGELA

Jordan!

The girls are finally successful, and the boys stand a few
feet away, glaring at each other.

Paula soon walks in, humming the tune to a dance/pop song.
She makes her way up to the best friends, slightly bobbing
her head.

PAULA

Ready to go, guys?

Alex continues to glare at Jordan; Alisha darts her eyes
between the two.

PAULA (CONT'D)

I'm sensing some tension in...

She motions her hands in a circle.

PAULA (CONT'D)

...*this* general area.

Jordan begins to sport a shocked but disgusted look.

JORDAN

Who is this?

Paula holds her hand out towards Jordan, awaiting him to
shake it.

PAULA

Paula Smith, talent agent of Alex and
Alisha.

Jordan stares at her hand, continuing to show disgust.
Paula's face suddenly drops and she knits her eyebrows.

PAULA

Oh. You were being rude.

Suddenly, JAMES DAVENPORT, a clean-shaven man in his 30's, wearing a button up shirt, jacket and matching pants, walks in. A BLUETOOTH HEADSET is attached to his left ear, and he walks as if he doesn't have a care in the world.

JAMES

Jordan. Angela. Let's go.

JORDAN

Just a sec', James. I was teaching this two some manners.

ALEX

Do it then!

PAULA

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what's going on here?

ALISHA

(to Paula)

You know the two we were telling you about?

PAULA

The butt-faces?

Jordan and Angela stern their faces, and Paula looks at them, embarrassed.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(to Jordan and Angela)

Sorry.

JAMES

(stern)

Jordan. Angela.

PAULA

(to James)

Are you their guardian? Because if you are I'd like to --

JAMES

Shut up. I don't have time to associate myself with your ignorance.

Paula is suddenly taken back, gaping.

PAULA

Excuse me?

ALISHA

Don't talk to her like that!

ANGELA

Alisha, just shut up, okay?!

ALEX

Stop telling her to shut up!

JORDAN

Or what?!

Their argument suddenly becomes louder and louder, and with everyone talking, we're unable to make out any of the dialogue. Then:

JAMES

Enough!!

Everyone becomes silent and:

JAMES

Jordan and Angela, get your asses in the van now.

(to Alex, Alisha and Paula)

And you three, unless you're in the mood to be taken down and shown the fools you really are, *don't* talk to me or my clients.

PAULA

Look, you don't have to be rude --

JAMES

I can be whatever I freakin' want to be, because I'm successful unlike *you*.

(beat)

And if you'd like more facts about yourself that you try to ignore, then I'll gladly name some, because looking at you three, you have a *lot*.

The three friends stare at James, who slowly turns around and walks outside.

ALISHA

What... Just happened?

ALEX

We found the core of Jordan and
Angela's viciousness.

Michael runs through the entrance of the school, a look of
confusion running across his face.

MICHAEL

What's going on? What's taking you guys
so long?

PAULA

You want the long story or the short
one?

MICHAEL

The short one, I guess.

CUE MUSIC: Echoes - *The Rapture*

Our theme begins to kick in as we PUSH IN on the group.
Michael, still confused; Paula, Alex and Alisha, blank.

PAULA

We were just shot.

ALISHA

Cut open.

ALEX

And served on a silver platter.

All of their faces stay the same as we --

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE