

AUDITION

1X10 | I'M HERE

Written by

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Created by

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MAIN CAST

JOSH HUTCHERSON.....ALEX BERRETA

ALYSON STONER.....ALISHA HALL

PATRICK DEMPSEY.....MICHAEL BERRETA

AMY ADAMS.....PAULA SMITH

FADE IN:

INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - MORNING

MICHAEL stands behind the stove, shuffling bacon in a hot pan. His eyes are never leave his task, attempting not to burn them for a second time.

ALEX sits at the island beside him, typing away on his LAPTOP. He takes small breaks, drinking from the mug to his left.

MICHAEL

Hey, can you go see if Alisha's up yet?

ALEX

Don't you think we should let her sleep after... Well, you know.

ALISHA scuffles her way in, looking as depressed as she can be. She wipes her hair out of her face, looking at the ground.

MICHAEL

Morning, Alisha. Want some bacon?

ALISHA

No... No thanks. I'm good.

She takes a seat next to Alex, who turns his body towards her.

ALEX

Hey, if you don't wanna go, just tell your mom you don't want to.

ALISHA

I tried. But she won't listen. And she's my *mom*.

(beat)

Plus, after my dad left, it's been just me and her. She's all alone back home.

ALEX

But it'd be the same if you were in college!

ALISHA

She said that she could've handled it with weekends and breaks, but... But being on the other side of the country...

Her sadness overcomes her, so she stops talking.

ALEX

Well, I'm gonna go take a shower.

MICHAEL

But I thought you wanted bacon!

ALEX

Not hungry anymore.

He closes the laptop and sets off.

After a few BEATS, we hear the shower turn on, water bustling about.

Michael turns the stove off and places the pan, full of the pork, to the side.

ALISHA

Well... I guess I'll go get ready.

But as she stands up:

MICHAEL

Alisha?

ALISHA

Yeah?

MICHAEL

I'm here for you. You know that, right?

ALISHA

Of course. You're like family to me.

A BEAT.

MICHAEL

Look, I know what you're going through must be tough. But there has to be some way for it all to work out. There's always a plan B.

ALISHA

I don't think so this time, Michael.

MICHAEL

Well, wherever you end up, California, Georgia, or anywhere in

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
between, Alex and I will always be
your biggest fans. And I'm sure
Paula and her quirky-self will,
too.

Alisha can't help but shoot a smile. She turns to leave, but
quickly spins back around.

ALISHA
Michael?

MICHAEL
Yeah?

ALISHA
What would you do?

MICHAEL
What do you mean?

ALISHA
If Alex was in this situation. What
would you do?

MICHAEL
Well, if it made him happy, then
I'd support him one hundred
percent.

ALISHA
Why do you think she's making me
leave?

MICHAEL
(smiling)
I don't think she's making you do
anything.

ALISHA
What do you mean?

MICHAEL
There has to be some part of you
that knows where she's coming from,
the part that misses your mother
and wants to go back home.

ALISHA
But I love it here! It's all I've
ever wanted to do!

Michael steps towards the island and props his elbows on it,
leaning forward.

MICHAEL

Then you wouldn't need to question yourself on whether staying would be the right thing.

Alisha's gaze falls to the ground.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alisha, you don't have to go with your mother. You're eighteen and you're old enough to make your own decisions.

ALISHA

But I don't know what the right one is.

MICHAEL

It's whatever your gut tells you do. It's what you have to listen to.

Tears begin to form in Alisha's eyes, and it's obvious it's hard for her to talk.

ALISHA

I just... I just don't want to have to choose between my mom and my dream.

(beat)

If... If I go back home, then I'm going to go to college, I'm going to get my degree, and then I'm going to have to write down why people have to sit in a lounge chair, spilling all their problems to me. And that'll be my life. And trust me, that life sounds like *crap!*

Michael motions for Alisha to come towards him and she obeys. They wrap their arms around each other, hugging as though they were father and daughter. Alisha's cries are now muffled by Michael's chest.

ALISHA (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do!

Michael pulls them apart and puts his hands on her shoulder, staring her in the eye.

MICHAEL

You do what *you* want to do. This is your life, Alisha. You make the decisions.

ALISHA

But whatever I chose, not everyone's going to be happy.

MICHAEL

Look, Alex, Paula and I would love for you to stay here. And I'm sure your mom would love for you to go back home with her.

(beat)

Alisha, every decision somebody makes will not please everyone. It just doesn't work out like that.

Alisha lets out a large breath, and then looks up at Michael, smiling.

ALISHA

Thanks, Michael.

MICHAEL

Like I said, I'm here for you, Alisha.

Alisha shoots him another smile; Michael doing the same.

ALISHA

What would you do?

MICHAEL

You already asked me that.

ALISHA

No. I mean, what would you do if you were me?

MICHAEL

The only person that can answer that question is *you*.

Alisha lets out another large breath, and by her face, we can tell she's contemplating her decision.

But suddenly, a *SCREAMING* is heard off-screen, a ways away, actually. The muffled scream begins to grow louder as Alisha runs to the door and slings it open. But she is run over by a crazed PAULA SMITH, who is revealed to be the screamer.

Alisha splats onto the ground as Alex, hair drenched, runs in, confused.

ALEX
What's going on?!

Alisha begins to groan in pain. Paula steps back and grabs the teenagers hand, pulling her up.

PAULA
Sorry about that. I'm just so excited!!

Alisha clutches the back of her head and begins to run her back.

MICHAEL
Paula, what the heck?!

PAULA
I just told you, silly! I'm --

MICHAEL
No! You just mowed Alisha over!

ALISHA
I'm fine, seriously.

PAULA
See, Michael? Lighten up a little!

Paula plops onto the couch, crossing her legs. She motions for everybody to join her, but they all stare at her like she's insane. She motions again, and they all, reluctantly, obey.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Wait!

She motions to Alex and the motions the the laptop. Alex lets out a sigh of disbelief as:

ALEX
You've got to be kidding.

He grabs the laptop and sits down.

PAULA
Gimme the laptop!

Alex hands it to her, and they all stare at Paula as if she insane, again.

Her fingers begin to fly as:

PAULA (CONT'D)

Look!

We PAN FORWARD, over Paula's head, to reveal the LAPTOP SCREEN: an EMAIL, which is covered with pictures of balloons and streamers. **PLEASE JOIN US FOR THE ANNUAL LA'S TEEN TALENT'S DANCE OF STARS! THIS EVENT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE A YEAR, SO BE SURE TO MAKE IT!**

ALEX

(to Paula)

You're kidding, right?

PAULA

What?!

ALEX

A dance? A *dance*?

PAULA

It sounds so much fun! And I thought, you know, since Alisha's predicament, it would be a great way to get her mind off of it and have some fun!

ALISHA

I mean... I *guess* it could be fun.

PAULA

And we could invite the boy she has a crush on!

Alisha begins to disagree, but:

PAULA (CONT'D)

(to Alisha)

Fine, whatever you want to call him, Sweetie.

ALEX

But... It's a *dance*.

PAULA

I don't care! I got a fraction... Wait... Fraction? Anyways, Alisha said it could be fun, and that's good enough for me!

She *taps* one of the keys and shuts the laptop.

PAULA (CONT'D)
 There! Now, a dress and a tux...
 Hmm....

Suddenly, a lightbulb goes off, and she grabs both teenagers by the wrist, and runs off the couch, pulling them with her.

PAULA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 To downtown!

MICHAEL
 Paula!!

She stops and turns towards Michael.

PAULA
 Yeah?

MICHAEL
 Alisha is still in her pajamas, and
 Alex is only half ready!

PAULA
 Michael, we're going to *that* part
 of downtown. You know, where the
 prostitute got caught with the
 drug-dealer, who turned out to be
 an undercover cop turned big-baddy.
 You know, that one?

MICHAEL
 (shocked)
 Uh... *What?!*

PAULA
 Anyways, nobody can judge how
 someone looks down there. Like,
 it's just... No. See ya!

CUE MUSIC: Echoes - *The Rapture*

She opens the door and yanks the two teens out with her.

SWISH PAN to Michael, who stares at the door, wondering why he every hired Paula in the first place.

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE