

AUDITION

2.02 | DIALOGUE

Written by

Brady Brown

CREATED BY:

Brady Brown

PRODUCED BY:

TheVPN (<http://www.vpn-tv.proboards.com>)

AUDITION

2.02 | DIALOGUE

MAIN CAST

ALEX BERRETA JOSH HUTCHERSON

DAVID SULLIVAN ANGUS T. JONES

MICHAEL BERRETA PATRICK DEMPSEY

PAULA SMITH AMY ADAMS

JORDAN LANGSTON NATHAN KRESS

ANGELA DAVIS ELIZABETH GILLIES

GUEST CAST

MS. CARLYLE ANNETTE BENING

FADE IN:

INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MICHAEL and PAULA sit on the couch, watching the NEWS on the TELEVISION. Michael continuously glances in Paula's direction, confused.

MICHAEL

Paula... Why are you here?

PAULA

Um, I'm soooo apart of this! I'm like his... Um... Favorite-tist... Agent... Ever!

Michael shakes his head in disbelief as ALEX, his head down, comes walking in, dressed for the day. Once he notices his father and Paula, he grows confused.

ALEX

What's going on?

MICHAEL

I --

PAULA

We.

MICHAEL

-- need to talk to you.

ALEX

About?

MICHAEL

Um, the fact that you punched someone in the nose?

ALEX

He had it coming!

Paula points a finger in the air.

PAULA

I agree!

MICHAEL

Paula!

And with as much enthusiasm as her previous statement:

PAULA

I withdraw my agreement!

MICHAEL

Alex, I understand you're frustrated with them, but you can't just go assaulting people.

PAULA

King of the Butt-Faces called me. He, like, yelled a whole bunch of times. But, from the parts where I actually listened -- let me tell you what, listening to a butt-face yell is zero fun, my friend --

MICHAEL

To the point, please.

PAULA

Oh, right! Anyways, he said something about the J-Dude's name. You know, the boy butt-face --

MICHAEL

He said, very loudly I might add, that Jordan talked him out of suing. Said he didn't want to get the cops involved for some reason.

Paula smiles, patting Michael on the shoulder.

PAULA

Good job, Michael! Oh, and he says if you do it again, he'll sue. And if I've learned anything from Law and Order, it's that --

ALEX

Lucky for me, I guess.

MICHAEL

Alex, come on. You punched him. Do you know how serious this could have been?

Paula lets out a loud SNORING sound.

PAULA

Ugh! Let's talk about this later! Right now, it's time for class!

She skips to the door, and opens it, skipping out.

Michael and Alex exchange a look, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. LA'S TEEN TALENT - LATER

Alex slowly walks into the somewhat crowded, white room. He looks around, almost as if the place is foreign to him.

CUT TO: DAVID SULLIVAN. He sits by GUY, chatting away. But his eye quickly glances in Alex's direction. He suddenly stops, turning his head towards his friend.

DAVID

Oh. God.

He jumps up and fast-walks over to Alex, quickly turning his head in all directions, as if he's scared. He reaches Alex, and grabs his shoulder, pushing him towards the exit.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Oh my God. *Why are you here?!*

ALEX

David, David.

He removes David's hands from his shoulders, confused.

DAVID

Why are you here? Are you insane? I just... WHY?

ALEX

What?

DAVID

You can't be here. You can't be here.

ALEX

What are you talking about?

DAVID

I'm talking about Jordan. Ever since you went kung-fu-ninja on his face, he's been telling me he's going to *kill you*. And I'm not talking about just regular kill you; I'm talking about they're-going-to-make-a-Lifetime-movie-out-of-it kill you.

ALEX

I'm not scared of him, David. I can throw a punch, too, you know.

DAVID
 We've seen that.
 (beat)
 Well, if you are going to stay
 here, then you need to lay low.
 He's been telling everyone that he
 fought off some mugger --

Alex bursts into a quick laugh.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 -- yeah, I know. But, please, just
 try and stay cool.

Alex's face drops, and his gaze drifts off.

ALEX
 You sound like Alisha.

DAVID
 (smiling)
 I guess she brushed off on me.

MS. CARLYLE (O.S)
 Alright, students, please, take
 your seats, will you!

Alex and David walk over to their seats, and once they exit
 our FRAME, we notice JORDAN, a bandage covering parts of his
 face, and ANGELA walk into the room.

Jordan notices something off-screen, and scrunches his face,
 causing:

JORDAN
 Ow! Dammit!

Angela attempts to comfort him, but:

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 I'm fine!

She backs off.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 What the hell is he doing here.

ANGELA
 I'm really getting tired of him.

JORDAN

This is going to be his last day here, even if I have stick him on a plane and fly him back to Georgia with his mouse myself.

They walk to their seats, which are surprisingly farther away from Alex and David as usual.

SWISH PAN to Carlyle, who clasps her hands, regaining the class' attention.

MS. CARLYLE

Alright, students, I've got a new project for you all planned! Exciting, isn't it?

Silence.

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Anywho, starting today, you will be planning...

She begins to slap her hands on her thighs, creating a "drum roll."

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Dialogue!!

Again, silence once more. Carlyle's excitement slowly fades.

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Okay. We could always watch my three hour opera recital from sixth grade if --

The students suddenly BURST into sound, yelling out "no's" and "please no's" and every other form of the word "no" one can thing of.

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

(beat)

Now, I'm going to have very high expectations for this project! I want it filmed and edited, with your own original dialogue!

She claps her hands.

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Begin planning!

CUT TO:

EXT. LA'S TEEN TALENT - LATER

David and Alex walk out of the building.

DAVID
We're not very good at planning.

ALEX
I'm sick of this crap.

David STOPS, and holds Alex's shoulder, stopping him also.

DAVID
Wait, what?

ALEX
This stupid school stuff! It's
freaking pointless!

DAVID
Okay, what's with you? You've been
acting weird ever since...

His voice trails off.

ALEX
(demanding)
Ever since what, huh? Come on,
David, say it!

DAVID
Alex, it's not your fault --

ALEX
What do you mean it's not my
fault?! Those psychos tricked me,
and Alisha's never going to get to
live her dream! Because of *me*.

DAVID
She told you it wasn't your fault.

ALEX
I know what she said. But that
doesn't stop the guilt that I've
had ever since that day. I know
it's my fault, and I know Alisha
would never tell me if it was.

CLAP... CLAP... CLAP...

TURN TO Jordan, who is revealed to be the clapper. He smirks, making his nose seem bigger than before. Angela stands by his side, almost protective.

JORDAN

That was a really heart-felt
speech. Really, it was.

(beat)

It's great to see that you're
blaming us for you sending your
mouse back home.

ANGELA

Typical.

ALEX

Shut up, Jordan! We wouldn't want
another mugger to pop up.

Jordan's anger rises.

JORDAN

It's finally nice to see why Mouse
really left. Guess she couldn't
stand you any more.

ALEX

Excuse me?

JORDAN

Oh, what, you didn't see it? How
you always pushed her to the side.

Alex's face drops.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

She must've finally gotten sick of
living in your shadow.

Suddenly, David steps in front of Alex, getting within inches
of Jordan's face.

DAVID

Look, pal. I don't know what type
of Pulp-Fiction kick you get out of
tearing other people down, but it's
sick. You're sick.

(beat)

And if we're making speculations as
to why my girlfriend left, the most
logical option would be she
probably got tired of looking at
your God-awful face every freaking
day!

(beat)

Now, I suggest you stop talking
about *Alisha*. *That's* her name.

JORDAN
You little punk, I swear --

He goes to jump forward, but, out of nowhere, someone latches onto his shoulder, stopping him.

Angela.

ANGELA
(pleading)
Jordan, enough. Please.

Jordan suddenly BOLTS off, and Angela runs after him.

David lets out a huge sigh, attempting to calm his shaking.

ALEX
David?

DAVID
Hold on. Give me a minute.

He suddenly falls back, but Alex catches him, and puts him back on his feet.

ALEX
Whoa. You okay?

DAVID
Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. A little queasy. Probably gonna throw up soon. But I'm fine.

ALEX
Thanks for helping me. You know, with Jordan.

DAVID
Well, I consider you and me like CP30, and R2D2.

ALEX
(laughing)
Which one am I?

DAVID
R2D2, duh.

ALEX
What?! No!

David smiles and walks off, Alex following him.

CUT TO: JORDAN. He stands by the side of the building, attempting to calm his breathing.

Angela comes running up to him, a comforting look in her eyes.

ANGELA

Jordan, are you okay --

JORDAN

What the hell was that?!

ANGELA

Jordan, I understand you don't like him, but that was just --

JORDAN

You don't get to decide what I get to say!! Got it?

ANGELA

I wasn't trying to --

Jordan suddenly brings his hand back, and SMACKS Angela across the face, causing her to fall against the side of the building, wincing with pain. She begins to cry.

Jordan suddenly realizes what he's done, and attempts to comfort Angela, but:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Jordan, stop. Stop!

Jordan jumps back.

JORDAN

I -- I, Angela --

ANGELA

Don't. Please.

CUE MUSIC: Echoes - *The Rapture*

Jordan backs up, and ultimately runs off as we PUSH IN on Angela.

She uses her hand to rub her already red cheek, wiping away the tears that fall from her eyes with the other one.

She slowly gets up, and walks off as we --

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE