

AUDITION

2.04 | MEMORIZATION IS KEY

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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

ROSE BRIDGIT MENDLER

MS. CARLYLE ANNETTE BENING

FADE IN:

INT. LA'S TEEN TALENT - AFTERNOON

The STUDENTS sit in several rows of chairs in front of MS. CARLYLE, who has her hands clasped together.

MS. CARLYLE
Alright, students. You should all
have finished planning your
dialogue...

CUT TO: ALEX AND DAVID. They glance at one another, making a disgusted face and shaking their heads.

BACK ON:

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)
I urge you to begin memorization,
or you might fall short of the bar!

BACK TO: ALEX AND DAVID. They turn towards one another.

ALEX
Okay, so...

DAVID
Our dialogue isn't planned.

ALEX
All the way.

DAVID
But aren't we filming today?

ALEX
Then we need to, like --

DAVID
Get a move on things?! Yeah, I'm
aware.

David grabs Alex and begins to shake him wildly.

DAVID (CONT'D)
WE. NEED. TO. FINISH.

Alex pries David's hands off of him.

ALEX
I know!

DAVID
Okay. What do we have so far?

Alex pulls out a NOTEBOOK and begins to flip through it.

ALEX

Um, we have... Two guys.

DAVID

Uh-huh.

ALEX

That's it. We have two guys.

DAVID

AND YOU TOLD HER WE'RE FILMING?

ALEX

You told her we were filming!

DAVID

Well, you should've stopped me!

Alex drops his head into his hands, shaking it and sighing.

PAN OVER to ANGELA, who stands alone, looking around the room. JORDAN, a slight bruise still on his nose, slowly walks up to her, ashamed.

JORDAN

Hey.

ANGELA

Hey.

JORDAN

I, um... Angela, I --

ANGELA

(fierce)

Yeah?

JORDAN

I'm sorry. About what I did. You know how angry I get, and --

ANGELA

That's the thing, Jordan. You get angry. A lot.

JORDAN

Just give me another chance.
Please.

Angela looks down.

ANGELA

I don't know. You... You really hurt me.

JORDAN

Angela, I love you. And I know you love me too, or you wouldn't have stayed with me all this time.

ANGELA

Jordan --

Jordan grabs Angela's hand, pleading.

JORDAN

Please.

ANGELA

But, Jordan, your temper.

JORDAN

I'll control it! I swear!

ANGELA

I'm not just talking about with me. But with Alex, and... Jordan you go a little far sometimes.

(beat)

And I know we don't like them, but he just --

JORDAN

As long as he's here, we'll never be on top. We'll never make a name for ourselves.

Angela stares down.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Think about it, Angela. We haven't had a casting call since he's been here. He's just someone in our way.

ANGELA

I know, but --

JORDAN

Don't you want to be the best?

Angela drops her gaze once more, contemplating.

ANGELA

I mean... I do.

JORDAN
We're a pair, Angela. We *belong*
together.

Jordan smiles, and Angela, reluctant at first, smiles as well. He brings her in for a hug, and she hugs back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

With her head over his shoulder, Angela stares down, a hint of fear in her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

MICHAEL, a glum look on his face, sits on the COUCH.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Michael slowly rises and walks to the door, opening it to reveal none other than PAULA SMITH. She jumps in place, and once she lands, she throws her hands in the air.

PAULA
Ta-da! Hello, Bestie!

She notices Michael's expression, and stands normally.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Oh my. You're sad.

MICHAEL
Do you need something, Paula?

PAULA
(taken back)
Well, I mean, no, but... But I
rarely come here for a reason.
(beat)
Now why are you sad?

MICHAEL
I don't really want to talk about
it, Paula.

He turns on his heel, and walks back to his couch. He sits.

Paula, sighs and closes the door, walking to the couch and taking a seat by Michael.

PAULA

Look, I know you're not *the happiest man ever*. But you're never *this* gloomy.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Paula.

PAULA

No! I mean -- No.

(beat)

Michael, seriously, what is it?

Michael breaths a deep SIGH, running his hands over his face and through his hair.

MICHAEL

I'm ashamed, Paula.

PAULA

Ashamed? Of what?

MICHAEL

Of myself. I... I let her down, I let them *both* down.

PAULA

Michael, slow down. What are you talking about?

MICHAEL

Alisha. She came to me for help. And I... I just let her down.

Paula puts her hands on Michael, rubbing his back and shoulders, friendly and comforting.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But she's gone. And she came to *me* for help. I told her it was her decision, and I just... I wasn't there for her.

PAULA

Michael, look, Alisha made her own decision. You're not the reason she's gone. She just... It was her mom, and you can't really deny family when they need you.

Michael lifts his head and faces Paula, and they both smile at one another, weakly.

PAULA (CONT'D)
 You said you let *both* of them down.
 Who was the other? Alex?

Michael begins to shake his head.

MICHAEL
 No, it was... It was my wife.
 Miranda.

PAULA
 What? How did you let her down?

Michael's eyes suddenly gloss over, and a tear trickles down his cheek.

MICHAEL
 One night, um... One night the dry
 cleaning had to be picked up,
 and... And I was just joking with
 her about not wanting to go get it.
 (long pause)
 So she went and got it, and...

His voice cracks as he utters:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 And then she didn't come back home.

Paula GASPS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 She was hit by a drunk driver... I
 failed her. *I* should've been the
 one in the car, not her.

Paula, her face saddened, hugs Michael. He begins to cry into her shoulder.

PAULA
 It's okay, Michael.

MICHAEL
 No, it's not, Paula.

Paula detaches from Michael and stares him in th eye.

PAULA
 You are a *great* father. And I'm
 sure you were a *great* husband.
 (beat)
 And even though I've known you for,
 like, not even a year, I know
 you're a *great friend*.

Michael slowly forms a smile on a face.

MICHAEL
Thanks, Paula.

Paula smiles and hugs him again.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LA'S TEEN TALENT

Alex and David sit by one another. Alex writes, and once he finishes, he looks at David.

DAVID
Well? What do we have now?

ALEX
Two guys.

DAVID
And what are they doing?

ALEX
Talking.

DAVID
And they say?

ALEX
'Hey.'

DAVID
And?

Alex looks down at his notebook.

ALEX
'Hey.'

DAVID
AND?!

ALEX
That's it. They both say 'hey'.

David drops his face into his hands.

DAVID
We're screwed. Like, Darth-Vadar-
falling-into-lava screwed.

ALEX

Look, we've still got some time. If we hurry up we can get the first scene done and film that today.

David nods.

JORDAN (O.S)

Aw, having trouble?

SWISH PAN to reveal Jordan and Angela, hand-in-hand. But Angela stands behind.

ALEX

Look. We're not in the mood. So leave.

JORDAN

No, you look.

Angela puts her hand on Jordan's arm.

ANGELA

(soft)
Jordan.

JORDAN

I've got some advice for you. Just give up. You're obviously not going to get this done, so stop. *Leave*. I mean, besides each other, does anyone here even like you?

Alex stands.

ALEX

We could same the same thing about you.

Jordan lets out a chuckle.

JORDAN

You're right. But they *have* to like me. Because they're scared of me. They won't get in my way.

(beat)

This business. It's tough. You're not going to have any friends. Once one of you get a solo part, that's it. You're done. No more friendship. Might as well save you the trouble now and go ahead and split up.

CUT TO: THE ENTRANCE. ROSE walks in, her bag slung over her shoulder, and her curly hair frolicking behind her. She looks around.

BACK TO the altercation.

David stands and gets in Jordan's face.

DAVID

Look. Dude. *Leave*. Why the heck do you even bother us anyway? Someone got a crush?

Jordan pushes David, who falls back into Alex.

ON ROSE. She notices and GASPS. Her face suddenly turns into determination, and she sets off towards them.

ALEX

Seriously, Jordan, *go away*.

JORDAN

You newbies are done running the show around here.

He TURNS AROUND only to meet Rose, who stands in front of him, her hip cocked and her arms crossed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(rude)

Can I help you with something?

ROSE

What was going on?

And almost as if she's giving advice:

ANGELA

Look, if you know what's good for you, just get out of the way.

ROSE

(ignoring)

I'll ask again. What was going on?

JORDAN

I don't have to answer questions for a bottle-blonde bimbo.

Rose suddenly THROWS her bag on the ground and STOMPS her foot.

ROSE

*Excuse me?**(beat)*

Look, I don't care if you own this building. I don't even care if you own half of freaking Hollywood. But you will *not* talk to anyone that way. Because, at the end of the day, we're all the same.

JORDAN

Excuse me --

ROSE

Well not *all* of us, I suppose.

Jordan, his anger obviously rising, throws his arm back, almost making a fist, causing Rose to slightly jump back. But Angela suddenly grabs Jordan and brings his arm down.

ANGELA

Jordan. Stop.

Jordan, fuming, storms off and Angela runs behind him. We follow them.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Jordan! Jordan, are you okay?

Jordan STOPS, Angela as well.

JORDAN

Yeah. Thank you. I would've been ruined if you hadn't stopped me.

Angela's face of surprise suddenly drops to disappointment.

ANGELA

Yeah... Yeah, you're welcome.

BACK ON Rose, Alex and David.

ROSE

What was that all about?

DAVID

He's usually worse, but... He must not have taken his douche-pill today.

ALEX

What are you even doing her, Rose?

She digs her hand into her bag that she has since picked up, and pulls out a handheld CAMERA.

ROSE

Weren't we supposed to film today?
And I really need to watch where I
throw these things... Could've been
pretty bad.

ALEX

Yeah, you really *don't* seem like
the type to get angry.

CUE MUSIC: Echoes - *The Rapture*

ROSE

Yeah, well, I tend to get defensive
when people mess with my friends.
(beat; smiling)
Well, *sorta* friends.

The three laugh, as David throws each one of his arms over the back of their necks.

DAVID

Let's go, amigos!

ROSE

So, what are we filming today?

Alex and David smile at one another, and at the same time:

ALEX

'Hey.'

DAVID

'Hey'.

Both boys begin to laugh. Rose shoots a confused look. And they walk.

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE