

# AUDITION

4.09 | New Courier

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## MAIN CAST

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

## GUEST CAST

ANDREW ZAHIR ..... MANISH DAYAL  
JOSHUA LAWSON ..... MATT COHEN  
EMILY MOORE ..... SHARON LEAL  
SHAWN LEONIDAS ..... ROMEO MILLER

FADE IN:

**INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM**

MICHAEL sits on the couch, his LAPTOP on his legs. He hastily types away, his eyes never leaving the screen.

He hits a few more buttons, then quickly closes it. He pulls his bag up and shoves the laptop inside.

Rising, he runs over to the door and opens it --

PAULA stands there, shocked.

PAULA  
I usually... you know, *knock* before  
this happens.

MICHAEL  
Sorry, I'm in a rush.

PAULA  
(interested)  
Ooh! Where you off to?

MICHAEL  
I don't know how it happened, but I  
was able to snag a meeting with an  
agent for CBS.

Paula's eyes widen.

PAULA  
(thrilled)  
Yaaas, bestie, yaaas!

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I'm meeting her at the cafe,  
like... *now*.  
(beat)  
See you, Paula.

He runs off, leaving her in the doorway.

PAULA  
Um...

She steps inside the apartment, like always.

ALEX and ALISHA come running from the hallway, flustered.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
Hey, guys!

ALEX  
Sorry, Paula. Can't talk.

ALISHA  
We're late.

PAULA  
For what?

ALISHA  
This audition.

PAULA  
(shaking)  
You will *not* be late for this  
audition!!

ALEX  
We know, we know!

ALISHA  
We're going!

The duo grab their things and rush out, Paula once again being left by herself.

She looks around. Alone.

PAULA  
Welp, this is new... and awkward.

### **INT. CRAZY LAZY CAFE**

Dozens of people pollute the crowded cafe. They're all talking amongst themselves, but one voice carries above the others.

Meet EMILY MOORE (30s, confident, highly fashionable), sitting down at a table. Alone. A bluetooth in her ear.

EMILY  
Okay, cancel my three o'clock. I  
want to get some Cardio in before I  
get back to the office.  
(beat)  
And I'm not particularly in the  
mood to sit across Bruce from legal  
for an hour and a half. The man  
makes a men's locker room smell  
like a bouquet of roses.  
(beat)  
Not the fake ones.

A waiter walks up to her table with a pleasant smile.

WAITER

Can I get you anything?

EMILY

Yes, I'll have a Venti quad half-caf breve, half whole milk, one quarter 2%, one quarter almond milk, extra extra hot, one shot decaf, one and a half shot regular, no foam latte, two packs of sugar, a teaspoon of brown sugar and just a drizzle of vanilla. STAT.

Wide eyed, the waiter wants to ask her repeat her order, but she gives him a look that just makes him walk away.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(into bluetooth)

Wait, what? No I wasn't talking to you. I'm at a cafe. This guy I'm supposed to be meeting is late.

She looks down at the watch on her wrist. Shakes her head.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ten minutes early is on time. Anything after that is tardy.

The entrance swings open, and Michael comes stumbling in. His laptop bag is held to his chest tightly, and he looks around as if he's lost.

CLOSE UP on Emily, watching Michael.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, I found him.

Emily looks him up and down. A flirtatious smirk forming on her face as she bites her lip.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Troy, I'm gonna have to call you back.

She removes her blue tooth, then waves Michael over with a smile. He spots her and walks towards her table. She stands and they shake hands.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Michael Berreta?

MICHAEL

(eager)

Yes -- yes! I'm -- that's me.

Michael! Michael Berreta!

(beat)

Thank you so much for meeting me,  
Ms...?

EMILY

Please, call me Emily. Ms. Moore is  
my crazy and less attractive  
mother.

Michael awkwardly laughs. Pulls out his laptop. As he does,  
Emily cranes her neck to the side to watch him, a smirk still  
on her face.

The waiter returns and sets Emily's coffee down.

WAITER

Your coffee, ma'am.

EMILY

Yeah, we'll see about that.

She takes a sip, swishes it around in her mouth. Swallows.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hmm... very good.

She puts the cup down, a little disappointed. Then puts her  
attention back to Michael, who watches in intimidation.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So, let's hear this idea of yours!

MICHAEL

Well, I...

(beat)

My idea is a story about a single  
father and his son.

Emily already grows disappointed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Because the mother would --

EMILY

Let me stop you right there.

Michael's face drops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

A father and son? Is that all?

MICHAEL  
Well... well, I mean --

EMILY  
Is this strictly drama?

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I... I guess so.

Emily sighs.

EMILY  
No one wants to see a straight family drama, Michael. You have to have things that will blow their minds, that leave them begging to know what's going to happen next. A father and son story is boring, plain and simple.

MICHAEL  
Oh...  
(beat)  
But I was going for emotional moments more than --

EMILY  
I don't make the rules of Hollywood, hon.

She rises to leave.

MICHAEL  
You're... you're going already?

EMILY  
I'm sorry, but...

Emily notices Michael's disheartened and defeated face. Again, she eyes him up and down.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Tell you what, I'll take a look at your script.  
(beat; smirking)  
Since you're so cute.

A grin bursts onto Michael's face.

MICHAEL  
Thank you!! Oh my God -- thank you -  
- thank you *so much!!*

He stands up and hugs her, Emily immediately grinning with the utmost pleasure.

EMILY

Wow, hugs already? I wonder what you'd give me after the first date.

Michael's eyes widen, and he slowly sits down.

**INT. AUDITION WAITING ROOM**

Alex and Alisha sit in seats with scripts on their laps. The room is quite sparse - only a handful of other actors waiting for their audition. They must be near the end.

The duo continuously look at one another, growing awkward from the pure silence. They whisper back and forth:

ALEX

This is what I hate most about these things.

ALISHA

Me too.

ALEX

Do you think we should be more stern and serious?

ALISHA

Probably, yeah.

Alex looks forward and forcefully firms his brow, attempting to look intimidating. Alisha watches.

ALEX

How's that?

ALISHA

Could be better.

He side eyes her.

All of a sudden, SHAWN LEONIDAS (early 20s, laid back, somewhat jaded) sits down next to them.

Alex and Alisha's jaws immediately hit the floor. They begin to slightly shake with anxiousness and excitement.

ALEX

Oh...

ALISHA

God.

Grins form on their faces.

ALEX

Oh my God -- oh *MY GOD*.

Shawn looks at them, suspicious and confused.

SHAWN

What? Do I have something on my face?

ALEX

You... you --

ALISHA

You're *Shawn Leonidas!*

SHAWN

Last time I checked.

ALEX

We... we watch The Johnsons, like, *every week*.

ALISHA

We have viewing parties!

They're quickly shushed by the other actors; however, they don't even bother noticing.

ALEX

Miles is literally *the best*.

SHAWN

Well, thanks. Always nice to meet fans. Make sure you tune in on the finale. It's gonna be a killer for Miles.

Alisha slowly realizes something, and her face feels with utter dread.

ALISHA

Wait...

(beat)

*Wait.*

Alex and Shawn eye her, confused.

ALISHA (CONT'D)  
 You... you're here... at an  
 audition... *You're here at an  
 audition.*

ALEX  
 That... that he is. Wonderful  
 observation.

ALISHA  
 You're being written off...  
 (beat)  
*Aren't you?*

Shawn's eyes widen, as do Alex's.

ALEX  
*What?*  
 (beat; to Shawn)  
*What?*

SHAWN  
 (nervous)  
 What? Heh, no! That's ridiculous!

Alex and Alisha begin to hyperventilate.

ALISHA  
 I feel like I just lost a lung,  
 honestly.

ALEX  
 I want to cry, but stern and  
 focused Alex *does not cry.*  
 (beat)  
 So, at-home-Alex is going to lay in  
 bed and eat a bag of chips while he  
 cries.

ALISHA  
 At-home-Alisha will join you.

SHAWN  
 Come on, it's not that bad. There  
 will be very little blood.

ALEX  
 This must be how the world ends.

Alex and Alisha just stare forward, almost on the verge of a  
 complete emotional meltdown.

Shawn pats both of them on the back.

SHAWN  
There, there...

**INT. CRAZY LAZY CAFE**

Michael sits by himself, typing away at his laptop. He exhales a deep breath.

MICHAEL  
You've got this, Michael. You've totally got this. Aside from talking to yourself, you've got everything under control right now.  
(beat)  
Make it interesting, make it interesting. Zombies?  
(beat)  
No.  
(beat)  
Vampires?  
(beat)  
Buffy was cool, but no.  
(beat)  
Sci fi? Frak that.  
(beat)  
Great...

At the other end of the cafe are ANDREW ZAHIR (early 30s, level headed, a shy demeanor) and JOSHUA LAWSON (same age, but almost the exact opposite).

They grab their coffees off of the counter, and look for a table. Joshua notices Michael talking to himself. Sits down at the table behind him.

JOSHUA  
Oooo, check him out. Twelve o'clock.

Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW  
Yes, he's attractive. But we're here for business, not pleasure... remember?

JOSHUA  
No. I mean, he's writing a script. Or, he's trying to.  
(beat)  
Kinda reminds me of you.

Andrew scoffs.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)  
I wonder if he wants some company.

ANDREW  
He probably doesn't want to be  
disturbed --

Before Andrew can finish his sentence, Joshua throws a package of Splenda at the back of Michael's head.

Andrew tries to hide his face as Michael turns around.  
Confused.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Oh my God...

JOSHUA  
Hello, friend! Name's Joshua. My  
invisible friend here is Andrew.  
Watcha working on?

MICHAEL  
Michael.  
(beat)  
And just... just some project.

JOSHUA  
Could you get more vague? What's it  
about?

Michael is suddenly taken back.

MICHAEL  
Oh.. oh, it's, um...  
(beat)  
It follows a single father and his  
son, but... but it's stupid and  
boring, really.

Andrew turns around to face Michael.

ANDREW  
Look, if you really thought your  
idea was stupid and boring, you  
wouldn't still be thinking about  
it.

JOSHUA  
Yeah, if its something you really  
care about, I say go for it.

ANDREW

Josh and I wrote our first script together in like... 8th grade, right?

JOSHUA

It was awful.

ANDREW

But we had an idea, believed in it and brought it to life. Sometimes you have to fail in order to succeed, even a little bit.

JOSHUA

Yeah, we're still trying to figure out the whole success thing...

A smile creeps up on Michael's face.

MICHAEL

Thanks. I really needed that.

Andrew and Joshua begin turn back around, but --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Would you... Would you guys, maybe... you know...

(beat)

I don't know... possibly...

Andrew and Joshua squint their eyes in confusion.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Looking over... my stuff.

(beat)

Maybe?

ANDREW

I mean, we're kinda busy but--

JOSHUA

Of course we will!

(whispers to Andrew)

What are you doing? I'm trying to cuddle tonight unless you're available!?

Michael overhears. His eyes go wide.

ANDREW

God, you're not even whispering...

Joshua's eyes dart at Michael. He lets out a nervous chuckle.

JOSHUA

Well, let's see that script, huh?

An eager Michael rises and moves to their table. As the new found trio begins to discuss, we --

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF EPISODE