

# AUDITION

5.01 | 23 DAYS

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# AUDITION

5.01 | 23 Days

MAIN CAST

ALEX BERRETA ..... JOSH HUTCHERSON  
ALISHA HALL ..... ALYSON STONER  
DAVID SULLIVAN ..... ANSEL ELGORT  
ROSE BRAUN ..... BRIDGIT MENDLER  
MICHAEL BERRETA ..... PATRICK DEMPSEY  
PAULA SMITH ..... AMY ADAMS

GUEST CAST

MIA EDWARDS ..... GAGE GOLIGHTLY  
ROBBIE MEYERS ..... JOE JONAS  
FLYNN ..... KEITH POWERS

FADE IN:

**INT. NED'S BAR - NIGHT**

**CUE MUSIC:** Miss Jackson (Instrumental) - *Panic! At the Disco*  
*ft. Lolo*

PANNING ACROSS a hand playing a an ELECTRIC GUITAR. It strums and we soon meet ROBBIE, his mouth in front of a MICROPHONE.

SNAP BACK. ROSE stands beside him, and FLYNN plays the drums at the back of the stage.

ROSE

(singing)

*"Climbing out the back door, didn't  
leave a mark. No one knows it's  
you, Miss Jackson."*

(beat)

*"Found another victim, but no one's  
gonna find Miss Jackson, Jackson,  
Jackson."*

Flynn HITS the snare drum, and Robbie begins --

ROBBIE

(singing)

*"You've got a sour little flavor in  
my mouth now. You move in circles  
hoping no one's gonna find out..."*

He continues to sing as we continue to PULL BACK. A crowd dances, and among them - ALEX and ALISHA. They talk louder than usual so that they can be heard over the music.

ALISHA

What were in those drinks?

ALEX

Um... vodka, schnapps, more vodka,  
I think a different type of  
schnapps probably.

Alisha's eyes widen.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Why?

ALISHA

I don't know. I feel... I feel on  
*fire* - like *burning* - but like I  
also really want *pancakes*, and... I  
don't know why?

ALEX

That's called being *drunk*, Alisha.

ALISHA

I know what it's like. But this...  
I can't tell if I love it or I hate  
it?

Alisha's head suddenly knocks back, as if something just hit her in the face. She quickly raises back up.

ALISHA (CONT'D)

Everything in my system just hit  
me... like... a semi-i-i-i truck.

Alex sucks his lips in to try and hold in a laugh.

ALISHA (CONT'D)

Whe... where -- where are the p-p-p-  
pancakes?

ALEX

We'll get you some pancakes, I  
promise.

ALISHA

Wh-wh-wh-why not now?

Alex grabs Alisha by the shoulders and begins to lead her to their table, his laughter now finding its way out of him.

ALISHA (CONT'D)

You know, we're like... we're like  
really *sexy*, yeah?

ALEX

We sure are, Alisha.

ALISHA

Like, we could, like, get it... an-  
any day of the we-week.

ALEX

Uh-huh.

ALISHA

Where's *Rose*?

ALEX

She's singing for us.

ALISHA

Oh yeah! She's *soooooo* good. I love  
her. She's nice and sexy too.

ALEX  
I wholeheartedly agree.

ALISHA  
H-h-h-how are youuuuu not drunk?

ALEX  
Because I didn't chug that entire  
drink like you did.

Alisha halts, turns around, and begins to wag her finger beside Alex's face, where she clearly believes his actual face is. Her eyes flutter around.

ALISHA  
Look *heeere*, mister. That drink was  
*delicious* and it's like...

Alisha's mouth hangs open.

ALISHA (CONT'D)  
Oh my *GOD*.

SNAP TO the stage, where Rose and Robbie continue to sing.

ROSE  
(singing)  
*"I love her anyway..."*  
(beat)  
*"I love her anyway..."*

Flynn and Robbie clap along with the audience. As she prepares for her next note, Rose flips her hair over and GRABS the microphone. Ready to make the crowd go wild.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*"Out the back door, oh man, but I  
love her anyway!"*

She BELTS the last note. The crowd of sober and drunk dancers ROAR with applause as she holds it until --

ROBBIE  
(singing)  
*"Miss Jackson, Miss Jackson, Miss  
Jackson, are you nasty?"*

**EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

DAVID holds MIA's hand, both of them walking side by side with the biggest smile on their faces.

MIA

Is this place even going to be open right now? I didn't know comic shops stay open this late.

DAVID

That's what I thought! But the owner called me - we kind of have a semi bromance going on, no biggie - and tells me that they're open till like two tonight because I've spent the most money this month or something like that.

MIA

(eyebrows raised)

Wow. They do this every month?

DAVID

I don't know. Like, I'm *obviously* spending the most money there regardless. I know everyone there by name! They've practically been begging me for me to work there. I've already convinced so many people to buy issues and trades.

MIA

Why haven't you taken the job?

David shrugs, bringing Mia's hand up with him and dropping it back down.

DAVID

I don't know. I used to tell myself that it was to focus on acting. *That's* my dream.

MIA

Dreams can change, David. You know that, right?

Looking down, David contemplates her statement.

DAVID

(nodding)

Yeah. Yeah, I know.

They stop at the COMIC BOOK SHOP, dim lights are seen through the windows. The "OPEN" sign is turned off.

MIA

So, you take all your girls out for a late night comic run?

DAVID

It's how I swoon them into becoming  
my beloved. Is it working?

Mia eyes the store up and down, then does the same to David;  
however, this time she bites her bottom lip with a  
flirtacious stare.

MIA

Yeah, kind of.

DAVID

I'm okay with that for now. By the  
night's end, we'll be cuddling in  
the manga section.

MIA

Very tempting.

Mia smirks, which David quickly reciprocates with a laugh. He  
grabs her hand again and leads her into --

#### **INT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - NIGHT**

As soon as they enter, David begins to look around. His eyes  
lock onto something and they widen. From behind, a victorious  
smile forms upon Mia's lips.

MIA

Surprise.

She steps in front of him. SWISH PAN to reveal --

A table sits in the center of the store. A cloth strung  
together by images of single issue comic books cover the top  
of it, while two chairs sit on either side.

DAVID

(still in shock; grinning)  
What...?

MIA

Do you... like it?

DAVID

I love it, but what... is it?

Mia grabs David's hand with both of hers, and leads him to  
the table.

MIA

I managed to convince the owner to let me rent out of the shop for the night. Just for the two of us.

DAVID

How?

MIA

Because I'm cunning, manipulative, and an all around brilliant seductress.

David forms his mouth into a thin line, not convinced.

MIA (CONT'D)

I'm his daughter's favorite actress.

DAVID

Aw, how cute.

Looking back at the table, David grows suddenly concerned.

DAVID (CONT'D)

These aren't... actual issues... are they? Like... oh my God, Mia --

MIA

No! They're not. They're just copies. God, I would never place a glass on Detective Comics #27.

David sports an extremely satisfied smile and brings Mia in for a quick KISS, which Mia quickly leans into. They pull apart.

DAVID

I'm so proud of you.

MIA

Come on. Let's have fun.

Turning back around to take in his surprise, David begins to chuckle. That's all he can do with his immense pleasure.

**INT. SMITH APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

PAULA sits curled up on her couch, intently staring at the televised program on in front of her. She has a blanket wrapped over her head and body. Comfy as ever.

VZZZ. VZZZ. VZZZ.

She leans over and picks up her cellphone, looks at the caller ID - MICHAEL "BESTIE" BERRETA. A canon picture of him making an unflattering face is the contact photo.

Her eyes widen. She lets out a small YELP and quickly THROWS her phone across her apartment and into the KITCHEN.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
 (other side of door)  
 Paula? I heard your phone. Is that  
 the TV? What did you break? Paula?

Paula quickly maneuvers herself off of the couch and begins to hop up and down, attempting to figure out what to do. Nervous. She also shakes her hands.

PAULA  
 Oh God, oh God, oh God.

MICHAEL  
 (other side of door)  
 Paula, are you okay?

PAULA  
 Um.... Um... *UM*....  
 (beat; calling)  
 I'm doing yoga!

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
 (other side of door)  
 Yoga?

PAULA  
*YOGA!*

She bends over and attempts to touch her toes, but she quickly groans in pain and slowly collapses to the floor.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
 Oh dear. This... turned out worse  
 than I expected.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
 (other side of door)  
 Paula?

PAULA  
 Like I said... I'm doing yoga.  
 Probably gonna just drink some  
 really brown-green type drink  
 after. Healthy, you know. Kale!

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
 (other side of door)  
 Paula, I'm coming in. Is that okay?

She lets out a large exhale.

PAULA  
 Yeah, come on in.

The lock on the door is heard CLICKING, and the door swings open. MICHAEL enters, quickly running to Paula.

MICHAEL  
 Oh my God, Paula! What happened?!

PAULA  
 You know... yoga.

Michael bends down and helps Paula roll herself over so that she lays on her back. She then bends upwards to be eye-level with Michael.

MICHAEL  
 (playful)  
 Well, your yoga poses probably  
 won't catch on anytime soon.

Paula manages to form a weak smile.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Is everything okay, Paula? I  
 haven't really seen the past few  
 weeks.

PAULA  
 I've been, um... busy. Yeah, busy.  
 Lots of Paula stuff to do.

MICHAEL  
 Anything I can do to help you out?

PAULA  
 (quick)  
 No.  
 (beat; slowing herself)  
 Um, no. Nothing I can think of. But  
 thanks.

Michael looks at Paula with suspicion as she drops her gaze.

MICHAEL  
 Paula, are you sure everything's  
 okay?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're not your usual peppy self  
and when that happens you're  
usually down about something.

Paula looks back up, locking eyes with Michael. Almost a perfect poker face.

PAULA

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

Well, I notice these things about  
you. I mean, we are besties after  
all.

That statement makes Paula chuckle. A genuine laugh. She bites her lip and stands up, her body language now much more natural and happy. Michael follows her.

PAULA

But seriously! Totally fine! See?

Paula wiggles her hands back and forth, stepping to a fro - a jazz dance of sorts. Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

There we go.

(beat)

I just wanted to come check on you.  
I don't like it when I don't see  
you.

A beat of silence. Paula FREEZES at the statement, and Michael's eyes widen at the realization of what he's said.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know, you make laugh... and  
stuff. Just don't like seeing you  
sad. Besties worry like that.

PAULA

(nodding)

Besties worry like that.

MICHAEL

Okay, I'm off. Talk to you later?

PAULA

Of course.

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Night, Paula.

PAULA  
Night, Michael.

Michael turns and goes, Paula following him to the exit. He exits, and she closes the door behind him.

As soon as it closes, Paula leans her back against the wall and slides down. She looks up, knits her brow, and licks her lips. A hint of worry and an even smaller hint of fear passes over her glistening eyes.

**INT. NED'S BAR - NIGHT**

ON a CYMBAL. Drumsticks quickly beat against it - a roll. PULL AWAY as Flynn continues to play behind Rose and Robbie.

ROBBIE  
(off Flynn finishing)  
Thank you, guys. We're gonna take a  
little break.

The crowd CLAPS. Robbie sets his guitar down, then stands beside Rose. Flynn joins them.

FLYNN  
I think that went pretty well,  
yeah?

ROBBIE  
Totally. The crowd loved it.

Rose smiles and nods, but then steps off to the side as Alex comes running up and brings her in for a hug.

ALEX  
Oh my God, you did so good!

ROSE  
Thanks, Alex!

They KISS, Rose leaning into it as their lips dance with one another. They break apart, Alex still smiling.

ALEX  
I'm not even exaggerating, you  
*slayed* so hard, Rose.

ROSE  
Well the cutest number one fan  
really helps in the motivation  
department.

Rose glances back at Robbie and Flynn.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Hey, I need to talk... silly,  
important singing business with  
them. Can I catch up with you  
later?

ALEX  
Of course. Can't wait for your next  
song.

They kiss again, this one quicker. Alex goes off, and Rose  
rejoins Robbie and Flynn with a look of contemplation.

ROBBIE  
(noticing)  
Something wrong?

ROSE  
(sighing)  
I really, *really* hate to be that  
person, but... we could have done  
better, right?

ROBBIE  
Well, obviously.

ROSE  
I don't mean us individually, I  
mean...  
(long pause)  
With *other people*.

FLYNN  
Like... a band?

ROSE  
Yes, exactly. I've been thinking  
about this lately. What if we  
formed an actual band, like with a  
pianist and permanent guitar  
player?  
(to Robbie)  
I know you can play those too, but  
you can't play them all at once,  
and we missed some really cool  
moments in that last song.

ROBBIE  
Only problem with that would be  
splitting the tips. Less money for  
us.

ROSE

But if we get full band, then more revenue for us... right? Maybe?

ROBBIE

That's a pretty big *maybe*.

Rose turns to Flynn.

ROSE

What do you think?

FLYNN

I think it could really help. More members, more people to fall in love with!

Robbie passes his gaze between Rose and Flynn, still not entirely convinced.

ROSE

How about we just try it? We hold auditions, and if doesn't seem right then we drop it. Deal?

Taking a few beats, Robbie locks eyes with Rose.

ROBBIE

Okay. Let's just see where this goes, and let's think about it.

A grin erupts on Rose's face and she wraps her arms around Robbie and Flynn, bringing them in for a HUG.

SNAP TO Alex and Alisha, who now sit at opposite sides of a leather booth.

ALISHA

Th-thank G-God. I think th-this drink is starting t-to wear off.

ALEX

It's a good thing, too. I can finally understand your sentences.

Alisha sends him a playful eye roll.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Rose and Robbie are killing it tonight. I still need to meet their probably-awesome drummer.

(beat)

What's his name?

ALISHA  
F-F-F-Flynn, I think.

ALEX  
F-F-F-Flynn is an odd name. Wonder  
why he's not just 'Flynn'?

ALISHA  
Look here, I'm g-gonna need the  
sass to d-drop.

ALEX  
(chuckling)  
Whatever you say.

Looking down during several beats of silence, Alisha finally raises her head to meet Alex's gaze. Something's on her mind.

ALISHA  
Why are we d-doing this?

ALEX  
D-doing what?

ALISHA  
*This.* Coming to this bar way more  
th-than two twenty year olds with a  
fake ID should.

ALEX  
(unconvincing)  
I have fun here.

ALISHA  
Do you really?

Alex lets out a sigh of relief, and goes to reply, but Alisha suddenly WHIPS her head back.

ALISHA (CONT'D)  
Oh boy.

ALEX  
Did it hit you again?

She attempts to speak, but can only nod in reply.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Okay, let's go get you some water.

ALISHA  
Can you p-please put the ceiling b-  
back on top first.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

ALISHA (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

(beat)

I'm dying. I'm dying. I'm dying.

I'm dying. I'm dead.

Alex goes to her and helps her stand, then leads her stumbling self towards the bar.

**INT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - NIGHT**

David and Mia both poke forks into a large slice of red and yellow cake. A golden lightning bolt emblem sticks out from the top of it.

MIA

Now this is based on... the Flash?

DAVID

So proud of you.

MIA

(smiling)

I'm learning, you know.

(beat)

So that makes me...

As she struggle, David looks at her. Hopeful.

MIA (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Carol...

David slightly shakes his head.

MIA (CONT'D)

(even more quiet)

Dinah...

He once again signals her incorrect answer.

MIA (CONT'D)

(extremely low)

Iris...

David's eyebrows raise and bursts into a gleeful cheer.

DAVID

Yes, yes!

MIA

Phew. Oh my God. That was stressful.

DAVID  
Even in stressful situations,  
you're still the cutest one around.

MIA  
Guess we're just a bunch of comic  
book shop nerds.

DAVID  
Eh, you'll get there eventually.

Mia gapes, but they both break into a laughter. They then  
lean across the table and KISS, their lips moving together.

They break apart and return to the slice of cake.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I've been thinking about... what  
you said.

MIA  
(confused)  
That Tatiana literally gets snubbed  
in everything?

DAVID  
No, not that. You said dreams can  
change.

MIA  
Oh. What about it?

DAVID  
I think I'm gonna take the job  
here.

MIA  
(genuine)  
David, that's great!

DAVID  
You know... he has to still be  
offering me a job, but we'll get  
into specific later.

Mia grabs his hand.

MIA  
You're gonna kill it...  
(struggling; long pause)  
Barty...?

DAVID  
(smiling)  
Close enough.

**INT. NED'S BAR - NIGHT**

Alex helps Alisha sit back down at their booth. She CHUGS the large glass of water she now holds. Alex sits beside her.

ALEX  
Okay, you're a water drinking machine. You should be good in a little bit.  
(beat)  
You know, hopefully.

ALISHA  
You're s-still not off the hook, mister. Why do we keep...

Her head drops against the table.

ALISHA (CONT'D)  
Doing this?

Alex takes an extremely large breath, even bigger than the last one.

ALEX  
Since you're probably not going to remember any of this...

He closes his eyes. Ready.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I'm sad, Alisha. I'm so, so sad. All of the time. I can't do anything right.

His eyes begin to gloss over, and his voice slightly cracks.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I've never felt like this before. It hurts... so much, and this... coming out here and doing this just makes it all go away for a while.

Alex doesn't even look at Alisha. His gaze as drifted off.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
What if I can't... ever get another part?

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

What if I'm not supposed to be an actor? What if I'm just not good at anything?

As tears start to slowly stream down his face, Alex quickly wipes them away. Regaining his composure.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I just don't want to be sad all of the time anymore. That's all.

Alisha finally lifts her head, completely oblivious to what has just been said.

ALISHA

Did you say something?

For a beat, Alex simply stares at her. Subtle breaks spread across his face - his lip trembles, his breath turns shaky.

He then flashes a smile, shakes his head. A completely different person. Happy from head-to-toe.

ALEX

No. I didn't say anything.

ALISHA

(high-pitched)

Okay.

**CUE MUSIC:** Echoes - *The Rapture*

ALEX

Come on. I'll go talk to Rose, and then let's go home.

ALISHA

(even higher)

Okay.

Alex helps her up, and he once again leads her through the bar, but this time he sports a saddened, defeated expression.

But he looks up... and smiles.

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF EPISODE