

AUDITION

5.02 | ACTING 102

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

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MAIN CAST

ALEX BERRETA	JOSH HUTCHERSON
ALISHA HALL	ALYSON STONER
DAVID SULLIVAN	ANSEL ELGORT
MICHAEL BERRETA	PATRICK DEMPSEY
PAULA SMITH	AMY ADAMS

GUEST CAST

MIA EDWARDS	GAGE GOLIGHTLY
THIAGO PRECIADO	DIEGO BONETA
LIVY GORDON	JAMIE CLAYTON
DEV GARA	ANOOP DESAI
GIN ANDO	KIMIKO GLENN
CELINA YIP	MALESE JOW
BRANDON SHARPE	CARLOS VALDES
GABRIELLA PRECIADO	MAIARA WALSH
QUINN WIKSTROM	MING-NA WEN
MS. CARLYLE	ANNETTE BENING

FADE IN:

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN --

A NEWS REPORTER stands outside a recognizable building - LA'S TEEN TALENT. It's guarded with yellow caution tape, while crime scene workers make their way over it.

NEWS REPORTER

It was just earlier this morning
that local authorities discovered a
methamphetamine lab in the building
of an acting studio here in
downtown Los Angeles.

(beat)

We've heard rumors of one of the
teachers being the maker of the
large quantity of drugs that have
been found; however, it has been
unconfirmed. We will do our best to
keep you --

MS. CARLYLE (O.S.)

Let me go! Let me go!

The camera WHIPS to the side to find MS. CARLYLE, gray and covered in rashes, being led through the crowd by officers. She looks crazed, almost zombie-like.

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)

It's the medicinal marijuana! It's
not the meth!

(beat)

WATCH BREAKING BAD!

She pulls against the hold the officers have against her, but they just tighten their grip.

MS. CARLYLE (CONT'D)

PETA made me do it! They
brainwashed me! Stay away from the
KKK!!

They lead her out of the camera's frame, which soon returns to the now confused news reporter.

NEWS REPORTER

Erm... It seems as though they have
found their culprit?

PULL AWAY from the television screen to --

INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ALEX and ALISHA sit on their couch, mouths agape.

ALEX
What... the hell?

ALISHA
Ms. Carlyle?

ALEX
Our acting class was a *meth lab*?!

ALISHA
I knew she was, you know, a little
bit insane but...

ALEX
(realizing)
Is that why her favorite show is
Breaking Bad?

ALISHA
Was she warning us or just
recommending?

MICHAEL comes walking in, an eagerness in his step and a smile on his face.

MICHAEL
Hey, guys! What's up?

ALEX
Our old acting teacher was cooking
meth under our classroom.

Michael immediately stops in his tracks. His face drops, and it now sports a mix of confusion and concern.

MICHAEL
Did either of you...?

ALISHA
(eyebrows knitted)
Use the meth?

ALEX
Yes, Dad, we're raging meth
addicts. Thank you for noticing.

MICHAEL
I'm just making sure! It's a parent
thing. Once you have kids, you'll
understand.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(beat; realizing)
Neither of you are expecting to be
a parent soon, right?

ALEX
Oh my God.

MICHAEL
Okay! No more interrogation. I'm
off. Have a good day.

ALISHA
Where are you going?

MICHAEL
There's this staged reading for a
new play downtown. Figured I'd go,
maybe make some writer friends.

ALEX
Socializing! Is that also a parent
thing?

Michael rolls his eyes, opens the door.

MICHAEL
You guys should probably find a new
acting class. What, with Warfare
done filming and... the whole meth
thing, you probably need a fresh
start.

ALISHA
(smiling)
I think we can do some digging.

Michael exits, closes the door.

ALISHA (CONT'D)
(quick)
Okay, but do you have any ideas on
any new acting classes?

Alex mulls the idea over.

ALEX
Maaaaybe. But you might not like
it.

ALISHA
Why's that?

ALEX

It sort of involves your arch nemesis.

ALISHA

Seriously? Alex, she's not my arch nemesis.

ALEX

Last time you talked to her she played you on national television only to throw it back in your face once the camera cut off.

ALISHA

Well, yeah, but... If she can get us a new acting class, then I don't see a problem with asking her.

(beat)

Plus, David's probably made her a slightly better person. Maybe by .03% if we're lucky.

ALEX

I'll call him.

Alex begins to dig his phone out.

INT. EDWARDS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAVID and MIA sit cuddled together on the couch, covered by an array of colorful blankets.

EXPLOSIONS can be heard on the TV in front of them. Mia watches them with a confused expression.

MIA

I don't understand.

DAVID

Just watch the beautiful explosions.

MIA

Fine. But you know, being a superhero isn't that unique. If you're on PCP you can practically fight off the entire American Military.

DAVID

And you know this from experience?

MIA

Yes. I just disclosed to you my supervillain origin story.

DAVID

What's your name, though?

(beat)

Wait! Don't tell me.

(thinking)

The TV Terror.

Mia firms her brow, purses her lips; however, she quickly settles on the idea.

MIA

You know what... I love it. TV is amazing, and I would be proud to represent it.

The two share a genuine smile, then lean in for a KISS. Their lips move together, indulging, until --

VZZZ. VZZZ. VZZZ.

They break apart, but stay within inches of one another.

DAVID

(soft; sarcastic)

Amazing timing.

David leans back and pulls his phone out. Answers the call.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hello?

Inaudible talking is heard on the other line.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Uh-huh.

(beat)

What?! 50 Shades was cooking meth?!

Mia's mouth instantly hangs open and her eyes widen, completely shocked and confused at the statement. She looks off with a 'WTF' expression.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dude, this is beyond crazy. This sounds like a Lifetime Original movie, and I'm obsessed.

(beat; listens)

Oh, really?

(beat)

Totally! No worries.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

(beat)

Okay, sweet. I'll call you back.

David ends the call, then looks to Mia with a smile and bright expression.

MIA

(off David)

What?

DAVID

I need a favor.

He grabs Mia's hand, to which she continues to lock eyes with him, not even remotely convinced.

INT. BLACKBOX THEATRE - DAY

Stands are arranged in the center. Risers with rows of seats sit on three sides.

Michael and PAULA make their way to the middle of a row, taking their seats among other elders and snobby-looking individuals.

PAULA

What exactly is this about again?

MICHAEL

It's called '*World of the Planets*'.

PAULA

What...? Okay, I know I'm extremely confusing sometimes, but what does that even mean?

MICHAEL

You know, I'm not entirely sure.

PAULA

So, forgive my ignorant-writing-yet-still-awesome-self, but don't you want to be a screenwriter?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know. But I look at it as writing is writing, and there's talkback after with the playwright. Maybe he can give me some tips.

PAULA

What about your script?

MICHAEL

I've decided that the best idea would be to get some more experience under my belt before I keep going with that. Like, maybe not with two fabulous drug dealing women, but I probably wouldn't complain if someone worse called me for work.

(beat)

I'm still gonna work on my idea on the side though. Can't let it go that easily. But for now, I am going to be the sponge in the bathtub that is writing.

(realizing)

Okay, really weird metaphor. You get me, though.

PAULA

You know, I went on a date with someone to a play once, and he tried to *clip my toenails* so he could steal them. I think he had a collection. He asked me on a second date... and I said yes. He told me we were gonna move to Antarctica and conceive penguin fetuses.

(long pause; dawning on her)

I'm now realizing he was very much insane.

MICHAEL

Paula, you have some of the *weirdest* stories. You could write a book, honestly.

(beat)

Thanks so much for supporting me and making me laugh.

Michael grabs Paula's hand and squeezes, then lays it back down on her thigh. Paula looks up at Michael and quickly replaces her lingering gaze with an awkward smile.

PAULA

Anytime. I'll be sure to dedicate my memoir to you.

MICHAEL

I'm serious. I know I don't talk about it as much as I should, but seriously... thank you. For a lot.

He sends her a smile, filled with pure gratitude.

PAULA

Well, we definitely balance each other out in that department.

Michael chuckles and brings his attention to the front. Paula stares off as well, but takes several beats to compose herself - a gulp, quick breaths, and fluttering eyelids.

The lights in the theatre go down.

EXT. ACTING STUDIO - DAY

Alex and Alisha walk up to the beige building, excitement and nervousness fueling them.

ALEX

Well, here we are.

ALISHA

I still can't believe we got into this place so quickly.

(beat)

I mean, I can't believe *Mia* got us into this place so quickly.

ALEX

You know those American Sweethearts, they get you into elite acting classes in less than a week.

Alisha chuckles, then turns and looks up at the sign embedded into the exterior of the studio: "WIKSTROM ACTORS".

ALISHA

I'm slightly terrified.

ALEX

I'm excited!

ALISHA

But more terrified.

ALEX

Well, let's do this then.

Alisha lets out a large sigh, looks at Alex with shimmering eyes and a defeated expression.

ALISHA

I'm scared, Alex. I'm really scared, and not the joking anxiety most people get before a first time thing.

ALEX

(confused)

Alisha, we've been in acting classes before.

ALISHA

I know, but... but not since *Warfare*. Not since David. Not since I --

(stopping)

Not since a lot of things have happened. I don't want anymore bad things to happen. I just want the bad things to stop happening all the time.

(beat)

Are you not scared?

Alex forms his mouth into a line, sympathizing. He grabs Alisha's hands and SQUEEZES. Comforting.

ALEX

You'll be fine. We'll be fine. I promise you. And I'll be right there with you the whole way through.

Alisha can't help but smile at his words. She relaxes her shoulders and lets out a much more relieved sigh.

ALISHA

Then let's go.

Still holding hands, the duo enters the building.

INT. WIKSTROM ACTORS - STUDIO (MOMENTS LATER)

ON the door as Alex and Alisha enter, then SWISH PAN to reveal ACTORS circled up in chairs. Texting, chatting, eating various snacks.

PANNING THROUGH THEM: a Mexican male sitting by a Brazilian female, the former eyeing the circle with sultry eyes, and the latter looking at him with disgust. THIAGO and GABRIELLA PRECIADO. Step-siblings.

A Japanese woman has her legs crossed and arms folded. She looks up at the ceiling, distracted by something. GIN ANDO.

Beside her, an Indian man with thick-rimmed glasses twiddling his thumbs down between his legs. Makes eye contact with absolutely no one. DEV GARA.

Next to him, BRANDON SHARPE, a Columbian man, attempts conversation with Dev.

Across the way, a woman with wavy hair looks at her nails out of boredom, then looks up and eyes everyone in the circle. Competition. LIVY GORDON.

Finally, CELINA YIP, a Chinese female with a fabulous style, smirks as she makes eye contact with Thiago.

BACK TO Alex and Alisha, who continue to look around.

ALEX

See, this doesn't look too bad.

ALISHA

(unconvincing)

Nope. Not bad at all.

QUINN (O.S.)

Alright, everyone. It's that time again. Let's stop the chatting and focus.

QUINN WIKSTROM steps forward, dressed in a frilly shirt and yoga pants. She notices Alex and Alisha.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Oh! You two must be Alex and Alisha, correct?

ALEX

That would be us.

QUINN

Nice to meet you. My name is Quinn Wikstrom. Just call me Quinn. You can take a seat anywhere in the circle.

ALEX

Thank you.

Alex moves to find a seat, and Alisha slowly follows. They sit directly beside Quinn.

ALISHA
(screaming internally)
Yay.

QUINN
Alright, since we have some new
actors with us today, let us sculpt
our names, shall we?

Everyone except Alex and Alisha rises. The duo lock eyes,
mouthing words of confusion to one another.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I'll start.

Quinn leans down and wraps her arms around her lower body,
her top half literally hugging her bottom half.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Quinn!

She rises, relaxing with an exhale.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Who's next?

ON Gin as she leans over to Dev.

GIN
You know, I don't even know why
we're here. Do you know how easy it
would be to get famous from a Vine
screaming about how Harry Styles is
'so daddy'?

DEV
Um... no?

GIN
Well, really, *really* easy.

QUINN
Ms. Ando?

Gin SNAPS her attention to Quinn, who continues to have a
relaxed smile on her face.

GIN
Fine.

She raises her hands above her head, then SHIMMIES her
shoulders as she moves in a circular motion.

GIN (CONT'D)
Gin.

QUINN
Lovely work!
(beat)
Mr. Gara, you can be next.

Dev awkwardly nods, then he JUMPS, drops to his knees, and wraps his arms around himself.

DEV
Dev.

QUINN
Exceptional! Who's next?

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- CELINA TWIRLS in a circle, rotating her wrists in a rhythmical manner.

CELINA
Celina!

- THIAGO gets down on one knee, flexes his bicep then JUMPS up, landing on his feet and POINTING at Quinn.

THIAGO
Thiago.

- ALISHA rapidly blinks her eyes, looking around for some sense of escape, but quickly does a BODY ROLL.

ALISHA
Alisha?

- GABRIELLA simply steps out into the middle of the circle, holds her hands out and --

GABRIELLA
Gabriella.

- LIVY rubs her fingers across her face, almost like a mask.

LIVY
Livy.

- BRANDON winks and shakes his rear.

BRANDON
(smirking)
Brandon.

- Finally, Alex takes a beat before simply stretching his arms and body and letting out a sigh of relief.

ALEX
Alex.

QUINN
Wonderful, wonderful! Great work, everyone. Okay, I'm going to go get my notebook from my office, and we can resume once I return!

Quinn turns and exits. Alisha goes to Alex.

ALISHA
This is --

ALEX
Something.

ALISHA
Yeah.

ALEX
It's not what we're used to.

ALISHA
Not at all.

ALISHA (CONT'D)
We're gonna stick with it though, right?

Alisha TURNS took look at her fellow actors -- Livy and Gin are sending each other passive aggressive comments; Thiago and Celina eye each other with sexual intention; Brandon and Dev play rock, paper, scissors, the former being way more into it than the latter.

ALISHA (CONT'D)
(anxious smile)
Of course.

ALEX
That's what I like to hear!

Gabriella walks past them, a genuine smirk on her face.

GABRIELLA
Welcome to acting.

CUE MUSIC: Echoes - *The Rapture*

As she passes, Alex and Alisha lock eyes with one another. A message sends between the two: "We've got this."

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE