

# AUDITION

5.05 | TOAST

Written by

Brady Brown

**CREATED BY:**

Brady Brown

**PRODUCED BY:**

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

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## 5.05 | Toast

### MAIN CAST

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

### GUEST CAST

ROBBIE MEYERS .....	JOE JONAS
FLYNN RICAMORA .....	KEITH POWERS
STELLA GARCIA .....	EMERAUDE TOUBIA
TREY HOLTZ .....	JACOB ARTIST
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

FADE IN:

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

ON A FLYER --

PULLING AWAY from the bright yellow piece of paper with bold, black letters that reads "BAND AUDITIONS" above a clip art image of musicians. It's stapled to a bulletin board on the outside of a shop.

ROSE steps in and staples in several more flyers, turning around as ROBBIE joins her, carrying more. They walk.

ROBBIE

You know, putting out more flyers the day of the auditions might not really help us.

ROSE

So what do we have to lose?

ROBBIE

I feel like I'm rubbing off on you.

ROSE

Hopefully that turns out to be a good thing.

They ENTER --

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

Flynn stands on stage. It's set up with cheap DRUM SET, GUITAR, BASS, STANDS, KEYBOARD, and a MICROPHONE. Rose and Robbie go to it.

ROSE

Well, it cost us the majority of our money, but we got a keyboard and a guitar.

ROBBIE

If only they looked like we sold our souls for them.

ROSE

What happened to that one electric guitar we had?

ROBBIE  
Sold it for more money.

ROSE  
Ah, I forgot.  
(beat)  
Nobody ever said the road to  
stardom was glamorous.

*CREEEEEEEAAAANKKK.*

The stand FALLS OVER -- *CRASH!* Rose, Robbie, Flynn, the  
bartender, and the sparse customers JUMP in terror.

FLYNN  
It wasn't me!

ROSE  
Oh my God.

ROBBIE  
What time are auditions again?

Rose looks up at the clock, nerves slamming into her.

ROSE  
Right now.

She turns and walks towards the bar, picking up a CLIPBOARD  
with only a few names written on it.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
(disappointed)  
We've literally gotten 4 people  
signed up.

Rose sits down on one of the bar stools, looking down on the  
floor. She sighs, defeated.

Robbie goes to her and places his hand on her shoulder,  
comforting her.

ROBBIE  
Hey, maybe they'll be the best four  
musicians this world has ever seen.

ROSE  
(half smile)  
Damn right. Let's do it.

Rose and Robbie HIGH-FIVE, then Robbie pulls Rose up from her  
seat. They head towards Flynn.

FLYNN

These stands are haunted, I swear.

Robbie looks at the clipboard to read the first name.

ROBBIE

Looks like we're starting off  
with... Harold McMeyer.

HAROLD, a man completely stoned out of his mind, rises in his baggy clothes, sporting a wicked smile.

HAROLD

That's me, bruh!

Rose eyes widen as she looks to Robbie and then over to Flynn with a returning sense of dread.

**INT. WIKSTROM ACTORS - STUDIO - DAY**

GIN sits between THIAGO and BRANDON. She's in a heated debate with LIVY from across the room. Gabriella, Celina, Dev, Alex, and Alisha stand around the room watching.

GIN

Look, all I'm saying is that maybe we should look into extra terrestrials more than we currently do, and that the government should stop hiding Area 51 from us.

LIVY

Do you even hear yourself? Like, the words coming out of your mouth?

GIN

Um, yes? Wake up, Livy! We're living in the age of technological advancement. Aliens *will* communicate!

LIVY

Is there any medication you might have forgotten to take today, Gin?

GIN

(offended)

Excuse me, Livy, but I don't take medically prescribed substances because of the high risk of deathly side effects. Thank you.

Livy turns to Gabriella, who takes a seat beside her.

LIVY

I -- I just, I can't deal with her.  
She's a loon.

GABRIELLA

Just relax, Livy.

QUINN enters holding a FOLDER. Everyone takes their seat as she stands in the center of them.

QUINN

Hello, hello, actors! How are we  
all doing today.

They all respond with various form of "good".

QUINN (CONT'D)

Excellent!

(beat)

Now, exciting news today! We're  
gonna skip sculpting our names  
today as I have *monologues* to pass  
out to everyone!

Everyone's faces lighten with excitement.

THIAGO

Nice.

QUINN

Now, if you have any personal  
gripes with the selection I've  
given you, please feel free to  
speak with me privately. But I'm  
fairly proud of them, if I do say  
so myself!

Quinn shoots an illustrious grin, then begins to pass out the printed monologues.

CELINA

Yes! Lady Macbeth!

GIN

You are so lucky we aren't on a  
performance stage right now.

Dev reads his selection, knits his brow in confusion, then leans over to Alisha.

DEV

(shy)

Hey, um... have you heard of this  
before?

He shows her his paper, and she looks equally as confused.

ALISHA  
Not at all. Sorry about that.

DEV  
It's okay.  
(beat)  
I'm Dev. We haven't really, um...  
formally met. Just sculpted

ALISHA  
Alisha. Nice to meet you.

They smile at one another, then Dev turns to Brandon and Alisha turns to Alex.

BRANDON  
Dude, I don't even know how to  
pronounce mine.

THIAGO  
How long do we have until we  
perform, Quinn?

QUINN  
Next week!

BRANDON  
(whispering; to Dev)  
Thank God. We get more than a day  
this time.

ON Alex and Alisha.

ALISHA  
What did you get?

ALEX  
The Proposal by Chekhov.

ALISHA  
Oh, wow. Semi-classic.

ALEX  
What about you?

ALISHA  
Dinner With Friends.

ALEX  
Sounds mundane.

ALISHA  
 (chuckling)  
 Guess it's perfect.

Alex smiles at her laughter.

ALEX  
 Good to see you laughing again.

ALISHA  
 Thank you. I'm better. Letting  
 people know seems to help for some  
 odd, societal reason.

ALEX  
 Well, just do whatever you need to  
 do to feel 100% better. I'm  
 supporting you and your mundane  
 Dinner With Friends.

Alisha playfully pushes him, then they both go to focus on reading their scripts. But Alisha slowly pulls out her phone and taps it several times.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN: Alisha scrolls to KELSEY'S contact information. Hovers over it, then clicks TEXT MESSAGE.

**INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY**

PAULA walks towards the door at the end of the hall - THE BERRETA APARTMENT. Once she reaches it, she halts. Breathes.

PAULA  
 Okay, Paula. It's just your usual  
 visit. Nothing awkward about it.  
 (beat)  
 You're a grown, awesome, sexy woman  
 going to talk to her best friend.  
 Simple!

She brings up her hand to knock, but --

DAVID (O.S.)  
 Paula?

Paula SCREAMS in shock and FALLS against the door before noticing David and relaxing.

PAULA  
 David?! *What the heck?!*

DAVID  
Sorry! Sorry! I didn't mean to make  
you scream.

PAULA  
Don't sneak up on me like that!

DAVID  
I wasn't sneaking up on you!

PAULA  
Well don't almost sneak up on me!

DAVID  
I wasn't!

PAULA  
Then what were you doing?!

DAVID  
*Saying your name!!*

PAULA  
Oh. Apologies, then.

DAVID  
What are you doing here?

PAULA  
It's my daily, unannounced visit to  
the Berreta Apartment.

DAVID  
Uh-huh.

PAULA  
What about you?

DAVID  
Just came to talk to Alex.

PAULA  
Oh! Well, he's at his --

DAVID  
(realizing)  
*Acting class! Gah!*

David bumps his forehead against the wall, defeated.

PAULA  
You must have really needed to talk  
to him?

DAVID  
 (rising; hidden sadness)  
 Nah, it's... it's fine. It can wait  
 until another time.

Paula looks at him with a sincere expression as he begins to  
 turn to walk away.

PAULA  
 You can talk to me? I've got two  
 ears, too. They're pretty fabulous.

David TURNS AROUND. Looks at Paula, not entirely convinced.

DAVID  
 Really?

PAULA  
 Of course! I love listening! It's  
 gotta be in the top five -- no...  
 (thinking)  
 Top fifteen things for me!

DAVID  
 Well, alright.

He rejoins Paula. Exhales, then --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I gave up on acting.

PAULA  
 (nodding)  
 Okay, okay. Interesting.  
 (beat)  
 Any reason why?

DAVID  
 I don't know, I... I love acting. I  
 always will, but... I don't think  
 it's for me. At least not anymore.  
 I mean, I've never really had a job  
 with it and... I don't know.

PAULA  
 How long have you been feeling like  
 this?

DAVID  
 (soft)  
 Ever since I was shot.

Paula's gaze drops, ashamed.

PAULA

David, I'm... I'm so sorry --

DAVID

You don't need to apologize. You didn't do anything, Paula. I know that.

PAULA

(comforting smile)

Thanks.

(beat)

But anyway, back to you.

DAVID

I've been thinking about it for a long time, and I'm tired of doing things for other people, you know? I've said that out loud so many times, and after that convention I went to... I wanna start doing things about it.

(beat)

Comics make me happier than acting, so let's try something with that, I guess. I have no idea what, but... oh well.

PAULA

Well, I for one am proud of you.

DAVID

For...?

PAULA

Realizing that just because your dream changed doesn't mean you can't find a new one.

(beat)

You think being an agent was my first choice?

DAVID

No, but I'm afraid to ask what was.

PAULA

Smart thinking.

They share a smile, then Paula outstretches her arm.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Now give me a hug!

David laughs then obeys, then looks up mid-hug.

DAVID  
Is anyone even home?

PAULA  
Probably not.

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

Rose, Robbie, and Flynn sit in front of the stage, looking forward in horror.

An incredibly pale WOMAN in long, denim shorts goes crazy on the guitar, flailing her arm wildly in an attempt to make somewhat coherent music.

ROBBIE  
Thank you!

She stops, places the guitar down. Satisfied.

WOMAN  
You're welcome, Tostidos. The great music of Ra compels us all. By the way, I think I've come up with the perfect name for our new band.  
(beat)  
Toast! You know, like the cooked bread. It's 'cause we're hard around the edges but, like, buttery and somewhat golden brown in the middle.

ROSE  
(wide-eyed)  
We'll let you know.

The woman winks then walks off stage. Rose sighs, then turns to Robbie and Flynn.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
And that was lucky number four for us. No one else signed up.

ROBBIE  
It'll be okay. Maybe it's for the best?

ROSE  
(looking down)  
Yeah.

Rose's expression continues to sink as her disappointment and defeat keeps growing. Flynn rubs her back, comforting.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Nobody said it would be this hard.  
I just want to sing. I just want us  
to be successful. Why is that so  
hard?

ROBBIE

Because the world is terrible.

FLYNN

Retweet.

ROBBIE

We've been doing fine with just us  
three. If it stays just us, then  
we'll get by that way. Better than  
ever.

ROSE

You're right. You're right. I just  
wanted what's best for us.

*CLICK, CLACK. CLICK, CLACK.*

ON the entrance as a pair of high-heels walk in. PAN UP past  
a pair of loose fitting jeans, which still manage to  
accentuate the wondrous curves of this feminine figure, and a  
crop top. She moves with confidence and success. STELLA.

Rose, Robbie, and Flynn watch her in awe.

STELLA

I'm here for the auditions.

ROSE

You are?

STELLA

Yeah, sorry I didn't sign up.  
Thought it'd be cool with you guys  
if I just showed up.

ROSE

(brightening)  
Yes! Totally cool.

STELLA

Awesome.

ROBBIE

Uh, what is your name?

STELLA

Stella. Stella Garcia.

ROSE  
Whenever you're ready, Stella.

STELLA  
Thanks.

Stella picks up the cheap guitar, stares at it with contemplation, then puts the strap around her shoulder.

A CATCALL comes from a patron. Stella looks at him with disgust, then rolls her eyes.

STELLA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Choke.

Stella tunes the guitar, then begins to strum...

Beautiful, rhythmic music emits. A combination of notes that fill the space with a euphoric melody of rock 'n roll sounds.

As Stella continues to play, Rose, Robbie, and Flynn simply watch in awe. Rose beams a grin while Robbie and Flynn's mouths slowly turn upwards into a smile.

ROSE  
She's incredible.

FOCUS ON the entrance to the bar as an obviously shy young man walks in carrying the bright yellow flyer. This is TREY. He looks around, STOPS to watch Stella play. He grows worried, nervous, then slowly starts to turn around, but --

ROBBIE  
Excuse me?

Stella stops playing, and all four of them TURN to face Trey, who looks back at them like a deer in the headlights.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
Are you here for the auditions?

TREY  
Um... um... Maybe, I don't know...

ROSE  
What instrument do you play?

TREY  
Um, keyboard... Sort of.

Watching him with an sense of intrigue, Stella sets the guitar down.

STELLA  
What's your name?

TREY  
Tr -- Trey Holtz.

STELLA  
Stella. Nice to meet you, Trey.

TREY  
Thanks.

Stella turns to Rose, Robbie, and Flynn.

STELLA  
Well?

And before they even have a chance to talk --

ROSE  
(ecstatic)  
You're in!

STELLA  
(smirking)  
Sweet.

Flynn leans over to Robbie.

FLYNN  
I was gonna say the same.

ROBBIE  
Welcome to...  
(thinking)  
Uh, the band!

Stella walks off stage, then walks over and takes a seat by her new bandmates.

STELLA  
You're up, Trey.

TREY  
You know, I should -- I should  
really just go...

ROSE  
Are you sure? You don't want to  
play anything for us?

TREY  
I, uh...

STELLA  
What did you show up for?

TREY  
(caught off guard)  
Huh?

STELLA  
You showed up, didn't you? Why?

TREY  
Um... I, um... I like to, uh, play  
music. I guess.

STELLA  
(smiling)  
Then you should play us some music.

TREY  
Uh... Uh... Ok -- Okay.

Trey sets the flyer down and walks up to the stage, rubbing his palms on his pants legs to dry the sweat forming.

As he does, Robbie leans over to Rose and Flynn.

ROBBIE  
Are we sure about this guy?

Stella watches him speak, knits her brow.

ROSE  
What do you mean?

ROBBIE  
He's a nervous wreck. I'm not  
trying to be a douche, but he  
doesn't really fit with us.

FLYNN  
Maybe he's really good.

ROSE  
Let's just see what he can do.

ROBBIE  
I'm just --

STELLA  
(cutting off)  
He's ready.

They all TURN to look at Trey standing behind the keyboard. Stella continues to watch him with the utmost curiosity, and she FOCUSES ON his hands. His fingers bounce off his thigh as he mimics the notes he's about to play. They move with complexity.

Mustering up the courage, Trey finally rests his hands on top of the keys, and slowly begins to play...

The notes are JARRING. Some line up, but not all, and they're not pleasing.

Robbie turns over to Rose, who continues to watch Trey with a hopeful look about her. But Trey continues to mess up.

ROBBIE  
Thank you, Trey!

Trey quickly stops, flustered. He knows he failed.

TREY  
I'm -- I'm so -- sorry.

ROBBIE  
We'll let you --

STELLA  
Play again.

Stella stands up. Robbie looks at her, shocked.

ROBBIE  
What?

STELLA  
(to Trey)  
Play again.

TREY  
I --

STELLA  
I know you can play. I saw your fingers. You can do this. Just take a deep breath *and play*.

ROBBIE  
Stella, we don't have time --

STELLA  
Look, I know he messed up. He's nervous. But you need to give him another chance.

FLYNN

What?

STELLA

This guy has potential, and I'm not going to let his dream die because he screwed up.

ROBBIE

You only get one audition. That's life.

STELLA

If you don't give him another chance, I'm out. I see that clipboard. I know I'm the only one you guys have.

PAN IN on Rose, who doesn't even listen to the back and forth. She looks on at Trey, who is also tuned out. He presses his fingers against his thigh again, moving them with pure perfection.

She looks up at his face. Concentrated. His breath his relaxed and his eyes are focused.

STELLA (CONT'D)

He can do it. Give him another try.

ROBBIE

(fed up)

He's not good, Stella! Why am I even listening to you? You just showed up --

ROSE

Go ahead, Trey! One more go.

Robbie looks at Rose with confusion. Stella smiles, and Trey snaps out of his trance, eyes flashing wide.

ROBBIE

Rose...

ROSE

One more try isn't going to hurt anything.

(to Trey)

Just try and breathe. Focus. We're not here. It's just you.

Trey shakes his hands out, releasing the nerves. He takes a deep exhale, then lines his fingers on top of the keyboard.

Rose, Robbie, Flynn, and Stella all watch in anticipation as he plays...

It's beautiful. Rhythmic. The notes flow together, nothing like his first attempt.

Rose and Stella watch him with satisfied grins, while Robbie and Flynn show pure shock.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
That's enough, Trey!

Trey stops, Looks up, scared.

TREY  
I'm, uh...

ROSE  
(jumping up)  
You're in the band!

TREY  
(surprised)  
Wha -- Huh?

Stella begins to CLAP. She rises, and she and Rose walk up on stage to HUG Trey.

TREY (CONT'D)  
Really?

STELLA  
You did it, man.

FLYNN  
I can't believe it.

Robbie's response is laughter. He just can't contain it.

ROBBIE  
We have a band!

ROSE  
(even more enthused)  
We have a band!!

And for the first time since we met him, Trey SMILES.

TREY  
I'm in a band.

STELLA  
So, we got a name for this shindig yet?

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

Rose smirks, looks to Robbie and Flynn, then --

ROSE  
(kidding)  
Toast?

And they erupt with laughter, while Stella and Trey merely chuckle out of confusion.

PUSH IN on Rose as she looks around at her new team. Her BAND. Her dream finally flourishing as we PAN DOWN to find the bright yellow flyer on the ground --

"BAND AUDITIONS".

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF EPISODE