

# 4 SCORE



Casey Bell

4SCORE<sup>©</sup>

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## CHAPTER ONE

### INTRODUCTION

*Music, it's all I need to have fun, Real music, play those instruments, Music it's all I need to have fun, real music, bring on the instruments. I remember the first time we sang that song in the studio. Neither one of us liked it. We thought it was too simple and boring, but because of our manager, we made ourselves enjoy it. The worst thing about it was that it became one of our top songs, which meant we had to sing it everywhere we went, it was very annoying sometimes. People always ask me what it was like being in the music business. I always say the same thing, it was an experience I not only learned from, but will never forget. Most people always dream about being in this business, but don't realize it is not as glamorous as it looks all the time. We had our ups and downs, our downs were so low that by the time we had an up it barely did anything for us. But, before I go any further about the business I endured, let me start from the beginning. I was born to the parents of Keith and Hazel Washington, they named me Antranig Edward. Antranig means first son, I was their third child and first son. I never liked my name. By the time I was in the fourth grade I started using my middle name and by the time I was in seventh grade no one knew what my first name was. My dad was a minister and my mom was the choir director at Holy Tabernacle, so, I spent my childhood in church. I started singing in the choir when I was five and I had my first solo when I was seven. My mother took me to talent shows and pageants all over the place, I won some and I lost some, but it didn't stop my mother from entering me into every little thing. It wasn't until I was fourteen that I told her I wanted to be a theater actor. I told her that I didn't want to do any more talent shows. She was disappointed at first, but she got over it quickly when she decided to start taking me to auditions all over town. I became apart of community theater and I enjoyed it much. Years went by and I attended college. I majored in theater performance and graphic design, (something to fall back on). After graduation I moved to New York with a high school friend to fulfill my dream in acting.*

## THE BEGINNING

Edward scrolls out of a building with his head down, he turns the corner and continues a few blocks before entering an apartment building. He takes the elevator to the third floor. When he gets to the door he slightly bangs his head on the door, then opens it, he walks in and sees Derek watching television. Derek asks, “How did it go?”

“It didn’t, like always.”

“Well, there’s always next time.”

“It doesn’t seem like it. I’m really getting tired of this.”

“That’s show business for you. Remember you wanted to do this. Everyone knows that it is the hardest business to get into. They say once you’re in, you’re in. So I am sure one of these days you are going to get something.”

“I don’t know. Do you know how many auditions I have already been to?”

“No, how many?”

“Too many. I’ve been going to at least one a day, sometimes two or three of them in a day and nothing. I haven’t even gotten a call back yet. And they don’t even tell me what’s wrong, they just say thank you, and half of them don’t even look at me. How can they know I’m not good for the show and they don’t even look at me?”

“I don’t know how they do things, Edward, but this is your dream. No matter how frustrating it is, you have to make it happen.”

“I don’t know, I’m thinking about moving back to Connecticut and being the graphic designer everyone wants me to be.”

“You know you won’t be happy.”

“I actually enjoy graphic arts.”

“Then, why don’t you do it?”

“I don’t know. I don’t even know why I feel like I need to stay here. There is nothing here for me. No one wants me. I feel like I’ve been to every audition in New York. I think every producer, casting director, and agent has seen me, they don’t want me, and I’m not sure

why. I thought I was talented.”

“You are talented. You can sing better than anyone I know. And you can dance really well, and your acting, don’t get me started on your acting skills, I’ll be here all night.”

“But they don’t see it, they don’t even try to see it, they don’t want it. If they don’t want it, who will?”

“Many people have wanted it. Look at all of the community theaters you were involved with. Why don’t you just get a regular 9-5 in graphic arts and do Community Theater on the side. I’m sure the experience you get from New York Community Theater will elevate your skills with each production. Start off small then move to the top. You know what I mean, community, then regional, off-off Broadway, off-Broadway, then the big guns, Broadway.”

“I don’t know. I seriously don’t think I can go to another audition, I can’t take another rejection.”

“You know all the greats had to go through the same thing. It wasn’t all peaches and cream for them either. If this is truly what you love then you should never get tired of it, you should never give up.”

“I thought the same thing, but if I’m thinking this way, maybe I don’t want it as bad as I thought.”

“Well, do you?”

Edward stops to think about it,

“I don’t know. I don’t know anymore.”

There is a slight pause in the room before Edward breaks it, “Well, enough about me, did you get the promotion?”

“No, Brian got it.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that.”

“No, its okay, I guess he deserved it, he has more experience and education than me.”

“Yeah, but that shouldn’t count. I mean, it’s the food business; you can cook much better then him. I’ve tried his food, he makes very dry turkey. Now, you on the other hand know how to

make it moist. Besides, overall you're the better cook. I can't believe they gave it to him."

"Hey, what are you going to do, right?"



*After college I moved in with Derek Johnson. I met him when I was around ten. His mom, Bertha and my mom were best friends in high school. They kept in touch through college. After their graduation is when things changed. My mom moved to Connecticut and Bertha moved to New York. It wasn't until a couple of years later that Bertha moved to Connecticut, (to take a job offer) that I met Derek. After high school Derek moved back to New York, while I attended college in New Jersey. Derek and I made arrangements which allowed me to stay with him after my graduation. The plan was for me to stay until I found a job and got my own apartment, but finding a job was a lot harder than I imagined. After searching and searching and searching I decided to take Derek's advice and get a 9-5 in graphic design. I applied for five different graphic designing jobs and I received two interviews. I went on both and received an offer, which I accepted, with C.S.B. Printing. It was about a year later that I started auditioning again. The first show I did that year was "Kids, The Musical" with The Harper Community Players. I was in the original cast before it went to Broadway. The other show I did was "Queen Loomis", with The Acorn Theater Ensemble. At that point I had realized how much fun I was having that I didn't care about the rejections anymore; It just felt good to be wanted. Although my self-esteem should not have been affected by the rejections, being apart of community theater helped it rise. I spent about eighteen months with Derek before moving out. I was enjoying C.S.B. Printing and community theater, but there was still apart of me wishing that I could do theater and get paid. After moving out it was about another year before I did another audition. At that time I was in eight shows and was involved with six different community theaters, I figured I was ready to give it another try. I went to another audition and from start to finish it was horrible. The day started with me walking to the audition and it starting to rain (I should have watched the weather). I was soaked and so was my resume (the protective sheet I had it in did not protect it). I walk in wet and annoyed and I was thirty minutes late. I walk in and there are a ton of people, I was number 321. I waited and waited and waited and by the time they called me, I was tired and ready to go home. However, I go in ready to sing my best, give them my all and I mess up the song, my voice cracked and I forget*

*some of the words. I smiled when I was done and all I got was another “thank you.” I left very frustrated and upset and I cried all the way home (like that stupid little piggy). About five months later I came to the conclusion that New York wasn’t for me so I packed my bags and I moved back in with my parents for a little bit. I got a job at Holden Graphics, Inc. About three months later I was able to move out of my parents’ place. I staid there and continued to do community theater. At that point I had no thoughts of going to another audition, but Derek called me and that’s how it all began.*

Edward arrives home from a hectic day at work, he goes to the living room and plops on the couch. He takes the remote and turns on the television. He flips through the channels until the phone rings,

“Hello.”

“Hey, Eddie, what’s up?”

“Who’s this?”

“You don’t recognize my voice?”

“No, I’m sorry, I don’t. Who is this?”

“Man, it’s me, Derek.”

“Oh, Derek, oh my gosh, I’m sorry. How are you doing?”

“I’m doing fine. How are you?”

“I’m doing okay.”

“So, how’s Connecticut treating you?”

“Pretty good, pretty good.”

“So, what are you doing?”

“I work at Holden Graphics, Inc.”

“Oh. That’s cool. Are you still doing theater?”

“Yeah, just community though, I gave up on professional theater.”

“Oh, that’s bad.”

“Yeah, it is, but what are you going to do, right? I enjoy my job, so, I’ll keep it. So, how are you? What have you been up to?”

“Nothing much, nothing much. Pretty much everything is the same since you left, except I got a promotion.”

“You’re kidding. You’re one of the main chef’s now?”

“No, I’m the top chef.”

“You have to be kidding me.”

“No, I’m not.”

“How did that happen?”

“Well, it was between Brian and I. I thought he would get it being that he was a main chef, but Brian got too many complaints when he worked, where as, the boss told me I received many compliments from the customers. He congratulated me and made me top chef.”

“Well, that’s awesome. I am very proud of you. Well, I thank you for calling me. It was nice hearing your voice.”

“Yeah, you too. Um...I actually called you for another reason.”

“Oh, really, what is it?”

“Before you say no, just hear me out. I was walking to work one day and I saw an ad for an audition. I read and thought to myself that it’s perfect for you. So, I thought maybe you should go, you know?”

“I don’t know. I really don’t want to go down “Rejection Road” again. It’s comfortable where I am at and I don’t want to leave here. My job pays well, and when I need a dose of theater I can audition for a community theater and not face rejection. I’m at peace and I don’t know that I want to destroy it over some New York audition.”

“But it’s different; it’s a different type of audition.”

“Oh, how so?”

“It’s not theater; it’s an audition for a boy group.”

“Oh, no, I don’t do boy groups.”

“Why not? Don’t get me wrong, you are a great actor and dancer, but your singing is what makes you shine. You have a wonderful voice and probably could get further being a musical artist than a Broadway actor.”

“What if you’re wrong? What if you’re wrong? What happens if I come all the way to New York just to audition and they turn me down?”

“But what if they don’t turn you down?”

“They have already. I’ve spent too much time and money pursuing a performance career; it’s just not going to happen.”

“Trust me man, I know this is you. I felt it when I saw the audition flyer; I just heard your name as I was reading it.”

“Someone was probably calling someone else named Eddie. It’s not that unfamiliar of a name.”

“You don’t get it, do you?”

“What is there to get?”

“You can’t quit because of rejection.”

“Then when do I quit, when I’m poor and old. I spent over seven years trying to succeed. They don’t want me and they never will. I have accepted that and I wish you would too.”

“Do it for me, just do it this one last time, for me, and then if they reject you, I’ll never bother you again.”

“Why are you being so persistent, why do you even care?”

“Because I know you. Ever since I met you I knew you would be something. There was something about you that I just can’t explain. I mean, everyone in school loved watching you on stage. You have too much in you to give up like that. Besides, I don’t know what it is, but I know that this one is for you.”

“You still have my email?”

“Yeah.”

“Email it to me, and I’ll think about it.”

*I never understood why Derek was eager for me. Nevertheless it was nice having him as a friend at the time. He was everything I needed to push me when I wouldn't push myself. I got the email the next day and I printed it out. I still wasn't sure whether or not I was going. It was an open call and it was three weeks from the day Derek called me. I thought about it everyday, but it was that fear of rejection that kept me saying "no" to myself. Finally, the week before the audition I called Derek and asked him if I could stay at his place for a couple of days. He happily said yes and the day before the audition I went to his place. We talked for along time that night about the audition, my job, his job, and old times. All that time I spent away from him, I had forgotten how much I enjoyed speaking to him. The next day I awoke regretting that I agreed to this audition. I truly was over the audition process and did not want to go through them again. But, I promised Derek that I would go, so I did. I got there on time and was number 445. There were hundreds and hundreds of boys there, every race, creed, size, and shape. I felt like quitting as soon as I walk through the door, but I knew I couldn't. I took a number and some forms to fill out. I sat in a corner by myself, I was intimidated by the crowd. If there ever was a time where I was discourage to audition, that was the time. Every time I told myself to leave I heard Derek's voice telling me to stay, so I did. I sat there by myself for the most part. Every now and then someone would come up to me and talk. It was good because it made the time go by faster. After three hours of waiting I was finally called in, I walked in not caring what would happen. I gave the accompanist my music; she played, I sang, and then I heard "thank you." I said to myself, I knew it. But then I heard something else. One of the guys asked me if I could stay for the second audition. I told him, with pleasure, smiled, and left. I left the room with a huge smile that I couldn't make go away. It wasn't a guarantee that I would make the cut, but I never got a call back before. Just getting the call back alone was enough for me. I called Derek in that very moment.*

Edward sits back in a corner smiling to no end; he takes his cell phone out of his pocket and dials,

“Hey, Derek, it’s Eddie.”

“Hi, man, what’s going on, you’ve been out for a long time. Is everything okay?”

“Yes, everything is fine. I got here on time, but there was already a line. I’m number 445.”

“Oh, my gosh, did you go in yet?”

“Yes I did. I got a call back.”

“Oh, my gosh, I told you this was it. See, you’re going to get it.”

“Well, I don’t know about that. It’s only the second audition; there are a total of five. I’m just glad I made a call back, but I’m not going to get my hopes up.”

“Well, I think you can do it.”

“Well, thank you for the encouragement.”

“No, problem man. Call me when you make the next cut.”

“If, I make the next cut I will call you.”

“Okay, see you later.”

“Bye.”

*So, after another two hours the first auditions were complete. It went from 1, 675 boys to 300. The second audition was a dance audition. The choreographer taught us a dance and we had to audition it. It wasn't difficult, but they taught it quickly and we didn't have that much to rehearse it. They brought us in ten at a time and after you were done they told you whether or not you were going to the third audition. Once I was done I was able to call Derek.*

“Derek, congratulate me, I made it to the third audition.”

“Oh, that's great. See I told you.”

“Not so fast there's still three more to go.”

“Are you going to be there all day?”

“No, after the third audition they're going to continue the rest tomorrow. I'm so excited. I don't even care whether or not I make it. It's just nice not to be rejected.”

“Well, I'm glad that you went.”

“So am I. Derek.”

“Yes?”

“Thank you.”

“You're welcome. What are you thanking me for?”

“For pushing me and for believing in me.”

“No problem. I love you, man.”

“I love you too. Bye.”



*From 300 to 50, I couldn't believe I was still there. The third and last audition for the day was a song audition. They taught us a song and not only did we have to learn it we had to sing it with one other person. One of us sang the high note while the other sang the low. We sang the song twice each switching notes. They wanted to see if we could keep our note singing as a group. They went from 50 to 20 and I was able to call Derek again. I went back to his place and he had a celebration dinner for me. It was kind of cute; he also invited some friends over. I was very happy and thanking God that I didn't let this opportunity pass. I almost missed its knock, and I know he would not have been back any time soon. The next day my whole outlook was different. I walked to the audition singing, whistling and smiling. I felt differently then I had in the past. It was a nice feeling. The fourth audition they taught us a song and dance. We had to sing the song and dance. Of course they wanted to see our ability to do both. I had much experience so I was happy about this audition. Again we didn't get much time, but I learned it quickly and I performed, which is different from auditioning. I pretended as if I was in the group. Once I was done I stood and watched the others and once all twenty were done it was only twelve of us that made it to the fifth and final audition. I could not believe that I was still there. I was amazed at myself. I thought for sure it was a dream, but it wasn't, thank God, it wasn't. They gave us a ten minute break and when we returned they put us in groups of four. They taught us each the same song and dance and we had to perform as a group. At that point it truly didn't matter to me what happened. I was so proud that I made it that far. My hope and faith had changed. I told myself if I don't make it, it doesn't matter, there are more auditions to go to. I then started thinking about moving back to New York. The studio was in New York and the band would be recording in New York, so I started to prepare even though I wasn't sure if I would be in the group. So, they put us in groups. I was with three other guys who didn't make the final cut, but they were really good. After two hours of auditioning and changing groups and returning for what seemed like endless interviews they had picked the final four and praise God I was one of them. They called me and I couldn't have been more nervous. I walked in and they asked me why I auditioned for the group. I was so nervous because I knew originally I*

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