

4SCORE[©]

Updated Version

Casey Bell

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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 educated me, 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 a part 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 toughest business to find success in. 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 had?”

“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 than 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 more difficult 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 "Be The Love," 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 a part 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 a part 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 in any way). I walked in wet

and annoyed and I was thirty minutes late. I walked 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 Manny B 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. He looks at the phone and notices Derek's name. He smiles before answering,

“Hey, Derek. 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 Manny B Graphics”

“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

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