

# SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

*AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES*

S01E05 | "Intruder Alert"

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**Produced by**

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# SCREENWRITERS **PARADISE**

"Intruder Alert"

MAIN CAST

ANDREW ZAHIR..... MANISH DAYAL  
JOSHUA LAWSON..... MATT COHEN  
EMILY MOORE..... SHARON LEAL

GUEST STARRING

TROY PARKER..... NICK JONAS  
FREYA MALEK..... FREIDA PINTO  
DESHIA ALLEN..... TARAJI P. HENSON  
ZANI JONES..... REGINA HALL  
DIEGO JAUREZ..... ADAM RODRIGUEZ

FADE IN:

**EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY**

A RED CAR pulls up in front of a modern, luxurious mansion. INSIDE the car, TROY adjusts his rear-view mirror.

**TROY'S POV:** A very hung-over EMILY, stretched out across the back seat. Fast asleep and snoring.

Troy sighs, then giggles. A bit amused.

TROY  
Wake up, Emily. You're home.

Emily moans.

EMILY  
Five more minutes...

TROY  
No... now. It's my day off. I've got things to do. Get your ass out.

Emily pokes her bottom lip out. Pouting.

EMILY  
You're fired.

TROY  
Yeah, okay. I'll see you bright and early, Monday morning, boss.

EMILY  
With coffee?

TROY  
Of course.

Emily blows, then opens her door. She steadies herself before stepping out of the car. She approaches the mansion. Troy waits until she's inside before he drives off.

**INT. BEVERLY HILLS - MANSION**

Emily tosses her keys onto the glass table next to the door, then wobbles up the winding staircase. She steps in front of a bedroom door, then stops after hearing a strange noise.

She turns her head, placing her ear to the door and hears what sounds like a moan of pleasure. Her eyes narrow and she clenches her jaw. BURSTS into the room.

**INT. MANSION - BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)**

**EMILY'S POV:** Her boyfriend, DIEGO JAUREZ is on the bed, naked and on top of some blonde bimbo. Thrusting in and out of her like a wild animal as she moans viciously.

EMILY  
AWW HELL NO!!

She grabs the glass vase on the dresses beside her and LUNGES it at the wall. It SHATTERS above them and they look back in shock and fear.

DIEGO  
(confused)  
Emily? What are you doing here!?

EMILY  
What am I doing here!? That's what you have to say to me!?

DIEGO  
You weren't supposed to be back yet!

EMILY  
Who the fuck is that bitch!?

DIEGO  
What bitch?

EMILY  
That white bitch you *still* got your dick in!

Diego looks back at the woman. Finally pulls out as she just looks on in confused. Emily turns on her heel. Storms out of the room.

DIEGO  
Baby! Wait!

The blonde woman covers herself with a sheet as Diego fumbles around, getting into a pair of white boxer briefs.

**INT. MANSION - HALLWAY**

Emily marches down the hallway. Shaking her head in disgust. Diego rushes behind her. Grabs her arm. She snaps back at him.

EMILY  
Get your hands off me!

DIEGO  
Come on, baby. It didn't mean anything.

EMILY  
I can't believe you.

DIEGO  
You the one that said we were on a break...

EMILY  
I put us on a break because I found out you were cheating! So what do you do? You go out and fuck the first piece of ass you can find. I should've seen this coming.

She walks back toward the bedroom. Pushes him out of her way.

**INT. MANSION - BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)**

The blonde woman is getting dressed. She looks up at Emily as she enters the room. A frightful look in her eye.

EMILY  
Oh, don't worry. You're all good. You can have the bastard.

Emily steps into the walk in closet. Grabs a large suitcase and starts tosses clothes into it. Diego comes up behind her.

DIEGO  
Come on, baby. What are you doing?

EMILY  
What's it look like? I'm leaving you.

DIEGO  
Lets just go downstairs and talk about this.

EMILY  
I'm done talking! There's nothing to talk about!

She finishes up in the closet then exits the room, rolling her suitcase behind her. She ambles down the stairs and makes her way towards the front door.

She grabs a pair of car keys hanging on the hook by the door.

**EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - MANSION**

She storms out of the mansion, tapping a button on the car remote. We hear a car beep -- a DARK RED PORSCHE.

Diego tracks behind her as she slings her suitcase into the trunk of the car. She slams the trunk shut, then moves to the driver's side.

DIEGO

What are you doing? That's my car!

Emily gets behind the wheel. SLAMS the door behind her.

EMILY

Buy a new one!

She SMASHES the gas pedal and PROPELS forward in the drive-through, leaving Diego in a trail of exhaust smoke.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Emily is sat at a booth in the quiet cafe, across from two other women. MEET DESHIA ALLEN and ZANI JONES, also sipping from coffee cups.

They both shakes her head in confusion.

DESHIA

That is so messed up.

ZANI

Yeah girl, what an asshole.

DESHIA

But I mean, what can you expect from a guy like that. He makes Charlie Sheen look like a saint.

Emily sighs.

ZANI

Are you sure you're doing the smart thing? By leaving him...

EMILY

Of course I am. What else is there to do!?

ZANI

I'm just saying. You don't just dump a guy like that. I mean, have you seen his face?

DESHIA  
And his bank statement...

ZANI  
And his penis--

Zani's eyes widen as the two other women stare at her.  
Confused.

EMILY  
And what would you know about my ex-  
boyfriend's penis?

ZANI  
Nothing! I just... imagine it was  
bomb from all the stories you told  
us...

She lets out a nervous chuckle.

EMILY  
Mmm hmm...

DESHIA  
So, where do you plan staying now?

EMILY  
I just figured I'd crash at one of  
your houses. Just until I'm able to  
find something more permanent.

DESHIA  
It's already too crowded in my  
house, with another kid on the way.

EMILY  
Yeah, I get that...  
(to Zani)  
How 'bout you, Z?

ZANI  
Oh no. I'm tryna keep my man.

EMILY  
What does that mean?

ZANI  
Two bad bitches living under one  
roof. That ain't ever lead to  
anything good or wholesome.

EMILY  
So, you don't trust me!?

ZANI

It's not about trust, girl. It's common sense. I ain't got time for no mishaps. I'm trying to lock my man down.

Emily sighs. Plants her faces on the table.

DESHIA

So, you really don't have anywhere else to go?

After a few moments, Emily raises her head. Her eyes light up, getting an idea.

EMILY

Actually, I might...

She narrows her eyes.

**INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205**

ANDREW slings a vacuum up and down the messy apartment, while JOSHUA sits on the sofa in his underwear. Feet kicked up on the coffee table, and buried in his laptop.

Andrew looks over at him. Squints his eyes.

ANDREW

(yelling)

You know, feel free to give me a hand any time!

His words go unheard over the vacuum. Andrew sighs. Then connects an attachment to the end of the vacuum. Points it at Joshua's underwear. The suction grabs hold of Joshua's junk and he widens his eyes in shock.

JOSHUA

WOAH WOAH!! What the hell!?

Andrew turns the vacuum off. Joshua stands to his feet.

JOSHUA

All those times I thought about you sucking me off, that is NOT what I had in mind!

ANDREW

Very funny. Why am I always stuck cleaning up your messes?

JOSHUA

Because you can't stand living in  
filth and I can.

ANDREW

You're disgusting.

JOSHUA

Ouch. Why so grouchy today?

(beat; he smiles)

I know what you need... a good  
laugh...

Andrew's eyes widen and he tenses up.

ANDREW

No...

JOSHUA

Oh yeah, you're gonna get it good.

Andrew starts running towards his room, but Joshua grabs his shirt. Brings Andrew into a head lock. Joshua starts tickling Andrew all over his body as he struggles to be free.

He ROARS in laughter, unable to stop. Andrew uses his weight to drop them both onto the floor, still in Joshua's grasp.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Joshua stops tickling Andrew and they both look towards the window to see Emily looking in on them. She points to the door, then walks toward it.

Confused, they both stand to their feet. Joshua opens the door to see Emily standing there, two suitcases beside her.

EMILY

You guys are way too comfortable  
with each other to not be having  
sex.

She lets herself into the apartment, leaving a very confused Joshua standing at the door. He mouths the word "Okay" then turns back towards her and Andrew.

JOSHUA

Umm... can we help you with  
something??

EMILY

Yeah, do you mind bringing those  
bags inside. They weigh a ton.

ANDREW

I think he means, why are you here... Emily, right?

EMILY

Right. You remembered.

(beat)

I just had a really bad breakup and I need a place to crash for a while. Just until I can find my own place.

JOSHUA

And you decided to come here to us... two guys you barely know. Don't you have friends or family?

EMILY

Well actually, I went to the building manager, Manny, and he said he couldn't lease a two bedroom apartment to one person. So, I need to find a roommate. In the meantime, I thought I'd hang out here.

JOSHUA

And you thought we'd just ... let you?

EMILY

Yeah.

ANDREW

Why?

EMILY

Because I can guarantee you a meeting with Frank Teller.

Joshua raises his eye brow. Unimpressed.

JOSHUA

Who the hell is Frank Teller?

ANDREW

He's a producer at CBS.

A huge grin forms on Joshua's face.

JOSHUA

Well in that case, welcome... Emily, was it? Mi casa es su casa!

Andrew's face tenses.

ANDREW

Wait. What!?

JOSHUA

Andrew, make yourself useful and go get our new roomie's bags!

Andrew lets out a forced chuckle.

ANDREW

Can you just... give us a minute...

Andrew grabs Joshua's hand. Takes him into the kitchen. Emily just flops down on the sofa.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Are you crazy!? This isn't happening.

JOSHUA

Oh, yes it is. You heard what she said. She can get us in a room with Frank freaking Teller!

ANDREW

You didn't even know who the man was until I told you.

JOSHUA

Well, it's a good thing I keep you around.

ANDREW

We don't have enough space in here for three people. Where is she gonna sleep?

JOSHUA

Well, you're in the habit of giving up your bedroom to beautiful women. Or she can sleep with me, if she's up for it.

ANDREW

No. I'm not giving her my room. And she's not sleeping with you because she's not staying.

JOSHUA

What's so wrong with the idea? It's not like you to turn down an offer like this...

Andrew sighs. Look to the floor.

ANDREW

Remember when we were in college, and we didn't get to room together?

JOSHUA

Yeah, I was forced to room with Bryant Wheeler, captain of the nerd squad and you were with .... what was his name again?

ANDREW

Callum Ford. He kept me up every night to talk about government conspiracies.

JOSHUA

Right! He was convinced the Dean was actually an undercover CIA operative on a mission to recruit students into a secret strike team designed to exterminate all right handed people. What's your point?

ANDREW

My point is... since we moved to L.A. It's finally been just the two of us. We're finally together. This apartment is kinda... ours and I want to keep it that way... is that stupid?

Joshua cocks his head. Smiles. He embraces Andrew, softly.

JOSHUA

Aww. No, it's not stupid. You want me all to yourself. It's actually the sweetest thing ever.

They break apart. Emily can be seen rolling her eyes in the background.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

If this is really something you're not okay with, we won't do it. But think about the opportunities we'd be able to get.

(MORE)

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You're the one who's always talking about networking. What could be better than having an in-house CBS agent on our side?

Andrew sighs. Understanding him. Nods his head.

ANDREW

It would give us an edge...

Emily stands to her feet.

EMILY

So what do you guys say? An offer like this doesn't come around every day, you know.

Andrew sighs again.

ANDREW

Ummm...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Andrew looks relieved.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Hold that thought.

Andrew walks over to the door. Opens it to see FREYA standing on the other side. She appears to be distressed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Freya?

FREYA

Hi, Andrew.

She smiles.

ANDREW

Come in, come in. Did you forget something?

Freya walks into the apartment. She nods her head of Joshua and Emily.

FREYA

No, nothing like that. I just... really need to talk to you.

(beat)

In private.

ANDREW

Yeah, of course.

Andrew peers over at Joshua and Emily who just stare back at him with blank faces.

JOSHUA  
Oh, don't mind us.

Andrew sighs. Then takes Freya outside. They shut the door behind them. Andrew grows concerned.

ANDREW  
What is it? Is something wrong?

FREYA  
No, nothing's wrong.  
(she chuckles)  
Besides everything. I don't know, I just needed someone to talk to. I don't know what I'm gonna do.

ANDREW  
What's going on?

FREYA  
I lied to you before. When I told you everything was amazing, and I was living in some house on the beach.

ANDREW  
You lied? But then... where are you living?

FREYA  
At the moment... Nowhere. I just got evicted from my roach infested motel room this morning.

ANDREW  
Oh, Freya...

FREYA  
I didn't come here to ask for your sympathy or anything, I just couldn't stand lying to you. Not after everything else I put you through.

ANDREW  
Why didn't you tell me sooner?

FREYA

I don't know. I guess I didn't want you to worry about me anymore than you already do. I didn't want my problems to become your problems.

ANDREW

But your problems are my problems, Freya. That's what best friends are for. You know I'm here for you. Anything you need.

Freya grins.

FREYA

I do. I really do.

ANDREW

Which gives me an idea...

Freya looks curious.

**INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205**

Joshua and Emily sit on the couch as the door is opened, letting Andrew and Freya inside.

ANDREW

Emily, I've got some good news.

Emily perks up.

EMILY

Oh yeah?

ANDREW

Yep. Meet Freya Malek... You're new roommate.

Freya waves, sheepishly.

FREYA

Hi...

Emily's raises her eyebrows and gives her a satisfactory grin. On that, we...

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF EPISODE