

SCREENWRITERS **PARADISE**

AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES

S01E03 | "The Shindig From Hell"

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Produced by

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SCREENWRITERS **PARADISE**

"The Shindig From Hell"

MAIN CAST

ANDREW ZAHIR.....	MANISH DAYAL
JOSHUA LAWSON.....	MATT COHEN
EMILY MOORE.....	SHARON LEAL
SHAWN LEONIDAS.....	ROMEO MILLER

GUEST STARRING

TROY PARKER.....	NICK JONAS
FREYA MALEK.....	FREIDA PINTO

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP PARTY - DAY

Dozens of stuffy, business types flood the large rooftop, pacing back and forth as they sip on high class champagne and stuff their faces with shrimp cocktail and cheese cubes.

A live band is set up on a makeshift stage near the edge of the roof, playing some laid back, mood setting tunes.

We move toward the rooftop entrance, where a BOUNCER stands, letting people into the party. After letting a pair of women pass, JOSHUA and ANDREW are next in line. They give the bouncer the brightest smile they can muster.

JOSHUA

How's it going, big guy? Listen, we don't technically have invites, but by the look of things, this party could use some J. Law goodness. So, how 'bout letting us in?

The bouncer's eyes light up with excitement.

BOUNCER

You're with Jennifer Lawrence!?

JOSHUA

No... Joshua Lawson. That's... I was talking about myself. But I can see why you'd make that mistake.

BOUNCER

No invite. No entry. Now stop wasting my time.

ANDREW

Come on, we're just a couple of newbies trying to catch a break in this town. Help us out...

The bouncer sighs.

BOUNCER

Fine.

The pair looks at one another, hopeful.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You can either go back down the way you came, or I can find another way down for you.

(MORE)

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
I'll tell ya', my way's a lot
quicker. And more painful.

Taken aback, Andrew sighs in frustration. Then, SHAWN reveals himself from behind them. He takes off his sunglasses, then nods his head at the bouncer.

SHAWN
These two losers are with me.

BOUNCER
Of course, Mr. Leonidas. Come right
in.

The bouncer lets the three of them pass. Joshua gives the bouncer a smug grin, who just rolls his eyes, and goes back to work.

The trio make their way across the rooftop, already judging the party-goers for their bad taste.

SHAWN
Alright, I got you in. Now just go
back to pretending you don't know
me. I'll be at the bar.

Shawn walks off, leaving Joshua and Andrew to take it all in.

ANDREW
Well, this is it. Our first
industry party. Exciting, right?

JOSHUA'S POV: A lone man in a suit twice his size bounces on the dance floor, off beat.

Joshua can't take his eyes off him, no matter how much he wants to.

JOSHUA
That wouldn't be the word I'd use.

ANDREW
They're a bunch of film geeks and TV producers. What did you expect?

JOSHUA
I don't know... but not this. My grandmother's funeral was more lively than this.

ANDREW
Your granny's funeral was more lively than most parties I've been to.

JOSHUA

Dude, you need to get out more.

Joshua eyes a waiter walking by with drinks. He takes two of them on the tray.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Why, thank you.

He chugs one glass, and before Andrew can take the second one from him, he downs it as well. Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

God... please don't do that. You know it doesn't take much for you to get drunk. Two more of those and you'll be on that stage convinced your Magic Mike.

JOSHUA

Hey, at least I'd be having some fun.

Joshua's focus lingers on a young man in the corner, completely engrossed in his cell phone -- TROY PARKER. He gives both of his empty glasses to Andrew.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go talk to that gentleman over there. He looks important.

ANDREW

You mean he looks bang-able?

JOSHUA

Well, what could be more important than that?

Andrew sighs, rolling his eyes.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Go on... mingle. Get some business cards. Do that networking thing you do so well.

Joshua starts toward Troy, leaving Andrew alone. He scans the crowd, awkwardly, before pressing on himself.

We focus on Troy looking down at his phone as Joshua approaches him with a cheeky grin.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Writing a novel?

Troy looks up, confused.

TROY
What?

Joshua eyes his phone.

TROY (CONT'D)
Oh, no. Scheduling meetings for my
boss.

JOSHUA
So, you're not an agent?

TROY
Just an assistant.

JOSHUA
Yeah, I figured.

TROY
Why's that?

JOSHUA
Well, you're too cute to be another
one of these suits.

TROY
Let me guess. You're a casting
director for a sketchy porn company
in search of poor, desperate young
studs willing to do anything, blow
anyone and shoot ping-pong balls
across the room via every orifice
of their bodies, including but not
limited to the anus.

Joshua's eyes widen in shock and confusion.

TROY (CONT'D)
You'd be surprised how many freaks
I meet at these *parties*.

JOSHUA
I admire your creativity, but no.
I'm actually a scriptwriter.

TROY
(sarcastic)
A writer... hmm, that sounds fun.

JOSHUA
It is fun. Only... not at all.

Troy chuckles.

TROY
I'm Troy, by the way.

They shake hands.

JOSHUA
Joshua...

TROY
Josh? Really? Isn't that name like... universal code for douchebag, at this point?

JOSHUA
Woah, never thought I'd hear that from a guy named Troy.

Troy lets out of a soft chuckle, raising his brow.

TROY
Touche.

Joshua grins, flirtatiously.

CUT TO Andrew, standing amongst a crowd of producers.

PRODUCER #1
Okay, okay. I got one. Uhh, what do you call it when Batman skips church?

The crowd mulls the question over, scratching their chins. Andrew just looks on, a bit confused.

PRODUCER #1 (CONT'D)
Nobody??
(beat)
Christian Bale!

He laughs out of loud, as do the others, save for Andrew. The producer notices.

PRODUCER #1 (CONT'D)
What's up, wise guy? You don't get it?

ANDREW
Well, I'm Hindu, so...

He chuckles, though everyone else remains silent.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I was... kidding. I mean, not the part about me being Hindu, the part about not getting the joke. I got it. Just didn't think it was that.... And I should probably stop talking...

Andrew walks away from the group and sits down on white couch next to EMILY MOORE, holding a glass of wine.

She gazes over at Andrew, takes a sip of her wine, then sets the glass on the table in front of her.

EMILY

You're new around here, aren't you?

Andrew looks around, making sure she's not talking to someone behind him or something.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Yes, I am talking to you.

ANDREW

Sorry. Uh, yeah. Just moved from Miami a few months ago.

EMILY

I dated a guy from Miami once.
Turned out to be a real dick.
You're not gonna ask me to shake my ass are you?

ANDREW

I... hadn't planned on it. No.

EMILY

Good.

Emily takes a fairly large gulp of her drink. Finishes it off.

ANDREW

So, what do you do?

EMILY

I work for CBS. I'm a talent scout.

ANDREW

Wow, that's pretty neat.

He tries to contain his excitement.

EMILY

Kind of a drag, actually. What about you?

ANDREW

I'm a script writer. Or at least, I try to be.

EMILY

Wow, you're the second aspiring screenwriter I've met this week. You know a Michael Berreta?

ANDREW

Actually, I d--

EMILY

I was beginning to think there weren't any of you left in this town. Everybody's packing up, and moving to Atlanta, or New Orleans. They're calling it *The New Hollywood*.

ANDREW

Gotta admit, I thought about following the crowd, but figured the more people leaving jobs behind here, the less competition for me in the long run.

EMILY

See, that's what I've been trying to tell my clients. Everyone's so desperate to make it, they'll jump on any trend that springs up. I blame social media. Twitter and Facebook. The Devil's work, if you ask me.

ANDREW

You sound pretty... passionate.

EMILY

Either that, or I'm really drunk. I'm way past the point where I can tell the difference.

They both chuckle, then Emily takes another glass of wine from the tray nearby.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You know what, I like you. You haven't tried shoving any ideas down my throat even though I can tell you want to.

ANDREW

That obvious, huh?

EMILY

Oh yeah. My youth and beauty may fool you, but I've been doing this a long time. I appreciate the courtesy, though.

Emily takes a business card out of her bar, hands it to Andrew.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Here's my card... send me a script, and I'll have my assistant take a look at it.

ANDREW

I can't believe this.

EMILY

You'd be doing me a favor, to be honest. I have a quota to meet by the end of the quarter or I'm facing extermination.

ANDREW

Oh... sorry.

EMILY

Yeah, I've had to scrap the bottom of the barrel for ideas, no offense.

ANDREW

None taken, trust me.

EMILY

Now take the card before I change my mind.

Andrew snatches the card out of Emily's hands, a wide grin on his face.

ANDREW

Thanks, a lot...

Andrew pushes his hair back, looks off to his side. He pauses for a moment. Someone catches his eye at the bar. His face turns from ecstatic to quite shocked.

ANDREW POV: A woman, perched up at the bar. Meet FREYA MALEK (30, stunningly beautiful, a timid demeanor).

She's wearing an expensive, red lace dress with her long black hair flowing down her back. He notices Shawn sitting beside her.

Emily looks at Andrew, curious. She snaps her fingers in front of his face.

EMILY
You still alive in there, hun?

Andrew snaps out of his trance. Turns to Emily. He's still a bit out of it.

ANDREW
Uh... yeah. Could you maybe, give me a second. I've gotta--

He picks himself off the low sofa, and starts toward the bar.

EMILY
Yep, go. I'll just be here... alone...

She spots a waiter holding a tray of wine glasses. Her face lights up with excitement.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Ooh, here comes some company.

She reaches for a glass, almost spilling the contents on her dress. She mouths "oops" then takes a sip.

CUT OVER to THE BAR.

Shawn has a beer in hand, already in deep conversation with Freya, who looks as if she's only half-listening. She's fiddling with her napkin, with even realizing.

SHAWN
So, after fifteen years devoted to that show, they just send me packing.

He drinks his beer.

FREYA
That sounds awful...

SHAWN

You sure you've never heard of it?
It's been on the air forever.

FREYA

I don't get to watch too much
television. I never have, really.

Shawn notices her fiddling. He touches her hand, making her stop. She jumps back a little. Moves her hand away from his grasp.

SHAWN

Sorry, sorry... Didn't mean to
invade.

FREYA

No, it's my fault. I'm just... not
into the whole party scene. Never
been good at them. I usually just
stand in the darkest corner,
pretending to call or text someone
when I'm really just playing Candy
Crush.

As Shawn goes to respond, he's caught off by--

ANDREW (O.S.)

Freya?

Freya recognizes the voice. She turns around to see Andrew standing behind her. She's speechless.

FREYA

Andrew...

Shawn looks back and forth between the two of them.

ANDREW

I-- I can't believe it's you.

Freya lets out a nervous chuckle.

FREYA

Yep. It's you... I mean, me... I'm
me...

Shawn raises his eyebrow.

SHAWN

So, I'm assuming you two have met.

ANDREW

Yeah... she's my wife.

Shawn raises his brown.

SHAWN
Alright-y, then.

He turns back to the bartender, in desperate need of another drink.

FREYA
How long have you been in L.A?

ANDREW
A couple months. You?

FREYA
Going on six.

ANDREW
You always said you wanted to get out here one day. I'm glad you finally did.

Short pause, as she considers her answer. She forces a grin.

FREYA
Yeah...

FFFFFTTTZZZZZ.

They all cover their ears at the sound of a microphone spiking. They look towards the stage, as the noise dies down.

ANDREW
Oh, god...

Joshua walks on stage. Obviously drunk.

FREYA
Is that Joshua?

ANDREW
Unfortunately.

SHAWN
What is he doing??

BACK ON the stage. Joshua grabs hold of the microphone stand.

JOSHUA
This party's so laaaamee!! But no worries, Magic Josh is here!

He points to Troy at the other end of the room, who just giggles and tries to hide his face.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 This one's for the cutie with da
 boooooty over there!

CUE MUSIC: "Pony" by Ginuwine

Joshua starts rocking his hips and rolling his stomach. He seductively unbuttons his shirt from the top, then RIPS it off, revealing his rock hard abs.

He grinds against the microphone stand beside him, while the party-goers look up at him in either disgust or lust. The Bouncer marches toward the stage. Andrew notices.

ANDREW
 That's our cue!

He grabs Shawn by the arm.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Let's go, lover boy!

Andrew pulls Shawn away from the bar. Freya quickly follows behind them. They drag Joshua off the stage just as he begins to unzip his jeans.

The bouncer stumbles between the now rowdy party-goers, cheering Joshua on. The four of them are able to slip out of the rooftop party without incident.

They all step into the elevator leading to the ground floor. An arm stops the elevator doors from shutting, belonging to Troy. A very tipsy Emily rests on his shoulder.

TROY
 You got room for two more?

Joshua smiles. Grabs Troy by the collar and yanks him inside the elevator. Emily falls forward. Shawn catches her.

JOSHUA
 After party at our place!!!

Freya shakes her head.

FREYA
 I guess some things never change...

Andrew chuckles, as he looks at Freya. On that, we ...

BLACKOUT:

END OF EPISODE