

SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES

S01E04 | "Aftermath of the Shindig From Hell"

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Produced by

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SCREENWRITERS **PARADISE**

"Aftermath of 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:

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - MORNING

The apartment is in ruins, like a bomb of trash, booze and glitter went off. We pan around the space and notice ANDREW sleeping on the couch. A handful of glitter sprinkled in his hair.

The door to one of the bedrooms springs open, and out steps a very nude JOSHUA. He strides over to the kitchen. Opens the fridge and takes out a bottle of orange juice. Starts drinking straight from the bottle.

Andrew creeps awake, letting out a long yawn. He lifts his head up to see Joshua standing in the kitchen. His naughty bits hidden behind the refrigerator door.

JOSHUA
Morning, babe!

ANDREW
Good morning...

He looks around the messy apartment. Confused.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
What the hell happened last night?

JOSHUA
The after party to end all after parties, bro. It was glorious! You don't remember?

ANDREW
I remember coming home from the rooftop party. The rest is kind of a blur.

JOSHUA
I don't even remember you drinking.

ANDREW
Me neither. What about you? How do you drink all night and still manage to wake up at the crack of dawn?

JOSHUA
Lots and lots of practice.

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW

Didn't you have guests over last night?

JOSHUA

You mean, Troy? Yeah, he left a few minutes ago. Him and his boss stayed the night. She got pretty wasted.

ANDREW

Wish I remembered...

Joshua's eyes light up.

JOSHUA

Oooh, Story Time!

He shuts the fridge and comes rushing over to the couch.

ANDREW

UGH, dude! Put some clothes on!

JOSHUA

What? It's nothing you haven't seen before.

ANDREW

Yeah, that's the problem...

JOSHUA

Fine.

He covers his junk with a pillow. Andrew sighs.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Better?

ANDREW

Technically...

JOSHUA

Good. Alright, so it all started when we got back to the complex.

EXT. DWIGHT LOFTS - COURTYARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The never-ending party in the courtyard is in full swing. People swim, dance, and drink while Joshua leads TROY into the complex.

JOSHUA

Welcome to Dwight Lofts!

TROY

You actually live in a place like this? How do you get any work done?

JOSHUA

What? This is perfect for me. This is my... my paradise.

TROY

Yeah, a screenwriter's paradise, with a bunch of loud, drunk stoners right outside your door.

JOSHUA

Wouldn't have it any other way.

Troy chuckles.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

So, you wanna check out my place? It's right up there.

TROY

I really wish I could but my boss is pretty trashed. I should probably drive her home.

JOSHUA

Who, her?

He points to EMILY on the other side of the complex. She's trying to bend under a limbo stick with a plastic red cup full of beer in her hand.

She's almost under when she loses her balance and falls backwards onto the ground.

Troy winces at the sight. But Emily pops right back up. The crowd around her starts cheering. One guy picks her up, and puts her on his shoulders.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

See... she's having the time of her life. She's fine!

Troy sighs. Thinks for a moment, then looks at Joshua, who's all pout-y lips and puppy dog eyes. Troy can't help but smile.

TROY

Fine, one quick glance and I'm gone. No funny business.

JOSHUA
I wouldn't dream of it...

Joshua puts his hand around Troy's shoulder.

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - JOSHUA'S ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Joshua backs Troy into a wall. He bangs his head.

TROY
Ouch.

JOSHUA
Sorry.

Joshua leans in. Presses his lips against Troy's. They massage each others tongues with the utmost care.

Joshua breaks the kiss. Pulls his shirt over his head with ease, then helps Troy do the same. Once the shirt's off, Joshua goes back to kissing Troy. Worshipping his lips not long before moving down to his neck, then his chest.

Troy closes his eyes. Then plants the back of his head against the wall behind him. Feeling the sensation of every single kiss.

ZZZZZIIIPPPP!! Troy looks down at Joshua on his knees.

TROY
I said no funny business.

Joshua looks up at Troy. A smug grin on his face.

JOSHUA
I made no such promises.

Troy grins, then grabs the back of Joshua's head as he takes him into his mouth. Troy lets out a soft moan --

ANDREW (V.O.)
Okay, okay!!! For fuck's sake!

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - MORNING

Andrew glares at Joshua. Horrified.

ANDREW
I didn't ask for a play by play of your sexual escapades!

JOSHUA

Fine. You're right. But let me tell you, it was really, reaaally satisfying.

Andrew huffs.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Alright. Moving on... So we *came*, then left to rejoin the party downstairs...

EXT. DWIGHT LOFTS - COURTYARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Joshua and Troy walk down the stairs leading to the courtyard. Troy looks over at Shawn's apartment across the way. Curious.

JOSHUA

Hey, I'll catch up with you in a second.

Troy nods. Joshua heads over to the apartment.

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - SHAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SHAWN sits in a reclining sofa. A 40 ounce in one hand and a TV remote in the other. He flips through channels on his 60 inch, flat screen. He stops on one channel. A half smile forms on his face.

SHAWN'S POV: An episode of *The Johnsons*, the family drama he starred in, is playing. Shawn's character, Miles, is sitting down for dinner with his family. They all look happy.

Shawn watches on, completely zoned in until -- KNOCK! KNOCK! He flinches. Looks over at the door.

SHAWN

Go away!!

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Hey, Shawn! It's your new buddy, Josh!

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

JOSHUA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Open up!

Shawn sighs in frustration. Gets up and answers the door.

SHAWN
What do you want!?

JOSHUA
Just coming to check up on you. You didn't say much on the drive home.

SHAWN
I'm really not in the mood.

JOSHUA
That's all good. But look, there's a party going on and I could really use somebody like you as my wing man, you know?

Shawn looks at Joshua with his resting bitch face. His balls hit his fist. Joshua notices.

JOSHUA
Maybe now's not the best time.
Catch you later?

He lets out a nervous chuckle, then Shawn shuts the door in his face. Joshua lingers there for a second before back stepping away.

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - SHAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Shawn stands by the door, taking deep breaths. Trying to calm down. He glances over at the TV, still playing the show. In a fit a rage, he lunges the beer bottle in his hand at the TV.

CRACK!!! The bottle leaves a huge mark in the screen. Shawn sighs and his eyes begin to water.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Wow, what a dick.

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - MORNING

Andrew shakes his head in disbelief.

ANDREW
He seemed so nice on TV. You really think he was gonna hit you?

JOSHUA
I mean, he would have tried. I took taekwondo.

ANDREW

You went to three lessons when you
seven before you got bored and
quit.

JOSHUA

I signed on to learn how to kick
some ass, not stand around while
some loser taught me the *proper* way
to breathe.

Andrew sighs.

ANDREW

Can we just skip to the part about
how our apartment ended up looking
like something out of a Ke\$ha music
video?

JOSHUA

You know, you have no patience...
Fine. The courtyard got kinda
barren, so I decided to continue
the fun up here for a while...

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A crowd of people are dancing to loud house music. Green
strobe lights flicker inside the apartment.

PAN OVER to Joshua and Troy, with their ears pressed against
Andrew's bedroom door.

TROY

Are you always this nosey?

JOSHUA

Only when my best friend is about
to be dragged into the dark abyss
that is Freya Malek... I've seen it
so many times. I'm not letting it
happen again!

TROY

What do you think's going on in
there?

JOSHUA

She's probably putting on her usual
shy act. Stroking that hero complex
of his until it's fully erect,
right before she pounces.

He turns his ear back to the door. Listens intently.

INT. APARTMENT 205 - ANDREW'S BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

FREYA and Andrew sit on the bed, playing some shooting game on X-BOX. Freya's obviously winning, given the wide grin on her face.

MAN (O.S.)
GAME OVER!!

Freya's arms go up in the air in celebration! Andrew puts his head in his palms in defeat.

FREYA
Ha! I win again!

ANDREW
Only because I let you.

FREYA
Oh, bull crap. You wanna go another round?

ANDREW
NO! No... I'm good. That's enough embarrassment for one night.

Freya sets the controller down on the bed.

FREYA
Fine.

There's an awkward silence.

FREYA (CONT'D)
So... I guess we should talk, huh?

ANDREW
Talking would be nice. Ya know, seeing as I haven't spoken to my wife in over a year.

FREYA
Wife.
(chuckles)
That still sounds so weird.

ANDREW
I know. I haven't even updated my relationship status on Facebook.

They both chuckle. Then the silence grows again.

FREYA

Look, I never meant to disappear, you know... without a trace. It's just... It got a little hard to breathe.

ANDREW

I wasn't in the best place either, you know. You could've talked to me.

FREYA

I didn't need to talk. I needed to get gone.

ANDREW

Get gone... half way across the country?

FREYA

Yeah, that might have been overkill...

ANDREW

You think?

Freya nods, embarrassed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Listen... We were kids. We got married to please our parents and finally get out from under their thumb. We got our freedom and we didn't have the slightest idea what to do with it.

FREYA

But you're right. I didn't need to take off like that.

ANDREW

Well, you did... there's no changing that. We just need to focus on what comes next.

FREYA

And what exactly is that, *husband*?

Andrew smiles. Then holds her hand.

ANDREW

I don't know. But how about we stick together this time? Till death due us part, remember?

She nods, smiling.

FREYA

I do...

They hear a long banging coming from outside the room.

ANDREW

So, you in the mood to party?

FREYA

You go ahead. I think I'm gonna head home.

ANDREW

No way, it's late. Stay here tonight.

Freya raises her eyebrow.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Take the bed. I'll sleep... somewhere else.

He chuckles.

FREYA

Okay.

ANDREW

Good night.

FREYA

Night...

Andrew walks over to the door. Opens it and Joshua comes tumbling into the room. Andrew looks down at him. Confused.

ANDREW

What the hell are you doing?

JOSHUA

What? Nothing!

Freya just shakes her head.

FREYA

Hello, Joshua.

JOSHUA

Oh, hey Sister-In-Law. I didn't see you there.

FREYA

Don't call me that.

Andrew lets out a deep sigh.

JOSHUA

So, anybody care for a drink?

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - MORNING

Andrew looks forward. Amazed.

ANDREW

I can't believe you were listening in on our conversation.

JOSHUA

Don't worry. I didn't leave out any juicy details. It was very PG-13, unfortunately.

Andrew's bedroom door is opened, revealing Freya on the other side. The boys looks back at her, as she stands in the doorway, looking around at the apartment.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Good morning, Sister-In-Law.

FREYA

I told you not to call me that!

JOSHUA

Hey, I believe in chosen family. Andy, here, is my big brother, making us in-laws. Deal with it.

Freya sighs, then finally steps into the main room. Andrew meets her half way.

ANDREW

How'd you sleep?

FREYA

Well. I do miss my own bed though so, I think I best be off.

ANDREW

I'll walk you out.
(to Joshua)
(MORE)

And you need to wash that pillow.
Now. I don't know where that
thing's been.

JOSHUA

Don't worry! I bottomed last night!

Andrew and Freya leave the apartment in a hurry. Joshua just sits there on the couch like a third wheel.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I didn't even tell you about the
glitter!!

He calls out, but they're already gone. He sighs, looking around the apartment in disgust.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I'm not cleaning this shit up.

He stands to his feet, tossing the pillow down on the couch. Walks back into his room, letting it all hang out. SLAMS the door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - STREETS - MORNING

Andrew and Freya walk down the quiet sidewalk. Only a few cars on their morning commute. They stop at the curb.

ANDREW

So, where are you living now,
anyway?

FREYA

Oh, I've got a cozy little beach
house in Malibu.

ANDREW

A house on the beach. Just like you
always wanted. At least this city's
treating one of us well.

FREYA

Your place isn't so bad. Besides
the smell.

Andrew laughs at her joke, then hails an approaching cab for her. The cab comes to a stop at the curb, and he opens the back door for her.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Thanks for last night. It was
really nice seeing you.

ANDREW

Likewise.

Freya kisses him on his cheek, then gets into the cab. Andrew closes the door behind her, before they drive off. He watches for a moment until the cab turns the corner, then he starts back toward his apartment.

INT. TAXI CAB - MOVING

Freya fiddles with her fingers, then looks out her back window.

FREYA

Could you pull over, please?

The cab stops. Freya gets out.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Sorry, changed my mind.

The cab driver waves her off, a little annoyed. Then floors the gas down the street. Freya spots a bus in the distance. She waits at the bus stop.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - MORNING

A bus stops in front of a run down, shady motel.

Freya, still in her expensive red dress, steps down from the bus. Makes her way toward the motel. A few homeless people are posted outside the front entrance.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - ROOM

The door to the motel room is opened after a bit of a struggle. Freya steps in. Looks around the room, depressed.

It's a hole in the wall. Dirty walls. Stained carpets. Molded furniture. She closes the door behind her. Then notices a few letters on the floor beneath her.

She picks them up, starts flipping through them. The last one catches her attention. It's an EVICTION NOTICE. She releases an audible sigh. Hopeless, she tosses the letters down onto her bed.

JUMP CUT TO -- Freya slipping out of her dress. We notice the price tag hidden on the inside. She smooths it out. Turns her iron on.

CLOSE UP on Freya. A blank expression on her face as she thinks of her next move. And on that, we...

BLACKOUT:

END OF EPISODE