

SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES

S01E06 | "First Pitch"

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Produced by

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SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

"First Pitch"

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
FRANK TELLER..... BOB ODENKIRK
AMBER PAGE..... MARIE AVGEROPOULOS
STANLEY PAGE..... RICK HOFFMAN
ELI SHAW..... TYLER PERRY

OVER BLACK

Moans of IMMENSE pleasure accompanied by the sound of bodies bouncing on a mattress and squeaking bed springs.

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - JOSHUA'S BEDROOM - DAY

JOSHUA lays on his bed with TROY grinding on top of him. A thin sheet covering their naked bodies.

Troy twists his hips, pushing himself up and down as hot sweat drips down from his forehead onto Joshua's abs.

The speed picks up, and the groans get louder until finally Joshua climaxes, letting out a LOUD moan, followed by soft panting. They both grin at the other. Satisfied.

Joshua wiggles around, getting off of Joshua. We hear a POPPING sound as he springs forward, then lays on his stomach next to Joshua.

Joshua SNAPS his condom off, then tosses it into the trash can across the room. He grabs a few sheets of tissue from the box on his night stand. Cleans himself up.

TROY

You know, I don't usually hook up with guys I just met.

JOSHUA

Oh yeah? Why I was I the exception?

TROY

I don't know. I guess there must be something about you I like.

JOSHUA

Well, I can think of a few things I like about you.

Joshua slaps Troy's bare ass. Troy just smiles, bites his bottom lip. The two lean in for a kiss.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Joshua's bedroom door is creaked open. ANDREW walks in to see Troy naked on the bed. Troy jolts up, covering himself with the sheet on the bed.

TROY

Jesus, Andrew!!

JOSHUA

Oh, don't worry. We're totally comfortable with each other.

TROY

That's great, but I'M NOT!

ANDREW

Sorry, Troy. But I really needed to talk. I tried to wait until you two were finished. Or at least until the moaning stopped.

TROY

How considerate of you.

(beat)

Fine just... what do you want?

ANDREW

I wanted to talk to you about Emily. It's been a week since she promised to set up that meeting with Frank Teller.

JOSHUA

Yeah, what's going on with that?

TROY

You guys do know I'm not her keeper, right?

ANDREW

No, just her personal assistant. Come on, give us the inside scoop!

Troy sighs.

TROY

Listen guys...

He tosses the sheet off of his body, revealing his very nude self without a single care.

Andrew's eyes linger down to his penis. They widen at the sight of it, then turn to Joshua who mouths the words "I know right."

Troy gets himself dressed, quickly.

TROY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna be the messenger between you three. You want to ask Emily something, well... she's three doors down.

Once he's fully dressed, he moves for the door.

JOSHUA
Where are you going?

TROY
I'm going to work!

He makes his way out of the bedroom, leaving Joshua and Andrew behind.

JOSHUA
(calls out)
Call me!!

The door to the apartment SLAMS shut. Andrew jolts his head back at the sound. Looks over to Joshua who's staring at him, blankly.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
You know this is your fault, right?

Andrew forces a grin as Joshua sighs.

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 211 - DAY

FREYA sits on a white sofa in the living room. A bunch of cardboard boxes stacked on either side of her.

She's drawing in her sketchbook, completely in her own world, as EMILY stands on the other side of the room. Hanging up a painting.

She straightens it. Cocks her head to the side to examine it.

EMILY
How's that?

Freya does not answer. Emily turns to face her.

EMILY
Freya!

She finally looks up from her sketchbook. She raises her brow. Emily just points to the painting.

FREYA
Oh, yeah. Looks as good as the last
three times you asked.

Emily sighs, then walks toward Freya. Sits on the arm of the sofa.

EMILY

Sorry. I just want everything to be perfect for the both of us. You know, you're actually the first person I've lived with that I not having sex with... yet, anyway.

Freya chuckles, nervously. Then goes back to her sketching. Emily notices, then smiles.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What are you working on?

FREYA

Just some designs.

EMILY

Ooo, hand 'em over.

Freya gives Emily her sketchbook. She starts flipping through the pages. Curles her lips. Impressed.

EMILY (CONT'D)

These are amazing. I didn't know you were into fashion.

FREYA

Yeah, I came out here to be a fashion designer. Didn't exactly work out that way.

(beat)

Ended up modelling other designers clothing, and I barely book any jobs doing that, so...

Emily sighs and scoots closer to Freya.

EMILY

Yeah, this is the city of dreams. The thing nobody tells you is you're more likely to live someone else's dream before your own.

FREYA

What about you? You didn't always want to be an agent?

Emily chuckles. Shakes her head.

EMILY

No... I came to L.A when I was eighteen which wasn't... that long ago... to be a singer.

FREYA
What happened?

EMILY
The cards weren't aligned. Things
didn't go my way. Shit happened.

FREYA
Yeah...

There's a sudden KNOCK at the door. Emily answers it to see
Joshua and Andrew standing on the other side.

EMILY
Hi, guys! What are you--

They let themselves in. Freya looks back. Smiles at Andrew.

FREYA
Hey...

Andrew grins, nervously. Scratches the back of his neck and
waves. Emily shuts the door, then rejoins them in the center
of the room.

EMILY
You know, normally people wait to
be invited inside someone's home
before barging in.

JOSHUA
This, coming for you, means
nothing. You know that, right?

EMILY
I ... don't know what you're
talking about.

They chuckle.

EMILY (CONT'D)
What's up?

ANDREW
Well, we don't want to rush things
or seem rude but--

JOSHUA
When are you setting up that
meeting?

Andrew darts his eyes at Joshua who just shrugs.

EMILY

Way to cut straight to the chase.

ANDREW

Sorry. It's just been a week since you moved in here and we haven't heard anything about it.

EMILY

Don't worry! It's already in motion. Actually, your meeting is scheduled for today. He's really excited to meet you two.

Andrew and Joshua look at each other, smiling. They try their hardest to contain themselves.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - BACKLOT

TIGHT on a crowded TV backlot. Dozens of crew members scrambling over one another, getting ready for a scene.

SHAWN makes his way into the lot, walking right by the security post. He walks over to a row of trailers. Stepping up the stairs to one. Takes a deep breath.

INT. TRAILER

A young woman sits in front of a mirror, applying makeup to her face. MEET AMBER PAGE (20s). Out of nowhere, the door to her trailer is opened, letting Shawn inside.

He stops in the door way, and she GAWKS at him through the mirror. Finally turning around. Shocked.

AMBER

Shawn... what are you doing here?

SHAWN

I had to see you.

Shawn steps into the trailer. Shuts the door. Amber stands to her feet.

AMBER

You shouldn't be here! If my father catches you--

SHAWN

I don't give a shit about your father. He can't stop me from seeing you.

AMBER

He put out a restraining order. He could have you arrested if he wanted, and trust me... he wants nothing more. He practically dreams about it at night.

SHAWN

Let him try.

BEAT as they take a moment to gaze at one another.

The emotions take over and they connect in a passionate kiss. Their bodies and lips pressed together, moving at a messy, vicious pace.

Shawn backs her against the wall. Begins to unbuckle his pants.

Amber slips out of her panties. He lifts her up from the ground, wraps her legs around his waist while they continue kissing.

Shawn starts grinding into her. Her head hitting the wall behind her as she bounces up and down in his grasp.

Suddenly, the door to the trailer is burst into. Shawn and Amber quickly gather themselves as STANLEY PAGE (50s) makes his way into the trailer.

His eyes light up in anger when he see's his daughter with Shawn. You can practically see the smoke bursting from his ears.

STANLEY

You son of a bitch!! Get away from her!

AMBER

Daddy! Wait!

Stanley looks back outside the trailer, calls security. Moments later, two security guards flood the trailer. Grabbing Shawn off of Amber.

SHAWN

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!!

Security manages to push Shawn out of the trailer. Amber falls behind them. Already in tears.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - BACKLOT

Shawn zips his pants up. The crew watch the scene with lingering eyes.

STANLEY

How dare you show your face on this set after what you did!

SHAWN

And what was it that I did!?

STANLEY

You violated my daughter!!

SHAWN

I didn't violate her! She wanted it just as much as I did!

STANLEY

You son of a bitch, I'll KILL you!

Stanley lunges for him, but security stands in the way. Pushes him back.

Another man approaches the group. ELI SHAW (40s), the executive producer and showrunner of THE JOHNSONS.

ELI

Hey, hey, hey! What's going on here?

STANLEY

Your boy Shawn here decided to pay my daughter a visit...

ELI

God damn it, Shawn. You know you're not supposed to be anywhere near this set.

SHAWN

Why do you let this asshole tell you how to run your set. He hasn't written a damn thing for this show! Guess you're just here to make sure the show doesn't get too black, huh? You racist son of a bitch.

STANLEY

What is it with you people!? Always playing the race card.

SHAWN

You people??

STANLEY

Think what you want, but there's no way you're going near my daughter or this set again!

(beat)

Security, drag his sorry ass back to the slums he came from!

Shawn punches Stanley in the face. He drops to his knees from the attack. The guards go to grab Shawn's arm, but he jerks away.

SHAWN

Don't touch me!

Amber kneels down to help her father. He sports a new busted lip.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Amber...

AMBER

Shawn, just -- just get out of here!

Shawn looks down at her. Broken. After a few seconds, he starts walking off the set in shambles.

INT. CBS STUDIOS - OFFICES - DAY

Emily walks down the CBS offices with Andrew and Joshua trailing behind her. They look around in awe. Taking in their surroundings like gleeful children.

Emily gets to Frank's office. She stops in front of his assistant's desk. The woman behind the desk, MARGARET, sits there with headphones on. Unaware of Emily's presence.

Emily clears her throat loudly, to no avail. Then, she slams her palms on the desk. Margaret jumps in her seat, finally looks up at Emily.

Curious. She removes her headphones.

MARGARET

Emily? What are you doing here?

EMILY

Here to talk to the boss.

MARGARET

Oh... he didn't call you.

EMILY

He may have. I don't check my phone before noon.

MARGARET

I see... well.. ummm okay, go right in.

She forces a smile. Emily looks back at Andrew and Joshua, who are still looking around in wonder.

EMILY

Stay here until I come out and get you. And... don't touch any -- actually, touch what you like. I don't really care.

Emily turns on her heel. Then walks right into Frank's office.

INT. CBS STUDIOS - FRANK TELLER'S OFFICE

FRANK is pacing the room, on a call. He doesn't acknowledge Emily's presence either.

FRANK

Here's the thing, Judy. I get that you just had a baby and what a beautiful thing. But that doesn't mean you get to be at home taking care of the thing instead of here taking care of my clients!

Emily sighs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Maternity leave? What the HELL is that and why do you think you have the right to it??

(beat)

Listen Judy, if you're not in the office tomorrow at 7 A.M... you're not gonna have to worry about maternity leave, cause you won't have a fucking job!

He hangs up the phone. Then finally looks up at Emily. Raises his brow.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here,
Moore!?

EMILY
I know you've been eager for some
talent, and I just so happen to
have two promising writers waiting
outside, ready to meet with you.

FRANK
Okay, but --

EMILY
They're a little green. But trust
me, they're the real deal.

Emily goes to invite Andrew and Joshua in.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Hey, guys --

FRANK
Moore!! Shut up!!

She turns back around. Silent.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I was just getting ready to tell
you...

EMILY
Tell me, what?

FRANK
You're fired!

Emily is quiet for a moment. Blank faced. Until it hits her.
Her eyes widen in shock.

EMILY
Oh shit...

Off her surprise, we --

BLACKOUT:

END OF EPISODE