

# SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

*AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES*

S01E07 | "That Kid From 3rd Rock"

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# SCREENWRITERS

# PARADISE

"That Kid From 3rd Rock"

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  
JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT..... HIMSELF

FADE IN:

**INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - BAR - NIGHT**

ANDREW and JOSHUA sit in high stools inside a bar. Already quite buzzed judging from the sloppy look of the pair.

JOSHUA  
Bartender! Another round!

BARTENDER  
You got it.

The bartender pours two drinks. Slides them down the bar. Joshua catches his drink in his hand. As does Andrew. They both gulp the liquor down in one go.

JOSHUA  
Ooh! I got it!

ANDREW  
What? Got what it?

JOSHUA  
Plan B for getting that meeting with Frank *whatshisface*.

ANDREW  
Last time I checked the alphabet's got twenty-six letters. And we ran out of those about thirty plans ago.

JOSHUA  
It's okay, we can start over.

Andrew sighs.

ANDREW  
Fine... let's hear this plan.

JOSHUA  
We sneak into CBS Studios, hide out in the restroom all day and night until Frank comes in to release his demons, then when we get him alone, we jump up and force him to hear our pitch!

ANDREW  
That is... probably the dumbest idea you've come up with all night. I expect more from you.

JOSHUA

Well, I'm tipsy as fuck and I don't work well under the influence. I don't see you coming up with any bright ideas! So don't come for me.

ANDREW

Fine, you're right.

Andrew puts his rests his chin in his palms.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'm way too bummed out to think.

JOSHUA

Me too...

ANDREW

This was our one shot to make something of ourselves in this city. Confirmation that this move to L.A wasn't a complete and total waste of time and energy.

JOSHUA

Don't forget money. If we don't find something quick we're gonna have to get real jobs.

Andrew shutters at the idea.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

At least it blowing up in our faces wasn't entirely our fault.

ANDREW

I don't know... that kinda makes it worse. We didn't even have a say in our failure.

JOSHUA

Never thought about it that way... Well now I'm depressed.

Andrew puts his face down on the bar.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

That useless agent friend of yours screwed us.

ANDREW

It wasn't all her fault. And she did get fired. I can't help but feel a little sorry for her.

JOSHUA

What did you expect? She was terrible at her job!

ANDREW

Maybe, but she's still a person. She must be feeling horrible right now.

**INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Blue strobe lights circle around the crowded dance floor as a hard beat pounds throughout the club. We spot EMILY among the dozens of rowdy patrons, gyrating wildly on the dance floor.

Along either side of her are her best friends, DESHIA and ZANA. They're all having the time of their lives.

As the music begins to slow down, Deshia and Zani appear out of breath.

They grab Emily, who's sandwiched between two men, slow grinding on the dance floor.

DESHIA

Alright, Em. That's enough fun for you! Mama's gettin' parched!

They practically have to drag Emily away.

EMILY

See ya later, boys!

The three women sit on high chairs at the bar. Zani eyes the female bartender.

ZANI

Your strongest cocktail for the three of us!

The bartender nods. Starts making their drinks. Emily is still bopping in her seat. Full of energy. Her friends notice, growing a little bit worried.

DESHIA

Are you sure you're okay, Em?

ZANI

Yeah, when I heard the bad news, I thought you'd want to curl up on my couch for a night of ice cream and chick flicks, not a girls night out.

EMILY

What are you two on about?

ZANI

You know... you kinda got fired. You're not nearly drunk enough to have forgotten, are you?

EMILY

Not yet!

DESHIA

Okay, so why are we really here?

EMILY

Can't a girl want to have a little fun!? I think I deserve at least that.

ZANI

Of course, but --

EMILY

No buts! No life talk! I just wanna get drunk and party!

Their drinks finally arrive. Emily takes her and finishes half of it. She lets out of lively shout. Her friends shrug their shoulders and join her in the fun.

A very handsome man standing at the other end of the club catches her eye. They have a stare down, both looking each other up and down, flirtacious.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Girls, I'll be right back. Or not... Don't wait up.

She starts toward the man while Deshia and Zani shake their heads.

**INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 211 - NIGHT**

FREYA is sitting on the sofa in the front room in blue pajamas. A large bowl of popcorn rests in her lap. She's zoned into the television set in front of her.

She's got her remote in hand. Flipping through the channels. She pauses on the news, which is reporting the JACE RIORDAN Trial.

She flips through a few more channels until settles on one Project Runway.

She stuffs a handful of popcorn in her mouth. A few kernels falling onto her lap and the couch. But she's not bothered.

DIING DOOONG! The doorbell rings. Freya looks to the door. Puts the bowl on the coffee table in front of her and goes to answer it. She looks through the peep hole.

**FREYA'S POV:** TROY stands outside. A cellphone up to his ear, looking impatient.

Freya opens to door and greets Troy.

FREYA

Hi...

TROY

Freya, right? Emily's new roommate?

FREYA

Yep.

TROY

I'm Troy.

FREYA

Yeah, I know. Last time I saw you, your tongue was down Joshua's throat.

Troy grins. Embarrassed, but not really.

TROY

Riiight... anyway, I'm looking for Emily. She here?

FREYA

No. I think she went out with some friends.

TROY

Dammit. She gets fired, doesn't bother telling me and now she's not answering any of her phones.

FREYA

She has more than one?

TROY  
Of course. Everyone around here  
does.

FREYA  
(chuckles)  
Oh great. Everyone who's not me.

Troy hears the TV from inside the apartment. He can't help  
but look at it over her shoulder.

TROY  
Is that the new Project Runway?

Freya looks back. Slightly embarrassed.

FREYA  
Oh... yeah. It was either that or  
Apocalypse Bunkers but, I -- it's  
kind of a guilty pleasure of mine.

TROY  
Are you kidding? That show is  
amazing. No shame in admitting  
that.

There is a slight pause as Troy is still eyeing the TV from  
behind her.

FREYA  
Do you wanna...

TROY  
Absolutely!

Troy steps into the apartment. Makes himself comfortable on  
the couch. Freya grins and joins him. She passes him the  
popcorn.

TROY (CONT'D)  
OoO, thanks.

He takes some popcorn, then tunes into the show.

TROY (CONT'D)  
So, Emily's out partying with the  
girls and you're here all alone?

FREYA  
Well, she invited me but...  
nightclubs aren't really my scene.  
Or any kinda of club, really.

TROY

I hear ya.

Troy sighs.

TROY (CONT'D)

I had a feeling she was gonna do this.

FREYA

Do what?

TROY

Every time Emily's gets some bad news or her life gets even a little bit complicated, she goes off the rails. Gets wasted, high on life and ends up banging some random dude.

FREYA

Oh...

TROY

I mean, she's a grown woman. She can do whatever she wants. All hail Queen Bey. But I worry about her.

FREYA

You seem like a good friend.

TROY

She's my boss but I'd like to think we're friends too. But I don't know. She can be difficult.

(beat)

But enough of that. What the HELL is she wearing??

They react to something on the TV.

FREYA

I don't know, but it's atrocious.

TROY

I can sew a better dress than that and I can't sew.

They both chuckle.

**INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - BAR - NIGHT**

Andrew and Joshua are still stuck in their same positions.

Even more slopped over than before. Joshua snaps at the bartender for another drink.

BARTENDER

Sorry, sir. Your friend told me to cut you both off at shot number ten.

Joshua darts his eyes at Andrew.

JOSHUA

Why the hell would you do that??

ANDREW

Because that's your limit and I need you to be at least a little bit sober when you drive us home tonight.

Andrew lets out a long belch, then twists his face at the same.

JOSHUA

I don't know, after today, driving off a bridge might be a good idea.

ANDREW

Okay. Just make sure you let me out first.

JOSHUA

No way. If I'm going down, you're going down with me.

Andrew makes another twisted face. He holds his stomach as it begins to turn.

ANDREW

I think I'm gonna be sick... I'll be right back.

Andrew gets up to walk to the rest room.

JOSHUA

Fine. Just leave me here... Alone at the bar. I'll be fine.

He waits for Andrew to step into the rest room, then pleads with the bartender.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Please, just one more drink. I won't tell. Promise.

BARTENDER

Sorry.

Joshua sighs. Pouts his lips in disappointment. He puts his head down on the bar and sulks.

A few moments later, a man sits beside him.

MAN (O.S.)

I'll have a Sam Adams.

BARTENDER

You got it, buddy.

Joshua puts his head up.

JOSHUA

Oh, so I get cut off and not you--

He looks at the man beside him and is surprised that it's not Andrew.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Oh... you're not my BFF.

The man is revealed to be JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT.

JGL

Sorry to disappoint.

JOSHUA

No, it's fine... You're just in his seat and I wouldn't be a good best friend if I didn't ask you to move.

JGL

Oh...

JOSHUA

I'm kidding. Sit wherever you like.

They both smile.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Name's Josh, by the way.

He extends his hand.

JGL

Nice to meet you, Josh. So, where's your BFF now?

JOSHUA

In the bathroom puking his brains out.

JGL

You two sound like you've had a rough day.

JOSHUA

Little bit. See, there was this meeting with a CBS executive we were supposed to be going to but we got ditched at literally the last second.

JGL

Aw, that sucks!

JOSHUA

Yeah. We came out here to make our own TV series and that dream is getting farther and farther from becoming a reality.

JGL

This business can be brutal. It's tough to catch a break here.

JOSHUA

Tell me about it. So, what do you do?

JGL looks pleasantly surprised.

JGL

I'm actually an actor, but I like to dabble in the behind the scenes stuff too.

JOSHUA

An actor... cool. Been in anything interesting?

JGL

Probably nothing you've seen.

JOSHUA

Hmm. Don't worry dude, you'll make it one day.

JGL chuckles.

JGL  
Same to you, Josh.  
(beat)  
So what was this big idea?

JOSHUA  
I might be a little too drunk to  
give you all the details but it's  
the best idea ever!

JGL  
I see.

JOSHUA  
Hey, has anybody ever told you that  
you look like that kid from 3rd  
Rock? But, you know... an older,  
nerdy but in a hot way kinda way...

JGL pulls a business card out of his pocket. Places it on the  
bar next to Joshua.

JGL  
Tell you what. Here's my card. When  
you sober up, Google that name and  
company and gimme a call.

JOSHUA  
Are you flirting with me Mr.  
Joseph?

He chuckles.

JGL  
Absolutely not. But I'm always  
looking for fresh ideas.

He pats Joshua on the back. Takes his beer and leaves. Joshua  
waits for him to leave, then takes a look at the business  
card.

Andrew finally comes out of the bathroom. He takes a seat  
next to Joshua.

ANDREW  
That was disgusting. Remind me to  
never drink again.

JOSHUA  
Welcome back.

Joshua sees the card.

ANDREW  
What's that?

JOSHUA  
Oh, some guy came in and gave it to me. I think he was some porn star or something.

ANDREW  
Surprised you didn't recognize him then.

JOSHUA  
Very funny.

ANDREW  
What was his name? Johnny Hunglow?

He takes the card.

JOSHUA  
No. Jason Jordan Lovitt or something.

Andrew's eyes widen as he reads the name on the card.

ANDREW  
JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT?!?! HOLY SHIT!

Joshua looks confused.

JOSHUA  
What? Is that good?

Andrew looks so frustrated as he slaps his own forehead with his palm. Off that image, we...

**BLACKOUT.**

END OF EPISODE