

SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES

S01E10 | "Sexual Healing"

Written & Created by

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Produced by

Chris Davis & Brady Brown

SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

"Sexual Healing"

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
MICHAEL BERRETA..... PATRICK DEMPSEY
PAULA SMITH..... AMY ADAMS
ALEX BERETA..... JOSH HUTCHERSON
ALISHA HALL..... ALYSON STONER
WENDY..... JILLIAN ROSE REED
BRUCE..... ANDRE ROYO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

SHAWN and ALEX share a small, dingy cell. ALISHA sulks inside the cell next to theirs. Alex paces, the other MEN around eyeing him.

Shawn is rocking back and forth on the bench grunting, while Alisha has her eyes shut, pretending she's not there.

Alex eventually stops, grabs the bars in front of him.

ALEX

Excuse me! Officers! Sirs! Can we have our phone call please?

The passing OFFICERS don't give him the time of day.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Pretty please?

SHAWN

Don't waste your breath! These cops are useless.

ALISHA

This can't be happening! This can't be happening!

SHAWN

Stop panicking! They can't keep us in here forever.

ALEX

Says you!
(beat; realizing)
Shawn Leonidas, sir.

ALISHA

(screeching)
Everybody just *calm down!*

Alex and Shawn look at her, surprised. Eyes squinted.

ALEX

What...

ALISHA

I'm sorry! I've never been in jail before.

SHAWN

Well, neither have I!

ALEX

Well, Miles did in season nine,
episode five!

ALISHA

And in the season eleven finale!

SHAWN

Yeah, I remember! I was there.

ALEX

And we were there when you just
started punching some dude. What
was up with that?

SHAWN

Asshole had it coming.

ALISHA

A whole lot of nothing that ended
us up *in jail*.

Shawn sighs.

SHAWN

Look, I'm sorry. This wasn't
supposed to happen. It's just --
nevermind.

ALEX

Well, if you wanna talk, we're
gonna have plenty of time it seems.
Between you, me, and the... small
man gnawing on something in the
corner.

SWISH PAN. A dirty, shivering man sits in the corner, leaning
up against the bars. His shoulders move, and his face is
concealed. He quickly SNAPS around. He chews on a small, gray-
ish object.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Is that... is that a chicken bone!?
(beat)
Where did you get a chicken bone?!

The man shushes Alex, then turns back around.

ON ALISHA. She leans against the bars as a paper thin WOMAN
walks up to her, dolled up with way too much makeup.

WOMAN
 (raspy)
 You wanna help me get some coke?

ALISHA
 Um...

WOMAN
 (whispering)
 It's in my *lady chamber*.

ALISHA
 (eyes wide)
 No thank you.

The woman rolls her eyes and walks off. Alisha just sits there, clearly scarred for life.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

ANDREW, JOSHUA, and MICHAEL are scattered about the rather relaxed, sophisticated party.

Andrew is among a group of men in deep conversation.

MAN #1
 Have you ever tried doing it
 underwater?

MAN #2
 No, I hear that's dangerous. Last
 few times, I did it on a
 rollercoaster. Such a rush.

One of the men look at Andrew.

MAN #1
 So, how about you?

ANDREW
 What now?

MAN #1
 Where do you like to do it?

ANDREW
 I mean, I usually just work from my
 desk at home.

The others look at each other, then laugh. Andrew goes along with them. Puzzled.

SWISH PAN to Michael standing with an OLDER WOMAN.

OLDER WOMAN

What did you say your name was again?

MICHAEL

Michael.

OLDER WOMAN

Tell me, Michael, what safe words do you prefer to use?

Michael knits his brow in confusion.

MICHAEL

I'm -- I'm sorry?

OLDER WOMAN

Safe words, sweetie. My personal favorites have been Oklahoma, Butternut, and Chinatown.

MICHAEL

Erm...

OLDER WOMAN

Darling, have you never used one before?

MICHAEL

I don't --

OLDER WOMAN

Why would you come to a place like this without a safe word?

MICHAEL

I'm...

(beat)

Is... courier okay?

The older woman eyes him suspiciously.

OLDER WOMAN

I suppose...

SNAP TO Joshua, who is talking to a big, BURLY MAN. Joshua notices a tattoo on his shoulder that says TOY MAN.

JOSHUA

Nice tattoo. There a meaning behind it?

BURLY MAN
That's just what they call me. I
run a toy shop downtown.

Joshua smiles.

JOSHUA
Aw, how nice. What kinds of toys?

BURLY MAN
All kinds. Rings. Straps. Plugs.
Beads.

Joshua gasps.

JOSHUA
I thought you looked familiar! I
stopped by your shop a few weeks
ago. Scopping out a new supplier
after the big move.

BURLY MAN
Nice. Did you find anything good?

JOSHUA
Oh yes. I'm a very happy customer.

BURLY MAN
Did you bring any tonight?

JOSHUA
Why would I bring sex toys here...

BURLY
Well, considering what kind of
party this is, I think the better
question is - why wouldn't you?

Joshua forces a smile, then walks away slowly. He meets up
with Andrew and Michael, looking equally as disturbed as he
does.

JOSHUA
Guys, I don't exactly know how but
I'm pretty sure this is a sex
party.

ANDREW
Pfft. No way.

JOSHUA
Well, tell that to Mr. Toy Man over
there with the cock ring!

ANDREW

How could you possibly know he's wearing a cock ring?

JOSHUA

I have my ways.

MICHAEL

That would explain why that lady wanted to know my safe word.

JOSHUA

(suddenly interested)
Do you have one?

MICHAEL

What? No.

A hint of disappoint crowds Joshua's face.

ANDREW

I'm guessing when those guys were talking about where they like to go to work, they weren't talking about writing scripts.

Michael and Andrew look around, distastefully, while Joshua looks a bit too eager.

MICHAEL

Holy God, we're at a sex party.

INT. NED'S BAR

EMILY, FREYA, and TROY sit in a booth, empty glasses already flooding the table. Emily appears visibly annoyed. Music and singing is faint in the background.

EMILY

I can't believe you two dragged me here on a Friday night.

TROY

Come on, Em. Give your vag a break and use your other lips tonight.

(beat)

You should go next before the TLC stan up there steals another turn.

FREYA

She's actually pretty good though.

TROY

Yeah... and she's got great hair.

The music and singer's voice are finally heard as --

PAULA

(singing)

*"Don't go chasin' waterfalls!
Please stick to the rivers and the
lakes that you're used to!"*

PAULA SMITH grips the microphone with one hand, while waving her other one back and forth. The crowd is into it. They cheer her on.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*"I know that you're gonna have it
your way or nothing at all."*

(beat)

*"But I think you're moving too
fast."*

Paula holds the last note as the audience CLAPS for her. She takes a bow.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(gleeful)

Thank you!

She puts the microphone back on its stand, then goes back to sit down at the BAR.

Emily stands to her feet. Takes a deep breath. Then struts over to the stage. She stands in front of the microphone. Clears her throat.

EMILY

How's everybody doing tonight?

The crowd responds with an applause.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Good. Now, my lovely friends down there think I'm a sex addict! And I'm here tonight to let them know... that they're completely right!

SWISH PAN to Troy and Freya. Both embarrassed with their hands to their forehead.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hit it!

The DJ on the other end of the stage nods at her. Then flips his few switches on his board. A familiar tune kicks in.

SEXUAL HEALING by Marvin Gaye.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

"Get up. Get up. Get up. Get up."

(beat)

"Wake up. Wake up. Wake up. Wake up."

Emily starts moving her hips, suggestively.

EMILY (CONT'D)

"Baby, I'm hot just like an oven. I need some lovin'. Baby, I can't hold it in much longer. It's gettin' stronger and stronger."

Emily bends down and touches her toes, then slowly slides her hands back up her legs until she reaches her hips. She twists around in a circle, rocking her hips around as she does.

EMILY (CONT'D)

"And when I get that feeling, I want sexual healing. Sexual healing. It's good for me."

Freya and Troy watch the performance in the distance. Shaking their heads, but enjoying it at the same time.

Paula dances in her seat at the bar as Emily continues to sing up on stage.

PAULA

Woo! You go, girl!

TROY

Yeah, nice going, Em!

Paula notices Troy and Freya at the table across the room. She skips on over and flops down on the booth.

PAULA

Hello!

Freya and Troy eye one another. Confused.

FREYA

Hi?

PAULA

Do you know that woman on stage?
She's so talented!

TROY

Why, yes we do. You weren't bad
yourself. Loved the song choices,
by the way. Some people just don't
appreciate 90's R&B anymore.

Paula flips her hair, blushes.

PAULA

Daw, thank you so much!
(beat; hand extended)
I'm Paula.

TROY

Troy.
(shakes her hand)
Oh my God, your hands are so soft.

Paula smiles, then puts her hand out towards Freya, who
shakes it.

FREYA

Freya. It's nice to meet you.
(beat)
So, do you come here a lot?

PAULA

No, actually! I was just outside
talking to my bestie and two random
husbands when I saw the sign!

TROY

Ooh la la, were they cute?

FREYA

Really?

TROY

What? I was just joking.

They all turn back to Emily.

EMILY

*"And when I get that feeling, I
want sexual healing."*

The song comes to an end and Emily takes a bow. Paula
immediately jumps up and CLAPS.

PAULA
WOOHOOO!

Emily rejoins the group.

EMILY
(to Paula)
Thanks for the standing ovation.

PAULA
You totally deserve it!
(beat)
I'm Paula.

EMILY
Emily. Short, sweet, rolls off the
tongue.

TROY
It was nice meeting you, Paula.
Freya and I are up next.

He grabs Freya's arm, much to her surprise.

FREYA
We are!?

TROY
Yep. You know any Beyonce?

Troy drags her out of the booth, leaving Emily and Paula
alone. Emily takes a sip of her drink while Paula watches.

PAULA
So, you're a singer?

EMILY
I dabble... in the shower mostly.
But there was a time, not so long
ago, when that's all I dreamed of.

PAULA
Oh, girl, I am the *queen* of broken
dreams.
(beat; calling)
Bartender! Another round!
(to Emily)
Tell me about your problems, honey.

EMILY
Problems? What problems? I'm just
an unemployed, 43 year old sex
junkie with a bad attitude.

PAULA

That sounds... oddly fascinating,
but that's not the point.

(beat)

Are you... well, happy? That's
always the most important thing.

Emily pauses for a moment to think.

EMILY

To be honest, I don't even know
what happy is anymore.

Paula knits her brow and frowns, saddened by her comment.

PAULA

I had... I had this *experience*, I
guess, with my mother. It was a
while ago, but I just stopped
grieving... pretty recently,
actually. I said the exact same
thing you did, only I probably
added a wicked joke at the end.

The women laughs to break the tension.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Look, Emily, you only got one life.
I've had my fair share of utter,
sometimes hilarious, failures. Who
hasn't? But you've got to do things
for *you*.

EMILY

I thought I was. It all started
when I got fired from a job I used
to love. Even though the last few
years were complete torture... I
kinda miss it in a weird way.

PAULA

What job was it?

EMILY

Oh, I was an agent for CBS.

Paula's eyes immediately widen, and her jaw hits the floor.
Emily looks at her, concerned.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Did I just bring back some
horrible, repressed memory or
something?

PAULA

No! Oh my God!
(beat; excited as can be)
I'm an agent!

EMILY

Oh good.
(beat; smiles)
Small town.

PAULA

Okay, gotta turn my excitement level down a few notches.
(beat)
Anyway, Emily, getting over some failures is just a small, not so awesome bump in your totally awesome life. You gotta ignore the people who tear you down, and you gotta do *you*. If you want that job back, storm up in there with your bad self and *get that job back!*
(beat; smiling)
But if you don't, then that's fine too. What I mean is, don't just accept whatever life throws at you. Make your own fabulous, amazing path.

EMILY

You know what? I think you might be right. Who are you and where have you been all my life?

PAULA

Us agent sisters gotta stick together!

They grin and exchange nods.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew and Michael are inching towards the door.

MICHAEL

We gotta get out of here.

Andrew scans the crowd for Joshua. Sees him in the middle of a group of men and women.

ANDREW

Tell that to him. He's like a dog with a bone, I swear...

MICHAEL

You mean a... bone-r, right?

He laughs as Andrew simply stares at him.

ANDREW

I should have listened to Josh and just stayed home and finished that script.

Michael notices Andrew's solemn expression.

MICHAEL

Hey, cheer up. How many people can say they've gone to a sexy party?

(beat)

Okay, probably a lot. But that's not the point!

ANDREW

How can I cheer up? I'm not the only one involved here. Joseph Gordon-Levitt's expecting a finished script and if I don't deliver, I'd be letting Josh down.

MICHAEL

Whoa, *Joseph Gordon-levitt?!*

ANDREW

Yeah, it's a long story.

MICHAEL

Okay, you can give me details later, because *Joseph Gordon-Levitt*, but... so you work a little slow. Who cares? I work slow too! Everyone works slow!

(beat)

The point is, there's no *problem* with going at your own pace. Do you think Christopher Nolan wrote *Interstellar* in a month?

(beat)

Actually, he might have. He is a God. But you know what I mean!

(beat)

And if good 'ole JGL can't wait a couple of extra days for your amazing script, then that's his loss. Not yours.

ANDREW

(with a sigh)

I guess you're right. Thanks for the pep talk. I needed that.

MICHAEL

You just gotta stop being so hard on yourself, Andrew. Look on the bright side, you're way ahead of me!

(beat; pointing to Joshua)

Plus, I think he feels pretty lucky to have you as a writing partner.

Michael's phone starts ringing. He goes into his pocket and picks it up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH Alex standing at one of the jail phones. A line of men behind him, all staring at him.

ALEX

Dad!? Oh, thank God! Dad, you have to help us!

MICHAEL

Slow down, Alex! What's going on?

ALEX

You have to promise not to get mad, okay? This wasn't our fault! I mean, aside from the drinking and the cage dancing and --

MICHAEL

Drinking? Alex, tell me what happened! Are you okay? Where's Alisha?

ALEX

Alisha and I are fine. Just... sort of... in jail.

MICHAEL

WHAT?!?!?

(beat)

Okay, okay. I'm on my way.

Michael hangs up the phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I have to go right now to bail my son out of jail.

(beat)

I cannot believe I am saying those words out loud.

ANDREW

Well that's...

(beat)

We'll take my car!

Andrew runs over to Joshua. Starts pulling him away from his potential lovers. He puts up a struggle.

JOSHUA

Why do you always have to ruin my fun?!

ANDREW

Come on, Josh! No orgies for you tonight!

JOSHUA

(shouts)

Call me!!!

They finally leave the party.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Alex is escorted back to the cells by an officer. He closes the doors behind him. Alisha perks up.

ALISHA

What did he say?

ALEX

He's on his way.

(beat; looks at Shawn)

Were you able to get in touch with anyone?

SHAWN

I called my agent. Not very confident he'll show but he's my best shot.

Alex's face turns. He sits down next to Shawn.

ALEX

Look, I don't know what you're going through.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm all ears if you wanna tell me,
but you've gotta stop being so
guarded. People can only help you
if you let them.

ALISHA

Especially if you're in jail
together. That's an unbreakable
bond.

SHAWN

I'm just so tired of things going
wrong. You don't know what it's
like to have your whole life taken
away from you.

(beat)

I didn't have a family growing up.
I was a foster kid. When I got that
part on The Johnsons, those people
who played my family on TV became
my family in real life too. And now
that's gone. I'm all alone...
again.

Alisha situates herself so that she's facing Shawn.

ALISHA

You know, I think everyone feels
that way sometimes. I know I did
before I met Alex.

ALEX

Ayyye.

ALISHA

Sometimes you've got to be sad to
realize what happy feels like. You
just... gotta find the right
people. People that appreciate you
for... you.

SHAWN

Like the two of you.

ALEX

That's right!

Alex goes for a high-five, but Shawn stares blankly at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Right, bad timing.

Michael bursts into the police station, Andrew and Joshua
following close behind.

MICHAEL
I'm here! I'm here!

ALEX
Thank *God*.

JOSHUA
OoOoO, he has a kid.
(beat)
Truly a daddy.

Shawn's agent BRUCE steps into the station. A cell phone up to his ear. He points at one of the officers.

BRUCE
Hey you! Bozo. Do you have any idea who you've got locked up over there?

Bruce waves to Shawn.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Don't worry buddy, I'll get you out of there.

Shawn rolls his eyes. Lets out a deep, relieved sigh.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (LATER)

Everyone gathers outside of the police station.

MICHAEL
Well, this night was... eventful.

ANDREW
Never a dull moment in this city. We're gonna have to find that out the hard way.

A TAXI pulls up right in front of the police station. Paula jumps out of it and runs toward the group.

PAULA
(frantic)
Michael! Alex! Alisha! Husbands! Random other dudes! What happened?

ALISHA
Long story. I'll tell you all about it after I go home and take the longest shower known to mankind.

ALEX

Nice catching up, Shawn. We should do it again sometime... somewhere other than jail.

SHAWN

Thanks for everything, guys. At least I know I have two people I can talk to when things get rough.

Shawn waves them off, leaving with Bruce. Michael turns to Andrew and Joshua.

MICHAEL

Next time we see each other going to the same party, it's probably a signal to run.

The trio shares a laugh.

JOSHUA

See you around, Michael.

Michael, Alex, Alisha, and Paula all turn and walk to the taxi.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

(to Andrew)

I love watching him walk away.

Paula sticks her head back out of the taxi.

PAULA

Bye, husbands! Don't forget to invite me to your anniversary!

Andrew and Joshua shake their heads. Smiling as they wave them off.

JOSHUA

Hey Andrew, what time is it?

Andrew checks his watch.

ANDREW

Almost 1:30. Why?

JOSHUA

You think that party's still going on?

Andrew scoffs. Puts his arm around Joshua's shoulders.

ANDREW
Not gonna happen.

They walk back to their car, tired after a long night.

EXT. DWIGHT LOFTS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Emily and Freya walk into the courtyard. They wave at Troy, who just dropped them off.

FREYA
So, did you have fun?

EMILY
It wasn't a night out at the club,
but I had a good time. Thanks for
caring, Freya.

FREYA
No problem. That's what I'm here
for.

They notice Shawn, trapped outside of his apartment. He's trying to break the door open. Freya starts walking to their apartment, but Emily lingers.

FREYA (CONT'D)
You coming?

EMILY
Yeah, I'll be up in a sec.

Freya nods. Then walks up the stairs. Emily makes her way over to Shawn, who looks at her, curiously.

EMILY (CONT'D)
This sort of thing happen a lot?

SHAWN
(chuckles)
You have no idea.

EMILY
Here... allow me.

Emily grabs a pair of tweezers from her purse. Then starts picking the lock. After a few moments we hear a CLICK and the door opens. Shawn is impressed.

SHAWN
Do I wanna know where you picked up
that skill?

EMILY

If I told you, I'd have to kill
you.

Shawn smiles. Steps into his apartment.

SHAWN

Well, thanks.

Emily lingers there. Gives Shawn a seductive look. He notices.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Do you wanna... I don't know, join
me for a drink?

EMILY

Can't say no to free alcohol.

Emily walks into the apartment. Takes off her jacket while Shawn fixes them two drinks.

SHAWN

So, why'd you help me out there?
I've seen you around but I don't
think we've ever actually spoken.

EMILY

I know a kindred soul when I see
one. You seemed like you had a
rough day. I know all about those.

Shawn returns with their drinks. They both chug them down.

SHAWN

You mind if I get more comfortable?

EMILY

It's your house, buddy.

Shawn takes his shirt off. Emily can't seem to take her eyes off his body. She quickly looks back up at him.

SHAWN

So, what do you wanna do now?

Emily takes a step back. Biting her lip.

EMILY

I'm starting to think this was a
very bad idea.

SHAWN

Huh?

EMILY

I mean, yeah you're hot and all and I haven't had sex in over 24 hours so I could definitely go for a good tumble, but Paula and my friends were right. I need to get my shit together.

Shawn just stands there. Looking all strapping. Emily's eyes dance all over his body. She shakes her head.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm *going* to get my shit together.... Bright and early tomorrow morning.

Emily lunges at Shawn. Their lips meet in a sloppy kiss.

PAN AROUND the room until we get to Shawn's laptop. The camera light turns RED. Someone is watching.

INT. BASEMENT

A computer screen showing Shawn's apartment. Shawn and Emily toss each other around in the heated passion. We PULL AROUND and reveal -- WENDY watching the live footage.

She stares at her computer, blankly. Lifeless. Her left eye begins to twitch and on that we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE