

SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES

S01E11 | "Vaginal Weightlifting"

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SCREENWRITERS **PARADISE**

"Vaginal Weightlifting"

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
WENDY..... JILLIAN ROSE REED
BRUCE..... ANDRE ROYO
LARRY SHEPARD..... DAVID BLUE

FADE IN:

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 211 - DAY

FREYA sits at her computer. Scrolls through e-mails. She gets to one in particular, not even opening it. The subject reads:

APPLICATION DECLINED

She sighs in disappointment. Shuts her laptop.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Her head SNAPS to the front door. She gets up to answer the door when EMILY hurls herself out of her bedroom. RACES past Freya to the door.

On the other side of the door is a DELIVERY MAN, holding a small, brown package.

DELIVERY MAN
Emily Moore?

EMILY
Thank you, sir!

She quickly signs the package in her name and closes the door. Holds the box behind her back in secrecy.

Freya's brow is risen in curiosity.

FREYA
Do I even want to know?

Emily chuckles, nervously.

EMILY
Probably not...

FREYA
It's not a sex toy, is it?

EMILY
Oh, no! I've already got plenty of those.

Freya gives up. Throws her hands in the air. Emily sighs.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Okay, okay! I'll tell you.
(beat)
Have you ever heard of vaginal weightlifting?

Freya's eyes widen.

FREYA

You know what, you were right. I didn't wanna know. Carry on.

EMILY

No! Come on! I want your opinion on something.

Emily sits her down on the sofa. Freya listens, hesitantly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Listen, I've recently been... seeing a younger man. And I'm-- well -- I can't believe I'm saying this.

FREYA

You haven't said anything yet.

EMILY

I want to make sure everything's up to snuff!

FREYA

Are you saying you're worried about being too old?

EMILY

Hey, watch it. That's not what I said. I can still pull 'em.

FREYA

Obviously.

EMILY

I just want to make sure everything remains firm and supple... and tight.

FREYA

Ugh, okay. No more, please.

EMILY

Come on. I know you're still young, but it's not like you've never thought about this stuff.

Freya pauses.

FREYA

Actually... I haven't...

EMILY

Well, some of us aren't as confident as you.

FREYA

No, I mean... I haven't thought about it because I don't really participate in the whole sex thing.

Emily is confused.

EMILY

B-But... you're gorgeous! You could have any man you ever wanted. Or woman, whatever...

FREYA

It's not that. I'm asexual.

EMILY

Huh?

FREYA

One without sexual feelings or desires.

EMILY

Again, I say huh?

FREYA

I'm being serious here, Em!

EMILY

Sorry, sorry! This just... comes as a shock to me. Wait. Does this mean you're... a virgin?

Emily grows concerned. She pouts her lip.

FREYA

No. I've had sex before. But it's done nothing for me.

EMILY

Are you sure it wasn't just first time syndrome? I mean, my first time was the worst experience of my life. The idiot didn't even know where to put it --

FREYA

No. Trust me. I've spent a lot of time thinking about this. I'm asexual.

Emily still doesn't understand fully. But she just smiles in acceptance. Suddenly, a look of worry comes across her face.

EMILY

Wait. I haven't been making you uncomfortable with how sexual I am, have I?

FREYA

Absolutely not. Have all the sex you want. Just not with me.

They both chuckle.

EMILY

Well, thanks for telling me.
(beat)
Come here.

She grabs Freya. Bringing her in for a hug. Freya can't help but smile. They break apart.

FREYA

Tell you what...

She picks up Emily's package.

FREYA (CONT'D)

I'll do this thing with you.

EMILY

You don't have to --

FREYA

Trust me, I know. But now I'm kinda curious.

They laugh and stand from the sofa.

INT. CBS STUDIOS - DAY

TROY is sat at his new desk. He going over schedules for his new boss when his desk phone RINGS. He picks it up.

TROY

Larry Shepard's office. How may I help you?

JOSHUA (OVER PHONE)
 Yeah, I've got a few itches that
 desperately need scratching and I
 think you're best qualified to
 assist me.

INTERCUT WITH: JOSHUA at his apartment.

Troy holds back a smile.

TROY
 Are you crazy? Calling me at the
 office. Do you want to get me
 fired?

JOSHUA
 Nobody's gotta know. Just don't do
 anything dirty under your desk and
 you'll be fine.

Troy sighs, playfully.

TROY
 What do you want?

JOSHUA
 I haven't talked to you in days. I
 wanna see you. We should get dinner
 or something.

TROY
 Dinner or something? As in, a date?
 (beat)
 I didn't think you did dates.

JOSHUA
 I don't. I mean... I don't know...
 forget I asked. It's stupid --

TROY
 No, no! Yeah... dinner sounds good.

Joshua smiles. Genuinely thrilled.

JOSHUA
 Good. I'll call you later.

TROY
 Looking forward to it... bye.

They both hang up. We stay with Troy, a surprised smile on
 his face. He goes back to work.

LARRY SHEPARD (last seen in 1.02) walks up to Troy's desk.

LARRY

Hey, Troy. Go ahead and send those scripts I just okayed up to Frank.

TROY

(with a nod)

Will do, boss.

Larry steps into his office. Shuts the door behind him.

Troy looks over at a pile of scripts on his desk. Then he goes into his desk drawer, where another, smaller pile sits. At the top of the pile is a script titled:

LIMBO, written by Joshua Lawson and Andrew Zahir

Troy thinks for a moment, then grabs their script. Adds it on the bottom of the new pile. He gets up and heads over to Frank's office.

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - DAY

Joshua's eyes are glued to his phone. As he scowls the internet for a restaurant to take Troy to.

ANDREW is sat at the desk behind him. Typing away at his script. It looks like he's actually getting somewhere.

JOSHUA

Hey, Andrew? You know of any good, affordable restaurants around here? I'm taking Troy out tonight.

Andrew looks up from his laptop. In shock.

ANDREW

You? Have a date? With Troy?
(beat)
I didn't know you did dates.

JOSHUA

Why does everyone keep saying that?

ANDREW

Let's see... maybe because you haven't been on a date outside of a bedroom in... ever?

JOSHUA

Molly Lang in the tenth grade. We went to the fair together.

ANDREW
But didn't she take your virginity
that same night?

JOSHUA
So?

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW
Nothing. Just surprised is all. But
good for you. You must really like
him.

Joshua smiles.

JOSHUA
Yeah, I guess I do. He's nice and
funny and he gets me. Plus, he has
the most beautiful penis I've ever
seen.

ANDREW
Yeah, I remember... vividly.

Andrew goes back to writing. Joshua notices how far he's
getting. He looks impressed.

JOSHUA
Finally kicked that writer's block
in the ass, huh?

ANDREW
Looks like it. At this rate, I
should have this baby done by
tonight.

Joshua grabs Andrew face. Plants a kiss on his cheek.

JOSHUA
I'm so proud of you!

Andrew grins. Wipes off his cheek. Slightly blushing.

ANDREW
Thanks.

Joshua goes back to his phone.

JOSHUA
Hmm... How about La Bruschetta?

ANDREW
OooO, sounds fancy.

JOSHUA
Yeah, I love Italian. And Troy's
Italian, so I can't go wrong.

ANDREW
Good luck, buddy.

Joshua heads out of the apartment. Andrew narrows his eyes at his computer screen.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Yeah, I deserve a break.

He gets online. Searches a few things. Then suddenly, his eyes go wide. Soon, his mouth does the same.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Holy shit...

He jumps from his desk in a hurry.

EXT. DWIGHT LOFTS - COURTYARD - DAY

SHAWN is standing on the deck. Smoking a cigarette in peace. After a few puffs, he starts to notice people staring at him. Talking amongst themselves as they walk by.

He thinks nothing of it. Continues to smoke. Then, people begin calling things out to him.

MAN # 1
Way to go, stud!

WOMAN
Nice stroke game!

MAN # 2
Spartan Dick! No wonder your last
name's Leonidas.

Now, genuinely confused, Shawn puts out his cigarette. Goes back toward his apartment when Andrew grabs his shoulder. He turns to him.

ANDREW
Hey dude. I just wanna say... I'm
so sorry about all this, man.

SHAWN

What the hell are you talking about? What's going on?

ANDREW

Shit... you don't know.

SHAWN

Know what?

Andrew sighs. Gets out his phone. He hands Shawn the phone. A TMZ article fills the screen with an attached video.

SHAWN LEONIDAS SEX TAPE SCANDAL

Shawn's eyes widen in shock.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Oh my god...

He plays the video. It's a blurry recording, but clear enough to see him having sex with a barely identifiable woman.

ANDREW

The whole video hasn't been released.

SHAWN

God, Emily...

Andrew is shocked.

ANDREW

THAT'S EMILY?!?!?

SHAWN

SSSHHHHH! Could you have said that any louder, genius?!

ANDREW

Right! Sorry.

Shawn gives Andrew back his phone. Then his begins to ring. It's his agent BRUCE. He answers it.

SHAWN

Yeah?

BRUCE

You complete genius!! I mean, am I kind of upset you'd make a move this big without consulting me first? Yes. But this is exactly what your career needs right now!

Shawn is confused.

SHAWN

Wait, you think I did this? Are you insane!? This wasn't me!

BRUCE

Don't be modest! Look, I need to see you to talk about how we should release the full tape. This is gonna be huge. Also, who's the lucky co-star you were giving it to so good? Let's get her involved.

SHAWN

No! This thing can NEVER get released and she stays out it, you hear me!?

BRUCE

Listen, this is Kris Jenner on the other line. I called to get her advice on how we should play this like she did with Kim. But we'll talk more later!

CLICK! Bruce ends the call.

SHAWN

Hello?? Bruce?? Hello!?
(beat)
Dammit!

Shawn looks over at Andrew who doesn't really know what to say.

ANDREW

Everything okay?

SHAWN

No, everything's not okay! Who would do something like this?

Suddenly, someone pats Shawn on the shoulder from behind him. He turns around to see -- WENDY standing there. Twirling her hair.

WENDY
Hi, Shawn...

SHAWN
Wendy?

Her eyes light up.

WENDY
You remembered my name! I knew you would.

SHAWN
Look, this really isn't a good time, okay?

WENDY
Oh no. It's the perfect time... This is going better than I ever imagined.

Shawn quints his eyes. Then widens them.

SHAWN
Wait... this was you?

Wendy nods. Smiling.

WENDY
And wow, did you put on a good show!

SHAWN
What the fuck is your problem!? How did you even film us!?

Wendy goes into her bra. Takes out his apartment key. Hands it over to Shawn.

WENDY
You dropped this.

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

Wendy sneaks into Shawn's room. Gets on his computer. Installs Spyware that lets her control his camera.

A crooked smile lingers on her face as she does so.

EXT. DWIGHT LOFTS - COURTYARD - DAY

Shawn listens to Wendy explain. In shock.

WENDY

It was easy. You really should change your password. Someone crazy might steal all your sensitive information.

Andrew just watches from behind Shawn. He interjects.

ANDREW

Shawn, want me to call the police?

SHAWN

No, if you do that I'm guessing she'll release the full tape... I can't let that happen.

Shawn narrows his eyes at Wendy.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

What do you want?

WENDY

It's simple. I just want what that lucky girl in the video got.

Shawn raises his brow.

SHAWN

(disgusted)

You want to have sex with me?

WENDY

No, not just sex.

Wendy gets closer to Shawn. Whispers in his ear.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I want us to be lovers.

She starts geeking out. Chuckling to herself, maniacally.

Shawn's eyes are wide. He hasn't been so disturbed in his entire life.

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 208 - DAY

Freya and Emily stand in front of a TELEVISION. A video plays detailing the art of Vaginal Weightlifting.

We PULL BACK to reveal them both wearing skirts. A long string and purple stones tied to the end hang from under their skirts.

They both look stiff, as they squeeze their muscles, trying to hold the stones in place. They look to one another.

EMILY

This is getting kinda weird.

FREYA

Yeah...

They exhale harshly. The vaginal weights drop to the floor.

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE