

SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

AN ORIGINAL DRAMEDY WEBISODE SERIES

S01E12 | "Square Zero" (**Sequence Finale**)

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Produced by

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SCREENWRITERS PARADISE

"Square Zero"

MAIN CAST

ANDREW ZAHIR..... MANISH DAYAL
JOSHUA LAWSON..... MATT COHEN
EMILY MOORE..... SHARON LEAL
SHAWN LEONIDAS..... ROMEO MILLER

GUEST STARRING

FREYA MALEK..... FREIDA PINTO
JOSEPH GORDON LEVITT..... HIMSELF
WENDY..... JILLIAN ROSE REED
BRUCE..... ANDRE ROYO

FADE IN:

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205 - DAY

ANDREW and JOSHUA sit across from each other at the dining room table. They have a big breakfast laid out in front of them.

Joshua is wearing blue and white polka dot boxer briefs, while Andrew wears a pair of loose fitting, gray boxer shorts.

Andrew gets up from his chair, walks over to the refrigerator and grabs a bottle of ORANGE JUICE. Joshua eyes him on his way over, disapprovingly.

Andrew notices himself being judged as he pours the juice into a glass.

ANDREW

What?

JOSHUA

You know... I think you're more of a boxer brief kinda guy...

ANDREW

We've had this conversation before.

JOSHUA

I know, I know. I just thought maybe you'd listen to me this time.

ANDREW

I like my boxers. They're comfortable. And nobody besides you even sees them anyway... which is telling of a lot of things.

JOSHUA

Exactly, all the more reason to make this experience more enjoyable for me.

Andrew shakes his head, playfully. Joshua finishes up his breakfast, then hands his plate to Andrew, who starts washing the dishes.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Anyway, are you excited about our meeting today?

ANDREW

Of course. We're actually going to Joseph Gordon-Levitt's production office.

JOSHUA

How's Limbo episode two?

ANDREW

Finished editing it last night. I think it might be my best work yet.

Joshua rubs his hands together.

JOSHUA

I'm excited! Things are finally taking off. This is our time, I can feel it!

ANDREW

Don't get too excited just yet. Most pilots never make it to production.

JOSHUA

Ever the optimist...

ANDREW

I'm just being realistic. I hate being disappointed so I always set below average expectations.

Joshua sighs deeply.

JOSHUA

Alright, go get dressed. You're bumming me out. I'll finish the dishes.

ANDREW

Sorry.

Joshua gets up, softly bumps Andrew's hip with his own. Replaces him at the sink.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - BRUCE'S OFFICE

SHAWN sits across from BRUCE. His head is down and he twirls his thumbs, not listening to a word his agent is saying. The sound of Bruce's voice is drowned out and muffled in the background.

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

Shawn sits in front of his computer in complete shock. He watches the sex tape video over and over. Obviously upset.

TITLE OVER: One Week Ago

KNOCK! KNOCK! Shawn's head SNAPS to the door. He sighs, then goes to open it. The door SLINGS open to reveal EMILY on the other side. Arms crossed over her chest. A furious expression on her face.

As soon as she has Shawn in her sights, she SMACKS him across the face. Shocked, he holds his cheek as it turns red. Emily pushes her way inside.

EMILY

You wanna tell me why my bare ass is on the home page of every gossip site this side of the Pacific!?

SHAWN

Look, Emily... it's not what you think!

EMILY

Really? Cause it looks like you recorded us having sex!

SHAWN

I know, I know. But it wasn't me... there's this crazy girl that's stalking me! This is all because of her.

Emily sighs, too furious to hear anything he's saying.

EMILY

What's this I hear about a full video?

SHAWN

She said she won't release the it but only if I do something I don't want to do.

EMILY

I don't care if she wants you to murder a cat, you're gonna fix this! You're gonna make this thing go away and we're never gonna speak to each other again!

SHAWN

But she wants me to --

EMILY

I don't care! Just fix it!

Emily storms out of the apartment, leaving Shawn alone. He hangs his head in sorrow.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Bruce snaps his fingers at Shawn.

BRUCE

Hey! Shawn!

Shawn snaps out of his trance.

SHAWN

Huh?

BRUCE

You haven't heard a word I've said, have you?

SHAWN

I'm sorry... there's been a lot on my mind.

BRUCE

I know. That's why I asked you here. We need to think about our next move.

SHAWN

What do you suggest I do?

BRUCE

I know you don't want to hear it, but sex tapes can do one of two things to a young actor's career. Ruin it or jump start it to new, greater heights. It's all about how it's handled. Luckily for you, your career's already taken a shit so it can't get too much worse.

SHAWN

I told you, that full video can never been seen. It's not just my career I have to think about.

BRUCE

Look, I admire your honor. I really, really do. Chivalry surely isn't dead. But my job? What you pay me for? Is to make sure you get to do your job for a very, very long time.

SHAWN

So you actually think I should let that psycho blackmail me.

Bruce thinks for a moment.

BRUCE

You said she programmed her number into your phone right?

SHAWN

Yeah, to send me details on where she wants us to meet.

Shawn rolls his eyes. Disgusted.

BRUCE

Send me her number. I think I'll be able to talk some sense into her.

SHAWN

Really? You'd do that?

BRUCE

Listen, you were my very first client. You're special to me. I care about you and I'll do everything in my power to make sure your career survives.

Shawn nods, starts texting Bruce her number.

SHAWN

So will I.

Shawn grins, then leaves his office. We stay on Bruce, as he takes out his cellphone. Dials a number.

INTERCUT WITH: WENDY in a hotel room. She's lighting candles. Her phone starts to ring and she answers it.

WENDY

Hello?

BRUCE
Is this Wendy?

WENDY
Yes, who is this?

BRUCE
My name is Bruce. I'm Shawn
Leonidas' agent.

WENDY
Oh... what can I do for you?

BRUCE
I understand you've caused quite
the mess for my client. I think I
have a solution.

WENDY
Let me guess, you wanna pay me to
not release the tape and leave
Shawn alone.

BRUCE
No, I want to pay you to release
the full video in advance... and
leave Shawn alone.

Wendy pauses for a moment. A wicked smile growing on her
face.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

FREYA and EMILY step out of a building. Freya has a wide
smile on her face as she jumps around in excitement.

EMILY
Well, you're in a good mood.

FREYA
Yeah, I think I did well on that
one. They said they want to see me
again.

EMILY
That's great, Freya! I'm really
happy for you.

FREYA
Thanks... and thanks for coming out
here with me. I didn't do so well
on my own last time.

EMILY

Of course. I got your back.

They continue down the street, and Freya notices Emily seems kind of down.

FREYA

Is everything okay with you?

EMILY

What? Yeah. Why?

FREYA

Well, you're pretty quiet which is... no offense, not like you at all.

EMILY

I've just had... a lot on my mind...

Short pause.

FREYA

Does it have anything to do with that video that's gone viral?

Emily eyes widen.

EMILY

How do you know about that!?

FREYA

Everybody knows about that. That's why they call it viral. I didn't watch it or anything, just knew you and Shawn were getting closer and you ended things right after that video leaked. Kind of put two and two together.

Emily sighs.

EMILY

Damn you and your big brain.

Freya chuckles.

FREYA

Do you wanna talk about it?

EMILY

Not really... there's not much to talk about. You can barely see me in the video. Nobody will know.

FREYA

But you'll know. That's gotta be hard.

Emily is silent.

FREYA (CONT'D)

We don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. Just know that I'm here for you.

Emily smiles at Freya. Grateful.

EMILY

I know.

FREYA

In the mean time, we need to find you a hobby. Something to take your mind of things. Ooh! How about I take you out for another open mic night?

EMILY

Thanks but, nah. I think my time as a singer has passed. I accepted that a long time ago.

FREYA

Then what?

EMILY

Believe it or not, I did really like being an agent. Just hated the company I worked for. Maybe I can go back to that. Paula seemed to think so.

FREYA

Aww, I miss her.

EMILY

Yeah. She told me to make my own path in life. I think she may have been on to something.

Emily stops walking as they pass by an office building for rent. A group of movers are gathered out front. Freya takes a few steps back. Curious.

FREYA
Em? What's up?

Emily gets the attention of one of the movers.

EMILY
Hey, you guys moving in or out?

MOVER
Out. This place is still on the market. You interested?

Emily smiles at the prospect. Very much interested.

EMILY
Maybe.

Freya looks confused.

FREYA
What's going on in that head of yours?

EMILY
I think I just found out what I'm gonna do with my life...

INT. DWIGHT LOFTS - APARTMENT 205

Andrew, now fully dressed, gets ready to head out of the apartment. Joshua is still lagging behind in his room.

ANDREW
(calls out)
Josh! Come on, we're gonna be late!

JOSHUA (O.S.)
I'm coming, I'm coming.

Joshua steps out of his room and joins Andrew when there's a sudden KNOCK at the door. Andrew opens it up and on the other side is JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT.

His eyes widen at the sight of the actor, and confusion arises on his face.

ANDREW

Hey... we were just on our way to you.

JGL

I know. I was hoping to catch you two before you made the trip. And I didn't want to say this over the phone. May I come in?

JOSHUA

Of course you can come in... wherever you like.

Andrew looks back at Joshua with a disapproving look. JGL walks into the apartment. He sighs upon entry.

ANDREW

What's up?

JGL

There's no easy way to say this guys, so I'll just say it.

(beat)

We won't be able to move forward with your project.

Taken aback, Andrew and Joshua eye each other.

JOSHUA

What? Why??

JGL

Apparently, a project that sounds a lot like yours is being held over at CBS.

ANDREW

How? We never went in for that meeting.

JGL

Think back... were you able to retrieve all physical copies of the script from the premises?

Andrew looks at the ceiling. Thinking.

ANDREW

Ummm.... I'm not really sure.

JGL

What about digital copies?

ANDREW

Well, we did send the script to Emily's computer so it's probably still in their system.

JGL

Alright. This next question is very important...

(beat)

Did you manage to copyright your script?

JOSHUA

Yeah...

Andrew looks guilty.

ANDREW

No... actually.

Joshua SNAPS at Andrew.

JOSHUA

What do you mean, no!?

ANDREW

I remember us talking about getting that taken care of and I remember me about to take care of it but then I kinda... didn't.

JOSHUA

You have got to be kidding me right now.

JGL

Then the problem is even worse than I thought. The script isn't legally your property. It's on the market now. Anyone can just come and claim it and there's nothing you can do about it.

JOSHUA

What about you? Surely you can fix this, right?

JGL

My little online company isn't big enough to get into a legal battle with CBS. I mean, we could try but we'd lose.

ANDREW
So, what? This is just it?

JGL
Unfortunately yes. Your project is
in Limbo... no pun intended.

Andrew and Joshua both flop down on the sofa in
disappointment.

JGL (CONT'D)
Look guys... if you ever come up
with an idea as good as that one,
give me a call. I still believe in
you.

ANDREW
Thanks Joe... for giving us a shot
when no one else did.

JGL
Of course.

He looks at his watch.

JGL (CONT'D)
Now, if you'll excuse me. I've got
another meeting to run to.

He heads for the door.

JGL (CONT'D)
Really guys... I'm sorry about all
of this. But this isn't the end.
Trust me.

They wave him out and he leaves. Joshua and Andrew both sigh.

ANDREW
This is all my fault.

JOSHUA
No. We both should have seen this
coming. We made a bunch of rookie
mistakes.

ANDREW
So what do we do now? We're back to
square one.

JOSHUA
No, we had a kick ass pilot at
square one. We're at square zero.

ANDREW

Thanks, that cheers me right up.

Joshua stands to his feet. Puts his hand out in front of Andrew.

JOSHUA

Come on.

Andrew pauses for a moment, then takes his hand. Stands beside him.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

We've been in this town for just a few months and we've already almost made it, twice now. That's not something a lot of people can say.

ANDREW

What's your point?

JOSHUA

My point is... we're not losers. Not yet. You shouldn't feel like one.

ANDREW

I don't think I can help it right now.

JOSHUA

Get some perspective... you still have me.

Andrew thinks, then smiles.

ANDREW

We still have each other.

JOSHUA

That's the spirit.

(beat)

This may not have been what we planned when we came here, but we're sure as hell not about to give up on our dream now.

ANDREW

So again I ask... what do we do now?

CUE MUSIC: Los Angeles - *Sugarcult*

Joshua walks over to the desk. Flips open his laptop and clicks on Final Draft. He looks back at Andrew as the program loads onto the screen.

JOSHUA

We get to work... again.

Andrew grins, then nods. Grabs a chair and sits down right beside Andrew.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Shawn makes his way into a hotel. He crosses the lobby floor and steps up to the front desk.

SHAWN

Checking into room 607...

The woman at the counter nods.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM 607

Wendy sits at her computer. She's uploading a video, which has almost reached 95 percent.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

She looks at the door, smiles. Then back at her screen. The upload is complete.

She clicks to another tab. A bank statement saying she's just received a payment of FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

She closes her laptop then skips over to the door.

She opens it and Shawn stands, angrily on the other side. Wendy slides her hands up the wall, seductively.

WENDY

I knew you'd come...

SHAWN

Let's just get this over with.

Shawn begrudgingly walks into the hotel room. Wendy lingers at the door, looks outside to make sure no one is there, then closes the door behind her. A triumphant look on her face.

BLACKOUT.

END OF SEQUENCE