

Hollywood Party (A Meta Tale)

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

A luxurious mansion owned by a Hollywood-studio executive in Beverly Hills; with a moderate sized staircase descending from the spacious front porch down to the sidewalk lined side-street below.

A party is taking place inside and its MUTED REVELRY can be heard from the front porch. Several GUESTS mill around this outside area smoking or drinking. A WOMAN wearing a green dress sips from a martini glass and looks up at the stars.

Off to one side of the porch stand three SCREENWRITERS in rented tuxedos smoking cigarettes. They form a semi-circle and chat amongst themselves.

SCREENWRITER #1  
(to SCREENWRITER #2)  
So you have any new projects going?

SCREENWRITER #2  
Just plugging away on my latest script. The revisions never seem to end. You?

SCREENWRITER #1  
I've got something in pre-production.

SCREENWRITER #2  
Really? Congrats! How far along is it?

SCREENWRITER #1  
Well, nothing's started yet but there's an option on it.

SCREENWRITER #2  
Fantastic.

GRETA GERWIG (or similar up-and-coming actress) exits from a black limo that has pulled up on the side-street and ascends the staircase. She's wearing a red strapless dress covered by an overcoat and a small diamond necklace.

GRETA GERWIG  
(to SCREENWRITER #2)  
Hi MIKE!

MIKE

Hi Greta.

GRETA GERWIG

How's everything going?

MIKE

Just writing and existing mostly.  
Can't really complain. How are you  
doing?

GRETA GERWIG

Great! I can't believe that I'm at  
a real Hollywood party. In the big  
leagues now huh?

Greta LAUGHS. Mike smiles.

MIKE

I know right?

SCREENWRITER #1

Hey Greta.

GRETA GERWIG

Hi ALAN.

ALAN

I just got optioned on my latest  
screenplay -- we should keep in  
touch. I'll definitely try to get  
you on one of my projects if I'm  
ever able to come up with a good  
post college female character.

GRETA GERWIG

(bemused)

Why, thank you.

The front door of the mansion OPENS and a fashionably  
dressed GENTLEMAN in his 50's steps outside holding a full  
martini glass.

GENTLEMAN

Greta! Glad you could make it!

GRETA GERWIG

Hi ALBERT!

ALBERT

Let me trade your coat for a drink.

Greta takes off her jacket and hands it to Albert who gives  
her the martini glass in exchange.

ALBERT (CONT'D)  
 Wow. It's getting cold out here!  
 Come on inside, there's a few  
 people that I want you to meet.

Greta and Albert head towards the front door. Greta turns her head back toward the screenwriters.

GRETA GERWIG  
 Bye guys! I'll see you inside!

SCREENWRITERS & MIKE  
 Bye. & Bye Greta.

Greta enters the mansion. Albert follows and CLOSES the door behind them.

ALAN  
 She sure was in a hurry to get  
 inside.

Mike shrugs.

MIKE  
 Eh -- if I was talking to some  
 people from wardrobe design and  
 Kate Beckinsale came up and asked  
 if I wanted to do a vodka shot out  
 of her navel I'd probably beat feet  
 too.

ALAN  
 So the Vice President of  
 Paramount's distribution is like  
 the Kate Beckinsale's belly button  
 for actresses?

MIKE  
 No. I'm just saying that if we were  
 at the supermarket or something she  
 probably would have stuck around  
 longer.

ALAN  
 Oh yeah -- we're the kings of  
 'Ralph's Foods'.

A pause.

SCREENWRITER #3  
 I saw Steven Spielberg at 'Safeway'  
 once.

4.

FADE OUT.

THE END