

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