

THE RED CHAIR

written by

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Drown On Dry Land

Episode 2

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Flamboyant and cheeky chat show host GRAYSON TRUMP (60) sits at his desk and hits the keys as he researches Hollywood film stars on his COMPUTER.

MESSAGE: EMAIL POP UP.

He clicks on the Message.

MESSAGE HEADLINE:

*Grayson, I don't know if you remember me, but if so, do you remember when I picked you up in my taxi and my newly installed camera filmed you giving him oral sex in the back? In case you have forgotten I have sent you another copy of the footage as an attachment to this email. So if you are wondering what I want and what you should do next, I suggest that you firstly acknowledge this email and we'll take it from there.*

He clicks on the attachment.

CU: Footage shows him inside the taxi kneeling over his PARTNER and giving him oral sex.

GRAYSON O.S

Oh no! Not again.

He slams the computer shut, then climbs to his feet where he ruminates as he paces the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Grayson sits at a candlelit table opposite his new hunky partner STEFAN 30's.

GRAYSON

But it was like at least a year ago. I can hardly remember the whole thing, I was that drunk.

STEFAN

But what does he want from you?

GRAYSON

The usual.

STEFAN

What's the usual?

GRAYSON

Money. You know. It's obvious what he wants. The question is what I can do about it?

STEFAN

Go to the police. He's blackmailing you.

GRAYSON

That's the whole point. He knows I won't do that. It'll be the end of my career. I'll be cancelled.

STEFAN

How much is he asking for?

GRAYSON

He wants a hundred K.

STEFAN

So, will you pay him?

GRAYSON

No, I'm not going to pay him a single penny.

STEFAN

Good for you.

GRAYSON

I'm just going to ignore any further emails from him.

His iPhone bleeps then shows a message. He picks up his phone and reads the message.

MESSAGE:

*You have one day left to forward the cash to the the account I sent earlier with the email, or you are toast.*

Bts.

He shuts his phone down and snarls.

STEFAN

Was that him?

He nods his head as he wipes his nose with a tissue.

GRAYSON

I don't know what to do. He's even got my phone number. He probably knows where I live. Oh what can I do, Stefan? I'm scared.

STEFAN

Pay him, and tell him that's it, or you'll go to the police.

GRAYSON

He'll just come back for more. Oh, it'll never stop until I'm finished.

STEFAN

Then tell him you'd like to give him the money in person. Set up a meeting and I'll expose him as a blackmailer to the police when he gets there.

GRAYSON

(panicked)

No, I can't do that. He has footage of the whole thing. I'm even looking up at the camera when he cums in my mouth.

STEFAN

Oh dear. I'm leaving. This is just too much for me. Do what ever you have to, but just leave me alone from now on. We're done. It's over. Goodbye.

He gets up and exits the restaurant. Grayson sits in reverie.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Looking dapper Grayson sports a sequinned waistcoat as he introduces his famous RED CHAIR to his Hollywood GUEST STARS: SYLVESTER STALLONE. HUGH GRANT. BARBARA STREISAND and HELEN MIRREN.

They sit comfortably upon the sofa and drink champagne. He sits in a comfy chair opposite with a computer screen situated next to him.

GRAYSON

(heartily)

OK. So who've we got in the red chair tonight? Let's have a look.

The vacant Red Chair appears on the screen next to him, as he places his hand on a LEVER used to eject the person occupying the chair if the story is uninteresting.

His Guest's lean forward to gauge with interest the Person about to occupy the chair.

DON 50's appears on the screen and sits down.

GRAYSON /

(to Guest's)

Now he looks like he might have a good story for us, doesn't he?

They acknowledge his assumption with a hopeful chuckle.

GRAYSON /

(to Don)

Hi! Can you tell us who you are and where you are from?

DON

I'm Don from London.

GRAYSON

(eyebrows furrow)

And what do you do for a living, Don?

DON

(nonchalantly)

I'm a cabby.

GRAYSON

Are you a black cabby?

DON

Yes.

GRAYSON

(to Guest's)

I only use black cabs. They know where they're going.

(to Don)

Fire away then. Tell us your story.

DON

Sure. Well, a year ago I picked up a very famous chat show host.

GRAYSON

(chuckles)

Aw, I bet this is gonna be interesting. Carry on.

DON

It was the time that Big brother was on the tele.

GRAYSON

Oh yes. Carry on then.

(to Guests)

Big Brother is a reality TV show.

SYLVESTER STALLONE

We have it in the states too.

He turns back to Don.

GRAYSON

Get on with it.

DON

Well at the time I'd recently installed a surveillance camera in the back.

Grayson looks at him aghast and is about to pull the lever. Sylvester Stallone grabs his arm and stops him from doing so.

SYLVESTOR STALLONE

Let him finish his story. I want to hear him out before you eject him.

GRAYSON

(nervously)

Don't keep my guests waiting.  
Carry on then.

DON

Well, when I got home I played it  
back and spotted the chat show  
host giving his boyfriend a blow  
job in the back. I've given the  
footage to your producer and it  
should appear any moment now.

An awkward silence.

Grayson looks over at the grinning PRODUCER and shakes his  
head pleadingly.

GRAYSON

You're not going to play it here  
are you?

DON

Yes Grayson, we are.

Sylvester Stallone pulls the lever and Don flies back in the  
chair and he's ejected.

CU: The footage of Grayson committing the oral sex act is  
shown on his screen to his audience and Guest's.

Bts.

He turns to face the camera with a sickening look upon his  
face as his Hollywood Guest's get up and walk out in disgust.

GRAYSON

(worriedly)

Well, that's all we've got time  
for folks. Cancelling me,  
goodnight.

He gets to his feet and walks out with his head bowed.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

