

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AWKWARD PEOPLE

Written by

Judah Ray

SHEILA FINEGAN
Trinity Artist International
310.728.4000 ext. 5 office

WILLIAM A. JACOBSON
Goodman, Genow, Schenkman, Smelkinson, & Christopher
310.385.9300 office
310.385.9333 fax
will@ggssc.com

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

James, a shy but playful man with a hint of mischief in his eyes, scans the street, searching for a vacant spot among the sea of cars. Frustration grows as he finds no sign of an open space.

A glimmer of hope appears as he spots an empty parking spot up ahead. Determined, he guides his car towards it, ready to claim his victory.

As he pulls up to the spot, a small car pulls up. Inside, a LITTLE OLD LADY occupies the driver's seat, her window rolls down, and she pokes her head out.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Excuse me, could I please have that
spot? I live right there.

She points to a house next door.

James pauses and considers his options. Without a word, he releases his claim on the coveted spot and drives on.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The contemporary modern house's driveway steep and elongated.

Sarah, an introverted mischief-maker with a unique style, sits in her car across the street from it.

GUEST #1, confined to a wheelchair, sits on a taxi cab's lift as he is gradually lowered to the ground.

An Uber SUV pulls up, and Guest #2 exits the passenger seat.

GUEST #2
Yeah, because you took forever to
get ready.

Guest #1 locks eyes with Guest #4, then proceeds to open the back door. Guest #2 and Guest #3 peek out, and Guest #1 offers a helping hand.

GUEST #3
Such a gentleman.

Guest #1 rolls off the lift, which retracts into the van.

VAN DRIVER (O.C.)
Are you sure?

Guest #2 helps Guest #3 out of the SUV.

GUEST #1
I should be fine.

As Guest #2 assists Guest #4 out of the Uber, she uncomfortably glances at Guest #1.

GUEST #1 (CONT'D)
Great job, Scotty, as always. I hope your child feels better. Enjoy your evening.

Guest #2, Guest #3, Guest #4 engage in an INDISTINCT CONVERSATION, their LAUGHTER fills the air, as they make their way towards the house. Meanwhile, Guest #1 pauses as he eyes the curb in front of the house.

Guest #2 opens the front door, and holds it open for Guest #3 and Guest #4, before they all enter.

Guest #1 wheels their wheelchair back, then prepares for a powerful push to surmount the curb. Just as they are about to start, Sarah grabs the back handles of the wheelchair. Guest #1 turns to look at her.

GUEST #4
Oh, hi. Thank you.

Sarah offers a warm smile.

With a mighty effort, Sarah pushes the wheelchair over the curb and onto the driveway. Guest #1 jolts in the chair, but Sarah maintains a steady grip and ensures their stability.

SARAH
I'm so sorry.

GUEST #4
Never be sorry for helping someone, even if things don't go perfectly. It's the thought that counts. And look, we made it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy set up with warm ambiance. The sound of CHATTER and LAUGHTER fill the room.

Sarah stands by the snack table and adjusts her dress.

James fidgets with his tie as he enters.

Sarah and James seem out of place in this social environment.

HOST #1, the quirky girl next door, and HOST #2, a hunk buried under a hipster, exchange glances.

Sarah stands alone, visibly uncomfortable with her short dress. She discreetly tugs at the bottom hem, but the straps rip off. She quickly tucks them into the top of her dress, and adjusts it to look strapless.

James summons his courage and turns to Guest #2.

JAMES

So, um... have you ever wondered if cats have their own secret society? Like, a clandestine organization plotting to take over the world with their irresistible charm?

Guest #2 CHUCKLES and looks at James.

GUEST #2

Well, I must admit, I haven't contemplated feline world domination lately. But I suppose it's possible. Maybe they hold secret meetings under the moonlight, exchanging strategies on how to steal all the tuna cans in the neighborhood.

JAMES

Exactly! And they communicate through elaborate meowing codes that only a select few humans can decipher. I've been trying to decode it for years, but so far, my cat just gives me a blank stare.

Guest #2 LAUGHS, her eyes sparkle with amusement.

GUEST #2

Well, maybe your cat is the mastermind behind it all, keeping you in the dark on purpose. You never know what devious plans are unfolding right under your nose!

James playfully GASPS and pretends to be shocked.

JAMES

I've been living with a secret agent of the feline underworld! No wonder he always looks at me with those suspicious eyes.

They share a lighthearted moment, and bond over their shared sense of humor.

GUEST #2

Perhaps it's time we bring your cat to the international cat spy convention. You know, to expose their covert operations and ensure world peace.

James grins.

JAMES

Absolutely! We'll don our disguises, infiltrate the convention, and expose the truth to the world. We'll become the heroes who unveil the true intentions of our feline friends!

Guest #2's smile fades, her eyes widen in surprise and confusion. She shifts uncomfortably in her seat, taken aback by James's sudden intensity.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Once their plot is revealed, we'll forge a cat-human alliance, create a utopia where we reign as King and Queen, and rule the world together!

GUEST #2

I think that's, uh, quite an ambitious plan. But, you know, maybe we should focus on more immediate matters, like, um, enjoying the party.

James, oblivious to Guest #2's discomfort, leans even closer, his voice filled with fervor.

JAMES

(passionately)

Wanna rule the world with me?

Guest #2's smile becomes forced. Her eyes dart around the room, then meets James's gaze once again.

GUEST #2

That's a, um... fascinating idea,
and, uh... Hey, John!

Guest #2 waves to an imaginary person as she stands, then hurries away from James.

Sarah stands at the snack table, and fiddles with something on the table.

A delicate tower of pretzel sticks stands on the table.

Unexpectedly, the tower collapses, and scatters pretzel sticks across the table and onto the floor, where they stop near Guest #2's heel.

Guest #2 and Guest #3 scowl at Sarah, they SNICKER as they walk away.

James spots a CAT that lounges in a corner as he approaches.

JAMES

You're not about to start a
revolution, are you?

James kneels, leans over, and attempts to pet the cat, but it HISSES, claws out, and lunges at him. James flinches and lets out an unintentional FART.

Guest #4 and Guest #5 stare at him in disgust, then quickly walk away.

Guest #1, GUEST #6, and GUEST #7 engage in charades while Sarah passes by. Guest #1 tugs on Sarah's shirt.

GUEST #1

We could use another player to
balance the teams.

Sarah appears uncomfortable and shakes her head in refusal.

GUEST #1 (CONT'D)

I need you on my team again.

Sarah gazes at her card, then at Guest #1, and back at her card. She sketches a dreadful depiction of a woman, with what appears to be blood that flows from the uterus.

Confusion fills Guest #1's face, while Guest #6 and Guest #7 look appalled as they stare at Sarah.

She flips the card, and reveals the word that she intended to draw: "PERIOD".

Guest #6 snatches the pencil, and swiftly draws a large curl into a horizontal squiggle, followed by a prominent dot, then points at the dot.

Guest #1, Guest #6, and Guest #7 LAUGH as Sarah sulks away.

As James settles into a fold-out chair, his weight unknowingly shifts to one side, which causes the chair to wobble precariously, and it knocks into the coffee table, which jostles a stack of books that were piled on top.

The books teeter for a moment before they tumble down, one after another, until the last hits an antique small wooden toy car that pops off the table and rolls across the floor with exponential speed.

The toy car weaves between guests' feet and narrowly avoids obstacles, as if it has a mind of its own, while it zooms across the room, then slams into a JENGA tower.

The tower collapses into a colorful fabric cat tunnel. The cat SPAZZES and leaps out the fabric tunnel, and slams directly into a soccer ball, which bounces off furniture legs and narrowly squeezes through Host #1 and Host #2.

The ball collides with Guest #6's drink, which spills over her blouse.

GUEST #6

Okay, who the hell threw that?

Aware of James's mishap, Sarah smiles. She then attempts to ease the tension with a FORCED LAUGH, but it comes out as an AWKWARD SNORT, and she covers her mouth.

James and Sarah exchange glances, their eyes reflect a mixture of discomfort.

Host #1 steps into the center of the room, CLEARS HIS THROAT, then looks directly at James.

HOST #1

Interesting way to get everyone's attention. Dinner is served.

James and Sarah release a SIGH of relief.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A lavishly set table takes center stage, adorned with exquisite dinnerware.

Sarah and James reluctantly make their way into the crowded room and attempt to blend in. They find themselves seated next to each other at the table.

The table is alive with INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS, but Sarah and James remain silent, their eyes rove around, filled with curiosity and a hint of unease.

Host #1 shares a mischievous glance with Host #2, they hold their smiles back.

Sarah's eyes twinkle mischievously as she swiftly places a cucumber slice over one of her eyes, and turns to James.

James raises an eyebrow, unable to contain his grin.

Sarah awkwardly removes the cucumbers, and returns to her reserved demeanor.

James' pops two baby carrots into his mouth, and arranges them to resemble vampire fangs. He looks at Sarah and smiles.

Sarah cracks a momentary small smile, then returns to her timid state.

GUEST #7 (O.C.)

Right, James?

James slyly pops the carrots from his mouth, then turns to Guest #7, and nods. He turns back to lock eyes with Sarah.

Sarah's gaze locks with James's, and they share a moment of unspoken understanding.

James's eyes twinkle mischievously as he slides a slice of bologna into his his pocket.

Sarah can't help but GIGGLE, then nonchalantly places a spoonful of mashed potatoes into her own hair.

Unfazed by her potato antics, James plucks a pea from his plate and playfully inserts them into his ears.

Sarah raises an eyebrow, snatches a cocktail pickle, bites it down to a nub, and strategically places it in her shirt as a makeshift nipple.

The room falls into a stunned SILENCE as everyone's attention is on Sarah and James, who are adorned in food. Confusion fills widened eyes, and open mouths hang in disbelief. Awkwardness permeates the air.

James and Sarah realize they have become the center of attention, and the air is thick with tension.

With a mischievous smile, Sarah plucks a morsel of food from James's face and eats it.

Host #1 and Host #2 exchange nods, their silent communication filled with approval. They both direct their attention towards Sarah and James.

HOST #1
We knew you'd get along.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

CREDITS ROLL

Host #1 and Host #2 stand at the open front door and say GOODBYE, as they hand out gift bags to Guest #1, Guest #2, Guest #3, Guest #4, Guest #5, Guest #6, and Guest #7.

The guests head toward their respective modes of transportation, while James and Sarah walk hand in hand, as they exit the front door.

Host #1, Host #2, James, and Sarah gaze toward the street, and watch the last of the guests depart.

SARAH
What was in the bags?

HOST #1
Hand cream, body wash, the standard thoughtless gift bag.

JAMES
I have to be honest, present company excluded, your friends are... well, kinda pricks.

HOST #2
We know. I spit in the hand creme.

HOST #1
I peed in the body wash.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AWKWARD PEOPLE

THE END