

**THE SEARCH**

A Pilot

Written by

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INT. TRUMP SOHO - HOTEL ROOM - ENTRANCE - LATER

A PIZZA GUY arrives with a dozen pizzas. Kevin pays him and directs him to sit them on a bench by the wet bar.

INT. TRUMP SOHO - HOTEL ROOM - LOUNGE AREA - LATER

Jay sits on the floor in a quiet corner with an ARTSY GIRL.

JAY

It's just, I don't know, I think  
sometimes I preferred life before  
we got signed.

Jay and the girl pop some 'ludes and he lies with his head in her lap and she strokes his hair.

INT. TRUMP SOHO - HOTEL ROOM - WET BAR - LATER

Dmitri, wasted, clutches a nearly empty bottle of Jack Daniels by the neck and staggers towards the pizzas.

He puts a loaf of garlic bread, still in the foil wrapper and napkin, in the microwave, and waits.

Sly clears a space on the bench, lines up some blow and snorts.

SLY

Yo, Dim, yo want?

Dmitri laughs and makes his way over, nose first. Sly leaves him to it.

The foil starts sparking in the microwave.

Dmitri does his line.

The foil catches fire.

Dmitri sways over and pulls out the glass turn tray with the flaming foil/bread/napkin bomb on.

He throws the bomb in the sink but as he replaces the tray, a tea towel catches fire.

He throws it on the carpet and stamps on it, forgetting the mess in the sink which starts singeing the walls.

Kevin comes over, cool as custard, with a fire extinguisher and covers both fires and Dmitri's legs in foam.

Everyone left at the party stands in silent astonishment at the great wonder of what just happened except:

PAN OVER TO:

INT. TRUMP SOHO - HOTEL ROOM - LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dex and the Hot Blonde make out, tongues flailing.

They get up and go towards the bedroom.

She removes her dress as she enters in front of him, revealing that she obviously doesn't believe in underwear.

Dex enters and closes the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. TRUMP SOHO - POOL - NEXT DAY

Dmitri, hidden behind his shades, and Angus, sporting board shorts and towel, exit the lift and head pool-side.

They find Kevin mid-Caesar salad and join him.

ANGUS

Good idea, I might get some brunch in to me.

Angus hails a WAITER.

KEVIN

It can't be brunch if it's after lunch time, it's now dinner.

ANGUS

Ah, but it can't be dinner if you haven't had breakfast yet.

KEVIN

Good point.

The waiter arrives.

ANGUS

Eggs Benny por favor.

WAITER

(to Dmitri)  
And for you sir?

DMITRI

Coffee. Strong.

Waiter leaves.

ANGUS

So this single cover.

He pulls out Jay's mock up and chucks it on the table.

KEVIN  
Hang on, I want to talk about  
something else first.

They wait.

He doesn't continue.

ANGUS  
Well?

KEVIN  
Primarily, let me preface by  
reiterating that it's essential  
that we accept the next tour offer.  
Mal is starting to get very upset  
and Rupal says if we wait any  
longer, it'll fuck up album sales.

ANGUS  
Yeah you told us that last night.

KEVIN  
Well, now I have the next offer.

ANGUS  
And?

KEVIN  
Did I mention how important it is  
that we accept?

ANGUS  
Yeah I think you might have.

DMITRI  
What's the fucking gig Kev?

KEVIN  
A National wide. Lead support.  
Of...

(he drum rolls on the  
table)  
\*\*\*\*\*!

Dmitri pulls a De Niroesque slightly impressed face.

Angus shakes his head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(to Angus)  
Hey, it's a pretty big deal.

ANGUS  
Nah, come on man, \*\*\*\*\*?

Kevin looks to Dmitri for support.

DMITRI  
I think we should do it.

ANGUS  
Uh-uh.

KEVIN  
(leaning in)  
Guys if you don't take this one,  
it's suicide, these are the kind of  
gigs that one hit wonderers pass up  
upon.