

Unemployed Adventures of Drew & Alejandro

Created by
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Written by
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Episode 1
"Street Musicians"

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FADE IN:

INT. THE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

DREW, 26, a frail nebbishy Canadian with a hideous beard, paces back and forth in frustration.

ALEJANDRO, 28, questionable ethnicity, high energy, and a little crazy, eats a Chaco Taco, drinks a beer, and watches "John & Kate Plus 8."

DREW

Nobody will hire me because I'm Canadian.

ALEJANDRO

It's not just that. How the hell do you expect to get a job when you look like Sasquatch.

DREW

I told you it's a hockey playoff beard. I can't shave it...

BAM! BAM! BAM! The Front door POUNDS repeatedly.

DREW (CONT'D)

Oh no, that sounds like Mr. Cheeno. You paid the rent yesterday right?

ALEJANDRO

Uhm....

DREW

Uhm, what do you mean uhm? I just gave you my half yesterday.

ALEJANDRO

I had to go to the tittie bar yesterday.

DREW

You spent all our money on strippers?

ALEJANDRO

Titties make me happy.

The front door unlocks, and BURSTS open, HITTING the wall. MR. CHEENO, a burly, brass, bold, angry mother fucker walks in. His wife, MRS. CHEENO, follows him, she's decades younger than her husband and smoking hot.

MR. CHEENO

Every month I have to go through this!
Alejandro, you are a schmuck!

(MORE)

MR. CHEENO (CONT'D)

Not only that, but your a slacker. You are a schmlackler!

ALEJADRO

That's not a word.

MR. CHEENO

And who the fuck is your friend here?! Some kind of metrosexual rabbi.

DREW

I'm his roommate, Drew. We've met several times before sir. This is just is a playoff beard for the Ottawa Senators.

MR. CHEENO

Ooooooh, I knew not to rent out the apartment to a Canadian! That's the first rule in landlording.

MRS. CHEENO

Oh honey, let him be. I know he's from Canada, but we have to help those who are less fortunate.

MR. CHEENO

I don't care! I want my \$900! Yesterday was the first! You have five days to come up with my rent money or you two are evicted! Capish?!

MRS. CHEENO

Good luck boys.

Mr. Cheeno and Mrs. Cheeno exit. Mrs. Cheeno eyes Drew with sympathy. The front door SLAMS as they leave.

DREW

I can't believe you spent all our rent money. How are we gonna make \$900 in five days when we're both unemployed?

Alejandro thinks for a moment and sees a guitar in the corner of the room. A genius idea comes to mind.

ALEJADRO

Calm down, Jerry Garcia. I got an idea. Drew, you know how to play guitar and you already look like your in ZZ Top. Why don't we start a band and make money that way!

DREW

What will you do?

ALEJANDRO

I'll be the singer and lyricist. I've been writing songs since I was eight. I'm fantastic! I'm like the Ray Charles of the 21st century.

DREW

I guess we could start a band.

ALEJANDRO

I'll grab my song book, you grab your guitar and any other instruments! We're gonna be bigger than The Beatles!

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

Drew and Alejandro are carrying loads of instruments including an acoustic guitar, bongos, kazoos, pots, pans, a Bop It, paint guns, hula hoops, X-mas decorations etc.

DREW

I understand the guitar and the bongos, but why a Bop It and a paint gun?

ALEJANDRO

You can't put restrictions on artistic freedom man. Let the music roam free. Just look at the Blue Man Group.

(beat)

Let's come up with some band names! I was thinking Alejandro and The Chipmunks or Alejandro and The Blowfish.

DREW

Why do I have to be the chipmunks or the blowfish? How about just Alejandro and Drew?

ALEJANDRO

No, see "Drew." "Drew" really isn't a name for a musician. Do you think Daryl Hall would have been successful if his name was "Drew?" No! Nobody wants to hear Drew & Oats!

(beat)

Plus with your fuzzy face, you already look like a chipmunk.

(beat)

Ugh, I'm sick of carrying all this crap. Let's just play here.

Alejandro throws his cargo down. Drew looks puzzled.

DREW
Alejandro, this is a cul-de-sac.

ALEJADRO
So?

DREW
So, there's five houses surrounding a circular dead end. How do you expect to make money here?

On the cul-de-sac are about half a dozen kids playing street hockey and tag. Alejandro sees them and smiles.

ALEJANDRO
Okay children, gather round! It's music time! Get your allowances ready to give us some money, because we're gonna about to rock your fucking socks off!!

EXT. THE CUL-DE-SAC - MOMENTS LATER

On the curb, Alejandro looks at his song book with a pair of bongos and a Bop It on his lap. Drew tunes his guitar. Seven elementary school children watch them. Alejandro jingles their tip jar which has 44 cents in it.

ALEJANDRO
Wow, you boys and girls are cheap. We need more than forty-four cents! You better donate some more after this first song.
(beat)
Okay Drew, play me a G-chord. This song is called "Oh Noelle."

Drew strums a nice little melody as Alejandro sings.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Oh Noelle, if you only knew.
Oh Noelle, what I like to do.
Oh Noelle, do you know I like you?
Oh Noelle.

Bop It! Bop It! Bop It!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Oh Noelle, I like to look in your eyes.
Oh Noelle, you got nice lookin' thighs.
On Noelle, check out the night sky.
Oh Noelle.

Bop It! Bop It! Bop it!

Drew is digging the song. It's nice and sweet.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Oh Noelle, do you like what I do?
Oh Noelle, Kuchy Kuchy ku.
Oh Noelle, let me penetrate in you.
Oh Noelle.

Bop It! Bop It! Bop It!

Drew is a bit thrown off.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Oh Noelle, yeah you really rock.
Oh Noelle, when you rock on my cock.
Oh Noelle, baby please don't stop.
Oh Noelle.

Bop It! Bop It! Bop It!

Drew is not really digging it anymore.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Oh Noelle, oh get on my dong.
Oh Noelle, ride it all night long.
Oh Noelle, yeah feel that schlong--

DREW

Woah! Okay I don't think this song is
really appropriate for kids.

A CURLY HAIREd BLONDE GIRL, 5, looks at them with a mean
stink eye.

CURLY HAIREd BLONDE GIRL

This song stinks! Let me play with the
Bop It!

ALEJANDRO

No! No Bop It for anyone who's not me or
a chipmunk!

DREW

Can we play a different song? That one
took a weird turn.

ALEJANDRO

Fine, we'll play a different song. Give
me some tunage.

Drew starts strumming again and Alejandro sings.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Oh, you know, what a I want.
Well you know what you got.
Yeah you know that I love...your titties.
(beat)
Oh, I like to squeeze them.
Oh, I like to feel them.
I like your tit-tit-tit-titties.

Drew stops playing guitar.

DREW

Okay, this isn't really what I was
thinking either. How about something more
for the children?

ALEJANDRO

I got a song called Curious George.

DREW

You wrote a song about Curious George?

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, it's about my penis.

DREW

Never mind.

CURLY HAIREd BLONDE GIRL

I want to play with the Bop It! I want to
play with the Bop It!

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

I like the titties song. Play that one!

Three LITTLE BOYS watching are super excited.

LITTLE BOYS

Yeah titties! Titties! Titties!

DREW

No, no, we're done with that song.

ALEJANDRO

It's okay boys, I got tons of tunes about
titties.

DREW

Are all your songs about sex?

ALEJANDRO

No...some of them are about oral sex.

Alejandro flips a page in his song book.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Let's see, I got a song here, it's called
"Tastin' the wood."

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

Tastin' the wood! Yay!

An ANGRY MOM, 37, short blonde hair, walks up to them.

ANGRY MOTHER 1

Excuse me! What are you doing?! My kid
just came home and is singing about
titties.

ALEJANDRO

Alright! Alejandro and The Chipmunks are
catching on!

DREW

We're so sorry, his lyrics are a little
out there.

Another ANGRY MOM runs in holding a rolling pin.

ANGRY MOTHER 2

Cheryl, what is going on?! Why is Billy
singing about penetrating inside a girl
named Noelle?

ANGRY MOTHER 1

This guy and the bi-curious Geico cave
man are trying to make money by singing
to our kids about doing it.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah we are "trying," but your kids are
cheap. Tell them to give us more money!

CURLY HAired BLONDE GIRL

I want to play with the bop it!

ALEJANDRO

No boppin' it!

Another ANGRY MOTHER furiously comes around.

ANGRY MOTHER #3

Is this some kind of sick joke? Why is my
son asking me what wood tastes like?

ALEJANDRO

Okay everyone, let's just calm down, and
I'll sing a song about my penis.

Alejandro starts playing with the bongos.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Ooooooh my monkey, he likes to grow in my pants. Ooooooh my monkey, he likes to have some sex--

ANGRY MOTHER 1

What the hell kind of song is that?! Why are you teaching our kids about getting their freak on?! What is wrong with you?!

ALEJANDRO

Lady, I'm teaching them where babies come from. And they're not donating any money! This is piracy!

ANGRY MOTHER 3

That's it! I'm gonna tear you a new asshole.

ANGRY MOTHER 3 sees the paint ball gun with the other instruments. She grabs it and starts shooting our heroes.

ANGRY MOTHER 1

Yeah get them Barbra! That looks like fun. Come on Denise, let's join in!

The mothers grab the other instruments and start bashing Alejandro and Drew as they get blasted with paint. The kids laugh and cheer.

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

Hey, this is just like Blue Man Group!

As the mothers close in, we see silhouettes of our heroes getting their asses kicked. And one small shadow moves away from them. It's the Curly Haired Blonde Girl.

CURLY HAISED BLONDE GIRL

I got the Bop It bitch!

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS: After a pregnant pause, we hear some music...

ALEJANDRO

(singing during the credits)

You know what's good

Tastin' the wood

You know what's good

Tastin' the wood

ALEJADRO

It tastes all good inside your mouth

It tastes so fine, lick it in and out

Feel those rings, how old is my tree?

Who loves it more? You or me?

ALEJANDRO

You know what's good

Tastin' the wood

You know what's good

Tastin' the wood

DREW

Oh, sweet Jesus.

ALEJADNDRO

Shut up, you fucking chipmunk!