

She puts on a long coat and heads for the door. Steven gets up and tries to hold her back.

STEVEN
Missy wait!

Missy turns around, and he steps closer. Her eyes soften.

STEVEN (cont'd)
Can I please, squeeze it once more?

Missy's face contorts into a frown and she slaps him, slamming the door behind her after marching out. Steven holds his face and sighs. He grabs his laptop and sinks into his sofa, typing "what do unemployed people do" into his browser.

STEVEN (cont'd)
Hanging out with friends? Well I
don't have any.

The screen shows "getting a girlfriend".

STEVEN (cont'd)
Don't have that anymore either.

He closes his laptop and heads to his room, stripping then tucking into bed.

A SHORT MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF STEVEN WATCHING TV, EATING CHIPS, DANCING NAKED, CRYING IN THE CORNER, MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE, LEAVING VOICE MAILS FOR MISSY. (jump cuts)

INT. STEVEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steven is deep asleep, snoring loudly.

The text in italics are a hallucination (his dream).

A feather brushes against his cheeks, and he turns over. The feather tickles his other cheek again, and with eyes still closed, he chuckles a little.

STEVEN
(softly and jokingly)
Missy stop it, im trying to sleep.

The feather goes away. 5 seconds later, a hand slaps Steven so hard he flies out of bed landing onto the floor.

STEVEN (cont'd)
WHAT THE FUCK!

GRANDPA JOE dusts his hands, and puts them behind his back. Standing behind his bed, he looks at Steven without saying anything.

Steven slowly gets up, trembling.

STEVEN (cont'd)
Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE
Hello Steve.

STEVEN
Ugh Steven! Oh my God is it that hard for people to remember...

GRANDPA JOE
Sorry boy, grandpa's old.

STEVEN
OLD? That's an understatement aren't you...dead...?

GRANDPA JOE
No need to remind me Steve. Asshole. Anyways, I have come to help you. You seem to be going through a mid-life crisis.

STEVEN
I am fine, grandpa! Really! Life cannot be any better right now!

GRANDPA JOE
Oh really? So you mean to tell me that, yesterday's bathroom episode didn't happen then?

A FLASHBACK OF STEVEN UGLY-CRYING IN THE TOILET.

STEVEN
What do you want, grandpa.

Grandpa Joe sits next to Steven.

GRANDPA JOE
You know Steve, back in the days when I was a young ambitious director too, I never let any setbacks tear me down, I TAKE these obstacles and turn them into inspirations. I loved doing what I did and nothing could stop me.

Steven raises an eyebrow.

STEVEN

*Didn't you tell me you hated your job
and that film is stupid, and that you
wished you had married that rich old
lady you met at the night club?*

Grandpa Joe pauses.

GRANDPA JOE

*Shut up, we're talking about you now.
Point is, you are an amazing
director, and you have not been
allowing yourself to grow and make
full use of your ability. You didn't
graduate university for nothing, did
you?*

STEVEN

(reluctantly)

*Grandpa, how do you know that? What
makes you think I am talented? All I
do in the office, is do other
people's shit work.*

*Grandpa Joe pulls out a brown box from underneath the bed.
He blows the dust off and opens it. Inside are stacks of
papers, divided into sections.*

GRANDPA JOE

*I have read your scripts, my boy. You
have what it takes. If you don't give
yourself a chance, you will forever
regret. I've seen it in your eyes,
when an idea forms in your head, it's
really something, you know that?*

*Steven slowly touches the edges of the box, smiling a
little.*

STEVEN

*Wow, I haven't touched this in
months.*

His smile fades.

STEVEN (cont'd)

What if I don't have what it takes?

Grandpa Joe smiles, pats his head and fades away.

STEVEN (cont'd)
Grandpa? Grandpa!

Steven squirms in his bed, suddenly jolting up. He looks around the room. Looking under his bed, he pulls out the box and takes the top stack of papers bundled together by a string. Switching on his night light, he leans back and flips through the script.

INT. STEVEN'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Steven is fast asleep, with papers on his face, snoring loudly. A loud car horn flares outside his window and he jumps awake. He washes up, makes coffee, opens his laptop and starts searching for a crew online.

STEVEN
Too expensive, no, no, no, hey I used
to school with this guy!

He says, as he scrolls past different companies and faces. He groans and gets up to take another cup of coffee, then switching his screen to YouTube. Just as he clicks on a video, an ad pops up.

ALL WORDS IN ITALIC IS WHAT STEVEN SEES ON SCREEN.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

ALFRED
(off-screen)
ACTION! GO!GO!

MARTIN snaps out of his gaze and clears his throat.

MARTIN
*Hiya fellas! Looking for a film crew
but on a tight budget? Contact us
today! Same efficiency for half the
price! Email us now, at
cheapfilms@gmail.com! Bye!*

Martin waves and awkwardly smiles. He pokes his head out of frame.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Done?

ALFRED
Ya?

MARTIN

SAY CUT?

ALFRED

OH RIGHT, CUT!

The camera tilts down, but the recording did not stop.

MARTIN

How was that? Fantastic? No? Well it's alright just upload last year's one and tell our potential clients that those guys... uh... died! So we are taking over on urgent notice.

ALFRED

Sure, hey! Hey! Watch the cable jeez.

MARTIN

Make sure you upload the correct one yeah? Okay let's skidaddle before security comes in.

ALFRED

I thought you said we rented the studio for half an hour?

MARTIN

I lied, c'mon now let's go.

INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Steven checks out their website, and moves his cursor to the huge blinking "EMAIL ME!" button. He hesitates and looks over at an old picture of grandpa Joe hanging on the wall.

STEVEN

(to the picture)

Oh don't look at me like that. I'm on a budget, you would do the same!

He clicks the button and finishes his drink, walking back to the kitchen to return it. The doorbell rings, and he goes to the eye-hole to peek through, as he was not expecting anybody. A big nose covers half the fish-eye lens and another eye comes peering through, taking up almost all of Steven's view. He jumps back in shock. Swinging open the door, Alfred falls to the ground as he was leaning on it. Martin steps over him and reaches a hand out to Steven.

MARTIN

Martin, DOP.

STEVEN
(stuttering in shock)
S..Steven. And-

MARTIN
-And him on the floor is Alfred,
gaffer!

Alfred struggles to get up and grabs Steven's hand, shaking them. He stands next to Martin and they both stand with hands by their side, smiling brightly, like dogs waiting for their food. Steven puts a hand to the back of his head, rubbing it.

STEVEN
Wow you guys are fast! I didn't
expect to even get a reply till
tomorrow or something, I mean... wow!

Alfred and Martin continue smiling.

MARTIN
Yes sir! We only deliver top quality
services, as you can see from the ad.

STEVEN
Ah! The ad! Of course.

He nervously laughs.

STEVEN (cont'd)
Oh! You guys are in the exact same...
outfit, if I remember.

More awkward laughter.

ALFRED
Well of course! We rushed down all
the way here once we saw your email,
right after posting the video.

STEVEN
Wait- y'all *just* made it? How many
responses so far?

ALFRED
Just yo-

MARTIN
(spitting)
OH QUITE a few actually, but we chose
YOU!

Steven scrunches his face, and wipes the spit away. He slow nods, and points to the table where his laptop is at. The two scurry there excitedly past him, shouting and fighting for the cushion-ed seat. Steven takes a deep sigh.

STEVEN
(under his breath)
Long day.

He joins them at the table.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

A light bulb flickers, and finally switches on. Steven, Alfred and Martin carefully steps over fallen wood planks. Releasing the switch handle, Steven signals for the other two to follow him. A huge plank suddenly falls right in front of Alfred, lightly brushing his nose.

ALFRED
(repeated and high-
pitched)
AHHHHH! OUCH OUCH OUCH!

Steven immediately turns on his phone flashlight and shines it on Alfred.

STEVEN
You okay? What happened?

Alfred has his hands over his nose and starts whimpering. Steven gently moves his hand away, only to see a small cut. He gives Alfred a dirty look, and walks away. Martin stares at Alfred.

ALFRED
What? It hurts.

Martin slaps his head and follows Steven. Alfred follows, rubbing his head.

MARTIN
So this is it? Didn't look like that
in the pictures you sent us.

STEVEN
Yeah this is Oakshire! This is why we
need to reece our location ugh, total
catfish.

Alfred starts laughing and snorting. The other two men turn around, looking at him with eyebrows raised.

ALFRED
HAHAHA catfish... you said it was a
catfish, but you know, only humans
can catfish HAHA....a catfish
building HAHA....

His laughter trails off as they other two stay silent.

ALFRED (cont'd)
(sulkily)
You guys are no fun.

The three men continue looking around, alerting each other
when a power outlet or light source is spotted. After
awhile, they exit the house.

ALFRED (cont'd)
What do you think?

STEVEN
Hmm... feasible... but needs a lot of
work done, and we don't have a set
designer.

MARTIN
But this location, is free, right?

STEVEN
Yeah.

Martin and Alfred look at each other with glistening smiles.

MARTIN
Steven, here's something we learn
along the years.

MARTIN & ALFRED
(sing-song)
IF IT'S FREE, IT'S FOR ME!

Steven's stern face breaks into a smile. He chuckles and
rolls his eyes.

STEVEN
C'mon guys, we have another location
to...

Steven looks up, pretending to be thinking hard.

STEVEN (cont'd)
...see.