Call Me Famous.

Draft One

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR - MONTREAL - EVENING - SUMMER

Were with a cult of Cegep graduates, blanking out studies with liquor. The Bar being modern and quite trendy is the perfect rendezvous point for a clique to hangout. We can assume that the group has been dwelling in the bar for a while.

BRUCE (19) an individual of the group is holding a mug practically empty. Relishing the moment with other members he spots CHRIS (19) apart sitting at a booth by a window. Indifferent to the group or the festivities CHRIS is glaring outside at the night lights.

Eyes lured by charming girls while reaching for a mug filled to the brim with beer on the counter.

BRUCE

(apologetically)

Sorry ladies.

(edges towards them)

A desperate manikin needs Remodeling.

The girls smile. He could've avoided them, but BRUCE is a hopeless player.

He's a loud mouth always wanting to be the main attraction. Quite fashionable and head in the clouds, all BRUCE wants is to be the face everyone knows.

While holding two mugs and facing the ladies BRUCE spins in the opposite direction to face Chris's table. Bumping into two guys carelessly in the process—who seem miffed by Bruce's attitude.

BRUCE slides on the opposite booth facing CHRIS, tossing a mug to him.

The mug comes to a stop, still staring outside--

CHRIS

Remodeling huh?

CHRIS quite handsome is practical, he adheres to anyone fearing bold decisions. Wanting more than a simple life led him to this point.

Startled by the fact that CHRIS overheard his comment--BRUCE gestures a swift glance towards the girls.

Revision 2.

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BRUCE

I had to get their attention. (deflects to CHRIS)

Kinda work?

Grasping hold of the mug BRUCE tossed to him.

CHRIS

No job, A useless degree, idiotic slangs.

(Faces BRUCE)

And your a stick. Ya you'd make the perfect chewing toy.

Takes a sip of his beer.

BRUCE

Who needs any of it when your famous.

(Processing the thought he isn't famous)

I mean school is over and I've got the dream.

CHRIS

Youv' got a dream. Will then I should call you famous.

BRUCE tries to comprehend what CHRIS means. After all they both have dreams of the red carpet.

BRUCE

What your telling me all of a sudden you no longer want it.

(A beat)

After the countless times people said we can make it. All the planning we did about how 6 months from now we will be living in LA.

Looking over at the group of friends over at the counter.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Their all going to spend three more years in school, we can spend that much time trying to model ourselves into someone.

(looking at CHRIS) Tomorrow is day one.

CHRIS

I ain't backing out.
(A beat)

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm just thinking where will I be in three years if we-

BRUCE

Impossible with the amount of people counting on us. You and me always looking out for one another. We can't be anything but what we dream of becoming.

CHRIS looks unfulfilled by Bruce's answer; Head tilt down while playing with his mug.

Silence between both, wanting a reply-

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(Annoyed)

I'm only saying this so you stop drifting away and come back to reality.

(A beat)

If by some miracle I die, cause there no way I'm going to fail. (CHRIS grins) and if you miraculously do, fail.

(A beat)

Will then you'll be back here drinking another beer while they (point towards their friends) celebrate their new bachelor degree.

CHRIS

(smerks) I doubt it after all the talking our loud mouths have done about us being the next stars, if I fail.

(A beat)

I'm splitting to Alaska.

BRUCE

(chuckles). Alaska it is.

BRUCE raises his beer, CHRIS laughs and raises his.

The two boys don't say it but Alaska is the last place they want to be.

Inaudible chatter in the background continues as both boys wonder what is going to happen three years from now.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - NEXT MORNING - SUMMER

Though a bedroom, it is primarily an office. With computer equipment, mixers and microphones. To a common folk it is surprising technology to be seen in a basement of a suburban home. It's all mixed with drawers filled with clothes and a bed backed against a wall.

CHRIS on the floor snoozing, with blankets as a mattress is awaken by havoc from upstairs. BRUCE running downstairs like a child on Christmas day jumps onto CHRIS.

BRUCE

Get up, breakfast is upstairs.

CHRIS pushes BRUCE off turns over, eyes shut.

Pulling on some blankets--

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Come on. Walk the talk.

CHRIS

(murmuring)

Your ill in the head.

BRUCE getting up--

BRUCE

Ya ill to begin.

Scrambling back up the stairs.

BRUCE (O.S.) (CONT'D) (joyfully) Mark it. This is day one, 182 and a half days from now

will be in LA.

Laying back in his bed CHRIS opens his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - LATER - SUMMER

Both BOYS are sitting on the ground, surrounded by stacks of paper.

Picking up a script sheet CHRIS seems disturbed.

CHRTS

This is the first video idea. (Looking down at the paper)

Ought to be more structured.

Fumbling through papers, BRUCE deflects to CHRIS giving an explanation--

BRUCE

I thought so to at first but will make a few experimental videos to catch all the angles of YouTube.

(A beat)

Learn the rules so you can break the rules.

Though listening CHRIS is on a different mind set, he always sticks to the book. Already he is going on a path which his parents don't approve of. BRUCE can sense that CHRIS is hesitating--

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Remember its but a step.

(gets up)

Gonna show you some stuff (heading to his bed)

Think your going to like this.

BRUCE is on his knees pulling a hockey bag from underneath his bed.

Acknowledging that their in this together, CHRIS gathers his thoughts.

CHRIS

Don't worry I'm behind you.

BRUCE empties the load of the bag onto a table.

CHRIS is captivated by the contents of the bag.

Getting up and going towards the table--CHRIS seems baffled by the equipment laying there. A CanonT4i, RodMic, Boom Pole, Lenses, Tripods and Wires.

Impressed by what he acquired and seeing Chris's reaction --

BRUCE

Ya got some stuff here and there. (A beat)

Thought we could use it.

Grasping hold of the CANON T4i.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Got this beauty from my uncle and some lights I stocked in my closet thought you might know what to do with them.

Still amazed on how BRUCE got a hold of all the stuff.

CHRIS

Will we got the equipment alright. But these our completely foreign to me compared to what we used in school.

BRUCE

Its the same concept, though more advance.

Handing over the CAMERA to CHRIS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You should get acquainted. (Walks away). Might be your first girlfriend--

Comically pushing BRUCE --

CHRIS

Prick.

Starting to get the feel of the camera and playing around with it. CHRIS finds the on/off button--flicking it on, a CLICKING sound originates from the camera.

BRUCE

Let's get started.

CHRIS is glaring into the screen, inattentive to what BRUCE said we.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - DAY - SUMMER

Placement of equipment is scattered in such a way for them to properly film. Lights illuminate BRUCE, a shotgun-mic off their CAMERA monitor to the side to capture sound and the camera (on a tripod) is placed parallel to Bruce's position. CHRIS behind is set to film.

CHRIS

You ready for the first shot?

BRUCE is flipping through the script.

BRUCE

Ya.

Tossing the script aside.

CHRIS

It's filming.

BRUCE

Hi guys... (improv 20sec
approximately)

CHRIS

Stop, your talking way to fast.
 (A beat)

Slow down and try to move less or else the camera loses focus.

Pressing the record button.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And, go.

Own mind set thinking how to apply what CHRIS said, deflects to camera--

BRUCE

Hi guys...(same improv as before)

We dolly out, CHRIS looking through his monitor as BRUCE is talking continuously.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - SUMMER

Were going along with their filming.

-MONTAGE-

- 1. CHRIS smiling looking at his monitor.
- 2. Though his voice muted during the montage, BRUCE is acting their script—stops seems discouraged by a mistake he did. Unmuted he screams head tilt looking upwards. CHRIS laughing.
- 3. Different perspectives to show the intensity BRUCE is demonstrating.
- 4. CHRIS holding the script so BRUCE can read it.

- 5. All seems will BRUCE is perfect—one of the lights dies. BRUCE tired looks at the light that went out and walks off screen.
- 6. BRUCE throwing his arm in the air to show his happiness that he is finished. CHRIS behind the camera is sitting on a chair looking at the monitor.

-END MONTAGE-

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - LATER - SUMMER

Sitting by the computer, taking looks at shots the two boys are in the process of editing their first video. A calm tune seamlessly blends into the background.

BRUCE

I believe it was fifth or sixth shot but I could be wrong.

Being the one with must tech knowledge CHRIS is not only the DOP but also the editor.

TEASER: On the computer screen the mouse scrambles through files to find a certain shot.

CHRIS

We should of applied the notion of the clapper. Out of School and we-

BRUCE

And we are doing just fine. (A beat)

CHRIS deflects to BRUCE annoyed that he doesn't take in consideration that they should use what they have learned.

Pointing out shots on the screen.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I think it be better if you shorten that clip and over lap the audio of the last one.

Focusing on screen CHRIS makes adjustments. Then noticing the time--

CHRIS

I'll finish this up then I got to get going, job starts in half hour.

BRUCE

Really. (annoyed) How we suppose to become somebody if your always running off to go to work?

CHRIS gets up, grabs his bag from the floor.

CHRIS

Guess you could try and figure out how to edit and all.

(A beat)

Since you stay at home all day.

BRUCE

Me edit come on. I'm the face of our thing. I don't talk electronic nor do I want to.

Getting ready to leave and heading towards the stairs.

CHRIS

Since you depend on me to do it you'll have to wait till I come back.

Frustrated by the commitment CHRIS is showing.

BRUCE

Its a headache to do this when your worried about money and what your parents think of you. We need to stay focus.

Walking upstairs.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I rather have alternatives then be stuck in a basement.

CHRIS walks out of the house, BRUCE spins in his chair hearing the front door close he looks around—takes hold of his C.V laying on his desk. He glance quickly before tossing it back were it was.

A beat. Gets up from his chair to pick up his cellphone which is reposing on his table.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM HORTON - EVENING - SUMMER

In his work outfit CHRIS is behind the counter talking to a CLIENT.

Tim Horton is a main stream cafe with affordable prices. Unlike Starbuck who's prices may not allow a homeless looking to warm up his hands with a cup of coffee.

CHRIS

Have a nice day.

Passing a coffee to a MAN dressed in rags.

People enter in cliques, checking out the place before spotting a seat--

CUSTOMER

I'll have a medium coffee double, double.

Deflecting his attention to the CUSTOMER who's standing in front of his cash.

CHRIS

A medium coffee, that will be 1.70.

Cupping his hand for the CUSTOMER to drop money into his palm--CHRIS drifts away--

Snapping back CHRIS watches as three girls walk in only to sit down with some guys.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - EVENING - SUMMER

Resting back on his chair, absorb into his laptop BRUCE is multitasking on several social media sites.

Facebook, Twitter, YouTube and Instagram all open. Flipping through different pages BRUCE has conversations, watches videos and leaves comments on pictures.

On a wobbly his wallet is next to his cellphone which is open we can see the text conversation he had not so long ago.

TEXT-CHRIS

Where you going?

TEXT-PHIL

The movies wanna tag along?

TEXT-CHRIS

Wish I could but I got to work on some projects. Another time.

We take a closer look at BRUCE'S wallet which is empty.

BRUCE has deluded himself to believe that money isn't an asset. He chases a dream on the web causing him to be immobilized in his basement, going nowhere.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM HORTON - STAFF ROOM - EVENING - SUMMER

Lockers for employees and two tables, that pretty much what there is in here

With a sense of discouragement CHRIS walks in, taking his Tim Horton cap off, ALAN (20) and CLAIR (16) two co-worker are on break as well.

ALAN standing up is over looking Clair's shoulder watching a video on her Ipad, while CHRIS stares at them.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - EVENING - SUMMER

People screaming and yelling, BRUCE is watching a video on his computer. He's completely absorb by it, smiles.

CHRIS goes to his locker, CLAIR and ALAN are still watching their video.

CLAIR

God, their amazing I wish I was there.

ALAN

It so unreal how people go mad over them, I mean there people.

CHRIS overhears the conversation, turning to engage.

CHRIS

They just live in a complete different life style.

Both co-worker look at CHRIS.

CLOSE UP of the video a group of boys are getting out of a building as mobs are yelling at them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Look at them fans, money and completely ignorant of who is watching them.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Once your identified as a celebrity people seem to forget the thought that you are a being. We are but common.

BRUCE watching his computer screen.

CHRIS (V.O) (CONT'D)

They are what we dream of becoming. An abstract idea of our reality.

CLAIR seems a bit in the clouds, ALAN didn't really listen and went to his locker.

CLAIR

(laughing) Will you seem an expert on celebrities.

CHRIS

(A beat)

No, I am but a fool hunting a dream.

Turning and throwing his cap into his locker he then closes it shut.

BRUCE turns off his laptop, then closes the screen. His smile fades to nothing.

CUT TO:

I/E. TIM HORTON - NIGHT - SUMMER

Leaving Tim Horton the door closing behind him. CHRIS looks at his own reflection in the window door.

It is clear to him that he wants to see something greater than what he sees before him.

JUMP CUT TO:

Strolling across the street he vanishes into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - SUMMER

Walking up the set of stairs BRUCE mulls the light, glaring at the basement.

He can't be sure if it's because he is tired or not, but the red carpet seems further away they he believed.

He takes a moment before closing the lights and heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MORNING - SUMMER

CHRIS in his boxers vigilantly going on Bruce's bed and placing a headset on his head. Flipping his laptop screen on, CHRIS boosts up the volume.

A track of screaming fans is playing. Though BRUCE is wearing a headset muffled sound of screaming people can be heard.

Still asleep a smile manifests on BRUCE's face. He turns around as if he was in a fantasy.

CHRIS

(whisper)

You got to be kidding me.

Looks down at BRUCE who has a glowing smile.

CHRIS slaps him across the face--

Waking up startled, BRUCE deflects to CHRIS sitting at the end of his bed.

BRUCE

(mumbling still half

asleep)

What are you doing.

Taking off the headset in a bitter mood, then throwing it on CHRIS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You trying to take revenge or something?

Satisfied with what he did.

CHRIS

Just developing our bromance status.

Plays with his jaw while looking at CHRIS then his hand which is stretching.

BRUCE

Did you slap me?

CHRIS gets up, heads to the computer. His back to BRUCE a smile slowly materializes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You leave for work instead of doing our stuff and you slap me in the face.

(A beat)

And I'm ill in the head.

CHRIS

(sitting in front of the computer now) Ready to go to work?

BRUCE

Give me a moment.

BRUCE slipping out of bed is still annoyed, his voice is inaudible since we are with CHRIS focusing on the computer screen working on their first video.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - EVENING - SUMMER

The Boys are in the process of finishing their first video for YouTube. Having spent multiple hours editing they are finally ready to see it go online.

BRUCE

After we post this online it's all about perseverance, keeping the videos flowing.

Fixating on computer screen

CHRIS

I'll bring that back on you in a few months if nothing has changed and the only people watching is your pop and mom.

TEASER: YouTube site, mouse moving on screen to a button inscribed UPLOAD and CLICKS. A loading bar appears.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MINUTES LATER - SUMMER

CHRIS

First one. Lets see all your fans rush in to see it. (smirks)

CHRIS lays back in his chair.

BRUCE

Ya watch em come.

Getting off his chair, walking backwards facing CHRIS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What ya doing ain't no break. Gotta start on the next one.

CHRIS grabs the camera off the table.

CHRTS

Get the script.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER - SUMMER

Everything set up to film. Shotgun mic off to the side, lights illuminating the space and BRUCE walking on screen.

CHRIS

Clap it.

Swinging his arms like two rigid pieces of wood BRUCE claps his hands together.

CUT TO:

-MONTAGE-

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY - SUMMER

1. A leaf perches on a lone oak tree. We look up, waiting till the leaf detaches itself and glides to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - DAY

2. Descending the stairs is CHRIS with a suitcase. When reaching the last step he trips--CRASHING unto the floor his suitcase opens. Clothes, basic hygiene products and a teddy bear are scattered.

BRUCE who's surfing facebook turns, seeing Chris's personal belongings gives a warm smile. Acknowledging CHRIS as a part time roommate.

3. Looking through the CAMERA MONITOR, we see BRUCE standing over CHRIS who's sitting on chair, scanning a script.

BRUCE

It makes no sense to put that line their.

Handing the script to BRUCE, Getting off the chair--

CHRIS

Do what you feel is right we got to get started on this week video, stick to the schedule.

Tossing the chair aside--

It hits the camera.

P.O.V of CAMERA tipping over, CHRIS reaching out desperately to stop it--we collapse on the floor.

BRUCE (O.S.)

You schedule to knock out the camera.

(A beat)

Nice.

4. Editing footage on a computer --

CHRIS

Just awful, sound is useless.

BRUCE

You mean will have to scrap it?

CHRIS

Precisely.

Taking hold of the computer headset.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Maybe...

JUMP CUT TO:

On set they are filming, CHRIS with a headset on his head hooked to the shotgun mic.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Alright, talk.

BRUCE

Hello My name--

SCREECH--CHRIS whips the headset off, cursing simultaneously.

A BURST of sound filtered through to the headset.

5. Looking through CAMERA MONITOR. BRUCE is moving around in front of the camera talking--

CHRIS (O.S.)

Cut, you moved too far back, went out of focus.

BRUCE

The pillow doesn't help

Bending over to get a pillow.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I kick it and then I don't know were to stand.

Throws it to the side.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Give me a sec.

Scrambling somewhere O.S CHRIS has found something

Throwing on screen a red tape.

CHRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tape a line.

BRUCE stretches out the tape, kneels O.S to place it.

CHRIS smiling behind the camera.

BIRD EYE VIEW of a red line in front of BRUCE feet.

6. Having a nice set up for filming has cost the luxury of a clean basement.

Having passing a quantity of their time in Bruce's basement it's become grungy. It could appear that a whole family has moved into the basement.

Both BOYS are past out in the mist of it all.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - WINTER

7. Outside everything been dipped in white, the lone oak tree is covered in glossy frost. With winter settling in a storm prepares to bloom.

-END MONTAGE-

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - DAY - WINTER

Though it may have been alluded that the boys are on the road to somewhere. Chris's hype about their project has died down. Bruce though unwilling to admit it isn't dreaming of screaming fans.

BRUCE is laying on his bed throwing a bouncing ball against a wall, back and forth.

Fixating the computer screen CHRIS filters through their videos. Calling out the amount of views.

CHRIS

312, 176, 534, 211. (A beat)

Turns his chair in the direction of BRUCE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Pretty much sums up the views we have.

Holding on to the ball.

BRUCE

Didn't we have one that surpassed a-thousand.

CHRIS

Ya but that because you named it after a viral video.
(A beat)

All the comments backfired on us.

BRUCE

(laughs) Was worth the try.

CHRIS

(sarcastically)
For the lose of half our subscriber, totally.

The bouncing ball misses and bounces somewhere else in the room.

BRUCE

(shocked) What People can unsubscribe?

Unsurprised by Bruce's lack of knowledge of Youtube.

CHRTS

And then you wonder why I think your plan is going to collapse.

BRUCE

Hey our plan remember. (sits up) Anyway, its but a minor detail. It'll just be a longer process before we make it.

A long beat of silence.

CHRIS seems concerned and is looking at his Tim Horton hat. Which is laying on the table, wishing he would be back there or at least in school.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You did good to let go of that job, it held you back.

Staring into emptiness CHRIS wonders--

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Were going at it twenty-four, seven. Lets just chill tonight ya know? Loosen up a little watch a movie or something?

CHRIS

Alright, but lets watch a classic. None of those blockbuster visual effects.

BRUCE

Fine with me, while you browse for one I'll go wash up real quick and make some popcorn.

BRUCE is heading upstairs.

CHRIS

Don't complain if you hate what you see when coming down those steps.

BRUCE (O.S.)

(yelling)

I'll close my eyes and keep the popcorn for myself.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - LATER - WINTER

Were parallel to a microwave--CORNS POP an IRRITATING SOUND indicates that popcorn is ready. Opening the microwave BRUCE is in pajamas his hair still wet from a shower--Last seeds POP as he opens the bag, emptying the content into a bowl-- From downstairs a MOVIE SOUNDTRACK echoes to the main floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER - WINTER

On the floor instead of the couch CHRIS is portrayed as an infant suffocating himself in blankets. A song mimicking a classic western plays.

Standing in the staircase.

BRUCE

Of all the western classics.

Cheap sound-fx emulate from the TV.

CHRIS

Yup, I'm the good and your the ugly.

Walking downstairs.

BRUCE

Will if being ugly allows me to be with a girl while you watch them walk by its all good to me.

CHRIS looks over his shoulder giving a warning stare to BRUCE to watch his step.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(anxious)

Want some popcorn.

Grabbing the bowl.

CHRIS

I spy on them from the top of my tree.

A beat.

They exchange looks. Both boys smirk. The movie begins and BRUCE goes and sits by CHRIS on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MOVIE - LATER - WINTER

Lost in the movie BRUCE tries to make sense of it.

BRUCE

Why, Doesn't he just shoot him? I mean he tried to hang him and he got away he probably will again.

CHRIS

It's pretty obvious he wants to make him suffer and watch him die. He wouldn't track him down just to put a bullet in his head.

BRUCE

If it were me I would get done with it as fast as possible.

Wanting to watch CHRIS doesn't pay attention and deflects to the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MOVIE - LATER - WINTER

With the bowl of popcorn in his hands, laughing--

CHRIS

You chucked on one.

Leaning on one side of the couch CHRIS is trying to catch his breath. BRUCE who had just chocked on a popcorn has a tear in his eyes.

BRUCE

Good to know that if I chocked and died you be laughing.

Leaning back up--

CHRIS

Sorry, it's just that--

Spasmodically laughing when glancing back to BRUCE.

We see both boys on the couch BRUCE sitting upright looks down at CHRIS who's laughing barely able to hold the bowl he hands it over--

With the bowl coming to him BRUCE decides he wants to laugh too and knocks the bowl to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MOVIE - LATER - WINTER

Other then the movie playing the atmosphere is stale. BRUCE is sitting on the couch. CHRIS is resting partially on the floor. By the couch is a vacuum, hinting that they cleaned the popcorn up.

A beat.

CHRIS

(directing his attention
 to BRUCE)

Anything happening with that Kayla chick?

BRUCE

(paying attention to the movie.)

Was until she got tired of me not working and never doing anything because I had no money. Hence she went to find her Casanova.

CHRIS

(now looking up at him.)
So, basically you didn't love her
enough to be her Romeo?

BRUCE

(looking back down)
I did, love her. But I want to
succeed.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Working and having a girlfriend is a primitive way of living.

Not comprehending BRUCE, CHRIS can only wish he had a girlfriend instead of being in a basement all day long.

CHRTS

Caveman lived in caves and so do we, (deflecting to BRUCE) who is more primitive.

Guns shot from the movie go off as people scream to their death. BRUCE is laughing--noticeably he did not hear what CHRIS said.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MOVIE - LATER - WINTER

A bridge in the movie blows up, a loud explosive sound emulates from it.

BRUCE and CHRIS are both sleeping, each on their own piece of floor. Images from the T.V. Reflect on their faces.

A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - DAY - WINTER

Everything is setup to film BRUCE checking over the script, lays it on the table. Walking on screen of their CAMERA he positions himself parallel to a red line which is taped on the ground.

Lights are set up according to the three point technique. A shotgun-mic is held over Bruce's head by a tripod and the CAMERA (on a tripod) is placed at eye level according to Bruce's height.

Behind the camera CHRIS is wearing a headset which is linked to the shotgun-mic.

CHRIS

Sound check.

BRUCE

(Improv)

Muffled BRUCE TALKING through Chris's headset. Approving the sound level CHRIS presses the record button.

CHRIS

Clap it.

BRUCE

Omega. Take one.

As if applauding in a theater BRUCE claps his hands.

CHRIS

Action!

We are looking through the CAMERA MONITOR at BRUCE talking we slowly zoom in until the border of the monitor is no longer visible. BRUCE is the actor, CHRIS the director both smile in content.

FADE TO BLACK.

HOLD ON BLACK.

A loud BANG of something shattering against a wall.

BRUCE

Your selfish! I handle all the work, I'm doing your job! While you decide to go back to school. What you hope I succeed and you'll just tag along.

CHRIS

You have shutout reality! Nothing has come out of your pipe dream for a year!

FADE IN:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - DAY - WINTER - 2014

BRUCE

You gave-up even before we began! We haven't made a video for over 3 months.

(A beat)

Did you think everything would come to us in a puff of smoke.

Taking a step forward.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

By the way it isn't a pipe dream, it's a plan we decided to go through with. WE.

CHRIS

(making eye contact) Yes because I made all the decisions!

(A beat)

I followed you because I thought you knew what you were doing. How surprising, you had no knowledge of what you were getting us into!

Yanking his bag, looking at the grungy basement.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

LA life, more like rats in the sewers.

BRUCE

Don't start trashing my basement after I let you live here for sometime. If you haven't notice it was proper before you came!

CHRIS

You know--

About to speak CHRIS stops and decides he has enough.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I hope you get up one morning to realize your not a super star.

Rushes up the staircase, BRUCE follows him.

BRUCE (O.S.)

(yelling)

I hope you turn on your T.V at night and see me on stage!

The front door SLAMS shut.

A beat.

Seems as though a rave had past through the basement. Stuff had been thrown around, equipment scarred on the floor, chairs flipped nothing was left untouched. This was not going to be forgotten over a good night sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY - WINTER

Now but common young man walking about--

Getting out of his front door wearing a winter coat CHRIS walks to the side walk. From his back pocket he takes a Tim Horton cap, placing it gently over his head he walks O.S.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - DAY - FRONT LAWN - WINTER

Stumbling out of his house in pajamas BRUCE drags himself to take out the trash and quickly gets himself back into his man-cave.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM HORTON - DAY - WINTER

Coffee sips into a cup--CHRIS is standing waiting for it to finish, take it he puts cream and sugar.

A customer is waiting with a few people in line we can foresee that coffee making is a routine.

JUMP CUT TO:

A puddle of coffee stains the floor caused by a shattered coffee decanter.

Behind a closed door through a window we see CHRIS being yelled at by his MANAGER.

JUMP CUT TO:

OUTSIDE TIM HORTON

On a curve by Tim Horton, CHRIS is drinking a coffee, his hat laying by his side.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - EVENING - WINTER

BRUCE is setting up the CAMERA, crooked frame and out of focus, he isn't a tech savvy person.

JUMP CUT TO:

P.O.V of their CAMERA, BRUCE is walking off and on screen, talking doing a video--obviously it's poorly done.

JUMP CUT TO:

Were observing BRUCE through the CAMERA monitor he sitting on a chair with a script in his hands, depleted.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - DINING TABLE - NIGHT - WINTER

CHRIS discussing a school project with a student. The conversation is inaudible though from afar we see their lips moving their in an intense conversation.

JUMP CUT TO:

HOURS LATER.

Paper fill the surface of a table both heads down writing. Fully focus on their work we have no interest of staying we

JUMP CUT TO:

Still writing CHRIS looks up the student is packing his stuff and is leaving.

CHRIS

Your not staying over?

STUDENT

(smiles) Girlfriend waiting back home.

(A beat)

You know how it is.

CHRIS

Ya...

CHRIS can only dream of knowing how it feels.

STUDENT

See ya.

Walks off screen, leaving CHRIS with stacks of papers around him.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING - WINTER

A fine looking GIRL sits with BRUCE at a restaurant each enjoying their meal.

JUMP CUT TO:

TIME PASSES

A WAITER comes by picking up their plates from their table.

WATTER

I'll bring the check.

Resting back in his chair-something sets him off.

BRUCE

I need to go use the restroom. I'll
be right back
 (Almost out of his chair)
Don't pay the tab while I'm gone

GTRT.

You think a girl would pay the tab on her first date. (smiles)

Though smiling back at her when BRUCE turns around leaving the table he can only question how he made such a stupid mistake and how fucked he is.

JUMP CUT TO:

RESTROOM

Entering BRUCE grabs his wallet from his back pocket

Opening it reveals he has no money. He looks up towards us-smirks.

JUMP CUT TO:

Through a small open window frame outside we see BRUCE running away to proud too acknowledge a girl has paid for him A beat.

GRADUALLY FADE

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING - WINTER

An alarm clock rings 8:00 is indicated— already sitting up by his bed CHRIS shuts it off. Holding a school book in a hand he stares at his laptop laying by his bed.

CROSSCUT WITH:

INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - MORNING - WINTER

8:00 is marked by a clock, around the kitchen table BRUCE is flipping through the news paper.

He's highlighting job offers and writing on a separate paper addresses and phone numbers.

A stack of C.V Are next to him.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY - WINTER

CHRIS still in his bed under the covers with a bag of chips by his side, is browsing Facebook on his laptop.

We enter into a Facebook conversation between CHRIS and LILY a classmate.

COMPUTER SCREEN

LILY

I've haven't seen you in class for a week. Where are you?

CHRIS

Nowhere. Working so and so I guess you can imply that I decided to go work instead, probably will again today.

LILY

Will... Wanna come over to my place instead of going to work, we could--

We can't see what she says next CHRIS would need to scroll down but we.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY - WINTER

With a few books BRUCE is walking through an aisle, stopping at a section and taking another, bigger than the rest.

CUT TO:

LIBRARY TABLE

Reading through pages of books about Film History, Actors and Screen Writing; BRUCE is absorbed into the material. He is writing notes on a separate paper.

CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - WINTER

We sneak inside a bedroom, music from a song is playing. Wind whistles from a small opening in a window.

CHRIS is in bed with LILY though still fully clothed their laying untop of the covers, asleep.

CLOSE UP on their hands touching.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - WINTER****

Lights still on, BRUCE is fully clothed as though to tired to do anything he crashed into bed. Loose papers are still in his palm.

Library books lay open on the floor, shoes close by. Note sheets are spread out through the room as though he fell asleep while writing they fell onto the floor.

FADE TO:

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - SUMMER

Winter has past, the lone oak tree is blooming again.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - MORNING - SUMMER

Walking on screen with only pants, BRUCE can be taken for a sleepwalker.

A pan sizzles over a stove burner, smoke blends into the air. In the kitchen cooking--

MOM

A Letter came in for you.

(nodding to a letter on
the kitchen table)

I'm making eggs for breakfast.

BRUCE glances at the letter.

BRUCE

(softly)

Thanks.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - MORNING - SUMMER

At the end of the driveway a mailbox is left opened.

Walking away from it CHRIS is flipping through the mail.

JUMP CUT TO:

Standing in boxers outside by his front door, CHRIS takes hold of a letter addressed to him.

BRUCE holds a check of 5,000\$ in his hands--from YouTube.

CHRIS holds also a check of 5,000\$ from YouTube in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING - SUMMER

In a frantic mood CHRIS flips his laptop screen open. Anxious he spams his left mouse button. Motionless as he opens his YouTube channel page. Now understanding what happened "Omega" (the last video he did with BRUCE) has gone viral with over 1 million views.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRUCE'S BASEMENT - MORNING - SUMMER

In the same state of mind as CHRIS, BRUCE goes on YouTube to see the same thing CHRIS has just seen.

Suspended in disbelief CHRIS doesn't know how to react and begins to smile.

BRUCE is jumping around going mad. He starts to play music and dances quite awkwardly.

Grabbing his phone he goes through his contacts sending CHRIS a text message.

A beat.

MESSAGE

Call Me Famous.

Stopping himself, he looks at his phone the music still playing in the background. He hasn't sent the message yet.

SMASH CUT:

Laying on his bed CHRIS is looking at his cell phone.

A long beat as both boys stare at their phones...

FADE TO:

INT. BAR - DAY - SUMMER

The same bar from a year ago, same booth by the window. BRUCE is sitting down with two beers filled to the brim with beer, look about until CHRIS walks into the bar.

They exchange a quick look.

BRUCE

Chris.

CHRIS

Bruce.

CHRIS sits down.

BRUCE tosses a mug to CHRIS.

JUMP CUT TO:

OUTSIDE

We look through a window as we dolly out gradually. CHRIS and BRUCE are in conversation, laughing each with a mug In their hands.

Day one, becoming somebody.

FADE TO BLACK.