

INT. BFI SOUTHBANK THEATER-LATE EVENING

The projector stares right at us causing a greenish-orange lens flare, the whirring sound of the digital projector eases us into a piano piece that becomes gradually louder.

We see a poorly filled theatre from where the projector projects a large image of a man waiting in a hospital hallway, his head hung low, tapping his feet, he seems anxious.

A nurse comes out from one of the doors, says something inaudibly.

OFF SCREEN, Out of the 6 people in the theatre, one is a stern looking middle aged woman named BEATRIZE, in the empty middle row, dressed in a deep cut dress, her over coat in her arms. She looks not a day over 40.

She looks back to notice a couple leave the theatre, her mind focused more on them than the film in front of her.

ON SCREEN, The man we'd seen in the hallway earlier is now in a hospital room as he is handed a baby to him by a woman who lays on the bed with her belly covered in the bedsheets. His eyes are full.

MAN

'She'd be one to watch out for.'

He jokes.

MOTHER

'Just like her mother.'

MAN

(still holding her)

'No questions there, she does have my nose.'

MOTHER

(Jokingly)

'Nothing a surgery can't fix later on.'

OFF SCREEN, An older man leaves the theatre, the woman, BEA, short for BEATRIZE turns again.

BEATRIZE

'Jesus Joe.'

She mumbles as she looks back at the screen, her hands caressing her forehead.

2 I/E WATERLOO- LATE EVENING

Bea exits the building trying to reach into her clutch for her cell phone.

The cold yet warmly lit city, London that's mildly dressed in christmas-sy lights, welcomes her with noises of horns, sirens and drunken laughter around the corner. She walks down some stairs. Reaches a parking lot.

Opens the door of her grey tesla. Sits inside. Puts her phone to her ear.

BEATRIZE

(She mumbles to herself.)

'Pick up, asshole.'

3 INT BEDROOM- LATE EVENING

AN IPHONE 14 LIGHTS UP IN A DIMLY LIT ROOM ON THE SIDE TABLE, BEA CALLING, SAYS THE SCREEN, VIBRATING.

A beautiful girl, in her late 20s and a lean muscular man in his early 30s are in the act of making love, in his bedroom.

The girl kisses his nipple and as she moves further down his body we see a chiselled pack of abs, post a hardened rock like chest.

JOE

'Fuck'

He adjusts his head in his arms, the corner of his eye catches the light from the phone's screen and he flips the silent phone on its face.

He is the man we saw on screen in that film earlier on. The girl's hands are out of the view of the camera as her lips caress his lower abs and she looks below.

'Babe, third time this week.'

,Her hands still stroking him,

'You're stressed about the film, aren't you?'

,she adds.

JOE

(JOE rubs his forehead as an air of disappointment takes over the room.)

'Maybe a little bit.'

,he tells her as she comes up to lay by his side, takes his arm and positions it as a pillow under her blonde hair.

GIRL

'Well, you have nothing to worry about. You're going to be great.'

He smiles subtly, not looking at her for more than a second. Then flips her over like she weighs nothing and takes over. Kisses her neck.

JOE

'Yeah, I am going..'

(He kisses her ear, she moans.)

'..to be fucking great.'

,he says as he climbs down her body. She giggles and her eyes flicker in a moment of pleasure as he buries himself within her legs.

GIRL

'Oh oh okay wow.'

she giggles as she holds his head.

GIRL

(moaning)

'Fuck Joey.'

Not fair, ah'

She whispers. He slips his finger between her lips while he's down there still making her gush and moan.

She bites and licks his finger as he goes to town on her. She moans louder.

WE SEE THEM IN A LONG SHOT BEFORE GIVING THEM SOME MUCH DESERVED PRIVACY.

4 INT BATHROOM- LATE EVENING

The toilet is a huge darkened room with purple lights in certain sections of it, for stylistic, slightly futuristic effect.

Joe stands in front of the sink and opens the cabinet to take out a small jar of Cialis, keeping it in his pocket.

5 INT LIMOUSINE(MOVING)- NIGHT

THE LIMOUSINE DRIVER, A WELL BUILT MAN IN A BLACK UNIFORM AND BLACK HAT TURNS UP THE RADIO AS HE GLANCES AT THE BACK SEAT FROM THE REAR VIEW MIRROR.

And past the tinted sound proof glass that divides his front seat area and the back seat area we see three men, including Joe, all dressed in expensive suits. Joe tries to open the champagne.

His two friends sit on either sides, one is a basketball player type but more vain with brighter teeth than anyone in the back of the limo, Matt is his name. The other is Jason, who's busy in his phone. Both in their early 30s.

MATT

'You excited bro?'

JOE

'I don't think so. Nope. Not really.'
, he says playfully.

MATT

'Ae don't fuck with me. Come on, it's a showbiz party, you promised you'll introduce me to Kaylee.'

Matt rubs his hands together.

'Ah so that's why you dragged me to it.'

Joe says. POP! The champagne pops and he pours for the three of them.

MATT

'Nah Nah, we need our boy to party tonight. His film's out, another project's finished. He needs a release Of inner and outer bodily fluids.'

He shrugs, taking his glass from Joe.

Joe smiles.

Jason's still in his cell phone.

'Oh and I get to meet Kaylee.'

JASON says paying half the attention as he grabs his glass. Matt is offended and turns to Jason.

MATT

'Fucker I already called dibs the second we saw her nudie scene that night.'

Joe chuckles.

JASON

'No such thing as Dibs on Chicks.'

Jason smiles still in his cell, looking at Matt momentarily.

6 INT THE PARTY HALL- NIGHT

It's almost a Shakespearean affair within a large high-ceiling hall, multiple individuals dressed in the same kind of outfits, expensive uniforms of 2 and 3 piece suits for men and shining dresses for women.

Joe stands with a different glass of champagne in his hand. He is being spoken to by an older man.

OLD MAN

'..One of the most difficult aspects of the trade I'd say is staying in shape. The audience wants eye candy. And you can't go on screen with a bod like mine.'

The older man taps his belly.

JOE

'Come on you rock the belly Ron.'

Joe chuckles. Ron laughs.

RON

'You're a good apple, but the way you maintain your physique is simply incredible.'

JOE

' I try, I try.'

RON

'So what Rom-coms are on your calendar next? I mean clearly you're the rom com man.'

Joe shifts his weight from one foot to another.

'Ah..'

He mumbles.

RON

'I only mean it as a compliment. One goes to Holland for childish men, to Elba for overtly masculine men and for rom coms, we have you.'

(Chuckles)

In Hollywood you put on the hat that the audience likes you the best

in and run with it. After that it's just doing the bare minimum and keeping that hat on. That's all you need to do to stay alive in the art of films.'

The old man explains.

JOE

'I get it, no yeah, nothing planned yet. But soon.'

RON

'We do have some rom-com scripts coming to our studio, maybe we can send some over ya know?'

Joe nods thinking.

JOE

'That would be great Mr. Anders.'

We hear steady footsteps nearing them. Bea appears in front of the two, in the same outfit as earlier.

BEA

'Good Evening Mr Anders, Just going to borrow him for a moment.'

She mentions to Ron Anders and drags Joe a bit away.

JOE

'So this is what an ambush smells like, Versace.'

BEA

'Just come with me.'

JOE

'I was about to call you...'

BEA

'Sure, like you always are.'

Her and Joe stop in a distance and she pulls out an air pod out of her ear and hands him the phone.

'This film's not going to work for us Joe. No one showed up at a Friday evening show..'

,She tells him as Joe wears the ear pod.

JOE

'What do you mean?'

He looks at Bea as she plays the video.

'This.'

Bea hints towards the cell phone. Joe looks at the video.

RUTH GREEN, a young lady, approximately Joe's age, stands against a huge logo banner which screams 'Let's Film It', facing us, he plays the video and we watch him watch it, the noise of the party crossing to the video's.

RUTH GREEN

'It's almost sad that the world has to go through another Joe Gold disaster of a film. Every film he's done so far has been a xerox of the previous one. The writing's terrible, ofcourse, that's a given in any Joe Gold film recipe. But what's worse is the disgust you feel after you see the girls still being shown as just objects that happen to fall head first in love with his character. I mean come on Joe, choose better films, be a better man...'

The soundscape reverses back to the party as Joe's smile drops. Bea takes away the cell phone from Joe.

BEA

'We have to find our blue whale, no more putting it off.'

JOE

'Who is this?'

BEA

'That's not important, she's just a voice. We need to save our asses.'

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

'Later Bea, not tonight.'

He says taking steps in the other direction

BEA

'First thing tomorrow.'

Jason is speaking to a foxy young woman when he notices Joe heading for the door.

He approaches him on the way out.

JASON

'Hey, where you heading to?'

Joe stops and turns to Jason,

JOE

'Early night today Jason, I'm heading home.'

Jason looks beyond Joe's shoulder, the girl smiles as she sips her drink.

JOE

'I'll get a cab, the limo's all yours for the night.'

JASON

'You the man!'

Jason says leaving Joe as Joe continues to head out from the grand affair.

7 INT LOCAL PUB- NIGHT

Joe sits with the top two buttons of his white shirt unbuttoned. He is at a vintage looking pub's bar with a dark brown drink in front of him. He looks at the ice that is settled at the bottom.

A group of 3 women, are eyeing him from a distance, they sit at a separate table by the mediocre looking unlit Christmas tree. He looks back and catches their eye. They blush and gossip, he smiles at them before returning his gaze to his drink.

ONE OF THE WOMEN

'Isn't that Joe Gold? The actor?'

We overhear a bit of what they gush over. A well built African man, who's behind the bar approaches Joe.

MANNY

'Why do you still keep coming here?
It's a place for us common folks,

why not go to the Ritz like all famous people.'

His face curved into a smile.

JOE GOLD

'Nah, they don't pour a whisky like
my-man Manny'

Joe says gleefully.

'How's Carrie and the missus?'

MANNY

'Starting Mid School this year. I know
the year's gonna be a bitch. The fee
and travel's gonna dig a hole for
sure.'

Manny cleans a glass with his cloth.

'When does your next film come out.'

JOE

'It's out today.'

Joe notices Manny's eyes drift to his right. He chuckles moving away to other customers as we find the group of 3 girls approaching Joe. Joe notices from over his shoulder

subtly.

'Joe Gold!'

One of the three girls exclaim as the other two hang behind her. She's fashionable, in a dark red, low cut top. In her mid 20s at max. Joe turns back to her and cracks a faint yet charming smile.

JOE

'Mmmh great eye.'

Joe says, extending his hand. She cracks a mischievous chuckle as she curls her hair behind her ear.

GIRL IN RED

'I'm so sorry, you're even hotter in reality.'

Her friends giggle. Joe chuckles.

She shakes his hand.

JOE

'I know right, you too!'

,he says matching her enthusiasm.

FOXY GIRL

'Aren't you funny!'

JOE

'Some say, more than my films.'

Joe says, making her laugh. Manny's looking at them from the corner of his eye.

She picks up a tissue from the counter and writes her number on it, slips it to Joe.

He playfully tears it up immediately and leans towards her.

JOE

'Wait for me in the Men's room in 5.'

She smiles and then leaves. Joe turns to Manny who's conversing with another customer.

JOE

'Manny! 3 of the double single malts please.'

MANNY
 (under his breath)
 'He pulls.'

Manny chuckles at the other customer. Joe pulls out his box of cialis and from under the bar table he flips out one pill, then pops it.

Slaps the whisky into his mouth to drown it.

CUT TO

8 INT LOCAL PUB'S WASHROOM- NIGHT

A moderately cleaned restroom with white tiles and surprisingly no gunk visible around.

Joe kisses the girl with all his might and thrusts into her, with her partially sitting on the washroom sink. She moans.

9 EXT BENDER AND BENDER'S PRODUCTION OFFICES- DAY

'BABY DON'T GO DANCING' in blue and pink bubbly font upon the film's poster grace our view.

As we go farther from the poster we notice Joe in the persona we witnessed in the film we'd seen earlier. He stands in the middle of a lady, whom we'd seen in the same snippet. And another man, dressed in a leather attire.

Just as the gaze is shifted to a wider right we notice smoke and the source is the mouth of a 6ft 2 man who vapes his juul, he's old. In his late 40s if time hadn't treated him well or on the verge of being 60 if he'd aged graciously. The lenses of his glasses are two perfect metal studded circles.

He's outside the cluster of tall buildings, the one he faces has the letters B and B engraved upon the glass arch with a metallic silver like material.

He takes a long and loud puff, keeps his vape inside the breast pocket of his suede jacket, lets out the smoke and begins to go head inside.

10 INT BENDER AND BENDER'S PRODUCTION OFFICES- DAY

'HENRY OLLEN, I sent in Loving, Nick couple'a weeks back.'

He says to the receptionist, a pale Caucasian lady in her early 20s with bright red nail paints and a ravishing lip

shade.

Her eyes lift up gently, lips widen to a smile.

RECEPTIONIST

'Oh of course, Let me get Mr. James
for you.'

She says as he leans out and looks around at the floor. It's a small space, or there's too much kept away from the eyes of the everyday man, until they come in with an appointment.

The greys of the wall and furniture, deliberately overpowered by the greens of the pillows on the grey sofa or the plastic plants on the tables.

RECEPTIONIST

(On the handset)

'Hi Sir, Mr. Ollen is here to see you'

11 INT JAME'S OFFICE- DAY

The office is a simple light green furniture-ed space with glass for walls around it. Towards one end against the table is a middle aged, sharp looking man. He's wearing suspenders atop his cream colour shirt. He's called JAMES.

Opposite him sits HENRY, both his arms eased at the arm rests.

JAMES

'So, I read your script.'

James says in a constant nod.

HENRY

'I take it that you don't hate it.'

Henry smiles.

JAMES

'It's something.'

James purses his lips.

HENRY

'And you want to make it?'

JAMES

'Straight to business, no foreplay. My kinda guy.'

James says pointing and smiling. Henry widens his already plastered smile.

JAMES

'We're ready to offer 200k for the rights of the screenplay.'

James says leaning in. A beat. Henry smacks his lips.

HENRY

'I'm not selling the script James. Apologies for being straight.'

JAMES

'What are you looking for? Not directing it, certainly.'

Henry crackles his neck with a semi loud snap as his lips spread into a smile.

HENRY

'Certainly.'

JAMES

'You're funny for a tall, serious guy.'

,James laughs. Henry chuckles along.

JAMES

'No seriously Mr Ollen, you don't have any directing experience that

we're not aware of, do you?'

Henry shakes his head.

JAMES

'The treatment and the story is great, no doubt. But we don't put money on newcomers just like that. Maybe sell this script to us, go back to the world, work a bit, work up the ladder, and maybe we can make something in a few years. Who knows, it's a crazy business.'

Henry looks down at his knees and then at James.

HENRY

'Why'd you like the script?'

James leans back a bit.

JAMES

'It's got something. After reading it twice, I'm still unable to put my finger on why. It's definitely something. But writing and directing are different species altogether...'

HENRY

'I haven't spent the last 9 years simply writing the script James. I have seen it, heard it, suffered for it as I've lived it.'

Henry says reaching into his bag for a small folder which visibly has multiple sheets of papers.

HENRY

'Do you have kids?'

JAMES

'I have two, one's turned 14 last week. And the other 5.'

HENRY

'Adorable, the little one, what does he enjoy doing in his free time?'

JAMES

(Scratching his forehead)
'Well he sings, I mean he sings terribly, help me god, but singing, a bit of sketching stick figures.'

HENRY

'Ah, an artist.'

JAMES

'Sure, as all kids are.'

Henry lets out a friendly chuckle.

HENRY

'You're right about that.'

Henry reorganises the sheets of paper as he speaks.

HENRY

'As kids we all enjoy creating. Whether it's sketching, singing or

playing make-believe with our toys. But as we grow up, we abandon all of that one by one, for various pursuits, like what does your 14 year old enjoy doing?'

JAMES

'Uh, mostly playing on his PlayStation, he's a straight A student as well. So study too.'

HENRY

'Pursuits like self gratifying games or education. All that's important too, don't get me wrong.'

James stares at Henry, brows pulled together, as attentive as ever.

HENRY

'It is as if we're all born artists but most of us die ordinary men and women. Though that part of us, the artist, still persists in a few cells of our body. For the majority of us, like you or me James, it stays a cell.'

Henry speaks with a thrust out chin. A beat.

And then his eyes twinkle as he speaks,

HENRY

'But for a very few, that bloody cell spreads like cancer until they become the artists we worship. Writers, Painters, Musicians. In the recent few years we have had over 20 films based on music personalities, biopics and fictions. These films ended up having a tremendous run at the box office. QUEEN, ELVIS, ELTON. Why?'

He slides a sheet of paper on the table to James.

HENRY

(Contd.)

'Because the rest of us who gave away our artistic abilities for mere cash, still harbour that single cell of art that draws us to these films of 'What

ifs.'

He brings his fingertips really close.

(contd.)

'...Stories of art, the artist, hell,
the tortured artist.'

James gazes up from the sheets of paper at Henry.

HENRY

'And here's a list of the films Bender
and Bender's produced in the last half
a decade, with their numbers.'

Henry says sliding another sheet of paper to James.

HENRY

'James, our film is about a guy who
follows through with his pursuit of
art, he lives right at the brink of
life. Painting to escape life, living
to escape his art.'

James shakes his head, nose in the air.

JAMES

Your words impress me Henry. But you
haven't any experience. I don't think
the company would be comfortable
putting this kinda money on a rookie.'

Henry smiles back. His eyes caught by the Piet Mondrian on
James' wall.

HENRY

'You don't collect paintings right?'

JAMES

'Nah, it's just something that came
with the office.'

Henry gets up and steadily paces towards the painting.

'I figured.'

JAMES

'Excuse me?'

Henry examines the painting standing close to it.

HENRY

'Well I paint a lot James, not as often as I'd like to. Done so for all my life. I'm barely brilliant at it. But I could tell you by the stroke of an artist's painting if he's a leftie or how long he'd been painting. I could also tell you that your Mondrian is a copy.'

He turns back to James with a smile.

JAMES

'I highly doubt that.'

HENRY

(looking at the painting)

'The blacks aren't flats, they're strokes. The yellows have been painted with strokes that end in the south east, while the red's a tad bit in the bloody middle of south and north east.'

He turns to James as he walks back to his seat.

(contd.)

'Mondrian kept his black lines flat and colors always had strokes that ended in one particular direction...'

Henry seats himself as a grin seats itself upon his face. James squints at the painting, then at Henry.

HENRY

'Like that I know why the last 4 of your films bombed and why this one would at least triple its budget at the box office. I can sign on it.'

HENRY chuckles.

James listens carefully.

'I do have a standing offer from Mydrian of 14.5 million.'

Henry adds. James' smile appears and then broadens.

12 INT GROCERY STORE- NIGHT

Henry is in the bakery section of the moderately busy supermarket which is lit up with aggressively visible Christmas decor. He weighs the loaf in his hand while selecting one.

Walking onto the billing counter, he puts his bread and other groceries on the counter.

He smiles at the lady who's billing him.

CASHIER

'Having a nice day honey?'

HENRY

'Yeah.'

Henry smiles.

CASHIER

'14.50.'

He taps his card. Collects his stuff from the billing counter's other end.

HENRY

'Have a nice day.'

He says leaving.

CASHIER

'You too.'

She replies and he leaves.

13 EXT LONDON STREETS/CHISWICK- NIGHT

The music pours out of a pub on the street, complimenting the constantly chattering streets of London along with subtle motor vehicle noises.

The streets are lit with reds and green for Christmas and yellow for mere visibility.

Henry walks as he vapes on the footway. He passes multiple French cafes as he walks leaving behind him puffs of smoke, while he holds the bag of groceries in one hand.

14 INT HENRY'S MANSION LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

His living-room is an organised mess. Strings of pages strung on high wires running across the room. His table is full of pages. Laptop opened beside them. An easel board in the corner.

-He unhooks a page from the rope. Starts to examine it.

-Throws it in the trash.

-Slightly holds his glasses as he sketches on a storyboard, while he sits at his table.

-A half folded sheet of paper upon the table that seems to be a handwritten letter distracts him. He puts it in the cupboard.

-Gets up to the kitchen counter, pours himself a drink of wine.

-Sits at his table, his laptop's in front of him. Starts looking at a website for actors in London. Notes down something on his small yellow notepad.

Pats the jacket that hangs on his chair, trying to find his phone in the pocket, finds it.

HENRY

'Hey, I'm sending you a list of names.'

He says on the cell. A beat. Shakes his head disapprovingly.

'Ofcourse new faces James. Thanks.'

Keeps his cell.

15 EXT JOE'S CAR- NIGHT

Joe and his girl sit at the backseat of his Mercedes car. He stares out of the window.

Welcome to Bournemouth, a big green sign says.

16 INT BENDER & BENDER'S MEETING OFFICE- DAY

Joe sits in the big conference room, alongside his manager Bea, his girlfriend and three employees from the agency. A 65'' screen LED lays empty at the wall.

JOE
'This is that dreaded meeting isn't
it.'

Joe leans towards Bea.

BEA
'Isn't it always.'

JOE
'Come on Bea, why'd you sugarcoat it.'

He whispers to her. The other employees either are in their files or are hooking up their laptop to the projector.

BEA
'To get you here. Would you have come
if I'd told you it's a numbers
meeting.'

He totally wouldn't have.

He leans back into his chair.

JOE
'Fair enough.'

The man connecting the projector turns to them. The TV comes to life with bar charts and numbers.

MAN
'Well the numbers are in and it's not
looking great.'

Joe nods, pretending to be seriously listening, squints his left eye. The man turns to the TV as he changes the slide to a pie chart.

BEA
'We don't need the entire show for
this Howard. Just tell us, how bad is
it?'

HOWARD
'Lowest numbers in December of any
major film that's been out.'

JOE
'Fuck.'

MEANWHILE

17 INT BENDER & BENDER'S AUDITION ROOM- DAY

An actor stands in the middle of the room.

ACTOR 1

'It'll be late when you get my message
mon amour. All too late.'

He says. Another actor in another time, takes over.

ACTOR 2

'All my life has just been a fight, a
losing fight with this blank canvas.'

Another actor takes over.

ACTOR 3

'No matter how many colours I slapped
onto it, nothing but black came out.'

The next one carries it forward.

ACTOR 4

'Black that buried within it all
beautiful memories, you, our daughter,
all the good that could've been, if
I'd just, stopped fighting.'

ACTOR 5

'But it's too late, isn't it Marie, I
have lost it all. I'm giving up. The
canvas wins. But I won't let it win,
blank.'

ACTOR 1

(continues)

'Forgive me'

ACTOR 2

'Forgive me..'

ACTOR 3

'Forgive me Mary.'

ACTOR 4

If your heart'

ACTOR 5

'Ever can'

ACTOR 1
'Yours, Loving Nick.'

On the opposite side is a long table where James, Henry and an asian woman sit.

ZENG looks impressed. James nods, looks over at Henry, Henry's face shows no sense of approval. James turns to Henry.

JAMES
'Well?'

HENRY
'I need a smoke.'

,Henry says getting up.

JAMES
'We'll be right here.'

Henry nods at James, exiting the room.

ACTOR 5
'So how'd I do?'

JAMES
'We'll call you.'

,James nods at him.

18 INT CORRIDORS OF BENDER & BENDER'S OFFICE- AFTERNOON

Henry paces through the corridors of the premises. Stops at the reception.

HENRY
'Ms June.'

He says to the receptionist who's click-clacking onto her pc's keyboard.

HENRY
'Where's the smoking area?'

JUNE
'It's right there.'

She points towards an area with her sharp and edgy long nail of the index finger, looking up for no more than 2 seconds

before gazing back at the screen.

'To your left at the end of the hallway.'

She adds. Henry's eyes meet the pages on her desk, lying lazily and messily with a stapler upon them as a paper weight. He begins organizing them.

JUNE

'I got this Mr. Ollen.'

He bends slightly as he tidily arranges the desk a bit.

HENRY

'Doesn't seem like at the moment June.'

He says condescendingly and leaves. June finally looks up at him leaving, he's had her attention yet she's devoid of his.

Nevermind. Clickity-Clack she goes again.

19 EXT SMOKING AREA- AFTERNOON

Henry exits to the smoking area. Dark red bricks and metal grey strips attached to the corners soothe the eyes.

Joe is already there, he's lighting his cigarette, his back leaning on the said bricked-wall.

There's no one but Joe and Henry in the smoking area.

JOE

'Hey.'

He smiles while taking a puff. Henry smiles back with a nod till he realises.

HENRY

'Joe Gold, innit?'

Joe nods,

JOE

'Yours truly.'

He says with a faint salute.

HENRY

'Your film was out last week..'

JOE
(Whimsically)
'You sound like you haven't watched
it, don't blame you.'

Henry chuckles, takes out his e-cigarette.

JOE
'Those aren't so good for you.'

HENRY
'Well I'm almost 50, if cancer wanted
me it coulda had me by now.'

Joe lets out a small laugh as he gazes at his own cigarette
for a moment before putting it back between his lips.

HENRY
'Your film, How's it doing?'

JOE
'The audience didn't seem to love it.
Just had one of those *The numbers are*
in meets with the execs...'
Joe adds. Henry nods slightly as he vapes.

HENRY
'As long as you're happy with what
you've put out, the numbers don't
matter.'

JOE
'Sure they do man. Sorry, I didn't
catch your name.'

HENRY
'Didn't throw it yet. It's Henry
Ollen.'

JOE
'Oh yeah! They're having auditions in
3A for your uh, what's it called?'

HENRY
'Loving, Nick.'

JOE
'Fancy! What's it about?'

Joe says excitedly as he detaches himself from the wall.

HENRY

'It's about a painter, an artist essentially.'

Henry says casually pacing for a moment.

JOE

'Aren't all films, eh?'

Henry's brows come together as he shakes his head subtly.

HENRY

'I'm really not sure about that. What I am is... not surprised at all.'

Joe looks confused.

HENRY

'For a second back there I felt poorly about the talent auditioning for me, ya know. They wake early, or don't sleep at all. After working an all night shift at some god-forsaken pub they cough up enough cash to catch a train donning their best looking, musty-odored Shirts. Just to fumble while reciting an eight line monologue, the one they gave god knows how many readings to on their way here. But they're not all that bad.'

JOE

'Sure, uh I better head back inside.'

Joe crushes his cigarette under his boots. Henry takes a beat. His face hardens to a stern smile.

HENRY

'I don't blame you for not knowing any better. Good luck.'

Bea, comes out through the door.

BEA

'Joe, we're back.'

she says through the half opened door. Joe doesn't look at her, he simply squints at Henry.

JOE
 (annoyed)
 'See you around.'

Henry nods, still smiling and vaping. Joe leaves.

We follow them inside.

JOE
 'Beatrice, I need a favour.'
 ,he tells her before they enter the conference room.

BEA
 'Yes?'

JOE
 'I want to read the rude man's script.
 Can you arrange it for me before we
 leave?'

Bea is a bit confused.

'Loving, Nick. The guy's Henry
 something.'

Joe says, opening the door to enter. Bea follows in.

20 EXT CAR- AFTERNOON

Joe and his girlfriend are in the car, on their way back.
 LUTHER, Joe's driver in uniform drives the Mercedes. Britney
 Spears' Baby one more time plays in the car.

GIRL
 'My Loneliness is killing me, and I
 must confess!'

Joe's girlfriend who sits with him in the back seat of the
 car sings. Joe is trying to read the script.

JOE
 'Babe can you just..'

He folds the script that he reads as he subtly folds his
 hands.

GIRL
 '..Hit me baby, one more time!'

She sings along louder yet immensely out of tune, and slides

her hand onto his lap, under the script he holds.

JOE

'Babe'

He chuckles as he holds her hand, eyeing Luther for an instance. She gets a bit disappointed and shifts to the other side, towards the window.

'DONNA.. DONNA..'

,He says consolingly,

JOE

'I just want to read the script.'

(Turns to Luther)

'Man could you turn this down?'

The driver does so. Donna is more offended now.

DONNA

'I like this song Joe.'

She says, offended. Driver stares at the road ahead.

JOE

'I get that, I'm trying to read this.

Can't you see that?'

He turns to the script momentarily but then back to Donna and says,

'Who blasts the music when someone's trying to read, it's so

inconsiderate.'

He adds.

DONNA

'You're inconsiderate.'

JOE

(confused)

'What? How?'

DONNA

'Every fucking time Joe. It's not just one thing, it isn't about the song or the script It's about you rejecting me in every possible way you can. Every

time I try to get close, you push me farther and farther away.'

Luther catches a glimpse of the argument from the rear view mirror.

DONNA

(Contd)

'..On top of that you come smelling back of booze and women. You think I don't see what the fuck is going on here? Either you're cheating on me or you're just a freak who can't seem to get it up when a beautiful lady decides to touch you.'

She says, almost screaming. Luther glances over through the rear view mirror.

Donna moves her gaze back to out of her window. Joe's stunned.

DONNA

'We're done.'

She says, looking away.

21 INT LET'S FILM IT OFFICE'S STUDIO- EVENING

An interview set up with visible light stands and a banner that screams 'LET'S FILM IT! In bold proud letters.

RUTH GREEN stands up from one of the chairs as she caresses her pants, straightening them out. Her smile is so infectious that it would make the grumpiest of humans spread their lips in a wider smile.

From the other chair stands a man in his late 60s, very well dressed with a scarf and a formal sweater.

RUTH

'Always a pleasure Mr. Stevens'

STEVENS

'Pleasure was all mine.'

Behind the camera is a young man wearing a beret hat like it's still 1925. He takes the Sony Fs7 off the tripod and starts packing it. Another woman comes and starts lowering the tripod.

RUTH

'Jonah will see you out. Have a wonderful weekend sir.'

Stevens smiles as he is escorted by another man, in all denims. Behind Ruth the crew has started turning the lights off.

22 INT 'LET'S FILM IT' OFFICE, JAN'S OFFICE- EVENING

JAN's office is painted pastel pink with multiple photo frames of her family and children. She is just over 30, dressed in a bright yet abstract looking yellow jacket.

She picks her laptop from her desk and packs it into an LV bag. 'Tnuk Tnuk!' a subtle knock is heard, Jan looks up.

RUTH

'Tom and the team are just wrapping up, Steven was in an awfully good mood today.'

Ruth says holding the door.

JAN

'Hah! He's always lovely. How'd the interview go?'

RUTH

'Smooth, can't believe he's been making films for two decades.'

JAN

'He is a charmer.'

Jan zips up her laptop bag. Picks it up.

RUTH

'Uh so I'm taking this week's data home with me, I think I'll just prep a rough edit. It'll really help Tom speed up the final output. Just wanted to let you know.'

JAN

'Girl, don't you have plans this weekend? You shouldn't be carrying your work home this early in life.'

She says heading to Ruth. Ruth smiles as she opens the door letting JAN out of the office, into the corridors.

RUTH

'I enjoy it, love watching myself.'

JAN

'Alright then, see you Monday Girl.'

Jan smiles walking away. Ruth smiles back and takes the opposite direction.

23 INT RUTH'S STUDIO FLAT- NIGHT

A brightly lit pink neon sign saying 'Hello' in mild italics hangs on the wall. In the mildly stuffy apartment there's a warm lamp that's the only other source of light. An old dackel (dog) lies heaving on the bed.

Some warm yellow pours out of the kitchen as well. Ruth in her blue jammies, exits the kitchen with a cup in her hand and makes her way to the study table, keeping the mug on it, she pulls the chair and sits down.

Her laptop pings, she leans in. 'One new message' says her screen with the Gmail symbol at the end of it. She clicks on it.

The email is by Joe Gold, it reads, 'Great review of my film. Let's talk.'

Ruth's eyes twinkle a little as she chuckles and picks up the steaming hot cup of chamomile tea, bringing it closer to her anxious face.