

JIM

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

CAMERAMAN POV:

JIM, 26, wears glasses, looks like the type to carry an inhaler in his front pocket in a quasi boy-next-door way, sits in the back seat of a huge car.

A CAMERA CREW sit directly in front of him.

KEVIN, late 50's, the producer sits amongst the camera crew.

Jim gazes out of the window.

KEVIN

So how are you feeling?

JIM

A little nervous.

KEVIN

How come?

JIM

I don't know there's just a lot of emotions building up.

KEVIN

Do you want to explain to the audience what you're doing?

JIM

I'm going to give my boyfriend an ultimatum.

KEVIN

Do you know which he's going to choose?

JIM

No and that's what makes me nervous.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The car arrives at Jim's destination.

KEVIN

Alright we can't go in with you but we're just going to mic you up really quick so we'll be able to catch everything that happens for the documentary.

JIM

Alright cool.

One of the crew members quickly sets up a tiny microphone onto Jim. Jim gets out of the car.

Before the door closes-

KEVIN

Good luck.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is extremely busy, packed from wall to wall almost as if it was opening day.

Jim sits in a private section of the restaurant. He sits alone at a table for two.

A WAITRESS, late 30s, walks over, her name tag reads *Sandy*.

SANDY

Can I get you something to drink while you wait?

JIM

I'll take the lightest beer you guys have on tap. Thanks.

SANDY

Alright.

Sandy turns around but before she could leave Jim stops her.

JIM

Actually scratch that, I'll take a whiskey on ice.

SANDY

Yup!

JIM

Actually never mind. I'll take the beer. Sorry.

SANDY

No worries. I'll be right back with your beer.

Jim exhales deeply as the waitress walks away.

When-

Twelve-year-old-girl fan-girl screams and whir & clicks of a camera shutter drown out the peaceful ambience of the restaurant.

Everyone at the restaurant turn their heads to the door. Jim remains unfazed.

Sandy walks back over to Jim with his beer. She sets it down in front of him without taking her eyes off the door.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I've lived in Los Angeles for 15 years now but I always get little excited when a celebrity's eat here. I wonder who it is this time.

Jim takes a sip of his beer.

Right on cue enters, TREVOR SWISH, sports Gucci sunglasses and a cheetah print fur coat. He walks over to Jim's table.

His bodyguard, BIG BEN, 50s extremely buff and 7 feet tall, follows close by to get Trevor to the table but settles down just far enough to not disturb the couple.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Oh my god you're Trevor Swish.

Trevor takes off his sunglasses and fur coat. He hears Sandy as he walks up.

TREVOR

Hi, how's it going?

Sandy stands in shock that he acknowledged her.

SANDY

Great! Can I start you off with anything to drink?

TREVOR

I'll have a mimosa if that's not too much of a hassle.

SANDY

Not at all! I'll be right back with it.

Sandy walks away from the table. Trevor shifts all of his attention to Jim.

TREVOR

Hey babe. How are you?

He leans over the to to kiss Jim, Jim leans in slightly but doesn't put in as much effort as Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JIM

You're late.

TREVOR

You know how I feel about leaving my fans hanging. They wait hours to meet me.

JIM

So do I.

TREVOR

Oh come on, don't do that.

JIM

I just feel like I have to fight your fans for your attention sometimes.

TREVOR

Alright well you have my full, undivided attention now and for the rest of the day I promise.

Sandy returns with the mimosa and places it in front of Trevor.

SANDY

Are you boys ready to order?

JIM

Oh not yet I haven't even looked at the menu sorry.

SANDY

No worries take your time.

Sandy walks away.

Jim's phone vibrates.

SUPERIMPOSE a graphic of an iMessage bubble.

A text from Kevin (the producer from earlier) reads: *SHIFT MIC A LITTLE, CAN'T HEAR TREV.*

Trevor watches Jim as he takes a sip of his mimosa then looks down at his mimosa.

TREVOR

This is amazing, wanna try some?

Jim is locked in on his phone.

JIM

Uh- what is it again?

TREVOR

A mimosa.

JIM

(half listening)

Oh no, not right now.

Jim finally puts his phone down.

TREVOR

Who was that?

JIM

Just Rachel. She's coming in tomorrow to help me shoot some stuff for the doc.

TREVOR

The documentary! How's that coming along? When do I get to see some cuts?

Jim finally lightens up a little.

JIM

Pretty good actually, we just wrapped filming a portion of it today.

TREVOR

Really? What on?

JIM

Actually that's why I wanted to get dinner with you, I was just thinking that we should-

Before Jim could finish a high pitched voice with a lisp is heard.

GIRL
TREVOR SWISH! I am your biggest fan!

Trevor and Jim turn to see-

LACEY, 15 year old with braces and pig tails manages to make it passed Big Ben, now breathing heavily.

Her knuckles turn white from how hard she's holding onto the CD in her hand.

TREVOR
Hi! What's your name?

LACEY
Lacey Fitzpatrick! Can you sign this for me?

Jim tries to stop Lacey from handing Trevor the CD.

JIM
I'm sorry we were in the middle of something that's a little rude.

TREVOR
It'll only take a second.

She hands Trevor the CD and pulls out a marker from her fanny pack. As she hands Trevor the marker Big Ben notices her and rushes over to the table.

Trevor happily signs the CD.

BIG BEN
Do we have a problem here?

TREVOR
Nope, it's alright Ben.

Trevor hands back the CD and Lacey rushes in for a hug, dropping Jim's beer on him in the process.

Trevor laughs while Jim sits in shock. Big Ben manages to get Lacey off of Trevor and carries her away.

Jim looks down at his beer soaked shirt.

JIM
Are you fucking kidding me?

TREVOR

It's fine she's only a kid. Don't
be too hard on them.

JIM

Yeah well you're not the one
covered in beer right now.

Jim stands up and storms towards the bathroom.

TREVOR

Where are you going?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jim storms into the bathroom and heads straight for the
sinks. He grabs some paper towels from the dispenser next to
the sink.

He stands there and looks at himself in the mirror.

He exhales.

INTERCUT:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Trevor sits at the table alone waiting for Jim to get back.

Mandy brings another beer for Jim and places it on the table.

MANDY

On the house.

TREVOR

Thanks!

Jim's phone vibrates. It catches Trevor eye.

Trevor reaches for the phone when-

RACHEL, 25, Jim's extremely trendy best friend, walks up to
the table in a baby pink Chanel ensemble. She's chewing gum.

RACHEL

Well, well, well. If it isn't Mr.
Trevor Swish in the flesh.

TREVOR

Rachel! What are you doing here?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim splashes water on his face.

He looks at himself in the mirror again.

JIM

You can do this. Just go back out there and lay it down. It's either me or nothing. Me or nothing. Me or nothing.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL

I was just in the neighborhood and heard this place was just to die for. What about you doll face?

TREVOR

I'm actually here with Jim.

RACHEL

Jim!? I don't believe it. I haven't seen that walking turd in over a month can you believe it?

TREVOR

Really? I thought you guys were supposed to film tomorrow?

RACHEL

Filming for what?

TREVOR

His documentary?

RACHEL

He hasn't told me anything about a documentary.

Rachel's phone buzzes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh. That's my Uber. I'll catch you later hon. Kisses.

She struts away. Trevor barely gets a chance to respond.

TREVOR

It was nice seeing you!

Trevor looks back at Jim's phone.

He picks it up and looks at it quickly before putting it back down.

Jim comes back with his shirt a little bit drier.

JIM

Hey sorry for getting upset. I really shouldn't have gotten upset, it's just something has really been bothering me-

TREVOR

Why did you lie to me?

JIM

What?

TREVOR

Why did you lie to me?

Jim gets slightly nervous.

JIM

What do you mean?

TREVOR

You told me you were shooting with Rachel.

JIM

I am.

TREVOR

That's funny because she doesn't seem to know about it.

JIM

Did you text her?

TREVOR

No she was just here. So who were you really texting?

JIM

It was Rachel. It just wasn't about shooting.

Jim takes a sip of the newly filled beer.

TREVOR

What was it about then?

JIM
There's something that's been
bothering me.

TREVOR
What's up?

Mandy walks over to the table again.

MANDY
Are you guys ready to order?

JIM
Not yet! Please just give us more
time.

TREVOR
Sorry we'll be ready soon. Thanks.

Mandy nods and glares at Jim as she walks away.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You were saying.

JIM
I just really **feel** want to-

Before he can finish the sentence Big Ben walks over to the table.

BIG BEN
I'm sorry sir, but that young girl
says she left her marker at the
table and will not leave until she
gets it back.

JIM
Big Ben we're literally in the
middle of a conversati**on** please!

Trevor hands Big Ben the marker.

JIM (CONT'D)
Like I was saying..

Jim's phone buzzes.

And buzzes.

And buzzes.

And buzzes.

JIM (CONT'D)
I'm going to lose my fucking mind
if I don't get to finish this
sentence!

He picks up his phone and see one text from Kevin: he focuses
on just one word. *Mic*.

He rips out the hidden mic from his shirt.

JIM (CONT'D)
I NEED YOU TO GO PUBLIC WITH OUR
RELATIONSHIP OR I CAN'T-

TREVOR
Is this what this is all really
about?

JIM
I just feel like I'm never a
priority in your life.

TREVOR
I genuinely can't believe how
disappointing this is.

JIM
What?

TREVOR
I was really hoping you'd just let
it go. But instead you're choosing
to attempt to exploit me to gain
publicity so people will watch your
little documentary.

JIM
No, no. That's not it.

Trevor now picks up his phone and starts typing.

TREVOR
Isn't it? I mean it's a documentary
about dating me after all.

JIM
What? No, it's about my writing
process.

TREVOR

Oh yeah? You know, I really want to know where this ideology that superstars are dumb came from, because I'm not as dumb as you think I am. In case you forgot everyone who works for you is on *my* payroll, there's nothing you've submitted to Kevin that hasn't gotten approved through me. Even this dinner, you trying to force me to publicly announce our relationship or...

(reads off phone)

Or else. Ultimatums are very 2000s babe.

JIM

I just wanted us to have a public relationship so we didn't have to hide who we were anymore.

Trevor pulls up a recording of the footage from the car earlier on his phone.

JIM (FROM VIDEO) (CONT'D)

I'm going to give my boyfriend an ultimatum.

Jim looks back down at his phone. He now opens his messages from Kevin: ***DON'T SAY ANYTHING. HE KNOWS. COVER THE MIC. ABORT THE PLAN OR YOU WILL LOSE EVERYTHING.***

He looks up at Trevor shocked.

Trevor puts his phone down.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like.

TREVOR

Right. Let me just explain how this is gonna go for you now. In case you weren't sure, we are very much done. Your film is also done. All of the footage and copies of anything are my property and are going to be eradicated from existence.

Big Ben comes up from behind Jim. He takes Jim's phone.

JIM

You can't do that.

TREVOR

Oh I can and I will. Now for the best part, you see while you were busy trying to make me go public about you I decided to come out on Twitter.

Trevor gets up and puts his coat back on and picks up his sunglasses.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Also if you try to say anything to the press about our former relationship I'll make sure everyone thinks you're just another crazy Hollywood stalker. Sorry it had to end this way Jim, maybe next time you'll know not try to fuck over someone who genuinely cared about you. Oh and definitely expect a song about you on my new record.

He walks up to the entrance of the restaurant and puts his sunglasses back on.

He turns to Jim one last time before exiting.

Jim sits alone in silence.

END.