

LURKER

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*"I never let a random motherfucker shoot the B-roll."*

– FRANK OCEAN

FADE IN:

**EXT. THE ORIGINAL FARMERS MARKET - AFTERNOON**

CHYRON: 2016

MATTHEW, 22, walks around aimlessly among crowded stalls and tents. He's anonymous, but surrounded by groups of people. FAMILIES dine together, laughing. FRIENDS clown each other. PEOPLE taking group selfies.

Everyone seems to be laughing at an inside joke that does not include him. He sits down at an empty table, scrolling his phone, starts to eat alone. A GROUP of friends and family sits down at the table next to him, but they're a few too many. One DAD approaches Matthew.

DAD

Hey, you here all by yourself?

Matthew perks up, thinking he's about to be invited to eat with them.

MATTHEW

Uh yeah, feel free to sit--

DAD

--Would you mind if we took some of these chairs?

Matthew feels silly for thinking they were reaching out to him. He gathers himself.

MATTHEW

Oh um, yeah sur--

DAD

--Thanks, bud.

The Dad and one of the sons grab all three chairs at Matthew's table, leaving Matthew in a single chair by himself. The family roars into laughter and conviviality. Matthew looks over, concerned they are laughing at him, but quickly realizes they are just having a good time.

He stares longingly as more people join them. He toys with his food and goes back to scrolling his phone silently. He puts his AirPods in. The same Dad comes back over again, tapping Matthew on the shoulder.

DAD (CONT'D)

Hey, bud.

MATTHEW  
(taking AirPods out)  
Oh, hey.

Again, a part of Matthew thinks they've clocked his loneliness and will invite him to sit with them this time.

DAD  
You mind taking a picture of us?

He's less surprised this time.

MATTHEW  
Oh, sure. Yeah, of course.

Matthew frames the Dad's iPhone, snaps a few pictures of the group and hands the phone back.

DAD  
Thanks, bud.

Matthew walks off through the crowd and gets on his bike.

#### **INT. AMERICAN RAG STORE - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew stands behind the counter with his co-worker JAMIE, 20. A couple of CUSTOMERS browse the racks. Matthew and Jamie take turns playing music on the store speakers, through an auxiliary cord. Jamie selects something to play from his phone.

JAMIE  
You heard this yet?

MATTHEW  
(scrolling his phone)  
Yeah this shit is ass.

JAMIE  
Oh shit.

MATTHEW  
What.

JAMIE  
Look.

Matthew and Jamie see through the shop windows to the other side of the street. OLIVER, 24, up-and-coming music celebrity, is being swarmed by FANS. He's leaning over on his BMX bike, engaging them.

**EXT. AMERICAN RAG STORE, ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Oliver is trying to calm the fans down, but they're acting like vultures.

OLIVER

Aight let's play a game. Everybody  
close your eyes. And don't open  
them until I say "I am a bad  
bitch."

All the fans close their eyes. Oliver gets on his bike and wheelies across the street, attempting to escape the fans by heading toward the mostly empty store.

**INT. AMERICAN RAG STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Matthew and Jamie see Oliver approaching the store. The STORE MANAGER emerges from the back.

MATTHEW

Oh shit.

Quickly, Matthew UNPLUGS Jamie's phone from the aux cord, GRABS his own phone, PLUGS it into the aux cord, and CHANGES the song to "Waltz for Debby" by Bill Evans. Oliver steps into the store, straddling his bike.

But before he can exhale, all the fans have followed him inside like sheep.

OLIVER

Did y'all hear the words "I'm a bad  
bitch?"

A FAN gets right up next to Oliver like he's about to say something, but just stares at him, gawking.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

... Yes?

The fan's mouth widens but no words emerge.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Yo, I appreciate you. But can you  
please back the fuck up.

STORE MANAGER

Can I help you get anything?

Oliver notices the music playing.

OLIVER  
Yo, what radio is this? Is this a  
playlist?

Pause. Matthew seizes his chance to speak.

MATTHEW  
We get to... choose the music. It's  
the one good part about this job.

OLIVER  
You like Stevie?

JAMIE  
Yo I love your shit, bro.

Oliver ignores Jamie.

MATTHEW  
Yeah, I do. I grew up on this type  
of shit.

OLIVER  
Me too, my aunties used to play  
this shit for me when I was a baby.  
I would shit myself and jump on the  
couch.

MATTHEW  
Yeah my grandma used to play this  
for me too. Classic.

A fan gets up really close to Oliver and takes a flash  
picture of him and ANOTHER FAN who's standing behind him.  
Oliver's had enough.

OLIVER  
Yo! Get the fuck away from me! I'm  
trying to have a normal  
conversation with a regular person.

CLOSE ON Matthew, holding back a grin: *I'm the regular  
person.* The fan is terrified. Oliver relents.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. You wanna take another  
one? Let's take another one.  
Alright, come on now.

The fan brightens up again and takes another picture with  
flash, right up in Oliver's face. It's excruciating. Oliver  
turns back to Matthew.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Yeah my next album, I want it to  
sound like this, like fucking...  
timeless, you know?

MATTHEW  
You make music?

Pause.

CLOSE ON Jamie.

OLIVER  
You don't know who I am?

MATTHEW  
Uh, I mean... I'm sorry I don't  
really listen to like...

OLIVER  
What?

MATTHEW  
New music, or whatever. No offense,  
though.

OLIVER  
Oh... no, I feel you.

MATTHEW  
Yeah, I guess that's why all these  
kids are here? I'm dumb as shit,  
sorry.

OLIVER  
Uh-huh. Yeah.

Pause.

MATTHEW  
That's cool.

OLIVER  
I think you'd like my shit though,  
for real.

MATTHEW  
You think so?

OLIVER  
Yeah I mean, if you like this type  
of shit... and it sounds like you  
have an open mind. My shit is  
like...

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
super-futuristic alternative  
Mariachi music. It's like a cross  
between Fergie and Big Sean if they  
made a gospel album... not  
sonically but like, *visually*.

MATTHEW  
Oh...

OLIVER  
I'm playing. But nah, you'll fuck  
with it, I think.

MATTHEW  
Ok, I'll check it out, for sure.  
What's your uh... Are you on  
Spotify?

OLIVER  
Yo just come to my show tonight.  
I'm gonna have a full band and  
everything.

MATTHEW  
You got a show?

All the other fans and Jamie are now looking at Matthew with  
disdain. They can't believe this shit is happening.

OLIVER  
Yeah at the Echo. You wanna come? I  
need somebody real to actually  
appreciate what I'm doing on stage  
instead of just coming so they can  
put the shit on their IG story.

The other fans, clearly guilty of this, cower shamefully.

MATTHEW  
Ok, I'm down.

Oliver hands Matthew his phone, and Matthew types in his  
number, saving the contact as "Matthew (real person)". Oliver  
calls Matthew's number. Matthew pulls out his phone and  
answers.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Hello?

OLIVER  
(angrily)  
Ay you got my shit?!



MATTHEW  
(taken aback)  
Huh?

OLIVER  
The fucking... the *heroin*. The  
*crack*. The fucking... *Pop tarts* and  
*Toaster Strudels*. You got it all  
wrapped up for me like we  
discussed?!

MATTHEW  
(playing along)  
Oh, uh... yeah. It's in the... in  
my drawer.

OLIVER  
Good. Put that shit in a Whole  
Foods bag and leave it under the  
110 overpass.

MATTHEW  
I got you. Listen, my grandma needs  
me to help her with the groceries.

OLIVER  
Ok blood. Tell that bitch I said...  
Merry Christmas.

They both hang up, smiling. Oliver starts walking out,  
stepping through fans.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Ay, just hit me when you get there.

MATTHEW  
Aight.

Oliver gets on his bike.

**EXT. AMERICAN RAG STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Oliver gleefully wheelies into oncoming traffic, forcing cars  
to a screeching halt. He laughs hysterically.

OLIVER  
Yield, bitch!

**INT. AMERICAN RAG STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

The fans empty out of the store. Jamie looks at Matthew, who finally breaks character, reverting back to his normal self: *a fan who just interacted with his idol.*

STORE MANAGER

You should quit this job and become a professor of lying.

MATTHEW

I appreciate that. Would you like to audit my masterclass?

STORE MANAGER

That was truly impressive. "I love jazz bro, wait who are you? Oh me, I only listen to music from the 1840s."

MATTHEW

You liked that, huh.

STORE MANAGER

You need help.

MATTHEW

Yeah, I need help refolding these hoodies.

Jamie graciously helps Matthew refold hoodies.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DUSK**

Matthew bikes home, finally letting himself smile.

TITLE CARD: LURKER

We see opening credits as he rides from La Brea to Downtown Los Angeles. "Nameless" by Gesaffelstein plays.

**INT. GRANDMA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew is at his laptop, scrolling through something, riveted. We see posters of Oliver all over the walls. Matthew's GRANDMA comes into his room, holding a plate of sliced fruit.

GRANDMA

Eat, please. You like peaches.

Matthew stares at his laptop, ignoring his grandmother's presence. She tries to feed Matthew a slice of peach with a fork but he flinches away from it. She puts the plate down.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Eat.

MATTHEW

I'm good, thank you!

GRANDMA

(desperately)

I have blueberries, too.

We see Matthew's screen. He's scrolling through Oliver's Instagram account. Matthew opens up a new tab, this time of Oliver's Twitter account. He keeps scrolling, looks through all of Oliver's liked tweets in yet another tab.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

I wish you would talk to me.

MATTHEW

(matter-of-fact)

I'm depressed.

Grandma is not sure what to say. Matthew turns and glares at her, hoping this will make her leave. After a few seconds, he begrudgingly starts eating the sliced peaches, eyes still laser-focused on the laptop. That is enough of a win for Grandma, and she exits the room.

Juice DRIPS from Matthew's lips. We see that he's now 5 years deep in Oliver's Tumblr. Almost imperceptibly, we scroll past an embedded YouTube video of the song Matthew played when Oliver entered the store yesterday.

Matthew starts putting together an outfit. He cycles through several Oliver merch t-shirts before settling on a plain white tee. He grabs an old point-and-shoot film camera and throws it around his neck.

#### **EXT. TOUR BUS - DUSK**

Matthew examines his own face in the selfie camera of his phone, trying to hold an expression that looks cool and casual. He walks up and knocks on the tour bus door. A SECURITY GUY opens up and we see the expression Matthew landed on: nervous attempt at nonchalance.

MATTHEW

Hey, uh... I'm here to see Oliver.  
He asked me to come through.

Security shrugs and lets him in. Matthew sees a whole bearded, hirsute, heavily tattooed DEATH METAL BAND sitting inside. They're all sipping espressos.

METAL GUY

Didn't your mother raise you to  
introduce yourself when you walk  
into a room?

Awkward pause. Matthew's fake expression dissolves once he realizes he's in the wrong place.

MATTHEW

Hi, I'm... Matthew.

METAL GUY

Nice to meet you, Matthew. Would  
you like a biscotti?

MATTHEW

Is there another show going on  
around here?

**EXT. OLIVER'S TOUR BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew looks down at his phone, then around at the block he's on, having located another tour bus. He puts on the same expression of nonchalance that he just practiced, then knocks on the door. SECURITY pops out.

MATTHEW

Hey, I'm... is Oliver here?

SECURITY

Name?

MATTHEW

He... told me to come by. My name  
is Matthew.

SECURITY

Hold on one second.

He shuts the door.

SECURITY (CONT'D)

Matthew?

OLIVER

Little white boy?

SECURITY

Ya.

OLIVER  
Sexy ass lips?

SECURITY  
Uhh.

OLIVER  
Yup, he's good.

SWETT  
Give us one second and *then* let him  
in.

SWETT, 20's, starts taking his pants off, revealing his  
underwear.

SWETT (CONT'D)  
(addressing everyone on  
bus with a loud whisper)  
Ay-yo yo yo.

Oliver and the rest of his crew - BOWEN, JESSE, NOAH, all  
20's - start taking their pants off, gleefully.

SWETT (CONT'D)  
(whispering to Security)  
*Ok, go ahead.*

The security guy lets Matthew walk up and he sees: a bunch of  
guys with their pants down acting like nothing weird is going  
on.

MATTHEW  
Hey...

OLIVER  
Ay wassup.

MATTHEW  
Hey.

OLIVER  
Say hi to the new kid, y'all. This  
is Matthew, he's coming to the show  
tonight. My baby girl. My new  
boyfriend.

MATTHEW  
Nice to meet you guys.

SWETT  
You just gonna stand there with  
your pants on?

MATTHEW

Uh...

SWETT

Making us feel stupid as fuck, bro, looking like this. Making us feel nasty or something. You making this moment real awkward right now, bruh. And we just met you.

Matthew cautiously starts taking his pants off. Suddenly, everybody pretends to be appalled.

EVERYBODY

Yooooo whooooa whoa.

SWETT

You gay? The fuck? We don't fuck with that gay shit around here.

MATTHEW

Oh... I...

SWETT

You just gonna do whatever a bunch of random strangers on a bus tell you to do?

Matthew starts putting his pants back on, laughing shakily.

SWETT (CONT'D)

Bro, I'm playing! Take them shits off, seriously. If you wanna come to the show, you gotta be fresh like us, bro. This the costume for all of squad tonight. Don't be homophobic, we are not with the homophobic shit, bro. What era are you from?

MATTHEW

Ok.

Matthew starts taking his pants off again.

SWETT

Yo what the fuck, ay this kid is really gay as hell. Please stop! Spare us from the gay shit. Lord, please forgive him for this gay shit, for he know not what he do!

Matthew has clocked the game they're playing with him, decides to double down by **fully taking off his underwear** as well, thereby going one step further than everyone else.

SWETT (CONT'D)

Nahhhhhhhhh--

Everyone starts dying laughing, but they're impressed. He has somehow gained the support of everyone on the bus. He sits down on the bench, pulling his underwear and pants back up unceremoniously.

He notices the mounted bus TV. It's playing the scene in *Belly* where Nas sits down on DMX's couch to watch *Gummo* on the projector. Matthew watches Nas watching *Gummo*. On the tour bus screen, DMX shakes his head and says, "Shit is bugged out," then he breaks a set of racked pool balls.

OLIVER

So... these are my friends.

MATTHEW

Nice to meet you all.

Oliver walks around, slapping all of his friends sequentially as he introduces them.

OLIVER

Swett ugly ass. Jesse, my producer ugly as fuck. Bowen my, what do you do exactly? Anybody know what this man does?

SWETT

He cleans the nut off the floor every night.

BOWEN

It's a thankless job, but it is my honor and duty.

SWETT

Salute.

OLIVER

Bowen my useless ugly ass.

MATTHEW

Good to meet you.

Bowen salutes Matthew.

OLIVER  
Nah but for real, I can't do shit  
without all these people here. I'm  
not shit without them.

SWETT  
Aw my baby, come here and let me  
eat that ass.

Another knock on the bus door. It's a CONCERNED FAN waiting  
for the show. We hear him talk to the security guard.

CONCERNED FAN  
Hey is there a girl named Maggie in  
here?

A GIRL's head emerges from under a blanket of the tour bus  
bunk beds, hair frazzled. Swett steps out toward the front  
door to address the fan.

**EXT. OLIVER'S TOUR BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Swett is standing on the stairs in the doorway, holding a bag  
of sunflower seeds.

CONCERNED FAN  
Holy shit. Hey.

SWETT  
You looking for somebody?

CONCERNED FAN  
(taken aback)  
Yeah uh... my girlfriend. She said  
she was gonna get a picture but I  
haven't heard from her in three  
hours.

SWETT  
(fake concerned)  
Oh, I see. Heavens, you must be  
worried sick.

Loud laughter emerges from the belly of the bus.

CONCERNED FAN  
Do you know if she left her phone  
here or... if she said she was  
going somewhere to meet me?

SWETT  
(munching sunflower seeds)  
Let me check on that for you, boss.  
(MORE)



SWETT (CONT'D)  
I'll ask the staff. What's her name?

CONCERNED FAN  
Maggie. Thank you, you're my idol bro!

SWETT  
Not a problem, one second my man.

**INT. OLIVER'S TOUR BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Swett dips back into the bus to address the Fan's girlfriend, MAGGIE, who's curled up in a bunk with Oliver now, canoodling.

SWETT  
Maggie?

It's obviously her, but she shakes her head, as in: *Don't tell him I'm here*. Oliver cuddles her and she giggles.

OLIVER  
(to Swett)  
Tell him she'll be back in 3-5 business days.

SWETT  
Why I gotta tell him?

OLIVER  
I gotta do everything myself?

Oliver jumps up and they both go together. Bowen leaps up too and heads for the front of the bus. The three of them reach the front, smiling conspiratorially.

**EXT. OLIVER'S TOUR BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Oliver, Swett, and Bowen emerge again in the front door stairway, sharing and shucking sunflower seeds casually.

CONCERNED FAN  
Oh my God! Oliver!

Oliver nods.

OLIVER  
(spitting a seed)  
Sup, brah.

CONCERNED FAN

Um... Super excited for the show tonight!...

(to Swett)

So was she in there? Or did anyone--

BOWEN

(pointing inside)

--Yeah she in here, bro.

CONCERNED FAN

Oh man, thank you!

He tries to start walking onto the bus. Security steps in the way. He looks to Oliver for support. Oliver ignores, spitting a sunflower seed shell out onto the sidewalk.

SWETT

She gon' be out in about 40 minutes bruh. She's good, though. She's taken care of.

CONCERNED FAN

What?

BOWEN

She's Allstate insured bro.

CONCERNED FAN

What?

SWETT

In good hands, bitch!

Oliver breaks character and doubles over laughing. Fan is suddenly horrified and desperate.

CONCERNED FAN

(into the bus)

Maggie!

SWETT

(seriously now)

Yo I said she's good bruh.

Fan makes a MAD DASH toward the open bus door, only to be stopped by the security guard, who proceeds to beat the LIVING SHIT out of him. Oliver is laughing hysterically now.

OLIVER

Fucking fans, man.

Oliver, Swett, and Bowen all jump out of the bus onto the sidewalk.

Oliver grabs the Fan's pen and signs his stunned face, then walks out to the venue line with Swett and Bowen. They're all immediately swarmed by OTHER FANS.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I know, I know. It's really him. I  
can't believe it either.

ANOTHER FAN  
Spit in my mouth!

Oliver spits a sunflower seed shell into her mouth and she screams with delight. He keeps walking through.

**INT. OLIVER'S TOUR BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew watches Oliver abandon him and disappear into a sea of THRONGING FANS, through the bus window. NOAH, Oliver's main photographer/videographer, sits next to Matthew, munching on chips. He hands the bag to Matthew without looking at him. Matthew thinks he's being offered a chip. He goes for one.

MATTHEW  
Thanks man--

NOAH  
(without looking up)  
--Yo can you hold this for a  
second?

Matthew contorts his hand to act like he wasn't going for a chip, re-routing it to accept the responsibility of holding onto the bag.

MATTHEW  
Uh... sure, yeah.

Matthew holds the half-empty chip bag awkwardly. He doesn't mind, he's so in awe of even being on this bus.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
No problem, big bro.

Noah gets up and walks away. Matthew is left alone with SHAI, Oliver's manager, who has emerged from the back of the bus. She's amused, just having witnessed all of Matthew's social fumbling with Noah. Matthew catches her sympathetic smile.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Hey uh... where'd... do you know  
where Oliver went?

SHAI

Nope. He just does that sometimes.

MATTHEW

What's your name?

SHAI

Shai. He'll probably be back in about an hour or two.

MATTHEW

How do you know that?

SHAI

You start to get a sense for these things... So where'd he find you at?

(a little jab)

You win a Meet & Greet or something?

MATTHEW

Uh, I just work over at American Rag on La Brea, he told me to come by. See the show.

SHAI

Oh that's cool, that's cool. A *real* person, huh. He's getting experimental these days.

MATTHEW

What do you mean?

**EXT. CONCERT VENUE LINE - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew walks through crowd with Shai. A TOUR MANAGER greets Shai and hands her some passes. Shai fastens an artist laminate around Matthew's neck.

SHAI

Just stick with me, you'll be straight.

FANS are staring Matthew down. Matthew refocuses his attention on not falling behind Shai. He gets right up behind her like a puppy dog.

MATTHEW

Thanks big sis!

Shai shakes her head and sighs.

SHAI  
Please don't ever call me that.

MATTHEW  
I got you!

**INT. CONCERT VENUE - LATER**

Oliver performs. The CROWD SCREAMS. He oozes raw energy and charisma as he flails about on stage, fully embodying his own rockstar fantasy.

**INT. SIDE STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Matthew is slack-jawed, watching the show from this intimate vantage point. Shai is trying to suss out what Matthew is about. She's not threatened, but amused and curious.

SHAI  
So what are you trying to do?  
What's your angle? Aspiring...  
(looks him up and down)  
... Instagram user?

MATTHEW  
I don't know. I don't have an angle.

SHAI  
Just wanna be with the cool kids, huh.

MATTHEW  
Yeah... What?

SHAI  
But seriously. You should figure that out. My advice is: make yourself useful... before you become boring.

MATTHEW  
What do you mean?

It's clear now that Shai knows Matthew's secret. She can spot a fan from a mile away. She sees right through him, but it doesn't matter to her either way.

SHAI  
Me and Ollie grew up together.  
Thought it'd be sick being a team,  
managing my best friend.  
(MORE)

SHAI (CONT'D)

(beat)

These days, we don't even hang out at all outside of like, shows and meetings. When he looks at me, all he sees is contracts and call times... sound checks... shit he doesn't want to do... work shit. But I suspect if I wasn't work, I'd be nothing at all by now.

Pause. Matthew doesn't get it, he's just so happy to be here, staring out onto the stage. He looks back at Shai, still wide-eyed.

MATTHEW

Yo thank you. Wow, you're for real like a big inspiration to me. You're like my mentor.

SHAI

Jesus Christ.

RAUCOUS APPLAUSE. The show ends. Oliver comes back from performing on stage.

OLIVER

What'd you think?

MATTHEW

Super sick, you killed it man.

OLIVER

But musically? You fuck with it?

MATTHEW

Uh yeah, I mean. Yeah.

OLIVER

That's it?

Matthew scrambles to elaborate as though he's hearing it for the first time and the gears are turning.

MATTHEW

Uh... I'm still processing you know... but I definitely heard the influences. It was like a modern day version of Innervisions...mixed with like, Yeezus-era Kanye.

OLIVER

Bro, you don't understand how much that means to me, to hear.

SHAI  
(under her breath)  
Oh, I think he does.

OLIVER  
You riding back with us?

MATTHEW  
To where?

OLIVER  
The Glass House.

**INT. OLIVER'S TOUR BUS - NIGHT**

They ride home on the tour bus. Matthew gets settled in one of the bunk beds, across from Maggie, with whom he makes awkward eye contact. He closes the curtain and looks at his phone, starts scrolling through Oliver's Instagram. Swett rips open the curtain and whispers aggressively.

SWETT  
Psst... yo.

MATTHEW  
... yo, what's up?

SWETT  
You suck dick?

Swett points at the crotch of his pants.

MATTHEW  
Huh?

SWETT  
You suck dick? I really need to get my shit topped right now. Been on the road for too long. Can you take care of me real quick?

Pause.

MATTHEW  
Yeah, I got you.

Calling Swett's bluff, Matthew grabs at Swett's pants and starts unzipping them. Swett jumps back, genuinely surprised.

SWETT  
Yo, stopppp what the fuck, gay ass.

MATTHEW

(taunting)

It's ok to ask for what you want. I get it. You don't have to be shy.

SWETT

Yo this kid just tried to touch my dick!

A VOICE (O.S.)

Swett shut the fuck up!

SWETT

Ay fuck you!

Swett bolts off toward whoever said that. Matthew smiles to himself as the bus rocks him back and forth like a boat.

PRE-LAP: "The D. Elkan" by Hella.

#### **EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER**

They arrive back at the house. They push each other out of the way playfully as they file out of the bus. Bowen gets knocked to the ground, but he gets up and wrestles with Noah. Camaraderie is in the air, like a baseball team high off victory. Matthew is wrapped up in this energy, looking around with a grin: *am I a part of this?*

#### **INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

We see Oliver's house through Matthew's wide-eyed curiosity. We pan around a nice, two-story house. It looks like a teenager's parents left him home alone for a summer with their credit card.

END MUSIC.

OLIVER

So this is where I live and I let everyone eat my food and shit in my toilet. I got people working on shit in here too, I like to keep it all close, in house. Music, merch, videos, graphics, everything with my name on it comes out of this address.

There's Postmates trash everywhere.

MATTHEW

So you choose to live like this?



OLIVER  
Absolutely.

There's a WHITE KID half-asleep on one of the couches. Oliver doesn't introduce or acknowledge him.

MATTHEW  
Hey what's up, I'm Matthew.

WHITE KID  
Hey... uh... I...

Oliver bounds up the stairs, Matthew follows. They go upstairs to Oliver's bedroom.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew and Oliver in Oliver's master bedroom. There are toys, crafts, designer clothes strewn about like dirty laundry. There's a brief silence as the pair finds themselves alone for the first time.

MATTHEW  
I fuck with these bedsheets.

OLIVER  
Yeah? I had them made in an all-white sweat shop.

MATTHEW  
Oh, sick. What's the thread count on the--

OLIVER  
(cutting him off)  
--We're about to have a house meeting, you can just chill in here for a bit.

Oliver goes downstairs.

"Wall of Memories" by Gesaffelstein plays.

Matthew looks around at Oliver's walls. We see a poster of Michael Jackson. Then a poster of Steve Jobs. Then a poster of Kanye West. Then a poster of Britney Spears. Then a poster of Jesus. Then a poster of Kim Jong-Un.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

House meeting is in session. Everyone is at attention, sitting in a circle on couches and floor space, serious for just this moment. One of the crew who we haven't seen until now, PHOTO ASSISTANT, is looking stressed out. Oliver looks on with quiet authority.

PHOTO ASSISTANT

Ollie?

OLIVER

What? Don't look at me.

SWETT

He not gonna save you.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew watches through the bedroom window as the Photo Assistant gets escorted from the premises, having been kicked out of the group. Shai tries to take the camera from him, but he smashes it on the ground. An Uber arrives that Shai ostensibly called. Shai guides the crying, pathetic-looking kid into the car.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Oliver gets back up to the room. Tries to lighten the mood.

OLIVER

Yo.

Matthew takes out AirPods that he wasn't wearing earlier, pretends to be ignorant of what was going on downstairs.

MATTHEW

Hey.

OLIVER

Shit is crazy. Running this shit is like... some Wolf Of Wall Street shit. Got all my dumbass friends in here and I gotta make them pass as professionals...

Pause.

MATTHEW

Yo, I just wanna say, this night has been super eye-opening for me.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I feel like I've known you guys my whole life.

OLIVER

Really?

MATTHEW

You guys have already inspired me so much, just to be creative and not be afraid of being myself. I feel like I met you guys for a reason.

OLIVER

Wow, that's crazy. Yeah, I never know if I'm really reaching people the way I want. But you're living proof that I'm getting through to y'all. I'm not special, I just believed in myself enough when nobody was fucking with me and I was just the weird kid in school.

MATTHEW

I think you're gonna be the biggest artist in the world.

Oliver grins.

OLIVER

They don't see that, though. They just see this moment like we already made it. But now's when the actual work starts.

A pause. Oliver notices the film point-and-shoot around Matthew's neck.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You got a camera that does video?

MATTHEW

Yeah.

OLIVER

What kind?

MATTHEW

It's uh... Canon... uh...

OLIVER

--Doesn't matter. You know how to press record?

MATTHEW

Yeah.

OLIVER

We need someone to just shoot everything me and the crew are doing. I wanna put together a documentary for when my next album drops. Sell physicals with a digital download of the album so it counts toward sales.

MATTHEW

Yeah, I can do that.

OLIVER

Good, yeah you're gonna kill it. Or it's gonna suck and no one's gonna care.

Pause.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You have like... fly on the wall vibes, or something. We might forget you're even around, filming shit.

MATTHEW

Yeah... yeah.

OLIVER

You probably don't know this but this is like, a huge opportunity. A lot of kids would kill their mom to be in your position right now.

MATTHEW

Yeah, I bet. I don't know much about--

OLIVER

You'll be good. We live in a time where you don't have to be just one thing. Like forty years ago or whatever if you're an artist, you focused on one thing cause you had to. You had to really learn the tools for that shit. You play the piano, cool, that's you. You are a piano player. You paint, that's it, you're a painter. But now, everything can be done on the same device, in your room.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You can download fucking Fruity Loops and all of a sudden you play more instruments than Prince. All you need is taste and I know you already have the taste. If you have a laptop, you can be whoever you want to be.

MATTHEW

... Yeah. Damn, that's crazy.

OLIVER

Look, I don't know if you heard what was going on downstairs.

MATTHEW

Not really.

OLIVER

Basically, we had to let somebody go. But it's nothing for you to worry about. He was on his way out, anyway. The thing is, I have to run this a certain way, because otherwise there won't be any Oliver, and then there won't be a career for any of us. It sucks because these are my friends, but it's also a business, which I guess they forget because I'm such a sweetheart all the time. So you gotta cut off the dead weight sometimes. Snakes in the grass, gotta mow the lawn... For the team, you know? But again, you don't have to worry about that.

Shai comes in, shaking her head.

SHAI

Yo.

OLIVER

Yo. Can you set Matthew up? He's gonna be helping out with shit.

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER**

Shai has called an Uber for Matthew. They're waiting outside on the sidewalk for it. Shai looks Matthew up and down, really starting to size him up now.

SHAI  
Happy for you.

Shai's words should feel somewhat ambiguous, but Matthew takes it at face value: he's on cloud nine. The Uber arrives and takes Matthew home.

**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew is eating sliced kiwis, desperately thinking about what to text Oliver. Grandma brings in some more, he smiles at her. She's so happy that he's happy.

GRANDMA  
Good boy.

To Oliver, he starts typing: "Hey man, yesterday was super sick. You're like a big brother to me. Or my dad lol. I'd love to hang out again if you're down. Feel like I've never met somebody real as you. No homo lol. I've got ideas for the doc. When did you wanna start?"

He deletes that whole composition.

He starts again with "hey daddy i miss you"

He deletes again, shaking his head. He lands on "wyd." He deletes again. Puts his phone down.

Pause.

He gets a text from Shai: "wya" immediately followed by another: "come to the crib."

Matthew frantically gets ready, getting dressed and picking up his keys, phone, wallet, then heads for the door. On his way out, he sees his grandma's old camcorder, looks around, and grabs it.

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING**

Matthew gets to Oliver's house, super excited for his first day on the job. He pulls out his phone and examines his face in his front-facing camera, tries out some angles and tries to hold a nonchalant facial expression. He relaxes his shoulders, adjusts his posture to more of a slouch.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Matthew gets to the house, but nobody is there except Bowen and Swett playing Call Of Duty on a Xbox One, over in the living room. This isn't how his first day looked in his head (an Instagrammable room full of cool kids with Matthew in the middle laughing at an inside joke). Nothing is affirming his existence or the significance of him being here. He stands around for a second, looking around for acknowledgement.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew steps in, awkwardly. He is so desperate to be acknowledged but knows he has to play it cool, like he belongs here.

BOWEN

Bro I will mash you.

SWETT

You are not good at this game.

BOWEN

Actually, it is you who is not good at this game!

SWETT

I will beat you.

BOWEN

It is I who will beat you!

MATTHEW

Err... Hey, what's up guys.

SWETT

Wassup. You back.

MATTHEW

Is Ollie here?

BOWEN

Ollie? Nah.

MATTHEW

Can I get next?

No one responds, they're engrossed in the game.

SWETT

Oooh, I'm bout to fuckin... get in that ass!

BOWEN

Nope. You are trash. Get. Off. My.  
Dick.

Swett yelps as he loses the game. Bowen stands up and bows.  
Matthew walks down the hallway to Noah's editing room.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, EDITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew enters. Noah doesn't look up.

MATTHEW

Hey.

NOAH

Hey, what's up.

MATTHEW

So Oliver told me I'd be helping  
out with the doc.

NOAH

Mm. That's dope.

Pause. Matthew looks around for a bit, as Noah works, chewing  
a granola bar.

MATTHEW

Is there anything I can help with?

NOAH

Do you know Adobe Premiere?

MATTHEW

Not really.

NOAH

Then not really.

Ouch.

MATTHEW

I mean, I can learn.

Brutal silence.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go get some water, you  
want anything?

NOAH

I'm good bro.



MATTHEW  
Aight, big bro.

Matthew walks back to the living room, aimlessly.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew sits down awkwardly next to Swett and Bowen, stares at his phone for a bit. He pulls out his camcorder slowly, unsure if he should say anything, then starts recording them.

SWETT  
Yo what the fuck are you doing, put that away.

BOWEN  
Bro are you filming us like a tour thot? What the fuck is wrong with you?

Matthew puts the camcorder down.

SWETT  
We're not zoo animals, Matthew, we're real people.

BOWEN  
I haven't even put my make-up on yet.

SWETT  
I'm not a fucking... marsupial.

MATTHEW  
Nah, I'm s'posed to be shooting--

Shai walks in.

SHAI  
--Yo!

MATTHEW  
(relieved)  
Hey!

SHAI  
You ready to work?

MATTHEW  
Yes, absolutely. I brought my camera and--

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew washes beyond disgusting dishes. He scrubs with purpose, but then continues to scrub a bowl intensely long after it's been cleaned.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew sits next to Swett and Bowen, awaiting further instructions. They're watching a movie now.

BOWEN

This is the part. That old ass man  
is about to jump off the cliff.

SWETT

Oh my God, I can't watch this.

We hear the SPLAT of impact. Swett and Bowen cringe.

BOWEN

Wait now watch the lady, her face  
is gonna explode on impact.

SWETT

Matty, you seen this shit?

MATTHEW

(sullen)  
Nah.

BOWEN

What's wrong?

SWETT

(facetious)  
Damn, you bored with us, already?  
You don't fuck with us? You  
switched up, bruh, wowwwww.

MATTHEW

No I do, it's just...

BOWEN

What is it, my liege?

MATTHEW

Do you know when Oliver will be  
back?

SWETT

Oh you only talk to bosses now. Big  
boy shit, huh. I get it.

(MORE)

SWETT (CONT'D)

Nah, respect. I'm sorry, bruh. Let me just get back in my lane.

BOWEN

Damn bruh, cold world.

SWETT

(to Bowen)

Yo, you know Matthew...

(to Matthew)

What's your last name?

MATTHEW

Morning.

SWETT

(to Bowen)

Yo you know Matt Morning? I used to kick it with him before he like, blew up for real.

BOWEN

You're lying. Stop playing. Don't flex for me.

SWETT

Nah, I'm dead serious. He was just this sweet little boy on the bus. Now he act like he don't know nobody.

BOWEN

That's a damn shame. They always do that man, forget about their day ones.

CLOSE ON Matthew trying to smile through the humiliation.

BOWEN (CONT'D)

(tapping Swett's shoulder)

Ooooooh, this the part!

WE HEAR the impact of a somebody's face exploding on impact from the television.

BOWEN (CONT'D)

Ewwwwwww.

SWETT

God damnit, this is nasty.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Matthew picks up trash off the floor and puts it into trash bags.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - LATER**

Matthew does everyone's laundry. We see tattered hoodies and delicate designer clothing all thrown together. Matthew examines his own basic skater kid outfit: *too boring?*

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING**

Swett is playing Grand Theft Auto while Bowen watches. Matthew sits down next to them, exhausted, awaiting further instructions.

SWETT

I am... sweaty as a bitch!

BOWEN

Me too.

SWETT

Watch this.

BOWEN

Damn, you did something there.

Oliver finally gets back, with his fashionable friend, SEBASTIAN. Matthew straightens up. So do Swett and Bowen a little bit.

OLIVER

Listen, if anyone is gonna convert to Judaism it's gonna be me. I got good ass credit.

Oliver walks through living room.

MATTHEW

Hey man, you're back!

OLIVER

Oh... hey. You're here!

MATTHEW

Yeah!

OLIVER

That's cool, man.

Oliver keeps walking by, grabs something from upstairs, then comes down and puts a cool jacket on, heading back out.

MATTHEW

Hey uh... where you headed?

Oliver doesn't stop moving.

OLIVER  
The mall.

He leaves. Shai clocks Matthew's desire to glom onto Oliver.

SHAI  
Yo.

She points out the trash bags Matthew was filling earlier.

SHAI (CONT'D)  
Yo. Can you grab those, big homie.

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - DUSK**

Matthew takes out the bags of trash. He sees, in the middle of the residential street, two adjacent cars. Oliver is at the wheel of one, a BMW M3, while his friend Sebastian is at the other, a Tesla Model X. They're about to race.

**INT. OLIVER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Oliver screams out of the window.

OLIVER  
You ain't shit, you don't want the  
smoke! Flop! Pussy!

**INT. SEBASTIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Sebastian puts one hand out the window and talks with it like a sock puppet.

SEBASTIAN  
All that talk.

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Oliver calls out from his car.

OLIVER  
Five! Four! Three! Two...

"Orck" by Gesaffelstein plays.

Matthew watches from the trash cans as the two giggly racers hurtle down the street.

He feels extremely left out of the fun. He goes back inside, we can sense the gears are turning inside his head.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew, seeing Shai in the living room with Swett and Bowen, grabs one more trash bag to bring outside, then surreptitiously grabs something else that we don't see.

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew tosses a conspicuously light bag of trash in the trash can...

**INT. OLIVER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

OLIVER  
Watch this.

Oliver steps on the gas and gleefully LURCHES toward the end of the cul de sac, then SCREECHES to a halt. Adeptly, he shifts into first gear then slowly ACCELERATES INTO A GRACEFUL DONUT. He continues to circle around, doing donuts.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Can your iPad bucket do this?

**EXT. SEBASTIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

SEBASTIAN  
That was cute, I guess.

Sebastian presses a button and the falcon wing doors come up on his Tesla Model X. Then starts closing and opening them as though the car is flapping its wings.

**INT. OLIVER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Oliver, still doing donuts, screams out of his window.

OLIVER  
You made it clap for me, thank you!

**EXT. SEBASTIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

SEBASTIAN

How many more you gonna do? We get it. Aren't you dizzy? Give it a rest.

OLIVER

Yeah, once I'm done spelling out how many zeros in my bank account.

Sebastian looks at the skid marks on the pavement. It looks like one big circle that's been left on the pavement by Oliver's tires.

SEBASTIAN

One?

OLIVER

Ay shut the fuck up.

Oliver's car KNOCKS over the neighbor's trash and recycling bins and drives back over to the front of his house. We see the NEIGHBOR, an older white man, open his front door to scold them, but Oliver's engine renders it inaudible. Oliver floors it back over to his own driveway, Sebastian follows in the Tesla. As they get closer, we see **Matthew has been filming all this on his camcorder.**

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Matthew, not sure if it was alright to be documenting all of that, starts awkwardly lowering the camera, with nowhere to put it, as Oliver and Sebastian get out of their cars and approach. They get closer and Matthew freezes up, he's braced for humiliation and banishment.

OLIVER

Yo!

MATTHEW

Heyyy.

OLIVER

Ohh shit, wait you got all that?

MATTHEW

Uh, yeah.

OLIVER

Lemme see!

Matthew shows Oliver and Sebastian on the tiny camcorder screen what he captured. It looks objectively cool. We see what they're seeing: Oliver screaming from inside of the BMW and leaving donut skid marks on the street.

SEBASTIAN  
Ohhhh shit, this is so hard.

OLIVER  
Bro this look crazy. I need this.

SEBASTIAN  
You should put this in your next video.

OLIVER  
Bro, this is the video right here.

SEBASTIAN  
You snapped for real. Went stupid.  
Shitted on 'em.

Pause as Sebastian opens the opportunity to be introduced.

OLIVER  
Yo this is Matty, he's my shooter.  
My documentarian.

SEBASTIAN  
(to Matthew)  
Yo will you do my video?

OLIVER  
Woah woah, *chill*. I got a patent pending on this one. Get your own little boy. I got him signed to a 360 deal. A 900, Tony Hawk deal. I got this kid's soul.  
(to Matthew)  
Yo send me this.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew sits on the couch next to Bowen and Swett, uploading footage from the camcorder onto a laptop.

SWETT  
Ay, you want next?

Though stunned by the gesture, Matthew keeps his cool as Swett hands over a controller.



MATTHEW

Yeah.

BOWEN

You better not be fye at this.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew is beating Bowen handily.

BOWEN

Jesus Christ man, get the fuck out of here with this. Did you have a fucking... Xbox tutor growing up? These fucking hyper-competitive parents, man.

MATTHEW

(grinning)

Nope.

BOWEN

You trained with a sensei. You were raised by controllers.

Swett is dying laughing.

SWETT

Bruh, I never seen you this mad. Oh my God.

Matthew looks relaxed for the first time, he feels like he's one of the boys. Noah emerges from his room and approaches them.

NOAH

Yo.

Matthew nods back super casually, but remains focused on the game.

MATTHEW

Ayo.

NOAH

(pointing to the laptop)

What's this?

MATTHEW

(sincere)

It's Ollie doing donuts outside. Looks fucking sick, right. He wants to use it for his next video.

NOAH  
He said that?

MATTHEW  
Yeah, he and Sebastian.

NOAH  
Seb was here?

MATTHEW  
Yeah, I was so scared to meet him  
at first. He's actually super chill  
though. Like down to earth, for  
real.

NOAH  
Can I see it.

Matthew is in the middle of the game, but looks up and sees  
Noah's face, realizing this isn't the time to protest. He  
puts the controller down.

SWETT  
(to Bowen)  
Saved your ass.

BOWEN  
Shut the fuck up.

Matthew shows the footage to Noah gleefully.

MATTHEW  
So sick, right?

NOAH  
Can you put this on a flash drive  
for me.

MATTHEW  
Uh, Ollie told me to send it to  
him.

Pause: *that was a mistake.*

NOAH  
Who you think he's gonna give it  
to? Dude, he's gonna forget about  
this in two seconds. I do all of  
his visuals. If I didn't, nothing  
would ever come out. Trust me, he's  
like a dog sniffing everything on  
the street. He doesn't remember  
anything except whatever he's  
currently sniffing.  
(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Actually, let's just throw it on my  
desktop right now.

Matthew realizes he can't be possessive of the footage, that he is outranked and doesn't want things to get acrimonious. He relents.

MATTHEW  
Okay.

NOAH  
(calculated)  
Look... We're gonna work together  
on this. And I'll teach you  
everything, okay. Alright, lil bro?

Matthew's face brightens. He naively accepts Noah's offering of mentorship.

MATTHEW  
Aight.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, NOAH'S EDITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Two desktop screens show Matthew's footage and a video editing software interface. Matthew sits on the bed behind Noah's chair.

NOAH  
Aight, you can go home for the  
night.

MATTHEW  
Ok, thanks.

His camcorder is still plugged into Noah's computer.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Can I grab my camera?

NOAH  
You're only gonna be shooting stuff  
when you're with us, just keep it  
here. This is like your office now.  
You're my sous-chef.

Matthew is afraid to object, knows he needs to pick his battles. He's satisfied with the impression he made today and the position he seems to have solidified.

MATTHEW  
Ok cool! So I can be here whenever  
tomorrow morning.

NOAH

(thinking quickly)

Actually, why don't you take tomorrow off? I know it's been hectic around here and I'm not gonna need much help tomorrow. You'll just be standing around.

MATTHEW

I don't mind, I just like being around you guys, honestly. You're like my big brothers.

NOAH

Yeah man, and we appreciate your help... But nah, just come back in a couple days and I'll have some work for you.

Matthew, accepting that he shouldn't press the issue further, heads out through the living room.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Swett and Bowen are curled up on the couch.

SWETT

Later, man.

BOWEN

Love you.

MATTHEW

See y'all.

He daps them and exits.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT**

Matthew bikes home alone on various streets, exhausted but in a satisfying way. He's brimming with validation, feeling affirmed and happy: *this is who I was always supposed to be.*

**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew finds Grandma asleep, kisses her, and finds a plate of fruit that's been left for him. He eats it and flops himself onto the bed to scroll Instagram. He sees Oliver, Swett, Bowen, Shai have all followed him. He smiles.

**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew is having a great time at home with Grandma, playing music. He hugs her and they slow dance, it's genuinely cute. Matthew gets a FaceTime - it's Oliver.

OLIVER  
Yo where you at?

Matthew goes into his room to take the call.

**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew closes the door behind him.

MATTHEW  
What you mean, I'm at home.

OLIVER  
We're shooting my music video bro,  
I was gonna put your pretty face in  
it.

MATTHEW  
Bro what? I didn't know. No one  
told me it was today. Yo, I can  
come right now.

OLIVER  
It's cool, we're probably gonna be  
done soon.

MATTHEW  
Nah I'll pull up right now bro,  
I'll hop in the whip and Andretti  
that shit.

GRANDMA (O.S.)  
Matthew, apple!

OLIVER  
I think your Grandma needs you,  
bro.

MATTHEW  
Can you text me the address? I'm on  
my way.

OLIVER  
Uhh... yeah.  
(to Shai)  
Ay text Matty the address.

GRANDMA  
Matthew, apple!

Matthew rushes out the door.

**EXT. PETTING ZOO - SUNSET**

Matthew frantically arrives in an Uber. Swett, Bowen, Noah - everyone's chilling, scattered around, done for the day. No one really notices Matthew. He missed everything. It's devastating. This could've been his chance. He walks up to Oliver.

MATTHEW  
Hey man.

OLIVER  
My boy.

MATTHEW  
You're done shooting, huh.

OLIVER  
Yeah man.

MATTHEW  
Fuck.

OLIVER  
(being fake)  
Yo, it's all good, you're doing great.

MATTHEW  
Fuck, man.

OLIVER  
Don't even trip, we're gonna have another shoot day tomorrow, get some more footage.

MATTHEW  
Okay.

Oliver lights a cigarette and inhales.

OLIVER  
You do want this though, right?

MATTHEW  
Yeah, I mean... I guess.

OLIVER

You guess? I mean, it's cool if you don't really want this, like I get it. That's fine, I know you weren't like a fan or whatever. If you don't care about being here...

MATTHEW

No it's not like that.

OLIVER

Okay, I got you. So you do want this.

MATTHEW

Yeah.

OLIVER

(abruptly serious)  
Say it, then.

MATTHEW

(earnest)  
I want this.

Oliver laughs unexpectedly. Matthew's earnestness cracked him up.

OLIVER

Why? Why do you want it?

MATTHEW

Because I like feeling like I'm a part of something.

Oliver exhales smoke through a smile.

OLIVER

Good answer.

Oliver steps on his cigarette butt. Matthew is left sullen, staring down at the cigarette butt in shame. He gathers himself and looks up with a new determination: *he needs to tighten up. And he's done pretending this isn't important to him.*

**EXT. OLIVER'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, ALLEY - NIGHT**

"Obsession" by Gesaffelstein plays.

Matthew sets up a makeshift bedroom in the neighbor's alley, next to the neighbor's backyard. We watch him roll out a sleeping bag and shake it out.

We see him arrange water, a flashlight, binoculars, and some other essentials like he's camping under the stars. He's meticulous and organized.

He sets up his laptop and watches Adobe Premiere YouTube tutorials for hours. Matthew looks at his phone, he has a text from Jamie: "yo can you cover my shift tomorrow?"

Matthew texts a response: "Nah sorry."

He follows that with another text: "also I'm quitting."

Matthew gets into the sleeping bag, stares at the sky with intensity and determination, thinking: *I will not show up late to anything ever again, and I won't let Noah dupe me ever again.*

**EXT. OLIVER'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING**

Matthew gets up, changes clothes, packs all his stuff up in an orderly fashion, then hides it behind a shed. He gathers himself, dusts himself off, and walks over to Oliver's.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew washes the dishes gleefully.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew picks up trash, there's not much. He's just trying to appear busy. Shai arrives. Swett and Bowen start to filter in, ready for the shoot day. Noah arrives, holding bags of equipment.

MATTHEW

Yo let me get that for you.

Noah smiles, thinking: *Good, Matthew seems to know his place now.* He then happily unloads his bags into Matthew's open arms. Oliver comes down from his bedroom in pajamas.

OLIVER

Give me like an hour, I need to get fresh... and do my full skincare routine.



**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, EDITING ROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER**

Matthew is helping Noah do stuff in Premiere. We see Matthew's camcorder on the desk. It hasn't moved since he was last here.

NOAH  
(genuinely)  
So you are actually useful?

Matthew shrugs. They're getting along.

MATTHEW  
I'm a fast learner.

NOAH  
Okay, can you blur out his mouth  
all the times where he says "fuck"  
in this file?

We see that it's five hours of footage on the monitor.

MATTHEW  
On it.

NOAH  
I hope you don't mind, I know it's  
tedious.

MATTHEW  
Nah, I'm just happy to be helpful.  
You guys are like my idols.

NOAH  
(sincere)  
Aight, lil bro.

Matthew smiles at the moniker, gets to work. Noah leaves the room to go play video games with Swett and Bowen. We see the back of Matthew's head at the workstation, rack focus on Noah's bags of equipment piled on the bed.

**EXT. VIDEO SHOOT AT PETTING ZOO - DAY TWO, AFTERNOON**

Matthew is carrying all of Noah's bags, following him around as they set up a tripod with Noah's DSLR camera and get performance shots of Oliver next to various goats and sheep.

**EXT. VIDEO SHOOT AT PETTING ZOO - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew grabs stuff for Noah and hands it to him. Noah sets up the shot. It's Oliver petting a sheep.

NOAH  
That's golden.

They walk around for another shot. Matthew follows Noah like a caddy, overwhelmed by the weight of the equipment. As they set up the new shot, Noah's DSLR indicates that his battery is now dead.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Grab me another battery. They're in the blue bag.

Matthew unzips the blue bag and fiddles around inside.

MATTHEW  
This bag?

NOAH  
(without looking)  
Yeah, in a Ziploc. There should be six of them.

Matthew keeps searching, perfunctorily. Noah turns around, finally.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
I gotta do this shit myself?

MATTHEW  
Are you sure it's in this one?

Matthew reaches for another bag, while Noah impatiently grabs at the blue one.

NOAH  
Yes, where the fuck is it?

MATTHEW  
Dude, I don't...

Noah empties out the blue bag, shaking it out, then starts searching the other bags. He gives Matthew the death stare. Oliver is getting bored.

OLIVER  
(pointing at a sheep)  
Yo, this moose about to shit on me.

NOAH  
I can't shoot anything without a battery. Where did you put it?

MATTHEW  
I just opened the bag just now.

OLIVER

It's your shit, Noah. Don't press  
Matty about it.

Oliver is dancing sensually on the sheep now to amuse  
himself.

NOAH

We gotta just come back tomorrow, I  
guess. This is fucking trash, I'm  
sorry.

MATTHEW

We could try using this?

Matthew pulls out his camcorder to Noah's unpleasant  
surprise: *When did he take that back?*

OLIVER

Damn you had this shit the whole  
time?

MATTHEW

Yeah, I didn't want to get in the  
way or anything. I figured we were  
sticking to using real cameras for  
this.

NOAH

(fuming)

We can't just shoot half on a DSLR  
and the other half on a fucking...  
home video.

OLIVER

Well, it's not like we can do  
anything else right now. You wanna  
go home? We can go home.

MATTHEW

What if, like, we shot with this  
camera from the perspective of the  
sheep?

NOAH

What?

MATTHEW

Like we strap it on the sheep so  
it's like we're seeing Ollie  
through its eyes.

Noah looks at Oliver, hoping he'll say how stupid of an idea  
it is.

**EXT. ANIMAL FARM - MOMENTS LATER**

We see Oliver perform his parts of the music video from the sheep's perspective, through the camcorder, then we fall and tumble to the ground. The makeshift strap they've used to fasten the camcorder to the sheep has fallen loose, but Oliver is laughing, very amused.

OLIVER

Lemme see.

Oliver, Noah, and Matthew look at the footage.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

This is fucking genius.

(to the others)

Ay! Come look at this shit!

Swett, Bowen, and Shai come over and huddle the tiny camcorder screen, ooh-ing and ah-ing.

SWETT

Damn, this is some like, Spike  
Jonze shit.

OLIVER

Matty went crazy. Yo Matty, you are on some other shit, you need to be doing all my visuals. This is so hard. Oh my God bro, we put this with the shit you got of me doing donuts. That juxtaposition is... phew, this shit about to be next level, bruh. No one is doing shit like me, this shit too easy.

Close on Noah's face, aghast. Close on Matthew's face, just barely containing a grin.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Yo. Strap it back on again. Put the strap-on back on. Or, nah nah, put it on that one.

Matthew fastens the camcorder on a goat this time, and presses the record button.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Aight, yo yo, get in the shot.

We see Oliver record another take of his music video performance, arm around Matthew's shoulder, jumping up and down. Noah is standing around, looking awkward with nothing to do. The camera starts falling off again.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(to Noah)  
Yo can you just... like hold it  
right there?

Oliver hands Noah the camcorder, forcing him to get down on his hands and knees in the dirt to simulate shooting from the goat's eye-level.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Nah, it gotta be like, over the  
shoulder, the sheep shoulder.

MATTHEW  
(smug)  
There should be some of the sheep  
fluff in the foreground, like  
blurry.

OLIVER  
Yeah, we gotta feel the sheep  
vibes. Like we're one of the herd.  
And I'm the shepherd.

Noah tries to hold the sheep in place with one hand while keeping the camcorder steady on the sheep's neck, totally humiliated.

PRE-LAP: "Hellifornia" by Gesaffelstein.

**EXT./INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER**

Matthew, Noah, Oliver, Swett, Bowen get home. Swett and Bowen plop down on the couch in the living room. Noah rushes toward the editing room. Matthew follows him in, carrying all the equipment in dutifully.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, EDITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Noah walks into the editing room with a surprised and angry expression on his face. He looks over at Matthew suspiciously, but doesn't say anything. Matthew feigns obliviousness, unloading the equipment onto Noah's bed. We see the batteries in a Ziploc bag on top of Noah's shelf.

END MUSIC.

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO - DUSK**

Matthew is sitting cross-legged, looking through the viewfinder of the camcorder, filming and interviewing Oliver while he circles around on his BMX bike in the back patio.

MATTHEW

What's uh... what's your most embarrassing memory?

OLIVER

Ha! Probably when I told my dad I wanted to do music.

MATTHEW

Really, what he say?

OLIVER

Nothing. He just kept eating salt & vinegar chips.

MATTHEW

Are you sure he heard you?

OLIVER

Oh he heard me. I laid out my whole plan, told him I didn't need any money or anything. He just sat there until I walked away.

MATTHEW

What's your happiest memory?

OLIVER

When I turned 18 and left.

MATTHEW

Was that scary?

OLIVER

No. I got a new family... and now I get to choose who's in it.

Noah watches this intimacy from inside, through glass doors, accepting defeat: *Matthew is my superior now.*

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew is walking around the house with the camcorder, doing brief facetious interviews. He crosses paths with Swett in the hallway.

MATTHEW

When did you meet Oliver?

SWETT

When did you know you were gay?

MATTHEW

When I first locked eyes with you,  
my sweet cupcake.

SWETT

Ooh, what kind of cupcake am I?

MATTHEW

Hm. Red velvet cake.

SWETT

I will accept that...

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew now approaches a lounging Bowen with the camera.

MATTHEW

What is your favorite cereal?

BOWEN

Uhh... Bitch Krispies.

Matthew continues on into the adjacent kitchen.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse is at the counter, sitting on a stool. He's producing an instrumental on his laptop with Ableton. A Korg synthesizer is attached by USB. Jesse is playing with the knobs, generating strange sounds.

MATTHEW

What do you love about music?

JESSE

Well, son. Have a seat, young man.  
When I was 3 years old, I heard  
"Slob on My Knob" by Three 6 Mafia.  
It was then, at that precise  
moment... when Juicy J uttered  
those fateful words... "Squeeze on  
my nuts... lick on my butt... The  
natural curly hair... please don't  
touch..."

(beat)

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I knew there was only one path for  
me in this life. And only one  
direction to go: forward.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, EDITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Noah is at his workstation, cutting together footage.

MATTHEW  
Hey.

NOAH  
(conciliatory)  
Hey.

MATTHEW  
Can I ask you some questions for  
the doc?

Noah is a little bit flattered, accepts the olive branch.

NOAH  
Yeah, aight.

MATTHEW  
You're a really important part of  
this crew, but more behind the  
scenes creative--

**EXT. OLIVER'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, ALLEY - EVENING**

ANGLE FROM Oliver's house to this alley, where a giant lump appears to be moving. It's Matthew rustling in his sleeping bag, laptop open, looking through the footage of himself and Oliver in the music video. He opens his phone to look at Oliver's Instagram. He scrolls through a slideshow Oliver posted. We see: a picture of a flower, then a close-up picture of Oliver's face, then a picture from the music video shoot: Swett, Bowen, and Matthew sitting on a fence. Matthew stares at it, takes a screenshot, then closes his eyes and goes to sleep, grinning in his dingy paradise.

**INT. CONCERT - WEEKS LATER**

Matthew is filming side stage. Oliver is finishing up his set for the night. He's gotten quite a bit bigger since the last concert we saw. He's basking in the glory of rising success. He motions for the crew (Swett, Bowen, Noah, Jesse, Shai, and Matthew) to come join him on stage. Matthew keeps filming as he and the crew swarm Oliver.



OLIVER

These are my boys. I wouldn't be  
shit without them.

The music starts back up again. The crowd erupts, Oliver grabs Matthew's head and jumps up and down with him while performing. This is Matthew's ultimate fantasy finally happening. On stage with his idol: *I'm his number one boy.*

**INT. GREEN ROOM - AFTER THE CONCERT**

Matthew is exhausted and sweaty among Oliver's crew, INDUSTRY PEOPLE, and various RANDOMS. It's a party in here. Swett and Bowen are flirting with some girl fans, introducing them to Oliver. Matthew opens up a bottled water as Sebastian walks up to him.

SEBASTIAN

You looked good up there.

MATTHEW

Thanks bro.

SEBASTIAN

I like to be out in GA and catch  
all the true fan vibes.

MATTHEW

Oh yeah, that real feeling. The  
energy. I get that.

SEBASTIAN

Felt like they were cheering for  
you out there.

MATTHEW

Just wait til I drop my album.

SEBASTIAN

What, for real?

MATTHEW

Nah, I'm playing.

SEBASTIAN

(laughing)

You should though. All you need is  
a USB mic. Enough people are  
curious about you that you'd get  
some streams no matter what. Just  
sing in a falsetto. Anyone can sing  
falsetto.

Sebastian tries out his falsetto voice.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

See?

Matthew tries one too, for fun.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I can hear the pain inside you.  
Hold onto that. Don't let anyone  
take it from you.

MATTHEW

Thank you.

SEBASTIAN

I'm going to Atlas's show tomorrow  
with Ollie, you wanna come?

MATTHEW

Uh, yeah, I don't know too much  
about the fashion scene or  
whatever.

SEBASTIAN

It's cool, neither do they. Text me  
your number.

**EXT. FAIRFAX - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew is walking down the street. He gets recognized by  
someone, who starts approaching. At first, Matthew cowers,  
but then realizes it's a CURIOUS FAN.

CURIOUS FAN

Hey can I get a picture with you?

MATTHEW

Me?

CURIOUS FAN

Yeah. I saw you at that concert.  
And you're always on Oliver's IG.

MATTHEW

Oh okay, sure.

They take a selfie together.

CURIOUS FAN

You're my hero man.

MATTHEW

Yeah?

CURIOUS FAN

You just inspire me. Just to be myself and that it's okay to be who I am.

Pause.

MATTHEW

Don't you ever forget that. There's no difference between me and you. You can be doing this too.

CURIOUS FAN

Can I ask you something?

MATTHEW

Yeah, little bro.

CURIOUS FAN

What do you um... do? I wanna be like you. But like, what do you do? Or what did you do to like... get to where you are now?

MATTHEW

(gears turning)

Well I... I'm a photographer...

(gathering himself)

And I'm making a documentary. So I do mostly, like visuals. Visual art. I'm a visual artist.

CURIOUS FAN

Did you go to school for that?

Matthew is starting to get anxious to leave.

CURIOUS FAN (CONT'D)

How did you like, get in with them?

MATTHEW

We grew up together.

CURIOUS FAN

I've been trying to get my friends to see the vision with me, but I had to come out here by myself.

MATTHEW

Yo I really gotta go bro, sorry.

Matthew takes off on his bike.

**EXT. LA BREA STREETS - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew rides by the stores and notices his old job, where he sees Jamie working behind the counter. He decides to pull over and head in.

**INT. AMERICAN RAG STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew peruses the racks of clothing with dramatically fake interest like he's a customer. He's feeling himself, waits for Jamie to approach.

JAMIE

What's up, man. How you been?

MATTHEW

Oh, yo! Good good, man. Actually, really good. Been growing and learning a lot. Realizing shit.

JAMIE

Yeah I been seeing you everywhere. You got like a cult following now. So sick.

MATTHEW

Yeah, I mean, I don't care about all that. Actually been just working on creative stuff with Ollie and them.

JAMIE

Oh really? Like what?

MATTHEW

Just like visuals, mainly. Photos, music videos. Working on a documentary right now with Oliver.

JAMIE

What? Damn, you really made it.

MATTHEW

Yeah man, I feel like they just get me and they're helping me reach my potential as an artist.

JAMIE

Oh that's really tight, can I see some of the footage?

MATTHEW

Uh, nah, I don't have my camera on me.

JAMIE

Oh okay, no worries. Well, that's super dope that they're letting a fan spend all this time around them. Don't forget about us!

MATTHEW

(chuckling)

I'm not a fan, bro.

JAMIE

Oh, my bad.

*Pause: Matthew is fuming, needs Jamie to know how far he's come from folding hoodies.*

MATTHEW

You wanna come to this fashion thing? Me and the boys were gonna go.

JAMIE

The boys? You mean Oliver?

MATTHEW

Yeah, and Seb.

JAMIE

Sebastian?!

MATTHEW

Yeah, it's his homie's runway show or something. Nothing crazy.

JAMIE

Uh, yeah, I know what the fuck it is. You have tickets?

Matthew scoffs.

MATTHEW

We should be good, bruh.

**EXT. FASHION SHOW - EVENING**

Matthew and Jamie approach the fashion show entrance lined up with COOL FASHION CROWD.

MATTHEW

Yo what are you wearing bro?

CLOSE ON Jamie's patchwork sweater.

JAMIE

I made it myself.

MATTHEW

Jesus Christ.

They get whisked in.

**INT. FASHION SHOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Jamie looks around in awe, taking it all in. The MODELS, the VIP CROWD. Matthew acts like this is everyday.

JAMIE

I feel like I'm in the mafia or something.

MATTHEW

Yo just be cool. These kids, they can sniff out a lame from a mile away.

JAMIE

I got you.

MATTHEW

And don't ask for a pic with anyone, okay?

JAMIE

Why not?

MATTHEW

Dog this isn't a fucking meet and greet. Act like you're supposed to be here.

**INT. FASHION SHOW, FRONT ROW - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew sits next to Oliver and Sebastian. Jamie stands out behind the chairs. The show commences. It's a bunch of SKATER KIDS walking out in grey hoodies and sweatpants.

CLOSE ON one of the hoodies reveals a tiny cursive embroidery on the shoulder that reads: *"If I'm a bitch, then I'm the baddest bitch."*

**EXT. FASHION SHOW - LATER**

Matthew is smoking a cigarette over-dramatically, because it's his first, talking to Oliver and Sebastian outside.

SEBASTIAN

What you mean? I told her to send her friend home.

OLIVER

Damn.

SEBASTIAN

She asked ME for an Uber, I said did she bring her bathing suit?

OLIVER

Why?

SEBASTIAN

Cause she getting in a pool.

Matthew bowls over laughing, starts coughing from the smoke. Jamie approaches genuinely but awkwardly.

JAMIE

Yo.

Pause.

MATTHEW

Ay, yo. Uh... yo, this is my boy Jamie.

JAMIE

Hey, we met, once.

OLIVER

Oh word.

SEBASTIAN

(bowing)

Bless up.

JAMIE

That was so weird man, it was just hoodies and pants. I don't know why they needed a whole event.

CLOSE ON Matthew's face, furious: *Why did I bring him here?*

Pause long enough for us to think Jamie made a faux pas.

SEBASTIAN

Cause these people need this shit  
to feel important.

Matthew sighs in relief.

OLIVER

They needed a way to meet new  
models.

JAMIE

They should just go on Instagram,  
the human menu.

Oliver and Sebastian laugh.

SEBASTIAN

Well that's where they came from.  
They were born on IG, molded by it.  
Point of this is to prove to each  
other that it's real. The physical  
manifestation of dick-rider  
culture.

Matthew breaks a smile.

OLIVER

So you knew the old Matty, before I  
put him on.

SEBASTIAN

Oh shit. What was he like? He used  
to beat his meat with Nutella or  
something crazy?

Matthew stares Jamie down.

JAMIE

He was pretty much the same,  
honestly. He's always been like my  
big brother.

SEBASTIAN

And he's my son. So if he's my son,  
and you're his little brother. That  
makes you... my other son.

OLIVER

(to Sebastian)

And you're my son.

(to Jamie)

Which makes you... my grandson.



JAMIE

Grandpa! Thank you for your service, by the way. Appreciate you fighting for us in Vietnam.

OLIVER

Yeah, I fought so you could have the freedom of looking at people wearing hoodies.

(snapping at Matthew)

Yo Matty, you not filming this? You should be getting everything here for the doc. I need proof that Seb is a ugly bitch.

Matthew, taken aback, having forgotten his purpose, reaches for his camera and takes it out. He now feels like the least important person in the group.

**EXT. FASHION SHOW AFTER PARTY, THE NICE GUY - EVENING**

Matthew, Jamie, Oliver, and Sebastian are getting whisked into the club. A LONG LINE sprawls around the corner outside.

SOMEONE #1

Ollie, Ollie!

SOMEONE #2

Can I get a hug, please?

Matthew is filming the other three from behind as they walk through the entrance, ignoring the line. The BOUNCER stops Matthew as he steps in.

BOUNCER

Hold up, he with you too?

OLIVER

What? Yeah.

The bouncer lets a thoroughly humiliated Matthew in.

SOMEONE #1

Your music is trash! You fell off, bitch.

**INT. FASHION SHOW AFTER PARTY, THE NICE GUY - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew, Jamie, Oliver, and Sebastian are at a table. Matthew is filming Jamie, Oliver, and Sebastian laughing and joking over heaping plates of pasta.

JAMIE

And then Matty was like "Do you want that in a plastic bag?"

Oliver and Sebastian are dying laughing. Oliver grabs Jamie's shoulder for support.

OLIVER

Damn bruh, they had you looking like a bitch!

SEBASTIAN

Why didn't you do anything?

Before Matthew can respond, the rest of the crew (Swett, Bowen, Jesse, Shai, Noah) arrives and sits down.

SWETT

(pointing at Jamie)  
Yo who is this?

Matthew doesn't say anything.

JAMIE

What's up, I'm Jamie.

OLIVER

This is Matthew's young boy.

NOAH

What's up, man.

SWETT

That sweater is hard. Where you get it at?

JAMIE

I made it! You want one?

SWETT

The fuck? Yes. Thank you, bro! Ay I fuck with this kid.

NOAH

Yo can you make me one?

OLIVER

Woah woah, chill. I need one before any of these vultures.

JAMIE

I got you. I'll make one for everybody. Just uh, let me know your sizes.

SHAI

What's your number? I'll text them  
to you.

Matthew has to continue filming everybody as they dote on  
Jamie. A KID comes up to the table.

KID

Hey, could I get a picture?

OLIVER

Of course!

KID

(to Jamie)

Can you take it?

OLIVER

Yo let our in-house photographer  
take it.

MATTHEW

I'm filming.

JAMIE

I can do it!

Jamie takes the kid's phone and snaps the photo, then hands  
it back over.

#### **EXT. THE NICE GUY - END OF NIGHT**

Jamie and Matthew standing, catching Ubers. Matthew is so  
relieved for this night, and Jamie's presence, to be over.

JAMIE

Yo, thank you so much man. That was  
so crazy. You're my big brother,  
for real.

MATTHEW

(patronizing)

Aight, bro.

JAMIE

You coming to the crib tomorrow,  
too?

MATTHEW

Huh? Ollie's?

JAMIE

Yeah, they were talking about kicking it tomorrow at the crib.

MATTHEW

Oh, uh... Yeah, I'll be there. Are you?

JAMIE

I mean, yeah. I feel like, yeah I want to.

Jamie's Uber arrives.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Aight big bro, later man!

**EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATER**

Matthew gets out the Uber on the verge of tears.

MATTHEW

Thank you.

He walks inside.

**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew sits up in his bed, texts Jamie: "yo feel like i should tell you... they were just being nice about coming to the crib"

Matthew gets a text back from Jamie: "oh shit... ah ok all good"

Matthew: "yeah they can't just have anybody coming through all the time"

Jamie: "i feel that"

Matthew: "but they thought you were cool though"

Jamie: "really??"

Matthew: "yeah for sure"

Matthew: "they told me they loved you"

Matthew: "I'll let you know when we come around the store next time too"

Pause. Jamie's text bubble appears and disappears. Then...

Jamie: "aight bro lmk"

Matthew puts his phone down and turns over on his pillow, feeling like he's put this Jamie threat to bed.

We see under his bed, a plate of uneaten moldy fruit that's been forgotten, sitting there for days.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew walks in through the front door to find: Jamie, sitting on the couch with Swett and Bowen.

JAMIE

Yo!

Matthew is surprised.

MATTHEW

Yooooo...

(moving closer to Jamie)

... what are you doing here?

JAMIE

Ollie hit me! Said he needed some help getting ready for London.

MATTHEW

London?

Jamie gets back to co-mingling with everyone. Matthew bounds upstairs toward Oliver's room.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew busts in. Oliver is in there with another WHITE BOY and TWO GIRLS. They all presumably just had sex.

MATTHEW

Yo, what's London?

OLIVER

Huh?

MATTHEW

You going to London?

OLIVER

Yeah, you are too, bitch. You're shooting it.

MATTHEW  
Shooting what?

OLIVER  
Yo, you sound real frustrated. I  
wanna do the album cover out there,  
we're doing a Nike thing and then  
we'll just use the same studio. And  
I'm bringing everyone. I'm letting  
your boy style it, too. Wanted to  
let him tell you. Flying y'all out,  
like my most special hoes.

Matthew processes this.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(getting dressed)  
Yo, you need to be getting way more  
B-Roll. Just random shit here at  
the crib, people hanging out, real  
daily life shit. Especially when we  
get to  
(British Roadman accent)  
*London, bruv, innit. You need to be  
shooting bare B-roll, bruv, are you  
mad?*

**INT. BEST BUY - LATER**

Matthew stands at check-out, buying GoPros. The CASHIER looks at him.

CASHIER  
You got like a sex dungeon or  
something?

MATTHEW  
Something like that.

CASHIER  
Wait aren't you that kid, that's in  
all of the Oliver videos and shit.

MATTHEW  
Yeah.

CASHIER  
You fucked him or something?

MATTHEW  
What?

The Cashier hands Matthew the shopping bag.

CASHIER  
Have a wonderful day and thank you  
for shopping at Best Buy.

**EXT./INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER**

Matthew sets up the GoPros, making Jamie help him attach them to the ceiling corners.

JAMIE  
You're coming to London with us,  
right?

Matthew bites his tongue: *"Us"???? These are MY friends.*

MATTHEW  
Yeah, he wants me to shoot the  
cover.

JAMIE  
What! That's so sick, bro. You're  
gonna kill that.

Matthew's thinking about killing something else...

PRE-LAP: "Destinations" by Gesaffelstein.

**EXT./INT. LAX AIRPORT - ONE WEEK LATER**

Everyone at the airport. Shai checks gate times. Bowen and Noah and Jesse check their phones. Jamie is wide-eyed. Matthew is shooting B-roll. Oliver and Swett are trolling the TSA by taking their pants off.

**INT. PLANE - HOURS LATER**

Everyone is handed customs slips and golf pencils to fill them out. Jamie is asleep in the window seat. Shai is in the seat in front of Matthew.

END MUSIC.

SHAI  
Yo.

MATTHEW  
Hey.

SHAI

When we get there, you can't tell them you're with us, because I don't have performance visas for you guys.

MATTHEW

What's that?

SHAI

Like when you and Jamie go through customs, just tell them you're visiting family or friends. Ollie is doing a one-off show in Shoreditch. If you tell them you're with us, they won't let you in because you don't have a performance visa. And we all might get fucked over.

MATTHEW

Okay. Can I get one?

SHAI

Why? You need to apply for them in advance. Just tell them you're here to visit the fucking Buckingham Palace and you should be fine.

**INT. LONDON HEATHROW CUSTOMS - HOURS LATER**

Matthew is at the customs booth, he hands the AGENT his filled-out slip.

AGENT

What are you here for?

MATTHEW

Just seeing a friend.

AGENT

Where do they live?

MATTHEW

Uh, Shoreditch.

AGENT

How long are you here for?

Jamie goes over to the booth, and Matthew looks over at him, but he doesn't do anything.



MATTHEW  
Sorry, what?

AGENT  
How long are you staying in London?

MATTHEW  
Uh, just a few days.

AGENT  
What is your occupation?

MATTHEW  
Uh--

AGENT  
What do you do for a living?

MATTHEW  
Uh, I take photographs and make videos.

AGENT  
No, not what's your hobby. What is your job? Do you have a job?

MATTHEW  
Uh...

AGENT  
Unemployed.

MATTHEW  
I--

AGENT  
Do you have anything to declare?

MATTHEW  
Declare? Like do I have something to confess?

Matthew looks back over at Jamie, who's clearly struggling at another customs booth.

AGENT  
Do you have any perishables? Meat or meat products, vegetables, fruits...

MATTHEW  
Uh, no.

Matthew looks over to see Jamie being forcefully escorted to an interrogation room by AGENTS. They confiscate his phone.

AGENT  
Enjoy your stay.

Agent stamps Matthew's passport.

MATTHEW  
Thank you.

**INT. LONDON HEATHROW CUSTOMS, UK SIDE - LATER**

Matthew and Oliver's crew (Swett, Bowen, Jesse, Noah, and Shai) are waiting for Jamie. They've grown impatient.

SWETT  
Yo, where's your boy?

MATTHEW  
I don't know.

SHAI  
Did you tell him what to say?

MATTHEW  
Yeah, I explained everything to him. He might've just forgot.

SHAI  
Alright, well, we need to check in.

MATTHEW  
I'm sure he'll call us.

SHAI  
Shit, they probably already sent his ass home. We should roll.

PRE-LAP: "Perfection" by Gesaffelstein.

**EXT. THE BRITISH MUSEUM - DUSK**

Matthew is taking B-roll of everyone being shuffled around various London tourist attractions. Swett and Bowen skate in front of The British Museum steps, Oliver dances super goofy for the camera. Noah, Jesse and Shai laugh.

**EXT. LONDON, BEIGEL BAKE - EVENING**

Matthew is having so much fun, shooting B-roll of Oliver and everyone eating a London delicacy: salt beef bagels.

**INT. LONDON AIRBNB - EVENING**

Matthew flops down on a bed.

CLOSE ON his face. His eyes are distant, hollowed out. Hold on his vacuous expression as we PUSH IN further, his mouth twitches into a smile. Oliver, Swett, Bowen, Jesse and Noah bust in the door with bottles and GIRLS. They want to go back out.

**INT. VISIONS NIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT**

END MUSIC.

Matthew shooting B-roll in dark room of an underground party, interviewing Oliver. They shout over the loud music and PACKED CROWD in their booth. Oliver has not abandoned his horrible London road man accent yet.

MATTHEW

So, what do you want out of life?

OLIVER

*To be the biggest, bruv. My own company, bruv. #1 album in the country, bruv. Bare movies out. A clothing line, fam. But that's all just so I can guarantee the team is good, fam. Everybody that helped me get here, that's my family, innit. There's a whole piece of Oliver, Inc. for anybody in my family, bruv. If I make sure everybody eating, I'll be satisfied, innit. I'd be a proud papa.*

Pause.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

*The question, is what do you want, bruv?*

MATTHEW

I have everything I want.

He means it.

**INT. LONDON PHOTO SHOOT, BLEND STUDIOS - THE NEXT DAY**

Oliver sits on a stool in front of a white studio backdrop. The room is crowded. Matthew is behind the camera, taking pictures.

Noah and Jesse absentmindedly scroll their phones. Swett and Bowen are wrestling playfully but aggressively.

There's a BUZZ at the door and some industry people arrive: a NIKE REP, a PUBLICIST, and a JOURNALIST. Objects populating the area include: lights (some pointed at Oliver, some idle), rolling racks of clothing, a ladder leaning on the wall, and various gag props (Super Soakers, NERF footballs, etc.) Matthew is behind the camera, taking pictures of Oliver.

MATTHEW

Alright now give me sexy horse.

Oliver tries to do a sexy horse face interpretation.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Now give me Brazilian soccer player. You just made a goal on your own team.

Another BUZZ at the door. The studio door OPENS and in comes Jamie, carrying a rolling suitcase, alongside Shai. The two of them clearly just discussed the fact that Matthew didn't tell Jamie about the visa thing. Shai looks at Matthew disapprovingly, thinks he's sus now.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Yo! You made it.

JAMIE

Yes. Yes, I did.

Jamie unzips his suitcase. It's full of the sweaters he promised to make everyone and he starts handing them out.

SWETT

Oh shit, you actually made them?

JAMIE

Yeah, I wanted to surprise you guys.

BOWEN

(catching his)

Bruhnh, yesss, thank you.

Jamie TOSSES one to Matthew without looking at him. His toss is off and Matthew has to lurch awkwardly to catch it.

MATTHEW

Yo, let me show you what we're working on.

Jamie's attitude has clearly changed. He knows Matthew betrayed him and will no longer play the stooge.

OLIVER

All my boys are here. My creative dream team. 92 Olympics shit.

MATTHEW

(to Oliver)

Yo, come look at this.

Matthew shows Oliver and Jamie the pictures he's taken on the camera display.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Crazy, right.

OLIVER

Uh, yeah. Yeah, that's dope. I don't know if that's really the right vibe, though. For this album. I feel like it needs more. More emotion or something...

MATTHEW

What? Nah, no it doesn't.

OLIVER

(taken aback)

What?

MATTHEW

This is exactly what your album sounds like. It's minimalist.

OLIVER

I got an 8-part orchestra section on my intro.

JAMIE

Yo, I got an idea.

Jamie hands Oliver the Super Soaker.

OLIVER

Uh...

Jamie takes it, pumps it up again, and hands it back to Oliver. Oliver SPRAYS it in his mouth and DROOLS out the water.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(drooling)  
Get that, get that.

Jamie jumps behind the camera and starts taking pictures, as Matthew stands by awkwardly.

JAMIE  
Spit some out.

Oliver spits some of the water out and laughs as Jamie continues to take photos. They're having fun.

OLIVER  
Aight, aight, let me see.

Oliver checks out the camera display to look at the shots. Jamie flips through them. Oliver's big smile shrinks into an unenthusiastic smirk.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Eh... kinda too goofy.

Matthew sighs in relief: *Thank God he doesn't like Jamie's idea.*

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Noah? You got anything?

Noah, surprised to be back in the game, comes up with an idea on the spot.

MATTHEW  
What if we--

Oliver shoots Matthew a deathly look.

OLIVER  
Noah?

NOAH  
Uh..what if you like... what if you tied this around your neck?

Noah has grabbed a rope and handed it to Oliver.

OLIVER  
Y'all really like imagery of me killing myself, huh.

NOAH  
Nah, it'll just look sick, it's a metaphor.

OLIVER

A metaphor for what? Wanting to  
kill myself?

NOAH

Nah like, the industry.

Oliver shrugs: *Let's give it a try.*

Noah snaps some photos, then shows Oliver as Matthew and  
Jamie crowd the camera. As soon as he sees them, Oliver busts  
out laughing.

OLIVER

Nope. This ain't it, bruh.

Another BUZZ at the door: lunch delivery arrives. Sandwiches  
are passed around. Oliver starts devouring his sandwich on  
the stool.

MATTHEW

Oh, I got something.

OLIVER

(chewing)

What?

MATTHEW

Just stay right there. Keep eating.

Matthew unscrews the camera from the tripod and gets right up  
in Oliver's face while he's eating the sandwich. Matthew  
starts snapping photos while Oliver continues to eat. Oliver  
chuckles through a mouthful as Matthew gets closer and closer  
to him. Matthew gets a little too close and Oliver snaps at  
him, slapping the camera (attached to Matthew's face) away.

OLIVER

Get the fuck back. Jesus--

MATTHEW

Nah, it's like a detail shot, it  
looks--

OLIVER

What are you, a fucking weirdo  
fangirl? Get off my dick, bro.

Matthew tries to laugh it off and swallows his pride, it's  
excruciating. Jamie sets up the ladder next to Oliver and  
grabs the camera from Matthew. Jamie climbs up the ladder.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Ay Swett!

He LOBS the rest of his sandwich at Swett, who deftly DODGES it. He grabs it and tries to force feed it to Bowen.

SWETT

I'm too fast, shoulda been in The Matrix 3.

JAMIE

(to Oliver)

Look up at me.

Oliver looks up at Jamie like a baby, CLUTCHING HIS KNEES on the stool.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Yes.

Jamie snaps photos from a high angle. Then he walks down and shows Oliver. Matthew and Noah look over their shoulders. On the display, we see a fetal Oliver, looking uncharacteristically vulnerable from above. Oliver loves it so much he gets quiet.

OLIVER

Damn.

MATTHEW

Bro, what? This is so basic.

NOAH

This is pretty hard, not gonna lie.

OLIVER

Yeah, this is it. Oh shit, this is it! Wait, toss me the sweater. Yo Matthew, get the B-Roll cam. We need to capture this moment for the doc.

Oliver starts putting on the sweater Jamie made for him.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Aight get this one Jamie. Ooooooh, this is the one, I'm telling you. Shit is iconic.

Jamie starts climbing back up the ladder with the camera. Noah decides to be helpful to Jamie. He helps Oliver pull the sweater over his knees as he assumes the fetal position. Noah then arranges the lights perfectly to accentuate the shot. Matthew grabs the camcorder, defeated.

He starts filming, first catching some of the rest of the room: we see Swett and Bowen slap-boxing in the corner.



SWETT

Ay Matty get this, get this. I'm  
bout to slap the shit out of this  
pussy boy---

Bowen slaps him first, then they go at it.

They've been doing Jackass-esque horseplay this entire shoot. Once we catch a glimpse of them in Matthew's camcorder, we turn back over toward Jamie and Oliver.

Jamie gets to the top of the ladder and shoots a perfectly lit Oliver from above.

Matthew, watching through the camcorder, simply can't take it. We see through the camcorder viewfinder, Matthew getting closer and closer to the ladder, where Jamie is taking photos.

OLIVER

Yea Matty, can you hold onto that,  
it's wobbly.

But as he moves in toward the ladder, he doesn't stop. He walks straight into it. The ladder TOPPLES OVER and Jamie TUMBLES down, CRASHING into hot lights, which fall over and SHATTER. Jamie finally lands awkwardly, upon which we hear a terrifying SMUSH of flesh against the slick floor. Matthew is still filming: *did he shove it intentionally?*

Matthew immediately starts to cover for himself. Having clocked Swett and Bowen's rowdy behavior, he attempts to play it off as the same kind of harmless thing.

MATTHEW

Oooooohhhhhh, yo I got all of that.  
This is gonna be so sick for the  
doc, or you should just put this in  
the music video! This is some  
Jackass shit, bro!

Matthew removes the camcorder from his eye. Clearly, he crossed a line. Everyone is dead silent, looking at him or looking away awkwardly, then looking back at Jamie.

WE SEE: Jamie motionless, BLOOD POOLING around his head.

**INT. AIRBNB - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew wakes up and walks around. No one is there.

**EXT. AIRBNB - MINUTES LATER**

He rushes to the airport and gets in an Uber. As soon as he sits, he texts Shai about his boarding pass.

**INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - AN HOUR LATER**

Matthew is asking the desk ATTENDANT about his pass.

ATTENDANT

No I see your name, but it was only for a one-way ticket. The return flight had to be confirmed at least 24 hours before takeoff.

MATTHEW

I'm in a group, though. I'm with Oliver... the artist.

ATTENDANT

Okay, well...

MATTHEW

Can you just look him up?

ATTENDANT

Last name?

MATTHEW

You don't know who he is?

ATTENDANT

No, I'm sorry.

(typing)

Yeah, I see he and 5 others checked in about an hour ago.

MATTHEW

And there's no ticket in there for me?

ATTENDANT

In where? Do you think there's like a manila envelope or something?

Pause.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Would you like to just buy a ticket for the next flight?

MATTHEW

When is that?

ATTENDANT  
There's one in about 7 hours.

Matthew gulps.

MATTHEW  
How much is it?

ATTENDANT  
1500 pounds.

Pause.

MATTHEW  
I don't have that.

A LINE has developed behind Matthew. He starts furiously making phone calls to Shai, Jamie, Noah, Jesse, Swett, Bowen, then finally, Oliver.

ATTENDANT  
Is there anything else I can help you with?

Matthew makes one more phone call, which we don't see, but we hear Grandma's voice on the other line.

GRANDMA (O.C.)  
Matty!

**INT. LAX AIRPORT, U.S. CUSTOMS - AFTERNOON**

Matthew scans his passport and breaks into an unnatural smile for the requisite picture taken by the machine. The machine spits out a slip with his information and picture on it.

He grabs the slip with his smiling face staring up at him, as he considers himself. Then we see his real face again, empty and exhausted.

**EXT. LAX AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER**

Grandma waits patiently for Matthew's arrival. He walks out. She calls out to him.

GRANDMA  
Matty! Matty baby!

Matthew sees her and completely ignores her, getting into an Uber. Grandma is left stranded and confused.

**EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - SUNSET**

Matthew knocks on the front door and rings the doorbell multiple times. No one lets him in. He keeps knocking and knocking until finally Shai answers the door.

MATTHEW

Yooooo. What happened with the flights? Shit was crazy, did they lose yours too?

SHAI

You gotta head out, man.

MATTHEW

What?

SHAI

Gotta bounce, I'm sorry.

MATTHEW

What do you mean, I'm doing the documentary?

SHAI

We're gonna have someone else finish it. Or just not do one. I think he's over it, anyway. Ollie's more into being mysterious now.

MATTHEW

What? Where is he?

SHAI

In his room.

MATTHEW

Let me talk to him, I know he wouldn't want anyone else doing the doc, he said I'm his fucking muse.

SHAI

I honestly think you should just take a break and chill out for a while.

Matthew rushes past Shai and bounds up the stairs to Oliver's bedroom. The door is locked. WE HEAR giggling and screams of delight. Matthew keeps knocking. A half-dressed Oliver opens the door smiling until he sees Matthew.

MATTHEW

Yo.

OLIVER  
Uh... hey...

Pause.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Can I help you?

MATTHEW  
Yeah, I need help.

Matthew starts touching Oliver sensually, grabbing at the bottom of his polo shirt.

OLIVER  
Bro, what the fuck...  
(laughing)  
Ohhh my God, no. Nope. That's not for you.

Oliver, still laughing, closes the door on Matthew. Matthew walks down and exits the house, as Swett and Bowen play video games but pretend not to see him.

PRE-LAP: "Pursuit" by Gesaffelstein.

#### **EXT. OLIVER'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE ALLEY - DUSK**

Matthew throws his bags down where his sleeping bag setup used to be. The sleeping bag is still hidden behind the shed with his other stuff. He goes to grab it. It's covered in dirt and debris. He dusts it off in disgust, then starts setting it all back up like old times. This time, he does it sloppily and rushed. Then he lies down in his crusty, gross outdoor bedroom, eyes wide open.

After some squirming, he picks up his camcorder and starts filming through the fence. He's able to see just a sliver of Oliver's house, a sliding glass door. Matthew sets up his tripod to hold the camera in position and continues to stare.

WE SEE through Matthew's POV: Oliver walks by, wrestling and laughing with Swett. Matthew smiles, thinking to himself: *At least I still have this.*

Just then, WE HEAR a man approaching. It's the NEIGHBOR, the old white man whose trash cans got knocked over by Oliver and Sebastian's cul de sac race. It's this man's side yard alley Matthew has been squatting in all this time.

NEIGHBOR  
What the hell?

Matthew turns his head to see the neighbor, who's making a purposeful beeline toward him. He seems PISSED. Neighbor has his hands out as though he's going to grab the camera. As soon as he's in range, we hear a THWACK. The neighbor FALLS like a ton of bricks.

WE SEE Matthew, calm as ever, having just clubbed the old man with the tripod. WE SEE a shovel in the yard. Matthew considers it.

END MUSIC.

**EXT./INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew PEEKS into the neighbor's house to check if anyone else is home. They aren't.

**EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew DRAGS the unconscious neighbor back up to his house.

**INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew drags the neighbor into the living room and sets him on the couch. He sees a prescription bottle of Klonopin among some other medications.

**INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew OPENS the bottle, CRUSHES a handful of them on a cutting board with the bottom of a glass, then fills that glass with water. On his way back to the living room, he grabs an apple and takes a bite.

**INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew FUNNELS the crushed up pills into the neighbor's mouth, then POURS some water in from the glass. Relieved, Matthew then notices a tape player on a shelf and a collection of cassettes. After considering a few, he puts one on: "Nobody But Me" by The Human Beinz.

Matthew starts DANCING WILDLY around the room. He tucks in the old man with a throw blanket.

Still dancing, he POCKETS the pill bottle. Then, he notices a framed family photo on a side table. It's the old man with a wife and a few kids, the Normal Rockwell epitome of familial love.

He picks it up and examines it, truly moved, picturing himself in this scenario. He smiles to himself, then STEALS it.

**EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE ALLEY - EVENING**

Matthew walks out toward his sleeping bag setup, family photo in hand, still all smiles. He faces his sleeping bag arrangement, remembering now that he actually has to leave for good.

END MUSIC.

We see the shovel as Matthew faces Oliver's house. Something in his face suggests he may go full psycho and kill everybody over there. Instead, he packs all his stuff into the sleeping bag and orders an Uber.

**EXT. THE GROVE FOUNTAIN - A MONTH LATER, NOON**

CHYRON: One month later.

People shopping at The Grove. The fountain sprays with an ersatz happiness in the distance. The sun is beating down, shimmering in the fountain water.

**INT. STORE AT THE GROVE - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew works here now, wearing the store's brand from head to toe. A customer, white with blue-tipped blonde hair, approaches Matthew. Let's call this customer TROLL. He's wearing an extra small hoodie from this store, grinning deviously.

TROLL

Yo can you get me this in another size? It's a little on the small side. Do you have a medium?

MATTHEW

Yeah, for sure.

Matthew goes to the back and retrieves a hoodie. The Troll puts it on, on top of the original extra small hoodie. Matthew is confused.

TROLL

Do you have this in a large?

Pause.

MATTHEW

Yeah.

Pause.

TROLL

Well, can you go get it?

MATTHEW

Yeah, I got you.

Matthew goes to grab the large hoodie, brings it back to the grinning Troll.

TROLL

Thanks, bra.

The Troll puts on the large hoodie, on top of the other two hoodies, now trying to contain his laughter as he becomes a Russian doll of hoodies.

TROLL (CONT'D)

You got an extra large?

Matthew rolls his eyes, goes to grab the extra large hoodie, a 2XL hoodie, and a 3XL hoodie. Troll accepts them, then sees that Matthew has caught on to his game.

TROLL (CONT'D)

Yo what the fuck is this?

Pause.

TROLL (CONT'D)

I said XL, what the fuck is this?

Are you calling me a fat bitch?

(to no one in particular)

This employee just called me a fat  
ass white bitch!

MATTHEW

Uh...

TROLL

Yo fuck this place!

Troll takes off all the hoodies, throwing them on the ground sequentially. He then proceeds to knock all the other neatly folded, shelved clothes onto the floor. We see TROLL'S FRIEND in the corner, filming all of this on his phone. The Troll's affect dissolves.

TROLL (CONT'D)

You got it?



TROLL'S FRIEND

Yep.

The Troll and Troll's Friend start to leave. Matthew starts picking the clothes up off the floor. The Troll stops in his tracks on his way out.

TROLL

Wait...

He gets serious, walks closer to Matthew. He grabs on to Matthew's jacket, inspecting it.

TROLL (CONT'D)

This is fake.

MATTHEW

No, it's not.

TROLL

Oh my God, it is. How you work here at the actual store and you got the fake version on?

MATTHEW

It's not fake.

TROLL

Why don't you just rock some regular shit? Fuck it, I'm snitching, this is too much. I need to speak to the manager!

Troll's Friend ups his phone to start filming again. Troll waves at him to put it away.

TROLL (CONT'D)

Nah nah, this is too shameful.

Troll's Friend puts the phone down. Troll finds The STORE MANAGER and leads him back to Matthew.

TROLL (CONT'D)

Your employee got on a fake jacket, why you let him do that? You don't give them some of the clothes?

MATTHEW

He's trolling.

Store Manager checks the tag on Matthew's neck: *It is fake.*

STORE MANAGER  
(disappointed)  
Take it off, please.

MATTHEW  
Why, what's the difference?

Store Manager glares at him, appalled. Matthew takes it off. Underneath the jacket, he's wearing a dirty t-shirt.

STORE MANAGER  
Why don't you just go home for the day, Matthew.

STORE MANAGER (CONT'D)  
(to Troll)  
Thank you for letting us know.

TROLL  
Not a problem. Here to help.

Matthew starts leaving, doing as he was told.

STORE MANAGER  
Hey... after you re-shelve.

Matthew goes back to picking up the clothes off the floor. Troll and Troll's Friend exit, giggling. Store Manager continues to watch over Matthew.

#### **INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Matthew is sitting down at home, eating sliced fruit despondently. Grandma gets home with a bag of In-n-Out.

GRANDMA  
I thought you might like something different, I don't always know what you want.

MATTHEW  
It's okay.

Matthew forces a smile, accepting it. He starts eating out of the bag, opens his phone.

GRANDMA  
What else do you want? I can go to the store. You don't eat enough.

Matthew ignores her. He sees that the music video he worked on for Oliver is out. It already has 3 million views, and is #4 on trending. Matthew presses play on the video.

It reads "Directed by Oliver & Noah." Matthew can't bring himself to watch more, he puts his phone away.

**EXT. LA BREA STREETS - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew is biking to work. He passes by a LINE OF PEOPLE, all wearing Oliver merch. There's a frenzy outside of what appears to be a pop-up store. Oliver is probably in there based on how crazy the fans are going. Oliver is clearly bigger than ever now. Matt stops biking to take a closer look.

**EXT. POP-UP SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew tries to catch a glimpse of Oliver inside the store through the CROWD, but shakes his head and gets back on his bike (like a gambling addict forcing himself to walk away from the casino that bankrupted him). As he stabilizes to pedal away, he gets recognized by a group of SUPER-FANS.

SUPERFAN #1

Oh my God, my king! It's Matty.

SUPERFAN #2

That's him! Matty we love you!

Matthew is taken aback.

MATTHEW

Uh, hey.

SUPERFAN #3

Can we get a picture, please?

Matthew, not wanting to be seen by Oliver, for fear of getting publicly embarrassed, looks reluctant.

MATTHEW

I... was actually about to leave.

They look disappointed, so he relents and takes the picture.

SUPERFAN #1

Why are you even out here, can't you just skip the line?

MATTHEW

I just like to be with the people, this is where the real fun is at. Plus all this merch shit gets sent to my crib, anyway.

We see Oliver making his way through the crowd from inside the store, and is being escorted by SECURITY. He CLIMBS UP on the security guard's shoulders and shouts at the crowd.

OLIVER

Thank you everybody for coming! Uhm  
I gotta feed my snake now but the  
store is gonna be open for the rest  
of the day! And I'll see you at The  
Echo tonight!

The crowd screams in a cacophony of cheering and disappointment. Oliver is carried out by his security guard, piggy-back style. Matthew and the super-fans watch him leave.

SUPERFAN #1

You're not gonna go with him?

MATTHEW

Nah, I see him every day. I'll  
catch up with him later.

SUPERFAN #2

At the Echo?

MATTHEW

Uh, yeah maybe.

The fans exchange glances, starting to be less impressed with Matthew, suspecting he's not as close with Oliver as they thought. He can feel himself losing their attention.

SUPERFAN #3

You're not going?

MATTHEW

I've been to like eight thousand of  
his shows... if I hear him play  
"Bird Watching" one more time I  
might off myself.

SUPERFAN #1

Self-harm isn't funny.

Awkward beat.

MATTHEW

(breaking the silence)

Are you guys going?

SUPERFAN #2

Uh, kind of. It's 18+ so we like to  
go to the parking lot and listen  
from there.

SUPERFAN #1

We're losers, basically. We just close our eyes and pretend we're in the balcony seats.

MATTHEW

You guys don't have fake IDs?

SUPERFAN #1

No, Jelly had one but it got confiscated. Cause she's a dumb bitch.

SUPERFAN #3

My dumbass got one that said I was 28.

SUPERFAN #2

You should go! And stream it for us up close. Oh, and FaceTime us backstage so we can meet Ollie!

SUPERFAN #1

Oh my God, please!

MATTHEW

Nah, I really been to way too many of these. Maybe when he drops some new music.

SUPERFAN #2

So you're not really good friends with him anymore, huh.

This strikes a buried nerve somewhere inside Matthew. The gears start turning.

START QUICK CUT MONTAGE.

MUSIC CUE: "Hate or Glory" by Gesaffelstein.

#### **INT. SHERMAN OAKS HOME - THREE HOURS BEFORE CONCERT**

The same group of super-fans at the home of one of their parents. They're dancing to old Oliver concerts playing on the living room TV. PARENTS come in and glare at them until they turn the music down. They all change into merch bought from the pop-up shop.

**EXT. CONCERT VENUE - SAME TIME**

A LONG LINE is developing outside of the venue. The TOUR MANAGER from the first concert (who walked Shai and Matthew in) emerges from a staff-only side door with his phone out, greeting Matthew warmly. He doesn't know Matthew has been dead to Oliver for a while.

TOUR MANAGER

Ayyyy. Yo my bad, I just saw your text.

**EXT. VENUE PARKING LOT - TWO HOURS BEFORE CONCERT**

The Super Fans eagerly wait, wearing Oliver merch, seemingly ready to absorb the concert from the parking lot. They spot Oliver arriving in an SUV and FREAK OUT.

**INT. VENUE OFFICE - EARLIER**

The Tour Manager casually picks up a box of laminated artist passes and holds it out for Matthew. They have a few different designs. We see Matthew's hand reach for the box.

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. VENUE LINE - THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE CONCERT**

The group of super-fans reveal laminated artist passes to SECURITY and get whisked inside, skirting the line as OTHER FANS shoot them dirty looks.

**INT. VENUE - DURING CONCERT**

Our Super Fans enjoy the show from sidestage, loving Oliver. They sneakily share a couple flasks.

**INT. GROCERY STORE - EARLIER**

Matthew checks out at the store - a ton of fruit and then the same flasks we saw being passed around by the fans.

**INT. VENUE, GREEN ROOM - AFTER CONCERT**

The Super Fans, now semi-sloppy and intoxicated, are introduced to Oliver by Swett and Bowen.

**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - EARLIER**

Matthew **crushes up the old neighbor's prescription pills** and funnels the resultant powder into the flasks. He puts them into his backpack with the artist passes and slings the backpack over his shoulder.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew bikes somewhere with his backpack on... We FOLLOW him, get close to his face... his eyes stare straight ahead with a fixed indignation.

END MONTAGE. END MUSIC.

**INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - THE NEXT AFTERNOON**

Oliver watches something on a couch, closes his laptop. We reveal Shai sitting next to him. They both have horrified looks on their faces. Oliver gets up with livid purpose and makes a beeline through the living room. He looks up at the ceiling to find: **the GoPro Matt and Jamie set up months ago.** He gets up on a stool and rips the GoPro out of the wall angrily, then hops back down to find Shai standing right there.

SHAI  
16 years old?

OLIVER  
(breathing heavily)  
No I...

SHAI  
Jesus Christ.

Shai storms off, shaking her head in disgust. Oliver looks around. Swett and Bowen are off in the corner playing video games. Oliver walks back over to his laptop and opens it.

**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Matthew is at his laptop, replying an email, ostensibly from Oliver, that reads: "What do you want?" We see Matthew smile, then begin to type out his response: **"I just want to finish our documentary!"**

**EXT. TOUR BUS - DAYS LATER**

Everyone is filing onto the bus - Swett, Bowen, Noah, Jesse and Oliver. Matthew is filming enthusiastically, but no one is paying attention to him.

MATTHEW

Back on the road, again. Tour life  
is crayyy-zyyyyy.

**INT. TOUR BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew walks down the aisle filming, eye in the camcorder's viewfinder.

MATTHEW

This is where we sleep. This is  
where we eat. This is Jesse. Say hi  
Jesse.

JESSE

Hi, mom.

Matthew approaches the front, where the driver SPENCER is sitting at the wheel.

MATTHEW

This is Spencer, our driver, what's  
it like going on tour with a big  
celebrity like Oliver?

SPENCER

It's like chaperoning a bunch of 8-  
year-olds, except they get to tell  
me what to do and I have to listen.  
Otherwise, I get fired.

MATTHEW

Isn't that Shai's job?

SPENCER

She ain't here. Left me to raise  
all the kids.

Matthew seems unaffected by this information, steps out of the bus with the camcorder.

**EXT. TOUR STOP #1 - DAYS LATER, DUSK**

The bus stops in Kentucky. There are FANS flocking outside. Matthew is still filming, eye on the viewfinder. He shoots an EAGER FAN.



MATTHEW  
Yo, what's good Kentucky?

EAGER FAN  
Oh my God, you're Matty right. Can  
I get a pic with you and Oliver?

MATTHEW  
Of course. Ollie?

Oliver agrees reluctantly. The eager fan hands a camera to a  
FRIEND.

OLIVER  
Uhhh, alright.

EAGER FAN  
Hey, I just wanna say, your music  
helped me a lot. When I found it,  
it was just what I needed to help  
me grow into who I am.

OLIVER  
I appreciate that.

The friend snaps a photo.

MATTHEW  
Alright, you got it?

FRIEND  
Yup.

MATTHEW  
Can you send that to me?

Matthew opens his DM and saves the photo, then puts it on his  
own Instagram while Oliver gets swarmed by more fans.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Yo, I just sent it to you too, put  
it on your story.

Oliver knows he can't say no. He's visibly defeated,  
operating completely at the whims of Matthew. Matthew's  
formerly delicate approach has devolved into shamelessness:  
*he just plainly tells Oliver what to do now.* After some  
squirming, Oliver posts the picture.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
And tag me!

**INT. TOUR STOP #2, TRAMPOLINE PARK - EVENING**

Oliver, Swett, Bowen, Noah and Jesse are jumping around in a foam pit. Matthew runs around with the camera, forcing everyone to be friends with him for the documentary. He starts with Oliver.

MATTHEW

So, what is it like to be the most beloved artist in the world?

OLIVER

(playing along)

It's uh, it's everything I ever wanted.

MATTHEW

You made it happen.

OLIVER

Everybody told me to get a real job.

MATTHEW

And what did you say to them?

OLIVER

I said I wanna make music.

MATTHEW

Then did what they say?

OLIVER

They said I was delusional... that only one in a billion people get to live out their dreams.

MATTHEW

And what do they say now?

OLIVER

They say uh, I don't know what they say cause they still work at the mall and they have to see billboards of me on Sunset.

MATTHEW

They say "Sir, would you like whipped cream on that Frappucino?"

Oliver forces a chuckle. Matthew hops over to Swett and Bowen, who exchange glances with each other, like they were just talking about him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
How would you describe your  
relationship to Oliver?

SWETT  
Uh.

BOWEN  
Um.

SWETT  
That's the big homie.

BOWEN  
I mean, I been with this guy since  
day one, he's my big brother.

SWETT  
Honestly, we'd probably be working  
at the gas station if it wasn't for  
him, so...

BOWEN  
I would've killed myself for sure.

Matthew hops over to Jesse, and we briefly stay with Swett  
and Bowen as they look over at Oliver. The three exchange  
looks like: *We gotta deal with this...*

**INT. TOUR BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Matthew sits on his bunk, editing footage. Oliver comes by  
and sits next to him. He's being nice and conciliatory.

OLIVER  
Yo, you think you got enough  
footage now? I can't wait to see  
it, man.

MATTHEW  
What do you mean?

OLIVER  
For your doc.

MATTHEW  
It's your doc! And I was thinking I  
should just keep capturing shit for  
like the next couple years and then  
people will really be able to see  
the progression, you know...  
(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
and really see our relationship  
develop over time and shit. Gotta  
make it super organic.

Oliver is imploding: *couple years???*

OLIVER  
Yeah, I feel that.

Oliver is a shell of himself, a pussy if you will. He has got  
to figure out a way out of this.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Oliver sits alone on his bed, drinking liquor with the hotel-  
provided bath robe on. A KNOCK at the door rattles him. He  
goes up to the peep hole, it's Matthew. For the first time,  
**Oliver is on the other side of a lens.** Oliver sighs. Another  
KNOCK, *louder*. Oliver goes back to the bed and takes another  
swig, hoping Matthew will give up.

MATTHEW  
Room service! I know you're in  
there.

Another, louder KNOCK. Oliver walks over and unbolts the  
door. Matthew walks in.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Hey.

OLIVER  
Hey. Sorry, I couldn't hear  
anything, had my headphones in.

Matthew scans the room for headphones, doesn't see any.

MATTHEW  
It's cool, just figured both our  
rooms have two beds, no need to be  
wasting all that space by  
ourselves.

OLIVER  
Yeah.

MATTHEW  
I know you get lonely.

Pause.

OLIVER

Nah I'm good, you know. We spend so much time on the bus with everyone, it's nice to have a little quiet.

After a beat of silence, Matthew inexplicably grabs Oliver and playfully – but *terrifyingly* – pushes him onto the bed. He then starts jumping up and down on the bed, leaping from double bed to double bed.

Oliver is not participating, but Matthew encourages him to jump on the beds with him. He doesn't, so Matthew starts wrestling with him on the bed. It's excruciatingly awkward, a physical display of how the power dynamic has shifted.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Matthew and Oliver are both in bath robes now. There's a room service cart with a fruit platter beside them.

MATTHEW

Can you cut up the apple for us, I don't like it like that.

Oliver obliges. The knife doesn't go unconsidered. Matthew, sitting next to Oliver in bliss, opens his mouth as if to say: *feed me*. Oliver obliges, placing cut up apple pieces into Matthew's open mouth.

**INT. TOUR BUS - THE NEXT DAY**

Matthew is editing documentary footage. Oliver is in the back with Swett, Bowen, and Jesse, discussing something.

MATTHEW

Ollie!

Oliver comes over to Matthew.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Check this out.

Matthew shows Oliver footage from the previous night's concert where he stage-dove. Oliver couldn't be less interested.

OLIVER

That's tight.

Oliver sees the folders on Matt's laptop. There's an external hard drive attached.

Most folders are labeled by concert dates ("Denver-4/16", etc.)... but one of the folders is labeled "GoPro Hero8."

Oliver's gears start turning: *that's where the blackmail footage is. If I can just get that from him, I'll be free.* Oliver perks up, sits down next to Matthew in the bunk.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Lemme see Memphis. That one had to be insane.

Matthew is happy to keep showing Oliver stuff.

#### INT. HOTEL ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Oliver is sitting on one of two double beds with a GIRL. They've been drinking. Oliver is a bit loopy, he's clearly started to hit the liquor a bit harder on this tour.

GIRL

Why don't you believe me?

OLIVER

It's not that I don't believe you, I just have to be extra careful.

GIRL

Fine.

The Girl gets off the bed in a huff, grabs her wallet out of her purse, and produces a driver's license for Oliver to inspect. He inspects it. She puts her hands on her hips, impatiently.

OLIVER

Do you have anything else?

She rolls her eyes, then pulls out her phone to show him pictures of her college graduation ceremony.

GIRL

You happy?

OLIVER

You're not like a kid genius or something, are you? Like one of those kids that skipped 9 grades?

GIRL

Nope.

They start hooking up until we hear a KNOCK at the door. Oliver is shaken, the Girl is not.

OLIVER  
Don't open it.

GIRL  
What?

She goes up to the peephole to find: Matthew and OTHER GIRL.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
It's just Matty.

She opens the door.

MATTHEW  
Ayyyyyyy...

Oliver is *not* into it.

OTHER GIRL  
Don't stop cause of us! It's fine.

OLIVER  
Nah we were--

MATTHEW  
(demanding)  
--Go ahead.

OLIVER  
We were just chilling honestly, I'm  
so exhausted.

MATTHEW  
You had them switch your room?

OLIVER  
What?

MATTHEW  
The front desk, they told me you  
didn't like your room.

OLIVER  
Yeah, it had a--

MATTHEW  
--You guys, seriously, don't be shy  
around us. We just wanted some  
company.

Oliver is feeling pressured on all sides.

GIRL  
I don't mind.

OTHER GIRL  
 (smiling conspiratorially)  
 Me neither.

He's cornered, plus he knows he needs to keep Matthew appeased for the time being.

The Girl starts making out with Oliver on one bed. He gives in. On the other bed, Matthew and the Other Girl start making out. The Girl starts unzipping Oliver's pants. Matthew encourages the Other Girl to do the same to him. Matthew shifts his body so that he's in a parallel orientation to Oliver. The two girls are into it. The Girl gets on top of Oliver and starts riding him. The Other Girl starts riding Matthew. **Matthew swivels his head to look over at Oliver. They lock eyes. Matthew smiles.**

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**

The tour bus speeds along into the night.

**INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT**

Matthew lies in his bunk, the bus rocking him to sleep as he scrolls Instagram. He gets a text from his Grandma: it's a selfie of her in a new house for which Matthew is ostensibly footing the bill.

Another text comes in: "Thank you Matty! I always knew you would be so successful!"

Another: a picture of Grandma's feet up on new furniture inside the house, followed by "Now I can relax!" Matthew smiles, responds to her with heart emojis.

The bus stops. The curtain to his bunk opens and he gets dragged out by several hands, forcefully. He thinks he's being harmlessly pranked.

MATTHEW  
 You guys, I was sleeping!

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

Matthew getting STOMPED out in the middle of the desert. They break his camera. Matthew shrieks.

MATTHEW  
 Stop!



They break all his equipment: his laptop, his hard drive, etc. Swett takes Matthew's phone out of his pocket while Noah, Jesse, and Bowen hold him down. After realizing his e-mail has a password, Swett gets up in Matthew's face. Matthew looks up at him, bloody.

SWETT

What's your e-mail password?

MATTHEW

Come on, guys.

Bowen slaps the SHIT out of him. Matthew starts whimpering.

BOWEN

What's the password?

MATTHEW

Stop, why are you doing this? I'm your little bro.

Oliver slaps him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Okay, okay.

Pause.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

It's...

(spelling it out)

O... L... I... V... E... R... F...

A... N... 94...

Pause.

OLIVER

(taken aback)

What the fuck...

MATTHEW

You changed my life. I felt alone until I heard your music. I used to be depressed and feel like there was no one who understood me. But you spoke to me. You got me through... so much.

OLIVER

Jesus fucking Christ. What the fuck are you even talking about right now. You're like just making up words.

Matthew is starting to smile, his bloody grinning face looks sickening.

Meanwhile, Swett has opened Matthew's phone and is deleting the emails with the incriminating footage. Then they stomp his phone out with the rest of his stuff. Matthew is unfazed.

MATTHEW

I love you Oliver. Now we get to be together, forever. Think about it. No one knows you like I do, Ollie. No one understands people like us, that's why we have to stick together. That's why we have to take care of each other.

Oliver's head is in his hands, stressed out. The rest of the crew starts hitting Matthew again and he just starts laughing, spitting up blood. He grins through two more punches before being knocked unconscious. CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

**INT. PREMIERE - 6 MONTHS LATER - EVENING**

CHYRON: 6 MONTHS LATER

We're seeing the end of the documentary.

On the theater screen: Oliver and the rest of the crew screaming and laughing in the foam pit at the trampoline park. Then it cuts to: Oliver's crew wrestling at a tour stop gas station. Looks like they're all having fun as a group of friends. Then it cuts to: various concert BTS shots, ending with innocuous green room footage from the concert used to blackmail Oliver. We glimpse the super-fans giggling hysterically, but nothing incriminating. Then it cuts to:

Early footage from Oliver's house, from when Matthew was asking him questions in the back patio while he circled around on his bike.

MATTHEW

What is your greatest fear?

OLIVER

Probably uhh, being broke. Nah, uh, probably... just being misunderstood. I just want people to connect with me. My greatest fear is probably... no one relating to me. And everyone pretending that they do...

**INT. PREMIERE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER**

We see the credits roll. The AUDIENCE erupts into applause.  
WE SEE: "Directed by Matthew Morning."

**INT. PREMIERE THEATER - AFTER SHOWING, MOMENTS LATER**

A MODERATOR comes out. Matthew and Oliver step up to do the Q&A. We see some familiar faces in the crowd: Sebastian, Matthew's Grandma, etc.

MODERATOR

Alright, sounds like you guys liked it.

The CROWD erupts into cheering.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Oliver and Matthew are gonna answer some questions, so raise your hands and I'll call on you.

Hands shoot up and the Moderator looks around, allowing the tension to build. He points to a THIRSTY FAN.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

You. In the pink hoodie. Just say your name and then your question.

THIRSTY FAN

Hi, I'm Gerald.

OLIVER

Hey, Gerald.

THIRSTY FAN

I just wanna ask Oliver. Um, what inspires you?

OLIVER

To be honest, people telling me that I can't do something. That gives me the motivation to go do it and prove them wrong.

The Moderator points to BLUE SHIRT FAN.

MODERATOR

Okay, you, over there in the blue shirt.

BLUE SHIRT FAN

Me?

MODERATOR

Yeah, you.

BLUE SHIRT FAN

Hi, my name is Lisa and I just wanted to ask um, how does it feel to be a Grammy-nominated artist?

Oliver and Matthew smile at each other.

OLIVER

(chuckles)

I don't give a fuck about those suits. I wanna be here with the kids, you know. But for real, it does feel good to be acknowledged.

Oliver points over to another fan, OSCAR, a little kid dressed just like Oliver.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You, I wanna hear your question. You look cool as fuck. I like your hat.

OSCAR

Hi, my name is Oscar.

OLIVER

Hi, Oscar.

OSCAR

Um, this is a question for Matthew.

Oliver hands the mic to Matthew.

MATTHEW

Hey Oscar, what's up lil bro.

OSCAR

I just want to know, I really look up to you, and I... I take photos and stuff too...

MATTHEW

Take your time, don't be nervous.

OSCAR

I just wanted to say, umm, I wanna be like you when I grow up. What do I have to do?

MATTHEW

Just be yourself, stay true to who you are, you know. And you'll find success the right way. Oh, and pick some real friends to help you get there, because you're not shit without your team.

The crowd erupts. Oliver smiles, hugs Matthew.

OLIVER

I'm proud of you, dog.

MATTHEW

I'm proud of you!

OLIVER

This is your night, though.

MATTHEW

Well, I wanna thank a couple people real quick... because this was a team effort. Swett and Bowen, you're my brothers for life. Clap for them please.

We see Swett and Bowen in the audience, nodding along to applause. There's a strained tension in their faces.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Noah, you're like my mentor, for real. I learned everything I know from that man.

We see Noah in the audience, accepting the applause with a reserved humility.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Shai, I don't know what I'm gonna do without her... she moved on to bigger and better things, but she's still the mother and father figure to all of us...

We hear applause. Matthew moves right along.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Oh and my boy Jamie, of course, who makes sure everything is always backed up and secure. He's kinda *behind* the behind the scenes but there's no doc without him so please show him some love.

We reveal Jamie in the audience. They share a knowing nod. CLOSE on Oliver, stone-faced for a second. Matthew throws his arm around Oliver, who has a recessed fear in his eyes.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And of course, there's this guy... the boy... Oliver. I just wanna thank you for believing in me. This guy found me when no one gave a shit, so he must've seen something special in me. And I'm just grateful he gave me a chance... Oh wait, and one more thing I wanna say... if you have a dream... don't let anyone take it from you. They just don't wanna see you win. Remember, the only person that can get in your way is you...

MODERATOR

Okay, we got time for one more... you.

LAST FAN

Hey! Um, so, I've been trying to meet people that wanna make music and videos and creative stuff like that with me. How did you guys find each other and become a team?

Oliver accepts the microphone back from Matthew.

OLIVER

Well, uh, me and Matty just clicked as soon as we met. He was just a random kid working at a store. But there was something about him that was different, and eventually I learned that he is just the most persistent, hard-working, thorough collaborator. And I can say that without this guy right here, I definitely wouldn't be standing in front of you right now. Alright, that's it for me, goodnight.

The crowd gives a STANDING OVATION. As Matthew basks in the attention, everyone finally taking pictures of HIM, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END.**