

DOUBT

Written by

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Draft 2

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - STEVEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Morning light shines through the blinds in a cluttered apartment bedroom. Several copies of resumes and cover letters covering a desk on the other side of the room. A calendar hangs on the wall, with a date circled: "D.D.A. ADS INTERVIEW TODAY! DON'T FUCK UP!"

A cell phone alarm goes off on the nightstand. STEVEN MCMORROW (23) rolls over in his bed and shuts it off and rolls back over. A hand holding an airhorn enters the frame and blasts it in Steven's ear. KEVIN (23) stands over his bed, holding the airhorn.

KEVIN

Wake up dipshit, time to start the day!

Steven gets up out of bed and shuffles past Kevin.

INT. BATHROOM - STEVEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Steven brushes his teeth in the bathroom, still dressed in his pajamas. Kevin is next to him wearing a dark jacket and blue jeans, his hair shining from pounds of hair product.

KEVIN

You know how important this is today. You can't be an idiot and fuck it up.

INT. BEDROOM - STEVEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Steven looks through his closet for a DRESS SHIRT. Kevin stands next to him.

KEVIN

You've worked way too hard for way too long to botch it at the 11th hour, so just remember: be interesting and smart and funny, and everything other than the dumb piece of shit you usually are.

Steven pulls out two SHIRTS, one blue, the other black. He looks at the black shirt. Kevin interjects.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You really think that's a good idea? You're gonna look like the goddamn Crypt Keeper. Pick the blue like a normal functioning person.

Steven tosses the black shirt aside and picks out blue shirt.

INT. KITCHEN - STEVEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Steven, now in the blue dress shirt and dark slacks, makes himself a bowl of cereal. Kevin is next to him.

KEVIN

You need to be absolutely perfect today. No little mistakes, no giant errors, nothing. Understand, idiot?

Steven is about to put a spoonful of cereal in his mouth. Kevin stops him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hey! Are you really gonna put that sugar-frosted shit in you, you tubby fuck? Go make some eggs. Get some protein in you for once.

Steven focuses on the spoon and the bowl in front of him.

Steven puts the spoon down and walks to his stove to cook some eggs. Kevin hovers over him as he cooks.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Don't be awkward, don't be weird, be perfect. Not "good enough", perfect. C'mon say it out loud.

STEVEN

I have to be perfect.

KEVIN

Atta-boy. Just be perfect, and don't be a fuck-up, and you'll be fine.

A knock from his front door catches his and Kevin's attention. He opens the door to see KAYLA (22), holding several TIES in her hand.

STEVEN

Kayla, hey. What are you doing here?

KAYLA

Uh, you asked me to come over!
Also, whatever you're cooking back
there, it smells like it's burning.

STEVEN

Huh? Oh shit!

KEVIN

Are you fucking serious?!

Steven runs back to the stove and shuts it off. As Kayla walks in, she doesn't acknowledge Kevin standing in the middle of the kitchen.

KAYLA

I brought over a couple options for
you, some color choices, patterns,
everything I had. Thank God my ex
was too lazy to pick up his stuff.

She lays them out on the kitchen table as she talks.

STEVEN

Thanks again for coming over Kayla.
I have no idea what happened to my
nice business ties.

KEVIN

You lost them, you idiot.

KAYLA

What are friends for? And don't
worry about it. Just focus on
prepping for that interview. You
feeling good about it?

STEVEN

As good as I can, considering my
entire future is riding on this.

KAYLA

C'mon, that's not true.

KEVIN

(to Steven)

It is to you, moron.

STEVEN

It is to me.

KAYLA

Don't be so hard on yourself.

STEVEN

I have to be. I don't think I've ever gotten past the interview round for anything in my life, and this is the first interview I've had in months. I can't afford to blow this!

Steven sits down in a chair by the table, making an exasperated noise. Kevin stands behind him to the side.

Beat.

Kayla sits in a chair next to Steven and turns to him.

KAYLA

Ok, if you're that worried, let me give you some advice that always helps me when I'm feeling stressed.

STEVEN

Uh-huh? What's that?

Kayla grabs Steven's hands.

KAYLA

Take a deep breath, give yourself a moment and just focus on what's directly in front of you and absolutely nothing else

KEVIN

That's fucking dumb. That can't work.

STEVEN

That sounds like bullshit.

KAYLA

Hey it's bullshit that works. Try it today if you feel like your interview is going south.

STEVEN

(sighs)
Ok.

INT. DDA ADVERTISING, OFFICE - MORNING

Steven sits on the other side of a desk opposite his INTERVIEWER (35). Steven is still in his professional attire, but with the addition of a purple tie and navy blazer.

It all looks a little small on him, but he tries his best not to look uncomfortable.

INTERVIEWER

Well Mr. McMorrow, after looking at your resume, it certainly looks like you're more than qualified. Do you mind telling me a little more about yourself, personally?

STEVEN

Of course sir. I see myself as an inspired go-getter that takes every opportunity to prove myself to others as someone inspired and capable for this job.

INTERVIEWER

Alright. What would you say separates you from other the other candidates for this position?

STEVEN

I would have to say my extremely... passionate drive to succeed, and my absolute determination to be the best at any kind of goal thrown my way. I like to make sure everything I do is absolutely incredible.

INTERVIEWER

Sounds like you've got quite a strong work ethic. We can always use more people like you at DDA.

Steven smiles, more at ease. Maybe this will work out.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Of course we also look for people with a sense of humor.

Steven's newfound confidence starts to fade with that last offhanded statement.

STEVEN

I'm sorry?

INTERVIEWER

We like employees that can take their work seriously, but still have know how to have fun with their jobs. Do you have any professional skills that you would say you need to improve on?

STEVEN

Well, um, uh...

KEVIN (O.S.)

You got so fucking close.

The lights dim and focus on Steven and Kevin, revealed to be sitting in a chair next to him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You got so close to having this go without a hitch, but you had to go and screw it up. You're so goddamn stupid. Of course you'd give off the wrong impression to this guy. Hey, you've been silent for way too long. Quick, say something stupid!

The lighting changes back to normal as Steven snaps back to reality and faces the interviewer. Kevin is gone again.

STEVEN

Communication. I'm always trying to improve that about myself.

INTERVIEWER

Communication?

STEVEN

Yes--I mean articulation! I've always had issues with properly conveying myself and my ideas so I'm always trying to make that better.

Kevin reappears next to the interviewer on the opposite side of the desk.

KEVIN

Are you serious? Those are the key things you need for an ad job, you dipshit! You're botching it again! You are killing any chance you have of actually succeeding, just like you always do!

INTERVIEWER

Alright. I have one last question before we're done here: where do you see yourself five years from now?

KEVIN

You will fail at everything you try
to do, you stupid, worthless,
fuckup.

Kevin stares down Steven as the Interviewer waits for a response.

A Beat.

Steven thinks for a moment, then shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath in before looking straight ahead. The lighting in the room returns to normal.

STEVEN

Well, first of all, I see myself
five years older.

The Interviewer chuckles. Kevin is visibly enraged.

KEVIN

What the hell do you think you're
doing? Are you trying to make
yourself look like an idiot?!

Steven doesn't react to Kevin as he remains calm. He's not confident, but he's not the nervous wreck he was moments ago.

STEVEN

In all seriousness, I see myself
working as hard as I can to help
make DDA the best possible ad
agency it can be, if I'm accepted
for the position, that is.

INTERVIEWER

Well, that's everything I wanted to
ask you. Thank you for meeting with
me and I'll email you our decision
tomorrow morning.

STEVEN

Thank you sir, I'm looking forward
to it.

Steven walks towards the office front door with a smile on his face. Kevin stays next to the Interviewer, staring at Steven with contempt.

INT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Steven walks into his apartment, still relaxed from his interview.

He sits on his couch and starts to take off his tie and blazer. Kevin appears and forcefully slams his fist at the wall.

KEVIN

I can't believe you! You did
literally everything wrong today!
You definitely blew it, just like
every other time!

(Beat)

Hey, dipfuck! I'm talking to you!

Steven doesn't react. He takes another look at the tie he just took off, gets up and goes back to the kitchen table. Kevin follows him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. You take up her
advice and now suddenly you think
you can just ignore me forever?
Well guess what buddy: It's not
that easy to get rid of me and you
fucking know it.

Steven pauses as he starts to listen to Kevin. His semi-confident smirk fades to a more neutral expression.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Sure, you're happy now, everything
seems like its going your way, but
I know exactly what happens next.
All it takes is one bad day, and
then you'll be back listening to
everything fucking thing I say. So
enjoy this feeling while it lasts,
because sooner or later, its all
gonna come crashing down, and I'll
be there to pick up the pieces. All
I'm trying to do is protect you,
bud. Protect you from looking like
the inept moron you really are on
the inside.

Steven closes his eyes for a moment, takes in another breath and walks out the front door, TIES in hand, as Kevin watches. The front door slams shut.

FADE OUT.