I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT

written by

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Draft 3

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAVID's hand pulls back from the camera lens, as he's just hit record on the CAMERA. He's in his living room, with a couch situated behind him.

David checks the framing for a second. He pulls out a SLATE. The slate reads 'SCENE:1 SLATE:1 TAKE:1. I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT'. He claps the slate. He takes a deep breath and walks out of frame.

He can be heard putting a coat and bag on.

He re-enters frame, and sits down on the couch.

DAVID
Still rolling...

David stands up again and exits the frame. He re-enters, this time taking his coat and bag off before sitting down on the couch, placing his belongings next to him.

DAVID
Nope.

David exits the frame again. He immediately comes back to grab his bag and coat. He exits the frame again. He takes a really deep breath. A long BEAT.

The camera angle changes to David stood at the front door. He's dissacociating, staring at the floor, chewing his finger nails.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

David is sat in front of his computer, looking at this very screenplay.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David re-enters the shot on the couch. He takes his bag and coat off, setting them aside.

He stays sat for a moment. He glances at the camera, before returning his gaze to the floor.

MIND
So you're actually trying to make it?

David's eyes close at the sound of the voice. A familiar one. Not a welcome one.

DAVID
Mhmm.

MIND
And how's that going for you?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Still sat in front of this very screenplay.

DAVID
-

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MIND
Why are you even bothering?

DAVID
Because I know it's what I want to do.

MIND
But, you can never do it.

DAVID
Yeah... I wonder why that is...

MIND
So why waste your time with it?

David sits and thinks for a moment.

MIND
You can't even give me a good answer. Or any answer, for that matter.

DAVID
Can I get on with it, please?

MIND
How were you planning on presenting me?

DAVID
Something like this.

David snaps his fingers.

The MIND appears beside him on the couch. It is a distorted version of David. He looks crudley painted. Poorly animated.

MIND
It's going to be so funny if this doesn't work properly. Do you know how to animate?

DAVID
Sort of.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

David is sat in front of his computer, editing the film we're watching. He looks at the camera and pulls a face of uncertainty.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MIND
Ha. Sort of. You sort of know a lot of things, don't you?

DAVID
Kind of.

MIND
Yeah, except not really.

DAVID
I know enough.

MIND
Not enough to help you, though. Right?

DAVID
I don't know. I haven't made anything in so long, I'm so out the loop of the filmmaking scene, I don't know how to get back into the flow of it. So, I'm hoping this'll be the start of something.

MIND
Right... So it's like a cry for attention?

DAVID
That's not what I said... But more than likely, yeah.

MIND
So you've made it, now what?

DAVID
I haven't, yet. I've only written it, and then hopefully I'll act in it.

MIND
Why do you want to act in it? When have you ever done acting?

DAVID
Almost every single day?

MIND
That's masking, not acting.

DAVID
What's the difference?

MIND
I dunno, mental illness?

David smirks to himself.

DAVID
Acting is the most vulnerable thing I can think of doing. So, I'm doing it. Look, I'm doing it right now. That's what I wrote, anyway. I hope I'm acting it right now.

MIND
Are you though? You're just playing yourself. Is that acting?

DAVID
How isn't it? Jesse Eisenberg gets away with it.

MIND
Wouldn't acting be to become some you're not completely?

DAVID
I don't know, I've never done it. Are you? I've no clue.

MIND
I think it'd be more impressive if you played someone you're not. Or can you not write someone you're not?

David thinks for a moment.

DAVID
Shit...

David takes a sharp breath in.

DAVID
Look, I don't know. Give me a chance to explore and figure shit out again. I've lost what I'm doing, and I'm reclaiming it. Why isn't that good enough for you?

MIND
Because we both know you should be able to do better than this.

DAVID
"Should be able to"? The whole reason I'm in this mess is because I've held myself back with what I "should" be able to do. I don't know what I'm able to do anymore. That's the point of this.

MIND
Sounds like an exercise in self pity. A very verbose exercise. This is way too much dialogue. You're on page five and haven't even gotten to the bedroom scene yet.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

David hits record on his camera, facing his bed. The Mind sits on his bed, sat against the window. David climbs onto his bed and sits against the wall.

MIND
Whoa, careful not to cross the invisble line, or the illusion will break. Also, being meta is such a shallow veil of artist integrity. Just because it's meta, doesn't mean it's clever. Nor calling out the fact it's meta and not clever.

DAVID
But we love Charlie Kaufman?

MIND
Is that why there's fuckin' two of us? Oh my God, you think this is going to win awards, don't you?

DAVID
Look, it's not supposed to be clever. It's just an exploration.

Something catches David's eye. A dark shadow, crudely painted, shifting and lingering in the corner. Like a viscous blob of nothingness. It seems to be growing towards him.

MIND
And how long do you think this'll sit in the Dropbox folder for? With all the others? Half-written, never to be filmed? Or have you filmed it and you're too afraid to share it because it's shit? Because believe
(MORE)

MIND (cont'd)
me, this is shit. And other people will think it's shit and wonder what the fuck is wrong with you? What a stupid thing to make. You're not capable of being vulnerable.

David snaps out of his fixation on the dark nothingness.

DAVID
I'm making it right this second. I'm being vulnerable right now. Whether I show this to people, I don't know. It might be too much. It might peer into my soul more than anyone is comfortable with, especially me. Maybe I'll show a handful of people and go from there. But I can't keep letting you hold me back from it.

MIND
Me?!

DAVID
Shut the fuck up for one second. Yeah, you. I can't keep getting absolutely nothing made because YOU are too afraid to fail, or because I let too many things like relationships and work get in the way and take priority-

MIND
You always act like the reason you're not successful is because you're too busy. Busy doing what exactly? Because half the time you're sat exactly where you're sat now having this argument with yourself. Relationships getting in the way? Are you out of your fucking mind? The only good thing you have going for you is that women like you for some fucking reason that neither of us understand, that's why you hold on to that shit for dear life. That's not their fault, don't put that on them. Whatever bullshit excuse you want to give yourself, if you keep pushing people, you'll realise the same thing you realise every time you've broken someone's heart - other people have nothing to do with it. Working part-fucking-time has nothing to do with it. You're addicted to praise and admiration,
(MORE)

MIND (cont'd)
but don't want to work for it. You feel entitled to it. You hide from your friends and isolate yourself out of embarrasment. You're not where most 31 year olds are, are you? You're stagnant. What is it he used to say? You're bone-fucking-idle. Stop writing us monologues, it's fucking exhausting to keep up this intensity.

DAVID
Everything I do is second-guessed by you.

MIND
I am you?! What aren't you getting? You fucking wrote this and everything coming out of my mouth right now. Ever since Dad died, you never bothered to pick yourself back up.

David snaps.

DAVID
Don't bring him up.

MIND
Still haven't dealt with it properly? What a surprise. Why are you dedicating this film to him?

DAVID
What?

MIND
The credits at the end. You've dedicated the film to him. Why?

DAVID
Because I feel like I owe it to him in some way? I don't know. I just thought it would be nice.

The Mind pulls out a photo of David and his Dad, framed.

MIND
You're stuck under his gaze and imagined disappointment, and have cornered yourself in an impossible situation - to be a successful filmmaker, could you give yourself a harder challenege?

He throws the photograph at David.

DAVID
I'm making the film, alright? Whatever keeps THAT away.

David points at the black void of nothingness. It has eaten half of the room up.

The Mind stands up in front of the void.

MIND
Great, you're making it. So why don't you feel better?

DAVID
Well what do you actually suggest then? Instead of just tearing me to pieces, how about you actually do something useful?

MIND
You know what I think.

DAVID
Please don't make me go in there.

MIND
What makes you think it's so bad?

DAVID
Because you want me to be a cog. A well-oiled functional cog in some pointless machine. Why can't I be dysfunctional? Why can't that be okay? Why is that not acceptable to you?

MIND
What the fuck are you saying? It's called "DYS-functional". You WANT to be dysfunctional? Where do you think that'll get you?

David is silent.

MIND
Yeah exactly, right here, fighting with yourself.

DAVID
It must be a bore to be entirely sane, approbating life.

MIND
Did you actually just quote your own haiku to me? I think you just blew the lid on being pretentious. As if this film wasn't enough. Why isn't existing enough for you?

DAVID
It's boring.

MIND
Then get used to being unhappy, because that's the trade off.

David looks down at his hands.

The Mind takes a deep breath. He sits next to David.

MIND
Do you want something long-term and stable? Will it make you happy?

DAVID
Yes...

MIND
Whatever you're trying to do with filmmaking isn't making you happy. I don't if it's the pressure you're putting on yourself or what. But you're not happy.

DAVID
No...

MIND
Look at the functional people in your life, don't they seem happy? Houses, marriage, kids, stable jobs. Is that not everything you want?

David sighs.

MIND
I know it's scary. But in there-

The Mind gestures to the void.

MIND
It won't matter. You just keep your head down. Everything will work out. I understand that it is boring, but maybe that is the key. You're so afraid of boredom that you keep creating problems and chaos for yourself. You're designing your own misery.

David stares at the void.

DAVID
What's in there?

MIND
Nothing. Nothing is in there. No pressures, or expectations. No huge challenges that fry your brain. You just exist. Maybe the love of your life is in there. It's peaceful. It's nice.

David continues to stare into the void.

MIND
You're not cut out for filmmaking. And that's okay. It was fun for a while, you got some cool experiences out of it. Transferable even. But it's not working out, and it's driving us mad.

DAVID
But...

MIND
Just let it go. Let it all go. You don't need to worry about it anymore.

David closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath. The black void fills the screen.

INT. BEDROOM - BLACK VOID

David is lying in bed. Asleep.

INT. BUS - BLACK VOID

David is commuting on the bus. He looks somewhat happy.

INT. WORKPLACE - BLACK VOID

David is stood behind a till. BEEP BEEP BEEP.

DAVID
Thank you, have a good day!

INT. PUB - BLACK VOID

David is sat with a pint. We can hear friends that he is laughing along with.

INT. BEDROOM - BLACK VOID

David is playing an original song on his guitar.

This sequence of events repeats. Getting quicker. As it goes on in a loop, there's something gradually changing. David is becoming visibly detatched. Depressed. He gradually starts to become a pencil drawing. A shell of himself.

INT. BEDROOM - BLACK VOID

David tosses and turns in bed.

INT. BUS - BLACK VOID

David holds his head against the window.

INT. WORKPLACE - BLACK VOID

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

INT. PUB - BLACK VOID

FRIEND
How's the filmmaking going?

INT. BEDROOM - BLACK VOID

David sits on the edge of his bed. He picks up his guitar. He plays something melancholic and stops, rubbing his brow. He puts the guitar down.

David stands up. He takes a few steps. CRACK. He pulls his foot back and looks down. It's the framed photograph of him and his Dad, the glass shattered over his father's face.

DAVID
Ah shit...

He strokes his father's face, fractured behind the glass. He then turns his attention to himself in the photograph. Young. Full of promise and excitement.

CLAP. The sound of a film slate echoes in the darkness. David jumps from fright. He looks around the black void.

David squints his eyes. He can just about make something out in the shadows. Is that? A camera?

David slowly approaches it. He stops in front of it.

The angle shifts to over his shoulder. David spins his head to lock eyes with the camera again.

A light softly appears on his back, revealing a live-action David underneath the sketch.

David turns to look at the light. It's his desk.

As David approaches his desk, out of the black void, he sees something on the monitor. Something is exporting. It is titled 'I Don't Think I'm Going To Make It'.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

David fully leaves the void behind him as he enters his bedroom, standing before his desk.

The file finishes exporting.

David opens YouTube. He places the file in the upload box.

He places his mouse over 'Upload'. But, he stops. He hesitates. Doubt comes over his face. He becomes a crude animated oil painting for a split second.

His finger still hovering over the mouse. The mouse still hovering over upload. David looks afraid.

Click.

CUT TO: BLACK

THE END.