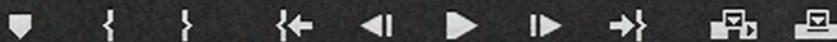


# MOSTLY BAD

written by  
**M.LATHROM**



18 00;59;47;18 01;00;19;18 01;00;51;18 01;01;23;20 01;01;55;20

Snapped\_s

SI Cle

MOSTLY BAD

Written by

Matt Lathrom

matt@mlathrom.com  
writtenby.mlathrom.com

FADE IN:

**INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a computer monitor. The scrolling movie credits end with a collection of film company logos and the triumphant final note of the musical score.

ANGLE ON Thomas Bryan (37) and Marissa Lawrence (35). Their dress is casual bordering on loungie. They're disheveled with dark circles under their eyes. Empty cans of energy drinks on the desk. An empty pizza box on the couch behind them.

Thomas clutches his mouth, his expression seems like a forced consideration with a hint of panic. Marissa leans on her hand with a defeated look.

THOMAS

That was good there, the transition into the credits. A nice... y'know... transition there.

MARISSA

Yeah, I thought it was a bit more, y'know.

Marissa does an exploding fist.

MARISSA

Boom.

Thomas' expression is pleading.

THOMAS

What'd you think of that last scene? Do you think it flowed well? It was a bit dialogue heavy, but--

MARISSA

Yeah, of course. But, y'know, there was a lot to explain, so...

Thomas nods.

He reaches for a can of energy drink. Takes a swig. Nothing comes out, he tips it over. Empty. He sets it down.

Grabs another. Same thing. He tosses it over his shoulder. He grows panicked. He breathing grows heavy.

Marissa looks on. She checks a can for him.

Thomas' head collapses in his hand. He sighs.

THOMAS  
Jesus Christ, it's awful.

MARISSA  
There's some really good stuff in--

THOMAS  
My shit sandwich? Yes, thank you...

Marissa takes the hint.

There's a long tense silence.

THOMAS  
It's bad

MARISSA  
Yeah, it's mostly bad.

THOMAS  
Right....

Marissa puts her hand on his shoulder because it seems like the thing to do. He looks at it, then her, raises an eyebrow. She pulls her hand back.

MARISSA  
What are you going to do?

Thomas crosses his arms. Stares into the screen.

He opens his mouth to speak, then pauses. Gathers his thoughts.

THOMAS  
I'm going to love it. Promote it.  
Sing its praises. Pretend like I  
don't know my movie is absolute  
horse shit. Because you and  
everybody else followed me out to  
sea and deserve better than for the  
captain to jump ship.

Thomas looks back at Marissa.

THOMAS  
You did damned fine work.

Marissa smiles with pride. Nods.

MARISSA  
You want to see my favorite part?

Thomas cracks a smile.

Marissa leans over to the computer, taps a few keys. Hits enter.

Her and Thomas watch the screen.

MAN VOICE 1 (V.O.)  
(from the computer)  
I am betrothed to her, but I love another.

MAN VOICE 2 (V.O.)  
(from the screen)  
Come, brother. Let us hatch a scheme.

Thomas and Marissa bust up laughing.

MARISSA  
(mocking)  
Come brother, let us speak the plot points.

Marissa elbows Thomas. He laughs.

THOMAS  
I was too close to it. I was too close.

Thomas leans to the computer. Taps a few keys.

MAN VOICE 2 (V.O.)  
(from the screen)  
Come, brother. Let us hatch a scheme.

They laugh. Thomas pounds the desk. An energy drink can falls over, spills liquid.

Thomas grabs it.

THOMAS  
Thank god.

He chugs it. Slams down the can.

THOMAS  
Let us play it again!

Marissa smashes a key.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END