1A INT. FITZROY'S DRESSING ROOM 1A

Fitzroy Cunningham, a charismatic motivational speaker in his 40s, stands in front of his cellphone camera, filming a vertical video, directly addressing his followers.

He's dressed in a slick **suit**, **pink tie**, **pocket square**, **tie clip** a **wearable headset**, and a **flashy watch**, exuding confidence. We are seeing the POV of his **iPhone** as he's recording the video himself.

FITZROY
(to phone camera)
Hey Strugglers!
How are you doing? How's the family? How did you get out of bed this morning, did you count your blessings? Are you excited for tonight? Are you ready? Are you already out there in the audience? Leave a comment if you are, leave a heart, a thumbs up, let me know!

(big smile - pause)

Tonight is going to be big, isn't it?

Tonight we are going to take control of our actions. We are going to drive our narrative, we are going to show everyone how we make things happen!

I can feel it, I can feel it here in my soul! I can feel the energy coming straight from the other side of that wall! We sold out the venue, can you believe that? I am...

I am blessed.
I call it a blessing... I have a mission.

I'm not here to work - well, obviously, we are entrepreneurs, of course you are paying to be here - I mean, in life what doesn't cost anything is not worth anything... when we organise free events people barely show up.(beat) The more you pay, the more you show up. The more you pay, the more you take notes, but that's right, that's how it is, that's how we work as human beings. But I'm here because I have a mission - that's what drives me, that's what moves me, that's what gets me out of bed every morning. For me, getting back what I have learned, what I have gained from this industry, this profession, this mindset - is my purpose in life.

And this community that we have built, this family, this unstop...

VRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRR

His phone starts vibrating loudly, interrupting the recording, the notification on the screen informs us that "LISA" is calling.

2A INT. FITZROY'S DRESSING ROOM 2A

We cut from his phone camera to a handheld shot of Fitzroy, revealing that he is sitting in front of a **Hollywood mirror** in a shabby **changing room**.

Next to the mirror, we can see a **poster** depicting a smiling Fitzroy, it reads in giant letters: "THE CONTROL MANIFESTO. AN EVENING WITH FITZROY CUNNINGHAM."

Fitzroy lets out a subtle sigh before hesitantly answering the call from his ex-wife.

FITZROY
(into phone)
Hi Liz, I'm busy right now, what's up?

Fitzroy is listening to Lisa's answer - inaudible to us, there is poor reception in the room and he is struggling to hear what she is saying. His forced smile quickly disappears as we see his mind racing.

FITZROY (CONT'D)
Hold on you're breaking up.
(a beat.)
What? What do you mean - of course I can't...

Lisa replies interrupting him.

FITZROY (CONT'D)
Did you ask your mum? Can't she like...

Lisa interrupts him again.

FITZROY (CONT'D)
I don't know, ok? It's not like I can just...
I can't hear you, you're breaking up! Hold on... hello? Hello??

The line drops.

FITZROY (CONT'D)
Fuck...

It's quite hot in the room and Fitzroy is starting to **sweat**.

From just outside the door we can hear some **loud techno music** being played from a speaker, quickly followed by the sound of a **loud drill** on the wall.

Visibly annoyed, Fitzroy calls Emma, his present girlfriend while moving around the room trying to get a better signal.

After dialing, he retrieves from his pocket a **disposable vape** and takes a deep, protracted inhale from it.

FITZROY
(into phone)
Hey Emma, it's me - listen, there's been a little situation here, nothing to worry about, we are going to take care of this you and me. I just need you to... hello?

The call drops again.

FITZROY (CONT'D)
(angry at the phone)
For fuck's sake!

2B INT. FITZROY'S DRESSING ROOM - AT THE DOOR 2B

We hear a knock on the door, immediately followed by the door opening. It's his agent **Ana** (24, her warm smile conceals disdain for Fitzroy). As soon as he sees her, Fitzroy puts on a fake smile.

ANA
Hey Fitzroy, just checking you are all good to go.

FITZROY
(excitedly)
Ana! Of course I'm ready, let me get this call real quick and I'm all yours.

ANA
(slightly worried)
Huh, you know we're up in <u>five</u> though, right?

FITZROY
(smiling)
I'll be there in four, just make sure my **beet shot** is ready for me before I go out there, Ok?

ANA
Oh, ok then, please don't be l...

He doesn't leave her time to reply and shuts the door.

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

The abrasive sound of his phone vibrating, mixes with the loud music and drilling coming from outside, making the scene tense and chaotic.

It's Lisa calling, Fitzroy silences it.

He inhales deeply and gazes at his phone attempting to call Emma again but there is no reception at all.

He leaves the changing room and just outside in the corridor.

2C INT. FITZROY'S DRESSING ROOM - BY THE SMALL WINDOW 2C

Restlessly pacing back and forth while vaping, he anxiously waits for her to answer.

FITZROY
(into phone,)
Hey babe, sorry this place is like a bunker... Anyway, there is something I need you to do...

Emma replies (inaudible to us - Fitz interrupts her)

FITZROY (CONT'D)
Right, can you go and pick Alex up for me?
(beat. Emma replies)
Yeah... like, now...
(beat. Emma replies annoyed)
I know...
I know...
Well I wouldn't be asking then wouldn't I?
Will you pleas... babe? Babe???

Emma hung up.

Fitzroy looks at the phone and swears in frustration, clenching his fist. He moves towards the door leading outside into the long coridors.

2D INT. FITZROY'S DRESSING ROOM - BACK OF STUDIO 7 2D

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

it's Lisa again, he picks up this time.

FITZROY
Hey...
(beat. Lisa is overwhelming him on the phone)
Alright, alright calm down. I've asked around ok and it's just not...
(beat)
(Fitz twitches in anger)

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

ANA
Fitz, are you ready?

FITZROY
(into phone)

Can't he, like, get a bus or
something?
(beat.)
That's not what I meant...
(beat.)
That's not what I meant!
(beat.)
I don't know, ok?! It's YOUR
weekend with him and I don't know
why you're...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

ANA (O.C.)
Sorry Fitz, we have to get moving!

FITZROY
(into phone - shakes his head)
I gotta go...

He hangs up, puts the phone in his pocket, collects himself briefly and makes his biggest smile.

FITZROY
Coming!

He opens the door leading to the corridors, Ana is just there waiting for him. The music and drilling get louder as the door opens.

3 INT. THE CORRIDORS - JUST OUTSIDE THE ROOM 3

ANA
(to Fitzroy)
You ok?

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

His phone keeps vibrating inside his pocket, but he doesn't seem to acknowledge the fact. Ana looks at him with a "are you going to pick it up" face.

FITZROY
(beaming)
I am splendid! Shall we go through
the programme again?

ANA
Yes please.

Right next to the door, we see **the Repairman** (18, chewing a gum, **baggy clothes**, **Airpods**, completely unbothered, doesn't want to be there) He is **drilling** the wall - a **portable speaker** sits by his feet blasting the music we have been hearing. He doesn't seem to be doing anything particularly useful other than drilling the wall. Fitzroy glances at him condescendingly.

FITZROY
(to Ana)
What the hell is going on here?

ANA
Oh, they're fixing the AC...

FITZROY
(to the repairman)
How's it looking, mate? It's pretty warm in here...

REPAIRMAN
(tapping his earbud)
Uh?

FITZROY
(louder)
I said, are you gonna manage to fix it?

REPAIRMAN
(A long beat.) Yeah...

He taps his earbud again and resumes the drilling.

Irked, Fitzroy is about the say something but Ana just interrupts him

ANA
Come on let's go.

They start walking together through the long narrow corridors of the venue.

4 INT. THE CORRIDORS 4

ANA
(going through her **notes**)
So, like we said, you will be waiting right behind the stage door, there's a big sign just in front of it, you can't miss it...

FITZROY
And my beetroot shot is ready, yeah?

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

ANA
Yes, I've already instructed the stagehand to bring it to you.

FITZROY
And it's not the shitty one from the shops, is it?

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

ANA
No, it's the one you wanted. Anyways, I will make a brief...

Ana's **Walkie Talkie** buzzes, interrupting her. Something unintelligible comes out of it.

ANA
Shit... I gotta sort this out, meet me behind the stage in <u>five</u>. It's that way.

She points straight ahead and then hurries in the opposite direction. Fitzroy keeps walking forward.

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

5 INT. THE CORRIDORS 5

We follow Fitzroy as he navigates the maze of corridors, his phone is constantly vibrating inside his pocket, but Fitzroy completely ignores it. He tries to orient himself by following the repairman's music coming from the distance but every corner seems to take him to completely different locations, he goes through several rooms that don't look like they belong in the venue he's in: he's completely lost. He bumps into the repairman twice in completely different locations - this place doesn't seem to make any sense.

He is growing more uncomfortable and sweatier as he vapes compulsively.

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

6A INT. THE CORRIDORS 6A

From behind a corner, Ana shows up all of a sudden.

ANA
Where the hell have you been? We're starting in <u>five</u>, hurry up!

FITZROY
I was going to the stage...

ANA
What? It's this way, come with me.

FITZROY
But you said it was... nevermind.

They walk together.

ANA
Are you alright?

FITZROY
Yeah, I'm great.

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

ANA
Alright then, back to the schedule. I'm going to introduce you to the crowd - you know, rile them up about the GREAT Fitzroy Cunningham and all that jazz. Then, as soon as I call your name, you're going to get on stage and start with the "Emotional power greeting"...

FITZROY
(interrupting)
And the music we picked is going to play as I come out, right?

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

ANA
(threading carefully)
Right... yes... no... the sound guy said that the file was corrupted or something, so it doesn't look like we will be able to play the track at the moment but...

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

FITZROY
(snapping)
Are you taking the piss?! What am I supposed to do, walk out there with total silence like an idiot?

ANA
But the crowd will be cheering and...

FITZROY
(standing up)
Have you ever heard of an "Emotional power greeting" without music, Ana?!
This is insane! This is a fucking joke!

As they argue, his phone, the drilling and the music coming from outside get louder and louder.

FITZROY (CONT'D)
And what's wrong with that guy??
He's killing me!

ANA
I'll ask him to...

FITZROY
I'm telling you I'm not going out there without the music.

ANA
Ok, alright... I'll see what I can do...

Ana disappears behind a corner.

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

6B INT. THE CORRIDORS 6B

Fitzroy angrily paces back and forth, he wants to scream and punch everything in his way, he is sweaty and angered and about to explode, phone is ringing, the music gets louder, it feels like the drill is coming directly from inside his head, it's pure chaos. From the distance, we can hear **the muffled sound of Ana talking to the repairman.**

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

Fitzroy suddenly stops in the middle of the corridor and he notices that a poster of the event is on the wall. He stares at his smiley, confident picture, and takes a long, deep breath.

SILENCE

6C INT. THE CORRIDORS 6C

We can only hear the sound of his breath, he closes his eyes and everything around him fades away.

He inhales...

and exhales...

and inhales again...

and exhales...

FITZROY
(whispering)
I'm grounded, I'm present, I'm in control.
I'm grounded, I'm present, I'm in control.

Eyes open, now composed, he gazes at his picture for a lingering moment. With a deliberate focus, he adjusts his hair, straightens his tie, dons his microphone, and buttons up his jacket. He's looking sharp and ready to go.

Ana shows up from around the corner.

ANA
We are all ready Fitz, I'll see you outside in <u>five</u>.

FITZROY
(with confidence - still staring at the poster)
I'll be there.

He takes one last deep breath, puts on his best smile, and walks towards the stage. The corridor is now much brighter.

7 INT. THE CORRIDORS 7

As he turns another corner he sees the repairman, sitting on the floor scrolling on his **phone**, the speaker is off.

FITZROY
(to the repairman)
Keep up the great work, mate.

The repairman looks at him with a completely blank face, then goes back to his phone.

Fitzroy then heads towards the stage, he is rehearsing with confidence his lines.

As he turns a corner, he collides with the **stage hand** (20) holding Fitzroy's beetroot shot, causing it to spill on his jacket.

FITZROY
(angrily)
Are you fucking kidding me?!

STAGE HAND
Oh my god I-I'm so sorry... I didn't see you...

FITZROY
Just get out!

The stagehand scurries away.

Fitzroy has a meltdown and charges back towards his changing room, cursing under his breath. The phone starts buzzing again. Loud music and drilling resume louder than ever.

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

8 INT. THE CORRIDORS 8

Ana chases him across the corridor.

ANA
What happened?! Where are you going?!

FITZROY
(panicking)
That's it! I'm done, call it off.

ANA

What?!

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

FITZROY
I said call it off, we're not doing it tonight. Tell them there was an emergency or something... I don't care.

Ana catches up, halting him in his tracks and nearly pinning him against the wall.

ANA
(like an exhausted, angry mother to a misbehaving child)
Shut up...

FITZROY
I told you that...

ANA
(interrupting)
And I am telling you to shut up!
Jesus Christ... I'm tired of this shit.
Do you even... do you know how much you're charging those people who are waiting for you out there?
(A beat.)
What happened to all of that "grounded, in my lane" bullshit you're constantly talking about?
(a beat.)
Now, here's what's going to happen.
You are going to get your shit together, you are going to go out there, do your fucking job, and then I am gonna go home, are we clear?

Fitzroy looks at her in a daze.He nods. Ana storms off. All is quiet again.

Fitzroy is visibly shaken and sweaty, he's at a loss of words. He then collects himself in the middle of the corridor.

FITZROY
(to himself, quietly)
Right... right... I got this...

Still wide-eyed, he takes his jacket off, rolls up his sleeves, adjusts his mic, and walks towards the stage.

9 INT. BACKSTAGE - BEHIND THE STAGE DOO 9

Fitzroy reaches the back of the stage, he is standing just behind big door, a shining "STAGE" sign illuminates the otherwise dark space. The restless crowd is audible on the other side. We can hear Ana's voice booming through the speakers.

ANA (O.S.)
(from the speakers)
Entrepreneur, Author, Teacher, Trainer, Speaker, Father.

After a stellar career as a professional Networker, reaching the pinnacle of his profession, he could not stand still and enjoy the fruits of his hard work.

His strong belief in "playing it forward" lead him to devote his time to his fellow "strugglers", weaving a network of compassion and care, of freedom and purpose.
He is here tonight to share with us his knowledge, his love and his destiny.

Ladies and gentlemen, get ready for an incredible night of growth, inspiration and transformation.

Please welcome, FITZROY CUNNINGHAM.

We push in on Fitzroy, his smile growing wider and wider. Just as he is called on stage, we hear a strong buzz from his phone.

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

He hesitates for a fraction of a second.

Cheesy triumphant music begins playing, the crowd roars.

SMASH TO TITLE CARD

.M O T I V A T I O N A L.

Credits.