

Success

By

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FADE IN

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

KEVIN, aged 36, half-dressed in wrinkled clothes, clutches his knees, rocking back and forth on his bed in a dark bedroom, suffocated with clutter. His vacant eyes stare past the empty coffee mugs and pills in front of him.

KEVIN

I know this is going to work. It's  
going to work this time.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY - 6 MONTHS EARLIER

The sun is streaming onto the bed where Jen, 35, with long, silky hair and a soft eyes, lounges in shorts and a T-shirt alongside Kevin, wearing a blue bathrobe, as he looks over a notebook.

KEVIN

Why the hurry? How about we do some  
roleplaying warmups?

Kevin glances back hopefully. Jen levels her gaze at him.

JEN

I thought Graydor the Brave does  
not forsake his companions. Let's  
go already.

Kevin lifts a pencil and makes a correction. Jen's fingers play with Kevin's hair.

JEN

Your hair is still wet.

KEVIN

You're making Graydor angry.

Jen smirks with an eye roll and crosses her arms.

INT. TAVERN - EVENING

A hand rolls a 20-sided die, stopping on a 2.

Vivian, 35, with her wild, short hair, peeks over the edge of a trifolded cardboard barrier.

James, 40, with dark-framed, boxy glasses, abruptly breaks his gaze from the lowly number, waiting, slack-jawed, for Vivian to explain.

VIVIAN  
Graydor the Brave slips and falls  
on Jeznal's familiar... and it  
died.

JAMES  
(turning toward Kevin)  
Nooo!!!

Jen rolls backward, guffawing.

KEVIN  
Sorry about your turtle.

JAMES  
(fuming)  
It was a tortoise! Jen, you said  
that symbol you painted on its  
shell would protect it!

JEN  
Ask Vivian why it didn't work.  
She's the DM.

Vivian starts cleaning up her papers and books, then grabs  
the 20-sider.

VIVIAN  
That spell is only for deflecting  
arrows and small knives. A half-orc  
in full armor fell on him. He  
rolled a 2 on a bull rush in the  
rain. The die don't lie, James!

JAMES  
(weakly)  
But he wasn't just my familiar. He  
was my friend.

Kevin seems lost in thought. Fingers snap at him.

JEN  
Kevin, are you still with us?

KEVIN  
Oh, sorry. I've just been thinking  
about my latest project.

VIVIAN  
You making another film?

JAMES

Just put the camera down and keep your day job, dude. Your last film about Jen's cat was painful.

VIVIAN

It was better than his used car lot commercial. That's for sure.

James and Vivian start to giggle.

KEVIN

Enough about the commercial already.

JEN

It's just a bad economy.

VIVIAN

Oh, and that travel vlog?

JAMES

But he left Jen all alone!

Jen scoffs at James's feigned sympathy.

Vivian returns to her beer, struggling to recompose herself.

KEVIN

Okay, okay, I get it, but this is different. I will finally write a success story of my own. You know that documentary series "Humans of New York?"

James nods.

JEN

I love Humans of New York!

KEVIN

Every video he posts has millions, MILLIONS of views and thousands of comments! I want to make a documentary where, instead, I interview successful people, and ask them how they got to where they are.

Vivian looks thoughtful.

JAMES

Okay.

KEVIN

Who wouldn't want to see a documentary that lays out recipes for success, from real people?

(turns to Jen)

Hey, remember when I told you about that actor I met when I was vlogging? Guess who I filmed yesterday?

JEN

No way! Seriously?

Kevin nods.

JAMES

Which actor?

KEVIN

This could be my big break. I can feel it.

Kevin lights up with manic energy, and Jen raises her beer to him.

JEN

To Kev's big break!

James and Vivian glance at each other, before clinking glasses.

INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY

Kevin sits across from DANIEL, aged 32, in a neutral-colored office space, engaged in conversation, with a camera recording.

DANIEL

A food cart. Yeah, it all started with a food cart, but... I was determined to make the best damn food cart ever. I had all sorts of French cuisine in that cart. It was all so good! But they just called me "the crepe cart".

Daniel and Kevin share a chuckle.

KEVIN

But how'd you go from that food  
cart to such an incredible  
restaurant?

DANIEL

I got rid of all distractions and  
got to business. I worked on my  
food, and, I drove everywhere:  
softball games, beaches, my  
brother's wedding... I miss those  
days, but hell, my second Michelin  
star sure makes up for it!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Allison, 60, carefully sprinkles salsa over the meats of a  
carefully arranged assortment of tacos. The door opens  
behind her and she rushes to clean her hands.

ALLISON

Kevin!

Allison lights up and rushes to kiss her son on the cheek.  
Kevin laughs.

KEVIN

Tacos!

ALLISON

Lamb tacos! New recipe!

Allison holds a plate bearing a single taco and holds the  
taco up. Kevin obliges.

KEVIN

This is so good. Lamb tacos! I had  
no idea!

Allison brushes Kevin's mouth with a napkin as he gets his  
food down. An older man in a business suit, with peppered  
hair and a stoic face walks out.

KEVIN

Hi Dad.

DAVID

Good to see you, Kevin.

KEVIN

I'm working on a film. A  
documentary!

DAVID  
Filmmaking? Hey, that's great. Good  
luck with it.  
(checks his watch)  
Sorry, I have a meeting.

David kisses Allison on the cheek, then gives a token nod to Kevin and turns to leave.

KEVIN  
It's about successful people--

A door shuts.

KEVIN  
Like you.

Allison remembers the plate in her hands and heads to the sink to wash it.

ALLISON  
So Jen's busy?

KEVIN  
Sushi night with the girls or  
something.

ALLISON  
When ya gonna finally propose to  
her? I want grandkids!

Kevin rolls his eyes as his mother rejoins him.

KEVIN  
Mom! I'm still trying to become a  
success first. I just finished the  
first interview of my documentary.  
This guy gave up so much for his  
restaurant, but he made it. I wish  
I could be that dedicated.

ALLISON  
Nonsense. Hey, we can start our own  
taco restaurant!

Allison and Kevin share a laugh.

KEVIN  
You think I have it in me? I want  
this documentary to succeed so  
much. Even Dad will be impressed.

ALLISON

Your don't need to prove anything to your father, honey. Hey, I still have a lot of phone calls to make for my 60th birthday party.

KEVIN

You really want to do something that big?

ALLISON

You know me and birthday parties. I've been telling all my friends about how talented and smart you are! They can't wait to meet you! Hey, guess what I'll be serving?

Kevin glances over at the tacos and then back incredulously at his squealing mother.

INT. TAVERN - EVENING

Jen and James sit silently, nursing their beers, looking sympathetically at the stack of gaming materials in front of Vivian. Vivian glances at the door behind her.

JAMES

Where is he?

JEN

Something must have come up...

JAMES

Maybe we can play without him?

VIVIAN

I really need the whole gang for this.

Vivian starts collecting empty glasses.

JAMES

Come on Kevin! It's the third time already!

VIVIAN

I guess I'll just rewrite the quest for two players.

(beat)

Umm, who wants another round?

Jen glances again at the door, biting her lip, then back toward Vivian with sincerity.



INT. LARGE OFFICE - EVENING

Kevin converses at a table with MELANIE, aged 35, again with a camera recording. Melanie's attention drifts, then, her eyes jerk back to wide-eyed attention. Kevin reaches for a coffee carafe.

KEVIN

Would you like more...

Melanie shoves her coffee mug at Kevin. He glances side-eyed, but then relents and pours.

MELANIE

Ever since I believed in my writing, and took that leap of faith... I quit my job. It was all or nothing. No going back!

Melanie leans in and whispers.

MELANIE

Do or die.

Melanie starts sipping her coffee.

KEVIN

Getting rid of the safety net did the trick?

MELANIE

It was scary, sure, but it simplified my life. If I did anything but write, I'd be out on the street. I sold my TV. The only friend I stayed in touch with was Mr. Coffee over there.

KEVIN

Do you think this would work for anyone?

Kevin is startled as Melanie grabs the pot again.

MELANIE

Well, you need talent, but, you won't know until you try, right? I still can't believe it. The New York Times Best Seller List! It was all worth it!

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kevin sits at his computer desk in his orderly apartment, taking another sip from a large mug of coffee. He takes notes while reviewing the recording of his interview with Melanie.

MELANIE'S VOICE

I quit my job. It was all or  
nothing. No going back! ... Do or  
die.

INT. FRONT OFFICE

Chairs and tables with brochures lean against the walls of a reception area. Jen peeks over a receptionist busy on his phone, at a clock.

She hears fast-approaching footsteps and looks up to see Kevin, a box in hand, with a woman in her 50's dressed for business, chasing after, wearing a look of exasperation.

BOSS

You have to give me some notice.  
Come on!

KEVIN

I'm sorry! I just need to focus on  
my project.

The boss's phone starts ringing and she speaks over the ringing.

BOSS

What project? I have to take this.  
Just call me tomorrow. We can work  
something out.

The boss answers her phone, rushing away. Kevin shakes his head then notices Jen and does a double-take.

KEVIN

Oh, hey! Umm... Dinner! Right!

JEN

(shocked)

Did you just quit your job?

Kevin motions with his head toward the door and continues walking

KEVIN

Yep. I've just been trying to streamline my life more. I need to be able to just wake up, have coffee, and get to work on my film.

JEN

Is that why you stopped showing up to the gaming nights? Vivian's really upset.

KEVIN

I know...  
(rakes his hair)  
I'll call her. But this project has become an obsession of mine. I should have time for pizza?

JEN

I'm worried about you.

KEVIN

(upping his pace)  
Don't be. It's do or die now!

INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY

Kevin leans back in his chair, in front of his camera and tripod, watching Jason tucks his phone away and looks back up.

JASON

Right, so where was I?

KEVIN

I asked about your preparation for the bar exam.

JASON

Oh, yeah. I was worried. I heard about this one guy -- on the second day of the exam, he felt sick. He went up to the proctor to ask for a break, and freaking puked all over him! That wasn't gonna be me. I cut myself off from the world, and worked until I couldn't, every single day, and then kept pushing, and pushing.

KEVIN

(chuckling)  
I take it you had coffee in your IV or something?

JASON  
Not just coffee.

KEVIN  
Something stronger, huh?

JASON  
(glancing at the camera)  
And you want to record me saying  
what, exactly? Let's just say I  
wasn't screwin' around. I did what  
I had to. But look at me now.  
(spreads arms)  
I'm the youngest partner in the  
history of the firm.

KEVIN  
It sounds like you made their  
choice easy, with all that hard  
work and sacrifice.

JASON  
Exactly. There's a reason why  
makin' it big is so difficult. Most  
people? They lack commitment.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Empty coffee cups and some pills are strewn over the night  
stand in a motel room. A smartphone rings. Kevin is trying  
to get a tie right, but gives up and answers the phone.

ALLISON  
How are you, Kevin?

KEVIN  
Hey Mom, what's up?

A pause. Kevin starts to privately motion for her to "get on  
with it" with his hand.

INTERCUT WITH ALLISON'S KITCHEN:

ALLISON  
Hey, can you pick up some tomatoes  
and come a little early? I used  
them all up in the salsa and it'd  
be great to have more for the  
tacos.

Kevin's eyes close as he claws his hair and mouths the word  
"Fuck".

KEVIN  
Mom, I'm in Ohio.

ALLISON  
But my birthday...

David stands at the kitchen doorway.

FATHER  
He's busy with that film, isn't he?  
Good for him.

END INTERCUT

KEVIN  
I know Mom, I'm sorry. I'm  
preparing for another interview. A  
good one.

Another long pause.

ALLISON  
(weakly)  
Okay, Kevin.

KEVIN  
I'm really sorry, Mom. I've just  
been so focused and it slipped my  
mind. Trust me, you and... even Dad  
are going to be so proud of me.

ALLISON  
We are proud of you, Kevin.

KEVIN  
I'll talk to you later, okay? Bye  
Mom.

Kevin hangs up and gets back to his tie.

INT. DARK ROOM - EVENING

Kevin listens intently to ALYSSA in a quiet, dark space  
streaked with light from a single window.

ALYSSA  
And I just knew... Journalism was  
too important to me. Just a little  
bit more to make all the sacrifices  
worth it. I just had to take a  
break. We were together for so  
long...  
(beat)

ALYSSA

I loved him. But I was so damn close to success. You can't be a successful journalist if you feel tied down. And now, I'm busier than ever, traveling the world, covering the top stories. They're even talking about giving me my own time slot now. I'm on cloud nine.

KEVIN

You sound really happy. All those sacrifices obviously paid off.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jen approaches a door of an apartment and knocks. No answer. She tries the doorbell. Eventually she tries the knob, and it opens. She enters cautiously.

JEN

Hello? Kevin?

Jen hears movement and follows it.

Jen approaches a partially open door leading to a dark room, where the noise of key clattering is coming from. She peeks in.

In his bedroom, Kevin sits in front of his computer, in his pajamas, with headphones on, watching one of his interviews. The room is littered with coffee cups, fast food packaging, and clothes.

Jen walks in a bit and speaks louder.

JEN

Kevin?

No response. Kevin takes out a bottle of pills from a drawer and washes one down with coffee. He catches sight of Jen in his peripheral vision and freaks.

KEVIN

Ahhh!!!

The coffee goes flying, splashing on his keyboard.

KEVIN

Shit!

Kevin looks up, agitated. Jen backs away.

KEVIN

Don't sneak up on me like that.

JEN

I didn't mean to. I was worried.  
You're not answering your phone at  
all.

KEVIN

I can't have any distractions.

Kevin looks around, then shakes his head and grabs a t-shirt  
to start mopping up his keyboard.

JEN

What are those pills you're taking?

KEVIN

(irritated)

Jen, look, it's none of your  
business.

JEN

You don't look well.

KEVIN

I think we need to take a break.

Jen's eyes widen, her mouth agape. Kevin's eyes connect.

KEVIN

Jen... I can't be distracted right  
now...

JEN

I'm just a distraction? Kevin, I  
love you.

KEVIN

It'll be just for a little while.  
Just until I get this done.

JEN

Wrong answer. I'm done.

Jen stares Kevin down, fresh tears streaming down her face.

JEN

(voice cracking, but with  
resolve)

We're done.

Jen storms out the door. Kevin chases but stops at the door.

KEVIN  
Jen! Wait! Shit!

Kevin's shoulders slump, but his eyes go cold with resolve.

KEVIN  
This will all be worth it.

INT. LOUNGE/RESTAURANT - EVENING

Kevin, sweaty and unshaven, sits at the bar at the usual restaurant, finishing a burger. A bill is placed in front of him by a waiter.

The waiter ducks away discreetly. Kevin flips through his wallet, only finding twenties. He shakes his head, then slaps one on the counter and turns to leap off his stool. Vivian and James loom right over him.

JAMES  
Hey, look who climbed out of the sewer. Dude, you're kinda rank.

Vivian glares at James.

VIVIAN  
You really hurt Jen. You've been together for how long? To end it all over some movie?

KEVIN  
You don't understand. I don't have a choice. The film is coming together so well, but I need to stay committed.

JAMES  
Don't be such an ass, man. It doesn't have to be all or nothing.

Kevin stands up, his eyes wild, staring James and Vivian down angrily.

KEVIN  
YES IT DOES! You don't get it! I can't be on top if I do anything less!

Vivian and James back away.

VIVIAN  
Hey, calm down!



KEVIN  
Just leave me alone!

Kevin storms out, leaving exasperated friends in his wake.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

A catastrophic mess of equipment, clothes, papers, trash, and more coffee cups and pill bottles have successfully besieged Kevin's bedroom.

Beep.

VIVIAN'S VOICE  
Hey Kevin, how are you? James told me he had also tried calling you before, but no luck. You looked in bad shape last time we saw you. Call me, please?

Beep.

ALLISON'S VOICE  
Kevin, are you okay? You haven't called me for months. I don't know what is going on with you. I know you don't have time for your mother, but I'm so worried about you. Can we talk?

Kevin, in wrinkled clothes on his bed, holds his knees, rocking, midst a sprawl of coffee cups and pill bottles. His eyes are void of emotion.

VOICES  
I got rid of all distractions and got to business.  
(louder)  
It was all or nothing. No going back!  
(louder)  
Most people? They lack commitment.  
(louder)  
Just a little bit more to make all the sacrifices worth it.

Silence.

KEVIN  
(under his breath)  
I know this is going to work. It's going to work this time. I just want it all to be perfect. I will

KEVIN  
not give up this time. I need this  
to work. It's almost there, it has  
to be almost there. It will be a  
huge success. Nothing else matters.  
Sacrifices have to be made.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - AFTERNOON

A young, perky man smiles at an approaching Kevin from  
behind a table, in front of a sign advertising the Solar  
Flare Film Festival.

PERKY MAN  
Welcome to the Solar Flare Film  
Festival! Our admission costs are  
suggested donations...

KEVIN  
I'm one of the filmmakers.

Kevin spots his name on a clipboard on the table.  
That's me.

PERKY MAN  
Oh, congratulations!

The man opens a box and pulls out a badge.

PERKY MAN  
And how many have you brought with  
you?

KEVIN  
Umm, just me, thanks.

Kevin wears his badge as he walks past.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

Kevin is on stage with three film festival committee members  
as one presents him with a certificate for "Best Picture".  
Black clothes do little to mask Kevin's gaunt figure, with  
shadows pooling in the pockets of his tired, emotionless  
face.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1  
Congratulations, Kevin, your highly  
critically-acclaimed documentary,  
Success, is quite a success!  
(chuckles)  
Your own rise to success was very  
rapid. Naturally, we all are very

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1  
interested in hearing your thoughts  
about this. To what do YOU owe your  
success, Kevin?

The committee member cheerfully shakes hands with Kevin and congratulates him again, contrasting sharply with Kevin's somber disposition.

KEVIN  
Success...

Kevin's lips move as he stoically mouths silent answers. The words of Kevin's interviewees echo louder and louder. One question manages to be heard.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 2  
I'm sure it's all worth it in the  
end, isn't it? Is there anyone in  
the audience who you would like to  
acknowledge? I'm sure your loved  
ones are very proud of you!

Kevin grimaces and wordlessly replies as his gaze drifts over the audience:

MONTAGE

- Vivian shakes her head, pointing at him, then James glances over and shrugs in response. They vanish, leaving behind empty chairs.
- Kevin continuing his answer.
- Jen leans against the wall, her eyes full of earnest pain. She slumps to the floor and disappears.
- Allison howls mournfully in the front row then fades away.

END MONTAGE

Kevin's eye sheds a tear as he silently finishes.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1  
Kevin, you are such an inspiration.  
Please, everyone, give Kevin a huge  
round of applause.

A man, sitting alone in the shadows of the back rows, picks up his coat and makes his way out.

Kevin passively allows a festival volunteer to guide him away.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1  
And now, let's move on to Best  
Comedy...

INT. THEATER LOBBY - EVENING

Kevin walks out of the theater and squints his eyes.

KEVIN  
Dad?

David retracts his hand from the door and turns around,  
pauses for a moment, then smiles widely and backtracks  
toward Kevin.

DAVID  
Kevin! Congratulations!

KEVIN  
I didn't know you were here!

DAVID  
I... wasn't sure I could make it. I  
just wanted to see the ceremony.

Kevin brightens.

KEVIN  
I worked so hard for this, Dad.

An excited committee member pops up beside David and puts  
his hand on his shoulder.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 2  
Thank you so much, Sir, for your  
... generous donation.

David's eyes glance nervously at Kevin.

DAVID  
Yes, well, it was a small offering.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 2  
(laughing, incredulous)  
That's what you call small?

The committee member turns toward Kevin, who looks confused.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 2  
I hope you enjoy that win! I think  
it'll be great for you!

Kevin glances back and forth between the committee member  
and his father, with pain flooding his eyes.

20.

FADE OUT