

GETTYSTOCK
(Draft 10)

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

ETHAN and BROOKE, a couple in their late twenties, are asleep. Brooke wears a flashy ENGAGEMENT RING. A digital clock on a night-stand next to them changes from 5:59 to 6:00 and starts buzzing. Ethan rolls over and turns it off. He gets out of bed. He is tall and has a bony face. He showers and puts on a nice suit. He sits down on the side of the bed to tie his shoes.

BROOKE
What time is it?

ETHAN
Quarter past six.

BROOKE
You're leaving this early?

ETHAN
I have that meeting with the outreach clients. Remember?

BROOKE
(jokingly)
OK Mr. Marketing Manager. Go do your marketing. I love you.

ETHAN
Love you too honey.

Ethan kisses Brooke on the forehead.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ethan takes a stack of manila folders from the kitchen table and places them inside a briefcase. As he does this, one of them labeled "OUTREACH CLIENTS" slips and it falls to the ground. Ethan doesn't notice. He heads out the door.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Ethan stands beside a group of three men in similar suits. He looks at them longingly.

SUIT 1
...Bronstein didn't loop you in on that?

SUIT 2
This is the first I'm hearing about it.

SUIT 3

Don't worry we'll circle the wagons
around at 11 and make sure every
one is on the same page.

The elevator opens at the three men get out. Ethan rides the rest of the way alone.

INT. GETTYSTOCK RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

An empty reception desk with the word "Gettystock" behind it in large type. Ethan steps out of the elevator and passes through.

INT. GETTYSTOCK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

The space is brightly lit with impossibly white walls. Ethan enters. A woman with a cup of coffee, TRISH (35) talks to a shorter man, SAM (55) with thick framed glasses and a black T-shirt. He has DSLR around his neck and munches on a donut.

TRISH

These shoots always give us fine material, but I think we can capture something even better. Something more genuine. I feel like there's always something subtle missing from these photos. I don't know what it is.

SAM

We could go out into the world and take photos of real people. Real people working real jobs. It'd be a lot of extra work though.

TRISH

Yeah, you're right.

Trish sees Ethan and walks over to him. Sam follows.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Hey!

ETHAN

Hi. Morning.

TRISH

I have a lot lined up for you today.

(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)

We're going to do some "slacker employee" shots, some "tired employee working overtime" shots, and some "angry boss firing employee over the phone" shots. Then we're going to pair you up with Hank and Gertrude to do some hand shake/high five bonding group shots. Sorry for the early call time.

ETHAN

That's alright.

Ethan sets his briefcase and CELLPHONE down on nearby a desk.

TRISH

Oh... you didn't need to bring your own briefcase. We have plenty in the prop closet.

Trish exits. Sam comes over and opens the briefcase. He pulls out a manila folder, examining it.

SAM

I'm going to make a wild assumption that you still haven't told her.

ETHAN

What? Told who?

Sam chuckles. He shuffles through the manila folder, mildly amused by the items inside.

SAM

Ethan, I've worked with a lot of kids like you over the years, and if there's any bit of advice I can give you, it's this: life is a lot easier when you stop hiding and start being honest with yourself.

Sam pulls out a white folded menu.

SAM (CONT'D)

Is this a menu from that Mediterranean place we ordered from on Tuesday?

Ethan takes it from him and tosses it in a nearby garbage can.

SAM (CONT'D)
I don't think you've told your
girlfriend what you really do for a
living.

He looks at Ethan for a grade.

SAM (CONT'D)
How did I do?

ETHAN
Fiancee, not girlfriend.

SAM
Fiancee?

Ethan sighs.

ETHAN
I'd tell her but I'm worried she'll
never look at me the same.

SAM
C'mon. It can't be that bad. It's
not like you're a child molester.

ETHAN
Yeah. I'm just a stock image model.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - SAME

Brooke walks past the kitchen table. She sees the manila folder Ethan dropped earlier. She picks it up.

INT. GETTYSTOCK OFFICES - LATER

Ethan poses as the "slacker employee", sitting with his feet up on a desk and his hand in a bag of chips. He has a goofy look on his face. Sam snaps photos. Trish directs.

TRISH
Awesome, awesome. Even more
relaxed, Ethan. Come on, drop your
expression a little more. There we
go.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Brooke is now wearing a white oxford shirt and grey slacks. Her hair is neatly tied back. She has her phone tucked between her ear and shoulder. Ethan's voicemail plays.

ETHAN (VOICEMAIL)
Hey, it's Ethan. I can't come to
the phone right now. Please leave
your message at the beep. Thanks!

Brooke puts the folder in her purse and heads out the door.

INT. GETTYSTOCK OFFICES - LATER

Ethan poses as the "stressed out employee working overtime". He hides his face in his palms. In front of him, there's a comically huge stack of paper.

TRISH
Alright one more. I want you to put
one hand on the side of your face
and make an expression like "I hate
this, but I definitely deserve
this..."

On a desk behind Trish, Ethan's Phone buzzes on top of his briefcase. Brooke's picture lights up the screen.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Brooke waits for her order. She has her phone to her ear.

ETHAN (VOICEMAIL)
Leave your message at the beep.
Thank you!

BROOKE
Hi honey. I have your outreach
clients folder with me right now.
You left it at home. I have to get
to work soon so call me in the next
few minutes if you...

Something in the distance catches her eye - something on the coffee shop's corkboard. She moves closer to it. It's a flyer with a large stock photo of Ethan on it. The flyer is advertizing a personal injury law firm.

INT. GETTYSTOCK OFFICES - LATER

Ethan poses as an "angry boss firing employee over the phone". He looks furious, holding a landline phone between his ear and shoulder.

TRISH

Come on, angrier! Even angrier! Let me really see the emotion in your eyes. That's it. There we go. Now make your other hand into a fist and hold it in front of you.

Ethan scrunches his face tighter and makes his hand into a fist.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Even angrier!

Ethan looks as if he's about to turn into The Hulk.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Ethan?

Right as the camera flashes, Ethan turns to see Brooke. She's standing by the reception desk. His expression immediately changes from anger to confusion.

ETHAN

Brooke? Uh, what are you doing here?

SAM

God dammit, missed the shot. I need to switch my card.

TRISH

Let's take five.

Sam and Trish walk off. Brooke approaches Ethan and hands him the folder.

BROOKE

You left at home. I tried calling you, but... Babe, what is all this? Are you doing a photo shoot?

ETHAN

Brooke I... yeah. We're... taking new photos for our ID badges!

BROOKE

Really? Then why did you look so angry? I thought something terrible had happened.

ETHAN

Oh honey, it's just a little office humor. Don't worry about-

HANK (30), a man with a goatee, also wearing a suit approaches Ethan.

HANK

Hey Ethan, were doing an "employee gets re-hired then re-fired" shoot this afternoon. Do you want to be the boss or should I?

ETHAN

(under his breath)

Hank!

Hank sees Brooke.

HANK

Brooke! Oh my god, I didn't even see you there. Congrats on the engagement!

BROOKE

Thanks Hank. How have you been?

HANK

Pretty good actually. I don't know if Ethan told you, but I just got a big promotion.

BROOKE

Did you?

HANK

Oh yeah. A huge one.

BROOKE

So what are you now?

HANK

Um, Senior Marketing... Regional... Administrative... Vice... Chair.

BROOKE

(Skeptical)

That's wonderful...

ETHAN

Hank, have I... briefed you about the Waterbridge account?

HANK

No you haven't.

ETHAN

Honey, I'll be right back. I just need to brief Hank about this account.

BROOKE

(checking her watch)

Ethan I'm going to be late for work.

INT. GETTYSTOCK CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Hank hurry into an empty conference room and close the door behind them.

ETHAN

Hank! What the hell was that?

HANK

I'm sorry! I didn't see her there!

ETHAN

She's totally on to me now!

HANK

Nah, dude you're fine. Just tell her I have dementia. Do I look old enough to have dementia?

ETHAN

She's supposed to think we're colleagues. You literally asked me if I want to be your boss.

HANK

I don't know man. Seems like your problem is bigger than me. Maybe you should just tell her the truth. You are marrying her.

ETHAN

But all that lying... just for nothing? All those charades we worked on for hours, just trying to convince her that we work at regular jobs at a regular marketing firm? I don't think so. I'm fine living a lie as long as it means smooth sailing from here on out. Plus, you haven't told Cynthia the truth, so why should I tell Brooke?

HANK
Well actually I...

ETHAN
Cynthia knows? You told her?

HANK
I didn't want to start our marriage off on the wrong foot. She's known about my modeling career for almost six months now.

ETHAN
And she wasn't angry when you told her?

HANK
Oh, she was... but she eventually forgave me, and now things are better than ever. It just feels really great to be honest with each other.

Ethan sighs.

ETHAN
OK, fine. I'll tell her.

INT. GETTYSTOCK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Brooke is sitting at one of the empty desks. Ethan approaches her.

ETHAN
Brooke, there's something I need to tell you. I'm not a marketing manager.

BROOKE
I know.

ETHAN
You do?

BROOKE
You're a personal injury lawyer.

ETHAN
What?

BROOKE
It's okay, I understand.

Brooke pulls out the coffee shop flyer and hands it to him. Ethan looks at it, confused.

ETHAN

Ok well yeah, this is one of my-

BROOKE

There's so much pressure to act like we are living our best lives and working our dream jobs, but in reality, sometimes we're still not where we want to be. It's really-

ETHAN

I'm not a lawyer either.

BROOKE

You're not?

ETHAN

No.

BROOKE

Ok now I'm lost. What do you actually do?

CUT TO:

Brooke flips through a fancy catalogue full stock images of Ethan.

ETHAN

Some days I'm a lawyer. Some days I'm a marketing manager. Some days I'm a nurse practitioner.

BROOKE

What *is* a nurse practitioner?

ETHAN

I couldn't even tell you. I've held so many jobs over the years. An accountant, a sales director, a CEO, but in reality I've just been nothing this whole time. I've been the same fraud wearing different suits. I'm sorry.

BROOKE

But wait, didn't you graduate from Dartmouth with a marketing degree?

Ethan shakes his head.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

What are you talking about? I've seen so many pictures of your college days. Aren't you still on their...

Brooke turns around and starts typing on the computer keyboard. Nothing happens.

ETHAN

That's just a prop, here...

Ethan shows her to a computer on a different desk. Brooke pulls up Dartmouth college's website. At the top of the page, a large banner image displays Ethan very proudly wearing a Dartmouth T-shirt.

BROOKE

How do you explain this?

ETHAN

(cringing)

That's also a stock photo.

BROOKE

What?

ETHAN

In my early twenties I did a shoot for a bunch of New Hampshire colleges.

Ethan uses the computer to navigate to the websites of University of New Hampshire, Southern New Hampshire University, Keene State College, and Franklin Pierce University. On every website there is a banner image featuring Ethan wearing the school's respective T-shirt.

BROOKE

So you've been lying to me all these years? How far were you planning to take this? Would you lie to your children? Your grandchildren?

Around the corner, Sam and Trish eavesdrop on their conversation. They look at each other excitedly. Trish nods to Sam. Sam turns on his DSLR and slyly pokes it around the corner like a periscope, at Ethan. He starts snapping photos.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

What would your obituary say? Ethan spent the better part of his life lying to his loved ones and pretending to be people that he wasn't?

ETHAN

Baby don't say that.

BROOKE

If you like being a marketing manager, just go to business school and actually become one!

ETHAN

But I like *this*. I like wearing different hats and trying on different personalities. I like seeing my face in a travel brochure and wondering...

BROOKE

Ethan, I'm already like 30 minutes late. I have to go. You can have this back.

She takes off her engagement ring and hands it to him.

ETHAN

No! Brooke, please! Don't go!

Brooke leaves. Ethan sits down at one of the desks and begins to cry. Sam emerges from the corner and starts snapping more photos.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What are you... what are you doing.

SAM

Ignore me. I'm not even here.

Trish emerges from the corner behind Sam.

TRISH

Ethan, more tears. And can you mess your hair up a little bit?

ETHAN

What are you talking about! I'm not modeling right now.

Trish hurries over to him and messes up his hair. Ethan swats her away.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hey, stop!

Sam continues to snap photos.

BROOKE

(to Sam)

This is what I'm talking about.

Brooke shakes her head.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

So real.

BLACKOUT

END CREDITS OVER:

END CREDITS over sequence of watermarked stock photos:

-Ethan binge drinking alone

-Ethan typing a text to brooke that says "I miss you"

-Ethan crying at work

-Ethan trying to return the engagement ring

-Ethan alone on a non-refundable honeymoon

-Ethan downloading Tinder