Reeling it in: SIZZLER

Written by

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Based on totally real events. TOTALLY.

1 INT. CASTLE CHAMBERS - NIGHT

The room is silent and undisturbed. DANNY JEFFS stands looking out the window. The door opens and closes again with a CREAK. There is no sign of anyone being there. Danny turns around as BOBBY OWENS fades into visibility, lowering a bottle containing a cloudy liquid. He chokes on the drink, coughing and sputtering in Danny's face. Bobby spills the rest of the potion over Danny.

ASH
(O.S.)
Cut!

CUT TO REVEAL.

2 INT. STUDIO - DAY

ASH KINGSTON is sat at one of the cameras, the back of his shirt reads "DIRECTOR". He walks over to Bobby, still sputtering, and gives him a firm smack on the back.

BOBBY
(Choking)
Thank you...
(Normal, or at least Normal for Bobby)
Sorry about that Ashley, felt like Romeo in Act 5.

ASH
(Confused)
Sure, its fine Bobby?
(To Danny)
Are you alright Danny?

Ash watches as Danny walks past him, throwing his sword at Bobby, winding him. Ash picks it up.

ASH
Oh. Um, okay then.
(Shouting)
Take 5 everybody!
(To Bobby)
Well, not your worst attempt at flirting, I'll give you that much.

BOBBY
If I had been flirting, that man would have been using a different type of polished steel on me.

ASH
Sure he would and I-

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PRODUCER
Kingston!

Ash looks at Bobby and shrugs his shoulders, then starts to head over to THE PRODUCER. Bobby pulls out his sword and starts practising with it.

ASH
What is it-

Ash looks down and sees that the Producer is holding an expensive looking camera.

ASH
-Wait is that?

THE PRODUCER
The Phony 12K digital film camera with 2000mm zoom, 360-degree stabilisation and all of the other things you ever so eagerly told me.

Ash takes the camera and start to admire/examine it.

ASH
Wow... How much was it?

The Producer pulls out a file labelled BUDGET REPORTS from inside his jacket and shows it to Ash. His eyes widen in shock and he makes a noise that can only be described as "aroused".

ASH
(giggling like a schoolgirl)
Say, who'd you have to-

The Producer gives Ash a stern glare. Ash shrinks backwards a little.

ASH
(back to Professional)
-inappropriate, your right, sorry. Still I can't believe you managed to get us... its just... thanks.

Ash and The Producer look at each other. Ash points behind him towards the old camera.

ASH
So- Uh- I should- Yeah.

Ash starts to carry the Phony back to the set.

ASH
Hey, um, you, um, no, um, not you no, um, oh, um, Barry! Yeah, Barry, get

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this on to the rig would ya- SHIT!

Ash stumbles, falling to the floor face first but managing to keep the camera safe. He places the camera carefully on the floor next to him and pushes himself up. A few of the crew members start to move towards him.

ASH
It's okay I'm fine, no harm done.

SMASH. Ash steps on the camera, shattering it. Everyone in the studio stares at him. Ash looks down at the wreckage, jumping back, losing grip on the sword, terrified. As he does he here's the sound of a blade cutting flesh, followed by a small thud. Danny's hand has been sliced clean off and is spewing blood. Ash, frozen in fear, counts down from 3 on his fingers. When he reaches one he sighs in relief.

THE PRODUCER
(Earth-Shakingly Loud)
Kingston!

Ash turns around to see the Producer storming towards him.

THE PRODUCER
You're dead, Kingston! You can kiss your job at this studio goodbye! You can-

BOBBY
(Interrupting)
Wait!

Everyone turns to look at Bobby, standing proudly.

BOBBY
Friends, colleagues... Cheryl.

Bobby winks at one of the crew. He winks back.

BOBBY
We are here whilst not solely citizens assembled to initiate a feat of art. We remain also a family. One that is wholly sure in the company of the stylish uncle offering out phone numbers toward his nieces and brothers. Nonetheless that's beside the purpose. Family sticks together. Clasps one another up and engage in battle in lieu of each other. Therefore, in the role of principal artiste of this production, I say nay to you, shouty bloke whom I have never laid my eyes upon. Ashley Kingston stands a noble visionary. One who

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shall, someday, amend the technique of film-making as we realise it. Furthermore, while waiting for that time to approach, I intend to endure at the side of him. Not for the reason that he helps pay half my rent, but since I value him as a companion. And even, perchance, a brother. Thus if one Ashley James Kingston were to be eradicated from this immense labour of art, nevertheless I in addition would have to be eradicated likewise. Of which, being as such a treasured resource to this production, would be entirely imposs-

SMASH CUT.

3 EXT. STUDIO - DAY

The doors slam shut. Ash and Bobby stand outside. Ash looks at Bobby and goes to talk. Bobby raises his hand.

BOBBY
I know. Shut up.

OPENING TITLES.

4 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Bobby is sat in front of the TV. Ash is lying face down on the floor, surrounded by empty bottles. The News is on TV.

NEWS REPORTER
...and we'll be following his case closely. And finally in the Media News, Tigergate studios has suffered an insurmountable loss after a newcomer director destroys a brand new, one of a kind, camera on the set of Alchemical Agents: The Golden Stone costing the studio-

Bobby switches off the TV.

BOBBY
Well, at least you've got your name out there now.

ASH
(Muffled by carpet)
I'm Ruined.

BOBBY
Well the Studio is. You... not so much.

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Ash shows Bobby his phone, the screen shows an E-mail from The Producer saying how much Ash owes the Studio, the price is hidden underneath his finger.

BOBBY
Oh... but look. Things can't get any worse than this.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Bobby looks towards the apartment door and walks to it. Bobby opens the door and no ones there. He walks back to the lounge to find DAISY SMITH now sitting on the sofa. Lightning flashes outside followed by a rumble of thunder before returning to pleasant sunshine. Ash is still face down on the floor.

BOBBY
Cup... Cup of tea?

ASH
No thanks...

DAISY
He was talking to me, Kingston.

Ash looks up to see Daisy sat on his sofa. Beat. Ash shoots up to his feet, dusting himself off and kicking the bottles underneath the coffee table.

ASH
(Stuttering)
Miss Smith. What a lovely surprise.

DAISY
I don't think that should be a surprise, Kingston. After all... it's Thursday.

BOBBY
And what a pleasant Thursday it is. Nothing for anyone to be worried about at all.

DAISY
Nothing, Owens?

BOBBY
Yep, you can even check our calendar. Just a quiet and-

Bobby points at the calendar, but stops when he sees that, circled in red, is today's date. In the circle are the words: "RENT DUE DON'T FORGET!!!!"

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BOBBY
Shoot...

ASH
(To himself)
Shit.
(To Daisy)
Um. Fuck um, so sorry Miss Smith, you see we had the money but then something came up, and well it was on the news and-

Bobby steps forward, putting his hand in front of Ash.

BOBBY
(Taking Over)
What my dearest colleague at this juncture is striving to utter is that due to an ill-fated state of affairs, that have been attributed upon prised Ashley here, we stand deprived of the required finances to ample your necessitated amount of currency for the current moon. Aye I discern, it must appear as a devastation toward you. To envisage two enthusiasts in the industry to stand deprived of currencies, in spite of all their utter aptitudes. Alas the problem is regrettably so. I myself remain not adept to compensate my share to my tailor on behalf of my-

Ash passes his phone to Daisy.

ASH
(Interrupting)
This should explain why we're a little behind on the rent.

Daisy takes the phone from Ash and scowls at it. She then passes the phone back to him.

DAISY
I see... Well boys, as I am such a kind individual...

BOBBY
(Under breath)
Could've fooled me.

Ash elbows Bobby.

DAISY
...I shall allow the two of you one week to come up with the Rent for this

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month. This is your last chance. Mess this one up and you'll be out on the streets. Is that clear?

Bobby and Ash nod in fear at Daisy. Ash and Bobby look at each other.

BOBBY
(Turning back to Daisy)
So, would you still like that- oh.

Daisy has vanished. Ash flinches.

ASH
I'll never get used to that.

BOBBY
I've got to hand it to the woman, she knows how to make an entrance.

ASH
We get one week... We need to find us a gig.

Ash grabs his laptop and sits on the back of the sofa.

BOBBY
Don't worry, I have many contacts.

ASH
Oh yeah?

BOBBY
Yeah, there's Eduardo my tailor, Denise my stylist, Juan my culinary guy, good old Bene-

ASH
(Interrupting)
How many of those would have work for us?

BOBBY
Fine. We'll do it your way

ASH
Sure...

Ash gets to work.

5 INT. APARTMENT - MONTAGE

7 DAYS TO DOOMSDAY.

- Bobby looks through the newspaper, clearly confused, cirling things at random. Ash is sat on the back of the Sofa

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using his Laptop. 1 Bottle is at his feet.

- Bobby scrolls through his phone, laughing occasionally. Ash is sat on the back of the Sofa using his laptop. 2 Bottles now.

- Bobby begins writing down alternative ideas, including one that says "HOW MUCH ARE KIDNEYS WORTH?" Ash is sat on the back of the Sofa. Now there's 3.

- Bobby scrolls through something on his laptop. Ash looks up from his Laptop at him and throws a ball of paper then shakes his head sternly. And 4.

- Bobby is elsewhere, smoke billows in from the Kitchen. Ash is sat on the back of the Sofa using his Laptop. 5.

- Ash is sat on the back of the Sofa using his Laptop. It is now night time. 6.

6 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

6 DAYS TO DOOMSDAY.

Ash is sat on the back of the Sofa, using his Laptop. 7, 7 Bottles. Bobby walks in rubbing his eyes and yawning.

BOBBY
Has anything come up, yet?

ASH
I've gotten us seven interviews, and there's a possible eighth but wanted your input first.

Ash shows Bobby something on his laptop. Bobby gasps in horror.

BOBBY
I'm insulted! How could you even consider this role being worthy of my talents?! I would not lower myself to such levels of Acting abilities. The only roles I shall ever take are those of grandeur and stature. Not this kind of filth.

ASH
I know, I know. But see it this way, we're broke.

BOBBY
Not in spirit.

ASH
We're. Broke.

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BOBBY
What on Earth gave you the idea that I'd even consider playing such a heinous role. I am clearly above such a position to perform in.

ASH
Oh, I know for a fact you're not "above such a postion".

Bobby looks disgusted. His face reads "How would you know?"

ASH
You forget to close your door, like all the time.

BOBBY
Even so, I would not be performing such private matters in public for-

ASH
(Interrupting)
You don't remember that one night do you?

BOBBY
I told you... my hand simply slipped.

ASH
Look, unimportant, we need our names down for any job we can get.

BOBBY
But my name shall never be placed on a title that resides within the genre of this particular production.

ASH
But we need to eat, Bobby.

BOBBY
I'd sooner starve!

ASH
So that's a no?

BOBBY
Yes, it's a no.

ASH
Fine, fine. Anyway get your shoes on, we're meeting our first potential client in an hour.

Ash jumps down from the sofa and heads for the door. Leaving Bobby still in his night clothes.

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ASH
Lets go!

Bobby tears off his PJ's, revealing a full 3-Piece suit.

ASH
(O.S.)
No!

Bobby groans, tearing off his suit, revealing more appropriate day wear. He follows after Ash.

7 INT. CEO OFFICE - DAY

CALLUM THORN sits looking out of his office window, phone in hand. The clock is set to half-past three.

CALLUM
...And you can shove that proposal right back where you got it from! Never again will I ever accept such an offer again!

Callum turns around to his desk and goes to put the phone down but then remembers something.

CALLUM
Oh. And dear, what's for dinner tonight? Wonderful. Okay, love you, goodbye.

Callum hangs up the phone and turns on the intercom.

CALLUM
Karen, when is my 10 o'clock going to be here?

KAREN
(Via Intercom)
30 minutes ago, sir.

CALLUM
Oh. Well send them in!

Callum turns off the intercom. Ash and Bobby enter the room, Callum gestures towards the seats in front of his desk and they sit.

CALLUM
So, you two want to work here at Knockwood Productions?

BOBBY
Aye, my colleague and I aspire to construct some of the finest art this domain has yet realised, at your

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acclaimed business. These labours will invoke the very passion of the soul. They-

Ash elbows Bobby.

BOBBY
Um, yeah. When would we be able to start?

Callum stands up and starts encircling Ash and Bobby.

CALLUM
Already asking when to start, even though I haven't even said you have the job yet?

ASH
Um, no, he d-didn't m-mean-

CALLUM
That takes guts. And I like guts. And since it seems like you two come as a package deal, you're both hired!

Ash and Bobby are thrilled. But then KAREN comes into the office.

KAREN
Sir I think you may want-

CALLUM
What is it Karen, can't you see I'm in the middle of something?

KAREN
Yes, but sir, I think you should take a look at this.

Karen hand Callum a dossier. He looks through it. He suddenly becomes furious.

CALLUM
You cost Tigergate how much?! And you expect me to hire you, with no guarantee you won't pull something like that again?!

Bobby stands up and slams his fist on Callum's desk

BOBBY
You bet our butts we do!

CUT TO.

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8 EXT. KNOCKWOOD OFFICES - DAY

Ash and Bobby are stood outside as the doors slam behind them.

BOBBY
Well, we may not have succeeded on the first but we must always remember one thing... third times the charm.

The two walk on.

9 MONTAGE - VARIOUS

6 DAYS TO DOOMSDAY.

- EXT. 2ND INTERVIEW OFFICE - DAY. The duo walk into the building.

- INT, 2ND OFFICE - DAY. Interviewer shakes his head at the two of them.

- EXT. 2ND OFFICE - DAY. The duo leave the building. Bobby remains optimistic, Ash not so much.

- EXT. CAFÉ - DAY. The duo walk in.

- INT. CAFÉ - DAY. The client is shaking their hands then notices the "camera story" on the front page of a media journal. They sternly point the Duo to the door.

- EXT. CAFÉ - DAY. The duo walk out. Ash looks worn down, Bobby still beams.

5 DAYS TO DOOMSDAY.

- EXT. 4TH OFFICE - DAY. The duo walk into the building. Bobby is carrying a heavy looking backpack.

- INT. 4TH OFFICE - DAY. The Interviewer reads through a dossier and holds his hand out for the duo's files. Ash hands his over, a small and concise folder. Bobby drops a heavy encyclopedia-esque book titled "The Life of Bobby Owens. Vol. 1". The clients hand gets crushed by the book.

- EXT. 4TH OFFICE - DAY. The duo run from the building, Bobby is carrying a book labelled "The Life of Bobby Owens. Vol. 2". The interviewer follows them out, shaking a bandaged, bleeding fist at them.

- EXT. 5TH OFFICE - DAY. The duo head into the building. They are immediately thrown out the door, landing on their butts.

- EXT. 6TH OFFICE - DAY. The duo stand outside, looking up at the building. Ash looks about ready to quit.

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- INT. 6TH OFFICE - DAY. The interviewer is reading over their files. The duo are sat infront of their desk. Bobby shifts. A ZIPPER can be heard.

- EXT. 6TH OFFICE - DAY. The duo are stood outside, facing away from the building. Ash looks truly defeated. Bobby, still happy, zips up his fly. They walk on.

FADE OUT.

10 INT. BAXTER'S OFFICE - DAY

4 DAYS TO DOOMSDAY.

FADE IN.

Ash and Bobby sit in front of a desk. The man behind it, BAXTER, is busy reading a media journal and hasn't noticed them.

BOBBY
Uh, sir? Employer? Bootylicious?

BAXTER
Yes? What is it?

ASH
Your, um, nine o'clock is here?

BAXTER
Who?

ASH
Ash Kingston and Bobby Owens?

BAXTER
Who?

Ash's face lights up.

BOBBY
The ones who broke Tigergate.

Ash glares daggers at Bobby. Baxter lowers the journal.

BAXTER
Ah yes. You two. Now my investor's all tell me that hiring you would be a huge risk and a waste of resources.

ASH
So should we go or-

BAXTER
But we're desperate and your cheap. So you're hired!

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Ash smiles, pleasantly surprised, as Bobby fist punches the air and freezes in place.

ASH
Thank you sir. We look forward to-

BAXTER
(Interrupting)
Is your friend here okay.

Ash looks over at Bobby.

ASH
Yeah, he's fine. C'mon Bobby.

Ash gets up and shakes Baxter's hand, wincing slightly. He then drags Bobby from the room. Bobby doesn't break pose.

11 INT. 'ELEVATION RELATION' STUDIO - DAY

3 DAYS TO DOOMSDAY.

Bobby is going over his lines. Baxter runs through the idea and introduces the product they're selling.

BAXTER
Here boys is our latest product.

He shows them a small, clear, box containing several pills.

BAXTER
Makes a man keep it up triple the time compared to competitors. Our head scientist, Carl, took the prototype when we were first working on it. He's been going for three weeks now.

They look over at Carl, who has a very large and obvious erection. Carl doesn't seem aware of anything going on. Bobby's jaw drops but the slowly turns to a smile.

ASH
Shouldn't he have seen a doctor by now?

BAXTER
He is a doctor. He's fine. Aren't you Carl?

Carl makes a gurgling noise.

BAXTER
See? Fine. Now on with the shoot. We have pills to sell!

Ash gets into position behind the camera and bobby tears away

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his clothes, revealing the official uniform of Baxter's Company (Keister Solutions), and gets into position.

ASH
(Shouting)
Places everybody! Quiet on set! Camera? Sound? Alright then! 3, 2, 1, Action!

CUT TO.

12 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Bobby walks to the centre of the camera.

BOBBY
Have you ever felt down? Never gotten a chance to rise to the occasion? Not hard enough to deal with those intimate situations for relationships?

Bobby walks over to three men standing in a row smiling with clear erections.

BOBBY
Well now you can! Introducing Elevation Relation from Keister Solutions. The only pill you need to keep it up for hours on end.

Bobby walks over to a sign with the logo for the new drug on it. It resembles a phallic object.

BOBBY
This new medical genius will allow you to go for triple the time regular drugs will allow you to go for. Usual pills only block the enzyme of PDE5. Our new drug shuts down this enzyme, so you can just keep on going. So buy now and give your partner the good time they need to keep that relationship going.

Bobby sticks his thumb up and gives a very cheesey wink.

FREEZE FRAME.

COMMERCIAL VOICE OVER
(Voice over, Rapid)
Side effects include: Light headedness, infertility, irregular urination, dehydration...

An excessively long list off side-effects scroll up the screen.

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ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL.

13 INT. BAXTER'S OFFICE - EVENING

The commercial is on a TV in the background, the side-effects are still scrolling. Ash and Bobby clink wine glasses. The rest of the crew, as well as a few members of the company are roundabouts.

BOBBY
To fame and fortune for our artistic and grandeur endeavours! To those endeavours that are yet to come! To a life filled-

ASH
(Interrupting)
To still having a place to live.

BOBBY
Here here!

They clink glasses again and chuckle. Ash downs his in a single gulp. Baxter comes over and claps them both on the backs. They wince.

BAXTER
Excellent work boys. Our product is already flying off the shelves and the commercial hasn't even aired yet. Fantastic! If we need someone to advertise legally questionable narcotics again we,ll call you. Now. Get out of my office!

Baxter pushes the both of them out of the room before they have chance to respond and Baxter slams the door behind them. He spins round to face the room and points at someone at seeming random.

BAXTER
You. What's our next product?

CUT.

14 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

FADE IN.

2 DAYS TO DOOMSDAY.

Ash and Bobby are sat on the floor, Ash has a calculator and a roll of receipt-esque paper and is running through some numbers. Bobby, bored, has written the word "NUMBERS?" across a sheet of A4 paper in purple crayon.

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BOBBY
Are we done yet?

ASH
Almost.
(Beat.)
Oh fuck.

BOBBY
What's the problem?

ASH
We're a bit short.

BOBBY
How dare you!? I'll have you know I'm five and a half inches!

ASH
I mean on the Rent and stuff. Well we're just about fine for the Rent but if we don't want to be living on cardboard and pickled onions for the month-

Ash shudders.

ASH
(Continued)
-Again, we're gonna need a little more.

BOBBY
So, do we have anymore jobs we can go for?

ASH
Well...

Ash shows something to Bobby on his Laptop. Bobby inhales very sharply.

BOBBY
No. No no no no no no no. No.

ASH
It's our only choice.

BOBBY
Non. Nein. Não.

CUT TO.

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15 EXT. SHADY BUILDING - NIGHT

1 DAY TO DOOMSDAY.

Ash and Bobby walk out of the entrance. Ash looks like he has seen death itself. Bobby is half limping, as if he as "accidentally" sat on something awkward and uncomfortable.

BOBBY
Well, that was defin-

ASH
No.

BOBBY
But I-

ASH
We will never speak of this again.

CUT TO BLACK.

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