

Nowhere Man

By

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FADE IN:

INT.LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

MAL EVANS (41), a big bear of a man with glasses, slumps in a chair. His girlfriend, FRAN HUGHES (36), watches anxiously. Mal washes a pill down with a glass of water.

SUPER - LOS ANGELES JANUARY 4 1976

FRAN

Please, Mal, no more Valium. What are you so upset about?

MAL

(groggy, slurring)

My life is nothing. Has been since the boys split up. I don't feel like I'm a part of anything...

FRAN

Oh, come on. You have lots of friends who love you. I love you! And you've nearly finished your book. It's YOUR story. The world can't wait to read it.

MAL

It's pathetic...a waste of time. 'Living The Beatles legend'. Ha! It's crap.

FRAN

Now you're talking foolishly.

MAL

No. It'll be like the old days. People aren't interested in me, only the boys. Who can blame them?

Mal starts to sob, great heaving gulps. Fran moves to comfort him, but he stands up unsteadily and brushes her aside.

FRAN

I'm calling John Hoernie. He's helped you write your memoirs. He'll cheer you up.

Mal doesn't answer, just shambles around the room...

INT.LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - LATER

There is a knock on the door and Fran opens it. JOHN HOERNIE (30), collaborator on Mal's book, enters with a worried look.

JOHN
Fran? How is he?

FRAN
Doped up, groggy, upset. John, I'm scared. I've never seen him like this.

JOHN
It's ok. I'll talk to him.
(beat)
Hey, Mal? Come on, man. Settle down.

MAL
John? What are...

JOHN
Hey, it's alright. You're the man! You need to get our book wrapped up. It'll be a smash!

MAL
I don't think so. Please make sure you finish it, John...

He heads for the stairs. John follows.

INT.BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Mal and John talk in a bedroom. Mal raves, making little sense.

JOHN
Mal, you're frightening Fran. And me. This is not like you at all. We need to__

Mal rummages in a wardrobe and pulls out a 30-30 air rifle.

JOHN(CONT'D)
What the fuck? Mal, now you're just being silly, man.

MAL
It's ok, John. It's not loaded.
See?

Mal opens the gun to show an empty chamber, then clicks it shut. He moves around the room, swaying, babbling, waving the gun.

JOHN
Give me the gun, Mal.

MAL
Fuck you.

John lunges at Mal, and tries to wrest the rifle from him. But Mal is too strong, and merely pushes him away. John hurries out...

INT.LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Fran calls the police as John hovers nervously. Mal's SHOUTING can be heard upstairs.

FRAN(ON PHONE)
Hello, Police? My name is Fran Hughes. My old man has a gun, he's taken Valium, and is totally screwed up.
(beat)
Yes. Please hurry. We're at 8122 West 4th St.

Fran hangs up as John stares at her. The YELLING from upstairs gets louder...

INT.LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - LATER

Another knock on the door. Fran opens it to see four POLICE OFFICERS. They hear the sounds from above and move into action. Two wait with Fran and John. The others, OFFICERS KREMPA and BRANNON, move cautiously upstairs.

INT.BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Mal walks around the bedroom, gun still in hand, ranting. The officers enter and draw their weapons.

OFFICER KREMPA
Sir? Put the gun down, please. Now!

Mal turns and points the rifle at them. The cops raise their weapons.

OFFICER BRANNON
Put it down NOW! We will shoot!

Mal continues to rant and cry, tears rolling down his face. The rifle still points at the police.

OFFICER KREMPA
Ok. Take him down...

The officers start firing...six shots in all. Time seems to slow for Mal. He sees the bullets coming toward him. His mind washes with memories...

BEGIN FLASHBACKS

INT.VAN - LONDON - NIGHT

A younger Mal sits distraught in the front of a van.

SUPER - 1963

JOHN LENNON(O.S)
How could you lose my fucking
guitar, Mal? Hey? Here, Paul? Can
you believe the Welsh prick lost my
Jumbo?

PAUL MCCARTNEY(O.S)
Fucking hell...

MAL
(quietly)
I'm sorry John. I...

JOHN LENNON(O.S)
Shut up and fucking drive.

INT.HOTEL ROOM - NEW YORK - NIGHT

The four Beatles and Bob Dylan share a joint. Mal watches with interest.

SUPER - 1964

PAUL MCCARTNEY
Mal, I need a pencil, some paper.
I've found the meaning of life!
Have to write it down...

Later, Mal finds the items. Paul writes something down. Everyone is stoned off their heads...

PAUL MCCARTNEY
Keep this safe. It's very important.

The next morning, Mal gives Paul the paper.

PAUL MCCARTNEY
(reads)
'There are seven levels'.

MAL
Wow! That's so fucking deep.

EXT.SHEA STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT

The Beatles play in the middle of the baseball field, to a screaming crowd of 55,000. Mal watches from the edge of the stage, his love for the boys evident.

SUPER - 1965

GEORGE HARRISON(O.S)
Mal was our go-to man, if we needed anything. He always looked after us.

RINGO STARR(O.S)
Aye, he kept all sorts of things in his pockets. Even sandwiches.

INT.ABBEY ROAD STUDIOS - LONDON - NIGHT

The Beatles record songs for 'Sgt.Pepper'. Mal brings in a tray of food and drinks.

SUPER - 1967

JOHN LENNON
Socks, Mal.

Mal nods. The next night, he produces a large bag of coloured socks for the boys.

EXT.LONDON - DAY

The Beatles play on the rooftop of the Apple building. Mal emerges from a door, accompanied by a policeman. Paul is the nearest Beatle, playing his bass.

SUPER - 1969

MAL

You have to stop. The police are here.

PAUL MCCARTNEY

Nope. Let them arrest us! Great end to the film.

END FLASHBACKS.

INT.BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Mal's vision returns to normal speed. Four bullets hit him, killing him instantly. He crashes to the floor. The police officers holster their guns and move closer. Fran SCREAMS from below...

EXT.DAKOTA BUILDING - NEW YORK - NIGHT

SUPER - NEW YORK CITY DECEMBER 8 1980.

The gunshots ECHO across the still night. Yoko Ono SCREAMS as John Lennon falls, mortally wounded. The gunman stands motionless, reading a book.

The ghostly figure of Mal appears and watches the scene...

Minutes later, two police cars pulls up. The OFFICERS examine the victim and arrest the gunman. Two police gently lift John into their vehicle, and speed off to hospital, siren BLARING.

INT.POLICE CAR - NIGHT

John lies in the back seat, bleeding and moaning. One of the officers looks back at him and slowly recognises the musician.

OFFICER 1

Jesus Christ! That's John Lennon.
Some prick has shot the great John Lennon.

The officer driving begins to weep. The first officer leans over the back.

OFFICER 1

Sir? Sir! We're on the way to the hospital. You'll be fine. Do you know who you are? Can you tell me your name?

JOHN LENNON

(gurgling)

Yes...John Lennon.

The officer nods and turns to the front again. He shakes his head sadly.

OFFICER 1

(whispers)

He's really shot up. Fuck...

Suddenly, the ghostly Mal appears in the back seat. He cradles John's head in his lap, and smiles. John opens his eyes.

JOHN LENNON

Mal? Is that you? I thought you died...years ago.

He coughs, blood pouring from his mouth. The officers in the front remain blank to all this.

MAL

Hi, John. Good to see you again. Yes, I'm dead. But I've come to look after you.

JOHN

Oh...

(coughs again)

We never found that guitar, did we?

MAL

No.

JOHN

What say we go look for it?

MAL

I'd like that.

John smiles and slips into unconsciousness. Mal tenderly strokes his face as the police car roars on...

FADE OUT

THE END.