

BE SOMEONE.

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK - UPMARKET HOME - NIGHT

The blue and red flashing lights of cop cars, ambulance parked in the driveway. Sitting on the lawn of his home is BRIAN Murdock, 30's, well-groomed. His face in his hands, as he's sobbing. By his side, consoling him is his best friend and publishers, JANE Winters.

Brian had earlier come home... walking into the grim site of he's slain family by the hands of burglars.

EXT. NEW YORK - SECOND STREET - DAY

INSERT: 10 YEARS LATER.

Busy bus stop. People orderly standing. A scruffy, dirty, drunk hobo wanders between them. He's Brian, 40s, long brown hair and beard, tall, skinny.

BRIAN

Change. Small change... mister, a dollar to spare.

Amongst the crowd is MARY-ANN JANEWAY, 50s. Her fifteen-year-old son, STEVEN by her side. She gives Brian small change.

BRIAN

Thank you, lady.

STEVEN

Mom!

Brian sways into a MAN.

MAN

Get outta here. Rubbish!

BRIAN

Sorry, mister...

The man pushes him, into the street, a bus barring towards him. Mary-Ann grabs him, pulling him back onto the pavement where he trips, hitting the curb head first. Mary-Ann stumbles into the street. The bus hits her - skids to a halt. Mary-Ann laying facedown in the street. A pool of blood forms around her head.

STEVEN

MOM! Mom.

The crowd gasps as they gather around her on the street. Brian lays unconscious on the pavement with a deep gash to his forehead.

INT. NEW YORK - HOSPITAL - DAY

INSERT: 5 DAYS LATER.

Brian, bandage wrapped around his head, sitting on a bed in a blue hospital gown. A MAN in a cheap suit stands before him with a brown file in hand...

MAN

...Brian Murdock. Not even a parking ticket to your name. Cause not, hobos don't drive cars! You are not worth the paperwork! You not worth shit!

A NURSE walks in with a box in hand. She eyes the man.

NURSE

Detective, are you done?

He walks out. The nurse puts the box next to Brian.

NURSE (CONT'D)

We burned what you came in wearing. These should fit you. Deceased clothing.

BRIAN

The lady that saved me? Is she--

NURSE

Get dressed and leave.

BRIAN

Please. Is she alright--

NURSE

(Pointing)

Out this door, take a left. Straight down the passage. You'll see the exit door.

Nurse does a brisk turn and walks out.

INT. NEW YORK - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Brian, dressed in mismatched. Walks down the passage, looking around... he comes to a stand at an open door to a [RECOVERY ROOM]. He sees laying on a bed, the lady that saved his life. Her face is full of stitches, her entire head is bandaged. Heart monitor behind her. A teenage boy by her side, Steven. Brian slowly walks in, to the foot-end of the bed.

Steven turns to see him. He stares at him with sheer anger in his eyes...

STEVEN

You! Get out! What you doing here!
Get out!

Brian jolts. Steps back. Turns, and walks away...

MARY-ANN (O.S)

(Faint breath)

Wait. Wait... come here.

Brian stops. Turns around, to see her looking at him as she's holding her son's wrist.

STEVEN

Mom!

MARY-ANN

Son. Let me talk.

(To Brian)

Come here... please.

Brian is hesitant. He just stands there staring at her in self-guilt. Looking into her forgiving eyes... he turns to see the dagger eyes in her son's eyes.

MARY-ANN (CONT'D)

Please. Come here. By my side.

She lets go of her son's wrist. Puts her hand out to Brian. Brian hesitantly walks up to her. Cautious watching Steven who steps aside for him.

She extends her hand more. Brian takes her hand. She squeezes it with all she has... which is not much. She looks deep into his sorry eyes.

MARY-ANN (CONT'D)

You are given a second chance. Make something of it. Be someone.

Her heart monitor starts beeping faster. Her grip on him loosens.

MARY-ANN (CONT'D)

...be someone!

Her hand slips from his. Monitor alarm sounds. Two nurses come running in, pushing Brian aside. Steven over his dying mother. Brian stares on in shock... walks out.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

In the busy area. Brian, very drunk. A bottle in his hand. A hobo next to him takes the bottle from him, taking a big swing from it. Brian attempts to take back his bottle, his to wasted, as he throws up on himself.

EXT. NEW YORK - ALLEY - DAY

Brian, drunk, staggering along. Takes the last sip from his bottle. Tosses it. Staggeres to a nearby garbage bin where he scratches around in it.

EXT. NEW YORK - ALLEY - MORNING

Brian wakes up from under cardboard boxes. Scatted dumped old office files and paper lay around him. He gathers the pages and stacks them neatly. He stares at the blank white pages. He picks up a nearby pencil. Pencil to page... he's just about to start writing. Pauses, drops the pages and pencil. Stands and walks off a few feet... stops, turns to look back at the stack of pages.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Brian, sitting under a remote tree with a stack of pages in hand. Pencil in the other. Frantically writing.

EXT. NEW YORK - ALLEY - NIGHT

Brian, under a building light that provides enough light for him to write. Writing...

EXT. NEW YORK - ALLEY - MORNING

Brian wakes up from under cardboard boxes. A neat stack of pages by his side. A brick on top of them. He sits up, takes a pencil out of his pocket. Removes the brick, taking the pages, he starts writing.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Secluded bush area. Brian, writing. He takes a piece of broken glass out he's pocked and starts sharpening his very short pencil. A drunk HOB0 comes staggering up to him. Bottle in hand.

HOB0

Hey man. Where you been?

The hobo comes to sit next to him. Offers him the bottle. Brian stands, gathers his stuff, and walks off.

HOB0

What the fuck man?

EXT. NEW YORK - ALLEY - DAY

Where Brian had found the paper and pencil. He filters through the rubbish. To his joy, he finds what he was looking for. Used pencils and more blank pages that he gathers.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

SUPER: 3 MONTHS LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Sunrise. Brian in his shorts, in a small pond, hand washing himself.

- Secluded bush area. Scatted wet clothing spread out on the grass. Brian in his shorts, shivering of cold.

- Brian dressed, combing his hair and beard with an old broken combe.

- Brian stacking and placing hundreds of pages into a large brown envelope.

INT. NEW YORK - OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

Smart spacious reception. A sign on the reception desk: Jane Winters Publishing House. Behind the desk, stand the receptionist, TONY, 30s, skinny, his gay. He has a bewildered look on his face, as he stares at this hobo, Brian, before him, holding a thick brown envelope.

BRIAN

Morning. JANE WINTERS, Is she in?

TONY

No. Can I help you...?

Brian places the envelope on the desk "THUD"

BRIAN

Will you see to it that she gets this, please. Tell her it's from Brian Murdock.

TONY.

Brian Murdock. Yeah... sure.

Brian turns and walks out. Tony picks up the heavy envelope and dumps it in his office bin. He takes wet wipes out of his draw and wipes his hands.

TONY (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Unbelievable. Rubbish hobo!

Off the street, entering the large glass front door. Walking up to the reception, is Jane Winters, 50s, smartly dressed.

JANE

(To Tony)

Was that a hobo I saw exiting?

TONY

Morning Mrs. Winters. Yes!
Shocking.

JANE

Good heavens... begging?

TONY

Looking for you. Called you by name. Scary.

Tony points to the brown envelope in his bin.

TONY (CONT'D)

Says I must give that to you.

JANE

Is that a manuscript?

TONY

From a hobo! Really? Can you believe this nut head says he is Brian Murdock. I mean really now... thee Brian Murdock!

(Sighs)

Shame, poor man. His wife and children murdered like that by house inbreakers.

Jane's face drops. Her eyes widen...

JANE

Give that to me.

INT. NEW YORK - OFFICE - NIGHT

Spacious smart office. A wall clock shows 02:45. Jane sitting behind her desk. A stacked pile of old pages before her. She turns and places the last page on the stack. Her eyes are red as light tears run from them.

JANE

(To herself)

Jesus...!

A look of thought overcomes her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Brian. Where am I gonna find you?

(Pause)

Wait...

She flips through a few pages. A few show a small print at the bottom: K. Lang and Partners, Attorneys. 281 West Avenue, New York.

EXT. NEW YORK - 281 WEST AVENUE - DAY

Jane standing before the office building of K. Lang and Partners, Attorneys. Looking around, she sees a...

SIDE ALLEY

...walking down the alley. Looking around she finds no one, no Brian. She walks back out of the alley. Crosses the street into Central Park where she walks around looking for him.

EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY - CONTINUE

A hobo sitting on a bench. Jane walking up to him.

JANE

Brian?

Brian looks up at her...

BRIAN

Jane!

Jane sits down beside him. They lock a stare of old re-united friendship.

JANE

Jesus... what? Ten years? I thought you were dead!

BRIAN

I should be.

Jane frowns.

JANE

The bus. Mary-Ann... everything you wrote is true? My God, Brian.

BRIAN

Yes.

She stands.

JANE

Come, let's get you into a hotel. Get you cleaned up... groomed... tailed. I'll have my P.A attend to all your needs.

BRIAN

My needs?

Jane gives him a look over...

JANE

You have plenty.

Brian gives her a bewildered stare. Jane is all lit-up!

JANE

Retainer. You about to become a
number one bestseller author...
Millionaire. Again!

INT. NEW YORK - BOOKSHOP - DAY

SUPER: 6 MONTHS LATER

Middle of the store. Sitting behind a table is Brian.
Well-groomed, clean-shaven, tailed suit. To his side is a
large poster of his book, titled: BE SOMEONE.

Before him, the end of the table, is a long queue of people
holding his book. A young TEENAGE boy, 16, is next in line.
He steps up, putting his book down before Brian.

Brian, not looking up. He opens it to the cover page. Pen in
hand...

BRIAN

Who do I make it out to?

TEENAGER

My mom. Mary-Ann Janeway.

Brian is about to write it in the book... he pauses. Slowly
lifts his head to look into the eyes of Steven.

BRIAN

Steven! Steven... Janeway?

Steven gives a pleasant smile.

STEVEN

Yes. Thank you for honouring my
mother's death. What she asked of
you... Be someone.

FADE OUT:

- END -