

Be Yourself

Written by

Buck Biestek

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860-836-8713

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN NEW YORK - EVENING

The late setting summer sun's rays pierce the tressels of the Brooklyn Bridge. Cars ZOOM by as a couple of teenage boys scale the outside edges of the bridge.

JALON (14), jet black hair donned in Goth clothing, carries a six pack of "tag" paint cannisters. His earlobes are pierced with several pins.

JALON

Let me give you a hand.

IKE (15), bleach blond hair with peachy fuzz to match, REACHES to Jalon for help.

IKE

Thanks, we slip we dip.

JALON

That's a long swan dive. Keep it real.

The two make there way to a pristine target on the bridge, hidden from the passing cars.

IKE

We must be crazy. There's gotta be an easier way.

JALON

Don't you get it? Nobody understands us. We create real pieces. Not some bullshit splatter.

IKE

It's not just tagging. It's everything.

JALON

Everything?

A police car SCREAMS above the artists with sirens in full bloom.

JALON (CONT'D)

Get down.

The sirens fade into Manhattan.

IKE

I mean. My parents, they think I'm a nobody because I like to draw.

JALON

They know you tag?

IKE

Hell no.

JALON

They blind?

We hear cars honking in the b.g.

IKE

Dude, what's wrong with you? You know they aint blind.

JALON

Your initials are all over town. You've been busy. Triple I's everywhere.

IKE

Yeah, they are....but....I keep it on the down low.

JALON

Yeah, my moms thinks I'm at the library. She ever found out I was beautifying the "B" Bridge? Shoot, I'm hit.

IKE

That's why we call you J-Cool. You can talk your way outta anything.

The pair of taggers ready their tools of the trade with persistent, effortless waggles.

JALON

Wait. Let's make this picture about our lives. Right now. Break out day for I-3 and J-Cool.

IKE

For real? Dang, I'm gonna need from here to Times Square.

JALON

Just be yourself. Aint nobody can take that away from you. Nobody.

IKE

But the concrete jungle out there
doesn't like what I do.

JALON

One thing my Pops told me before he
died was to never stop dreaming.

IKE

Our dreaming isn't exactly legal.

JALON

Look, we're the best taggers in
NYC. Someday our work will be
appreciated.

Ike SEARCHES for a retort, then BEAMS ear to ear.

IKE

I'm down with that. Never stop
dreaming.

The two friends fall into a perfectly timed cadence.

The chant, "Never Stop. Never Stop, Never Stop".

In a few minutes they create a soul-revealing mural complete
with artist initials.

We see a sketch of two taggers with tears in their eyes. Each
HOISTS a trophy with a blue ribbon attached. Behind them is a
portal to freedom.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A NEW YORK CITY POLICE OFFICER (30) aims a taser gun at Ike
and Jalon.

OFFICER

That's right boys. Never stop.
Never stop.

The two boys FREEZE with SHOCK.

The officer puts his gun back and ADDRESSES the pair.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I was your age once. I understand.
I know adults don't get it. Heck,
I'm an adult but I do get it.

The officer LOOKS around and surveys the area.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I've seen your work all over town.
I really like it.

The two boys LOOK at each other in doubt.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I think it's pretty cool how you
guys risk your life for what you
love. I'm
impressed...but....uh....oh hell,
I'm gonna move on like we never
met.

The boys give the officer two THUMBS UP.

The officer STARTS to leave then stops.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, never stop dreaming.

The End.