

THE CLIMB

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

4:00 AM

A consistent and bone chilling rain is overshadowed only by the thunderous clouds above.

He stands before her, soaking wet with a bewildered look on his face.

DESTINY, an attractive young woman wearing old and ratty clothes, stares back at him some twenty feet away.

She searches for words but finds none. The rain trickles down her face and traces the symmetrical tattoos that cover both of her cheeks and most of her neck.

Nearly half of her face is covered.

Although it is dark and stormy, it is easy to distinguish the rain drops from the tears.

Dangling from her arm is a PACK SACK.

CAMERON is also searching for words. He is in his mid twenties, his hair buzzed short. He wears clothes that are way beyond dirty.

Thunder roars across the sky. It startles them yet they still find nothing to say to each other.

DESTINY (V. O.)

In some ways, deep down, I'm sure
he thought I would give it back.

He remains still.

DESTINY (V. O.)

It makes it harder for me to turn
away.

She slowly turns around.

He's about to say something but hesitates.

DESTINY (V. O.)

Because that's when he'll know it's
real.

She runs into the shadows and disappears.

He gives chase but she's gone.

All hope is lost.

DESTINY (V. O.)
(Whispering)
I'm sorry.

He stands under the bridge, alone. The rain continues.

FADE TO BLACK.

"BEFORE THE RAIN..."

EXT. THIRD AND TWELFTH STREET - DAY

A busy street corner and it's hot, too hot.

Destiny wipes the sweat off of her forehead. Her long black hair covers part of her face and tattoos.

She is seated next to Cameron with her back against a building. He is reading from an old notebook and she watches him nervously.

He is reading a poem. It's called, 'Fools Use Hope' by T. Destiny Harper.

His hair is now long, bushy and pulled back behind his ears.

They're both dirty, tired looking and uncomfortable where they sit.

While he reads, many people pass them without the slightest glance. A few people throw some spare change into a red hat resting beside Cameron.

DESTINY (V. O.)
When I met him, he was so close to
white-flashing. That's what
ordinary people would call; A
moment of inspiration. It's the
flash that blinds you so you can
see. And he was close.

He finishes the verse and looks up slowly.

CAMERON
This is the most depressing thing
I've ever read.

He smiles.

CAMERON
It's depressing but I like it.

DESTINY
It's depressing because this is
where it makes the most sense.

CAMERON
This is true. Question?

DESTINY
Fire away.

CAMERON
This is the fifth poem in a row
about losing hope.

DESTINY
No that's wrong. It's about
finding something else.

Her statement demands clarification.

CAMERON
Go.

DESTINY
I like the word confident better.
It makes more sense to me.

He's still not following.

DESTINY
For example, I'm confident that
you'll get out of here someday.

CAMERON
But you don't hope I will?

DESTINY
Hope depends on too many other
people. Look where that got me.

Cameron closes the book and smiles. Suddenly, Destiny
appears very defensive.

DESTINY
There. Right there, you did it
again.

CAMERON

Did what?

DESTINY

You're staring at it Cameron!

CAMERON

It's your face!

She snatches the notebook out of his hands and walks away. Slowly enough that he can chase her but angrily enough that he won't.

He sits silently before picking up his hat and counting the change within.

A young couple passes him. Both carry half melted ice cream cones. He raises the hat and shakes it gently.

CAMERON

Spare change?

The woman doesn't even tilt her head in his direction. She sees him through the corner of her eyes.

The man mutters under his breath.

MUTTERING MAN

Get a job.

The hat slowly lowers.

Another young man turns up the volume on his iPod as he passes. Anything to avoid having to say no.

EXT. THIRD AND TWELFTH STREET - EVENING

Sweat beads slowly roll off the forehead of TRIGGER, an older man, pushing 70.

Greasy hair, uneven beard and scattered streaks of dirt cover the skin of this mild mannered fellow.

He strolls down the road with a subtle limp. He doesn't walk, he bounces.

He passes two men having a conversation about the upcoming weekend.

TRIGGER

Gettin' ma paycheck soon!

The man who was speaking looks confused. Trigger repeated the last sentence he spoke and continued on his way.

Eventually, he stops in front of a convenience store where a young woman exits.

TRIGGER
(Calmly)
Spare change?

She smiles and hands him a dollar.

TRIGGER
Thank you.

Behind him a middle aged man yells into his cell phone.

CELL PHONE MAN
Yes! I'll be home around seven!

TRIGGER
Home around seven!

-And he continues on his way towards Cameron, who remains in the same spot he was earlier.

CAMERON
Hey Trigs. What's up buddy?

TRIGGER
Ah, the man with the red hat. The great provider of all things... In red hat form..

Cameron tries to decipher his friends words to no avail.

TRIGGER
I need a nickel.

Cameron picks up a nickel from his hat and hands it to his companion.

TRIGGER
Nice. Red hat nickel, comin' through in the clutch.

Trigger bows slightly then turns awkwardly and walks away.

Cameron glances down the road. Foot traffic is beginning to thin and he can see Destiny in the distance holding up a paper cup.

Their eyes meet briefly.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD AND TWELFTH STREET - NIGHT

Night has not provided an escape from the heat. The streets are silent.

Cameron walks slowly down the street. He's looking for change. He finds a dime.

Deep in thought, he continues his search. He passes by a garbage can and looks in. He finds a sandwich victimized by only one bite.

He grabs it, sits down on a bench and starts eating. He doesn't enjoy it but he's used to it.

Two teenage girls approach. They see him and cross the street in order to avoid him. He watches them cross, half expecting them to run.

He's not a scary looking guy but his presentation tells a separate tale. The sad look on his face encompasses the very meaning of the word, alone.

Alone he sits, sweating and over-chewing his newfound meal.

He looks at the garbage can and slowly takes another bite.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S CENTER - LATER

Cameron wanders down the road. He's counting the change he collected throughout the day. Ten dollars, at the most.

Trigger is resting against the building.

TRIGGER

Full.

Cameron takes off his sweater and bunches it up. A pillow. His bed: The grass.

Beyond him there are two mischievous looking men approaching.

EXT. THIRD AND TWELFTH STREET - MORNING

He sits in the same spot and slowly stares the day away.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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