

My Bus Stop

By

George Heredia

REV. 09062006

Contact:
George Heredia
(310) 678-7707

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

The sun rises behind a curtain of downtown buildings. Cars and buses fill the streets.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

JIMMY (20's), wearing tattered clothes, rides a bus. When it stops, SAM (40's), turns in his driver's seat and hands Jimmy a cup of coffee.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

HOMELESS PEOPLE sleeping on makeshift beds along the sidewalks. Empty stares from desolate faces. Sam covers Jimmy in a blanket.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

A city bus comes to a rolling stop in front of a bus stop. The air brakes squeak.

The bus doors open, revealing Sam, leaning on the large steering wheel. He peers down at the bus stop bench.

SAM

Hey Jimmy!

No response from Jimmy who is huddled, fast asleep on the wood bench.

Sam wiggles around the steering wheel and takes a step towards the bus door. He pauses, thinking, and turns back. Picks up a white bag. Descends the bus steps...

SAM

Hey Jimmy.

Jimmy squirms, trying to get comfortable. His hand covers his face trying to keep the rising sun out of his eyes. Squints and blinks.

JIMMY

Another day?

SAM

Another day, another buck.

Sam hands Jimmy a dollar. Holds out the white bag.

JIMMY
Some day I'll pay you back.

SAM
Yeah, sure. No problem.

Jimmy takes the bag, stares at it. Looking up at Sam...

JIMMY
Donuts?

SAM
Two glazes. Just like you like 'em.

JIMMY
What about coffee?

SAM
Right.

Sam runs back up the bus, grabs a cup of coffee.

JIMMY
(calling after Sam)
Black. No sugar. No cream.

Sam returns in a moment.

SAM
Black and bitter. Just like you
like it.

Jimmy takes the cup and raises it to his lips. Takes a sip.

JIMMY
Now that's coffee.

Sam watches as Jimmy opens the bag and takes a donut out, munching it.

JIMMY
A man's got to have breakfast if
he's going anywhere in life.

SAM
That's for sure.

Jimmy glances around himself.

JIMMY
You know, I'm almost done.

SAM
We've been through this. We're
finished.

JIMMY

Yep. But this time I'm going to get things right.

SAM

You should ride with me to the west side today.

JIMMY

(agitated)

Too many eyeballs.

Sam looks back at the bus for a moment, then back at Jimmy.

SAM

It's early. Few passengers.

Jimmy stands up. Paces back and forth, hands and arms waving.

JIMMY

Too many eyeballs. Too many thoughts to deal with. People talking nonsense, interrupting my intellectual divergence.

(looks at Sam)

How am I supposed to get anything done?

SAM

It would do you good.

Jimmy walks to the shopping cart behind the bus stop bench.

JIMMY

I like it here. Fewer eyeballs. No wavelength jamming.

(beat)

Have you seen my typewriter?

SAM

No.

JIMMY

That's okay.

Jimmy takes another bite of the donut.

JIMMY

Damn these are good.

Sam turns to get back on the bus. On the bus steps, he looks back at Jimmy...

SAM

She's on my route.

JIMMY

Who's going to take care of the bus stop?

SAM

They're going to take down the bus stop in a few days.

JIMMY

Take down? This is the end of the line. As long as I'm here, there's going to be a bus stop.

SAM

You think about it, okay?

JIMMY

The bus stop?

Sam shakes his head...

SAM

You should go to the west side.

JIMMY

There's no bus stops there.

Sam takes a seat behind the wheel...

JIMMY

(yelling over the
roar of the bus)

You're my best friend! Someday you're going to inherit my wealth. Millions!

Jimmy laughs and chews on the donut. Without another word Sam closes the bus doors.

EXT. CITY BUS - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sam's bus rolls forward, and merges into the city traffic.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Jimmy takes bites from the donut and sips the coffee.

JIMMY

(shaking head)

Take down the bus stop? Yeah, right. Hell, stranger things have happened. I think it's better if you just turn off the lights.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You thinking of sleeping again? We just woke up.

(mockingly)

Rise and shine. Rise and shine. How's anyone going to get any work done around here. Oh, now you want to work? Why don't we go to the west side. The west side? Angelina?

Jimmy lets out a heavy sigh.

JIMMY

That's not possible.

(beat)

She's busy anyway. How do you know?

He leans back in the bench...

JIMMY

I know these things. She's not...you know? Ready for a relationship with a Pulitzer prize. You're so full of shit. What are you scared of? Where's my typewriter? You have no typewriter. You have no story. No book. Nothing. I have it. It's in my head. I just got to sort it out, that's all. You're pathetic. When are you going to grow up? When are you going to stop wasting time. Go see Angelina. She's been waiting for so long.

Jimmy tries to straighten out his shirt and coat.

JIMMY

Lower your voice. People are going to start talking. You know I don't like that. More divergences? It's not constructive.

A WOMAN and a CHILD walk up to the bus stop, avoiding to get too close.

JIMMY

You see? Huh? They're thinking you're crazy. And they're not?

The Woman shoots a look at Jimmy, holds the Child closer.

Jimmy looks at her. Smiles.

JIMMY

(to Woman)

It's a beautiful morning. Are you going to the beach?

Another bus arrives. The Woman and Child get on quickly.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

The day is dark. Cloudy. Rain slices down on the bus stop.

Jimmy sits on the bench holding a cup that is filling up with rain water. He stares at the cup. Smiling. Chuckling. Shivering.

JIMMY

Almost full now. Don't let it overflow. I got it.

(beat)

Isn't that like life? Rain is life. Sometimes it comes down hard. Sometimes the drops can fill up a man's cup. It can overflow. That's when you know you've had too much. Too much life. It can make you snap. Drink the water. Drink the life. Don't let it overflow.

Jimmy takes a gulp of the rain water. The cup is almost empty.

JIMMY

Rain is life.

He holds it out again so that it fills up with water.

JIMMY

(smiling)

That's better now.

Another bus pulls up. The doors open. It's Sam.

SAM

(yelling)

Jimmy! You still here?

Jimmy looks up. Wet. Shivering.

JIMMY

Where else would I be?

SAM

It's raining.

JIMMY
(looking around)
Yeah. That's life.

He stretches his arms out...

JIMMY
It's good. See? I have it here. I
drink it before it overflows.

SAM
Come on. Get on the bus.

JIMMY
How do I know it's time?

SAM
It's time.

Jimmy stands up...

JIMMY
Do you think my typewriter's there?

SAM
Sure.

JIMMY
Hold on. I've got to get my notes.

Jimmy goes into the shopping cart full of junk, tucks a wad
of paper inside his coat.

JIMMY
What about my other stuff?

SAM
I'll bring them to you later.

Jimmy gets on the bus, dripping wet. The bus doors close...

EXT. CITY BUS - AFTERNOON

The bus stops on a street with rows of homes.

SAM
This is it.

JIMMY
(looking out the window)
You can't stop here. There's no bus
bench.

SAM

You'll have to walk the rest of the way. It's the third house on the right.

JIMMY

What's there?

SAM

Life, Jimmy. Life.

JIMMY

How did you find this place?

SAM

You gave me the address. Remember?

Jimmy looks at Sam for a moment...

JIMMY

You sure are a nice man. I'm going to repay you someday.

Jimmy walks down the street, clutching the roll of notes.

EXT. HOUSE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

He pauses, looking over his shoulder towards the bus. Then he knocks on the door.

A moment later the apartment door opens, revealing Angelina (20's), shoulder length hair. Perfect nails.

ANGELINA

Oh, my God. Jimmy?

JIMMY

I'm back.

ANGELINA

I can't believe you.

She looks at him from head to feet. Seeing the wet clothes and filthy appearance. Not sure if she should hug him.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

She opens the door wider. As he steps forward into the small room, she starts to hit him. Fists banging his shoulders.

ANGELINA

God damn you! Why? Why? What took you so long?

JIMMY

I don't know --

ANGELINA

-- How long was I supposed to wait?

JIMMY

I...I'm sorry. There was no bus stop --

ANGELINA

-- What the hell were you thinking?

JIMMY

I had notes, and --

She hits him in the shoulder again. Eyes watering.

ANGELINA

-- Don't you ever leave me again!
You hear? You swear?

JIMMY

(confused)

There's no bus stop here.

She gives him a hug, squeezing him, not wanting to let go, as tears roll down her face.

ANGELINA

Don't ever leave me like that...

JIMMY

Why you crying? Did someone die?

ANGELINA

No, Jimmy. No one's died. I can't believe you.

Something behind Angelina catches his eye.

JIMMY

Is that my typewriter?

On a desk near the window is an old typewriter with a stack of papers next to it.

He lets go of her and walks slowly towards the typewriter. His fingers gently touch the machine.

ANGELINA

(wiping eyes)

Just where you left it. I haven't moved a thing.

JIMMY

You have no idea how long I've looked
for that.

(turns to face her)

Did Sam put it here?

ANGELINA

Who's Sam?

JIMMY

He's one of my friends.

She glares at him.

JIMMY

(seeing her look)

My best friend.

ANGELINA

-- Stop it! Just stop it!

JIMMY

He's my friend. He's a bus driver.

ANGELINA

Shit. Shit! Arrggh.

She takes a deep breath, controlling anger...looking over
the ragged figure.

ANGELINA

C'mon, get out of those clothes.

JIMMY

Can I put on my favorite shirt?

She helps him take his overcoat off. He places the rolled
up papers he brought with him next to the typewriter.

ANGELINA

What are those?

JIMMY

My book notes. I've been writing.

That's what I've been telling you.

(softly)

It's a great story.

He walks away down a hallway. Moments later, the sound of
the shower coming on.

ANGELINA

How? You didn't even have your
typewriter.

JIMMY (O.S.)
The library let me use their
typewriter. I wrote my book there.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

She walks to the table with the typewriter. Her fingers touch the papers. She looks back towards the sound of the shower.

She opens the rolled up papers, the manuscript that has absorbed this man's life.

She gasps. Drops the papers on the floor. Blank pages.

ANGELINA
What the f --

A soft knock on the door startles her. Crossing the room quietly, Angelina opens the door.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

She tries to straighten out her hair and clothes.

It's Sam, standing at the porch.

ANGELINA
Can I help you?

SAM
My name's Sam. I brought a friend
over here. Jimmy?

ANGELINA
You're Sam? You brought Jimmy here?

SAM
Yes ma'am. I'm sorry, but I forgot
to give him this.

He holds a book out. She takes it. Laughs.

ANGELINA
Thank you.

SAM
Yeah, sure thing --

ANGELINA
-- I mean...thank you for bringing
him back.

She looks over her shoulder...

ANGELINA
Sometimes he just --

SAM
-- Look...I'm just glad he's finally
where he should be. You take care
of him.

ANGELINA
I will.

He turns and leaves.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

She closes the door, clutching the book. Moments later,
Jimmy comes walking back into the room, drying his hair with
a towel. He's shaved and clean.

JIMMY
Who was that?

ANGELINA
Your friend. Sam.
(holding the book out)
He dropped this off for you.

He reaches out to the book in her hand, and we see that it
is titled "My Bus Stop by James F. Harvard".

JIMMY
Oh, yeah. That's my book. Where
did I leave that thing. Sam said he
would look after it.

ANGELINA
You wrote this?

He shrugs.

JIMMY
I, uh...sort of. Sam helped a bit.
(whispers)
I didn't have a typewriter.

He opens the book to the first page, showing her.

JIMMY
Here's the best part.

The page reads "I dedicate this to my beautiful wife,
Angelina".

She starts to sob...

JIMMY

I didn't want to come back with
nothing to show.

He gives her a hug, kisses her head.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - MORNING

An old brick bus depot with offices at the far end. A city bus is idling at the curb side. Sam heads to the open doors, and grabs the handrail.

Another BUS DRIVER (40's) runs up to Sam.

BUS DRIVER

Hey Sam. Hold up.

Sam steps down from the bus.

BUS DRIVER

Someone dropped this off for you.

The Bus Driver hands an envelope to Sam, who looks at it briefly.

SAM

Fan mail?

BUS DRIVER

Maybe it's a secret admirer.

SAM

Yeah, right.

The Bus Driver heads back to the brick building.

INT. CITY BUS

Sam settles into the driver's seat, closing the doors.

He looks at the envelope in his hands. Carefully opens it. Inside there is a note and a check. He looks at the note.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Thank you my friend for looking after
me. You are a true friend. I'm
glad we met.

Sam looks at the check.

SAM

Son of a bitch. A million bucks.

Then out the bus window.

SAM

Huh.

He takes the check, crumbles it into a ball, and tosses it.

EXT. CITY BUS - STREET

The bus pulls away, and drives down the street, past the bus stop.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Jimmy is sitting in front of the typewriter. He starts typing, as Angelina comes over. She looks at him curiously.

ANGELINA

Another story?

JIMMY

Yep.

ANGELINA

What's this one about?

JIMMY

You know how sometimes people can be lost? That's what this is about. Just a guy driving a bus all day, being nice to people, because at the end of the day *his* life is really empty. So he helps others.

(adjusting the
typewriter)

That's all he has to hold on to.

ANGELINA

Huh?

JIMMY

(looking up at her)

Sometimes the nicest people in the world are just... lonely.

Jimmy looks back down at the typewriter and starts tapping away at the keys.

FADE OUT: