

BECOMING LENNON

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FADE IN:

SUPER: DECEMBER 8, 1980

MUSIC: "Imagine" - John Lennon

MONTAGE:

As the music plays a variety of black and white stills cross-fade.

-- John Lennon and Yoko Ono

-- War scenes (Vietnam and present)

-- Political figures: Nixon, Hussain, Churchill, Obama, a Muslim leader, Bin Ladin, The Pope, etc.

-- The Beatles

-- Food lines in Russia

-- Mark David Chapman

-- A Wall Street trading pit

-- Iconic images of the Civil Rights Movement

-- January Sales lines outside Western shopping malls

-- The Chinese student before the tank: Tiananmen Square

-- Scenes of poverty and opulence

-- Lady Diana, Mother Teresa, Gandhi, and other such spiritual helpers

NOTE: As the song finishes, and the notes still hang in the air, four loud gunshots ring out.

Blackout.

SUPER: "John loved and prayed for the human race. Please pray the same for him." (Yoko Ono)

A newborn baby cries it's first breath.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JANE (32, female) a mere lump under the silk bed covers, bolts upright, sleepily fumbles for the alarm clock: it is 10:50pm.

The apartment is high-end, expensive. It is obvious that she is a stock broker by the monitors and screens around the open-plan dwelling: an extremely well-appointed New York loft-style apartment.

JANE

Fuck!

She sighs heavily and lays back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

JANE

Fuck...!

She grabs one of the remotes beside the bed, and flicks up the volume on one of the news channels.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

NOTE: The following telephone dialogue covers these scenes.

MONTAGE:

- Traffic
- People rushing to work, grabbing coffee, etc.
- Protestors on Wall Street brandishing signs
- Subway scene
- Homeless people
- Snapshots of news anchors
- Time Square

JANE (O.S.)

It happened again...

(pause)

...last night...

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Jane. It was just a bad dream.

(pause)

How do you feel now?

JANE (O.S.)

No. It wasn't just a dream. It's becoming more real... I think it's true...

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Look, Jane, you can call me
anytime, but you really need to
come in for a session again...

JANE (O.S.)

I'm not crazy, doc. They don't
understand...

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Nobody's saying you're crazy, Jane.
We were making great progress,
weren't we? I think you need to
come in and see me...

JANE (O.S.)

...one day they might, but they
just don't seem to want to listen.
I'm not crazy, doc, you may say I'm
a dreamer, but I'm not crazy.

(pause)

See! I can't believe I just said
that...

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I have an opening this afternoon,
why don't you just stop by... say,
three o'clock?

JANE (O.S.)

I'm not crazy, doc, you know that.
I think you're the only one that
understands. They're going to shoot
me, I know they are...

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Jane, listen to me...

JANE (O.S.)

I have to go, I think they're
listening in.

INT. THE BULL-PEN/ BROKERAGE FLOOR - AFTERNOON

A hectic trading floor. The traders frantically make deals
before the final bell. Jane seems to be in the center of the
action, out-dealing the others.

The final bell rings.

EXT. WALL STREET - LATER

Anti-Wall Street protestors chant loudly and wave banners and signs. Police in riot gear stand watching on.

Jane exits the trading building with some colleagues: DAVID (mid-30s), HARVEY (late-20s), and MIRANDA (late-20s).

HARVEY

(to Jane)

You blew us all away today, girl.

Upon seeing them leave, the protestors stir up more aggressively.

DAVID

Oh, shit, these fuckers again!
Security really should have warned us.

HARVEY

What's their problem? If they got jobs and stopped sponging off the system, they wouldn't have time to loaf around complaining.

Miranda pulls out her cell phone.

MIRANDA

Let's go back inside and call a cab.

JANE

I'll wait with you.

Jane and Miranda turn to leave. David stops them.

DAVID

No, wait here. You're right, Harv, we can't let these free-loaders intimidate us. They have us badged as the bad guys, who do they think pays their welfare checks?

MIRANDA

I just need a drink. If you need to prove how big your manhood is, go right ahead, us "girls" are going to go inside and do the smart thing.

The mob tries to move forward, the riot police close ranks and try to hold them back.

YOKO (early-20s, oriental female) breaks through the barrier.

YOKO
(screaming)
Facist scum! The revolution's
coming!

She throws an egg at Jane's group, which smashes on the steps before them. A policeman restrains Yoko, and she's dragged off kicking and screaming towards a police van.

A security officer from the building opens the front door, and the group take refuge inside.

SECURITY OFFICER
I'm terribly sorry about that. We
have a car waiting around the back
entrance for you.

DAVID
You're lucky you still have a job.
Idiot.

INT. TRADERS' BAR - LATER

Jane, David, Harvey, and Miranda relax at a couch table with cocktails.

HARVEY
Who do those people think they are?
Revolutionaries!

MIRANDA
They're harmless college kids and
jobless people... give them a
break.

DAVID
They attacked us, Miranda! They're
the type of people that are giving
this country a bad name.

MIRANDA
They threw an egg... an 'egg'
for God's sake!

JANE
No, David, I think the
government is doing just fine
on that one.

DAVID

Oh, God, don't tell me you're siding with these losers?

HARVEY

Did I just hear the Queen of Deals say she sympathizes with these radical lunatics?

DAVID

I believe you did.

JANE

I'm not siding with them, I'm just saying they believe in what they stand for and this is a free country. They have a right to protest.

MIRANDA

Oh, Darling, have you heard what their demands are? They're utilitarian idealists.

HARVEY

Yeah, \$20 minimum wage... free healthcare... who's going to pay for that?

DAVID

They're all drug addicts.

David spies a very attractive, 'leggy' blonde woman at the bar.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, hello sweetheart...

Harvey turns to look.

HARVEY

Oh, isn't that a sight for sore eyes...

JANE

Oh, god, you're both pigs. And you can talk about being drug addicts... didn't you invite your dealer to your last party?

DAVID

That's hardly the same thing.

(pause)

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
If you'll excuse me, I have another
conquest to conquer...

He stands and moves toward the woman at the bar.

MIRANDA
We'll be here once you get shot
down in flames...
(pause)
He's an asshole.

HARVEY
Well put, Miranda, and are you
still an angry lesbian?

MIRANDA
Go fuck yourself!

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane is on the couch. Her therapist (late-50s, male), note
pad in hand, sits opposite.

THERAPIST
Would you say you're experiencing
more stress than normal?

JANE
I just can't get over that girl...
You know what I mean?

THERAPIST
How do you mean?

JANE
Well, you know, she obviously feels
really passionate about what she's
protesting about. She threw an egg,
and they arrested her for it.

THERAPIST
Do you know she was arrested?

JANE
No. But they dragged her off...
Isn't that what they do, arrest
people like that?

THERAPIST
I don't know.

JANE

Have you ever felt that passionate about something? Have you ever protested?

THERAPIST

No. Have you?

JANE

Were you here when John Lennon was shot?

THERAPIST

Yes. Yes I was, but what makes you say that?

JANE

So, you were around during the Vietnam War?

THERAPIST

Yes.

JANE

And you didn't protest about that... what was going on? I mean, you'd have had to be about twelve or so, right?

THERAPIST

When?

JANE

When they were protesting about the war.

THERAPIST

Yes, about that, but what does this have to do with how you feel right now?

JANE

How did you feel when he was shot?

THERAPIST

When who was shot?

JANE

John. John Lennon.

THERAPIST

Why is that important?

JANE

I don't know. I'm just curious, I guess, because I wasn't around then.

Therapist glances at his watch.

THERAPIST

I'm glad you came in today. I'm going to suggest you schedule your next appointment before you leave... it's been too long since your last visit.

JANE

Sure. Whatever... I think I come more for your benefit than mine.

(pause)

Or my Mothers'...

THERAPIST

Do you have any vacation time owed you? When was the last time you took some time off?

JANE

I have lots of vacation time. Are you a travel agent now?

THERAPIST

You seem to have a lot of pent up hostility, I think your work is creating a lot of stress for you right now, perhaps some time off would be good.

JANE

Do you have any idea what's going on in the economy right now? I can't take any time off right now.

THERAPIST

Just think about it, that's all I'm saying...

JANE

Sure, I'll think about it.

THERAPIST

Is there anyone special in your life these days?

JANE

What?

THERAPIST

Are you seeing anybody... a relationship?

JANE

No.

He makes some notes.

JANE (CONT'D)

I guess it's time. This has been thrilling as always...

THERAPIST

Jane... I'm going to give you a prescription... I think it will help a little, but please make an appointment for later this week with my secretary before you leave.

JANE

Now you really sound like my Mother.

THERAPIST

We'll get into that next session. It was good to see you again.

He tears off the prescription from his pad.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Here. It'll help with the sleep issue...

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Jane stands at the sink staring into the mirror. She pours a glass of water, opens the new container of pills, and swallows one.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Jane lies in bed beneath the sheets. She is very restless, fidgety.

MONTAGE:

-- A black and white still-shot of John Lennon and Yoko Ono during the 'Bed-in'. The sign above the bed: "Make Love, Not War".

-- The image blends with Yoko and Jane (hair cut to the length of Lennon, similar glasses, looking very much like John Lennon). The sign above the bed now reads: "The Love of Money isn't True Love".

-- Jane and Yoko embrace and kiss. A very wild, surreal love scene ensues.

-- Violent war footage from Iraq and Afghanistan

-- Archive footage of the Vietnam War

-- Back to Yoko and Jane: Yoko is giving cunnilingus to Jane beneath the sheets.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jane is asleep and masturbating beneath the sheets. The bedside clock reads: 9:37 and the phone is ringing loudly.

She wakes up.

JANE

Fuck!

She picks up the phone.

JANE (CONT'D)

(drowsily)

Hello?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Jane, you're okay, thank goodness... I've been calling for a while... Is everything alright?

JANE

Oh, God! I'll be right in... I overslept.

(pause)

What day is it?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

It's Wednesday. Perhaps you'd best just call in sick, are you sure you're okay?

She cradles the phone out of earshot.

JANE

Fuck!

(back to phone)

Perhaps you're right, I'll call
Jerry...

EXT. A POLICE STATION - LATER

Jane stands outside. Officers enter and exit the building, and pedestrians walk around her. Yoko walks out with her legal adviser, ANGEL (late-20s female).

ANGEL

They're not pressing charges...

Yoko turns to face the building.

YOKO

(shouting)

Assholes!

ANGEL

That's probably not the best thing
to do under the circumstances...
even though I agree with you...

Jane approaches.

JANE

Excuse me...

ANGEL

Oh, God, the press, that's all we
need... No comment, lady.

JANE

I'm not from the newspapers...

YOKO

What do you want?

JANE

You threw the egg at me... I was-

YOKO

Oh, you...

Angel tries to drag her away.

ANGEL

As your council, I'm advising you
not to talk to her.

JANE

I'm not here to press charges or
cause trouble.

YOKO

What do you want?

ANGEL

We really should be going...

YOKO

No. I want to hear what she has to
say.

JANE

I'm sorry I shouldn't have come...

Jane turns to go.

YOKO

Wait!

(pause)

You're helping feed the machine...
you took a day off work to track me
down. Why?

JANE

I want to understand.

YOKO

What's there to understand? You're
the educated one, you're raising
all the money to fight wars and
fill their agenda. You're funding
the greed epidemic.

(pause)

If you have a guilty conscience,
that's on you lady. We're fighting
to get our country back. If you
don't understand that...

Angel stands holding a cab door open.

ANGEL

Let's just go...

JANE

Do you have time for a coffee... or
something...?

YOKO
(to Angel)
Go on without me, I'll be fine. I'm
interested to hear what the enemy
has to say about what we're doing.

ANGEL
Okay, but you're making a
mistake...

Angel gets in the back of the cab and leaves.

INT. A DINER - LATER

Yoko and Jane sit opposite each other drinking coffee.

YOKO
But that's exactly it, don't you
see? You come from money, you have
money, you've probably never had
any issues whatsoever... what a
perfect life you have!

JANE
That's not it at all. I've
suffered...

YOKO
You've suffered, okay, sure, I'll
buy that... you broke a nail once,
or Daddy didn't love you enough...

JANE
Why do you hate me? I've done
nothing to you.

YOKO
I don't hate you, I hate what you
stand for.

JANE
And what do you think I stand for?

YOKO
You don't get it. You wouldn't
understand.

JANE
I want to understand. I want to
help.

YOKO
How old are you?

JANE
Thirty-two. What does that have to do with anything?

YOKO
And what do your parents do?

JANE
My parents are retired.

YOKO
What did they used to do?

JANE
My father was a stock broker, like me. My Mother never worked.

YOKO
See!

JANE
No, I don't see.

YOKO
That's exactly what I'm talking about. You come from a preppy, upperclass lifestyle, you've never wanted for anything, never known struggle, never had to worry about a thing. It's exactly you're people that we're fighting against.

JANE
But I have no fight with you... you don't know me, you don't know my family...

Yoko stands up to leave.

YOKO
This was a mistake. Angel was right... I don't know what I'm doing here...

JANE
Sit down. Please. You're gonna think I'm crazy, but I'm not...

Yoko sits.

JANE (CONT'D)

I don't know why I'm telling you this, but... Fuck, I'm paying my therapist enough, and he's no help...

YOKO

See! You have a therapist... are you even living in the real world?

Jane grabs her arm tightly.

JANE

Listen to me! I was born at exactly the same time John Lennon died. I'm becoming John Lennon!

Yoko wrestles herself free.

YOKO

You're becoming a freaky, stock broker bitch. Stop stalking me! I'm out of here. You're a freak!

She stands.

YOKO (CONT'D)

I think you've got the check, right.

She leaves.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane sits opposite JERRY (late-40s, greying, male) behind his desk. He flicks through a few papers in a folder, closes it and looks squarely at her.

JERRY

So... is there anything you want to tell me?

JANE

I took a sick day.

JERRY

You haven't taken a sick day in over three years. I'm concerned. Is everything alright?

JANE

Look, if you're looking for an excuse, taking a day off for sickness is hardly grounds for dismissal.

JERRY

Jane, chill... I'm not trying to find grounds for dismissal... why so hostile? I'm actually thinking of promoting you...

JANE

Promoting me?

JERRY

Sure. You're outperforming everybody on the floor, you're an animal out there.

(pause)

And, for a woman - forgive me, as an equal employee to your male counterparts - you make them look like they are standing still.

(pause)

Jane, you have a knack, an instinct, this is where you belong...

JANE

So, you're not firing me?

JERRY

Let's just say, I've heard rumors that you were shopping around, and I'm willing to offer you a partnership.

Jane is silent.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So, what do you say?

She stands up.

JANE

I'll have to think about it, Jerry. There's a lot going on right now.

JERRY

Jane! The company is offering you a partnership, do you know what that means?

JANE
I have to go.

JERRY
Jane...! I don't know what other
offer you've had, but we'll more
than match it.

Jane rushes out of the room.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Jane...?

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - LATER

Jane rushes into one of the stalls and is violently sick. Groggily, she reaches up and flushes the toilet. As the water swirls down, she is sucked in with it, in a surreal way.

MONTAGE:

- An echo of Yoko saying, "You're a freak!"
- Protestors
- Jerry offering the partnership
- A cartoon of the Beatles in the Yellow Submarine
- Yoko standing naked, touching her breasts:

YOKO
So, you really want to understand
me... do you understand yourself
yet...?

- Jane on the trading floor
- A toddler/ baby in full-sized (baggy) UPS gear handing over a package:

UPS GUY
Delivery for John Lennon...

Jane (O.S.) reaches out her hand to sign for the package, and take it.

UPS GUY (CONT'D)
Thank you. Have a nice day!

- Jane opening the package. There are four bullets in the box. The bullets fall to the floor

-- Four, loud gunshots ring out

-- Jane lies on the floor, bloodstains appear in the two spots John Lennon was shot

END MONTAGE

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATER

Jane lies on the couch. Therapist sits in his chair, taking notes.

THERAPIST
Did you hear what you just said,
Jane?

Jane awakens, startled, looking for the bloodstains.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
It's okay, Jane...

JANE
What am I doing here?

THERAPIST
What is the last thing you
remember?

Jane breaks down in tears.

EXT. A BACKYARD - SWING - DAY

Jane sits swinging on an old, wooden swing, dangling from a tree. Her Dad, MALCOLM (early-60s) approaches.

MALCOLM
You always loved that swing.

Jane seems in trance, just swinging.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Do you have room for your old man
on there...?

He squeezes onto the swing next to his daughter and places a comforting arm around her. She rests her head, submissively upon his shoulder.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Everything is going to be alright,
sweetheart... we're going to make
it all better...

JANE

Why me, Dad, why me...?

MALCOLM

I know, dear. I know...

INT. A WAREHOUSE RAVE - NIGHT

A 'DIY' concert. Reminiscent of the 60s/ 70s: artists paint on walls, an Indie band plays on a makeshift stage, a huge crowd of juveniles dance on the dance floor.

Yoko is in the middle, dancing away. A girl approaches her, they dance together.

INT. A DINING ROOM - SAME

Jane sits at the dinner table with her parents: Malcolm and ALICE (50s, female) They are half way through dinner.

MALCOLM

She's under an awful lot of stress,
why don't you just leave her alone.

ALICE

I was just wondering, Malcolm...
I'm her Mother... I have a right to
know...

MALCOLM

Do you?

ALICE

Yes, I do.

JANE

I can't believe the two of you. No
wonder I am the way I am.

She stands and walks out.

MALCOLM

See what you've done!

ALICE

Well, she's thirty-two and
unmarried... something's wrong...

MALCOLM

Leave her alone why don't you.

He stands and exits.

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME

Jane sits at the kitchen counter pouring a large whisky.
Malcolm enters.

MALCOLM

She didn't mean any of that.

JANE

Yes she did. Stop protecting her.
You know you don't have to stay
with her.

MALCOLM

We just worry about you, dear...

JANE

Daddy...

MALCOLM

Yes, dear?

JANE

You wouldn't understand.

EXT. A STREET - DAY

A protest march from the 70s. Jane is dressed like John
Lennon, a girl next to her is dressed like Jane.

GIRL

Oh my God, you're...

JANE

Yeah... it's okay...

GIRL

But you're-

JANE

Yes. I'm just like you. Shall we
sit?

There is a park bench nearby, and they sit. The protestors march on by as they talk.

JANE

So, you have a lot of questions for me?

GIRL

You don't have to be protesting, you are who you are, so... why are you here?

JANE

Why are you here?

GIRL

They are slaughtering our sons overseas... It's a totally pointless war, history will show that...

JANE

Who is 'they'?

GIRL

Them. Them. You know.

JANE

No, I don't. Who is them or they?

GIRL

I've heard your songs... you know who I'm talking about. Them: the people with the control, the ones that always call the shots, the government... You know...

JANE

Is that what I sing about?

GIRL

Isn't it?

JANE

Imagine...

GIRL

The world is going to kill itself, if we keep on like this!

JANE

Who are you? Just feel who you are and feel the control you have...

GIRL

I have no control. I want control,
that's why I'm protesting.

JANE

Imagine there is no control to be
had. Imagine that you aren't that
important, imagine that nothing you
understand has any meaning... I
wonder if you can. Imagine there's
no people, we don't even exist...
perhaps even in a dream, not
really...

GIRL

So, why are you here?

JANE

Perhaps I'm only here for you,
right now...

Yoko walks by in the protestor crowd, holding a sign: "Make
Love, Not War".

JANE (CONT'D)

I have to go... I hope some day
you'll join us, and the world will
live as one... But not in my
lifetime...

Jane gets up and joins hands with Yoko.

GIRL

(shouting)

You're a fake! He's a fraud!

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane lies on the couch.

THERAPIST

Can you hear what you are saying?
You're a female in the twenty-first
century, you can't be John
Lennon...

JANE

I know I'm not John Lennon, but I
feel I'm becoming John Lennon...
and I know I'm not the only one...

THERAPIST

Can you hear yourself, Jane? Can you hear what you're saying?

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Malcolm and Jane eat breakfast at the kitchen table. Malcolm is immaculately dressed in a shirt and tie, Jane is the opposite: no make-up, lank "bed-head" hair, a robe pulled around her.

MALCOLM

I never did understand why you became a stock broker.

JANE

Because of you, Daddy, I wanted to be just like you... to make you happy.

MALCOLM

(snorting)

Happy?

(pause)

Women don't belong on Wall Street. It's a man's world, darling.

JANE

But, Daddy-

MALCOLM

I know you're this Joan of Ark, Bodecia-type hotshot, but look at you, look what it's doing to you.

(pause)

You're a mess.

JANE

I was never good enough for you, was I? Never good enough for any of you.

MALCOLM

Nonsense! We love you, darling, we all do.

(beat)

Even your mother.

JANE

Where is she, by the way...
sleeping, still?

MALCOLM

She had some breakfast event to go to, you know her, always has to be the center of attention, be a part of whatever is in vogue right now. Probably some political event to stop artists growing their hair long or some such nonsense.

JANE

You never wanted children, did you?

MALCOLM

Darling...! Whatever makes you say a thing like that? You were a great blessing to us...

JANE

But Mother, she didn't want me...

MALCOLM

We both wanted you... she just has a hard time showing her feelings sometimes...

INT. DE KONIK'S BEDROOM/ APARTMENT - SAME

A warehouse, loft-style artist's studio: paintings, sculptures, and canvases litter the space, a small kitchenette area lies to one side, a large bed to the other. Two 'forms' make love noisily under the sheets.

DE KONIK, a young, handsome, Dutch artist rolls off Alice and fumbles for his cigarettes. Alice sits up and takes the cigarette from his mouth.

ALICE

Now, if only you could paint as well as you fuck...

De Konik steals back the cigarette and puffs.

DE KONIK

I fuck and I paint. I'm young enough to get better at both. What do you do...?

She fondly kisses his chest.

ALICE
I pay your fucking rent.

DE KONIK
Borgoise slut!

ALICE
There's a good boy...

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Jane drinks her coffee. Malcolm walks in reading the paper.

MALCOLM
Can you believe these idiots?

JANE
What, Daddy?

MALCOLM
These 'Invade Wall Street'
radicals. What on earth are they
thinking?

JANE
Don't you think they have a point?

MALCOLM
A point? What point would that be?
Get a fucking job and earn your
money like the rest of us!

JANE
But I think it's about more than
just that... the whole system has
to change.

MALCOLM
Let me tell you something, dear,
there has always been the 'haves'
and the 'have nots'. Been going on
for centuries, maybe millennia
even. This little rabble of free-
loaders aren't going to change a
thing.

(beat)
Look, all the while everything was
going smoothly, people had jobs,
their HD TVs, they had money to
spend, everybody was happy, right.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)

Now that the corporations that gave these people jobs, and money, and security, and all that have to lay people off, they are up in arms...

(beat)

Redistribution of the wealth...
it's fucking communism, if you ask me. It's the corporations that made America great.