

TO BE SOMEBODY

Written By
Henri Mossiat

hmossiat@gmail.com
(508)-498-2533

Copyright 2023
Nomad Productions

Made in Highland

EXT. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST - NIGHT

Snow blankets the ground in a sea of white. Soft flakes fall from the sky and land on the head of CYRUS, (17), whose eyes have the last glimmer of wonder before adulthood.

Cyrus looks at the clock on the church. 11:45PM.

He breathes, a stream of warm fog rolls from his lips as he heads into the church.

INT. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST - NIGHT

The church is caked in candles, Streams of flame illuminate the stained glass windows which tell the story of Christ.

At the Altar, an organist plays a melody to the voices of the youth choir.

Besides a few praying patrons the church is empty.

An old man sits in the back row with his head against the seat.

He MUMBLES.

Cyrus walks down the aisle, his hands in his pockets and head bent down towards the carpeted floor.

He slides himself into the seventh row from the back and opens the kneel bar.

He bends down and prays.

CYRUS

God.

(BEAT)

I am here cause - I don't know
where else to go. I speak to you
cause - there's no one else to
speak to. They say that prayer can
get you what you dream, that my
thoughts can be answered. Yet, I
don't know what to believe.

(beat)

So many times I prayed that some
family will choose me. That I'd be
the golden pup, tail wagging as I
go to my new home - yet those
prayers went unanswered.

(MORE)

Made in Highland

CYRUS (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

I prayed my past to be erased. To
be reborn as someone else.
Anything else, yet, here I am.

(beat)

Heavenly lord, father, whatever
you're called, I come here cause
in 12 minutes from now, I'll be
legally on my own. The foster care
has no obligation to look after
me, and I'm..... lost. I came for
answers, and this time I won't let
them go unanswered.

The choir crescendos as the song comes to a halt.

SILENCE.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Thats what I thought. Happy 18th
Cyrus.

Cyrus stands. He looks at the altar.

The choir and organ pick up in song.

A flash of white LIGHT illuminates behind Cyrus.

WINSTON

Don't be too quick to turn your
back to God. Sometimes patience is
all that is needed.

Cyrus turns to see an older gentleman, mid 70's, he wears a
suit and walks with a cane. He sits right behind Cyrus.

CYRUS

Ive waited 18 years. If that's not
patience, then I don't know what
is.

WINSTON

Excuse me for listening, I'm an
old man and don't got much to
listen to, yet, I can't help but
wonder why the pity party?

CYRUS

You want my life story, is that
it?

WINSTON

No son.

(MORE)

Made in Highland

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I want to know why your eyes bleed tears of misery, and so young too.

CYRUS

My eyes have been bleeding since the day my parents told me I wasn't good enough for them. That maybe some other family might have better luck with me. I was 8, almost 10 years ago to the date. Talk about a birthday present.

WINSTON

Im sorry to hear that.

CYRUS

No worries. I buried that pain years ago.

WINSTON

Whats your name?

CYRUS

Cyrus.

WINSTON

Im Winston. It's nice to meet you Cyrus. Say, I bet you're thinking about your future aren't ya? I have a granddaughter about your age. She's thinking of going to college, doing something with art. Are you thinking of college?

CYRUS

You know what. For so long I prayed on a dream that I'd be the next miracle for a family, I haven't really gotten to thinking about much else.

Cyrus darts his eyes to the floor.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

I can only hold one dream close to my heart.

WINSTON

You know you remind me of someone.

CYRUS

Oh yeah?

Made in Highland

WINSTON

Yeah. Myself.

(beat)

I remember being so lost when I was younger, now I look back on it and realize that its cause I was so stuck in the past, I couldn't see the future in front of me.

Cyrus stops. He sits back onto the bench and stares forward at the altar.

CYRUS

Why are you here?

WINSTON

A year ago I lost my daughter. I came here to talk to her.

(beat)

I guess talk to you too.

CYRUS

What was her name?

WINSTON

Angela.

CYRUS

Thats a beautiful name. I'm sorry for your lose.

CYRUS

She hated that name. She preferred Angel. She was just that too. She had this golden aura about her that whenever she walked into a room it would just light up. She was that one in a million, the people pleaser- yet I didn't see it until it was too late.

CYRUS

What happened to her?

WINSTON

She was in a car accident. I wish I knew how fragile life was, there's so many things I would've liked to tell her. Yet, I can't.

CYRUS

So you came here.

WINSTON

I was too stubborn to realize her wings were all grown. We had some fights, but The funny thing is, I look back on all those memories now, and it's all fuzzy. The things that are clear are the moments she made me laugh, the times she made me smile. Makes you think, why do anything else than smile?

CYRUS

You're right. The only problem is there's nothing to smile about.

WINSTON

Your life is just beginning, there's so much to smile about.

CYRUS

You know whats funny, Winston.

(BEAT)

My cards were dealt, and I haven't even touched them. Not once. They're just sitting in front of me waiting to be played.

Cyrus looks at the clock. 11:54PM.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Im so lost, I can't even make the first call. It's like I've been trained to play chess and I'm stuck playing poker.

WINSTON

Theres only one thing to do if you feel stuck, son.

CYRUS

And what might that be?

WINSTON

Free yourself.

The choir sings soft. The words a melodic hymn that echoes throughout the church. Cyrus stares at Winston, motionless.

CYRUS

And how might I do that?

Made in Highland

WINSTON

Take the past and leave it there.
it don't make you who you are.
It's the stuff you do today. See,
those are the things that makes
you who you are tomorrow.

CYRUS

(beat)

Imagine. You live your whole life
feeling like you're nothing but
someone else's unwanted baggage.
No one to belong too. In a few
moments, I own that baggage. The
only problem is, it's empty.
Theres nothing inside except
questions about the outside.

Cyrus's eyes are deadpan.

WINSTON

Son. Im sorry you feel like that.
Now I know I'll never understand
what you must feel like, but one
thing that I know is this. If you
feel empty on the inside, there is
nothing that the outside will tell
you that will make you feel any
bit more complete.

(beat)

It all starts with this.

Winston holds his hand to his heart.

Cyrus chokes up a bit. He remains deadpan.

CYRUS

If my heart is shattered in a
thousand pieces, then which piece
do I follow?

WINSTON

You follow whichever one you feel,
makes you smile, makes you dream,
wonder, be excited for road ahead.

CYRUS

Winston. Im nothing - but no-one.
Foster failure, college, hell I
couldn't even get in if I wanted
too. Im an open book with all my
pages empty, the one dusty novel
left on the rack simply because
people forgot it was there.

Made in Highland

WINSTON

And if you keep telling yourself that, then that's all you'll be. I lived in the past and I regret it. Don't make the same mistake.

CYRUS

(beat)

Im sorry I'm pouring all of this onto you. I hope you have a good night.

Cyrus stands.

WINSTON

Hold on.

(BEAT)

Son I want you to do something.

Winston squats down to the kneel rack. He rests his cane along the bench.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I want you to look at God and tell him who you are.

CYRUS

What?

WINSTON

Go on.

CYRUS

But, Im nobody.

WINSTON

No you're not. You're somebody. Say it.

Cyrus scoffs.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Come on. Just try.

CYRUS

If I don't?

WINSTON

You came here to help yourself didn't you? Nothing is stopping you from leaving, just - just give it try.

Cyrus sighs. He kneels and looks up at Jesus on the cross. He stares at the crown of thorns on his head.

Made in Highland

CYRUS
God. Im somebody.

WINSTON
Like you mean it.

CYRUS
(louder)
God, I'm somebody.

WINSTON
Alright now this time like you
really mean it.

CYRUS
God. I'm somebody! I'm somebody!

The choir stops. They all stare at Cyrus.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
Im somebody God! Im somebody! Im
somebody, I am somebody!

SILENCE. All the patrons of the church stare at Cyrus.

Cyrus stands.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
God listen! You hear me! You hear
this! I am somebody! Im Cyrus and
I am somebody!

A voice echoes from the altar.

CHURCH PATRON
Yes you are!

CYRUS
Im somebody, Im somebody, Im
somebody, God!

The choir picks up their song. It's the same as before, yet
sounds more upbeat.

Cyrus looks at the clock. 11:58PM.

WINSTON
Look at you. You're glowing.

CYRUS
(quiet)
I am.

WINSTON

Most people don't realize that if you believe something, really believe it, it can't help but come true.

CYRUS

Winston. I think for the first time in my life. The mud in my mind, It's all clear.

Cyrus laughs.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Honestly, I expected to leave just the same as I walked in, But I feel something, I don't know what to call it.

WINSTON

That feeling, is the thing you wouldn't let yourself have until this moment. That feeling is hope. It's belief. It's what you needed all along.

CYRUS

Yeah maybe it is. I don't know what to say. Winston, Thank you.

WINSTON

Don't go thanking me, You did that yourself.

CYRUS

Im glad I met you.

WINSTON

You're strong Cyrus. Remember that.

CYRUS

You know, I don't know where my road leads, yet I'm not worried anymore. It feel like everything will be alright. Im not worried.

WINSTON

You shouldn't be. If only you knew how young you are, how many mistakes you can make. Now go and live your life and remember that you're somebody, ok?

Made in Highland

Cyrus stands. He flips the kneel bar up and walks towards the exit.

CYRUS
Say Winston do you believe in
fate?

WINSTON
I do.

CYRUS
I think I was meant to see you. I
think God brought us both here to
have this conversation. I know you
told me not to but, thank you
really.

WINSTON
Happy Birthday Cyrus.

CYRUS
(smiling)
Thanks.

Cyrus exits.

Winston leans forward and prays.

WINSTON
Angel you hear that? I think I
finally did something good with
myself. I hope you're proud of me.
Father I'm ready when you are. I
think this one has been saved. I'm
ready to go back now. I'm ready to
go home.

Winston closes his eyes. The church bells ring as the clock
hits 12:00.

The statue of Jesus stands overhead the church. From behind
him, a wall of light fills the room in a white glow.

EXT. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST - NIGHT

Cyrus walks along the side walk of the church. He hears the
bells strike 12:00.

He stops and looks at the bells ring.

CYRUS
Im somebody.

He turns around continues to walk.

Made in Highland

END

Made in Highland