

GUITAR MAN

Excerpt from screenplay by Laurie Lamson

INT. SAN QUENTIN THIRD CHECK IN AREA - NIGHT

A new Buzzy - tan, relaxed, radiating joy - arrives at the third San Quentin check in with Officer Henry.

OFFICER HENRY

You better turn it down, Son. You're too damned happy to come in here.

BUZZY

I'm just glad to be back, Officer Henry. How have you been?

Officer Henry smiles cryptically as he pushes the P.A. button.

He speaks in to the microphone:

OFFICER HENRY

The Guitar Man is back in town. You heard right. Music class in 10 minutes.

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT

Buzzy walks down the hall toward the classroom.

Shouts echo through the hall. Inmates push their foreheads against the wall in the tight hallway.

OFFICER SOLOMON (O.S.)

ESCORT!

Officer Solomon and hard-ass female Officer La Verne escort a young guy in an orange jumpsuit down the hall.

It's Keaton. Buzzy has a vertigo reaction as their eyes meet.

Keaton recognizes Buzzy and quickly drops his head in shame.

In an instinctive burst of paternal energy, Buzzy grabs Keaton by the arms and tries to pull him away from the officers.

Officer La Verne struggles with Buzzy - but he won't let go.

OFFICER SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Buzzy! Come on now!

Officer La Verne is about to beat Buzzy off with her stick when Officer Solomon forcefully pushes him against the wall.

OFFICER SOLOMON (CONT'D)
You gotta chill out, Guitar Man!

Officer La Verne pulls despairing Keaton down the hall.

OFFICER LA VERNE
Escort!!

Buzzy tries to follow them but Officer Solomon blocks him with a piercing warning look into Buzzy's eyes.

OFFICER SOLOMON
Go teach your class.

Officer La Verne's shouts of 'ESCORT' fade away as they disappear down the hall. The inmates pull away from the wall, and carry on.

Some of the inmates stare curiously - Buzzy looks devastated.

INT. PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

Buzzy bursts in the Warden's office, startling the Warden.

He is desperate, enraged, with tears in his eyes:

BUZZY
I just saw one of my kids from school
being brought in. What the hell is
he doing here?!

WARDEN BRONTË
He must have done something wrong.

BUZZY
He's a good kid who had a bad start,
but he's trying to change his future.

Cool as a cucumber, Warden Brontë raises a doubtful eyebrow.

WARDEN BRONTË
What do you expect me to do?

BUZZY
He's only seventeen - move him to
Juvenile Hall!

WARDEN BRONTË
If you saw him here, he's already in
the system.

BUZZY
Can't you help him get out of here?

WARDEN BRONTË
Break the law, you pay the price.

BUZZY
Please, please...

Buzzy notices the picture on Warden Brontë's desk of a TEENAGED GIRL. Buzzy points at it, pleading with his eyes.

BUZZY (CONT'D)
He's someone's seventeen year-old child. Isn't there something you can do?! You're the warden of this prison!

Warden Brontë shakes his head, 'No'.

BUZZY (CONT'D)
Has anyone ever stopped to ask whether all this punishment even works? Does it make anything better?

WARDEN BRONTË
It's what people want and expect.

And besides that, it's pretty profitable. That's the way it works and neither you nor I can change it.

Buzzy stares into Warden Brontë's unflinching, uncaring face.

WARDEN BRONTË (CONT'D)
How do you know he doesn't want to be here? You said so yourself-Irate and bitterly frustrated, Buzzy exits.

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