

MY FRANCHISED LIFE

WRITTEN BY

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Over black a TITLE CARD appears.

TITLE CARD: "Identity Theft is the fastest growing crime in America, affecting approximately 900,000 new victims each year."

FADE IN ON....

A pair of eyes.

Blue.

Staring unwavering at us.

They blink.

Pupils dilate then shrink.

We see the face that belongs to the eyes.

Rough.

Unshaven.

A SCAR runs from just below his left eye down to the corner of his mouth.

He's JOHN DEBNEY, 35.

He's crouched by the side of a house.

Hidden in the bushes.

Looking through a window.

We see what he's looking at.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, sitting at a table is HIMSELF. His DOUBLE.

Dressed nicely, hair cut. No scar on his face.

His clean cut twin.

Debney can't look away.

From another room his Double's DAUGHTER followed by his WIFE enter the kitchen and sit around the table.

He puts down the newspaper he was reading and hugs his Daughter, talking to his wife.

Through the pane of glass Debney can't hear what they're saying but it's painful nonetheless.

DEBNEY (V.O.)
I saw the visions of my life
realized before my eyes...only...it
wasn't me.

Slowly his reflection comes into focus on the window pane.

His finger drags the length of his scar.

We WHIP PAN back to the window only it's now changed to a mirror in a bathroom.

Debney's looking in as blood is coming from his scar.

A sink basin.

Drops of blood fall into it from above.

A SHAVING RAZOR clatters into the bowl basin.

We TILT UP to see Debney looking into the mirror.

He's cut his scar shaving.

He's hit with a flashback.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK A **WHITE TITLE CARD** APPEARS.

TITLE CARD: **Debney: 1976**

Darkness.

Through it we can see the silhouettes of 20-30 BEDS in a
LARGE OPEN ROOM.

As if synchronized, movement comes from several beds.

YOUNG DEBNEY, age 8, sleeps in his bed on his side.

Around him, shadows form.

They slowly envelope him and his bed.

'Shh....shhh' comes from the darkness.

The light is flicked on REVEALING -

- DEBNEY SURROUNDED BY SEVERAL KIDS.

The rest lay on their beds, pretending to sleep.

Secretly watching.

His eyes explode open and the COVERS ARE THROWN OFF HIM.

He BLINDLY FLAILS as he's momentarily blinded by the new light.

Several hands grab him...

..dragging him off the bed...

....throwing him to the ground.

Lands on his back.

Tries to scuttle away like a crab.

His back hits a cabinet.

YOUNG DEBNEY
What are you doing?

One of the kids, the LEADER, a LARGE PIMPLY TEENAGER named RON steps forward.

He pulls a switchblade out of his pocket, snapping it open.

He doesn't say anything, just sneers.

From the far corner of the room a YOUNGER KIDS VOICE rings out.

YOUNGER KID (O.S.)
Leave him alone, Ron!

Ron's head snaps, looking in that direction.

RON
Shut up Hector! Unless you want to trade places.

There is no response from Hector.

Ron approaches Debney and kneels in front of him.

He places the knife to Debney's cheek, who moves away defensively.

RON (CONT'D)
Don't move, or I might accidentally poke your eye out.

Debney sits still as Ron gently, almost seductively, runs the knife over Debney's cheek, just below his eye.

DEBNEY

Why are you doing this?

RON

I don't know, I just don't like you.

Ron's hand stops being seductive and JERKS the knife down, slicing Debney's cheek open.

Debney SCREAMS.

Blood pours from his face.

His cheek hangs in a flap.

He tries to hold it together as the blood seeps through his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Debney's apartment is bare. Any minimalist would be proud.

A mattress lays on the floor.

A lamp stand stands upright on the floor next to it.

A single small dresser is across from the foot of the mattress.

It's drawers open.

There's no reason for it, there's barely any clothes inside.

Debney sits at a desk, his back to us.

It's not really a desk. It's a fold-up table with a bar stool as a chair.

Laying on the surface, in front of him, is a pamphlet and a black marker.

The pamphlet is for an island. He opens it and reads aloud.

DEBNEY

Come yourself or bring your family
and loved ones to the tropical
paradise known as Tahiti.

(MORE)

DEBNEY (CONT'D)
Sun yourself by the tropical waters
during the day and enjoy a pig
roast at night as the ocean breeze
gently erodes all your troubles.

He looks at the pictures of tranquility.

The SOUNDS OF WAVES CRASHING ON THE SHORE drift through his apartment.

A WOMANS LAUGHTER, TREES RUSTLING IN THE BREEZE cause him to shut his eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. A JUNGLE - NIGHT

Debney opens his eyes and finds himself in the middle of a thick jungle.

He can hear the sound of the OCEAN and the LAUGHTER of a WOMAN somewhere ahead of him.

He pushes his way through the trees like he's an explorer.

Reaching the edge of the forest, he steps onto sand and sees the ocean. It looks alive in the moonlight.

He looks to his left and sees a WOMAN dancing around a bonfire.

She's laughing, motioning for him to join her.

DEBNEY
Diana....

He walks over and like she's known him for her entire life, she throws her arms around him and they dance around the fire.

DEBNEY (CONT'D)
Where's everyone else? I
thought....?

She places a finger over his mouth.

DIANA
Shhhhh.

As they continue to dance, she places her chin on his shoulder and whispers in his ear.

DIANA (CONT'D)
It's just you and I. For as long as
you like.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Debney's double walks briskly along the sidewalk.

Hands stuffed in his pockets.

Steam pouring out of his mouth.

50 yards behind him, someone follows.

A MAN.

Debney.

A wool hat pulled low over his head, hiding his identity.

His Double turns to the left and disappears into a building.

Debney hurries to catch up and sees where he entered.

A CHURCH.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Debney steps inside, unfamiliar with this territory.

At the front of the church in front of the candles and
pulpit, under a large crucifix his Double kneels, praying.

Debney sits in the back row watching.

He fiddles with his fingers, finally grabbing the bible in
the pocket in front of him.

He opens it, not really reading, just flipping through the
pages.

He's startled, when, from behind him -

PRIEST (O.S.)
May I help you?

Debney's about to lay into the person when he sees it's a
Priest.

DEBNEY

No, I'm fine. Just reading.

He turns back to the bible.

PRIEST

I haven't seen you here before.

DEBNEY

This isn't really my thing.

PRIEST

The bible? Or church?

DEBNEY

I guess a little of both.

PRIEST

Why are you here then?

DEBNEY

I thought I might find some answers.

PRIEST

(smiling)

If you're looking for answers I would suggest looking within yourself.

DEBNEY

That's not where I'm going to find these answers.

PRIEST

You'd be surprised.

DEBNEY

I thought--

PRIEST

--You thought I would try to turn you to god. It's my experience that before you can find god you must first find yourself.

The Priest gets up and walks away.

Debney's left holding the bible.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A TITLE CARD appears over the church.

TITLE CARD - **1968**

A MYSTERIOUS CAR pulls up in front of the church, shielding it from our view.

A car door opens...another opens.

Footsteps on concrete.

The car door closes again and the car, never having stopped running, speeds offscreen.

The churches double doors open and a NUN looks outside and then down at the basket.

Covering her mouth, she grabs it and carries it inside.

We PAN over to REVEAL the sign that reads -

'ST. CATHERINE'S CHILDREN HOME.'

CUT TO:

INT. ST. CATHERINE'S - DAY

The Nun carries the basket down a hall.

For the first time we see what's in the basket - A NEWBORN BABY.

She carries the basket into a ...

LARGE ROOM

...filled with cribs containing babies of all ages.

Putting the basket on the ground she pulls out the infant and lays it into an empty crib.

She grabs a clipboard, writes something on it and hangs it on the end.

Stepping away, we see what it says - John Debney.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

John...?

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Debney wakes suddenly.

An ASSEMBLY LINE of FAMOUS ARTWORK REPRODUCTIONS going by untouched.

DaVinci, Van Gogh, Dali prints go by, several of the same at a time.

Debney's asleep at the wheel.

He looks up at the source of the voice.

A LARGE APE LIKE MAN with gentle eyes stands over him.

DEBNEY

You scared the shit outta me.

DON

It's breaktime man.

Debney stands and walks alongside the hulking man towards a dimly lit sign that reads - 'CAFETERIA'.

DON (CONT'D)

You can't keep nodding off like that Deb, they're looking for an excuse to fire people.

DEBNEY

You ever think Don, maybe that's why I fall asleep?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Debney and Don walk into the bathroom together, Debney goes into a stall and Don stands outside, still talking.

DON

So Mary wanted to know if you want to come to dinner tonight.

DEBNEY (O.S.)

I don't know, I've got things I've got to do.

DON

Bullshit. You're coming to dinner and that's final.

Debney comes out of the stall.

DEBNEY
If you insist.

Don's surprised that Debney as agree.

DON
All right. I'll give you a ride
when we get outta here, ok?

DEBNEY
That's fine.

He stands looking at Don.

DEBNEY (CONT'D)
I can't piss in peace, can I at
least wash my hands alone?

Don slaps him on the back.

DON
All right, I'll see you later.

Debney watches the hulking man leave the restroom almost
allowing himself to smile.

He turns and stands in front of the sink.

Despite having just slept he still looks exhausted.

He bends to wash his hands when from behind him...

WOMAN (O.S.)
Filthy child!

He looks up into the mirror, startled.

Standing behind him is a CROTCHETY OLD NUN burning holes into
him with her stare.

He looks down at his hands, only now they're the hands of a 7
year old.

They're crusted with dirt.

He looks up in the mirror...he is 7 years old.

TITLE CARD - **1975**