

Noted Places

Revision 1

By

Marian Holmes

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

TYLER (31) stands in front of a shelf labeled "Best Sellers;" he cradles a copy of "So, Now You're Divorced" in his left arm while closing a book with his right hand. He sighs and replaces the book. He reaches for a copy of "The House On Mango Street," turns it over to scan the back cover, then flips through its pages.

A NOTE dislodges, it flutters to the floor. Tyler follows it with his gaze; he bends and picks it up. It is written in flowing blue ink.

NOTE

MORA (V.O.)

To whomever it is that I am speaking, I hope you will accept a week-long adventure that I have planned. If you find you cannot, kindly replace this note now.

BACK TO SCENE

Tyler's eyes are wide with awe and disbelief. He glances around him, none of the other shoppers seem to notice what he holds.

MORA (CONT'D)

My name is not important; in fact, as this journey advances, I pray you come to see how few things truly are. For now, all the information you need is that I have set up this system of clues and instructions so that you see this city for all its wonder. So much history and fantasy is hidden among its streets and buildings. Are you willing to discover it through my eyes?

(beat)

The first stop is Maxwell Street. I recommend taking the blue line. Enjoy; oh, and, read this book, it's truly fantastic! -C. T.

Tyler stares down at the note written in feminine script. His mouth falls open and he shakes his head in slight confusion. For a second too long he continues to stare. He shoves the note back inside the book and replaces it on the

(CONTINUED)

shelf. He hesitates. Tyler pulls his outstretched arm back toward his body and glances around once more.

He turns to leave, takes a step and then spins around. He grabs the book and walks up to the register.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Traffic zooms past. Tyler walks down the street, a PLASTIC BAG in hand. He descends the stairs into a subway station marked with a blue dot.

OMIT

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Tyler takes a seat on the subway, holding the bag tightly to his chest. He releases his grasp and pulls out the book. He cradles it between his hands with an air of caution, as though it were to explode at any moment. He stares down at the cover.

Tyler opens the book to the first page and begins to read. The subway jerks into motion.

THE BOOK

The pages of the book flutter forward.

BACK TO SCENE

Tyler remains reading in his seat.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Now stopping at Maxwell Street.

Mind the gap, and have a nice day.

The train comes to an abrupt halt; Tyler closes the book and steps out of the car.

EXT. MAXWELL STREET - DAY

Tyler emerges from the subway station, squinting at the sun. He stands on a run-down block. The cobblestone street is littered with garbage and for sale signs blare black and red in all the visible storefronts.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

What the...?

Tyler spins around and stares at the station's placard; it reads Maxwell Street. He pulls the book from the bag and mutters under his breath.

TYLER

Is this some sort of joke? This isn't history...

(beat)

unless we're studying the great depression!

He opens the book's front cover, nothing. He thumbs through a few pages, mutters in anger, then flips it over and lifts the back cover. Several pieces of paper sit in a pocket that has been taped inside. *

He jerks the first one free and begins to read.

MORA (V.O.)

I bet you didn't know that Louis Armstrong once serenaded the crowds on Maxwell Street. Yes indeed! Right here, on this very street you're standing, the Chicago Blues were born! And you see that fence at the end? That right there, is where the last chords resounded. It's a shame that its gone to such shit.

Tyler glances up at the expanse of road before him. He walks down it, taking a side-glance at each shop he passes. His face is serene.

MORA (CONT'D)

You see, at one time all the greats clamored to Maxwell to blow their horns. Muddy Waters. Bo Diddly, you name it, they were here, birthing rock and roll right before your eyes. But no one comes to Maxwell anymore. Its been forgotten like so many wonders before it. So to whomever I'm preaching, appreciate it. Appreciate this street and what it created. Appreciate life. Your life. Don't let it too go to shit; cultivate it, commemorate it. -C.T.

(CONTINUED)

Tyler reaches the fence at the end of the block and intertwines his fingers with its links. A rush of wind flutters the paper in his hands, bringing with it the faint and tender notes of the music once heard here. Tyler closes his eyes as the music crescendos ever so slightly. He smiles.

A car horn wakes Tyler from his reverie; he turns the note over in his hand. Two words are scrawled upon the back.

TYLER

Navy Pier.

THE BOOK

A few pages turn.

EXT. NAVY PIER - DAY

Tyler steps onto a wide-planked boardwalk, an intricate archway overhead reads: Navy Pier - 1916. Children run all around him, carnival treats in hand.

MORA (V.O.)

Now if you're a true Chicago kid, you've frequented Navy Pier before. I'll never forget the smell of those funnel cakes or the sound of the waves from the top of the Ferris wheel. Don't read the rest of this note until you too are up at the top.

EXT. CAR OF FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Tyler looks out at his surroundings as the wheel settles at the top. The car sways in the breeze.

MORA (CONT'D)

Now you can see what I did at the exact moment of my very first kiss. I was a freshman in high school, the waves were lapping the pier's side, the children were laughing, and the moment was perfect; just as any movie demands it be. But love is a tricky thing. A freedom one tries to pin down. Yes, it's difficult, but worth it in the end.

(CONTINUED)

The Ferris wheel begins to descend. Tyler closes his eyes and takes in the moment.

MORA (CONT'D)

You'll work at it. You'll work for it. But if you do, the rewards are innumerable.

(beat)

Ferris wheels are simply the beginning. -C.T.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Wrigley Field. Some script. Buckingham Fountain. The pages of book being turned. The Sears Tower. A note. *

*
*

THE BOOK

The pages flip in quick succession. The book is almost finished.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Tyler sits alone, an untouched cup of coffee rests on the table, surrounded by crumpled balls of paper. The book is off to the side and the notes are spread across the remaining table space. He scribbles with passion, a frustrated look upon his face.

TYLER

(mumbling to himself)

Through your eyes I've seen the wonders of this city. I've lived here thirty years now and have never seen such potential among its streets.

(beat)

Thank you for such beauty.

(beat)

You must be beautiful yourself; you'd have to be to..

(beat)

You must be beautiful... you must be... no that's no good!

*
*

Tyler tosses the pen away from him and reaches for one of the notes. He holds it up to himself and smiles, it reads: 34 Walter Street; you shall meet me at last. -C.T.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

C.T.

(beat)

Well, here goes nothing.

*

*

EXT. FAIR WEATHER - DAY

Tyler stands on the side walk looking up at a well-kept home. A wooden sign on the lawn reads: Fair Weather Nursing Home. Tyler squints at the letters in confusion and heads up the path.

*

TYLER

What the...?

INT. FAIR WEATHER - DAY

A young nurse sits at a reception desk.

NURSE

May I help you sir?

TYLER

Yes, umm hello. My name is Tyler and, well you see, I have a bit of a particular question for you.

Tyler reaches into his bag and pulls out his copy of "The House on Mango Street"

TYLER(CONT'D)

You see, I found this note in-

The nurse's mouth spreads into a smile as she nods in understanding.

NURSE

Tyler was it? Right this way please. Oh! Chester will be so pleased!

TYLER

Chester?

*

The nurse leads Tyler down the hall; they stop in front of room 34A.

NURSE

(whispers)

Go on in.

Tyler pushes his palm against the door and it swings inward.

INT. C.T.'S ROOM - DAY

Tyler slowly enters the room. An old man, CHESTER(89), gazing out the window, lies beneath several thin blankets. He fails to acknowledge Tyler's entrance. Tyler looks upon him and frowns.

TYLER

C.T.?

The old man's head creeps to meet Tyler's gaze. He reaches out a trembling arm toward the book Tyler holds.

C.T.

Have you read it?

TYLER

Cover to cover.

INT. C.T.'S ROOM - DUSK

Tyler sits upon the bed's edge talking with the old man.

C.T.

I was there opening day. My father helped build that pier you know. He even suggested the archway to commemorate the navy's hard work. Oh the memories I've had on those planks! The sounds! The smells! The funnel cake!

C.T. lies back and closes his eyes. A smile spreads across his face.

C.T.

How I loved that cake!

TYLER

(chuckling)

You know C.T.

C.T.

It's Chester son.

TYLER

Chester. You know what's funny? This past week, the whole time, I thought you were a girl. I thought the woman of my dreams had entered my life and changed me forever. And then, when I read your last note,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TYLER (cont'd)
and the address was right there, I didn't even know what to do. How would I ever live up to her? But when I saw it was you. I was so frustrated. So flustered at first. Nothing ever seems to go right for me; but now... I can't think of anything more perfect. *

INT. CHESTER'S ROOM - DAY

Tyler is plopped in an armchair that has been dragged next to Chester's bed. Chester, propped up by pillows, breaks apart the funnel cake in front of him with shaking hands.

TYLER
(swallowing his piece of cake)
So you really learned from Louis himself!?

CHESTER
He taught little old me what soul truly was. What power lies in those sad, sad melodies! *

INT. FAIR WEATHER - DAY

Tyler walks up to the reception desk. The young nurse waves him past.

NURSE
Hi Tyler. How's your week been?

TYLER
Excellent Kate, and yours?

NURSE
Going well. Have a nice visit.

She smiles warmly as Tyler walks down the hall.

INT. CHESTER'S ROOM - DAY

Tyler walks into Chester's room. His eyes go wide with the surprise that another visitor is already there.

TYLER
Oh... I'm sorry. I'll just wait outside. Or is now, just... not a good time?

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CHESTER

Don't be silly Tyler, come on in!
Tyler I'd like you to meet my
daughter. Mora, this young man has
found my legacy.

MORA

So this is the wild adventurer.

MORA(29) turns and glances up at Tyler. *

MORA (CONT'D)

Please, excuse the handwriting, I'm
ashamed at how messy these notes
truly are.

Tyler smiles at her.

TYLER

They are nothing shy of beautiful. *

Mora smiles back, and turns her head to hide her blushing
cheeks.

The CAMERA pans out through the window. Chester, Mora, and
Tyler chat around Chester's bed. *