

My Name is Connor Morris

Written by

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EXT - FRONT PORCH - DAY

CONNOR MORRIS, 73, chiseled, well worn, older man, sporting a day's beard growth and a heavily, lined face. His hair is that real shiny, manly grey, the kind that reminds you of how you want to look when you get old. He is wearing the "old school" overalls - one piece material, not jeans, the other kind of material, like those Dickie uniform pants. He is rocking in a chair versus in a rocking chair. His sinewy frame tells a story; his life is good but not without tragedy.

We specifically and carefully see only one side of him...the great side. He is lost in thought, looking towards the horizon, thinking of how he is, where he is, and how his life could have been different...in some ways, in others...not.

The door burst open to reveal his grandson, Connor Morris the the III, better known as JR, 4, a black haired, mini overall wearing little boy.

JR runs into his grandfather's arms and they both look off into the distance. JR hops off his grandfather's lap and stands in front of him staring at him. We get our first glimpse of the left side of Connor and it is not pleasant or comfortable to see. The right side of his face is...perfect. What you would expect to see from a good looking older man. The left side is disfigured. It is as if only one side of candle melted down, and only creases are left.

JR stares at him then traces the lines of his scars from his face down his left arm. Connor smiles to his inquisitive staring.

JR
Grannpa?

CONNOR 73
Yes, Junior?

JR
You are different.

He smiles a knowing smile.

CONNOR 73
Yes, I am.

JR
You are different than other people.

Pausing to catch his words.

JR
 (continuing; touching
 his face and arm)
 I mean you have lines on your face
 and arm that other people don't
 have...why?

CONNOR 73
 Well, when I was little boy, like
 you, I had an accident and it
 created some extra lines on my
 face and arm and I even have some
 lines on my leg but...

Grandpa takes him by the shoulders.

CONNOR 73
 (continuing)
 I have another side and that side
 doesn't have any lines. It's my
 good side. What do you think?

JR
 (pleased with the
 answer)
 Even if you have some extra lines
 on you, I love you.

Connor takes him up in his arms for a big hug.

FLASHBACK

INT - HOME - DAY

There is hustling and bustling in this busy typical family home; it is Christmas time and kids are home. Two toddlers are playing about, and mom is busy readying something for lunch. CONNOR, at age 6, is running around in Superman pajamas, the ones with the big "S" on the chest. MELODY, 4, is running and following closely behind. Mom puts two pots on the stove and pours in some Crisco for chicken fingers on the front burner and water for mac and cheese on the back. Cell phone rings, it is just out of reach on the other side of the bar. As quickly as she moves to get the phone, the kids are running around her feet. Melody enters the kitchen.

The handle to the pot with Crisco is just protruding out enough over the edge to make it tempting. Melody spies it carefully. She opens the bottom drawer to get a spatula out. Connor enters the kitchen and gives her an inquisitive stare realizing what she is about to do. He considers whether to run and tell mom or take action. Time and motion - stop. He runs towards her just fast enough to reach her but not fast enough to avoid the heated, searing, pot of grease.

Mother shaking, crying hysterically, Fire, Police, EMS running through the house. There is no fire but the grease has cooked half of little Connor's body. He is screaming in pain and the left half of the "S" on the shirt is melted away.

INT - HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

A birds eyes view shows a mass of tubes and wires all over every inch of the bed and a small burned body in between.

From right eventually then to left. The right side of Connor's body is perfect. Smooth skin, small, little boy hands, little boy feet. A good looking boy, the right side of his face is unbandaged and untouched.

Then, the left side. The skin is peeling, blackened. His eyelashes are gone and his lip is swollen. Beeping, flashing lights, in an instant he slips away. Doctors and nurses run in, mom and dad are off to the side crying and holding each other.

Amidst the chaos there stands a lone nurse. NURSE, 65, heavenly face, hefty, heavily lined, high cheek bones, very pretty. *Striking blue eyes.* Connor comes back briefly, opening his eyes barely to focus on her face. She has a single tear slowly rolling down her face. She looks him in the eye and ever so slightly smiles a soft, knowing and peaceful smile (First appearance).

NURSE
(mouthing, not
audible)

It's ok. I won't leave you.

He is gone.

Violently, he is shocked back and begins to cry from his good eye and so begins his life of pain and of being "different."

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT - BATHROOM - EVENING

CONNOR MORRIS now 15, is filming using a Flip Video hand held video recorder. He is recording himself, documenting his plans for his Facebook - his plan of his suicide. He speaks with a lisp because the left side of his face is badly scarred.

CONNOR 15
(focusing lens on the
right side of his
face only; speaking
with a slight lisp)
Look at me. Look at this half of
my face. If I only see it, it is
perfect, if I do say so myself. I
would have been a very
handsome...No, striking, I like
that word, striking, young
man...BUT...

He repositions the camera for a view of the left side. A
heavily scarred complete contrast of the right side is
revealed.

CONNOR 15
(continuing)
If I move the camera over here,
whoaaa, "What the hell happened to
you son?"

CONNOR 15
(continuing; having
a conversation with
himself, mockingly)
"What do you mean Mr. Absolute
Stranger?"

CONNOR 15
(continuing)
"Your face, it is scarred."

CONNOR 15
(continuing)
"No shit Sherlock Holmes, I never
noticed this huge life altering
scar across half my body? Here,
sit down, let me tell you my whole
life story, total random stranger
at the mall."

CONNOR 15
(continuing)
Well, let's start with why I am
planning to die tomorrow night!?
Aside from dealing with assholes
like you asking me everywhere I
go, "What happened?"

CONNOR 15

(continuing)

Hey, here's one. Do I ask you why you are fat or how about this, "Excuse me ma'am, I noticed you are fat as a horse. Can you tell me how that happened? Did you eat a McDonald's?"

CONNOR 15

(continuing; yelling at the top of his lungs, spitting as he speaks with anger and pain)

Mind your own god damn business!

CONNOR 15

(continuing; taking a breath)

Oh and you Bill. Billy Big Mouth. Billy Bad Ass. I wish I could see your face when you see this. You think it's funny making fun of people? Of me? I look like a pig, huh? How about this, a pig is a hog, hog rhymes with log, a log is from nature and nature is beautiful, so go to hell! Or this one, hell is your home, Satan's your father last time I saw him he was kissing your mother!

He starts laughing and yelling, punching the mirror until his hands are bloodied, allowing the teenage angst and years of emotional abuse out. A tear flows from his good eye.

CONNOR 15

(continuing; waxing sarcastic and sentimental)

It's not your fault though. I mean look at me. I am damaged. How can anyone survive the physical abuse of this? The emotional abuse is nothing compared to the surgeries, the pain. It is like life played a real cruel joke on me. I guess I would make fun of me too. But, I'm going to win.

CONNOR 15
(continuing; speaking
fast)

I keep thinking that I'm going to
wake up and this is all a dream
and that my face is not burnt but
every time I look in the mirror,
my face is burnt, my face is
burnt, my face is burnt, my face
is burnt, my face is burnt x a
million.

CONNOR 15
(continuing; slowly)
There is one thing I can control
and that is my life. I,
(pounding on his
chest)
I, can control whether I live or
die.

CONNOR 15
(continuing; quietly
now, introspectively)
I do wish one thing. I've never
kissed anyone or I guess I should
say a girl, so there's no
questions, and I want to know what
that feels like...just because I'm
scarred doesn't mean I don't have
a heart, you idiots!

CONNOR 15
(continuing)
First things first though, I'm
going to have some fun at school
and tell people what I really
think.

INT SCHOOL - DAY

As Connor is walking to class there is a boy with Down's
Syndrome riding his bike, JEFFREY. He is 14, riding one of
those bikes that is like a motorcycle. He is quiet and rides
past the usual group making fun. Connor sees him and pauses
for a moment knowing how he feels about being different.
Connor sees this going on and wants to do something but
resists as his group of friends casts a comment. WILL, 13,
baggy hooded sweatshirt, incredibly small for his age.

WILL
Connor, stop staring at the
retard...

Connor stops and looks right at him as if to burn a hole through him.

WILL
(continuing)
What?

Connor moves close to get right in his face.

CONNOR 15
Is that what you say behind my back!?

WILL
Jeezzz, Mr. Sensitive, chillax.

Connor walks into class dressed in Goth-like black clothing. He is wearing a black HOODED sweatshirt that he wears even though it is hot outside. It is an effort to conceal the scars. There is snickering from the jocks and he goes to sit at the back of the room with the other outcasts. BILLIE, 15, good looking jock, leader of the pack, makes a comment as Connor walks by.

BILLIE
(under his breath but
loud enough for his
group to hear)
Is it Halloween? Hey Jimmy, I
didn't get a mask?

Connor pauses for a minute, walks by and then walks back to him.

CONNOR 15
A mask, really? Wow, I've never
heard that one before asshole.

Connor's best friend, a Goth because of him, AL, 14, really fat, with a heavy black coat.

AL
(approaches and grabs
Connor)
It's not worth it, c'mon, Connor.
Let it go.

Connor begins to walk away.

BILLIE
That's right lard ass freak, take
your girlfriend before he gets
hurt, and watch your mouth ass
wipe!

The teacher walks in and Billie and Connor give him the finger behind their backs as they retreat to the back of the room.

AL

What's wrong with you, you have a death wish? You know those guys are idiots, just forget it.

CONNOR 15

(looking down at the desk, dejected)

I've been forgetting about it my whole life.

INT SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

Connor enters with his group of friends and they take a seat in the corner. The jocks, the nerds, the comedians, the minorities, they all have their place but Connor and one other group seem to stick out. The Goth and the special needs kids have their own section. Jeffrey walks by the Jocks hesitantly to go sit with his group. They make him nervous and he drops his tray near Connor's group. At first, the group laughs. Jeffrey stands in silence.

Connor surprisingly moves to help, not sure why.

CONNOR 15

Here, let me help you with that.

JEFFREY

(hesitantly; looking downcast)

Thank you Connor.

CONNOR 15

(surprisingly)

How do you know me?

JEFFREY

Everybody knows us. You are different like me.

CONNOR 15

Different?

JEFFREY

Yes, my mom says that makes us special.

CONNOR 15

Yeah, I guess it does.

The group of jocks sees this going on.

BILLIE
Look, a freak helping a retard.

A very pretty blonde hair blue-eyed
basketball/volleyball/softball star, KIMBERELY, 14, gets up
to help but not before making a comment.

KIMBERELY
You are the retarded one.

BILLIE
(nonchalantly)
What!? I didn't mean it.

She walks over to help pick up the tray.

JEFFREY
(to Connor)
My name is Jeffrey.

KIMBERELY
Well hello Jeffrey, I'm Kimberely.

They both look to Connor, who is somewhat taken aback.

KIMBERELY
(continuing; to
Connor)
Well???

CONNOR 15
Well what?

KIMBERELY
Are you going to tell us your name?

CONNOR 15
My name is Connor Morris.

CONNOR 15
(continuing; with a
little confidence
and a wry smile)
The Connor Morris.

KIMBERELY
(extending her hand)
Well, The Connor Morris, this is
Jeffrey and I am Kimberely. Nice
to meet you.

She finishes picking up the tray and the three take their separate paths back to the group.

AL
What the hell was that about?

CONNOR 15
What do you mean?

AL
Uh, we don't mix groups here and you just mixed three.

CONNOR 15
Huh?

AL
Well you got your jocks, Asians, Abduls, nerds, goth,
(pointing to their group)
special needs, cheerleaders, fat so's, bikers, freaks
(pointing to their group again)
Geeks, twilights aka vampire wanna be's...should someone tell them vampires aren't real?

CONNOR 15
And where do I fit in that group.

SARAH, 15, blonde, dumb, goth, chewing gum...the only girl of the group.

We get a close up view of her, she has outlined the word "Freak" on one eye lid and "AZOID" under the other.

SARAH
(smiling)
Ummm, you fit in two groups but you could be anywhere you want. You choose.

Kimberely makes it back to her group.

BILLIE
Well, you did your good deed for the day.

One cross look for her sums it all up.

Connor watches Jeffrey go back to his group.

CONNOR 15

Oh, I get to choose? You know it's funny because we make fun like everyone else and pretend like we don't care but we do.

CONNOR 15

(continuing; pointing to special needs group)

Do you think we would ever invite them to sit at our table?

Looking at each of them.

CONNOR 15

(continuing)

No, we wouldn't. Why? Because we discriminate just like everyone else.

CONNOR 15

(continuing)

Look over there...

They see Jeffrey sitting by himself somewhat near the group of other special needs kids.

CONNOR 15

(continuing)

We are afraid, afraid to be embarrassed. Afraid to take that first step. We are no better than anyone else.

FLASHBACK

EXT PLAYGROUND/ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

There is a group of children playing all around the playground ages 8-9 and it is time now for kickball, time to choose teams.

The good looking boy is captain of one team and the good looking girl is captain of the other. At least, the teacher is smart enough to separate them but choices are based on popularity. Connor, this time age 8, scarred, scared, and waiting. The choice group is chosen and getting to the last couple of kids, each child hoping they won't be the last.

There are 3 kids left, one of which is Connor. It isn't looking good.

12.
An absolutely beautiful little girl, perfect in all aspects, in a pink dress with bows in her hair, she was chosen first by the good looking boy team and is intuitive enough to know what is going on. She is HAILEY, 8, blond hair, *striking blue* eyes. Before the next choice is made, she leaves her group and approaches Connor.

He is surprised to see her because he is looking down dreading what is going to happen, what always happens.

She approaches him and extends her hand (Second Appearance). Connor smiles as best as he can.

HAILEY

C'mon, stay with me and I'll stay with you.

The kids pause for a moment but they are ok with her decision and she leads him back to her group. Then there are only 2 left and the choices are easier, one automatically goes to each team so feelings are saved.

As he is walking off the playground in the background the scene repeats itself with a child with Down's Syndrome, a girl with *striking blue* eyes. Connor views it from the eyes of a child not knowing what is happening or why but the protector of children is always watching over them.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Connor and his friends are walking home after school. Al is skateboarding and Sarah is following, Connor is lost in thought, a loose third.

AL

Hey Guys, let's go to the mall, I want free samples from the food court.

SARAH

Lame, lame, lame.

CONNOR 15

Well, I am hungry, let's try it.

They go to the food court and Al is skateboarding in the mall going from Chinese to Subs to Chicken to Pizza getting samples along the way. The group decides on Chinese. There are two Chinese ladies taking orders side by side helping each other. The order line for Chinese or the queue is Sarah, Al and an obscured Connor, waiting third in line.

