



Dean Inglis, Drummer of The Citizens.

MISGUIDED FAME

FILM SCRIPT

Written by Dean Inglis HNC Professional Writing skills

Synopsis -Ageing but still aspiring musician Andy is still living with his unsupportive and old fashioned Mother Brenda in a gritty top floor of a high rise in Glasgow, until the day he is discovered by a cocky record label agent who is scouting at a pub he is singing in. Andy's naivety is taken advantage of in this journey of frustration and lack of belief.

(Script has been work-shopped at the CCA as part of Write, Camera , Action)

"Misguided fame"

Written by **Dean Inglis**

EXT 1. BUCHANNAN STREET GLASGOW - NIGHT

The first shot we see, is a camera following the footsteps of the main character ANDY, the camera trails behind him as he walks up the gradually steeper hill. He is holding a Farmfoods bag which is hitting off his leg and the noise of bottles rattling becomes more prominent. He is swaying from side to side and his shirt is half open. The camera zooms up from his shoes to the back of his head and we can see he is wearing a walkman with large headphones. People from the Gallery bar on Buchanan Street are shouting after him saying he's left his keys but he is oblivious due to the fact he is singing at the top of his voice an Oasis song which is blasting out his headphones. The camera then switches to a bird's eye of his journey home to the high flats at Cowcaddens Underground.

2 INT HIGH RISE. ANDY walks up to the front door

ANDY

(Banging at door)

Maw, let us in for f**k sake, I'm bursting for a s***e here. Maw, come on!

BRENDA

(Shouting from other side)

Geez a minute, ya wee swine, don't talk that filth to your Mother no my fault, yer oot steamin again.

ANDY

(Slurring his words)

Right whatever, I'm no steaming, just open the door and we'll have a nice wee cuppa brew and a chat eh?

Brenda takes the door off the lock and peers out halfway before opening it fully, Andy rushes in and runs straight to

the bathroom. The camera zooms in on his Farmfood bag as he puts it down bottles of beer and a two litre bottle of Strongbow roll out a hole in the bottom. Brenda looks at this with disgust and waits in the living room for Andy.

BRENDA

(In a soft voice)

Right Andy, yer dinner's oot on the table, just got you a roast fae Marks and Sparks, Is that alright for ye?

ANDY

Aye that sounds good maw, just leave it oot I'm just coming.

Andy stands up and shakes his head in the dirty mirror, disgusted by the fact he's middle aged and being talked to like a teenager. He walks through to the living room and starts to eat his food while watching top of the pops where Oasis are on it being interviewed.

BRENDA

You have a good day at work son?

Andy proceeds to ignore his Mother transfixed by the television.

ANDY

That's gonna be me getting interviewed soon, asking about my music career and aw that, but I'm stuck here daing nothing wae my life just boozing doon that f**king s****hole pub, I need tae get out and play my tunes mare, I make music from the heart.

BRENDA

D'you think you're gonna be the next (beat) Boy George or something?
(Beat) You need to meet a nice lassie and get a steady joab. Ye know a wee nine to five?

Andy looks at his mum with a smug look as if to say she's talking rubbish.

ANDY

Look maw, you've never supported me, I'm going oot again tomorrow to get a gig and play my tunes to the people, have you listened to ma new CD yet ? "The Harms Of Love"?

BRENDA

Oh aye? So where ye playin' then big shot the S.E.C.C?

ANDY

Naw, don't be daft, not that big yet, just doon the Lampost bar, they're dain an open mic night and I'm headlining it.

BRENDA

Open mic means *anyone* can play it, ya twat.

ANDY

Aye well I've got ma t-shirts and cds for sale, the burds will be all over me man.

BRENDA

Aye well good luck an aw that, you better be home the night I need you tae take me to the Marks and Spencers in the morning

ANDY

Aye I will do maw.

The camera follows Andy flag a black hack taxi which he then dumps his guitar and bag of cds in the back, the camera then zooms in on the fare as it stops and we see Andy scramble for change.

INT. 3 Lampost bar High street Glasgow at night

We see Andy enter a slightly crowded pub with a mixed audience of middle aged woman and pensioners. He has no idea where the person

putting the gig on is, so he takes a seat and orders a pint at the bar.

ANDY

Here pal, you wouldn't be able to tell where the guy is that's putting on the open mic on the night would ye?

BARMAN

Naw sorry pal don't have a Scooby, what does he look like? wan of the regulars might know the guy.

ANDY

Awryt cool, it's just he said seven o'clock, I'm the main act playing here tonight, Andy Clarke.

BARMAN

Andy Clarke, Thee Andy Clarke (*voice getting louder and more sarcastic. Barman moves into Andy and pulls his collar close.*)

Ye better be good.

Andy turns his head slightly afraid and walks off. Andy nervously walks down the stair hauling his guitar and a big cardboard box of merchandise. He has a look at the stage which a very small and slightly raised, there are chairs and tables rammed into the corner of the room. Andy bumps into a large skinhead with tattoos on his arms and neck.

SKINHEAD

Awryt ma man you must be Andy eh?

ANDY

Aye that's me when I'm I gonna get on the mic?

SKINHEAD

Five minutes mate, you're no getting a soundcheck but, not enough time, you're late.

A singular light beams down on the centre of the stage as Andy walks up to the stage silence ensues.

ANDY

(Over mic)Awryt Glasgow how we all doing! My names Andy Clarke and I'm gonnae play ye some tunes of my new album released just in time for Summer.

An insignificant clap and cheer happens in the background.

ANDY

(In a dull monotone voice) I just wanna be with you tonight baby yeah!

Andy proceeds to struggle through his sloppy set, and we see a montage of him snapping strings and kicking around the mic stand, as more and more people leave the camera zooms into one particular seedy looking man.

ANDY

Right folks, good night cheers for being so great tonight, my albums hopefully going to be out in the next few months, hopefully.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Get aff the stage, mad Glasvegas rip off man.

ANDY

Mate, I'm the most original bit of talent in this place man, Glasvegas haven't got shit on me.

Andy proceeds to climb down from the small stage struggling to lift all of his gear at once, he looks the audience member in the eye while doing this, before a potential fight the breaks out, the small bald man that was looking at him throughout the set approaches Andy.

DOUGLAS (*Kelvinside*)

Hey you ! come here a minute, that was *quite* spectacular.

Andy spins round with a surprised look on his face and quickly runs over to the appreciative fan. They walk up to one another and shake hands.

ANDY

Awryt ma man cheers for the support, so ye enjoyed ma set then aye ? shame about those bawbags slagging me off though eh, I should go over there and silence that pr**k.

DOUGLAS

Don't worry about them my man, I can see something in you, right from the start actually, you've definitely got something about you.

ANDY

Aye? Well it's nice to know someone can notice a bit of talent. What's your name man?

DOUGLAS

(stuttering)I'm sorry, sorry I should have introduced myself. I'm Rupert Macintyre, A+R of Bingo Records, I'm on scout for new talent and I've heard Glasgow got a lot of upcoming bands.

ANDY

Aw ye serious like ? what you doing
in this dump, I'm sorry you didn't
get to see me in a better venue.

DOUGLAS

Hey man don't jump the gun haha I
just said I was *looking for new
talent*, BUT luckily for you I think
I might have found it. I can really
see something in you.