To Dream is to Live

Ву

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FADE IN:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A light breeze passes through the flowers and bushes. A wind chime TINGLES. An overly used soccer ball lies on the grass. A small soccer goal is placed at one end of the lawn.

CAMERON, 11, with striking strawberry blond hair and a charming, boyish face, walks out the patio door. He takes a quick moment to tighten the laces on his shoes.

STUART, 8, on the shorter end but uncannily resembling his older brother, follows behind Cameron as he proceeds to tighten the goalkeeper glove velcro around his wrists.

The film proceeds in SLOW MOTION:

Immediately, we hear the atmosphere of a fully packed soccer stadium slowly creeping in OVER THE SCREEN:

We hear SINGING, CHANTING, and SHOUTING. The stuff that makes the hair on your arms stand straight up.

Cameron picks up the soccer ball on the lawn and gives it a wipe. Stuart takes his place in goal, kissing a glove before touching both goal posts as a good luck superstition.

An older, articulate, English voice comes in OVER THE SCREEN:

COMMENTATOR (V.O) This is it. It's all down to this one final kick.

More singing. More chanting. More shouting. It all gets louder an louder.

Cameron places the ball carefully at his feet, before staring down his younger brother in goal, sizing him up.

> COMMENTATOR (V.O) This is how hero's are born. This is how you make the world know your name.

Stuart isn't intimidated in the slightest. He takes it all in, and looks deep into his older brother's eyes as if to say, "I will block this shot."

More singing. More chanting. More shouting. The atmosphere is as intense as ever.

COMMENTATOR (V.O) So much at stake here. If he misses, it will all be over. He has to score. He just has to score. There is no other alternative.

Cameron begins to back away from the ball, one small step after the other. He continues to stare at his brother in goal as he does, focusing intently on the monstrous task ahead of him.

Stuart begins to position himself. He watches his older brother's feet, studying them hard.

More singing. More chanting. More shouting. It's at an all time high now.

COMMENTATOR (V.O) You could cut this atmosphere with a knife. This stadium is alive. I can barely hear myself speak. Eighty-thousand people have their eyes locked on this young hopeful.

Cameron is ready to make his approach. He takes in the atmosphere around him before he does.

A SQUIRREL runs along the fence. A BIRD takes flight from a tree. A small white DOG watches the proceedings from the patio deck. It BARKS.

COMMENTATOR (V.O) He can't let anything distract him now. He must become oblivious to it all. There's just absolutely no room for error here.

Cameron begins his running approach.

Stuart's knees begin to bend. He is preparing himself for his diving save.

The singing, the chanting, and the shouting slowly begin to FADE OUT:

COMMENTATOR (V.O) This is it. The time has come. Will we have a new young hero in our midst?

Cameron gets closer and closer to the ball.

SILENCE fills the screen now.

Closer and closer. Closer and closer. Cameron is lost in his sheer concentration.

Closer and closer. Closer and closer.

Cameron begins to extend his right leg. He's on the verge of taking his shot.

The time has come. The right foot comes forward.

But, just as he does, just as his foot is all but inches away from the ball, and just as Stuart is about to make his dive...

END SLOW MOTION:

JACQUELINE (in a loud Scottish accent) Hey! You two!

Cameron, totally startled, trips over the ball and hits the ground hard. Stuart flies through the air, but with nothing to block.

They have been caught. Even the dog takes notice.

JAQUELINE, late 30's, a no-nonsense mother from the west end of Glasgow, stands just outside the patio door, in no mood for sympathy.

> JACQUELINE What an earth do you think you're doing? What I have told you two about mucking about in the garden before your supper is out? Get in inside the house. Now! If you've ruined any of my plants I swear...

She storms back inside. She has made her point.

The two boys can't believe their luck. The poor little faces tell us everthing, especially Cameron's.

His moment of magic is over.

Stuart begins to make his way back into the house, taking off his gloves as he does. He smirks at his brother as if to say... "Maybe next time."

Cameron though, takes a moment to himself as he sits on the lawn, wiping the grass off his muddy knees. He then stares ahead, at the goal in front of him, clearly sorting his thoughts.

Out of frustration, he picks up the ball and tosses it away. He isn't happy.

He slowly gets up and shuffles over to the patio door.

But, just before he enters, he turns around and takes one last look at the garden. One last look at what could have been. One last look at his lost moment. This youngster clearly has a massive dream.

The SINGING, the CHANTING, and the SHOUTING slowly begin to creep in again, OVER THE SCREEN:

COMMENTATOR (V.O) Oh yes. Maybe one day our new young hero will be born. What a player he is. What potential he has.

Cameron slides shut the patio door. He is now gone.

The atmosphere of the stadium is back to an all time high.

A light breeze passes through the flowers and bushes. A wind chime TINGLES. The soccer ball now lies in amongst some plants.

COMMENTATOR (V.O) If you want something in life, you just have to go for it. You can't let anything stand in your way. To dream...is to live.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END