

STREET LIGHTS

Written by

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Series Pilot

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SIDE # 1 for Hope & Spring

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

A well lit stage is empty. Hidden behind its partially opened curtain stands HOPE PEREZ (16) a beautiful Hispanic teenager with a chip on her shoulder, but would take a bullet for a friend, and SPRING JOHNSON (16) giddy but brilliant, a chronic "A" student. They prepare to go on stage.

HOPE
Testing one, two --

SPRING
-- Ooh la, ooh la, ooh la
(Giggles)

HOPE
What . . .what are you doing?

SPRING
Mic check, Ooh la, ooh la, ooh la

HOPE
Spring --

SPRING
If you stink you have a ooh da

Spring laughs uncontrollably at her own joke.

HOPE
Spring . . .are you done . . .can
we do this?

SPRING
(Still laughing)
Yeah, yes, okay, I'm ready.

HOPE
You sure?

SPRING
(Gathering herself)
Uh-huh, I'm good, I'm ready.

HOPE
Alright, here we go.

Both girls walk onto the stage singing the intro to Star Spangle Banner as they face one another, lifting one arm towards the curtain's opening.

SPRING
Oh say can you seeeeee

HOPE (CONT'D)
Oh say can you seeeeee

Dazzy speeds through the curtain's opening on a skateboard. The girls watch him roll by, off the stage, falling into the seating aisle.

DAZZY (O.S.)
Nothing's broken, but there's pain.
Wait, no, there's definitely pain.

SPRING
Dazzy you're gonna kill yourself,
Hope talk to him --

HOPE
(Frustrated)
-- Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.

Hope goes back stage to widen the stage curtains as Spring stands at the edge of the stage endeavoring to reason with Dazzy.

SPRING
I'm serious, Dazzy you need to let
this skateboard thing go.

Dazzy looks for the skateboard amongst the aisles.

DAZZY
I think that's the problem Spring,
I can't hold on to it, it keeps
letting me go!

Hope over hears Dazzy's comment and rushes to the front of the stage.

HOPE
See that's what I'm talking about.
It's always someone or something.
Yesterday it was the, the --

SPRING
The wind --

HOPE
That's right, it was the wind. Even
though we were inside where there
is no wind. Today it's the
skateboard's fault. Even though
the skateboard cannot think, it
does not throw you off of it.

(MORE)

HOPE (CONT'D)

It's you, it's all you, you are the problem, and now we're running out of time.

Spring goes back stage to grab her banana left over from lunch. Dazzy uses his skateboard as a cane as he walks up the stage stairs pretending to be a wounded old man. He limps over to Hope.

DAZZY

Aw, can you say that again, I don't hear too good in this ear, or is it this ear.

Hope stands staring at Dazzy then abruptly turns and walks backstage. Spring approaches Dazzy eating her banana. She plays mediator between Dazzy and Hope.

SPRING

Dazzy, Hope is upset because you may think we have time, but we don't have time, the time we had has passed, which is lost time, making it spent time, so this time, needs to be the right time, cause if we don't make time, then time will run out.

Dazzy calmly looks down at Springs banana, breaks off a small piece, puts it in his mouth, then looks up at Spring as he crews.

DAZZY

What?

Hope intervenes.

HOPE

What? What, you can't hear her either? It made perfect sense to me!

Dazzy hugs his skateboard as Hope and Spring close in on him from both sides.

SPRING

There's a lot at stake Dazzy.

HOPE

Do you think about that when you're flying around on your skateboard from hell.

SPRING

I mean, we want the grand prize
right?

HOPE

Maybe that's not important to you,
it's only \$5,000.

SPRING

Each.

HOPE

Not to mention that little thing
called a recording contract.

SPRING

We all want that right? --

SIDE TWO

EXT. FRONT OF HOPE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

MR. DIGGS, (72) the neighborhood drunk, sits on one of front stairs leading to the entrance of Hope's apartment building. As usual, he's got a bottle of liquor in a paper bag in one hand and a cigarette in the other. As Hope walks by him to enter her building she walks through a cloud of smoke from his cigarette.

HOPE

Mr. Diggs, do you have to smoke
right by the front door?

MR. DIGGS

It's my front, so that's where I
smoke. Can't please you people.
First you drive us outside to
smoke, now you wanna complain about
that.

HOPE

But it's not a smoke-free building,
so why don't you smoke in your
apartment?

MR. DIGGS

Cause I like to breathe the fresh-
air.

Mr. Diggs takes a deep breath and practically chokes to death. Hope pats him on the back as he coughs.

MR. DIGGS (CONT'D)
What are you trying to do kill me.

HOPE
I was just trying to help --

MR. DIGGS
-- By beating me to death.

Hope holds her hands up in defeat as she walks towards the front door of the building.

HOPE
This is me walking away.

Hope puts her hands down and commences to walk inside the building.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Good night Mr. Diggs.

Mr. Diggs continues to smoke and drink mumbling to himself as Hope enters the building.

MR. DIGGS
I was just sitting here minding my business, that's all I was doing.
A man can't sit outside and breathe...

INT. HOPE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hope enters the apartment and hangs up her coat while noticing that her dad, DAVID SANTOS (43) is sitting in his favorite chair staring at a blank television. She approaches him slowly.

HOPE
Papa

David does not answer or look at her.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Papa are you okay?

David continues to look at the television and hands Hope a piece of paper. Hope takes the paper from him and begins to read it.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What? . . . How did you get this?

David finally looks at Hope and laughs incredulously.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Papa this was private.

DAVID

Was it Hope, was it private?
That's what you have to say to me.
I find out that you . . . I don't
know what to call this.

David gets out of his chair and snatches the paper back from Hope.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What is this? Tell me what this is
Hope.

HOPE

Its from my Pal Net page.

DAVID

I know where it came from. What
does your friend Dazzy think of
this huh? Does he know?

HOPE

Dazzy? . . . What? Papa I was just
messaging around.

DAVID

Aaah, its just you messaging around.
Am I suppose to feel good that this
is what you call "messaging around?"
To you that makes this right?

HOPE

Papa, it's not that serious.

DAVID

Oh no niñita, this is very serious.

David looks away from Hope and looks down while rubbing his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If your mother were here . . . I
don't understand you.

Hope looks at her Dad endeavoring not to cry when the PHONE RINGS. The two of them stand staring at one another as the phone continues to ring.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well are you going to answer your phone?

HOPE

That's your phone.

David turns and heads to his bedroom to answer his phone.

DAVID

You got me so upset I don't know what I'm doing.

CONTINUOUS - BEDROOM

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ola . . . Hello, I meant to call you back earlier . . .

David continues to talk on the phone, slowly closing his bedroom door while sternly looking at Hope.

DAVID (WHILE CLOSING DOOR) (CONT'D)

So, what time tomorrow?

Hope stands alone in the living room, finally releasing her tears.