

STREET LIGHTS

Written by

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OVER BLACK

DUSTER (V.O)

People are gonna get hurt. Hurt really, *really* bad. A lot of them don't deserve it. But, Goddamn, a lot of them do. They really do.

FADE IN:

EXT. QUIET ROAD - NIGHT

The odd tire screech, dog barking and car alarm can be heard in the distance. We watch a BLACK SUDAN glide from the traffic and move down a dark alley.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The car barely fits between the graffitied brick walls as it drives slowly to the very end before coming to a stop.

INT. BLACK SUDAN - NIGHT

MARK, a young man in classy clothing sits nervously in the passenger seat. A woman sits behind the wheel, but her face is shrouded by shadows.

MARK

What the hell are you doing? Do you remember what day it is?

(taps wedding ring)

Our *special* day?

The driver stays silent. Mark slumps into his seat, beaten.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

MARK (O.S)

(annoyed)

Fine. This is just as romantic--

BOOM!

A flash of white fills the car and the sound of a GUNSHOT pierces the cold air.

CUT TO:

INT. DUSTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There's a MAN sat on a worn-out couch, wearing a duster coat and watching the smoke rise from his burning cigarette as he stares at his black TV screen.

We'll call him DUSTER.

Piles of dirty clothes gather in piles around the run-down apartment room. Rotten floorboards and peeling wallpaper surround this slob, the heavy bags under his eyes almost reaching his stubble.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Someone's at the door.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

JANE, a young woman with short, dirty blond hair and BROKEN AVIATORS stands impatiently at the entrance, which slowly creaks open.

Her leather jacket is tattered and scruffy with specks of blood on it. Her heavy panting is the only thing that disrupts the eerie silence that hangs in the hallway.

Duster's head emerges from the room and looks both ways before speaking.

DUSTER

Coffee?

INT. DUSTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jane shoves past Duster and into his apartment, where she pulls a BROWN ENVELOPE out of her pocket and throws it onto the couch, before turning around and marching over to Duster.

JANE

(upset)

There's you're Goddamn photos.

She pushes Duster into the wall and tries to charge out into the hallway. He catches her and holds her in a tight embrace as she begins sobbing into his shoulder. Her cries seem almost regretful.

JANE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

No! No! No--

DUSTER

Shhh, it's okay... it's alright...

He hugs her warmly, trying to calm her down.

FADE OUT:

We hear the COOL TUNE of SYNTHWAVE MUSIC.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The credits appear over the Los Angeles skyline as the sun descends behind the buildings.

Once the credits are finished, the number "1991" appears on the screen before we...

FADE TO:

EXT. DUSTER'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Duster and Jane stand on the wooden deck of his apartment's balcony, which hangs high over a busy street. They both watch the smoke rise from the ends of their cigarettes and into the night sky.

DUSTER

You wanted him dead too y'know.

Jane takes a drag from her cigarette before answering, taking her time.

JANE

Yeah, I know.

DUSTER

Did anyone see you?

JANE

We'll soon find out.

DUSTER

They'll come for you either way.

JANE

I hope they do.

Their hands rest on the rail, and Duster's slowly creeps onto Jane's. They look at each other and he gives an unsure smile.

DUSTER

At least you won't be alone.

She quickly pulls away her hand, annoyed by his tone. Her face is still red from her crying.

JANE

Oh, drop the 'knight in shining armour' act.

Jane's attitude startles Duster.

DUSTER

I'm just saying--

She flicks her cigarette into the night air, where it disappears in the dark as it tumbles to Earth.

JANE

I know exactly what you're saying.

Jane turns around and goes back into the apartment. Duster flicks away his cigarette and follows her.

INT. DUSTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moonlight floods in through the window blinds and onto the cheap shagpile carpet, where numerous stains are as common as the piles of pizza boxes that are scattered lazily across the apartment.

DUSTER

Jane...

JANE

And that's another thing! I do your own dirty work and you won't even tell me your name!

DUSTER

Now that's unfair! You know I can't tell you or you'd be in danger--

RING! RING! RING!

Duster looks over to a small wooden table shoved in the corner, where a blue ROTARY TELEPHONE sits.

He marches over to the noise as Jane continues her rant.

JANE

Stop with the clichés! Don't you think I'm in danger already? The Sicilian mob or something is after me!

DUSTER

We've angered the Reynolds, not the Corleone family for Chrissake!

JANE

Oh, what's the Goddamn difference?

DUSTER

The difference is that one is a fictional Mafia family, and the others are wannabe gangsters.

(beat)

And you've just killed their Vito.

He lifts the receiver to his ear, watching an angry Jane as he does.

DUSTER (CONT'D)
(over phone)
Hello?

CALLER (O.S)
Wrong number.

The caller hangs up. A look of horror crosses Duster's face, and Jane notices.

JANE
What's wrong?

Duster slams the phone down and rushes over to the door.

DUSTER
They know you're here.

JANE
(shocked)
How?

Duster ensures the entrance is locked, before moving to the windows and pulling the blinds closed.

DUSTER
They must have seen you.

JANE
But there was no-one there!

DUSTER
Then they must have already been suspicious of you.

JANE
But I made sure!

DUSTER
Then I don't know Jane.

JANE
Do you think they are in the building?

He snaps at the constant barrage of questions.

DUSTER
I don't know Jane! Let me just get my crystal ball out and take a look! Jesus Christ!

Jane just stands there, silent as she watches Duster walk into the BATHROOM.

We can hear crashing noises from inside the bathroom and it's evident that Duster is moving things around. He shouts to Jane.

DUSTER (O.S)
Don't just stand there, check your gun or something!

JANE
(confused)
What?

DUSTER (O.S)
Check if there's any ammo left!

JANE
I don't have it on me, I left it when I shot Mark.

An awkward silence floods the apartment and Duster reappears.

DUSTER
(quietly)
What? You left it there?

Jane stays quiet.

DUSTER (CONT'D)
Oh my God Jane! Not only are every single one of the Reynolds on their way, but the police are gonna join in as well.

JANE
(upset)
I'm sorry, okay?

Her face becomes splotchy and red as she tries to hold back the tears.

DUSTER
Oh, don't play the 'damsel in distress' with me. I doubt you can even feel emotion

Jane drops the crying and goes ballistic.

JANE
(shouting)
You're just a low-life cretin who gets paid to knock off other low-life cretins!

Duster laughs and sarcastically opens his arms.

DUSTER
Welcome to the family!

JANE

And what the hell is that supposed to mean?

DUSTER

I'm not the only killer in this room.

JANE

(scoffs)

You've killed dozens of people, I've only killed one and he was a bad guy!

Duster quickly strides over to Jane and grabs her by the arms, fighting her struggle to escape before he calmly speaks to her.

DUSTER

We're all the bad guys. You and me... we're not gonna ride off into the sunset together, we're gonna die in this very room. It'll be amazing if we see the sun. So, instead of moping about, grab a gun, a knife, a spoon, whatever it takes and get ready. Okay?

JANE

Okay.

FADE OUT.

THE END