

THE RETURN

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. APARTMENT - MIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

MIKE, 17, tall, skinny and handsome stands at a full length mirror inside his small messy bedroom.

He's dressed in shorts and a long loose T-shirt. From his phone a simple grime beat plays.

He grips his hand closed and keeps it in front of his mouth as if he's holding onto a microphone.

He takes down a few deep breathes then tries a few lyrics but stumbles and stutters over them.

It's not coming out right. Getting frustrated he gives up.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Mike sits up at the table with his DAD, 40, a little overweight with a couple cheap looking tattoos on his right arm.

DAD

Are you coming with me today?

MIKE

I'm not signing onto the fucking dole dad. I'm better than that.

DAD

You're better than me?

Mike shakes his head, that's not what he meant.

MIKE

You could get a job if you wanted one.

DAD

And what about you?

MIKE

I'm going to make it.

DAD

Make it, make what?

MIKE

Music.

DAD

Give it up Mike, or at least don't ask me to sit back and watch you continue making a fucking fool out of yourself.

EXT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

LUCY, 17, slim, pretty with long red straightened hair comes out of the music store with a large flyer in hand, it's advertising a music competition of some kind.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Lucy sits on a park bench with her BOYFRIEND, 18, short cut hair and glasses.

He has an arm around her, kissing at her neck.

She's not enjoying it.

Mike appears in front of them.

MIKE

Hey, you two good?

Lucy shrugs her boyfriend off her, they both then smile and nod and Mike.

LUCY

Hey.

MIKE

You wanted me for something?

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

The three of them are walking along the parks footpath together.

Mike's now holding onto the flyer, reading it.

LUCY

You should enter it, it's five hundred pounds for winning.

Mike smiles, a laugh escapes.

MIKE

What is this?

She's annoyed.

LUCY

Don't laugh at me alright. If you really want this you need to just go for it.

Mike isn't so sure.

EXT. APARTMENT - MIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mike sits on the edge of his bed with Lucy.

He still has the flyer in hand.

MIKE

I don't think I can do this.

LUCY

Why not?

MIKE

What if I'm not good enough?

LUCY

Then you won't win.

MIKE

For fucks sake.

LUCY

What's wrong?

MIKE

I don't know what's wrong with me.

LUCY

It's happening today, and the worst thing that can happen is that you don't try. Come on Mike. Don't give up on me now. That's not fair.

MIKE

Why do you care so much?

LUCY

Maybe because I like you.

He smiles.

MIKE

Does you're boyfriend know that?

She's not impressed.

LUCY

Maybe you're not the only person
who's looking to change things in
their life.

Mike leans over to kiss her. She pulls back, doesn't let him.

It's awkward.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mike and Lucy walk along this empty city street together,
keeping close.

He looks across at her.

MIKE

I think I like you too.

LUCY

Then prove it.

MIKE

How?

LUCY

Do what you've spent the last
couple of years talking no stop
about.

MIKE

And what's that?

LUCY

Go for your dream.

MIKE

I can't do it, I've tried. I get
too scared. I can't even do it
alone in my bedroom. I've been
writing lyrics for the last five
years and I just get choked up.

LUCY

What's the point in doing it alone?

MIKE

To try and see if I'm good enough.

LUCY

You are.

MIKE

How do you know?

LUCY

I heard you once in school. You thought you were alone but I was there too. You just didn't see me. I heard you and I want others to hear you too. You can do this. Don't let me regret believing in you Mike.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Mike stands within a huge group of other teenage boys and girls, all gathered up in a circle around a grime MC. Loud music is playing as he raps to the beat.

Mike fights his way through, making his way closer, watching the MC opened mouthed in awe.

He continues pushing as the MC continues rapping.

He looks over his shoulder and see's Lucy watching him, nodding her head to the beat silently willing him to do it.

Mike's now at the side of the MC, holds his hand out waiting for his chance.

The MC stops, it's now or never.

Mike reaches out and rips the microphone from him, moving effortlessly into his own rhythms, rapping with skill and ease. Those all around him now turning to focus their attention onto him.

Bobbing their heads as he takes over.

Mike's nervous, not perfect but he's fighting through it.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Lucy's sitting up on the wall with Mike standing in front of her.

He's full of energy, excited, smiling.

He reaches up to her taking her hands.

MIKE

Thank you.

She shakes her head.

LUCY
No, don't say that to me. That was
all you.

MIKE
But you made me.

LUCY
I didn't make you write those
lyrics, I didn't make you move to
the mic and I didn't make you have
the talent.

He laughs.

MIKE
But I wouldn't have done it without
you.

She laughs back at him.

LUCY
You mean that?

MIKE
Of course.

They then come together, slowly, Lucy leaning down to him and
Mike rising up to her.

They kiss.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END