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 f**k’s 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 your 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