

Lights Off

Written By

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STACY, 16 years old, male or female (but will be referred to as his for the sake of ease), is sleeping. The bed is messy, the room unorganized but empty, STACY is tossing and turning in his sleep. In the background is a low ambience of the highway, racing in the distance. STACY's phone is charging on the night stand, his hair all over the place, it is clear that he is not having sound sleep.

We linger on this image for a little bit, as if we're eavesdropping, the ambience slowly getting louder and louder. STACY's phone goes off, yet we continue to stay on this image as STACY slowly begins to awaken, tossing around, pushing the blankets aside, slowly opening his eyes and looking up at the blank ceiling, all the while the sound of the highway is progressively getting louder.

STACY sits up looks at his phone and puts his face in his hands. He lays back down and tries to go back to sleep. He tosses and turns for a few seconds, trying to get comfortable but decides to set back up. He reaches for the night stand and grabs his keys, bumping into a few things in the process.

STACY is driving, the night lights passing by. He is wearing some type of iconic jacket, as all get-away drivers need to have, and is going pretty fast. His face isn't very focused however, but instead released into a blank paranoia. STACY continuously looks over his shoulder, even though he knows there are no cars remotely out this late.

He pulls off the feeder road and onto a smaller road. He flies down this and makes an intense turn onto another road. There he sees another car with two TEENAGE BOYS inside, playing loud music. He drives up to them and keeps up to speed. One of the boys rolls down the window and flicks STACY off. STACY knods his head cockily, challenging the kid, slowly picking up speed. The boys accept and take their car up to speed too.

STACY steps on the gas even more, yet does so to prompt the kids. They both pick up speed and eventually are going full speed, flying past the suburban street lights. The boys hit the gas even farther and barely pull in front of STACY, straddling both lanes to make it impossible to move forward.

The boys pull out the middle finger again and go faster. STACY peaks around the truck and tails as much as possible for a few seconds. The truck speeds up even more but suddenly STACY hits the breaks sharply, causing a large

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squeal of rubber. The truck goes forward at massive speed but as he passes an intersection, a cop pulls forward with his lights on. STACY smiles, proud of his trickery and stops the car fully. He slams the car into reverse for a few feet and pulls into a neighborhood, speeding off.

3

EXT A HANGOUT SPOT - DAY

3

CLYDE, 16, male, relaxed and naturally charismatic, CARTER, 16, male, stern and serious, and STACY are sitting at their hang out-spot, in heated discussion. CLYDE is smiling, as is natural for him. STACY is quieter, unfocused while CARTER is dominating the conversation.

CARTER

We need fucking money.

BEAT. We see CLYDE & STACY's reaction to this.

CLYDE

(Mimic)

So does fucking everyone.

CARTER

Smart answer Clyde, you can be the first to get shot.

CLYDE

You act like that's a bad thing.

CLYDE chuckles to his own joke.

CARTER

We'll use your life insurance to pay off our debt.

CLYDE chuckles at CARTER's aggressiveness while STACY snaps out of his bemusement.

STACY

We'll sell more Molly-

CARTER

Fuck, these kids think anything past weed is poison. Good luck.

STACY

What's your solution, smartass?

CLYDE

(Lazy interjection)

Fuck 'em, we'll talk 'em down. Do you really think they're gonna' kill us over \$2000.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER  
Of fucking course.

STACY  
(Stern)  
Answer my question Carter, what's  
your solution?

BEAT. CARTER thinks his answer thorough.

CARTER  
Quick cash. Easy money.

CLYDE  
Like a loan-

CARTER  
(To CLYDE)  
We're 16.  
(To STACY)  
Look Stacy, we just need to find  
some job that can pay us back in 1  
week. We owe \$2000 and he said  
he'll take \$1500 minimum.

STACY  
(Sarcastic)  
Yeah I heard \$1500 makes for some  
pretty easy money. What're we gonna  
do?

The group looks at each other, unsure. STACY is looking over his shoulder, CLYDE with his sunglasses down, revealing his peering eyes, CARTER hunched forward, leg bouncing.

CARTER  
(Slow & Unsure)  
We need to do something drastic.

CLYDE and STACY look towards CARTER curiously, yet also with concern.

CARTER (CONT.)  
We need to hold someone up.

STACY  
**No**, that's a crime we can actually  
get caught for.

CARTER  
Feel free to get shot by a pissed  
off Stacy.

BEAT. Everyone is still unsure.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

Holding someone up won't get us  
\$1500.

CARTER

So we go a step further.

CLYDE

Where are you going with this?

CARTER

Look, there's small business's all  
around the area.

STACY

(Denying the proposition)  
That's fucking nuts.

CARTER

What are we going to do then?

CARTER and STACY's eyes are locked. STACY is significantly uncomfortable with the suggestion, but knows the consequences ahead. His eyes flicker to the ground and back up.

CARTER (CONT.)

We have no other options.

STACY

Fuck it.

4

EXT A PARKING LOT - NIGHT

4

STACY is walking in the parking lot, alone, his keys dangling from his hands. He locks his car and turns direction toward another car, the get away car. The grimy setting of the backlot glows with a dirt green sheen, trash floating around, a flickering light, the sounds of different insects and amphibians ringing from a nearby drainage ditch.

As STACY approaches the get away car, CARTER opens the door for him and slides into the back seat, the car is already running. STACY slides into the car and gets settled, buckling his seatbelt, adjusts the mirrors with precision, leans the seat into ideal position. He hits the gas and listens to the engine. He makes a few other adjustments and slides the car into reverse, smoothly pulling out of the parking space.

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CARTER and CLYDE look at each other with the concern slowly easing away. STACY jerks the car into drive and hits the gas, easing through the parking lot. He begins to approach a stop sign and looks as if he's going to blow right past it, but stops suddenly.

CARTER

Shit man.

STACY ignores the slight shock and presses forward.

5 INT THE GET AWAY CAR / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

5

The trio is flying through a small background, the lights of a shopping center ahead. STACY speeds up and approaches it. He breaks and pops into the back of the shopping center, smoothly breaking into the planned out parking space. He unlocks the car and CARTER takes a deep breath.

CLYDE flashes a quick smile and pops on his baseball cap and sunglasses. CARTER does the same, without the smile. He takes another breath and pushes open the door, CLYDE slides out after him. CARTER looks toward STACY and nods, STACY gives an uneasy smile. CARTER and CLYDE jog over to the back and open the door. STACY watches, rigid, poised to zoom off at anytime.

For a little bit, we have total silence aside from a dreadful ambience that progressively gets louder. STACY is uneasy, his arm shaking, he begins to look around. The dread continues and we hear some yelling inside. STACY peers curiously. We wait in suspense for a few moments more until CARTER and CLYDE run out of the building like gazelles, a big duffel bag in each hand.

The two jerk open the car doors and slam inside, CARTER gets caught on the door but powers through it, cutting himself. They slam the doors shut and STACY slams on the gas, but the car doesn't move forward, it's in park. STACY quickly shoves it into drive and zooms out of the parking space, just as a man comes running out to intercept them, a phone in his hand.

6 INT THE GET AWAY CAR / BACK ROAD - NIGHT

6

They pull back onto the back-road and begin to speed away, the shopping center behind them. CARTER is breathing heavily and CLYDE looks slightly uneasy, but it appears they pulled off the robbery. CLYDE begins to pull off his sunglasses but CARTER holds out his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Just in case.

STACY flies down the road, it being completely empty. They zoom past the blackness in silence, the sound of a siren creeping slowly into the airspace. STACY steps on it some more, the roar of the reverberating, fighting against the tension and glue of the situation.

As STACY continues to driver forward, we see a flash of red and blue lights turning from another street up ahead, barreling towards them. STACY quickly flicks off the lights and turns sharply into a neighborhood street.

7

INT THE GET AWAY CAR / NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

7

STACY zooms forward and turns into another street of the neighborhood. CLYDE and CARTER hold on tightly as STACY eases through the packed streets. He hears the sirens coming closer and quickly slides into a driveway. He waits there and STACY motions for everyone to get down. They all comply and soon everyone is sulked to the very bottom.

The siren is now blaring as a cop car flies by, the lights sharply illuminating the cabin. CARTER lets out a sharp, shaky breath. The cop car doesn't stop. STACY sighs with relief. CLYDE chuckles. STACY sits up and observes. He begins to pull out and checks the rearview mirror.

STACY

Fuck.

CARTER looks back.

STACY (CONT.)

We've got another one.

STACY flies out of the driveway and moves forward, towards the first squad car. He hits the gas, attempting to escape the trailing patrol car that's scanning the streets.

STACY, lights off, slips through the cars, trying to draw less attention, pulling in front of cars and everything, trailing slowly behind the ahead cop car. CARTER is looking faint in the back seat, barely able to hold on, CLYDE is on edge. STACY is unfocused and slides off, hitting another car and causing a large scraping sound, catching the attention of the cop. STACY zooms down a road, escaping the police car and makes it out onto another street.

8 INT THE GET AWAY CAR / A BUSY ROAD - NIGHT

8

STACY and company fly out of the neighborhood, blending in with the other cars on the street, weaving through traffic. He runs a red light, causing some honking but continues with the police lights behind him. However, STACY is bogged down by all the traffic.

STACY

FUCK!

STACY pulls onto a parking lot, flying past all the cars and store lights. He gets onto another road, pulling in front of one angry car who keeps honking over and over. STACY looks back, only for the car to hit a massive speed bump and the car hitting a low pressure light. This jolts CARTER.

STACY

DAMNIT

CARTER

What the hell?!

STACY speeds it up, neglecting the weary tire and continuing on. Eventually he breaks out of the parking lot and the cop is right behind him. He zooms forward but takes a sharp turn around, the cop going right past him. STACY takes advantage of this and flies forward, getting past the cop car.

The car makes it down the street, the lights glowing behind, the cop growing farther and farther in distance.

STACY puts the pedal to the floor as he barrels down the open road. He is glowing, the neon signs and flashy lights fighting for attention as the three drive past it. CARTER grips the seat tightly.

It appears as if they escape. STACY lets out a breath of fresh air. The lights fade, the sirens soften. The city lights glow, painting a beautiful background. It is somehow relaxing now. CARTER is still wide-eyed while CARTER starts smiling.

CLYDE

We fucking got them.

9 INT THE GET AWAY CAR / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

9

STACY pulls into the parking lot calmly. They abruptly stop and get out of the car. There is sirens wailing nearby, so they are cautious. They stop there and look around and confirm that they're good.

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They open the car doors and get out. They are smiling, CARTER is still breathing heavily. They wipe down everything in the car, clear it of all remains. They do so in a not a complete hurry, as their naive thinking draws them into believing that they are safe.

CLYDE  
(smiling)  
Mission success boys.

Afterwards, they jog over to STACY's actual car and begin to get in. They throw the bag in and take off their disguises. CARTER is shaking and STACY pulls out his phone. STACY looks off to the highway as the phone rings, he gets a voicemail. He calls again.

While STACY attempts to call the person who's supposed to pick up the money, CARTER is shaking his shoulder, telling him to go, however STACY is unfocused and not paying attention.

STACY  
(Annoyed)  
Hold on a fucking second!

CARTER jerks STACY to look at the approaching police. STACY does, dropping the phone and starting the car. He zooms forward, but a police car is blocking the way, so they tear out, running away, the bag in hand.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
(Commanding)  
Stop right there!

The boys look at each other and decide to ignore the order, sprinting to the nearest alleyway. The police begin to pursue.

10 EXT THE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

10

The boys sprint away, running for their lives. CARTER drops the bag and STACY slides by and yanks it, sliding the bag over his shoulders. The kids are pounding the pavement, their breathing laborious.

They make their way into a flurry of cars, splitting up. CARTER is hiding behind an SUV and the pounding of footsteps is heard around him. He slides under the car, hoping to remain unnoticed. CLYDE runs off, ducking low and running between cars. STACY is more calculated, flashing by a car, laying low, the footsteps each causing a jolt to run through the audiences bodies.

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The footsteps and yells of the police grow significantly louder as CLYDE waits between two cars. He is ducking, ready to jump at anytime. A flashlight shines around and CLYDE backs away. He manages to duck away right as a flashlight reaches him.

STACY peaks up and makes a run for it, analyzing each element of his escape. He sees a flashlight turn his way and ducks, then proceeding to move towards another group of cars.

CARTER is in the parking lot, hiding beneath a car. A pair of boots walk by and CARTER holds his breath. This pair passes by quickly but another follows, lingering more.

POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.S.)

Where the fuck...

CUT TO STACY making it across the parking lot, having a good overlook of the action. He looks around, waiting for one of his friends to turn up.

CLYDE is sneaking by. He eventually gets to the edge of the parking lot and sees STACY. STACY looks around and motions CARTER to come while the police are occupied. CARTER complies and makes it to the alleyway successfully.

CARTER waits, silent. He hears nothing and begins to slide around, getting out from beneath the car. As he does, we can hear the excruciating scraping sound of fabric against concrete but CARTER makes it out from under there. Then we here a click and cut.

CLYDE and STACY wait but can't see anything.

STACY

I don't think he made it.

CLYDE

You sure.

STACY

(Frustrated)

We can't risk this.

CLYDE

Stacy, we can't go without him.

STACY and CLYDE look at each other, conflicting. CLYDE makes a disapproving look but concedes and the two run off, leaving CARTER behind.

11 EXT BEHIND A BUILDING - NIGHT

11

CLYDE and STACY run side by side, out of breath. CLYDE stops for a second but STACY urges him on, pulling him away. Sirens are heard again and so are footsteps. They push forward, desperate, exhausted. They zip around a corner and end up against some flashlights. They turn back around and run a different direction.

The two sprint, their hair a mess, tears running down their eyes. CLYDE collapses and STACY drags him along. He coaxes him up and they continue, yelling closing in. They struggle on but CLYDE is convulsing. They make it to another corner of the building but CLYDE is slammed into a while but STACY continues.

STACY runs, runs and runs more, leaving everything behind. Not only his two friends, but his innocence. His vision is blurry, his ears ringing, everything messy, but he is able to keep going.

STACY finds himself on a college campus, the lights dimly illuminating his face. He sits down, weak, heavy, defeated, the bag dropping from his hand. He lays down on a bench, dim light illuminating his face. It looks like the end but we look around and see there is nobody around him. He is safe, and he collapses.

12 INT STACY'S ROOM - NIGHT

12

STACY is asleep, the bag of money empty next to his bed. The ambience from the opening image is ringing in the background. Slowly, STACY awakens and rises from bed. He looks at his phone and opens his laptop, refreshing his twitter feed. With this happening, he scrolls around and comes upon a headline reading "Hunt is still out for third suspect of local robbery". He closes it, wide-eyed and scared. His room is more organized, still empty though. He reaches for his keys, ready to drive, and no sound is made as he exits the room.