

# Streets of Amber

by  
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An unfinished Script

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL DINER - MORNING

Less than a dozen people inhabit the diner as the sun breaks over the horizon, sending its rays sluggishly through the smoke of morning cigarettes. Most of these patrons have little more in front of them than a cup of coffee and no one is indulging in conversation at this early hour.

Sitting at the counter with full breakfasts in front of them are a middle-aged, uniformed police officer and a boy of about thirteen. Both are a bit dirty with bags under their eyes. The officer idly scratches his five o'clock shadow and, looking at the boy, solemnly rustles the boy's short hair.

Above them is a chalkboard informing the customers as to what Wednesday's breakfast specials are.

A man in the back coughs on his cigarette and downs the last of his coffee. At the table behind him a fat man in a wrinkled business suit hurriedly eats his bacon and eggs. In the far corner an old woman cradling a cup of coffee fights to keep from dozing off. Finally, back at the counter, the police officer, FRANK, is sitting alone. He is now clean shaven and, though his eyes droop a bit, there are no bags under them.

The chalkboard above his head informs customers as to what Tuesday's breakfast specials are.

Frank finishes up his breakfast and throws a couple dollars on the counter as he stands. He waves to the waitress.

FRANK

Good night, Sharon. You have a good one.

SHARON

You too, hon. Sleep well.

Frank makes his way out and drives off in his police cruiser.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT as Frank parks his cruiser and goes up to his apartment.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Frank enters the apartment, a small one bedroom walk-up. Clothes make their home upon the floor in various places and there is a stack of dishes in the sink. On the walls are various framed certificates of achievement and photos of him alongside a pretty blonde woman about his age and a much younger blonde woman. He pushes a button on his phone that mechanically informs him that he has no messages.

He turns as he hears a loud MEOW behind him. He kneels down and pets his cat, who is rubbing against his leg.

FRANK

Hey there, Johnson. You didn't throw a party while I was at work did you?

Johnson answers with a timid meow as Frank stands back up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well, next time make sure you clean up after your friends, okay?

Frank grunts as Johnson pads off to a random resting place without a reply.

Going back into the bedroom, Franks steps over a pile of clothes to get to the closet, where he gingerly hangs his uniform as he undresses for bed.

Climbing into bed, Frank takes note of the clock; 7:08am. He closes his eyes

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

A school bus pulls into the line with all the others and, as the doors open, students begin to pour out. Among them is SCOTT, the boy from the diner.

He walks off and immediately goes over to two boys standing and talking to a girl. They are JASON, TODD, and KELLY.

SCOTT

What's up, guys?

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CONTINUED:

The three tilt their heads in the direction of a tall man in a suit and tie who is looking directly at them.

JASON

Mr. Bradley's watching us like a hawk, man.

KELLY

He's a dick.

SCOTT

Dude, we have to skip now.

TODD

He knows we're going to, though.

SCOTT

So what? I say we skip just because he thinks he's gonna stop us.

The other three nod their assent and begin to walk away from Mr. Bradley, who follows them.

The kids walk in between some portable classrooms turning corners here and there and throwing glances over their shoulders. They turn one last corner and see the street up ahead. Jason looks back.

JASON

We lost him, man. Let's go.

As they take a collective step forward, Mr. Bradley steps out in front of them.

MR. BRADLEY

I think you kids better get to your classes before I write you up.

Jason, being in the front of the group, speaks up.

JASON

Eat a big one.

Jason continues to walk forward, right past Mr. Bradley. After a moment's reflection, the others follow suit. Mr. Bradley holds a hand out in front of Jason, who is still advancing.

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JASON (CONT'D)

You can't touch me.

MR. BRADLEY

Excuse me, young man, but I'm the Vice  
Principal and--

SCOTT

No, he's right. It's against the law for  
you to touch a student.

KELLY

Yeah. Saw it on TV.

Todd nods, looking a little uncertain.

MR. BRADLEY

If you kids set foot off this campus,  
you'll all be suspended.

SCOTT

Good. Save us the trouble of skipping.

The Foursome laugh and walk off campus, giving Mr. Bradley  
"the finger" as soon as they set foot across the street.

As they give Mr. Bradley "the finger," he lifts a walkie-  
talkie to his mouth.

JASON

Shit, he's calling the SRO!

The four, as one, run off as quickly as their legs will carry  
them.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The children come to a rest, laughing and panting, their  
hands on their knees while they catch their breath.

SCOTT

I told you he wouldn't stop us.

They start walking now, in no hurry, when a police car pulls  
around the corner ahead of them.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Shit!

The kids turn and run through someone's yard and between two  
houses, hardly even risking glances over their shoulders.

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They zig-zag through a few blocks like this and, turning a corner, see a police car turning down the street toward them. They turn around to run back and see the other police car on the other side of the block, leaving them only one option.

TODD  
Two of them?

Jason looks at them from the top of a picket fence.

JASON  
Just climb, stupid!

They all jump the fence and, running across the yard, jump the next fence.

Then they spot their savior; a rusty, decrepid tool shed. They squeeze their way in through an opening at the bottom of the chained doors.

INT. TOOL SHED - MOMENTS LATER

The inside of the shed is very dark, some tools highlighted by dots of light shining in through holes that have rusted through the thin metallic walls and ceiling.

The group's panting can be heard in the darkness and, after a few moments, footsteps in the grass outside the shed become evident.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
They came this way, I saw them jump the fence.

COP #2 (O.S.)  
I'll check the next yard over, you check that shed.

TODD  
(whispering)  
Crap!

The shed door rattles loudly. The children sit in silence.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
It's locked. I'm going to check around front.

The officer's footsteps fade into the distance and the children sit in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOOL SHED - CONTINUOUS

There is no movement except for the slight rustling of leaves on trees as the wind blows lazily through them.

CUT TO:

INT. TOOL SHED - CONTINUOUS

The children sit silent for another few seconds until, finally, Kelly leans over and pulls the bottom of the door back, revealing the gap they had come in through.

KELLY

I don't see them.

She looks back at the others.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The kids cautiously peek around the corner of a house. The street is empty. They come out. Exchanging knowing glances, they casually walk out, grinning all the while.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The four kids walk down the road without so much as a glance behind them. A cop car passes them on the road, but they pay it no mind and it does not slow or seem to notice them.

KELLY

So what are we going to do? This is boring.

TODD

Better than school, isn't it?

KELLY

But I'm hungry.

SCOTT

There's a Burger King right up the road. We'll go there.

KELLY

Yeah, that's a great idea! Oh, wait, we don't have any money, do we? Looks like you didn't think that one out too well.

Scott sighs.

SCOTT

I have money. Enough to get us all a burger, anyway.

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Jason quickens his pace, stepping ahead of the group.

JASON

What are we waiting for, then?

INT. BURGER KING - DAY

Todd, Scott and Kelly munch on fry or burger, taking occasional sips of milk shake as they listen to Jason, with a burger in a hand that gestures with wide movements, relating a story.

JASON

...and I look down, and the guy's running back the way he came. So I run over to the edge of the parking garage to see where he's running to, and I don't see him anywhere! So I was like 'this guy's gonna come kill us or something,' and I look at Josh and I said "We gotta run...now." And for once in his life he listened and we ran down the stairs on the other side. Okay, so we get halfway down and we see this group of eight guys running through the garage and we were just like, 'oh, shit.' Then one of them stops and yells, "there they are" so we took off, running down the stairs as fast as we could and they led to this little alley...and a wall.

SCOTT

Oh, shit!

JASON

So we were trapped. So Josh, he picks up this rod that was leaning there and I picked up a pole and when the guys came around the corner, we wailed into them. We got about five of them and the other three just bolted. I tell you, after that, no one in that area fucked with us again.

Jason leans back, taking a casual bite out of his burger. For a moment, the other three remain silent until Scott speaks up.

SCOTT

That's awesome.

TODD

That's bullshit.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KELLY

Yeah, I could even kick Josh's ass.

TODD

She could kick your ass too, Jason. You didn't beat up five guys.