

HOPEFULS

"STAR STRUCK"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BBB'S CELLAR CAFE - NIGHT (MAY 1932)

A decrepit narrow storefront on a dark desolate street.
Three B's roughly carved into a distressed door.

Across the way in an alley, A BEAT COP hides in the shadows
as a pair of slender, stocking covered legs hurry past him.

He watches JUDITH(17), a conservatively dressed blond, cross
the street and duck into BBB's.

INT. BBB'S CELLAR CAFE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The sound of PIANO MUSIC and a VOICE grows louder as Judith
creeps down a narrow flight of stairs.

SHERRY TART(O.S.)
*My boyfriend is a pirate, he sails
the seven seas. And when this
sailor blows the man down. OH!
You know he's sure to please.*

INT. BBB'S CELLAR CAFE - NIGHT

In a smoke filled cafe, on a dime sized dance floor, SHERRY
TART(40) dazzles as he performs. A large man flamboyantly
dressed as a women.

SHERRY TART
*He always shares his plunder, his
treasure, and his heart. But
honestly, I must confess, that
ain't my favorite part.*

The audience laughs, they love Sherry.

A worn POSTER - "Boys Will Be Girls", hangs near the
entrance.

Judith slinks in. She peers through the crowd looking for
someone.

SHERRY TART (CONT'D)
*He's got the cutest dimples, four
 to be precise. And though the ones
 upon his face are really rather
 nice.*

JUDITH
 Excuse me.

A drunk CROSSDRESSER stumbles spilling their drink on
 Judith's blouse.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
 Oh my gosh...Is that?

Judith gawks at her shirt.

CROSSDRESSER
 Hooch, moonshine. Juice to make
 you loose.

JUDITH
 What happened to Prohibition?

CROSSDRESSER
 Don't exist down here darlin'.

He laughs daintily patting her breast with a frilly
 handkerchief. Judith pulls away in protest.

CROSSDRESSER (CONT'D)
 Knew you were a bluenose.

JUDITH
 A what?

The Crossdresser ignores her and drinks the last bit of
 whiskey from their glass.

SHERRY TART(O.S.)
*It's the ones he's hidden down
 below that set my ship a sail. And
 when he starts to reel me in.
 Ohhh, how this fish does wail.*

Judith gazes at the Crossdresser with curiosity.

JUDITH
 I'm looking for Frankie Osgood?
 Have you seen her?

CROSSDRESSER
 No one sees nothing down here.

SHERRY TART

*His boom has never failed him.
He's gifted, you should know.*

CROSSDRESSER

Hahaha. Now that's something you
can see.

The Crossdresser lifts their skirt flashing Judith.
Embarrassed, Judith turns and trips over her own feet,
falling to the floor.

Nearby patrons burst out laughing.

A tiny wooden gavel SMACKS against the wall followed by a
roar of gavel SMACKS.

Patrons slam back their drinks or hide stuff under their
tables.

A Barney Fife like BEANPOLE grabs a couple whiskey bottles
and runs out a side door.

SHERRY TART

What's going on back there?

Gavels stop. SILENCE.

Judith pulls herself up, embarrassed. Everyone's eyes are on
her.

JUDITH

I'm sorry Mr.?

CROSSDRESSER

Miss Tart.

JUDITH

I didn't mean to interrupt your
act.

Sherry peers through the light at Judith.

SHERRY TART

Have the coppers started sending
little girls to flush us out? Oh
my sweetness, devil's weakness, how
young and fresh you look. Be wary
of those men in dresses for each
doth have a hook.

Crossdresser grabs Judith and kisses her on the neck. The
audience laughs as Judith squirms.

Sherry waives to the pianist and the MUSIC resumes.

SHERRY TART (CONT'D)
Where was I? Oh yes.

SHERRY TART (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*His boom has never failed him.
He's gifted. You should know. And
when the storms rage through the
night, he bunkers down below.*

Judith pushes the Crossdresser off and rubs the slobber and lipstick from her neck as a fiery vixen pulls a musclebound TANK past her.

Judith stares after the vixen - That's her, that's FRANKIE, the girl she's been looking for. Judith follows pushing through the crowd.

SHERRY TART(O.S.) (CONT'D)
*He is a hunky helmsmen. His
compass swings to and fro. But
never does he worry, about which
way to go.*

Frankie and Tank disappear behind a bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door inches open and Judith slides her head inside.

Tank and Frankie are joined. Kissing, touching, he lifts her effortlessly onto the counter.

SHERRY TART(O.S.)
*Now his words can be misleading.
Scuttlebutt's not what you think.
But I love it when he yells heave
ho, when our rowing's are in sync.*

Tank rips off Frankie's shirt, while on the

STAGE

SHERRY TART
*Never has he asked me, to walk the
plank at sea. And though I'm not
complaining, his spank could be
dandy. Hehehe. I do admit I
wonder, every time he sails. If
there're men in all those ports,*

TANK (O.S.)
What the hell?

Judith falls backwards from the bathroom door into the cafe.

SHERRY TART (O.S.)
and does he know their tales?

Tank shoves Judith into a table disrupting the performance.

Sherry stops singing, GAVELS SMACK, A POLICE WHISTLE BLOWS
and the audience rushes to exit the cafe.

Judith pulls herself up pleading

JUDITH
Wait! Stop! You don't understand.

Tank smacks Judith across the face sending her to the floor
where she crawls under a table to get away.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I don't want any trouble.

Tank grabs Judith's leg and pulls her out.

TANK
Well Doll...you got it.

JUDITH
Help! Please. Someone!

Tank flips Judith over and strangles her as she gasps for
air.

END OF TEASER

Want to read more?

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