

"FLUORESCENT ADOLESCENT"

By

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"The Great Gatsby" by F. Scott Fitzgerald

John W. King @ 2015

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

We catch glimpses of a city lit by the sidewalk streetlamps.

Out from a bar enters a young woman accompanied by two men on either side of her. She has her arm around TOM'S.

TOM

That bartender was such a twat!
Kicking us out after only a few
drinks?

NORMA

(Mumbling)

I think they might've put something
into those drinks, I'm feeling a
little undecided...

TOM

They sucked, anyways. What the
hell, though, I try not to think
about the past too much...

PETER

(Mutters)

Well, you were loud...

As they had spoken at the same time, Tom does not comprehend PETER'S words.

TOM

Oh what were you saying?

PETER

(Carelessly)

Nothing.

Tom realizes the wandering presence of Peter.

TOM

Peter, what are you looking at? The
new lamp posts?

NORMA unhinges her hand from Tom's arm to pinch Peter.

NORMA

(Softly)

What's the matter?

PETER

Nothing, it's just the city...it's
so nice. You see these new
fluorescent lights they've put up?

(CONTINUED)

Norma smiles and turns to Tom.

NORMA

Yeah...it's not as dull as those tungsten lights. Doesn't the city look nice, Tom--

Tom cuts her off.

TOM

It's dark, that's what it looks like. Peter, are you coming back to our place?

PETER

No, I think I'll just call it a night.

Tom stops, the others soon follow.

TOM

Oh, God... Did we leave the car back at George's place?

NORMA

(Quietly)

I think so.

Tom mutters a curse.

TOM

Well it's on the way, let's hurry.

Tom hurries his steps, ahead of the others. There is a quiet moment between the three.

PETER

I've never seen the city this *lit up*! I want to see how it looks from my balcony.

Norma grabs his arm.

NORMA

Can *I* come?

Peter chuckles, Tom watches uneasily.

PETER

(Excited)

Of course!

They continue to walk. Tom says something, though they don't listen.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(Mumbling)
There's something I've been wanting
to ask you, anyways...

TOM stops in his tracks and turns around to face them.

TOM
Well, why don't you ask her right
now?

There is no response.

TOM
Come on, I want to know -- what are
you gonna ask her?

NORMA
We're just going to admire the
night lights, Tom.

TOM
Hey, shut up, I'm not talking to
you! Now, Peter, what is it? *What
are you going to do?*

Peter looks at Norma with a funny smile.

PETER
(Mutters, to Norma)
I wanted to know -- tungsten or
fluorescence?

Norma laughs.

TOM
What?!

Norma takes a look around.

NORMA
I like the fluorescence, Pete.

Norma and Peter look into each others eyes, ignoring Tom.

TOM
Norma, we can see the whole city
from *our* penthouse! Why do you need
to go all the way to *West street*,
to that *shack* of his?!

Norma does not even look at Tom.

NORMA

Tom, I want something *new*.

Silence. Tom can only respond with an inaudible curse.

TOM

How is it living off of those
scholarships, Peter?

Peter laughs.

PETER

I prefer it to my parent's money!

Tom slams down his glass. They find themselves at a streetlight, an intersection before them. Tom looks as though he is ready to fight Peter, or scream some word of profanity - but he carefully holds his words back.

TOM

(Coldly)

I'm getting the car.

He hastily leaves them.

PETER

How can you *stand* him?

He let's go of her embrace and leans back against the street post with his hands in his pockets.

PETER

Norma, why'd we split up after high school?

Norma is about to say something, but nothing forms. Peter doesn't pressure her, but instead walks out into the middle of the road.

PETER

You know, I wasn't lying -- about the lights...

Norma recovers herself.

NORMA

They sure are nice!

Peter wanders a few steps.

PETER

I didn't tell you my idea did I?

Norma shakes her head. Peter looks the other way.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(Slowly)

Oh...well, why don't we leave this
city and all the people behind, and
just run off--

Suddenly, a car hits Peter, killing him instantly. Out from
the car steps TOM.

TOM

Well, I think that did it.

Norma stands motionless.

TOM

Are you coming?

Norma does not respond.

TOM

Norma, get in the car. We're going.

She comes to her senses and slowly makes her way into Tom's
car. As they drive off, Peter's body lays motionless in the
spotlight of a single, golden street lamp.

CUT TO BLACK

END CREDITS