

TRENCHES – EXCERPT

Written by

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INT. CRYPTO.COM ARENA - EVENING

Kris (21) and Sarah (21, Kris' twin) sit court-side, watching the Lakers v Celtics game. Both the Twins are wearing Kobe shoes. Kris is wearing a Kobe jersey, Sarah reps her UCLA jersey (but still a Lakers hat).

KRIS
(about the seats)
How did you score these?

SARAH
Cuz I'm Sarah.

Kris chuckles.

Luka Dončić misses a deep two. Timeout Lakers.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Luka wishes he was me.

KRIS
Honestly. Sub you in--

SARAH
--And the Lakers would be up by 30.
(small beat)
50 if I didn't have so much work.
What the hell do the four P's have
to do with basketball?

KRIS
Don't you want to go into business?

SARAH
I wanna make millions on the
Lakers.

The Cheerleaders step out onto the court and start performing for everyone.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You know, if you stare real close,
they'll become your girlfriend.

KRIS
I can't talk to them from here.

SARAH
General advice.

Sarah winks.

INT. CRYPTO.COM ARENA - EVENING - LATER

Kris has dragged into the team shop. He browses some athletic tops and a couple hats. Sarah nudges Kris.

SARAH

You can talk to her from here.

Kris looks up. Only feet away is one of the LAKERS CHEERLEADERS browsing through the jerseys.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Take as long as you need.

KRIS

Isn't she a little out of my league?

SARAH

Kris. We don't care about that stuff.

Sarah gives Kris an affirmative grin, then walks out, leaving Kris to his destiny.

He waits to walk over and continues to stall, mindlessly looking at merch. In the background, he catches on to the music: "Walking on the Moon" by The Police.

Kris' and the Lakers Cheerleader's voices twirl together in harmony, ever so softly.

KRIS

I hope my legs don't break walking on the moon.

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

We could walk forever, walking on the moon.

LAKERS CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)

We could live together,
walking on, walking on the
moon.

KRIS

We could live together,
walking on, walking on the
moon.

Kris tries to hide a little smile.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Hi.

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

Hi.

KRIS

You were awesome out there. Front left, the one with the best rhythm.

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

Thank you.

KRIS

You like The Police?

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

I wish we could dance to them.

(small beat)

They're my favorite band. You?

KRIS

I hope my ear buds don't break, listening to The Police.

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

Respect.

KRIS

How long have you been dancing?

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

With LA, a few years.

KRIS

And in general?

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

5 years old, maybe? Family was a bunch of sticklers for dance.

KRIS

So you're even better than what we watched tonight?

Lalisa gives a little smile.

KRIS (CONT'D)

I'm Kris, by the way.

LAKERS CHEERLEADER

I'm Lalisa.

Lalisa holds out her hand. Kris shakes it.

LALISA

Nice to meet you.

KRIS

Same to you.

From outside the arena is the faint noise of rushing water. Soon, a giant ocean wave breaks through the stores and breaks over Kris.

SPLASH CUT TO:

INT. CRYPTO.COM ARENA - ALTERNATE REALITY - CONTINUOUS

Kris looks to Lalisa.

KRIS

Dancing is such an art, I wish I
knew how.

LALISA

Let me show you.

INT. CRYPTO.COM ARENA - ALTERNATE REALITY - CONTINUOUS

The court is Lalisa and Kris' stage. "Walking on the Moon" plays non-diegetically in the background. Purple and Yellow lights sparkle and twirl, just as the two dancers. The pair sing together. Lalisa twirls and dips Kris. She nods to him to take the lead for a change. The rookie dancer guides Lalisa across the court with a sway. He tries a dip -- Successful. Tries again -- successful again. Kris goes to twirl Lalisa, and she begins to spin non-stop. All of the other Laker Cheerleaders come in. The roof to the stadium opens and a full moon spotlights Kris and Lalisa. The Lakers Cheerleaders raise their hands, simultaneously lifting Kris and Lalisa up into the air. The duo continue their dance, mid-air. Lalisa tosses Kris up, where he shines in the moon. She catches with a *shimmer*. The stars begin to fall down like pixie dust over Kris and Lalisa, now swaying nose to nose. A little hand massaging begins to take place.

KRIS

I wanna dance with you until the
moon dies and sing with you until
the stars rain over us.

LALISA

I would... If I could...

The moon spotlight stops and the beach life comes back. Their stage vanishes.

LALISA (CONT'D)

My home is over seas.

KRIS

We can make it work. I'll move.

LALISA
I don't do long distance. I don't
do uncertainty.

KRIS
Don't we have right now?

LALISA
Right now isn't long enough.

Lalisa's hands slowly slip out of Kris'. He watches and feels as her warmth leaves, trying to hold on to it to the graze of her last fingertip.

Lalisa walks on invisible steps down to the floor. She leaves with the other Cheerleaders, Kris simply standing in air, motionless. Finally, he drops down with a thud. He looks up to the open roof, and barreling in is a wave of water that washes over Kris.

SPLASH CUT TO:

INT. CRYPTO.COM ARENA - REALITY - CONTINUOUS

Kris wipes his eyes and shakes his head.

KRIS
What are you doing in the store?
Shouldn't you have all the
autographed jerseys?

LALISA
I have some. They are dope, I have
to say.
(small beat)
But LA's too cheap to get me a hat.

The two smile. Kris picks up an all white hat.

KRIS
Whatcha think?

Lalisa tries it on.

LALISA
What do you think?

KRIS
You look great.
(beat)
Come on, my treat.

INT. CRYPTO.COM ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Kris and Lalisa exit the team store, Lalisa wearing her new hat.

LALISA
I love it.

KRIS
So do I.
(long beat)
Where are all the other
cheerleaders?

LALISA
(chuckling)
Drinking. Out with lower tier
players.

Kris nods his head.

KRIS
Not for you?

LALISA
Not for me.

EXT. CRYPTO.COM ARENA - EVENING - REALITY - CONTINUOUS

Kris and Lalisa walk out together. The air is sweet and there's a star for each point of the palm trees.

Multiple passerbys look at Lalisa, admiring her natural beauty.

Kris takes a moment to study Lalisa. Long hair, no make-up, crop top, jean shorts, designer boots.

KRIS
As talented as you are on the
court... I think you're much more
beautiful like this.
(small beat)
I'm sorry--

LALISA
No.
(beat)
Thank you.
(beat)
That's the nicest thing I've heard
in a long time.
(MORE)

LALISA (CONT'D)

(beat)

That court can be a trap.

KRIS

Life's a trap.

(beat)

What's the key out?

LALISA

Paris. So that I could dance under
all the lights, along all the
canals. With some true friends. And
a true lover.

KRIS

I'd love to be in someplace like
Sweden. Or Italy or France. I'd
love to drift away into that
foreign romance and translate its
beauty.

LALISA

One day, when I have the cash, I'll
leave this place.

KRIS

So you're serious?

LALISA

Are you?

KRIS

I'm not sure.

LALISA

(small beat)

But we have right now.

KRIS

I suppose so.

Long beat, the two walking together.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kris and Lalisa reach a TOYOTA SUPRA.

LALISA

This is me.

(small beat)

This has been a wonderful 30
minutes.

KRIS

It has.

Long beat.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sarah pulls up to Kris in her 2016 AUDI S5. Kris gets in shotgun, and right away:

SARAH

Oh no.

Kris exhales.

POETRY MONTAGE

THE LIGHTS OF PARIS FLICKER LIKE A GOLD RUSH.

CANAL BOATS ARE FLOATING BANDS AND DANCE STAGES.

KRIS TAKES THE LONE BOAT DOWN A DARK CANAL, AWAY FROM THE LIGHTS, WHERE THE MOON DOESN'T SHINE, WHERE THE MUSIC DOESN'T PLAY, AND NOBODY DANCES.