

QUEEN OF THE STREETS

ACT 1

Written by

Trevor S. Gustafson

Trevorgillustrations@gmail.com  
2304 Mansfield Drive  
Burlington, ON CANADA  
905 815 9745  
www.TrevorGustafson.com  
www.WhiteLightAnimationScreenplays.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

KITTY, 15 years old, Asian complexion, is TALKING TO CAMERA.

She has a terrible STREET-PUNK HAIRCUT, some of it dyed BLUE. SAFETY PINS hold her clothes together. She is FILTHY.

KITTY

My mother was abusive. Psychotic.  
So, I figured I could either live  
with an abusive, psychotic person,  
or I could live out here. Take care  
of these kids. I'm a better mom to  
these kids out here than my own mom  
ever was to me. And I'm only 15.

EXT. CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

RAT BOY, 13 years old, Caucasian, is TALKING TO CAMERA.

He is SICKLY LOOKING, dangerously underweight and pale. He is also FILTHY, his street-style clothes SCRUFFED and TORN.

RAT BOY

Dad's in the pen. Got pinched a  
year ago come September. Burglary.  
Perjury. Contempt of Court.  
Aggravated Assault causing bodily  
harm. 15 years. He said 10 if he  
gets good behavior, but that's not  
gonna happen. He also said he'll  
take care of me when he gets out.

He looks away.

RAT BOY (CONT'D)

But he's a liar.

EXT. CITY STREETS - EVENING

SCUSE, 13 years old, Caucasian, is TALKING TO CAMERA.

He is dressed in second-hand skateboard fashion, also quite FILTHY and unkempt. He is growing a weak TEEN MUSTACHE.

SCUSE

My folks were junkie's, eh? So they  
gave me up.

(MORE)

## SCUSE (CONT'D)

But they were like, junkies when I was still in her belly, right? So I was kinda like, born an addict, like in my genes or something? So it's not my fault. Right?

EXT. CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

FRISKO, 12 years old, First Nations, is TALKING TO CAMERA.

She is OVERWEIGHT, with several BAD TATTOOS visible.

## FRISKO

I been on the streets since I was 7. Best move I ever made. Passed from home to home a bunch of years. But no one ever really gave a crap. So here I am.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A DARK HALLWAY, all lights are OFF. QUIET.

## YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

*Some stories just don't have happy endings. Some don't have nice beginnings.*

CAMERA moves slowly down the hall. A COLD LIGHT is up ahead.

## YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*Some kids will never discover that their real parents are superheroes, or get their fairy godmothers to help them to the Ball, or marry Prince Charming. Some lives just have too much raw trauma to deal with, and no amount of sugar-coating will make a difference.*

The CAMERA continues to move towards a DIMLY LIT ROOM in the Emergency wing of a HOSPITAL.

Inside is JULIE, 6 years old, curled up in a corner in a FETAL POSITION.

## YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*Some stories... are maybe better to forget.*

Her hair has been all CUT OFF. She is wearing some simple pants and a hoodie, both too big for her, and some taped-up sneakers.

She ROCKS BACK AND FORTH mechanically, holding her head with both hands.

*SUPER: CANADA, 1988*

Some PEOPLE are CHATTING quietly outside the room;

An emergency TRIAGE NURSE, holding a clipboard.

NUALA, a woman in her late 20's of Caribbean complexion.

DR. HUMPHRIES, a woman in her late 30's of Caucasian complexion, wearing GLASSES.

And MARIANA COSTA, a woman in her late 40's of Spanish/Latina complexion.

TRIAGE NURSE

Are you the one who brought her in?

NUALA

Yes.

TRIAGE NURSE

And - I'm sorry - who are you?

MARIANA COSTA

Mariana Costa, from Child Protection Services. I work for the City.

TRIAGE NURSE

Great. Thank you for coming. This is Dr. Humphries, the resident psychiatrist on shift tonight.

MARIANA COSTA

Pleased to meet you.

They all look at Julie, still clutching her head in a fetal position in the corner of the dimly lit room. She is rocking less violently now, but still trembling frightfully.

TRIAGE NURSE

The doctor has gone home for the night, but he examined her and physically, no major causes for concern.

(MORE)

TRIAGE NURSE (CONT'D)

Accelerated heart rate, a few bruises, a small scar on her cheek, but no major injuries, bruises, or lacerations.

DR. HUMPHRIES

Psychologically however, she's clearly a victim of recent trauma of some kind. She's extremely uncomfortable with anyone getting close to her, it's made treating her quite a challenge to be honest. I'm going to recommend we give her something to sedate her, keep her here for the night.

MARIANA COSTA

Of course, Doctor. How can I help?

DR. HUMPHRIES

Well she has no ID, so until we can identify her, we may have to put her under your care in the morning once she has been cleared.

MARIANA COSTA

Of course, I'll do what I-

DR. HUMPHRIES

Oh, here we go!

DR. MILTON arrives, an intelligent looking man in his 50's, some PAPERS in hand.

DR. MILTON

Found her! This is a missing child from almost a year ago! Physical descriptions, birthmarks etcetera match exactly.

TRIAGE NURSE

Oh that's wonderful. This is Mariana Costa, Child Protection Services.

Dr. Milton hands the papers to Mariana Costa. She scans them.

MARIANA COSTA

I remember this girl. She was in our program, I was arranging a new foster family for her when she disappeared. It's really her?

DR. MILTON  
Physical descriptions match  
exactly.

They all look back to Julie in the dimly lit room, but Julie is GONE.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Julie ESCAPES from the hospital, running frantically, bumping into things as she tries to move as fast as her little legs can carry her. Her oversized pants keep slipping down, but she manages to keep them up.

Two SECURITY bust out of the doors, followed by an alarmed Nurse, Nuala, Mariana Costa, and Dr. Humphries.

But Julie is nowhere to be found.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Julie is RUNNING in panic, TOWARDS THE DARKNESS.

EXT. CITY RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

Julie scrambles past some DUMPSTERS into some TREES and BUSHES.

She soon arrives at the edge of a RIVER, but CRASHES into a CHAIN LINK FENCE that she did not previously see. She tries to claw through or find a way around, but to her horror the fence spans in both directions as far as she can see.

Julie CRUMPLES up against the fence and some GARBAGE, holding her head in both arms. She begins to ROCK BACK AND FORTH again, when she HEARS LAUGHING.

She FREEZES.

More LAUGHING; friendly, casual.

Julie cautiously starts moving TOWARDS THE VOICES.

EXT. JERRY THE BUM'S RIVER HIDEOUT - NIGHT

A small SHACK made of plywood and junk. Some stuff to sit on, and a small FIRE PIT made of rocks and broken concrete.

JERRY THE BUM, a completely unkempt man in his 70's, is trying to light the fire, unsuccessfully.

WAR VET WALLY, a somewhat more presentable man in his late 50's, STANDS nearby, DRINKING from a bottle in a BAG.

A SHOPPING CART is parked crookedly next to the shack. They continue LAUGHING.

JERRY THE BUM  
Sonofabitch it was funny. He didn't even make it over the finish line!

WAR VET WALLY  
These kids don't know everything they think they do.

JERRY THE BUM  
Ain't that the truth.

War Vet Wally takes a DRINK. Julie CREEPS closer, SPYING through the holes in the fence.

WAR VET WALLY  
Who's there!!??

They cock their ears. Silence.

WAR VET WALLY (CONT'D)  
D'jyou hear somethin'?

JERRY THE BUM  
Come out, ya varmint!

Suddenly JUDO PHIL, a casual man in his 60's, JUMPS OUT from the darkness.

JUDO PHIL  
AAAAAARRGGGGG!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jerry the Bum and War Vet Wally FLINCH TERRIBLY, but suddenly try their best to deny their reaction. Judo Phil LAUGHS HARD.

WAR VET WALLY  
Judo Phil. How ya doing, brother?

JERRY THE BUM  
I heard you comin. I just didn't say anything cuz I wanted to see Wally here jump.

They all CLASP HANDS and give manly HUGS like old friends.

JUDO PHIL  
Party tonight, gentlemen?

JERRY THE BUM  
You know it. Looka them stars!

Indeed, it is a CLEAR NIGHT SKY, for city standards.

WAR VET WALLY  
What's shakin, old man? You got  
some stuff for us tonight?

JUDO PHIL  
Do I.

He digs out a small leather MEDICAL CASE from his pocket.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)  
You guys really want to enjoy those  
stars tonight?

He puts a SMALL VILE of clear LIQUID on the makeshift table.

JERRY THE BUM  
What's that?

JUDO PHIL  
That my friends, is Tetrahydro  
quatra-phosphoralox-N-7- diethyl-  
meta-tryptamine number 11. I think  
I finally perfected it.

Jerry the Bum and War Vet Wally's eyes WIDEN.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)  
'Sunshine' for short. The actual  
chemical structure of it, well it  
kind of looks like a sunshine.

Judo Phil draws a little sunshine in the air. Jerry the Bum  
and War Vet Wally are INTRIGUED. Judo Phil opens another  
small leather medical case with a lab-quality DROPPER.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)  
I've tested it myself. Twice.  
Highly hallucinatory.

He FILLS THE DROPPER with a SINGLE DROP from the vile.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)  
But I need some guinea pigs. You  
know, for proper evaluation.

JERRY THE BUM  
How long does it last?



JUDO PHIL

Two, three hours max. But it's powerful as heck. This is the most potent compound I think I've ever made. Just one drop is more than enough, trust me on that one.

WAR VET WALLY

Will it make me forget my ex-wife?

They LAUGH HARDER. Julie continues SPYING.

JUDO PHIL

Buddy, just one drop of this stuff, and you'll forget what friggin' planet you're from.

WAR VET WALLY

OK let's do it. You in, Jerry?

JUDO PHIL

Hey, where did I put the vile?

Judo Phil looks around frantically.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)

The little vile! Where the hell is it? There's enough in there to take out an army!

Suddenly they spot JULIE, holding the OPEN VILE.

JERRY THE BUM

Hey look, that little kid's got it!

JUDO PHIL

Holy moly! Hey kid, put that down!!

But Julie DRINKS THE WHOLE THING.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)

Holy moly. Oh God, kid... you need to come with me, OK? Please?

But Julie RETREATS as he moves closer. Her PUPILS begin to distort wildly. Julie starts LOOKING AROUND, a CURIOUS expression on her face.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)

Kid?

Julie suddenly LAUGHS OUT LOUD, and RUNS AWAY.

Judo Phil tries to RUN AFTER HER, but she is already gone.

JUDO PHIL (CONT'D)  
Kid? Kid!!!!

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Julie is TRIPPING WILDLY, the city now a spinning world of PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTS and VISUAL ODDITIES.

A HUGE SMILE is on her face, her eyes disturbingly WIDE.

JULIE  
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! Whoa.

A TRUCK is forced to SWERVE to avoid her, CRASHING. Traffic comes to a STOP. HORNS honk.

But Julie pays no attention, as the entire city continues to come alive in a surreal living mosaic of COLORS and LIGHT, moving shapes and textures MORPHING and CHANGING before her eyes. All of it is BEAUTIFUL and AMAZING to Julie.

Then suddenly some STREET KIDS come RUNNING out of an alley, CRASHING into her. Everyone FALLS to the ground in a pile of arms and legs. One of the Street Kids spills a BAG OF BAGELS, SCATTERING them all over the pavement.

RAT BOY  
What the hell??

SCUSE  
Wasn't me!!

FRISKO  
Ow!

The street kids are being CHASED by a BAKER wearing an APRON. The Streetkids grab a bagel or two, and continue RUNNING.

Julie FOLLOWS, laughing as though it were a game.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Kitty, Rat Boy, Scuse, Frisko, and Julie DUCK around a corner. Kitty MOTIONS for them to take cover.

KITTY  
Shhh!!

Kitty PEEKS around the corner. Everyone else stays QUIET, dusting off their dirty bagels before taking a bite.

Kitty dares a peek a little further around the corner. The Baker does not see them. Scuse SNEEZES. Frisko PUNCHES Scuse in the arm.

SCUSE

What? I can't help sneezes!

KITTY

It's OK, I think we ditched him.

Kitty looks to Julie, sternly;

KITTY (CONT'D)

You almost got us all busted there you know? Why don't you watch where you're going??

But Julie still SMILES in WONDER, looking into Kitty's eyes.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Who is this kid? Any of you see her before?

They finish their dirty bagels.

RAT BOY

Nope.

SCUSE

Not me.

FRISKO

Nuh-uh. She kinda looks like that girl that went missing last year, but I don't think it's her.

Julie LAUGHS again crazily, and RUNS AWAY.

KITTY

Hey! Come back here!

The Streetkids FOLLOW, as she SCAMPERS off down the alleyway.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Through Julie's eyes, the city is A PSYCHEDELIC PLAYGROUND.

RAT BOY

Where is she going??

JULIE

This way!

Julie is CLIMBING and JUMPING off of everything she finds; curbs, walls, steps, trash bins, railings, etc. The Streetkids FOLLOW, and a follow-the-leader type game ensues.

Julie CLIMBS up on a DUMPSTER.

JULIE (CONT'D)

This way!! Tricky trails!!!

She LAUGHS, and CLIMBS HIGHER up onto a LEDGE.

KITTY

Hey guys? I don't think this is a good idea...

But Scuse, Rat Boy, and Frisko LAUGH, following Julie's tricky trail.

Kitty FOLLOWS reluctantly.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Julie is leading them across the CHAOTIC ROOFTOPS of the city block, CLIMBING and JUMPING and BALANCING along the haphazard shapes and levels.

KITTY

I think we've gone far enough!

But Julie leads them FURTHER.

JULIE

Hahahahaha!!!!!!

SCUSE

Come on, Frisko! You can do it!

They keep CLIMBING. Eventually, they reach the top of the HIGHEST BUILDING of the full city block. The VIEW is amazing.

SCUSE (CONT'D)

Wow!

FRISKO

Holy Crapola!

But through JULIE'S EYES, it is even more spectacular.

The Streetkids and Julie just STARE at it for a while, the LIGHTS and COLORS twinkling magically.

The Streetkids are somehow getting a slight CONTACT HIGH from Julie, now also seeing some of Julie's psychedelic reality.

Julie takes out the VILE she stole from Judo Phil. She EXAMINES it, the light and images refracting spectacularly.

There is still a TINY BIT LEFT in the vile, a few drops.

Julie pours A DROP on Rat Boy's TONGUE.

Rat Boy takes the vile and drops one more on Scuse's tongue, then shakes the VERY LAST TINY DROP onto Frisko's.

Kitty just WATCHES, concerned.

SCUSE

City looks different from up here.

RAT BOY

Colors are different. They're like, brighter or something.

They start to TRIP OUT.

FRISKO

Ya. Definitely different.

Suddenly, Scuse BREAKS OUT LAUGHING.

RAT BOY

What's so funny?

SCUSE

You! We call you Rat Boy, but I never knew how much you actually look like a rat!

And somehow, his head has ACTUALLY BECOME a comical RAT HEAD.

RAT BOY

Oh ya well you got a pancake head!

Somehow, Scuse suddenly has a hilarious PANCAKE HEAD.

SCUSE

Oh yeah well you're made of jell-o!

Amazingly, Rat Boy becomes GELATINOUS. They LAUGH.

KITTY

What are you guys talking about?  
You sound like babies!

Suddenly both Scuse and Rat Boy become hilarious STREET-BABIES. They LAUGH HARD.

RAT BOY  
 Look at Frisko! She's a  
 marshmallow!

Suddenly Frisko IS MADE OF MARSHMALLOWS. They all LAUGH more.

KITTY  
 Hey - where'd Julie go?

The hallucinations VANISH, but things are still PSYCHEDELIC.

SCUSE  
 There she is!

Scuse points to Julie, who is CLIMBING HIGHER.

KITTY  
 Whoa! Julie, come down from there!

JULIE  
 A slide!

They all follow Julie to the other side, facing a a MULTI-  
 STOREY DROP. However, the drop is on a SLIGHT ANGLE, and made  
 of REFLECTIVE GLASS, creating a deathly but visually stunning  
 smooth SLIDE.

Julie looks down at it with dazzling, psychedelic eyes.

FRISKO  
 Help me up!

KITTY  
 OK, enough fun and games. This is  
 as high as we go.

JULIE  
 Fly. Ha ha ha!!!

Julie THROWS HERSELF over the edge.

KITTY  
 What? No!!

Kitty GRABS Julie by the hood, but it PULLS HER OFF THE EDGE.

SCUSE  
 Kitty!

Scuse GRABS Kitty by the ankle, but it PULLS HIM OFF TOO.

RAT BOY  
 Scuse!

Rat Boy grabs Scuse by the coat, but it PULLS HIM OFF TOO.

Frisko does NOTHING, but Rat Boy GRABS her by the ankle, and they all SLIDE DOWN THE WALL, chained together.

STREET KIDS  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUGGGHHH!!!

JULIE  
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!

At the bottom, the wall CURVES UPWARDS, which LAUNCHES them all into the air.

Time seems to STOP for a moment, and Julie and the Streetkids enjoy a temporary feeling of WEIGHTLESSNESS. They look at one another, moving in super-slow-motion, each in hilarious positions, and LAUGH.

Time RESUMES TO NORMAL, and they CRASH onto some GRASS at the base of the building.

Rat Boy and Scuse are laughing their heads off.

RAT BOY  
You looked like Hobo Spider-Man!

Scuse suddenly appears in a bad Spider-Man COSTUME.

SCUSE  
You looked like a turtle!

Rat Boy's hoodie PUFFS UP and suddenly becomes a TURTLE SHELL.

They both laugh, and the hallucinations VANISH.

Julie RUNS OFF AGAIN, still tripping wildly.

Rat Boy and Scuse FOLLOW.

KITTY  
Can we please stop!???

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The game continues, but they are all getting TIRED. The psychedelic effects are WANING.

SCUSE  
Where is she taking us??

KITTY

She's taking us nowhere! She's barely 6 years old, she doesn't have a clue where she even is! Can we please stop this now?? Do you realize how far we are from home?

Julie finally STOPS, giving everyone a breather. She doesn't look so well, her complexion GHOSTLY.

Frisko CATCHES UP.

RAT BOY

Where are we?

KITTY

We're close to the river.

FRISKO

That's far.

Julie sees something ORANGE behind some GARBAGE.

Indeed, there is a FOX behind the garbage. It PEEKS OUT. Julie smiles, curiously.

The fox RUNS AWAY. Julie CHASES it.

KITTY

Wait!!

EXT. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

Julie CHASES the fox along the edge of the river.

Ahead, the fox SITS.

As Julie approaches, the fox becomes BRIGHTER and more ORANGE, until it is ILLUMINATED.

But as Julie gets closer, the fox TRANSFORMS into a SMALL CAMPFIRE at the edge of the river.

Julie looks around for the fox, but it is gone.

The Streetkids ARRIVE.

SCUSE

Hey cool, a fire!

KITTY

Shh! This is someone else's squat!



They examine the area and see Jerry the Bum, and War Vet Wally, both PASSED OUT COMPLETELY. They both SNORE deeply under some blankets.

JULIE

Warm.

Julie throws some WOOD on the fire, and CURLS UP next to it on the ground.

KITTY

Guys, what are you doing?

RAT BOY

I'm sleepy, Kitty.

SCUSE

Ya me too, Kitty.

FRISKO

Ya me three.

They all LAY DOWN by the fire, except for Kitty.

Julie begins to ROCK BACK AND FORTH again, slightly.

Kitty watches as Julie holds her head again with both hands, and begins to MOAN lightly.

Julie VOMITS on the ground.

KITTY

She's not well. Whatever she took, she took too much. We should get back.

SCUSE

But it's so far! The fire is warm!

RAT BOY

And look at those stars!

KITTY

Guys, we don't know who these old dudes are. Or what they'll do when they wake up and find us here.

Frisko STANDS UP.

FRISKO

I think Kitty's right. This is the kind of place the Shadow People get you.

RAT BOY

Oh there you go again with the  
Shadow People. There ain't no  
Shadow People!

FRISKO

Is too!

KITTY

Stop it! Shhhhh!!!

They look nervously to Jerry the Bum and War Vet Wally, still  
SLEEPING SOUNDLY.

Julie CLUTCHES HER STOMACH, in PAIN.

KITTY (CONT'D)

This is not our squat. We take her  
back to ours.

Julie MOANS, and SHAKES more violently.

SCUSE

She can't walk that far, Kitty.

Julie VOMITS again on the ground.

Kitty spots the SHOPPING CART parked next to Jerry the Bum's  
shack. She and the kids LIFT Julie INTO THE CART, and PUSH it  
away with Julie inside, as quiet as they can.

But Jerry the Bum WAKES UP, still looking quite WASTED.

JERRY THE BUM

Whaaa? What's goin' on there? Kids?

He is barely able to focus, way too trashed to get up.

JERRY THE BUM (CONT'D)

My cart! Hey! That's my lucky  
cart!!!

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The Streetkids have stolen Jerry the Bum's SHOPPING CART,  
carrying Julie inside, who is SLEEPING in a fetal position,  
ROCKING slightly.

Kitty pushes the cart. Rat Boy and Scuse walk up ahead.  
Frisko is falling behind. They all look exhausted.

RAT BOY

Pancake head.

Scuse's head suddenly BECOMES A PANCAKE again, the hallucinogenics still lingering mildly.

SCUSE

Quit it!