

The Hottest Day of the Summer in New York City

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STOOP

Three friends: Leon, Frankie, and Angela sit on a New York City stoop. It is the hottest day of the summer. They are drenched with sweat, fanning themselves with various makeshift fans, and dressed in sweaty, summer clothes (yellowed tank tops, short parachute shorts, bright colors, headbands, etc.) They all speak in horribly stereotypical "New York" accents.

LEON

It is a scorcher out here.

The others nod in agreement. A few moments pass before...

FRANKIE

Hottest day of the summa' in New York City.

They all nod in agreement.

A beat.

ANGELA

Seems like every single summa' there's a hottest day of the summa' in New York City.

Everyone nods more and continues to fan themselves.

FRANKIE

Lookatdoeskidsdowndere. (Look at those kids down there.)

They all look off in one direction.

LEON

What are they, playin' stickball in the New York City street?

ANGELA

(yelling)

Hey kids! Hey! Hey Kids!

They all join in yelling at the kids.

"Hey, hey you kids!" "Hey you kids playin' stickball in the streets of New York City!" "Hey you New York City kids playin' in the street on the hottest day of the summer!" etc...

After a few moments they have the kids attention so the chaotic yelling stops. Angela takes over.

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ANGELA

Hey, whatareya, playin' stickball
in the street? Don't ya know it's
the hottest day of the summer in
New York City for cryin' out loud!

FRANKIE

Go open a fire hydrant or
somethin'!

LEON

Splash around in the water and cool
off!

ANGELA

The fire department says no, but we
say go 'head.

FRANKIE

A New York City that doesn't want
their tiny children playing in the
violent stream of water from an
open fire hydrant is not a New York
City I want to live in.

LEON

Where else would you wanna live?

FRANKIE

No wheres. I'd rather not live at
all.

LEON

Ayyy, Frankie, don't say dat!

ANGELA

Yeah, Frankie, we're always here
for you, no matter how dark it
gets.

FRANKIE

Ay, fuggetaboutit.

A few beats. More fanning. Angie produces a spray bottle and
sprays herself excessively.

FRANKIE

Hottest day of the summa' in New
York City.

ANGELA

All the radio stations are playing
songs about things that are hot!

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LEON

There's probably gonna be a race riot later!

FRANKIE

Lookatdatladydowndere! (Look at that lady down there.)

LEON

What is she, an elderly New York City Resident out on the streets of New York City on the hottest day of the summa' in New York City?

FRANKIE

Hey, old lady, don't do dat!

ANGELA

It's the hottest day of the summa' in New York City for cryin' out loud!

ANGELA

You should be inside your New York City apartment!

LEON

Sitting in an air conditioned New York City room!

ANGELA

And still have New York City friends or New York City relatives check up on you periodically!

LEON

And make sure to stay hydrated!

FRANKIE

You can tell you're not hydrated if your New York City urine is too dark in color!

ANGELA

Here's a fun New York City drink to help keep you hydrated. Take some water - and then add some citrus to it. It helps keep things interesting!

FRANKIE

A life witout variety is not a life worth livin!

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LEON
Ay, Frankie!

ANGELA
Why you always wit the doom and the
gloom, you?

LEON
Do we need to call your mental
health professional?

FRANKIE
Ay, fagettaboutit.

A few beats. More fanning. LEON produces a glass of water
that he dumps on himself.

FRANKIE
Hottest day of the summa' in New
York City!

LEON
My tank top is yellowed and
disgusting!

ANGELA
My sweatbands are saturated in
sweat!

She wrings out her sweatband. Gross.

FRANKIE
Lookatdatthingdowndere!

LEON
What is dat? A mirage?

FRANKIE
It's a figment of our imaginations!

They are all in a heat-trance.

ANGELA
Is dat da world's biggest ice cream
cone?

LEON
Is that a championship parade for
does bums Da Mets?

FRANKIE
Is dat da sweet release of death
coming to save me from dis tortuous
Hell on Earth?

ANGELA

Hurry, world's biggest ice cream
cone, or you'll melt. It's the
hottest day of the summa' in New
York City for cryin' out loud!

LEON

(singing)

Meet the Mets, Meet the Mets, step
right up and greet the Mets.

FRANKIE

A pale horse! And it's rider,
Death. Come claim my soul as your
prize!

ANGELA

Where are you going, world's
biggest ice cream cone? Don't run
away, come back here and be my
friend!

LEON

(waving)

Bye-bye, Mookie Wilson. Bye-bye
Darryl Strawberry.

FRANKIE

You get back here, death! You get
back here and you take me away with
you! I'm tired of this cat and
mouse game. End me! End me! End
meeeeeee!

LEON and ANGELA snap out of it during his yelling.

LEON

Ay, Frankie!

FRANKIE

I just wanna fuggettaboutit.

A few beats. More fanning. Frankie produces a bucket of
water. He sticks his head in it. Bubbles and squirming. Then
nothing. He goes limp.

LEON AND ANGELA

It's the hottest day of the summa
in New York City!

THE END.