

Sc#1

GO CASTING

1/5

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hope is working at her desk, listening to music BLASTING on her headphones. Suddenly, she looks up. Sensing something in the shadows behind her. She swallows, nervous, then steels herself--

Start →

HOPE

I'm not the kind of girl you want to sneak up on. Trust me.

A hand reaches out to touch her shoulder-- and she whirls around, whip-fast, grabbing his wrist.

Then -- her jaw drops. It's ROMAN, the Jordan Catalano of high school vampires. She freezes, letting go of his wrist.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What are you -- I mean, how did you -- why are you in my room?

Roman reaches up, slowly, his hand nearing her cheek -- then he gently tugs on her headphone cord, pulling the earbuds out. She's paralyzed. He grins, charming and cool.

ROMAN

I wasn't trying to scare you -- I said your name twice, but you've got your music turned up to eleven. What is that you're listening to?

He reaches for her ipod, but she snatches it away. Gathering her wits about her.

HOPE

Look, whatever prank you're here to play... can you maybe just get on with it? I'm way behind in occult literature, and --

ROMAN

I'm not gonna prank you, Hope. I came to tell you I took care of all that. Justin and Andrew aren't going to bother you anymore.

Hope is skeptical. She searches his face.

HOPE

You stood up to Justin for me? Why do you keep doing all this nice stuff? You barely even know me.

"Hope"

The Originals
1hr - The CW



ROMAN

Yeah. I guess maybe I was kind of hoping to change that.

HOPE

(deflating)

So you want me to tell you why I got in trouble.

ROMAN

If you want to talk about it. Or we could just hang out, talk about something else. Like your terrible taste in music.

She smiles, despite herself.

HOPE

It's this band called Galactic. They're from New Orleans. That's my hometown.

ROMAN

Do you miss it there?

HOPE

Sometimes. It's quieter here. I can't concentrate with all the quiet. Hence the eardrum-busting volume level.

(beat)

I miss the way the streets smell like beignets in the morning, and the churchbells. And... my family. I miss my dad.

ROMAN

Wish I could say the same about mine.

Hope eyes him. There's a story there.

HOPE

Look, I didn't do what everyone's saying I did. But what I did is a lot worse. People got hurt. You should stay away from me.

ROMAN

Is that what you want?

Hope looks at him for a long beat. Debating what to say.

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HOPE

No. I want you to stay.

ROMAN

Okay. Then I'll stay.

Hope smiles. Grateful, and surprised.

End

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