

Running Late
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A very LOUD and rusty brown car cruises along a road, woods line both sides.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A wiry YOUNG MAN watches a passing road sign reading: Welcome to Hope Falls. A suburban community is just ahead. The man taps the steering wheel.

The dashboard clock reads 9:45.

YOUNG MAN

Ten minutes. I can make it. Come on, come on.

He pushes his foot on the accelerator. On his ankle is a TRACKING BRACELET.

A WALGREEN'S PHARMACY BAG shifts on the seat as the car speeds up. Underneath the bag is revealed a sheet of paper: "Iowa Sex Offender Registry. His personal information is listed along with the Young Man's picture. He looks at his picture.

The man turns on the radio. "Monster Mash" plays.

The man reaches over and puts the Walgreen's bag back over his picture. He looks back up.

Man's P.O.V - Road: A BLACK CAT runs across the road.

The man SLAMS on the breaks.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car SWERVES violently to the side of the road, almost crashing into the ditch before coming to a stop.

After a moment the man opens his door and pokes out his head.

YOUNG MAN

Kitty? Here kitty, kitty.

He gets out of his car with a flashlight and begins looking along the road.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Here kitty, kitty.

The flashlight scans the road. Nothing.

The man shines the light in the opposite ditch. We see the glowing eyes of the cat, safe on the other side of the road. It HISSES and runs off.

The man smiles, walks back to his car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The man closes the door and notices the clock. 9:50.

YOUNG MAN

Shit.

He jams the key in the ignition and turns. The car sputters and dies. He tries again. Only sputtering.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Nope. Nope.

He tries a third time. The car barely even sputters this time.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. NOPE YOU
DON'T! YOU DON'T DO THIS!

The car gives him nothing.

The man looks to the clock again. He looks in his side mirror for traffic and immediately springs from the car.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The man bolts down the road on foot. He stops suddenly and returns to his car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The man grabs the Walgreen's bag and stuffs the sex offender notice in his pocket, then takes off on foot again.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBOR HOOD STREET - NIGHT

The man runs along the street, his breath visible in the cool air. The street is wet with dew and this one is completely deserted.

Suddenly, there is a BUZZING SOUND. The man looks down.

The ankle bracelet is vibrating and lights are going off.

The man looks at his watch: the neon face reads 9:55.

The man picks up the pace and rounds a corner to:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the man rounds the corner he STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS!

This street is NOT deserted. DOZENS and DOZENS of KIDS in various Halloween costumes mill about with treat bags.

The man looks around: a SUPERMAN, a HARRY POTTER, a JESTER, a DEVIL with a painted on mustache, and more, all giggling and running around.

The kids meander on their way to a new street, passing the man on their way. A cop car's siren SOUNDS.

The man is startled and hides behind a tree. Behind him, in the street, a cop car stops, lights flashing. The man closes his eyes, waits for the worst.

An OFFICER pokes his head out of the passenger side.

OFFICER

Okay kids, who wants candy?

The kids cheer and swarm the car.

The man sighs and opens his eyes. He jolts at the sight of something directly in front of him.

A kid dressed as the Devil stands in front of the man smiling.

THE DEVIL

Hey, Mister, how come your pictures
on that tree?

The man looks next to him; stapled to the tree directly next to his head is his parole flyer, alerting the community of his presence.

The man rips it down.

YOUNG MAN

Don't worry about it, Satan.

He runs off in between some houses.

THE DEVIL

Bye.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The man, breathing hard, ducks in behind a house to rest. His tracking bracelet starts going crazy with lights and vibrations again. He keeps moving.

EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT - 30 SECONDS LATER

A Police car drives down the street very slowly, an officer inside the car looking from side to side.

As the car passes the man pops out from behind a bush, and begins to head the opposite way, but he runs square into a LITTLE ANGEL, knocking her down and ending up holding her treat bag.

The man leans down to hand her the bag back.

LITTLE ANGEL

You're the man from the picture they put on our door, the one mommy told me about. AHHH! It's the man from the pictures! The man from the pictures!

The man looks around, trying to quiet her. It's no use. He runs off with her candy.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The man cuts through a series of yards, ducking down as he passes open windows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The man runs out to the street from between two houses. In the street there is a group of trick-or-treaters.

The man dives behind a house and listens.

A group of three kids: BATMAN, A COWBOY and GEORGE W. BUSH, harass a SMALLER BOY dressed as a WHITE ELEPHANT. The man watches.

GEORGE W. BUSH

What, did your mom pick out your costume?

WHITE ELEPHANT

We picked it out together, actually.

The kids laugh.

COWBOY

Why don't you pick something cool or scary?

WHITE ELEPHANT

I didn't want to be something scary.

BATMAN

Oh...he's afraid of the boogie man.

The kids are ass-holes. They all laugh again.

GEORGE W. BUSH

Why don't you give us your candy and
have your mommy buy you your own.

The man looks on, torn between continuing home and the scene
in front of him.

WHITE ELEPHANT

No. This is mine, I trick-or-treated
all night for this.

GEORGE W. BUSH

I don't think he heard us.

The Cowboy and Batman grabs the smaller boy's arms as George
Bush punches him in the stomach.

GEORGE W. BUSH (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll hear this.

The kids laugh as George turns around and FARTS in each of
the kid's big, fluffy elephant ears.

They push the small kid down and take his bag of candy.

GEORGE W. BUSH (CONT'D)

See you at school, Momma's Boy.

BATMAN

Or maybe the boogie man will get you
tonight.

They walk off. Leaving the small kid alone in the dark
street.

The man comes out from the side of the house and looks at
the crying child. He walks slowly toward him, just the two
of them on the lonely street.

The White Elephant looks up as the man's shadow covers him.

YOUNG MAN

Are you okay?

The child whimpers. The young man looks around, bends down
to his knees.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

It's okay.

WHITE ELEPHANT

Do you get picked on too?

The young man doesn't say anything. He looks around the street, then at the child in front of him.

WHITE ELEPHANT (CONT'D)

(wiping tears)

I know you. You got your picture up everywhere. How come?

YOUNG MAN

I had a friend. Only she wasn't as old as I thought.

A cop car passing by the end of the street stops, witnessing this scene. An officer rolls down his window and flashes a light in the man's face.

OFFICER

Hey, what's going on here?

The man hands the kid the bag of candy he got from the angel and runs off. The kid watches him go.

EXT. MCGOWAN STREET - NIGHT

The man cuts through a final yard and looks ahead of him.

One house in a row of houses has it's front lights off.

He looks at his watch: 9:59.

The man bolts to the front steps of the his house and opens the front door.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The man dives in and sprawls out on the floor. His watch begins to beep. A woman's voice calls out from a back bedroom.

MOM (O.S.)

Teddy is that you?

YOUNG MAN

It's me, Mom.

(he hold out the
Walgreen's bag)

I picked up...

MOM (O.S.)

Oh my God, where have you been?
They'll take you back to jail. You
know you can't be out...

YOUNG MAN

It's okay, Mom.

Suddenly police lights flash in front of the house.

The young man sits up quickly. His MOTHER, a small, round woman enters.

MOM

That Parole officer has been calling here all night.

A KNOCK at the door. His mother answers it and a Police Officer enters.

YOUNG MAN

I made it here. I was here by curfew.

OFFICER

You weren't supposed to be out tonight at all. Where's your ankle bracelet, Ted?

He looks down. His bracelet is gone.

From behind the Officer the small kid in the White Elephant costume squeezes through the open door, holding up the ankle bracelet.

WHITE ELEPHANT

Mr. Mr. You forgot your thing.

He walks over and hands it to the young man.

The kid turns and walks back out.

WHITE ELEPHANT (CONT'D)

Thanks for the candy.

He waves to the cop on the way out.

The young man watches the kid leave. The Officer watches the kid leave, rather off-put. The kid closes the door with a SLAM.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

With the patrol car in front, the little kid in the White Elephant costume walks away.