

THE RUN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

A child's feet (age 7-10) shuffle in adult sized high-heeled shoes. The hem of a dress brushes the calves. Child hums happily.

Little hands pinch at the pantyhose trying to adjust them. A run races up the leg. The hands freeze.

Camera reveals ETHAN. In full makeup, his breathing heavy.

In full panic mode, he kicks off the shoes and rips at the dress trying to get it off.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Ethan sits at the table. He wears the pantyhose over his face, armed robber style. His mouth remains free of the mask as he shovels cereal into it.

MOM (age 30-45) enters and jumps a mile.

MOM

Jesus!

Ethan giggles.

MOM (CONT'D)

(laughs)

You are a strange, strange child.

He grins.

MOM (CONT'D)

Come on, take em off.

He peels them off and hands them to her. She ruffles his hair in passing.

MOM (CONT'D)

Finish up, kiddo. You're gonna miss the bus.

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - LATER

Mom sits at her vanity in a slip. She runs an arm through the pantyhose revealing the large run.

MOM

Yup.

She tosses them in the trash.

She opens her eyeshadow. All the colors are mixed. She stares at it confused. Then something dawns on her. She looks to the closet.

She touches the dress sloppily hung on the hanger. The sleeves are pulled inside the dress.

MOM (CONT'D)

Oh, kiddo.

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mom cracks open the door and tentatively enters.

Action figures cradle smaller ones like babies. Legos and blocks are constructed as houses. Stuffed animals are arranged as if at a wedding.

She trembles with emotion.

INT. HOME - LATER

Mom pauses at the many photographs of Ethan on the wall. She takes one and holds it to her chest.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mom sits at the table lost in thought. She hears the door OPEN and looks up. Ethan stands stock still looking at her.

MOM

I think we need to talk, kiddo.

ETHAN

I was just playing.

MOM

I think maybe--

ETHAN

No!

He storms past her and SLAMS the bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Mom knocks softly on his bedroom door.

MOM

Ethan?

She cracks the door and steps inside. Ethan sits on the bed. He won't look at her.

She sits next to him. After a moment, she slides her open hand across the bed. Ethan slips his hand in hers.

They sit side by side, neither looking at the other.