

Prompt:



The Runaway (1958)

Logline: An impatient police officer and tenderhearted diner chef must help a runaway kid who claims to be extraterrestrial.

The Runaway
Screenplay from a Prompt

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL DINE-IN RESTAURANT - MORNING

Police officer BOB (45) enters the nearly empty 1950's diner with a sigh. He looks like the typical 'doughnut-loving cop' who hasn't had his morning donut yet. He is in full uniform, sloppily put together, bags under his eyes. He takes a look around and walks over to the bar.

Standing behind the bar is Paul (52), the diners greasy but charming chief. His dying cigarette is soon going to burn his wide grin. He is talking to a KID (7), who looks well cared for and slightly nerdy. His legs dangle from the hightop stool, a bindle on the ground beneath him.

BOB
Mornin Paul. Whatcha call for?

PAUL
Well good morning officer Bob! What a pleasant surprise!

Bob glares at Paul and sits at the bar next to the kid.

PAUL (CONT'D)
This skipper was telling me about how he has run away from home...

Paul looks at Bob with an amused expression.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And about his travels through space.

Bob rolls his eyes and turns over to the kid. The kid sticks out his arm for a handshake, which Bob ignores.

KID
Hello! My name is Qhuuveoks but I like the human name Max.

Bob looks at Paul in confusion, Paul just nods.

PAUL
(smirking)
Be careful here Bob, Max is a genuine alien. He's been telling me about it all morning.

MAX
Yep, but I ran away! Now I just want to be a human like you guys.

BOB
What an active imagination... Now
tell me, why did you run away?

MAX
My parents want to leave the
Milkyway but I don't want to!

Bob clenches his teeth and takes a big breath.

BOB
Paul, can I get a black coffee?

Paul nods and walks over to the coffee machine. Bob watches
until he is out of earshot and turns back to Max.

BOB (CONT'D)
You little ankle-biter listen here,
I am tired of this 'UFO' hysteria
that has been plaguing the country
so I want you to cut the act.

Bob looks over at Paul, he is still making the coffee.

BOB (CONT'D)
Make my job easy and tell me where
you came from.

MAX
(unfazed)
I am from Crarth Q412, but my pod
likes to travel so we are never in
one star system for long.

Bob's scowls and he grabs Max by the collar of his shirt. Max
freezes, he looks confused by the situation not scared.

BOB
Are you looking for a whipping kid?

Bob begins to raise his arm but quickly draws back. He lets
go of Max, nearly sending him off the seat. Paul re-enters.

PAUL
Here is your coffee, now what are
we talking about?

Bob takes a long drink of the coffee and says nothing. Max
sits silently, looking at Bob with his head tilted
quizzically.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Ah so Max, why don't you want to
leave with your family?

Max looks back at Paul and lights back up.

MAX

Well I want to spend more time
exploring earth but nobody listens!

PAUL

Well, it sounds like to me that
being on that... space ship you get
to explore a lot huh?

MAX

Yeah, we have been to a lot of
planets but I like earth the
mostest!

PAUL

You can come on back here again!
I'm sure your parents would
understand if you told them. Now
isn't that right officer Bob?

Paul nudges Bob, making him spill some of the coffee. Bob
looks over and sighs. He puts on a fake smile.

BOB

You tell your parents how much you
like...earth then I'm sure you will
get to come back.

MAX

Really?! That would be a blast!

BOB

How about I take you on back home
and we can talk to them together
about it.

Max jumps down from the stool and grabs his bindle.

MAX

Nah, they don't like it when I
bring other species home.

Max taps on his watch, it glows an intense blue light.

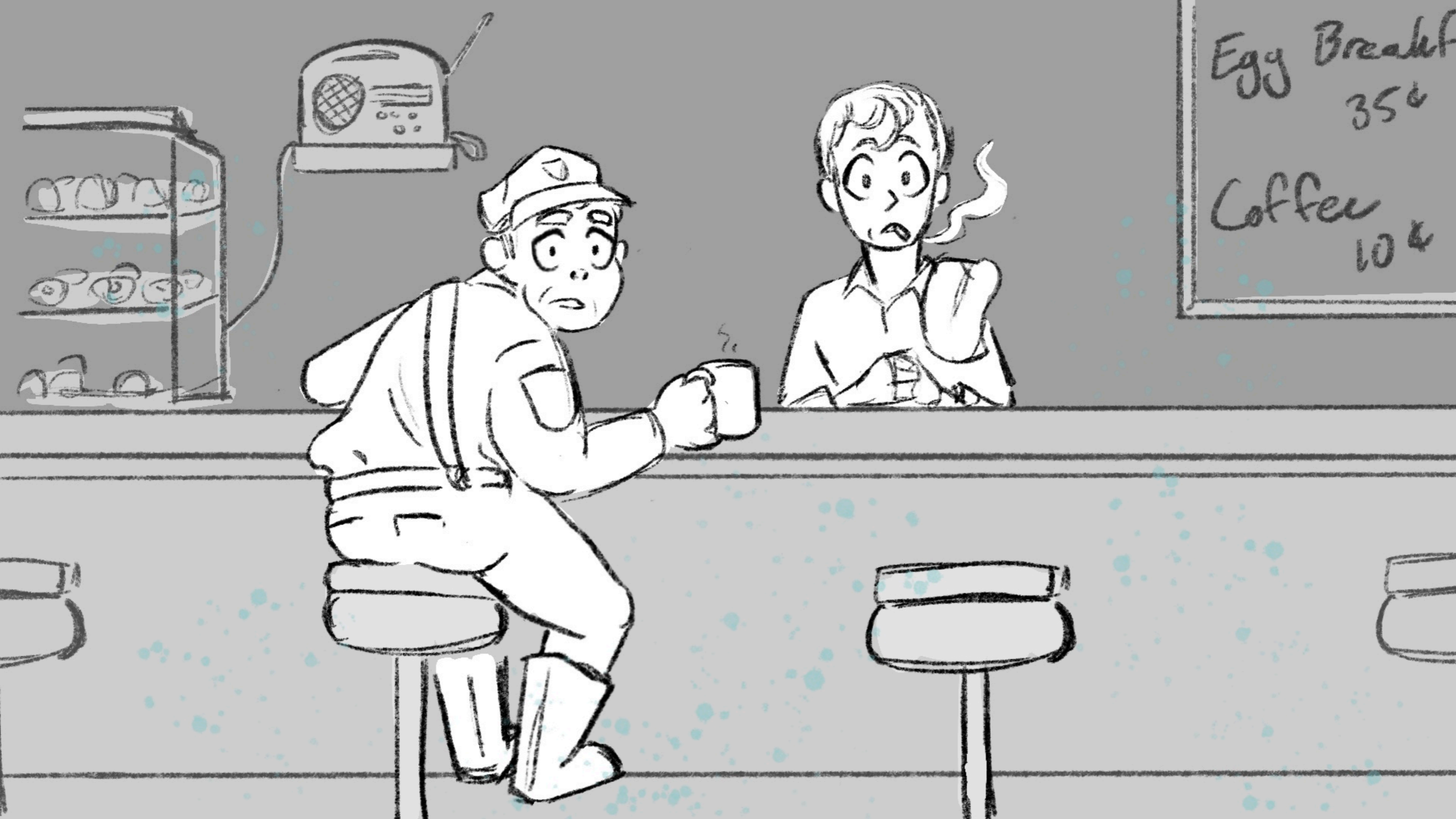
MAX (CONT'D)

Thank you for the advice! Humans
are smarter than I thought!

Max waves goodbye and disappears with a flash.

Bob and Paul are frozen, staring dumbfounded at where Max had
been a second before.





Egg Breakfast
35¢

Coffee
10¢