

RUNAWAYS

Written by

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INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

ASHLEY, 15, ISABELLA, 15, and REESE, 15, sit huddled in a corner of their homeroom class, whispering to each other. The other teenagers of the class throw wads of paper and fling rubber bands at each other as they wait for class to start.

ASHLEY

Listen, we have to do it today. My dad's truck route passes by my house tomorrow, and he's been saying he wants to check in on me.

Ashley rolls her eyes.

ISABELLA

I'm ready if you guys are.

Isabella looks over her shoulder to see if the teacher has entered the room yet.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

The only thing is, I'm strapped for cash.

Reese waves away her worry.

REESE

You guys, c'mon. That part's easy. We can just hit up the Kwik Mart.

ASHLEY

With what money?

REESE

We don't need money, silly.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ashley stuffs her rolled up t-shirts into her backpack. She counts how much money she has in her wallet, it's not a lot, but enough for the bus ticket.

She heads to the bathroom to grab some extra tampons, just in case- CRASH.

Ashley's mom, JENNIFER, 45, slams open the door.

JENNIFER

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

ASHLEY
Nothing, Mom. Why are you home
early?

JENNIFER
Is that any of your business? Get
back to your room. I don't want to
see you again tonight.

Ashley turns away.

ASHLEY
(whispering)
You won't.

INT. KWIK MART - EVENING

Ashley, Isabella, and Reese separate and go down different
aisles of the small store. The CASHIER, 25, is on his phone,
uncaring. They each snag the essentials as discretely as
possible: bread, some bananas, diet coke, and peach gummy
rings.

Reese sends a thumbs up that they got everything. The three
make a run for the door.

CASHIER
Hey! Stop!... Eh, whatever.

They make it out and all the way around the corner before
they stop, breathing heavy and laughing.

4 EXT. BUS STOP - DUSK

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The trio walk to the bus stop they decided on. It's getting
dark, and they're looking over their shoulders at every
noise.

ISABELLA
What if they come after us?

REESE
Our parents? I mean, if they give a
shit, we just keep moving.

ISABELLA
Yeah, but, everything's recorded
nowadays. The police will be able
to see us at this bus stop. And
we're not emancipated-

ASHLEY

Will you stop, please? We can do
this. See, here's the bus.

The bus pulls up with a screeching whine. The girls get on.

They settle into their seats, heads on each other's shoulders
as they doze, staring out the window.

EXT. SAN ONOFRE STATE BEACH - DAWN

The girls walk onto the beach as the sunrises, wiggling their
toes in the sand. They squint their eyes into the growing
sunlight.

ISABELLA

Alright, this is pretty nice.

ASHLEY

I told you.

Reese sighs contently.

REESE

So what's next?

ASHLEY

Pretty much anything.

FADE TO BLACK