

PEOPLE LIKE THAT

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FADE IN

EXT. A HIGH STREET. DAY

A WOMAN (30s) sophisticated - poised, holds the hand of MAYA (6) immaculate buttoned up coat and shiny shoes, as they walk through the crowds. They stop outside a department store.

The woman looks up to the rain clouds ahead, turns to a street vendor selling umbrellas. She lets go of Maya's hand and opens her purse.

Behind her, Maya spots A HOMELESS MAN selling red balloons. He smiles - Maya smiles, he holds out a balloon.

SECONDS LATER he carefully ties the balloon to Maya's wrist.

SUDDENLY The woman yanks Maya away and ushers her into the store.

THE WOMAN

We don't talk to people like that.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY

Packed.

The woman and Maya browse the makeup department.

The woman's phone rings, the store clerk's phone rings, everyone's phones ring.

The rings get louder, voices are raised, the woman answers her phone - a finger in one ear.

THE WOMAN

(into phone)

I can't hear you, hang on.

People begin to rush out. The woman moves to a corner.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Calm down.

(Beat)

We're at the department store, why?

A BEAT...Her face turns white with terror. She spins on her heels to the makeup counter. MAYA HAS GONE.

Frantic, she looks left and right, then out at the mass of bodies that swarm towards the exit. She sees the red balloon high above their heads. It bobs rapidly, dragged, pulled through the air out the door with the crowd.

Trapped within the panic stricken mob, Maya is swept up off her feet and carried out the door. The balloon still tied to her wrist.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY

Panic everywhere. Bodies run in all directions.

The woman rushes out, does a 360. Her eyes scan every inch in sight. THEN...she looks to the sky and watches the balloon drift up and away over the city skyline.

She falls to her knees, screams in anguish.

Then a large shadow looms over her. She looks up. The homeless man is there. He points down the street.

SECONDS LATER The crowds dissipate. The homeless man and woman race down the block. They pass a deserted ally. The woman, on her phone, sprints on, the homeless man goes back.

He stares down the ally - listens. He hears a faint cry.

He looks behind a dumpster. Maya is curled up in a ball, sobbing. He holds out his hand, she leaps into his arms.

Suddenly a car screeches up. The woman and A MAN jump out.

THE MAN

Take your filthy hands off my daughter.

He snatches Maya from the homeless man, pushes him to the ground. The man and woman put Maya in the car.

The rain starts to pours down, the man gets in the car.

The woman stares at the homeless man - on the ground, frightened, confused, drenched.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Come on. We've got to go!

The woman hands the homeless man her umbrella.

She gets back in the car and speeds off.