

STEALING TIME

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

KITCHEN:

HAROLD, an elderly man in his late 70's, sits at a kitchen table reading a newspaper. A loud television set can be heard in another room.

Nothing appears modern. Everything from the appliances to furniture looks dated and worn out.

A ginger cat brushes along Harold's leg. He looks down and gently pushes it away with his leg.

HAROLD  
Get away Felix. Shoo.

Harold folds the paper and tosses it on the table. He looks at his wristwatch and sighs.

LIVING ROOM:

ETHEL, an elderly woman sits in a worn out recliner watching "The Price is Right" from a small, old fashioned television set.

Harold walks in.

HAROLD  
It's getting late Ethel. Let's go  
before it gets too busy.

Ethel's attention remains on the TV show.

ETHEL  
Just a minute. Show's just about  
done.

HAROLD  
You said that an hour ago.

She ignores him. Felix brushes along his leg. Again, he pushes it aside.

HAROLD  
I told you to keep Felix outside.  
Damn thing's in heat.

ETHEL  
What was that, Harold?

HAROLD  
Nothing.

Harold walks out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A JUNKER turns into a busy downtown road. Rows of cars occupy all available parking spots on either side...

...Except one.

Harold parallel parks into it.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ethel looks out her window and sees a NO PARKING sign.

ETHEL  
You can't park here.

HAROLD  
Sure I can.

ETHEL  
(pointing)  
But the sign says no parking until  
5:00 PM.

HAROLD  
What? Ah hell, that's when the bank  
closes.

Harold checks his wristwatch and sighs.

ETHEL  
What time is it, now?

HAROLD  
It's just past 4:00.

ETHEL  
So what do we do, Harold?

He thinks a moment.

HAROLD

I say we park here and make a dash  
for the bank.

ETHEL

How about we just find another  
spot?

HAROLD

Where? This is the only one left.

ETHEL

Hmm. If only we got here sooner.

HAROLD

(sarcastically)

And miss an episode of The Price is  
Right?

Harold snickers.

HAROLD

Don't be silly.

Ethel turns, visibly angry.

ETHEL

That's raelly funny Harold.

(beat)

Your jalopy stalling on the way  
here didn't help matters.

HAROLD

Ofcourse not. How stupid of me.

He looks at her menacingly. They both look away in opposite  
directions. Harold turns his head.

HAROLD

I know.

(beat)

Let's head to California, apply as  
contestants, and try to win a new  
one.

ETHEL

Oh for crying out loud.

HAROLD

We'll even promise the producers to  
neuter our damn cat.

(beat)

HAROLD  
That should impress Bob Barker  
enough to get us on the show, for  
sure.

Ethel crosses her arms, fuming.

ETHEL  
You're such an ignorant clown, you  
know that Harold?

HAROLD  
Why? Don't you like the idea?

ETHEL  
Of course not. Bob Barker doesn't  
even host the show anymore.

Harold rolls his eyes, throws his head back and sighs.

HAROLD  
I give up.

ETHEL  
Harold, I didn't mean to insult  
you. I'm just saying, this car  
won't last much longer.

HAROLD  
Don't you think I see that Ethel?  
Jesus... Why the hell you think  
we're here?

ETHEL  
Would you please calm down?

Harold takes a deep breath.

ETHEL  
You know, we don't have to go  
through with this. We can always  
make do with what we have for now.

HAROLD  
(calmer)  
Maybe you're right...  
(beat)  
You know what I wish? That we can  
go one day... Just one day without  
having to worry about money.  
(beat)  
Just get away from it all.

ETHEL

Hmm that would be nice. Maybe a short drive out to the country --

HAROLD

The hell with that. There's a whole world out there to explore.

Ethel giggles.

ETHEL

Would be nice strolling the streets of Paris this time of year.

HAROLD

Or gazing the great pyramids of Egypt. Now that's something.

ETHEL

Hmm. To be honest, going to California and trying out as Price is Right contestants is good enough for me.

HAROLD

Yeah, I guess we can start off small...

They start laughing. They sit back in their seats daydreaming, smiling, sighing.

Someone taps on the driver side window.

A parking enforcement officer signals Harold to roll down his window.

He does.

OFFICER

Sorry folks. Afraid I'm gonna have to give you this.

He hands Harold a ticket.

OFFICER

You're not allowed to park here before 5.

JASON

Oh give us a break would ya? We were just leaving.

OFFICER  
Sorry, just doing my job.  
(beat)  
Have a nice day.

The officer walks away.

HAROLD  
Well, I guess that settles that.  
(beat)  
You ready, honey?

ETHEL  
Let's do it.

Ethel reaches into the glove compartment and removes a couple of ski masks.

She reaches under her seat and pulls out a shotgun.

They put the masks on and open their doors.

EXT. STREET - DAY

They approach the doors of a local bank. Harold grabs hold of the door handle...

HAROLD  
California, here we come.

FADE TO BLACK