

The Wallet  
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FADE IN:

INT/EXT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Two empty coffee cups and a few wadded up food wrappers litter the passenger floor. JASON (late 30s, fit) sits behind the wheel staring out at nothing, lost in thought. The way his brow furrows, his jaw clenches, they're troubled thoughts.

He abruptly exits the car and closes the door. The doors lock, the alarm beeps. He walks away--

Leaving a worn leather wallet on the dash.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Jason buries the car keys in his jeans pocket as a TEENAGER (17, track suit, hoodie) passes in the opposite direction. They ignore each other.

He checks his phone, then returns it to his pocket. He pats down his other pockets, like he forgot something.

SMASH! Jason whirls to see the Teenager racing away from his car's screaming alarm.

Despair contorts his face. Then, determination. He dashes off in pursuit of the fleeing Teenager.

The Teenager diverts around a street corner. Jason bolts up the nearby alleyway in the same direction.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jason runs to get ahead of the Teenager, scaring a few rats as he races past.

His breathing is steady and he manages an extra burst of speed approaching the end of the alley. The man can run.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

He whips from the alleyway, runs the short half block, and zips around the corner.

Ahead, the Teenager has slowed, going through the contents of the wallet. He sees Jason coming and spins around to run the other way, stuffing the wallet into the pocket of his zipped hoodie.

Jason rapidly gains ground, but the Teenager manages to get up to speed and stay ahead of him.

The Teenager glances behind, annoyed to find Jason still in pursuit. He turns suddenly into a parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The Teenager runs up the ramp, parked cars on either side. Jason appears at the bottom, still coming.

Jason sees the Teenager reach the top of the ramp and disappear around the corner. He races to follow.

Around the corner, he slows to a trot. No sign of the Teenager, and his heavy breathing is the only sound.

He drops prone, scanning beneath the cars.

There, the feet of the crouched Teenager beneath the cars as he creeps back the way he came.

Jason launches himself in that direction. The Teenager, realizing the jig is up, dashes from cover.

Jason launches himself over the hood of the last parked car, reaching for the Teenager. His fingertips just brush the Teenager's hoodie and the race is on again.

Running back down the ramp, the Teenager manages to gain distance. Jason, breathing harder, struggles to keep up.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The Teenager bursts from the parking garage and into the street. Right in front of a moving taxi.

The startled DRIVER slams on the brakes, horn blasting.

The Teenager vaults the hood that would have surely hit him and lands still at a run.

Jason reaches the street as the taxi drives off, horn still blaring. Jason slows and watches the Teenager get further and further away, dejected.

The Teenager glances back over his shoulder and flips him the finger triumphantly as he jogs out of sight.

Wheezing, Jason places his hands on his knees to catch his breath, anguish on his face. In the distance his car alarm honks repeatedly.

Something catches his eye. He stares into the street.

There, in the middle of the road, is his wallet.

He picks it up and opens it. Money, gone. Credit cards, gone. His ID is still there.

With trembling fingers he reaches behind his ID and slides out a photo booth picture, pristine, recent.

The photo is of Jason holding AMBER (6), both laughing.

Beneath the photo in clear pen: Amber 2018-2024

Relief floods Jason's face. Through sudden tears he kisses the photo and returns it to his wallet.

He wipes his eyes and composes himself, tucking the wallet into his back pocket. He pats it reassuringly.

He smiles and walks in the direction of the car alarm.

FADE OUT.