

EXT. STREET - DAY

BLUE SHOES on the pavement. Untied with coffee stains on them.

Fingers enter the frame and tie the laces. Matching BLUE color on the fingernails.

We hear a constant stream of traffic outside the frame.

We follow the fingers up a person's waist who starts walking. We stay on the fingers as they hit a traffic light button.

We pull out to see a group of pedestrians stacked by one end of a street.

Amongst them, we quickly spot the blue shoes again. They belong to HOWARD (62), who repeatedly half-bites down on his lower lip, eyes moving without going left and right. Disoriented.

We spot a YOUNG BOY (7) in front of him, also waiting for the green light to switch on. The boy is wearing blue shoes. The boy turns towards Howard.

YOUNG BOY

We should cross the street.

At first, Howard ignores the boy.

YOUNG BOY

Did you hear me? We should cross.

Howard looks at the boy, humors him.

HOWARD

How do we do that? Cross it?

YOUNG BOY

We'll run.

HOWARD

I can't run. Crawling will be more like it.

YOUNG BOY

I know. You're old. But I'm young, and I can carry you. I run. I don't crawl.

HOWARD

I think you need to learn aerodynamics.

YOUNG BOY

(cuts him off)

We already did.

HOWARD
Yes, but you haven't.

YOUNG BOY
Loser.

The light turns green.

YOUNG BOY
Last chance? Jump on my back.
Common.

Howard thinks about it. The Young Boy turns his back to him and offers him to step on.

Howard climbs on the back of the Young Boy. For a split second, it looks like they'll pull it off.

But then the boy crumbles to the ground.

Howard starts crossing the street. Half-way, he turns and looks at the Young Boy, still on the ground.

HOWARD
See? Crawl.