

RUNNING TO LOVE

Written by

Michael Petritis

micycle1215@gmail.com

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INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The walls of the room are lined with posters from different games and shows, and the curtains are drawn, so only a small amount of light can get in.

IZZY, mid 20's, is talking on the phone. On the other end, JAY, early 20's, is able to be heard.

IZZY

I can't believe it. Twelve days,
and we'll finally be meeting up!
Are you sure you want to make the
trip, though?

JAY

Is that even a question? Of course
I do! You know I've been dying to
meet you.

IZZY

I know, but I'm the one with the
car. Don't you think you'd be kind
of dead after spending all day on a
bus? Not to mention, I don't want
you sleeping through our first
actual day together!

JAY

I'm telling you, it would be worth
it. It's just a little under seven
hours for me. Don't sweat it.

There is a moment of silence, before Izzy gives a quiet laugh into the phone.

IZZY

Seven hours, not including waking
up extra early to get to the bus
station in the first place. Though,
for me, it would only be about
four. So what if I just...

Another short silence passes, as Jay processes what Izzy suggested.

JAY

Wait, you're actually considering
coming down here on a whim?

IZZY

Why not? We could get to know each other while we're both wide awake. Seems like a good idea to me.

Izzy starts going through her drawers, placing a few days' worth of clothing on her bed.

JAY

Well, would we be cancelling the trip, then? I already booked the hotel up there, and --

IZZY

That's a dumb question. Of course not! This is just for us to prove that we go well together, so the trip is even better!

Jay starts excitedly laughing now.

JAY

I guess... I'll see you in a few hours, Izzy? I've got some errands to run, but you know my address already. We can order food once you get here.

IZZY

Saving our first date until tomorrow? Smart man. Alright, love you.

JAY

Heh, yeah, I guess. I love you too.

Izzy hangs up, and goes to the door of her room, opening it and yelling down the hall.

IZZY

Mom! Can we talk for a sec?

SARAH, late 50's, comes out of her own room after a minute.

SARAH

Need something, Izzy?

IZZY

I just wanted to let you know that I'm spending a few days by Jay.

Izzy walks back into her room to resume packing, while Sarah follows closely behind, giving an inquisitive glare.

SARAH

I thought he was coming up here in a couple weeks. Are you sure you'd rather be down there? Isn't it --

IZZY

Oh, he'll still be here to meet you, don't worry. But I didn't want our first time meeting to be him right off the bus.

SARAH

I understand that, but I'd still rather he come to meet your father and me before anything else. What if he's not what you expected?

Izzy begins shoving the clothing she'd gathered into a backpack, as well as a handheld gaming console. Then, she looked back up to Sarah.

IZZY

We've already been planning to see each other since we started dating. So what if I want to rush it a little?

SARAH

Izzy, I'm telling you, it might not be safe. Please, call him and tell him you've decided to wait for him here.

Neither of them speak while Izzy zips her bag up, slinging it over her shoulder.

IZZY

Mom, I've made up my mind. I know you're worried, but I need you to trust me. And trust him, too. You've talked on the phone with him before, you know he's nice.

SARAH

But you've also mentioned that he doesn't live in a very safe area. There's a lot more people there than there are here, and I don't think it's a good idea to go to a place as busy as that with somebody you barely know!

Izzy walked from her room, down her stairs, with Sarah still following behind with protests.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Izzy walks to the front door.

SARAH

Can we at least discuss this?
You've done impulsive things like
this before, and it's ended badly.

IZZY

If it does, I'll let you say you
told me so. But for now, I'm
leaving. I love you. I'll be home
by the weekend.

Sarah watched with her eyes narrowed as Izzy went out to her car, placed her backpack in the passenger's seat, and drove off.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

The sun is just starting to set. Izzy looks down at her phone, after stopping at a rest area. There is a single missed call from Sarah. Izzy unlocks her phone, and returns the call, which is picked up after only one ring.

SARAH

Oh, thank God you're alright! Where
are you?

IZZY

I'm about an hour away from his
house, I stopped for a few to get a
snack.

SARAH

Izzy, it's still not too late to
come home. You'll be back before
midnight. We both know you're going
to regret this.

IZZY

I've made it all this way, and he's
expecting me. I promise you, it's
going to be fine. You're going
crazy over this, it isn't the first
time I've been away from home.

SARAH

And it also isn't the first time
you've ended up hurt because you
decided to go meet someone out of
the blue.

IZZY

Except I haven't ended up hurt yet.
Please, let me do this.

SARAH

(Sighing over the phone)
If this goes poorly, you're never
going to hear the end of it from
me. And you'll have to cancel your
trip, so this boy doesn't get the
wrong idea.

Sarah then hangs up the phone, leaving Izzy sitting in her car. She silently gets out, to go to a vending machine set up outside the rest stop.

Izzy still has her phone in her hand, and hovers her finger over the button labeled 'cancel route'. After getting her snack, however, she sets her phone back against her dashboard, and continues on her way.

EXT. JAY'S STREET - NIGHT

Izzy stares down the street, lit only by the porch lights of a couple houses.

IZZY

I can't believe I'm here. This is
crazy, right?

She continues to stare at the row of houses for a few more seconds, before pulling her phone out of her pocket, and calling Jay. He picks up after a few seconds.

JAY

Hey, Izz. What's up? Are you...

IZZY

(Giving a tired sigh)
Yeah, I made it. Can you come
outside? I'm parked at the end of
the street.

Without another word, Jay hangs up the phone, and the sound of a door opening and closing echoes through the street. Two doors down from the car.

Jay walks out of his house. Izzy runs to him, with a smile. She reaches him once he gets to the sidewalk, and lunges forward to hug him.

JAY

I can't believe you're actually here! I thought you'd end up calling and telling me you can't make it.

IZZY

Honestly... I considered it. I thought of turning back a couple times, actually. But I felt like I needed to do this.

JAY

I mean, I'm glad you did! This is awesome, you're actually --

Jay is interrupted by the ringing of Izzy's phone. It's Sarah.

IZZY

It's my mom... Stay quiet for a second.

Izzy then answers, and is greeted by Sarah's voice on the other end.

SARAH

Oh, you actually picked up? Does that mean you're...

IZZY

At Jay's house, yeah. I got here safe.

SARAH

Put me on speaker.

Izzy looks to Jay, and then quickly hits the speaker button.

IZZY

Alright, mom. He can hear you.

SARAH

Jay?

JAY

(Nervous)

Yes, Mrs. Foster?

SARAH

You better know that I wasn't a fan of this. So if anything happens to my daughter --

IZZY

Mom! Nothing's going to happen to me, calm down.

SARAH

(Frantic)

Izzy, you don't know that! You only met this boy at the start of the summer. Online, I might add. And you just drove four hours to his house!

There is silence, as Jay and Izzy glance at each other. Then, Jay speaks up.

JAY

Mrs. Foster, I understand that you're worried. But I promise you, I'm not going to let anything happen to Izzy. I know we've only known each other for a few months, but I do really care about her. I'll make sure she stays safe.

IZZY

Please, mom. I'm begging you, just trust us on this. I'll call you twice a day, and fill you in on everything. And if something goes wrong, I'll head right home.

On the other end of the phone, Sarah sighs.

SARAH

Just... I worry. Please, please, just stay out of trouble. And call me if anything happens, okay?

JAY

I'll keep on top of her about calling you. You can count on me.

SARAH

Alright, Jay. But when you're up here, we're talking about this. Alright?

JAY

Izzy's already prepared me for the questions you're going to ask, don't worry. I'll be ready.

IZZY

Can we go, mom? We've got to order food, and then I'll text you.

SARAH

What, does he not cook? Izzy, if you were home, I'd have made you something, and --

IZZY

(Laughing quietly.)
I love you too, mom.

JAY

For the record, I do cook. I'll make you all something when I'm up there.

SARAH

(Having calmed down.)
I'm holding you to that, boy.
Alright. I love you, Izzy. Call me before you go to bed.

IZZY

Thank you, mom! I will!

When the call ends, Jay is quick to open Izzy's car, and grab her bag. Izzy grabs his hand with her open one, and begins tugging him down the sidewalk in a playful manner. They cross Jay's lawn, and after a couple seconds of looking at each other, Jay opens the door, and leads Izzy inside.

END