

URBAN LEGEND

Written by

Michael Fong

353 E Center Street, Apt 116, Anaheim, CA 92805  
(650) 796-9194

A beautiful lawn, though not immune to the orange tinge of fall, is dotted by students and faculty alike, all sitting on the green grassy expanse.

Zoe and Oscar have not time to admire the scenery as they sprint toward the nearby houses, trying to put as much distance between them and the cops as possible.

OSCAR

Where are we going?

ZOE

Anywhere but here.

GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS break the tranquility as the Officers fire at the fleeing pair.

OSCAR

Oh my God! What is happening?

Zoe shoves Oscar behind a planter.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

They're shooting at us! They're shooting at us!

ZOE

Unless you want them to hit us, do as I say. Stay low and keep moving. We need to make it to the streets.

She grabs his hand and yanks him down the street, the officers not far behind.

The Boston streets are crowded as people move this way and that, some on their lunch break, others enjoying the brisk autumn afternoon.

Zoe runs down the street, Oscar in tow, as the police officers continue their chase.

OSCAR

We need a car!

ZOE

Believe me, a car would just slow us down.

OSCAR

What?!

GUNSHOTS reverberate off of the surrounding buildings, startling and panicking the pedestrians.

Zoe and Oscar dive behind some parked cars.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Why are they shooting at us?

ZOE

Do you really want to stop and ask?

The gunshots STOP.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Oscar scrambles to his feet, running down the street, but Zoe dashes down the alley.

ZOE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

This way!

OSCAR

Right, sorry!

He backtracks and darts down the alley.

27

EXT. BOSTON ALLEY - AFTERNOON

27

The dank alleyway is jam-packed full of garbage and dumpsters as steam rises from a nearby manhole cover.

Zoe pops her head from behind a dumpster, looking out into the streets before ducking back behind cover.

ZOE

Coast looks clear for now.

Oscar, being more out of shape than Zoe, is having trouble catching his breath.

OSCAR

(out of breath)

How- do you know- where- to go?

Zoe doesn't stop glancing down the alley.

ZOE  
I grew up around here. I know all  
the alleys and backstreets. That's  
why a car would just slow us down.

Oscar nods, still catching his breath.

OSCAR  
So who were those guys? Cops don't  
normally shoot their guns when  
bystanders are around.

ZOE  
Yeah well Nazis don't care too much  
about bystanders.

He shoots her a terrified look.

OSCAR  
Nazis? Really?

ZOE  
You kind of get used to it in my  
line of work.

OSCAR  
(louder)  
I don't want to get-

Zoe puts her hand over his mouth as the two officers run past  
the alleyway entrance. After a moment of holding still, Zoe  
moves her hand.

ZOE  
We need to find a place to lay low.

OSCAR  
We can go to my place.

A coy smile stretches across Zoe's face as she continues to  
scan the alley.

ZOE  
I bet you say that to all the  
girls, don't you?

Oscar begins stammering, clearly caught off guard.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
If they know where you work, they  
know where you live. No, we need  
someplace they don't know.

She turns to Oscar and sees a rotten banana peel on his shoulder.

He follows her gaze and swipes it off of his coat.

OSCAR  
Come on! This is my favorite coat!

Zoe grumbles and sighs, burying her face in her hands.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
What is it?

After a moment, she shakes her head, focused once more.

ZOE  
I know a place we can go.

OSCAR  
Great! Where is it?

ZOE  
Home.

Oscar raises an eyebrow.

OSCAR  
I thought you said-

ZOE  
Not your home. Mine.

Zoe shakes her head.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
All right, we need to find the  
nearest farmer's market.

The professor glances at her like she's crazy.