

CREEP

Written by  
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EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

A city street -- it is quiet, just the soft sound of ambient TRAFFIC NOISE.

There are only a few pedestrians around -- including THE MAN, who wears a heavy coat over his body and a hard look on his face.

The Man walks casually -- he glances casually at all of the pedestrians as they hurry past, but he glances little a bit longer on the younger, more attractive women.

BLACK SCREEN WITH TITLE CARD: "CREEP."

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

THE MAN continues to walk casually, in no hurry -- until he stops in his tracks, he stares:

The noisy CLACK OF HEELS herald the arrival of THE WOMAN, who walks on the other side of the city street.

The Woman is partially obscured by the parked cars as she scrolls past, but she is beautiful, and beautifully dressed --

-- And moving very quickly. The Woman seems to be distracted and harried as she walks, as she looks down, as she rummages through her purse.

The Woman does notice --

-- The Man. He cranes his neck and watches THE WOMAN as she moves past.

The Man crosses the city street -- he disappears behind the parked cars.

EXT. CITY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Another city street -- this one more dark, more deserted.

The Woman moves quickly along the street -- she is pursued by the sound of The Man's FOOTSTEPS behind her --

-- Without turning around, The Woman picks up her pace.

The Man appears -- he moves quickly toward The Woman.

THE MAN

Hey.

The Woman hears The Man, but she ignores him -- she hurries along the street.

EXT. CITY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Another city street -- this one is even more dark, even more deserted --

-- It is lined with graffiti-splashed storefronts and razor-wire fences.

The Woman moves quickly, she BREATHES heavily.

THE MAN (O.S.)

Hey.

The Woman glances quickly behind her. She breaks into a run.

THE MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey!

The Man appears -- he looks a bit winded as he lumbers after The Woman.

EXT. BUS STOP -- MOMENTS LATER

A dingy bus stop. A long rickety bench sits underneath a flickering street lamp.

Pedestrians sit on the bench, they huddle under the street lamp, they shiver in the cold as they wait for the bus to arrive.

Until -- all at once, the pedestrians turn their heads, they watch The Woman rush to the bus stop as she SHOUTS:

THE WOMAN (O.S.)

Why you following me?

THE MAN (O.S.)

(breathless)

No no no --

The Woman runs past the pedestrians -- then she wheels around and faces The Man:

THE WOMAN

What do you want from me?

The Man lumbers awkwardly to a stop. He bends over slightly, he WHEEZES for breath as he struggles to talk:

THE MAN

You --

THE WOMAN

(TALKS over The Man)

Leave me alone!

The Man glances uncomfortably at all of the pedestrians as he struggles to talk:

THE MAN

You -- you dropped your wallet back there -- I'm just trying -- give it back to you.

The Man holds up his hand -- he holds a wallet.

The Woman looks at the wallet -- then down at her purse -- she processes what has just happened, and her face flushes with embarrassment.

THE WOMAN

Oh god --

The Man moves slowly towards The Woman -- he holds out the wallet, and The Woman grabs hold of it.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm -- I'm so sorry -- I just --

THE MAN

It's okay.

THE WOMAN

At least --  
(opens her wallet, reaches inside)  
-- can I give you something?

THE MAN

No -- no --

THE WOMAN

You sure?

THE MAN

No, it's okay.

The Man is interrupted by the HUFF OF EXHAUST, by the GROWL OF AN ENGINE as a bus rumbles toward the bus stop.

The bus rolls slowly along the curb, and stops -- its doors CLATTER open --

-- The pedestrians huddle all around the bus, they clamber aboard the bus, one after the other.

The Woman backpedals toward the bus -- she smiles warmly as she holds up the wallet:

THE WOMAN

Thank you --

The Woman hesitates for a moment -- as if she is about to say something else -- but instead she turns around -- she climbs aboard the bus and disappears.

The Man COUGHS, he CATCHES HIS BREATH -- he watches the bus --

-- The bus doors RATTLE shut, then the bus GROWLS noisily as it rolls away.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A cramped and messy studio apartment.

The windows are open -- the air is filled with the ambient music of the city, CAR HORNS, CAR RADIOS.

All is still. But after a few moments -- the front door rattles back and forth, then opens:

The Man walks into the apartment, gripping his keys. He SHUTS the front door, then he walks up to the kitchen table --

-- The Man stops. He pulls out a chair. He SIGHS as he flops into the chair.

The Man tosses his keys onto the kitchen table -- they land on the kitchen table with a noisy: CH-CHING!

The Man stares into space for a moment -- he looks tired, he looks spent.

Then, The Man slowly begins to go through his pants pockets -- his jacket pockets --

-- The Man slowly, methodically empties his pockets all over the kitchen table:

Some crumpled up dollar bills. Some coins.

A driver's license.

The Man stares into space for a while. Then he picks up the driver's license, stares at it.

INSERT -- THE DRIVER'S LICENSE

The Woman's name -- her address -- her photograph --

-- The photograph is sharp and bright. The Woman looks lovely as she stares out of the photograph -- her eyes are wide, her smile is wide and welcoming.

BACK TO THE APARTMENT

The Man grips the driver's license. He stares at the driver's license -- at the Woman's smiling photograph --

-- After a long time -- The Man smiles slightly, he seems to be smiling right back at The Woman.

CUT TO BLACK.