

OUT OF TIME

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FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM- AFTERNOON

**TICK-TOCK.** A clock's heavy ticking rings through the room as students write in their notebooks.

On their whiteboard it reads,

'1.YOUR NAME; 2. WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR; 3. WHAT HOBBIES DO YOU HAVE?; 4. IF YOU HAD ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO PERFECT SOMETHING WHAT WOULD IT BE?'

MS. LOPEZ- a Latinx woman with a gentle voice and approachable demeanor- reads a novel at her desk as DEVANTE's pencil strokes are much more precise and elongated than the other students.

DeVante is a 10-12 year old autistic black boy with a crooked smile. He's very quiet and has eyes brimming with curiosity.

He's adding shading to a Japanese style robot drawn in his notebook that fills the entire page.

**BRRRING.** The school bell chimes and every student's head looks up to the clock.

Ms. Lopez gently folds her book and rises to the class.

MS. LOPEZ:

Okay everyone, it was lovely meeting you all. Just put your introduction on my desk before you leave and I'll see you tomorrow.

The students form a line with DeVante waiting until every other kid gets in.

He then puts finishing touches on his drawing before slowly joining at the back.

Everyone approaches Ms. Lopez and gives her their list of answers, but DeVante looks down- keeping his notebook tightly to his chest-as he speeds past without a glance towards her.

MS. LOPEZ: (CONT'D)

Um...DeVante, dear.

He stops in place, halfway through the door frame.

MS. LOPEZ: (CONT'D)

Do you have an introduction?

He hastens back, dropping his robot sketch and leaving.

She picks up the drawing and sprouts a smirk from the corner of her mouth.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL ENTRANCE- AFTERNOON

DeVante barrels through the doors and scampers down the steps onto a patch of grass under a tree.

**CHIRP CHIRP.** Birds chatter from tree to tree as he sits criss-cross, taking a long deep breath.

**BBBBBRRRR.** His phone vibrates and he flips it open.

A text message from MAMA reads:

'HOW'S UR 1st DAY?'

He types back:

'FINE.'

It vibrates again:

'I'LL BE OVER IN LIKE 30 MINS. BE READY, PLEASE. WE'RE SEEING DAD, TODAY.'

DeVante snaps it close and drops into the grass, splaying all his limbs in a star shape.

An engine hums as a man in a car waits at the curbside of the school's parking lot.

DADDY echoes through his mind with a soothing, but deep baritone voice.

DADDY: (IN DEVANTE'S HEAD)(V.O.)  
School always comes first.

DeVante frowns as he grabs his half-opened backpack and throws it against the tree behind him.

Books and pencils fly out from the impact against the thick trunk as DeVante hugs his knees with his eyes down to the grass.

A pendant drops onto his chest from the tree.

He checks the tree's canopy and looks around the school front.

No one else was around.

He inspects the necklace.

Its golden rings spin independently from a small hourglass that stays stationary at its center.

A girl exits the school doors and skips over to the curbside where her father is in the stationary car.

Devante taps at the hourglass.

A surge of energy- a wave- spreads from the pendant's center.

All color fades to black and white.

It slithers across the school.

It washes over the parking lot.

It soars into the sky and down the countryside.

The girl is stopped in mid-skip and her father's face is permanently smiling.

The hum of the engine and the chirping birds are silent.

DeVante's mouth is agape.

The clouds, the wind, everything is stuck in mid-motion and drained of color.

Slowly, however, the girl's legs inch forward.

Ever so slightly, deep hums and bellowing chatter gain momentum.

The world's color fades back in and all things resume in one fluid motion.

DeVante's face is wide with his crooked smile.

DEVANTE: (QUIETLY)

Whoa...

He turns back to the tree and throws a textbook into the canopy.

As it shoots through the branches, loose leaves descend like snowflakes.

He taps the hourglass again.

The white waves emit and halt all motion, all sound, and all color.