

Kidnapped

By

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EXT.PARK -DAY

We see BARBRA, 30, on a park bench flipping pages of a magazine. Kids play on a wood chipped area on jungle gyms and swings. The park is crowded and loud as kids scream and the busy street hisses with traffic. BARBRA looks up, and looks left and right. She now stands and shoots here head left and right, left and right.

BARBRA

Jimmy?! Jimmy! Where are you?
Jimmy!

Barbra gets up and rushes to the swings and begins to check all the kids' faces.

BARBRA

Jimmy?! Oh God where are you?

She goes to one man, 50, smoking a cigarette.

BARBRA

Have you seen my boy, he has a red
shirt on?

The man just shakes his head. Barbra continues to look for her son.

Barbra approaches a man dressed in a black suite with a white shirt and gray and black striped tie. He is Gary, 45, handsome with a trimmed black beard.

BARBRA

Have you seen my son? He has a red
shirt on.

GARY

Oh, you must be Jimmy's mother.

BARBRA

Thank God you've seen him.

GARY

Yes, something you won't be doing
for, well, forever now.

BARBRA

Excuse me?

GARY

Yes, Jimmy, I've had my eye on him
for a while. I took him.

(CONTINUED)

BARBRA

If you touch on hair on his head, I swear I will make your life a living hell. I will have you locked up so long you'll forget what color the sky is. Your life will be a living hell...

GARY

You done?...good. You have nothing to worry about, I'm a miracle worker. Believe me, I'm doing you a favor.

BARBRA

I want my son back...now!

GARY

No, you really don't.

BARBRA

What?

GARY

You really don't. You would have called the cops by now, or at least ask where I'm keeping him, I dunno, anything.

BARBRA

That's absurd. Where is my son?!?

GARY

Sure... Now you ask.

Barbara pulls out her phone and begins to dial.

GARY

Come on, now you're just trying to prove a point. Listen to my proposal for a second.

She stops dialing.

BARBRA

You just told me you stole my son!

GARY

Abducted, he doesn't really have a value yet. What child really does anyways?

(CONTINUED)

BARBRA

Just give me my child back.

GARY

Come on now, I've watched Jimmy. He can through a football thirty yards, build a Taj Mahal out of twigs, and gets the highest on the swing set all at the age of seven, and there you are, day in and day out, flipping through you Vogue and checking you text messages.

BARBRA takes a seat at the end of the bench as she rubs her temples.

BARBRA

I cannot believe what's happening.

GARY

What? Do you think I was gonna take the kid that picks his asshole, or the kid that hides worms in his pocket? I can't believe you didn't see this coming.

BARBRA

See this coming?! See this coming?!?!

GARY

Whoa whoa whoa, you seem to be getting awfully worked up about this, you should be happy right now.

BARBRA

Happy?!

GARY

You kiddin'!? You already put up with the shitting, the crying, the late nights. It gets worse from here on out if your raising one of these...creatures.

Gary takes a seat on the bench.

GARY

O.k. Think about it. What were your first thought when you brought Jimmy home.

(CONTINUED)

BARBRA

It was-

GARY

Ya know, don't answer, I know. It's holy crap this is like prison, but worse. At least they let you sleep in prison. Look at me as the warden, and I just unlocked your cell.

BARBRA

This is crazy. I'm just supposed to live it up now that my son has been stolen?...sorry abducted.

GARY

Exactly! You'll have more freedoms. Think about the traveling.

BARBRA

I always wanted to go to Spain you know.

GARY

Now you can finally party it up again.

BARBRA

I do miss the old sorority house.

GARY

Hanging out with the hubby...

BARBRA

We haven't had sex in months and we're only thirty.

GARY

Well now you have time for all those things!

Gary and Barbra stand up off the bench

BARBRA

God, this is like Shawshank Redemption, without the crap tunnel.

GARY

See! Besides can you remember being a kid. Jimmy is feeling the same way now. I don't know about you, but I was a constant runaway.

(CONTINUED)

BARBRA

I was the same way, I couldn't get away from the parents. They're all the same. Do this, do that, don't touch the electric sockets.

GARY

Jimmy can play with all the electrical sockets he wants.

BARBRA

Will I ever see him again?

GARY

Of course not! It gets even worse after they grow into themselves. You have to relive high school through him, hate his fiancée, give him money to keep up his failing business. And when it's all said and done, he's gonna stick you in a home and forget about you. It's better if you just forgot Jimmy ever happened.

BARBRA

Wow you really are a miracle worker.

GARY

Oh please.

BARBRA

No, I'm serious, don't be modest. Hey, would you like to get some lunch?

GARY

Ugh, that would kinda ruin the whole point of this thing if we were, friends, ya know?

BARBRA

Your right, sorry, I wasn't thinking again, silly me. Well do you accept cash?

GARY

No ma'am, I do it outta plain old good will.

FADE OUT.