

KIDNAPPED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

A string of police cars speed by, sirens blaring.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT (SAME TIME)

KELSEY
Do you hear that?

GWEN
It couldn't be...

KELSEY
I thought we made a deal with her!

INT. POLICE CAR- NIGHT

COP
(over the radio)
Pulling up to the apartment now.

EXT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

A string of 3 police cars pulls up outside of a shitty apartment building. The two cops from the first car get out and motion to those in the other cars to wait.

FLASHBACK: 24 hours earlier

INT. RESTAURANT- DAY

(In the style of shakey phone camera, footage)

DAVID FLOCKER (40s), a tall, well-dressed silver fox, is picking up handfuls of food from his plate and throwing them at his waiter.

His daughter, BELLE (15), a perfectly manicured teenage girl, sits across from him typing on her phone unfazed.

WAITER
(dodging the food)
But Sir! You asked for rare!

DAVID
I asked for rare! This was practically still breathing!

The waiter is now cowering behind his serving tray, crouched on the floor. He peaks out from behind it to make another attempt at calming David.

WAITER

We can re-make your steak well-done
if you would like, sir!

DAVID

Do I look like the kind of man who
likes his meat the same texture as
cardboard?! All I wanted was a rare
steak, not E-coli on a plate!

The waiter's eyes are wide with fear. His mouth opens, but no words come out.

David sweeps the plate and the little bit of food left on it to the floor where it shatters dramatically.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on Belle, my dear. We are
leaving.

Belle sighs and gets up, swinging on her coat so that it smacks the face of the customer sitting behind her who had been watching the scene.

As the video ends, the frame zooms out to show that the footage was appearing as part of a segment on an entertainment news show (like *Entertainment Tonight* or *E! News*).

Watching the television show, are the two girls we recognize from the earlier scene sitting on a worn out couch in the living space of a small, dingy apartment.

TV HOST

It appears that People Magazine's
sexiest man alive, Actor David
Flocker, has a temper just as hot
as him. This is his second public
outburst over an unsatisfactory
meal this month!

GWEN (early 20s), tall and slender with dirty blond hair pushed on top of her head in a messy bun wearing leggings and sweatshirt, gapes at the TV with raised eyebrows. The pizza slice in her right hand hovers halfway to her mouth.

Next to her, sits KELSEY (early 20s), cute with shoulder-length dark hair framing her freckled face and doe eyes, who shakes her head with disgust and pauses the show.

KELSEY

Okay. Enough of that. We really need to figure out how we're going to make rent next week.

GWEN

Boo. You're no fun.

KELSEY

Well, I mean, we could keep ignoring it while we wait to be murdered by our sketch-ass landlord when we don't pay rent.

GWEN

Yeah yeah. Okay. Point taken.

KELSEY

So. I could pick up some extra shifts at The Coffee Pot...

GWEN

Right. And I could just skip my auditions for the next week and do some extra Uber rides.

The girls sigh in unison, slouching against the couch unhappily.

KELSEY

This blows.

Gwen gestures to the paused screen, where a picture of David Flocker and his daughter at a recent premier resides on the screen behind the host.

GWEN

(joking)

Maybe we could just hold that rich guy's brat for ransom.

Kelsey snickers at the thought.

KELSEY

Yeah! Oh my god. Could you imagine?

Gwen shakes her head grinning at the ridiculous idea, and takes a bite of her pizza.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE- EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX- NIGHT (PRESENT)

From an overhead view, we see the two police men cautiously enter the building.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Gwen peers out the window which looks out to the street.

GWEN

They've pulled up right outside.
They're coming up!

KELSEY

Fuck... Fuck!

GWEN

Do we run for it? Mexico's really
not that far away. We could--

KELSEY

No. When they come, I'll tell them
the truth. It was all me. You had
nothing to do with it.

FLASHBACK: 12 hours earlier

INT. THE COFFEE POT- DAY

Kelsey stands behind the cash register of the hipster coffee shop, smiling at the COSTUMER in front of her and handing him back his change.

KELSEY

Have a nice day!

The coffee shop MANAGER comes up behind Kelsey and taps her on the shoulder.

MANAGER

Hey hun- you can end your shift
after the next costumer, alright?

Kelsey gives her a smile and a nod.

Just then, a gaggle of GIRLS (15ish) enter, giggling obnoxiously. Together, the clothes they wear probably cost more than Kelsey makes in a year.

Kelsey rolls her eyes and bends down to open a new package of coffee cups.

The girls approach the register.

BELLE

And then my dad was like "you can't call your step mom a fat bitch" and I was like "um, freedom of speech?"

The other girls laugh and she smirks.

BELLE (CONT'D)

But then he said he wouldn't give me my allowance for, like, two whole weeks. Ugh. I just wish I could make him, like, realize how much I mean to him. I deserve better, you know?

GIRL 1

(sympathetically)

Totally.

Kelsey stands up and sees the girl's face for the first time. Her jaw drops. It's the daughter of the guy with the restaurant rage from the show last night.

KELSEY

(Under her breath)

No. Fucking. Way.

Belle turns from her friends to look at Kelsey

BELLE

What was that?

KELSEY

Oh. Um I was just asking if you were ready to order?

BELLE

Hmmmm. Yeah. I'll get the Carmel latte to-go, but only with one pump of caramel and add a pump of hazelnut. And can I get that with soy milk instead of regular milk? And make it hot, but like, not too hot. If I burn my tongue, I'll sue.

KELSEY

(Horrorified)

Right... Coming right up.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COFFEE POT- MOMENTS LATER

Kelsey exits the coffee shop through the employee exit. She counts her tips and frowns as she walks down the alleyway and steps out onto the main street.

She looks up to see Belle and her friends exit the shop. Wrinkling her nose, she starts to walk away from them, but, looking at her slim earnings, she takes a decisive breath and turns back towards them.

She shoves her hands and her tips into her pockets and walks straight up to Belle.

KELSEY

You're Belle Flocker, right?

BELLE

Sorry. I don't do pictures.

KELSEY

No. I don't-- I work at The Coffee Pot and I overheard your conversation at the register about how you'd like to get your dad back... Listen, I think I could be of assistance.

Belle looks at her suspiciously, but waves off her friends.

BELLE

I'll catch up with you guys in a bit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK- MOMENTS LATER

BELLE

So you'd like fake-kidnap me, send a video to my dad from my phone of me, like, freaking out, and tell him to send you money?

KELSEY

Right. You remind your dad why you deserve your allowance back or whatever, and I get to pay my rent and not get murdered by my sketchy landlord.

BELLE

Hm... I dunno. I usually don't trust poor people.

KELSEY

And I usually don't volunteer to help stuck-up brats.

BELLE

Yeah... This is so not happening.

Belle starts to walk off.

KELSEY

(under her breath)
Shit. Think, Kelse, think.

An idea glints in her eyes.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Wait! I don't think you want to walk away from this.

Belle stops and swivels back around to face Kelsey.

BELLE

And why is that?

KELSEY

Because...

Kelsey points her hand in the shape of a gun in her jacket pocket.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

I don't think blood would complement your Gucci.

Belle, apparently gullible, opens her mouth to scream.

Kelsey raises an eyebrow at her, faux menacing. Belle gulps.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT- DAY

The couch has been clumsily pushed against the wall next to the TV. And on the other wall, it seems that Kelsey has pinned up a sheet over the pictures and other things hanging there.

In front of the sheet, Kelsey duck tapes Belle to a chair while she talks on the phone, holding it up to her ear with her shoulder.

KELSEY
(nonchalant)
So, yeah. I'm tying her to one of
our chairs as we speak.

INT. CAR- SAME TIME

Gwen drives someone on an Uber ride and speaks to Kelsey over speaker.

GWEN
I'm sorry, you WHAT?!

The passenger in the back takes one of her earbuds out and raises an eyebrow.

GWEN (CONT'D)
(to the passenger)
My apologies. My friend is just
being *insane*!

The passenger shakes her head and put her earbud back in.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KELSEY AND GWEN

KELSEY
I'm not insane! This was literally
your idea!

GWEN
I was joking!

KELSEY
Same difference! Whatever. I'm just
gonna take the video, wait a bit,
send it to her dad, and bam! We
aren't broke!

GWEN
Damn it, Kelsey. This better work.
Because I just dropped off my
passenger and she gave me no tip
and three stars. Told me I
shouldn't talk on the phone so
loudly.

KELSEY

Well, she's probably right. You should of just called me back after you finished your ride. That's awful service.

We hear a click from Gwen's end. We stay on Kelsey's side of the scene.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Gwen?... Gwenny boo? Hellooo?...
Damn.

She pockets her phone and stands. She releases a breath and admires her work on tying up Belle. Belle looks less impressed.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE- INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT(PRESENT)

Picking up from right where the scene left off...

KELSEY (CONT'D)

I'll tell them you didn't get home until after Belle left.

GWEN

Hold up. Can you even get in trouble? I mean you didn't even have a real weapon and it wasn't really force--

KELSEY

I kidnapped a girl, Gwen! And even though she ended up okay with it-- or so I thought-- I threatened her and I black mailed her rich daddy! Between me or a rich famous dude and his adorable daughter, who do you think a court will side with?

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY- NIGHT

The two police men enter the hallway on the second floor. The girl's apartment is at the end of the hall.

The men walk slowly, cautiously.

FLASHBACK: 10 hours earlier

INT. APARTMENT- DAY

(Picking up from where the last flashback left off...)

BELLE

This is really the best you can do?

Kelsey glares at her and points her pocketed finger gun in her direction.

KELSEY

Shut it.

BELLE

Oh, please. I realized that wasn't a real gun the moment you took your hands out of your pockets to pat yourself down for your car keys.

KELSEY

Oh... Well fuck! Why did you let yourself get driven to my apartment and duck-taped to a chair, then?

BELLE

Honestly? I was thinking about how my friend Heather thinks her story about getting mugged in Paris is "the craziest thing" and I figured I could one-up her with this. Also, I do really need my allowance back. It's almost fashion week.

KELSEY

Alright then...Just sit there and don't make a peep. Or should I say: don't make a ring?

She grins at her own corny joke and Belle glares.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Get it? Cause' Belle.

BELLE

It's french for beautiful, you ignorant slut.

KELSEY

Bitch.

BELLE

Peasant.

KELSEY

Your hair looks flat.

BELLE

At least it doesn't look like a
dead animal.

KELSEY

Says the one who-- oh never mind.

Kelsey tuns off the lights and shuts the blinds so it's dark.

She goes over to Belle and dishevels her hair.

She takes Belle's phone from Belle's bag and has her unlock
it with her thumb.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Your location services are off,
right?

BELLE

Duh. I don't want my dad knowing
where I am at all times.

KELSEY

Hm. Maybe you should turn it on
after this. Can you imagine if you
got kidnapped or something?

BELLE

Ha. Ha.

Kelsey opens the camera app and slides the setting to video
and we start seeing through the view of the phone camera
recording.

KELSEY

Alright. Just like we practiced.
Ready? 1...2...3... Action!

Kelsey presses the record button on her phone.

BELLE

(fake crying believably)
Dad! I've been taken and I don't
know where I am! Please just do
whatever they ask! I don't want to
die, daddy, please!

She breaks down into fake sobs and Kelsey stops recording.

KELSEY

(impressed)
Dang, girl.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE- INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT (present)

Gwen looks at Kelsey with tears in her eyes.

GWEN

Kelse... You're my best friend. I can't just let you walk off to jail because of a stupid plan to make rent that involved a rich snitch.

Kelsey allows herself a small smile at the sentiment.

KELSEY

I've gotta say... The brat really had me convinced that we were all on the same page.

The two girls share a short laugh, but are cut off by FIERCE KNOCKING at their door.

FLASHBACK: 5 hours earlier

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Kelsey and Belle now sit together on the couch watching a movie. Gwen walks in from the kitchen with a bowl of popcorn. She sits next to the other two girls who both reach for some.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Do you think we've waited long enough for him to start freaking out about where you are?

BELLE

Yeah. I think so. He was expecting me home, like, three hours ago.

KELSEY

Cool. I'll send over the hostage video with the request for him to send over \$5,000 dollars to the venmo account I made.

GWEN

You made a venmo account for this?

KELSEY

Yeah the user is "kidnapper1000"

GWEN

You're a dumbass.

BELLE

Don't worry. My dad won't even think to trace it back to someone. He's pretty, not smart. Also, you really think I'm only worth \$5000?

KELSEY

Well, I don't want to push my luck here. You think I could go for 10k?

BELLE

Dude. My dad was on the cover of Forbes magazine last month. At least go for 50 grand.

KELSEY

Word.

GWEN

(to kelsey)

I like her. You sure we can't keep her?

Belle giggles and Kelsey smiles and shakes her head as we hear the sound of a text being sent. She hands Belle's phone back to her.

Just moments later, a notification pings from Kelsey's phone. Sure enough, 50k has just been sent to the account.

KELSEY

Well that was fast.

GWEN

Guess it's time for you to go home, kiddo.

Gwen gets up and opens their door. Belle sighs and walks over to the door, pausing in the door frame.

BELLE

So... how did you say this would work again?

KELSEY

You're just gonna go sit outside on the curb and call your dad. Say the people just dropped you off there and you didn't see who they were.

GWEN

And we'll keep an eye on you out the window and make sure you're safe while you wait for him, okay?

Belle nods and waves as she struts up the hall to the stairs.
The door to the apartment closes.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE: INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT (Present)

Kelsey takes a determined breath and swings open the door to reveal the two burly cops on the other side. She looks at them expectantly, awaiting the "you're under arrest" speech.

COP 1
Is Jeb, the landlord, here?

KELSEY
(shocked)
What?

COP 2
Jeb Dullin. We have a warrant for his arrest under the circumstances that--

GWEN
He's next door!

The cops peer past Kelsey at Gwen. Cop 1 gives her a nod.

COP 2
That you, miss. You two have a nice night.

Kelsey closes the door before allowing a grin to form.

As the conversation between Kelsey and Gwen commences, we hear the sounds of their landlord being arrested next door. (Including gunshots, the police calling for their back up from outside, the other cops coming up, and forcing Jeb into custody) It's comedic.

GWEN
We always knew he was sketchy!

KELSEY
I guess Belle was weirdly okay with being kidnapped after all?

GWEN
Seems like it! Who cares. I'm just glad you're not going to jail. I wasn't going to tell you this, but you'd definitely end up as someone's bitch

Kelsey shakes her head and flips her off, still grinning with relief

FADE OUT.