

Hostage

Written By

May Grehan

INT. ABADONED WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

May sits with a bag over her head, she is tied to a chair. She is in clubbing attire without shoes on.

MAY

Where am I? Where am I? Help me!
Help!

POLLY

No one can hear you out here.

MAY

Who are you?

POLLY

You know who.

Polly removes the bag from May's head, she has mascara running down her face and has been crying.

MAY

You! Why are you doing this?

POLLY

Why am I doing this? Oh don't play
dumb May.

MAY

What have I done to you?

POLLY

You had to do something really bad,
didn't you?

MAY

I don't know what you are talking
about.

POLLY

STOP CRYING! Tell me where they
are?

MAY

I don't know. I don't know what you
are talking about.

POLLY

Where are they?

MAY

I don't know.

POLLY
BULLSHIT!

Polly slaps her across the face.

POLLY
Bullshit.

May continues to cry.

POLLY
Where did you put them?

May does not answer.

POLLU
Hey I didn't want this to get
rough. Why don't you just make it
easier for yourself and tell me
where they're hiding?

May does not answer.

POLLY
Last time I saw them. You and the
pair were downtown and now they're
no where to be seen.

MAY
I don't know where they are.

POLLY
Really? Fine then.

Polly punches May three times.

POLLY
Do you give up yet?

Polly punches her three more times.

POLLY
Tell me where they are or I swear
to god I'll kill you.

MAY
You wouldn't dare.

POLLY
Wouldn't I?

May sees the gasoline bottle and lighter on the right of
her.

MAY
They're in the bag.

POLLY
What bag?

MAY
My bag. They're in my bag. I'm so
sorry they're in my bag.

Polly goes to inspect the bag and pulls out some new silver
heels. She brings them back to May's face.

POLLY
Don't you ever steal my fucking
shoes again. You can find your own
way home.

Polly gets into the car and drives off.

CREDITS

May sit sitting there, tied up to the chair.

MAY
I'M TELLING MUM!