

MAMA'S RANSOM

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Impatient mother LORA, 25 Standing by stove. A steaming apple pie with three pots sits on the stove.

Lora uses a spoon to scoop chicken, potatoes, and sweet peas on two glass plates. Lora looks towards a 5 year old stubborn boy named RANSOM who has a pinched expression.

Ransom plays with two hotwheel cars. He rolls them on the gray flagstone tile.

LORA

Baby, mama has dinner ready, can
you put your cars away and sit down
please?

Ransom looks up. He shakes his head vigorously no.

LORA (CONT'D)

Ransom I mean it or you're not
getting any desert.

Ransom sticks his tongue out. He rolls his eyes, but gets up from the floor. He leaves one car on the floor.

Lora watches him. She has pursed lips with both hands resting on her hips.

Ransom walks into a small dining room. He sets one of his cars on a wooden square table with four matching chairs and sits down. He grabs the table and pulls his chair forward. The chair screeches on the tile floor.

Ransom looks at Lora and smirks.

Lora sighs heavily. She yanks at her apron and throws it on the counter.

INT. DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Lora grasps two dinner plates. She shakes her head and follows Ransom to the table.

Lora steps on Ransoms car and screeches in pain. The plates teeter on her hand. She straitens them out while standing on one foot.

LORA

Ransom, don't leave your cars on
the floor!

RANSOM
You said I had to sit at the table!

LORA
Yes, but I never told you to leave
your car where I could step on it.

Lora places Ransoms plate in front of him before sitting
down. She lightly scoots forward as Ransom shoves his plate
away.

LORA shoves his plate back.

LORA (CONT'D)
EAT YOUR DINNER.

RANSOM
I don't want to. I want to play.

LORA
I don't care. Your not playing till
you eat dinner.

RANSOM
I DON'T WANT TO EAT. I WANT TO
PLAY!

Ransom shoves the plate away again.

Lora shoves the plate back.

LORA
Baby, I worked really hard. I even
made a fresh apple pie. Please eat
your dinner.

RANSOM
NO.

LORA
Don't you want to grow big and
strong? Don't you want to be able
to have desert?

RANSOM
NO! I want to play!

Ransom tries to grab his car.

Lora yanks it away from him.

Ransom screams.

LORA

Ransom. That is not how you act!
Now you eat your dinner right now.

RANSOM

I want to play!

Ransom shoves the plate away forcefully. The plate sways on the edge of the table and falls.

Lora gasps.

The plate shatters on the floor. Food flies in all directions.

Lora falls to the floor on her hands and knees and begins to sob. She picks up shards of glass and bits of food. She places them on bigger pieces of glass.

Ransom jumps from his chair and sits beside LORA.

LORA

DON'T! Just sit down for the love
of God Ransom!

RANSOM

I'm sorry mama... Let me help.

Lora shakes her head. She still cry's.

LORA

No. This is glass, please just get
out of the way.

RANSOM

Mama I really am sorry, here I'll
get the trash can.

Ransom runs to the trashcan sitting in the corner of the room. He drags it back to his mother. Ransom begins helping his mother pick up pieces of glass and food.

Lora silently cry's. Her sobs begin to quiet. She looks at her son. They finish cleaning the rest of the mess up together. Lora stands and grabs a broom hanging on the wall. She sweeps the remainder of the glass shards into a dust pan. Dumps it in the trash can. She hangs the broom back up and sits back on the floor.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

Do you hate me mama?

LORA
Heavens No! Why would you ever
think that?

RANSOM
Because I was a bad boy and didn't
listen.

LORA
Baby, that doesn't mean mama would
ever hate you. You may have made
mama upset, but no matter what mama
will always love you. Ok?

Ransom nods his head.

Lora pushes the trash can away and opens her arms.

Ransom crawls onto her lap.

Lora pulls Ransom to her and folds her arms around him. They
sit on the floor hugging for a few minutes.

RANSOM
Can I eat with you mama?

LORA
Of course you can baby.

Lora gets up with Ransom still in her arms and sits back down
at the table. She wipes her eyes. They eat dinner together.

Ransoms car rolls slightly on the table and falls off.

Ransom hangs his head.

RANSOM
Even my car say's its not time to
play right now.

Lora chuckles. Her shoulder's shake under the laughter.

LORA
You want some pie baby?

Ransom takes a large mouthful of food. After chewing for a
few second he swallows.

RANSOM
If we eat all our dinner then we
can have pie. If we eat all our
dinner that means we were good and
deserve a treat.