

# RANSOM

TOM:

I had to do this

KATE:

You had to do this?

TOM:

Kate please... I'm so scared. But

I know if I give him the money, he'll kill

Sean. I would If I was him.

KATE:

What did you just say?

TOM:

Just look at it from his point of view. You think you're smart. You've got everybody off balance. You think you've got it all figured out. And then suddenly out of left field the one thing you never thought would happen, does. No ransom. No money. No profit nothing but downside, because you got this boys father; he's coming on like a stark raving mad lunatic. I mean the guy can piss two million dollars

but he's willing to risk everything just to fuck you up. How can you negotiate with a lunatic like that? You can't. Now you're off balance. Pretty soon you realize if you don't return this kid in mint condition as soon as possible, you're gonna be the most hunted man on the face of the earth. And this maniac will never, ever quit, until he's got you.

KATE:

Take it back. Tell him that you were wrong. Take it back.

TOM:

Kate no. I can't.

No Kate. I can't there is no other way.

KATE:

He's my son too, and I want you to pay him.

TOM:

Kate, no. They will kill him. Please. All we have is each other. Do you think any of them. Do think they give a... It's just us. Do you think I don't want him back? You think I wouldn't do absolutely everything in my power to get him back? I'd cut my arm off. I'd... I want him back so bad. Kate please. I don't think I can take this if your not with me.

*phone rings*

TOM:

What?

KIDNAPPER (on phone)

Wanna talk to your son?

TOM

Yes. Of course I do.

SEAN (on phone)

Daddy? Dad?

TOM

Sean. Sean. My Son.

KATE

I Want to listen.

KIDNAPPER

*That's Enough*

TOM

No put him back on. I want to talk to him.

KIDNAPPER

*You just did.*

*Now, You listen real, real good. You got one more chance to pay up, or you're never going to talk to him again. No more fuckin' around. This is it, right now,*

*What's it going to be?*

TOM

No. This is bullshit. You're not going to touch him.

You can't be that stupid. Do you have any idea the rain of shit I can put on you?

KIDNAPPER

*Look at your wife. Look at her face motherfucker*

*Do you know what I can do to your boy?*

TOM

Is it dark where your calling from? You got the shades drawn? Kind of like a cellar right? Like a cave? Well you better get used to that. You better get used to crawling in the dark for the rest of your days, because I am going to get the best group of man hunters in this country, and I am going to dedicate my life to tracking you down.

KIDNAPPER

*Hey, Hey. Get your head out of your ass. You think you can threaten me? Huh?*

*Who do you think you're dealing with?*

*Give me the money!*

TOM

Fuck you and your 2 million! Don't you understand English you useless

piece of shit? No Money! None!

KIDNAPPER

*Let me tell you something. You think you're suffering now? You've got no idea. What*

*suffering is. If I don't get the cash in one hour, this kid is dead.*

TOM

If I don't get my son back, and I mean real soon, you better kill yourself. Because when I

catch up with you, I'm gonna take my god damn time. By the time we're finished.

You're going to wish you weren't born! I'll have your head on a fuckin' pike. Do you

understand me?!

KIDNAPPER

*Fuck You! I'll fuckin' kill him right now!*

KATE

I want to talk.

TOM

You kill him. You kill yourself you mother fucker!

Give me back my son!

KATE

*Gets on the phone.*

Hello?

KIDNAPPER

You want him?

TOM

Yes.

SEAN

*Daddy!*

KIDNAPPER

*hear gunshot over the phone.*

KATE

*Screams*

TOM

Jesus! Jesus No. Oh God!

KATE

You son of a bitch. You killed him. You son of a bitch. God Damn it.

*FBI agents tear Kate away from Tom. Tom runs out to Balcony.*

KIMBA

No Kate It's alright. Take her into the other room.

TOM

Oh God! Oh no.

KATE

You killed him God damn you. You...

I wanted to talk to him.

KIMBA

You'll talk to him honey.