

# CABBAGE PATCH

WRITTEN BY

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**INT. BANK - AFTERNOON**

DANNY, in his mid-twenties, enters. He holds a mobile phone to his ear and has a green grocery bag around his right shoulder. He walks to the queue area and waits.

A MALE TELLER, in his mid-thirties, stands behind the counter, servicing a customer.

A FEMALE TELLER, in her mid-twenties, also stands behind the counter, intently gazing at a computer monitor while tapping on the keyboard. She glances at Danny.

**FEMALE TELLER**

Next please.

Danny walks to the counter. Female Teller stops tapping and focuses her attention on the approaching customer. She smiles.

**FEMALE TELLER**

Good afternoon. How can I help you?

Danny pushes his phone through the counter window.

**DANNY**

It's for you.

**FEMALE TELLER**

For me?

Female Teller, somewhat reluctantly, takes the phone and holds it to her ear. As she does this, Danny removes an empty A4-sized envelope from his grocery bag and lays it near the counter window.

**FEMALE TELLER (CONT'D)**

(into phone)

Hello.

**VOICE**

Hello SALLY. Can you hear me?

**SALLY**

Yes.

**VOICE**

Good. Listen. Say nothing.

A LITTLE GIRL says:

**LITTLE GIRL (OS)**

(through phone)

Mummy, is that you?

Sally's eyes widen.

**VOICE**

If you want your daughter unharmed, I strongly advise against any acts of stupidity. Do you understand what I'm saying, Sally?

**SALLY**

Yes.

**VOICE**

Good. Now, I want you to take the envelope that's in front of you and calmly fill it with fifty-dollar bills only. Once you have done that, hand the envelope back to the gentleman and continue with your usual routine. Is that clear?

**SALLY**

Yes.

**VOICE**

Excellent. Now hand the phone back to the man and begin filling the envelope.

Sally does as she is told. Danny hangs up the phone and puts it in his pocket.

**EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON**

With bag in hand, Danny casually walks out of the bank and down the busy sidewalk. He turns the corner where BRUCE is resting his buttocks on the driver-side door of a red Toyota while pushing buttons on a mobile phone.

**BRUCE**

How'd it go? Did it work?

**DANNY**

Are you kidding me? Do lesbians like vagina?

Both men laugh, then enter the car and drive off.

**INT. CAR (PARKED) - AFTERNOON.**

Bruce looks inside the bag.

**BRUCE**

(looking in bag)  
Man, there's got to be at least two hundred and fifty thousand in here.

**DANNY**

Sweet.

**BRUCE**

I know. It's a shame Mark is only giving us one percent.

**DANNY**

Yeah, I know. What's up with that anyway? We should be getting a whole lot more than that. After all, we're the ones who did all the work.

**BRUCE**

Yeah, but we hardly had to lift a finger.

**DANNY**

So? We're the ones at risk of being caught.

**BRUCE**

Look, I don't know about you but I'd rather one percent of a quarter-mill than one percent of nothing.

**DANNY**

But why settle for one percent when we have the whole hundred right here in front of us.

**BRUCE**

What are you saying, Danny?

**DANNY**

Well, I don't see Mark around, do you?

**BRUCE**

No.

**DANNY**

So, let's piss off with the whole lot. Screw Mark and his tight-arse one percent.

Bruce thinks for a moment.

**BRUCE**

You know what? You're right.

**DANNY**

Of course I am. So, what do you say?

**BRUCE**

I say screw Mark and his one percent.

**DANNY**

Attaboy.

Bruce starts the engine and shifts the gear to drive. Then, suddenly, a MAN emerges from underneath the back seat with a Beretta pistol in each hand and simultaneously buries a single bullet into the two unsuspecting grafters, blowing their brains out all over the windows and seats.

The Man exits with the bag.

**EXT. HOUSE (FRONT DOOR) - AFTERNOON**

The Man knocks five times on the door. MARK opens it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

The Man storms inside the house and sits on the sofa. Mark shuts the door. They are the only two in the house.

**MARK (CONT'D)**

Where's Danny and Bruce?

**MAN**

Those two greedy bastards tried to run off with the money!

**MARK**

What?

**MAN**

Yeah.

**MARK**

Bloody bastards!

**MAN**

Don't worry, Mark. I took care of it.

**MARK**

Good.

Mark sits on the sofa and grabs the open can of beer that's on the table in front of him.

**MAN**

Did the cops question Sally?

**MARK**

Yep. They questioned all the employees.

**MAN**

What did they ask you?

**MARK**

They asked whether I noticed anything unusual. I just said I didn't notice anything because I was busy with a customer.

(takes a drink)

Anyway, what did you say to Sally?

**MAN**

I threatened her like we planned. Why?

**MARK**

Well, you must have been convincing because she was yelling her lungs out at the cops.

(mimicking)

"He has my daughter, you have to find her."

The Man laughs.

Mark takes a sip from the can and swivels the liquid inside his mouth like mouthwash.

**MAN (CONT'D)**

Well, hearing your kid's voice through a stranger's phone would make it a lot more believable.

Mark sprays out his drink.

**MARK**

What?! You kidnapped her daughter? Why the fuck did you do that? You were only supposed to threaten her.

**MAN**

I did threaten her.

**MARK**

You weren't supposed to use her actual child. Jesus! You could have just said you had her daughter - she wouldn't have known.

**MAN**

I thought this way would be more genuine.

**MARK**

JAY, I don't care what you thought, OK? That wasn't part of the fuckin' plan.  
(sighs)  
Where's the girl now?

Jay reaches into the grocery bag and pulls out a DOLL.

**MARK**

What is that?

**JAY**

Say hello to Sally's daughter.

**MARK**

What?

Jay pulls the cord at the back of the doll.

**DOLL**

Mummy, is that you?

Jay laughs. Mark follows suit.

**THE END**