

Little Treasures

By

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A contribution for 50 KISSES

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INT. DARK ROOM - LATE EVENING

JOHN, mid-thirties, still defending the crunch look, leans at a big, heavy metal door and plays with his phone.

JOHN
Facebook terminated our
relationship.

EMMA, same age but smartly dressed in dark clothes, kneels in front of the door and stares at her laptop.

JOHN (cont'd)
Even they couldn't watch this
misery any longer.

EMMA
How come? This year we even spend
Valentines together.

JOHN
You are working. Is it too much to
ask for some quality time?

EMMA
Hand me those red cables, will you?

John hands her the cables, freezes.

JOHN
Did you hear that?

EMMA
(not even looking up)
No one is here.

JOHN
How can you be so sure?

Emma plugs the cables into her laptop and the other end into a device on the door. This is getting serious.

JOHN (cont'd)
I think we need to talk.

EMMA
YES!
(kissing her laptop)
New record.

She smirks at John, opens the door, reveals jewellery.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (cont'd)
They haven't implemented any of my
suggested changes, big bonus for
me...

He glares at her.

EMMA (cont'd)
...us. Big bonus for us.

Then Emma sees him. A FIGURE dissolves out of the dark, gun
in his hand. John is oblivious.

EMMA (cont'd)
(calm)
Don't panic.

John is alarmed, starts to dance like he is barefoot on hot
sand. Emma uses the confusion to place a sidekick, disarms
the figure and knocks him out.

JOHN
There was no spider, was there?

EMMA
I guess that explains the short
notice, someone must have arranged
for the guy to wait until I open
the vault.

JOHN
Can we do something normal, now?

EMMA
Sure, let's call the police or even
better, question the guy.

JOHN
NO! It is Valentine's Day, we
should do non-exciting couples
stuff.

EMMA
What like watching a movie?

JOHN
(beat)
Better, I need new socks.

Emma takes his phone, he sighs. She hands it back. He looks
at the display and smiles. The display shows the Facebook
app with a new posting: 'Getting socks for my man - XOX'.