



HOSTAGE  
BY  
GEOFF ROSE-MICHAEL

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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# Hostage

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**Donna calls Sophie, a wannabe actress, with a last minute offer of work, making a promotional video for an aspiring BBC film maker, but when they arrive at the warehouse, Sophie is taken hostage.**

## Cast

**Sophie – wannabe actress, late teens**

**Donna – actress, early thirties**

**Zac – mid thirties, east European accent**

**An empty stage. Two spotlights.**

## **Scene one**

**A sound effect of a mobile phone.**

**(Enter Sophie, holding a mobile phone.)**

**Sophie:** Hello?

**(Enter Donna, holding a mobile phone.)**

**Donna:** Hi. Sophie?

**Sophie:** Yes. Who's this?

**Donna:** It's Donna. I don't know if you remember me, we met on the film set of Killer Insects a couple of weeks ago.

**Sophie:** Oh yes. You were one of the other extras, weren't you?

**Donna:** That's right.

**Sophie:** How are you doing?

**Donna:** Yes, good. Look, I'll come straight to the point. I've got some acting work. It's very last minute, but I was hoping you would be interested.

**Sophie:** Oh yes?

**Donna:** Well, I'm doing a video short for Scott Cameron, who produces stuff for TV, maybe you've heard of him.

**Sophie:** Of course I have.

**Donna:** Well, there were two of us, but the other actress has dropped out, and I thought of you.

**Sophie:** When is it?

**Donna:** That's the bad news. It's tomorrow. Morning. Nine o'clock start. But it's three hundred pounds.

**Sophie:** Three hundred each?

**Donna:** Yes.

**Sophie:** Wow. Where?

**Donna:** Shepherds Bush. I can drive us there. I know that area really well.

**Sophie:** Three hundred for how long?

**Donna:** Four hours work. Max.

**Sophie:** Nothing tacky? No nudity?

**Donna:** No. All above board. Nothing seedy. This guy is loaded apparently, and Elaine from my agency says he's made a few of these video shorts before, and most of them have led to successful TV series.

**Sophie:** So what's the plot?

**Donna:** **(Pause.)** Not sure exactly. I think it's a thriller. But he wants two girls to shoot it, and as I said, the other girl dropped out an hour ago.

**Sophie:** Very short notice. But I have a very good memory. I can look at something once and remember it.

**Donna:** That's why I'm calling you. They were about to cancel it.

**Sophie:** Ok. My dad won't be pleased. I'm supposed to be grounded for a week, but it's money, so what the hell. Yes. What time shall we meet?

**Donna:** I'll meet you at half seven.

**Sophie:** What? Half seven?

**Donna:** Alright, eight. At your local bus station. It's Kingston, right? But have simple make up done before we get there apparently. And wear jeans and a white t-shirt.

**Sophie:** That's easy enough.

**Donna:** Great.

**Sophie:** Ok. See you at eight.

**Donna:** Yes.

**Sophie:** Thanks, Donna. Thanks for thinking of me.

**Donna:** That's ok. Oh, and keep it hush hush.

**Sophie:** Ok. Will do. Bye.

**Donna:** Bye.

**(Exit Donna and Sophie.)**

## **Scene Two**

**(A warehouse. A few chairs, and an old table. On the table is some rope. Boxes and debris can be added to accessorise.)**

**(Zac stands, pacing.)**

**Sound effect of a car stopping, and two car doors closing.)**

**Donna: (Off, calling.)** Hello?

**Zac:** In here.

**(Enter Sophie and Donna, each with a small handbag.)**

**Sophie:** Hello.

**Donna: (Business-like.)** I've got her.

**Zac:** Are you Sophie Sanderson?

**Sophie:** Yes, and thank you for letting me....

**Zac: (To Donna.)** Were you followed?

**Donna:** No.

**Zac:** Sure?

**Donna:** I'm pretty sure.

**Zac:** Good job. **(To Sophie.)** Sit down.

**Sophie:** Me? Okay. **(She sits.)** Are you Mr. Cameron? Can I say that I've never done anything like .....

**Zac:** Tie her up. **(He offers rope to Donna.)**

**Sophie:** What? What are you doing?

**Donna: (Takes rope from Zac and moving behind Sophie, and ties Sophie's hands behind her.)** Keep still.

**Sophie: (Wincing.)** Donna? What's happening? Is this for the film?

**Zac:** Shut up.

**Sophie:** What's going on? **(Pause.)** Donna?

**Zac:** The situation is simple. There is no promotional video. I am not this Mr. Cameron. You are being held hostage here, and your father, Peter Sanderson, has until three thirty tomorrow afternoon. We want five hundred thousand pounds. Or we kill you. It's that simple. You need to tell him that if he wants to see you again, he needs to cough up. Where's your phone?

**Sophie:** What? Why me?

**Donna:** Where's your mobile? In your handbag?

**(Having finished tying her up, Donna grabs Sophie's handbag and pulls out her mobile phone, dropping the handbag on the floor.)**

**Donna:** Nice cover. **(She presses the keypad.)** Locked. Password?

**Zac: (Grabbing Sophie round the throat.)** Password?

**Sophie: (Scared.)** Two four one one. My birthday.

**(Zac lets go of Sophie's throat.)**

**(Donna presses the keypad on the phone.)**

**Donna:** Aha, here he is. **(She gives phone to Zac.)**

**(Donna takes a sheet of paper from the table, and places it on Sophie's lap.)**

**Donna:** You need to read this out to him.

**Sophie:** Why are you doing this, Donna?

**(Donna ignores Sophie.)**

**Sophie:** I don't have any money. You know that.

**Donna:** Not you, you stupid bitch. Your dad. He's loaded.

**Sophie:** He's not.

**Donna:** Yeah, right.

**Sophie:** He's not. Really.

**(Donna ignores her.)**

**Sophie:** And if I don't read it?

**Zac:** Well, your father isn't going to see his daughter again. I think he'll pay up. He has over twenty four hours.

**Sophie: (To Donna.)** I thought you were my friend. **(A pause.)** His money is all in his business. He won't be able to get that much cash out.

**Zac:** We don't want cash. It's going into a bank account.

**Sophie:** You'll never get away with it.

**Zac:** No?

**Sophie:** My dad will find you. **(To Donna.)** And I can find where you live.

**Donna:** No, you can't. You don't think I gave you my real name or address?

**Zac: (Pressing the keypad on the phone.)** Ok. **(To Sophie.)** Ready? **(Pause.)**  
The quicker you do it, the quicker your dad sends the money. The quicker you are free.

**Sophie: (After a pause, reading.)** Please help me. I am being held postage.  
They want.....

**Donna:** No, it's not postage, you silly bitch.

**Sophie:** I thought that said postage.

**Donna:** No, it's an h.

**Sophie:** It looks like a p. I forgot my glasses.

**Donna:** Typical. Try again.

**Zac: (Pressing the keypad on the phone.)** And louder. Go.

**Sophie: (After a pause, reading.)** Please help me. I am being held hostage.  
They want you to send ..... five hundred thousand pounds by tomorrow  
afternoon or they'll ..... kick me.....?

**(Donna and Zac both sigh.)**