

KIDNAPPERS

EPISODE:  
"Preggers"

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EXT. PARK - DAY

It's a beautiful day at Stay-At-Home Mom Park. Moms swing their babies on the swings. Tiny children climb on a jungle gym. A couple other moms sit and talk and rock their newcomers to sleep.

INT. VAN - DAY

Simon and Garfunkel sit and stare at the children playing.

GARFUNKEL

Would you look at those cherub like creatures.

Simon eyes Garfunkel peculiarly.

GARFUNKEL (CONT'D)

Their whole lives ahead of them. They all have a clean slate.

SIMON

I've never posed this question before, but would you ever consider having a kid?

GARFUNKEL

With you?

SIMON

No not with me Dinkis. If some hot momma wanted you to impregnate her. And you were in love or whatever. Would you, you know?

Garfunkel takes another look at the kids.

GARFUNKEL

Yeah. How hard could it be?

Simon taps Garfunkel on the shoulder.

SIMON

We should kidnap that fatty. I'm sure it's parentals have loads of cheddar.

GARFUNKEL

We came for Dorothy and we're gunna get Dorothy.

He points straight ahead.

SIMON

Dorothy. That name cracks me up.

Simon gets in the back of the van..

GARFUNKEL

And there's Dorothy right on time.

Simon SLIDES the door open. STRUGGLING in the back occurs. A lady's voice YELLS but is silenced under Simon's hand. The van door SLAMS shut.

SIMON (O.S.)

Go Go Go Go Go Go!

Garfunkel puts it into gear and tears off.

TITLE CARD: **"KIDNAPPERS"**

OVER BLACK:

SIMON'S VOICE

She's a heavy one.

GARFUNKEL VOICE

Not in front of the lady man.

LADY'S VOICE

I'm pregnant you tards!

INT. VAN - DAY

Dorothy (30's) has a burlap sack over her head and her hands are tied behind her back. She is definitely pregnant.

GARFUNKEL

Excuse me, did you just say your-

DOROTHY

PREGNANT! Yes, I'm not smuggling a beach ball if that's what your inferring.

SIMON

Dorothy, can I touch it?

Simon reaches to touch her protruding belly.

DOROTHY

No! You may not touch it! Are you kidding me.

(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)  
 (re: baby in belly)  
 Get away from him.

GARFUNKEL  
 He's a he.

SIMON  
 Dorothy. Is it weird to have  
 something growing inside you like  
 an alien?

DOROTHY  
 No, not at all. Completely regular.  
 In fact its quite comfortable.

GARFUNKEL  
 Really?

DOROTHY  
 No! Not really!  
 (re: burlap sack on head)  
 Get this thing off of me!

Simon holds the phone.

SIMON  
 Wow, I definitely don't know what  
 to do here.

Dorothy starts to hyperventilate.

DOROTHY  
 Oh god- my contractions...Untie my  
 hands!!!

Garfunkel jumps at the opportunity and unties her. She rips  
 the burlap sack off her head. She looks like a momma bear  
 woken up from hibernation. She takes quick breaths.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)  
 (to Garfunkel)  
 Give me your hand!

She takes it any way and SQUEEZES the shit out of it.

GARFUNKEL  
 Ow ow ow.

DOROTHY  
 Shut up! How bout I jam a cork  
 screw up your ass and see how you  
 like it!

SIMON

That's what it feels like Dorothy?

Dorothy is about to tear Simon a new one but is interrupted-

DOROTHY

Oh no.

She looks down. Simon and Garfunkel both look down.

Her water broke.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I'm going into labor. I'm going  
into labor!!! Drive. Flip this  
thing around and drive!!

SIMON

I'm sorry ma'am but we still need  
you to deposit 300 dollars into our  
PayPal account.

She turns to him. GRABS his shirt and pulls him millimeters  
from her face.

DOROTHY

If you don't rush me to a fucking  
hospital-yesterday! I'm going to  
sew your nuts to his chin! You got  
that!

GARFUNKEL

Lady lets calm down-

DOROTHY

Don't you tell me to - OW! Oh no.  
oh no no no no no. AH! He's coming!

SIMON

Who's coming?

DOROTHY

MY BABY!!!!

She wrenches Garfunkel's hand so hard it turns purple.

GARFUNKEL

Ow ow ow your mushing my fingers.  
(to Simon)  
Do you know CPR?!

SIMON

Yes!

He lurches forward and she shoves his face away.

DOROTHY  
Get your greesy lips away from me!  
(to Garfunkel)  
Quick I need you to see if he's  
crowning!

GARFUNKEL  
(giggles)  
What?  
(she squeezes extra hard)  
Ow ow ow. Okay okay. Simon?

Simon looks pale and weak.

SIMON  
Not me man. I think, I think I'm  
gunna-

He knocks out flat.

DOROTHY  
Oooooooooooooohhhhhhhh!!

She lifts up her moo moo dress to Garfunkel.

GARFUNKEL  
Oh wow. Okay Yeah. There's a head  
poking out.

DOROTHY  
AHhhhhhhh!!

GARFUNKEL  
Oh no don't do that, its pushing  
out.

DOROTHY  
ShuuuUuuuuTTT Uuuuuuhhhpppppppppp!

Garfunkel freezes. Dorothy takes quick breaths.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)  
I need...you to...deliver... my  
baby.

GARFUNKEL  
Me? I can't do that. No no no no  
no.

DOROTHY  
I'm not asking. **I'm tellin'.**

Garfunkel looks to Simon's passed out body.

GARFUNKEL

Okay. Okay. I'm gunna need my hand back.

She relinquishes her death grip from Garfunkel's mangled hand. He reaches under her skirt and looks away.

DOROTHY

Don't look away! I need you to catch this sucker!

Garfunkel peeks back down to the baby.

GARFUNKEL

(shying away)

Go ahead. Do it! Shove away!

With all her might Dorothy SQUEEZES.

DOROTHY

Ahhhhhhhhh!

GARFUNKEL

(terrified)

Ahhhhhhhhh!

(peeks)

A little more.

DOROTHY

AAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

GARFUNKEL

Little MORE!!

DOROTHY

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GARFUNKEL

ONE MORE!!!

She takes one giant breath in and shoves as hard as she can.

DOROTHY

**AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**

With that POPS the baby out into Garfunkel's hands.

The brand new baby WAILS!

Dorothy passes out flat on her back.

Garfunkel grabs something nearby and wraps the baby in it. He holds it close to him.

GARFUNKEL

Hey little guy. Welcome to your new life. Its not all its cracked out to be. But you my friend, I can tell, will make the most of it.

He turns the wrapped up baby to face Simon's passed out body.

GARFUNKEL (CONT'D)

There's your uncle Simon.

He turns the baby to Dorothy's passed out body.

GARFUNKEL (CONT'D)

And there's your momma.

He taps Dorothy on the face and she blinks her eyes open.

GARFUNKEL (CONT'D)

Someone's here to see you.

He places the wrapped up baby in Dorothy's arms. She looks like she's been to hell and back, but seeing her baby has changed all of that. She's smiles at him.

DOROTHY

(to baby)

Hey little man. I'm your momma.

Garfunkel hits Simon awake.

SIMON

(ie: Dorothy from Wizard  
of OZ)

Aunty Em!

Garfunkel jabs Simon and points to the circle of life happening before them. Dorothy rocking her new baby in her arms, happier than she ever was.

GARFUNKEL

Its beautiful isn't it.

SIMON

Sure is.

Dorothy turns to Garfunkel.

DOROTHY

(sweet)

Thank you so much.

GARFUNKEL  
Hey it was the least I could do.

DOROTHY  
(nasty)  
Now get me the fuck out.

EXT. VAN - DAY

The van door slides open. Dorothy and her new baby boy emerge. Garfunkel and Simon wave good-bye.

GARFUNKEL  
Bye little guy! Hope you come  
visit.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Simon looks at how happy Garfunkel is and pats him on the back.

SIMON  
Not too shabby oh brother where art  
thou.

GARFUNKEL  
I'm gunna miss him.

Simon gets into the driver's seat and starts the van.

SIMON  
Yeah yeah yeah ya. And now I  
suppose you want to be a father too  
now huh.

Garfunkel hops in the passenger seat

GARFUNKEL  
I think I'm mature enough.

SIMON  
Shoot we didn't get the money.

GARFUNKEL  
No worries. Lets just snag fatty  
and call it a day.

SMASH TO CREDITS