

Mugged

By

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EXT. DANGEROUS STREET - NIGHT

An old woman wanders down a dark street alone. A hooded man trails her in the distance. He quickens his pace, reaches her and grabs her arm. He shoves a gun in her face.

MUGGER
Gimme all your money!

The woman gasps, standing stunned for a moment. The mugger gestures the gun at her fiercely.

MUGGER
Now, you old bag!

WOMAN
Okay!

The mugger looks around nervously, keeping the gun pointed at her. She digs through her purse, glancing up at the muggers face. She stops digging.

WOMAN
Wait, is that you Ronny?

She studies his face intently. Ronny stops looking around and glances down at the woman. He quickly attempts to pull down his hood and conceal his face.

RONNY
Uhh, no...

WOMAN
Oh, Ronny!

The woman wraps herself around him. Ronny sighs to himself, looking down at the woman now attached to him.

RONNY
Hey... Grandma..

Grandma finishes her embrace, pulling back but still holding his arms. She examines his body.

GRANDMA
Oh, my! You must have grown a full foot since I last saw you!

RONNY
Yeah.. been eating a lot...

Grandma smiles pleasantly at him. Ronny tries to fake a smile. There is an awkward moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA

So how are you, dear?

Ronny realizes he is still holding the gun out. He awkwardly attempts to conceal it behind him.

RONNY

Good..

GRANDMA

Well that's good. Your grades are good? Working hard?

RONNY

Uh.. No, Grandma... I dropped out.

Grandma seems not to comprehend. Her cheery smile goes unchanged.

GRANDMA

Oh. Are you going to arts school, then, sweetheart? I used to love your little paintings.

RONNY

Grandma I did like two of those, when I was twelve. No.

GRANDMA

Oh. Well I hope you stay with Walmarts, then, dear. I hear they have great retirement plans.

RONNY

No, grandma. I got fired.

Grandma stares at him in cheerful thought for a moment.

GRANDMA

Well what have you been doing with yourself nowadays, then, dear?

Ronny stares blankly back, his gun still held at his side. He shuffles his feet and hangs his head a little.

RONNY

Nothing. I've been doing nothing.

GRANDMA

Well that's good. It's not good to over-exert yourself.

Grandma is still smiling pleasantly at him. Ronny looks around, ready to leave.

(CONTINUED)

RONNY

Well... I should really get going-

She grabs his arm.

GRANDMA

Excuse me! You're not going anywhere with that.

She gestures toward the gun held at Ronny's side. He looks down at it, acting as though he forgot what he was holding.

RONNY

I... Uh...

Grandma shoves forward her empty palm.

GRANDMA

Give it to me.

RONNY

(pleading)

Oh, come on Grandma!

She grabs his ear lobe, pinching it angrily.

GRANDMA

Now!

RONNY

Ow! Ahhh!

Grandma wrenches the gun out of Ronny's hand, finally releasing his ear. Ronny watches as the gun is deposited into her purse. He has a sad and pathetic look on his face.

GRANDMA

Get your life together, you piece of shit.

Grandma gives him a pat on the forehead.

GRANDMA

Bye now, dear!

RONNY

Bye...

Grandma strolls off. Ronny stares off into space for a moment. He slowly walks off down the street, head hung down.