Kidnapping

A 911 Operator gets a phone call:

911 operator: 911. What’s your emergency?

Sara Jablonski (whispers into receiver, frantic): He-hello? I need help. I’ve been kidnapped.

911 operator: Miss, just take a deep breath and stay calm. We will help you.

Sara Jablonski: (deep breath in, out) Okay. I’ll try.

911 operator: Great. Let’s begin by describing what you see right now.

Sara Jablonski: Right now, I’m locked up in a bathroom of some sort. But before this, when we were driving and I was trapped in the car trunk, I heard the sound of water rushing down. So I think we passed a river or waterfall or something like that?

911 operator: Great, that’s very helpful. Now, what is your name? How old are you, and where are you from?

Sara Jablonski: Um, my name is Sara Jablonski, I’m 42 years old, and I’m from Manchester, New Hampshire. They may have a Missing Persons notice out for me--?

911 operator: Sorry, I think you’re breaking up. I’m not sure I caught that. How old did you say you were again?

Sara Jablonski: Uh, 42.

911 operator: 40--42 years old?

(camera zooms out to show Sara’s cardigan, pearl necklace, and sensibly chunky shoes)

Sara Jablonski: Yes.

911 operator: Oh, um… interesting. Interesting. Just because I thought you said earlier that you’d been kidnapped.

Sara Jablonski: I have been kidnapped.

911 operator: ...I mean….sure, you’re held in captivity right now, ma’am, but strictly speaking, you’re 42 years old. Are you a kid? Eh.

Sara Jablonski: Sorry, but is this the most important thing we could be talking about right now??

911 operator: I’m just saying! When you say “kidnapped,” I’m thinking little girl in 5th grade with pigtails, learning algebra and crushing on Jesse McCartney. I totally see it, he’s a cutie for sure. But 42 years old?  I’m thinking you have a Curves membership, your celebrity crush is respectable veteran British actor Colin Firth, and if I’m pegging you right, you’re probably working through some stuff with your marriage. I’m sorry about that by the way.

*(as he rambles, a dark presence creeps up, there’s a struggle, Sara screams, phone drops. Dial-tone. Shot of her hand, and a phone receiver, discarded to the floor)*

911 operator: People just don’t understand how important word choice is, you know? Like if my great-grandma went around calling herself a “kid” all the time, it’d be weird, right? Like “what are you doing, Susan. You lived through the Great Depression.”

Kidnapper: You don’t need to tell me twice!!!

911 operator: Amen, brotha! Wait.