

# After The Trade

by

Trelan Jasmine Hylton

Based on fable 'Jack and the bean stalk'

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pencil and calculator in hands, PAMELA (mid 40s with tired eyes and messy hair) sits scribbling away at the table in the center of the small kitchen. A clutter of paper and torn envelopes covers it. FOOTSTEPS approach.

PAMELA  
(without looking up)  
Grab a calculator Jack. How much  
did it go for?

JACK (late teens, gangly) bounds around the table and hugs Pamela from behind.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
That good, huh?

JACK  
Better than good, mother, I scored  
the deal of a lifetime!

PAMELA  
Well...?

JACK  
Well at first I couldn't even get a  
single person to even look at it.  
After all, it is a twelve year old  
car.

Jack strolls over to the refrigerator, hand on its door, his eyes searches its sparse contents, finally settling on a bottle of water. He grabs the water and slams the door shut.

JACK (CONT'D)  
But then a guy, some weird looking  
guy, but then who cares right?  
(guffaws)  
Offered me a beampod for the car! A  
beampod, Ma!

PAMELA  
(confused, smile fading)  
A what?

Jack reaches into his pocket and pulls out a gleaming metallic ball the size of a marble. He stretches his arm out with the ball at the center of his palm. A mask of realization washes over Pamela's face.

JACK  
It's amazing! It is a time  
transporter--

PAMELA  
(interrupting,  
hysterically)  
What did you do with the car  
Jackson?

Jack blinks in stunned silence at his mother.

JACK  
It... it... will help--

PAMELA  
You gave away our single source of  
money for a- a- ?

Shaking, Pamela grips the edge of the table and takes a deep  
breath.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
What will happen to these?

She nods towards the table's contents.

JACK  
(ignoring the table)  
You've got to trust me mom. This is  
a good thing!

Pamela pushes her chair back, leans forward over the table,  
palms supporting her body. She looks Jack squarely in the  
eyes.

PAMELA  
Trust, Jack?

JACK  
Mom, seriously, the previous owner  
is from another time...  
(pensive, almost  
whispering)  
He must have been!  
(louder, self-assured)  
Mom look at it! Have you ever-

Jack holds out his hand for an inspection. Pamela sighs and  
pushes past him, smacking the object out of his hand against  
the wall.

PAMELA  
I'm going to bed.

Jack stares at his mother's back as she leaves the room. The beampod still on the floor against the wall behind him starts to crack, exposing bits of lightbeams.

FADE OUT.