Take Your Kid to Work Day

By H.B.

1. EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Susanne and Cav walk into her office. She checks her watch several times, each time cursing under her breath.

SUSANNE

I can’t believe I’m late for work again.

CAV

Sorry, Mom.

SUSANNE

(Sighs)

When do you go back?

CAV

Monday.

SUSANNE

Fine. Just remember, when we go in, sit down and read quietly.

CAV

Yes Ma’am.

2. INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Susanne talks to Claire.

SUSANNE

Hey Claire.

CLAIRE

Hey Sue, heeeeey Cav.

(Smiles awkwardly, looks up at Susanne)

SUSANNE

School’s out. Some type of pipe burst. He’s out ‘till Monday.

CLAIRE

(Points to a chair)

He can wait here.

SUSANNE

Oh, no, you have your own work. He’ll be fine.

CLAIRE

If you’re sure…

SUSANNE

Yeah. He’s got books. Truth is, no matter what, it’s gonna be a distraction. Today’s just…

(Puts head in hands, sighs)

CLAIRE

I know, girl. Hang in there.

Susanne and Cav go to her office and Cav sits in the chair behind his mother’s. She turns away and sets up her computer. In the background, Cav pulls out a clear, plastic box, and a food canister. Camera cuts to the box, a tarantula inside. He opens the hatch to feed it, but hides the cage before his mother turns around.

SUSANNE

Need anything?

CAV

No, ma’am.

SUSANNE

Well, if you need something, ask Ms. Claire.

CAV

Yes, Ma’am.

Susanne turns, plugging her earphones in. Cav lifts the box, tarantula is missing. He looks under the desk for it. He watches for his mother, as he gets up. He looks under his chair, then under his mother’s desk. Susanne notices, takes out her earphones, and turns around.

SUSANNE

What’re you looking for?

Cav smiles sheepishly, his hands behind his back. He sees the tarantula on his mother’s desk, and stares at it. His mother follows his gaze and her eyes widen.

SUSANNE

CAVALIER QUANTAVIUS BROOKLYN, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?????

Claire runs in. She sees the arachnid and Cav’s guilty smile, then facepalms.

CAV

The class tarantula. Mr. Simon chose me to keep him while school’s out.

SUSANNE

Why didn’t you tell me?

CAV

I did. I gave you the permission slip last night.

SUSANNE

(Clasps forehead)

But why did you bring him here?

CAV

I thought he’d get lonely at home.

Susanne walks towards him in a threatening manner, before Claire steps in and the two step aside from Cav.

SUSANNE

Imma kill him.

CLAIRE

Everything’s gonna be fine.

SUSANNE

When I read the form, it was 2 am and I thought they were talking about a little turtle. But a tarantula!

CLAIRE

I know, sweetheart, I know.

(Rubs her friend’s back)

SUSANNE

And he brought it here, today!

CLAIRE

It’s gonna be alright, we’re gonna figure this out.

SUSANNE

I’m in the running for upper management! You know how hard I’ve worked for this, how long it took me to get here. But this looks bad. Not only will I lose the race, I’ll lose my job. Cause he’ll get lonely.

(Casts evil look at boy)

CLAIRE

Nobody’s losing anything. Take some aspirin, drink some water. Just breathe. This could be worse. We know where it is, it’s not fast or messy. There should be no evidence that it was ever here.

(Hands her aspirin bottle)

SUSANNE

I guess, you’re right.

Susanne sits down and takes aspirin and drinks water.

SUSANNE

Just put him back in the cage. Ms. Claire is going to take you and it home, where we will talk about this… later.

(Through grit teeth)

CAV

Yes ma’am.

Cav discovers it disappeared.

CAV

Uh oh.

SUSANNE

What do you mean, uh oh?

(Eye twitches)

CAV

He’s gone.

(Scrunches eyes and flinches)

SUSANNE

What?

(Grits teeth)

CLAIRE

Dammit! Work with me here, Cav, I’m trying to save you.

CAV

I’m sorry (hangs head).

CLAIRE

Susanne, just finish your presentation, we’ll handle this.

Susanne walks to her son, her fists shake as she desperately tries to keep her composure.

SUSANNE

You better hope you find that thing.

Susanne continues working, as Cav and Claire exit her office to search for the spider. They hear a scream. They run the office and throughout the building until they see an elderly woman.

CLAIRE

Gladys, where’d it go?

The traumatizing woman simply points, her hand shaking. They suddenly hear another shriek for help.

CAV

Follow that scream!

They run to the cafeteria, and find the screaming intern. Claire looks in the opposite corner and sees the tarantula.

CLAIRE

There it is! Get it!

The boy tries to grab it, but it crawls away. At last, he dives after it and catches the tarantula.

CAV

I got it.

The two run back to Claire’s office, and put it back in its box. They stuff the box into his backpack. Susanne leaves for her meeting.

CLAIRE

It’s secure.

SUSANNE

Thanks for everything.

CLAIRE

We’ll take it back home, where it belongs. Good luck!

SUSANNE

Thanks.

Susanne walks in the conference room, her laptop in hand, and joins the people waiting for her.

MR. BERNSTEIN

Ms. Brooklyn, are you ready to begin?

SUSANNE

Yes, Mr. Bernstein. Members of the Board and higher Management, thank you for your patience.

She sets up her presentation.

SUSANNE

So, here’s the thing.