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DOUBTING THOMAS

Third draft of a five minute multicam drama

by

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Est. duration: 4 mins 30 secs

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(i)

When sexual and environmental politics collide, Thomas finds out that free love can be expensive...

(ii)

CHARACTERS

THOMAS 32 years old. Formerly an ambulance officer. Now a radical environmentalist.

REBECCA 31 years old. Formerly worked for Greenpeace. Now working with Thomas in a fringe "guerrilla greenie" organisation.

DANIELLE 21 years old. A pretty, wide-eyed young anthropology student with an interest in environmental issues.

LOCATION

Interior suburban Sydney house (studio). The bedroom is visible from the kitchen, as is the front door (via a hallway).

1.

1. INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

THOMAS IS BUILDING A BOMB ON THE KITCHEN TABLE: THERE ARE WIRES, GLOBS OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE AND A DISEMBOWELLED ALARM CLOCK. DANIELLE IS STANDING BEHIND HIS CHAIR, DRESSED IN A MAN'S DRESSING GOWN. SHE CARESSES HIM, BUT THOMAS IS DETERMINED NOT TO BE DISTRACTED.

DANIELLE: Come back to bed.

THOMAS: I'm trying to concentrate
Danielle.

DANIELLE: But it's cold in there on my
own.

THOMAS: I'm building a bomb for
Christ's sake!

DANIELLE: Can't you do that tomorrow?

THOMAS: Please. I've almost finished.
I'll be there as soon as I can.

DANIELLE STOPS CARESSING HIM. SHE BUMPS HIS CHAIR DELIBERATELY. THOMAS GLARES AT HER. DANIELLE GOES INTO THE BEDROOM AND SLAMS THE DOOR.

THOMAS TAKES A DRAG FROM HIS CIGARETTE BEFORE CAREFULLY PICKING UP TWO WIRES, ONE BLACK AND ONE RED. HE HOLDS THE BLACK WIRE IN CONTACT WITH A COMPLICATED-LOOKING PIECE OF CIRCUITRY, AND USES THE CROCODILE CLIP ON THE RED ONE TO MANIPULATE A RESISTOR INSIDE THE DISASSEMBLED CLOCK.

LIKE A WATCHMAKER, THOMAS FOCUSES ALL HIS CONCENTRATION ON THE TINY PARTS.

[0.40]

2. INT. HOUSE - HALL/KITCHEN. NIGHT.

A FIGURE APPROACHES THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR AND KNOCKS.

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE, THOMAS JERKS IN SURPRISE, KNOCKING THE CLOCK OVER. THE CLOCK STARTS TICKING LOUDLY. A SMALL RED LED LIGHT STARTS BLINKING AT HIGH SPEED IN THE HOMEMADE CONTROL BOX NEXT TO THE CLOCK. THE PLASTIC LABEL BENEATH THE LED SAYS "ARMED".

THOMAS: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Shit.

THOMAS QUICKLY PULLS THE BLACK WIRE AWAY FROM THE CIRCUIT AND JAMS IT INTO THE INNARDS OF THE CLOCK. THE CLOCK STOPS TICKING. SIMULTANEOUSLY THE LIGHT STOPS BLINKING AND GLOWS CONTINUOUSLY. THOMAS HOLDS BOTH WIRES VERY STILL AS SWEAT BREAKS OUT ON HIS FOREHEAD.

A GLANCE BACK TO THE DOOR. PERHAPS THE VISITOR WILL THINK NO ONE IS HOME.

AGAIN THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. THOMAS CANNOT MOVE. HIS HANDS ARE TIED TO THE BOMB. AFTER A PAUSE THERE IS THE SOUND OF A KEY IN THE LOCK. REBECCA ENTERS.

THOMAS: Christ, you gave me a fright. I thought you were coming tomorrow.

REBECCA: Jumpy, Thomas?

THOMAS: Of course I'm fucking jumpy. Look, I need you to hold one of these wires. I've tripped the safety.

CONT...

REBECCA CAREFULLY WALKS OVER TO THE BOMB AND GLANCES AT THE LED. IT IS STILL GLOWING RED.

REBECCA: That was close, Thomas. Hope you don't make a habit of this sort of thing.

REBECCA POINTS TO ONE OF THE WIRES THOMAS IS HOLDING.

REBECCA: (CONT) This one?

THOMAS: (STILL SWEATING) Yeah.

REBECCA IS NOW VERY CLOSE TO THOMAS. SHE IS ENJOYING THE FACT THAT HE CAN'T MOVE. REBECCA RUNS HER FINGERS THROUGH THOMAS'S HAIR IN A LOVER'S GESTURE.

THOMAS: (CONT) Hurry up will you?

BUT REBECCA JUST SMILES AND NESTLES HER FACE IN HIS CURLY HAIR. THEN SHE NOTICES SOMETHING. SHE SNIFFS AT THOMAS.

REBECCA: That's an interesting scent Thomas.

THOMAS: Fucking grab the wire will you?!

REBECCA: (SUSPICIOUS) Not the kind of scent you get in a department store. More a... personal kind of scent.

THOMAS: My arms are getting tired Rebecca. Can you take the wire please?

CONT...

REBECCA TAKES THOMAS'S CIGARETTE FROM THE ASHTRAY, HAS A DRAG AND SITS DOWN, MAKING HERSELF COMFORTABLE.

REBECCA: I've been hearing things
Thomas.

THOMAS: What kind of things?

REBECCA: Oh rumours about you... and
about keen, pretty young things
anxious to get a leg-up in the
organisation.

THOMAS: I don't think now is the
time...

REBECCA: (CUTS IN) Oh I think it's a
very good time. A very good
time indeed.

THOMAS: Rebecca. We've got an important
action on tomorrow. The Burvale
Pulp Mill sabotage. Or don't
you remember? We have to keep
our minds on the job.

REBECCA: (LAUGHS) You should talk! I
don't know where your mind's
been lately, but it certainly
hasn't been on the job. Unless
you're talking about a bit of
after hours work experience.

REBECCA STANDS AND BEGINS WALKING AROUND
THOMAS.

THOMAS: Look Rebecca. Just take the
wire, and we'll talk about it.

REBECCA: We are talking about it Thomas.
Or rather her. Danielle. Isn't
that the girl's name?

CONT...

REBECCA COMES IN CLOSE TO THOMAS'S EAR.

REBECCA: (CONT) You selfish bastard.
After everything I've done for
you.

THOMAS: You should know better than to
listen to gossip, Rebecca. This
is absurd.

REBECCA: (PICKS UP THE PHONE) Shall I
ring the police? Or maybe the
fire brigade? I'm sure they'd
hold your wire if Danielle
can't hold that for you as
well.

THOMAS: Oh terrific. And what about all
your talk about open
relationships and free bloody
love?

REBECCA: What about all your talk about
nothing getting in the way of
the cause?

REBECCA HAS PUT DOWN THE PHONE AND IS
WALKING OVER TO THE BEDROOM DOOR. THOMAS
IS GETTING MORE FRANTIC WITH EVERY STEP
SHE TAKES, BUT IS TRYING HARD NOT TO SHOW
IT.

THOMAS: You're over-reacting Rebecca.

REBECCA: Oh am I, Thomas. And how would
you react if you caught me
fucking someone else?

ON THIS, REBECCA PULLS OPEN THE BEDROOM
DOOR. DANIELLE IS CROUCHED AT THE KEYHOLE
IN THOMAS'S DRESSING GOWN.

CONT...

DANIELLE: (STANDS UP) It's not like you said. It's not like that at all. Thomas and I are in love.

REBECCA: (IGNORES DANIELLE) Perhaps I should ring the police after all Thomas. Maybe the cradle-snatching section.

DANIELLE: You bloody bitch! Just because I'm younger than you that doesn't give you the right to insult me like that.

REBECCA: Insult *you*!?

THOMAS: (LIKE A DROWNING MAN) Rebecca. Danielle. Either of you. Grab the wire. I can't hold it still for much longer.

REBECCA: You should have thought of that before, Thomas.

DANIELLE GOES TO TAKE THE WIRE. REBECCA PHYSICALLY BLOCKS HER AND HOLDS HER BACK.

DANIELLE: Let go of me!

REBECCA: Not until you tell me whether he makes you come.

DANIELLE: What?!

REBECCA: Admit it. He's fucking useless isn't he? No good for anything.

DANIELLE: (STRUGGLING) He needs our help!

CONT...

7.

REBECCA: Did he buy you roses? Did he make the bed? Did he bring you breakfast in the morning?

DANIELLE: (STILL STRUGGLING) What business is it of yours?

REBECCA: Absolutely fucking useless. That's Thomas for you. Can't even build a bomb properly.

THOMAS: (ARMS SHAKING BADLY NOW) Help me. One of you help me. Please...

DANIELLE: Let... me... go!

DANIELLE BURSTS FREE OF REBECCA'S GRASP, BUT REBECCA GRABS HER AGAIN, JUST SHORT OF THE TABLE.

WITH REBECCA CLAWING AT HER BACK LIKE A LIONESS, DANIELLE FALLS. ONE OUTSTRETCHED ARM GRABS AT THOMAS'S ARM FOR SUPPORT.

THOMAS'S ARM, STILL HOLDING THE WIRE, IS PULLED FREE OF THE CLOCK.

THE RED LED BLINKS ON AND OFF RAPIDLY AS THE CLOCK STARTS TICKING.

REBECCA LOOKS AT THOMAS. THOMAS LOOKS AT DANIELLE. DANIELLE LOOKS AT EACH OF THEM, AND THEN AT THE FLASHING LED.

TICK, TICK, TICK.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A HUGE EXPLOSION.

[3.50]