

Red wire, Blue wire.

By Albert Jamae

CHARACTERS

TRISH PARKER (Victim) : Female 25-30.

MARTY CRAIGMORE (Bomb Disposal Officer) : Male 30-35.

GARY (Bomb Disposal Unit) : Male 30-40. (unseen)

SETTING

Office.

SCENE ONE – INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICE

TRISH (late 20's), *red dress, tied to a bomb in an office – she's erratic.*

OFFICER: (off stage/megaphone) Now hold still Miss Parker! Our bomb disposal officer has just arrived! So please stay calm and we'll get you out of this in no time.

TRISH: Please stay calm? I have a freakin' bomb strapped to my arse!

MARTY (30's), *enters in his bomb disposal outfit (with helmet so his voice is a little muffled). He doesn't see her face yet as she has her back to him.*

TRISH: Could my life seriously get any worse?

MARTY: I know this is difficult, but I'm gonna need you to take a few deep breaths and keep as still as you can.

She takes a few breaths. He pulls out a device and starts scanning the area around the bomb.

While I do a quick scan of the area, why don't you tell me how you got into this mess.

TRISH: Well I was busy helping a customer fill out her insurance claim forms when this guy comes in complaining about...something, I dunno. I'd had a shitty weekend so I wasn't in the mood for his whinging. I just told him he'd have to book a time with me at a later date and he snapped. He pulled out a gun and then...this!

MARTY: Well it looks like a simple homemade job. Should be easy enough to sort out.

TRISH: (sarcastic) Oh I feel so much better...whatever your name is.

He removes his helmet, facing away from her, then walks over to face her.

MARTY: Officer Craigmore but my friends call me...

They recognise each other.

MARTY: Shit.

He returns to the bomb – flustered.

TRISH: Well if that doesn't just top off the day.

MARTY: Look, we don't have time to deal with this now. I have to focus on getting us out of here safely, so I need you to hold still while I assess the unit.

He cautiously examines the bomb.

TRISH: Why haven't you called?

He cringes.

MARTY: Trish. In case you haven't noticed, I'm kinda preoccupied right now. Let's talk about it later okay?

He gets back to work.

TRISH: You ignore my text messages, my Facebook...

MARTY: I didn't know what to say! I mean, you seemed pretty disappointed when I said no to coffee.

He talks into his radio communication.

(to radio) Okay mate we have a backyard pipe bomb, one inch wrought steel pipe, brass capped, electric fuse on a battery timer and stabiliser wired to hostage's hands...[cont'd]
– just under five minutes left on the clock, suggested evacuation radius at least eighty metres, copy?

OFFICER: (voice over radio) Copy that Marty.

TRISH: Well I didn't actually mean 'coffee'.

MARTY: I know.

TRISH: And it was our third date. So why didn't you?

He's still distracted by the bomb.

MARTY: Didn't what?

TRISH: Come up for coffee?!

MARTY: It's just...I...(radio) Have you established the safety perimeter?!

OFFICER: (voice over radio) Still working on it.

TRISH: Oh is that what you were doing? Establishing a 'safety perimeter'. I get it.

MARTY: What?

TRISH: You're not a tea drinker are you?

MARTY: No! I'm not a tea drinker!

TRISH: Better if you were. Would've been less insulting.

OFFICER: (voice over radio) Traffic congestion Marty. Gonna take a bit before we have a clear zone.

MARTY: (radio) Well you have four minutes Gaz so you better push it.

OFFICER: (voice over radio) Will do buddy.

TRISH: Why does he keep calling you Marty? I thought it was Adam?