

ONE, TWO, TICK.

Written by:

Simon Kyle Parker

COPYRIGHT 2018

Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Pitch black outside and dark inside. Parked up on an empty street. AMAL, 19, pretty face, large brown eyes and in a hijab. She wears a large heavy coat.

ANDREW, 19, handsome, long floppy hair is in the drivers seat. He laughs nervously. Looks out of his window at where they are before returns his full attention onto Amal.

ANDREW
Why meet you here?

AMAL
I need your help. There's no one else.

ANDREW
What do you mean?

AMAL
You've always had a crush on me haven't you?

He blushes, has to turn away from her.

She reaches out, takes a gentle hold of his arms and forces him to look back at her.

He studies her. He turns on the cars light. Her face is covered in sweat. Her eyes wide. Gripped with fear.

ANDREW
Yeah, I like you. Why not admit it now. What else can I do, lie?

She tries to force a smile.

AMAL
I knew it.

ANDREW
You knew?

She nods.

AMAL
I've always known.

He laughs.

ANDREW
Then why get me to say it?

AMAL

Because I needed to hear it. I needed to hear something true for a change. I've had nothing but lies feed to me for so long.

He tilts his head over to one side.

ANDREW

What's the matter? I've never seen you like this before. You're always so happy. Always smiling. But now look at you.

She shakes her head. Looks down.

AMAL

I'm terrified. I need your help. Because there really is no one else.

ANDREW

You've got to let me know what's going on. I can't help you if I don't know.

Amal unzips her coat to reveal a suicide belt. It's crude but it looks real. Enough explosives wrapped around her to do a lot of damage.

She breaks down, tears stream down her face.

AMAL

My brother did this. He returned from Syria. He wants to kill. I don't know where my parents are. Or my sister. I tried to fight him. He knocked me out. Punched me in the head. When I woke up I had this on me. I got out of the house and ran. I don't know where he is. But I'm convinced once he knows I've left he'll set it off. That's why I came to you. Why I called you.

Andrew is stunned. He studied the belt of explosives as best he can. His whole body shakes. His mouth becomes dry.

ANDREW

What do we do?

She turns in her seat. Shows the back of the belt. Where it's connected.

AMAL

I felt wires back here. Can you see them?

She shows him. Andrew reaches forwards but doesn't dare touch.

ANDREW

I can see. They're right there. I can't believe I'm actually seeing something like this.

AMAL

It's the only way to get it off.

ANDREW

What?

AMAL

You've got to break them.

ANDREW

This is insane.

AMAL

I don't want to die.

ANDREW

And I don't want you to die either. But what do I do? Just pull on them and hope?

AMAL

Well he put it on me so there's got to be a way to get it off me again.

Andrew takes a gentle hold of the wires. Tries hard to steady himself. Can't help but let out nervous laughter.

ANDREW

I really don't know what it is that I'm doing. Honestly. I'm not that smart. And I'm the only person you thought to come to?

She glances over her shoulder at him.

AMAL

Because I knew you'd do anything for me. Because you're kind and sweet. Please don't let me die like this. There was no one else I could think of but you.

He beams. Pleased to hear it.

ANDREW

You think about me a lot?

AMAL

Andrew can we talk about this
later. I literally have no idea
how much time I've got left. Just
pull on those wires and I'm sure
it will just slide off.

He pulls on the wires. Now a count down appears on the
front of the belt.

Five.

She spins around in her seat and they both watch.

Four.

She screams.

Three.

ANDREW

What is this?

Two.

AMAL

I don't know.

One.

ANDREW

I love you.

BOOM!

FADE TO BLACK

THE END