

Tuck & Cover

POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT
Fully timed, word accurate
06/07/02

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. INNER CITY STREET - NIGHT (TCR 01:30:00)

Dead leaves swirl around on the stained concrete pavement. A can rattles along the gutter in the distance. There's a storm approaching.

Well-shod feet walk past and pause in front of a row of garbage bins. A hand reaches down and pulls something out.

PETER (29) looks at the cricket bat in his hand with as much surprise as he can muster for a Friday night. He's a good-looking Anglo boy who's spent a little too much time in front of a computer.

Above him, NICOLE (31) peeks out of the window of their apartment with a wry smile. She ducks back before Pete catches sight of her.

Grumpier than ever, Pete trudges through the door into the old redbrick apartment building where they live.

2. INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT (TCR 01:59:11)

THUMP! A battered cricket kit, bulging with helmet, pads and other paraphernalia is dumped next to the couch. Like the rest of the furniture in the room, the couch is bare, clean and neat.

Peter sits down, places his beer on the coffee table and pulls the bag over. He reaches for the bat he recovered from the garbage, which is leaning against the couch. Examines the torn handle.

From along the hall comes the sound of plumbing running. Peter looks around sharply.

3. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT/INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT/INTERCUT (TCR 02:13:02)

Nic stands in front of the bathroom mirror industriously brushing her teeth. Her hair is pulled up tightly behind her head, stretching her features.

In the lounge room, Pete wipes the bat clean with a piece of chammy. He tries to ignore the sound of Nic's brushing, which is magnified in his ears.

Nicole throws her head back and gargles in the harsh light from the mirror.

Pete tries to mask out the noise of gargling with a long swig of beer.

Nicole throws her head back and flicks on the hairdryer. The sound is like a jet engine in a wind tunnel.

Pete struggles with a wooden spike trying to get a new handle onto the bat. The drying sound continues and he tries to shut it out by concentrating furiously on the task in hand.

He finally gets the handle on, but is startled out of his reverie by Nic's voice.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Pete? Pete?
(TCR 02:55:05)

Pete places the bat guiltily on the couch beside him and waits while Nic pads down the corridor in bare feet.

4. INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT (TCR 03:04:00)

Nicole stands next to the fish tank, wearing a red satin shift. Hair out and a hungry look in her eyes.

NICOLE
You coming to bed?
(TCR 03:06:20)

Peter grabs the remote.

PETER
I'm going to watch the match.
(TCR 03:08:11)

He flicks on the monolithic TV and ignores her as cricket match commentary fades into life.

Undeterred, Nicole comes and leans over the back of the couch. She tries to nuzzle his ear.

NICOLE
Come on, come to bed.
(TCR 03:21:05)

He shakes her off.

PETER
In a while!
(TCR 03:23:14)

She reaches for the remote. Pete slams his hand down over

it.

Nicole bites his ear.

PETER (CONT.)

Ow!

(TCR 03:36:12)

Nicole retreats to the door. Makes a final offer.

NICOLE

You can bring your bat.

(TCR 03:44:22)

Peter is tempted, but replies by turning up the volume on the TV. Nicole stalks out.

5. EXT. INNER CITY STREET - NIGHT (TCR 04:04:21)

Neon lights are reflected in the windows of the apartment building, which is dwarfed by the skyscrapers behind it.

Wind whistles along the brick and concrete walls, adding to the night hum of the city.

6. INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT (TCR 04:11:04)

The TV flicks off, leaving the room in darkness except for an illuminated fish tank built into a set of modular shelving.

Pete's steps approach from the couch as we glide along the shelves, passing a collection of little Buddhas, smiling from their chubby lotus positions. A framed photograph shows Peter in cricketing whites with an adoring Nicole. Next to it is a small collection of Pete's trophies and ribbons.

The fish bowl rings as it is tapped gently with the toe of a cricket bat. Peter's face appears through it, grossly distorted by the glass. He watches the two black goldfish swimming about, annoyed by their failure to react.

The rubber handle of the bat twirls slowly to a halt in Peter's calloused hands. He walks menacingly down the corridor to the bedroom.

7. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (TCR 04:47:02)

Peter creeps quietly into the bedroom, which is illuminated by tall bands of light filtering through the vertical blinds from the street outside. Reflected headlights track across the walls and ceiling from time to time.

He smiles with satisfaction when he sees that Nicole is asleep and pads around to his side of the bed and climbs in.

Weary sigh as he closes his eyes.

On the other side of the bed, Nicole's eyes snap open - cold fury burning in the gloom of the bedroom.

From above the bed, we see Nicole waiting for him to go to sleep. Biding her time.

8. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (TCR 05:16:01)

Peter's breathing has settled into the regular pattern of sleep.

Slowly, the covers start to inch over his body, creeping to the other side of the bed and leaving his legs and body exposed.

Nicole grimaces with satisfaction, as she completes the roll, a good fold of the bedclothes tucked under her arm.

Peter shivers, tugging in his sleep at the remaining bedclothes, then waking fully when they won't give.

He looks at Nicole's hunched back. Pulls again at the blankets.

PETER

Nic? Nic?
(TCR 05:44:13)

Nicole closes her eyes and pretends to be asleep. Her grip tightens on the blankets. Peter pulls more vigorously. Then stops as he understands why the bedclothes won't come. Changes tactic.

He snuggles up to Nicole's back. Kisses her neck. Begins whispering sweet nothings. Strokes her arms and runs his hands down her satin-clad form.

Nicole's features soften and her vice-like grip on the bedclothes relaxes.

In a lightning movement, Peter grabs the bedclothes and rolls back over to his side. He tucks the blanket and sheet protectively under his arm and, with equal satisfaction, closes his eyes.

Nicole pulls in silent fury at the blanket. Stymied, she begins to kick at him with her feet, pushing him to the edge of the bed.

Peter's eyes bulge with the effort as he hangs onto the bed frame.

Peter sees the cricket bat leaning up against the wall. He stretches, fingers waving just out of reach. Nicole's feet are flailing like a windmill, battering him while he strains to reach the bat. Headlights of passing cars flash across his face.

Finally, he manages to grab the bat and SWINGS it blindly over his head! The blow lands with a vicious thud. The kicking stops.

Nervous, afraid of what he will see, Peter looks over his shoulder. The bat is lying on an empty bed. Fear lights up his eyes. Where is she? He looks around.

Too late! Nicole, her face a mask of fury, surges up from under the bed on his side and leaps on top of him. Clamping him between her legs with bone-crunching force, she fixes her hands around his throat.

Peter pulls at her hands but Nicole has the strength of a wild woman. The anger in Nicole's eyes turns to triumph as she senses his fear and helplessness. Victorious, she leans forward and kisses him voraciously.

Pete responds with equal fire as Nic pulls him upright and rakes her nails down his back.

Pete encircles Nic's waist and rolls her onto her back. There is a ugly crack of wood against bone.

NIC

Ow!

(TCR 06:50:15)

Nic's features contort in pain and indignation as she pulls the bat out from under her. She pushes Pete away with a meaty slap and jumps out of bed, running to the window.

The bat sails through the blinds out into the night.

Nic turns back from the window, satisfied with what she has done but scared to show it to Pete, who is sitting stunned on the bed.

9. EXT. INNER CITY STREET - NIGHT (TCR 07:13:06)

The garbage cans sit in a tight cluster in front of the apartment block.

BANG! The bat lands with a wet thud in a metallic can.

10. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (TCR 07:15:17)

Nic gets back into bed and pulls the sheets up.

A devilish smile breaks over Pete's face as he grabs the sheets and whirls it over both of them. They roll around under the covers in playful lovemaking as we...

FADE OUT: