

Just six minutes to go

by
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ANGE (female, early twenties), SAM (male, early twenties) and SPENCER (male, early twenties) are sitting side by side, in that order, on a cheap lounge, staring ahead at nothing in particular. Three house-mates sharing a couch.

ANGE is fastidiously groomed and presented. SAM is the exact opposite, and young man who cares about nothing at all. SPENCER is smart and neat, but quiet and totally introverted.

They all appear a little glum.

SAM

Just six minutes to go.

SPENCER, who is very particular about details such as this, checks his watch.

SPENCER

Six minutes and twenty-three seconds.

SAM

This really pisses me off. You'd think they could give you more than one hours' warning.

ANGE

They didn't want people to panic.

SAM

I mean a giant meteor, the size of Tasmania, is hurtling toward earth and they only tell us with one hour to impact.

ANGE

They wanted to minimise the panic.

SPENCER

France.

SAM

What?

SPENCER

The size of France. Not the size of Tasmania.

SAM is pissed off again that such a tiny detail might be open to debate.

SAM

Whatever. Close enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

Well, not really. France covers an area of some 543,000 square kilometres. Tasmania is only 68,000 square kilometres, not counting the many hundreds of islands off the coast that ...

SAM clips SPENCER across the back of the head. SPENCER is quiet for a moment.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

That's a significant difference.

SAM

My point is - that doesn't give you enough time to do anything. All those things you want to do before you die. All the things you want to say to loved ones.

The others are taking a moment to catch on.

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean, I always wanted to try to jump my car between two tall buildings. You know? And if it didn't work, it wouldn't matter, 'cos I'd have been dead anyway soon enough. But I don't have time to do that with only five minutes to go.

SPENCER

Five minutes and eighteen seconds.

SAM

Isn't there anything you wanted to do??

ANGE

(Looking around)

I'd have liked to have cleaned the place up a bit first.

SAM

Sorry?

ANGE

You know, vacuum, wash the dishes, make sure it was presentable.

SAM

Just before it got smashed into smithereens ?!?! Spence?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPENCER

I was always hoping that I might be able to assist in proving Fermat's last theorem.

SAM

Who? And what?

SPENCER

Pierre de Fermat was a French mathematician. In 1637 he declared that he ...

SAM clips SPENCER over the back of the head again.

SAM

Well you've got four minutes left.

SPENCER

Four minutes and thirty-two seconds.

SAM stews for a moment.

SAM

What about loved ones? Ange, there must be people other than us you want to be spending this time with?

ANGE

Of course. Well, my mum and dad obviously ... and my little brother ... and my pony ...

SAM

Well, if I had the chance, I'd be spending my last hours with Scarlett Johansson. And a bottle of baby oil.

ANGE

Well that's hardly realistic, is it? How many other sad little excuses for men are going to say that? She'd hardly have time for all of them? I'm sure she'd much rather be doing something quite different.

SAM

Okay, okay. Then I guess it'd be my mum and dad too. And maybe my old girlfriend ... (dreamily) ... Bev ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPENCER
(After a moment's
realisation)
I've got no one.

ANGE
What, no mother and father?

SPENCER shakes his head sadly.

SAM
No old girlfriends?

SPENCER
I've never had a girlfriend.

ANGE
Never?

SAM
You mean ... you're going to die a
virgin???

SPENCER appears a little ashamed.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well that's just wrong. We can't
have that.

After a beat, SAM looks toward ANGE. It takes ANGE a moment to realise why. SPENCER is getting anxious just thinking about it.

ANGE
Oh no. Oh no! Not on your life.

SAM
Why not?

ANGE
I am not going to spend the last
three minutes of my life ...

SPENCER
(A little anxious from the
subject matter)
Three minutes and nine seconds.

ANGE
... Having sex with Spencer.

SAM
Again - why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGE

Well, for a start, that's hardly
enough time.

SAM considers for a moment, then looks at SPENCER. He turns
back to ANGE.

SAM

Trust me, that's more than enough
time.

He looks at SPENCER again.

SAM (CONT'D)

And for a cigarette afterwards.

SPENCER seems to be a little lost in thought. ANGE has turned
away either in frustration or disgust.

SAM (CONT'D)

In fact I think Spencer's finished
already.

There is a moment during which SAM decides to get everyone
together again.

SAM (CONT'D)

So where is this thing supposed to
hit, anyway?

SPENCER

Approximately eighty kilometres
north of here.

SAM

So that would be What ...
Gosford?

SAM seems a little incredulous.

SAM (CONT'D)

Gosford? So what's the problem?
Shit, it's not like anyone's going
to miss Gosford ... We could drive
up later and check out the crater
...

SPENCER

(Using his hands to
illustrate his point)
The centre of impact will be eighty
kilometres north of us. The meteor
itself is more than six hundred
kilometres wide ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SAM

Oh. (beat) So it must be getting close by now.

There is an uneasy beat.

SPENCER

Fifty-three seconds.

SAM clips him across the back of the head. Then he feels guilty.

SAM

Sorry.

At that point the two boys feel something.

SAM (CONT'D)

Can you feel that? The floor is shaking ...

SPENCER

I feel the whole house vibrating ...

SAM

What is that?

ANGE

That's the washing machine. Just started the spin cycle.

SAM

The what?

SAM is incredulous, and more than a little pissed off. The last few moments are making him panic.

SAM (CONT'D)

You put a load of washing on?

ANGE

They were dirty.

SAM

They're about to be pulverised!!

ANGE

It will only take a few more minutes.

SAM

And the world will end in ...

SPENCER

Eleven seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SAM is giving ANGE a drilling look with his eyes. ANGE turns away. SPENCER is looking at his watch.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Seven ... six ... five ...

The other two turn back to the front.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Four ... three ..

All three slowly, involuntarily hunch down in the seat. They all close their eyes, bracing for impact.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Two ... one ...

There is a beat. Nothing. Another beat.

All three open one eye and look to the ceiling. Nothing.

SPENCER looks at his watch, shakes it, listens to it. Nothing.

SAM clips him across the back of the head.

ANGE
(Happy)
Well. I guess I can go and put that washing on the line now.

ANGE leaves.

SAM
(pissed)
Yeah, well I'm going to get in my car and find two tall buildings.

SAM leaves. SPENCER is left alone. He is a little uneasy, and squirms a little. Finally he stands ...

SPENCER
(Embarrassed)
And ... I think ... I might go and change my underwear.

SPENCER leaves.

LIGHTS DOWN.