

THE TOMATO GROWER by Craig Delahoy

EXT - FRONT DOOR OF A HOUSE - DAY

A neatly dressed person (male or female) walks up to the front door of a house. This is a DETECTIVE. They knock on the door.

From inside the house we here a few bangs and some heavy feet moving quickly.

DETECTIVE
Police. Open up, please.

Again we hear more noises inside, and the DETECTIVE listens intently. There is then a quiet pause.

FRED
(from inside)
Coming ...

DETECTIVE
Come on, open up.

Finally, the front door opens and we see FRED. He is a dishevelled character, unshaven, hair askew, wearing only worn tracksuit pants. He appears to be only vaguely lucid. We get the impression that FRED is not the sharpest tool in the shed.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Detective Hammond, CIB. Can I come in?

FRED
I'm not home.

The DETECTIVE pauses for a moment to see if the stupidity of that statement registers.

DETECTIVE
(showing a piece of paper)
I have a warrant to enter these premises. We've had a report of suspected drug growing at this address.

FRED
The house is a mess ... There's a gas leak ...

The DETECTIVE makes a move to enter the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRED (CONT'D)
I have a contagious disease ...

The DETECTIVE stops.

DETECTIVE
A contagious disease ... What sort
of disease?

FRED
A contagious one.

DETECTIVE
What's it called?

FRED
(after a pause for
thought)
Harold.

The DETECTIVE again moves to enter.

FRED (CONT'D)
You catch it from my breath.

The last line is said with a lot of air, and the DETECTIVE leans back from FRED's exhalation. He might be avoiding the disease, or he might just be avoiding the bad breath.

DETECTIVE
I have a warrant to enter these
premises. If you prevent me from
entering I can arrest you.

FRED
It's all puss and slime.

Again, the DETECTIVE moves to enter.

FRED (CONT'D)
Wanna see?

With that, FRED opens out the front of his track pants. We can't see anything, but anyone standing within a foot or two would.

The DETECTIVE allows his curiosity to get the better of him. He doubts FRED's story, and he really has no desire to look down his pants, but he leans in and looks.

Once we see that he has a full view down there, we see his face turn sour. All the blood rushes from his face and he looks terribly ill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRED (CONT'D)
 It's contagious. I got it from my
 dog.
 (thrusting his groin at
 the DETECTIVE)
 Want some?

The DETECTIVE stumbles back and almost throws up. He staggers
 away with his hand over his mouth.

FRED closes his tracksuit pants.

FRED (CONT'D)
 Bye ...

After a beat, a pretty girl appears next to FRED from within
 the house. This is JENNY, FRED's girlfriend. Immediately
 FRED's demeanour changes, and he turns into a bright,
 intelligent and fully aware person. A small smile appears on
 his lips. We see that the dumb act was just an act.

JENNY
 Who was that sweetie?

FRED
 Bloody mormons.

JENNY
 Oh. Hey, have you seen the parsley
 and salmon cheese spread? I can't
 find it anywhere.

FRED
 (with a knowing smile, and
 the camera sees a glance
 down to his groin)
 Ah, sorry. I just ... er, used ...
 the last of it.

JENNY disappears.

JENNY
 (from within)
 Coming back in?

FRED
 Just going out the back to tend to
 my tomato plants.

FRED closes the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY
(from within)
Some tomato plants. You'd think by
now they'd have at least some
tomatoes on them.

THE END