'Intervention'

by Tom Menary

Revised draft 23rd January, 2012 Wingless Films youtube.com/WinglessFilms

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1 INT. THE ROOM

Dark, single light on BILL, looking annoyed. Struggles; he's tied to a chair, hands behind his back.

TOM emerges from the darkness, puts a chair down in front of Bill and sits. Stares him out.

BTLT

What the hell are you doing?

TOM

I'm keeping you secure, so we can talk. You've got a problem.

BILL

No I don't.

TOM

Yes you do.

BILL

I don't.

MOT

You do. You're endangering yourself. And your friends. And the people you barely know.

BILL

You could have broken my neck dragging me up here.

TOM

You're an addict. You have an obsession; a compulsion. It's not healthy, and it's damaging to your environment.

BILL

What are you on about?

TOM

This is an intervention. Ah, ah, don't move, you'll only hurt yourself.

BILL

I'll hurt yourself!

MOT

See, you're a danger already. You have unresolved violent tendencies. You have rage issues. Inner conflict.

CONTINUED: 2.

BILL

I'm tied to a chair!

TOM

Most people would take the opportunity to relax.

BILL

I'm busy! I've got places to be.

TOM

It's too late now; it'd take you a good twenty minutes to get across town, so you don't need to go anywhere.

BILL

I've got the bike -- hang on, how do you know I was going across town...?

MOT

Well... just...

BILL

Is this about Melissa?

TOM

You're not allowed to see her!

BILL

That's not what an intervention is! Let me out!

TOM

No!

BILL

This is stupid.

MOT

You're stupid. She's studying bio-medicine. You're struggling with P.E.

 ${\tt BILL}$

I'm not struggling, I've got a lot of coursework due in. Very soon!

TOM

She's out of your league and you know it. Just admit it. Admission is the first step towards reconciliation--

CONTINUED: 3.

BILL

She's not out of my league; we talk about all sorts of stuff.

TOM

Oh yeah, like what?

BILL

...All sorts!

TOM

You're an intellectual cul-de-sac. She needs someone who can match her level. She needs conversation to challenge her beliefs, inspire her, test her knowledge. She needs stimulation--

BILL

From you?

TOM

No, not me. I didn't say me. Someone. I mean, I could, if I wanted to; I've read Kierkegaard, and Nietzsche, and... all them. But this isn't about me, this is your intervention.

BILL

It's not an intervention. I'm not on drugs. You're the mental-case.

TOM

Why say that?

BILL

You've tied me to a chair!

MOT

It's the only thing you'll understand. I'm using your frames of reference; you're always so dramatic. All this is for you!

BILL

This is all about you. Let me out.

MOT

No, not until you agree to stop pestering her.

BILL

It was her idea to meet up!

CONTINUED: 4.

TOM

You'll only get in her way. A woman like that has to be free to make any decision she chooses--

BILL

You're after her!

TOM

Nope. No, I'm not. No-o.

BILL

You are. You're always following her around, that's why I can never have a decent conversation with her!

MOT

Well, that's your fault, if you were more pro-active--

BILL

Let me go, then!

TOM

No!

BILL

Why not?!

TOM

Because you'll steal her!

Pause.

TOM

Okay, we've turned a corner.

BILL

I knew it. Have you even talked to her about it?

MOT

No, you don't just come out and say it. A woman like that--

BILL

All right. Look, let's make it fair. We'll both ask her out, and see who she picks.

MOT

But you're already going out with her. Why would you do that?

CONTINUED: 5.

BILL

I don't want to get tied to any more chairs. Deal?

TOM

...All right.

Unties him.

TOM

It was a bit extreme, wasn't it?

 ${ t BILL}$

A bit dramatic, yeah.

Tom gets a phone call -- it's MELISSA. Turns and looks at Bill, who realizes. He lunges at Tom, enraged. Cut to black.