# SCRIPT – CONSPIRACY 365 TOM AND GRIFF

***THE ROOM***

***INT (EVENING)***

*Grabbing Griff’s wrists together and fishing for torch in nearby backpack to shine*

*directly in his face, and Griff, with hair gelled in all directions, is blinking and*

*squinting.*

**Tom** *Demanding…* Who are you, and what do you want with me?

**Griff** Griff – Griff Kirby.  *Gasping…* Nothing, I don’t’ want nothing. Honest. I didn’t mean anything bad. I just saw this backpack lying on the ground… and…

**Tom** And me right next to it. You were going to pinch it, weren’t you?

**Griff** *Wrinkling his face…* Kind of.

**Tom** You’re a thief! Why should I let you up? Give me one good reason!

**Griff** Let me up, and I’ll give you heaps of good reasons. A guy like me –

**Tom** *Cut him off…*  Who pinches people’s backpacks while they’re sleeping. OK, get up. Just go.

*Release Griff from his grip, and standing up, Griff backs away a meter or so. The torch is on its side, dimly lighting the scene and making deep shadows. Griff slowly stands up and brushes the dirt off his jeans.*

**Griff** *Admiringly…* You hit pretty hard.

*Griff turns around and takes a few steps towards a shoulder bag that lay on the ground near a low rock. He leans over and pulls some things out, including a packet of chips.*

**Griff** You hungry?

 *Tom ignores him*

**Griff** What’s your name?

**Tom** Tom.

**Griff** Catch!

*Griff throws packet of chips to Tom. Tom catches them and tears the back open, shoveling handfuls into his mouth. Griff sits on a rock by his bag and stares at Tom.*

**Tom** What do you want?

**Griff** Umm, nothing.

**Tom** OK… Well I have to get to the city. *Tom begins to pack up his scattered things*

**Griff** Me too, we could go together. It’s safer that way.

**Tom** Safer?

**Griff** Yes. So what’s happened to you? When I see a guy in the middle of the bush sleeping on the ground, *he scoffs*, I know there’s gotta be a story. Were you kicked out of home too?

**Tom** Sort of, *emptying chip packet into his mouth.* Let’s try and get a ride.

*Griff’s eyes light up as he slings his bag over his shoulder and begins to walk away*

*with Tom*