

The Tin Man  
by  
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Sixth draft

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INT. BUNKER DAY

Chicken hearts sizzle in a frying pan. Pull back to JILL standing at a camp stove set atop a large work surface. Kitchen utensils lie neatly in a row. JACK is pacing the starkly furnished, large, white room and frantically looks at the mathematical equation scrawled on the wall next to a huge clock which dominates the room - 11:15.

JACK

I hate people that can't keep time! Where the devil are they?

JILL

Calm down. Remember:

(sings)

"If we're five minutes out,  
you'll get it for nout."

JACK

Rest assured, my love, I will hold them to that arrogant boast.

JILL

Oh darling, have a heart.

Jill offers Jack a chicken heart on a long fork.

JACK

Eat? Now? Can you not grasp the gravity of our predicament.

(he points at the equation)

In twenty four hours the world as we know it will be no more.

JILL

You're kidding? Fresh meat! When will we get another chance?

JACK

Well, perhaps if you had countenanced the construction of the sub zero refrigeration system I had designed we would have a boundless supply of flesh.

JILL

The depolarisation thermocouples were at least seven ninths off. The dielectric behaviour of the emulsions would have been dangerously unstable. My methane powered design, on the other hand, was fool proof. But oh no, the professor knows best.

JACK  
 (grumbles)  
 --well -- man cannot live by meat  
 alone. That's why I have you.

He squeezes her cheek hard--

JILL  
 Ow!

--and bites the meat off of the fork.

The doorbell rings.

JACK  
 (looking at the equation  
 shaking his head)  
 People.

INT FRONT DOOR DAY

The DELIVERY BOY is standing on the doorstep chewing gum,  
 looking up at the sky. The white delivery van behind him  
 displays the moto: "If we're five minutes out, you'll get  
 it for nout."

JACK  
 You're late.

DELIVERY BOY  
 Nah, guvnor. I'm on the dot.

He holds out his watch wrist.

JACK  
 Indeed.

DELIVERY BOY  
 So you're the Tin Man, eh?

JACK  
 I beg your pardon?

DELIVERY BOY.  
 The Tin Man.

He whips out an invoice and runs his finger down the list.

DELIVERY BOY (CONT'D)  
 Four hundred tins rice pudding.  
 Four hundred tins macaroni  
 cheese. Two hundred tins, heh  
 heh, spam. Four hundred tins corn  
 beef. Four hundred tins jellied  
 turkey. Five hundred tins  
 evaporated milk.  
 (MORE)

DELIVERY BOY (CONT'D)  
 Four hundred tins coconut water.  
 Hmmm. Five hundred tins baked--  
 (beat)  
 having a party, matey boy?

Jack snatches the paper out of his hand.

JACK  
 Dispatch the laden. Post haste.

DELIVERY BOY  
 Wha--?

JACK  
 (sighs)  
 Get my stuff inside. Quickly.

DELIVERY BOY  
 Right.

INT. BUNKER DAY

The delivery boy follows Jack down the metal steps.

DELIVERY BOY  
 Bugger me with a poker, this is--  
 this is-- Wow.

JILL  
 Our home away from home.

The delivery boy, still holding a crate of tins, looks around in awe at the hi-tech surroundings and creature comforts. He studies the equation scrawled on the white wall.

DELIVERY BOY  
 Don'tchya live upstairs?

Jill moves between him and the writing.

JILL  
 Well, you know-- it gives us the  
 illusion of getting away from it  
 all. A bit like going to Southend  
 -- without the hassle.

DELIVERY BOY  
 Rent it out, love. Rental  
 market's booming now. Ya know how  
 much you could get for here? Me?  
 I'd kill for a dump like this.

JACK  
 (sarcastically)  
 We'll discuss terms when you've  
 finished the job at hand.

DELIVERY BOY  
Huh? Oh yeah. Sorry mate.

As he puts the tins down he notices the time on the clock:  
11.30.

DELIVERY BOY.  
See. Told ya. Yer clock's a  
coupla hours slow.

JACK  
Are you intimating your gratis  
proposal due to your tardiness is  
no longer viable?

DELIVERY BOY  
English, mate, English.

JILL  
Are we getting this for nowt?

DELIVERY BOY  
'Fraid not.

DISSOLVE TO

The clock reads 11.50. The sweat-drenched Delivery Boy puts  
another load of tins on top the large stack.

JACK  
Are we going to be much longer? I  
cannot stress how extremely rigid  
our schedule is.

DELIVERY BOY  
Well mate, we would have finished  
by now if we had had a hand.

JILL  
How much left?

DELIVERY BOY  
Few crates, luv. Won't take more  
'an ten mins.

JACK  
Unacceptable. If you are not done  
in three you 'ain't getting  
nowt'.

DELIVERY BOY  
What is your problem? Jesus!

Shaking his head the Delivery Boy starts up the stairs.

RADIO

This is a newsflash from the Home Office. The United Kingdom is under attack. Do not panic. If you are at home turn off the gas and electricity mains. Turn off oil supplies.

Jack and Jill look at each other, eyes wide in horror. They look at the equation. Jill's finger traces the long line of figures. Jack backtracks his finger a little rubs out a symbol and runs his finger down to equal point, changing a 4 to a 3.

RADIO

(A little panicky)

Shut your windows and draw the curtains. If you can reach home in a couple of minutes try to do so. If you are at work, or elsewhere, and cannot reach home within a couple of minutes, take -- take cover where you are or in any nearby building. Shit! Shit!

Feedback then silence. Jack and Jill look at each other then at the Delivery Boy who's stopped dead in his tracks.

DELIVERY BOY

Did you hear that? Did you bloody hear that?!

JILL

Hmmm? I... I wasn't listening.

DELIVERY BOY

It's the end of the world, you nutters. They're attacking. We're all gonna die!

JILL

(voice quivering a bit)  
Who's attacking?

DELIVERY BOY

Them! You know, er... them!

JACK

Come come. It's probably some kind of hoax.

RADIO

(Tony Blair's voice)

Fellow Britons. Today is not a day for sound bites but a grave shadow has been cast over our great island kingdom.

DELIVERY BOY  
Shit! We're dead.

JILL  
No question about that now.

Jack flashes Jill a hard look.

JILL  
Probably best-- to spend our last  
hours with our loved ones?

She solemnly puts her arm around a surprised Jack.

DELIVERY BOY  
I ain't got no loved ones.

He starts walking up the stairs, head down. Then stops. The clock on the wall reads 11.55. He turns around. A big smile on his face.

DELIVERY BOY  
Wait a sec. I got it. We can  
survive down here. We got enough  
food. Course it'll be a bit  
cramped. It's a long shot but--  
you gotta admit it could work.

JACK  
NO! I mean-- It's not safe down  
here. We'd be better off  
upstairs. Let's go.

Jack starts running upstairs pushing the delivery boy upwards as he goes.

DELIVERY BOY  
For a s'posedly educated man you  
ain't half daft. It's gotta be  
safer down here.

JILL  
Yes. Yes. You're right. We don't  
have much time. Just go and get  
those last crates and we'll all  
be safe.

DELIVERY BOY  
Righto.

He runs up the stairs, two at a time. Then stops just as he gets to the top, slowly turns round. His face a storm. He slowly walks downstairs. He looks at the equation on the wall, the clock, the camp stove and the tins of food.

JILL  
Come on. Chop chop.

DELIVERY BOY

Nah. I ain't going. Ain't safe out there.

JACK

You can't stay.

DELIVERY BOY

I ain't budging and you can't make me leave.

JILL

There is a possibility--

Jack grabs the large kitchen knife.

JACK

Out!

The Delivery boy slowly backs up the stairs.

JACK

Come on. Get a move on 'matey boy'.

With blinding speed the delivery boy kicks the knife out of Jack's hand. Jack, Jill and the Delivery Boy fall in a heap, all frantically scrambling for the knife.

JACK

Get the knife.

The delivery boy manages to twist around and boot the knife under a unit. Jill fingers the frying pan, accidentally spilling it onto the floor. The delivery boy levering himself up rests his hand on a still-hot hot ring.

DELIVERY BOY

Arrghh.

Jack picks up the frying pan swinging wildly at the deliver boy. Jill arms herself with the tin opener. The Delivery boy, backed up in the corner of groceries, desperately arms himself with a tin of peaches.

DELIVERY BOY

Look, we're just gonna have to learn to live with each other.

Nuclear warning sirens start wailing. The clock reads 11:58.

Jill leaps into the air swinging with all her might, plunging the tin opener a good three inches into the Delivery Boy's chest.

DELIVERY BOY  
Arrrrrggggghhhh.

Blood spurts out of his mouth and he falls down DEAD.

JILL  
(panic stricken)  
We've got to get him out of here.

JACK  
I know. I know.

JILL  
He can't stay here for the next  
three years!

JACK  
I know! Grab his legs.

The clock reads 11.59. The couple heft the body up the stairs.

JACK  
Shift your rump you lazy bitch.

JILL  
(tearfully)  
I'm trying.

They fling the body out. Shut the door. Run down the stairs and Jill fingers the combination key pad.

KEYPAD VOICE  
That is incorrect. Please enter  
the correct code.

She tries again. Tears streaming down her face.

KEYPAD VOICE  
That is incorrect. Please enter  
the correct code. You have one  
more attempt.

The second hand on the clock sweeps towards 12.

JACK  
Out of the way!

Jack presses the keypad.

We hear a series of hisses and pops and finally a PING!

Suddenly the room starts to shake. The lights dim a bit then go back to normal. Jack and Jill look at each other and smile, exhausted. The lights go out for a second or two. Then come back on.

JACK  
The back up generators will  
stabilise soon.

JILL  
A few more cycles?

JACK  
Two, possibly three.

JILL  
We did it. We DID it? We. WE  
survived.

JACK  
(looking at the  
equation)  
Just.

He pulls out a tin of evaporated milk and picks out two  
champagne glasses. He suddenly turns around ashen.

JILL  
Darling? What's wrong?

JACK  
Where... is... the tin opener?

They both look up the stairs.

Jack picks up the can of evaporated milk. The lights dim  
and go out.

SFX  
Thud of tin hitting skull.

JILL  
Arghhh

FADE IN:

INT. BUNKER

A large heart in a frying pan. Pull back to Jack standing  
at a camp stove set atop a large work surface among  
hundreds of unopened tins and dozens of knives with broken  
blades. He whistles the Tin Man's song from Wizard of Oz.

FADE OUT