

The Interview (2nd Draft)

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A Clutter of desks pushed against walls; strewn with computers, video cameras, magazines: gadget modernity.

A solitary window proves light.

ARNOLD TULLY (58), silver haired; contented maturity oozing from him. He stands, enthusing, next to a flip-board, a marker pen in one hand, and office chair near to it.

On another modern office chair sits --

TOM BRADLEY (34), relaxed, but smart; fashionable. His attention is held: a unsure mix of bored-cum-confused. He rest his elbow on one of the chair's arm-rests.

TULLY
(continuing)
...the documentary, of course, is
less the media, little the camera,
and more the man...

BRADLEY
...I...

Ignoring the interruption, Tully turns to his flip-board.

TULLY
...more the man, as it's the
relationship of the man that is the
measure of it.

He circles and underscores as he speaks.

BRADLEY
Well...

TULLY
So this is my challenge.

He turns to Bradley, giving him a full on stare, eyes ablaze.

TULLY
This is what I wish to show my
audience.

BRADLEY

It's...

Tully strides the short way to the window, gazes out, with his chest puffed up.

TULLY

This... this new media...

Tully gestures with a long sweeping movement of his arm to the gadgets sprawled across the desk.

BRADLEY

...the future...

TULLY

(dismissive)

...always was; but for me...

Tully turns from the window.

TULLY (CONT'D)

...how does this newness impact on what was...

BRADLEY

...you see...

TULLY

(intense)

...that key human relationship?

Bradley shifts in his seat, collects and composes his thoughts. He rubs his forehead, as he tires of Tully.

BRADLEY

...it's still there...

Tully picks up a small video camera from the desk.

TULLY

Masked by modern bits and pieces.

Bradley gingerly removes the device from Tully and returns it to the desk.

BRADLEY

Brought to life...

Tully turns away from the desk, and deposits his hands on his hips.

TULLY
You see, what the digital has given
with one hand...

He removes one hand from his hip and offers it out to
Bradley, who looks quite perplexed at the action.

And then with his other hand, Tully performs a sweeping
snatch action, whipping his hand across his body.

TULLY (CONT'D)
...it has removed with another!

Bradley is taken aback, and holds a hand up to Tully,
gesturing for Tully to cease.

BRADLEY
Maybe we should...

Tully turns his back on Bradley and continues to
pace, caught in his own enthusiasm.

TULLY
And unless we know what it has
removed...

Bradley, exasperated, shoves a hand through his own hair,
and gives his head a good scratch.

BRADLEY
(defeatedly)
Well, yes...

Tully turns to Bradley and opening his arms wide --

TULLY
I mean, are you replacing the
corner stone with a distraction?

Tully grins, triumphant.

Bradley ponders the point.

BRADLEY
It's an obvious argument, and...

Tully spins on his heel, his confidence rising.

TULLY
I was taught as a youth...

And waving an arms vaguely toward Bradley --

TULLY (CONT'D)
...not much older than yourself...

Bradley shifts himself forward in his chair, clearly affronted.

BRADLEY
It's really...

TULLY
...that the foundation, the...,
the...

BRADLEY
(weakly)
No, I'd really...

Tully stops. He gazes down at Bradley.

TULLY
(contemptuously)
Am I boring you?

Full weight of the question bears down on Bradley.

He takes it in.

And considers it.

And then --

Bradley SLAPS his hand on the arm rest of the chair, and stands to his full height.

He puts his hands on his hips.

BRADLEY
(with conviction)
You are.

Tully's upper body shifts back a little. Surprised, taken aback.

TULLY
So maybe would you...?

BRADLEY
Sit.

Bradley offers Tully a seat.

Tully sits.

TULLY
Well, you're clearly...

Bradley gestures with his hand, open-palmed, towards Tully.

Tully nods a little; he understands, and ceases his talk.

Bradley now paces a little, slowly and thoughtfully gathering the floor.

Bradley turns his head only to Tully.

BRADLEY
I like...

Turning away --

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
...some of your ideas.

TULLY
I...

BRADLEY
(quickly)
...am talking.

The men measure each other.

A moment to re-assess.

TULLY
Out with the old, and in...

BRADLEY
...I wanted to hear what you had to say.

TULLY
For why?

BRADLEY
This relationship you spoke of?

TULLY
Go on.

BRADLEY
A matter of character?

TULLY
(nodding)
It is.

BRADLEY
Strength of character?

Tully considers.

TULLY
Of depth. Strength and depth.

BRADLEY
Could you express that in a modern
frame?

Tully smiles a little to himself.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Give me its modern re-telling.

TULLY
I can re-tell it.

Bradley glances at his watch.

BRADLEY
Look, time's on us. Thank-you...
for coming in.

He offers an outstretched hand to Tully.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
We'll be in touch.

FADE OUT