

EPISODE TWO (FINAL DRAFT)

1 ~~EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP GATE - DAY~~ ~~1~~

~~Grishina, in a white snow suit and muddy gum boots walks behind Bunny's Pajero as she drives to the Paradise farm gate. Grishina has an attitude of resignation as she peers at Bunny who looks coolly back, her hair painstakingly coiffured and her make-up a solid, careful mask.~~

~~Bunny drives through and past a couple of women newly-arriving, towing wheelie bags.~~

2 ~~INT/EXT. PARADISE ROAD/PAJERO - DAY~~ ~~2~~

~~Bunny weaves through the beech forest beside Diamond Lake. She is subdued, serious.~~

3 ~~EXT/INT. LAKETOP PUB - DAY~~ ~~3~~

~~Bunny pulls up outside the entrance to Laketop Pub. She pauses at the swing door, takes a breath, then enters.~~

~~She is an alien in this drinking hall, with her heels and hip-hugging suit, her powdered cleavage and fresh hair.~~

~~SIX OR SEVEN MEN are scattered across the high tables and bar, all in their thirties to fifties.~~

~~Bunny takes a one hundred dollar note from her purse and places it on the bar.~~

~~BUNNY~~

~~This is for a fuck. Seven minutes,  
not a minute more. I'll be in  
room...(TAKES A SET OF KEYS HANGING  
ON THE SHELF) six.~~

~~The barman, WOLFIE (50) nods an ok to Bunny and without looking back, she walks steadily up the stairs to the accommodation. The men are still thinking, eyeing the note, eyeing each other. SARGE (30s) third in line, steps out and matter-of-factly tucks the \$100 note into his wallet. He follows Bunny up the stairs.~~

4 INT. LAKETOP PUB HOTEL CORRIDOR/ROOM 6 - DAY 4

Sarge, longish thin hair, rough, knocks on Room 6 door.

BUNNY

Come in.

Sarge enters the room shyly. It's a dark, stained wood room with tartan carpet. Bunny sits cross-legged on the bed. She looks steadily out the picture window.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
Take a shower. When you finish the clock will start ticking.

She places a digital alarm on the bedside table.

BUNNY (CONT'D)  
I like to be undressed. That should take two minutes. That leaves five for the fuck.

Sarge is taking off his shirt. He's amused.

SARGE  
Digital clocks don't tick do they? Really? They don't have cogs and wheels.

BUNNY  
No, but it adds up the same way.

SARGE  
True! True!

Sarge backs off to the shower and the water goes on hard.

5 INT. LAKETOP PUB ROOM 6 - DAY

5

Bunny pulls the curtains on the picture windows. Sarge opens the bathroom door and emerges with a towel wrapped around his waist and carrying his clothes in a rough pile. Bunny turns and starts the clock.

SARGE  
Why the seven minutes?

BUNNY  
Please undress me um...

SARGE  
Sarge.

BUNNY  
Thank you Sarge, please undress me while you talk, time is running out.

Sarge is tackling her jacket buttons.

SARGE  
Why the time limit?

BUNNY

I have problems, compulsions,  
serious ones that my...teacher...  
is helping me with. She has to be  
strict. If I spend over seven  
minutes with a man, any kind of a  
man, I am in danger of growing a  
romantic attachment that could take  
seven weeks or seven months to get  
over. The time thing is perhaps  
irrational but it's a restriction  
...slower... and it works to stop  
me feeling too much.

SARGE

Jesus, I don't feel anything much  
about anybody.

BUNNY

Nothing? Not even angry?

SARGE

No, oh pissed off maybe.

Sarge is slowly working the skirt down Bunny's hips, both are  
concentrating. His towel loosens and he grasps at it as it  
falls.

BUNNY

Leave it be.

He lets it drop. Bunny looks kindly at Sarge's erection.  
She takes a condom from the bedside table and gently rolls it  
onto Sarge.

SARGE (EMBARRASSED)

How are we going for time? Ahhh...

Bunny looks at the clock.

BUNNY

Well...

Bunny in a slinky petticoat pulls Sarge to her. They slip  
under the sheets together, Sarge turns the clock towards him.

SARGE

You want your tits done?

BUNNY

Don't talk.

SARGE

Oh, ah ok. Just shove my hands and  
head where you want them.