

Nitroglycerin  
by  
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INT. LAB - NIGHT

MARCUS, cute in a lab-coat-and-glasses kind of way, tosses a manila folder on the counter.

MARCUS

Here's the report on yesterday's bombing. Chief wants your analysis ASAP.

GLORIA, with looks that belong on a magazine cover, and not buried in a textbook, looks up from her microscope. Opens the folder.

Gives it a quick once-over.

GLORIA

Yeah. It's what I told him yesterday. The bomb was based on a hydrogen-ammonia slurry with a magnesium detonator. Every farm for a thousand miles has the ingredients for 10 of these.

She returns to the microscope.

Marcus gives her a closer look. Tries an opening gambit.

MARCUS

Hard to imagine someone looking like you working in a place like this.

GLORIA

(without looking up)  
What can I say, I'm just a girl who likes a big bang.

MARCUS

Maybe we could, you know, go get a cup of coffee some time?

Looking up from her microscope, and smiling gently.

GLORIA

Not unless you've got nitroglycerin in your pants.

And back to the microscope.