

AVANCE AUSTRAYA

Episode 1:

"False Flags"

Written by

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EXT. BUS STOP. DAY.

SCOTTY ANDERSON (21) has a hard face full of hate and a prominent southern cross tattoo. RACH (21) is more measured and cautious.

Scotty has carved 'Scotty' into the bus stop bench and is now scratching a nazi swastika.

RACH
Hey, Scotty.

SCOTTY
Hm?

Scotty leans back to admire his work. One of the branches of the swastika is backwards. He angrily scribbles it out.

RACH
Look at this asshole.

She gestures at JOSH (26), a Sudanese-Australian academic in a suit and glasses, listening to music and reading.

RACH (CONT'D)
He's just standing there. Like he's waiting for a bus or something.

Scotty looks up and around at the bus stop.

SCOTTY
Arsehole.

RACH
And that suit. All dressed up. Waiting for the bus

SCOTTY
All dressed up like a regular human being.

RACH
Just a regular human being, waiting for the bus.

SCOTTY
Someone should do something.
(beat)
Oi.

Josh turns a page. He can't hear them.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Oi, Apex.

Still nothing.

RACH
You have to talk louder.

SCOTTY
I know!

RACH
He's got (earphones).

SCOTTY
I know, okay?

RACH
He shouldn't have it up so loud, to be honest. Probably damaging his --

SCOTTY
Will you shut up?

Scotty gets up and moves behind Josh, his hand hovering heavily over his shoulder. Scotty taps hard --

-- just as the bus arrives. Josh looks up from his book and sees it.

JOSH
Oh, thanks very much!

Josh boards.

SCOTTY
No! I wasn't being helpful.

Rach rolls her eyes and boards.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
I wasn't!

RACH
Scotty, come on!

SCOTTY
Shit.

He gets on.

INT. BUS. CONTINUOUS.

Scotty and Rach stalk Josh as he sits, still reading, in the first blue seat after the red special access seats. They're not the last ones on.

The two racists sit in the red seats and stare at him. Josh is still oblivious.

Scotty opens his mouth to yell --

ELDERLY FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Oi!

There's an elderly SOUR-FACED WOMAN (85) staring Scotty down with utter vitriol. Next to her is an ELDERLY MAN and an EXPECTANT MOTHER.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN

Get the hell out of that seat, you little shits.

Everyone on the bus turns, craning.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's not for people like you.

She bangs at the disabled and elderly symbols with her walking stick.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's for people like us.

Scotty is confused. This isn't how it's supposed to go.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Who do you think you are, sitting in those seats? You think you're better than us? Huh? You think you're special?

He's beaten. He can't meet her eye. People turn and stare. A COMMUTER films the interaction on his phone.

RACH

We've got just as much right --

SOUR-FACED WOMAN

You come here, you bloody kids ...

Nobody is saying anything.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN (CONT'D)

... with your street talk and your young person gangs ...

Nobody except --

JOSH

Leave them alone.

Scotty looks at Josh, confused.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN

... and your government handouts.

Josh gives him a sympathetic smile.

JOSH
 (to Scotty and Rach)
 Ignore her.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN
 Why don't you piss off back to your
 parents?

JOSH
 Are you guys okay?

They're not okay.

EXT. ANOTHER BUS STOP. DAY.

Scotty and Rach step off the bus, shell-shocked.

As the bus pulls away, the ranting old woman and her cane are
 pressed up against the window, still ranting.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN
 Fuck off!

Scotty's lower lip wobbles.

Rach puts her hand on his shoulder but he brushes it away and
 storms off. She hurries after him.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

CLOSE ON a middle-aged skinhead, RICHARD (42), hands behind
 his back. When he speaks, it's like a Rottweiler barking.

RICHARD
 Strength.

A handful of far right bikers sit in a circle, on fold-out
 chairs. They nod and mutter in agreement.

Among them is LACHIE "TIGGER" BLACKMAN (26), a cheerful,
 cuddly giant, and their leader, SHANE (54), literate,
 dangerous and almost out of place in a business shirt.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Durability.

More nodding and muttering.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 But with flexible compartments to
 accommodate a range of meals and
 snacks.

From behind his back, Richard brings out a small,
 compartmentalised container full of snacks.

He smiles.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 We all know there's nothing worse
 than an 18 hour white pride vigil
 on a rumbly tum-tum.

The fascists look at each other and chuckle. They've all been there. Tigger leans forward and takes a cheese cube.

Richard is back to being dead fucking serious.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 We must secure the freshness of our
 snack breaks.

EXT. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

An industrial warehouse, sparsely decorated with nazi graffiti.

RICHARD (O.C.)
 (muffled)
 Be angry, not hangry.

Scotty and Rach try the door. It's locked. She gestures to the roller door.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

The fascists clap. Richard nods and takes his seat.

Shane takes the stage, clapping.

SHANE
 Thank you, Richard. Now, next order
 of business ...

The garage roller door scrapes open, revealing Scotty and Rach. Shane looks at them pointedly.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 ... the embarrassing disaster that
 was Marrickville Fair.

Scotty gulps.

Tigger looks down. This is about him, too.

SHANE (CONT'D)
 As you know, on October 22, we had
 plans to demonstrate at the
 multicultural fair in Marrickville.

Scotty and Rach take their seats next to Tigger.