

AVANCE AUSTRAYA

Episode 1:  
"False Flags"

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EXT. BUS STOP. DAY.

SCOTTY ANDERSON (21) has a hard face full of hate and a Eureka Stockade patch on his hoodie. RACH (22) 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  
Rach, I know,

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.

Rach and Scotty sit in the red seats. Scotty's staring. Josh  
is oblivious.

Scotty opens his mouth to yell, but --

ELDERLY FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Oi!

There's an elderly SOUR-FACED WOMAN (85) staring Scotty down with utter vitriol. Next to her is a ONE-LEGGED 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 (old woman, pregnant woman, one-legged man) with her walking stick.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's for people like us.

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?

Scotty's beaten. They 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 helping them.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN (CONT'D)

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

Nobody except --

JOSH

Don't talk to them like that.

Scotty turns, confused.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN

... and your government handouts. Why don't you piss off back to your parents?

Josh gives Scotty a sympathetic smile.

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 tupperware container full of cheese cubes on toothpicks.

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, we had plans to  
demonstrate at the international  
multicultural day fair in  
Marrickville.

Scotty and Rach take their seats next to Tigger.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
At 1 o'clock, we were to take the  
small stage at the East end of the  
festival.

TIGGER  
(beaming)  
Near the couscous stall!

SHANE  
Yes, thank you, Tigger.

Tigger is proud of his contribution.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
It was a simple operation. We only  
had to hold our ground until the  
press arrived. But someone ...

He crouches down in front of Scotty.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
... decided to improvise.

SCOTTY  
I took the initiative.

Shane explodes.

SHANE  
Did I ask you, Scotty? Did I ask  
you to bring tiki torches to a flag  
rally?

SCOTTY  
It was going to be like  
Charlottesville --

SHANE  
Tigger? Rachel? Did I ask you three  
to bring tiki torches ...  
(shouting)  
... to a flammable fucking flag  
rally?!

SCOTTY, TIGGER & RACH  
No.

Shane whips out a copy of the Daily Telegraph newspaper. On  
the front page, a large photo of a terrified Scotty stamping  
on the burning Eureka Stockade flag.

SHANE  
(reading)  
An illegal protest by far right  
group Aussie Pride threatened to  
derail the Marrickville  
multicultural Fair yesterday.

That's good press. A couple of the bikies high-five.

SHANE (CONT'D)

But the crowd erupted in cheers and laughter when three cock-knuckles set fire to their own bloody flag with bloody tiki bloody torches!

TIGGER

It says cock-knuckles?

Shane hits him with the paper.

SHANE

I've looked out for you Scotty. And I've given you a free pass. Because of your brother.

SCOTTY

Nate should be running this place.

SHANE

(shouting)

Nathan is the best soldier we have.

(beat)

That's why he's doing time for it.

The rest of the crowd murmur in agreement.

SHANE (CONT'D)

So until he gets out of Long Bay, you're on your own, Scotty. You three are all on your own.

RACH

Sorry, if there's three of us, how are we on our own?

She withers under Shane's death stare.

SHANE

Today was supposed to be the big one, you donks.

SCOTTY

(mutters)

I'm sorry.

Shane is leaning over him now, prodding him in the chest.

SHANE

In two hours time at the Town hall steps. We sent out media releases. We have a sympathetic journo coming. And now we have no frickin' flag. How are we supposed to show our pride in our flag when we don't bloody have one?

Riiip! He tears the Eureka patch off Scotty's hoodie.

SCOTTY  
I can fix it --

SHANE  
How, Scotty? How can you fix it?

TIGGER  
(proudly)  
A time machine.

Scotty punches him in the arm.

Tigger eats another cheese cube.

SCOTTY  
I'll replace the flag.

SHANE  
You'll replace the flag. A one-of-a-kind hand-sewn canvas Aussie pride Eureka flag by 5pm this afternoon. Well, problem solved.

TIGGER  
Phew!

SHANE  
You're a disgrace, Scotty. I don't care who your brother is.

He wags the ripped Eureka patch at Scotty, Tigger and Rach for emphasis.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Two hours. You and your wannabe shithead mates have two hours to get an Aussie pride flag to town hall, or you are done. You hear me? Done!

They sit there nodding, heads bowed.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Go!

They scurry off.

Beat.

Tigger slinks back and takes the rest of the cheese cubes.

He mouths 'Thank you' to Richard, then buggers off again.

EXT. SUBURBS. AFTERNOON.

Scotty and Rach stride down the semi-industrial backstreets. Tigger is jogging behind them, a little puffed out.