

VICTORIAN COLLEGE OF THE ARTS

FILM AND TELEVISION  
BACHELOR OF FINE ARTS  
(SCREENWRITING)

CLASS OF 2016

## HEAD OF FILM AND TELEVISION

### Message to Graduating Students 2016



Last year in November I visited the Munich School of Film and Television. It was chilly in Munich, but with sunny blue skies. I was there to attend an international conference of film schools. During one of the lunchtimes I stepped outside, to get some of that sunshine. I found this sign, and I have no idea what it means. Munich School of Film and Television is built right on top of Munich's Museum of Egyptian Antiquities – which is literally buried underground. I wonder if they were thinking of the sunken tombs under the pyramids when they designed it.



Inside the museum, which is not far from the puzzling sign, I found this couple.

Are they what the sign was pointing to?

And on their tunics, you can just make out some hieroglyphics – but what does it say? It might say 'Walk Slowly', or that might be what the sign outside meant?

*Walk Slowly* was the title of a poster I found on one of the corridor walls of the film school – not as an OH&S warning (which might be what the sign's about) - but a quote from filmmaker David O. Russell. "Walk slowly and drink lots of water", is a piece of advice Russell received from Ken Kesey, the writer of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. He meant 'it aint a sprint'.



That's what I reckoned too, when I ascended from the antiquities back up to the Munich hubbub, and thought about the journey of stories, from hieroglyphics, to the High Definition moving image stories being discussed at the film school conference.

Our own graduating screenwriters - showcased in this publication - have a fabulous range of

stories and styles too. They have been sharpening their skills over the last three years, and have great projects ready for development. Some of them (students and stories) have already been gobbled up by companies looking for fresh and exciting talent. Others will walk more slowly, and I feel sure we will see their work when it's ready.

In the meantime, it's worth knowing (thanks to that corridor notice in Munich) that before he got his own break, David O. Russell worked as a waiter, and served drinks to directors like Martin Scorsese and Mike Nichols. When he told Scorsese he wanted to be a director too, Scorsese replied, "I'll have a vodka".

Walk Slowly.....I wish you all well.

**Nicolette Freeman**  
**Head of Film and Television**

# SCREENWRITING PROGRAMS CONVENOR

## Message to Graduating Students 2016

You are such a fabulous class of talented and exciting individuals... I have but one small word for you to keep in mind...

FRESH

Fresh

FRESH!!! 😊

I genuinely wish you all the success in the world.

**Annabelle Murphy**  
**Screenwriting Programs Convenor**

## THIRD YEAR SCREENWRITING CONVENOR

### Message to Graduating Students 2016

“You must stay drunk on writing, so reality cannot destroy you.”  
– Ray Bradbury.

You have been drunk all year.

You must continue to be drunk all your lives.

Drunk on writing because your words, your storytelling, your individual vision and voice are important. Storytelling is important. It helps us process reality, and see the world and the people we share it with in a new and clearer light.

It has truly been an honour and a privilege to spend this year drunk on the words of nineteen talented, unique and committed screenwriters. You have shown me the world in ways I had not thought to look at it before. You have made me laugh 'til I cried, and cry until I was more than a little envious of your skill and talent.

I can't wait to sit in front of a screen and have my experience of your stories be shared with others, as you emerge as the next generation of voices. You are ready. Go out there and take on the world.

Thank you for saving me from reality throughout 2016.

I am going to miss you.

**Philippa Burne**  
**Lecturer and Coordinator,**  
**Bachelor of Fine Arts (Screenwriting)**



## Antagonists

Mystery / comedy

### Alistair Baldwin

Vinnie Waa is a wannabe actor who has turned his life into a game of improvisation. Eugene Eels is a private detective with muscular dystrophy and a benign chip on his shoulder. They meet when Vinnie can't help but "yes, and...?" an encounter with a parking inspector. So begins a comedy of errors that leads to the unlikely partnership between a method actor and his muse. In our pilot a vengeful ghost appears to be haunting a theatre, killing its victims from within completely sealed rooms. But is this the work of a supernatural force? Or just someone who knows the power of smoke & mirrors?

## Biography

When Alistair Baldwin was born he came out very still. Doctors tried to assert that he had a rare congenital muscle disorder, but his mother smiled serenely and said "he's just destined for the sedentary life of a writer". Ultimately they were both correct. Medical professionals prevented Alistair's father from pressuring him into Auskick, so his weekends were freed up, allowing for a steady diet of television comedy and Agatha Christie. Alistair went on to be named WA's top young comedian and novella writer and after school he moved to Victoria to hone his craft at the Victorian College of the Arts. He is a screenwriter, script coverage writer and Next Wave writing resident.

## Contact

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INT. EELS RESIDENCE EUGENE'S ROOM - MORNING

EUGENE EELS lies splayed on his bed, stiff and corpse-like.

He's 26. Body a little too thin, eyes a little too dark.

A BiPAP nocturnal breathing aid sits on his face, giving each breath a mechanical, Darth Vader quality.

He wrenches himself into an upright position and fiddles the face mask off. He takes deep, considered, conscious breaths.

Eugene looks to the corner of the room.

There sits an electric wheelchair.

He looks down at the floor below him - there sit two KAFO leg braces and a walking stick.

CUT TO:

INT. EELS RESIDENCE KITCHEN - MORNING

Sitting at an island bench is PETE EELS, 54 - a slightly pudgy police captain in full uniform. Cup of coffee in one hand, he scans the paper. Eugene enters. On braced legs.

Raising his eyes briefly, Pete nods at Eugene.

Eugene spots a french press on the bench, steaming with fresh coffee. He grabs a mug and makes for it.

PETE

Dr Hogan said no stimulants.

Eugene stops. Scowls. Pete's eyes stick to the horoscopes.

PETE

I'm heading into work soon but I can swing back during my lunch break. How are your prescriptions going? I can pick up your refills on the way.

Beat.

EUGENE

Would you announce it?

PETE

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

EUGENE

Down at the station. Would you announce it.

Eugene clears his throat, making a speech.

EUGENE

*"Employees, friends, admirers. I, your beloved police captain, will not be joining you for lunch today. Rather, I shall take a vow of hunger as I bring medication to my defective, pansy son".*  
Pete... The Hero. Pete... The Martyr. Pete... Will Be Signing Autographs In The Foyer.

Eugene finishes with a hand flourish. Pete hasn't flinched.

PETE

No chair today, then?

EUGENE

I can still walk.

PETE

And how much pain are you in right now? After standing up for, what, 10 minutes this morning. Scale of 1-10, let's go.

Eugene looks away. Doesn't answer. Pete smirks.

PETE

Sure - I'm the martyr.

Pete stands up, folding his newspaper in half. He picks up the french press and pours its contents down the sink, making unbroken eye contact with Eugene.

PETE

I'll see you at lunch then.

Pete goes to leave, but pauses at the door.

PETE

Love you.

He continues on his way.

3.

INT. VICTORIAN THEATRE COMPANY - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MARJORIE CAREY - 58, white - sketches in a notepad. Focused.

Her greying hair is up in a bun. She's wears a pressed white shirt, a tan blazer and a **string of pearls**. Wealth couture.

Behind her hang the masks of theatre - Comedy and Tragedy. Intricately wood carved, an engraved quote sits below.

*"The difference between tragedy and comedy: tragedy is something awful happening to somebody else, while comedy is something awful happening to somebody else - A. Allston"*

A knock at the door. HELENA TAN - 36, Chinese-Singaporean - enters. Trying to impress. Upper middle class couture.

MARJORIE

(not looking up)

Yes?

HELENA

We're going to discuss casting for Detective Boney tomorrow, right? I have a couple suggestions for-

MARJORIE

(checking her watch)

Forgive me - did you say we were discussing that tomorrow or at 43 minutes past midnight tonight?

HELENA

Sorry.

Beat.

HELENA

Security wants to know if he should stay back so he can let you out - I'm heading off now.

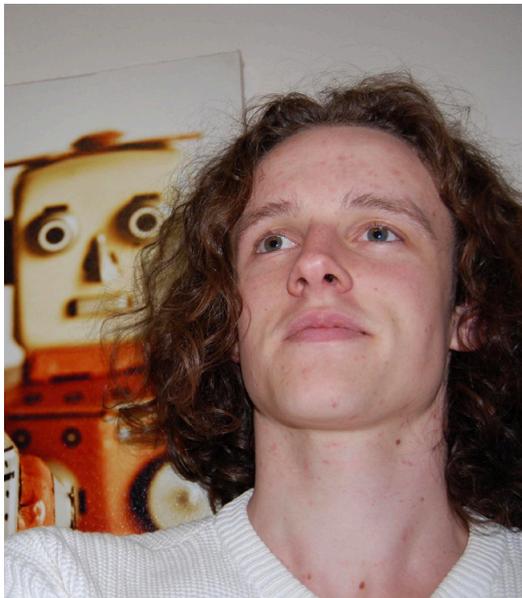
MARJORIE

Tell him he can leave. I've got keys, I can lock up.

She draws her eyes up from the sketchbook to meet Helena's.

MARJORIE

It is my theatre, after all.



## Quilbertia

### Children's Comedy

#### Andy Peters

*Quilbertia* is an 11 minute animated children's comedy series about two Colonisation Cadets who have been sent out to build a brave new world, but couldn't be trusted with any of the "good" planets.

Quila the idealist and Bertrand the pragmatist share the exact same dream; to have the best planet in the universe, but to make their dream a reality, they'll have to deal with their own immaturity, each other's misguided ideas, an uninspired instruction manual, an overbearing commander, snarky cadets on nearby planets, faulty gadgets, robots that work all too well, and a planet that may have a lot more to it than meets the eye.

That is, if they can even land their ship in the first place.

### Biography

From an academic background, Andy applied to the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA) on a whim. Now he can't imagine doing anything else.

Honestly, it's still a bit surreal. It was far too recently that he even became aware of the production side of things, and for the last few months he has been interning at a production company doing everything from cleaning the coffee machine to amateur sound design, all with a dumb grin on his face because "holy crap, he's helping make a TV show."

Andy fell in love with writing children's content because, as silly as it sounds, that's what he grew up on.

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7.

INT. SPACESHIP - MAIN CHAMBER

Bertrand ticks the final box on the Colonisation Pamphlet.

Quila watches over his shoulder -- the life raft still hangs from her space-pants.

BERTRAND

There.

The ship looks cleaner, but really, most of the mess has just been stacked against the edges.

They look around waiting for something to happen.

QUILA

I knew it!

Bertrand studies the pamphlet and runs to the cockpit.

QUILA (CONT'D)

All that work for nothing.

She detaches her lifeboat and kicks it across the room.

Bertrand barely dodges it as he returns with the Colonisation Manual.

BERTRAND

Not nothing! It says here, "Once your pre-planet preparedness tasks are complete, the landing process can begin."

QUILA

Well how do we know when it's begun beginning?

BERTRAND

I don't know...

His eyes dart between the pamphlet and the manual.

BERTRAND (CONT'D)

The Manual says refer to the pamphlet, and the pamphlet says refer to the Manual.

Quila rolls her eyes and marches towards the intercom panel.

QUILA

I'm calling Commander Crumper.

BERTRAND

No!

Bertrand hurls the Colonisation Manual at Quila. It hits her square in the face, right way up, open to the correct page.

8.

BERTRAND (CONT'D)  
We can figure it out by ourselves.

Quila pulls the book off her face and reads it.

BERTRAND (CONT'D)  
Look, it says when the tasks are done, the landing process "can" begin. Maybe we're the one's who have to get it started.

Quila examines the door, considers her options, and starts frantically banging on it with both fists.

QUILA  
Open up! Open up so I may gaze upon my new home!

Bertrand paces back and forth.

BERTRAND  
There must be something we're missing.

A third, robotic fist extends from Quila's helmet to also bang on the door.

BERTRAND (CONT'D)  
A lever? A switch? A button?

The banging stops.

QUILA (O.S.)  
This is a button.

Quila has found the "DO NOT TOUCH | EMERGENCY SHUT DOWN" button, only, with all the clutter and rubbish covering it, the warning simply reads:

"TOUCH | DOWN".

Bertrand walks up next to her; looks at the button, then at the pamphlet, then at Quila. He's frozen with indecision.

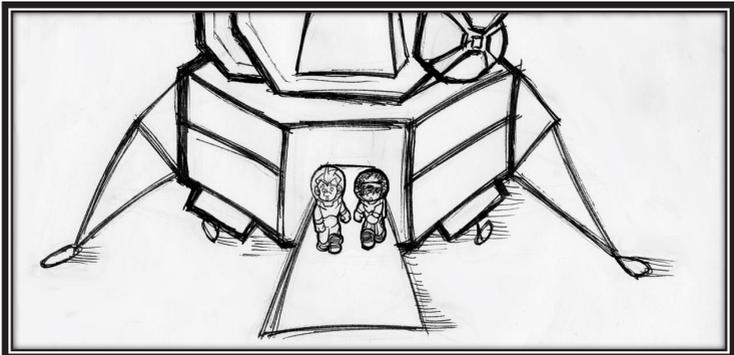
Quila's helmet-hand extends slowly towards the button.

EXT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

The lights go out, and the humming stops.

The ship crashes to the ground.

CUT TO BLACK.





## YOUTH

### Drama

#### Billie Egan

Queensland, 1976. Felix, a young nurse from a rural town, moves to Brisbane at the peak of the Bjelke-Petersen regime. While ideologies face off around her, Felix toes the line, insulated by her new fiancé and honest job.

Felix finds herself the naïve victim of police brutality, and a photo depicting the incident becomes a headline in a revolutionary magazine, thrusting her into the intoxicating, underground world of defiance and youth rebellion.

Now the face for the right to protest, Felix has to survive the escalating pressures of the civil liberties campaign, while a war wages within her – between the person she is and the movement she represents.

## Biography

Billie Egan (ENFP, Pisces) is a Melbourne based writer and producer. She has a fierce interest in the combination of pop culture and feminism, getting her first taste of writing in the underground world of Harry Potter fan-fiction. She has a zest for environmental storytelling and building compelling worlds that bring stories to life. Having worked as a post-production co-ordinator, Billie gained valuable experience in production, becoming very involved in community media, producing the final season of *Live on Bowen*, a comedy variety show airing on C31. Obsessed with coming of age content, she wants to create work that empowers and strikes a chord with the youth market, second only to making her absent father proud.

## Contact

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INT. HELL - DAY

INTER CUT WITH:

INT. BRISBANE ROYAL HOSPITAL ROOM- DAY

**HOSPITAL:**

Felix, now dressed in civvies, makes her bed in the hospital. She moves slowly.

She hears a knock at the door. Tommy, in a wheelchair, is in the entrance.

TOMMY

Hiya

He speaks slowly, with an induced but genuine painkiller smile. Tommy's right leg, from the knee down, is missing.

**HELL:**

Streeter reaches up and pulls down a large white sheet of canvas.

Imogen hits the lights.

The projector splutters into life, lighting up the canvas.

Silence chokes the room.

The footage is of Tommy, being brutally beaten by faceless police officers in riot gear.

Streeter stands up, blocking the projector, the images still flickering on his face.

**HOSPITAL:**

Tommy scratches under his bandage.

TOMMY (CONTD)

Yeah, I got an infection.

FELIX

I'm so sorry...

TOMMY

Nah, if it wasn't for you I wouldn't be alive.

**HELL:**

STREETER

Yesterday we gathered in King George Square, we gathered to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

STREETER (cont'd)  
demonstrate our right to  
protest... for what we believe  
in.

Streeter turns his body, revealing bruises and scratches  
along his bare torso.

STREETER (CONT'D)  
They have stripped us of our  
basic human rights, our dignity,  
our *culture*. We don't bring the  
violence. *They do*. We stand hand  
in hand, united, a voice for  
those who have been silenced.

The violence projected on Streeter's face escalates.

STREETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Tommy was violently beaten, not  
for being in the wrong place, not  
for being aggressive, not for  
being violent... but simply for  
*being*. Because of the color of  
his skin.

The group have gathered closer under Streeter. They lean  
on each other, arm in arm.

STREETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Yesterday the police did  
something powerful that they  
won't see coming. They have  
awoken a whole new generation of  
activists. They want to take away  
our voices, they want to stop our  
screams.

Beat.

Streeter hops down from the table. He is standing amongst  
his peer.

STREETER (CONT'D)  
If they want a dictatorship, we  
will give them a revolution.

**HOSPITAL:**

Tommy looks at Felix

TOMMY  
Hey, I'd love to have you on my  
radio show? On Triple Zed? We can  
talk about what happened that  
day...

3.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Felix walks into the house, followed by Richard shortly after, her bag slung over his shoulder.

Felix sits down on the couch, wincing.

RICHARD  
Are you okay? Does it hurt?

FELIX  
No no no, I am totally fine, no pain. I'm just glad to be home.

Richard nods, unconvinced. Felix looks up to him, attempting a smile, but he avoids her gaze.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
I think I'm just going to go to bed.

Felix picks herself up from the couch.

She passed Richard, squeezing his hand as she goes.

She stops, walking back she leans down and whispers in his ear.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
I do want to have babies with you... just not yet.

Richard smiles, they kiss.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

She walks down the driveway, in her uniform.

A magazine is shoved into the letterbox.

She pulls it out, her face freezes, turning white with fear.

It is a printed copy of 'ANARCHY'

On the front cover is Felix.

She is doubled over in pain.

The exact moment the police officer's boot collided with her stomach has been captured.

Beat.

The headlines reads: **THE RESISTANCE SOLDIER**



## Separation Creek

Drama / Thriller

### Brodie Marchant

*Separation Creek* is a feature film loosely based on the Christmas day bush fire that ravaged the Victorian coast in 2015. After predictably dodging yet another Christmas lunch with her fractured family, the wayward Kasey Kenna is forced to finally come home – only to find her town in flames, and the father of her dead boyfriend being blamed for it. To make things worse, the accused, “Mad-Rod” MacKillop, is missing. Gone bush. What follows is a thrilling bush mystery grounded in high-tension family drama – all shot in Victoria’s beautiful coastal landscapes.

### Biography

I will surely look back on this and regret everything. This is a bad platform for a confession, but I feel I have no choice. My life’s a sham; I have a secret writing partner. I have a ratatouille (pictured). He’s been good to me these past few years as I’ve grown as a writer, but I’m ready to move on. In truth, I’ve been the one holding him back – he really is the Trumbo of rats. I grew up in Geelong, where I was raised on movies, not football. A tension that gave me the necessary trauma to be a writer. My heart is here in Australia, but I have a passion to write genre film and television for Hollywood and markets the world over. Melbourne is pretty great. People don’t talk about football *that* much.

### Contact

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EXT. SEPARATION CREEK DAY

Sunny coastal bushland. A tiny village of houses, facing a small stretch of beach, sit on the inside of a cape cut by the Great Ocean Road.

EXT. MACKILLOP HOUSE DAY

A cheap property begging to be torn down. A white ute parked in the gravel driveway.

DONAL MACKILLOP bounds out the door, early 30s, with the worn face of someone older tired. Gangly, with an awkward mop of dark beach hair.

He hurriedly packs his ute with a large camping rucksack.

INT. DONAL'S UTE DAY

Speeding, Donal pulls up hard at an intersection leading on to the Great Ocean Road, indicating left. **Sirens blare.**

Three firetrucks fly past, heading down the coast Donal's right.

The **thump, thump, thump** of a helicopter overhead. Window down, Donal leans out to see a red chopper flying towards the bush.

A monstrous black cloud rises over the horizon.

SUPER: **Separation Creek, Victoria. December 25th, 2015**

Donal indicates right, tearing off after the firetrucks.

He follows them around the next stretch of mountainous bush, which soon gives way to a larger town.

A sign reads: Welcome to Wye River

EXT. KENNA DECK DAY

A picturesque, rich timber house, crested on a hill on stilts, built into the bush. A large deck, with Christmas lunch in place. Gladwrapped bowls of salads, prawns, ham. Sirens in the distance...

STEPH KENNA, early 30s, anxiously tugs at her boyfriends singlet. JAMES, early 30s. Preoccupied with his laptop set up on the table, he squeezes her hand absentmindedly.

2.

On the screen: A live map of the fire, slowly moving in their direction.

STEPH  
Should we tell them?

JAMES  
It can wait.

MARK KENNA, late 50s, king of the castle in his hip (pricey) surf wear. Walks out of the house carrying a stubbie and jar of orange cocktail sauce.

He places the sauce down, removes the glad wrap on the prawns.

MARK  
I'm staying.

Mark dips, pops a prawn in his mouth. Steph and James don't even look at him not the response he was after.

JANET KENNA, early 50s, walks out with a glass of red, sits down.

JANET  
Cousins were stopped at Lorne. Told to head back to Anglesea.

STEPH  
This has ruined everything.

MARK  
Maybe Kasey was stopped as well.

JANET  
Oh, please. Last night?

JAMES  
Roads were clear when we came through.

STEPH  
She was never coming. I knew she'd do this again.

MARK  
(warning)  
Steph...

JAMES  
(on laptop)  
It's moving pretty fast.

3.

MARK

Would you put that away, mate? Not helping.

James doesn't hear.

Mark stands, frustrated.

MARK (cont'd)

Eat the prawns.

Janet nibbles on one. Mark watches the rising black cloud.

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)

Oi, Mark!

Mark leans over the edge of the deck, a neighbour stands at the foot of their stilts.

NEIGHBOUR

I'm getting the missus and kids out of here, what's your plan?

MARK

Probably for the best, mate. We've got plenty of water here, I'm staying.

Janet and Steph roll their eyes.

NEIGHBOUR

Do you think you could keep an eye...

MARK

I'll do what I can, got an extra set of hands up here.

Mark places his hand on James' shoulder. He recoils.

The neighbour nods, understanding the gravity, his eyes full of gratitude.

NEIGHBOUR

Stay safe, alright?

Mark waves him off.

JAMES

I'm going with Steph.

JANET

Mark, you're not staying.



## Praise The Lord

Crime/Thriller

### Bridget MacPherson

*Praise the Lord* is a one hour television drama set in the small rural town of Kurnell. It follows Julie, a schizophrenic cop, as she tries to solve a mysterious disappearance whilst attempting not to antagonise the already fragile relationship between the town's indigenous community and the newly formed Christian sect. When the body of a missing girl is found in the middle of town, everyone becomes a suspect, including Julie, who finds herself a pawn in the killer's sick game.

### Biography

An ambitious and hard working screenwriter, Bridget found her passion for stories at a very young age, reading almost a book a day. She found her drive for screenwriting in her final year of High School. She was mentored by the head of Scriptwriting at the University of NSW while writing her HSC major work. This script was one of the pieces she used in her application for the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA), where she has been studying since 2014. In 2015 she was one of four chosen from her cohort to study Bollywood in India at Whistling Woods International Film and Television Institute. Bridget is interested in making dramatic work that addresses all kinds of worldly matters, with a particular focus on Australian politics and its indigenous communities.

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EXT. OPEN SHAFT MINES DAY

Kids glumly descend the school bus sheltering themselves from the blazing sun and accompanying blistering heat. They look onto the mouth of a coal mine. The kids are almost all aboriginal with a handful of Caucasian.

Ashlyn a pretty blonde, blue-eyed white girl sashays past. She doesn't mean to be snobby, she just is; especially in comparison to the aboriginal boys. A young teacher attempts to round up the class.

SARAH  
All right kids gather round. This is your tour guide Franklin. I know you'll give him your undivided attention and utmost respect.

Ashlyn pulls Bessie aside.

ASHLYN  
You ready?

They both look scared. The tour group progresses forward. Ashlyn waits and then sprints off into a mine tunnel. Bessie seeing no other option, chases after.

INT. SCHOOL BUS AFTERNOON

The kids spill from the mines and enter for the bus.

SARAH  
Alright, everyone here?

She head counts. She stops. The numbers aren't right. She tries again. She stops. This time she mumbles out loud.

SARAH (CONTD)  
2,4,6,8 .... 20,22... Alright whose not here?

MONTI  
Ashlyn and Bessie. Probably got distracted by their reflections in the bathroom mirror ma'am.

The boys snicker. Ms Kapney's already off the bus.

SARAH  
No one gets off this bus until I'm back!

2.

EXT. OPEN SHAFT MINES AFTERNOON

Ms Kapney bolts out of the bathrooms.

SARAH (CONTD)

Ashlyn!

EXT/INT. OPEN SHAFT MINES/MINE TUNNEL NIGHT

The same contorted face with hands fisted in her hair, only the sky has changed to black behind her.

SARAH (CONTD)

BESSIE!

People stream past her, screaming out the girl's names. The newly set up fluorescent spot lights cascade down illuminating the twisted panicked faces of the small community. The volunteers feet run along the ground.

Two pairs of girls sneakers, now filthy, run inside a mine shaft.

A volunteer opens his mouth to scream out the girls names.

Ashlyn screams as she whirls around a corner. The girls are frightened. Bessie turns around, something is behind her. Briefly she can barely make out some form of figure a mask. She screams and oversteps in her hurry. She falls.

A news crew linger at the mine entrance.

Ashlyn drags Bessie along both girls screaming. They reach a mine well, its open to the night sky. Ashlyn screams.

To the side at the top of the ridge, looking down on the chaos three workmen, PETE, SAM AND EVAN (25) stand to the side one lighting a ciggie. A boy, CALEB 24, leaves the search party to join them.

SAM

They find them yet?

Caleb shakes his head and reaches for the water and cigarette Pete hands him. He lights his cigarette watching the flame flicker at it's tip. When the flame goes down he hears it. A little louder. A faint scream.

SAM

You guys hear that?

Caleb turns to Sam glad he's not alone. The boys go quiet. They look out at where Caleb and Sam are staring. They hear nothing. They turn back to the-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

BESSIE (O.S)

HELLLLP-

Her help is cut short. The boys spin around trying to source where the scream came from.

PETE

There!

He points to the entrance of a vertical mine shaft. Like a dry well. The boys run and skid to a stop at the entrance. At the bottom, two dirty and bloodstained girls.

EVAN

We're coming hold on! Go run and get help! Guys get your gear on ... abseil down we'll start setting up the ropes. Go mate!

Sam sprints off as the others unpack behind him.

SAM

We found them! Over here!

The other boys leave the well and sprint back to where they were standing before to grab their packs.

PETE

Grab one and harness her up, I'll get the other and cover your slack.

The boys hurriedly attempt to harness themselves.

Sam sprints back over the ridge with a stampede of people. He reaches the well as Caleb carries Bessie in his arms up to safety. The people around him grab her up the final way.

Pete's head can be seen from the top of the shaft. The spectators clear room and yell at others to back up. Pete finishes his ascension. He returns empty handed. The scene falls silent.

EVAN (WHISPERED, CONFUSED)

Where is she?

PETE

There was no one else down there.

The boys look down the shaft. Sure enough its empty.

In the chaos they all turn to Bessie cradled in Caleb's arms. Bessie looks up for the first time. She touches the back of her head and when her hand returns it's covered in blood. She faints.



## Hanoi

Thriller

### Jack Rule

Billy is an expat who has furnished a comfortable life in Hanoi blackmailing sex tourists. When he photographs the murder of an innocent man, he jeopardises his own livelihood and the lives of his loved ones. His own wayward moral compass sees him spiral into a terrifying world of extortion and betrayal.

## Biography

Jack Rule was born arse first and three weeks late in Bendigo. He grew up on a farm. His first school had seven students in it. He worked in a goldmine then settled in Denmark to study film and work as a translator, the cold climate sympathetic to his thin, Irish skin. He returned to Australia for urgent dental work then wrote an unpublishable book and made several short films. One of these films was shortlisted for the Venice film festival in 2015, while another placed second in ABC's 'opening shot' competition in 2014.

## Contact

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7.

EXT. ROADSIDE/REDRIVER. NIGHT

Charlie's bike turns off toward a jetty. Grace stops at the apex of a question mark of tarmac. From her vantage point she looks out on a hulking fibreglass ferry. Fairy lights flash innocuous along her banisters.

Grace lies prone along her motorbike seat, training her SLR on Charlie as he enters.

INT. FERRY. NIGHT

INTERCUT WITH:

LENS P.O.V. NIGHT

A fiberglass bar lit cheap and blue and sterile.

Young, beautiful women. Older men - hands in their pockets, hips and guts thrust toward them.

Charlie smiles at the scene, finding the need for courtship absurd. He knows it really isn't necessary.

*THROUGH LENS:*

*Charlie is approached by a girl. She leads him up a staircase. 'CLICK' - Her camera shutter depresses and winds on.*

In lumbering, sanguine English the girl makes small talk.

GIRL

Where you from? Holland? England?

Charlie doesn't speak. She enters a room, a balcony at one end. She slides the window open.

GIRL (cont'd)

Do you like Hanoi?

Charlie unbuttons that lovely blue shirt behind her.

GIRL (cont'd)

Do you like me?

Charlie unties his laces, the boat lists. Charlie stumbles as the shoe pops off. She laughs, he laughs.

GIRL (cont'd)

You're so handsom-

*Charlie hurls his shoe HARD at her, catching her JAW.*

*CLICK.*

*Her yelp carries soft across the water, it sounds like a surprised pup. From here the boat looks pretty.*

ANGLE ON GRACE: As she shoots. Depressing the shutter in sync with the intermittent flash of the fairy lights. She sniffs, rewinds the film - resigned, professional.

EXT. OLD QUARTER-RANGEFINDER PHOTO NIGHT

Grace pulls up outside a leather shop. She deposits the film in a night safe.

Ensclosed on the safe: 'Rangefinder photo - weddings, graduations, property'.

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT. MORNING

Bright light belts in hard through curtain-less windows. A big apartment, flash, but empty. Billy asleep.

AROUND HIM, a pair of tan legs walk past. A kettle boils.

A fish tank with a lone carp in it. A young Viet man taps at it. This is Trinket

TRINKET

Billy.

BILLY

Mmmm?

TRINKET

I believe your fish is sick.

Billy sits up, bemused.

BILLY

Think. You think my fish is sick.

TRINKET

Believe is right.

BILLY

It's too formal.

TRINKET

But it's right.

9.

BILLY  
You BELIEVE in god. Not that the fish  
is sick.

He hands Billy a cup of coffee. Avoiding Billy's dozy  
covetous hand.

TRINKET  
I don't believe in god Billy.

BILLY  
That's not the poi-

TRINKET  
Ah! It's okay, he's eating now.

Billy regards Trinket as he returns to tap on the tank's  
glass.

EXT. BILLY'S COURTYARD. MORNING.

The two men strap on boxing gloves and spar. Billy is slow.  
Trinket dances light-footed around him.

He connects with Billy's jaw. Surprised, Trinket raises his  
hands in good natured surrender.

Anger flashes on Billy's face. He strikes back. Connecting  
HARD with Trinket's mouth.

A touch of blood.

He recoils, hurt. Billy pulls him close. Powerful.  
Possessive.

BILLY  
You're gonna get a fat lip.

TRINKET  
Bee sting lips.

BILLY  
Stung. Bee stung lips...Where'd you  
learn that line?

Cornered. Trinket forces a smile.

TRINKET  
Sopranos.



## Echoes

### Drama

#### Jonathan Goddard

*Echoes* is a quiet, meditative drama charting the reconciliatory efforts of an estranged family after its father suffers a stroke. Zac wallows in a toxically stagnant and selfish existence, neglecting all the relationships in his life. Inspired by the return of his mother, and a mystery in his father's will, he vows to learn more about his father's life. His mother warns him that sometimes the past is better left unknown.

### Biography

Having spent an itinerant childhood flitting between Australia, Hong Kong and the US, Jonathan settled in Melbourne where he discovered a passion for literature and music during his school years. Upon graduation from high school, Jonathan found himself going down an unexpected path, entering an Arts/Law double degree at Monash University, from which he took flight after an uninspiring year. He has a diploma for teaching ESL and has worked as a freelance English tutor. He has travelled extensively through Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas and credits these experiences for their invaluable worth in feeding his creativity and curiosity. He writes morally driven character dramas, inspired heavily by Scandinavian cinema and television, especially the early films of the Dogme 95. Jonathan plans to spend the foreseeable future honouring the happy marriage between his greatest loves – writing, teaching and travelling.

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INT. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAWN

27

Morning spills through the blinds, cutting the room in zebraed light and shadow.

Zac is asleep, his neck crooked.

We pull back to see Emma standing at the door, surveying the scene. She holds two coffees.

Silently, she walks to Zac, crouches. With a gentle hand to his thigh, she wakes him.

He slowly comes to. Sickening realisation clouds his face as he remembers.

Emma leans in and kisses him. They hold their foreheads together.

She offers him the coffee. Zac makes room on the seat for her.

CUT TO:

Emma silently picking at her coffee cup. Zac staring at his father. Stertorous breath rhythmic with the machinery.

ZAC

I had a dream about him just before... Every morning when I was a kid, before breakfast, we did this thing. I'd sit on his knee and hug him, and I'd count to a minute. But I could never do it in the same language two days in a row, that was the rule... I learned how to count in a lot of languages when I was young. In the winter he'd move the couch next to the heater... The closer to sixty I got, the slower I would count so I could fall asleep again. And he'd always let me. Just for a few minutes. Even if I stayed awake I'd pretend to sleep. I'm sure he knew, but he went along with it. Maybe he just liked to be able to wake me up twice a day... But then the morning came when I didn't want to do it anymore. Got too old for it.. That's the dream I just had.

(MORE)

ZAC (CONT'D)

The morning when I came downstairs and he was sitting on the sofa and he smiled at me and I told him that I didn't want to do it anymore.

Emma listens intently, solemn.

ZAC (CONT'D)

I can't remember the last time I dreamt about him.

EMMA

You probably have more times than you know...

Silence.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Have they... Do they know, whether...

ZAC

He's on life support... That's it, isn't it?

A beat. Zac chuckles. Holds out his tattooed arm to his father.

ZAC (CONT'D)

I know you hate them but... What do you think?

Emma picks at a cuticle. She knows this is about Zac and his father, but she can't help but ask quietly -

EMMA

Where were you last night?

ZAC

(absently)  
At home.

Emma closes her eyes in silent anguish.

EMMA

I stopped by this morning to get you a jacket. I spoke to Alia...

Zac's heart drops as he realizes he has been caught lying. His neck reddens with guilt.

Emma cannot bring herself to challenge him. Yet.

3.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You need to sleep.

Zac nods, sheepish. They rise and head for the door.

ZAC

Wait a second.

He goes to the bedside, takes up Patrick's phone.

EMMA

What are you doing?

ZAC

... I don't have her new number.

He copies a contact from Patrick's onto his own phone. Goes to the door. Turns.

ZAC (CONT'D)

I'll be back later.

With one last look at his comatose father, Zac and Emma leave the room-

28 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

28

- and walk down the hall.

Coming in the opposite direction, Claire turns the corner.

She sees Zac and the breath is snatched from her lungs.

Quickly, she ducks behind a door.

Zac stops in front of it, sniffing the air.

EMMA

What's up?

He shakes himself out of the reverie.

ZAC

... Nothing. Just... recognize that perfume.

They continue towards the exit.

Claire steps back out into the hallway, staring longingly after them.

Devastated that she has to hide from her own son.



## Secondhand Bookshop

### Comedy

#### Kathryn Snowball

Nickie's not doing so great. She's unemployed, her relationship is on the rocks and now a loan shark wants to break her legs. Running for her life, she takes refuge in Eloise's Secondhand Bookshop, a decision that will change her life... at least for the next six months. Along with neurotic manager Chanty, and fellow shop assistant/ adolescent genius Becca, Eloise attempts to keep the shop, and the three workers' lives, from crumbling down around them.

#### Biography

Kathryn spent the first five years of her life in a rainforest in southern Queensland. Raised by a posh English mother, a hard-boiled Yorkshire grandmother and a television set, she spent most of her childhood watching *Coronation Street* and avoiding poisonous animals. After moving to Melbourne at the age of nine, she discovered her lifelong passion for chemistry involved a lot more maths than she had anticipated and so she further developed her love of story-telling instead. She won't read Charles Dickens's *Great Expectations*, for fear of disappointment, so sticks to titles that are much less open to interpretation. Austen's *Mansfield Park* remains a favorite. Kathryn measures the success of a day on how many dogs she has seen and believes there is no such thing as an ugly laugh.

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INT. BOOKSHOP - CHANTY

Chanty sits behind the counter, reading. The door chimes and a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN walks up to her. Chanty stands and smiles at them.

CHANTY

Hi, how can I help?

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

I'm looking for a book.

Chanty takes a deep breath in through her nose.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's got a blue cover and some sort of bird...

CHANTY

Can you remember the name of it at all?

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

It started with a B like, The B-Bird, like, the Birch or The Birth, or...

CHANTY

The Birth is a book, let me just...

She goes out to the aisle and swipes a book off the shelf, showing it to the woman

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Oh!... NO, the one I want is definitely blue, and it's got sort of gold... and I think maybe there's some pink or something. Let me just call my sister, she'll know.

Chanty breathes heavily as the woman fumbles around in the bag.

The door bell tinkles.

VANCE (60's) walks in, Chanty clocks him and proceeds to tidy herself and smile prettily at her customer.

Vance looks around the shop, and waves at her. She acts like she's only just seen him before waving back.

He looks around the shop. Something catches his eye. It's Nickie. A smile appears at the corner of his mouth.

2.

Chanty's face darkens, her eyes flicker between the customer and what is happening on the other side of the room.

NICKIE

Across the shop Nickie sweats, crouched over her DIY.

As she stands she bumps into Vance, far too close behind her. He catches her before she falls.

He holds her. He thinks they have a "connection".

VANCE  
You look like you might be having  
some trouble.

NICKIE  
I'm fine. I used to work in IKEA  
so...

She untangles herself from him. She squats back down to look at the instructions. Vance smirks.

VANCE  
You see the key is to match the  
parts,

He picks up two pieces.

VANCE (CONT'D)  
You have to slot the male....

He bends down and puts her arms around her, much like the movie Ghost, only with flat pack furniture.

VANCE (CONT'D)  
(in her ear)  
Into the female.

Nickie wiggles him off.

He looks at her with even more hunger.

VANCE (CONT'D)  
I'm Vance.

He sticks out his hand.

NICKIE  
Tabitha.

She takes it. He pulls her in close.

3.

VANCE  
The things I could do to you,  
Tabitha.

CHANTY

Chanty watches them, wide eyed.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
Well, I mean, I said to her that  
she should get the surgery, I mean,  
no wonder Daryl cheated have you  
seen those eye bags?

Chanty excuses herself and power walks over to the fuming  
Nickie.

CHANTY  
Vance! Vance, you're early!

VANCE  
It's so good to see you Chanty,  
He turns to Nickie

VANCE (CONT'D)  
I was Chanty's lecturer when she  
was at university.

NICKIE  
I know.

Chanty frowns. What?

A beat.

Vance licks his lips.

CHANTY  
Vance, is the author of the book  
we're launching this afternoon,  
Nickie.

VANCE  
Nickie, that's a pretty name. It  
was Tabitha a moment ago.

NICKIE  
Nickie is my slave name.



## Riot Grrrl

### Coming of Age Dramey

#### Kit Richards

Melbourne, 1992. Dillon and her boyfriend, Darcy, are teenagers in love. As Darcy begins to rise up the ranks of the VFL as a star player, Dillon offers everything she can as a girlfriend – friendship, support... but not sex. A diagnosis of vulvodynia makes penetration an impossibility, and as Darcy enters the hyper-masculine world of footy, Dillon's sense of self-worth as a woman is tested.

A chance encounter with a feminist punk band shows Dillon that shame doesn't have to be a part of socially prescribed womanhood. Intoxicated by this empowering new world, Dillon begins to rail against the patriarchy. But when a sex scandal causes the opposing worlds of the Riot Girl movement and the VFL to collide, will their young love survive?

## Biography

Kit Richards is a Melbourne based writer and comedian with a retroverted uterus and a big heart. She is a devout feminist with a keen interest in exploring themes surrounding sexual politics. A background in live comedy led to her working extensively with RMITV and C31; including being head writer of *Live on Bowen*, *Offbeat Mondays* and a segment producer on *The Leak*. She hosts a comedy podcast with her two best friends and has contributed various confessional essays to *Farrago*. She hopes to have a career in creating empowering work that represents marginalised communities and to one day be married to Harry Styles by an Elvis impersonator.

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INT. THE ESPLANADE HOTEL BAND ROOM- NIGHT

Dillon sits near the bar of the Espy band room, looking out at the crowd. A lot of male punks laugh and push each other, while the girls stand around the sidelines, annoyed.

The room gets more and more crowded as people come in. Dillon is now shoved in a tight corner between the wall, the bar and the people. She tries to steady her breathing but gets more and more anxious the closer people get to her. Finally, she's had enough and leaps out of her seat. She struggles to force her way through the crowd.

Suddenly, a loud strum of a guitar pierces the chatting of the audience. They erupt in cheers. Dillon is trying to leave when she hears a woman's voice screech through the microphone.

HENRI

Women to the front! I'm serious,  
women to the front.

Dillon turns and sees the Platypussies, a feminist punk band, on the stage. They are lit from behind, appearing angel like. Their stage presence and demand for attention captivates Dillon.

She walks forward, in an almost trance like state, never taking her eyes off the girls on stage. She finds herself at the back of an all female mosh pit.

HENRI, 21, the lead singer and bad attitude of the band skulls her beer then tosses it behind her.

Two men stay at the front of the stage, aggressively keeping their position. Henri points at them.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Hey cunts. Are you deaf or just  
dumb? I said WOMEN to the front.  
Not entitled shitbags. Fuck off to  
the back.

MAN

What're you gonna do?

Henri takes her shoes off and throws them at him. The men are caught off guard. The surrounding girls all hurl abuse and use their collective strength to force them out of the way. The men relent. The crowd cheers as the girls begin to play their song.

HENRI

I'M A FEISTY WOMAN  
ANGER COURSES THROUGH MY VEINS  
AND AFTER ME BABY  
NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME

2.

IMOGEN, 19, plays her bass with ease, jumping and moving to the music in her own little world. She's an Indian-Malaysian girl with an aesthetic and smile so bright, it makes the sun seem dull.

ASTRID, 21, sits up the back on the drums. She's a reserved trans-woman but she passes for cis-gendered. What she lacks in confidence she makes up for in pure talent.

Dillon looks on, dead still in a sea of movement.

CUT TO:

The Platypussies are onto a new song. Henri has removed her shirt, revealing the word "SLUT" written on her chest.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
 I'VE GOT BLOOD STAINED UNDIES  
 A METALLIC SMELLING PUSSY  
 BUT I'M NO CARRIE WHITE  
 I'M PROUD TO BE A BLOOD SOAKED PROM  
 QUEEN

Astrid does an impressive drum break down, leading into an instrumental finale.

Dillon is now jumping and dancing along with everyone else.

Henri reaches under her skirt and pulls out her tampon.

She twirls it above her head before throwing it into the crowd.

It hits Dillon square in the face.

She stands for a moment in shock before throwing her arms above her head and screaming with joy.

The crowd erupt around her.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
 Alright, you dazzling babes! We've  
 been The Platypussies. Thank you!

Dillon jumps up and down in excitement, clapping wildly.

The Platypussies exit.

INT. BRIGHTON MANSION (CORRIDOR/JED'S ROOM)- NIGHT

Darcy stumbles down the corridor, drunk and needing to spew. He finds a door and opens it.

Inside, Jed is fucking Jojo, doggy style. There is a mirror above the bed. Jojo's head is buried in the mattress, so she doesn't notice the open door.





## Diamonds and Rust

### Drama

#### Lily Daubney

As Pamela begins to disappear with dementia and move further away from consciousness, her granddaughter Alice begins to uncover secrets and lies so that she stops disappearing within Alice's own imagination. Alice has always been encouraged by Pamela to use her imagination to escape bitter emotions amidst mad relationships. Her studies lead her to investigate the cognitive neuroscience of the emotional mind and memory in an attempt to control her own, but it isn't until her grandmother begins to forget who Alice is that she's forced to discover the answer for herself.

### Biography

Lily's curiosity and drive to broaden the scope of her writing led her to a position with Warner Brothers New Zealand in 2013, where her involvement with developing scripted content confirmed that storytelling is where she's meant to be. She was inspired to move from New Zealand to Melbourne to learn the craft, where she has been forced to brave the language barrier and to talk about herself in the third person. Her talented lecturers and peers at the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA) have broadened her imagination, and they told her when her writing sucked, which has been invaluable. Following on from a creative internship, Lily fell into an Account Executive role with Clemenger BBDO Melbourne which has enabled her to apply creativity with purpose. She refuses to stop writing until she has a script that truly excites her. At least until the Nutella jar is empty. Her quiet aspiration is to somehow change the world with words.

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice and Tom lie in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

TOM

But you don't believe in God.

ALICE

Well, someone's out to get me.

He kisses her forehead.

TOM

Don't be so dramatic.

Alice picks out a pair of scissors from the top drawer.

ALICE (V.O.)

I pitied anyone who mistook my  
silence for ignorance or naivety.

She makes an incision into her foot. There is no blood.

ALICE (V.O.)

They were the ignorant ones, for  
failing to see I'd already escaped.

Cutting into her skin, she proceeds to cut out the entire  
outline of herself. This 2D paper cut out Alice swaps places  
with her in bed beside Tom.

ALICE (V.O.)

I never abandoned this means of  
escape, this silent warfare. When  
it came to fight or flight, the  
paper warriors did both.

The real Alice runs from the room. Tom is staring at her.

TOM

Let's tone the psychoanalysis down.  
Stop applying cognitive  
neuroscience to yourself, okay?

The door slams. Paper Alice catches sight of her face in a  
mirror and attempts to make her eyebrows symmetrical.

ALICE (V.O.)

An unfortunate piece of advice  
given it was my sole reason for  
studying the course.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Pamela's entire family are seated in the back row as the play draws to a close with a standing ovation. The lead actor walks to the front of the stage, listening into her earpiece.

LEAD ACTOR

I've been informed the playwright herself, the great Pamela Mitchell, is here tonight. Whereabouts is your whereabouts, Pamela?

The audience begins chanting 'PAMELA.' As Alice looks around to find her grandmother. We see Pamela's seat is now empty.

INT. THEATRE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

An out of breath Pamela gazes up at a poster with a mixture of pride and defeat. It reads 'THE SINCERITY DETECTOR, BY PAMELA MITCHELL.' An USHER by the door stands gazing hypnotically at her smartphone. She manages to yank her eyes off the screen long enough to approach Pamela. We're offended by the usher's sickly sweet voice before we even hear it, her mouth chewing pink gum rudely while she talks.

USHER

Didn't like the play, love? Fair enough. I adore it, but I can see how it could be hard to follow.

The usher's eyes are wide with condescending concern, batting eyelids adorned with blue eyeshadow so blue it's offensive.

USHER (CONT'D)

Find it a bit much, did you pet?

Pamela shakes her head, feigning confusion and deafness, and swiftly exits the theatre hall. The usher is left confused until a second usher comes dashing over to her and begins to point back and forth between the disappearing Pamela and the posters for the play. The first usher's face falls as she watches her idol disappear into the distance.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

A cloud has fallen over Pamela's disposition as she walks. A cloud has also fallen over Pamela. It's pissing down.

PAMELA

I'll show her a bit bloody much.

3.

She fuddles in her purse for an umbrella.

ALICE (V.O.)

It appeared I wasn't the only one  
in the family who used fabricated  
cut outs as a means of escape.

INT. LECTURE HALL - AFTERNOON

Alice and Tom are sitting at the front of the hall while  
their professor Harry brings his lecture to a close.

HARRY

Until age 25, the amygdala is  
swollen with stimuli telling the  
brain to do what feels good. This  
explains why they can make moronic  
decisions, whilst believing they  
know absolutely everything. It is  
therefore safest to assume  
teenagers are mentally impaired.  
Insane. And treat them as such.

Harry's eyes follow Alice as she exits the hall with Tom.

HARRY (CONT'D)

But often science requires comfort  
with ignorance, too. We judge it's  
value by the ignorance it defines.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Alice lies beside Harry gazing up at the wall. In the  
reflection of her eyes we see flashes of a cuckoo clock  
chiming and a white rabbit running. She sits up.

ALICE (V.O.)

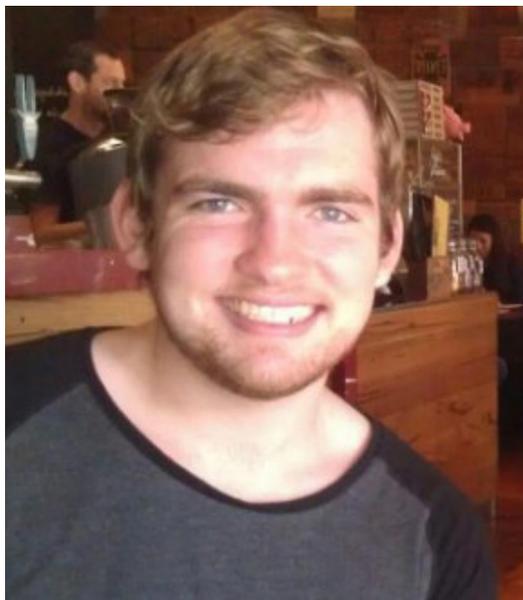
I continued to be haunted by the  
ghost in my grandmother's eyes at  
every shrill screech of that clock.

Harry turns to look at Alice.

HARRY

Where do you think you're going?

She lies back down. When he smiles we can just make out his  
floating eyes and mouth, glowing amidst the darkness.



## Tales On Memphis

### Science Fiction

#### Lucas Bateman

An orphan, alien street-thief is adopted by an infamous space detective and his misfit crew as they embark on a dangerous mission to save the Sector from an elusive threat. *Tales on Memphis* is an animated, science fiction TV series set across many planets and one special spaceship. The show explores the fragility of youth and how easily one can be led astray without the proper guidance needed to survive in a harsh world. Every member of the Memphis crew has their story to tell. Some have given up on lives of headhunting and avarice, whilst others are still engrossed in it, living one day to the next off the vices they consider necessary to survive. In this environment, Brax must learn for himself and form his own moral compass.

### Biography

Lucas Bateman is an Australian screenwriter living in Melbourne. He grew up in Western Sydney and started to write creative pieces in his early teens, winning the High School Section of the Henry Lawson National Poetry competition at age 14. His writing self-discovery continued throughout High School, culminating with his Year 12 Major English Project – *The Caerulean Pod*. He has passion for writing crime noir, science fiction and fantasy and is currently working on developing a Sci-Fi TV series for the Youth Market titled *Tales on Memphis* as well as *The Annals of Grimwick*, a dark fantasy novel series. The majority of his influences come from wide reading and music including Ambient and Trip Hop genres. His inspiration comes from day-to-day observations about people, places and landscapes.

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EXT. SPACE (THE MISTY VEIL) - MIDDAY

Jazz music is still playing in open space, the light of the planet's sun gleaming off the exterior of the MEMPHIS freighter.

DURN (O.C)

Okay crew! Everybody buckle up!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. MEMPHIS - JAK'S ROOM

Jak puts on body armor over his hairy, muscular Rymeon chest, then his synthetic shirt, trenchcoat and his armoured cap.

B) INT. MEMPHIS - KERJI'S ROOM

Kerji tapes up her handpaws and feet with battle wrap. She throws on her new Cudosi combat dress and slides on her old fingerless gloves and shoes.

C) INT. MEMPHIS - JENKO'S CELL

Jenko stands naked till the pelvis, holding up a small black cube; like the skull in 'Hamlet'. He taps the side with his finger and a combat exoskeleton shoots out, wrapping around his hands, arms, chest, legs and spine.

Giggling, he smacks his miniture deployable arsenal of weapons onto the black frames, slaps his morph armor over it and ties his hair into a short piggy tail. His hair colour changes to a deep red.

D) INT. MEMPHIS - ENGINE ROOM

DURN (O.C)

Hey CK!

Crip'ky looks intently at his computer monitor, his fingers still smacking away on the keyboard. He pricks his mousey ear to Durn, on the screen to his left.

DURN (O.C) (CON'T)

Could you activate defense protocols for after warpspeed? Doesn't say their set over here!

Crip'ky grins, gives the thumbs up and smacks a big button with his elbow.

E) INT. MEMPHIS - COCKPIT

Durn cracks his fingers, then puts on his sensor goggles, which light up with a crosshair and martian signatures over both sockets.

DURN

Alright! Coordinates set, let's do this!

2.

He starts hitting the switches, activating the warp drive.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. MEMPHIS - LIVING QUARTERS

Brax is trying to put on his new shirt and jacket through his four arms.

DURN (O.C)  
Countdown time! 3...2...

Brax looks up, horrified.

BRAX  
Oh no!

Brax rushes to his wall bed.

DURN (O.C)  
1...

Brax manages to buckle himself onto the bed.

DURN (O.C)  
Let's go!

EXT. SPACE (THE MISTY VEIL) - MIDDAY

A portal opens at the tip of the MEMPHIS like a new micro-galaxy forming. The space around the MEMPHIS starts swirling, turning into a starry whirlpool. The ship shakes with blue electricity, then shoots through.

EXT. WARPSPEED

The MEMPHIS passes through what appears to be a negative iridescent void, all the stars are closing in on the ship.

INT. MEMPHIS - COCKPIT

Durn flicks a switch. The warplights fade and Saur's Eye comes into view.

EXT. SAUR ZONE - MIDDAY

A giant ball of deep yellow, navy blue and indigo wrapped together like a sunset in a globe. Four green moons float around the planet as well as old space defense stations .

Suddenly, a turrent on the closest space station swivels around and fires at the ship. The MEMPHIS darts down just avoiding the blast. Some water-like substance hits the ship and starts to eat away at it.

INT. MEMPHIS - COCKPIT

Durn looks to the ship's monitor. It shows damage on the ship's back engine.

3.

DURN  
(worried)  
Gang! We're in trouble!

INT. MEMPHIS - LIVING QUARTERS

Brax darts from his quarters, rubbing his head, into the living room. Jak is floating off the ground, eyes closed and focusing his thoughts on the ship. The crew's voices come through the wall radio.

KERJI (O.C)  
Durn, How bad is it?

The ship throttles a bit, causing Brax to stumble.

DURN (O.C)  
(static)  
BAD! They're using slime bombs to eat away at the sh\*BZZT-K\*-They g-got the top of b-bottom thruster!

JENKO (O.C)  
They? There's no one on those stations, Martian!

KERJI (O.C)  
Are you sure?

Brax looks around and spots the corridor to the gunner stations. He runs for it.

JAK  
He's right! Slime bomb mixture's extremely toxic to any-WATCHIT!!!

EXT. SAUR ZONE

The MEMPHIS does an impossibly tight barrel roll, narrowly avoiding a blast.

INT. MEMPHIS - LIVING QUARTERS

The ship shakes violently, knocking Brax on all sixes whilst Jak remains stationary. He grunts then looks back to Jak, his eyes light up, filled with an idea.

JAK (O.C)  
(annoyed)  
DURN! Keep your eyes on the damn road!

DURN (O.C)  
(yelling)  
WHAT road, Jak?!



## Strangers from the East

### Western

#### Matt Kazacos

In 1853, at the height of the Victorian gold rush, a secretive Chinese widower struggles to provide for his only daughter whilst under the constant threat of race-riots, a corrupt police force and the consequences of his violent past.

### Biography

Born in 1995, Matt grew up in Mt Eliza, on Melbourne's Mornington Peninsula. He has two older brothers and a paternal grandfather born in Egypt, a fact that Matt often brings up at parties. Throughout his schooling, Matt spent most of his time avoiding the careers counsellor. His interests include astronomy, botany, music and volleyball, but he was lousy at all of these things. Luckily, Matt also has a passion for history and most of all, entertainment. He is fascinated by the process of telling true stories via the tropes and structures of dramatic writing. After being accepted into the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA), Matt knew he needed to find a job that would help inspire him as a screenwriter, and has been tiling bathrooms ever since.

Matt knows he will practise storytelling for the rest of his days because it is challenging, stressful, arduous and infuriating. In other words, it's never dull.

### Contact

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NOTE: All dialogue in *italics* is spoken in Chinese.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Super:

SOUTHERN AUSTRALIAN OCEAN

AUGUST, 1853

An ancient ship is battered by the turbulent sea, sails heaving.

A panicked crew fight to keep control as thunder rolls above and heavy rain thrashes their backs.

INT. SHIP, WOMENS' QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Below deck, two Chinese women huddle beneath the weak flames of several hanging lanterns, barely illuminated in the wet, rotting cabin.

One is on her back, eyes closed and wailing, her belly swollen in the last moments of pregnancy. This is MAI (25).

Beside her is LIN (17), holding her hand, focused and ready for the task to come.

INT. SHIP, MENS' QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of Chinese men sleep in this cramped cabin.

They wear tattered garments of hessian, or frayed silk, and some grow long black pony-tails that fall to the floor.

AHN (50), older by far than the rest, sits awake, his greying beard unkempt, heavy bags under sad eyes.

His rough hands form a gentle nest around a delicate, silver ring. The jade stone is cracked and dirty, some of it fallen away forever. Ahn covets the piece.

SHU (32), his head resting against the rocking hull, slowly cracks an eyelid.

Ahn notices. He closes a fist over the ring.

AHN  
*I can't sleep.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

SHU (CONT'D)  
*You'll need your strength. The  
 fields are days from where we land.*

Beat.

SHU (CONT'D)  
*You're sure the women won't slow us  
 down?*

AHN  
*They will keep pace, Shu. I will  
 see to it.*

Shu stares at Ahn for a long moment, before closing his eyes  
 once more.

SHU  
*Get some rest, Ahn.*

Ahn opens his fist and slides the ring onto a finger,  
 pressing it against his lips.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP, WOMENS' QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The screams of birth clash with the stampeding thunder and  
 crashing waves outside, Mai's body heaving, her fingers  
 clawing at the floorboards.

Lin drags her by the armpits towards the creaking hull,  
 sitting her upright.

Mai's hair is plastered across her sweating face, Lin wipes  
 it away, grasping her hand and finding Mai's panicked eyes.

LIN  
*Better!?*

Mai screams in response, unable to speak.

Between gasps of pain, she clenches her teeth, spit bubbling  
 around her lips as the contractions grow longer, more  
 intense.

**BOOM!** The ship is rocked violently to one side, struck by an  
 unseen wave. Several lanterns fall from their hooks and  
 smash on the wooden floor, adding to the hellish cacophony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

Lin, drained white but focused, holds Mai still as the vessel tumbles right and left, shielding her from the shattered glass.

LIN

*It's okay. It's okay.*

Once balanced, Lin moves and squats in front of Mai, whose lifts her feet up high, pushing hard against Lin's tiny shoulders.

Lin pushes back, a steady anchor, her bare feet defiantly gripping the slick wood beneath them, cut by splinters.

Mai lets out another wail as Lin glances downwards, finally seeing progress.

LIN (CONT'D)

*It's coming!*

Mai does so, until at last, with a final heaving effort, her exhausted screams give way to the first cries of her newborn.

Lin catches the infant boy as his mother slumps back on the damp and bloodied floor, legs shaking, chest heaving.

Mai gestures for her son, tears staining her face. Lin tries to oblige her, but the umbilical cord strains, too short for the journey to Mai's desperate arms.

Lin rests the newborn on his mother's swollen stomach. She looks around, eyes darting. At last, they fall on a large shard of broken glass, part of a fallen lantern.

Lin picks it up...

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The storm rages on. Through the sheets of rain and darkened sky, barely visible on the distant horizon, lies a vast, black mass.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER:

**STRANGERS FROM THE EAST****CHAPTER ONE : THE HATED FEW**

FADE IN:



## Community Theatre

### Comedy

#### Matt Wallace

This is an extract from Matt's six-part half-hour comedy series, *Community Theatre*. The show follows a cast of difficult personalities as they attempt to stage a play, directed by anxiety-ridden control freak, Meredith Bishop. In this scene, Meredith attempts an improvisation exercise with bkie-turned-thespian, Eugene.

### Biography

Matt always wanted to be the regional manager of an Australian trailer manufacturing company, with its prime focus in steel and aluminium bulk haulage equipment. A fortuitous turn of events led Matt away from his dream and landed him in the world of writing. Having grown up in both New Zealand and Australia, Matt is often considered a 'world citizen' by almost no-one. Throughout his schooling, he found solace in the creative arts. He would build his teachers' respect, only to then ridicule them in mockumentaries in later years. He developed a passion for comedy when he realised its immense power.

When he isn't ripping his hair out over Final Draft, Matt can be found at his local community theatre, where he plays piano for a cast of octogenarians.

### Contact

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INT. THEATRE HALL- DAY

Meredith and Eugene stand on the stage, facing each other. They're in an improv scene together.

Jessica, Kelly and Simone watch on.

MEREDITH

It's improv, Eugene. You have to be quick. Let's start again.  
(in character)  
Why'd you leave me?

EUGENE

I'm in love with someone else.

MEREDITH

Who is she?

EUGENE

Anne-Marie.  
(breaks character)  
Sorry, can we start again? That's my mum's name. It's weirded me out a bit.

MEREDITH

Eugene, it doesn't matter. You just go along with it, okay? Here we go:  
(in character)  
Where'd you meet her?

EUGENE

In... a toilet.

MEREDITH

(breaks character)  
In a toilet?!

SIMONE

Uh uh, don't break character, Meredith.

Meredith gives Simone a stern look, then back to Eugene.

MEREDITH

(in character, to Eugene)  
How'd you meet her, in a toilet?

EUGENE

It was a public toilet. She was calling for help.

MEREDITH  
Don't lie to me, Tony.

EUGENE  
(out of character)  
Who's Tony?

MEREDITH  
(out of character)  
You are!

EUGENE  
Oh. What's your name?

MEREDITH  
You make it up.

EUGENE  
Ah okay.  
(back in character)  
I'm not lying, Abernathy!

Meredith rolls her eyes at 'Abernathy'.

MEREDITH  
(in character)  
What did she want from you?!

EUGENE  
She needed my help!

MEREDITH  
What for?!

EUGENE  
She couldn't reach the toilet!

MEREDITH  
Why not?!

EUGENE  
She had no legs!

MEREDITH  
(out of character)  
What?

EUGENE  
They were blown off. No-- they were  
eaten off. By cannibals.

3.

MEREDITH  
(out of character)  
Right, I think we'll leave improv  
there.

EUGENE  
(still in character)  
They were just stumps.

MEREDITH  
Yes, thank you, Eugene. That's  
enough.



## Kookaburra

### Surreal Drama

#### Matthew Wood

Alice gets up in the morning, goes to work, comes home. Rise, repeat, eight days a week. She doesn't question her existence, she doesn't break schedule, she doesn't have any ideas. Then one day, distracted by a kookaburra building its nest on the roof of a neighboring building, her schedule is broken...

#### Biography

Matthew Wood is a collection of ideas. Some of these ideas make up a version of Matt to himself, these same ideas create different versions of Matt to everyone else. These ideas often conflict with each other, are unique to him and universal to all, sometimes don't make

sense and, more often than not, lead to no single person being able to identify the true Matthew Wood in a police line up - which has led to many unsolved crimes all over suburban Melbourne.

The only thing this writer can know for sure about Matthew Wood are these indisputable facts:

- His shoe size is 10 (whether this is UK or US sizing is up for debate).
- He is finishing his VCA course taller and heavier than when he started.
- His scripts often feature twins because he is one.

Perhaps this vacuum of illustrative information will lead you to discover the real Matthew Wood through his screenplays, where his most honest self is explored (although this is impossible to prove).

There, you will collect many notions and thoughts and ideas of the writer and, perhaps, identify him in your local serial newspaper theft scandal at the next police line up to which you are present.

#### Contact

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6.

CONTINUED:

The sun is setting, it's nearly the end of the work day. It reflects off the neighboring building and refracts, creating a rainbow lighting the whole office.

Alice takes her tired eyes away from the computer monitor to look out the window. The kookaburra is gone but in it's place is a nest.

After a beat the kookaburra has returned with more twigs.

She looks around the work space. People are packing up, ready to go home and return at 9:00AM the next day.

Alice slowly pokes her head out of the cubicle at knee height looks up and down the walkway.

She silently and subtly raises her head above the cubicle, looks around 360 degrees as inconspicuously as possible.

She looks in her suitcase (now on her lap), revealing only the used glad wrap. She opens a secret compartment to reveal a candy bar (brand name).

BOSS (cont'd)  
You know why I think you're level 65  
material Alice? It's your work

She pops her head up, mouth covered in chocolaty goodness.

BOSS (cont'd)  
(mortified)  
ethic...see you tomorrow.

The sound of the alarm creeps in as...

INT. ALICE'S ROOM MORNING

... Alice wakes up at 6:00AM.

She gets up and sits on the side of the bed, contemplating.

She looks at her phone: 8:28AM. She hasn't moved.

She's clearly has anxiety about it, sweating bullets.

Her phone: 8:45.

She runs out of her room, haphazardly taking off her PJ's simultaneously.

7.

EXT. ALICE'S BUILDING MORNING

Alice hails a taxi as she tucks in her work shirt, clearly in a hurry.

EXT. BUS STOP 2

Her phone is ringing as she runs into the building.

INT. LOBBY/INT. ELEVATOR.

Running as fast as she can, she unfortunately gets to the elevator just as the doors close in front of her.

Her phone rings again, she almost dies inside with guilt.

INT. WORKSPACE LEVEL 64

Alice hurries to her cubicle, the Boss already waiting.

Her coworkers are all looking at her shocked.

She walks around him, avoiding eye contact. He eyes her turning his body 360 degrees just so he doesn't lose eye contact.

BOSS

Looks like a Level 64 employee.

She sits down and looks at him.

BOSS (cont'd)

I know it's Saturday. I'll give you this pass, but if you are late once more...

He points one finger at the mention of the word 'once', then lets it linger in the air as he trails off.

The boss walks off, Alice looks out the window for an answer.

Someone cautious in a hazmat suit is approaching the kookaburra nest with extreme caution. They pick it up with BBQ tongs and put it in a zip lock bag cautiously.

Alice looks in horror as her alarm gradually comes in...

8.

INT. ALICE'S ROOM MORNING

... and it's Sunday morning, 6:00AM.

INT. SHOWER

The water falls on her face, after a beat she opens her eyes.

INT. KITCHEN

Eating oatmeal, no honey today.

INT. WORKSPACE LEVEL 64

Working at her computer.

INT. WORKSPACE WATER COOLER

She drinks from the disposable cup alone. The Boss comes in to use the water cooler and as soon as Alice notices she leaves before he can speak to her.

INT. WORKSPACE LEVEL 64

Alice looks at her phone. 4:59.

She waits until it hits 5:00 and starts packing up.

Opening her desk draw she sees her drawing from earlier on top of a stack of paper. She looks at it longingly.

**SMACK!!**

The Kookaburra flew into the window. It's corpse lies on the window ledge. Alice stares.

Behind her, unbeknownst to Alice, dozen of her peers look over her at the kookaburra.

She lingers in the moment, but eventually gets back to packing. As she turns around her fellow employees also get back to work, pretending nothing has happened.

INT. ALICE'S ROOM NIGHT

She can't sleep.



## Can't Live Without Them

### Sitcom

#### Pavan Dutta

Three selfish siblings learn to live together in their family home, after their father names them all as co-owners in his will.

*Can't Live Without Them* is a half-hour family sitcom that centres around the lives of second generation Indian siblings and offers an unapologetic view of family life.

The eldest child Karun is a newlywed chasing the Australian dream. The middle child Meera is raising her ten-year-old son alone, and the youngest, Rex, is a recluse who is yet to spread his wings. *The Young Ones* meets *Family Ties*, in the brash yet sentimental world of the Putts.

### Biography

Born into an immigrant family, Pavan turned to *Neighbours* at a young age to get an insight into country his family was unfamiliar with. He thought he knew Australia, but when Pavan stepped out of the house for the first time, he was disappointed to discover that getting amnesia, spreading gossip, and hitting people with your car wasn't actually part of a healthy lifestyle. But the stories, the characters and the world of *Neighbours* never left him.

Writing for television is the dream. In addition to the projects Pavan has developed at the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA), he was lucky enough to re-visit India in 2015 where he wrote for an upcoming network drama set in India during British Rule. More recently he has spent time with Fremantle Media in the *Neighbours* story room, bringing this biography and this young boy's life full circle.

### Contact

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INT. PUTT FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

**SONNY HAS A QUESTION. MEERA STRUGGLES TO RESPOND.**

Meera is finishing up the dishes. Sonny is at the kitchen counter, still in school uniform. Meera walks over to him wiping a mug, like a bartender.

MEERA

Penny for your thoughts?

Sonny doesn't answer, he hands her a newsletter.

MEERA (CONT'D)

You've got a casual clothes day tomorrow! How fun!

Sonny looks down, at the bench, something clearly wrong.

MEERA (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

SONNY

Nothing, Mum. I'm just a bit-

MEERA

You're worried you're not going to look cool?

SONNY

No, being cool is for people with low self esteem. I'm just a bit confused about what someone said to me today.

MEERA

What did they say?

SONNY

Mum, what's a "curry muncher"?

Meera drops the mug she was wiping.

MEERA

Who said that to you?

SONNY

Just a someone at school.

Meera runs around to be by his side.

MEERA

Are you ok? Are you hurt?

SONNY  
I'm fine. They just kept calling me  
a "curry muncher" and I have no  
idea what it means!

MEERA  
Well- well- it's pretty self  
explanatory isn't it?

SONNY  
Is it? I don't munch curry. I don't  
think I've ever eaten curry.

Rex overhears.

REX  
YOU'VE NEVER HAD CURRY? Meera, what  
are doing with this kid?

SONNY  
I haven't, is it good? Is it hard?

REX  
Hard? Why would it be hard?

SONNY  
Because the kid's at school say you  
have to munch it. So I assume  
you've really got to get your teeth  
into it.

Rex looks at Meera.

MEERA  
The kid's at school, called him a  
curry muncher.

REX  
Oh man, bullies are the worst.  
Don't worry you'll get through it.

SONNY  
Bullies? Mum, was I bullied?

Meera reluctantly nods.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
(realizes)  
Oh, in hindsight that makes sense.

Meera holds Sonny tight.

3.

MEERA

Everything's going to be okay,  
Sonny. Don't worry.

She's squeezing him really tight.

SONNY

I'm fine, Mum. It's just we never  
talk about anything Indian. I can't  
even tell that I'm being made fun  
of at school. Do you know how dumb  
that makes me look?

She looks Sonny straight in the eye.

MEERA

We're going to go straight to the  
plaza to buy you the coolest  
clothes for tomorrow and then no-  
one will be able to make fun of my  
sweet boy anymore.

SONNY

(over)Mum, are you listening? I  
don't need clothes, I need an  
education.

Meera isn't listening. She grabs her keys, grabs Sonny's hand  
and yanks him out of the room.



## Rimswood

### Dramedy

#### Quinn Hogan

*Rimswood* is an 8-part TV-hour Dramedy.

When her mother dies, a young, hot-headed transgender woman, Eva Lawson, returns to her small-country hometown, hoping to make amends with her estranged father. Like most things in Eva's life, it spectacularly backfires when she instead makes the decision to humiliate her father by running against him for the position of town mayor.

### Biography

Quinn is a 25-year old transgender woman, who unashamedly hopes she can use her minority points for a seamless transition into becoming a working writer.

Quinn likes to make work that revolves around the hilarity and the heartbreak of difference. She believes in the power of women-centred stories and wants to dedicate her career to making Australian Film and Television content as diverse and subversive as possible.

During her time at the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA), Quinn has written across a variety of different genres and formats, including art-house short film, sci-fi television and children's comedy. She is consistently surprised at her own versatility and her ability to shamelessly plug herself.

Quinn grew up in a community of medieval recreationists in a small NSW country town. She currently lives in the western suburbs of Melbourne and is tickled pink by the Doggie's glorious premiership.

### Contact

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EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT.

Eva closes her car door behind her and walks towards a small townhouse on top of a hill. She passes by a run down Camry, bonnet open, its back wheels propped up precariously on a set of crumbling bricks.

She walks up to the cast-iron security door, knocks.

A light flicks on inside. The door opens. JIMMY, 32, an ex-junkie stands behind the screen door. He blinks the sleep out of his eyes.

JIMMY

Shit. Eva.

Jimmy opens the screen and half steps out.

EVA

(coy)

Hey Jimmy...

Umm, sorry it's so late but...

Eva takes her time getting the money out of her bra, making sure to expose herself as much as she can.

EVA (CONT'D)

I wanted to give you this. It's not all of it, but I wanted to make a start.

Jimmy takes the money.

JIMMY

Thanks. I guess.

There's an awkward pause as Jimmy holds the money in his hand. Eva clears her throat.

EVA

So hey, listen. I know it's a lot to ask, but, ah, look do you reckon I could stay, maybe? Just I haven't got anywhere and...

JIMMY

Huh. I shoulda guessed. I can't. Pam's moved back in.

Eva shakes her head, she doesn't register the name.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

My ex?

(pause)

My other ex. We sorted things out. She brought Bronson back with her. You know, be a family again?

Jimmy has a goofy smile on his face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
And look, she... she doesn't know  
about us, you know?

EVA  
Then just tell her I'm a cousin,  
you've got plenty of those!

JIMMY  
Can't. Total honesty. Part of the  
program.

EVA  
That doesn't make sense Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Look she doesn't need to know  
alright? It's been hard enough  
getting her back here. Besides, she  
doesn't even know that I'm, you  
know...

EVA  
What? A tranny-chaser?!

JIMMY  
I prefer trans-attracted.

EVA  
Oh for fucks sake! I'm living out  
of the mitsubishi alright, please,  
just one night? Please.

The noise of a baby crying in the background makes Jimmy turn  
around.

JIMMY  
Coming Bronnie!

Eva goes to grab at the door, but it clicks shut. She rattles  
it a few times.

EVA  
Jimmy! JIMMY!?

There's no answer, just the high-pitched wailing of the baby.  
Eva walks away in frustration. She lashes out, kicking  
Jimmy's car.

There's a groaning sound as the jerks forward.

One of the bricks under the rear tyre breaks and the car  
rolls forward.

3.

EVA (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
Nononononoo!

Eva tries to grab at the car's front door, but it's locked.

The car is completely off the bricks now, beginning its slow roll down the hill.

EVA (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
Fuck!

Eva turns away, head down, walking back to her car, trying to look inconspicuous. Her phone rings.

She fumbles it out of her pocket, silencing the call.

JIMMY  
Eva!

Shit. Jimmy walks up to her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm sorry you can't stay.  
And... Well, reckon you need this  
more than me.

He hands back over the cash.

Eva bites her lip, takes the money.

EVA  
Yeap. Thanks Jimmy.

Eva hurries away. Jimmy turns back to the house.

JIMMY  
Where's my car?

A loud crash sounds out from the end of the street. Car alarms blare loudly.

Eva's mitsubishi flies past a million an hour.



## Shelter

Drama

### Shonty Fisher

*Shelter* is a six episode, one hour long TV drama. When a vaccinated seven-year-old boy is diagnosed with Whooping Cough at a prestigious primary school, a witch hunt of the Anti-Vax community is galvanised. The boy's single mother, Natalie, is heralded as a martyr and becomes the leader of a vengeful mob. Laurel, a social worker for the Department of Family and Community services, must protect her own child against the discovery of her being unvaccinated. In an effort to protect their own, allegiances are forged, whilst the children remain the victims. The epidemic strikes the secure lies of suburbia.

### Biography

Hailing from the infamous Cronulla beach, where her father was a lifeguard during the race riots, and her mother a Mid-Western Seppo transplanted to the heart of Boganic suburbia, Shonty developed a taste for the uncomfortable. Despite looking, speaking and drinking like an archetypal 'Shire gal', being raised in a Marxist household in the electorate of Scott Morrison took a toll. Shonty licked her finger, stuck it in the air, flexed her subversive muscles, and began to write. Her stories continue to pursue contentious divides, but more importantly, they seek out a humanity that can evade us in real life. Despite her US citizenship, she is devoted to telling Australian stories.

### Contact

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EXT. LAUREL AND KIM'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - EVENING

Kim is sitting on a fold out chair next to the barbecue.

Laurel comes out the back door with her arms crossed.

KIM  
She in bed?

Laurel nods.

KIM (CONT'D)  
I can't fucking believe you.

Laurel is shocked.

KIM (CONT'D)  
Do you have any idea what it's like to have that fucking prick tell me about that little lie you cooked up about Vi's vaccinations? I looked like a fucking idiot.

LAUREL  
We needed to get her into that school, Kim. You would've said no.

KIM  
No? All I've ever done is say yes to you.

LAUREL  
Come on, Kim.

KIM  
Yes free range eggs, yes violin lessons, yes Shaun the godfather, yes his out-of-area elite posh-arse primary school -

Kim starts pointing things out in the backyard.

KIM (CONT'D)  
Yes lemon trees, yes patio, yes hammock -

Laurel softens. Lets him rant.

KIM (CONT'D)  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, YES. But you know what I never should have agreed to? Your insane bloody aversion to this vaccination crap! Yep, I said it: CRAP.  
(MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)

That's what I think. It's a load of fucken hog wash, concocted by righteous science deniers. But you know why I never said bloody boo? Because it mattered to YOU. But how can you pretend that this is about the safety of our child anymore, Laurel? Violet is going to be a bloody outcast. Banned from school, not invited to birthday parties. You want that for her? She's going to have to spend the rest of her childhood defending YOUR decision. How is that for her protection?

Laurel stares at him, shock turning to wrath.

LAUREL

You cannot blame me for how WE raised our child. If you wanted something done differently, you should have had the guts to say so.

KIM

I'm saying something now.

LAUREL

Now is too fucking late, Kim. We have a 6 year old. You can't change your mind now. We made a decision.

KIM

No, you made a decision and I let you. That's my own fault. But it's not Violet's fault. She shouldn't have to suffer because of you.

LAUREL

You think that she suffers having me as a mother?

KIM

She will.

LAUREL

How can you be married to a woman like that?

KIM

I don't know.

That hits Laurel. She wasn't expecting that.

Kim looks her dead in the eyes.

3.

Laurel storms back into the house.

Kim's composure falls.

An ignition roars to life. A car zooms off.

Kim is alone.



## Faery

Drama / Fantasy / Mystery

### Simon Harvey

Set in medieval Scandinavia, a woman's children mysteriously disappear during a dangerous blizzard. After an extensive search proves unsuccessful, she relocates from the safety of her village to an abandoned outpost deep in the snowy, untamed wilds and devotes her life to finding them. For a long while she finds nothing; until the discovery of an unusual locket linked to the mythical Ice Queen, coupled with sightings in the village of a strange, horrific creature, sets her down a path of torment, revenge and redemption.

## Biography

The future is uncertain but there's something about creating worlds and inviting others into them that cannot be matched. I think in some way or another I will always be involved in storytelling; and at this point screenwriting is the most exciting approach. I grew up in a small bush town called Bellbrae, wedged between Torquay and Anglesea (two places you might have actually heard of). I think growing up surrounded by dense bushland has had an impact on my writing. The natural world is always present in some form. I also love animals; cats, dogs, chooks, a duck once, a lamb another time, whatever.

## Contact

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EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - DUSK

Ana clammers along, her face flushed red.

EXT. ANA'S HUT - DUSK

Ana arrives home.

Stops.

Staring down.

We see what she's looking at: a footprint. Like a frog's, but massive. We've seen this before.

Hold on Ana as she processes this, scanning the surrounds, especially the forest.

INT. ANA'S HUT - NIGHT

The crackling fire. A pot is placed above it.

Ana takes a couple steps back and plonks down on the floor, cross-legged. She eats stew from a wooden bowl, staring into the fire, her mind elsewhere.

She shuffles to the bench and reaches up, grabbing the pendant. She places it on the floor before her, staring at it as she eats.

CUT TO:

INT. ANA'S HUT - LATER

The fire is but a heap of glowing coals. The room is dark - there are no windows. Ana lies on her bed in the corner.

The night is silent.

Ana's awake, eyes open.

A distant THUD, outside.

We can only just make out Ana's eyes. She stares straight ahead, not moving an inch.

Silence again... then...

THUD THUD. Closer this time. Like something heavy slamming into snow.

Ana's eyes again, closer, wider somehow.

Silence again.

2.

Then a series of low gurgling noises, unknowable.

Ana starts to shift her body. Ever so slowly...

THUMP. Against the door.

Ana ceases movement.

A continuous slow-moving SCRATCHING makes its way along the length of the house, past Ana's bed. It stops.

Ana's eyes are darting around now. Hyper-aware. She brings her knees up to her chest. Holds.

Beat.

Quickly she rolls off her bed and onto the floor, *just* as a SMASH breaks the silence and a huge, clawed hand of spindly veiny fingers breaks into the hut and immediately begins to grope ferociously at empty air.

It finds Ana's bed and with scary speed latches onto Ana's blankets, rips them out through the hole in the wall.

Ana leaps to her feet, keeping low, makes for her bow and quiver on the floor in the corner.

She secures them, diving to the center of the room just as the hand re-enters, this time reaching in further, flailing around like a dying fly.

Ana rolls onto her back, shuffles backwards somehow and brings an arrow to her bow. She lets loose with learned precision.

The arrow THUNKS into the creature's hand and a familiar, though this time much closer, WAIL erupts from outside.

It's shrill and lasts an uncomfortably long time.

Ana's already poised to shoot again.

The wail ceases and suddenly silence takes hold once more, save for Ana's heavy breathing.

A very long beat.

The breathing slows. Ana searches with her senses. She slowly gets to her feet and moves closer to the hole, seeing with her latched arrow.

She ducks out then back.

Nothing.

Judging the coast as clear, she looks out properly this time. It's a dark cloudy night. The landscape can be made out, only vaguely.

3.

Ana moves silently to the door now. She nudges it open, arrow still latched, ready to let loose.

She manoeuvres outside and immediately flattens herself against the wall next to the door, peering out into the empty night. Once more, nothing.

She takes a step out into the night with a CRUNCH. She continues to move out, slowly, her head shifting in varying directions.

We now see her from the front, the hut framing her from behind. We see that there is a large dark shape crouched atop the hut. We see its two eyes glowing as the moon emerges from behind a cloud. We see its spindly, spidery body and warped, eerily expressionless face, its pointed ears, its large frog-like feet. We see it leap into the air just as Ana realizes.

We see it land before Ana and with a short, sharp, sickening CRACK, smack her aside with extraordinary force.

CUT TO: BLACK



## Square One

### Comedy

#### Trung Le

Based on true events, *Square One* is a comedy series in which the hot and heavy dating of *Sex and the City* meets the sweaty streets of the Western Melbourne suburbs. Van is 'gaysian', on the hunt for life-changing love and Kiran is a Pakistani girl looking for life-changing sex. They date Kmart sugar daddies with Asian fetishes and models with atrocious Instagram photos until they're back at square one. These new romantics are searching for men to fulfil them, but end up finding love and friendship along the way.

### Biography

Trung Le was the third fattest baby born in Australia in 1996. Most are six pounds, he checked in at thirteen. From childhood obesity, he's gone on to complete a screenwriting degree at the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA) – mildly disappointing his Vietnamese immigrant parents. The perfect storm of racial guilt, undetermined sexuality and dangerous weight have led to scripts that revolve around identity politics and binge eating. Trung co-hosts a radio show at Radio Fodder and writes articles for *Farrago* and *On The List*, where he is completing an internship. His journalistic body of work ranges from confessional pieces about his love life to listicles about where to find the juiciest meat pie. He dreams of promoting diversity and helping the world fall in love.

### Contact

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INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Classic Italian restaurant with soft focus.

VAN (25) walks through the door. Vietnamese, romantic and eager for pasta. He waves to a strapping, mysterious man -- GRAHAM (26) already sitting at the table.

VAN  
I've heard nothing but good things  
about this place. That woman there  
is actually crying over how good  
the carbonara is.

A SAD WOMAN (38) across the room weeps into her bowl.

GRAHAM  
You should take a seat.

They slide into the velvet booth.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I think we should talk about us...

VAN  
(orgasmic)  
Yes! Tell me!

Graham takes a sip of water for an unbearable pause.

GRAHAM  
...I think we should not see each  
other.

It hits Van's face all at once.

VAN  
Okay. Wow. Thought you were gonna  
ask to be exclusive. Well... at  
least we can be friends right.

GRAHAM  
I don't want to be friends.

Graham pulls out a stack of flash cards from his pocket.

VAN  
Oh, you have your critics choice  
award speech ready?

GRAHAM  
(reading)  
"The more I am around you, the more  
disgusted and annoyed I am".

VAN  
Okay. Give me that.

He snatches the stack from him.

VAN (CONT'D)  
"You tell waiters we're engaged" --  
For the free food.  
"You won't stop texting my mum" --  
Karen loves my world.  
"You told me that you have never  
felt such a deep human connection  
that has rocked you like this  
before" -- Sorry for thinking we  
had something special.

GRAHAM  
We've been on like 2 dates. You  
need to stop romanticising  
everything. You can't even see that  
I brought you to a breakup  
restaurant.

Van looks around. So many people are crying into their pasta.

He turns back. His nose starts to bleed.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Just read the rest on my dating  
blog. [www.50shadesofgraham.com](http://www.50shadesofgraham.com)

Van watches him stride out. He sees him meet up and go with  
another guy through the glass window. He pulls out his phone.

VAN  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

KIRAN (25, Pakistani) is being rigorously fucked. She's an 11  
and she knows it. Her phone rings.

KIRAN  
Hold up--  
(to phone)  
Hey. Now's not a good time.

VAN  
No no please. Can you pick me up?

3.

KIRAN  
I'm in the middle of something.

VAN  
Graham just broke up with me with his dating blog. My nose is bleeding. And I have Highpoint La Porchetta pasta.

KIRAN  
I'm there.

She rolls over to the KEVIN (27), equally hot and annoying.

KIRAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Gotta bounce.

KEVIN  
You promised we'd do anal!

KIRAN  
And I promised myself I'd never have sex with someone named Kevin yet here we are.

KEVIN  
My name is Calvin... why are you so afraid of a real human connection? I'm just a boy, standing in front of girl--

KIRAN  
Keep it.

He becomes visibly offended. She sees a chocolate bar on the night stand.

KIRAN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna take this. It's mine.

CUT BACK TO:

He rolls a tissue and sticks it up his nose. A waitress walks over.

WAITRESS  
What will it be?

Van looks at her. Sweetly. He starts to sob. He gestures to the sad weeping woman.

VAN  
I'll have what she's having.

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**To learn more about the Screenwriting program at  
the Victorian College of the Arts visit:**

**[vca.unimelb.edu.au/artistic-disciplines/writing](http://vca.unimelb.edu.au/artistic-disciplines/writing)**

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