

Sons of the Soil

By

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EXT.AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK-DAY

FADE IN:

Early Morning, the sound of cockatoos making their hideous screeching calls coming from a large gumtree standing tall, sprouting out from the hot red sunburned landscape.

Looking round the vast open flat baron plains, the heat shimmers in the distance. You would be forgiven at first glance to think there was water in the distance, sadly however you'd be wrong.

A lone kangaroo stands on his hind legs ears twitching, spinning like some sort of radar, his body image waves like a flag in the early morning breeze. In the background in the distance there appears to be another image waving through the heat shimmer, it appears to be gradually moving closer and closer, slowly as the image gains, out from the shimmer it transforms into a young aboriginal man late teens early twenties running. He's bare chested wearing only a pair of shorts with no shoes. A kookaburra(Australian native bird) is heard laughing in the distance as the young man strides his pace. His feet can be heard pounding the scorched earth his breathing in perfect rhythm with his pace.

CUT TO:

EXT.AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK TOWN-DAY

The streets are wide dusty red dirt, the buildings are old, you see a few cars, with different coloured panels. A few bare footed aboriginal teenage boys playing footy in the main.

On the side walks you see aboriginal elders sitting on the bench seats, and some propped up by the building, hats over their faces, you here the fly s droning around them.

A 4 wheel drive police vehicle turns in from a side street slowly cruising by the elders approaching the kids playing footy. The vehicle blasting the horn. the kids move aside.

CUT TO:

INT.POLICE VEHICLE-DAY

We see two police officers in the vehicle, the younger office driving, immaculately pressed uniform with an older police officer leaning over pushing the horn dressed in uniform but unlike the other, looks like he has slept in his for a week.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

You see kid these bastards will
test your bloody patients everyday
don't take any shit from them.

INT./EXT POLICE VEHICLE MAIN STREET -DAY

Tim looks in amazement in the main street wondering what the hell he is in for.

TIM

Yes sarge-I mean No sarge

MICK (OS)

They are bloody trouble these black
fellas and they start at an early
age.

As the police vehicle levels with the kids, you see them spitting toward the police vehicle.

VOICE #1(OS)

Piss off pigs

Tim the driving police officer winds his window up

VOICE#2 (OS)

Hey look a new fella. We'll get ya

Tim looks unsure of his new surrounds, a little uneasy casting a side look to the fat unhealthy messy sarge beside him.As you here thumps on the side of the vehicle.

MICK

what have we here?

The bitter and twisted sarge is looking down the street, Tim looks at him, then looks in the same direction.The aboriginal runner we saw earlier comes in view.Body glistening with sweat,There are younger kids yelling and cheering running alongside the runner as if the runner just finished some sort of marathon,you see Tim the new police officer smile with curiosity and wonder. Tim still looking toward the runner.

TIM

Wow that guy can run,who is that
sarge? man he can run.

Mick the fat Sargent leans over pushes a button, the sirens come to life. The lights come to life on the police vehicle,kids stop running in unison with the runner. the runner stands in the middle of the street

(CONTINUED)

MICK

That is Dave Pirra he is trouble
comes from a family of trouble now
git movin.this is no fuck en Bondi
beach now young fella.

He gestures the young driver to drive forward.

CUT TO:

EXT.MAIN STREET-DAY

Dave stands still in the middle of the street looking toward the approaching police vehicle, with a look of wonder, His athletic body shining like a thoroughbred after a big race. His hands rested on his hips.as he observes patiently for the speeding police vehicle to arrive.

DAVE (VO)

what the hell does he want?

VOICE #3(OS)

Dave you give it to em tell that
fat prick to piss off leave us
fellas alone.

The police vehicle skids in front of Dave kicking up red dust all over him. The dust coating his sweat soaked body,now resembling a traditional aboriginal at a corroboree (traditional Dance) he raises his arm to shield his eyes from the red talcum powder from the earth.

DAVE

Shud up you lot we done nothin
wrong he is just a fat prick.

CROWD (LAUGHING)

CUT TO:

EXT.POLICE VEHICLE- MAIN STREET-DAY

The police vehicle comes to an abrupt halt,red dust slowly settling allowing us a view of the overweight police Sargent alighting from the vehicle.The younger Cop driver nervously comes round the front of the vehicle they are well and truly out numbered.

MICK

What are you lot laughing about go
on piss off the lot of ya.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd stand their ground folded arms not moving, Dave stands in the middle of the pack attempting to clean his eyes out with his hands.waiting for the daily spiel he receives from the overweight scruffy Sargent.

MICK

Well boy what you running from ?
been up to no good no doubt?

DAVE

Training Sarge that's all training

MICK

Piss off training for what? your as
useless as your old man. drunken
bastard.your like him mount to
nothin

Mick points over the other side of the street at a drunk old aboriginal man sleeping on the footpath. The younger police officer looks in the pointed direction as the old man coughs up body shaking. Fly's droning disturbed from the movement scattering in the hot air.

DAVE (SARCASTICALLY)

were you born an arsehole? or just
became one?

CUT TO:

Crowd laughing Tim the younger police officer trying to hide his smile and snigger's moving his hat to hide his face. The older police officer takes his hat off with one hand the other hand runs through his hair,looking humiliated in front of everyone.

MICK (YELLING)

SEARCH HIM CONSTABLE O'NEIL SEARCH
HIM NOW

TIM

He's only got a pair of shorts on
what am I searching f--

MICK (YELLING, INTERRUPTING)

FUCKEN DO AS YOUR TOLD CONSTABLE.

Tim jumps in the vehicle shaking his head starts up the motor.

TIM

Come on sarge they want us back at
the station.

(CONTINUED)

Mick jumps in fuming looks at Tim with dagger eyes without a word. the vehicle drives off.

CUT TO:

INT.POLICE STATION -DAY

Inside the Police station we see Senior SGT Albert Bevan (50's) standing behind the duty desk. A huge man fit for his age, a veteran in these parts. looks up from his paper work as the two officers walk in.

ALBERT

G'day men how is it out there?
G'day Tim welcome to your first day
in the outback sorry I couldn't
meet you last night but well duty
calls.

TIM

G'day Senior that's ok bloody long
drive from the City got in late.

ALBERT

We need to talk in my office get
some paperwork outa the way, grab a
coffee and we will start.

Tim moves over to a small area where there is a hot urn
makes himself a cup of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT.MECHANIC SHOP-DAY

Dave comes out from the back of the mechanic shop dressed
in work gear with heavy boots on unlaced still, his arms on
his head with a towel drying his wet hair as he moves into
the work area where we see a car on the hoist. His boss Ian
sitting at his desk reading the paper smoke hanging out of
his mouth a steaming cup of coffee sitting on the paper. He
glances up to look at Dave.

IAN

I see you had another run in with
the gestapo? beat
when will he give up?

DAVE

When the mongrel's Dead

(CONTINUED)

Ian looks at the paper closer pulls the page up a little closer, his mouth wide open smoke still stuck to his bottom lip. Paper Reads:

"ANNUAL SHOW HOW FAST ARE YOU? \$5,000 FOR THE RUNNER WHO CAN BEAT A HORSE AND A MOTOR BIKE"

Ian picks up the paper toward Dave pointing as Dave approaches him

IAN

Hey Dave this is you mate wouldn't have to pay you for bloody two months.

Ian looking at Dave laughing and coughing at the same time Dave grabs and reads the paper, his eyes wide open a smile forms on his face.

DAVE

Mate five grand you will be still paying me ya old bugga.

They both stand there laughing their heads off.the laughter grows silent from Ian, his smile disappears like the sun on the horizon as he looks on the wall at a very old newspaper cut out of a young aboriginal runner in full flight arms raised as he bursts through the finishing ribbon. A tear starts to form in the corner of the old mans eye,an extreme close up of his eye as if we are entering his head.

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. SYDNEY STADIUM-DAY-FLASHBACK

The stadium is a sea of movement in the seats,Every colour you could imagine flags from round the world flying high. There are field events in the middle of the track, Runners warming up along side, the sound of people is deafening.

SUPERIMPOSITION:

SYDNEY OLYMPICS

SUMMER 2000

We see a ten year old Aboriginal boy sitting with a younger version of Ian (the mechanic). The boy has a huge smile on his face which dwarfs a huge coke cup.The first time he had been to the City let alone a massive world event like the Olympics.bouncing up and down trying to look for someone on

(CONTINUED)

the track. Ian is along side him stuffing his face with a Four n Twenty (Australian Meat Pie).

DAVE

You see em yet, I can't find him ya
see em ya see em?

IAN

Hey hold ya bloom en horses your
like a jack N a box (beat)he
won't be long now.

DISSOLVES TO:

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Ian still stands staring at the picture on the wall with
tears rolling down his cheeks he sobs quietly

DAVE (YELLING)

...an, Ian you hear me you old
bludger?(beat) Hello?(beat) Ian!

Ian shakes himself realizing he is not at the stadium but in
his Garage with Dave yelling at him. He looks Dave straight
in the eye arm on Dave's shoulder as if he was a coach
giving directions. His other hand thumping the pic.

IAN

You win that Dave for old
Lionel(beat) you win it.(beat Beat)
The best Runner that ever lived
your Dad (Beat) LIONEL LIGHTENING
PIRRA

CUT TO:

INT.POLICE STATION -DAY

M.O.S The Senior is briefing Mick as Tim looks on from the
open door of the Seniors office. Looks like some sort of
argument but not loud enough for Tim to hear, he sits
nervously like a prisoner waiting for a jury to arrive at
their verdict. The Senior has his back to him now and Tim
can see the Sarge looking his way. Tim now grows
uncomfortable trying to look any where but his way.

ALBERT

And go home clean yourself up, and
means a shave to Sargent (beat) not
bloody impressed (beat beat) and
leave Dave alone.

(CONTINUED)

TIM (O.S)
Yes Senior roger that.

Foot steps are heard leaving as the Sarge goes out the station, DOOR BANGS. The other footsteps are the Senior approaching Tim who is sitting in his office. The senior moves round to the other side of the desk still looking at the paperwork in his hands, flicking through a folder like a school teacher marking an assignment.

ALBERT (CONCENTRATES)
Um aha a yep, (beat) excellent (beat)
good well done.

Albert now looks up at Tim who is sitting uneasy with the senior in front of him. The senior just stares at him for a while. Tim is really uncomfortable now as if the jury have passed their verdict to the Judge. he waits in desperation for the Senior to speak trying not to eyeball the huge man intimidating like man behind the desk. Tims hands are sweating that much his uniform is soaked.

TIM (V.O)
Christ speak to me what the hell is
this a fuck en trial, come on say
something high bloody tower.

Albert reaches down to his draw still eyeballing Tim pulls open the draw very slowly, looks out the door making sure no one is around.

TIM (V.O)
Shit this big ox is going to shoot
me ? hell what have I done? did I
see too much with the Sarge? Should
I have searched that Kid, Dave?

ALBERT
You better close the door Constable
we have some business to sort out.

Tim gets up heads towards the door, looking out thinking this is his escape route, and he is about to close his opportunity of escape.

CUT TO:

INT.POLICE STATION OFFICE DOOR-DAY

The door closes all is quiet then BANG,You hear nothing and then a scuffling noise then there is another BANG

CUT TO:

INT.OFFICE-DAY

There is Tim Lying on the floor motionless the Senior is moving round to the other side of the desk.

ALBERT

Hey you right? don't worry about the bin here lets help you up.

Tim had tripped on the rubbish bin when he closed the door now picking himself up.

TIM

Sorry senior didn't see the bloody thing.

ALBERT

Sit back on the chair (beat) looks like you've seen a bloody ghost.Don't worry you'll get used to the heat.

Tim sits back on the chair when he settles down again he notices a large bottle of O.P Bundaberg Rum, two glasses on the seniors desk and the senior pouring rum into them.Then handing one out to Tim.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Ok Constable lets get down to business.

TIM

Thanks Senior but I'm on duty

ALBERT

First off see that door closed?

TIM

Yes Senior?

ALBERT

well when it's like that call me Bert(beat) or we are in Civvies not working ok? as for work your off duty that bucket of shit Doyle can

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT (cont'd)
do the lot day and night duty turn
up to my station dressed like that.

ALBERT (CONTD)
Never bullshit cause a bullshitter
knows when a bullshitter is
bullshitting a bullshitter.

ALBERT (CONTD)
So kid what am i trying to say?

TIM
um don't bullshit?

ALBERT
You don't bullshit who son?

TIM
You?

ALBERT
Well yeah if i was a bullshitter so
what that make you young Tim
O'neil?

TIM
A bullshitter Bert(beat) a
bullshitter.

Tim smiles like he has been awarded a huge pay rise raising
his glass in honour. Albert sits in his chair looking at him
with a stare of death.

ALBERT
So Kid what are you bullshitting
about?

Tims face is drained with colour speechless mouth wide
open slowly sits down. The senior still staring then laughs
out loud

ALBERT (cont'd)
Got ya there Tim bullshit that was
good. priceless.

ALBERT (CONTD)
Come on Tim come let me introduce
you to the town.

Tim leads the way with the big man following him with his
hand on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT.MAIN STREET-DAY

Tim walks down the main with Albert alongside him, every step of the way someone saying G'day to them mostly Aboriginal people. Albert had been here for many years and had gained a lot of respect and it showed. The postie pulls up on his motorbike no helmet, no shirt just a workman's safety vest.

POSTMAN

G'day Bert here's your mail or ya want me to drop it off at the station?

ALBERT

Yeah thanks bluey up at the station will be good.

POSTMAN

K see ya mate

The postie looks, Tim up and down the whole time as he leaves he finally acknowledges him

POSTMAN (cont'd)

Catch ya later Cobba

TIM

Sure mate will do

Both the Police officers proceed down the main stopping every few steps for the introductions of the curious locals wanting to know the new face in town. As they proceed Albert turns into a building written on the outside of the building in faded paint, weathered from years of display.

PIRRA MECHANICAL REPAIRS:

Tim picks up the pace like a child scared of getting lost from his father in a busy shopping mall.

INT.MECHANIC SHOP-DAY

Albert enters the Mechanic workshop, the walls are lined with every tool imaginable on white peg boards, and where there is a tool missing a drawn outline marks the place of it's residence. The concrete floor has layers of dust and old oil stains from years of mechanical repairs. We see the car up on the hoist with Dave working on the incapacitated machine pointing out the faults to the on looking Ian. They both turn as the big police officer approaches, Ian looks at Dave, Dave looks back at him with concern.

(CONTINUED)

Tim has finally caught up with the giant man in uniform, puffing a little as if he had to run to catch up.

ALBERT

G'day boys how they hangin?

IAN

G'day Bert whats new mate?(beat)well you have a newbie?

ALBERT

Yeah Dave you've already met Tim I hear?

DAVE (SARCASTICALLY)

Not by choice mate, your mate hassled me again

IAN

I suggest that,that idiot Mick Doyle best be leaving young Dave alone(beat)Or there will be trouble Bert.

Dave comes out from under the hoist wiping his hands with a dirty rag, as Ian heads to the jug filling it up with water for preparation to make coffees.Tim approaches Dave.

TIM

G'day Dave sorry about this morning(beat)just new here.

Tim holds his hand out to shake with Dave

DAVE

G'day Tim, Dave Pirra that Doyle is a prick.

ALBERT

Tim you have just shaken hands with the fastest man on legs(beat)you may have heard of his father(beat beat)Lionel Pirra?

Albert looks at Ian as a saddened look comes over both their faces as if been told that someone just died.Dave looks at the floor with a face of rage,a face of frustration,hated.The place goes dead quiet, you could hear a pin drop. Until Tim breaks the ice.

TIM

Shit Lionel Pirra was your Father?

(CONTINUED)

Tim stands in disbelief, mouth wide open he now knows why everyone is so quiet, he sees the newspaper cutout on the wall walks over ever so cautiously as if he were being stalked by a wild animal he points to the cutout turns to Dave, waiting for approval.

TIM

Do you mind Dave (beat) if I have a look?

DAVE

No mate go ahead.

ALBERT

Mate you are looking at...

TIM (INTERRUPTS)

The fastest man ever, (beat) world record holder
100,200,400,800,1500,5000.

IAN

And the Marathon don't forget the marathon. 2hours 4min.

Ian holds a cup of coffee out to Tim, Tim doesn't take his eyes off the faded image as he holds his hand out to collect the cup. The image is of Lionel Pirra but you would be forgiven if you said Dave Pirra a spitting image of his father.

TIM

He holds the 100m record 9.74

ALBERT

No mate we clocked him out here unofficial Try 9.67

Tim spits out his coffee turns to the three men behind him looking like someone just smashed him in the back of the head with disbelief on his face as if he was looking at some sort of out of body experience. Dave looks at him with a hatred look on his face eyes watered with sorrow. Ian is blowing his nose. Albert consoles him with his giant arms around him. Albert looks over at Dave.

ALBERT

There is someone even faster now

TIM

No way your bullshitting me right?

IAN

No mate it is very very true and I know someone faster.

Tim looks confused trying to digest what he has just been told he looks around everyone is serious he soon realizes this was no joke.

TIM

Yeah I can go faster on a motorbike
(beat) who the hell can run faster
than that? (beat beat) the the the
wind?

They all look standing in a circle laughing like a pack of hyenas with Tom standing in the middle of them circling to attack the hyenas in a final stand off defence.

IAN

Tim, Young Dave here mate, he runs a
marathon every morning into work
(beat) well just over a marathon
actually (beat) in bare feet.

Tim reaches for a seat like an expected mother ready to go in labor. Looking at Dave supposedly the fastest man on earth.

TIM

So why the hell aren't you running
professionally? instead of being
stuck out here in the sticks?

DAVE

Because I am on a promise to my
Dad, Ian and Bert here (beat) I have
to finish my apprenticeship
first and am on a probation thanks
to your mate Doyle.

Albert steps forward to where the boys are, sipping his coffee as if he was about to give orders for a surprise attack on a Crime ring. The boys eagerly await for him to sip his coffee to hear what the big fella has got to say.

ALBERT

Thats why son Mick Doyle stopped
Dave this morning trying to break
him so he will strike back
(beat) then next stop for Dave is
Long Bay (beat) for a loong time.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

So your the boss round here sort it out for (beat) This is a waste of bloody rare talent.

ALBERT

Hey kid you come in from Bondi and try and tell me what is right and wrong? (beat) you don't think I have tried. One thing you will learn here, it's a whole lot of policing in the outback.

Ian moves forward to take over from the huge man in uniform, ready to chuck in his ten cents worth.

IAN

Boys were lockin up goin over to the pub for a counta i'm that hungry I could eat the guts out of a dingo.

Dave didn't need to be told twice he springs up into action pulls the roller door down with the chain. Tim still shell shocked trying to digest all this information.

ALBERT

Tim come on mate standing there like a bloody stunned mullet. We will have to get changed outa this mickey mouse outfit first.

Dave hurries around making sure everything is locked up while Ian locks up the make shift office made up of shiiping crates and pallets. The men in uniform hurry back out the back door so they are not stopped so not to waste time. Out the back there is an old Willy's Jeep parked in the corner Bert gestures toward it

ALBERT (cont'd)

Come on mate jump in we'll go home get some steppin out gear on.

TIM

Wow where ya get the old Willy's from? it's great.

ALBERT

this is surplus after the Yanks were here in WWII, bloody heaps in the scrub just gotta know where to look, bit of work good as new.

(CONTINUED)

Tim was sitting up in the passengers seat looking like a dog hanging his head out of the car trying to catch the air as the big coppa drives the 1940's Willy's flat out to his place. just out on the main highway on the verge of town

TIM

I love these old girls woohoo what a blast.

ALBERT

Git ya melon in here before it gets knocked off you galaha.

Minutes later the men in blue are back at Berts place like two kids changing costumes at a school play before the curtain goes up again.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - DAY

Inside the public bar Dave and Ian are leaning on the stained hardwood century old bar as if they were restraining it from falling over. Dave had set in front of him a schooner of orange juice, with Ian sipping on a middie of Tooheys New. They are the only patron's in the public bar.

The two police officers join the two of them, Bert leans over ready to order a drink for himself and one for the green new coppa. The old limbing publican with only one eye approaches the men with a can of bundy rum in his hand, slides the can toward Bert, whilst looking at Tim.

PUBLICAN

G'day Bert, and you young fella
what will ya have? (beat) new
blood Bert?

TIM

Yeah bundy thanks mate.

The publican magically pulls out another bundy from behind his back flicks open the tab pushes it in front of Tim, sits back on his stool.

ALBERT

Yeah mate they sent me another from
the city so bloody look after him,
he'll be keepin an eye on you you
old croc.

DISSOLVES TO:

BLACK SCREEN WHITE WRITING

Credits roll