

SKIN

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FADE IN:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

After hours. Not a soul in sight. Street lamps do their best to illuminate the dark, eerie night.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, followed by HEAVY BREATHING.

In the distance --

GROUP OF MEN (O.S.)  
(singing)  
My eyes have seen the glory of the  
trampling at the zoo -

Running for his life across the parking lot: SECURITY GUARD  
(25) tall, thin, Islamic.

MAIN ENTRANCE

Sliding glass doors with a swipe key entry. Security Guard trembles as he swipes his key card. It comes up RED.

GROUP OF MEN (O.S.)  
(singing)  
We washed our hands in niggers blood  
and all the mongrels, too -

Security Guard aborts that idea. He moves around to an opening with a few industrial sized bins. Plenty of places to hide.

GROUP OF MEN (O.S.)  
(singing)  
We're taking down the zog machine,  
Jew by Jew by Jew -

PANTING heavily, Security Guard scans the area with his eyes.

On the opposite side of the area, he spots a dark corner, behind a bin. Heads for it.

NAZI'S (O.S.)  
(singing)  
The white man marches on!

Group Of Men LAUGH in the distance.

GROUP OF MEN (O.S.)  
Where'd you go Akbah?

MAIN ENTRANCE

GROUP OF MEN approach, revealing themselves as THREE NAZI'S.

With stocking's over their heads, camo pants, black Doc Martins and suspenders, they sure look the part.

Security Guard tries to hide in the bin, but it's overloaded. He gets out.

MOMENTS LATER

Nazi's arrive at the bin area. Look around. Excited.

NAZI 1  
We almost got 'em, boys. I can smell it.

Nazi 1 PUSHES a recycling bin against the wall. BOTTLES SMASH.

Crouched in a dark area behind another bin, Security Guard places his hand over his mouth. Tries to steady his breathing.

He watches from behind, as the Nazi's scout the area across from him.

Nazi 2 jumps in a cardboard bin. Stamps down on the cardboard like he was practicing his karate.

NAZI 2  
IYA! IYA! IYA!

Nazi 3 checks behind a stack of pallets by PUSHING them over.

NAZI 3  
Maybe he blew himself up?

NAZI 2  
You dickhead, we would've heard it.

Security Guard, almost in tears, drops to his stomach. He tries to crawl under the bin, but he's too big.

NAZI 3  
I was obviously joking.

He watches the Nazi's boots from below the bin.

Nazi 1 digs through a general bin. Finds nothing.

NAZI 1  
It stinks so bad; he's gotta be  
close.

Nazi's congregate. Nazi 1 pulls out a butchers knife.

NAZI 1  
If you guys were a slimy Muslim,  
where would you hide?

Security Guard BREATHS softly. SNIFFS quietly.

Nazi 3 looks around. Spots the dark corner.

Security Guard sees the Nazi's turn in his direction.

Nazi 3 points to the dark corner.

NAZI 3  
Bing fucking go.

They move slowly towards.

NAZI 3  
(singing)  
Incy wincy Jabi climbed up the water  
spout -  
(Nazi 1 and 2 join)  
- down came the white man and took  
the Muslim out.

Security Guard gulps in fear. Shuffles back against the  
wall.

Nazi's approach the corner. Dancing around. Skipping almost.

Security Guard looks to his left, then to his right. Nowhere  
to go.

Nazi's KICK the steel bin with their steel capped Docs. HELL  
OF A NOISE.

Giving up his position, in a cry for help --

SECURITY GUARD  
Help me!

Nazi's laugh. They got him.

NAZI 2  
He's crying!

Nazi's run around the bin to find their prey in the fetal position.

SECURITY GUARD

Please!

Nazi 2 and 3 pick Security Guard up. Pin him against the wall.

Nazi 1 approaches with the knife. Puts it to his stomach.

SECURITY GUARD

Please! No!

Nazi 2 glares at Security Guard with BRIGHT BLUE EYES.

NAZI 2

Did your people stop shooting when my  
mum begged for her life?

Nazi 1 pulls the knife back.

FADE TO BLACK

STABBING FLESH. SCREAMS.

NAZI 2 (V.O.)

This is not your country.

FADE IN:

INT. ALISTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

A single bed with Australian flag sheets. Swastikas and Hitler posters cover the walls.

A "GONE BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN" banner hangs above a framed picture of Alister, head full of hair, with his MOTHER (45) friendly face with a bright smile.

ALISTER (15) shaved head. Skinny as a rake with bright blue eyes - ties up his black docs to go with his camo pants and suspenders.

KITCHEN

Dad (50) had a rough life and it shows - sits at the table in a messy, out dated kitchen, tuned into the radio -

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
They're saying it was a racially  
motivated attack last night when a  
Muslim security guard was stabbed  
while on duty at the Westfield  
shopping centre. He's in a stable,  
but critical condition at the Royal  
Gold Coast -

Dad laughs with a sadistic smile.

DAD  
Good.

Alister walks through.

DAD  
- Where the fuck are you going?

Alister stops.

ALISTER  
Out.

Dad stands. Moves to Alister, towering over him.

DAD  
Out? Fucking out? These dishes aren't  
gonna clean themselves.

Alister backs down. Submissive.

ALISTER  
I'm just going to the shops.

Dad SLAPS Alister firmly. PUSHES him up against the wall.

DAD  
Fifty milligram White Ox while you're  
at it.

EXT. ALISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

A small house in a run down neighborhood. Lawns well overdue  
for a trim.

Alister exits with with a green grocery bag.

DAD (O.S.)  
And don't forget the filters, this  
time, ya little fucko.

Alister shrugs it off. Flips off his father inside.

He drops his head as he walks -

DOWN THE STREET

Dragging his feet. Hands in his pockets.

A CAR approaches slowly from behind, occupied by three WHITE TEENAGERS (18) trouble stamped all over their faces. They drive up next to Alister.

TEENAGER 1

What's the go with your getup, white boy?

Alister ignores them, keeps walking.

Teenagers laugh.

TEENAGER 2

You're dressed like a fucking idiot, bro.

Alister shakes his head. Eyes straight ahead.

TEENAGER 1

I bet your daddy dresses you like that after he has his way with ya.

Teenagers laugh amongst each other.

Alister stops. As does the car.

TEENAGER 2

You wanna go, faggot?

Alister reaches into the grocery bag. Peels out a straight razor.

TEENAGER 1

Oh shit!

The driver puts his foot down. They take off like a bat out of hell.

Alister snake eyes the car as it burns down the road.

ALISTER

(to himself)

Fucking race traitors.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - DAY

Alister walks down an embankment, onto a grass field. His grocery bag carries a little more weight.

He traverses to a bench seat. Relaxes. Looks over to a -

BASKET BALL COURT

An Islamic FATHER (45) wears a Miami Heat singlet. He shoots hoops with his SON (5). Taqiyah caps on each their heads.

BACK TO ALISTER

Alister rolls up a smoke. Not taking an eye off the Father and his Son.

As Alister licks his cigarette, Father makes eye contact with him. Alister poses a gun with his hand. SHOOTs right at Father.

Father brings his Son in close to him. They turn their back to Alister. Continue to play.

Alister leans his head back, looks to the sky and exhales deeply. He closes his eyes to embrace the head spins.

When he opens them again -

He's confronted by the White Teenagers from the car.

Taken aback, Alister coughs up his smoke. Looks around to see he's surrounded on all angles.

Teenager 1 points to the green bag.

TEENAGER 1  
Your blades in there?

Alister shrugs his shoulders. Casually takes a puff.

Behind Alister, Teenager 2 reveals a baseball bat.

TEENAGER 1  
Not so tough now, ey?

Alister takes a deep breath. He knows he's up shit creek.

Teenager 1 cracks his knuckles.

TEENAGER 1  
Still, wanna fuck with us?



Alister takes another drag of his cigarette, exhales up into the sky, then -- quickly goes for his bag.

Not before Teenager 2 CRACKS him over the back of the head with the baseball bat.

CUT TO BLACK

EARS RINGING

TEENAGER 1 (V.O.)  
(panicked)  
Let's go! Let's go!

FADE IN AND OUT: ALISTER'S BLURRED P.O.V and PITCH BLACK.

Looking up to the sky.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Someone help him!

People gather around.

PEOPLE (V.O.)  
(whispering)  
What happened? Oh my god, is he dead?

WOMAN (V.O.)  
An ambulance is on it's way.

MALE (V.O.)  
He's not breathing!

A Silhouette of a MAN approaches.

MAN (V.O.)  
I'm a doctor.

MAN (V.O.)  
Push as hard as you can!

An Unknown Man performs CPR.

MAN (V.O.)  
Stay with me!

ALL WHITE:

MAN (V.O.)  
One. Two. Three!

THUMP!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - CONTINUOUS

Alister POUNCES UP, in shock and a pool of blood. Gash on the back of his head.

He looks to his savior:

Father in his Miami Heat singlet and Taqiyah cap. Doctors bag next to him. He sighs with relief. Checks Alister's eyes with a torch.

MUSLIM MAN

What year is it?

Alister, on the verge of hyperventilation, calms down as he looks into the eyes of the Muslim Man that saved his life.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.