

A WEEK WITH GRANDPA

by
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WGA Registered.

FADE IN

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-DAY

Two overweight, non-identical, thirteen year-old twin brothers, JARROD and BRYTON WESTFIELD sit in a zombie like state covered in potato chips. They stare forward blankly, not a bat of an eyelid, nor any distinguishable movement of their upper torso.

As we move down the speed is very different, their little fingers move at the speed of light. Tapping buttons furiously on their computer game control pads.

A bead of sweat trickles down Jarrod's forehead. Bryton's face shows a slight smile starting to appear.

Side by side their faces show the contrast as Jarrod begins to cringe with the pain of defeat, Bryton's smile widens. Seconds pass as their faces contrast further and further apart.

TELEVISION SCREEN-

Two video game warriors battle. One beating the other into submission, on the brink of victory.

With one final crunching punch the green warrior knocks the blue warrior to the ground.

CAPTION: GAME OVER!

Bryton slowly turns his head to look at his dejected victim. Aware of his brothers glance Jarrod sits staring forward becoming more agitated as each second passes. Bryton holds his smug smile in Jarrod's direction long enough to aggravate a response from his now furious brother.

JARROD

That was bull and you know it!

BRYTON

It ain't bull when it happens
three times in a row my
friend.

Bryton calmly places his control pad on a table in next to countless bottles of soft drink and junk food wrappers.

JARROD

We are going again.

BRYTON

I'm quite content with my efforts. I think I'll leave now, and go to sleep tonight dreaming of victory.

JARROD

You can't do that! I won the first two! Give me a chance to even it up!

BRYTON

I don't think so.

JARROD

That's not fair!

BRYTON

Hey, that's Outlaw Warriors 3.

Reaching his boiling point Jarrod grabs Bryton's control pad from the table and forces it into hands.

JARROD

Play!

Bryton casually places the control pad back onto the table.

BRYTON

Jarrod, as my brother you should have learned by now the art of being gracious in defeat. I mean, come on, you've had enough practice.

Jarrod loses control and tackles Bryton, knocking the couch over. They continue to wrestle as their mother, JULIE, stands watching at the top of the basement stairs.

JULIE

Knock that off! Lunch is almost ready.

Jarrod and Bryton's head shoot up from behind the couch, their attention diverted immediately.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton sit at the kitchen table, on the verge of salivating, as lunch is prepared.

Their eyes follow the plates as Julie returns with two large beef sandwiches, overflowing with gravy and a side of potato chips.

JARROD

That's what I'm talking about!

BRYTON

Drink mom?

JULIE

Sorry I forgot.

Julie returns with two large frothing cups of Coke.

CUT TO-

Bryton and Jarrod clean the gravy off their plates with the bread from the sandwich, leaving them spotless.

JARROD

Just bring that apple pie into the lounge would you mum? Fortress 2 is on the Movie Channel in a few minutes.

JULIE

Sure.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton sit sprawled out, almost lifeless on a large couch, each shovelling apple pie into their mouths without any regard for etiquette. Pie falls from their mouths onto their clothes...and the floor.

JARROD

You know I never realized how bad this movie actually is.

BRYTON

Yeah I know.

Julie enters as they lie motionless.

JULIE

Don't you have homework? I was talking to Gene Hydburge's mother at the supermarket today, and she was telling me he was up until eleven working on a model assignment last night.

JARROD

Well that's because Gene is an idiot.

BRYTON

Yeah. If he worked hard enough, he'd get all his work done at school, like us!

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM, HISTORY-DAY

A plain looking, mid thirties, teacher, MISS FALLON sits staring forward with an unimpressed look and a raised eyebrow.

Jarrold and Bryton stand out the front of class displaying their model of a medieval castle proudly.

BRYTON

As you can see, the drawbridge is easily deployed to allow for entry by the knights and all others who require shelter in this sturdy, safe, and intimidating facility.

Bryton points to an empty ice-cream container with icy-pole sticks stuck all over it. Jarrold demonstrates the drawbridge, the icy-pole sticks crumble in his hands.

BRYTON (CONT'D)

Oh wait! Is that?...Yes it is! Maid Marion and Kevin Costner have approached their realm.

Jarrold takes two figurines out of his pockets and walks them along the table towards the pathetic castle.

MISS FALLON

That appears to actually be Princess Leia and Obi-Wan Kinobi.

BRYTON

(to Jarrod)
What are you doing?

JARROD

I couldn't find them.

BRYTON

You've ruined this. You do know that.

Miss Fallon takes her clipboard from beside her and scribbles down her notes. Beside her, a thin boy with thick rimmed glasses, GENE HYDEBURG, sits adjusting an intricate, enormously detailed model of a medieval castle.

Noticing the look on Miss Fallon's face Bryton ups the tempo.

BRYTON (CONT'D)

Just when you thought there could be no more, here it is ladies and gentlemen, the piece de resistance. An actual arrowhead found in my uncles backyard in Scotland. Believed to be from the time when William Wallace served to free his country from the English.

Bryton looks at Jarrod, who shakes his head.

BRYTON (CONT'D)

You have to be kidding me?

MISS FALLON

Okay that will do boys. I think we've seen enough.

Jarrold and Bryton return to their seats, next to each other.

BRYTON

What are you doing?

JARROD

What am I doing? What was that stuff about an arrowhead?

BRYTON

You told mom this morning you had an arrowhead!

JARROD

White-head you moron!

Jarrold points to a large pimple on his forehead.

BRYTON

Well that's it for us then.

MISS FALLON

Would you two be quiet! You've disrupted us enough already today! Gene your next, would you show us what you have for the class?

GENE

Certainly.

Gene stands with his model and starts to make his way down the aisle. Jarrod and Bryton both stick their feet out into his path as he approaches.

Gene stops dead in his tracks, then looks casually to both owners of the imminent obstacle. Shaking his head at each of them.

Jarrold and Bryton remove their legs and let him pass unhindered. Gene continues on his way...SMACK!...a large dictionary is thrown at Gene by a tall bully, MARTY BUNTON, in the back row. He falls to the ground, onto his model, destroying it.

Miss Fallon turns suddenly and sees Jarrod and Bryton giggling. Her face turns red with fury.

INT. SCHOOL, OUTSIDE PRINCIPALS OFFICE-DAY

Jarro and Bryton sit on chairs, angry at their current predicament. PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL, mid thirties, strolls past with a cup of coffee.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Hey boys, be with you in a moment.

Principal Barnell passes the boys and approaches a PRETTY RECEPTIONIST, mid twenties, working at the reception desk.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

(CONT'D)

Don't work too hard today.
You'll need your energy for tonight.

The Pretty Receptionist smiles, Principal Barnell walks away with a strut into his office, closing the door behind him.

Jarro and Bryton look at each other, a moment passes and the Principal's Office door opens.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

(CONT'D)

Okay boys get in here.

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE-DAY

Principal Barnell, Jarrod and Bryton all sit laughing hysterically.

BRYTON

...then we told the guy, I don't care what you say, the only people who eat greens are hippies and the blind!

Principal Barnell clutches his stomach, nearing tears of laughter.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Yes! Yes! And they smoke green too.

Jarro and Bryton look confused with the comment.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

You kids crack me up, you really do. You should get kicked out of class more often!

Principal Barnell checks his statement.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

But of course I'm not serious boys. You've been in here three times this week.

JARROD

We didn't even do anything! It was Marty Bunton!

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Yeah he is a bit of a worry that kid. Never-the-less it would look bad upon me if I didn't punish you in some way or another right?

BRYTON

You don't have to do that sir. We've learned our lesson.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

No, I have to do something. You're lucky that Gene had made another model otherwise you'd be suspended.

Principal Barnell reaches into his desk and pulls out a book: "PUNISHMENTS FOR ANNOYING CHILDREN"

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton walk the corridors together. Passing a pack of popular girls they smile to them, receiving looks of disgust in return.

Behind them appears Marty Bunton, he palms the sides of each of their heads before smacking them together.

BRYTON AND JARROD

(in pain)

Arrrghhh! What the hell?

As they continue walking, holding their heads in pain, Mary Bunton puts his arms around each of their shoulders.

MARTY BUNTON

(smugly)

Hey guys, thanks for taking the wrap for me today. Good thing I'm so smart or I might have been caught!

JARROD

(sarcastic)

Yeah, you're a genius Marty.

MARTY BUNTON

I'd say so. Smarter than you two anyway!

Jarrold and Bryton look at each other. Simultaneously ducking, they stick a leg in front of him sending him tumbling to the floor. He slowly gets to his feet and stands over them. His eyes red with fury as a crowd behind him laughs at the prank.

EXT. SCHOOL, CARPARK-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton each with fresh black eyes, stand with soapy sponges in their hands, cleaning a red sports car.

BRYTON

What are we going to tell mum?

JARROD

We'll say we were playing football or something.

BRYTON

(sarcasm)

I'm sure she'd believe that.

JARROD

You got something better?

BRYTON

Car accident.

JARROD

Car accident? You must have
been hit harder than I was.

Principal Barnell approaches with the Pretty
Receptionist beside him.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Boys! Looks fabulous!

Principal Barnell whispers into the Pretty
Receptionist ear.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

Okay I'll see you later.

They part ways.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

Did you clean under the seats
as well?

JARROD

Yeah, and the boot.

Jarrold hands over a set of keys.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

I didn't ask you to do that.

JARROD

All part of the service.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Did you see the...(cut off)

JARROD

The lotions?

Principal Barnell smiles embarrassed.

JARROD (CONT'D)

Your secret's safe with us
sir.

EXT. STREET, FOOTPATH-DAY

Jarrood and Bryton walk home, their schoolbags hanging over one shoulder.

JARROD

Car accident? You really are a moron.

BRYTON

Would you shut it! Let's cross, no cars.

The two boys jog towards the street. Bryton stops suddenly, trying in vein he reaches his arm out to pull his brother back...SMACK!

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-NIGHT

Jarrood lies on the couch covered in a blanket, nursing a broken arm. Bryton sits on a couch opposite.

BRYTON

There's abilities I have that people don't even know about yet. I can see things before they even happen. It's amazing!

JARROD

It's called being psychic, and you aren't.

BRYTON

No, I mean, in some small way everybody in the world can influence destiny. I may have found a way to do that.

JARROD

Because you guessed a car accident? You're an idiot. Even if you did, why would you put me in this situation?

BRYTON

I may not have learned how to control it yet.

JARROD

Just shut up.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN, DINNER TABLE-NIGHT

Jarrood and Bryton sit at the dinner table as Julie prepares dinner in the kitchen.

JULIE

Could have been a lot worse you know. You should know better than to cross without looking.

JARROD

Yeah I know. Still sucks though.

Julie returns holding a large plate of chicken drumsticks. She places them in the middle of the table. The boys fight for the food, having two able hands Bryton emerges with twice the amount of drumsticks as his injured brother.

JARROD (CONT'D)

Mom!

JULIE

Bryton give your brother a couple of your drumsticks.

Bryton begrudgingly hands over two drumsticks.

BRYTON

You know being incapacitated as you are you really should eat less. Keep your caloric intake down.

Bryton shovels a drumstick into his mouth.

JULIE

Your father will be home tomorrow.

BRYTON

About time.

JULIE

Don't be like that. He has to work, make money, like everybody does.

JARROD

Why doesn't he just get a job around here?

JULIE

Your father chose to be an engineer, and there's only so many things you can build in one place.

Long Beat.

JULIE (CONT'D)

How did your presentation go today?

The boys momentarily avoid the question.

JARROD

It went okay. There was a few issues in the props department.

JULIE

Did you get a grade?

JARROD

No, that comes tomorrow.

INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM, HISTORY-DAY

Miss Fallon passes Jarrod and Bryton, placing a piece of paper on Bryton's desk with a large D-stamped in circled, bold red ink.

INT. SCHOOL, CAFETERIA-DAY

Jarrod and Bryton sit together eating their lunch. Opposite them sits RANDALL, a frail blonde boy, their only friend at school, and them his.

RANDALL

Does it hurt?

JARROD

A little bit, I've been pretty doped up with painkillers though.

RANDALL

Something like that could really get you some sympathy. You know, with the ladies.

JARROD

A broken arm. Really?

RANDALL

Yeah. I saw it in this movie once. Some hot chick danced the tango with this guy because he was blind. Otherwise he'd have had no chance. Chicks dig disabilities.

BRYTON

Give it a shot.

JARROD

(hesitant)
I don't know.

RANDALL

Do it for us. Someone around here has to get some action.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Come on! I only wish I had some sort of disability! Look at Richard over there.

Randall points to a boy, RICHARD, sitting in a wheelchair. A CHEERLEADER sits in his lap laughing at everything he says.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

You think he'd be popular without the chair?

JARROD

Okay.

INT. SCHOOL, SCIENCE CLASSROOM-DAY

Jarrood stands in a protective apron and thick clear protective goggles as he mixes chemicals in a glass flask. As Jarrood stirs the chemicals he talks to PRETTY SCIENCE GIRL who works beside him.

JARROOD

One plate they had to put in.
Three screws.

PRETTY SCIENCE GIRL

That's nice.

As Jarrood continues to smile his glass flask starts to overflow, chemicals pouring all over the table.

INT. SCHOOL, WOOD-SHOP CLASSROOM-DAY

Jarrood stands next to a WOOD-SHOP GIRL as she uses a hacksaw to cut through wood. Annoyed by the distraction the girl continues sawing.

JARROOD

Car accident. Two plates they
put in, eight screws. Hurt
like hell.

The Wood-Shop Girl looks at him and nods politely as she continues sawing.

WOOD-SHOP GIRL

Aaarrgghh!

Jarrood backs away slowly as the distraction causes the Wood-Shop Girl to cut her hand with the hacksaw.

INT. SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM, DODGEBALL-DAY

As balls fly around the gymnasium during a dodgeball game, Jarrood talks to a DODGEBALL GIRL with a ball in his hands.

JARROOD

A four wheel drive! One
hundred kilometers an hour!
Four plates they put in!
(MORE)

JARROD (CONT'D)

The surgeon said it was the worst he's ever seen! I actually died on the table! There was bone hanging out of my skin and everything!

As he finishes the sentence he is knocked out cold by a ball hitting him straight in the head. The DODGEBALL GIRL walks away.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY-DAY

Jarrood, Bryton and Randall walk the crowded school hallway.

JARROD

Nothing! Absolutely nothing!

RANDALL

I thought it would really work. Maybe you should break your leg or something too.

Beside Jarrood a small girl in thick-rimmed black glasses, JOSEPHINE, walks alongside.

JOSEPHINE

What happened to your arm Jarrod?

JARROD

Nothing, nothing to worry about.

JOSEPHINE

Looks like it hurts. Does it hurt?

JARROD

No, not really. It's fine.

JOSEPHINE

My brother broke his arm last year. He said it hurt like hell.

JARROD

Well some people just handle pain better than others. Excuse me for a moment.

Jarrood takes a right turn into the School Reception, opposite the Principal's Office, leaving a dejected Josephine in his wake.

INT. SCHOOL, RECEPTION-DAY

Jarrood stands talking with the Pretty Receptionist.

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

Twenty-five screws? That sounds like it must have hurt a lot!

JARROOD

It did. And not only that but...(cut off)

Principal Barnell puts his arm on Jarrood's shoulder, bringing the conversation to a halt.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Sympathy hey? Yeah I've tried that before. Athlete's foot. Never worked that well actually.

Jarrood stands smitten by the Pretty receptionist. Principal Barnell slowly pushes him out of the office.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY-DAY

Jarrood stumbles back into the hallway with a shove from Principal Barnell's hand.

The crowded hallway turns in unison as loud crackling echoes from the end of the hallway. Marty Bunton stands holding a megaphone to his lips.

MARTY BUNTON/MEGAPHONE

Attention everybody!
Attention! Breaking news has come through this afternoon.

Jarrood, Bryton and Randall turn to face the disturbance.

MARTY BUNTON/MEGAPHONE
(CONT'D)

...Jarrod and Bryton Westfield were making out on their love-seat last night, and because they are so fat, it broke, sending them tumbling to the ground. Hence, Jarrod's broken arm.

The crowded hallway laughs as Jarrod and Bryton look on embarrassed.

MARTY BUNTON/MEGAPHONE
(CONT'D)

...and Randall was there taking photos.

Randall drops his head to the floor. Josephine approaches Marty angrily and slaps him on the shoulder.

JOSEPHINE

Shut up!

Marty continues laughing with the crowd.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BATHROOM-NIGHT

Bryton stands in pyjamas in front of a large bathroom mirror brushing his teeth, giggling to himself as Jarrod struggles to put toothpaste on his brush with the one hand.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BOY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Jarrod and Bryton dive into beds next to each other. Bryton with a Ninja Turtles bed cover, Jarrod with Spongebob Squarepants.

Julie walks in and tucks them in one by one.

BRYTON

How was work today mom?

JULIE

It was okay sweetie. Just another long day.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

You're father's home tomorrow
so I might take some time off
for a while.

BRYTON

Yeah me too. From school.

JULIE

Don't be silly. They're the
best days of your lives. Enjoy
them while you can.

JARROD

Yeah, right.

Julie walks to the door, turning off the light.

JULIE

Night boys.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, VIETNAM WAR 1971, JUNGLE-DAY

Bullets whir past like fierce insects, unseen, but
imminent in the lush green jungle.

A group of soldiers lay on their bellies, hidden
by the dense scrub as tree trunks and thick
foliage are torn apart around them by gunfire. A
YOUNG SOLDIER lifts his head for a moment to
observe the scene, SERGEANT JOHN WESTFIELD quickly
notices the breach of safety.

SERGEANT JOHN WESTFIELD

Get your head down Thompson!
You'll get us all killed!

The Young Soldier quickly falls back into line...

YOUNG SOLDIER

Sorry Sarge.

SERGEANT JOHN WESTFIELD

Don't say sorry to me! Say it
to the guys you almost killed!
Okay, we're gonna move. Cover
fire will come from the rear!

Sergeant John Westfield raises his hand. The
troops watch intensely for it to drop. Just as his
hand is about to move BOOM! A large mortar
land only metres from the platoon.

A large walkie-talkie in Sergeant John Westfield's hand crackles to life...

WALKIE-TALKIE (V.O)
...mobile unit 316!

SERGEANT JOHN WESTFIELD
This is Sergeant John
Westfield, Unit 316...

WALKIE-TALKIE (V.O)
...fall back unit 316...
Recommend to fall back
immediately!

SERGEANT JOHN WESTFIELD
Fall back! Fall back!

The regiment starts to falls back. BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! Several mortars explode the jungle around
them.

As the regiment falls back from the exploding
forest, Sergeant John Westfield stops and turns,
making sure his troops are clear. Struggling to
get moving is the Young Soldier, his left foot
tangled in the dense ivy.

As Sergeant John Westfield turns to run back
...BOOM!...a mortar explodes next to the Young
Soldier.

INT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S RESIDENTS, BEDROOM-NIGHT

A bedside light switches on, illuminating the
sweating face of an older, grey haired JOHN
WESTFIELD sitting upright in bed. A shocked look
on his pale face.

Beside him his wife, MARTHA WESTFIELD, slowly
wakes from the disturbance.

MARTHA
Would you like a glass of
water dear?

JOHN WESTFIELD
No, I'm fine.

MARTHA WESTFIELD

You really should go and see
somebody dear.

JOHN

I can't do that.

MARTHA

Stubborn as an old drawer.

John throws off the covers and leaves the room.

JOHN WESTFIELD

I'm just going to sit up for a
little while.

MARTHA WESTFIELD

Okay dear. I'll see you in the
morning.

EXT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S RESIDENTS, BACK PORCH-NIGHT

John Westfield sits on a rocking chair looking out
to a large paddock. The moonlight illuminates a
solemn look on his face.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton sit, video game controllers in
hand. Julie yells from outside the door.

JULIE

Hurry up or you'll miss the
bus again!

BRYTON

One second!

Bryton throws his arms in the air triumphantly.

JARROD

(sarcasm)
Oh yeah, beating a one armed
opponent. Must be real
satisfying!

Bryton stands and makes his way over to a large
black chalk board.

The chalkboard is covered completely in the statistical history of their favorite video game, Outlaw Warriors 3. Bryton strikes another slash under his name.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE WESTFIELD RESIDENTS-DAY

Struggling to run with the weight of their schoolbags, and their fitness lacking, Jarrod and Bryton pant and puff as they chase the back end of their now departing school bus.

Looking out the back window of the bus is Marty Bunton, laughing hysterically. Jarrod and Bryton collapse to the ground on their knees as Marty Bunton mimics their puffing and panting comically.

INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM, HISTORY-DAY

Jarrod and Bryton stumble into their classroom sweating profusely. Miss Fallon stops her teachings momentarily as the boys make their way sheepishly to their seats.

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPALS OFFICE-DAY

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK...Principal Barnell quickly hides a Playboy magazine in his desk drawer as he is interrupted by a knock at the door.

As the boys enter Principal Barnell stands and smiles, walking over to a cupboard. Bryton points to his open fly.

BRYTON

Your fly's undone sir.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

So it is.

Principal Barnell adjusts his fly and throws the boy's his car keys.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

(CONT'D)

The rims need a bit of a shine too.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton enter the kitchen as Julie stands on the telephone, looking upset.

JULIE

I know I can't believe it
either.....Sure, sure
we'll be there.....Yes,
he'll be home today. We'll
leave tomorrow morning
.....Okay I'll see you
soon.....Bye.

Julie hangs up the phone as Jarrod and Bryton look on, confused.

BRYTON

Who was that? Where are we
going?

JULIE

It was your Aunt Velma.

JARROD

Who?

Aunt Velma. Your Uncle Maurice died last night.

BRYTON

Who?

JULIE

It doesn't matter. Anyway,
your father and I are going to
the funeral.

Bryton and Jarrod look at each other, a hint of a smile starts to show.

JARROD

What are we going to do?

JULIE

I don't know. I'll have to
find a sitter or something.

BRYTON

Oh, come on! We're thirteen
now. We can take care of
ourselves!

JARROD

Yeah!

JULIE

I don't think so. I'll start
looking later.

Jarrood and Bryton leave the room with a sour look
on their faces.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT DOOR-NIGHT

Julie answers the door, smiling instantly as she
surges forward to embrace her husband ANDREW, a
tall, handsome man in his mid forties.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-NIGHT

As Jarrood and Bryton sit engrossed in another game
of Outlaw Warriors 3, a football is extended into
their view from behind the couch.

Momentarily distracted they look at the ball, then
back to the game. After another moment of thought
they look back to the ball, then at each other,
before finally looking behind the couch.

They instantly drop their control pads and turn to
hug their father.

ANDREW

Good to see you boys! What's
been happening?

BRYTON

This and that.

JARROD

How's the bridge going?

ANDREW

Well it hasn't fallen over yet
so I'm still in a job.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-NIGHT

The entire Westfield family sits at the dinner
table.

ANDREW
How's school going?

JARROD
(sheepishly)
It's going okay.

ANDREW
Bryton is he telling the
truth?

BRYTON
Absolutely. No troubles thus
far.

ANDREW
Great! I look forward to your
seeing your report cards.

BRYTON
Yeah.

ANDREW
How long do you need that on
for?

Andrew points to Jarrod's cast.

JARROD
Another three weeks.

ANDREW
What have I told you about
crossing the road?

JARROD
Always look both ways.

ANDREW
Exactly. You're lucky you
weren't killed.

Julie returns holding a large steaming roasted
chicken.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I haven't had a home cooked
meal in a while.

JULIE
By the way boys I found a
sitter for next week.

JARROD

Next week?

JULIE

Your father and I have decided that we may as well take advantage of our trip and stay a little while on holiday.

BRYTON

A whole week? Who's the sitter?

JULIE

It's your Grandfather.

Long Beat.

JARROD

Which one?

JULIE

Grandpa Westfield.

The boy's look at each other stunned.

DISSOLVE
INTO
DAYDREAM

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Scratchy archival footage rolls as eight year old Jarrod and Bryton sit behind a birthday cake surrounded by family.

FAMILY ALL TOGETHER (SINGING)

Happy birthday to you! Happy
birthday to you!

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-DAY

JOHN WESTFIELD reads the newspaper, away from the celebration.

FAMILY ALL TOGETHER

Happy birthday dear Bryton and
Jarrod! Happy birthday to you!

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

A RELATIVE accidentally drops a napkin onto the cake, catching the flame it ignites.

The Westfield Family lift their heads as a large shadow approaches. John Westfield sprints toward the food and present covered table.

JOHN WESTFIELD

(shouting)

Everybody down! Fire in the hole!

The shocked faces watch as the airborne John Westfield dives across the table, crushing everything in his path. Finally sliding to a halt, covering the cake with his chest.

DISSOLVE IN
FROM
FLASHBACK

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton stare at their parents, not able to comprehend their choice.

JARROD

Isn't he like, mentally ill or retarded or something?

ANDREW

He's a veteran Jarrod. He's a little shell-shocked that's all.

JARROD

A little what now?

JULIE

It just means that he's had a little trouble adjusting since he came back from the war.

BRYTON

That was like eighty years ago.

ANDREW

The Vietnam War was not that long ago. Maybe you should pay more attention in your history classes. He's a good man your grandfather. He fought for his country.

JARROD

Isn't there anyone else?

JULIE

No. Your grandfather didn't get along very well with your Uncle Maurice. He won't be attending the funeral.

INT. SCHOOL, CAFETERIA, LUNCH TABLE-DAY

Jarrood, Bryton and Randall sit eating lunch in a crowded cafeteria.

RANDALL

What's shell shocked?

BRYTON

Something to do with turtles being shot in Vietnam or something. I don't really know, wasn't listening.

RANDALL

There are no turtles in Vietnam. If they are there in soup, turtle soup.

BRYTON

Whatever. The point is that the man's insane.

RANDALL

You're lucky to have a grandfather. Neither of mine lasted past my eighth birthday.

Marty Bunton enters the cafeteria. Walking past Gene Hydeburg he grabs a hamburger from his tray. He takes a large bite before approaching Bryton, Jarrod and Randall.

Marty grabs Jarrod's burger and replaces it with Gene's, a large bite taken from it.

Looking Jarrod directly in the eye he takes a large bite out his burger and places it back on his plate. He stands chewing as he does the same to Bryton and Randall's burgers.

MARTY BUNTON

I like my burgers fresh.

Marty continues along each table, doing the same thing to each student and their burgers. Bryton sits smiling.

RANDALL

Your happy about what just happened?

JARROD

What the hell are you smiling for?

BRYTON

Jokes on him. I spat in that.

RANDALL

You spat in your own burger? What's wrong with you?

BRYTON

No, I knew he was going to do it! Remember Jarrod, I have abilities.

JARROD

These abilities you speak of. Are they ever going to be of any benefit anyone?

Josephine approaches with a lunch tray. She sits next to Randall, opposite Jarrod.

JOSEPHINE

How's your arm today Jarrod?

JARROD

It's okay.

JOSEPHINE

Why aren't you eating your burger? Not hungry?

(MORE)

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

You know healing bones need
all the nutrition they can
get. You really should eat it.

Jarrood points to Marty Bunton, still on his burger-biting rampage.

INT. SCHOOL, CAFETERIA, LUNCH LINE-DAY

Now at the front of the cafeteria line, Randall gets a fresh new burger, only to walk two steps and have his burger swiped, a bite taken, and placed back on his plate.

JOSEPHINE

You can have mine. I'm not
hungry anyway.

Josephine places her fresh burger onto Jarrood's plate.

EXT. STREET, FOOTPATH-DAY

Jarrood and Bryton walk along the street, on their way home from school.

BRYTON

Josephine hey?

JARROD

Excuse me?

BRYTON

I saw the look in her eye. She
likes you, a lot.

JARROD

No, she doesn't.

BRYTON

Well, I didn't see her give me
no burger.

JARROD

We've known her for ten years.
I think she would have told me
if she liked me. She lives
across the road. It's a twenty-
foot walk.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton stop in their driveway and look across the street. Josephine waves to them.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, PARENT'S BEDROOM-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton stand watching as Julie and Andrew pack clothes into suitcases on their bed. Unaware of the peering eyes, Julie picks up a brochure and reads from it.

JULIE

Traditional English breakfast,
I like the sound of that. Oh,
and free half hour foot
massage, and a sauna!

ANDREW

Well I know the first thing
I'll be doing. Watching a
movie in their private
theatre, with you, in the back
row.

Andrew cuddles up behind Julie and kisses her on the neck. Looking across they notice the two boys cringing at the sight of their affection. They stop the embrace and wipe the smiles from their faces.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

After the funeral of course.

JULIE

Yes.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton watch as their parents load a taxi cab boot with their luggage.

JULIE

Are you two alright to stay by
yourselves for a couple of
hours until your grandfather
gets here?

BRYTON

Yes. Not that we need him
anyway.

ANDREW

It's only for a week. It will
give you a good chance to get
to know him. You haven't seen
a lot of him the last few
years. He might teach you a
thing or two.

Julie and Andrew approach the boys and give them
one final hug before heading to the taxi.

JULIE

Dinner's in the fridge, last
night left overs. Grandpa is
sleeping in our room. We will
call tonight when we get
there.

ANDREW

Seeya boys. Be responsible.

As they enter the taxi doors, they extend their
hands out of the passenger windows and wave as the
taxi disappears out of view.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT LAWN-DAY

SMASH!...A baseball breaks through the front
window, coming to a halt on the front lawn.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-DAY

Bryton and Jarrod stand arguing. Bryton wearing a
catchers mitt and face mask.

BRYTON

You idiot! I said no curve
balls!

JARROD

It wasn't! It was a change-up.
And if you had reflexes or
this ability that you speak
of, you'd have known it was
coming!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT DOOR-DAY

Jarrood opens the door to Josephine, standing with the offending baseball in hand.

JOSEPHINE

I found this on your lawn.
Actually, Mitsy found it and
brought it over.

Josephine hands over a half eaten baseball, dog drool hanging from it. At Josephine's feet stands a tiny Maltese Terrier.

JARROD

Thanks.

JOSEPHINE

Sorry about that. I saw your
parents drive away earlier,
where are they going?

JARROD

To a funeral, then a holiday.

JOSEPHINE

Really? A funeral and a
holiday. Sounds like an
interesting trip. How long are
they gone for?

BRYTON

A week.

JOSEPHINE

Wow. A week with no parents.
Sounds like fun.

JARROD

We've actually got a sitter.

JOSEPHINE

Who?

JARROD

Our grandfather.

JOSEPHINE

Cool. Grandparents let you get away with all sorts of stuff. You'll have a ball.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-NIGHT

Two chocolate covered faces stair at the television, video game controls in hand. BANG! Jarrod and Bryton flinch slightly as a noise from above is heard, they ignore it and continue.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT DOOR-NIGHT

At the open door stands a figure, unrecognizable in the darkness.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-NIGHT

Hearing a strange creaking noise from above, Jarrod stops playing the game and puts his control on the table, concentrating to hear a repeat of the sound.

BRYTON

What are you doing?

Jarrod motions for Bryton to be quiet.

JARROD

Sshhhhh.

Now also hearing the noise, Bryton starts to look scared.

BRYTON

What is that?

Bryton slowly makes his way over the a cupboard, taking out an old wooden baseball bat.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-DAY

The room illuminates as the unseen figure turns on a torch. The beam of light darts around the room.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-DAY

Jarrood and Bryton, huddled together on the couch. Petrified as their eyes follow the sound of the footsteps above.

BRYTON

What if it's grandpa?
Shouldn't we go up there?

The two boys slowly make their way towards the basement stairs, the room glows as the television flickers in the background.

Approaching the top of the stairs...CLICK...the doorknob turns. Jarrood and Bryton stop in their tracks and watch petrified as the door slowly opens. Bryton clutches the baseball bat tightly.

The basement door opens fully, Jarrood and Bryton shield their eyes as the beam of light shines in their faces.

Jarrood turns to his right to avoid the light, flicking a light-switch on the wall. Instantly visible, standing over the boys is a THIEF, dressed in black, a large knife held in his gloved hand.

THIEF

Hello boys.

The Thief smiles, revealing a gold front tooth among decayed others.

THIEF (CONT'D)

You got a safe in this place?

Jarrood and Bryton look at each other in shock, before each letting out a blood curdling scream.

BRYTON AND JARROD

Arrrrggghhhhhh!

The Thief is startled, taking a step backward.

THIEF

Hey, shut up!

The Thief lifts his knife, instantly silencing the screams.

THIEF (CONT'D)

Show me where the money is in this place and you wont get hurt. And you, drop the bat.

Bryton slowly places the baseball bat on the stairs.

THIEF (CONT'D)

Good. Now let's get moving.

As a large smile adorns the Thief's face, a shadowed figure appears behind him. From the shadowed figure extends a large, muscular arm that proceeds the wrap quickly around the Thief's skinny neck.

THIEF (CONT'D)

What the?

As the large arm suffocates the Thief, the boys look on in amazement. Bryton quickly reaches down for the bat. Taking a large back-swing he follows through with all his might into the now incapacitated Thief's sternum.

As the Thief blacks out his body goes limp. The large muscular arm loosens its grip, the Thief's body slumps to the floor unconscious.

Slowly stepping out from the darkness and into the light of the basement is John Westfield, their grandfather.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

The clear night's sky is disturbed by the red and blue flashes of police lights as the Thief is led away into the back door of a police car.

A crowded street stands and watches the disturbance. From across the street Josephine waves.

Jarrold waves back hesitantly as a FEMALE OFFICER finishes questioning him and Bryton. Through the crowd a frantic REPORTER from the local media breaks through, approaching an unphased John Westfield.

REPORTER

Sir! Sir! How does it feel to catch this man who's been on the run for three weeks?

JOHN WESTFIELD

How does it feel to be an idiot?

The Reporter stands for a moment, wondering if what he heard was correct.

REPORTER

Sir this man is a wanted fugitive! You just caught him red handed!

JOHN WESTFIELD

I just did what any man would have done. Well, maybe not you.

REPORTER

Isn't there any comment you'd like to make to the public? The media? Your family?

JOHN WESTFIELD

Yeah. What kind of a man wears a pink shirt?

The Reporter takes a moment, looking at his pink shirt.

REPORTER

This interview is over.

The Reporter sheepishly walks away as John Westfield shouts to the rest of the crowd, neighbors, police and reporters.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Shows over! Everybody go home!

The pink-shirted Reporter stands taking photos of the house as the crowd departs. John Westfield walks towards him with intent. The reporter takes one more snap before sprinting away.

Turning around John Westfield walks past Jarrod and Bryton.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Inside. Now.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-NIGHT

Jarrood and Bryton sit at the kitchen table speechless as John Westfield goes through the fridge. Jarrood and Bryton's eyes his every move.

Jarrood nervously opens his mouth.

JARROOD

How did you...(cut off)

JOHN WESTFIELD

(agitated)

Stand up and follow me.

John Westfield leaves the room. The boys soon follow.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT DOOR-NIGHT

Standing at the front door John Westfield looks sternly at the two boys.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Well?

Jarrood and Bryton look at each other, then back without an answer.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

You left the door open.

JARROOD

I don't think so. I'm pretty sure we locked it.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Really?

John Westfield's eyes look over the door again.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

There don't appear to be any knocks or scratches.

Jarrood and Bryton stare forward, still unsure of the point.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

You left the door open. That's basically begging for an intruder to come in and stab you to death.

Jarro and Bryton are stunned by the bluntness of the comment.

BRYTON

Well...

Bryton moves to his left, allowing John Westfield to see the curtain fluttering in the lounge-room.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-NIGHT

John Westfield pulls the curtain to the side, revealing a large hole in the broken window.

BRYTON

We were playing baseball earlier.

John Westfield looks at the two boys unimpressed.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Did you think maybe you should have fixed this?

JARROD

We were going to call somebody in the morning.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Well don't bother. You're going to do it yourselves tomorrow

JARROD

We have school tomorrow.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Then we'll have to do it before then. Unless of course you want a repeat of tonight's incident.

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND, BENCH-DAY

Students run around during their lunch break, Jarrod, Bryton and Randall sit on a long bench by themselves eating their lunch.

RANDALL

But you don't know the first thing about glazing.

BRYTON

Well do now.

Bryton lifts his hands into view, red blood spots seeping through the white bandaging.

RANDALL

Why didn't you wear gloves?

BRYTON

It was five-thirty in the morning! I think I was still dreaming.

A soccer ball rolls into Randall's legs. He sits staring at it.

EXT. SCHOOL, SPORTS OVAL-DAY

A group of ATTRACTIVE SOCCER GIRLS stand together as their game of soccer comes to a halt with the loss of their ball.

ATTRACTIVE SOCCER GIRL 1

(shouting)

Hey! Kick the ball back!

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND, BENCH-DAY

Randall looks nervously at Jarrod and Bryton.

RANDALL

That's like, thirty metres. I'll never make it. One of you kick it!

JARROD

Hey, give the ladies what they want Randall.

RANDALL

They want the ball, not me!

EXT. SCHOOL, SPORTS OVAL-DAY

Becoming frustrated, Attractive School Girl 1 shouts again.

ATTRACTIVE SOCCER GIRL 1

Hey buddy! Kick the ball back!

Appearing from behind the group is MICHELLE, a small brown haired girl with glasses who looks slightly out of place in the game.

MICHELLE

Randall! Can you give us the ball back?

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND, BENCH-DAY

Randall stands and moves towards the ball, looking back at Jarrod and Bryton.

RANDALL

She knows my name.

A big grin crosses his face. Gritting his teeth, Randall winds up with all his might and thrusts his leg towards the soccer ball.

SLOW MOTION

Walking into view is Josephine, approaching Jarrod. As Randall's foot strikes the ball, it slices the right, towards Josephine. Unaware of the ball's trajectory Josephine continues her path. Jarrod notices the impending disaster.

JARROD

Get down! Get down!

As the ball rebounds from Josephine's face, she falls to the ground. Jarrod, Bryton and Randall wince at the sight.

END SLOW MOTION

EXT. SCHOOL, SPORTS OVAL-DAY

The soccer ball rolls slowly along the ground to the group of Attractive Soccer Girls.

ATTRACTIVE SOCCER GIRL 1

Thanks!

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND, BENCH-DAY

Jarrood, Bryton and Randall kneel over an unconscious Josephine.

BRYTON

Well, you made the distance okay.

RANDALL

Yeah, I guess I did.

JARROD

What do we do? Do we give her mouth to mouth or something?

RANDALL

I don't know.

Jarrood leans closer in.

JARROD

(shouting)
Josephine! Wake up!

From above the scene a shadow looms...SPLASH!
...Josephine's face is showered with water. The boys look above as Josephine jolts upward with the coldness of the liquid, spluttering and in a daze.

MARTY BUNTON

You idiots owe me a bottle of water.

As Marty Bunton leaves he throws the empty bottle at Jarrood's head. Josephine sits up soaked, and watches with a smile as he walks away.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

With the pantry doors open, John Westfield stares in amazement at the selection of food on offer.

JOHN WESTFIELD

You cannot be serious.

Taking out a box "Choco Puffs" he reads the nutritional facts on the back, shirking at the sight. Placing the box on the table behind him he furrows his brow again as he pulls out a handful of chocolate bars.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT DOOR-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton walk through the front door. They drop their school bags to the ground and slowly walk towards the kitchen.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton stand together, staring blankly forward like two stunned mullets.

BRYTON

What is going on here?

On the kitchen table is a pile of food, three feet high. Behind them John Westfield approaches carrying shopping bags.

JOHN WESTFIELD

There's more in the car.

JARROD

What are you doing? What is all this?

JOHN WESTFIELD

This is the shopping for the week.

JARROD

We have food already. What do you call that?

Jarrold points to the pile of food.

JOHN WESTFIELD

This?

John Westfield picks a handful of chocolate bars up from the table.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

This is the reason you two look like the before shot of a weight loss commercial. Do know how much sugar is here? It's disgusting. I can't believe your mother buys this junk.

BRYTON

She doesn't. We do.

JOHN WESTFIELD

You?

BRYTON

Yeah. We do the shopping every Friday after school while she's working. She gives us a list of things to buy for her, and we spend the rest on ourselves.

JARROD

Yeah, we make a day of it.

John Westfield looks disgusted.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Get the rest of the things from the car.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN, DINNER TABLE-NIGHT

Jarrold and Bryton each stare down to a steaming plate of skinless chicken and vegetables. Noticing the glare from his grandfather, Jarrod hesitantly takes a bite of his meal.

Bryton gets to his feet and wanders to the pantry, taking out a bottle of tomato sauce.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Do you always leave the table
without asking?

Bryton returns to his seat without a response.
Opening the bottle, he smothers his meal in tomato
sauce. John Westfield drops his knife and fork at
the sight.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Is that it? Keep going.

BRYTON

No. That's enough.

John Westfield looks at Jarrod.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Would you like some too?

JARROD

Actually, I would.

Jarrod reaches for the bottle of sauce, his reach
is beaten as John Westfield takes hold of it.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Here, allow me.

Holding the tomato sauce over Jarrod's plate, John
Westfield pours the remaining quarter of the
bottle onto Jarrod's meal.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

There we go, perfect. Eat up.

Bryton chuckles.

JARROD

Actually I think I've had
enough. I might leave the
table.

JOHN WESTFIELD

I don't think so. Your going
to eat every last molecule.

JARROD

You can't be serious?

JOHN WESTFIELD

I should be saying the same thing. I just cooked a lovely nutritious meal for you both, only to see it showered in salt and sugar. Now don't let it get cold, eat up.

Bryton continues to chuckle as Jarrod lifts a piece of chicken, smothered, and dripping in tomato sauce.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Bryton, fill the sink, you're washing up.

BRYTON

We have a dishwasher.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Do you know how to use it?

BRYTON

No, I don't.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Then I suggest you figure it out. Jarrod you're cooking dinner tomorrow night.

Jarrod, dry reaching from a mouthful of sauce looks up surprised.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

I cooked tonight, and your brother's doing the dishes. That's how its going to work, everyone pulls their weight on this ship.

EXT. SCHOOL SWIMMING CLASSES, POOL-DAY

Students line up behind the starting blocks in their trunks and goggles, diving in one by one as an enthusiastic, but overly serious young male SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR presides over their every move.

RANDALL

So he saved you guys? That's awesome! He's like, a hero or something.

BRYTON

Were you listening to what I just said?

RANDALL

Yeah, the man saved your life.

BRYTON

No, not that!

RANDALL

The sauce? Who cares? It was probably a better meal than what my sister brought home from her home economics class. And anyway, if it wasn't for him, you'd be dead. You had a fugitive with a knife in your house!

BRYTON

We'd have taken him out. I've seen enough action movies to know how to disarm a man with a blade. He's lucky grandpa came otherwise it would have got ugly...for him.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR

Next!

The GIRL in front of Randall dives into the pool. Randall adjusts his goggles over his eyes.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Next!

Randall tentatively steps onto the starting block. Noticing Randall's nerves the Swimming Instructor approaches.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Your up little fella. Nervous?

Randall nods.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Well there's only one way to
fix it. Jump in!

RANDALL
Easier said than done sir.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR
I understand. Ever heard of
the hiccup method?

Randall shakes his head.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Okay then. Just jump when your
ready.

As Randall continues to ponder the dive, the
Swimming Instructor slowly walks behind him.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Jump! Now! Jump! Jump!

Shocked and startled by the shouting lunatic
behind him, Randall falls into the pool awkwardly.
Also stunned is Bryton, next in line. He walks
past the satisfied Swimming Instructor.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Next!

Adjusting his goggles Bryton steps onto the blocks
and looks into the Swimming Instructors eyes.

BRYTON
Don't even think about it.

INT. SCHOOL, PHOTOCOPY ROOM, OFFICE-DAY

Jarrold stares blankly ahead, almost hypnotised by
the repetitive back and forth movement of the
photocopiers lights. Principal Barnell enters with
a stack of paper.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
Good thing you two are out of
commission, we really need
some extra hands today.

Standing up into view from behind the photocopier is Josephine, with a large black eye.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

Here is this weeks newsletter.
We need about, one hundred and
forty seven copies.

JARROD

About one hundred and forty
seven, or exactly that?

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Whatever, I'm going to lunch.

As Principal Barnell leaves Jarrod silently reads the newsletter in his hand.

*"12TH AUGUST: PARENT/TEACHER INTERVIEWS.
SCHEDULED TIMES TO BE ANNOUNCED.*

*15TH AUGUST: ANNUAL SCHOOL DANCE. GET READY
TO KICK UP YOUR HEELS STUDENTS AND TEACHERS ALIKE
BECAUSE THIS YEAR ITS A...BARN-DANCE THEME!"*

The prospect of both of these events causes Jarrod to sigh. He opens the lid of the copier and places the newsletter. As the photocopier whirs into action Josephine stands again with the first copy. Still warm she holds it to her face.

JOSEPHINE

I love that.

Removing the warm copy from her face she reads it.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

School dance! Cool! You going
to go?

JARROD

Well it's compulsory. So I
guess I have to.

JOSEPHINE

I think it will be fun.

JARROD

Girls usually do.

JOSEPHINE

I guess so. You got a date?

JARROD

No.

JOSEPHINE

Me neither. But I know who I'd like to ask me.

Jarrold turns his head to avoid her glance.

JARROD

Really? Who?

Jarrold winces as he waits for his name.

JOSEPHINE

Marty Bunton.

Stopping dead in his tracks, Jarrold turns gob-smacked.

JARROD

What? Marty? But he...(cut off)

JOSEPHINE

Saved my life.

JARROD

Saved your life? Are you serious?

EXT. SCHOOL SWIMMING CLASSES, POOL-DAY

Spluttering and flailing his arms without any forward motion is Jarrold, ten metres into a fifty metre swim. Standing on the side of the pool watching over him is the Swimming Instructor.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR

Come on! Move those flabby little legs! It's all about technique!

Finally conceding to fatigue and lack of effort, Jarrold swims to the ledge.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Are you serious? That is the
best you can do?

The Swimming Instructor looks around bewildered. A MOTHER sits nursing her INFANT CHILD on the seats by the pool.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

This baby could do a better
job!

The Swimming Instructor takes a few steps toward the Mother, who quickly shields the Infant. Taking the hint he backs away and heads towards Jarrod, puffing and panting as he leans on the pool's ledge.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You know instinct actually enables an infant to hold it's breath while under water. You on the other hand seem to be a couple of levels below that. I suggest you start off in the kiddie pool with some of the others.

EXT. SCHOOL SWIMMING CLASSES, KIDDIE POOL-DAY

Jarrod, Randall and a few other less physically gifted students stand in waist deep water.

RANDALL

How humiliating.

EXT. SCHOOL SWIMMING CLASSES, POOL-DAY

As Marty Bunton finishes his swim, the Swimming Instructor stands at the end of the pool with a stop watch in hand.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR

Great work! That's the best
time for the day buddy! Hit
the showers.

EXT. SCHOOL SWIMMING CLASSES, KIDDIE POOL-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton watch as Marty Bunton smugly exits the pool. Walking past the kiddie pool he laughs at it's occupants.

MARTY BUNTON

What's the matter dweebs? Pool too deep? Can't swim?

RANDALL

Obviously.

Unsure how to respond, Marty continues towards the showers.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN, DINNER TABLE-NIGHT

Jarrold, Bryton and John Westfield sit at the dinner table. In the middle sits a large plate of toast.

JARROD

Toast? For dinner?

BRYTON

Yeah.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Well its not what I expected, but it will have to do.

JARROD

Now we have a choice of peanut butter, jam of the strawberry variety, honey and...no, wait...yeah that's all. Dig in!

They all reach for the slowly cooling toast.

JOHN WESTFIELD

What happened to your arm there Jarrod?

JARROD

Car.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Car?

JARROD

I was hit by a car.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Too bad. No sport for you for a while.

JARROD

Yeah, too bad.

JOHN WESTFIELD

I broke my arm once. Close armed combat with three little Vietcong boys. Took the first two out with my bayonet, got stuck in the second. The third I had to take out with my size twelve.

John Westfield lifts his right foot from under the table and raises it into the air.

BRYTON

Cool.

The positive reaction doesn't sit well with John Westfield, whose eyes suddenly shift intensely in his direction.

JOHN WESTFIELD

And it's the last thought I have every night before I go to sleep.

Leaning back again he relaxes a little.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

I don't regret it though, not for one second. If I had hesitated I wouldn't be here, neither would your father, and neither would you.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BOY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

In the darkness of the bedroom Jarrod's eyes slowly open to the sound of muffled shouting.

Sitting up, he puts his ear against the wall and listens intently for a repeat of the noises.

JARROD

(Softly)
Wake up. Wake up Bryton.

Not a movement comes from Bryton as he lies fast asleep. Jarrod leaves his bed and sneaks on his tip toes, careful not to make a sound to the closed bedroom door. Hearing another noise he shakes Bryton awake.

BRYTON

What are you doing? Are you crazy?

JARROD

I hear noise.

BRYTON

Good for you. Enjoy it. I'm going back to sleep.

Another muffled shout is heard and Bryton turns on his bedside light.

BRYTON (CONT'D)

What was that?

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-NIGHT

Jarrod and Bryton slink through the darkness silently.

JARROD

Sshhhh.

BRYTON

(loudly)
Don't sshhh me! I know to be quiet!

JARROD

Shut up!

BRYTON

Sorry.

Another noise is heard and they follow it.

BRYTON (CONT'D)

What if it's...(cut off)

JARROD

That's impossible. He's in jail now.

BRYTON

Are you sure? The legal system these days is like a revolving door.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, OUTSIDE PARENT'S BEDROOM-DAY

Standing outside the darkened bedroom they look to each other. Jarrod slowly pushes the door open.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, PARENT'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The boy's enter as a loud frantic shout echoes through the room. Petrified beyond belief the two boys rush into each others arms.

JARROD

Hang on a minute.

As mumbling is heard from the bed, Jarrod flicks a light-switch, illuminating a sleeping John Westfield, clutching a pillow to his chest.

JOHN WESTFIELD

(shouting)

Mobile Unit 316! We have casualties!

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, VIETNAM WAR 1971, JUNGLE-DAY

As the smoke clears the Young Soldier lies covered beneath thick green foliage. Rushing to his aid and kneeling beside him is Sergeant John Westfield. The Young Soldier lifts his pale face, his eyes struggling to open.

YOUNG SOLDIER

I'm sorry sarge. I couldn't get up my...(cut off)

SERGEANT JOHN WESTFIELD

Ssshhh! Quiet! They're on
their way.

The Young Soldier starts to panic. The frantic flailing of his arms not enough to release him as he lies beneath the fallen trunk of a tree.

SERGEANT JOHN WESTFIELD

(CONT'D)

Lie there! Shut up! And be
quiet!

The Young Soldier falls silent as a large fern covers his face, the only part of his body not already covered by foliage. In the distance the voices of the approaching Vietcong soldiers are heard. Seeing the thick green jungle begin to part, Sergeant John Westfield ducks behind a large tree.

Appearing through the thick green denseness are three VIETCONG SOLDIERS carrying rifles. Sweat trickles from Sergeant John Westfield's brow as they come within ten feet, only five feet from the hidden Young Soldier. Noticing a small twitch from the ground below VIETCONG SOLDIER 1 stops suddenly and takes a closer look. Noticing the imminent danger Sergeant John Westfield bends over slowly and grasps a fist-size rock in his hand.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, PARENT'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Jarrold and Bryton stand staring as their grandfather sweats and writhes, still clutching the pillow.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, VIETNAM WAR 1971, JUNGLE-DAY

The three Vietcong Soldiers turn suddenly as the large rock thuds into a tree behind them. Taking advantage of their momentary distraction, Sergeant John Westfield pounces. Leaping from behind the tree he comes face to face with Jarrold and Bryton.

BRYTON

What is he doing?

JARROD

I have no idea.

Sergeant John Westfield's face turns to shock.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, PARENT'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Bolting upright, John Westfield sits sweating and panting as Jarrod and Bryton look on.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-NIGHT

Jarrod and Bryton sit with their grandfather at the kitchen table. John Westfield takes the occasional sip from a glass of water.

JARROD

So why don't you just go to a psychologist or something?

JOHN WESTFIELD

I can't do that.

JARROD

Sure you can. Bryton went for his problems with bed-wetting a couple of years ago. Bam! No more rubber sheets.

BRYTON

Do you mind?

JARROD

Just making a point.

JOHN WESTFIELD

No psychologists. No hypnotherapy. No doctors. No herbal junk.

JARROD

Why?

JOHN WESTFIELD

Because it's my responsibility to remember. If I forget what happened it was all in vein. Men suffered more pain than anyone should, and I deserve to feel some of it. Pain can't survive without somebody to feel it.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM, HISTORY-DAY

As Miss Fallon sits at her desk reading, the students watch the second hand of the clock slowly tick around. Their heads turn in unison as the classroom door opens, causing a break in the monotony.

Entering is the Pretty Receptionist, barely dressed in a short black mini-skirt. The boy's jaws instantly drop, their eyes following her slender physique as it approaches Miss Fallon, handing her a pile of newsletters.

As she turns to leave the boy's heads turn together. The girl's faces and eyes also follow, but with a look of disdain.

MISS FALLON

Boy's we are studying history today. Not anatomy.

Miss Fallon slips her thick black glass down and watches sourly as the Pretty Receptionist closes the door. From the back of the room MARTY BUNTON raises his hand.

MISS FALLON (CONT'D)

Yes, Marty? What is it?

MARTY BUNTON

Miss Fallon, why don't you look like that?

Miss Fallon sits unsure how to respond. The students also shocked, sit in silent anticipation of an answer.

MISS FALLON

Well Marty, it's because I don't throw up after every meal. Josephine, hand these out please.

Josephine walks to the front and takes the newsletters from the desk. Handing them out one by one. The silence in the room is broken by the sound of the school bell. DING! DING! DING!

Miss Fallon leaves in a hurry as Josephine continues to hand out the newsletters.

The students knock Josephine around like a pinball as they each jostle for a copy.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton stand next to each other, their heads bobbing up and down as COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYS. As we move down we see their feet move, out of step and off balance.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, STAGE, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

A BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR stands on stage singing and dancing, the same intense man who was the Swimming Instructor earlier. Looking out from the stage we see a packed gymnasium dancing.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR

That's it everybody! Move those feet! Feel the rhythm.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton continue to dance out of step, as a perfectly balanced, fleet-footed Marty Bunton dances behind them.

MARTY BUNTON

Look at you two. Not a sign of rhythm in either of you. No wonder you have no dates to the dance.

Still staring forward Jarrold responds.

JARROLD

Yeah, and who are you taking?

MARTY BUNTON

I've got a hot little number lined up. Josephine Gallows. I saved her life actually.

JARROLD

I'd hardly call it that.

MARTY BUNTON

Well I did a lot more than you did.

(MORE)

MARTY BUNTON (CONT'D)

Kneeling over her like a couple of idiots, with no idea. She owes me big-time. I'm gonna smooch her real good.

Jarrood's face begins to show signs of frustration.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, STAGE, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

The Barn Dance Instructor spots the out of step dancing of Jarrod and Bryton.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR

You two in the back! Have you been drinking? Follow the steps!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

Showing more and more frustration as each second passes, Bryton notices his brothers anger.

MARTY BUNTON

Yeah, follow the steps. Can't swim, can't dance. What exactly can you do?

As Jarrod's frustration boils to the limit Bryton turns and faces Marty Bunton.

BRYTON

What is your problem?

Marty Bunton stops dancing, and moves forward to tower over Bryton.

MARTY BUNTON

Problem? You're my problem.

BRYTON

Yes, I understand that. But you've never actually told us why.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, STAGE, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

The Barn Dance Instructor notices the breach of movement among the choreographed gymnasium and becomes agitated.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR

Hey! Are we dancing or
talking? You in the back! Move
those feet or move outta here!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton turn angrily in unison to the stage.

JARROD AND BRYTON

(shouting)
Shut up!

The entire gymnasium stops dancing and turns in the direction of the commotion.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, STAGE, BARN DANCE PRACTICE-DAY

The Barn Dance Instructor becomes furious.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR

You! First you hold up the
swimming lane, and now you
holding up barn dance
practice! I didn't become a
multi-purpose school
instructor-for-hire to deal
with the likes of you!

The crowded gymnasium now turns to the shouting from the stage. Their lack of movement and prying eyes agitate the Barn Dance Instructor further.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR

(CONT'D)

Get out of here! Both of you!

Jarrold and Bryton walk angrily towards the exit.

Their exit does not stop the lack of movement.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR
(CONT'D)

Okay then, let's start moving.

The movement is not forthcoming.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR
(CONT'D)

Either we dance or we leave!
It's your decision!

The Barn Dance Instructor crosses his arms, waiting. In the front row a SMALL BOY starts to dance.

BARN DANCE INSTRUCTOR
(CONT'D)

That's better!

The rest of the crowded gymnasium promptly heads through the exit.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-DAY

As Jarrod and Bryton descend the basement stairs, a look of surprise comes across their faces. Where once sat a couch and a television, now is a bench-press. John Westfield sits sweating in a singlet as he curls a dumbbell in his muscular right arm.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Hello boys. Like it?

BRYTON

What have you done? What is all this?

JOHN WESTFIELD

I thought I'd make use of the space down here.

BRYTON

No, you really didn't need to do th...(cut off)

JOHN WESTFIELD

No, not a problem. It's just some old stuff I don't use anymore.

JARROD

We never asked you to do
thi...(cut off)

JOHN WESTFIELD

That's okay. You can pay me
back with chores. There's a
list for each of you on your
beds.

Bryton and Jarrod turn to leave begrudgingly.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Was there anything you wanted
to tell me? No newsletters or
anything today?

They turn around as John Westfield starts another
set of curls.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

That's okay I don't need them.

Bryton and Jarrod sigh with relief.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

I already looked it up on the
internet. And I look forward
to attending the parent
teacher interview on Friday.

Bryton and Jarrod's jaws drop.

EXT. HOLIDAY RESORT, POOLSIDE-DAY

The sun beams down through the bright blue sky as
holiday makers splash around and laugh in a large
pool.

Beside the pool Julie and Andrew lie back in bliss
on deck chairs as their feet are attended to by
two MASSAGE THERAPISTS.

Julie speaks on a mobile telephone.

JULIE

Yes I know. We told him to.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Bryton stands on the telephone.

BRYTON

You what? It's parent and
teacher interview! Not a crazy
grandparent and teacher
interview!

EXT. HOLDIDAY RESORT, POOLSIDE-DAY

Julie takes a sip from a large pink exotic
cocktail. Seemingly dismissive of the plight of
her two sons, she passes the phone to Andrew.

ANDREW

Someone has to go, and we
can't.....No, we can't
come back early.....We've
actually decided to stay an
extra two days.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Jarrood stands with his ear to the phone as Bryton
talks. He hears the comment and grabs the phone.

JARROD

(shouting)

You're what?. Tell me you're
joking!

EXT. HOLDIDAY RESORT, POOLSIDE-DAY

Andrew holds the phone away from his ear as
muffled shouting emanates from the ear-piece.

ANDREW

No, it's no joke. We have to
go, just couple more days. We
love you.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Jarrood solemnly places the phone down.

EXT. HOLDIDAY RESORT, POOLSIDE-DAY

Julie and Andrew each charge their large exotic cocktails, before leaning back and relaxing.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT LAWN-DAY

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Bryton mows the lawn. Struggling more and more with each push, he is suddenly showered with wet leaves. He stops dead and looks up at a chuckling Jarrod.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, ROOF-DAY

Cleaning the guttering Jarrod laughs as Bryton stands covered in dirt and leaves.

JARROD

Where were your abilities with that one?

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT LAWN-DAY

Jarrod leans over the garden pulling weeds out one by one. Placing them in a bucket he mumbles to himself.

JARROD

(mumbling)

Weeds. What a load of trash. They're green. What's the difference between a weed and a flower? If the flower can't handle a weed that's it's problem. Survival of the fittest I say.

Jarrod is suddenly covered head to toe in grass clippings. He stands furiously, as Bryton laughs.

JARROD (CONT'D)

What are you doing you nut?

BRYTON

It's called revenge my friend.

As Bryton turns to walk away casually, Jarrod spear tackles him to the ground from behind.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

Distracted from his cup of coffee by the ruckus outside, John Westfield stands to see what the problem is.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT LAWN-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton continue to wrestle on the lawn as John Westfield sits on the steps and watches casually. Walking to the house is Randall, he stops momentarily watching the fight before spotting John Westfield.

Randall casually walks past the tangled ball of Jarrod and Bryton and approaches the steps.

RANDALL

Hello. I'm Randall, a friend of these two.

John Westfield shakes Randall's hand.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Does this often happen?

RANDALL

No, it doesn't.

Randall and John Westfield sit silently watching the action.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Good to see a little fire in their eyes.

RANDALL

Oh yeah, I've never seen them be so committed to something physically.

Long Beat.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Well I might head off then. They seem a little busy. Nice to meet you though.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Sure. Nice to meet you
Randall.

Randall casually leaves, walking past a now collapsed and exhausted Jarrod and Bryton, lying on their backs. Dirty, bleeding and panting.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-DAY

Jarrod and Bryton sit holding frozen peas to their faces. Opposite them stands John Westfield, a hint of a smile on his face.

JOHN WESTFIELD

I must say, I'm impressed.

Removing the frozen peas, Jarrod and Bryton lift their heads tiredly. A black eye graces each of their faces.

JARROD

Excuse me?

JOHN WESTFIELD

I've never seen you guys so passionate about anything.

JARROD

Yeah, I saw you spectating. You didn't think that as an adult it might have been responsible to step in at some point?

JOHN WESTFIELD

You weren't in any danger. From what I saw neither of you could bruise a grape with an axe. But it was just good to see some effort.

BRYTON

We've put in effort before. It just happened to be that Marty Bunton put in more effort, and we ended up the way we are now.

JARROD

Yeah.

BRYTON

You handled yourself pretty well against that guy the other night, maybe you could...(cut off)

JOHN WESTFIELD

Teach you to fight?

BRYTON

Yeah.

JOHN WESTFIELD

And why do you want to know how to fight?

JARROD

I don't know. To defend ourselves.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Good answer.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-DAY

Jarrold and Bryton stand side by side in boxing gloves.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Okay then. First things first.

Walking slowly up to Jarrod, John Westfield pushes Jarrod slightly on the shoulder. Not expecting the contact, Jarrod stumbles backward, hitting the floor with a thud.

BRYTON

Geez! What did you do that for? Are you cra...(cut off)

Before Bryton can finish his sentence John Westfield shoves him also. Sending him to the ground next to Jarrod.

JOHN WESTFIELD

The first thing you need to learn is balance. Stand up.

Jarrood and Bryton stand cautiously, looking to each other they receive another unexpected shove. Sending them again to the floor.

JARROD

You're insane!

JOHN WESTFIELD

Stand up.

Standing again they balance themselves, before receiving another shove. This time they put one foot in front of the other and take the force with only a shudder of their upper body.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

That's better.

CUT TO:

Jarrood stands in front of a punching bag as John Westfield holds it steady. Jarrood steps up to the bag, and raises his hand to throw a punch. With a forceful push, John Westfield thrusts the bag forward, knocking Jarrood to the floor.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Second thing you need to learn is how to dodge a punch.

JARROD

No fair. Go easy, I can only use my left hand!

Stepping in front of the bag, Bryton looks quietly confident of what to expect. With another forceful push of the bag, John Westfield sends it swinging at speed towards Bryton. Bryton moves out of the way, and raises his arms in triumph...BANG!... Hitting Bryton hard from behind is the punching bag as it swings back.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Now, we learn how to punch.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM, HISTORY-DAY

John Westfield sits opposite Miss Fallon, who's facial expressions show concern.

MISS FALLON

They are quite bright kids.
Just very much lacking in
enthusiasm and willingness to
learn.

Long Beat.

MISS FALLON (CONT'D)

Are you currently caring for
these boys?

JOHN WESTFIELD

Yes, their parents have gone
away this week. I've been
responsible for them.

We move out from John Westfield to see Jarrod and
Bryton sitting on either side, each with black
eyes..

MISS FALLON

What happened to their...(cut
off)

JOHN WESTFIELD

I was teaching them to fight
yesterday. Young men have to
learn how to defend
themselves.

MISS FALLON

Well it doesn't appear they
learnt that very well.

BRYTON

We're still learning.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY, OUTSIDE HISTORY ROOM-DAY

Bryton, Jarrod and John Westfield walk out of the
room and into the hallway.

JOHN WESTFIELD

I think I'll go to the other
interviews alone. You guys
seem to be a bit of a
distraction, with your...

John Westfield motions to their black eyes.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Just go play outside or something.

INT. SCHOOL, SCIENCE CLASSROOM-DAY

John Westfield sits opposite a white-haired, oddball looking, male SCIENCE TEACHER.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Very capable. But they lose concentration very easily.

INT. SCHOOL, WOOD-SHOP CLASSROOM-DAY

John Westfield sits opposite a bearded man, the WOOD-SHOP TEACHER.

WOOD-SHOP TEACHER

They have a tendency to distract others from their work. Poor Susie Maloney. She's still waiting to regain the full use of her thumb.

INT. SCHOOL, RECEPTION-DAY

John Westfield stands at reception waiting for service. Not quickly forthcoming he repeatedly rings the bell on the desk DING! DING! DING!

Distracted by giggling coming from the Principal's Office, he walks over and puts his ear to the door. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Three hard raps of his fist on the door and the PRETTY RECEPTIONIST walks out fixing her hair.

Following behind her is Principal Barnell, adjusting his tie.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Hello there. Tours of the school are leaving from the canteen at two o'clock.

Principal Barnell closes the door, it's complete closure is halted by John Westfield's foot wedged at the bottom.

JOHN WESTFIELD

I'm not interested in the tour. I'm here to talk about my two grandchildren, and the lack of discipline they are receiving at this school.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Things like that you can talk to with the welfare officer.

Trying again to close the door, it is blocked with the large hand of John Westfield.

JOHN WESTFIELD

You're the Principal right?

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Yeah.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Then you're the one I want.

John Westfield forces the door open and makes his way into the Principal's Office. Stopping for a moment, Principal Barnell finally closes the door and makes his way to his desk.

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE-DAY

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

How can I help you?

JOHN WESTFIELD

You can start by wiping that grin from your face.

Principal Barnell quickly loses his smirk.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

And tell me exactly what kind of ship you're running here.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Ship? What are you talking about buddy?

JOHN WESTFIELD

Don't call me buddy. You're inept, slack attitude is filtering through into your students. I was a leader once, a sergeant of mobile unit 316. I was a leader of men, and as a leader it was my responsibility to lead the way, to show how things should be done.

Principal Barnell rolls his eyes.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

That's exactly what I'm talking about!

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Listen sergeant. I appreciate your opinion. But that's all it is. We get opinions all the time, but the fact is, I'm the one in this chair, and my opinion is all that matters.

JOHN WESTFIELD

You idiot. Do you have any idea what it means to be a leader.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

I'm a principal not a leader!

JOHN WESTFIELD

Well obviously. I can see that now. This ship's sinking, and you've already swum halfway home.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

What the hell are you taking about? Ship? Again with the ship? This is a school, and as the principal I am in charge of facilities, curriculum... and some other stuff I can't think of right now.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Like the students?

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Yes. I mean no. I mean...
What?

JOHN WESTFIELD

My two grandchildren are doing
very poorly. What are you
going to do about that?

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

And they are?

JOHN WESTFIELD

Bryton and Jarrod Westfield.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Bryton and Jarrod? Well some
kids just aren't, academically
suited. Someone has to be at
the left of the bell curve.

John Westfield leans forward, staring into
Principal Barbell's eyes.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Well let me tell you this. If
they appear on the left again,
I'm putting you responsible.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Are you bribing me?

John Westfield looks confused.

JOHN WESTFIELD

No, you idiot. I'm threatening
you.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Really?

JOHN WESTFIELD

I've crushed bigger things
than you in my soup.

Principal Barnell doesn't look impressed.

JOHN WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

And if you aren't worried
about being crushed, maybe
I'll just inform the
authorities about your
activities with that pretty
receptionist in your office
here.

Principal Barnell's face suddenly goes pale.

INT. SCHOOL, RECEPTION-DAY

As John Westfield closes the Principal Office's
door behind him, he strolls past the Pretty
Receptionist.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Thanks.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, STAGE, ASSEMBLY-DAY

Principal Barnell stands behind a microphone,
speaking assertively before a crowded school
assembly.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

...and I will not stop until
our grade averages rise! More
books, extra tuition, and a
study program to aid those
falling behind!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, ASSEMBLY, BACK WALL-DAY

Miss Fallon and the Science Teacher lean against
the back wall next to each other.

MISS FALLON

About time.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Yeah. He could throw in a
plasma for the teacher's
lounge too.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, STAGE, ASSEMBLY-DAY

Principal Barnell continues talking.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

And don't forget the school
dance on Monday night. With a
barn dance theme we're all
sure to get down with a hoe!

The crowded assembly gasps.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

Hoe down! That's hoe down!

The crowd goes silent.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

This assembly is over.

Principal Barnell leaves the stage.

INT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S RESIDENTS, LOUNGE-ROOM-DAY

Martha Westfield patrols the room with a can of
fly-spray. As a fly buzzes past she turns quickly
and fires. In her other hand is a cordless
telephone, she talks as she continues patrolling
the room with the can of fly-spray.

MARTHA WESTFIELD

Well I'm glad they're keeping
you busy dear.....Yes,
everything's fine here. Bernie
busted through the fly-screen
door again.

On the floor lies an old Basset Hound. His floppy
ears draped on the floor as he looks up at Martha
Westfield apologetically.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

John Westfield stands on the telephone.

JOHN WESTFIELD
 I'll fix it when I get home.
 (louder) Use the doggy door
 Bernie!

INT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-DAY

Bernie the Basset Hound whines as he hears his master's voice from the telephone.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-DAY

John Westfield stands on the telephone.

JOHN WESTFIELD
 Okay I love you too dear
Bye Bye.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-DAY

The television plays in the isolated lounge room.

TELEVISION SCREEN-

An ANCHOR WOMAN reads the news from her desk in a television studio.

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.)
 In local news today, inept
 police competence caused the
 escape of Robert Osborne, a
 wanted fugitive who's
 robberies have left numerous
 families devastated.

PHOTOGRAPH ON SCREEN: *ROBERT OSBORNE'S MUG-SHOT*
(THE THIEF WHO ENTERED THE WESTFIELD RESIDENTS)

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 His disappearance from the
 inmate work program was
 attributed to the absence of
 supervision by three guards,
 momentarily distracted when a
 passing ice-cream truck
 stopped for business.

PHOTOGRAPH ON SCREEN: *THREE PRISON GUARDS STAND SCRATCHING THEIR HEADS WHILE EATING ICE-CREAM CONES.*

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Authorities are now on the
 lookout for the fugitive once
 again.

END TELEVISION SCREEN

John Westfield enters the lounge room and sits on the couch.

TELEVISION SCREEN:

The ANCHOR WOMAN continues reading the news from her desk in a television studio.

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Meanwhile in other news,
 Peter's Ice-Cream company has
 unveiled a new advertising
 campaign.

PHOTOGRAPH ON SCREEN: *THREE PRISON GUARDS STAND SCRATCHING THEIR HEADS WHILE EATING ICE-CREAM CONES.*

BENEATH THE PICTURE IS THE SLOGAN: *"PETER'S ICE-CREAM, SO GOOD YOU COULD LOSE A FUGITIVE"*

END TELEVISION SCREEN

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE-DAY

Principal Barnell sits opposite the schools ACCOUNTANT, a small frail balding man with a black ink stain on the pocket of his white shirt.

ACCOUNTANT
 What were you thinking? Are
 you insane? More tuition, more
 books? That's impossible! With
 our budget we're lucky we can
 afford rat traps for the air
 ducts!

SNAP! Above them a rat trap snaps shut in the air ducts.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)

You're going to have to cancel
the orders on these things.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

I can't do that.

ACCOUNTANT

Of course you can. You're the
principal.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

No, I can't do it. Let's just
leave it at that.

ACCOUNTANT

Well then you're going to have
to figure out a way to pay for
this stuff, because I sure
can't!

Principal Barnell leans back into his chair. A
solemn look comes across his face.

EXT. SCHOOL, CARPARK-DAY

Jarrold, Bryton and Randall pass Principal
Barnell's red sports car, now with a large "FOR
SALE" sign in the rear passenger door window.

RANDALL

You don't say. I thought he
loved that car.

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE-DAY

Principal Barnell sits at his desk crying
inconsolably as he strokes a picture frame. Inside
the frame is a bright red sports car with him
lying seductively on the bonnet.

EXT. SCHOOL, CARPARK-DAY

Jarrold, Bryton and Randall continue walking.

JARROD

There goes detention.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BASEMENT-DAY

Sweat pours from Randall's forehead, as every second passes the strained look on his face becomes more intense.

RANDALL

And how many of these am I
suppose to be doing?

Lying on the bench press is Bryton, Jarrod stands at his head, spotting him.

JARROD

Three sets of twelve.

Struggling to do another barbell curl, Randall's arms shake as the barbell reaches the peak of its movement.

RANDALL

...four!

Randall drops the barbell to the ground and leans over, his hands on his thighs.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Why? Why are you doing this?

JARROD

We have to eat.

RANDALL

Huh?

JARROD

We aren't allowed to eat
dinner until we have completed
our exercises. We've actually
lost four pounds each. Not bad
for three days work.

Below Jarrod, Bryton struggles, unable to move as he is pinned by the bench press bar. Jarrod quickly notices, and uses his one good hand to assist the lifting of the bar. Bryton sits up angrily.

BRYTON

Are you okay back there? Don't want to inconvenience you with my own slow death!

JARROD

I had it all the way.

BRYTON

I don't know what I was thinking, getting a cripple to spot me.

JARROD

There's more strength in this arm than in your entire body!

RANDALL

Settle down. What else do you do?

CUT TO:

Randall stands in front of the punching bag, wearing boxing gloves that almost dwarf his own body. Jarrod and Bryton stand behind the bag.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Cool. I wouldn't mind a little boxing. Really gets the blood going you know.

BRYTON

Hold your horses Randall, first things first. Before punching you must first learn how to dodge a punch.

With a solid push Jarrod and Bryton send the bag hurtling forward. As the shadow of the bag approaches Randall, his lack of movement and blank look suggests trouble.

RANDALL

Dodge?

BANG!

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-DAY

A trolley is wheeled into an ambulance with Randall, a large "SPALDING" logo imprinted backwards on his forehead. Jarrod and Bryton look on from the driveway as the ambulance departs, lights flashing.

JARROD

Your abilities didn't see that one coming.

BRYTON

No, no they didn't. He certainly saw it coming though.

As Bryton walks inside, Jarrod watches the ambulance leave. Josephine approaches from across the street.

JOSEPHINE

What was that about?

JARROD

Randall had a little accident.

JOSEPHINE

Too bad. Have you got your costume for the dance yet?

JARROD

Costume?

JOSEPHINE

Yeah. Barn dance theme...you know, you have to dress like your going to a barn dance. Cowboy hat, boots, all that stuff.

EXT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-DAY

Martha hands Jarrod and Bryton a large garbage bag.

MARTHA WESTFIELD

Here you are. These haven't seen the light of day for years.

(MORE)

MARTHA WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Not since your father was a boy. Now you be nice to grandpa, and take care of the clothes. But most importantly, have fun at the dance.

Martha kisses them each on the cheek, and watches as they get into the car. She stands with John Westfield.

MARTHA WESTFIELD (CONT'D)

Bye bye dear, have fun.

She kisses him, and he makes his way back to the car.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, BOY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Jarrood and Bryton stand, each dressed in a cowboy hat, an old checkered shirt, jeans, and old boots.

JARROD

Well, I guess all that's left is to grab a horse and round up some women.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KITCHEN-NIGHT

Jarrood stands on the phone.

JARROD

Okay I'll seeya there buddy.
Bye.

He hangs up the phone.

JARROD(CONT'D)

Randall says he has to meet us there. He's going to the hospital for muscle relaxants first.

BRYTON

Okay cool.

INT./EXT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S CAR-NIGHT

As John Westfield turns over the key, the car's engine splutters and coughs. Turning the key again it does the same thing. Then again, and again.

JOHN WESTFIELD

Damn it! Would you be able to walk?

Jarrood and Bryton look to each other.

JARROD

Are you serious? Look at us!

JOHN WESTFIELD

Well she ain't starting. I'll have to have a look at it.

EXT. STREET, FOOTPATH-NIGHT

Jarrood and Bryton walk the streets on their way to the dance, looking like two little cowboys. Ahead of them an OLD MAN approaches, walking his dog.

OLD MAN

Howdy partners! Good to see it's coming back into fashion. I knew it would!

The Old Man walks away with a smile.

EXT. SCHOOL, CARPARK-NIGHT

Jarrood and Bryton approach the school. Spluttering and shaking violently, a small beat up mini-miner comes to a halt next to them. Stepping out of the car is Principal Barnell. He looks at Jarrood and Bryton, snickering as he walks away.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY, OUTSIDE GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE-NIGHT

At a table outside the gymnasium sits a NERDY BOY, sipping a large soda as he stamps the hands of the students upon entry. As Jarrood and Bryton approach, the Nerdy Boy coughs, coke pouring from his nose at the sight of two cowboys approaching.

NERDY BOY

Whoa!

Jarrood and Bryton each stick out their hands and receive a stamp.

Approaching the two large gymnasium doors, Jarrod and Bryton stand hesitantly as lights flash from underneath the doors, and loud MUSIC is heard.

INT. SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE-NIGHT

Pushing the doors open Jarrod and Bryton stand shocked, as their eyes scan a gymnasium packed with students in casual attire. The MUSIC STOPS as eyes focus on the two cowboys at the entrance.

From the crowd a STUDENT'S shouting is heard.

STUDENT

Yeehahhh!

The crowded gymnasium erupts in laughter.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE, TABLE-NIGHT

Jarrod, Bryton and Randall sit alone at a table as the dance continues. Randall struggles to look around as a large, thick white neck brace hinders his movements.

RANDALL

What were you thinking? You look ridiculous.

Josephine approaches the table, head to toe in cowgirl gear. Behind her stands Marty Bunton, snickering at two cowboys and their neck braced friend.

MARTY BUNTON

My god. Has their ever been a more dysfunctional table?

JOSEPHINE

I'm sorry guys. I honestly thought we had to dress up.

Bryton and Jarrod shake their heads in disbelief.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, STAGE, BARN DANCE-DAY

Principal Barnell walks onto the stage, occupying a microphone, the MUSIC STOPS as he speaks.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

Great to see you all here tonight! Sorry about the punch, due to a diversion of funds all we could afford was mineral water, but feel free to add any flavouring you like! Please give a hand to Mrs Maple and her daughter Susan for the decorations.

The students clap.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

(CONT'D)

Their beautiful, just beautiful. I love a good balloon. And to Marcus, our multi-purpose instructor-for-hire for teaching us the finer points of barn dancing. Give him a hand.

The students applause is barely audible as Marcus stands in a large cowboy hat, boots, and chaps, arms raised in triumph at the side of the stage.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

(CONT'D)

However, sorry to say Marcus that because of time restrictions at tonight's dance, you're not required this evening. Please leave, your contract never said you had to be here..

Marcus the multi-purpose for hire instructor leaves the stage slowly.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

(CONT'D)

Marcus everybody!

A clap is barely heard, a student coughs, a cricket chirps.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL
(CONT'D)

Okay enough of the
mediocrities, let's dance!

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

With the car bonnet open, John Westfield stands with a flashlight, his face buried in the engine. He tinkers with hoses and wires as he concentrates, unaware of a shadow looming behind him.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE, TABLE-NIGHT

As the dance continues around them, Jarrod, Bryton and Randall still sit, away from the action. Across the crowded room, Randall catches the glance of Michelle, the girl from the soccer game. He licks his hand and slicks his hair back.

RANDALL

Ouch!

The friction of the spit on his hair forces his neck back. He looks at Bryton and Jarrod with a confident smile on his face and stands.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Excuse me boys.

Randall walks with a strut towards Michelle, she smiles as he approaches.

JARROD

I have to get out of here for
a minute.

BRYTON

Well don't leave me here!

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY, OUTSIDE GYMNASIUM-NIGHT

Jarrod inserts coins into a drinks machine. Pressing the button for his selection, the can rattles its way down the chute. He opens the can. PSSS! The soda explodes all over him.

As Jarrod tries in vein to wipe the soda from his shirt, giggling is heard coming from an open door. Jarrod walks the ten feet to the open door, switching on a light, he illuminates the darkened storeroom.

In an embrace with Attractive Soccer Girl 1, Marty Bunton lifts his head, surprised by the intrusion.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

A look of satisfaction crosses John Westfield's face as he connects an errant hose back into its rightful position in the engine.

JOHN WESTFIELD

That's better.

He switches the torch off and turns, face to face with the Thief's smile. The golden front tooth shining.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY, STOREROOM-NIGHT

Marty Bunton stands over Jarrod in a threatening manner as Attractive Soccer Girl 1 leaves the storeroom.

MARTY BUNTON

You say anything to Josephine
and I'll ring your neck! Got
it, cowboy!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE, TABLE-NIGHT

Jarrold returns to his seat, next to Bryton. Marty Bunton walks by with Josephine, he stares at Jarrod as they pass.

BRYTON

What's his problem?

Jarrold shrugs his shoulders, avoiding the question.

BRYTON (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

The questioning agitates Jarrod.

JARROD

Nothing! Drink your punch!

SLOW MUSIC starts to play. Everybody in the gymnasium grabs a partner, they dance cheek to cheek, including Randall and Michelle.

Bryton and Jarrod sink further into their seats as they realize they are the only two without a partner. Jarrod keeps his eyes on Josephine and Marty Bunton.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-NIGHT

John Westfield wakes suddenly as water is splashed in his face. His eyes take a moment to adjust to the light, soon they focus on the Thief standing in front of him. He struggles to move, but cannot as his hands and feet are tied with rope to a wooden chair.

THIEF

Hello there. I can't help but notice that the tables have turned slightly.

JOHN WESTFIELD

What the hell do you want?

THIEF

Well you see, I usually don't like to leave things unfinished. So basically, I've come to rob you. Now that you're incapacitated, I might get to it. Just sit back and relax, it shouldn't take too long.

The Thief takes a large black sack from the floor and starts to patrol the house.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE-NIGHT

As the slow dancing continues, Marty Bunton pulls his head back and looks into Josephine's eyes. Gazing at each other for a moment he leans in for a kiss.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE, TABLE-NIGHT

Jarrood's reaches boiling point. He stands defiantly and marches towards the dance floor.

INT. SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE-NIGHT

As Marty Bunton's lips close within millimeters of Josephine's, a loud shout is heard.

JARROD

(shouting)

Stop it right there!

The SLOW MUSIC STOPS suddenly as the entire dance floor focuses on Jarrood, his outstretched hand pointing at Marty Bunton and Josephine.

MARTY BUNTON

Damn it! What is your problem?

JARROD

Josephine, those lips have been soiled!

JOSEPHINE

What? My lips have not been soiled!

JARROD

No, not yours. His!

Marty Bunton steps away from Josephine and confronts Jarrood.

MARTY BUNTON

What did I tell you? You know you shouldn't be doing this. I will hurt you.

JARROD

It must be done. If I get hurt, so be it. But I won't go down without inflicting some pain of my own!

Jarrood punches his hand with his fist, unmoved and unphased by Marty Bunton's threats. Noticing the angry cowboy, someone whistles the theme to Dirty Harry.

JARROD (CONT'D)

Shut up!

The whistling stops.

JOSEPHINE

Jarrold what are you talking about?

JARROD

Marty here was kissing Emily Tanner in the storeroom not more than ten minutes ago.

Josephine looks at Marty Bunton in shock.

MARTY BUNTON

Your dead punk!

Marty Bunton moves forward and shoves Jarrod, his body shudders but he does not fall. With his anger growing he swings his fist toward Jarrod, he quickly sidesteps and punches Marty Bunton hard in the stomach.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-NIGHT

John Westfield continues to watch helplessly as the Thief wanders around, placing items of value into his sack.

THIEF

You could say I'm like the reverse Santa Claus right?

JOHN WESTFIELD

Yeah, if Santa was ugly and pathetic and wasted his life.

THIEF

Yes, say what you like, you have to keep yourself amused somehow right? Make the most of a bad situation and all that stuff.

The Thief casually places a gold clock from the wall into his sack.

JOHN WESTFIELD

I gave that clock to my son.

THIEF

Yeah, nice. I prefer silver
myself.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, BARN DANCE-NIGHT

As Jarrod and Marty Bunton tangle violently on the floor, Bryton decides to join the action and dives into Marty Bunton's back.

The crowded dance floor forms a circle around the scuffle.

EXT. SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM-NIGHT

Bryton and Jarrod are shoved outside, through the exit doors by Principal Barnell.

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

I think it's best if you
leave. Go home boys.

BRYTON

But Marty started it!

PRINCIPAL GARY BARNELL

I know. I've already told him
he has to come to my office
tomorrow. Just go home.

Jarrod and Bryton turn and start to make the walk home in the darkness of the night. Behind them footsteps are heard as Josephine catches up to them.

BRYTON

I'll leave you two alone.

Bryton continues walking as Josephine and Jarrod stand illuminated beneath a solitary streetlight.

Breaking an awkward silence, Jarrod begins to talk.

JARROD

I'm sorry if I spoi...(cut
off)

Jarrood's talking is halted as Josephine's lunges forward, stopping the movement of his lips with a strong kiss. As the kiss is released, Jarrod stands stunned.

JOSEPHINE

About time you gave me mouth
to mouth.

Jarrood smiles, they hold hands and walk, finally catching up to Bryton further down the road.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE WESTFIELD RESIDENTS-NIGHT

Jarrood and Josephine stand hand in hand next to Bryton. Noticing a worried look on Bryton's face, Jarrod queries him.

JARROD

What's the matter?

Bryton takes a few steps towards the house.

BRYTON

The front door is open.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

Jarrood, Bryton and Josephine slowly walk to the driveway and look into the lounge room from a distance. Their jaws drop as they see an incapacitated John Westfield, tied to a chair.

They panic and run back onto the road, huddling together.

BRYTON

What are we going to do?

JARROD

We should call the cops.
Josephine, can you go to your
house and call them?

Josephine nods and runs toward her house.

BRYTON

We have to do something now.
He's in danger.

JARROD

I think we should wait for the cops.

BRYTON

No way! They could take ages, Monday night is free bowling. We have to go now, he did the same for us.

JARROD

You're right. But how are we going to do it?

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, FRONT DOOR-NIGHT

Jarrood pokes his head through the open front door, John Westfield's eyes spark to life as he sees him. Jarrood puts his finger to his lips, motioning silence.

JARROD

Sssshhhh.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, LOUNGEROOM-NIGHT

The Thief re-enters the lounge room, his sack now full to the brim, he struggles to carry it as it drags on the ground.

THIEF

Oh, yeah, I'll need the car as well. Don't want to put my back out carrying this stuff. Where are the keys?

John Westfield motions to a glass coffee table with a set of keys on it.

THIEF (CONT'D)

Beautiful. I guess I'll be going now.

As the Thief lifts his head, he notices a strange sight. Jarrood, in his cowboy get-up stands leaning casually against the kitchen door frame.

THIEF (CONT'D)

Well I'll be damned.

Jarrood saunters like a cowboy towards the Thief, who stands watching curiously.

THIEF (CONT'D)

And who are you? Yosemite Sam?

JARROD

No sir, I'm just a man looking to uphold the law.

The Thief starts to smile.

THIEF

Well isn't that cute. This must be my night. A successful robbery and a meeting with a real life cow...(cut off)

Before the Thief can finish his sentence, Jarrood punches him as hard as he can in his stomach. The Thief hunches over, taking advantage of the situation Jarrood shoves him hard.

Behind the Thief, Bryton kneels on his hands and knees. As the Thief stumbles backwards he trips over Bryton and smashes through the glass coffee table.

Jarrood quickly unties John Westfield, who moves to the Thief and stands over him as he lies motionless and stunned on the shattered glass.

EXT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

Sirens flash as the Thief is once again led to the back door of a police car. Jarrood, Bryton and John Westfield stand in the driveway as a taxi parks in the street. Exiting the taxi are Julie and Andrew, startled at the commotion in their driveway.

A VOICE-OVER begins to play as Julie and Andrew run up the driveway to hug their sons.

JARROD (V.O.)

We are both doing better at school now. With the extra tuition we ended up reaching a B average by the end of the second semester. But that only got us to a C average for the whole year.

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE-DAY

Principal Barnell cleans out his desk, throwing his belongings into boxes.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our principal lost his job after the school's new surveillance system caught him with the receptionist in his office. He probably should have know better, seeing as though he demanded the installation following missing stationary from his desk...

INT. SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM, BALLETT-DAY

Marty Bunton prances around in ballerina tights, to the applause of a watching crowd.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Following the praise from the multi-purpose for hire school instructor, Marty Bunton decided to follow his secret dream of becoming the greatest ballerina on earth. His efforts were tragically cut short however when he and Randall fought following a dispute over a hamburger...

INT. SCHOOL, CAFETERIA-DAY

Randall holds Marty Bunton in a headlock as the crowded cafeteria watches.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Marty was unaware that during Randall's neck rehabilitation, he had actually put on ten kilograms of pure muscle...

INT. SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM, WRESTLING COMPETITION-DAY

Randall stands with a large trophy wearing a wrestling uniform, his arms up in triumph.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...and went on to become the
 all-school's wrestling
 champion.

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY-DAY

Bryton walks surrounded by female students, a large smile on his face as he regales them with the tail of the foiled robbery attempt.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Bryton took advantage of his
 short lived celebrity status
 following the robbery to date
 nearly every girl on campus.

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KID'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Jarrold lies in bed, penning a letter to John Westfield.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We look forward to your visit
 next month, and now that my
 wrist has healed I'm hoping to
 try out for the basketball
 team.

Julie enters the room.

JARROD
 I'm coming mom.

EXT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S RESIDENTS, BACK PORCH-NIGHT

John Westfield sits in his rocking chair reading the letter.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Oh, and by the way, I'm glad
 to hear your bad dreams are
 going. I would have called,
 but I decided to write as you
 told me to keep practicing
 English. Regards, your
 grandson, Jarrod...

INT. WESTFIELD RESIDENTS, KID'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Bryton enters the bedroom.

BRYTON

Don't forget to write I said
hi.

EXT. JOHN WESTFIELD'S RESIDENTS, BACK PORCH-NIGHT

John Westfield continues reading.

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and Bryton.

John Westfield puts down the letter and continues
rocking as he looks out to the sunset.

FADE OUT.