



## SAMPLE SCRIPTS

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**(CYBER WARS)**

**Scene 1 - DARREN'S ROOM**

*DARREN plays video games while SAM sits on his laptop nearby.*

DARREN: (to game) Oh come on! What kind of idiot puts a grenade there? I mean seriously!

SAM: What should I do?

DARREN: Grab a controller and help me nail this dude. He's slaughtering me!

SAM: I mean with Rose.

DARREN: (groans)

SAM: Should I message her again? And which emogee should I use this time?

DARREN: Somebody shoot me now...(responds to game) Argh! I didn't mean that literally!

*Darren slams down his controller.*

DARREN: I'll never beat this Mad Max!

SAM: Smiley face. It's simple and straight to the point.

*Sam starts typing as Darren responds to a new player on line.*

DARREN: Oh good Lucy's playing. Now I'll kick some butt.

**Scene 2 - ROSE'S ROOM**

*LUCY plays video games on her computer while ROSE watches.*

ROSE: So which one's you Luce?

LUCY: (points) There. Princess Teefa.

ROSE: And I take it that's Darren?

LUCY: Yep. Captain Gorgeous.

*Rose is distracted by a message on her phone.*

ROSE: Ooh it's Sam. (reads message) He used two smiley faces! So how do I respond?

LUCY: Depends if you want to keep playing hard to get.

ROSE: It's not that Lucy! Sam's loyalty is all over the place. I don't know if I can trust him anymore.

LUCY: (stops playing game) Look, he only kissed Jamilla once, and it was dark at the party, he thought it was you.

ROSE: That's what he said, but I don't believe him.

LUCY: (resumes playing) Well you either forget about Sam, or give it another go. There's nothing in between.

*Rose thinks for a moment.*

ROSE: Or is there?

*Rose comes up with idea, opens her laptop and starts typing.*

LUCY: Oh how cute, Darren shot me in the head. He's always full of surprises.

### **Scene 3 - DARREN'S ROOM**

*Sam pacing anxiously.*

SAM: She hasn't responded.

DARREN: Take that Princess Teefa!

SAM: Didn't you just kill her?

DARREN: Yeah but it's fun. Better than wasting my time with that other dufus.

SAM: Because he always beats you?

DARREN: Shut up.

*Sam responds to a message on his laptop.*

SAM: (surprised) Oh.

DARREN: What? Only one smiley face in return?

SAM: No, it's from Kylie.

DARREN: What does she want?

SAM: (reading) Hey Sam, I know this is a bit forward but was wondering if you wanted to hang out sometime soon. Two smiley faces...and a heart emogee!

DARREN: (flat) Sounds serious.

SAM: What should I do? How should I respond?

DARREN: I dunno. Do you like her?

SAM: Well not as much as Rose. But then again Rose never used a heart emogee! It's kinda nice.

DARREN: Then play along. Can't hurt.

*Sam thinks, then starts typing.*

### **Scene 4 - ROSE'S ROOM**

*Rose looks at her computer and reads the reply message.*

ROSE: (reading) Hi Kylie, surprised you messaged me.

LUCY: Why are you reading Kylie's messages?

ROSE: (typing in reply) I know. I don't want my sister Rose finding out that I like you...

LUCY: What?!

ROSE: (typing) ...but I couldn't hold out any longer...two heart emogee.

*Rose hits send button.*

LUCY: You hacked into your sisters profile?!

ROSE: It's the only way I can know for sure if Sam is serious about us. It's just a little test.

LUCY: It's not very ethical Rose.

ROSE: (looking at Lucy's game) Oh really, then where's Princess Teefa gone?

LUCY: I...er...

ROSE: Who's Mad Max?

LUCY: Um...me.

*Rose glares at Lucy.*

LUCY: I like to let Darren feel good about beating me as Princess Teefa, but then I'll login as Mad Max so I can cane him to oblivion! Just to have some fun.

ROSE: That's pretty messed up.

LUCY: But if he knows I'm better than him, he might not like me anymore.

ROSE: Oh. Yep, messed up.

*Lucy shrugs her off and returns to her game. Rose returns to her computer.*

ROSE: (typing) So... do you wanna hook up sometime?

*She hits send button.*

LUCY: What?! You asked him to hook up?

ROSE: That just means hang out.

LUCY: Er, no it means...you know...hook up!

ROSE: Oh my god.

*Rose notices something else and panics.*

ROSE: Oh my god!!!

LUCY: What?!

### Scene 5 - DARREN'S ROOM

*Sam pacing anxious while Darren looking at computer.*

DARREN: Oh my god. Oh my god!!!

SAM: What?!

*Darren points out the message. Sam starts freaking out.*

DARREN: She seriously likes you man.

SAM: Yeah but she posted on my timeline instead of a private message! Now Rose will see it and freak out!

DARREN: Yep. You're screwed.

*Darren returns to his game. Sam slumps his head on the desk.*

**(PETTY CRIMES)****INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN**

*A BODY lies face down on the floor with a knife sticking out of its back. AMBER and TROY, dressed in black, eat dinner at the table, sipping wine. A balaclava sits beside each of them.*

AMBER: Did you feed the cat before we left?

TROY: (defensive) Well...no.

*She drops her cutlery in protest.*

AMBER: You said you would feed her! Now she's gonna be going mental when we get back.

TROY: Well if you didn't ask me to get the extra gear, maybe I would've had time to feed her.

AMBER: So you can't do more than one thing, is that right?

TROY: Why didn't you think of feeding her? Knowing I was busy.

AMBER: Maybe because I was too busy turning off all the lights you left burning around the house.

TROY: We're not in the dark ages honey. We don't use oil lamps.

AMBER: Did you see the last electricity bill?

TROY: Hard to miss when I woke up with it stuck to my face.

AMBER: It was the only way to get you to notice.

*They eat in silence.*

TROY: At least I didn't burn the toast.

AMBER: It's not my kitchen! How am I supposed to know what setting they have their toaster on?

TROY: You just have to keep checking it!

AMBER: Shut up and eat.

TROY: Next time make sure we stake out their pantry for more than baked beans before we commit to it.

AMBER: At least we're eating. More than I can say for Soxy.

TROY: Fine! Would you like me to go back and feed her?

AMBER: Forget it. We'll be home soon enough.

*They eat a bit more and have a drink.*

AMBER: I like the watch.

*He looks at the watch on his wrist.*

TROY: Yeah. Must've spent a bit on it. It's no fake.

*He turns towards the body on the floor, showing the watch.*

TROY: Hey mate? Nice quality this.

*He waits a beat and then shrugs, returning to his drink.*

AMBER: You expecting a response?

TROY: Hey, dead or alive, we can still show respect for our fellow mankind.

AMBER: Have you been reading the Dalai Lama again?

TROY: He has great insights on the human condition.

*She groans. A bit more silence. He stops eating, bothered by something.*

TROY: Hey babe?

AMBER: Yeah.

TROY: How long do you think we'll keep doing this?

AMBER: I dunno. The market's still strong so I guess we'll keep going until it changes.

*He returns to his drink, still lost in thought. She notices.*

AMBER: What's wrong?

TROY: Nothing.

AMBER: You getting cold feet again?

TROY: It's just that, we're a good team yeah?

AMBER: I've had better.

TROY: What's that supposed to mean?

AMBER: You asked if we were a good team.

TROY: I didn't ask you to compare me to Gary!

AMBER: Oh. Sorry. Yes Troy, we're a great team. Now what were you saying?

TROY: Can't believe you brought up Gary again.

AMBER: You have to admit, he was the best in the biz.

TROY: Yes, was. You're with me now?

*She goes silent.*

AMBER: Just saying.

TROY: Well what I was trying to say, is that I think we'd work well at anything we did.

AMBER: I guess. Except keeping pets alive.

TROY: I will feed the damn cat for the next month okay?!

*She shrugs, picking food out from her teeth.*

TROY: I just had this thought that maybe we could think about branching out.

AMBER: Like what? You wanna hit banks or jewellery stores? I told you, I don't like the high profile jobs. Puts me on edge.

TROY: No, nothin' like that. I was thinking something completely different.

AMBER: Chemist? Servo?

TROY: Café.

*She pauses, puzzled.*

AMBER: You wanna rob a café? Great idea. Let's hit them early in the day so we know they have a full supply of muffins. The street value of those things are off the charts.

TROY: I mean, open our own.

*She goes blank.*

TROY: Nothin' too fancy, just a quiet one, maybe in a semi-rural environment, you know, where we get to know the locals, complain about the weather, that sort of thing.

AMBER: You're serious.

TROY: I want a change. Murder, theft and carjacking aren't really doin' it for me anymore.

AMBER: What the hell do we know about running a café?

TROY: It's just an idea. Nothin' in concrete.

*They drink in silence for a beat.*

AMBER: But this is all we know. And face it, we wouldn't be making the same money.

TROY: True we'd have to cut down on some of the luxuries we've gotten used to. But think about it, not looking over our shoulder all the time, working day shift instead of night. You said yourself your body clock suffers on the late night gigs.

AMBER: I know.

TROY: At least think about it.

AMBER: Alright.

*He smiles, relieved.*

AMBER: Nup. Can't do it.

TROY: You said you'd think about it!

AMBER: I did.

TROY: For two seconds!

AMBER: Because I know what you're like! You have these great ideas that seem awesome at first, but when there's hard work involved, you start to back out, and then you doubt yourself. It's pathetic.

TROY: At least I'm trying to make a difference in our lives. What if we want to start a family one day, this is not exactly a kid friendly profession is it.

AMBER: We're not even married! Why did you bring kids into it?! We can't even remember to feed a cat!

TROY: Stop it with the cat! I wanted a dog in the first place! But oh no, dogs are too much trouble!

AMBER: The yard's not big enough for a dog!

TROY: Because half of it is filled up with vege gardens that aren't producing veges!

*She's about to retaliate when a POLICE SIREN wails. They freeze in shock.*

**(THE CRIB)****INT. CHILD CARE PLAY PEN**

*NURSERY RHYME MUSIC. ALICE, KEV, and MAGGIE, dressed in nappies, sit in their playpen, sucking on dummies, and surrounded by toys and alphabet blocks. The playpen has open ends so babies can wander on or off stage.*

*They start WHINING and CRYING like babies, then morph into standing upright and able to speak. Except Maggie stays very childlike. MUSIC CHANGES TO SOMETHING MORE UPBEAT.*

*RENO enters, facing offstage talking to someone.*

RENO: ...next time I have to sort you two out, the rattle is mine, understood? Good.

*Reno struts around like he owns the place.*

RENO: Looking good Alice.

*Alice, wearing a frilly top, checks herself out, uncertain.*

ALICE: I dunno. Mum's trying me with these new frills lately. Not sure it's me though.

RENO: Are you kidding? They're totally next gen.

ALICE: Oh thanks babe.

*Reno keeps strutting around. Kev has a glazed kook across his face.*

RENO: What's cookin' Kev?

*Kev screws up his face in tension then suddenly feels relieved.*

KEV: Just another pattie.

RENO: Nice one. I'll bet you two sucks of my bottle you only last twenty minutes before they pull you out to change.

KEV: You're on.

*They bump fists.*

RENO: Any updates from Maggie?

KEV: I'll go check.

*Kev approaches Maggie, playing in the corner with soft toys and sucking her dummy.*

KEV: Hey Mags?

MAGGIE: (gargles)

KEV: Reno wants to know if you've heard anything

MAGGIE: (gargles and goos)

KEV: Aha, new change table in the back room. Nice.

MAGGIE: (gargles and goos)

KEV: Oh they've finally got that dairy free formula? It's about time.

MAGGIE: (gargles and goos)

KEV: (worried) What?

MAGGIE: (repeats)

KEV: Yeah I heard you the first time. I...I have to tell Reno.

*Kev, nervous, returns to Reno.*

*Reno busy giving instructions to Alice moving an alphabet block.*

RENO: A bit more to the left.

ALICE: Which is left?

RENO: How am I supposed to know?! It's the opposite to right!

*Alice moves the block a little one way, a little the other and ends up where she started.*

RENO: Perfect!

ALICE: Alright. I've got a bit of puke on me so I'm gonna go have a cry and see if I can get it cleaned up.

RENO: Righto.

*Alice walks off stage and winds up a BIG CRY as she leaves.*

*Reno lies on the blocks, tossing his dummy in the air. Kev approaches, nervous.*

RENO: Yes what is it?

KEV: I spoke to Maggie.

RENO: And?

KEV: There's a new kid coming in.

*Reno drops his dummy.*

KEV: (avoiding) But we got a nicer change table and the new formula has arrived.

It's probably got coconut in it but at least it might reduce the smell in here.

RENO: Are you sure about that?

KEV: Well no, depends on what else they're eating...

RENO: I mean about the new kid!

*Kev just nods, scared. Reno starts pacing.*

RENO: Unbelievable. Who do they think they are?! Letting any random kid come in, nilly's willy. I mean, there ain't enough toys to go around as it is! Well Kev, we won't take this lightly I can assure you.

*LIGHTS FADE.*

*Babies gather in the corner.*

*LIGHTS UP on Reno addressing all the babies making noise.*

RENO: Listen up!

*Babies go quiet.*

RENO; Rumour has it that there'll be a new kid on the block. Now did you get a name Kev?

KEV: Mags, did you get a name?

MAGGIE: (gargles and goos for a long sentence)

KEV: (to Reno) Nup.

RENO: Well whoever this intruder is doesn't matter. The important thing is, we stick together and protect the crib. Who knows what evil we're dealing with. So everyone is to be on high alert! And no talking to him! Don't play with him, don't even look at him, is that understood?

*Babies reluctantly agree.*

*LIGHTS FADE DOWN.*

*Babies gather behind some blocks.*

*LIGHTS UP on the babies hiding, they all now have milk bottles they're sucking on. A fluffy toy elephant sits on the ground in front of the block fortress.*

RENO: Now let's see if he takes the bait.

KEV: Come on Reno, this is ridiculous.

RENO: We'll just see who's the ridiculous one.

ALICE: (looking at Reno) Oh I see it.

RENO: Shhh! Here he comes.

*TIMMY enters, dragging a blanket, sucking on a milk bottle, looking around. He picks up the elephant and shakes it playfully.*

RENO: What did I tell ya? Like flies to Kev's patties.

*Timmy takes the elephant to the opposite corner.*

KEV: Well now what?

RENO: Now we have proof he's here to steal from us!

ALICE: How do you figure that?

RENO: He just took Mister Snuffle without asking!

KEV: Fair suck of the bottle Reens, it was just sitting there. It's not like anyone was playing with it.

RENO: Listen you guys! It starts with a fluffy elephant and it's a slippery slope from there. So I suggest we make it clear to him, who's runnin' this crib.

*Reno pushes Kev out from behind the blocks. Kev sighs and approaches Timmy.*

**(NOTIFICATIONS ANONYMOUS)****INT. SUPPORT GROUP MEETING ROOM**

*Sitting on chairs are DYLAN, KINTA (wearing an eye bandage) and RANEE, all looking a bit twitchy, sad, and feeling hopeless. GLEN paces around them, trying to build morale.*

GLEN: Now whether you're here today from the result of family intervention, a court order, or even self-admission, you've all come for the same reason. To get your lives back on track, reclaim control and release yourselves from the burdens of addiction. Who would like to go first?

*Kinta stands.*

KINTA: Hi everyone. I'm Kinta...and I'm a Notification-a-holic.

OTHERS: (applaud) Well done. / Hi Kinta. / Welcome. (etc)

KINTA: It's been fourteen minutes since my last notification check.

*Others respond, impressed.*

KINTA: It was a simple snapchat from a good friend. She's here tonight. (waves to audience) It was the one with the sparkly Unicorn that...

*Dylan and Ranee get excited.*

RANEE: With the voice changer?!

KINTA: Yeah! That's it.

DYLAN: Oh man I love that one.

GLEN: Kinta? Remember why we're here.

*They settle down.*

KINTA: Sorry. So yeah, I know I have a problem and that's why I'm committing myself to the twelve-step program.

*She takes a seat.*

GLEN: Thank you Kinta. Great start.

*Glen gestures to Ranee who stands.*

RANEE: Hi, I'm Ranee, and yes, I too am a Notification-a-holic. It's been over an hour since my last notification check.

*She proudly shows a badge she's wearing.*

RANEE: Which of course earned me my first badge.

*All are proud of her. Small applause.*

GLEN: We're very proud of you Ranee.

RANEE: (teary) Thanks. I was feeling pretty low for a while, not feeling like I could get anything done, or just feeling trapped really. And if it wasn't for my brother who's here tonight (Actor can substitute a family member or friend who's in the audience) – then I wouldn't be here. And yes, I also commit to the twelve-step program.

*She takes her seat. The others show affection and support.*

GLEN: Wonderful Ranee, thank you. Now Dylan.

*Dylan a bit hesitant.*

KINTA: It's okay hun, there's nothing to be ashamed of.

*Dylan slowly rises.*

DYLAN: Hey. I'm Dylan. And I'm... I'm a Notification-a-holic.

*The others applaud, encouraging him. He starts feeling better.*

DYLAN: It's been eight minutes since my last notification check.

*The others a little puzzled.*

GLEN: But our meeting started ten minutes ago.

DYLAN: I know. I'm sorry. But you have to understand, it was a kitten on a surf board. On a surfboard! I mean, we know how much they hate water! The paradox of humour overlaid with a juxtaposed reality was endearing to the point of...

*He stops himself and takes a seat. Kinta reassures him.*

GLEN: It's okay Dylan. We all slip up from time to time. Now how many re-posts did you do?

*Dylan reluctant to answer.*

GLEN: Dylan?

*He holds up four fingers.*

GLEN: Well, okay that's not too...

DYLAN: Hundred.

*Dylan starts to cry into Kinta who consoles him.*

GLEN: And this is why it's important to commit to the program, so it allows space for you to share your mistakes, as well as giving us all a chance to learn from each other, and hopefully avoid those pitfalls we often don't see until it's too late.

*They all agree.*

GLEN: Now I'd like you all to share your own experience on the exact moment you felt it was time to get help. Who'd like to go first?

*Ranee puts her hand up. Glen gestures for her to continue.*

RANEE: It's a bit embarrassing.

GLEN: Remember, you're in a safe space.

RANEE: Well, you all saw the news the other week about that old lady who was hit by a train.

*The others a bit worried where this is going.*

GLEN: Yes, that was tragic.

RANEE: That was my nanna.

OTHERS: Oh no. / I'm so sorry. / etc

RANEE: Thanks. It was a beautiful funeral. All the family were there. Her lifelong friends turned up, said some lovely speeches. It couldn't have gone any better, until it came to lowering her coffin down into the grave. A notification went off on my phone didn't it?

*Ranee pulls out her phone.*

RANEE: May I?

GLEN: Of course.

*Ranee hits a button and holds her phone up for everyone to hear. SFX of a train going past a crossing, squealing its brakes and crashing into something.*

RANEE: It was an email.

*Ashamed, she puts her phone away.*

**(ONE LAST TIME)****INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

*EDDIE lies in bed, attached to a drip, bandages on his arms and wrists. NURSE finishes checking his blood pressure.*

NURSE: ...and Doctor Carides will be around in about half an hour to go through the test results.

EDDIE: Thanks.

NURSE: Did you feel like anything to eat yet?

EDDIE: How about a large Hawaiian with extra pineapple, thick crust if they have it.

NURSE: I can do a ham sandwich, with extra ham.

EDDIE: (sarcastic) Yum.

*Nurse scribbles some notes on her pad.*

EDDIE: Anyone come to visit?

*Nurse reluctant to answer.*

EDDIE: Don't answer that.

NURSE: People need to come in their own time, when they feel ready. It's a big thing for families to cope with.

*He avoids eye contact as he flicks through a magazine.*

EDDIE: Sure.

NURSE: Need anything for the pain?

EDDIE: Nah I'm good.

NURSE: Alright, be back in a bit.

*Nurse exits. Eddie, bored, flicks emptily through the magazine. He tries turning the television on but the remote doesn't work. He tosses the remote to the end of his bed. JESS enters. Eddie surprised. It's awkward.*

JESS: Hey.

EDDIE: Hey.

JESS: Nicer room this time.

EDDIE: It'll do.

JESS: They treating you okay?

EDDIE: Yeah alright. Nurses give me all this attention, anyone'd think I was dying.

JESS: Not funny Eddie.

*He feels a pang of guilt.*

EDDIE: How's mum?

*She doesn't want to answer.*

EDDIE: It's cool. I knew she wouldn't come. Surprised you did.

JESS: Trust me, I considered not.

*She sits on the bed and starts flicking through the magazine.*

JESS: So, I take it this is the 'last time'.

EDDIE: (trying to be funny) If you had a dollar every time you heard that.

*She ignores him, still looking blankly at the magazine.*

EDDIE: Look, I'd say I'm sorry but I know you're sick of hearing it.

JESS: Because it doesn't mean anything.

EDDIE: But it's true. I really am sorry.

JESS: For what?

*He resigns with a shrug. She chuffs, full of disdain and returns to the magazine.*

EDDIE: I don't know what else to say. Maybe you shouldn't have come.

JESS: You're right, maybe I shouldn't.

EDDIE: Fine.

JESS: Yep.

*Jess maintains focus on the magazine. Eddie getting impatient.*

EDDIE: Think I'd rather you get angry with me or something.

JESS: (snide) You think it'd help?

*Eddie retreats.*

JESS: That's what I thought.

*Eddie tries the tv remote again. It's still broken.*

JESS: Sucks to be cooped up in here doesn't it?

EDDIE: What's new? Our whole life pretty much sucked anyway.

JESS: Are you serious?

EDDIE: It's not like mum and dad put much effort into providing us with...

JESS: Don't go there Ed.

EDDIE: Why not?! It's true!

JESS: How many times are you going to compare our life with other families...

EDDIE: The crappy suburb we lived in! The kids I had no choice but to hang around...

JESS: Oh my god if I haven't heard this a hundred times...

EDDIE: Then maybe it didn't affect you as much!

JESS: How can you say that?!

EDDIE: Well, I just...I'm still working through it, okay?!

JESS: We haven't lived there for three years you idiot! How much longer are you gonna be 'working through it'?

*Eddie restrains from responding.*

**(SISTER DIRT)****INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR CHAPEL**

*A funeral service is about to begin. A closed coffin sits on a stand in the middle of the stage. A few flowers dotted around. MOURNERS take their seats as PASTOR JOHN stands behind a pulpit.*

*Downstage is AUNTY DONNA and EMMA (holding tissues, hay feverish)*

DONNA: Now Emma darling I know this is hard.

EMMA: But if she turns up, she's bound to say something offensive to ruin the day, and who knows what slutty outfit she'll rock up in this time!

DONNA: Or some ridiculous piercing.

EMMA: I just can't take the pressure. And these flowers are messing with my hay fever. (blows her nose)

DONNA: Listen dear, you're not responsible for her anymore. She chose her own path and you have to let it go.

*Emma knows she's right.*

DONNA: Focus on your mum, it's her day today.

EMMA: (looking to the coffin) You're right Aunty Donna.

*Beat.*

EMMA: Maybe she lost the invitation.

DONNA: One can only hope.

*They share a smile and take their seat.*

*LIGHT TRANSITION TO ... Pastor John, near the end of his speech.*

PASTOR: ...and Elizabeth, with her infectious laughter and compassion for others, will be dearly missed by her loving sister Donna, and her devoted daughters Emma...and Kasey.

*Emma takes a subtle look around. She's relieved.*

PASTOR: Now we welcome Emma to say a few words.

*Emma approaches the pulpit.*

EMMA: Like any family there were sad times, but we also tried to enjoy the good days. Mum loved to bake. We would always be making little cupcakes and decorating smiley faces with the icing. They were so cute. Always the smiley face.

*She gets lost in a moment.*

And that's how I'd like to remember Elizabeth...mum...with those cute little smiley faces.

*Kasey enters and takes a seat; no piercings, hair in a bun, wearing a pretty dress.  
Everyone shocked. Emma now rattled.*

EMMA: So mum had a tough childhood. But the one thing she treasured most was her mum's antique ruby ring, passed down from generation of women to the next. And because it brought her so much joy, I felt it best that it be buried with her today.

*Everyone acknowledge the good gesture. Kasey quietly annoyed. Emma returns to her seat. Pastor John returns to the pulpit.*

PASTOR: Thank you Emma, a lovely gesture. So now we come to the end of our formal proceedings...

*Kasey sheepishly raises her hand.*

PASTOR: Yes Kasey?

KASEY: I'm sorry but could I say a few words? If that's okay with everyone.

*Everyone shifts nervously.*

PASTOR: (thrilled) Of course Kasey. That would be wonderful.

*Kasey approaches the pulpit.*

EMMA: (whispering to Aunty Donna) What is she playing at?

*Aunty Donna just shakes her head, baffled.*

KASEY: First my apologies for being late. My shift at the soup kitchen for the homeless went longer than expected.

*Emma scoffs to herself.*

KASEY: It's no secret to anyone in this room that Elizabeth and I...mum and I...didn't exactly get along. I'll be the first to admit, it was me with the huge chip on the shoulder. But now, thanks to the nuns at the orphanage, where I read stories to the children, they have shown me the path of humility and forgiveness.

*Emma and Aunty Donna glance at each other, dumbfounded.*

KASEY: And more importantly, re-discovering the love I have for my big sister Emma.

*Emma bites her lip.*

KASEY: When dad left, times were tough for Elizabeth, so I support whole heartedly Emma's decision to bury the ring with her. It's a small gesture of the love we had, still have, for our mum.

*Kasey starts to tear up.*

EMMA: (to Aunty Donna) Oh come on. She never cries.

*Pastor John clears his throat towards Emma who retreats, embarrassed.*

KASEY: I'm sorry. It's just... I haven't been in contact with mum for quite some time so there's a lot to digest. Thank you all for coming and god bless.

*Kasey returns to her seat as Pastor John returns to the pulpit.*

EMMA: (quietly to Aunty Donna) Well she's clearly on drugs.

DONNA: Clearly.

PASTOR: That was a lovely sentiment Kasey. Now please help yourself to some refreshments, and we'll gather at Elizabeth's final resting place in about twenty minutes.

*Mourners exit. Kasey corrals Aunty Donna, giving her a kiss on the cheek.*

KASEY: Aunty Donna. How have you been? You're looking amazing.

*Aunty Donna forces a smile and leaves.*

KASEY: Emma. I hope we can put the past behind us. For mum.

*Emma remains staunch in her disdain and follows Aunty Donna. Kasey sighs sadly and approaches Pastor John.*

KASEY: Excuse me Pastor John.

*Pastor John takes her hands.*

PASTOR: Oh Kasey. It appears you have truly turned a corner my dear. And your mother would be so proud of you.

KASEY: Thank you. And speaking of, I was hoping I could spend some quality time with her, alone, if that's okay? I know it's a bit late but I feel I need to, you know, process.

PASTOR: Of course. You take as much time as you need.

*They share a smile. Pastor John ushers away a lingering Mourner. Kasey watches them leave. She drops the nice girl act, yanks her hair out of the bun and lights up a cigarette, puffing away in relief.*

KASEY: So here we are ma. It's funny, I rehearsed all these things I was going to tell you if we ever saw each other again, but now I'm here, I don't really see the point. Oh well, better get this over and done with.

*She extinguishes her cigarette in the flowers, takes a deep breath and anxiously slides open the coffin lid, quickly closing it shut. She steps away, cringing.*

Come on. Suck it up girl.

*She just opens the lid enough to get a hand in. Cringing, she recoils in disgust.*

**(THE HUDDLE)****INT. FOOTY CHANGE ROOMS – (BEFORE THE GAME)**

*FOOTBALL CROWD SFX. CAR HORNS. SIREN BLASTS.*

*COACH, holding a clipboard, rallies the team around him.*

COACH: Alright fellas bring it in.

*STEVO, BAZZA, DAVO, BIG KEV and OTHER PLAYERS, huddle close in their white footy guernseys. Davo's is pink, and he's self-conscious. Players SNIGGER quietly.*

COACH: Now before we kick off I wanna go through some...what the hell's that?

*They chuckle louder.*

BIG KEV: (aside to Bazza) Looks like someone forget to separate their colours.

*Bazza shakes his head. Davo cowers, embarrassed.*

COACH: Yeah alright give it a rest, now back to business. Before the first bounce we...

DAVO: The bottle said 'colour protecting'.

*Coach gapes.*

STEVO: In a 'cold' wash, you idiot. Everyone knows that.

*Players chuckle. Bazza feeling Davo's Guernsey.*

BAZZA: Least he used a decent dollop of softener.

DAVO: (touched) Thanks man.

BIG KEV: Smells like eucalyptus.

DAVO: Yeah it's a new one I'm tryin'...

COACH: Focus boys! I don't wanna hear another word! Alright?!

*Players go silent.*

COACH: Now we got four quarters of hard footy ahead of us, and I have a few position changes to go through.

*Players whine.*

COACH: Stevo, I wanna move you from back pocket to the wing. Davo to full back...

BAZZA: You promised I'd have a run on the wing.

*Coach looks blankly at Bazza.*

BIG KEV: You told him Thursday night.

DAVO: I heard you say it too.

COACH: Fine, Bazza you take the wing, Stevo to centre half forward...

BIG KEV: But I only got one quarter there last week and not one kick!

COACH: Argh! Fine! Stevo go into full back until next quarter, then I'll...

*Stevo sighs.*

DAVO: Excuse me coach but you just changed me to full back. I'm confused.

PLAYER: Just stick 'im on the wing.

BAZZA: Na uh! I bagged it mate.

STEVO: Ya can't bags it?

BAZZA: Er...yeah I can.

COACH: Just shut up all of you! Stevo I'm gonna move you from full back to left forward pocket, and then...

STEVO: But I can't kick on me left.

PLAYERS: Put him on the right / but that's my spot / who's on the wing? / I bagged that...(argument goes on)

COACH: That's enough! This is my final decision so like it or lump it! Stevo to back pocket, Davo into ruck, Bazza back on wing and Big Kev you take full back, got it?!

*Players a little confused.*

STEVO: Er coach, isn't that where we started?

*Coach gives daggers, SIREN BLASTS. Players disperse quickly.*

PLAYERS: Great changes coach / yeah much better / alright let's do it Doggies!

*LIGHTS FADE. SFX of FOOTY ACTIVITY. WHISTLES, CAR HORNS, CROWD.*

*SIREN SOUNDS.*

*The team re-enters, exhausted, and muddy. Coach enters.*

COACH: Alright fellas bring it in.

*The players huddle around Coach. Big Kev clearly rattled.*

COACH: You're playing like girls out there! I know they're tough, but you gotta win that ball!

*Bazza notices Kev holding back emotion.*

BAZZA: You okay there big fella?

BIG KEV: Yep. Fine. I'm fine.

COACH: As I was saying. When you get possession of the ball you just have to...

STEVO: Nah mate, there's definitely somethin' not right eh?

*They all look to Kev who reluctantly gives in.*

BIG KEV: The full forward, he...he hogged the ball.

*All confused.*

BIG KEV: He went too deep into the forward pocket?

*Still confused. Coach groans.*

BIG KEV: He grabbed my nuts alright!

*Players all wince in empathy. Coach still frustrated.*

COACH: Look, yes it's a bit unfortunate but that's the game! Sometimes it gets...

DAVO: Jeez mate you gonna be right to go back out there?

*Coach bewildered. Kev gets choked up.*

STEVO: Maybe you need to express it.

BAZZA: Yeah it's a safe space here Kevin.

PLAYERS: Yeah / go on / let it out.

BIG KEV: Well...I feel so...violated.

*Players react sympathetically. Kev feeling better.*

COACH: Can we get on with it?!

*Players give their attention back to Coach.*

COACH: Thank you! Now if we're gonna win this next quarter you gotta get right in there, you gotta grab that ball and...

*Kev bursts into tears. Coach blank. SIREN SOUNDS.*

DAVO: Ahh jeez coach, that was in poor taste.

STEVO: Too soon mate. Too soon.

*Players all agree, consoling Kev as they escort him onto the ground. Coach left stumped.*