

INHERITING AMARAT

"PILOT"

by

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INHERITING AMARAT - PILOT

Inspired by true events

FROM DARKNESS:

INT. BLAKE COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CREAKING floorboards, SHUFFLING feet. Muffled, incoherent VOICES can be heard coming from outside the cottage.

Then a PANICKED WHISPER pipes up. This is LUCY (30, equal parts high-strung and posh English, hopeless at hiding either).

LUCY (O.S.)

Daniel, wake up. Daniel?! Oh bloody hell. DANIEL!

(beat; he's dead asleep)

Is that a fifty kilo king fish?!

A GROGGY MOAN.

BLAKEY (O.S.)

Mmm...? Where?

LUCY (O.S.)

Daniel, wake up. Someone's here.

BLAKEY (O.S.)

Fish?

LUCY

No, not fish. Humans.

BLAKEY (O.S.)

Hm? It's probably just Bruce...

LUCY (O.S.)

Would you stop blaming Bruce for everything? It's not Bru--

Glass SHATTERS in another room. Lucy goes still. Blakey's fully awake now.

BLAKEY (O.S.)

Right, maybe it's not Bruce. I'll just go check.

LUCY (O.S.)

What?! It's the middle of the night?!

BLAKEY (O.S.)
 Nothing a little chat can't solve.
 She'll be right.

A distant door handle JANGLES. A BABY GURGLES nearby.

Lucy turns on her phone torch and the spotlight scans the room, revealing mountains of junk: old vacuum cleaners, broken radios, half-melted rubber thongs, a dusty esky, tools, skulls, disco balls; eventually landing on a crib, where FINN (20 months) is happily holding a GOLDEN EGG.

LUCY
 Why does Finn have an egg?

She flips her spotlight to BLAKEY (30s, happy-go-lucky Aussie surfer bro; Lucy calls him by his given name, Daniel), who's sprawled in bed holding TWO GOLDEN EGGS.

BLAKEY
 Ah... we were playing with them
 before bed. But... they'd make
 decent weapons, yeah?

LUCY (O.S.)
 (sarcastic)
 For what? Your midnight chat?

BLAKEY
 They've got some real heft to them,
 you know.

LUCY (O.S.)
 Oh I know, you numpty. They're
 heavy because they're real gold.

BLAKEY
 Wonder how much they'll be worth.

Lucy spins back to Finn and grabs him from the crib, cooing quietly, the light turning as she lifts him. Finally illuminated, her expression is a mixture of fear, panic, and sheer exhaustion.

LUCY
 Daniel. In the last 24 hours, we've
 been threatenend by a bikie gang,
 found a pile of buried cash, had
 this whole shithole town create a
 Facebook hate group about us, and
 found a dead rat on our doostep. I
 don't think whoever is out there is
 going to want to have a chat. With
 or without the golden eggs.

The BANGING and VOICES are closer.

BLAKEY

We sold all the guns, yeah?

LUCY

The *illegal* guns, you mean? Yes, we sold them.

BLAKEY

Right, how about I give Ferg a ring.

LUCY

And what is Ferg gonna do? Slap them with fish?

BLAKEY

Coppers?

LUCY

They're the bloody admins of the Facebook group!

THEIR BEDROOM DOORKNOB RATTLES.

BLAKEY

Luce, torch!

The room goes black again. A moment of tense silence.

BLAKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I won't let anything hurt you or Finn, I promise.

LUCY (O.S.)

I know. I love you.

HEAVY BREATHING fills the dark room. An excruciating beat.

Then Finn SQUEALS giddily.

THE INTRUDERS BREAK DOWN THE DOOR WITH A BANG.

Lucy let's out a DEAFENING SHRIEK.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lucy's DEAFENING SHRIEK is erupting for a very different reason: she's mid-labour.

CHYRON: BRISBANE, 20 MONTHS EARLIER

As Lucy cries out in agony, an ashen Blakey paces beside her, unsure what to do or how to make himself useful.

LUCY
FUCKING HELL.

Blakey tries to reach for her hand. She slaps it away.

DOCTOR
Okay, Lucy, you're doing fantastic.
We're going to need one more big
push. On the count of three: one,
two, three...

LUCY
RAAAAAAHGGHRRHHRR.
(to Blakey)
This is your fault! ARRRRRGH --
CHRIST IT FEELS LIKE I'M PUSHING
OUT A FUCKING--

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - LATER

DOCTOR
Beautiful baby boy!

The doctor hands the LIGHTLY CRYING baby to a sweaty, but overjoyed Lucy. She is an entirely different person. She stares in awe, tears in her eyes, at her newborn child. Then looks up at Blakey, a moment of profound love.

BLAKEY
You did real good, babe. He's a
handsome fella. Like his old man.

Lucy smiles, overjoyed, as he leans down to kiss her and the baby. It's the perfect tableau of a young, happy family.

Then the doctor has to go and spoil it.

DOCTOR
Congratulations to you both. Have
you settled on a name?

LUCY	BLAKEY
Anthony.	Steak.
Beat. Lucy's eyes narrow, incredulous.	

LUCY (CONT'D)
STEAK?!

BLAKEY

Yeah after my mate in the mines. In memorial, you know?

LUCY

(careful)

Daniel, I'd love to honour your mate, but we are not naming our son Steak. Nobody names their baby Steak. Surely that wasn't Steak's real name?

BLAKEY

Ah, good point, yeah.

LUCY

So... what was his real name? Maybe we can consider that? As a... as a middle name... maybe?

Blakey pauses and thinks, before smiling sheepishly.

BLAKEY

Yeah, nah, dunno hey. Didn't actually know his name, he's always just been Steak.

Lucy stares dryly at Blakey. The Doctor leans towards a nearby NURSE.

DOCTOR

(whispering)

Think it'll be Baby Boy for now.

The nurse nods knowingly, grabbing the clipboard, as Baby Boy unleashes his first EARTH-SHATTERING CRY.

INT. PIECE OF SHIT CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Blakey drives with Lucy beside him, both looking petrified and out of their depths as their Baby Boy continues to WAIL in the backseat baby carrier. His cries interweave with the CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK of the car.

The reality of their situation is sinking in quickly.

BLAKEY

We'll be right.

Lucy slowly turns to gawk at him. A KITESURFING AIR FRESHNER dangles between them from the rearview mirror.

BLAKEY (CONT'D)

It's exciting. A new adventure.

LUCY

An incredibly expensive adventure.

BLAKEY

I've got the kitesurfing school,
and you're still technically a
lawyer, right? Maybe you can find
something part-time. We'll be fine.

LUCY

I can't practice law here, Daniel.
We don't have a proper home. We
don't have family nearby. We don't
even have a name for the baby.

BLAKEY

Nah, I've got us sorted.

Lucy doesn't have the energy to argue. She stares out the window instead, eyes watering, utterly lost.

Blakey's deep in thought, fixated on the dangling kitesurfer. His eyes zoom in on the fin of the kiteboard. Baby boy starts to QUIET DOWN.

BLAKEY (CONT'D)

How about Finn?

LUCY

(testing)

Finn. Finn.

She turns to look at their baby, who's finally peaceful.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Finnie? Are you a little Finn?
Finntastic?

(beat)

I like it.

BLAKEY

(stupidly proud)

See, sorted.

Lucy searches Blakey's face, mildly hopeful.

EXT. CARAVAN LOT - DAY

The piece of shit car pulls up to a beat-up caravan,
kitesurfing gear littering the lot.

Lucy carefully removes baby Finn from the backseat, while
Blakey grabs the bags, opens the doors, and they make their
way inside.

INT. CARAVAN - DAY

A makeshift crib is set up in the corner of the cramped and disheveled van. Lucy places Finn down gently in it.

Blakey places his arm around Lucy as they watch him sleep. She leans into him; maybe they *will* be alright. A moment here.

Then Blakey's phone starts RINGING.

And with that, Finn starts WAILING again, leading into a--

MONTAGE OF HIGH-STRESS BABY CHAOS**INT. CARAVAN - DAY**

Blakey changes Finn's diaper. An explosion took place.

INT. CARAVAN - NIGHT

Lucy half-asleep, breastfeeding.

INT. CARAVAN - NIGHT

Lucy looks through paperwork and checks her banking apps. Her face drops with worry before she glances towards Blakey who's dressing a crying Finn.

EXT. CARAVAN LOT - DAY

Blakey tidies up his surf gear, Finn in a cot behind him. A MASSIVE HUNTSMAN crawls onto the cot. Lucy exits the caravan with a rubbish bag, spots the spider, drops the rubbish -- which spills everywhere -- and races to swat the spider away from her infant.

She stares at Blakey, who's blissfully unaware.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Finn is strapped to Lucy's chest in a baby wrap as she strolls the aisles. She's mentally calculating as she places items in her trolley, her lips counting ever so slightly.

She stares, exhaustedly, at the extortionate cost of diapers, and takes a breath before grabbing the cheapest ones. Then she removes a GLASS JAR OF VEGEMITE from her trolley and leaves it behind on the shelf, off kilter.

The jar CRASHES to the ground and shatters, waking Finn, who immediately starts SHRIEKING again.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. KITESURFING SCHOOL - BEACH - DAY

Finn, STILL SHRIEKING, is now bundled in Lucy's arms as she sits on the steps of the surf shed with her best friend MIKAYLA (30, rough as guts).

MIKAYLA

Have you tried whiskey?

Lucy, eyes glazed and overtired in the way of new moms, isn't exactly present.

LUCY

Yeah, course. Been to the Jameson distillery in Cork.

MIKAYLA

No, fuckwit, for the baby. Isn't that supposed to do something?

LUCY

I'm not giving whiskey to my baby. He's a baby.

Blakey is off giving an animated kitesurfing lesson in the nearby waves.

MIKAYLA

(nodding to Blakey)

Well shit, so is he, and he drinks whiskey all the time.

Lucy gives her a defeated look.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

This is why you came back, right?
To live the Aussie dream?

With that, Lucy begins to quietly sob.

Mikayla takes Finn from her arms and attempts to settle him, giving Lucy a moment of surrender.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

(to Finn, but also Lucy)

Hey little legend. You'll be right. It's a big, scary world, but you're gonna be okay. You're just having a little wobble, yeah? It's alright.

(beat)

And if you don't fucking stop crying, your mum's gonna check herself into an institution and we don't want that now, do we?

Lucy laughs through her sobs. Finn begins to quiet down.

LUCY

Mikayla, I have no clue what I'm doing. I live in a caravan with a newborn baby and a man-child I've known for a year. No job, no money, no plan. Is this what I left England for?

MIKAYLA

Have you talked to Blakey about it all? Is he going to get a job-job? Or, you know, a house without wheels?

Lucy scoffs.

LUCY

He clams up whenever I try to broach anything serious. Oh no wait, he has made plans: he's entered us into multiple TV game shows. Reckons he could win a million dollars on The 1% Club... and then it's--

(mimicking Blakey)

All sorted mate, no worries.

MIKAYLA

Classic Blakey.

The two women watch as Blakey strides over to them from the water, shaking it off and looking like a male Bond girl.

BLAKEY

DID YOU SEE THAT!? WHEEEEEEW!

Mikayla shushes him, pointing to sleeping Finn.

He makes an 'ooh!' face and goes to plant a kiss on Lucy.

BLAKEY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Mikayla, the lad whisperer. He's too young for you, mate.

Blakey continues on into the shed while Mikayla, suppressing a laugh, turns to a stone-faced Lucy, who's face is now covered in Blakey's bright blue zinc.

EXT. CARAVAN LOT - EVENING

An adorable baby GIGGLE. Finn sits in his cot, making happy baby GURGLES and taking in the world around him.

Lucy and Blakey are sat across from him in camping chairs, transfixed by his innocence.

LUCY

I wonder what he's thinking.

Beat.

BLAKEY

Probably about your tits.

She laughs lightly.

BLAKEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Takes after his old man.

He grabs her chair, pulls her closer, and playfully nuzzles in her bosom.

LUCY

(laughing harder)

Please don't try to milk me again.

BLAKEY

(muffled)

Why so squishy if not to be squeezed...

As they laugh together, Finn joins in with them. A sweet moment for a happy family.

Then Finn's smile morphs into concentration, and Lucy notices.

LUCY

Incoming log ride.

Blakey clocks it, and deftly moves into action. He grabs a nearby towel and places it on the piece of shit car hood while Lucy grabs Finn. Together, they maneuver him into place and remove his dirty diaper.

BLAKEY

Yes, mate! That's a whopper, nice one!

Blakey whips out a packet of wet wipes from his back pocket (somehow sexily?). Lucy's impressed. Maybe they *can* do this.

As Lucy grabs the freshly changed Finn, Blakey's PHONE RINGS.
The caller ID stops him dead.

BLAKEY (CONT'D)
It's Aunty Sue.

LUCY
Who?

BLAKEY
Aunty Sue.

LUCY
Yes, Daniel. But who is Aunty Sue?

BLAKEY
Me dad's sister. Dunno what she
wants, haven't spoken in years...
dunno how she got my number...
didn't even know I had her
number...

Lucy clenches as she wait for him to answer.

BLAKEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Weird.

LUCY
Babe, answer the phone.

BLAKEY
Yeah, yeah.

Blakey ambles inside the caravan while Lucy watches him
answer the phone, curiosity killing her.

She anxiously plays with Finn for a long moment, until Blakey
re-emerges with a BEER in hand, PHONE back in his pocket. He
silently plops himself into a camping chair.

Lucy sits down beside him with Finn in her arms, looking at
him expectantly. She's desperate to pry, but refrains.

A painfully long beat. He's spaced out.

She gives in.

LUCY
So? What did the mysterious Aunty
Sue want?

BLAKEY
Hmm?

LUCY

Didn't know you had an Aunty Sue...

BLAKEY

Oh, yeah. Dad has two sisters. Aunty Sue and Aunty Les. Massive units. Haven't seen them in about 15 years or so. Last time I saw dad I think.

(thinking)

Well... I guess he *had* two sisters.

He takes a swig of beer, then turns to see Lucy's eyes go wide with concern.

BLAKEY (CONT'D)

(swallows quickly)

Awe, yeah, sorry. Dad's just gone and died.

LUCY

Oh my god. Babe, are you okay?

She reaches out a free hand to comfort him.

BLAKEY

Yeah, the cancer got him in the end. Sue said I should come back for the funeral. Bit tight though, it's tomorrow.

LUCY

What the fuck!?

She stands up with frantic purpose, Finn in her arms.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'll... I'll start packing. We can head out first thing. I think I still have enough on my AMEX for a hotel--I'll go book that now.

She bolts into the caravan while Blakey's left sat in his daze. Then she pops her head back out.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Umm... babe, sorry, but where do we need to go?

BLAKEY

Hmm?

(beat)

Oh, fucking out whoop whoop. Town called Amarat.