

We Should Be So Smug

VERSION 3.1

Written By

Andrew Garton

Based on the song of the same name.

1. EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Rural Victoria. Sparse bushland. Sun is setting. Could be the present, or slightly in the future. An open space encircled by trees and run down farm sheds reveals a village of sorts comprised of colourful work and living spaces. Tools such as an anvil and forge are scattered about.

Villagers can be seen in the distance, many holding lanterns, walking (from right of camera view) along a deserted road with the sun descending to their left.

Music begins. We STEP IN slowly, both curious and familiar.

A solitary figure STOKES a fire. It's CRAZY PRIEST.

A shadowy figure LUMBERS into shot from L to R, a multi-pointed hat drooping. It's BLACK HARLEQUIN. He gestures to CRAZY PRIEST, his left arm raised towards the direction he had come.

We follow (PEDESTAL) BLACK HARLEQUIN as he closes in on CRAZY PRIEST and the fire.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
(Singing)
Look at the borders we keep.

CRAZY PRIEST looks up at BLACK HARLEQUIN nodding.

CRAZY PRIEST
Look at them borders we keep.

CUT TO a CLOSE-UP of BLACK HARLEQUIN'S left arm as his right hand, white gloved, finger-walks across it.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
Patrolling the deep...

CRAZY PRIEST
Patrolling the deep...

We look down onto BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST, turning slightly to the left.

BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST sit either side of the fire their arms outstretched turning slightly to the right, in the opposite direction of the camera.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
Turning back them boats.

CUT IN: CLOSUPS of BLACK HARLEQUIN singing, INTERCUT with CRAZY PRIEST'S teeth CLENCHED.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
Then we lie through grit teeth.

Villagers holding lanterns pass from R to L behind CRAZY PRIEST and BLACK HARLEQUIN entering village grounds.

CUT TO:

2. EXT. LANTERN CHURCH - LATER

We TILT up WIDE from the ground up to reveal BLACK HARLEQUIN standing at a pulpit in front of a lantern church, arms raised.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
(Singing)
They say we don't trust their
religion.

OVER THE SHOULDER: Pull back to reveal villagers gather behind CRAZY PRIEST, all watching BLACK HARLEQUIN.

VILLAGERS
(Yelling)
Don't trust their religion.

BLACK HARLEQUIN raises his arms higher.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We don't trust their skin.

CRAZY PRIEST looks at his own hands.

CRAZY PRIEST & VILLAGERS
(Yelling)
Don't trust their skin.

We look POV over BLACK HARLEQUIN's shoulder onto the villagers as they gather in front of the pulpit behind and some alongside CRAZY PRIEST.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We don't care for their
children.

VILLAGERS
(Yelling)
Don't care for their children.

We SWING our POV round to front of pulpit.

BLACK HARLEQUIN grabs pulpit.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
And even less for their kin.

WCRAZY PRIEST and BLACK HARLEQUIN are both at the pulpit

gesturing, arms outstretched, to the villagers.

VILLAGERS
Less for their kin.

3. EXT: VILLAGE ROUND - NIGHT

We now see BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST in the same position but church and pulpit are gone.

BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST stand in the village round, an open space where the villagers have gathered in 3 - 4 layered lines of 5 - 6 villagers each. The front and third lines sway from the hip to the right, the second and fourth lines from the hip to the left and so on.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be...

VILLAGERS
(Swaying from the hip)
We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be so smug.

VILLAGERS
We should be so smug.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be...

VILLAGERS
We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be so smug.

4. EXT. LANTERN HOUSE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Lantern houses are visible between trees. Villagers are sat on tins, some on the ground. They surround BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST who are in the near centre.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
(Instructs)
More chicken wings for the miners.

VILLAGERS
(Answering)
More chicken wings for the miners.

CRAZY PRIEST
(Instructs)
More pardons for the bankers.

VILLAGERS
 (Answering)
 More pardons for the bankers.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
 More boys for the clergy, much
 more media for the masses.

Various HANDHELD shots as we look out of, from behind and around the lantern houses at the villagers who watch BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
 More fees for the poor.

VILLAGERS
 (Answering)
 More fees for the poor.

CRAZY PRIEST
 Many more laws for the vocal.

VILLAGERS
 More laws for the vocal.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
 (Instructs)
 No blankets for the homeless, no
 entitlements for you all.

5. EXT. VILLAGE ROUND - NIGHT

We enter WIDE from the forest at the rear of villagers who now stand in layered lines, one line SWAYS to the right as the other to the left, then from the left to the right. HANDHELD we move through them towards BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST who face the SWAYING villagers

BLACK HARLEQUIN
 We should be...

VILLAGERS
 (Swaying from the hip)
 We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
 We should be so smug.

6. INT. LANTERN HOUSE - LATER

POV from within a LANTERN HOUSE, low to the ground looking up and out to villagers and our two story-tellers.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
 We should be...

VILLAGERS
We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be so smug.

VILLAGERS
We should be so smug.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be...

VILLAGERS
We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be so smug.

7. EXT. VILLAGERS WHOOSH - LATER

We move around the villagers who have formed a mock-circle. Arms raised they move in and out creating a mock-whoosh.

INTERCUT: Various shots, over-head, POV within the whoosh.

INTERCUT: A lantern house is lit up from the inside with projections, black-white footage from 1960s of white people modeling, swimming, on merry-go rounds interspersed with victims of war (Chip's film 'Happy Days').

We CLOSE IN on BLACK HARLEQUIN as he COUGHS up a RAT.

We see random CLOSE UPS of villagers faces, both CRAZY PRIEST and BLACK HARLEQUIN.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be...

VILLAGERS
We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be so smug.

VILLAGERS
We should be so smug.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be...

VILLAGERS
We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We should be so smug.

8. EXT. JUNK BAND - LATER

Pulling back WIDE from the WHOOSH both BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST step through the centre of dispersing villagers. They carry guitars made from sticks with rope for strings.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We lock them up on islands.

CRAZY PRIEST & VILLAGERS
Lock them up on islands...

BLACK HARLEQUIN
So they don't come ashore.

CRAZY PRIEST & VILLAGERS
Don't come ashore.

Villagers disperse WIDE to their individual tools and workspaces (anvils, easils, forge, welding...).

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We're willing to carry the
burden of violence and turn our
backs to the law.

VILLAGERS
(looking up from
tools)
Backs to the law.

BLACK HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST join other musicians playing junk instruments.

Instruments made from bent sticks with wire rope strings for guitars garbage drums, cheese grater for harmonica old broom for mic stand, etc. The BAND is surrounded by villagers at work, banging anvils, painting, carving, making stuff.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
(With gusto)
We got law breakers running the
country.

CRAZY PRIEST & VILLAGERS
Law breakers running the
country.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
We have no leadership that
serves.

CRAZY PRIEST & VILLAGERS
No leadership that services.

BLACK HARLEQUIN
They've severed all dignity,
(MORE)

BLACK HARLEQUIN (CONT'D)

they're gonna get what they
deserve.

We see various view-points of the villagers banging on
anvils, working at their projects and the band.

BLACK HARLEQUIN

We should be...

VILLAGERS

We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN

We should be so smug.

VILLAGERS

We should be so smug.

BLACK HARLEQUIN

We should be...

VILLAGERS

We should be...

BLACK HARLEQUIN

We should be so smug.

9. EXT. DESERTED RAILWAY LINE - EARLY MORNING

Sunrise. Villagers marching behind, some alongside BLACK
HARLEQUIN and CRAZY PRIEST, stepping through forest. They
reach railway line.

We look WIDE down the railway line as it recedes into the
horizon.

Villagers gather to the left. To the right men and women
in suits greet them, each carrying a bucket. In between
them a sign reads "WAIT HERE."

Various shots of the villagers seated as their feet are
gently washed by men and women in suits.

END

10. CLOSING CREDITS