

SCHOOL No: 8115
EXAM No: 186

Film Script 'Three's a Crowd'

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Student Number

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION ENGLISH EXTENSION COURSE 2 MAJOR WORK IDENTIFICATION TAG	
Student No.:	11333249
School No.:	8115 Exam Centre 186
Number of Pages:	2 Three's a Crowd 3-105/3
Category and Description:	Major work & reflection
ATTACH THIS CARD SECURELY TO EACH PART OF THE INDIVIDUAL PROJECT. DO NOT FOLD.	

Reflection
Statement at
back of script

Three's a Crowd

Credit Sequence

The scene is in black and white. Opens in the maternity ward of a hospital. A nurse walks by the camera down a corridor. The camera follows her. An explosion can be heard off screen and the nurse goes into a state of panic. Several other nurses race onto the maternity ward and race into the room clutching up babies and racing away. The camera follows throughout the remainder of the scene blurring between images stopping to focus on a screaming baby in a nurses arms. Blurring nurses and doctors running through the wards frantically and then blurring to see the cause of the commotion - an exploded gas chamber. Red flames engulf this scene which otherwise remains black and white. The whole scene is shot in quick fast camera movements, but retains smoothness throughout.

Scene changes to colour and sees a camera focusing on a medium shot on a flight of stairs. Actors' names are accredited in the bottom left hand corner throughout the on coming scenes. Three pairs of legs coming running down the stairs and passed a row of photos on the walls. Motherly screams of 'eat your breakfast' and 'hurry or we'll be late' can be heard from off screen. The camera focuses on a medium shot of the photos on the wall. There is a circular cluster of a half dozen family and baby photos. There is one of the family all together, mother, father and five children, another one beside it of the marriage photo of the mother and father, but the camera comes to a close up on a photo below the family photo of the two eldest. One with red hair and blue eyes, the other with brown hair and green eyes.

The camera blurs across to and returns to focus on a staircase in another house. A mother can be heard from off screen calling 'Bruce your breakfast is ready' though sounding less frazzled in tone than the mother in the previous house did. One pair of legs covered in riding pants comes running down the stairs. The camera

follows as they bump into a small table and hands come in to adjust the table that had been knocked. The camera stays focused on the table as the legs move out of scene and we notice another array of photos, one again of mother and father in their youth and beside it one of the three of them in a family photo. The camera comes into close up on a photo in a frame sitting on the table. It is of a boy with brown hair and green eyes that looks exactly the same as the boy in the previous house.

The scene blurs again to focus on a do-it-yourself photo booth in a shopping centre. There is a flash from within and the camera focuses on a close up of the retrieve slot for the photos. The photo emerges of two brown haired boys that look exactly alike. The film's title appears mid-screen.

1. Ext. Car Park Olympic Park Homebush. Morning.

Camera shoots scene from air. The camera focuses on a well-used yellow family sedan. We can hear the voices of the family members within the car as we see visually the car manoeuvring its way around the car park. We hear one of the twins say 'You missed a spot there Dad' then their sister Brenda cries with excitement 'I can't wait to see the show bag pavilion and the rides and the horses and...' her mother interrupts her with 'settle down, there's plenty of time to see everything once we get in there'. The camera zooms in on the car as it finds a place to park and the scene shifts to a camera on land to capture the family as it scrambles out of the car. The camera is now able to move in to a medium shot of the father pulling youngest child Brett's stroller out of the boot. The kids all crowd around excitedly.

Brenda: I love the Easter Show. I want to go buy me my show bags first.

Mrs. Herbert: Well if you want to cart them around with you all day then go for it.

Gregory: Yeah, well me an' Shane want to go and check out the wood chop...

Shane: and the army exhibit. I love all that camouflage and guns and
 everything

Mr. Herbert: Hey kids clam down a second. Let's just get in there first. Then you
 can all break off and do your own thing... so long as you're all back at
 the front gates by six and no later.

Brenda: But what about the fireworks, that's the best part!

Mr. Herbert: We'll meet up at six and that's my final say!

Mrs. Herbert: Come now honey, we'll just see how little Brett is at the end of the
 day. He's not as old as the rest of you kids. He might get tired. Now
 run off and do your own thing, you don't want to be hanging around us
 all day.

(the camera moves to a wide shot to see the children run off hurriedly ahead
toward the gates of the Show, while the parents follow casually behind with Brett)

2. Ext. Easter Show. Day.

Establishment shot of the games and rides section of the Royal Easter Show.
Crowds of people bustle around in the foreground. The camera pans right to focus on
a food stall and Gregory moves away from the front of a queue with a can of soft
drink in hand and starts walking towards the camera. He stops and looks casually
around him.

Gregory: I wonder where Shane has got to?

He shrugs it off and raises the drink to his mouth. Camera pans in to a long shot as
a figure bumps into Gregory from behind. Follow forward into a medium shot to see
the soft drink spill down the front of Greg's shirt. He spins in the direction of the
culprit.

Gregory: Why you...

His cussing is silenced as the screen is filled with two identical boys facing each other. The second boy is looking guilty for his accident.

Bruce: I'm sorry... I ah... I'm sorry I'm a bit distracted you look just like...

Greg: And you look just like me. This is bizarre... but you don't get off ruining my shirt! Look at the stain! And my drinks all spilt!

Bruce: Sorry about that, I'll buy you another to make up for it. What's your name then?

Greg: My name is Greg. Pleased to meet me.

Bruce: Oh you're a funny one. I'm Bruce. Isn't this strange. We could be twins.

Greg: I *am* a twin. I've a twin brother Shane.

Bruce: Wow that'd make us triplets then.

Greg: Not really, we're not identical twins, he's taller and got red hair. Dad always joked that it musta been the milkman cause he had red hair.

Bruce: I see that's where you get your sense of humour from. So is it just the two of you in your family?

Gregory: God no, we're a small army we Herbert's! There's my mum and dad, my older brother, my younger sister and the youngest Brett.

Bruce: Wow, I can't imagine living in a house with all those people buzzing around. Probably drive me nuts. I'm an only child.

Gregory: Really, I bet your spoilt rotten, probably get to do whatever you want.

Bruce: I'm not too active, just a bit of swimming now and then and I love to ride... damn it, that's why I ran into you just now, I'm late for my competition.

Gregory: Well wait a sec, this is too incredible to let die now, there's a great new action flick coming out this week, why don't we go see it on the weekend?

Bruce: I don't see why not. I got nothing better planned.

Gregory: Great, I'll see you on Saturday at ten at the Hoyts in George St.

Bruce: I'll try and make it, sorry I gotta run...

Gregory: Wait what about my drink...

(He turned to see that Bruce had disappeared into the crowd and the camera pans to a long shot as Greg returns to the food stall to buy a second drink)

3. Ext. Easter Show. Evening.

The night has turned dark and the crowds have lightened. Establishment shot of the outside of the show bag pavilion. Medium shot on the doors of the exit and we see Greg come through with a Coke backpack on his back and reading a comic book as he walked towards the camera. Shane runs into shot from the right of the camera.

Medium shot of the two as Shane stops Greg.

Shane: Where 'ave you been all afternoon, I lost you after the wood chop and 'adn't seen you since.

Greg: Hey Blue, what's up? I've just been around, seeing some amazing sights 'an all that. D'you want some of me lollies.

Shane: No thanks. But we really ought to get going 'cause Mum's been lookin' fer you, it's after six and apparently Brett has had enough so we gotta get going or Dad'll have a fit.

Greg: All right Blue, hold this a moment fer me I just got to... race you to the terminal!

(Greg tears off toward the car park entrance, Shane gets over his bewilderment and shoots off after him)

4. Int. Herbert's Lounge room. Afternoon.

Establishment shot of the lounge room. Mr Herbert sits slovenly on the lounge watching the football on the television, he screams obscenity and cheers on his team. Greg comes into the scene from the right and positions himself next to his father.

Greg: Dad, can I borrow some money to go to the pictures tomorrow?

Mr Herbert: Not right now son, this is the first chance I've had to sit down all week.

Greg: I only need a couple a dollars I can make the rest up myself.

Mr H: Where are you going?

Greg: Into the city.

Mr H: Do you have your mother's OK?

(cut to long shot and we can see Shane approaching to stand beside

Greg and Brenda coming down the stairs in the background)

Shane: Yeah, it's OK so long as we both go, it's a morning session so we won't be back late. We just need a little extra to make up two tickets.

Brenda: Can I go too?

Shane: It's an action move, you don't like guns and violence.

Brenda: Sure I do, can I go daddy, please, can I?

Mr H: For Christ's sake, you all go or none of you go and that'll be the end of it.

Now here's twenty bucks, that should cover fares in and back, tickets and maybe a chocolate each. And I expect some change.

Greg: Ta, Dad, that should be more than enough, you're a champ.

5. Ext. George St. Morning.

Establishment shot of George Street. Several cinemas lay side-by-side, Village, Greater Union, and Hoyts. Medium shot of the Herberts as they exit a music shop. Close up of Greg as he looks at his watch. Pan back to a long shot as the three of them run up the street towards the Hoyts cinema complex. Camera moves to a cameraman who follows behind the three of them as they enter the cinema foyer. A crowd of people relay around the ticket booth. One booth has been assigned for the action film

they have decided to see and harbours a line of about a dozen people. Greg keeps an eye out for Bruce and sees a brown haired head. The head turns and waves.

Greg: Look we can queue up further, there's a friend of mine I met the other day.

Brenda: Oh my God! That guy looks just like you Greg. Who is he? My God there's no telling you apart. Who is this guy?

Greg: This is Bruce. Bruce this is my sister Brenda and my brother Shane.

(Medium shot of the four of them together; Bruce extends his hand to each of the siblings in greeting, Shane evades the handshake and camera moves to a close up of Shane as he shoots a damning glare at Greg, who returns it with a guilty look.

Pan back to a long shot as Shane walks away from his siblings. Greg races after him)

Greg: We got the tickets Blue, where do you want to sit, up the back or...

Shane: Don't call me Blue in front of *him*! I don't care where you sit cause I'm going home!

Greg: Come on Blue what's brought this on.

Shane: You knew he was coming all along. You're a liar and a cheat!

Greg: Come now that's a bit harsh, I know I let you down, but it's just that it was funny seeing someone who looked so like me you know, and I couldn't just leave it be. I didn't think anyone would understand.

Shane: I would've... you know, believed you, we share everything.

Greg: I know and I'm sorry, it was bad judgement on my part and I truly am sorry. Stay a while though, give it a chance.

(Medium shot of the twins envisioning them both shoulder up, Greg is offering an apologetic and encouraging face, Shane's face shows his pain and fear inside.

Pan out to long shot and we see Bruce and Brenda are waiting to enter the cinema,

Greg joins them and Shane trudges behind)

Screen fades to black and returns inside the cinema. The camera is positioned behind the four children. Their silhouettes can be made out and there are ice creams being passed down the line.

Brenda: Here you go Shane, I got a drumstick for you. Bruce shouted them, wasn't that nice of him?

(camera changes to a close up of Shane, his mouth curls into a scowl and his lips move as he mutters something to himself. He raises the drumstick and the camera follows the drumstick as he throws it under his seat, the camera stays focused on a close up of the ice cream as a pool of ice cream melts around it. Fade to black.)

6. Int. Cinema Foyer. Day.

Long shot of the four children as they come out of the cinema. Brenda and Shane dart into the toilets. Medium shot of Greg and Bruce together.

Bruce: Do you come into town very often?

Greg: Not really, it's a bit of a pain for us to get out here and my folks usually expect me and Shane to go together. We do a lot together you know, it'd seem funny if I wanted to go in by myself.

Bruce: Well we've got to think of something, I'll give you my details and you can call me when you've come up with something.

(camera pans wide and we see Shane come out of the toilets. Cut to point of view shot from Shane and we see Greg and Bruce talking conspiratorially amongst each other. Cut to close up of Shane's face as he looks alienated by the whole situation. Cut to wide shot and we can see Greg look up in the background and see Shane glaring over at them. He moves towards him, Brenda coming into the scene from the right)

Greg: I think we best get going, we don't want to miss our train and get home late.

Thanks for coming Bruce...

Shane: Ah ha, I knew it was planned.

(Medium shot of Greg as his face goes scarlet red and
Bruce shoots him a sympathetic look)

Bruce: Yeah it was nice running into you like this, perhaps I'll run into you again
sometime.

Greg: Yeah, perhaps I'll see you again some time.

(shot widens and we see Shane has been eyeing off the exchange trying to
suspect anything more could be made of this meeting. He turns and walks away.

As he walks toward the camera in the background Greg waves to Bruce who
then heads off toward another exit. Greg summons Brenda to follow and jogs
after Shane. They have now emerged onto George Street and Greg catches up to

Shane)

Greg: What's up with you today Shane, you've been terrible company.

Shane: What do you care you had Bruce to keep you company, you didn't even notice
I was there.

Greg: Come on Shane, that's not fair, he's just another friend of mine.

Bruce: Oh yeah, that's why there was so much secrecy around the whole event.

That's why you tried to be rid of me at every possible opportunity and passed
looks between one another regarding me, painting me as some kind of villain.

I'm distressed because you've broken our bond Greg. And even as I speak
you're thinking about how you can see him again without me.

(Long shot as Shane strides off up ahead. Cut to close up of Greg as
he looks after Shane a look of despair on his face)

7. Int. Herbert's Dining Room. Evening.

Establishment shot of the family sitting around the table. Mr. Herbert sits at the head and his wife sits at the opposing end, Brett sits in a high chair beside her and the twins sit opposite each other, with elder brother Brett next to Greg and sister Brenda next to Shane. They eat quietly and there is a level of tension hanging over the scene. Greg and Shane both scuffle over the last piece of bread and a glass of water is spilt.

Mr. Herbert: That's enough! I will not have this kind of behaviour under my roof! If you don't cut it out you'll feel the sting of..

Mrs. Herbert: Settle down, Frank you'll only makes things worse if you pick on him.

Mr. H: Yeah well I can't stand a sulky kid. Don't know what he has to be upset about any way. If you ask me I reckon he's acting like a spoilt brat. If this is the consequence of a day into town I reckon it won't be happening too much more in the future...

(Medium shot of Shane as he slams his bread down and thrusts himself from the room. The camera follows him as he leaves the room and we hear his father call after him scolding him on his 'rudeness')

Mrs. Herbert: Well you sure handled that well.

Mr. Herbert: I just don't understand him. In my day I had none of the things he's got. I think he's an ungrateful little grouch. I don't see what he has to be upset over.

Greg: I reckon it's my fault Dad, I upset him when we were at the pictures. He's probably still upset about that.

Mr. Herbert: Well, he still shouldn't bring it to the dinner table and disrupt our tea.

8. Int. Shane's Bedroom. Evening.

Camera follows closely behind Shane as he flings open the door to his room and flings himself onto the top bunk and closes into a medium shot as he buries his face in his pillow. He starts muttering to himself 'nobody cares', 'something awful is going to come of this and I know it, that stupid bastard Bruce'. The anger comes forth and the camera pans wide to see Shane hurl the pillow toward the door just as Trevor enters.

Trevor: Wow, settle down little buddy, it can't be as bad as all that can it?
 What's got you all wound up, was it the fight with Greg?

Shane: Yes... no... I don't know, I just want to be left alone.

(Close up on Trevor as he shoots one more sympathy look encouraging him to join them downstairs, but he gives up and leaves the room. Return to a close up of Shane, his face contorted with pain and fear. Extreme Close up of his eye and the scene of Bruce turning around comes onto the screen followed by Greg and Bruce talking conspiratorially. Suddenly Bruce looks up and glares at him, a wry smile on his face. Return to Shane and the scene ends with a the camera following in close up a tear slowly running down Shane's cheek)

9. Ext. School Playground. Afternoon.

Long shot of Greg and Shane as they walk toward the school oval, Shane wears football gear and Greg wears a school uniform. They walk towards the camera and it follows them on their journey as the walk passed.

Shane: What are we going to do for Mother's Day? It's closing in on us and we've found nothing suitable.

Bruce: All I can think of is to try and convince Dad to let us on another trip into town where there is more for us to choose from.

Shane: Sure, that could work, but we'd need more money for that. And I hope there are no surprises this time.

Greg: Hey, let it go, he's long since been forgotten.

Shane: Don't lie, you don't forget something as extraordinary as that. I got to run on now, we'll think of something.

(the scene camera changes focus from the conversation of the two boys to sweeping shots of the football match and Shane's participation within. Camera angles chop and change resembling what would be like highlights in an actual football match. The camera stops to focus on one part of the field when Shane is roughly tackled by a larger player and crashes to the ground. Cut to medium shot of Shane riling in agony on the floor. Pan out to wide shot as players crowd around and First aid comes with stretcher and the scene ends with all the hustle surrounding Shane's fall)

10. Ext. Phone Booth. Afternoon.

Medium shot of Greg as he ploughs through a phone book looking for Bruce's phone number. He chants the name 'A J Cunningham' to himself throughout his search and screams triumphantly when he finally finds it. Camera stays focused on medium shot throughout the scene. When Bruce comes to the line the screens cuts to split screen down the middle vertically.

Greg: Can I please speak with Bruce... Gregory, a friend of his... Thankyou... Hello Bruce... It's Greg, remember from the pictures...

Bruce: Yes, of course. How are you?

Greg: I'm fine. I'm just calling to see if you're available for a trip into town. I got to get a present for mother's day. Can you make it?

Bruce: Sure I got to get a gift myself. But what about Shane, won't he have to come?

Greg: He's at home with a sprained ankle, football accident. It's a terrible thing, but a stroke of good luck at the same time.

Bruce: Yes, it is funny how things work out. I say we should meet in at Sydney Central, that way we can make a day of it.

Greg: Yeah, sure, I'll meet you there at say ten or thereabouts?

Bruce: Sure thing, I'll see you then.

(They both hang up and scene ends)

11. Ext. Sydney Central. Morning.

Establishment shot of Sydney Central and Gregory is immersed in the hustle and bustle of the big city. Camera pans wide to see Bruce approach. The camera follows him to Greg and they greet in medium shot.

Bruce: Do you want to go grab something to eat first? I'm feeling a bit hungry.

Greg: Sure thing, I'm feeling a bit peckish myself.

(camera stays where it is. Cut to long shot as they walk off toward the inner city, scene quickly cuts to establishment shot of the interior of a coffee shop and follows through to a medium shot of the two boys sitting in a booth admiring the skimpy attire of the waitress. Close up of a short skirt as it glides passed and returns to the boys who return to conversation)

Bruce: I don't know how they can stand to wear such clothing in such cold weather. That one just now looked terribly distressed.

Greg: She probably didn't appreciate our glances. I tell you what though I bet she has goose bumps in the strangest places!

Bruce: Stop it, don't make me laugh she's coming back... we'll have two hot chocolates please and cinnamon toast, thankyou... so how's Shane's ankle mending?

Greg: Oh he's all right, he's acting up though, taking advantage of all the attention he's been getting, tell you what I wish I got the luxury of breakfast in bed.

Bruce: He did strike me as a bit of an attention seeker. Not the good kind of attention though. What did your parents say when you told them about us?

Greg: I never got round to it. You know with Shane the way he is, I didn't want to inflame the situation any more than necessary. No doubt Brenda probably spilled her guts though.

Bruce: I tried telling my Mother but I don't think she believed me. Or that's what I could gather from her various contributions to the conversation. I don't think she was listening myself. I might as well be speaking a foreign language sometimes for all the good it does.

Greg: You have to admit though it is a pretty unbelievable scenario we're living out here. How often can you say you've run into you're exact double... unless of course you're Dolly the sheep...

Bruce: Ha, there's that famed Herbert wit I keep hearing. Have you finished your drink cause I think we best get going, we don't want to let the day get away from us.

(Close up of Greg as he gulps down his final mouthful of hot chocolate. Pan out to long shot as the two exit their booth and the coffee shop. Cut to a montage of the boys' activities within the city as they look for suitable gifts for their respective parents. Some moments serious, some skylarking they are shown to be getting on well. Ends with a Point of View shot from Bruce as he spies a do-it-yourself photo booth. Returns to a medium shot of the boys as they converse)

Bruce: How much money have you got left on you?

Greg: Only a little bit of shrapnel, about two bucks or so, why?

Bruce: Just watch the magic unfurl.

(widens to long shot as Bruce walks toward the nearest shop. Cut to close up of the counter as he dumps down Greg's change and his five-dollar note. Cut to a close up of Bruce's face as he smiles and thanks the storeowner. Pan back to long shot as he leaves the shop and returns to a bewildered Greg)

Bruce: Six dollars in coins.

Greg: So...?

Bruce: (POV shot of photo booth) You'd better be photogenic my identical friend because we're going in.

(Long shot as they walk over to the photo booth. Once the two of them are inside the remainder of the scene is shot from the camera in the booths point of view. Bruce bends over puts the coins in the slots)

Bruce: All right pay attention because the shots don't wait until you're ready... Damn it!

(they first shot has gone off while Bruce was rising. The two straighten up for the second one and look reasonably respectable and in the final shot Greg pulls a face and Bruce turns to protest. The scene ends with the camera cutting to a close up of the photo retrieve slot outside the machine. The photos come out and we see the identical boys)

12. Int. Herbert's kitchen. Midday.

Establishment shot of the kitchen and Mrs. Herbert is pulling a roast chicken out of the oven. The camera follows her as she moves it to the kitchen bench. Pans out to a long shot as Greg approaches his mother photo in hand. Close in to medium shot of his mother as she notices him beside her.

Mrs. Herbert: Oh, Greg you gave me a fright. That was a wonderful broach you got for me. What's that you've got in your hand. Something else for me?

Greg: No it's a photo I got when I went into town. That's me and my friend Bruce. We went to the pictures together a while back

Mrs. Herbert: Well he's pretty awful pulling faces like that...

Greg: No the one pulling faces is me. The other one is Bruce.

Mrs. Herbert: Well if you say so dear, but I never would have recognised you. Now go clean up for lunch. We got a roast for mother's day.

(pans out to long shot as Greg walks out of the kitchen muttering to himself about the insolence of his mother)

13. Int. Cunningham's Dining Room. Evening.

Establishment shot of the dining room which adjoins the kitchen. Bruce's parents sit at either end of the table, Bruce sits between them. We see Mrs. Cunningham clear the dirty plates off the table and disappear out of shot into the kitchen. Cut to long shot as Mr Cunningham gets up to leave his seat. Medium shot of Bruce as he pulls out the photograph, cut back to long shot as he urges his father to stay put.

Bruce: Dad, can you stay a while, Mum I need you in here for a minute please if you could.

Mrs. Cunningham: (walks into shot, still long shot) What is it dear?

Bruce: Do you mind sitting down a minute I need to show you both something. Mum do you remember back a while ago when I went to the pictures and I told you about this boy that looks just like me?

Mrs. C: When was that dear?

Bruce: See, I knew you weren't listening. Anyway, I saw him in town the other day and I got a photo of us together.

(cut to medium shot as the photo changes hands. Then goes to close up of his mother's as her expression completely changes to an exasperated look)

Mrs. Cunningham: My God, Bruce where did you get this!

(cut to long shot as she passes it across the table to her husband)

Mr. Cunningham: Not bad, some sort of trick photo is it?

Mrs. C: Oh, is it a trick photo, very good dear, for a moment I thought it was real.

Bruce: What are you talking about. I took it in town at one of the booths where you develop your own photos. That's Greg and that's me. See we're wearing different clothes and everything.

Mrs. C: It can't be true, not after all these years and that terrible night, I'll never forget it... but it can't be possible, can it?

Mr. C: Stop it Margaret you're getting all hysterical over nothing. It's just a coincidence. There's no evidence to prove what you're thinking.

Mrs. C: No evidence, what do you call this. (long shot. She snatches it back and her husband frowns at her behaviour)

Mr. C: Honestly honey you are acting terribly irrationally, it's just a couple of mates acting up.

Mrs. C: But that night, you know what I said when they gave me my baby back...

Bruce: What night? Mum... Dad what are you talking about?

Mrs. C: That night when you...

Mr. C: Now stop it Margaret. That's enough, Let's not get everyone worked up over nothing. Bruce go wash up. We'll talk about this whole thing later.

14. Int. Cunningham House. Night

Medium shot of Bruce sitting on the stair well listening into his parents conversation. Cut to long shot as he ventures closer to the living room to better hear the talking of his parents

Mr. Cunningham: What are you doing? You're going to end up upsetting yourself over nothing.

Mrs. Cunningham: That photo is a hell of a lot more than nothing Robert.

Mr. C: Listen to yourself you're getting all frazzled, it can't be good for you...

Mrs C: I don't see why they're so hard to find; Herbert isn't a common name.

Bruce: Ah, so it *is* something about Gregory.

Mr C: I really don't see much good in you seeking out these people, it's too late to do anything about it now.

Mrs C: Can't you see how I *have* to know.

Mr C: No I don't and I think everyone involved is going to get hurt. Besides the whole idea is so far fetched. There's a million to one chance.

Mrs C: If you were there that night you would not be saying that. It was absolutely horrific, anything could have happened that dreadful night when Bruce was born.

(cut to close up of Bruce- 'what does she mean when I was born',

pan to long shot as he runs up stairs to bed)

15. Int. Herbert's kitchen. Day.

Establishment shot of the kitchen. Mr. Herbert is seated at the kitchen table opening the mail, Mrs. Herbert is making a cup of tea in the background. Medium shot of a letter in Mr. Herbert's hands as he reads. Pan out to long shot as he waves it above his head to attract his wife's attention.

Mr. Herbert: What do you make of this?

Mrs. Herbert: I haven't got my glasses on me, you'll have to read it out to me.

Mr. H: It's a letter from some woman out at Rose Bay. Says here that her son is a friend of Greg's and she thinks we should come round for afternoon tea next Sunday. Listen to this bit:

'The boys seem to have a lot in common including their birthdays, I can empathise with your reluctance to send your son halfway across the city to visit strangers and I feel it is important for parents to know one another, don't you agree.'

But get this, this has really thrown me, she says that there is another special reason for asking us round. What do you make of it?

Mrs H: Seems pretty harmless to me. I think it's a lovely gesture, her taking an interest in her son's friends like that. She's just looking after his well being. I think we should accept.

Mr H: You know what I think. I think she's one of those snooty rich people who thinks her son is too good to for our Gregory, she wants to check us out. I bet that's what it is.

Mrs H: Oh I don't know...

Mr H: I do, I bet she spoils her son rotten too. He's probably a real mummy's boy.

Mrs H: Honestly Frank, you're making a real fuss over nothing. She's probably a perfectly normal person who has just got the best in mind for her son. If you were a mother you'd probably feel the same way she does. The only evidence you have to support your claims is stupid

stereotypes that you've cooked up yourself. I think we should go and that's final.

16. Int. Herbert's Lounge room. Afternoon

Establishment shot of Greg slouched comfortably into the couch glazed over watching the television. Cut to long shot and Brenda comes running into shot from the right. She leans over the arm of the couch and starts talking at a rapid pace. Camera closes in slightly to get both Greg and Brenda into shot.

Brenda: Oi, Greg, you'll never guess what's happened! That Bruce feller's mother has sent us a letter. She's wants you all to go around to her place next weekend for afternoon tea. But get this... she says that she has 'another reason for inviting you over as you'll soon see'...

Greg: What! Well I guess that's done it then. Party's over.

Brenda: What do you mean.

Greg: The folks'll see how alike we are and make something out of nothing. It'll be a nightmare, you'll see, and I bet you Shane won't be too pleased either.

(camera pans up to see Shane coming down the stairs he has overheard the conversation and turns on his brother)

Shane: See I knew it! I knew all along something terrible was going to happen and now it's started. I wish you had never met Bruce. I wish he were dead! You'll all go over there and see how wonderful Bruce is and I'll be forgotten. Nobody cares about Shane.

(he turns and flings up the stairs. Cut to medium shot of Greg and he looks empathically toward Brenda)

Greg: This is a very bad situation. It's no longer just a funny coincidence.
Things are going to get messy.

17. Ext. Cunningham Residence. Afternoon.

Establishment shot of the Cunningham's house. Pan out to long shot and we see the Herbert's car drive up and park in the driveway. Remains in long shot as the parents and Greg step out of the car. Medium shot of Shane staying put in the backseat; arms crossed and face sour. Pan back to long shot to see Mr. Herbert open the door to the car.

Mr. Herbert: Come on you little sook, if I got to go in there so do you, now get out of the car. Hopefully we can get out of here sooner rather than later.

Mrs. Herbert: Frank!

Mr. Herbert: Well, look at the place. It's just like I said Grace.

Mrs. Herbert: Don't be ridiculous and just go and ring the doorbell.

(long shot of the four of them crowded around the
front porch, Mrs Cunningham appears)

Mrs. Cunningham: Ah Mr and Mrs Herbert, I'm so glad you could make it, is that the children. You must be Gregory. I've heard so much about you. Do please come inside. Bruce has been waiting very anxiously.

(cut to medium shot of Shane as he rolls his eyes and looks very discontented. Return to long shot as the family walks into the house. Mrs Herbert first the others following reluctantly behind, Shane trailing last)

Mrs. Cunningham: This is our living room and lounge area, if you follow it through you'll find Bruce and my husband waiting in the sun room, it has a beautiful view out on to the bay. Bruce... Bruce honey, why don't you come in here a moment; the Herbert's are here.

(Point of view shot of Mr and Mrs Herbert and Bruce as appears in the sun room)

Mr. Herbert: Good God!

Mrs. Cunningham: Yes *that's* why I invited you.

18. Int. Cunningham Sun room. Afternoon.

Establishment shot of the Herbert's and the Cunningham's standing as they were in the previous scene. An awkward silence looms over the scene. Close up of Mr Herbert as he gapes in shock, followed by close up of Mrs Herbert whose expression shows similar disarray. Moves on to a close up of Greg who glances over at Bruce with empathy for this situation, followed by Shane's face which spells worry for what could come of this situation. The scene ends up with a medium shot of Mrs. Cunningham with a slight look of satisfaction that she has got her point across and her initial reaction is shared by that of the Herbert's.

Mrs. Cunningham: Bruce, why don't you take the boys outside while I prepare afternoon tea? That's a good boy... Please Mr and Mrs Herbert do make yourselves comfortable.

Mrs Herbert: Please enough with the formalities, you can call me Grace, and you can ignore my husband Frank, he can get a bit testy at times.

(medium shot of Frank and Grace as he offers a displeased look toward his wife. Pan to long shot to see Bruce lead Greg and Shane out into the back yard. The camera follows the three of them as Bruce leads them to the garage)

Bruce: Now I know this whole afternoon that my mother has planned has come as a bit of a shock to you, but I know something that might break the ice a bit... might even impress you Shane if you give me half a chance. Come I'll show you my father's prized possession.

(close up of Shane's expression of distaste at Bruce's offhand remark and return to camera trailing the three of them as they enter the garage. Cut to point of view shot from Greg and Shane as they gaze on a vintage motorcycle)

Bruce: Isn't she a beauty. My Dad won't let me ride it just yet cause I'm too young, and he says it appreciates in value so its pretty valuable, but I tell you what she makes any boys' heart skip a beat doesn't she.

Greg: My God, she is beautiful, this place has got everything else to go with it. You could get lost if you were ever brave enough to venture into our garage. But I can see how the bike gets pride of place here.

(cut to a close up shot of Shane and we see his expression trying to hide that he too is awe struck by the glamorous machine)

Bruce: My Dad used to be a real motorcycle nut when he was younger, this is his tribute to those days I suppose. Hey do you want to hear her go. She purrs like a kitten.

(medium shot of Greg and Shane as both their eyes light up at the suggestion. Cut to long shot as Bruce approaches the motorcycle and let's loose on the throttle, making sure the bike stays put. The room clouds up under the exhaust and the camera pans round to see Bruce's father appear amidst the haze.)

Mr. Cunningham: Bruce, what on Earth are you doing I told you not to disrespect that vehicle. It is a valuable piece of equipment and if I can't trust you to respect it I can never trust you to ride it some day. Now go join your mother, she's got afternoon tea ready and I'll have to stay here and clean up your mess.

(Close up of Shane's face as he looks smug at the outburst of Bruce's father directed at his arch enemy. Return to long shot as Greg and Bruce have gone off ahead without him and he jogs after them. End of scene)

19. Int. Herbert's Car. Afternoon.

Scene opens with a POV shot from Mrs Cunningham of the Herbert's as they back out of her driveway. Mrs. Herbert waves goodbye politely while Mr Herbert drives out keen to get home. Camera moves to capture the mood inside the car opening with a shot of the happenings in the front sit – camera positioned on the dashboard.

Mr. Herbert: See, it was just like I told you, rich stuck up snobs. Didn't you notice the way they were scrutinising us. I don't know why you made us come out here, it was just as bad as I imagined it would be.

Mrs. Herbert: Listen to you, you grumble guts, they were very hospitable people, I think it is quite rude of you to exaggerate and turn against them like that. After all you did eat their food. Besides I can see their concerns, I mean this is quite a situation we have on our hands.

Mr. H: Oh, no honey, let's talk about that part of the afternoon later. It was just all too much for me Grace. It was like having tea with the Queen Mum!

Mrs. H: Man you carry on sometimes. Kids you had a good afternoon right?

(Camera moves to focus on the backseat opening with a medium shot of Greg)

Greg: Sure, I guess, Bruce's Dad does have this awesome motorbike.

Mrs. H: What about you Shane, did you have a good time?

(medium shot of Shane, arms folded looking glumly out the window)

Mr. H: Answer your mother when she's talking to you son.

Shane: No, I didn't have a good time, something terrible going to happen I know it, and if I'm not mistaken so do you. I think they're terrible people and they're going to change our lives forever aren't they? Aren't they?

(return to front seat as the parents' exchange glances and sympathise

with the grievances of 'their' son)

20. Int. Cunningham's sun room. Evening.

Establishment shot of Mr and Mrs Cunningham sitting in the sunroom. Close up shot of Mr Cunningham who looks worried.

Mr. Cunningham: Are you absolutely sure you want to go through with this?

Mrs. Cunningham: I know it's all a bit awkward but something inside me wants to set everything right. You know I can't have any more children, I'd just like to have my own son.

Mr. C: But don't you see what a mess can come of all this. There's going to be a lot of heartache involved, and you can imagine how it will effect on poor Bruce, let alone that other kid Shane.

Mrs. C: Yes, but he's my kid, our child. And you have to admit he's going to need a lot more support and love out of this, Greg and Bruce at least have that strong bond between twins. I have to have my own child back.

(Pan out to long shot and Bruce appears at the entrance to the sunroom)

Bruce: But *I* am your child. You can't just stop loving me just like that.

(Camera closes in on his face as he expresses a look of desperation and pan back to long shot as he flees the room. Return to medium shot of his parents)

Mr. Cunningham: I'd better go talk to him.

(scene ends with a close up of Mrs. Cunningham after her husband has left the room.

She looks distraught, yet certain she is doing the right thing)

21. Int. Herbert's Living Room. Day.

Establishment shot of Living room where Shane is sitting immersed dismally in the television. We get the impression he is trying to get his mind off the situation. A

phone ringing can be heard out of shot. Camera pans wide as Shane gets up to answer the phone.

Shane: Hello... No it's not may I ask who's speaking.

(person on other end of the line can be heard but not seen)

Lawyer: My name is Mr. Smythe, I am the Cunningham's lawyer I am calling with regards to the custody case that has been brought against you.

Shane: Ah, yes... this is Mr. Herbert speaking what case might that be?

Lawyer: Well Mr Herbert, it turns out that there has been a mix up with your boys and Mrs. Cunningham wants her child back. Of course there'll have to be tests and all sorts of other stuff, but so far we have pretty good evidence supporting her claims, as apparently you've seen.

Shane: Whoa, mix up... what are you talking about.

Lawyer: Your son Shane is actually Mrs Cunningham's son and her son Bruce is yours, there was a mix up in the hospital and she wants to rectify it. I'm calling to arrange a meeting so we might be able to work something out so that everything works out all right.

(Shane is so enraged by what he has heard that he forgets his persona
and speaks his own mind)

Shane: Everything would work out all right if you left things the way they were. You can't just split up our family like this and switch me with Bruce just like that! I won't live with those crusty people! Goodbye!

22. Int. Cunningham's Kitchen. Afternoon.

Establishment shot of the kitchen. Bruce is sitting at the far end of the kitchen table, furthest from the camera, making a sandwich. The camera pans wide to get in

shot of the bench beside him. A phone rings and Bruce reluctantly abandons his sandwich to answer it.

Bruce: Cunningham residence, Bruce speaking... Shane why are you calling...
 yes I know about that... I totally agree... meet you... don't you think that's a bit
 harsh on our folks... well I suppose you have a point there... all right I'll see
 you in about an hour then.

(Camera closes in to a medium shot of Bruce as he looks slightly perplexed. Pan to a
 long shot as he springs into action and runs out of shot)

23. Ext. Herbert's house. Evening.

Establishment shot of the Herberts' front yard. Mrs. Cunningham is standing at
their front door. Close in to medium shot as she knocks. Mrs. Herbert answers.

Mrs. Herbert: Margaret, what on Earth are you doing here? Please do come inside,
 you'll catch your death out there on a night like tonight.

(The camera follows the two through the house into the kitchen)

Mrs. Herbert: Do make yourself at home and I'll make you a cup of tea.

Mrs Cunningham: I'm actually calling in regards to my son. I was wondering if
 perhaps he were here?

Mrs. H: No, we haven't seen him since we were at your place last weekend.
 Why, what's the problem?

Mrs. C: My husband and I were out at a meeting and when we came home he
 was gone. He didn't leave a note or anything.

Mrs. H: Could he have popped round to a friend's place or something?

Mrs. C: It wouldn't be like him to go anywhere without telling us where he
 was. I'm worried sick, Grace, I've sent Robert out on his bike to look
 any where he could be. You were my glimmer of hope.

Mrs. H: Well, I'm sorry I can't help you, but I'll get Greg in here if you like, he might know something. Greg! Greg, get in here a minute I need to speak to you!

Greg: Yes what is it Mum... oh hello Mrs. Cunningham, what are you doing here?

Mrs. H: Mrs. Cunningham is here looking for Bruce, I thought maybe you might know where he's got to.

Greg: Nope, haven't seen him since last weekend. Perhaps Shane finally got to him.

Mrs. H: Greg, this is no joking matter, this is Mrs. Cunningham's flesh and blood we're talking about... er well at least she's raised him and loved him all his life, which is more important I think...

Mr. Herbert: What's going on in here... oh come fer the kid have you?

Mrs. H: Frank! That's a terrible thing to say. Grace is here distraught because she has no idea where her son has got to and you treat her like that.

Mr. H: Well I can find her son for her. Shane get in here!

Mrs. H: Frank stop this behaviour immediately, I don't know what point you're trying to make, but now is not the appropriate time.

(close up of Mrs. Cunningham's face as she bursts into tears; cut to medium shot as she bows her head and weeps, close up of her tea as drops of her tears impact with the tea)

Mrs. H: Well I hope you're happy with what you've achieved Frank, God sometimes you can be so pig headed.

(pan to wide shot as Brenda comes running into the shot)

Brenda: Shane's gone! I can't find him anywhere!

(All the parent's look at each other suddenly sharing the same problem)

24. Int. Herbert's kitchen. Evening.

Establishment shot of the kitchen. Mrs. Cunningham sits at the far end of the table, Mrs. Herbert sits to the right of her, Mr. Herbert leans against the kitchen sink his son leaning against the cabinet to his left. Brenda stands awkwardly in the doorway.

Mrs. Herbert: That's shut you up now, hasn't it Frank?!

Mrs. Cunningham: Well what are we going to do, they could be anywhere out there in the cold and alone.

Mr. Herbert: Isn't it tragic now we have to look for both her 'sons'.

Mrs. H: Frank what's gotten into you. If you haven't got anything constructive to say don't say anything, this is a very serious situation and what ever has come about Shane is still *you're* son.

Brenda: Should we call the police?

Mrs. H: I suppose we could, but I don't think there'd be much more they can do that we can't.

Mr. H: Then perhaps we should stop gawking at each other and crying about it and get out there and find the little blighters.

Mrs. H: Finally a helpful suggestion from you Frank. Right, you take the kids in our car and search around all the spots that Shane frequents and I'll ride with Mrs. Cunningham...

Brenda: Have you ever thought that they might be together?

Mrs. C: But they can't stand each other.

Greg: She has a point, it seems a pretty impossible coincidence that they should both go missing on the same night.

Mr. H: Even if they were together it puts us no closer to finding them. They could be anywhere.

Greg: Or they could be somewhere. Somewhere they know they'll be found.

Mrs. H: What are you on about Greg?

Greg: I think Shane's trying to make a point. And I reckon I know where he is. Both of them. Trust me.

25. Ext. Abandoned park. Night.

Establishment shot of park. There is a slide in the background and a playground to the right in the foreground. A little behind that is a whirly-gig. Bruce is sitting on the outer edge and Shane is standing up in the centre. Close up on Bruce's face looking very worried.

Bruce: Do you think maybe we've gone too far?

Shane: Nope, everything is going to plan and our parent's will be reassessing their prospects. They'll realise where they're hearts really lie.

Bruce: But don't you think we're being a bit harsh, my mother would be near death with worry right about now. I mean...

Shane: Hey, don't correct yourself that's why we're out here. You may have Herbert blood, but you are every inch a Cunningham. You wouldn't survive a day in our family, a prissy boy like you.

Bruce: Still with the acid tongue I see.

Shane: Hey, you have to think how much heartache I've been going through. From the moment I saw you I knew you would lead to trouble and here we are. But now we both finally have something in common.

Bruce: And what's that.

Shane: We want our families back.

Bruce: You know Shane, you're not so...

(His sentence is cut short as a flood of headlights fill the scene)

26. Ext. Abandoned park. Night.

Establishment shot of the park. The headlights remain on high beam and we can make out Bruce and Shane block their eyes. The lights go out and the camera pans wide to a long shot to incorporate the cars and their occupants getting out. Mr. Cunningham pulls up on his motorbike shortly after. Close in a little as the respective families embrace their sons.

Mrs. Cunningham: Oh, Brucie, Brucie, don't you ever do that to me again.

Shane: Brucie?

Bruce: Mum, you're embarrassing me.

Mrs. C: What? I was worried sick, you could have been anywhere. Anything could have happened to you. I'd die if anything happened to my baby.

Mr. H: Yes, boy you've got a lot of explaining to do, young man.

Shane: But I don't everything turned out just the way it was supposed to do. Everything and everyone in there proper place.

Mrs. C: Just how did you know that they'd be here, Greg?

Greg: Me and Shane used to play here all the time when we were little, Shane just about broke my arm on that climbing rail over there.

Shane: That's true brotherhood. We may not be blood brothers, but by all other means, we're the best brothers in all the world.

(Medium shot as Shane shakes Greg's hand and then pulls him
into a brotherly embrace)

Mr. Cunningham: Well now that the kids have made their point we should get them in out of the cold. Bruce would you like to ride the bike home?

Bruce: Wow, Dad that's the best offer, but I'll only accept if Shane can ride
 with me.

Mr. C: Well that's up to him.

Shane: You sentimental bastard come here.

(Medium shot as he accepts Bruce in a similar embrace to that he did Greg. Cut to
wide shot as the on lookers gape at the turn around of the relationship between the
two boys. Fade out)

Reflection Statement

It has been a long and arduous journey getting to the finished product. And on top of that there has been some tough and some night say irrational decision making, but I think that my final decision did pay off in the end. I am very happy with my screenplay and it has ended up being my work. The only possible thorn in my side could be the log which I quite off left by the wayside.

Through the most part of my major work I was battling with the film script for Bennelong, as you have seen in the first half of my log. This is a story I did want to tell and I thought I could do it. But the problem was that my way of telling it would not have achieved the marks. Now I know that changing my topic halfway through is a very disagreeable thing to do and I know my teacher was not particular thrilled, but the whole point is that I knew that I could not write Bennelong to the standard that you your expecting. I did not know the story, and as time went on more and more obstacles piled up in my way and I knew that I was not a skilled enough screenwriter to save the sinking ship.

Now the reason I chose to do Lilith Norman's Shape of Three is because I know the story and there is a lot of raw emotion between the characters brought about by the situation. Now you may mark me down because you think that I have just taking a book and copied streams of dialogue from novel to script, but it just does not work like that and this is one of the things I have learned from this experience. There is a huge difference between the two mediums and there is a distinct point in my screenplay where my story goes off on a completely different tangent to hers. I have taken a story and interpreted it the way I see it and created a story of my own. And that is the power of screenwriting. It is still an original piece of work like you request because nobody has ever scripted this story, and as far as I know this story and

novelist has long since been forgotten in the thirty years since the books release. I think my overall point is just saying that she wrote a bunch of characters, and when you read a book you interpret it your way, and that's why the characters became my characters and the ending changed, because I felt her ending was weak.

When film are adapted to the screen in the real world the films can often be attacked for changing the book. But what I have learned from this whole script is that when you adapt a book that you are not retelling the book, you are retelling the story. I liked Lilith Norman's story, but there were elements of the book that left a lot to be desired. And as I typed I could tell the exact moment when it became my story. But not only that you are now writing for a visual medium. In a novel you can simply write whatever he is thinking in a film you have to create the emotion through the atmosphere. Now I am going to be honest with you and say that I am really proud of my final product and if it gets marked down for a bad log or because you feel that my being inspired by a novel makes me any less of a student. Because I know just how much effort went into that screenplay, because I have respect for the story and I wanted to do it the justice it deserved. This is something I wanted to do and I did it and it is good, I think that if you look at true merits of the piece the fact that it is not originally my story should matter. It is the telling of the story that counts and I believe I told it well and made it fresh too.

The process of the English extension 2 major work I think is tougher than the major work itself. But I can sort of express myself better, although I never really have liked explaining myself. I like to do things, so having to write in a log what, how and why I was going to do seemed to be a bit of a waste of time to me. I understand why you need to see it to be sure it is our work. Well, I guess you may have noticed that there was a lot of writing in my log. Some people do mind maps and other people

stick all sorts of weird and wonderful things in too making the log impressive. I just wrote what I felt. It may just look like masses of words on a page, but I would much rather say what I feel in writing than throw in any thing else.

The big down fall for me though could be my lack of drafts. The problem is that I hate doing drafts. I prefer to just sit at the computer and type away because once I have inspiration it just fuels away and it just goes and goes. But with a draft I am writing and I know that once I am done writing it on paper I then got to write it all over again. And then I lose interest in what I'm doing. I just like to let the story flow and I think that makes whatever you are writing much better because it makes it pure. You know that it is raw because it is off the top of the head and straight from the heart.

Now what I learned from the experience was just how fast time goes and although it took a while I have a better understanding of time management. I have newfound respect for all elements of screenwriting. I know that so long as somebody else hasn't already written the script in the same format as you it is still very original (except remakes, they are far from original). The point I think is that I am proud of what I have finally written and that is all that matters to me.