



# FLOTSAM

Written by

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**A STOIC, AUSTRALIAN NEWS ANCHOR** shuffles papers at her desk. The rolling ticker below reads *9TH JANUARY 2005*.

AUSTRALIAN ANCHOR  
Breaking news out of the US--

**SHAKY BODYCAM FOOTAGE** of an armed soldier in a sprint now. **HEAVY BREATHING**, and the glaring, green hues of **NIGHT-VISION**.

**A SUITED GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL**, flanked by **MILITARY OFFICERS** and **AMERICAN FLAGS**, addresses a room of journalists:

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL  
We received intel pertaining to  
the location of--

**A LATE-NIGHT HOST** in the midst of their monologue:

LATE-NIGHT HOST  
Weeeee got him!

Erupting applause. A celebratory chord from the house band melds into a **BREAKING NEWS SEGMENT STING**:

AMERICAN ANCHOR  
The President has confirmed the  
death of Clifton Calwell in a  
targeted operation overnight--

**VARIOUS REPORTS**, intercutting. The pace grows frenetic.

ANOTHER ANCHOR  
Clifton Calwell, orchestrator of  
the brutal murder of thirty  
seven--

AUSTRALIAN ANCHOR  
Calwell's 'Vacher's Vanguard'  
claimed responsibility for the  
attacks last June--

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL  
And at twenty-one-hundred hours,  
I made the call to engage. In the  
firefight that ensued--

**THE MUGSHOT OF A WHITE MAN (30s)**, his face littered with **NAZI TATTOOS**: the **REICHSADLER IMPERIAL EAGLE**, **SWASTIKAS** beneath each eye, **'VOLKSFRONT'** running the length of his clavicle.

LATE-NIGHT HOST (O.S.)  
Yikes! That's a face only a  
Fuhrer could love.

Beneath audience laughter, the sound of **WAVES** emerge.

Made in Highland

## AUSTRALIAN ANCHOR

--Calwell's fate an inauspicious one: his body reportedly given an anonymous burial at sea, denying his supporters a martyr's shrine.

**A CAMERA FLASH.** The sound of WAVES further encroaching...

## GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

The stench of neo-Fascism has been tempered today--

Now the CRASHING OF WATER, propelling us to:

**CLIFTON CALWELL (30s).** Bloated. Discoloured skin.

Very much DEAD.

**EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

Calwell's LEGLESS CORPSE slumps in a cracked PLASTIC CAPSULE upon the sand. The tide froths, then recedes around him.

**JAI (9)**, Māori, a WRESTLEMANIA BEACH TOWEL draped around his skinny neck, stares at this inhumane human-driftwood.

Jai surveys the length of the beach.

Empty, save a smattering of gulls bickering in the distance.

On Jai, something ticking over...

CUT TO:

**STICKY, BLACK TAR ROAD** passing by at some pace.

"Rocky Raccoon" covered by Charlie Parr FADES UP.

A WHIRLING SOUND accompanies. The tyres of a bicycle enter.

We drift with the bike down the road a spell, before...

**SPLAT.** A CHUNK OF MEAT slaps the tar, gets caught in the passing tyre treads.

Rising, we're revealed:

Calwell - draped in Jai's beach towel - squeezed into the front BIKE BASKET like Norman Bates' homage to E.T.

**EXT. COASTAL SUBURBIA - MORNING**

Calwell's insides fall out of his torso, and Jai struggles to prevent their evacuation and pedal simultaneously.

Weatherboard beach shacks, scattered Norfolk Pines, and scorched lawns punctuate our ride through Aussie suburbia.

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Jai's created a Hansel and Gretel trail of neo-Fascist entrails. We LINGER LOW on some organ as he pedals off.

The morning sun creates a lens flare. The MUSIC CRESCENDOES.

TITLE UP: **FLOTSAM**

**EXT. 'BEHIND THE SHED' - JAI'S BACKYARD - DAY**

Calwell, towel-less, is propped against the rusty wall.

Armed with a GARDEN HOSE, Jai sprays gunk from his hands.

He gets to work on Calwell next, tries removing the sand from the body. Instead, Calwell's arm PLONKS to the ground.

JAI

*Shit.*

Jai picks it up, looks around, unsure of how to proceed.

**EXT. 'BEHIND THE SHED' - JAI'S BACKYARD - DAY - LATER**

The IDENTICAL WIDE SHOT: Jai with two friends now, **TONI (10)** and **DALEY (8)**.

Toni, Samoan, has reached puberty before anybody else, and consequently dwarfs her peers. She's a broad girl.

Daley, White, is the Donny Kerabatsos of this Lebowski trio. Bug-eyed, feeble, and malnourished.

All stare pensively at Jai's find. Then:

DALEY

I'm telling!

Daley bolts off. Jai and Toni give chase.

The camera remains. Rather, we HEAR the ensuing STRUGGLE.

The three return, Daley caught in a Toni-induced HEADLOCK.

DALEY

Okay!

Toni releases Daley, then motions to Calwell.

TONI

Who is he?

Jai takes a breath.

JAI

A pirate.