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**BOYD WONDER**

by  
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SIXTH DRAFT

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A weatherboard porch, peeling paint. The porch is on a rundown weatherboard home with an overgrown lawn.

We hear the thoughtful voice of a male youth.

BOYD (OS)

The last rays of the sun are like liquid gold. They're lighting up the edge of the clouds, like wisps of cotton wool when you stretch it out between your fingers. The sky is turning from a deep cobalt to grey.

We see EMILY, a lined woman of 70 listening attentively. She's dressed in rumpled, unmatching clothes. She smiles.

Beside her on a rusting love seat is BOYD, 12, in a duffle coat, with a cocky's comb of hair. He squints into the sun.

BOYD (CONT'D)

There are holes in the fence.

EMILY

Bob said he fixed that.

BOYD

A little white dog just came out of the neighbours yard.

EMILY

Prince Harry.

A small white MALTESE trots up and hops on her lap.

BOYD

On your lawn there's a magpie. It's walking around like a windup toy. It's after worms. That's all.

Emily sprawls, sated, like after a great gourmet meal.

EMILY

She said you were clever.

Boyd sees the next-door neighbour (STEVO), stalk into his yard. He's 40, wiry, dressed in shorts and a rash of tats. Boyd watches a look of disgust cross Stevo's face.

STEVO

Dirty. Little. Mutt.

Stevo wipes a poop-smeared foot on the grass. He flings dog dung into a bin, then turns a dagger stare on Boyd.

A 'HONK' off. Boyd sees the kerb-side STATION WAGON, driven by his mother, MARCIA, (40, bright-eyed and bra-less). Her tank-top reads: A clean house is a sign of a wasted life.

Emily fumbles in her wallet and presses ten dollars into Boyd's dirty palm. Boyd's eyes bug out - TEN DOLLARS!

Emily takes up a white cane as

Boyd runs to the station wagon.

2

EXT. SCHOOL GATES DAY

2

A pile of BOOKS on the footpath - mostly Dungeons and Dragons titles. A hand plucks the top book - a thesaurus.

The hand is BOYD's. He sits on the ground in a school uniform - intently reading the thesaurus beside the school gates where a handful of STUDENTS wait to be picked up.

WAYNE, 15, plays keepy-off with the HAT of a twelve-year-old BOY. Wayne's hair is greasy, his school pants too short and threadbare. He spits intermittently.

Boyd's finger traces the word sunset.

BOYD  
(murmurs)  
...sundown, nightfall, twilight,  
dusk, eventide, crepuscule...

The Boy's hat falls into Boyd's book. Wayne motions for it.

WAYNE  
Hand it over buh-buh Boyd.

Boyd contemplates the hat. The Boy gestures for it. Wayne spits dangerously close to Boyd.

BOYD  
You do that to stop yourself  
dribbling?

WAYNE  
(sarcastic)  
Smart.

Wayne spits, closer. Boyd stands and throws the hat to the Boy - who runs off.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
That was mine.

Boyd sighs. He can see the thuggery about to unfold.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
I don't have to tuh-tuh take  
that.

BOYD  
I don't have to take you hocking  
gobs at me. I could get  
tuberculosis.

Wayne doesn't know what that means, but he doesn't like it.

WAYNE  
How about buh-buh broken nose-  
alosis.

Wayne advances menacingly.

BOYD  
This is ridiculous!

Boyd backs off. Wayne scoops up one of Boyd's still shrink-wrapped DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS BOOK.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
I just bought that...

Boyd snatches at it - then gives up in resignation as Wayne capers around him in game of 'keepy-off'.

A BROWN STATION WAGON draws up. MARCIA looks over. Wayne throws the book at Boyd.

Boyd makes it to the car. He looks back to Wayne.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
Buh-buh-buh-buh bye Wayne.

Wayne is livid. The car leaves. Boyd watches, mesmerized, as Wayne grips his own throat and mimes choking - a terrible display with the fierce intensity of a Maori haka.

3 INT./EXT. CAR/STREET DAY

3

MARCIA listens to Boyd. Her tank-top is decorated with a female power fist symbol and shows her lush armpit hair. BOYD sits in the back, while a Greek man GEORGE, 60, drives gingerly - L-plates front and back.

BOYD  
(whining)  
...cretin. Seriously, for him  
that's entertainment.

Boyd goes quiet, and sets to examining his new D & D book for damage.

MARCIA  
Let it go. You're bigger than  
him.

Boyd looks at her like she's nuts.

MARCIA (CONT'D)  
I don't mean this way.

She hovers a palm above his head. Boyd chews it over, then  
sniffs, smelling something unpleasant.

BOYD  
What's that...?

But Marcia silences him with a 'don't go there' look - then  
motions with her eyes to George.

George leans on the horn.

MARCIA  
(to George)  
Just go around the cyclist,  
George. (to Boyd) George has his  
test tomorrow?

BOYD  
How's the driving coming along?

GEORGE  
(proud)  
I no hit nobody today.

BOYD  
That's great.

4 INT. PINKY'S LOUNGE NIGHT

4

BOYD watches as PINKY, 15, gangly with braces, rolls a  
twenty-sided dice and moves a metal figurine on the board.

PINKY  
My dwarf is going to attack.

Boyd reaches for a Dungeons and Dragons manual.

BOYD  
Which one?

PINKY  
Thaddeus.

Boyd looks at him with a smirk.

BOYD  
Thaddeus?

PINKY  
Thaddeus Shunt.

BOYD  
That's the worst name I ever  
heard.

Pinky breathes noisily, miffed, as Boyd consults his book.  
Pinky shakes a Ventolin inhaler and sucks in a hit.

5 EXT. BITUMEN ROAD NIGHT 5

A deserted bitumen road, lit by a moth-clouded street lamp.

The rhythmic 'thrum' sound of bike tyres on road. From the dark a bike speeds towards us - pedalled furiously by BOYD, in a duffle coat, backpack and helmet.

As Boyd passes beneath the street lamp he freewheels to check his watch, and is gone.

6 INT./EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE DAY 6

A dim dusty room, with mouldering fifties furniture. BOYD stands uncertainly as EMILY makes her way in using a cane.

EMILY  
Sit, sit.

Emily flips on the TV and surfs until we hear a 'PRICE IS RIGHT' type game show.

Boyd scoops something from the rocking chair.

BOYD  
What shall I do with this?

EMILY  
(tetchy)  
Is this a test?

Boyd realizes his mistake. He tries to find words to describe what he holds: a GIANT DILDO.

BOYD  
A big pretend...doodle.

Emily scrabbles for it, discovers it is indeed a dildo, curses - then tears it from Boyd.

EMILY  
(livid)  
Give me that!

Emily uses the rubber phallus to punctuate her speech.

EMILY (CONT'D)

My son Bob thinks that's humour.  
'Lighten up' he says. Lighten up!  
Makes me wild. Last time it was  
homo porn in the china hutch.  
Least that's what the reverend  
said it was.

She pats the couch, gruff, as the GAME SHOW THEME sounds

EMILY (CONT'D)

Sit.

BOYD

(disappointed)  
We're gonna watch TV?

EMILY

Not just any TV.

Emily shifts - a little guiltily, her voice unsteady.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This man with the deep, handsome  
voice. What does he look like?

Boyd looks from Emily's engrossed face, to the way she  
holds the dildo - and shudders. He peers desperately out  
the window where STEVO stumbles in his yard next door.

BOYD

Your neighbour is in his yard  
...underneath a...crepuscular  
sky. He just tripped in a hole.

EMILY

(gesturing to the TV)  
Does Larry have a moustache?

Boyd sees PRINCE HARRY disappear through a fence hole. He  
watches as Stevo (visible from the shoulders up) tears back  
and forth across his yard after the dog.

BOYD

I think Prince Harry might be  
bothering your neighbour.

Boyd sees Stevo dive full length and disappear below the  
fence-line. Emily tears her ears from the TV, tittering.

EMILY

Oh yes?

Boyd gawps as Stevo rises up from behind the fence with a  
triumphant roar, clutching a pink spray-can as a pink  
streak darts through the fence hole, across the yard and  
into Emily's house.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
He is a spirited little rascal.

Prince Harry skitters into the room and bounds into Emily's lap, quivering with terror, and pink from head to foot.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Speak of the monster...

Boyd takes Prince Harry in thoughtfully.

BOYD  
About your dog...

The sound of a leaf blower, off.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. EMILY'S FRONT YARD/STEVO'S FRONT YARD DAY

7

EMILY trembles with indignation, steering BOYD to a gap in foliage where he can spy on Stevo's yard. We hear a duet - leaf blower with small pink dog yapping.

EMILY  
My plum tree never recovered  
after he pruned it back.

Boyd watches STEVO, wiry in shorts, tan and tattoos. He cradles a stubby and paces his yard using a leaf blower.

BOYD  
The man is wiry, kind of short  
with tattoos and a sun tan.

Stevo leans over the fence to taunt yapping, pink, PRINCE HARRY with his leaf blower. Harry backs off.

Stevo turns the blower nozzle skyward. He stoops to pick up dog turd - then drops it into the leaf blower's tube. The turd shoots into the sky.

Stevo watches, delighted, as the dung describes an arc in the air and lands in Emily's backyard.

EMILY  
And now?

Boyd's mouth opens and closes like a landed fish.

BOYD  
Well...



8 INT./EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE/PORCH DAY

8

BOYD, disconsolate as he waits for EMILY at the door. He musters his courage to speak - but Emily doesn't hear.

BOYD	EMILY
I don't think I can come	You worked hard today so
Tomorrow. I've got...	I'm giving you twenty.

Boyd, compromised as Emily stuffs a TWENTY in his pocket.

Boyd notices a poster in the window - a naked, well-endowed black man and a large handwritten banner across it, which declares to the neighbourhood: NEXT SWINGERS PARTY JULY 7.

BOYD
What's a swingers party?

EMILY
Where did you hear that?

BOYD
Your poster in the window.

EMILY stomps inside and tears the poster down. She wrenches open the window.

EMILY
(fierce)
Ask my Bob.

Boyd runs to the brown station wagon at the kerb.

9 INT./EXT. CAR/EMILY'S HOUSE &amp; STREET (CONTINUOUS)

9

MARCIA watches BOYD buckle his belt, a warm glow in her eyes. Boyd stares straight ahead, his face set. PINKY leans from the back seat to offer Boyd gum. Boyd shakes his head.

MARCIA smiles beatifically at him then ruffles his hair - her face says: 'you make me proud'. Pinky blows a bubble.

Boyd sees the DUNG on Emily's roof, then EMILY who attacks Stevo's tree overhanging the fence with a SAW.

Pinky's bubble bursts over his nose. Boyd watches Pinky suck the gum membrane in and out as he breathes noisily.

10 EXT. PUB VERANDA AND STREET NIGHT

10

The veranda of a Federation pub, from which doors lead to the public bar. A deserted bitumen road stretches by, lit by a single street lamp.

Tethered on the veranda is a whining BLUE HEELER. By the dog stands WAYNE sullenly kicking a flattened beer can puck at the wall.

The sound of bike tires on bitumen. Wayne's bitter eyes harden to vengeful as he sees BOYD in backpack and helmet, power through the dark on his bike.

Wayne darts across to block the cycle - Boyd panics to see him, jamming brakes for the human barrier. Locking onto the handlebars, Wayne wrestles the bike down with a crash. He falls on yowling Boyd as the Blue Heeler barks.

Wayne's face is a spiteful mask as he empties out Boyd's backpack. Dice, books, and mini metal orcs, elves and wizards hit the road. Boyd looks up in genuine alarm.

BOYD

Stop that!

Boyd goes to stand but Wayne, berserk, pushes him down and sits on him. Boyd's eyes are wide with fear.

WAYNE

Not so suh-suh smart now!

Wayne scoops a pile of metal figurines from the bitumen.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Been playing your little puh-puh  
poofter games!

Boyd struggles feebly, arms pinned to the ground.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What are these little fuh-fuh  
fairies doing now, Boyd?

Wayne brings his fistful of figurines to Boyd's mouth. Boyd's head whips like windscreen wipers. Wayne grabs Boyd's hair to keep him still.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Tuh-tell me, then. Are they going  
in a cuh-cave? Are they?

Wayne prises open Boyd's mouth and shoves the figurines in. Boyd yelps. Wayne's fist is poised ready to strike.

WAYNE'S FATHER (O/S)

Wayne!

Wayne's head flicks to the pub doorway where WAYNE'S FATHER (35) stands, thickset and unsteady, fist in the air.

WAYNE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I told you to stay here!

Wayne's Father motions near the dog, and stumbles back in.

Boyd spits out the figurines and shoves Wayne off. Both get to their feet. Boyd composes himself. Wayne's eyes still smoulder as they stand breathing heavily.

The finger Boyd dips in his mouth shows blood. His eyes flick from panting Wayne to the tied up Blue Heeler. A serene expression forms on Boyd's face.

BOYD  
(emotionless)  
It's not important.

Wayne eyes him with suspicion.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
I forgive you.

Wayne doesn't know what to make of this. A flash of anger passes across his face. He cracks his knuckles.

11 EXT. MARCIA'S GARDEN NIGHT

11

Moonlight illuminates a bountiful vegetable garden that uses every inch of a suburban front yard. MARCIA (in a T-shirt asserting: Well behaved women seldom make history) watches Boyd, from her knees where she plants.

MARCIA  
(concerned)  
Pinch the bridge.

Boyd stands by his bike, smaller somehow - a bloody hanky to his nose. From his words Boyd's mouth seems hurt.

MARCIA (CONT'D)  
Bit old for monkey bars aren't you?

BOYD  
One of the Ethiopian refugees,  
Ngoto, has a fear of heights  
since he hid up a tree and saw  
militia gun down his entire  
family. He got his kite tangled  
up. I had to go.

Sympathetic noises from Marcia. Boyd can't believe it was that easy.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
About Mrs Kipfler. I don't think  
I want to see for her.

Marcia stands up from her planting, solemn.

MARCIA

We had a deal. How many mothers  
you think let a twelve year old  
out nights to play games?

Marcia's look cuts short Boyd's protesting.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

If you don't want do D and D  
then that's another story.

Boyd kicks irritably at soil. Marcia encircles his shoulder  
with a dirty arm, pulling him to her.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

You're doing a good thing.

Boyd melts into Marcia, still tender from Wayne's handling.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

You're lucky. Some people, they  
watch TV or a movie, they get  
upset when they see people  
starving, or deprived. Maybe they  
cry. They think that makes them  
good. But that's just sentiment.  
And you know that. You. Act. And  
I like that about you.

They stand motionless, together under the moonlit sky as  
the brown STATION WAGON bunny hops up to the kerb.

GEORGE's grin from behind the wheel becomes panic as the  
car lurches forward and knocks over a bin. The engine dies  
as George trots out to examine the bumper.

GEORGE

(triumphant)

Is no damage!

Something occurs to Boyd.

12 INT./EXT. TENT/EMILY'S FRONT YARD/ STEVO'S FRONT YARD DAY 12

A tremor passes over the faded canvas tent pitched by the  
fence between Emily's weatherboard house and Stevo's place.

In the tent Boyd looks quizzically at Emily who reclines on  
a banana lounge, cradling a bullhorn.

BOYD

What's this?

EMILY

It's like a duck hide. Bob put it  
up. Peek out the back flap.

Boyd shifts uncomfortably.

BOYD  
But it's...spying.

EMILY  
(indignant)  
That man is shooting doo doo on  
my roof!

Boyd peers out - the DUNG on her roof has indeed grown.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna catch him red handed  
and give him what for.

She flourishes the bullhorn. Boyd searches for something conciliatory to say.

BOYD  
You sure it's him?

EMILY  
Who else would it be?

Boyd looks expectantly out the tent flap.

BOYD  
Somebody else, maybe.

EMILY  
You sound different.

BOYD  
Blood nose. Fell off monkey bars.

Emily considers this.

EMILY  
Knee in the goolies. They'll go  
down like a sack of shit. Senior  
self-defence.

As if on cue a BROWN STATION WAGON with P plates, GEORGE at the wheel and PINKY passenger, bunny-hops to the kerb.

BOYD  
(firm)  
It was monkey bars. Be right  
back.

Boyd ducks out.

EMILY  
(on bullhorn, to Boyd)  
Like a sack. Of. Shit.

Outside the tent, Boyd waves to Pinky and George, directing them urgently to Stevo's yard. He returns to the tent.

BOYD

It's him - skinny with tattoos,  
in shorts. And someone else...

Emily sits up, curious - listening for Stevo, but it's Pinky and George who edge into Stevo's front yard and read from the papers they clutch. Boyd mouthes their words.

GEORGE

(labours over 'script')  
Have you enjoyed staying here  
with your brother? He's not home  
so you must say goodbye later.

PINKY

(reads loudly &  
expressionlessly)  
Yes. The most fun I had was when  
I dyed that dog. I will be sad to  
go back to Brisbane - where I  
live.

GEORGE

YOU dyed the dog?

PINKY

Yes. It was almost as good as  
when I shot dog poop from my  
brother's leaf blower. Ha Ha Ha.

Triumph on Boyd's face as he sees Emily's outrage

GEORGE

That was YOU?

PINKY

Yes it was. But now I must go  
back to Brisbane.

GEORGE

Where you live.

Wind whips Pinky's page from his hand. He hesitates, then:

PINKY

(improvising)  
I also cut up some cats no one  
knows about.

Emily's jaw drops. Boyd shakes an irritated 'no'. Pinky shrugs - 'I'm doing my best'. George overacts wildly, declaiming loudly, almost in tears. Boyd is impressed.

GEORGE

You are such trouble! Why? Why  
can't you be more like your  
brother... Your good brother. Who  
lives here.

Pinky is lost. A pause. Boyd gestures wildly for him to say something. Pinky scoots to George to read from his copy.

PINKY

He spits.

Pinky realizes his mistake. He spits. Boyd laments.

Just then STEVO walks into view along the kerb, carrying milk. Boyd gestures wildly at George and Pinky to scam.

Pinky and George freeze like rabbits in a spot light. Pinky hurdles the fence. George runs, lumbering past confused Stevo, to the STATION WAGON. Pinky improvises, inspired:

PINKY (CONT'D)

(to Stevo)

Goodbye brother. I'm in such a  
hurry. I'll call you.

STEVO

What?

Pinky calls back to Stevo as the car bunny-hops off.

PINKY

I said I'll call you... From  
Brisbane ...Where I live.

Boyd ducks into the tent. Emily's mind is racing.

EMILY

Heavens!

Boyd peers out to see Stevo looking at him like he's crazy.

BOYD

Your neighbour is writing a note.

Emily wonders at this. She puts down the bullhorn

EMILY

For me?

Boyd grins, then wipes at his nose with a bloody tissue.

EMILY kicks her feet - swinging the love seat as BOYD  
'reads' from 'Stevo's note' (actually he holds junk-mail).

BOYD  
 ...I'm embarrassed that he pinked  
 your dog and used my leaf blower  
 in such a juvenile way.

A smile lights Emily's face like the sun through clouds.

Boyd decides to push his luck.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
 ...And am glad he's gone back to  
 Brisbane...

EMILY  
 Where he lives.

BOYD  
 Yes. (resuming) Let's never  
 mention it. One more thing - how  
 about we fix the fence? Your  
 neighbour, Mr....

Boyd looks blank.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
 (panicked)  
 Terrible writing...

EMILY  
 (expectant)  
 What's he called?

BOYD  
 (improvising woefully)  
 ....Thaddeus....Shunt...

EMILY  
 What is it?

14 INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN NIGHT

14

Cake ingredients mess the table of a fifties kitchen.

BOYD  
 (spelling)  
 S. H. U. N. T.

EMILY labours over a cake with a piping bag. Boyd watches,  
 concerned.

EMILY  
 How's that?

Boyd looks at the wonky icing lettering. It reads:  
 FOR MR THADDEUS SHUNT.



BOYD

Perfect.

He uses a knife to scrape the name off.

EMILY

And he's tall you say?

Boyd glances up at a shirtless beefcake poser on a poster signed: Love Bob.

BOYD

Yes. Quite muscly, too.

EMILY

Big muscles?

Boyd's gaze flicks to another hunk poster, also signed.

BOYD

...Yep...

His eyes wander across the series of beefcake posters plastered across the kitchen cupboards.

Boyd frowns as for the first time he notices across the kitchen a LIFE-SIZED CARDBOARD CUT-OUT of Adolf Hitler.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Mrs Kipfler? Bob's been up to his jokes.

EMILY

(bracing herself)

What is it now?

BOYD

There's a Hitler in the kitchen.

EMILY

Oh...

Emily busies herself, removing her flowery apron and draping it around Hitler's neck with practised ease.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No...no...that was a gift...

She starts the washing up. Boyd seems wrong footed.

15

EXT. STEVO'S PORCH NIGHT

15

BOYD, tense - cake in one hand, other arm looped through EMILY'S. STEVO opens up eating a pie - stunned to see them.

EMILY beams towards STEVO - her new best friend.

EMILY  
I made you this.

Steve accepts the cake, perplexed.

STEVO  
Ta. Ta, very much.

Boyd smiles thinly, and attempts to steer Emily off.

BOYD  
Well, we hafta...

EMILY  
(blurts)  
What a lovely note. I know how  
tricky it is when you have bad-  
egg relatives.

Alarm hijacks Boyd's face. Stevo's bewilderment deepens - he wonders if she's deranged. A pause as he glances at Boyd, who looks away guiltily - then it all makes sense.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
You want us to fix this fence?

STEVO  
(realizing)  
Yep. Yeah, lets.

Boyd's face shows relief. Stevo smirks at him. Emily beams like a demented lighthouse.

16 EXT. EMILY'S PORCH AND YARD

16

STEVO nails palings to the fence between the properties. Emily swings on the porch post, nearby.

EMILY  
(coquettish)  
Stevo, Boyd's got a drink for us.

Stevo comes over. BOYD serves lemonade, which Stevo drinks.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(to Stevo)  
You must be sweating in this sun.

STEVO  
It's OK.

EMILY  
(to Boyd, hungrily)  
Is he?

Boyd, embarrassed. Stevo picks this time to down his drink and stride off back to the fence.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What's he doing now?

EMILY settles back expectantly with her drink - like she's watching the big match on TV. Stevo picks at a scab.

BOYD  
He's got his shirt off. He's rubbing sun oil over his naked torso. His greasy biceps ripple...he's...

EMILY  
(interrupting)  
Boyd.

BOYD  
Yes, Mrs Kipfler?

EMILY  
Don't overdo it.

Boyd snaps a surprised look to her.

THE END  
Credits Roll, then:

17 EXT. SCHOOL OVAL DAY

17

BOYD grabs for a book that WAYNE holds out of reach.

WAYNE  
(taunts)  
Nuh-nuh-nuh no way.

Boyd snaps a knee into Wayne's groin. Wayne folds like a collapsible deck chair. Kneeling, Wayne offers up the book.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
It's a poxy book anyway.

Both Boyd and Wayne startle at Wayne's stutter-free speech.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
(experimenting)  
Peter piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

Wayne's hand flies up to his mouth. He's astonished. He looks at Boyd. Boyd nods, impressed.