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RACKMAN

Ep 1

Excerpt

Written and Created

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24 INT./EXT. THE SIZZLING CHIP - NIGHT - LATER 24

It's pouring with rain. Inside, the local burger restaurant is teeming.

Tahnee rushes plates of food from the pass, dodging around people. Sweat gathers in the furrow of her brow. She settles two plates down on a table for a COUPLE.

TAHNEE

Sorry about the wait-

They look up at her. Seeing the bruise on her face the couple exchanges a look. Tahnee quickly covers it with her hand and turns away from them.

Tahnee splashes water on her face in a basin staring at the blackening mark. But something catches her attention in the reflection. She turns and walks outside to-

25 EXT. COURTYARD - THE SIZZLING CHIP - NIGHT 25

Delicately placed on an outdoor seat is a WHITE CAMELLIA with a note addressed to Tahnee. Looking around she finds that she's alone. She smells the flower, then reads the note.

26 INT. CAT'S CAR - NIGHT 26

Rain falls upon the windshield. Cat sits in the front seat gripping the wheel.

27 INT. JOHNSON HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - 1998 27

Cat (10) wakes to the sound of FOOTSTEPS. Georgie (12) lay fast asleep in their shared bedroom. FOOTSTEPS from across the hall.

Cat hears Dean sobbing. A bottle smash. A rage ensue. On her bedside table, an image of her mother, DOLORES (35) rests. From the next room, Dean talks to himself.

Cat goes to get out of bed, but stops when Georgie's firm hand pulls her back down. Georgie shakes her head, "no".

28 INT. CAT'S CAR - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY 28

Cat pokes her wound, blood freshly flowing from it. She takes a breath, and gets out of the car.

CROWD (O.C.)

Surprise!

CAT (O.C.)

Oh...wow.

Music, chatter and laughter carry us to--

29 EXT. DEE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT - LATER

29

It's bustling with people and outdoor heat lamps.

Dee tends to a BBQ, turning a large flathead, with two MALE FRIENDS (40s) while her son JAYDEN (8) and Noah run around playing Cops n Robbers.

Jess sits with a group of GIRLS (14-17) who talk amongst themselves, struggling to join in from the fringes. Cat walks past Dee, wine in hand.

MALE FRIEND 1

(*suggestively*)

G'day Cat.

Cat smiles politely.

CAT

Hello.

Dee smiles at her enthusiastically, but Cat crosses her eyes at her. She meanders to the food table.

JANE (O.C.)

Is it too much? It's too much isn't it?

JANE SHARP (36) warm and homely, hands Cat a plate.

CAT

Is it rude if I say yes?

JANE

She wanted it to be a rager. Had to pull her back.

(beat)

Did you get a surprise at least?

CAT

Oh, yeah... absolutely.

Cat has another long sip, but Jane studies her.

JANE

How'd you know?

Cat smiles.

CAT

Dee accidentally text me the invite. I don't think my number is saved in her phone.

JANE

Bloody idiot!

Cat puts her hand on Jane's shoulder.

CAT

Thank you though.

Jane smiles at her then gives Cat a hug.

JANE

Can't say she doesn't try.

DING DING, Dee taps a wine glass. The talking stops as all eyes turn to him.

CAT

She should do less.

On cue, Dee's male friends eye off Cat from across the room.

JANE

We want you to be happy.

(nudging Cat)

Nice of Seamus to come.

Cat follows Jane's gaze to Seamus who stands with son, COREY (16) in a corner of the yard.

From the opposite side of the room, Jess' eyes dart to Corey.

30 EXT./INT. O'RILEY HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

30

Cat carries a sleeping Noah over her shoulder. Jess marches ahead, turns on the outside light and opens the door for Cat. As Cat carries Noah through the threshold she bumps his head.

Cat and Jess freeze, waiting to see if he wakes, but he softly breathes, undisturbed. Cat takes him inside and rests him down on his bed. She quietly shuts Noah's bedroom door. Cat pours two glasses of water, offers one to Jess. Their voices are hushed.

JESS

Is everyone in this town an arsehole, or is it just me?

CAT

It's not you.

Cat turns away from Jess, but Jess keeps watching her.

JESS
You're so weird.

CAT
Me? Why?

JESS
Your birthday.

Cat looks at the Johnson daughters family photo.

JESS (CONT'D)
I never knew when it was.

CAT
Don't worry about it.
(beat)
Go get ready for bed.

Jess finishes her water.

JESS
You know Mrs Hodgkins is an
alcoholic, right?

CAT
What?

JESS
She drinks sherry all day and then
she drives us around town- her
breath reeks.

Cat's eyes narrow.

CAT
Jess. That's not going to work on
me.

JESS
I wasn't trying to-

CAT
I don't care if Georgie let you
roam the streets at night-

JESS
Oh my god, you're not even
listening-

CAT
You're under my roof and you need
to do as I say.

JESS
You're such a-

CAT

What?

Jess doesn't say anything, her face says it all.

CAT (CONT'D)

Well. It's about time you both had a little discipline.

Jess storms into her bedroom and slams the door.

Cat sits down at her kitchen table and opens her laptop. She can't help but google 'Rackman.'

31 EXT. WOY WOY STREETS - NIGHT

31

Tahnee walks quickly in the rain, dripping wet. She stops, takes out her iPhone and checks her address in Google Maps. Suddenly, she's illuminated by headlights, and a FORD VALIANT pulls up beside her. She opens the door and clambers in with her things. The heavy door closes after her. She doesn't look at the driver.

TAHNEE

When did you get so romantic?

Tahnee notices the INTERIOR HANDLE OF THE PASSENGER SEAT DOOR MISSING. She looks to the DRIVER. Her face drops.

TAHNEE (CONT'D)

What's going on?

32 EXT. FORD CHARGER - NIGHT

32

The heavy rain muffles the sound of a struggle. Then after a beat, the car pulls out from the curb and disappears into the night.

33 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - PRE DAWN

33

The sun threatens to rise upon a brutalist complex of public housing. The Black Mercedes AMG, seen earlier in the episode, creeps into frame.

34 INT. GEORGIE'S APARTMENT - PRE DAWN

34

A shower runs. An image of TWO YOUNG GIRLS (12 months and 2 years old) sits on a bedside table. The apartment is modest, basic, aside from the photo, barely lived in.

The shower stops and a phone vibrates. Georgie answers.

GEORGIE

I'm coming.

She hangs up and tosses the phone in a duffle bag. She opens her mirror cabinet, takes out a prescription for valium, pops one. Two to be sure.

35 INT. CAT'S BEDROOM - DAY

35

A thin beam of light shines directly into Cat's eyes. Her BESIDE CLOCK reads 0627. She flinches as she answers the phone.

CAT

Yeah?

(annoyed)

Ernie.

(beat)

Fine. Fine. Alright. I'm up.

She hangs up and groans. She rolls onto her back and stares at the ceiling. A distinct *CLINK CLINK CLINK*. Cat crawls out of bed and looks out her bedroom window.

Outside, Mrs Hodgkins sheepishly feeds liquor bottle after liquor bottle into Cat's, and their other neighbours', recycling bins.

CAT (CONT'D)

(shaking her head)

Motherfucker.

Cat's finger hovers over Ken's number but she puts her phone down. Cat rubs her face, gathers a breath, then-

CAT (CONT'D)

(top note)

SCHOOL!

36 EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - DAY

36

Cat looks down into a smoking barrel, poking at the contents with a pen.

MR JENKINS (O.C.)

I wouldn't of found it if it weren't for that detour on Main Street.

(beat)

Least the council's doing something about all those bloody potholes.

CAT

Ah huh.

MR JENKINS (O.C.)

Whaddaya reckon it is?

CAT

Rags? Clothes? Hard to tell.

MR JENKINS

There's some kind of logo on them.

Cat spots some kind of yellow logo, somewhat familiar, but it's mostly melted.

CAT

Did you see anyone around here?

MR JENKINS (70) leans on a fence.

MR JENKINS

Nothin and nobody Cat.

(beat)

It'll be those kids I ring youse about. I'm telling ya, I'm sick of it! You know what they do?

CAT

What, Ernie?

MR JENKINS

They come ere and smoke bongos. This place has gone to the dogs and we're all neck deep in shit.

CAT

Gotcha. Was it smouldering when you found it?

MR JENKINS

Still smoulderin'. From last night I'd say. Then I dumped a bucket of water on it, y'know, so the evidence wouldn't burn away.

CAT

I guess we'll need more water.

(beat)

Then I'll take it to the tip for ya.

MR JENKINS

What? I want an investigation!

CAT

Into what?

MR JENKINS

The fire! The trespassin'?

CAT

I'm not a cop, Mr Jenkins-

MR JENKINS

Well what bloody good are ya Cat?

Cat takes out a plastic bin bag, then nods toward a CCTV camera fixed to his warehouse.

CAT

That work?

Ernie shakes his head.

MR JENKINS

More of a deterrent.

CAT

Well. What bloody good are you
Ernie Jenkins?

Cat's gloved hand reaches into the barrel.