

Botany Bay

'Pilot'

written by

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COLD OPEN

TWO CLOSED EYES,

scrunching as they fight to ignore the SHAFT OF MORNING LIGHT that's burning into them.

The eyes blink open. This is FLYNN (20s), an overcompensating underdog with an allergy to work and an Irish accent that'd get a Mother Superior hot under the habit.

FLYNN (V.O.)
Day two hundred and thirty-seven.

INT. CELL - MORNING

We pull out to see Flynn on a NARROW BED, skinny and naked but for a pair of pants.

FLYNN (V.O.)
I mean, that's a guess. I was going to keep a diary, but Christ's pyjamas can I be arsed?

He YAWNS and stretches like a happy kitten.

FLYNN (V.O.)
And anyway, what's a day or two when you've got life in prison?

We take in the STRAW FLOOR, the SECOND BED...

FLYNN (V.O.)
'Course if you were planning on escaping, you'd want to be keeping a tally up on the wall.

...beside which the WOODEN WALL is decorated with once-modest 18th Century PIN-UPS, now sporting childishly drawn BREASTS.

FLYNN (V.O.)
And you'd keep yourself in peak physical condition.

Now standing, Flynn reaches for his toes but can't. He lifts his foot to his hand instead.

FLYNN (V.O.)
Then when the day finally came, your first obstacle would be your cell door.

He saunters over to the rough timber DOOR and pushes it gently. It breaks off its hinges with a CRAACK, falling outwards, and the light of sweet, sweet freedom floods in. Flynn turns to us.

FLYNN
Step two? Get past the guards.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Two 18th Century British SOLDIERS sip drinks under a sunshade held up by muskets stuck in the sand as Flynn sidles past.

FLYNN (V.O.)
Then you'd just have to cross ten
thousand miles of water.

Flynn gives the soldiers a wave as he walks into the

EXT. SEA - DAY

where he does an easy backstroke.

FLYNN
It's nice and warm, but full of
all kinds of nasty bastards.

A SHARK emerges and SWALLOWS Flynn.

INT. SHARK - CONTINUOUS

Flynn's POV: his voice echoes round the dark, moist ribcage.

FLYNN (V.O.) (Pre-lap)
Sounds like a lot of effort to
me. And anyway, why would you
want to escape?

EXT. THE BOYS' HUT, CLIFFTOP - MORNING

Flynn watches from the grassy clifftop as sunrise spills across the sand, sea and gum trees of the PRISTINE BAY below.

SUPER: NEW HOLLAND, 1788

A beat. Then an edit, in RED PEN: OLD AUSTRALIA, 1788

FLYNN
We've got it made, haven't
we Nobby?

NOBBY (20s) crouches beside a tiny fire over which hangs an IRON KETTLE. He's a gentle giant, soft around the edges in every sense, his CONVICT CLOBBER patched and mismatched.

NOBBY
Gimme a chance Flynn. You know it
takes ages to boil on here.

ELLA (O.S.)
 Sunrise, a workout and an
 Irishman's hairy nipples, all
 before breakfast? I am a lucky
 girl.

Flynn turns to ELLA (19). She's LUNGING enthusiastically in
 homemade RUNNING KIT. Raised on London's grimy streets, she's
 a born thief but a chronically conscientious friend.

FLYNN
 Ella. Loving the new look. Is
 that seventeen sixties retro?

ELLA
 Sorry Flynn, I don't take style
 advice from guys in crusty pants.
 Especially when they don't quite
 cover what they're meant to.

FLYNN
 Fair enough. Though, overjoyed to
 see you this early of a morning
 as I am, didn't we already have
 my underwear audit for the month?

ELLA
 (beaming)
 I'm getting a new housemate!

FLYNN
 A new housemate.

ELLA
 Yeah. Roomie, bunk buddy, hut
 homie. BFF.

FLYNN
 I don't want to piss on your
 parish Ella, but I don't recall
 seeing any big ol' ships sailing
 in to drop off new cons.

ELLA
 She's not a con. She's the
 captain's daughter.

Nobby looks up in surprise. Flynn frowns.

ELLA (CONT'D)
 She wants to move out of her
 dad's place--

FLYNN
 The only house with a
 working roof?

ELLA
--and the Lieutenant recommended
me and Claudette.

FLYNN
That'll never hap--

ELLA
She's moving in today.

FLYNN
You know she'll be stuck up don't
you? She'll probably treat us
like criminals.

NOBBY
To be fair Flynn, we are
criminals.

ELLA
Speak for yourself, Nobby. I'm a
lady now. I've given up stealing.

FLYNN
Ah. That would explain this.

He indicates her sporty get-up.

ELLA
Got to replace your addictions
haven't you? I can't steal
anything if I'm always moving.

She starts jogging on the spot, then makes to jog away.

FLYNN
Before you go, Lady Ella...could
we have our kettle back please?

Nobby double-takes. His kettle has vanished. Ella produces it
from nowhere and passes it to Flynn sheepishly. He waits.

She passes him a steaming CUP OF TEA.

FLYNN
Four sugars and a slice of lemon?

Ella looks at him blankly.

FLYNN
Okay. Patch of scum and a dead
fly it is.

ELLA
Some of us have places to be.

She jogs away.

FLYNN
(after her)
Oh yes, the royal roommate. Try
not to be robbing her blind the
moment she arrives now!

Flynn turns to the sunrise and sips his tea.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Aah, prison. It's really not as
bad as they make out.

END OF COLD OPEN