# SCRIPT – TOMORROW WHEN THE WAR BEGAN

***CABIN***

***INT (DAY)***

**Chris:** The day before it all began, mum and dad left for Saudi Arabia right? So here I am…alone, and the powers goes off at, like, 9. Or 10. No…Yeah, yeah 9. So I think I go, I better ring up and find out what’s going on... *Pause and shrug…* I’m an idiot …*chuckles…* the phones are down to. So I’m SO bent by this point. Like I’m really stoned. I’m baked. Anyway. I walk down to the car, and dad, get this right, dad has locked the car and taken the keys with him. *Shrugs again…* I just think he’s such a wanker for doing that. You know, like he didn’t even trust me with the car for one week. So now I have to walk to the Ramsey’s place, and that is far. Like take what you think is far times it by like, by like 10.. say.. and that’s how far it was and when I get there nobody is home and it’s like aww great, because it’s like the next place is even further. Anyway, I walk around the corner and I can see the Ramsey’s in their truck, and um, they’d hit a tree, but that’s not what’s killed them. Um. They’d been shot. *Pauses…* They’d been shot. Like no one get’s shot, and I mean heaps of times. Boom. Boom. Boom. Mr. Ramsey, Mrs. Ramsey, even baby Jessica’s been shot.

So I think to myself. *Pauses…* Either I’ve been smoking some really weird shit, or this isn’t your typical day is Wirrawee. *Laughs…* Yeah um, anyway. I’ve just been by myself ever since really, just chilling out. It’s been nice, yeah, nice. *Gets out his lighter and lights a joint, takes a puff and looks at everyone around him, settling his gaze on the dog in the room…* Woof, woof. How funny are dogs? *Laughs…*