

SCENE 1: “ WHAT’S IN YOUR LUNCH BOX

[View of wall with male child sitting on it]

SALIM - My name is Salim. I like lunchtime. I get so hungry.

[View of female child walking along swinging lunchbox]

SUZIE - My name is Suzi. I like lunchtime. I get so hungry.

[Suzi gets to wall where Salim is sitting, sits down]

SALIM - Hi Suzi.

SUZIE - Hi Salim.

[Suzi takes her lunch out of her lunchbox (peanut butter sandwiches) See Salim also has food in his hand]

SALIM - What are you eating?

SUZIE - Peanut butter sandwiches – what are you eating?

SALIM - Spicy eggs and rice

[holds them up Suzi peers at them and gives them a poke]

SUZIE - What’s that?

SALIM - It’s what my mummy makes at home.

SUZIE - We don’t eat that at home but I eat chocolate eggs at Easter – they give them out at church – do you go to church?

SALIM - No. I go to a mosque but I like peanut butter sandwiches too.

[see Suzi give Salim half a sandwich]

SUZIE & SALIM - (UNISON to camera, smiling) We do some things differently but we also like the same things.

SCENE 2: 90 MINUTE SECTARIAN

[Opens to match and chanting...clearly a game is in play. Scene fades to staffroom]

M - Didn't I see you at the match the other night?

F - No I don't think so, can't have been me.

M - You sure? I could've sworn it was you I saw. Me and my kid were there, it got rather hairy at one point.

[Flashback to match - angry supporters shouting at each other]

F – Aye

M - It's appalling the way they sing those song, shout those names and get so het up. I didn't know what to tell the wee one.

[Flashback to non-determinate chanting – aggressive]

F – Aye

M - Then again if you weren't there you wouldn't know - would you?...

SCENE 3: AT THE BUS STOP

A - You'd think a bus stop would be safe, wouldn't you. I thought so – how could somewhere so public possibly pose a threat? Well I was wrong.

[view of 2 older teenagers, lounging at a bus stop, “chatting”]

A - It all started as a piece of fun really, those guys from the other school came along and started in on us about the colour of our uniforms – they said it's sad. It's not up to us what we wear – it's the rules. We didn't get to pick the colours. I hate those colours anyway. It was just a bit of namecalling at first – one-up-manship really. They're no better than us...

[view second larger group approaching bus stop]

A - When they nicked my mates jacket and started throwing it around it was just like a game, but when they wouldn't give it back it started to turn serious. They were always in our faces, calling us names, giving us aggro – we had to show them who's boss – didn't we? I don't remember who pushed who first but remember landing a cropper right before the lights went out.

[View bigger group nicking the jacket, throwing it about so other 2 can't get it, bit of general pushing and shoving getting more aggressive, then screen goes black]

B - There was nothing I could do there was 6 of them and only one of me – I thought I could run for help but the biggest one grabbed me and pinned me – he must've been watching WWF or something. There rest of them laid into my mate, they were kicking and punching him something rotten – I tried to get away to help, I really did but I was too well pinned. After they'd finished I thought they were going to start on me but they just gave me a kick where it hurts and said that'll happen to you next time too if you show those colours round here again.

[view from perspective of victim – various punches / kicks coming at you, change to birds eye view then mate's view as struggles, then see final punch being drawn and sound effect as it lands]

SCENE 3: AT THE BUS STOP (2)

B - We buried my mate today, I wore black - maybe that's what I'll wear all the time now –at least that way I'll stay alive but then again maybe not. Why should I be restricted in what I wear or who I see or what I do. It's not like I do it cos some God tells me to, I do it cos I like it. Then again it looked like those other guys were liking what they were doing to.....

[view gravestone in black and white only – zoom in to see age would be 16ish]

SCENE4: MAYBE I WILL BECOME A FROG...

[Scene: Back of armchair in view – female child (C) standing at corner of chair, schoolbag in hand, looking excited (Child age 11)]

C - Dad, dad you'll never guess what I heard today?

[Shakes father to get attention]

Dad (D) [grumpy] - What is it?

[Newspaper comes down half way]

C[excited] If I meditate enough I can be reincarnated. I'd like to come back as a frog! Cool isn't it?

D [less grumpy more tolerant / patronizing] I don't think so honey are you sure you were listening properly?

[Pan round to see child's face, see father taking child's hand]

C[indignant] - Course I was. Buddhists meditate to gain spiritual awareness and come back as higher beings in their next life. I'm going to come back as a frog.

D- I think you're confused dear
[pats hand]

C [more upset] I'm not, I'm not. It's really true. Eventually I can reach Nirvana.

[Pan to see Father's face only, newspaper now discarded]

D [perplexed] - Isn't that a band?

C – [exasperated] Dad!

D - Besides you're not a Buddhist.

C [slightly bemused / confused] - Why not? I could be - I just have to meditate and not kill things.

SCENE4: MAYBE I WILL BECOME A FROG...(2)

D - Goodness where do you get these far-fetched ideas. You know you really shouldn't believe everything you hear at school.

[pan so can see both father and daughter]

C [pleading] - But Dad...the teacher said...

D [exasperated / knowing] - Never mind what that teacher said - filling your head with wild ideas. Now you listen to me young lady, I'm your Dad and I know what's best for you. You are not and never will be a Buddhist, we're different from them. So I don't want to hear anymore of this nonsense [picks up newspaper again]

C [angry] - But Dad...Jacinta next door..

D [angry]- Enough I said.

[Newspaper comes down and points finger at daughter]

C [angrier] Well I don't care what you said Jacinta and I are going to meditate!

[stamps foot and runs out the room, slamming the door]

SCENE 5: DON'T GIVE IT, DON'T TAKE IT – what's that?

[In computer room at youth club. A is sitting at computer, B starts by lounging around nearby]

A - Here have you seen this website “Don't give it don't take it”?

B - No what's it about?

A – Sectarianism

B - Oh that's the Catholic / Protestant thing, isn't it?

A - No – it's not just about that. It's about all kinds of people within religions treating each other differently.

[B comes over and sits on desk beside computer, facing A]

B - So what's that got to do with us? You're a Sunni and I'm a Shi'ite, we're both Muslims but we're still friends aren't we?

[gives A a friendly punch for emphasis]

A - Yeah but this website says that if we lived elsewhere we might not be.

B [disbelieving] - No seriously you're pulling my leg. Just cos we go to different mosques and I pray five times and you pray three times a day

A - Yeah. Anyway this site says that it's not just within religions there's issues between religions too but it doesn't matter what your religion is it's no excuse to treat people differently or badly.

B [Thinks for a moment then face brightens with idea] - So you mean like that Sikh guy Vijay. He's always hanging around the footie. Maybe we should let him play

A - Nah he's rubbish

B- You sure it's not cos he's a Sikh?

[pause – look at each other questioningly]

SCENE 5: DON'T GIVE IT, DON'T TAKE IT – what's that? (2)

A [overemphatic, slightly embarrassed] – **Course!**

B [changing the subject swiftly, peering over A's shoulder at the computer] -
So what else does this website say then?

A [standing up and moving so B can sit down] - **Here have a look for yourself – it's quite cool – it's got games an everything!**