

PLUG  
BY-  
CU  
FI  
US

**OVER BLACK**

A TEXT BLOCK appears letter by letter as if someone is typing as we watch.

**TITLE:** This story is a work of fiction.

At the same time, we hear the voice of a RUGBY COACH, 32, speaking with a Manchester accent.

RUGBY COACH (V.O.)  
Communication is key!

**TITLE (CONT'D):** The release coinciding with the forming of an actual Adelaide gay rugby team is accidental.

RUGBY COACH (V.O. CONT'D)  
Excellent tackle, Timmy! Expect  
the call from Wallabies any day.

**TITLE (CONT'D):** I wish nothing but the best of luck to

RUGBY COACH (V.O. CONT'D)  
Always support your mate on the  
ground. Or else, he'll lose the  
ball.

**TITLE (CONT'D):** Adelaide University Sharks, Brisbane Hustlers, Melbourne Chargers, and Sydn

HARD CUT TO:

**EXT. SCHOOL BACKYARD - DAY**

We don't see the coach, as we focus on a chaotic but charming bunch of 12-year-old boys in rugby uniforms. Some wear tiny scrum caps that look particularly adorable.

RUGBY COACH (O.S.)  
Now, form a line.

Away from the bunch stands LITTLE BRADY. He is a year younger than the rest, but looks small even for his age. His jersey seems more like a robe.

RUGBY COACH (O.S.)  
Brady, you wanna join?

Brady is hesitant, unsure whether he belongs. Then shakes his head: he'll watch from the sidelines.

Meanwhile, the kids are reconfiguring. One of them seems to be leading the others with gentle confidence. He becomes the first in line, holding a rugby ball and waiting for the command.

RUGBY COACH (O.S.)  
All right, lads. Quick hands!

The ball carrier starts running, then, with a bit of a delay, the second player follows, then the third, and so on. Each passes the ball back to the next in line. The operation is running smoothly.

Until it's not: the last in line, a sweet chubby kid with blond curls - he looks like an ANGEL - misses the ball that rolls away and stops not far from Brady.

The angel jogs to get it, painfully aware that he just ruined a streak. He picks up the ball, notices Brady, then speaks quietly, so that the coach couldn't hear.

CURLY ANGEL  
What are you looking at, fag?

Brady blinks at the guy.

LITTLE BRADY  
Sorry.

The angel walks away. The line reappears.

RUGBY COACH  
Go!

It's looking good. The angel has probably already forgotten about what happened.

But Brady has not. He's hesitant again, this time questioning whether he should leave. And then he does. We follow Brady, as he walks away from the coach, from his peers, from rugby.

Close up on LITTLE BRADY'S FACE. He's about to break crying.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

#### **INT. FISH OUT OF WATER SHOP - NIGHT**

Close up on BRADY'S FACE. He's 31 now, grown into a rather ordinary next-door White guy. Shorter than average and clean-shaven he still preserves the innocent boyish look. Brady is finishing his fish and chips now.

Sitting across him is a guy in a BACKWARDS CAP: White, late 20s. There's no food in front of the guy, just his phone connected to a power outlet. He is watching a RUGBY GAME. We don't hear the sound as it goes to his earbuds.

Brady's phone is also on the table, and it starts RINGING. Brady looks at the screen: Tim O'Kelly. Then at his hands: greasy.

UNEXPECTEDLY Backwards Cap leans over, slides the answer button, and puts the call on speaker. Brady nods in appreciation, but the guy is too consumed by the game again.

TIM (V.O.)

Hey! You need anything?

BRADY

Effective action on climate change?

TIM (V.O.)

I'm at Woolies, and they just ran out of that. Anything from the deli?

BRADY

All good. I'm eating out tonight.

TIM (V.O.)

Ooo. Who's the lucky one?

BRADY

(dry)

Haha. I'm on my own.

Backwards Cap clicks tongue. Turns out, he was paying attention. Brady is a bit embarrassed.

BRADY

Well, technically, I'm not. A nice guy asked if he can use the power outlet. He's watching Autumn Internationals, by the way... Which triggered some memories from twenty years ba--

TIM (V.O.)

Is he hot?

Backwards Cap raises his eyes expectantly: *Am I?* Brady is a lot embarrassed.

BRADY

Gotta go, bye!

Before Tim gets a chance to embarrass him even more, Brady ends the call with his nose.

BRADY

(still looking down)

Thank you.

BACKWARDS CAP (O.S.)

What the fuck is wrong with you, useless piece of fag?!

**THE BALLS**

**1x01**  
**RUGBY-CURIOUS**

written by  
ALEX KAN

**INT. FISH OUT OF WATER SHOP - NIGHT (CONT'D)**

Brady looks at Backwards Cap and realises that the guy was talking at his phone in frustration with the game. Still...

BRADY

This is not a good word.

BACKWARDS CAP

This is not a good game!

(scoffs)

Fucking Wallabies. More like Wannabies, right?

BRADY

It's easy to say sitting on a couch... or in a fish and chips shop.

Backwards Cap raises his eyes again, this time in offence:  
*You think I'm a couch commentator?!*

BACKWARDS CAP

Oh, for fuck sake! I played rugby myself.

(admits)

In a gay rugby team, not Wallabies. But, you know... potayto-potahto.

He grabs one of Brady's potato fritters, dips it in Brady's tartar sauce, and takes a bite. Brady is astonished.

BRADY

There are *gay* rugby teams?

BACKWARDS CAP

Of course.

(cringes)

Not in Adelaide, obviously.

Brady does not play along with the cringe.

BRADY

Adelaide is great! It's actually one of the world's most liveable cities.

BACKWARDS CAP

Uh-huh.

He grabs another fritter, testing how much can get away with. Brady moves the whole plate towards the guy.

BRADY

Just don't say that word anymore.

BACKWARDS CAP  
(genuinely confused)  
Adelaide?

No reaction. Brady's mind is somewhere else.

**EXT. ADELAIDE - NIGHT**

Brady is walking home. Still absent-minded.

TIM (O.S.)  
Oi!

Brady turns back and sees TIM: White, 32, athletic, with a neatly trimmed beard. We heard him on the phone, now we get to witness him in the flesh, and it is quite pleasing to the eye.

BRADY  
What happened to your date night?

Tim catches up with Brady, they're walking together now.

TIM  
Had to call it off. The guy  
turned out *bald*. Shaved his beard  
off too.

Brady is unsure whether this was supposed to be shocking.

TIM  
It's called Scruff, not...  
(tries to come up with  
something funny, fails)  
Eggfucker.

BRADY  
Hey, did you know there are gay  
rugby clubs?

Tim is perplexed by the randomness. But only for a moment:  
he's used to Brady being like this.

TIM  
Why not? There's gay everything  
now. I doubt there's one in  
Adelaide though.

BRADY  
(annoyed)  
Adelaide is perfectly capable of  
having a gay rugby club.

TIM  
(mocks Brady's annoyance)  
Just like guys are perfectly  
capable of updating their profile  
pics. And yet...

BRADY

Do you know how these things come to be?

TIM

Oh, you just install an app, sign up--

They arrive to a sweet two-bedroom house with a garage on the side. Brady gets the keys from his pocket.

BRADY

You know I meant rugby clubs.

TIM

Probably just some wanker wanting to start a club and... well, starting one

Brady opens the door.

BRADY

Are there like formal criteria? Say, how would I know if I--

TIM

If you're a wanker? Well, you sure sound like one.

They walk in.

**INT. BRADY AND TIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONT'D)**

The room looks modern, clean, and well organised: lots of shelves, compartments, and boxes - everything has its place.

Brady closes the door, then rushes to get a pen and some paper.

TIM

And you know what the worst part is? He was kinda hot with the hair and the beard. Now he looks like a cancer victim.

BRADY

Survivor.

TIM

We don't know yet if he'll survive.

Now Brady looks a bit shocked. But only for a moment: he's used to Tim being like this.



BRADY  
I'm just thinking - what else is  
needed to start a gay rugby team.  
Like some training ground...

He's at a coffee table now, writing 'pitch'.

TIM  
And fourteen more wankers. At  
least.

BRADY  
Thirteen, counting you.

TIM  
That's why I said fourteen.

Brady writes '13+ players'. He's pen-tapping as he thinks.  
Adds 'coach'.

PRE-LAP: the sound of the pen tapping on the table morphs  
into a knock on wood.

**INT. APARTMENT BLOCK HALLWAY - DAY**

Brady is waiting at one of the doors. Shortly it opens,  
revealing BOB: White, 52, rugbod-turned-dadbod.

BRADY  
Hello... Mister Smith.

Bob opens the door wider, invites Brady in.

BOB  
(affectionately)  
Brady, you are insufferable! Just  
call me Bob, would you?

He speaks with a Manchester accent.

**INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT'D)**

Brady follows Bob into a messy studio.

BOB  
Want some tea?

BRADY  
No... Yeah, tea would be nice  
actually.

Bob gestures Brady to sit at a desk while he's getting a  
thermos.

BRADY

I'm starting an Adelaide gay rugby team.

BOB

That's great, Brady!

BRADY

I wanted to ask if you could find the time to coach us.

Bob almost drops the thermos' cap.

BOB

Brady... I don't know *anything* about gay rugby.

BRADY

Oh, 'gay rugby' is a bit of a misnomer. It's just rugby. Union. The rules are all the same. And the teams aren't limited to only gay people... Which is why you and I can have this conversation.

Bob joins Brady. There's no other chair, so he just sits on the desk. He hands Brady a cup.

BOB

You're training... what, two days a week?

BRADY

That would be three when the season starts. With the games.

Brady takes a sip, while Bob thinks how to soften his answer.

BOB

Look, Brady, you know I'd like to help. But realistically... these days I don't even have the energy to do me dishes three times a week.

There is a lot of DIRTY DISHES in the sink. Brady looks at the cup he's been drinking from with suspicion.

BRADY

I'm trying to get Tim on board.

BOB

Bloody hell!

Pause. We hear a clock ticking.

BOB

And?..

BRADY

I've been trying for about a week now. He's not interested. But maybe with your advice?..

A few more tic-tocks.

BOB

Tim used to love rugby. Maybe you can find a way to remind him that?

**INT. BRADY AND TIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Unsuspecting Tim is relaxing on a couch, watching a nature documentary that features beavers.

Brady comes in the front door holding a bag.

BRADY

Look what I've got!

Brady picks up something from the bag. A shiny brand new RUGBY BALL! Brady throws it up. Seducing Tim.

BRADY

Tim, I know you're not excited about this. But I don't wanna do it without you. So I'm asking...

He throws the ball at Tim. Tim reflexively catches it.

BRADY (CONT'D)

...as a friend.

TIM

Touching the same balls doesn't make us friends.

Tim throws the ball back. Brady almost gets it, but the ball slips off the tips of his fingers. He picks it from the floor. Brady looks around: a rugby ball doesn't have its place in the room. So he just puts it on a chair.

Upset by the answer, Brady leaves the room. Tim stays on the couch for a bit, looking bored. But in just a few seconds he JUMPS OUT and tiptoes to peek outside. All clear: Brady's in his bedroom.

Tim sneaks back to the chair and picks up the ball. Throws it up a couple of times. Spins on his index finger. He's actually good at this!

He's still fiddling with the ball when we hear a sound of a door opening and closing. BRADY'S COMING BACK.

*Shit!*

Tim's hand flinches. The ball SPINS OFF onto the floor.

Brady enters, looking at his phone. Oblivious of the ball ROLLING TOWARDS HIS FEET.

*FUCK!*

BRADY

I just got an email from--

Tim LEAPS forward, grabs Brady by the legs and TACKLES him to the ground. The ball casually rolls past them both laying on the floor.

*Phew!*

Brady is in shock, trying to understand what just happened. Tim is relieved, still breathing heavily on adrenalin though.

TIM

(nonchalant)

You were saying?

BRADY

Ah, yeah. Remember I sent a few emails to Adelaide rugby clubs, asking if we could use their facilities? I just got a reply from Saint Nicholas, inviting us for a chat. I wanted to ask if you could come. You're good at negotiations.

Both are still on the floor.

BRADY

Tim, why are we laying down?

TIM

Your stupid ball rolled off. I got worried you'll trip over and break your nose or something.

BRADY

Ah.

Brady is looking at something. Tim follows his eyes and realises they've been TOUCHING FINGERS all that time since the landing. Barely touching. But touching nonetheless.

Tim quickly moves his hand away.

TIM  
 Shit! Sorry.  
 (sighs)  
 Ok, I'll go with you. This one  
 meeting.

**INT. ST. NICHOLAS CABINET - DAY**

The room looks like a principal's office at a religious school. A framed Jesus is overlooking the conversation.

Sitting at a table is SAINT NICHOLAS RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB MANAGER, 60s, wearing a dark long-sleeved dress. Brady and Tim across her are in tees and shorts.

The manager notices that Brady is looking uneasy. She smiles and pushes a BASKET OF LOLLIES towards the visitors.

ST. NIC. MANAGER  
 Help yourselves, sweeties.

Brady gets himself a lolly. Tim is not interested in politesse.

ST. NIC. MANAGER  
 Where were we?.. Founded in  
 nineteen-thirties, our rugby club  
 is one of *the* oldest in South  
 Australia. Since the very  
 foundation - for almost a century  
 now - our club has been among the  
 top ten best performing clubs in  
 this State.  
 (beat)  
 We'd love to remain it this way.

Brady looks impressed. Tim - not so much. Brady grabs another lolly and offers to his companion. Tim pretends he doesn't notice.

TIM  
 How many teams are in the same  
 competition as your men's team?

The manager's smile fades.

Brady is still holding an extra lolly that he doesn't know what to do with. So under the table, invisible to the manager, he tries to put it on Tim's palm. Tim nimbly clenches his hands.

ST. NIC. MANAGER  
 Eleven.

Under the table, Tim gives Brady a middle finger. With delicate precision, Brady lands the lolly in a newfound compartment between Tim's index and ring fingers.

TIM

That's counting your club?

A nod from the manager. Her lips seem to disappear. Brady is getting uneasy again. Tim puts the lolly on Brady's lap.

ST. NIC. MANAGER

Still and all, now tell me all about your achievements sweeties?

Brady freezes. *Achievements? We haven't even started yet!* Suddenly:

TIM

What Brady is proposing is *the first inclusive rugby club in South Australia, providing a safe space for gay, bisexual, asexual, and trans men. It also makes it to the top five gay rugby clubs in the whole Australia.*

The manager's smile makes a comeback.

ST. NIC. MANAGER

Would you like to have a look at our training ground?

Brady moves the lolly from his lap into his pocket, admitting defeat: Tim is just too stubborn.

**EXT. ST. NICHOLAS OVAL - DAY**

All three are walking and looking around at what seems to be a ginormous and currently unoccupied area with at least three pairs of H-shaped goalposts.

ST. NIC. MANAGER

...there's enough ground for our men, women, and juniors training simultaneously. But since our juniors train at a different time, I don't see why we couldn't fit you in... Do you see why we couldn't fit you in?

BRADY

(with a lolly in his mouth)  
No, this is perfect!

The manager stops, considering something. Makes a decision:

ST. NIC. MANAGER

Well, Lord knows I tried taking the high road, but you're not well developed in the hint-taking department, and frankly I don't have the patience for your kind.

(beat)

We absolutely do not want your community on our turf. Alas, you pillow-biters made it impossible to say 'no' publicly; not after the whole Folau kerfuffle.

CRUUUNCH: Brady just bit through the lolly.

ST. NIC. MANAGER

Bless his Jewish heart.

BRADY

(mumbles)

I think he's Christian. Israel is just his name.

ST. NIC. MANAGER

Oh? Even better.

Brady doesn't know what to say.

ST. NIC. MANAGER

Inform SA Rugby that you decided to look elsewhere. Because good gracious Lord I will not let your ilk infiltrate our grounds with AIDS. Our juniors train here for Nic's sake!

TIM

Yeah, we all know how your ilk loves juniors.

A bit of a staring competition between the manager and Tim.

BRADY

What if instead we just report what actually happened here?

ST. NIC. MANAGER

Then they'll force us to apologise and take you in.

(smiles)

Wouldn't it be lovely to get stuck with each other for years and years?

Brady spits the lolly out on the pitch.

**EXT. ADELAIDE - DAY**

Brady and Tim are walking away at a rapid pace.

TIM

Did you hear from any other clubs?

BRADY

Yeah, but it's the off-season. The others suggested we contact again in a few months.

(gives it a thought)

Which actually makes sense.

TIM

Brady, you have a shorter attention span than a quokka! If you don't do it now, you will never do it. Which is fine. Just don't lie to yourself.

BRADY

A quokka?

TIM

Yes. Quokkas don't get to finish any long-term projects. Meanwhile, beavers over there build dams!

Ookay...

BRADY

How can we do it now if we don't even have a place to train?

TIM

So? Just train at some public park. Like... Cockburn Green.

BRADY

Why Cockburn?

TIM

It sounds fun.

Brady can't object to this.

TIM

Don't sweat over the specifics. Just move towards your goal. But you have to move consistently, otherwise, you'll get distracted.

They consistently move away from the still visible St. Nicholas' H-goalposts.



TIM

Print a bunch of ads saying 'Join a gay rugby club' in real large font. Add a photo of some half-naked jock with juicy buttocks. Spread them around gay venues. Ads, I mean.

BRADY

We can--

TIM

There's no 'we', Brady. I agreed to do just one meeting, and as fun as it was, this is where we part ways.

BRADY

You're... not coming home?

TIM

For fuck sake, I didn't mean to part ways literally.

Brady's mind racing to come up with something that'd make Tim stick around.

BRADY

But you'll go to a gay venue eventually anyway, can I just join you that night?

Tim sighs.

**EXT. ADELAIDE - NIGHT**

Brady and Tim are walking to a bar. Brady holds a pack of printed ads saying 'JOIN A GAY RUGBY CLUB' in real large font. No sign of the aforementioned jock, however.

BRADY

Oh, we should ask Holden!

TIM

(a slight flinch)

Yeah... but maybe see who joins from the ads first, and then ask Holden... if there's remaining spots.

BRADY

Why?

Tim can't be bothered explaining. Brady hands him the flyers, picks up his phone, and starts tapping. While they are busy, we move ahead, past a bored security guard into the...

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - NIGHT (CONT'D)**

*Who's That Girl* by Guy Sebastian and Eve is quietly playing.

Sitting alone at the bar with a glass of whiskey is ADAM, 29, dark-skinned Indigenous Australian. Freshly shaved and dressed a tad too formal, especially considering that a BARTENDER, early 20s, wears nothing but a jockstrap.

'Suddenly you walked in'. WILLEM walks in: White, 37, moustachioed, speaks with a South African accent. He looks around, notices Adam's interest, and strides firmly to sit next.

WILLEM

You know what we call guys like  
you in South Africa?

Willem raises an eyebrow, looking stern now, almost intimidating. Adam is a sturdy man himself, but Willem is noticeably larger in every dimension.

WILLEM

A hottie!

He chuckles, and just like that he's so friendly and warm, it is now hard to believe he could ever look intimidating. '*I never thought I'd fall in love in a club*'.

ADAM

How many men *exactly* this corny  
as line got you?

The bartender comes to get Willem's order.

WILLEM

I'll have a local stout tonight.  
(winks at Adam)  
Exactly?.. Eight! So, I need your  
help getting to a round number.

ADAM

Nine is not round.

WILLEM

No, but there's another hottie I  
spotted for later.

Willem nods at a random man inside the venue and laughs. Adam isn't sure whether he's amused or irritated by the giggly stranger. Regardless, he'd prefer this conversation turn more serious. '*Tell me who's that girl*'.

ADAM

Are you actually from South  
Africa?

TIM (O.S.)

Hi there! I want to share an  
important message with you.  
Is this a good time?

REVEAL: Tim is sitting next to Willem now.

WILLEM

Not really, I'm in the middle of picking up a hottie.

(to Adam)

Stellenbosch. Born, bred, and love breeding.

TIM

It won't take much time. I couldn't help overhearing you are from South Africa. What a great country! And what a shattering victory at the World Cup!

Willem just cannot leave this without a response.

WILLEM

Aw, thanks, man. It did mean a lot.

ADAM

You live here now or just visiting?

WILLEM

Adelaide's home for now.

Brady - invisible behind Tim up until this moment - peeks out. Adorable.

BRADY

Adelaide is such a lovely place!

TIM

I'm here to inform you there is a gay rugby club starting in Adelaide. Would you be interested in joining?

WILLEM

No, I hate sports. It's a waste of everyone's time.

TIM

Hate sports? Can you elaborate?

WILLEM

I could... But that would be wasting my time.

Tim leans in to get a better look at Adam.

TIM

Maybe your friend would be interested?

ADAM  
Oh, I am very much interested--

TIM  
Great! Come to the training on  
Thursday.

Tim stretches to put one of the flyers in front of Adam.

ADAM  
Interested in rugby, not joining  
your racist team.

Brady peeks out again. Eyes wide open. Blinks.

ADAM  
Let's not beat around the ashes:  
you only acknowledged my  
existence after a White man said  
no.

WILLEM  
My name's Willem, by the  
way.

TIM  
Whoa! Nothing to do with  
race! I just didn't want to  
talk through... William  
here. *That* would be rude.

Adam shakes hands with Willem.

ADAM  
A pleasure to meet you! Adam  
here.

TIM  
So, we agree there's no racism?  
Cool.

Adam points to the entrance.

ADAM  
When you came in, the stools next  
to me were actually closer.  
Instead, you made a hook and sat  
next to William.

Brady peeks out the third time. So cute.

BRADY  
On behalf of the team, I  
apologise.

TIM  
What the fuck are you apologising  
for?!  
(to Adam)  
There was a fifty per cent chance  
we land on either side, and we  
just happened--

ADAM  
Oh please!

The bartender is indifferent to the apparent tension. But he does want something from Tim and Brady:

BARTENDER  
Are you gonna order anything?

ADAM  
No. They're leaving.

WILLEM  
Or we could go? Can you host?

Adam has no intention to leave. For the second time today, Tim finds himself in a staring completion.

ADAM  
Take your racist rugby team  
someplace else.

Brady is basically half-way on the bar at this point.

BRADY  
It's a... umm... gay rugby team

ADAM  
Yeah, ok, take your gay racist  
rugby team someplace else.

BRADY  
(sincere)  
We're sorry. Have a pleasant  
evening.

Brady leaves and Tim reluctantly follows. They move inside.

TIM  
Bloody hell!  
(at flyers)  
Wanna put these up?

Brady puts one of the ads on a notice board. Aside from the catchy header, it has Brady's contact details and an invitation to the first training: 'COCKBURN GREEN. THURSDAY, NOV 5, 6:30 PM'.

**EXT. COCKBURN GREEN - DAY**

Brady and Tim are walking to the park. Tim is carrying the ball.

TIM

Just don't get your hopes up.  
Recruiting is hard.

They look around and...

There's close to a DOZEN sporty men. And BACKWARDS CAP is among them - he must've seen that ad! Did he also bring his friends?

Brady can't believe his eyes. Even Tim is impressed. One of the sporty men - HERRING, 30, ginger - comes to greet them.

HERRING

Hi there! You're new?  
(notices the ball)  
Were you told this is a rugby team?

Brady and Tim look up again and realise that the groups warms up with a couple of SOCCER BALLS. And that the logo on Herring's shirt says 'COCKBURN GREEN SOCCER CLUB. Established 1971'. *Oops!*

BRADY

There was a bit of a mix-up.

HERRING

I see. You're still welcome to join us. Soccer is better than rugby anyway.

TIM

Yeah mate, let's not start a fight here.

Herring chuckles and leaves to his teammates. Backwards Cap moves in the opposite direction.

BACKWARDS CAP

Were you trying to lure me into a fucking soccer team?

(notices Tim)

Wait. Is this guy in the team?

TIM

'This guy'? No, I'm not in the team. I just drove

(points at Brady)

this guy here. And helping him to carry the equipment... which is literally just this one ball.

(to Brady)

Why didn't you bring it yourself?

BACKWARDS CAP

Oh wow, you've got one giant ball. Is it testicular cancer or you're just happy to see me?

*What?*

TIM

This doesn't even make sense. And I have no idea who you are.

BACKWARDS CAP

Oh, fuck you!

BRADY

Cancer jokes are so unnecessary.

BACKWARDS CAP

So are the cancer cells, am I right?

TIM

Who the fuck are you?

BACKWARDS CAP

Who the fuck do you think you are?

(to Brady)

You know what, I'd rather play soccer than be on the same team with this nutter.

Backwards Cap leaves in a huff. Brady and Tim exchange *the heck is going on?!* looks.

**EXT. BRAHMA LODGE - DAY**

Brady and Tim trudge from Cockburn Green to a parking lot. Actually, it's Brady who trudges, Tim is slow because he's fiddling with the ball he's still carrying.

BRADY

Holy hills! Holden! What if he comes late, and we're not there!

TIM

Did he say he's coming?

BRADY

He didn't reply to any of my messages. Which means he still might be coming.

TIM

I don't think that's what it means.

But Brady is already on the phone, calling Holden.

BRADY  
Hey Holden!

Holden says something. Tim starts typing on his phone.

BRADY  
I was-- you sound a bit weird.  
You all right, mate?

Tim shows Brady what he just typed.

BRADY  
Hang on.

He reads the note: 'Ask if he's got hot friends who could join?'. Brady just waves Tim away. Back to the call.

BRADY  
I was wondering if you were  
coming to our rugby training  
today.

Meanwhile, they got to Tim's car. Tim unlocks the doors, throws the ball on the backseat.

BRADY  
That's ok. It would be great to  
have you on the team though.  
Maybe next time?

Holden's voice is still muffled, but it certainly got louder. Brady's face changes, but he doesn't let it affect his voice.

BRADY  
Ok. Sorry for bothering you,  
Holden. Have a good day!

**INT. TIM'S CAR - DAY (CONT'D)**

Tim is in the car, swiping back and forth between Grindr and Scruff. Brady gets in, feeling so tired as if they were actually training.

BRADY  
What was I thinking? A gay rugby  
club? I was bound to ruin it  
before it even started! I *am* a  
quokka, not a beaver.

This is a moment for Tim to be encouraging.

TIM  
(eyes on the phone)  
Don't say that.



BRADY  
Aw, thank you.

TIM  
No, I meant that word has sexual connotations you might not be aware of.

Tim starts the car. Notices how deflated Brady is.

TIM  
Yes, your idea made no sense, and I told you so. But fuck it, Brady! You'll have twenty-four other ideas by tomorrow... You wanted to do something together? Here's an idea! How about tonight we cook dinner together?

Tim force-quits both Grindr AND Scruff. Brady is impressed with the sacrifice. And it does make him feel better. Tim is right: there's no point fretting over the past. The rugby thing didn't work out, but something else will.

And with that, Brady and Tim drive into the horizon.

A RUGBY BALL SHAPED IRIS OUT:

**THE END**

created & written by  
**ALEX KAN**

**OVER BLACK**

BRADY (V.O.)  
Hey Tim, I'm trying to get a refund for that ball... It was like fifty dollars.

**EXT. SPORTS STORE - DAY**

Brady is standing outside a sports store with a bag in one hand and his phone in another.

BRADY (CONT'D)

But I can't find the receipt.  
 Could you please go to my bedroom  
 and check if it's still in my  
 shorts.

**INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The room has wallpaper with stars and planets, which Brady probably just hasn't changed since school. We notice a few school textbooks on his desk too.

Tim enters the room, holding a phone to his ear.

TIM

You mind if I sniff your undies  
 while here?

**EXT. SPORTS STORE - DAY**

BRADY

(patient)

The ones in my bedroom are clean  
 and smell exactly like your clean  
 linen since we use pretty much  
 the same laundry detergent.

(back to business)

Look, just send me a scan, if you  
 find the receipt. And if not...  
 send a snarky message, as you do.

**INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

There are t-shirts on the bed, shoes and socks all over the floor, a pair of SHORTS on a chair by the desk. Tim goes there.

Something on the desk catches his attention. A SHEET OF PAPER with Brady's rugby notes.

GAY RUGBY TEAM:

- pitch
- 13+ players
- coach

And:

RECRUITING:

- gay venues
- online
- sausage sizzle?

There's more on the paper that we can't see behind Tim's head.

REVERSE: Tim looks with interest, contemplating something.

**EXT. SPORTS STORE - DAY**

Brady is waiting with his phone in hand. At last it buzzes as snarky message arrives: 'Say goodbye to your fifty.'

**INT. BRADY AND TIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

THE BALL is back on the chair. Both Brady and Tim are also in the room.

TIM

You know what the secret to success is?

BRADY

Success is overrated. Particularly in modern Western culture.

A hard eye roll from Tim.

TIM

The secret to success is F.L.A.T.

Brady is confused.

BRADY

Flat? Isn't success more like a peak? Or an exponent even--

TIM

FLAT is my mnemonic to facilitate memorisation. You start with T, which stands for 'Try'.

Brady is confused.

BRADY

Why would you start with T, if the first letter is F?

TIM

It's a mnemonic Brady! Try, Fail, Learn, Again. As in 'do it again'.

Brady is confused.

BRADY  
You mean 'repeat'?

TIM  
'Repeat' starts with R, which  
*ruins* my mnemonic!

Tim calms himself down.

TIM  
The point is: you tried. And  
failed. And probably learned  
something. But you didn't do it  
ag--

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - NIGHT**

Brady and Tim are back at the bar.

TIM  
...it would be great to have  
Alan. But. Things've gotten a bit  
weird between us, so I need you  
to do the talking.  
(looks past Brady)  
Well, speak of the handsome  
devil...

Brady looks at Tim apologetically.

BRADY  
Tim... I *really* need to go to the  
bathroom.

TIM  
Oh, for fuck sa--  
(sighs)  
Don't let anyone bite your dick  
off.  
(off Brady's look)  
It's a gay bar. Things happen.

Brady leaves, and moments later ALAN arrives: White, 42,  
looking good enough to have some history with Tim, the accent  
gives away his New Zealand roots. His unbuttoned polo teases  
a layer of thick chest hair that Tim occasionally peeks at  
thinking Alan doesn't notice.

ALAN  
Hold tight, kiddo, I've got like  
ten minutes before I'm off to the  
airport... We can shag in the  
bathroom.

Tim chuckles.

TIM

To be clear: I didn't laugh at your lack of humour. It's just Brady is in the bathroom as of now.

ALAN

Did you say 'threesome'?

Tim summons the bartender, who's clothed tonight.

TIM

I'll have a glass of red, thank you.

(to Alan)

Can I get you anything?

ALAN

I prefer to be sober when flying.

Tim pays for the wine, while also preparing to pitch: this time it matters.

TIM

Brady is founding the first gay rugby club in South Australia. It's all hush-hush at the moment as we're organising things, but I wanted to give you an opportunity to be among the first to know.

(pleased with himself)

It's kinda historic, come to think of it.

Alan comes to think of it. For like a second.

ALAN

An opportunity to join a bunch of superficial narcissistic gym junkies with masculinity issues? Wow, this is so exciting!

Tim squints at Alan.

TIM

I can never fucking tell whether you're kidding or not.

ALAN

If you could, we'd be dating now.

(beat)

That was me kidding. We wouldn't be dating. Remember, I have

(air-quotes)

'asymmetric back hair'?

TIM

I never said it was a date-breaker!

(acknowledges)

Just suggested a little trimming. Didn't know it affected you so much.

ALAN

It didn't. Because I *am* over superficial narcissistic gym junkies with masculinity issues.

TIM

I clearly don't belong to this category, so now I can tell you're kidding.

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - TABLES - NIGHT**

Brady leaves the bathroom and notices someone sitting at one of the tables and READING A COMIC BOOK. The reader is NIGEL: 26, skinny and pale, with some erratic patches of facial hair. He's wearing an Oz Comic-Con shirt with an obscure character.

Brady is curious, but he kind of supposed to be somewhere else. He looks at the bar: Tim and Alan seem to be talking just fine. Well then.

BRADY

Hi! Isn't it a bit dim for reading?

Nigel titters.

NIGEL

Hello! You're probably thinking I'm some creep reading graphic novels in the dark. But

(whispers confidentially)

my secret is that I know every line. I just need to see the panel outlines, and they all appear in my head.

Nigel points at his head.

BRADY

I didn't think you're a creep.

NIGEL

Try me!

*Huh?*

NIGEL

Open any page. I'll tell you the lines.

Odd. But why not? Brady sits down across Nigel. Flips through the book, stopping at a random page. It doesn't take long for Nigel to recognise the scene.

NIGEL

Ok, so the story here is that the villain just stole something from the hero.

(in villain's voice)

'Ha-ha-ha, your invisibility cloak is now locked in my vault!'

(in hero's voice)

'Joke's on you. As I only needed it...'

(as himself)

The hero turns invisible.

(in hero's voice)

'...to look *fabulous!*'

Nigel's silly voices make Brady smile.

BRADY

(playfully suspicious)

Hmm... but how would I know you're not making this up?

Nigel turns the book 180° so that the text is not upside down for Brady. Holds a button on his phone and:

NIGEL

*Lumos!*

A flashlight on his phone LIGHTS UP, illuminating the comic book and Brady's impressed face. Nigel is pleased with the effect.

NIGEL

There's a shortcut that turns your flashlight on, and you can assign a custom voice command to trigger it.

Brady remains impressed. He looks at the lines: they match Nigel's dialogue word by word. Not that Brady ever doubted they would. Nigel holds the button again.

NIGEL

*Nox!*

The flashlight goes off.

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - NIGHT**

Tim is sipping his wine.

ALAN

...besides, I'm forty-two. An old kiwi. New tricks. You know how the saying goes.

TIM

Never heard such saying. *Besides*, you played rugby in Auckland: you know the tricks already!

(then)

Look, I know this is random. But I want you to seriously consider it.

Alan considers.

ALAN

Why are you in?

TIM

(all innocent)

Brady asked. How could I say no?

ALAN

Oh please! An un-douched bottom smells better than your bullshit.

*Ew!*

ALAN

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I meant to say a *non-douched* bottom.

(off Tim's look)

You can't *un-douche* a bottom. Imagine what the process would be like

Caught off guard, Tim falls right into Alan's trap, trying to imag--*Ewww!*

Alan looks satisfied.

ALAN

So what's in it for you, kiddo?

**INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Tim is looking at Brady's notes on the desk. One list in particular.



TIM (V.O.)  
 Ok, there's this tournament. Like  
 a Gay Rugby World Cup.

It was hidden behind Tim, now we see what he was looking at:

COMPETITION:

- Brisbane
- Melbourne
- Sydney
- Kiwis?
- THE WORLD CUP???

TIM (V.O. CONT'D)  
 But the team represent their  
 cities, not countries. So, we'll  
 get to play for Adelaide. *I want  
 the cup.*

Tim crumples a piece of paper he was holding, THE RECEIPT.

TIM  
 Matilda, send a message to Brady:  
 'Say goodbye to your fifty'.

Tim's phone lights up, accepting the command.

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - TABLES - NIGHT**

Nigel puts his phone away and raises his hand for a shake.

NIGEL  
 I'm Nigel.

But it's dim again, and Brady doesn't see.

BRADY  
 Nice to meet you, Nigel. Brady.  
 I'm actually here to find people  
 interested in joining a gay rugby  
 team.

Nigel puts his hand down. Sad.

NIGEL  
 I don't know a thing about rugby.

BRADY  
 Most newcomers won't. You'll  
 learn, that's the point.

NIGEL  
 I'm not good at sports... I never  
 know what to do.

BRADY

You can be a wing. And all you'll have to do is to catch a ball and then run with it as fast as you can.

*Well, this... doesn't sound hard?*

NIGEL

What's the name of the team?

Brady realises he wasn't even thinking about that yet.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

And where do you train?

BRADY

We're... figuring it all out.

Brady feels that his improvised pitch doesn't inspire confidence at all.

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - NIGHT**

Back to Tim and Alan.

ALAN

You sure it's a cup? Have you seen it?

TIM

I haven't see-- Of course it's a cup, what else would it be?

ALAN

It's gay rugby. What if it's like a giant golden dildo?

TIM

It's not a-- Why would it be a dildo?

ALAN

(shrugs)

Gay thing. Sex-positive thing... Also sends a strong environmental message: 'Mine arse, not arsenic'.

Tim is not at all amused.

TIM

It's a cup. And my goal is to bring it to Adelaide.

Now Alan believes Tim.

ALAN  
 (to the bartender)  
 Can I have a glass of your finest  
 lemonade?

BARTENDER  
 (indifferent)  
 We've got Sprite.

ALAN  
 Yeah, ok. Just make sure it's  
 decent. None of your watered-down  
 stuff.

Alan pays, then moves the glass to Tim.

ALAN  
 Gotta go. Tell Brady I said 'hi'.

He leaves. Tim shouts after:

TIM  
 You didn't say 'no', so I assu--

ALAN  
 (not looking back)  
 No!

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - TABLES - NIGHT**

...and then Nigel says:

NIGEL  
 I'm in!

Wow!

BRADY  
 I'm so glad to hear it!  
 (a bit pompous)  
 Welcome to the team, Nigel! Let  
 me get your number, I'll contact  
 you re our next training.

Brady turns the comics back. Nigel smiles.

**INT. PIKKLD EGGS BAR - NIGHT**

Tim is still at the bar, drinking wine. Brady finally joins him. Tim moves a glass of 'lemonade' towards him.

TIM  
 Alan said 'hi'. He's not joining  
 though.

BRADY

Ah, bummer.

But he doesn't look bummed, as he can't wait to share the news.

BRADY

I got our first recruit!

TIM

That creep over there?

They both look at Nigel who is back to 'reading' his comics in the dark.

BRADY

Hey, he's not a creep.

TIM

Is that what he said to you?  
Because that's *exactly* what a  
creep would say.

BRADY

He's our teammate now. This  
deserves a celebration!  
(raises his glass)  
To Adelaide's first gay rugby  
team, my friend.

Tim clinks glasses with Brady. But:

TIM

Sharing the club's showers won't  
make us friends.

Well, this takes away Brady's excitement.

*Little Boy* by The Temper Trap plays.

Brady is sipping his drink. Pikkld Eggs' finest lemonade could just as well be water: right now Brady isn't noticing the taste at all. *'I was a little boy. But I grew up too fast in the world.'*

The song abruptly stops.

**EXT. SCHOOL BACKYARD - DAY**

Little Brady, still 11, is sipping water from a bottle.

He's sitting on a bench with no one around, bar one of the rugby boys approaching. We saw him earlier, the leader of the bunch. He sits down. Next to Brady he almost looks like a professional rugby player.

RUGBY BOY  
 Don't listen to them, Brady, they  
 don't know what they're talking  
 about.  
 (scornfully)  
 Kids.

Brady doesn't say anything, but he appreciates the company.

RUGBY BOY  
 Are you though?

He's more curious than aggressive.

BRADY  
 What?

RUGBY BOY  
 Are you... it?

BRADY  
 (sighs)  
 I don't know... I'm just not  
 feeling about the girls the way  
 I'm supposed to feel.

Rugby Boy is sitting quietly for a bit, working up the nerve. And then he moves closer and KISSES Brady. It's not much of a kiss, more like just touching Brady's lips with his lips, but he does it for a long time. Might be ten whole seconds.

RUGBY BOY  
 (with faux bravado)  
 And how did *this* make you feel?

Brady is carefully considering before giving his verdict.

BRADY  
 I didn't like it... I didn't like  
 it at all, Tim.

This is not how Little Tim has been imagining his first kiss. Crushed by the response, he looks like a deflated rugby ball.

*Little Boy* by The Temper Trap resumes from the 1:47 where it picks up the tempo.

Brady doesn't know what to do. Sitting here is too awkward now, so he leaves. We follow him, as he walks away, leaving Tim shrinking in the background. *'I was a little boy. But I grew up too fast in the world.'*

We can't be certain from this distance, but it seems like Tim is about to break crying.

**END OF EPISODE 1x01**