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Bran Nue Dae

By Jimmy Chi

And God said,
"Let there be light,"
and there was light.
Brothers and sisters,
Let us send our prayers to heaven.
Who will come forward and testify?
Today, on this very day,
who wants to wash their sins?
But you know, Willie,
if you work hard,
pray hard, do your studies,
you can do really well.
You know a priest
has the respect of everyone.
You want to be a priest,
don't you, Willie?
Yeah.
For the eyes of God sees all!
Hey, who are you styling up for?
No-one, Mum.
Dad's losing all his money again.
And Mum won't be very happy
when he gets home.
Check this.
Gerry, you gambling old bugger!
You wait till I get hold of you!
No-one's coming.
Rosie, I...
What?
Well, because this is my last night,
I thought that maybe...
Well, I mean...just...
Hello.
Hello.
Hello.
I just thought that...
Just wondering if you'd like to come
with me to the pictures?
What, like a date?
Well...no, no, not a date. Like,
well, we could sit together, maybe.
Willie, that's a date.
Oh. Well, yeah. OK.
Shh.

You're a deadly singer,
you know that?
You should come inside
and do a tune with the band.
I'm Lester.
Rosie.
Hi.
Er, I'm Willie.
Come on, Rosie, we've got to go.
Who is this? Your little brother?
No. No.
Ah, is he your boyfriend?
No.
Well, alright, then. I'll just be in there.
If you want me.
Why did you say we have to go?
- Because we're not allowed in there.
- Why not?
You know why not.
Alright, boys!
Come on. This is my big chance.
Well, I guess I'll see you
later then. At the pictures?
Willie!
Go on, Willie.
You run to your mum.
About time. Where you been?
Fishing.
Lord, we thank you
for all the gifts you give us.
Special prayers goes out to that
sinner cousin of mine, Johnny.
Please, Lord, help him
to stop drinking his life away
at that Roebuck Hotel.
May the Lord Jesus Christ
burn that house of sin down!
Sorry, Lord.
And please keep my son safe
while he is away in the city
and please help him, Lord,
not to be late
as it drives his mother mad.
Amen.

Amen.

Hi.

Hey, Rosie, where's Willie?

I don't know.

He wanna sit with you.

Where is Willie?

I don't know. He's gone fishing.

Hey, Lester boy!

Ah, Willie.

Welcome back to the city.

Thank you, Father Benedictus.

Come in, fellow.

How were your holidays?

Did you catch any fish?

Ah, one or two.

Perhaps you're not
praying hard enough.

Now, Willie...

Yes, Father?

I have been inspecting
my inventory of supplies.

You weren't one of those boys
drinking the altar wine last year,
were you, Willie?

No, Father.

Good. Good.

Because this year you are a prefect.

And as head student
you must set an example.

Yes, Father.

Mmm. I have great faith
in you, Willie.

Yes, Father.

How is your lovely mutter?

Good, Father.

She has high hopes in you.

You can become a very
successful individual, Willie.

You too can become close to God.

I can see it!

Willie, you can go forth
and help your Aborigine people.

They are crying in the wilderness.

You have so much to give the world.

So, my little friend, if you
knuckle down to some serious study
and pray hard -
not for me but for you -
you can become like me!
Oh, ja! Ja!
Ja.
Hey, Willie!
Where'd Willie go?
Whoo-whoohoo!
Rosie.
Here, catch!
Well,
I've got something for you too.
What, like a present...?
Honour thy father
and thy mother
that thy days may be long
upon the lands
which the Lord giveth thee.
Thou shall not kill.
Thou shall not...adultery.
Thou shall not steal.
Thou shall not bear false witness
against thy name
or covet thy neighbour's wife
or his...
Start again.
Bless me, Father,
for I have sinned.
It has been two months
since my last confession.
What do you wish to confess, my son?
I have had thoughts
about a girl...um...
Thoughts? What thoughts?
Lustful thoughts?
Yes, Father.
You are a good boy. You will
overcome these sinful urges in time.
It is part of the hard road
to becoming a priest
that we all must face.
But, Father...

..I don't know if I'd be good
at being a priest.
You want to waste your life
like all those useless blackfellas
up in Broome?
No, Willie, you're
much better than that.
Your penance is 15 rosaries.
Now go.
- Willie!
- Rosie?
Rosie? It's Peter. Come on.
Go back to sleep.
Come on. We've got some hunting
to do tonight, boy.
What are you talking about?
The tuck shop. Shh, come on.
You're gonna get in trouble.
Come on, Willie.
- Hey. Hey, wake up.
- But I'm tired.
Shh. Shhh. Come on, let's go.
Come on, Willie. Let's go.
Come on, Willie.
Wait.
Let's go, let's go.
Hurry up.
Come on, come on, come on.
Keep an eye out.
"Thou shalt not steal!"
Thou shalt not starve either.
We should go back.
Food for our souls.
Now, what you want?
What are you doing?
Itemising every available
confection und beverage.
Oh, yum. Thank you, Lord.
Thank you, Lord.
And this is for
all the starving kids in the world.
Like us, bro. Us black kids are starving.
Ja, ja, ja!
Benny, Benny.

Benny's coming!
Let's go. Let's go.
My greatest desire is
to see you Aborigine people educated
and trained in the skills
of the modern world,
to become citizens of this great
country that is truly yours.
We have to show love
to these children.
Lux in tenebris -
light in the darkness!
Yet, we all know there are
many evils in the world today.
For now, let us just talk
about theft and pillage -
sins of the flesh.
Tommy, will you not come up here?
I have been itemising supplies
from the canteen.
And to my surprise,
we are a little short.
Thou shalt not steal!
We're gonna get whacked.
Unless there is a confession,
I will be forced to punish Tommy.
Willie, I am very disappointed in you.
You are a prefect
and yet you throw it all away.
I had such great faith in you.
You are a rotten apple
in the barrel.
You are a stain
on the celebration of life.
You are an abomination in the eyes
of God! Put out your hand!
I should have known
one of your Aborigine kind
would be worth nothing!
That's not true, Father.
What?!

Run, Willie, run!
I will find the boy.
Hey, boy, where you bin come from?

This fire looks lovely and warm.
It's gonna be
a cold one tonight.
- Come here. We're not gonna eat you.
- Well, not yet, anyway.
Come here. Come here. Sit down.
Relax. Come here, young fella.
I got nowhere to stay.
Any of you mob got anywhere to stay?
Nope.
You in good company here, boy.
I wanna go home.
Well, we all wanna go home, eh?
But we're a long, long way away
from our country.
Yeah, yeah!
Hey!
Where your home, boy?
Broome.
Hmm. That's my home too.
True?
True.
Here, I'll tell you a story.
Oh, here we go.
I been away 15 years now.
15 years?
Shut up, boy. Let me tell you
the story. Right?
I been drinking, I been droving,
I've been a Christian,
I've been everything.
But now I reckon it's time
that I went home before I die.
Yep, I'd better go back home to Broome.
Yep, yep, yep.
But you still never tell me
your name.
My name is William Johnson.
My name is Steven Johnson.
I'm your uncle.
I reckon your mummy
must be my sister brother
and I bin call him sister
but she bin call you uncle.

So that's how come
I'm your sist...sist...sist...
Yeah, I'm your uncle, OK?!
Uncle Tadpole.
Uncle Tadpole.
Hey, you got any tucker?
Now, what they bin doing to you,
boy? They bin hit you?
No. I've been running
from boarding school.
How come?
What you been doing wrong?
I don't wanna talk about it.
They been starving you, hey?
Yeah, that's the trouble.
You never get enough tucker,
you never get enough beer
and you never get
enough womans, eh?
No, Uncle...no.
I know you young fellas!
You been rootin' round here,
rootin' round there,
rootin' round everywhere!
No, Uncle, I feel sorry now.
I gotta go see my mum,
but when she find out
I'm running from school,
she gonna be real wild.
Well, I bin fix
your mummy up for you.
I know how to fix up womans.
I'm gonna take this boy
home to Broome,
home to his dear mother,
away from this place.
Yeah, yeah, good on you.
OK, let's go.
Wake up, Uncle.
Time to go. Wake up.
Who are you?
Your nephew. Remember?
Nah. Nah.
You said we're going to Broome.

Why would I wanna go to Broome?
But you promised me you'd take me.
Um, we can't go anywhere
without any...any cash.
You got any money on you?
Well, come on, boy. You can't go
nowhere without money, you know?
Where are we going?
Where do you think?
In here.
And a bottle?
What did you do with my money?
You bought grog with it, eh?!
Give me back my money.
That's my money, not yours. Mine!
You're not going to take me
to Broome, are you?
You're just an old drunken bum!
I'll find my own way back to Broome.
I don't want anything to do with you!
You ready, kid?
Look out!
Oh...my...God.
We've run over an Aborigine!
Oh, my God. What have we done?
It's OK.
Old man, are you alright?
Don't touch him. Don't touch him.
Are you OK?
I don't speak Aborigine!
Me neither.
We...will...take...you...
to the hospital.
I don't want to go no hospital.
Where do you wanna go then?
I want to go to Broome!
Annie?
Yes, Slippery.
Where's Broome?
It's not far up here.
It won't take long.
And so you come
from Broome, do you?
I was born...

..in the midst of the Dreamtime.
My mother is from the crocodile mob
and my...my father...
is...um, koala bear.
And, um, where are you from?
Me. Er, I am from Germany.
I have come to
the land of your people
to make a visit with my father.
And also I am on a vision quest.
Yeah, we follow Buddha.
That's proper...proper rude word
in our language!
You don't look so bad now.
Maybe you are better.
Well, what you talking about?
Just look at me!
I think we might drop you off
somewhere, old man.
Oh, no.
You hear that, Willie?
They just gonna dump us
by the side of the road.
No!
Do you know it's bad karma to knock
over an Aborigine with a Kombi van?
Yeah, you could get the bone
pointed at you.
Proper bad thing that.
The bone?
Yeah.
And when you have children,
they will look like...like...
Wombats.
Hairy nosed wombats.
Slippery,
I think this was meant to be.
We were meant to help these people.
And they will show us
their country first-hand.
What better experience
than to do that with you
and these two black people.
I mean, native people -

A...Aborigine people.
People that understand you and me.
Yeah.
Annie, we don't even know
these people
and we are meant to visit my father.
Anyway, how far exactly is Broome?
Not far!
Slippery, if you want to be a hippie,
you gotta stop
acting so bloody square!
Yeah, square.
OK.
These maps with their lines
and their numbers,
they just fence us in, man.
They cramp our inner selves.
We don't need maps, Slippery,
we have an Aboriginal elder!
Who?
Not...not the map!
OK, so we drop them off in Broome.
It's just up the road.
16 years old.
School uniform. You seen him?
Willie, you say?
No, he ain't been around here.
You seen a Willie?
Oh, that is a shame
because I need to return this boy
to his poor mother.
Such a shame.
Actually...
Hmm?
..there was one young fella.
He said he was taking off to Broome.
Broome?
Thank you.
Hey, sing along, sing along!
Shut up.
He can't sing, that fella.
G'day.
Coke, please.
Nothing else take your fancy?

We got hot sausage rolls,
hot roast beef rolls.
And hot Chiko rolls.
Whoo, it's hot in here!
Can I have a hot Chiko roll, please?
Um, well, a chicken sandwich then.
Uncle! Uncle, what are you doing?
Uncle, don't touch anything.
What are you doing?
Here, put it in your boonyah. Go on!
It's cold. Stop. Stop. Oooh!
I'll have that.
Oh, OK, money.
Here we go.
What's wrong with him?
Nothing.
Run! Come on.
Quick! Crank it up.
Drive! Drive, hippie, drive!
Go, go, go, go!
In there, quick! Come on! Come on!
Annie! Wait for me!
Wait for me!
Jump! Jump! Jump!
You should have seen you...
See what you've done?
Look what this is.
Hey, look what I got, eh?
Who likes Rolf Harris?
I hate Rolf Harris!
Who is Rolf Harris?
Om.
Om.
You want a sausage?
But stealing is a sin.
Well, you can either be a sinner
or you can starve.
He is right, old man.
Stealing is very, very wrong.
Shut up, Buddha.
Your stealing nearly get us killed!
Me - killed!
My girlfriend - killed!
He just wants to feed us.

Got plenty of tucker here.
We must respect their ways.
I wish I had never met you.
These flies!
Flies...
Slippery. Wait.
Slippery. Slippery, wait.
So, would you like to come out back
in the kitchen
for a hot cup of tea?
No. Actually,
I'm in a big hurry. Thanks.
You got a woman?
Well, I got this girl, Rosie...
Rosie.
Yeah, she back in Broome.
She different one from me.
But, like, I don't know
if she like me, Uncle.
"But...I don't know
if she like me, Uncle."
When you find them,
you gotta grab them.
Grab them?
Yeah, grab them.
Look, look, look.
See, when God made man
and God made woman,
he made them different, see?
And when they bin
find each other, they do this.
You never...
Well, I won't tell anyone, then.
Thank you, Uncle.
Willie, a virgin.
Willie's a virgin.
I can't take it anymore, Annie.
It's me or them.
Have you got another one of these?
Useless hippie.
Hello.
What kind of people
would leave folks lying out here
in the middle of nowhere, hmm?

The beginning
of a new life cycle.
Energy, happiness, optimism.
The overturning of the status quo
or current states
by unexpected happenings.
Important decisions to be made.
The seven of wands reversed.
Indecision and retreat.
A lack of decisiveness
which causes the challenge
to be lost through hesitation.
Giving in just as the end
was in sight.
What are you doing?
Where are you going?
I'm going to Broome.
Jump in.
We're gonna play football.
Hello, boys.
Willie. Don't go.
Ah! Scheisse!
Mate, this is gonna hurt me
more than it's gonna hurt you.
Welcome to Port Hedland.
Proper deadly place this one.
Hey, Coach!
What happened to Broome?
Broome?
Yeah, when we beat Port Hedland.
Then we'll take you Broome
next week.
Come on.
Come and have some Chinese.
Come on.
Hey, excuse me.
Yeah, you.
What's your name?
I'm Roxanne.
I'm Willie.
Where you come from, Willie?
Broome. But I've been in Perth.
Perth, eh? Oh, I bin go Perth
long time ago, you know?

Hey, proper cold, that place,
cold weather time, eh?
Eh, not like this place.
Hot all year round. Like us women!
What you doing here all on your own?
Er, just passing through.
You wanna come drink with us?
Umm...I don't know.
Don't you drink? Are you underage?
No, I drink.
Yeah, you look like real man.
Come on. Come on.
Come with me.
I'll show you a condom tree.
Yeah.
You look like...an angel.
Yeah?
Yeah.
A black angel.
Well...that's what
I am, Willie.
Yeah, let's see what you saltwater boy
can show this desert woman, hey?
Yeah, you show proper
Kimberley woman proper good time.
What you doing under my woman?
I didn't know she was your woman!
What's that, eh?!
It's...from the condom tree.
Get up!
Who are you?
Young fella, young fella,
young fella.
What are you
hitting at kids for, eh?
That's...that's my nephew, that boy.
Come on, come on.
I'm ready for you.
Come on. Come on!
Hey, Willie, I just
give him the old one-two-three.
What? How did you find me?
All young fellas end up here
at the condom tree.

Hey, Willie, we're going
to Broome, we're going to Broome.
Even Slippery want to go to Broome.
Right, Slippery?
Ja. We go to Broome.
It's just up the road, yeah?
Yeah.
Oh. That's OK. That's OK.
Ah, Broome, ich komme. Ahh, ja.
It's good, ja?
Roxanne?
How hard is it for a woman
to get some sleep back here?
How did you get in my van?
Black magic.
Hey! Tell ya, that old town gonna
light up when Roxanne get to Broome!
What is a boomer?
It's a bloody big kangaroo.
And who is Rolf Harris?
Is he an Aborigine like you?
Yeah. He's my cousin's brother.
Hey.
What am I? Hmm?
I don't know.
I'm a koala.
We are in the Dreamtime!
Hey, watch out for those roos!
Don't touch the wheel. Don't touch.
Um...um, cops. Um...um...police.
Police, you stupid hippie!
Quick, chuck me the stuff!
Shut up, you.
I will do the talking.
Now look what you've done!
Shut up, you two! Shut up!
Pull over.
Why do they persecute us?
We're free. We're just trying
to have a good time!
Shut up.
We're free, we're free
and we'll always be free!
Shut up!

What?

I don't even know these people.

I only met them yesterday.

That is right, ja?

Yeah.

I was on my way to visit my father

when that man

jumped in front of my van.

What's your name?

Wolfgang Benedictus.

And how do you spell that, Adolph?

B-E-N-E-D-I-C-T-U-S.

You cannot hold me here.

My father is a priest.

He will come and get me.

Thank you.

Yes, hello, um, I wish to speak
to Father Benedictus.

I'm sorry,

that's not possible. He's gone.

Gone?

Yes.

Gone where?

He's travelling to Broome

on school business.

Thank you.

He is on his way to Broome.

Get off him. Get off him.

Annie, Annie. Stop it!

What are you doing?

Don't get involved.

Annie! Stop it! Annie! Annie!

Get off him!

Get off him, Annie!

What are you doing? Stop it!

Get off him! Hey!

Get off me! Annie!

Annie!

This is not fair at all!

Just get... Oh!

Just come in. Just... Willie.

Oh! Get off!

Stop struggling, Annie.

Willie...

Willie!
This is physical harassment, man.
Not cool at all.
Not cool at all!
Uncle, blackfellas die in jail, eh?
Come on.
You get some sleep. Come on.
Come on, Willie.
Wake up. Wake up, boy. Wake up.
Last night I had a dream.
There were bush people here,
with you.
But it wasn't here, it was...
..it was somewhere else.
Those are the old people,
looking after us.
You alright? Hey?
Nothing broken?
No. It's not that.
Slippery's father
is Father Benedictus.
He's going to go tell Mum about me,
that I'm a sinner and a thief
and, well, now I won't be able
to go back to Broome.
And I won't be able
to go back to Clontarf.
I'll have nowhere to go.
I'll end up like you!
Your mummy will forgive you.
You don't know my mum.
Well...I'll fix it
with your mum then.
Don't you worry about that.
I'll talk to her about it.
What we got to do is beat that
mongrel Father Benedictus to Broome.
OK, you can go now.
Come on, Willie.
Come on, Willie.
Stand up. Come on, Willie.
Willie?
Get up!
Hey.

We're going to Broome.
Today is a bran nue dae.
Come on, boy. Let's go.
See, I told you
it's just up the road.
So where do we go now?
Turn here, turn here, turn here.
We go to Roebuck first.
I need a drink.
You and me both, fella.
Yeah.
Let me out! Let me out!
The Roey Hotel!
But, Uncle, you promised.
Wait, Uncle!
It's been a long time between drinks
and I'll talk to your mummy later,
but now, just one drink,
just one little drink.
Hey! Roxanne, here
for a proper good time!
Willie, Willie!
Get up, get up!
Come on. Come on, Willie!
Come here. Come on, get up, man.
Get up, get up, get up.
What's wrong with you?
That's him there.
Who's him?
Oh, Lordy, Lordy!
Willie!
Now you can find him, you wanna
get up there and grab him.
But I feel big shame. I'm dirty.
We all dirty. Come on.
Yes!
Hello, my dear. My name is Tadpole.
Steven Johnson.
Uncle Tadpole.
And this here my boy...
Well, he was here.
What's his name?
Willie.
Willie?

Yeah.
And he want to see you.
Well, you can tell Willie
that he's too late.
Hello, Willie.
Hello, Rosie.
Well, I'd better go now.
Hey, wait. I wanna talk to you.
What about?
Excuse me, who are you?
Oh...I remember now.
You're that little boy.
Rosie's little friend.
Rosie, leave us.
What?!
I said get out.
Hey, don't talk to her like that.
Listen, Lester. Just move.
Rosie.
Alright, everyone, last drinks!
Rosie, wait. Rosie! Rosie!
Hey, I told you, didn't I?
Stay away from my woman.
- Willie!
- No, let it go.
Stand up!
Willie! Willie!
Hey, Willie! Give him
the old one-two-three, Willie!
Willie, watch out!
Willie. Willie.
Willie, say something.
Talk to me. Say something.
I love you, Rosie.
Oh, Willie.
Quick, Willie.
Your mum's coming. Get up.
Brothers and sisters!
Tonight, it's the night of miracles!
Hallelujah!
Come and be reborn.
Be reborn.
Yes!
Leave this house of sin!

Leave this house of sin.
Leave it.
Come and join us, sister!
Come.
Come and join us, sister.
Come and join us, sister, brother.
Why don't you let a proper Kimberley
woman show you proper good time?
I thought you were ashamed of me.
I could never be ashamed of you.
Do you believe?
We believe.
Tonight is the night of miracles.
Yes!
Are there anyone among you
who wants to testify?
I can feel
that someone need to testify.
I wanna testify.
Shut up, Annie.
Are you a sinner, woman?
Oh, yes. I've been a bad person.
I've been bent on free love.
I had a child out of wedlock
when I was 16
and I gave it away
and I'm not worthy.
I'm a sinner and I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Let's sing it one more time
for our sister.
I too have lost a child
and I too have been a sinner.
I had a child to another man.
Behold! A vision from God!
We are all sinners, my children.
We are all angels und devils.
Lux in tenebris!
Light in the darkness.
I had a child to that man there!
He took my child away to Germany
20 years ago.
Mein vater! Mein vater!
Wolfgang? My son?

My son!
My father.
Wolfy, this is your mother, Theresa.
Well, not the Mother Theresa,
but she is your mother Theresa.
Hello, Theresa.
Meine Mutter?
Meine Mutter?
Meine Mutter?
My son? My son!
My prayers have been answered.
Willie, you have a brother.
I am an Aborigine!
I got a story to tell
if anyone wanna listen.
When I was young I got married,
but my wife
had a child to another man.
Where is that woman now?
That's her right there.
Steven? Steven Johnson.
He's returned to be saved!
No more drinking.
No more loose women.
No, no, no. Hang on a minute.
I never meant to do it, Steven.
It was the devil's work.
Where are you going?
I need a drink.
You don't need a drink, Steven.
Wait for me!
Mutti?
Wait for me, Steven!
Wait for me! My mutti!
Mutti, please wait! Mutti!
Mum?
Willie? What are doing here?
You're meant to be in school.
Did you bring him?
No.
I ran away from Clontarf.
You run away?!
I work like a dog for you
to study hard and be a priest

and you run away?!

And what are you doing
with that girl?!

Have you turned your back on God?
No, Mum, I haven't.

Oh, Lord. Have you lost your faith?
No, Mum, I just don't want
to be a priest.

I don't understand.
What do you want, Willie?
I want this!
To be at home,
under the stars, fishing,
to be with you and with my girl, Rosie.
God is here. This is heaven.

Well, you better talk to your father
about what he thinks.

No, not that Father, your father -
Steven Johnson Tadpole.

Willie?
Uncle Tadpole?
Willie.
Mein brother!

We are all one in the eyes of God.
We thank the Lord
for everything he provides
and for watching over his flock.
Amen.
Amen.

Come on, you mob,
soup's getting cold.

Actually,
I've got another confession.
I was adopted out as a child.
All I remember is being pulled
from a sea of wailing black faces
and being raised in the city
to be white.

Yeah, I'm one of you guys.
I'm an Aborigine too.
You've got to be kidding.
Today, everyone's an Aborigine!
Yeah!
This song is called 'Millya

Rumarra' which means bran nue dae.
This fella song is all about
the Aboriginal people.
Coloured people.
Black people, long Australia.
Other day I bin go along
to social security.
I bin asked for a job.
They bin say,
"What's your working experience?"
I bin tell them I got nothing.
They say, "How come?"
Yeah, they bin talk about this kind,
that kind, any kind, every kind.
But still same kind.
And, boy, make me slack.
Bran nue dae. Mmm.