

A CONVOLUTED PLAN

Written by

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Based on real events

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EXT. BUSH CAMPSITE - AFTERNOON

TOM, PETE and DAVE sit on camping chairs around an unlit camp fire drinking beers, surrounded by rolling green hills buffeting rocky cliff faces.

Pete pokes the pile of firewood with a long stick.

PETE

I think it went out again.

DAVE

It's okay, I forgot to bring the food anyway.

PETE

I've watched Backdraft a thousand times. I should know this by now.

Pete rips open a now empty pack of fire lighters. He shakes an empty matchbox to his ear.

TOM

Hey Dave did you bring the water at least? I feel a bit dizzy from drinking all this beer on an empty stomach.

DAVE

Sorry dude I forgot that too.

TOM

Okay I'll just have another beer I guess.

Tom grabs another stubbie, opening it while Pete rubs two sticks together.

Dave begins packing pinches of chopped weed into a huge conepiece, which he smokes directly by tilting his head back and holding it in his mouth like a golf tee while waving a lighter over it.

TOM

Why are you smoking directly from the conepiece like that?

DAVE

I forgot to bring my whole bong.

TOM

How come you forgot so much stuff?

DAVE

I was nervous about remembering to bring everything, so I smoked a huge bowl just to calm down. Then I woke up and it was time to come here.

Pete points to three tents, already pitched, but precariously close to one of the big cliff faces.

PETE

I was in charge of tents.

Dave's phone dings. He takes it out and looks a moment as smoke continues wafting from his mouth and nose.

DAVE

Oh nice, I doubled up.

PETE

That horse you were talking about earlier?

DAVE

Yep.

PETE

Oh fuck off. I should have gone in on that.

DAVE

Yeah man. I got a trifecta on that one yesterday.

PETE

Cunt.

Pete tosses the sticks he's been rubbing together back on the pile, grabbing his beer to sit on his fold-up chair again.

PETE

I got (looks at phone) six hundo twenty-five on one last year.

Pete looks at Tom.

PETE

What's the most you ever won?

Tom shrugs.

TOM

I don't bet on sports. Crypto's kind of a gamble I guess...

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
not if you just mine it. The price
is really volatile though.

Pete frowns.

PETE
You mine bitcoin?

TOM
Yeah since ages ago. Do you guys
have any BTC or Eth?

PETE
How much have *you* got?

Tom looks a bit curious, pulling out his phone.

TOM
I don't know actually, it's been a
while since I checked.

Tom unlocks it and opens a wallet app.

TOM
Oh wow, like sixty-five million.

Pete stares while Dave takes another hit on his golf tee
cone.

PETE
You have sixty-five million dollars
in your phone?

Tom shakes his head, pocketing the phone.

TOM
Not really, you'd pay almost half
of that in tax to cash it out. I
don't even want to think about it.
Plead ignorance for a few more
years until they figure out all the
red tape.

PETE
(feigning cool interest)
What do you use on there anyway,
like a... wallet app or something?

TOM
Yeah that's right.

PETE

What's it a face ID type thing,
or... fingerprint to unlock your
phone?

TOM

It does both I think.

Pete nods absently, eyes glazing over to a thousand yard
stare.

TOM

I might go lay down a bit, my
stomach hurts from only eating
beer.

Pete fakes a yawn.

PETE

Yeah good idea Tom-o, let's all get
an early one.

Dave looks around, annoyed.

DAVE

It's the middle of the afternoon.

Pete shrugs.

PETE

No fire, mate. What are you gonna
do, freeze?

DAVE

I'm hot Pete.

Pete follows Tom to the tents.

PETE

Night lads!

INT. PETE'S TENT - AFTERNOON

Pete lays on his back, eyes wide open for a long time. An
ominous musical sting grows gently louder.

EXT. BUSH CAMPSITE - AFTERNOON

Pete exits his tent, looking around for Dave. Seeing smoke
wafting from Dave's tent, he goes over, unzipping it, going
in.

INT. DAVE'S TENT - AFTERNOON

Inside Dave's two man tent, Pete finds Dave hotboxing it, barely visible through thick, billowing smoke, sitting cross-legged at one end.

DAVE
Couldn't sleep huh?

PETE
Mate if I had my druthers it would be you and me sitting on money like that.

DAVE
Like what?

PETE
Didn't you hear that cunt just say he has sixty five million dollars in bitcoin?

DAVE
Who? Tom?

PETE
Yes mate, just sitting there on his phone. You know what makes me mad? He doesn't even want to do something useful with it.

DAVE
He should at least diversify his portfolio into other alts.

PETE
He should--mate, he should at least cash it out and split it evenly with you and me.

DAVE
Why?

PETE
We're his mates. Well, you are. I'm his friend of a friend. Still counts for something.

DAVE
He earned it I guess. Good on him.

PETE
 Earned it? Bro he left a computer
 switched on. I could have done
 that. You could have even.

DAVE
 (nods)
 We *should* have!

PETE
 Do you know what we could buy with
 thirty million dollars?

DAVE
 Twenty million.

PETE
 What?

DAVE
 Well you said he should split it
 evenly with us, that's twenty
 million three ways.

PETE
 But he wouldn't, would he?

DAVE
 Doubt it. Seems like the kind of
 thing most people would say no to.

PETE
 So what if we just... I don't
 know... rolled his tent off the
 cliff, and got his phone.

Dave laughs.

DAVE
 He'd be pissed! Let's get that on
 video.

EXT. BUSH CAMPSITE - AFTERNOON

Pete and Dave sneak up on Tom's tent.

Dave films Pete with his phone, trying to suppress giggles,
 while Pete tiptoes to each of the pegs in turn, pulling them
 out of the ground.

Pete crouches with Dave beside the tent on the side not
 facing the cliff, whispering.

PETE

(quiet)

Okay I'm going to count one, two, three, and on three, you start rolling your side, okay?

Dave has a huge stupid grin on his face.

DAVE

(stage whisper)

Hang on, just before we start, look right at the camera and say "I'm Pete Davis and welcome to Jackass".

Pete stares at him for a beat.

PETE

(quiet)

I'm not going to do that. Ready? One... two... three...

While Dave continues to film, they both roll their end of the tent in unison over the cliff.

They watch it fall to the rocks below.

As Dave continues to film and Pete looks for the best way to get down there, Tom appears from the nearby bushes, zipping up his pants.

Tom joins them at the cliff edge, looking down at his tent.

PETE

(looking up)

Okay, you grab something sharp in case he's still a-oh hi Tom!

Dave bursts out laughing when he sees Tom.

DAVE

We got you, fucker!

TOM

What are you guys doing?

Dave enthusiastically shows him the video on his phone. Tom seems confused.

TOM

Why did you roll my tent off the cliff?

PETE

It was on an ant's nest.

Tom looks down at the ground around his feet, more confused.

PETE
Hornet's nest.

Tom looks up.

PETE
And there was a snake in it.

Tom looks down again.

PETE
In it.

DAVE
And we wanted some bitcoins.

PETE
What? Hahaha no.

Dave frowns at Pete. Pete places his entire hand over Dave's face, still looking at Tom.

DAVE
You *just* said before--

Pete suddenly hits Tom across the head with a canteen bottle.

TOM
Hey! I thought you said we didn't have any water?

PETE
It's empty.

Pete hits Tom across the head again, this time with a steel lunch box.

TOM
Well what's in that lunch box?
Food?

PETE
No! Some important documents of mine.

Pete hits Tom across the head with a fold-up shovel.

TOM
I didn't realise we had one of those either.

Tom passes out face first in the dirt.

PETE

Finally!

Dave watches Pete pat Tom's pockets down, getting his phone.

DAVE

Man you're quite a dedicated
prankster.

PETE

Get his finger.

DAVE

(alarmed)
Cut it off?

PETE

No just hold it, jeez.

Dave holds Pete's index finger, pressing it to the phone
which Pete holds up.

No response. Pete looks closer at the phone.

PETE

Oh no we cracked it. Okay try face
ID. Hold his head up.

Dave lifts Tom's head by the hair on both sides, while Pete
tries to scan his face.

PETE

It's not working.

Dave drops Tom's face in the dirt while Pete stares down at
the phone.

PETE

He must have to be *looking* at it
for face ID to unlock.

Pete holds the phone in front of Tom again.

PETE

Here lift him up again, and we'll
open his eyes.

Dave lifts Tom's head again while Pete puts the phone in
front of his eyes, pulling the lids open. The eyes are rolled
back in his head.

PETE

Ugh they're all fucked up. Lemme
try pointing them.

Pete uses an index finger on Tom's eyes, one at a time, to point them at the phone. Nothing. He tries both fingers at the same time, puppeting the pupils.

Pete leans over the phone screen, trying to see if it's changed.

When Pete looks up again, Dave is using his fingers at the corners of Tom's mouth to make him smile.

PETE
(annoyed pause)
Why are you making him smile?

Dave shrugs.

DAVE
(cautious)
I thought it might help.

Pete puts the phone back in Tom's pocket, laying on the ground.

Dave drops Tom's face in the dirt again.

PETE
It's no use. The best we can do is get him drunk so he forgets this all happened.

DAVE
How do we make him swallow more beer if he's passed out?

PETE
Just lay him on his back, gravity will do the rest.

Pete gets up and grabs a couple more beers while Dave rolls Tom on his back.

Pete takes the top off one stubbie then shoves it deep into Tom's mouth, leaving it there standing straight up in his wedged-open slack jaw while the liquid drops directly into Tom's mouth, glugging as it quickly empties.

Pete takes the first bottle out empty, tossing it, then inserts the second.

Pete and Dave share a bored glance as they wait for it to empty into Tom also.

While Pete takes the second bottle out and tosses it also, Dave takes a closer look at Tom, listening carefully.

DAVE
Hey are we sure he's breathing?

Pete nods, confident, not even checking.

PETE
He's breathing.

DAVE
Do you think he'll still remember
we pranked him?

Pete thinks, looking over at Tom.

PETE
Not if we make him shit his pants.
He'd be so embarrassed, he would
never bring it up again.

Dave laughs.

DAVE
Yes! Nice escalation. Okay...
(thinks) how do you make someone
shit their pants?

PETE
You put their hand in warm water
right? Or cold water?

DAVE
No that's to make them piss.

PETE
Okay so maybe for shitting, you
use... baked beans?

DAVE
We don't have any food.

PETE
Fuck. What *do* we have?

Dave gets an idea, holding up a finger for Pete to wait while he runs to his tent.

Dave runs back carrying a flashlight.

While he maneuvers Tom's hand into it with some difficulty, Pete gives him kind of a look.

DAVE
It's ok, I cleaned it.

When Tom's hand is fully inside the flashlight, Dave sits back beside Pete. They watch Tom together for a while.

PETE

Anything?

Dave leans forward a bit, smelling Tom.

DAVE

I don't think it's working.

Pete stands, looking around the campsite. Dave joins him, taking the opportunity for a stretch.

Behind them, unnoticed, Tom sits up, looking around.

PETE

Mate I think we're going to have to set fire to Tom.

DAVE

Oof. That's probably going a bit far even for me. But I don't mind filming you do it.

Tom looks down at his arm.

TOM

Hey why is my hand stuck in a can of Pringles?

EXT. BUSH CAMPSITE - EVENING

As the sun begins to go down, the lads pack up by throwing the two remaining tents into the back of Dave's ute.

INT. DAVE'S UTE - EVENING

They pile into the single front bench seat, Tom squeezed between Dave driving and Pete on the passenger side.

As Dave starts the car, radio news fills the cabin.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

--huuuuuuuuuuge Bitcoin crash overnight, they're saying billions have been wiped off the markets in under an hour.

They all look at the radio for a moment. Pete turns to Tom.

PETE

How much is your Bitcoin worth now?

Tom looks at his cracked phone, trying to unlock with his finger, then smiling to unlock it with face ID.

PETE

Oh for--

TOM

Eight hundred dollars.

Pete pats him on the shoulder.

PETE

Sorry bro. You gonna be okay?

Tom leans back, closing his eyes as they drive out of the campsite.

TOM

Little bit relieved if anything.

PETE

Yeah fuck all that tax.

Roll credits.