

BOOMERANG THE GREAT

by

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BLACK SCREEN

TITLE CARD:

"boomerang wo-mu-rang (1798) - n

a) a curved, flat wooden missile of native Aboriginal Australians, made to return to the thrower.

b) to come back or return home."

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

"WELCOME TO MOJAVE, CALIFORNIA" road sign. Hot noon sizzle.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A rolling sagebrush bounces to a halt in front of a tiny house drooping an American flag.

INT. TINY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A portable fan rotates to a stop, conquered by the heat. A child's fingers stick a videotape into a VCR. "PLAY" --

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE (FULL SCREEN)

Giggling infant BOOMERANG JONES, bundled in furry koala romper, mop of unruly red hair, is tickled by parents ROXY and NATHAN JONES (mid-30s).

Roxy is a flame-haired beauty, spitting image of her baby girl.

Nathan operates the camcorder.

ROXY

(Aussie accent)

Boom Boom, look what Mama made ya --

Roxy reveals a mini toy boomerang. Boom snatches it from her fingers. Rams it between her toothless gums. Giggles.

LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Tomboy BOOMERANG (now 7), sits inches from the TV -- enthralled. Still an unruly ginger. Mini boomerang dangling from her necklace.

Videotape quality is awful, track marks in the top corner.

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

Roxy buries her head into Boom's furry koala tummy.

ROXY
Love ya, love ya, love ya! Little
koala bub. Can you say --

Roxy whips out a stuffed kangaroo toy --

ROXY
Kan-GA-roo? Kan-GA-roo?

NATHAN (O.S.)
(American accent)
No no, she's American. Say hambur--

ROXY
But she won't be living there.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Of course she will.

Roxy storms out.

Nathan abandons the camcorder on the sofa, chasing after his wife, leaving baby Boom by her lonesome.

BABY BOOMERANG
Ma-ma?

LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Boomerang observes her abandoned baby-self onscreen. Alone -- then and now.

Snatches the remote --

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

Replay --

ROXY
Love ya, love ya, love ya! Little
koala bub.

LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Boomerang squashes her cheek against Mama's body on the TV screen.

Suddenly, a loud gasp upstairs!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

An ELDERLY MAN (70s) lies clutching his chest in bed, eyes wide open under heavy spectacles. Dead.

BOOMERANG

Grandpa?

Boom examines her beloved, still granddaddy. "Captain Cook's Journals" nautical classic open beside him.

She pokes him, pinches and twists his sagging skin.

Squashes her ear against his silent ribcage, climbs on top, slamming her cupped arms onto his heart!

Out of breath, she falls exhausted onto his chest. Listens hopefully for a latent beat --

Nada.

Pecks gramps a tender farewell on the cheek.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Boom clumsily slides grandpa down the stairwell on their shower curtain.

His head occasionally bumps the wall --

BOOMERANG

Oops. Sorry, Grandpa.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

In muddy overalls, Boom tops off grandpa's kiddie grave with her plastic shovel.

Five headstones already beside it -- "Fishy," "Birdy," "Doggy," "Granny," and "Daddy -- beloved husband and father who passed before his time."

Tidy and trimmed in limestone.

BOOMERANG

(to grandpa)

Who's gonna take care of me now?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Boom stares at a spinning microwave plate. Ping!

Removes a "Mac & Cheese," nestling into her favorite chair at the kitchen table.

Looks to the empty chair beside her -- grandpa's trusty rocker.

Then, Boom begins to cry.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Boom unpacks a child's kangaroo romper from her suitcase. JO-JO, her stuffed kangaroo toy from her home video, pokes out of the romper's tummy pouch --

BOOMERANG

Jo-Jo!

Boom raises the romper high above her head. Birthday card slips out --

"Happy 5th Birthday from Down Under, my little koala bub! Love forever, Mama."

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Boom slams a giant map of the world onto the table. Circles "MOJAVE" and "GOLD COAST (AUS)" -- a humongous Pacific Ocean between them.

Her crayon weaves its way over French Polynesia, under American Samoa, through the International Date Line, scrapes New Zealand's north tip.

Finally reunites with the "GOLD COAST" on Australia's East coastline -- 11,000 miles S.W.

BOOMERANG

Whoah.

EXT. TINY HOUSE - SHED - DAY

Boom rummages through cobwebbed junk in her back shed. Digs out a deflated pvc boat, oars, and a dusty old pump.

Tests the pump in mid-air. Coughs at the stale burst of air from its nozzle. Still works.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Boom-the-kangaroo hops down the sidewalk, dragging her deflated boat, oars, and a fishing pole under her arm.

-- Plus a life-preserver around her furry romper waist.

Suddenly, two UNRULY SKATERS (17) ram into her overstuffed suitcase! It spills open --

Pez-dispensers, cookies, chocolates, mini fire-extinguisher, kerosene lamp, toothbrush, and umbrella fly everywhere!

Boom gathers her scattered food and gear. Dusts off an old photo of her family posing on a rusty sailboat --

INSERT PHOTO:

A younger grandpa in skipper hat with a cockatoo on his shoulder. GRANNY (60s) with a goldfish bowl at her feet. An Aussie kelpie dog bundled in its own life vest beside daddy.

Boom anxiously unfolds a corner of the photo obscuring Roxy holding her in baby koala gear.

-- When Jo-Jo tumbles out of Boom's pouch!

A skater scoops him up.

UNRULY SKATER
What the hell is this?

BOOMERANG
Jo-Jo!

Skaters volleyball her babe back and forth. Boom desperately tries to intercept, about to cry.

Jo-Jo finally crash-lands onto the cement. Boom cradles him up into her warm, soft paws.

Now bored, skaters meander off.

Suitcase re-packed, Boom looks to the safety of her cozy house only steps away, then back at the filthy bus stop in the opposite direction.

Spots the skaters cross the street --

BOOMERANG
Hey, dum-dums!
(skaters turn)
He's a kan-GA-roo! That's an Aussie mammal with a pouch. His name's Jo-Jo and I'm his Mama!

Boom zooms toward the bus stop as a bus approaches. Her deflated boat, oars, and fishing pole make her a fumbling mess.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

A bus pulls up.

Boom hesitates at the first step as doors kick open.

Elderly BUS DRIVER (69) sympathetically eyes her hula-hoop life preserver.

BUS DRIVER
Gettin' on or what, kid?

BOOMERANG
Um, Pacific Ocean?

INT. BUS - DAY

Boom shuffles awkwardly down the aisle, suitcase hugged to her chest, poking everyone with her gawky naval gear.

PASSENGERS glare, unwilling to scoot over for the wannabe-seaman.

BOOMERANG
(to passenger)
Sorry.
(to passenger #2)
Oops, sorry.

Boom nestles into a window seat. Exhilarated.

BOOMERANG
(quick kiss)
We're on our way, Jo-Jo.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - DAY

Driver peers into his rear-view mirror, concerned as Boom shuts her eyes super tight.

BOOMERANG
(whispers to self)
101 Olmack Way, Gold Coast,
Queensland, 4075, Australia. 101
Olmack Way --

Inscribed on the family photo in her hand: "101 OLMACK WAY, GOLD COAST, QUEENSLAND, 4075, AUSTRALIA: I am always here for you, Love forever, Mama."

A toy ball suddenly taps Boom's foot.

She looks up to see a MOTHER (30s) and BABY in a stroller a few seats ahead.

MOTHER

(to Boom)

Oh, I'm sorry, sweetie.

Boom retrieves the ball, holding onto it a little too long. Lets go finally. Mother smiles, weary.

Boom watches Mama and Babe play and giggle. Could watch all day long.

Boom finally glances out her muggy window at a passing "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING MOJAVE, CALIFORNIA" road sign. Her eyes follow till the warning is but a speck on the dusty horizon.

LATER

A GRIMY PASSENGER (40s) glares at Boom from the opposite aisle. She avoids his gaze.

GRIMY PASSENGER

'Really like your pyjamas, kangaroo girl.

He grins yellow ear-to-ear.

GRIMY PASSENGER

Where you headed all by your lonesome? Bit of fishy?

(silence)

I'm talkin' to you!

He scoots over beside her.

Driver glances into his rear-view mirror, distressed as the passenger flicks Boom's floppy kangaroo ears.

Boom reshuffles the oars in her lap -- accidentally-on-purpose smacks the passenger in the nose!

GRIMY PASSENGER

Ow!

Another smack --

GRIMY PASSENGER

Ah!

Passenger scurries to the back of the bus.

Driver grins, impressed.

LATER

Bus is empty.

Driver shakes a dozing Boom awake, sweat-drenched inside her furry outfit. Jo-Jo tucked by her ear, sightseeing while Mama dozed.

BUS DRIVER
End of the road, kid.

BOOMERANG
(still sleepy)
Gold Coast?

BUS DRIVER
Venice Beach.

Boom gathers her luggage. Spots the toy ball in the aisle. Leaves it be.

BUS DRIVER
Aren't you hot in that rug?

BOOMERANG
Nope.

She wipes her drenched brow with a paw.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BUS STOP - DAY

On the curb outside --

BOOMERANG
(flustered)
Um --

Overwhelmed. And dizzy -- dressed for winter in the crux of summer.

From behind the wheel, driver spots Boom's unsteadiness.

BUS DRIVER
Easy, kid. Where're your parents?
They know you're here?

Finally --

BOOMERANG
Grandpa didn't wake up.

Boom shuffles off. Best to avoid further questions.

Driver limps off the bus with a cane.

BUS DRIVER

Hold it!

(catches up to Boom)

How's about I take ya for a yummy sandwich and milkshake over there, my treat? Tell me about your Ma and Pa, I'll tell ya about my precious little Annie --

He removes a photo of his own family (wife, two adult sons, young granddaughter) from his wallet. Points to his granddaughter, ANNIE (6).

Boom stares.

BOOMERANG

Um, my Mama's waiting for me, mister.

BUS DRIVER

Heck, why didn't you say so. Lets skedaddle! I wanna meet this Mama.

BOOMERANG

I only brought food for me. Real sorry, mister.

Boom's about to RUN off --

BUS DRIVER

Wait!

Driver tucks a card into her tummy pouch.

BUS DRIVER

You call me if you, or Mama, need a ride home. Just in case.

(taps her pouch)

I'm right here. Next to kanga.

He watches her leave, hugely worried.

At the corner, Boom glances back at the driver -- and he at her. She disappears.

Driver glances at his own family photo on the dash, then at his cell phone beside it. Conflicted.

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

Boom stands among her sprawled luggage, fishing pole, oars, and inflatable dinghy. Awed by the sight ahead of her -- a vast, majestic ocean wonderland.

She takes a step forward --

CYCLIST

Watch it!

Frenzied cyclist zooms past, leaving a rattled Boom catching her breath.

EXT. VENICE BEACH SHORELINE - DAY

Boom zealously pumps her deflated boat to full size, sweat-drenched inside her furry getup.

BEACH BUMS gawk and sneer, dumbfounded by Captain Kangaroo.

BEACH BUM #1

What the heck you doin', kid?

BEACH BUM #2

'Folks know you're here?

Boom ignores them. Sharpie's "Auslander" onto the front of her boat in big, bold letters.

Inserts her Australian flag into a socket on it's bow. Sticky-tapes her family photo on the inside in full view.

Thunder rumbles overhead. Pristine blue skies suddenly turn an ominous grey. Boom nervously looks to the heavens.

Suddenly, a high-pitched expulsion of air. Boom searches the boat, over and under. Spots a tiny puncture hole --

Duct-tapes and double duct-tapes it.

Suddenly, a bulky LIFEGUARD (19) snatches the tape from her hand!

LIFEGUARD

Unregistered vessels aren't permitted to push off here. I need you to deflate this dinghy.

Boom, quick on her feet --

BOOMERANG

I want to speak to your supervisor.

LIFEGUARD
Huh? Show me your Manufacturer's
Statement of Origin.

BOOMERANG
Origin?

LIFEGUARD
Where'd you get the dinghy, kid?

BOOMERANG
I --

BEACH BUM #1
(to lifeguard)
Back off, fella.

LIFEGUARD
(to Boom)
Stay right there, kid.

Lifeguard darts off to his guard tower.

Boom snugs Jo-Jo into front crew position on her boat --

BOOMERANG
We can do this together, Jo-Jo. I'm
the Captain -- follow my
instructions.

BEACH BUM #1
Listen, you shouldn't --

She dumps her oars inside the Auslander. Tucks her suitcase
and fishing pole under it's seat.

Takes a final glance at the formidable ocean ahead of her.

Finally pushes the Auslander into the waves -- only a little. Her
feet still on land, Boom stares into the cold foamy water up to
her knees. Tugs on her life-preserver for reassurance. Then --

Thunder rumbles once more. Electric sparks ignite clouds
like firecrackers.

BOOMERANG
Uh-oh.

Lifeguard stomps his way back with an anchor and his even
heavier SUPERVISOR (29) --

LIFEGUARD
 (to Boom)
 Stop!

Captain Boomerang and first mate Jo-Jo push forth into the distant horizon.

For good.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Twilight. Calm. Not a soul in sight except for --

Captain Boomerang and Jo-Jo doze cuddled in the Auslander, snoring.

-- Suitcase contents are strewn about.

-- Fishing pole is in two pieces.

-- An oar is missing.

-- Umbrella is inverted.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A mahogany front door, wooden boomerang stenciled on the door mat.

Pots and pans clatter in the background when --

Doorbell rings.

BOOMERANG (O.S.)
 (weary)
 Ma-ma?

Finally --

WOMAN (O.S.)
 (Aussie accent)
 Who is it?

Woman's footsteps approach, her shadow entering frame to open the door as --

CUT TO BLACK.

BOOMERANG (V.O.)
 Ma-ma?

THE END