



‘No Smith’s, No Game’ Digital Video Script

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC, DAY

We open on a big, bold close-up of an empty pack of Smith’s, then pan up to CAMERON SMITH’s sad face as he speaks to camera.

CAMERON: You can’t watch the footy without Smith’s. Luckily, I’ve got the perfect team here to find more.

We pull out wide and see BELLA SMITH and ISAAC SMITH standing beside him.

SUPERS of their name, sport, club, and honours appear next to them on screen as they wave coolly to the camera and approach a front door.

The kerfuffle of a camera crew around them.

We enter our montage sequence. The doors open onto various homeowners. Some surprised, others confused, and a few starstruck.

HOMEOWNER: [in disbelief] Whaaaat!?

CAMERON: We need some Smith’s for tonight’s game. If you’ve got some, you can watch it with us.

(ALT 1) HOMEOWNER: [slightly confused] Wait, you, or the chips?

(ALT 1) CAMERON: What do you think?

As the challenge and opportunity sinks in, our homeowners race off to scour their homes for Smith’s and we cut between them.

(ALT 2) A little girl who is obviously Bella’s #1 fan is starstruck at the door as mum runs off to find chips. She stays there the whole time, eyes transfixed on Bella.

(ALT 3) An old lady stares at Cameron, utterly clueless.

(ALT 3) CAMERON: Cameron Smith? Hooker for the Melbourne Storm? Rugby League?

(ALT 4) A grumpy old man just shuts the door in Cameron's face.

PANTRY GIRL: [searching her pantry] I swear I had some.

CLEVER MUM: [grabbing ISAAC] What about him? Does he count?

(ALT 5) Clever mum holds a salt shaker and a bottle of vinegar in her hand.

(ALT 5) CLEVER MUM: I have salt and vinegar.

BELLA: [yelling from the door] No Smith's? I'm walking.

PANTRY GIRL: [searching beneath the sink] Where are they?!

A wise guy holds out a regular potato chip.

WISE GUY: If I give you this chip, technically it'll become Smith's chip.

CAMERON: Phoar...gotta ask the refs on that one.

We cut back to CLEVER MUM trying to plead her case with ISAAC in hand.

CLEVER MUM: [pleading] C'mawn...

BELLA: Smith's or nothing!

A front door opens slowly - it's some Blues supporters. They look at Maroon-singlet-wearing CAMERON rather sheepishly.

CAMERON: Look, if you've got Smith's I'll let it slide.

(ALT 6) AFL people answer the door.

(ALT 6) AFL PEOPLE: Why are you here?

(ALT 6) CAMERON: I'm just here for the chips.

(ALT 7) Cameron, Bella, and Isaac stand outside a front door, still waiting.

(ALT 7) CAMERON: I don't think they're coming.

(ALT 7) They all nod and walk off.

(ALT 8) A door opens further along and a kind mum steps outside.

(ALT 8) KIND MUM: My son loves you!

(ALT 8) CAMERON: But does he love Smith's?

Cut back to PANTRY GIRL, finally with Smith's in hand. She races back to the door and our Smiths nod in acceptance.

(ALT 9) One of our homeowners searches the kitchen for the Smith's she's sure she had. Pantry. Under the sink. Finally!

Just when they think it's over, a homeowner finds a snack-sized packet in a lunch box and brings out the tiny bag.

(ALT 2) Bella leans into the little girl's ear.

(ALT 2) BELLA: Hi.

(ALT 2) The girl just melts.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY

Our Smiths and PANTRY GIRL enjoy the broadcast of the Footy while munching on some Smith's chips.

SUPER: NO SMITH'S. NO GAME.