

BLUEY: INSIDE PICNIC

Written by

Niel Bushnell

niel@nielbushnell.com
+44 07702 083070

EXT. BLUEY'S HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful morning. The sun shines, but there's a grey rain cloud looming.

BLUEY (V.O.)
C'mon, Mum! We're gonna be late.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLUEY and BINGO wait by the door with a picnic hamper, blanket and tea flask beside them. Bluey bounces with excitement. Bingo runs around, arms out, making <AEROPLANE NOISES>.

BLUEY
(Sighs)
What's keeping her?

DAD walks past, looking at his phone.

DAD
She's on the phone.
(Stops, looks out window.)
You'd better get a wriggle on,
mate. That sky doesn't look good.

BLUEY
I know!

DAD
Leave it with me.
(Shouting)
Chilli! Are you going or what?
(to Bluey)
The cricket's starting soon.

Dad picks up the remote and flicks on the TV, <CRICKET COMMENTARY> under. He leaps onto the sofa, stretched out, turning three times to get comfy, <SIGHS>, smiling.

Bingo races in, <LAUGHING> and jumps on Dad. He <GROANS>

BINGO
I'm the cricket plane.

DAD
Cricket plane? That doesn't even
make sense. No, no, you're going
with Mum to the picnic. All you're
friends are gonna be there.

BINGO
I'm a cricket plane! Brrrrmmmm!!

Bluey paces up and down, blocking Dad's view.

BLUEY
Lucky and Rusty and Indy and Coco
and Snickers and -
(shouts)
Mum!
(back to normal)
- and Honey and Mackensie.
Everyone!

In the next room MUM is on the phone. Her voice is just about audible.

MUM (O.S.)
... well, thanks for letting me
know. Yes, I will, and you, Tony.
Take care, Bye.

Dad lifts Bingo off as MUM enters, phone in hand, looking shocked.

DAD
What's up?

MUM
That was Tony from number 15.

DAD
Tony with the big ears?

Dad mimes giant ears. Bingo and Blue <LAUGH>.

MUM
Bandit, don't.

DAD
Sorry.

MUM
Tony said that Mr Basset from
number 22 has died.

DAD
Died? Really? Wow, that's sad.

MUM
Can you take the girls to the
picnic? I want to take some flowers
to Mrs Basset.

Dad looks at the TV. The game is about to start - realises his lazy day has gone.

DAD
Yeah, alright.

MUM
Thanks.
(to girls)
Be good for Dad, OK? See you soon.

Dad gets up, Mum kisses him and heads out the door.

BINGO
Aw, Mum?! I wanted Mum to go to the picnic.

DAD
Have no fear! Dad is here! Let's go the to picker-nicker!

BLUEY
(Laughs)
Nicker!

Dad picks up the picnic hamper, blanket and the car keys.

DAD
This is gonna be the best picnic...

A giant <RUMBLE> of thunder! The sky goes dark. Bluey, Bingo and Dad look out the window - Heavy rain pours down.

BLUEY
Can we still go to the picnic?

DAD
Aw, mate, I'm sorry. There won't be any picnic today, not now.

Bingo's lip quivers, about to cry.

DAD (CONT'D)
But we can do something even better!

Bingo cheers up.

BINGO
Go on an aeroplane?

DAD
No, not an aeroplane. We can have an INSIDE PICNIC!

BLUEY
An Inside Picnic? What's that?

DAD
A picnic inside, dummy!

BINGO
(unconvinced)
Can we bake some cakes?

DAD
Sure, why not? Can't do any harm.

TITLE CARD: Inside Picnic. Written by Niel Bushnell.

BLUEY
This episode of Bluey is called
INSIDE PICNIC.

EXT. BLUEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dark thundery clouds fill the sky. Heavy rain falls as
<THUNDER RUMBLES>. A phone <BEEPS>

DAD (V.O.)
Yep, Mum's got a message from the
group chat: outside picnic is
definitely off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The girls have spread the blanket out on the floor. The
hamper is open and Bluey is setting plates out. Bingo rushes
in.

A <CRICKET COMMENTARY> plays under from the TV.

BINGO
But we're having an Ninside Picnic!

BLUEY
It's *Inside*, not Ninside.

Dad is on the sofa, his focus on the TV.

BINGO
Ninside!

BLUEY
Dad, tell her!

DAD
It's Inside, Bingo.

Bingo makes angry <AEROPLANE NOISES>, running up and down in front of the TV. Dad struggles to see past her.

Bluey stands, satisfied.

BLUEY
There. All set. Ready for the
Inside Picnic.

Dad leans past her.

Bluey steps in the way, arms on hips.

DAD
Bluey.

BLUEY
Dad! You said we were having a
Ninside Picnic and -

DAD
Inside.

BLUEY
Inside! This is a picnic. There
aren't TVs in the park.

DAD
True. Sometimes people take
radios...

Bluey folds her arms, scowling.

DAD (CONT'D)
OK, OK, we're in a park without a
radio or a TV, it's nice and
peaceful.

BLUEY
Thank you.

But Dad is still watching the TV.

BLUEY (CONT'D)
Dad?

DAD
(still watching TV)
Hrmm?

BLUEY
 You're supposed to be making a
 cake, aren't you?

Dad <SIGHS>, takes one last look at the TV, then finds the
 remote and switches it off.

DAD
 Yeah, you're right, sorry. Let's
 get this cake started.

Dad stands and walks purposefully to the -

INT.KITCHEN - DAY

Dad pulls on an apron, picks out a cookbook and puts it on
 the kitchen worktop. He reads from a cookbook, fetching
 ingredients.

DAD
 Right, let's see what we need.
 Butter?

Bingo is trying to help, standing on a chair, reading the
 book.

Bluey finds the butter and brings it to Dad.

DAD (CONT'D)
 Thanks, Bluey! No, that's garlic
 butter! We don't want to make that
 mistake again, do we?

Bluey takes the garlic butter and swaps it for a packet of
 butter and hands it to Dad

DAD (CONT'D)
 Thanks, mate.
 (Reads)
 Four eggs...

Bluey runs to get the eggs.

BINGO
 I'll get it!

Bingo jumps down and runs after Bluey.

INT. CUPBOARD - DAY

The doors of the cupboard open to reveal Bluey and Bingo.

BLUEY

Eggs!

She picks up the box of eggs, but Bingo grabs it as well.

BINGO

I'll get them!

DAD (O.S.)

Go carefully, you two.

BLUEY

I've got them, Bingo!

INT.KITCHEN - DAY

Bluey and Bingo run back to the kitchen, both holding the egg box.

BINGO

Egg aeroplanes!

BLUEY

Stop it, Bingo. I've got them.

They struggle with the box and it falls to the floor.

Dad, Bingo and Bluey look down at the mess.

BINGO

Wasn't me.

BLUEY

Wasn't me.

Dad <SIGHS>. There are two unbroken eggs. Dad picks them up.

DAD

OK, maybe we just make a small cake?

BINGO

Cupcakes!

DAD

Cupcakes! Thanks, Bingo! Brilliant idea! Bluey, can you get a cloth and clean this up?

BLUEY

Why me?

DAD
Because you're good at it.

BINGO
I'm good at it too!

Bluey runs to grab the cloth.

DAD
Bingo, I've got a job for you too:
can you get me the self raising
flour from the cupboard? Carefully?

Bingo grins and goes to the cupboard. Bluey starts cleaning the eggs up.

BLUEY
Dad?

DAD
(cracking eggs into a
bowl)
Yeah?

BLUEY
Who's Mr Basset?

DAD
One of the neighbours. I don't know
him too well. Said hello a few
times. Borrowed his leaf blower
once. Nice guy.

BLUEY
Was he really, really old?

DAD
Hrmm, no, not really, really old.

Bingo returns with sugar, hops onto the chair.

BINGO
Here you go, Dad.

DAD
That's sugar, Bingo. We need flour.
Don't worry, I'll sort it.

BINGO
I can get it.

Bingo sets off again.

BLUEY
But I thought only really, really
old people died.

DAD
Not always.

INT. CUPBOARD - DAY

The doors open and Bingo looks in the cupboard.

BLUEY (O.S.)
So how old was he?

DAD (O.S.)
Can you see the flour, Bingo?

BINGO
Yes!

DAD (O.S.)
OK, great.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bingo brings the flour to Dad.

DAD
Thanks, buddy. Do we have vanilla
extract?

BINGO
What's vanilla extra?

BLUEY
How old was Mr Basset?

Bingo pours flour into a bowl - a cloud of dust covers her.

DAD
Bingo, we need to measure it out,
you can't just pour... doesn't
matter.

BLUEY
Dad?

DAD
I dunno.
(to Bingo)
Bingo! That's enough!

BLUEY
Old?

DAD
(distracted, takes flour
from Bingo)
Well, old-ish, probably, yeah.

BLUEY
Older than you?

Bingo stirs the flour. She's ghost-like with dust.

Dad stops, thinking, blinking, taken aback.

BLUEY (CONT'D)
Dad?

DAD
Well, maybe, just a bit.

BLUEY
Maybe?!

DAD
Maybe, yeah.

BLUEY
Dad?

Dad, far away, suddenly pops out of his thoughts and focuses on Bluey.

DAD
What is it, Bluey?

BLUEY
Can you die?

Bingo stops stirring. The girls look at their Dad.

Outside the rain still pours down. A low <RUMBLE> of thunder.

DAD
(laughs)
I'm not gonna die. That's crazy!
Can someone find some vanilla
extract? It might be in the
cupboard.

BLUEY
But could you?

DAD

Look, mate, we don't need to worry about that. But if Mum sees this mess we're all in trouble.

BINGO

(lip quivers)

Are you gonna die, Dad?

Dad lifts Bingo down and goes to join Bluey. He kneels, pulls his daughters close.

DAD

Look, kids, I'm not gonna lie to you. People die sometimes. Not just old people. But not very often, so you don't need to worry about it. Most people are just fine pretty much all of the time. I'm not planning on going anywhere any time soon, OK?

Bluey and Bingo look doubtful.

BINGO

(looking at her floured arms)

Would you be a ghost if you died?

DAD

Really, you shouldn't worry.

The girls are still doubtful.

DAD (CONT'D)

Look, I'm fine, I'm as strong as an ox!

Dad lifts Bluey and Bingo over his head, <GROWLING> playfully as he spins them around.

They fall on the floor on top of Dad, <LAUGHING>.

BINGO

What's an ox?

DAD

It's a bit like a cow, I think.

BINGO

Can we go see one?

DAD

One day.

BINGO
What's it taste like?

DAD
I don't know.
(to Bluey)
You OK, Bluey?

BLUEY
(Shrugs)
Yeah, I guess.

DAD
You know you don't need to worry.
Love you, Reddy.

They hug.

BLUEY
It's Bluey, not Reddy!

DAD
Yeah, I knew that. OK, who's going
to help me make these cupcakes?

BLUEY AND BINGO
Me!!

DAD
All right, Team Heeler!

Dad returns to the mess and picks up the packet of flour.

DAD (CONT'D)
Bingo? I don't think this is the
right flour. The recipe says self-
raising flour. This is plain flour.

BINGO
You didn't tell me that.

DAD
Didn't I?

BINGO
No.

DAD
You sure?

BLUEY
Won't that work?

DAD
No, it won't.

INT. CUPBOARD - DAY

Dad pulls the door open, looks in. Bingo and Bluey stand either side of him.

DAD
Looks like we're out of self
raising flour. And vanilla extract.
Kids, I don't think we've got the
right ingredients to make this
work.

BLUEY AND BINGO
Aww.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dad looks outside. The rain is easing off, the clouds parting.

DAD
But the rain's almost stopped.
Maybe we can go to the coffee shop
instead and get real cakes?

BLUEY AND BINGO
Yeah!

DAD
But we'd better clean this mess up
first or your Mum will go spare!

BINGO
Do we have to?

DAD
Yes, we really, really have to.
C'mon, the sooner we start the
sooner we finish.

Dad starts cleaning while Bluey and Bingo (still white) look on.

BINGO
I can't.

DAD
Why not.

BINGO
I'm a ghost. I died.

DAD
Well, I'm giving you the kiss of
life!

He grabs Bingo and licks her face, clearing a long white
stripe! Bingo <LAUGHS>!

DAD (CONT'D)
There, all better! Now go get
yourself cleaned up. Me and Bluey
can fix this, right Bluey?

BLUEY
Yeah.

Bingo exits as Dad and Bluey clear up the mess. Outside the
birds tweet as the sun comes out.

DAD
We'd better work fast, we don't
want Mum coming back to this, do
we?

O.S. the door <OPENS.>

Mum walks into the kitchen.

MUM
Hi.

DAD
We're nearly done. Don't worry
about this, you go sit down.

Mum just stands there looking sad.

BLUEY
Mum? What's the matter?

MUM
Sorry, just feeling a bit sad about
Mr Basset.

Bluey hugs Mum.

BLUEY
People die sometimes, but not very
often. You don't need to worry.
Love you, Mum.

Bingo enters, still ghostly.

BINGO

Hi, Mum, I'm a ghost.

Mum looks to Dad.

MUM

Well, it looks like you've had a lot of fun while I've been away.

DAD

I'll clean it up, I promise.

Mum kisses Dad.

MUM

It's fine, we can do it together later.

DAD

We were making cakes but we didn't have all the ingredients. I said we could go to the coffee shop and get some real cakes instead.

MUM

Real cakes?

DAD

Yeah, well, you know what I mean.

MUM

Good idea. I'll take them, you watch your cricket.

Dad looks at the TV, then at his family.

DAD

Nah. Let's all go.

BLUEY AND BINGO

Yeah!

BINGO

Can I still be a ghost?

DAD

Yeah!

MUM

No!

Mum picks up a cloth and starts wiping Bingo clean.

BLUEY

If Bingo's a ghost I want to be a scientist.

DAD

A scientist? Why?

BLUEY

So I can figure out how to bring her back to life! Like a zombie.

MUM

(to Dad)

What have you been telling them?

DAD

Nothing, I swear!

They walk out of the door together.

On the window, the birds fly past once more. The clouds have gone, it's a beautiful sunny day.

BINGO (O.S.)

Dad? What's a zombie?

END