

THE PHARAOH'S RAT

Written by

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Episode 2: Ichneumon

FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING SITE, HIGH RISE UNITS - DAY

SOMEONE in a surveillance van observes a building site of half-completed high rise units.

Promotional sign outside the building site displays the finished units with information that half the units have been sold.

CHARLIE, 40, an entrepreneurial project manager, shows Troy round the building site. Both are dressed in casual shorts

When WORKERS see Charlie they intensify their efforts.

TROY

It's a strategy I devised, Charlie.
I submit all your details to the
Tax Department..

CHARLIE

Stop, right there!

TROY

...your total outlays including
expenses...

CHARLIE

I'd never do that. I only show them
what I have to!

TROY

...then balance it against your
expected profit. Not your *actual*
profit, but your *expected* profit...

CHARLIE

Come on, Troy! They don't work like
that, never have.

TROY

That's my point. This is all new,
Charlie. I calculate taxation at
fifteen per cent across the board
on your expected profit. Not them,
me.

CHARLIE

Fifteen, hah!

TROY

They check the figures we give them. If they like, they approve. That locks them in at fifteen and you can guarantee up front returns to...

CHARLIE

To who, Charlie? Hmmm?

TROY

Whoever...Investors, backers...

CHARLIE

I'm the investor, Troy. It's my money that's building this. No one else. If it bombs I'm kaput! Can't risk it.

TROY

Fifteen per cent, Charlie. That's only twelve million, give or take a million.

Troy looks for Charlie's approval.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME DAY

SOMEONE inside the surveillance van records Troy and Charlie.

TROY V.O.

Geeze, Charlie, normally company tax is thirty per cent. You'd be up for thirty million, minimum.

CHARLIE V.O.

Spread over five years.

TROY V.O.

Obviously.

CHARLIE V.O.

Why would the Tax Department settle for twelve million when they can squeeze me for thirty?

EXT. BUILDING SITE, HIGH RISE UNITS - SAME DAY

We hear the click of photos being taken.

TROY

To avoid costly legal battles
against specialists like me. That's
what I do, Charlie.

Charlie raises an eyebrow.

CHARLIE

And why would they bloody settle?
The law's on their side.
Everything's on their...

TROY

To avoid rip-offs from dubious
accountants creating off-shore tax
havens and bottom of the harbour
schemes. They lost billions,
Charlie.

CHARLIE

And now they're putting blokes with
schemes in fucken jail!

Nothing's illegal. Promise. It's
not a scheme, Charlie. It's the
future. I invented this. Private
bindings. Everyone's a winner.

Charlie considers while looking at the promotional board.

TROY

You can buy two dozen units legally
and change that fifty to ninety.

CHARLIE

Fifteen percent you say?

TROY

Guaranteed.

Troy refers to the promotional board.

CHARLIE

And nothing illegal? Ha!

TROY

I meet with the Tax Department, put
everything on the table for their
approval. If it's a thumbs down we
walk and you lose nothing.

CHARLIE

Except they now have access to all
my figures.

TROY

If you can't trust the Government,
Charlie, who can you trust?

Charlie looks hard at Troy before extending his hand. They shake.

CHARLIE

That's what I like about you, Troy.
You're the type of bloke my wife
should've married.

INT. TAX DEPARTMENT, SECRET ROOM - NEXT DAY

Through a discrete two-way mirror, Taxation Commissioner ELLIS, 45, watches Taxation Officer, ERNIE SIMS, 30, and Troy talking in Sim's office. Troy wears a tie and shorts.

INT. SIM'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy apprehensively sits across the desk from Ernie Sims, who checks Troy's submission. The office is sparse and neat. Sims appears impressed.

ERNIE

On my cursory calculations your
client could be expected to pay
thirty per cent tax.

TROY

Twenty with offsets over five years
and I could reduce it creatively to
fifteen. Normally you wouldn't
have access up front to what's in
our submission.

ERNIE

I'll need all original
documentation.

Troy nods.

ERNIE

If the figures check out, and I
stress *if*, I can pretty much say
we'd look favourably at the
concept of up-front binding
contracts.

They shake.

EXT. TAXATION DEPARTMENT - SAME DAY

Troy leaves the Tax Department.

He explodes into rapture.

INT. TROY'S OFFICES, RECEPTION - SAME DAY

Troy and Charlie enter Troy's reception.

A WORKER, 25, follows, wheeling boxes of documents.

The female RECEPTIONIST, 30, attempts to attract Troy's attention.

TROY

That's as good as it gets, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I'm still not convinced.

Troy looks mystified.

CHARLIE

I have to pay you seven hundred grand.

Charlie laughs.

Troy laughs, relieved.

Troy's laugh immediately disappears when he notices two JUNKIES, male and female, 25, stressing out, arms tightly folded.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Mr Emmanuel, they wouldn't speak to anybody else.

Troy indicates for the receptionist not to worry.

MALE JUNKIE

Troy, hey, Troy, mate. I used to go to school with this dude.

The female junkie is too stressed to respond.

MALE JUNKIE

Tell her, mate. Tell her how I used to open the bowling.

TROY

Just give us a sec.

The Junkie impatiently waves a document in front of Troy.

MALE JUNKIE

They want us to pay fucken tax,
man.

Troy looks at the document. The female turns circles.

MALE JUNKIE

I'm on the fucken dole.

The male Junkie addresses Charlie who acts interested.

MALE JUNKIE

Can you fucken believe this? And
they want me to pay tax on my
deals. Some fucken arsehole
journalist puts it on video and I'm
supposed to pay tax.

The Female shows Charlie her track marks. Charlie is lost
for words.

FEMALE JUNKIE

Every cent...every stinken cent's
in here. What d'they want, blood?

Troy returns the document to the Female, ushers Charlie and
the Worker through to his office then attempts to close the
door but the Male Junkie blocks him.

MALE JUNKIE

What am I, a fucken nobody?

The Male Junkie indicates to his female partner everything'll
be cool. The Female Junkie shivers. Troy closes the door.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

The Worker removes the boxes from the trolley.

MALE JUNKIE O.S.

Is that what I am, eh, Troy, a
fucken nobody?

Charlie indicates for the Worker to leave.

CHARLIE

(indicating documents)
Remember, some of this stuff's red
hot.

Troy hands Charlie a receipt to sign.

TROY

We've just had a windfall of fifteen million, mate. Be happy.

MALE JUNKIE O.S.

Come on, man. Come on. I've got a fucken piano lesson to get to, haven't I?

CHARLIE

I'm never happy until it's correct weight, the bookie's paid up and the horse is in the jacuzzi.

A chair smashes through the door, breaking the door from its hinges.

The angry Male Junkie enters. But before he can do anything Troy tosses the Male Junkie an account book, which he fumbles but catches.

MALE JUNKIE

What's this?

TROY

A receipt book. Record all your transactions for one week then come back and see me.

MALE JUNKIE

(to Charlie)

Is he for real?

INT. VIVIANNE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Male and female clothes are strewn over an exquisite marble floor.

A wall-television, without audio, shows late night news of the racetrack robbery.

Vivianne and Troy massage each other's feet in a spacious bath.

Vivianne increases audio with the remote control.

Troy pulls her foot causing her to submerge. She holds the remote out of the water.

She re-emerges to focus on the broadcast.

FEMALE NEWSREADER
(on television)
Sensational scenes at the
Metropolitan Racetrack yesterday.
In what could be coincidence or
clever planning...

Footage shows POLICE interviewing Security staff at the
racetrack.

FEMALE NEWS READER
(on television)
...when the man the media have
dubbed Robin Hood, and many
believed to be in hibernation or
even dead, masterminded an
incredible robbery with what can
only be described as precision
timing.

Foxy's hand creeps through the door and removes Troy's wallet
from his trousers.

FEMALE NEWSREADER
(on television)
The daring bandit known for his
impersonations, strategic planning
and absence of violence...

VIVIANNE
Oh, pleaseeeee..!

Troy shoots her a challenging look.

VIVIANNE
She's getting off on it!

INT. FOXY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Foxy removes money from Troy's wallet.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Foxy's hand returns Troy's wallet.

FEMALE NEWSREADER
(on television)
Senior police have expressed
genuine concern that...

EXT. HOI POLLOI HOTEL - SAME NIGHT

We zoom towards the name HOI POLLOI on the outside of the old fashioned pub, then through a back window of the pub.

INT. HOI POLLOI HOTEL, BACKROOM - SAME NIGHT

The same newscast plays in the back room of the Hoi Polloi.

Bondi and Ed, sitting at the bar, watch footage of the naked Streaker.

Ed checks a batch of Scratchies. As usual his discards are separated into winning and losing piles, the losing pile ten times the size of the winning pile.

FEMALE NEWSREADER

(on television)

...Robin Hood may have been aided and abetted by the Society Streaker who is gaining an infamous reputation for his disruption of major events.

ED

I'd want a bit more to show off than that if I were you, Mate.

PATRONS laugh.

The television shows Victor Kelly collapsing after chasing the streaker.

ED

There is no arrest for the wicked.

Patrons laughs.

FEMALE NEWSREADER

(on television)

Police have refused to reveal the amount stolen but are certain some proceeds will turn up as anonymous donations. In the past, following similarly spectacular robberies, money has been left at major hospitals, curiously, directly under the letter I in hospital.

The television shows a hospital sign and close up of the letter I.

Ed puts his wallet on the counter.

ED

He can leave as much as he likes in
the wallet of the Unknown Male
Worker, Luv, directly under the
letters ME.

The news crosses live to REPORTER ANDREW, 25, at the
racetrack.

FEMALE NEWSREADER O.S.

(on television)

What can you tell us, Andrew?

EXT. MEMBERS' CLUB ENTRANCE - FLASHBACK

Andrew talks live to camera while maneuvering in and out of
the investigation scene.

POLICE are still carrying out inquiries and interviewing
patrons.

ANDREW

Thank you, Fiona. Police are being
very tight-lipped but I have
reliable information that Robin
Hood actually worked here as a
security guard for several weeks
prior to today's robbery.

Andrew approaches Le Fleur.

ANDREW

Excuse me. Live to Air. Robin Hood
worked here as a Security Guard.
Can you confirm that?

LE FLEUR

Um...

Le Fleur looks around before answering.

LE FLEUR

(grinning)

Look, if it was him, all I can say
is that he was a damn good worker.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOI POLLOI HOTEL, BACKROOM - NIGHT

Patrons laugh at Le Fleur's comment shown on television.
Music from another room in the pub can just be heard.

ED
Up the Workers.

Through a door into a karaoke bar at the pub we see The Busker(D), made-up as Jim Morrison, but in tuxedo and white gloves, half way through *L.A. Woman*. While his singing has a lot to be desired his impersonation of Jim Morrison is spot on.

BUSKER (D)
*'Mr Mojo Risin', Mr Mojo Risin' Mr
Mojo Risin', Mr Mojo Risin' Got to
keep on risin' Mr Mojo Risin', Mr
Mojo Risin' Mojo Risin', gotta Mojo
Risin' Mr Mojo Risin', gotta keep
on risin' Risin', risin' Gone
risin', risin' I've gotta risin',
risin' Well risin' risin' I gotta,
wooo, yeah, risin' Woah, ohh
yeah...'*

As we pull back to Ed who pushes the winning pile of Scratchies towards the BARMAID, dressed as Madonna, the sound decreases in volume. Madonna swaps Ed's winning Scratchies for more Scratchies.

The song plays through the following scenes.

FEMALE NEWSREADER V.O.
(on television)
Is that Frank Corrigan in the
background?

EXT. MEMBERS' CLUB ENTRANCE - FLASHBACK

Andrew hurries to Corrigan who is with his Bodyguard.

Corrigan waves Andrew away.

CORRIGAN
No comment!

ANDREW
Is it true Robin Hood worked for
you, Mr Corrigan?

CORRIGAN
Are you deaf?

Andrew follows, manoeuvring between the Bodyguard and Corrigan.

ANDREW

Do you know who he is? Did you arrange the Streaker as a publicity stunt? Do you think this will have any bearing on your casino bid?

Corrigan stops, angrily turns to Andrew. Corrigan appears on the verge of attacking Andrew. The Bodyguard steps between them.

Andrew quickly moves and faces the camera.

Corrigan's Bodyguard ushers Andrew and his Cameraman away as Andrew talks to camera.

ANDREW

As you can see, Fiona, people are a little uptight around here. I presume it's because their faces have literally been covered in egg.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOI POLLOI HOTEL, BACKROOM - NIGHT

Ed moves the mountain of losing scratchies away.

ED

Scrambled egg, mate. Anyone who can stick it up the hoity-toity has my vote.

(toasting)

Up the hoi polloi.

Ed lifts his schooner and skoals it. Bondi does the same.

Patrons heartily support them.

Whistling and cheering for The Busker is heard.

EXT. HIRE CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Busker(D) stands in a chauffeur driven hire car, his upper body extending through the sun roof.

Next to him on the car seat are the newspapers wrapped in hay twine.

Music to *LA Woman* blasts out as he sings the lyrics.

The car shoots through inner Sydney.

ONLOOKERS wave, OTHERS watch bemused.

BUSKER (D)

*'Well, I just got into town about
an hour ago. Took a look around,
see which way the wind blow. Where
the little girls in their Hollywood
bungalows.*

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Vivianne, wrapped in towel, dials her mobile.

BUSKER V.O. (D)

*Are you a lucky little lady in the
City of Light? Or just another lost
angel.....*

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOME OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

Corrigan, drinking Scotch at his desk, answers his mobile.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Vivianne dabs moisturiser on her face as she talks.

VIVIANNE

(into phone)
We need to talk.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOME OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

Corrigan watches Vivianne on his computer screen. He sees Troy lying on the bed in the background.

CORRIGAN

(into phone)
Tell me what you're wearing.

VIVIANNE V.O.

(over phone)
I'm serious.

CORRIGAN

(into phone)
Tell me what you're wearing.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Vivianne checks Troy before answering.

VIVIANNE
 (into phone)
 Nothing.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOME OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

Corrigan gulps the remainder of his glass.

CORRIGAN
 (into phone)
 I don't believe you.

VIVIANNE V.O.
 (over phone)
 You're playing into the hands of
 the media. You need a good PR.

CORRIGAN
 (into phone)
 And you need a good man.

VIVIANNE V.O.
 (over phone)
 They'll cut you to pieces, Frank.
 Get a professional.

CORRIGAN
 (into phone)
 I did that once, remember?

VIVIANNE V.O.
 (over phone)
 Goodnight, Frank.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Vivianne places her mobile on her vanity table.

TROY
 What'd he say?

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOME OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan pours a large Scotch.

VIVIANNE V.O.

Nothing. That's always been his problem. He's a genius except when it comes to the things that count.

Corrigan watches Vivianne drop her towel and go to Troy.

Corrigan pushes the record button on his computer.

INT. KARAOKE BAR 2 - THAT NIGHT

The Busker(D) continues *L.A. Woman* in another Karaoke bar. The room grooves to his performance.

Two well-presented middle-aged WOMEN swoon.

BUSKER O.S. (D)

City of Night, City of Night, City of Night, City of Night, woo, c'mon....'

EXT./INT. HIRE CAR - THAT NIGHT

The two middle-aged women sip champagne as the car crosses the Harbour Bridge with the Busker(D), head through the sun roof, singing. Both women wear I badges.

BUSKER (D)

'Drivin' down your freeways, Midnite alleys roam. Cops in cars, the topless bars. Never saw a woman so alone, so alone so alone, so alone.....'

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A grotesque mask covers the face of the Psychiatrist. We zoom in to the mouth of the mask.

PSYCHIATRIST

Many animals, including humans, exhibit an urge to mimicry. They assume the characteristics of others. We call this mimetism.

EXT. CORRIGAN'S HOTEL, BEACH FRONT - THAT NIGHT

From outside the main entrance to Corrigan's Hotel a fire blazes in the distance on the beach.

As we approach the fire the bare-chested Busker(D), still wearing tuxedo pants and gloves, ritualistically decorates his chest with ash and charcoal.

He erupts into a wild frenzied stomp (sixties) dance. The two women are mesmerised.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Some see mimetism as a need to conceal oneself. A protection against predators. I see it more as a ploy designed to create fear in others.

The women join the Busker in his frenetic dance. The Busker(B), eyes ablaze, silently screams towards the hotel. The women back away, fearful.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S HOME - DAY (DAYS LATER)

A van with TROPICAL FISH written on the side drives away from the outside Vivianne's home.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - DAY (SAME DAY)

Foxy, in school uniform and carrying school backpack, opens her front door.

A new tropical fishtank of exotic fish features along one wall

Vivianne feeds the fish. Foxy stares at the tank in disbelief.

FOXY

What's that?

VIVIANNE

Aren't they gorgeous?

FOXY

No!

VIVIANNE

They're a present from Troy.

FOXY

You know I hate fish!

VIVIANNE

I was hoping you'd feed them.

FOXY
Yeah, right!

Foxy leaves, slamming the door.

VIVIANNE
You used to love them at
Granddads's.

On a coffee table is a book titled, *The Pharaohs*.

INT. SHOPPING COMPLEX - DAY (NEXT DAY)

SOMEONE watches Foxy and two school friends, CORY, 14, and JILLIAN, 14, all in school uniform and wearing backpacks.

The three schoolkids laugh as they exit David Jones. Foxy carries a David Jones plastic shopping bag.

A male SECURITY OFFICER, 30, check their backpacks.

The three walk through the Complex. a middle-aged MALE gives Foxy the eye. Foxy sends him up. Cory laughs. The Male scurries away.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME DAY

The three enter a Department Store.

A Female SECURITY OFFICER, 30, calls Foxy over.

FOXY
What?

The Security Officer staples the top of the David Jones plastic bag closed.

Foxy, Jillian and Cory act as if they've been framed for murder.

The Guard smiles triumphantly at Foxy.

INT. LINGERIE DEPARTMENT - SAME DAY

Cory and Jillian frolic with expensive bras to distract STAFF.

Their behavior offends elderly SHOPPERS.

With the Staff distracted, Foxy unstaples the plastic bag, removes an identical David Jones plastic bag, crams the new bag full of bras and stuffs the original bag into the new bag with the bras, staples it closed and returns the stapler to her back pack.

INT. EXIT TO DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME DAY

Foxy calmly walks to the exit.

Her friends playfully push and shove each other.

The Security Guard calls them over and carefully checks their back packs before allowing them to leave.

Foxy triumphantly smiles. Cory is in awe of Foxy.

Sensing she is being followed, Foxy looks around but sees no one.

EXT. PARK - SAME DAY

The Derelict, drunk, disheveled and clutching the old newspapers, sleeps in a park.

Next to him is an empty bottle of wine.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S HAUTE COUTURE - SAME DAY

A COUPLE look through the window of VIVIANNE'S HAUTE COUTURE, dress shop.

The exquisite black evening gown is still highlighted in the window.

Inside the shop Vivianne talks to a female CUSTOMER, 60.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HAUTE COUTURE - SAME DAY

Vivianne attends to the female Customer now trying on a low cut evening gown.

Mamselle assists in her stylish and outlandish way.

Cable television in the background continually updates Stocks and Shares.

The Book, *The Pharaohs*, is on the counter.

The Customer shakes her head at her image in a mirror. The dress is not to her liking. Vivianne agrees. The Customer indicates the gown in the window.

VIVIANNE
Eleven thousand.

The Customer raises an eyebrow.

VIVIANNE
It's a La Harre. The only one of
it's kind in the world.

CUSTOMER
I'll try it on.

Vivianne indicates for Mamselle to get the black dress from the window.

The television flashes a news message.

NEWSREADER
(on television)
We have an interesting twist in the
Metropolitan Racetrack Robbery.

Vivianne increases the volume to the annoyance of the customer.

NEWSREADER
(on television)
Gambler's Anonymous this morning
received a cash donation of fifty
thousand dollars from an anonymous
donor.

The news report cuts to a female REPORTER, 25, interviewing the female ORGANISER, 40, of Gambler's Anonymous in front of a Gambler's Anonymous sign.

Their residential number is nine.

A young female ASSISTANT to the organiser proudly wears a T-shirt displaying a photo of the real Robin Hood. Both wear I badges.

REPORTER
(on television)
Are you at all concerned the money
may be proceeds from the Racetrack
Robbery?

ORGANISER G.A.
(on television)
We don't know that.

REPORTER
(on television)
But if you did?

ORGANISER G.A.
(on television)
Then yes I'd be concerned, very
concerned.

REPORTER
(on television)
Those badges..?

An I badge briefly fills the screen.

ORGANISER G.A.
(on television)
Oh, they came with the money.

REPORTER
(on television)
You are aware the Robin Hood bandit
was infamous for distributing
similar badges?

ORGANISER G.A.
(on television)
No, I wasn't.

REPORTER
(on television)
And that the ninth letter of the
Alphabet is I?

The television camera shows the residential address, number
nine.

ORGANISER G.A.
(on television - fake
shock)
Is it?

NEWSREADER
(on television)
A moment ago I spoke live to Mr
Frank Corrigan.

Mamselle motions for Vivianne to appraise the black dress the
satisfied Customer is trying on.

Vivianne is preoccupied with the news.

EXT. RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Corrigan looks uncomfortable outside the Members as he talks to the Newsreader off camera.

Mason and the Bodyguard watch from the sidelines.

NEWSREADER

Thank you for your time, Mr
Corrigan.

CORRIGAN

No questions on the casino!

The Newsreader indicates for the CAMERAMAN to film. Corrigan, realising he's on camera, forces a smile.

CORRIGAN

It's a pleasure to talk to you.

NEWSREADER

The exploits of Robin Hood could
have a negative impact on your
casino licence application?

Corrigan doesn't respond. Mason waves for the filming to stop.

NEWSREADER

It might be thought that if you
were unable to arrange adequate
security at a racetrack then...

CORRIGAN

(interrupting)
Right!

The Bodyguard blocks filming. Corrigan walks away followed by Mason.

CORRIGAN

That's it!

NEWSREADER

Mr Corrigan, why should the
community trust you with the
licence for the next casino?

CORRIGAN

I've got a bible class to go to.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME DAY

Vivianne punches numbers into her mobile.

Mamselle patiently waits with the female customer.

INT. MEMBERS' FOYER RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Corrigan and Mason anxiously await a taxi. The Bodyguard indicates for the media to keep their distance.

Corrigan's mobile rings. He checks the number before returning the mobile to his pocket.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME DAY

Vivianne's number is not answering. She redials another number.

The customer, feeling rejected, glares at Vivianne.

INT. MEMBERS FOYER RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Mason's mobile rings. He checks the number as a taxi pulls up outside. The Bodyguard opens a door for Corrigan.

Mason waits for Corrigan to enter the taxi before answering.

MASON

(into phone)

Vivianne...No, I'm not sure...He's
in a meeting, I think...Ah, at the
hotel. Why?

The Media approach the taxi. Corrigan indicates from the taxi for Mason to hurry. The Bodyguard hops into the front passenger seat.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME DAY

VIVIANNE V.O.

(over phone)

I need to speak to him personally,
now...It's a PR thing.

EXT. MEMBERS FOYER RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Mason is about to enter the taxi.

MASON
(into phone)
Why don't we get together, discuss
this over a drink?

The phone goes dead.

MASON
(into phone for Corrigan's
benefit)
Good. See you there.

Mason hops into the taxi which drives hurriedly away from the frustrated media.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME DAY

Vivianne angrily puts her mobile in her bag.

She hurries from the shop.

VIVIANNE
(without looking)
It's perfect. You look beautiful.

Mamselle is dismayed. The Customer smiles, confused.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - SAME DAY

Foxy and her friends check out a display tent temporarily set up in the Shopping Complex to advertise casino online gambling.

Advertising outside the tent invites customers to enter the display tent and play with fake money.

Foxy hands her David Jones bag and backpack to Cory before attempting to enter the tent. A male ATTENDANT, 20, steps in front of her.

ATTENDANT
You have to be eighteen.

Foxy shows fake ID. The Attendant steps aside.

ATTENDANT
Sorry.

Foxy enters.

Cory and Jillian, impressed, patiently wait.

INT. GAMBLING TENT - SAME DAY

A male PROMOTER, 45, in suit and tie hands Foxy \$500 play money plus promotional material. She takes the play money but rejects the promotional material.

SHOPPERS observe while others sit at roulette and blackjack tables staffed by male CROUPIERS.

A WAITER serves tiny complimentary glasses of wine.

A sign reads: Visit our Web Site: Internet Gambling on-line: www.gamblers@mason.com.

Foxy, sips wine and watches. A SHOPPER leaves the blackjack table. The CROUPIER indicates for Foxy to play. She sits at the table and puts the \$500 on the blackjack table trying her best to give the impression she's an old hand at blackjack.

She is dealt a ten and a nine. She motions for another card. SPECTATORS think she's an idiot.

CROUPIER

You sure? Over twenty-one and you break.

FOXY

Tell me something I don't know.

All eyes are on her.

The Croupier cunningly deals her a two from the bottom of the deck which gives her twenty-one, flips his two cards which add up to eighteen, flips again and breaks with a seven.

Foxy shrieks as the Croupier gives her \$1,000 fake money.

The promoter indicates he wants a word. She leaves the table.

PROMOTER

We're not supposed to do this, but give's this...

He takes the \$1,000 and hands her a book.

PROMOTER

...and we'll give you this.

The book is: Gambling for Dummies.

PROMOTER

You're a natural. Our website's on the back.

Excited, she hurries out, past a mountain of similar books.

EXT. CORRIGAN'S HOTEL - DAY

Vivianne hurries into Corrigan's Hotel.

INT. RECEPTION, CORRIGAN'S HOTEL - DAY

Vivianne waits at reception. A clerk is on the phone. He looks at Vivianne, shakes his head, hangs up.

VIVIANNE

It's important. Phone him back.

CLERK

I'm sorry. Strict instructions not to be disturbed.

Vivianne defiantly walks to the lifts. The Clerk phones a number.

INT. BOARDROOM, CORRIGAN'S - SAME DAY

The Financiers, including Tom, sit around the table, with Corrigan, Mason and The Commissioner. They all put their mobiles on silent.

The Commissioner opens a satchel and removes two folders, both titled ROBIN HOOD, one enormous, the other manifestly empty.

The Commissioner indicates the enormous folder.

INT. OUTSIDE BOARDROOM - DAY.

Corrigan's Bodyguard listens outside the boardroom. He holds an envelope.

Vivianne approaches. The Bodyguard shakes his head at her.

VIVIANNE

He asked me to come, urgently.

COMMISSIONER V.O.

Results of all our investigations, every lead followed, including forensics on all the identities we know he's used including Roger Long, finger printing, DNA analysis, you name it.

INT. BOARDROOM, CORRIGAN'S - DAY

The Bodyguard enters, closes the door, stands at the door, catches Corrigan's eye. He indicates the envelope to Corrigan.

The Commissioner opens the second folder, revealing a blank piece of paper.

COMMISSIONER

This is everything we've come up with.

Corrigan's Bodyguard hands Corrigan the envelope. It contains photos.

COMMISSIONER

No one knows what he looks like. He leaves nothing.

Corrigan checks a photo from the envelope. Mason attempts to look at it but Corrigan shields it from him. It shows Foxy at the blackjack table. Corrigan returns the photo to the envelope.

MASON

There must be something!

COMMISSIONER

This bloke could be half-way up Edna Everidge and Barry Humphries wouldn't even know.

TOM

It's a media circus, Frank! If they start writing negative editorials...

Mason glares at The Commissioner.

MASON

You must do something!

The Bodyguard whispers to Corrigan who angrily shakes his head.

COMMISSIONER

Do what?

MASON

Lean on people? Call in favours, whatever you people do.

COMMISSIONER

I'll tell you your biggest problem,
Kimberly.

Kimberly is cut to the quick. The others wait on the
Commissioner's response.

COMMISSIONER

Even I begrudgingly admire him.

Mason furiously pushes his coffee away, spilling it close to
the folders. The Commissioner moves the folders. Corrigan
doesn't react.

MASON

Pathetic! If that's the best you
can offer.

COMMISSIONER

I'm simple stating the obvious. If
you have a better solution?

MASON

We need a different approach. Fight
fire with fire. Recruit our own
people. If this imbercile wants a
war let's give him one, an all out
war.

Vivianne gushes into the room unexpectedly. The Bodyguard
moves to prevent her entry. Vivianne points an angry finger
at him. He checks with Corrigan who shakes his head.

Corrigan puts the photographs away.

VIVIANNE

That's not the way to approach it,
Kimberly.

Mason is momentarily shaken by Vivianne's entrance.

MASON

With all due respect, Vivianne,
this isn't exactly your area of
expertise.

VIVIANNE

It's exactly my area of expertise,
Kimberly. It's a PR exercise...

MASON

(interrupting)
What d'you suggest...

VIVIANNE
 ...not a street war.

MASON
 ...hand out our own T-shirts?

VIVIANNE
 If we have to, yes.

MASON
 Get serious!

COMMISSIONER
 I'm prepared to listen to anyone.

Vivianne smiles appreciatively at the Commissioner, but speaks directly to Corrigan.

VIVIANNE
 You don't have to catch him...not yet.

MASON
 Oh great, make him Australian of the Year while we're at it.

CORRIGAN
 What do you suggest, Vivianne?

VIVIANNE
 Step one, undermine his credibility.

COMMISSIONER
 (contemptuously)
 What should we do, Vivianne?

Vivianne smiles, removes a black Texta from her designer handbag, crosses out ROBIN HOOD on the Commissioner's folder and writes ICHNEUMON.

She pushes the folder in front of Corrigan.

Everyone is confused, none more than Mason who turns away, frustrated.

INT. MAKE-UP, TELEVISION STATION - SAME DAY

Corrigan is having make-up applied by a female MAKE-UP ARTIST.

A poster displays a facial photo above the name Michael Stone.

Vivianne talks to MICHAEL STONE, 45, hard-nosed current affairs producer and on-air reporter. He refers to a newspaper byline of the racetrack robbery.

STONE

On the one hand you want me to turn
the prince into a frog...

They watch Corrigan who can't hear them talking while he's being made up.

STONE

...but also turn the frog into a
prince?

VIVIANNE

I see it more a case of defining
who are the good guys and who are
the bad guys, Michael.

Stone laughs doubtfully.

STONE

Sometimes I wish you were still
working for us.

VIVIANNE

I don't want this criminal coming
across as an urban legend.

STONE

When I do battle, Darling, there
are no legends, except me.

CORRIGAN

I'm ready for my close-up, Mr
Stone.

INT. STUDIO, TELEVISION STATION - SAME DAY

Stone interviews Corrigan, now dressed in dark suit and yellow tie, in a pre-record for his Current Affairs program.

Vivianne watches from the side.

STONE

This is Michael Stone for Live
News. Tonight I want to hold a
mirror to our own industry, the
media, and examine a growing
malaise, our penchant for turning
criminals into cultural icons.

INT. VIVIANNE'S LOUNGE ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Vivianne and Troy eat take-away finger food while watching the Current Affairs program.

Newspaper headlines linking Robin Hood to crimes are intermittently highlighted on the show.

STONE

(on television)

This menace to society has been depicted as a modern day Robin Hood. Supposedly he robs from the rich to give to the poor. How naive. How utterly tabloid. Aren't we conveniently overlooking the obvious? What about the victims?

TROY

The Insurance Companies?

Vivianne playfully digs Troy in the ribs.

STONE

(on television)

We spoke to some of those victims.

Footage cuts to Stone interviewing Rankin in his backyard with his WIFE, 25, and BABY.

STONE

(on television)

Mr Rankin, you were in the TAB office when it was robbed. How has that affected your life?

RANKIN

(on television)

Um...It was terrifying. I could've...We could've all been killed. I haven't been able to sleep. And ah, it's hard to know who to trust anymore.

STONE

(on television)

You've had to take time off work?

INT. HOI POLLOI HOTEL, BACKROOM - SAME NIGHT

Patrons, including Ed and Bondi, quietly watch the Current Affairs program.

Ed works on his Scratchies.

In the karaoke bar a female SINGER, 50, crucifies *I am Woman*.

RANKIN

(on television)

My Doctor said I might be suffering
post traumatic stress.

ED

You wouldn't have done a day's work
in your life, you big heap of shit.

Only Bondi laughs.

STONE

(on television)

Just one of the many victims left
behind by this criminal sociopath.

INT. CHEAP ROOM - SAME NIGHT

The Derelict, lying on a bed in a darkened room, watches the
Current Affairs Show.

Next to him are the old newspapers.

STONE

(on television)

We asked people in the street what
they thought.

The screen shows Vivianne outside her shop being interviewed.
She holds a Robin Hood T-shirt.

VIVIANNE

(on television)

I think it's disgusting, people
making money out of the actions of
a criminal.

INT. VIVIANNE'S LOUNGE ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The footage shows a close up of the name of Vivianne's shop.
Troy digs Vivianne in the ribs.

TROY

You're just as bad.

INT. FOXY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Foxy's bedroom is something out of the back pages of Movie World.

Foxy and Cory play internet blackjack.

A window is conveniently open. They can hear the television playing downstairs.

Foxy bets one dollar and jumps with excitement when she wins. Cory is more interested in looking at her bare legs.

STONE V.O.

(on television)

We asked Professor Munroe, well known psychiatrist, to explain the significance of the I.

INT. VIVIANNE'S LOUNGE ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The television screen shows a hospital sign and focuses on the letter I before cutting to PROFESSOR MUNROE, 50, old-school with handlebar moustache and tweed jacket.

PROFESSOR MUNROE

(on television)

This is a new phenomena, a by-product of the ever-increasing me-generation. It reflects a craving to be noticed, like a graffiti artist's signature. It's saying, "I am important. Please notice me." Very very childish.

STONE

(on television)

Does it have a name, this phenomena?

Professor Munroe waves a copy of *The Pharaohs*.

PROFESSOR MUNROE

(on television)

I call it the Ichneumon Syndrome.

ICHNEUMON appears written on screen under an image of a mongoose.

PROFESSOR MUNROE

(on television)

An Ichneumon is a thief-like weasel, a parasite, if you like, a rat gnawing at everything. "Look at what I'm doing."

STONE

(on television)

Ichneumon. Isn't that Muslim?

The screen shows a yellow I on a red background with the word ICHNEUMON.

PROFESSOR MUNROE

Greek actually, but popularised by the Pharaohs. Sufferers continually re-live their childhood because their maturation curve is stuck like a needle in a dysfunctional groove. Think of an old gramophone player no one wants anymore.

STONE

(on television)

Thank you, Professor.

TROY

Where did you get this nutter?

PROFESSOR MUNROE

(on television)

I've researched numerous weasels in their natural habitats. Maybe you should do a whole program on weasels. I have years of...

The screen cuts to Stone.

STONE

(interrupting on television)

Thank you, Professor Munroe.

INT. ROOM - THAT NIGHT

A close-up of the Derelict's eyes reflects what's on television.

STONE

(on television)

This Ichneumon is a thief, a coward. This Ichneumon is a total menace to society. This Ichneumon is a virus out to destroy our world! Frank Corrigan,...

Screen shows Corrigan.

STONE

(on television)

...for years you've devoted your energies to serving society with your generous philanthropic donations. How has this affected you?

CORRIGAN

(on television)

My family have been devastated, my employees, as you've seen, are in fear of their lives. Decent Aussie battlers.

STONE

(on television)

If you had the opportunity to speak to this rat-like parasite what would you say to him?

Corrigan looks straight down the camera.

CORRIGAN

(on television)

Think of the harm you're doing, mate. Give yourself up before you destroy our way of life.

INT. VIVIANNE'S LOUNGE ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Vivianne lights a joint, puffs and hands it to Troy.

She hears a noise from Foxy's room.

Vivianne backs up the stairs so she can continue watching television.

STONE V.O.

(on television)

Now I believe you have a special offer to make?

CORRIGAN V.O.

(on television)

Yes, Michael. If this Ichneumon character goes willingly to the police I'm prepared to donate all monies recovered to charity. If not, I'll personally offer fifty thousand dollars for information leading to his arrest.

TROY

Fifty thousand!

Corrigan looks down the camera.

CORRIGAN

(on television)

You're on notice, mate. I'm coming for you.

INT. ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The Derelict's eyes sear into the television screen.

STONE

(on television)

One final question. You own numerous hotels, supermarkets. You're a successful race horse owner, Chairman of the Metropolitan Racetrack. Why should this city give you the opportunity to make more money by entrusting you with its next casino licence?

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Vivianne silently opens Foxy's door. Foxy is by herself at her computer.

CORRIGAN V.O.

(on television)

Fair question, Michael. The prospect of more money to me is a low priority.

INT. ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The Derelict's black pupils reflect a devil-like image of Corrigan from the hell-like television.

CORRIGAN
(on television)
I'm about excellence, about making
this casino the best in the world.
The people I employ are decent,
honest, Australians.

The Derelict emits a cry of anguish.

INT. FOXY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Foxy, aware of Vivianne's presence, immediately switches to a music site.

VIVIANNE
Was that a gambling site?

Foxy mucks around with a CD burner.

Vivianne innocently looks around before closing the window.

FOXY
Nooooo!

VIVIANNE
I thought it might've been for your
school project.

FOXY
I'm burning a CD for school. Is
that okay with you?

VIVIANNE
Where'd you learn that?

FOXY
Mum, it's called Info Tech. It's
like a subject. I've only been
doing it for like six months.

VIVIANNE
Copying someone else's music?
Isn't that illegal?

FOXY
I dunno. I'll like ask the
teacher.

VIVIANNE
Good.

FOXY
Mum?

VIVIANNE

Hmmmmmm?

FOXY

You really like Troy, don't you?

Vivianne nods.

Foxy

So do I.

Vivianne smiles warmly.

INT. SEEDY BAR - THAT NIGHT

HENCHMEN question DRINKERS in a seedy bar. The drinkers shake their heads.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Derelict, clutching the newspapers, roams a darkened street.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - THAT NIGHT

The Derelict flattens his face against the glass and stares at the expensive black dress. His eyes are teary, his face grotesque-like.

INT. HOME, PASSAGEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Four MEN in balaclavas smash through the front door of a home late at night.

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

A sleeping COUPLE are brutally woken by the Men.

One holds a struggling WOMAN, 25.

Two hold the MAN, 25. The other smashes his legs with a cricket bat.

BALACLAVA

Who is he? Who is he?

MAN

(screaming)

Who? Who?

BALACLAVA
 Ichneumon, who is he?

MAN
 Who?

BALACLAVA
 Ichneumon!

MAN
 Never heard of him.

The cricket bat is brought down hard on the man's legs.

BALACLAVA
 If you don't know next time, you'll
 get a fair dinkum bash.

The intruders leave.

EXT. ED'S HOME - MORNING

It's an average suburban street.

The Derelict, drained and ashen, approaches Ed's home. He clutches the newspapers and carries the black bag from the robbery. He wears faded woollen gloves.

INT. ED'S HOME - SAME DAY

Ed, looking as if he's also had a hard night, cautiously opens the door for The Derelict.

The Derelict drops the newspapers at the front door.

Carrying the black bag he follows Ed to the kitchen. Ed sits at the table. A newspaper is on the table.

Still holding the bag the Derelict puts percolated coffee on. Ed pushes the newspaper towards the Derelict.

ED
 Read it.

The Derelict looks at the front page while Ed gets a stubbie and a bottle of milk from the fridge then sits at the table, opens the stubbie and gulps long.

The headline of the newspaper reads: \$50,000 REWARD for ICHNEUMON.

DERELICT

Gotta be a way to get that.

ED

Mate, he'd want the carcass.

(smiling knowingly)

Anyway I say good luck to whoever
he is.

The Derelict still holding the bag grabs a cup, spoon and the pot of percolated coffee.

Ed moves a carefully placed potplant and opens a concealed trapdoor to a cellar.

INT. CELLAR - SAME DAY

The cellar is an Aladdin's cave for scams and illegal activities, with numerous phones, answering machines, faxes, computer, photocopier, portable oxyacetylene, etc.

An ensuite bathroom, set up like a theatre dressing room, is the room the Derelict used to disguise himself as Bert and Victor Kelly.

The Derelict drinks coffee, removes a bundle of money from the bag and tosses the money onto a table.

DERELICT

Spending money.

ED

I'll only spend it.

The Derelict moves a cabinet to reveal a cavity containing a fortified combination safe.

The Derelict unlocks the combination safe. He places half the money from the bag in the safe and closes the safe.

Ed takes a portable blow torch and a portable drill from high on a shelf.

The Derelict removes a shiny horse shoe from the bag.

Ed lights the portable blow torch.

The Derelict throws the horse shoe to Ed who catches it one handed but nearly drops it because of the unexpected weight.

ED

Ripper.

Ed puts an old horse shoe over the shiny horse shoe and marks nail holes with a pencil on the shiny horse shoe.

A red light on one of the phones flashes. We hear the voice of a complaint to an answering machine.

VOICE V.O.

(over phone)

Ah, this is Val Rogers, Mitsusbhi Dealer in Pacific Drive. I have an invoice here for advertising that's got nothing to do with our company...

ANSWERING MACHINE V.O.

Please hold the line while I transfer you.

ED

(laughing)

Straight to India.

A red light on another phone flashes indicating the caller has been transferred.

ED

Something I've been meaning to ask.

Bert(D) looks at Ed.

ED

What happens to the money
(indicating the safe)
if you snuff it?

BERT (D)

It's yours.

Ed smiles

BERT (D)

But you'll have to work out the combination.

Ed jokingly points the electric drill at Bert(D).

ED

You'd better watch out then, eh?

The Derelict turns the ensuite lights on and sits in front of the mirror.

Ed heats the shiny horse shoe with the blow torch.

The Derelict changes into Bert.

Ed drills nail holes in the heated horse shoe.

ED

I'd love to do one fair dinkum job,
just one with him.

The Derelict has become Bert with his permanent grin.

BERT (D)

He's a loner.

ED

What about the streaker?

BERT (D)

A blow-in.

ED

You sure? A bit convenient I say.

Bert (D) shrugs.

BERT (D)

Want's attention. Too dangerous.
Give him a heavy swerve.

The Derelict has completed his transformation to Bert. Wearing brown leather gloves and car coat he leaves the ensuite, moves his neck from side to side, grins.

BERT (D)

I'm ready.

Ed stops working on the horse shoe.

ED

Who'd you think you fuckin are?

BERT (D)

Pardon?

ED

Don't 'pardon' me, you ninny! I
asked you a fucken question!

Bert drops his grin.

BERT (D)
Um...what's a ninny?

ED
Keep the grin. Stay in character?

Bert exaggerates his grin.

ED
I asked you a fucken question!

BERT (D)
I'm following doctor's orders, Mr
Corrigan. She said I should...

ED
Get going, before I have you
arrested.

BERT (D)
Sorry, Mr Corrigan, I'm on my way.

ED
Why're you wearing that stupid
jacket?

BERT (D)
It was a present from my mother,
before she died.

ED
You look like something from an op-
shop fire sale.

BERT
(exploding)
Don't say fire! Don't say fire!

ED
Stay with it. He will, they all
will if they find out.

Bert regains his character.

BERT (D)
She bought it in an op-shop, Mr
Corrigan.

Ed pushes Bert hard in the chest causing him to stagger back.

ED
I told you to get out. I won't tell
you again.

BERT (D)
 Sorry, Mr Corrigan, very sorry.

ED
 No, no, you've gotta arc up!
 Otherwise it's not believable you'd
 come back again and again.

BERT (D)
 Of course, of course. Don't do
 that, Mr Corrigan. I don't like
 being touched.

ED
 I catch you here again, I'll do
 more than touch you, you fucken
 weasel!

BERT (D)
 I'm going. I'm going.

ED
 Then fucken hurry up, weirdo,
 before I set your hair on fire!

Bert (D) momentarily loses his grin.

BERT (D)
 That's good, mate. Exactly what I
 need.

Bert (D) exaggerates his grin.

EXT. RACETRACK TRAINING - NEXT MORNING, DAWN

Through binoculars Bert(D) watches training at the
 Metropolitan track.

Clifton oversees track training. OBSERVERS watch.

Star Performer, its name written on the saddle cloth, is
 doing a time trial with another horse.

Bert(D) times the trial using a stop-watch attached to his
 electronic diary.

Corrigan arrives accompanied by his Bodyguard.

Star Performer wins easily.

Clifton smiles triumphantly at Corrigan who is unimpressed.

Observers are impressed.

Bert(D) adjusts his electronic diary, which is also a directional microphone and tape recorder. He monitors Corrigan talking to Clifton.

Bert(D) moves closer, listening through the microphone to Corrigan.

The bodyguard watches Bert(D).

CORRIGAN
I've outlaid millions. I don't
care how you do it. Star Performer
will lose it's next race or you'll
end up as pet food. Understand!

Clifton walks away disappointed.

Corrigan angrily looks at Bert(D) who waves and moves towards Corrigan. The Bodyguard also moves.

BERT (D)
Morning, Mr Corrigan.

Corrigan ignores him.

BERT
Have you got a tip, Mr Corrigan?

The Bodyguard hurries to Bert(D).

CORRIGAN
Homemade gravy on roast potatoes.
Beautiful.

BERT (D)
Pardon, Mr Corrigan?

BODYGUARD
(pushing Bert(D) away)
Piss off!

The electronic diary falls to the ground.

ELECTRONIC DIARY
...Understand! Understand!

The Bodyguard suspiciously picks up the electronic diary. Corrigan glances at Bert (D), unsure of what he heard.

Bert(D) snatches it back, pushes a button. It plays classical music.

BERT (D)
That's the sounds of whales mating,
Mr Corrigan. I can get you a copy.

The bewildered Bodyguard looks at Corrigan who indicates to leave him. The Bodyguard pushes Bert(D) away. Bert (D) scampers away.

INT. FOXY'S SCHOOL - SAME DAY

The Streaker from the racetrack, now dressed as The Phantom, whirls into the main corridor of Foxy's exclusive private school. Head phones drape round his neck.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - SAME DAY

Foxy's class is participating in a cultural exchange discussion with STUDENTS from Asia. The STUDENTS of both sexes wear name tags.

The Phantom enters the assembly hall. He steals everyone's focus. Using an MP3 device he plays excessively loud instrumental music.

The girls are excited, the female TEACHER, 40, mystified.

The Phantom gyrates. The students giggle, none more giggly than Foxy and Cory.

PHANTOM
This is a gift from your secret
admirer, Foxy.

Foxy shrugs ignorance for the teacher's benefit.

The Phantom turns, drops his daks, bears his bum.

Some Girls scream. The Teacher is horrified.

The Phantom disappears as quickly as he arrived.

FOXY
Is that it?

EXT. OUTSIDE FOXY'S SCHOOL - THAT AFTERNOON

Vivianne escorts Foxy to her red soft-top Mercedes.

VIVIANNE
But how did he know your name?

Foxy indicates her name tag.

FOXY
Like, he couldn't read?

VIVIANNE
This is scary.

PASSING STUDENT
That was real cool, Foxy.

Foxy grins.

INT. BERT'S(D) CAR - THAT NIGHT

Bert(D) drives an old Torona through the country at night. He listens to classical music.

The bag is on the seat next to him. The old newspapers are on the floor in the back of the car.

LATER: Through the front windscreen of his car Bert(D) see an eerie UFO-type light in the distance.

A massive balloon-shaped helium-light, illuminates a private racetrack in a country property.

EXT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S HOMESTEAD - THAT NIGHT

Bert(D) drives into The Psychiatrist's property. It is surrounded by apple orchards.

The helium light is above the centre of the racetrack.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF PSYCHIATRIST'S RACETRACK - THAT NIGHT

The black stallion from the auction is ridden by a JOCKEY, 25, round the back straight. A thunderous noise gives the stallion and jockey the impression hundreds of galloping horses are only metres behind them.

EXT. NEAR SIDE OF PSYCHIATRIST'S RACETRACK - THAT NIGHT

The Psychiatrist operates a mobile sound system. He increases the sound and the sound of galloping horses intensifies.

Bert(D), holding a paper parcel and the bag, stands along side The Psychiatrist. They watch the stallion.

The stallion crosses the finish line just in front of them.

The Psychiatrist turns the sound off.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Horses are superstitious. He hears the hoofs of the coot behind him and he thinks he's in danger of being swindled.

EXT. HORSE ENCLOSURE - THAT NIGHT

The Jockey rides the stallion into an enclosure, hops off and quickly shuts the gate.

The stallion goes berserk.

EXT. NEAR SIDE OF PSYCHIATRIST'S RACETRACK - THAT NIGHT

Bert(D) hands The Psychiatrist the parcel. He holds it without checking it.

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S HOMESTEAD - THAT NIGHT

Bert(D) follows the Psychiatrist into his lounge. Bert (D) carries the bag. The lounge is bordered by shelves of old books.

The television is on without sound, showing the Late Night News.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

If the hoofs he hears are cloven he's in for complications in his love life.

BERT (D)

Superstitions were devised to keep the world ignorant.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Superstitions have fallen woefully into decay in our enlightened times.

Bert(D) touches a wooden table.

BERT (D)

Touch wood.

An Asian WOMAN, 30, in revealing nightie and half asleep, enters. Bert(D) looks away as he hands her the bag.

ASIAN WOMAN

What time is it?

The Psychiatrist doesn't answer. Bert (D) looks at his watch. It's stopped. He shakes it.

The television shows Stone interviewing a well-to-do MOTHER, 35, with her SON, 4, in front of Vivianne's Shop.

Bert(D) turns the television sound up.

ASIAN WOMAN

(annoyed)

Pardon?

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Shush!

Irritated, the Asian Woman leaves with the bag.

STONE

(on television)

What do you think of this criminal, Ichneumon?

The Psychiatrist carefully unwraps the parcel to reveal the shiny horseshoe. He approvingly calculates its weight.

MOTHER

(on television)

I think he's despicable.

STONE

(on television)

And his so-called donations to charity?

MOTHER

(on television)

Brownie points for when he's caught.

The camera focuses on the son.

SON

(on television)

I think he's a naughty man.

The Psychiatrist turns the sound down, looks long and hard at Bert(D) whose grin has disappeared.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Ancient Egyptians kept Ichneumons.
Because they devoured serpents,
mice, vermin. They stole into the
mouths of crocodiles when they were
gaping and ate out their bowels.

BERT

You believe that?

THE PSYCHIATRIST

The Egyptians called them the
Pharaohs's Rat. What d'you think of
your Ichneumon now?

Bert(D) nods appreciatively as The Psychiatrist examines the
holes in the shiny horseshoe.

BERT (D)

I think he's craving anonymity.

As the Psychiatrist talks we see only his mouth and teeth,
similar to the mouth of the talking Psychiatrist.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

I had a patient once, war hero. He
wanted anonymity. They wouldn't
let him. Became addicted to the
attention, lost sight of reality.
Started doing silly things. Stood
outside Parliament House, abusing
politicians.

Bert(D) laughs.

BERT (D)

I remember him well.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

A colleague advised him to plant an
orchard. Grow apples.

BERT (D)

Eat an apple in front of the media
and they'll fight over the core,
you said.

We see only the mouth of the Psychiatrist.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

While everyone was fighting for
apple cores he slipped out the back
door into anonymity.

Bert(D) back towards the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

SOMEONE secretly watches Vivianne's house.

INT. DARKENED STUDY - SAME NIGHT

In a darkened study a video recording shows Vivianne at the races, Foxy and Vivianne in bathing costumes walking along a beach and Foxy and Vivianne entering a cafe.

The video freezes on the Streaker watching Vivianne and Foxy from a car.

We zoom in on the number plate on the Streaker's car.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - NEXT DAY

Michael Stone (Derelict) enters Corrigan's Supermarket.

His left hand is heavily bandaged. He wears an I badge.

INT. SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

Stone(D) carries a shopping basket.

CUSTOMERS recognise him as the famous television interviewer.

Foxy and Cory are in the cosmetic section.

Foxy opens a jar of moisturiser and seductively rubs moisturiser into her arms and legs. Cory can hardly believe his eyes.

At the Deli Section, Stone(D) takes number forty-eight and waits with other CUSTOMERS.

A female EMPLOYEE, 30, points Stone(D) out to the male MANAGER, 40.

DELI ATTENDANT

Next.

CUSTOMER

That must be me, forty-three.

Stone(D) puts his number forty-eight on top of the other numbers.

A LADY, 50, with forty-three indicates her number. Stone(D) dismisses the lady.

STONE (D)

Sorry, forty-one. How much are the semi-dried tomatoes?

Customer forty-three checks Stone's number and is shocked.

DELI ATTENDANT

Thirty-six dollars fifty a kilo.

STONE (D)

How much!

DELI ATTENDANT

It's on the sign, if you can read.

STONE (D)

Give's two.

DELI ATTENDANT

Two dollars worth?

STONE (D)

Two kilos.

DELI ATTENDANT

Two kilos!

STONE (D)

Ever thought of writing for *Days Of Our Lives*?

Stone(D) smiles to Customers.

The female DELI ATTENDANT, 21, measures out two kilos.

The Manager with pen and paper enthusiastically approaches Stone(D).

MANAGER

Mr Stone, Ron Smith, manager.
It's a pleasure. I watch your show every night. Your wife, I'm sorry, I mean my wife, thinks you're the best thing since sliced ham. No, I mean sliced bread. Could I have your autograph? If you don't mind, I mean.

STONE (D)

I don't give autographs.

MANAGER

Of course. No, I understand. I
wouldn't myself. Hurry up, Sally.

The Attendant hands Stone(D) two kilos of semi-dried
tomatoes.

DELI ATTENDANT

That's goin' to cost seventy-two
dollars.

STONE (D)

Well done.

DELI ATTENDANT

(sarcastic)

You have a nice day, Sunshine.

The manager gives the Deli Attendant a filthy glance.
Stone(D) leaves.

MANAGER

That's a good choice that. You
come back next week and it'll
probably be on special. See ya.
You know who that was?

DELI ATTENDANT

Couldn't give a rat's toss!

Foxy sees Stone(D). She waves.

FOXY

Michael.

Stone(D) ignores Foxy and hurries to the check-out PERSON.
Foxy bounces over.

FOXY

It's me. Foxy.

STONE (D)

Ah, right. How are you now, ah,
Foxy?

FOXY

You don't recognise me?

Stone(D) glances at her partly exposed breasts.

STONE (D)

You've certainly grown.

FOXY
 (punching him in the arm)
 Stop it. That was a great story
 you did for mum.

STONE (D)
 That one, right. Yeah I really
 liked that one. She's a top chick,
 your old lady.

Stone(D) pays for his purchase.

FOXY
 (seductively)
 Get us a packet of Marlborough.

STONE (D)
 Um, right, um, packet of
 Marlborough.

The check-out person puts a packet of Marlborough on the
 counter. Foxy grabs it.

FOXY
 Though between you and me, we all
 think Ichneumon's ace.

Foxy turns her lapel to reveal an Ichneumon badge. Stone(D)
 smiles to himself.

STONE (D)
 And a lighter.

Stone(D) slips Foxy the cigarettes and the lighter.

FOXY
 See you round, Michael.

Stone(D) watches Foxy's shapely legs as she joins Cory.

The Check-out Person gives Stone(D) a filthy look.

STONE (D)
 Friend of the family.

INT. ROOM - DAY

We see a white porcelain mask without a mouth.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Some patients wear self-imposed
 masks because they are scared of
 what's in their mind...

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Streaker's car is at the entrance to the pedestrian bridge.

Police have taped an area around it, blocking all traffic.

A naked body (the Streaker) hangs by the neck from a pedestrian bridge over a freeway.

The body hangs a metre under the I in an advertisement for *DICKIN'S UNDERWEAR. AM IMPORTANT* has been written vertically in red lipstick directly under the I.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Others create incisions to bleed away their anguish.

REPORTERS wait outside the taped area to speak to police.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME DAY

The Derelict stands in a doorway across from Vivianne's shop. A gloved hand hold a bottle of wine in a paper bag. His Gabardine coat is spotted with what could be blood or wine.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

We are all hiding scars to some degree.

Vivianne locks the shop and leaves.

EXT. PARK - TWILIGHT (SAME DAY)

The Derelict lies at the base of an ANZAC Memorial, the empty wine bottle in his lap.

A BOY, 9, wanders close. His MOTHER, 30, pulls him away.

EXT. PARK - SAME NIGHT

Three THUGS move through a park.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME NIGHT

The Derelict stares through the window at the expensive dress. The empty wine bottle is in his pocket. He puts a gloved hand to his face to avoid glare. The glove slightly reveals what could be scaring on his wrist.

The Thugs stand on the other side of the street. They stare at the Derelict.

The Derelict sees their reflection in the window.

A Thug notices an I badge on the Derelict's coat reflected in the window. He moves towards the Derelict and indicates for the others to follow.

Still facing the window the Derelict erupts into his own choreographed version of *Thunderstruck* (ACDC)

DERELICT
 (singing manically)
*I was caught
 In the middle of a railroad track*

The Derelict turns menacingly to face the Thugs.

DERELICT
*I looked 'round
 And I knew there was no turning
 back
 My mind raced
 And I thought, what could I do?
 And I knew
 There was no help, no help from you*

The Thugs stop in the middle of the road, not quite knowing what to make of this frenzied maniac.

The Derelict approaches the Thugs, still singing.

The Thugs cautiously approach.

A car approaches. The Thugs halt. The car stops.

The Derelict explodes like an exposed electric wire dropped into a vat of burning oil.

DERELICT
*Sound of the drums
 Beating in my heart
 The thunder of guns
 Tore me apart
 You've been
 Thunderstruck*

He smashes the wine bottle on his forehead and charges.

The Thugs scamper.

The Derelict runs to the car, gets in.

The car speeds off.

INT. ROOM - DAY

The white porcelain mask glows.

PSYCHIATRIST

People can develop scar tissue as a result of trauma. Hypertrophic scar tissue fades with time.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The car is stationary in the park. Ed sits in the driver's seat.

The Derelict is alone in the park, silhouetted in moonbeams.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

But the burn scar, not so. I refer to burn scars as contractures. They are more likely to occur in flame burns, the depth of the burn only estimated precisely some time after the trauma.

Nearby are the remains of a campfire, slightly smouldering.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The Derelict erupts into wild dancing and singing.

DERELICT

(singing)

*Thunderstruck, thunderstruck
Yeah, yeah, yeah, thunderstruck,
thunderstruck*

We zoom through the park and arrive at the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Streaker is carefully lowered by FORENSICS onto a gurney. His feet have been severely burned, blackened and red raw.

FEMALE 15 V.O.

*Yeah, yeah, yeah, said, yeah, it's
alright, we're doin' fine*

*Yeah, it's alright, we're doin'
fine, fine, fine*

Thunderstruck, yeah, yeah, yeah

Thunderstruck, thunderstruck

Thunderstruck, whoa, baby, baby

Thunderstruck, you've been

thunderstruck

Thunderstruck, thunderstruck

FADE OUT: