

THE PHARAOH'S RAT

Written by

Ray Mooney

Episode 3: The Infallible System

EPISODE 3 OF THE PHARAOH'S RAT: THE INFALLIBLE SYSTEM

FADE IN:

EXT. TERRACE HOUSES - NIGHT

A male approaches a row of double-storey office terraces.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Only the mouth and crooked teeth of the Psychiatrist are visible.

PSYCHIATRIST

What is it to be addicted? Is it a physical dependence? Like needing food. Is it emotional dependence? Like needing to be loved? HMMMMM?

EXT. TERRACE HOUSES - NIGHT

EDGEWAY 50, corporate-like in fashionable suit and tie, checks he's not being observed before discretely entering the front gate of a double-storey terrace.

He rings the front door bell and is admitted entrance.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Repeating from our last session. In the tropical forest ecosystem there is a fungus that has developed spores that land on ants, specifically carpenter ants.

A tactful sign reveals it's a brothel specialising in S&M.

INT. BROTHEL, DUNGEON - NIGHT

A jockey's whip spans a naked male buttock.

The finishing stages of a race call booms on tape throughout the dungeon.

RACECALLER TAPE

...Naked Lunch is coming home strong with tender touch close behind. The Jockey doesn't spare the whip...

Edgeway, in jockey attire, fishnet stockings and high heels, sits astride a naked MALE 'horse' and uses his whip more than appears necessary.

The 'horse' grimaces to Edgeway's compounding rapture which intensifies with the increased vehemence of his whipping as he successfully rides his horse across the line.

RACECALLER TAPE

...He's coming up the rear. They're both striding to the finishing line. What an incredible finish. He's coming, he's coming, oh yes he's coming...

The 'horse' squeezes his eyes shut as the race call is drowned by Edgeway's painful shrieking.

Edgeway has suffered a fatal heart attack.

EXT. BROTHEL, BACK LANE - NIGHT

Two MEN place Edgeway, dressed in suit and tie, into the back of a van.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

These spores grow into the ant's brain and literally take over the brain's function.

EXT. CLOTHING RECLYING BINS - NIGHT

The van stops next to reclycing bins overflowing with bags of clothes.

A PASSENGER jumps from the van and tosses bags of clothes into the van.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

The spore directs the ant to crawl into dark damp places where the fungus can thrive. Once there the fungus kills the ant and consumes it so it can grow and send out more spores. I call this the hyperparasite.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The van passes a group of disinterested DERROS. It stops out of sight of the derros.

The two men drag Edgway and bags of clothes from the back of the van.

They empty the bags of clothes next to Edgway.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Only the mouth and crooked teeth of the psychiatrist are seen.

PSYCHIATRIST

That is the imagine I have of addiction. The patient doesn't believe they're in the grip of addiction because it's the addiction that's telling them to take whatever. And the illusion is the patient believes they're the one deciding.

EXT. MORGUE - MORNING

We are so close we could be watching a cluster of white ant eggs.

As we pull back the texture becomes white fabric until we're watching a MAN dressed in a white forensic suit.

Then another FORENSIC SUIT and ANOTHER.

They're examining a male body on a bench.

As they step aside the body is revealed as the Streaker.

EXT. EDGE OF PARK - MORNING

From a vantage point, The Derelict, clutching his newspapers and wearing gloves, observes the bridge from which the Streaker was hung.

Through binoculars The Derelict focuses on the writing where the Streaker was found.

AM IMPORTANT is written in red lipstick, vertically under the *I* in an advertisement for Dickin's Underwear.

The binoculars scan the area, stopping on what appears to be a MALE hidden behind bushes and observing if anyone is watching the crime scene. The binoculars focus in but the figure is unidentifiable.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

The Derelict edges to where the hidden male was observing the crime scene.

The male has disappeared. The Derelict checks if he is being observed. Satisfied he's not, he observes the writing *AM IMPORTANT*, fathoming how it might've been written.

He notices marks on the ground directly under the writing, suggesting a ladder was used.

He checks bushes for a ladder, but doesn't find one.

INT. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Corrigan's office window overlooks the harbour.

Corrigan reads a newspaper article headed: *STREAKER DEATH LINKED TO ICHNEUMON*. The article pleases him immensely.

He opens an internet link to the story.

Mason hurriedly enters.

Corrigan indicates the paper to Mason.

CORRIGAN
You seen this?

MASON
Edgeway's suffered a stroke.

CORRIGAN
What!

MASON
Before he recommended anyone!

Mason opens another link on Corrigan's computer. It shows a photo of a gurney being loaded into an ambulance with a park in the background. The accompanying byline is, *Colin Edgeway suffers heart attack while helping homeless*.

MASON
We've slipped that bastard a fortune! And read this.

Mason points to the screen as he reads.

MASON

The Government's announced a British Lord to oversee the entire selection process for the casino licence.

Corrigan thumps the desk.

CORRIGAN

Bloody hell!

Corrigan focuses out the window on a large city hotel.

CORRIGAN

Who?

INT. HOTEL CORRIGAN - MORNING

An elderly distinguished gentleman, JUSTICE DUMPHY (Derelict), checks into the HOTEL CORRIGAN. He wears expensive leather gloves, carries a satchel and walking cane.

A female Reception CLERK 25, hands Dumphy(D) a key.

RECEPTION CLERK

There you are, Mr Dumphy. Enjoy your stay.

DUMPHY(D)

(cultivated English accent)

I intend to. Do you serve afternoon tea? Preferably Ceylon, decaffeinated.

RECEPTION CLERK

I'm sorry, that's something we don't do.

Dumphy's (D) shock is diminished when a young male ATTENDANT, 20, approaches him, but when the Attendant attempts to take his satchel Dumphy(D) waves him away.

Dumphy(D) limps to the elevator.

LATER: Dumphy(D), in waistcoat, gloves and walking cane, exits the elevator. He walks with an exaggerated limp.

Dumphy(D) leaves the hotel.

INT. PHONE BOOTH, STREET - MORNING

Ed phones from a phone booth.

INT. HOTEL CORRIGAN - MORNING

The phone at reception rings. The Reception Clerk answers.
The CALLER has a heavy English accent.

CALLER V.O.

(over phone)

British Embassy, Jenkins speaking.
Could you put me through to Mr
Justice Dumphy?

RECEPTION CLERK

(into phone)

One moment, Sir.

The Reception Clerk checks the register.

RECEPTION CLERK

We have a Mister Dumphy from
England staying here.

CALLER V.O.

(over phone)

Oh my goodness. I should've
realised he wouldn't want to
identify himself. Tell him...Never
mind, I'll call back later. Do keep
this information about his status
private.

RECEPTION CLERK

(into phone)

Of course.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ed walks from the phone booth.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy works busily at his desk.

The Receptionist cautiously enters.

RECEPTIONIST

Um...

Two burly MEN, 40, in suits appear.

MAN ONE

Mr Emmanuel, could we have a word?

Troy looks to his Receptionist for clarification but she shrugs.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOME - LATE THAT AFTERNOON

Foxy is making out with Cory on the settee. She allows Cory to kiss her but that's all, much to Cory's disappointment.

Troy bursts through the front door.

Cory shoots up, embarrassed.

Foxy freaks, momentarily acting guilty, then instantly composes herself.

FOXY

It's a little early for you isn't it? Did you get the sack or something? You know Cory? He's helping me with...

Troy pushes Cory.

TROY

Get out! Out. Get out!

FOXY

Troy!

CORY

Put yourself on mushrooms, Dude.

Troy forcibly pushes Cory towards the front door.

FOXY

I'm calling Mum. I'm calling the police and the mental asylum, in that order.

CORY

Dude, you must work out. What's say I take you out on my old man's yacht?

Troy pushes Cory who falls over.

TROY

I've just come from the bloody police. I've been with them all afternoon. And yes call your mum.

FOXY

What're you talking about?

TROY

Two hundred thousand, Foxy. Two hundred thousand fucken dollars!

Foxy turns white, looks at Cory on the floor.

FOXY

Two hundred thousand dollars what?

CORY

What're you talking about, man?

TROY

Jesus fucking Christ! What are you, a psychopath? Don't you understand the value of money?

CORY

It must be a mistake. I'll check...

Cory makes his way towards the stairs to Foxy's room. Troy blocks him.

TROY

You thought you couldn't be traced, or you thought they couldn't trace my credit card.

FOXY

What're you talking about?

TROY

You owe Off-Shore Investments two hundred thousand dollars!

Foxy glares at Corey.

FOXY

You said..!

CORY

That's bullshit, man. You're on chemicals.

Troy drags Cory by the scruff of the neck to the door. Foxy attempts to stop Troy.

FOXY
Leave him alone!

CORY
She was winning. Check the
computer.

Troy pushes Cory out the door and slams it closed.

Cory kicks the door from outside, before running off.

CORY O.S.
Arsehole!

Foxy bursts into tears throwing herself on the floor.

TROY
Oh, good one, Foxy, turn on the
waterworks. How mature!

FOXY
Something's wrong. It couldn't be
that much!

Troy drops a computer printout.

Foxy looks at it, composes herself, stands, opens her handbag but she's on the edge of total breakdown.

TROY
Two hundred thousand! Where am I
supposed to get that?

FOXY
(seriously)
You can take it out of my
allowance. I'll ask mum to
increase my allowance.

Troy laughs bitterly.

Foxy holds out ten dollars.

FOXY
You can have everything I've got.
I've got jewelry.

Foxy pulls her ring off.

FOXY

Cory gave me this. It must be worth a hundred and I'll get a job in a supermarket. I've got friends at school. They owe me heaps. I'll leave school. People will hire me. I'm a good worker. Mum, oh shit! Where's Mum?

She breaks into uncontrollable sobbing.

Troy watched her crumble then puts his arms round her.

She savagely pulls away.

FOXY

Don't you touch me, you hear me! I'm not doing that again! You leave me alone! You fucken leave me alone!

Troy is shocked.

FOXY

I'm never doing that again, never, never, never..!

TROY

Look if you're acting.

She turns on the spot and begins thumping her chest.

Troy holds her tight but she pulls away and falls to the floor.

He holds her until she ceases struggling. He cradles her as she sobs.

TROY

Who was it, Foxy? Who hurt you?

FOXY

(whispering)
You won't tell? You won't tell mum? You must promise. Promise me?

TROY

I promise.

LATER: Troy brings Foxy coffee as she sits on the couch, legs tucked under her.

She sips the coffee. Troy gently strokes her cheek.

She clasps his hand sincerely, daughter to father-like, closes her eyes and holds his hand tight against her cheek.

TROY

With the money, Foxy, let's not mention it to your mum. Not yet anyway.

FOXY

But you haven't got it.

TROY

I'll get it.

She cries and hugs Troy.

LATER: Foxy is asleep on the couch.

Troy carries her hard drive out the front door.

EXT. OFFICEWORKS - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Dumphy (D) enters Officeworks.

INT. OFFICEWORKS' COUNTER - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Dumphy (D) places two black and two red whiteboard markers on a check-out counter.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - THAT NIGHT

Foxy's hard drive has been networked into Troy's computer.

DAMIEN, 21, a computer expert, works at Troy's computer.

DAMIEN

This is really weird. The initial bets were all in single dollars. You were winning. Then you have a losing streak of fifty-six dollars. You apply for unlimited credit.

TROY

What!

DAMIEN

It's approved. Immediately you change to bets of one thousand dollars and your losing streak becomes a downhill slalom.

TROY
Could someone have altered the
figures?

DAMIEN
Anything's possible.

TROY
Who?

DAMIEN
Wouldn't be the server, too easy to
trace. A hacker? Maybe. My guess
is someone who knew the
configurations. That's if you
believe the kids.

TROY
Could it be someone at Gambling
Enterprises?

Damien considers before nodding.

TROY
Can you prove it?

Damien shakes his head.

EXT. GAMBLING ENTERPRISES INC. - NEXT DAY

Troy locks his car outside Gambling Enterprises Inc.

He is surprised at seeing Corrigan leaving the building and
heading in the opposite direction.

INT. MASON'S OFFICE, GAMBLING ENTERPRISES - SAME DAY

Through his window, Mason watches Troy avoid being seen by
Corrigan.

INT. GAMBLING ENTERPRISES INC. - SAME DAY

The offices comprise a converted factory consisting of
numerous PEOPLE working at phones, separated by office
partitioning.

Troy sits opposite BEN HART, 25, working three computers.

Troy is aware someone above watches through a window.

Hart refers to a printout of Troy's gambling account.

BEN HART
...every transaction, time, amount,
everything, all logged.

Hart points to relevant data on the printout.

BEN HART
Your on-line application to
increase the amount, our approval,
three warnings by us that you were
losing extensively.

TROY
I exceeded my limit. Why didn't
you freeze my account until I
deposited more?

BEN HART
I don't have to remind you interest
is calculated monthly at twenty-six
percent.

TROY
What!

BEN HART
It's all in the conditions you
agreed to.

TROY
Twenty-six...that's illegal!

Mason appears.

MASON
Dubious maybe, Mr Emmanuel,
certainly not illegal. As to your
query? Your first transactions,
you were winning. You might have
cleaned us out. Should I have
stopped you betting when you were
winning?

Troy angrily stands.

Mason hands him a card for Gamblers Anonymous.

MASON
(smiling)
We pride ourselves on having a
social conscience, Mr Emmanuel. Our
motto is 'Gamble Responsibly'.

EXT. BANK - SAME DAY

Troy enters his bank.

INT. BANK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy sits opposite JOHN COURT 40, his bank manager.

JOHN COURT

Your finances are tight, Troy.
Little room to manoeuvre.

TROY

I'm closing a deal worth seven
hundred grand. A couple of weeks
is all I need, John.

JOHN COURT

I'll authorise another forty, but
two hundred's out of the question
without a second mortgage on your
business.

Troy half-heartily smiles.

EXT. HOI POLLOI PUB - THAT NIGHT

Troy enters the Bottle Shop of the Hoi Polloi pub.

Kylie Minogue serves him.

Troy can see the back of The Busker(D) who is singing,
Slipping Away.

BUSKER V.O.

*'Baby I've been watching you.
Watching every thing you do. And I
just can't help but feeling,
someone there is stealing you away
from me. I seen it written in your
eyes and you confirm it with your
lies....'*

Troy points to a cheap bottle of wine.

The music continues through the next scene.

INT. VIVIANNE'S PLACE - SAME NIGHT

Troy and Vivianne sit opposite each other at a candle lit
dinner catered for by Foxy, still in school uniform.

Foxy's cooked canned spaghetti and the kitchen is a total write off.

Vivianne checks the cheap wine but says nothing.

Aware something's wrong with Troy she touches his hand but he doesn't respond.

FOXY

You should see our home economics teacher. Like he can cook without opening a can.

Vivianne rolls her eyes for Troy's benefit.

Foxy serves the spaghetti. She works hard to keep it all on the plates.

Foxy has sliced, and more than generously buttered, a breadstick.

FOXY

You've gotta rate it, like.

Foxy places a form in front of them.

FOXY

And I want you to be like totally honest.

Vivianne plays the dutiful wife.

VIVIANNE

How was your day, darling?

TROY

I have a favour to ask.

VIVIANNE

Go ahead.

TROY

Um...

VIVIANNE

Go on.

TROY

(laughing)

I need to borrow one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Foxy overhears but doesn't react.

Vivianne smiles, opens her bag, removes her cheque book and writes a cheque.

TROY
I was only joking.

Vivianne hands him the cheque.

TROY
Um...until the end of the month?

She nods.

VIVIANNE
Now, how was your day?

Slipping Away is replaced by Foxy's loud techno music.

Vivianne raises an eyebrow but doesn't comment.

Troy painfully swallows a mouthful of spaghetti.

TROY
This is good, really good.

Vivianne smiles.

FOXY
You really like it?

TROY
You sure you didn't like get Jamie Oliver to like cook it?

FOXY
The singer?

Foxy pushes the form to Troy.

TROY
It's like the best spaghetti like I've ever had.

FOXY
Write that down. Oh, it's supposed to be like a family thing, so you two get to do the dishes.

Foxy leaves.

VIVIANNE
Foxy...!

FOXY

I'll be in my room, studying.

Vivianne look at Troy with amazement.

VIVIANNE

Do you think she's turned a corner?

INT. TAFE ADVANCED COMPUTER CLASS - SAME NIGHT

A female TEACHER 35, oversees STUDENTS, including JOSE the Spaniard (Derelict), working on computer algorithms. Jose(D) wears matador gloves.

The Teacher smiles appreciatively at Jose's (D) work.

INT. SPANISH NIGHTCLUB - SAME NIGHT

A Spanish Nightclub. Jose(D), gleaming in his matador outfit, announces himself with a flourish that has all eyes turning. The only thing missing is a rose between his teeth.

A SENORITA 31, at the bar gives him the come on.

Later: Jose(D) dances flamenco with the best of them.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Vivianne pushes a reluctant Troy onto the bed.

VIVIANNE

What's wrong?

TROY

Come here.

He gently pulls her face to his.

VIVIANNE

I love you.

TROY

I love you.

They passionately kiss.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jose(D), misty-eyed and face pressed to the window, stares at the expensive dress.

INT. THE WALL - NEXT NIGHT

From inside a car we follow Dumphy(D), with walking cane, shuffling along Sydney's infamous Wall, known for its homosexual prostitutes.

Dumphy(D) talks suggestively with a young MALE (Bondi) wearing a white T-Shirt and wig.

A camera discretely clicks as Dumphy(D) and the young male, arm in arm, enter a park.

INT. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Corrigan works at his neatly organised desk containing horse racing paraphernalia. His computer is opened on an online betting site.

Mason excitedly enters waving a USB stick.

MASON

Bingo.

Corrigan smiles.

INT. DINNING ROOM, HOTEL CORRIGAN - THAT NIGHT

The dinning room is crowded. Dumphy(D), wearing gloves, eats by himself. On his table is a lift-out racing form guide which he studies.

Corrigan and Mason observe Dumphy(D) from the doorway.

Corrigan goes to Dumphy's table, stands there watching him.

Dumphy(D) continues eating without looking up.

DUMPHY(D)

Is there something I can do for you?

Corrigan smiles, extends his hand.

CORRIGAN

I'm Frank Corrigan.

Dumphy(D) looks up. For a moment Dumphy(D) doesn't register. When he does he immediately folds the form guide which he pockets. Under the form guide is a copy of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

DUMPHY(D)

Yes, of course. I'd like to ask you to join me but under the circumstances I don't think that advisable.

Corrigan feigns disappointment.

DUMPHY(D)

I'm sure you can appreciate the, um, delicacy of the situation.

CORRIGAN

I merely wanted to invite you to a small function I'm having here in my hotel tomorrow.

DUMPHY(D)

At which no doubt will be the major investors in your consortium.

Corrigan reluctantly smiles.

DUMPHY(D)

I've seen your application, Mr Corrigan, along with the others. It will be treated with the equanimity it deserves.

Corrigan motions to Mason.

DUMPHY(D)

Now if you'll excuse me.

Mason indicates for a male COURIER 18, to approach Dumphy's table.

The Courier hands Corrigan an envelope.

Dumphy(D) glances admiringly at the Courier's crotch.

DUMPHY(D)

I must say your prawns are second to none.

Corrigan looks for an address on the envelope.

CORRIGAN

Who sent this?

COURIER

Dunno.

Corrigan dismisses the Courier who leaves.

Corrigan removes photos and negatives from the envelope. He looks at the photos, appears shocked then sits, putting the photos on the table.

They are photos of Dumphy(D) and a male prostitute, talking at the Wall, entering a park and in close embrace.

Dumphy(D) shakes, appearing on the verge of collapse.

A male WAITER 20, rushes over. Dumphy(D), still shaking, turns the photos over.

DUMPHY(D)

How..! What..! There must be some mistake. This is outrageous!

Corrigan waves the Waiter away. The Waiter leaves.

Corrigan returns the photos to the envelope.

Dumphy(D) gulps water, part spilling it. He gasps for breath.

Corrigan checks the negatives, returns them to the envelope and hands the envelope to Dumphy(D).

CORRIGAN

I don't see any advantage making these public.

Dumphy(D) is relieved. Corrigan stands.

CORRIGAN

Oh, that function, 2.00 pm, in the banquet room. A victory celebration for a horse I'm racing in Melbourne tomorrow. Star Performer.

Dumphy(D) opens the form guide.

Corrigan and Mason leave. Corrigan stops, considers before turning.

CORRIGAN

But don't waste your money.

INT. ED'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

There is a species of carpenter ant that possesses greatly enlarged mandibular glands that run the entire length of the ant's body.

Ed, in long white socks, shorts and plain shirt, packs a satchel with money, next to an open suitcase of clothes. He puts the satchel into the suitcase.

EXT. ED'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Ed, carrying the suitcase, leaves his house.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

They have the ability to rupture their own body and release a toxic glue from their head.

EXT. ED'S STREET - SAME DAY

Ed gets into a taxi.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

This glue entangles and immobilizes all nearby victims.

INT. CORRIGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

A digital clock displays midday, Saturday.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

We know them as exploding ants.

Sonia, dressed exquisitely in blue, applies make-up at her vanity table.

Corrigan, in underwear, removes a stylish black suit, black shirt and black tie from his built-in wardrobe. He lays them on the bed.

Sonia enters his wardrobe and returns with pale blue tie that matches her dress. She places it on his suit.

SONIA

We're celebrating, not lamenting.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Vivianne, in skin-coloured underwear, steps into a stunning near-see-through gown.

Troy, naked, emerges from the shower, placing bets over his mobile.

TROY

Fifty, Ski Lodge the win, fifty
each way Costa in the third, and in
Melbourne, five hundred to win,
Star Performer, in the forth.

Foxy enters without knocking. Troy doubles over.

VIVIANNE

Foxy!

FOXY

Lighten up. I've seen it all
before. I'm out of meds.

Vivianne gives her some.

FOXY

Do I have to go?

VIVIANNE

Yes.

Foxy angrily leaves.

VIVIANNE

Your grandparents'll be there.

Foxy can be heard slamming things.

VIVIANNE

You're fourteen. You do what
you're told!

FOXY O.S.

Like fifteen!

VIVIANNE

She's fourteen, damn it!

TROY

If she doesn't want to go.

Vivianne's look cuts Troy to the quick.

MOMENTS LATER: Vivianne is dressed.

Troy is about to put on an old suit.

Vivianne opens a lavish box containing a Versace suit and white shirt with black bow-tie collar. Troy shakes his head.

VIVIANNE
It's a tax deduction, honest.
Pleeeeeease. For me. I'll do
anything.

Troy is unresponsive.

VIVIANNE
What is it?

He whispers in her ear.

VIVIANNE
No!

Troy begins to put the old suit on.

VIVIANNE
Only if you do.

Troy smiles.

We see the miniature camera in the roof.

INT. OUTSIDE FOXY'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Vivianne and Troy, immaculately dressed, wait outside Foxy's room.

Foxy emerges dressed in something only Marilyn Manson could have designed.

Vivianne chokes back her horror, heads for the stairs.

FOXY
Aren't you wearing underwear?

Vivianne smiles seductively over her shoulder.

Troy purposefully walks to indicate he's also not wearing underwear.

FOXY
You two are totally gross!

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS OUTSIDE HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Vivianne pulls up in her Mercedes, number plate VIVEAN, at traffic lights outside the Hoi Polloi pub.

Foxy, bored, blows bubble gum in the back seat.

A group of LOUTS drink beer outside the pub.

One throws a boot at another boot hanging by a lace from overhead electrical wires.

A female SINGER, 25, can be heard and seen through the pub window, singing, *Boy's Light Up*, Karaoke-style.

FEMALE SINGER

*Then the boys light up
Then the boys light up
Then the boys light up
Then the boys light up, light up,
light up*

Troy groans at the singing.

The Louts see Foxy and send up the song for her benefit.

LOUTS

*Then the boys light up
Then the boys light up
Then the boys light up
Then the boys light up, light up,
light up*

Foxy feigns indifference.

Troy appeasingly waves to the Louts.

VIVIANNE

Don't encourage them!

Bondi, in white T-shirt and carrying a bag, gives Foxy the eye as he leaves the pub.

It momentarily shatters Foxy's indifference.

TROY

That's the little bugger from the markets.

Vivianne checks Bondi in her rear-view mirror.

The lights change to green. Vivianne flattens the accelerator.

INT. MELBOURNE AIRPORT - SAME DAY

Ed arrives at Melbourne airport.

Ed locks his suitcase into a locker.

EXT. MELBOURNE AIRPORT - SAME DAY

Ed, with the satchel of money, hops in a cab outside Melbourne Airport.

EXT. HOTEL CORRIGAN - SAME DAY

Vivianne stops her car outside the Hotel Corrigan.

A male VALET, 25, drives her car away.

Troy holds Vivianne's hand as they enter the hotel.

Foxy stops to connect her iPod to her ear.

The DOORMAN, 45, gawks at Vivianne's behind.

Foxy sticks her bubble gum on the Doorman's backside before entering.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - SAME DAY

The elegant room is full of invited GUESTS, including the Financiers and their PARTNERS.

The function is attended to by WAITERS.

A wall-sized television screen silently shows Melbourne horse races.

Sandi Corrigan, in her blue revealing gown and a string of black pearls, is the centre of attention.

The Bodyguard stands discretely against a wall.

Attention shifts to Vivianne as she enters with Troy and Foxy, to the annoyance of Sandi.

Corrigan, in all black including tie, hurries over, kisses Vivianne's hand.

CORRIGAN
So pleased you could make it.

FOXY
Got a tip?

CORRIGAN
Get yourself a sugar daddy.

FOXY
Yeah, right.

Vivianne gives Corrigan a filthy look.

CORRIGAN
Just kidding.
(whispering)
Still with your boy from Italy, I
see.

TROY
Greek, mate. Greek, as in
Souvalaki.

Foxy eyes off a young male WAITER.

Vivianne ushers unresponsive Foxy towards her parents, SIR
MANFRED 60, and LADY SONIA 60, both dressed to impress.

Troy notices Mason who smiles.

Troy refuses to return his smile. Mason sneers.

Troy catches Corrigan admiring Vivianne. Corrigan smiles
beguilingly.

TROY
(mouthing to Corrigan)
It's all mine, mate. Greek style.

Corrigan seethes.

Lady Sonia hugs and kisses the reluctant Foxy.

LADY SONIA
Foxy, darling.

Vivianne lightly kisses her mother's cheek.

Troy notices Foxy avoiding Sir Manfred.

Mason admires Vivianne who remains unaware of his interest.

Sir Manfred holds his hand out to Troy.

SIR MANFRED
You're a lawyer?

VIVIANNE
Taxation lawyer, Dad. This is
Troy.

Troy eagerly shakes Sir Manfred's hand.

TROY
And you're a beak, Manfred.

Sir Manfred resents being called Manfred.

SONIA
Retired. And it's Sir Manfred.

SIR MANFRED
Now, now, no need for formalities,
Lady Sonia.

Vivianne laughs at her father's joke.

Foxy, grooving to music on her iPod, wanders to a window. She gazes at the city.

SIR MANFRED
I'm now what's called an honorary
consultant.

SONIA
Sir Manfred assisted Frank with all
those silly permit things for the
casino licence.

Sonia turns from Troy and speaks directly to Vivianne.

SONIA
You really should execute more
control over how your daughter
dresses in public.

VIVIANNE
I like that word, execute.

Foxy returns.

FOXY
Can I have a drink?

VIVIANNE
No!

SIR MANFRED
Give her a small glass.

VIVIANNE

No!

SONIA

Have some water, child.

FOXY

I want a drink not a wash!

Lady Sonia's jaw drops.

SONIA

(to Vivianne)

Maybe you should consider arranging
supplementary tuition!

Vivianne ignores her mother.

Corrigan looks for Dumphy who hasn't arrived. Mason shrugs
disappointment.

LATER: Everyone is seated.

There is an empty chair next to Corrigan.

Mason looks disappointedly at Corrigan because Dumphy still
hasn't arrived. Corrigan, picking up on his disappointment,
forces a smile before standing.

Everyone quietens.

CORRIGAN

As a small gesture of my gratitude
to a loyal and devoted colleague...

Corrigan smiles appreciatively at Vivianne.

The door opens and Dumphy(D) staggers in, aided by his
walking cane. He wears gloves.

Corrigan smiles triumphantly at Mason.

CORRIGAN

Justice Dumphy, everyone.

The guests are genuinely surprised. Mason relishes the
moment.

DUMPHY(D)

These colonial one-way streets.
Went left when I should've gone
right.

Corrigan indicates for Dumphy(D) to sit next to him.

Dumphy(D) plonks himself in the vacant seat and leers at Vivianne's breasts, a peccadillo not appreciated by Sir Manfred.

CORRIGAN

You're just in time to see how we Aussies reward loyalty and ingenuity. For turning the tide of public opinion against our resident sociopath, Ichneumon...

Corrigan motions to a WAITER.

DUMPHY(D)

(interrupting)

This must be your modern day Robin Hood I keep hearing about.

MASON

Modern day thug!

The Waiter puts small boxes in front of Vivianne and Foxy.

FOXY

Pokamon cards?

Vivianne opens her box. It contains a black pearl.

Foxy opens her box revealing a similar black pearl.

FOXY

Yuk!

CORRIGAN

Black is beautiful.

FOXY

(aside to Troy)

If you're in mourning.

Sandi proudly indicates her necklace of black pearls.

Foxy handles her pearl like a marble.

SANDI

(whispering to Sir
Manfred)

Five thousand dollars for each
pearl.

There are mummurs of appreciation.

Foxy puts her pearl in front of Troy, much to the displeasure of Corrigan. Troy places it next to Vivianne's pearl box.

Vivianne is appreciative of her gift.

Dumphy(D) leans over and closely inspects Sandi's necklace.

DUMPHY (D)
Genuine Tahitian.

SANDI
You know your pearls, Judge.

Dumphy (D) approves with a knowing nod.

DUMPHY (D)
If you must, it's Justice. Justice
Dumphy has a more honest ring to
it, I believe.

Dumphy(D) holds his hand out to Vivianne who gives him the pearl. The others watch, assuming Dumphy (D) is somewhat of an expert.

Dumphy bites the pearl, horrifying everyone.

DUMPHY(D)
Yep, the real McCoy.

Dumphy(D) wipes the pearl on his jacket before returning it to Vivianne. She places it on the table directly in front of her.

DUMPHY(D)
Can never be too careful these
days. Ah, yes, your very own Robin
Hood. We had a far more effective
way of dealing with our scoundrels.

VIVIANNE
And what was that, Justice Dumphy?

DUMPHY(D)
Please, I'm retired. Clifford.

Sir Manfred raises an eyebrow at Dumphy's informality.

Dumphy(D) looks down his nose at the guests then smiles at Vivianne.

DUMPHY(D)
We transported them to the
colonies, of course.

Troy is the only one to laugh.

TROY

That's right, Clifford, some of us
were selected to come here by the
finest judges in all of England.

Sonia is horrified.

VIVIANNE

But we got our own back.

DUMPHY(D)

Oh, and how did you do that, my
Dear?

VIVIANNE

Why, Clifford, we gave you Clive
James and Rolf Harris.

Dumphy(D) roars laughing. Corrigan politely smiles. Lady
Sonia hides her distaste by sipping her drink.

FOXY

Who?

DUMPHY(D)

I'll drink to that.

Dumphy(D) skoals his wine, hits the table with his empty
glass. Corrigan indicates for a Waiter to refill Dumphy's (D)
glass.

LATER: Vivianne and Foxy's pearls remain on the table as
waiters serve soup.

Corrigan indicates Sir Manfred to Dumphy (D).

CORRIGAN

Clifford, this is Sir Manfred. You
two should get together.

SIR MANFRED

We have met...

Dumphy(D) is surprised.

SIR MANFRED

...in a sense. I did my PHD on
your most famous case.

TROY

The Queen versus Ellis?

Dumphy(D) smiles cautiously at Troy, looks for a waiter.

Corrigan motions the waiter over.

CORRIGAN
You must sample our Grange
Hermitage 77.

Sandi whispers loudly to Lady Sonia.

SANDI
A thousand dollars a bottle.

Sandi's whisper is heard by most who titter appreciation.

DUMPHY(D)
Splendid.

LATER: Waiters serve entree.

Dumphy(D) can't keep his eyes off Vivianne.

Sir Manfred suspiciously watches Dumphy (D).

Dumphy(D) skoals a glass of Hermitage.

Foxy surreptitiously drinks wine from Troy's glass.

Corrigan indicates for the waiter to refill Dumphy's glass.

SIR MANFRED
(needling Dumphy)
Remarkable outcome in the Ellis
case, wouldn't you agree?

Dumphy(D) checks his watch and rises.

DUMPHY(D)
Excuse me, I must make an urgent
call.

CORRIGAN
Use my mobile.

DUMPHY(D)
No I...

Corrigan places his mobile in Dumphy's hand.

CORRIGAN
I insist.

Dumphy(D) takes Corrigan's mobile to a corner of the room.

Mason looks queerly at Corrigan.

Troy realises Foxy has drunk his wine but doesn't let on.

Vivianne watches Dumphy(D) arguing on the phone.

Dumphy(D) finishes his conversation, returns to the table and places the mobile next to Corrigan.

SIR MANFRED

In the Ellis case, Lord Dumphy, did you consider you might be taking a gamble going against your brother Justices?

Troy is about to interrupt but Sir Manfred motions for him to remain silent.

DUMPHY(D)

Who was it who said those immortal words, 'gambling is only a sin if you lose?'

The Financiers look at Corrigan who shrugs.

DUMPHY(D)

Billy Connolly, I think, Manny old boy.

Troy laughs to the displeasure of most, especially Sir Manfred.

DUMPHY(D)

Life is a gamble. Create the infallible system I say and you'll always know what to say next.

(to Troy)
Agree?

TROY

Definitely, though I'm yet to find an infallible system.

DUMPHY(D)

Then today might be your lucky day. Waiter.

Mason indicates the time to Corrigan who uses a remote to switch the television on. The Melbourne races are on screen. It is in-between races. Corrigan mutes the sound.

Dumphy(D) skoals his wine. He holds his glass for a refill.

The waiter pours Hermitage into Dumphy's glass.

Corrigan has one eye on the screen while observing the interplay between Dumphy(D) and Sir Manfred

SIR MANFRED

You didn't answer my question,
Justice Dumphy.

DUMPHY(D)

You must be referring to another judgment, Manny. In the Ellis appeal I had unanimous support from my fellow Justices.

Sir Manfred is stocially unresponsive.

Troy smiles knowingly at Sir Manfred.

Dumphy(D) grins at Vivianne before talking to Corrigan.

DUMPHY(D)

Are you a betting man, Frankie?

CORRIGAN

I never bet on anything I don't know the outcome of.

DUMPHY(D)

Pity.

CORRIGAN

Oh, and why's that, Sir Dumphy?

DUMPHY(D)

I was going to challenge you to a wee-small wager.

CORRIGAN

You have my undivided attention.

Dumphy grabs the near-empty bottle of Hermitage from the passing Waiter.

DUMPHY(D)

That I can drink ten thousand dollars worth of this colonial slop in less than ten minutes.

The guests are bemused.

SANDI

Ten bottles in ten minutes?
Impossible.

Dumphy(D) fills his glass and skoals it slowly.

VIVIANNE

And if you can't?

DUMPHY(D)

Then I will grant Frankie-Boy
whatever he wants.

Corrigan glances at Mason who is eager for Corrigan to accept the challenge.

TROY

And if you can?

DUMPHY(D)

Then I will have had the pleasure
of exposing to you the meaning of
life in Sherwood Forest.

(to Corrigan)

Plus I will reward Troy Boy by
revealing my infallible system.

Corrigan motions to a waiter who leaves.

Dumphy(D) leans close to Vivianne.

DUMPHY(D)

Not to mention a good sip of the
vin ordinaire.

Waiters places ten bottles of Grange Hermitage on the table and uncork the first bottle.

DUMPHY(D)

All bottles please. I don't want to
waste my time on corkage.

Corrigan considers before nodding to the Waiters to uncork all bottles. They uncork the bottles to the bemusement of the group.

Dumphy(D) smiles warmly at Vivianne.

DUMPHY(D)

Did you know, my dear, the word
villain comes from the Latin
villanus, meaning farm-servant, for
a villa? In feudal times the lord
was the great landowner and under
him a host of tenants called
villains who could be annexed by
the lord, sold as chattels, even
toys for his bed chamber.

Dumphy(D) looks at Foxy, who is totally disinterested, and smiles at Corrigan, a little too obvious.

CORRIGAN

And to think I always considered a villain was the one who had his way with us.

DUMPHY(D)

Ah, the notion of wickedness being associated with villains is a misnomer.

Sir Manfred raises an eyebrow.

DUMPHY(D)

It is simply the heritage of aristocratic gratification.

Dumphy(D) checks his watch, holds a bottle to his lips and skoals the entire bottle to everyone's amazement.

He throws the empty bottle back over his head.

It smashes, horrifying most, none more than Sir Manfred and Lady Sonia.

DUMPHY(D)

English custom. Never let your competitors get hold of your empty bottles.

Troy laughs but for a brief moment everyone's attention is on how Corrigan will react to the smashed bottle.

Corrigan angrily motions for a Waiter to clean up the glass.

VIVIANNE

My pearl's disappeared.

FOXY

Mine too!

Dumphy(D) burps.

CORRIGAN

(to the Bodyguard)

It must have been a waiter! Get security, immediately!

The Bodyguard hurries out.

Dumphy(D) holds his empty glass up, drops in two pearls.

DUMPHY(D)
Five thousand dollars each.

He pours wine into the glass and immediately swallows them.

Vivianne gulps.

Foxy grooves to imaginary music.

FOXY
Go, Pops.

Troy laughs loud, but Corrigan fails to see the humor.

The Bodyguard returns with two SECURITY GUARDS.

Corrigan shakes his head at the Bodyguard who dismisses the Security Guards.

VIVIANNE
I don't think I want mine back.

DUMPHY(D)
I calculate that at eleven thousand dollars. Sorry, old boy, you lose.

Corrigan almost splutters. Dumphy(D) addresses Vivianne.

DUMPHY (D)
But as a consolation, my Dear, I will take your Troy Boy on a stroll through Sherwood Forest.

Waiters clean the broken glass.

Dumphy(D) removes red and black whiteboard markers from his pocket and places them on the table.

Dumphy(D) grabs Corrigan's mobile.

He dials a number then throws the phone to Troy.

EXT. MELBOURNE RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Ed checks the Bookies' boards for race four at the Melbourne races.

Star Performer is the favourite at four to one on.

Ed's mobile phone rings.

DUMPHY (D) V.O.
 The infallible system. Race four,
 Melbourne, ask for the starting
 prices.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - SAME DAY

Troy holds the mobile to his ear.

The Bodyguard catches Corrigan's eye, eager to show his worth.

Corrigan indicates for the Bodyguard to remain in the background.

DUMPHY(D)
 Some deny Robin Hood even lived. I suspect though he was the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon in disguise, Robert Fitzooth.

Corrigan and Mason look at each other confused.

TROY
 (into mobile)
 Melbourne, race four, starting prices, please.

DUMPHY (D)
 This is a special race. Eight horses, each with a chance of winning. Frankie, I believe your horse, Star Performer, is odds on favorite.

SONIA
 My horse.

Dumphy(D) takes a black whiteboard marker from the table and writes SP on the white wall next to the television screen.

DUMPHY (D)
 Starting price...

Mason moves to stop Dumphy(D) but Corrigan motions him back.

TROY
 (relaying from the phone)
 Horse one, four to one on...

DUMPHY (D)
 That would be Star Performer.

Dumphy(D) writes -4 under SP and next to SP 2,3,4,5,6,7, 8 horizontally across the wall.

Above the numbers, to the far left, Dumphy(D) writes ROBERT FITZOOOTH.

DUMPHY (D)
Robert Fitzooth. Fitz being
omitted...

Dumphy(D) crosses out FITZ.

DUMPHY (D)
...leaves ooth, double o, t h, and
converting t h...

Dumphy(D) changes TH to D.

DUMPHY (D)
...into d it became ood. Double o,
d. That's what my ancestors did to
names in those days.

TROY
Horse two: four to one, horse
three: also four to one, horse
four: fives, horse five: tens,
horse six: twenties, horses seven
and eight: fifties.

Dumphy(D) writes the odds, 4, 4, 5, 10, 20, 50, 50 right across the wall, under the appropriate horse numbers, but leaving space in-between.

The television screen shows horses getting ready to run in Melbourne for race four.

DUMPHY (D)
Let's see, we need a number they
can all divide into.
(emphasising ood)
One hundred will do.

Dumphy(D) draws a vertical line down the wall, which excludes Star Performer's odds from the others.

He draws a horizontal line across the wall, under the line of odds.

Dumphy(D) takes the red whiteboard marker and writes 100 midway under the horizontal line.

The guests are confused. Corrigan and Mason are wary.

DUMPHY (D)

Now, four into one hundred equals twenty five. Five into one hundred. Ten into one hundred. Twenty into one hundred. And fifty.

Dumphy uses the red marker to write 25 twice on the horizontal line directly above the two fours. He writes 20, 10, 5, 2, 2, above the other odds.

DUMPHY (D)

If we add them up we get eighty-nine over a hundred.

Dumphy(D) writes an equal sign in black and 89 over 100 in red to the right of the horizontal line.

DUMPHY (D)

Here's your infallible system, Troy Boy. To have a return of say, hypothetically, one million dollars, one would need to invest on horse two, let's see, four to one, twenty-five into a million is two hundred and fifty thousand. Put two hundred and fifty thousand on horse two and if horse two wins you collect a million.

Dumphy(D) quickly writes in red above the odds, 250,000 twice, 200,000, 100,000, 50,000, 20,000 and 20,000. He adds them up and writes the total 890,000.

Dumphy(D) writes $\$1,000,000 - 890,000 = 110,000$. He circles the 110,000 in black.

DUMPHY (D)

I outlay eight hundred and ninety thousand dollars. That mean no matter what horse wins I have a collect of \$110,000. The infallible system.

Dumphy(D) points to the 89 over 100 written on the wall.

DUMPHY (D)

Whenever the fraction is less than one you can always bet to win.

Dumphy(D) crosses out ERT in ROBERT and replaces it with ING.

DUMPHY (D)
 Change Robert to Robing and you
 have Robin good. What rhymes with
 good? Could? No good. How about
 hood? That'll do. Good, Robin Hood.

The Financiers and Sir Manfred shake their heads, confused.

SIR MANFRED
 (to Calligan)
 This is the idiot they've chosen to
 determine the casino contract?

FOXY
 Doesn't make sense!

DUMPHY (D)
 Excuse me?

MASON
 It's a nonsense. Any dimwit can see
 that!

Foxy rolls her eyes, implying Dumphy(D) must be a fool.

DUMPHY (D)
 And why might that be, young lady?

MASON
 Why are we wasting out time with
 this nonsense?

FOXY
 Duh! Like you haven't calculated
 Star Performer in your figures?

Dumphy(D) exaggeratedly smacks his brow.

DUMPHY (D)
 Oh gawd, haven't I?

Foxy takes the black marker from Dumphy(D).

FOXY
 When you like add Star Performer
 into the equation...

Foxy writes a 4 in black next to the fraction 89/100.

FOXY

...that like makes it more than one, meaning your so-called ridiculous, stupid infallible and overly-complicated system like can't be achieved.

Foxy tosses the marker to Dumphy before sitting.

Vivianne smiles at Sonia, who appears mesmerised by the calculation process.

Dumphy(D) talks directly to Corrigan.

DUMPHY (D)

Give the girl another pearl, Frankie Boy. To work Robin ood's infallible system one must be one hundred per cent certain Star Performer won't win. Otherwise I could loose eight hundred and ninety thousand dollars.

MASON

Really?

VIVIANNE

Then what's all your infallible nonsense? It's ridiculous!

DUMPHY (D)

It's infallible if one's an aristocrat in the know.

VIVIANNE

Meaning?

DUMPHY (D)

Meaning one knows Star Performer can't win.

VIVIANNE

And you supposedly know Star Performer can't win?

Corrigan grips the table.

SONIA

Then is it a total nonsense. Star Performer will bolt in by the length of the straight. Isn't that right, Frank?

Corrigan doesn't respond.

SONIA

Everyone knows she will.

TROY

I'll drink to that.

Dumphy(D) smiles knowingly at Corrigan.

The television screen shows PUNTERS at the Melbourne Races betting with Bookies.

The screen focuses on Ed putting a bundle of money on Star Performer.

The Bookies change Star Performer's odds from four-to-one-on, to five-to-one-on.

Corrigan notices Dumphy(D) apprehensively observing ED's bet.

The screen shows Clifton, Corrigan's trainer, anxiously moving from bookie to bookie, apparently checking odds. Corrigan appears surprised.

The door abruptly opens.

A masked male STRIPPER (Bondi) dancing to taped music enters. He commences provocatively stripping.

Most are outraged at the intrusion. Foxy is delighted.

The Bodyguard makes eye-contact with Corrigan but Corrigan motions the Bodyguard back.

Dumphy(D) is excited.

The Stripper plays up to Dumphy, quickly stripping to G-string.

Vivianne notices skin-coloured tape around one of the Stripper's biceps.

FOXY

Get it all off.

VIVIANNE/SONIA

Foxy!

The Stripper offers Foxy his groin but before she can react he does the same to Dumphy(D) who goes along with the joke putting his hand inside the G-string pouch and taking his time to pull out a mini-recorder.

DUMPHY (D)

Oough, what have we here?

Dumphy(D) presses a button on the recorder.

DUMPHY (D)

May I?

The Stripper leaves. Corrigan indicates for his Bodyguard to follow The Stripper.

TAPE-CORRIGAN

I've out-layed millions. I don't care how you do it. Star Performer will lose its next race or you'll end up as pet food. Understand!

Corrigan and Mason are gob-smacked.

Sir Manfred and Lady Sonia look questioningly at each other.

The guests are shocked. On the screen the horses are ready to run.

Dumphy(D) burps.

DUMPHY (D)

Sometimes it's difficult to recognise the real villains. I'd say this recording is an amateurish attempt to make Mr Corrigan look bad in my eyes.

(to Vivianne)

People do things like that all the time.

INT. FOYER HOTEL CORRIGAN - SAME DAY

The Bodyguard unsuccessfully searches for the Stripper.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - SAME DAY

DUMPHY (D)

Am I right, Frankie? Someone's trying to make you look bad?

Corrigan doesn't reply.

The television shows the race beginning.

DUMPHY (D)

Because your four to one on favorite, sorry five to one on, will romp in and make a mockery of everything that's on that tape.

In fact I'm going to let you gamble on just that scenario. A friendly wager. Your horse wins you get your licence. It loses, you're back in the race with the other contenders where it's a hundred to one on against you ever getting a casino licence. We have a wager?

Star Performer is leading.

Mason looks urgently at Corrigan to accept Dumphy's wager.

CORRIGAN

It would be inappropriate under the circumstances.

DUMPHY (D)

Too bad. I thought your horse was a certainty.

Dumphy(D) smiles.

All watch Star Performer bolt to the lead.

The screen intercuts between the race and GAMBLERS, including Ed cheering. Dumphy(D) smiles. Corrigan is sweating. Troy barracks loudly for Star Performer.

TROY

Go, Star Performer. Go, go, go.

VIVIANNE

(to Sonia)

Research for a client.

Star Performer pulls away and wins easily.

Corrigan freezes.

The screen shows the excited Gamblers, including Ed and Clifton.

Troy is overjoyed.

Corrigan can't believe it.

Mason is furious at Corrigan for not accepting the bet. The others are happy for Corrigan who appears near collapse.

DUMPHY (D)

I knew all along you were a decent bloke, Frankie.

Dumphy(D) grabs as many bottles of Hermitage as he can carry.

DUMPHY (D)
 (to Vivianne)
 Bloody good drop that.
 (singing)
*Robin Ood, Robin Ood, riding
 through the glen...*

Dumphy(D) leaves.

MOMENTS LATER: Corrigan is on his mobile to Clifton.

EXT. RACETRACK, MELBOURNE - SAME DAY

Clifton talks on his mobile.

CLIFTON
 (into phone)
 But you told me you changed your
 mind, you wanted it to win, only
 half an hour ago. I spoke to you. I
 backed it. We won a motza.

CORRIGAN V.O.
 We haven't spoken since that
 morning at the track!

CLIFTON
 (into phone)
 It was your bloody voice! It had to
 be you! Your mobile number came up
 on my screen.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - SAME DAY

Corrigan checks his mobile then seethes.

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The real Dumphy arrives, wearing a moon boot and using a walking stick. He is greeted by a MAN holding a sign with *Justice Dumphy* written on it.

INT. DUMPHY'S(D) HOTEL ROOM - SAME DAY

Corrigan, Mason and the Commissioner watch FORENSIC OFFICERS search Dumphy's hotel room for clues to Dumphy's real identity. They are unable to find any fingerprints.

A SENIOR OFFICER shakes his head at the Commissioner.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY ROOM - SAME DAY

Corrigan, Mason and the Commissioner watch hotel security footage. Every shot of Dumphy (D) shows him wearing gloves.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO, PRODUCTION ROOM - SAME DAY

Stone confers with Corrigan, Mason and The Commissioner.

LATER: Corrigan, Mason and The Commissioner leave. An envelope of cash lies on a table in front of Stone.

INT. TABLE TENNIS CENTRE - THAT NIGHT

The Derelict plays table tennis with an Asian LAD 15, at a table tennis centre. He wears gloves.

The newspapers are under the table.

The Delelict competently returns the Lad's shots while observing Stone on the television bracketed high on the wall.

STONE

(on television)

This Ichneumon is a menace. He's a murderer. There is clear evidence he murdered the Society Streaker. We have access to indisputable evidence that after robbing the Metropolitan Racecourse together they had a violent falling out.

The Streaker running naked down the racecourse is re-played, followed by footage of the bridge where the dead Streaker was found.

STONE

(on television)

No one is safe until this social rat is behind bars. Check your neighbour. Check your acquaintances, for any irregular behaviour. Someone out there knows who he is. You owe it to your community.

The Derelict looks to the Lad's right corner causing the Lad to move to his left to block his shot, but the Derelict plays the ball straight down the Derelict's left Side - the classical false.

INT. SUPERMARKET NEXT DAY

Stone(D), holding a video camera with one hand bandaged, heads towards the Deli section. The Supermarket is packed with SHOPPERS.

A small queue waits to be served at the Deli section. Stone(D) films the Deli Attendant.

STONE (D)
Excuse me, Miss.

DELI ATTENDANT
Wait your turn.

Stone(D) waves a Health Report.

STONE (D)
You aware your semi-dried tomatoes,
for which you charge the equivalent
of street heroin, is contaminated
with
(reading)
point six milliliters of salmonella
per one thousand units?

DELI ATTENDANT
Say that in English!

STONE (D)
How would you feel if you were
responsible for a customer's death?

DELI ATTENDANT
(sarcastic)
Depends...whether I'd get time off
on compassionate grounds.

Stone(D) films small CHILDREN with their MOTHERS.

The Manager rushes over. Stone(D) hands him the Health Report.

STONE (D)
Ronnie. I'd like to do a one on
one interview with you.

The Manager quickly reads the report.

MANAGER

Um, can we continue this, um, in my office?

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

The Manager reads the report. Stone(D) films him.

STONE (D)

Salmonella. Poisonous, Ronnie. We could have another Bopal or Minomata here.

The Manager is speechless.

STONE (D)

Lawsuits. Insurance won't cover you. Big story, Ronnie.

MANAGER

Um....

Stone(D) stops filming.

STONE (D)

Yes, Ronnie?

MANAGER

Is there um anything that can be done? Like, can we work something out?

INT. SUPERMARKET SAME DAY

Stone(D) films the queues at the checkout. The Manager makes an announcement.

MANAGER V.O.

As a one-off special, Ladies and Gentlemen, today we are giving all our food away free. I repeat, one day only, everything in the store is free.

SHOPPERS scream with delight.

The Checkout-out staff look to the Manager's office.

The Manager's head appears from the door and reluctantly nods.

Shoppers in the check-out queues return to the aisles.

Those already shopping fill their trolleys with everything in reach.

The Manager nervously appears, watches the free-loaders.

STONE (D)
You're a good man, Ronnie.

Stone(D) walks out the entrance.

STONE (D)
But thirty-six fifty for sun burnt
tomatoes is a bit rich.

EXT. CARPARK, SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

The carpark is chaotic.

The female parking officer frantically writes tickets.

Corrigan's car screeches to a halt, parking in a No Parking zone.

Corrigan attempts to avoid the throng of MEDIA filming outside the Supermarket.

The Parking Officer puts a ticket on Corrigan's car.

REPORTER
Is this an attempt to compete with
Ichneumon, Mr Corrigan?

Corrigan brushes the Reporter aside.

INT. SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

Corrigan is flabbergasted.

The supermarket is packed, the shelves nearly empty.

Shoppers fight each other for the few remaining items. They take boxes from the top of shelves and rip them open.

Corrigan pushes his way through shoppers to the Manager's office.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan angrily reads the Heath Report.

The Manager is slumped in his chair, head in hands.

CORRIGAN

You idiot. Didn't you read this?

(pointing)

Allowable parts Salmonella per
thousand, point seven. Our's was
point six. All food has
Salmonella. Idiot!

EXT. SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

The real Stone arrives with his CAMERAMAN.

INT. SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

Corrigan seethes as he watches the chaos of empty shelves and
arriving shoppers trying to enter the store.

Stone goes directly to Corrigan, orders his Cameraman to
film.

Corrigan pushes the bewildered Stone out of the way.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

Corrigan angrily leaves his supermarket. He brushes aside
arriving CUSTOMERS.

A hand throws an apple core into the gutter.

The Busker(D) dressed as a mountain hillbilly erupts into *The
Auctioneer* (by Leroy Van Dyke). Everyone ignores him.

BUSKER (D)

(singing)

*I have a 600 dollar down here now
10 and now 25 and
Now 35 and now there 50 now 60 will
ya' give me 60
Now 75, 75 another 85 dollars and
buy 'em there...*

Corrigan looks at the parking ticket on his car.

CORRIGAN

(screaming)

I'll get you, you bastard! If it's
the last thing I ever do.

EXT. PARK - LATER SAME DAY

The song continues as the Derelict, clutching newspapers, strolls through parkland. He is delirious, part stumbling, walking backwards, in circles.

BUSKER (D) V.O.

*Will you gimmie 30 make it 30
 Bid it on a 30 dollar will you
 gimmie 30.
 Who'll bid a 30 dollar bid?
 30 dollar bid it now, 35, will you
 gimmie 35
 To make it 35 to bid at 35.
 Who would a-bid it at a 35 dollar
 bid?
 Here we come a lot number 29 in,
 What are you gonna give for 'em?
 I have a 25, I oughta get 35 and
 now a 50 make it
 50 bid it along at 50, now 60 will
 ya' give me 60,
 Now 75 and now 85 and now 95 and a
 100 and now 25
 And now it's at 75 and a 2 and a 3
 and a 4 and a 5 and a 6
 Now 7 now 800 dollars and a buy 'em
 there.*

EXT. STREET, OPPOSITE VIVIANNE'S SHOP - NIGHT

The Derelict slouches against a shop wall opposite Vivianne's shop.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

*Time is running out. The world has
 become an ancient Greek tragedy
 with one actor playing all the
 roles. We can no longer remain
 bystanders, simply commenting on
 events. The gods are demanding our
 participation.*

Tears stream down The Derelict's face.

FADE OUT.