

THE PHARAOH'S RAT

Written by

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Episode Four: The Ant Buffoon

**EPISODE FOUR OF THE PHARAOH'S RAT: THE ANT BUFFOON**

FADE IN:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

We see only the mouth of The Psychiatrist.

PSYCHIATRIST  
His pain is deep, maybe too deep to  
fully comprehend...

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING AN OCEAN - DAY

The lone figure of the Derelict sits gazing near a tree overlooking an ocean. The familiar bundle of old newspapers tied with twine is next to him.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.  
...I look into black eyes and I see  
question marks and incomplete  
sentences...Black hooves on white  
sand. Words are not enough.

*IRENE* is carved into a tree trunk. It's an old carving.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.  
I need ancient remedies here...to  
eliminate factors which trigger  
attacks.

An old hotel comes into view in the background.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.  
Remove all birth marks, something  
as simple as a dilated blood vessel  
close to the surface, deflate the  
scarlet crisis.

The Derelict looks towards the hotel.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.  
If that does not work I may be  
forced to consider extreme, very  
extreme measures.

The hotel animatedly immolates.

The Psychiatrist is drowned out by burning S/X and cries of anguish.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's early morning.

A female eye awakens. We travel down one side of Vivianne's naked body, lying on her back.

When we reach her foot we cross to a male foot and travel up one side of Troy's naked body.

Troy lies on his stomach.

Vivianne's hand lightly plays with his buttock.

Troy wakes, looks at Vivianne who pretends she's sleeping.

Troy laughs and tickles her.

She smothers him.

INT. FOXY'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Foxy wakes. Her bedroom could now be an advertisement for teenage erotic angst, though it's pedantically tidy.

Vivianne sits on the end of Foxy's bed.

VIVIANNE

Thought we might drive to Terrigal.  
Go for a surf. Visit the market.

FOXY

(sleepy)  
I'd love to but...

VIVIANNE

You're on holidays.

FOXY

I'm going to the library. Have to  
finish an assignment. Everyone is.  
Go with Troy.

Vivianne smiles warmly, runs the back of her hand down Foxy's bare arm.

VIVIANNE

He's working. I'll leave some money  
on the table.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME DAY

Vivianne drives in her convertible with the rood open along a coastal highway.

INT. CAR - SAME DAY

From inside another car we follow and observe Vivianne's car.

EXT. TERRIGAL SURF BEACH - SAME DAY

A camera films Vivianne in bikini emerging from the surf.

She lies on a towel then removes her top.

EXT. CRAFT MARKET - SAME DAY

Vivianne strolls through a craft market.

The Busker(D), looking like Bob Dylan and wearing frayed gloves with the top of the fingers missing, strums guitar and sings:

BUSKER (D)

*'Johnny's in the basement mixing up  
the medicine. I'm on the pavement,  
thinking about the Government. The  
man in the trench coat, badge out,  
laid off, says he's got a bad  
cough, wants to get it paid off.  
Look out kid, it's somethin' you  
did. God knows when, but you're  
doin' it again...'*

Vivianne admires an antique bottle.

She holds the bottle up. It reflects the Busker (D) surrounded by a CROWD.

Vivianne hears the beeping of a truck backing.

She turns to see Bondi directing the hire truck. She recognises Bondi's Eureka Flag tattoo.

LATER: Vivianne discretely watches a montage of the Busker preventing Ed hitting Bondi, Ed leaving, the Busker(D) buying a box of Monier glasses and Bondi selling all the boxes.

LATER: Vivianne stealthy follows the Busker(D) through the market.

The Busker(D) gets into the hire van with Ed and Bondi.

EXT./INT. HIGHWAY/VIVIANNE'S CAR - SAME DAY

Vivianne follows the van in her car. Her car radio plays hip-hop.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Foxy, dressed provocatively, hops from a taxi.

She lights a cigarette before entering the Hoi Polloi pub.

INT. INSIDE HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

HEADS turn as Foxy makes her way to the bar.

The BARMAN 21, a Heath Ledger impersonator, smiles as he shakes his head at Foxy.

A male KARAOKE SINGER competently sings *Up There Cazaley*. PATRONS join in.

KARAOKE SINGER

*...Me, I like football  
But there's a lot of things around  
When you line them up together  
The footy wins hands down  
Up there Cazaly  
In there and fight  
Out there and at 'em  
Show 'em your might  
Up there Cazaly  
Don't let 'em in  
Fly like an angel  
You're out there to win*

BARMAN

ID?

FOXY

Come on, I'm nineteen.

BARMAN

Yeah and I'm Heath Ledger.

Foxy puts fake ID on the counter. Heath Ledger begrudgingly nods.

FOXY  
So, Heath, give us an orgasm.

BILL, 60, sidles up.

BILL  
Your wish is my command.

FOXY  
Get lost, Creep!

Heath Ledger serves Foxy an orgasm.

She toasts him, her eyes wandering, assessing the talent.

EXT. CAR HIRE - SAME DAY

Vivianne watches Ed, Bondi and The Busker(D) get into a cab outside the car/truck hire company, having returned the hire truck.

Ed carries the genuine box of Monier glasses and a large sports bag. Bondi has the advertising for the glasses.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S CAR/OUTSIDE THE HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Vivianne remains in her car as Ed, Bondi and the Busker(D) enter the Hoi Polloi pub.

INT. VIVIANNE'S PANTRY - SAME DAY

Vivianne switches a light on in her pantry which is full of exotic food and expensive kitchen ware.

She grabs the box of Monier glasses.

INT. THE HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Vivianne, with the Monier box, stands in the doorway of the Hoi Polloi.

SOMEONE sings a Bob Dylan song on the Karaoke platform, but Vivianne can't see him.

BOB DYLAN SINGER

*'You say you're lookin' for someone  
who's never weak but always strong,  
to protect you and defend you  
whether you are right or wrong,  
someone to open each and every  
door, but it ain't me, Babe, no no  
no, it ain't me you're lookin' for,  
Babe.'*

Vivianne is bumped by PEOPLE entering.

Vivianne's head is seen moving among the Patrons, her eyes searching.

Vivianne approaches the Karaoke singer, who resembles the Busker (D), from behind.

Vivianne hesitates. The Singer turns.

It's not the Busker.

PETE JONES 30, the Compere, dressed in a brightly coloured check sportscoat and matching bow-tie and hat, turns the Karaoke music down and speaks through another mike.

Vivianne continue searching. The Karaoke Singer plays harmonica during Pete Jones' speech.

PETE JONES

Some low-life swine has lifted  
Sally's purse from behind the bar.

SALLY, the Kylie Minogue look-a-like, mournfully stands behind the bar.

PETE JONES

We're gonna pass the hat, folks, so  
do the right thing. Okay? When we  
catch the bastard!

Pete Jones tosses his hat to the crowd. The Singer continues.

BOB DYLAN SINGER

*'Go lightly from the ledge, babe.  
Go lightly on the ground. I'm not  
the one you want, babe, I'll only  
let you down. You say you're  
looking for someone who promised  
never to part, someone to close his  
eyes for you, someone to close his  
heart, someone who will die for you  
and more. But it ain't me, babe.'*

*No, no, no, it ain't me, babe  
you're lookin' for, babe... '*

Vivianne spies the sample box of Monier glasses at the end of the bar.

She pushes her way through drinkers.

Ed, drinking by himself, has Scratchies divided into winning and losing piles, the losing pile larger than the winning.

Ed pushes the winning Scratchies to Kylie Minogue.

ED

Swap these will ya, Darling.

Kylie counts the winning tickets.

Vivianne glares at Ed's box of glasses.

VIVIANNE

I take it they're the real McCoy?

Ed continues scratching without looking at Vivianne.

Kylie Minogue places new Scratchies next to Ed.

ED

Not for sale, Darling.

Vivianne opens her box, up ends it, smashing the glasses on the floor.

Ed looks at Vivianne, realising who she is. Ed keeps scratching.

VIVIANNE

I want a refund!

ED

They're broken.

VIVIANNE

That's why I want a refund.

ED

Got a receipt?

VIVIANNE

You got a license to deceive the public?

Ed appraises her, raises an eyebrow.

VIVIANNE  
Where's your accomplice?

ED  
Who?

VIVIANNE  
You know very well who!

Vivianne grabs the box on the bar.

ED  
Hey, they're worth five hundred.

VIVIANNE  
Let's continue this at the police  
station shall we.

She goes to leave but walks smack bang into Foxy whose jaw hits the floor.

Foxy holds her purse behind her back.

FOXY  
Ah, I was on the steps of the  
library....when this bastard  
snatched my purse. I know he's in  
here somewhere....

Foxy looks for the 'thief'.

Bondi comes up behind her, grabbing her purse and giving her a big kiss.

BONDI  
Hey, Foxy lady, your shout.

Vivianne angrily turns to leave.

Foxy abruptly pulls away from Bondi, snatches her purse.

FOXY  
Mum!

Bondi apologetically shrugs.

Ed snatches the box from Vivianne and hands her fifty bucks.

Pete Jones arrives with the collection hat.

Vivianne discards the fifty bucks in the hat and heads for the door.

FOXY  
 (to Ed)  
 She's not a prostitute.

ED  
 How about a hundred?

Vivianne turns.

VIVIANNE  
 You wouldn't know class if it  
 jumped up and bit you on the arse.

FOXY  
 Gawd, my mother's a prostitute.

Vivianne walks away. Ed and others wolf whistle.

The Busker(D), still disguised as Bob Dylan, has the Mike.

He punches a number into the Karaoke console, yells into the  
 mike.

BUSKER (D)  
 Hey, Mrs Partridge.

Vivianne, near the door, stops, gives the Busker a filthy  
 look.

BUSKER (D)  
 (singing)  
*I think I love you, so what am I so  
 afraid of, a love there is no cure  
 for....*

The entire pub send the song up.

Vivianne storms out of the pub.

PUB  
 (singing)  
*And it worries me to say, that I've  
 never felt this way. I think I  
 love you...*

Foxy is mortified. Bondi sympathetically shrugs.

INT. VIVIANNE'S CAR - SAME DAY

Foxy, her purse on her lap, checks her make-up as Vivianne,  
 struggling to restrain her anger, starts the car.

They can hear the drinkers continuing the song.

FOXY  
How seventies!

INT. VIVIANNE'S CAR - SAME DAY

Vivianne speeds through back streets.

FOXY  
I know you've had people spying on  
me. I've seen them.

Vivianne flashes Foxy a questioning glance.

FOXY  
That's why I went there, to flush  
you out.

VIVIANNE  
You're grounded.

FOXY  
How long?

VIVIANNE  
Till you grow up.

Foxy smiles to herself.

Vivianne dials her mobile while driving.

FOXY  
That's illegal, you know.

INT. HOI POLLOI PUB - THAT NIGHT

Ed hands the Busker(D), still dressed as Dylan, a beer at the  
bar.

The Busker(D) grins and sips his beer.

The Busker(D) cautiously watches three POLICE enter the pub.

The Police search for underage drinkers, asking patrons for  
ID.

Ed looks for the Busker(D) but there's only a half-drunk beer  
on the bar.

EXT. HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME NIGHT

From the shadows the Busker(D) observes police leave the pub escorting two underage DRINKERS.

INT. BOARDROOM, CORRIGAN'S - NEXT DAY

Mason and the Commissioner sit opposite each other.

Corrigan pours himself coffee from a silver tray on a table containing cream cakes.

The Commissioner has two folders. One is marked *Ichneumon* which he opens revealing security photos from the hotel of Dumphy(D), photos of Victor Kelly(D), the Governor General(D) and the newspaper article about the hotel fire sent to Corrigan. The second folder has nothing written on it.

MASON

We've been through this folder charade!

Mason grabs photos.

MASON

Is that it? After everything we know, that's the sum total of your expertise? Gawd!

Corrigan carefully places a plate of cakes in front of the Commissioner, sits and sips his coffee.

COMMISSIONER

This man is a strategist.

MASON

You're running an incompetent police force!

The Commissioner displays close-up photos of various gloves worn by *Ichneumon*.

Corrigan offers Mason a cake. Mason declines.

COMMISSIONER

We don't even know if he's the one person.

MASON

Course he is. What we want to know is why he's targeting us.

The Commissioner helps himself to a cake. He refers to the second folder.

COMMISSIONER  
That answer's in there.

Mason attempts to open the folder. The Commissioner prevents him.

COMMISSIONER  
My guess is he's a survivor.

MASON  
From what?

The Commissioner indicates the newspaper article headed:  
*Inquiry into Hotel Fire.*

MASON  
That was ten years ago. There were no survivors.

COMMISSIONER  
Maybe a relative or something.

MASON  
That's crap! Why would he wait ten years?

COMMISSIONER  
He didn't. He just took long service. Now he's back.

MASON  
Doesn't make sense.

The Commissioner taps the newspaper article.

COMMISSIONER  
He's someone with an obsession about the fire. Find that person, we have our man.

Mason scoffs. The Commissioner sips his coffee.

MASON  
If that's the best you can do I wonder what we're paying you for!

The Commissioner closes the folder.

COMMISSIONER

You're paying me to save your arse being eaten by sharks if and when this invisible person finally blocks out your sunshine.

CORRIGAN

Jim, what Kimberly means and what I'd like, is for us to set the agenda. Become proactive.

MASON

Understand?

The Commissioner opens the second folder containing assorted anonymous notes written with different writing devices, all on original newspaper of the photocopied article: *Inquiry into Hotel Fire*.

The Commissioner scatters them over the table.

The notes all state: *Follow the insurance*.

COMMISSIONER

Follow the insurance. All addressed personally to me.

MASON

Why haven't you mentioned this before?

The Commissioner offers Corrigan a cake. Corrigan declines.

MASON

This could be our answer. You should've followed up on it!

COMMISSIONER

Oh I've followed it up alright.

MASON

And?

The Commissioner laughs. Mason angrily turns away. The Commissioner looks to Corrigan for a response.

CORRIGAN

The fire wiped me out and my partner. If it hadn't been for the insurance I would have been bankrupt.

COMMISSIONER

It would help if I knew the truth,  
Frank.

MASON

The insurance was above board. The  
Inquiry supported that.

COMMISSIONER

(to Corrigan)

The hotel was running at a loss.  
You insured it for double it's  
value.

MASON

That was common practice. Whose  
side are you on?

CORRIGAN

My partner was an ex-insurance  
broker, the best in the business.  
He handled all that.

COMMISSIONER

Frank, what I need to know is...

The Commissioner hesitates. Corrigan indicates for him to  
continue. He doesn't.

CORRIGAN

Did I have the place torched?

MASON

That's outrageous!

Corrigan places his hand on Mason's arm.

COMMISSIONER

I'm not interested in PR, Mason. If  
the place was torched could the  
arsonist still be alive?

Corrigan looks long and hard into The Commissioner's eyes.

CORRIGAN

You must know my partner committed  
suicide...

The Commissioner nods.

CORRIGAN

...that I discovered his body.

Corrigan wipes crumbs off the table.

COMMISSONER

I'm asking you about the arsonist!

CORRIGAN

I assure you, Jim, you have no need  
for concern in that area.

The Commissioner raises an eyebrow.

CORRIGAN

If there was an arsonist, and I  
stress if, then I can assure you  
he's long and truly dead.

The Commissioner returns all contents to the folder, stands.  
He hands Mason a business card.

COMMISSIONER

Speak with this person.

Mason looks at the card, immediately glances at Corrigan.

MASON

Benny McPherson! We don't want the  
likes of him involved.

The Commissioner laughs.

CORRIGAN

What's this about, Jim?

The Commissioner pops the remainder of a cream cake in his  
mouth.

COMMISSIONER

Becoming proactive, Frank.

INT. HOI POLLOI PUB - NIGHT

It's *Golden Oldies* Karoake night.

Ed sits at the bar with his usual piles of scratchies.

PATRONS, dressed in vintage clothes, groove to a song by a  
singer with his back to the audience, singing a perfectly  
imitated version of Lead Belly's *Mr Hitler*.

SINGER (D)

*Hitler started out in nineteen-  
hundred-and-thirty-two  
Hitler started out in nineteen-  
hundred-and-thirty-two  
When he started out, he took the  
homes from the Jews*

Bondi grooves to the music by himself.

EXT. BEACH CARPARK - THAT NIGHT

A Mercedes slowly cruises through a deserted car park overlooking a beach.

SINGER (D)

*We're gonna tear Hitler down, we're  
gonna tear Hitler down  
We're gonna tear Hitler down  
someday  
We're gonna bring him to the  
ground, we're gonna bring him to  
the ground  
We're gonna bring him to the ground  
someday*

INT. MERCEDES - THAT NIGHT

Through the rear view the driver notices a limousine enter the car park.

*Mr Hitler* plays over the scene.

INT. HOI POLLOI PUB - THAT NIGHT

Patrons are in awe of the Singer still singing *Mr Hitler*.

It is The Busker (D). He wears a 'derro' suit, tie and gloves. He strums an acoustic guitar with a finger pick.

SINGER (D)

*Mr. Hitler, we're gonna tear your  
playhouse down  
Mr. Hitler, we're gonna tear your  
playhouse down  
You been flyin' mighty high, but  
you're on your last go 'round  
We're gonna tear Hitler down, we're  
gonna tear Hitler down  
We're gonna tear Hitler down  
someday  
We're gonna bring him to the  
ground, we're gonna bring him to  
the ground  
We're gonna bring him to the ground  
someday.*

He finishes to rapturous applause.

Pete Jones jumps up, grabs the mike as The Busker(D) leaves the stage.

The Busker(D) makes his way towards Ed.

PETE JONES

Let's hear it one more time for  
Lead Belly.

The Busker(D) acknowledges the applause, places his guitar on the bar.

THE BUSKER (D)

(to Dolly Parton)

Give's a bottle of that there  
moonshine.

DOLLY PARTON reaches for a bottle of Jim Beam.

EXT. BEACH CARPARK - SAME DAY

PETE JONES V.O.

There must be something in the beer  
tonight because we have another  
Lead Belly, complete with his  
twelve string guitar.

Acoustic guitar intro is heard.

A parked chauffeured car faces the beach.

The Mercedes parks next to the chauffeured car.

The Mercedes driver goes to the back door of the chauffeured car.

An electronic window opens. BENNY McPHERSON, 40, hardened crime czar, smiles.

MASON  
Mr McPherson?

BENNY MCPHERSON  
Kimberly, get in.

The door opens for Mason.

INT. HOI POLLOI PUB - THAT NIGHT

Dolly Parton places a bottle of Jim Beam and a glass in front of The Busker(D). Ed pushes money her way.

A BLACK KARAOKE SINGER has the floor.

BLACK KARAOKE SINGER  
*Irene, good night, Irene, good  
night  
Good night, Irene, good night,  
Irene  
I'll get you in my dreams*

Ed freezes when he hears the lyrics. He looks at The Busker (D) who skoals a glass of whiskey.

The Busker(D) slams the glass on the counter and angrily takes off towards the Black Karaoke Singer.

ED  
Hey! Hey!

The Busker(D) pushes patrons aside until he's in front of the Black Karaoke Singer. His eyes are alight, 'his hair on fire'. He glares at the Black Karaoke Singer.

The Black Karaoke Singer is blind.

The Busker(D) pushes his way to the exit.

BLACK KARAOKE SINGER  
*Sometimes I live in the country  
Sometimes I live in town  
Sometimes I have a great notion  
To jump in to the river and drown*

EXT. HOI POLLOI PUB - THAT NIGHT

The song can still be heard.

The Busker(D) stands distraught outside the pub.

Ed puts his arm round him.

INT. ROOM - THAT NIGHT

We only see a mouth talking.

PSYCHIATRIST

When you wanted a bunny rabbit that  
your parents wouldn't buy you...

INT. DARKENED ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Someone watches a composite video of Vivianne shopping with  
Troy, entering her shop, undressing behind a gauze-like  
curtain seen from outside her home.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

...what did you do? Forget the  
bunny, or set containment traps in  
appropriate locations?

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME NIGHT

An indiscernible face staring at the expensive dress is  
pressed hard to the window.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - NEXT DAY

Vivianne wraps an exclusive dress in tissue paper.

Mamselle, concluding a phone call, replaces the receiver.

MAMSELLE

(French Accent)

That was the French Embassy. Baron  
Von Rothschild will be arriving in  
fifteen minutes. He's been  
recommended but he wants no fuss.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME DAY

An expensive hire car with French diplomatic markings pulls  
up outside the shop.

Ed, unrecognisable as a Chauffeur, with beard, gloves and moustache, opens the door for the elderly and near blind ROTHSCHILD (Derelict) carrying a white cane and dressed in mourning suit, resplendent with white shirt, black tie, maroon vest and white gloves.

INT. VIVIANNE'S SHOP - SAME DAY

Vivianne eagerly greets Rothschild(D), assisted into the shop by chauffeur Ed.

Rothschild(D) dismisses chauffeur Ed who waits outside.

Rothschild (D) addresses Mamselle on the assumption she owns the shop.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 (to Mamselle in French)  
 I have heard so much about your  
 delightful shop.

Mamselle curtsies then defers to Vivianne who motions for Mamselle to continue the ruse.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 (in French)  
 I require a garment for an  
 acquaintance back at my hotel....

MAMSELLE  
 (for Vivianne's benefit)  
 You require, um, a garment, a gown,  
 for your acquaintance, um, back at  
 your hotel?

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 (French)  
 Discretely of course.

MAMSELLE  
 Discretely of course.

Vivianne indicates to Mamselle the expensive gown in the window.

Mamselle gets the gown.

Rothschild(D) smiles warmly at Vivianne who offers him Cognac. He doesn't react.

VIVIANNE  
 Cognac?

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
Ah, oui, oui.

Vivianne places a glass of Cognac in his hand.

Rothschild(D) graciously accepts.

Mamselle places the black gown over Rothschild's arm.

Rothschild(D) smells the garment. His eyes light up. He rubs the fabric against his face.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
(in French to Mamselle)  
Could I perhaps see it on?

MAMSELLE  
Certainly.

Mamselle is eager to oblige but Rothschild(D) hands it to Vivianne who takes the gown and disguises her annoyance.

Vivianne enters the changeroom.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
(extreme broken English)  
I've been blind since birth. I recovered part of my sight at the age sixty-two. I see blurs. Now when I cross intersection I am terrified. I close eyes to cross a road.

The door to the dressing room is part open. Vivianne undresses.

Rothschild(D) mumbles in French to Mamselle.

VIVIANNE  
What did he say?

MAMSELLE  
I think he asked if the Wallabies will kick our French arse.

Rothschild(D) laughs and stumbles to the dressing room.

Vivianne is standing in panties only.

ROTHSCHILD  
 (broken English)  
 When I was blind they told me about  
 flowers and sand dunes but nobody  
 told me about a pyramid of pears in  
 a fruit shop.

Rothschild stares at Vivianne's bare breasts as she puts the  
 gown on.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 Why no one tell me about a pyramid  
 of pears?

Vivianne gulps unsure if he's totally blind, exits, swirls  
 and poses for Rothschild(D) who removes the glove on his  
 right hand. We don't see the hand.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 Ah, magnifique.

Rothschild(D) feels the fabric but restrains himself from  
 feeling anything else. He puts the glove back on.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 (to Mamselle in French)  
 Wrap it.

Mamselle wraps the gown.

Rothschild(D) opens his wallet, removes credit cards.  
 Vivianne gestures to Mamselle.

MAMSELLE  
 Ah, eleven thousand five hundred?

Vivianne nods.

MAMSELLE  
 And credit card will be fine.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 (broken English)  
 Australian dollars, yes?

VIVIANNE  
 Qui, Monsieur.

Rothschild(D) smiles at Vivianne.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
 (broken English)  
 Why not? Let's make it twelve. I  
 like round figures.

Vivianne smiles.

Chauffeur Ed hurries in waving an Embassy requisition book.

CHAUFFEUR ED  
Excuse me, Baron, the Embassy will  
pay for that.

ROTHSCHILD (D)  
Nonsense.

CHAUFFEUR ED  
Those are my orders, Baron.  
(to Mamselle)  
To whom do I make a requisition?

Mamselle defers to Vivianne who is wary. Vivianne checks the requisition book.

Satisfied, Vivianne hands Chauffeur Ed a requisition card.

Rothschild's (D) gaze to Mamselle reveals surprise that Vivianne has taken over.

MAMSELLE  
Um, Vivianne handles accounts,  
Monsieur.

Rothschild (D) smiles understandingly to Mamselle.

VIVIANNE  
You'll need to fill this out.  
(to Rothschild(D))  
With the Embassy details.

Rothschild(D) pleasantly nods.

Vivianne hands a card to Rothschild(D) who passes it to Ed.

Chauffeur Ed fills out details in the card.

Rothschild(D) motions to Chauffeur Ed.

Chauffeur Ed hands him a neatly wrapped present.

Rothschild(D) places the present on the counter.

Rothschild(D) awkwardly writes a note. He leaves it under the package.

Vivianne goes to open it.

Rothschild puts his hands over hers.

ROTHSCHILD

Later.

Chauffeur Ed carries the wrapped gown.

Rothschild kisses Vivianne and Mamselle's hands.

He stops in the doorway.

ROTHSCHILD

(broken English)

If you come to Paree you must visit  
me. We have wonderful pears in  
Paree.

(to himself)

Though not half as ripe as yours.

Vivianne, jubilant, waves through the empty window as they  
drive away.

Mamselle inspects the invoice.

Horrified, she shows it to Vivianne who immediately opens the  
package.

Mamselle dials the number on the invoice.

VOICE O.S.

La Bastille Massage Parlour, Fifi  
speaking.

Inside the package are two black pearls.

The note reads: *La pears were magnifique. P.S. I owe you  
deux grand.* It is signed *RothschIld*. The *I* has been circled.

Vivianne scrunches the note.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (A WEEK LATER)

An old jeep with horse float powers along a country road.

INT. HORSE FLOAT - SAME DAY

Inside the float is the black stallion, Pharaoh's Rat

INT. OLD JEEP - SAME DAY

The Psychiatrist drives through lush countryside.

Bert(D), grins in the passenger seat.

EXT. COUNTRY RACETRACK - SAME DAY

An aerial view of a country racetrack shows early preparations for a race meeting.

EXT. COUNTRY RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Clifton, in an expensive four-wheel drive with horse float, is waved through the competitors' entrance of a country racetrack.

EXT. COUNTRY RACETRACK, BOOKIES STALLS - SAME DAY

The race meeting is hectic, the bookie's area packed with PUNTERS.

The Psychiatrist checks a bookie's board. Foxy Lady is favourite at two to one, with Pharaoh's Rat down the board at tens.

The Psychiatrist waves a fist full of money at a BOOKIE.

PSYCHIATRIST

A thousand to win on the Rat.

INT. BONDI'S FLAT - SAME DAY

Bondi is doing sit-ups in his bed sitter. His television shows the country race meeting. A race has started.

Footsteps approach. Bondi is startled.

Foxy, in school uniform, stands over him. He relaxes with a sigh, looks up her legs.

FOXY

And what're you staring at?

BONDI

I'd say a bright opening for a young lad.

She laughs and lowers herself on to him.

The Television shows Foxy Lady winning a race. Also in the race is the black stallion, Pharaoh's Rat. Foxy leans over and switches off the television.

EXT. COUNTRY RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Foxy Lady is winning the race. Pharaoh's Rat is well back in the field.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

There's no doubt about this one.  
Put your glasses away. This is Foxy  
Lady's day, though fighting on is  
The Pharaoh's Rat. It's a good run  
by The Rat but not good enough to  
upset The Lady...

The Psychiatrist runs along the rails and screams abuse at Pharaoh's Rat whose white shoes are covered in black tape.

Bert, disappointed, watches Foxy Lady win the race.

Clifton fists the air.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NEXT DAY

Someone watches a montage video of Vivianne driving her car, emerging from the surf, removing her top, observing the busker, following the hire truck then a close-up of Bondi, freeze-framing on his tattoo.

A male hand reaches for a mobile.

INT. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan, working at his desk, answers his phone.

Corrigan listens, concerned.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOME - THAT NIGHT

Vivianne, carrying numerous supermarket shopping bags, closes her front door. She notices her back door open and light on in the backyard.

Her mobile vibrates.

She places the bags on the floor and removes her mobile from her handbag.

As she listens to the caller she slowly walks towards the back door.

VIVIANNE  
 (whispering into mobile)  
 She's not home. Why?

EXT. VIVIANNE'S BACK YARD - SAME NIGHT

Vivianne enters her back yard. Troy sits in a chair, his back to her, mournfully looking at the stars. He is surrounded by documents.

Vivianne slowly goes to Troy, puts her hands lovingly on his shoulders.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOME - NEXT DAY

A computer screen asks for a password.

FOXY is typed and a Zurich Bank Web Page opens.

A thumb print appears.

A thumb (Corrigan's) is placed on the screen over the thumb print activating a program which asks for another password.

Corrigan realises someone is behind him.

He immediately closes the site, turns and is surprised by Vivianne.

CORRIGAN  
 Didn't hear you.

VIVIANNE  
 You're getting deaf in your old age.

CORRIGAN  
 Drink?

VIVIANNE  
 What were you working on?

Corrigan gets himself a drink. Vivianne declines.

CORRIGAN  
 Nothing as exciting as you.

Mason hurriedly enters. He smiles warmly at Vivianne.

She ignores him.

MASON  
 (abruptly)  
 You said you knew who Ichneumon  
 was.

VIVIANNE  
 Does the reward still stand?

MASON  
 Money's all you people think about,  
 isn't it?

CORRIGAN  
 Kimberly!

MASON  
 What d'you know?

VIVIANNE  
 Nothing really.

Mason impatiently turns to leave. Corrigan glares at  
 Vivianne.

VIVIANNE  
 Well, there's this person, a busker  
 type I've seen occasionally at the  
 markets. He imitates other  
 singers...

MASON  
 Get real, Vivianne! We're looking  
 for a master criminal. Probably  
 someone with access to the latest  
 up to date surveillance technology,  
 who undoubtedly by now is on the  
 top ten rich list and you give us  
 a, what did you call him, a busker  
 type? Why in heaven's name  
 would...?

VIVIANNE  
 Maybe he likes being other people.  
 Maybe he's immature. I don't know.

MASON  
 Great, that's all we need. Give  
 her the reward now. And while  
 we're at it, let's sign your latest  
 interest up to a record contract.  
 Gawd, what next? A busker type!

VIVIANNE  
You know Kimberly, you really  
should find yourself a nice girl.

Mason doesn't know how to respond.

CORRIGAN  
Who is this busker?

VIVIANNE  
He hangs around the Hoi Polloi  
Hotel.

MASON  
Ah, and he's an alcoholic!

VIVIANNE  
Forget it. It was just a hunch. I  
really came to ask a favour.

CORRIGAN  
How much is it going to cost me?

MASON  
I'm busy.

Mason petulantly leaves.

VIVIANNE  
Now don't be like that. You  
haven't lost one cent on my dress  
shop.

Corrigan goes behind her and gently kisses her neck.

CORRIGAN  
You know there nothing I wouldn't  
do for you.

She smiles and turns.

VIVIANNE  
It's Troy.

CORRIGAN  
What do you know about him,  
Vivianne?

VIVIANNE  
That I can trust him.

CORRIGAN  
I mean really know?

VIVIANNE  
He's incorruptible.

CORRIGAN  
Nobody's incorruptible, Darling.

Corrigan runs his hand down the side of her neck.

CORRIGAN  
You of all people should know that.

Vivianne slightly moves away.

VIVIANNE  
He's a good man, Frank.

Corrigan returns to his desk.

VIVIANNE  
I was hoping you could maybe put  
some work his way, recommend him to  
friends...

Corrigan smiles. She kisses him on the cheek, turns to  
leave.

CORRIGAN  
A young kid, tattoo on his bicep,  
flag of some type, maybe a  
Builders' Labourer. Mean anything?

Vivianne considers before answering.

VIVIANNE  
Should it?

CORRIGAN  
Not really.

Vivianne shrugs.

INT. HOI POLLOI HOTEL - NEXT NIGHT

A Marlene Dietrich IMPERSONATOR, 45, sings *Lili Marlene*:

MARLENE DIETRICH  
*Underneath the lantern, by the  
barrack gate. Darling I remember,  
the way you used to wait. 'Twas  
there that you whispered tenderly,  
That you loved me. You'd always be  
My Lili of the lamplight. My own  
Lili Marlene...*

Two MEN 35, detective-like, move among the crowded bar.

Bondi and Foxy kiss in a corner.

Bondi spies the men asking PATRONS for ID.

Bondi indicates for Foxy to leave. She does.

The men recognise Bondi's tattoo, go to him.

Bondi shows his ID. One of the men pockets the ID.

They escort Bondi out the back of the pub.

INT. CAR - SAME NIGHT

Corrigan's bodyguard, wearing an identifiable ring, oversees the men escort Bondi out the back door of the pub.

They push Bondi against a wall and handcuff his hands behind his back.

EXT. HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME NIGHT

Foxy watches the front of the pub for Bondi from across the street.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SAME NIGHT

Bondi is shoved into a chair at a table by the two men.

We see the back of the Bodyguard's head and his identifiable ring as he sits watching the men remove Bondi's handcuffs. Pen and paper are on the table.

BODYGUARD

I just need answers, then you to do me a small favour.

An envelope of money is dropped on the table.

BODYGUARD

That's yours.

Bondi is confused.

BODYGUARD

On condition I never see you again.

Bondi doesn't react.

BODYGUARD

Hmmmmmm?

One of the men spins the chamber of a pistol, smiles at a now terrified Bondi.

EXT. TAB OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Troy is passing a TAB office. He stops, considers whether or not to enter, before entering.

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

PUNTERS, smoking, stand half-in, half-out of the door.

One of the men who removed Bondi from the pub, butts a cigarette on the no smoking sign and observes Troy's every move.

Odds for Saturday's races show Foxy Lady two to one favorite. Troy speaks to himself as he fills out a betting slip.

TROY

Five hundred dollars, Foxy Lady,  
the win.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan sits opposite Troy. A Form Guide is on Troy's desk.

CORRIGAN

I'm told you're good. I have the  
best taxation people in the country  
yet I still pay eight percent  
personal tax.

TROY

I'm impressed.

CORRIGAN

I consider that eight times too  
much.

TROY

Zero tax is what I'd definitely  
call an infallible system.

CORRIGAN

Every percentage point you reduce my tax by, I'll give two hundred grand.

Troy shakes his head.

CORRIGAN

Why not?

TROY

If you're only paying eight per cent you already have the best. The only way I could do that would be to break the law.

CORRIGAN

I hear you have a new system.

Troy doesn't respond.

CORRIGAN

Private bindings.

Troy, surprised at Corrigan knowing, smiles.

CORRIGAN

I'm interested.

TROY

It wouldn't get you below eight per cent, nothing like it.

Corrigan writes in a cheque book.

CORRIGAN

I'm prepared to pay two hundred thousand for you to brief my people.

TROY

And that's it?

Corrigan doesn't respond. Troy smiles, shakes his head.

Disappointed, Corrigan pockets the cheque book, stands.

TROY

Vivianne asked you to help, didn't she?

CORRIGAN

I don't want anything to happen to her, understand?

TROY  
Neither do I.

Corrigan picks up the form guide, notices Foxy Lady circled. He hesitates before returning the form guide to the table.

CORRIGAN  
Don't waste your money on Foxy Lady  
this Saturday.

TROY  
You sure?

CORRIGAN  
Infallible.

Corrigan winks, walks to the door.

CORRIGAN  
You can put your house on it.

Corrigan leaves. Troy looks at the form guide.

TROY  
Bugger!

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S STABLES - NEXT DAY

Loud requiem music plays.

The Psychiatrist carries an audio player past stabled horses, stops outside a door with *Pharaoh's Rat* written on it.

He presses a button on the audio player. The requiem music stops. He presses another button but there is silence.

The Psychiatrist looks deep into the horse's black eyes.

The horse's head is connected to electrodes emanating from a control panel.

The sounds of mares on heat screeches from the audio player.

Other stallions go berserk.

Pharaoh's Rat remains calm.

The Psychiatrist smiles triumphantly.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy is deep in paper work.

Charlie bursts in, throws a newspaper on the desk.

The headline, alongside an unrelated photo of the real Rothschild, reads, *TAX OFFICE ARREST*.

CHARLIE

I've gone ahead on your say so! Do a deal with the Tax Office you said!

(reading)

The Federal Police and Tax Office, blah blah blah, here it is, 'into the potential misuse of advanced opinions and private binding rulings to minimise taxation. A spokes person for the Tax department said any agreements were done without Tax Department approval.' Without approval!

Troy snatches the paper.

TROY

That's bullshit!

Charlie pokes the article.

CHARLIE

They charged the idiot you negotiated with!

INT. TAX DEPARTMENT, SECRET ROOM - SAME DAY

Ellis watches Troy through his two-way mirror anxiously waiting in Sim's office.

CHARLIE V.O.

Oh no, Charlie, we don't want to do anything that's unethical, Charlie. Bloody Jesus. What does that mean? I'm now up for thirty percent Tax?

TROY V.O.

Give me a chance to look into it.

CHARLIE V.O.

Oh good, you look into it. In the meantime I'll go and jump off a building. Preferably one that used to be mine!

INT. SIM'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy sits opposite Ellis whose desk is heaped with folders.

TROY

Sims told me everything was approved.

ELLIS

Sims was operating outside his jurisdiction.

TROY

This was a con right from the start!

Ellis looks offended.

EXT. BONDI BEACH - SAME DAY

Troy walks through the sand and the wash at Bondi Beach, not caring that his shoes and pants are soaked.

A ringing mobile in his pocket remains unanswered.

TROY V.O.

To get me to give you confidential details of a hundred million dollar investment.

ELLIS V.O.

That's not how we see it.

TROY V.O.

I can't do anything now to minimise my client's tax.

ELLIS V.O.

Your job is to have your client pay as little tax as possible. Our obligation is to ensure people pay their rightful tax. We don't expect them to pay more than they're legally obliged to.

TROY V.O.

You're a pack of evil bastards.

ELLIS V.O.

This meeting is over, Mr Emmanuel.

Troy boots the water, spraying it everywhere.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy, his pants soaking from the knees down, returns to his office.

The SHERIFF, 50, and his STAFF remove office equipment.

The Receptionist hurries to Troy.

RECEPTIONIST

I've been trying to ring you. It's the Sheriff's Department. They have a court order.

She hands him the court order.

RECEPTIONIST

And Charlie closed his account.

Troy is stunned as chairs and tables are carried out.

RECEPTIONIST

They tried to take my computer but I told them it was my own.

SHERIFF

You the boss?

The Sheriff hands Troy a court Order and a list of the confiscated goods.

SHERIFF

This'll all be auctioned.

Troy quickly checks the court Order.

TROY

Gambling Incorporated? I paid it. I paid in full!

The Sheriff scoffs to one of his staff.

SHERIFF

They always say that.

Troy dials his mobile.

TROY

(to the Receptionist)  
Get my lawyer.

SHERIFF

Don't waste your money, mate.  
(to Receptionist)

Gambling debts. No magistrate'll  
listen.

The Receptionist is surprised. Troy hands her a card.

TROY  
Get this number instead.

The mobile number answers.

TROY  
(into mobile phone)  
John, Troy Emmanuel here. That  
cheque I made out for Gambling  
Incorporated, did it clear?

Troy holds.

The Receptionist indicates she has the person on her line.  
Troy grabs her phone.

TROY  
(into Receptionist's  
phone)  
Troy Emmanuel here. I have the  
Sheriff here in my office with a  
court order taken out by you lot.  
What's going on?...I've sent you a  
cheque for the full amount...There  
can't be interest! It hasn't been  
a month!...And I've just been  
informed you've presented my cheque  
and it's been cleared!  
(into mobile)  
Thanks, John.

Troy puts his mobile away.

TROY  
(into receptionist's  
phone)  
You know...Computer error,  
bullshit! You really are a pack of  
arseholes!

Troy hands the phone to the Sheriff. The Sheriff listens  
then returns the phone to Troy.

SHERIFF  
(reluctantly to his staff)  
Put it back.

TROY  
Bastards!

The Receptionist glares at the Sheriff.

INT. ROOM - SAME DAY

We only see the mouth, with his lips coated in white lipstick.

PSYCHIATRIST

Within ant colonies there's this character that's a bit like your self-appointed deputy sheriff. I call him the ant buffoon. To seek attention the ant buffoon will cover his feet in gloves of luminous oxide...

EXT. RACETRACK, TRAINING - NEXT MORNING

Through binoculars held by bright gloved hands we see two horses being ridden hard around the training track. One horse is well beaten by the other horse.

Foxy Lady is written on the losing horse's saddle-cloth.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

... and carry his food backwards. He's been known to sometimes bite himself on the arse in his attempt to achieve extreme status by mocking other ants who have transgressed the ant law. The victims of the ant buffoon are so thoroughly embarrassed that the ridicule itself becomes an adequate punishment.

Corrigan and Clifton talk as they watch training.

The bright gloved hands holding the binoculars belong to The Psychiatrist.

EXT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S TRAINING TRACK - SAME DAY

Bert(D) drives an old car into the Psychiatrist's property.

As he pulls up Pharaoh's Rat is completing a sprint where he's ten lengths in front of two horses being purposefully ridden not to win. Pharaoh's Rat is written on the saddle-cloth. Pharaoh's Rat's white shoes are still covered with black tape.

Excessive cheering, as you'd expect from a large crowd on race day, blares through amplifiers.

The Psychiatrist yells through an amplifier at the losing JOCKEYS.

THE PSYCHIATRIST  
Stay back. Don't get too close.

INT. BERT'S CAR - SAME DAY

Bert(D) watches the horses finish before getting out of his car.

EXT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S TRAINING TRACK - SAME DAY

Bert(D) strolls to The Psychiatrist now with the three horses.

The Psychiatrist yells at the JOCKEY of Pharaoh's Rat.

THE PSYCHIATRIST  
Give the Rat sugar and let him see  
the other two get nothing. Take him  
through again, but this time bring  
the others up a little closer.  
(to Bert)  
He'll be so addicted to winning  
nothing'll get in his way.

Pharaoh's Rat is ridden away.

Another horse, with Hoi Polloi written on the saddle cloth, gallops past superbly.

BERT (D)  
The Rat, what's his chances of  
beating Foxy Lady, Saturday?

The Psychiatrist smiles and slightly nods.

BERT (D)  
Foxy Lady's unbeaten.

The Psychiatrist scoffs.

BERT (D)  
Bookies have her five to one on.  
Unbeatable.

THE PSYCHIATRIST  
She's due for a let down.

BERT (D)  
How d'you know?

THE PSYCHIATRIST  
Study the man, Bert, not the horse.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy's office is still in disarray. Files and books are stacked against the wall.

Troy has calculated odds for Foxy Lady's race, using Dumphy's system, on a whiteboard.

The ten starters, with Foxy Lady five to one on, and Pharaoh's Rat four to one, have odds at 5, 10, 20, 20, 20, 20, 50, 50. Foxy Lady is separated by a vertical line and there are no numbers for her.

Troy has written what it would take to gamble on each horse for a return of one million dollars i.e., 250,000, 200,000, 100,000, 50,000, 50,000, 50,000, 50,000, 20,000 and 20,000 (on the assumption Foxy Lady won't win). Total outlay = \$790,000 is written along with \$790,000 subtracted from \$1,000,000 showing a win of \$210,000, which is underlined and circled.

Troy is on his mobile. His Secretary enters. He waves her away.

TROY  
(into mobile phone)  
I need a short term loan,  
John...seven days...eight hundred  
thousand...Yes I know. I'll put up  
the equity...Today.

Troy dismisses his Secretary's concerned look.

INT. BANK - SAME DAY

Troy walks into the bank.

INT. BANK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Troy sits opposite the bank MANAGER.

JOHN COURT  
You've got eight hundred thousand,  
for one month at one per cent.

Troy shakes the Manager's hand.

TROY  
Thanks, mate.

Troy goes to leave.

JOHN COURT  
Troy?

Troy turns.

JOHN COURT  
If there's a problem you're in deep  
shit.

Troy cautiously nods.

EXT. GAMBLING INCORPORATED - SAME DAY

Troy enters Gambling Incorporated.

INT. GAMBLING INCORPORATED - SAME DAY

Troy hands a bank cheque to a female TELLER, 30, at Gambling  
Inc.

The Teller looks at the cheque. She is surprised. The cheque  
is for eight hundred thousand dollars.

INT. TROY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

As Troy speaks into his mobile he confirms the bets by  
highlighting them on the whiteboard. The first three have  
been confirmed with ticks.

TROY  
(into mobile phone)  
...race four, horse four, one  
hundred thousand dollars the win.  
Repeat that please.

Troy confirms horse four by ticking it on the whiteboard.

LATER: Troy ticks the last horse as confirmed.

EXT. RACETRACK - NEXT MORNING

Bert(D) watches Foxy Lady train.

Numerous interested PEOPLE also watch.

She runs a very poor second to another horse. Foxy Lady's JOCKEY is doing all he can with his whip to have Foxy Lady run well.

Bert(D) watches Clinton rather than Foxy Lady.

Clifton expresses disappointment as Foxy Lady canters past.

Bert(D) waves to Clifton who ignores him.

THE NEXT MORNING: Bert(D) watches Clinton watching Foxy Lady again train like a duck in the mud.

Corrigan arrives and speaks with Clinton. Both show guarded concern with Foxy Lady's poor form.

The jockey on Foxy Lady ferociously uses his whip to no avail.

LATER: The Jockey, Clifton and Corrigan huddle in concerned conversation.

Corrigan exaggerates anger.

Onlookers watch them closely.

LATER: A female REPORTER, 30, interviews Clifton. A male CAMERAMAN records.

FEMALE REPORTER

You must be concerned with Foxy Lady's poor form, Mr Corrigan?

CLIFTON

I dunno. It happens. The vet can't find anything. She'll rest up till Saturday and we'll see what happens. But Foxy Lady is a champion. She'll be right for the Sydney Cup this Saturday. You can count on it.

In the background a female STRAPPER, 25, leads Foxy Lady away.

Bert(D) attempts to have a closer look.

A male SECURITY GUARD prevents Bert(D) following Foxy Lady.

EXT. STABLES - SAME DAY

Bert(D) wanders near the stables. A horse float towed by a black four wheel drive with tinted windows arrives.

MOMENTS LATER: Bert(D) watches a MALE STRAPPER supervise a horse, totally covered in blankets and strapping, being led from the horse float into Corrigan/Clifton's stables.

INT. STABLES - SAME DAY

Bert(D) follows the horse into the stable.

A hand grabs his shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD  
What d'you think you're doing?

Bert(D) stamps up and down, groaning.

BERT (D)  
I need a leak, real bad.

The Security Guard pushes Bert(D) out.

SECURITY GUARD  
Piss off, you old bastard, or I'll  
dip your hand in a bucket of water.

EXT. STABLES - SAME DAY

Bert(D) secretly watches Clifton lead Foxy Lady from the stables into the float attached to the black four-wheel drive.

EXT. OUTSIDE BACK ENTRANCE TO RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Bert(D) watches the back entrance of the racecourse from his old car.

INT. BERT'S(D) CAR - SAME DAY

Bert(D) watches the black four-wheel drive and float leave the racetrack.

EXT. OUTSIDE COUNTRY PROPERTY - SAME DAY

Through binoculars Bert(D) observes Clifton unload Foxy Lady from the horse float and lead her into a paddock patrolled by an armed SECURITY GUARD, 40.

EXT. COUNTRY PROPERTY - NEXT DAY

A car with RSPCA markings halts at the entrance to the country property.

The Security Guard approaches the RSPCA INSPECTOR (Derelict). The Inspector(D) wears gloves.

RSPCA INSPECTOR (D)  
You the owner?

SECURITY GUARD  
What d'you want?

The RSPCA Inspector(D) reads from a report sheet.

RSPCA INSPECTOR (D)  
You have an undernourished horse...

SECURITY GUARD  
Bullshit!

RSPCA INSPECTOR (D)  
Easy to check.

The RSPCA Inspector(D) walks towards the paddock but is blocked by the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD  
Can't let you.

The RSPCA Inspector is bewildered.

SECURITY GUARD  
Boss' orders. No one's to go near her.

The RSPCA Inspector(D) indicates the horse in the paddock.

RSPCA INSPECTOR (D)  
If it's that one I'd say it's a frivolous complaint.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry, I've got my instructions.

The RSPCA Inspector(D) speaks into his transmitter.

RSPCA INSPECTOR (D)  
Richards to base...

BASE V.O.  
(from transmitter)  
Come in.

RSPCA INSPECTOR (D)  
I'm here at that property, Jack,  
but I've struck a snag. There's a  
pickle here who wants to spend the  
night in the lock-up.

SECURITY GUARD  
There's no need for that. Have a  
quick look, then beat it.

RSPCA INSPECTOR (D)  
(into transmitter)  
Cancel that.

BASE V.O.  
(from transmitter)  
Roger that.

EXT. PADDOCK - SAME DAY

The RSPCA Inspector(D) checks the horse.

The Security Guard watches suspiciously in the background.

The horse appears to be Foxy Lady.

The RSPCA Inspector(D) turns the horse away from the Security  
Guard then sprays solvent on the side of the horse.

The D marking changes to a B, indicating it is the dud horse  
bought cheaply from the yearling sales.

INT. ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The Derelict lies on a bed in a darkened room watching  
television. The bundle of newspapers is next to him.

A sports broadcast shows Foxy Lady (the substitute horse)  
running poorly at training.

REPORTER V.O.

Veteran observers claim Foxy Lady's had too much racing this season and should be spelled, but according the owner Frank Corrigan, that won't happen and Foxy Lady will definitely be starting in the prestigious Sydney Cup for three-year-olds tomorrow.

INT. TAXI - NEXT DAY

It's race day. Bert(D) and Ed, in the back of a taxi, enter the Members entrance of the Racetrack. They both hold leather satchels on their laps.

Bert(D) flashes a medallion to Security Officer, Le Fleur.

EXT. ENTRANCE RACETRACK - DAY

Le Fleur nods the taxi through.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Ed opens his satchel and checks bundles of money.

MOMENTS LATER: Ed is on his mobile but talks to Bert (D).

ED

Bookies now have her at two to one. You certain Foxy Lady's been set to win?

BERT (D)

Study the man, Edward. Study the man.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Vivianne is busy vacuuming.

Troy, carrying flowers and a prestigious shopping bag, enters the front door.

Vivianne turns the vacuum off.

Foxy passes.

Troy hands Vivianne the flowers.

TROY  
For you and...

He gives Foxy the shopping bag.

TROY  
...for you.

Vivianne kisses him.

Foxy removes a trendy top from the shopping bag.

Excited, Foxy also kisses Troy.

Vivianne puts the flowers in a vase.

LATER: Troy feeds his fish.

Foxy, wearing the trendy top and carrying the prestigious shopping bag, heads for the front door.

VIVIANNE  
And just where do we think we're  
going?

FOXY  
The library of course.

VIVIANNE  
Dressed like that you're not!

Vivianne gives Troy a disapproving glance, which he conveniently ignores.

FOXY  
Get with it, Mum.

VIVIANNE  
Where's your books then?

FOXY  
What d'they have in libraries, Mum?

Foxy shakes her head incredulously as she leaves.

Vivianne looks at the flowers in the vase on the table. Half are missing.

VIVIANNE  
That's strange.

INT. BONDI'S FLAT - SAME DAY

Foxy silently enters Bondi's flat, expecting to surprise him. She has discarded the prestigious bag and carries half the flowers Troy gave Vivianne.

The bed is unmade but Bondi's not there. All his gear remains.

She tiptoes to the bathroom, excitedly opens the door. The bathroom is empty.

She notices a note on a small table beside the bed. She reads the note: *Had to go interstate. Back soon. Bondi.*

Disappointed, she flops on the bed.

INT. BAR, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Bert(D) and Ed drink at a bar at the racetrack. The satchels are with them.

A race about to start shows on television, but Bert(D) and Ed aren't interested.

The amplified broadcast of a race is heard.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Lights on, starter's holding them,  
they're away...

EXT. BETTING AREA, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

LATER: Bookies betting boards show the Sydney Cup, Foxy Lady's race, is next.

Corrigan and Mason wander the busy activity of the Betting Area.

Bert(D), from the perimeter of the betting area, watches four MEN, seemingly uninterested in betting, waiting on the far side of the betting area.

Troy and Vivianne walk arm in arm through the Betting Area.

VIVIANNE

Think I'll try the TAB.

TROY

Don't waste your money on Foxy  
Lady.

VIVIANNE

Why not?

TROY

Just a hunch.

Vivianne leaves Troy.

Troy sees Corrigan who reassuringly smiles to him.

Bert(D) wanders among the Punters. He checks bookie boards.

Ed, some distance away, waits for a signal from Bert(D).

The boards have Foxy Lady and Pharaoh's Rat at two to one equal favorites.

Troy observes Clifton talking with Corrigan.

Corrigan shakes his head for the benefit of observers, especially the Bookies.

Corrigan, seemingly disappointed, nods to Gerrard who increases the odds on Foxy Lady to three to one.

Other Bookmakers cautiously observe Gerrard.

The Psychiatrist races to Gerrard.

PSYCHIATRIST

What'll you give me Pharaoh's Rat?

Gerrard looks at Corrigan who subtly nods.

GERRARD

Two's. I'll give you two's.

PSYCHIATRIST

Three's. I want three's.

Corrigan subtly nods.

GERRARD

Done.

PSYCHIATRIST

Twenty thousand the win Pharaoh's Rat.

The Psychiatrist thrusts his money out.

Gerrard writes the ticket and hands it to The Psychiatrist.

Gerrard lowers the odds on Pharaoh's Rat to evens making him outright favourite.

The Psychiatrist scrutinises his ticket before pocketing it and leaving.

This is observed with interest by other Bookmakers.

Another Bookie drop Pharaoh's Rat to evens but leave Foxy Lady at two's.

Corrigan smiles.

Other Bookmakers drop Pharaoh's Rat to evens.

Troy smiles to himself and walks towards the grandstand.

The other Bookies are aware something's up.

A whisper between TOUTS, PENCILLER and BOOKIES engulfs the betting area like a Mexican Wave.

GERRARD

Three to one, Foxy Lady. I'll take  
three to one the Lady.

The Bookies watch Gerrard with a degree of skepticism.

Mason nods to the four men. They hurry to bookies.

PUNTERS, including two of Mason's men, gather round Gerrard, waving ten and twenty dollar notes, wanting to back Foxy Lady.

Ed looks eagerly at Bert(D) but Bert(D) motions to wait.

GERRARD

Four to one. I'll give you four to  
one the Lady.

Bookies react and increase their odds to threes for Foxy Lady and drop Pharaoh's Rat to five to four on.

GERRARD

Five's. You've got fives the Lady.

Bert(D) watches other Bookies increase the odds of Foxy Lady to fours and decrease Pharaoh's Rat to two to one on.

Ed is waiting for the signal from Bert(D).

Mason indicates to his men to back Foxy Lady with the other Bookies (but not Gerrard).

Bert(D) immediately nods to Ed who rushes to Gerrard.

Ed shakes a handful of cash at Gerrard.

ED

Fifty thousand the win Foxy Lady at fives.

Gerrard ignores Ed and takes ten dollars off a punter.

GERRARD

Ten for a return of sixty dollars on Foxy Lady.

Gerrard writes the ticket and gives it to the Punter.

Ed glances at Bert(D) who smiles and nods.

Ed scowls at Gerrard and rushes to another Bookie who has Foxy Lady at four's.

Ed pushes aside Mason's MAN who's ready to put on a large bet. Ed shakes the cash.

ED

Give's fifty thousand on Foxy Lady at four to one.

The Bookie nods to his PENCILLER who writes the ticket.

BOOKIE 1

Fifty for a return of two-fifty thousand the Lady.

Simultaneously, Bert(D) is with another Bookie.

BERT (D)

A hundred thousand on Foxy Lady at fours.

BOOKIE 2

A hundred to five hundred...

Mason's men wave bundles for Foxy Lady.

Bookie 1 sees Corrigan angrily signaling to Mason and one of his men to push in.

Bookie 1, realising they've been duped, immediately drops Foxy Lady to evens and puts Pharaoh's Rat out to four's.

Other Bookies follow suit.

The Psychiatrist, watching from the sidelines, curses. This is noticed by Corrigan.

Mason's men look to Mason who angrily gestures to take evens for Foxy Lady.

The men attempt to put bets on but the Bookies close shop.

Corrigan glares at Mason before storming off.

Bert(D) passes Corrigan.

BERT (D)  
Who'd you fancy, Mr Corrigan?

Corrigan scowls at Bert.

CORRIGAN  
Get stuffed!

BERT (D)  
(innocently)  
Who's the jockey?

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Troy, on edge, sits with Sandi in the grandstand.

Vivianne joins them waving her TAB ticket.

VIVIANNE  
One thousand dollars on Foxy Lady.

Troy shakes his head.

SANDI  
I've got ten thousand the win.

Troy gulps.

TROY  
What! Why?

SANDI  
Why wouldn't I bet on my own horse?

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The horses are away.

Foxy Lady leads.

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
They're off to a clean start...

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Troy realises something is up.

The sound ceases.

Vivianne and Sonia scream for Foxy Lady.

Troy runs to the rails to watch.

Vivianne is concerned at Troy's behavior.

Corrigan watches the race unemotionally.

Ed barracks for Foxy Lady.

Bert(D) watches Troy.

EXT. RAILS - SAME DAY

The Psychiatrist runs along the rails screaming for Pharaoh's Rat.

Foxy Lady bounds past a mortified Troy with Pharaoh's Rat well beaten into second.

The sound returns.

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
And Foxy Lady has defied all those  
rumours and lived up to  
expectations...

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Vivianne watches Troy clutch the rails to steady himself.

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
Those rumours...that's all they  
were, ladies and gentlemen,  
rumours...

EXT. RAILS - SAME DAY

Corrigan appears next to Troy.

CORRIGAN

You didn't really think I'd be involved in anything illegal, did you?

Troy clutches his stomach.

INT. ROOM - DAY

We see only white lips.

PSYCHIATRIST

It requires an extraordinary mind, discipline and a great deal of practice...

INT. BAR, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

LATER: Troy, drunk, holding an armful of disposable plastic glasses, staggers among CUSTOMERS.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

...to put our perverse costume on permanently.

The realisation of total disaster floods over Troy as plastic glasses one by one fall from his arms.

INT. BERT'S(D) CAR - NIGHT

Bert(D) drives with Ed in the passenger seat.

They sing *Camptown Races*.

BERT (D)& ED

*Well, I came down there with my hat  
caved in  
Oh I'll go back home with my pocket  
full of tin oh doo-dah day  
Goin' to run all night, goin' to  
run all day  
I'll bet my money on the bobtail  
nag, somebody bet on the bay.*

In the back seat we see only the mouth and crooked teeth of The Psychiatrist singing his heart out.

FADE OUT.