

THE PHARAOH'S RAT

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Episode 5: Dressups

**EPISODE FIVE OF THE PHAROAH'S RAT: DRESSUPS**

FADE IN:

INT. RACETRACK BAR - DAY

Troy, drunk, holds an armful of disposable plastic glasses.

He staggers among CUSTOMERS who ignore him.

He stands in front of a well-dressed male CUSTOMER 30, who appears more than capable of physically crushing Troy.

TROY

Carn, mate, you look like a bloke  
who's got a quid. How many do you  
want? Eh?

CUSTOMER

Piss off!

Vivianne enters the bar, hurries to Troy.

The Customer walks away.

TROY

I'm talking to you!

The Customer continues walking.

VIVIANNE

What're you doing?

TROY

(yelling)  
Wanta buy some cheap glasses?

The CUSTOMERS ignore him.

VIVIANNE

Don't Troy. Please don't.

TROY

Dead set bargain.

Troy puts three glasses in a line on a table.

TROY

Just gotta guess what mug my entire  
assets were under.

VIVIANNE  
 Whatever it is we can work it out.

TROY  
 (screaming)  
 Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!  
 Fuck! Fuck!

He swipes all the plastic glasses, staggers towards customers.

Customers scatter.

A BARMAN 25, hurries over.

Vivianne holds Troy.

VIVIANNE  
 He's alright. I'll look after him.

BARMAN  
 I'm sorry, you have to leave, mate.

TROY  
 You don't know anything about me.

VIVIANNE  
 Yes I do.

Troy pulls away from Vivianne.

BARMAN  
 Carn, mate...

TROY  
 (to the Barman)  
 My name's not mate.  
 (to Vivianne)  
 It's not even Troy.  
 (laughing hysterically)  
 Oh shit! What a joke.  
 (yelling at Customers)  
 Mum says to Dad, she says, "If  
 anything goes wrong, promise me  
 you'll name it Ray if it's a girl  
 or Ray if it's a boy".

The Barman escorts Troy to the door.

BARMAN  
 Okay, Ray.

Troy pulls away from the Barman.

TROY

No, no, no, you see, my old man  
said, "If anything goes wrong." "If  
anything happens to you, Luv," he  
said, "we'll call it Ooray."

The Barman smiles. Troy roars Laughing.

The Barman holds the door open.

BARMAN

Ooray, Ray.

CUSTOMERS

Ooray, Ray.

Troy baulks against the Barman who attempts to push him out.

TROY

She bloody died, didn't she!

Troy pulls away from the Barman, quickly staggers backwards.  
Vivianne hurries after him.

EXT. RACETRACK BAR - SAME DAY

Troy staggers along the street outside the bar.

TROY

My Old Man, he'd be so disappointed  
I changed my name to Troy.  
Raymondo Emmanuel, he really liked  
that.

Vivianne puts her arm round him.

VIVIANNE

You're going to tell me everything.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vivianne helps Troy inside. He's no longer blind drunk, but  
still unstable.

Foxy greets them holding her exam results. She's all smiles.

FOXY

Forgot to tell you. These came  
Friday.

Foxy realises something's wrong.

FOXY

Guess who got an A and three B's?

One look at Troy tells her disaster.

FOXY

Oh no.

She runs to her room.

VIVIANNE

What in the hell's going on in this place?

LATER: Troy sits at the table. Vivianne hands him a coffee.

TROY

Eight hundred thousand. And there's yours on top of that. I can't pay it.

Vivianne sits.

TROY

I owed money.

VIVIANNE

To who?

TROY

Doesn't matter. I thought I could break even using that system, the infallible system.

VIVIANNE

You bet against Foxy Lady winning, didn't you? Oh hell!

Foxy appears. Troy can sense she wants to confess about her 'betting'.

FOXY

Mum...

Troy shakes his head at Foxy indicating to Foxy everything's okay.

Vivianne looks at Foxy.

Foxy clams up.

Vivianne hurriedly leaves.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOME - THAT NIGHT

Sandi opens the door to Vivianne who walks straight past and towards Corrigan sipping a drink.

Sandi remains frozen.

Corrigan attempts to embrace Vivianne but she coldly avoids him.

CORRIGAN

By that look I'd say someone's fed you poison.

VIVIANNE

Is it true?

CORRIGAN

(to Sandi)  
Leave us.

VIVIANNE

(to Sandi)  
No!

But Sandi leaves.

CORRIGAN

He'll take you for every penny you own.

VIVIANNE

I asked you to help!

CORRIGAN

I offered but he refused.

VIVIANNE

Did you tell him Foxy Lady wouldn't win?

CORRIGAN

Why would I do that?

VIVIANNE

You did, didn't you! You bastard!

Corrigan puts his arms round her shoulders. She angrily pulls away.

He puts his arm round her again, holding her tight.

CORRIGAN

I don't trust him around Foxy.

She carefully extracts herself.

VIVIANNE  
That is not your concern.

Corrigan writes a cheque.

CORRIGAN  
How much?

VIVIANNE  
That boy, with the tattoo, why did  
you ask me about him?

Frank considers before replying.

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

Vivianne is uncertain what Corrigan means.

Corrigan indicates the cheque. Vivianne shakes her head.

VIVIANNE  
The reward, still stand?

CORRIGAN  
Course it does.

Vivianne leaves. Corrigan immediately dials his mobile.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOME, OUTSIDE VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vivianne enters her bedroom.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOME, OUTSIDE FOXY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Foxy silently leaves her room and listens outside Vivianne's  
bedroom.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Troy's in bed, hung over. Vivianne sits on the bed.

VIVIANNE  
I admire you, Troy. I always have.  
The same way I admire my dad,  
despite his conservative mentality.  
I admire him because he is my dad.

INT. OUTSIDE VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Foxy, disturbed, leans against the wall.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Troy listens intently to Vivianne.

VIVIANNE

With Foxy I love her because she's my daughter and despite her antics she's so pure and beautiful. But with you I love and admire you because I've believed from the beginning you're the one human being who couldn't be corrupted. Everybody needs to know there exists at least one decent human being outside of their family. Because if there isn't...

Tears roll down Vivianne's face.

VIVIANNE

No matter what my father does he'll always be my father. But whatever you do, Troy, will alter the balance of our relationship. So please tell me there's a good explanation for all this. Because I don't know if I could remain in a relationship with someone I couldn't trust.

Foxy knocks and enters.

FOXY

Um...Troy?

TROY

Not now, Foxy.

VIVIANNE

What is it, Darling?

Troy turns Vivianne towards her.

TROY

Trust me. I love you more than anything in the world.

Vivianne smiles, almost with relief.

She kisses Troy then walks past Foxy.

VIVIANNE  
 Congratulations on your results,  
 Darling.

INT. ROOM - THAT NIGHT

We only see the mouth. The teeth appear luminous.

PSYCHIATRIST  
 I was blinded by ego. All the time  
 you see, I was the problem.  
 (laughs hysterically)  
 Once a year the ant buffoon removes  
 his luminous gloves. He does this  
 to put the other ants off guard, to  
 stop them becoming familiar with  
 his tactics.

EXT. HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME NIGHT

Vivianne parks her car not far from the Hoi Polloi Pub.

THE PSYCHIATRIST V.O.  
 When our patient removes his gloves  
 it will be the ultimate move. It  
 will be closure.

Vivianne walks towards the pub. *The Good Old Bad Old Days* can  
 be heard.

INT. HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME NIGHT

SID (D)  
 (singing)  
*In the good old bad old days  
 Ah yes wasn't it miserable, wasn't  
 it grand?  
 When the world had an iron divide  
 And people could take a political  
 stand  
 Just by singing a song for the  
 opposite side  
 Now nobody cares who you are  
 anymore and nobody cares what you  
 say  
 It's liberty's curse, but was it  
 really much worse  
 In the good old bad old days?*

Vivianne, speaking on her mobile, enters the Hoi Polloi.

Shaking her head in response to her mobile, she searches the CROWD.

SID (Derelict), a car-salesman-type with a scar down one side of his face and his left hand in plaster is singing. The pub sings along.

Ed, his piles of Scratchies in front of him, watches Vivianne walk through the crowd, sit by herself and pocket her phone.

A CUSTOMER 25, offers to buy Vivianne a drink but she dismisses him.

Kylie Minogue, wearing the La Harre dress, passes Vivianne. Vivianne controls her anger.

As Sid(D) finishes, Pete Jones takes the mike.

Sid (D) approaches Ed.

Ed first indicates Vivianne then Kylie Minogue to Sid(D).

PETE JONES

The phantom purse snatcher has struck again, folks. So we ask you to dig deep into your pockets one more time. When we find this bastard we'll publicly castrate him.

Sid(D) stands opposite Vivianne. He looks deep into her eyes, then holds his hand out.

SID(D)

Sid.

She looks him up and down without shaking his hand.

Sid(D) grins.

Vivianne notices Ed watching. She realises Sid(D) is Ichneumon. Sid (D) realises she knows.

VIVIANNE

Aren't you worried you'll get caught?

Sid(D) is surprised at the comment but pretends she's referring to the passing the hat scam.

SID(D)  
Oh that, that's just a rort they  
pull every night for the blow-ins.  
All goes to a good cause, the Good  
Friday Appeal. Have we met?

VIVIANNE  
You tell me, Sid(D).

Vivianne's mobile rings. She turns it off.

Sid(D) notices a ring on Vivianne's finger.

SID(D)  
You married?

Vivianne doesn't answer.

SID(D)  
Suppose an affair's out of the  
question?

VIVIANNE  
Ever considered you might be a  
decade behind the times...Sid?

SID(D)  
Some things never change.

VIVIANNE  
What happened to your hand?

SID(D)  
Hurt it playing squash.

Vivianne laughs. Sid(D) feigns annoyance.

ANTIONETTE 30, with her exaggerated Swedish accent, arrives,  
looking like something off the front cover of Vogue.

Heads turn as she sashays her way to Vivianne.

VIVIANNE  
That was quick.

Antionette twirls, showing off her stunning dress.

ANTIONETTE  
Well?

Vivianne shakes her head. Antionette appears agitated.

VIVIANNE  
Talk about it later.

SID(D)  
Don't mind me, girls.

ANTIONETTE  
(indicating Sid (D))  
So, this is your father?

Vivianne laughs uncontrollably. Sid(D) is peeved.

VIVIANNE  
Sid, would you mind leaving us?

Sid(D) ignores Vivianne.

SID(D)  
(to Antionette)  
You a model?

Vivianne petulantly looks around.

VIVIANNE  
She's an air hostess, that's all.

ANTIONETTE  
I do all sorts of things, Sidney.  
Have you ever heard of the mile  
high club?

Sid(D) shakes his head.

ANTIONETTE  
Never mind.

VIVIANNE  
I've got to go to the loo.

Vivianne leaves.

ANTIONETTE  
Sometimes I could kill her. Who  
are you, her bit on the side?

SID(D)  
I'm working on it.

ANTIONETTE  
Pity. It'd give me enormous  
pleasure to shag her piece of  
fluff.

Sid(D)'s eyes light up.

MOMENTS LATER: Vivianne returns, glares at Sid(D).

VIVIANNE  
You still here?

ANTIONETTE  
Well!

Vivianne doesn't want to talk in front of Sid(D).

ANTIONETTE  
Be a good boy, Sidney and get me a  
Tequila Sunrise.

SID(D)  
Right. My shout.

Sid(D) gets drinks at the bar.

From the bar he notices Antoinette and Vivianne in a heated discussion.

Ed shakes his head at Sid(D) indicating not to get involved.

MOMENTS LATER: Sid(D) returns with two cocktails and a beer.

They immediately stop arguing. Vivianne angrily leaves.

SID(D)  
Hey, it's your shout!

ANTOINETTE  
Well, Steak and Kidney, I guess  
you're stuck with me for the night.

Antionette skoals one cocktail and picks up the other.  
Sid(D) grins.

LATER: Sid(D) gives the patrons the thumbs up as he leaves  
with Antoinette.

Ed is amazed.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - SAME NIGHT

Sid(D) and Antoinette enter a luxurious hotel suite.  
Antionette carries a bottle of Tequila.

SID(D)  
We could've gone to my hacienda but  
they're restocking the top paddock.

Sid(D) drinks from a bottle of beer.

Antoinette opens the Tequila, puts a lemon on a bench and looks for salt.

SID(D)  
You after the worm?

Antoinette laughs, finds the salt.

ANTIONETTE  
Give's your hand.

He holds his right hand out.

ANTIONETTE  
Other one.

He cautiously holds his plaster hand out.

She takes it then smashes it on the lemon.

Laughing, she devours the Tequila, licks salt and sucks the lemon.

ANTIONETTE  
Kiss me.

She grabs Sid(D) but he pulls away.

SID(D)  
What were you and the Princess  
bluing about?

ANTOINETTE  
Not now.

She kisses his neck. He playfully holds her away.

SID(D)  
Now, or else.

She shakes her head.

He nuzzles his stubble into her throat. She laughs and struggles but he continues downwards.

ANTIONETTE  
Alright! Alright!

Sid(D) stops.

ANTIONETTE  
Each trip I bring in a La Hare.

She shows him a La Hare label on her dress.

ANTIONETTE

If Vivianne buys the same dress in France she pays an extra three thousand import tax. But this time she says she hasn't got the money. She's given all her money to her boyfriend. Hah! She was supposed to give me fifteen thousand dollars for three more. I've got the dresses but now I haven't got the money.

SID(D)

Give's a look.

She grins, indicating if he expects her to remove her dress.

Sid(D) nods.

She whips her dress off, leaving herself starkers.

Sid(D) ignores her and thoroughly checks the label.

Antionette feigns annoyance.

ANTOINETTE

Fourteen thousand dollars that's worth.

SID(D)

What's the market like?

Antionette senses opportunity.

ANTOINETTE

La Harre? They can't get enough. But the greedy ones won't risk an up front outlay. You know, if the plane crashes. Vivianne always paid up front. Now she wants them on credit!

SID(D)

I'll give you the fifteen. Get me the dresses. We split fifty-fifty.

ANTOINETTE

(pouting)

Why should I trust you, Sidney?

Sid(D) laughs.

SID(D)

That's a good one.

He pulls her to him. They kiss.

ANTIONETTE  
You must really like her.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

The Commissioner welcomes Vivianne into his office.

LATER: The Commissioner takes notes as Vivianne talks. He draws a tattoo of an Eureka flag on a bicep.

LATER: As Vivianne leaves the office the Commissioner dials his mobile.

INT. K-MART - SAME DAY

Antoinette purchases three dresses from a K-Mart CASHIER.

As the Cashier tallies the price Antionette cheekily puts a box of three Ferrero Rocher chocolates on top of the dresses. She grins at the annoyed Cashier.

EXT. WINDOW OVERLOOKING HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

From a window overlooking the Hoi Polloi Pub, Sid(D), using binoculars, observes MEN (the same men who took Bondi) in a car watching Antoinette arrive outside the Hoi Polloi in a taxi.

Antionette carries three designer label boxes into the Pub.

INT. HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Ed, a pile of losing scratchies in front of him, notices Antionette give Kylie Minogue the boxes.

EXT. WINDOW OVERLOOKING HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Sid(D) watches Antoinette return to the taxi.

The taxi drives away.

INT. CAR - SAME DAY

The Men in the car watch Ed carry the three boxes from the pub.

INT. WINDOW OVERLOOKING HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Sid(D) sees Ed, carrying the three boxes, leave the pub.

SID(D)  
Ed! No!

EXT. CAR - SAME DAY

As Ed passes, one of the men opens the back passenger door.

EXT. LANEWAY NEAR HOI POLLOI PUB - SAME DAY

Sid(D) runs from a laneway towards the car.

EXT. CAR - SAME DAY

Another MAN, 30, appears behind Ed and smashes him across the head with an iron bar.

Two men bundle Ed into the back seat.

Sid(D) arrives as the car speeds off.

SID(D)  
Shit!

Sid(D) sees the boxes and cheap dresses lying in the gutter alongside a crushed Ferrero Rocher.

EXT. ED'S HOME - SAME DAY

The car that took Ed is parked in the drive of Ed's house.

We see the wheels of another car park behind it. Three sets of feet emerge from the second car.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HAUTE COUTURE - SAME DAY, LATE AFTERNOON

Vivianne and Mamselle are both on phones.

VIVIANNE  
(into phone)  
I just want an estimate of what my house is worth, that's all.

Mamselle hastily hangs up the phone.

MAMSELLE

My house has been burgled.

VIVIANNE

That's terrible. You go. I'll be right.

Mamselle hurries out.

MOMENTS LATER: An ELDERLY LADY (Derelict), with a poodle on a lead and wearing gloves, enters.

Vivianne pats the poodle.

VIVIANNE

Aren't you cute?

Vivianne notices through the window another LADY across the road, searching and calling for a dog.

The Elderly Lady(D) locks the door and turns the closed sign outwards.

Before Vivianne can respond she is forcibly marched by the arm into the back section.

VIVIANNE

What d'you think you're doing! Who are you? Oh, gawd! What do you want?

Vivianne fiercely pulls away.

ELDERLY LADY (D)

Where is he?

VIVIANNE

I don't know what you're talking about.

The Elderly Lady(D) glares at Vivianne before thrusting the phone into her hands.

ELDERLY LADY (D)

Ring him.

VIVIANNE

Who?

ELDERLY LADY (D)

The person you sold me out to.

VIVIANNE

You're not as smart as you think,  
you know. You couldn't even tell a  
fake Swedish accent.

ELDERLY LADY (D)

You're no different than me!

VIVIANNE

Oh please. You're bitter because  
you were out-conned at your own  
game.

ELDERLY LADY (D)

Blind Freddy knows there's no  
import tax on dresses, even from  
France.

VIVIANNE

Then why..? Oh gawd, you really  
are full of yourself. You really  
thought that I could...  
(laughing uncontrollably)  
Hah ha, you and me!

ELDERLY LADY (D)

Don't flatter yourself!

VIVIANNE

You're nothing but a common  
criminal.

Vivianne attempts to leave. The Elderly Lady(D) roughly  
prevents her.

VIVIANNE

Hah, the so-called non-violent  
gangster. What is it with some  
men? Oh, I get it. You've never  
had a genuine relationship, have  
you? Someone you were so in love  
with you'd do anything for them.

Vivianne searches the Elderly Lady's eyes.

VIVIANNE

I'm wrong. My guess is you have but  
you screwed it up. Now you think  
you have the right to screw  
everyone's life up.

The Elderly Lady(D) hands her a note.

ELDERLY LADY (D)  
 Ring this number. When he answers  
 you say what's written there,  
 nothing else.

Vivianne looks at the note.

VIVIANNE  
 That's Frank Corrigan's number.

ELDERLY LADY (D)  
 Ring it!

VIVIANNE  
 I didn't tell Frank about you.  
 Well I did, but he didn't listen.

ELDERLY LADY (D)  
 Ring him!

VIVIANNE  
 I told this person.

Vivianne presses a button on the phone.

COMMISSIONER V.O.  
 (over phone)  
 Commissioner Phillips.

The Elderly Lady(D) is shocked. Vivianne smiles.

ELDERLY LADY (D)  
 They weren't police!

The Elderly Lady(D) attempts to snatch the phone but Vivianne avoids her.

Vivianne reads from the note.

VIVIANNE  
 (into phone)  
 Did you get him?

COMMISSIONER V.O.  
 (over phone)  
 Vivianne? Is that you?

VIVIANNE  
 (into phone)  
 Yes, did you get him?

COMMISSIONER V.O.  
 (over phone)  
 He was dead when we arrived.

Vivianne is shocked.

The Elderly Lady(D) glances at the television and momentarily freezes.

It shows footage of the outside of Ed's house, surrounded by police.

There are no cars in the driveway.

VIVIANNE  
 (into phone)  
 Ichneumon is dead?  
 (to the Elderly Lady)  
 Then who are you?

COMMISSIONER V.O.  
 (over phone)  
 Speak to you later.

VIVIANNE  
 (into phone)  
 Um...sure.

The elderly Lady(D) turns the volume on the television up.

NEWSREADER  
 (on camera)  
 The man was well known to local residents as Ed Robinson.

VIVIANNE  
 The old bloke in the pub...?

EXT. ED'S HOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The following is heard as the Elderly Lady(D) approaches Ed's house.

ELDERLY LADY V.O.  
 Oh no.

NEWSREADER V.O.  
 In news just breaking the man police believe to be the infamous Robin Hood, or Ichneumon as he came to be known, was moments ago found burned to death in a house fire in Balmain.

Police are checking a rumour the man held a long time grudge against business entrepreneur Frank Corrigan dating back to the notorious backpacker fire.

Ed's house has been sealed off with police tape.

Media CREWS wait in the background along with a throng of SPECTATORS, some wearing anti-Ichneumon T-shirts.

POLICE guard the house.

The Elderly Lady(D) mingles with police.

The Police Commissioner and the male HEAD OF HOMICIDE 50, are near the front door.

COMMISSIONER

No one enters. I want forensics the only people in there.

HEAD OF HOMICIDE

They won't be here till morning. Stop-work meeting.

The Commissioner nods. Sensing someone is watching him he turns but there's no one there.

EXT. ED'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Three POLICE, one a SERGEANT, guard the house.

A FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR (Derelict), dressed in white body suit, white gloves, and carrying forensic equipment approaches the scene.

SERGEANT

Thought you blokes weren't coming till morning.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR (D)

Tell that to the Commissioner. Fill me in.

The Sergeant and the Forensic Investigator(D) walk to the front of the house.

SERGEANT

Slits his wrists, douses himself in petrol, lights himself, then blows his brains out.

Not a bad effort if you ask me.  
Neighbors heard the shot. Fire  
brigade did the rest.

The Sergeant attempts to enter the front door. The Forensic Investigator(D) prevents him entering.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
Sorry. Can't let you in.

SERGEANT  
Suits me.

INT. ED'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

The Forensic Investigator(D) enters.

The house is partly burnt.

The trap door to the cellar is visible.

The charred naked body of Ed lies against a wall under an I written in blood on the wall.

A gunshot to Ed's head is surrounded by charred coagulated blood.

A gun rests in Ed's hand.

The Forensic Investigator(D), stunned at the sight, slowly moves to Ed.

He prises the gun from Ed's hand, places it into a plastic evidence bag.

He photographs Ed.

He puts personal papers from drawers into plastic evidence bags.

He carefully slides a knife around the trap door then cautiously opens the trap door.

INT. CELLAR - SAME NIGHT

The Investigator(D) enters the cellar, switches a light on.

The blowtorch is on the work bench.

The Investigator(D) checks the fuel in the blow torch before putting the blow torch to his cheek to feel if it's warm.

He puts the blow torch into a plastic evidence bag.

He carefully shifts the cabinet.

Bondi, dead, tumbles out. The Investigator(D) momentarily freaks but catches Bondi who is attached to an incendiary device.

The Investigator(D) carefully lowers Bondi then lies alongside Bondi.

He removes one of his own shoes and with his bare foot slowly detaches the incendiary device from Bondi.

Relieved, he lies there panting, before realising the safe is missing.

INT. ED'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

The Investigator(D) covers Ed with a partly-burnt table cloth.

He kisses Ed on the forehead before completely covering Ed with the table cloth.

EXT. ED'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

The Sergeant oversees two POLICE putting a body bag in The Investigator's(D) van.

The Investigator(D) carries plastic bags full of items from the house.

THE INVESTIGATOR (D)  
Don't let anyone near the house  
till I return. And I mean anyone!

The Sergeant nods agreement.

INT. INVESTIGATOR'S VAN - SAME NIGHT

The Investigator(D) drives the van away.

Through the side mirror The Investigator(D) observes Ed's house explode, consumed by an intensive fireball.

EXT. SAND DUNES - SAME NIGHT

A shovel lies in sand next to the body bag.

The Investigator(D) unzips the bag, revealing Bondi.

LATER: Bondi has been buried.

The Investigator(D) kneels over the grave.

THE INVESTIGATOR (D)  
Sorry, kid. It's the best I could  
do.

EXT. CORRIGAN'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

A van belonging to a Pest Exterminator Company is in the street outside Corrigan's house

Corrigan's house is protected by state-of-the-art security.

A PEST EXTERMINATOR (Derelict), in protective clothing including gloves, rings Corrigan's door bell.

Sandi, in revealing dressing gown and bare feet, answers the door. She looks down her nose at him.

PEST EXTERMINATOR (D)  
We're fumigating the house next door for funnel webs. Often they'll move down wind. For a small fee...

SANDI  
You must think I came down in the last shower.

The Exterminator(D) pushes Sandi aside.

PEST EXTERMINATOR (D)  
Look out!

A funnel web is next to her foot. Sandi screams.

The Exterminator(D) throws himself to the floor and emerges with a funnel web in a bottle.

He screws a lid on the bottle.

Sandi backs against the wall.

PEST EXTERMINATOR (D)  
Female. Worst type.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

The Exterminator(D) sets off fumigation bombs inside Corrigan's house.

PEST EXTERMINATOR V.O.  
You'll need to vacate the house for  
eight hours.

SANDI V.O.  
Just do it! Whatever it costs.

PEST EXTERMINATOR V.O.  
Cash up front.

INT. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

The Exterminator(D) carries a laptop into Corrigan's office, places it next to Corrigan's computer.

He closes the door.

Using his mobile he photographs the office.

The Exterminator(D) attaches a lead between his laptop and Corrigan's computer.

LATER: The Exterminator copies files from Corrigan's computer to his laptop.

While the files are copying he opens a cabinet containing numerous popular DVDs.

He observes a printer for printing DVD covers and curiously opens a DVD for *The Sting*.

He plays the DVD of *The Sting* and stands where he can observe the files while watching the video.

The files finish transferring.

He types further instructions.

The Swiss Bank Account Web Page opens on Corrigan's computer.

ACCESS DENIED shows on his laptop.

The DVD plays. It shows a naked Vivianne at her vanity table.

The Exterminator(D) removes his protective helmet, revealing it is the Derelict.

Stunned, he sits and watches Vivianne removing her make-up. Troy, also naked, eagerly enters the bedroom.

The Exterminator copies the DVD to his laptop.

He stares at a photo of Sandi on Corrigan's desk.

EXT. MANSION - SAME DAY

The Exterminator's van can be seen in the street.

The Exterminator(D), with his fumigating equipment, enters a modern mansion.

He knocks on the front door.

INT. MANSION - SAME DAY

The house is saturated with fumigation smoke.

The Exterminator(D) enters an office containing computers, printers and faxes.

A door on the far wall is heavily locked.

LATER: The Exterminator picks the lock and unlocks the door.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOM, MANSION - SAME DAY

The Exterminator(D) enters a photographic room.

Recent individual photos of Vivianne and Foxy in unsuspecting poses are on the walls.

The Exterminator photographs the photos with his mobile.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOUSE - LATER SAME DAY

Corrigan, Mason and The Commissioner walk to Corrigan's office.

All the windows are open.

CORRIGAN  
(yelling)  
What's that smell?

Sandi appears. She simply shakes her head before disappearing.

Corrigan shrugs for Mason and The Commissioner's benefit.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOUSE, OFFICE - SAME DAY

They enter Corrigan's office, unaware that anyone has trespassed.

Corrigan opens his wall safe, removes two bundles of cash.

Corrigan gratifyingly hands the cash to the Commissioner, who agreeably accepts.

MASON

Shouldn't that go to...?

The Commissioner glares at Mason.

MASON

Some of it, I mean. She did point us in the right direction.

THE COMMISSIONER

You want to explain that to McPherson?

MASON

Forget it.

Corrigan smiles approval.

EXT. PARK - THAT NIGHT

The Derelict, clutching the bundle of old newspapers, walks blindly through a park.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

The patient was given a course in electro convulsive therapy. Radical in this case, but none the less necessary. It was given to the order of three hundred milliamperes for less than three seconds at the one hundred volt level. That's ten times more than you would administer to a maniac depressive.

The Derelict crashes through flowers, shrubs and small trees.

The horrific screams of berserk horses pervades his world.

EXT. HOSPITAL - SAME NIGHT

The Derelict, still clutching the newspapers, but now filthy and bleeding, lies outside a hospital directly under the I in hospital. He appears traumatised and gazes straight ahead.

A GIRL, 5, carrying a doll emerges from inside the hospital. She looks down at him.

GIRL

What's your name?

He looks up but doesn't reply. She holds her doll out.

GIRL

Would you like to play with Sally?  
I think she's sick.

He puts the newspapers down.

The hospital door opens and the Girl's MOTHER, 25, appears.

MOTHER

Come away, Megan.

The Derelict holds his hand out for the doll.

MOTHER

Now!

GIRL

Sorry, I have to go.

The Girl turns away. He undoes the twine holding the newspapers.

He holds the twine out for the little girl.

DERELICT

Here.

The Girl turns.

DERELICT

This'll fix her.

MOTHER

Megan!

The Girl grabs the twine before running into the hospital.

The Derelict's eyes glaze over.

A gust of wind scatters the newspapers.

The Derelict squeezes his eyes closed and purposefully hits the back of his head against the hospital wall.

A headline on a scattered newspaper reads: *CORRIGAN CLEARED - BACKPACKER FIRE*. It is above a photo of a younger Corrigan.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Troy works on his accounts in Vivianne's lounge while watching Corrigan and the Commissioner interviewed on television by Stone.

STONE

(on television)

It's confirmed the sociopath, Ichneumon, took his own life, so we can all rest easy.

CORRIGAN

(on television)

While that maniac was alive every decent human being was at risk.

TROY

(to the fish)

Now why don't I believe that?

The French windows overlooking the backyard are forcibly opened.

Troy jumps up.

The Derelict, now a frightening sight with caked blood over his face, enters carrying a plastic garbage bag.

TROY

Who the bloody hell are you?

DERELICT

Shut-up!

The Derelict moves towards Troy who backs.

TROY

I know you.

DERELICT

I said shut-up or I'll kill you!

The Derelict races up stairs with the garbage bag.

Troy walks to the bottom of the stairs.

Classical music plays upstairs.

The Derelict hurries down stairs with the garbage bag.

TROY  
I definitely know you!

DERELICT  
Nobody knows me.

TROY  
At the markets. Who are you?

DERELICT  
I'm The Pharaoh's Rat.

TROY  
The what?

The Derelict laughs hysterically.

TROY  
If you're after money you've come  
to the wrong place, mate.

The Derelict takes his own wallet and tips money onto the floor.

Troy stares dumfounded.

The Derelict removes the photo he took of Ed from the garbage bag and drops it on the table.

Troy glances at it, quickly turns away.

COMMISSIONER V.O.  
(on television)  
The maniac even had his house wired  
to kill police and innocent  
bystanders.

DERELICT  
They tied him to a chair, put a  
blow torch to his balls.

TROY  
Who? Tied who to a chair?

The television shows a photo of Ed.

The Derelict puts a USB stick into the sound system. Sound on the USB stick overrides the television.

Ed is heard in extreme agony.

ED  
 (on USB stick)  
 You'll get nothing out of me, you bastards!

Ed screams.

The Derelict splashes water from the fishtank over his face.

Troy wants to stop him but doesn't.

ED  
 (on USB stick)  
 Alright, alright, I'm him. I'm Robin Hood. I'm Ichneumon. I'm all those bloody people!

VOICE  
 (on USB stick)  
 Where's the money?

ED  
 (on USB Stick)  
 In the safe.

VOICE  
 (on USB stick)  
 Combination?

ED  
 (on USB stick)  
 Um...I don't know. I don't. I swear.

DERELICT  
 Six, three, two, four, zero, one.

Ed screams. Troy grimaces.

DERELICT  
 (screaming)  
 Six, three, two, four, zero, one.

ED  
 (on USB stick)  
 Honest. I have these memory losses. In the morning I'll know. No! Don't, please don't, please...

Ed screams. The Derelict removes the USB stick.

STONE V.O.  
 (on television)  
 I believe none of the money was  
 recovered?

CORRIGAN V.O.  
 (on television)  
 Unfortunately not.

DERELICT  
 Because the bastards took the safe,  
 that's why!

The Derelict stares at the television, transfixed.

Troy watches the Derelict cautiously.

Another photo of Ed appears on screen, an old police photo.

DERELICT  
 That old bugger took me in off the  
 streets, when I couldn't even  
 scratch myself, fed me. The bloody  
 fool. "I'll look after you, Son,"  
 he said.

TROY  
 Look, I really am sorry.

DERELICT  
 "You look as if you could do with a  
 decent feed, mate."

TROY  
 I am, I'm sorry, but...

DERELICT  
 (screaming)  
 Don't feel sorry for me!

The Derelict's eyes are ablaze.

Troy backs to the wall.

DERELICT  
 (quietly)  
 Don't feel sorry for anyone. It's  
 too painful.

The Derelict opens the garbage bag. It's crammed with paper  
 including the scrunched up old newspapers.

Troy considers fleeing.

As the Derelict removes a laptop and computer print-out from the garbage bag Vivianne enters the front door.

Neither Troy nor the Derelict are aware of her. Troy could escape but hesitates.

DERELICT

These are the real bets debited to your credit card.

He pushes the computer printout into Troy's chest.

Troy examines them.

DERELICT

They actually owed you seventy bucks.

TROY

I don't get this. Where'd you get these?

The Derelict doesn't answer.

TROY

From Gambling Incorporated? How do you know about these? You must have been following me! Who gave them to you?

The Derelict doesn't answer.

TROY

Who are you?

Vivianne turns off the television. Troy momentarily freaks when he sees her. The Derelict shudders, closes his eyes tight.

Troy moves in front of Vivianne to protect her. The Derelict regains control.

VIVIANNE

Don't you know?

The penny drops for Troy.

TROY

Ichneumon? You're Ichneumon. And you were Dumphy?

VIVIANNE

The so-called Robin Hood.

TROY  
(referring to the  
television)  
Then who was that? Shit! What's  
this all about?  
(referring to the  
printout)  
And how'd you get these?  
(to Vivianne)  
Look at these. Look what he had! I  
didn't owe them a cent. Oh, shit,  
shit, shit!

The Derelict puts a USB stick in his laptop. He turns to  
Vivianne.

DERELICT  
He was just a dot. That's all he  
was.

TROY  
A what?

DERELICT  
Join the dots and create your own  
picture.

TROY  
You're not making sense...

DERELICT  
That Streaker who stalked your  
daughter...

TROY  
Who was murdered?

VIVIANNE  
You murdered him.

The Derelict scoffs.

DERELICT  
That's what they wanted everyone to  
believe.

TROY  
They? Who's bloody they?

The laptop shows Vivianne in bikini lying on the beach and  
removing her top.

TROY  
Bloody hell!

VIVIANNE

Where'd you...? Have you been  
stalking me?

The Derelict laughs.

VIVIANNE

Then who took that, damn it?

The laptop shows Foxy coming out of school.

VIVIANNE

The Streaker? Did the Streaker take  
these?

DERELICT

That's what they would've told the  
real killers.

The Derelict closes the file, opens another folder.

VIVIANNE

Where did you get those photos?

The Derelict refuses to answer.

VIVIANNE

Please.

The derelict mimes shuffling three cups.

DERELICT

Which cup is the ball under?

She points to one 'cup'.

The derelict mimes turning the imaginary cup over then shakes  
his head.

She points to another 'cup'. He shakes his head without even  
looking at her.

She refuses to play. The Derelict mimes turning the third  
'cup' over.

DERELICT

It's not The Streaker. It's not  
Corrigan. Guess.

TROY

This is stupid. Who took the bloody  
photos?

Vivianne closes the folder on the laptop. The Derelict opens another folder, plays a file. It shows the outside of a house the Derelict visited as the Pest Exterminator.

VIVIANNE  
Kimberly? Kimberly Mason?

The Derelict's grin indicates she's correct.

The Derelict opens another folder.

TROY  
Shit! Bloody hell! Who are these people? Is this about you? Is it about Foxy?

The Derelict shakes his head.

The laptop shows Troy entering a TAB then entering the Tax Department.

DERELICT  
It's about you.

Troy is confused.

The Derelict picks the photo of Ed up.

DERELICT  
It had nothing to do with this old bloke.

Troy sits, bewildered.

The Derelict puts the photo in his pocket.

DERELICT  
They set you up from day one.

TROY  
Who? Who set me up, blast you?

DERELICT  
She just told you.

TROY  
Kimberly Mason? I don't even know him. This is bullshit!

DERELICT  
You know him alright. You've met with him. He knows everything about you.

TROY  
You said 'they'. Who else are you  
talking about?

DERELICT  
(to Vivianne)  
Tell him who else.

Vivienne remains silent.

DERELICT  
Tell him, fuck you!

She refuses to respond.

DERELICT  
And Corrigan.

Troy looks at Vivianne but she remains silent.

TROY  
Why me? Why would Corrigan and  
Mason set me up?

DERELICT  
(to Vivianne)  
Tell him.

VIVIANNE  
Jealousy, revenge. I could think of  
a dozen reasons.

TROY  
Because I'm with you?

DERELICT  
Tell him the truth.

She doesn't respond.

TROY  
What truth?

DERELICT  
They killed the Streaker.

TROY  
Corrigan and Mason did?

DERELICT  
(to Vivianne)  
They killed Bondi, the kid who was  
seeing your daughter.

VIVIANNE

Oh, no.

DERELICT

(to Troy)

They killed Ed and they're gonna kill you.

TROY

(frustrated)

Why?

DERELICT

Because that's what they do.

(looking at Vivianne)

Anyone who gets in Corrigan's way. She fucking knows!

VIVIANNE

Frank wouldn't do that.

TROY

I don't believe it either! He might be dishonest, but he's not a murderer!

DERELICT

How much is your life insurance policy worth?

TROY

I don't have one.

The Derelict takes an insurance policy from the garbage bag and throws it on the table.

DERELICT

You do now.

Troy looks at it.

TROY

This is a forgery. Where'd you get it?

DERELICT

Corrigan's office.

TROY

Bullshit! Bloody bullshit!

The Derelict opens another folder. It shows the insurance police on Corrigan's desk.

DERELICT

Tell him that's not Corrigan's desk.

VIVIANNE

This is stupid! Why would he do that?

DERELICT

You tell me.  
(to Vivianne)  
You're the beneficiary.

VIVIANNE

What!

Vivianne checks the policy.

DERELICT

You didn't write this either, supposedly.

He hands Troy a letter.

Troy is devastated by the contents. He looks at Vivianne disbelievingly.

Vivianne snatches it.

DERELICT

(to Troy)  
Your signature's on it.

VIVIANNE

This is absurd!

DERELICT

Clever, actually. Establish motive, make the person to whom you owe money the beneficiary of your insurance,  
(referring to the letter)  
write a convincing suicide note and Frank's your uncle. Your death would've looked like a suicide.

VIVIANNE

This is one of your sick schemes! Frank wouldn't have done this!

TROY

We've got to go to the police.

The Derelict laughs.

Troy looks at Vivianne but it's obvious she doesn't want to involve police.

TROY

We do!

DERELICT

She tried that. Tell him the truth.

Vivianne refuses to answer.

DERELICT

Tell him how you went to the police and gave them all the details on me and Ed. Tell him how they murdered Ed.

TROY

Did you?

DERELICT

These people are outside the law because they are the law.

VIVIANNE

I thought I was doing the right thing.

TROY

We still have to go to the police. There must be someone higher up we can tell!

DERELICT

They'll stitch you up with conspiracy and race fixing. Corrigan'll say you pressured him to pull up Foxy Lady. Their betting records'll support that. Your footprints are everywhere.

Troy sits, resigned.

DERELICT

He has access to your personal details, your tax records.

TROY

Bullshit! That's crap!

The Derelict opens another folder.

Troy checks it.

TROY  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Troy holds his head in his hands.

VIVIANNE  
What do you want from us?

DERELICT  
(smiling)  
To help me refurbish Robin Hood's  
barn of course.

TROY  
What're you talking about?

VIVIANNE  
He wants revenge.

TROY  
I don't get it

VIVIANNE  
He needs our help.

TROY  
Why?

The Derelict doesn't answer.

TROY  
How do we know this isn't another  
of your sick schemes? Apparently  
you or Ischemon or whoever you are,  
has been after Corrigan for years.  
If Corrigan got access to my tax  
records, why couldn't you have? Did  
you ever consider that everything  
that's happened, the death of your  
friend or whoever he was...

DERELICT  
Ed. His name was Ed

TROY  
...is a result of your sick  
obsession?

The Derelict turns away.

TROY  
You could have forged this policy,  
written the letter! That so-called  
infallible system.

You were the one who showed us. Not Corrigan. He had nothing to do with it.

VIVIANNE

He did actually. He purposefully told you Foxy Lady wouldn't win so you would bet on the other horses.

TROY

How do you know that?

VIVIANNE

He told me.

Troy jumps up.

TROY

I'm going to the police now!

VIVIANNE

Troy.

TROY

How do we know this isn't all about you and Foxy?

VIVIANNE

It isn't about Foxy.

TROY

You're both missing the point! Corrigan's already destroyed me.

Vivianne shakes her head.

TROY

If he's after me then Foxy could also be in real danger!

She puts her fingers to Troy's mouth and shakes her head.

TROY

I'm responsible for her too, you know. I am. If you won't go to the police I will!

DERELICT

Tell him.

TROY

Tell him what, damn it?

VIVIANNE

I can't!

Troy goes to leave.

TROY

Right!

DERELICT

The kid's Corrigan's daughter.

Troy stops, dead.

TROY

What!

VIVIANNE

Foxy is Frank's daughter.

TROY

Oh shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

VIVIANNE

I wanted to tell you.

Troy runs out the door.

Vivianne attempts to follow but the Derelict grabs her arm.

She glares at him, attempting to pull away.

DERELICT

There's more.

LATER: Vivianne impassionately watches herself naked on the laptop recorded by Corrigan.

Classical music still plays upstairs.

The Derelict sits behind her, almost wanting to touch her.

Suddenly Vivianne runs up the stairs.

The Derelict chases her, grabs her.

She struggles to escape. He holds her tightly.

VIVIANNE

Let me go!

DERELICT

You can't!

She's unable to break free. They lie on the stairs, panting.

VIVIANNE  
You bastard! You've caused all  
this, you bastard!  
(crying)  
You're a bastard!

DERELICT  
If you rip the camera out, he'll  
know.

She continues to struggle. He holds her tight.

VIVIANNE  
I don't care! This is over, this  
nonsense!

She pounds his chest.

He submits to her punches but continues to hold her round the waist until she tires, sobbing.

DERELICT  
There's a camera outside your front  
door, one in your bedroom, one in  
your shower and that's it. If he  
doesn't suspect anything we have  
the advantage. But not if he knows  
I'm alive.

LATER: Vivianne brings the Derelict, who's sitting on the couch, a coffee.

He eagerly sips it.

He closes his eyes.

Vivianne removes the crumpled old newspapers from the garbage bag.

She reads the headlines about the backpacker fire.

VIVIANNE  
I remember this.

She reads one of the newspaper articles while continually checking the Derelict.

VIVIANNE  
Your daughter...was Irene.

He stares at her, his eyes glazed, seething. He closes his eyes tight, forcing his anguish to subside.

She realises something is wrong, searches the garbage bag and is shocked when she finds the gun.

The Derelict opens his eyes. She looks at him hard. He lowers his eyes.

VIVIANNE

You were going to hurt Foxy, weren't you? I know it. Here I was thinking it was infatuation with me. All the time you wanted revenge for your daughter.

Tears stream down his face.

Vivianne returns the gun to the garbage bag.

DERELICT

She was a year older than Foxy. I called her Princess. Stupid really because she hated it. Her mum was...She wasn't very good with kids. She wasn't good with anyone. I looked after Princess. That's a lie. She looked after me. "You're picking on me, Dad," she said. And she was bloody right. I changed after that. She taught me to be a different person. We never argued again, raised our voices. And then it came out of the blue, almost overnight. She was no longer my little Princess. I knew I was doing the right thing, letting her go. I'd seen parents cling to their kids. Scared to let them go. She worked after school, every night, stacking shelves. She just wanted to backpack around Australia before she went to Uni. When the pub burnt down I knew she wouldn't be dead. She would've escaped. That's why I let her go, to escape from me. She'd always ask me first. "What do you think of this lipstick, Dad? Should I be a lawyer like you?" There wasn't anything to identify her from. Ash, bones...Just a customer's name in secret books the bastard kept on the side.

The Derelict sobs uncontrollably. She waits till he composes himself.

VIVIANNE

I want you to promise me one thing.

He looks at her.

VIVIANNE

Nothing you do will involve Foxy.

DERELICT

You know he had that pub insured  
for twice its market value?

VIVIANNE

Promise me.

He nods.

EXT. PARK - SAME NIGHT

Troy tosses stones into a small lake in a park. Ducks scatter. Vivianne approaches, stands along side him.

TROY

It's amazing, isn't it?

VIVIANNE

What?

He tosses a stone creating a perfect ripple.

TROY

Something so destructive can create  
such perfect symmetry.

She holds his throwing hand, places it around her waist.

He looks deep into her eyes before she kisses him tenderly.

He clings to her.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOME - SAME NIGHT

Classical music still plays upstairs.

The Derelict browsers through the book, *The Pharaohs*.

Foxy appears.

FOXY

What're you doing here?

He continues browsing.

DERELICT  
Visiting.

FOXY  
(indicating the classical  
music)  
Did you put that crap on?

He glares at her.

FOXY  
I know who you are.

He watches her get a can of soft drink from the fridge.

He goes to the fish tank, drops fish food into it.

FOXY  
If you give them too much they die.

DERELICT  
They die anyway.

FOXY  
Good! Is Bondi back?

He doesn't answer.

FOXY  
You know Mum thinks it's over  
between us. You won't tell her  
will you?

He still refuses to respond.

FOXY  
What? What is it?

The Derelict removes a watch from his pocket, holds it out.

FOXY  
That's Bondi's. It's a Rolex.

DERELICT  
Fake. But he would have wanted you  
to have it.

It takes a moment before Foxy realises. She breaks down, runs to her room.

INT. FOXY'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Foxy, sobbing, lies face down on her bed. Classical music from Vivianne's room can be heard.

The Derelict enters her room, sits next to her, strokes her hair.

DERELICT

I don't like fish either. They smell.

FOXY

He wouldn't have hurt anyone. He really wouldn't have.

She turns to face the Derelict.

FOXY

He admired you. Said you broke him out of a boy's home.

Foxy cries.

FOXY

He wanted to be like you.

Tears fill the Derelict's eyes. Foxy calms herself.

FOXY

Can I ask you a question?

DERELICT

Depends.

FOXY

Bondi wanted to ask you too.

DERELICT

Why didn't he?

FOXY

Because he...I don't know, do I?

DERELICT

Go on. But don't expect an answer.

FOXY

He said you were into this Muzak crap? Golden oldies crap.

The Derelict appears cut.

FOXY

No offence, Pop, but even deaf people wouldn't want to like hear that. Is it a mental issue, like?

The Derelict's eyes water.

DERELICT

I wanted to give her something of my youth as we grew old together. Something we could share. And she could tell me what she liked and we'd sing it. They took her bones and bulldozed her ashes, left me with nightmares. So I sing her alive. What songs do you like?

FOXY

I know why you're here.

DERELICT

You don't. Not really.

FOXY

You're going to help Troy.

DERELICT

Why would I do that?

FOXY

Because you're an idiot and because you're in love with my mum. I'm going to help too.

He shakes his head.

FOXY

Oh yes I am! You won't dare stop me! You won't bloody dare!

She turns her music on, loud.

She plays air-bass to the beat, moving around the room, looks at him then suddenly explodes into a physical wild commotion of her own design accompanied by her vocal screams.

He looks at her as he would his daughter.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOUSE, OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

The computer in Corrigan's office shows Vivianne's empty bedroom.

A hand turns the sound up.

Foxy's music and her wild 'screams' drown out the classical music.

FADE OUT.