

THE PHARAOH'S RAT

Written by

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Episode 6: Judgment Day

EPISODE SIX OF THE PHARAOH'S RAT: JUDGMENT DAY

FADE IN:

EXT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S HOMESTEAD - DAY

Two horses, Sarah Sands and Hoi Polloi, finish a training sprint neck to neck.

Both JOCKEYS use their whips.

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S STABLES - SAME DAY

Sarah Sands and Hoi Polloi are led into the Psychiatrist's stables by a STABLE HAND.

Recordings of racecourse announcers blast away.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...and it's Young Gun a length and a half to Pharaoh's Rat, but Pharaoh's Rat is moving up wide...She's putting in a high effort and it's The Rat's race...

The horses pass an enclosed horse. *Young Gun* is printed on the stable door.

Sarah Sands is put into the next enclosure, with *Sarah Sands* on the door.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...They're away brilliantly to the cheers of the crowd...

Hoi Polloi is stabled into the next enclosure, with *Hoi Polloi* on the door.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Hoi Polloi has made its way to the lead...and a long way back is Pharaoh's Rat...but here he comes...a hundred metres to go and they're neck and neck, but the Rat seems to be grinding it out the better...Hoi Polloi's trying to go with him, but not today, ladies and gentlemen, today is the Rat's day...

The announcer is drowned out by machinery and the sounds of a horse being ridden hard.

The covered white shoes of The Pharaoh's Rat sprint on a hard surface.

Every muscle in Pharaoh's Rat legs and rump strain as loud classical music now dominates.

The jockey uses his whip to encourage more from The Pharaoh's Rat.

They are running on a specially designed treadmill hooked up to measuring devices.

The Psychiatrist records information under three columns on a whiteboard: *heart rate*, *gallop speed* and *blood lactate*. The figures continually increase.

Bert(D) watches unemotionally from an armchair.

The Psychiatrist increases the incline of the treadmill.

The jockey shows slight concern.

The Psychiatrist records more figures.

The Pharaoh's Rat is tiring.

The Psychiatrist increases the incline.

The jockey is concerned.

The Psychiatrist turns the music up.

Bert(D) smiles to himself.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Vivianne carries a suitcase to the front door.

She opens the front door.

Foxy, dressed conservatively, stands defiantly in the middle of the lounge.

FOXY
I'm not going!

Vivianne looks at the Derelict leaning against a wall and holding an open laptop. He wears gloves.

He shrugs for Vivianne's benefit.

The laptop shows footage of what's happening outside Vivianne's front door.

VIVIANNE
It's only for a week! Troy's
taking you to the airport.

FOXY
Mum, I've got study and...I'm
meeting someone. Oh shit...

Foxy breaks down.

FOXY
We were supposed to meet this
weekend.

Vivianne hugs her.

The Derelict remains against the wall and watches his laptop
screen.

Troy hurries down the stairs, grabs the suitcase.

TROY
Come on.

He takes the suitcase out the front door. Vivianne walk Foxy
to the front door.

VIVIANNE
I'll ring every night.

Foxy leaves.

Vivianne closes the door and leans against it.

The Derelict's laptop shows Foxy and Troy leaving.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOUSE, OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan watches his computer. He sees Foxy and Troy leaving
Vivianne's house.

He switches surveillance to Vivianne's empty shower. He can
hear footsteps approaching her shower.

His screen goes blank.

He desperately presses enter. **HARDWARE PROBLEM: CONTACT
INSTALLER** appears on his screen.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE, SHOWER - SAME DAY

The Derelict closed his laptop.

DERELICT
Goodbye, Frankie Boy.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - SAME DAY

The Derelict has showered and shaved. Wearing a towel he carries his clothes as he enters the lounge.

Vivianne looks at his hands.

He immediately turns his back and puts his gloves on.

The Derelict sits at the table where Vivianne has prepared toast and orange juice. She stares at his gloved hands.

VIVIANNE
Do you know who you really are?

DERELICT
I spent years in an asylum trying
to answer that.

VIVIANNE
So who are you?

DERELICT
We're all trying to be different
from who we are.

VIVIANNE
That's bullshit!

The Derelict refers to the book, *The Pharaohs*, which is on the table.

DERELICT
You know the Pharaohs mummified
Ichneumons?

At first she doesn't respond. He enjoys eating his toast.

VIVIANNE
Why would they do that?

DERELICT
(eating)
Because they believed Ichneumons
ate out the hearts of sinners on
judgment day.

The Derelict grins, Vivianne politely smiles. There is a moment of tender eye contact.

Vivianne shakes her head.

DERELICT

What?

VIVIANNE

Don't give me that bullshit! I mean it.

DERELICT

A bloke's gotta try, doesn't he?

The Derelict grins.

INT. TROY'S CAR - SAME DAY

Foxy removes her top and puts on her school uniform.

Troy's eyes are transfixed on the road as he drives into Sydney airport.

TROY V.O.

I need to hear this again, slowly.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Foxy, now in skimpy school uniform and holding an airline ticket, walks with Troy to the area for arriving international travellers.

DERELICT V.O.

We have a horse that can't lose.

TROY V.O.

(disappointed)

I thought that's what you said.

EXT. CAB - DAY

A cab drives into Sydney International Airport.

INT. CAB - SAME DAY

We see only the Derelict's face as he sits motionless in the front seat of a cab.

DERELICT V.O.

The trainer reckons if it doesn't win by the length of the straight he'll donate his reproductive organs to science.

TROY V.O.

Let's hope he's not already a eunuch!

DERELICT V.O.

All we have to do is to get Corrigan's bookmaker to lay it at ten to one.

TROY V.O.

What's it expected to start at?

DERELICT V.O.

Two's maybe three's.

TROY V.O.

Oh gawd! A horse that can't lose and you expect it to start at ten to one!

VIVIANNE V.O.

And how do we get a bookmaker to lay a certainly at ten to one?

DERELICT V.O.

That's my department. We wack a million on the nose and walk away with ten million. It's the infallible system.

TROY V.O.

Infallible?

DERELICT V.O.

There is one slight hitch though.

TROY V.O.

What's that?

DERELICT V.O.

The matter of a million dollars.

INT. COSTUME HIRE SHOP - SAME DAY

Vivianne enters a costume hire shop.

VIVIANNE V.O.
I knew you had a bloody ulterior
motive!

INT. SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME DAY

Troy, dressed as a chauffeur(T), holds a sign reading *Edgar Wiley Jnr*, for people arriving from an LA flight.

He stands in front of other people holding signs, among them the real CHAUFFEUR 30, with another *Edgar Wiley Jnr* sign.

Foxy drops her ticket and bends over in front of the real chauffeur, distracting him so EDGAR WILEY JNR, (Derelict) can join the emerging passengers.

Wiley(D) immediately identifies himself to the real Chauffeur, simultaneously with the genuine EDGAR WILEY JNR, identifying himself to Troy.

E.W.JNR
(pointing to Troy's sign)
Ah, son of a gun.

REAL CHAUFFEUR
(to E.W.Jnr (D))
Got any luggage?

E.W.JNR (D)
(accentuated American
accent)
She'll be sweet, mate.

TROY
(to E.W.Jnr)
Got any baggage?

EDGAR WILEY JNR
What d'you think, pal?

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

A sign outside the entrance to the town hall reads: LAW SOCIETY - Guest Speaker EDGAR WILEY JNR.

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

The Town Hall is packed with members of the LEGAL FRATERNITY seated.

Sir Manfred stands at the podium.

The crowd quieten.

SIR MANFRED

It gives me great pleasure to welcome as our honoured guest, all the way from the US of A, to deliver the opening lecture on 'Fraud in the Twenty First Century', the Director of the FBI, Edgar Wiley Jnr.

E.W.JNR (D), standing to the side, smiles broadly and waves to his audience.

INT. CAR - SAME DAY

Troy pulls up outside the *Bourbon and Beefsteak Restaurant* in King's Cross.

EDGAR WILEY JNR

This is your Town Hall?

TROY

Didn't you know? The lecture's been moved for security reasons.

Wiley reluctantly gets out of the car. He is immediately approached by a female PROSTITUTE 20.

TROY

(yelling)

Through the front door, down to the basement. I'll take your baggage to the hotel.

A car, soliciting the prostitute, blocks Troy's car.

Troy angrily beeps his car horn.

The Prostitute thumbs him.

INT. TOWN HALL - SAME DAY

The audience give a standing ovation to E.W.JNR (D) as he takes the podium.

DERELICT V.O.

Whatever happens don't be late.

TROY V.O.

You just worry about that you've gotta do!

E.W.JNR (D) anxiously looks for Troy.

E.W.JNR (D) places notes on the podium.

E.W.JNR (D)
 Thank you, Sir Manfred. Ah...you
 know, I once had a friend called
 Manfred...

Sir Manfred smiles jovially.

E.W.JNR (D)
 ...who was so politically correct
 he changed his name to Personfred.

The humour doesn't work on Sir Manfred.

E.W.JNR (D) waits for the ecstatic laughter to cease. He's stalling for Troy to arrive.

E.W.JNR (D)
 (waving notes)
 I fully intended delivering this
 prepared speech but on my way from
 the airport I asked my driver to
 give a lift to a young hitchhiker.
 The story she told me of the abuse
 she'd suffered, I thought, well
 what better service could I be to
 Australia than to deliver a speech
 on the pernicious crime of fraud
 within the traditional family
 setting. A crime on which I might
 add, we Yankees are well qualified
 to speak.

Some of the audience shift uneasy. Sir Manfred, annoyed, checks his agenda notes.

E.W.JNR (D)
 And what better audience than the
 very people to whom we entrust our
 legal system?

There are mutterings from the audience.

E.W.JNR (D) smiles at Sir Manfred, who shows concern but returns the smile.

E.W.JNR (D) anxiously looks towards the door.

E.W.JNR (D)

In fact I was so taken by this young child's story I invited her to present it in person.

The doors swing open and Foxy saunters down the isle.

Sir Manfred freezes.

Foxy indicates to E.W.JNR (D) that Troy hasn't arrived.

E.W.JNR (D)

But I don't think she's quite made up her mind. Perhaps I could seek your indulgence for a short break? Shall we say five minutes?

SIR MANFRED

Certainly, um , we'll take a five minute break.

Nobody leaves their seat but the audience restlessly talk among themselves.

Foxy apprehensively looks around.

Troy, disguised as a Detective, hurriedly enters clutching a folder.

Foxy is relieved at Troy arriving.

Sir Manfred notices Foxy acknowledging E.W.JNR (D).

SIR MANFRED

You're not Sir Wiley.
(to Foxy)
Did they put you up to this?
(to the Detective (T))
And who're you?

DETECTIVE (T)

I'm with the Sexual Assault Unit.

The Detective (T) indicates the folder.

SIR MANFRED

What!

DETECTIVE (T)

We know everything about you, times, places, all verified.

Sir Manfred acts dumfounded.

E.W.JNR (D)
 I could tell the audience
 everything, but that would cause
 further distress to this lovely
 child.

SIR MANFRED
 Child! Wha..! What are you talking
 about? She's not a child! I've
 never touched her!
 (to Foxy)
 I've never touched you! Tell them!

FOXY
 (screaming)
 Yes you did, you pig!

Sir Manfred pushes Foxy away. The audience prick up their ears.

FOXY
 (screaming)
 You're circumcised! You have a mole
 under your tiny balls.

Sir Manfred attempts to sush her.

FOXY
 (pointing)
 That side, right there!

SIR MANFRED
 (whispering)
 What do you want from me?

E.W.JNR (D)
 One million dollars?

SIR MANFRED
 Are you crazy?

FOXY
 Give it to them!

E.W.JNR (D) indicates for Foxy to quieten and move back. She does.

E.W.JNR (D)
 Call it conscience money.

SIR MANFRED
 I haven't got that sort of money!

E.W.JNR (D)
I believe you're friends with a Mr
Corrigan?

SIR MANFRED
Yes, but...

E.W.JNR(D) hands Sir Manfred a piece of paper.

E.W.JNR (D)
Place it in this account, this
bank, by two this afternoon. My man
will pick it up at two precisely.

SIR MANFRED
You'll never get away with this.

E.W.JNR (D)
I think I will.

The Detective waves the folder at Sir Manfred.

DETECTIVE (T)
If it's not in the account by two
sharp this report will be
distributed to the media.

FOXY
And I'll tell mum everything, you
pig.

SIR MANFRED
(to Foxy)
If I do, promise you'll never tell
anyone else?

DETECTIVE (T)
She doesn't have to promise you
anything!

FOXY
Only if you keep away from me.

Sir Manfred nods.

Foxy hurries away.

SIR MANFRED
I want that report.

DETECTIVE (T)
Once the money's transferred that's
the last anyone will ever see of
it.

The Detective(T) and E.W.JNR(D) walk away.

SIR MANFRED
What about the speech?

E.W.JNR (D)
Oh, didn't I mention it? I've
arranged a replacement.

The Detective(T) nods towards the entrance.

The Junkie and his girlfriend, from Troy's office, appear.

The Detective(T) indicates the podium. The Junkie makes his way to the podium.

JUNKIE
Beauty!
(to the audience)
Yo, Niggers, how they hanging?

INT. FOYER, TOWN HALL - SAME DAY

Foxy, shaken by the ordeal, skoals two glasses of wine from a table.

JUNKIE V.O.
You Niggers any idea how the pig's
fucken treat us these days? The
fucken swine!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S STABLES - SAME DAY

An open stable door has the name SARAH SANDS written on it.

The Psychiatrist is preparing Sarah Sands for shoeing. The heavy horse shoe is next to him on an anvil.

INT. SIR MANFRED'S CAR - SAME DAY

Sir Manfred and the Police Commissioner stake out a bank from Sir Manfred's car.

The Commissioner uses binoculars.

He checks another car containing four DETECTIVES.

COMMISSIONER
And you say they intend killing you
and your wife?

SIR MANFRED

Apparently by flying in a group of assassins from the Middle East. I arranged the money from Mr Corrigan without thinking. Then I said to myself...

EXT. BANK - SAME DAY

A Chauffeur driven car pulls up near the bank.

BENNY McPHERSON (Derelict) and his HENCHMAN (Troy) enter the bank. The Henchman carries a satchel.

SIR MANFRED V.O.

...I'm not going to give in to terrorists!

COMMISSIONER V.O.

Bugger!

A DETECTIVE 30, discreetly follows McPherson into the bank.

SIR MANFRED V.O.

What?

COMMISSIONER V.O.

That's Benny McPherson.

SIR MANFRED V.O.

Are you sure?

INT. BANK - SAME DAY

The DETECTIVE observes McPherson(D) talking to Troy's Bank Manager.

The Henchman(T) is sweating.

The Manager nods agreement and they enter the Manager's office.

The Detective speaks into his mobile.

INT. CAR - SAME DAY

The Commissioner replies into his mobile.

COMMISSIONER

(into mobile)

Call it off.

SIR MANFRED
What! Why?

EXT. BANK - SAME DAY

McPherson(D) and the Henchman(T), carrying the satchel, leave the bank.

The Detective exits the bank and shrugs towards Sir Manfred's car.

COMMISSIONER V.O.
You've just been stitched up by the Mob. One of my informants, so to speak. Put it down to experience.

INT. SIR MANFRED'S CAR - SAME DAY

Sir Manfred is crestfallen.

INT. MCPHERSON'S CAR - SAME DAY

The Henchman(T) shakes as he drives.

McPherson(D) cradles the satchel.

MCPHERSON (D)
(grinning)
Sure you haven't done this before?

The Henchman(T) nearly crashes into a car.

INT. BACKROOM, HOI POLLOI - NEXT DAY

The STAFF of the Hoi Polloi and some of the patrons excitedly try on theater costumes, make-up, wigs and fashion accessories, under the watchful eye of Bert(D).

Vivianne enters.

Bert(D) hands her a laptop. She turns it on to test it.

BERT (D)
I don't want you anywhere near the track.

VIVIANNE
Why not?

Bert(D) smiles at Vivianne but the smile is masking his true feelings.

BERT (D)
You'd only be a distraction.

VIVIANNE
To whom?

BERT (D)
Corrigan of course...Who else?

Vivianne is aware of his anguish.

VIVIANNE
You're a conman through and through, Bert, whoever you are.

Vivianne closes the laptop, nods to indicate it's okay.

BERT (D)
We're all conmen to some degree.
Just depends on how much we can persuade someone to believe us.
You and Troy, you sure it's the real thing?

She puts a finger to his lips, slightly shakes her head.

VIVIANNE
I never believed your suicide insurance scam for one moment.

Bert(D) grins more than usual.

VIVIANNE
But Troy did. That's why I love him deeply.

BERT (D)
Never let it be said I didn't give it my best shot.

EXT. RACETRACK - NEXT DAY

Ariel view of metropolitan racetrack. The car park is full and the meeting in progress.

EXT. RACETRACK, STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The stalls open and the horses sprint down the straight.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
 ...and they're off, racing in the
 first of eight races...

EXT. RACETRACK, FINISHING LINE - SAME DAY

The horses cross the finishing line, one horse clearly the winner.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
 ...it's Skyline by a length and a
 half, neck and neck for second,
 Eagle Man and Pseudo Image but I
 think Pseudo Image slightly edged
 out Eagle Man...

EXT. RACETRACK, BETTING RING - SAME DAY

The Betting Area at the races is packed with PUNTERS.

Troy is dressed as an Arab Sheik and surrounded by the ACTORS
 from the Hoi Polloi, pretending to be drunken Playboys.

They wander through the betting area. Many BOOKIES use an
 automated ticketing system.

Bert(D) watches Gerrard taking bets. Gerrard's still old
 school, writing his own tickets. Above his price board is a
 sign: WIN ONLY.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Vivianne anxiously sips wine while watching the races on
 Television.

COMMENTATOR
 Today is living up to its promise
 of being one of our biggest racing
 days on the calender...

EXT. RACETRACK BETTING RING - SAME DAY

Gerrard is busy with Punters.

Bert(D) tugs Gerrard's sleeve.

GERRARD
 What is it, Bert? I'm flat chat.

BERT (D)
Got a proposition.

GERRARD
(irked)
I'm listening.

BERT (D)
There's these three horses in
different races that I know
definitely can't win. You can set
them at any odds and you won't lose
a cent.

Gerrard indicates for Bert to talk quietly.

GERRARD
How d'you know?

BERT (D)
The Trainer's set them to lose. He
doesn't know I know.

GERRARD
Who's the trainer?

BERT (D)
Can't tell you.

GERRARD
Why tell me?

BERT (D)
Because I trust you.

Bert(D) gives Gerrard an envelope of money.

Gerrard counts it.

BERT (D)
Here's sixty grand. You lay twenty
grand each race for me. I'll be
happy to take two to one. Anything
over that's your's.

GERRARD
You want to take sixty grand of my
risk?

BERT
To win another sixty that you can't
lose.

GERRARD

If one of them wins you do your sixty.

BERT (D)

That's not gonna happen, plus you get to know the horses that're dead. You can set them at whatever odds you want.

GERRARD

I'll see what I can do, Bert.

Bert(D) hands Gerrard a slip of paper.

BERT

Here's the first nag.

GERRARD

Sarah Sands? Is that bloody Psychiatrist in on this?

Bert(D) smiles and wanders off.

Gerrard has Sarah Sands at three to one. Insult to Injury is four to one.

Gerrard is immediately on his mobile.

MOMENTS LATER: Corrigan, Mason and Bodyguard arrive. Gerrard whispers to them.

Corrigan instructs his Bodyguard who hurries away.

EXT. RACETRACK, NEAR STABLES - SAME DAY

The Bodyguard approach the stables.

EXT. STABLES - SAME DAY

The Bodyguard spots the Psychiatrist talking discretely to a STRAPPER (Heath Ledger) then handing the Strapper a sum of money.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

The Bodyguard watches the Strapper (HL) place the money (\$10,000) on Insult to Injury, with BOOKIE 1, at four to one.

Bookie 1 prints a ticket on his ticket machine.

The Strapper(HL) checks the ticket before hurrying away.

LATER: The Bodyguard reports to Corrigan and Mason.

Bert(D) waves to Corrigan who ignores him.

CORRIGAN

(to The Bodyguard)

Could be a set up. Tell Gerrard to sit this one out and watch every move...

(indicating Bert)

...that idiot makes.

The Sheik(T) and the Playboys converge on the betting area.

The Bodyguard whispers to Gerrard who nods.

Gerrard's board shows Sarah Sands still at three to one.

INT. BAR, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

The Bodyguard discretely watches Bert(D) enjoying a drink at the bar.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

Antionette, wearing a gown that is a micro-thread from topless, wanders around the betting ring causing PUNTERS delightful anguish.

Bert(D) reappears in the betting area. He is shadowed by The Bodyguard.

Bert(D) passes Antionette without acknowledging her.

PUNTERS gawk at Antionette.

PUNTER

Who's that?

BERT (D)

James Packer's new mistress.

PUNTER

James Packer's got a mistress?

Bert(D) walks away.

BERT (D)

He has now.

The rumour about James Packer travels like wildfire among punters.

Punters continually check out Antionette who revels in the attention.

Bert(D) heads towards the grandstand.

The Bodyguard follows him.

Gerrard's board still has Sarah Sands at three to one.

ACTOR 1

(to Gerrard)

Oh, Sarah Sands, I like that name.
Gimme ten thousand Aussi dollars on
that one.

GERRARD

Three to one. Ten to forty back,
on Sarah Sands the win.

ACTOR 2

In that case I'll have fifteen.

Gerrard takes the money before looking across at Corrigan who shakes his head.

GERRARD

Can only give you two's that much.

Gerrard changes Sarah Sands to two to one.

ACTOR 2

What!

GERRARD

Fifteen to forty-five back, Sarah
Sands the win.

ACTOR 2

Hang on, everyone's got it at three
to one.

GERRARD

Put it on with them then!

Gerrard holds the money out.

ACTOR 2

(discretely stalling)

But...!

GERRARD

Sorry, boys. They're about to race.

Actor 2 snatches the money.

Actor 2 races to Bookie 1 and thrusts his money out. Bookie 1 grabs the money, prints a ticket and hands it to Actor 2.

Corrigan and Mason head for the grandstand.

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The horses bolt from the stalls.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Okay, they're off and racing...

EXT. RAILS - SAME DAY

The Psychiatrist screams for Sarah Sands as the horses pass him and head towards the finishing line.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

This could be anyone's race. What a finish we have. It's Sarah Sands on the inside neck and neck with Insult to Injury...

Sarah Sands is neck-to-neck with Insult To Injury.

EXT. RACETRACK, GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Corrigan, Sandi and Mason watch Insult to Injury edge ahead of Sarah Sands.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...as they come down towards the finishing line this could be anyone's...

Corrigan observes The Psychiatrist animatedly at the rails.

EXT. RAILS - SAME DAY

The Psychiatrist, screaming for Sarah Sands to run harder, runs alongside the rails.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

It looks like...yes it's Insult to Injury getting the better of Sarah Sands...

Insult to Injury wins. Sarah Sands pulls up limping.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...Insult to Injury by half a length to Sarah Sands and I'll give it to Optimism for third just in front of The Duke. Sarah Sands seems to have pulled up lame...

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

From the grandstand Corrigan watches Sarah Sands limping (a result of the heavy horse shoe).

The Sheik(T) and the Playboys nonchalantly tear up their tickets.

Corrigan through binoculars observes The Psychiatrist smiling and contentedly walking from the rails.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Vivianne, watching television, is pleased at the race result.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

It's correct weight in the second...

Her front door nosily opens.

Vivianne jumps in shock.

Foxy, drunk, staggers in.

Vivianne turns the television off.

VIVIANNE

Foxy!

FOXY

(slurring)

Plane bloody took off early.

VIVIANNE

That was yesterday! Today you are supposed to be with my sister!

FOXY

I think I've been...It's called...a library or something. I was supposed to meet Bondi...

Foxy goes to vomit.

VIVIANNE

No!

To the horror of Vivianne, Foxy vomits in the fish tank.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

A betting board shows Young Gun favorite at two to one, Seaview at four to one and Biggles at six to one.

The Bodyguard watches Heath Ledger put twenty thousand on Seaview at four to one and ten thousand on Biggles at six to one, with BOOKIE 3.

Bookie 3 alters Young Gun's odds to three to one and brings Seaview down to two's and Biggles to four's.

LATER: The Bodyguard whispers to Gerrard.

The Bodyguard hurries away.

Bert(D) approaches Gerrard.

BERT (D)

How'd I go?

GERRARD

Couldn't lay any of that, Bert.

BERT (D)

What'd you mean?

GERRARD

No one wanted to back Sarah Sands.

BERT (D)

You sure?

GERRARD

Someone must've let the cat out of the bag. But I'll give you a grand as your info was good.

Bert(D) considers before taking a piece of paper from his pocket and handing it to Gerrard.

Gerrard checks the paper.

GERRARD
Young Gun, you sure?

Gerrard checks his board. He has Young Gun at two to one.

BERT (D)
Won't win. Wack it all up, that's
forty one grand, against Young Gun
in the third.

GERRARD
Young Gun can't win?

BERT (D)
Even with a taser up it's arse

Bert(B) hurries towards the bar.

The Bodyguard follows.

Corrigan goes to Gerrard who still has Young Gun favorite at two to one.

Gerrard whispers to Corrigan.

Corrigan gives Gerrard the nod.

Gerrard increases Young Gun's odds to four's and reduces Seaview and Biggles to even money.

The Playboys arrive.

ACTOR 1
Hey, they've got Young Gun at
fours.

ACTOR 2
Gimme ten grand on Young Gun the
win.

ACTOR 1
Same here.

Gerrard takes their bets, writes tickets.

Antionette appears. The Playboys gawk at her breasts.

She checks a bookie board which has Young Gun at two to one, before going to Gerrard.

She looks at his board, sees Young Gun at four to one, then extracts a wad of notes from her bag.

ANTIONETTE

If I put twenty thousand dollars
on, um, Young Gun how much do I
win?

GERRARD

Assuming the horse wins?

ANTIONETTE

Assuming the horse wins.

Antionette puts her phone on record and holds it up.

GERRARD

What're you doing?

ANTIONETTE

My boyfriend, that's my current
boyfriend, said I should record my
bets. Is that good advice?

GERRARD

He's a smart cookie. Let's see,
it's four to one that means you put
twenty grand on you win eighty
grand. You give me twenty grand, it
wins, I hand you back eighty plus
the twenty you put on, that's an
even hundred thou back in your
pretty little hand.

ANTIONETTE

Then twenty thousand on Young Gun.

Gerrard nearly dislocates a finger in his haste to write the
ticket.

Antionette hands Gerrard the money.

INT. VIVIANNE'S CAR - SAME DAY

Vivianne speedily drives up a street towards the mansion the
Pest Exterminator had been at.

The laptop is next to her.

EXT. MANSION - SAME DAY

The door to the mansion is opened by the Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER

Vivianne.

VIVIANNE

There's something more you need to know about Ichneumon.

COMMISSIONER

What?

VIVIANNE

The truth.

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The stalls open and the horses charge out, all except Young Gun.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

And they're away, that is except for Young Gun, who has totally missed the start...

EXT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY.

The horses run down the finishing straight in slow motion. Sound ceases.

Through his binoculars Corrigan watches Bert(D) cheer as Young Gun is well back in the race.

Corrigan watches the Psychiatrist 'pulling his hair out' for the benefit of those around him.

The Playboys mime shooting the horse.

Mason and Corrigan smile at each other.

Sound returns

ANNOUNCER V.O.

We'll never know what happened at the starting stalls but it sure put Young Gun out of the race. Maybe that's one for the stewards...

Corrigan watches through his binoculars the Psychiatrist kicking the rails. Then he observes The Psychiatrist grinning to himself.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

Gerrard smirks to himself as a large television screen shows the horses returning to stable after the race, plus the winning dividends.

Antionette, still in the betting area, drowns her sorrow with a cocktail.

Corrigan appears next to Gerrard. They smile at each other.

EXT. COMMISSIONER'S CAR - SAME DAY

The Commissioner, siren blaring, speeds through the city. Another police car follows.

INT. VIVIANNE'S CAR - SAME DAY

Vivianne stares sedately at the road as she drives through the suburbs. Enya music plays on her radio.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

Gerrard is eagerly looking for Bert(D).

Bert(D) appears from behind him, tugs his sleeve.

Corrigan watches.

BERT (D)
How'd I do?

GERRARD
Could only lay ten of that, Bert.

BERT (D)
Ah, come on!

GERRARD
Have a look at the books if you want to. I'll guarantee I'll get it all on for the next.

Bert(D) looks disbelievingly.

GERRARD
That's a promise. I'll guarantee at least twenty of it from my own pocket. You can't loose.

Bert(D) hesitates.

Corrigan anxiously motions to Gerrard.

Bert(D) goes to walk away.

GERRARD

Look, I'll guarantee you'll get at least thirty.

Bert(B) refers to a piece of paper he's holding.

BERT (D)

Pharaoh's Rat.

GERRARD

The favourite?

BERT (D)

The Psychiatrist trains two in this race but Pharaoh's Rat won't win. The jockey's in on it. They've set Hoi Polloi to win.

GERRARD

You bloody certain?

Bert attempts to show Gerrard what's on the paper but Gerrard cautiously pushes it away.

BERT

Dead set certainty, same as the others.

Gerrard smiles, immediately changes Pharaoh's Rat, from two's to four's. Hoi Polloi is four to one. He drops Hoi Polloi to evens.

BERT (D)

That's a promise?

Gerrard ignores him.

GERRARD

(yelling)

Four to one, Pharaoh's Rat. I'll give you four to one Pharaoh's Rat.

The Playboys wade in with money but hold back.

A crowd of PUNTERS back Pharaoh's Rat with Gerrard.

Gerrard increases the odds to fives's.

The Bookies, realising something's up, raise Pharaoh's Rat's odds to fives's.

Bert(D) tugs Gerrard's sleeve.

BERT (D)
You promise?

ACTOR 1
I like that name. What odds
Pharaoh's Rat?

Gerrard pulls away, ignoring Bert(D).

GERRARD
Fives's.

ACTOR 1
Let's look around.

Corrigan indicates for Gerrard to take all their money.

Gerrard puts the odds at six's.

GERRARD
(yelling)
Six's, I'll give you six to one the
Rat.

BERT (D)
Promise?

GERRARD
See me later!

Bert(D) wanders aimlessly around the betting arena.

The Playboys cautiously watch the betting boards.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S CAR - SAME DAY

The commissioner's car skids to a halt in a car park
overlooking a beach.

INT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

The other Bookies look across at Gerrard.

They sense something's up but are too cautious to follow the
odds.

Gerrard puts Pharaoh's Rat out to ten's.

The Playboys bet fist-fulls of money with Gerrard.

Antoinette goes to Gerrard, opens a bag full of money.

She turns her phone on record.

ANTIONETTE

My numerologist said two would be my lucky number today. I saw two teeny rats in my pantry this morning. Half a million dollars on Pharaoh's Rat to win.

Gerrard is stunned.

Gerrard looks across to Corrigan who nods.

Corrigan sends his Bodyguard to protect the money.

Gerrard writes the ticket even faster than the last one.

He gives Antionette the ticket.

She passes her bag to The Bodyguard, who carefully inspects the money.

PATRONS from the Hoi Polloi Pub turn up posing as eager gamblers.

ANTIONETTE

If I can get some more cheese off James I'll be back.

GERRARD

You can get on the nod if you want.

ANTIONETTE

Credit?

GERRARD

Any friend of James's is a friend on mine.

ANTIONETTE

He said he wanted me to have a good time. Let's see if he really loves me. Make it an even million.

Gerrard writes another ticket.

GERRARD

All up, you have one million to ten million five hundred thousand it is.

Bert(D) returns.

BERT (D)
 You sure you didn't get set that
 last race?

GERRARD
 I'm busy, Bert.

Gerrard hands Antoinette her ticket.

BERT (D)
 I find that hard to believe,
 Gerrard, that you only got set for
 ten.

GERRARD
 Piss off!

Antionette is upset at Bert's impudence.

Gerrard indicates to the Bodyguard to shoo Bert(D) away, but
 the Bodyguard remains guarding the money.

BERT (D)
 What!

Gerrard hands Bert(D) a wad of money.

GERRARD
 Here's your money back. Piss off,
 or I'll report you to the
 Authorities.

BERT (D)
 Bastard!

GERRARD
 I see you again I'll kick your
 smelly arse, Faggot!

Antionette smiles at Gerrard.

Bert(D) angrily walks away but subtly hands the money to
 Kylie Minogue who hurries to Gerrard.

EXT. SAND DUNES - SAME DAY

DETECTIVES have a body bag uncovered in the sand.

It is unzipped by a DETECTIVE 40, as the Commissioner hurries
 across the sand .

The dead person is Bondi.

The Commissioner is stunned.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

Kylie Minogue thrusts a bundle of money at Gerrard.

KYLIE MINOGUE
Sixty thousand on Pharaoh's Rat the
win.

Gerrard is delighted.

Betting closes.

Two SECURITY GUARDS collect Gerrard's money. He signs for it.

Gerrard shuts up shop and walks towards Corrigan and Mason
all smiles.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S CAR - SAME DAY

The Commissioner's car speeds through the city.

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The horses, tall and proud, are ridden by their JOCKEYS
towards the starting stalls.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
This is the big one today, ladies
and gentlemen, the Aussie Stakes
for three year-old colts. My spies
inform me Hoi Polloi has been
backed into favourtism. All
expectation was on Pharaoh's Rat to
start favourite...

The Psychiatrist stands to the side, his eyes burning with
excitement.

INT. STABLES - DAY (FLASHBACK ONE HOUR)

The same burning eyes advance through the stables towards the
stable of Pharaoh's Rat.

The horse whickers as the eyes glow.

Pharaoh's Rat's feet are still bandaged with black tape.

We see the mouth and teeth of the Psychiatrist.

PSYCHIATRIST
 It's alright, boy. You might
 believe you're scared but I don't.
 Time to ease the pain.

A long sharp knife in a hand advances, then we see the full
 face of the Psychiatrist.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Time to remove the gloves.

The Psychiatrist shows the knife to Pharaoh's Rat who goes
 berserk.

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY (PRESENT)

The horses approach the stalls. Hoi Polloi and Pharaoh's Rat
 are about to enter.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.
 Today we see what's around the
 corner. How hard is it to survive
 in a discriminatory world when you
 are neither one thing nor the
 other? But you my friend have the
 best of both worlds. You are the
 perfect creation. Nothing can beat
 you today. Nothing.

We travel down Pharaoh's Rat to reveal his pure white shoes,
 now that the black tape has been removed.

EXT. BETTING AREA, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Gerrard, Mason and Corrigan move towards the grandstand.

The Bodyguard follows.

Bert(D) appears anxiously waving a piece of paper.

BERT (D)
 Mr Gerrard, Mr Gerrard...

Gerrard ignore him.

The Bodyguard savagely pushes Bert(D) away.

BERT (D)
 That horse, I think I made a
 mistake.

Corrigan, Mason and Gerrard freeze.

GERRARD

What!

Bert(D) reads from the paper.

BERT (D)

It should've been Hoi Polloi that
can't win, not Pharaoh's Rat. Look,
I crossed out the wrong one
accidentally.

Gerrard is in shock. He almost collapses.

GERRARD

Hell, bloody hell!

Gerrard looks pleadingly to Corrigan.

BERT (D)

I must've been listening to that
bloke on the television talking
about the death of Ischenmon. Then
I think I got the papers mixed up.
I'm sorry. Just as well you didn't
take any notice of me.

Bert(D) frowns.

Corrigan pushes his Bodyguard.

CORRIGAN

Stop Pharaoh's Rat. I don't care
if you have to kill the jockey.

The Bodyguard sprints towards the straight.

Gerrard, in shock, turns circles.

CORRIGAN

(to Gerrard)

You bought this idiot to me. You're
on your own!

BERT (D)

Is there anything I can do to help,
Mr Corrigan?

Corrigan and Mason rush to the rails.

GERRARD

Oh shit! Fifteen million! Shit!
Shit! Shit!

Bert(D) speaks into his mobile.

BERT (D)
 (into mobile)
 Victor Kelly, you don't know me...

As the smiling Bert(D) hurriedly jogs towards the exit Antionette appears.

Antionette takes the distressed Gerrard's arm. She holds her mobile.

ANTIONETTE
 Have you heard about SP bookies,
 Gerrard and how they cover their
 arses with each other? I've been
 thinking and I might just give you
 a little chance to cover your fat
 arse...

She pauses, giving Gerrard to opportunity to respond. His look encourages her to continue.

ANTIONETTE
 ...by letting you back Pharaoh's
 Rat with me at five to one, on two
 conditions...

His pleading look suggests please continue.

ANTIONETTE
 You back it with me for one million
 dollars.

GERRARD
 Pharaoh's Rat wins I only owe you
 five million instead of ten?

Antionette nods.

GERRARD
 It loses I owe you one million?

She smiles and indicates to Gerrard everything's been recorded.

ANTIONETTE
 The infallible system, Gerry.

GERRARD
 What's the second condition?

ANTIONETTE

You pay me one million now, right
now, plus my five hundred and
twenty grand. And we're quits.
What's it gonna be, Gerry?

Antionette shows Gerry her payment terminal on her mobile.

EXT. RACETRACK, STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The stalls open and the horses are away.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

They're away in a race that will
determine the best three-year-old
colt in Australia...

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Vivianne impassionately watches Pharaoh's Rat lead by ten
lengths.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...and Pharaoh's Rat is now ten
lengths in front. Hoi Polloi is
trying to go with him...

EXT. RAILS - SAME DAY

At an isolated spot near the rails the Bodyguard points his
gun at Pharaoh's Rat, leading the field.

We see the identifiable ring on his finger.

The horses approach the straight.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...but nothing's going to upset the
Rat, not today, ladies and
gentlemen, and you can take that to
the bank...

The Bodyguard has Pharaoh's Rat in his sights.

The finger begins to squeeze the trigger.

Victor Kelly puts a gun to the back of the Bodyguard's head.

VICTOR KELLY

Make my day, Sunshine.

EXT. BETTING RING - SAME DAY

The Commissioner (Derelict), clutching a laptop, runs through the betting ring.

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...this will be one of the great victories of the year. Hoi Polloi's also travelling well but he's a long way off...

The Psychiatrist and the Actors scream for Pharaoh's Rat.

Corrigan and Mason desperately watch the race.

All sound stops and in slow motion Pharaoh's Rat arches as if hit by electricity and pulls off to the side, allowing all horses to pass.

Hoi Polloi runs on to win.

Corrigan and Mason jubilantly scream.

The Psychiatrist, and the Actors are crestfallen.

The Psychiatrist rips his coat off and repeatedly smashes the wall with it.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Vivianne turns the television off.

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

The Commissioner(D) runs to Corrigan who's fisting the air.

COMMISSIONER

Big, big trouble!

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Dixon watches a monitor of the Commissioner(D) leading Corrigan and Mason towards the Security Centre.

Corrigan, Mason and the Commissioner(D) enter the Security Center.

Dixon is the only one on duty.

CORRIGAN
 (to the Commissioner(D))
 What is it!

The Commissioner(D) speaks into his mobile as they enter.

COMMISSIONER (D)
 (into mobile)
 I want every available unit at the
 Metropolitan Racetrack immediately.
 And get me everything you can on a
 Bert Simmonds.

The Commissioner indicates Dixon.

COMMISSIONER (D)
 Get rid of him.

CORRIGAN
 What!

COMMISSIONER (D)
 Do it!

CORRIGAN
 Leave us.

DIXON
 Pardon?

CORRIGAN
 Get out.

Dixon reluctantly leaves.

The Commissioner(D) locks the door, pushes buttons on the
 console which shuts down the internal monitors.

Corrigan indignantly awaits a response from The
 Commissioner(D).

EXT. RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Television screens, showing horses preparing for the next
 race, simultaneously shut down.

COMMISSIONER V.0
 That was all a farce.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - SAME DAY

CORRIGAN

What are you bloody on about?

The Commissioner(D) opens the laptop which has already booted.

COMMISSIONER (D)

This is the real scam.

We see The Commissioner's(D) hands as he types. He's wearing a wedding ring and his fingers are expertly manicured.

A web site for a Zurich Bank opens (the same Bank Corrigan uses).

CORRIGAN

What're you doing?

COMMISSIONER (D)

That coot in the fire wasn't Ichneumon.

Corrigan glares at Mason.

CORRIGAN

What!

The Commissioner types and a download status bar appears under a page of seemingly endless files being transferred. The status bar is nearly sixth-eights complete.

MASON

Who was he?

COMMISSIONER (D)

He was an accomplice.

MASON

That can't be!

The Commissioner(D) is unsuccessfully attempting to stop the transfer.

CORRIGAN

What're you doing, Jim?

COMMISSIONER (D)

The real Ichneumon conned his way into your homes, even tried to get into mine, downloaded your files and is presently transferring
(to Corrigan and Mason)

your money to an account somewhere
in the Bahamas.

MASON

What! How?

CORRIGAN

Impossible. Only I can effect a
transfer.

The laptop shows files being transferred.

The download status bar is seven-eighths complete.

COMMISSIONER (D)

Once a day, in a fifteen minute
corridor...

The Commissioner(D) looks at a wall-clock showing 3.45 pm.

COMMISSIONER (D)

...starting approximately ten
minutes ago?

Corrigan warily checks his watch.

COMMISSIONER (D)

Believe me, these computer nerds
can do anything.

CORRIGAN

No one can access my files.

COMMISSIONER (D)

You have a Swiss bank account?

Corrigan doesn't respond.

COMMISSIONER (D)

Thumb print access, right?

MASON

Everyone does.

COMMISSIONER (D)

Which he lifted from your office.
He's good.

Corrigan watches the status bar on the laptop.

MASON

Frank's got the best system in the
world.

CORRIGAN
He'd have to know the first
password then the back-up password.
Only I know them.

The Commissioner(D) refers to the laptop.

COMMISSIONER (D)
According to this your first
password's Foxy, right?

Corrigan looks concerned.

MASON
Is it?

Corrigan doesn't respond.

The Commissioner(D) points to the files being transferred.
The status bar is nearing completion.

MASON
Is it?

COMMISSIONER (D)
He's doing it. Don't ask me how,
but he is.

MASON
Shit!

CORRIGAN
What can you do?

COMMISSIONER (D)
Nothing. Even if we apprehend him
you'll probably never see your
money again.

The Commissioner(D) shrugs, sits back from the laptop.

Corrigan squeezes the Commissioner's(D) shoulder.

CORRIGAN
Jim!

COMMISSIONER (D)
There might be one thing. But I
can only do it from inside your
site.

CORRIGAN
Then do it!

The Commissioner(D) types FOXY and hits return.

COMMISSIONER (D)
What's your back-up password?

Corrigan is reluctant.

MASON
Frank!

COMMISSIONER (D)
I'll need it now!

The Commissioner(D) hits return. The laptop shows files being transferred. The status bar is nearly complete.

CORRIGAN
How do we know the money's transferring?

COMMISSIONER (D)
You'll know for certain in approximately thirty seconds.

Corrigan is still reluctant. The status bar is closer to completion.

MASON
Frank, we could lose one hundred million.

CORRIGAN
It's Genius.
(spelling)
G e n capital I u s

The Commissioner(D) raises an eyebrow as he types genIus and hits return.

A thumb pattern appears on screen.

CORRIGAN
Hurry!

Corrigan checks his watch.

COMMISSIONER (D)
Now your thumb print.

Corrigan puts his thumb on the screen.

A protection program activates.

The Commissioner(D) types.

MASON
How'd you find this out?

COMMISSONER (D)
A little birdie. Uh oh, I think
we're losing it.

CORRIGAN
Bloody hurry, will you.

The Commissioner(D) continues typing. The files freeze.

CORRIGAN
What's happening?

The Commissioner(D) speaks into his mobile.

COMMISSIONER (D)
(into mobile)
Status?

INT. HOUSE - SAME DAY

ACCOUNT TRANSFERRED appears on a laptop over the disappearing
files we saw on the Commissioner's laptop.

A female mouth replies into a mobile.

FEMALE MOUTH
(into mobile)
Transfer completed.

Female fingers type on a keyboard.

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

The files disappear from the laptop screen.

CORRIGAN
What's happening?

TRANSFER BLOCKED appears on the laptop screen.

COMMISSIONER (D)
Phew.

MASON
Thank Christ for that.

Corrigan impatiently moves the Commissioner(D) aside and
types on the laptop keyboard.

Mason staggers to a seat.

The Commissioner(D) fiddles with switches on the console as he puts an audio cassette into a cassette deck. He dials his mobile.

COMMISSIONER
(into mobile)
Got him?...Then let me know the
moment you bloody do, and get his
laptop.

The Commissioner(D) puts his mobile away.

He removes a document from his pocket which he displays in front of Corrigan.

Corrigan ignores the document.

MASON
What're you doing?

CORRIGAN
Changing my password of course.
This is not giving me access.

COMMISSIONER (D)
We've triggered a security alert.
You'll have to reboot.

Corrigan reboots the laptop but nothing happens.

COMMISSIONER (D)
Uh oh, battery's low.

The Commissioner(D) edges the document closer to Corrigan.

COMMISSIONER (D)
You own me, Frank. You owe me big
time.

Corrigan looks at the document.

CORRIGAN
What's this?

COMMISSIONER (D)
A contract transferring ten percent
of Gambling Incorporated into my
wife's name.

Corrigan scoffs, turns away from the document.

MASON

Ten percent? Ten million dollars!
Are you off your fucken rocker?

COMMISSIONER (D)

Twenty million actually, when you include the illegal off-shore tax havens through which you've been diverting the majority of your supermarket and hotel profits. Not the facade accounts you declare for taxation.

Mason glances knowingly at Corrigan. Corrigan laughs.

CORRIGAN

Jim, given I've weathered the threat of internet fraud why would I now want to part company with my hard earned cash? Hmmmmmm?

The Commissioner(D) plays the audio tape. Ed's voice is heard

ED

(on audio tape)

You'll get nothing out of me, you bastards!

(Ed screams)

Alright, alright, I'm him. I'm Robin Hood. I'm Ichneumon. I'm all those bloody people!

VOICE

(on audio tape)

Where's the money?

The Commissioner(D) pauses the tape, smiles.

COMMISSIONER

That sounded very much like your voice, Kimberley.

MASON

Bullshit! I wasn't even there.

COMMISSIONER (D)

By the time forensics have finished with it your voice prints'll be all over it.

The Commissioner(D) allows the tape to continue.

ED
 (on audio tape)
 In the safe.

VOICE
 (on audio tape)
 Combination?

COMMISSIONER (D)
 And that is definitely your voice,
 Frank.

ED
 (on audio tape)
 Um...I don't know. I don't. I
 swear.

Ed screams.

Corrigan stops the tape.

The Commissioner(D) removes from his pocket the gun taken
 from the dead Ed, now sealed in plastic. He places the gun on
 the table.

COMMISSIONER
 Sign the document, and that tape
 and this gun which will have your
 DNA all over it, and that I can
 guarantee, will disappear forever.

CORRIGAN
 You won't arrest me, Jim. Every
 meeting we ever had, I had you
 taped. When this is over, you old
 fool, I will destroy you and I'm
 just the bloke to do it and get
 away with it. Remember I'm the
 bloke who burned twenty backpackers
 and got away with it.

A Detective (Troy) enters.

COMMISSIONER (D)
 Get him?

The Detective(T) nods.

DETECTIVE (T)
 He's claiming he's got evidence
 that will incriminate Mr Corrigan
 in murder. Wants to deal.

The Detective(T) smiles triumphantly.

COMMISSIONER (D)
 (to the Detective)
 Look um, I want you to keep him
 away from Homicide. I'll explain
 later.

The Detective's(T) look does not support the Commissioner's
 request.

COMMISSIONER (D)
 I'd better do this myself.

The Detective(T) goes to the Commissioner(D), whispers to
 him.

COMMISSIONER
 If you haven't signed that document
 when I return I'll arrest you on
 the spot. And I'm just the bloke
 who can do it and get away with it.
 I am the Commissioner of Police.

The Commissioner(D) hurries out quickly followed by the
 Detective.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME DAY

Antionette drives a Mercedes convertible through traffic.
 Overhead, an aerial Skywriter commences writing.

EXT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

The real Commissioner runs towards the Security Centre.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - SAME DAY

The real Commissioner hurries into the Security Centre.
 Corrigan stands motionless in the middle of the room. Mason
 wearily stands to one side.

COMMISSIONER
 Big, big trouble, Frank.

CORRIGAN
 You can say that again, Jim.

Corrigan levels the gun at the Commissioner who stops, an
 expression of horror frozen on the Commissioner's face.
 Corrigan fires the gun into the Commissioner's chest, sending
 him reeling against the wall.

Mason is horrified.

CORRIGAN

You really didn't think I'd let you get away with breaking the law, did you, Jim? HMMMMMMMM?

MASON

Oh, shit! Shit!

Corrigan waves the document.

CORRIGAN

This document should explain everything. How you threatened to kill me if I didn't accede to your blackmail demand, how you killed Kimberly..

Mason freaks as Corrigan turns to Kimberly, shoots him in the head, killing him instantly.

The Commissioner, unable to move, watches panic stricken.

CORRIGAN

...how we struggled, violently...

Corrigan hits himself repeatedly in the face with the gun.

He then takes a hand of the immobile Commissioner and put the Commissioner's prints on the butt of the gun.

CORRIGAN

...but somehow I courageously wrestled the gun from you and in the ensuing struggle you were unfortunately...killed...

EXT. RACETRACK - SAME DAY

RACE GOERS silently watch televisions around the racetrack.

They see Corrigan carefully place the gun on the floor.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - SAME DAY

DETECTIVES hurry into the Security Centre.

They slow as they see the Commissioner and Mason dead.

Corrigan distressed and bleeding profusely from facial wounds, points to a gun on the floor, as he collapses into a chair.

A Detective carefully covers the gun with a handkerchief.

POLICE hurriedly arrive remaining behind the Detectives.

A Detective indicates to Corrigan a camera on the wall that has been recording.

EXT. RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Stunned Racegoers watch a bewildered Corrigan realising everything's been publicly televised.

EXT. CARPARK RACETRACK - SAME DAY

The Detective(T) assists Bert(D) into the back of a car.

The Detective(T) shuts the back door and opens the driver's door.

Bert grins.

EXT. RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Televisions show Corrigan attempting to smash the camera, but he is restrained by Police.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Vivianne opens the door to a smiling Detective(T).

She doesn't recognise Troy who walks past her.

VIVIANNE

Um...

The Detective(T) turns, removes a wig and laughs.

Troy puts a cheque on the table.

TROY

One million smackeroos, courtesy of
Antionette and the Pharaoh's Rat,
guaranteed by The Bookmakers'
Association and...tax free.

Vivianne smiles warmly.

TROY

I still reckon that bloke scammed us though.

Troy sees Foxy cleaning an empty fish tank.

TROY

What's happened to my fish?

Foxy smiles demurely.

Through a window the Signwriter can be seen in the sky.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME DAY

The convertible, with Antionette driving, makes its way along a coastal highway.

Above, the Signwriter writes I in the sky.

Sid(D), with a portable karaoke, including microphone, sits in the back and sings (Nick Cave's, *Lay Me Low*) for the benefit of the world.

Both wear I badges.

Sid is not wearing gloves nor plaster cast. His hands are scar-free.

CREDITS roll.

The car slowly vanishes along the highway.

SID(D)

...Hats off to the man, on top of the world. Come crawl up here, baby and I'll show you how it works. If you wanta be my friend and you wanta repent and you want it all to end and you wanta know when then take a bow. Do it now. Do it any old how. Make a stand, take my hand. And blow it all to hell. They'll inform the police chief, lay me low, who will breathe a sigh of relief. He'll say I was a malanderer, a badlander, and a thief. When I go. They will interview my teachers, lay me low, who'll say I was one of God's scarier creatures.

*There'll be informative six page
features when I
go.....*

FADE OUT.