

THE PHARAOH'S RAT

Written by

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Episode 1: The Hyperparasite

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - DAY

It's a beautiful cloudless warm day. An aerial signwriter has written *CORR* and continues writing.

EXT. CARPARK OUTSIDE CORRIGAN'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

In the carpark of a voguish supermarket a DERELICT, 40, ambles through rows of expensive cars.

He wears a tattered black coat with a plastic pin-on badge of a red *I* on a yellow background. His shabby appearance belies one who could be healthy and successful.

The Derelict, wearing worn-out woollen gloves, clutches a bundle of timeworn newspapers tied with hay twine.

He shuffles past a female PARKING OFFICER, 25, eagerly checking cars.

The DERELICT whistles to himself as he approaches the supermarket entrance.

Stylishly written in red neon above the front entrance to the supermarket is *CORRIGAN'S SUPERMARKET*.

EXT. CORRIGAN'S SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

A male JAPANESE TOURIST, 40, grabs the Derelict's arm and politely insists on taking the Derelict's photo.

The Derelict obliges and purposefully stands under the *I* in *CORRIGAN'S*.

The camera clicks.

The Derelict looks up. The aerial signwriter has now written *CORRI*.

INT. CORRIGAN'S SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

A CHILD, 4, watches the Derelict, with newspapers under one arm, take a pear from a pyramid of pears and gently rub it against his stubble-cheek.

He tenderly runs a gloved hand over the pyramid of pears.

He takes a mandarin, breaks it.

He eats half and leaves the remainder with the oranges.

He playfully grins at the wide-eyed child.

The male MANAGER, 50, directs a male EMPLOYEE, 20, to the Derelict now opening a \$6 per-kilo pre-packed kilo of onions and tipping the pre-packed onions among the loose \$4 per-kilo onions.

The child giggles.

The Employee hurries over.

EMPLOYEE
You can't do that!

DERELICT
False economy.

The Employee forcibly marches the compliant Derelict, firmly clutching the newspapers, towards the exit.

They pass a display of Monier unbreakable Champagne glasses discounted to \$100.00 for a box of six.

The Derelict baulks, forcing the Employee to bump into him, sending them both into the display. Glasses scatter everywhere, though none break. STAFF and CUSTOMERS are horrified.

The Manager roughly escorts the Derelict to the entrance as the Employee re-stacks the display.

A by-line on a newspaper at the central check-out reads:
SPECULATION ON NEW CASINO LICENSE.

The Derelict attempts to grab a newspaper but is harshly shoved out the door. He stumbles, falling to the ground.

EXT. CARPARK OUTSIDE SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

The Employee watches the Derelict recover and clutch the newspapers to his chest.

The Derelict spies an infringement notice on a car. He snatches the infringement notice from the windscreen.

PARKING OFFICER
Hey!

The Derelict runs off. The Parking Officer shakes her head, as does the Employee.

Overhead the sign reads *CORRIGA*.

EXT. BACK OF SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

The Derelict joins a group of DERROS scrounging through rubbish skips.

The Derelict lights the infringement notice and tosses it into a skip of cardboard boxes.

Above, the aerial signwriter has completed *CORRIGAN*.

Flames rise, giving the impression of engulfing the Derelict. Through the flames the headline on the newspapers held by the Derelict reads: *FIRE KILLS 20 BACKPACKERS*.

TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. BACK OF SUPERMARKET - SAME DAY

Police tape defines the burnt-out skips and surrounds as a crime scene.

POLICE interview the Manager.

A Chauffeur driven car screeches to a halt, nudging the tape and startling police.

The male CHAUFFEUR, 50, feigns apology with a half-hearted shrug.

A BODYGUARD, 35, hastily opens the back door for FRANK CORRIGAN, 50, supermarket owner and successful entrepreneur.

Corrigan, in stylish suit and sunglasses, is silhouetted against *CORRIGAN* written in the sky.

The Manager hurries to Corrigan who ignores him and furiously surveys the burnt-out skip.

MANAGER

Nothing to worry about, Mr
Corrigan, just some idiot vagrant.

Corrigan picks up a plastic *I* badge.

CORRIGAN

The world's full of idiots, Son.
I'm always worrying about them.

Corrigan examines the badge. His sunglasses reflect the writing in the sky, now distorted.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Only the mouth and crooked teeth of a male PSYCHIATRIST, 60, are seen.

PSYCHIATRIST

You see a man in the street,
hmmmmmm? You do not know him. He is
mumbling incoherently, crying, and
screaming. He is out of control.
You think, and you conclude this
man is mad.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The Derelict, clutching the newspapers and mumbling to himself, staggers through a park late at night.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Later, you see another man. Hmmmmmm?
Crying, ranting and raving
incoherently. He is also out of
control.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Only a mouth is seen.

PSYCHIATRIST

But around the corner, around that
ever-present corner, you see the
burnt-out wreck of a car and the
mutilated body of his dead
daughter.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Corrigan's car slowly drives through a park late at night.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Do you still conclude this man is
mad? Insane? Hmmmmmm?

Corrigan surveys the park through the partly-opened back window.

Another car follows ominously.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Corrigan's car slowly passes a group of DERELICTS huddled around a makeshift fire.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

When I work with a patient I'm
always looking for what is around
that corner.

Corrigan's car stops, as does the other car.

Armed THUGS exit the second car and viciously attack the Derelicts. It's a no-contest.

The Manager steps from the shadows, examines the battered Derelicts, turns to Corrigan and shakes his head.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Maybe something happened a long
time ago. Maybe at birth, hmmmmmm?
Maybe an accident.

Corrigan turns away. His window electronically closes.

Corrigan's car moves on.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Derelict, clutching the newspapers, approaches a young COUPLE, 20, arm in arm.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Maybe he woke one morning from a
bad dream and he's been living a
nightmare ever since.

The Derelict looks deep into the GIRL'S eyes. He sees his own image surrounded by flames.

The couple hurry away.

Tears stream down the Derelict's face.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S HAUTE COUTURE, DOUBLE BAY - MORNING

Vivianne's Haute Couture is an exclusive dress shop in Double Bay, an up-market suburb of Sydney. The front window displays an Egyptian theme, the highlight an exquisite black evening gown on a mannequin of an Egyptian Goddess.

The Derelict lies sprawled in vomit and glass from a broken wine bottle outside the shop.

MAMSELLE, 30, chic, French and outgoing, alights from a taxi.

She inspects the sleeping Derelict before cautiously shaking his shoulder.

He violently covers his face.

She jumps back.

She hands him twenty dollars. He refuses to take it. She forces it into his hand.

She unlocks the front door of Vivianne's.

INT. VIVIANNE'S HAUTE COUTURE, DOUBLE BAY - MORNING

Mamselle enters Vivianne's. She switches lights on revealing Egyptian décor.

Suddenly, the remainder of the broken bottle shatters the front window.

Mamselle jumps in fright.

She sees the back of the Derelict disappearing, while clutching the newspapers, across the street.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S HAUTE COUTURE, DOUBLE BAY - MORNING

VIVIANNE, 36, vivacious and exquisitely dressed, hurriedly alights from a taxi.

WORKMEN busily replace the broken window.

Vivianne inspects the damage.

Mamselle hurries out almost in tears. Vivianne, relieved Mamselle is okay, hugs her.

They enter the shop.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

COUNCIL WORKERS clean up the scattered belongings of the Derelicts who are nowhere to be seen.

Bloodstains are visible at the base of a tree trunk.

The Derelict with his newspapers approaches the remains of the makeshift fire, now extinct.

He cautiously observes the Council Workers who suspiciously eye him.

At eye level on the tree trunk a circled I has been graffitied.

A bird's-eye view reveals it is Centennial Park, a large public urban park in Sydney.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - MORNING (DAYS LATER)

The Derelict, naked except for brown leather gloves, sits in front of a theatrically lit make-up mirror. He has used this room on many occasions.

He shaves with an electric razor.

The newspapers are next to an old Gladstone bag.

His clothes hang on a clothes rack along with numerous disguises.

The Derelict carefully applies a disguise.

He's now BERT(D), 40, the mug punter.

Bert(D) looks at his image, smiles, a smile that becomes his trademark, a permanent beaming grin.

Next to Bert(D) is a box of I badges.

INT. MAIN ARENA, YEARLING SALES - SAME DAY

STAFF prepare the display arena for an auction of yearling horses.

Bert(D), in khaki carcoat, brown leather gloves, baggy trousers, pork-pie hat, an electronic diary plugged to his ear and wearing an I badge, enters. He carries the old Gladstone bag.

Realising the main arena is not ready, he gestures apologies to no one in particular and leaves.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

The patient appeared normal when I observed him at the recent equine sales.

INT. STABLES, HORSE SALES - SAME DAY

AGENTS and BUYERS assess horses in enclosures. The mood is electric, often frantic.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.
But to be normal these days seems
highly unfashionable.

LOT 14, a muscular brown filly has the interest of most buyers.

CLIFTON, 50, a conservatively dressed horse trainer, carefully checks Lot 14.

At the rear of onlookers, Bert(D) struggles to assess Lot 14.

Vivianne, who looks like she could have come from a Vogue shoot, enters the stables with FOXY, her 14 year old Lolita-like daughter.

Eyes turn, magnet-like, including Bert's.

Foxy is aware of the attention she attracts but feigns immunity.

THE PSYCHIATRIST, a horse Trainer and Einstein look-a-like with eyes only for the horses, wanders from enclosure to enclosure. His mouth and crooked teeth identify him as the earlier Psychiatrist.

The Psychiatrist ignores Lot 14 and stops at LOT 16. He assesses a black stallion, with brilliant white shoes.

Foxy and Vivianne also appraise the stallion.

Foxy catches Bert(D) smiling at her in the reflection of the black stallion's eye.

She turns but Bert's not there. Instead she sees Corrigan and his sophisticated wife SANDI, 45, enter. Sandi's best years are past her but she compensates in style and make-up.

They warmly greet Vivianne.

Foxy feigns disinterest.

Clifton indicates for Corrigan to check Lot 14.

Corrigan immediately goes to Lot 14, closely followed by his Bodyguard.

An I badge is reflected in the eye of the horse in Lot 14.

Corrigan snaps around to see only KIMBERLY MASON, 45, his business partner, entering. Mason uses every fashion trick to keep him image youthful.

Mason shakes Corrigan's hand and kisses Sandy while attempting to catch Vivianne's eye who purposefully avoids responding.

MASON

Have I missed anything?

CORRIGAN

This is the earliest you've ever been late, Kimberley.

Kimberly laughs and motions to Vivianne but she is eying TROY EMMANUEL, 30, sharp-casually dressed and unaware of Vivianne's interest as he appraises the black stallion in Lot 16.

Mason conceals his disappointment.

Bert(D) observes Clifton whisper to Corrigan who furtively nods.

Clifton enters Lot 14 and examines the markings on the filly; a seven over eight on one side and D on the other.

An female ATTENDANT, 25, notices Clifton.

ATTENDANT

Hey!

TERRY CLIFTON

Sorry.

Bert(D) watches Clifton leave the enclosure and subtly nod approval to Corrigan.

Unexpectedly, Corrigan turns on Foxy.

CORRIGAN

Where'd you get that?

FOXY

What?

Corrigan rips an I badge from Foxy's jumper.

SANDI

Frank!

FOXY

I don't know. I've never seen it!

CORRIGAN
Where'd you get it? Foxy?

FOXY
Get real!

Corrigan crushes the badge one-handed and discards it.
Vivianne picks the badge up.
She glares accusingly at a flabbergasted Foxy.
Corrigan indicates for his Bodyguard to search the area.

SANDI
What's wrong with you, Frank?

The Bodyguard pushes past the grinning Bert(D) whose I badge is missing.

The black stallion in Lot 16 rears.

Vivianne jumps back, her stiletto stabbing the shoe of Troy Emmanuel. Troy reverses into Mason who nudges him away.

VIVIANNE
Oh, I'm so sorry.

Troy exaggerates his pain, referring to a dent in his fashionable shoe. Vivianne cringes.

Troy laughs. Vivianne mockingly shakes her head.

The black stallion whinnies as Bert(D) appears next to The Psychiatrist.

BERT(D)
(looking at Vivianne)
Anyone who could control that,
might have a fine filly.

The Psychiatrist inspects the black stallion.

THE PSYCHIATRIST
You think so?

The Bodyguard reappears, shrugs to Corrigan.

A FATHER, 35, and young DAUGHTER, 12, are the only ones appraising LOT 18, a compliant horse and dead ringer for Lot 14.

DAUGHTER
Oh, Daddy, look, she's so sweet.

The Father moves his daughter on.

FATHER

Docile horses make good pets, not
racehorses.

DAUGHTER

Ooough!

The Psychiatrist notices Clifton covertly enter the enclosure
of Lot 18.

Clifton checks the horses's markings: one over six on one
side and B on the opposite side.

INT. HORSE SALES, MAIN ARENA - SAME DAY

The horse sales are under way. The creme de la creme of the
racing fraternity create an exciting and tense atmosphere.

A horse is led from the ring.

Bert(D) waves to Corrigan who ignores him.

SANDI

Who is that man?

CORRIGAN

A lunatic who knows nothing about
horses.

Lot 14 is led in and displayed. There is anticipation among
buyers, especially Sandi.

AUCTIONEER

This is the pick of the bunch,
ladies and gentlemen, the one
you've all been waiting for, from
Happy Prince out of Haymaker. I'll
start the bidding at five hundred
thousand.

Eager BUYERS nod to the Auctioneer.

Lot 14 is led around displaying perfect balance, raw energy
and poetic grace.

AUCTIONEER

I have six hundred already. Seven.
Give me time to talk her up, folks.

Troy smiles at Vivianne from across the room. She returns
his smile

Mason is miffed.

Sandi is eager to bid. Corrigan indicates for her to wait.

AUCTIONEER

I have eight. I have nine. Nine hundred thousand for the finest piece of unowned horse flesh in the country. Do I have one million?

Most Buyers hesitate.

Sandi raises her hand. Corrigan smiles approvingly.

AUCTIONEER

I have one million.

The Psychiatrist looks at Bert(D) who subtly nods.

The Psychiatrist nods, indicating a bid.

AUCTIONEER

I have one million one hundred.

Sandy looks apprehensively at Corrigan.

CORRIGAN

(loudly)

One million three hundred.

There are gasps of appreciation. Sandi smiles.

AUCTIONEER

I have one million three. It's against you, Sir.

All eyes turn to the Psychiatrist. Bert(D) subtly shakes his head.

The Psychiatrist storms out.

AUCTIONEER

I have one million three, going once, going twice....Am I done?

Buyers give the thumbs up to Corrigan who turns to Mason.

CORRIGAN

It's nice to be among friends, even if they aren't mine.

AUCTIONEER

Sold to Mr Frank Corrigan.

Sandy jumps with glee.

SANDI
To Mrs Sandi Corrigan!

AUCTIONEER
One million three hundred thousand,
to Mrs Sandi Corrigan.

Lot 14 is led from the ring.

VIVIANNE
(to Sandi)
What are you going to call her?

Corrigan doesn't give her time to respond.

CORRIGAN
Foxy Lady.

Foxy is ecstatic. Vivianne smiles but not Sandi.

As the black stallion from Lot 16 is brought in it goes berserk, like a condemned man at his execution.

Bert(D) watches Corrigan whisper to Clifton before leaving with his entourage.

Troy follows close behind Vivianne.

Clifton remains.

AUCTIONEER
This could be the dark horse of the auction, Ladies and Gentlemen, a ripper of a stallion by Black Ethos out of Wild Rose. I'll open at five hundred thousand. Do I have a bid for five hundred thousand?

There are no bidders. Bert(D) watches Clifton who is uninterested in Lot 16.

The Psychiatrist returns, stands at the back.

AUCTIONEER
Four-fifty? Do I hear four-fifty?
Do I hear four? Four hundred?
Anyone at four hundred?

The Auctioneer shrugs to the disappointed male OWNER, 45.

Bert(D) notices the Psychiatrist, glassy-eyed, up the back.

AUCTIONEER
That's it, ladies and gentlemen.

Bert(D) shakes his head at the Psychiatrist who stares straight ahead.

AUCTIONEER
Lot 16 must wait for another day...

THE PSYCHIATRIST
Three seventy-five.

The crowd are bemused at the Psychiatrist's bid.

Bert(D) mouths 'no' to the Psychiatrist.

THE PSYCHIATRIST
Three seventy-five.

The Auctioneer looks to the Owner who willingly nods.

AUCTIONEER
Sold it is, to our good friend the
Psychiatrist, one of the more
interesting trainers in the game.
If anyone can straighten this horse
out it's the good Psychiatrist.

Bert(D) drops his grin.

Lot 16 is removed with difficulty.

The Psychiatrist immediately leaves.

Lot 18 is calmly brought in.

Knowing BUYERS smile and shake their heads.

Only the Father and Daughter appear interested.

The Daughter pleads to her reluctant Father.

AUCTIONEER
This is one of those bargain
horses, usually a good soul mate to
that champion you already have. Do
I have ten thousand dollars?

FATHER
(reluctantly)
Ten thousand.

His daughter is thrilled. The Auctioneer looks for other bidders.

Bert(D) walks to the exit.

 AUCTIONEER
 Ten thousand once, ten thousand
 twice...

 TERRY CLIFTON
 Eleven thousand.

Bert(D) stops, watches Clifton.

 FATHER
 Twelve thousand.

 TERRY CLIFTON
 Fourteen thousand.

 AUCTIONEER
 I don't even need to be here. It's
 against you, Sir, at fourteen.

The Father shakes his head to the disappointment of his daughter.

Bert(D) ponders why Clifton would buy Lot 18.

INT. HORSE SALES, FUNCTION ROOM - SAME DAY

The CROWD enjoy drinks after the sales.

Bert(D), carrying his Gladstone bag, sips Champagne and grins at Corrigan who forces a smile.

 CORRIGAN
 Always be sincere, Son, even if you
 don't mean it.

Bert(D) moves towards Corrigan.

The Bodyguard steps in front of Bert(D) who grins at the bemused Bodyguard. Corrigan turns away.

Mason is about to talk to Vivianne when Troy hobbles over.

She laughs at Troy, grabs a glass of Champagne from a passing WAITER, who is unaware he wearing an I badge. Vivianne accidentally spills Champagne over Troy's shoes. Troy feigns utter horror. Vivianne grins. They both laugh.

Foxy looks at her mum as if to say 'here we go again'.

Mason angrily replaces a full glass of Champagne on the Waiter's tray and glares at the Waiter wearing the I badge.

The Bodyguard grab the Waiter and rip the badge from him. The unknowing Waiter is terrified.

MASON

Where'd you get it?

The Waiter shrugs. Corrigan glares hatred.

Bert(D) laughs to himself.

EXT. CORRIGAN'S HOTEL - 2 DAY LATER

Outside the exclusive HOTEL CORRIGAN a chauffeur opens a luxury car door.

Corrigan alights, notices a leather wallet crammed with money in the gutter. He furtively bends and picks it up. He grins at the Chauffeur pretending not to notice.

CORRIGAN

Money won't make you happy, Son...

INT. FOYER HOTEL CORRIGAN - SAME DAY

Corrigan hurries through the foyer of his hotel, ignoring the acknowledgment of STAFF.

CORRIGAN V.O.

...but it'll keep you comfortable
while you're unhappy.

A male STAFF member opens an elevator door.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME DAY

Corrigan stands behind the male LIFT OPERATOR. He holds the wallet, contemplating whether or not to open it.

He looks at the security camera in the ceiling before putting the wallet in his pocket and checking his image in the mirror.

INT. BOARDROOM, HOTEL CORRIGAN - SAME DAY

Six FINANCIERS sit around a boardroom table. Corrigan sits at the head of the table. Mason stands to one side.

The Financiers scrutinise prospectus documents for a casino bid.

TOM, 60, scrutinises closer than most.

Corrigan addresses the meeting.

CORRIGAN

Gentlemen, you know I've invited you here to join our bid for the casino licence. Though I could finance the entire project myself...

TOM

Then why haven't you, Frank?

Corrigan, glances knowingly at Mason before answering.

CORRIGAN

Because I believe a man should have two goals in life, Tom.

Corrigan pauses. Tom plays to the Financiers.

TOM

What's the other one, Frank?

The Financiers chuckle.

CORRIGAN

To make a little money first, and to make a little money last.

Mason laughs. Corrigan expected the Financiers to laugh but they are unresponsive.

TOM

You sound like my parish priest, Frank. Trouble is...

Tom winks at a Financier.

TOM

...she considers gambling a mortal sin.

More chuckles.

CORRIGAN

So do I, Tom...whenever I loose.

Tom smiles.

TOM

But you haven't answered my question, Frank.

Corrigan throws the leather wallet from the gutter on the table. The Financiers are mystified.

CORRIGAN

Help yourself, whatever you want.
It's yours.

The Financiers look at each other bemused.

CORRIGAN

Last chance.

When no one accepts the challenge Corrigan picks up the wallet.

CORRIGAN

There's your answer.

TOM

What answer?

CORRIGAN

Why are you here, Tom? Why aren't
you home making money?

Corrigan answers for him.

CORRIGAN

Because you wanted to see if there
was an opportunity to make some
easy money.

Corrigan waves the wallet.

CORRIGAN

You all wanted this but no one took
it because it's disrespectful to
take something you don't deserve.

Corrigan pockets the wallet, leans forward, looks directly at Tom.

CORRIGAN

If I go it alone, Tom, that's how
I'll look. An opportunist. I'll be
under attack from all sides.

He waits for the right moment before smiling and continuing.

CORRIGAN

But you come on board and Corrigan
Enterprises is guaranteed
respectability.

Corrigan watches the Financiers check each other's reaction. He senses a shift in their interest and nods to Mason.

Mason leaves.

CORRIGAN
You have the figures...

The doors open and a stunning design model of the casino is wheeled in by STAFF, overseen by Mason.

CORRIGAN
...and here's the product,
gentlemen.

The Financiers are impressed, except Tom.

TOM
You'll be up against stiff
opposition, Frank. I know of five
organisations submitting proposals.

CORRIGAN
Ah, but we'll have the front
running.

Tom is unable to contain a sneer.

TOM
How can you guarantee that?

CORRIGAN
Trust me.

TOM
Then there's no guarantee.

CORRIGAN
What I guarantee is if at any time
you or anyone in this room want out
I'll refund your entire investment
plus twenty per cent.

That definitely caught their interest.

TOM
Plus twenty percent?

CORRIGAN
That's what I said.

TOM
Guaranteed?

CORRIGAN

In writing.

The Financiers nod approval, including Tom.

CORRIGAN

You can't lose. Gentlemen, they'll
come to us in half million dollar
Mercs. We'll send them home in
million dollar buses.

The Financiers laugh.

TOM

Then I say let's hear it for the
sinners.

The Financiers laugh louder.

CORRIGAN

We're going to introduce something
new to this city, Tom.

TOM

What's that, Frank?

Corrigan points to the model.

CORRIGAN

I call it 'instant bankruptcy'.

The Financiers snigger and approvingly mill around the model
casino.

CORRIGAN

(aside to Mason)

Control the flow of bankruptcy and
you'll always guarantee respect.

Corrigan moves away, surreptitiously opens the wallet.

It contains fake money wrapped around an I badge.

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

The POLICE COMMISSIONER, 50, examines the I badge like an
antique appraiser. A diamond ring he wears distinctively
sparkles.

Mason anxiously observes the Commissioner.

Corrigan checks stock listings on his palm pilot.

COMMISSIONER

On the strength of this, a burnt
out skip and some kid's badge?
Christ, Frank, he hasn't been
active for two years.

Corrigan doesn't react.

MASON

Well this maniac's active now and
it's obvious he has a vendetta
against Corrigan Enterprises.

COMMISSIONER

He was known to rob anyone with a
bank account.

MASON

Most of those victims dealt with
us.

COMMISSIONER

Christ, Frank, we never even
established it was the one person.
Some of my men still believe you
organised those robberies.

Corrigan smiles, Mason scoffs.

MASON

And gave half the proceeds to
charity to embarrass himself? Get
real!

COMMISSIONER

Professional criminals don't
disappear for two years then
reemerge simply to vandalise a
rubbish bin.

Corrigan looks up from his palm pilot.

CORRIGAN

Jim, I'm in a delicate phase of
negotiations. Can't afford
distractions. Isn't it time the
Sheriff of Nottingham earned his
reputation?

Corrigan motions to Mason who hands the Commissioner an
envelope.

Corrigan and Mason leave.

The Commissioner pockets the envelope.

He removes a file labelled ROBIN HOOD from his desk drawer.

The file reveals numerous photocopied cuttings of newspaper articles similar to the front page of the newspapers carried by the Derelict. They have indistinct texta writing scrawled across them.

He puts the I badge in the folder and closes it.

EXT. FACTORY WALL - NIGHT

The Derelict sprays a graffiti outline of a flat map of the world on a deserted factory wall.

The tied newspapers are near the wall.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Only the mouth is visible

PSYCHIATRIST

When trauma is extreme, when a patient cannot cope with their harsh reality, when all seems lost, they have been known to create another reality...

EXT. FACTORY WALL - SAME NIGHT

The Derelict sprays the countries with meaningless names such as DFLN, PITGHT, SLONGU, etc.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

...a reality far removed from the one they were unable to cope with. This new reality becomes a world where they can now safely hide.

The distraught Derelict, his back against the wall, slowly slides down the wall, leaving a silhouetted smudge.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.

Some refer to this new world as mental illness.

From the shadows, ED, 60, huge but barely visible, picks up the newspapers, then assists the Derelict.

They disappear into the night.

EXT. PADDINGTON MARKETS - DAY (2 WEEKS LATER)

The market bustles with stall holders and Sunday browsers.

A guitar-strumming BUSKER, (Derelict) dressed as a Buddy Holly look-a-like and wearing gloves, sings competently.

A hat is generously filled with coins.

Nearby a plastic shopping bag contains the bundle of old newspapers.

BUSKER (D)
*Everyday, it's a gettin' closer,
 goin' faster than a roller coaster,
 love like yours will surely come my
 way, a-hey, a-hey, hey.....*

The Busker(D) has an appreciative audience.

Vivianne and Troy, strolling arm in arm, approach.

Vivianne notices an I badge on the Busker(D) who winks at her. She reacts by passionately kissing Troy.

The Busker(D) responds by switching songs.

BUSKER (D)
*We-a-he--a-hell, the little things
 you say and do make me wanta be
 with you. Rave on, it's a crazy
 feeling...*

Troy laughs and empties his small change into the Busker's hat.

Vivianne casually glances at the shopping bag of old newspapers.

The Busker(D) changes song.

BUSKER (D)
*Well, that'll be the day, when you
 say goodbye, yes, that'll be the
 day, when you make me cry. Ah, you
 say you're gonna leave you know
 it's a lie because that'll be the
 day when I die.....*

The high shrill of a hire truck backing next to the Busker(D) drowns the song.

The Busker(D) reluctantly moves his hat and the newspapers.

The headline on the top paper reads: BACKPACKER FIRE ARSON SUSPECTED.

BONDI, 18, a well built surfie-type, directs the truck, forcing the gathering to move.

Vivianne admires a tattoo of the Eureka flag on Bondi's bicep.

BUSKER (D)

Hey!

BONDI

Take it up with the Management Committee, Sport.

The Busker(D) continues singing.

BUSKER (D)

*..you know it's a lie 'cause
that'll be the day when I die!
Well, you give me all your
lovin'...*

Vivianne, annoyed with Bondi, tugs Troy's arm to leave but Troy wants to watch.

BUSKER (D)

*...and your turtle dovin' a-all
your hugs and kisses and your money
too. Well, you know you love me
baby, until you tell me, maybe,
that some day, well, I'll be
through. Well, that'll be the
day...*

Bondi opens the back doors of the truck.

The inside of one door is covered in legitimate advertising for unbreakable Monier glasses at \$200 a box. The other door has a sign reading, OUR PRICE ONLY \$100 A BOX. The van is packed with boxes of Monier glasses.

Ed, appearing as a grizzly knockabout, in shorts, navy singlet and covered in tattoos, drunkenly staggers from the van.

Ed places a flashing red light on the roof. His left hand is badly scarred.

Bondi grooves to the music.

The Busker(D) appears disinterested and counts the money in his hat.

ED
 (to Bondi)
 Carn, get yer arse inta gear!

Bondi reluctantly hard sells PASSERSBY.

BONDI
 Normally two hundred bucks a box, folks. The world's only unbreakable Champagne glass. Now, I'm not gonna ask for two hundred bucks. I'll leave that to the multi nationals. No, ladies, I'm virtually giving 'em away at the all time low price of only one hundred dollars a box. Though there is a slight catch.

Troy gives Vivianne an, *I knew it*, look.

BONDI
 There's a limit of two boxes per customer.

Troy and Vivianne laugh.

But the savvy middle-class crowd are reluctant to purchase.

Ed, frustrated, shakes his head.

BONDI
 Who's gonna be first?
 (to Troy)
 What about you, Mate? You look like a Champagne guzzler.

TROY
 You can get them for a hundred bucks anywhere.

BONDI
 They'd be fake, Mate.

Bondi drops a glass. It doesn't break. He hands the glass to Troy to inspect.

BONDI
 These are the real item, Mate.

TROY
 What've you got to put in it?

Ed snatches the glass.

ED
Piss off!

Troy bristles. Vivianne attempts to drag Troy away.

Ed angrily pushes Bondi into the side of the truck.

ED
You can piss off too! I'll sell
'em meself.

TROY
Give's a box, Kid.

Ed releases Bondi.

VIVIANNE
Troy, I get them for nothing!
(Troy doubts her)
Frank imports them. He does.

Ed shoves Bondi towards Troy.

Troy hands Bondi one hundred dollars.

Bondi's eyes light up.

Ed snatches the money from Bondi and slams him against the truck.

Vivianne literally jumps.

The Busker(D) pulls Ed off Bondi and pushes Ed away.

BUSKER (D)
Leave the aggro to the soldiers,
Mate.

ED
(pulling away)
What would you fucken know, Looser?
You probably spent the war in
coward's castle making bullets.

The Busker(D) smiles at Vivianne but she's unsettled by the skirmish.

ED
If yer haven't sold half when I
return, I'll smash yer face in, yer
poofter!

Ed leaves. Bondi chokes back tears. The moment Ed is out of sight Bondi turns to the crowd.

BONDI

Bastard! I'll teach that bloody bastard a lesson. You can help yerselves, take as many boxes as you want.

But the crowd are hesitant to 'steal' the boxes.

BONDI

Okay I'll tell you what, two for fifty. Twenty-five bucks a box. I'll leave the money in the truck. Everyone's a winner.

(giving Vivianne a box)

On the house, Luv. Happy birthday.

Vivianne shakes her head, refusing to take the box.

The Busker(D) grabs money from his hat and buys two boxes.

The onlookers rush Bondi, who, cautiously looking for Ed, sells the entire stock to eager purchasers.

The Busker(D) smiles at Vivianne.

BUSKER (D)

*All of my love, all of my kissin'
you don't know what you've been a-
missing...*

Vivianne pulls Troy away and they happily wander off.

The Busker(D) watches them.

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

BUSKER V.O. (D)

*...Oh Boy! Oh Boy! When you're
with me, oh Boy, Oh Boy, the world
can see that you were meant for me.
All of my life I been a-waitin'
tonight there'll be no hesitatin'
Oh Boy! Oh Boy! When you're with
me, oh Boy, oh Boy, the world can
see that you were meant for me.
Stars appear and a-shadows a-
fallin' you can hear my heart a-
callin' little bit of lovin' makes
a-everything right, a-I'm gonna see
my baby tonight.*

Vivianne loosens her clothes as they scramble up the stairs of Vivianne's exclusive town house.

Egyptian artefacts adorn her house.

Troy carries a bottle of Moet and two of the new glasses.

Vivianne stops half way and passionately kisses Troy who attempts to fill a glass with his eyes closed.

She takes the bottle and glasses, puts them on the stairs and undresses Troy.

TROY
Where's Foxy?

VIVIANNE
With friends.

Vivianne is experiencing the heights of ecstasy when the front door opens and Foxy enters with two female school FRIENDS.

Vivianne's leg shoots sideways causing a glass to tumble to the bottom of the stairs smashing into a thousand pieces at the feet of the embarrassed Foxy and her horrified friends.

INT. HOI POLLOI HOTEL - (SAME DAY)

The Hoi Polloi, a knockabout pub into Karaoke with STAFF impersonating celebrities, is packed and raging.

The Busker(D), wearing the same gloves and a navy-blue singlet, sings, *Seasons In The Sun*, into the karaoke microphone, but the song is drowned by the noise of the Ragers.

BUSKER (D)
*Goodbye to you my trusted friend.
We've known each other since we
were nine or ten. Together we've
climbed hills or trees, learned of
love and ABC's, skinned our hearts
and skinned our knees. Goodbye my
friend it's hard to die.*

At a table Ed and Bondi divvy their earnings into three piles.

Bondi smiles and pockets his.

He winks at a passing GIRL.

Ed indicates the third pile to the Busker(D) on the karaoke platform, now nearly in tears at the emotional power of his own performance, which nobody watches.

The Busker(D) acknowledges Ed.

The plastic bag of newspapers is under the table.

EXT. OCEAN - THAT NIGHT

A bare-chested Busker, clutching the old newspapers, trudges through sand towards a distant hotel highlighting a neon sign: HOTEL CORRIGAN.

BUSKER V.O. (D)

*But all the birds are singing in
the sky, now that spring is in the
air, pretty girls are everywhere,
think of me and I'll be there. We
had joy, we had fun, we had seasons
in the sun, but the hills that we
climbed were just seasons out of
time.*

The Busker(D) drops to his knees, tears streaming down his face.

INT. ROOM - NEXT NIGHT

A small television in a grotty darkened room shows a current affairs program.

The Derelict, lying on a stark bed, watches a female PRESENTER talking to viewers.

FEMALE PRESENTER

(on television)

The Government have just announced that the person to decide the next casino licence is prominent QC Michael Edgeway. A moment ago our reporter spoke to Frank Corrigan, the man many now believe to be the front runner to receive the next licence.

The television show crosses to the foyer of Hotel Corrigan.

Corrigan is leaving his hotel.

A REPORTER and CAMERA CREW attempt to interview him.

REPORTER
 (on television)
 Mr Corrigan, have you any comment
 on the appointment of Michael
 Edgeway?

CORRIGAN
 (pleasantly, on
 television)
 I don't want to say anything that
 might be seen to prejudice our
 application.

REPORTER
 (on television)
 But Michael Edgeway is a close
 friend of yours, is he not?

Footage shows Corrigan and MICHAEL EDGEWAY, 50, yachting on
 the harbour.

CORRIGAN
 (on television)
 As I said I have no comment to make
 on this matter.

REPORTER
 (on television)
 But...

CORRIGAN
 (interrupting, on
 television)
 Now if you'll excuse me.

The television is turned off via the remote, leaving the room
 in darkness.

The afterglow of the television is seen in the Derelict's
 searing eyes.

INT. CORRIGAN'S CAR - SAME NIGHT

Corrigan, exuberant, watches the lights of city skyscrapers
 from the back of his chauffeur driven car as it glides
 through the city. This could all be his.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - MORNING (1 WEEK LATER)

VICTOR KELLY (Derelict) sits in front of the theatrically lit
 mirror.

He dabs Clearasil to chin acne, then admires his image, obviously liking what he sees. He is dressed as a security guard wearing a photo identification tag reading: VICTOR KELLY, HEAD OF SECURITY.

A medicinal puffer is next to him on the table alongside a laptop.

Another identification tag on the table has the photo (the Derelict) and name of ROGER LONG, SECURITY.

Stuck to the wall, next to the mirror, is the front cover of a magazine, SECURITY LIFE, blown up to poster size. The caption under the photo of the smiling Victor Kelly and his acne, reads: SECURITY MAN OF THE YEAR, VICTOR KELLY.

Kelly(D), removes latex gloves and pulls on black leather gloves. He stands.

The walls are saturated with various photos of himself, Victor Kelly.

On the table is a box of I badges and two mobile phones.

He talks to his reflection.

KELLY (D)
(imitating Corrigan)
Listen up! That's you I'm talking
to!

He turns to another photo on the wall, that of the Governor General, above the caption: OUR GOVERNOR GENERAL.

KELLY (D)
(imitating Corrigan)
Understand? That's an order.

He pockets both mobiles, holsters his revolver, smiles at the poster, salutes the poster, grabs a green anorak and black overnight bag then stares at his reflection.

Photos of Corrigan, Vivianne and Foxy are seen in the reflection of the mirror.

KELLY (D)
(imitating Corrigan)
Shut-up! I don't want any stuff-
ups! Understand? Shut-up!

The bundle of old newspapers is next to the door.

EXT. TAXI RANK - SAME DAY

Kelly(D) climbs into the back seat of a taxi.

INT. CORRIGAN'S HOME OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan's lavish home office contains state-of-the-art security. Monitors show various areas inside and outside his home.

Corrigan is upset at the contents of a postal package containing a box of Monier glasses and a photocopy of a newspaper article, the headline reading: BACKPACKER INFERNO.

Corrigan examines the glasses.

MASON

They're obviously fake.

Corrigan smashes a glass on the table, sending glass everywhere.

Mason carefully picks up the article.

CORRIGAN

I want this psychopath!

MASON

I'll give these to Jim.

Mason carefully picks up the article and goes to leave with the glasses.

Corrigan indicates the article.

CORRIGAN

Leave that.

MASON

There could be prints.

CORRIGAN

Leave it!

Mason returns the article to the table.

CORRIGAN

He'll be there today, I know it.

Mason leaves.

Corrigan uses a remote control to lock the door behind Mason.

He zooms in on a monitor showing Sandi showering.

He punches numbers into the remote. Static appears and he tunes it to Vivianne's house.

The monitor shows three separate areas of Vivianne's home: outside her front door, her bedroom and her bathroom.

Corrigan highlights Vivianne's bedroom.

The monitor shows Vivianne, in underwear, sitting at a vanity table in her bedroom. On the bed is a yellow outfit.

INT. VIVIANNE'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

We zoom down from a minute camera concealed in the corner of the roof.

Vivianne, sitting at her vanity table, applies make-up.

Troy, wearing only a bath towel, enters from the ensuite bathroom.

Vivianne smiles at him.

INT. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan angrily squeezes the remote. The image of Troy kissing Vivianne turns to static.

EXT. METROPOLITAN RACETRACK - SAME DAY

The real VICTOR KELLY, 40, (referred to in script as Victor Kelly), wearing a green anorak, drives his security car through the front entrance of a metropolitan racetrack.

A SECURITY GUARD acknowledges and waves him through.

Victor Kelly drives past preparations for the day's race meeting, does a quick drive-by of Administration, stables, and amenities before parking outside the racetrack's TAB Office.

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Security Officer LE FLEUR, 30, mans a state-of-the-art console of monitors showing various locations at the racetrack.

A monitor focuses on Victor Kelly outside the racetrack TAB.

EXT. TAB - SAME DAY

Victor Kelly rings a bell and simultaneously looks into a security camera.

The door opens.

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Security Officer RANKIN, 30, immediately stands to attention under a monitor showing the entrance to the TAB.

RANKIN
Morning, Mr Kelly.

TAB OPERATORS prepare for the day.

At the back of the office, money is neatly stacked on a table in a specially fortified cell-like sorting room.

VICTOR KELLY
Everything by the book, today.

RANKIN
Yes, Sir. Ah, are we expecting something?

VICTOR KELLY
Always expect something.

Victor Kelly inhales from a medicinal puffer.

EXT. METROPOLITAN RACETRACK - SAME DAY

An aerial view shows masses of cars and PEOPLE arriving at the Racetrack. A radio preamble on the race meeting is vaguely heard.

EXT. STARTING GATES - SAME DAY

From his security car Victor Kelly watches the start of the first race.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
They're in the gates, lights on,
the starter's holding them...ready
to go, and they're away...

The gates open. Horses bolt down the straight.

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Racegoers cheer the horses.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
...Sinbin has moved up wide, a
length away Blue Freckle...she
trying to go with Sinbin but
Sinbin's far too good...

A VIP area in the grandstand is vacant.

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Victor Kelly enters, scrutinising everything.

Le Fleur brings up various locations on the monitors. The
chair next to Le Fleur is empty.

VICTOR KELLY
Where's Long?

Le Fleur shrugs.

Victor Kelly stands behind Le Fleur and carefully watches the
monitors.

Le Fleur zooms in monitor three showing PUNTERS placing bets
with on-course BOOKMAKERS.

The monitor shows The Psychiatrist placing a bet with a
Bookmaker in the crowded betting area.

LE FLEUR
Betting on his own horses again!

Security Officer DIXON, 35, hurriedly enters, sits next to Le
fleur.

VICTOR KELLY
What're you doing here?

DIXON
Roger's sick. Asked me to stand
in.

VICTOR KELLY
Why didn't he contact me?

Dixon shrugs.

Le Fleur checks his control panel.

LE FLEUR
 Something's wrong with the record
 function on Monitor Two.

VICTOR KELLY
 Go to back-up.

Le Fleur presses various buttons.

LE FLEUR
 Not working on any.

VICTOR KELLY
 Who used it last?

LE FLEUR
 Roger Long.

Victor Kelly looks at a list of photos and their accompanying names on the wall. Roger Long's photo is missing.

Victor Kelly pulls Long's file from a cabinet. It's empty.

Victor Kelly hurriedly exits.

Le Fleur shrugs for Dixon's benefit.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO RACETRACK - SAME DAY

From behind a bush, Kelly(D) watches the Governor General's chauffeur driven Government car enter the main gate, past Security.

EXT. BETTING AREA, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Victor Kelly hurries through the busy betting area.

EXT. MEMBERS' CLUB ENTRANCE - SAME DAY

Corrigan and Sandi, both elegantly dressed, greet the GOVERNOR GENERAL, 60, and his WIFE, 60. The Governor General wears top hat, gloves and carries an overcoat.

Corrigan's Bodyguard stands discretely in the background.

Victor Kelly hurriedly arrives, indicates he needs to talk to Corrigan.

Corrigan dismisses him with an annoyed flick of the wrist.

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

A monitor shows Corrigan dismissing Victor Kelly.

DIXON

Right wack!

Another monitor tracks a taxi pulling up outside the Members.

Dixon zooms in on the monitor to pick up Vivianne, in bright yellow low-cut dress and matching hat, alighting from the taxi outside the Members' entrance.

EXT. MEMBERS' CLUB ENTRANCE - SAME DAY

Corrigan ushers the Governor General, his wife and Sandi into the Members' area.

Corrigan turns back and enthusiastically hugs Vivianne.

CORRIGAN

A sight for sore eyes.

Troy, casually but elegantly dressed, exits the other side of the taxi. Corrigan is unable to conceal his disappointment.

VIVIANNE

This is Troy Emmanuel.

CHAUFFEUR

Ah, the new lover. So many these days, my darling.

Troy steels himself against reacting.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - SAME DAY

Dixon has a close up of Corrigan on screen. The sound is up.

LE FLEUR

Watch yourself, Troy-baby. Frank's the most powerful man in the country.

DIXON

And the randiest.

Le Fleur watches another monitor of Kelly(D) walking towards the busy betting area.

LE FLEUR

Now where are you going?

Neither Dixon nor Le Fleur notice another monitor showing Victor Kelly rushing towards the Security Centre.

EXT. MEMBERS' CLUB ENTRANCE - SAME DAY

FOXY flounces from the taxi, giving everyone a generous glance of knickers.

Troy laughs. Corrigan purposefully turns away.

VIVIANNE

Foxy!

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Dixon freeze frames the monitor then zooms in on Foxy's knickers.

DIXON

Now that's what I call an entrance.

Suddenly Victor Kelly cuffs Dixon over the ears.

Both Dixon and Le Fleur are surprised by Victor Kelly's presence.

A monitor shows Corrigan whispering to Foxy.

VICTOR KELLY

Double check everything!

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

The Governor General talks animatedly in the VIP area with his wife and Sandi.

Corrigan leaves them and heads to Vivianne sitting with Troy and Foxy.

A race runs in the background.

TROY

He fancies you.

VIVIANNE

I handled his PR once, that's all.

Corrigan arrives.

CORRIGAN
Join me for drinks after. Bring,
ah...

TROY
Troy.

VIVIANNE
Troy's a taxation lawyer, the best.

CORRIGAN
He can't be the best.

Vivianne raises an eyebrow.

CORRIGAN
They already work for me.

Troy smiles.

CORRIGAN
Who d'you fancy in the
Metropolitan?

TROY
Montague Street.

CORRIGAN
Star Performer. Trust me.

FOXY
Is that yours?

Corrigan nods and winks at Foxy.

TROY
(aside to Vivianne)
Trust me, is that a horse?

Vivianne ignores Troy's comment.

The Bodyguard hands Corrigan a mobile phone.

CORRIGAN
Excuse me.

Corrigan observes the betting area while talking into his
mobile.

EXT. BETTING AREA, RACETRACK - DAY

Kelly(D) watches the betting area which is bustling. He sees
Mason and backs to where Mason can't see him.

Mason is joined by Corrigan.

Kelly(D) watches them casually wandering among the PUNTERS.

Bookie boards have Star Performer and Montague Street at the top of their boards, equal two to one favorites.

Kelly(D) observes Mason surreptitiously nod to Bookmaker, GERRARD, 50, whose been a bookie all his adult life.

Gerrard changes the odds of Star Performer from twos to evens and lengthens the odds on Montague Street to four to one.

Corrigan catches Kelly(D) watching Mason.

CORRIGAN
(to Kelly D)
You wanted to see me?

KELLY
(momentarily caught off
guard)
Um...I've got a sure thing in the
last.

Corrigan annoyingly dismisses Kelly(D) who quickly leaves.

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Victor Kelly anxiously stands behind Dixon and Le Fleur. They continually bring up various locations on the master monitor.

Victor Kelly momentarily spots Kelly(D).

VICTOR KELLY
Go back!

Le Fleur brings up the betting area. Victor Kelly leans over Le Fleur and zooms the monitor in, but is unable to see Kelly(D).

LE FLEUR
What?

VICTOR KELLY
Keep monitors one and two
permanently on the TAB office.

Monitors One and Two show inside/outside the TAB office and the money sorting room.

Victor Kelly's mobile rings.

VICTOR KELLY
 (into phone)
 Kelly.

The mobile is on amplified voice.

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)
 (over phone)
 Corrigan.

VICTOR KELLY
 (into phone)
 Good, Mr Corrigan, I wanted to...

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)
 (over phone, interrupting)
 Listen up. Send someone to check
 the starting gates.

Le Fleur and Dixon watch Victor Kelly.

On another monitor Corrigan answers his mobile, while talking to Mason in the betting area but Le Fleur, Dixon and Victor Kelly are unaware of Corrigan on the monitor.

VICTOR KELLY
 (into phone)
 I'll have a potential problem. I
 need everyone here.

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)
 (over phone)
 Then do it yourself.

VICTOR KELLY
 (into phone)
 I mean...

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)
 (over phone, interrupting)
 I want you stationed there!
 Understand?

Victor Kelly looks at the monitors, sees Corrigan talking into his mobile.

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)
 (over phone)
 I have a feeling something could
 happen at the starting gates.
 Anyone acting suspicious you
 pounce. And I mean pounce. Don't
 contact me unless it's an
 emergency.

Corrigan is seen on the monitor looking at his mobile.

VICTOR KELLY

Shit!

Dixon smiles to himself.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

Corrigan puts his mobile away.

CORRIGAN

Bloody scam-artists!

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Inside the TAB office a MAN, 25, in shorts and Hawaiian shirt studies the listed races.

Foxy waits in a betting queue. The Man in shorts stands alongside her, grinning.

Kelly(D) appears, glares at the Man in shorts for staring at Foxy. He immediately leaves.

Kelly(D) checks out the TAB.

Vivianne enters and is shocked to find Foxy.

VIVIANNE

Foxy! What're you doing?

FOXY

(caught out)

Oh, ah, we're doing this project at school on ah, female gamblers and I...I need to see how it all works.

VIVIANNE

Oh.

FOXY

Oh, mum, what d'you think? Gawd you're so suburban!

VIVIANNE

You're supposed to be eighteen before you can gamble.

FOXY
(loudly)
How old were you when you lost your
virginity?

Vivianne gulps, jumps in front of Foxy.

VIVIANNE
(to people behind Foxy)
She's my daughter, you know.

FOXY
I'm adopted. My real parents are
vegetarians.

Customers contemptuously smile.

Foxy spots Kelly(D) eyeing Vivianne.

Foxy sticks a finger down her throat at Kelly(D) who ignores
her.

VIVIANNE
(to Operator)
Race four, horse three, Star
Performer, five hundred dollars for
a win.

Vivianne gets her ticket and waits.

Kelly(D) admires Vivianne's legs.

FOXY
(for Vivianne's sake)
Same horse, um, one dollar for a
win, on what do you call them
again, races?

VIVIANNE
See you back there.

Vivianne leaves.

Kelly(D) ogles her backside.

OPERATOR
(partonising)
What in the world are you talking
about? This line is a minimum bet
of twenty dollars.

The OPERATOR, 25, indicates for Foxy to move on.

FOXY
 Twenty dollars, three in the
 fourth, on the nose.

Foxy annoyingly glances at Kelly(D) who grins.

FOXY
 Don't you have crooks to catch or
 something?

Foxy snatches her ticket.

EXT. BETTING AREA, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

The MAN in shorts watches Foxy leave the TAB.

Kelly(D) passes Foxy now furtively lighting a cigarette.

Kelly(D) gawks at her breasts.

FOXY
 Get a good look did we, Pop?

Kelly (D) hurries away.

EXT. SHRUBBERY ALONGSIDE RACETRACK - SAME DAY

The man in shorts carefully makes his way through shrubbery
 parallel to the Track.

The man in shorts hides as Victor Kelly slowly drives a
 Security Car alongside the track.

EXT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Corrigan, Sandi, Mason, Committee Members, Vivianne and Troy,
 eagerly await the start of the Metropolitan.

In the adjacent VIP reserve sits the Governor General and his
 wife.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
 This is the one we've all been
 waiting for, Ladies and Gentlemen,
 the running of the Metropolitan.
 Star Performer, starting from
 barrier three...

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The horses are led into the starting stalls. Star Performer, number 3, is first in.

Montague Street, number 7, balks at being led into the stalls.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...has done everything right and
deserves it's favoritism at two to
one...

EXT. BETTING AREA, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

ANNOUNCER V.O.

...Montague Street, number seven,
will be its biggest challenge...

Punters hurriedly place last minute bets with Bookies.

The Psychiatrist races from Bookie to Bookie looking for the best odds for Montague Street.

He passes two Bookies that have Montague Street at three to one.

He sees four to one on Gerrard's board.

He hands Gerrard a bundle of cash.

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Five thousand, the win, Montague
Street.

Gerrard puts the money in his bag without counting it. He's an old school bookie who still hand writes tickets instead of using an automated ticketing machine, which most other bookies use.

GERRARD

Five to twenty, Montague Street.

The PENCILLER, 21, scribbles a ticket and gives it to The Psychiatrist who carefully checks the ticket.

Nearby, Foxy stubs her cigarette on a wall and drops the butt.

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

Victor Kelly watches Montague Street being coaxed into the starting stalls.

EXT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Foxy blows bubble gum as she strolls towards Vivianne and Troy.

The Governor General and his wife show reserved interest in the starting of the race, though the Governor General's eyes wander to Foxy.

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Monitor One shows the area outside the TAB.

Monitor Two shows Rankin guarding a mountain of money in the counting room.

Monitor Three shows horses at the starting gate.

We zone in on Monitor Four showing Foxy giving a seductive come-on to a COMMITTEE MAN, 50, then feigning vomiting when he smiles. The horrified Committee Man immediately looks away.

Dixon laughs as he watches Foxy leave the grandstand.

Monitor Five shows Security Guards at the entrance to the Racetrack.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE TO RACETRACK - SAME DAY

A Security Van arrives at the front entrance to the Racetrack.

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

Victor Kelly wanders around the starting stalls.

The horses are ready to go.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Shouldn't be too long now. The horses are taking a little longer than usual to settle. They're in the starters hands, ready to go...

The STARTER is about to start the race.

Victor Kelly notices a slashed flat tyre on a tractor used to shift the starting stalls.

He runs towards his car.

Suddenly a naked STREAKER (the man in shorts) jumps the rails onto the track. Victor Kelly stops.

VICTOR KELLY

Shit!

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Dixon detects the streaker on monitor.

DIXON

Shit!

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The STARTER holds the start.

Victor Kelly jumps the rails and gives chase.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

We seem to have a slight problem at the starting gates, ladies and gentlemen...

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

The crowd cheer the streaker.

Corrigan screams into his mobile.

CORRIGAN

Start the bloody race!

EXT. STARTING STALLS - SAME DAY

The gates open. The horses take off.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

They're off and racing...

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Victor Kelly chasing the Streaker is seen on Monitor Three. In the background the horses approach.

Monitor Six follows the Security Van entering the front entrance to the racetrack.

Monitor Four focuses in on the Streaker running like a gazelle down the straight.

LE FLEUR

I can see your point, mate, but I just can't grasp it.

EXT. ROADWAY LEADING TO TAB - SAME DAY

Kelly(D) drags a portable barrier across the road and halts the Security Van.

DRIVER SECURITY VAN

What's up, Kel?

KELLY

A slight hitch. Won't be long.

The dismayed DRIVER, 30, checks his watch.

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Money, ready for collection, is piled high on the sorting table.

The Security phone in the sorting room rings.

The SORTER answers. Rankin listens.

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)

(over phone)

Has the security van arrived to collect the money?

SORTER

(into phone)

No, Mr Corrigan. It's very unusual.

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)

(over phone)

Listen up. There'll be an attempt to rob the TAB. I want you to give all the money to Kelly immediately.

He'll have a black overnight bag.
Do you understand me?

SORTER
(into phone)
Um..

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)
(over phone)
Do you understand!

SORTER
(into phone)
Yes, Mr Corrigan.

CORRIGAN V.O. (D)
(over phone)
Tell no one outside this office
what's happening, I repeat, no one.
That's an order.

The bewildered Sorter nods.

EXT. RACETRACK - SAME DAY

The Streaker bolts across the car park as the horses run down
the straight for the first time.

Victor Kelly unsuccessfully chases him.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Kelly(D) rings the bell and is immediately let in.

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Rankin stands to attention as Kelly(D) enters.

Kelly(D) gasps heavily into his puffer as he hands the Sorter
a black overnight bag.

SORTER
What's happening?

KELLY
Shut-up!

INT. SECURITY ROOM - SAME DAY

Le Fleur watches Kelly(D) in the TAB office on Monitor Two.

LE FLEUR

What!

Monitor Four zooms in on Victor Kelly near collapse in the car park.

Le Fleur and Dixon simultaneously realise there are two Kellys.

LE FLEUR/DIXON

Shit!

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

The Sorter hands Kelly(D) the bag of money.

The security phone rings.

Kelly(D) answers it, turns away and covers half the phone.

KELLY (D)

(into phone)

Yep. Right...Straight away, Mr
Corrigan.

INT. SECURITY CENTRE - SAME DAY

Le Fleur listens dumfounded as Kelly(D) talks to him.

KELLY V.O. (D)

(over phone)

It's done. Right, Mr Corrigan, no
one's to answer the phones.

The phone hangs up.

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Kelly(D) hangs the phone up.

KELLY (D)

You hear that?

Rankin nods. The phone rings. Kelly(D) shakes his head.

KELLY (D)

It's part of their plan.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SAME DAY

Le Fleur, phone in hand, zooms in on Kelly(D) in the TAB office as Dixon frantically dials two phones.

LE FLEUR
Answer the bloody phone, damn you!

DIXON
(into phone)
Emergency. I repeat, we have an
emergency!

Kelly(D) smiles into the camera.

His cheesy grin is highlighted on all monitors.

EXT. BETTING AREA, RACETRACK - SAME DAY

Kelly(D) hurries through the betting area.

He passes behind Foxy who, holding a lit cigarette behind her back, watches the race on screen.

He snatches her cigarette.

KELLY
You're too young to smoke!

Foxy is gobsmacked.

EXT. RACETRACK RAILS - SAME DAY

At the rails The Psychiatrist wildly cheers Montague Street who is winning easily.

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Vivianne screams for Star Performer.

Troy, delighted, cheers on Montague Street.

Mason, standing at the back of the grandstand, is concerned that Star Performer is running second.

Troy ecstatically cheers on Montague Street. Vivianne and Sandi are subdued. Corrigan is indifferent.

EXT. RACETRACK RAILS - SAME DAY

The RIDER of Montague Street *unexpectedly* falls off.

INT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Vivianne gasps. Sandi screams delight. Troy is gobsmacked.

EXT. RACETRACK RAILS, FINISH LINE - DAY

Star Performer wins.

The Psychiatrist screams abuse at the fallen rider.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

Foxy screams delight at the screen showing Star Performer winning.

EXT. GRANDSTAND - SAME DAY

Sandi jumps ecstatically.

Corrigan winks to Mason standing at the back of the grandstand.

Vivianne watches Troy tear his ticket up.

Le Fleur runs to Corrigan.

EXT. OUTSIDE TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Kelly(D), carries the overnight bag past the Security Van. He waves to the Driver who returns the wave.

Kelly(D) ducks behind bushes.

EXT. BETTING AREA - SAME DAY

Security Officers descend on the betting area.

EXT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

Corrigan and Le Fleur unsuccessfully bang on the TAB door.

EXT. BUSHES - SAME DAY

The back of a figure emerges from the bushes.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO MEMBERS' CLUB - SAME DAY

Police sirens are heard.

Kelly(D), carrying the bag but now disguised as the Governor General and wearing the overcoat the Governor General was carrying, top hat and white gloves, casually approaches a line of Chauffeur DRIVERS.

The Governor General(D) masks his face with his mobile.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D)
Which of you is Mr Corrigan's
Chauffeur?

CORRIGAN'S CHAUFFEUR
I am.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D)
(into mobile)
I've found him, Frank.
(to chauffeur)
Mr Corrigan wants you to drive me
to Government House. Emergency
cabinet meeting.

The Governor General's chauffeur moves towards the Governor General(D) who waves him back.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D)
You stay and take my wife.

Corrigan's chauffeur hurries into his Limo.

The Governor General(D) hops in the back.

EXT. DRIVEWAY TO RACETRACK ENTRANCE - SAME DAY

The Limo approaches the entrance to the racetrack. Security Guards are everywhere.

INT. CORRIGAN'S LIMO - SAME DAY

Through the window of Corrigan's Limo we see Security at the entrance anxiously talking on mobiles. The Chauffeur winds his window down.

SECURITY OFFICER
Can't let anyone through.

CORRIGAN'S CHAUFFEUR
Governor General. Emergency.

The Security Officer looks through the car window.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D)
Cabinet meeting.

The Security Officer immediately waves the car through.

The limo leaves the racetrack.

The Governor General(D) opens expensive Champagne from the built-in fridge.

A Police car, siren blaring, passes the limo.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D)
Fancy a sip, Cobber?

Corrigan's chauffeur is astonished.

The Governor General(D) waves to PASSERSBY while sipping Champagne.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D)
Got any Frank Sinatra music?

CORRIGAN'S CHAUFFEUR
Um...

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D)
Never mind, Cobber.

The Governor General(D) sings loudly.

EXT. SKY - SAME DAY

A soaring jet leaves a white tail.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D) V.O.
*And now, the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend, I'll say it clear
I'll state my case, of which I'm
certain...*

From a skewed angle the white tail resembles a giant I.

The Governor General's car is way off in the distance.

INT. TAB OFFICE - SAME DAY

POLICE question TAB Workers.

GOVERNOR GENERAL (D) V.O.
*I've lived a life that's full
 I've traveled each and every
 highway
 And more, much more than this
 I did it my way*

Corrigan squeezes an I badge.

The whites of his eyes turn red.

INT. ROOM - DAY

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

PSYCHIATRIST
 There is a fungus that has spores
 that land on ants.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Derelict struggles through sand. Tears stream down his face.

In the distance is Corrigan's Hotel.

PSYCHIATRIST V.O.
 These spores grow into the ant's
 brain and literally take over its
 function. The ant is directed to
 crawl into dark damp places where
 the fungus can thrive. Once there
 it kills the ant and consumes it to
 grow and send out more spores. I
 call this the hyperparasite...

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A screen shows Super 8 footage of a 6-year-old girl strumming an acoustic guitar and singing.

GIRL
 (singing)
*Well, that'll be the day, when you
 say goodbye, yes, that'll be the
 day, when you make me cry.*

*Ah, you say you're gonna leave you
know it's a lie because that'll be
the day when I die.....*

FADE OUT.