

The Poster Wars

by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROAD UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

The music is thumping. We track along a wall of new posters, all advertising a nightclub, to reveal BLUEEYE, 28, European, rugged and scruffy, brushing glue over old posters. In the middle of each old poster is an A3 underground poster for weight loss pills.

STANOVIC, 25, European and heavily tattooed, expertly slaps new posters over the old posters. He removes wrinkles with a squeegee.

Moments later: STANOVIC slaps up the last poster. The entire wall is now covered in posters for the nightclub.

STANOVIC indicates a graffiti tag on the wall to BLUEEYE. The tag is the infamous FOO WAS HERE, complete with the bald head peering over an illustrated wall. BLUEEYE brushes glue over the tag to obscure it.

Moments later: BLUEEYE drives his ute onto the footpath. STANOVIC throws his equipment in the back, hops in the ute which speeds off.

2 EXT. TEMPORARY WALL, CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The ute skids to a halt near another wall of posters. The A3 weight loss poster is in the middle of each poster and the FOO WAS HERE tag is prominently displayed on the wall.

3 INT. UTE - NIGHT

STANOVIC spies a police car approaching. BLUEEYE slowly drives off. Neither look at the passing police car.

CREDITS start over a MONTAGE of back street clubs with SECURITY, posters and stencil graffiti, good and bad, on outside walls. PEOPLE enter and leave clubs.

4 EXT. ROAD UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

The ute approaches the wall STANOVIC and BLUEEYE earlier postered.

5 INT. UTE - NIGHT

STANOVIC, sucking on a stubbie, glances out the window.

STANOVIC

Fuck!

## 6 EXT. ROAD UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

The weight loss poster is slap bang in the middle of every nightclub poster. There's also a new FOO WAS HERE tag on the wall.

The ute screeches to a halt. STANOVIC and BLUEEYE jump out. STANOVIC pulls a weight loss poster off but it rips the nightclub poster. STANOVIC screams at the moon.

STANOVIC  
I'll kill you, you fucken bastard!

BLUEEYE kicks the shit out of an invisible soccer ball.

End CREDITS.

## 7 EXT. MOTOR WRECKERS - NIGHT

GISHO, 16, streetwise, threadbare and menacing, climbs a cyclone fence of a caryard containing acres of wrecked cars. A savage DOG attacks the fence. GISHO drops his backpack next to the dog. Rolled up A3 weight-loss posters and the end of a squeegee poke from the backpack. He jumps down.

## 8 EXT. WRECKERS COMPOUND - NIGHT

GISHO pacifies the DOG with a part-eaten hamburger.

Moments later: GISHO springs the boot of a Holden. Headlights appear from outside the wreckers. A car screeches to a halt. The DOG fiercely attacks the fence.

## 9 EXT. MOTOR WRECKERS - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD shines a torch into the Wreckers. The DOG attacks through the fence. The GUARD kicks at the DOG who intensifies its attack.

The GUARD shines his torch on the Holden. The boot is shut, GISHO nowhere to be seen.

## 10 EXT. WRECKERS COMPOUND - NEXT MORNING

BONGE, 45, the owner of the wrecking yard, unchains the main gate. The DOG placidly follows BONGE to a caravan office.

## 11 INT. HOLDEN BOOT - MORNING

GISHO lights a cigarette, draws hard, blows smoke out a hole in the boot.

## 12 EXT. HOLDEN BOOT - MORNING

Smoke escapes from a breathing hole. The boot snaps open. GISHO is lying comfortably covered in newspapers and using his backpack as a pillow. He draws hard on the cigarette and blows smoke rings, miniature clouds. GISHO turns, covering his eyes from the rising sun.

## 13 EXT. WRECKERS COMPOUND - MORNING

GISHO passes the caravan. The DOG sleeps on a Hessian bag. BONGE hands GISHO a bunch of flyers.

BONGE

Trash and treasure, Saturday morning.

GISHO takes the flyers without looking at them, puts them in his backpack as he leaves the compound.

## 14 INT. MCDONALDS - MORNING

PATRONS eat at tables, OTHERS wait to be served. GISHO walks towards the toilets. The MANAGER indicates GISHO to an EMPLOYEE.

EMPLOYEE

Hey!

GISHO glances at the EMPLOYEE who shakes his head. GISHO feels into his pocket, indicates coffee.

EMPLOYEE

You have to get in line.

GISHO scoffs and enters the toilets. The EMPLOYEE shrugs his shoulders at the MANAGER.

## 15 INT. TOILETS - MORNING

GISHO puts his backpack on the bench, looks at his image in the mirror. He removes newspaper from inside his shirt, a buffer from the cold, stuffs the paper in a bin.

He opens his mouth, checks a back tooth. He turns the tap on, cups his hands and drinks water, grimaces in pain from the tooth. He drinks more. The door opens. GISHO doesn't react.

MANAGER

Get out! C'mon, out!

The MANAGER tugs GISHO'S shoulder. GISHO pushes his hand away. The MANAGER backs.

MANAGER

Out!

GISHO spits in the basin, grabs his backpack and shoulders the MANAGER as he leaves.

16 INT. MCDONALDS - MORNING

GISHO stops, looks at the menu board. The MANAGER speaks into his mobile.

MANAGER  
Police...

GISHO purposefully bumps a WOMAN carrying a tray containing hamburger, fries and a thick shake. The thick shake spills over a COUPLE eating breakfast.

The MANAGER is horrified. The WOMAN immediately puts her tray on a table to assist the COUPLE. The MANAGER gestures for the EMPLOYEE to bring a cloth. GISHO calmly exits, backpack over his shoulder.

The MANAGER moves the WOMAN'S now empty tray from the table to assist in the clean-up.

17 EXT. MCDONALDS - MORNING

GISHO tosses a hamburger wrapper in the gutter, takes a mouthful of Fries as he casually walks away. FOO WAS HERE is graffitied in Texta on the outside of the McDonald's door.

18 EXT. SHOPPING STRIP 1 - MORNING

GISHO strolls along a shopping strip. He observes WORKERS arriving for work. A job vacancy sign on a window of an impressive graphic design showroom catches his attention. He scans the ad, peers through the window. But this is too up-market for Gisho.

19 INT. OFFICE, UNDERGROUND POSTERS, BEHIND STRIP - MORNING

A shipping container converted into an office is plastered with underground posters, including the weight loss poster. JUTTA, 25, and her partner, JIMBEAM, 25, exuberantly layout cut-and-paste graphics for underground posters, flyers and t-shirts. These are the new wave street mid-fielders, next generation billionaires. The music is jangle and their clothing urban-chic.

GISHO enters without knocking. JUTTA, startled, turns, relaxes. JIMBEAM acknowledges GISHO with his unique hand dance, which is almost a graffiti signature. GISHO reciprocates.

JUTTA drops a bundle of A3 posters at GISHO'S feet. GISHO ignores them and looks at a graphic layout for a rave party she is working on. He slightly shakes his head.

JUTTA

Go on.

GISHO rearranges the graphics. JUTTA considers before returning the graphics to their original layout. GISHO doesn't react, pours himself a coffee. JUTTA gives JIMBEAM a purposeful glance.

JIMBEAM

No school today?

GISHO scoffs, savours his coffee.

JIMBEAM

The offer still stands, the day you graduate.

GISHO

Like that's gonna happen.

JIMBEAM shrugs for JUTTA'S sake. GISHO looks at the front page of a local newspaper. It reads: "*New by-laws outlaw placement of posters on council property.*" GISHO angrily shakes his head.

JUTTA

We just have to be careful, that's all.

JIMBEAM

No lampposts, bus stops, that sort of thing.

JUTTA holds the posters for GISHO. GISHO leaves the cup, takes the posters and a packet of glue, puts them in his backpack.

JUTTA

These are cool. No contact details. You just can't get pinched. Okay?

JIMBEAM

If you do you don't know us. Right?

GISHO

I don't know you anyway.

GISHO grins but JUTTA'S not sure of his implication. JIMBEAM smiles, hands GISHO twenty dollars.

JIMBEAM

Buy yourself a suit.

GISHO just looks at JIMBEAM, *yeah right*. JUTTA tosses two graffiti tag pens. GISHO catches them, smiles; *that's more like it*.

20 EXT. SHOPPING STRIP 1 - MORNING

GISHO, eating an ice cream, strolls through another shopping strip. Advertising billboards and signage are prominent.

A council WORKER washes graffiti from brickwork. Another council WORKER removes an A5 poster that has been sticky taped to a lamppost.

GISHO surreptitiously tags FOO WAS HERE on a billboard.

21 EXT. BUS SHELTER - MORNING

SCHOOLKIDS, in street clothes, waiting at a bus shelter jeer GISHO as he passes. Among them are JOLENE, 16 and SLOAN, 16, not the prettiest of girls, but they're provocatively dressed, smoking and trying their hardest to be cool. They giggle rudely at GISHO who ignores them.

22 EXT. STREET - MORNING

Two cars on the nature strip display private "for sale" signs.

GISHO passes a large graffiti-free concrete silo. He looks up, assessing the challenge. Morning sunlight almost blinds him.

23 EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

SCHOOLKIDS arrive at a government progressive secondary school.

The SCHOOLKIDS from the bus shelter get off a bus and stroll into the school grounds. JOLENE and SLOAN dawdle, waiting inside the school gates. GISHO arrives.

A bottle green Jaguar S-Type 4.2 Sports screeches to a halt outside the school gates. TIGGY, 16, quickly hops out and without acknowledging her step-dad, COLIN, 30, hurries through the gates into school. She is dressed unattractively in drab gothic, purposefully masking her natural beauty. Her black hair is bisected by a bright pink streak. She brushes past JOLENE and SLOAN who, although both on their mobiles, admire the Jag. COLIN winks at JOLENE and SLOAN before burning off. The personal numberplate of the Jag is I=ME.

JOLENE

Hey, Wagster, done your homework?

Ignoring JOLENE and SLOAN, GISHO enters the schoolyard.

SLOAN

As if.

JOLENE

Like, I really really care.

Graffiti, including FOO WAS HERE, covers the school walls.

24 INT. ART CLASS - MORNING

STUDENTS work on self-portraits at their individual easels while ANNE, 40, their voguish teacher, leaves a flattering self-portrait she is working on and moves from easel to easel. GISHO is absorbed in his canvas which is a graffiti pastiche, Picasso style.

ANNE studies JOLENE'S self-portrait presented as a collage of glamorous headshots of herself superimposed on the front cover of a television magazine. JOLENE chews bubble gum.

ANNE

I like. It's so...so futuristic.

JOLENE and SLOAN tither. ANNE concentrates on SLOAN'S self-portrait of herself in frilly underwear singing into a microphone.

ANNE

You're going to be a model, Sloan?

The STUDENTS, except GISHO and TIGGY, playfully send SLOAN up.

SLOAN

Anyone home? Try the next Australian Idol.

The STUDENTS rip into SLOAN who takes it all in her stride, posing seductively. ANNE laughs supportingly.

ANNE

I must say some of you have real genuine talent.

ANNE looks rewardingly at SLOAN and JOLENE.

ANNE

Could easily become graphic designers.

SLOAN and JOLENE are ecstatic. ANNE glances across at GISHO.

ANNE

Such a pity it's not contagious.

SLOAN and JOLENE nod agreement. ANNE stands behind GISHO who is not her favourite student.

ANNE

Different, Gisho, definitely different. Everything has its place in the universe.

JOLENE  
 (to SLOAN)  
 Like cold sore cream.

SLOAN erupts into uncontrolled giggling. ANNE moves to TIGGY, who has only a thick red line bisecting her canvas.

ANNE  
 Yes, um, Tiggy...well, red  
 represents...well, many things.

JOLENE  
 Frustration?

SLOAN  
 Like she's got her period?

JOLENE and SLOAN burst out laughing. TIGGY grumpily puts her paints away.

ANNE  
 No maybe...radicalism.

JOLENE  
 Radical, Tiggy? Hello, open the door.  
 Mossback's knocking, knock, knock.

ANNE doesn't get it.

SLOAN  
 That's like when you're so un-radical  
 moss grows up and down your back.

JOLENE and SLOAN can't contain their laughter.

ANNE  
 Red can represent--

TIGGY angrily leaves the class.

GISHO  
 (to himself)  
 Violence.

GISHO threateningly glares at JOLENE and SLOAN.

SLOAN  
 Autism boy said something. Ring the  
 bell, someone.

Half the STUDENTS giggle in support of SLOAN.

JOLENE  
 Look, look, I've like had just the  
 coolest idea.

JOLENE sticks a mirror in the middle of her portrait with her bubble gum. ANNE and the STUDENTS admiringly gather round JOLENE'S creative discovery. ANNE approvingly nods.

ANNE  
That's radical.

JOLENE  
But nobody else is allowed to look in the mirror. That will defeat the purpose.

SLOAN returns to her self-portrait. She is horrified. A graffiti tag of an Asian letter appears across the portrait. She angrily looks to GISHO but he's gone.

25 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

As GISHO approaches the toilet block TIGGY exits. He slows when he sees her.

TIGGY  
Fuck off!

He ignores her and enters the toilets. TIGGY heads for the front gate.

26 INT. BUNNINGS - DAY

GISHO, holds a piece of PVC pipe in a queue at a Bunnings Store. He puts twenty dollars on the counter as the CASHIER swipes the code on the end of the PVC pipe. The CASHIER indicates GISHO'S backpack.

The CASHIER inspects the backpack. Satisfied.

27 EXT. PARK - DAY

GISHO walks through a park. He has backpack over one shoulder, PVC pipe over the other and a cigarette in his mouth.

He throws the PVC pipe and backpack over a safety fence for an open drainage system.

28 EXT. DRAIN - DAY

GISHO strolls along the open drain. His shoes and pants are drenched but he's unconcerned.

Stencil and tag graffiti adorn surrounding concrete walls, the FOO WAS HERE tag predominant.

29 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - DAY

GISHO approaches a large mesh security gate at the end of the open drain system now leading to an underground drain system. The gate is fortified to the concrete drain and padlocked.

GISHO removes a key from a hiding spot near the base of the drain. He unlocks the gate, returns the key to the hiding spot.

30 INT. DRAIN - DAY

GISHO enters the drain and pulls the gate closed but leaves it unlocked. Outside light illuminates a concrete platform large enough to walk along. A channel carries storm water. Further in are concrete shelves either side of the platform. Stencil graffiti adorn the walls.

GISHO climbs onto a shelf. He turns on a small portable fluoescent revealing more PVC pipe, blankets, pillow, plastic bags of clothes, rope, gas burner, mugs, billy and stencil equipment. This is home.

He hits the end on the PVC pipe on the concrete. Scrunched newspaper and four cans of spray paint fall from the pipe.

He swaps the nozzles on each can with special graffiti nozzles and puts two cans in his backpack. He places the posters from his backpack with other posters and flyers. He puts a coil of rope in his backpack.

He's about to leave when he's startled by a noise. He edges towards the gate.

Silhouettes of three MEN are seen entering the system.

MAN 1

Someone's obviously left it open.

POLITICIAN

Great! Innocent children found drowned.

MAN 1

Sorry.

GISHO creeps along the edge of the shelf, watches.

MAN 2

Won't happen again. Now the plan would be to construct a global dam under the city.

POLITICIAN

No one's thought of that.

MAN 2

We have this enormous system under our city for storm water that's never full. One eighth at the most.

MAN 1

One kilometer in, there's a substation we can open and flood this entire section anytime with storm water.

MAN 2

We block it here, treat it and there's millions upon millions of litres available for households.

MAN 1

And we already have the infrastructure.

POLITICIAN

Won't it interfere with our sewage?

MAN 1

Different system.

MAN 2

Come on, I'll show you.

GISHO backs as MAN 1 and MAN 2 approach.

POLITICIAN

I have a meeting.

GISHO relaxes as they turn to the entrance.

31 EXT. DRAIN - DAY

MAN 1 closes the gate, locks the padlock.

32 INT. DRAIN - DAY

GISHO watches the gate being padlocked.

33 INT. DRAIN, SHELF - DAY

GISHO straps his backpack on. He lights a roll-your-own.

With the aid of a torch GISHO walks further into the system. He stops at iron stairs leading down to another system, stubs the fag and pockets the butt.

He removes a gasmask from his backpack, puts it on.

34 INT. DRAIN, STAIRS - DAY

GISHO descends the stairs to another shelf. He enters a manhole.

35 INT. MANHOLE - DAY

GISHO emerges from the manhole to a large slow-flowing drain of raw sewage. Methane rises from the sewage.

36 INT. SEWAGE DRAIN - DAY

A rowboat has been prevented from flowing further down the drain by a tangle of wire purposefully strung across the drain. GISHO skillfully climbs into the rowboat.

GISHO rows upstream against the sewage and the methane. His breathing is laboured.

GISHO clasps a steel ladder, jumps onto the ladder and climbs as the rowboat flows down stream.

37 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

A manhole cover opens. GISHO emerges to a deserted industrial park. Sunlight creates an eerie silhouette of GISHO in the gasmask. He replaces the manhole cover, removes the gasmask and shakes himself to rid the methane smell.

38 EXT. MELBOURNE LANE - NIGHT

GISHO, with backpack, strolls past overflowing garbage bins in a deserted laneway. Stencil art and graffiti cover walls, including a stencil graffiti image of a cop in a checkered hat waving a spray can.

39 EXT. HOSIER LANE - NIGHT

GISHO admires the graffiti and stencil art in Hosier Lane, the unofficial world capitol of street art. Numerous tags are scrawled on a wall, alongside the infamous FOO WAS HERE tag.

A Police car drives up the lane. GISHO is so preoccupied with the art he doesn't notice the car until it's next to him. GISHO walks on. The car stops. Two POLICE get out.

COP 1

You!

GISHO continues walking.

COP 1

Stay right where you are!

GISHO freezes, but doesn't turn. COP 1 walks to the front of GISHO, COP 2 remains behind.

COP 1  
What's your name?

GISHO  
Tim Allison.

COP 2  
Where d'you live, Tim.

GISHO  
37 Wright Street, Essendon.

COP 1  
Got identity?

GISHO pats his pockets.

GISHO  
Um, I don't think so. Sorry.

COP 2  
What's in the bag?

GISHO  
Stuff for a school project.

COP 1 holds his hand out. GISHO hands his backpack to COP 1, who removes the torch, gaskmask and rope.

COP 1  
What's this?

GISHO  
For a play we're doing at school.

COP 1  
What school?

GISHO  
St Michaels.

COP 1 removes stencils used for stencil graffiti and a spray can. He smiles at COP 2.

COP 2  
What's that then?

GISHO  
It's for art class.

The COPS laugh at each other.

GISHO  
I'm doing a stencil art project.

COP 1 shakes his head disbelievingly.

COP 1  
You heard of zero tolerance?

GISHO shakes his head. COP 2 points to graffiti on the wall.

COP 2  
Who gave you the right to vandalise  
our walls?

GISHO  
I didn't.

COP 1  
He asked you a fucken question?

COP 2  
Eh?

GISHO turns to COP 2. COP 1 pushes GISHO.

COP 1  
Eh?

GISHO  
Who gave them the right to put a  
billboard on top of St Kilda Junction?  
Eh?

COP 2 rips GISHO to the kidneys. GISHO slumps, struggling to breathe. COP 1 breaks the stencils, stamps on the spray can and throws the backpack at GISHO.

COP 1  
Tell your mates this is a new zone.  
It's called zero tolerance.

COP 2  
Next time you won't be so lucky.

They leave GISHO gasping for breath.

40 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

STUDENTS watch footage of the Cronulla Riots. JACK, 40, their Year 11 teacher, who could be an ex-boxer, Blu-tacks articles on the walls, which are covered in information about the Cronulla riots. The video shows LEBANESE being attacked by a hostile MOB of flag-waving AUSSIES.

ANNE appears at the door, motions to JACK who leaves. JACK and ANNE can be seen talking through the windows. They both look at GISHO sketching designs in a notebook. STUDENTS appear disinterested in the video. JOLENE and SLOAN are more interested in alerting other students that GISHO smells than watching the video.

JACK returns. Disappointed in their attitude he puts the video on hold.

JACK  
Comments?

No one contributes.

JACK  
What's your reaction?

Again no response.

JACK  
Do you even care?

SLOAN  
They did it better in that television  
show--  
(to JOLENE)  
What was it?

JOLENE  
The Family Guy?

SLOAN and JOLENE snicker. Although they consider themselves cool JACK don't see it that way.

JACK  
This is a serious issue.

TITCH  
It's a media *beat-up*.

TITCH grins at his own pun. The others groan.

JACK  
Why the lack of interest?

No Response. JACK motions to DUCK.

DUCK  
Because it's not representative.  
Australians don't behave like that.

JACK  
They weren't Australians?

TITCH  
Ivan Milat's Australian but d'we run  
round murdering people?

DUCK grins triumphantly. JACK smiles, acknowledging the point.

JACK  
What about the mob in the video? (to  
DUCK) Weren't they proud to present  
themselves as Australian?

DUCK shrugs his shoulders. JACK turns to the GIRLS.

JACK  
Well?

TRACY  
The others were Australian too, the  
Lebanese or whatever.

JILL  
No, they're not. They're refugees  
aren't they?

JACK  
Who?

JILL  
The Lebs or whatever.

JACK  
Is that what you think?

JILL  
The Muslims or whatever.

JACK'S darting eyes indicate his concern at GISHO'S sketching.

JACK  
What d'you reckon, Gisho?

GISHO shrugs his shoulders.

JACK  
I want to hear your opinion.

GISHO  
Why?

JACK shakes his head, disappointed.

JACK  
Don't get involved, is that it?

GISHO  
Won't change anything.

SLOAN  
This is like really really boring.  
Can't we do something that interests  
us?

JOLENE  
It's soooo tedious!

JACK  
I'm here to entertain you, is that  
what you think? Perhaps you'd prefer  
re runs of Big Brother?

Eyes light up.

SLOAN  
At least it'd be interesting!

JOLENE  
And relevant.

JACK  
Is that what everyone thinks?

JACK knows they do.

JACK  
I'm paid to entertain you?

No one responds.

JACK  
Is it? Is that what you think Tiggy?

TIGGY  
Leave me out of it.

JACK  
Why? You're part of it.

TIGGY turns away.

TIGGY  
(under her breath)  
Piss off!

JACK  
No I won't piss off!

JACK wants to go on with her but pulls back.

JACK  
You all want to be left out of it? Not  
your problem? Like nothing ever  
happens in the world?

TIGGY  
Grow a brain.

DUCK  
Why don't you tell us what you think,  
Jack?

DUCK winks at TITCH who grins but this is the moment JACK has been waiting for. He turns on an audio tape of ALAN JONES doing talk back radio. JACK walks around the class watching for their response as the tape plays.

TAPE, ALAN JONES

Well a policeman writes and says as all policemen do, please do not mention my name. Then he says, "I've been a police officer for sixteen years and unfortunately the only language the Middle Eastern youth understand is a good hiding. I know it's not politically correct but until we're allowed to discipline them with a good smack these problems will get worse. "

JACK puts the tape on hold. Silence.

JACK

Is that the answer?

No response.

JACK

Should police have more powers?

TITCH

Should teachers have the power to dish out a good hiding?

TITCH and DUCK wick at each other. GISHO laughs. JACK ignores them.

JACK

What do people think? Are the police biased?

SLOAN

This is ridiculous. Like the police didn't start it--

JACK

Who started it, Sloan?

SLOAN

The Lebs, didn't they? They bashed the lifesavers. And all the Aussies did was stick up for themselves.

JACK

So why did it get out of hand? Gisho?

GISHO

(to himself)

Because the police are fucken cunts!

JACK snatches GISHO'S sketch pad and throws it in the rubbish bin. SLOAN smirks.

TITCH

Wow violence, man. Is that like a metaphor for Cronulla, Jack?

GISHO pretends to sketch as if he still had the pad. TITCH and DUCK laugh. JACK glares at GISHO.

JACK

Right! Break. Back in fifteen. When you return I want everyone to have an opinion.

STUDENTS exit, GISHO first, most checking their mobiles. JACK retrieves GISHO'S sketch pad from the bin, puts it on his own desk.

41 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

GISHO sits alone. He looks at TIGGY sitting by herself against a wall, unaware people can see up her dress. DUCK and TITCH have a good perve. TIGGY catches GISHO looking. She opens her legs more.

TIGGY

Have a good look, Pervert!

GISHO quickly looks away. DUCK and TITCH laugh.

42 INT. JACK'S CLASS - DAY

EVERYONE sits silently in class. GISHO sketches on a piece of paper. JACK slowly eyeballs them. TIGGY'S continually looks down.

JACK

So?

No one responds.

JACK

D'you even care?

SLOAN

(to JOLENE)

Not really.

JACK moves around the class.

JACK

You lot are more dangerous than the thugs!

STUDENTS scoff.

TITCH

That's a bit rich.

DUCK  
Yeah, why?

JACK  
I'll tell you fucken why?

SLOAN and JOLENE react as if slapped in the face. JACK angrily pushes play on the tape recorder. DUCK and TITCH snigger at the comments.

TAPE, ALAN JONES  
My anger is reserved for the politicians and bureaucrats who conspired to bring in people who were guaranteed to be incompatible. Many of them have parents who are first cousin whose parents are first cousins because of the culture. It's not a religious thing, doesn't say this in the Koran, but it's a cultural thing from some parts of the world to have parents who are very closely related. The result of this is inbreeding--

TIGGY storms from class.

--which results in uneducationalble people and very low IQ.

JACK turns the tape off, glares at Gisho.

JACK  
Welcome to your world! That's what apathy underpins.

Indicating TIGGY'S leaving.

JACK  
Bigotry and ignorance.

GISHO abruptly stands. JACK flings the sketch pad at him.

JACK  
Sit down!

GISHO angrily leaves. JACK screams at GISHO.

JACK  
You're the dangerous ones because you allow idiots like that to tell you what to think. Because you choose to remain ignorant!

JACK indicates for all the CLASS to leave which they quickly do.

43 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

TIGGY sits by herself, staring into space. A shadow looms. She looks up. GISHO looks at her.

44 INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

JACK watches TIGGY angrily push past GISHO and storm off.

45 INT. FOYER TO PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE

GISHO sits outside the Principal's office. He views notices and flyers on the walls. The SECRETARY, 50, is preoccupied with her computer. She frowns at what she's working on.

GISHO looks at her screen, sees she's working on a graphic layout from a plan on her desk.

SECRETARY

It's the staff newsletter. I can never get it right.

GISHO points to F12 on her keyboard.

SECRETARY

I've tried that.

GISHO

Hold shift down.

She holds shift down and presses F12. Nothing happens. GISHO leans over to her keyboard, selects, cuts and pastes to the desktop, drags, opens a file, saves, closes it, opens Explorer, drags the file onto the newsletter template on the computer and the SECRETARY watches in amazement as a graphics with text appears in a previous blank space on the newsletter.

SECRETARY

How'd you do that?

The door opens. SLOAN, obviously not happy, hurriedly exits, ignores GISHO as she zooms from the foyer. The SECRETARY indicates GISHO can enter.

46 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

A three person COMMITTEE comprising MRS HALL the Principal, ANNE and JACK, sit around a circular table.

MRS HALL points for GISHO to sit. As GISHO sits MRS HALL checks the contents of a file.

MRS HALL

Hmmmm, now, Gisho, our policy is if we think a student is in need of support or we can see a problem on the horizon then we look to prevention rather than...well, focusing on a cure, often when it's too late. To date that policy has served us very successfully.

MRS HALL rechecks the folder. ANNE leans forward, almost a little too eager to have her say. JACK carefully observes GISHO.

ANNE

Why did you vandalise Sloan's portrait?

GISHO smirks?

GISHO

Who says I did?

MRS HALL

Did you?

GISHO

It was already vandalised.

ANNE shakes her head in disgust.

MRS HALL

Your attendance is abysmal.

GISHO doesn't respond.

MRS HALL

Well?

GISHO stares at the floor, a cue for ANNE to indicate GISHO'S beyond help.

MRS HALL

Don't you like school?

GISHO chortles.

MRS HALL

Do you like your teachers?

GISHO glances at JACK then continues staring at the floor.

GISHO

Some of them are okay?

MRS HALL

So why haven't you been attending school?

GISHO  
Things happen.

ANNE scoffs.

ANNE  
Like your mother not having seen you  
for months.

GISHO  
I haven't seen her for months.

ANNE  
Exactly.

MRS HALL  
Where've you been?

GISHO doesn't answer.

MRS HALL  
You don't think we have a right to  
know?

GISHO doesn't answer.

MRS HALL  
Well?

GISHO  
A right? That's something you have  
like when you get older, right?

JACK smiles. MRS HALL and ANNE shake their heads at each other,  
disappointed.

ANNE  
Your mother's concerned, Gisho.

GISHO  
Yeah, right.

ANNE  
You don't think she's concerned?

GISHO  
Look, I told her I'd be back when I  
was ready, okay? You don't see her out  
the front of the school every morning,  
d'you? So what's the problem?

ANNE and MRS HALL look at each other, not quite knowing how to  
proceed. GISHO looks at JACK. Another awkward silence.

ANNE  
Well I'm not happy at all. I can't  
have students vandalising the works of  
other students.

GISHO  
I didn't vandalise anyone's work!

ANNE looks to MRS HALL for support.

GISHO  
Is that it?

GISHO moves to leave.

MRS HALL  
One of the problems we have is the slight matter of voluntary fees we ask our parents to assist with.

GISHO  
Voluntary, is that *your* definition, is it?

MRS HALL  
Voluntary's probably not the right word, but your mother doesn't see the need to continue--

GISHO searches his pockets.

GISHO  
How much?

MRS HALL  
Pardon?

MRS HALL checks the file. GISHO puts thirteen dollars on the table. MRS HALL smiles.

GISHO  
How much is it?

MRS HALL  
Well it's three hundred and--

GISHO empties his pockets of loose change and an iPod. He removes his watch, drops it on the table.

MRS HALL  
You don't have...We don't want--

GISHO drops a switch knife on the table. MRS HALL is horrified. ANNE shudders.

GISHO turns to leave.

GISHO  
I'll get it, okay?

GISHO opens the door, turns back.

GISHO  
 Is that a good enough opinion, Jack?  
 Hmmmm. Did you learn anything or did  
 you think you were told what to think?  
 Arsehole!

GISHO leaves.

47 INT. FOYER TO PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

GISHO hurries out. The SECRETARY waves the fingers of one hand.

48 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MRS HALL tentatively holds the knife by one end.

MRS HALL  
 Should we notify the police?

ANNE  
 Definitely.

JACK takes the knife.

JACK  
 Leave it with me.

ANNE  
 He's disruptive. He doesn't  
 communicate and he smells.

JACK  
 He also the best potential I've ever  
 seen.

ANNE  
 The world is littered with potential.  
 We call them derelicts.

JACK opens his wallet, puts three hundred and fifty dollars on  
 the table, takes the thirteen. ANNE and MRS HALL are astounded.

49 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

JACK catches up to GISHO, grabs him by the shoulder. GISHO  
 angrily stops. JACK immediately removes his hand.

JACK  
 I know you're doing it hard but I'm  
 not your enemy.

GISHO  
What would you know about fucken war?  
You watch a video and you think you  
know about the enemy. You know  
jackshit, Jack!

JACK laughs. GISHO walks away.

JACK  
I knew your old man.

GISHO slows.

GISHO  
Yeah well, he understood war, didn't  
he? The fucken idiot!

GISHO stops, turns.

GISHO  
Your teacher tricks don't work in my  
world, Jack! You've got nothing to  
offer.

GISHO walks away.

JACK  
Gisho?

GISHO stops, turns. JACK holds the knife for GISHO to take. GISHO scoffs, puts his hand into his back pocket, pulls out another knife. JACK is stunned. GISHO laughs.

50 EXT. CYCLONE WIRE FENCE - DAY

A backpack lands on the other side of the cyclone wire fence.

51 INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

JACK, in his Corona, watches GISHO scale the cyclone wire fence.

52 EXT. CYCLONE WIRE FENCE - DAY

GISHO drops to the ground, notices the tyres of JACK'S Corona through his legs. He grabs his backpack, hurries along the drain.

53 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - DAY

JACK arrives at the locked security gate. He can't figure where GISHO has disappeared to. He checks the security lock, peers through the gate into the drainage system.

54 INT. DRAIN - DAY

From the dark GISHO watches JACK looking through the gate. JACK leaves. GISHO lights a fag.

55 EXT. TIGGY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tiggy's MOTHER, 38, dressed as a nurse, backs from her driveway, past the Jaguar.

56 INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Rock music quietly plays. Steam fogs glass panelling of a shower, obscuring TIGGY'S outline.

The glass door slowly opens. Steam escapes. Water cascades down TIGGY'S face.

She opens her eyes, horrified. COLIN leers at her. Naked he steps into the shower. She backs against the wall.

TIGGY  
You promised!

He puts one finger to her lips.

COLIN  
I'm not going to do anything.

He takes her hand. She shakes her head, attempts to pull away.

COLIN  
I promise.

He forces her hand to his groin.

COLIN  
Nothing's going to happen.

He leans against the wall.

COLIN  
I would never do anything to hurt you.  
You know that.

Her eyes close. She puts her head under the water to escape the humiliation as she gives him a hand job. The music increases in intensity.

57 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A montage of GISHO putting underground posters on fences, walls, legally inside cafes and various locations where it's accessible for posters. He carries rolled up posters, a plastic bucket and a squeegee.

58 INT. TIGGY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGGY, dressed in black, unemotionally stares at her image as she sits at her vanity table. She applies black lipstick.

59 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

GISHO stealthily watches STANOVIC and BLUEYE putting posters on a wall.

60 EXT. WALL - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE have gone. GISHO puts his posters over theirs. The music is blistering.

61 INT. TIGGY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGGY stares at her image. Her eyes steely, hostile. She snarls. She goes to her perfectly made bed, removes a knife from under the mattress.

62 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

TIGGY, knife in hand, stands outside her parent's bedroom. The door is slightly ajar. COLIN sleeps peacefully. TIGGY contemplates the obvious. She places the knife hard against her cheek, the tip just under her eye. Blood trickles to her upper lip. She forces the knife harder into her cheek then angrily wrenches it away.

63 INT. TIGGY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A hand removes keys from a key rack.

64 EXT. TIGGY'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The driver's door of the Jaguar closes.

65 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

GISHO slaps his poster over another poster. A ute screeches to a stop.

66 EXT. TIGGY'S STREET - NIGHT

The Jaguar rolls out the driveway.

67 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

GISHO bolts, leaving his bucket.

STANOVIC leaps from the ute, gives chase. BLUEYE follows in the ute, smashing the bucket.

68 INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

TIGGY slowly drives the Jaguar on the wrong side of the road. A car is forced to evade. She accelerates.

69 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

GISHO scampers. STANOVIC nearly catches him. The ute pulls along side, swerves to crush GISHO who jumps a fence, darts up the side of a house.

70 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The ute screeches to a halt. STANOVIC and BLUEYE chase GISHO through the side-path of the house.

GISHO jumps the back fence.

71 EXT. STREET CORNER WITH TRAFFIC LIGHTS - NIGHT

The Jaguar speeds through a red light. A car swerves narrowly avoiding a collision.

Speed cameras flash.

72 EXT. BACK FENCE - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE reach the back fence. A ferocious DOG from next door springs onto the fence.

73 INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

The Jaguar careers onto a freeway. A speed-limit sign displays 100 KPH.

The Jaguar speedo shows 120. TIGGY plants her foot.

74 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

GISHO cautiously walks along a suburban street. House lights are off.

75 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Jaguar accelerates along the desolate freeway.

76 INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

TIGGY steers the Jaguar suicidally towards a wall. She closes her eyes, but at the last moment, eyes still closed, she slams on the brakes.

77 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Jaguar screeches to a halt inches from the wall.

78 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

STANOVIC fists the air and screams.

STANOVIC  
You're dead, cunt, fucken dead!

79 INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

TIGGY grips the steering wheel. She is on the verge of breaking down. She looks at her image in the rear view mirror. Black tears trickle over her knife wound.

80 EXT. TIGGY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TIGGY drives the Jaguar, lights off, into her driveway, parks, gets out, closes the car door quietly.

81 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - NIGHT

The moon illuminates the security gate. GISHO unlocks the gate, enters the drain system.

82 INT. OFFICE OF UNDERGROUND POSTERS - MORNING

JUTTA and JIMBEAM enter their office. GISHO is designing a poster using the famous face of Che Guvera on a t-shirt stretched out on the floor. GISHO doesn't react to their arrival. JUTTA and JIMBEAM look at each other bemused and a little pissed off.

JUTTA  
How'd you get in?

GISHO snickers, keeps working. He's using red, yellow and black creating an urban radical look for his poster promoting a union stopwork meeting. JIMBEAM opens a drawer of his desk. JUTTA studies GISHO'S poster.

JUTTA

Not bad. In fact...it's bloody good,  
Gisho.

GISHO stands back, assesses his work. JUTTA can tell he's not totally satisfied. She gets paints and brushes, looks for GISHO'S approval to add to his poster. GISHO nods. JUTTA highlights facial features giving the image depth. GISHO smiles approval.

JUTTA

How'd you like to help out with some  
artwork?

GISHO'S eyes beam.

JUTTA

There's a condition.

GISHO rolls his eyes.

JUTTA

You finish school.

GISHO shakes his head, disbelievingly. JUTTA and JIMBEAN glare adamantly. GISHO reluctantly nods.

JUTTA shows him two A3 posters, with text only, one for anti-abortion, the other a rave party. She indicates the anti-abortion poster.

JUTTA

We need an image that says anti-  
abortion without the obvious.

GISHO

No dead babies?

JUTTA

Or vacuum cleaners. Play around.

She indicates the rave party poster.

JUTTA

I need this one tonight.

JIMBEAM tosses GISHO a key.

JIMBEAM

It's yours.

GISHO laughs and tosses it back.

GISHO  
Don't need it.

JIMBEAM smiles. GISHO sprays the tag FOO WAS HERE on the wall, puts his cans under the signature. He contemplates, then sprays out the F leaving OO WAS HERE. JUTTA and JIMBEAM raise their eyebrows to each other, smile.

GISHO indicates the space under his signature.

GISHO  
Don't rent it out.

JUTTA and JIMBEAM laugh.

83 EXT. STREET - DAY

GISHO, happy, strolls along a suburban street.

84 EXT. CHILD CARE CENTRE - DAY

HE passes a child day care centre. PARENTS with TODDLERS enter the centre. GISHO stops, watches a MOTHER on duty playing with KIDS.

A BOY throws his hat on the ground. The MOTHER puts the hat on the boy. He throws it on the ground. The MOTHER puts it back on. The game has started. A GIRL throws her hat on the ground. The MOTHER puts the hat on the GIRL. The BOY throws his hat on the ground. The MOTHER laughs as she puts the hat back on the BOY. The GIRL throws her hat on the ground.

GISHO continues watching unemotionally.

The BOY grabs the GIRL'S hat from the ground and hands it to the MOTHER. The GIRL grabs the BOY'S hat from his head. The BOY pushes her away. The GIRL pushes the BOY away. They both push each other. The frustrated MOTHER separates them.

The OWNER of the centre has observed the kids discovering fighting but she's more interested in GISHO watching.

OWNER OF CHILD CENTRE  
What d'you think you're doing?

GISHO is momentarily shocked. The OWNER mouths into her mobile indicating she's ringing police.

GISHO  
Suck an egg, Pickle!

The MOTHER'S jaw drops. GISHO walks on.

85 EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY

SLOAN and JOLENE wait at the school gates. GISHO arrives.

SLOAN  
Run out of things to destroy, Wagster?

JOLENE  
Suckhole!

GISHO ignores them, enters school.

COLIN'S Jag pulls up. TIGGY jumps out, brushes past SLOAN and JOLENE, through the gates. SLOAN and JOLENE smile at COLIN who winks before speeding off.

86 INT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

GISHO eyes Jack's Corona parked against the school wall along with other cars.

87 INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

JACK observes GISHO looking at his car.

88 INT. ANNE'S CLASS - DAY

STUDENTS eagerly work on their self-portraits. GISHO sketches in his sketchbook. ANNE appears behind him. She looks at his sketch, a traditional self-portrait. ANNE is pleasantly surprised.

ANNE  
That's excellent, Gisho. Did you know Picasso was an excellent classical painter before he turned to surrealism?

GISHO  
Who's fucken Picasso?

ANNE bristles, moves on. GISHO winks at TIGGY who ignores him. HE turns to another sketch, a design for a rave party.

MRS HALL and JACK hurriedly pass through the corridor.

89 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS

MRS HALL points. JACK is shocked. The four tyres on his Corona are flat.

MRS HALL  
I'm phoning the police.

JACK

No.

MRS HALL, shaking her head, reenters the school.

JACK looks forlornly at his Corona. He takes GISHO'S knife from his pocket, flicks it open, sticks the blade into a hole in a tyre. It's an exact fit.

90 INT. JACK'S CLASS - DAY

JACK, brooding, leans against his desk. STUDENTS enter, sit. He slowly eyeballs them, glares at GISHO who averts his eyes. JACK shakes his head, disappointed.

JACK

I'm feeling apathetic so I'm giving myself the day off. Go home.

JACK leaves the class of bewildered STUDENTS.

91 EXT. SCHOOL CARPARK - DAY

Disgusted STUDENTS inspect the flat tyres.

SLOAN

One guess.

The STUDENTS look around. GISHO is not there.

92 INT. DENTIST - DAY

GISHO waits while the RECEPTIONIST checks the appointment book.

DENTIST RECEPTIONIST

We have nothing till Monday week. I can fit you in--

GISHO

I can't wait till then.

DENTIST RECEPTIONIST

If you're in pain--

GISHO

I am.

DENTIST RECEPTIONIST

Extreme pain.

GISHO

Look I'm in extreme pain, alright.

DENTIST RECEPTIONIST  
 If you come back after five I'm sure  
 Mr Dillon will try and see you.

The RECEPTIONIST indicates a notice demanding payment be made upon consultation. GISHO leaves.

GISHO  
 Thanks. Thanks for fucken nothing!

The RECEPTIONIST plays deaf.

93 EXT. DENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

GISHO enters the Dental Hospital.

94 INT. DENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Numerous PATIENTS wait. He staggers to the Information Counter. A RECEPTIONIST looks wearily at him.

DENTIST RECEPTIONIST 2  
 Can I help you?

GISHO points to his mouth, erupts into a seizure, falls to the floor.

95 INT. DENTAL HOSPITAL CLINIC - DAY

GISHO sits in a wheel chair at the head of a queue of PATIENTS. A DENTAL NURSE arrives, reads from a card.

DENTAL NURSE  
 Mr Gisho Younis?

The NURSE wheels GISHO into surgery. GISHO smiles to himself.

96 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MORNING

The next day GISHO, jaw swollen from a tooth extraction, enters the schoolyard.

TIGGY sits by herself. A shadow covers her. She refuses to look up.

GISHO  
 What d'you know about abortion?

TIGGY sees his swollen face, laughs. GISHO walks away. JACK'S Corona in the same spot it was yesterday, the tyres still flat.

97 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

JACK hasn't arrived. A new student, VINCE LOPEZ sits to one side. The GIRLS check him out. The GUYS act as if he's invisible. GISHO sketches. TIGGY gazes out a window.

JACK hurriedly enters, notices the new student.

JACK  
Ah, I've see you've already met--  
(checking a form)  
--Vince.

LOPEZ  
Lopez.

JACK  
Vince Lopez.

LOPEZ  
It's Lopez, Dude. Forget the fucken  
Vince shit.

JACK is taken aback. The students watch with interest, even GISHO and TIGGY.

JACK  
Right, well this is *Lopez*. Please make  
*Lopez* feel welcome. Now where were we  
the day before yesterday?

JACK adds more newspaper articles to the wall as he talks. LOPEZ checks his mobile for messages, reads an sms.

JACK  
Not in class, please, Lopez.

LOPEZ reacts as if stunned by a taser. DUCK and TITCH laugh.

JACK  
Sorry, that goes right across the  
board for all classes.

LOPEZ leaves the mobile on the desk. JACK shakes his head.

LOPEZ  
What is this, fucken Abu Ghraib?

All eyes are on JACK who indicates he wants a word with LOPEZ outside. LOPEZ slowly stands, grabs his mobile.

JACK  
Leave that.

LOPEZ carefully puts the mobile down and follows JACK outside. JACK shuts the door. The STUDENTS observe JACK laying down the law to LOPEZ.

JACK and LOPEZ return. LOPEZ sits and reluctantly puts his mobile away as JACK continues putting articles on the wall. TITCH and DUCK grin at LOPEZ who ignores them.

JACK  
So where were we? Dana?

DANA  
Um, you wanted us to write an essay on whether we thought Alan Jones' comments expressed the opinion of the average Australian?

JACK  
And what do we think of Mr Jones' comments?

TITCH  
He was right.

JACK  
In what sense?

DUCK  
He was saying what everybody knows. That the Lebs started it.

LOPEZ  
Started what?

TITCH  
The Cucumber wars.

DUCK shrieks laughing. LOPEZ glares at TITCH and DUCK.

DUCK  
The Lebs got their arses kicked, man, because they came onto our chicks in Cronulla.

LOPEZ  
Ah, Cronulla, right.

TITCH  
The Lebs tried to take over the beach, right?

DUCK  
The land belongs to the people, man. If they wanta start a war we'll give them war.

LOPEZ  
The Lebs wanted the beach to grow cucumbers, right?

GISHO laughs.

TITCH  
They're unAustralian, man. If they  
wanta come here I say abide by our  
laws.

JACK  
Lopez, what d'you think?

LOPEZ is eager to respond.

LOPEZ  
Well, being from that underarm sandpit  
boarded by cock-sucking Israelis on  
one side--

JACK  
We can loose the profanities,  
thankyou.

LOPEZ  
--Jordanian goat herders and Syrian  
snot-lickers--

JACK  
You're Lebanese?

The STUDENTS are shocked. Even GISHO shows interest.

LOPEZ  
Aussi, Lebanese, Muslim, proud of it.

SLOAN and JOLENE raise their eyebrows at each other.

JACK  
Do you think Australians are racist,  
Lopez?

LOPEZ indicates JACK

LOPEZ  
I think everyone's racist.  
(pointing to STUDENTS)  
You are. You and you. We're all fucken  
racists.

TITCH  
Speak for yourself, man.

LOPEZ  
Be proud of it, *man*. We'd all put them  
in the ovens if we had to.

The STUDENTS are horrified. GISHO grins.

LOPEZ  
(to GISHO)  
You'd put them in the ovens if you  
could, wouldn't you?

GISHO considers

GISHO  
I don't know.

SLOAN  
Course he wouldn't!

LOPEZ  
That's a racist comment.

SLOAN  
Not wanting to put people in ovens is  
like racist?

LOPEZ  
*Is like racist?* It is when you think  
you're superior to me. Be proud of  
what you are.

SLOAN  
Like I don't think so.

LOPEZ  
(sending up)  
*Like I don't think so.*

SLOAN appeals to JACK who shrugs his shoulders. The CLASS sit in  
silence. LOPEZ grins to himself.

98 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

LOPEZ walks alone. TIGGY sits alone. GISHO sketches alone.

LOPEZ sits next to TIGGY, smiles suggestively. She angrily moves  
away.

LOPEZ looks over GISHO'S shoulder, nods approval.

LOPEZ  
Good one. I'll get you to sketch some  
swastikas for me.

LOPEZ shows GISHO a recent tattoo, SS. SLOAN and JOLENE watch.  
LOPEZ turns, indicates his tattoo.

LOPEZ  
You want one? I can get you a  
discount.

GISHO nearly laughs.

99 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

GISHO roller blades between cars parked outside nightclubs. He  
places flyers under windscreen wipers.

As he puts one under a Holden windscreen wiper the OWNER returns. GISHO skates away. The OWNER grabs the flyer.

CAR OWNER  
(screaming)  
That's illegal you know.

GISHO gives him the bird.

GISHO  
Sue me, asshole!

100 EXT. LANEWAY - NIGHT

GISHO skates up a laneway, puts flyers under windscreen wipers. The Holden, headlights off, powers up behind. GISHO sees it at the last moment and narrowly avoids being hit. The Holden speeds away. GISHO screams abuse.

101 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

GISHO skates along the road. Stops. BLUEEYE'S ute and a police car are up ahead. STANOVIC shakes hands with COP 2.

The POLICE drive off. STANOVIC and BLUEEYE paste a poster on the wall.

The ute leaves. GISHO skates to the poster, tags it with OO WAS HERE.

102 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

MONTAGE: GISHO tags STANOVIC and BLUEEYE'S posters with OO WAS HERE.

103 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

JACK addresses the class. GISHO sketches. TIGGY gazes out the window. LOPEZ slouches.

JACK  
In accordance with my policy of  
involving you in relevant and exciting  
discussions on important issues...

SLOAN and JOLENE roll their eyes.

JACK  
...I've invited people from the  
infamous, or depending on your  
outlook, famous  
(writes on board)  
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)  
RAVE organisation to tell you about  
their work.

JOLENE sparks. GISHO rolls his head in disapproval. LOPEZ surreptitiously checks his mobile.

JOLENE  
BYO ecstasy?

JACK  
No, Jolene, your natural serotonin  
should be more than adequate.

JOLENE has no idea what he means. JACK opens the door.  
Constables JILL ROBINSON and PETER CUMMINS enter.

DUCK  
They run rave parties?

LOPEZ  
These are the people who put you in  
the ovens, man.

JACK  
Constables Jill Robinson and Peter  
Cummins. Please make them welcome.

Some cordially clap. JILL and PETER realise this will be an uphill battle. JILL writes on the board: *Art is art. Damage is damage.* PETER displays laminated posters of graffiti vandalism.

PETER CUMMINS  
We're here to tell you the difference.

LOPEZ rolls his eyes. JILL writes under the letters in RAVE: *Rage Against Vandalism Eternally.*

PETER CUMMINS  
I take it you all know what graffiti  
is?

No one responds. DUCK and TITCH shrug for GISHO'S benefit.

PETER CUMMINS  
HMMMMMM?

Again no response. LOPEZ winks at GISHO.

LOPEZ  
Tell us what graffiti is, Officer.

PETER CUMMINS  
For one, graffiti is not art.

JACK observes GISHO who's unresponsive.

JILL  
Art adds value to society.

PETER CUMMINS  
Last week vandals spray-painted  
these...

JILL displays laminated posters with "ZSU", "ZONE" and "FOO WAS  
HERE" tagged on cars and walls.

PETER CUMMINS  
...at more than sixteen locations.

LOPEZ  
Only sixteen? Did the motherfuckers  
run out of paint?

The POLICE ignore LOPEZ. GISHO is aware the POLICE are directing  
their comments at him.

PETER CUMMINS  
We assume it was most likely  
delinquent teenagers.

LOPEZ laughs. GISHO continues sketching. JILL responds to  
LOPEZ'S laughing.

JILL  
We think that teens who get involved  
in graffiti tagging may be showing  
early symptoms of a personality  
disorder.

TITCH laughs, looks at GISHO.

TITCH  
Such as?

PETER CUMMINS  
Antisocial behaviour disorder.

SLOAN  
(to TIGGY)  
Guess who must be into graffiti?

TIGGY  
Get fucked!

LOPEZ  
(to GISHO)  
What're these idiots on about?

PETER and JILL smile, ignore LOPEZ, direct their comments at  
GISHO.

PETER CUMMINS  
They also have higher rates of drug  
use, academic failure, physical and  
sexual abuse, depression, anxiety and  
suicidal thoughts.

GISHO glares at JACK.

JILL  
Tagging conveys a number of messages.  
It says, "Hello, I'm here."

LOPEZ  
*Hello, I'm here.*

PETER CUMMINS  
But more often than not it represents  
an expression of rage against  
authority.

STUDENTS expect GISHO to respond.

LOPEZ  
That's just crap. Graffiti was around  
long before *antisocial behaviour*  
whatever was invented.

It's now a battle between LOPEZ and the POLICE.

JILL  
Interesting you mention how long  
graffiti's been around.

She handpasses to PETER.

PETER CUMMINS  
Studies show many images drawn in  
caves between 10,000 and 35,000 years  
ago, mirror today's graffiti. They  
were mainly drawn by adolescent males.

JILL  
Delinquent adolescent males.

LOPEZ  
This is crap!

LOPEZ is disappointed GISHO doesn't respond.

JILL  
It's true.

LOPEZ  
Where's your evidence, man?

JILL produces a laminated poster showing ancient rock art  
handprints.

PETER CUMMINS  
These handprints were done by boys  
chewing ochre, holding up a hand and  
spitting the colorful spew over their  
hand, leaving an imprint.

LOPEZ  
Who says they were boys?

PETER CUMMINS  
The handprints have been analysed.  
They belonged to boys aged nine to  
seventeen.

LOPEZ  
Crap!

PETER CUMMINS  
We're hoping you can help us prevent  
vandalism.

Silence.

JOLENE  
What can we do?

The POLICE smile at JACK.

PETER CUMMINS  
We'd like your input.

JILL  
We feel conventional methods are not  
working.

LOPEZ  
What, shooting them doesn't work?

The POLICE feel they're getting their message across. PETER  
talks directly to GISHO.

PETER CUMMINS  
Sometimes it's as simple as sitting  
down with them and saying, "Listen  
you've had a bit of a shit life  
haven't you?"

GISHO glares at JACK.

LOPEZ  
Wouldn't it be easier to chop their  
hands off?

PETER CUMMINS  
What's your name, son?

But LOPEZ isn't about to fall for that one.

SLOAN  
Vinnie Lopez.

JILL  
Well, Vinnie, it's costing the  
community millions in clean-up bills  
alone.

PETER CUMMINS  
You can assist by phoning our  
anonymous Crime Stoppers line.

LOPEZ  
Dob your mates in! Good one!

The POLICE look at each other, shake their heads, disappointed.

PETER CUMMINS  
We all have a responsibility in this.

JILL  
It's your parents footing the bill for  
these vandals.

DANA, JOLENE and SLOAN look at GISHO, nod.

JACK  
Would you like to comment, Gisho?

GISHO  
Why would I want to comment, Jack?

PETER CUMMINGS  
We're interested in what everyone's  
got to say, Gisho.

JILL  
Are you involved in Graffiti?

GISHO abruptly jumps up, bumps JACK as he storms out.

104 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

GISHO is half-way to the main gate when LOPEZ runs out.

LOPEZ  
Hey.

GISHO turns.

LOPEZ  
Don't let the motherfuckers get to  
you, man.

GISHO continues walking.

LOPEZ  
We can graffiti this whole fucken  
town, you and me?

GISHO stops.

LOPEZ  
Open our own files on antisocial  
fucken disorder?

GISHO continues walking.

LOPEZ  
If you don't stand up to 'em, man,  
they take it all.

105 INT. DRAIN - DAY

GISHO stuffs spray cans and rope into his backpack.

106 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The moon is low. GISHO precariously hangs off a bridge. He graffiti's an urban mural featuring aggressive police waving phallic batons. He has cleverly used dozens of handprints.

OO WAS HERE appears alongside the completed mural.

107 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

COLIN cruises in his Jag.

108 INT. TIGGY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGGY lies on her bed. Loud rock plays.

109 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

The moon is high. An indistinguishable MALE, heavily disguised, sneaks through the school grounds.

A gloved hand breaks a school window.

110 INT. ART ROOM - NIGHT

The gloved hand opens a locker containing tubes of paint.

The hand paints an obscene penis next to the mouth of ANNE'S self-portrait.

111 INT. JACK'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The hand paints graffiti around the classroom including the signatures from the laminated posters: "ZSU", "ZONE" and "OO WAS HERE".

FUCK YOU is painted across the board.

112 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The moon has moved considerably. Heavy music plays. GISHO skateboards along the road. He carries posters, bucket and squeegee.

GISHO puts a rave poster across an existing poster. It strikingly features ravers dancing amid scaffolding. The colors are mustard, greens, greys and blacks.

113 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

JACK enters his classroom. STUDENTS sit silently at their desks. The room has been completely graffitied.

JOLENE and SLOAN, teary, unsuccessfully attempt to wipe the FUCK YOU from the board. LOPEZ innocently gazes at the floor.

JACK looks for GISHO. No appearance. DUCK and TITCH shrug, almost apologetically.

JACK forces a smile, removes articles from his bag, sticks them over graffiti.

JACK  
Now, where were we?

TITCH  
Right on, Jack.

DUCK  
Let's hear it for Alan Jones.

STUDENTS laugh, not LOPEZ and TIGGY.

114 INT. DRAIN - DAY

GISHO lies under a blanket, his backpack a pillow. Feverish, his mouth is swollen. He writhes in agony.

115 INT. DENTAL HOSPITAL SURGERY - DAY

GISHO reclines in a dental chair. The DENTIST examines his mouth. GISHO glances at dental posters displaying decayed teeth and infected gums.

DENTIST  
It's infected, badly. Rinse every hour with salt water. You'll need to see your doctor for a script--

GISHO  
Fuck off!

DENTIST  
This is serious. If it's not treated  
it could turn septic. People have died  
from less.

GISHO  
You fucken pulled it out!

DENTIST  
I *extracted* it because it had rotted  
below the gums. If I hadn't you might  
already be dead.

GISHO scoffs.

DENTIST  
What's the problem here?

GISHO considers.

GISHO  
Doctors think you're trying to twine  
them, you know, for drugs.

DENTIST  
Big demand on the black market for  
antibiotics is there?

GISHO gets out of the dentist's chair.

GISHO  
Fucken forget it!

The DENTIST opens a drawer, gives GISHO a box of pills.

DENTIST  
They're samples. Take two now, another  
tonight. Then take two a day until  
they're finished. If it hasn't cleared  
up in a week come and see me.

GISHO  
I owe you.

DENTIST  
Tell your mates to put our hospital  
walls on bypass.

GISHO smiles.

GISHO  
I haven't got any mates.

116 INT. JACK'S CLASSROOM - DAY

STUDENTS watch a video on violence as GISHO enters. The board is clean and most graffiti removed from the walls.

ANNE appears outside, glares at GISHO. JACK indicates for her to cool it. She storms off.

GISHO looks at the remaining graffiti, including FOO WAS HERE, scoffs disparagingly. STUDENTS give him the cold shoulder. GISHO makes the connection.

GISHO  
That's mine? Get real!

GISHO sits. JACK expects an explanation.

GISHO  
That's an amateur, Dude.

JACK  
(smiling)  
I know.

LOPEZ  
(inferring GISHO)  
At least he had the guts to make a stand!

GISHO  
Hey, I don't need you!

The CLASS are totally pissed off at LOPEZ and GISHO.

LOPEZ  
Be proud of who you are, man.

GISHO angrily turns away.

117 EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

GISHO, in pain, sits by himself. A shadow looms. He looks up at TIGGY.

TIGGY  
You really are a cunt!

He watches her walk away, contemplates yelling but doesn't.

118 INT. OFFICE OF UNDERGROUND POSTERS - DAY

GISHO unravels a poster he's designed for JUTTA and JIMBEAM. It features three *graffiti* sketches in the one poster;

one of a woman with swollen jaw and bandage around her jaw and head, the next, the same woman entering an abortion clinic, and the third, the woman leaving the clinic without the bandage and swollen jaw.

JUTTA considers, turns to JIMBEAM. They both assess the poster. GISHO acts disinterested.

JUTTA  
Rough, very raw.

JIMBEAM  
Infantile even.

JUTTA  
Barbaric.

GISHO, seething, moves to leave.

JUTTA  
But it's bloody good.

JIMBEAM  
Brilliant even.

GISHO smiles broadly.

JUTTA  
With a proper haircut--

JIMBEAM  
A suit and tie--

JUTTA  
We might be able to make something of you yet.

GISHO  
Piss off.

119 EXT. TIGGY'S HOUSE - DAY

The Jag is in the drive. A tow-truck backs up behind the Jag as a police car parks in the street.

Two beefy TOWIES jump from the tow-truck and put the Jag on the tow-truck tray. Both have HOON SQUAD on their t-shirts.

COLIN bursts through his front door as two POLICE approach.

COLIN  
What the fuck's going on?

Constable NIXON hands COLIN a confiscation form.

NIXON  
You Colin Rawlings?

COLIN  
What if I am?

NIXON  
That your car?

COLIN  
Course it fucken is!

COLIN, bewildered, screams at the TOWIES.

COLIN  
Leave that where it fucken is!

The TOWIES ignore him. COLIN brushes past the CONSTABLES, pushes one of the TOWIES.

COLIN  
You fucken deaf?

Constable RATTEN runs to COLIN.

RATTEN  
It's been impounded.

COLIN  
What is this, a TV set-up or some  
shit?

COLIN looks for a film crew.

NIXON  
Your car's been impounded under anti-  
hoon impoundment laws.

COLIN  
You're fucken kidding!

NIXON  
Two nights ago, three separate  
reports. You were doing one-sixty on  
the freeway--

COLIN  
One-fucken-sixty! What fucken freeway?

NIXON hands COLIN speed camera photos. COLIN recognizes his numberplate.

120 INT. TIGGY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGGY lies on her bed, iPod in ear, stoned, bong on the floor. Her door opens, closes, is locked by COLIN'S hand. She doesn't notice COLIN until he's standing over her. She freaks. The speed camera photos float down.

121 INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

TIGGY, naked and distressed, stands in the shower. She turns the water on. It trickles down her legs. Blood forms a pinkish line on tiles, reminiscent of her earlier self portrait.

122 INT. TIGGY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGGY, draped in towel, sits at her vanity table, hair drenched, hacking the pink from her hair with scissors.

123 EXT. TIGGY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TIGGY, in black, hair wet, walks down her driveway. The house lights are off and the Jag missing.

124 EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

TIGGY exits an all night supermarket, carries a plastic bag.

125 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

GISHO skateboards towards a street corner, stops when he notices TIGGY scaling a speed camera pole.

TIGGY sprays the lens of the camera with black paint. A car slows, watches, drives away.

TIGGY slides down, walks to the opposite street corner, climbs another speed camera pole. As she sprays the lens a police siren is heard.

GISHO runs over. TIGGY slides down.

TIGGY

What d'you fucken want?

GISHO grabs her arm to leave. TIGGY wrenches free, refusing to move. A police car screeches to the intersection, drives towards them.

POLICE MICROPHONE

Get on the ground! Now!

GISHO

Carn. Or we're both dead.

GISHO and TIGGY scramble across the road. The police car tries to run them down but they avoid it, just.

TIGGY

Fuck!

GISHO throws his skateboard at the police car then bolts towards a laneway. TIGGY follows.

126 INT. LANEWAY - NIGHT

They sprint down the stencil-graffitied laneway. Another police car appears at the front of the lane. They turn into an adjacent lane.

127 EXT. CYCLONE WIRE FENCE - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY climb a cyclone fence. Overhead, a helicopter searchlight shines.

128 EXT. DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY run along the drain. TIGGY, exhausted, slows. GISHO grabs her hand, pulls her along. The searchlight is just behind.

They scramble up the side of the drain, cut across and meet the drain on the other side of a U-turn. The spotlight nearly spots them. Police sirens blare.

GISHO pulls TIGGY into the drain, into the water. GISHO jumps in, assists her to run through the water.

The helicopter hovers.

129 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - NIGHT

The searchlight scans the area around the security gate. Two POLICE search the area, notice wet footprints outside the security gate. One POLICEMAN checks the lock; it's locked. The OTHER shines his torch through the security gate. There are no footprints inside though he shines further into the drain system.

130 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

The torch light retreats. GISHO'S face appears from the water, as does TIGGY'S, spluttering, gasping for air.

131 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - NIGHT

The POLICE shake their heads to each other. The searchlight disappears.

132 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO helps TIGGY from the water, pulls her further into the drain, assists her onto the higher shelf, turns his portable fluoro on. TIGGY is amazed.

TIGGY  
Where are we?

GISHO  
Underground Hilton.

Shivering, she surveys his *home*.

GISHO  
Watch the floor, eh. Just swept it.

She smiles, just. He smiles. She trembles, hyperthermia.

GISHO  
Get your gear off.

TIGGY  
What!

GISHO  
You wanta freeze to death?

He removes his t-shirt, bare chested, muscular silhouette. She trembles violently, backs against the wall. GISHO tugs her jumper up. She freaks, screams, struggles to get away. He backs. She frantically smashes the back of her head against the wall. He grabs her. She struggles aggressively. He holds her tight.

TIGGY  
Don't, Colin, you promised. No  
don't...fucken don't, you bastard! You  
promised...you fucken promised...!

She breaks down, slumps against the wall, sobbing uncontrollably. GISHO slowly lets her go, places his blanket around her.

GISHO  
You need to take the wet clothes off.  
All of them.

She fiercely clutches the blanket. He turns his back, undresses.

LATER: she sits naked, wrapped in the blanket. GISHO has changed his clothes, boiled water on the gas burner. He makes coffee, hands her a cup, throws her sugar cubes.

GISHO  
Outa milk.

She puts two cubes in the cup, stirs it with an icy-pole stick. She sips, watches GISHO sip his, leaning against the wall.

GISHO  
What more could you want, eh?

TIGGY  
You're a lunatic, dead set.

GISHO  
I'm not the one painting traffic  
cameras. Where'd that come from?

Shakes her head. He gives her time.

TIGGY  
Something to do.

GISHO  
You haven't even got a car!

TIGGY  
I suppose you run an art gallery?

GISHO  
Hey, it wasn't me, okay?

TIGGY  
Whatever.

GISHO  
Might anyway, one day.

TIGGY  
Yeah, and one day I'll be a traffic  
cop.

An awkward silence. She observes GISHO'S belongings, sips her coffee, laughs to herself.

GISHO  
What?

TIGGY  
Nothing.

GISHO  
No, what?

TIGGY  
I don't know what I'm gonna be. I  
never think of the future.

GISHO looks deep into sad eyes. He could almost reach out, comfort her.

TIGGY  
Do you?

GISHO  
Every day.

TIGGY  
What d'you think about?

GISHO considers.

GISHO  
How to get through the day.

TIGGY  
Same here.

GISHO takes clothes from a garbage bag, throws them to her. She rolls her eyes.

TIGGY  
Like I'm gonna wear these?

GISHO  
Suit yourself.

She smells a t-shirt, cringes, indicates for him to turn away. He turns. She drops the blanket, dresses in underpants, baggy shorts and t-shirt. He considers looking but doesn't. She shakes her hair, swishes it back. She looks attractive silhouetted in fluro.

TIGGY  
Know something?

GISHO  
What?

TIGGY  
You stink.

Momentarily he takes her seriously, then pushes her arm.

GISHO  
You oughta talk.

She smiles. He laughs. She laughs.

LATER: TIGGY has obviously filled GISHO in.

GISHO  
Go to the police.

TIGGY  
Get real. I'm not even gonna tell mum.

GISHO  
Why?

TIGGY  
That's my fucken business, okay? Do I ask you why you live here?

No answer.

GISHO  
You can stay here.

She laughs, not meaning to.

GISHO  
What?

TIGGY  
I'm trying to work out where to put  
the tv.

He laughs.

GISHO  
Next to the double bed.

Her face hardens.

GISHO  
Sorry. I'm being an arse. It's not  
like I'd know what to do anyway.

TIGGY  
It's me. Don't think I'm ready, you  
know, for all that.

GISHO  
I didn't mean it.

TIGGY  
Yes you did.

They sit in silence.

GISHO  
Because no one can get to you.

She's no idea what he's referring to.

GISHO  
That's why I live here.

TIGGY  
Makes sense.

Silence.

GISHO  
Do you wanta kill Colin?

TIGGY considers.

TIGGY  
Do you?

GISHO considers.

GISHO  
No...well sorta.

TIGGY  
Well I don't. So why should you? Okay?

Silence.

TIGGY  
Not in the real sense.

Silence. GISHO jumps up.

GISHO  
I'll show you round.

They venture further into the system. GISHO wears his backpack, shines a torch. TIGGY apprehensively follows.

GISHO points to the steel ladder, indicates to climb down.

TIGGY  
What's down there?

GISHO  
Sewer.

TIGGY  
I'm not going down there!

GISHO  
Might meet someone you know.

TIGGY  
Fuck off!

GISHO hands her the torch, climbs down. She hesitantly follows.

133 INT. DRAIN, STAIRS - NIGHT

GISHO steps on the other shelf. TIGGY tentatively follows.

TIGGY  
I can hardly breathe.

GISHO removes two gasmasks, puts his on, shows TIGGY how to do the same. She apprehensively puts her gasmask on. GISHO enters the manhole.

134 INT. MANHOLE TO SEWAGE DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO emerges from the manhole to the sewage drain. He turns, assists TIGGY. She sees the rowboat.

TIGGY  
What the fuck!

GISHO steps into the rowboat.

GISHO  
I'll show you the tunnel of love.

TIGGY  
I'm not getting in that!

GISHO  
It's the only way out.

TIGGY  
Fucken hell!

He holds her hand, she tentatively steps in.

GISHO  
Romantic, eh?

She jerks her hand away. He laughs, rows. She clings to the sides.

GISHO  
Wanta go for a swim?

TIGGY  
No wonder you smell.

GISHO  
There's a fishing line.

TIGGY  
You're not funny.

GISHO  
You prefer sushi?

TIGGY  
Don't!

135 EXT. MANHOLE - MORNING

A gasmask exits the manhole, then another. TIGGY removes her gasmask. Grime decorates her face.

136 EXT. STREET - MORNING

They walk along a street. TIGGY couldn't look daggier. GISHO glances, shakes his head, laughs.

TIGGY  
Fuck off! You wanta have a good look  
at yourself.

137 INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

GISHO takes an empty McDonalds bag from the top of a rubbish bin.

TIGGY holds an empty tray, points to GISHO leaving the store carrying the empty bag. She screams at STAFF.

TIGGY  
That boy stole my order.

GISHO bolts.

Minutes Later: The MANAGER places hamburger and fries into a bag.

TIGGY  
Two of each!

The MANAGER looks, questioningly.

TIGGY  
I always get my boss breaky.

138 EXT. STREET - DAY

GISHO and TIGGY eat burgers, fries, dawdle past shops.

139 INT. SUPERMARKET, HEALTH SECTION - DAY

GISHO removes the lid from a bottle of vitamins, swallows two multi vitamins, returns the bottle to the shelf. He washes them down with Coke.

TIGGY, pretending she's not with him, shakes her head in mock disgust.

140 INT. SUPERMARKET, FRUIT SECTION - DAY

GISHO peels a banana, leaves the skin with other bananas.

141 INT. SUPERMARKET, CHECKOUT - DAY

GISHO, eating, places half a peeled banana on the conveyor.

CHECKOUT CHICK  
What's this?

GISHO  
Why pay for the skin? You can't eat it!

CHECKOUT CHICK  
Um...

The SUPERVISOR hurries over.

GISHO, minus banana, is escorted by the SUPERVISOR. He passes TIGGY at another checkout. On the conveyor is a box of Tampons. TIGGY searches her pockets for money. She is embarrassed GISHO sees the tampons.

GISHO pulls from the SUPERVISOR, drops ten dollars on the counter. TIGGY puts a packet of chewy with the tampons.

142 EXT. PARK - DAY

GISHO and TIGGY on their backs look at clouds.

They stroll along a pond containing ducks. TIGGY picks up a discarded can, puts it on top of a full bin. GISHO smiles, shakes his head. TIGGY arks up.

TIGGY

What?

He laughs.

GISHO

It's fucken stupid!

TIGGY

Your attitude's fucken stupid! Jack's right about you. It's what's wrong with this fucked up world!

GISHO takes the can from the bin, drops it.

TIGGY

You're fucken sick, you know that!

GISHO stomps on the can, puts the crushed can in the bin. TIGGY, caught out, bites her lip. GISHO smiles. She nearly touches him, but keeps her hands tight by her side. GISHO touches her quickly on the arm.

GISHO

Let's play tiggly. You're he.

GISHO makes to run off but notices she's upset. A tear trickles down her face. He doesn't say anything.

They sit, watching ducks.

TIGGY

He used to say that. You're he. He always hid in the same place, the big wardrobe where mum hung her dresses. *'Try this one on. Here, let me help.'*

(crying)

Mum was out. She's always working.

GISHO  
Didn't you tell her?

TIGGY  
What? That her slut of a daughter  
seduced her faultless husband?

GISHO  
No, the truth?

A moment of silence. Both watch ducks.

TIGGY  
I'm gutless, not strong like you.

GISHO  
You're not gutless.

TIGGY  
Yes I am.

He scoffs disbelievingly.

GISHO  
Anyone who can resist me has the  
courage of a super hero.

She stands, walks off.

GISHO  
Where you going?

She doesn't answer, continues walking.

143 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

GISHO and TIGGY enter the classroom. STUDENTS, assuming they're an item, send them up. JACK smiles, shakes his head as they take their seats. LOPEZ eyes them with disgust. SLOAN and JOLENE jeer at TIGGY'S clothes. JACK blocks TIGGY.

JACK  
Everyone's looking for you.

TIGGY evades, glares at SLOAN and JOLENE.

TIGGY  
Everyone can kiss my arse!

GISHO laughs. Most STUDENTS laugh. JACK turns to the class.

JACK  
Let's discuss relationships in  
contemporary society.

TIGGY  
Get fucked!

JACK grins.

144 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY, roller-blading, put posters on walls. The music hollers. TIGGY slaps glue on, GISHO attaches posters.

They skate towards the cyclone fence. TIGGY stops. GISHO skates round her. She indicates she doesn't want to go to the drain.

TIGGY  
Too cold.

GISHO  
Let's get a motel room.

She looks disturbed. GISHO skates in the opposite direction.

145 EXT. WRECKERS COMPOUND - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY stand in the wrecking yard. Two cars have their boots open. The DOG sits placidly.

GISHO  
Take your pick.

TIGGY  
That's what I call style.

146 EXT. OFFICE OF WRECKERS - MORNING

TIGGY and GISHO pass the caravan. BONGE watches from the door.

BONGE  
I'm not running a brothel, you know.  
Unless you wanta wack up.

GISHO gives the bird. BONGE points at GISHO.

BONGE  
Kill. Kill.

The DOG doesn't move a muscle.

147 INT. OFFICE OF UNDERGROUND POSTERS - DAY

GISHO and TIGGY work together designing a poster. JUTTA observes, delighted. JIMBEAM refers to a newspaper article highlighting laws against illegal posters.

JIMBEAM  
We're that close to becoming a police state!

JUTTA holds up a poster, an anti-abortion one with GISHO'S design.

TIGGY  
That's fantastic.

GISHO proudly smiles.

TIGGY  
That yours?

GISHO  
Just the artwork.

TIGGY  
*Just the artwork.* Fucken Picasso here.  
You should be doing it full time.

JIMBEAM drops A3 posters next to GISHO.

JUTTA  
Tonight?  
(indicating TIGGY)  
Unless you've got more important things.

GISHO  
Rack off!

148 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY have nearly postered a wall. GISHO looks at TIGGY, her hands covered in glue. She smiles. He smiles.

The ute screeches over the gutter, side on to the wall. STANOVIC brandishes a machete, trapping GISHO and TIGGY between the ute and the wall. BLUEYE jumps from the ute, slams GISHO against the wall. BLUEYE lets GISHO fall to the ground. TIGGY desperately pulls BLUEYE away. BLUEYE clasps TIGGY'S arms behind her back. STANOVIC rips her top up, jabs the machete into her stomach.

STANOVIC  
I see either of you again, we gut the slut. Got it?

GISHO nods. STANOVIC jabs harder. Blood trickles from a cut. TIGGY is petrified.

STANOVIC  
Can't hear you.

GISHO  
I got it, *alright!*

STANOVIC  
Right, smartarse.

STANOVIC and BLUEYE kick the shit out of GISHO. TIGGY throw herself on GISHO but they continue kicking. BLUEYE pulls STANOVIC away from the unconscious GISHO. STANOVIC throws a mock punch at TIGGY'S face. She cowers over GISHO.

STANOVIC  
Next time it's you, slut.

They walk towards their car. STANOVIC returns, kicks TIGGY in the back.

STANOVIC  
This is our fucken turf. Understand?

She can't answer. He threatens to chop her.

STANOVIC  
You fucken understand?

She nods. STANOVIC rips the remaining posters up before driving off.

Moments Later: TIGGY collects two teeth from a pool of blood.

149 INT. DENTAL HOSPITAL SURGERY - DAY

The DENTIST holds a mirror. GISHO looks painfully at his image, a face severely bruised, wire supporting front teeth.

DENTIST  
It's only temporary. Keep them out of the path of wayward boots. They should be stable in six weeks.

The DENTIST throws GISHO pills.

DENTIST  
Painkillers. For you, not your mates.

150 INT. DENTAL HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

GISHO V.O.  
I told you I haven't got mates.

GISHO feebly leaves the surgery. TIGGY hurries to him, cringes.

TIGGY  
Is that it? You were there that long I thought you were having a total make-over.

GISHO  
I'm not allowed to laugh.

TIGGY  
You should be wrapped then.

She playfully digs him in the ribs. He winches.

TIGGY  
Sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.  
Honest.

GISHO  
I was joking. I was.

He jabs himself in the side to prove it.

GISHO  
Can't feel a thing.

She forces a smile, supports him round the waist as they leave.

151 EXT. PARK - DAY

GISHO and TIGGY sit on a park bench. Ducks swim in the pond, fed bread by an old MAN.

GISHO  
Great life being a duck.

TIGGY  
Until some cunt takes a popshot.

They share the silence.

TIGGY  
(to herself)  
Fucken sitting duck!

GISHO looks at passing clouds.

GISHO  
We put all this stuff up about people  
we don't even know. Next day it's  
gone. What's that about?

TIGGY  
What d'you mean?

GISHO  
Why d'we fucken do it?

TIGGY  
It was fun.

GISHO  
Those cunts can have all the fun from  
now on.

She looks at her black fingernails. They need another coating.

GISHO  
I've fucken had it. I'm like fucken  
swisho outa here.

He slumps on the bench. The MAN leaves. TIGGY watches a bus  
pass. They sit in silence.

GISHO  
Fucken cunts!

The ducks fly away. She stands.

GISHO  
Fuck it!

She walks away, stops, turns looks at him. Finally he struggles  
up, falls back on the bench. She's disappointed.

GISHO  
Call us a fucken taxi will ya?

She mock smiles, returns, helps him up. They stagger off.

152 EXT. TIGGY'S HOUSE - DAY

TIGGY slams the door. She leaves her house carrying a full  
backpack. GISHO waits in the street. Without looking back TIGGY  
gives the bird, passes the Jag

COLIN watches through parted curtains.

153 EXT. CYCLONE WIRE FENCE - DAY

TIGGY assists GISHO over the cyclone wire fence.

154 INT. DRAIN - DAY

GISHO and TIGGY, fully clothed, sleep side by side. A candle  
illuminates them.

LATER: leaning against the wall they sip coffee. He pops pain  
killers.

TIGGY  
Might piss off somewhere.

GISHO  
Where?

TIGGY  
Dunno yet.

They sit in silence.

TIGGY  
You could do something you know, like  
graphic arts.

GISHO  
Like everyone else?

TIGGY  
Why not?

Silence.

TIGGY  
Why did you slash Jack's tyres?

He looks at her, disappointed.

TIGGY  
At least he cares.

GISHO  
Why did you paint the cameras?

TIGGY  
Jack didn't hurt you.

GISHO  
I didn't touch his fucken tyres!

She doesn't believe him. He drinks the remainder of his coffee,  
chucks the dregs.

GISHO  
You really wanta know the type of  
person I am?

TIGGY  
I already know.

He scoffs.

GISHO  
You know jackshit!

He stands.

155 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE paste posters over posters along a concrete  
wall. They are half way along the wall. Their ute is at the  
beginning of the wall.

GISHO sneaks to the ute, steals posters, disappears.

156 EXT. MCDONALDS - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY paste two of the stolen posters on the windows of McDonalds. GISHO tags OO WAS HERE. TIGGY looks at the tag, trying to solve a puzzle.

157 EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

They paste posters on a commercial billboard, laugh at each other.

158 EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

They poster the Town Hall.

159 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

They paste the last poster on the front door of the police station, bolt into the night, laughing.

160 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

Candles illuminate the shelf. They sip coffee.

GISHO  
You think I'd waste my time slashing  
tyres?

She believes him, smiles.

TIGGY  
You know what?

GISHO  
What?

TIGGY  
You don't stink, not a bit.

He smiles. She looks deep into his eyes, makes a decision, undresses. GISHO'S eyes light up.

TIGGY  
I assume you don't bring many chicks  
here?

He laughs nervously, shakes his head.

TIGGY  
And you probably haven't got condoms?

He shakes his head, undresses.

TIGGY  
I'm on the pill.

She touches his face, gently.

GISHO  
I don't think I can kiss much.

TIGGY  
Promise you won't hurt me?

GISHO  
Why would I hurt you?

TIGGY  
Promise.

GISHO  
I promise.

She caresses his naked body. He touches her breasts. Despite his pain they go at it like mischievous rats in a sewer.

Later: wrapped in blankets and leaning against the wall they sip coffee, smoke. GISHO, glowing, smiles lovingly at TIGGY, wants to hold her. She looks away with all the pain of her history.

TIGGY  
I'm going back home.

His smile evaporates. He reaches, touches her hair. She shrinks. Silence. He doesn't understand.

GISHO  
You don't really know me. I understand that. Because I don't really know anyone.

Silence.

GISHO  
Think I'll give school the arse.

She looks, checks if he means it.

TIGGY  
Because of what I said?

Silence.

TIGGY  
Why?

GISHO  
Sick of letting arseholes fuck me over.

TIGGY

Good reason to go to fucken school.

She watches him put his poster equipment in his backpack.

161 EXT. STREET - MORNING

GISHO, uptight, walks the street, backpack in hand.

162 INT. OFFICE OF UNDERGROUND POSTERS - MORNING

GISHO enters the office. A new desk is in GISHO'S section. JUTTA and JIMBEAM work on a poster.

JIMBEAM

Gisho, the street king.

JUTTA indicates the new desk.

JUTTA

Yours.

GISHO plonks his backpack on the table. TIGGY appears, watches from the door.

JUTTA

What's up?

GISHO

Taking long service.

JUTTA looks at TIGGY who shrugs.

JUTTA

Bit sudden isn't it?

JUTTA notices the wiring on his teeth, reaches to touch his face. He pulls back. GISHO indicates the backpack.

GISHO

Yours.

GISHO turns to leave. TIGGY moves aside.

JIMBEAM

Hang on.

GISHO reluctantly stops. JIMBEAM holds a \$100 note, attempts to put it in GISHO'S hand.

JUTTA

Think of it as a gold watch.

GISHO backs. JUTTA takes the \$100, puts it in a drawer of GISHO'S desk.

163 EXT. STREET - DAY

GISHO hurries along a street, TIGGY follows.

TIGGY  
If you're doing this for me fucken  
forget it.

He stops abruptly, turns, hurt, his eyes pleading.

TIGGY  
If it's pity you want, go back to your  
fucken mother.

She walks in the opposite direction.

TIGGY  
That's why you're living in the sewer,  
isn't it?

164 INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

STUDENTS work on their self-portraits. ANNE has erased the penis from her self-portrait. JOLENE switches on a small light bulb above the mirror in her painting, jumps with glee. TIGGY paints a pink duck floating near the bank of a pond. A shotgun aims at the duck. ANNE forces a smile.

ANNE  
Bit subtle, Tiggy.

TIGGY doesn't respond.

ANNE  
Are we making some metaphorical  
statement about the ugly duckling?  
Help me out here, someone.

SLOAN  
Isn't it just like a protest thing  
against duck shooting?

165 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Music shrills as JACK talks to STUDENTS. TIGGY gazes out the window. GISHO'S desk is empty. LOPEZ glances at TIGGY.

166 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

TIGGY walks by herself. LOPEZ joins her but she turns, walks the other way. LOPEZ laughs.

167 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO, trance-like, leans against the wall, illuminated by a candle. His sketch pad near-by.

168 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

JUTTA and JIMBEAN awkwardly paste posters, careful not to overlay other posters.

169 INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

The music stops. TIGGY'S painting is nearly completed. ANNE smiles approvingly at TIGGY. GISHO, carrying his sketch pad, looms in the doorway. TIGGY smiles. STUDENTS bemusedly watch GISHO go to his portrait and replace it with a drawing from his sketch pad. The drawing is classical, traditional and more than artistically competent. However, it is a forty year old face, heavily wrinkled with bruises and a black eye. The front teeth are missing.

ANNE assesses GISHO'S painting, slightly shaking her head but forcing a smile. JACK observes from the corridor.

ANNE

Your technique is...well it's good.  
Yes, I'd say it's good but I was  
hoping for a more *now* look.

TIGGY rolls her eyes. GISHO notices JACK observing him. He ignores JACK and smiles at ANNE.

GISHO

This *is* my *now* look.

GISHO displays his teeth. ANNE cringes. TIGGY smiles warmly at GISHO.

170 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE JACK'S CLASS - DAY

STUDENTS approach JACK'S classroom. LOPEZ dawdles. GISHO walks with difficulty alongside a beaming TIGGY.

171 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

They enter the classroom. STUDENTS halt abruptly. ACT NOW has been written with texta in big letters on the board. FOO WAS HERE is tagged in small letters. And there are flyers face down on each desk. JACK, sitting at his desk, looks accusingly at GISHO. LOPEZ laughs.

SLOAN reads a flyer.

SLOAN  
This is sick, like real real sick.

JOLENE turns on GISHO.

JOLENE  
That's your tag, delinquent!

TIGGY  
It is not, you fucken Mole!

LOPEZ holds a flyer, looks at GISHO, laughs. JACK reads from the flyer.

JACK  
*Alan Jones is a sick faggot. Kill the cunt.*

JACK waves the flyer, directs his comments at GISHO. A swastika is visible on the flyer.

JACK  
Would the person responsible like to comment?

GISHO glares at LOPEZ. No response. LOPEZ laughs.

LOPEZ  
What've you got to say for yourself, *Gisho*?

Although stunned GISHO doesn't respond.

LOPEZ  
I'd like to bring something to the *discussion*.

LOPEZ waves the flyer.

LOPEZ  
Now I didn't write this.

GISHO angrily looks away.

LOPEZ  
But I reckon it's a weak act.

JACK watches with interest, a slight grin emerging.

LOPEZ  
If you're gonna do something you fucken do it! You don't ask someone else to do it for you.

JACK'S grin disappears. LOPEZ advances on GISHO, pulls a knife. GISHO doesn't flinch.

JACK  
Sit down, Lopez!

LOPEZ waves the knife at JACK before slamming it into GISHO'S desk.

LOPEZ  
Have the guts to do it yourself.

STUDENTS are horrified. JACK moves towards LOPEZ, who grabs the knife, points it indicating for JACK to remain where he is. JACK dials his mobile.

LOPEZ  
Gisho's right, kill the cunt!  
This Jones' cunt's a coward. '*Bash the fucken Lebs,*' he says. But did you see him bash any Lebs? You fucken Skips, you haven't got the balls to do something one out. You've gotta be told by a faggot like Jones!

LOPEZ points to the board.

LOPEZ  
That's a fucken start but it's pissweak! You've gotta make a real statement!

LOPEZ takes a bible from his pocket.

LOPEZ  
Destroy their fucken symbols.

LOPEZ spits on the bible, rips it to pieces, tosses it at the students. DUCK and TITCH, horrified, stand. JACK indicates for TITCH and DUCK to stay back. LOPEZ lunges at them. They hastily back. LOPEZ rips his shirt open, points to his SS tattoo. JACK inches towards LOPEZ who points at him.

LOPEZ  
This is my land, arseholes! If you wanta live here, you'll live in peace, understand?  
(screaming)  
My fucken peace, understand? My fucken peace!

LOPEZ holds his mobile

LOPEZ  
What's fucken wrong with mobiles? I'll give you fucken mobiles, you fucken cunt!

LOPEZ throws the mobile hard at JACK hitting him in the face then violently overturns desks. He confronts SLOAN.

LOPEZ  
My place, understand?

SLOAN  
(whimpering)  
Yes.

JACK cautiously moves to LOPEZ. LOPEZ points his knife at JACK who freezes.

LOPEZ  
Try it, Nigger. Just fucken try it.  
Anyone wanta have a go?  
(to GISHO)  
See how easy it is. You and me, man, a  
two-man army.

LOPEZ indicates the graffiti.

LOPEZ  
We can graffiti this whole fucken  
world, Man. Colour it red.

GISHO still doesn't respond. LOPEZ indicates TIGGY.

LOPEZ  
What, for that?

TIGGY  
Fuck off!

LOPEZ points his knife at her.

LOPEZ  
You fuck off, Slag!

TIGGY jumps up. GISHO lunges at LOPEZ who slashes at him. TIGGY gets between LOPEZ and GISHO, physically challenging LOPEZ to stab her.

TIGGY  
If you're gonna do it do it. Stop air-  
raiding about it!

She thrusts her chest at LOPEZ.

JACK  
I've called the police.

LOPEZ laughs, slashes his own chest and laughs hysterically. LOPEZ rubs the blood, blots out FOO WAS HERE with imprints of blood. He pockets his knife, casually walks out the door.

LOPEZ  
(screaming)  
Get involved in life, Niggers. See the  
fucken world.

JACK shudders, stands a desk up. STUDENTS assist. TIGGY sits by herself. GISHO wants to go to her but doesn't.

SLOAN  
Shouldn't we like do something?

MRS HALL appears at the door. JACK whispers to her. She leaves.

JACK  
The police are on their way. Um, I think we should discuss what just happened. So, um, anyone?

JOLENE indicates the flyer.

JOLENE  
No doubt who wrote this.

STUDENTS look at GISHO apologetically.

SLOAN  
If that's what Lebanese are about send them back.

GISHO  
Lopez is Australia.

SLOAN  
I don't care. Send him back to Lebanon.

GISHO  
He's not Lebanese.

SLOAN waves a flyer.

SLOAN  
This is sick. He's like really sick.

GISHO  
Lopez didn't write that.

The STUDENTS are confused.

TITCH  
Who wrote it?

JACK slowly approaches GISHO. SLOAN and JOLENE are horrified with the possibility GISHO wrote it. TIGGY is unsettled.

TIGGY  
You didn't write it! Fucken stop it!

GISHO  
It was written by the same person who slashed your tyres.

TIGGY  
Shut-up, Gisho!

TIGGY goes to GISHO, stands over him. GISHO stands.

TIGGY  
Stop it! Fucken stop it. I mean it.

She hits him continually in the chest with her forearms, breaks down. GISHO sits her down. JACK stands behind her. GISHO looks deep into JACK'S eyes, sees his own reflection, holds the moment.

GISHO  
You wrote it, didn't you?

JACK laughs. TIGGY is dumbfounded.

JACK  
You've got no idea of the real world,  
Gisho. When you refuse to get involved  
you make it easy for people to  
manipulate you.

JACK looks straight at GISHO who shows no emotion.

GISHO  
My old man got involved, Jack. Where  
did that get him?

JACK smiles affectionately. GISHO nearly cracks, composes himself. TIGGY runs out.

172 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

TIGGY sits by herself. In the background Jack's Corona is in the same spot, tyres flat. GISHO appears above her.

TIGGY  
I think I underestimated him.

She looks up.

GISHO  
No...You underestimated me.

TIGGY watches GISHO painfully walk out the school gates. She holds back tears.

173 INT. OFFICE OF UNDERGROUND POSTERS - DAY

GISHO enters the office. JUTTA and JIMBEAM have been severely bashed. They tidy their office which is decimated, printing equipment smashed, posters torn, graffiti everywhere. They don't acknowledge GISHO, continue cleaning. The empty drawer of the new desk is open.

GISHO picks up a bundle of posters, grabs his backpack. JUTTA blocks the doorway. He stares her down. She reluctantly allows him past.

174 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

GISHO drops posters, bucket and squeegee on the footpath. A row of posters line the wall. GISHO angrily rips a poster from the wall, discards it, rips the next poster off the wall.

Moments later: all the posters have been ripped from the wall. GISHO slaps glue on the wall. A hand holds a poster for him. He instantly turns. TIGGY grins. GISHO acknowledges with a slight smirk. He takes the poster, adheres it to the wall. TIGGY runs the squeegee over the poster. The music rips.

Moments later: the wall is covered in new posters. GISHO and TIGGY carry their equipment away.

175 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

More posters have been stripped from a wall. GISHO and TIGGY have stuck posters to half the wall.

LATER: TIGGY pastes the last poster. GISHO tags OO WAS HERE.

Shotgun pellets smash into the tag inches from GISHO'S face creating a crater in the wall. GISHO, terrified, turns. STANOVIC aims a sawn-off pump action shot-gun at GISHO'S face. TIGGY screams. STANOVIC momentarily looks at her, allowing GISHO time to duck just as STANOVIC fires the second shot, shattering the image on a poster.

GISHO and TIGGY bolt. STANOVIC fires, attempting to kill.

The ute pulls up. STANOVIC hops in. The ute screeches after GISHO and TIGGY who turn a corner, sprint down the footpath. The ute mounts the footpath.

176 EXT. SMALL LANEWAY - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY scamper down a laneway. The ute, unable to enter, stops. STANOVIC chases on foot. The ute speeds off.

STANOVIC gains. The ute appears at the opposite end of the laneway. BLUEYE jumps from the ute, points the shotgun at GISHO'S face. GISHO and TIGGY freeze. STANOVIC catches up, punches GISHO to the back of the head sending him crashing to the ground. STANOVIC, exhausted, puts his hands on his knees, indicates GISHO.

STANOVIC  
Kill this cunt!

TIGGY

No!

BLUEYE points the shotgun at GISHO'S head, grins leeringly at TIGGY. TIGGY quickly undoes her top.

TIGGY

You can fuck me. Both you.

BLUEYE

Did you think we weren't?

She removes her top. BLUEYE hands the shotgun to STANOVIC, still recovering. BLUEYE molests TIGGY. She squirms.

GISHO slowly removes his knife, flicks it open.

BLUEYE has TIGGY face to the wall. He tugs her jeans down.

GISHO stabs a tyre of the ute. It explodes like a gunshot. STANOVIC and BLUEYE turn. GISHO stabs at STANOVIC'S face. STANOVIC blocks the knife but drops the shotgun. GISHO kicks it away, stabs BLUEYE in the upper arm. BLUEYE backs. TIGGY pulls her jeans up.

GISHO

Run.

TIGGY bolts. STANOVIC grabs the gun as GISHO sprints after TIGGY. STANOVIC fires but they are too far away.

STANOVIC and BLUEYE give chase.

177 EXT. CYCLONE WIRE FENCE - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY scramble over the cyclone fence. STANOVIC and BLUEYE don't appear to be following. GISHO and TIGGY dash towards the security gate.

178 EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE see GISHO and TIGGY sprinting towards the security gate.

179 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO opens the security gate but drops the key as it opens. TIGGY freaks.

180 EXT. DRAIN - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE creep along the exposed drain towards the security gate. They see GISHO hurriedly enter the system and pull the gate closed behind him.

181 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO runs along the shelf in the dark.

182 EXT. DRAIN - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE grin when they discovers the gate is unlocked.

183 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO pulls himself onto the shelf, turns his torch on.

STANOVIC

I can see you, cunt!

A flash, a bang, pellets spray past GISHO. GISHO grabs what he can carry, turns his torch off, runs further into the cave.

STANOVIC lights a cigarette lighter. He and BLUEYE pull themselves onto the shelf, listen. GISHO can be heard moving further into the drain. STANOVIC shoots in GISHO'S direction. STANOVIC and BLUEYE edge along the drain.

STANOVIC

You're ours now, cunt!

BLUEYE

Guess what's gonna happen?

STANOVIC

Ha, ha the slut first!

184 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - NIGHT

TIGGY locks the security gate.

185 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE see a light up ahead. STANOVIC shoots towards the light. It extinguishes. With the aid of their cigarette lighter STANOVIC and BLUEYE edge to where the light was. They discover a shotgun damaged torch near stairs leading to the sewer.

STANOVIC

What the fuck!

186 EXT. MANHOLE - NIGHT

TIGGY lifts the cover from the manhole. GISHO exits with his possessions. She replaces the cover.

187 INT. DRAIN - NIGHT

STANOVIC and BLUEYE return to GISHO'S remaining possessions, smash everything they can.

188 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - NIGHT

GISHO and TIGGY check the gate is still locked. It is. They look into the drain.

GISHO  
Hey, arseholes, can I get you a Big Mac?

A flash and gunshot bellows from the drain. GISHO and TIGGY spring to the side of the security gate. STANOVIC and BLUEYE appear.

189 INT/EXT. DRAIN - NIGHT

STANOVIC points the gun at the lock, fires. The gun is empty. GISHO appears.

GISHO  
Pellets with that?

TIGGY appears. STANOVIC attempts to stab them through the gate with the shotgun.

STANOVIC  
Open the gate, cunt!

BLUEYE  
You think we're not gonna track you?

STANOVIC  
You're both fucken dead!

BLUEYE  
We're gonna mutilate you, with a broomstick--

STANOVIC gesticulates with the shotgun. TIGGY walks away, disgusted.

STANOVIC  
Your families, fucken everyone.

BLUEYE laughs hysterically. GISHO whispers to STANOVIC.

GISHO  
If you don't get involved in life you don't learn. You spend your whole life on the inside looking out.

GISHO sprays writing on the wall. He leaves to a stream of abuse.

GISHO  
See the world, arseholes!

190 EXT. PUMPING STATION - NIGHT

GISHO opens a large valve. Water gushes below. He opens another, another.

191 EXT. SECURITY GATE ON DRAIN - DAY

The sun breaks the horizon. STANOVIC and BLUEYE lie dead, crushed against the security gate along with the remains of GISHO'S possessions. The water has subsided.

A tag on the wall reads *G WAS HERE*.

192 EXT. STREET - DAY

Cars pass GISHO'S posters on the wall. The silo can be seen in the background. Early morning sunlight reflects off writing near the top of the silo.

193 EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

TIGGY waits to board an interstate bus. GISHO is with her. He doesn't want her to go but knows she must. Their eyes lock in friendship. She kisses him, hugs him hard, enters the bus.

As the bus departs GISHO walks with it. She smiles warmly, lovingly, through the window.

In the background the silo dominates. Near the top of the silo is stencil graffiti of a green Jaguar car. LEAVE HER ALONE is written in metre high writing under I=ME with a small 2 to the right of the E (reading: I equals ME squared). We zoom in on the 2 to reveal the 2 is cleverly made up of G WAS HERE tags.

194 INT. OFFICE OF UNDERGROUND POSTERS - NIGHT

The music thumps. GISHO sleeps on the floor of the office for underground posters. He uses his backpack as a pillow, under a new tag *G WAS HERE*.

FADE OUT