

A Green Light

Feature film script

Adapted from the novel A Green Light

by

Ray Mooney

FADE IN:

EXT. DISCOTHEQUE (1968 MARCH) - NIGHT

MORGAN, a ruggedly engaging knockabout whose maturity belies his 18 years, swigs from a bottle of Southern Comfort outside a discotheque. Two EX-WRESTLERS in cardigans guard the entrance. The music thumps.

TOMMY (25), a disco groupie, impatiently reaches for the bottle.

TOMMY

Leave some for us, Morgan!

Morgan avoids Tommy, continues drinking. He surfaces to see two cute GIRLS approaching the discotheque. Tommy grabs the bottle.

The girls are pursued by a car load of LOUTS.

Morgan digs Tommy in the ribs as he admires the girls' shapely legs. Tommy continues drinking.

LOUT 1

Get in, we'll give you a ride.

The girls, noses in the air, ignore the louts.

MORGAN

Not tonight, Josephine.

The car stops. Lout 1 leans out the window.

LOUT 1

(to Morgan)

Suck a cock, Kactus.

The louts burst into derisive laughter.

MORGAN

(grinning)

Bring your head over here, pickle,
and we can all suck one.

The Bouncers laugh, give Morgan the nod as the car burns half a tyre before roaring away.

TOMMY

And don't come back, pickles.

Morgan, grinning, saunters to the girls, runs a hand through his hair.

MORGAN
What's yer name?

She glances at Morgan's calloused knuckles.

SUE-ELLEN
Sue-Ellen.

MORGAN
That'll do.

SUE-ELLEN
What's yours?
MORGAN
Interested, are yer?

Sue-Ellen, provocatively dressed, giggles to her more conservative friend.

FRIEND
Come on, Sue.

SUE-ELLEN
(to Morgan)
You going in?

MORGAN
Might.

Morgan grabs the bottle from Tommy, skoals the remainder.

The girlfriend pulls Sue-Ellen towards the discotheque doors.

The car returns, skids to a halt. Lout 1, cradling a tyre lever, leaps from the car.

LOUT 1
Hey, poofter, how tough are yer now?

Morgan throws the bottle, rushes Lout 1. The bottle misses but Morgan tackles Lout 1 who falls backwards, his head striking the gutter with a sickening thud.

Sue-Ellen screams as Morgan reigns blows into the unconscious
Lout.

EXT. PRISON CLASSIFICATION YARD (1968 JULY) - MORNING

Sentenced PRISONERS, wearing civilian winter clothes, enter the
Classification Yard in single file.

As each Prisoner enters, JALE, youthful yet prison-wise, speaks
briefly to them. They acknowledge Jale, without letting the GATE
OFFICER or the TOWER GUARD become aware of their acknowledgment.

PRISONERS already in the yard walk up and down. Two classes stand
out: the BOOBHEADS or recidivists, who walk as if they own the
yard, and the SQUAREHEADS, who walk to avoid physical contact
with the Boobheads.

The yard is open to the elements. Above, the tower guard observes
the Classification Yard and other yards.

Morgan, obviously a squarehead, in expensive navy blue suit,
collar but no tie, halts at the gate.

GATE OFFICER

Name?

Morgan hesitates.

MORGAN

Morgan, Johnny Morgan.

GATE OFFICER

(ticking name off list)

Sir!

MORGAN

Pardon?

GATE OFFICER

(calmly)

It's Morgan, Sir.

Morgan considers.

GATE OFFICER (cont'd)

This is your home for twelve years, son.

MORGAN

Morgan, Sir.

GATE OFFICER

Step in, Morgan.

Morgan steps through the gate. The Gate Officer slams the gate, padlocks it.

INT. CLASSIFICATION YARD - MORNING

Jale susses Morgan as he stands just inside the gate. Morgan returns his stare, resolute and unafraid.

JALE

We're on a hunger strike.

Jale turns to walk away. Morgan pretends he didn't hear.

MORGAN

What?

Jale glances at the Tower Officer, implying Morgan is trying to get him into trouble. The tower Officer is checking another yard.

JALE

You heard!

Jale joins Boobheads walking up and down. A bell rings.

GATE OFFICER

Breakfast up.

The Squareheads, to the disgust of the Boobheads, quickly line up on a white line bisecting the yard longitudinally.

The Boobheads continue pacing.

Morgan is unsure what to do. Jale glares at him challengingly.

The Gate Officer opens the gate. The Squareheads quickly march out.

The Gate Officer scrutinies Morgan, who defiantly remains solid. The Gate Officer slams the gate shut.

Morgan, looking for approval, grins at Jale, who ignores him and races to the gate.

JALE
Yer fucken sucks!

TOWER OFFICER
Shut up, Jale!

Jale mouths *get fucked* to the Tower Officer as he passes Morgan.

MORGAN
What happens now?

JALE
Fucked if I know, but they're not getting over us!

Morgan pursues Jale.

MORGAN
What're we striking for?

Jale sits on the bench alongside TITCH and MULLINS, their neck and hands covered in boob tats. Morgan looks at Mullins who shrugs his shoulders, then at Titch.

TITCH
Dunno.

MORGAN
Well who bloody does?

Titch and Mullins look wearily at Jale who jumps up and shouts for the benefit of the Tower Officer.

JALE
More food! We're striking for more fuckin food!

Jale walks away.

MORGAN
That makes sense. We want more food so we're going on a hunger strike.

Jale turns, eyeballs Morgan who matches the challenge.

LATER: the Gate opens and the Squareheads return. The Boobheads indicate their disgust with threatening gestures.

GREEDYGUTS (28) who could be an executive on the outside, smiles at Morgan.

GREEDYGUTS
Should've been there. That much they
had to chuck it out.

Morgan, aware of the Boobheads, acknowledges Greedyguts with a snarl.

JALE
Enjoy yer brekky did yer, boys?

GREEDYGUTS
What's it to you?

Jale lunges at Greedyguts but is restrained by Mullins and Titch who indicate the Tower Guard is watching. Greedyguts laughs.

JALE
You'll keep.

GREEDYGUTS
Ah, grow up.

Morgan walks up and down by himself. The gate opens.

TOWER OFFICER
Muster up.

The Squareheads immediately stand on the white line. The Boobheads act as if the order hadn't been given.

Morgan leans against the wall.

TOWER OFFICER (cont'd)
(screaming)
Line up.

The Boobheads continue walking.

The Tower Guard points to Morgan.

TOWER OFFICER (cont'd)
You there!

Morgan pretends he doesn't know who the Tower Guard is referring to.

TOWER OFFICER (cont'd)
You were given a direct order.

Morgan remains defiant. The Tower Officer reaches for the phone.

Jale motions to Morgan as he ambles to the line, the other Boobheads following. Morgan drifts to the line, stands between Jale and Titch.

The Tower Officer replaces the phone.

CHIEF PRISON OFFICER GAMMEL (50), overweight and untidy, enters the yard with a SENIOR PRISON OFFICER (40) and the Gate Officer.

MULLINS.
Uh oh, the Human Ashtray!

The Boobheads laugh.

GATE OFFICER
Parade...atten...shun.

The Squareheads snap their feet together. The Boobheads don't flinch. Nor does Morgan.

The SPO gives the Boobheads a filthy glare.

GAMMEL
Any requests?

The Squareheads, especially Greedyguts, emphasise they don't have any requests.

TITCH
(mumbling to Jale)
Frank Sinatra?

Gammel nods to the SPO and turns to leave.

JALE
We want food.

The Boobheads respond with 'yeahs!'.

A slight sneer appears on Gammel who walks down the line to Jale.

GAMMEL

If you have a request the correct procedure is to put down to see the Governor.

Jale sneers.

GAMMEL (cont'd)

I make myself clear?

Jale doesn't respond. Gammel turns to leave.

GAMMEL (cont'd)

If that's all there is...

The Boobheads looks to Jale.

JALE

What about the food?

GAMMEL returns to Jale.

GAMMEL

What's your name, son?

Jale sneers.

SPO

Jale. Francis Jale.

GAMMEL

Well, Francis, if you've got a complaint put down to see the Governor.

JALE

I'm telling you.

TITCH

Yeah.

GAMMEL

You have to see the Governor.

MULLINS

(mumbling)

Fuck the Governor!

SPO

(English accent)
Who said that?
(to Tower Guard)
Who said that?

MULLINS.
(send-up)
Who said dat?

The Boobheads laugh. Morgan smiles.

GAMMEL
(flustered)
What's wrong with the food?

JALE
What's right with it!

MULLINS.
It's shithouse!

TITCH
You try and eat it!

GAMMEL
What's wrong with it?

JALE
(screaming)
It's shit! It's fuckin shit!

Silence. Gammel walks to the Squareheads.

GAMMEL
How many of you had breakfast?

The Squareheads put their hands up. Gammel grins.

GAMMEL (cont'd)
(to the Boobheads)
It can't be that bad.

Gammel smirks triumphantly to the SPO and indicates the parade is over by walking to the gate.

GATE OFFICER
(yelling)
Parade...

Without moving a muscle Morgan lets out a piercing rooster scream.

The prisoners laugh, even the Squareheads.

The SPO looks to the Tower Guard to determine who the rooster is. The Tower Guard shrugs his shoulders.

Gammel hurries back, walks down the line.

GAMMEL

If anyone's got anything to say step out and say it.

Nobody moves.

GAMMEL (cont'd)

Course not. That type's never got any guts.

Jale sneers and half looks at Morgan, stoic as a statue.

GAMMEL (cont'd)

You've just forfeited your film for the week.

The Squareheads moan, glare accusingly at the Boobheads.

The Officers walks towards the gate.

GATE OFFICER

Parade...

Morgan emits a ripper, short but loud.

The Officers immediately turn but are unable to determine the culprit. The Boobheads, including Morgan, are laughing.

The Squareheads groan as they look along the line, trying to determine for the Officers who the rooster is.

Greedyguts pleads with his eyes to Gammel that it's not his fault.

GAMMEL

Add to that your wireless for a week.

Greedyguts moans. The Boobheads laugh.

GAMMEL (cont'd)
If I hear it again I'll cancel all
visits for a month!

GREEDYGUTS
(to the Boobheads)
Come on, chaps, not our visits!

Gammel turns to leave.

Jale glances at Morgan, adroitly shaking his head.

GATE OFFICER
Parade...
(long pause)
...dismissed.

The Prisoners immediately break off.

The gate is slammed shut, padlocked.

LATER: Morgan leans against the wall by himself.

Jale, Titch and Mullins share a block of chocolate as they shuffle up and down. Jale tosses Morgan a piece. Morgan smiles.

Nearing the gate Jale checks the Tower Guard who is watching another yard.

Morgan, eating chocolate, notices Jale move to the outside and king hit Greedyguts knocking him unconscious. The three Boobheads continue walking as if nothing happened.

SQUAREHEAD
(yelling and pointing)
I saw that! Sir! Sir!

The Tower guard looks down, immediately blows his whistle.

SQUAREHEAD (cont'd)
(pointing at Jale)
It was him, Sir! Him!

The gate opens. Four OFFICERS with batons stream into the yard.

TOWER OFFICER
(pointing at Jale)
That's him.

Jale stands alone in the middle of the yard holding his hands in the half surrender position as the four Officers barrel him. He attempts to throw a punch but is battered to the ground struggling and kicking.

Morgan glares at Titch and Mullins for not helping Jale.

An Officer kicks Jale.

Morgan rushes over, wrenches the Officer away. The Officer raises his baton to strike Morgan. Morgan ducks. The Officer misses, falls.

More OFFICERS charge in, grab Morgan. They drag him to the gate.

Morgan cock-a-doodles as he is forced through the gate.

The Boobheads erupt into a medley of animal cries.

INT. 'H' DIVISION RECEPTION - MORNING

A shadow moves across white walls.

Morgan, handcuffed behind his back, is forcibly pushed, face to the wall.

He turns, sees a mop in a bucket of water and a black CAT asleep on a mat.

Suddenly his face is smashed into the wall. He is pulled round.

THE FIST (30) towers over him. The Officers in H Division have been selected for their psychological and physical disposition. They are the elite, the SAS of the prison system.

THE FIST

(screaming)

Who gave you permission to look around?

GAUNT (28), hands covered in boob tats, is raring to go.

GAUNT

You were asked a question!

THE FIST

Well?

MORGAN

Well what?

GAUNT

Who gave you permission to look
around?

MORGAN

(defiantly)

I did.

SPO KERT (40), ex-military, supervises from the sidelines.

KERT

Down here you don't do anything till
you're told.

Morgan doesn't respond. Gaunt jabs him with a pig killer, a baton
designed for excessive force.

GAUNT

Understand?

Morgan flinches, snarls defiantly at Gaunt.

MORGAN

Sure thing.

GAUNT

Sir!

Morgan scoffs. Gaunt glances at Kert who nods.

Gaunt removes a key from his belt. Morgan holds his cuffed hands
out behind him.

The Fist smashes Morgan to the guts dropping him.

THE FIST

You don't do anything till you're
fucken told!

Morgan struggles to rise. The Fist kicks him.

THE FIST (cont'd)

You fucken deaf?

Morgan lays on the ground.

THE FIST (cont'd)

Now get up.

Morgan struggles up.

GAUNT

Name?

KERT

Give the officer your name, Morgan.

MORGAN

Morgan.

GAUNT

Morgan what?

Morgan laughs.

GAUNT (cont'd)

What's funny, Morgan?

MORGAN

Who'd name their kid Morgan What?

The Officers laugh.

GAUNT

Hold your hands out.

Morgan holds his hands out behind him.

GAUNT (cont'd)

Name?

Morgan doesn't answer. The Fist looks to Kert.

KERT

Give the officer your name.

Morgan doesn't answer. Kert nods.

The Fist grabs Morgan by the throat and runs him full throttle into the wall. Morgan slides semi-conscious to the ground.

GAUNT

Name?

MORGAN

Get fucked!

The Fist kicks Morgan in the face rendering him unconscious.

LATER: Morgan regains consciousness. His handcuffs have been removed but his face is stuck to the floor with blood.

The Fist empties the contents of the mop bucket over Morgan's face.

GAUNT

Get up.

Morgan staggers up. Blood pours from his nose.

Kert pushes a red button on the wall. A red light over the gate to the prison cell block area lights up. The gate is unlocked from the other side.

GILCHRIST (30), tall and wiry, enters.

GAUNT (cont'd)

Strip off.

Morgan hesitates. WHACK. The Fist smashes him across the buttocks with his pig killer.

THE FIST

Do as your fucken told!

Morgan turns to The fist. WHACK. Gaunt smashes him across the buttocks.

Morgan jumps back, shapes up defensively. The Fist, Gilchrist and Gaunt fly at Morgan, smashing him into the wall. They pommel him to the ground. Morgan covers his head but is flogged relentlessly around the body.

The cat sleeps.

Kert nods. The Officers back off. Morgan moans.

GAUNT

Who gave you permission to cry,
Morgan?

Morgan can't answer. WHACK. Gilchrist hits Morgan across the buttocks. Morgan yelps.

KERT

You don't do anything until you're
given permission. Understand?

WHACK. Gilchrist hits him again. Morgan swallows his pain.
Gilchrist steps back.

KERT (cont'd)

Better, Morgan, Much better.
Continue.

GAUNT

Get up!

Morgan pulls himself up.

GAUNT (cont'd)

Name?

Morgan doesn't answer. Gaunt looks at Kert who shakes his head.

GAUNT (cont'd)

Strip off.

Morgan painfully removes his clothes. Gaunt indicates for
Morgan to pile his clothes on the ground.

Morgan stands in underpants.

THE FIST

You fucken deaf?

Morgan removes his underpants, drops them with the other
clothes.

Kert pushes the red button. The red light flashes. The gate
opens.

VOICE O.S.

Step in.

A prison TRUSTY, white calico hat pulled down to eye level and
dressed in denims with white stripes down the outside of baggy
jeans and a blue patch over the front and back of the heart area,
quick marches in carrying a small wooden box.

GILCHRIST

Halt.

The Trusty halts with military precision, salutes and stands to attention, the box under one arm.

Gaunt puts a stool in the middle of the floor.

GILCHRIST (cont'd)
(to Morgan)
Sit.

Morgan painfully sits.

GAUNT
(to the Trusty)
Haircut.

The Trusty puts his box down, removes hand clippers. He roughly hand clips the side of Morgan's hair.

LATER: Morgan stands naked in the middle of reception, his head almost bald. Gilchrist hands him a hat.

GILCHRIST
This will be worn at eye level at all
times.

Morgan puts the hat on, pulls it to eye level. WHACK. The Fist batons his arse. Morgan writhes in pain.

THE FIST
Wait till you're fucken told.

Morgan pulls the hat off. WHACK. Gaunt batons him.

GAUNT
Who told you to take it off?

MORGAN
But...

KERT
You don't do anything till you're
told.

GAUNT
Understand?

Morgan doesn't answer. WHACK. The Fist batons him.

THE FIST

Understand?

Morgan painfully pulls away.

MORGAN

Yes, I fucken understand.

WHACK. Gaunt batons him.

GAUNT

Yes, I fucken understand, Sir!

MORGAN

Fucken cunts!

Morgan swings wildly but his punches miss. The three officers baton him to the ground. The Fist straddles and throttles him.

GAUNT

What's your fucken name, Morgan?

Morgan doesn't answer. The Fist looks at Kert. Morgan sees Kert nod his head. The Fist squeezes harder.

GAUNT (cont'd)

What's your fucken name?

Morgan doesn't answer. Gilchrist whacks him across the groin, again and again.

GAUNT (cont'd)

Name?

MORGAN

(barely)

Morgan.

The Fist lets go.

GAUNT

Morgan what?

Morgan looks at Kert. Kert nods to the Fist.

MORGAN

Morgan, Sir.

GAUNT

Pardon?

MORGAN
(louder)
Morgan, Sir.

KERT
Louder.

MORGAN
(louder)
Morgan, Sir.

KERT
Better, Morgan. Much better.

Kert nods. They forcibly turn Morgan onto his stomach. The Fist and Gaunt hold him. Gilchrist mercilessly thrashes his buttocks.

KERT (cont'd)
Next time an office asks a question
you answer immediately, otherwise
there won't be a next time.
Understand, Morgan?

MORGAN
Yes, Sir.

KERT
Understand?

MORGAN
(screaming)
Yes, Sir.

Kert nods. Gilchrist stops, exhausted.

KERT
I don't think we'll have any more
trouble from Morgan.

INT. LABOUR YARDS - DAY

Morgan, hat pulled to eye level and dressed in similar clothes to the Trusty, wearily breaks bluestone with a sledge hammer. Gilchrist, with rifle, patrols above.

LATER: Morgan stands to attention on the cross. Gilchrist watches.

GILCHRIST
What'd you want, Morgan?

MORGAN
(head down)
Toilet, Sir.

Gilchrist walks away. The door to another yard noisily opens.

THE FIST O.S.
On the cross, cunt!

GAUNT O.S.
Name?

GILCHRIST O.S.
Give the officer your name, Jale!

JALE O.S.
Get fucked, you maggots!

Morgan hears Jale being battered mercilessly. Urine trickles down his leg.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Morgan, dressed, lies on top of his made-up bed. Moonlight filters through his opaque cell window onto the painted bluestone walls. His eyes are expressionless.

The quietness is shattered by the eerie sound of a prisoner mentally cracking. Haunting screams morph into a repetitious sounds of flesh hitting bluestone. Morgan remains expressionless.

INT. CELL - MORNING

Morgan stands at attention on the cross in his cell.

His blankets have been folded with military precision at the end of his thin mattress.

Cell doors open and close. Prisoners quick marching echoes through Morgan's cell.

Morgan's door is unlocked. Morgan salutes with exactness.

THE FIST

Name?

MORGAN

Morgan, Sir.

THE FIST

Step out.

INT. H DIVISION - MORNING

Morgan quick marches towards the labour yards, with The Fist directly behind.

THE FIST O.S.

Halt.

Morgan stops in front of Kert, salutes, looks at his spot.

KERT

Your friend, Jale, didn't last.

Morgan sneaks a glance to the side. A body lies on the floor covered with a grey blanket. The cat purrs alongside. Whack. The Fist smashes Morgan's buttocks. Morgan finds his spot.

KERT (cont'd)

DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES. I WAS THE ONE WHO CUT HIM DOWN, MORGAN. AM I gonna have to cut you down, Morgan?

MORGAN

No, Sir.

KERT

(smiling)

And why's that, Morgan?

Morgan hesitates.

KERT (cont'd)

Hmmm?

MORGAN

Because I've resigned, Sir.

KERT

Pardon?

Morgan grins directly at Kert and before The Fist can whack him, sprints to the cat, grabs it by the throat.

MORGAN

I've fucken resigned from the human
race, mate.

Morgan snaps the cat's neck.

EXT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB (1980) - NIGHT

High level rock pumps. PATRONS queue for entry to The Fridge, a knockabout nightclub, where the toughest have maximum respect. SUSIE (35) the door bitch, glamorous and dressed fashionably in maroon jacket, determines entry.

Three BIKIES, leather-clad with club logos, barge through the queue.

Susie turns to a bouncer in a maroon jacket, Morgan now 30, hardened, intriguing and chiseled.

MORGAN

Sorry, boys, we're full.

The Bikies laugh. It's Morgan's first night. One pushes him in the chest. Morgan, unsure of what to do, looks at Susie. TONY, a seven-foot leviathan in maroon jacket, appears next to Morgan. He pushes two Bikies hard.

TONY

You heard the man!

The bold mood of the Bikies evaporates. They look at each other, retreat.

BIKIE 1

(pointing at Tony)

We'll be back for you, cunt!

TONY

You bring the Vaseline, Shagger.

Tony, uncertain if Morgan is up to the job, looks at Susie.

SUSIE

(to Morgan)

Best to respond immediately. Don't
let them get the upper hand.

TONY

You'll get the hang of it.

CORBETT (50), crime czar, MERCENARY (40), Corbett's bodyguard, bald and ferocious, EUCHRE (30), a Casanova-type and THE PINK RAT (30), with ginger hair and acne, both upmarket thugs, approach the club, bypassing the queue. Their notoriety is underlined by interest from the queue.

Corbett, suave and confident, acknowledges Susie who opens the door for them.

Euchre and The Pink Rat warmly greet Tony but ignore Morgan.

Mercenary slightly brushes Morgan who holds his ground. Mercenary twists like a steel spring. Morgan puts his hands up apologetically but grins ambiguously. Mercenary moves on as THEO, the nightclub owner, appears, greeting Corbett like family.

Theo, who could pass as a Greek shipping magnate, ushers the entourage inside.

Susie raises an eyebrow to Morgan highlighting his indiscretion. Morgan shrugs playfully.

WENDY, a waitress (28) voluptuous and tough, hurries out. Morgan grins but she ignores him.

WENDY

(to Susie)

Trouble.

Susie indicates for Morgan to check it out.

INT. THE FRIDGE - NIGHT

The nightclub is in full swing. A raised dance floor is surrounded by tiers of tables, with a large horse-shoe bar to one side. Scantily-clad WAITRESSES wait on tables.

LORD BYRON the DJ, who could have been dressed by Wirth's Circus, with long grey hair and white beard, struts along a platform resembling the floor of a stock exchange. Acting the role of stock exchange jobber, he mimes a song as near-naked dancers

make him look good. The wall behind is set up like a stock exchange board, but instead of companies listed it portrays song titles that light up when played.

Morgan follows Wendy to a table of MAORI MEN and WOMEN, a potent rugby scrum, sitting next to two unaccompanied GIRLS. A large MAORI WOMAN (25) continually pushes one of the girls in the back.

MORGAN

What's the problem?

MAORI WOMAN

You the owner?

MORGAN

What's the problem?

MAORI WOMAN

(pushing the girl)

This fucken thing pinched our chair.

GIRL

Did not. They're our chairs.

WENDY

That's right. They belong to that table.

GIRL

See!

Mercenary passes, bumps Morgan, continues without apology.

MAORI WOMAN

(to Wendy)

What would you know, you fucken dyke!

Morgan puts his hand on the Maori woman's shoulder.

MORGAN

Calm down, sweetheart.

MAORI WOMAN

I'm not yer fucken sweetheart, whitey.

The rugby scrum laugh.

WENDY

I'm not serving them again.

Wendy looks at Morgan expecting him to act.

MORGAN

Okay, you're barred.

The Maori Woman stands to confront Wendy. She's heavily pregnant. The scrum are ready to rumble. Theo arrives.

THEO

(whispering)

Get them out before they start fighting.

MORGAN

Settle down, everyone.

The Maori woman punches the girl in the back of the head. Morgan immediately grabs the Maori woman from behind, lifts her and carries her struggling towards the door. The Maoris are so taken aback that instead of attacking they grab their gear and follow.

EXT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Susie moves aside as Morgan releases the Maori Woman. The queue is empty. The Maori woman shakes her self and swings wildly at Morgan who easily evades.

The Rugby team angrily emerge. Tony and Susie usher them to one side. The Maori woman screams.

MAORI WOMAN

(pointing at Morgan)

He punched me!

Tony and Susie turn to see the Maori woman on the ground desperately backing from Morgan who indicates he never touched her.

Tony, realising the gravity of the situation, stands between Morgan and the scrum.

Wendy arrives.

MAORI MAN

(approaching Morgan)

What'd you hit a pregnant woman for?

TONY

You've had a good night. I suggest you
all go home.

MAORI MAN

(to Morgan)

What'd you hit her for?

MAORI WOMAN

(pointing at Morgan)

He's the one.

Suddenly one of the Maoris attempts to king hit Tony who ducks
and pushes the Maori to his knees.

SUSIE

We don't want any trouble. There's no
need for this.

MAORI MAN

You hit a pregnant woman.

The Maoris surround Morgan who defensively holds his hands up.
Theo arrives with Detective MUNROE (50) long hair, super fit,
and who could pass as an undercover. Munroe waves a police badge.

MUNROE

I'm a police officer--

MAORI MAN

(pointing at Morgan)

He hit a pregnant woman!

SUSIE

He never touched her.

MAORI WOMAN

He fucken did!

WENDY

She started it!

MORGAN

Say it once more and I will hit you!

MUNROE

(to Morgan)

Shut up, you!

TONY

He never touched her, Ted.

SUSIE

(to Munroe)

She fell.

MAORI MAN

What'd you hit a pregnant woman for?

Morgan laughs.

MUNROE

Move along or I'll have you all arrested.

MAORI MAN

He hit a pregnant woman!

MUNROE

Then go to the police station. Make an official complaint.

The Maori Man pokes Munroe in the chest.

MAORI MAN

I'm making my complaint to you, asshole!

The Maoris support their captain. Munroe pulls his gun, points it at the leg of the Maori man.

MUNROE

You like me to acknowledge that complaint? Hmmmmm?

The Maori woman pulls the Maori Man away. The scrum decide retreat is the best strategy.

MAORI WOMAN

White cunts! All you're good for is hitting pregnant women.

The scrum disappear.

MUNROE

(to Morgan, but for Theo)

Not a good career move, son, hitting pregnant women.

Wendy considers coming to Morgan's defence but doesn't. Morgan glares hatred at Munroe who returns the veiled threat with equal venom. Theo, sensing further trouble puts an arm round Munroe and with Wendy they return to the club.

TONY

Next time, give her one for me.

Morgan grins.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB

Morgan stands inside the entrance. He watches Wendy take orders from Corbett's table. Glamorous WOMEN now accompany Mercenary, The Pink Rat and Euchre.

Theo drinks with Munroe at the bar.

MOONSHINE (19) dressed seductively as a schoolgirl and wearing a boater hat, stumbles onto the dance floor, bumping dancers. Lord Byron, watching her movements, plays, *You Can Leave Your Hat On*. Moonshine removes her blazer.

Morgan watches enthusiastically.

The lights dim. Lord Byron joins Moonshine reacting to her 'spontaneity' by miming the song. Patrons clear the floor. The crowd roar approval.

Morgan smiles as Moonshine removes her tunic and tosses it onto a table of revellers. Morgan notices THE ROPE (30), menacing, with a permanent sneer and displaying muscled tattooed arms, leering at Moonshine from the bar.

Wendy returns with a tray of drinks for Corbett's table. She skillfully place the drinks on the table.

Moonshine coyly removes her bra, teasing her excited audience.

Morgan's eyes light up. He catches Wendy looking at him with mock disdain. Morgan purposefully expresses voyeuristic glee at Moonshine now dancing round in her stockings, panties and hat.

Wendy shakes her head and laughs.

Morgan's eyes lock on Mercenary. They hold the moment until Mercenary runs his hand up Wendy's leg, unseen by Mercenary's

escort. Wendy jumps but allows the hand to remain, then tactfully moves. Mercenary grins at Morgan.

Tony appears next to Morgan.

TONY

Don't fall into him, Johnny.

Morgan scoffs.

TONY (cont'd)

They run this town, mate. They've got a green light.

Moonshine drops her panties, steps from them. Lord Byron kneels and picks them up with his teeth to the applause of the crowd.

Moonshine struts around as the crowd go berserk. But Morgan is admiring Corbett's group, not Moonshine.

EXT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Patrons leave the nightclub. Some acknowledge Tony, Morgan and Susie.

Corbett's group leave. Corbett slips Susie fifty bucks, shakes Tony's hand and nods to Morgan. Mercenary acknowledges Susie and shakes Tony's hand but purposefully ignores Morgan.

Morgan, somewhat envious, watches Euchre and The Pink Rat playfully spar with Tony.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The nightclub has closed. Munroe drinks with Theo and The Rope at the bar.

Lord Byron drinks from a whisky bottle as Moonshine dances on the empty dance floor. The Rope leeringly watches Moonshine.

Three Waitresses, including Wendy, drink at a table.

EXT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - EARLY MORNING

Morgan walks from the nightclub by himself.

EXT. CARPARK - EARLY MORNING

He approaches his hotted-up Monaro, stops abruptly.

MORGAN
(screaming at the sky)
Cunts! You fucken cunts!

The tires have been slashed.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - EARLY MORNING

Morgan nears Theo who is arguing with The Rope. He waits. The Rope glares at him.

THE ROPE
Fuck off!

Morgan bristles. Theo indicates not now to Morgan. Morgan notices Wendy laughing with her friends. He ambles over. The waitresses quieten, stare at Morgan.

MORGAN
(to Wendy)
Can you give's a lift home?

Wendy doesn't answer but encourages him to explain.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Car's bugged.

Wendy laughs, shakes her head.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Dead set.

The two waitresses conveniently look away. Wendy indicates Moonshine dancing by herself.

WENDY
What about Miss Playschool?

MORGAN
She hasn't got her licence.

WENDY
So?

MORGAN

I'll make you a cup of coffee.

The three girls burst out laughing. Morgan turns to walk away.

WENDY

(to the Waitresses)

How can I resist an offer like that?

Wendy grabs her bag. The girls give her the thumbs up.

INT. WENDY'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Wendy drives through the deserted streets of the city. Instrumental music plays on her radio. She stops at a red light. She catches Morgan checking her legs, laughs and shakes her head. The lights turn green.

Morgan smiles, wants to say something as they drive, but feels awkward. He looks in his side rear view mirror. Two MOTOR CYCLISTS, wearing leathers, approach in the distance.

MORGAN

Pull over.

WENDY

Why?

MORGAN

Now!

Wendy pulls into the kerb outside an all-night chemist. Morgan quickly gets out.

WENDY

What is it?

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Morgan walks behind Wendy's car, pretending to check a tyre.

INT. WENDY'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Wendy watches Morgan through her rear view mirror but can only see his head and shoulders.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Morgan removes a knife from his jacket, holds it behind his back. He tenses as the motor cyclists approach.

Two innocent motor cyclists speed past, oblivious to Morgan's mistake.

Morgan pockets his knife, goes to the passenger door.

MORGAN

Forgot I was out of condoms.

Morgan enters the chemist.

INT. WENDY'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Wendy, annoyed, turns the engine off.

INT. MORGAN'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING

The door opens to Morgan's flat. Morgan momentarily hesitates before switching the light on. He enters and Wendy cautiously follows. The flat is a bachelor pad recently equipped with the bare essentials, television, VCR, sound system.

He dims the lights before tossing his coat over porn videos.

She curiously looks around.

He throws the condoms on the table, she picks them up, laughs.

He puts an ACDC tape on, moves to the music, trying to be seductive.

WENDY

(joking)

Didn't know they made them that small.

He laughs.

MORGAN

Must've given me the wrong ones.

She places them on the table. He looks at her not knowing if he should make a move. He does, goes to kiss her. She allows the kiss then evades him, going to the kitchen area.

WENDY

So, where's your coffee?

She doesn't wait, finds things, switches an electric kettle on. He stands behind her, very close. She doesn't turn.

WENDY (cont'd)

Tell me about Johnny Morgan.

He nuzzles her neck. She arches back, allows it.

WENDY (cont'd)

Tell me.

MORGAN

Like what?

WENDY

You a sugar man, milk or straight up?

He laughs.

MORGAN

How d'yer like it?

He grabs her breasts.

WENDY

Me? I don't like coffee.

He kisses her neck.

MORGAN

What d'yer like?

She pulls away.

WENDY

Depends.

She sits at the table, pulls a pouch out and rolls a joint. Morgan, fascinated and somewhat bewildered he's not in control, watches.

The kettle boils. He turns it off, leaves it. Gets a bottle of Southern Comfort.

Wendy lights the joint, draws softly and exhales allowing the smoke to swallow her. She draws hard, holds it long before exhaling.

She offers the joint to Morgan. He shakes his head. Pours himself a drink. Her look is inquisitive.

MORGAN

Doesn't work for me.

WENDY

You've never been stoned?

He shakes his head. She smiles seductively before drawing hard, motions for him to come to her. He leans across. She kisses him, exhaling into him. He breathes it in, coughs. She laughs. He skoals his drink. She closes her eyes, savours the moment. He fights the urge to jump her. She half opens her eyes.

WENDY (cont'd)

No Mrs Morgan?

He looks around, indicating it's obvious.

WENDY (cont'd)

How come?

MORGAN

What're yer, a half-pye prosecutor?

She laughs.

WENDY

Just like to know what I might be getting into.

He smiles, moves to kiss her. She draws hard, stubs the joint on the matchbox. He waits. She puts her arms round his neck, slowly pulls his face to her, kisses him. He responds, almost too eagerly, cups her breasts. She pulls away slightly.

WENDY (cont'd)

So, who are you?

He considers.

MORGAN
Just got out of the nick.

WENDY
(unfazed)
How long?

MORGAN
Twelve years.

She conceals her surprise.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Killed as bloke in a street fight. So
I'm a little out of practice. Scared?

WENDY
Are you?

He grabs her, kisses her furiously. She responds. He pulls her blouse out, she assists. They fall to the floor, tearing at each other's clothes. Still in underpants he starts thrusting while attempting to remove her nickers.

WENDY (cont'd)
Don't rush it.

He keeps thrusting. She slightly pushes him away preventing him removing her knickers, but he's not listening.

WENDY (cont'd)
Johnny, please.

With one hand he attempts to lower his underpants. She pushes him away hard. He spontaneously forces her down, threateningly, grips her knickers, half pulls them off. Disappointed, she angles her face away, but glares at him. She turns her head back, glaring directly into his eyes, almost daring him, waiting.

He rolls onto his back, frustrated. She lays on her back, uncomfortable, pulls her knickers up.

MORGAN
What's the problem?

She scoffs, stands, grabs the condoms and tosses them to him. He lays there, aware of her implication.

She dresses. She walks to the door. Morgan curses.

WENDY
(indicating the porn)
I did one of those once.

She leaves. Morgan jumps up, pulls his pants up, follows.

MORGAN
(furious)
Hey!

EXT. MORGAN'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING

Wendy halts without looking back. Morgan stands at his doorway.

MORGAN
Any chance of borrowing it?

She smiles and continues walking.

EXT. THE FRIDGE - NIGHT

Rock music blasts through the open front door. Morgan, Susie and Tony are out front but no one's waiting to enter.

Tony lights a cigarette, offers Morgan one. He declines.

TONY
Don't know what you're missing.

MORGAN
Like emphysema, cancer, gonorrhoea.

TONY
You read so much shit about smoking
makes you wanta give up reading.

Morgan laughs.

INT. THE FRIDGE - NIGHT

It's a quiet night. Morgan looks for Wendy but can't see her.

Theo drinks at the bar with Munroe and his police mates.

The Rope chats up Moonshine while Lord Byron mimes a song.

The Pink Rat drinks at a table with three GLAMOURS.

Morgan catches Theo slip Munroe an envelope which Munroe surreptitiously pockets.

Munroe notices Morgan who refuses to look away.

Susie hurries in, indicates to Morgan he's wanted outside.

EXT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Morgan and Susie dash out. The three Bikies from the other night amble towards the nightclub.

TONY

Full house again, boys.

The Bikies laugh.

BIKIE 1

You don't think we wanta come in here,
d'yer?

BIKIE 2

Pox joint!

TONY

Then piss off!

The Bikies laugh tauntingly. Tony steps forward.

TONY (cont'd)

I said piss off!

From the darkness a mob of Bikies emerge, led by LAUGHING BOY, a permanent grin highlighted by fighting scars on either side of his face. They've come to destroy.

Susie runs inside.

LAUGHING BOY

Hear that, boys, faggot boy told us
to piss off.

BIKIE 1

(indicating Tony)

That's the cunt!

Morgan, grinning, steps along side Tony. A Bikie points a sawn-off shot gun at Morgan's face, ordering him back. Morgan doesn't move. The Bikie pokes the gun into Morgan's chest, forcing him back.

Laughing Boy's knuckle dusted fist spears into Tony's abdomen. As Tony doubles another Bikie smashes him with a lever. Tony falls to the ground.

Munroe rushes out, gun drawn. Theo and Susie follows.

MUNROE

Now I'm a police officer...

A Bikie points a sawn-off shotgun at Munroe from the side. Another takes Munroe's gun.

LAUGHING BOY

We're gonna raze this shit house to the ground.

A Bikie smashes a window of the nightclub. Three Bikies lay into Tony with their boots.

Morgan steps forward. The Bikie cocks the gun.

MORGAN

(pointing at Laughing Boy)

You and me, one out.

The gun is poked into the side of Morgan's face. Laughing Boy hisses his tongue, indicates to cease kicking Tony.

LAUGHING BOY

Who's this then, the Marquis of Queensberry?

The Bikies laugh.

MORGAN

You've never had a one out fight, have you, coward?

Laughing Boy's sneer momentarily disappears. He removes his knuckle dusters. Morgan looks deep into Laughing boy's eyes. A Bikie hits Morgan across the back with a wooden stake.

Morgan emits a blood curling scream as he hurls himself at Laughing Boy, who stands his ground. They throw a flurry of punches for ten seconds, neither taking a backward step.

The Rope, Theo, Moonshine and The Pink Rat watch from the doorway.

The Bikies scream encouragement for Laughing Boy.

Laughing Boy, pausing for breath, is the first to give ground. Morgan dives on him sending him to the ground, smashing his head into the concrete.

Morgan looks up and sees Moonshine screaming encouragement.

A Bikie punches Morgan in the face, then another, but Morgan reigns blows on the semi-conscious Laughing Boy.

Moonshine attempts to pull the Bikies away but is brutally pushed aside.

Another Bikie kicks Morgan in the back but Morgan continues punching.

Tony crawls over to assist but is repeatedly kicked. The Bikies keep their guns on the others. A police siren sounds in the distance.

The Bikies ferociously punch and kick Morgan and the unconscious Tony. Morgan hooks his finger into Laughing Boy's eye, wrenches the eye out.

Morgan jumps up, grins at the hesitant Bikies. Moonshine shrieks delight. The Bikies are momentarily horrified.

A Bikie fires a shot just missing Morgan's head. The Bikie aims again but before he can fire Morgan chews the eyeball and spits it at him.

The Bikies are stupefied. Morgan lets out a piercing scream which morphs into the approaching police siren.

The Bikies drag Laughing Boy away. Morgan devours the looks of stark terror in The Pink Rat, Theo and Munroe. The Rope grins.

Moonshine is electrified as Morgan erupt into hysterical laughter.

INT. THEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Morgan sits opposite Theo who stares at him as if trying to suss the real Morgan. Morgan's face is bruised and his knuckles skinned. Through a two-way mirror, which reveals the nightclub, Morgan can see Munroe pacifying a group of uniformed POLICE.

THEO

What do I do with you?

Morgan doesn't answer. He watches Munroe guiding the police from the club.

THEO (cont'd)

Hmmm?

MORGAN

I just wanta make a quid,
Theo.

THEO

If I leave you on the door I attract
every lunatic in Melbourne.

Theo puts fifty dollars on the desk.

THEO (cont'd)

I'm putting you inside.

MORGAN

(smiling)

I get to act like an owner?

Theo pushes the fifty towards Morgan.

THEO

I'm upping your take by fifty a week.
That's between you and me.

Morgan smiles, pockets the fifty.

THEO (cont'd)

Take the night off.
(indicating bruises)
Get those treated.

Morgan stands.

THEO (cont'd)

Where's Wendy?

THEO (cont'd)
Tossed it in.

MORGAN
How come?

Theo shrugs his shoulders.

EXT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Morgan leaves the club. The glass has been cleared and temporary chipboard covers the broken window. Tony, battered and bruised, smiles graciously as does Susie. Morgan winks. Tony pats him on the back.

INT. MORGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Morgan drive through a deserted part of the city. Neon bounces off his bruised face.

LATER: His car is littered with empty cans. He slowly drives through suburbia, a can between his legs, looks at darkened houses, pondering what his adult life hasn't known.

LATER: He drives through St Kilda.

A young PROSTITUTE smiles at him from the footpath. He drives past, stops in the middle of the road, skoals the can, crushes it, u-turns and flattens his foot.

EXT. WEATHERBOARD HOUSE - NIGHT

A hand bangs on the door of a rundown weatherboard house. A door part opens, held closed by a security chain. Morgan smiles. The door opens.

INT. WEATHERBOARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Lord Byron, drugged to the eyeballs, is flaked on top of a double bed. A used syringe and tourniquet are on the floor. Moonshine, eyes aglow, lets her see-through nightie slip to the floor.

MOONSHINE

You won't hurt me, will you?

Morgan hurriedly undresses.

MOONSHINE (cont'd)
Promise?

MORGAN
Course not.

MOONSHINE
(indicating Lord Byron)
You won't tell him?

Morgan fucks Moonshine from behind as she holds onto the good Lord's legs.

MORGAN
Bark.

MOONSHINE
What?

MORGAN
Bark like a dog.

MOONSHINE
Woof, woof...

MORGAN
Louder.

MOONSHINE
(excited)
Woof, woof, woof...

Moonshine howls to the moon.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB

Morgan, dressed in maroon jacket and his face still bruised, stands inside the door of the nightclub, watching activities.

Lord Byron is running a competition of musical chairs with three semi-naked GIRLS on stage. Two girls are patrons, the other is Moonshine dressed like an executive. She winks at Morgan.

A WAITRESS, carrying a tray of drinks, haughtily passes. Morgan attempts to take a drink but she avoids him.

Munroe drinks with a group of DETECTIVES.

DUFFY (40), suave and expensively dressed, approaches the bar, orders a drink.

Lord Byron pauses the music and the three girls scramble for two chairs.

Lord Byron motions to Munroe and his friends as Moonshine, missing a chair, removes her blouse.

LORD BYRON
Have we anyone here from the Homicide
Squad?

Morgan glares as Munroe's friends respond with 'yeahs'.

LORD BYRON (cont'd)
(to the audience)
Well keep an eye on them, boys.

The audience and Morgan laugh. A waitress takes Munroe and the Detectives two bottles of opened champagne and glasses. She pours the champagne. Munroe acknowledges Lord Byron.

Lord Byron starts the music and the girls dance around the chairs to the encouragement of the audience.

Theo, leaning against the bar, indicates for Morgan to come over. Morgan makes his way through the audience, all the time watching Moonshine. The music stops and the three girls scramble for the two chairs.

A mock moan goes up as the girl without a chair modestly removes her jeans to the cheers of the audience, leaving her dressed only in knickers.

LORD BYRON (cont'd)
Have we anyone from the Vice Squad?

Two GIRLS at a table yell 'yeah' to the displeasure of their ESCORTS.

LORD BYRON (cont'd)
Here's something to keep you happy.

Lord Byron tosses the girls a packet of peanuts each. The audience laugh.

The music starts and the three girls dance around the chairs.

Theo indicates for Morgan to follow him.

The music stops. The same girl is without a chair.

Theo takes cash from a cash register, counts it, writes the amount on paper and puts the paper in the cash register. He hands the money to Morgan who puts it in a satchel.

The girl is hesitant to remove her knickers. The audience want her to but she keeps looking at her BOYFRIEND who angrily shakes his head.

Moonshine, standing behind her, whips the girl's knickers down and the audience roar. The girl pushes Moonshine who lashes out with a punch that misses. The girl grabs Moonshine's hair.

Lord Byron attempts to separate them. The Boyfriend runs in to help his naked girlfriend. Moonshine throws the girl's jeans into the audience. The Boyfriend pushes Moonshine in the shoulder. Moonshine lands heavily on one of the chairs.

Morgan gives the satchel to Theo. As he runs to the fight he grabs a full bottle of champagne from Munroe's table.

He pulls the Boyfriend away from Lord Byron, gives him the bottle.

MORGAN

Settle down, mate. Here's your prize.

The Boyfriend swigs from the bottle while the girlfriend awkwardly puts her jeans on to the 'boos' of the audience. Moonshine, bare breasted, hugs Morgan round the neck much to the disgust of Homicide.

INT. THEO'S OFFICE

Morgan sits watching the activity through the two-way mirror. Theo counts money into bundles and records amounts into two sets of books. Morgan notices The Rope bump PATRONS as he makes his way to the bar. The Rope greets Duffy like a best friend.

THEO

See those two at the bar?

MORGAN

The Rope?

THEO

Standover from Sydney. Supposed to have buried half a dozen.

MORGAN

Has he?

THEO

Munroe calls him Catacombs.

Morgan observes The Rope with interest.

THEO (cont'd)

The hoon he's with is Duffy. He owns one tenth of this joint. In his eyes that makes him a majority shareholder.

Duffy whispers to The Rope who immediately turns and catches Munroe watching him. The Rope cocks a gun-finger at Munroe and fires.

THEO (cont'd)

What he is is a fucken *auditor*, always looking for more than there is. They'll try and recruit you.

MORGAN

Why?

THEO

That's how they operate. One minute all over you, next minute bang, you're off. If I'm gonna go, Johnny, I wouldn't want it to be from someone I like.

Morgan smiles reassuringly.

Theo puts the money in a safe then indicates for Morgan to return to the nightclub.

THEO (cont'd)

And don't drink all the profits.

Morgan looks at the two sets of books.

MORGAN
What profits?

Theo laughs.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Morgan patrols the nightclub aware The Rope and Duffy are watching him. He leans against a wall, stares at The Rope.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Morgan puts his key in his car door, hears a click like a gun, turns. He is part blinded by car lights turning on.

The Rope, in front of the car lights, points a finger at him.

THE ROPE
Bang.

Morgan doesn't flinch.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
You'd be an easy target, mate.

MORGAN
(smiling)
You'd need more than your
finger, Catacombs.

The Rope laughs, reveals a gun in his other hand. Morgan moves to avoid the car lights. The Rope circles him.

THE ROPE
It'd be a good one.

Morgan doesn't respond.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
You and me.

The Rope grins at Morgan.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

You're good, but you'd be no match for
the real thing.

The Rope puts his gun away. The car lights turn off. Duffy sits
in the passenger seat of the car. Morgan grins, discretely
pockets his knife.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
Though it'll never come to that.

MORGAN
Why's that?

THE ROPE
We're both after the same thing. The
quickest way to get there's to team
up.

MORGAN
I'm not after anything.

The Rope laughs, turns, walks to the car.

THE ROPE
You're in the wrong team. Theo's
bargain basement.

MORGAN
(aggressively)
He pays my bills.

INT. MORGAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Morgan lays on his couch. Porno plays on the VCR. Morgan's
disinterested, contemplating.

EXT. WENDY'S FLAT - DAY

Morgan knocks on the door of a flat. Wendy opens the door,
holding SANDRA, a small cherub-like child. Wendy is startled
but not uncomfortable, despite Morgan's surprised reaction to
the child.

MORGAN
Um, just passing, um...
(referring to Sandra)
Why didn't you tell me?

WENDY

We never got round to talking about
kids, did we?

MORGAN

Yeah, well, she's got your good
looks.

Wendy smiles. A man inside yells.

MAN O.S.

(gruffly)

Who is it?

MORGAN

Seems there's a lot we never got round
to talking about.

She grabs his arm and pulls him reluctantly inside.

INT. WENDY'S FLAT - DAY

Morgan tentatively enters. The flat is decorative, almost
alternative, with emphasis upon harmony and innocence. The
ADDICT (30), drinking from a stubbie, unkempt and out of it,
belies the situation.

ADDICT

Who's this?

WENDY

Johnny, Johnny Morgan.

Morgan doesn't react, nor does the Addict acknowledge him.

WENDY (cont'd)

Johnny works at The Fridge.

Wendy puts Sandra in a high chair attached to the table.

ADDICT

A bouncer, are yer?

MORGAN

Sorta.

WENDY

He's come to see me.

ADDICT

What about?

Morgan takes money from his pocket.

MORGAN

Ah, the girls at the club passed the hat around. Wanted to give you a going away present.

WENDY

I couldn't, really.

Morgan puts fifty dollars on the table. Wendy is surprised. The Addict immediately grabs it.

ADDICT

Bullshit!

MORGAN

It's for her, pal!

ADDICT

We share things here, isn't that right, honey?

WENDY

You want a drink, Johnny?

MORGAN

Na, thanks.

ADDICT

Get him a glass.

MORGAN

I said no!

ADDICT

Suit yerself, mate.

Wendy takes Sandra into a bedroom.

ADDICT (cont'd)

The Fridge, eh? Plenty of young spunks, are there? Do okay for yerself, d'yer?

Morgan doesn't respond.

ADDICT (cont'd)
Might get there meself. Can yer get
us in?

Still Morgan doesn't answer. The Addict looks at Morgan
threateningly.

ADDICT (cont'd)
I'll bring a few mates.

Wendy returns, aware of Morgan's growing hostility.

WENDY
Coffee?

Morgan shakes his head.

WENDY (cont'd)
Some home made cake?

ADDICT
Let him go. Probably gotta practice
yer kung fu, haven't yer, mate?

Wendy grabs Morgan's arm, walks him to the door.

EXT. WENDY'S FLAT - DAY

Wendy follows Morgan out, closing the door behind her. Loud
music blasts from Wendy's flat.

Wendy leans against the closed door.

MORGAN
What d'yer stay with that for?

Wendy doesn't want to answer.

WENDY
Because of Sandra.

MORGAN
Does he hurt you?

She doesn't answer, which pleases him. He goes to talk but she
puts her finger across his lips. He brushes his hand across her
groin. She backs, slightly.

WENDY
(smiling)
Don't you dare?

MORGAN
Leave that arse. You can move in with
me.

She laughs, shakes her head.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Bring the kid.

WENDY
Oh, Johnny, Johnny. Sandra's not
mine. She's his.

Sandra holds back tears, as Morgan, unable to comprehend, looks deep into her eyes before abruptly walking away. Wendy considers following but doesn't. She leans against the wall, watching him disappear.

EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT

Morgan, in maroon jacket, gets out of his car. The Rope is sitting on the bonnet of another car.

THE ROPE
One job. A walk-up start.

The Rope expects a reply. Morgan walks past him towards The Fridge, without replying.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
You get the contents of the safe.

Morgan continues walking.

INT. THE FRIDGE - NIGHT

The club is setting up. Theo is in deep conversation with Munroe at the bar. Morgan approaches, waits to speak to Theo. Munroe angrily shakes his head at Morgan's intrusion.

Theo apologetically waves Morgan away.

THEO

Later, Johnny.

Morgan, disappointed with Theo, turns away.

LATER: Morgan eats alone. A shadow covers his spaghetti. Morgan looks up.

THEO (CONT'D (cont'd)
(sitting)
What'd you want?

MORGAN
Nothing.

THEO
Nothing, eh? I wish that's what
everyone wanted.

The Rope appears, flicks a card with a telephone number on it onto the table. Theo looks up.

THE ROPE
The boys reckon I need a bit of
experience, like getting to know this
place, you know.

THEO
You can get that in Sydney.

THE ROPE
Yeah well, the syndicate's got other
ideas.

MORGAN
(laughing sarcastically)
Syndicate?

Theo indicates for Morgan to leave it. Morgan continues eating.

Theo picks up the card, checks the phone number, drops it.

THEO
Then you can start pulling beers
behind the bar.

THE ROPE
Na, mate.

THEO

What d'you mean, 'no'?

THE ROPE

I'll be learning. Can't be tied up with logistics and that.

THEO

I can't afford to put someone on salary unless they're working.

The Rope smiles at Morgan.

THE ROPE.O.

(giving Theo the card)

How about you phone home, have a nag to mummy.

Theo takes the card and angrily leaves.

THE ROPE

I told you you were in the wrong team. They're all too old. None of them've had a blue in twenty years.

MOMENTS LATER: Theo reappears, angrier.

THEO

One wrong move from you and you're out and I don't give a fuck who you know?

THE ROPE

And if I get hassled by Munroe you're fucken off!

Theo storms off. The Rope sits.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

One job. If it doesn't work out at least you've had an earn.

Morgan considers.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Morgan drives a slammer (dispensable car) slowly through the near-deserted city. Neon reflects off his impassive face. He is barely recognisable in beanie and dark glasses.

He parks near a 24 hour Adult Shop.

EXT. SEX SHOP - NIGHT

Morgan and The Rope, disguised, get out of the car. A middle-aged SPRUIKER, in colourful attire and long platted beard, harangues PASSERSBY outside the Adult Shop.

SPRUIKER

We are at war. You are at war I am at war.

Morgan and The Rope approach the Adult Shop. The Spruiker speaks directly to Morgan.

SPRUIKER (cont'd)

We are in a black hole, man and it's dark --

The face of the Spruiker reflects off Morgan's dark glasses as he slowly moves round the Spruiker.

MORGAN

(to himself)

Should've taken a fucken torch.

The Spruiker opens his jacket revealing a t-shirt with SEX written across the front. The Rope slowly moves around the other side of the Spruiker, towards the entrance of the Adult Shop.

The Spruiker holding a Texta, jumps in front of Morgan. The Spruiker changes the X in SEX to a W and writes ER to spell SEWER.

SPRUIKER

That's all you need to change the cosmic slogans.

Morgan steps around the Spruiker as The Rope enters the Adult Shop.

INT. ADULT SHOP - NIGHT

The only person in the shop is a small ELDERLY WOMAN. She sits behind a counter watching a black and white television.

Morgan locks the door.

The woman attempts to run to a back door. The Rope grabs her violently by the hair and kicks the back door in.

Morgan turns the shop light out.

INT. UNIT BEHIND ADULT SHOP - NIGHT

The Rope pushes the woman into a couch, indicates for Morgan to watch her.

The Rope, holding a gun, opens another door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An ELDERLY MAN wakens from a deep sleep. Before he can scream he is punched in the face.

INT. UNIT BEHIND ADULT SHOP - NIGHT

The Rope pushes the elderly man, wearing pyjamas, into the unit. The woman whimpers.

MORGAN

Shut up and you won't get hurt.

The Rope dumps the man in a chair and ties his arms and legs to the chair with nylon cord.

Morgan ransacks the unit looking for a safe.

ELDERLY MAN

There's nothing here.

THE ROPE

Where's the fucken safe?

ELDERLY MAN

I was in Changi when your old lady was whoring the streets. If the Japs couldn't break me you certainly won't.

The Rope slaps the man across the ears.

MORGAN

Where's the safe?

ELDERLY WOMAN

There's isn't one.

THE ROPE

Check the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan ransacks the bedroom. He upends a tool box from under the bed before noticing framed photos on the bedside drawer. They show the man and woman with two adult sons both dressed in army uniform.

INT. UNIT BEHIND ADULT SHOP - NIGHT

The woman sits up. Morgan rushes her.

MORGAN

Who told you you could fucken move?

She doesn't know what to say.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Get yer fucken eyes to the floor.

Morgan points to a spot in front of her. He grabs her hair forcing her head down. The Rope is surprised but says nothing.

MORGAN (cont'd)

That's your spot. See it? You fucken look at it and you keep looking at it!

ELDERLY MAN

Leave her alone, you mongrel!

The woman looks down. Morgan turns on the man.

MORGAN

Who gave you permission to talk?

Morgan grabs him by the throat.

MORGAN (cont'd)

You don't do anything unless I give you permission. Understand?

Morgan squeezes harder. The Rope is apprehensive Morgan might kill him.

THE ROPE

I think he understands, mate.

MORGAN

Fucken understand?

The Rope grabs Morgan's hand and pulls him away but Morgan is beyond listening. The Rope stands between Morgan and the man.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Where's the money, cunt!

The man struggles for breath.

ELDERLY MAN

I'm not scared of you, you punk.

Morgan attempts to grab the man's throat but The Rope prevents him.

THE ROPE

We need him alive, mate.

Morgan races into the bedroom.

ELDERLY MAN

There's nothing here, you fools.

Morgan returns with a rip saw, pulls the man's pajama pants up.

MORGAN

Where it is?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Please don't hurt him.

Morgan threatens to punch her.

MORGAN

I told you to shut up!

Morgan puts the blade against the frail leg of the man.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Where's the fucken safe?

THE ROPE

Mate!

ELDERLY WOMAN

(whimpering)

We haven't got a safe. We haven't.

MORGAN

Where is it?

ELDERLY MAN

Get out, you mongrels! I know who you work for, you bastards!

ELDERLY WOMAN

We haven't got any money. Please believe us.

Morgan grabs the leg with one hand and saws with the other. The man screams. The woman screams. The Rope grabs her and puts his hand across her mouth. Morgan continues sawing.

MORGAN

Where's the fucken money?

The man involuntary spasms and tears roll down his face as he thrashes against the bonds.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Where's the fucken money?

THE ROPE

(whispering to Morgan)

Mate, there's no fucken money. It's not about money.

Morgan puts his face close to the elderly man.

ELDERLY MAN

Tell...Duffy...I'm
Sorry...sorry...won't do it again...

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'll show you...I'll show you...I'll
show you.

MORGAN

(to The Rope)

See!

ELDERLY MAN
Sorry...sorry...sorry...

Morgan pulls the woman up. She stumbles towards the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Morgan follows the woman to a camouflaged built-in cupboard. She slides the door open, scoops an assortment of childhood treasures aside and reaches to the back.

Morgan, thinking she is reaching for a weapon, pushes her aside. She slides down the wall, incapable of comprehensible thinking.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I'll show you...I'll show you...I'll
show you...

Morgan grabs a shoe box she was reaching for. He breaks the elastic binding, flings the lid.

MORGAN
What's this?

He tips the contents on the floor. The woman reaches over and clasps letters, baby teeth and locks of hair to her bosom.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I'll show you...I'll show you...I'll
show you...

EXT. ADULT SHOP - NIGHT

Morgan and The Rope leave the Adult Shop.

SPRUIKER
The fabric of society is but held
together by frail cotton. Cut one
thread and the system is thrown into
chaos.

The Spruiker, smiling, looks into Morgan's dark glasses. He sees his own smiling face.

Morgan throws the Spruiker an electric vagina.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Morgan drives through the city. The Rope laughs.

MORGAN

What?

The Rope keeps laughing and shakes his head.

THE ROPE

Mate, you should be working in the fucken abattoirs.

MORGAN

What a waste of time!

The Rope tosses a roll of notes into Morgan's lap. Morgan grins.

THE ROPE

You and me, mate. This place is wide open. Only take a couple of blokes with a bit of dash.

MORGAN

What's the hassle with Theo?

The Rope shakes his head not wanting to talk about it.

MORGAN (cont'd)

If he's a dog, then someone should be a bit up front, you know.

THE ROPE

I'm trying to tell yer, mate, you're in the wrong team.

MORGAN

Put yourself in my spot. Someone comes through the door firing, then you know, I've gotta back up.

THE ROPE

Fair enough. Now let's see how good you really are. My shout.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT

The Rope enters an exclusive massage parlour as if he owns it. Morgan follows carefully closing the door. It's obvious Morgan's never been inside a parlour. The RECEPTIONIST (35) refined and immaculately dressed, smiles warmly.

RECEPTIONIST

Good evening, gentlemen. Have you been here before?

The Rope smiles at Morgan.

THE ROPE

We want the spa and give's a look at yer stock.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, sir, the spa being used at the moment.

THE ROPE

Get rid of them.

Morgan moves uneasily.

RECEPTIONIST

If you'd like to wait in one of the rooms I'll have some girls come in and--

THE ROPE

Forget the dragons.

RECEPTIONIST

That'll be an initial fee of fifty dollars. Each.

Morgan puts his hand in his pocket for money.

THE ROPE

Get on the blower and tell Duffy The Rope's here.

RECEPTIONIST

(appeasing)

I'm sorry, sir?

The Rope shoves the phone at the Receptionist. She slowly puts it down, pressing a button as she does. The Rope smiles at Morgan and shakes his head.

ROSS (25), fit and wearing a suit, enters.

ROSS
What's the problem, gentlemen?

RECEPTIONIST
These--

THE ROPE
Get on the blower to Duffy, like I
said.

ROSS
Look--

THE ROPE
Shut up, you!

Ross puts his hand on The Rope's shoulder.

ROSS
We don't want any trouble.

The Rope removes Ross's hand.

THE ROPE
You're a boy scout, son, and what's
more you're outa order.

The Receptionist, expecting the worst, lifts the receiver and
dials. The Rope checks the number she's dialling, smiles.

RECEPTIONIST
(into phone)
Ah, there's someone here who calls
himself, ah--

THE ROPE
The Rope.

RECEPTIONIST
(into phone)
Rope.

As the Receptionist listens her expression changes. She
indicates for Ross to leave which he does. Rope smiles at Morgan.
She replaces the receiver.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)

Sorry to inconvenience you gentlemen. If you'd like to go through I'll have some ladies available immediately.

THE ROPE

We want the spa.

RECEPTIONIST

That can be arranged.

INT. WAITING ROOM, MASSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT

A silent porn video plays on a monitor. Pornographic magazines are spread over a coffee table. Morgan and The Rope slouch across a leather couch. The Receptionist enters with two disinterested PROSTITUTES.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I get you gentlemen a drink?

Morgan nods.

THE ROPE

Champagne.

The Rope waves the Prostitutes away. They leave with the Receptionist.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

That bitch has been in their ear!

A blonde PROSTITUTE (18), enters. Morgan smiles. The Receptionist returns.

RECEPTIONIST

This is Blondie. She's new.

Blondie smiles awkwardly. The Rope looks at Morgan who nods eagerly.

THE ROPE

That's it then.

Blondie is concerned she might have to serve them both. She turns to the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

(to The Rope)
What about you?

THE ROPE
I'm having you.

The Receptionist backs.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh no you're not!

The Rope grabs her by the wrist and pulls her to him.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)
Don't give me a hard time, okay?

She doesn't answer.

THE ROPE
Okay?

She nods. The Rope lets her wrist go and she rubs it.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
Go and put school uniforms on.

Blondie looks pleadingly at Morgan who smiles.

INT. SPA, MASSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT

Morgan, naked, relaxes in the spa. The Rope, still dressed, removes his shoes.

THE ROPE
(to Morgan)
There's plenty more like tonight, if
you want it.

The Receptionist, dressed in a school uniform that's too small but worn roughhouse, enters carrying champagne on a tray with four glasses. Blondie, in school uniform, apprehensively follows.

MORGAN
(to Blondie)
What school do you do to?

BLONDIE

Ah, St Monica's, sir.

Morgan laughs. Blondie relaxes.

MORGAN

Bend over and show us yer knickers.

As Blondie playfully turns and curtsseys the Receptionist hands the champagne around.

THE ROPE

(to the Receptionist)

And what school do you go to, sweetie?

RECEPTIONIST

The school of hard knocks, mate.

The Rope roars laughing as he puts his gun on the edge of the spa.

THE ROPE

That's in case you didn't do your homework.

Blondie freezes but the Receptionist smiles to reassure her.

The Rope drops his trousers and underpants. He laughs as he sees Blondie looking in horror at a snake tattooed from his belly button to the end of his penis.

Morgan pulls Blondie, still dressed, into the spa.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

I was gonna get a boa constrictor but I was a bit young at the time, ha, ha, ha...

Morgan undresses Blondie.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

(to the Receptionist)

Wait till you see him cum, ha, ha.

RECEPTIONIST

You're mad.

THE ROPE

Teacher'll smack.

The Rope pulls the receptionist into the spa. Morgan kisses Blondie and they madly fondle each other. The Rope rips the Receptionist's blouse apart.

The door smashes open. Two DETECTIVES, in flak jackets, rush in. The Rope reaches for his gun but is too late as CONWAY (50), adopting a firing stance, fires, just missing The Rope and putting a hole in the spa which starts leaking.

Blondie screams and masks Morgan as DIXON (35) points his gun at Morgan.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
(screaming)
It's me, fuck yer! Yer fuckin idiot!

CONWAY
(surprised)
Rope?

Morgan pulls the still screaming Blondie onto his lap. Conway cautiously lowers his gun. He's a man who means business.

Dixon, who could moonlight as a bouncer, carefully checks the room. The Receptionist sits calmly on the edge of the spa.

CONWAY (cont'd)
That fucking Duffy!

The Rope glares at the Receptionist and shakes his head. She shrugs her shoulders.

THE ROPE
Fuck you, Conway! Who d'yer think yer
are, Starsky and Hutch?

CONWAY
You were off, you know that, Rope?

The Rope grabs Blondie's hand, who is sobbing, and sticks her finger in the bullet hole to stop the water flowing out.

MORGAN
(to The Rope)
Remind me to have a nag to this Duffy.

The Receptionist slides into the water, closes her eyes.

CONWAY

(indicating Morgan)
Who's this, the Casanova Kid?

THE ROPE
He's top shelf. Morgan, Johnny
Morgan.

Morgan notices the knowing look Conway gives Dixon.

CONWAY
You're a bouncer, aren't you? The
Fridge?

THE ROPE
Not for long.

Conway scoffs.

CONWAY
You all look the same naked.

MORGAN
You'd look the same too without
guns...arsehole!

The Rope indicates for Morgan to cool it. Conway looks long and hard at Morgan before holstering his gun.

CONWAY
You're slipping, Rope.

THE ROPE
(indicating his gun)
I still would've got one of you.

Conway laughs. He leaves with Dixon.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
Hey, Connie?

Conway stops in the doorway.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
Shut the door, will yer? I've got
homework to do.

Rope laughs and playfully pushes The Receptionist's head under water. But Morgan is still fuming.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Morgan, dressed in his maroon jacket, enters the nightclub.

Lord Byron dances on his platform to disco music and the floor is in full swing. Moonshine dances wildly by herself. Her face is badly bruised.

Morgan watches Theo and The Rope arguing at the bar.

The Rope thumps Theo hard in the chest with a stiff index finger. Morgan approaches but Theo walks away. The Rope embraces Morgan.

THE ROPE

(to barmaid)

Gives us two Chivas Regals.

(to Morgan)

Organ Morgan.

The BARMAID puts two drinks on the bar.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

Put it on my tab, luv.

MORGAN

Speaking of pricks where's yer copper mates?

The Rope laughs.

THE ROPE

I've got no time for them but if they're my meal ticket I'll take them home for Sunday dinner.

Morgan shakes his head.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

We all need them, mate.

(indicating Theo)

You've got that cunt .

MORGAN

He's not a copper.

The Rope sneers. Munroe storms over.

MUNROE

(to The Rope)

You're barred, Lynch. Get out!

THE ROPE

Mind yer fucken business, Munroe!

MUNROE

I see you here again I'll put you away
for the rest of your life.

The Rope throws his drink in Munroe's face. Morgan jumps between them.

THE ROPE

Don't think you're protected, cunt!

MORGAN

Knock it off, both yer!

MUNROE

You just made the biggest mistake of
your life, Rope!

MORGAN

(to The Rope)

Carn, mate. Cool it! What were we just
saying? Eh?

(to Munroe)

If anyone bars anyone it'll be me.

The Rope points a 'gun' finger at Munroe who heads towards the exit.

THE ROPE

You're the one, mate.

(whispering to Morgan)

Find a new boss. Your meal ticket's
just been cancelled.

(to the Barmaid)

Gives another.

INT. THEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Morgan watches The Rope through the two-way skoal his drink.

THEO

What was that all about?

Morgan laughs knowing Theo set Munroe onto The Rope.

MORGAN

If you've got plans I wouldn't hang
back.

THEO

You two seem pretty thick.

Morgan smirks, shakes his head.

MORGAN

You know where I stand.

THEO

Do I, Johnny? Do I?

Morgan glares at him.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Morgan walks through the nightclub, keeping an eye on things.
Moonshine approaches. He looks at her bruised face. She wants
to talk but turns away.

Morgan gives Lord Byron a filthy look but the good Lord is
unaware as he explodes into his version of a 'bull' market dance.

Morgan approaches The Rope at the bar.

MORGAN

Got something if you're interested.

The Rope indicates interest.

MORGAN (cont'd)

An all the way job.

The Rope smiles.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Could be fifty each, maybe more.

THE ROPE

I'm not touching a bank. That's
amateur stuff.

Morgan shakes his head.

MORGAN

Na, it's a deal. Two parties. Two out, guaranteed. There's definitely a hundred grand cash and maybe four even five kilos of the best. We split the dough but the smack's mine. But you're on twenty percent which could be another fifty. Interested?

THE ROPE

So far.

MORGAN

Tonight. Must be tonight.

The Rope nods.

MORGAN (cont'd)

It's outa town, Albury.

THE ROPE

Ah, mate, mate!

MORGAN

What?

THE ROPE

I've gotta know where the info's coming from, mate.

Morgan's angry look indicates that's the wrong question to ask.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

Albury? How do I know it's not me own team?

Morgan considers.

MORGAN

They're Chows. The dealer's a bloke called Chew. It's above board because the Triads have been trying to muscle in.

THE ROPE

How can I be sure, mate? I've gotta know where it's coming from.

Morgan discreetly looks around.

MORGAN

I overheard Theo setting it up with
Munroe.

The Rope smiles.

THE ROPE

Good one.

Wendy stands at the entrance, dressed to the nines, looking
sensational.

MOMENTS LATER: Morgan surprises her.

MORGAN

Looking for someone?

She turns, startled, stoned.

WENDY

(whispering in his ear)
Might be.

He holds her close, walks her to an empty table

MORGAN

My shout.

He indicates for a Waitress who hurries over.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Southern Comfort and...?

WENDY

Two.

Morgan smiles, touches her cheek.

MORGAN

Where's...?

WENDY

Who cares?

She runs her hand up his thigh. He kisses her passionately.

WENDY (cont'd)

WHAT TIME d'you knock off?

The Rope catches Morgan's eye from the bar, indicates his watch.

MORGAN

Um...

She moves back.

WENDY

The one night I have off in ages and you're umming and arrring.

MORGAN

It's complicated. Theo wants me to do a job.

She scoffs.

WENDY

What, clean the toilets?

MORGAN

He's playing two-up. Wants me to be his eyes.

Wendy stands.

WENDY

You're pathetic, Johnny. Theo doesn't fucken gamble.

She leaves as the Waitress brings the drinks over.

INT. SLAMMER - NIGHT

Morgan, in Asian wig, drives through the country with The Rope, in hat and false moustache, next to him.

INT. SLAMMER - EARLY MORNING

They've been driving for hours. The sun is rising. The Rope sleeps, wakes looks at Morgan, laughs. Morgan glances at The Rope, laughs.

THE ROPE

If I had known, mate, fuck.

MORGAN

I just wanta make a quid.

Morgan notices The Rope suspiciously checking out passing and following cars.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Do us a favour.

Morgan removes a gun from his coat pocket. The Rope doesn't react but his eyes reveal caution.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Load this.

The Rope takes the gun. Morgan hands The Rope bullets. The Rope carefully wipes them with a handkerchief before loading the magazine.

THE ROPE
Good piece of machinery this.

MORGAN
Is it? Haven't fired it yet.

The Rope is surprised.

THE ROPE
Ar, you should, mate. I always fire one and leave the rest ready to go.

The Rope indicates the safety catch.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
And this fucken thing. Smash it off, mate. You should've fired one, mate.

MORGAN
Yeah, well it's too late.

THE ROPE
Pull into the bushes.

Morgan looks suspiciously at The Rope. The Rope puts Morgan's gun on the seat.

THE ROPE (cont'd)
Mate, we're just a couple of hunters.

Morgan checks his watch, pulls over.

EXT. BUSH - MORNING

The car stops along a track that can't be seen from the highway. The Rope and Morgan get out. They both hold guns.

The Rope puts a piece of bark against a tree. The Rope shoves his gun into his waistband.

THE ROPE

Give's yours.

Morgan hesitates before giving The Rope his gun. The Rope checks the safety is off, aims at the bark and fires. The noise is deafening as the gun jerks in The Rope's hand. Morgan looks around, checking no one is there. The Rope looks at Morgan, sneers.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

Good piece of metal, that.

The Rope hands Morgan the gun.

THE ROPE (cont'd)

Leave the safety off.

Morgan pokes the gun in The Rope's chest.

MORGAN

Gottcha.

Morgan fires, blowing The Rope's chest upwards. Amazement is frozen on The Rope's face as he literally staggers backwards in slow motion. Morgan's finger is stuck on the trigger and he empties his gun into The Rope. Morgan continues pulling the trigger. He hears the echo roar of the gun again and again and watches smoke and minute particles of flesh and clothing fly from The Rope's body. Morgan is momentarily frozen.

He panics, races to his car.

INT. SLAMMER - MORNING

Morgan speeds from the scene. He is sweating and still caught in panic.

Passing MOTORISTS glance, concerned at his speeding. He turns the radio on. Music plays. He quickly changes the dial, trying to find the news, but there is only music.

He speeds up to a car with KIDS in the back and is unable to pass because of oncoming traffic. The kids laugh and wave to him. Morgan is unable to respond and the kids give him weird looks.

Then the panic drains from his face and he returns to normal. He slows, allowing the car with the kids to pull away.

EXT. BUSH - MORNING

Morgan smashes his gun with a hammer, wipes the parts with his handkerchief and drops them in a hole.

EXT. WENDY'S FLAT - DAY

Morgan knocks on Wendy's flat. No one is home.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Morgan enters the nightclub. Theo is at the bar.

On seeing Morgan Theo walks towards the kitchen. Morgan nods. Theo smiles, indicates for Morgan to follow him into the kitchen.

INT. STOREROOM, THE FRIDGE - DAY

Theo and Morgan enter the storeroom off the kitchen. Theo looks anxiously at Morgan who remains nonplussed.

THEO

Well?

MORGAN

Well what?

THEO

Don't fuck around. What happened?

MORGAN

Oh, that.

THEO

Yes, oh that. Is he off or not?

Munroe storms into the storeroom. Morgan makes out he's in the middle of a normal conversation.

MORGAN

(to Theo)

Dunno, you'll have to ask Tony.

Munroe shoves Morgan in the shoulder.

MUNROE

You fucken idiot!

Morgan punches Munroe hard in the chest sending him into the onions.

MORGAN

Touch me again and I'll smash you,
cunt!

Munroe pulls himself up.

THEO

What's going on, Ted?

MUNROE

You should be telling me, shouldn't
you?

THEO

Telling you what?

MUNROE

(to Morgan)

You're a lunatic!

MORGAN

What're you fucken talking about?

MUNROE

Save that for Homicide.

THEO

Save what? Will someone tell me
what's going on?

Munroe shakes his head, laughs derisively.

MUNROE

Jesus Christ, can't you blokes use a bit of nous?

MORGAN

(snapping)

You don't know what you're fucken talking about!

Theo puts his hands on Morgan's shoulders to prevent him continuing.

MUNROE

(exasperated, to Theo)

See what you've got yourself into.

MORGAN

And another thing, cunt, you're fucken barred.

Munroe laughs.

MUNROE

What!

MORGAN

You heard. You're fucken barred! Get out before I throw you out.

THEO

Johnny!

MORGAN

Why pay this arse when I can do the same job?

MUNROE

Tell the stupe!

MORGAN

What, that yer psychiatrist reckons disco's good for your nerves?

Munroe laughs, looks at Theo.

THEO

He owns part of the joint.

Morgan removes his maroon jacket, tosses it at Theo.

INT. FRIDGE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Morgan storms from the kitchen. Theo follows him.

THEO
Come on, Johnny.

Morgan stops and glares at Theo.

MORGAN
I'm not working with cunts like that!

Theo smiles.

THEO
Johnny...the best crims...have
always been cops. He's on our side.
Take some time off. Lay low for a
while

Theo gives Morgan a roll of notes.

EXT. THE FRIDGE - DAY

Morgan leaves the club. Moonshine hurries towards him.

MOONSHINE
I just heard the news.

MORGAN
Yeah, terrible, isn't it?

Moonshine strokes his arm, cries.

MOONSHINE
(whispering)
Thanks, Johnny. Thanks.

Moonshine hugs Morgan who looks deep into her eyes realising it was The Rope who battered her.

MOONSHINE (cont'd)
(whispering)
If there's anything I can do or say,
just ask. Okay? You know, if you need
to establish who you were with or
something.

Morgan gently touches her face.

MORGAN
Might take you up on that.

INT. MORGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Morgan cruises the streets of St Kilda. He pulls along side a Prostitute. She hops in the car.

MOMENTS LATER: They approach a red light. Morgan drives straight through, causing a car to swerve. The Prostitute freaks.

INT. MORGAN'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING

Morgan, asleep, sweats and grinds his teeth. A noise outside disturbs him. Part awake, he reaches under his pillow for his knife.

His front door is smashed in. POLICE, in overalls and carrying shotguns with flashlights attached, charge in. Morgan, naked, is bungled to the floor, handcuffed behind his back and wrapped in a blanket.

MORGAN
(muffled)
I'll fucken get you cunts!

Three police punch the crap out of him. His struggles are futile. Detective Dixon walks into the flat holding a gun.

DIXON
(indicating gun)
Got it.

The Police laugh.

INT. LIFT, POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

DIXON V.O.
You're charged with abusive language, resisting arrest, assaulting police and felon in possession.

Morgan, the blanket over his head, is held by three police and escorted by Dixon, in a lift. The police are grim faced and silent. The lift stops at the seventh floor.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR, POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

Morgan is bundled into an area with desks and partitions. Only one DETECTIVE (35) is on duty.

DUTY DETECTIVE
That the cunt?

Dixon nods. Morgan struggles.

DUTY DETECTIVE (cont'd)
Put him in the locker.

The police pull the blanket off and force Morgan into a locker. He resists but they kick his legs in and close the door.

INT. LOCKER - EARLY MORNING

Morgan breathes heavily and struggles to force the door open, but there's little he can do.

MORGAN
I'll get you maggots!

DUTY DETECTIVE O.S.
Throw the cunt out the window.

DIXON O.S.
Who's on?

DUTY DETECTIVE O.S.
Moggsy, he's cool.

The locker is lifted and carried.

DIXON O.S.
Check the streets first, quick.

DUTY DETECTIVE O.S.
It's cool. Come on, let's do it.

DIXON O.S.
Say your prayers, cunt.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR, POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

The police hold the locker on a ledge. They push it over.

DUTY DETECTIVE
Goodbye, cunt!

INT. LOCKER - EARLY MORNING

The locker falls, falls, falls, crashes with an exploding bang.

INT. STAIRWELL - EARLY MORNING

The locker is on a stair landing. It has fallen about three meters. Police and detectives stand around laughing.

DUTY DETECTIVE
Funny how the tough guys always
scream.

DIXON
Better get a mop and clean up the
shit.

The Duty Detective opens the locker. Morgan laughs hysterically.

MORGAN
You didn't have the dash, yer fucken
cowards.

INT. CONCRETE INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Morgan, hands handcuffed behind his back through a metal chair, sits naked in the middle of a large concrete cell-like interview room. There is a glass black window which is obviously a one-way window.

Dixon, in overalls, interrogates Morgan. Munroe has a cricket bat and cricket ball which he continually bounces against the concrete wall. A rubbish bin full of water is in the room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Conway watches the interview.

DIXON

The sixth, that's a Thursday, four
AM, where were you?

Morgan sneers.

INT. CONCRETE INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Dixon walks behind Morgan.

DIXON

You visited a sex shop, didn't you?

Morgan doesn't answer. Munroe smashes him across the shoulders
with the bat. Morgan laughs.

DIXON (cont'd)

You're gonna be charged with The
Rope. Put your hand up for the sex
shop and I'll see what I can do.

Morgan indicates he doesn't want to say anything that can be
heard because of the observation window. Dixon bends for Morgan
to whisper. Morgan spits in Dixon's face. Dixon punches Morgan
to the side of the face. Morgan laughs.

Munroe leans against a wall.

MORGAN

Get these off and I'll take you both
on, yer fucken maggots!

Dixon drags the bin of water to Morgan.

DIXON

Where were you on the sixth?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Conway watches Dixon force Morgan's head into the bin of water.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Conway and Munroe, whose trousers are wet, have a discussion
outside the interview room. Munroe nods, walks away.

INT. CONWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Morgan, naked and hair drenched, sits with a blanket round his shoulders opposite Conway. Dixon, wet, stands behind Morgan.

Conway reads a wettish statement.

CONWAY

"I admit I bashed Ronald Smith who owns a sex shop but I didn't murder The Rope. He was going to kill me and I acted in self defence and shot him first."

(to Dixon)

He didn't sign it!

Dixon shakes his head.

DIXON

He read it, amounts to the same thing.

Conway laugh.

MORGAN

(to Dixon)

I'll get you, cunt, no matter what!

Dixon laughs.

CONWAY

(to Morgan)

You're not that stupid!

Morgan glares at Conway.

MORGAN

Don't bet on it!

CONWAY

(indicating handcuffs)

Take them off.

Dixon hesitates.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Take them off.

Dixon hesitantly removes Morgan's handcuffs. Conway watches Morgan, almost inviting him to have a go at Dixon, but Morgan simply rubs his wrists.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Leave us.

Dixon leave. Conway smiles at Morgan.

CONWAY (cont'd)

You ever threaten an officer again, especially Munroe, I'll have you executed. I'm just the bloke who can do it and get away with it.

Conway looks long and hard at Morgan who doesn't respond.

CONWAY (cont'd)

You don't like police, do you, Johnny?

Conway opens a drawer and switches off a tape recorder. Conway expects Morgan to react but he is stony silent.

CONWAY (cont'd)

I'll let you into a secret.
(indicating tape recorder)
That's a decoy. The real stuff's in the ceiling.

Conway points to the ceiling. There are fingerprints on a panel.

Conway opens a hidden panel console behind a shelf. The system is off. He switches it on and off to show Morgan they're not being taped. Conway looks at his watch.

CONWAY (cont'd)

In a minute I'm about to do you one big favour.

Morgan refuses to react, just glares hatred.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Maybe it's because I just want to change your attitude.

They sit in silence, Conway smiling at Morgan still glaring hatred. The phone rings. Conway switches it on loud-answer, picks up the receiver.

CONWAY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Conway.

DUFFY V.O.
(over phone)
Duffy.

CONWAY
(into phone)
Yes, Duffs?

DUFFY V.O.
(over phone)
I got your message.

CONWAY
(into phone)
Right. That bloke you were telling me
about--

DUFFY V.O.
(into phone)
Is it sweet to talk?

Conway grins at Morgan.

CONWAY
(over phone)
One hundred per cent.

DUFFY V.O.
(into phone)
Go on.

CONWAY
(into phone)
I had a chat with a few people. Seems
we have a mix up. He couldn't have
done that other.

DUFFY V.O.
(into phone)
I'm telling you, dead set, the Rope
rang me and said he was going to
Albury to rip some Chows off and that
came from Theo. I don't care what you

heard. Morgan put the Rope off. He's
a fucken lunatic.

Morgan, although surprised doesn't react. Conway is looking for
even the slightest reaction in Morgan.

CONWAY

All right, mate. Gotta go.

Conway hangs up. Looks at Morgan.

MORGAN

Who's that fucken idiot?

Conway laughs knowingly.

CONWAY

If I wanted I could stitch you up so
tight even Perry Mason couldn't get
you off.

Conway tears up the statement, tosses it in a bin.

CONWAY (cont'd)

I'm gonna let you walk. That won't be
easy but that's my problem. I want to
see you at six. I'll pick you up at
your place.

Conway puts twenty dollars on the table.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Get a taxi.

Morgan considers, takes the twenty.

EXT. MORGAN'S FLAT - MORNING

Morgan, naked under the blanket, pushes open the broken door
of his flat. He's aware someone's inside.

INT. MORGAN'S FLAT - MORNING

Wendy is cleaning. Morgan, surprised, stands in the doorway.
She smiles warmly.

WENDY

You had breakfast?

Morgan laughs.

MORGAN
Had plenty to drink.

WENDY
I probably put things in the wrong
place.

She holds the coffee for Morgan who takes it, sips it, puts it
down and attempts to hug her. Laughing, she evades him.

WENDY (cont'd)
Oh, no you don't.

She laughs at his naked legs. He wraps the blanket tighter.

WENDY (cont'd)
You'll find your sex magazines on top
of the cupboard.

He concentrates on drinking his coffee.

WENDY (cont'd)
What do you need them for?

MORGAN
I read the interviews, don't I?

She scoffs.

MORGAN (cont'd)
You wouldn't understand.

He grabs her, attempts to kiss her.

WENDY
(pulling away)
No you don't, Morgan!

He holds her and kisses her neck.

WENDY (cont'd)
Not now, Johnny. Not now, please.

He angrily lets her go.

WENDY (cont'd)
Can't we be friends without you
wanting to fuck me?

MORGAN
No!

WENDY
That's all you want to do, is it?

He considers.

MORGAN
No.

Wendy closes the curtains. She looks at him sensuously then slowly goes to him. He reaches to hold her but she gently pushes his arms down. He is annoyed but she puts her fingers across his lips. She pushes the blanket from his shoulders. He is thrown by her assuming the dominant role, but her caresses are giving and he allows himself to go with her.

She moves behind him and slips her dress off, then caresses his back with her naked body. Her hands move to the front of his groin and as her fingernails scrape his groin he sucks his breath.

She forces him to sit on a chair, then sits astride, catching her breath as she eases herself down.

WENDY
(murmuring)
Oh, my darling, my darling...

She kisses him passionately.

LATER: They lie on the floor against the couch having made love again. Morgan stares at the ceiling.

WENDY (cont'd)
What is it?

He doesn't answer.

WENDY (cont'd)
You feel threatened?

He scoffs.

WENDY (cont'd)

Then what?

MORGAN

Why would I feel threatened?

WENDY

Because you're scared of women.

MORGAN

Why would I be scared of chicks?

She playfully digs him in the ribs.

WENDY

Because we'll possess you, possess a part of you.

MORGAN

What fucken part?

She cringes at his language.

WENDY

Your soul, your heart, your best bits.

MORGAN

Why would that scare me?

WENDY

Men can feel insecure if they're not in control.

Morgan gets up.

MORGAN

You're talking crap!

The shower can be heard. Wendy lies there, considering whether or not she's made a mistake.

INT. CONWAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Morgan looks out the passenger window of Conway's car as it drives through the suburbs.

Conway puts a music tape in the cassette deck.

CONWAY

You're gonna meet someone.

Morgan doesn't respond.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Terry Corbett.

Conway checks for a reaction but Morgan is steely silent.

CONWAY (cont'd)

He'll offer you a hit.

MORGAN

I don't know what you're fishing for
but...

Conway swerves into the kerb, stops the car.

CONWAY

You wanta get out?

Morgan considers, shakes his head. Conway drives off.

MORGAN

Why would Corbett ask me?

CONWAY

Because I recommended you.

Morgan smiles. Conway smiles.

CONWAY (cont'd)

It's worth twenty-five.

Morgan's surprised at the amount.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Five's mine. And a gun'll cost you a
grand.

MORGAN

Fucken capitalist!

Conway laughs.

INT. RESTAURANT/NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Conway leads Morgan through a sophisticated restaurant/nightclub where STAFF prepare to open.

INT. CORBETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Corbett, at his desk, watches on a security monitor Conway and Morgan ascending stairs. Mercenary, Euchre and The Pink Rat lounge around, drinking.

Corbett motions to Mercenary who opens the door. The mood is now cautious, almost claustrophobic.

Conway enters, acknowledges Mercenary. Morgan, although weary, follows. Mercenary immediately stops and pat searches him. Mercenary sneers at Morgan then nods to Corbett.

CONWAY

This is Johnny Morgan.

Corbett stands, offers his hand to Morgan.

CORBETT

Terry, call me Terry.

Morgan is aware the others are sizing him up.

EUCHRE

You work on the door at The Fridge,
don't yer?

Morgan snorts.

THE PINK RAT

Keep an eye out for him.

Euchre and The Pink Rat laugh.

CORBETT

(to his boys)

Take Connie down for a drink.

Conway is eager to go but the others leave reluctantly. Mercenary slams the door.

CORBETT (cont'd)

Rumour has it you've buried a few. The
Shovel, they reckon.

Morgan smiles, lapping up the compliment.

CORBETT (cont'd)
But I know better, son.

MORGAN
That so?

CORBETT
Because I can account for everyone
that's gone down. I don't know about
The Rope. They tell me you did it, but
I don't know.

MORGAN
What is this, give yerself up time?

CORBETT
Conway tells me you've got the goods.
I hear you're a hot head. I'm not
interested in loonies. Too into their
own ego, living off the fix.

MORGAN
You finished, Terry?

Corbett is taken aback.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Rumour tells me you're outa touch,
Terry, that there's a big shake-up
coming and your boys might be a bit
past it. So don't give me shit about
Connie says I'm this and that. I don't
need a reference from a fucken jack.
And one other thing, being a fucken
loony's got me where I am. Now we can
call this quits and I'll forget the
inconvenience!

Corbett looks at Morgan in silence, then reaches into his coat
pocket and throws a piece of paper on the table.

Morgan reads it, smiles, drops it on the table.

CORBETT
(satisfied smile)
Thought you might like it.

INT. SLAMMER - EARLY EVENING

Morgan, in a slammer and disguised, watches the entrance of an exclusive brothel.

Duffy and BODYGUARD (35) exit the brothel. Duffy lights a cigarette as the Bodyguard gets into a car. Duffy gets in the passenger seat.

Morgan checks the safety is off his gun.

Duffy's car drives off, turns a corner.

Morgan opens his driver's window, puts a police flashing light on the roof and follows Duffy's car.

Morgan pulls alongside Duffy's car. The Bodyguard looks across.

INT. DUFFY'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Morgan holds up a sigh with POLICE written on it.

BODYGUARD

Fuck!

DUFFY

Let me handle it.

The Bodyguard parks at the kerb.

Morgan parks behind Duffy's car, turn his lights off.

The Bodyguard takes his licence out and winds the window down as Morgan approaches.

EXT. DUFFY'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Morgan carries a note pad.

MORGAN

Licence, please.

The Bodyguard holds his licence out the window.

BODYGUARD

What's this about?

MORGAN

Turn your engine off, please.

As the Bodyguard moves to turn the engine off Morgan shoots him once then Duffy once, then the Bodyguard again and Duffy again. He aims at Duffy's head and shoots once more.

Verandah lights switch on as Morgan calmly returns to his car, removes the police light and drives away.

The lights of Duffy's car create a scenic pathway for Morgan.

INT. CORBETT'S RESTUARANT - AFTERNOON

Corbett holds court with Mercenary, Mercenary's ESCORT (21), Euchre, The Pink Rat, the Pink Rat's ESCORT (30) and Morgan. The chair between Morgan and the Mercenary is empty. The ACTRESS, 21, every crim's dream, talks on a near-by phone. Their table is sectioned off from other PATRONS. Mercenary smokes.

Corbett fills Morgan's class with champagne.

CORBETT

(to Morgan)

I was pleased with the other night,
Johnny.

Morgan is aware Mercenary is watching him.

MORGAN

Good.

The Actress returns. She's braless and the little she's wearing is see through. Mercenary immediately stands, to the displeasure of his escort, and holds her chair out while she sits.

ACTRESS

And what have you all been up to?

MERCENARY'S ESCORT

Well, honey, we've just been holding
our breath till you returned.

Mercenary gives his escort a dirty look.

ACTRESS

(to Morgan)

That was my agent.

MERCENARY
You inta films, are ya?

The Actress smiles and nods.

MERCENARY (cont'd)
A friend of mine's a producer or
something.

Morgan scoffs.

MERCENARY (cont'd)
(to Morgan)
What's funny?

MORGAN
Nothing, mate. Go on, tell us about
the film producer.

Corbett watches with interest.

MERCENARY
I'm not telling you, am I?

MORGAN
That's right, you're not.

MERCENARY
I'm telling the lady.

Corbett, to relieve the tension, calls CHARLES (45), the maitre
d' over.

ACTRESS
(to Mercenary)
What films has he done?

MORGAN
Debbie Does Dallas.

Euchre, The Pink Rat and the Escorts explode laughing. Charles
waits to be introduced. The group quieten, aware Corbett expects
them to.

CORBETT
Charles, a good friend of mine,
Johnny Morgan

Charles, who is exquisitely groomed, bows and offers Morgan his hand.

CHARLES
A pleasure, Mr Morgan.

MORGAN
Johnny, mate.

CHARLES
Anytime you and your friends are here, Johnny, you ask to see me.

MORGAN
I will, Charles.

CORBETT
(indicating the Actress)
And the lovely, Lady Grace.

Charles takes The Actress's hand and kisses it. She giggles. Charles leaves. Mercenary opens a menu.

MERCENARY
What's say we order?

THE PINK RAT'S ESCORT
I'll be in that.

MERCENARY
(to the Actress)
What're we havin', sweetie?

ACTRESS
(checking menu)
Oh, I don't know, what about you?

MORGAN
(muttering)
A plate of offal.

Euchre laughs. Mercenary curls his lip. Morgan playfully grabs the Actress on the leg. She smiles at him warmly.

MERCENARY
Last time I ordered offal, Morgan, someone was missing from the table.

THE PINK RAT'S ESCORT

(seriously)
Oh, anyone I know?

EUCHRE
Probably.

MERCENARY'S ESCORT
What're you having, Johnny?

MORGAN
Well, I'll certainly give the offal
a miss.

Corbett smiles. Morgan whispers to the Actress.

MORGAN (cont'd)
I'd like to bite you on the bum.

The Actress feigns disgust.

ACTRESS
Oh, how shocking...Then you'd better
not order pepper steak.

Morgan laughs loud. Mercenary stands, looks at Morgan.

MERCENARY
(politely)
Got a minute?

Morgan gets up and Mercenary walks to the entrance area. Morgan
smiles to excuse himself and follows Mercenary.

INT. ENTRANCE AREA OF RESTUARANT - AFTERNOON

Mercenary draws hard on his cigarette, waits till Charles
escorts a well dressed COUPLE through. Morgan looks at the
grinning Mercenary.

MERCENARY
The others, you see, I don't mind,
because, well they're mates. Get me?

MORGAN
Sure.

MERCENARY

So a bit of advice, son. Don't hotpoint me again in front of the chick. Got it?

MORGAN

Sure, Merc.

MERCENARY

I knew you'd understand.

MORGAN

(offering his hand)

No hard feelings.

MERCENARY

As long as you know.

Mercenary takes Morgan's hand. Morgan pulls Mercenary in, puts his other hand round his head and head butts him. As Mercenary falls Morgan jumps on him reigning blows. PATRONS scream.

Charles runs over, followed by Corbett. Morgan continues punching the unconscious Mercenary.

Corbett attempts to stop Morgan.

CORBETT

That's enough, Johnny.

Morgan jumps up, his eyes gleaming. Mouth frothing. He stalks round Mercenary like an animal ready to devour its kill.

Corbett attempts to pacify Charles.

Mercenary's escort attempts to revive Mercenary.

Morgan sees a look of horror in the Actress. Morgan grabs her hand and pulls her with him out the restaurant.

INT. MORGAN'S FLAT - MORNING

Morgan and the Actress, naked, lie in bed asleep. There is a soft knock on the front door. Morgan wakes, startled, but the Actress remains sleeping.

Morgan slides from bed, takes a gun from a secret wall panel.

Naked and with the gun concealed behind his back, Morgan slightly opens his new door. He is shocked.

Wendy smiles at his nakedness.

MORGAN

Ah, hi...

Wendy sees the Actress's clothes scattered on the floor. She turns, walks away. Morgan goes to follow, but realises he's holding a gun.

He hides it under a cushion.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Wendy is starting her car. Morgan, naked, hops in the passenger side.

INT. WENDY'S CAR - MORNING

Morgan leans over and turns the ignition off. Wendy grips the steering wheel, stares straight ahead. She shakes her head.

WENDY

Didn't mean to interrupt you.

MORGAN

You didn't.

She laughs derisively.

WENDY

I just wanted to...to know where we stand.

MORGAN

You fucken tell me.

WENDY

Don't swear at me.

MORGAN

Does the fucken addict fucken swear at yer?

She goes to start the car. He grabs her, holds her tight. She relaxes.

MORGAN (cont'd)

I don't have it in me to share you.
I know it's selfish, but that's me.
I don't want some arse gettin' up you,
'specially a fucken addict.

WENDY

He doesn't get up me! I walked in on them one day. Two Asians and a woman with a baby and they were cutting the baby's stomach with a fish knife for drugs in garbage bags. And there was Sandra in the next room.

Tears well in her eyes as she looks directly at Morgan.

WENDY (cont'd)

I don't know what they did to you inside, Johnny, and I'm sorry, I'm really sorry for what they did, but you couldn't possibly have imagined what that did to me.

Tears flow down her face. He attempts to kiss her but she pulls back.

WENDY (cont'd)

I don't want to go through that again.

MORGAN

You won't. I promise. Okay?

She starts the car. Morgan gets out.

EXT. WENDY'S CAR - MORNING

The naked Morgan watches Wendy drive away.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

Morgan stands with Conway outside an old factory that looks deserted.

CONWAY

Just accompany me and act like a
detective.

MORGAN
Act dumb, you mean?

They walk towards the factory.

CONWAY
Suss the place out, and the people.

MORGAN
What for?

CONWAY
I'll tell you later.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

The factory is a run down printing business. Two PRINTERS in
overalls eye Morgan suspiciously as he follows Conway.

Conway indicates for Morgan to wait. Conway follows another
PRINTER (50) into a room with reinforced steel plating on the
door.

Morgan notices the building has recently been rewired with heavy
duty electrical wire going into the room with the door.

INT. CONWAY'S CAR - DAY

Conway drives, turns the radio up.

MORGAN
What was that about?

He hands Morgan a fifty dollar note. Morgan inspects it.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Looks okay to me.

CONWAY
Exactly.

Morgan looks again.

MORGAN

You reckon it's counterfeit?

Conway stops at a red light, takes the fifty and rips it up.

CONWAY

There's fifty million worth in that warehouse. There was five million in it for The Rope.

Morgan's eyes light up.

MORGAN

(joking)

Who've I gotta kill?

CONWAY

The five printers.

Morgan stares at Conway.

MORGAN

When?

CONWAY

That's what I'm waiting on. Must be done in one go. I'll get you through the door. You go to work. We'll clean up.

MORGAN

Who's we?

Conway gives his a look of incredulity.

MORGAN (cont'd)

If I'm gonna give it to five I wanta make certain I'm not the sixth!

CONWAY

I'll tell you when the time's right. There's a condition.

Morgan grins.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Keep your nose clean!

INT. MORGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Morgan parks outside his flat. He notices movement in the front garden of the house opposite.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN OPPOSITE MORGAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Morgan, gun drawn, appears in the front garden, but it is deserted.

He finds a cigarette butt behind a bush.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - MORNING

Mercenary walks through a hospital car park. His jaw is held closed with wire arcing to the bottom of his chin to keep it aligned. He smokes.

As Mercenary opens his car door Morgan, disguised, grabs the wire and wrenches Mercenary's jaw. Mercenary shrieks as Morgan attempts to force him into the car.

He smashes Mercenary in the head with his gun but Mercenary is able to grab a gun from under the steering and shoot Morgan in the shoulder.

Morgan shoots Mercenary in the back and Mercenary falls to the ground. Morgan shoots Mercenary twice more in the head.

WITNESSES appear.

Morgan frantically attempts to force the gun out of Mercenary's fingers but is unable to unclasp his fingers.

Morgan grabs the keys from the door, jumps in the car.

INT. MERCENARY'S CAR - MORNING

Morgan can hardly move his right arm. He puts the keys in the ignition using his left hand, but the key won't start.

More WITNESSES appear in the car park.

Morgan realises he has to push a button on the steering wheel to unlock the ignition. The key turns and the car starts.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - MORNING

The car screeches out of the car park.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Morgan parks fifty metres behind his car in a suburban street near the hospital.

INT. MERCENARY'S CAR - MORNING

Morgan wipes the steering and the door handle with a handkerchief.

EXT. MERCENARY'S CAR - MORNING

Morgan slowly walks towards his car.

EXT. WENDY'S FLAT - MORNING

Morgan bangs on Wendy's flat. Wendy opens the door. Her hand flies to her mouth, shocked at Morgan's state. She closes the door. Morgan leans against the wall.

WENDY

Gotta get you to hospital.

He grabs her arm, shakes his head.

MORGAN

Where's the Addict?

WENDY

Um...I dunno.

Morgan pushes past her into the flat.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Morgan enters Wendy's bedroom. Wendy follows.

MORGAN

Does he own a gun?

WENDY

He doesn't sleep in here.

INT. THE ADDICT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Morgan staggers into the Addict's bedroom. It's a total pig sty.

MORGAN
I need it. Quick!

Wendy pulls a floorboard up, retrieves a sawn-off twenty-two rifle. Morgan grabs it.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Perfect.

Wendy is horrified at what Morgan might do.

MORGAN (cont'd)
It's okay.

Morgan puts a pillow over the gun and fires at the wooden bed head. Wendy freaks.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Knife.

Sandra can be heard crying.

INT. WENDY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Morgan, topless, drops a squashed bullet onto the table. Sandra giggles in her high chair.

MORGAN
When you get the one outa my shoulder
you've gotta replace it the same way.

WENDY
I don't know if I can.

MORGAN
The hassle'll be if it's wedged into
bone.

Wendy approaches Morgan's shoulder with the knife.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Then open the door and fire a shot
outside...

Sandra giggles.

WENDY
(to Sandra)
Shut up!

MORGAN
Make a fuss. Get the neighbours to help. Say I was fucking round and I accidentally shot myself. Anything.

Wendy attempts to dig the bullet out.

WENDY
It's stuck.

Morgan grabs her round the waist, pulls her tight.

MORGAN
(painfully)
Remember to get rid of the one you take out. Unless you want a quickie first.

She digs deep. Morgan gasps, screams.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Morgan sleeps. A hand pokes his injured shoulder. He wakes abruptly.

Conway stands over him, eats a chocolate from a box.

CONWAY
What did I tell you about keeping a low profile?

MORGAN
Accidents happen.

CONWAY
If it means anything it was highly thought of, but they won't let you switch bullets next time.

Morgan smiles.

MORGAN
When's that other happening?

CONWAY
You tell me.

Conway goes to poke Morgan's injured arm. Morgan prevents him with his good hand.

MORGAN
Anytime.

INT. WENDY'S CAR - DAY

Wendy drives Morgan whose arm is in a sling.

WENDY
Why didn't you tell me about
Mercenary?

MORGAN
Tell yer what?

WENDY
Don't!

Morgan doesn't respond. She pulls over.

WENDY (cont'd)
I can't do this.

She grips the steering wheel to stop herself shaking, closes her eyes.

MORGAN
What do you want me to say?

WENDY
Nothing.

MORGAN
What d'you fucken want?

WENDY
Sometimes I have a feeling you could
really hurt me.

MORGAN

I wouldn't hurt you, ever.

WENDY

You mightn't mean to but...

MORGAN

You've probably never been in a position where you wished your life away. Close your eyes and wake up in ten years time. Everything's geared to getting there and when you're there the only thing you know is getting there. Sometimes I'm happy with what I've got, but it always seems to go so quickly. But I know I'm gonna make it.

WENDY

Make what, Johnny? What?

Morgan doesn't answer.

WENDY (cont'd)

And when you do, then what?

MORGAN

I don't know. I've never been there. But I know who I wanta be with.

Morgan touches her arm.

INT. MORGAN'S FLAT

They make passionate, though difficult, love.

Later, she dresses.

MORGAN

(stirring)

What're you doing?

WENDY

Picking up Sandra.

He watches her leave from his doorway.

INT. SAUNA CHANGEROOM - DAY

Morgan, a towel round his waist, put his clothes into a locker. He secures a knife in his sling.

Morgan opens the door to a sauna. Steam flows out.

INT. SAUNA - DAY

Corbett, naked, is surprised to see Morgan.

CORBETT

Johnny...I've been trying to contact you.

MORGAN

Yeah?

CORBETT

(smiling)

Wanted you to give the eulogy at a friend's funeral.

Morgan laughs. Corbett indicates for Morgan to sit next to him.

Morgan and Corbett lean against a wall of the sauna. They sweat profusely. Morgan keeps an eye on the door.

CORBETT (cont'd)

You like music, Johnny?

Morgan nods.

CORBETT (cont'd)

My kid's into this synthesizer stuff.

Corbett scoops water onto hot rocks. Steam rises.

CORBETT (cont'd)

Press a few buttons, hey presto, instant music. His mother was in the Berlin Ensemble. But he's learnt to play in six weeks stuff she couldn't think of playing.

MORGAN

Smart kid.

CORBETT

But he knows fuck all about music,
Johnny. Kids today, they don't have
to put in the hard work to get the
results. They love it. I would've
loved it. I've been in this game a
long time, Johnny, and I've worked
out the pace. It's a game for stayers.

(looking directly at
Morgan)

You're sprinting.

Morgan moves uneasy.

CORBETT (cont'd)

Know how I got to where I am today,
Johnny?

(pause)

I made the right decisions at the
right time.

(pause)

I didn't buy my kid a synthesizer. I
sent him to music school.

The Pink Rat and Euchre, towels round their waists, enter.
Morgan puts his good hand into the sling.

CORBETT (cont'd)

So I'm going to make a decision.

Morgan tenses.

CORBETT (cont'd)

To offer you a retainer.

MORGAN

Meaning?

CORBETT

A grand a week and if anything comes
up we'll work out a price.

The Pink Rat sits next to Morgan, gives him a small plastic bag
of coke.

THE PINK RAT

For the pain, mate.

Euchre opens the sauna door. Four naked GIRLS enter.

MORGAN
One condition?

Corbett indicates for Morgan to continue.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Nothing happens to Theo.

Corbett considers, nods.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Morgan and Wendy walk hand in hand along the beach. CHILDREN play in the sand.

MORGAN
I've never done this before.

WENDY
Walked along the beach?

MORGAN
Held a girl's hand.

She laughs. He stops, turns to her.

MORGAN (cont'd)
(smiling)
I'm thinking of buying us a house.

Wendy throws her arms round him. They fall to the ground, passionately kissing.

INT. MORGAN'S CAR - DAY

Morgan pulls up outside Wendy's place. Wendy gathers her handbag from the car floor.

Morgan sees the Addict looking at him through a curtain. He drives further down causing Wendy to bump her head on the dash.

WENDY
What're you doing?

He parks under a tree, turns the engine off. He roughly kisses her, starts removing her top. She pulls away.

WENDY (cont'd)
Not here, please!

He angrily folds his arms. Wendy prepares to get out.

MORGAN
One minute I'm trying to buy you a house, next minute I'm a cunt.

WENDY
I have to go.

MORGAN
Is he still getting up yer?

Wendy opens the door. Morgan aggressively leans over and slams the door.

MORGAN (cont'd)
You're not fucken going!

WENDY
Why?

MORGAN
Because I wanta fuck you first.

He grabs her shoulder. She pulls away.

WENDY
You're not!

MORGAN
He is fucking you, isn't he?

WENDY
This is ridiculous!

She pushes him away.

MORGAN
I said you're not going!

He holds her wrist.

WENDY

Let go!

MORGAN

After.

He lets her go. On the verge of tears she closes her eyes. Morgan stares straight ahead.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Look, you know how I feel about you.

WENDY

You wouldn't do this if it was true.
I don't do it to you!

MORGAN

You know I wouldn't hurt you.

WENDY

Why do you act like that?

MORGAN

I don't know.

WENDY

This is not worth it!

MORGAN

If you wanta, that's all you've gotta do, just say it.

WENDY

I've gotta go.

MORGAN

Yeah, course you fucken have!

Wendy opens the door.

WENDY

Bye.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Morgan jumps out. Wendy hurries away.

MORGAN

(screaming)

That's right. Go and suck his cock,
the fucken hoon!

INT. SLAMMER - NIGHT

A nose sniffs a line of coke from the back of a hand.

EXT. GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan, The Pink Rat and Euchre, in expensive suits, wigs and sunglasses, face the door of a fortified gambling room. Heavy rock plays.

The door is opened by a large Asian DOORMAN (30) in a suit. The Pink Rat sticks a gun under the doorman's chin.

INT. GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

ASIANS are gambling at card tables. The Pink Rat marches the Doorman to the centre of the room. There is instant silence.

Euchre forces the Doorman to the floor. The DEALER (25), at the main table wearing a short-sleeved white shirt, cautiously reaches into his trouser pocket.

Morgan pulls out a meat cleaver and races at the Dealer who puts his hands on the table.

Morgan chops a pack of cards between the Dealer's hands. The Dealer screams.

MORGAN

Shut up! Shut up!

The Pink Rat points his piece at the stunned players. Some raise their hands, some cover their heads. Others watch contemplating whether or not to make a move.

Euchre scoops money into a pile on the main table. Morgan's eyes light up. He looks at those contemplating whether or not to make a move and sees they're looking at the dealer for a lead. The Pink Rat sprinkles kerosene over the money from a small container.

The Dealer stands.

Suddenly Morgan brings the meat cleaver down on the Dealer's shoulder, snapping it like a twig. The Dealer collapses, screaming.

Euchre lights the money and his eyes dance with glee.

The Pink Rat jerks the Doorman's head off the floor.

PINK RAT

Tell your boss it's our ball, 'cos
you're outa bounds.

The Doorman doesn't respond. Morgan races at him with the raised cleaver.

MORGAN

Yer fucken savvy?

DOORMAN

Yes, yes, yes.

Morgan wants to kill and everyone knows it.

EUCHRE

(whispering)

We don't want a murder blue, mate.

Morgan races to the table and hacks into it. The players frantically back.

MORGAN

Who told yer yer could move?
You don't do anything unless we give
you permission. Understand?
Understand?

The players are terror stricken.

MORGAN (cont'd)

I asked yer a fucken question!

PINK RAT

Come on, mate.

MORGAN

Did yer fucken hear me?

Morgan goes berserk with the cleaver, chopping the table and rushing at the players who panic and dash for the door. He hacks into their backs as they fight each other to escape.

Morgan races to the wounded Dealer, trying to hack him but the Dealer rolls under the table.

Euchre and The Pink Rat want to leave but they're cautious of Morgan.

EUCHRE

Come on, mate. We've gotta get outa here.

Euchre and The Pink Rat hurry out the door.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They scamper down the stairs. DINERS are screaming in their panic to leave.

Suddenly Morgan, waving the cleaver and screaming like a wild animal, sprints down the stairs.

Euchre and The Pink Rat run straight through the diners and out the door.

Morgan hacks the counter, cash register, charges into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The back door of the kitchen is open and the kitchen empty. Morgan hacks everything in sight.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Outside the Chinese restaurant is deserted.

Morgan runs from the restaurant, into the cool night air. He stops and as if savouring the moment slowly swirls.

Euchre and The Pink Rat pull up along side in a car. The Pink Rat opens the back door and Morgan slowly gets in.

The car speeds away.

INT. EUCHRE'S CAR - NIGHT

Morgan is alright.

EUCHRE

Ah, fuck, mate, fuck, fuck, fucken hell. Fuck, mate, what're you trying to do, mate? Get us all fucken killed? Fucken hell!

MORGAN

Carn, we're gotta go back

EUCHRE

Ah, fuck.

MORGAN

Do it properly. It was only a half-pye attempt.

PINK RAT

Take it easy, Johnny. Take it easy, mate.

EUCHRE

Mate, you're fucken mad.

Morgan slams the upholstery with the cleaver.

MORGAN

I'm not fucken mad!

EUCHRE

Course not, mate. I didn't say you were, mate.

The Pink Rat doesn't say anything but has his hand on the door.

EUCHRE (cont'd)

That was a fucken top go, mate. Dead set, wasn't it, Rat?

PINK RAT

I reckon the Dealer'd agree with that.

The Pink Rat glances wearily at Euchre as Morgan snorts coke.

INT. BROTHEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

The MADAM (30), overweight but attractive, holds the door open for them. Her hands are adorned with expensive rings.

A MINDER (35), in tuxedo, guards the main entrance. The Madam motions for him to leave which he does.

EUCHRE

Gedday, love.

MADAM

Euchre and Pinkie.

EUCHRE

(indicating Morgan)

This is The Shovel.

Morgan's eyes light up even more. Her acknowledging look implies she's heard of him.

EUCHRE (cont'd)

We want the best three birds you've got.

THE PINK RAT

Something special for The Shovel.
Someone he can hack into.

The three men laugh.

MADAM

Like that are you, Johnny?

MORGAN

Actually I was thinking of you.

The Pink Rat elbows Euchre in the ribs.

MADAM

Thanks, but I work this side of the counter.

MORGAN

Take a smoko.

She shakes her head at the laughing duo.

MADAM

I'm sure you'll find our girls
suitable. Now if you'll excuse me
I'll see who's available.

She leaves. Euchre and The Pink Rat laugh.

PINK RAT
That's Terry's bird, mate.

MORGAN
Thanks for fucken telling us.

PINK RAT
(laughing)
Take a smoko...

Corbett enters, agitated.

CORBETT
Geez, what bloody happened? It's
Vietnam all over down there.

Morgan laughs but Euchre and The Pink Rat are cautious of
Corbett's mood.

CORBETT (cont'd)
What'd you think you were doing?
Putting on a butcher's floorshow?

EUCHRE
You don't know what you missed,
fairdinkum, Terry.

CORBETT
I know what I missed. I just saw it
on TV.

EUCHRE
But you wouldn't have seen the best
parts, would he, Shovel?

MORGAN
Best parts, ha, ha, ha...

CORBETT
You idiots are on coke, aren't you?

MORGAN
Coke? You told me it was flour, Rat.

The only one not laughing is Corbett.

PINK RAT

Come on, Terry. Where's your sense of humour?

CORBETT

I left it with Conway when he told me about all the eye witnesses.

MORGAN

I told yer we should've gone back. Ha, ha, ha...

EUCHRE

When The Shovel chopped that Slope's shoulder, mate, you'd of thought you were in medical school.

Morgan is aware of the Corbett's distaste.

CORBETT

(pretend anger)

I've had this!

Morgan bristles.

CORBETT (cont'd)

Shut the doors and bring all the girls in. If you can't beat them, join them.

EUCHRE

Fucken good one, but don't let Organ-Morgan here near a fucken shovel.

Morgan laughs hysterically.

INT. SAUNA - DAY

Morgan, towel round his waist, sits by himself in the sauna. Sweat pours from his body. He observes his injured shoulder and is aware his stomach is getting flabby.

Corbett, towel round his waist and suffering a hangover, enters.

CORBETT

You okay?

MORGAN

Why wouldn't I be?

Morgan sniffs twice.

CORBETT

You wanta give that stuff a miss, son.

MORGAN

Least it doesn't give yer a hangover.

CORBETT

It's too much of an evener.

Morgan closes his eyes, enjoys the heat. Corbett places an envelope next to Morgan.

MORGAN

(indicating envelope)

That just balances the scales. Gets you the most important thing in the world.

CORBETT

And what's that?

MORGAN

Protection from The Shovel.

Morgan laughs.

CORBETT

You wanta get off that stuff...

MORGAN

And yer wanta stop telling people what to do.

Corbett goes to leave.

MORGAN (cont'd)

See, Terry, guys like you are always telling guys like me to take it easy, don't rock the boat. It's a method yer use to keep pickles in line. But I'm not like other guys. I'm not big-noting, but it's something I know. Even guys with dash are toey of me. Now if I was in their place, if

I was scared of them...I'd put them off. That's the difference between me and everyone.

Corbett smiles.

CORBETT

There's a function tonight. I need you to stay off that shit. Got someone you can bring?

Morgan smiles.

INT. WENDY'S FLAT - DAY

Wendy, in dressing gown, opens her door to a smiling Morgan. He has a Cabbage Patch doll under his arm. She immediately shuffles to her bedroom.

MORGAN

Where's the brat?

INT. WENDY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

She painfully lays on her bed, pulls her legs up.

MORGAN

What's up?

She closes her eyes.

MORGAN (cont'd)

What's the matter?

WENDY

I'm crook.

MORGAN

Should get a doctor.

She doesn't look at him. He sees medicine on her side table and sanitary pads on the floor. He sits on the bed. She turns away. He pulls her to face him.

MORGAN (cont'd)

It's the Addict, isn't it?

WENDY

I just want to rest.

He flings the doll away.

MORGAN

The fucken arse. He's off.

WENDY

It's got nothing to do with him. I'm just sick, that's all.

MORGAN

What can I do?

WENDY

Just leave. I...

MORGAN

Why?

WENDY

I need to rest.

He walks to the other side of the bed and sees bloodied pads.

MORGAN

How come yer bleeding?

WENDY

It's natural.

MORGAN

I was hoping yer'd come to a turn with me tonight.

She shakes her head. He looks at the pads again. The penny drops.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Why didn't yer tell me?

WENDY

I'm tired, Johnny.

MORGAN

Fucken good one!

WENDY

I'm sorry. I really need to rest. I'm sorry if I didn't tell you. I didn't think you'd be interested.

MORGAN

Why are people always fucken deciding for me?

WENDY

I wasn't thinking about you. I was thinking about me.

MORGAN

(shouting)

Why? Fucken why?

WENDY

Because I don't want any child on this earth growing up like you! Satisfied? Just leave me alone!

Morgan is stunned.

MORGAN

D'yer love me?

She doesn't answer.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Do yer?

WENDY

Can you ring my dad and tell him I'm coming up?

She painfully gets out of bed.

MORGAN

Course yer fucken would.

WENDY

Least he won't hassle me and he won't want to argue. That all I want. I don't want to hurt anybody. I'm sorry if I'm selfish, Johnny, I'm sorry.

INT. MORGAN'S CAR - DAY

Morgan drives Wendy through the country. He glances at her but her eyes are closed. SLIPPING AWAY by Max Merritt plays on the car radio.

EXT. BUSHYTAIL'S FARM - DAY

Chicken scraps are tossed into a chook pen relegating a rooster to spectator as hens squabble over the carcass.

A gnarled hand repairs chicken wire around the bottom of the pen.

Fashionable shoes appear next to timeworn boots and a shadow engulfs the wistful rooster.

MORGAN

What would've caused that?

BUSHYTAIL

Wombat.

A gate opens. BUSHYTAIL (55) with long grey hair under his leather akubra, enters the pen to fix the wire from the inside.

MORGAN

Thought it'd be a fox.

Bushytail sneers. The rooster flies at Bushytail, pecking him on the leg. Morgan laughs derisively.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Got a bit of dash in him.

BUSHYTAIL

Just a young 'un.

MORGAN

Could've fooled me.

BUSHYTAIL

Got a lot to learn.

MORGAN

Hah!

Bushytail, with lightening speed, seizes the rooster.

EXT. CHOPPING BLOCK - DAY

The rooster lays motionless before an axe decapitates it. Blood squirts over the chopping block.

The headless rooster flaps, falling off the block and spotting Morgan's shoes with blood. Bushytail grins.

BUSHYTAIL

That's yer natural order, son.
There's a natural order to
everything.

Morgan bristles, his steely eyes flaming.

EXT. BUSHYTAIL'S FARM - DAY

Morgan walks towards Bushytail's house, blood specks on his shoes. In the background Bushytail repairs his chook pen.

INT. BUSHYTAIL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy, sick and pale, lies in bed. Morgan looks at her concerned.

WENDY

You don't have to stay.

MORGAN

It's all right.

WENDY

I'd feel better if you went.

He turns away, upset.

WENDY (cont'd)

I'd like to go with you but I can't.

He puts a roll of money on the end of the bed.

WENDY (cont'd)

No, Johnny...

MORGAN

Tell Bushytail to get himself a new
rooster.

She forces a smile.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Yer the only one I know with the guts
to say what you said.

INT. CHINESE FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

The doors open on an elaborate function room. CHINESE STAFF attend to the every whim of CHINESE MEN and their PARTNERS

Corbett and The Madam, Euchre, The Pink Rat and their ESCORTS, Morgan and the Actress, dressed in a stunning low cut dress, are greeted at the entrance by a CHINESE MAITRE'D.

Morgan susses the room. LIN PU, 30, finely tuned and panther-like, wearing competition karate outfit, stand to one side glaring at Morgan.

CORBETT
I don't want any trouble tonight.

MORGAN
No worries.

CORBETT
That's important, Johnny.

MORGAN
I hope yer speak Chinese, because I don't.

Corbett laughs. THE TONG (55), impeccably dressed, approaches Corbett, bows. Morgan whispers to Euchre.

MORGAN (cont'd)
What's the flour situation?

INT. SECLUDED ROOM, FUNCTION CENTRE - DAY

Corbett and The Tong sit opposite each other. Lin Pu stands, arms folded behind The Tong. Morgan stands behind Corbett glaring at Lin Pu.

THE TONG
(in perfect English)
Let's not waste time. We are here for
reasons of honour. Are we not?

CORBETT

We're here because of dishonour.

The Tong raises his eyebrows.

CORBETT (cont'd)

Because you're peddling your dim sims
in the wrong places.

Morgan laughs, The Tong politely smiles.

CORBETT (cont'd)

My advice is go back to selling chop
suey.

THE TONG

The problem, my friend, is that my
people are used to ordering from the
menu.

CORBETT

They can do that in Chinatown.

THE TONG

It's become impractical to
concentrate everything in Chinatown.
We don't have the freedom you have.
We're too small for anything to go
unnoticed.

CORBETT

That's your problem.

THE TONG

And that's why I've asked to discuss
our problem, like sensible adults.

CORBETT

Implying?

THE TONG

Franchise.

CORBETT

To set up in my area?

THE TONG

We would be prepared to compensate
handsomely.

CORBETT

I have to protect my people.

THE TONG

We wouldn't be taking trade from them.

CORBETT

They wouldn't see it that way.

THE TONG

I understand. I think, gentlemen, we have at least established proper relationships, would you say?

Corbett nods.

THE TONG (cont'd)

(glancing at Morgan)

Perhaps I would add that if any problems arise in the foreseeable future you bring them to me.

Lin Pu glares at Morgan.

THE TONG (cont'd)

To avoid unnecessary bad media.

CORBETT

Agreed.

The Tong smiles, stands. Corbett stands.

As they're leaving Lin Pu deliberately steps in front of Morgan.

Morgan restrains himself but glares at Lin Pu who rearranges his belt and saunters off.

INT. CHINESE FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

The food is lavish and professionally served. There is an empty seat next to The Tong. Lin Pu is absent.

The Tong, stands, indicates he has something to say. Everyone quietens.

THE TONG

Thank you, friends. It's good to see us all here having such a good time. It's how it should be.

Corbett acknowledges with a Chinese nod.

THE TONG (cont'd)

Tonight I would like to congratulate and introduce you to one of our finest young people. Lin Pu this week won the world karate championship.

Lin Pu walks proudly in wearing a championship belt. All except Morgan clap.

THE TONG (cont'd)

Lin Pu has agreed to perform his warm-up, I think he calls it, for us, ladies and gentlemen. Lin Pu.

Lin Pu launches into an impressive routine of karate exercises and blows.

The Tong's camp are beside themselves as Lin Pu validates their right to feel physically equal if not superior.

Morgan skoals a glass of champagne.

When Lin Pu finishes even Euchre and The Pink Rat clap.

EUCHRE

Good eh?

MORGAN

Fairyfloss.

EUCHRE

Come on, mate. Something different.

MORGAN

Girl Guide stuff! Anyone can do a fucken warm-up.

THE PINK RAT

You're just crook on him because they don't have titles for you know what.

Two ASIAN karate FIGHTERS come on stage. Lin Pu demonstrates fighting routines with them.

The fighters conclude. All except Morgan clap.

The Actress claps long and hard. Euchre, indicating The Actress's enthusiasm, winks at Morgan.

The Meal is over and Corbett talks with The Tong and Lin Pu. Morgan, still at the table with The Actress, watches Corbett.

Morgan grabs a glass of champagne and joins Corbett.

MORGAN

(To Lin Pu)

Good demo, mate. Personally I prefer something more fairdinkum, yer know?

LIN PU

Like a meat cleaver?

Morgan snickers.

CORBETT

This is Johnny Morgan. Johnny works for me.

The Tong acknowledges with a bow but Lin Pu stares coldly at Morgan.

THE TONG

(admonishing Lin Pu)

This is a night of peace.

Lin Pu politely bows to The Tong who smiles acknowledging the honour in Lin Pu's conformity.

CORBETT

We'll finish our discussion later.

The Tong bows to Corbett. Corbett walks away.

Morgan turns to follow but immediately swings and hits Lin Pu flush on the jaw. Lin Pu falls unconscious.

Morgan rips the belt off Lin Pu.

By the time Corbett realises what's happened Morgan has one foot on Lin Pu's chest and the belt raised.

MORGAN

(yelling)

I'm the new champion of the world.
Shovel One.

The Tong's camp rush to help their fallen champion. The Tong indicates for them to be calm

THE TONG

(to Corbett)

It is all right, my friend. We must not allow this unfortunate incident to upset the evening. I give you my word that for tonight it is forgotten.

MORGAN

Don't worry about for tonight, China. Yer tell that pickle he can back up whenever he wants.

CORBETT

That'll do, Johnny!

Corbett grabs Morgan's arm, trying to retrieve the belt, but Morgan pushes Corbett hard in the chest.

MORGAN

(eyes ablaze)

Nobody touches the champion of the world.

INT. MORGAN'S CAR - DAY

From the noiseless front seat of Morgan's car the disappearing sun silhouettes a pollution-tinted city as the car speeds along the near deserted highway.

Wendy leans her head against the headrest, eyes closed. Outside, farms slide into outer suburban homes.

Morgan glances at her before turning a cassette tape on. He looks for a reaction but Wendy's eyes remain closed.

An oncoming truck screams past, horn blasting.

Wendy wakes, as Morgan, cursing, adjusts his line of driving. He angrily ejects the tape but she calmly puts the tape back in and the song continues. He smiles to comfort her but she ignores him, looks out the window.

He puts a reassuring hand on her knee but she moves her knee away. He reacts aggressively by speeding the car. She grips the door rest.

Morgan notices a tear roll down her cheek. He swerves the car into the kerb, forcing cars behind to brake sharply.

They sit in the stationary car. Morgan holds the steering wheel tight. Morgan, ejects the tape. He reaches to hold her but she pulls away forcing herself into the corner of the seat. He moves over and puts his arm round her shoulder. She tenses but he holds her firmly.

Tears stream down her expressionless face.

EXT. OUTSIDE WENDY'S FLAT - DUSK

The car stops outside Wendy's flat. KIDS play around parked cars in the street. As Morgan opens his car door Wendy exits the car and gets her overnight bag from the back seat before Morgan can assist.

Some of the kids acknowledge her but she ignores them.

Morgan hurries to catch up. As he does she turns and looks at the LARGEST KID standing behind one of the cars and wearing an old-man mask. He is holding a machine-gun. The kids are laughing and screaming.

Morgan reacts to her quizzical look by turning to see who she is looking at. He looks directly into the machine-gun.

He immediately puts his hand on Wendy's head and pushes her down. Simultaneously the unsuspecting kids laugh as the machine-gun open fires.

The force of the machine gun causes the Largest Kid to spray bullets all around Morgan and Wendy, blasting everything in sight. A car screeches to a halt outside the flat.

The machine gun jams. The Largest Kid desperately attempts to fix it.

The Driver, Lin Pu, wearing a long blond wig, leans over and opens the passenger door.

Morgan, covering Wendy, realises the gun is jammed.

MORGAN

(screaming)
Quick. Give's the fucken gun! Give's
the gun!

Morgan jerks Wendy's handbag from her trembling hands. The Largest Kid, desperately trying to get the gun firing, backs to the car and falls backward into the passenger seat. Morgan, pretending he has a gun in the handbag, rushes the car.

MORGAN (cont'd)
You're off, cunt!

The machine gun fires, shooting holes through the car roof, as the car screeches away. Morgan chases the car.

MORGAN (cont'd)
(screaming)
Bang! Bang! Bang! Yer're off.
(screaming)
Yer weak cunts! Yer fucken dogged it!

Morgan goes to Wendy who is on her haunches and still backing against a brick wall. She has been shot in the lower leg. Morgan drops her handbag.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Don't worry, Babe, I'll get them.

She continues pushing with her feet but they slip on the concrete.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Weak cunts! I'll give 'em shoot me.
Did yer see 'em? One fucken finger and
they dogged it. Ha, ha, ha....

PEOPLE crowd round. The Kids are terrified. Wendy is crying loudly and still pushing with her feet against the concrete ground .

INT. WENDY'S FLAT - DUSK

As Morgan stumbles through the front door the Addict, in a drug-crazed stupor, rolls off a couch and props semi-conscious on the floor.

Morgan bumps him out of the way, grabs the phone and dials. An Ambulance siren is heard in the distance. SANDRA cries in a bedroom.

ADDICT
Help yerself, mate.

MORGAN
Come on, answer fuck yer. Answer. Any cunt that doesn't answer's off!

Morgan hangs up and redials.

A BYSTANDER sticks his head through the door.

BYSTANDER
The ambulance is here.

MORGAN
Tell 'em to wait.

The Bystander disappears.

MORGAN (cont'd)
(into phone)
Is that you, Euchre? The bastards just tried to knock me...Fucken sub-machine gun, the cunts...They've just declared World War Three.

Morgan hangs up and immediately redials. No answer. He tries to think of another number but can't.

An AMBULANCE OFFICER enters.

AMBULANCE OFFICER
You coming?

MORGAN
In a minute.

AMBULANCE OFFICER
WE'VE gotta go. The woman's not too good.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A police car, lights flashing, siren blaring, pulls up.

Wendy, sedated and in shock, lies on a stretcher. An AMBULANCE OFFICER attends to her. She jumps in pain.

MORGAN

What are yer, a fucken student or something?

(to Wendy)

What a weak fucken effort. I'll show 'em how it should be fucken done.

Wendy is put into the back of the ambulance.

A car pulls into the curb. Conway gets out of the front passenger door. Corbett is driving and Theo is in the back.

CONWAY

(to police)

I'll handle this.

(to Morgan)

Get in. It's on.

MORGAN

They just tried to put me off.

CONWAY

Forget it.

MORGAN

I'll bury the lot of them, the fucken lot of them!

Conway grabs Morgan roughly, shouts into his face.

CONWAY

I said it's on. Now fucken forget it!

The Ambulance Officer goes to Morgan.

AMBULANCE OFFICER

You coming?

Morgan considers. Conway hops in the car.

MORGAN

Tell her I'll see her there.

Morgan gets in the car.

INT. CONWAY'S CAR

Morgan sits next to Theo. Corbett speeds from the scene.

Conway turns to Morgan.

CONWAY

We've got half an hour.

MORGAN

(indicating Theo and
Corbett)

What're they doing?

CONWAY

They're the backers I couldn't tell
you about. Now concentrate. I need
you focused.

MORGAN

I haven't got a piece.

Conway takes a gun out of his pocket. Corbett freaks.

CONWAY

Use this.

Conway screws a silencer into the barrel. Morgan's eyes light
up. The car slows as it approaches a red light.

CONWAY (cont'd)

Follow me in, same as last time. Terry
and Theo'll wait in the car.

Corbett looks in the rear view mirror.

CORBETT

Shit! We're being followed.

The car stops at the lights. Conway checks his side door mirror.

CONWAY

It's the Chows!

Morgan angrily looks back, sees Munroe driving.

Conway turns, shoots Morgan in the chest and head.

The lights turn green and the car speeds off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car navigates traffic, finally driving through country as the credits roll to NICK CAVE'S *Lay Me Low*.

FADE OUT