

SON OF A GUN

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Southern light Films

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FADE IN:

THE ROAR OF AN OUTBOARD MOTOR

A YOUNG MAN'S FACE fills the screen, FEAR written all over it. It's still dark out... but, light is coming on fast.

PULL BACK to REVEAL him (JR) sitting at the front of a SMALL BOAT with a LARGE SUITCASE. Behind him a MAN (Brenden) in his early 30's drives the outboard motor. A gun tucked into the back of his pants.

The young bloke glances over his shoulder. Brenden smiles faintly, the laugh lines crinkling around his blue eyes.

JR turns his head back. Brenden's face quickly changes to a menacing thousand-yard-stare.

1 **INT. PRISON TRANSPORT VEHICLE - DAY**

1

The monotonous HUM of an ENGINE--

JR (19) -- rangy-handsome, naive boyish quality, sits in SHACKLES in the rear of a PRISON VEHICLE, staring through a small window covered in a lattice of thick wire mesh --

The outside world flashes past. Shiny coils of RAZOR-WIRE glistening in the sun.

He unfolds his WISHLIST -- magazine cutouts of all things he wants in life. The vehicle stops and starts to reverse.

There will be no title card indicating the year. But the wardrobe, the hair, the overall design will indicate that this is the late-1990's.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

The RATTLE of keys, VOICES ECHOING.

The door swings open. THE CAMERA steps out into the bright light with JR to REVEAL a modern, sterile looking prison.

2 **INT. PRISON - PROCESSING ROOM 1 - A LITTLE LATER**

2

JR 68 kilos of skin and bone, takes off his jocks and stands naked holding onto his privates. TWO OFFICERS in KHAKI UNIFORMS stand across from him.

Officer #1 searches his clothes on the bench whilst Officer #2 conducts the body search.

OFFICER #2

(JR does the actions)
Hands in the air, wiggle your fingers, open your mouth, lift your tongue, run your fingers through your hair. Turn around, lift your right foot, wiggle your toes, now the other foot, bend over, cough.

OFFICER #1

(unfolds the wishlist)
What's this?

JR

Just something I carry around.

Officer #1 passes it to his co-worker. He takes a good look at it and shrugs. Folds it and hands it to JR.

OFFICER #2

(referring to wishlist)
Nice car.

3

INT. PRISON - PROCESSING ROOM 2 - A LITTLE LATER

3

OFFICER #3 taps on a computer. JR wearing green prison issue tracksuit pants and rubber thongs stands opposite him.

OFFICER #3

Have you ever been in prison before or been locked up?

(JR shakes his head)

You have enemies or anyone that has a problem with you in this place.

(JR shakes his head)

You smoke?

JR nods. OFFICER #3 opens a drawer -- hands him a pouch of WHITE OX and TALLY-HO papers.

OFFICER #3 (CONT'D)

Make 'em last, 'cos you won't be getting any more 'till you're assigned a work detail. Do you have any people whose phone numbers you want to put down on your phone account, family?

JR takes a moment then shakes his head.

4

INT. PRISON - VARIOUS - LATER

4

FLIP FLOP FLIP FLOP

Several pairs of thongs walk down the hallway.

JR holding onto his PRISON KIT comprising of sheets and toiletries is led single file with the other NEWBIES through SEVERAL ELECTRIC DOORS into the--

FISH TANK

A common area with steel tables and chairs, surrounded by two stories of cells holding 130 INMATES. All painted an unpleasant grey-green. Fluorescent lights hang above.

In the middle of the building is a glassed observation room where GUARDS watch the prisoners, called the FISH TANK.

Instantaneously, ALL EYES are on the NEWBIES.

JR stares at Brenden Abbott (33) -- who is playing a solo game of chess. He has a rugged enigmatic face. Mileage in those eyes. Raised by the system. Self educated with the brains to circumnavigate the law.

Brenden feels JR's eyes on him -- GLANCES up at the kid. JR's eyes FLASH forward. He is led upstairs by OFFICER #4. He takes in the endless line of locked doors.

5 INT. CELL - B6 - CONTINUOUS

5

Officer #4 and JR enter the room. BEN (19) -- the dull eyes and posture of a defeated man, walks over and lies down on the bunk. Officer #4 pushes the CALL BUTTON.

OFFICER #4
White in-house.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yup.

Officer #4 leaves and JR takes in the place. An 8 x 10 foot Cell. One tiny barred window, two plastic chairs, two narrow bunk beds and a toilet and sink combined.

6 INT. PRISON - TAILOR SHOP - DAY

6

JR is on a sewing machine along with a DOZEN OR SO other INMATES. He looks behind at Brenden who is busy sewing.

STERLO (44) -- built like a bulldog, all chest and shoulders grins as he works. He cuts the thread and holds up his handy work for fellow inmate MERV (45) -- nicknamed after the cricketer due to his handlebar moustache.

Sterlo has sown FUCK THIS into the material. JR stares over at the two inmates and grins.

Unimpressed, Sterlo shoots him a stern look. JR gets the message and continues with his work.

7 **INT. PRISON - FISH TANK - DAY**

7

JR sits rolling a cigarette. He watches DAVE (44) -- a hulking redneck with the personality of a wart and his THREE CRONIES grab Ben and take him to a cell. The boy doesn't put up a fight, it's as though he is resigned to his fate.

Brenden sits a few tables down from JR -- OPENS a zip bag and takes out a small travel peg style chessboard.

He opens a SEALED ENVELOPE and takes out a NOTE, which has BXF3 written on it. He captures his own white knight with the nameless opponent's black bishop --

Turns the board around. Analyzes. Moves in counter attack.

JR scoffs at the move. Brenden turns around and the boy quickly looks the other way.

8 **INT. PRISON - CELL - B6 - LATER**

8

JR walks into his cell.

WHOOSH

Brenden pins JR against the wall in a CHOCK HOLD.

BRENDEN

You spying for the screws?

JR chokes in response. Brenden releases his hold slightly.

JR

(gasping for air)

QXA8. You left yourself open...
checkmate in three moves.

Brenden lets the boy go. JR rubs his neck.

BRENDEN

Where'd you learn to play?

JR

At the Boy's home. Priests would only let us play chess or backgammon. I liked chess better.

BRENDEN

Backgammon's a tossers game. The moment you roll the dice () you've already lost.

JR relaxes (they're having a conversation). Brendan hardens (No they're not).

BRENDAN
So what's with the staring, you
taken a shine to me?

JR
I read about you. You're the
postcard bandit-

BRENDEN
I'm no-one. We're all no-one here.

As he releases the choke, Ben walks into the cell with a banged up eye and nose -- gets into bed and lies facing the wall.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
(nods over at Ben)
Let that be a lesson. If you don't
make things happen, things will
happen to you.

Brenden leaves. JR takes in the gravity of the comment.

9

INT. PRISON - CELL - B6 - NIGHT

9

The SOUND of SCRAPING wakes JR up. He leans over the bunk -- sees Ben on the floor working away at something in the dark.

JR climbs down and looks at the shirtless boy. PROPERTY OF DAVE has been crudely tattooed on his lower back.

JR
You tryin' to tunnel out of here or
something?

Ben SPINS around with a TOOTHBRUSH that he has sharpened to make a shiv. His crazed eyes meet JR's.

JR (CONT'D)
(holds up his hands)
Whoa, I'm not your enemy.

JR offers Ben a smoke. Ben lowers the shiv and takes a cigarette. They light up.

JR (CONT'D)
What's with the toothbrush?

BEN
You get 'em in the neck, here...

Ben puts the pointy end of the toothbrush into the fleshy carotid artery on his neck.

BEN (CONT'D)
 They'll bleed out fast. Reckon I
 can get one, maybe two before they
 know what's hit 'em. But I'll
 settle for just one shot at Dave.
 (beat)
 Thanks for the ciggie.

JR nods and climbs back into his bunk -- sits listening to
 the scrapping coming from below.

10 **INT. PRISON - FISH TANK - DAY**

10

Ben looks worried. Dave and his Cronies are eyeing him off
 threateningly. JR walks over to Ben.

JR
 (whispering)
 Hit me.

Ben looks back confused. JR starts PUSHING Ben closer and
 closer to the fish tank.

JR (CONT'D)
 Go on hit me!

All the INMATES start to take notice and WOOF WHISTLE.
 Brenden looks up and watches the boys fight.

JR runs Ben into the FISH TANK window. The OFFICERS drinking
 their morning coffee all jump to attention.

Ben TACKLES JR to the ground.

JR (CONT'D)
 Come on pussy hit me.

CRACK

Ben punches JR. OFFICERS pile out of the fish tank, separate
 the boys and drag them off to solitary. Through bloody
 teeth, JR gives Ben a thousand-watt smile.

JR (CONT'D)
 You're welcome.

Brenden walks over and picks up JR's WISHLIST that has fallen
 out of the young bloke's pocket.

11 **INT. PRISON - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY**

11

Blackness. Then the SOUND of SOMEONE COUGHING.

The overhead lights come on. JR's eyes slowly open. He
 looks around, disoriented. Woozy. Confused.

A CLANK as the door opens.

OFFICER #5
White, you're back in general.

12 **EXT. PRISON - EXERCISE YARD - A LITTLE LATER** 12

Inmates pace like caged animals in what looks like a bearpit in a third-rate zoo.

JR steps out of B-BLOCK into the bright light of day. He SQUINTS, his eyes adjusting. He stands there looking around, a lost animal.

Dave and his cronies have SURROUNDED Ben and are PUSHING him back and forth. Brenden steps in and grabs JR by the arm.

BRENDEN
You've got a lot to learn kid,
because sticking your neck out for
that punk was a bad interpretation
of my advice.

A SIREN SOUNDS and all the inmates start to shuffle back towards the main building. Brenden digs out JR's WISHLIST and hands it to him.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
(referring to wishlist)
Dreams are dangerous in here.
Don't let anyone see that, it's for
you only. Otherwise these maggots
will use it against you and then
they'll own you.

13 **INT. PRISON - CELL - B6 - NIGHT** 13

JR wakes to a GURGLING NOISE. He jumps down from his bunk. Ben is holding onto the BLOODY toothbrush SHIV. His neck HEMORRHAGING a river.

JR's first insyant is to press on the neck then no he cant do that they'll think he stabbed him. He PRESSES the call button, watches as Ben bleeds to death on the floor.

VOICE
Yeah what do you want?

JR
Get in here quick, someone's dying,
he's bleeding everywhere.

The overhead lights flash on. SEVERAL OFFICERS rush in and push JR away.

One of Dave's Cronies walks up the other side of the staircase. BLOCKING him in.

JR turns and walks backwards -- goes to reach around for the SHIV. Brenden walks out of the cell and JR CRASHES into him.

BRENDEN
Whoa, there you are.

Brenden puts an arm around JR and walks him into the cell.

18

INT. PRISON - CELL - B6 - CONTINUOUS

18

Brenden closes the door and sits down on one of the chairs.

BRENDEN
Can I ask you a question. What'cha gonna do when you get out of here in a few months...

JR
(still rattled)
None of your business

BRENDEN
....hold up a servo, do some small-time break in?

JR mulls it over.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
"He who dies with the most toys wins". My old man used to say that Probably the only thing we agreed on. Chump change ain't gonna cut it, if your serious about that wishlist you carry around in your pocket.

JR
I'll think of something.

Brenden takes out the shiv.

BRENDEN
Better think fast. Cos unless you're planning on fighting plaque, this ain't gonna do squat.

JR feels his back where the shiv should be.

JR
How'd you do that?

BRENDEN

You wanna learn, I'll teach you.
First I gotta get out of this hell
hole.

JR

I've only got five more months
here, why would I risk a break-out.

BRENDEN

(cuts in)

You wouldn't. You'd be working for
me on the outside.

JR

And what if I decide to say no?

BRENDEN

You'll be needing this

Brenden puts the toothbrush shiv on the table in front of JR.

Its not much of a weapon.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

You help me, I can help with your
problem. Your choice.

(...)

19 **INT. PRISON - FISH TANK - DAY**

19

JR is walking, when--

WHOOSH

Dave and his cronies SNATCH JR. They hold his mouth to
MUFFLE the SCREAMS and drag him into CELL B19. THE INMATES
turn a blind eye.

20 **INT. PRISON - CELL - B19 - CONTINUOUS**

20

Dave and his Cronies have JR on the ground -- working his
pants down.

The door KICKS open. Sterlo and Merv rush in fists swinging
and quickly takeout Dave and his Cronies.

As JR pulls up his pants he spots Dave blowing him a kiss.

CRUNCH

JR kicks Dave in the balls. Brenden walks in pulls JR away.

DAVE
Abbott, this is none of your
business.

BRENDEN
That's where you're wrong.

21 **EXT. PRISON - FISH TANK - CONTINUOUS** 21

JR follows Brenden out of the cell. The SOUND of Dave
SCREAMING. A deep, primal, guttural noise.

An ALARM sounds. JR looks back.

BRENDEN
Keep walking.

JR and Brenden sit on the far side of the room.

The screaming stops. Sterlo COVERED in BLOOD walks out of
the cell and over to JR and Brenden -- lights up a cigarette.

STERLO
 (to Brendan)
See you when I get out of solitary.
 (to JR)
Don't forget our little deal.

JR is about to say "what deal" when OFFICERS in RIOT GEAR
rush into the room.

Sterlo grins -- casually puts his hands on his head and
KNEELS onto the floor. He maintains a grin, cold eyes
looking straight at JR, as he is pushed onto the ground and
CUFFED.

22 **INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY** 22

The BRILLIANT SUN glints off the white sandy beach.

JR's face is pressed against the bus window. It's a few
months later -- his hair has grown out a bit. He snaps out
of a DEEP SLEEP and looks around. The bus is filled mostly
with ASIAN TOURISTS.

In the seat opposite JR a little ASIAN GIRL (6) -- drops an
electronic TAMAGOTCHI pet. JR picks up the toy and hands it
back to her. She smiles and continues to play.

23 **INT. SAM'S STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - LATER** 23

We hear MUFFLED MUSIC coming from the main room.

SAM MITCHELL (52) -- back to us, wearing a brown suede leather jacket is talking on the phone. A stack of lavender napkins and balloons sit on the table.

SAM

I want blue and white...the colour of the bloody Aussie flag, you nimwit, same goes for the napkins and table cloths...

JR stands on the other side of the desk.

Hovering in the background is --

Sam's nephew JOSH (28) -- a body-worshipping gym head in a black leather jacket.

KEN (43) -- a very big man, heavily muscled, with an overhanging belly and meaty hands.

MITCH (39) a small man, wearing a colourful shirt, thin tie and boots decorated with chains.

SAM (CONT'D)

She's our future prime minister. We're not throwing a tupperware party.

JR looks up at a framed photo of PAULINE HANSON draped in the Australian flag behind Sam.

Sam hangs up the phone and turns around.

He is a solid man who has an obvious liking for gold -- gold watch, a black belt with a gold buckle, two gold rings on his left ring finger and another gold ring on his left middle finger in the shape of a horseshoe.

SAM (CONT'D)

Fund raiser. Absolute nightmare. Everyone wants to cut corners. (directed at Josh) But it's all in the details.

Josh SHRUGS playing it cute. Sam FLICKS a balloon at him and he ducks.

SAM (CONT'D)

You got something for me?

JR hands Sam a NOTE -- goes to sit in a chair.

SAM (CONT'D)

Did I ask you to sit?

JR straightens up. Sam unfolds the note and reads -- QXA8. He gets up and just for a moment, we see a GLINT OF STEEL -- a HANDGUN in a hidden HOLSTER.

He walks over to an ornate CHESSBOARD made of polished marble and captures his own black castle with the white Queen. JR could see that a mile off. The move clearly frustrates Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Give him the suitcase.

Ken dumps a LARGE SUITCASE beside JR. Sam walks over to a safe in the corner of the room. SPINS the dial -- opens the door takes out a MANILA ENVELOPE, takes a pen from the desk and writes on it.

SAM (CONT'D)

This is where you're staying. It's right on the beach.

JR

Can't swim.

JOSH

You don't have to swim to enjoy the beach. Not a homo are you.

JR nods. Sam hands the envelope to JR.

SAM

Everything is in there. Cash phone... keys. You get a call, answer it. It's a new number, no one has it but us. You ever had a mobile phone?

(JR shakes his head)

Works like a regular phone, but the batteries don't last for shit on the things, so keep it charged. Show him the car.

24

INT. SAM'S STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

24

LOUD MUSIC plays. JR carrying the suitcase follows Josh through the UNCROWDED, not-very-glamorous strip club.

ON STAGE:

An ASIAN STRIPPER (21) works the pole, grinding to the music.

JASMINE (24) -- a strikingly beautiful Asian woman enters with a drinks tray. She looks almost out of place, closed off, she doesn't even notice JR.

He watches her walk into one of the curtained off VIP rooms and disappear.

Josh opens the front door for JR.

JOSH
 Look after her, she's really
 special to me.

He's handing JR some car keys.

25 **EXT. MAIN BEACH PDE - A LITTLE LATER**

25

JR drives down the main GOLD COAST drag in an old clapped out silver Camira STATION WAGON.

To the left GROUPS of healthy YOUNG PEOPLE in their bathers walk beach side. To the right rows of TALL PLASTIC APARTMENT BUILDINGS stretch for miles.

JR pulls up alongside TWO GIRLS wearing bikinis in a convertible SPORTS CAR. One of them appraises JR, pops her bubblegum.

GIRL
 (dead pan)
 Is that car your Mum's?

Her friends shriek with laughter. The light turns green and the convertible speeds off. Annoyed he crunches the car into gear and pulls away.

26 **INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - A LITTLE LATER**

26

JR with the suitcase walks into the large modern living area adjoining an open style kitchen.

He puts the suitcase on the ground and dumps the contents of the manila envelope -- a large flip style Motorola, charger, ten thousand dollar stack of hundreds and a short length of DIAMOND WIRE.

THE SLIDING DOOR OPENS

And JR steps out onto the balcony. He takes in the 180° views of the SOUTH PACIFIC and grins. This is the life. Swigging a beer he unzips and takes a leak over the parapet

27 **INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT**

27

()

CLICK

The case opens. Inside is a makeup kit, several wigs, hats, glasses and police scanners...

JR reaches in and takes out a bundle of fake id's and passports. All of Brenden with different personal details.

A GLINT OF STEEL catches his eye and he reaches in deeper -- takes out an Italian made TANFOGLIO 9mm.

He turns it in his hand, feels the weight with a mix of fear and fascination.

KNOCK KNOCK

JR quickly puts the gun back and closes the suitcase.

He opens the door and

Oh fuck theres Jasmine. The girl from the club, utterly gorgeous, completely closed off and expressionless.

JASMINE

I'm Jasmine a friend of Sam's, he said you have something for me.

JR

Yeah come in.

Jasmine walks into the living area -- throws her purse onto the couch like she owns the place.

JASMINE

Can I use your toilet?

JR

Sure it's down the hall.

She walks off. JR puts on a tee-shirt, tidies up a bit. The SOUND of a FLUSH and he quits what he's doing, fumbles for a cigarette.

She returns.

JR (CONT'D)

Do you want a beer?

JASMINE

I'm here to pick something up not to sleep with you.

JR

That's not what I meant.

JASMINE

So where is it?

He picks up the DIAMOND WIRE off the coffee table and gives it to her.

JAMINE

Just that

JR

It's diamond wire. It cuts through pretty much anything. That's what you're going to smuggle in your pouch.

JASMINE

Pouch? I'm not a kangaroo.

JR

Purse. I mean purse.

She coils it, lifts up her shirt

JR (CONT'D)

Careful...

...She puts the wire in her pocket, drops her shirt

JASMINE

I should go.

JR

Yep.

He walks her to the door and she leaves. Closes the door.

JR (CONT'D)

(to himself)

You idiot.

28

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

28

The SOUND of JR's MOBILE ringing from the other room.

PAN FROM the ocean views to JR lying face down in bed without any clothes on. He wakes up and looks around.

29

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

29

JR wrapped in a sheet looks around the apartment. EMPTY BEER BOTTLES but no phone. He digs under a couch and finds the mobile -- answers it on the tenth ring

JR

Yes. I'm here. Sorry.

JOSH

Heres where you go next...

JR finds a pen and jots down the address on a piece of paper.

30

INT. PRISON - VISITING BOOTHS - CONTINUOUS

30

Brenden sits down across from Jasmine. They are separated by a HALF-INCH thick PERSPEX screen.

They pick up the PHONES.

BRENDEN

How've you been, how's the family?

The perspex is bolted into a metal frame. Jasmine puts a finger on a nut to stop it turning. Brenden removes a bolt, leaving a small hole to the other side

JASMINE

Good, Um... Granny had her hip replacement. Chan got a scholarship to a fancy college in the US. He's studying to become a cosmologist... you know particle physics, the big bang theory, that kinda stuff.

She flashes him a grin.

BRENDEN

You'd better not be showing any of the boys your pouch, because that's off limits.

She flashes him an angry look.

JAMINE

You know I don't like that expression

BRENDEN

Its just a figure of speech

As they talk, she reaches down, grabs out a package the size of a cigar bound in GLAD WRAP -- pushes out the end of the DIAMOND WIRE and THREADS it through the hole.

Then, with the tip of one finger, she presses the nut back on the frame and Brendan threads the bolt into it.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Has to be nice and tight.

JASMINE

It is.

31

INT. PRIVATE WILSON'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - LATER

31

THUMPING TECHNO plays. An intense-looking man wearing army pants cut off at the knees and combat boots sits across from JR. PRIVATE WILSON (28) -- short cropped light brown hair, slicked to one side. Freckles, toothy smile.

JR hands him a LIST. Wilson reads it.

WILSON

I don't have these.

He is bagging up green ECSTASY PILLS into lots of ten. On the walls are several military pictures of Wilson in army uniform.

WILSON (CONT'D)

(shouts)

I love this bit.

The techno CRESCENDOS and the big base kicks in. Wilson twills his fist in the air.

JR

(shouts)

So what DO you have!?!?

WILSON

What you after?

Wilson pushes the couch to the side revealing a TRAP DOOR -- lifts it up revealing a secret cache of guns.

He kneels down, takes out a small HECKLER & KOCH MP5 SUBMACHINE-GUN and puts it on the coffee table.

WILSON (CONT'D)

MP5, special forces.

(pulls out a larger
machine-gun)

Steyr, infantry. Minimi, that's
French for small.

He pulls out the largest machine-gun yet -- a belt-fed 200-ROUND MONSTER with telescopic sight.

JR

(points to a big box)

What's that?

WILSON

That's my own personal use, but
seeing as you're interested.

HE opens the box -- takes out a portable SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE LAUNCHER and aims it at JR.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Surface-to-air missile launcher...
for if the Moslems turn nasty.

He's completely serious.

WILSON (CONT'D)
That lot is eight G's and I'll
chuck in free training.

HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS

Are counted out into stacks of ten across the table. Wilson
pops a pill.

WILSON (CONT'D)
You want one?

He chucks one over. JR looks down at the little green pill
in his hand and mulls it over.

32

EXT. FIELD - LATER

32

JR stands looking up at a FLOCK OF SPARROWS fly through the
air then change direction. He breaths in deep through his
nose. EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL.

THUD

Wilson pulls JR to the ground near the MINIMI machine-gun and
passes him an army WATER-CANISTER.

WILSON
Hydrate.

JR drinks the water. Wilson offers JR some GUM -- his
ECSTASY FUELED blue eyes are almost popping out of his head.
JR declines the offer.

Wilson holds up a pair of binoculars.

(V.O.)

WILSON
See that oil drum. That's your
target. I want you to take it out.
Short bursts.

JR'S POV - THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

The CROSSHAIRS are dead-on the drum.

BRRRAPPP BRRRAPPP BRRRAPPP

He nails the drum first go. Wilson looks at him awestruck.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Shit. You're ex army

JR
X-box. ...And Playstation 4.

Wilson jumps to his feet.

WILSON
Covering fire. Stat. On the drum

Wilson does a COMMANDO ROLL over the ridge and runs off into the distance firing the Steyr machine gun.

JR pops off a few more shots at the drum then lets the gun rest, sits up and looks around confused. Is this really happening?

A shout

WILSON (OS (CONT'D))
Hey!

Through the telescopic site JR finds the drum,

WILSON (OS) (CONT'D)
Down here! Covering fire!

Panning down to: Wilson, standing dead in the crosshairs half way up the slope, waving his arms wildly

WILSON (CONT'D)
Up! Up! At the drum you fucking
eejit!!

33

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

JR on the mobile sits inside the in-built wardrobe. It rings a few times. The other end answers.

JR
(intermediately
interrupted)
Mum?, I might be going away for
awhile...Backpacking
overseas...Huh...Asia, not sure
yet...That's why I'm calling. Can
you send my passport? Mum...Mum,
I'm ok...

He tries to talk but the other end isn't letting up. He slides the mirror door closed, blocking us out.

A TENSE SILENCE as they sip their tea. He spots a MACHINE-GUN MAGAZINE sticking out from under the couch. He leans over and kicks the magazine under the couch.

She takes out a dozen pairs of JOCKS AND SOCKS -- passport, mosquito repellent and a LONELY PLANET.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
Fresh undies, passport...

JR picks up the travel book.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
I thought you could use it on your trip.
(starts to cry)
Your father is really sick this time.

JR
Last time I saw dad he told me to go to hell...

JR points to a scar on his eyebrow.

JR (CONT'D)
And gave me this.

BARBRA
He doesn't have long, JR. Let me drive you to see him.

JR
No. Theres Somewhere I should be. Really

She really starts to CRY. She grabs a HANKY out of her handbag.

JR (CONT'D)
Its OK. Its OK Mum.

37 INT. PRISON - CELL - B45 - LATER

37

Brenden stands in the dark looking out the cell window for the signal. The FRUSTRATION written on his face. The young bloke is a definite no-show.

38 INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - LATER

38

JR's father JOHN (52) -- wasted and drawn, a perfect picture of death, lies in a hospital bed on a RESPIRATOR.

JR stands just outside the door. Barbra leans in and whispers into Johns ear. He shakes his head.

Brenden stands at the cell window. In the black distance the flash of a torch. He lights a sheet of toilet paper.

ON A RISE

Just outside the PERIMETER JR wearing the black leather jacket sits with the torch. A perfect ambush point.

In the distance the CELL window LIGHTS UP like a LANTERN. It's on.

JR quickly sets up the MINIMI machine-gun -- THREADS the 200-round-belt into the receiver and pulls back on the slider -- LOCKED AND LOADED.

INSIDE CELL

Brenden threads a windlass made from sheets around the bar.

He SNAPS OFF the base of the bed -- slots it into the windlass and starts winding.

CRACK

The bar FLIES out of the window. He pushes a plastic chair through the window -- DACKS *The Beginner's Guide to Sailing* and climbs--

OUTSIDE

Brenden, Sterlo and Merv STACK their CHAIRS next to the short inner razor wire fence that surrounds B-BLOCK.

THEY JUMP OVER

And run to the next three meter barbed wire fence. Merv goes to CLIMB the fence.

BRENDEN

Wait it's a sensor...

But it's too late--

ALARMS

Suddenly RING all over the prison and the FLOODLIGHTS flash on. The inmates look up stunned by the bright lights.

MATCH CUT TO:

SECURITY MONITORS

OFFICER #7 sees the inmates on his screen and grabs the microphone.

OFFICER #7
Crims on the oval.

JR'S POV

An ARMOURED TOYOTA LAND CRUISER races towards the inmates.

BRENDEN
(yells)
Open up on them.

JR takes in a deep breath. Flicks the safety off. Face intense. Staring. Deciding. Deciding. This is it... point of no return.

43

JR'S POV - THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

43

He decides against a kill shot -- moves the CROSSHAIRS off the driver and down to the engine block.

BRRRAPPP BRRRAPPP BRRRAPPP

The BULLETS RIP through the ENGINE BLOCK disabling the vehicle. TWO OFFICERS swing their doors open and RETURN FIRE.

JR lets RIP. The Officers duck for cover as the Land Cruiser is SHREDED to pieces.

With the all clear, JR throws the BOLT CUTTERS over the fence -- but they hit the RAZOR WIRE drum and get stuck.

TWO OFFICERS

With their GUNS RAISED run out of B-BLOCK towards the inmates.

OFFICER #8
(to the inmates)
Get down on the ground, now!

JR looks over his shoulder to the exit. He should get going whilst the going is good, but he digs into the bag and pulls out the MP5 MACHINE-GUN and hurls it over the fence.

JR
Catch.

JR runs to the fence and starts CLIMBING. Brenden picks up the MP5 pulls out the shoulder rest, flicks the safety off and aims over the Officer's heads--

TAKA-TAKA-TAKA

The Officers drop for cover.

BRENDEN
You lot stay down, or you'll
fucking go down!

JR grabs the bolt cutters out of the razor-wire, drops to the ground and starts CUTTING the fence -- a gutsy effort.

The inmates SQUEEZE through the fence.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

The Officers let off several shots.

LEG'S RUNNING

Through the scrub.

44 **EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

44

The inmates run out of the scrub and over to an old KINGSWOOD STATESMAN parked on the side of the road.

RRRR RRRR RRRR

The car won't turn over. JR pumps the accelerator.

BRENDEN
I'm guessing you went with the one
that looked good.

JR lets the comment go. Tries again. The car ROARS to life. He lets out a triumphant shout. Take that.

WHOOSH

The Statesman packed with inmates speeds down the road. A COP CAR approaches -- FLASHES on its high beams.

INSIDE THE STATESMAN

GREEN TRACKSUITS light up. JR glances behind as the cop car THROWS itself into a U-TURN and chase after them -- lights and sirens wailing.

JR plants his foot. The ENGINE responds with a ROAR.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
You won't outrun them. Ease off.

JR takes his foot off the peddle and the car slows.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Nice and steady I don't want to
kill anyone, if I can avoid it.

He leans out the window with a MACHINE GUN.

Brenden grins over the serious looking weapon at the cops,
who can only look back in horror as he takes AIM--

BRRRAPPP

Bullets RIP through the FRONT GRILL and right-hand tire. The
police car tries to correct but there's no hope and the tires
catch on the blacktop--

KERRAANCH

The cop car, leaves the road and FLIPS over several times
coming to a CRUMPLED stop.

JR looks over at Brenden wide eyed.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
What? They're cops. They were all
wearing seat belts.

The inmates laugh. But he means it.

45 **EXT. BUSHLAND - LATER** 45

The Statesman pulls up beside the Camira station wagon. The
inmates get out and CHANGE into their CITIZEN'S CLOTHES.

46 **INT. STATION WAGON. TRUCK STOP - DAWN** 46

They Brenden and JR sit in the station wagon. Marv is inside,
visible through the plate glass buying burgers. Sterlo comes
out of the loo, grabs a paper from the stack of new
deliveries.

He gets in, hands the paper to Brenden.

STERLO
You know about this.

Brendan reads, shakes his head.

BRENDAN
Scumbag. Said it was GBH.

EXT. TRUCK STOP. DAWN

The parking lot is like a refugee city of STRANDED TRUCKS standing parked in every spare corner.

The station wagon rolls through, finding the last space beside a FIELD.

MERV walks towards the station wagon with a takeaway bag tucked under one arm.

He gets in, passes the food around.

BRENDEN
No coffee?

MERV
Fucking famished, me.

Brenden looks at Sterlo in the reflection of the rear vision mirror. They acknowledge each other.

STERLO
I know this place.

Merv is about to take a bite out of his burger.

STERLO (CONT'D)
Last time I bought a takeaway there me mate found two big slugs in his burger.

Merv stops mid-bite

MERV
What, like ...Garden slugs.

STERLO
Garden. Shithouse variety, how would you tell?

Brenden reaches down for the MP5 by his leg -- CASUALLY gets out of the car.

STERLO (CONT'D)
When he complained you wanna know what they offered him, two free burgers. He was happier than a pig in shit, far as he was concerned he was a burger up. Dumb prick.

Merv opens his burger and take a good look inside. Sterlo laughs. Brenden opens the back door--

KRAAK

He COLD CLOCKS Merv with the machine gun. Sterlo KICKS him out of the door. Brenden leans down takes the semi-conscious man's belt off.

BRENDEN

(hog ties Merv as he speaks)

The media need an arrest. The cops ain't gonna let up the pressure until that happens. And since you're our only rapist, you top the list.

(tightens the belt)

You tell them anything useful, someone will be waiting for you on the inside.

Brenden gets back into the car. Chucks the NEWSPAPER out the window. It lands next to Merv.

The car pulls out and drives off. MOVE IN on the Newspaper. The headline reads:

BREAKOUT

Below this are three mugs shots. Under Sterlo's and Brenden's faces in bold is CONVICTED ARMED ROBBER. Under Merv's face is CONVICTED RAPIST.

47

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - LATER THAT DAY

47

JR, Brenden and Sterlo enter the room. Sterlo walks into the kitchen grabs some beers. Brenden DARTS in and out of the rooms -- looks over the balcony's edge.

JR

What'cha reckon, pretty sweet?

Brenden is not a happy bunny.

BRENDEN

Single entry. Too far to jump. Something goes wrong, we're sitting ducks.

Sterlo walks over with three beers.

STERLO

We'll tie some sheets together, hang 'em over the edge.

(Brenden is not amused)

Relax, have a beer.

BRENDEN
 I'll relax when I'm dead.
 (to JR)
 Where's my case?

48 **INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 48

CLICK. The suitcase opens. Brenden takes out the TANFOGLIO, puts one into the chamber and tucks in the back of his pants.
 TURNS ON the scanner, RANDOM police chatter fills the room.

49 **EXT. SAM'S PENTHOUSE - ROOFTOP - LATER THAT EVENING** 49

A large INFINITY POOL overlooking the plastic fantastic buildings that line the coast.

Half a dozen ASIAN WOMAN are lazing by the pool in bathers. Sam in a white linen shirt -- orange speedo's and usual arrangement of gold is on a deck chair reading a newspaper.

SAM
 (scans an article)
Prison Minister fears for his life.
 You know it's an election year when they claim you were broken out by an organised crime syndicate to assassinate that big nosed prick.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE -- Brenden, JR, Sterlo and Josh standing poolside.

BRENDEN
 Well, they got half of it right.

SAM
 (pleased with himself)
 What the organised crime bit?

BRENDEN
 No ...the nose.

SAM
 What'cha getting at, Brenden?

Sam pulls out his GUN.

BRENDEN
 Don't kill me

SAM
 I ain't gonna kill you

He lowers the gun.

BRENDEN

Christ. You had me there. Thankyou.
Thankyou

SAM

(hands the gun to JR)
Manolo, shoot this piece of shit.

They both laugh and stop quoting "Scarface". Sam gets up and BEAR-HUGS Brenden.

SAM (CONT'D)

I've found something for you,
Chico. It's a bank.

He walks over to the bar opens a bottle of single malt.

BRENDEN

Which bank?

SAM

That's the one.

Everyone laughs at the COMMONWEALTH BANK reference but JR. He doesn't get the joke.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to JR)

What you never had a Dollarmites
account?

(to Brendan)

Your right hand is a bit slow.

BRENDEN

He's () learning.

SAM

(pours two glass)

This one supplies all the smaller
branches in the area. Ice?

He shakes his head. Sam passes the neat scotch to Brenden.

SAM (CONT'D)

Christmas eve, is one of the
biggest shopping days of the year.
The treasury will be holding
between 2.5 and 3 mil.

(beat)

And I'd got the keys to a Melbourne
money mover worth 7 figures. If
you're interested? We could do a
double whammy.

BRENDEN

(shakes his head)

One more job and then I'm gone.

SAM

Like the saying goes, if you never
change your mind, why have one?

Sam holds up his scotch. They chink then drink.

JASMINE

Enters with dead eyes and a cordless phone. She acknowledges
no-one but a silence falls as she approaches.

JASMINE

(to Sam)

Fund raiser.

SAM

(to the others)

Sorry, I've gotta take this.

He walks away and exchanges a few words over the phone. JR
catches Jasmine's gaze for a second, then she looks away as
Sam hangs up and gives the phone

SAM (CONT'D)

Some nonsense to sort out. Josh
arranged some girls from the club,
help yourself.

BRENDEN

About this place-

SAM

You don't like it?

BRENDEN

Bit flash is all. We're standing
out like a dogs balls here.

SAM

Josh take care of it.

(to Jasmine)

Make sure none of these gentlemen
steal anything.

If its a joke she doersn't smile. Sam walks off. Mitch
lurking in the background opens the door for Sam.

Sterlo doesn't need an invitation. He STRIPS off his thongs
and shirt -- dives into the water and INSTANTLY has TWO GIRLS
in his arms.

Two girls move in on JR

50

INT. SAM'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING AREA - LATER

50

JR is sitting on the couch awkwardly wedged between the two beautiful girls. Brenden sits by himself in a recliner.

Josh and Sterlo are doing lines of coke with topless girls.

JOSH
(speedy from the coke)
So why you love banks so much
Brenden?

BRENDEN
How'd you mean?

JOSH
I've read all the books, seen the
movies and it's different for
everyone. But the one thing they
all agree on... that's where the
juice is. It's in the blood.
You're an adrenaline junkie right?

BRENDEN
I do it because that's where the
money is.

Brenden grabs a Girl and walks out of the room.

Sterlo laughs. Josh's mood instantly changes. His pride took a blow on that one.

JR has seen something outside. He eases himself out of the girls grip and walks --

OUTSIDE

Over to Jasmine who is smoking by the balcony. Behind her, the lights of apartment buildings burn like stars against the endless black void.

JR
When he said "help yourselves" I
didn't know if you were included

She exhales, then turns and studies JR.

JASMINE
If your trying to be one of them,
it doesn't suit you.

JR
I don't know what you mean

JASMINE

I liked you better without the jacket.

JR

I can take it off.

He takes it off slings it over his shoulder. She appraises him critically, still not impressed.

He drops the jacket over the edge of the building. She laughs at this foolishness.

JR (CONT'D)

You just cost me 300 dollars.

JASMINE

I'm still not included.

She walks over to the pool, sits down and puts her feet in. JR stays back from the edge.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You could jump in, its nice and cool.

JR

I'm not a big fan of water.

JASMINE

Yeah. That's what I heard

JR is needled that Sam told her he cant swim.

He takes off his cheap shoes and smelly socks then comes to sit with her at the side of the pool.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

How much did the shoes cost?

JR

It's mostly sentimental value.

JASMINE

Would have to be.

He paddles his feet, enjoying the dead-pan banter

ANGLE ON

Josh standing by the window looking at JR and Jasmine. He walks --

OUTSIDE

Grabs Jasmine's arm, JERKING her off balance.

JOSH
She's off limits.

JASMINE
Get your hands off me Josh.

JR
Why don't you let her...-

JOSH
Hey lover-boy. Mind your business.

Josh shoves JR off his feet.

KA-PLASH

JR lands into the pool. He surfaces and thrashes about.

JR
(swallowing water)
Help!

Josh coked to the eyeballs just stands there laughing.

JR'S POV

Going under and SINKING. Jasmine DIVES down and pulls him to the pool's edge. Josh reaches out with a hand.

JOSH
Accident, no hard feelings.

JR SWIPES the hand away and pulls himself out.

51 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER**

51

JR still drenched and barefoot, leaves the apartment building and storms off down the street in a fury.

He's a hundred yards from the building when a car comes out of the underground parking-garage.

The headlights accelerate towards him then slow.

Convinced its Josh still fucking with him JR keeps walking

The headlights grow larger, finally the car - A convertible Porsche - pulls up beside JR. Jasmine leans over and opens the door

JASMINE
You like seafood?

He hesitates, knowing she's off limits, glncing back up at the apartment block.

JASMINE

Sure. That's what we all say.

JR

You're an illegal, is that it.

JASMINE

No. Australian passport same as you.

She summons the waitress again, calling for the rest of their order. He says nothing as she finishes the dish, still waiting for an answer to his question.

Finally she puts down her chopsticks with a clatter

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I owe them money ok. Some of Sam's people back home paid off my grandmothers debt and sponsored me to come here. They said it was easier to get a visa if you're a student... I could come over and work for a year, pay off the debt and study part time.

JR

So what are you studying.

JASMINE

Electrical engineering.
(off his reaction)
Some technical college in Melbourne that only exists on paper. They do it with all the girls.

JR

How much was the debt.

JASMINE

The jacket wouldn't have covered it.

JR

You could always run off with the Porsche.

JASMINE

Hm. That'd work.

(beat)

He caught the last one who tried something like that. She was four months in the burns unit. "kitchen fire" on the police report.

JR
 (changing the subject)
 You still in touch with your
 grandmother.

JASMINE
 She wasn't happy with me leaving
 home.

JR
 You explain why?

JASMINE
 Sure, that'd go down well. "Hi
 Grandma, love from the gold coast.
 Here's me dressed as a hooker..."

JR
 Cant your parents help.

JASMINE
 Both dead. How about your family?

JR
 You know those happy family group
 photos they use for selling life
 insurance: Mom and dad and three
 blonde kids laughing on a beach.

JASMINE
 Yeah.

JR
 Pretty much the exact opposite of
 that.

She laughs.

JR (CONT'D)
 That's the first time I've seen you
 laugh.

JASMINE
 It's the first time you said
 anything funny.

54 **INT PORSCHE, (STATIONARY) - LATER**

54

The Porsche pulls up out front. JR moves closer, she moves
 away.

JASMINE
 I have to go. I told I was getting
 a bite to eat.

JR
Nothing happened.

BRENDEN
If it did, you'd be in little
pieces. You and her both.

JR smiles back nervously. Brenden leans close. His voice is low but JR has never seen him this furious

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
You think this is funny?
(JR's smile vanishes)
You never bend the rules for a
woman, especially my rules. Stop
thinking with ya dick and get with
the program or I'll cut you loose.
So tell me right fucking now.
What's it gonna be?

JR
I'm gonna get with program.

Brenden leans back, breathing hard. His MOBILE BEEPS with a new SMS. He reads it.

BRENDEN
Sam's come through with a new
place. We leave in ten minutes.

58 **EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD - STREET - LATER** 58

A roadsign reads "Slow, children crossing". Someone has sprayed out "Schoolchildren" and spray-painted "Hornbags"

The station wagon drives past it down a street with sagging houses, fenceless overgrown lawns, clapped-out cars parked three or four to a driveway.

The station wagon pulls up to a HOUSE across from a PARK. The men get out.

59 **INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 59

The men walk in. It's DAGGY and CRAMPED. The men are clearly unimpressed.

BRENDEN
Good. This is more like it.

60 **INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT** 60

Brenden rinses his hair. DYE washes down the sinkhole.

CLOSE SHOTS:

A razor shaving skin -- scissors cutting hair -- contact lens placed on an eye -- cufflink placed in shirt -- hand picking up prescription glasses.

61

INT. HOTEL - FUNCTION ROOM - LATER

61

Sam is standing looking at the roof in the middle of a large room with a HUNDREDS OF TABLES -- that has been decorated in the colors of the Australian flag. In the background is a stage with a large PAULINE HANSON picture.

SEVERAL PEOPLE are walking around letting go of blue and white balloons that float up to the roof.

Brenden enters the room. He wears a suit and vest. His hair is short and is dyed dark brown, as is his eyebrows and mustache. Behind the prescription glasses his blue eyes are now brown. He is almost unrecognizable.

SAM

If it's one thing I know about people, they love balloons. What did you say your name was?

Brendan hesitates then Sam smiles - only kidding - and hands over a FOLDER.

Brenden takes out BLUE PRINTS and circuitry diagrams.

BRENDEN

Is the Intel solid?

SAM

Read it. You got parking arrangements, security codes, work rosters up the wazoo, right down to how the Manager takes his coffee.

(Brenden nods, glancing through the folder)

One favour to ask. Josh wants in on the job, so he can learn the ropes.

Brendan casts him a look: you cant be serious.

BRENDEN

I wouldn't normally ask but he's my sisters kid ... and if it means anything he's got a genuine desire to make a go of it.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

"A genuine...." Fuck. Tell me, do I have a sign on my forehead saying get your fucking apprenticeship here?

SAM

Think about it.

BRENDEN

The answer is no. I've already got enough problems as it is.

SAM

So what's so great about your guy?

BRENDEN

He's connected to no-one. He does what I tell him and he's easy to replace.

SAM

Fair point. So....

He looks up, considering the dilemma. A balloon pops.

SAM (CONT'D)

What say we replace him?

62

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

62

The BLUISH TINGE of the predawn half-light fills the room.

PULL BACK FROM WINDOW to JR lying in bed asleep. WIDER still to REVEAL Brenden's face up close to JR's.

JR's eyes flash open.

BRENDEN

Get up, we're going out.

63

EXT. WOODLANDS - LATER

63

The station wagon pulls up at a DESERTED carpark. Brenden and JR get out. A look of concern comes over JR's face.

JR

Where we going?

BRENDEN

(squeezes his shoulder)
For a walk.

FAST SHORT BREATHS

Mist rolls through the trees.

We're right behind JR. Right on his shoulder. Brenden following close behind takes out a GUN.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Ok, this is far enough.

JR turns around and sees the gun -- feels his internal organs drop through the ground. He closes his eyes, resigned to doom.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Catch.

To JR's surprise Brenden THROWS the gun over to him.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
A small gift for breaking me out.
(pulls out his own gun)
Tanfoglio. Best you can get.
Holds 15 in the clip and one in the chamber.

JR
Fuck you

BRENDEN
A simple "thankyou" often works for me.

JR
Is this one of your tests?

BRENDEN
Huh?

JR
This shit, let's make the new guy prove himself is getting old. My dad usta do this sorta stuff to scare me all the time, the prick. If I wanted to get fucked with, I would call him.

BRENDEN
Don't be so sensitive, you're not the bleedin Karate Kid and I'm not Mr. whatever the fuck he's called

JR
Mr Miyagi.

BRENDEN

Him. If you really want the truth
Sam wanted to piss you off
completely and I said "no"

(beat)

Why? 'cos you do what you're told,
you don't panic in a crisis and you
can keep your emotions under
control.

JR looks down at his gun.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

I brought you out here so you could
shoot the damn thing, so shoot it.

JR without taking his eyes off Brenden, puts one into the
chamber and AIMS--

BANG BANG BANG

Strips the bark off a tree trunk.

64

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT MORNING

64

MORNING TRAFFIC passes by. JR and Brenden sit in the station
wagon parked across the road from a BANK. Brenden looks at
his WATCH--

IT'S 8:45AM

The last EMPLOYEES enter the bank. He draws a line through
four counting lines to make five on the inside cover of *The
Beginner's Guide to Sailing*.

He closes the book and throws it onto the dash.

BRENDEN

That's makes ten. I don't think
there's any heroes in that lot.

Brenden makes a call on his mobile.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

We're on, you understand?

SAM (O.S.)

Yeah I understand.

Brenden hangs up and looks through some of the blueprints.

JR

What do I do?

Brenden looks back, distracted from his task.

BRENDEN

What you don't do is ask dumb questions.

JR

So how do you expect me to learn anything?

Brendan sighs

65

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

65

The electric doors slide open. Brenden and JR stroll in.

BRENDEN (V.O.)

The alarms can't be circumnavigated, so we cut our way through the night before.

He casually JUMPS on the counter It's as if Brendan and JR are invisible. JR jumps up with him. Nobody bats an eyelid.

BRENDEN (V.O.)

Someone crawls in the vent, drops through the roof ten minutes before start of business...

He jumps down and POINTS HIS FINGERS LIKE A GUN at a FEMALE TELLER'S head who is serving a CUSTOMER.

BRENDEN (V.O.)

The monkey waves the gun around, does a bit of crowd control and has the staff open the front door where the rest of us will be waiting.

JR

Who's the monkey?

BRENDEN

You're the only one that's gonna fit in this particular vent.

(points to alarm button)

As soon as someone activates the alarm, the vault is out of the question. There's no margin for error. Ya fuck up, the alarm goes off, woohoowoo, game over. But if they're scared enough they're not gonna do shit.

JR

What's the best way to scare 'em?

BRENDEN

A masked man has just dropped from the roof with a gun, they're already shitting themselves but if they need any help...

He points his finger-gun at the head of a MALE TELLER.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Point the gun and shout... *Don't anyone fucking move or I'll waste you!* If you shout and look like you mean it, they'll pretty much do anything you say.

JR

What kind of mask would i be wearing

Brenden ignores the question.

They follow the MANAGER and a ASSISTANT MANAGER into the--

TREASURY

BRENDEN

The vault will either be on a five or two minute timer. In bank robbery terms, thirty seconds is a fucking eternity.

THE FOUR-PRONGED HANDLE

spins five seconds. The bolts retract and the massive VAULT DOOR opens. A bright white light falls onto JR and Brenden.

66

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

66

And we are back in the car with Brenden and JR. As Brenden folds the blueprints and guns the engine.

JR

Now where?

BRENDEN

Seatbelt.
(puts the car into gear)
Need to see about a driver.

They drive off.

67

EXT. SPEEDWAY - LATER

67

A WINGED SPRINT CAR races around a circular clay track. The SOUND when it passes is almost DEAFENING.

The car pulls into the PIT AREA. A well built GIRL in overalls runs over. CHRIS gets out and takes off his helmet and gloves. He's in his late 30's, the pale skin and black pigtailed give him a raddled, gothic look.

CHRIS

She's running too rich.

He pulls the hood back.

BRENDEN

Maybe you're just not driving her right.

Chris looks up,. Needled by this stranger... then recognition dawns

CHRIS

Brendo?

(to the Girl)

Go grab me a ice-coffee, will ya.

She gives Brenden an evil glare and stalks off.

Chris adjusts the carburettor.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

When did they let you out?

BRENDEN

They didn't.

(off Chris's reaction)

I've got a job coming up. I need a driver I can trust to work the scanners.

CHRIS

With you on the run from the get-go?

He shakes his head at the audacity of it, then curses as the grub screw he's adjusting falls out, in amongst the guts of the engine.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit. Fuck

He looks up, wiping sweat with the back of an oily hand

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How much we talkin?

BRENDEN
Your share? 100k.

For the first time Chris looks seriously interested.

CHRIS
(to JR)
Gimme that rag there

68

INT. SAM'S STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

68

We HEAR muffled MUSIC coming from the main room.

The CREW stand around a table with a MUD MAP of the bank.
Brenden marks the front of the bank with an X.

BRENDEN
(to Josh and Sterlo)
You two are front of house. The
young bloke and I'll be on vault
duties.

JOSH
(looks at Sam)
Hang on I thought I was going to be
on the vault.

BRENDEN
You're front of house. Bottom line
you do as I say, or you're off the
job, right now-

SAM
- If you don't mind I want Josh on
the vault.

Brenden turns around.

BRENDEN
I do mind.

SAM
A favour Brenden. In the light of
His wandering gaze flicks briefly over JR and back to Brenden

SAM (CONT'D)
...recent negotiations.

A beat. Then Brenden nods, conceding the point.

He marks the front of the bank with an X.

BRENDEN
JR, you're here with Sterlo. We
run into any trouble...
(MORE)

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
 (marks the map with an X)
 Chris is going to be parked here.

69

INT. SAM'S STRIP CLUB - HALLWAY - LATER

69

En route to the exit the crew pass Jasmine carrying a drinks tray and looking sexy as all hell.

She looks through JR, walking into a curtained-off VIP ROOM.

As the others move on JR sneaks a peek through the curtain.

JASMINE is bending over, handing out drinks with soulless efficiency to A BUNCH OF YOUNG GUYS (early 20s) in a booth.

GUY #1 grabs at Jasmines ass and she slaps his hand away.

JASMINE
 I'll get one of the other girls.

Guy #1 pulls Jasmine onto his lap.

GUY #1
 But we want you.

Jasmine tries to get up but Guy #1 wont let her.

JR BURSTS THROUGH THE CURTAIN. Guy #1 gets up ready to fight. JR pulls the gun out his waistband.

JR
 I think you all heard what she told you.

Jasmine pulls free as the guys fall over each other to get out, firing insults back at JR through the curtain

GUYS
 Fucking pervert voyeur.
 What are you her manager.
 Shut the fuck up you see the gun.
 Dick-head. We're getting our money back!

Their voices fading OS as they retreat.

JR tucks his gun in his belt as Jasmine straightens her clothes. He's expecting a hearty thank you. Instead he gets a PISSED-OFF SHOVE.

JASMINE
 It happens all the time. You're going to get me in trouble.

JR
 Who with, Josh? You know what, fuck Josh. Let's get out of here.

JASMINE
I told you I can't "get out of
here" Its not that simple

A silence. She looks at her watch, regaining her composure.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
I'm of in two hours. Meet me on the
beach.

Then she's gone.

Follow JR as he leaves and heads on down the corridor. Sterlo
is coming back to look for him.

STERLO
Trouble?

JR
(pushing past)
Nothing I can't handle

70 **EXT. SURFERS PARADISE - GLITTER STRIP - NIGHT**

70

Standing on the cement promenade with his back to the
"glitter strip" of cafes and strip joints JR Scans the beach
for Jasmine.

Slow pan, as he scans the shadowy figures walking on the
sand, searching for a recognisable face

Then he sees her, as

71 **ON THE BEACH**

71

Jasmine kicks off her shoes, peels off her dress and DIVES
into the water.

JR vaults the rail, runs over the sand towards her, stops at
the waters edge.

JR
Jasmine

She turns

JASMINE
Its warm.

JR
Its dark.

JASMINE
Its lovely.

He STRIPS down to his boxer shorts.

JR
 (to himself)
 What the hell you doin'?

JR ventures up to his calves into the water then stops, freaked by the shifting sand the pounding waves in the blackness.

She falls back into the waves. He follows, up to his waist now

JR (CONT'D)
 (shouts)
 You could drown.

She back strokes out further.

He wades in, chest deep, pushes through the surf break and catches her, feet still on the bottom

JASMINE
 I love swimming at night. I think
 I was a mermaid once.

JR
 A vampire mermaid

JASMINE
 Sometimes I dream about swimming
 out into the darkness and never
 coming back.

JR
 Tell me you won't do that.

JASMINE
 We could go in a boat together.

JR
 My Uncles and dad took me out
 fishing when I was five. We are in
 open water, no land in sight. I
 hadn't quite learnt how to swim
 without floaties. Dad got it into
 his head the best way to learn was
 to just chuck me overboard. Last
 thing I remember is sinking,
 breathing water.

Bobbing close to him in the dark water, skin on skin and the lights behind.

His feet bare barely touching the bottom here. He's half-floating, half-sinking suspended between intimacy and latent terror.

JASMINE
 What was is like?

JR

At first I was terrified there was
no choice, except to surrender....I
felt free.

She holds him supporting his head above the water

JR (CONT'D)

I woke up with one of the uncle's
giving me mouth-to-mouth.
Cigarettes and whiskey breath...
families are fucked sometimes.

She kisses him

It's hard and passionate, pent-up after all the excitement.
She pulls down his boxer shorts.

Half drowning he pushes down her bikini bottoms with his toe,
then pulls her towards him and enters her.

They're right on the edge of the surf break, concentrating on
on each others faces as they fuck.

72

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY 72

Jasmine with a cigarette leans over the bed and looks in JR's
jeans for a lighter -- finds the WISHLIST.

She walks over to a coffee table.

The apartment faces East, away from the sea.

Sun is beaming through the kitchen window, dazzling her. She
opens the wishlist.

HER EYES SCAN THE IMAGES

A car, a motorbike, an apartment with a pool

A family from an insurance ad: - laughing parents and three
tousled blonde haired children on a beach somewhere

a shadow falls. JR stands there, embarrassed that she found
this.

JASMINE

Whats this. A wish list?

JR

It's what we all want isn't it... a
big house, nice car-

JASMINE

Three blonde children.

JR
 (shrugs)
 Hair colour's optional. I just liked them because they looked happy.

JASMINE
 The opposite of real life

JR
 Its real life for someone. Isn't it.

JASMINE
 Search me

JR
 I'd enjoy that.

He reaches out, pulls her towards him by the I CHING pendant which hangs around her neck.

Theres a DRAGON AND PHEONIX on one side and CHINESE LETTERS on the reverse.

JASMINE
 It's an I Ching coin. My grandmother gave it to me when I was a little girl. It brings good fortune.

JR
 Can I be honest with you.

He kisses her, whispers.

JR (CONT'D)
 It's not been working.

JASMINE
 Give it time.

That reminds him. He looks at the clock.

JR
 Fuck.

JASMINE
 You have to go.

She moves away.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 Go.

Without makeup, and her hair is pulled back in a ponytail, she looks even more beautiful and for the first time truly relaxed.

JR

Seriously. Just get out. You're too good for this. Change your name. Leave and go home.

JASMINE

I have no home. Grandmother is dead. They took her house in payment.

JR

Come with me then.

She laughs it him.

JR (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

He's kind of manic, rummaging through blankets, pulling his clothes on

JASMINE

We spent one night together. You know nothing about me.

JR

I know enough.

JASMINE

You know about this?

Her left wrist, a cluster of scars, slash marks. He kisses them

JR

Not very deep. What did you do it with.

JASMINE

Disposable razor.

JR

Thats ridiculous.

JASMINE

Yeah I tried to smash off the plastic, cut my thumb and fainted. Don't laugh it really bled a lot. And hurt. And I didn't even die.

He's laughing with tears in his eyes. God, he loves her.

She sits with him as he puts on his sneakers.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Stuff never happens the way you want it to. Well. That's my experience.

JR ties the shoelaces tight, with sudden conviction:

JR
We're leaving together. This'll
work.

JASMINE
Really JR its sweet of you but....

He pulls her to her feet, all fired up with dangerous intensity.

JR
I said it will work.
(Pressing her close)
If this isn't real nothing is. I
promise.

She searches his face for irony opr do0ubt. Not a trace of it. He means every word.

JR (CONT'D)
Pack your stuff and be ready to
leave tomorrow. I mean it

He kisses her passionately, then he's gone.

73 **INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER** 73

He passes the CARETAKER an Asian woman (late 50's) who is vacuuming the hallway. They exchange a quick look.

He dashes down the stairs. The Caretaker looks back at Jasmine's door.

74 **INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER** 74

JR runs into the warehouse.

Sterlo is loading LARGE DUFFEL BAGS into a WHITE VAN. Josh is changing the number plates.

Brenden is placing a large TELECOMMUNICATIONS company sticker onto the side of the van. All the men are wearing the same overalls. They stop and look over at JR.

BRENDEN
(looks at his watch)
You're 20 minutes late. We got no
margin for error here.

Brenden chucks a pair of overalls at JR.

JR
I know, your right... I'm sorry.

BRENDEN
 Sorry isn't enough....

He's about to say more but he gets distracted by a V8 WHITE FORD GT driven by Chris.

The fully-worked V8 CHEVY ENGINE and the unmistakable HIGH-PITCHED WHINE of a SUPERCHARGER reverberates through the warehouse.

Chris turns off the car and gets out.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
 She clean?

CUT TO

75 **INT. SAM'S PENTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

75

Jasmine in a nightie is sitting at a dressing table looking at her reflection.

Pull focus as Sam enters the room and puts his hands on her shoulders.

SAM
 Is everything ok?

JASMINE
 Yes.

He leans down to her eye-level and looks her dead on in the reflection.

SAM
 Nothing you want to talk about?

She shakes her head. We hold on her face as he walks away. In the SOFT REFLECTION of the mirror we see his dressing-gown drop to his feet.

76 **INT. VAN - LATER THAT NIGHT**

76

We are following the FORD GT down an ally. PULL BACK to REVEAL we're inside a VAN. Sterlo drives. JR rides shotgun.

JR
 You ever wonder what if it doesn't go to plan?

Sterlo starts to crack up.

STERLO
 No. Cos it if it doesn't we're all fucked.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Bingo.

80

EXT. BANK - UPPER STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

80

The cover slides back. A LADDER drops into the unlit room. Brenden followed by JR step down the ladder.

They shine their torches around. The room is full of FILING CABINETS. Brenden shines his torch onto his blueprints,. Gets his bearings.

BRENDEN

Over here.

They move a monster filing cabinet from the wall.

CREEE-UNCHH

Brenden hits the wall with a SLEDGE HAMMER. It crumbles away to REVEAL the ventilation system.

INSIDE VENT

A METAL SHEAR cuts through the vent. Gloved Hands pry back the edges. Brenden sticks his head in and shines the torch around.

STORAGE ROOM

Brenden puts the tool into a backpack.

JR climbs into the vent

He gives JR the backpack and a BOTTLE.

JR

What's that for

BRENDEN

To piss in.

Finally he hands JR the TWO-WAY RADIO.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

If you wanna talk private, mention beer and go to channel 8. Otherwise channel 5 all the way. Remember, they hit the alarms we're fucked.

INSIDE VENT

JR commando-crawls along the vent.

INT. STORE ROOM

A horrible, jarring SCREEEETCHH as the file cabinets are moved back into place.

INT. VENT.

JR looks back, sees the light from the hole disappears.

Behind him nothing but BLACKNESS -- in front of him dust whirling crazily in the torchlight. He sings softly to keep his spirits up

JR
Working in a coal mine
going down down down.

81 **EXT. BANK - STREET - A LITTLE LATER** 81

The van PULLS UP and FLASHES its lights. Josh gets out of the Ford GT -- walks over to the van and gets in the back.

The GT does a U-TURN and disappears behind a BUILDING.

82 **INT. BANK - VENT - LATER** 82

PITTER-PATTER

The torch flashes on inside the vent. The BEAM falls on a SUPER-RAT. It stands on its hind legs and washes its face.

JR opens the backpack and takes out a bun and THROWS it at the rat.

JR
Go. Fuck off

It SNIFFS at the bun and starts eating.

JR (CONT'D)
If you can't beat em join em.

He takes a bite out of the sandwich -- throws another piece to the rat. The TORCH rolls off the bag and through the opening. He goes to grab it but it is too late--

CRRRACK

The torch leaves a HOLE the size of a fist through the flimsy ceiling and drops to the ground.

JR (CONT'D)

Shit.

NOTHING. It's BLACK. Then there's a FLAME of JR's lighter. His eyes dart back and forth. He picks up the two-way.

JR (CONT'D)

I could fair go a beer right about now.

83

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

83

Brenden gets out of the van. SWITCHES TO CHANNEL 8 and walks into a the black hole of a building's shadow.

BRENDEN

(into two-way)

What's going on?

INTERCUT: INSIDE VENT

JR

(into two-way)

Dropped my torch. It fell through the ceiling.

BRENDEN

Fuckwit.

JR

Sorry you're breaking up.

BRENDEN

(into two-way)

Can you see it? How big's the hole?

JR leans down through the vent and looks down at the hole.

JR'S POV OF BANK FLOOR

The torch is still on.

JR

The lights still on. The hole is about the size of a fist. I don't reckon they'll see it.

BRENDEN

You're the one in the vent, it's
your call.

JR

I'm here now. Keep going.

84 **INT. VAN - THE NEXT MORNING**

84

The STREET is BUSY with MORNING TRAFFIC and PEOPLE. Brenden watches as EMPLOYEES are let into the bank.

Brenden draws a line through four counting lines -- cross references.

BRENDEN

(into two-way)

That's ten. Get ready.

CLOSE SHOTS:

The men LOCK AND LOAD their WEAPONS -- put on sunglasses and surgical gloves. Brenden looks at his watch.

IT'S 8:45AM

MATCH CUT TO:

JR'S WATCH

BRENDEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're on, go now.

JR takes in a DEEP BREATH. Pulls down his balaclava. Checks and re-checks his GUN.

85 **INT. FORD GT - CONTINUOUS**

85

The SOUND of RANDOM POLICE CHATTER. Chris is parked on a residential street off the MAIN STREET in view of the bank.

The BANK ROBBERS get out of the VAN holding onto TOOLBOXES and casually approach the bank.

86 **INT/EXT. BANK - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS**

86

MALE TELLER #1 picks up the torch. Perplexed he looks up to the roof. MOVE IN towards the hole.

KERRAASH!

Male Teller #1 JUMPS for his life, as the ceiling and JR CRASH towards him. JR springs to his feet -- GUN raised.

JR
(shouts)
Nobody move or I'll shoot.

The stunned STAFF dressed in red SANTA HATS and CHRISTMAS CHEER stand frozen.

MALE TELLER #2 goes for the ALARM. JR walks up behind the man and puts the gun to his head.

JR (CONT'D)
Touch that button and I'll waste
you!

Male Teller #2 backs down. JR points at FEMALE TELLER #1.

JR (CONT'D)
You, open the front door.

She nods and rushes off.

OUTSIDE - ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

The BANK ROBBERS pull down their balaclava's. Female Teller #1 runs over and UNLOCKS the door.

THE CAMERA follows the bank robbers into the--

MAIN ROOM

They take out their WEAPONS from the toolboxes. Brenden jumps onto the counter.

BRENDEN
Everybody down.

He PUMPS his SHOTGUN for dramatic effect. It works. Instantly everyone falls to the ground.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
We only want the money. We don't
want to hurt anybody and we don't
want any fuckin' heroes.
(into two-way)
How we looking?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Clear.

Brenden hops off the counter and gives JR a well done slap on the back.

BRENDEN
You did a good job.

He walks up to the MANAGER.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
You're the manager aren't you?
(the man doesn't reply)
"Yes" "No" "Don't Know"

MANAGER
I'm the manager.

BRENDEN
I want all the big money. Keys to
the treasury.
(Manager holds up key)
And the other?

The manager POINTS to a female ASSISTANT MANAGER.

Brenden SIGNALS the young bloke. JR reaches down with his
hand. The Assistant Manager curls into a ball.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Hurry up, we haven't got all day.

JR can see the panic on her face.

JR
(softly)
Don't be scared. Nothing is going
to happen to you, I promise.

He reaches down again. She takes his hand. JR leads her
towards the back room where the vault is.

Josh heads towards the vault. Sterlo walks in front of him.

JOSH
(to Sterlo)
What's going on. I thought I was on
the vault.

STERLO
Change of plan.

TREASURY

Both the Manager and Assistant Manager put their KEYS in
either side of the imposingly big VAULT DOOR.

MANAGER
Three, two, one, turn.

They turn their keys SIMULTANEOUSLY on the dual-control
combination lock.

BRENDEN
Is it a two-minute or five-minute
timer?

MANAGER
Two-minute.

TICK TICK TICK

Brenden sets a STOPWATCH hanging around his neck.

KABOOM

Then screaming from the other room.

BRENDEN
(To JR)
Watch them.

THE CAMERA follows Brenden out into the--

MAIN ROOM

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
What the fuck happend out here?

MALE TELLER #3 is grabbing at his BLEEDING leg.

JOSH
He was going for the alarm.

Brenden reads Josh's eyes. Knows he's lying.

THWACK

He PISTOL WHIPS Josh cracking his nose open. It bleeds
freely. He drops to his knees holding onto his badly broken
nose.

Brenden takes Josh's gun from him -- grabs FEMALE TELLER #2
and walks her to the bleeding man.

TEARS OFF

a length of material from her skirt and ties it around the
BLEEDING leg and pulls tight.

BRENDEN
(shows her)
Hold it here.

Josh sits himself up.

JOSH
 (slurring his words)
 You're fucking dead.

BRENDEN
 (to Sterlo)
 Babysit this piece of shit until I
 get back. If he tries anything
 shoot him.

CHRIS (O.S.)
 They're onto us, the airways have
 lit up.

STERLO
 Let's bail.

Brenden looks at his stopwatch.

BRENDEN
 (into two-way)
 We're almost there.

Brenden walks into the--

TREASURY

JR has his back to the Manager and Assistant Manager.

JR
 What's going on?

BRENDEN
 (pushes JR around)
 Don't turn your back on them. Never
 turn your fucking back on them.

THE FOUR-PRONGED HANDLE

spins five seconds. The bolts retract and the massive VAULT
 DOOR swings heavily open -- REVEALING a second door.

Brenden inserts both keys, turns them simultaneously and the
 second massive door opens inward.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
 Open fucking sesame.

The light falls on JR and Brenden.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
 We're going to have a good
 Christmas.

Inside is a steel table with three large stacks of money.

EXT. BANK.

WEEEE-OOO WEEEE-OOO

Sirens BLAZING and lights FLASHING, two police cars screech to a stop out the front of the bank -- COPS jump out and aim their guns.

MAIN ROOM

Sterlo rushes up to the door and looks out.

STERLO
(into two-way)
We've got cops crawling all over
place.

BRENDEN (O.S.)
Almost there.

INSIDE VAULT

Brenden and JR are dumping the money into TWO LARGE BAGS.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Time to go.

JR zips up his bag. Brenden takes the CASH RECEIPTS FILE dumps it into the bag and zips it up. THE CAMERA follows them out of the vault into the--

MAIN ROOM

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
(into two-way)
We're done here. Come and get us.

87 **INT. FORD GT - CONTINUOUS**

87

View through front windshield. The car races towards the bank andc JUMPS the kerb. PEDESTRIANS dive for their lives.

88 **EXT. BANK - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

88

The front door opens. THE STAFF run out with their hands raised and SCATTER.

The COPS don't know who to aim for.

CLOSE ON BRENDEN

As he steps out of the bank. He kneels on one knee and lets rip with a MACHINE-GUN.

BRRRAPPP BRRRAPPP BRRRAPPP

Bullets rip through the police cars. They can't fire back because of the bank staff.

SCREEEETCHH

The getaway car pulls up out the front.

BRENDEN

Move.

Brenden leans on the roof and lays down COVERING FIRE. The men run out of the bank with the MASSIVE BAGS and climb in.

CHRIS

behind the wheel - burns rubber -- pulls off the footpath onto the road.

BAM BAM BAM

The cops PUMP SHOTS into the getaway car. The back window IMPLODES.

89

INT/EXT. FORD GT - CONTINUOUS

89

A SPRAY of PINK MIST, covering all who are near. JR looks over at Sterlo who is holding onto his BLEEDING stomach. He has been shot.

BRENDEN

Pres on it.

JR puts his hands onto the SEEPING WOUND. Sterlo yells in pain.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Harder.

JR Leans all his weight on Sterlo's belly, and looks out the back window. It is a mess of disabled vehicles, people, shouting, distant SIRENS.

UP AHEAD

Two POLICE CARS slide sideways. COPS gets out and shoot at the oncoming GT.

Brenden RETURNS FIRE through the front windscreen. Bullets riddle the cop cars.

The GT POWERSLIDES around a corner.

CLOSE ON

THE SUPERCHARGER breathing deep. PULL BACK to see Chris behind the steering wheel, focused on the road ahead. He SLAMS into a higher gear.

The GT weaves in and out of the local MORNING TRAFFIC. Close behind TWO COP CARS with their LIGHTS TWIRLING and SIRENS WAILING chase after the GT.

INSIDE FORD GT

The traffic is impassable on his left so Chris pulls out into oncoming traffic. Manages to dodge several oncoming cars.

The CARS swerve and lock up their brakes.

THE COP CARS

Speed into the mess. It's GAME OVER for one cop car -- it goes sideways and smashes into a car. Somehow the other cop car pops out unscathed.

Chris BRAKES hard and turns down a LANEWAY. The COP CAR follows, catching up to the GT and smashes into the back of it.

The two cars SCREAM out of the narrow lane onto a MAIN ROAD.

INSIDE FORD GT

CHRIS

Hold on.

He BRAKES HARD. The cop car speeds past. He floors the accelerator. SLAMS into the REAR FENDER performing a racing PIT MOVE.

THE COP CAR

spins out of control -- exits the road and SLAMS into a parked car. Textbook.

Mitch helps Josh into a car and it drives off. JR gets out of his BLOODY OVERALLS and washes the blood off his hands in the sink.

BRENDEN

No offence, but I had to knock some sense into your nephew.

Sam walks over and looks at the stolen station wagon. Sterlo's legs hang out the door.

SAM

(angry)

What happend, you're all over the news.

BRENDEN

I took my eyes off your nephew for one second. He shot someone. Things got complicated, cops turned up so on and so forth and we're a man down.

Sam turns around and faces Brenden.

SAM

The Devil's in the details, didn't I teach you that? I was very specific when I said put him on the vault... now look where we are.

Brenden looks at Sam, tries to read him.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your friend, but this is your mess... so clean it up. I'll split the money and drop your share over tonight.

Brenden takes in the detail of the situation. Ken's gun holster. The shadowed hiding spots in the warehouse. Sam's eyes. Quickly assess the situation. Doesn't like the odds.

BRENDEN

You're right, you're right. Its my mess I'll deal with it.

Brenden undoes his overalls and steps out of them. He takes out both money bags and drops them on the ground. UNZIPS one and shows Sam.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

You ok to give Chris an extra hundred for the hassles?

Sam nods. Brenden takes the money out and hands it to Chris.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Brenden looks through the cash receipts folder -- finds what he is looking for.

SAM

How much we taking home?

BRENDEN

Minus his cut, there's 2.8.

SAM

Then we're all rich.

The men let out celebratory laugh.

93

EXT. QUARRY - LATER

93

The two station wagons driven by Brenden and JR pull up next to a secluded quarry filled with water.

THE BOOT OPENS

Revealing Sterlo's dead body. Brenden reaches down -- SNAPS off Sterlo's silver cross pendent from his neck. Puts it into his pocket.

JR

Should we say anything?

BRENDEN

Wherever he's headed, he knew the deal better than anyone going in.

He closes the boot.

THEY PUSH

The car over the edge. It smashes down the cliff-face -- splashes into the water and sinks.

94

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STUDIO - LATER

94

Jasmine is busy packing. The sound of the front door unlocking stops her dead in her tracks.

The Caretaker opens the door. Sam and Ken walk in after her. Sam PEELS a layer of bills off a large MONEY ROLL and gives them to the Caretaker. He dismisses her and she leaves the apartment.

Sam walks over to Jasmine and grabs her arm. Looks at the suitcases on the bed.

SAM
Where you off to?

She's not letting up.

SAM (CONT'D)
(pulls her close)
I hope it was just a crush.
Because in about five minutes lover
boy is either gonna be dead or
locked up. So you're not going
anywhere.
(to Ken)
Take care of this.

Sam walks out of the room. Ken walks over and gives Jasmine a backhanded slap.

KEN
Looks like you're all mine now.

Jasmine KNEES him in the BALLS. He curls over. She goes to run around him but he tackles her to the ground knocking over an IRONING BOARD.

He grabs her around the neck. She gasps for air as her hand REACHES for an IRON CORD. Pulls it closer... grabs the handle --

THWACK

Ken falls unconscious. Jasmine grabs a small suitcase and runs out of the apartment.

95 **EXT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER** 95

Ken CRASHES through the entrance into the parking area. Looks in both directions. There is no sign of Jasmine. He dials his mobile. The other end answers.

KEN
It's me, I lost her.

The CAMERA MOVES behind a LARGE DUMPSTER to REVEAL Jasmine, who is hiding -- her shaky hands nervously TEXTING.

96 **INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS** 96

Brenden driving with JR in the passenger seat. On the dashboard *The Beginner's Guide to Sailing* pages are flapping in the wind.

The car turns onto their street. JR's mobile BEEPS. He reads the text:

U ARE BEING SET UP

The text message sinks in. He shows it to Brenden. He SPEEDS up and passes the SAFE HOUSE.

97 **EXT. PARK - LATER THAT EVENING**

97

Brenden and JR are hiding behind PLAY EQUIPMENT. In the distance is the SAFE HOUSE.

BRENDEN
 (looks at his watch)
 Another five minutes and the pizza
 is free.

JR spots a van pull up. It drives right onto the front lawn.

JR
 There.

TACTICAL RESPONSE GROUP OFFICERS (TRG) burst out the front door. The men wear flack vests and carry an array of SHOTGUNS and ASSAULT RIFLES.

WHOOSH

A DARK BLUE NISSAN PATROL 4X4 races in with even more TRG OFFICERS hanging off the side.

A PIZZA DELIVERY BOY gets out of the VAN with a pizza. He is made to get on the ground by the TRG officers.

Brenden makes a CALL on his MOBILE. The other end answers.

BRENDEN
 When I make my move, you're gonna
 wish, you never met me.

He hangs up, takes the SIM-CARD out and throws the phone away.

JR
 What we gonna do now?

BRENDEN
 We are gonna hit Sam where it hurts
 him most. His hip pocket.

98 **EXT. TRAIN STATION - CASHIERS - LATER**

98

JR wearing a hat down low hands money through the cashier window. The CASHIER hands back his change and THREE TICKETS.

99 **EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS**

99

Jasmine with her small suitcase at her feet stands on the platform. PEOPLE are boarding the train. She spots JR and Brenden walking amongst the CROWD and smiles.

100 **INT. TRAIN - CABIN - MOVING - NIGHT**

100

JR is biting a nail. Jasmine leans on her hand flipping through a trashy magazine. She puts it down and stands up. Brenden steps in front of the door.

BRENDEN

Where you going?

JASMINE

(Sardonic)

Toilet. Would you like to join me?

Jasmine leaves. Brenden takes off his shoes and pulls back the covers on the top bunk.

JR continues to chew his nails deep in thought.

BRENDEN

You keep biting your nails, I swear
I'm gonna come fuckin' unglued.

Brenden climbs into the top bunk.

JR

What are they going to do with all
our clothes and stuff?

BRENDEN

It's evidence now. Don't worry
it's not like your mum wrote your
name in your undies is it?

(JR is silent)

What, don't tell me...

JR doesn't have to say anything. The young blokes face confirms it. Brenden starts to laugh uncontrollably. JR's eyes well up with rage.

JR

Some teacher I picked.

BRENDEN

You're a big boy nobody made you
rob a bank. You made a decision,
live with it.

JR gets up and leaves the cabin. Brenden turns off his bedside light and continues chuckling ironically.

101 **INT/EXT. TRAIN - DINING CAR - LATER** 101

JR lost in his thoughts sits in the dark empty dining car staring out of the window at the passing shapes.

Jasmine slides open the door. She walks over and sits next to him. They sit in silence. JR goes to say something. She puts her hand to his mouth --

SHHHSHH

She climbs on top of him and kisses him. The CAMERA pulls back from the window and ends on a WIDE of the train.

102 **EXT. MELBOURNE CEMETERY - DAWN** 102

The early morning sky. Still dark out.

Brenden with a bunch of FLOWERS in his hand walks down a small pathway surrounded by ROWS OF OLD HEADSTONES. JR and Jasmine slow to keep up are not far behind.

He stops at a grave. Unlike the other headstones, which are ornate, this one is simple and nondescript.

JR

Who is Albert Jones?

BRENDEN

My benefactor.

Brenden looks around. Kneels. Lays the flowers on the ground and STARTS DIGGING.

A couple of feet down he finds what he is looking for -- a GYM BAG.

He opens it. Inside... THIRTY GRAND, mostly in old paper notes and a RUSTED OUT 9MM -- throws the gun into the hole.

103 **EXT. MILK BAR - LATER** 103

JR stands looking across the street at Jasmine who is seeing an OLD WOMAN out of a RUNDOWN CARLTON SINGLE TERRACE. Jasmine jingles the HOUSE KEYS in the air and grins.

Brenden walks out of the milk bar and holds up a NEWSPAPER. On the front page a MUG SHOT of JR dominates the page. The headline reads:

THE APPRENTICE

JR

Shit.

Brenden chucks the kid a box of blonde hair dye.

104 **INT. TERRACE - BATHROOM - LATER**

104

Brenden looks at his reflection in the mirror as he shaves off his moustache. He has applied grey streaks to his hair to make himself look older.

JR is rinsing his hair in the basin. Turns the tap off -- dries his hair with a towel.

Walks over and looks at his reflection -- sees his ATROCIOUS MOP OF BLONDE. Doesn't like what he sees.

Brenden laughs.

BRENDEN

(wryly)

It doesn't look that bad.

105 **INT. TERRACE - LOUNGE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

105

The television is on. JR sits on the couch looking sorry for himself. Brenden has a huge smug smile.

Jasmine brings in three bowls of two-minute noodles and hands them out. They eat. JR looks up. He seems slightly thrown by what he sees--

BOLTS

out of his chair and TURNS UP the television.

A NEWS BREAK plays out on the television. NEWS FOOTAGE of the prison escape, mugs shots of Brenden and JR and the bank robbery.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

(Over news footage)

Police today, discovered the identity of the person who has allegedly been helping notorious bank robber and prison escapee Brenden Abbott. Jessie-Ryan White, aged 19, identity was discovered after a raid in Queensland two days ago, which uncovered personal items belonging to White...

A police officer holds up a pair of UNDERPANTS for the CAMERA. Pointing to the name inside the elastic.

Brenden laughs uncontrollably drowning out the television.

NEWSREADER

Police sources indicate they maybe responsible for one of Australia's largest bank robberies... Police are appealing to the public for help with White's whereabouts. His family desperately urged him to turn himself in today...

Barbra comes on the television.

BARBRA

JR, give yourself up. Please come home, we love you. We don't want you getting into any more trouble.

JR's eyes well up with pain.

BRENDEN

(still chuckling)
She should know better.

JR turns around. He looks like he's about to explode or fall apart.

JR

What did you say?

BRENDEN

Your Mum should know better.

JR LEAPS at Brenden. The couch flips over and they land on the floor. Brenden quickly gets JR in a HEADLOCK.

JASMINE

Get off him.

BRENDEN

(points at Jasmine)
Back the fuck up.
(to JR)
Say mercy.

JR

Fuck you.

BRENDEN

Say it. Say mercy.

JR starts to gasp for air.

JR

(raspy)
Mercy.

BRENDEN

Where do you get off blowing a fuse?

JR RUBS his neck, trying to SMOOTH out the ache of Brenden's choke.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
 There's nothing at home for you anymore. It's gone. Believe me I've been there... nothing. Nothing Mum, or anybody can do about that now.

106 **EXT. PUBLIC PHONE BOX - DAY**

106

Brenden dials a number. It rings four times.

BRENDEN
 (intermediately interrupted)
 It's Brenden...Yeah I'm in town, I was wondering if you could find out about a seven figure money mover for this Friday...Yep I know it. See you tomorrow.

He hangs up. Picks up the WHITE PAGES. Flicks through the pages and finds what he is looking for.

Looks around nobody is watching. RIPS out a page and folds it up. He walks across the road towards the terrace.

107 **INT. TERRACE - LOUNGE - EVENING**

107

Brenden is sitting on the couch READING *The Beginner's Guide to Sailing*. Jasmine finishes making a coffee in the kitchen and sits next to him.

JASMINE
 What's with the book?

Brenden looks up, mildly annoyed by the disruption.

BRENDEN
 What's with minding your own business?

She shoots him an irked look.

JASMINE
 What's your problem with me?

BRENDEN
 No offence but I've seen too many good men do jail time because of girls like you.

JASMINE

You think you know what's good for him?

BRENDEN

Yes I do.

JASMINE

For who or what? You think you own him... don't be so sure of yourself, he loves me.

BRENDEN

Too bad for him... girls like you don't get the happy ending.

She goes to walk away. He gets up and grabs her arm.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Don't make trouble for me or I'll have you on the next plane outta here.

(beat)

Now listen you behave and I'll make it up to you.

JASMINE

How?

BRENDEN

(steps in close)

You tell me.

He KISSES her hard. She pulls back. Her eyes are dead to him.

JASMINE

(she scans his face)

It's going to end badly for you Brenden, whether you like it or not... it's written all over your face.

She walks off. Brenden wipes his mouth. His face a mask of pure rage.

108

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDINGS - LATER

108

JR with a shopping bag walks down a pathway through SILHOUETTED BUILDINGS.

He passes a HALF-COURT where KIDS are playing basketball. The BALL rebounds and rolls to JR's feet. He picks up the ball. Takes a shot and makes it.

109

INT. TERRACE - VARIOUS - A LITTLE LATER

109

JR opens the front door and enters the hallway. THE CAMERA follows him as he walks down the long narrow passage. He checks one of the rooms. Nobody there. Walks into the--

LOUNGE

Brenden without a shirt on is sitting on the floor -- legs spread wide. He is LOADING BULLETS into the clip of his GUN.

Next to him is a bottle of JACK DANIELS. It is obvious he is drunk.

JR

(looks down at the gun)
Where's Jasmine?

Brenden shrugs. LOADS the clip and pulls the slide back on the gun to put a bullet into the chamber.

JR (CONT'D)

You alright?

BRENDEN

Am I right? As fuckin' rain.

He uses the gun to lift himself off the ground -- takes the bottle to the kitchen and pours TWO SHOTS of JACKS.

JR puts away the shopping. Takes out a packet of LAMBS BRAINS holds them up.

JR

This shit is disgusting.

Throws the brains into the fridge and joins Brenden at the KITCHEN BENCH.

BRENDEN

Down here the cops are willing to kill you first and ask questions later, if you get backed into a corner, don't hesitate to get the first shot off.

JR

Yeah I've been thinking about that a lot, I'm not sure I can.

Brenden picks up his glass and looks at the liquor.

BRENDEN

Did you know there are only two races of people in this world. I bet you didn't know that.

Brenden slams his Jacks and pours another.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Some scientist looked way, way back in our evolution and discovered humans, came from not one but two types of monkey. The Chimpanzee and Bonobo. They are almost indistinguishable. Both primates, but have completely different characteristics. Take Chimps for example, when they are scared or threatened they fight and in some cases kill their own. Whereas on the other hand the Bonobo will huddle together and have wild orgies.

JR

So you're either a lover or a fighter right?

BRENDEN

No, you're either weak or strong. In our line of work it's kill or be killed where only the strong survive. You need to figure out which tribe you're from and fast.

He slams the gun in front of JR.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Because if you're not willing to pull that trigger when you're backed in a corner, then you have no business being in our line of work.

Brenden picks up his gun and walks off. He drops his GUN goes to pick it up and falls over.

JR looks at Brenden. A wave of pity comes over him. He slings Brenden over his shoulder and walks him into the--

BEDROOM

And lies him down on the mattress. JR takes his shoes off and pulls the covers over him. Brenden grabs JR's shirt.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Don't be fooled kid she's got a dollar sign where her heart should be. All women do. And when the time is right Sam is going to move his Queen on the board... and when he does, its game over.

JR
She's not like that.

BRENDEN
I maybe wrong but what if I'm
right, we can't take that chance.
We gotta cut her loose. I need us
to be a team again.

He pulls out a stack of money.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
This should get her through, until
we're done. Take her out, break it
to her gently, whatever, but get
rid of her.
(holds out the money)
You gotta trust me on this... the
only woman I loved cost me my
freedom. Don't make the same
mistake I did.

He comes across very sincere almost like a father would try
and explain to his son. JR takes the money.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Where's my gun.

JR lays the GUN next to him and puts his hand on the COLD
STEEL. Only then does he settle.

The young bloke takes a long look at his mentor asleep and
vulnerable. Turns off the light and walks out into the--

HALLWAY

Jasmine stands there looking at him. She RUNS out the front
door. He pockets the money and CHASES after her.

110

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS

110

Jasmine TEARS across the grounds. We HEAR her BREATHING.

JR
(after her)
Jasmine! !

She keeps going. JR CATCHES her they fall into the grass.
He climbs on top of her and PINS her arms down.

JR (CONT'D)
Just hear me out.

JASMINE
(explosively hysterical)
Get the fuck off me! Just get off.

She looks up at him -- EYES ON FIRE, breathing like she's run a marathon, cheeks flushed, pupils like saucers. Burning fucking hot.

He lets her up. She digs into his pocket and grabs out the money.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 How much am I worth?
 (counts the money)
 Not much huh?

Throws it in his face. JR jumps up and collects the money.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 I've had enough of lying men JR,
 that say one thing and do another,
 that let you down-

JR
 - It's not like that. It's too
 dangerous for you here. I'll meet
 you on the Gold Coast after we've
 done what we need to do.

JASMINE
 He's not the family you are
 searching for... come with me.

JR
 No ones ever believed in me before.
 I can't just up and leave him now.

JASMINE
 Cut the crap. I believe in you.
 He just wants to control you, me,
 everything. He does it because
 he's afraid.

She gets up and walks away. He goes to follow her.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 Just don't ok. I need to be alone.

111 **EXT. MILK BAR - BUS BENCH - DAY**

111

Brenden takes out Sterlo's silver cross pendent and looks at it.

JR pulls up in a BROWN SIGMA. Brenden looks at JR, who's beaming with excitement and pride.

BRENDEN
 How much you pay for that thing?

JR
 26 hundred.

Brenden shakes his head. It is obvious the young bloke paid too much.

Brenden gets into the car. Searches through a shopping bag. Finds an ENVELOPE. Unfolds the page torn from the white pages and copies down the address. Takes out a TEN GRAND STACK and puts into an envelope.

BRENDEN

Did you get the stamps?

JR hands Brenden some STAMPS.

JR

What's it for?

BRENDEN

Dead man's cut.

(JR stares back blankly)

It's tradition to give a token amount of the cut to the dead man's family for the funeral. They call it dead man's cut.

He puts the silver cross pendent in the envelope -- SEALS it. Gets out of the car and puts the envelope into a POSTBOX.

112

INT. FOOTSCRAY HOTEL - LATER

112

Brenden and JR enter the dark dingy establishment. A few REGULARS sit at the bar.

They sit in a BOOTH across from a MICK (43) -- fat, balding wears a tie and short sleeved shirt and thick glasses.

MICK

You've been causing quite the stir up north. Hope you're not planing on anything like that down here. You might upset the locals.

BRENDEN

Shouldn't come to that Mick.

MICK

What do I care. You got the money?

Brenden slides over an ENVELOPE. Mick goes to grab it. JR SLAMS his hand down.

JR

Mick, how do we know this is ten grand's worth? Where'd you get the Intel?

Brenden looks surprised. Where did that come from.

Mick swipes his hand over the balding head, trying to neaten hair that isn't there.

MICK
A friend, he's a cop.

JR
He's a cop?

MICK
Yep.

JR
That's a funny kind of friend to have.

MICK
He's a funny kind of cop.

He studies the boy a moment, eyebrows arched in concentration over his spectacles.

MICK (CONT'D)
Who is this kid Brenden, when have I ever given you bad material?

BRENDEN
Don't take it to heart he's just being inquisitive.

Mick pulls out a piece of PAPER -- UNFOLDS it and puts in on the table.

MICK
His department gets notified of all the big hauls. It's standard procedure. There's three movers with that kinda haul heading out that day. In my book two of them are way too risky.
(points to the paper)
So it's gotta be this one. They do the pick up at the Reserve Bank in the city and drop off at their Chadstone depot. But I've put in the pick-up, drop off times and routes for all three.

BRENDEN
I'll take those odds.

Brenden takes the paper and gets up from the booth.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Pay him.

JR CHUCKS the ENVELOPE over to Mick.

113 **EXT. UNDERPASS CARPARK - LATER**

113

The SOUND of cars WHIZZING by on the above freeway.

The sigma pulls off HARCOURT PDE into the carpark. JR and Brenden get out and look around. To the left is the YARRA RIVER. On the right the NYLEX SILOS.

BRENDEN

This is where they'll hit them.
It's the only place that makes
sense before they get onto the
South Eastern. This is definitely
where it's gonna be.

114 **INT. TERRACE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING**

114

Jasmine sits on the bed with her small suitcase at her feet. She looks tired and worried and scared.

The SOUND of the front door opening. JR walks into the room. Looks at the suitcase. She manages a smile.

115 **INT. PUB - LATER**

115

JR and Jasmine sit across from each other both nursing a BEER. She looks aloof, expressionless, detached. He looks over a group of NEW YEARS EVE REVELERS. Takes a sip out of his beer.

She snaps out of her thoughts -- digs into her bag. Takes his hand and places a small paper-wrapped PRESENT in it.

JASMINE

I got you a something.

He goes to open it. Jasmine looks down at her WATCH.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

We have to go, open it later.

He pockets the present. She grabs his hand pulling him away whilst he finishes off his beer.

116 **INT. TERRACE - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

116

FIREWORKS explode on the television screen. Brenden takes a beer from an ESKY full of ice near his feet. Cracks the lid and takes a sip.

The MUZZLE of a REVOLVER pushes up against Brenden's head.

WAYNE (O.S.)

Hand it over. Slowly.

Brenden slowly takes out his GUN and holds it up. The man takes the gun and puts it in the back of his pants.

He walks around and shows himself to Brenden. WAYNE (45) -- tall, with a huge jaw, toothy grin, ill-fitting clothes and horror-movie hands. A POLAROID CAMERA hangs from his neck.

BRENDEN

What can I do for you Wayne?

Wayne places a cheap plastic white king chess piece on the coffee table. Brenden looks down at the obvious message from Sam.

WAYNE

Sunny Sam put a green-light on you for a hundred grand.

BRENDEN

He mention he was hitting a seven figure money mover down here?

WAYNE

That cheeky bugger.

BRENDEN

It's happening a couple of days from now. I know when and where. I was figuring on hitting 'em after they do all the hard work, come out smelling like roses.

His demeanor changes. All business now.

WAYNE

What's your end?

BRENDEN

If you come onboard. I'll be happy with expenses.

Wayne sits down across from Brenden lowers his guard slightly as he mulls it over.

WAYNE

You know what this is... it's a bloody catch 22.

117

EXT. BUS STATION - LATER

117

Jasmine and JR walk up to the BUS. She grabs his hand and walks him over to the bench. They sit down. A tentative pause. Hands him a BUS TICKET.

JR

What's this?

JASMINE

I called Sam. He's not interested
in you, he only wants Brenden.

It hits home. A look of DEEP DISMAY comes over his face.

JR

What have you done?

JASMINE

If you stay with him, you will wind
up dead... you do know that.

JR quickly pulls out his MOBILE and CALLS Brenden's number.

AUTOMATED OPERATOR

The number you have dialled is not
available please try again later.

BLOOD rushes to JR's head -- VEINS surging EYES popping. He
lets out ROAR releasing the pressure.

Jasmine sees that he is torn, the fear in his eyes. She
walks over to him and puts her arms around him.

JR

(to himself)

Never risk life or freedom for a
woman.

JASMINE

That's Brenden talking.

JR

What else did Sam promise you?

She looks away, unable to hold his gaze.

JR (CONT'D)

That's what it's been all along for
you isn't it. Money.

JASMINE

If it weren't for me you'd be in
jail right now. Haven't you
figured it out, why the hell do you
think he keeps you around?

JR

Because...

He can't think of an answer.

JASMINE

He keeps you around because you're
a stupid little boy that nobody
cares about.

(MORE)

JASMINE (CONT'D)

And if he kills you, nobody, not a
sole is going to give a shit.
You're a nothing JR, a nobody and
Brenden is waiting to use in some
plan for you take the fall. Wake
up.

JR puts on a POKER FACE. Deciding what to do. Thoughts and
emotions surging through him. He takes out a stack of cash
and puts it in her hand.

JR

I don't want to see you again.

He shrugs from her hold and backs away.

JASMINE

Wait...

He runs over to the SIGMA -- leaps in. KEYS the ignition.
FLOORS it. The car speeds out of there. We hang back with
Jasmine watching the car drive into the distance.

POV - BUS DRIVER

Of Jasmine.

BUS DRIVER

Hey luv, you coming with us?

She looks around not quite sure where to go.

118 **INT. TERRACE - VARIOUS - LATER**

118

JR slowly opens the front door and enters with his GUN drawn.
He CREEPS down the hallway towards the HALLWAY DOOR, which is
open slightly.

He looks around the door frame into the--

LOUNGE ROOM

Slightly obscured from this angle -- sitting slumped back on
the couch is Brenden's ghost white dead body. JR's eyes
flash around the room taking in the gruesome details.

Brenden has copped one in the head and two in the chest.
BLOOD and bits of BRAIN MATTER are splattered across the wall
behind him.

JR pulls his head back into the hallway and shuts his eyes
tight to make the vision go away. He takes a deep breath and
backs away from doorway down the hall.

The CAMERA moves into the lounge room and focuses on pile of ice, which has spilled out onto the floor from the overturned ESKY.

119

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDINGS - A LITTLE LATER

119

JR looks lost as he walks. SUDDENLY a wave of sickness hits him. He runs over to a tree -- leans on the trunk and VOMITS.

He slumps down and rests his back on the tree. He takes out his WISHLIST. Looks at it. Traces the happy family with his finger. His eyes well up with pain. He is about to sob -- SCREWS up the wishlist.

He walks over to a rubbish bin and throws the wishlist in with the other rubbish... giving up his dreams.

A COP CAR drives slowly down the adjoining street doing its rounds.

JR spots them. Runs over and JUMPS in front of it. COP #1 in the passenger seat winds down his window. He's not that much older than JR.

COP #1

You tryin' to get yourself killed?

JR

I want to turn myself in.

Both cops turn to each other and smile. Just another night in the projects.

COP #1

You been drinking tonight?

JR

Just run my name. It's Jessie-Ryan White.

COP #2 runs a NAME CHECK on the two-way. Cop #1 gets out of the car and points his FLASHLIGHT at him.

COP #1

Take a seat. You got any Id?

JR sits down on the pavement -- pulls out his WALLET and gives it to Cop #1 who shines a torch on the ID.

JR looks down and SEES:

The present Jasmine gave him. He opens it, revealing the I CHING COIN. Inside the wrapping are the words:

MAYBE THIS STUFF BELIEVES IN YOU

CLOSE ON the amulet in his fingers. The dragon flying through the air.

JR looks up, his eyes searching. Something hits him like a ten ton truck. He looks different... calm... resolute.

He looks over at both cops who are distracted. It's now or never. He springs to his feet and runs.

COP #1 (CONT'D)

Hey! !

INSTANTLY all hell breaks loose. Cop #2 flings open his door GUN raised.

COP #2

Stop or I'll shoot.

BANG BANG

The angry snarl of the muzzle flash. The young bloke dives behind a hedge and covers his head. KIDS playing BASKETBALL in the half-court SCATTER.

Unsure of what is happening Cop #1 draws his gun.

COP #1

What's going on?

COP #2

Suspect is considered armed and dangerous.

JR takes out his GUN. Breaths deep. He thinks of what to do next. These guys aim to kill him.

BANG BANG

JR fires into the air purposefully missing the cops. The COPS drop to the ground. He doesn't wait for them to get up. He CHARGES away across the lawn.

LEGS

Going all out in long blurring strides. PULL BACK to see JR in overdrive BREATHING in hard.

We HEAR sirens and shouting in the background. JR looks back. Sees Cop #1 behind him, gaining.

AHEAD OF THEM a COP CAR stops at the end of the street. JR hangs a hard right into an ALLEY.

Another COP CAR pulls into the alley. The HEADLIGHTS blinding him. He SKIDS to a STOP and looks at the available options--

SCALES

a fence. Shuffles along a DIVIDING WALL. Climbs onto the--

ROOFTOP

JR runs along the adjoining terrace roofs but soon comes to a DEAD END. No more roof and too far down on that side. He looks back. Cop #1 is CLOSING FAST.

He is forced to DOG LEG to the left side of the building. He looks down below at LYGON STREET. Sees a shop AWNING and goes for it--

LEAPS

Into the air LANDS on the awning rolls off and flattens a table in the OUTDOOR SEATING AREA of a restaurant.

The PARTY OF FOUR look at each other blankly, too shocked to speak. Then it hits home and a WOMAN SCREAMS. JR scampers on all fours and is back up.

Just as the DINERS are getting over the first shock. Cop #1 falls onto another table.

JR runs through a CROWD of New Years Revelers. Everything is a blur. People smeared into staccato impressions.

JR
Outta the way! !

He fights through like a rugby fullback TWISTING and TURNING -
- runs out into the TRAFFIC.

EEEEERRRP

A CAR pulls up just in time. He shoots a look over his shoulder. Sees Cop #1 still behind him like a crazed dog with a scent.

A group of PARTY GOERS are out the front of a house drinking. JR blasts past them. Right through the front door.

Panting as he sprints down a dark hallway past PEOPLE drinking and making out.

He SLAMS the back door open and BOLTS across the backyard. SCALES the rear fence--

FALLS

Hard and grabs at his RIGHT ANKLE. Gets up PANTING. His face contorted with PAIN--

STAGGERS down the alley. IT'S A DEAD END.

COP #1

Lands and gets to his feet.

JR HAS THE TANFOGLIO POINTED RIGHT AT HIM.

Five feet away. He can't miss. The gun rock-steady. Both young men are frozen, LOCKED into the moment.

JR (CONT'D)
(breathing hard)
Just drop it and I'll leave.

Cop #1 lets the gun go. It hits the ground. JR lets out a sigh of relief.

JR CUFFS Cop #1 to the fence. TOSSES the cop's revolver.

COP #1
Why go to the trouble of turning
yourself in?

JR
I know why he picked me, but I'm
gonna prove him wrong.

The cop looks back confused. JR staggers down the alley and disappears into the blackness. Silence. Nothing.

120 **INT. SIGMA - DAY**

120

VIEW through front window. Across the street a large roller door goes up and an ARMoured VEHICLE pulls out.

Our car FOLLOWS staying well back. PAN RIGHT to JR driving. He wears a look of intense concentration.

121 **EXT. ROADS - VARIOUS - A LITTLE LATER**

121

The NYLEX CLOCK hits 10:30. PULL BACK to REVEAL the Armoured Vehicle turn off PUNT RD onto--

HARCOURT PDE

JR in the Sigma a few cars back follows them down the BOTTLE-NECK.

Up ahead FOUR MEN in council vests, overalls and hardhats are busy ripping up the road with a petrol-driven cutting machine.

RAG HAT MAN holds a STOP sign up. The Armoured Vehicle comes to a stop.

INSIDE THE SIGMA

JR watches as MOUSTACHE MAN and SUNGLASSES MAN take out their concealed ASSAULT RIFLES and SHOTGUNS and race to the back of the Armoured Vehicle.

MOUSTACHE MAN opens the back doors with a KEY and they both LEAP inside taking the guards by surprise.

JR takes out his GUN and starts to breath deep.

RAG HAT MAN and HARD HAT MAN get into a DUAL CAB UTE.

The DRIVER of a STATION WAGON that is behind the Armoured Vehicle gets out and leaps into the ute, blocking the traffic behind.

Both the Armoured Vehicle and the ute pull off and drive down CREMORNE STREET. PEOPLE unsure of what do to, step out of their CARS.

JR

Shit.

JR puts the car in reverse. SMASHES into the CAR behind him -
- pulls onto the curb.

SCREEEETCHH

The Sigma SMASHES a path through the station wagon and drives down the SIDE STREET.

INSIDE SIGMA

At the very last moment JR sees the Armoured Vehicle and ute turn down BALMAIN STREET. He turns the corner and follows them at a safe distance.

OUTSIDE

The Armoured Vehicle and ute drive through an UNDERPASS -- around a BLIND CORNER and pull into a LANEWAY.

The Sigma pulls up on the curb and JR gets out.

With his gun drawn he CREEPS up to the LANEWAY ENTRANCE and peers around the side.

JR'S POV--

The Armoured Vehicle and ute have stopped fifty meters down the laneway. JR's eyes are glued to the action...

The GUARDS are dragged out of the Armoured Vehicle. HOODS placed over their heads -- shoved to the ground.

The ASSAILANTS bag the cash and throw it into the ute -- STRIP off their work clothes and disguises.

MOUSTACHE MAN removes his disguise REVEALING he is JOSH. On closer inspection Josh's nose is bandaged.

BRENDEN (O.S.)
 (quietly)
 You stick out like a sore thumb
 kid.

JR swings around. Brenden lifts a balaclava revealing his face -- puts a finger to his mouth SHHHHSHH. JR looks at Brenden, surprised and amazed. He's alive.

INSIDE THE SIGMA

JR and Brenden sit beside each other.

JR
 I got rid of Jasmine.

BRENDEN
 She's lucky I don't have the time
 to hunt her down and shoot her in
 the ass.

Brenden looks over and sees--

THE UTE

reverse out of the LANEWAY.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
 Watch and learn.

A massive FORD F100 speeds towards the unsuspecting assailants. We SEE its heavy bullbar RAM the ute sideways. Both vehicles slide to a halt amid broken glass. The assailants sit DAZED and CONFUSED.

A van pulls up and the door slides open. TWO LARGE UNITS in balaclava's ARMED to the teeth jump out and surround the van.

122

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER

122

The van door slides open. The Assailants bound and with pillow cases over their heads are unloaded by Wayne and the Large Units.

They SLAM one man into a chair and SHOVE the others onto the floor. Wayne takes off the seated man's pillowcase, revealing it is Josh. He looks around. His eyes adjust to the light and he sees Wayne.

JOSH

What the fuck Wayne, what's this all about, you got the money we sent right?

Brenden followed by JR walks out of the shadows.

JOSH (CONT'D)

It can't be, you're dead, I saw the photo's myself.

BRENDEN

You think I don't know how to fake my own death?

(beat)

Where's my money Josh?

JOSH

Go fuck yourself.

Brenden's signals Wayne, who picks up a HAMMER and walks over to Josh grinning.

BRENDEN

Wait, he needs to travel.

Wayne looks around, spots the LARGE DEEP FREEZER and grins.

MUFFLED SCREAMS

Come from the freezer. The Large Units sit on lid, their legs dangling over the edge.

WAYNE

The only thing about this game is the fuckin' noise. Argh stop, Argh please don't hurt me, Argh, Argh, fuckin' noise-

LARGE UNIT

- I can think of worse things than the noise.

WAYNE

Yeah not getting paid.

All the men laugh. The freezer goes quiet.

JR
(looks at his watch)
It's been ten minutes.

Brenden nods in agreement. Time to take him out. The Large Units open the fridge and PULL OUT Josh who is NAKED except for his jocks. They place him in the chair. Brenden LEANS in close to the blue and shivering Josh.

BRENDEN
Where's my money Josh?

Josh doesn't answer.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)
Listen, I've seen Wayne here pop a man's eye out and eat it. So quit the tough guy act before it's too late.

Josh looks at Brenden's eyes and believes it.

JOSH
(slow and shaky)
He's got half a million in the office safe the rest is in self storage somewhere. I swear I don't know where.

Josh looks up nervously as Brenden gets out his MOBILE.

BRENDEN
First you're gonna tell Sam everything went to plan.
(dials Sam's number)
Then you gonna tell me everything... starting with how you're supposed to get the money back up to the Gold Cost.

123

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DINNING AREA - LATER

123

A big suburban brown brick house. Wayne feeds a TODDLER in a highchair.

WIDER to REVEAL JR and Brenden sitting at the table. Wider still. JANET (28) -- a blonde bogan stunner enthusiastically COUNTS the pile of money.

JR
Which ways the toilet?

WAYNE
Down there to the right.

Brenden watches JR with suspicion as he leaves room. The toddler CRIES. Wayne picks him up and smells his bum.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Peeyew... Luv, come get the baby,
before he goes ballistic.

JANET
I'm almost done. Give me a sec.

She totals up the amount on her calculator.

JANET (CONT'D)
That's 1.1.

WAYNE
How much?

JANET
1.1 mill, give or take a few thou'.

Wayne grins ear to ear. She walks over and takes the toddler. He gives a celebratory SMACK on her bottom as she leaves the room.

WAYNE
How much do you need Brenden?

BRENDEN
Sixty.
(Wayne raises his
eyebrows)
Like I said, all I need is
expenses.

124 INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

124

Brenden walks down the hallway. Puts his EAR to the toilet door and LISTENS. The toilet FLUSHES. JR walks out.

BRENDEN
Thought you might of fallen in or
something.

Brenden enters the toilet and closes the door behind him.

125 EXT. MOORABBIN AIRPORT - TARMAC - LATER THAT NIGHT

125

A small metropolitan airport catering for light airplanes. Josh is led at GUNPOINT towards a PIPER SEMINOLE -- a four seater twin-engined light aircraft.

The PILOT (48) -- doing his checks gets out of the plane.

PILOT

No, no. Hang on guys. This wasn't part of the deal. I was only taking one man, we don't have enough fuel for four.

BRENDEN

How much were they paying you?

PILOT

Five grand.

Brenden takes out two bundles of cash.

BRENDEN

That's twenty grand. You max the tanks and take us where we want to go and it's yours.

PILOT

It's gonna take a few minutes to organize the extra fuel.

The pilot reaches out for the cash.

BRENDEN

Half now, half when we get there and you never saw us.

PILOT

Ok, with me.

Brenden hands over one of the bundles.

126

INT. PIPER SEMINOLE - FLYING - LATER

126

JR sits in the front with the Pilot. Brenden and Josh are in the back.

JR takes out the I CHING COIN and holds it up -- looks through the hole at the moon.

127

EXT. ARCHERFIELD - AIRFIELD - THE NEXT MORNING

127

A small metropolitan airport catering for light airplanes. A pre-dawn red band cracks the horizon. The Piper pulls into the aircraft parking zones.

THE DOOR OPENS

Josh is FORCED from the aircraft. Brenden and JR get out after him. They walk towards the perimeter fence and outside into the--

PARKING AREA

They walk towards the cars.

JOSH

It's the silver Commodore.

BRENDEN

Give me the keys.

Josh hands over the CAR KEYS. Brenden puts the key into the Commodore but it doesn't fit. The realization that it is a TRAP flashes across Brenden's face, but it's too late--

BLAM

The Commodore's side window explodes. Brenden and JR drop to the ground. Brenden sees legs under a car and returns fire.

Ken drops to the ground. Brenden finishes him off with a head shot. Josh runs off. JR CHASES after him into the--

AIRFIELD

Several groups of MORNING FLYERS are checking their PLANES over. A CESSNA SKYLANE is throttling up. It starts to TAXI forward.

JR SPINS around looking for Josh. SUDDENLY from behind an airplane Josh LUNGES at him -- BOWLS him over.

Limbs fly. They ROLL in front of the taxiing Cessna. The PILOT hits the brakes.

They fight for the gun. It goes off. The BULLET goes straight through the Cessna's front window barely missing the Pilot.

The Pilot DIVES for his life. UNMANNED and with the brake disengaged the Cessna begins to roll forward. It's LETHALLY SPINNING PROPELLER heading straight for the fighting duo.

The gun drops out of JR's hand. Josh delivers several HEAVY HITS. JR is beaten by his much bigger opponent.

Josh picks up the gun. He stands and AIMS at JR -- grins about to shoot him.

JR

Watch out! !

JR rolls out of the way.

Josh turns just as the ROARING PROPELLER HITS HIM. Th-th-th-that's all, folks.

The shock registered on JR's face and a fine mist of blood enough to paint the picture of Josh's demise.

JR picks up his bloody gun and runs towards the--

PARKING AREA

Brenden pulls up in a BLUE FORD he has just acquired.

BRENDEN

Get in.

The car SPEEDS off down the road.

128 **EXT. STREET - LATER**

128

JR and Brenden sit in the car behind a DHL VAN.

A DHL MAN walks up to his VAN with a box and opens the back door. Brenden gets out of the car -- walks up and puts a GUN into the DHL Man's side.

Brenden motions for the man to open the van. They both hop inside. A FEW MOMENTS PASS and the DHL Man is FORCED out in only his jocks.

The van drives off. JR follows in the car.

129 **EXT. SAM'S CLUB - SERVICE ENTRANCE - LATER**

129

Brenden head hung low in a DHL HAT and UNIFORM holds onto a box. He presses the buzzer.

MATCH CUT TO:

SECURITY MONITOR

Mitch sees Brenden on the screen, who holds up a package to the camera.

THE SERVICE DOOR OPENS

To REVEAL Mitch. Brenden aims his GUN and tilts his head up.

BRENDEN

Don't move.

130 **INT. SAM'S CLUB - OFFICE - LATER**

130

Sam opens the door and walks up to his desk. The cheap plastic white king chess piece that Wayne gave Brenden sits on his desk.

He walks over to the white king, his eyes WIDEN as he realises the gravity of the chess piece.

SAM

Like everything that gets you in the end, it's the unforeseen move that's the most dangerous.

CHECKMATE

Sam tips the white king over.

REVEAL JR and Brenden standing behind him.

BRENDEN

Take your gun out slowly and put it on the floor.

(Sam does what he is told)

Now kick it over.

Sam kicks the gun over and JR picks it up.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

I want the rental receipt and keys to the storage.

Sam looks back with blank stare.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

We can either do this the messy way or the clean way, up to you.

SAM

It's in the safe.

BRENDEN

Open it.

Sam turns the dial clockwise, then anti-clockwise. The sweet SOUND of UNLATCHING. He cranks opens the safe door and takes out a KEY and RENTAL SLIP.

JR takes them from Sam and passes it to Brenden, who kicks over the box.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Put the money in there.

(beat)

Why'd you do it Sam?

SAM

(fills the box)

This is how things work... it's business.

Sam creeps his hand to the back into the dark hole.

SAM (CONT'D)

No one can ever see what's coming next.

Sam spins around with the gun in his hand.

BLAM

Sam is hit in the chest. Blossoming red. He drops.

BRENDEN

That's where you're wrong.

131 **EXT. SELF STORAGE - LATER**

131

A deserted land of CONCRETE and ROLLER DOORS stretching as far as the eye can see. JR and Brenden walk up to one of the roller doors.

Brenden unlocks the padlock and slides up the roller door. The only thing in the five meter by three meter space is--

A LARGE SUITCASE

Brenden unzips the suitcase. It's full of money. They exchange a look. A wry smile comes over Brenden's face.

BRENDEN

We're not home yet.

He zips the suitcase back up.

132 **INT. BRISBANE AIRPORT - LATER**

132

Brenden and JR stand in the BUSINESS CLASS line. They both have on black suits on and reading glasses. Small cross pins are in their ties.

CLERK

Next.

Brenden puts the suitcase onto the weighing station.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Wow it's well over, what you got in there?

BRENDEN

Bibles. My nephew and I are spreading the good word up north. I don't mind paying the excess.

He FLASHES her a big toothy smile. She places a CAUTION HEAVY sticker on it.

CLERK

That won't be necessary. Here's
your tickets. Enjoy your flight
Reverend.

BRENDEN

Thank you.

133 **INT. PLANE - FLYING - LATER**

133

Brenden and JR sitting next to each other. Brenden is
asleep. JR gets up. Brenden's eyes flash open.

BRENDEN

Where you going?

JR

Stretch my legs.

He gets up and walks towards the back of the plane. Opens
the TOILET DOOR and walks into the--

TOILET

Closes the door and sits there. Deep in thought.

134 **INT. DARWIN AIRPORT - AFTERNOON**

134

Brenden and JR dressed in shorts, tee-shirts and baseball
hats walk out of the toilet with the suitcase. DUMP their
rolled up suits into a RUBBISH BIN. Walk outside and get
into a --

TAXI

JR looks out the back window as they drive away.

135 **EXT. USED CAR LOT - LATER**

135

A DODGY SALESMAN is counting money at his desk. PAN TO
Brenden putting the suitcase into an old KINGSWOOD.

They get in. Brenden chucks the SALE BANNER out the window
and they drive out of the lot.

136 **EXT. MOTEL - PARKING AREA - LATER**

136

The Kingswood pulls into the cheap looking motel and parks
out the front of the rooms.

141 **EXT. SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS**

141

Brenden walks out of the CABIN onto the deck. Takes a quick look off the stern.

BRENDEN
She seaworthy?

OLD MAN
I've travelled halfway across the world in her. She'll take you where you need to go.

BRENDEN
How much you want for her?

OLD MAN
I was hoping for 95.

Brenden pulls out two large stacks of money.

BRENDEN
Would you take 80 cash?

The old man holds up a set of keys.

OLD MAN
She's all yours.

142 **INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

142

PULL BACK from Brenden behind the GLASS SCREEN in the shower - through the DOORWAY to REVEAL JR sitting with his back to the bathroom.

He spots BRENDEN'S GUN on the sideboard near the television.

He gets up and walks out of shot. IMMEDIATELY Brenden STORMS out of the shower -- wraps a towel around himself and marches into the--

BEDROOM

JR is changing the channel on the television.

BRENDEN
What did I say about you staying in my field of vision?

JR
Jesus, you're paranoid, I was just changing the channel.

BRENDEN
Yeah I'm a little paranoid, with good cause.

143 **INT. MOTEL - BEDROOM - DAWN** 143

The lights are off. PULL BACK from Brenden's wide-awake eyes. WIDER. Brenden sits in a chair staring at JR who is sleeping with his back to Brenden.

JR opens his eyes feeling Brenden's stare. The SOUND of Brenden's WATCH-ALARM goes off.

BRENDEN
Wake up, it's time.

144 **EXT. FANNIE BAY - LATER** 144

It's still dark out. But, light is coming on fast.

The SOUND of an approaching boat... The SMALL BOAT comes slowly out of the darkness.

The silhouette of JR and Brenden. As they come CLOSER we see JR's face, CLOSER still... his eyes filled with fear.

145 **EXT. SAILBOAT - VARIOUS - A LITTLE LATER** 145

TILT UP to find our SAILBOAT bobbing peacefully on placid water. JR and Brenden are loading STORES onto the sailboat.

BELOW DECK

JR puts tin food into the pantry.

ABOVE DECK.

Brenden takes out his GUN. He goes to walk below deck then stops. He walks to the stern and looks into the distance.

JR walks up the stairs.

JR
We're all set.

BRENDEN
(with his back to JR)
Sorry kid this is the end of the
line.

JR
What do you mean?

Brenden turns and JR spots the gun.

BRENDEN

I thought about just shooting you, but I don't want that on my conscience. So I thought what's a fair number for a young bloke like you starting out and I came up with 250.

JR

Half of 2.8 is 1.4 million.

Brenden aims the gun at JR.

BRENDEN

I'm not asking.

(beat)

What'cha gonna do with that kind of money anyway?

JR

Buy a boat like this for starters.

He pulls the heavily worn *Beginner's Guide to Sailing* out of his pocket.

JR (CONT'D)

It makes it sound pretty easy, sailing that is.

BRENDEN

Where'd you find that?

JR

You forgot to take it with you.

146

INT. TERRACE - VARIOUS - (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

146

Brenden's body is missing from the couch. The CAMERA PANS to JR. He picks up *The Beginner's Guide to Sailing* off the kitchen bench and looks at it.

JR

I was just about to give myself up when I remembered the ice.

JR looks at the overturned Esky. He walks towards the bathroom door and opens it. Inside the bathtub is full of water and ice-cubes.

JR (CONT'D)

You cooled your body down with the iced water didn't you?

He walks into the kitchen. Spots CHOCOLATE TOPPING and RED DYE near the sink. Opens the rubbish bin -- at the bottom is a half finished pack of LAMBS BRAINS.

JR

I especially loved the lambs
brains, nice touch.

BRENDEN

You wanna hurry up and get to the
punch line.

JR

Why didn't you say something-

BRENDEN

- It was a means to an end.

JR

Bullshit. You used me like a pawn
on chessboard and got rid of me
when it suited... just like you're
trying to do now.

BRENDEN

You finished. Yeah, I used you...
but I gave you everything in
return, I taught you how to be me,
isn't that what you wanted?

JR

I'm not like you. I'm a Bonobo.

BRENDEN

Huh?

JR

You once asked me what tribe I
belonged to... as much as I wanted
to be chimp, I'll always be a
Bonobo.

BRENDEN

(Brenden laughs)

Good for you kid now get out of my
way.

BELOW DECK

Brenden opens the suitcase. Sees that the case is full of
YELLOW PAGES. He pulls out the several of the books. It
hits him hard. He goes weak at the knees.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

It can't be, he was with me the
whole time.

Shoulders HEAVING with RAGE, eyes wild black holes. Brenden storms--

ABOVE DECK

He aims the GUN right at JR's head. ECU -- BRENDEN'S FINGER on the trigger. RACK TO his eyes. ECU -- JR'S EYES. Locked with Brenden's.

A MOBILE RINGS. JR takes out his phone. Brenden's eyes search for answers.

JR

Make things happen or things will happen to you, isn't that what you said to me?

He gives the mobile to Brenden. He answers it.

INTERCUT: ON THE BEACH

Jasmine with a pair of BINOCULARS holds onto a mobile.

JASMINE

If you want to see your half of the money, do as he says.

BRENDEN

How long you been on our tail?

JASMINE

Since Melbourne.

Brenden's eyes search the past.

QUICK MONTAGE(FLASHBACK):

BUS STATION -- A look of pleased surprise comes over Jasmines face as JR walks up to her.

SILLO TOWERS -- Jasmine looks down at the Armoured Vehicle being hijacked.

WAYNE'S TOILET -- JR texts... Archerfield Airport.

AIRPORT -- Jasmine stands in the economy line wearing a big hat and sunglasses.

PLANE -- Jasmine sits in ECONOMY CLASS. JR walks past. She opens the toilet door and gets in with JR.

OUTSIDE MOTEL -- JR is smoking. He puts the set of motel keys in the pot plant outside the door.

INSIDE MOTEL -- Jasmine unlocks the door and walks in with a heavy bag. She takes out SEVERAL YELLOW PAGES from the bag and puts them onto the bed.

148

EXT. BOAT - VARIOUS - (PRESENT) - CONTINUOUS

148

Brenden puts the pieces of the puzzle together. It hits home hard.

JASMINE

Looks like I'm getting the happy ending after all.

BRENDEN

It's not the end yet.

Brenden drops the phone. GRABS JR by the scruff of the neck and RUSHES him to the STERN.

Back on the beach Jasmine lets out a gasp as she watches them TUMBLE off the edge into the WATER.

She rushes into the water.

BRENDEN SURFACES

Looks around for JR. But he can't see him.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Kid... kid! !

UNDERWATER

JR is slowly SINKING into the darkness. A sense of calm on his face. Then Brenden swims down and grabs the boys hand.

ABOVE WATER

Brenden drags JR onto the sailboat. The young bloke is unconscious. He PUSHES on JR's chest a few times. NOTHING. Then a violent SPLUTTER of water gushes from JR's mouth.

JR takes in a big gulp of air. They both sit in SILENCE getting their breath back.

You can't quite tell what's going on in Brenden's eyes. A mix of emotions -- a concoction of pride and love, if you can call it that.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

So you taught the teacher a lesson, huh?

JR looks quite happy with himself.

BRENDEN (CONT'D)

Did it ever occur to you she might
just run off with the money?

JR

You know what, it didn't.

BRENDEN

So where to from here Boss?

JR

We say our goodbye's. Once we have
safely left Darwin. I will call
you and let you know where you can
find your half of the money.

BRENDEN

How do I know you gonna live up to
your word?

JR

You're gonna have to trust me.

JR flashes Brenden a grin. An honor-among-thieves truce is
inaudibly reached between them.

The young bloke steps onto the small boat. Unties the rope
and pushes off. JR starts up the outboard.

JR (CONT'D)

You know if you had've pulled the
trigger you wouldn't have seen a
cent.

FLASHCUT: To Hotel Room. JR takes the FULL CLIP out of
Brenden's gun. Puts his EMPTY CLIP into the gun.

Brenden takes out the clip in his gun and sees its been
emptied of its bullets. He pulls back on the slide and
checks the chamber. Again it's EMPTY. He can't help but
smile as JR speeds towards the shore.

149 **EXT. SMALL BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

149

CLOSE ON JR's face smiling. He beaches the small boat and
runs towards Jasmine. They embrace.

150 **EXT. MOTEL - LATER THAT DAY**

150

Brenden walks out of his room with a bag of DIRTY WASHING.
He walks through the parking lot and turns down the main
drag.

151

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

151

Brenden walks up to a WASHER and dumps his clothes inside --

Slides coins into the slot to make it go.

He sits down and looks around at the room. A MAN reading a TRASHY MAGAZINE looks up at Brenden a little coldly, sensing who he is. They exchange a nod.

A DRYER with the Man's stuff is spinning away. After a few moments the Man gets up and leaves.

BRENDEN

Lifts the lid on the washing machine and puts his clothes in the dryer and presses start.

He notices that the other Man's dryer has stopped. Looks over at where the man was sitting and sees the trashy magazine. He walks over and picks it up--

URNS THE PAGES

In the centre of the magazine there is has a short pictorial history of his life up until this moment.

Then it hits him. He walks over to the window and looks outside. It is very quiet - too quiet. He walks to the back of the room. Takes out his GUN and looks down at it.

He looks up at his clothes spin around and around in the tumble dryer. The SOUND gets louder.

KLANK

The metal of the gun hitting the bench ECHOES.

CLOSE ON BRENDEN

SLOW-MOTION. All SOUND is gone except for Brenden's shallow breathing. Eyes focused. He walks out onto the--

STREET

with his hands up. The elite SPECIAL OPERATIONS GROUP move in. Like giant black soldier ants with their bullet-proof exoskeletons, the SOG methodically surround Brenden, screaming something that we are unable to HEAR.

Brenden gets on his knees and lays flat. His hands are pulled behind him. A plastic police tie ZIPPED tight to his wrists. The SOG Officer gets off his back.

BRENDEN'S POV--

Black military boots dart around him. We never see any faces. Only hands. Boots. Guns. It's over.

152 **INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER** 152

STATIC

A VIDEO CAMERA turns on. Brenden's face appears on the monitor.

DETECTIVE
Have you anything to say?

BRENDEN
(thinks it over)
Can you make sure my washing gets
taken out of the dryer.

Brenden grins into the camera.

153 **EXT. DARWIN CEMETERY - DAY** 153

PULL BACK from FEET WALKING in the dusty ground to REVEAL JR and Jasmine. Jasmine is holding onto some FLOWERS and JR has a BAG.

He finds what he is looking for. Stops and grins.

CLOSE ON a Headstone -- THOMAS JONES

154 **INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - CELL - DAY** 154

KLANK

An OPENING in a heavy metal door opens. A guard slips MAIL through the hole. Brenden, with a BEARD and LONGER HAIR, looks through the mail.

He RIPS open an envelope with a THAILAND STAMP. Inside is an old folded up piece of paper with an inscription:

*Next time you are in Darwin
make sure you pay your respects
to Albert's cousin Thomas*

Brenden unfolds the paper to REVEAL JR's WISHLIST. He walks over and looks up at the tiny barred window.

A wry smile comes over his face. The theme music fades in.

END