

How To Rob a Bank Badly
The Story of the 'Curry Gang

C.J. Cronin

EPISODES 1-5

EPISODE 1

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

A hot, darkened room. The door and window are closed. GEORGE PEACOCK, a young jackeroo, is seated. He's sweating. A tough, cruel-looking CIB detective, NELSON, leans into frame and takes a long sniff of George's face.

NELSON

You know...when you've been around
as long as I have, you can smell fear.

George shifts, uncomfortable with Nelson's closeness. A pound note, held by Nelson, appears before George's eyes.

NELSON

Recognize this?

GEORGE

(pulling his head back to focus)
That's a pound, hey.

NELSON

Oh. But this is a very special pound. This
has a serial number on it that proves it
came from the Bank of New South Wales. This
pound, is a stolen pound.

Nelson stares.

George looks guilty and uncomfortable.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

In George's place TOM HENDERSON now sits. He's middle-aged, fading handsome, a bit of a spiv. He sweats and appears somewhat afraid. Nelson stands by the closed window, looking out.

NELSON

You know, I'm a man who hates coincidence.
Especially convenient coincidence. After
the two banks got done, the Queensland
National Bank rang you and asked if you had
anything to deposit. And by coincidence,

NELSON (Cont'd)

you happened to have a large deposit ready for them.

TOM

Well, it was the end of the week and...

NELSON

Was all coin.

TOM

(almost pleading, hands upturned)

It's two bob a film.

Nelson crosses and looks down at him.

NELSON

Mmm. But I went over your deposit slips. You usually bank around twenty pound in coin. This time you banked one hundred and twenty. See, that's a convenient coincidence, given the Wales got robbed of two hundred pound in coin. Pretty stupid to bank coin from one bank into the other, don't you think?

Tom looks baffled. He shrugs and forces a grin.

EXT. WATERHOLE -- ON SUNSET

A serene 'billabong', an oasis in an otherwise dry landscape.

SUPER: Two Weeks Earlier.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERHOLE -- SUNSET

HAMMOND, the manager of the Q.N. (Queensland National) Bank, suddenly stands into frame and blows a loud duck call. He searches the sky intensely.

He is with PARKER, one of his two subordinates.

A LABRADOR RETRIEVER sits beside Parker. It appears as bored with the hunt as he is.

PARKER

Maybe it's just the drought.

Hammond defiantly blows the duck call again. He searches the sky, his eyes comically burning with intensity.

Parker rolls his eyes to himself and glances at the dog. It has rolled onto its back.

HAMMOND (rueful)

Not a sausage.

They are surprised by a sudden commotion on the far bank.

CATTLE burst through the underbrush and come to the water's edge to drink. Eventually the forms of three men on horseback also appear.

HAMMOND (irritated)

Well...any luck we might have had
is now annulled.

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. WATERHOLE -- FAR BANK -- SUNSET.

LOW ANGLE: In semi-silhouette, JACK CHAMPION, a formidable looking character, draws his horse to a halt and looks across the waterhole.

Hammond and Parker leave hastily.

PARKER (to the dog)

Come on, Colin.

Jack urges his horse aggressively through the water.

PARKER (apprehensive)

Oh, that's Jack Champion.

Hammond increases his speed.

He is soon overtaken by Jack, who puts his horse in front of him, blocking the path. Hammond does his best to fabricate surprise, followed by irritation.

JACK

Blokes like you ought to be left for
the crows, Hammond.

HAMMOND

Whatever it is, Mr. Champion, I'm sure
it can wait 'til Monday. Perhaps make
an appointment with Mr. Parker.

He begins to move off but Jack blocks his path once more.

Hammond lifts his rifle but does not point it.

HAMMOND

Mr. Champion, as I am very well-armed
then I hardly have anything to be
concerned about, do I?

Jack is forced to give ground. He watches malevolently as
the pair continue on.

Parker throws nervous glances over his shoulder as he
follows his boss.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE -- NIGHT

The cattle are settled for the night. There are three men
round a fire, Jack Champion, George Peacock, and an
aboriginal stockman, BOOMER. George plays a mouth organ
badly. He bangs it on his hand to get the spit out. Boomer
rolls his eyes in comment. The remnants of a meal are on the
ground. CAMP DOGS lick tin plates clean.

SUPER: OUTBACK QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA 1932.

Jack stares at a piece of paper he holds. In the weak light
the heading can be made out in bold print: FINAL NOTICE.
Jack screws up the letter and throws it in the fire. As he
watches it burn, George stops playing and looks up at the
star choked sky.

FX: A shooting star.

GEORGE

God, look at that. Man wouldn't be dead for quids, hey.

BOOMER

Keep playing that and I promise you'll be dead...for free.

JACK

You like it so much, why go back to the railways? Stand in front of a bloody lathe all day.

GEORGE

Simple. They pay me.

JACK

Said I'd see you right.

GEORGE

Yeah. Too quiet in the bush, hey. No. No sheilas.

BOOMER

What d'you need them for?

GEORGE

'Cause, unlike some people, Boomer, I don't have sex with animals.

BOOMER

Got a new yearling down there. She been staring at me all day. Got them big brown eyes. Long lashes.

GEORGE

They all got big brown eyes, Boomer.

Boomer looks genuinely surprised.

GEORGE

And last I heard yearlings are underage.

George looks at Jack.

GEORGE

Don't sleep on y'belly tonight, boss.

JACK
(shrugging)
I got blue eyes.

Boomer bursts out laughing. Jack and George share a grin.

GEORGE
Hey, speaking of, saw some yearlings down
Brown Gully way.

BOOMER
Yeah?

JACK
Clean skins?

(George nods)

JACK
How many?

GEORGE
Twenty, thirty.

Jack looks at Boomer in question.

BOOMER
I'm game.

JACK
(nods in acknowledgement)
Alright. But count me out. I'm an obvious
suspect. I'll need a solid alibi. Fix you
two up, though.

George's head goes back in question.

Five bob a head.

GEORGE
Six.

JACK
Five and six, branded.

GEORGE

Done. We'll leave 'em up in the gorge.
Let the brands heal, hey. No one'll
find 'em there.

George looks at Boomer and receives a nod. George looks at Jack. Jack nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S FAMILY HOMESTEAD -- DAY

A ute (circa 1920's) approaches the homestead at speed along a dirt road.

SUPER: THE FOLLOWING IS BASED ON AN ACTUAL EVENT.

JACK'S FATHER opens the gate to the homestead yard.

Jack draws the ute to a halt beside him.

JACK

Going to the 'Curry. Want something?

JACK'S FATHER

(glancing at the house)
Mum's upset.

Jack looks at the house and frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S FAMILY HOMESTEAD -- SITTING ROOM -- DAY

A clock ticks loud in the quiet house. Viewed from the hall, JACK'S MOTHER sits in a lounge chair, mopping at tears. Jack stops in the hall, then enters. As soon as she hears him Jack's Mother straightens up.

JACK

Hey, hey, what's all this?

He kneels and hugs her.

JACK'S MOTHER

Oh, I'm sorry, Jack. I'm sorry.

JACK

Hey, hey, hey, you got nothing to be sorry about. S'them bastards at the bank should be sorry. Thieving mongrels.

JACK'S MOTHER

Are we going to lose it, Jack? We going to lose our home?

JACK

No, mum. Promise you. Won't happen. Not while there's breath in me. Promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIO TALKIES CINEMA -- CLONCURRY -- NIGHT

TOM HENDERSON, owner-operator of the cinema, stands to one side of the ticket box, watching the PATRONS exit from a session. He sights the person he is searching for - FOLLY, the Q.N. Bank's housekeeper, making her way home. She is a good looking, middle-aged woman with a sensual figure. Tom does not follow immediately, but looks her up and down seductively, watching her go. He crosses to the ticket box.

TOM

Lock up tonight, Sal?

SALLY, the ticket box attendant, nods. Tom looks round in Folly's direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Folly walks. Tom trails.

TOM

Walk you home, Folly?

Folly stops and watches him coming. She looks him up and down, in the same predatory fashion he watched her.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK, LIVING QUARTERS. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Depending on what is required, tight on Folly standing face to camera, naked from the waist up. The steel frame bed head/end partially obscures her in the poor light. Both wrists are bound by leather straps to the bed end. She is covered by a sheen of perspiration, and is already in a high state of sexual arousal. Bare-chested, Tom enters frame behind her. He too is sweating. He kisses her neck.

TOM

Sure they won't be home early?

She makes an 'affirmative' sound, impatient.

She groans as he apparently enters her. He places a leather strap around her neck and pulls it tight as he moves behind her. He adjusts the strap up onto her mouth. She bites into it.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK, LIVING QUARTERS. HALL -- NIGHT

COLIN, the Labrador, scratches at Folly's bedroom door as he hears the sounds of energetic sex inside.

INT. KITCHEN. BANK RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Fully dressed, sitting at a table, Tom and Folly share a whisky bottle.

TOM

Always meant to ask. You called Folly for a reason?

FOLLY

Folly by name, Folly by nature. Least that's what my last two husbands said.

TOM

Where are they now?

FOLLY

Dead.

Tom sprays whisky as he bursts out laughing. Hammond and Parker enter. They are drunk.

HAMMOND (Pompous)

Oh, Mr. Henderson. To what do we owe this honour?

Hammond drops a large ring of keys on a sideboard as he gets down a port bottle and two glasses.

TOM

(toasting)

Lust.

He laughs and looks at Folly. She is not amused. Tom corrects himself and toasts her.

TOM

No, just seeing a lady home.

HAMMOND

Yes, can't be too careful nowadays. No telling what maniacs are about. Sex maniacs, kleptomaniacs...pyromaniacs.

Parker sniggers. Tom's look turns hard.

HAMMOND

Care for a port? Should put out your fire.

Parker sniggers more.

Tom blinks slowly. His attention turns to the ring of keys.

TOM

Well, should be on my way.

HAMMOND

Oh, leaving so soon?

Parker sniggers into laughter.

Folly sees Tom to the door. He sneaks her a quick kiss. As she begins to return to her room...

HAMMOND

I'd prefer you didn't bring that sort
of chap to this house, Mrs. Anderson.

Folly comes to the kitchen door, reining in her temper.

FOLLY

Like he said, just seeing me home.

HAMMOND

Aren't you worried, being seen with a
man like that?

FOLLY

In case you've forgotten, he was
acquitted in a court of law.

She leaves the room.

PARKER

Good night!

He looks drunkenly at Hammond.

PARKER

I think she's wonderful...and a very
attractive woman.

HAMMOND (not agreeing)

Yeeees.

He sips his port.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRY SCRUB COUNTRY -- DAY

ESTABLISHING: George and Boomer round up young cattle.

SUPER: BROWN GULLY STATION.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRY SCRUB COUNTRY, CLEARING -- DAY

JOSH REYNOLDS, the chubby Cloncurry policeman, waits on
horseback. George heads a calf into the same clearing. He

pulls up as he sees Josh. George nods hello. Josh does not return the greeting.

GEORGE

What are you doing out here, Josh?

JOSH

No, come on, George. What are yus up to here?

GEORGE

Rounding up a few strays, hey.

JOSH

Come on! You blokes know you're on Brown Gully!

GEORGE

(looking around)

Y'kidding?!

JOSH

It's private property, George.

GEORGE

Well hang on, Josh. They's clean skins, mate. Finders-keepers. Law of the land, all that crap. How you gonna prove they're Brown Gully's? Swear the cattle in? Make 'em tell the truth the whole truth and..."

JOSH

Bull crap! You know I've got to run yus in. Cattle duffing's serious.

GEORGE

Well wouldn't do you no good anyhow, hey.

JOSH

What? Why?

GEORGE

Well you tell me. What jury here's gonna convict us for helping a mate? You know everyone's in the same boat round here, Josh, getting bled by the banks, hey. Bank foreclosed here. These are bank cattle now. Company station now. Duffin's only duffin' when you're duffin' from a silly duffer, not somethin'.

JOSH (weakly)

Well, the laws the law.

GEORGE

Oh, piss off, Josh. The jury let Tom Henderson off when he burnt down that new cinema, hey. Everyone knows he done it.

JOSH

That's different.

GEORGE

Pig's arse, mate. They was a bunch of out-of-towners, same as the bank. We all stick together, and you're either with us or against us, mate.

JOSH

You know, you bloody amaze me, George. I'm surprised you don't ask me to give you a bloomin' hand!

GEORGE

Well, didn't like to ask, Josh.

JOSH

Yeah, well, don't.

GEORGE

A bob a head.

JOSH

A bob?

GEORGE

Alright, two bob. But that's out of my end so it's as high as I go.

He rides on. Josh looks violated, and not sure how it happened.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GORGE -- DAY

MUSIC MONTAGE:

Unassisted by horse or lasso, Josh barrels a yearling and ties its legs as George holds it down. Boomer brings over the hot iron and brands the beast.

Various high energy snippets of their branding endeavours, particularly Josh tackling cattle.

CUT TO:

EXT. GORGE -- DAY

As they let a yearling go George looks at Josh with newfound respect.

GEORGE

Jesus mate, never seen a jackeroo do that.

JOSH

Know any locals who don't know cattle?

GEORGE

Nah...Still, never seen a man tackle a steer with his bare hands, 'specially round the legs. You play Rugby League?

JOSH

Yeah, second row. Pretty toe-ee in my day, 'til I got fat.

GEORGE

You're not fat, Josh.

Josh growls in annoyance.

GEORGE
Boomer, is Josh fat?

Boomer returns the branding iron to a fire. He smiles.

BOOMER
You're not fat, Josh, just a bit heavy
for your height!

George laughs fully and Josh smiles shyly, liking them.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN -- DAY

ESTABLISHING: SUPER: CLONCURRY. 1932.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL VERANDAH -- DUSK.

Jack sits on the expansive verandah. He sips whisky-water as he watches the street below. PIANO MUSIC drifts up from somewhere. The Q.N. Bank is across the street. MICHAEL CARSON (the accountant, and PEACH'S brother - Peach is George's girl.) exits the bank, pulling on his coat. He locks the door and tests it. He leaves. Heading outbound.

TRIXIE (OS)
Jack.

Trixie is inside Jack's room. She wears high heels, a suspender belt, stockings, and little else.

TRIXIE
Coming in?

Jack is not paying attention. He watches the bank below and notes the time.

He downs his drink in one gulp and stands.

He grins with carnal intent at Trixie.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

There is a knock at the door. It opens. George stands in the hallway, looking tired and dirty.

JACK

How'd you go?

TRIXIE prevents George from entering as she is in the process of leaving. As she passes Jack he pushes a pound note into the cleft of her bosom.

GEORGE

Oh, g'day, Trix.

TRIXIE (flirting)

'Day, George.

She leaves and George enters, shutting the door.

GEORGE

Some alibi.

JACK

All judges trust Trixie.

GEORGE (realizing he is right)

Guess they have to.

JACK

(pouring him a drink)

Come off alright?

GEORGE

Oh, ta. Dry as a bone.

He gulps the drink down and holds the glass out for more.

GEORGE

Yeah. Ran into Josh, though.

JACK

And?

GEORGE

She's sweet. Paid him off. Three bob a head.

JACK

Three?!

GEORGE

Hey mate, we were gonna be cell mates down in Boggo Road jail, know what I mean?

JACK

Well it's not coming out of my end. Christ, may as well have bought the bloody things.

GEORGE

Hey? Fair go. Y'a long way off that.

JACK

Paying you to take the risk, mate.

GEORGE

Well, least go us halves. I'm already splitting it with Boomer don't forget.

JACK (grumbling)

Yeah, (conceding)...How many?

George is hurriedly stripping off his clothes.

GEORGE

Twenty-seven. Some good stuff in there too, hey.

JACK

You sure Josh is sweet?

GEORGE

Yeah. What are you going to do with 'em?

JACK

Replacement stock. Sell half the herd, pay off the bank.

GEORGE

Yeah? How're you getting 'em to the yards?

JACK

Ask the bank for a loan. Ship 'em by rail.

GEORGE
Jesus, you're hopeful.

JACK (shrugging)
In their interest...In no hurry, George.

George wears a towel, but still has on his stock boots and hat. He lights a cigarette (a rollie over his ear).

GEORGE
Oh, not drinking with you.

JACK
Something I said?

GEORGE
Peach is having a party at her place.

JACK
Saw her brother leave the bank. Thought he told you to stay clear.

GEORGE
Yeah, what is it? You see anything wrong with me?

Jack looks. George looks absurd in boots, towel and hat while smoking.

JACK
Not a thing.

GEORGE
Well wish he'd get off my back.

He opens the door.

GEORGE
Oh, soap.

Jack tosses the soap from the handbasin. Barely looking at it, George snatches it from the air with great dexterity.

MATCHING CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. LIVING QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Tom fumbles a scrubbing brush thrown by Folly. He holds a mop bucket.

FOLLY

You really don't have to help.

She collects a broom and mop.

TOM

Told you, it's my night off. I don't mind.

He glances at the door to the bank.

TOM

Got the key?

FOLLY

It's open.

TOM

Oh, well that's bloody lovely.

He opens the door.

TOM

Got my money in here.

He goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK -- NIGHT

Tom enters with Folly close behind.

TOM

Christ, anyone could just waltz in.

FOLLY

They only lock the front door for show.
Wouldn't do a thief no good anyway.
You need six keys to get inside.

TOM

Six?!

Folly starts cleaning.

FOLLY

One for that door. Two for the vault,
three for the strong boxes.

TOM

How come you know all that?

FOLLY

I chipped Parker for going to the pub with
his boss every night, leaving me to guard
the place. So he explained I'm in no
danger.

TOM

Even with his loose mouth?

FOLLY

He was drunk...And he wants me.

TOM

Parker wants you?

FOLLY

A girl just knows.

TOM

What gave him away, his dick hanging
out?

FOLLY

No, staring at my bosom while he explained.

TOM

Yeah, Hammond's drunk every night too. I
noticed he's pretty slack with his keys.
Anyone could roll him.

FOLLY

Yeah, but they'd have to roll Parker and
Mike Carson at the same time.

TOM

Come again?

FOLLY

Each man has two keys.

TOM

Well which man has which keys?

FOLLY

(shrugs)

But I wouldn't fancy rolling Mike Carson.
Seen the shoulders on that big bugger?

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S & PEACH'S HOUSE. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Behind Michael's wide back in the bathroom. He wears a singlet. He vigorously stabs something in front of him.

He assails a block of ice in the sink with a screw driver.

MICHAEL

You should have told me he's coming!

PEACH (OS)

Why?

MICHAEL

Why?! 'Cause I've already warned him off,
that's why!

Doing up an earring, PEACH appears in the doorway.

PEACH

You never?

MICHAEL

My oath I did.

PEACH

Oh, Jesus, Michael! Well you had no right!

She storms away.

MICHAEL (having said this before)
When mum died she made me promise to look
after you, and I bloody well am!

PEACH (OS)

You mind your own damned business!

MICHAEL

He's a no hoper and a drifter. No job,
no money...

Peach reappears in the doorway.

PEACH

And I like him! You touch one hair
on his head and I'll leave! And I'm not
joking! I'm sick of you interfering!

MICHAEL

He's a gambler!

PEACH

Good, then maybe he'll take a chance on me!

She leaves once more. Michael looks at himself in the
mirror.

MICHAEL (muttering)

Do more than touch a bloody hair.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL, UPSTAIRS HALL -- NIGHT

George smooths back his oiled hair with a finger as he
stares into a mirror in the hall. Satisfied with his
appearance he hurries optimistically down the stairs to the
ground floor.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL, FOYER - NIGHT

There is a vase full of flowers in the foyer as George comes
down the stairs. He begins to leave the hotel but sees there
is no one on the front desk. He snatches the flowers and
hurries out the front door.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

Enthusiastic for the night ahead George walks down the
street, flowers in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB BAR -- NIGHT

Jack enters the bar. He places a coin on the counter. BILL, the publican, approaches.

JACK
Whisky, Billy.

BILL
In for the cup, Jack?

Jack nods.

BILL
You're early.

JACK
Oh, brought Lightning in. Get her used to the track.

BILL
Yeah, good thinking. So tell me...

He leans in confidentially,

BILL
...what's the mail on her?

JACK
I tell you she's liable to bolt home, you tell everyone and I get bad odds. I don't tell you, she wins by six lengths, and I'm the biggest prick this side of the black stump.

BILL
So which is it?

There is a small hiatus and both men laugh.

JACK
Put it this way. I can't afford to lose. Seen Tom?

BILL

He'd be at the flicks.

JACK

Nah, checked. 'Said he took the night off.

BILL

Well, he'd be up to no good. Probably setting fire to something.

Both men snort a laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK -- NIGHT

CLOSE on Folly. She sits on a desk against the wall. She is in the throws of sexual pleasure. She is clothed, but Tom's head is under her skirt.

FOLLY

Oh...You can help...anytime.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S AND PEACH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

There is excited mumblings among the GUESTS at the party. It is very noisy. Michael has taken the outer sleeve off a box of matches and is in the process of sitting on the floor.

MICHAEL

It's all a matter of concentration and guts, but mainly guts!

PEACH

No, look, don't do the matchbox thing again, Michael, it's stupid... Michael!

MICHAEL

Now I put the box on my head like this...

He lies on the floor and places the matchbox sleeve on his forehead.

MICHAEL

Alright Norm, tee her up, mate.

NORM steps from the crowd, a golf club in one hand and a ping pong ball in the other. He flamboyantly tees the ball up on the matchbox end.

MICHAEL

Righto, stand back everyone, give the man room! Alright now everyone shut up so's he can concentrate, 'cause I'm the one stands to get his head knocked off.

A hush and giggles from the Guests. Norm takes a big backswing.

NORM

Fore!

He swings the club. The ball is hit STRAIGHT TO CAMERA at high speed.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

George appears in the doorway and with superb reflexes jerks his head to one side and catches the ball. There is stunned silence from the Guests.

GUEST 1

What a catch!

The Guests rush forward to congratulate him.

Michael gets up, miffed that George is receiving the accolades he expects for himself. In the middle of this George bashfully hands Peach the flowers.

GEORGE

Bought you some flowers, Peach, hey.

PEACH (stunned)

Heavens...They're beautiful! Thanks, Georgie!

GIRLS nearby gush with envy.

Eventually...

MICHAEL

Yeah, alright, alright!

Guests fall silent.

MICHAEL

Any bastard can catch a bloody ping pong ball!

GEORGE (confidentially)

Oh, better watch the language, mate.

MALE GUEST (more sternly)

(standing next to his girlfriend)

Yeah, watch the language, mate.

Michael nods his apology, acknowledging.

MICHAEL

But I'd like to see if you got the guts to be the tee!

PEACH

(trying to pull George outside)

No, look, that nonsense has gone far enough. He does this every party. Don't listen to him, Georgie.

MICHAEL

Yeah, didn't think you'd have the guts to have a go, Georgie!

George's expression turns hard and he stops.

PEACH

No, don't, he's just baiting you.

GEORGE

(taking her hand away gently)

No, it's alright, Peach. Like to have a go.

PEACH

Oh look, don't be...

The GUESTS cheer.

GEORGE

But see, any drip can lie on the floor with a matchbox on his head, hey. But the real test of a man is in the swing.

MICHAEL

What?

GEORGE

Well, that's the skill. Bet I can hit that ball off your forehead and through that gap in the window there.

Everyone looks. The window is open a mere six inches.

MICHAEL

What? No you couldn't!

GEORGE

Betcha.

MICHAEL

No you couldn't!

GEORGE

Afraid to give us a go?

MICHAEL

With a golf club?

GEORGE

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Oh bull dung. And that's not swearing!
No one could do that.

GEORGE

Got a quid says I can.

MICHAEL

No you couldn't!

GEORGE

Two quid then, and you only pay one quid if I win.

MICHAEL

...You're on!

The Guests cheer.

PEACH

Look, just stop this now the pair of you!

MICHAEL

(getting into position on the floor)

No, you shut up you! I'm going to show you once and for all what a bragger and liar this bloke really is.

PEACH

Georgie, I'd really like it if you didn't do this.

MICHAEL

Georgie! Georgie! Georgie porgie puddeny pie!

Guests laugh. Michael lies back and puts the matchbox on his forehead. George is handed the club. The Guests are falling silent.

GEORGE

Better keep quiet...Mick. Wouldn't want to miss exactly what I'm aiming for.

George shapes up.

MICHAEL

You'd better pay up too, y'mongrel.

LOW ANGLE: Looking up at George's face.

GEORGE

Ready...Mick?

Michael waits, becoming unsure.

George takes the club back.

GEORGE

Fore!

He swings...

CREDITS

EPISODE 2

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RACETRACK -- DAWN

A whip cracks against a horses flank.

MOVING: LIGHTNING, the racehorse owned in common by Jack and Tom, runs hard, hot air punching from her lungs. Boomer is her mount. She rounds the bend and comes into the straight.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACETRACK -- DAWN

Jack, George, and Tom are opposite the finishing post. Lightning streaks by. George clocks it.

GEORGE

Jesus! Forty-nine for the half!
Forty-nine?!

JACK (to Tom)

Told you she's a good buy.

TOM

I believe you...now

GEORGE

Hey, you couldn't lend us ten bob, could you. Reckon I'll back her meself, hey.

JACK

What happened to the money I gave you last night?

GEORGE

Oh. Lost a bet.

JACK

Jesus. Money slips through your fingers like water, doesn't it.

GEORGE

Well, if you can't have a smoke and a drink and a bet, Jack, then what's the point? I'd end up a miserable bastard like you.

Jack gets his wallet out grudgingly.

JACK

Well what do you need ten bob for now?

GEORGE

Going to put a bet down, build up a stake.

JACK

(putting his wallet away)

Oh, bugger off. You know I'm going for a loan at the bank.

GEORGE

They're not going to give it to you. Get used to it.

JACK

Well why'd you have to go and say that?

GEORGE

Oh, let me think. 'Cause it's true?

JACK

Yeah, but why'd you have to say it?

TOM

Here, I got you.

He hands George the note.

GEORGE

Oh, bewdy, thanks Tom, hey.

Jack studies Tom momentarily, wondering why he did that.

JACK (to George)

Go make sure Boomer throws a blanket over her.

GEORGE

Why, I'm not working for you no more, hey. Besides, you wouldn't even lend us ten bloomin' bob!

He grins, having deliberately provoked Jack.

GEORGE

Yeah, righto.

George departs.

JACK

(rough affection) Cheeky prick. (To Tom)
Why so generous?

TOM

Well, you never know when a favour might
be repaid, Jack.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK. MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Hammond sits, hands folded, lips pursed.

HAMMOND

No, I'm sorry. That would be quite
inappropriate.

JACK

Why?

HAMMOND

Well...it would be throwing good money
after bad.

JACK

Is that right? Seems logical to me. I sell
off half the herd, you get your loan
payment for the entire year.

HAMMOND

Mr. Champion, you have already defaulted on
the loan three times. What do you think
head office would say to a manager who
approves a further loan to a triple
defaulter?

JACK

I imagine they'd think you delinquent if you had such an easy way to recover your loan and didn't take it. Nothing can go wrong. We bring the cattle in, put 'em on the train, and the minute they reach the other end you get your money. Why's that a problem?

HAMMOND

Unfortunately 'tis not I who maketh the rules.

JACK

Yes it is! Listen to me very carefully. I grew up on that property. So did my father. It's clear you don't understand the job of a country banker. Your job is to help the locals. Ride it out through the hard times, then the rains come...Do that and you'll come out in front.

HAMMOND

(checking his fog watch)

Yes, I'm sure there is some creed, but that's not the way business is run nowadays...

Jack slams his hand on the desk and stands.

JACK

You a miserable turd, Hammond! You're going to foreclose just so you can get a feather in your cap at head office. Then maybe they'll give you a big city posting so you can get out of this pisshole and back to your own kind. S'that how it works? You make me sick, Hammond.

Hammond is too scared to comment.

Furious, Jack leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK -- DAY

Jack comes down the passageway. He sees Michael sitting behind his desk, his nose bandaged and with two black eyes.

JACK

What happened to you?

MICHAEL

You tell that greasy little maggot mate of yours that I'm looking for him, Champion.

JACK

Which greasy little maggot mate would that be?

MICHAEL

What are you stupid or something?

Jack suddenly bangs Michael's head hard against the desk. He pulls his hair back and speaks into his face.

JACK

Well I may be stupid, but I'm not working for a bunch of parasites that want to bleed this town dry. You used to be one of us, Carson, now look at you.

Jack begins to leave, but comes back, leaning down close to Michael's face.

And next time you talk to me that way I'm going to drive your nose up through your brain.

Jack leaves. Michael is shaken and his nose is bleeding. He gets out a hanky, squeezes his nose, and winces.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET. BARBER SHOP -- DAY

Jack crosses the street and enters the barber shop. Blinds have been drawn over the windows.

CUT TO:

INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY

There are a lot of MEN in the shop. A radio, calling the races, plays. SP BOOKIES move throughout, taking bets.

TOM

How'd you go?

JACK

Came second.

TOM

Well, you know I'd spot you, Jack, but my takings are down. 'Cause, you could always sell me your share in Lightning.

JACK

You don't have the money to lend me to ship cattle, but you can afford to buy out Lightning?

TOM

Didn't say that. See, I can always get a loan.

JACK

Nah. I'd just be in the same spot next time round. Lightning will win us the money to ship the cattle, then she'll win us the money to pay off the loan.

TOM

Hope you're right. I could do with a shot in the arm.

George appears.

GEORGE (confidentially)

Got the good oil. Bobbysocks in the next, hey. Gonna to put some on?

TOM

What odds?

GEORGE

Sixes.

TOM

Yeah, alright, ten bob on the nose please,
young George.

George looks at Jack to see if he wants in.

JACK

Only bet on a sure thing. You know that.

Follow Jack as he leaves. As approaches the door, the
policeman, Josh, enters.

JOSH

'Day Jack.

JACK

Three bob was a bit steep, mate?

Josh has no idea what he is talking about. Jack decides to
let it slide.

JACK

Bobbysocks. Hurry.

Jack nods at a BOOKIE. As he exits Josh rushes to put on the
bet.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL VERANDAH -- DAY

Jack sits, drinking whisky.

GEORGE (OS)

Hey, got a comb or somethin'?

Jack takes one from his vest pocket and holds it up. George
comes out onto the verandah and takes it. He wears his good
clothes again.

JACK

Slickered up again?

GEORGE

Gonna see Peach. Didn't get much of a
chance last night. Had to bolt.

JACK

Stay clear of her brother, mate, he's
gunning for you.

George nods down into the street.

Michael is just entering the bank.

GEORGE

Back from lunch. Now his little sister is
alone and unprotected.

He laughs demonically.

GEORGE

What are you up to?

JACK

Oh, might visit the horse, see how she's
doing.

George opens his wallet. It is full of notes.

GEORGE

Well tell her I'm behind her all
the way.

JACK

Where'd you get that?

GEORGE

Bobbysocks. Told you. Cleaned up. Should
listen to your old mate, mate.

He leaves. Jack sips his drink.

JACK

I'll try to correct that failing.

We hear the room door close.

CUT TO:

INT. PEACH'S HOUSE, PEACH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

ROMANTIC MUSIC MONTAGE. Peach and George make love.

CUT TO:

INT. PEACH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

George rolls off Peach, both panting heavily.

PEACH

Is it just me, or does it get better every time?

GEORGE

You know I reckon sex is only a bit of comfort without the love. I'm just workin' that out. That's why it's so good 'cause we're not just having a root, we're also having love.

PEACH

That's the most romantic thing I've ever heard you say, apart from calling sex a root.

GEORGE

Well, while we're doin' it I'm thinkin', can't get better than last time, can't, but then bugger me it is.

PEACH

I know. And it just seems so 'cause we're more in love every time.

GEORGE

Yeah. Too right.

PEACH

And you're such a good lover, George.

GEORGE

I know. 'Cause I practice so much on me own.

Peach bursts out laughing.

PEACH

It's us. You know, like a couple dancing together. Getting better all the time. Not sure my heart can take much more improvement though.

They kiss.

PEACH

Michael says you're a no-hoper, Georgie.

GEORGE

Yeah. Bit of a no-hoper, hey.

PEACH

Plus his nose is real sore. He reckons you hit it on purpose.

George doesn't answer.

PEACH

Ever thought about getting away from the 'Curry?

GEORGE

All the time. Not much point, though, hey.

PEACH

Well, could save my brother killing you.

GEORGE

Yeah, fair point. Without a stake I'd just end up in another town like Cloncurry, hey. S'like showin' up with the dynamite but, 'oh, forgot the matches'. Then next we'd have some ankle-biters and what do we feed them on, grass?

PEACH

The dynamite.

GEORGE

Oh, yeah, didn't go off, did it.

PEACH

I'd like to have babies with you, Georgie.
Reckon you'd be a good father.

George makes a positive noise.

PEACH

Yeah, even with your bow legs. Can teach
'em jackerooing.

GEORGE

And tunnel ball, don't forget the tunnel
ball.

PEACH

You mean you want to make a go of
it, Georgie?

GEORGE

Yeah, Peach. But wouldn't want to let you
down, hey.

PEACH

You could never do that. Long as you keep
trying.

He looks at her in question.

PEACH

The sex.

GEORGE

Oh!

PEACH

Anyway, thought you were going back to the
railways. That's a good job.

GEORGE

Fitter and turner? Bad back by forty, bad
eyes by fifty, crippled and blind by sixty.

PEACH

Well what else can you do?

GEORGE

Just want one big score, Peach. Then I'll quit gambling forever, promise, hey. Got a small stake now, going to put a big bet on at the cup. Reckon that'll make us enough to buy a property of our own.

PEACH

You mean it, Georgie?

GEORGE

Yeah...Yeah, I do.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACETRACK STALLS -- DAY

Jack approaches on horseback. He dismounts and crosses to Lightning. She is poking her head out of her stall. He takes a carrot from under his hat and strokes her cheek as she feeds.

JACK

Counting on you, girl, counting on you with all my heart.

A rifle barrel slowly comes into frame and halts not far from his temple. Jack doesn't even look at it.

JACK

If that's loaded I'm going to shove it up your arse and pull the trigger.

The barrel is withdrawn at the same speed and Boomer's smiling face appears.

BOOMER

Thought you might be a doper.

JACK

You shoot dopers before they give her the carrot.

BOOMER

But then I got no proof you're a doper. Y'bring me anything?

JACK

Like what?

BOOMER

Like a carrot.

JACK

You get fed after you've won. Want you lean and mean.

BOOMER

I can be mean without being lean. So what happens if we lose?

Jack mounts up.

JACK

Deals a deal...You still get a carrot.

Jack rides out. As he goes...

JACK

Don't go humping that horse.

BOOMER

Why? She's a lady horse!

JACK (to himself)

Nothing strange about you.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT.

The three CIB Detectives grill a dishevelled Hammond.

NELSON (OS)

So where are the master keys kept?

HAMMOND (exhausted)

I told you, they're kept at head office, Brisbane. If we lose a key we must requisition a copy.

NELSON (OS)

That ever happen?

HAMMOND

No, as I told you. We're all very careful with them.

NELSON (OS)

Oh. Very careful? Your housekeeper said you don't even lock the side door or the door to the residence, but you are very careful with the keys? See a contradiction there?

HAMMOND

As I said, it's irrelevant. You would need blasting powder to get through the first door, let alone the vault. This is a country town, people leave their doors open...

NELSON

So it follows you leave the bank doors open...

HAMMOND

No, as I said...

NELSON

Let's get something straight. I will tell you what is relevant and what is not. And I don't care if you live in a hick town, you're a delinquent bank manager. Me and my men are here in the middle of sweet, frigging nowhere, torn from our families and loved ones. This mess is the doings of an incompetent, pretentious, fat-arse, swaggering twat and yes I am talking about you, porky. And I am further convinced that said twat is involved up to his freckle in the wrongdoings here. Until something better comes along, you are my prime suspect, porky. And sooner or later, you're going to squeal.

Hammond is intimidated and looks ill.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACE TRACK -- DAY

Race horses run hard. A CALLER'S voice is mixed in with the sound of pounding hooves. The horses fly past the finish line.

ESTABLISHING. Race day. The running of the Cloncurry Cup. There is a good size crowd, announcements being made, races in progress, etc.

CUT TO:

EXT. SADDLING ENCLOSURE -- DAY

Jack and Tom ensure all is well with Lightning, checking girth straps, etcetera. Boomer is dressed in silks, and admiring himself.

JACK

Alright, tell us what you're going to do.

BOOMER

(holding up the whip)

Beat the crap out of her with this thing.

TOM

And if she falls down you carry her over the line.

JACK

Keep her on the rail the whole time. I don't care how far back in the pack you get, but keep her on the rail.

BOOMER

Then let her out on the straight, I know.

TOM

You're not afraid to leave her sprint too late?

JACK

That's why we put a man with a whip on her back.

TOM

That's always intrigued me.

JACK (to Tom and Boomer)
 She's a kicker. Y'just got to know when to
 let her go.

They boost Boomer into the saddle. He rides her forward and
 Jack pats her rump.

JACK
 Good luck!

George arrives and hands out their betting slips.

GEORGE
 (to Boomer) Good luck, hey!

JACK
 What'd you get?

As they talk they walk down through the CROWD toward the
 fence.

GEORGE
 Sixes.

TOM
 Ooh, good lad! (To Jack) What'd you put
 down?

JACK
 Fifty.

TOM
 What, for a place?

JACK
 On the nose.

TOM (stunned)
 Jesus...Brave man.

JACK
 Bet the farm on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACECOURSE -- DAY

The running of the race. INTERCUT:

- 1) Boomer on LIGHTNING arrives at the starters line and is MARSHALLED into position behind a rope.
- 2) Various shots of BOOKIES adjusting an odds board.
- 3) Jack, Tom, and George arrive at the fence.
- 4) The STARTER moves into position.
- 5) The BOOKIES close their boards.
- 6) All eyes in the CROWD are directed toward the STARTER.
- 7) The STARTER raises his flag.
- 8) Boomer tenses.
- 9) STARTER drops the flag.
- 10) MARSHALLS drop the rope. They're off.
- 11) Boomer brings her in to the rear of the pack, close on the rail.
- 12) Jack and Tom watch quite impassively, while George is already screaming his lungs out.
- 13) INTERCUT faster and faster between our three characters and Lightning. She rounds the first bend, coming toward the straight.
- 14) Boomer holds position on the rail.

GEORGE
What's he waiting for?!
- 15) INTERCUT faster and faster between our three characters and Lightning. She rounds the second bend, coming toward the straight.

16)

JACK

Alright, ease her out now, ease her out.

17) As they round the bend Boomer eases Lightning out from the rail and wide of the pack.

JACK

Alright...Now!

18) Boomer applies the whip.

19) In the straight Lightning starts to accelerate past the pack.

20) All three men urge her on.

21) Slowly but surely Lightning reels in the leaders.

22) The horses hit the line. It is so fast and so close we cannot tell who won.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACKSIDE -- DAY

GEORGE

Who won?! Who won?! Did you see who won?!

Jack and Tom stare toward the judge's box.

A sign goes up: PHOTO.

There is a collective groan from the CROWD.

REACTION SHOT: Jack, Tom and George express their tension in their own ways.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE'S STATION -- DAY

Under a red light, a photograph slowly develops in a chemical tray.

The COURSE PHOTOGRAPHER pulls the print from the solution and hands it on to OFFICIAL 1.

Following Official 1 through a door he mounts it on a viewing glass. OFFICIAL 2 joins him.

The line in the photograph shows a dead heat.

OFFICIAL 1
Crikey...I don't know.

He lets OFFICIAL 2 in to have a look.

CUT TO:

Jack, Tom, and George wait tensely, looking toward the judge's box.

BACK TO:

OFFICIAL 2 shakes his head, equally undecided.

OFFICIAL 1
Will we call a dead heat?

OFFICIAL 2 shakes his head, wondering. He rummages in a box under the desk and comes up with a strong magnifying glass. He holds it over the photograph,

HIS POV: ECU: One horse's nose is just touching the line first.

OFFICIAL 2
(indicating)
That's the winner.

OFFICIAL 1 nods.

FADE UP SAD MUSIC. CROSSFADE to SLOW MOTION....

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACKSIDE -- DAY

...It seems later, with less light. Three forlorn characters, Jack, Tom and George, stand in different positions at the otherwise deserted fenceline. As the last of the CROSSFADE dissolves, torn ticket butts fall from Jack's hands.

CONTINUE MUSIC. CROSSFADE TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL VERANDAH -- NIGHT

Dejected, Jack, Tom and George sit around the table, drinking whisky and water. CAMERA eventually selects Tom. He looks from Jack to George, considering if he will say what is on his mind.

Jack and George from his POV. Eventually he hangs his hands in the well of his lap, and without looking at them, makes his announcement. PAUSE MUSIC.

TOM

I got an idea.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL VERANDAH -- NIGHT

TIME ACCELERATION MONTAGE. POSSIBLY MUSIC AND STILLLS.

Tom explains his plan to rob the Q.N. Bank. As we CROSSFADE, viewing their setting from different angles, Jack and George transition through the various stages of being convinced, while Tom is increasingly animated. They all look progressively drunker. This could possibly be done in sepia slides or tones, with suitable music backing.

- 1) Listening.
- 2) Questioning.
- 3) Expressing doubts.
- 4) Becoming convinced.
- 5) Injecting ideas.
- 6) Making plans.
- 7) Agreeing and becoming silent.

Exit the montage as:

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL VERANDAH -- NIGHT

Tom yawns. He checks his watch. They are all now drunk.

TOM

Good grief, it's 3 am.

He stands and yawns.

Better make tracks.

JACK

Why don't you just use that Housekeeper to get the keys off Hammond and Parker? Be easy for her.

TOM

My friend, my friend, my friend. Aside from the fact that that is one more person to share the booty with, I am sticking my dick in her.

JACK

That's my point.

TOM

Ah! May I point out to you, sir, she is on the other team! When I stop sticking my dick in her, she will start sticking knives in me. In my back to be precise. Hell hath no fury like a dickless woman.

GEORGE

Thought they all were.

TOM

They are vicious. They'll even send themselves to prison just to get even. And why? Why?

JACK/GEORGE

Why?

TOM

It's not as though you beat her with a wooden spoon. All you did was stop sticking your dick in her. And half the time that's what they want.

JACK

Well you could always go on sticking your
dick in her.

TOM (abhorbed)

I've...I've got a reputation to uphold.
I'm a cad. A bounder. A...a...a...

GEORGE

Prick.

TOM

A prick! Yes, thank you. How can I
maintain prickdom and behave decently?

JACK

That's a problem.

Tom begins to say something but the thought evades him.

TOM

Oh...It's gone...I'm drunk...I'm going
...good night.

He begins to leave, but comes back.

TOM

Oh! It's back...You leave their keys to me.
You just figure out how to get Mike Carson's
keys. That's the hard one. Adieu, my friends.

He leaves.

Jack looks at George.

JACK

What about you?

GEORGE

Me? What?

JACK

You a cad?

GEORGE

Huh?

JACK

Well, Peach lives in the same house as her brother.

GEORGE

So?

JACK

It'd be easy for her.

GEORGE

Oh! Oh, no, no, wouldn't do that to Peach, hey.

JACK

Pretty set on her?

GEORGE

Yeah. Yeah, am a bit, yeah.

JACK

So if you suddenly get a lot of money, how're you going to explain it to her?

GEORGE (sudden inspiration)

I'll tell her I won it today.

JACK

Huh, you, my friend are on the lip of a tangled web, and are flirting with divided loyalties. S'alright, that's the usual basis of marriage.

GEORGE

Well, gonna have to think about it.

JACK

We'll both have to. Everything looks good through the bottom of a bottle.

He groans his way to his feet.

Oh, hate to admit it, but I'm getting old.

He begins to enter his room, but hesitates.

The sad part is...I just don't want to let down my mum and dad.

He grins and goes inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIO CINEMA -- NIGHT

From the same position as he earlier viewed Folly, Tom watches her leave the cinema. This time, he does not pursue her. By his expression he has something else planned.

CUT TO:

EXT. Q.N. BANK RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Tom is supporting Parker, who is drunk. Hammond, although free-standing, is definitely swaying. They enter the residence, stumbling noisily through the back doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK RESIDENCE. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

They stagger in, but Parker collapses against the doorframe, Tom unable to support him.

HAMMOND

Care for some port, Mr. Henderson?

TOM

Hey, Parker, Parker, c'mon, I can't...

Parker slumps all the way to the floor.

PARKER (giggling)

Think I'm drunk too much.

TOM

Yeah, you're drunk too much. I can't pick you up, y'too heavy.

Hammond has dropped his keys on the sideboard and is getting down the port and glasses.

Folly enters, bleary-eyed, wearing a dressing gown.

FOLLY

What's going on?

TOM

Oh, these gentlemen have had a little too much.

HAMMOND

And very generous you were too.

TOM

Hey, Hammond, give me a hand here.

HAMMOND

Oh, but of course, must assist the young assistant.

He crosses to Tom and the two pull Parker to his feet and stagger him toward his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Hammond and Tom stagger in with Parker and throw him on the bed.

HAMMOND

Sleep well, sweet prince. Adieu.

He begins to leave.

TOM

Hey aren't you going to take his pants off or something?

HAMMOND

S'cuse me?

TOM

His pants. You're not going to let him sleep like that.

HAMMOND

I imagine he'll be fine.

TOM

No, c'mon, help the poor bastard off
with his pants, least we can do.

Folly watches from the hall. Tom is already heaving off
Parker's boots. Parker giggles.

Hammond helps him off with his pants.

HAMMOND

What if he wears no underwear?

TOM

Folly, avert your gaze.

FOLLY

I do the washing. He wears underwear.

Tom is suddenly left holding the trousers.

TOM

Oh...where...?

FOLLY

Oh, on the peg.

Hammond exits. Tom reaches into the pants pocket. There is a
small tinkle of keys. He quickly pockets the set as he hangs
the pants, turns and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL -- NIGHT

Hammond walks toward and past CAMERA. Folly stops Tom as he
exits Parker's room. She speaks quietly.

FOLLY

Why are you drinking with these two?

TOM

Oh, tell you tomorrow.

He gives her a quick kiss.

You go to bed, sweetie. Sorry to wake you.
Go on.

Folly looks at him suspiciously but nods, goes to her door, and enters. Tom walks toward CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL -- NIGHT

As Tom walks past the open back doorway he flings the keys. A hand spears from the blackness and snatches them from mid air. We know it must be that brilliant catcher, George.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK LIVING QUARTERS -- NIGHT

George hurries down the side of the house, laughing softly.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE HOTEL VERANDAH: George appears from the side of the bank building and comes quickly and silently across the street. He stops below and throws up the keys.

A hand plucks them from the air.

Jack crosses to the table and presses one of the keys into a soft wax impression, housed in a box.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK QUARTERS. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Hammond is very drunk. Tom watches Hammond drink the last of his port.

HAMMOND

Puccini, for instance, and...Al Johnstone...

TOM

Here, must be my shout.

HAMMOND

Oh, very decent. You know, you've been remarkably generous this evening.

Tom approaches the sideboard on which rests the port and Hammond's keys. He has his back to us as he pours the drinks.

HAMMOND

One wonders why when one has been so unsociable to one in the past.

TOM

Well, I keep my money in your bank, and your bank is vital to this town. I see nothing wrong with making sure we maintain good relations.

HAMMOND

Exactly! In a professional sense. And you know, people don't understand that. They don't understand that two gentlemen can be professional toward each other and still be gentlemen, and not like each other.

Tom turns, holding a port glass up in mock salute.

TOM

Exactly.

He crosses to Hammond and gives him a glass. CAMERA notes the keys are now gone.

TOM

Excuse me, nature calls. Where's ye old thunderbox?

HAMMOND (obviously)

In the back yard.

TOM

But of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK LIVING QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Tom exits the back door. He looks around. George appears from the darkness. He hands him Parker's keys and Tom gives

him Hammond's. Tom takes off his shoes and enters the house stealthily.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK LIVING QUARTERS. PARKER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Tom enters the room quietly and crosses to the wall peg on which Parker's pants hang. He replaces the keys. He turns to leave. Folly is right behind him. Tom almost yelps in fright.

FOLLY (normal voice)
What are you doing?

TOM (hoarse whisper)
Quiet!...What am I doing?

Folly nods.

TOM
Ah...you want the truth?

Folly nods.

TOM
The truth is...these bastards, the truth is, all night, I've been shouting these bastards drinks all night, and they didn't once shout back, all night, and I thought, it's only fair, you know, only fair I get a few bob back. So...I was getting a few bob back.

FOLLY
Well why didn't you just ask them?

TOM
Good manners.

FOLLY
And you don't think stealing money out of his pants is bad manners?

TOM
Well, I...I'm doing it for you.

FOLLY

What?

TOM (fabricating badly)

Yes...I thought it would be nice if I made friends with them, even though I don't like them...so that...I could...come and see you here ...and...be, be welcome.

Folly looks at him for a long moment. Eventually she smiles and puts her hand to his face.

FOLLY

That's so sweet.

He kisses her hand, and lowers it, still holding it.

TOM

I think Hammond will pass out when he goes to bed, so what about I sneak into your room?

A naughty look evolves on Folly's face.

FOLLY

Alright...but you'll have to be quiet.

She kisses him.

No spanking.

He pulls on his shoes and nods and grins uncomfortably and begins to leave. She pulls him back playfully, and he eventually has to tug hard in order to escape, much to Folly's amusement.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL -- NIGHT

Tom exits Parker's room and as he moves toward CAMERA he rolls his eyes at his lucky escape. Folly appears in Parker's doorway and smirks as she watches him, then continues on to her room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Hammond is now very drunk, burping silently and swaying on his chair.

Tom watches him, bored. He walks past him, slapping him on the shoulder.

TOM

Just going to have another slash and we'll have one for the road.

HAMMOND

Oh I, I don't think I could...

But Tom has already gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK LIVING QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Tom exits the back door. George appears from the darkness and hands him Hammond's keys.

GEORGE (normal voice)

Everything hunky-dorey?

Tom hisses at him to be quiet. He gives him an 'okay' signal and goes inside.

BACK TO:

Hammond's mouth is open and he is frowning in concentration. He is looking at the sideboard.

HIS POV: The sideboard is bare where his keys should be.

Hammond blinks thoughtfully. He is about to make the arduous journey to his feet when Tom's hand presses him back down. Tom plucks the glass from his hand.

TOM

It's alright, I'll get it.

He crosses to the sideboard to pour the drinks. Hammond can be seen over his shoulder.

HAMMOND

Say, you haven't seen my keys by chance?

Tom freezes. He looks down at the bare sideboard. Tom turns and looks on the floor. Hammond cannot see the floor as he is on the opposite side of the table. Tom bends down and comes up holding a bunch of keys.

TOM

This them?

HAMMOND

Oh, clumsy me.

Tom crosses to him and hands over the keys along with the port. He holds up his glass in toast.

TOM

Here's to gentlemen who don't like each other.

HAMMOND

Thank you. And here's to a marvellously strange and uncomfortable evening that I know I will regret.

TOM

Couldn't agree more.

They drink. Tom grins, content.

CREDITS

EPISODE 3

FADE IN:

EXT. CLONCURRY MAIN STREET -- DAY

MOVING: Following the swishing behind of an attractive young woman in a lovely summer frock. It is Peach. She enters the Q.N. Bank.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK -- DAY

Peach enters the bank. She is greeted by the LABRADOR RETRIEVER seen hunting with Hammond and Parker earlier.

PEACH

Good morning, Colin.

She pats him and crosses to the teller window, where Parker stands, bored.

PEACH

Good morning.

PARKER

Oh, hello, Peach. My, you look radiant this morning.

PEACH

Why, thank you, sir. And because you are such a gentleman, I've come to offer you an invitation.

PARKER

Oh?

PEACH

There's a bunch of us going out to Kelly's hole tomorrow. And I thought you and Michael might like to come.

PARKER

Oh.

PEACH

Yes, and there'll be a few of my girlfriends there, and they're all eligible.

PARKER

Oh?

PEACH

It's always nice to meet someone swimming. You can see just what you're getting.

Parker doesn't understand, then laughs bashfully, pointing naughtily at her.

PARKER

Oh, but I don't think I have a costume.

PEACH

But I thought you knew. This is the country. Everyone swims in the nude.

Parker is shocked. Peach lets him off the hook.

PEACH

Michael has some spare togs.

Parker is relieved and laughs.

PARKER

Well, in that case I'd love to come. Be nice to get out of this heat.

PEACH (confidentially)

Yeah, and we thought it would be nice for you to get away from that stuffy Mr. Hammond.

Parker's expression immediately reveals the accuracy of her observation.

PARKER (confidentially)

I'm not sure my liver can hold out much longer. I've even put in for a transfer back to Brisbane. He's killing me, and he's so boring.

PEACH

Well, we'll get you a nice girlfriend and then you'll have a good excuse. Michael in?

She is already moving toward his office.

PARKER

Yeah, go through, go through.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Michael works on a big ledger book, adding columns of figures using a mechanical adding machine. Peach is in his office and sitting before he realizes she's there. He stares at her dress.

MICHAEL

What are you dressed up for?

PEACH

I'm not dressed up, I'm dressed.

MICHAEL

Look like you're going somewhere.

PEACH

I am. To see you.

MICHAEL

You can see me at home.

PEACH

No, because you yell at me there. Here you just have to sit and listen.

MICHAEL

I can yell at you here.

PEACH

Go on.

Michael is uncomfortable, glancing toward Hammond's office.

MICHAEL

Well you say something annoying.

PEACH

I'm going swimming with George tomorrow.

MICHAEL (shouted whisper)
What?!

Peach sits back and closes her eyelids slowly, illustrating an 'I told you so'. Michael continues in the hoarse whisper.

MICHAEL
I told you never to see him again!

PEACH
There's a whole bunch of us going and I just wanted to see if you'd like to come. Parker's going.

MICHAEL
You're not going!

PEACH
I am going, Michael, and there's nothing you can do about it.

MICHAEL
(strangling a sheet of paper)
When I get that bloke I'm going to kick his head in! Look at my face!

Peach holds up her hand.

PEACH
Look. George gave me a message to give to you. He said he's sorry, and hitting your nose with the golf club was a genuine accident.

MICHAEL
Pig's arse it was!

PEACH
'Scuse me.

MICHAEL
Oh. Sorry...Oh look, Peach, why can't you just go out with a nice bloke?

PEACH
He is a nice bloke.

MICHAEL

No, he's not...!

PEACH

He's asked me to marry him.

Michael is stunned.

PEACH

He's come into some money and he wants to make a go of it.

MICHAEL

Where'd he get money?

PEACH

It doesn't matter...

MICHAEL

Where'd he get the money, Peach?

PEACH

He won it.

MICHAEL

Oh, right!

PEACH

But he said he's had his last bet. That's it. He wants to settle down.

MICHAEL

Oh, and you believe him?

PEACH

Look, like it or not he is going to be your brother-in-law and the father of your nephews and nieces, so you'd better come to grips with that.

MICHAEL

You're making a big mistake, Peach. A big mistake.

PEACH

Well it's mine to make...Look, it was his idea to invite you swimming, sort of neutral ground with a lot of friends around, a good way to bury the hatchet.

MICHAEL (mumbling)

Know where I'd like to bury it.

PEACH

Look, you're my only family and I'm asking you to be friends with the man I'm going to marry.

Michael realizes she has a point.

MICHAEL

Alright, I'll come, but only 'cause of you, not him.

PEACH

(touching his hand)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. TRAVELLING MONTAGE -- DAY

FUN MUSIC. There are three vehicles of the period in convoy. George and Peach sit in the front of Jack's ute. In the back there are a half dozen BLOKES and SHEILAS. The sedan following has only one BLOKE and four SHEILAS, and the car beyond that contains Michael and Parker.

Dry but pretty countryside. People wave to each other from car to car. They wave to STOCKMEN, a SWAGMAN and his dog. (CAMERA should particularly note SWAGMAN as a future character.) Parker, seated next to Michael, makes eye contact with a pretty sheila, MARY THOMSON, in the back of the ute in front. She winks at him and waves. Parker is surprised, and winks and waves back. Michael looks slowly and admonishingly at him. Parker is subdued by the look, but is quite pleased with himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLY'S HOLE, PARKING AREA -- DAY

The SHEILAS, carrying togs and towels, giggle their way down through the rocks toward the waterhole. The BLOKES are up at the cars getting changed.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERHOLE -- DAY

The SHEILAS are behind the rocks getting changed. There are glimpses of bare flesh.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING AREA -- DAY

The BLOKES, already changed, hurry down through the rocks. The exception is George, who has the hood of the ute up, and the air filter off the carburettor.

Parker and Michael go past, having changed, on their way down to the waterhole.

PARKER

Something wrong?

GEORGE

Oh, spluttering a bit on the way out, think there's some dirt in the carby, only take a minute.

PARKER

Anything we can do?

GEORGE

No. You go ahead.

Parker and Michael continue on.

GEORGE

Oh, ah, Michael.

Michael stops and looks back suspiciously.

GEORGE

Thanks for coming, and I'm sorry about
your nose.

Michael is not comfortable, he nods and continues on.

George sees his opportunity. He hurries to the driver's door
of his car and opens it. He grabs a box from the floor and
brings it round under the hood of the car. It is the same
wax box Jack used to take impressions of the keys.

George hurries over to Michael's car and grabs his trousers
from the back seat. He puts his hand in the pockets,
searching for the keys, but can't find them. Cursing softly,
he puts the pants back, then freezes, looking at something.

Michael's keys dangle in the ignition. George grabs the
keys.

He hurries over to his car with them. He begins taking the
impressions.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING AREA -- DAY

HAND HELD: Michael's POV: Approaching George's car. He is
working under the hood.

Under the hood with George. He is taking a key impression.

Suddenly Michael appears.

MICHAEL

George.

George gets such a fright he bangs his head on the bonnet
and falls back onto the ground. Michael cringes.

MICHAEL

Jeez. You alright, George?

GEORGE

I...yeah.

MICHAEL

Bit jumpy.

Michael helps him to his feet but does not let go of his hand. As they talk he begins shaking it.

GEORGE

Gave me a fright, Michael.

MICHAEL

Just want to say in private that I accept your apology, and I'll try to be your friend from now on.

GEORGE

Well...thank you, Michael.

MICHAEL

But I'm warning you, you start gambling again and if you raise your hand to my little sister then by Christ I'll have you for breakfast.

George's hand in Michael's, being squeezed.

George can barely stand the pain.

Michael drops his hand and turns, looking straight at the car's engine. George's scalp goes tight. The jig is up.

MICHAEL

(looking toward the engine)
How's it going?

GEORGE

Fine.

MICHAEL

(looking back at George)
Don't know nothing about cars. Don't want to. Stupid bloody things.

He walks away. George breathes an enormous sigh of relief. He gets himself together and hurries to the car, wanting to get the job done quickly.

EXT. PARKING AREA -- DAY

Under the hood again with George. Michael suddenly appears again.

MICHAEL

George.

George bangs his head again and staggers back, but this time does not fall down.

He grabs his head in agony. Michael winces.

MICHAEL

That must hurt, George.

GEORGE

It does, Michael.

MICHAEL

Good, makes me feel better about me nose. Just wanted to say that if you got some money, mate, bring it round the bank. Safe as houses there.

GEORGE

Yeah. Thanks, Michael. I will, mate. Ta.

Michael nods and goes on again.

George staggers to the car and leans against it, holding his head. He makes sure Michael has gone this time. He groans.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERHOLE -- DAY

MUSIC MONTAGE. Fun and frolicking in the waterhole. BLOKES and SHIELAS swing off a rope to a tree and plunge into the water. Parker seems to be making progress chatting with Mary Thomson.

Parker is offered the rope in front of Mary, and considers he must take it. He swings out to the middle of the pond but loses his nerve. He begins to come back at speed, screaming, about to crash into the tree. We fear the worst. Blokes 1-3

intercept him and he lands safely. Mary laughs hysterically. Parker plays along, but is just glad to be alive.

George, with Peach on his shoulders, (cock-fighting) wrestles with Bloke 1 and Sheila 1. George and peach win. At the same time Michael and Sheila 3 defeat Parker with Mary Thomson on his shoulders. Michael and Sheila 3 turn on George and Peach. Michael and Sheila 3 are the ultimate victors, with everyone else being dunked. Michael holds up his arms in victory.

CROSSFADE from this montage to the next. MUSIC continuous.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- DAY

Tom walks across some railway lines toward the deserted workshop.

He looks around, making sure he is unobserved.

CUT TO:

INT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- DAY

Stripped for work and sweating profusely, Jack and George work bellows, heating molten iron, ready to cast the keys. There is a quiet knock at the door. Jack and George freeze. Jack crosses to the window and looks out. He nods to George. George lets Tom in.

Tom, not the type to participate in manual work, watches as Jack and George pour molten metal into the moulds.

George dips a key into water and it sizzles.

George holds a key up and examines it through window light. Jack and Tom look on. George says something, nods and grins. Jack and Tom also nod and grin, pleased.

CUT TO:

EXT. Q.N. BANK RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Close on the back door. A man's hand knocks. Presently the door is opened. Folly stands there, looking radiant in an evening dress. MUSIC ENDS.

TOM

Well, look at you. My, my, my, my.
I don't think I should take you to the
cinema. I think I should take you straight
home.

FOLLY

Thought you lived with your mother.

TOM

She's away on a trip.

FOLLY

How come no one's ever seen your mother,
Tom?

TOM

She's a very sick old lady.

FOLLY

Then how can she travel?

TOM

Her lover's a doctor.

Folly smirks and looks into the adjoining street. She gasps.

FOLLY

It's a sulky!

Tom has a horse and sulky parked beside the bank.

TOM

Well, I think you should know that I don't
invite just anyone to sit in the manager's
box. This is a very great honour you know.

FOLLY

So I get the royal carriage.

TOM

Absolutely.

Tom helps her up into the carriage. He rounds the wagon and looks up at the hotel across the street.

Jack and George stand at the railing.

REVERSE SHOT: Tom tips his hat to them, they salute him back. Tom gets in and hits the horse up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SULKY -- NIGHT

Moving.

FOLLY

What's on tonight?

TOM

"Jewel Robbery", Kay Francis, William Powell.

FOLLY

Oh, I like William Powell. What's it about?

Tom opens a flyer and reads her the blurb.

TOM

Ah... "A debonair master thief romances his victims while his gang steals their jewels."

FOLLY

Sounds good.

TOM

Sure does.

He smiles and looks off to his right.

As they travel past the pub Hammond and Parker are drinking inside.

TOM

Sure does.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET. Q.N. BANK -- NIGHT

Jack and George cross the street to the bank. They look around and move down the side of the building. George carries a distinctive looking carpet bag. He keeps looking around in an agitated fashion until Jack grabs him by the forearm.

JACK

You know, we're robbing a bank here.

George looks at him, nonplussed.

JACK

It's probably a good idea when you're robbing a bank not to look like you're robbing a bank.

GEORGE

So what am I doing wrong?

JACK

You're looking around like someone who knows they're doing something wrong... Stop it.

CUT TO:

EXT. Q.N. BANK, SIDE DOOR -- NIGHT

George pulls a keyring with 6 keys on it from the bag.

GEORGE

Now to figure out which key.

JACK

No, wait here. I'll go round, see if I can let you in.

Jack stealthily disappears round the side of the building. George is left standing, exposed. After a moment he tries the door. To his surprise it is open. He looks around, then goes inside, closing the door.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK. RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Jack comes in stealthily through the open back door. He is watchful. He makes his way quietly through the kitchen.

Suddenly a dog yelps in pain. Jack has stood on his paw.
(The LABRADOR RETRIEVER seen hunting Episode 1)

Jack pats him energetically.

JACK
Sorry, sorry, Colin.

The old dog takes shelter under the kitchen table.

He places his hand on the door knob to the bank and turns the handle slowly.

Suddenly the door jerks wide open.

JACK (hoarse whisper)
Jesus!

George is bent double, giggling and pointing.

GEORGE (giggling)
The look on your face!

JACK (hoarse whisper shouting)
Oh, grow up! Supposed to be robbing a bank here!

He enters and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK -- NIGHT

It is quite dark inside.

JACK
Get the torch.

There is suddenly an almighty thumping as George falls over a metal waste paper basket. Finally, the noise ends.

GEORGE (hoarse whisper)
Watch out for the waste paper basket,
Jack.

JACK
Remind me to bring an elephant next time.
It'll be quieter.

GEORGE
Come on, mate, I heard you step on Colin.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO THEATRE - NIGHT

Tom and Folly take their seats in the manager's box.

BACK TO:

A torch light illuminates a heavy door. George gets out the keys.

JACK
Alright, here, give me three.

George hands over three keys. George tries his three but has no luck. He steps back and lets Jack in. Jack has no luck.

JACK
None of 'em work.

GEORGE
Hang on. Thought there'd be a problem.

He opens the carpet bag. He sorts through various tools until he finds a file.

GEORGE
Hold the torch.

He gives Jack the torch, holds a key up, and begins filing.

JACK
This is stupid.

GEORGE
Why?

JACK

'Cause you're filing a key and you don't know if it's the right key.

GEORGE

Well there's only one way to find out.

JACK

But what if you ruin the key by filing the wrong one?

George shrugs.

GEORGE

You know they're all going to need filing, mate.

JACK

Thought you knew about this stuff?

George stops filing and looks up at him.

GEORGE

Mate, I'm a fitter and turner, not a bloody locksmith, hey. I just file a little bit off each one and try them one at a time.

JACK

Jesus.

George shrugs, expressing it is beyond his control.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO THEATRE -- NIGHT

Tom sits with Folly in his private box, watching the movie. ("Jewel Robbery" is a bona fide 1932 film.) e.g.

"You hurt me," says Kay Francis.

"Oh, no no," answers William Powell.

"Are you really going to steal my ring?" she asks.

"Yes," Powell suavely replies, "But only as a memento. A souvenir of a woman who was willing to share a safe with me."

"That's not true! I didn't mean that."

"No, but you did mean a slap, didn't you. You know, I'd have had more time for this robbery if I'd known you'd be here...I'm almost tempted to kiss you."

Kay Francis melts, her head back, her eyes closed, waiting for his kiss. He moves in, tempted, but stops only inches away.

Losing his nerve he departs, "I, I'm afraid you might scream."

INERCUT WITH:

Tom sneaks a look at Folly, pleased to see she is absorbed in the film. He sneaks a look at his pocket watch. It is 10.00 p.m.. Folly notices. Tom grins weakly and looks back at the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB -- NIGHT

A clock on the wall. It is 10.00 p.m..

Hammond and Parker are drinking, Parker looking particularly bored. Bill the barman moves out from behind the bar to collect the glasses.

BILL

Time gentlemen, please! Drink up, please, gents! Time, thank you!

CUT TO:

INT. BANK -- NIGHT

Jack slumps against the wall, wearily holding the torch. George now sits on an upturned metal wastepaper basket and is still filing. The light from the torch begins to go. Jack slaps the torch with annoyance, and the light comes good.

George tries the key. It still does not work. He takes it out and goes back to filing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAINSTREET -- NIGHT

Hammond and Parker approach on their way home.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK -- NIGHT

George stops filing and tries the key. Suddenly, it turns.

GEORGE

Am I good or what?

JACK

I'm impressed. You got one key to work.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK RESIDENCE. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Via the back door Hammond enters the kitchen and drops his keys noisily on the sideboard before getting down the port.

BACK TO:

Jack looks round at the noise. He puts his finger to his lips.

They both listen. There is another noise - a chair scraping on floorboards as Hammond sits. A yelp from Colin as he is kicked by Hammond.

JACK

C'mon.

George closes the door and knocks over the wastepaper bin he had been sitting on. Jack catches it just before it hits the floor.

JACK

(through his teeth)

You would have to be the clumsiest bastard I've ever met.

George locks the door and they make their way out on tiptoes.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. BANK RESIDENCE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

HAMMOND

(looking round at the bank door, hearing a noise)
Is Mrs...The housekeeper woman, cleaning
at this hour?

Parker crosses to the door and opens it.

INTERCUT TO.

INT. BANK. -- NIGHT

Jack and George close the side door just as Parker opens the kitchen door.

Parker closes the door.

PARKER (to Hammond)

Nuh, no one.

EXT. BANK. SIDE DOOR -- NIGHT

Jack and George emerge from the side of the bank and make their way to the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

There is a knock at the door. George is relaxing on the bed. Jack, in the process of shaving, opens the door. Tom enters, rubbing his hands together with glee.

TOM

So, how rich are we?

JACK

Had problems.

GEORGE

Jack kicked the bucket, mate, and stood on Colin. You could hear him screaming all over town.

TOM

Jack was screaming?

Jack slaps George's boot on his way back to shaving.

GEORGE

Colin.

TOM

What? Colin the dog?!

JACK

We were there more than two hours and only got one key to work.

TOM

You're kidding?

JACK

We'll go back tomorrow night.

TOM

Jesus, but...Well, what am I going to do with Folly?

JACK

(shrugging)

Take her to your place. Bang her britches off.

TOM

I can't do that.

Jack and George stare at him.

TOM

She'll think I'm serious.

Jack and George stare at him.

TOM

No, no, no, no, listen, you can't take a woman out two nights in a row. She'll think I'm, I'm...you know.

GEORGE

A wanker?

JACK

I might've missed something. You get to play hide the sausage with a good looking sheila while George and I risk twenty to life at Boggo Road jail.

TOM

Why wouldn't the bloody keys work?

GEORGE

Those are high-quality precision locks, and we're tryin' to open them with cast iron keys thrown in sand. It's a wonder we even got one key to work. Use too much pressure and you'll end up with a busted key in the lock. How y'gonna explain that?

Tom appears as if an unfair burden has been placed upon him.

CUT TO:

INT. PEACH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

George and Peach lie together naked, recovering from sex.

PEACH

I'd like to get married straight away, Georgie.

GEORGE

Well, Peach, um, how soon is straight away?

PEACH

I always thought straight away meant straight away.

GEORGE

Well, there's 'hang on I'm just gonna have a pee first' straight away, or there's 'let's do it when I get my next pay cheque' straight away, hey.

PEACH

Next week then?

GEORGE

What's the rush? Think I'm gonna lose me nerve or somethin'?

PEACH

Yeah.

GEORGE

What? You don't have to worry, Peach. We'll do it right, then go on a nice honeymoon, hey.

PEACH

Where to?

GEORGE

Well, how about the Great Barrier Reef?

PEACH

The ocean...Never seen the ocean.

GEORGE

You're kiddin'? I've seen it twice.

PEACH

Heavens. You must have won an awful lot of money to take me somewhere like that.

GEORGE

Oh...enough.

Peach places her head on his chest.

PEACH

You have no idea how happy I am. I'll be a good wife, Georgie, promise.

George is uncomfortable with the corner he is painting himself into.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK -- NIGHT

Tom helps Folly clean the bank.

TOM

That it?

FOLLY

That's it. Thanks for helping. You know you don't have to.

TOM

Best excuse I've got to see you.

FOLLY

Guess I had you pegged wrong.

TOM

Oh?

FOLLY

Thought you were just interested in getting into my panties.

TOM

Thought you were just interested in letting me.

FOLLY

I am.

She exits to the residence. Tom frowns and follows.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK RESIDENCE. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

TOM

I was thinking, ever been out to Kelly's hole at night. Do some skinny-dipping?

FOLLY

Long drive just for that.

TOM

Not that far.

FOLLY

Nah. Bit tired. Think I'll have an early one tonight. Thanks.

Tom is a bit panic-stricken.

TOM

Well, um, c'mon. It's really not that far. When's the last time you went swimming naked with a lover? All that cool water on your bare skin, rubbing yourself up and down against me.

FOLLY

Well, tell the truth, we've been seeing an awful lot of each other. Don't get me wrong, you're nice, but when I started sleeping with you it was just for the sex, 'cause I heard from a few ladies that you're good at it. I think we're getting a little serious. Don't you?

Tom is genuinely intrigued.

TOM

Well...no. In fact, I'd like to see more of you.

FOLLY

Well, tomorrow night maybe.

TOM

No, I, tonight, I, I have something to tell you.

FOLLY (sarcastic)

So tell me.

TOM

I don't want to tell you here... while you're cleaning.

FOLLY

Can't be that important then.

TOM

Alright...I...I'm in love with you.

Folly stares at him. She bursts out laughing.

TOM

What's so funny?

FOLLY

You've never been in love with anyone but yourself!

Much to Tom's growing horror, she continues laughing.

TOM

What, I tell you I love you and it's a joke?

FOLLY

Sorry, I think it's a case of the boy who cried wolf. Listen. I think you're a nice bloke.

Tom waits.

FOLLY

But I've slept with too many drifters and Loners and committed bachelors...a leopard doesn't change its spots.

TOM

Yeah, but...

FOLLY

Tom, I like that you're a womanizer. I don't have to risk my emotions and I get good sex. And if the right man comes by in the meantime then I still have that option.

TOM

So all I am to you is an easy lay?

FOLLY

Well, I wouldn't put it that harshly...but, yeah.

Tom is aghast.

TOM

Please, come out to the waterhole.

FOLLY

Please?

TOM

I've got something I want to tell you. It's very important to me.

Folly sighs and shrugs.

FOLLY (unenthusiastic)

Fine.

Tom half grins.

CUT TO:

EXT. Q.N. BANK -- NIGHT

Looking down from the hotel verandah: Tom and Folly leave in his car.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

George pokes his head in through the verandah doors.

GEORGE

They just left, hey.

Jack gets off the bed, puts his hat on and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB -- NIGHT

Viewed from the street, Hammond and Parker in the bar, drinking. CAMERA pans to pick up George looking in. He looks around and we follow his line of sight to see Jack standing further along the street opposite the bank. He holds the carpet bag. George gives him a thumbs-up and Jack moves toward the bank. George follows Jack.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, VEHICLE INT -- NIGHT

TRAVELLING: Tom drives. Folly rolls a cigarette. When it is done she puts it in his mouth and lights it.

TOM

How'd you know I wanted a cigarette?

FOLLY
(shrugs)

Just sensed it.

Tom looks at her. Folly is looking out the window. Tom is amazed that he might actually be besotted with her.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK -- NIGHT

By torchlight, Jack and George open the first heavy door. Follow them in a short passage to the vault door.

GEORGE
Here, take these.

He hands Jack two of the remaining five keys. Both men try their keys in the two locks. There is a distinct click.

GEORGE
Hey, got one straight away.

JACK
That leaves four.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERHOLE -- NIGHT

It is a moonlit night. Tom is already in the water. Folly steps out from behind a rock, naked.

TOM
Just hold it a sec.

Folly halts.

FOLLY
What?

TOM (realising it for the first time)
You...you're an extremely beautiful woman.

Folly enters the water and swims over to him. She puts her arms around his neck and folds her legs around him.

FOLLY

I'm middle-aged and overweight.

TOM

No, actually, you're not.

FOLLY

Oh.

She seems to take offence and swims away. Tom follows her.

TOM

What's wrong?

FOLLY

Tom, you don't have to seduce me. You don't have to flatter me. I know what I am, and frankly it's insulting to my intelligence to treat me like some stupid vain woman. I came out here for a swim and sex, not bullshit.

TOM

But...God, I really meant that.

Folly begins to swim away once more, but Tom grabs her.

TOM

Listen...I'm serious about you. I don't know why I am. But I think for the first time in my life I am.

FOLLY

Well get over it.

TOM

Folly...

FOLLY

Next you're going to tell me you brought me out here to propose.

A revelation comes to Tom.

TOM

I did.

FOLLY

Oh, grow up!

She splashes him and swims away. Tom is left, dripping, and absolutely nonplussed.

BACK TO:

George files a key. He places it in the second lock and turns it. It works.

GEORGE

And then there were three. Open Sesame.

They open the vault door and go inside.

INT. BANK VAULT -- NIGHT

Jack and George immediately try the keys in the strong boxes.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Tom drives Folly back in the car. He looks forlornly across at her. She is not interested.

BACK TO:

George turns the key in a strong box and opens the drawer.

GEORGE

Bingo. Box number one.

JACK

How come the keys only work for you?

GEORGE

Two reasons. First off, this is all a gamble, and the keys know you're not a gambler. And second, you don't hold your tongue like this.

He pokes his tongue out to the left of his mouth while fiddling the key in the lock.

They grab stacks of cash and load them into the carpet bag. Jack stops as he picks up a marked envelope. He studies it with the torch. He pours the contents into his hand. There are three tagged keys.

JACK

Hold it a sec.

GEORGE

What?

Jack checks his watch with the torch.

JACK

Nine-thirty.

He thinks for a moment.

JACK

Put it all back. We'll have to come tomorrow.

GEORGE

What? Why? We're here.

JACK

Two reasons. We might not have time to do the other two boxes...and this.

He hands George the envelope. George tips out the keys.

JACK

The Bank of New South Wales.

George's face turns euphoric.

Jack nods at him significantly.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S ROOM. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL -- DAY

An initial re-enactment of a previous scene. As before, Jack shaves and George lies on the bed. There is a knock at the door which Jack answers. Tom enters. He does not rub his hands together, but seems down.

TOM

So, how much did we get?

JACK

Ran out of time.

TOM

What?!

Jack and George are surprised by his intensity.

TOM

Do you have any idea of what I've been through tonight so you two could do the job?!

GEORGE

Yeah, you went swimmin'. Why? D'you nearly drown or somethin'?

TOM

No. I asked Folly to marry me!

JACK

Oh, well, congratulations, mate.

GEORGE

Yeah, mate.

TOM

No, no, you don't understand! I told you this'd happen if I took her out two nights in a row!

JACK

Well, why didn't you just put it off 'til tomorrow night if you felt that strongly about it.

GEORGE

Yeah, no big deal.

TOM

What?! But you said...

Jack and George stare at him. Finally...

JACK

Got a few kangaroos loose in the top
Paddock, mate?

GEORGE

Yeah, sandwich short of a picnic, mate?
Gone troppo?

Tom takes a sigh in surrender and rubs his face with both
hands. He sits in defeat on the end of the bed.

TOM

Anyway. There's no going back there tomorrow.
We're finished. It's done. It's over. Over. I
told her I love her. Totally, totally over.

Both Jack and George stare at him for a long moment then
begin to laugh. Tom looks from one to the other.

TOM

What?

GEORGE

You're only in love with yourself!

TOM

That's what she said.

Jack goes back to shaving but looks at him via the mirror.

JACK

Don't worry, mate, just a spat, you'll
patch it up.

TOM

No, no, no. You don't get it. When Folly
says 'no' it's like the biggest door from
the biggest fortress in history slammed
you in the face!

JACK

Well for a womanizer you don't know much
about women.

TOM

Yeah?

JACK

You told a middle-age woman, one you have good sex with, that you love her and want to marry her? Just give her a day or two, mate. She'll think it over then come round to see if you're fair dinkum.

TOM

Oh, you really don't know Folly.

GEORGE

Nah. Not as experienced as you blokes in this stuff but I'm on Jack's side...

TOM

Yeah, well maybe you better...

GEORGE

But if I was lookin' down the gun barrel of old age, and I was workin' as housekeeper for two drunks who don't even want to pants me, or even could if I asked 'em to, I reckon, as my alternative, I'd marry one of the top businessmen in town. 'Specially if he's a good root, which you reckon you are. And accordin' to you she loves belly bumpin' as much as you do, hey.

Tom considers and nods for a long moment, finding sense in the advice.

TOM

Alright, so what went wrong tonight?

JACK

Well we were running late, but there was something else. We found an envelope with the keys to the Bank of New South Wales. They were marked. 'Front Door'. 'Vault'. 'Strong Box'.

TOM

You're pulling my bloody leg?

GEORGE

We want to do both banks.

TOM

Both? Oh...boys, this is getting big. I mean, two banks in one night? They'll send half the cops in Brisbane out here.

JACK

Same jail time. In for a penny in for a pound...Literally.

TOM

Jesus...Is it?...Same time?

Jack nods.

TOM

Well, what do you blokes reckon?

GEORGE

We're game.

JACK

The Wales is simple. No residence, shops either side. All you have to do is keep that shiela happy one more night.

TOM

But I already told you...

JACK

Pulling your leg, mate. We're going to need you on deck.

TOM

Me? What do you need me for?

GEORGE

Look-out and driver.

TOM

You want to take a car? My car? That wise?

JACK

We're also going to knock over the Q.N. Bank around five-thirty.

TOM

What?!

George, usually unflinching, also looks at Jack and frowns.

JACK

Unless you can get that shiela out of the house we've got no choice. And if I go in with tanglefoot again we're goners.

GEORGE

(loud)

Didn't trip over tonight!

JACK

George, hear your voice right now? That's the level you use when you're robbing a bank.

TOM

Fellas, five-thirty's still light. There's people walking down the street. And guess what, they all know us!

JACK

Which is why they'll think everything's normal. Look, I could walk naked at midday down there and no one would notice. This is Cloncurry, for Christ's sake.

CREDITS

EPISODE 4

INT. QN. BANK - LATE DAY.

All described are enacted with great efficiency.

- A clock on the wall shows 5.00 p.m.
- Parker places a sign 'Closed' before his teller's window.
- Hammond checks his watch - 5.00 pm
- Mike Carson exits the building, locking the front door and testing it.

JACK (V.O.)

Five o'clock Hammond and Palmer stop work and go inside. Mike Carson goes home. What happens then?

INT. QN. BANK RESIDENCE - LATE DAY.

- Hammond sings energetically in the shower.
- Folly cooks dinner energetically.
- Hammond and Parker leave the residence.
- Folly cleans the bank energetically.

TOM (V.O.)

Well, Hammond and Parker take a shower, Folly makes dinner. Around six, six-thirty those two head up the pub. Then she washes up and when that's done she cleans the bank. She's usually out of there around seven...ish.

- Jack and George enter the side door to the bank.
- Parker is in the shower.
- Folly clangs pots together and places plates noisily.

JACK (V.O.)

So, if we go in the side door around five-ten, someone will likely be in the shower and Folly'll be banging dishes and pots and pans?

- Folly enters the bank from the kitchen. Her eyes grow wide and her mouth drops open.

TOM (V.O.)

As long as she doesn't stroll into the bank for no reason.

- Jack and George enter the various vault doors and strong boxes efficiently with the keys.
- They file keys and open strong boxes.
- They fill the carpet bag quickly with money.
- They exit the building efficiently.
- A wall clock shows 5:30.

JACK (V.O.)

We know the keys now. We can be inside the vault in under a minute. Allow ten more for getting the other two strong strong boxes open and we can have the bag filled with loot and be out not long after five-thirty.

INT. JACK'S ROOM, RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT.

JACK

That's up to an hour and a half before Folly comes in.

- Repeat...Folly enters the bank from the kitchen. Her eyes grow wide and her mouth drops open.

TOM (V.O.)

As long as she doesn't stroll into the bank for no reason...

TOM

...So where do I fit?

- Tom looks under the hood of his car, parked in the side street. Jack and George open the side door. Tom nods the all clear and as he lets down the hood and gets in to drive the two men hurry into the back seat of the car as Tom drives them away.

JACK (V.O.)

Park your car in the side street. Just make out you're looking under the bonnet. We'll open the bank side door a fraction, you give us the nod. We come out, jump in.

GEORGE

And then?

JACK (V.O.)

We drop the money off at the workshop. Tom goes to work as usual. (To Tom) And when you go to work park your car in front of the Wales. We'll be inside. You give us the nod, we walk out, get in the car. Simple.

Tom is thoughtful. He considers the plan might just work. He nods, approving.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

George is being interrogated.

NELSON

You know, I think you're a bit dumb. Not the sharpest tool in the shed, are you.

George doesn't respond. Nelson waits, then grins.

NELSON

But not dumb enough to take the bait. Huh. See, I got a problem, maybe you can help me. I'm pretty sure you'd be stupid enough to pass a pound note the day after you stole it, but what I can't reconcile is how someone that dumb would have the brains to pull off the robbery in the first place.

GEORGE

What's that?

NELSON

There were six keys.

GEORGE

No...Reconcile.

Nelson realizes George is dumb.

NELSON

You didn't do this on your own.

Nelson looks at Josh, sitting on the far side of the room.

NELSON

Who does this man associate with? Does he have friends in particular you know of?

Josh stiffens and looks at George. George is looking toward him tensely.

START FLASHBACK: Extracted from an earlier scene.

GEORGE

We all stick together, and you're either with us or against us, hey.

STOP FLASHBACK.

Nelson waits, Josh is still not answering.

START FLASHBACK:

GEORGE

A bob a head.

JOSH

A bob?

GEORGE

Alright, two bob.

STOP FLASHBACK:

Josh's face goes tight.

JOSH

Well, no one, really, sir. George is a jackeroo, bit of a loner.

Nelson stares hard at Josh. Josh shifts uncomfortably.

SUPER: One week earlier.

EXT. Q.N. BANK. DUSK.

Tom waits by his car, parked in a sidestreet next to the bank. The hood is up as if there's engine difficulties. Tom glances occasionally toward the bank and the sidedoor.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK RESIDENCE. BATHROOM. DUSK.

Hammond is in the shower, singing an aria.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK RESIDENCE. KITCHEN. DUSK.

Parker has his legs crossed on the table, sitting back, reading the newspaper. Folly is not in the kitchen as we expect her to be.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK. VAULT. DUSK.

Jack and George load the carpet bag efficiently with money. Jack picks up the envelope with the keys and pockets it.

BACK TO:

Tom leans over the engine but is looking toward the bank. He is pretending to check the dipstick. Behind him Folly crosses the road, carrying a string bag full of groceries. She stops behind Tom and frowns.

FOLLY

What are you doing?

A look of horror comes to Tom's face as he recognizes the voice. He turns slowly.

TOM

Hello...Well, what a surprise. Thought you'd be in there cooking dinner.

FOLLY

(indicating her string bag)
Hard to cook without groceries. (nodding
at the car) What's wrong?

TOM

It's the um...the overheating thing for
some reason.

FOLLY

And you just happened to stop here?

TOM

No, no...ah, (looking at the hotel) going
to see Jack, really. Didn't want to leave
it on the main road in case it's serious.
Might need towing, or, you know, not a
good place to repair it.

BACK TO:

Jack and George come from the vault. They close the vault
door and lock it.

BACK TO:

FOLLY

Jack good with cars?

TOM

Yes, yes, he is as a matter of fact...Yes
...Man of many talents...A man for all
seasons...Jack of all trades. He likes that
one. I like calling him that, sort of
ironic, Jack of all trades...Yes."

BACK TO:

Jack and George close the heavy passageway door and lock it.

TOM

See, um, the reason my car overheated
is because I went out to Kelly's Hole...
Again.

FOLLY

Oh? Today? Why?

TOM

I...I was upset about last night. I needed to talk to you. So I, I went out there to think.

FOLLY

About what?

TOM

About what to say to you.

FOLLY

But I've been home alone all day. You don't work during the day.

BACK TO:

Jack and Tom lug the heavy carpet bag to the side door. George opens the door a tad and peeps out.

GEORGE

Whoops.

He looks at Jack and Jack has a peep through the crack.

Tom is by the car, facing us, Folly in front of him, back to us.

BACK TO:

Over Folly's shoulder, Tom notices the door move. He tries to keep his focus on Folly.

TOM

I can see now this is not the time to bother you with this.

FOLLY

No, it's alright. What is it?

TOM

No, look, I should come back when the bank Johnnies aren't here and when you're not cooking dinner.

FOLLY

I'm not cooking now.

BACK TO:

George, squatting, looks through the door crack, with Jack leaning over him and looking out.

BACK TO:

TOM

I...I just wanted to tell you that I really do love you and that my offer of marriage was genuine.

Folly looks him straight in the eye for a long time. Finally she grins.

FOLLY

Come see me later. We'll talk. After they've gone to the pub.

TOM

I...can't, sorry, just a few things to do at the theatre before we open. Projector's playing up.

FOLLY

Oh. Alright. Tomorrow then?

TOM

Yyyyes. Definitely.

She grins, and looks at him with love in her eyes, beginning to move away toward the back of the building.

FOLLY

Well...Bye.

TOM

Bye.

She changes direction suddenly and goes straight for the side door.

BACK TO:

Jack and George immediately panic and fall over each other trying to get away from the door. They look around for somewhere to hide. They can see nothing.

BACK TO:

TOM

Ah!...Why you going through that door?

Folly stops, her hand outstretched for the door.

FOLLY

I told you. They only lock the front door for show.

She goes to enter once more.

TOM

But, ah!...Doesn't that look bad you showing everyone that door is open.

FOLLY (shrugs)

Everyone?

There is no one around.

FOLLY

Anyway, saves going round when I've got groceries.

She continues on and the door immediately gives. She looks at Tom and grins.

FOLLY

Was open anyway. Hopeless bastards. Bye, lover.

BACK TO:

Jack and George have retreated to the heavy passageway door and George has the key ring out and is desperately trying to find the right key. They wrestle over the keyring.

BACK TO:

Tom closes his eyes in pain and hangs his head.

BACK TO:

Folly comes down the short hall. Jack and George freeze in terror, clutching each other, their backs to her.

Folly goes straight by them to the kitchen door. She need only look round to see them, but does not. She exits into the kitchen.

Looking into the kitchen as the door swings shut:

Folly enters.

FOLLY

Feet off the table, Mr. Parker.

PARKER

(pulling them off)

Oh, sorry.

She drops the groceries on the table.

The door swings shut.

Jack and George, still frozen, look at each other, barely able to believe their luck.

CUT TO:

INT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

Jack, George and Tom count the money.

JACK

Around eleven thousand pounds.

GEORGE

Jesus, we're rich, hey. Still reckon we should knock over the Wales?

JACK

Don't see why not. (sarcastically while looking at George) We're so good at it.

TOM

Where are we going to hide this?

Jack looks around. He sees a heavy drum in the corner. He nods toward it and begins scooping the money into a pillow slip. The other two help. They cross to the drum and shift it round, enough for Jack to hide the money behind.

GEORGE

Get it off my toe! Get it off!

Jack helps Tom get it off.

JACK

Can we try that again. I'm not sure
Josh heard you at the police station.

GEORGE

Mate, that's bloody heavy!

Jack and Tom replace the heavy (full) drum. Tom hobbles back and grabs the empty carpet bag.

JACK

We'll walk back. (to Tom) You go to work.
Remember, park as near to the Wales front
door as you can.

Tom nods. They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB BAR -- NIGHT

Jack and George are at the bar. Bill puts two whiskies on the counter for them. Hammond and Parker drink in the background, seated at a table. (Start Flashback Footage)

BILL (to George)

Heard you scored at the cup. (mock
admonishing) Betting against your mate!

GEORGE

Well, didn't really want him to know that,
Bill.

BILL (laughing)

Oh, sorry.

Jack hands him a ten pound note.

Hammond notes him paying Bill.

BILL

Oh, don't know if I can crack that.

He rings up the register, finds he can make the change, then hands it to Jack - a series of pound notes and silver coins. Bill moves down the bar. (End Flashback Footage)

JACK

So you told Peach that after all?

GEORGE

Yeah. Didn't think she'd blab it all over town, though.

JACK

Tell her to keep it a secret?

GEORGE

No.

JACK

Probably a good thing. Help draw suspicion away from you when the cops arrive. Maybe you should get out of town soon as you can.

GEORGE

Yeah, been thinking that, hey...Plan to marry, Peach, Jack.

JACK

Really?

GEORGE

Yeah, only trouble is I said we'd get married here first and then go on the honeymoon.

JACK

Mmm, could cause problems. See if she'll take the honeymoon first.

GEORGE

Can you do that?

JACK

Did with my wife.

GEORGE

Really. Where'd you go?

JACK

Great Barrier Reef.

George nods.

GEORGE

You think you might ever marry again?

JACK

No. When a wife dies on you, hits you hard. Don't want to go through that again. There's a few good whores round here. Enough for a bloke like me.

He looks up at the wall clock. It is 9:30 pm.

JACK

C'mon.

He downs his drink.

Let's go rob a bank.

George downs his drink.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB BAR -- NIGHT

On their way out Jack and George pass Hammond and Parker.

GEORGE

Hey, Parker, that girl at the waterhole, Mary Thomson, said she'd like it if you gave her a call.

PARKER (delighted)

Really? Thanks.

Hammond gives Parker a supercilious look.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB FOOTPATH -- NIGHT

JACK

She really say that?

GEORGE

Nah, just feel sorry for the poor bastard
having to drink with Hammond every night.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINEMA -- NIGHT

LS: Seen from along the street at the Wales Bank, Tom locks up the cinema. He turns and waves goodnight to Sally. He crosses toward us.

INTERCUT:

INT. BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES - NIGHT

Jack and George are further into the bank, taking cover behind a doorway. Jack peeks round and sees Tom coming. His car is not completely in front of the bank.

JACK

Alright, he's coming.

George kneels by a large canister of silver coins. He is lifting the coins and dropping them back into the canister, like treasure. Jack finds it irritating. He shakes his head to himself.

Tom reaches his car and opens it, getting in. He unlocks the front passenger door, then the rear door same side. He looks around.

HIS POV: CAMERA pans quickly in two directions. The street is deserted. He looks round at the door to the Wales bank, nods, and gives the thumbs up.

Jack and George exit quickly from the bank. Jack carries the carpet bag, and the heavy steel canister is between them. George stumbles and the canister spills half its coins.

TOM

Oh Jesus!

He frantically gets out of the car and rushes to help them. They all scurry to pick up the coins.

JACK

Make sure you get 'em all.

TOM

Hurry! Hurry!

GEORGE

Well what d'you think I'm doin'?!

JACK

Shhh!

GEORGE

Wait, there's some more!

George picks them up. Not watching him, Tom flings open the passenger front door. It hits George in the head, all but knocking him out.

Jack helps George into the back seat. Tom lifts the canister on his own, and puts it in the front seat. In the process he tears a back muscle. As Jack makes sure George is in Tom limps around to the driver's door and gets in. He starts the car and drives out immediately, leaving Jack standing in front of the bank and holding the carpet bag.

JACK (hoarse shout)

Hey, wait! Wait!

INTERUCT:

EXT. CAR INT. NIGHT

GEORGE

Jack's back there you idiot!

TOM

What?! Oh! God!

He throws the car into a tight U turn and heads back to Jack.

Pulling up in front of him he is met with a severely impatient look. Jack gets in and they head out again.

Tom tries to smile back at Jack in apology.

TOM

Sorry, I'm sorry...

JACK

Look out!

Tom turns and slams on the brakes. Sally, his ticket box girl is almost struck by his car as she crosses the road.

JACK

Slump down! Slump down!

George and he slump down, however Tom does the same.

JACK

Not you!

Tom furiously winds down his window and waves to Sally as he drives by.

TOM

Sorry Sally! It was your black dress!

It's a red dress. She shakes her head at him as the car goes by.

JACK (to Tom)

What was on the movies tonight, "Keystone Cops?"

TOM

(looking at him in the rear vision mirror)
Y'Know this might surprise you but
I don't normally rob banks. And I
hurt my back!

CUT TO:

INT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

TOM

So why'd you bring the tin can?

JACK

Florins, shillings. George couldn't leave 'em behind.

GEORGE

Reckon there's about two hundred quid's worth there, hey.

TOM

Oh, Hell yeah. I can launder those, no worries. All my takings are coin.

CUT TO:

INT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

Jack finishes counting the money.

JACK

Roughly three thousand. That plus the rest is fourteen thousand.

Tom and George make noises of happy greed.

Jack grins and shakes his head at their childishness. He scoops the money into another pillow slip. With difficulty, the three place it behind the big drum once more, inside the first pillow slip. Tom groans the whole while about his back.

GEORGE

What are we going to do with the coin?
That can's pretty obvious.

JACK

How often do the rail workers come by?

GEORGE

Oh, no telling. Could be a maintenance crew through anytime.

JACK

Bury it outside. I'll clean up in here.

George grabs a shovel.

GEORGE (to Tom)

Give us a hand.

Tom grimaces in pain.

GEORGE (childlike)

Aw, did moving the big barrel hurt your
little baby back again?

Tom nevertheless takes one side of the canister. They
struggle out the door on the far side of the workshop.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

Tom and George, carrying the canister and shovel, exit from
the other side of the shed and go into the bush.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH -- NIGHT

Tom and George carry the can a small way and find a spot to
bury it. George starts digging.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH -- NIGHT

A cattle dog looks curiously at the two men digging twenty
yards away. The dog whimpers slightly. A gnarled hand pats
it. It is the SWAGMAN seen on the road earlier (on the way
to the waterhole). He squints.

HIS POV: Tom and George bury something.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - JACK'S ROOM -- DAWN

Jack, dressed, is ready to leave, George shaves.

JACK

You can stay here 'til I get back.

GEORGE

How long you gonna be?

JACK

Oh, few days. Do us a favour, don't do anything stupid 'til I get back.

GEORGE

Then I can do somethin' stupid?

JACK

Might even join you. So long.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL FOYER -- DAWN

Jack comes down the stairs opposite the main desk.

MALE CLERK

Bright and early, Mr. Champion.

JACK

Going to bring in a herd. Told George he could stay on in my room. Back in a few days. Fix you up then?

MALE CLERK

Right you are.

Jack exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES -- MORNING

The WALES' BANK MANAGER approaches the front door while getting his door key out. He stops as he notices a two shilling coin on the ground. He picks it up.

MANAGER

Oh, my lucky day.

He enters the Bank.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Jack rides alongside Boomer, who is mounted on Lightning. Jack hands something to Boomer. It is a carrot.

BOOMER

Struth, thanks Boss.

Jack shrugs.

JACK

Deals a deal.

Boomer smiles ironically and eats the carrot.

Look, seeing you've spent a few nights with her already, and she's got brown eyes...decided you can keep her.

Boomer stops chewing. Carrot in mouth, he looks at Jack in stunned silence.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK.

Parker comes down the hall and opens the heavy security door. As he does so Michael and Hammond are already in their respective offices either side of the hall. It is the morning routine and neither pays attention to Parker. Parker then opens the first lock in the vault door. He goes back to the main room and starts pulling the blinds up, letting in sunshine.

Michael puts down his pencil and takes out his keys. He goes through the security door and opens the second lock in the vault door. He opens the vault and goes inside. He undoes the first strongbox and opens it. He finds the box is very light. He opens it and looks in.

INT. HAMMOND'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hammond works at his desk. Michael appears at his door.

MICHAEL

We've been robbed.

Hammond is stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

The phone rings. Josh is already hurrying about the office, on his way out. He rushes back to the phone and answers it.

JOSH

Police...What?...Be right over.

He hangs up.

JOSH

Crikey. Two in one night.

CUT TO:

INT. HAMMOND'S OFFICE -- DAY

Hammond looks tense. Parker and Michael stand before him.

PARKER

Will I open the doors? I mean, how are we going to trade? There's no money at all.

HAMMOND (muddled)

Oh...Who...What customers do we have that usually bank at the end of the week?

PARKER

Well, the grocer, the hardware shop, the cinema, um, I think the milkman.

HAMMOND

Alright.

He places his hand on a phone.

HAMMOND

I'll ring around, see if we can get someone to bank early.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Tom is dressed in a smoking jacket and is smoking a cigarette and drinking coffee. The phone rings. He looks at it sharply, almost startled, but decides he has to answer it.

TOM

Hello...You're kidding? Well I've got my money in your bank...Oh, nsurance, that's a relief...Well, sure. It's only coin though, I don't have many notes...

BACK TO:

HAMMOND

You wouldn't have any other money you could bank, just for today?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET -- DAY

George emerges from the residential hotel. A PASSING MAN cannot contain himself.

PASSING MAN

Hey, d'you hear? Both banks got done last night.

GEORGE

Fair dinkum?

George looks at the Q.N. Bank. The front doors are open. George is surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. Q.N. BANK -- DAY

George enters. He crosses to the teller's window.

GEORGE

Heard you got knocked over, hey.

PARKER

Yeah. Bit of a shock. They hit the Wales too.

GEORGE

S'pity. Wanted to cash a cheque this morning.

PARKER

How much for?

GEORGE

Three quid.

PARKER

Well, yeah, I could do that for you, but it would have to be in coin. That alright?

GEORGE

Oh, so they didn't get everything?

PARKER

No, Tom Henderson banked a whole lot of coin this morning, thank God, otherwise we'd be buggered.

George is stunned.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- DAY

George crosses the railway line on foot and goes into the shed.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- DAY

George comes straight out the door on the far side of the shed and continues on through the bush.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH -- DAY

George crosses to the place where they buried the can of coins and immediately discovers it has been dug up. He is furious.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE -- DAY

George's hand knocks on Tom's front door. The door opens. Tom is surprised to see who it is.

GEORGE

You stupid, greedy bastard!

He punches Tom in the eye, knocking him down. He storms off. Tom is aghast.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Josh is on the phone, listening.

JOSH

Yeah...yeah...well, when will they be here?...Oh, that soon...Yeah, righto, I'll meet 'em at the station.

He hangs up. He pulls a face, overawed.

Cripes. The C.I.B..

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION -- DAY

A train pulls in. Three tough looking CIB DETECTIVES step down onto the platform. All three carry an overnight bag. All big men, their leader, NELSON, is older, bigger and meaner looking than the others.

Looking like a chubby and innocent child, Josh steps forward and offers his hand.

JOSH

G'day gents...You must be Detective Nelson.

Nelson drops his bag onto the hand. Josh almost collapses with the weight. Nelson and the detectives walk on.

REACTION SHOT: Josh.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

The room is darkened. The three CIB Detectives grill a dishevelled Hammond. A continuation of the earlier scene.

NELSON

You, are my prime suspect, porky, and you're going to squeal.

Hammond is very intimidated.

Nelson looks at Josh.

NELSON

Go get that housekeeper again.

JOSH

This late? She'll be in bed.

Nelson stares harshly at him. Josh hurriedly obeys, exiting.

NELSON (to Hammond)

Now...let's start at the top.

Hammond looks ready to collapse.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTPATH OUTSIDE PUB -- NIGHT

Josh escorts Folly to her interrogation. They pass Hammond coming the other way. He is so tired and emotionally numb he does not even register them.

Folly watches him pass.

Hammond staggers into the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB -- NIGHT

There are a few LOCALS drinking in the bar. Hammond comes up to the bar. Bill walks over to attend him.

BILL

Jesus, you look like you fell out of a tall horse's bum.

HAMMOND

Do you think I could have a small brandy, please.

Bill comes out from behind the bar.

BILL

Here, mate, sit down before you fall down.

He puts Hammond in a chair.

Jesus, fellas, look what those bastards from Brisbane did to him.

The Locals look and are sympathetic and angry. Bill throws a bottle and a glass down on the table and pours Hammond a drink, which he desperately gulps down.

HAMMOND

That's so nice of you.

BILL

Those pricks better not think they can come out here and start pushing people 'round. Even pricks like you.

There is a murmur of agreement. Hammond knows he has been inadvertently insulted, but is well past caring. He drinks again.

The Swagman sits in the far corner away from the rest. He and his dog are watching. He has a bottle and a glass all to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE. EARLY DAY.

We see the front door. Birds twitter, suggesting it is early morning. A hand knocks on the door.

TOM (OS)

Alright, I'm coming.

Tom, wearing his smoking jacket, opens the door. He has a black eye. He is surprised to see who it is.

FOLLY

You bastard!

She punches him in the same eye. Tom falls down.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Tom gets up as Folly follows him inside.

TOM

Will everyone stop hitting me in the eye!

FOLLY

They had me up there 'til twelve o'clock last night, you stinking bastard!

She begins hitting him again. Tom eventually restrains her, and so she kicks him in the shins. Tom staggers to an armchair and sits down.

TOM

Ow! Folly! Stop it!

FOLLY

You robbed that bloody bank and you used me to do it! But that's not what really hurts! I don't mind being made a fool of but why did you have to tell me all that stuff about loving me, and wanting to marry me?! Why?!

TOM

I meant all that!

FOLLY

Why?!

She starts hitting him again.

TOM

Will you stop?! Will you just stop?!

FOLLY

You made me feel things again! And I hate you for that! I hate you for making me feel love for someone again and all the time all you wanted to do was use me to get to the money! Why couldn't you just be a man and stick a gun in their damned faces?!

TOM

Oh yeah, right, that would be clever. I really don't like guns and I somehow think someone might recognize me. What would I do, run away and hide in the cinema?

FOLLY

Well I'm going to tell them. I'm going to tell them you did it. And I think I'll even throw in rape for good measure.

TOM

You could do that, you could do that, but that would be a very poor way to treat your husband.

FOLLY

Oh, very funny...

TOM

See? This is what I hate about you women. The revenge. There's always got to be revenge. Can't just go your own way peacefully, no, that'd be too simple. You've got to hang, draw, and quarter a bloke because he was so cruel to you by showing you a good time, making love to you and made you feel all warm and gooey inside instead of hard and bitter. The crime of the century! That's really worth sending a man to jail for twenty years!

FOLLY

Too right!

She begins to leave.

TOM

Ask yourself, Folly. What do you really have on me? I took you out a few times and my car broke down in front of the bank. Hey, great case.

FOLLY

You finished?

TOM

I'm going to show you something.

FOLLY

What?

TOM

An act of faith. I haven't told you anything, but I am going to tell you now...I did it. I robbed the bank. Banks. But...I didn't set out to rob them. I was seeing you because I was deeply attracted to you. Then I lost money at the races. Then the idea occurred to me. I wasn't using you, I was just keeping you out of the way, and in the middle of doing that...I fell in love with you. Seriously in love, for the first time in my life.

LONG PAUSE.

FOLLY

I hope you rot.

She leaves. Tom watches the empty doorway.

TOM (thinking she will do it)
Christ!

He slaps his hands to his face.

TOM

Ow!

He feels his hurt eye.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL FOYER. EARLY DAY.

George comes down the stairs and turns, on his way to the dining room. There is now a FEMALE CLERK on the desk.

FEMALE CLERK

Oh, ah, Mr...

GEORGE

George.

FEMALE CLERK

George. You, um, have to settle your account today.

GEORGE

Oh, no, see the room isn't in my name, hey. Jack Champion's paying for it.

FEMALE CLERK

Oh, well, are you just on your way to breakfast?

GEORGE

Yeah.

FEMALE CLERK

Well, you see, when you eat here your room has to be fixed up weekly, 'cause we have to pay the cook, and if we don't pay the cook then the cook can't buy the food and...

GEORGE

Oh, what's it come to?

FEMALE CLERK

Ah, well, with breakfast for two, four pounds two shillings and tuppence.

GEORGE

Well, I'll have to go to the bank and get some more money.

FEMALE CLERK

Sure, anytime today.

George begins to go to breakfast.

FEMALE CLERK

Oh, the boss asked me to ask you if you knew anything about a bunch of flowers disappearing from the foyer?

George freezes.

GEORGE

Strange question to ask a jackeroo, luv.

FEMALE CLERK

Yeah, is a bit.

GEORGE

Are you asking everyone?

FEMALE CLERK

No, he said just you.

George shrugs and begins to go to breakfast.

FEMALE CLERK

See they got that bank robber.

George halts.

GEORGE

Beg yours?

FEMALE CLERK

They got the bank robber.

GEORGE

Oh. Who was it?

FEMALE CLERK

Some old swagman. He was drunk last night
and saying how he dug up a treasure.
Apparently he had lots of coins on him.

George stares at her, the pennies slowly dropping for him.
Suddenly he sets off in two different directions, but
eventually decides to go out the front door.

REACTION SHOT: FEMALE CLERK considers him strange.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL -- DAY

George hot foots it up the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY WORKSHOP -- DAY

Puffing, George crosses the train tracks and goes inside the
shed.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

George crosses to the far side of the shed and peers out a
dirty window.

Through the glass can be seen the Swagman and the CIB
Detectives, and Josh. The Swagman is showing them where he
got the coins from.

GEORGE

Jesus.

George paces in several different directions, wondering what to do. He finally decides he has to move the money. He crosses to the heavy drum and tries to drag it to one side. That doesn't work, so he tries tipping it. He strains. Disaster seems imminent.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH -- DAY

With the Detectives, the shed in the background: There is a faint distant metal clang.

DETECTIVE 1, away from the rest, is the only one who hears it. He looks toward the shed.

BACK TO:

George is on the floor, a leg pinned under the drum. He's wheezing, and trying to do it quietly.

BACK TO:

Detective 1 decides to investigate. He walks toward the shed.

BACK TO:

George is desperately trying to get the drum off him, but without success.

BACK TO:

Detective 1 reaches the door to the shed and opens it slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

The door continues to open. Detective 1 steps cautiously inside. He looks around, and eventually looks toward the corner, where George should be.

HIS POV: The drum is on its side on the floor. It rocks slightly.

Detective 1 frowns, now very suspicious. He looks toward the open door on the far side of the shed. He crosses to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

On the railroad side. Detective 1 comes to the open doorway. He steps outside, looking around.

CAMERA tilts up: George is lying on the roof directly above him, holding the pillow slip full of money, and trying to pant quietly.

Detective 1 scans 180 degrees, finds nothing, and so goes back inside.

George is very relieved.

CREDITS

EPISODE 5

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL -- DAY

George comes down the street, tired, carrying the pillow slip. He drops it in the back of the ute, parked in front of the hotel.

He hesitates for a moment, wondering what he should do. Making sure he is not observed, he reaches into the pillow slip and pulls out some cash. He enters the hotel.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEACH'S HOUSE -- DAY

George drives the ute into the yard, down the side of the house, and round the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD, PEACH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Wearing an apron, Peach comes to the back door, as George gets out of the car.

PEACH (surprised and pleased)
Hello, gorgeous Georgie. What's wrong?

GEORGE
Bit of a flat tyre, hey. You mind if I change it in the back yard? Might get skiddled out in the street.

PEACH
Sure, on one condition.

George's head goes back in question. She points to her cheek. He crosses to her and kisses her on the cheek, which leads to a fuller kiss.

GEORGE
You know, I was thinkin', let's not wait, Peach, let's be different. Let's go on our honeymoon then come back here for the weddin'.

PEACH

Well, what will people think? They'll know we've been, you know...

GEORGE

What...? Oh! Peach, you think in a town this size people don't know we're bone dancin'? Besides, we can just tell them we're going on hols.

PEACH

But you said we were going to do it right. And don't say bone dancing. I hate that. We make love.

GEORGE

I know, but, well, I asked about the registration, and you know you have to give two weeks notice?

PEACH

Well, I can wait.

GEORGE

Well, I'd really like to go now. Tell you what, you think about it. Right? No reason why you can't have your pudding first, hey.

Peach grins and they kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE -- DAY

A hand knocks on the door. Tom answers the door, dressed in a suit. DETECTIVES 1 & 2 are before him.

DETECTIVE 1

Mr. Henderson?

Tom's expression is fatalistic.

TOM

Yes.

DETECTIVE 1
Mr. Thomas Henderson?

TOM
Yes.

DETECTIVE 1
Inspector Nelson would like a word with
you, sir.

TOM
Mind if I just collect something first?

DETECTIVE 1
Long as it's not a gun.

Tom gives a weak grin and withdraws into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Tom enters. He picks up his toothbrush and puts it in his chest pocket, and pats it. He looks at himself in the mirror, sad. He shrugs in surrender, and goes out.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Josh and Nelson are present as Tom enters. Detectives 1 & 2 stay outside.

NELSON
Oh, Mr. Henderson. Thanks for coming.

TOM
Did I have a choice?

NELSON
Take a seat. What happened to your eye?

TOM
Angry woman. But I guess you know all about that.

NELSON

Huh, sure do. Had plenty slap this big ugly mug.

TOM

Look, do you suppose we could just get this over with.

Nelson looks a little surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEACH'S BACK YARD -- DAY

Sweating in the sun, George has his shirt off. He picks up a rubber mallet and pounds a tyre, trying to get it back onto the hub. He becomes aware someone is behind him. He looks. Detectives 1 & 2 are there.

DETECTIVE 1

Mr. Peacock?

George nods.

DETECTIVE 1

Mr. George Peacock?

George nods.

DETECTIVE 1

Inspector Nelson would like to see you at the police station.

George looks up and sees Peach at the back door, she looks concerned.

GEORGE

It's okay, Peach. Nothing to worry about.

He looks at Detective 1.

GEORGE

Mind if I finish this? She'll never be able to do it.

Detective 1 shrugs and nods.

George goes back to work, levering and hitting the tyre.

DETECTIVE 1

Need a hand?

GEORGE (fatalistic)

No, you'll just get your suit all dirty...
And we can't have dirty cops.

Detective 1 grins slightly.

Note: LOW ANGLE: We are looking up into George's face as he works. He is embittered and stressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Tom comes onto the porch. He lights a cigarette, as if troubled, making us wonder if he has betrayed George. After a moment's thought, he crosses the street.

CAMERA PANS and picks up George being escorted by the Detectives to the police station.

George sees Tom walking away from the station, and frowns. He taps his nose.

George has no idea what he means. He is taken inside.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Continuation of Scene 1. Nelson holds a pound note under George's nose.

NELSON

And this is the same pound that you paid your hotel bill with this morning. What I would like to know is how come you have a pound in your possession that belongs to a recent bank robbery?

GEORGE

I dunno.

NELSON

You dunno. Well you'd better get your memory in order, sonny, because if you don't I'm going to charge you with the biggest bank robbery in this country's history and you won't get out of jail for the next two hundred and fifty years.

George swallows, scared.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAINSTREET, PUB -- DAY

Nelson, a toothpick in his mouth, comes down the street and enters the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB -- DAY

Nelson walks to the end of the bar and arrogantly signals Bill over (when he could have walked straight to Bill in the first place).

BILL

(not moving)

What'll you have?

NELSON

Come here or I'll arrest you.

BILL

(not moving)

For what?

NELSON

I'll think of something.

BILL

(not moving)

Like what?

NELSON

Aiding and abetting criminals.

BILL
(not moving)

Like who?

NELSON
Get your arse over here before I handcuff
you!

BILL
(not moving)
Bet you don't have handcuffs.

Nelson produces a heavy set of handcuffs and drops them
loudly on the bar. Bill crosses to him.

NELSON
George Peacock. Know him?

Bill nods, his lips pursed.

What's he like?

BILL
Nice bloke. Not bad looking. Well hung,
but that's just a rumour. Now what'll
you have?

Nelson sighs wearily.

NELSON
You remember him in here the other night
with a bloke called Jack Champion?

BILL
'The other night'? That's the best you can
do?

Nelson stares. Bill eventually nods and shrugs
simultaneously.

NELSON
When they paid for their drinks, which one
paid?

CLOSE UP: Bill remembers.

FLASHBACK START: Repeat footage: Jack and George are at the bar. Bill puts two whiskies on the counter for them. Hammond and Parker are drinking in the background, seated at a table.

BILL (to GEORGE)

Heard you scored well at the cup. (mock admonishing) Betting against your mate!

GEORGE

Well, didn't really want him to know that, Bill.

BILL (laughing)

Oh, sorry.

Jack hands him a ten pound note. He rings up the register.

BACK TO:

BILL

Yeah. I remember...

REACTION SHOT: Nelson waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB -- DAY

Nelson exits the pub and pauses by a railing, surveying the town. He takes the toothpick from his mouth and throws it away, irritated, before walking back toward the police station.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Jack on horseback. A wider shot reveals that Jack and Boomer are driving a mob of cattle along the road.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL -- NIGHT

A hand knocks on the door to Jack's room. George opens the door. He is surprised to see who it is.

Bill puts his finger to his lips for silence and goes inside. George shuts the door.

INT. JACK'S ROOM, RESIDENTIAL HOTEL -- NIGHT

BILL

Where's Jack?

GEORGE

Bringin' in a herd.

BILL

Well, got some news, dunno if it's bad or good.

GEORGE

What's wrong?

BILL

That big Detective bastard came and seen me.

GEORGE

They're all big.

BILL

The old one.

GEORGE

Oh, that's not good.

BILL

Yeah, he's a mean prick. Asked who shouted last time you and Jack come in.

GEORGE

Yeah? Strange bloody question. How'd he know me and Jack even came in?

FLASHBACK START: On their way out Jack and George pass Hammond and Parker.

GEORGE

Hey, Parker, that girl at the waterhole, Mary Thomson, said she'd like it if you gave her a call.

PARKER (delighted)
Really? Thanks.

Hammond gives Parker a supercilious look.

END FLASHBACK:

BILL
Said Hammond the bank manager told him. Said
Jack owed the bank money but there he was
shouting you a drink.

Repeat footage: Hammond watches Jack pay.

GEORGE
So what'd you say?

BILL
Well, as I recall I could barely crack the
tenner Jack gave us. But I did, and gave
him the change.

GEORGE
Yeah, that's right.

BILL
So I told the copper the opposite. Said
I give it to you.

GEORGE
Fair dinkum? Why?

BILL
Don't like coppers...Though Josh is alright.

GEORGE
Yeah, he's a good bloke. What d'you think he
was after?

BILL
Dunno. Thought Jack or you'd know, 'cause
didn't that Detective get you in for
questioning?

George is thoughtful for a moment.

GEORGE

You know what, I reckon you done us a big favour, Bill.

BILL

Yeah? How's that?

GEORGE

Well I paid for the hotel bill here today and that big bastard reckoned one of the pound notes I paid with was from the robbery. Robberies. So, if you said you gave me the change then that pound note probably came from your till.

BILL (suddenly afraid)

But that means I robbed the bank! Banks.

GEORGE

(chuckling)

No, means one of your customers did. And then you gave that pound to Jack. See? Then he gave it to me for my pay. But if you told the copper you gave it to me, it's the same bloody thing. Means it came from a customer!

BILL

Oh! Well...that's a turn up for the books, hey?

Both men laugh.

BILL

So my old man was wrong, it does pay to lie to coppers.

GEORGE

Yeah, 'cept for Josh.

BILL

Yeah, he's a good bloke. And anyway he'd believe you. Where's the challenge in that?!

Both men laugh hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A hand knocks on Tom's door. The illuminated and distorted image of Tom can be seen through the bubble glass insert in the door. He draws to a halt before the door and waits for a moment.

TOM

Who is it?

GEORGE

It's me.

Tom remains motionless for a moment.

TOM

You're not going to punch me in the eye again are you George?

GEORGE

Nah. Actually I'm sorry about that. I jumped the gun.

TOM

No, really. Don't try and trick me. I'm having trouble seeing out of it.

GEORGE

No, really. I really am sorry for that, Tom. My mistake, mate. I know it was the the old Swaggy dug up them coins.

The door opens slowly. George is shocked to see that Tom's right eye is almost closed.

GEORGE

Jeez I clobbered you good, didn't I.

TOM

No, was the second one did it.

GEORGE

Hey, fair go, only hit you once.

TOM

No, it was...Anyway, what old Swaggy?

GEORGE

Here, let us in, mate.

Tom steps aside and George enters.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As George enters past Tom he can't resist shouting and pretending he's going to punch his eye. Tom shouts in fright and George is amused.

GEORGE

We've got some planning to do, mate.

TOM

What? What sort of plan?

GEORGE

Gonna gild the lily. Get 'em as frustrated as a blind dog in a butcher shop.

EXT. TOWN STREETS -- NIGHT

A milk wagon is drawn by a Clydesdale coming along the street. A MILKMAN, bottles jangling, runs from house to house, making deliveries. The old horse plods along, keeping pace.

Having established, CAMERA moves past the carriage to discover a lone, shadowy figure some way back down the road, darting in and out of houses, mimicking the milkman's passage.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- NIGHT

CU: On a front step there is a full milk bottle, beads of cool water on its surface.

The sounds of a man running toward the bottle are heard. His footfall stops. The bottle is picked up, and a pound note is slipped beneath it. Sounds of the man running away. But he stops and comes back.

There is a large patch of flowers. The man cuts them off efficiently with a large knife. He takes them with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

Nelson walks toward the police station, a toothpick in his mouth. He stops, unable to cross the road because the herd of cattle Jack and Boomer are driving through town prevents him crossing the road. Annoyed, Nelson throws away the toothpick and is forced to watch. He particular notes Boomer on the beautiful racehorse, Lightning.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

Detectives 1 & 2 and Josh are inside. They look apprehensive. Nelson stops, noticing their look.

NELSON

What?

DETECTIVE 1

Sir, we've had reports from the shopkeepers across town. Customers are passing pound notes from the robberies. It's like the whole town was in on it.

Nelson's face drains.

JOSH

I wasn't in on it. No, really, I wasn't!

NELSON

Quiet.

JOSH

And the people here wouldn't be in on it either!

NELSON (roaring)

If I want your opinion I'll give it to you!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY CATTLE YARDS -- DAY

Jack and Boomer load cattle onto a goods train. (Half cattle half passenger carriages)

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL -- DAY

Jack comes riding down the road. He dismounts, hitches the horse to the back of his ute, hits dust off himself with his hat, and enters the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - FRONT DESK.

Jack enters. He nods to the young Female Clerk. She is surrounded by flowers.

JACK

Place looks brighter.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, yes, Mr. Champion. That friend of yours, George, brought them for us.

JACK

(pausing momentarily)

Oh...did he.

He continues up the stairs

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL. HALL -- DAY

Jack approaches along the hall. He enters his room.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S ROOM -- DAY

Tom and George wait. Jack enters.

JACK

Gentlemen.

He sees Tom.

JACK
Jesus. What happened to you?

Tom glances at George before speaking.

TOM
Got drunk and attacked a floorboard.

JACK
We each celebrate in our own way.

He pours himself a whisky.

JACK
Less conspicuous than buying flowers for
the whole hotel, one might think.

George looks down. Tom doesn't understand.

JACK
Everything alright?

TOM/GEORGE
Yeah, sure. Yeah. Fine.

JACK
Nothing to report?

TOM/GEORGE
No, no, nothing. No.

JACK
Good. Didn't think they'd connect us.

GEORGE
Just one problem, hey. Those bank notes
had serial numbers. They can be traced.

JACK
Thought so. That's why it's a good move
to sit tight for a while. We'll have to
launder them somehow.

GEORGE

Well, I got a bookie mate in Townsville. Think he'd do it for us at the track. I can deliver it when I take Peach on our honeymoon.

TOM

How much would he want?

GEORGE

Seen him do it for a third. Not as much as this of course.

JACK

Greedy bastard? Tell him a fifth.

TOM

Can you trust him?

GEORGE

Much as you can trust a bookie.

Jack is thoughtful. He shrugs.

JACK

Make the call.

George nods and crosses to the door.

JACK

George. Make it clear your friends are crims, we know where he lives and he doesn't know where we live.

TOM

And we'll be watching him.

George pauses.

JACK

Use the phone at the barber shop. It's the only safe line in town.

George nods and exits.

Tom and Jack exchange a long look.

TOM

But can we trust young George? Once he's on the open road with all that loot...

JACK

Why do you say that?

TOM

You recognize your own kind. In my youth I was a pickpocket.

JACK

So I can't trust you either?

TOM

No...But then I'm not the one holding the money.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, BARBER SHOP -- DAY

George walks along the footpath, approaching the barber shop.

JOSH (OS)

Hey, George.

George stops and sees Josh crossing toward him.

GEORGE

Josh.

JOSH

Got something for me?

GEORGE (downhearted)

Yeah...Yeah.

He jerks his head and they enter the barber shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEACH'S HOUSE -- DAY

MUSIC. There is a party going on, and Peach and George are seen to their car by SHEILAS and BLOKES. Peach and George get in the ute, laughing and waving. Michael pushes his way through the crowd and kisses Peach. Everyone is in high spirits. As the ute drives away, Parker is suddenly kissed on the mouth by Mary Thomson. Surprised, Parker smiles, and they all stand arm in arm, waving.

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION -- DAY

Jack, carrying the carpet bag, approaches the station. As he makes his way onto the platform and eventually boards the train, CAMERA particularly notes the carpet bag.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN -- DAY

Train in motion. Jack sits by himself, the carpet bag on the seat beside him. He reads a newspaper.

Nelson and Detectives 1 & 2 come into the carriage and sit in the chairs across from Jack. Jack looks at them as they sit down, but goes back to reading his paper.

Nelson looks across at him for a long moment, but says nothing.

A PORTER comes into the carriage, making his way down the aisle. He pauses beside Jack.

PORTER

Store your bag, sir? (In the rack above)

JACK

No, it's alright. Leave it.

Porter moves on.

Nelson has noted the exchange. He looks at the bag.

NELSON

You'd be Jack Champion.

Jack looks at him.

NELSON
Saw you come in with the herd.

JACK
(reading the paper)
Yeah, going down to make the sale.

NELSON
You had George Peacock working for you.

JACK
(glancing at him)
Mmm?

NELSON
Seem to recall, Mr. Hammond said you were
a loan defaulter.

JACK
You make it sound like a crime. There's a
drought on. Or haven't you heard?

NELSON
Seem to recall, Hammond said, you wanted a
loan so you could sell your herd, pay back
the main loan.

Jack waits to hear his point.

NELSON
But he knocked you back. Just my idle
curiosity. Where'd you get the money to ship
the herd?

Jack meets Nelson's eyes. Does Jack have an answer?

JACK
Sold my racehorse. Lightning. Ran second in
the cup last week. Photo finish. Good horse.
Hated to see her go.

NELSON
Sold her? That looked like a fine race horse
your aboriginal friend was riding.

Jack goes back to reading. Eventually...

JACK

You've got a good eye, Detective. That's her little sister. Trained Lightning the same way, herding cattle.

Nelson nods. His eyes drop down to the carpet bag.

JACK

You blokes giving up?

NELSON

Ho...We never give up.

Nelson grins with determination, and looks at the carpet bag once more.

Nelson decides not to bother with what he is thinking, and looks away.

Jack reads the paper.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Continuation of the earlier interrogation scene.

TOM

Well, you see, I got a phone call from Mr. Hammond over at the bank.

FLASHBACK:

TOM

...Well, sure. It's only coin though, I don't have many notes...

BACK TO:

HAMMOND

You wouldn't have any other money you could bank, just for today?

This scene now continues:

TOM

Yeah, I have my emergency floats, about a hundred pounds, but it's all coin and I'd have to have that back by tomorrow.

HAMMOND

Oh, that'd fine.

BACK TO:

Nelson looks disappointed.

Tom grins.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

George drives Jack's ute, Peach sitting close by him. They are happy. Their expressions change, though, as they round a bend and see a road block ahead.

THEIR POV: Josh and BUSH POLICEMAN 1 stand in front of their police car, which is parked across the road.

George slows the ute. Josh approaches.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

George stops the car. Josh approaches the driver's window.

GEORGE

Hey, you'll have to move the car, Josh. We're going that way.

JOSH

Got this call, George. Some bookie in Townsville reckons you rang up from the barber shop yesterday and asked him to launder money. I'll have to ask you to step from the car.

GEORGE

What? Don't be a dill, Josh. Me and Peach are going on our honeymoon holiday.

JOSH

Step from the car, George.

George and Peach exchange a tense look, and George gets out.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Everything from the car has been laid out on the road. Their bags have been opened and searched, the seats removed, and anything else that was in the ute tray. Peach sits on a rock on the roadside, George standing beside her. Josh is near the car. Bush Policeman 1's legs poke out from beneath the car. The man pulls himself out, tired, hot and dirty.

BUSH POLICEMAN 1

Nothing here, Josh. This is a waste of bloody time.

GEORGE

Language, mate!

BUSH POLICEMAN 1

Oh, sorry.

JOSH (to George)

I'd have a word to your bookie mate about practical jokes, George.

George comes over threateningly to Josh.

GEORGE

Now you and your pansy mate put everything back exactly how it was.

Josh wilts under his gaze, looks at Bush Policeman 1 still sitting on the ground, and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH ROAD -- DAY

George and Peach stand by the ute, now fully repacked. Josh pulls the police car alongside and leans out the window.

JOSH

Sorry about that, George.

GEORGE

Probably just a honeymoon practical joke, Josh, you know those bastards. Sorry.

JOSH

Well, you two have a nice holiday, and here.

He holds out ten pounds.

JOSH

Have a drink on me.

GEORGE

Crikey, thanks Josh.

JOSH

No worries, George, that tip you gave me yesterday was a beaut.

Josh waves and drives on, and George and Peach wave. As they go, Peach looks at George.

PEACH

You didn't have anything to do with that bank robbery did you, George?

GEORGE

Would it matter, Peach?

Peach thinks about it for a while, then grins lovingly.

PEACH

Long as you promise never to do it again.

George holds up his hand.

GEORGE

Promise...hey.

He kisses her and opens the passenger door. Peach gets in and he shuts the door. He moves round the back of the ute and pauses.

CLOSE UP. He runs his hand in a caress over the spare tyre, then pats it. He grins. CAMERA stays on the tyre as he moves from frame, gets into the car, and drives away.

As the car continues away, ROLL CREDITS over CROSSFADE TO:

BLACK AND WHITE STILLS WEDDING PHOTOS. THEME MUSIC backing.

1. Bill the publican escorts Peach down the aisle.
2. George and Peach are at the alter getting married.
3. George places the ring on PEACH'S finger.
4. George kisses Peach.
5. Bill escorts Folly down the aisle.
6. Tom and Folly are at the alter getting married.
7. Tom places the ring on Folly's finger.
8. Tom kisses Folly.
9. Jack and Trixie are arm in arm, smiling, enjoying the ceremony.
10. Parker and Mary Thomson are arm in arm, enjoying the ceremony.
11. Jack's Mother and Father are arm in arm, smiling, during the ceremony.
13. Michael and his Sheila are arm in arm, smiling, during the ceremony.
12. George and Peach's formal photo on the front porch of the church.
13. Tom and Folly's formal photo on the front porch of the church.

14. EVERYONE on the front porch of the church. Colin is there.

15. Peach and Folly throw their bouquets.

16. Tom and Folly, George and Peach, are pelted with rice.

17. EVERYONE is assembled at the church front gate, waving, as the ute and Tom's car, dressed up with streamers and trailing tin cans, drive off into the distance.

18. The crowd leaving the church.

19. The deserted church.

20. A more distant shot of the church, township beyond it.

21. A distant shot of the township.

22. A more distant shot of the township.

23. The bush and an empty road.

SUPER: No one was ever charged and no money was ever recovered.

SUPER: At the time it was considered the biggest bank robbery in the world.

FADE OUT.