

THE PIRATE'S GHOST

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. BUSHLAND ON A TROPICAL INDONESIAN ISLAND - DAY

A middle-aged western man, MURPHY (MURF) MAGUIRE, is down on his elbows and belly edging his way carefully downhill through the scrub. A tough outdoors type he cradles an AK47 in his arms and has a shovel tied on his back.

With him are three Indonesian men, ROY, slightly younger than Murf, SAMPARA and BOCO, both around twenty. All with AK47's and shovels.

We can hear Thai men talking loudly but unclearly in the distance.

VOICES (O.S.)

(In Thai)

Get ove....nah I'.....wai....not  
ye.....not ba.....mov.....

The group pause and Murf rises up slightly to see ahead. He puts binoculars to his eyes and focuses on the Thais.

MURF

'Bout fifteen of 'em. Hundred yards or  
so. Can't see 'em properly.

Tree foliage partly prevents him from identifying the group's leader who is inspecting three teenage Asian girls. They are being offered up for sale by four rough seamen.

The girls cry and tremble as the Thai leader, immune to their distress, pokes and prods them like animals.

Suddenly, he gives a quick order and his men pull out pistols and force the seamen to kneel on the sand. He slides out a Samurai sword and beheads one of them.

MURF (CONT'D)

(Crosses himself)

Jesus, Mary an' Joseph.

The terrified girls scream in fear of their lives and the Indonesians pop their heads up to see what's happening.

ROY

What's happened?

MURF

(Quietly.)

Keep down will ya! He cut off one  
guy's head.

ROY

That's one less we have t' shoot.

MURF

Shit! Who is this reptile? He's  
cuttin' off all their bloody heads  
now.

The girls panicky screaming increases in intensity, while Roy still tries to see through the bushes.

ROY

Let's hope he cuts his own head off  
while he's at it.

MURF

No such luck...Now turn around ya  
sadistic slimebag.

The Thai leader barks orders at his men who begin to dig a hole in the sand with shovels.

Murf moves to get a clearer view of the man but all he can see is the back of his head.

EXT. SWIMMINGPOOL SYDNEY UNIVERSITY - DAY

A group of eight novice scuba students are exiting the pool at the end of their lesson. The newest student, SALLY MAGUIRE, a slim blonde in her early twenties, unused to all the scuba gear is still awkward in her movements out of the water.

Struggling with the gear, she is deep in conversation with one of her fellow female students.

SALLY

Men!! They're going to drive me  
bonkers. I'm off men for good. They're  
all poison.

As her friend nods in agreement, a handsome athletic man DAVID KINGSTON, perhaps thirty, throws a towel around his neck and keenly steps forward to help and impress Sally.

There is a spark of chemistry between them.

DAVID

Let me help you with that.

SALLY

Thanks.

(She turns to her mate and  
whispers)

Forget everything I just said, OK?

JACK, the instructor, claps his hands to gain attention.

JACK

OK gang, be back in thirty minutes.

The group nods, acknowledges.

DAVID

Are you studying here?

SALLY

Final year anthropology. And you?

The other students chat amongst themselves as they slip off  
flippers and wetsuits etc.

DAVID

I teach Marine Archaeology but I help  
out here at times. My way of meeting  
people. Can I buy you a coffee?

SALLY

Once you tell me your name you can.

David lifts off her air tank.

DAVID

David, David Kingston.

SALLY

Hi David, I'm Sally Maguire.

DAVID

Sally Maguire! When I saw your name on  
the student list I said to myself,  
I'll bet she's real Irish.

Sally throws a sarong around her waist as they head for the pool  
cafe.

SALLY

Actually I'm only half Irish. My Dad,  
Murphy Maguire, was born in Dublin  
town. He's the real Mc Coy.

DAVID  
Murphy Maguire from Dublin eh! You  
don't get more Irish than that.

They select a café table and sit opposite each other.

SALLY  
Being a marine archaeologist you'd get  
along with him I reckon. He's into  
boats and things too.

DAVID  
Does he build 'em or sail 'em or what?

SALLY  
Aaaah. Where do I start? It's kind of  
complicated. I mean.. He's really not  
your normal kind of Dad.

DAVID  
You mean he's got three heads?

SALLY  
No, no. Nothing that simple. Let's  
just say he's quite a character.

DAVID  
Now you've really got me interested.  
When do I get to meet him?

SALLY  
That might be difficult, he operates  
out of Macassar in Indonesia.

DAVID  
Aaaah! Macassar!! There's still  
pirates in that neck of the woods. If  
I'm not wrong?

SALLY  
You're not wrong and knowing Dad he  
probably knows 'em all by name.

EXT. BUSHLAND ON AN INDONESIAN ISLAND - DAY

Murf and his three mates, dripping perspiration, have moved  
several meters to a clearer spot.

The Thai leader turns and Murf gets a clear view of his face.  
Without lowering the binoculars he whispers disbelievingly.

MURF  
It's bloody Hung!

Roy quickly raises his head up to see for himself. Sampara and Boco also pop their heads up.

ROY  
Hung? .. Yeah sure. Nice try.

MURF  
It's bloody Hung orright. You missed.

ROY  
I saw the bullets hit him!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. THAI BOAT DECK - NIGHT

A previous night shoot out encounter at sea when Roy steps out from the cover of a wheelhouse and sprays bullets across Hung's chest who falls backwards over the gunwales into the ocean.

ROY (V.O.)  
..He fell straight over the side. Dead for sure. The sharks would've..

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BUSHLAND ON AN INDONESIAN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

As Murf hands the binoculars to Roy.

MURF  
Well be Jesus, he's back from the dead now. Alive an' kickin'.

The Thais fill in the hole but the dead bodies remain on the sand. Obviously they have buried something else.

ROY  
I don't believe it.

MURF  
Believe it!

Roy hands back the binoculars to Murf in disbelief. Murf scans for the girls and sees they are in an outboard dinghy already heading out to the bigger boat.

ROY  
I'll get 'im this time.

He lines up Hung in the sights of his rifle.

MURF  
Yer got tickets on yaself, you  
couldn't hit the Queen-bloody-Mary  
from this distance. Besides, we're  
gunna settle the score wi' shovels  
when they leave.

ROY  
I know how to settle the score. I'll  
just fire a quick warning shot through  
his brain.

MURF  
Calm down. They'll swarm all over us.  
You'll get 'im later. Orrright?

Murf gives Roy a quick sideways glance as he lowers himself down  
out of sight amongst the bushes.

ROY  
Yeah! You bet I will. An' I'll slit  
'is throat with pleasure. He'll keep  
'til then.

Roy lowers the rifle and sinks out of sight beside Murf.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I don't like hanging 'round  
this island too long.  
(Indicates to Sampara and  
Boco.)  
They wanna get goin' too.

MURF  
Yeah, it's bloody hot orright.

ROY  
No, no. It's not the heat. This  
island's cursed. It's an old burial  
ground. It's taboo. There's evil  
spirits everywhere here.

MURF  
Ahhh, so that's it. It's the bloody  
ghosts is it?

ROY

They're not ghosts, they're spirits,  
and they're very dangerous.

The Thais head off to the motorboats on the beach.

MURF

Dangerous me arse... The only bloody  
spirits 'round here mate is that  
rotgut rocket fuel you guys brew up.

ROY

You shouldn't joke about spirits.

MURF

You mean ghosts. Why not?

ROY

Because, without a sorcerer, they  
might hear you. That's why.

MURF

Sorcerer! Haa! What frogshit. Ghosts  
don't exist. And if they do then  
there's four more headless ones  
floatin' around down there as well.

ROY

They exist orright.

MURF

You're bloody hopeless.

ROY

It's ok for you, you're a Westerner.  
You don't have to believe in spirits.

MURF

Good. Coz I don't believe in ghosts or  
spirits. Or even Leprechauns.

ROY

Bullshit! You believe in Leprechauns.  
You're always talking about 'em. "The  
Little People" you call 'em.

The Thai seamen climb into their motorboats.

MURF

Alright, alright. Let's promise never  
to talk about Leprechauns or ghosts  
ever again.

ROY  
Never?

MURF  
Never.

ROY  
Promise?

MURF  
Promise.

They watch as the Thais move away from the beach.

MURF (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's sneak down and see what  
Santa Claus left us...If the headless  
ghosts don't beat us to it.

ROY  
Yeah! Yeah!  
(Looks skyward)  
See what I have to put up with Allah.

As the Thais motor back to their larger vessel out in the bay  
Murf leads the way down the hill and into the little clearing  
where the booty is buried.

They enter the clearing and stop in their tracks. Flies crawl  
all over the blood soaked sand. Glassy eyes stare from the  
severed heads. Sampara gags and turns away.

Murf takes one step and touches a trip wire. The explosion blows  
him into the air and he lands on his back amongst the dead  
seamen.

The three Indonesians are knocked off their feet but uninjured  
by the blast.

Roy moves his head close to Murf's motionless face to check for  
vital signs. The two others carefully push a decapitated head  
out of the way first then lean in close.

Murf suddenly sits bolt upright and startles the concerned but  
nervous Indonesians.

MURF  
(Very loudly)  
Shit!!

The Indonesians trip backwards in fright over the dead bodies  
and heads.

MURF (CONT'D) ROY  
 (Loud) Jesus!!! Murf! Are you  
 What a bastard of a thing to orright?  
 do to a man.

MURF (CONT'D)  
 (Loud)  
 Shit, I can't hear a thing.

Shakes his head to clear his ears as he notices Roy is talking to him.

MURF (CONT'D)  
 What?

ROY  
 (Louder)  
 I said, it's your punishment for  
 making jokes about the spirits.

MURF  
 (Louder)  
 What? What?

ROY  
 (Even louder. Right into  
 Murf's ear.)  
 I said, are you orright Murf?

MURF  
 No you did not! And no need to  
 shout...Aaaah!! Sweet Jesus, I feel  
 like I've been wacked with Grandad's  
 bloody shillelagh.  
 (Checks his arms and legs)  
 No bits missin'. Certainly not me  
 head.

Roy sees the Thai boats have turned around and are heading back to the beach at a rapid rate.

ROY  
 Shit Murf. They're coming back.

Boco and Sampara help Murf back to his feet and brush the sand out of his hair and eyes with their bandanas.

Murf takes the now broken shovel off his back.

MURF  
 Good!! I've got a score to settle with  
 those bastards now.  
 (Irritated with the helpers)  
 (MORE)

MURF (CONT'D)  
 Christ all-bloody-mighty don't touch  
 me bloody head will ya?... I'm getting  
 too old for this shit... Where's me  
 gun?

ROY  
 (Shouts)  
 Let's go.

MURF  
 Man'll have to get a proper bloody job  
 the way things are going  
 lately...Bloody trip wire....What's  
 next?

Zing, zing. Bullets whistle by as the Thais open fire on them.  
 Sampara and Boco grab their AK47s and turn to race back up the  
 hill.

Sampara trips and lands with his face near a decapitated head.  
 He springs back to his feet and rockets for the hill.

ROY  
 (Shouts to Murf)  
 Run! Run t' the boat.

MURF  
 I'm paralyzed!!

ROY  
 Run, run.  
 (Shouts at Thais.)  
 Lunatics.

MURF  
 (Begins to hobble away)  
 Run? I can't bend me bloody knees much  
 less run. I need a Medic.

Zing, zing. This time, very close. Everyone ducks, and, amidst  
 the confusion, Murf's knees seem to work just fine as he rapidly  
 steps over the bodies and bolts into the scrub.

Then he stops and signals to Roy, who is still shooting back at  
 the Thais.

MURF (CONT'D)  
 Forget that and shake a bloody leg for  
 Chrisake.

ROY  
 I'll catch up. Keep going back to the  
 boat.

MURF

Come on Roy. You'll get ya'self killed  
ya trigger happy bastard.

Roy stops firing and they both tear off into the bush as bullets fly past in all directions.

The Thais reach the beach and give chase on foot, firing as they run.

Murf and the Indonesians make the hilltop where he stops and shouts back at the Thais.

MURF (CONT'D)

Are you stark raving mad Hung??..  
Shooting at perfectly innocent, law  
abiding ...

Bullets whizz close by and they drop to the ground.

ROY

He doesn't understand English.

MURF

Well he'll understand this then!!

He springs back to his feet, drops his trousers and points his bare backside to Hung.

MURF (CONT'D)

Kiss my arse ya sick sneaky gobshyte.  
(Gives him the finger.)

A hail of bullets fly by and he drops to the ground laughing.

ROY

He understood that orright.

Murf leaps back to his feet again and wildly waves his fist at Hung.

MURF

Slither back into ya cave an' hide coz  
we'll be back t' skin ya alive an'  
send ya t' Hell.

ROY

Yeh! Satan'll deal with you!

More bullets whiz by and Murf, still with his trousers around his knees, ducks and tumbles over Roy.

MURF

Satan?? Are ya cracked? This bastard'd eat Satan for breakfast without battin' an eyelid Roy.

ROY

Don't make jokes about Satan. It's not funny.

MURF

(Mumbles as he drags up his trousers.)

Gawd help me! If it's not Hung's bullets whizzing 'round me arse it's your mumbo bloody jumbo I gotta listen to.

(Louder)

C'mon!! Let's get outta here while we still can. I like me head just where it is right now.

The Thais fire a few more wild shots then call off the chase allowing Murf and the Indonesians to disappear over the hill towards their ship, the Garuda Laut, at rest in a nearby bay.

EXT. GARUDA LAUT UNDER FULL SAIL - DAY

The Garuda Laut sails off with the island in the background.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

The crew tightens sail ropes, etc as Roy exits the wheelhouse with two coffee mugs.

He approaches Murf, who is laying on some deck cargo with a wet towel over his forehead, and shouts very loudly in Murf's ear

ROY

Incoming!!

Murf instinctively protects his head with his arms and rolls over as if seeking cover.

MURF

Gawd!! Leave me alone, will ya?

ROY

(Laughs)

Here mate. Wet your neck with this...It cudda been worse ya know.

MURF  
How? I got blown up.

ROY  
It could have been me.

MURF  
No such luck.

ROY  
It was funny. Seeing you up in the  
air. Boom!

Both see the humorous side of it and laugh.

Behind Roy and Murf, Boco and Sampara describe to the crew what happened with much humour and graphic gesturing.

MURF  
Aaaah, Christ, that's the second time  
I've been blown up ya know.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SAIGON BAR - DAY

Murf in uniform is running away from the bar when he's blown up and lands in the mud.

ROY (V.O.)  
You never told me you were blown up in  
Vietnam.

Murf is bleeding from a shrapnel wound in the butt.

MURF (V.O.)  
Aw, nothing serious. Collected a bit  
of shrapnel here and there, that's  
all. Hardly worth mentioning really.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

ROY  
Oooh, shrapnel's painful.

MURF

Naw. I've had women cause me more pain than that and call it foreplay.

Murf checks his top pocket and produces a pair of broken spectacles.

ROY

Aaaah.

He searches for and eventually finds a scrappy piece of paper and a stubby pencil...and shapes up as though to write a proposal.

MURF

Shyte!! We gotta lift our bloody game. Ya know, pull off somethin' really big. Retirement money. We need a plan.

ROY

Yeah, like what?

MURF

I dunno. Find some sunken treasure. Kidnap the Pope when he comes here.

ROY

The Pope? You Catholics're crazy.

MURF

We wouldn't hurt 'im. Might put a bit of excitement in 'is life that's all.

ROY

Excitement or not. Count me out.

MURF

Bloody wet blanket. It was a joke.

Roy notices one of the men struggling with a rope as the wind catches a sail. He yells an order in Buginese directing the others to help him then resumes the conversation with Murf.

ROY

Why don't we just stick to what we're good at?

MURF

Gunrunning! Christ, we don't earn enough to feed a bloody plastic dog. We need to move up the food chain a bit mate.

ROY

Yeah, well maybe, but I'm not grabbin'  
the bloody Pope.

Murf picks up some fishing line and begins to attach a lure as he talks.

MURF

Gawd, no-one's gunna grab the Pope.  
That's just the blarney coming out.

Roy is puzzled.

MURF (CONT'D)

The Irish in me. Never mind. We need  
t' put our thinkin' caps on mate. We  
gotta dream up some way to scam a pile  
of money some-bloody-how.

ROY

Bigger guns maybe?

MURF

Shit no. I'd be as popular as Osama in  
Sydney. I've been promising Sally I'm  
gunna get outta this game soon.  
(He throws the lure over the  
side.)  
Got a letter the other day.

ROY

What's she up to?

MURF

She reckons she's fallen madly in love  
with some guy she met at the Uni pool  
and wants to bring him over here next  
semester break.

Roy's look indicates he doesn't like that idea too much.

MURF (CONT'D)

He's some sorta harmless dorky  
professor of something.

ROY

A professor! That won't last long.

EXT. BEACH AT GUN BUYERS VILLAGE - DAY

The whole village population collects near the water's edge.  
Within the group, four Indian men chat amongst themselves.

A couple of dugout canoes lay on the sand and young men drag nets in the shallows.

The Garuda Laut rests at anchor a hundred meters out with a dinghy beside it.

EXT. INSIDE DINGHY BESIDE GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Murf and Roy cast off and Roy guns the outboard motor towards the beach.

We can see Sampara, YUSUF, Boco and the rest of the crew line up on the Garuda Laut.

MURF  
(Yells to crew.)  
Keep your radio on, OK.

EXT. BEACH AT GUN BUYERS VILLAGE - DAY

The dinghy pushes up onto the sand and kids swarm all around it. As the men step out, the village headman, ABDUL, comes forward to welcome them amidst the throng.

ROY  
(In Indonesian.)  
Peace be with you.

ABDUL  
(In Indonesian.)  
And with you.

The headman gestures for them to move up the village. Chattering kids buzz around excitedly and follow.

ROY  
(In Indonesian)  
Any military here Abdul?

ABDUL  
(In Indonesian.)  
No. No military here. There's no problems.

Murf lifts the walkie talkie to his mouth and speaks to the crew.

MURF  
OK guys. It's all clear. Bring the boxes ashore.

INT. SHACK IN VILLAGE OF GUN BUYERS - DAY

Shafts of sunlight stream through the open windows and gaps in the bamboo walls. Murf, Roy, and the Indians sit around on simple chairs while the crew set down several boxes marked "BIBLES" on the dirt floor.

Murf rips the top off one, takes out an AK47 and hands it to one of the Indians, MUSTAFA. Mustafa checks the sights.

MUSTAFA

Not as new as the last lot Murf.

MURF

We can only get what's on offer at the time Mustafa. It's in the hands of Allah. As they say.

MUSTAFA

Well, thanks to Allah, a new supplier has been providing us with excellent American M16's.

ROY

Who?

MUSTAFA

I think you know him. Hung.

MURF

Hung? Traffics in young girls?  
(Mustafa nods.)  
We know the rotten turd.

ROY

Would that be the same rotten turd you didn't want me to shoot the other day?

MURF

Aaah be Jesus, I'll never live this one down will I Roy.

Mustafa ignores the banter when he notices some of the village children peeping through the window from outside. He waves at them to run off and play.

MURF (CONT'D)

Anyway, these AK47's are good guns and cheaper than M16's. Besides, Hung is the lowest form of life.

MUSTAFA

Maybe so, but our Peshmerga friends have the Turks to worry about. They need M16's now. So do our new customers.

ROY

And who might they be?

MUSTAFA

Local people. Freedom fighters.

MURF

Are'nt they tied up with Al Qaeda?

MUSTAFA

Of course not. You Westerners have got Al Qaeda on the brain. Relax!!

MURF

I am relaxed, but since George bombed Saddam I'm very cautious about dealing with any NEW CUSTOMERS. Especially freedom fighters.

MUSTAFA

All our customers are freedom fighters of one sort or another. What's the problem?

MURF

Two Problems. One! Who needs the CIA sniffing around? Not me! And two! If the Indonesian authorities find out we're supplying guns to the same guys who've been shooting their troops they'll string us all up.

MUSTAFA

Nonsense! How will they ever know? They think we're just missionaries spreading the word of the Lord to these poor deserving villagers.

MURF

Stop blowing smoke up my arse Mustafa. People talk.

Mustafa nods and looks along the sights again as if unconcerned. He sees the children have returned to the window and waves them away again.

MUSTAFA

We pay these people well to keep their mouths shut. They won't talk.

MURF

Maybe. But remember this, we blend in with other local boats and nobody suspects us. Hung's boat is covered in Thai writing. He could lead the Indonesian Navy right here and they'd exterminate you guys like fleas.

MUSTAFA

I think you're just concerned that Hung is now competition.

MURF

Look, I don't wanna get tangled up in a pissing contest with that arsehole Hung but we'll bring M16s next trip. I can promise you that.

Murf waits for a response from Mustafa who remains rather unconcerned and continues to examine the gun. Finally he places the AK47 down with the others as if there is nothing more to talk about.

MURF (CONT'D)

So, have we finished with the foreplay?

MUSTAFFA

What?

MURF

Do you want the Klashnikovs or not?

MUSTAFA

I'll talk to my colleagues first.

Mustafa and the other Indians move outside for a quick conference.

MURF

(Whispers.)

That Hung is a card carrying lunatic. Next time I see the slimebag I'm gunna jam a skud missile up his arse and pull the trigger.

ROY

(Whispers.)

Yeah!

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

An' when we get back home I'm gunna ask the Sanro to put a curse on 'im.

MURF

Gee..A curse..Wow...That'll scare the shit outta 'im.

ROY

You c'n laugh but the Sanro has very powerful magic.

(Looks up and sees Mustafa returning.)

Ssssh, here they come.

Mustafa and his Team return inside and sit down again.

MUSTAFA

As a special favour to you my friend we'll take them off your hands. After all, you've come so far and you were not to know about the new customers.

MURF

Ah, that's terribly good of you Mustafa, t' be sure.

MUSTAFA

It is just a matter of price... Just a matter of price.

MURF

I'll bet it is.

INT. MACASSAR HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sally and David make wild passionate love as the afternoon sun streams through the window illuminating their activity.

They ignore a knock at the door and pretend not to be in the room so as to be able to continue their lovemaking.

The knocking persists and finally Sally drapes a towel around her body and opens the door. It is the Indonesian maid with a jug of cold water and glasses.

SALLY

(To David, still in bed.)

Fantastic dear. Just what we needed.  
COLD WATER!

The maid, all smiles, accepts a tip and shuts the door behind her. Sally puts the tray down, drops the towel and leaps back onto David with a wild giggle.

DAVID  
Sally!! We haven't got time.

SALLY  
We'll make time.

EXT. ON DECK GARUDA LAUT MACASSAR WHARF - DAY

The Garuda Laut ties up at the wharf.

EXT. WHARF IN MACASSAR - DAY

The Garuda Laut rests among a line of phinisi schooners tied up at the very busy wharf. A swarm of wharf labourers carries cargo of many kinds across gangplanks and onto the boats.

A small taxi pulls up amidst the throng and out hops Sally in a rather demure dress along with David in a colourful shirt and shorts. Sally turns to David as he pays the driver and throws her arms out wide.

SALLY  
Da daaaaa. Here we are.

DAVID  
(Smiles nervously)  
Finally.

Sally takes his hand and aims him at the Garuda Laut.

SALLY  
Come on, let's go and meet the gang.  
They're a wild lot, but you'll love  
'em.

DAVID  
(Quietly, almost to himself)  
Hope the feeling's mutual.

SALLY  
They won't eat you. But... There's one  
young fella on board who's just a  
bit... slow. Doesn't talk. If he takes  
a shine to you, he likes to hold your  
hand. He's lovely really.

DAVID  
Doesn't talk, or can't talk?

SALLY

Don't know...Dad rescued him out of an orphanage. He couldn't stand to see the other kids teasing him so he took him to the boat. His name's Budi.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - DAY

The deck buzzes with human activity. Labourers carry bags of rice aboard and into the hold.

Murf and Roy intently discuss an issue while sitting on some cargo on the deck.

Boco taps Murf on the shoulder and points to the wharf behind him where Sally and David make their way to the boat. Murf looks back over his shoulder and waves to them then turns quickly to Roy.

MURF

I didn't expect 'em for a fortnight or so...When's the bloody semester break?

Roy shrugs- indicating he doesn't have the faintest idea.

David and Sally carefully make their way up the narrow gangplank. Murf, Roy and the crew look pleased to see them while the wharf labourers cannot help watching Sally's bum.

ROY

(Softly)

Time to meet the dorky professor.

MURF

(To Sally as he helps her on board)

I was just this minute saying to Roy you should be here today some time.

Roy gestures to the men on the wharf to get on with their work and stop perving on Sally.

SALLY

Sure Dad. Like, giant lie!

MURF

Would I forget a thing like that?

David follows her and Murf takes his hand in a firm grip.

MURF (CONT'D)  
You must be David, right?

DAVID  
That's me. And you must be Murphy.

MURF  
Ahhh. Just call me Murf. Everyone else does. Anyway, this is Roy.

Roy and David exchange handshakes briefly but politely. Murf and Sally hug with genuine warmth. Sally then gives Roy a small greeting peck on the cheek, then Budi.

MURF (CONT'D)  
So, plonk yourselves down on a comfy bag of rice and we'll organize some coffee.

Sally smiles and waves to the rest of the crew. Budi moves in close to David and takes his hand.

SALLY  
Hi guys. Budi, this is David.

Men carry boxes marked "BIBLES" off the gangplank and brush past them.

They move out of the way as best they can and plonk themselves down on some bags of rice.

Roy gestures to Sampara that he should bring them coffee.

The loading activity continues all around them. Spars move overhead, ropes swish by. It is very busy and not really a good place to hold a conversation.

MURF  
You only just caught us you know. We're off to Sumatra first thing in the morning.

SALLY  
Trying to escape us, were you?

MURF  
Yeah, fat chance. Been to see Eti and the kids yet?

Roy, distracted by the loading activity for a few seconds, barks a couple of orders to the crew in Buginese.

SALLY

Yep. But we still haven't unpacked.  
Been flat out actually.

David catches the hidden meaning and gives Sally a look that says 'stop that'.

Murf sees the exchange and knows exactly what's going on but changes the subject to avoid causing David any embarrassment.

MURF

How's Uni?

SALLY

Uni's fine. I'll be a real  
anthropologist soon Dad.

Murf nods approval.

ROY

Great! You c'n support 'im in his old  
age then.

MURF

That's right. I'll be able to lay back  
in luxury. Big house. Pool...maids.

SALLY

They don't pay that well Dad.

MURF

Damn! There goes that plan.

SALLY

Anyway, Sumatra sounds interesting.

Another boat moves in beside the Garuda Laut and some of the crew tie off ropes to make the boat secure at the wharf.

MURF

How do you mean? Interesting.

ROY

Murf!!

MURF

What?... ..Oh yeah.

Murf gestures for them all to move off the boat and onto the wharf.

MURF (CONT'D)

(To David)

These guys believe having a woman on board brings 'em bad luck.

They begin moving to the gangplank.

SALLY

(Ignores the last comment.)

Well David's never been to Sumatra so if you take him along with you guys I'll be able to work with my women's group without any distractions.

Roy and Murf glance at one another with slight alarm. Then both try to speak at once.

MURF

Aaah, Well I don't think that's a good idea...

ROY

No, no, the storms are terrible and I don't think...

At the bottom of the gangplank by now, Sally recognizes the ploy and cuts them off.

SALLY

Come off it you guys. He'd love it. He's as tough as..

DAVID

Look Sal, I wouldn't want to be any trouble. I'm quite happy to just hang around the wharf and...

Sally, used to getting her own way with her father all her life, knows she can push the point. She leans over and puts her arm around her father as they move away from the boat to an area of wharf where it is a bit quieter and less hectic.

SALLY

He's as strong as an ox and an excellent swimmer, so he won't drown. And I promise, he won't get in the way.

(She turns to David.)

Will you dear?

DAVID

I'd really love to help, but...

SALLY

See Dad. I told you so.

Murf gestures meaninglessly but cannot find the courage to say no to Sally.

MURF

Great.

ROY

Great??

SALLY

Good. That's settled then.

(She turns to David.)

Well, looks like you'll be off to Sumatra. Land of the tigers.

Kisses her father on the cheek and whispers in his ear.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Thanks Dad. He's very adventurous and really sharp. Knows what NOT to see, if you get my drift.

(Louder, as she leans away slightly)

I knew you wouldn't mind. And he really won't be any trouble.

MURF

(Appearing a little more relieved.)

I'm sure he'll be OK.

Murf hails a taxi as it cruises along the wharf.

MURF (CONT'D)

Now young lady. We've got work to do so you two better get home and settle in with the rest of the family and we'll see ya there later.

Just as the taxi pulls up, Sampara arrives with a tray of coffee mugs.

SAMPARA

Coffee?

Sampara stands with the tray of coffee wondering what to do with it as Sally and David disappear inside the taxi. Roy whispers to Murf as he takes one of the coffee mugs.

ROY  
Wadda ya mean, he WON'T be any  
trouble?

MURF  
We'll keep him in the dark.

ROY  
We?

MURF  
Think positive. He's young an' still  
trying to find his feet.

Roy smiles as he waves goodbye to the taxi.

ROY  
Tell him to look on the end of his  
legs.

MURF  
(Also smiling and waving.)  
Come on, give him a break. Let's go  
and have a quick drink while we've got  
time. Ya never know. He might bring us  
some luck.

Roy looks skyward and smiles.

ROY  
A little luck Allah. I know, I know.  
It's too much to ask. Sorry.

MURF  
You're not still talkin' t' the sky  
are ya? And don't get drunk like you  
did in Bali last month.

They hail another taxi and climb in.

ROY  
Well how was I supposed to know they  
were nuns on holiday? I never even  
knew nuns had holidays.

MURF  
No wonder you're scared of the Pope.

ROY  
I'm not scared of the Pope.

MURF  
Aaaah, yes you are.

INT. SEA BREEZE INN BAR - DAY

The Sea Breeze Inn has several Western men and Indonesian women dancing, eating, chatting and generally having a good time. Murf and Roy enter and head to the bar.

Murf notices NADINE, a stunning redhead in her mid thirties, sitting by herself. He continues to the bar and orders a couple of beers. He casually checks out Nadine one more time. There is a quick but suggestive eye contact between them.

Roy draws him into some heavy conversation but Murf occasionally glances away to check Nadine. A minute later, a young Indonesian woman joins them and whispers in Roy's ear. He pats her rump and they disappear together.

Murf is left to his thoughts and casually turns to check Nadine again but her table is empty. Before he can look around, she is there, beside him.

NADINE

What does a girl need to do to have a conversation with you?

Murf's eyes light up with surprise and pleasure.

MURF

With you? With me? Oh, just take a seat and start talking I guess.

NADINE

Thank you. I'm getting a bit sick of young guys who only want to rush things.

MURF

Me too. They're dreadful aren't they.

NADINE

(Smiles.)

You know what I mean.

MURF

What do we call you young lady?

NADINE

Nadine. My name is Nadine. And your name is?

MURF

Just call me Murf.. Nadine eh. That's a nice name. And where are you from Nadine?

NADINE

The Middle East.

MURF

The Middle East? Wow! You sure don't look like you're Arabic.

NADINE

And you sure don't look like you're Indonesian.

MURF

One all.. Have you eaten yet?

NADINE

Thank you, but I was thinking of something more... exciting.

MURF

Aaah, I do love convent girls.

NADINE

Pardon me?

MURF

Just an Aussie saying that's all. Would you like a drink?

EXT. MACASSAR WHARF - NIGHT

There is no activity and it is almost completely dark.

VICTOR MC MURRAY, a short, stocky, ageing Westerner, is concealed in the shadows beside a black clad man.

Carefully, they check that nobody is around then the black clad man quickly dashes over to the Garuda Laut and disappears onboard.

INT. HOLD OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

The black clad man rummages around, looking for something with his torch. Finally, he finds a suitable spot and produces a small radio satellite transmitter. He switches it on, checks the red light is flashing, tapes it out of sight behind a bulkhead then he vanishes in the dark.

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR WHARF - NIGHT

Mc Murray, watching the Garuda Laut from the shadows, sees a torch flash several times as a signal. He pulls out a mobile phone, punches in a series of numbers and waits a few seconds for an answer.

MC MURRAY

Mc Murray here in Indonesia. Got my signal there?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOSSAD SATELLITE TRACKING ROOM - DAY

There are numerous high-tech computers placed about the room and world maps stuck up on the walls with arrows and pins marking all sorts of countries and cities. ARI, a uniformed, handsome Israeli agent holds the phone.

ARI

Mc Murray is it? We've been waiting for your call. What's the location?

MC MURRAY

Macassar.

ARI

Macassar! One moment.

(Checks the computer)

Yes we have a good signal.

MC MURRAY

Great.

INT. SEA BREEZE INN BEDROOM - DAY

In the modest room Murf and Nadine begin to make wild passionate love. Suddenly Murf winces and groans in agony.

NADINE

What's wrong?

MURF

Aaaah..Shit.. Aaaah ..God...

Nadine tries to slide out from under him.

NADINE

Are you ok? Do you need a doctor?  
Is it a heart attack?

MURF

Aaaah. Cramp!! It's a bloody cramp.

NADINE

God.. Is that all? I thought I'd  
killed you.

She helps rub his calf muscle.

MURF

(Feeling embarrassed)  
Thanks.. I'll be right.  
(Stretches his toes back.)  
You know, I just can't figure out why  
on earth you picked me.

NADINE

Oh, I thought you were the most  
interesting man in the bar.

MURF

Interesting! In what way?

NADINE

Look at you. Suntanned, tough. An  
outdoor man if ever I saw one. What do  
you do for a living?

MURF

A living? If you can call it that? I  
operate a Buginese Phinisi. It's a  
wooden sailing ship.

NADINE

See. That's interesting isn't it? What  
do you use it for?

MURF

What possible interest could you have  
in my boat?

Nadine smiles mischievously as she slides down the sheet  
exposing Murf's body.

NADINE

None whatsoever...My interest is in  
you. I've never seduced an Aussie  
before. You are an Aussie, right?

MURF

I'll be whoever you want me to be.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT WHARF - DAYBREAK

The deckhands cast off ropes. Roy stands at the wheel and Murf is on the deck just outside the door of the wheelhouse. David, up near the bow, waves bye-bye to Sally. She slowly walks along the wharf surrounded by heaps of local kids.

Busy activity and yelling of instructions in Buginese pervades the wharf as the boat moves away. David, Sally & Murf have to shout to communicate to one another.

DAVID

See ya later Sal.

SALLY

Turn back if you run into a big storm, OK?

MURF

You know these guys Sal. They'd rather drown than turn back.

SALLY

That's comforting.

MURF

Don't worry, we'll look after 'im for ya.

Roy keeps one hand on the wheel as he leans out the doorway.

ROY

We will, will we?

MURF

Yeah, yeah. We will. It's all part of my grand retirement plan, orright?

ROY

Oh, you've got one now?

The crew busy themselves rolling up ropes and securing deck things as the boat moves ever further away from the wharf.

MURF

Not completely. It's still got a few bugs in it yet.

ROY

Bugs eh?

(looks skyward)

Allah, please save me from the bugs.

MURF

Allah's not gunna save you from anything mate. Oh no, you're gunna be down there stoking the coals with the rest of us heathens.

ROY

I'm not a heathen.

MURF

Oh, yes you are, and a womanising, throat slitting, buccaneer as well.

Puts his arm playfully around Roy and kisses him on the cheek.

MURF (CONT'D)

And that's why I love ya.

Roy looks up to Allah again as he wipes the wet patch off his face.

ROY

Why do I deserve this Allah?

MURF

You're doin' it again.

EXT. MACASSAR WHARF - CONTINUOUS

Sally stands on the wharf watching the Garuda Laut move away. Finally, as she begins to walk off the wharf she passes Mc Murray, dressed as a typical tourist and snapping away madly with his camera. He catches her attention.

MC MURRAY

Pardon me miss. Do you know the people on the boat?

SALLY

Sure, why?

MC MURRAY

Oh, nothing important. I just love the schooners, that's all. Sort of a hobby.

(A little apologetic)

(MORE)

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 Gives me something to do in my  
 retirement. You need an interest.

SALLY  
 Of course.

They stroll towards the drink stall.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 You'd like my boyfriend. He's mad on  
 boats too.

MC MURRAY  
 Is he the young man you were waving  
 to?

SALLY  
 Yep. The older one's my Dad. He owns  
 the Garuda Laut.

MC MURRAY  
 Owns it! How exciting. I don't believe  
 I've seen too many Westerners involved  
 with the trading phinisis before.  
 Tourist boats, yes. But these boats  
 are hard work.

SALLY  
 They sure are. And dangerous.

MC MURRAY  
 Oh God yes. What with storms and  
 Pirates and things. How on earth did  
 he get into the game?

Sally suddenly feels uncomfortable with this conversation.

SALLY  
 He's a businessman. It's simply a  
 business. That's all.

MC MURRAY  
 But a very adventurous one. You  
 absolutely must tell me all about it.  
 I'll..

Sally checks her wrist watch and cuts him off.

SALLY  
 Look what time it is already. God, I  
 promised my Mother I'd ring her in  
 Sydney. You must excuse me.  
 (She moves away)  
 Nice to have met you. Bye.

MC MURRAY

But..

(Watches her go.)

Bye.. Shit!!

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - DAY

Two days out to sea with a clear sky and gentle breeze. Sampara is on his prayer mat and Boco is strumming a guitar. Roy and Murf drink coffee nearby and chat as they play chess to fill in the time.

David plays checkers with Budi in the shade of the sail. There is little other activity on the deck apart from a man repairing sails while others fish.

DAVID

Man!! This guy's too deadly. Murf..  
You should've warned me.

But Murf can see that David's letting Budi win.

MURF

Ya gotta get up early t' beat Budi.

DAVID

Absolutely!

Budi is all smiles. So are the crewmen watching.

MURF

As a marine archaeologist, you know about ship wrecks and things, right?

DAVID

Some. Why?

MURF

There's talk about a World War Two Jap sub carrying piles of gold back home when it sunk 'round here somewhere.

DAVID

And you want to know where it is and how we get our hands on it, right?

MURF

Too bloody right I do. So you've heard about it already then?

DAVID  
Yep. Half the world has actually...  
This guy's taking me to the cleaners.

ROY  
Only half the world! That's great.

MURF  
Don't worry about that. They're not  
here, we are.

DAVID  
Heaps of people have already searched,  
and, zip... Nothing.

MURF  
Fantastic! That means it's still out  
there then. Your move Roy.

DAVID  
Still out where Murf? It might just be  
a bloody myth.

ROY  
A bloody myth. Great!

DAVID  
You do realize we'd need an expensive  
properly equipped vessel with the  
latest side scanning sonar technology  
to give us any chance of finding it.

MURF  
Holy shit. Couldn't we do it cheaper?

DAVID  
Sure, it'll just take a thousand  
years, that's all.

ROY  
You'll have to give up your girlfriend  
Murf and save some money.

MURF  
You're just jealous coz she's a  
redhead an' goes off like a  
machinegun.

In the background one of the crew catches a tuna which causes some excitement among the men. Roy uses the commotion to cheat by moving some of Murf's chess pieces out of place then carries on innocently as if nothing is changed.

ROY  
Jealous? Who told you that shit?

MURF  
I've got my spies out there.

ROY  
Spies! You wouldn't know a spy if you  
fell over one, and it's your move.

MURF  
(Murf moves the Queen.)  
Of course I would... Checkmate. You  
owe me twenty bucks.

Roy is stunned by having moved the WRONG pieces while Murf  
wasn't looking.

ROY  
Checkmate? That can't be right.

MURF  
Believe me, it's right.  
(Turns to the crew and  
yells.)  
Sampara, take Boco below and check in  
the hold for rats will you?

Sampara and Boco acknowledge the order and move into the hold to  
search for the rodents.

ROY  
(Ponders Murf's chess move.)  
Shit, you bastard... I'll bet she's  
already married too.

MURF  
Don't try and change the subject.  
Twenty bucks please...And if she is,  
then her old man is safely back in the  
Middle East...Another game?

ROY  
No!.. You cheat... I'll bet her old  
man's a rich Arab with a private army  
and they're already on their way down  
here to slit your throat.

Boco emerges from the hold with the mini radio satellite  
transmitter in his hand. He calls out to Roy.

BOCO  
Roy. What's this?

Both Murf and Roy, instantly interested, beckon him to bring it over.

ROY  
What is it?

Murf tries to read the tiny writing on the transmitter's base. He moves it further away, squints, tries up close but has to admit he cannot.

MURF  
(Mumbles.)  
Christ. What in God's name... Where's  
me bloody specs?

Fumbles in his pocket to get his much hated and broken reading glasses then struggles to find best focus. David easily reads it over his shoulder.

DAVID  
Made in Germany.

MURF  
Hmmm. Well that's a big help but what  
the hell is it?

DAVID  
It's a satellite tracking transmitter.  
Some of the guys at Uni use 'em to  
monitor animal movements.

MURF  
Animals! That's us orright.

Murf bounces it in his hand as they contemplate the implications of its discovery.

DAVID  
Who'd wanna know where this boat goes?

ROY  
The IRA would.

Murf and David both look at Roy with bewilderment.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(To David)  
He's Irish!!

MURF  
(To David)  
He's demented.

Hands the transmitter to David.

MURF (CONT'D)  
Here, chuck it over the side.

DAVID  
I wouldn't do that just yet. It might trigger some sort of electronic alarm and tip 'em off.

EXT. GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - SUNSET

The Garuda Laut under sail.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - CONTINUOUS

The Garuda Laut sails along in moderate weather. The men casually chat while they eat their evening meal of fish and rice. Boco strums a guitar. David, Murf and Roy are soaping up and washing off with buckets of sea water.

DAVID  
So, how did you get into this game?

MURF  
Oh, you know...Had a lucky streak in Bangkok after the Vietnam war and won some cash so I bolted here.

ROY  
There's a couple of Thai boats off our stern.

Murf casually glances astern to check their location.

DAVID  
What did ya win at?

ROY  
Russian Roulette.

Murf glares at Roy to shut him up.

DAVID  
Russian Roulette?

MURF  
Well.. Ya need to understand the times. Bangkok had some really wild bars back then an' we were all a bit crazy..

(MORE)

MURF (CONT'D)

One thing lead to another an' Russian  
Roulette seemed like a good  
idea...Anyway, I bought the Garuda  
Laut. Paid out Roy's gambling debt...  
(Scowls at Roy)  
...so they didn't kill him.

ROY

They wouldn't kill me.

MURF

Not much. If I recall correctly, they  
had their knives out mate and you were  
in deep shit.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BANGKOK BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

...where Roy is being monstered by a gang of thugs with knives  
when Murf appears with a pistol.

MURF (V.O.)

He was bloody lucky I came along when  
I did.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - CONTINUOUS

ROY

(To David.)

I was just about to use my magic on  
'em.

MURF

Magic!! Take ya hand off it. There was  
about EIGHT of the bastards  
remember...And I paid them what YOU  
owed them...And we all parted like  
civilized human beings.

DAVID

(To Roy.)

So he saved ya bacon eh?

MURF

Absolutely. I needed him to run the  
boat. Anyway, enough of that.

(MORE)

MURF (CONT'D)  
Here we are, enjoying the sea air  
without a worry in the world.

The two Thai boats have moved up from behind and are overtaking the Garuda Laut on either side.

ROY  
I wouldn't say that just yet.

They dry off and drag on some shorts as they size up the Thais.

MURF  
Boy, this could develop into a shitty  
mess if they try and get smart.

Roy smiles and moves to the wheelhouse.

DAVID  
A shitty mess for them or us?

MURF  
For them, of course. I bet they think  
we're gunna be a pushover.

DAVID  
We're not?

MURF  
Just keep your head down.

The Thai boats edge in each side of the Garuda Laut in a menacing manner. Roy waves to the Thai wheelhouse on his starboard side then to the portside boat in a friendly gesture.

One of the Thais brandishes an automatic rifle and fires off a volley into the air as a warning. David nearly falls over with shock. The Thai on the port boat then aims at Roy. David ducks inside the wheelhouse.

Sampara steps out of the shadows and sprays bullets at the Thai aiming at Roy. Bullets riddle the Thai wheelhouse killing the armed man and another man standing beside him. In a flash, the Bugis produce weapons from nowhere and swarm onto the Thai boats, firing as they go.

EXT. DECK OF STARBOARD THAI BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Bullets slam into men and timber as the Thais are caught completely by surprise. They cannot defend themselves in the rapid onslaught and are overrun in no time.

EXT. DECK OF PORT SIDE THAI BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The situation is much the same with Thais being overrun quickly.

INT. WHEELHOUSE PORT SIDE THAI BOAT - NIGHT

The Thai skipper of the boat lays wounded on the floor with the marine radio microphone in his hand. He has been trying to send a message.

Roy enters, sizes up the situation and takes the microphone out of his hand just as the man dies of his injuries. Roy rummages through the cupboards and lockers for anything of value. Off screen there is a loud explosion and smoke enters the wheelhouse.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - NIGHT

Some of the Garuda Laut crew watch the two Thai boats aflame and sinking a hundred meters away. The others lift open the lids of two metal cases. When the first lid is clear we see the case contains four STINGER ground to air missiles and a shoulder launcher.

MURF

Holy shit! How do you like them apples? We're gunna make a motza.

DAVID

Are they what I think they are?

MURF

Absolutely. An' I just wonder where in hell they got 'em from.

ROY

Hung is gunna be really pissed off.

MURF

You reckon that Thai skipper had time to get a message out to him?

ROY

I reckon.

MURF

Well we stole 'em fair an' square so Hung 'cn whistle up 'is arse for 'em. These are our babies now.

ROY  
I've got a bad feeling about 'em.

One of the dying Thai pirates manages to raise his weapon and fires a shot in the direction of the Garuda Laut. The bullet hits David in the head and he collapses onto the deck. Sampara rattles off a few rounds at the Thai but he dies anyway.

Murf, Roy and several other crewmembers crowd around David.

MURF  
Shit, is he dead?  
(Checks his pulse)  
Sally'll kill me. No, no, he's not dead. I've got a pulse.  
(To Roy)  
Christ! I specifically told the dopey bastard to keep his head down.

Roy peers closely at the wound.

ROY  
(In Indonesian.)  
I need a torch.  
(To Murf)  
See, I told you.  
(Points to missiles)  
They're cursed.

A torch is handed to him instantly and he checks more closely. Murf frantically fumbles in his pocket.

MURF  
Cursed!! Let me see, let me see.  
(Mumbling to himself)  
Where's me specs. I've lost the bastards. Trust me. I've left 'em in the wheelhouse somebloodywhere.

ROY  
(Feels the wound for damage.)  
It's nothing...It's nothing.. Stop panicking.

MURF  
Cursed me arse!! Bloody bullet musta just grazed him.

ROY  
Let's move him into better light.

David begins to come around as they drag him into the light from the wheelhouse.

DAVID  
Aaaahhhh. What the...?

MURF  
Didn't I tell ya 't keep ya head down?  
Now look what's happened to ya!

ROY  
Are you ok?

DAVID  
What happened? Shit! I'm bleeding.  
Aaaahhh, my bloody head.

The First Aid kit passes from the wheelhouse to Boco to Sampara and to Roy. David mumbles to himself as Roy finds the mercurochrome and bandage. Budi tries to soothe David by stroking his hands and forehead.

MURF  
You're OK mate. You'll live.

DAVID  
Where the hell am I?

ROY  
You're with us mate. On the boat.  
Remember... We're at sea.

David appears totally vague so Murf indicates to the crew to move the stinger cases below deck.

MURF  
(To Roy)  
He's lost his memory.  
(Then to David as they sit  
him up against the  
wheelhouse wall)  
Don't ya know what happened to ya?

DAVID  
Shit.  
(Thinks for a second)  
The last thing I remember was you  
talking about a Jap sub.

MURF  
Do you know your name?

DAVID

Yeah, I know my name, but I can't remember what happened to me.

MURF

Good!! I mean, that's not a bad thing. It's just short term.

DAVID

Yeah?

MURF

Yeah! Ya fell arse over tit and cracked your head mate.  
 (Looks up to Roy with a smile then back to David)  
 What luck. I mean, just being short term.

Roy pours on the mercurochrome. David jumps quickly and lets out a squeal. Murf stands up and heads for the wheel.

MURF (CONT'D)

You'll be right mate. We better get back on track.

(Mutters to himself)

What bloody luck. Sally would've killed me.

Roy catches up to Murf just before he enters the wheelhouse.

ROY

What if he remembers?

MURF

Not a bloody chance mate. Once the short term memory's gone it's gone for good.

ROY

You sure?

MURF

Trust me.

EXT. INSIDE DINGHY NEAR MUSTAFA'S CAMP - DAY

Murf, Roy and David, with a head bandage, cast off from the Garuda Laut which is at anchor. They turn in towards the beach in front of Mustafa's camp. Sampara, Yusuf, Boco and the rest of the crew line up to watch them from the deck of the Garuda Laut.

MURF

(To David.)

You may as well go up to see the lake for something to do while we have a chinwag with these guys about the Bibles and price and shit like that. It's a great view up there and the whole area is full of monkeys. It's really great. You'll like it.

DAVID

Yeah. Sounds interesting, so how do I get there?

MURF

Ah that's easy mate. One of the locals'll take you up for a couple of bucks. I'll arrange it, no worries.

EXT. BEACH AT GUN BUYERS VILLAGE - DAY

The dinghy pushes up onto the sand and kids swarm all around it as the men get out. The village headman, Abdul, steps forward to welcome them amidst the throng.

MURF & ROY

(In Indonesian)

Peace be with you.

ABDUL

(In Indonesian)

And with you brother.

ROY

(In Indonesian)

Any Police or military here Abdul.

ABDUL

(In Indonesian)

No Roy. It's OK.

The headman gestures for them to move further up the beach and under the shade. David cannot help but notice four Indians standing in the shade.

DAVID

(To Murf)

Who are these guys?

MURF

Indian bloody Missionaries mate. They buy our bibles.

DAVID  
Fancy finding bloody Indian mishoes  
way out here.

MURF  
Bloody everywhere mate. And don't  
bother talking to them for Christ  
sake or they'll think ya wanna join  
'em. They can be real pains in the  
arse if they reckon they can save ya  
soul.

DAVID  
Don't worry about me mate, I haven't  
got a religious bone in me body...I'll  
stick to the monkeys.

MURF  
Probably get more bloody sense out of  
the monkeys anyway.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BUSH ROAD - DAY

David and MOHAMMED, an old man from the village, peer under the bonnet of a steaming rustbucket four wheel drive Toyota. They support the bonnet with their arms as they look, rather bewildered, at the engine. Steam hisses from the radiator.

DAVID  
Doesn't look too good does it? Do you  
know much about internal combustion  
engine cooling systems?

Gets a blank look and zero response from Mohammed.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Me neither.

Old Mohammed smiles at David then makes bubbling and hissing noises somewhat like the engine.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Greeaat. Now what?

INT. SHACK IN VILLAGE OF GUN BUYERS - DAY

Murf, Roy, the crew and the Indians sit around on chairs as usual. In the center of the shack are the cases containing the stingers. Two of the Indians examine the weapons closely. Mustafa runs his hand along one as he talks.

MUSTAFA

The young man with the head bandage?

MURF

Oh, He's my son-in-law.

(Looks across at Roy then  
adds)

To be. Son-in-law to be. He's a harmless academic... Interested in monkeys... Academics... You know the type.

Mustafa nods as if understanding Murf's lack of interest in academics. A young village woman arrives with a tray full of coffee, cakes and sliced fruit.

MUSTAFA

These are very difficult to find in this region Murf so I won't even ask how you got them.

MURF

Good! Can you move them?

MUSTAFA

I'm sure we can move them.

MURF

I hope that means I don't have to wait around here for hours to get paid.

The young woman moves amongst the men and offers them coffee as they talk. She then places the tray down on the mat and departs.

MUSTAFA

Why did you not bring M16's as well? You promised you would. We can take them off your hands without any trouble.

MURF

I thought you might be more impressed with these actually. Can you pay for them?

MUSTAFA

Oh, I'm very impressed, but we need M16's also. Hung can supply us with M16's easily.

MURF

Don't worry Mustafa, the next lot we bring will keep everyone happy. You won't need to deal with Hung anymore.

MUSTAFA

Maybe so. But business is business. We always look for the best deal... Do you think you could find more stingers?

ROY

No!! They're curs....

He nudges Roy to cut him off

MURF

Exceptionally unlikely. But, first things first. How do you intend to pay for these babies?

MUSTAFA

We may need a little time to check out our contacts and raise the money. But don't worry, this moves us up to a new level. A new ...

MURF

Cut the crap Mustafa. How long and how much?

MUSTAFA

To be truthful, I don't have any experience with these before. I will check. I will, and I will not cheat you. You can trust me with this. I'll give you a very good deposit.

MURF

Don't sell 'em to any local groups.

Mustafa shrugs unconcerned.

MURF (CONT'D)

Mustafa, if they bring down an airliner we'll have ten million CIA agents breathing down our necks in less than two milliseconds.

MUSTAFA

Think of the money.

ROY  
Think of the firing squad.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BUSH ROAD - DAY

David and old Mohammed walk down the road with the steaming rustbucket in the background. Mohammed carries an ancient shotgun, which is held together with fencing wire. David whistles nervously as they walk. He looks across at the old man.

DAVID  
Ignore me. I'm just a bit nervous that we might have to actually rely on that ...  
(Points to shotgun)  
...if we see a tiger.

The old man smiles and nods. He then opens the breech to show David there is no shell in it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
That's bloody fantastic. I guess we can always use it as a club. If we don't get eaten first.

Mohammed pulls a shell out of his pocket to show David that he does actually have one.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Put it in the gun mate, put it in the gun. If a bloody great tiger comes along we want to be ready. OK?  
Meanwhile, I need to pee.  
(Indicates to old man that he wishes to pee.)

David walks off the track and into the bush a few meters. He undoes his zip and begins to pee but the thought of tigers has got him nervous. His eyes are everywhere.

Suddenly a coconut lands nearby with a loud thud. He leaps backwards pulling up his fly zip as he goes. Unfortunately, he catches his penis in the zip and drops to the ground in agony.

Then he quickly remembers the tiger, springs back to his feet and heads for Mohammed at great speed with the imaginary tiger in hot pursuit.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(Shouts loudly.)  
Shoot the bastard. Shoot. Shoot.

The old man thinks something is chasing David and raises the ancient gun to his shoulder to dispatch whatever it is. David locks eyes with the old man and realizes he is in a direct line of fire.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (Shouts frantically.)  
 Don't shoot. Don't shoot.

David throws himself on the ground a split second before the old man fires. The recoil knocks him off his feet. David spins around to see if the tiger has been hit but there is no tiger. He quickly picks himself up and tries to free his penis from the zip as he hobbles over to Mohammed.

In between yelps of agony and fear that there actually may be a tiger nearby he helps the old man back onto his legs. He half carries the old man to speed up the walking process but their rhythm is broken each time he attempts to free his penis.

EXT. GUN DEALERS VILLAGE - DUSK

Everyone in the village is outside enjoying the cool of the afternoon. Children play in the shallows among the fishing canoes. Teenagers walk around trying to impress one another. Roy, Murf and the rest of the Bugis crew sit around chatting and drinking palm wine with two Indians.

David and old Mohammed walk into the village and several kids excitedly race around them. Budi looks across to see what the noise is, spots David arriving, and runs over.

ROY  
 (To Murf)  
 Aaah, here they come at last.

MURF  
 See, I told you we could keep him in the dark.

ROY  
 We're not home yet.

David and the old man walk into the group and sit down exhausted.

MURF  
 (To David)  
 So, how were the monkeys?

DAVID  
 The only bloody monkey I saw was me.

MURF

Get this down your neck mate.  
(Offers him a drink)  
It'll keep yer coat shiny. Ya look  
like you've seen a ghost.

ROY

Don't make jokes about ghosts.  
(To David.)  
Where's the jeep?

DAVID

That old shitheap. Stuck halfway up  
the bloody mountain.

MURF

(Chuckles)  
We thought one of them Sumatran tigers  
might've gotcha.

DAVID

Not a chance. My old pal here had the  
foresight to bring along this  
shotgun.....and a fine example of  
workmanship it is too.

ROY

What happened?

DAVID

I'll tell you all about it later...  
Nothing like a good long walk to clear  
the head, is there?

Roy turns to David with a curious look.

MURF

Oh! So your memory's back?

DAVID

Yep.

ROY

(To Murf)  
Gone for good eh Murf?

MURF

(Ignoring Roy)  
Jesus, this is all I need. And?

DAVID

Well, the walk gave me plenty of time to thoroughly think through the situation here. I know this is a rather lawless area and one must do certain things to survive off the sea. It's a tough life. I understand that.

MURF

Jesus H Christ! Spare me the tear-jerker crap. This is very serious shit. What I need to know now is how does it affect YOU? What are YOU gunna do about it?

DAVID

Me? Nothing.

MURF

Nothing?

DAVID

That's right. Nothing. To be truthful, I was getting seriously bored at Uni. I need something to spark up my life a bit. Some excitement...

(Smiles.)

...You know what I mean?

MURF

I know exactly what you're getting at and you don't have the slightest idea just what ramifications could develop from what's gone down.

DAVID

I'd be an asset.

MURF

You'd be a liability and I'd be in the shit forever with Sally

DAVID

P'raps we can keep it from her.

MURF

Ha! Fat chance of that pal.

ROY

This is keeping him in the dark?

MURF

(Ignoring Roy's remark)  
Look, the Stingers have put us into a whole new risky ballgame, so basic common sense says, just forget everything you've seen. Go back to Uni. Marry Sally. Have kids and live a long happy life.

DAVID

Marrying Sally sounds alright but the rest sounds boring as batshit.

MURF

Boring but safe. You don't wanna spend the resta ya life in Guantanamo Bay do ya? Besides, Sally has enough to worry about with me doing ... what I do.

DAVID

Look! The whole bloody world knows what goes on in this neck of the woods...

MURF

No they don't, and we don't need to attract any unnecessary attention to ourselves. S'pecially since George Dubya went on the warpath with his pre-emptive strike bullshit.

DAVID

Sure, I understand, but...

MURF

Good! 'Cos I sure as hell don't.

DAVID

Well anyway, I do have one tiny request you might be able to help me with though.

MURF

Like what?

DAVID

Are there any more bandages back on the boat?

MURF

Bandages? Heaps. Large or small?

DAVID  
Small. Well, not too small.

MURF  
Sure. Why?

Slightly embarrassed, David squeezes his legs together.

DAVID  
It's complicated.

EXT. GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - NIGHT

Several shots of the Garuda Laut sailing at night .

INT. MOSSAD SATELLITE TRACKING ROOM - NIGHT

Ari and another agent, a uniformed young woman, carefully examine a computer screen with some confusion. The path of the mini satellite transmitter zig-zags back and forth off the coast of Sumatra island. They discuss the problem in Hebrew.

INT. DOCKSIDE POOLROOM MACASSAR - NIGHT

The crew all gather around a table in the gloomy dive. People come and go in the background. Some men play pool on a shoddy table.

Murf counts out the US dollars from the deal with Mustafa. He then puts them into bundles. The older members allocated larger bundles and the younger members less. Murf then gestures for the men to take their shares. The men take their money and drift off to mingle with the others in the crowded poolroom.

Murf picks up a pool cue and challenges David to a game.

MURF  
So David, what's our chances of  
finding that bloody Jap sub?

Murf lines up the balls and shoots.

DAVID  
About the same as finding some more  
Stingers in the next five minutes.

MURF  
As bad as that?

DAVID

Yep! But there's plenty of other wrecks out there. Dutch, Portugese, French. Depends on what you're looking for I guess. Some had loads of fine porcelain on board.

MURF

(Takes on a look of disdain)  
Porcelain! Porcelain what?

DAVID

Oh, you know, cups and plates.

MURF

Plates! I'm not riskin' my bloody arse with the sharks for some bloody porcelain plates. We need to find the wrecks with treasure. You know! GOLD.

David lines up a ball and takes a shot.

DAVID

Sure. And wouldn't that be nice. But they're the ones everyone else is lookin' for too you know.

MURF

That'd be right. Now every bastard wants to get in on the act.

DAVID

All it takes is money and luck.

MURF

That's comforting, but I've promised Sally I'm getting outta this game as soon as we make enough to retire on.

DAVID

So when's that likely to be?

MURF

Ahhhhh God knows. I really need to sit down quietly and work out a proper plan.

ROY

I thought you said you already had one.

MURF

It's still a bit wobbly. In fact I'm going home to work on it right now. I'll see you guys bright and early on the boat.

Murf leaves the table and exits via the front door. David catches a glimpse of Nadine as she joins Murf just outside and his jaw drops with surprise.

DAVID

Jesus! Who's the redhead?

ROY

His girlfriend.

DAVID

Bit young isn't...

Murf pops his head back inside the door and catches David in mid sentence still gawking in awe after Nadine.

MURF

Suck 'em both back in Son. She's taken.

Then he's gone. David and Roy continue playing.

ROY

Aaaah. The machinegun. She's nothing.

DAVID

Machinegun?

ROY

Actually, what he really wants to do is build a shack on a tropical beach where he can take Eti and all the kids. Sort of retire in paradise.

DAVID

Sounds boring as batshit.

ROY

That's what I said.

DAVID

I reckon he's already living an unbeatable life. God, I know guys who'd cut their right arm off to do what he does. You know what I mean?

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)  
The whole lifestyle with the boat is fantastic. What more could an ageing pirate want?

ROY  
Yeah! He is a bit strange isn't he?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MACASSAR HOTEL - NIGHT

A group of people gather around a sate seller. Amongst them, SCARFACE, a dangerous looking Asian man with a large scar across his cheek, casually looks up at one of the hotel windows. He indicates to another rough looking Asian character in the crowd and they make their way towards the hotel.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sally and David sit naked on the bed after having made love. The sheet covers the lower half of David's body.

DAVID  
I have to make a confession Sal.

SALLY  
What is it? You're not going to tell me you're a spy or something are you?

DAVID  
Well actually that's precisely what I am. I'm secretly working for ASIO - Australian Intelligence.

SALLY  
(Laughing.)  
You are not.

She picks up the pillow and whacks him over the head with it. David quickly holds up his pillow as protection.

DAVID  
I am! It's true.

She whacks him again and again and a full scale pillow fight breaks out with lots of squealing and giggling. Finally they collapse exhausted on the bed.

SALLY  
So! What's this confession?

DAVID  
Oh that? I almost forgot. I damaged Percy. Just a bit.

SALLY  
 (Slightly alarmed.)  
 God!

She lifts the sheet and checks his penis

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 Aaah, that's nothing. I've done more damage to it just having fun. You'll survive. That's not your problem.

DAVID  
 What's my problem then?

SALLY  
 You're problem is.. Much to my regret... You're starting to get hooked on this high adventure lifestyle.

DAVID  
 Naaa..Not a chance Sal. I can't wait to get back to Uni and civilization.

SALLY  
 Yep! You're hooked.

Sally sits up and gives David one of those 'Don't bullshit me' looks.

DAVID  
 Alright, I am... a bit. It's just so..

SALLY  
 I knew it.

DAVID  
 ..so different from Uni. So different from the attitudes, the rules, the expectations I grew up with in Australia.

Sally, completely naked, stands and wanders over to the window as she thinks.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Scarface and his accomplice move up close to Sally and David's door. They pull out their knives and are about to push the door in when several Indonesian Army officers appear at the end of corridor.

The off duty officers walk up to their room, opposite Sally and David's, open the door and enter. They have obviously just returned from some function and are in high spirits. They don't bother to close their door.

Scarface and the other thug are now unwilling to proceed with their plans and quietly leave the area.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SALLY

Just what I need. Another bloody pirate in the family.

DAVID

Your old man isn't a bloody pirate Sal.

SALLY

Oh yes he is.

DAVID

Pirate is such an emotive word. He doesn't even have an eyepatch...  
 (He jumps around sword fighting the air)  
 ...and a parrot on his shoulder.

SALLY

Don't make light of it.

DAVID

(Stil sword fighting)  
 Aaarrgg!!! Shivver me timbers an' walk the plank.

SALLY

Be sensible. Do you know what the name Murphy means in Irish David?

DAVID

I'm about to find out.

SALLY

It means Sea warrior! It's in his blood. His blood. Not yours. So don't get tangled up in any of his macho nonsense.

DAVID

There's more to it than that Sal.

SALLY  
(Getting angry and loud.)  
Than what?

DAVID  
Calm down will you? There's a golden opportunity to start up a tourist diving business here.

SALLY  
Dream on David. With what?

DAVID  
Your old man and I have spoken about it already. He seems interested.

SALLY  
He is? In tourists?

DAVID  
Well, not tourists exactly. He's more interested in shipwrecks with treasure.

SALLY  
(Loud again.)  
Aaah yes, that's my old man. The dreamer. There's always a treasure at the end of the next rainbow for Dad.

DAVID  
Don't worry. I'll work on him and swing him around to tourism.

Sally walks back towards the bed and moves about irritated.

SALLY  
Swing him around! Look David, Dad and Roy have been adrenaline junkies for years. They'll never give it up. And you should know better than to get involved in any way.

DAVID  
Yeah, yeah. You know he told me the story of how they met and how he saved Roy's bacon from some gang about to slice him up for good.

Sally sits on the bed.

SALLY

What? Don't change the subject. Slice who up?

DAVID

Roy! It was over Roy's gambling debts he said.

SALLY

He's been pulling your leg David. They met in a Darwin jail.

DAVID

In Jail. Really?

SALLY

Yes! In Jail. In a previous life Roy used to sail illegal immigrants into North Australia, until the Navy caught him.

DAVID

Shit! And your Dad?

SALLY

It was a fight over some air kissing socialite with a jealous husband. He was charged with attempted murder so some of his old SAS buddies busted him out. Look David, forget about any tourist diving business with the old man. He can't help himself. He and Roy'd be dreaming up endless plots to cheat the tourists out of every cent they had.

DAVID

I don't agree Sal.

SALLY

Obviously it's time you packed your bags and headed back to Sydney.

DAVID

I'm not going back to bloody Sydney. I intend to see this out.

SALLY

(Loud.)

See what out? You don't know half of what they get up to.. Read my lips. They kill people.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

Is that what you really want to get involved in? It could cost you your life.

DAVID

It's better than dying slowly of boredom in safe old Sydney.

SALLY

Living with me in Sydney would be dying slowly of boredom would it?

DAVID

No! No! I didn't mean it like that.

SALLY

Well safe old Sydney is where I'm going as soon as I finish this research. With or without you.

Sally charges out of the hotel room and slams the door after her. A second later she is back looking very sheepish. She remembers she is still naked.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. SEA BREEZE INN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nadine drops her clothes and slides into bed with Murf. After they finish making love Nadine pours two glasses of water and offers one to Murf.

MURF

Thanks.

NADINE

You're welcome.

MURF

So, Tell me about yourself. You're always asking me questions but I know very little about you.

NADINE

Not much to know really.

MURF

Oh, I don't believe that for one second. I don't even know if you're married or not.

NADINE

I'm married.

MURF

Not to a rich Arab with a private army, I hope.

NADINE

No. What makes you think that?

MURF

Oh, nothing. It was more of a little joke really. I think.

Nadine moves closer to Murf and slips her hand down onto his private parts.

NADINE

Let's not worry about my husband just now. I've got better things to do.

INT. MACASSAR AIRPORT LUGGAGE AREA - DAY

Inside the busy luggage collection area passengers and porters mingle everywhere. Several Arab families in long white robes wander about. Tourists look at maps. People push luggage trolleys. Taxi drivers tout for business.

In the middle of the hubbub we see Nadine meet Ari, the Israeli man from the Mossad satellite room. They wear jackets with WORLD ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY across their backs and they have several cases with them as they head for the exit.

EXT. MURF'S HOUSE - DAY

Murf exits the front door, gives ETI a kiss on the cheek, hugs a couple of his kids and is about to hail a cab as David arrives in a taxi. Murf climbs into the taxi and it heads off.

EXT. MACASSAR WHARF - DAY

Phinisi schooners are lined up bow in to the wharf. Trucks come and go. Men carry bags and boxes of cargo everywhere. Mobile food cart vendors move around selling food to sailors and wharf labourers. Kids and grandfathers fish off the wharf.

Murf and David pull up in a taxi and walk through the crowd to Roy as he buys some fried rice from one of the food vendors. Close by in the crowd, Mc Murray, dressed as a tourist, tries to get within earshot.

ROY

Want some? Before I give you the news?

MURF

Good or bad?

ROY

Bad! Hung's men have attacked two of our boats and some of our guys are dead.

MURF

Dead? Jesus! We should've flatlined the bastard when we had the chance and done everyone a favour.

ROY

Arsehole. They were just innocent fishermen. Not tied up at all with any of the stuff we do.

MURF

(To David)

I reckon he wants us to think this is revenge for us swipin' his stingers but I suspect he's goading us into doing something silly so he can wipe us out and take over our turf.

Mc Murray tries to hear but the crowd seems to block him from getting the drift of the conversation.

ROY

Some of the boys are already planning a counter attack.

(To David.)

Bugis want revenge for this. We need to see his blood.

MURF

Let's not do anything rash. We don't wanna go charging off into some God awful trap.

ROY

The boys won't wait too long so I went to see the Sanro.

DAVID

What's a Sanro?

MURF

Don't ask ... A Sorcerer.

ROY

Don't laugh. He's very powerful and he dreamt he saw Hung's death at sea.

MURF

Fantastic!! Was it recent?

ROY

Of course not. It hasn't happened yet.

MURF

Well!! Moving on then. We need to think this through and beat him at his own game even if it takes a bit longer.

DAVID

Will Mustafa hand back the Stingers.

MURF

They'll be long gone. Sold to some other slimebag.

ROY

Good!

MURF

Besides, it's too far. We'd waste time. We need to get together and work out a proper plan real quick.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ari and Nadine unpack boxes of binoculars and sound recording equipment and spread bits all over the double bed. Ari removes the top off a Nagra sound recorder then there is a knock at the door.

Nadine goes to the door and opens it. It is Mc Murray.

NADINE

Can I help you?

MC MURRAY

Are you Nadine?

NADINE

(Big friendly smile)  
Please. Come in.

As Mc Murray enters Ari steps from behind the door and places a pistol at his temple while Nadine closes the door behind them. Mc Murray instinctively puts his hands on his head.

MC MURRAY

It's OK. It's OK. My ID is in my left pocket.

Nadine's hand dives into his pocket and produces the ID. She examines it and walks over to a small bench and places the ID under a UV light for verification.

NADINE

He's CIA.

Ari lowers the gun.

ARI

Sorry my friend, but we need to be very careful here. Our government has no diplomatic relations with Indonesia so we cannot afford to take unnecessary chances.....I'm Ari. You're Victor, right?

MC MURRAY

Just call me Mc Murray.

Nadine offers him a seat and throws him a cold beer from the fridge. He catches it, checks the brand, then smiles at her.

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)

Thanks!! So. What do we know about our boy then?

NADINE

We know he doesn't like talking about his activities too much and we also know he was born in Ireland and migrated to Australia when he was twenty and joined the Army there.

Mc Murray rips off the ring pull and takes a swig.

MC MURRAY

Cheers. Yeah, our guys found out he served in Vietnam but couldn't settle down when he got out. Common enough I guess but he got into some legal trouble and had to depart for greener pastures rather urgently, namely here.

(MORE)

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Seems he can't return to Oz or they'll  
throw him back in the slammer.

NADINE  
We hear you lost some stingers.

MC MURRAY  
(He ignores Nadine's  
comment.)  
Did you bring weapons in?

Ari sits on the bed with all the gear around him and gestures  
for Mc Murray to look at the gear.

Mc Murray moves to the bed. From inside the Nagra Ari produces  
the components of an Uzi machine pistol and assembles it in  
seconds. From a box of microphones he lifts out a silencer and  
screws it onto the Uzi. Mc Murray is very impressed.

ARI  
So, do you have any leads on the  
Stingers or not?

MC MURRAY  
If you mean, do I know who has them  
yet, the answer is no. However, I'm  
fully confident the agency will track  
'em down. Then we'll fry the bastard  
who's got 'em.

EXT. MURF'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Murf, Roy and David huddle around a marine chart of Borneo laid  
out on a garden table. Murf's kids run about the yard making  
squeals of delight each time as they jump on and off the  
gravestones of their dead grandparents.

Murf holds his broken spectacles in place with one hand and  
points to a small dot off the Eastern side of the island with  
the other.

MURF  
That's where they find diamonds. First  
thing we can do is sail there with the  
money we've got from Mustafa and Roy  
here can bargain for rough stones  
directly from the diggers.

DAVID  
You're losing me. Why do we want  
diamonds?

MURF

We can then take the rough stones to a Japanese diamond buyer in Bali and sell 'em for a healthy profit which we use to buy some heavy machineguns, ammo, rocket propelled grenades and other goodies.

DAVID

That all seems rather long winded. Isn't there a quicker way to get some cash.

MURF

Yeah, rob a bank. Apart from that, we've gotta make the most of what we have.

(Points to a place on the map.)

That's Black Island. That's where we buy our weapons. It's no-man's-land mate. The authorities don't even wanna know about it and you can buy anything you want there. Drugs, guns, ammo, booze, women, whatever. If you've got US dollars, you've got a deal. No questions asked.

DAVID

And we've got US dollars.

MURF

We've got some US dollars. But not enough to buy the type of weapons we'll need. Ya see, Hung doesn't seriously expect us to hand over the Stingers. He wants a fight and we can give him that fight but we've gotta outsmart the bastard and catch 'im unawares.

DAVID

All sounds rather serious.

ROY

He's very cunning.

EXT. SAMARINDA - DAY

The Garuda Laut ties up at the wharf in Samarinda, Borneo.

## EXT. MARKET FOOD STALL IN SAMARINDA - DAY

It is a busy outdoor marketplace with much activity. Roy and a diamond miner sit at a food stall and chat as they eat but their conversation is drowned out by the background noise.

The miner cautiously slides a small calico bag across to Roy. Roy, without drawing attention to his activities, opens the bag and pours the contents into his hand. The miner offers him a piece of glass to test the stones on.

Roy scratches each stone on the glass and pretends to know a lot more about diamonds than he actually does. Finally, after some haggling, Roy pays the man and they shake hands, apparently happy with the deal.

## EXT. GUN BUYERS VILLAGE SUMATRA - DAY

Nadine and Ari, dressed as bird watchers, drive into the village accompanied by a collection of dogs and excited kids.

Mustafa and the village headman walk over to the car as it stops. Nadine hops out with a big smile and a map.

NADINE

Hello, do you speak English?

MUSTAFA

How do you do madam? Yes I do speak English.

NADINE

Oh great. We're lost.  
(Fumbles with the map)  
Can you help us?

MUSTAFA

(Obviously taken by the attractive Nadine)  
I'll get my friends. I'm sure we can help you madam.

He beckons, and three other Indians, already half out of their shack, head for Nadine as she flicks back her long red hair to attract even more attention.

NADINE

You're so kind. My driver didn't know where we were and I was getting worried.

Ari walks around the car and joins the group of kids, village adults and Indians collecting around Nadine.

ARI

(To Mustafa)

I'm surprised to see Indians so far from home.

MUSTAFA

We're Christian missionaries. Bringing the lord's message to these people.

Nadine and Ari exchange looks knowing they have the right village.

NADINE

Aaaah, missionaries. That's marvellous. How many of you are here?

MUSTAFA

Just us four madam. Just us four is all there is to do the lord's work.

NADINE

(Indicating to a village on her map)

Is this your village here?

EXT. BENOA WHARF BALI - DAY

The Garuda Laut rests at the busy wharf. Murf and David board a taxi amid the hustle and bustle and move off.

INT. BALI TAXI - DAY

MURF

(To taxi driver in Indonesian)

Mate, do you know someone who buys rough diamonds?

DRIVER

(In Indonesian)

Rough diamonds? Yeah, I know. Wait a moment.

He phones someone on a cellphone and speaks in respectful yet conspiratorial tones. We can't hear clearly.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 (In Indonesian)  
 Yeah, Mister Harito, a Japanese man,  
 he wants to meet you.

MURF  
 (In Indonesian)  
 Good mate, very good.

EXT. OUTSIDE JAPANESE DIAMOND BUYER'S HOUSE - DAY

The taxi waits on the road as Murf and David stand outside the gates of a rather palatial house. On the other side of the gates two Balinese servants hold back large barking dogs while listening to Murf.

MURF  
 Hello. Does Mister Harito live here?

BALINESE SERVANT  
 Yes. Mister Harito. Do you want to see  
 him?

A rather burly Japanese man comes to the front door to check out who has come visiting. The Balinese servant looks back to the burly man for instructions. He waves for them to bring the visitors in.

Murf and David enter the gate and walk over to the house. They kick off their shoes at the doorway and enter.

INT. JAPANESE DIAMOND BUYER'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

In the middle of the front room a small Japanese gentleman, MR. HARITO, is seated on a floor mat. He beckons them over to him.

Two large Japanese men stand at the rear of the room near some benches, which have jewelry scales, boxes and other jewelry paraphernalia on them.

One of the men places a low table in front of Mr. Harito so that they have something to sit at. Mr. Harito smiles at his visitors and indicates for them to sit on the mats.

MR. HARITO  
 Our contact rang to say two Americans  
 were on their way. I guess it must be  
 you?

Murf and David sit, rather uncomfortably, cross-legged on the floor mats.

Murf pulls out the little bag of rough diamonds and pours them onto the table.

MURF

Correct. It's us alright.

Mr. Harito spreads out the stones and picks up the biggest. He examines it with his jeweller's eyepiece. Then another and another and so on until he has checked them all.

Then he produces a device somewhat like a fountain pen and touches the largest stone. The device beeps. He checks all the stones one by one and the device beeps each time, indicating the stones are genuine diamonds.

He calls over one of his tattooed henchmen, obviously Yakuza, and says something in Japanese, then turns to Murf.

MR. HARITO

My assistant will accurately weigh them. OK?

Murf and David look very pleased with themselves.

MURF

Fine. We trust him.

The Yakuza carries the stones over to the bench scales and weighs them. He takes a few notes then brings them back to Mr. Harito and whispers in his ear. Mr. Harito nods then hands the little bag of stones back to Murf indicating he is not interested. Murf looks a bit surprised.

MURF (CONT'D)

Is there a problem? They are genuine. I mean, there's nothing wrong with 'em. I paid good money for 'em.

Mr. Harito stands up and leaves the room. The two Yakuza move closer to Murf and David and point to the door. David looks up at the Yakuza.

DAVID

Can't we bargain?

Murf gets to his feet.

MURF

Let's go. We'll sell 'em to the other guy.

INT. BALI TAXI - DAY

Murf and David sit in the back of the taxi as it drives away looking rather dejected.

DAVID

How far away is this other buyer?

MURF

(To driver in Indonesian)

Is there another diamond buyer in Bali?

TAXI DRIVER

(In Indonesian)

Not here Sir. Not in Bali.

DAVID

Don't tell me. There's no other buyer in Bali is there.

MURF

There's no other buyer in Bali.

DAVID

Shit. Why didn't you tell him we were Aussies? He thought we were bloody Yanks.

MURF

So what. It doesn't matter a shit. We all look the same to 'em anyway.

DAVID

Of course it matters. The bloody yanks dropped the bomb on 'em and it might have been his parents who got vaporized.

MURF

Yeah, well maybe they should've vaporized that little jerk too.

(To driver in Indonesian.)

Mate, take us to the port, OK?

INT. BELOW DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - NIGHT

The whole crew is crowded into the hold area and it is obvious from their faces that Murf has told them about his failure to do a deal with the Japanese buyer.

MURF

Shit! What a bloody waste of time  
this's been.

ROY

At least we still have the stones.

MURF

Yeah, we'll just have to take the  
bloody things to Black Island and  
sell 'em to the highest bidder and buy  
whatever weapons we can afford.

As he speaks he pours the diamonds onto the top of a wooden  
crate then he looks across at Roy.

MURF (CONT'D)

We could get into some seriously deep  
shit without a canoe if we're not  
clever about this.

ROY

No problem. Bugis fight well.

SAMPARA

(To Murf.)

Ok if we go and get the supplies?

MURF

Yeah yeah... You guys go and don't be  
too long.

The crewmen head for the ladder

MURF (CONT'D)

(To Roy)

We really need a heavy calibre machine  
gun so we can sink the bastards from a  
safe distance.

DAVID

I'm gunna go and sit up in the breeze  
for a while.

ROY

(Pats Murf on the shoulder)

Bugis like fighting in close. We need  
to see their blood to feel revenge.

MURF

That's very moving Roy, but if Hung catches us out you won't get close enough to see their blood and we'll all finish up shark shit.

EXT. BENOA WHARF - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

David, sitting on top of the wheelhouse in the darkness, watches the last of the mobile food sellers and card players under the streetlights some distance off.

He suddenly becomes aware of two people carefully moving through the shadows of the sheds towards the Garuda Laut. David watches them curiously, knowing they cannot see him. The two shadowy figures edge their way ever closer.

When they cross the gangplank he sees they are wearing black clothes, black balaclavas and carry weapons. Alarmed, indignant but cautious, he quietly lowers himself further into the shadows and then down from the wheelhouse.

DAVID

(Quietly, to himself.)

Who in hell are these evil bastards?

The two black clad men pause in a crouching position at the top of the staircase leading into the hold when David rushes in and tackles them sending them both tumbling down the staircase. Rapidly followed by himself.

INT. GARUDA LAUT HOLD - CONTINUOUS

The two black clad men tumble down the stairs startling both Murf and Roy. David leaps down the stairs after them.

DAVID

(Loudly)

Get 'em, get 'em.

Murf and Roy instantly gather their senses and pounce on the two men before they can regain their footing. Arms and legs fly everywhere as they fight and crash into cargo boxes and bags.

One of the black clad figures manages to fire off a few rounds from his silenced machine pistol. Everyone ducks instinctively to avoid the bullets.

Mc Murray, armed with an automatic pistol, quickly appears down the stairs and fells David with a solid hit over the head with his pistol butt. Then he leans down and points the gun at his head.

MC MURRAY

(Shouts.)

Back off and drop the weapons or I'll  
blow this prick's head off.

Murf, busy trying to stab one of the intruders on the floor, looks up to see who has yelled out.

MURF

Well look who's just crawled outta the  
shitcan, if it ain't creeping Jesus  
himself. I should've known you weren't  
a bloody tourist the...

MC MURRAY

(Cocks the hammer and cuts  
Murf off)

Shut ya guts and put your hands on  
your heads where we can see 'em,  
motherfucker.

Roy drops his knife but Murf refuses.

MURF

(Shouts)

Shoot 'im!! Go on!! Shoot 'im!!

ROY

(Quietly.)

Sally!

Reluctantly Murf drops his knife and raises his hands. The two black clad men get back onto their feet and one of them knees Murf in the stomach and punches him several times on the way down. The other sinks his boot into Murf's ribs.

Roy tries to intervene but is hit in the stomach with the pistol butt. He doubles over and is struck several times with fists and boots as he goes down.

MC MURRAY

(To David.)

On your knees pretty boy.

He drags the half conscious David to his knees by the hair then swings the gun around to Murf.

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)  
You too bigmouth. Beside him.

Murf still in agony on the floor manages to spit out.

MURF  
Why don't ya just shove ya pistol up  
yer arse an' piss off ya gobshite?

The two black clad men pounce on Murf and kick him a few times while he is down. Murf gasps in pain and tries to avoid the blows. They drag him onto his knees beside David then point their guns at Murf and David's heads in execution fashion.

Roy, still clutching his stomach on the ground, becomes extremely tense as it looks like he is about to witness the death of his friends.

ROY  
(Between gasps as he tries to  
stand up.)  
Hang on. Hang on. Why don't you just  
take what you want and go.

Mc Murray aims his gun at Roy.

MC MURRAY  
(Shouts.)  
Shut your mouth, motherfucker and get  
down on your knees. You're next.

Roy doesn't move.

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Down arsehole.

ROY  
For what? What have we done to you?

MC MURRAY  
To me? Nothing. But good old Uncle Sam  
wants your guts for garters.

MURF  
Bullshit!  
(Spits some blood out.)  
What have we done to annoy the yanks?

MC MURRAY  
Running guns to Al Qaeda's mates for a  
start.

MURF

Aaah, stop flappin' ya gob about nothin'. They're not linked to Al Qaeda. God, they're on the other side of the bloody globe.

MC MURRAY

Give me a break! They've been handing 'em over to Bin Laden's buddies.

ROY

I'm gunna kill that arsehole Mustafa.

MC MURRAY

No you're not. And if you wanna get outta this alive you're gunna do exactly what I tell you to do.

MURF

Which is what?

MC MURRAY

You'll make one more delivery to Mustafa that'll wipe the slate clean. With us anyway.

MURF

You guys CIA?

MC MURRAY

First things first. If you're interested in a deal we can talk like civilized people.

MURF

Since when's the CIA been civilized?

McMurray is deeply offended, and jabs Murf in the ear with his gun barrell

MC MURRAY

Have you got a death wish?

MURF

Let's hear the deal, then you can tell us who else has got their eye on us.

Mc Murray indicates by waving his gun for them to stand up.

MC MURRAY

I can tell you that now. It's MOSSAD.

MURF

(Staggering to his feet.)  
MOSSAD! That'd be right! Mustafa's  
been selling to Hamas as well?

MC MURRAY

Of course. But that's MOSSAD's  
problem. My concern is eliminating Bin  
Laden's buddies. And you're in the  
loop.

MURF

In the loop!! You wouldn't know your  
arse from your elbow.

MC MURRAY

Listen, motherfucker! For someone  
who's on the wrong end of the barrel  
you've got plenty of cheek.

MURF

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Just explain  
the bloody deal an' piss off will ya?

Mc Murray jabs Murf in the ribs with his pistol to make him  
realise who is boss. Murf lurches over in pain.

MC MURRAY

Don't push it!!

McMurray grabs Murf's head by his hair and speaks loudly right  
into his face.

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)

This is the deal. You deliver six  
cases of M16's to Mustafa as if  
everything is normal. Then sail away  
and don't go anywhere near him again.

Roy leans against some cargo to steady himself.

ROY

That's it?

MC MURRAY

That's it.

MURF

Let me get this clear.  
(Wipes some blood away from  
his mouth with the back of  
his hand.)

(MORE)

MURF (CONT'D)

A minute ago you were gunna shoot us for selling M16's to him and now you WANT us to give him some more? ...Are you serious?

MC MURRAY

That's the deal. I don't give a shit whether you like it or not.

MURF

And wadda you gunna to do about the Thais? Anything, or is it just us bunnies you're interested in?

MC MURRAY

The Thais? What do you mean? What have the Thais got to do with anything?

ROY

You don't know that Hung was the one who swiped your stingers and regularly deals with Mustafa do you?

MC MURRAY

We have no information on this Hung.

MURF

Well we do, and we've got a score to settle with the bastard. Can you get MOSSAD off our backs if we stop 'im in his tracks?

MC MURRAY

Tell me more about the stingers first.

MURF

I dunno any more than that...So can you get Mossad off our backs or not?

MC MURRAY

Probably.

MURF

Probably! That's not very...

MC MURRAY

OK. I can definitely call 'em off but it'll take a few days. Has to be done higher up. But, I don't want you guys to misunderstand anything. Let me make this crystal clear. The M16's MUST get through to the Al Qaeda supporters.

(MORE)

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 If there's any stuff-ups, I'm gunna hold you personally responsible and my men will track you down and blow your head off. Got it?

MURF  
 (Leans against Roy.)  
 Yeah, yeah.

MC MURRAY  
 Don't yeah, yeah me asshole. If those guns don't get there, you're dead meat. From now on, you're mine. When I say shit. You squat! Got it!

MURF  
 Ok, OK, you've made your point. So now that we've got our cards on the table, was it you who planted the satellite transmitter on our boat?

MC MURRAY  
 Found it did you?

MURF  
 Yeah. We found it.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - DAY

We see David as he takes a screw top plastic container from inside the wheelhouse and places the transmitter inside it. He then tightens the lid and throws it into the ocean. He smiles cunningly at Murf and Roy as they watch it bobbing away on the waves.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GARUDA LAUT HOLD - CONTINUOUS

MC MURRAY  
 That was a favour for MOSSAD. They couldn't get out here in time.

ROY  
 MOSSAD! Not the IRA?

MC MURRAY  
 The IRA?

MURF

He's demented.

MC MURRAY

Hmm, Well, anyway, now that we have a binding agreement between us we mustn't keep you from getting on with it. You guys should get back to Macassar and get organized to eliminate those Thais for me. Don't you think?

McMurray hands Murf his card

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch. You can count on it.

The three CIA agents back up the stairs without lowering their guns for a second. As soon as they disappear into the dark.

MURF

Wadda ya reckon mate?

ROY

I reckon it went quite well really.

MURF

Always nice to have visitors drop in.

DAVID

(Loud)

Visitors my arse! Why did ya tell 'im t' shoot me?

MURF

(Helps David up.)

Ya fell for the decoys ya eejit!! Ya should've stayed outta sight up there 'til he arrived.

DAVID

I didn't think about anyone else comin' along.

MURF

Don't worry. They never had the slightest intention of shooting any of us.

DAVID

Could've fooled me mate.

MURF

Cunning bastard needs us to do his  
dirty work for 'im.

ROY

Must be practising to become a  
politician.

MURF

(Reads the name on the card)  
Mc Murray eh! He'd have to be a haggis  
eatin' Scot for sure.

(To Roy.)

Can ya believe the CIA hands out cards  
these days?

ROY

Only AFTER they beat the shit outta  
ya.

MURF

Aaah! My ol' Granny hits harder 'n  
them schoolgirls.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - DAY

The crew search in and under everything on the deck. Boco  
appears from the hold with another satellite transmitter in his  
hand.

BOCO

(Yells.)

Another one!

Sampara takes it and hands it to Murf.

MURF

That slimebag Mc Murray. How many more  
did he plant?

(He is just about to throw it  
overboard but he stops.)

I've got a better idea.

EXT. BLACK ISLAND MARKET - NIGHT

Murf, Roy, David and Budi walk through alleyways full of  
colorful people and stalls. Prostitutes entice whomever they can  
into rooms beyond doorways. Dealers in guns and drugs openly  
offer their wares at shops right beside old ladies cooking  
aromatic food on wheeled carts.

Cooking smoke and Dungdut music wafts through the tropical night air. Men, armed with either large knives or light weapons freely mingle with the crowd.

A fat, turban wearing Indian man, SHAH, smoking a hookah, sits at a weapons stall as our heroes approach.

SHAH

Good evening gentlemen.  
Back in the Punjab they called me Shah  
The Magnificent, can I help you?

MURF

Shah The Magnificent is it? Well I'm  
Murf and I usually deal with Vijay, is  
he around?

SHAH

(Shakes his head in false  
sadness)  
Unfortunately he is dead. But I can  
help you maybe?

MURF

Dead? Shit! How'd he die?

SHAH

Cards. He was very fat you know. Maybe  
I can help you? I have some of the  
finest weapons as you can see.

MURF

Cards?

SHAH

Of course my friend. He could not get  
his gun out in time. Around here we  
take cards very seriously.

(Touches the pistol on his  
belt)

If you cannot pay. You must be  
quick...Very sad really, very sad.

MURF

Yeah, yeah I know the routine mate.  
Anyway. Got any Browning twelve point  
sevens?

SHAH

Browning? Hmmm.

MURF

If you've got any? With ammo.

SHAH

What about a fine Vulcan twenty millimeter gattling gun. Very powerful.

MURF

Bugger me, I'm not shootin' down bloody space ships. Twelve point seven will do just fine.

SHAH

How about the KORD twelve point seven. I know I can get them without much trouble.

MURF

Russian eh. Are they reliable.

SHAH

Yes, yes. Very reliable. Take my word for it my friend. The Russians know how to build machine guns. Will you be paying with US dollars?

MURF

(Pours the diamonds onto the counter)  
With diamonds.

SHAH

Diamonds. Please sit down my friends. You must have some refreshment first while we finalise this matter.

From under the counter he produces a jewellers eyepiece, some beer and a pen-like diamond tester. He offers the beer and begins to examine the diamonds by eye. As Murf drinks his beer he checks out a flack jacket hanging on the wall. Roy joins him and Murf whispers in his ear.

MURF

(Quietly)  
Shah The Magnificent!! What a bloody wanker this guy is.

SHAH

You paid good money for these?

Shah applies the diamond tester to the stones but none of them make the device beep as they did for Mr. Harito.

SHAH (CONT'D)

These are nothing more than glass.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. JAPANESE DIAMOND BUYER'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

While the Yakuza weighs the stones he hides his hand movements for a few seconds.

MURF (V.O.)  
Those bloody Japs switched 'em.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BLACK ISLAND MARKET - CONTINUOUS

ROY  
I'll slit their throats.

MURF  
Shit! This couldn't have happened at a worse time.

SHAH  
Look gentlemen, I don't know what's gone on but if you wish to buy guns from me you need cash, OK? US dollars.

MURF  
(Still suffering from some shock.)  
Yeah, yeah. I know mate. I know.

DAVID  
What can we do?

ROY  
We have to kill them.

DAVID  
No, no. I mean right now.

MURF  
I've got four grand on me but that won't get us much.

SHAH  
For that you can have one twelve point seven KORD and some ammo but that's all.

MURF

Throw in a box of grenades and it's a deal.

(To Roy.)

I've got another idea about where we can get M16's for free.

ROY

For free. Where?

MURF

Don't worry. I've got it worked out. In the meantime, can you get the boys out of the brothel to give us a hand to carry the stuff back?

DAVID

They're in a brothel? Charming.

ROY

They're young.

MURF

They've got sex permanently on the brain every waking moment. They live in hope that some young sexbomb with big tits is gunna spring outta her bloomers an' pounce on 'em. Never happens of course so whenever they get here they always give the ferret a run.

SHAH

(To David.)

You should try our girls.

MURF

(To David.)

No he shouldn't. Sally'll stick his balls in the blender if he does.

(He turns to Shah again)

Purely as a matter of interest, could you get your hands on some Stingers?

SHAH

Stingers? You're joking my friend. I don't need the CIA here.

## INT. BLACK ISLAND BROTHEL - NIGHT

In a gaudy but poorly lit room Yusuf and an attractive Asian girl, both completely naked, engage in sex. Behind a curtain, Sampara is in exactly the same situation on a different bed.

He notices a shadow on the wall through a window is that of an armed man and he realizes something sinister is about to happen to them. He pretends not to have seen the shadow and he puts his finger to the girl's lips to keep her quiet. He grabs a handful of clothes and tosses some to Yusuf.

## EXT. OUTSIDE BROTHEL - NIGHT

Two armed men peer through a window of the brothel as Sampara and Yusuf, still stark naked but holding some clothes over their private parts, suddenly burst out through the front door and onto the street.

Caught by surprise, the armed men manage to fire off a couple of wild rounds but Sampara and Yusuf disappear into the crowd at a very rapid rate.

In the chase, one of the armed men falls and is left behind, the other, AKMED, manages to keep up the pace through shops, stalls, alleyways and more shops until he loses them. Sampara and Yusuf then run slap bang into Roy.

ROY

(To Sampara in Indonesian)

Hey. Hey what's going on? Where's your clothes.

It then dawns on the boys that Sampara has grabbed the girls clothes by mistake. Nonetheless, they drag on whatever they can as they speak.

SAMPARA

(In Indonesian)

Shit! We were trapped.

YUSUF

(In Indonesian)

They wanted to kill us!

ROY

(In Indonesian)

Who? Where are they?

SAMPARA  
(In Indonesian)  
They're chasing us.

YUSUF  
(Points over his shoulder)  
Back there somewhere, with guns.

EXT. ALLYWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Akmed realizes he has lost the boys and stops to look down an alleyway. Sees nothing. Looks around cautiously as he holds his gun up for action.

Suddenly, Roy grabs Akmed around his neck and points a dagger closely at his eye. Akmed drops his gun knowing that he will lose his eye if he tries anything smart.

AKMED  
No! No! Please.

ROY  
Who sent you?

AKMED  
No one. No one sent me.

The dagger comes even closer to Akmed's eye.

ROY  
Who sent you?

AKMED  
Please. Hung has a reward out for you guys. He said something about you killing his friends.

ROY  
If I let you go, you won't tell him we've been here will you?

AKMED  
NO, no, I promise I won't tell him anything if you let me go.

ROY  
Is Hung your friend?

AKMED  
Yes. He's my friend.

ROY  
Wrong answer.

Roy quickly slits Akmed's throat and he drops to the ground clutching his bleeding neck. Roy coolly picks up the Akmed's handgun, admires it, tucks it into his belt and walks away.

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

The crew carries the boxes containing the KORD and ammo through the back streets- so as to keep out of sight as much as possible. Sampara and Yusuf, much to the delight of the other crewmembers, still dressed in the mixed girls clothes Sampara grabbed.

ROY  
So, what's this plan to get some free M16's?

MURF  
We'll get 'em from that puss-hole haggis eater.

DAVID  
There's bound to be strings attached if Mc Murray gives 'em to us.

MURF  
He won't know. We'll use some of the ones for Mustafa...Let's stop and a rest for a minute. Me back's stuffed.

They set the boxes down and sit on them.

DAVID  
Didn't I hear Mc Murray say he was going to have his men blow your head off if the guns don't get through to Mustafa?

MURF  
Stop panicking. Mustafa has no idea how many we're gunna bring him so he certainly won't know if some are missing. And how's Mc Murray gunna find out?

DAVID  
This whole business of Mc Murray wanting us to take more guns to Mustafa seems very fishy to me. It just doesn't make sense.

MURF

They're probably rigged to explode and kill whoever pulls the trigger. It's the oldest trick in the book but we can easily test 'em for that.

DAVID

Remind me to stand well back.

EXT. WHARF AT BLACK ISLAND - NIGHT

The crew loads the crates onto the Garuda Laut while Murf and Roy walk over to talk to the skipper of another boat who's crew are all drunk.

They climb onboard and introduce themselves in a friendly manner and are offered a drink. As they sit and chat Murf secretly drops the satellite transmitter into their hold.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - DAY

The crew, gathered around the KORD machine gun mounted on the foredeck watch Murf load and prepare the weapon for use. Sampara hangs out of the wheelhouse trying to see what is going on while he steers the boat at the same time.

MURF

Stand back you guys and I'll rattle off a few.

Murf fires some rounds off into the ocean- impressing everyone.

ROY

(Loudly and excitedly)  
It works!

MURF

WOW!! This's more fun than watchin' a bar room fulla brawlin' Paddies

DAVID

Sure is. It's great!!

MURF

Of course it great. Did you think I'd buy junk?

EXT. MACASSAR WHARF - NIGHT

The Garuda Laut, tied up at the darkened and shadowy wharf. David and the crew play cards and chat under a wharf light. A small van arrives and stops nearby. Mc Murray exits the van and sees Murf and Roy on the bow of the boat.

MC MURRAY

Don't try anything stupid. My guys are positioned nearby with scopes trained on you motherfuckers.

MURF

Seeing as it's not a social visit have you got the guns or not?

MC MURRAY

In the van. Six cases. Including ammo.

As the men load the boxes onto the ship one box drops and spills M16s onto the deck. Mc Murray immediately erupts.

MC MURRAY (CONT'D)

Be more careful you awkward ..

David notes his over zealous concern for what are supposed to be robust guns.

INT. HOLD OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - NIGHT

David carefully checks the busted box of M16's really closely with the aid of a torch. He notices a small indentation in the stock of one and checks the others. Sure enough, they all have it.

He scratches at it with his pen knife and reveals a thin wire which is connected to something inside the stock.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - NIGHT

David shows Murf and Roy what he has found in the M16 stock.

DAVID

They've all got 'em.

In the poor light, Murf struggles with his broken specs to see exactly what it is.

MURF

That slug Mc Murray. I knew he was up to something.

DAVID

They've gotta be satellite transmitters.

MURF

Not likely to trigger an explosive detonator or something?

DAVID

Naw! I reckon Mc Murray really wants to know the exact location of where these guns end up.

MURF

Yeah! That makes more sense. Then the cunning bastard calls in the stealth bombers, and Zap, no more base camp.

DAVID

And we'll have done the dirty work for 'im as planned.

MURF

God! I don't need any of this shit right now I just wanna retire and get on with my life.

EXT. BEACH AT MUSTAFA'S CAMP - DAY

Murf, Roy and David land on the beach, step out of the dinghy to meet Abdul. The usual collection of kids and villagers all gather about but the Indians are nowhere to be seen.

ROY

(In Indonesian)  
What's the news, Abdul?

ABDUL

(In Indonesian)  
Good news. Very good.

MURF

(In Indonesian)  
Oh, like what? Where's Mustafa?

ABDUL

(In Indonesian)  
Mustafa's already killed. Great yeah?

MURF  
 (Somewhat alarmed.)  
 What? How the hell did he get killed?

DAVID  
 Who's killed? Mustafa?

ROY  
 Yeah, he's dead.  
 (To Abdul in Indonesian.)  
 What happened?

MURF  
 Yeah, what happened? What about the others?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. GUN BUYERS VILLAGE SUMATRA - DAY

While Mustafa is peering at Nadine's map she quickly lifts an Uzi with a silencer out of her handbag and shoots him through the map. Then she shoots the Indian beside him in the chest before he can react. Ari shoots the other two amidst the pandemonium of scattering villagers and yapping dogs.

ABDUL (O.S.)  
 (In Indonesian)  
 All shot by an attractive woman with red hair, and a European man.

The two Israelis put the guns away and offer money to the villagers to return. Ari gestures that he wants the bodies buried. The sight of money soon brings some villagers out of hiding. The headman, Abdul walks over to Mustafas' body and spits on it, indicating he is glad to be rid of him.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BEACH AT MUSTAFA'S CAMP - CONTINUOUS

ROY  
 Yeah. You can't trust redheads, can you Murf?

MURF  
 Don't worry about the redhead. I can handle her.

DAVID

This is your girlfriend, right?

ROY

Didn't I say you wouldn't know a spy  
if you fell over one?

MURF

(To David)

Yeah it's my girlfriend but I didn't  
know she was a bloody MOSSAD agent.

ROY

Didn't I say that? And what did you  
do? You fell over one, right?

MURF

Big deal.

ROY

And Didn't I say those stingers were  
cursed?

MURF

Will you shut your sanctimonious neck  
for God sake. I'm trying to think.

ROY

You've been thinking with your dick.  
That's your problem.

MURF

We've got bigger things to worry about  
now than my bloody crop duster and  
what I do with it.

ROY

I'll bet she never told Mc Murray she  
was gunna shoot Mustafa and his mates.  
They were cursed. I knew it.

MURF

That was just pay back for selling  
weapons to Hammas so don't worry about  
Mc Murray. I've got a plan to put him  
off the scent.

ROY

I can't wait to hear it.

MURF

Well why don't you come up with something instead of being a pain in the arse and winging about everything I suggest?

DAVID

Whoa there boys! Let's all just cool down a bit and keep our eye on the real game.

MURF

Whatever! Right now we can't leave the guns here or they'll attract the Yank bombers like bees to honey. We don't want these poor bastards getting blown to smithereens, do we?

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - DAY

The deck area is a hive of activity. The boxes of M16's are open and some of the crew busily lash bundles of the rifles together while others lower them by rope into the water. Several more bundles sit on the deck ready for the treatment.

David assists the crew, Roy is at the wheel and Murf is just outside the wheelhouse doorway tightly wrapping some rifles in plastic glad wrap.

ROY

This better work.

MURF

They're goin' down over a hundred feet mate. Electronics won't withstand that pressure.

ROY

I hope so.

MURF

Aw, come on. When do any of my plans ever fail?

ROY

Well I haven't seen any of 'em work yet. Does that count as a failure?

MURF

What do you mean?

ROY

Your master retirement plan for instance. What happened to that one?

Murf and Roy move to the side of the boat where a dugout canoe is tied alongside. It has plastic drums attached to it for extra flotation. Several more bundles of rifles go into the sea as others return. Sampara and Boco busily dismantle and clean the guns that have had their dip.

MURF

Ahhh, Now that one's coming along just fine. Don't worry about it.

ROY

Thanks to Allah I'm not a worrier.

MURF

Stop panicking! I'll explain it all in due course. You'll love it.

Roy climbs into the dugout canoe and Murf hands the plastic wrapped guns down to him. Roy places them in the bottom of the canoe and Murf hands him a roughly made cardboard bullseye. He places it on top of the guns with the bullseye facing to the sky. Roy jumps back onto the ship and pushes the canoe off to drift on the tide. David joins them.

DAVID

That'll keep 'em confused.

MURF

(Chuckles)

It'll drift around out here for weeks. Mc Murray's boys won't know what the hell's going on.

INT. MACASSAR WHARF SHED - NIGHT

In the dimly lit shed the entire Bugis crews of the Garuda Laut, Hiu Putih and HAMID'S boat, the Naga Laut, around forty men, listen to Roy and Murf present the war plan. The Kord stands in the centre of the shed looking very impressive.

MURF

..we can sneak up on 'em and sink their boats from a safe distance with Big Bertha here. Then we can go in real close and pick them off while they're swimming 'round in the water.

The Bugis crowd yells in full agreement.

MURF (CONT'D)

Remember, Hung's boat is the biggest so make sure we get that one. But be careful. We all need to keep our minds clear and be alert for traps. With Big Bertha here..

Murf taps and the machinegun lovingly

MURF (CONT'D)

..we might just pull it off.

The men nod agreement.

ROY

OK, OK. But we need to see someone first. Right?

MURF

Who?

ROY

The Sanro.

DAVID

Finally!

MURF

(Slowly shakes his head)  
Bloody superstitious nonsense if ya ask me.

ROY

Nobody's asking you.

EXT. MINIBUS TO SEE SANRO - NIGHT

The minibus, packed with the Garuda Laut crew, stops at the base of a waterfall and the men climb out.

MURF

Once the boys go through their little ceremony here mate, I'm afraid it's the end of the road for you.

DAVID

How do you mean?

MURF

I mean.. Sally and me reckon.. I mean, I reckon..

ROY  
You tell 'im Murf.

MURF  
Shut ya gob Roy. What I mean is.. I can't let you get involved in this fight with Hung. It's too dangerous. You'll have to stay back in port. Or maybe just head off back to Sydney.

DAVID  
I'm not a schoolboy Murf. I can look after myself.

MURF  
Ya keep getting' hit in the head and it's not even your fight. Sally doesn't want you to be there and neither do we.

DAVID  
But..

MURF  
No buts. Go back to Sydney, marry Sally, have kids and enjoy life in peace. You two don't need this shit.

INT. SANRO'S SHACK - NIGHT

Inside the dimly lit smoky shack, the Sanro, a wizened old man wearing traditional Buginese clothing, sits in the center of the room surrounded by candles and talismans. More magical objects hang from the walls and ceiling. The Sanro looks every bit a Celebes sorcerer.

The men enter the room and begin to sit on mats around the Sanro in a semicircle. David moves to the back of the room with Roy and Murf.

Four Bissu priests in ceremonial dress enter and begin chanting. Two of them thump very loudly on drums as the other two roll about the floor with Kris swords pressed to their throats and stomachs.

Budi is frightened by this and partly hides behind David.

The Priests attempt to injure themselves by trying to push the swords through their flesh in a ritual designed to show the spirits have the power to control the swords and prevent any harm coming to the priests. Finally the drumming stops and the four priests leave.

DAVID  
 (Quietly)  
 Who were those guys?

ROY  
 (Quietly)  
 Bissu priests.

DAVID  
 (Quietly)  
 Christ! I thought they were gunna  
 disembowel themselves for sure.

ROY  
 (Quietly)  
 No. They were just communicating with  
 the right spirits.

The Sanro mutters a few words to the men sitting around him then begins to chant quietly. From a small bag he produces bone and wooden objects which he spreads on a woven bamboo mat in front of him. After a time he falls silent and waits.

Sampara whispers something to the old man. He nods and moves the bone objects about the floor. Boco is next. He whispers something to the Sanro. Each crewman has his turn.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 (Quietly)  
 They're asking the Sanro for some  
 special magic to protect them from  
 the bullets.

DAVID  
 (Quietly)  
 I thought you guys weren't afraid of  
 death.

ROY  
 (Quietly)  
 It's not death we're afraid of. If we  
 get injured we cannot support our  
 families. We lose face. That's what we  
 fear. Nobody likes to become a  
 cripple.

DAVID  
 (Quietly)  
 Yeah. Makes sense.

The Sanro produces some small green stones and hands one to each of the crewmembers.

He looks up at Roy and indicates for him to take one also. Roy gestures that he does not need one. David looks surprised that Roy rejects the offer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Take it. Go on, take it. You never know, it may keep the bullets away.

Roy pulls a small plastic wrapped object from his pocket. He unwraps it and shows it to David.

ROY

This stone has greater power than those ones.

The Sanro gestures for Roy to bring him the stone. Roy steps through the seated men and hands the old man the small green stone. The Sanro examines it closely. He compares it with one of his stones.

It appears absolutely identical but he is able to detect some difference which greatly impresses him. He turns to Roy with a pleased look on his face which says - You won't need my stone. Roy takes his stone and rejoins David.

DAVID

So what was that all about?

ROY

You wouldn't understand.

DAVID

Try me.

Roy shows the stone to David.

ROY

You can see even in this poor light how powerful my stone is.

David peers at the stone.

DAVID

Well, to be really truthful mate. It just looks like a green stone to me.

Roy puts the stone back in its plastic cover.

Each of the crewmen pays the Sanro and stands to leave. With each payment, the old man touches the money to his forehead in thanks.

ROY  
You can't see it can you? You really  
can't. You don't believe do you?

DAVID  
I'm sorry mate, but I can't believe  
what I can't see.

ROY  
To see, first you must believe.

DAVID  
Oh!

MURF  
(Leans over and whispers in  
David's ear)  
These guys've got more bloody  
superstitions than ya can point a  
stick at.

DAVID  
What? Even more than the Irish?

EXT. SANRO'S SHACK - NIGHT

A young man (Daeng) rides up to the hut on an ageing motorcycle.  
He pulls it up in a hurried manner and dashes inside.

INT. SANRO'S SHACK -NIGHT

Daeng quickly pushes his way over to Murf and Roy.

DAENG  
(Excitedly.)  
They've got Sally. Hung's men. They  
took Sally away somewhere.

MURF  
What? When?

DAVID  
Hung's men? God almighty! Where?

DAENG  
From the village with the women.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. VILLAGE BACK STREET - DUSK

Sally is manhandled by Scarface and another thug into a car which speeds away from Sally's study group. The women are left openmouthed and shocked.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BUGIS FISHING VILLAGE - NIGHT

Several women from Sally's study group excitedly explain to Murf, David and Roy what they saw of Sally's abduction. Roy translates from Buginese to English for Murf and David.

ROY

They say they are sorry but they could not follow them to see where they took her.

MURF

(To David.)

I reckon she's been whisked out to Hung's boat by now as bait for us go madly charging in. He'd love that.

DAVID

God knows what the swine's doing to her.

MURF

Try not to dwell on it mate.

DAVID

I'll kill 'im if he so much as...

MURF

Sally can be one tough customer when cornered... Believe me.

INT. CABIN ON HUNG'S BOAT - NIGHT

As the boat sails on, moving shafts of light cut through the darkness of the tiny room. Sally, huddled in one corner, notices a Thai seaman checking her out through a barred window opening. She throws a metal mug at him but it bounces off the bars.

SALLY

(Screams)

Put one foot in here and I'll rip your eyes out.

The seaman laughs as Hung pushes his way into the room. Sally immediately springs to her feet and repeatedly hits him with her fists. Hung laughs at her puny effort and begins to remove his trousers. Sally manages to kick him in the groin and he drops to his knees in agony.

Scarface, the man who abducted her from the village, steps into the room and slaps Sally across the face. She attacks him with everything, fists, feet and teeth until he roughly grabs her by the throat, pushes her against the wall and puts a pistol to her temple.

Hung gasps out a few words in Thai and Scarface lets her go. Sally immediately goes into attack again and bites, kicks and screams insults as Scarface helps Hung from the room. Hung slams the door behind him and glares back at her through the window. Scarface runs his finger across his neck indicating he intends to slit her throat.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(Screams loudly.)

You chickenshit! Next time I'll bite 'em off an' crunch 'em up.

EXT. MACASSAR WHARF - NIGHT

The crew's families form small groups on the wharf to send the seamen off into battle. The ever present food sellers almost encircle the crowd trying to encourage an extra sale or two. Murf talks to Eti with the kids and David watches on from the bow as the families say goodbye to their men.

EXT. GARUDA LAUT AT SEA - DAY

Shots of the Garuda Laut, Hiu Putih and Narga Laut at sea in search of the Thais.

EXT. SMALL HORSESHOE SHAPED BAY - DUSK

The last rays of the setting sun streaks through menacing storm clouds on the horizon. Lightning bolts flash and thunder rolls across the darkening sky.

A group of eight, wooden Thai fishing boats rest in a small horseshoe shaped bay of a tropical Indonesian island. The water is like glass and reflects the lightening .

Some boats are at anchor with others tied up alongside them in the shallow water near a beach lined with palm trees.

EXT. DECK OF NARGA LAUT - DUSK

The Narga Laut is caught in the middle of the tropical storm. Heavy seas break over the deck. The crew desperately struggle to control the boat. Objects tied to the deck break free and wash overboard. Two of the crew are taken away by a large wave.

INT. WHEELHOUSE OF NARGA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

HAMID, the captain, fights with the wheel as it spins wildly. RAHMAT, a crewman, bursts through the door and slams against Hamid when the boat rolls.

RAHMAT

(Loudly in Buginese)

Yusuf and Zainal are finished. Gone into the sea.

HAMID

(Loudly in Buginese)

I can't turn back. God willing the other boats will help them.

RAHMAT

(Loudly in Buginese)

We can't see the other boats. Maybe the storm got them also.

HAMID

(Loudly in Buginese)

I was calling them on the radio but..... We might be next.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - DUSK

The various crewmembers relax around the decks and gunwales as they chat and eat their evening meal of fish and rice. Their appearance is tough, weather-beaten, like fishermen, but well armed and menacing as the storm in the background.

Sally peers out at the men through slat holes in the locked door of her small room. She kicks the door several times.

SALLY  
(Loudly.)  
My old man's gunna have your guts for  
garters you slimy creeps.

Hung, ignoring the noise from Sally, casually eats his meal and chats with the crew.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(Very loudly)  
I know you can hear me you creepy...  
slimy.. Creepy... SHIT.

She kicks the door again and again in frustration.

INT. WHEELHOUSE OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Roy steers while Murf checks the maps spread over a small table. David is preparing a wetsuit and diving gear on the floor.

MURF  
Hope that bloody storm over there  
doesn't catch Hamid and the boys.

ROY  
Don't worry about Hamid. It takes more  
than a small storm like that one to  
keep him out of a good fight.

MURF  
I'll call 'im up an' see where he's  
at.

Murf grabs the radio mike.

MURF (CONT'D)  
Hamid...Hamid.. Where are ya mate?  
We need ya here pretty soon. Over.

There's a lot of static from the radio, making communication difficult

HAMID  
....big Storm.....Yusuf and  
Zainal...other boats gone....

MURF  
What was that mate? Are you guys OK?  
Are you OK? Over.

There is no response from the radio and the tension builds.

ROY

Try again.... Try again.

MURF

Hamid... Hamid...Are you OK mate? Are you OK?...Are The other boats OK? ...Over.

They watch the radio in the hope something will make it respond but there is only static.

ROY

Do we go and look for Hamid or keep on...

MURF

Bloody storms....We wouldn't know where t' start lookin'. Besides, Hung's got Sally so we don't have an option....

DAVID

Let's hope she's still alive.

MURF

Well, according to the fishermen he's in this next bay so we'll find out soon enough if they're right and if Sally's still alive or not... We just need t' catch the bastard by surprise.

DAVID

And if we don't... He might just slit Sally's throat for revenge.... Can we still nail 'im without Hamid's men?

MURF

We might have to. We do have Big Bertha t' lend us a hand remember.

ROY

What if Hung has a Big Bertha of his own?

MURF

You know me. I'm tryin' not t' think of it. In fact there's lots o' things I'm tryin' not t'think of at the moment.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - ALMOST DARK

Hung puts a set of binoculars to his eyes and begins intently watching the Garuda Laut, disguised as a fishing boat, round the headland a few hundred meters away.

He lowers the glasses a little and turns slightly to look at his crew. There is a hint of concern written on his face. Several of the crew pick up on the Bugis boat also. Hung raises the glasses to his eyes again and mumbles quietly to himself in Thai. Then loud enough for the others to hear.

HUNG

(In Thai)

I think they're fishermen, but we should be ready to move out quickly. We don't want to get trapped in this shallow water if we have to fight.

His men put down food bowls and their tension is obvious. They are ready to move if they have to. Hung can see men silhouetted as they work on the Garuda Laut deck but the boat's name is obscured by fishing nets.

Shark fins drying in the rigging, in the usual style of shark boats, make it appear to be just like any other fishing boat.

EXT. DECK OF THE GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Four of the Bugis crew casually chat as they mend nets on the deck of the Garuda Laut. There seems nothing unusual. The rest of the crew, all heavily armed, crouch behind the gunwales, hidden from Hung's view. They are ready for action.

Murf, using a bundled fishing net as cover, strains through binoculars to make sense of his target, the Thai boats. The waiting is too much for Roy.

ROY

Wadda they doing?

MURF

Watching us. Wadda ya think?

David, dressed in diving gear and hidden behind the wheelhouse, checks his face mask and regulator. He indicates to Murf that he is ready. Murf gives him the thumbs up signal and Budi helps David slip over the side.

Sampara hands him a plastic bag containing six grenades and he disappears beneath the water.

Murf pans across to Hung to check if David has been noticed.

MURF (CONT'D)

Great! They haven't seen him. We'll drift on a bit to keep their attention on us.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Hung and his men watch the Garuda Laut drift by.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

David swims along in the gloom. He stops for a second and checks his wrist compass then continues on.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Murf scans across the bay to the water beyond the opposite headland.

MURF

No sign of our other boats yet?

Roy picks up the hand radio and switches it on.

ROY

I'll try an' call 'em.

Roy looks across the bow and into the gloom for the boats he calls up on the radio.

ROY (CONT'D)

(In Buginese)

Hamid. Hamid Are you there?  
What's your position. What's your  
position Hamid.....(static noise)  
Shit.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Sally, visible at the small window, tries to see what has obviously got the Thai crew's attention but cannot see what they are watching. She sees Hung pan his binoculars across the bay to the opposite headland but there is no reaction.

EXT. STERN OF A THAI BOAT - CONTINUOUS

David slowly surfaces against the boat's stern. He carefully takes two grenades out of their plastic waterproof bag and removes the pins then silently places them onto the deck and quickly submerges.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Two loud explosions on a Thai boat just meters away causes Hung and his men to dive for cover. Confusion takes over as they try and ascertain what caused the explosions.

Sally strains to see whatever she can from her restricted position in the cabin.

HUNG  
(In Thai.)  
What caused that?

He scans the Garuda laut boat for any sign of involvement but the deck crew all seem surprised by the explosions too.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Safely out of Hung's view, Murf and the crew all smile and cheer quietly.

MURF  
(To Roy.)  
That boy's gunna be a real asset to  
the family.

ROY  
Let's hope there will be a family.

Just then two more explosions occur on another Thai boat and Murf is even more pleased.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

HUNG  
(In Thai.)  
It's a trap. It's a trap...  
Move out, move out.

EXT DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Murf peers through his binoculars at Hung.

MURF

He's on to us. Christ..I wish Hamid was here.

Roy's radio crackles with the static filled voice of Hamid.

ROY

(In Buginese)

Hamid.. Is that you? Where are you now? Over

HAMID (V.O.)

Very close. Over

MURF

Great!! I was almost gettin' worried there f'r a while.

Roy jumps to his feet and yells at the top of his voice into the radio.

ROY

(In Indonesian)

Attack! Attack! Attack!

The man at the wheel spins it to direct the Garuda Laut straight at Hung's boat and pushes the engine throttle wide open.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Thai seamen scurry around trying to get the boats free from one another and moving.

HUNG (OS)

(In panic stricken Thai.)

Cut the anchor ropes. Quickly, quickly. We'll be trapped. Move out.

INT. SALLY'S PRISON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally, desperate to escape from her prison room, kicks at the door to no avail.

SALLY

(Yells.)

Hung. Let me out you slimy jerk. Let me out!

She looks around her tiny room for anything she can use to smash the door but there is nothing.

EXT. DECK OF THE GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

The crew excitedly check guns and let out bloodthirsty yelps in anticipation.

MURF

Hung can kiss his arse goodbye. He's gunna wish t' Christ he stuck with hijacking oil tankers.

(He gestures to a canvas covered object on the deck.)

Give us a hand. We better kick Big Bertha in the guts and see if we can't slow 'em down a bit.

Hamid and the other Bugis boat turn to cut off the Thai escape as several boats begin to move toward the deeper water.

Roy loads the ammunition belt into Big Bertha as Murf aims at a Thai boat trying to escape. He squeezes the trigger and tracers scream across at the helpless boat.

EXT. DECK OF THAI BOAT UNDER FIRE - CONTINUOUS

The large shells rip holes in the timber hull and superstructure. One man has his arm blown off by a shell and is thrown into the water screaming. Another man is hit in the head by a lump of broken deck timber.

The rest of the crewmen begin to jump overboard but two men return fire at the Garuda Laut with a large machine gun.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

ZING, ZING, ZING. Bullets whistle by and all the men near Big Bertha hit the deck in an instant. Murf springs back to Big Bertha and lets a few more rounds off at the Thai boat.

EXT. DECK OF THAT BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Big Bertha's shells slam into the men at the machine gun and they are thrown overboard. Another man hit falls backwards through the wheelhouse doorway.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Murf stops firing to check the damage.

MURF  
(Shouts.)  
Suck on that.

Roy rests his M16 onto the gunwale and sprays bullets in the direction of the Thai boat and screams with glee as he scores a hit. The Thai seaman staggers with his injuries and falls into the sea as Big Bertha is hit by a Thai bullet and jams a shell in the breech.

MURF (CONT'D)  
What the..?

EXT. SINKING THAI BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Men leap into the water as another Thai boat comes in to help. Injured men stagger about the doomed boat riddled with large bullet holes.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Murf holds a torch with one hand and fumbles to find his glasses with the other as Roy struggles to clear the breech of Big Bertha with the tip of his dagger,

MURF  
Be bloody careful. These bastards've  
been known to explode in your face.

Zing. Zing. Bullets go by. Everyone ducks. Roy gets the attention of another seaman near the wheelhouse.

ROY  
(Shouts in Indonesian.)  
Bring a screwdriver mate. Screwdriver.

The seaman dives into the wheelhouse and produces a screwdriver. He throws it. Roy catches it and frantically tries to pry out the metal which is jamming the shell in the breech. Murf gets his glasses on, crouches down low and offers to help.

MURF

Don't blow yourself up mate. Let me do it.

ROY

YOU want to blow me up?

MURF

What? No, no. I'd never get that twenty bucks ya still owe me. I mean, let me give you a hand. Ya dopey bastard.

ZING. ZING More Thai bullets take chunks out of the timber railing. Everyone ducks lower.

ROY

(Shouts.)

Keep down. Keep down.

He frees the jammed shell, reloads the ammo belt and slams down the breech cover plate.

ROY (CONT'D)

(Shouts.)

Ready.

Murf leaps up and begins firing at another Thai boat. He aims for the waterline and chunks of timber fly off as the shells strike home. Men jump overboard in the confusion and others return fire with their rifles. A loud clunk as Big Bertha fails again.

MURF

(Yells at gun.)

Shit! Don't fail me now ya bastard.

He throws open the cover plate to check the damage only to discover the eject mechanism is broken and the gun is dead.

MURF (CONT'D)

She's stuffed. Totally, this time.

Murf holds up the small but significant piece of broken metal.

ROY

Can we fix it?

MURF

Not a chance mate.

ROY  
I'm gunna kill Shah, if I ever see him  
again.

MURF  
Oh, I just love it when everything  
goes t' plan. Don't you?

SAMPARA  
(Shouts.)  
I can see David over there.

He points out into the darkened water where David is making his way back to the boat. The guy at the wheel turns to David and backs off the throttle. In seconds they reach him and Budi jumps in to help but he cannot swim and goes down. David grabs him and several hands stretch out to drag them both back on board.

MURF  
Good work mate.

SAMPARA  
Budi can't swim.

DAVID  
I wish somebody'd told HIM that!!

EXT. DECK OF THAI BOAT UNDER ATTACK - NIGHT

The Naga Laut pulls alongside and angry Bugis bent on revenge storm over the gunwales. The Thais, not expecting an attack at such close quarters nor the Bugis disregard for personal safety, are overwhelmed by blades and bullets showered down on them in a fury unlike anything they have experienced before.

A Bugis seaman lobs a grenade into the engine room and there is a huge explosion and fire. Men jump overboard in panic.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - NIGHT

Amid the noise and flashes of light the Garuda Laut tries to ram Hung's boat broadside.

EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - NIGHT

Hung spins the wheel to avoid the bow of the Garuda Laut but the move brings his boat alongside allowing rampaging Bugis seamen to stream aboard slashing and shooting as they come.

The Thais fight hard but are not driven with the same bloodlust as the Bugis and all the men on deck quickly engage in a bloody skirmish.

David, still in wetsuit, ducks and weaves his way across the deck searching for Sally. Murf scrambles onto the deck to search also.

INT. SALLY'S PRISON ROOM - NIGHT

Sally, in fear of losing her life, slides in under the bunk bed to avoid stray bullets and holds her ears tightly to block out the terrifying noise.

David's head appears at her window but he sees no sign of her through the slat holes, assumes she is elsewhere and turns to Murf as he checks another room.

DAVID  
(Loudly to Murf.)  
Any sign of her?

MURF  
(Indicates negatively with  
his hands.)  
No. Nothing. I'm gonna go below and  
look there.

INT. WHEELHOUSE OF HUNG'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Roy bursts into the wheelhouse intent on killing Hung. A savage fight with machetes takes place as the two men swipe and thrust at one another in the confined space. They engage and roll about the floor. Roy tries to choke Hung but he is too strong.

There is a loud explosion outside somewhere. Smoke and flame begins to enter the wheelhouse but the two men are oblivious to the danger as they struggle to kill or be killed.

Finally, Hung manages to get the upper hand and nearly slashes Roy across the neck. Roy kicks himself free and lunges at Hung. Hung slips as he attempts to avoid Roy's blade and falls backwards onto the wheel. They engage again and fall out of the wheelhouse and land amidst the rubble and dead bodies on the water covered deck.

Another explosion and Sampara is felled by rubble and trapped by the arm. Half under water he struggles to get free. Roy sees it happen but cannot break away from Hung to help him. He knows Sampara will drown in seconds if he is not released. Hung and Roy slash and hack at one another with deadly urgency.

## INT. SALLY'S PRISON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally is now in a desperate state as the water rises in her room. She kicks and pushes the door but it won't budge.

## EXT. DECK OF HUNG'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Sampara manages to lift his head clear of the water long enough to grab a breath and screams in agony. Roy is desperate to finish off Hung and save Sampara but Hung is a tough foe and cannot be ignored for a split second.

Boco stumbles across the deck rubble to help. Another explosion and the boat suddenly lists badly and Hung slips. Boco falls into the sea. Roy takes advantage of the situation and slashes Hung across the throat. Hung clutches his neck and collapses, dead.

Roy leaps over to Sampara who is now completely under water with his free arm thrashing about violently. He sees Boco is in the sea and unable to assist but valuable seconds are ticking by and Sampara's arm is hopelessly pinned and mangled.

He lifts Sampara's head clear of the water to allow him to catch one last breath. He cuts a short length off a nearby rope and quickly ties it as a tourniquet around Sampara's upper arm under the water. Then, with both hands he raises the machete high above his head and pauses for a second.

ROY

(In Indonesian)

Oh God. Forgive me.

With one slash he slices off the damaged arm and Sampara's head appears from under the water. Roy helps him up to his feet and holds his head to his chest for a second.

ROY (CONT'D)

(In Indonesian)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry

David arrives and helps drag Boco out of the sea and sees Roy.

DAVID

Roy! What's happened?

Roy hesitates for a second, unsure and distressed, turns back to David and Boco.

ROY

Please help me with my son. He's badly injured.

Sampara collapses with the pain and almost slips into the water. Yusuf and another man jump from the Garuda Laut to help. Between them they manage to get Sampara over the dead Thais, through the smoke and flame and over the rubble to the side of the Garuda Laut.

DAVID

(Yells)

I'm sorry. I've gotta find Sally.

He stumbles over Hung's dead body and continues his search. Several men drag the unconscious Sampara over the gunwales and onto the deck. Zing, zing, several bullets go by. Two crew members return fire with their M16's and we see a Thai seaman duck for cover to avoid the hail of bullets.

Roy and the others climb back onto the Garuda Laut. Murf catches their attention from Hung's burning boat.

MURF

(Yells to Roy)

God allmighty! Don't pull away yet. We can't find Sally.

Roy nods but is silent, unable to speak.

Zing, zing, zing. A stream of bullets crash into the timber around them. Everyone slams onto the deck in a hurry. Several crewmen return fire.

INT. SALLY'S PRISON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With the water rising, Sally frantically hits and kicks the door with everything she has in her.

SALLY

(Screaming.)

Help! Get me out. Help.

David arrives at her room's door and begins slamming into it with his shoulder.

DAVID

(Yells.)

Stand back Sal.

Scarface appears and whacks David over the head with his rifle stock. David goes down.

Budi Leaps out of thin air and lands on Scarface's back just as he is about to put a bullet through David's brain. Scarface throws Budi off But Budi attacks again and sinks his teeth into Scarface's hand. Murf steps in from nowhere and shoots Scarface before he can harm Budi. Budi lifts David's head clear of the water and cuddles him. He whispers in David's ear.

BUDI  
David!! David!!

Sally then spots her Dad.

SALLY  
(Yells.)  
Dad! Dad!

Murf tries to force the door open. It doesn't budge. He slaps David across the face a couple of times and David revives.

MURF  
(Yells to David.)  
Help me break the door.

Together they ram the door and it gives way not a second too soon. Sally dives out and into David and Budi's arms.

DAVID  
Are you OK?

SALLY  
Don't worry! They'd never met an Irish  
Banshee before...

Scarface has just enough life in him to raise his gun and shoot Budi fatally.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(Screams.)  
NO!!!

Sally cradles Budi's head in her arms for a moment.

MURF  
Leave 'im. He's gone...An' we gotta  
get off this thing quick!

SALLY  
God! Why? Why? Why?..  
...The girls!

MURF  
Girls?

SALLY

We need to get the girls too!

She quickly splashes over to another room and begins pounding on the door.

SALLY (CONT'D)

They're in here! Quickly!

David and Murf smash in the door and the three young Asian girls (The ones who were being sold to Hung on the island earlier) emerge, wet, scared but safe.

MURF

C'mon! Let's go. This thing's goin' down fast.

They all wade through water and rubble towards the Garuda laut. As they push past Hung's body Murf lifts Hung's head by the hair and drags his face in close to his own.

MURF (CONT'D)

(Snarls at the dead Hung.)

I said we'd be back!

EXT. DECK OF ANOTHER THAI BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Bullets whistle around, hit masts, the wheelhouse and men. Two wounded Thais stumble over the decks and fall into the dark sea. The Naga Laut rams the boat causing it to list badly. Confusion breaks out as men scramble to avoid being thrown into the sea.

EXT. DECK OF NAGA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

As the bow of Naga Laut pushes up high on the Thai boat Hamid directs the Bugis crew to use the opportunity and swarm aboard to attack the Thais. There is much slashing of blades and screaming as the Thais are overwhelmed in a bloody nightmare.

Another Thai boat pulls alongside to assist their fellow seamen in the fight. One of Hamid's crew throws a couple of grenades at them. Two quick explosions blow Thai seamen into the air and the sea. He turns to smile with pride at Hamid.

EXT. DECK OF THAI RESCUE BOAT - CONTINUOUS

A Thai seaman with an automatic rifle appears from behind the wheelhouse of the damaged and burning boat and sprays bullets at the grenade thrower on the Narga Laut.

## EXT. DECK OF NAGA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

The man, halfway through his turn is hit by the bullets and collapses on the deck. Hamid ducks the bullets then checks his friend. It's obvious, his friend is very dead. Hamid screams out in anger while bullets slam into the timbers around him.

He ducks and grabs a rifle then pops up quickly and fires at the Thai boat. The bullets hit just as the Thai appears to fire again. He is cut to pieces.

## EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - CONTINUOUS

Murf, standing near the stern about to shoot at some target, is hit in the chest with a hail of Thai bullets. The impact knocks him backwards over the stern of the boat into the water.

Roy, Sally and David see it happen from the bow. Roy races to the wheel and spins it to turn the boat around. David and Sally, totally surprised are almost transfixed to their position.

DAVID

(To himself.)

Holy shit! That wasn't part of the plan.

Roy and Boco dive into the sea to search for Murf. Budi tries to jump in also but David stops him. Sally, in shock at what has happened, grabs David tightly.

## EXT. BATTLE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

A series of action shots on the different boats as the Thais and Bugis battle it out. Savage hand to hand fighting scenes - grenade explosions - smoke - flames and much use of automatic weapons.

## EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - NIGHT

The battle is over and Sally, Roy and David on the Garuda Laut are scanning the water with torches for survivors amidst the sharks, dead seamen and half sunken Thai boats being looted by the Bugis seamen.

## EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - DAY

The boat steams along with Roy and David leaning against the gunwale in silence as they survey the scene on deck.

Sally, in the shade of the sails, adjusts Sampara's bandaged stump. Other men groan in pain.

The Hiu Putih and Naga Laut, in full sail, follow along behind. Landfall is visible in the distance ahead.

EXT. MACASSAR WHARF - DAY

The phinisis, tied up at the wharf with a large crowd collected around them. Roy helps Sampara down the gangplank and onto the wharf. His tearful family surrounds him as he steps ashore.

The scene is repeated at the other boats. Injured men being taken off and into the hands of their family. David, Sally and Yusuf watch from the bow.

DAVID

I hope all this was worth it Yusuf.  
Seems like a lot of pain and suffering  
down there.

YUSUF

We can't let the Thais to challenge us  
without fighting back.

DAVID

Of course, But what about the  
families? What do they do without the  
men as breadwinners?

SALLY

Bugis are like one big family.  
Everyone helps everyone else. If a man  
fights for Bugis honour and gets hurt  
we treat him like a hero and look  
after his family.

DAVID

They just accept it in the name of  
defending Bugis honor.

YUSUF

(Nods slowly)  
Yes, because it's the will of Allah  
who dies and who gets injured.

DAVID

But what about the green stones?  
Aren't they were supposed to  
protect you guys against bullets.

YUSUF

Some people believe that, but, in the  
end, Allah decides.

EXT. MACASSAR CENTRAL MOSQUE - NIGHT

People arrive and others are already washing prior to the service to honor the dead. David, Roy, Boco and several of the crew move into the mosque with the crowd as Sally consoles Eti and the kids.

INT. MACASSAR CENTRAL MOSQUE - NIGHT

A large crowd settle down within the soft light of the mosque interior. Roy and David stand off to one side at the rear of the room while the Mullah talks to the assembled families and friends.

EXT. MACASSAR CENTRAL MOSQUE - NIGHT

The ceremony finished, people begin streaming out. Roy and David watch Sally coming over from Eti and the kids in the women's section. Mc Murray appears out of the crowd and approaches them at the same time.

MC MURRAY

Before you guys say anything I just  
want to say that...

(To Sally.)

...I'm sorry about your father young  
lady. Please accept my condolences. He  
was a tough motherf... Pardon the  
French.

SALLY

(Tearfully.)

Thank you.

MC MURRAY

The other thing I want to say is this.

(To David and Roy.)

I know you guys tried to deliver the  
guns to Mustafa as promised but I  
found out too late that MOSSAD had  
beaten you there. Like I said. They  
run their own show. Nonetheless, we  
won't hassle you guys about the past.  
As far as we're concerned, the slate  
is clean.

DAVID

Well, thanks for nothing, at least.

MC MURRAY

Just one other thing. When do I get my SPECIAL M16's back?

ROY

Murf made us drop 'em over the side. A hundred feet or more.

MC MURRAY

A hundred feet! What for?

ROY

So that your guys didn't bomb US by mistake.

MC MURRAY

Jesus, they're not that stupid. God! No wonder there's been such a mess.

DAVID

How do you mean?

MC Murray mumbles incoherently for a few seconds as he scratches his head in frustration.

MC MURRAY

Anyway, keep your noses clean and you won't ever hear from the likes of me again.

DAVID

No problems. The old days are gone for good. We've decided to make a go of it in the tourist trade.

Mc Murray walks away mumbling to himself. As he gets out of hearing distance....

ROY

Thanks for the M16's, gobshite.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT AT MACASSAR WHARF - DAY

The deck has been modified slightly since we saw it last. It now has quite a bit of diving gear on board and other cargo covered with tarps. It looks more like a tourist boat as the crew scamper about the deck in preparation for departure.

Roy and David give orders and generally direct the crew as to where to place things and what to cover with tarps and so on. Nadine and Ari wander along the wharf as if they are harmless tourists out for a walk. They stop near the boat and watch the activity.

David and Roy recognise Nadine but do not acknowledge her. Sally exits from the wheelhouse and brings coffee to David and Roy.

SALLY

Our very first passengers should be arriving soon...I hope everything's OK.

DAVID

Don't worry Sal. So far, so good.

SALLY

I'm getting all excited.

DAVID

And so you should. Our first trip and all that.

ROY

Looks like they're arriving now.

A taxi pulls up nearby and a wealthy looking Arabic family, all dressed in long white robes get out. The man, looking every bit the Arabic Sheikh, pays the driver with a big tip then escorts his wife and kids onto the boat.

Roy directs some of the crew to carry down their luggage. Another taxi arrives. It also has cases and luggage. More crew go to assist with the job of carrying luggage.

SALLY

God, anyone would think they're moving house.

DAVID

Yeah, looks like it.

The Arab nods to Nadine in a friendly gesture and then ushers his wife and family into the wheelhouse and out of sight. Nadine and Ari wander off along the wharf. The crew throw ropes off and the boat begins to move out. Several crewmembers on other boats wave the boat off.

EXT. DECK OF GARUDA LAUT - DAY

As the boat sails clear of the port everyone is on the deck, including the Arabic family. Sally walks over to the Arab Sheikh and places her hands on her hips in a very confronting and demanding manner but with just the hint of a smile on her lips.

SALLY

Look here mister, I want to know just who you think you are.

The Arab bursts out laughing, removes his headgear, false nose and then his beard.

MURF

Don't you know? I'm the Pirate's Ghost.

ROY

Hey, don't make jokes about ghosts. Remember what happened last time.

SALLY

(As she hugs her Dad.)  
Oh? What happened last time?

ROY

He got blown up. That's what happened.

MURF

Shut ya gob Roy!!

SALLY

Dad!! My God! You didn't tell me you got blown up.

MURF

It was nothing...I lost a few tail feathers that's all.

SALLY

How did it happen?

MURF

He's like the bloody BBC world news.

ROY

It was because he was making jokes about the spirits.

MURF

It wasn't the bloody ghosts. Next thing he'll be blaming the bloody IRA again.

SALLY

The IRA?

MURF

He blames them for everything. He's demented!

ROY

It wasn't the bloody IRA. It was the spirits.

MURF

Ghosts.

SALLY

(To Murf.)

I'll give you ghosts. I thought you were one for a while there.

MURF

Yeah, and I hope a lot of other people still think that. Don't you just love it when everything goes to plan.

ROY

Plan? What plan? You weren't supposed to get shot.

MURF

That's why I stole the flak jacket from that cheating bastard Shah The Magnificent wanker you dummy.

ROY

I never saw you steal it.

DAVID

Neither did I.

MURF

(To Roy)

Pirates are SUPPOSED to be good thieves aren't they?

SALLY

Oh!! Don't stand in the breeze please.

ROY

Well, you weren't supposed to fall overboard. Where was that in your bloody plan?

MURF

It was an accident. I tripped for God sake.

ROY

Tripped! Do you know how difficult it was to get you back out of the water without being seen. Why don't you wear your glasses like you're supposed to then you wouldn't trip.

MURF

There's nothing wrong with my eyes. You just worry about your own eyes and I'll worry about mine. OK? What's more, ya twisted me gammy knee when ya dragged me on board.

ROY

Gammy knee.. ..Did you get a new pair of glasses yet?

MURF

Of course I did.

ROY

When?

MURF

Don't worry about when.

ROY

When?

MURF

Jesus Mary and Josef!! Soon, OK. Soon.!!

ROY

Soon! Ha. You'll never be able to build a shack on that island without any glasses you idiot. Even if you do, you won't be able to find the front door.

MURF

It's not gunna have any bloody doors.

SALLY

No bloody doors!! My God Dad! What sort of shack is it going to be?

MURF

A tent. That's why I'm dressed like an Arab.

ROY

A tent? The first bit of wind will flatten it.

MURF

Well if you're so smart why don't you build it then?

ROY

I thought you'd never ask..

Roy pulls back the tarpaulin to reveal a stack of timber planks.

ROY (CONT'D)

..And by the way. Where's me stone?

Murf takes Roy's magical green stone out of his pocket and hands it over.

MURF

Where's me twenty bucks?

DAVID

Hang on!! I thought you weren't supposed to be superstitious.

MURF

No harm in a bit of health insurance is there?

DAVID

You'll need all the health insurance you can get if Al Qaeda..

MURF

Al Qaeda!! Those dopey bastards couldn't find their own arse with three sets of hands.

SALLY

Well, I hope so Dad, I sure hope so.

MURF

So do I. I'm looking forward to a bit  
of peace and quiet for a change. Once  
we find that Jap sub, eh David?..

FADE OUT.

THE END