

IT'S JUST NOT YOU BRO'

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INT. CAFE KITCHEN - NIGHT

ANDREW; Andy, fit, confident, his Chef's uniform has comical prison arrows printed on its jacket and a 6 digit number printed across the skull cap, hints at his past, looks at the clock, 11 pm.

ANDY
Team, we're done.

The staff take a quick glance at each other, no one too eager to celebrate, early.

LAURA; waitress, best described as rich steam pudding smothered in custard, on a cold winters night, enters the kitchen, approaches Andy, the staff collectively slump.

LAURA
Chef, one more?

Andy looks at the order.

ANDY
Mike.

Mike, tall, of Maori decent, scowls back with mischief in his eyes.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Kang kong Kutai?

MIKE
They better not want dessert.

Andy frowns.

LAURA
No dessert.

MIKE
(laughing)
Good. Or they'd have got it all on the same bloody plate.

Mike grabs a large bunch of watercress as a bowl of mussels ends up on his work station.

Laura follows Andy into the restaurant.

INT. CAFE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Patrons are thinning out; a couple wait to pay, others push their finished plates away. Andy surveys the diners; three young, attractive women, dressed for a night on the town avert their gaze as not to get caught staring.

Laura, gently touches Andy's scarred hand.

LAURA
I'll bring it out in a moment Chef.

Andy smiles and makes his way outside, Laura to the cash register.

EXT. CAFE STRIP - NIGHT

A summer shower ends and the city reduces itself, the steam rising off the blacktop distorts the reflection of the eclectic grouping of neon lights. The bass of the nearby Nightclubs signalling, "Time", restaurants to close their kitchens.

Andy walks to the kerb side breathing in the ambience, smiling.

The cafe door opens behind him.

LAURA
Chef.

Andy turns.

Laura smiling, placing a glass of red wine on the table.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(hinting)
Anything else?

Andy makes his way to the table, sits.

Andy, sits alone, outside, back against the window pane, his eyes closed. The only thing indicating he is awake, his heavily scarred hand twirling the stem of his wine glass.

The three young women, exit the restaurant and as they pass they jibe each other and giggle amongst themselves. They take another couple of steps before one gets the courage to turn and speak to Andy.

ABIGAIL; best described as croquembouche, crested with wisps of spun sugar.

ABIGAIL
Are you really an ex con, or is that just for fun?

The edge of Andy's mouth turns ever so slightly up, a smile or a sneer, not sure. Abigail and **EMILY**; clementine and ginger cheesecake, take a step back, into **NAOMI**, Orange Tian, with a strawberry marmalade mouth, in a summer lace, spaghetti strap dress, that hides, firm to the touch, breasts, holds her ground.

Andy opens one eye, through the blur and squints, he surveys the Women and nods.

Abigail and Emily quickly take seats, at Andy's table.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Well, which is it?

EMILY
Well.....

ANDY
Both.

Naomi now sits with the group, adjusts her dress, 'less she fall out.

Naomi scrunches up her nose as she leans slightly forward, sniffing the air, trying to make out the scent.

ABIGAIL
Why'd you go to Jail?

(Beat)

EMILY
Bet it was for.....

Naomi cuts her off.

NAOMI
Spousal abuse.

Abigail and Emily stare Naomi down.

Andy frowns and takes a mouthful of wine.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Just saying that's all.

Andy stands excusing himself, to refill his wine.

ABIGAIL
What about fighting?

Andy smiles, one hand on the door handle.

Emily quickly.

EMILY
Resisting arrest?

Laura notices Andy at the door, she exits the restaurant.

LAURA
Chef, I can get that for you.

Andy accepts the offer to refill his glass, then gestures for a round for the table.

LAURA (CONT'D)
No problem Chef.

It moves away from the crimson flowers, out of the protection of the Pohutukawa (Metrosideros) tree and across the beach front section, over the rusty Landcruiser, past the surfboards, leaning against the veranda railing, towards the, thrown, open french doors of the Bach (bachelor pad. Kiwi colloquial, pronounced, Batch).

The little bird takes a beating as it fights the sound waves. Finally battling his way across the porch, into the lounge; strewn with the remnants of last nights party, or the night before, or the night before that.

INT. SEASIDE HOLIDAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An array of pills, powder and weed is scattered over the table. Beer bottle casualties, fallen everywhere.

Taking a well earned break, the Fantail lands on a overturned lounge chair, its tail pulsating open with the beat.

Taking flight again, he heads through the kitchen, which is startlingly immaculate in comparison to the adjacent battlefield, then down the hallway.

The little bird passes the first bedroom, the door's open, it's empty. The next has a couple in it, **GEORGINA**, Georgi, mixed race, brown skin, naked, stirs. She starts to kiss her bed pals chest, teasing his, **PAUL's**, nipple with her tongue. Onwards and upwards, she nibbles at her lovers neck. His chest expands, as he inhales deeply, through his nose. He rolls his head, to accommodate her advances, wisp of her hair around her face moves as Paul exhales, morning breath. She's off! Barging past our little guide, naked, down the hall to the toilet, to throw up.

The Fantail flits to the next room, where Andrew lays on a mattress on the floor.

In the bottom bunk another couple lay, spooning, the bass still loud enough to wake the dead, but the living sleep on.

Andrew is enjoying the view of the girls exposed breast.

The Fantail tweets.

LISA, stirs to the little bird, seeing Eddie staring.

LISA

Eddie!

She elbows, **NICK**.

NICK

Fuck that hurt!

LISA

Tell your mate to stop perving.

Andrew sits, back against the wall, he has comic book hero boxers on and is a little soft around the gut.

Nick smiling behind Lisa.

NICK
Com'on Mate, look the other way.

Andrew bundles up his clothes.

ANDREW
You weren't that worried last night, 'till you hit your head and launched me off the top bunk. Aah! Aah! Aah! Owh!

Lisa, fuming, elbows Nick again. Nick winches, loses the grin but does nothing.

Lisa gets out of bed, stands, naked, palms out, questioning Andrew. Well? Andrew, stared down, looks away.

Grabbing her sarong she strides out of the room, slamming the door.

The Fantail barely escapes with his fantail intact

Nick smiles, raises his eyebrows at Andrew, Andrew looks down.

The Fantail exits the house.

EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Away from the beach, over the countryside, heading into town, the fantail flies.

The town sits at the junction of two highways, a rural service town. In its heyday, a vibrant, bustling hub, for the outlying communities, now a shadow of its former self..

The Fantail continues to pilot us on.

EXT. OLD COLONIAL VILLA - CONTINUOUS

The large 1930s wooden Villa sits amongst an overrun garden of roses and other thorny plants.

A large sash window creaks open and a naked **TOM**, falls into the rambling roses and last nights vomit. Scrambling just clear of the roses, he's too hung over to notice the vomit.

The Fantail lands on a nearby branch.

At the window **CHRISTINA** launches Tom's clothes out.

Tom smiles up at her, focusing on the breast, peering out from under the ill fitting camisole.

Christina notices where his attention is focused.

CHRISTINA

You wish!

She holds up her pinky, erect, then lets it deflate, along with Tom's ego.

TOM

Oh Com'on Trish.

Christina reacts.

CHRISTINA

It's Chris! Chris, Chrissy,
Christina.

She nods at the vomit and pretends to dry retch, sending Tom rushing to the bushes, clothes under his arm, naked arse scratched and bleeding.

He's not pretending, he feels the pain of dry retching, tears streaming down his face.

The fantail takes off, darting to and fro.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LATER

Tom, now dressed is eating fast food to quell his upset stomach. He shortcuts through the local junior school. He pauses, to sit under the shade of a large tree,

On the other side of the tree two young boys; **JASON** and **KYLE** are discussing, arguing, over who gets to play what in their game of Cops and Robbers.

Tom leans back against the tree.

JASON

I'm always the Cop. Why can't I be from the Hood.

KYLE

Because.

JASON

'Cause why?

KYLE

'Cause I know the plan and you don't.

Jason caves at the argument and along with Tom he listens to "The Plan".

The fantail has caught up to Tom, landing on a branch.

Kyle doesn't react to Jason getting into character, that of his Uncle.

JASON
Right! Thursday's Dole day
when those; useless, lazy,
fucken mongrels get paid. So
we hit the armoured car
Wednesday when it's trucking
through the gorge.

BILL (V.O.)
(Building)
Right! Thursday's Dole day
when those; useless, lazy,
fucken mongrels get paid. So
we hit the armoured car
Wednesday when it's trucking
through the gorge.

KYLE
Cool.

JASON
The van 'ill slow as it climbs over
Morgans Point Bluff and.....

Tom's heard all he needs to, he's off.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE JASON'S FAMILY HOME - EVENING

Inside a rough lounge, with well worn furniture, that's seen better days, two men sit; **BILL**, Jason's uncle and his father, **TREVOR**, best described as useless, lazy, fucken mongrels and career criminals to boot.

JASON (O.S.)
(fading) When it comes down
the other side that's when it
looses mobile reception.
That's the Black Hole, that's
when we strike. Got it?

BILL
When it comes down the other
side that's when it looses
mobile reception. That's the
Black Hole, that's when we
strike. Got it?

Trevor, lost, is still back at the comment "Thursday's Dole day, when those; useless, lazy, fucken mongrels, get paid.

TREVOR
We're on the Dole.

BILL
Eh? Are you even fucken listening?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

KYLE (O.S.)
Got it.

JASON (O.S.)

Good

KYLE (O.S.)

When do I become the five O?

Jason out of character now, he's himself.

JASON (O.S.)

After we rob the van.

The fantail takes flight, chasing after Tom.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDOCK BEHIND SEASIDE HOUSE - LATER

Andrew is knee deep in a open farm drain, picking watercress, he can see Tom walking down the dusty road.

Andrew collects his harvest and heads to the bach.

INT. SEASIDE HOLIDAY HOUSE - LATER

Andrew is at the kitchen bench attempting to make a meal out of nothing.

Tom staggers through the door exhausted.

ANDREW

Did you walk all the way?

Tom collapsing onto the couch.

The fantail flits in.

TOM

Nah, gotta a ride for the last five
Ks'.

ANDREW

Did you remember the bait?

Tom, tired, gets frustrated with Andrew's comment. He throws an arm and points to the ocean.

TOM

What, am I your Bitch? There's your
fucken Bait shop.

Andrew shrinks a little at his oversight, as he surveys the seaside vista.

Upset he marches outside and grabs a makeshift fishing reel; a Cola can with line wrapped around it.

He storms off to the beach.

Lisa enters from the hallway, now in a bikini and sarong.

LISA
Fuck you can be an Arsehole!

Tom rolls over on the couch to see who it is.

TOM
You still here?

The little bird starts to chirp away.

LISA
Fuck you! Why do you treat him like
shit.

TOM
There's the original seafood
basket.

Tom points at the Ocean.

TOM (CONT'D)
He can cook the meanest platter,
all he has to do is fucking catch
it.

Lisa turns to the hallway.

LISA
Dickhead. Georgi you coming?

Georgina enters, also in a bikini and sarong.

LISA (CONT'D)
Fancy a swim?

GEORGINA
Yeah, OK.

TOM
Can you shut that fucking bird up.

GEORGINA
A fantail inside, someone's going
to die.

TOM
That fucken bird if doesn't shut
up.

The girls exit, grabbing face masks and snorkels as they head to the beach.

Lisa and Georgina meet Nick and Paul; carrying their surfboards back.

LISA
You seen Andrew?

Both boys shrug and look down the beach, a lone figure can be seen sitting on rocks, at the point.

LISA (CONT'D)
Nevermind.

The girls head towards Andrew, the boys continue up to the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HEADLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Georgina clambers, awkwardly over the rocks, very unlady like, Andrew adverts his gaze.

LISA
Hey Andrew.

Andrew smiles.

GEORGINA
You OK?

Shrugs.

ANDREW
Yeah.

Georgina continues past, to the waters edge. Lisa stops, kicks the freshly crushed sea snail shells out the way and sits beside Andrew.

Awkward silence.

Lisa notices Andrew's holding the Coke can in one hand and the other has the fishing line wrapped, several times, around his hand.

LISA
You know if you get a decent size fish on, that's going to hurt.

Andrew flushes a little and unwraps the line.

ANDREW
Thanks.

GEORGINA
I'm getting in.

Georgina unwraps her sarong, dives in.

Treading water, she puts her face mask and snorkel on.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)
 Anything in particular you want for
 dinner?

LISA
 Crayfish(Lobster) would be nice.

ANDREW
 What ever you can find, mussels,
 kina (sea urchin).

Georgina takes a couple of breaths pikes and kicks her way
 under. The hang time on her exposed, athletic bottom seems
 extremely long and Andrew is caught ogling.

Lisa slaps Andrew's back, red welts of the hand print rise.
 Andrew yelps.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 What the fucks that for?

Lisa nods towards where Georgina just was.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 I'm a male, I was just admiring
 her, form.

LISA
 Yeah, stop trying to be an
 Arsehole.

ANDREW
 Eh?

LISA
 It's just not in you.

CUT TO:

INT. SEASIDE HOLIDAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom is holding court, Nick and Paul are listening intently.

NICK
 How much do you reckon they're
 carrying?

Tom pauses.

TOM
 Couple of hundred k'.

NICK
 Whew.
 (Beat)

PAUL
 Whew.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You sure?

TOM

Think about! The amount of people on the dole in this shithole, us included, there'll be at least that.

Everybody nods.

Through the french doors the three girlfriends, sorry, friends laugh and chat their way across the lawn, carrying their bounty.

NICK

What about?

Nick indicates to approaching Andrew

TOM

What about him? Look he's just about Gay.

NICK

What's up with you and him?

TOM

He's a try hard.

PAUL

Com'on he's not that bad.

TOM

Alright. But if he fucks up, I'm not wiping his arse.

The foraging party returns.

Andrew places the catch, assortment of shellfish, on the kitchen bench, the girls continue on.

ANDREW

What you talking about?

The girls pause at the awkward silence, shrug and exit, to the bedrooms.

Tom scowls at both Nick and Paul.

Nick quickly, silently sssh's Andrew.

The shower can be heard running.

NICK

Come here.

Andrew comes over to the couch and stands next to Nick, on the furthest side away from Tom.

NICK (CONT'D)
You can't say anything, right!

Andrew looks anxiously around the group, lingering on Tom.

Andrew nods, smiles.

TOM
Right!

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB CARPARK - NIGHT

A lone car, a pile of junk, sits lit by the streetlight.

All four characters are wearing balaclava's rolled up, resembling beanies.

TOM
Wait here.

Andrew looks to Nick.

NICK
You're on lookout.

Andrew smiles. The rest move off.

Now at the car.

TOM
This is a shit heap.

NICK
It's all there is.

PAUL
Should be easy.

Tom tries the doors, locked!

Paul grabs a rock from the nearby garden. Questions the group, with a look.

Nick looks up and down the road.

Andrew can be barely made out, in the shadows, by the street lamp.

Tom nods.

Paul launches the rock at the window. The car launches a counter offensive, repelling the rock into Paul's face.

The Car Alarm is triggered! Resounding through the night, like the haunting call of a Peacock.

The three stand in astonishment, looking at each other. Paul holding his hand over his eye, blood running down his cheek.

Andrew; balaclava rolled down, is out of the shadows, under the street light, frozen like a rabbit in headlights.

At the Car.

NICK
Do it again.

PAUL
You fucking do it.

Tom's walked to the boot/trunk of the car.

Nick launches the rock again, but on a angle this time.

Paul's in the line of the potential ricochets trajectory.

The car again attempts a counter offensive, barely missing Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Fucken hell!

TOM
Oi you two!

Tom's at the open boot and is holding up a wheel brace.

He throws it two Nick, who catching it, without stopping smashes the window.

Meantime under the street light, Andrew's stress levels now have him bouncing off his light prison, like a mime in a box.

Nick is under the dash, finally silencing the alarm.

Andrew stands in the centre of his spotlight, listening to the sound of silence.
(2 X Beats)

A distant engine can be heard.

Andrew again gets agitated.

At the car all the doors are open and Nick and Tom are on both sides of the Car, kneeling, peering in, trying to hotwire it.

Paul stands as a big V8 cruises by, he makes eye contact with the occupants.

INT. V8 CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trevor driving, Bill holding a shotgun, stare at the sight of the car attempting to be stolen.

BILL
Told you! Useless, lazy, fucken
Mongrels.

Trevor takes a second look, then back to his brother.

The V8 continues into the night.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car finally fires into life.

NICK
Get in, get in!

Tom and Paul jump in and slam the doors. Nick gases the engine and tries to peel out, but the car won't break traction, major fail.

At the intersection Andrew, is bouncing, just about running on the spot in anticipation of the cars arrival.

Finally he's in and the group head out of town, the same direction as the V8.

Tom turns in his seat.

TOM
Take that fucking thing off. You
look stupid.

Andrew, exhausted, drags the balaclava from his head and re-rolls it before, sullenly, putting it back on.

INT. STOLEN CAR - LATER

Now forty kilometers from town, with dawn fast approaching, they come alongside the river, the scenery is spectacular; farmland seemingly claimed back by the lush forest and the river flows white and blue as it carves it's way through the earth.

The car starts to climb the steep ravine, away from the river, with in moments it disappears around the first sharp bend.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER GORGE - MOMENTS LATER

The stolen car crests a hill and follows another sharp turn, then descends.

At the bottom the local swimming hole is only metres from the road, the V8 and occupants wait.

INT. V8 CAR - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR

'Notha hour or so and we could have a swim.

Bill stares at his brother, incredulously.

BILL

Are you fucking stupid, or what!

Trevor is saved by the sound of an approaching car.

The stolen car comes around the corner and into view and just as quickly disappears 'round the next corner.

BILL (CONT'D)

Those fuckheads better keep on trucking, 'cause if they get in the way, there'll be hell to pay.

INT. STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

NICK

That's a weird place to park up.

PAUL

Maybe they're waiting for the Security Van, as well.

Tom's quiet and shrinks a little in his seat.

Andrew turns and looks back, holding the gaze.

The car continues up over the next hill, past Morgan's Point Bluff.

TOM

There's a turn around at the bottom.

The car continues.

At the bottom of the hill Nick does a U-turn and drives back the way they came. Half way up the hill he stops, Andrew ready to get out.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here....

Tom hands Andrew a board with nails driven through and a length of rope attached.

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't fuck it up!

NICK

You'll be right. We're counting on you Mate.

Andrew takes the rope and exits the car.

EXT. RIVER GORGE, ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Out of the open window.

NICK

Stay here and we'll pick you up.

The car drives off.

Andrew stands momentarily in the middle of the road, before heading into the Bush.

INT. STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

NICK

Fuck your a hard man.

TOM

Well. Not my fault he's a soft cock, n' somebody's gotta call it as it is.

PAUL

We should have left him out of it then.

Tom spins in his seat.

TOM

Fucken serious, are you fucking serious? It was you two that wanted to bring him.

The car pulls into the tarsealed parking lot, of Morgans Point lookout.

NICK

Too late now, he'll be alright.

TOM

We'll see.

EXT. RIVER GORGE, ROADSIDE - LATER

Andrew settled in amongst the thick, jungle vegetation, bored and anxious.

The Fantail, announces his arrival by chirping, startling Andrew.

The sound of a heavy diesel engine approaching can be heard and the Fantail alights and heads up the hill.

Andrew anxiously ready's the makeshift Tyre puncture device, taking several wraps of rope around his hand.

The sound is getting louder, much too loud.

Andrew tries to see what's coming up the hill, but can't without exposing himself.

Louder and Louder the engine builds.

Around the bend the grill of a bonneted truck appears.

The engine quiets, then a second later comes back strong, as the driver drops a gear.

The rumbling is now deafening, this ain't no Security Van.

Andrew sneaks a peak through the bushes. Huge wheels rush past his face.

The engine quietens, the driver drops another gear, needed to climb the steep hill.

His head clears the greenery and just as he realises it's a Cattle Truck, part of the payload releases it's payload and Andrew is covered in cow shit.

Coughing and spitting, so as not to swallow the effluent, Andrew barely manages to wipe his eyes as the security van approaches, tailgating the cattle truck.

His hand still wrapped in rope, he throws the makeshift device under the rear wheels.

INT. SECURITY VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bump!

The **DRIVER**, Caucasian, mid thirties, serious and **GUARD**, Polynesian, fills his seat and more, much more, jovial, look at each other, then try to peer in the mirrors to see what they have run over.

The Van slows a little.

Success! The nails penetrate the tyre.

EXT. MORGANS POINT LOOKOUT - CONTINUOUS

The Fantail darts around chirping.

TOM
Fuck. They're slowing!

NICK
Can you see Andrew?

TOM
You better fucken not be able to
see him.

The Cattle truck passes by.

EXT. RIVER GORGE, ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Failure! The tyre fails to release the nail board and the rope is stripped from Andrews hand, peeling back layers of skin as it pays out.

Finally the tyre releases it's hold on the board and the tyre deflate.

Andrew is rolling in the dirt holding his hand at the wrist, writhing in quiet agony.

EXT. MORGANS POINT LOOKOUT - MOMENTS LATER

The Security Van has pulled in with it's flat tyre, both guard and driver; white driver, is thin athletic, carries him self with an air of authority, ex armed forces, the guard, Polynesian, a mountain of a man, not an inch of muscle anywhere, get out, the driver phones in.

The trio unroll their balaclava.

Paul and Nick, look at each other, Nick nods for Paul to go first.

Paul swallows.

Rushes the guard, who's surprisingly agile; sidesteps, filling his huge hand with Paul's head, backhanding him into the reinforced wall of the armored car, at speed.

Paul unconscious, hits the ground like a dead weight.

Nick, wide eyed gulps at the site.

The guard questions Nick, your turn?

CUT TO:

EXT. V8 CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill looks at his watch.

BILL
They're late!

Trevor looks to see if they're coming. Corner to corner is less than 100 metres.

Bill's shaking his head, in frustration.

TREVOR
Maybe they gotta flat!

Bills anger builds.

BILL
Start the fucking car.

The noise of the approaching Cattle truck can be heard.

BILL (CONT'D)
Quickly.

Trevor fumbles with the ignition.

Leaning across, Bill strong arms Trevor back into the seat.

BILL (CONT'D)
For fucks sake.

Bill starts the car.

BILL (CONT'D)
Drive!

Just as The V8 pulls right up to the edge of the road the Cattle truck appears and just about takes the front of the car out.

Trevor throws it into reverse, in the nick of time.

TREVOR
Fuck that was close.

Bill calmly.

BILL
Head up the hill, something's not right here!

Trevor steers the V8 up the hill towards Morgan's Point.

EXT. MORGANS POINT LOOKOUT - MOMENTS LATER

The V8 approaches.

The two security guards aren't faring as badly as the odds should suggest.

The fantail darts off to perch on a nearby tree.

Paul is unconscious on the ground.

Nick is ducking and weaving, attempting to keep out of the big Polynesian's grasp, diving in with a futile jab.

Tom is pinned against the van, the guards arm across his throat, pepper spray in the other, aimed at Tom's face.

Everyone looks as the V8 pulls in.

Bill steps, stumbles, out of the still rolling car, shot gun in hand, giving Trevor a WTF look.

Recovering, he fires a shot into the air.

Andrew is making his way up the road, still holding his injured hand by the wrist, the gunshot stops him in his tracks. He thinks twice and cautiously continues on.

BILL

Alright, I'll take it from here.

The guard holding Tom, rolls Tom between himself and Bill's gun.

BILL (CONT'D)

Don't be a hero asshole.

Levelling the gun at them both.

The guard relinquishes, shoving Tom forward.

BILL (CONT'D)

Everybody sit down, back against the van. You two drop your belts.

The guards unbuckle their utility belts, letting them fall to the ground.

Trevor now alongside Bill, gets handed the gun.

BILL (CONT'D)

Keep them covered.

Trevor levels the gun at the group.

Bill picks up the pepper spray.

BILL (CONT'D)

Who's the mastermind of this circus?

Tom looks down. Nick takes a, uncontrolled, glance at Tom.

Paul lays unconscious, away from the group, Bill's attention split.

Bill walks over to Paul, bends down and pinches Paul's earlobe.

Paul's unresponsive.

Another squeeze, Bills finger nail leaves a deep impression in the soft skin.

Paul stirs a little.

Bill's finger tips turn white with pressure.

Paul swats at Bills hand.

BILL (CONT'D)
Good morning beautiful.

Paul, startled, looks around.

BILL (CONT'D)
Move! Over there.

Paul, panics, crab crawls backwards to the van.

BILL (CONT'D)
Back to you.

Indicating to Tom.

BILL (CONT'D)
Come here.

Trevor steps in menacing Tom with the gun.

Bill grabs Tom by the collar and "Helps him to his feet".

BILL (CONT'D)
Now where did you come up with this idea.

Tom frightened.

TOM
Nowhere, it just came to me.

BILL
Like an apparition from God.

Tom's nodding furiously.

Bill cuffs him upside his ear.

BILL (CONT'D)
Fucken bullshit!

TOM

I swear.

Bill fumbles for the pepper spray in his pocket.

BILL

Open your pants.

Tom looks confused.

BILL (CONT'D)

Pull on the waistband.

Tom's reluctant.

BILL (CONT'D)

Do it!

Trevor lines the gun up on Tom.

Bill pulls a face, as he's also in the firing line.

Trevor redirects it.

Bill shifts his weight, forearm across Tom's chest, other hand holds open Tom's waist band.

BILL (CONT'D)

Here, hold it.

Tom obediently holds his waistband open. Bills sprays copious amounts of pepper spray on Tom's genitals.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're all ways thinking with your dick, this should get his attention. Go on wake him up.

Tom stalls.

Bill cuffs him again.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now!

Tom's hand disappears down the front of his trousers and he meekly massages his penis.

BILL (CONT'D)

Don't be shy, or I'll help out.

Tom massages a little more enthusiastically.

Bill shifts his weight, for the impending response.

Tom starts to move, a little at first, then more and more.

Trevor's grinning, so are the guards.

Paul and Nick aren't sure, funny or not.

BILL (CONT'D)
Now where'd you come up with the
idea to rob the security van, here!

Tom in some serious pain, his eyes watering.

TOM
The school, the school. A couple of
kids were playing, it was their
plan.

Bill looks to Trevor.

TREVOR
Fucken Jase, I'll kill'em.

Nick and Paul look at each other then stare at Tom.

Tom feels their stare, looks, then looks away, still in pain.

Andrew, at the entrance to the carpark, over hears Tom's
confession, shrinks in stature, turns and heads into town.

BILL
You rip off a seven year olds idea,
sold it to these clowns and fucked
up a perfectly good payday!

The fantail chirps and squeaks above Bill's head, causing him
to look up, relaxing his weight a little off Tom.

Tom pushes Bill away, making a break.

Bill manages to squirt pepper spray into, a fleeing, Tom's
face.

Tom runs, blindly, haphazardly into the bush. The fantail
follows.

Trevor confused, shoot, chase.

BILL (CONT'D)
(calmly)
He's not going anywhere.

Tom can be heard stumbling through the bush, breaking
branches.

Suddenly it's quiet, Tom's made the lookout, wrong side of
the safety rail.

Bill indicates for Trevor to give him the gun.

BILL (CONT'D)
Get inside and clean it out.

Trevor disappears into the van.

The faint sound of a siren can be heard.

BILL (CONT'D)
Fucken hurry up the cops are
coming.

Tom cannot resist rubbing his eyes, lets go of the barrier,
falls off the bluff, to his death.

Bill walks over to Paul and Nick and savagely kicks out at
both of them.

BILL (CONT'D)
That's why you do it at the
swimming hole, Fucken morons.

Andrew, still carrying his injured hand, rounds the swimming
hole bend, as the first police car comes the other way, both
Andrew and the Officers make eye contact, officers confused,
Andrew scared.

Trevor quickly finishes loading the V8, with the cash bags
and boxes.

TREVOR
Com'on Bro, the Five O.

Bill looks at Nick and Paul.

BILL
There'll be plenty of time for us
to chat, about this, over the
coming years.

One last kick for good measure, then Bill's in the car and
they're gone.

Bill and Trevor quickly meet the first police car, both
occupants make eye contact, Trevor anxiously, smiles and
waves.

The Police carry on.

The second police car meets the V8 at the swimming hole
carpark.

Andrew is making his way to the water's edge.

The two cars pass each other.

The Police brake hard, attempts a fast U-turn and spins out
on the gravel parking bay.

Andrew winches as the cold, running, water washes over his
injured hand, blood starts to colour the water.

Tom's body rides the rapids into the swimming hole, popping up nearby.

Andrew wades out and grabs Tom by the collar, the fantail flits about, then flies off.

The two officers confused over who to pursue.

Tom's body on the bank, Andrew sits back down.

The officers get out of their car and approach Tom.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CAFE STRIP - NIGHT

ABIGAIL
We're headed out, clubbing. You
want to join us?

Naomi looks at Andy, for an answer.

ANDREW
Nah, I'm shattered. And I've gotta
do it all again tomorrow.

ABIGAIL
Suit yourself.

ANDREW
Monday or Tuesday is always good
for me.

Abigail and Emily look curiously at Andy.

They stand to exit.

ABIGAIL
You coming Nai?

Naomi looks between Andy and her friends.

NAOMI
You go on, I'll catch up later.

EMILY
But you won't know where we are.

NAOMI
(sarcastically)
I'll call.

Waving her phone at Emily.

EMILY
Oh.

Andy smiles.

The two friends tranced by the pounding bass are drawn to the neon lights.

A few moments later.

Andy stands and assists Naomi out of her chair, she sniffs the air, tracking the scent.

NAOMI

What is it?

ANDREW

I've got a knock off cologne?

NAOMI

Nah, that's not it.

Naomi pushes into Andy and inhales the aroma.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

It's your Jacket.

ANDREW

You mean work?

NAOMI

Oh yes, you smell like, ah....

ANDREW

Nutmeg, Cinnamon?

NAOMI

Vanilla. No ah... cookie dough.

ANDREW

God I hope not. Something a little more exotic, please.

NAOMI

You smell like, (beat) yummy.

And with that Naomi propels Andy down a alleyway, pinning him to the wall.

She's in charge, make no bones about it.

She rubs herself all over him, to incorporate the flavours.

She kisses him roughly as though trying to devour him.

Continuing the rub, she descends, stopping at his navel, savoring the dish.

Andy caught a little off guard, catches up, removing her spaghetti straps as she comes back up.

Rolling her back to him, she grinds into him, before squatting again. Andy unzips the dress on her ascent.

Naomi, disrobed, pares Andy from his jacket and folds herself into it, drawing in the fragrance.

They continue.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAFE STRIP - LATER

Andrew now, only, in his chef pants and singlet; showing an athletic build, holds Naomi; cloaked in his jacket, around the shoulder, they continue down the strip, the cup of Naomi's, naked, buttock cheeks form as she walks.

NAOMI

Why the arrows, why advertise?

ANDY

To remind me of the cost, of not being me.

FADE TO BLACK.