

# THE DEVIL IN BLACK

by

Chanel Ashley

004-18101318  
WGA: 1683484

[nix.006@bigpond.com](mailto:nix.006@bigpond.com)

SUPER: "Based on true events"

SUPER: "FORTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO"

FADE IN:

EXT. ULURU - CENTRAL AUSTRALIA - DAY

Uluru, a Sacred Site, one of the largest monoliths on Earth, the sun is about to set, stunning array of gold and red rays of light.

Darkness ensues, a CLAN of Aboriginals, a large kangaroo on the fire, the sky a stunning mass of bright stars.

Three LIGHTS move slowly across the night sky, the Aboriginals notice, point, stare in wonder.

The three Lights appear to veer, in formation, towards the Clan, then disappear from view.

SUDDENLY, a bright light encompasses the camp, all the Aboriginals appear frozen, as if rabbits mesmerized by a bright light.

Three SHADOWS appear before them and stop, the Aboriginals still do not move, paralyzed by an extraordinary vision, as if in a trance.

ULURU

Meets the first rays of sunrise, which frame this famous rock.

The Clan are still in the same position when morning light encroaches on their camp, the kangaroo on the fire burnt to ash.

The trance slowly dissipates, life returns to normal, they look at each other.

The ELDER #1 issues instructions, they make preparations, a SENIOR Clan member goes into a cave and the others follow.

He commences to paint on the cave wall, when finished, he stands back, and with the Clan, torches in hand, they stare in wonder, but we do not see the images painted.

SUPER: "PRESENT DAY"

EXT. STREET - CITY - DAY

Busy street, IPSWICH, west on the periphery of Brisbane on the Bremer river, there are many words to describe this city, desirable isn't amongst them.

An unmarked police car prowls the vicinity.

Two men in suits, FRANK BUTLER(50), solid, clothes and appearance unimportant, old school.

The driver, GAVIN DELACROIX(30), handsome, tall, lean, extremely well groomed, new school.

Frank looks at his watch.

FRANK

That's the end of your first day. Time for refreshments.

GAVIN

Anywhere in particular?

FRANK

The Hangout. Good mix of solid citizen and criminal element.

GAVIN

Is that wise?

Cheeky grin.

FRANK

Of course, not, but it could be a lot of fun. Use the light, official police business.

EXT. CARPARK - CITY - DAY

The unmarked police car comes to a halt, Gavin retrieves the flashing light back into the vehicle.

INT. CAR - CARPARK - DAY

FRANK

You're part Abo', aren't you?

Gavin  
My great grandparents, father's  
side, were both Aboriginal.

EXT. CARPARK - DAY

They both get out of the car.

FRANK  
Did you take advantage of the  
perks?

GAVIN  
Define perks?

INT. THE HANGOUT - DAY

They walk through the front door.

FRANK  
Tokenism. Given every advantage  
and a free ride.

GAVIN  
I've worked since I was twelve,  
then qualified for a university  
scholarship.

FRANK  
Good grades or a sympathy vote?

GAVIN  
Distinctions.

MAIN BAR AREA

The Hangout, a seedy bar, more criminal element than solid  
citizen, the patrons avoid any eye contact.

Frank instinctively cases the room, aware of everyone and  
everything.

He suddenly notices a tall MAN IN BLACK, complete with a  
black hat, something is not right.

The stranger stares into the distance, oblivious to his  
surroundings, Frank walks towards him.

The stranger is now aware he is being observed, turns his gaze slowly towards, Frank, then removes his sunglasses to reveal large, but strange eyes, that are completely black.

Frank's left hand moves closer towards his gun, a glance to the left, a glance to the right, almost in slow motion, then back at his target, who has DISAPPEARED.

Frank looks over the entire room, he is no where in sight, Gavin catches up with him.

GAVIN

What's wrong? You look like you saw someone from your past.

FRANK

... The future, more likely.

GAVIN

I better buy the first round.

FRANK

You didn't see, him?

GAVIN

See, who?

FRANK

Tall man in black suit, black hat, strange eyes, dark glasses.

GAVIN

I see a good mix of solid citizen and criminal element.

Frank is slightly bewildered.

FRANK

Struth, maybe you're right, you better buy the first round.

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The door reads,

"SUPERINTENDENT: JACK MILLANE"

Frank faces the Superintendent, JACK MILLANE (55), across his desk, neither smiles or in good cheer.

FRANK

I don't want him, get rid of him.

JACK MILLANE

After one day?

FRANK

I don't care if he was top of the class, I don't want him.

JACK MILLANE

(beat)

He was.

FRANK

There was a Man In Black, he didn't even see, him, how can I trust him to cover my arse?

JACK MILLANE

No one else saw him?

FRANK

I saw him!

JACK MILLANE

He asked the barman while you were taking a piss. No one else saw, him.

FRANK

Jack...

JACK MILLANE

Frank, he stays. Give the bottle a rest.

FRANK

I haven't...

JACK MILLANE

Give the bottle a rest. Go catch a crim, beat up a crim, I don't give a fuck, don't rock the boat, he stays.

FRANK

'Cos he's an Abo?

JACK MILLANE  
'Cos he's smart.

INT. CAR - DAY

They're on the road, again, they don't speak, the body language not good.

The POLICE RADIO interrupts.

POLICE RADIO (O.S.)  
Frank, reported murder at twelve  
Henderson, provide back-up.

FRANK  
Next left, first right.

They are the first to arrive.

FRANK  
Where the fuck are they, we're  
never the first.

GAVIN  
Front door's, open.

FRANK  
(sarcastic)  
You saw that, did you?

Cold stare passes between, them, then both get out of the car and into the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A short man, an ordinary bloke, in a nice suit, tries to speak well, MICHAEL ROBINSON, also known as, JOCKEY (40), sits on the couch, motionless, a GLAZED look in his eyes.

An attractive, BLONDE (30), lies on the floor, breasts exposed, the lamp cord around her neck.

Frank immediately assumes control, COMPASSION in his voice, years of experience.

FRANK  
Struth, Mate, what happened?

He walks closer, but slowly, eyes fixed, the man remains motionless.

FRANK

Bad day at the office?

Closer, still.

FRANK

Look, Mate, no one in uniform has arrived, yet, tell me about, it?

Grabs a chair, sits in front of him.

FRANK

I want to help, you, there are degrees of murder, you seem a good bloke, did she try to roll you, the bitch.

Pause, then.

JOCKEY

I met her in a bar, not far from here.

(beat)

We became friendly, she flirted, a few drinks and we kissed.

Frank listens intently.

JOCKEY

She invited me here, her place, we sat on the couch. We kissed, became passionate, I lowered her top, kissed her neck, then her breasts.

Complete silence.

JOCKEY

She got on her knees, pulled down my pants, laughing, licking her lips, then gave me the best blow job I've ever experienced. She swallowed.

FRANK

This doesn't sound like grounds for murder?



Gavin remains in the background, hand not far from his gun, looks over his shoulder, he hears other police cars arrive.

JOCKEY

I kissed her passionately, could taste my semen, then put my hand up her dress.

FRANK

A man after my own, heart.

JOCKEY

She was no she, I found the family jewels. Fully erect.

FRANK

Fuck, Mate, I would have killed the she-bitch myself.

JOCKEY

I snapped, lost control, a madness, I choked her with the lamp wire.

Gavin kneels over the body.

GAVIN

She isn't dead, she's breathing, only just. I'll call an ambulance.

JOCKEY

My name is Michael Robinson. People call me Jockey.

Frank stands, pushes the chair away, MADE UP HIS MIND, situation assessed.

FRANK

Mate, you won the fucking lottery, don't say anything, you're a good bloke, I'll help, you.

Uniformed POLICE storm in, guns raised, led by a senior SERGEANT.

FRANK

Put them away, he's okay.

The Sergeant is incredulous.

SERGEANT

He's okay? What about the woman,  
it looks like a body, to me?

FRANK

She'll live to fuck another, day.

There is no love lost, old scars are apparent.

SERGEANT

You're all heart, detective.  
(then)  
Take him away.

Frank walks outside, lights up a smoke, Jockey handcuffed,  
escorted from the house, then stops.

JOCKEY

Thanks.

Frank exhales.

FRANK

Relax, I'll come visit. Get a  
lawyer. Then we'll talk.

The Sergeant studies Frank for a moment.

SERGEANT

Still dispensing free legal  
advise, detective?

FRANK

(exhales)  
Sarge, Mate, fuck off!

EXT. STREET - SUBURBS - DAY

A smart car stops in front of a house, a female teenager,  
TAYLOR (14), kisses her MOTHER goodbye, then emerges from  
the car, bag in tow, waves goodbye as the car leaves.

Taylor walks to the front door, she has her own key.

INT. FRANK'S HOME - DAY

Frank practices his ninja martial arts, when Taylor walks  
in, inspects the fridge. Nothing.

TAYLOR

Hi, Daddy.

FRANK

Hello, sweetheart.

She gives him a kiss.

FRANK

Twelve months today, Taylor.

TAYLOR

What are we celebrating?

FRANK

Since your Mother came to the door.

TAYLOR

*Dad?*

FRANK

Only an observation, standard police procedure.

TAYLOR

Kill anyone, this week?

FRANK

Only the lawn.

TAYLOR

Noticed, that.

FRANK

The house isn't too healthy, either.

TAYLOR

Standard police procedure?

FRANK

Need your help.

TAYLOR

*Dad*, I have mum's house to clean.

FRANK

New iPhone, show me how it works.

EXT. STREET - SUBURBS - DAY

Frank and Gavin are on the road.

A combined McDonalds and Caltex service station comes into view.

FRANK

Drive in there, I'm hungry.

GAVIN

It's not healthy.

FRANK

Show your badge, get half price,  
that's financially healthy.

GAVIN

I'll get a salad.

Frank shakes his head, they park, he get's out first.

INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

Frank is in the queue, about to be served, with Gavin two customers behind.

Frank shows his badge, the YOUNG GIRL acknowledges.

FRANK

The Lunch Meal Deal, please.

YOUNG GIRL

Four seventy five.

Hands her a note, puts change into the charity box.

FRANK

See that tall gentleman behind  
me, smart suit.

The Young Girl looks towards, Gavin.

FRANK

He has a fake police badge, I'll  
confront him, later.

Frank pick's up his tray and finds a table, watches Gavin display his police badge, the Young Girl refuses to apply the discount, Gavin is obviously annoyed.

He joins Frank's table.

GAVIN

So much for half price.

FRANK

Don't understand, I paid half?

He keeps a straight face, but Gavin eyes him suspiciously.

SUDDENLY, a car CRASHES into the dining area, SMASHED glass and debris everywhere, tables and PEOPLE are knocked aside, SCREAMS all around.

The DRIVER, in a rage, jumps out of the car armed with a MACHETE and is about to attack some young CHILDREN.

Frank reacts immediately, pulls-out his gun, fires three quick SHOTS, two in the chest, one in the head, the Driver is dead before he hits the floor.

More SCREAMS and PANIC ensues, Frank walks calmly towards the body.

GAVIN

Did you have to kill, him?

Frank gives Gavin an icy stare.

FRANK

Don't know what fucking school you came top, but in my class, I get fucking results.

They continue to glare, then something catches Frank's attention.

Outside is Man In Black, composed, with a satisfied and amused smile on his face.

Frank, gun in hand, jumps broken tables and chairs, rushes outside.

Man In Black turns his back and commences a leisurely stroll away from the scene.

Frank is almost upon, him, stops, aims, ready to shoot.

FRANK

*Stop, you mother fucking, freak,  
got three saved for you.*

PATRONS filling their cars drop hose pumps and stampede away from this scene in terror.

Gavin, approaches.

GAVIN

What are you, doing?

FRANK

Lining-up a second body, bag.

GAVIN

*What, are you doing?*

Frank glances at the stunned look on Gavin's face, then back to his target, but Man In Black has disappeared.

Stunned, he looks around him, but as hard as he tried, no Man In Black.

FRANK

What, the...?

GAVIN

Put the gun, down.

Frank is frozen in his shoot position.

GAVIN

*Put, the gun, down.*

He puts the gun away.

Police SIRENS can be heard approaching.

Frank walks back into the dining area, back to his table, back to his meal.

Gavin is speechless, Frank looks up.

FRANK

What? I told you, I was hungry.

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The office door is closed, Frank and Jack are seated.

JACK MILLANE

I can live with the dead body,  
what was that other shit, don't  
give me that Man In Black, crap.

FRANK

He was *there*, I saw, him.

JACK MILLANE

Why, you, why only, you, this  
some religious experience where  
you see fucking visions?

Frank slams the door as he walks out of the office, heads  
towards his own, where he confronts Gavin, who is seated.

FRANK

(livid)

What's your fucking game, Blackie,  
eh? You wanna be a white man? Well,  
you ain't fucking cutting, it. I get  
a week's suspension, home, fucking,  
duties.

GAVIN

Anything, else?

FRANK

You want more? After that first  
day, I tried to get rid of you,  
*happy?*

GAVIN

(beat)

I did the same.

INT. FRANK'S HOME - DAY

Frank furiously practices his ninja martial arts, the door  
bell, RINGS.

FRANK

It's, open.

Nothing, then rings again.

FRANK  
IT'S, OPEN.

The door opens, Gavin walks in, Frank stops.

FRANK  
What's this, *pity*? Get out!  
You're with the wrong tribe.

GAVIN  
Clan. When you're finished with  
the insults, I'd like to say,  
something.

FRANK  
You got two minutes.

GAVIN  
While your police methods deviate  
from the way I was taught, they  
bring results.

FRANK  
Is this your Good Cop, routine?

GAVIN  
I want to be the best, there is.  
I could learn from some of your  
more, unconventional methods.

FRANK  
You, learn from, me?

GAVIN  
What you did with Jockey, was good  
work. You bend the rules, but your  
rationale is sound. McDonalds...  
shooting the driver was the correct  
option. I hesitated.

FRANK  
What are you telling, me?

GAVIN  
I requested we continue working,  
together.

Silence.



FRANK  
The Man In Black?

GAVIN  
That one we need to explore  
another, time.

Pause. Tension gone.

GAVIN  
Jujitsu?

FRANK  
Ninja. You?

GAVIN  
(pride)  
Black belt karate.

Frank smiles.

GAVIN  
You find that amusing?

FRANK  
Self defense.

GAVIN  
And what does ninja, do?

FRANK  
(beat)  
Kill.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

TOMMY KILROY (40), an Aboriginal, is a former rugby league star player, but those days are behind him, and times have been less than kind.

He cruises on his Harley, then comes to a stop at a park which has a sports field.

Black TEENAGERS practice rugby league football.

They spot him, then rush to their former idol.

TEENAGER #1  
Tommy Kilroy.

KILROY

Nice to be remembered.

TEENAGER #2

I still wear your number with  
your name on the back.

KILROY

Now, that's nice, too.

TEENAGER #3

Play with us, Tommy?

KILROY

Gettin' bit old for football,  
boys, recovery ain't what it  
used to, be.

TEENAGER #2

Can I get an autograph?

TEENAGER #1

Whatcha doin' these, days?

KILROY

I'm in sales.

TEENAGER #3

Sales?

TEENAGER #2

Whatcha, sellin'?

Big smile, opens a bag of assorted drugs for all to see.

KILROY

Happiness.

EXT. STREET - SUBURBS - DAY

Three young JUVENILES harass pedestrians outside a shop,  
demand money and items of value.

Frank and Gavin arrive at the scene on foot.

The Juveniles are not intimidated and have an ATTITUDE.

JUVENILE #1

Got a problem?

FRANK  
Nothing we can't fix.

JUVENILE #2  
I warn you, we know kung fu.

Gavin looks at Frank and smiles.

GAVIN  
You set this up.

FRANK  
A happy coincidence.

Gavin and Juvenile #1 take a stance, then THRUST, KICK and SPAR, Frank lights a cigarette and watches on in amusement.

Eventually, Gavin prevails and Juvenile #1 is down, looks at Frank with satisfaction.

GAVIN  
Karate.

Flicks away his cigarette, approaches Juvenile #2, the tallest and strongest, it's over in a mere two seconds.

FRANK  
Ninja.

Juvenile #3 can't run away fast enough.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

Kilroy is parked under a tree, relaxed, watches the world go by, the Teenagers still practice.

A car parks nearby, two men alight.

Frank and Gavin make their way towards Tommy.

FRANK  
Tommy, Tommy, Tommy. Miss watching you play.

KILROY  
Officer Frank. It's only a game.

FRANK  
Not when you, played.

KILROY

I don't play no more.

FRANK

See kids still love you, hero  
worship, what game you playin'  
now, Tommy?

KILROY

I dabble.

FRANK

Dabble?

Frank takes out his gun, admires it.

FRANK

I dabble in guns, sometimes  
they go off, shame if I hit,  
somebody.

KILROY

You wouldn't shoot me, not a  
celebrity.

Frank manages a smile.

FRANK

Not you, vermin perhaps, you  
know, drug dealers, low life,  
scum of the earth.

KILROY

I'm clean, must be I'm safe.

FRANK

No one is safe from an *accident*.

Tommy notices Gavin.

KILROY

You. You're a brother.

GAVIN

I'm a detective.

KILROY

You one of those then, ashamed  
to be a brother.

GAVIN

A drop of blood does not make  
me, black.

KILROY

You black, bro', seems everybody  
knows, 'cept, you.

Frank looks at Gavin.

FRANK

I've got to say, it.

GAVIN

It's a pun.

FRANK

I can't resist.

GAVIN

Go ahead.

Frank looks at, Tommy, then...

FRANK

*On your, bike.*

Frank slaps his thigh, breaks into laughter, walks towards  
their car with Gavin.

Gavin is not amused.

GAVIN

It's a pun.

FRANK

Pretty good, I thought.

GAVIN

Not bad.

FRANK

You can do funny?

GAVIN

I can do funny.

FRANK

Not in this lifetime, sport.

GAVIN

What do you call a schizophrenic  
killing himself?

FRANK

What?

GAVIN

Murder, suicide.

FRANK

That's funny, fuck me, that's  
funny.

They enter the car and drive off.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Jockey, in prison garb and handcuffed, is escorted to the  
visitors room, someone is there to meet him.

Handcuffs removed, he walks towards his seat behind a glass  
area, sits, head bowed, shoulders slumped, resigned to his  
fate.

VOICE (O.S.)

What did the lawyer, say?

Patient.

FRANK

*What* did the lawyer, say?

JOCKEY

If I'm lucky. Very lucky. Ten  
years.

FRANK

Look at me.

No change.

FRANK

*Look* at me.

Jockey raises his head, eyes lifeless.

FRANK

They treat you okay in here?

JOCKEY

Other prisoners offered to suck my cock. I'm afraid.

FRANK

Don't be, better than the other way 'round.

Silence, then.

FRANK

What happened that day?

JOCKEY

My wife left me.

FRANK

Sorry.

JOCKEY

She took my two little boys.

FRANK

Not good.

JOCKEY

Said I didn't father either of them.

FRANK

It gets worse.

JOCKEY

Went out, needed female company.

FRANK

Instead, you get a cock and a bloke suck your dick. Shit, the stars didn't align that, day.

(beat)

Let me see what I can do.

JOCKEY

No. Don't. I deserve to be here.

FRANK

What you did was serious, and it was wrong, you deserve something, but not this, not ten years, fuck.

No reaction, head bowed.

FRANK

... Michael, give me a smile.

No reaction, stands, escorted back to his cell.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Frank and Gavin prepare for some shooting practice, Frank sees an old friend, BILL (50).

He makes his way towards, Bill.

FRANK

'Ow, 'r, ya, you old bastard.

BILL

Better than you, I bought a new suit.

FRANK

Fashion is cycles, it'll come good.

BILL

(observes)

This the Blackfella, you told me, about?

FRANK

The one.

BILL

Can he shoot?

FRANK

Fuck, knows.

Frank walks towards, Gavin, on the shooting range.

FRANK

Don't tell me, top of the class.

Gavin smiles, he fires six shots, all hit the target.

FRANK

Not bad, but you're not, Bill.



GAVIN  
I didn't miss.

FRANK  
Neither does, Bill.

With a flick of his head, Frank calls Bill over, to them.

FRANK  
He wants a demonstration.

Bill checks his gun, turns his back to the target, bends between his legs, fires six shots upside down.

All six hit the target, Gavin has a look of disbelief.

GAVIN  
Bullshit, can't be done.

Bill reloads, repeats the exercise, all six hit the target, with a smile, offers Gavin his hand.

BILL  
I'm, Bill.

They shake, Bill saunters away, Gavin folds his arms.

GAVIN  
Okay, I get it, what was the lesson?

FRANK  
... No matter how good you are,  
there's always someone better.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - POLICE STATION - DAY

An attractive Aboriginal girl, EVONNE (24), in the office kitchen, makes a cup of tea.

Gavin walks in.

EVONNE  
Nice to have a Blackfella in  
the building.

GAVIN  
I'm not black.

EVONNE

Come on, I can see hints in your features.

GAVIN

My parents and grandparents were white.

EVONNE

Great grandparents?

GAVIN

If they were Chinese, does that make me yellow?

EVONNE

Don't know, never thought of it that way.

GAVIN

I'm Gavin.

EVONNE

Evonne, my mother was white.

GAVIN

I can see hints in your features.

EVONNE

(smiles)

I'm free tonight, if you want to ask me out.

GAVIN

Are you normally this shy?

EVONNE

Not when they look like you.

GAVIN

Food for thought.

EVONNE

I prefer it on the table.

GAVIN

(considers)

Seven, okay?

EVONNE

Seven thirty, I need to look my best. It's a date.

It's Gavin's turn to smile.

GAVIN

It's dinner.

OFFICE

Frank is at his chair.

FRANK

Struth, wipe that smile, I prefer your old miserable self.

GAVIN

Save, it.

FRANK

... Fuck, you've got a date, who is it?

Evonne walks past and smiles.

FRANK

Haha, a social worker, you sly dog. To think she could have had me.

Gavin smiles, in a jovial mood, he prepares to leave.

Opens the door, immediately confronted by an Aboriginal elder, MILERUM (48), resplendent in white paint and two spears.

Gavin freezes.

MILERUM

... Save, them.

Remains frozen.

MILERUM

... Save, them.

Frank notices the change.

FRANK

You, okay?

Silence, then the elder is SUCKED backwards as if into a small pipe, completely disappears.

FRANK

Gavin?

Frank rises, knows something has occurred.

GAVIN

Yes, yes, I think, so.

Measure of excitement.

FRANK

Did you just see the Man In Black?

Gavin turns to face Frank.

GAVIN

In a manner of speaking, I did.

EXT. OUTBACK - CENTRAL AUSTRALIA - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

SUPER: "1955"

Milerum, materializes, as if SPAT out from this same pipe, he immediately begins to walk as if nothing unnatural had occurred.

He walks until he comes across a cattle station homestead, Aboriginal STOCKMEN herd cattle into fencing yards.

WIDOW (35), her black partner, STOCKMAN (28), DAUGHTER (12) and coloured son, JIMMY (6), are on the verandah.

They notice the elder coming towards them, a lizard strung to his side.

The boy runs towards him.

JIMMY

Grandpa, grandpa.

They embrace, the elder has to squat to take the hug.

MILERUM

Good boy, good boy, Jimmy.

He holds up his lizard, a wide smile.

MILERUM

I bring food.

JIMMY

I like lizard.

The girl embraces her mother, not pleased.

DAUGHTER

Do I have to eat, it, mother?

WIDOW

(reassures)

No, darling, I have something else for, you.

Stockman embraces the elder.

STOCKMAN

Father, you bring a special gift, thank you.

LARGE TREE

The three males are in the shade beneath the tree, lizard over a cooking fire, the women are inside.

STOCKMAN

Jimmy, cut a piece for grandpa.

Jimmy eagerly complies, cuts-off the meat and shows reverence towards the Elder, who takes it.

MILERUM

The Widow woman, good to you?

STOCKMAN

We make good life, she never complains.

MILERUM

Jimmy, be like father, do not forget Blackfella, ways.

JIMMY

I like Blackfella, ways, I never forget. I can hunt.

MILERUM

Soon, initiation. I teach way of  
ancestors, the Memories.

Stockman ponders, then.

STOCKMAN

You see future, is Jimmy safe?

MILERUM

Marry white girl, have son.

STOCKMAN

This is good, boy is good, hunter.

MILERUM

Son have son. Danger, Wandjinas,  
Goonges.

Stockman rises.

STOCKMAN

Goonges? Curse, bad spirit. Does  
boy live?

The Elder shakes his head slowly.

MILERUM

See no more future.

VERANDAH

The Widow, Daughter, Stockman and Jimmy stand in the shade  
of the verandah.

WIDOW

Come back, soon.

JIMMY

Next time, I hunt the lizard, or  
kangaroo.

MILERUM

(smiles)

I make you spear, you bring food  
to fire.

He squats, serious and intense.

MILERUM

Good boy, Jimmy. Remember. The  
Memories.

JIMMY

I will.

MILERUM

Important.

He stands and ready to go.

STOCKMAN

Milerum, you are always welcome.

He turns and is on his way, completely at home with his  
environment, travels a great distance.

Sunset looms, he is almost upon Uluru, makes his way to a  
rock face, prepares a fire, lights a torch and enters a

CAVE

Inside, he stops in front of a particular wall, pushes the  
torch forward and studies some ancient drawings.

It is of three Wandjinas, notable for their big, completely  
black eyes, painted 40,000 years ago.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Gavin walks Evonne to her apartment's entrance, both a  
little coy, they stand just aside from the light.

A hint of discomfort.

EVONNE

Thank you for dinner.

GAVIN

Thank you for asking.

EVONNE

Weekend off?

GAVIN

Yes, you?

EVONNE  
I'm free, you?

GAVIN  
Few odd jobs.

EVONNE  
Important?

GAVIN  
Not really.

EVONNE  
Then stay.

GAVIN  
Tonight?

EVONNE  
Do I need to spell it out,  
detective, not enough clues?

Pause. She smiles, takes his hand, they go inside.

Frank leans against a wall, in the shadows, watches the whole episode, flicks his cigarette away, shakes his head.

FRANK  
How did he make top of the class?

INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

Frank finishes reading the paper, empties his tray, walks outside.

EXT. MCDONALDS - DAY

He light's a cigarette, then interrupted by SHIFTY (40).

SHIFTY  
Not exactly a healthy breakfast.

FRANK  
I get to read the paper free.

SHIFTY  
The comics?



FRANK

That was meant to be a secret.

SHIFTY

I'm psychic.

FRANK

Then join the show across the road.

Shifty looks across the road, a Psychic Fair.

SHIFTY

What does the future hold for you, Frankie?

FRANK

Put you behind bars, Shifty.

SHIFTY

Hehe, you 'bin sayin' that for twenty years.

FRANK

But now you know my secret.

SHIFTY

Funny man, Frankie, sadly, I must bid you adieu, see ya 'round.

Shifty quickly disappears down the road.

Frank looks at the Psychic Fair across the road, dismisses it, continues to walk, stops, then takes another look.

FRANK

... For fuck's sake.

He can't resist, walks across the street towards the fair entrance.

A COLOURFUL MAN at the gate.

COLOURFUL MAN

Five dollars, mate.

FRANK

Five bucks, you kidding me?

COLOURFUL MAN

I know, you can't believe it's  
so cheap. Five.

Frank grudgingly pays the money.

FRANK

I'm arresting the wrong crooks.

He walks around a small, village atmosphere, of tents and  
tables.

Bathed with the colour of a fete, some music and incense, a  
smorgasbord of CLAIRVOYANTS, PSYCHICS and TAROT readers.

TAROT #1

A reading, sir, tell your future?

FRANK

I'm from the fraud squad.

Not amused, her easy smile turns into a sour expression.

He continues amongst a good size crowd, stops in front of a  
small tent, DESLEY (45), at the entrance watches him, not a  
word, he returns the gaze.

FRANK

Aren't you going to harass me  
to come in?

DESLEY

Up to you.

They continue their eye contact.

FRANK

How much?

DESLEY

Thirty five.

FRANK

Thirty five? Dollars or cents?

She offers a small smile.

DESLEY

We all live in hope.

FRANK

What do I get for my hard earned?

DESLEY

I read your aura.

Frank says nothing, then enters her tent.

INT. TENT - DAY

She stands behind a camera.

DESLEY

Stand over there, please.

He complies, she takes a shot, soon a photograph in her hand.

She studies the photograph, then looks at him.

FRANK

What?

DESLEY

Your heart is black.

He hesitates, then sits down.

DESLEY

Your aura ceases at your heart.

FRANK

When I was young, my mother said she was psychic. All bullshit, of course, except, she said my heart was black. What did she mean?

DESLEY

Are you military, security...?

FRANK

Detective.

DESLEY

You have the ability to kill, and remain untouched.

FRANK

I wouldn't hesitate.

DESLEY

Most would.

FRANK

I'm not most.

DESLEY

... I've been waiting, for you.

FRANK

I admire your patience.

DESLEY

... You've seen, one.

FRANK

One, what?

DESLEY

Some call them aliens, but they are Fallen Angels.

FRANK

(dismay)

You should have quit while you were ahead.

DESLEY

They sometimes wear black, have big black eyes.

He doesn't move, can't take his eyes off, her, then stands, takes out his wallet.

FRANK

Thirty five dollars.

DESLEY

Thank you.

FRANK

You got a name?

DESLEY

Desley.

FRANK

Final question.

DESLEY

... Yes?

FRANK

These Fallen Angels. Can they  
be killed?

INT. FRANK'S HOME - DAY

A key in the front door lock, CLICK, it opens, Taylor waves  
goodbye to her Mother, enters the room.

Drops her bag and straight to the fridge, inspects the  
contents. Nothing.

TAYLOR

(whispers)

*Boring.*

(then)

I'm here, daddy-oh.

FRANK

I'm on the laptop, sweetheart,  
I have a gift.

TAYLOR

Uh, oh, that's not a good sign.

FRANK

Too cynical, it's on the table.

She walks towards the kitchen table, sees a hundred dollar  
note, her eyes light up.

TAYLOR

I will *not* kill Mother.

FRANK

Google Fallen Angels, print  
everything you find.

She stands next to him.

TAYLOR

Move over, then.

Frank stands, allows her to sit, Taylor seamlessly on the  
keyboard and typing.

FRANK  
How come you're early?

TAYLOR  
Mum has to get ready.

Frank immediately in detective mode.

FRANK  
Ready for what?

She's uncomfortable, her typing misses a beat.

TAYLOR  
Whatever.

FRANK  
Taylor, ready for what?

She sees the look on her father's face.

TAYLOR  
Hey, I'm not a suspect for  
questioning.

The look doesn't change.

TAYLOR  
You know, getting ready?

FRANK  
I don't know, paint a picture.

Her discomfort intensifies.

TAYLOR.  
... Dinner.

FRANK  
Girlfriend?

She cringes.

TAYLOR  
... Not quite.

FRANK  
A date.

TAYLOR

Dad, I'm so sorry, I didn't  
mean to say anything.

Detective mode is switched off, a smile of sorts.

FRANK

Not an issue.

TAYLOR

*Dad.*

FRANK

It's all good, she's moving  
on.

Taylor gives her dad a hug, she doesn't witness the pain in  
his eyes.

FLASHBACK:

Frank is at the front door, his wife, HELEN, has her bags  
and about to leave the home.

He is desperate.

FRANK

Why?

HELEN

Why? You never dance.

FRANK

Dance?

HELEN

There is life, there is dance,  
you provide neither.

She walks out with her suitcase and array of bags, Frank is  
shattered, bewildered.

FRANK

Dance?

END FLASHBACK:

A tear rolls down Frank's cheek.

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT - DAY

The courtroom prepares for a hearing, filled with the usual suspects.

The CLERK OF THE COURT makes an announcement.

CLERK OF THE COURT

All rise.

The JUDGE enters and takes her seat, the courtroom follows suit.

JUDGE

Is the prosecution ready to proceed?

The PROSECUTOR rises and takes his place.

PROSECUTOR

Yes, Your Honour.

Then returns to his seat.

JUDGE

Bring in the prisoner.

Jockey is brought into the dock, handcuffed and flanked by two GUARDS.

The Prosecutor rises again and makes his way to the front table.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honour, we say the defendant is guilty of attempted murder in the first degree.

The Prosecutor glances towards Jockey, a serious look on his face befitting the magnitude of the crime.

PROSECUTOR

We will show the victim survived by way of good fortune, as opposed to any benevolence on the part of the aggressor.

JUDGE

How does the defendant plea?



The DEFENSE lawyer rises, also seated at the front table.

DEFENSE

Not guilty, Your Honour.

JUDGE

The case will be adjourned until a suitable date is advised, you may proceed the jury process.

CLERK OF THE COURT

All rise.

The Judge leaves, lawyers pack their cases, people begin to disperse, Jockey is taken away.

The Defense lawyer looks towards his ASSISTANT.

DEFENSE

Any defense witnesses from the police?

The Assistant has a blank look.

DEFENSE

What does that mean?

ASSISTANT

... *Struth.*

EXT. LEAFY STREET - DAY

Leafy suburban street, beautiful day, Kilroy is parked next to a park, sits on his Harley Davidson.

Lights up a smoke, but it's not a cigarette, a gun is held to his head.

VOICE (O.S.)

What's in the bag?

He freezes, slowly removes the smoke from his lips and exhales.

KILROY

Toiletries.

CLICK, the gun is cocked.

VOICE (O.S.)

One more time, what's in the bag.

KILROY

Hehe. Only a brother could sneak up on me like that. Said you was black.

GAVIN

Said only a drop.

KILROY

You arresting me, officer?

GAVIN

Depends.

KILROY

On?

GAVIN

The contents of that bag.

KILROY

No law says you have to look.

GAVIN

Curiosity.

KILROY

Dangerous thing, curiosity.

GAVIN

You're better than this. Change.

KILROY

*Please, don't preach no sermon, not from you.*

Silence.

KILROY

What? Nothing to add? No more pep talk? The error of my ways?

Silence.

He turns around, Gavin has gone, inhales his smoke, smiles.

KILROY

Hehe, you a brother, alright.

INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Frank is seated at his desk, Gavin walks in.

FRANK

Where *you* been?

GAVIN

An errand.

FRANK

An errand?

Frank is suspicious, wry smile.

FRANK

Did you harass someone? That's  
my department.

Gavin returns the wry smile.

GAVIN

Not anymore.

JUNIOR OFFICER enters.

JUNIOR OFFICER

The superintendent requires your  
presence.

FRANK

Was he smiling?

JUNIOR OFFICER

No.

FRANK

Good, things are normal.

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

They enter Jack's office.

JACK MILLANE

Gentlemen, take a seat, there's  
been a homicide.

FRANK

That's our job description.

JACK MILLANE

Regular guy, went nuts, knifed a shopper in a mall.

FRANK

Another dissatisfied customer.

GAVIN

Random?

JACK MILLANE

Looks like it, security shot him dead.

GAVIN

Motive?

JACK MILLANE

The victim and assailant do not appear to know each other.

GAVIN

Witnesses?

JACK MILLANE

Twenty four statements.

FRANK

You've got someone on the case, then why the personal brief?

JACK MILLANE

One of the statements, it was of interest.

Silence. Frank and Gavin look at each other.

GAVIN

... And?

JACK MILLANE

Swears he saw a man in black, large black eyes.

Deadly silence.

JACK MILLANE  
... Waiting for your, *struth*.

FRANK  
... Got a better one, *fuck*.

Jack likes to surprise.

JACK MILLANE  
The witness is downstairs.

FRANK  
(mouth  
open)  
He's here?

Jack hand's over the statement.

POLICE BUILDING

Both Frank and Gavin immediately leave the room and follow a corridor then down a flight of steps.

They approach a waiting room, POLICE GUARD at the door.

WAITING ROOM

Inside, a disheveled older man, TURNER (50), is seated at a table.

FRANK  
Mr. Turner, my name is Frank  
Butler, this is Gavin Delacroix,  
we're both detectives.

TURNER  
I wasn't drunk.

FRANK  
Never said different.

TURNER  
Only had a sip, mindin' me own  
business, sittin' one of those  
mall seats.

FRANK  
Don't doubt it for a moment.  
What happened?

TURNER

Man went crazy. Yellin', shoutin'.  
For no good reason.

Turner licks his lips.

TURNER

Ol' fella asked him to be quiet,  
women an' children about.

GAVIN

Then?

TURNER

Man screamin', pulled out a knife,  
cut the ol' fella's throat, then  
stabbed him like a crazy man. *Crazy!*

Turner needs a drink of water from the glass on the table.

TURNER

Over an' over, blood everywhere.  
*Fear.* People panicked. Security  
shot him.

FRANK

What else did you see?

Silence, Turner clearly uncomfortable, shifts in his seat.

GAVIN

Mr. Turner, what else did you  
see?

TURNER

I wasn't drunk.

FRANK

We've established that. You had  
a sip.

TURNER

I was mindin' me own business.

FRANK

It unfolded in front of you.

TURNER

Chaos, blood. Crying.

FRANK  
What was different?

There was fear in his eyes.

TURNER  
... Man next to me. Dressed in  
black.

GAVIN  
Is that unusual?

TURNER  
...No.

GAVIN  
But it was this time?

TURNER  
... Yes.

FRANK  
Did he hurt you?

TURNER  
... No.

GAVIN  
What did he do?

TURNER  
... Smiled.

GAVIN  
Smiled?

TURNER  
... Took off his sunglasses...

Looks up at both detectives.

TURNER  
... His eyes, big eyes, were  
... completely black...

Silence. Then.

FRANK  
Officer.

The police Guard at the door walks in, Frank takes out his wallet and gives him a \$100 note.

FRANK

Be a good bloke, buy a bottle  
of Jack Daniels. Three glasses.

Blank stare.

FRANK

Do I need to repeat, myself?

The police Guard rushes out of the room.

TURNER

I wasn't drunk.

Frank looks at his watch.

FRANK

No, but we soon will, be.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Evonne's apartment building basks from the external lighting, the street is quiet, no cars on the road.

INT. EVONNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gavin opens the fridge, grabs a beer, then sits on the couch, an episode of I LOVE LUCY on tv.

Evonne walks towards him, places her arms around Gavin.

EVONNE

Hard day at the office?

GAVIN

It was eventful, that's for  
sure.

EVONNE

Frank?

GAVIN

Is there anybody else?

She gives him a squeeze and a kiss on the cheek, notices the tv.



EVONNE

I remember this episode, it was  
in the movie Pretty Woman.

GAVIN

I vaguely recall, it.

EVONNE

(smiles)

Let me refresh your memory.

She drops to her knees, then proceeds to undo his trousers  
and pulls them down, a delicious smile on her face.

Evonne gives him a soft kiss on the lips then disappears  
from view, his reaction suggests oral sex.

GAVIN

Yes. I seem to recall that  
scene, now.

INT. NINJA SCHOOL - DAY

Frank wears a black ninja gi, practices swordplay on his  
own, separate from the class, he is a master of his craft.

Two young BOYS (15), approach, admire his swordplay.

BOY 1#

Any tips?

They disturb his concentration, he makes eye contact, then  
slashes his sword in an arc, SWOOSH.

FRANK

Hear that sound?

BOY 1#

Yes.

FRANK

In combat, if you do, it will  
be the last thing you hear.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Frank places the bag of weapons in the boot of his old car,  
closes the boot, walks down the street filled with an array  
of shops, cigarette in hand.

This is downtown, he stops in front of an ANTIQUES and COLLECTABLES shop, stares inside.

The front wall is open, he finishes his cigarette, discards it in the nearby garden and enters.

INT. ANTIQUES AND COLLECTABLES SHOP - DAY

The shop is filled with remnants from the twentieth century, you want it, it's here, MEMORABILIA abounds.

RUFUS (50), a trimmed beard, sits behind the counter with the newspaper in his hands.

When Frank walks past, Rufus raises only his eyes above the reading glasses, the rest of his body a statue.

RUFUS

Frank.

FRANK

Rufus.

RUFUS

Bring your wallet?

FRANK

Always.

RUFUS

Buying?

FRANK

When I see something.

Frank continues his walk around the shop, handles the odd item, his guilty pleasure obvious.

Towards the back of the shop, something catches his attention, something behind a wooden frame.

He walks towards the item, then stops, it's two identical statues of ANGELS, about a metre high.

In disrepair, both stained, in need of a good clean, Frank retraces his steps and about to leave.

FRANK

Rufus.

RUFUS

Frank.

This time his eyes remain firmly on the newspaper.

EXT. OUTBACK - CENTRAL AUSTRALIA - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

The vast expanse of the Outback, dry land on the driest continent.

Milerum hunts, meticulous in his search, looks for any source of food he can find.

He finds an emu nest with three large eggs, smiles at his good fortune, bends to pick them up.

He is not alone, a SNAKE has the same intention for the eggs and is in a defensive mode, ready to strike.

The eggs are sufficient, decides to live and let live, flicks the Snake away with his spear, only to have it return defiant.

Milerum is surprised at the aggression, flicks the Snake again, only to be attacked as he tries to pick up the eggs.

He stands straight, looks the Snake in the eyes, evil, dangerous eyes, he strikes with his spear through the head, the defiance continues.

The spear is removed, the Snake picked up by the tail and smashed against a rock several times, until all life has ceased.

The head is cut off, the body strung to a waist band, bends as he prepares to pick up the eggs, then FREEZES.

He sniffs the air, raises his head, then left and right, then over his right shoulder, something in the distance catches his attention.

Milerum stands, collects his weapons and the eggs, then begins to walk briskly towards an unseen object.

There is a faint trail of smoke in the distance, he continues towards it, his alertness palpable.

A man dressed in Outback clothes and an Akubra hat on his head, sits by a campfire, his back turned.

Milerum approaches unseen and unheard.

Several metres behind the man, he stops, the stranger's hat slowly rises, aware he is not alone.

He turns his head slowly over his shoulder and makes eye contact.

Sunglasses are removed, black eyes reveal Man In Black, no fear passes between, them.

Milerum slowly places the spear, eggs and Snake on the ground, commences to chant and does a sacred dance, eye contact unbroken.

At intervals, he points the mystical BONE and uses all his magic to ward off the evil spirit, but to no avail.

The sun begins to set, the magic proves fruitless, and when Man In Black manages a smile, Milerum ceases his chant and dance, defeated.

EXT. HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

Milerum with his son, Stockman, their conversation is serious.

STOCKMAN

Why, now?

MILERUM

It is time.

STOCKMAN

He's too young?

MILERUM

Must begin initiation. Now. Must  
learn way of our ancestors. Now.  
Important.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. STATE WOMEN'S PRISON - NIGHT

Cloudy and overcast , no moon, a light mist, the bland prison building is well lit, but uninviting.

There is a sense of isolation, no sense of rehabilitation.

INT. STATE WOMEN'S PRISON - NIGHT

Surprisingly quiet, the prisoners locked in their cells, a lone WARDER (45), stern, sour, her hair pulled back, paces the space between the cells in slow, measured steps.

Her hands are behind her back, her eyes, move from left to right, then back, surveys each cell.

She stops, looks ahead, then turns her gaze to her left, approaches the cell, stares, but not a word.

MARGARET (35), lies on her bed, arms behind her head, stares at the ceiling.

MARGARET

Something I can help you with?

WARDER

You'll be leaving soon.

MARGARET

You'll miss me, I'm flattered.

WARDER

No need. You'll be back.

MARGARET

I've had the pleasure of your company, once will suffice.

WARDER

Trust me, you'll revisit that pleasure. Gaol hasn't changed, you.

MARGARET

I agree.

Margaret pushes herself up and makes eye contact with the Warder.

MARGARET

... But you have.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Frank is in his chair, Gavin sits on his desk with notes in his hand.

GAVIN

You expect me to buy into this?

FRANK

Why not, got it off the internet.

GAVIN

Tell me it wasn't Wikipedia.

From the look on Frank's face.

GAVIN

Jesus, come on, Frank, you're supposed to be a detective.

FRANK

What if it's true?

GAVIN

Fallen Angels? This is the twenty first century.

FRANK

What about Turner, he saw a man in black?

GAVIN

Still trying to get my head around that, one, but this?

Frank stands, hands in pockets.

FRANK

Well, I haven't got the answers.

GAVIN

Neither have I, and these pages don't provide it either.

Gavin also stands.

GAVIN

I need a coffee, want one?

Frank motions no with his hand, Gavin leaves the room to ease some tension.

Frank returns to his seat, can't decide if he's melancholic or morose.

The superintendent walks in, sits opposite Frank, just the two of them.

JACK MILLANE

... Frank...

FRANK

... Jack...

Pause.

JACK MILLANE

I've known you a long time.

FRANK

I've known you just as long.

JACK MILLANE

You okay?

FRANK

Sure, sweet.

JACK MILLANE

You don't smile, enough.

FRANK

You don't say anything funny, enough.

Jack manages a small smile, relaxes back into the chair, changes his tone.

JACK MILLANE

See much of Helen?

FRANK

No.

JACK MILLANE

I'm sorry.

FRANK

Me, too.

JACK MILLANE

That Turner, bloke, the one with the statement, what did you make of, it?

FRANK

He saw a man in black. Like I did.

JACK MILLANE

So he says, but I can't buy, it.

FRANK

No one's buying this morning. What would change your mind?

JACK MILLANE

Unless you produce Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones, the idea is preposterous.

FRANK

You got no argument from me, except, I know what I saw.

JACK MILLANE

Why only you?

FRANK

You're forgetting Turner.

JACK MILLANE

A drunk.

FRANK

Alleged.

Silence. Then slowly, Jack stands to go.

JACK MILLANE

... Frank...

FRANK

... Jack...

Eyes locked, they don't know what else to say, Jack leaves.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Evonne drives off the quiet street and into a parking lot with her Aboriginal friend, KYLIE (35).

She looks at the old, in disrepair, warehouse, it had been raining, but has now stopped.



They both get out of the car for a closer look, Evonne studies the old building, the quality doesn't improve.

KYLIE

It's an old warehouse, and I mean old.

EVONNE

It's perfect.

KYLIE

Sweetie, we have a diff'rent perception of perfect.

EVONNE

It's free, it's available, it's ours.

KYLIE

I can see why. Let's go, it'll be dark soon, don't trust the area.

EXT. THE HANGOUT - NIGHT

Gavin drives to The Hangout, parks his car, makes his way in, the weather inclement.

INT. THE HANGOUT - NIGHT

Inside, as always, the usual suspects, none bother to acknowledge him.

He sees Frank at the bar, makes his way there, the barman, BERNIE (40), does acknowledge him with a discreet nod.

GAVIN

It was my shout last time.

FRANK

Fair enough. Bernie, same again, twice.

Frank takes out his wallet, drops a note on the bar, quick glance at a photo of HELEN, closes, it.

GAVIN

What did Jack, want?

The drinks arrive.

FRANK

He enquired about my wife.

GAVIN

Your, wife?

FRANK

Estranged, wife.

GAVIN

What was her name?

FRANK

Helen.

FRANK

Nice lady?

FRANK

Too good for me.

GAVIN

What happened?

GAVIN

Everything.

GAVIN

Can we be a little more specific?

FRANK

Initially, she liked the idea I was a detective.

GAVIN

... But?

FRANK

It wore off.

GAVIN

Even with your charming personality?

FRANK

Even with my charming personality.

GAVIN

Who would have guessed?

FRANK

The odd hours, constant fear  
for my safety, not enough time  
with my daughter, other than  
that, we got on well.

GAVIN

You see her?

FRANK

We haven't spoken in a long  
time.

GAVIN

Do you...

FRANK

I think that's enough for a  
friendly chat.

GAVIN

I didn't mean to pry.

FRANK

Good, it's your shout.

Gavin looks up at the barman.

GAVIN

Bernie. Same again, twice.

The drinks arrive.

Frank has something on his mind.

FRANK

Delacroix.

GAVIN

What about it?

FRANK

It's French.

GAVIN

You just worked that out?

FRANK

Aboriginals took their name  
from property owners, people  
they worked for.

GAVIN

It was common practice.

FRANK

There were no French squatters  
or settlers.

GAVIN

It was my grandmother's maiden  
name, her married name, Spencer.

FRANK

Gavin Spencer.

GAVIN

I prefer Delacroix.

FRANK

Why do you work so hard to erase  
your roots? There's no shame.

GAVIN

Everything I did, everything I do,  
I want recognized on merit, not my  
blood, not my colour, not charity.

FRANK

Prove what? Impress whom? As long  
as you know, why give a shit?

Pause.

GAVIN

Your shout.

EXT. CENTRAL AUSTRALIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

A corroboree takes place, painted ABORIGINALS of varying  
ages engaged in a sacred dance.

Several young men, which includes Jimmy, are part of the  
ceremony and initiation.

There is music and chanting, a personal and private affair.

Milerum, an elder, at the centre of everything, controls the proceedings.

On the outskirts, unnoticed, is a lone figure, Man In Black watches intently.

He eventually comes closer, Milerum turns his head, notices him, continues to dance.

The ceremony continues, the men dance, Milerum intensifies the tempo and rhythm, eyes fixed with the intruder.

He recites some sacred words, then slowly raises and points the bone towards Man In Black, there is no effect, the intruder smiles.

A second man joins Milerum, they both chant the sacred words, then again, slowly raises and points the bone.

The intruder is slowly forced backwards by an unseen power, his smile leaves, then raises his own hand and manages to ward off the Aboriginal power.

His smile returns, he is in control, his power reigns.

A third man joins Milerum, all three chant the sacred words, then again, slowly raises and points the bone.

Man In Black stands his ground, a powerful energy envelopes him, he begins to struggle and slowly driven back, as if facing a strong wind.

He raises both hands, can barely hold his ground, his smile replaced by anguish, almost fear, the energy too strong.

There is an impasse, something has to give, and soon.

Man In Black looks to the heavens, but to no avail, his power diminishes, he grimaces in pain, then exposes gritted teeth, let's out a sinister, serpentine, *HISSESSSSSSSS*.

His eyes are filled with intense HATRED, stares at Milerum, who is unmoved.

The intruder disappears, the ceremony continues, as if nothing had occurred.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. MCDONALDS - DAY

Frank leaves McDonalds, crosses paths with Shifty.

SHIFTY

Frankie.

Shifty falls into step with Frank.

FRANK

Jesus Christ, can't I shit  
without you around?

SHIFTY

Enjoy the comics?

FRANK

Don't be funny, Shifty, not  
in the mood.

SHIFTY

Got somethin' for you.

FRANK

Pray tell.

SHIFTY

Serious.

FRANK

Reliable?

SHIFTY

You have doubts?

FRANK

What was your name again?

SHIFTY

Who's bein' funny now?

FRANK

Hit me, what you got?

SHIFTY

Tommy Kilroy.

FRANK

What about him?

SHIFTY

Think about it.

FRANK

My brain doesn't engage this early, what about him?

SHIFTY

I must bid you adieu.

Shifty breaks the step and crosses the road, Frank stops, watches him disappear.

FRANK

Why is everything a fucking riddle?

He notices the psychic from the fair, crosses the same road to confront her.

FRANK

I thought the show was over, don't see any tents?

DESLEY

I've been waiting for you.

FRANK

Of course you have, you're clairvoyant.

DESLEY

I've come to warn you.

FRANK

Look, lady, I can't spare another thirty five bucks.

DESLEY

Beware the Two Hundred, do not bring attention to yourself.

FRANK

Two hundred what?

DESLEY

Asmodeus. Beelzebub. Lucifer. Samael.

FRANK  
That's only four.

DESLEY  
Shall I name them all?

FRANK  
Look, lady, I appreciate the  
concern, trust me, I'm not  
looking for them.

DESLEY  
(solemn)  
They may come looking for you.  
Protect yourself.

INT. ANTIQUES AND COLLECTABLES - DAY

Frank stands by the counter, faces Rufus who continues to  
read the newspaper.

FRANK  
How much for the two Angels?

RUFUS  
Nineteen fifty.

Frank takes out his wallet, drops a twenty dollar note onto  
the counter.

FRANK  
Keep the change.

RUFUS  
Nineteen hundred and fifty,  
cast iron.

FRANK  
When you get your hand off  
your cock, how much?

Rufus raises his eyes above the reading glasses.

RUFUS  
When you're ready to make me an  
offer, let me know.

There is an impasse.



EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Gavin parks at the warehouse, get's out of the car and studies the large, but old, building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

He enters and finds a hive of activity, people everywhere.  
Notices Evonne.

GAVIN

Hi.

EVONNE

Hi.

GAVIN

Wondered where you hid in your spare time.

EVONNE

It's going to be a community centre, but as you can see, needs a bit of work.

GAVIN

All these people volunteers?

EVONNE

Volunteers. Disadvantaged. Homeless. Everybody deserves a chance.

GAVIN

And I thank you for giving me, mine.

EVONNE

So you should, you beat a long line of suitors.

GAVIN

How about dinner?

EVONNE

Love to, but I'm needed here.

GAVIN

I can order in?

EVONNE

It's a little early, what will  
you do in the meantime?

Gavin gives her an affectionate smile, picks up a hammer.

GAVIN

... Volunteer?

EXT. PRISON - DAY

The prison door opens, MARGARET has paid her debt to society, must now face the real world, armed with a small suitcase.

The door closes, she's free, looks over her shoulder, then takes tentative steps forward, stops at the curb.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, baby.

She doesn't respond, but her eyes are fixed to where the voice came from, then crosses the street.

VOICE (O.S.)

You look fine, baby.

She studies the unseen speaker.

MARGARET

Can't say the same for you.

Kilroy is seated on his Harley.

KILROY

Hehe, I doin' alright.

She notices his bag.

MARGARET

I see you still ply the same trade.

KILROY

I need to eat.

MARGARET

You need to wake up.

She turns on her heels and begins to walk away.

KILROY

Where you goin', I came to  
pick you up?

She does not respond, continues to walk.

Kilroy jumps off his bike and follows her.

KILROY

Baby, I'm here to take you  
home.

She continues, he grabs her by the arm.

KILROY

I came to take you home.

MARGARET

Home? Where's that? Where are  
the kids?

Shame on his face.

KILROY

... With your mother, but I  
see, them.

MARGARET

Once a month, she told, me.

KILROY

You're still my wife.

MARGARET

We're married, but I'm not your  
wife. Three years because of you.

KILROY

Listen, baby...

MARGARET

Three years away from my kids,  
fuck you, Tommy.

She breaks his grip and walks away.

KILROY

I'm a good father.

MARGARET  
You're a piece of shit.

Kilroy jumps back onto his Harley, watches her slowly disappear.

Frank appears from the shadows, lights a cigarette, stands next to Kilroy.

FRANK  
A domestic, Tommy? You know she's right.

KILROY  
Fuck off, Butler.

FRANK  
Officer Butler, thank you.

KILROY  
This ain't your concern.

FRANK  
I don't want any trouble, she's a good woman, let her go.

Genuine pain in his eyes.

KILROY  
... I love that woman.

FRANK  
Then let her go.

KILROY  
What would you, know?

FRANK  
I know you did the crime, she did the time.

Kilroy drops his head, closes his eyes, has nothing to say.

FRANK  
Shame on you.

Frank flicks his cigarette and walks away, Kilroy doesn't move, alone on his bike.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The crowd numbers has diminished, Gavin proves a good tradesman, places the hammer down, removes the belt and pouch around his waist.

Kylie approaches, three children, big smile and all teeth.

KYLIE

You do good work, Mister.

GAVIN

Thank you, happy to help.

Evonne arrives, places her arm around his.

EVONNE

Kylie, this is my Aboriginal friend from work, Gavin.

KYLIE

He a good looka, Evonne, better than the last one.

Kylie moves on.

EVONNE

Everyone seems to approve.

GAVIN

Of course, I'm better than the last one.

EVONNE

Stop teasing, you got the girl.

GAVIN

I've got to go, early start, you okay here?

EVONNE

I'll be fine, close about ten. Miss me?

GAVIN

I do, and I haven't even left.

They hug, a light kiss, he appears slightly uncomfortable.

GAVIN

... Evonne... Would you mind not  
introducing me as your Aboriginal  
friend?

INT. FRANK'S HOME - NIGHT

Taylor enters, goes straight to the fridge, peruses.  
Nothing.

She makes her way to the

STUDY

Frank is on the computer, she hands him a pile of printed  
sheets.

FRANK

What's this?

TAYLOR

The War in Heaven.

FRANK

The what?

TAYLOR

Read, it.

She opens the rear sliding door and into the

GARDEN

Confronts the two Angels on either side of a cane chair.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

*Dad?*

FRANK (O.S.)

*What?*

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An old vehicle enters the carpark, drives slowly before it  
comes to a stop, the warehouse lights are on.

Window winds down, Frank cases the vicinity, then drives  
off.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank parks the car past the house he wants, neighbours talk, not one of the better suburbs.

He KNOCKS on the door. Nothing. KNOCKS again.

Finally a sour looking woman, VERA (60), opens the door ajar, hostile, a large crowbar in her hands.

FRANK

Hello, Vera, were you expecting me.

VERA

Thought you was someone else.

FRANK

I'm not Tommy.

VERA

No, but he didn't arrest, her.

Margaret comes to the door.

MARGARET

Officer Frank? It's alright, mother.

VERA

This one bigger bastard than the other, one.

MARGARET

Mother, it's alright, please go see to the kids.

Vera leaves grudgingly.

VERA

Got my eye on you.

Pause.

FRANK

Hello, Margaret, you okay?

MARGARET

Sure.

FRANK

If Tommy bothers you, I can see that he doesn't.

MARGARET

No. No, please, it's okay.

FRANK

He should have protected you, sorry I couldn't do more.

For the first time in a long time, she manages a smile, gives Frank a hug.

MARGARET

I got three instead of five because of you. You did enough.

FRANK

Margaret, I...

MARGARET

Frank, you did enough, go home, get some sleep, I'm fine.

FRANK

What now for you?

MARGARET

We'll see.

Gives him another hug, disappears inside, closes the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Only five people remain, Evonne looks at her watch.

EVONNE

Almost ten, people.

They prepare to close shop and begin to shuffle out, Kylie has a final word at the door.

KYLIE

Evonne, be smart woman.

EVONNE

I am smart woman.



KYLIE

(giggle)

Not late, go Gavin's house.

EVONNE

I had the same thought, good night, Kylie.

She closes the door, huge sigh, it's been a long day and night, locks a few cupboards and begins to turn off the lights.

Evonne is not ALONE, a man dressed in black and sunglasses stands in the shadows.

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gavin is about to go to bed, picks up his mobile and types.

GAVIN

Text me you're okay.

INT. KILROY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kilroy is asleep, his bed is kicked and he is instantly awake.

FRANK

Get up.

KILROY

You break and entering?

FRANK

Meet me outside.

EXT. KILROY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kilroy looks out the front door, bright sunshine, eyes squint, Frank looks serious.

KILROY

What time is it?

FRANK

Time you and I had a talk.

KILROY

Father, son?

FRANK

Just about.

Sits on his Harley, leans back, Frank lights a cigarette.

FRANK

Why?

KILROY

You're a smart man, Frank.

FRANK

The smartest dumb bastard I know.

KILROY

She's still my wife.

FRANK

Your line of business. Let me guess, the fame, the money, the pressure. That your excuse? Try something different, radical, like accepting responsibility for your actions.

No response.

FRANK

I knew your grandfather, he was an elder, a good man, *proud*, he had dignity.

Looks Kilroy in the eye.

FRANK

What happened to, you?

Kilroy turns cold, mean.

KILROY

Butler? That's a bastard's name, a remnant from the convict days, the original boat people.

FRANK

Yeah, that's right, a bastard, my family tree, so you'll appreciate why I'm taking you in.

KILROY

Frank...

FRANK

Butler, to you.

KILROY

Don't do, this.

FRANK

You couldn't leave Margaret alone.  
Couldn't part with your little bag.

Frank takes out the handcuffs.

KILROY

*Please.* Not the handcuffs.

FRANK

Afraid children will see their  
*hero?*

KILROY

*Please.* I'll follow you in.

Frank contemplates, he's a good man, puts the handcuffs away.

FRANK

Promise you won't get lost?

Kilroy kick-starts the Harley.

KILROY

What's keeping, you?

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gavin wakes, looks at his mobile, no text, calls Evonne, no response, calls her home number, nothing, he's concerned.

He calls another number.

INTERCUT:

GAVIN

Frank, Evonne won't answer her  
phone.

FRANK  
Where was she?

GAVIN  
Warehouse, making preparations.

FRANK  
Ten from me, I'm on to it.

GAVIN  
Thanks, appreciate it, I'll  
check her apartment.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frank arrives at the warehouse, Kilroy close behind.

KILROY  
You're kidding, a secret hideout?  
You're a super hero?

FRANK  
I need to see something, try not  
to sell anything while I'm away.

Frank approaches the door, it's locked, shakes it, tries to  
pick the lock without success.

Kilroy raises his eyes in disgust, shakes his head,  
dismounts and joins Frank.

KILROY  
If you wouldn't mind?

Frank stands aside, Kilroy picks the lock, opens the door.

KILROY  
After you.

FRANK  
Wait here.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frank enters slowly, touches his gun in the holster, beams  
of sunlight penetrate the room, now light and shadows.

He walks slowly, carefully observes everything, eyes alert,  
complete silence except for his FOOTSTEPS.

Frank notices something in the shadows, makes his way towards it, hand grips his gun.

He comes closer, it's Evonne, seated on a chair, she's motionless, in a trance, he stops, looks around, proceeds.

FRANK

Evonne.

Nothing.

FRANK

Evonne, it's Frank.

One hand on his gun, the other on her shoulder, a slight shake.

FRANK

You, okay?

Nothing. Then, a powerful, supremely confident, composed voice with authority.

VOICE (O.S.)

She can't hear, you.

The gun is out in an instant, and immediately in a shoot stance, aimed at a shadow.

Man In Black emerges from the shadows, into the sunlight, no hat, nor sunglasses, he's no vampire.

MAN IN BLACK

She can't hear, you.

FRANK

What have you done, to her?

MAN IN BLACK

She's safe. For now.

FRANK

What do you intend to do?

MAN IN BLACK

That, I haven't determined.

FRANK

Let her go.

MAN IN BLACK

Depends.

FRANK

On?

MAN IN BLACK

You.

FRANK

Meaning?

MAN IN BLACK

Stop interfering with my work.

FRANK

Your work?

MAN IN BLACK

My entertainment.

FRANK

You haven't killed enough?

Hint of a smile.

MAN IN BLACK

No. I haven't.

FRANK

We may have to agree to disagree,  
I think more than enough.

MAN IN BLACK

What you think is not my concern.

Frank straightens his arms and gun.

FRANK

Don't make me use this.

MAN IN BLACK

(smiles)

This is why I like you, Frank,  
you talk dirty.

FRANK

I'm serious.

MAN IN BLACK  
Your toy has no effect on me.

Frank fires two SHOTS into the heart and another into the forehead, which throws his head back.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kilroy is STARTLED by the gun shots.

KILROY  
Jesus Christ.

Kick-starts his Harley.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Man In Black straightens, his wounds heal instantly.

MAN IN BLACK  
Satisfied? Never doubt what  
I say. *Never.*

Man In Black's smile widens, a sinister, satisfied smile.

MAN IN BLACK  
Do not interfere, the girl lives.

The Fallen Angel turns and begins to walk away, Frank lowers his gun.

FRANK  
I know who you are.

He continues to walk.

FRANK  
One of the Two Hundred.

Nothing.

FRANK  
A Fallen Angel.

Still walks.

FRANK  
Cast out in the War of Heaven.  
You did not prevail.

No effect.

FRANK

... *But*. You are not Asmodeus,  
Beelzebub, Lucifer nor Samael.  
You're a foot soldier, lackey,  
an ugly outcast that preys on  
the weak.

Man In Black stops, turns, a FURY on his face.

He returns at LIGHTNING speed and face to face, toe to toe,  
with Frank.

FRANK

Did I touch a nerve?

MAN IN BLACK

You think you could face Samael,  
Lucifer, Beelzebub or Asmodeus?  
Shall I arrange, it? Peculiar  
that you can see, me, peculiar  
still, you are familiar with our  
names.

FRANK

Thank God for the internet.

MAN IN BLACK

God? Ha. He won't help, you.

FRANK

Did he help, you?

MAN IN BLACK

He gave *all* the angels choice.  
I exercised it.

FRANK

And here we are, good choice. I  
pity you, so low in the pecking  
order, at best, a miserable worm.

The smile returns to the Man In Black.

MAN IN BLACK

I must confess, you have a way  
with words, a way of endearing  
yourself.



FRANK

Part of my charm.

MAN IN BLACK

Please allow me to extend some  
of my own.

Man In Black approaches Evonne with a saunter, still seated on her chair, oblivious to what is happening.

He blows a MIST into her ear, then stands back, a smirk on his face.

Evonne's eyes light up, her posture changes to that of a supremely confident woman, leans back in her chair, legs apart.

Her gaze turns towards Frank, eyes filled with seduction, her body language saturated with sensuality

She stands, her hands slowly and sensually caress her body.

EVONNE

I *need* a man.

FRANK

Sit down, Evonne.

She begins to unbutton her blouse.

EVONNE

I need a man, *now*.

She removes her blouse slowly, her ample breasts more than fill her bra.

EVONNE

Are you man enough for me,  
Frank?

Man In Black enjoys Frank's discomfort.

She unzips her skirt and allows it to fall to the floor, reveals very brief panties.

FRANK

That's enough.

He walks towards her to stop Evonne remove her bra, but she pushes him in the chest with ALARMING strength.

Frank is sent flying across the room and onto his back.

She removes her bra, then slips off her panties, completely naked, caresses her breasts.

He gets to his feet, shaken.

Evonne lies on the couch, still caresses her breasts, then her pubic hair, legs spreads wide.

EVONNE

...Fuck me, Frank, we know you  
want, to, you've always wanted,  
to. *Fuck me.*

Frank walks towards the Fallen Angel, instantly applies his ninja skills.

Every move, every thrust, every punch is countered with lightning reflexes and prove completely harmless.

Man In Black grabs Frank by the front of his coat, raises him off the ground and hurtles him across the room.

Frank smashes on top of a table and chairs, he struggles to get up.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Margaret opens the door, finds Kilroy on her doorstep.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frank tries to rise, but Man In Black is immediately upon him in a FLASH, kicks him in the groin, steps on his left hand, grinds until bones are broken, CRUNCH.

FRANK

Ahhhhhhhhhhh.

MAN IN BLACK

That's my ninja move.

Frank writhes in great pain, the Fallen Angel squats in front of him, grabs him by the hair.

MAN IN BLACK  
I've got a better, one.

Smashes his head into the floor, breaks his nose, CRUNCH.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

She stares at Kilroy, if looks could kill.

MARGARET  
You abandoned, him?

She spits, turns on her heels, slams the door shut.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frank is face down, spits blood, Man In Black places his foot on Frank's back. MENACING.

MAN IN BLACK  
I could break your back, Frank,  
would you like that? Mmm. Make  
you a paraplegic.

Begins to rock Frank's back.

MAN IN BLACK  
... Perhaps break you neck, mmm,  
a quadriplegic... Spoon fed for  
the rest of your life.

Then in Frank's ear.

MAN IN BLACK  
Knowing you could never *fuck*  
Helen again.

Frank grabs him by the left leg, tries to unbalance him.

MAN IN BLACK  
Pitiful.

Stomps Frank's right arm and breaks it, CRUNCH.

FRANK  
Ahhhhhhhhhhh.

MAN IN BLACK  
Your entertainment value has expired.

Man In Black places his foot on Frank's neck.

MAN IN BLACK  
Say goodbye to your neck,  
Frank.

SUDDENLY, Man In Black lashes to his left, catches a spear, the sharp point a hair's breath from his head.

He turns slowly, and there is Milerum, armed and in war paint.

MAN IN BLACK  
Of course. My old, friend.

He easily snaps the spear in his hand, casts it aside, faces Milerum, smiles.

MAN IN BLACK  
This is good fortune.

Moves closer to him.

MAN IN BLACK  
I meant to find you, but you  
have found me instead. This is  
better, we have issues.

The elder drums two sticks together, begins his sacred dance and chants a sacred song.

MAN IN BLACK  
That will not help you here,  
spare me the noise.

Their eyes are locked, the elder continues.

MAN IN BLACK  
I've heard better on You Tube.

He raises a hand, furniture begins to levitate, flies past Milerum, he is unperturbed, no fear on his face nor eyes.

MAN IN BLACK  
I'm toying with you, your  
power cannot best, me.

A chair is hurled towards the elder, Milerum raises the bone and it's deflected.

MAN IN BLACK  
Child's play. Ready for more?

More furniture is fired towards him, it's deflected, but he appears limited in his ability to maintain this defense.

Two dozen pieces of furniture hover and spin above Man in Black, he is poised to strike.

MAN IN BLACK  
Show me your power, *Aboriginal*.

He raises his arm higher, a huge, evil, grin, manifests,

SUDDENLY, he turns his head sideways as a HAMMER sails past, the furniture falls to the ground.

Kilroy walks in, he had thrown the hammer and ready to throw another, joins Milerum.

MAN IN BLACK  
Cannon fodder, you pathetic,  
fool.

Kilroy joins in the sacred dance and sacred chant, drums two wooden handles together.

Milerum slowly raises then points the bone, the combined power pushes against Man In Black.

MAN IN BLACK  
It's not enough to save, you.

Man In Black raises a fist, a POWER emerges, it has a detrimental effect on the two men.

MAN IN BLACK  
Prepare yourselves, it will be  
quick.

THEN, a SHOT echoes across the room, the power ceases, the two men stop dancing and stop chanting.

Gavin joins the fray, he looks around the room, gun in his hand, ready to fire.

GAVIN  
Am I interrupting?

MAN IN BLACK

Is there a queue?

GAVIN

Frank? Evonne?

KILROY

Brother, over here, join us.

Hesitates.

GAVIN

What's going on?

KILROY

Here. Dance. Chant.

Looks at Kilroy and the elder.

GAVIN

I don't know what I'm meant to do?

MAN IN BLACK

White man with a drop of black,  
how fitting.

The Fallen Angel raises both hands, enormous energy flows from them, a COSMIC energy of glittering stars.

They barely manage to deflect the energy, wilting in the current, then a moment of respite.

MAN IN BLACK

Join them, allow me to demonstrate  
*real* power.

Gavin joins them, the cosmic energy returns.

MILERUM

The Memories.

GAVIN

What Memories?

They are slowly forced back, faltering.

MILERUM

The Memories.

GAVIN

I don't understand?

MILERUM

Your father, Jimmy, use the  
Memories.

The energy field increases, their faces slowly contort,  
they are near breaking point.

Gavin places his hands on his temple, concentrates, the  
energy a gale force wind, nothing comes to him.

GAVIN

I can't.

KILROY

Then we die, Frank and Evonne,  
too.

Anguish on his face, Gavin begins to straighten up, as  
difficult as it is, he concentrates, meditates. NOTHING.

WAIT

In the distant RECESSES of his mind he hears a chant,  
barely discernible, he hears a beat, he sees an indistinct  
image of several figures, they become clearer.

They are Aboriginal men and boys, dancing the sacred dance  
and chanting the sacred words.

He closes his eyes, all SOUND diminishes, he sees a young  
boy. INITIATION.

GAVIN

Great Grandfather, I see you. Great  
Grandfather, I hear you. Father, I  
have your blood in my veins, blood  
of our ancestors.

He opens his eyes, he knows, he understands, begins the  
sacred dance and sacred chant in unison with his black  
brothers, two wooden handles in his hands.

The contortion stops, all three are upright, their power  
increases, they raise the tempo, the elder slowly raises  
then points the bone.

The torrent of gale force energy, now a mass of AURORA AUSTRALIS fireworks and a cascade of colours, deflects, parted the way Moses parted the Red Sea.

The energy begins to fold back, slowly but surely, flow back towards its source, lightly at first, then engulfs Man In Black.

The evil smile has gone, concern takes its place, his eyes turn liquid blood red.

The massive torrent of energy threatens to consume him, his face a RAGE, those gritted teeth exposed, he loses control, his clothes and flesh begin to peel.

His face and body contorts as if he held the weight of the world, something has to give.

MAN IN BLACK

Noooooooooooooooooooo!

The full force of the energy strikes him and he explodes into a million fragments.

SILENCE

The dance and chant has stopped, drenched in sweat, spent, the sound of heavy breathing, they look at each other, then laugh.

Kilroy drops to his knees.

KILROY

Said you was a brother.

GAVIN

Perhaps, more than just a drop of black.

Kilroy turns to Milerum.

KILROY

Who the fuck are, you?

GAVIN

This, Tommy, is my Great Grandfather.

They embrace, great grandfather and great grandson.



FRANK

When you're finished with the love, I could use some myself.

GAVIN

Frank? Evonne?

Gavin rushes towards Frank who is a mess.

GAVIN

Tommy, call an ambulance, put some clothes on Evonne.

He sits on the floor, cradles Frank's head, tears in his eyes.

GAVIN

I saw him, Frank. The Man In Black.

FRANK

Told, you.

GAVIN

You never mentioned he was such a big, mother.

FRANK

Nearly got him with my ninja.

GAVIN

I know, Frank, I know. Hang in there, mate.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

POLICE and AMBULANCE everywhere, Frank and Evonne are stretchered into separate ambulances, he holds her hand.

GAVIN

I'll see you at the hospital.

Gives her a kiss and a hug, door closes, ambulance off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Gavin walks inside and towards a deserted part of the room.

He makes his way behind a partition, where the elder waits,

obscured from view.

GAVIN

Thank you Great Grandfather,  
Milerum.

MILERUM

I am proud.

GAVIN

And, I, proud of my ancestors.

They embrace one last time, Milerum stands back, smiles,  
then vanishes.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kilroy sits on a step, Gavin walks out and sits next to  
him, the ex-football player extends his hands.

GAVIN

What's this?

KILROY

Handcuffs, Frank was bringing  
me in.

Gavin manages a painful smile.

GAVIN

Put them down, when you're ready,  
get out of here, too many police  
about.

They embrace, two brothers.

GAVIN

I'm going to the hospital.

KILROY

I'll join you later.

POLICE CAR

Gavin enters, Jack is behind the wheel.

JACK MILLANE

I know, the Man In Black. I'll  
deny it if anyone asks.

Jack smiles, they drive off.

Kilroy light's up a REAL cigarette, a long, slow, exhale.

VOICE (O.S.)

Very touching.

He looks up, Margaret with a frown, her arms crossed.

KILROY

You look fine, baby.

MARGARET

Can't say the same for you.

KILROY

Hehe, I doin' alright, had a  
little predicament.

She studies him, unfolds her arms, hint of a smile.

MARGARET

Need a lift?

A tear rolls down his eye.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Frank is in bed and looks worse for wear, Gavin is there to console him.

GAVIN

One week today.

FRANK

How do I look?

GAVIN

How do you think, you look?

FRANK

Like shit.

GAVIN

You got it in one.

FRANK

Thanks.

GAVIN

Pleasure.

FRANK

What's the date?

GAVIN

Date? The twenty fourth.

FRANK

Time?

Gavin looks at his watch.

GAVIN

Eight twenty.

FRANK

Shit.

GAVIN

What?

FRANK

Get me out of here.

GAVIN

Don't be ridiculous.

FRANK

Get me out of here or I'll do  
it myself.

GAVIN

If you're trying to get back to  
work, you're out of your mind.

FRANK

Work? Why would I do that?

GAVIN

Where, then?

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Frank is in a wheelchair, black eye, bruises, bandages and  
plaster do not make a good look, Gavin stands behind him.

Elevator stops, doors open, a bearded STRANGER (55), walks in, glances at Frank, presses his floor, the doors close.

STRANGER  
Car accident?

FRANK  
Run over, but not by a car.

STRANGER  
You should be in a hospital.

FRANK  
That's the general consensus.  
(beat)  
Someone needs my help.

STRANGER  
He must be a good friend?

FRANK  
I promised.

The elevator comes to a halt, Gavin wheels Frank out.

STRANGER  
Good luck.

FRANK  
Likewise.

Gavin negotiates between people in a busy corridor.

COURTROOM THREE

They enter the courtroom, again, the usual suspects.

The court sheriff, BEN (45), approaches Frank.

COURT SHERIFF  
Hello, Frank.

FRANK  
Ben.

COURT SHERIFF  
As a witness, you need to wait  
outside.

The Defense lawyer notices Frank, a look of relief, approaches him.

Jockey has a look of disbelief.

DEFENSE

You look awful.

FRANK

Thanks, the doctors said I was looking better.

DEFENSE

You well enough to take the stand?

FRANK

Get the show on the road.

The Defense lawyer walks back to his desk.

DEFENSE

Your Honour, we have our final witness.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kilroy and Margaret arrive at the door, he needs some reassurance.

KILROY

You sure you want to do, this?

INT. COURT WAITING ROOM - DAY

Gavin and Frank wait for the Jury to decide.

GAVIN

The biggest bastard is waiting.

FRANK

The biggest bastard is hanging out for a smoke.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kilroy and Margaret enter, people everywhere, most of the damage cleared, furniture restored.

Evonne is at a desk, they approach, her, she looks up.

EVONNE  
Good of you to come.

KILROY  
This is Margaret.

INT. COURTROOM THREE - DAY

The court is in session, Frank and Jockey acknowledge each other with a smile and a nod.

CLERK OF THE COURT  
The Jury is ready to enter.

The Jury enter from a side door and take their places.

JUDGE  
Has the Jury reached a verdict?

The Jury foreman, Stranger, rises and steps forward, his eye contact solely with the Judge.

STRANGER  
We have, Your Honour.

JUDGE  
How does the Jury find?

STRANGER  
In a unanimous decision, we find  
the defendant guilty as charged.

The courtroom reacts with everyone trying to talk at once, Frank and Jockey close their eyes and lower their heads.

JUDGE  
Order. Order.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kilroy, Margaret, Kylie and Evonne are all seated around a table.

MARGARET  
I recently was released from  
prison. There are conditions  
that need to be addressed, such  
as prisoner rights.

EVONNE

You want to help these women,  
become a prisoner advocate, you  
need our support and assistance.

MARGARET

(nervous)

Yes.

EVONNE

I think it an excellent idea, we  
can devise programs to help these  
women in and out of prison.

INT. COURTROOM THREE - DAY

The Judge looks serious, reads notes in front of her, she  
turns a page.

The courtroom is packed, the anticipation great, most  
restless in their seats, the Judge is ready to proceed.

JUDGE

Order.

Silence and order comes quickly, the Judge has one last  
formality.

JUDGE

It is my duty to pass sentence.

The defendant has been found  
guilty by a Jury of his peers.

I will now deliver that sentence.

(beat)

Five years maximum security prison.

(beat)

I have taken into consideration  
the Jury's recommendation, weighed  
the circumstances, and decided the  
following.

(beat)

I will waive the sentence to a good  
behaviour bond of three years. The  
prisoner is free to go.

Uproar and jubilation in the court, Jockey stunned as his  
handcuffs are removed.



Frank opens his eyes, raises his head, satisfied with a smile.

Jockey comes towards him, tears in his eyes, ready to hug.

JOCKEY

I'd give you a hug, but I might  
kill you and come back, here.

FRANK

I didn't do anything, thank the  
lawyers.

JOCKEY

You're a good man, Frank. Godsent.

Jockey gives a nod, then off with friends and well wishers.

ELEVATOR

Frank and Gavin enter, the doors are about to close, an arm  
presses through the gap and they open.

The jury foreman, Stranger, enters.

FRANK

You're the Jury Foreman?

Stranger smiles.

STRANGER

You left a sick hospital bed for  
a friend. That told me something.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Gavin walks in, joins Kilroy, Margaret, Kylie and Evonne.

KILROY

How'd it go?

GAVIN

Went well. As usual, Frank  
stole the show.

EVONNE

Gavin, have you met Margaret?

MARGARET

Are you part Aboriginal as well?

Eyes on Gavin.

GAVIN

Yes, I am, my Great Grandparents,  
father's side.

Smiles all around.

EXT. FRANK'S HOME - DAY

The sky is a brilliant blue, not a single cloud in sight,  
the sun is shining.

The lawn is mowed, and green.

A car stops, Taylor kisses her Mother goodbye, makes her  
way to the front door.

Waves goodbye, key out, enters.

INT. FRANK'S HOME - DAY

Frank is in his wheelchair in front of his laptop, Taylor  
approaches, not the fridge this time.

TAYLOR

Jesus, thought you were better?

FRANK

This *is*, better, watch the language.

TAYLOR

Can I get you something, dad?

FRANK

I'm fine, sweetheart.

TAYLOR

Last chance.

FRANK

Don't change now, I might not  
recognize you.

She smiles, makes her way towards the fridge, happy with an  
orange juice, Frank does the two-finger type on his laptop.

KNOCK at the door.

FRANK

*Jesus. Taylor, can you get that, please. If they're selling phone or power discounts, you have my permission to swear.*

Another KNOCK at the door.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

I'm in the bathroom.

FRANK

You just got, here?

Sighs, shakes his head, wheels his way to the front door, opens, it. STUNNED.

FRANK

Helen?

HELEN

I heard you were unwell.

FRANK

Flesh wound.

HELEN

... May I come in?

FRANK

...Of course.

She enters, he smiles, his first for awhile, closes the door, whispers.

FRANK

*Struth.*

EXT. FRANK'S HOME - DAY

Across the street, under a large tree, is Milerum, a wide smile on his face, then vanishes.

EXT. CENTRAL AUSTRALIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Milerum returns to his proper time, Jimmy walks towards him, dressed as an Aboriginal, a new spear in his hand, holds up a lizard in the other.

JIMMY  
Grandpa, did I do good?

MILERUM  
Yes, Jimmy, you did very good.

They walk off together, grandfather and grandson, the Memories were good. Very good.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. MANSION - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Blonde MESSENGER (18), walks up three flights of six steps.

He continues down a corridor, until he comes to a doorway.

Two GUARDS immediately open the solid wood doors to allow him entry.

MEETING ROOM

The oval shaped table has six MEN on either side, a throne at the head, where a TALL MAN resides.

The walls are red, the ceiling black, tiles dark, several shaded lamps provide the light.

They are dressed in black, the shadows obscure their eyes.

The Messenger kneels before, them, on one knee, he hears a deep, powerful voice with authority.

TALL MAN  
Why do you disturb, us?

COURIER  
My lords, one of the Two Hundred  
*... is dead.*

EXT. CARPARK - DAY

Frank places his ninja gi in the boot, walks down the street, proceeds to window shop, wears dark glasses.

He stops, both hands in pockets, appears self-conscious, sheepish, slowly looks around and even over his shoulder.

Frank opens the shop door and quickly disappears inside,  
and as the door slowly closes, it reads;

"WONDERLAND DANCE STUDIO"

FADE TO BLACK

END CREDITS

FADE IN

EXT. FRANK'S GARDEN - NIGHT

The two Angel statues appear serene, sentries on either  
side of Frank's cane chair.

The Statue on the right, BLINKS, only for an instant.

FADE OUT: