

Box 467

by

Cameron Gray

(c)2016 Cameron Gray

[cammygray1983@gmail.com](mailto:cammygray1983@gmail.com)

**FADE IN:**

**INT. 747 AIRLINER - DAY**

A crowded passenger plane. Callan McArthur (39), casually dressed with a mop of blond hair, sleeps in a first class seat. His eye lids flutter.

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

SILHOUETTE 1, a well built man stands in a dark room, he faces the ground. Light from a partially opened door in the background catches on his bald head, and highlights strands of hair from a long beard.

SILHOUETTE 1  
(with warped electronic voice)  
What's that smell, Cal? Can you  
smell it? I burned them Callan, I  
burned them real bad and now you're  
coming for a visit.

The figure raises his head, his facial features still not visible due to the lack of light.

SILHOUETTE 1  
(with warped electronic voice)  
Can you feel it yet? The  
monsterous, beautiful warmth that  
licks the skin and singses the hair.  
Do you think you're ready to talk?  
I think you're fucking ready.

**INT. 747 AIRLINER - DAY**

Panicked, Callan wakes suddenly from his sleep. He regains his composure, and squints at his video display, it reads "ARRIVAL IN MELBOURNE - 7 HOURS".

**INT. MELBOURNE - HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Callan sits in a high class hotel restaurant, muffled conversations echo around the sparsely occupied room. He is clearly tired and struggles to stay awake.

DAVE (early 20's), a well groomed waiter, approaches his table

DAVE

Would sir care for a drink?

CALLAN

Just food. What type of steaks have you got?

DAVE

Very good sir, we've got a large selection to choose from. Wagyu Holstein rostbiff, Black Angus...

CALLAN

What would you recommend?

DAVE

That depends on what type of mood you're in, and what your price range is...

Callan's mood changes from tired to angry.

CALLAN

Look mate, I'm jetlagged to hell and money's no object.

DAVE

Well if I was to offer an opinion, the Castricum Black Angus rump is full of...

CALLAN

The Castricum with a pepper sauce, and a side of potatoes and veg. Medium rare.

Callan offers Dave his menu which he duly takes.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE

Castricum Black Angus for the grumpy wanker at table 3, medium.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - LATER**

Dave approaches Callan and starts to clear his table.

DAVE

Thank you sir, how was your meal?

CALLAN

Not rare enough I'm afraid, that's probably cost you your tip.

DAVE

I'm sorry to hear that.

CALLAN

I'd like a nice bottle of red, what would you recommend?

DAVE

Personally speaking, sir, the Penfolds Bin 389 Cabernet Shiraz.

CALLAN

That'll do nicely.

Dave retrieves the bottle from a large wine rack on the restaurant wall. He is about to open it when Callan raises his hand and stops him.

DAVE

Sir?

CALLAN

I'm staying here for a few days, and out of convenience I'll probably be eating here most evenings. I'm a bit all over the place with the jetlag, so I apologise for being short earlier.

DAVE

Please sir, you weren't...

CALLAN

Stop. That bottle's for you and your colleagues in there, maybe a little encouragement to get my steak right next time.

DAVE

I can't take this, sir.

Callan gets up from his seat, takes the bottle from Dave, and places it down on the table.

CALLAN

Medium rare tomorrow, and cut out the "sir" shit.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Callan lies on a bed with his mobile phone to his ear.

CALLAN

Yep, the flight was a bit ordinary.  
You know I'll be fine...well just  
keep James at bay. I'm away in  
California remember, finding myself  
or some nonsense. Sorry Jas, I have  
to go and get some sleep. I love  
you too.

Callan hangs up the phone and places it on the bedside table.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Callan is awoken by the sound of his mobile phone alarm. He gets out of bed and starts to rake through his suitcase.

He drags out some clothes, and stares at the ironing board in the corner of the room.

CALLAN

Be appropriate Cal, they deserve  
that much.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER**

Callan, in a poorly ironed shirt and shorts ensemble, strides through the hotel lobby. He smiles at Dave as he passes the restaurant.

CALLAN

How was the bottle?

DAVE

Absolutely sumptuous sir.

CALLAN

What did I say about that sir  
nonsense?

Dave nods in return.

Callan approaches the hotel reception. The receptionist, SARAH (early 20's), looks up and smiles.

SARAH

Good morning sir, how can I help you today?

CALLAN

So you're doing this "sir" thing too? I'm starting to think I should have brought a bloody horse with me.

SARAH

Well, sir, we aim to maintain the highest standards in all areas, manners included.

CALLAN

That smile was enough for me. I need a car rental, is there anything nearby?

SARAH

Certainly, there's the local Avis in South Melbourne. Let me mark it on a map for you.

Sarah pulls out a tourist map and marks two points on it.

CALLAN

Right so we've got the car rental over here, what's the second point?

SARAH

Flemington Racecourse, just in case you need to find a horse.

Callan laughs and points in the direction of Dave.

CALLAN

Teach some of that to your mate. I want him with some bite by the time I sit down for dinner tonight.

#### **INT. CAR - DAY**

Callan drives along a Freeway, angrily flicking through pop filled radio stations.

CALLAN

Beiber and company, get off my bloody radio!

Flicking a couple more times, he finally finds some good old fashioned Aussie rock and roll in the form of The Angels.

He taps along to the driving bass of She Keeps No, and makes a failed attempt at singing along to the lyrics. He pauses.

CALLAN  
Shit, flowers!

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Callan looks at the cheap service station flowers that lie on the passenger's seat.

CALLAN  
(muttering to himself)  
Servo flowers, seriously Cal.

He shakes his head and returns his gaze to the road.

**EXT. GRAVESIDE - LATER**

Callan, flowers in hand, approaches four headstones.

The first reads "Dianne McArthur, a loving mother and wife". The next two bear the names "Adam" and "Mark McArthur", and "Innocent child taken before his time".

To the right of them stands his father's grave, which is more ornate. It reads "Francis McArthur. A father, friend and footballer. A great talent and a loss to the whole community".

CALLAN  
I'm sorry it's taken so long to  
come back.

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK 1989 - DAY**

ANNA (40's), a small portly lady with blonde hair, stands motionless looking at FRANCIS'S (39) lifeless body on a park bench.

His lips are blue and vomit runs down the side of his face. A bottle of whiskey lies smashed on the ground below him.

**EXT. GRAVESIDE 1989 - DAY**

A large gathering of mourners crowd around Francis's graveside, sweating in the heat of a hot summers day.

A PRIEST splashes the coffin with holy water, as a teenage Callan (17) and his older brother JAMES (19) look on. Their mother DIANNE (40) stands with them, her hands held on either side by their young brothers, ADAM (6) and Mark (4).

PRIEST

May his soul, and the souls of all  
the faithful departed, through the  
mercy of God rest in peace.

The mourners wait until the coffin is in the ground, before they leave the family. Two grave diggers approach and start to fill the grave.

James takes off his suit jacket and tie, grabs the shovel off one of the men and fills the grave himself. Callan ushers his mother and brothers away, and takes the shovel off the other grave digger.

**EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE 1989 - NIGHT**

Callan and his girlfriend CARRIE (17), a petite teenager with brown hair, walk through a disused industrial estate. Callan, still in his funeral suit, looks up to the heavens.

CARRIE

Is he up there?

CALLAN

Not sure, I prefer the local  
religions so part of me hopes not.

CARRIE

What does that mean?

CALLAN

None of that heaven shit. He was  
dreaming, his spirit came into the  
physical world, and he's left it to  
dream again.

They take a seat on a wall.

CARRIE

I still get told every Sunday that  
I have to toe the line, don't  
drink, keep my knickers on, etc.

CALLAN

I don't think any of that's in the  
Ten Commandments.



CARRIE

The priest apparently channels the big man, and then lays down the law. You went to the same school as me, didn't any of it sink in?

CALLAN

Nah, I'm telling you it's in our blood. Just like my dad's dreaming, I was too and will be in the future.

CARRIE

Sign me up.

CALLAN

It's not a matter of signing up, I can see it in those eyes. Cut our skin and your blood runs the same as mine, and through that blood the same spirits travel.

CARRIE

That's beautiful Cal, but It's me that's supposed to be helping you feel better.

CALLAN

Where's this rave then?

CARRIE

Just around the corner, at the old steel works. You sure you're up to this?

CALLAN

Is that the Yates plant? That's where dad used to work.

CARRIE

Shit Callan, I didn't realise. Let's go home and find James.

CALLAN

Nah don't stress, it's nice to know I'll be standing on ground he's been on before.

Carrie produces a couple of tabs of LSD from her pocket, and offers one to Callan.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
Not for me.

CARRIE  
I thought you might need a break?

CALLAN  
On you go, it'll just make you  
easier anyway.

CARRIE  
Now that most certainly isn't  
appropriate. Remember I'm the one  
with the abstinent knickers.

CALLAN  
Well I'll have a word with your big  
man, see if we can come to some  
arrangement.

Callan stands up and drags Carrie to her feet.

**INT. FACTORY 1989 - CONTINUOUS**

Carrie leads Callan through a doorway, flashing lights hit a wall ahead.

They walk towards the light and find a man on a platform with a sound system that is producing a fast paced, driving, electronic beat. The room is full of people, all drenched in sweat.

Callan stops in his tracks, a smile creeps over his face. Carrie jumps forward and plants a kiss on his lips. She drags him into the crowd, and starts to dance.

A tall sweaty RAVER (early 20's), with running neon paint, appears beside them. He puts his arms around both of their shoulders, and pulls the three of them together. He moves there for a few seconds, then spins around and loses himself in the crowd.

Callan looks at his arms, which now run with lines of neon paint. He starts to move his hands and then his body.

Carrie leans forward and shouts into his ear, but her words are inaudible. Callan smiles and loses himself to the music.

**EXT. CAFE WINDOW 1989 - EARLY MORNING**

Carrie and Callan sit eating breakfast. They both look dishevelled and worn out from the night before.

James with a brisk pace charges past the window. He spots Callan and storms into the cafe.

**INT. CAFE 1989 - CONTINUOUS**

James, with rage in his eyes, approaches Callan and Carrie.

JAMES

Here you are then, all fucking smiley, smiley. Everything ok there Cal? Last time I checked we buried dad yesterday, and here I find you two shooting the shit as if nothing happened.

CARRIE

Leave him alone James.

JAMES

Shut it you. Callan what...

CALLAN

Don't you talk to her like that.

James steps towards Callan.

JAMES

Come on then big man. I'm not sure how you could be any less appropriate. Mum, Adam, Mark, do none of them fucking matter to you?

Callan explodes out of his seat. He grabs James by his collar, flings him onto the table and delivers a few swift punches to his stomach.

Carrie recoils into the corner of the room.

CARRIE

(screaming)

Callan stop!

Anna, the cafe owner, sprints from the kitchen and starts to hit Callan over the head with a wooden spoon.

James lies winded on the table. Callan pauses, and stands over him with his fist raised.

ANNA  
(shouting)  
Callan McArthur, you get off him  
now!

Callan ignores Anna. He grabs James by his collar, lifts him up off the table and smashes him back down again.

Anna serves some more blows to the back of his head with the spoon. Callan drops James, and in one swift motion grabs the spoon and flings it into the wall beside Carrie.

He stops for a moment and catches the sight of Carrie, cowering in the corner of the room. Anna takes a few steps back and puts her hands over her head.

ANNA  
You get out of here now son, your  
dad wouldn't want this.

Callan stares at Carrie. The wooden spoon lies on the ground beside her, and just above her head there is a mark on the wall where it made contact.

CALLAN  
(stuttering)  
Car I'm sorry. Anna I'm...

ANNA  
You get out of here now Callan,  
before I call the police.

Callan backs out of the cafe door. He looks at the scene through the glass, then turns and runs down the street.

Anna rushes to James, who lies on the table holding his stomach.

ANNA  
Are you okay James?

JAMES  
(spluttering)  
Just winded Mrs. Ferguson.

ANNA  
Carrie, you come with me to the  
kitchen.

Anna gets Carrie to her feet and leads her away. As James stands up he is hit in the face with a cloth.

ANNA

You're not going anywhere until you clean up that mess. Loss or not I've got the morning rush in half an hour.

**INT. CAFE KITCHEN 1989 - LATER**

James enters the kitchen. Anna and Carrie sit at a small table, sharing a pot of tea.

JAMES

I'm sorry Mrs. Ferguson. I shouldn't defend him, but that wasn't Cal.

ANNA

I know you've both had a major loss, but you can't go around behaving like that. Remember you're the man of the house now.

JAMES

I know my responsibilities Mrs. Ferguson, I've had enough practice.

ANNA

Your mother and brothers need you more than ever.

JAMES

I'm sorry too Carrie, Cal needs you right now.

CARRIE

We need to go find him. I've never seen him like that.

JAMES

I know.

ANNA

Just let Callan know this whole thing never happened.

James nods and leaves with Carrie.

**EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE 1989 - DAY**

Carrie leads James towards where the rave was held the previous night.

JAMES

He's not in his usual spots, why do you think he's here?

CARRIE

We were at a rave here last night, I think it might have brought back a few memories of your dad.

JAMES

Aw shit.

CARRIE

Good memories. At the very least the rave was a distraction.

JAMES

I never saw him as a raver, he wasn't on any pills was he?

CARRIE

I'm not even going to dignify that with a response. I think his actions had more to do with your attitude towards his girlfriend.

JAMES

Sorry Car, he really does need you.

CARRIE

He's stronger than you think.

JAMES

I guess he'll always be a bit of a lost puppy to me.

Carrie and James approach the old factory and walk through the entry.

**INT. WAREHOUSE 1989 - CONTINUOUS**

Callan sits on the same stage that the sound system occupied the previous night. Carrie and James take a seat beside him.

JAMES

I'm sorry bro. I'd been looking for you all night and was just worried.

CARRIE  
What's going on Cal?

CALLAN  
It's just not right.

JAMES  
I know.

CARRIE  
I thought you were okay with him?

CALLAN  
So did I, guess I'll never forgive  
him for being that weak.

JAMES  
I feel the anger too, it really  
isn't fair.

CALLAN  
(screaming)  
Fucking right, fucking leaving us  
like that!

James tries to give Callan a hug, but he's pushed away.

JAMES  
Carrie said you felt good being  
here last night.

CALLAN  
It was obviously just a band aid.

JAMES  
Well I could do with a distraction.  
Would you be okay with me coming  
down for the next one?

CALLAN  
I don't think it's your thing.

CARRIE  
Well it wasn't yours either.

**EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY**

Callan takes a flower from his bouquet, and places it down  
at Francis's grave.

He turns to Dianne, Adam and Mark's headstones. All of the  
dates of death are the same.

**EXT. COMMISSION FLATS 1992 - NIGHT**

Callan and James walk towards a block of commission flats.

JAMES

I still can't believe we got our own place!

CALLAN

How do we get her to move?

JAMES

Leave it to me. She'll figure where the money came from, I'll take the hit if she cracks it.

CALLAN

Nah, we're in this together.

JAMES

It's not a fucking medal to wear Cal. I reckon I've got a good chance of getting kicked out when I tell her. If I do, you need to stay to help with the boys.

Ahead of the boys, a large crowd of people and the flashing lights from some parked fire trucks come into view.

CALLAN

Shit, something's going on.

Smoke catches the street lights above them. James and Callan run towards the crowd.

As the commission flats comes into view, they see flames burst out of the window of their flat.

They push their way through the crowd to the fire cordon. Anna stands beside them in tears.

JAMES

Fuck me, that's our flat!

ANNA

I'm so sorry James.

JAMES

Jesus Christ! It's alright Anna, mum took the boys down to Geelong for the weekend.

A smile creeps across James's face.



JAMES (CONT'D)

Here Cal, this is pretty shit but I guess it solves our problem about the new apartment. Silver linings and all that.

ANNA

I'm so sorry.

CALLAN

It's only possessions Anna, they're safe and that's all that matters.

ANNA

She had a headache and stayed home, they didn't go.

Callan, suddenly panicked, hurdles the cordon and dodges some firemen. James follows suit, and tackles Callan as he gets to the entrance lobby of the building.

THREE POLICE OFFICERS burst out of the front door with a semiconscious and handcuffed ARTHUR KOULIS (40). Arthur is well built with a bald head, an unkempt beard, and a fresh burn mark that runs down his body. He wears a biker gang uniform that is partially melted to his skin.

Callan flings off James and runs after the officers.

CALLAN

Is that the fucker that did this?

POLICE OFFICER

What the hell are you doing here?  
Get back behind the cordon.

CALLAN

(shouting)

Is that him?

POLICE OFFICER

Get out of here before I arrest you  
too!

Callan tries to get to Arthur, but James and the police officer restrain him, and fling him face first into the ground. James lies on Callan and stretches his hand up his back.

POLICE OFFICER

Have you got him?

James nods. The officer stumbles away to help his colleagues with Arthur.

JAMES  
 (whispering)  
 Calm the fuck down Callan.

CALLAN  
 What the hell are you doing? He's probably killed mum and the boys, why aren't you losing it?

JAMES  
 Because in the flat are enough pills and money to get us life, and sure as shit they're going to find them.

Callan tries to wriggle free, James stretches his arm further up his back. Callan screams in pain.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
 Add to that a burned up bikie. I'm not sure we want to talk to his mates.

CALLAN  
 Get the fuck off me! I'm going to kill him, kill his mates, then kill you! What the hell are you doing?

JAMES  
 I'm going to lie here till you calm down, then we're going to call Bill and get the fuck out of here.

CALLAN  
 No, you're going to let me go and I'm going to end that bastard!

James throws a sharp punch into Callan's rib cage, winding him.

JAMES  
 I'm dying here too, but we need to be alive if we want to get justice for mum and the boys.

Again, Callan tries to get away from James.

CALLAN  
 (spluttering)  
 Get off me!

James lays another punch into his ribs. Callan starts to cry.

A solitary tear rolls down James cheek. James drags Callan to his feet.

Callan is mess, James holds him.

JAMES

I swear that fucker is going to get it, but you doing something stupid now is not going to achieve anything.

CALLAN

You can't stop me. I can't believe you, why aren't you cracking?

JAMES

Because one of us has to think.

CALLAN

James...

JAMES

Bill. We're calling Bill, fixing our shit and then going after them.

**EXT. PHONE BOOTH 1992 - LATER**

James stands with Callan in a glass phone booth. James holds the receiver and is frantically talking to the person down the line.

Callan sits slumped in the corner, his head in his hands.

**INT. BAR 1992 - DAY**

Callan sits with James in a bar. James appears normal, Callan looks a complete mess.

Across the table from them is a rough looking MAN. He places two fake passports on the table.

MAN

You're now "Davies", can you cope with that?

JAMES

If these work I'll be whoever you want.

**INT. AIRPORT 1992 - NIGHT**

Callan and James approach a check in desk. The girl behind the counter inspects their fake passports, and returns two airline tickets.

The brothers say their thanks and head towards security.

**INT. SMALL PASSENGER AIRLINER 1992 - DAY**

James and Callan sit in carriage seats on a small passenger airliner.

Callan looks out of the window. Below them lies the tropical paradise of Tortola, in the British Virgin Islands.

JAMES

They'll never find us here. We're safe now.

CALLAN

I can't believe we ran, you said you'd fight. You always fight.

JAMES

Sometimes you have to run, we could never win that fight. Arthur is going to get what's coming to him in jail.

CALLAN

You always fight.

James ignores Callan, and looks out of the window and the crystal blue waters below.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Callan sits in the hotel restaurant, he stares into space.

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

Silhouette 1 stands in the dark room, breathing heavily.

Suddenly, a flash of painfully bright light fills the room and reveals Arthur. Menacingly, he stares straight down the camera.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Dave approaches the table and waits patiently for an order. Callan slowly turns to look at him.

CALLAN  
Good evening sir, what have you got for me tonight?

DAVE  
I'm sorry sir, that's what you tell me.

CALLAN  
Sir?

DAVE  
No you have to tell me, sir.

CALLAN  
I mean you're still doing the "sir" thing.

WAITER  
What would you like to be called?

CALLAN  
Master.

Dave looks uncomfortable with the request.

DAVE  
What may I get for you this evening?

Callan stares at Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
Master.

Callan starts to laugh, Dave doesn't.

CALLAN  
Seriously mate, free yourself from the shackles of this Downton Abbey shit. The Castricum again, same trimmings as last night.

DAVE  
How would you like it done?

CALLAN  
For the love of god, medium rare.

DAVE  
Very good...Callan.

CALLAN  
Wait, how do you know my name?

Dave picks up the menu from the table, gives Callan a smile and heads towards the kitchen.

DAVE  
I'm Dave by the way, master.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - LATER**

Callan sits with a half-eaten steak on his plate, and his knife and fork placed in finished position. Dave approaches the table.

DAVE  
I'm so sorry, did we get it wrong again?

CALLAN  
No, not at all. The steak was perfectly cooked, I'm just not up to it tonight.

DAVE  
Are you ok?

CALLAN  
You don't want to know.

DAVE  
Well if there's anything I can do...

CALLAN  
I appreciate that, thank you.

Callan gets up from his seat and places \$10 down on the table.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
You have a good night Dave.

DAVE  
See you tomorrow Callan.

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

A) INT.HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - Callan's phone alarm sounds. He rolls over in bed, and hits it off the bedside table.

B) INT.HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - Callan walks through the hotel lobby, nods at Dave and smiles at Sarah.

C) INT.CAR - DAY - Callan taps along to the music on the radio as he drives.

D) EXT.CAR - DAY - Shot of Callan's car driving over the Westgate Bridge, with the Melbourne skyline in the background.

E) INT.CAR - DAY - Callan flicks the indicator on, parks the car and exits.

END OF MONTAGE

**EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY**

Callan stands outside a post office with a backpack. Beside the main entrance is a wall of P.O. boxes.

He approaches the wall, searches out box no.467, and puts a key in its rusty lock.

**EXT. POST OFFICE 1989 - DAY**

Teenage Callan and James stand outside the post office.

JAMES  
So here it is.

CALLAN  
It's the post office.

JAMES  
Yep.

CALLAN  
I don't get it.

James leads Callan to the wall covered in P.O. boxes.

JAMES  
461,62, here it is. Box 467.

James takes a key from his pocket, and opens the P.O. box. He steps aside and lets Callan pull out a package.

CALLAN

Seems a bit heavy, you haven't gone  
and bought a brick have you? We  
could get in some serious trouble.

JAMES

Shit no, just relax.

Callan shuts the P.O. box door.

CALLAN

Where did you get the box from?

JAMES

Just copied the idea off dad. It's  
where he used to pick up his gear  
from Arthur.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1989 - LATER**

Callan and James enter their apartment, and find Dianne  
chasing Mark and Adam around the living room.

CALLAN

Bath time?

DIANNE

Help me please.

Callan puts the package on the kitchen worktop and grabs  
Adam. James chases down Mark.

DIANNE

Thanks boys. Now bath time for you  
two.

Callan drags his brothers off to the bathroom, James takes  
the package.

**INT. BATHROOM 1989 - CONTINUOUS**

Adam and Mark sit surrounded by bubbles in the bath. Callan  
kneels beside the tub with a cloth.

CALLAN

You two love your mummy don't you?

ADAM

Of course we do.

Mark nods his heads in agreement.



CALLAN

Then you've got to do what she says, life isn't easy for her.

MARK

We do!

CALLAN

Well if you do what you're told, why was she having to chase you around the living room?

ADAM

We were just playing.

MARK

We were going to stop.

CALLAN

That's not really the point.

MARK

I don't like the bath.

CALLAN

It doesn't matter, you both need a bath.

ADAM

But...

CALLAN

Mummy needs all of us to help her right now. Running around and making her upset isn't helping.

ADAM

Did we make her upset?

MARK

I don't want to make mummy upset.

CALLAN

None of us do Mark. You're both good boys, we've just got to look out for each other at the moment.

MARK

Sorry Cal.

CALLAN

It's mum you need to be apologising to.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1989 - LATER**

Callan opens the bathroom door. Adam and Mark run to Dianne and hug her.

DIANNE  
Oh boys, what's all this about?

ADAM  
We're sorry mummy.

DIANNE  
Aw, it's ok.

MARK  
We promise to be good, and we're sorry for making you chase us.

DIANNE  
Mark, Adam, look at me. You're good boys, but it would help if you listened to me more.

MARK  
We will.

DIANNE  
Right, Callan will take you off to bed and read you a story. Goodnight to both of you.

Dianne kisses the boys on the head, then pushes them in the direction of their bedroom.

**EXT. COMMISSION FLATS ROOF TOP 1989 - NIGHT**

The roof access door opens. James steps out onto the roof, followed by Callan with the package.

CALLAN  
What have we got?

JAMES  
You do the honours

Callan starts to opens the package. Confusion spreads across his face, he stops.

CALLAN  
Are you taking the piss?

JAMES

Just carry on. I always get told you're the brainier of us two, I thought you'd appreciate it.

Callan finishes off removing the wrapping, a hardback copy of Kafka's *Der Process* lies beneath.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Open it up.

Callan turns the first few pages.

CALLAN

Yep it's Kafka alright.

JAMES

Maybe try a bit further on.

Callan glowers at James, he opens the book again and flicks through the pages. He reaches the back quarter and finds it has been hollowed out.

He turns the book upside down, and a bag drops out.

Callan opens the bag and finds a small bundle of pills with "F" imprinted on them.

CALLAN

What are these?

JAMES

They're ecstasy tablets, E's mate.

Callan picks one out and examines it.

CALLAN

E's right?

JAMES

Yep.

CALLAN

One question.

JAMES

Shoot.

CALLAN

Why the fuck do they say "F" on them?

JAMES  
To be a different, a USP.

CALLAN  
USP?

JAMES  
You know, a unique selling...

CALLAN  
I know what a unique selling point  
is!

JAMES  
Well if you know what one is,  
what's your problem?

CALLAN  
My problem is that the ecstasy  
tablets you've bought say "F" on  
them.

James takes the pill off Callan and examines it.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
These are bloody F's.

JAMES  
It's the same shit. Are people  
really going to care?

CALLAN  
Yes!

JAMES  
We've got them now.

CALLAN  
No, you take them back to wherever  
you got them from.

JAMES  
I can't. I've already paid and  
there's no refunds.

Callan opens the book, he stares at the hollowed out pages.

CALLAN  
(angry)  
Just brilliant. I give you all my  
savings, you tell me we're onto a  
guaranteed winner and what do you  
come back with? Pills we're not

CALLAN  
going to be able to sell, and a  
book I can't even read the ending  
of!

JAMES  
Look, we're going to have to try.

CALLAN  
No chance.

JAMES  
We can fix them. Get a knife and  
add an extra line to the "F", to  
make it into an "E".

Callan puts his head in his hands.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Screw it, let's have a little bet.

CALLAN  
Bet?

JAMES  
Tomorrow night we takes these pills  
to the rave and try to sell them.  
We'll score an extra line onto half  
of them which you'll sell, and I'll  
sell the F's. Whoever makes the  
most money wins.

CALLAN  
That's ridiculous.

JAMES  
You don't think they're going to  
shift anyway, what's the harm?

CALLAN  
You're a complete dickhead.

JAMES  
We're doing this Cal.

Callan angrily eyeballs his brother.

**EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE 1989 - NIGHT**

Callan, Carrie and James stand outside a disused warehouse. Strobe lights flash, and music blares from inside.

JAMES

By the end of the night that room's going to be F'd out of their heads.

CARRIE

Do I get to sample?

JAMES

No chance, these are for sale.

CARRIE

Don't be a dick.

CALLAN

Yeh, come on James.

JAMES

If you're so keen to lose our wager you give yours away.

CALLAN

You're going to be the one who'll be struggling, you do it.

CARRIE

What are you two on about?

CALLAN

This fuckwit bought a bag of F's rather than E's.

CARRIE

But they are E's?

JAMES

Yes, and good shit too I'm told.

CARRIE

Good luck with that James.

Callan passes Carrie a pill, and the group enter the warehouse.

**INT. WAREHOUSE 1989 - CONTINUOUS**

The rave's in full swing. Carrie and Callan dance to the left of the room, and James stands to the right.

Callan turns to the nearby ravers and offers them some pills. The first person says no, the second nods.

James seems to be doing a better trade than his brother. A small group of ravers stand around him with money in hand.

From the stage, an ORGANISER jumps onto the dance floor and walks up to James. He puts his arm around the organiser's shoulder and pulls him away. Callan looks on worried.

James mouths the word "F" to the organiser. He stares at James for a moment, before he bursts out laughing. James gives him a pill, the organiser necks it.

**EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE 1989 - EARLY MORNING**

James, Callan and Carrie stand outside the warehouse. James hugs a few ravers as they leave.

CALLAN  
How did you go then?

JAMES  
Sold out in two hours!

CALLAN  
Seriously?

JAMES  
Looks like F's are the new E's!  
What about you?

CALLAN  
Took a bit longer, but all gone.

JAMES  
Nice, what did you take in?

CALLAN  
I did alright, \$240.

JAMES  
That's pretty ordinary.

CALLAN  
What did you do then?

JAMES  
Try \$380!

CALLAN  
Bullshit.

JAMES  
Take a look.

James discretely produces a wad of cash from his pocket.  
Callan looks at it in disbelief.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I guess dinner's on you.

CARRIE  
That was the wager? Sounds like  
everyone's a winner, am I invited?

CALLAN  
(apologetic)  
I said he could take you out for  
dinner if I lost.

CARRIE  
What the fuck!

CALLAN  
I couldn't lose! Who was going to  
buy some bloody F's?

JAMES  
How does Thai sound Car?

CARRIE  
James there is absolutely no chance  
you are taking me for dinner.

JAMES  
(laughing)  
It's alright, Callan can come too.

CALLAN  
You're not such a dickhead after  
all.

CARRIE  
Maybe I'm with the wrong brother.

JAMES  
Look at what we've done in one  
evening, that's a month's worth of  
money right there.



CALLAN

It's a start. We're saving for a new place remember.

JAMES

I know, but what a night! I can feel it Cal, this is the start.

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

A) INT. WAREHOUSE 1989 - NIGHT - Callan passes out pills to some ravers, then takes money from them.

B) EXT. COMMISSION FLATS ROOF TOP 1989 - DAY - Callan sits with James on the rooftop, counting some bank notes.

C) INT. WAREHOUSE 1989 - NIGHT - James and Callan take money from some ravers.

D) EXT. COMMISSION FLATS ROOF TOP 1989 - DAY - Callan and James wrap wads of cash in plastic gladwrap.

E) EXT. POST OFFICE 1989 - DAY - James opens the P.O. Box and pulls out a package

F) INT. WAREHOUSE 1989 - NIGHT - A large group of ravers, with cash in hand, gather around Callan and James.

G) EXT. COMMISSION FLATS ROOF TOP 1989 - DAY - Callan takes the side panel off a vent. James puts a wad of glad wrapped money down the side, which is already stuffed full of cash.

END OF MONTAGE

**EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY**

Callan opens the PO Box door, a mixture of letters and flyers fall out onto the ground. He picks them up and puts them in his backpack.

**EXT. COMMISSION FLATS - LATER**

Callan walks to a park bench facing the commission flats. He takes a seat, turns to his left and notices a bronze plaque.

The plaque reads: IN LOVING MEMORY OF DIANNE, ADAM AND MARK McARTHUR.

Carrie (39), aged but still attractive, exits the main door of the commission flats with two children. Callan recognises her, and smiles as he watches the family walk away from him.

**INT. COMMISSION FLATS FIRE STAIR 1989 - UNKNOWN**

Francis stands on the fire stair. A rough looking DRUG ADDICT gives him some money, Francis passes him a small plastic bag of heroin in return.

**INT. COMMISSION FLATS FIRE STAIR - DAY**

Callan climbs the fire stair until he reaches the roof access door. He hits the push bar, and daylight floods the stairwell as the door opens. Callan walks into the light.

**EXT. COMMISSION FLATS ROOF TOP 1990 - DAY**

BILL (40's), in a badly worn suit and sunburned, lies unconscious against the roof access door. He is covered in vomit, and a bottle of vodka on his lap.

The roof access door opens and knocks him to the ground.

James steps onto the roof and trips over Bill's legs, Callan in turn falls over James.

James turns to see what he has tripped over and finds Bill. He scrambles to his side.

JAMES  
(panicked)  
Callan, get a bottle of water and a wet towel.

CALLAN  
Is he breathing?

JAMES  
Just get the fucking water now!

Callan turns and sprints through the open door. James drags Bill to some shade behind a vent.

He props Bill up, and looks at his vomit covered hands.

Bill stirs slightly and lets out a groan.

JAMES  
You ok mate? You've had too much grog, stay with me now.

James takes off his t-shirt, and uses it wipe some vomit from Bill's chin.

BILL  
What did you do with my vodka?

JAMES  
Forget it.

BILL  
Where is it you little prick?

JAMES  
It's gone you old drunk bastard,  
now look at me.

Bill passes out again.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Whoa, stay with me now.

Callan bursts out of the door with the water and a wet towel.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Over here Cal!

CALLAN  
Is he ok?

JAMES  
He's going to be fine, just a bit  
sore when he sobers up.

Callan passes James the towel, he holds it against Bill's head.

CALLAN  
We can't leave him here. Go check  
his wallet, see if there's any  
phone numbers.

James rummages through Bill's pockets and finds his wallet.  
He scans some business cards.

JAMES  
Here we go, William Tarves,  
associate director for RL Brooks  
Toorak.

CALLAN  
RL Brooks?

JAMES  
They're a big real estate agents,  
or at least they used to be until  
that economic shit storm happened.

James studies the business card.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Get some water in him, we're going  
to have to take him downstairs.

**INT. HALLWAY 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

Callan and James stumble down their hallway as they carry Bill. They get to their front door and lean him against the wall.

JAMES  
You look after him, I'll try to  
explain this to mum.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

James enters the living room, Dianne sits watching TV.

DIANNE  
Hi James.

JAMES  
Mum...

Dianne looks around from her seat to find James topless, with vomit down his front.

DIANNE  
What's going on?

James motions towards the front door.

**INT. HALLWAY 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

Dianne enters the hallway and finds Callan with Bill. She rushes to his side.

DIANNE  
Callan, grab the duvet off my bed  
and make sure your brothers don't  
leave their room. James help me  
with him.

**INT. DIANNE'S BEDROOM 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

Dianne and James heave Bill onto Dianne's bed.

JAMES

We could leave him downstairs and call the paramedics?

DIANNE

No. You can't leave a vagrant like him to fend for himself.

JAMES

He's definitely not a vagrant, it says on his business card that he's an associate director at RL Brooks.

DIANNE

So he's not a vagrant, he's still a mess. Does he have a name?

JAMES

William Tarves.

DIANNE

Welcome to our humble abode William. Call his office and get someone to come and pick him up.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

James shuts the bedroom door, goes to the phone and punches in the number on the business card. A RECEPTIONIST answers.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

RL Brooks Toorak, how may I help you?.

JAMES

I was wanting to speak to someone about William Tarves.

The receptionist's tone darkens upon hearing Bill's name.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

I'm sorry?

JAMES

William Tarves, he's an associate director with yourselves.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Bill doesn't work here anymore.

JAMES  
Bill...okay Bill. I've got a wallet here full of business cards that says he works with you.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
I can't really tell you much more, did you find his wallet?

JAMES  
I found it on his person. In fact I found him on a rooftop in Williamstown, boozed up on booze.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
I'm sorry to hear that.

JAMES  
You don't sound too sympathetic.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
It just sounds like Bill hasn't changed much.

JAMES  
Sorry, what did you say your name was?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
I didn't.

JAMES  
May I ask it?

The line goes dead. James puts the receiver down, and looks towards the bedroom door.

**INT. DIANNE'S BEDROOM 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

James enters the bedroom and Callan follows him in. Bill lies on the bed with a flannel on his head, Dianne sits beside him.

DIANNE  
Any luck?

JAMES  
I tried the number on the business card, but they didn't want to hear anything about him.

CALLAN  
So we could have a proper nasty  
piece of work here.

JAMES  
What do you want to do mum?

DIANNE  
We'll let him sleep it off.

CALLAN  
I know your heart's in the right  
place, but he could be anyone.

DIANNE  
No one deserves to be left in this  
state, did what happened to your  
father teach you nothing?

CALLAN  
He's not dad, he just has the same  
problem.

JAMES  
I actually agree with Cal.

DIANNE  
Well it's my house, and I disagree  
with both of you.

Dianne takes the flannel from Bill's head and soaks it in a  
bowl of water.

DIANNE  
You have the human decency to drag  
him down here, but after one dodgy  
phone call you want to let him fend  
for himself?

JAMES  
How do you want to do this?

DIANNE  
James, I want you to sleep in the  
living room with me tonight.

JAMES  
Okay.

DIANNE  
Callan, you stay in with Adam and  
Mark.

Callan nods his head.

JAMES

I'm getting my cricket bat, just in case.

DIANNE

Whatever makes you feel better. Now help me get his clothes washed.

Callan and James help their mother undress Bill.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1990 - EARLY MORNING**

Dianne and James lie asleep on separate couches.

James is awoken by Bill groaning in the other room. He picks up a cricket bat and heads to the bedroom door.

**INT. DIANNE'S BEDROOM 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

Sunlight partially illuminates the dark room. Bill, in nothing but his underwear, sits on the edge of the bed.

He turns and finds James holding the cricket bat in the doorway.

BILL

Where am I?

JAMES

Williamstown, Bill.

BILL

Isn't it a bit early in the day for cricket?

JAMES

It's never too early for cricket.

Bill starts to gag, but he manages to keep his vomit down.

BILL

If you're after money check my wallet.

JAMES

I'm not after any money you rude bastard. We found you yesterday lying in your own vomit. My mum, through either kindness or stupidity, thought we had to look after you.



BILL  
My clothes?

JAMES  
They've been washed and are drying.

BILL  
Where's your bathroom?

James points over the living room to the bathroom.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1990 - CONTINUOUS**

Bill runs through the living room and disappears into the bathroom, where he starts to loudly vomit.

Dianne, on hearing Bill, wakes up.

DIANNE  
What time is it?

JAMES  
Just gone past six, he's a bit rough.

DIANNE  
Get that bat out of your hands right now! He's in no condition for scrapping and we don't need to scare him. Go get a towel so he can get a bath.

Reluctantly, James goes to fetch a towel.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1990 - LATER**

Bill sits at the dinner table, he slowly eats a bowl of cereal. Freshly washed, he wears a borrowed football singlet and sports pants. Dianne sits across the table from him, James leans against the kitchen counter.

DIANNE  
Are you ok to get home? You can stay a bit longer if you want.

BILL  
I should get going before your wee ones wake up.

DIANNE

Do you have somewhere to go?

BILL

I've got a small place in Richmond.

DIANNE

The train station is around the corner. Take your time and get yourself right first.

BILL

So you found me on the roof?

JAMES

Yes.

BILL

And you dragged me down here?

JAMES

Yep.

BILL

You didn't have to do that, you should've left me there.

DIANNE

Well my boys know better than that.

JAMES

I called your work, they didn't want to hear about you.

BILL

I don't work there anymore, are my clothes dry yet?

DIANNE

Still a bit damp, though they'd probably help keep you cool. It's supposed to be 40 degrees today.

BILL

Christ.

DIANNE

You can't drink like that Bill. The boys found you yesterday, but you might not be so lucky next time.

BILL  
I know, I'm sorry.

**EXT. COMMISSION FLATS ROOF TOP - DAY**

Callan walks around the roof top. He approaches a vent, takes out some keys from his pocket, and uses them to unscrew the side panel.

He lifts the panel away, reaches inside the vent and pulls out a wad of old paper bank notes wrapped in plastic film.

He puts the money in his rucksack and walks back towards the roof access door.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Dave approaches Callan's table.

DAVE  
Good evening Callan, how are you today?

CALLAN  
Better than yesterday Dave. I had a little trip down memory lane, helped me remember why I'm here.

DAVE  
If you don't mind me asking, is your trip business or pleasure?

CALLAN  
I'm just paying my respects to some departed family members.

DAVE  
I'm sure they'd appreciate it, did you have far to come?

CALLAN  
Far enough. Anyway, you're here to take my order I suppose.

DAVE  
Already done, should be ready soon.

CALLAN  
Am I that obvious?

DAVE

We are all creatures of habit at heart.

The chef "dings" the kitchen bell and Dave goes to collect Callan's food.

CALLAN

(muttering to himself)  
Am I that obvious?

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Callan sits on the edge of the bed fully clothed, he stares at his mobile phone. The alarm sounds.

**EXT. PRISON CARPARK - DAY**

Callan exits his car and walks towards a glazed reception area.

A large sign above the door reads "HM PRISON BARWON".

**INT. PRISON RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Callan fills in some paperwork at a desk. A GUARD sits and stares at Callan's photo on a fake ID card.

GUARD

You're seeing Koulis right?

CALLAN

Right.

The guard hands him back his ID card.

GUARD

Watch yourself Mr. Davidson. Those bikie pricks don't look like they've got much behind the eyes, but they're not to be trusted.

CALLAN

Thanks.

The guard opens a large metal door beside the desk, and signals for Callan to go through.

**INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - LATER**

Callan sits at a plastic table. In the corner of the room a door opens, and Arthur is led to the table by a GUARD. Arthur has aged but he is still an intimidating presence. A large burn mark runs from his left arm, under his top, to his neck.

The guard sits him down, and chains his hands to the desk and feet to the floor. He checks the chains then leaves the two men.

ARTHUR

So, Mr. Davidson. Do you want me to guess what this is about?

Callan doesn't reply, he just sits in his seat and stares at Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Let's cut the crap. Age is treating you well Callan.

Callan looks surprised to be recognised.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You don't think I've had you and your family on my mind? I've been in here a while and I end up thinking about you a lot.

Arthur waits for a response, Callan doesn't offer one.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing here anyway? Looking for some kind of confession?

CALLAN

It'd be a start.

ARTHUR

Well I'll tell you what I told the police, I didn't set that fire.

CALLAN

Mum never harmed you, myself and James never bothered you. Dad worked hard for you, and what the fuck did Adam and Mark ever do?

Arthur does not reply.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

What possessed you to spread some fuel around that flat and set it on fire?

Arthur turns to the guard.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

Look Arthur, I've come a long way. I'm just looking for something, anything! I'm begging you.

ARTHUR

I've no reason to lie, I didn't start that fire. I did not murder Dianne, Mark and Adam.

CALLAN

Just tell me the fucking truth!

Callan, surprised, spots a tear running down Arthur's face.

ARTHUR

I didn't hurt them. I told the police what happened but they doctored my statements.

Arthur wipes some more tears from his face.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

They had a known crime figure, covered in burns and stinking of smoke.

Arthur tries to compose himself.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I've done enough to put me in here anyway, but your family were good people.

CALLAN

I don't get why you're doing this? You were there, people saw you.

ARTHUR

I never hurt Dianne or the boys.

CALLAN

And why do you keep talking like you knew them? You never fucking knew them, you just twisted dad to deal shit for you.

ARTHUR

Have you ever taken a look on the awards board in the football club?

CALLAN

No.

ARTHUR

Take a look at your dad's name for 1971, and then to the right of his is "A. KOULIS".

CALLAN

So what? You played a bit of football with him.

ARTHUR

I played with your dad for 20 years, all the way from grade 1. I loved him like a brother.

CALLAN

Piss off, you loved him so much you made him deal for you?

ARTHUR

He came around begging for a job after he got laid off. I turned him away 5 times, but one day he turned up reeking of booze. I caved, and gave him some work.

CALLAN

You took advantage of a pisshead.

ARTHUR

Don't you talk about your dad like that. I tried try to get him off the grog, tried to give him back a sense of worth.

Callan shakes his head in disbelief.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

He was the worst dealer I ever met, he never broke even. I took the financial hit and tried to help out a mate.

CALLAN

You murdered his wife and kids!

ARTHUR

You want to know what I did every Wednesday after he passed? While you and your brother were away at footy, I was buying groceries for your mum.

CALLAN

I've had enough of this.

ARTHUR

Shit you should be thanking me, I probably bought you your cocopops.

Callan starts to stand up from his seat.

CALLAN

You're not telling me shit.

ARTHUR

Sit the fuck down, do you want to know what happened or not?

Callan returns to his seat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I was coming around with the weekly shopping, but when I got out of the lift there was smoke coming from your flat. I dropped the shopping, and ran to the door.

CALLAN

The fire services said they broke it down.

ARTHUR

Bullshit, I tried to open it but the handle was boiling hot.

Arthur holds up his hand, and reveals a large burn mark on his palm.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I smashed it in and fell into the living room. The place was like hell, flames climbing the walls.

Arthur pauses for a moment, and wipes his nose.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I heard a noise come from the boys' bedroom, so I ran and knocked that door in too. Dianne...



CALLAN

Mum.

ARTHUR

She was lying on the floor with the boys under a blanket. I grabbed her hand and started to drag them out, but then the roof caved in on us.

Arthur pulls his collar down, and reveals the large burn mark on his chest in full detail.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I was in agony, but I grabbed her hand again. It was limp, the blanket was on fire and nothing was moving.

Arthur breaks down in tears.

CALLAN

And you ran?

ARTHUR

I got them as far as the living room, but they were all dead. I never saw Adam's face, but under the blanket Mark had one eye on me. I panicked and fled. I knew the police were going to lift me.

CALLAN

This is bullshit. Guard! This conversation is over.

Callan signals the guard.

ARTHUR

I tried to save them!

Callan gets out of his seat, the guard runs towards Arthur.

CALLAN

You're a murderer Arthur, a fucking murderer.

ARTHUR

You've got to believe me. She was seeing a man, find him!

The guard wrestles Arthur, Callan walks towards the exit.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Look at the newspaper photos, look  
for the groceries! I didn't do it!

Callan glares back at Arthur.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Callan, in a rage, flings open the car door and throws himself into the driver's seat. He turns the ignition and revs the engine.

He holds the accelerator down flat for a few seconds, then turns the engine off and breaks down crying.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Callan sits in the hotel restaurant, it's completely empty.

He looks a complete mess. His top 3 shirt buttons are undone, large sweat patches soak his armpits and his eyes are noticeably bloodshot.

Dave approaches slowly, a worried look on his face.

DAVE

Callan?

Callan slowly turns his head to look at Dave.

CALLAN

Castricum please.

DAVE

Yep, already ordered. Are you ok?

CALLAN

You know how you said we're all  
creatures of habit?

DAVE

Yes.

CALLAN

What if a creature doesn't quite  
have the habit you thought it did?

DAVE

I'm sorry, I don't follow.

CALLAN

For example a bird, you see this bird.

DAVE

Uh huh.

CALLAN

And you're like "I see you bird, I know what you do. Now fucking fly. You're a fucking bird, flap those wings and fucking fly".

Dave looks confused.

DAVE

Okay

CALLAN

That bird, now remember it's a bird with wings and shit. That bird turns to you and says "fuck you, I'm an ostrich".

Callan laughs uncontrollably, Dave looks really worried.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

Now, if you believe in evolution, those wings once served a purpose, but something changed. However if you're on the religious side, those wings were always there, an illusion of what seems an obvious character trait.

DAVE

I'm really sorry Callan, I still don't follow.

CALLAN

I always thought I was a Darwinist, but today I saw a man with wings that might hide the fact he never flew.

DAVE

Seriously Callan, can I get you some help? Have you been drinking?

CALLAN

Nope and nope again. That being said, get me a bottle of that Penfolds, vat 538 or whatever.

DAVE

The Bin 389, you sure that's the best idea right now?

CALLAN

Yes, yes. Wine please.

DAVE

Right away sir.

CALLAN

Sir?

DAVE

I think I'm getting a bit close here, and I'm not sure I should be.

CALLAN

Sorry to hear that mate, wine me.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATER**

Dave helps Callan along a hotel corridor. Callan is exceptionally drunk, and barely able to stand up.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Dave lowers Callan onto his bed. He starts to leave, but stops.

DAVE

Fuck me Callan, I better get a good tip for this.

He takes a pillow and tries to get comfortable in a chair beside the bed.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

From his trouser pocket, Callan's mobile phone alarm sounds. Confused, he reaches around the bed trying to find the source of the noise.

Dave sits up in the chair.

DAVE

I think it's in your pocket.

CALLAN

(startled)

Holy shit! You scared the crap out of me Dave. What happened, and what the hell are you doing here?

DAVE

I couldn't leave you last night, you were in an absolute state.

CALLAN

Christ alive, my head.

DAVE

Yep. That's what a bottle of red, and a few hours' worth of whiskey will do.

CALLAN

You got me back here?

DAVE

You weren't able to do it yourself.

CALLAN

Thank you.

DAVE

No problem.

Dave grabs a nearby glass, walks to the bathroom and fills it with water from the tap. He passes it to Callan.

CALLAN

Thanks.

DAVE

I'm worried about you Callan.

Dave passes Callan a bit of paper with some writing on it.

CALLAN

What's this?

DAVE

Before you KO'd you wanted me to take down a note.

Callan looks at the bit of paper. All it says is "State Library 1992".

CALLAN  
Any ideas?

DAVE  
I've no idea what you were on  
about, something to do with a  
photo.

Dave heads to the front door and opens it.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I've got to go get some sleep. I'll  
see you tonight?

CALLAN  
I'm so sorry for all this, thank  
you.

Dave exits the room. Callan looks at the bit of paper.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
Front page 1992? Fuck me Arthur,  
the shopping.

**INT. STATE LIBRARY - DAY**

Callan flicks through scanned newspaper pages on a computer screen. He is bleary eyed and looks rough as guts.

CALLAN  
Come on Arthur, show you're telling  
the truth.

He studies the front page of a newspaper. It shows a picture of a burnt out room, and a mugshot of Arthur under the headline "BIKKIE COMMANDER ARRESTED FOR BRUTAL MURDERS".

Callan turns to the next front page. The picture shows three pairs of legs under a torched blanket. Disgusted, he flicks to the next page.

"TRAGEDY IN WILLIAMSTOWN" reads the next headline, and below it is an image of the hallway outside his apartment. It shows a police cordon and a few forensic officers examining the scene.

To the rear of the photo is a small bundle. Callan zooms into the area and finds several bags of groceries scattered on the ground.

CALLAN

I'm so sorry Arthur.

Callan prints out the image and puts it in his backpack.

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

SILHOUETTE 2 sits in the dark room. Light from the partially opened door in the background highlights his glasses, a ragged mop of hair, and his slight build.

SILHOUETTE 2

(with warped electronic voice)  
I loved her, but she never loved me back. What do you get when you fall in love? A fistful of roses and a tank of gasoline. I'll never see her face again.

The man stands up.

SILHOUETTE 2

(with warped electronic voice)  
Mark and Adam, they were caught up in this horrible love game. They were never my target, just an inconvenience. An unnecessary priority.

The man starts to laugh.

SILHOUETTE 2

(with warped electronic voice)  
Our passion was so hot you might say it took the roof off the joint. It took the furniture with it too. You want to find me? Smart enough to work it out? Tread carefully now sunshine.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Callan lies asleep in the chair beside the bed. A packet of pain killers, the photo from the newspaper and some written notes lie scattered around him.

His nightmare causes him to squirm and grimace, but he manages to stay asleep.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Callan is still asleep in the chair. Suddenly, his phone vibrates in his pocket and wakes him up. He pulls it out and answers it.

CALLAN  
(half asleep)  
Hu..hello?

JACINTA (V.O.)  
Hello stranger, I thought you'd forgotten about us.

CALLAN  
Jas, I'm so sorry. Christ it's morning already.

JACINTA (V.O.)  
What do you mean? Are you okay? You sound like shit.

Callan rubs his back, in pain from sleeping in the chair.

CALLAN  
Apart from my back I'm good.

JACINTA (V.O.)  
So it went well with Arthur?

CALLAN  
Not really, he didn't do it.

JACINTA (V.O.)  
What do you mean he didn't do it?

CALLAN  
I'll fill you in later, but he didn't do it.

JACINTA (V.O.)  
(angry)  
No, you tell me now! You don't just leave us to go and speak to him, then tell me that the trip is pointless because he didn't do it!

CALLAN  
Well it's not pointless, now I can find who did do it.



JACINTA (V.O.)  
 No Callan. That means whoever did  
 it is still out there, and they  
 won't be too happy if they see you.

CALLAN  
 Jas I'll be fine, please I have to  
 do this.

There's a pause on the line.

**INT. BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - HOUSE - NIGHT**

JACINTA (38), an attractive Afro-Caribbean lady, sits on a  
 seat looking out over a moonlit bay. Her son FRANCIS (4)  
 lies asleep on her lap.

JACINTA  
 You promised myself and Francis  
 you'd come home safely.

CALLAN (V.O)  
 And I will, I just need to do this!

There is another pause.

CALLAN (V.O)  
 How's Francis going?

JACINTA  
 He misses his daddy, I'm not much  
 of a cricket coach.

CALLAN (V.O)  
 Maybe ask James.

JACINTA  
 I'm not asking James shit. He knows  
 something's up, he keeps coming  
 round the house and asking  
 questions.

CALLAN (V.O)  
 Just hang in there Jas, I'm nearly  
 done.

JACINTA  
 I've got to go Callan.

CALLAN (V.O)  
 I'll be okay, I promise you.

JACINTA  
Don't forget your family.

CALLAN (V.O)  
That's why I'm here!

JACINTA  
Good night Callan.

CALLAN (V.O)  
I love you.

Jacinta hangs up the phone and clutches the receiver to her chest. She picks up Francis and carries him away.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Callan flings the phone across the room.

CALLAN  
(screaming)  
Fuck!

**INT. BAR 1991 - NIGHT**

Bill, James and Callan sit around a table. James and Callan have a beer each, while Bill drinks a cola.

BILL  
I think I owe you both an apology.

JAMES  
It's no worse than we saw with dad,  
we've had a fair bit of practice.

BILL  
I don't doubt that, but I am sorry.

CALLAN  
It's good to see you're on the  
cola's, any additives?

BILL  
Nope, clean as a whistle. It's been  
a month now and no relapse.

CALLAN  
Brilliant Bill, stay with it.

James takes a sip from the beer in front of him.

JAMES

You know how you said you'd return the favour if we needed help?

BILL

Of course, what can I do?

JAMES

You used to work in property and we just wanted some advice.

BILL

Sure, you looking for an apartment for yourselves?

JAMES

How much would a place like ours cost?

BILL

Well property's cheap at the moment. I reckon maybe about 30k. What's your deposit?

Bill takes out a pen and starts to scribble on a napkin.

JAMES

That's ok, we're just looking for a figure.

BILL

Just let me do some research before you go diving in.

CALLAN

We've got a figure James, let's go.

Bill puts his pen down and looks at the brothers.

BILL

What's going on lads?

Callan motions to the door.

BILL (CONT'D)

Okay, you don't have to tell me. I don't care where your deposit has come from, I'm just trying to help. Seriously though don't do anything daft, give me a week to look at the local market.

JAMES

Thanks Bill.

BILL

That being said, two lads of your age and background have to be careful. Before you go approaching a bank you could at least get some jobs to play the part. There's not much money out there at the moment, and a sudden cash injection into a new bank account from two jobless teens will definitely look odd.

JAMES

What can we do?

BILL

Someone could always buy it for you.

JAMES

But it'd be in their name.

BILL

Well it's not like you have enough money to set up a shell company or whatever. Your options are pretty limited.

JAMES

We have money.

BILL

You understand what I mean by that? I'm talking enough to buy several properties.

JAMES

We have money.

Bill takes a sip from his cola. Callan sits beside James shaking his head.

BILL

Ok let's cut the bull. What are you sitting on? 10, 20, 30k?

JAMES

If you think it'd take 30 thousand we've got that to hand.

BILL

To hand? Are you taking the piss?

JAMES

If you need 30k to start this shell company thing, we've got it.

BILL

Well I'm glad I've got a figure, but it's not enough. 30k would be able to buy something if you wanted someone to buy it for you.

JAMES

How much would it take to set up the shell company?

BILL

Lads what's going on here?

JAMES

Bill you said you wouldn't ask questions, how many properties?

BILL

To make it look legit you'd have to buy 6 minimum, and put in pretty good deposits. The money would also have to go offshore.

JAMES

Why's that?

BILL

Well that's where they're based. It's mostly dodgy folk using anonymous accounts out of Singapore.

JAMES

Your old clients I assume.

BILL

I have my contacts.

JAMES

So you've got the knowhow, you've got the contacts. How much?

BILL

Look lads, these guys are dealing in 6 figures minimum, way more than you've got.

JAMES  
100 grand.

CALLAN  
What the fuck James?

BILL  
What did you say?

JAMES  
100 thousand dollars.

BILL  
Did you spike this coke? 100  
fucking thousand dollars.

JAMES  
I'm not taking the piss. We've got  
100 grand to invest in our family's  
future. You could even run the  
company for us.

BILL  
I've been through way too much, I  
don't need this.

JAMES  
You said you'd help us, we're even  
offering to help you move forward.  
You know this shit.

BILL  
I'm not your man. Open some  
accounts and spread it thin. Try  
your luck.

JAMES  
That's your advice?

BILL  
That is my advice.

Bill gets up from his seat and puts on his jacket.

JAMES  
You might as well get on the bottle  
again Bill, passing up a chance  
like this.

BILL  
I'm not your man.

Bill nods at Callan, and leaves the bar.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1991 - DAY**

James sits in the living room, he flicks channels on the TV as Adam and Mark run around playing.

Dianne stands nearby ironing clothes. The phone rings and she answers it.

DIANNE

Dianne speaking. Bill! You're sounding well, how are you going?

James leans forwards in his seat when he hears Bill's name.

DIANNE

James? Yes he's here, hold on and I'll get him for you. It's Bill.

James takes the receiver from his mother.

JAMES

Bill, how can I help you?

BILL (V.O.)

I'm calling to apologise. Can we talk?

JAMES

I can't really talk at the moment, I've got football training in half an hour.

BILL (V.O.)

When can you talk?

JAMES

Do you have their number?

BILL (V.O.)

What?

JAMES

Their phone number Bill, so I can give them a call.

BILL (V.O.)

Sorry, got you now. I'm at my house, 0345899342.

James writes grabs a nearby newspaper and writes the phone number on it.

JAMES  
Ok I'll call them.

BILL (V.O.)  
I'm in all evening.

JAMES  
Ok I'll call. Talk later Bill.

BILL (V.O.)  
James I'm sorry for...

James hangs up the phone.

DIANNE  
What was that about?

JAMES  
He thinks he knows someone who  
might have some work.

DIANNE  
Congratulations! See James, a good  
turn can pay off.

**EXT. STREET 1991 - LATER**

James approaches a phone booth and puts in a coin, the phone  
rings a couple of times before Bill picks up.

BILL  
Tarves residence, William speaking.

JAMES  
Getting a bit above your station  
there Bill.

BILL  
James, thanks for calling back.

JAMES  
What do you want?

BILL  
I wanted to finish our conversation  
from the other day.

JAMES  
Don't waste my time.



BILL

I've had a think, and I reckon I  
may be able to help you out.

James bangs the receiver off his head a couple of times.

BILL (CONT'D)

You there?

JAMES

This is your last chance. Where do  
you want to meet?

BILL

Thanks James, you won't regret it.  
CBD, Young and Jacksons?

JAMES

Give me a couple of hours, I'm  
going to have to find Callan first.

BILL

Brilliant, see you there. Ask for  
Chloe.

James hangs up the phone.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS BAR 1991 - NIGHT**

James and Callan enter Young and Jacksons. A mixture of  
business men and rough looking drinkers are dotted around  
the gloomy bar.

James and Callan approach a BAR TENDER.

JAMES

I'm looking for Chloe.

BAR TENDER

She's upstairs.

JAMES

Cheers mate.

**INT. UPSTAIRS BAR 1991 - CONTINUOUS**

James and Callan get to the top of some stairs and enter a  
grand room.

Bill sits with a cola under a large painting of a nude  
female. Callan and James make their way across to his table.

JAMES  
(looking at painting)  
Chloe I assume?

BILL  
The very one.

JAMES  
Not bad for an old bird.

BILL  
You know she was the last thing of  
beauty that diggers saw before they  
went to war? They came from all  
over the country, got slaughtered  
in here under her watchful eye, and  
then left from Flinders station.

JAMES  
Do you think she knew their fate?

BILL  
Shit no, she's just a bloody  
painting. However, I don't doubt  
that many a dying young man had her  
on his mind when he passed away.

CALLAN  
Anyway Bill, enough of the fluff.  
What have you got for us?

BILL  
Okay then, no chit chat. Our  
conversation kept running around my  
head for a few days. To try to get  
rid of it, I stupidly decided to  
make a couple of calls.

CALLAN  
Stupidly?

BILL  
Stupidly, in the sense that the  
whole thing is doable.

JAMES  
You've had a change of heart.

BILL  
Our talk brought a little bit of  
that adrenalin back.

JAMES

Do you have a solid proposal?

BILL

I made a call to this guy in Singapore that one of my clients used to use. He was the trustee of his shell company before everything went tits up over here.

JAMES

And?

BILL

He's eager to work with us.

JAMES

Where are you getting "us" from?

BILL

You need someone to represent the company here.

JAMES

With your record?

BILL

Listen to me, this company doesn't even get off the ground without my involvement.

JAMES

Why do we need someone else?

BILL

Right this is how it works:

1. You give me whatever money you want to invest.
2. I get it out of the country.
3. Our friend in Singapore receives it, and uses it as the financial base for our new property group.
4. We set up a small office to represent the company here, and use the deposited funds to purchase some properties.

James sits back in his seat and eyes Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've got the brain and the knowledge to not only make this work, but make you so much money you'll never have to worry for a cent again.

JAMES

And if we trust you with our cash, you're going to tell us with 100% certainty we won't lose it.

BILL

No. You could lose it all, just look at the market right now.

JAMES

What cuts are we looking at?

BILL

5% of the overall amount to get your money out of the country, and 5% to our Asian friend, with a small annual maintenance charge. I want 10k per annum, plus a 2% share in all property owned or rented.

JAMES

I was expecting more than that.

BILL

It's an educated punt. I'm figuring that 2% is going to be worth something in the future.

CALLAN

James, let's go talk this over.

BILL

Thank you.

JAMES

Don't thank us Bill, we're not promising anything.

BILL

Let me make this work for us.

JAMES

We'll be in touch.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Callan stands outside a modern office building.

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

Silhouette 2 walks forward with purpose, grabs the camera and pulls it close to his face.

SILHOUETTE 2  
(with warped electronic voice)  
Hello Callan.

**INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY**

Callan exits a lift and heads towards an office reception. He smiles upon seeing "FJC" in large writing on the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (30's), greets him.

RECEPTIONIST 2  
Welcome to FJC sir, how may I help you?

CALLAN  
I'm here to see Bill.

The receptionist scans the computer screen in front of her.

RECEPTIONIST 2  
I don't see any appointments with MR. Tarves, and he doesn't take drop ins.

CALLAN  
That's alright, just tell him Callan's here.

RECEPTIONIST 2  
I can't do that, as I said Mr. Tarves only meets upon prior arrangement.

CALLAN  
Look, if Bill finds out I dropped by and you didn't tell him, then he's not going to be happy.

RECEPTIONIST 2

I'm sorry...

CALLAN

Let me be blunt. If you're interested in keeping your job, you better call Bill.

She looks at Callan for a moment, lifts the phone and calls Bill.

RECEPTIONIST 2

I'm sorry to disturb you Mr. Tarves, I've got a man called Callan here to see you. Ok, I see, right away Mr. Tarves.

She hurriedly puts down the phone and ushers Callan in the direction of a board room.

RECEPTIONIST 2

I'm so sorry, please forgive my manners. It's just Mr. Tarves never normally takes drop in meetings.

CALLAN

No problem.

RECEPTIONIST 2

Please make yourself comfortable, can I get you anything. Danish? Coffee?

CALLAN

A water will be fine.

RECEPTIONIST 2

Right away.

**INT. BOARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Callan stares out of a window in silence as Bill bursts into the room. Bill, aged with a slicked back mop of grey hair, wears an expensive looking suit and glasses.

BILL

I don't believe it.

CALLAN

Hi Bill.

BILL

Callan McArthur! Gone for an age,  
and now back in the flesh.

CALLAN

We both know who the "C" in "FJC"  
is. It only seemed appropriate to  
pop in once every couple of  
decades. It's changed a fair bit  
around here.

BILL

That it has, we've got a few more  
properties than when you left too.

CALLAN

How many do you reckon?

BILL

At the last count we were close to  
180. Haven't you been paying  
attention to the bank balance?

CALLAN

James looks after that. I don't  
need that much, I'm just leaving it  
for the next generation.

BILL

You're a father then? Mazel tov!  
And Singapore, how's that treating  
you?

CALLAN

Who said we were in Singapore?

BILL

Sorry, I just assumed.

Callan takes a seat at the board room table, and invites  
Bill to take the seat opposite.

BILL (CONT'D)

I never expected to see either of  
you again.

CALLAN

I didn't expect to see you either.

BILL

So I've got to ask, what are you  
doing back?

CALLAN  
I came to pay my respects, albeit  
20 years late.

BILL  
Understandable.

CALLAN  
And I went to see Arthur.

BILL  
Arthur?

CALLAN  
Koulis, Arthur Koulis.

BILL  
(shocked)  
Arthur bloody Koulis? What the hell  
were you thinking?

CALLAN  
I just needed to hear what happened  
that night, I needed some closure.

BILL  
Callan son, there's a lot of ways  
to get closure. That's not one.

CALLAN  
He told me what happened.

BILL  
You got some closure then.

CALLAN  
Not really, he didn't do it.

Bill stares at Callan in disbelief.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
He told me he tried to save mum and  
the boys. I believe him.

BILL  
The man was convicted in court.  
Shit he was burned to high heaven  
from the fire.

CALLAN  
He told me a detail that only he  
knew, it matched.



BILL

And you honestly believe him? Who did it then?

CALLAN

I've got a couple of ideas. Mum was seeing someone, did you know that? She didn't know that many men, so it won't take long to figure out who he was.

BILL

I'm not sure what you're getting at.

CALLAN

I'm pretty certain you know exactly what I'm getting at.

Callan waits for Bill to respond, he doesn't.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

How about I put something out there?

BILL

Come on Callan...

CALLAN

I can rule out every other man she knew. You two were an item.

BILL

(flustered)

We weren't an item, we had a brief thing.

CALLAN

Care to elaborate on a "brief thing"?

BILL

Fleeting, nothing solid.

CALLAN

Elaborate.

BILL

Do we have to do this?

CALLAN

Elaborate, or I swear to god FJC is going to get a new director.

BILL

Okay, okay.

Bill takes a large sip of water, his hand shakes as he holds the glass.

BILL (CONT'D)

I came over to see James one day but he wasn't in. I got talking to your mum and she wanted to know how my recovery was going. We talked about Francis, and then I left.

CALLAN

Go on.

BILL

About a week later I got a call from her, she wanted to talk about your dad again.

CALLAN

And you met up?

BILL

Alcoholism affects partners too, she needed some support. In a weird way I was her AA partner.

CALLAN

That doesn't sound like a romance.

BILL

We went out two times after after that. I took her to dinner and the cinema.

CALLAN

And how did it end?

BILL

She broke it off a couple of weeks before the fire, she was nice about it. I think she didn't want another potential relapse around the boys.

CALLAN

It was an amicable breakup then?

BILL

We were both mature adults.

CALLAN

On the night of the fire, it took several attempts to call you before you picked up.

BILL

I was at the supermarket. What are you trying to get at?

CALLAN

I'm just trying to work out where you were.

BILL

It sounds like you're suggesting I had something to do with the fire.

CALLAN

You aren't convincing me you didn't.

BILL

(angry)

How fucking dare you. She cared for me and I cared for her.

CALLAN

Cared enough that she couldn't have anyone else?

BILL

This is ridiculous.

CALLAN

Why's it ridiculous? Arthur's innocent, and no one else had an obvious reason to do it. Maybe it was a fit of rage when she dumped you.

BILL

I wasn't even in a situation to be dumped! It was her and the boys, we didn't have a relationship!

CALLAN

So you blamed my brothers for it not working? You lost your AA interest, went for a pint or five, then burned the place down.

Bill gets up from his seat.

BILL

This conversation is over, you get the fuck out of here now.

CALLAN

Who's company do you think this is?

BILL

I don't give a shit, you'll have my resignation.

CALLAN

You try that and I'll pull your accounts in Singapore.

Bill stares at Callan silently, Callan gets up to leave.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

You're going to carry on here as if nothing ever fucking happened. I'm going to go to James with this and see what he thinks.

BILL

If you're looking for closure you can't invent things to make you feel better!

CALLAN

You're the only person it could have been. I don't know why, but I know you did it.

Callan walks around the table and opens the door.

BILL

You're making the biggest mistake of your life Callan.

CALLAN

I think saving your life was my biggest mistake.

Callan exits the room.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The restaurant is empty, Dave sits at a table with Callan.

DAVE

So you're leaving tomorrow?

CALLAN

Yep.

DAVE

I'll miss you.

CALLAN

Aw come on, if you want another bottle of piss you don't have to butter me up.

DAVE

I don't know what you came back for, but I hope you've fixed it.

CALLAN

I think I might have made it worse.

Callan gets up from the table. He walks to the wine rack on the restaurant wall, pulls out a bottle of wine and returns to the table.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

One last glass when you finish?

DAVE

I finished half an hour ago. I'm not looking after you again tonight though.

CALLAN

Nope, you've done enough of that already.

Callan opens the bottle and pours them both a glass.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

Here's to you young man. Thanks for helping me through this.

DAVE

To whatever this was, it's been my pleasure Callan.

They knock glasses and sip their drinks.

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

SILHOUETTE 3, a topless man with a shaved head, stands in the dark room. His head is bowed and he's crying. He moves his hand to his face and wipes some tears away.

Breathing in deeply the man tries to speak, but stutters and breaks down. He sobs uncontrollably.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

The alarm on Callan's phone sounds. He rolls over, turns it off and bounds out of bed.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

Callan approaches the hotel reception desk with a couple of suitcases. Sarah smiles when she sees him.

SARAH  
Checking out Callan?

CALLAN  
I didn't want to overstay my  
welcome.

SARAH  
Far from it, you'll be missed. You  
really brought Dave out of his  
shell.

Sarah points over to Dave, who returns a wave.

CALLAN  
Well I couldn't have done this trip  
without him, he's a good listener.

SARAH  
Really? I'll have to hear all about  
it, I've been trying to figure you  
out.

CALLAN  
Well take some time to talk to him.  
I tell you what.

Callan reaches into his wallet and pulls out some money.

CALLAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to need this where  
I'm going, and I don't expect I'll  
be coming back. You two have some  
dinner, my treat.

Sarah shakes her head and refuses the money.

SARAH

I'm not sure my boyfriend would be too happy about that.

CALLAN

Fuck him, it can be a platonic meal between colleagues. Either you pair sit down together, or he's getting the biggest tip of his life.

Callan grabs an envelope from behind the desk, he puts the money in and sets it down.

CALLAN (CONT'D)

You two deserve it, my way of saying thanks for the service.

SARAH

Safe travels Callan.

Callan winks at her, salutes Dave and leaves the hotel.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Callan drives over the Westgate Bridge.

The Angels are playing again on the radio, but this time he's not singing along.

**EXT. WILLIAMSTOWN FOOTBALL CLUB - LATER**

Callan parks in the Williamstown Football Club car park, and exits the car.

He approaches the clubhouse entrance under the main stand. A large "FJC" company logo sits proudly on the main facade.

Callan enters the building.

**INT. CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Callan examines a large wooden Best and Fairest board hanging on a wall.

It reads: 1971 - 1st F.McARTHUR, 2nd A.DAVIS, 3rd A.KOULIS

The next few lines contain Francis and Arthur's names amongst the prize winners.

An OLD MAN (80's) approaches Callan.

OLD MAN  
Anyone familiar?

CALLAN  
I heard one of my distant relatives  
used to play here.

OLD MAN  
What's his name?

CALLAN  
(nervous)  
Francis McArthur.

OLD MAN  
Wow. You're a relative of Francis  
McArthur?

CALLAN  
My dad was his cousin.

OLD MAN  
Come, let me tell me about Francis.

**INT. CLUBHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Callan sits at a table with a cup of tea. The old man has  
some black and white team photos.

OLD MAN  
Francis was probably the best  
players this club ever had. A  
complete player, could have made it  
all the way.

CALLAN  
But he liked the grog I hear.

OLD MAN  
So much it saw him into the ground.  
But you ask anyone about him around  
here and they won't talk about the  
end, they'll spend hours telling  
you what he did on the pitch.

CALLAN  
Was he that good?

OLD MAN  
God yes. He could have played for  
any of the big teams in Victoria,  
but he chose to stay with us.



CALLAN

What do you mean *chose*?

OLD MAN

Well Carlton, Essendon and Fitzroy all came in for him, but he turned them away. He wouldn't spend time away from his family or risk his day job.

CALLAN

He really turned them down?

OLD MAN

That board doesn't lie. To many his life was a tragedy, but he was one of our greats. He could have easily been a legend for one of the big teams.

CALLAN

Are those his team photos?

OLD MAN

That they are.

The old man points out Francis as a young man in his 20's. He sits in the centre of the picture with some trophies at his feet. The hulking figure of a young Arthur Koullis stands in the back row.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

That was him in his prime, they'd just won the flag.

CALLAN

Do you have a photocopier? I reckon my dad would like a copy of these.

OLD MAN

Certainly.

The old man shows Callan the rest of the photos.

After a few old team shots, he comes to a colour photo. The old man points out James.

OLD MAN

That was his son James. He was potentially an even better player, but he disappeared after his family died. I swear they were cursed.

**EXT. WILLIAMSTOWN FOOTBALL CLUB - LATER**

The old man escorts Callan out of the front door, and passes him the photocopied team pictures.

Callan says his thanks and heads to his car.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Callan gets into the car and studies the team photos. He takes his rucksack from below the passenger seat, and as he opens it to put the photos in, he spots the collection of letters from the PO Box.

CALLAN  
(muttering to himself)  
Better sort this mess out.

Callan filters the letters. He flings junk mail to one side and puts formal looking envelopes in a pile.

He stops suddenly, and stares at the top letter in the formal pile. His look turns to shock.

The letter has a British Virgin Islands stamp on it. Callan lifts the letter up, and finds more below it with the same stamp.

CALLAN  
What the?

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

The figure of Silhouette 3 stands in the dark room, his head in his hands.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Callan tears open the first envelope and grabs out the letter.

It reads - ADAM, MARK, MUM PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

Callan is frantic, he grabs the next letter.

**DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

SILHOUETTE 3

(with warped electronic voice)

It was an accident, I swear it was  
an accident. You weren't meant to  
fucking be there!

**INT. CAR - DAY**

The next letter reads - WHY WERE YOU THERE? YOU FUCKED IT  
ALL UP, IT WAS ALL PLANNED BUT YOU DIDN'T LEAVE.

**DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

A bright flash of light fills the room, revealing the  
topless figure looking down at the ground.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

CALLAN

No.

Callan reaches for the next letter.

**INT. LIVING ROOM 1992 - NIGHT**

A man, wearing a hooded jumper, opens the front door and  
hurriedly spreads a can of fuel over the living room. He  
throws a lighter onto the floor, and sprints out of the  
apartment.

**DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

Silhouette 3 still looks at the ground.

SILHOUETTE 3

(with warped electronic voice)

You were meant to be in Geelong,  
you weren't there. You were meant  
to be in fucking Geelong.

**INT. BEDROOM 1992 - NIGHT**

Dianne lies asleep with Adam and Mark on a bed. Smoke starts to come in from under the door to the living room.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Callan starts to lose it. He punches the steering wheel, and elbows the window.

The letter open on the passenger seat reads - 20 YEARS ON AND I CAN'T FORGET. I'VE RUN, BUT I CAN NEVER ESCAPE YOU. PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

**DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

The figure raises his head to reveal an aged James. His eyes are red, and he is clearly in distress.

JAMES

(normal voice)

Please forgive me, please forgive me please forgive me. It was an accident, the worst accident.

**EXT. COMMISSION FLATS 1992 - NIGHT**

The man in the hooded jumper sprints away from the commission flats. The hood slips down to reveal James.

**DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

JAMES

(normal voice)

I just wanted to get you into our new home. You weren't going to leave, so I had to give you a reason to get out of that shithole.

**INT. BEDROOM 1992 - NIGHT**

The bedroom is filled with smoke. Dianne, Adam and Mark cower under a blanket on the floor. The boys cry and Dianne tries to comfort them.

DIANNE

Shhhh. It's going to be ok, it'll be ok.

The bedroom door flies off its hinges and Arthur falls into the room. Arthur grabs Dianne's hand and starts to drag them out.

Suddenly, the roof collapses.

**EXT. CAR - DAY**

Callan opens the car door and falls out. He collapses on the ground.

CALLAN  
James no! James, you fucking liar!

**DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN**

JAMES  
(normal voice)  
I guess this is closure. I fucked up, forgive me Callan. If they can't forgive me, then you have to.

James slowly turns, and walks towards the door at the back of the room.

**EXT. CAR - DAY**

Callan sobs uncontrollably, he punches the door panel.

CALLAN  
James, JAMES!

**DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. DARK ROOM - DAY**

James reaches the door, he opens it and exits the room.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END