

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON - DAY

A GUARD'S knotted hands snap handcuffs onto the wrists of a white-man.

The same hands snap handcuffs onto the wrists of a black-man.

GUARDS form a line on both sides of the prison van's door.

INT. VAN

A shadowy figure steps up into the dark void. His silver bracelets reflect light on an unseemly face.

Close behind him, another shadowy form enters. His silver bracelets sparkle, but his image is unseen.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

High concrete walls, topped with helical barbs. Two GUARDS stroll side-by-side, one holds a hand-held radio as they patrol the perimeter.

A GUARD sweeps a reflective mirror underneath rows of parked vehicles.

The imposing security gates open and the prison van exits.

INT. VAN - DAY

A dim light bathes the two obscured souls.

BRETT (V.O.)

This nation of ours was forged on
the sweat of convict toil.

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

The prison van parks outside an ancient facade.

BRETT (V.O.)

Whose iniquities were destined to
be trampled into dust.

GUARDS muster around the prison van's door.

GUARD

Unload the prisoners.

BANNERJI, late 20s, a solid built Koori with curly matted hair and smouldering eyes, steps down from the van.

A grim-faced Guard leads Bannerji away.

BRETT (V.O.)

They say inferiority has no reward.

BRETT FOGARTY, 30s, full beard and crazy blue eyes, steps down from the van and cracks open a wily smile.

BRETT (V.O.)

To this present day I had remained indifferent.

Brett is ushered away by Guards.

COURTROOM

Three well-heeled JUDGES dressed in black silks and coarse-haired wigs, stand before the bench.

A BAILIFF wearing a green tux, stands below the bench.

BAILIFF

All rise before for the honourable
Justice Teague, Justice Aylwin,
Justice Burke.

BANNERJI stands in the dock, looking bemused.

BAILIFF

This court is now in session.

BRETT (V.O.)

The black-fella must have deemed it
a strange sight to see white-men
bound in chains being landed on
these shores.

A Guard stands beside the prisoner's dock.

BRETT (V.O)

It's been said, over and over,
retribution is the poison of
society, but mark my words when I
say payment isn't the black-fella's
folly.

The PROSECUTOR acknowledges the defence BARRISTER seated at
the bar.

The three Judges listen to deliberations.

HOLDING CELL

BRETT (V.O.)

It has to be mine.

Brett sits quietly studying his surrounds.

BRETT

Guard. Think I can get a cup of tea
here, thanks?

COURTROOM

PROSECUTOR

The defendants criminal past is
extensive your honours and with
that in mind, the Crown asks that
the appeal be struck from the
court.

Bannerji stands in the dock.

BANNERJI

So what of my past convictions.
Can't they be erased under new
management.

The Guard places his hand on Bannerji's shoulder.

TEAGUE

I'm inclined to agree.

BARRISTER

Your honours, my client is of
Aboriginal descent.

BARRISTER

The facilities afforded his rehabilitation offer no clear distinction for improvement.

BURKE

Counsel, I strongly advise you to abandon this appeal. Otherwise, the consequences may prove dire.

PROSECUTOR

Your honours, the defendant is awaiting serious charges at this very moment.

BARRISTER

My client tells me he's an innocent man.

HOLDING CELL

BRETT

So what did they sting you for?

A THUG with jet black hair. His features warp into an angry snarl.

THUG

Armed robbery.

BRETT

First time in?

THUG

Did a stint in Silverwater.

The Guard unlocks the barred door.

GUARD

(to Brett)

It's time.

INT. SUPREME COURT

The grim-faced Guard keeps in step with the manacled prisoner as they veer down a corridor.

COURTROOM

Justice Teague stares down from the bench. Justice Aylwin fiddles with his hands. Justice Burke's eyes wonder.

AYLWIN

(to the prosecutor)

Does the defendant have legal representation?

PROSECUTOR

He's representing himself, your honour.

AYLWIN

The defendant may step forward.

The Guard escorts Brett to stand alongside the prosecutor's bench.

PROSECUTOR

Your honours, the Crown has already established Fogarty's guilt.

BRETT

My guilt isn't in dispute your honour, my sentence is.

PROSECUTOR

Fogarty is well versed in the art of deception, well versed in the art of gambling and well connected in the criminal underworld.

Brett scans the empty courtroom.

BRETT

If I could explain...

PROSECUTOR

He has blatantly snubbed his nose at authority by concealing those involved in a substantial money laundering scheme.

TEAGUE

(to the prosecutor)

Did the police give the defendant immunity in exchange for evidence?

PROSECUTOR

Yes. And he declined your Honour.

BRETT

What they weren't willing to offer, was round the clock protection and a change of identity.

BURKE

You've been in custody for three years now, isn't that the protection and change of status you desired?

BRETT

It's not the same deal.

PROSECUTOR

Mens rea.

BURKE

In the present state of affairs the court dismisses the defendant's appeal.

BRETT

The casino had better odds.

Justice Alywin looks over his horn-rimmed glasses.

PROSECUTOR

Pardon me...

BRETT

I said, I'm at odds with the Crown.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Smoke drifts through obscured surroundings.

Hard-bitten men in prison fatigues run amok, hurling books and bedding over the tiers.

The floor is littered with burning debris.

Inmates' engaged in phone conversations sidestep the ensuing chaos.

PRISONER #1
(into the phone)
What do you mean there's no money
in my TAB account...

PRISONER #2
(into the phone)
Listen, I had a thousand bucks put
in yesterday...
(slams the phone down)
...go fuck yourself.

The PRISONERS' hector and jeer the other inmates.

INT. PRISON OFFICE - DAY

GOVERNOR DOOLEY, late 50s, sporting a well groomed moustache and a perpetual frown, huddles over a computer screen. His white shirt has Group 4 insignia patches on its sleeve.

DOOLEY
(grumbles)
Where are my investments gone?

The door is flung open and O'MALLEY appears.

DOOLEY
(ignores him)
Don't you ever knock?

CHIEF OFFICER O'MALLEY is skinny, awkward, and has a stiff upper lip with rodent like teeth.

O'MALLEY
The inmates have gone berserk.

Dooley looks up to reveal his hypnotic gaze.

DOOLEY
Alert the critical response team.

O'MALLEY
On standby, Governor.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

BRETT
What's this mens rea shit?

The nervous Thug paces the floor.

THUG

Means you got a guilty mind.

BRETT

Yeah, those hypocrites stink to eternity.

BANNERJI

So what was your cut in the bank job, bro?

THUG

Just over a hundred grand.

BANNERJI

Sounds too easy.

THUG

It is if you know how to handle a .357 magnum. Just stick the barrel under a security guard's nose.

BRETT

How'd you get busted then?

THUG

Gave my share to one of those investment brokers.

Bannerji giggles like a baby.

THUG

Sleazy prick gambled it all away. His business went bust and then the rat went and squealed to the cops.

BRETT

That's what I call using your brain. Go out and do an armed holdup, so you can invest the money.

THUG

He was offering a fixed rate of interest.

BRETT

Pure genius.

THUG

Don't push your luck, mate.

BRETT

What's the name of the joker who ripped you off?

BANNERJI

Sounds like a daydreamer, bro.

BRET

Shut the fuck up you black duck.

A Guard runs his baton across the bars.

GUARD

Settle down, convicts.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Dooley and O'Malley approach with the RIOT TEAM falling in behind.

O'MALLEY

Get 'em up against the wall.

(to the prisoners)

You want to start a riot, then count on my team to add genuine value.

Baton wielding Guards slam prisoners against the wall.

DOOLEY

Do a head count, Chief Officer O'Malley.

O'Malley nods.

DOOLEY

(to the prisoners)

We will shape you, shift you and shit on you.

DOOLEY

My officers take great pleasure in degrading you because you are scum.

O'MALLEY

Sixty in the block, two in court,
one missing, Sir.

DOOLEY

And who might they be?

O'Malley passes the clipboard to Dooley.

DOOLEY

Fogarty and his black servant. I
sometimes wonder if the
inconvenience is warranted.

The Prisoners chuckle and shout: Fogarty's a thief.

DOOLEY

You're in here not because you lack
social grace. No, it's because you
refuse to discharge your debts to a
law abiding community.

O'MALLEY

(to the Guards)

Single out the instigators and
throw 'em in the slot.

A PRISONER turns his head.

PRISONER

Hey screw! What about my pills? You
know I can't sleep with your bitch,
without them.

DOOLEY

O'Malley, see to it that the
prisoner gets his medication?

O'Malley nods to the riot team.

The Guards swing blows down on the Prisoner.

O'MALLEY

(to the Guards)

Check the cells.

DOOLEY

Morgan, step forward and show
yourself.

(to the prisoners)
As for the rest of you mutts.
Obedience to authority is a moral
necessity you will wear with pride.

The echoing of cell doors being slammed shut.

TIER

O'MALLEY
(yells)
The cell door is jammed, Governor.

CUT TO:

DOOLEY
(yells)
Don't make me come and fetch you,
Morgan.

The riot team march in formation up the stairs to the cell door. Dooley and O'Malley follow in behind.

DOOLEY
Pull the lock apart.

A Guard removes the mechanism and the riot team enter.

INT. CELL #13

The riot team strike down on a motionless figure beneath the blanket.

INT. CELL #12

BOB MORGAN, at one hundred and fifty kilos of pure bestiality, stands there holding a bucket of boiling water.

TIER

Morgan lashes out and splashes Dooley's face.

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

Guards lead out the manacled prisoners: BRETT, Bannerji and the Thug.

BANNERJI

When a fuckin' tab disrespects a
bro.

The Thug pulls out a shiv strapped under his sleeve.

BRETT

Save it for the birds, blacky.

Bannerji rams Brett into the side of the prison van. Brett writhes around and kicks Bannerji.

A Guard tumbles to the ground, knocking the shiv out of the Thug's hand. He swings a backhand into the side of Brett's head. Brett collapses with a thud.

The Thug squats down to pick up the shiv, but a Guard subdues him with mace.

Bannerji hurdles the pronged iron gate. A Guard lunges at his leg. Bannerji kicks out and he escapes down...

THE STREET

Bannerji bolts and knocks over his unsuspecting Barrister. Files go flying on the footpath.

BUSINESSMEN step aside and shield themselves with briefcases.

The Barrister is attended too by the pursuing Guard.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Medical staff, patients, and visitors go about their affairs.

EXT. WARD

A butch, female GUARD unlocks the security door.

A NURSE steps outside.

GUARD

Check under the bonnet?

NURSE

He's got a handful down below.

GUARD

All that untapped masculinity going
to waste.

NURSE

If I had the night shift, I'd suck
him dry.

INT. WARD

Brett regains consciousness, realises where he is.

CUT TO:

The Guard safeguards the door.

CUT TO:

Brett lies silently on the bed, feigning sleep.

CUT TO:

The Guard turns to check again.

CUT TO:

An enormous erection prods up the bed sheet.

CUT TO:

The Guard looks away and licks her lips.

She looks at her watch, unlocks the door and enters.

INT. WARD

The Guard sizes up the erection and giggles.

GUARD

C'mon sweetie, I don't think I've
had you before.

Her lips moist with passion as she reaches over to fondle it.
Instead, she grabs the sheet and yanks.

A urinal bedpan protrudes between Brett's leg.

He seizes her hand.

CORRIDOR

Through the security glass and visible beneath the sheet that covers her, is a semi-naked form tied to the bed.

Brett wears the Guard's uniform. He slides the action open and checks the pistol's chamber.

Brett searches from ward to ward. On the way he throws on a doctor's shawl and stethoscope.

A NURSE sees him enter a ward.

WARD - NIGHT

Brett works on a cabinet, trying to pick the lock open.

Dooley lays motionless on the bed. His head is covered in bandages.

Brett fumbles a wallet and flashdrive into his pocket.

He stands over the bed and swills down the remains of a 2 litre juice bottle.

He places the pistol at the mouth of the plastic bottle as a makeshift silencer and points the pistol at Dooley's head.

The door swings open. A frantic NURSE stands under the arch.

Brett clicks the hammer back.

NURSE

Excuse me, are you the new hospital resident?

BRETT

Yeah...

NURSE

Doctor Mackay, you're needed in the emergency room.

Brett looks over his shoulder. He slowly eases back the hammer and slips the pistol back into his belt.

NURSE

The paramedics are on the way.

BRETT

Can't it wait?

Dooley's hand shoots out and grips Brett's wrist.

DOOLEY

Tell me Doc, am I going to lose my
sight?

Brett reaches across the tray and picks up a swab. He muffles his voice with it.

BRETT

I'll be with you shortly, Nurse.

He looks around and sees a bowl of bananas and pears on a trolley.

BRETT

Ah, No, no impairment...
(looks at a TV)
...of vision at this stage.
I think we'll...
(looks out the window)
...have a better view of the
horizon tomorrow.

DOOLEY

I owe you one, Doc.

INT. HOSPITAL FOYER

Brett strides past POLICE OFFICERS and PARAMEDICS as they trolley a patient in.

The sliding doors open and the same Nurse follows Brett.

EXT. HOSPITAL FOYER - NIGHT

NURSE

Doctor, that was the patient we
were waiting on.

Police Officers gaze back at Brett and the Nurse with an attitude of disbelief.

BRETT

I suppose I can have a smoke later.

THEATRE

DOCTOR

Glad you could join us.

BRETT

What a we got?

NURSE #1

Stab wound to the anterior chest.

BRETT

(feigns concern)

Is he dead?

NURSE #2

Respiratory is normal.

The VICTIM lays on an table, a knife juts from his chest.

BRETT

What'd you wanna to do about it?

DOCTOR

I'm only an intern. The complications look serious.

BRETT

...good then... if he's still breathing... lets leave him that way.

The medical team are stunned by Brett's logic.

Brett decides to step in for a closer look.

BRETT

He doesn't seem to be bleeding too much.

Nurses cut away the victim's clothing.

DOCTOR

Pericardial haemorrhaging might be of some concern to us...

The Doctor still unsure of Brett's objectives.

NURSE #2

Blood pressure, one twenty over eighty.

Nurses drool over Brett's composure.

Brett pulls the victim's eyelid back.

BRETT

Looks like he's doped up.

The Nurse smiles at the thought of Brett's lingo.

NURSE

Pulse is steady at ninety...

The Doctor nervously taking it all in.

BRETT

What's the outlook, Doctor?

The Doctor's put under the spotlight.

DOCTOR

We can now safely assume the knife didn't penetrate the heart.

BRETT

My thoughts exactly! Inexperience by the assailant to gain the upper hand has resulted in the shiv piercing the rib cage.

The medical team listen with enthusiasm.

BRETT

This type of thing does happen. A blunder on the assailant's part. Trust me, what he should have done was stab him in the kidneys.

Nurses chuckle at Brett's joke.

DOCTOR

Do we operate?

Brett gives the Doctor a stern look.

BRETT

Not tonight. Just pull the blade out.

The Doctor pulls on the handle.

DOCTOR

It's stuck?

BRETT

Give it a yank.

The Doctor is surprised by the Knifes exit.

BRETT

What are you waiting for? Stitch him up.

Brett exits the theatre.

DOCTOR

(to the Nurses)

Did you see how calm he remained throughout the procedure.

NURSE

...and humble.

NURSE #2

What a pleasure to work under such a gifted physician.

INT. HOSPITAL FOYER

Brett saunters toward the entrance.

A police Officer follows.

OFFICER

Excuse me.

Brett ignores him and moves quicker. The Officer blocks his path.

The Nurse steps in between them.

OFFICER

How is he? It's for my report.

Brett shoots the Officer a surprised look.

BRETT

The nurse will give you the brief.

NURSE

(to the Officer)

I'll attend to you soon.

The Officer ambles away.

NURSE

(to Brett)

I'm sorry if I seemed angry.

BRETT

That's okay. We're all under the pump, in one way out the other.

CITY - NIGHT

Brett paces the streets and lanes, keeping his head bowed as he moves among a crowd of revellers.

Street TOUGHS stand at a bus shelter waiting for Brett to approach.

TOUGH #1

You got a match?

BRETT

Fuck off, I'm in a hurry.

TOUGH #2

No need to get nasty, Tiger.

TOUGH #3

We just want some of your spare change.

BRETT

Do you know which direction the Flinders street bridge is?

Brett pulls out a wallet and takes out some cash.

The street Toughs' surround him.

TOUGH #2

We know the direction your headed, if you don't hand over your money.

Brett sticks the pistol into the Toughs' side.

BRETT

Are you going to help me out, or do you want to join your mate at the morgue?

FLINDERS ST BRIDGE - NIGHT

Brett slides down the river's embankment.

TREE

Bannerji crouches in the branches, watching.

BRETT

Show yourself Blacky.

TREE

Bannerji jumps down and breaks his ankle.

BANNERJI

Fuckin' dog almighty. Oh, fuck you now.

BRETT

Serves you fuckin' right. What are you doing up there, anyway?

BANNERJI

I'm hiding from the cops.

BRETT

Of all places, why a tree?

BANNERJI

The dogs had my scent.

BRETT

Told you to put some aftershave on.

BANNERJI

What's wrong with the way I smell?

Brett smiles.

BANNERJI

You think I'm a fuckin' Monkey.
Waiting up here for half the night.
Where were you?

BRETT

When I said hit me, I didn't mean
with a brick.

BANNERJI

That wasn't me. I think you pissed
off our bankrupt investor.

BRETT

Did you get what I wanted?

BANNERJI

The cards I got, but where's my
cut?

Bannerji hands over the credit cards.

BRETT

If you want your share of the
money, you're coming with me?

BANNERJI

Do you see the color of my skin?

BRETT

Dooley had control over a thousand
accounts. He had the names of
inmates past and present.

BANNERJI

So he's been skimming on everyone's
earnings. He finds out what you
done, he'll do your head in.

Brett looks at Bannerji, sees his torment.

BRETT

You go back to prison and he'll
have you killed. And he'll make it
look like a suicide.

BANNERJI

Better make this my last pub crawl.
Give us a few bucks, will you?

BRETT

He had a plane to catch, we can still can make it to the coast and scam that prick for all he's worth.

BANNERJI

You always want to burn people down. Make yourself feel better.

BRETT

Okay then, just keep 'em guessing.

BANNERJI

You're on your own, bro.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Brett strolls out of a shopping arcade dressed in an expensive suit. He slips his credit card into a crisp leather wallet.

He browses the shelves of a bookstore before selecting a hardcover.

Brett throws notes on the counter.

BRETT

Hand us over a packet of gum, and I'll settle for a... this thing cut?

The Attendant looks at the Stanley knife on the counter.

ATTENDANT

You can't take that on aboard.

BRETT

Can you send this parcel interstate for me?

ATTENDANT

Where too?

BRETT

Let me borrow this. I'll be back in a minute.

The Attendant turns to serve another customer.

CUT TO:

Brett pulls out his wallet and passes the credit card to the TELLER standing in a foreign exchange booth.

BRETT
(fake accent)
A thousand dollars in U.S.
currency, please.

TELLER
Sign here.

The Teller hands over a wad of cash.

BRETT
Thanks.

INT. TOILET - NIGHT

Brett sits in a cubicle gutting the inner pages of the book.
The pistol fits snugly inside. He places money in and closes the cover.

In the next cubicle, the toilet flushes and out steps a FEDERAL POLICE OFFICER.

Brett opens his cubicle and nervously looks in the mirror.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Brett looks up at the departure sign and wanders over to the automatic check in stand.

He places Dooley's credit card into the slot and processes his ticket.

Brett makes his way toward the bookstore.

INT. SHOP - NIGHT

BRETT
Queensland.

Brett places a parcel on the counter.

ATTENDANT

Do you want it there overnight?

BRETT

...by road.

DEPARTURE LOUNGE

HOSTESS (O.S.)

Flight 72 to Brisbane now boarding.

Brett falls into the long queue.

HOSTESS (O.S.)

Will passengers please make their way to boarding gate seven.

INT. JET - NIGHT

CABIN TOILET

Brett drops the razor in the bin and rinses his face.

He slides the door open and steps out.

A young brunette ogles him.

A CHILD runs in and locks the door.

CUT TO:

Two gorgeous HOSTESS' roll a food-cart along the aisle. They serve, smile and pamper the passengers.

ROBERTSON (O.S.)

May I have a bottle of red wine,
please.

The Hostess places a bottle on Brett's tray.

ROBERTSON, a sophisticated gentleman with grey hair parted to one side; accepts his beverage from Brett.

BRETT

A bourbon and coke for me; and may
I say, your perfume is wonderful.

The Hostess shoots Brett a sexy grin.

Robertson reaches over with his credit card. Brett waves it aside.

BRETT

This one's on me.

Brett passes a hundred dollar note to the Hostess.

ROBERTSON

Thank you, business must be good.

BRETT

Only if you deal in long shots.

ROBERTSON

Are you a stockbroker?

BRETT

No, I'm a bookmaker. Well, I used to be.

ROBERTSON

Retired?

BRETT

Blacklisted some years ago.

ROBERTSON

Mugs game, isn't it?

BRETT

Depends on what side of the fence you're on.

ROBERTSON

So what do you do now?

BRETT

Work for myself as a consultant.

ROBERTSON

Really.

BRETT

Yeah. ...that and advise clients on how to maximize their profits.

Robertson takes a sip of wine.

BRETT

Ever hear about the punter who
retired with a million bucks?

The Hostess overhears the conversation and turns to Brett.

HOSTESS

Sorry, I forgot to return your
change.

BRETT

That's okay. I forgot to ask for
your phone number.

HOSTESS

I'm not what you might think.

BRETT

My thoughts on women haven't
changed in years.

The Hostess shoots a cold hard stare, then mischievously
grins.

HOSTESS

I'm behind the counter for all of
next week, give me a call if you
like...

Brett searches his pockets.

Robertson pulls out a business card and pen. Brett passes it
to the Hostess.

She strikes out Robertson's phone number and jots down hers.

ROBERTSON

So what did happen to that punter?

BRETT

He started with six --

ROBERTSON

Thousand.

BRETT

Million, six million.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Brett strides toward a taxi rank and hails down a cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Brett takes in the view of the Gold Coast's skyline.

BRETT

Just here will be fine.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The lobby is attended to by an acne speckled adolescent.

BRETT

I'd like a room for two nights.

ATTENDANT

There's a possibility we're booked out, but let me check.

BRETT

What's the occasion.

ATTENDANT

Horse racing, brings in the punters.

ATTENDANT

There's been a late cancellation. We have a suite with an ocean view, if that would suffice?

BRETT

Any kind of mattress is going to feel good tonight.

ATTENDANT

Will that be all?

BRETT

I need access to a computer.

ATTENDANT

There's an all night internet cafe down at the Boulevard.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Brett strolls over to the bar fridge, selects a Whiskey and pours himself a drink.

He draws the curtains open, steps out on the balcony and takes in the view of the hectic traffic below.

Later, Brett picks up the bedside phone.

BRETT

(into the phone)

Blonde, No, make it a brunette.

...charge it. Visa, 0345 3461. How long? Room 323.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Semi-naked WOMEN dance on a platform smothered by drunken MEN.

BANNERJI

Throw it in my face, babe.

Bannerji downs his liquor in one gulp.

BUSTY BARMAIDS serve young male clientele propped at the bar.

BANNERJI

C'mon you dirty slut, don't be shy.

...slip the pussy out of the bag.

Bannerji places beer glasses over his eyes.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

BOUNCERS toss Bannerji out on the street.

A POLICE patrol spots Bannerji.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A vivacious brunette dressed in a sheer black gown stands beside a mean Asian henchman by the name of Chan.

CUT TO:

Brett is asleep on the sofa. BANG, BANG, BANG! His eyes snap open. Brett looks toward the door, then at the balcony.

CUT TO:

The door opens and Chan barges past Brett.

BRETT

Who the fuck are you? I think I asked for a brunette. ...and that didn't mean send a fag.

CHAN

I check that you no have others.

Chan searches the balcony, wardrobes and under the bed.

CHAN

Sometime you pay for one. But you want four guys fuck.

BRETT

No four guys are fucking here, just me.

Chan twirls around.

CHAN

Okay... me send her in.

Sharon struts the floor, gives the room a casual glance.

SHARON

You've got expensive taste, Honey.
(to Chan)
Wait for me down in the lobby.

CHAN

You have any problem, you buzz me.

SHARON

You arriving from interstate on business or leisure?

Brett's fingers glide across Sharon's bottom.

BRETT

Why do you ask?

SHARON

Most of my clients fly in, make
love to me and fly out.

BRETT

I'm sure they do.

Brett opens the fridge, takes out a bottle of Champagne.

BRETT

Make yourself comfortable.

Sharon takes Brett by the hand and leads him to the...

BEDROOM

Sharon pushes Brett up against the wall.

She greets each thrust of his tongue in a duel of sexual
ecstasy.

SHARON

You are tense, Honey.

BRETT

The action's been a little slow.

A combination of curiosity and intrigue confront her.

CUT TO:

Brett gasps at the peak of orgasm as their bodies rock in
sexual fulfilment.

BRETT

You're a sexy filly.

EXT. HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

Chan escorts Sharon to a parked car.

CHAN

No problem with the client?

SHARON

The guy was a real stiff.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sharon removes her wig to reveal blonde bouncy curls.

CHAN

I didn't like the look of him.
Seemed kind of desperate to me.

SHARON

Asked me if I'd ever thought about
triple penetration.

Sharon tweaks her nose.

SHARON

Something he said, reminded me of
my old boyfriend.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Brett throws the bed sheet off and jumps to his feet.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Brett looks around before stepping into a waiting cab.

The cab veers along empty streets.

INT. RACETRACK - DAY

The sun breaks over the horizon.

Jockeys gallop their horses down the straight. Trainers time
their steeds in full gallop.

Brett pulls away a newspaper covering his face and gazes at a
colt in training.

An old man holding a stopwatch looks pleased.

INT. WARD - DAY

A DOCTOR enters Dooley's private room and picks up the medical chart.

DOCTOR

How are you feeling today, Mr Dooley?

DOOLEY

My face is numb, Doc.

DOCTOR

We'll take care of the dressing in a moment.

The Doctor unwraps the bandages.

DOOLEY

You treat people with a little kindness and they try to scar you for life.

DOCTOR

First degree burns.

The Doctor examines Dooley's blistered face.

DOCTOR

It's going to take some time to recover.

DOOLEY

I've got a prison running at a hundred-percent occupancy.

DOCTOR

I can't allow you to go back to work in this condition.

DOOLEY

No one can force me to stay.

DOCTOR

It's imperative you make the effort to recuperate.

DOOLEY

What can you do about this face of mine?

DOCTOR

We have a spray that can create an artificial skin.

DOOLEY

How's it work?

DOCTOR

It's a natural substance which prevents harsh elements from contaminating the skin while expediting the healing process.

DOOLEY

Put it on, I want to get moving.

DOCTOR

The decision's yours, but I can't rule out the possibility of infection setting in.

DOOLEY

I'll take my chances.

DOCTOR

Okay. Stay indoors if it's possible.

The Doctor sprays Dooley's face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - DAY

THUG

What happened to you?

DOOLEY

You had one shot at finishing him and you screwed it up.

THUG

He got lucky.

EXT. OFFICE

O'Malley knocks on Dooley's door.

INT. OFFICE

O'Malley pokes his head through the door.

DOOLEY

Come in.

O'Malley strides in and gives the Thug a concerned look.

DOOLEY

(to the Thug)

Find your way back to your cell.

The Thug lowers his gaze and walks out.

DOOLEY

Who's been in here without my permission.

O'MALLEY

Fogarty helped clear some of the back log on the computer.

Dooley rifles through the desk drawers.

O'MALLEY

We weren't expecting you back so soon, Sir.

DOOLEY

Did he now. Tell him to get in here, quick smart.

O'Malley looks restless.

O'MALLEY

We just received a call from the security wing at the hospital.

DOOLEY

...Fogarty conned the female guard.

O'MALLEY

He's hoodwinked the lot of us. They searched his cell. ...found this device.

Dooley examines the wireless modem.

DOOLEY

All the computer files have been swept clean.

O'MALLEY

He's armed.

DOOLEY

Fogarty's nothing less than a thief. ...he's as gutless as they come.

O'MALLEY

Bannerji and Morgan must of been in on it.

DOOLEY

So that's the way they want to play it.

O'MALLEY

They recaptured him last night.

DOOLEY

Where is he?

O'MALLEY

He's in isolation with the other clowns.

Dooley dwells on the dilemma.

INT. ISOLATION CELL

Dooley and O'Malley stand over Bannerji. He's held down on his knees by three Guards. They hold his head back.

O'MALLEY

Take away a man's vices and what do you have?

Dooley throttles Bannerji.

DOOLEY

A pack of wild dogs.
(to Bannerji)

Contrary to public opinion, you're not here for the purpose of being rehabilitated.

The Guards' sadistic eyes light up.

DOOLEY

Although I try not to exploit the situation. There could be a reduction in your sentence if you cooperate you black bastard.

BANNERJI

No use whinging to you how I end up getting the raw meat. All I know is Fogarty's going to fuck you over.

Dooley lands a punch on Bannerji's jaw.

CORRIDOR

Guards walk three steps in behind Dooley and O'Malley.

DOOLEY

Let's not get into legal formalities here. Nobody's interested in freeing an innocent man. That's not what justice is about.

O'MALLEY

The circumstances have changed, Sir.

DOOLEY

Don't argue with me. Keep them locked in solitary until this blows over. Cancel all visitations. Shut the phone system down, nobody calls in, nobody calls out.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The name of the institution is engraved on a brass plaque.

Brett holds a briefcase and walks out of the bank.

Chan and Chen, escort Han into the bank as Brett passes by.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

MAGEE, (38), a hard-nosed detective, holds a pair of binoculars to his face.

MAGEE

Who's the face?

WHYLIE, (30s) tanned and dressed in a flashy suit, operates a zoom lens camera wired to a laptop computer.

WHYLIE

Probably no one of interest.

JOHNS, (35) unshaven, wearing a T-shirt and jeans, watches as Fogarty's pixilated image scans alongside the computer's database of mug shots.

JOHNS

Bingo.

WHYLIE

He's not from around here.

JOHNS

Brett Fogarty. Convicted and sentenced to ten years on money laundering charges.

He scans the computer screen.

JOHNS

... still has six years to serve before he jumps out of the box.

WHYLIE

Any known associates or family?

JOHNS

Nothing listed.

WHYLIE

So what's he doing in Queensland?

MAGEE

The crims down south must think
we're too busy with schoolies week.

WHYLIE

Take him down, Sarge?

JOHNS

Wait up... he's carrying lead.

All three Detectives trade knowing glances.

WHYLIE

He just stuck up the bank.

Magee weighs up the decision to act. He raises his walkie-talkie.

Whylic focuses the telephoto lens on Brett.

WHYLIE

We're going to lose him.

JOHNS

It's too risky, we've spent
hundreds of man hours identifying
the main players.

WHYLIE

You're letting him get away.

JOHNS

Don't blow this operation.

MAGEE

(into walkie-talkie)
Put a tail on a male suspect
leaving the branch. Do not
approach. He's armed and dangerous.

STREET - DAY

Brett stumbles through peak hour commuters. Occasionally he glances over his shoulder.

An undercover DETECTIVE pursues him nonchalantly.

INT. MELBOURNE AIRPORT - DAY

Group 4 security PERSONNEL man the x-ray machines. Personnel armed with portable metal detectors scan suspect passengers.

Dooley passes through the metal detector arch. The sensor beeps and Dooley flashes his badge at inquisitive personnel.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Music filters through the penthouse suite.

Sharon serves Han and the henchmen drinks and snacks.

Stretched out on a leather banana chair, Sharon sips a cocktail while flicking through the TV remote.

Han and his henchmen count up bundles of cash on a table overrun with beer bottles.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Two bodies were found washed up on Mermaid beach this morning. Both men had been executed.

Pheng looks at Chen.

PHENG

What... floaters. This time we dropped them fuckers in deep water.

CHEN

Maybe next time you chop them up in little pieces.

PHENG

You don't have the balls to watch.

HAN

Enough! I ask one simple request and even then you are incompetent.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Former Queensland bookmaker, Brett Fogarty is at large tonight after escaping from a hospital security ward in Melbourne.

Two mug shots of Brett, clean-shaven and whiskered, flash on screen.

Sharon is furious as she realises the escapee is her former boyfriend.

REPORTER

The infamous Queenslander fell from grace...

Sharon slips on her shoes.

REPORTER (O.S.)

The escapee is considered dangerous and should not be approached...

She grabs her handbag and approaches Han.

SHARON

If you don't need me tonight I'd like to leave early?

Han gestures her closer. Sharon leans in.

HAN

On your way out, tell Chan to have the car ready in five minutes.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Magee and Whyllie chomp down burgers while RILEY listens in on inaudible conversations.

Whyllie listens in on a headphone, but only hears music.

WHYLIE

If Han has a shipment coming in, it has to be soon.

RILEY

The betting industry pander to his every whim.

WHYLIE

Customs notified us last night his thoroughbreds are being shipped on a flight from Japan.

MAGEE

We're on the verge of smashing
Han's empire. We're all strung out
at the moment from lack of sleep.
So let's pay attention to detail.

WHYLIE

Sure Sarge, but if we're going to
pin Han on several killings --

MAGEE

-- Remember, it's the drugs we're
after.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Brett hangs onto his briefcase and climbs across to the next
balcony, then lowers himself down to the balcony below.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

ATTENDANT

I'm sorry we are booked to
capacity.

DOOLEY

Well, look again.

ATTENDANT

The name you made the reservation
under, Sir?

DOOLEY

Dooley... d, double o, l --

The Attendant scans the registry.

ATTENDANT

-- yes, your room has been
available since yesterday.

DOOLEY

Give me the key so I can get in.

ATTENDANT

You were given a key last night,
Sir...

DOOLEY

If I was given the keys, I wouldn't
be asking again, would I?

The Attendant shrugs his shoulders and hands over a set.

EXT. HOTEL DOOR - NIGHT

Dooley fiddles with the keys and steps in.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Empty bottles and leftovers lay on the table.

Dooley picks up the phone.

DOOLEY

(into the phone)

Yes, I like some room service...
some time soon...

Dooley slams the phone down.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The number 323 in gold etching is fixed to the door.

Sharon has her ear pressed to the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A brisk knock at the door surprises Dooley.

He opens the door and Sharon barges in.

SHARON

Why I ever fucked you in the...

She shrieks at the sight of Dooley's face.

DOOLEY

Is this the service you provide?

Sharon glances about.

SHARON

Where's that smooth talking
bastard?

DOOLEY

Who are you looking for?

SHARON

Who are you?

Dooley stands by the door.

DOOLEY

Get out...

EXT. STUD FARM - NIGHT

A cab pulls up on a dirt strip outside a weathered cottage.

A light illuminates from the stable's barn door.

The trunk opens. Brett and the cab DRIVER both exit the
vehicle. The Cabbie hands him his bags.

INT. STABLES - NIGHT

Les, (70) gentle eyes and a kind face, grapples with the
horse's hoof while he hammers in a nail.

LES

One more and you'll run like the
wind. Keep it steady.

The horse shakes its head and whinnies.

Brett strolls over to the colt, pulls out a handful of sugar
cubes from his jacket.

The horse tries to kick out from under Les' grip.

LES
Blasted beast.

BRETT
How's it going old timer?

Les drops the hoof and steps away with the hammer held high.

LES
What are you doing in here?

BRETT
Came back to see how you were.

Les realises it's Brett.

LES
No thanks to you. The bank
forecloses at the end of the month.

Les takes hold of the hoof. Whacks in another nail.

BRETT
Your colt runs a quick furlong.

LES
So far he's the best we've had.

Les leads the horse into the stall and closes the gate.

BRETT
Been in contact with Mum?

LES
She rang me this morning, says you
done a runner. ...she's shit scared
you've lost the plot.

BRETT
I wanted to make it up to you, dad.

LES
Your not my son, so quit callin' me
dad.

Brett throws a disheartened look.

BRETT

Remember the time you and Mum spent
the whole night in the stables.

Les reminisces with a grin.

BRETT

I was up at the crack of dawn...
helped deliver the foal while the
both of you lay asleep in the hay.

LES

Cheeky little bugger you were.

BRETT

I never knew my real Dad. But if I
had to pick one over again, it be
you...

Les wipes away a tear.

BRETT

You taught me to ride, you taught
me how to place my first bet.

LES

And where did it all end?

BRETT

In your face.

They both laugh.

LES

Like the time you drove the
neighbors tractor into the dam.

Brett opens up the briefcase.

LES

Think you can buy your way out of
trouble.

Les stares at Brett.

LES

Greed ravages the rich. It's a
disease of the mind.

BRETT

Relax. Time on the inside didn't
stop me making a wager.

LES

Don't let it control you.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Les cracks open two beers. Brett unwinds on a worn sofa.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dooley pick up the phone and dials. He throws on a straw hat
and steps out onto the balcony.

INT. CAR - DAY

Two Detectives sit back and alternate the binoculars.

DETECTIVE #1

Take a look at this.

The Detective chuckles.

DETECTIVE #2

Talk about the worst case of
sunburn.

DETECTIVE #1

He needs to double the protection.

Their laughter turns to disbelief.

DETECTIVE #2

Get Magee on the phone.

DETECTIVE #1

He's going to be pissed.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The two Detectives approach the entrance of the hotel and watch passively as Dooley exits the foyer.

Dooley jumps into a cab.

Both Detectives shrug their shoulders.

EXT. CASINO - DAY

Patrons work the slot machines. Dooley strolls past a blackjack table. No one bats an eyelid to his scalded face.

He moves up the stairway to the high rollers table. A SECURITY GUARD blocks his path.

Dooley flashes his badge and walks over to greet Han's outstretched hand.

HAN

Take a seat, Frank.

Dooley is pampered by a waitress as he sits at a poker table.

DOOLEY

Gin and tonic.

She scribbles down his order.

DOOLEY

I'm sorry for the delay.

Several JOCKEY types, throw chips into the middle.

The DEALER dishes out the cards.

JOCKEY #1

Call it.

Han lays down a full house.

All the jockeys fold. Han scoops up the chips.

HAN

(looks to Dooley)

Are you in?

The Dealer shuffles the deck and a Jockey splits it.

DOOLEY

That's what I wanted to talk to you
about.

The Dealer skips Dooley and deals to the other players.

JOCKEY #2

Raise you a hundred.

Han slides several chips to the middle.

JOCKEY #3

Raise you two.

JOCKEY #1

Call.

JOCKEY #4

Three kings.

HAN

Straight flush.

Han collects the winnings.

HAN

Lady luck rides again.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The cargo doors of a transport plane are wide open. Heavy machinery offload cargo. Horses in floats are removed from the plane.

Customs OFFICERS physically inspect the horses.

Pregnant mares are walked by quarantine PERSONNEL to a truck and trailer float.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Expensive pleasure craft line the berths of a marina.

Brett strolls along a planked over pontoon.

A CAPTAIN in his 50s, thick-set moustache, dressed in light cotton shorts and printed-shirt, watches from the bridge as Brett boards his boat.

CAPTAIN
Where's your gear?

BRETT
Travelling light this time round.

CAPTAIN
Bring the money?

Brett taps the briefcase.

The Captain climbs down the steps and opens the door to the galley.

BRETT
Nice home you got.

CAPTAIN
You paid for it.

Brett steps past him and enters.

GALLEY

They sit at a table. Tinted galley windows filter out the marina's bright flood lights. The TV's mute. The radio's on.

BRETT
Tell me about tomorrow's race?

CAPTAIN
What do you want to know? The Asian syndicates run the show.

BRETT
Did you get me the ACP?

CAPTAIN
You wanna be careful whose horse you nobble. Security is very tight.

The Captain places a box on the table.

CAPTAIN

It's a sure thing a horse from Han's stable will tie up the place-getters. Most of the big bookies think he's got it sewn up.

The Captain offers Brett a cigarette.

BRETT

I quit on the inside.

CAPTAIN

You're looking in great shape. They have you working out in the gym?

He offers Brett a drink.

CAPTAIN

Thinking of hitting the track one last time?

Brett looks him in the eye.

CAPTAIN

Before you do, I'd want a sizeable down payment for the voyage.

BRETT

Fifty percent now, the rest when I land.

Brett dumps half-a-brick of money down on the table. Slides it across.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

The Captain stands on deck. Brett stands on the landing.

CAPTAIN

We ship off at seven. You think of anything beforehand, you let me know?

BRETT

Cheers.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

HAN

We both have a mutual stalemate concerning the equine quarantine facility.

HAN

Your connections inside the industry can help me safeguard my holdings.

DOOLEY

I understand obligations have to be met.

Han grins.

HAN

In return for your services I'm prepared to overlook your financial misgivings.

(slides over papers)

And offer you a half-share in *Ready to Fly*.

Dooley grins.

DOOLEY

Thank you for your binding solidarity. I'm committed to correcting all limitations.

EXT. RACETRACK - DAY

BRETT

A face among many, standing in line at the entrance.

Crowds stroll through the turnstiles.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

A young Indian security GUARD stands idly by, as a STRAPPER washes down a horse.

TRAINERS lead their horses into the stables.

Horses' whinny and prod their heads over the gate.

INT. STABLES

A grey horse rolls around in the hay.

INT. MARQUEE - DAY

A smorgasbord of gourmet food set out on buffets.

Brett is dressed for the black-tie occasion. He rubs shoulders with guests up to their chins in Champagne.

He swigs from a beer bottle and smiles at a beautiful REDHEAD entering the marquee. She revels in the attention.

INT. CORPORATE BOX - DAY

Han and his entourage enjoy the plush surrounds.

WAITERS carrying trays of lobster, bottles of Champagne and trays of Caviar, scoot from table to table.

Han is all smiles and conversation.

RACETRACK

Horses gallop along the turf kicking up dirt.

Jockeys dressed in silks prance in the saddle. Cracking their whips.

EXT. RACETRACK

Thousands of bemused spectators gather at the fence line, cheering and yelling encouragement.

A camera CREW film a bevy of gorgeous women vying for attention.

COMMENTATOR

(into mike)

What a glorious day, what a
glorious sight.

Sharon is dressed in a pink silk of the shoulder gown.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Capture the essence of vitality and
let your mind wander for a
moment...

She catches a glimpse of Brett holding a jacket and briefcase
by his side, and leaving the marquee in a hurry.

Brett's white shirt reveals the security logo. He steps
around a DRUNK sleeping it off on the lawns.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(into mike)

...standing with me is last year's
pageantry winner. Sharon Davies,
looking absolutely stunning.

BOGANS and SLOBS, whistle and cheer.

The Commentator sticks the microphone in Sharon's face.

SHARON

(into mike)

Yes... this time round the ladies
seem to be a lot smarter and the
dress sense pretty much sums up the
mood.

COMMENTATOR

(into mike)

And what would that be?

Sharon snaps out of her trance.

SHARON

(into mike)

It's all about having fun and
losing plenty of money.

COMMENTATOR

(into mike)

Yes, well thank you, Sharon. I'm not sure every punter would agree on that last remark.

EXT. STABLES

Brett looks around the corner and sees the security Guard light a cigarette.

Brett approaches, gives the horses a passing glance.

GUARD

Yes?

BRETT

There's been a clerical error in the duty roster.

The Guard scrutinises the insignia on Brett's shirt.

GUARD

That is impossible. I have been here for more than one hour.

BRETT

Well then I guess you know the rules and regulations.

The Guard eyes Brett with suspicion.

GUARD

Rules?

BRETT

Smoking in a restricted area.

GUARD

Not one word has been said to me about this.

The Guard butts out the cigarette with his fingers.

BRETT

As your area coordinator I only found out last night at the jockey and trainer's delegation. Something to do with animal liberation.

GUARD

This is news to me.

BRETT

That's what I hate about this job. We're always the last to be told.

Brett consoles the Guard.

BRETT

You know how bureaucracy works.

The Guard shakes his head side-to-side, looks to Brett for acceptance, then shakes his hand.

GUARD

Then where must I go?

BRETT

To the ladies toilets.

The Guard stares in doubt.

BRETT

We've been getting a lot of complaints about drunks entering the women's cubicle.

The Guard is struck with disgust.

BRETT

I mean... how would you feel if some pervert walked in while your mother was having a crap?

The Guard feels duty bound.

GUARD

Yes. I must go there at once.

BRETT

By the way, do you have a watch I can borrow? I left mine in my cell.

The Guard is unsure what he just heard, squints.

BRETT

I mean I... left my cellphone in
the office.

The Guard removes his watch and gives it to Brett.

Brett walks along the stables, feeding Han's horses with a
handful of sugar-cubes soaked in drugs.

EXT. RACETRACK

Sharon shoves and pushes her way through drunken revellers.
Every security guard is a potential target for her rage.

EXT. STABLES

Brett stops at a grey horse and gives it a gulp of beer.

BRETT

Here get an energy drink into you.

INT. COMMENTARY BOX

COMMENTATOR #1

(into mike)

The prize of prizes... the Prime
Minister's Cup proudly sponsored by
Jupiter's Casino. Two million in
sponsorship dollars ...what every
jockey would give to win the big
one.

COMMENTATOR #2

Overall, it's a top field. Firm
favourite is *Mr Gellotto*, paying a
dollar fifty for the win.

COMMENTATOR #1

...consensus on bookmaker odds is
the running of short price
favourites.

COMMENTATOR #2

That's correct. *Stargazer, Gypsy
Boy, Ready to Fly...*

The RACE CALLER stifles a yawn as he pours himself a cup of coffee.

RACETRACK

The horses are being led to the starting barrier.

INT. CORPORATE BOX

Dooley has joined Han and his entourage in a round of complementary celebrations.

EXT. RACETRACK

It's standing room only as Brett elbows his way through a wall of manic gamblers. He looks at his watch.

BOOKMAKERS' call out the odds. PUNTERS' basking in 10 seconds of fame and glory hand over hundreds of dollars.

RACETRACK

Race OFFICIALS' hold onto the reins of a horse rearing and kicking out with its hoofs.

A Jockey tugs at the reins of his mount, forcing the horse back into the starting barrier.

Another horse thrashes about inside the starting barrier.

INTERCUT:

A BOOKMAKER, deformed jawline, smartly dressed, collar and tie. A tote bag hangs over his shoulder. He jumbles money and tabs with the punters.

INT. CORPORATE BOX

Han and his entourage watch all the commotion on wide screen TV. Han seems relaxed, showing no concern.

EXT. RACETRACK

Brett pulls out a bundle of money. The tote board shows odds at 10 to 1 for *Love and Honey*.

BRETT

Twenty thousand each way on *Love and Honey*.

The Bookmaker scans Brett's face, but can't make the recognition. He hesitates for a moment.

BOOKMAKER

You're on.

INTERCUT:

COMMENTATOR #2

The starter's losing his patience... if they don't get *Stargazer* into the stalls...

INTERCUT:

A horse kicks and bucks at the Officials.

INTERCUT:

COMMENTATOR #2

They'll put the hood on, if that...

INTERCUT:

A warning siren blares. Race Officials' lead a horse away.

INTERCUT:

COMMENTATOR #2 (V.O.)

The late scratching of *Stargazer* throws the race into a quandary.

COMMENTATOR #1 (V.O.)

There's been a big go on *Love and Honey*. Double figures to be exact... under each way odds.

INT. CORPORATE BOX

Han stands up from his table, spitting out obscenities.

Chen holds the binoculars to his face, scans the starting barrier.

The mood of the entourage is subdued.

EXT. RACETRACK

Brett approaches another Bookmaker. He winks, and empties the briefcase of money into his tote bag.

BRETT

You make that transfer to an offshore account. Got it?

RACETRACK

All thirteen horses are locked in, ready to rumble.

EXT. RACETRACK

Sharon tugs at the sleeve of a jacket moving in the crowd.

RACETRACK

A siren breaks the impending silence.

Gates swing open and horses bolt from the starting barrier.

Hooves pound the turf.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

They're off and running. *Hobson's Choice* makes a clean exit, followed by *The General*. On the inside rail, half-a-length behind is *Midnight Run* and *Ready to Fly*.

EXT. RACETRACK

Brett looks over his shoulder and stops. Sharon throws a glass of wine into his face.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

Further back it's *Love and Honey* followed by *Mr Gellotto*, then *Golden Sox*. Closing in fast is *Protection* and *Neptune's Bride*.

Brett staggers back, unsure what took place, wipes his face.

She charges at him with the glass. He side steps her advance and belts her backside with the briefcase.

RACE-CALLER (V.O.)

They bunch on the first turn, then go wide. *Romantic Bliss* and *Perfect Life* still in the money.

She lunges at him side on, they both trip over a picnic area littered with empty cans and food scraps.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

Past the second furlong it's anyone's race as they head down the straight. Jockeys' settled into position. And the whips are out.

A spellbound crowd pay no attention to the melee.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

Boxed in on the inside rail is *Mr Gellotto*. *Perfect Life* lodges a bid to challenge the leaders on the inside.

Sharon's on top of him, scratching at his face.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

Love and Honey drifts wide and goes sailing past *Golden Sox*. Sprints on the inside of *The General*, extending his lead.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

Mr Gellotto makes a comeback on the inside rail. It's touch and go...

Brett feels around, grasps onto a chicken carcass, slaps it into the side of her face.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

On the second turn, *Ready to fly* clips the heel of *Midnight Run* and tumbles. *Gypsy Boy* takes the lead alongside *Hobson's Choice* and *Neptune's Bride*. Into the stretch three wide...

INT. CORPORATE BOX

A waiter pours Han's glass. He pushes him away, agitated.

On wide screen TV. We see the Jockey cartwheel down the track.

Dooley can't believe his eyes.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

Coming into the final furlong, *Gypsy Boy* losing ground to *Neptune's Bride*. It's neck and neck between *Hobson's Choice* and *Mr Gellotto*. *Love and Honey* holding onto second... he makes his move...

EXT. RACETRACK

Brett holds onto the briefcase, tries to break free. Sharon's leg are wrapped around his waist, squeezing the life out of him.

BRETT

Get off me.

RACE CALLER (V.O.)

They go head to head all the way to the finish line. *Love and Honey*... sprinting home in strides... *Love and Honey* looks to have won it by a nose *from Hobson's Choice* followed by *Neptune's Bride*...

The two are down on their knees, searching each other for answers. Both look like they fell out of a trash can.

Sharon snatches the briefcase, opens it and finds it empty.

Brett gasps for air.

BRETT

Sharon Davies.

SHARON

You never wrote, because you never cared.

BRETT

What was I suppose to do?

SHARON

Tell me you were alive.

BRETT

The cops could of told you that.

She slaps him.

BRETT

Alright, I didn't want you to get involved.

SHARON

You got me involved, seventy thousand dollars worth. You loser.

BRETT

Sorry it didn't work out. It was business.

SHARON

Don't ever make me out to be a fool.

Brett looks at her in admiration.

SHARON

It becomes insulting, especially when the money belongs to highrollers in the corporate world.

BRETT

What can I say. I got caught up in this shit too. At least you didn't have to do jail time.

SHARON

I spent three years on my back paying off debts. Money that you promised me.

Brett breaks out in laughter.

SHARON

Ever since we met, you've always had a monetary addiction. Why are guys nice to women so hard to find?

Brett digs into his pocket, pulls out the winning ticket.

BRETT

Here take it. The money's clean.

INT. CORPORATE BOX

Chan passes the binoculars to Chen. Through the binoculars we see Brett and Sharon leaving their separate ways from the bookmaker's stand. Sharon holds onto the briefcase.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

An overnight bag slung over his shoulder, Brett holds a briefcase, and makes his way up the gangplank onto...

THE BOAT

CAPTAIN

Good, you're on time. Leave your gear in the galley and help us get underway.

Brett dumps his bags in the galley. He doesn't notice the ashtray is full.

BRETT

What's the forecast on weather conditions?

Brett removes the mooring lines from the boat.

FLYBRIDGE

CAPTAIN

Smooth sailing, here to Manila.

The Captain starts the motors. He looks agitated.

He slides the throttle lever down.

The boat shifts sternway. Clears the dock.

OCEAN - NIGHT

The boat planes along the water. Cockpit lights flood the deck.

DECK

Brett enjoys the breeze against his face.

The galley doors slide open.

Dooley, Chen and Pheng step out onto the deck.

DOOLEY

Looking forward to your vacation?

BRETT

Beautiful night to get away.

Brett turns around.

DOOLEY

Nice theatrical illusion you pulled
at the hospital.

BRETT

I see you got a bit of colour in
your cheeks.

Brett takes a step back.

BRETT

We'll keep it simple. What do you
want?

FLYBRIDGE

The Captain shuts down the motors.

DECK

CHEN

How much you pay for the Armarni
suit?

BRETT

Ask him. They charged it to his
account.

Brett picks up a fishing net, tries to look menacing.

DOOLEY

These convicts respect only one way
of life, brute force.

Pheng and Chen brandish their butcher's knives.

DOOLEY

Raping women is a serious offence.

BRETT

Never touched the bitch. She's not
my type.

DOOLEY

Where's the rest of the money?

Pheng lunges at him. Brett steps backwards.

BRETT

The money you skimmed from the
prison funds and inmates.

Pheng strikes out. Brett deflects Pheng's attack.

DOOLEY

You fucked with the wrong crowd,
once too often.

CHEN

We're going to cut you up in little
pieces you mother fucker.

Pheng grapples with the net. Chen moves in to corner him.
Brett slips and falls into the ocean.

DOOLEY

(to the Captain)
Run the prick down.

FLYBRIDGE

CAPTAIN

Don't worry, he'll never make it
back. The current's too strong.

The Captain starts up the motors.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

TRACEY, cute teen, tanned and sexy. Romps with her
GIRLFRIENDS in the shallows. The tide sweeps in and out.

Revellers drink in jubilation on the beach.

Waves break along the shoreline.

Fatigued and fighting through breaking surf, Brett stumbles
out of the water and falls. Foaming water blankets him.

The tide recedes. Tracey and the girls see Brett laying face down on the beach.

They drag him to safety.

Brett is on his knees, looks at her in desperation.

BRETT

Water, give me water.

Tracey grabs an open bottle of alcohol from her girlfriend.

TRACEY

We only got Vodka.

Brett polishes the bottle off.

DISSOLVE TO:

Warm morning rays wash over Brett's sandy speckled face.

He stirs to life, looking hungover.

He sits on the beach, watches the waves roll in.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

A LADY, laid back, hair in curlers, rifles through envelopes.

LADY

Who's it for?

BRETT

Box number's...

LADY

Too big to put in there. I've got it under here.

She leans under the counter, brings the parcel into view.

LADY

This is the one. Doesn't have a return address though.

BRETT

That's because I sent it to myself while I was in Melbourne.

LADY

If you were in Melbourne, wouldn't it have been just as convenient to hang on to the thing?

Brett takes a deep breath and exhales.

BRETT

Look, lady. If you don't want to give it too me.

LADY

Show me your driver's licence?

BRETT

My wallet was stolen.

LADY

Show me something that links you with the state of Queensland?

BRETT

For Christ's sake it's only a children's book.

EXT. COFFEE LOUNGE - DAY

Chan sits at a table, enjoys an espresso while he reads the morning paper.

Magee walks in, looks about, sits at a table opposite Chan's.

A WAITRESS serves clientele, moves to Magee, takes his order.

Chan writes on the newspaper. He leaves change on the table, then places the folded newspaper on Magee's table on his way out.

A Waitress places a cappuccino on the table.

MAGEE

Thanks.

Magee pours in sugar, stirs his cup and opens the newspaper.

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER:

The deal goes off tonight.
Quarantine equine center. Wait for
the signal.

Magee's hand folds the newspaper over.

The newspaper's headline reads: PARTYGOERS HIT THE BEACH.
Splashed across the front page is a photo of Brett, kneeling
on the beach and downing a bottle of alcohol.

INT. STRIP BAR - NIGHT

Rowdy clientele leer at topless barmaids pouring drinks.

Brett and a DRUNK share a table.

DRUNK

Wanna buy me a drink?

Brett calls a waitress over, whispers into her ear.

BRETT

What are you celebrating?

DRUNK

Just the break up with my wife.

BRETT

Tough luck.

DRUNK

Risky venture getting married.
Sometimes you win, sometimes you
lose.

BRETT

Women... if it's not over money
it's over loyalties.

Brett slaps the dismayed Drunk's back. Finishes his drink and
stands ready to leave.

DRUNK

Women love money... I blew mine at
the track. *Mr Gellotto* must of had
horse flu.

Brett falters, sits down and orders another round.

DRUNK

Most of the trainers are kicking up
a fuss about foreigners not
complying with our strict
quarantine regulations.

The Drunk finishes off his drink, gestures to Brett for a
refill.

BRETT

You know the address to this place?

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Discarded brown wrapping sits beside a children's book laying
on a bed.

Brett opens the cover, pulls out the pistol and chambers in a
round.

EXT. EQUINE CENTRE - NIGHT

Trees and shrubs skirt the expanse lawns. High screen fencing
extends around the perimeter.

A sign posted reads: Protected by Group 4 Security.

Two luxury cars parked beside a wall.

Hiding in the shadows is Magee, Whyllie and armed POLICE.

MAGEE

(into walkie-talkie)
Unit 1, come in.

JOHNS

(over walkie-talkie)
This is unit 1, on standby...

INT. EQUINE CENTRE - NIGHT

A spacious and modern, humidity controlled environment.

DOOLEY

What's the connection here?

HAN

This country has a drug culture
that is not going to diminish
anytime soon.

Han snaps his fingers.

HAN

That revolving door is called vice.
People crave to enter it.

Pheng and Chen lead two pregnant mares out of the stables
into the arena.

HAN

Human minds are frail. That is why
insecurity prevails among the
masses.

Pheng opens a satchel, prepares an oversized syringe.

DOOLEY

Drugs make it easier to control
them.

Sharon squirms.

HAN

This is where you come into the
equation.

HAN

The governments of the day have
ensured that the status quo remains
in the hands of global
corporations.

Chan's face is marked by curiosity.

HAN

My focus is to expand into new
territories.

DOOLEY

My prison houses over six-hundred
drug addicts. All waiting to be
fed.

Pheng slaps the needle into the horse's rump.

The horses collapse onto a sawdust covered surface.

Both mares go into premature labour.

EXT. EQUINE CENTRE - NIGHT

Brett gets caught in the barbed wire fencing, rips his jacket
to shreds. His book falls out of his shirt front.

JOHNS

(over walkie-talkie)
Unit 1, perimeter breached.

Magee focuses infrared binoculars.

Brett scours across the lawns.

MAGEE

(to himself)
What's he doing here?

WHYLIE

Who is it?

Magee passes the binoculars.

MAGEE

The escapee from Melbourne.
(into walkie-talkie)
Standby to regroup, unit 1.

Brett enters the building through a side door.

INT. EQUINE CENTRE - NIGHT

Brett steps into a darkened office and watches through a
glass partition.

A mare gives birth to a foal. Two packs of heroin fall out.

PHENG

Two bags short.

Chen passes rubber gloves to Sharon. She shakes her head.

CHEN

Do it.

Sharon slips on the gloves, sticks her arm inside the mare.

She pulls out a kilo pack, then another.

Dooley picks up the four packs, places them in his black bag.

The second mare tries to give birth. One bag of heroin, then another and another plops out.

Dooley picks up the packs, fills the bag.

The mare whinnies, shakes it head. A foal's head covered in membrane protrudes between the mare's hind legs. Struggling to exit.

BRETT

Very impressive.

Aiming his pistol, Brett holds them at bay.

CHEN

What you... superman?

BRETT

No. Just laps of the pool. Every day for three fucking years.

Brett waves the pistol.

Dooley steps back.

DOOLEY

...for the next hundred you'll be lying in dirt if you don't get that pistol out of my face.

Brett picks up the black bag while he steadies his gun.

DOOLEY

Why hasn't anyone got a gun?

PHENG

Nobody expecting trouble.

Sharon kneels beside a lifeless foal covered in membrane.

SHARON

Get up. Come on baby. It's not breathing.

BRETT

Pull the tissue away.

SHARON

...it's too thick.

BRETT

Use your teeth, woman.

Sharon gnaws at the membrane. The foal shows its head.

EXT. EQUINE CENTRE - NIGHT

WHYLIE

There been in there long enough. I say we take them, now.

MAGEE

We sit here and we wait.
(into walkie-talkie)
Keep me informed, unit 1.

INT. EQUINE CENTRE - NIGHT

A cautious foal hides beside the mare.

The foal pushes up with its hind legs and wobbles over into Sharon's embrace.

Chan slides his hand into his pocket.

Brett turns, trains the pistol on him.

BRETT

Don't even try it.

Chan pulls out his phone.

BRETT

Throw it here.

(to Dooley)

You got something to return.

Dooley throws over the wallet.

BRETT

Who's owns the Merc?

HAN

That is my car.

Brett points the pistol at Han. He gestures to him.

Han reaches into his pocket, gives him the car keys.

BRETT

You're not having much luck, are
you?

Han reaches for his backside, throws him a cursing hand
gesture.

HAN

(Japanese)

Nigiri ppe.

BRETT

You coming, Sharon?

SHARON

I can't.

EXT. EQUINE CENTER - NIGHT

Brett leaves the building. He clicks the key-holder.

The Mercedes blinks and the door locks click. He throws the
book and the bag onto the passenger seat and jumps in.

WHYLIE

This is getting weird, what's going
on, Sarge?

Magee strains to look through the binoculars.

The Mercedes pulls up at the gatehouse.

MAGEE

(into the walkie-talkie)
Maintain surveillance on a Mercedes
exiting the premises.

JOHNS

(over walkie-talkie)
Unit 1, comply.

MAGEE

We've persevered this far. I'm not
about to jeopardise the life of an
undercover operative.

The barricade lifts and the GUARD waves the Mercedes through.

Johns and Riley scramble to their car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Brett drives along a lonely stretch of highway.

On the passenger seat is the children's book, and the bag
full of money and drugs.

Brett looks relieved.

The phone rings, he ignores it. It rings again, he digs into
his pocket, answers:

DOOLEY

(over the phone)
I despise you.

BRETT

(into the phone)
Yeah, you and the rest of the
world.

He chuckles.

BRETT

(into the phone)
...don't stay up past your bedtime
waiting for an apology.

He looks at the rear vision mirror.

BRETT

(into the phone)

...you hang out with mutts long enough and you become one.

Sees headlights following.

DOOLEY

(over the phone)

We're all in this together.

BRETT

(into the phone)

Hate to disappoint you, but I'll take a raincheck on that.

DOOLEY

(over the phone)

You might want to reconsider.

BRETT

(into the phone)

Forget it.

He looks in the mirror, but the headlights are gone.

DOOLEY

(over the phone)

Return the money and the drugs. Or we snap your girlfriend's neck.

BRETT

(into the phone)

Sounds like the perfect, fairy tale ending, Dooley. You could of made a great career as a standup comedian.

DOOLEY

(over the phone)

Either way, you decide. Just think of it as an alternative.

Brett ends the call. Throws the phone onto the seat.

The phone illuminates, rings.

Brett toggles a switch. The passenger side window lowers.

He picks up the phone, hesitates, then answers:

SHARON

(over the phone)
Brett! If you don't follow through
with this they'll make me
disappear.

BRETT

(into the phone)
Why would they even bother? You're
pussy's a goldmine.

SHARON

(over the phone)
Our son's third birthday is in May.

The disclosure stuns him.

SHARON

(over the phone)
He's got your smile, your lips.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mercedes brakes hard, smoking rubber mists around the
beaming headlights.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DOOLEY

(over the phone)
I'm so glad you've adopted a
fatherlike approach.

BRETT

(into the phone)
Talk to me, you fuck.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car screeches away, tyres kick up loose gravel. The car
slides sideways. Brett drives off in the opposite direction.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Johns and Riley are parked on the shoulder of the highway.

Headlights coming toward them. It's the Mercedes.

Riley and Johns swap glances.

Riley looks in the door mirror, sees the taillights.

RILEY

Maybe he forgot the carton of milk.

JOHNS

(into walkie-talkie)

Suspect has turned back. I
repeat...

MAGEE

(over the walkie-talkie)

Stay on him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An unmarked police car waits at a truck stop. An arm hangs out the window and takes aim with a radar gun.

Brett's car flies past, way over the speed limit.

The unmarked car gives chase. Lights and sirens blare.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Brett looks into the mirror, sees flashing lights advancing.

He overrides the auto, taps the shifter and floors the pedal.

ON THE DASHBOARD

Tachometer needle moves into the red.

Speedometer reading: One-hundred and eighty clicks and climbing.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The police car in pursuit. Closing in fast.

Brett's car hits a turnoff, nearly loses control.

Burning rubber ten metres long, tyres screaming for traction.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

RILEY

Highway patrol.

JOHNS

(into walkie-talkie)

We have a patrol vehicle in pursuit
of suspect.

MAGEE

(over the walkie-talkie)

Pull him over.

JOHNS

(into walkie-talkie)

We're having difficulty keeping up.

MAGEE

(over the walkie-talkie)

Use your radio and tell him to
abort.

JOHNS

(into walkie-talkie)

Channel frequency modulation, we're
unable to transmit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rows and rows of cars, fitted out with wide tyres, tinted
windows and flamboyant paint work, line the curbs.

Car stereos pump rap and reggae.

Muscle cars rev their engines, ready to drag.

A young CHICK holds up a checked flag.

Breathtaking girls in skimpy fashions brood over a fleet of modified vehicles.

The sound of worked motors revving. Crowds watch in awe.

The Chick drops the flag and all hell breaks loose.

Two muscle cars leave smoke and rubber in their wake.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Brett looks into his rear mirror, sees nothing.

In the distance he sees two cars racing toward him.

His face stone cold. He lines the cars up like tenpins.

ON THE DASHBOARD

Speedometer reading: Two-hundred and fifty klicks and climbing.

Blinding light flash before his eyes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Brett's car shoots out between the muscle cars.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Brett sees the crowd, slams on the brakes. The car slides out of control.

Innocent bystanders frozen by fear.

Brett slams on the handbrake. The car slides full circle and pulls up alongside captivated teenage girls.

Brett shakes his head. Toggles the switch, the window lowers.

BRETT

Which way out of here?

Tracey recognises Brett.

TRACEY

Remember me?

Brett pulls out a wad of cash from the bag, hands it to her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tracey whistles and cars make room to pass. She looks at the cash.

TRACEY

What do you do for a living?

The Mercedes screeches off.

TRACEY

He's cute.

Her girlfriends smile in agreement.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The Mercedes enters the underground car park.

Brett thumbs the key holder. A service lift door slides open.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Pheng taps in the combination to the safe.

He provides Chen and Chan with guns, pockets one for himself.

PHENG

(to Chan)

Stand guard at the door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

JOHNS

(into walkie-talkie)

Unit 1, we lost him.

MAGEE
(over the walkie-talkie)
He's at the penthouse.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Magee and Whyllie blend in with the holiday crowd, coming and going from the apartment complex.

MAGEE
(into walkie-talkie)
All units into position.

WHYLIE
Something's not right.

INT. PENTHOUSE FOYER

The service lift pings and the door slides open.

Chan stands guard, looking nervous.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Brett waits in the open doors of the lift.

INT. PENTHOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

Brett steps out, with his pistol drawn, gestures to Chan to raise his hands.

CHAN
I can help you. I'm a cop.

BRETT
Yeah, sure. The cops I know only wear suits off the rack.

CHAN
You making a big mistake.

He sticks the gun in Chan's back.

BRETT

...and they stink of cheap cologne.
Now move.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

DOOLEY

Throw me the bag.

Dooley searches it.

DOOLEY

Where's the money?

BRETT

I burnt it.

DOOLEY

You expect me to believe that shit?

BRETT

The con games over, Dooley. I know
I'm guilty of being a cheat and a
liar, but hypocrites like you --

DOOLEY

Spare me the sarcasm. The code of
conduct within the criminal entity
is void of ethics. It's dog eat
dog.

Pheng grabs Sharon by the hair, tucks a gun under her chin.

BRETT

Leave Sharon out of this. She's the
mother of my child.

PHENG

Put the gun down or she gets it.

Dooley disarms Brett, searches him, removes the wallet.

DOOLEY

I'll have to make a note to scratch
one inmate from the books.

He takes out a plane ticket, throws the wallet to the floor.

CHEN

What do we do with the prostitute?

Sharon's cold eyes bore into Chen.

DOOLEY

Give them two a bang in the arm.

CHAN

Leave her alone.

PHENG

(to Chan)

Go wait outside.

Chan whips out his revolver, takes aim.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Muzzle flashes light up the suite.

Heavily armed Police race into the building.

POLICEMAN

(over walkie-talkie)

Shots fired. All units respond.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Chan's bloodied body lies slumped on the floor.

PHENG

Why you kill him for? Good men hard
to find.

Dooley is left holding the smoking gun.

CHEN

What we do with him now?

DOOLEY

Fill his guts with tuna oil and
dump him in the canal.

Pheng and Chen like the idea.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Magee, Johns and Whyllie take the stairs.

Armed Police use the lift.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

DOOLEY

Don't bother your minds with these
two love birds. The coroner will
pronounce their deaths as
misadventure.

Dooley grabs the bag and leaves.

DOOLEY

I'll make the arrangements for a
money transfer when I get back to
Melbourne.

INT. PENTHOUSE FOYER

Dooley flees into the open service lift.

Guns drawn, Magee, Whyllie and Johns exit the stairs.

The lift pings, doors slide open and armed Police intersect.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Pheng grabs hold of Sharon and injects her.

BRETT

What's the name of our son?

SHARON

William.

PHENG

Enjoy the rush, you bitch.

Sharon's face flushes, her legs buckle. She slumps to the
floor, gurgling.

Pheng takes his belt off.

They take hold of Brett's wrist and wrap the belt around his arm. Chen sticks the needle in.

The door is smashed down.

Magee and Wylie, muscle in with a contingent of armed POLICE.

WHYLIE

Police! Drop your weapons.

Chen spins and counters with gunfire.

Police return fire with devastating force.

Chen and Pheng crumble to the floor.

MAGEE

(into walkie-talkie)

Seal the area.

The Police methodically search each room.

POLICEMAN

All clear!

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

MAGEE

Bring him in.

Wylie escorts Brett into the room.

WHYLIE

Sit!

Brett slumps in a chair.

MAGEE

You sure that's wise?

Wylie removes his handcuffs.

WHYLIE

I think he's ready to rollover.

MAGEE

Just bear in mind... crooks like him aren't consumed by guilt.

WHYLIE

Provided yourself with quite a
curriculum vitae.

Brett rubs his wrists.

WHYLIE

Conspiracy to import heroin,
escaping from lawful custody, rape.

Magee sets up the recording equipment.

WHYLIE

And for good measure we might throw
in a few more charges.

BRETT

Congratulations, you got the
trifecta.

MAGEE

Don't try to be clever with us.

Wylie tugs at Brett's hair. Looks at him side on.

WYLIE

We'll bury you so fucking deep, the
Grollo brothers will be scratching
their heads to dig you out.

A knock at the door. Magee steps out.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

MAGEE

How is he?

DETECTIVE

Died on the operating table.

MAGEE

Shit!

DETECTIVE

We located the gun down in the
basement. Forensics ran a check --

MAGEE

How's the girl?

DETECTIVE

Still in a coma.

MAGEE

Any prints?

DETECTIVE

They don't match up.

MAGEE

You're kiddin' me?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MAGEE

Can you explain to us, why we found your finger prints all over the pistol?

WYLIE

Remember? The one you swiped from the guard.

Wylie is tense, he rolls up his sleeves.

MAGEE

That's right, the exact same pistol you used to kill an undercover policemen.

Brett's face betrays him. He straightens up.

WYLIE

Shooting a cop puts you behind bars twenty-to-thirty years max.

MAGEE

You think you can do that kind of time?

BRETT

Hey! What about my rights to a lawyer. Aren't I entitled to a phone call or something?

Magee trades glances with Whyllie.

MAGEE

Give him his call.

Whyllie sits in his chair.

MAGEE

...and you had better start cooperating.

Magee loosens his tie.

WYLIE

What's the number?

Brett woozily shakes his head.

BRETT

Double three something...

Whyllie holds the receiver, stares back at Brett.

BRETT

What do you take me for, I can't hark back that far.

Magee pulls out a business card, places it down on the desk.

MAGEE

Always the fugitive, diddling scumbag lawyers for a bloody retainer.

Brett's eyes rest on the business card: it's the hostess' phone number, but the card reads: Robertson QC.

Whyllie punches the numbers in, listens for ringtone, slides the phone over.

WYLIE

Here dickhead. Make it quick.

Wylie looks down at his notes.

Brett takes hold of the phone, his face reveals nothing.

BRETT

Flight seventy-three to Melbourne has a bomb on board.

Whyllie jumps to his feet, tackles BRETT to the floor and handcuffs him.

While Magee spins on his heel and slams down the receiver.

WHYLIE

(to Magee)

What'd you do that for? Call 'em
back.

MAGEE

-- and tell them what? That I
allowed a convicted criminal to
make a bomb threat from my office.

INT. JET - DAY

DOOLEY

Is sound asleep. Manicured, soft hands nudge him. Dooley
stirs, awakens.

HOSTESS (O.S.)

Would you like anything to eat,
Sir?

HOSTESS

Flashes her eyes seductively.

HOSTESS

...refreshments?

DOOLEY

Do you serve champagne?

HOSTESS

I'm sure we can arrange something.

COCKPIT

PILOTS engage in routine inspections. Lights flash on an
overhead instrument panel.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)

(filtered)

Sydney tower to tango, Oscar, seven-
three, come in.

PILOT #1
 (into throat mike)
 This is tango, Oscar, seven-three,
 go ahead.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 This is a code red --

<p>PILOT #2 (into throat mike) Excuse me?</p>	<p>PILOT #1 (into throat mike) Come again?</p>
---	--

CONTROLLER (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 I repeat, you have a code red.
 Probable explosive materials
 onboard. Request your intentions,
 over.

The Pilots trade fearful glances.

Pilot #1 slides the thrust lever forward.

Pilot #2 picks up the phone.

GALLEY

A Hostess answers the phone.

CABIN

The overhead 'SEAT BELT' sign lights up.

Passengers peer out the porthole as the plane banks.

GALLEY

HOSTESS
 (into phone)
 Ladies and gentlemen, due to a
 mechanical problem, we will be
 diverting to Sydney. We apologise
 for any inconvenience and ask that
 you disembark in an orderly manner.

CABIN

Dooley sips his champagne.

HOSTESS (O.S.)

Please to not remove your
belongings from the overhead
compartments as we will commence
boarding within the hour.

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - DAY

The jet touches down on the runway.

MEN in firetrucks are stationed nearby.

EXT. JET - DAY

Passengers disembark down a portable stairwell.

INT. JET - DAY

Dooley reaches to open the overhead locker.

A Hostess snaps it shut.

HOSTESS

Your luggage is to remain on the
plane, Sir.

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - DAY

POLICE DOGS and HANDLERS search the plane's cargo hold.

INT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - DAY

Dooley blends in with passengers moving through the departure
gate.

HOSTESS

Enjoy the flight.

INT. MELBOURNE AIRPORT - DAY

An inconspicuous DETECTIVE stalks Dooley.

Dooley clenches a black bag as he weaves his way through the busy terminal.

Two burly FEDERAL POLICE OFFICERS pounce on an unsuspecting Dooley.

DETECTIVE

You've got something for us?

The Detective takes hold of Dooley's bag.

DOOLEY

Give that back. This is absurd. You have no idea who you're fucking with.

Dooley tries to reach into his pockets. Officers restrain him.

DETECTIVE

Let me guess, a drug courier.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Prisoners huddle around a TV perched on a wall mount.

REPORTER #1

Breaking news on the morning hour: Melbourne escapee Brett Fogarty was recaptured last night on the Sunshine Coast.

The Thug brandishes his shiv in the air.

THUG

I'll kill that stupid mongrel.

REPORTER #1

In a dramatic twist, Queensland Detectives have dropped all charges and will extradite Fogarty to Melbourne where he faces further investigation.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A vehicle drives onto the tarmac. Magee and Wylie escort BRETT into the hands of waiting DETECTIVES.

MAGEE

Stay south of the border.

BRETT

I'll send you a postcard.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Prisoners droop in silence.

REPORTER #2

The other top stories...

An ecstatic PRISONER grabs an inmate in a headlock.

PRISONER #1

Did you check your TAB account?

REPORTER #2

Governor Frank Dooley of Group Four Security was arrested at Tullamarine Airport early this morning after an anonymous tip off.

The other inmates shout them down.

REPORTER #2

A large amount of drugs were seized, and gun residue allegedly found on Dooley links him to the killing of an undercover Queensland Detective.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A portable TV sits on a desk.

O'Malley sits in a chair, sticks a pistol into his mouth.

MATCH CUT TO:

The intense flash of a light bulb. Photographers scrum around a vehicle, snapping photos.

Dooley sit in the back seat of the vehicle, flanked by DETECTIVES.

The car drives through the roller doors of POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Prisoners scream and jump for joy.

PRISONER

Fogarty pulled the plug on this joint.

REPORTER #3 (O.S.)

A Virgin Blue jet was diverted to Sydney early this morning after a bomb threat.

Guards gesture with a shrug.

REPORTER #3 (O.S.)

...police are continuing their investigation into the elaborate hoax.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A Detective unlocks the cell door.

While the other Detective shoves Dooley in.

DETECTIVE

Let's see you make bail.

DOOLEY

I want legal representation.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Two prison Guards walk the beat.

ISOLATION CELL #1

The rattle of keys opening a door.

Bannerji looks up as two Guards enter.

GUARD

You've been granted a pardon.

BANNERJI

...by Dooley?

The Guard hands him his clothes.

GUARD

Here, put these on.

ISOLATION CELL #2

The rattle of keys opening a door. Two Guards step in.

BOB

What are you meatheads want?

GUARD #1

We don't want any trouble, Bob.

GUARD #2

Just your signature on these
release forms.

GUARD #1

Here's the paperwork.

Bob snatches the forms.

GUARD #2

It's all approved.

BOB

The magic's in the ink.

(he smiles)

So who's got it?

The Guard pulls out a pen, then considers the implication.

GUARD

I don't think it's working. We
might have some Magic Markers in
the office.

ISOLATION CELL #3

The rattle of keys opening a door.

GUARD

Get up.

BRETT

Why? You want the slot for Dooley.

Brett's humour falls short on the Guards.

BRETT

No, I'm just getting comfy.

GUARD

You got your release, it's temporary of course.

BRETT

Time is a brick.

GUARD

You'll be back.

BRETT

Only if Dooley's retirement fund runs out.

The Guards seem confused.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Teams of REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN film an exodus of inmates.

Bob strolls out, dressed in black leathers and chains.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

Governor Dooley's hideous regime, amounting to money laundering, extortion, brutality and murder within these prison walls have finally been exposed.

He's made welcome by a gang of BIKERS.

Brett is slapped by his MOTHER.

Bannerji hobbles on crutches to a waiting taxi.

BANNERJI

(to Brett)

Ask your Mum for some spare change,
will you?

Camera crews close in on Brett as he's berated by his Mother.

REPORTER #2

Today the Attorney General released
dozens of prisoners on licence,
pending an investigation by a Royal
Commission into the running of
privately controlled institutions.

FADE OUT.