



**FRIDAY**  
**on my mind**



ADOWS  
ST  
SCHOOL

...BREAKING OUT IN THE LATE SIXTIE

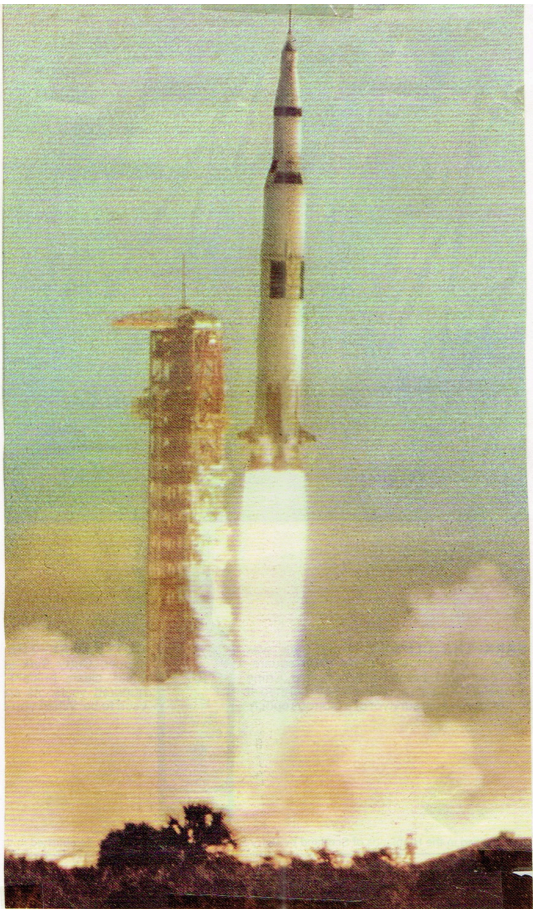
Written with the assistance  
of  
The Australian Film Commission  
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## CONCEPT

Rob Scott & Leigh Tilson  
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AUSTRALIA

## SCENAR

Paul Davies  
34 Wharton Str  
Surrey Hills 3  
Victoria (03)  
AUSTRALIA



SPECIAL THANKS TO

Brian Dawe, Carolyn Howard, Tim Isaacson,  
Pat Laughren, Marie Scott, David Shepherd,  
Chris Hardy, Bev Peacock, Theatre Works.

**I** HISTORICAL MONTAGE(Locations and Music)  
(are suggested only)

THE FILM OPENS WITH A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS CONNECTED BY QUICK FADES-- AS IF WE ARE LOOKING AT THE PAST THROUGH THE SHUTTER MOVEMENT OF A STILL CAMERA. THE MUSIC THROUGHOUT SEEMS TO REINFORCE OUR ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS SEPARATION FROM THESE EVENTS. WE BEGIN WITH THE KEY PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE MID-SIXTIES:

THE BEATLES AUSTRALIAN TOUR (JULY 1964)

\*6 O'CLOCK ROCK\*

\*BANDSTAND\*

BUDDISTS SELF-IMMOLATING IN SAIGON

LBJ AND THE GREAT SOCIETY

CARNABY STREET FASHIONS- TWIGGY

\*STAR TREK\*

ESCALATION IN VIETNAM- BOMBS FALLING

ALLEN GINSBERG

ANDY WARHOL

MALCOLM X AND BLACK POWER

THE YIPPIES

THE ROLLING STONES TOUR

MAO'S SWIM ACROSS THE YANGTZE (JULY 1966)

THE SPACE RACE

BOB DYLAN'S "BLONDE ON BLONDE" (JULY 1966)

THE EASYBEATS

JOHN LENNON DECLARES "THE BEATLES" MORE  
POPULAR THAN JESUS CHRIST . . .

AS THE CHRONOLOGY REACHES 1967 THE IMAGES BECOME MORE ANIMATED, THERE ARE SHOTS OF:

THE SINAI WAR-- EGYPT DEFEATED

TIMOTHY LEARY AND THE HIPPIE MOVEMENT

HAROLD HOLT GOES "ALL THE WAY WITH LBJ"

THE ROCK CASUALTIES; HENDRIX

JOPLIN

MORRISON

BRIAN JONES

PAUL, McCARTNEY (FALSE ALARM)

McLUHAN'S "MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE"

MONTERAY POP FESTIVAL (JUNE 1967)

PAUL McCARTNEY ADMITS TAKING LSD

"SGT. PEPPER'S" NO. 1 LP

BRIAN EPSTEIN DIES (AUGUST 1967)

CHE GUEVARA KILLED (SEPTEMBER 1967)

FIRST SUCCESSFUL HEART TRANSPLANT (DECEMBER 1967)

PRIME MINISTER HOLT DISAPPEARS OFF PORTSEA (DEC '67)

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER. . .

2

BUS SHELTER

DAY

DONALD

ELAINE

BRIAN

3 OTHERS

SUPER TITLE:

"FRIDAY, ON MY MIND"

OVER AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF A GITANE CIGARETTE BEING  
PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND. . .

DONALD. (VO) Hey, what are you doin tonight?

ELAINE. (VO) Tonight?

TIGHT ON HER LIPS AS SHE SUCKS IN, THINKS ABOUT IT,  
EXHALES

ELAINE. (VO) Dunno.

SHE PASSES IT ON

DONALD. (VO) Want to go to the Drive-in?

ELAINE. (VO) Dunno.

What's on?

DONALD. (VO) Dunno

SHE THINKS ABOUT IT

ELAINE. (VO) Yeah, maybe. . .

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER. . .

### 3 HISTORICAL MONTAGE

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KEY IMAGES FROM 1968 NOW START TO APPEAR:

STONE'S "MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR" (JANUARY 1968)  
 THE TET OFFENSIVE IN VIETNAM- US EMBASSY TAKEN  
 USA POLL: 49% NOW OPPOSE THE WAR IN S.E. ASIA  
 MARTIN LUTHER KING ASSASSINATED (APRIL 1968)  
 "2001" RELEASED (APRIL 1968)  
 "HAIR" PREMIERE ON BROADWAY (APRIL 1968)  
 THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION IN CHINA  
 THE PARIS RIOTS (MAY 1968)  
 BIAPRA (MAY 1968)  
 CONSCRIPTION IN AUSTRALIA- CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS  
 ROBERT KENNEDY ASSASSINATED (JUNE 1968)  
 FBI MARIJUANA ARRESTS UP 98% FROM 1966  
 SOVIETS INVADE CZECHOSLOVAKIA (AUGUST 1968)  
 KENT STATE SHOOTINGS  
 JACKIE KENNEDY MARRIES ARISTOTLE ONASSIS (OCTOBER 1968)  
 US HAS DROPPED MORE BOMBS ON VIETNAM THAN ALL OF WWII  
 "YELLOW SUBMARINE" RELEASED (NOVEMBER 1968)  
 NIXON ELECTED, APPOINTS HENRY KISSINGER SPECIAL  
 ASSISTANT FOR NATIONAL SECURITY  
 PARIS PEACE TALKS STALLED (DECEMBER 1968)

MUSIC FADES

A SCHOOL BELL STARTS RINGING. . .

**4** SUBURBAN MONTAGE

DAY

NO CAST



WE DISSOLVE THROUGH THE HISTORICAL MONTAGE TO EARLY MORNING SHOTS OF AN OUTER SUBURBAN AREA. THE BELL CONTINUES RINGING OVER BRIEF SEQUENCES OF PEOPLE GOING TO WORK: BICYCLES, BUSES, CARS, ON FOOT. . .



**5** HIGH SCHOOL - BUS SHELTER

DAY



SANDY  
DONALD  
BRIAN  
ELAINE  
LYNDA  
EXTRAS

WE SINGLE OUT AN OLD BUS AND FOLLOW IT AS IT PULLS INTO THE STOP BESIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO AN OUTER-SUBURBAN STATE HIGH SCHOOL. AS PEOPLE STREAM OUT WE SEE GIRLS IN GREY-UNIFORMED MINI-SKIRTS, BOYS WITH HATS BASHED INTO MAD TRIANGLES, YOUNGER KIDS IN SHORTS, DESERT BOOTS, A BLAZER HERE AND THERE .

THEY SEEM TO ENGULF SANDY WHO'S PUSHING HIS BIKE TOWARDS A PARKING SPOT FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION. HE CHAINS IT UP, LOOSENS HIS TROUSER BOTTOMS FROM HIS SOCKS AND WANDERS PAST A TIGHT CIRCLE OF KIDS BEHIND THE BUS SHELTER, STILL PASSING THE CIGARETTE WE SAW IN CLOSE-UP BEFORE.

IT'S A HOT DECEMBER MORNING SO SANDY OPENS HIS BUTTON-DOWN COLLAR A LITTLE AND PULLS AT HIS SUPER-THIN TIE OPENING IT OUT. HE SPOTS ELAINE AND SEEMS SUDDENLY TENTATIVE UNTIL BRIAN SEES HIM COMING. . .

HE'S STRUMMING RIFFS ON A CRICKET BAT, WHICH HE IMAGINES TO BE AN ELECTRIC GUITAR. . .

BRIAN. (SMIRKING) It's one o'clock at the water-works, mate.

LAUGHTER BREAKS OUT AMONGST THE GROUP AND SANDY NEARLY DIES INSIDE AS ELAINE LOOKS AWAY SLIGHTLY. HE QUICKLY DOES UP THE TOP BUTTON OF HIS PLY.

DONALD PUSHES A FEW FINGERS THROUGH SANDY'S SHORT, UNRULY HAIR . . .

DONALD. Fall under a lawn-mower,  
didya Sandy?

SANDY PUSHES DONALD'S HAND AWAY.

DONALD IS GRINNING BROADLY, A THIN, HAWKNOSED KID WITH EYES LIKE A SNAKE AND LONG HAIR.

DONALD. Heard y'olds are off to the  
beach. . .

SANDY. What?

DONALD. . . . for the weekend.

SANDY. Ah- no- I don't know. . .

THEY ALL CHUCKLE KNOWINGLY.

DONALD SHOVS THE GITANE OVER TOWARDS HIM.

DONALD. Try a French fag?

SANDY SNIFFS IT DOUBTFULLY.

SANDY. - no thanks.  
Smells like horse manure.

THE SCHOOL BELL STOPS RINGING, AND SANDY DRAGS HIMSELF OFF TOWARDS THE CLASSROOMS, DONALD STUBS THE CIGARETTE OUT ON THE SOLE OF HIS EXTREMELY POINTY-TOE SHOE, AND THE CIRCLE BREAKS UP.

ELAINE HANGS BACK IN ORDER TO BE WITH DONALD. SHE WEARS HER LONG BLOND HAIR IN THE JULIE CHRISTIE MOULD EVER SINCE SEEING "DR. ZIVAGO" FIVE TIMES. SHE IS CLASSICALLY BEAUTIFUL.

ELAINE. How you going to get in?

DONALD. Thought we could back in through  
the Exit.

ELAINE. What? In a car?

DONALD. Yeah, course.

THEY COME PAST A PHYS-ED GROUP THAT HAS ALREADY  
STARTED WORK ON TRAMPOLINES IN THE CENTRAL COURTYARD  
OF THE SCHOOL. ELAINE LOOKS DUBIOUS

DONALD. No. . . no sweat  
Mick's done it hundreds of  
times.

THEY TURN ROUND THE CORNER OF A TRAMPOLINE WHERE  
LYNDA IS DOING BASIC SOMERSAULTS. DONALD CAN'T HELP  
BEING DRAWN TO HER BLACK LEOTARDS. ELAINE WATCHES DONALD WATCHING  
LYNDA, UP AND OVER, UP AND OVER, AGAIN AND AGAIN.

FROM INSIDE A CLASSROOM WE HEAR MR. (RON) ELVERS,  
A SCIENCE TEACHER.

MR. ELVERS. (VO) This weekend I want you  
to go through all the "Physics"  
Papers for the last three years. . .

GENERAL GROAN OF PROTEST FROM MOST OF THE CLASS.

AS DONALD LINGERS FOR A LAST GLIMPSE OF LYNDA  
TIME SEEMS TO SLOW DOWN. WE FOLLOW HIS GLANCE AS  
SHE TUMBLES UP TOWARDS THE SUN  
HE HANGS THERE IN SILENT ADMIRATION.

6

MR. ELVERS CLASSROOM

DAY

SANDY  
 ELAINE  
 GAIL  
 BERNIE  
 DONALD  
 MR. ELVERS  
 EXTRAS

INSIDE MR. ELVERS ROOM WE DISCOVER THAT SANDY IS ALSO DRAWN TO LYNDA'S AEROBATICS. WE PULL BACK THROUGH THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH HE'S BEEN FONDLY GAZING AT HER.

SANDY. (INTERIOR VO) Lynda Cuthbert,  
 I love you. . .

MR. ELVERS RAISES HIS VOICE AGAINST THE TIDE OF PROTEST. HE'S PROBABLY WONDERING WHAT HE'S DOING STILL STANDING HERE -- WHEN HE PROMISED HIMSELF HE'D QUIT TEACHING AS SOON AS THE BOND WAS PAID BACK.

MR. ELVERS. I don't. . .  
 (WAITS FOR THEM TO SETTLE)  
 I don't have to remind you that "Physics" and "Chemistry" are both on Wednesday, and that your second term results in Science were absolutely shocking.

HE TURNS BACK TO THE BOARD, STARTS WRITING "PHYSICS PAPER 1967"

MR. ELVERS. Pay particular attention to these questions from last year. . .

WRITING "7A" "8" "11" "13"

THEN IN A WEARY, DESPERATE SORT OF WAY, WITHOUT TURNING FROM THE BOARD.

MR. ELVERS. Stop picking your nose, Richardson. . .

SANDY BLUSHES DEEP RED, WHIPS HIS HEAD AWAY FROM THE WINDOW, LOW SNIGGERS FROM THE REST OF THE CLASS.

MR. ELVERS. (SUDDEN MANIC SHOUT) And don't wipe it on the desk!

THE CLASS BREAKS UP INTO ROLLICKING LAUGHTER. BERNIE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE UPROAR TO PASS AN OPEN COPY OF

"LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER" TO THE KID NEXT TO HIM.

WE FOLLOW ITS PROGRESS UNDER SEVERAL DESKS UNTIL IT ENDS UP IN GAIL'S HANDS. DONALD, JUST COMING IN MAKES A LUNGE FOR IT WHILE MR. ELVERS, NOTICING THE MOVEMENT SWINGS AROUND AND HITS DONALD WITH A PIECE OF CHALK.

MR. ELVERS. Right, you, out!

DONALD LOOKS OUTRAGED, UNNOTICED GAIL HIDES "LADY CHATTERLEY"

DONALD. But I only just got in.

MR. ELVERS. You're late!

7 SCHOOL CORRIDOR

DAY

DONALD  
 BRIAN  
 EXTRAS  
 MR. ELVERS

WE FOLLOW DONALD AS HE RELUCTANTLY SAUNTERS OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR AND TAKES UP A RATHER DEFIANT POSITION. MUCH TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THOSE WHO SEE IT, HE GIVES THE TWO UP TO MR. ELVERS AS SOON AS HIS BACK IS TURNED, PREOCCUPIED AGAIN WITH WRITING MORE NUMBERS ON THE BOARD.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR WE SEE BRIAN SITTING IN THE SUN, BURNING HOLES IN HIS SHOES WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS.

DONALD STARTS RE-DOING HIS TIE, REVERSING THE KNOT SO THAT IT ENDS UP FAT AND SHORT.

A CLASS WALKS PAST, RUBBISHING HIS PREDICAMENT, PULLING ON HIS TIE, THEN SUDDENLY A JAFFA HITS HIS SHOE. DONALD RECOVERS HIS TIE AND BENDS TO PICK UP THE JAFFA AS BRIAN ROLLS ANOTHER ONE.

WE TRACK WITH IT PAST A CLASSROOM THEN SEE IT CRUNCHED UNDER A LARGE SHOE AS IT PASSES THE SECOND DOORWAY. IT'S MR. ELVERS. HE'S HAD ENOUGH.

MR. ELVERS. Right, you two, off to Hurley's office.

## 8 MR. ELVERS CLASSROOM

DAY

SANDY

ELAINE

GAIL

BERNIE

MR. ELVERS

EXTRAS

BACK INSIDE THE CLASSROOM PEOPLE ARE STANDING ON DESKS  
AND CHAIRS INORDER TO GET A BETTER LOOK. ONLY BERNIE  
SEEMS UNINTERESTED IN WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CORRIDOR  
HE IS TRYING TO COMPOSE A THOUGHT ON PAPER

BERNIE. (INTERIOR VO) Art is no<sup>t</sup> so much the. . .  
the reflection of reality. . . but the  
reality of the reflection.

MR. ELVERS. (COMING BACK IN) Alright, settle down,  
what do you think this is? Bush Week?

SANDY MANAGES TO CATCH ELAINE'S EYE, HE STARTS  
SCRIBELING A NOTE:

\*MEET ME AT RECESS\*?

S. R.

9 PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

DAY

DONALD  
BRIAN  
GAIL  
LYNDA  
ELAINE  
EXTRAS  
SECRETARY

DONALD AND BRIAN ARE WALKING ALONG ANOTHER  
CORRIDOR

BRIAN. They can't expel you. . . .

DONALD SHRUGS

BRIAN. Christ, there's only another week to  
go.

THEY REACH A BENCH OUTSIDE THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE,  
DONALD SLUMPS DOWN INTO IT.

BRIAN. I mean, I don't care.  
I can always get a job in the record  
shop. . . (ANOTHER, MORE MISCHIEVOUS  
THOUGHT) or shack up with a rich widow  
(WINKS, NUDGES DONALD) like the boss's  
secretary (INDICATING THE HANDSOME  
MIDDLE AGED WOMAN BEHIND A NEARBY DESK)

DONALD. (SPREADING HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD,  
ENJOYING A BIT OF SUN ON HIS FACE)  
Think I'd rather just bum around for  
a while.

A TEAM OF GIRL NETBALL PLAYERS TRUNDLE PAST, BRIAN LOOKS UP,  
WHISTLES. ELAINE TRIES TO IGNORE IT.

GAIL. (LEANING IN TO HER) I don't mind Donald. . .

ELAINE. Too unstable.

THEY CATCH UP WITH LYNDA STILL WEARING HER LEOTARDS, EAGERLY  
SCANNING SOME PHOTOS OF VERUSKA IN A "LIFE" MAGAZINE. THE  
TEAM MOVES INTO A GIRLS SPORTS ROOM. . .



10

GIRL'S SPORTS ROOM

DAY

ELAINE

LYNDA

GAIL

EXTRAS

ELAINE IS LOOKING OVER LYNDA'S SHOULDER . . .

LYNDA. Isn't she fantastic!

ELAINE. Nah-- too skinny

LYNDA. Check the boots-- and the eye  
make-up. . .

THE GIRLS ARE CHANGING INTO NET BALL COSTUMES

ELAINE. Yeah-- it's a bit overdone, don't  
you think?GAIL SHRUGS, CAN'T HELP NOTICING THAT ELAINE'S OWN EYE  
MAKE-UP IS LAID ON PRETTY THICKGAIL. Too heavy on the false eye lashes.  
. . . I suppose if you're over 6 feet  
tall there's no way you could be  
subtle about anything.LYNDA IS INSPECTING HER OWN BODY.LYNDA. You think my breasts are too small  
for a bikini?WE MOVE IN CLOSE ON A HOLE IN ONE WALL, DISCOVER A RATHER  
WIDE EYE STARING THROUGH IT

SANDY. (VO) Oh no Lynda. . .

**11** BOY'S SPORTS ROOMDAY

BERNIE

SANDY

EXTRAS

WE SEE SANDY BENT OVER STARING THROUGH A SMALL SPY-HOLE  
CONNECTING BOTH ROOMS, BEHIND HIM BERNIE AND SEVERAL  
OTHER BOYS ARE JUST COMING IN, PREPARING FOR CRICKET  
PRACTICE IN ALL SORTS OF ODD CLOTHES, CAREFULLY RIPPED  
FOOTY JERSEYS AND SO ON.

SANDY. No way.

BERNIE. You'll go blind, Sandy.

SANDY. [REDACTED]

OTHER BOYS SQUEEZE SANDY OUT INORDER TO GET A LOOK.

BERNIE. I tell ya, it's true, IT  
affects your eyesight.

SANDY. Crap! [REDACTED]

BERNIE. I read about it in "Scientific American". . .  
. . . trouble is, some people stop before  
it's too late and only have to wear  
glasses.

HE POINTS TO A KID JUST COMING IN, WEARING GLASSES

BERNIE. See-- there's one who stopped.

THE OTHERS LAUGH.

SANDY CHUCKS A GROIN PROTECTOR AT BERNIE

SANDY. You're batting first, Cohan.

BERNIE. Thanks, but ah (LOOKING AT THE PROTECTOR)  
I'll need a bigger size than this.

BEHIND BERNIE ON THE WALL A PUBLIC ADDRESS SPEAKER CRACKLES  
INTO LIFE.

PRINCIPAL. (VO) Attention School. . .

12

HIGH SCHOOL-- OUTER BOUNDARY

DAY

DONALD



DONALD IS WALKING SLOW-FAST ACROSS THE QUADRANGLE,  
 HIS EYES MADLY PEELED FOR TEACHERS . . . MAKING A BEE-LINE  
 FOR THE FENCE;

PRINCIPAL. (VO CONTINUED) . . . would  
 Donald Johnson please return to  
 the Principal's Office immediately

DONALD HOPS THE FENCE AND JOGS AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL AS  
 A BELL GOES FOR THE END OF RECESS. . .

**13** BOYS SPORTS ROOMDAYBERNIE  
SANDY  
EXTRAS

THE BELL CONTINUES OVER AS BERNIE AND A  
FEW OTHERS PICK SANDY UP, KICKING AND  
STRUGGLING, DRAG HIM AWAY FROM THE SPY-HOLE  
TURN HIM UPSIDE DOWN, SHOVE HIM IN A LOCKER, CLOSE  
THE DOOR AND FACE IT TOWARDS THE WALL.

WHILE SANDY KICKS AND BANGS ON THE METAL, THEY  
GRAB THEIR CRICKET GEAR AND GO OUT LAUGHING.

AGAIN WE HEAR THE CACKLING OF THE PA. . .

PRINCIPAL. (VO) Donald Johnson

14

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

DAY

PRINCIPAL  
BRIAN

THE PRINCIPAL, MR. (KEVIN) HURLEY IS TALKING INTO  
AN ANCIENT MICROPHONE.

PRINCIPAL. (CONT.) . . . report to the  
Principal's Office at once!

HE SIGHS, WEARILY FLICKS OFF THE PA SYSTEM, THEN  
WHEELS HIS CHAIR BACK TO THE DESK. DIPS AN ARNOTT'S  
MINT SLICE INTO HIS CUPPA.

PRINCIPAL. Come forward, Walsh.

BRIAN TENTATIVELY OPENS THE DOOR, SHUFFLES IN

BRIAN. You wanted to see me sir?

PRINCIPAL. Were you brought up in a tent!

BRIAN CLOSES THE DOOR, COMES FORWARD AGAIN.

**15**

GIRL'S SPORTS ROOM

DAY

LYNDA

ELAINE

GAIL

EXTRAS

LYNDA HAS HER EYE TO THE PEEP HOLE CONNECTING THE BOYS  
AND GIRL'S SPORTS ROOMS, SHE HAS SPOTTED A LOCKER  
ROCKING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

LYNDA. . . what a mean trick!

ELAINE AND A COUPLE OF OTHERS CROWD AROUND, EAGER  
FOR A LOOK.

16

BOY'S SPORTS ROOM

DAY

LYNDA  
SANDY

WE PAN FROM LYNDA'S EYE IN THE HOLE TO A SINGLE LOCKER TOWERING ABOVE US. SANDY HAS WORKED THE LOCKER A FOOT OR SO, GRADUALLY — AWAY FROM THE WALL, TRYING TO TOPPLE IT OVER SO HE CAN GET OUT.

AT THIS POINT IT LURCHES A LITTLE TOOFAR AND BANGS BACK INTO THE WALL AT A CRAZY ANGLE— STUCK FAST.

SANDY. Shit.

WE ARE CLOSE ON SANDY'S FACE, UPSIDE DOWN, LOOKING THROUGH THE GRILL AT THE BOTTOM.

SANDY. Bastards!

HE HEARS THE GIGGLING FROM NEXT DOOR.

SANDY. Bitches!

HE TRIES ROCKING AGAIN

SANDY. (PLAINTIVELY) Help.

17

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

DAY

PRINCIPAL

BRIAN

BRIAN IS LOOKING PRETTY SHEEPISH AS HE STANDS ALONE, FRONTING THE DESK. MR. HURLEY SELECTS A PIPE FROM A NUMBER ON HIS DESK AND FILLS IT WITH TOBACCO. . .

PRINCIPAL. . . . but Mrs. Clothier said she distinctly saw Johnson pass you what looked like a . . . a small bottle of spirits.

THERE'S AN ALMIGHTY CRASH A FEW DOORS AWAY. SANDY'S OBVIOUSLY MANAGED TO GET THE LOCKER HORIZONTAL AT LAST. MR. HURLEY COCKS A SHOCKED BAR IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BANG.

PRINCIPAL. What was that?  
HE WAITS FOR SOME RESPONSE FROM BRIAN, AS IF HE'D KNOW.

BRIAN. Don't know sir.

THERE'S A MOMENT WHEN MR. HURLEY WONDERS IF HE SHOULD INVESTIGATE, BUT HE SOON ABANDONS THE IDEA. IT SEEMS AS THOUGH, SOMETIMES HE'S JUST LOSING CONTROL OF THE SCHOOL. ANOTHER THOUGHT OVERTAKES THAT ONE, HE SWINGS BACK TO BRIAN. . .

PRINCIPAL. Are you calling Mrs. Clothier a liar?

BRIAN SHUFFLES UNEASILY.

BRIAN. Don't. . .

PRINCIPAL. What?-- speak up boy!

BRIAN. Don't know, sir.

PRINCIPAL. Where's the bottle now?



BRIAN. Don't know, sir?

PRINCIPAL. There's no such thing as "don't know" in this school, Johnson.

BRIAN DECIDES NOT TO CORRECT THE PRINCIPAL'S CONFUSION

PRINCIPAL. And where's Walsh slunk off to I wonder.

BRIAN. I'm here sir.

PRINCIPAL. What?

BRIAN. You mean Johnson.

PRINCIPAL. Yes! And the next time I get my hands on that moon-faced bludger I'll wring his ruddy neck for him!

THERE'S A SLIGHT PAUSE AS MR. HURLEY BLOWS HIS NOSE, THEN SLOWLY FOLDS THE HANDKERCHIEF INTO MANICALLY NEAT LITTLE QUARTERS. HE SIGHS.

PRINCIPAL. Come here.

BRIAN HESITATES, NOT SURE.

PRINCIPAL. (MORE INSISTANT) Come! Here! I'm sorry I don't speak Swahili, so we'll have to communicate in English, Walsh, difficult and all as that may be for you.

BRIAN INCHES FORWARD

PRINCIPAL. Closer!

BRIAN. . . A FEW MORE INCHES

PRINCIPAL. Let me smell your breath.

BRIAN CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

PRINCIPAL. Breathe! on! me!

STIFLING A GRIN, BRIAN DOES SO, LET'S HIM HAVE A FULL, AWFUL BLAST OF AIR. MR. HURLEY WINCES, BURIES HIS FULL REACTION, APPALLED.

SOMEWHERE OFF ANOTHER BELL RINGS FOR THE END OF PERIOD.

## 18 SUBURBAN STREET

DAY

DONALD  
DRIVER

WE HEAR THE SCHOOL BELL IN THE DISTANCE AND DISCOVER  
DONALD WALKING BACKWARDS SLIGHTLY, WITH HIS THUMB  
OUT.

A CAR PASSES HIM AND THE JERKING THUMB CHANGES  
DIRECTION TO BECOME A RUDE GESTURE.

HE LOOSENS HIS TIE AND STUFFS IT IN HIS BAG WHERE  
IT JOINS HIS CRUMPLED UP HAT.

EVENTUALLY A CAR PULLS OVER, SENDING UP A CLOUD OF  
SMOKE THAT ENVELOPES HIM.

DONALD RUNS TO CATCH UP WITH IT

DRIVER. G'day (SMILES PLEASANTLY)

DONALD. G'day (SMILES BACK)

AND GETS IN. THEY DRIVE OFF

DRIVER. How far you going?

DONALD. Just up the next block, thanks.

THE DRIVER LOOKS LIKE HE'S SUDDENLY BLOODYWELL BEEN  
HAD

DRIVER. Is that all? (HE CAN'T BELIEVE IT)

DONALD. That's about the strength of it

BY WHICH TIME THEY'VE REACHED THE STREET INDICATED.  
DONALD GETS OUT.

THE DRIVER LEANS BACK OUT THROUGH THE PASSENGER WINDOW .

DRIVER. You kids are bloody mad!

DONALD CLOSES THE DOOR.

DONALD. Thanks all the same.

SMILES PLEASANTLY AND WALKS OFF UP HIS STREET.



19

HIGH SCHOOL -- CORRIDOR

DAY

SANDY

ELAINE

SANDY IS TRYING TO STRUGGLE INTO HIS BLAZER AND HOLD HIS SPORTS BAG AT THE SAME TIME, HE CATCHES UP WITH ELAINE WHO'S JUST COME OUT OF THE GIRL'S SPORTS ROOM. THEY'VE ALL CHANGED BACK INTO SCHOOL UNIFORMS.

SANDY. (HOPEFULLY) Missed you at recess.

ELAINE. (A LITTLE IMPATIENTLY) I told you I had to see Mr. Elvers.

SANDY. (SEARCHING FOR THE BEST WAY TO PUT IT) Are you sort of interested in me, or what?

ELAINE. Yeah. (SHRUGS) I like you as a person.

SANDY. As a person? (WHAT AN INSULT)

THEY ROUND A DOORWAY INTO MR. ELVERS' CLASSROOM

SANDY. Well what's the longest you've ever been out with anyone?

SANDY IS FORCED TO WHISPER AS SHE GOES AHEAD OF HIM INTO THE ROOM

20

MR. ELVERS' CLASSROOM

DAY

SANDY  
 ELAINE  
 BERNIE  
 MR. ELVERS  
 EXTRAS

ELAINE INDICATES THAT BECAUSE THEY'RE INSIDE THE CLASSROOM SHE CAN'T TALK. AS THEY GO TO THEIR RESPECTIVE SEATS WE SEE MR. ELVERS FACING THE CLASS LOOKING QUITE RESOLVED

MR. ELVERS. Nobody leaves the room until  
 I find out who made that noise.

OUTSIDE WE HEAR OTHER CLASSES BEING DISMISSED.  
 ANOTHER BELL IS RINGING. AGAIN THERE'S A HOWL OF  
 PROTEST AT MR. ELVERS APPARENT RESOLVE.

MR. ELVERS FLOPS INTO HIS SEAT, PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD AND HIS FEET UP ON HIS DESK, RELAXES INTO A COMFORTABLE POSITION.

MR. ELVERS. I've got all the time in the  
 world.

MORE PROTEST

MR. ELVERS. My holidays don't start till  
 after Christmas. . .

ONLY BERNIE SEEMS UNCONCERNED, THE AMBIENT SOUND  
 FADES DOWN AS HE WRITES IN HIS IDEAS BOOK:

BERNIE. (INTERIOR VO) We are all insane. . . basically.  
 (DECIDES TO CHANGE IT)  
 We are all basically insane. . . but only  
 conditioned to be normal. . .

THROUGH BERNIE'S WORDS WE HEAR A BIT OF RADIO STATIC, SOMEONE  
 TURNING THE DIAL, LOOKING FOR A STATION, THEN WE HEAR THE STONE'S  
 "JUMPIN JACK FLASH" CONTINUE OVER. . .

21

DONALD'S HOUSE

DAY

DONALD



DONALD FINISHES TUNING THE RADIO AND TURNS UP THE VOLUME. IT'S A RUN DOWN, LITTLE PLACE SPARSELY FURNISHED, LAMINEX TABLES, A TELEVISION AND NO BOOKS.

HE GOES TO THE FRIDGE AND OPENS A CAN OF BEER.  
THERE'S A NOTE ON THE KITCHEN TABLE WITH \$5 ATTACHED  
HE GLANCES AT THE NOTE:

"DONALD  
HAIRCUT!

MUM"

AND TAKES THE MONEY, THROWS THE NOTE AWAY.

HE WALKS DOWN A SHORT HALLWAY AND STOPS AT A MIRROR  
THERE, CHECKS HIS HAIR, THEN LEANS IN A BIT CLOSER,  
NOTICES A PIMPLE AND STARTS SQUEEZING IT.

SATISFIED, HE MOVES ON INTO HIS BEDROOM, TAKES A  
PAIR OF BLACK AND WHITE CHECK, WRAP-AROUND SUNGLASSES,  
PUTS THEM ON AND WANDERS OUT INTO THE BACKYARD.

HE SETTLES INTO AN OLD CAR SEAT AGAINST THE GALVANIZED  
IRON FENCE, PUTS THE CAN DOWN AND STARTS TO ROLL HIMSELF  
A DRUM.

22

HIGH SCHOOL --BUS SHELTER

DAY

SANDY  
 BRIAN  
 ELAINE  
 GAIL  
 LYNDA  
 BERNIE  
 EXTRAS

*repeat  
 school  
 pants*

SANDY COMES UP TO THE BIKE STAND WHERE BRIAN IS UNLOCKING HIS BIKE AND SLAPS A "KICK HERE ↓" SIGN ON THE SMALL OF BRIAN'S BACK. BRIAN REACTS TO THE FORCE OF THE BLOW BUT DOESN'T SUSPECT THE NOTE.

BRIAN. Hey--

SANDY GRABS HIM IN A HEADLOCK, AND THEY GO CIRCLING ROUND IN THE DUST. OTHER KIDS ARE YELLING OUT

CHORUS. Fight, fight!

BUT BRIAN IS LAUGHING, HE'S MUCH BIGGER THAN SANDY AND DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL THREATENED, ALTHOUGH IT TAKES HIM A FEW MOMENTS TO BREAK FREE.

SANDY IS PUNCHING INEFFECTUALLY, MOSTLY HITTING BRIAN'S OPEN PALMS

SANDY. You araldited my desk you bastard.

BRIAN. (LAUGHS)

SANDY. I'm just bloody sick of it.

BRIAN. Look-- (GRABS SANDY IN A HEADLOCK NOW)  
 If you . . . settle down I'll tell  
 you about Elaine. . .

SANDY STOPS STRUGGLING

SANDY.     Alright--

BRIAN.     You gunna stop?

SANDY.     Yeah, alright, let go.

BRIAN DOES SO, LEAPS BACK A BIT AS SANDY THROWS  
A LAST, HOPELESS PUNCH.

BRIAN.     I'm warning you. . .

SANDY.     (SETTLES A BIT) What about  
Elaine?

SANDY COMES BACK AND STARTS UNLOCKING HIS OWN BIKE,  
WHILE BRIAN PICKS HIS UP OFF THE GROUND.

BRIAN.     It's more of a tip, really.

SANDY.     Oh, yeah? (DUBIOUS)

BRIAN.     Inorder to do it properly you've  
got to be limp.

SANDY.     (INCREDULOUS) What?

BRIAN.     Otherwise it doesn't work.

SANDY.     But that's. . . ridiculous.

BRIAN.     Look, you want to have proper  
intercourse, right?

SANDY.     Well. . . yeah. . . I want to  
yeah.

BRIAN.     So it's simple: inorder to have  
proper intercourse the male gender  
has to be limp.

SANDY.     The male what has to be what?

BRIAN.     Otherwise it just won't work.

SANDY.     But I crack a fat just thinking  
about Elaine Wilson

BRIAN.     That's the whole art of it.

SANDY CONTINUES TO LOOK DUBIOUS.

BRIAN.     You have to think about something else  
while you're doing it.



SANDY LOOKS PUZZLED.

- SANDY. You've checked that?
- BRIAN. If it's hard and erect it just hurts the woman too much.
- SANDY. (INCREDULOUS) What. . . ?
- BRIAN. It has to be limp otherwise she gets no pleasure

THEY START WHEELING THEIR BIKES AWAY FROM THE BIKE STAND THROUGH A THROG OF KIDS COMING OUT OF SCHOOL.

- BRIAN. Sandy, I can show you my brother's medical dictionary.

SANDY LOOKS GENUINELY DOUBTFUL, THOUGH HE'S STILL NOT CONVINCED THAT BRIAN ISN'T HAVING A GO AT HIM.

- BRIAN. You want her to enjoy it don't you.
- SANDY. I mean I. . . I just find I'm really attracted to her.
- BRIAN. Be decisive.
- SANDY. I keep. . . noticing her in class. and sometimes I find I'm trying to get close to her in the queue at lunchtime. I wonder what she does at night and what she thinks about-- and whether she ever thinks about me. . .
- BRIAN. (LAUGHS) Don't kid yourself.
- SANDY. It's not just sex is it? I mean that's not all there is to it?
- BRIAN. It's a fair bit, mate, I tell you.
- SANDY. I mean I like her a lot, I'm extremely desirous of her
- BRIAN. You don't want to sleep with her?
- SANDY. Yeah, yeah, I want to sleep with her, yeah, course. . . but I don't want to marry her or anything.

BRIAN. Then why don't you come straight  
out and tell her

SANDY. Oh god no!

BRIAN. Ring her up and tell her--  
you've got to tell her how you  
feel.

BRIAN SPOTS ELAINE, LYNDA, AND GAIL JUST COMING OUT.

BRIAN. There she is now. . .

SANDY LOOKS, NEARLY DIES INSIDE AS ELAINE SPOTS HIM  
ABOUT THE SAME TIME.

BRIAN. (PUSHING SANDY FORWARD)  
Go and tell her

SANDY RESISTS BEING PUSHED

SANDY. Cut it out. . .

SANDY AND BRIAN WHEEL THEIR BIKES PAST. THE GIRLS GIGGLE  
AT THE "KICK ME" SIGN STILL FLUTTERING ON BRIAN'S BACK.

LYNDA. What a dag.

ELAINE. (SHAKING HER HEAD) That Sandy. . .

GAIL. He's got his eye on you.

ELAINE. (RESIGNEDLY) Oh I know, I know.  
It's driving me mad.

LYNDA. Pity he's a prefect.  
Hey-- check me out;

LYNDA WALKS FORWARD IN FRONT OF THE OTHER TWO, OPENS A MARS BAR.

ELAINE. Got to drop the hem, Lyndy, your  
panties are showing again.  
(THEN CONFIDENTIALLY TO GAIL)

What a show pony.

GAIL. Is she doing it with Mick?

ELAINE. Oh, yeah, all the time-- she's  
on the pill.

GAIL. Really?

ELAINE. Oh yeah.

I mean, you've got to use something, haven't ya?

GAIL HAS TO THINK ABOUT IT.

LYNDA WAITS FOR THEM TO CATCH UP WITH HER, OFFERS

ELAINE AND GAIL A BITE ON HER MARS BAR.

LYNDA. I'm not going to buy zips again.

ELAINE. Oh?

LYNDA. I mean, you're askin for it aren't ya? They're just too easy to undo.

ELAINE. Depends who you're askin.

LYNDA. . . . like him, f'instance.

(NODDING IN THE DIRECTION OF BERNIE  
WHO'S JUST COME OUT OF SCHOOL)

ELAINE. Bernie?

GAIL. I think he's pretty spivvy.

LYNDA. More nutty, than spivvy, if you ask me.

ELAINE. I dunno. . . catch ya later.

ELAINE DETACHES HERSELF FROM THE OTHER TWO

LYNDA. (KNOWINGLY) . . . alright.

AND WANDERS OVER IN THE DIRECTION OF BERNIE.

GAIL AND LYNDA CLIMB ABOARD THE SCHOOL BUS

BRIAN AND SANDY HOP ON THEIR BIKES AND START  
CYCLING OFF

BRIAN. Look, mate, you won't last two weeks.

SANDY. Wanna bet?

BRIAN. Yeah, OK.

SANDY. (AS THEY SHAKE) Make that the end of term. . .

BERNIE IS FIDDLING WITH SOME KEYS BESIDE A SALMON PINK  
AUSTIN 1800 AS ELAINE APPROACHES, MEANINGFULLY CLOSE.

ELAINE. Didn't know you had a car, Bernie.

HE UNLOCKS THE DOOR, HANGS THERE. . .

AS SHE LOOKS IT OVER.

BERNIE. . . . It's Adam's-- my brother.

ELAINE. Oh.

BERNIE. He's overseas at the moment.

BERNIE IS A SNAPPY DRESSER, HE TUGS AT THE CUFF OF HIS FATHER'S LODGE SHIRT, DISPLAYS A MONOGRAMMED CUFF LINK SLIGHTLY

ELAINE. I hope he isn't a soldier or anything.

BERNIE. (SCOFFS) Adam! Oh god no.

He's a hustler. He travels a lot and buys and sells things. . .

ELAINE. Oh.

SHE HOVERS THERE WISTFULLY, THERE'S A SIGNIFICANT PAUSE.

ELAINE. I don't suppose you'd be going anywhere near the shopping centre?

BERNIE. You want a lift?

ELAINE. Yeah--

BERNIE. I'll take you home for a Violet Crumble.

ELAINE. OK. . .

MEANWHILE, ON THE BUS, LYNDA AND GAIL HAVE MANAGED TO SCRAMBLE INTO A SEAT DOWN THE BACK. THEY ARE RUEFULLY OBSERVING THE SCENE WITH ELAINE AND BERNIE BESIDE THE CAR.

THE BUS LOADED WITH KIDS, TAKES OFF

# 23

BUS-- TRAVELLING -- BERNIE'S CAR (SUBURBAN STREETS) DAY



GAIL  
LYNDA  
ELAINE  
BERNIE  
BRIAN  
SANDY  
MR ELVERS  
EXTRAS

LYNDA TURNS AWAY FROM THE WINDOW

LYNDA. Gawd, I wouldn't be seen dead in  
a bomb like that.

NEAR LYNDA AND GAIL A TALL KID HAS GRABBED THE  
TIE FROM A SMALL KID AND IS KNOTTING IT TIGHTLY TO  
THE HANDRAIL ALONG THE BUS'S CEILING. THE SMALL KID,  
MUCH TO THE AMUSEMENT OF OTHERS IS MAKING HOPELESS  
ATTEMPTS TO JUMP UP AND CATCH IT BACK.

LYNDA SHOWS GAIL A FRIENDSHIP RING

LYNDA. (TWISTING IT SLIGHTLY WITH A FINGER)  
What do you think?

GAIL. (NEUTRALLY) Mmm.

LYNDA. Do you like it?

GAIL. (AVOIDING COMMITTING HERSELF)  
Did Mick give it to you?

LYNDA. Last night.

THE SOUND OF GEARS CRUNCHING AND THE BUS MOTOR GROANING  
AS THE BUS TURNS UP A STEEP HILL.

LYNDA PRODUCES A SMALL BOTTLE OF PERFUME, STARTS  
SPLASHING IT ON HERSELF.

LYNDA OFFERS THE BOTTLE TO GAIL

LYNDA.     Want to try some.

GAIL.       (SHAKING HER HEAD)

Not just now. . .

THERE'S A SUDDEN COMMOTION DOWN THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BUS, EVERYBODY IS CLAMBERING OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN ORDER TO GET A BETTER LOOK.

WE DISCOVER BERNIE AND ELAINE IN THE 1800 TRYING TO PASS THE BUS ON THE INSIDE, THE CAR BELCHES BLACK SMOKE. BOTH VEHICLES ARE EQUALLY DECREPIT. THE KIDS ARE REALLY WHOOPING IT UP.

COMMENTS LIKE

EXTRA.     C'mon Bernie, hit it.

AND

EXTRA.     Get a real car

ARE HEARD AMONGST THE CHEERS AND BOOS

CUT INSIDE BERNIE'S CAR :

ELAINE IS LOOKING CONCERNED

ELAINE.     Bernie--

BERNIE LEANS OUT THE WINDOW TO GIVE THE BIG TWO-UP TO THE BUS, AT WHICH POINT HIS HAT IS BLOWN OFF

INSIDE THE BUS:

EVERYBODY BREAKS UP AT THE FLIGHT OF BERNIE'S HAT WE SEE IT GET CRUNCHED UNDER THE WHEELS OF SEVERAL CARS

INSIDE BERNIE'S CAR:

BERNIE CATCHES A LAST GLIMPSE OF HIS HAT DISAPPEARING INTO THE GUTTER, BUT STILL TRAPPED INSIDE THE BUS AND UNABLE TO MUSTER THE SPEED TO PASS IT, HE'S STUFFED.

ELAINE SINKS LOWER INTO THE SEAT, DYING OF EMBARRASSMENT. SHE WISHES A HOLE WOULD JUST OPEN UP AND SWALLOW HER.

BERNIE IS NOW MANICALLY DETERMINED TO PASS THE BUS  
AND REDEEM HIS HONOUR

ELAINE NOTICES BRIAN AND SANDY ON THEIR BIKES LOOMING  
UP IN FRONT OF THEM

ELAINE. (STARTLED) Look out!

BERNIE STABS AT THE HORN, THERE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH  
ROOM FOR THE BIKES, THE CAR, AND THE BUS. . .

ON THE ROAD:

SANDY AND BRIAN SWING OFF INTO THE GUTTER, AND  
BERNIE SCREAMS PAST MISSING THEM BY INCHES.  
SANDY AND ELAINE SHARE A PANICKED LOOK BEFORE  
SANDY LOSES CONTROL OF HIS BIKE AND ROLLS ERRATICALLY  
DOWN A LARGE EMBANKMENT BEFORE CRASHING INTO A CREEK.

INSIDE BERNIE'S CAR:

GLANCING BACK

BERNIE. Is he alright

ELAINE. (LOOKING FORWARD)

Watch out!

THIS TIME BERNIE MANAGES TO SQUEEZE IN FRONT OF  
THE BUS AND AVOID CLIPPING THE BACK OF MR. ELVERS  
RED MG. ELVERS LOOKS SUITABLY SHOCKED.

INSIDE THE BUS:

THERE IS UPROAR, THE WHOLE MOB IS KILLING ITSELF.  
IT'S THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT THEY'VE HAD IN A LONG  
TIME.

BOTTOM OF THE EMBANKMENT:

BRIAN LEANS HIS BIKE AGAINST A TREE  
AND COMES DOWN TO FIND SANDY PICKING HIMSELF  
UP OUT OF THE CREEK. FORTUNATELY IT'S FAIRLY DRY.

BRIAN. (LAUGHS, SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Looks like you've lost your bet.

SANDY (FUMING) I haven't bloody started yet!

INSIDE BERNIE'S CAR:

BERNIE IS HUNCHED OVER THE WHEEL, ALMOST STUPEFIED BY THE FRACAS HE'S CAUSED, STILL TEARING ALONG.

ELAINE. Forgodsake, slow down Bernie--  
just take it easy. .

BERNIE IS SO HUMILIATED.

ELAINE. Bernie!

GRADUALLY BERNIE EASES HIS FOOT OFF THE ACCELERATOR AND SLOWLY CALMS DOWN AS THEY DRIFT INTO A PARKING SPOT OUTSIDE A SHOPPING CENTRE. HE KILLS THE ENGINE AND JUST SITS THERE, HUNCHED OVER THE WHEEL.

IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE BRIAN CYCLE UP AND PROP HIS BIKE AGAINST A TRAFFIC SIGN.



24

STAN'S STATION CAFE

DAY

BRIAN  
 BERNIE  
 ELAINE  
 STAN

INSIDE BERNIE'S CAR:

ELAINE EXHALES A BREATH, AND BERNIE LOOKS NERVOUSLY  
 ACROSS AS BRIAN SHAKES HIS HEAD AT THEM, GRINNING.

WE FOLLOW BRIAN INTO STAN'S CAFE, THE "KICK HERE" SIGN STILL FLUTTERING  
 ON HIS BACK

STAN LOOKS UP FROM WRAPPING UP SOME SCOLLOPS

BRIAN. (BUNGING ON A DONALD DUCK VOICE)  
 10¢ choc babies and 10¢ milk  
 bottles thanks, Stan.

STAN, WHO'S HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, SEEMS RATHER NONPLUSSED  
 BY THE ACCENT AS HE PUTS THE SCOLLOPS ON THE COUNTER  
 AND TAKES THE OTHER KIDS MONEY.

HE BENDS DOWN TO GET THE CROC BABIES AND MILK BOTTLES  
 FROM THE BOTTOM GLASS SHELF OF HIS COUNTER, WHILE  
 THUS OCCUPIED, BRIAN SCOFFS A LICORICE STICK FROM AN  
 OPEN BOX ON THE TOP SHELF.

STAN STRAIGHTENS UP WITH THE LOLLIES, BEFORE BRIAN HAS A CHANCE TO  
 FULLY DIGEST THE LICORICE, SO BRIAN IS FORCED TO TALK AS  
 IF HIS MOUTH ISN'T FULL AS HE ORDERS:

BRIAN. And a plain buttered roll with a  
 packet of potato chips. . .

STAN TURNS TO BUTTER THE ROLL, BRIAN SLIPS A WAGON WHEEL  
 INTO A BLAZER POCKET, JUST AS ANOTHER KID KICKS HIM IN THE  
 BUM AND RACES OUT. BRIAN REACTS.

# 25 SANDY'S HOUSE

DAY

SANDY  
THELMA  
BERT



AN AMERICAN, RANCH-STYLE HOUSE, LATE FIFTIES VINTAGE WITH A KIDNEY SHAPED SWIMMING POOL.

BERT RICHARDSON IS HEAVING AN ESKY INTO THE BOOT OF HIS DODGE PHOENIX, THELMA IS HANGING A COUPLE OF LONG DRESSES FROM A HOOK IN THE BACK SEAT. THEY'VE CONNECTED THE FAMILY BOAT UP TO THE CAR AND ARE BOTH DRESSED AS HIPPIES-- IN COSTUME FOR A FANCY DRESS PARTY THAT WILL TAKE THEM AWAY FOR THE WEEKEND.

BERT.            Alright, alright, I'll wear the Kaftan, I'll even wear the sandals Thelma, but I'm not taking my pants off and I'm not wearing any headband! And that's final.

THELMA.        You're only as old as you think you are, Bert.

BERT.            Age has nothing to do with it.

THELMA.        You know how important it is for you to get the Chrysler dealership.

BERT. Oh-- I know why we're going, I know they said fancy dress-- but I don't see why we had to be Hippies. . .

SANDY IS PUSHING HIS BIKE UP THE DRIVE.

THELMA. Ah-- there you are darling.

SANDY GRUNTS A "HULLO"

THELMA. Now I've left the TV dinners for you in the freezer, and there's Mrs. Bates next door if you need anything. . .

SANDY. (GRUNTS)

THELMA. (RUBBING SOME FINGERS THROUGH HIS HAIR)  
Be sure not to watch too much television, darling-- and that goes for Maureen too, I know you must have a lot of study to do and we don't want you failing again like last year do we. . .

SANDY SUFFERS THROUGH IT.

BERT IS IN THE DODGE, TOOTING THE HORN.

BERT. Come on Thelma, it'll be dark before we get there. . .

THELMA MOVES OVER TO THE CAR.

THELMA. I'll call Saturday night. . .

SANDY. (QUICKLY) Oh, there's no need to do that.

THELMA. It's no trouble dear, you know how I worry about you when we're away like this.

SANDY. Mum-- I'll be fine.

BUT SHE'S IN THE CAR, SMILING AND WAVING BACK

BERT. See you Sunday afternoon

26

DODGE PHOENIX (TRAVELLING)

DAY

SANDY  
THELMA  
BERT  
ELAINE  
BERNIE

THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW WE SEE SANDY PUSH HIS BIKE ON UP THE DRIVE-WAY AND PAST HIS MOTHER'S RED TOYOTA, PARKED INSIDE THE DOUBLE GARAGE.

BERT. You mother the boy too much,  
Thelma.

SHE LOOKS SIDEWAYS OUT THE PASSENGER WINDOW, SUFFERS THE CRITICISM, A MARTYR TO HER CHILDREN.

BERT. He's got to learn to look  
after himself

THELMA. I know he's 17, Bert, but he's  
not a mature 17.

BERT. There comes a point where you've  
just got to let go-- if you don't  
cut the apron strings he'll never  
grow up.

THELMA. I thought that's why we agreed  
to let them stay home this  
weekend?

BERT. (GRUNTS IN THE AFFIRMATIVE) Mmm.

THELMA GLANCES AT THE FUEL GAUGE.

THELMA. We need petrol.

BERT. We've got half a tank, Thelma--

THELMA. It's better to be safe than sorry.

27

AUSTIN 1800 (OUTSIDE ELAINE'S HOUSE)

DAY



BERNIE  
 ELAINE  
 THELMA  
 BERT

FROM INSIDE BERNIE'S 1800 WE SEE THE DODGE  
 PHOENIX GO PAST.

BERT. (VO)Thelma, I'm not getting out  
 of the car dressed like this . . .

AND PAN ACROSS TO THE FRONT SEAT OF BERNIE'S CAR.  
 HE'S MUNCHING ON A "VIOLET CRUMBLE" BAR, ELAINE HAS  
 A "HAVE-A-HEART" THEY'RE PARKED OUTSIDE HER HOUSE.

THERE'S A SLIGHT PAUSE AS THEY EAT.

AFTER A MOMENT, HE LOOKS A CROSS.

BERNIE. Give us a lick?

ELAINE. What's in it for me?

BERNIE. I'll tell you something personal.

ELAINE THINKS ABOUT IT

ELAINE. How personal?

BERNIE. Real personal. . . ultimately personal.

ELAINE. OK (SHE HANDS HIM THE "HAVE-A-HEART")

HE GIVES HER HIS VIOLET CRUMBLE, TAKES A BITE OF THE  
ICE-CREAM. . .

ELAINE. Well?

BERNIE. I've never done it before,

LOOKS AT HER, GRINNING.

ELAINE. Are you a virgin?

BERNIE. Yeah.

(PAUSE)

Are you?

ELAINE. Yeah

(PAUSE)

Sort of . . .

BERNIE. (SHOCKED) Sort of?

ELAINE. Yeah, sort of.

BERNIE FUMBLES HIS "HAVE-A-HEART" IT SLIPS OFF THE  
STICK INTO HIS CRUTCH.

BERNIE. Ah-- shit!

HE JUMPS OUT OF THE CAR, WIPING THE ICE-CREAM OFF HIS  
PANTS.

ELAINE IS AMUSED.

ELAINE. Hey-- that's my "Have-a-Heart"!

**28**

DODGE PHOENIX TRAVELLING --- GARAGE

DAY

THELMA

BERT

MICK

DONALD

AS THE DODGE BOUNCES INTO THE LOCAL GARAGE.

BERT. I still don't know why we couldn't  
have . . . have gotten dressed down  
there.

THELMA. Everybody's arriving in costume,  
Bert, that's the fun of it.

THEY PULL UP AT A BOWSER, JUST AS DONALD WALKS  
INTO THE GARAGE FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION. HE'S CHANGED  
INTO HIS WEEK-END GEAR: R.M. WILLIAMS BOOTS, STOVE-PIPE  
BLUE JEANS (CAREFULLY FADED) STRIPED T-SHIRT AND KHAKI  
ARMY COAT WITH FLORAL PIPING.

HE WALKS UP TO THE WORKSHOP, WHERE MICK CATANIA  
(GREASED BACK HAIR-- FIFTIES ELVIS STYLE) IS WORKING  
ON AN EMERALD GREEN FJ HOLDEN WITH METALLIC CONFEDERATE  
FLAGS ON THE FRONT AND BACK.

DONALD. G'day Mick.

MICK. (NODS AS HE SLAMS THE BONNET BACK DOWN)  
'Donald.

MICK REACHES IN AND TURNS THE ENGINE OFF.

MICK.      What's cookin'?

DONALD.    Thought we might go for a beer. . .

MICK HANDS HIM A WHEEL BRACE.

MICK.      Put the fatties on, I'll  
            clean up.



29

LYNDA'S HOUSE

DAY



LYNDA

MRS. CUTHBERT

VARIOUS YOUNGER KIDS

MICK

LYNDA IN HER TINY BEDROOM. OUTSIDE HALF A DOZEN YOUNGER KIDS ARE WATCHING "BONANZA" ON TV.

IN ORDER TO DROWN THE NOISE LYNDA GOES AND PUTS ON TAMMY WYNETTE'S "D.I.V.O.R.C.E." ON HER RECORD PLAYER.

THE ROOM IS PLASTERED WITH PIN-UP'S OF MARLON BRANDO, ELVIS ETC. COVERING THE PASTEL WALLPAPER.

LYNDA GOES TO HER WARDROBE AND THROUGH A SERIES OF DISSOLVES TRIES ON ABOUT HALF A DOZEN OUTFITS AND COMBINATIONS OF THINGS, AT THE END OF WHICH WE HEAR THE FRONT DOORBELL RING, SHE HURRIEDLY BRUSHES UP THE EYELASHES, SLAPS MORE LIPSTICK ON AND GOES OUT INTO THE KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM.

MICK AND DONALD ARE STANDING THERE, WATCHING "BONANZA" WHILE MRS. CUTHBERT, A WOMAN PREMATURELY AGED BY THE NUMBER OF KIDS SHE'S HAD, IS POTTERING AROUND IN THE KITCHEN END OF THE ROOM.

MICK HAS SCRUBBED UP OUT OF HIS GARAGE OVERALLS INTO BLACK STOVE-PIPE JEANS AND BLACK LEATHER COAT, HE TAKES IN LYNDA'S ENTRANCE WITH A LASCIVIOUS LOOK, MUNCHING ON SOME JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM.

MICK. G'day Lynda

LYNDA. (SMILES BACK AT HIM, CONFIDANT OF HER OWN SEXUALITY)

'Mick.

THE MOTHER STANDS BACK FROM THIS, SHE MIGHT HAVE RESERVATIONS ABOUT MICK BUT HAS TOO MANY OTHER KIDS TO WORRY ABOUT.

LYNDA. We're just going for a drive,  
Mum.

MICK. See ya later, Mrs. C.

MRS. CUTHBERT. Yes, good-bye.

(THEN ALMOST AN AFTERTHOUGHT)

You won't be late, Lynda?

BUT THE THREE OF THEM HAVE GONE.

30 BERNIE'S HOUSEDAYBERNIEMRS. RUTH COHENMR. AARON COHEN

AN OLD, ESTABLISHED HOUSE. VERY WELL TO-DO.  
 THE COHEN'S ARE SITTING DOWN TO TEA AS WE HEAR  
 THE FRONT DOOR OPEN. BERNIE SLINKS IN.

MRS. COHEN. (LOOKING UP FROM HER SOUP)

You're very late, dear

BERNIE. I had some work to do at school.

MRS. COHEN. Oh--

Well you'd better hurry, you're  
 soup's getting cold. . .

BERNIE GOES THROUGH TO HIS ROOM.

MR. COHEN. And where's your hat?

BERNIE. (OFF) Ahm-- I ah, it's in my  
 bag.

THE PARENTS SHARE A LOOK, BERNIE REAPPEARS,  
 SITS AT THE TABLE. THERE'S A PARCEL BESIDE HIS  
 PLATE, HE LOOKS AT IT.

MRS. COHEN. From Adam, it arrived this  
 morning.

BERNIE. Great!

HE EAGERLY TEARS AT THE STRING AND PAPER. . .  
TO REVEAL A SMALL WHITE CHINA ELEPHANT

BERNIE. (LOOKING VERY EXCITED)

Isn't that fantastic!

RUTH AND AARON ARE AT A BIT OF A LOSS TO FATHOM  
BERNIE'S EXCITEMENT, NEVERTHELESS SHE SMILES  
PLEASANTLY, AARON TENDS TO A BIT OF EYE-ROLLING

MRS. COHEN. Mmm.

BERNIE. Absolutely fantastic.

MRS. COHEN. Now eat your soup, dear.

THERE'S A BOTTLE OF WINE ON THE TABLE BERNIE  
HELPS HIMSELF TO A GLASS.

MR. COHEN. First we hear of him in three  
months is a white elephant!

MRS. COHEN. (SOOTHING) Now Aaron. . .

RUTH AND BERNIE BOTH BRACE FOR THE INEVITABLE

MR. COHEN. Not even a word on paper-- so much  
as a "how you do? I'm fine, see you  
soon." Not even that!

MRS. COHEN. I'm sure he'll write soon, dear.

MR. COHEN. He only writes when he needs money!

When I was your brother's age I worked  
12 hours a day, 6 days a week. I ran  
the shop single-handed.

BERNIE. Adam's alright, he's just going through  
a phase.

MR. COHEN. Some phase! 22 already and never done  
an honest day's work in his life.

MRS. COHEN. He has his photographic interests.

MR. COHEN. Photographs! Photographs!  
Can you eat a photograph I ask you?

BERNIE AND RUTH SHARE A LOOK, A SIGH.

MR. COHEN. A nice jewish boy and all he wants for dinner is yoghurt and brown rice. Is that normal?

MRS. COHEN. Aaron, remember your blood pressure.

BERNIE. We're all insane, but only conditioned to be normal.

AARON HAS TO THINK ABOUT THAT, RUTH SMILES ABSENTLY.

MR. COHEN. When I give him the money to go overseas, his 21st birthday present, does he go to the normal places like Europe or America? No-- he goes to India, so he can "bathe" in the Ganges. . .

MRS. COHEN. Aaron, please--

MR. COHEN. Do you know what flows into the Ganges? Hmm? If he wants to paddle in effluent I'll take him down to Mordialloc so he can "bathe" in the sewerage canal. Then I'll even take him to Fairfield Infectious (Hospital) for the recovery period. He doesn't have to go all the way to India swim in shit. He can do it here!

BERNIE DECIDES HE'S HAD ENOUGH, HE GRABS THE WHITE ELEPHANT AND SLIDES HIS CHAIR OUT.

MRS. COHEN. Bernie!

BUT WE FOLLOW BERNIE AS HE COMES INTO HIS ROOM AND CLOSES HIS DOOR. HE HOLDS THE ELEPHANT, LOOKING AT IT EAGERLY, NOTICES HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR, WINKS AT HIMSELF FINDS A PAPERWEIGHT AND SMASHES THE ELEPHANT OPEN.

INSIDE THERE'S A COUPLE OF MATCHBOXES. OUTSIDE THE PARENTS REACT TO THE SMASH.

MUSIC OVER: "KNOCK, KNOCK KNOCKIN' ON HEAVENS DOOR. . ."

BERNIE LOOKS COMPLETELY SATISFIED. HE POCKETS THE MATCHBOXES AND SWEEPS THE SHATTERED BITS OF CHINA INTO THE DUSTBIN.

## 31 PUB BEERGARDEN

DAY



DONALD  
MICK  
LYNDA  
BARMAN  
TWO DRINKERS (MR. WILSON)  
EXTRAS

"KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR" CONTINUES OVER A PAN ROUND THE LOCAL BEERGARDEN, AT A TABLE IN ONE CORNER WE SEE DONALD STUBBING OUT ANOTHER CIGARETTE. HE'S WITH MICK AND LYNDA, AN EMPTY PACKET OF CHIPS AND A NUMBER OF EMPTY GLASSES LIE SCATTERED OVER IT.

LYNDA. Are you sure, Donald?

DONALD. Sure, I'm sure.

LYNDA. You don't want Mick to get it?

DONALD. It's my shout, isn't it?

DONALD GETS UP, THEN AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT (FOR SECURITY) HE DECIDES TO TAKE THREE EMPTY POTS WITH HIM. HE WALKS CONFIDENTLY OVER TO THE BAR, PUTS THE GLASSES DOWN AND THE \$5 NOTE BESIDE THEM. WAITS FOR THE BARMAN TO FINISH WITH ANOTHER CUSTOMER. THEN, IN A SLIGHTLY DEEPER VOICE THAN USUAL:

DONALD. Three pots thanks

BARMAN. (LOOKING HIM UP AND DOWN)  
How old are you, son?

DONALD. (INDIGNANTLY) 18

BARMAN. When were you born?

DONALD HAS THIS ONE WELL PREPARED, HE RATTLES IT OFF CONFIDENTLY, ALMOST ARROGANTLY. . .

DONALD. Fourteenth of the third, forty nine. . .

THEN IS STRUCK BY AN ALARMING DOUBT.

DONALD. Fifty.

BUT IT'S TOO LATE, THE BARMAN TOO EXPERIENCED.

DONALD REALISES THAT HE'S BEEN SPRUNG.

DONALD. Ah-- what's the dif?

BARMAN. My job, mate, that's the dif-- now skedaddle before I call the boss

DONALD HANGS THERE, EMBARRASSED, HUMILIATED

ANOTHER DRINKER COMES UP BEHIND DONALD. HE'S DRESSED IN BOWLS WHITES.

DRINKER 1. What are ya? A bloke or a sheila?

HIS MATE, BRINGING OVER THE JUG. IT'S MR. WILSON (GAIL'S DAD) ALSO A BOWLER.

MR. WILSON. Looks more like a Beatle, Harry.

THE BARMAN AND DRINKERS CHUCKLE.

DONALD TAKES A DEEP BREATH, SCOOPS UP THE #5.

DONALD. Things are gunna change, y'know.

DRINKER 1. Yeah, yeah, yeah. . . (BEATLES MELODY)

**32** ELAINE'S HOUSE

NIGHT

ELAINE

MRS. (RITA) WILSON

MR. (NORM) WILSON

ROBBIE WILSON



ROBBIE (ELAINE'S 14 YEAR OLD BROTHER) AND MRS. WILSON ARE EATING TEA ON TRAYS IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION SET. (THE CASUALTY FIGURES FOR THAT DAYS' ACTION AROUND THE AUSTRALIAN SECTOR IN PHUC TUY PROVINCE, SOUTH VIETNAM, ARE JUST COMING THROUGH ON THE NEWS).

ELAINE IS FIXING HERSELF A MILO SANDWICH ON THE OPEN BENCH THAT SEPARATES THE KITCHEN FROM THE LIVING ROOM. SHE'S DRESSED TO GO OUT: TIGHT SLACKS, PAISLEY SHIRT, LOW HEELED SHOES.

IT'S A RESPECTABLE MIDDLE CLASS PLACE, NOTHING OSTENTATIOUS, A SUBDUED AMOUNT OF KITSCH.

MRS. WILSON LOOKS UP FROM A MOUTHFUL OF CHICKEN.

MRS. WILSON. I thought you'd have a lot of study to do, dear?

ELAINE. Yeah. I'm going to the Library.

MRS. WILSON. Oh-- by yourself?



ELAINE. Gail and Lynda said they'd be there.

MRS. WILSON. Are you walking?

ELAINE. Yeah, probably.

THERE'S A CERTAIN "TONE" IN ELAINE'S VOICE.

MRS. WILSON. I just wanted to know, Elaine, that's all.

ELAINE. Well, we might get a lift, I dunno. . .

MRS. WILSON CONTINUES EATING, ELAINE COMES ROUND AND SITS WITH THEM, EATING HER SANDWICH. THE MOTHER IS LOOKING AT HER, ELAINE FEELS THE STARE, BUT CHOOSES TO IGNORE IT.

MRS. WILSON. (CUTTING THROUGH THE PRETENCE)

You know your father doesn't like him, Elaine.

ELAINE GETS UP STORMS BACK TO THE KITCHEN

ELAINE. Well I DO!

SHE SLAMS HER PLATE INTO THE KITCHEN SINK JUST AS MR. WILSON COMES IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, LUGGING A BOWLS BAG AND A FROZEN CHOOK UNDER EACH ARM, SPILL HAS HIS WHITE'S ON (BROWN SHOES, WHITE PORK PIE HAT) RED-EYED FROM DRINK, BUT QUICK TO SUM UP WHAT'S GOING ON. (WE NOTICE HE WAS ONE OF THE DRINKER'S WHO HASSLED DONALD)

MR. WILSON. You can take those clothes off you're not going out anywhere.

ELAINE. (FLABBERGASTED) What?

MR. WILSON. You heard me.

Put your pyjamas on and go and watch TV.

HE PUTS HIS BAG DOWN, THE CHOOKS, TAKES HIS HAT OFF, POURS HIMSELF A BEER. SHE STANDS THERE AGAPE.

MR. WILSON. Don't look at me in that tone  
of voice-- just do what I tell you.

ELAINE. Look, I'm 17 years old, you can't DO  
this to me.

MR. WILSON. In my house you'll do what I  
tell you. You're not going out till after the exams.  
And certainly not with him!

ELAINE. (EXPLODES) Well it's not bloody fair!

MR. WILSON. Right, that's one weekend's detention.

ELAINE FLINGS A SCARF OFF FROM AROUND HER NECK,  
STORMS THROUGH TO HER BEDROOM AND SLAMS THE DOOR,  
THE FATHER FOLLOWS SLIGHTLY. . .

MR. WILSON. . . . that's next weekend as well.

MRS. WILSON. (RESTRAINING) Norm--

ELAINE SLAMS OUT OF HER ROOM.

MR. WILSON. Three weekends

SHE GOES TO THE TOILET WITH A BAG SHE'S COLLECTED  
FROM HER ROOM

(AS SHE PASSES HIM IN THE HALLWAY)  
ELAINE. You're treating me like a bloody  
prisoner.

MR. WILSON. I'm a good, solid, DLP voting  
Catholic and I'm not going to have  
my daughter going around with a  
flamin' bokie!

ELAINE. You can't even get your facts right.  
Steve and I parted weeks ago.

AND SHE SLAMS INTO THE TOILET.

MR. WILSON. Four weekends

THE FATHER, HOVERING THERE IN THE HALLWAY.

ELAINE. (SCREAMS— FROM INSIDE THE TOILET)  
You're just a conservative, boring old  
fart.

MR. WILSON. Six weekends

MRS. WILSON PUSHES HER TV TRAY AWAY, GETS UP  
WALKS INTO THE HALLWAY. ROBBIE TURNS THE VOLUME OF  
THE TV UP.

(TO MRS. WILSON)  
MR. WILSON. She's not going out with him, Rita,  
and that's final.

INSIDE THE TOILET WE SEE ELAINE MAKING A FEW ADDITIONS  
TO HER MAKE-UP FROM THE BAG SHE'S TAKEN FROM HER ROOM,  
TOUCHING UP THE LIPS, BRUSHING THE EYE-LASHES.  
SHE PUTS THE BAG DOWN AND FLUSHES THE TOILET TO  
COVER THE SOUND OF HER OPENING THE TOILET WINDOW

ELAINE. (SCREAMS) You can't keep me locked  
up forever!

OUTSIDE THE TOILET:

MR. WILSON. Eight weekends.

HE AND RITA SHARE A LOOK.

MR. WILSON. Well I won ya the chooks, didn't I?

AND HE GOES THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN.

MRS. WILSON. I thought you said you weren't going to the pub.  
INSIDE THE TOILET WE SEE ELAINE CLAMBERING OUT THROUGH  
THE WINDOW.

33

GAIL'S HOUSE

NIGHT



GAIL

GAIL IS IN A SMALL BEDROOM, A HOME-MADE CHECK QUILT ON THE SINGLE BED, A SIMPLE TABLE FOR A DESK, WITH A STUDY LAMP TO ONE SIDE. SHE'S SURROUNDED BY TEXT BOOKS. THE DOMINANT COLOURS ARE YELLOW AND PALE PINK. ON THE WALLS: POSTERS OF JOHN F. KENNEDY, JEAN PAUL BELMONDO, JIMI HENDRIX.

SHE GIVES UP TRYING TO READ "THE HISTORY OF EUROPE" AND TAKES A POST CARD INSTEAD, STARTS WRITING.

A SMALL TRANSISTOR ON A SHELF ABOVE THE DESK IS TUNED TO SOME POP LIKE FARNHAM'S "SADIE THE CLEANING LADY"

GAIL. (INTERIOR VO AS SHE WRITES)

Dear Peg,

I'm not going with them for Xmas holidays this year, so hooray for that. For once I told them I just wanted to go somewhere different. I'd love to come and stay with you in Sydney, but we'll just have to wait and see.

GAIL. (INTERIOR VO CONT.) I'm sick of  
Mallacoota year after year: the  
same old beach holiday in the same  
old caravan, fishing and chicken and  
the smell of kerosene. . .

SHE BREAKS OFF WRITING, CHANGES THE RADIO STATION  
FROM JOHNNY FARNHAM TO SOMETHING WITH A HEAVY  
ROCK BEAT. THEN SCRAMBLES IN HER SCHOOL BAG AND  
RETRIEVES THE COPY OF "LADY CHATTERLEYS LOVER"  
THAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE FOR DONALD EARLIER IN  
THE DAY.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER ON THE STEREO AT SANDY'S . . .

(ROLLING STONE'S "HEART OF STONE")

## 34

SANDY'S HOUSE

NIGHT



SANDY

ON

"HEART OF STONE" CONTINUES OVER SANDY'S ATTEMPT TO  
WORD UP HIS KID SISTER MAUREEN ABOUT THE SITUATION  
TOMORROW NIGHT .

THEY'RE IN THE SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM.

SANDY. Look, Maureen, it's just a simple. . . couple  
of friends, right. . . they're  
gonna come round, play a few records,  
drinka bit of coffee. . . just a  
nice quiet night, right?

MAUREEN. So?

SANDY. So I'm threatening you with extinction  
if you so much as breathe a word to the  
old cheese.

MAUREEN. You're having a party, aren't you?

SANDY. Christ no!

SHE TAKES OFF DOWN THE HALLWAY TO HER ROOM, SANDY  
FOLLOWS, UNCOMFORTABLE AT THE LEVERAGE SHE'S GOT OVER  
HIM AT THIS POINT

SANDY. It's just a very small scale thing--  
just a few friends

MAUREEN. Well I want some of my friends  
to come.

HE'S FOLLOWED HER INTO THE ROOM

SANDY. (APPALLED AT THE THOUGHT) Oh god no!

MAUREEN. Why you so uptight about my friends?

SHE'S UNPACKING A SAXAPHONE.

SANDY. Look, this isn't a babysitting  
exercise, you know.

MAUREEN. Thanks a lot!

SANDY. They'd ruin the mood completely.

MAUREEN. You want a party-- I want my friends to  
come.

SANDY. The less people know about this the  
better---

SHE STARTS GOING THROUGH THE SCALES ON THE SAX-- BADLY

SANDY. The whole thing is total low key, right?

SHE IGNORES HIM, KEEPS GOING THROUGH THE SCALES.

SANDY. Look you can hang around tomorrow  
night if you want to, as long as you  
don't say anything. . . alright?

SHE CONTINUES PRATICING, THERE'S THE SOUND OF A CAR  
COMING UP THE DRIVE-WAY.

SANDY. There's Bernie now-- do you want me to bring you back anything-- a hamburger or. . . some chips?

SHE STARTS TRYING TO PLAY "WALK WITH ME, I'M A STRANGER IN PARADISE" (AGAIN VERY BADLY). SANDY DECIDES HE CAN'T STAND THE NOISE ANY LONGER

SANDY. Great. . . (DEFLATED)

AND GOES OUT, PICKS UP THE PHONE IN THE HALLWAY, DIALS. . . TAKES A DEEP BREATH-- THIS IS HIS BIG MOMENT

SANDY. Oh-- hullo, Mrs. Wilson, is Elaine there?

(LISTENS)

Oh-- (LOOKS DISAPPOINTED)

(LISTENS)

Oh, this is a friend of hers from School. . .

(LISTENS)

Alexander, Alexander Richardson. . .  
I just wondered if you knew where she'd  
(gone. . . ?)

(LISTENS-- A DRUNKEN MALE VOICE COMES ON, SCREAMING MADLY INTO THE PHONE-- SANDY HOLDS IT A LITTLE WAY AWAY FROM HIS EAR. WE HEAR A CLICK AS MR. WILSON ANGRILY THROWS THE PHONE DOWN)

SANDY PUTS THE RECEIVER DOWN AS IF IT'S SUDDENLY RED HOT.

Alright, alright, I don't want to screw her.  
I just want to talk to her. . . first.  
(PAUSE) Stupid old coot.

FROM THE JUKE-BOX IN STAN'S CAFE  
WE HEAR "DREAM A LITTLE DREAM"



35

STAN'S STATION CAFENIGHT

STAN  
MICK  
LYNDA  
ELAINE  
GAIL  
FEW EXTRAS

"DREAM A LITTLE DREAM" CONTINUES OVER. . .

MICK AND LYNDA ARE DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK

STAN LEANING BACK AGAINST VATS OF BUBBLING FAT,  
LOOKS ON INSCRUTABLE, ARMS FOLDED.

ELAINE SITS WITH A MILKSHAKE AND HALF EATEN HAMBURGER.  
LOOKS UP AS GAIL COMES IN, SQUEEZES INTO THE SEAT  
OPPOSITE.

ELAINE. Hello

GAIL. Hi.

ON MICK AND LYNDA (FOLLOWING GAIL'S GLANCE ACROSS  
TO THEM)

ELAINE. (GRINS) Couple of love-birds.

BACK ON THE DANCING COUPLE,  
THE JUKE-BOX.

STAN TOSSING SOME FISH IN THE FAT, SCOOPS A FEW PICKLED  
ONIONS OUT OF A LARGE JAR ON THE COUNTER. WE PAN BACK  
AND SEE THAT ELAINE AND GAIL ARE DANCING TOGETHER AS WELL.

ELAINE PULLS BACK A LITTLE.

ELAINE. Do you want to go?

GAIL. Do you?

ELAINE SHRUGS.

36

BERNIE'S 1800 (TRAVELLING)

NIGHT

BERNIE  
SANDY  
BRIAN

(NIGHT EXTERIORS ARE DONE WITH A BLuish DAY-FOR-NIGHT PROCESS)

BERNIE IS LITERALLY CRAWLING ALONG AT ABOUT 5 mph.

SANDY BESIDE HIM IN THE FRONT SEAT, LOOKS ACROSS  
A COUPLE OF TIMES, IMPATIENT.

BERNIE IS HUNCHED OVER THE WHEEL, EYE'S BLOODSHOT,  
STARTING DEAD AHEAD. HE'S STONED.

SANDY. Bernie--

BERNIE. What?

SANDY. I would like to get there before  
Xmas, y'know.

BERNIE. Yeah-- so?

SANDY SHAKES HIS HEAD LOOKS BACK AT THE ROAD AGAIN.

SANDY. Well, don't you reckon ah, that we're  
a little conspicuous.

BERNIE. You can't be too careful, y'know.

SANDY GIVES UP, SLUMPS BACK INTO HIS SEAT.

NOTICES BRIAN AHEAD OF THEM, THUMB OUT HITCHING.

SANDY. Here's trouble.

BERNIE. (PARANOID, PANICS) Where!?

SANDY. Relax, it's Brian.

THEY CRAWL PAST HIM, AND BY INCREASING HIS STEP A LITTLE  
TO A SLOW JOG BRIAN IS ABLE TO KEEP PACE WITH THEM.

BRIAN LEANS IN THE PASSENGER WINDOW, STILL JOGGING,

BRIAN. (CHEEKY GRIN) Wanta push, mate ?

WITHOUT THE CAR STOPPING, BRIAN IS ABLE TO OPEN THE REAR DOOR AND CLIMB IN.

BRIAN. Where's the funeral ?

SANDY. (CYNICALLY) He's being careful.

BRIAN. Oh yeah.

BERNIE. It's better to be safe than sorry.

BRIAN. Safe! (LOOKS AROUND)  
Y'lucky some bastard hasn't rammed  
you in the arse.

SANDY LAUGHS.

BERNIE REMAINS HUNCHED OVER THE WHEEL.

BERNIE. I'd like to see you try and drive.

BRIAN SNORTS SARCASTICALLY.

BRIAN. I could have jogged there faster  
than this.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

Anyone got the makings?

THE 1800 CONTINUES TO BELCH BLACK SMOKE LIKE A DESTROYER TRYING TO COVER IT'S TRACKS.

BERNIE HANDS BRIAN BACK A MATCHBOX.

BERNIE. Do your worst with that.

IN TAKING HIS EYES OFF THE ROAD, THOUGH, BERNIE LETS THE CAR SWING INTO THE GUTTER, THERE'S A BUMP AS THEY LURCH UP ONTO THE FOOTPATH.

SANDY. Watch out!

BERNIE GRABS AT THE WHEEL, SWINGS THE CAR BACK ONTO THE ROAD, MISSING A STREET LIGHT BY INCHES.

SANDY GASPS IN PANIC.

BERNIE. See what I mean. . .

SANDY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BRIAN IS SNIFFING THE CONTENTS OF THE MATCHBOX.

BRIAN. Shit!

BERNIE. Pure shit, mate.

SANDY. Forchrssake, Bernie watch the road.

BERNIE. 100% Afghani Black.  
(THROWS BACK A PACKET OF BENSON AND HEDGES  
AND SOME TALLY-HO)

BRIAN. Whacko-the-diddlyoh!

BRIAN TEARS THE SIDE OF A CIGARETTE, STICKS A COUPLE OF PAPERS ON HIS LIP.

BRIAN. Well, how we going to get in then?

SANDY. Bags the boot.

BRIAN. But I haven't got the fare either--  
I was gunna crawl under the fence.

BERNIE. You can both use the boot, we'll split  
the cost of my ticket three ways, and  
work out the petrol later.

SANDY. )  
BRIAN. )--- Petrol!?

37 DRIVE-IN

NIGHT



MICK  
 LYNDA  
 ELAINE  
 GAIL  
 ATTENDANT

MICK'S BOTTLE GREEN FJ WITH THE CONFEDERATE FLAGS  
 PULLS UP DRIVE-IN'S TICKET BOX.  
 AS THEY BUY THEIR TICKETS WE SEE THAT ANTONIONI'S  
 "BLOW-UP" IS THE SUPPORT FOR JOHN WAYNE'S "GREEN BERETS"

MICK HAS LYNDA SNUGGLED UNDER ONE ARM, WITH GAIL AND  
ELAINE CRUSHED INTO THE FRONT SEAT ON HER OTHER SIDE.

AS HE KILLS THE LIGHTS AND DRIVES IN PAST THE  
 TICKET BOX. . .

MICK. Gotta find somewhere nice and  
 quiet, eh girls? (GRINNING EVILLY)

ELAINE AND GAIL SHARE A LOOK. THEY TEND TO BE RATHER  
 UNIMPRESSED WITH MICK'S STYLE.

## 38 DONALD'S HOUSE

NIGHT



DONALD

MR. WAL JOHNSON

MRS. RENE JOHNSON

AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE:

DONALD IS STABBING UNENTHUSIASTICALLY AT A PLATE OF TAKE-AWAY FISH AND CHIPS, MRS. JOHNSON OPPOSITE, MR. JOHNSON BETWEEN THEM, A SPREAD OF BEER CANS AROUND THE OLD MAN'S PLATE. IN THE BACKGROUND WE HEAR "HOMICIDE" ON TELEVISION. THE FATHER IS PUSHING HIMSELF UNSTEADILY TO HIS FEET.

MR. JOHNSON. If you've got enough bloody time to spend down the pub with your hippie mates you've got enough bloody time to get a haircut. . .

HE'S RUMMAGING THROUGH A KITCHEN DRAWER, FINDS A PAIR OF GARDEN SHEARS. . .

I'll give you one now!

HE MAKES A MOVE FOR DONALD, BUT MRS. JOHNSON INTERVENES, SHE STRUGGLES TO HOLD BACK HER HUSBAND. DONALD JUST KEEPS PICKING AT HIS FOOD.

MRS. JOHNSON. Leave the boy alone, Wal!

MR. JOHNSON. Ya no good pooftah commo!

MRS. JOHNSON. Wal!

DONALD. Ya so pissed ya can't even see  
straight.

MRS. JOHNSON. Donald, don't antagonise him.

RENE JOHNSON IS IN HER DRESSING GOWN, HER HAIR IN  
ROLLERS. HER FACE SHOWS THE STRAIN OF THIRTY YEARS  
MARRIAGE TO WAL, AND THE DAILY BOREDOM OF LIFE BEHIND  
THE COUNTER OF A DRY CLEANING SHOP.

MR. JOHNSON. I've had it, Rene, I've had it  
up to here!

MRS. JOHNSON. Leave the boy alone!

MR. JOHNSON. Would you like to just be my guest  
and leave.

DONALD. What?

MR. JOHNSON. Get out of my house ya bloody  
long haired, lay about!

DONALD. Love to!  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

Only-- I haven't got a suitcase.

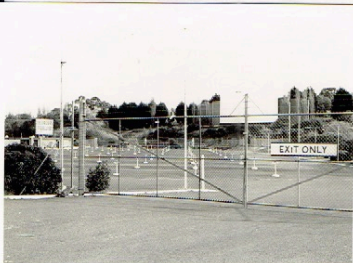
WAL LURCHES INTO HIS BEDROOM, PULLS DOWN A SUITCASE  
FROM ON TOP OF THE WARDROBE, STEADIES HIMSELF AGAINST  
HIS WIFE'S DRESSER, EMPTIES A FEW DARTS TROPHIES OUT  
ONTO THE BED AND STUMBLES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN, THROWS  
THE OPEN SUITCASE ACROSS THE TABLE.

MR. JOHNSON. And never darken my door again!

39

DRIVE-IN

NIGHT



BERNIE  
BRIAN  
SANDY  
MICK  
GAIL  
ELAINE  
LYNDA  
ATTENDANT

AT THE TICKET BOX: BRIAN AND SANDY HAVE BEEN CAUGHT  
IN THE BOOT. THE ATTENDANT HOLDS IT OPEN AS THEY SCRAMBLE  
OUT . . .

WE PAN ACROSS FROM HERE TO --

MICK'S CAR: MICK IS GETTING OUT, HOLDS THE DOOR  
OPEN FOR LYNDA

MICK. (AGAIN THE SLIMEY GRIN)  
Hope you don't mind if Lynda and  
I go first, girls. . .

HE WINKS AT THEM, CHEWING HIS INEVITABLE "JUICY FRUIT"  
PINCHES LYNDA'S BOTTOM AS SHE GETS IN, AHEAD OF HIM  
INTO THE BACK SEAT.

LYNDA. (MOCK SURPRISE) Hey!

ELAINE AND GAIL SHARE A KNOWING LOOK-- WHAT A DAG!

THEY SPREAD OUT INTO THE FRONT SEAT.

BERNIE'S CAR:

BERNIE IS SHAKING THE SPEAKER, HITTING IT, TWIDDLING  
THE VOLUME CONTROL.



BERNIE. Damn!  
SANDY. What?  
BERNIE. Doesn't work.  
BRIAN. We're too close anyway

BERNIE STARTS THE CAR, AND BACKS OUT OF THE SPOT  
REVERSING THROUGH A COUPLE OF ROWS OF SPEAKERS  
EVENTUALLY COMING LEVEL WITH MICK'S CAR.  
THEY STOP IN THIS ROW, A FEW CAR SPACES AWAY

MICK'S CAR:

CLOSE ON GAIL AND ELAINE IN THE FRONT SEAT.  
THE CAR IS GOING UP AND DOWN.

BERNIE'S CAR:

BRIAN TAKES THE JOINT OFF BERNIE, SUCKS ON IT,  
HOLDS IT, LOOKS ACROSS AND SPOTS THE OTHER CAR.  
HE PASSES THE JOINT ONTO SANDY.

BRIAN. Now's your big chance, mate. . .

SANDY LOOKS ACROSS

BRIAN. Looks like you better hurry though.

MICK'S CAR:

CLOSE ON ELAINE GOING UP AND DOWN  
IN THE BACK LYNDA'S GROANS OF PLEASURE BECOME FASTER  
AND MORE AUDIBLE.

LYNDA. (VO) Oh, oh, Mick, ooooooh MIIIIICCCCCCKKKKK!

UNTIL GRADUALLY THE ROCKING OF THE CAR SUBSIDES

LYNDA. (VO) (SOFTER) ooooh Mmmmiccckkk.

MICK. (VO) Lynda.

LYNDA. (VO) Mick. . .

STILL CLOSE ON ELAINE--

MICK.(VO) Lynda. . .

LYNDA.(VO)Mick. . .

BERNIE'S CAR:

SANDY HANDS THE JOINT BACK TO BRIAN

SANDY. That's getting a bit hot.

BRIAN. Ah-- (DISMISSIVE) I'm an old  
roach smoker from way back.

BERNIE. Asbestos lips. . .

MICK'S CAR:

LYNDA.(VO)Oooohh--- (CALMER NOW)

GAIL FEELS SHE'S HAD ENOUGH.

GAIL. (TO ELAINE) Think I'll stretch my  
legs. . .

SHE GETS OUT OF MICK'S CAR

BERNIE'S CAR:

BRIAN TAKES A DEEP, LAST DRAG ON THE JOINT, IT'S HOT  
ALRIGHT, IN FACT IT FEELS LIKE IT'S SET HIS LUNGS ON  
FIRE, HE PUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR, COFFING VIOLENTLY.  
HE'S BENDING OVER BESIDE THE CAR, COFFING AND SPLUTTERING  
WONDERING IF HE'LL EVER BREATHE PROPERLY AGAIN.  
THEN STRAIGHTENS UP, NOTICES GAIL WALKING  
OFF TOWARDS THE LADIES. HE STUBS THE JOINT OUT AND  
STARTS FOLLOWING HER.

BERNIE GLANCES ACROSS AT MICK'S CAR JUST AS LYNDA  
SURFACES FROM THE BACK SEAT, PULLING ON HER JEANS

BERNIE. Oh-- Lynda Cuthbert, I love you. . .

BERNIE GETS OUT ALSO.

## 40

DONALD'S HOUSE

NIGHT



DONALD  
ADRIAN  
MRS. JOHNSON  
MR. JOHNSON

DONALD IS PACKING A FEW ESSENTIALS INTO THE SUITCASE: SOME 45's, A COUPLE OF BOOKS (INCLUDING CAMUS' "THE REBEL" ABBIE HOFFMAN'S "STEAL THIS BOOK") A FEW CLOTHES, AND A COUPLE OF SENTIMENTAL ITEMS. HIS OLDER BROTHER, ADRIAN, DRESSED IN A CMF UNIFORM COMES IN, OPENS A CAN OF BEER, SITS ON THE BED, WATCHES FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

ADRIAN. Why'd ya want to rub the old man up the wrong way all the time for, Donald.

DONALD. It's my hair I'll wear it how I like.

ADRIAN. Fair dinkum, ya look like a shag on a rock, sometimes.

DONALD. Yours is only short 'cause ya joined the CMF.

ADRIAN. Meaning?

DONALD. The gutless way out.

ADRIAN. Ah yeah? You're so smart, what are you going to do?

DONALD. I don't intend to get called up.

ADRIAN. And what if you do?

DONALD. Well I don't intend to join the toy soldiers just to squirm out of going to bloody Vietnam.

ADRIAN. You've got it all figured out, have ya?

DONALD. I won't be here, will I? when the papers arrive. . .

ADRIAN. Ya can't hide from the Army, mate, They'll find ya sure enough.

DONALD CLOSES THE SUITCASE, GOES TO HIS WARDROBE, TAKES OUT A OLD COAT, THROWS IT AT ADRIAN.

DONALD. Thanks for the lend of ya jacket, Adrian.

PICKS UP HIS SUITCASE.

DONALD. Remind me not to leave a forwarding address.

DONALD WALKS THROUGH TO THE HALLWAY, PUTS THE CASE DOWN, STARTS DIALLING A NUMBER. . .

IN THE BACKGROUND "HOMICIDE" IS JUST FINISHING.

THE FATHER IS LEANING UNSTEADILY AGAINST A WALL.

MR. JOHNSON. You'll pay for that call, boyo

DONALD THROWS 10¢ AT HIM.

MRS. JOHNSON. Leave the boy alone, Wall!

MR. JOHNSON. Shut-up!

HE STARTS HITTING HER, ADRIAN RUSHES UP TO PULL THE OLD MAN OFF. THE MOTHER IS CRYING HYSTERICALLY, AND ADRIAN IS TRYING TO FEND THE OLD MAN OFF, STANDING BETWEEN HIM AND THE MOTHER. MICK'S SISTER ANSWERS DONALD'S CALL. DONALD TURNS AWAY FROM THE DOMESTIC GOING ON AROUND HIM. IT'S NONE OF HIS BUSINESS NOW. HE CLOSES HIS FREE EAR IN ORDER TO BETTER HEAR THE TELEPHONE

ADRIAN. Ah-- g'day, ah. . . is Mick there?

(LISTENS)

(LOOKS DISAPPOINTED) Oh-- ya wouldn't know where he's gone would you?

(LISTENS)

Ah-- just that I kinda wanted a lift somewhere.

## 41 DRIVE-IN

NIGHT



BERNIE  
 BRIAN  
 SANDY  
 MICK  
 LYNDA  
 ELAINE  
 GAIL  
 OLD BLOKE  
 CAR FULL OF KIDS  
 EXTRAS  
 ATTENDANT  
 CAFETERIA WOMAN

BERNIE'S CAR:BRIAN AND GAIL ARE ALONE IN THE FRONT SEAT.

BRIAN. Phew---  
 Getting a bit hot in here.  
 (SLIGHT PAUSE)  
 Are you hot?

GAIL. No.

BRIAN. I am.

HE TAKES HIS SKIVVI OFF.

SHE LOOKS A BIT NERVOUS ABOUT THIS.

BRIAN. That's better.

THERE'S ANOTHER PAUSE, BRIAN LOOKS AT HER, LOOKS BACK AT THE SCREEN. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, LOOKS BACK AT THE SCREEN.

BRIAN. Might just ahm. . . get this

HE SQUEEZES INTO THE BUCKET SEAT SHE'S OCCUPYING.

BRIAN. . . . damn gear stick out of the way.

BRIAN. (EXHALES) That's better.

BRIAN EXTRICATES HIS LEG FROM THE TANGLE OF HANDBREAK AND GEAR SHIFT.

BRIAN. Comfortable?  
(SMILING, HOPEFULLY)

GAIL. Not really.

BRIAN THRUSTS A HAND BEHIND HIS BACK, HE FIDDLES WITH A LEVER AND SUDDENLY THE BUCKET SEAT HE'S JUST LEFT DROPS DOWN LEVEL WITH THE BACK SEAT-- INSTANT CAMPING BODY.

GAIL REACTS SHARPLY TO THIS.

BRIAN. Want to stretch out a bit?

GAIL. Not really.

HE PULLS AT ANOTHER LEVER AND SUDDENLY THE SEAT THEY'RE BOTH IN DROPS BACK, GAIL FALLS WITH IT AND BRIAN ON TOP OF HER.

GAIL. (SCREAMS)

DRIVE-IN ATTENDANT WANDERING NEARBY REACTS TO THE SCREAM.

WHILE INSIDE THE CAR BRIAN IS MADLY KISSING GAIL SUDDENLY A TORCH LIGHT ILLUMINATES THEIR STRUGGLE.

ATTENDANT. What's going on?

BRIAN. Fiss of you old perve.

ATTENDANT. You want to get chucked out?

GAIL WRIGGLES OUT FROM UNDER BRIAN, SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND LEAPS OUT, PULLING HER DRESS AND BLOUSE BACK INTO SHAPE.

BRIAN. (GIVING THE TWO UP TO THE DEPARTING ATTENDANT)  
Fascist!

MICK'S CAR:

"BLOW UP" HAS REACHED THE POINT WHERE THE PHOTOGRAPHER (DAVID HEMMINGS) HAS THE TWO WOMEN ALONE IN HIS STUDIO.

IN THE FRONT SEAT OF MICK'S CAR MICK HAS ELAINE ON ONE SIDE AND LYNDA ON THE OTHER. THE PARALLELS WITH THE FILM SUDDENLY STRIKE HOME.

MICK PUTS AN ARM AROUND LYNDA, SHE SNUGGLES UP INTO IT. THEN, WITHOUT LYNDA NOTICING HE TENTATIVELY PUTS AN ARM AROUND ELAINE. ELAINE REACTS BUT DOESN'T STOP HIM.

LYNDA PUTS HER HAND ON MICK'S THIGH, HE IS GENTLY STROKING HER BREAST. WITH THE OTHER HAND, STARTS DOING THE SAME TO ELAINE .

ON THE SCREEN, HEMMINGS MOVES CLOSER TO THE TWO WOMEN, SUDDENLY THEY'RE ROLLING ABOUT IN HIS STUDIO, GETTING TANGLED UP IN HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC GEAR.

IN MICK'S CAR: MICK CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS LUCK, NOW ELAINE'S HAND IS ON HIS OTHER THIGH. THE STROKING AND RUBBING CONTINUE UNTIL, EVENTUALLY, THE GIRLS' HANDS MEET-- MICK IS GRINNING.

THEY BOTH REACT, PULL BACK SUDDENLY, THERE'S A MOMENT AS THEY STARE, STONEY FACED AT THE SCREEN, MICK LOOKS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER, HOPEFULLY. LYNDA HANGS THERE A MOMENT, CONFUSED AND ANGRY, BUT UNABLE TO VOICE IT. SUDDENLY SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND GETS OUT. SLAMS IT.

ELAINE LEFT ALONE WITH MICK DOESN'T KNOW QUITE WHAT TO DO.

WE PAN ACROSS AND DISCOVER SANDY WANDERING AROUND THE DRIVE-IN, GAZING UP AT THE STARS, HIS MOUTH AGAPE. HE'S CAPTURED BY ALL SORTS OF COSMIC THOUGHTS. HE'S STONED.

SANDY. (GAZING UP AT THE SKY)

Wow!



A CAR FULL OF YOUNG PEOPLE DRIFTS PAST, ALMOST KNOCKING INTO HIM, THIS BRINGS HIM RAPIDLY BACK TO EARTH.

KID. (LEANING OUT OF THE CAR, BANGING HIS FISTS ON THE SIDE)

Hey girls-- want to go to a party?

IT'S DIRECTED AT LYNDA AND GAIL WHO'VE CAUGHT UP WITH EACH OTHER AND ARE HEADING TOWARDS THE DRIVE-IN CAFETERIA

LYNDA. Just pretend you can't hear them.

SANDY SPOTS THEM.

SANDY. Oh Lynda Cuthbert, I love you. . .

AN OLD BLOKE WITH HIS RSL BADGE WANDERS PAST SANDY HEADS INTO THE GENTS TOILET.

GENTS TOILET:

BERNIE IS THERE AT THE URINAL. THE TOILET IS A FANTASTIC RELIEF.

THE OLD BLOKE WANDERS UP BESIDE HIM.

THEY'RE SIDE BY SIDE FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

BERNIE JUST STARING BLANKLY AT THE TOILET WALL. SOMEBODY FARTS.

OLD BLOKE. Geez it's like farting Opera sometimes.

THEY BOTH LAUGH.

THE OLD GUY SALUTES HIM WITH A BEER

OLD BLOKE. Oh well-- in one end and out the other, eh?

BERNIE SMILES POLITELY, WISHING HE'D KIND OF GO AWAY.

OLD BLOKE. Don't know why they called it "Blow-Up". I mean ya look in the paper and ya see "Blow-Up" on with the "Green Berets"-- well the cook and I thought it'd be a war movie. We only came t' see John Wayne. And all we got so far is this pommy poof runnin around screwin everything that moves! (LOOKS TO BERNIE)

BERNIE. Mmm.

OLD BLOKE. It's bloody disgustin the filth they let on the screen these days.

BERNIE SHAKES HIMSELF AND EDGES OUT.

BERNIE. Mmm

OLD BLOKE. It's not safe t' take ya wife to half of 'em, let alone the kids. . .

BUT BERNIE'S GONE.

WE FOLLOW HIM OUT AND ROUND THE CORNER AND INTO THE DRIVE-IN CAFETERIA:

SANDY IS AT THE HEAD OF A LONG QUEUE WITH A HANDPULL OF CHANGE AND A BRAIN FULL OF THE. HE'S TRYING TO CALCULATE WHAT EXTRAS HE WANTS ON HIS HAMBURGER, AND WHETHER HE CAN AFFORD IT. . .

SANDY. Make that with an egg and a piece of bacon. . .

THE CAFETERIA WOMAN, TURNS BACK TO HER STOVE, SANDY CALCULATES.

SANDY. No-- I mean a piece of cheese

WOMAN. Instead of the egg or the bacon ?

SANDY. Instead of the onion.

WOMAN. But the onion's included anyway.

SANDY. Well make it instead of. . .  
(COUNTING CHANGE) thirty, thirty four. . .  
(LOOKS UP) the egg.

SHE TURNS BACK TO THE STOVE.

SANDY. No-- the bacon.

THE WOMAN IS STARTING TO LOOSE HER PATIENCE.

WOMAN. So you want an egg and cheese burger?

SANDY. How much is that?

WOMAN. Forty cents.

SANDY. Ah-- (CALCULATING AGAIN)

THE WOMAN GIVES UP, TURNS TO THE NEXT IN LINE.

WOMAN. Yes?

KID. Forty cents chips, thanks.

SANDY. Cheese and bacon without the tomato. . .

WOMAN SIGHS, TURNS BACK TO SANDY

SANDY. . . . or the lettuce, but with an egg.

WOMAN. Are you sure?

SANDY. Sure I'm sure. . .

WOMAN. You're absolutely sure?

SANDY. Yeah-- (BIT PEEVED) I'm absolutely sure.

WOMAN. So it's one cheese and bacon burger with an egg.

SANDY. And no salad.

THE WOMAN TURNS TO COOK IT.

WOMAN. And no salad.

BUT SANDY IS CHECKING HIS MONEY AGAIN.

SANDY. (SECOND THOUGHT) How much is that?

THE WOMAN THROWS DOWN HER SPATULA. THE QUEUE BEHIND SANDY GETTING DISTINCTLY RESTLESS

MICK'S CAR:

LYNDA COMES BACK TO MICK'S CAR WITH A MILKSHAKE AND A BUCKET OF COLOURED POP CORN.

SHE SLOWS AS SHE NOTICES THE CAR GOING UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN.

SHE FROWNS, DISBELIEVING, EDGES FORWARD A FEW MORE STEPS, OBSERVES THE FRONT SEAT EMPTY AND SUDDENLY THE FACT OF MICK'S INFIDELITY HITS HER LIKE A HAMMER BLOW. SHE'S ANGRY, EMBARRASSED, HUMILIATED ALL AT ONCE.

SHE KICKS A TYRE SPILLING BITS OF POPCORN, THEN TURNS ON HER HEEL AND STORMS OFF

TICKET BOX:

DONALD WALKS UP TO THE TICKET-BOX, LUGGING HIS SUITCASE. HE BUYS A TICKET WITH THE FIVE DOLLAR NOTE, CHECKS HIS CHANGE AND WALKS OFF INTO THE DARK OF THE DRIVE-IN.

DRIVE-IN CAFETERIA:

AT A TABLE OUTSIDE THE CAFETERIA BERNIE AND SANDY ARE SITTING, SANDY MUNCHING HIS CROWDED HAMBURGER. WE FOLLOW THEIR GAZE ACROSS TO ANOTHER TABLE WHERE LYNDA IS SITTING, STONEY FACED, WATCHING THE SCREEN

MUNCHING POPCORN AND STUDIOUSLY IGNORING BRIAN WHO IS LEANING DOWN TO HER, TALKING. EVENTUALLY BRIAN GIVES UP RETURNS TO THE TABLE WITH BERNIE AND SANDY

BRIAN. (AS HE PLONKS DOWN) Prick teaser.

BERNIE AND SANDY LAUGH KNOWINGLY.

BERNIE NUDGES HIM.

GETS UP SAUNTERS OVER TO LYNDA'S TABLE

BERNIE. Ah g'day. . . ah Lynda. . .

SHE STARES FIXEDLY AHEAD

BERNIE. Want to come back to our car and stuff?

LYNDA. Piss off.

BERNIE LOOKS THROWN.

BERNIE. Eh?

LYNDA. You heard me.

BERNIE. But---

LYNDA. I'm waiting for someone.

BERNIE. Well what do you want for \$1.50?  
Rock Hudson?

BERNIE COMES BACK TO SANDY AND BRIAN

BERNIE. It was touch and go but-- I'm there with a chance.

BRIAN. Bullshit.

NOW IT'S BRIAN'S TURN TO LAUGH

BERNIE. Righto, Sandy.

LOOKS SHOCKED.

SANDY. What?

BRIAN. Your turn.

SANDY NOT SURE

BERNIE. Go on-- she's dying for you.

SANDY TENDS TO DOUBT IT, SWALLOWS HARD.

BRIAN. Ya not scared, are ya?

SANDY SLOWLY PUTS HIS HAMBURGER DOWN, WIPES HIS LIPS

SANDY. 'Course not.

BERNIE. Well off ya go.

SANDY STEELS HIMSELF, WALKS OVER.

SANDY. (SMILES AS HE COMES UP TO HER)

Hi--

LYNDA IGNORES HIM.

SANDY. I, ahm-- I suppose a root'd be  
out of the question?

SHE TIPS THE REST OF HER STRAWBERRY MILKSHAKE ALL OVER HIM.

ACROSS THE WAY, BERNIE AND BRIAN BREAK-UP LAUGHING.

MICK'S CAR

DONALD IS WALKING ALONG A ROW OF CARS, CARRYING HIS SUITCASE AND LOOKING AROUND FOR MICK'S CAR. EVENTUALLY HE SPOTS IT, COMES UP BUT DISCOVERS IT TO BE APPARENTLY EMPTY. HE PUTS HIS NOSE AGAINST A WINDOW, SQUINTS IN, KNOCKING ON THE ROOF.

DONALD. Anybody home?

MICK APPEARS FROM UNDER THE BACK SEAT, NAKED FROM THE WAIST UP.

MICK. Geez, Donald, ya timing's a bit off, mate.

BERNIE'S CAR:

BERNIE, SANDY, BRIAN, COME BACK INTO THE CAR.

BERNIE PUTTING THE FRONT SEATS BACK UP AS SANDY GETS IN THE PASSENGER SIDE, WIPING THE MILKSHAKE OFF HIS HAIR AND SHIRT.

SANDY. God that stuff is amazing (STILL MUNCHING-- THIS TIME A HOT DOG)

BRIAN. (IN THE BACK) Got the munchies, Sandy?

SANDY. Mmm. Mmm (THROUGH A MOUTHFUL OF FOOD)

BERNIE. Good heh?

SANDY. I'm tripping, man--

BERNIE REACHES INTO THE GLOVE BOX, TAKES OUT A MATCH-BOX, GIVES IT TO SANDY AND TAKES HIS HOT-DOG.

BERNIE. Roll another one.

SANDY. Man, I'm so high, I feel like a parachute.

BERNIE INSISTS

BERNIE. Go on-- roll another one.

SANDY WIPES HIS HANDS ON THE SIDES OF HIS TROUSERS.

SANDY. Far out.

HE GETS THE PAPERS READY AND OPENS THE MATCH-BOX . . .  
UPSIDE DOWN. LITTLE GRAINS OF HASH SPILL ALL OVER  
HIS LAP AND DOWN INTO THE DARK OF THE CAR FLOOR.

BERNIE. Ah-- Sandy, shit !



42

MICK'S CAR (TRAVELLING)

NIGHT

MICK  
DONALD  
ELAINE  
GAIL

MICK, ELAINE, GAIL, AND DONALD ARE ALL CRUSHED INTO THE FRONT SEAT, DRIVING HOME FROM THE MOVIES.

DONALD. (A LITTLE PEEVED) I just thought you might be able to put me up that's all.

MICK. I'd love to mate, but there's all the rellies down for the weekend-- for the ball. it's the kid sister's coming out. Y'know what they're like.

DONALD. Yeah, yeah, OK.

MICK. I'm sorry Donald.

DONALD. (ANGRY) Yeah, OK!

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY OF THE OTHERS CAN HELP HIM MUCH EITHER. WE HEAR THE END OF A DJ'S BLURB ON THE CAR RADIO, MICK GRINS, TURNS THE VOLUME UP.

MICK. Here's a song for you, Donald.

WE HEAR "DON'T SLEEP IN THE SUBWAY, DARLIN'"  
DONALD ISN'T AMUSED. NONE OF THE OTHERS SEEM TO BE IN A POSITION TO HELP HIM OUT EITHER. IN ANY CASE HE ISN'T ASKING.

MICK. Look, they're probably over it by now, I mean if ya went home. . .

WE CUT OUTSIDE THE CAR AND SEE IT PULL UP BESIDE A SUBURBAN SPORTS OVAL. DONALD GETS OUT AND PULLS HIS SUITCASE OFF THE BACK SEAT. SLAMS THE DOOR AND THE CAR TAKES OFF



DONALD WATCHES IT DISAPPEAR, AND THEN TURNS TO SURVEY THE NEARBY GRANDSTAND. HE TAKES HIS CASE OVER TO A NEARBY STREET LAMP, OPENS IT RUMMAGES THROUGH AND FINDS A PHOTOGRAPH OF LYNDA. HE TAKES IT OUT, LOOKS AT IT FOR A MOMENT.

VOICED OVER, WITH A SLIGHT ECHO WE HEAR THE OLD MAN'S VOICE.

MR. JOHNSON (VO) And never darken my door  
again. . .

**43** DRIVE-IN

NIGHT

LYNDA

EXTRAS

CLOSE ON LYNDA SITTING OUTSIDE THE CAFETERIA WATCHING  
THE END OF "BLOW-UP"

ON THE SCREEN HEMMINGS IS WATCHING THE MIME TROUPE  
PLAY THEIR IMAGINARY GAME OF TENNIS. . .

ON LYNDA, SHE'S VULNERABLE AND ALONE. HER EYES FOLLOW  
THE PROGRESS OF THE IMAGINARY GAME ON THE SCREEN, THE ONLY  
SOUND BEING THE "PONG" OF THE SCREEN TENNIS BALL AS IT  
"BOUNCES" FROM ONE PLAYER TO ANOTHER.

WE HOLD ON LYNDA AND SLOW FADE TO BLACK. . . .

SUPER TITLE: "SATURDAY"

THE SOUND OF THE TENNIS BALL FADES INTO THE SOUND OF  
LEATHER ON WILLOW. . . THERE'S A HIT, A CRY OF

TEAM. Owzat?!

AND THEN SCATTERED CLAPPING

WE FADE UP ON DONALD--

44

DRESSING SHED-- CRICKET GROUND -POOLDAY

DONALD  
SANDY  
BERNIE  
ELAINE  
GAIL  
EXTRAS

DONALD IS WOKEN BY THE SOUND OF CLAPPING.  
HE'S BEEN SLEEPING ON THE BENCH ALONG ONE WALL OF  
THE DRESSING SHED. THE SUN STREAMS IN ON HIM FROM  
A WINDOW HIGHER UP ON THE WALL. HE UNRAVELS HIS COAT  
FROM BEING A PILLOW AND CHUCKS IT BACK IN HIS BAG.

HE LOOKS AT THE SUITCASE FOR A MOMENT, WONDERING  
WHETHER TO DUMP IT OR NOT.

SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE BIRDS ARE CHIRPING. IT'S A NICE, HOT  
SUMMER'S DAY.

DONALD PICKS UP THE SUITCASE, SHOVES IT THROUGH THE  
WINDOW HIGHER UP, JUMPS UP ON THE BENCH, PUSHES IT  
THROUGH AND SCRAMBLES THROUGH AFTER IT.

AS HE COMES OUT OF THE DRESSING SHED WE PAN WITH HIS  
GAZE AND DISCOVER A CRICKET GAME IN PROGRESS ON THE  
OVAL BEFORE HIM.

BERNIE IS BATTING, HE FACES HIS FIRST BALL. . . AND  
IS CAUGHT IN SLIPS. THERE'S ANOTHER CRY OF

TEAM. OWeatt

AND BERNIE TAKES THE LONG WALK BACK.

DONALD WANDERS OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE CRICKET FIELD, ROLLING A SMOKE. AS SOON AS HE LIGHTS IT THOUGH HE'S CAUGHT IN A FIT OF UNCONTROLLABLE COUGHING. AS HE RECOVERS SLIGHTLY. . .

WE FOLLOW DONALD'S GAZE A LITTLE FURTHER ACROSS AND DISCOVER A PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL BESIDE THE CRICKET OVAL.

ON THE DIVING TOWER WE SEE GAIL ABOUT TO TAKE THE PLUNGE. DONALD WATCHES HER KEENLY AND TIME SEEMS TO SLOW DOWN AS SHE EXECUTES A PERFECT, SLOWLY ARCHING DIVE AND SPLASHES INTO THE WATER. DONALD'S HEART (WHICH HE'S STILL HOLDING FROM THE COFF) GOES OUT TO HER. EVEN THE SOUND OF THE CRICKET GAME IS REASSURING. HIS FIRST DAY OF REAL FREEDOM, AND SOMEHOW HE LIKES THE TASTE OF IT.



DOWN BESIDE A ROW OF CARS ON THE EDGE OF THE CRICKET GAME BERNIE HANDS HIS BAT OVER TO SANDY WHO'S HURRIEDLY PUTTING ON SOME PADS.

SANDY. Jesus, Bernie, what's happening out there?

BERNIE. Sorry, mate, I'm. . . ah just having a little trouble focussing this morning.

SANDY. (KNOWING) Ah-- yeah. . .

SANDY IS VERY AWARE OF ELAINE WATCHING THE GAME  
NEARBY FROM THE COMFORT OF BERNIE'S 1800.

BERNIE IS LOOKING AT THEIR FAST BOWLER.

BERNIE. Look, face it, Sandy, nobody  
can beat the bastard, they're  
coming down about a hundred miles  
an hour. . .

SANDY IS TALKING JUST LOUD ENOUGH SO ELAINE CAN  
HEAR

SANDY. (SUPREMEY CONFIDANT) Well maybe  
it's about time a man took the  
crease.

AND WALKS ON, PULLING AT HIS GLOVES. THE OPPOSING  
TEAM CLAPS THE ON-COMING CAPTAIN.

ON ELAINE WATCHING SANDY.

ON SANDY HOLDING UP HIS BAT IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF  
THE APPLAUSE.

HE SETTLES IN FRONT OF THE STUMPS, CHECKS THE MIDDLE  
STUMP POSITION WITH THE HELP OF THE UMPIRE, LOOKS  
AROUND AT THE DISPOSITION OF THE FIELD AND FACES THE  
FIRST BALL. . . AN HORRENDOUSLY FAST BOUNCER.  
SANDY MANAGES TO DUCK ONLY JUST IN TIME AS IT  
ROCKETS OVER HIS HEAD. NOW HE'S WORRIED.

ACROSS AT THE POOL:



DONALD SUCKS ON AN ICEBLOCK AS HE COUNTS HIS CHANGE (NOW DOWN TO LESS THAN TWO DOLLARS) AND LUGS HIS SUITCASE ACROSS TO WHERE MICK IS LYING CONTENTEDLY IN THE SUN. DONALD HAS A PAIR OF CUT DOWN JEANS ON.

MICK. (AS DONALD COMES UP) G'iss a lick?

DONALD IS STILL SORE WITH MICK, STILL PISSED OFF THAT NOBODY WOULD PUT HIM UP LAST NIGHT.

DONALD. Yeah?  
What's in it for me?

MICK. I'll lend ya me goggles.

DONALD. Goggles? What do I want goggles for?

MICK. Wait till you try 'em.

MICK HOLDS DONALD'S HAND AND LICKS THE ICE-BLOCK ALL OVER.

DONALD. Hey!

DONALD PULLS THE ICEBLOCK AWAY, BUT SUDDENLY LOSES INTEREST IN IT NOW THAT MICK'S SUCKED IT ALL OVER.

DONALD.            Ah-- stick it.

HE GIVES THE ICE-BLOCK TO MICK, TAKES THE GOGGLES DISINTERESTEDLY, HE'S GOT TO HAVE THEM NOW THAT IT'S COST HIM AN ICE-BLOCK, PUTS THEM ON AND DIVES-IN

SUDDENLY A WHOLE WONDER-WORLD OPENS UP. A WORLD BENEATH THE SWIMMING POOL THAT DONALD WAS NEVER AWARE OF. EVERYWHERE HE LOOKS THERE ARE PAIRS OF WOMEN'S LEGS DANGLING THERE, TREADING WATER-- A PERVE'S PARADISE. DONALD TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND CONTINUES TO EXPLORE THIS NEW LANDSCAPE. HE'S AMAZED AT SO MUCH VISUAL EXCITEMENT. HE GOES UNDER AGAIN, PUSHES OFF FROM THE SIDE ON HIS BACK NOW, LOOKING UP AT THE BRILLIANT MIRROR EFFECT CREATED ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. HE BREAKS THE SURFACE FOR ANOTHER BREATH.

LIKE A FLASH HE'S AWARE OF EVERYONE ELSE IN THE POOL IN A TOTALLY NEW WAY-- SUDDENLY HE LOVES THEM ALL.

ACROSS THE WAY SANDY IS FACING ANOTHER BALL

CRICKET MATCH:

IT PELTS TOWARDS HIM AT A TERRIFIC PACE. THIS TIME SANDY JUST MANAGES TO SWIVEL OUT OF THE WAY. BERNIE, ON THE SIDE-LINES, SWINGS HIS HIPS IN COMIC IMITATION OF SANDY'S FLIGHT, ELAINE AND THE OTHERS LAUGH.

TENTATIVELY, SANDY IS FACING ANOTHER BALL. IT TEARS TOWARDS HIM, HE SWINGS FOR THE BIG HIT, AND IS BOWLED MIDDLE STUMP. OUT FOR A DUCK, HOW HUMILIATING. HE TAKES THE LONG WALK BACK.

BERNIE IS BESIDE ELAINE IN HIS CAR.



BERNIE. I mean-- take the phrase . . .  
"sexual liberation" I mean, what  
does that mean, exactly?

ELAINE SHRUGS.

ELAINE. No more possessiveness

BERNIE. (CURIOUS, OFF HAND) Do you believe  
in free love?

SHE THINKS ABOUT IT.

ELAINE. I'd rather say it's "Priceless"

BERNIE. Feel like a drink or something?

ELAINE. Yeah-- OK. Can you drop me at Lynda's ?

BERNIE STARTS THE CAR UP, THEY BACK OUT AND ARE  
DRIVING OFF AS SANDY ARRIVES BACK AT THE TEAM.  
HE'S THROWING OFF THE GLOVES, DISGUSTED WITH  
HIMSELF. HE CAN'T HELP NOTICE ELAINE AND BERNIE  
GOING OFF TOGETHER. HE FOLLOWS THEIR EXIT ROUND  
THE FENCE OF THE SWIMMING POOL, THEN NOTICES GAIL  
COMING OUT ON THE DIVING TOWER. AGAIN TIME SEEMS TO  
SLOW DOWN AS (IN SLOW MOTION)

SWIMMING POOL:

GAIL EXECUTES ANOTHER PERFECT DIVE.  
SANDY'S HEART GOES WITH HER, AS IF WITH SOMEONE LIKE  
THAT BY YOUR SIDE YOU COULD ALMOST CONQUER THE WORLD,  
SHE CLOSES HER HANDS AT THE POINT OF CONTACTING THE  
WATER AND DISAPPEARS-- PERFECT, BEAUTIFUL COMPLETE.

UNDER THE WATER DONALD IS LURKING ABOUT, FROM ONE PAIR  
OF LEGS TO ANOTHER. HE CATCHES THE END OF GAIL'S  
DIVE AND FOLLOWS HER BODY TO THE SURFACE

DONALD. (SWIMMING NEAR HER) Beautiful.

SHE SMILES BACK AT HIM.

45

RECORD SHOP - ARCADE- "MYERS"

DAY

BRIAN  
 MRS. HAMILTON  
 GAIL  
 ELAINE  
 LYNDA  
 SHOP MANAGER

BRIAN IS AT WORK IN THE RECORD SHOP- HIS SATURDAY MORNING JOB. HE PUTS CREAM'S "WHITE ROOM" ON THE STEREO AND NOTICES SOMEBODY GETTING ONTO THE WEIGHING MACHINE IN THE ARCADE OUTSIDE THE SHOP.

IT'S MRS. HAMILTON (GAIL'S MOTHER). SHE APPROACHES THE MACHINE WITH A SIGN AND AN OLD SPEAKER ABOVE IT READING "HEAR YOUR WEIGHT".

SHE PUTS HER MONEY IN AND STEPS ON  
 THERE'S A SOUND OF STATIC FROM THE SPEAKER THEN

BRIAN. (VO-- PUTTING ON A VOICE)  
 One at a time, thanks.

MRS. HAMILTON LOOKS STARTLED, GLANCING UP AT THE SPEAKER

BRIAN. (VO) No doubling up thank you.

SHE STEPS BACK, PUZZLED.

MRS. HAMILTON. Where are you?

BRIAN. (VO) Where are you?

WE CUT TO BRIAN HUNDLED BY A MICROPHONE UNDER THE SHOP COUNTER, KILLING HIMSELF, LAUGHING

BRIAN. Over here.

ON MRS. HAMILTON, LOOKING AROUND, BECOMING QUITE UNAMUSED.

BRIAN. (70) No-- over here.

SHE WANDERS INTO THE SHOP.

BRIAN POPS UP FROM UNDER THE COUNTER, STIFLING A LAUGH, BENDING OVER A PILE OF RECORD COVERS WHICH HE STARTS SLIDING ONTO LPS.

MRS. HAMILTON IS ATTRACTED BY HIS SUDDEN APPEARANCE. SHE STARES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, FROWNS, UNSURE. THEN LOOKS AWAY, AS IF LOOKING FOR THE MANAGER.

BRIAN GLANCES UP FROM HIS RECORD COVERS AND SEES THAT IT'S GAIL'S MUM. THIS IS A BIT CLOSE FOR COMFORT SO HE QUICKLY DISAPPEARS AGAIN-- DROPPING OUT OF SIGHT BENEATH THE COUNTER.

AGAIN MRS. HAMILTON IS DRAWN BY THE SUDDEN MOVEMENT, BUT, BY THE TIME SHE LOOKS AROUND BRIAN IS GONE. NOW SHE'S EVEN MORE CONFUSED.

UNDER THE COUNTER BRIAN IS KILLING HIMSELF, TRYING NOT TO LAUGH OUT LOUD.

THERE'S A SHOP MANAGER STANDING BEHIND HIM. LOOKING RATHER STERN BRIAN REACTS.

AS GAIL SPOTS HER MOTHER FROM THE ARCADE . . .

GAIL. Mum--

MRS. HAMILTON LOOKS AROUND, COMES OUT TO HER DAUGHTER. GAIL'S HAIR IS STILL WET FROM THE DIVING. THEY WALK OFF TOWARDS "MYERS"

MRS. HAMILTON. You were late home last night  
dear. . .

GAIL. Yeah. I went to the pictures with Elaine  
and Lynda

MRS. HAMILTON. Oh-- I thought you had a lot of study on this weekend. . . ?

GAIL. Well, the films were very educational.

THOUGH NOT IN THE SENSE THAT MRS. HAMILTON WOULD EVER SUSPECT.

MRS. HAMILTON. That's nice, what were they called?

GAIL HAS TO STRUGGLE TO REMEMBER.

GAIL. Ahm-- "Blow-out" and the ahm. . . "Green something or other. . ."

MRS. HAMILTON. "Blow-out"?  
That's an unusual title.

GAIL. It was an unusual film.

MRS. HAMILTON. And what was it about?

GAIL. Photography, and that. (THEN QUICKLY IN ORDER TO GET OFF THE TOPIC)  
The other one was, ah, mainly historical.

THEY COME INTO "MYERS". GAIL HOPEING LIKE MAD NOBODY FROM SCHOOL WILL SPOT HER SHOPPING WITH HER MUM.  
MRS. HAMILTON LOOKS OVER A TABLE FULL OF LONG GLOVES.

MRS. HAMILTON. (SIGHS) I don't know-- I just find myself having the devils-own-job trying to get anything of quality these days.

MRS. HAMILTON PICKS UP A PAIR OF LONG WHITE GLOVES

MRS. HAMILTON. (HOLDING THEM AGAINST GAIL'S ARM TO TEST THE LENGTH) Now what about a nice pair of these to go with your dress for the ball tonight?

GAIL NEARLY DIES INSIDE. AT THE WORST POSSIBLE MOMENT SHE'S SPOTTED ELAINE AND LYNDA AT THE PADDED BRA COUNTER

GAIL. (WISHING SHE COULD ESCAPE)  
Mum, it's too hot for gloves.

MRS. HAMILTON. Nonsense, dear, you'd be utterly under-dressed without them.

ELAINE AND LYNDA ARE NUDGING EACH OTHER, SMIRKING AT GAIL'S PREDICAMENT, GAIL SUFFERS THROUGH IT.

MRS. HAMILTON. It's so important to look right for your Coming Out.

MEANWHILE ELAINE AND LYNDA ARE HAVING A GOOD CHUCKLE BOTH AT GAIL'S EXPENSE AND AT THE PADDED BRAS IN FRONT OF THEM. THEY LOOK OUTRAGEOUSLY LARGE LYNDA HOLDS ONE UP TO HER CHEST.

LYNDA. Well?

ELAINE. I think Mick's eyes would pop out.

LYNDA. (PUTTING THEM DOWN, ELAINE HAS STRUCK A SORE POINT) Yes-- well the less said about him. . . the better. . . (THEN SPOTTING ANOTHER TABLE) I would like a pair of hot pants, though. . .

LYNDA STUBS OUT A SMOKE, ELAINE CHECKS THROUGH THE HOT PANTS ON SPECIAL.

LYNDA. What gets me is that I only took up smoking 'cause of his breath-- when we both smoke I don't notice his breath anymore. . . only now it's over and all I'm left with is the . . . addiction.

## 46 POOL - CRICKET GROUND

DAY



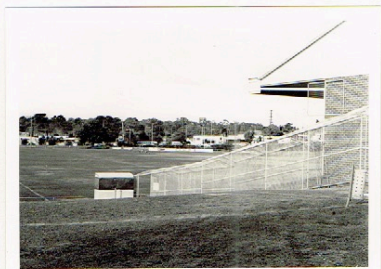
SANDY  
 BERNIE  
 BRIAN  
 EXTRAS  
 POOL MANAGER

IN THE POOL ALL ACTIVITY HAS COME TO A HALT AS  
 THE POOL MANAGER IS HOLDING FORTH FROM HIS  
 OBSERVATION ROOM. . . A COMMANDING SCOTTISH  
 ACCENT THAT DEMANDS ATTENTION -- AN OBSCURE FIGURE  
 IN DARK GLASSES. . .

MANAGER. . . . and a certain warning to  
 certain young men (SIGNIFICANT PAUSE,  
 HE WAITS TO LET IT SINK IN) there are  
 no "bombs" allowed in this pool complex--  
 either from the diving tower, or the  
 starting blocks, or the sides of the  
 pool .(ANOTHER SIGNIFICANT PAUSE)  
 Only the pool staff and I will decide  
 what is a "bomb" and what isn't . . .

WE PAN ACROSS TO THE CRICKET GROUND

CRICKET GROUND:



SANDY SITTING BESIDE BERNIE IN THE AUSTIN 1800 IS  
GLUMLY WATCHING THE REST OF HIS BATSMEN TUMBLE CHEAPLY

BERNIE. Ah, well-- every cloud has a  
silver lining.

SANDY. (SHORTS) Hmphf.

BERNIE. Or gold lining-- or blue lining as  
the case may be. . .

SANDY STUDIES HIM CURIOUSLY

SANDY. What are you on about?

BERNIE. Well the game isn't going to last  
the whole afternoon, right?

SANDY. No need to rub it in.

BERNIE. I'm on about (CONFIDENTIAL TONE)  
"gold tops" "blue meanies"

SANDY. What?

BERNIE. Mushies

SANDY JUST STARES AT HIM.

SANDY. How can you think of drugs at a time like this-- we're being humiliated out there.

BERNIE. What better way to kill the pain.

THERE'S A PAUSE

SANDY. You ever tried it before?

BRIAN COMES UP, PULLING OFF THE TIE HE'S HAD TO WORK IN. GETS INTO THE BACK SEAT, OVERHEARING THIS LAST.

BRIAN. Tried what?

BERNIE. Psylocibin.

SANDY. What?

BERNIE. Stacks of times

SANDY. What does it do?

BERNIE. Do? Everything. . . it just improves everything. . . you float man, you go to heaven. . .

BRIAN. I once saw the Blessed Virgin Mary on a mushroom trip.

SANDY. (DUBIOUS) Here we go.

BERNIE. I tell ya I've found this paddock. . . the cows are as high as kites.

BRIAN. (RUBBISHING) It even helps you keep it limp, Sandy.



47

"MYER'S" CHANGING ROOMDAY

LYNDA

ELAINE

LYNDA AND ELAINE HAVE SQUEEZED INTO ONE OF THE CHANGING ROOMS WITH ARM LOADS OF CLOTHES. . .

LYNDA. It's crazy-- I came in here looking for bikini's and now all I want is Indian gear. . .

SHE'S HOLDING A PAIR OF BIKINI'S AGAINST HER BODY.

LYNDA. Pity I can't afford them though. . .

IN A MONTAGE SEQUENCE WE SEE ELAINE AND LYNDA TRYING ON SEVERAL DIFFERENT COMBINATIONS OF CLOTHES-- CHECKING THEMSELVES OUT IN THE MIRROR.

ON THE SHOP STEREO: LENNON AND McARTNEY'S "GIRL"

"Is there anybody going to listen to my story  
All about the girl who came to stay--  
She's the kind of girl you want so much it makes you sorry  
Still you don't regret a single day. . . "

AS THEY FILE BACK ON THEIR STREET CLOTHES WE SEE THAT SEVERAL SHOP ITEMS TEND TO STAY IN PLACE. LYNDA GETS READY TO GO OUT LOOKING LIKE SHE'S PUT ON ABOUT 40 POUNDS.

WE DISSOLVE THROUGH THE MIRROR TO,

48

SANDY'S HOUSE

DAY



SANDY  
BRIAN  
BERNIE

DISSOLVING OUT OF THE SHOP MIRROR INTO THE MIRROR IN  
SANDY'S BATHROOM, HE'S LATHERED HIMSELF UP FOR A SHAVE. . .

SANDY. Elaine. . .

BRIAN COMES IN, RUBBISHING.

BRIAN. You've got no chance. . .  
(INDICATING THE CREAM)

SANDY. What's this, bumfluff?

SANDY. Tonight's the night, man.  
This is serious.

BRIAN. It'll be serious alright, if you  
you nick any more veins we'll have  
to call the blood bank.

SANDY. Ah-- (GIVES HIM THE TWO UP)  
What's with the poofy skiv then?  
(REFERRING TO BRIAN'S WHITE COTTON SKIVVY)

BRIAN IS CAREFULLY ADJUSTING THE COLLAR IN THE MIRROR

BRIAN. This is my insurance policy, pal.

SANDY. (RINSING HIS SHAVING GEAR)  
(DUBIOUS) Oh yeah--

BRIAN. It's all part of the technique.  
As soon as things start getting  
a little warm with her, naturally  
you have to take the skivvy off.

SANDY PATS HIS BLOOD SPOTS WITH A TOWEL, FOLLOWS  
BRIAN THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN

BRIAN. And that brother, is your big chance--  
you've got to claim as much skin  
contact as quickly as possible. . .

THEY COME UP TO WHERE BERNIE IS EMPTYING A CAN OF SOUP  
INTO THE WATER BUBBLING ON THE STOVE. LAID OUT NEARBY  
IS A PILE OF EVIL LOOKING MUSHROOMS.

BRIAN. Once large areas of your skin meet  
large areas of her skin sexual acceleration  
is absolutely sure to flow. . .

SANDY. (TO BERNIE) Are you sure they're the  
right colour? (STABBING AT ONE WITH  
A DOUBTFUL FINGER)

BERNIE. Yeah-- course, "gold tops," right?

SANDY. Looks more like an orange toadstool  
to me.

BERNIE. Look-- just put the South American flute  
music on while I get the peanut butter and  
mint jelly sandwiches.

49

RAILWAY STATION

DAY

DONALD

RAILWAY CLERK

EXTRAS

DONALD IS AT THE TICKET BOX, HIS SUITCASE BESIDE HIM.

- DONALD. No, I don't want a ticket now--  
I just wondered if I could leave me  
suitcase here.
- CLERK. You can't leave your suitcase till  
you've got a ticket, mate.
- DONALD. Well how much is a student concession  
to Sydney.
- CLERK. Sitter?
- DONALD. Yeah.
- CLERK. Got your card?
- DONALD. What card?
- CLERK. Gotta get a card signed by your headmaster.

THAT'S A BIT OF A BLOW

- DONALD. But it's Saturday-- the school's  
closed.
- CLERK. Sorry mate, no can do.
- DONALD. Well can I leave it here till I get  
the card?
- CLERK. You can put a deposit down. . .
- DONALD. How much is that?
- CLERK. Ten percent of the fare.

DONALD CHECKS HIS MONEY. ABOUT A DOLLAR FIFTY LEFT.

HE SMILES FEBBLY AT THE CLERK. PICKS UP HIS BAG WALKS OUT.

50

SANDY'S PLACE

DAY



SANDY  
 BRIAN  
 BERNIE  
 DONALD

SANDY HAS PULLED THE CURTAINS ACROSS AND MADE IT DARK ENOUGH FOR THEM TO LIGHT A FEW CANDLES AROUND THE FLOOR.

"FLUTES OF THE ANDES" IS ON THE STEREO.

THERE'S A BOWL OF SOUP, HALF EMPTY, IN FRONT OF THEM

SANDY. (AFTER A PAUSE) Are you getting anything?

BERNIE. (PAUSE) Not sure--- are you?

SANDY. (PAUSE) Yeah. . . sort of  
 (TO BRIAN) Are you?

BRIAN. (PAUSE) Sort of. . . (TO BERNIE) Are you?

BERNIE. (PAUSE) Yeah. . . sort of.

SANDY. (PAUSE) Yeah, but it's not like last night, though.

BERNIE. Ah-- they put horse tranquiliser in the imported stuff, y'know.

SANDY. Jesus, do they?!

BRIAN. Cyanide.

BERNIE. So-- this is more like the real thing.

BRIAN. Only different

SANDY. Is it?

THERE'S A LONG PAUSE. IT'S ALL VERY LAID BACK AND SLOW.

BERNIE. I'm not so sure I am getting anything.

SANDY. Me either.

THERE'S A PAUSE THEY BOTH LOOK TO BRIAN.

BRIAN. Yeah-- sort of

THEY HAVE THE TELEVISION SWITCHED ON WITH THE SOUND DOWN. "SIX O'CLOCK ROCK" IS ON.

BRIAN. So how come these cows can get it and we can't

BERNIE. It always takes longer the first time.

SANDY (PAUSE) Does it?

BERNIE. (PAUSE) Yeah.

SANDY. I'm not hungry either-- not like last night.

BRIAN. Why don't we change that frigging flute music!

SANDY. I've got a better idea--  
why don't we sign a contract.

BERNIE. What?

SANDY. Whoever dies first, gives all he  
has to the other two.

BRIAN. You're stoned alright.

SANDY. No-- serious, we'll draw it up and  
sign it now.

BERNIE. Invalidated by murder.

SANDY. What?

BERNIE. Otherwise it'd be too easy.  
Brian could kill you and we'd get  
this house.

BRIAN. I could kill him anyway-- sometimes.

SANDY. What about suicide?

THERE'S A RING ON THE DOORBELL.  
EVERYBODY FREEZES.

SANDY. Shit!

THEN SOMETHING LIKE BLIND PANIC BREAKS OUT

BERNIE. Get rid of the stuff!

SANDY. Where?

BERNIE. Where d'ya reckon?

SANDY GRABS THE BOWL OF SOUP, RUSHES TO THE TOILET  
AND FLUSHES IT DOWN, BERNIE GRABS THE BOWLS AND  
STARTS RINSING THEM IN THE KITCHEN. BRIAN GOES AROUND  
BLOWING OUT CANDLES, TRYING TO AIR THE ROOM, HIDING THE

"FLUTES OF THE ANDES" ETC ETC.

THE DOOR BELL RINGS AGAIN, MORE INSISTANTLY.

BERNIE. (SCRAPING BITS OF MUSHROOM OFF  
THE KITCHEN BENCH) Get it quick!

SANDY. We're not ready.

BERNIE. Y'can't leave it too long or they  
will get suspicious.

SANDY BRACES HIMSELF

SANDY. (WEAKLY) Coming (THEN FIRMER)  
COMING!

AND STRIDES TO THE FRONT DOOR.

HE OPENS IT TO DISCOVER DONALD STANDING THERE WITH  
HIS SUITCASE.

DONALD. G'day.

SANDY. Ah-- Jesus!

DONALD LOOKS A BIT PUT OUT.

DONALD. I just wondered if I could leave me  
case here till the party tonight.

SANDY. What party?

DONALD. (PUSHING PAST HIM) God Sandy, wake-up.

SANDY. How did you find out?

DONALD. How did I find out?  
The word's all over town, mate.



BERNIE. Donald!

DONALD. What's going on?

SANDY. Well-- you might as well come  
in and have a mushie now that  
you're here.

BRIAN. They're all gone Sandy.

BERNIE. Oh well-- back to the paddock.

MUSIC OVER: MARY HOPKINS' "THOSE WERE THE DAYS, MY FRIEND. . . ."

**51** Paddock

DAY

DONALD

SANDY

BERNIE

BRIAN

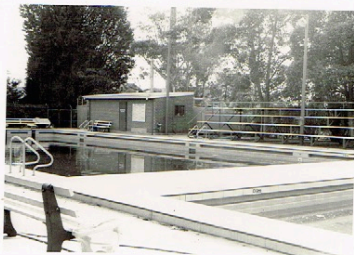
"THOSE WERE THE DAYS" CONTINUE OVER THE BOYS  
TENTATIVE RETURN TO THEIR MAGIC Paddock.

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS OF THEM, IN A PARTICULARLY  
PARANOID STATE DASHING AROUND CHECKING OUT ALL  
THE COW MANURE

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER . . .

## 52 POOL

DAY



ELAINE  
 LYNDA  
 MICK  
 ADRIAN  
 BERNIE  
 BRIAN  
 DONALD  
 SANDY  
 EXTRAS  
 GAIL

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS" CONTINUE OVER:

MICK ELAINE ADRIAN AND LYNDA IN A GROUP, LYING ON TOWELS. LYNDA IS COATING HERSELF WITH SUNTAN OIL. WE NOTICE THAT SHE'S WEARING THE BIKINI SHE SAID SHE COULDN'T AFFORD.

LYNDA IS CHATTING CONFIDENTIALLY TO ELAINE

ELAINE. True love only comes with men,  
 not boys.

LYNDA. Mmm.

WATCHED BY HALF A DOZEN PAIRS OF MALE EYES, LYNDA IS TAKING HER T-SHIRT OFF. THE TWO GIRLS STROLL ACROSS THE GRASS TO TEST THE WATER

ELAINE. That's why I envy you and Mick  
 so much.

LYNDA. You're not having it on with  
Bernie, then?

ELAINE. Oh-- he's alright. . .  
someone to practice my kissing technique  
on I suppose. But we're not serious.

LYNDA. Don't count on it.

ELAINE. That's the trouble with boys.  
You only want to experiment with them  
a bit and they're always falling in  
goddamn love with you.

THEY DIVE IN.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POOL, BERNIE, BRIAN, SANDY,  
AND DONALD ARRIVE, GO STRAIGHT FOR THE WATER.

SANDY SURFACES NEAR WHERE GAIL IS FLOATING  
AROUND.

SANDY. Hi. . .

GAIL. Hullo

SANDY. Just wanted to ask you over to our  
place tonight.

LYNDA SWIMS UP

LYNDA. Yeah-- we're coming. Mick heard  
about it days ago.

SANDY LOOKS A BIT WORRIED.

SANDY. Mick?

LYNDA. Yeah.

SANDY. It's just a few friends, y'know.

GAIL. (WRY GRIN) I heard it was going  
to be a real happening, Sandy.

SANDY. Oh god, no!  
It's going to be really low key.  
Ultra cool-- just a handful of  
people really. . .

**53** SANDY'S PLACE

NIGHT



SANDY  
WALD  
BY EXTRAS

CLOSE ON A RECORD PLAYER WITH TWENTY CENTS RIDING ON THE NEEDLE. THE PLACE IS PACKED TO THE RAFTERS, WITH EVEN MORE PEOPLE COMING IN ! THE AIR THICK WITH SMOKE AND EVERYBODY DANCING TO THE WHO'S "TALKIN ABOUT MY GENERATION" EVERYBODY KNOWS THE WORDS AND THE WHOLE PLACE SINGS ALONG, CLAPPING AND STAMPING AT THE APPROPRIATE MOMENTS.

OFF TO ONE CORNER, BEING EDGED OUT OF THE CROWD IS A VERY NERVOUS LOOKING SANDY. HE WEARS A BLACK POLO NECK SKIVVY.

DONALD FINGERS IT AS HE COMES UP, HOLDING A BOTTLE OF CREME DE MENTHE. . .

DONALD. Y'a bit overdressed, aren't ya mate?

SANDY. (OFF HAND) Just part of the technique.

DONALD. Can't be workin too well-- you look a bit pale.

SANDY. Oh huh! Yeah?

DONALD. What's the matter

SANDY. Dunno-- dunno if the mushies were the full quid.

DONALD LOOKS A BIT WORRIED HIMSELF.

54 GAIL'S HOUSE

NIGHT



GAIL  
 BRIAN  
 MRS. HAMILTON

MRS. HAMILTON (STILL IN HER DRESSING GOWN, WITH HER HAIR FRESHLY PERMED) OPENS THE DOOR, TO DISCOVER BRIAN STANDING THERE. HE'S WEARING A DINNER SUIT AND CARRIES A CORSAGE. . .

MRS. HAMILTON IS VERY PLEASED TO SEE HIM. IS ALL OVER HIM LIKE A RASH.

MRS. HAMILTON. Oh come in Brian. . .

BRIAN. (FEELING REALLY AWKWARD, THRUSTS THE ORCHID FORWARD) For. . . for Gail

MRS. HAMILTON. Isn't that splendid!

BRIAN. It's ah, Captain Cook. . .

MRS. HAMILTON. Here she is now.

GAIL COMES THROUGH-- SHE'S DRESSED IN A LONG, FORMAL DRESS. HER HAIR DONE UP, SHE SEEMS EQUALLY OUT OF PLACE.

MRS. HAMILTON. I'll just go and put my face on. . .

THE MOTHER EXITS TOWARDS HER BEDROOM..

BRIAN AND GAIL, SHE BREAKS THE ICE FIRST.

GAIL. You look a right, monkey!  
(LAUGHS)

BRIAN. (TUGGING A FINGER BEHIND HIS WHITE  
SKIVVY) Feel like one too.

GAIL. Why did you come, anyway--  
it's going to be so boring.

BRIAN. Your mother likes me.

GAIL. Only because your old man's a  
dentist.

BRIAN. And a Rotarian. . .

HE SMILES, THERE'S A PAUSE, HANDS HER THE ORCHID.

BRIAN. I think you're supposed to put this  
on somewhere. . .

GAIL. Thank you (SNIPPS IT)

BRIAN. They don't smell.

SHE PUTS IT DOWN.

GAIL. Anyway, you didn't have to say yes.

BRIAN. I know-- maybe I just wanted to be  
with you

GAIL BLUSHES, SHE'S RATHER TOUCHED.



**55** SANDY'S HOUSE

NIGHT

DONALD  
SANDY  
MANDY  
MANY EXTRAS

BY NOW "MULTIPLICATION-- THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME"  
HAS REPLACED "THE WHO". EVERYBODY DANCING AND SINGING  
ALONG AS BEFORE.

THERE'S THE CRASH OF A BROKEN GLASS AND A ROAR OF  
APPROVAL FROM THE CROWD.

ABOUT KNEE LEVEL SANDY IS CRAWLING AROUND,  
MANICALLY EMPTYING ASH TRAYS, COLLECTING EMPTY BOTTLES ETC.

HE CRAWLS PAST A PAIR OF FEET THAT SEEM TO BE DANGLING  
IN MID-AIR. THE DENSITY OF THE CROWD IS SO GREAT THAT  
THIS SMALLER KID IS JUST HELD UP THERE BY THE CRUSH  
OF PEOPLE AROUND HIM.

SANDY ONLY ALLOWS HIMSELF A MOMENT TO CONSIDER THE  
HORRIFIC RAMIFICATIONS OF THIS BEFORE CRAWLING ON, ON  
HIS TIDY UP MISSION. HE LURCHES PAST DONALD, LYING  
ON THE FLOOR IN A CORNER, HIS BACK PROPPED AGAINST THE  
WALL, PASHING OFF MANDY. SANDY NOTES THE LENGTH OF THE  
KISS, MOVES ON SHAKING HIS HEAD.

EVENTUALLY DONALD AND MANDY BREAK OFF CONTACT, KISS AGAIN,  
BREAK OFF AGAIN.

DONALD. (ADORINGLY INTO HER EYES)  
Mandy---

MANDY. (DREAMILY) Mmmm?

DONALD. Listen, Mandy, I'd really like to  
sleep with you tonight

SANDY CRAWLING PAST.

SANDY. You'd like to sleep anywhere as long  
as it isn't in the shit-house again.

DONALD. Cut it out, Sandy.

SANDY LAUGHS AND CRAWLS OFF.

MANDY. (THROWING HERSELF AT HIM)

OH Donald. . .

DONALD PULLS BACK A BIT.

MANDY. What's wrong?

DONALD. (FROWNS) Dunno. . . (THINKS A MOMENT)

Excuse me.

HE MAKES A MAD DASH THROUGH THE CROWD AND BURSTS INTO  
THE TOILET. THEN UNLOADS HIS LUNCH.

AFTER SOME MOMENTS OF AGONY, HE FEELS BETTER AGAIN.  
THEN LOOKS DOWN INTO THE BOWL.

DONALD. Bloody mushrooms!

## 56 BALLROOM

NIGHT



BRIAN  
GAIL  
MR. HURLEY  
ASSORTED CLERGY  
EXTRAS

FROM THE CHAOS, HEAVY ROCK AND CRAZINESS OF THE PARTY  
TO THE SOBER RESTRAINT OF THE LOCAL BALLROOM.

WE TILT DOWN FROM A BANNER READING:

"JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ANNUAL DEB BALL"

TO DISCOVER A THREE PIECE BAND (PIANO, DRUMS AND SAX)  
PLAYING "WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING"

ON THE DANCE FLOOR A DOZEN OR SO YOUNG COUPLES  
(DINNER SUITS AND LONG DRESSES) ARE DANCING FORMALLY.

ON THE SIDELINES ARE THE PROUD PARENTS, A COUPLE OF NUNS,  
MONSIGNOR KENNEDY, AND MR. HURLEY, THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

THERE ISN'T MUCH LONG HAIR ABOUT, IT'S ALTOGETHER VERY  
RESTRAINED. BRIAN IS THE ONLY ODD ONE OUT-- HIS WHITE  
SKIVVY A DIRECT CONTRAST TO THE OTHER MEN IN WHITE SHIRTS  
AND BOW TIES

HE TAKES A SOFT DRINK OFF A TRAY BEING CARRIED  
AROUND BY A WAITER AND MOVES ON TO HOVER, HOPEFULLY  
AROUND THE BOOZE TABLE, JUST AS GAIL COMES UP.

GAIL. (HOLDING A DANCE CARD)  
Can I pencil you in for the  
Pride of Erin and the Tango?

BRIAN. Don't be ridiculous, Gail

SHE LOOKS MOCK HURT.

BRIAN. (PULLING A FINGER ROUND THE COLLAR  
OF HIS SKIVVY) I don't dance at  
funerals.

GAIL. Trying to cover the love bites, Brian?  
(GRINNING)

MR. HURLEY LEANS OUT FROM THE DANCE FLOOR

MR. HURLEY. At least you could have worn  
a tie like anyone else

AND GOES ON PAST, TOWARDS A TABLE. MR. HURLEY (THE HEADMASTER)  
IS DEMONSTRATING HIS WONDERFUL ABILITY TO CARRY ABOUT  
SEVEN GLASSES OF BEER.

BRIAN DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING, JUST ROLLS HIS EYES.  
IF ONLY HE COULD SAFELY GET HIS HANDS ON SOME OF  
THE Grog. HE NOTICES AN OPENED CARTON OF BAROSSA PEARL  
UNDER THE BOOZE TABLE, EDGES TOWARDS IT.

CUT TO SEVERAL SHOTS OF YOUNG AND OLD COUPLES DANCING.  
HAVING A FORMAL GOOD TIME.

57

SANDY'S HOUSE

NIGHT

SANDY  
DONALD  
ELAINE  
KAREN  
EXTRAS

BACK AT THE PARTY AN AD HOC BAND HAS FORMED FROM A NUMBER OF KIDS WHO JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE BROUGHT THEIR INSTRUMENTS ALONG. THEY'RE HEAVILY INTO A VERY LOUD JAM. . .

AMIDST THE CRUSH SANDY'S HEART SINKS AS HE SPOTS ELAINE COMING IN WITH A LARGE GROUP OF GATE CRASHERS.

HE COMPOSES HIMSELF, MOVES FORWARD, SHOVELLING HIS WAY TOWARDS HER, YELLING THROUGH THE DIN

SANDY. ELAINE!

BUT SHE'S IN A CRUSH HERSELF AND IS MOVED AGAINST HER WILL, AND WITHOUT HEARING, AWAY FROM SANDY. . .

SANDY PUSHES ON PAST A ROOM, INSIDE OF WHICH WE DISCOVER DONALD SITTING UP ON A BED WITH ANOTHER GIRL. THEY'RE LAUGHING AT SOME JOKE, HE STILL CARRIES THE BOTTLE OF CREME DE MENTHE.

EVENTUALLY AS THE LAUGHTER SUBSIDES

DONALD. Listen, I'd really like to spend the night with you, Karen. . .

**58**

LYNDA'S HOUSE

NIGHT

MICK

MRS. CUTHBERT

MICK IS REALLY DRUNK, STAGGERING AROUND OUTSIDE  
THE HOUSE.

HE CHUCKS A ROCK ON THE ROOF.

MICK.       Why doncha just come on out and  
              bloody talk to me Mrs. Cuthbert you  
              old sow!

(THROWS ANOTHER ROCK)

I KNOW you're in there!

(YELLING) LYNDA DAAAAAAAAA!

MRS. CUTHBERT (VOICE OVER-- THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR)  
Go away! She's not here.

MICK.       Well where the fucken hell is she  
              then?

59

SANDY'S HOUSE

NIGHT

LYNDA  
 MANDY  
 DONALD  
 SANDY  
 ELAINE  
 BERNIE  
 EXTRAS

LYNDA IS HYSTERICAL DRUNK, HER MASCARA RUNNING IN THICK BLACK RIVERS DOWN HER CHEEKS

SHE TAKES A HEPTY SWIG ON A BOTTLE OF BACARDI AND PASSES IT ON TO BERNIE, WHO SITS THERE SYMPATHETICALLY LISTENING.

BERNIE. You're too good for him Lynda

LYNDA. I tell you I'm just bloody sick of it.

BERNIE NODS.

LYNDA. Stuff him, that's what I say.

BERNIE. Right.

LYNDA. Stuff the lot of them!

BERNIE. Right.

SHE'S STAGGERING TO HER FEET, STARTS TUGGING AT THE BUTTONS OF HER BLOUSE, BREAKING A FEW OFF AS SHE ROUGHLY PULLS AT IT. SHE STAGGERS INTO A STRANGER.

LYNDA. And stuff you.

THEN STAGGERS INTO ANOTHER COUPLE, GETTING FURTHER AWAY FROM BERNIE WHO'S QUITE RELIEVED THAT SHE IS SO.

LYNDA. (FLINGING HER BRA AT THE COUPLE)  
And stuff you, too

BERNIE. (QUIETLY TO MANDY) Here come those tired old tits again.

LYNDA HAS BUMPED INTO DONALD, HANGING THERE IN A DOORWAY, A SMOKE AND THE NEAR EMPTY BOTTLE OF CREME DE MENTHE. HE'S LOOKING A BIT WHITE AROUND THE GILLS. LYNDA FOCUSES ON HIM FOR A MOMENT, NAKED NOW FROM THE WAIST UP.

LYNDA. Do you believe in free love?

DONALD. (LOOKING HER UP AND DOWN)  
I'm prepared to give it a try.

SHE THROWS HERSELF AT HIM AND STARTS KISSING PASSIONATELY DONALD A LITTLE FLUMMOXED, AT FIRST. THEN BASES INTO IT.

AS THEY BREAK APART.

DONALD. Listen, I'd really like to sleep with you tonight.

SHE CAN'T HEAR THROUGH THE DIN.

LYNDA. (YELLS) WHAT?

DONALD. (SHOUTING BACK-- THE MUSIC SUDDENLY FINISHES AND THE NOISE LEVEL REDUCED)  
I SAID I'D REALLY LIKE TO SLEEP WITH YOU;  
TONIGHT!

BUT BECAUSE OF THE MUSIC CUTTING OUT THE WHOLE PARTY HAS HEARD IT. EVERYBODY LAUGHS. DONALD CRINGES.



## 60 BALLROOM

NIGHT



BRIAN  
GAIL  
ADRIAN  
MR. HURLEY  
EXTRAS

CLOSE ON THE BENNY WOODWARD TRIO AND PAN ACROSS THE PROGRESSIVE BARN DANCE TO DISCOVER BRIAN LOOKING VERY BORED. HE SEEMS TO BE SCORING A SERIES OF RATHER PLAIN LOOKING GIRLS. HE DANCES AWKWARDLY ANYWAY-- NOT QUITE SURE HOW THE DAMN THING GOES. THINGS COULDN'T BE WORSE.

A LITTLE WAY ACROSS THE FLOOR GAIL IS DANCING WITH ELAINE'S FATHER (NORM WILSON). HIS HANDS GRADUALLY SLIDE DOWN THE BACK OF HER DRESS.

WITH OUT ANY HESITATION, SHE LIFTS THEM OFF HER BUM AND HE, EMBARRASSED SHOOTS IT BACK TO THE NORMAL POSITION AGAIN.

MRS. WILSON ON THE SIDELINE NOTICES THIS AND LOOKS AWAY QUICKLY. THE MUSIC COMES TO AN END. THERE'S MILD APPLAUSE AND THE DANCERS BREAK UP TO GO BACK TO THEIR TABLES.

ADRIAN (DONALD'S BROTHER) IS STANDING NEAR THE BOOZE TABLE WITH A NUMBER OF OLDER MEN

ADRIAN. . . . the best thing you can do with some of these Conscientious Objectors is give 'em a bloody good haircut and stick 'em in Puckapunyal for a couple of months.

THE OTHER MEN MURMUR THEIR APPROVAL

EXTRAS. Mmmm  
Yes, quite so. . .

ADRIAN. 'Course the discipline's all designed to build character. But they don't realise that till they get there some of 'em

WE FOLLOW BRIAN EAST THIS GROUP TO MEET UP AGAIN WITH GAIL.

GAIL. I heard the Beatles are going to be deaf in five years.

BRIAN. Pete Townsend's already started to learn lip reading

GAIL. Not much chance of the Benny Woodward Trio going deaf. . .

BRIAN. I think they went deaf a long time ago

THE HEADMASTER, MR HURLEY, RISES FROM HIS PLACE AT THE MAIN TABLE. HE CLINKS HIS GLASS WITH A SPOON. . .  
THE NOISE AND CONVERSATION GRADUALLY DIES AWAY.

MR. HURLEY. Your Grace, Monsignor Kennedy,  
Your worship the Mayor, Lady Hart Byrne,  
Mother Superior and sister Hanrahan,  
Reverend Small, Ladies and Gentlemen. . .

IN A FAR CORNER OF THE BALLROOM, WE SEE BRIAN AND GAIL  
BACKING TENTATIVELY TOWARDS AN EXIT. BRIAN'S COAT IS  
LOADED WITH BAROSSA PEARL

MR. HURLEY. (CONT.) I was almost going  
to say "boys and girls" but of course  
we can't call you that anymore. . .  
(POLITE LAUGHTER)  
That's what tonight is all about!

## 61 SANDY'S HOUSE

NIGHT



SANDY  
 BERNIE  
 MICK  
 MANDY  
 ELAINE  
 LYNDA  
 GAIL  
 BRIAN  
 DONALD  
 MAUREEN  
 HELLS ANGELS  
 EXTRAS

IN THE HALLWAY A KID HAS LINED UP A ROW OF BEER CARTONS AND PROCEEDS TO CRUSH EACH ONE BY STAMPING ON IT. WE FOLLOW HIM PAST MICK AND BERNIE

BERNIE. On spec? What does that mean?

MICK GRABS HIM BY THE COLLAR, TAKES THE BAG OF MUSHROOMS IN THE OTHER HAND.

MICK. (SLOWLY POURING BEER INTO BERNIE'S SHIRT) It means if I like it I'll buy it.

BERNIE SUFFERS THROUGH IT. MICK'S JUST A BIT TOO THREATENING

BERNIE. There's no need to waste your beer on me, Mick.

MICK. I'll waste my beer on whoever I want to, birdbrain.

BERNIE SMILES WEAKLY, NODDING.

WE FOLLOW MICK PAST ANOTHER OPEN BEDROOM. . .

SANDY IS SLOUCHED ON A BED WITH MANDY

SANDY. Phew-- feel a bit hot

SANDY CASUALLY TAKES HIS SKIVVY OFF.

SANDY. Do you feel a bit hot?

MANDY LOOKS AT HIM, UNSURE, NODS.

MANDY. Mmmm

AWKWARDLY SANDY GOES FOR THE BIG PASH, TOPPLES HER  
OVER AND STARTS KISSING WILDLY. . .

SANDY. Oh Mandy

THEN SANDY STOPS. SITS UP

MANDY. What's the matter?

SANDY. I just feel really worked up about  
you that's all.

SHE LOOKS PUZZLED.

SANDY. Well-- I'm just finding it very  
hard to concentrate on something  
else, that's all. . .

SHE FROWNS

SANDY. Like this morning's cricket match--  
what a disaster!

MANDY. Sandy are you all right?

SANDY. Sure-- don't I look alright.

MANDY. Yeah, but you're acting rather strange.

SANDY. Well I. . . I just don't to hurt you  
Mandy.

NOW SHE LOOKS A BIT ALARMED.

MANDY. Don't you want sex?

SANDY. Sure-- sure I do.

MANDY. I'm not into kinky, sex, Sandy.

SANDY. No!  
Neither am I.

THERE'S A SLIGHT PAUSE.

SANDY IS CONCENTRATING HARD.

SANDY. Ok-- I think I'm ready again. Are you ready?

MANDY. Mmm

THEY START KISSING PASSIONATELY AGAIN, UNTIL SUDDENLY  
MANDY WRIGGLES OUT FROM UNDER SANDY AND STANDS UP.

SANDY LOOKS FLABBERGASTED.

SANDY. What?

MANDY CLINGS TO THE WALL.

SANDY. But I thought-- I thought you wanted to?  
I nearly had it that time-- I was able  
to think about cricket totally.

MANDY. I do want to.

SANDY GETS UP, PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER, LIP TO LIP  
HOLDING HER AGAINST THE WALL.

SANDY. Well what's the matter?

MANDY. It's just that, by standing up you see  
I won't get pregnant.

SANDY LOOKS AT HER.

WE HEAR A KID CALLING OUT FROM THE CORRIDOR

KID. (VO)Is there anybody here called  
Sandy Richardson?

SANDY REACTS.

KID. (VO) Phone call for Sandy  
Richardson!

SANDY. (REMEMBERING) Shit!!

SANDY IS SCURRYING BACK INTO HIS SKIVVY.

WE FOLLOW HIM PAST ANOTHER BEDROOM.

THERE'S A KID LEANING IN THROUGH THE DOORWAY, WITH A CARDBOARD BOX.

SHOP KID. Anybody want anything from the  
shop? Cigarettes? Drinks?  
(HE'S COLLECTING MONEY FROM  
PEOPLE)

INSIDE THE ROOM PEOPLE ARE PLAYING SPIN THE BOTTLE.  
IT ENDS UP POINTING AT LYNDA AGAIN (STILL NAKED FROM  
THE WAIST UP)

CROWD. Ooooouuuhh (VOICING THEIR APPROVAL  
OF THE BOTTLE'S CHOICE)

LYNDA STARTS UNDOING AN BARRING.

LYNDA. I'm still mad with the bastard, I'll  
tell you that much-- thinks he can  
screw whoever he likes, well screw him!

BERNIE AND DONALD ARE THERE

BERNIE. Jewelry isn't in it, Lynda.  
You have to take off clothes.

A MURMUR OF CONSENT FROM THE REST OF THEM.

LYNDA. And screw you! (TO BERNIE)

SHE GETS UP, UNBUTTONING HER JEANS.

MICK APPEARS AT THE DOOR, LOOKS HER UP AND DOWN, EYES  
BLAZING

MICK. So there you are you slut.

SHE THROWS HER JEANS AT HIM

LYNDA. (YELLING HYSTERICALLY)  
Ageing rocker!  
50s throwback!

DONALD. (PACIFYING, SCARED OF MICK LIKE  
THE REST OF THEM) Lynda--

DONALD SWALLOWS HARD.

DONALD. Listen, Mick, it's not like you  
think it is. . .

MICK MAKES A LUNGE FOR DONALD, THERE'S A GASP OF FEAR,  
A FEW EXPECTANT SCREAMS. ABOUT TO SMASH DONALD, MICK  
PULLS UP SHORT, HE LOOKS SUDDENLY PALE, WEAKENED.

HE TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND RUSHES OUT.

HE RUNS PAST SANDY ON THE PHONE IN THE HALLWAY

SANDY. (PRESSING A HAND AGAINST HIS FREE  
EAR TO KEEP OUT THE NOISE)  
What mum?  
(LISTENS)  
That's just the TV. . . Maureen's  
watching a war movie. . . What?

THERE'S A CRASH OF BREAKING GLASS, AND A ROAR OF APPROVAL  
FROM THE CROWD

SANDY. That's just. . . that's just the  
dog barking. . . What?  
(LISTENS)  
(QUICKLY) Oh there's no need to do that,  
Mum-- there's no need to come back.  
(LISTENS)  
Who? Oh-- he's . . . he was just a friend  
we're doing a bit of homework together.



SANDY. Yes. . .  
 yes. . .  
 yes. . .  
 yes, yes, of course.

I'm alright, Mum-- we're absolutely  
 fine. . .

A KID LEANS OVER SANDY AND BLOWS A RASBERRY INTO  
 THE RECEIVER. SANDY MANICALLY COVERS IT, THROWS LOOKS  
 AT THE KID THAT COULD KILL.

SANDY. I was just blowing my nose.

(LISTENS)

No-- I haven't got a cold.  
 I'm fine. Maureen's fine.  
 Everything's fine.

(LISTENS)

Well alright, yes, alright, I do  
 feel a bit off.

(LISTENS)

I might go to bed, yes alright,  
 I'll go to bed now.

Yes. . .

yes. . .

yes. . .

yes, yes, alright

THERE'S ANOTHER ROAR FROM THE CROWD AND SANDY  
 IS ALMOST PUSHED AWAY FROM THE PHONE. . .  
 HE'S DESPERATELY TRYING TO COVER THE RECEIVER-- SHEILDING  
 IT FROM THE NOISE.

OUTSIDE NEAR THE POOL:

MICK IS HEAVING HIS GUTS OUT.

BRIAN AND GAIL WALK PAST IN THEIR DEB BALL GEAR, CLANKING  
 BOTTLES OF BAROSSA PEARL.

BRIAN AND GAIL COME INTO THE HOUSE AND PASS  
MANDY AND LYNDA HEADING IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

MANDY. Did he stick his tongue in?

LYNDA. Oh yeah-- we kissed and tongue  
licked for hours

WE TILT DOWN AS THEY PASS DONALD SPREAD OUT ON  
THE FLOOR WITH ELAINE

DONALD. Why doncha take ya over the shoulder  
boulder holder off, mole, and we can  
get started?

ELAINE. I'm leaving my bra and pants on, Donald.

DONALD PULLS UP AT THIS, THINKS ABOUT IT.

DONALD. Yeah, OK, I just want to sleep  
with you that's all.

HE SUMS UP HIS CHANCES AND TENTATIVELY MOVES HIS  
HAND TOWARDS HER BREAST, STARTS GOING IN FOR THE KISS.

BRIAN WALKING PAST:

BRIAN. Keeping the milk warm, Donald?

DONALD BREAKS OFF,

DONALD. Listen, Brian, if your brain was made  
of glass you wouldn't have enough for  
a frog's monocle.

MICK SHOVES THEM APART AS HE CRASHES THROUGH LOOKING  
FOR BERNIE. AND THERE'S MURDER IN HIS EYES.

BERNIE IS WITH MAUREEN DANCING AND SINGING TO  
"HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN"

MICK CRASHES PAST SANDY STILL ON THE PHONE, SANDY SPOTS HIM, SEES THE TROUBLE COMING. . .

SANDY STARTS PRESSING THE DISCONNECT BUTTONS ON THE PHONE.

SANDY. Hullo. . . hullo. . .  
 Hullo, Mum?  
 I think we've been cut off.

HE QUICKLY HANGS UP.

MICK IS PUNCHING BERNIE, MAUREEN IS SCREAMING.

BERNIE SEEMS DEFENCELESS, OTHER KIDS ARE KEENLY YELLING.

CHORUS. Fight, fight.

BERNIE. Listen, I. . . can't we talk this over. . . huh?

MICK. That stuff was pure shit, man.

BERNIE. Sure it was pure shit, it was pure . . . gold. . . top

MICK. I'm going to punch your fucken teeth so far down ya throat y'll need t'stick a toothbrush up ya bum to clean them.

HITS BERNIE AGAIN, MAUREEN SCREAMS.

SHOP KID COMES THROUGH, HIS CARDBOARD BOX/TRAY HAS A FEW NOTES, COINS, SCATTERED ABOUT.

SHOP KID. Anybody want anything from the shop?  
 Fags? Drinks? Food?

BERNIE. At least ya didn't pay anything for the stuff.

MICK. When I don't get high, I get pissed off see-- really pissed off. You know what I mean?

BERNIE. Yeah, yeah, I know what ya mean. . .

MICK PUSHES BERNIE ON PAST THE KITCHEN, WHERE BRIAN COMES UP TO SANDY NERVOUSLY POURING HIMSELF A DRINK.

BRIAN. Hey-- Sandy. . .  
you've got some visitors

SANDY. (PANICKED) Who?

BRIAN. Local chapter of the Hells Angels.

BRIAN NODS THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW.

SANDY LOOKS OUT AND SEES A LARGE GROUP OF BIKIES GATHERING NEAR THE POOL.

SANDY. Well tell 'em to piss off.

BRIAN. It's your party. You tell 'em to piss off.

SANDY. Christ, I'm going to have to psyche myself into this.

BRIAN. Just tell 'em to go away.

SANDY. I'm packin death here, man.

BRIAN SHOVES HIM FORWARD.

BRIAN. Go on (LAUGHS) I'll take you to hospital.

SANDY BRACES HIMSELF. . . WALKS FORWARD ALTERNATING BETWEEN DETERMINATION AND BLANK FEAR.

HE COMES UP BEHIND A HUGE BEAR OF A MAN, LONG BEARD, LONG SCRAGGILY HAIR, HOLDING A TINNIE, "HELLS ANGELS" ON THE BACK OF HIS DIRTY LEATHER COAT. OTHERS, SIMILARLY DRESSED HANGING AROUND.

BRIAN IS BEHIND SANDY, MORE AN OBSERVER THAN AN ALLY.

SANDY TOUCHES THE CHARLES MANSON FIGURE ON THE ELBOW.

SANDY. Look, ah, excuse me, you. . .  
I don't, ah. . . think. . . ah. . . you were invited.

THE GREAT BEAR TURNS AROUND, SLOWLY.

SANDY. This is a private party.

BIKIE. Fine-- we're all privates aren't  
we?

THE OTHER BIKIES BREAK UP.

SANDY. Look, I'm sorry, my ah, parents  
are coming back soon and ah, we're  
gunna wind things down now. . . so  
if you'd like to go. . .

BIKIE. You talkin to me?

SANDY LOOKS AROUND.

SANDY. (NODS) Yeah. . . generally, (BACKING OFF A LITTLE)  
you and ah, your friends. . .

FOR ANSWER THE BIKIE JUST STEPS FORWARD AND PUSHES  
SANDY BACKWARDS INTO THE POOL.

THEY ALL THINK THIS IS A HUGE JOKE, AND AS SANDY  
FLOUNDERS AROUND IN HIS CLOTHES, SUDDENLY EVERYBODY IS  
PUSHING EVERYBODY ELSE INTO THE POOL.

THE WHOLE PARTY BREAKS UP INTO UPROAR.

"HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN" CONTINUES OVER

MAUREEN'S BEDROOM,

MAUREEN IS CURLED UP ON HER BED, WEEPING HYSTERICALLY.

MANDY IS THERE BESIDE HER, PATTING HER BACK. . . TRYING TO BE SUPPORTIVE.

THE SHOP KID POKES HIS HEAD THROUGH THE DOORWAY.

SHOP KID. Want anything from the shop?

HE TAKES IN THE DISTRAUGHT SISTER.

SHOP.KID. No-- I guess not.

LYNDA IS DRAGGING SANDY BACK INTO THE HOUSE, DRIPPING WET.

SANDY. Lynda, I'm all wet.

LYNDA. Well take ya stupid clothes off then-- come on.

SHE BURSTS THROUGH INTO A DARKENED ROOM, SWITCHES ON A LIGHT.

THERE'S A HIPPIE SITTING ON THE BED LOTUS POSITION. HE HOLDS UP HIS HAND, PALM OUTWARDS

HIPPIE. Don't hassle me, man, I'm in touch with God here---

LYNDA CLOSES THE DOOR.

LYNDA. Out of his head on white light.

SHE DRAGS THE DRIPPING SANDY ON DOWN THE CORRIDOR

SANDY. Lynda-- what are you doing forcrissake?

ANOTHER BEDROOM:

BERNIE IS FIDDLING WITH THE BACK OF ELIANE'S DRESS  
HE'S HAVING A HELL OF A JOB TRYING TO GET THE BUTTONS  
UNDONE. NEITHER OF THEM SEEM TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT  
HE'S ACTUALLY DOING IT.

BERNIE. Do you like American movies or  
English movies best?

SHE SHRUGS.

ELAINE. Dunno-- What do you like?

LYNDA PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN AND STAGGERS IN STILL  
DRAGGING SANDY. SANDY AND ELAINE SHARE A PAINFUL  
LOOK.

SANDY. Elaine. . .

LYNDA. Sorry--

SHE CLOSES THE DOOR AND DRAGS SANDY OUT AGAIN  
HE THROWS A LAST, LONGING LOOK AT ELAINE

BERNIE. English movies-- as a whole.  
Some of the Ealing comedies are  
absolutely tops. (HE STARTS JERKING  
THE BUTTONS, DAMN THINGS SEEM GLUED ON)

ELAINE JUST SITS THERE, UNCONCERNED.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY LYNDA DRAGS SANDY PAST BRIAN  
WHO'S JUST DISCOVERED SANDY'S OLD MAN'S LIQUOR CABINET.

AS BRIAN OPENS IT, IT LIGHTS UP AND "FUR ELISE" STARTS  
PLAYING. BRIAN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS LUCK, A DOZEN  
DIFFERENT LIQUERS, VERMOUTHS, SPIRITS, WINES, MIXERS  
CRYSTAL GLASSES, THE LOT. HE GRABS A COCKTAIL SHAKER,  
STARTS POURING IN DIFFERENT DRINKS

BRIAN. I don't believe this-- (TO KID NEXT TO  
HIM) Do you believe this?

THE KID NEXT TO HIM IS THE KID GOING TO THE SHOP

SHOP KID. Do you want anything from the  
shop?

MAUREEN'S BEDROOM:

MANDY HAS JUST MANAGED TO CALM MAUREEN DOWN

MAUREEN. It's like a pack. . .  
they're just like a pack of  
wild animals.

SHE'S UNPACKING HER SAX.

MAUREEN. I just have to play, it's the  
only thing that will calm me  
down.

SHE STARTS TO PLAY THE SAX-- BADLY

STARTS BREAKING DOWN CRYING AGAIN, PLAYING AND CRYING.

LAUNDRY:

THE LAUNDRY WAS OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY PLACE STILL  
VACANT, SANDY IS ON TOP OF LYNDA THEY'RE BOTH NAKED.  
HE'S REALLY STRUGGLING, SWEATING LIKE MAD.

SANDY. Oh. . . oh. . . oh Lyn  
Oh Lyn- - Oh. . . Lynda!

LYNDA YAWNS

SANDY . I. . . desire you so much.  
I. . . can see now why they say  
love is meant to last a lifetime.

LYNDA. "Love"-- well yes, maybe. . . but  
"sex" is supposed to be a bit quicker  
than that.



SANDY. Lynda, I'm trying. . . honest.  
I . . . I'm keeping it limp aren't I?

LYNDA. Yes-- you certainly are.  
What's the matter?

SANDY. Nothing.

LYNDA. (SUSPICIOUSLY) Is this your first time?

SANDY. (PROUDLY) Of course not.

SLIGHT PAUSE, SHE YAWNS AGAIN.

SANDY. I WANT to, I really do. . .  
I just can't afford to get too worked  
up that's all.

LYNDA. Well don't go to any trouble on my  
account (SLIGHTLY PEEVED)

SANDY. Look-- can't you see how much I want to?  
Why else would I be finding it so  
difficult.

LYNDA. Search me.

SANDY. (SMILES) But you're all naked.

LYNDA. What?

SANDY. That would be too easy (GRINNING)

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, BRIAN IS THERE.

BRIAN.(VO) Are you coming, Sandy?  
(GIGGLES AT THE PUN)

SANDY. What?

BRIAN.(VO) Sandy, are you coming? (GIGGLES)  
The cops are here and they're looking  
for the owner of the house.

SANDY. (JUMPS UP) Shit!

AT WHICH POINT, AN EXTREMELY DRUNK MICK PUSHES PAST BRIAN AND BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.

MICK. There you are you slut!

ON THE STEREO: "HENRIX'S HEY JOE-- WHERE YOU GOING WITH THAT GUN IN YOUR HAND"

LYNDA, PICKS UP SANDY'S SKIVVY, PUTTING IT IN FRONT OF HER. SANDY BACKING OFF, CAREFULLY KEEPS LYNDA BETWEEN HIM AND MICK. HE COMES INEXORABLY TOWARDS THEM

LYNDA. Mick!

HE SHOVES HER OUT OF THE WAY, SHE LOSES BALANCE, TOPPLES TO THE FLOOR

MICK. Out of the way, bitch!

LYNDA. Stopit!

MICK. (TO SANDY) You touch my woman, you fucken hurt her, man.

ELAINE IS AT THE DOOR GOES TO HELP LYNDA.

ELAINE. He didn't but you did, ya dickhead.

MICK STARTS BELTING SANDY, BLOOD STARTS SPURTING FROM HIS NOSE. LYNDA SCREAMS.

LYNDA. That's all you think about you fucken sex-maniac.

MICK. You seemed pretty satisfied in the past.

LYNDA. Satisfied!? Hoh! I've had better rides on the big dipper at Luna Park.

MICK. Oh yeah, like him (SANDY) f'instance.

SANDY. Listen. . . (BACKING AWAY) can't we talk about this? Like man to m. . .

MICK STARTS HITTING HIM AGAIN, SANDY DODGES AND WEAVES. . . BUT MICK IS HOLDING HIM BY THE SCAPULAR MEDAL AND CHAIN

SANDY. Look, I won't have you hurting her?  
 Alright?

MICK. (HITTING HIM AGAIN) I'll hurt whoever  
 I fucken like. . .

MEANWHILE OUT IN THE PARTY, GAIL AND MR. ELVERS  
 ARE CHATTING ON THE FLOOR, HE PUFFS ON A PIPE.

MR. ELVERS. But the change we're going  
 through is cyclical-- read McLuhan,  
 then read "One Dimensional Man"  
 I think Marcuse's theory of repressive  
 tolerance is absolutely spot on.  
 It's like a whole new interpretation  
 of Marx.

GAIL. But if the Americans do get to the  
 moon first, won't that establish  
 the superiority of the capitalist  
 economies over the communist ones?

THE SHOP KID BUTTS IN

SHOP KID. Anybody want any fags? Chewy?

MR. ELVERS. (TAKING OUT A TWO DOLLAR NOTE)

Well the communists were the  
 first ones into space don't forget  
 (TO SHOP KID, HANDING HIM THE MONEY)  
 A packet of pipe tobacco thanks. . .  
 (THEN BACK TO GAIL) Their programme  
 now may just have a different emphasis.  
 So what if the yanks do get to the moon  
 first? That may not be as important, say  
 as sending a probe to Venus. . .  
 Are you sure you won't change your mind  
 about the swimming team?

GAIL. I've thought about it, but--  
(SHRUGS)

MR. ELVERS. Look, Gail, you've got the potential  
to do whatever you want to! You've  
got the body for it-- but more  
importantly, you've got the grey matter  
too. . . so what about the team, hm?

GAIL. (DISMISSIVE) Ah-- been there, done that.

THEY'RE INTERRUPTED BY THE CRASH OF SANDY BEING HURLED  
THROUGH THE DOOR, HE PICKS HIMSELF UP AND SCURRIES  
INTO HIS PARENTS BEDROOM (WHERE THE HIPPIE IS STILL  
TRIPPING)

SANDY RUSHES UP TO A DRESSER WITH SEVERAL WIGS ON  
POLYSTYRENE HEADS SCATTERED ABOUT, SANDY KNOCKS A  
FEW OVER IN HIS DESPERATE SEARCH THROUGH THE DRAWERS  
FOR KEYS.

HIPPIE. Hey-- careful of the twelve apostles,  
man.

IN THE CORRIDOR MICK IS CRASHING THROUGH THE THRONG.  
HE SEEMS TO HAVE LOST SANDY, LOOKING ABOUT HIM  
DESPERATELY. . .

SANDY HAS THE KEYS AND IS NOW TEARING NAKED THROUGH  
THE HALLWAY, HE SLAMS OUT THROUGH A DOOR INTO THE  
GARAGE, FUMBLES THE KEYS, OPENS THE DOOR OF HIS MUM'S  
RED TOYOTA.

HE JUMPS IN, GUNS THE MOTOR, AND SCREECHES OUT  
BACKWARDS, JUST AS MICK APPEARS IN THE GARAGE AFTER  
HIM.

IN HIS HASTE SANDY SWINGS TOO CLOSE TO ONE SIDE  
OF THE GARAGE AND PUTS A LARGE SCRAPE DOWN THAT SIDE  
OF THE CAR.

A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN THE STREET WE SEE THE SHOP KID WALKING AWAY FROM THE PARTY, HE'S LOOKING AT HIS MONEY, COUNTING IT, CHUCKLING HAPPILY.

SHOP KID. Suckers! Ha. . .

POCKETS THE MONEY, DOES A LITTLE KICK IN THE AIR AND WALTZES ON.

SHOP KID. What a bludge.

SANDY REVERSES OUT OF HIS PARENTS DRIVE-WAY, SWINGS MADLY ROUND INTO THE STREET AND SLAMS STRAIGHT INTO THE FRONT OF THE POLICE CAR. SANDY SINKS BELOW THE WHEEL OUT OF SIGHT

SANDY. Shit!

HE THROWS IT INTO FIRST AND ZOOMS OFF, LAYING RUBBER, STILL HIDING, MICK CARRERING DOWN THE DRIVEWAY IS TOO LATE.

THE SHOP KID IS PROCEEDING MERRILY ALONG, FEELING AWFULLY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF UNTIL HE HEARS THE SCREECH OF SANDY'S CAR COMING UP BEHIND HIM. HE LOOKS AROUND IN FEAR, STARTS TO RUN, THINKING HE'S BEEN SPRUNG.

AS SANDY NEARS THE KID DIVES INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF A NEARBY HOUSE. SANDY ZOOMS PAST, AND ON AROUND ANOTHER CORNER, AS SOON AS HE'S SATISFIED THAT MICK ISN'T FOLLOWING HE SLOWS AND GRADUALLY COMES TO A STOP. TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

HE GETS OUT OF THE CAR, WRAPPING A CHAMOIS AROUND HIS WAIST, INORDER TO INSPECT THE DAMAGE. THERE'S A FRIGHTFUL SCAR ALONG THE WHOLE OF THE PASSENGER SIDE. THE BACK OF THE CAR IS SMASHED IN, TAIL LIGHTS GONE, EVERYTHING.

SANDY. Bugger it!

IN UTTER FRUSTRATION SANDY KICKS A REAR WHEEL. THE HUB CAP FALLS OFF.

THE POLICE COME OUT OF THE HOUSE, WALK CALMLY BACK DOWN THE DRIVEWAY, PUTTING AWAY NOTEBOOKS, THEN SLOW

DOWN AS THEY OBSERVE THE SMASHED IN FRONT OF THEIR CAR.

SERGEANT. Right, constable, let's  
throw the book at 'em.

THEY TURN ROUND AND START WALKING BACK UP THE DRIVE-WAY. AS THEY STRIDE PAST THE POOL. . .

DONALD BREAKS THE SURFACE FOR A BREATH, HE'S GOT THE GOGGLES ON AND IS HAVING A GREAT TIME.

AS HE GOES UNDER HE SPOTS GAIL--SWIMMING OFF IN ANOTHER CORNER. HE MOVES OVER TOWARDS HER, BREAKS THE SURFACE JUST AS SHE DOES.

DONALD. We can't go on meeting like this.  
SHE SMILES BACK AT HIM.

DONALD. You really are beautiful  
SHE PUSHES OFF AND FLOATS ON HER BACK.

DONALD. Listen--  
SHE STOPS, TREADS WATER AGAIN.

DONALD. I'd really like to spend the  
night with you. . .

GAIL. I'll bet that's what you say to  
all the girls. . .

AND SHE GOES UNDER.

DONALD. Gail!

LAUNDRY:

BERNIE HAS AN ARM AROUND LYNDA-- SHE CALMS DOWN A LITTLE, SNIFFLES, HE OFFERS HER HIS HANKIE-- IT'S PRETTY DIRTY SO HE PUTS IT AWAY, FINDS A TOWEL FROM THE PILES OF DIRTY WASHING AROUND THEM.

BERNIE. Here--

SHE TAKES IT, BLOWS INTO IT.

BERNIE. You OK now?

SHE NODS WEAKLY. HE'S PATCHING UP HER BRUISES

BERNIE. He's gone, OK?

It's going to be alright now. . .

I won't let him hassle you.

LYNDA. Can you take me home?

BERNIE. Sure I can. . .

LIVING ROOM:

THE PACE OF THE PARTY HAS EASED OFF CONSIDERABLY THE POLICE KEEP RINGING THE DOORBELL, BUT NOBODY SEEMS PREPARED TO ANSWER IT.

"NORWEIGAN WOOD" IS ON THE STEREO

MAUREEN IS GOING ROUND THE VARIOUS COUPLES SPREAD OUT ON THE FLOOR.

MAUREEN. I'm sorry but you'll have to leave now. . .

(SHAKING ANOTHER COUPLE)

The party's over-- you'll have to

go

GARAGE:

BERNIE IS LEADING LYNDA OUT OF THE HOUSE THROUGH THE GARAGE.

LYNDA. (WITH HER CLOTHES BACK ON)  
Yeah, but Bernie, are you sure you can drive?

BERNIE. I'm as jobber as a sudge, y'honour (LAUGHS AT HIS LITTLE JOKE)

THEN TRIPS INTO A STACK OF PAINT TINS WHICH IN TURN  
KNOCK A SURFBOARD WHICH IN TURN HITS A WHOLE RACK OF  
TOOLS, OLD BEACH UMBRELLAS ETC. IT ALL COMES  
CRASHING DOWN AROUND THEM . . .



62 STREET

NIGHT

DONALD

GAIL

THEY'RE WALKING ALONG, ILLUMINATED BY THE LAMP-POSTS  
THEY GO PAST.

DONALD. There's no way I'm going to end up like  
a robot turning screws on someone  
else's production line. . .

THERE'S A SLIGHT PAUSE, SEE LOOKS AT HIM KEENLY

DONALD. I want to stop living like a corpse  
and start to exist on my own terms.

GAIL. But it's the same everywhere--  
You can't change things by just  
running away all the time.

DONALD. There are communes y'know.

GAIL. I'll see it when I believe it.

DONALD. It's all to do with relationships.  
This kind of society here (LOOKING AROUND)  
(SARCASTIC) the suburbs! It's slow death.  
People are divided off into families by  
all these absurd little fences, and inside  
they're just strangling one another.  
I don't want a future like that.

GAIL. Neither do I.

DONALD. Then come with me.

GAIL. I'm not sure I'm ready yet.

DONALD. The first thing you've got to do is  
get rid of monogamy.

GAIL. You want sex without responsibility.

DONALD. No-- just without the possessiveness.

GAIL. Well I'm not making any claims on you Donald.

DONALD. I know-- that's why I like you.

THEY'VE REACHED THE DRIVEWAY OF GAIL'S HOUSE

GAIL. Well-- this is where my family stangles each other

DONALD. I like you-- I mean it.

GAIL HESITATES, THEN DECIDES, SHE TRIES THE DOOR OF A VALIANT STATION WAGON PARKED OUT THE FRONT. IT OPENS.

GAIL. We're in luck.

DONALD LOOKS AT HER, SMILES, HE GOES TO GET IN. SHE STOPS HIM.

DONALD. What?

SHE'S HOLDING A WET CHECK.

DONALD. Ah-- Gail. . . it's like having a shower with a raincoat on.

GAIL. No responsibility, huh?

SLOWLY HE TAKES THE WET CHECK. SHE CLIMBS INTO THE BACK SEAT IN FRONT OF HIM.

## 63 BECKETT PARK

NIGHT



BERNIE  
LYNDA.

BERNIE AND LYNDA ARE ARM<sup>s</sup> IN ARM, SHE'S OBVIOUSLY  
PERSUADED HIM TO WALK HOME, RATHER THAN DRIVE.

THEY COME INTO A SMALL PARK, A COUPLE OF STREET LIGHTS  
ILLUMINATE THE PATH THROUGH.

THEY'RE KISSING, HUGGING EACH OTHER AS THEY WALK.

LYNDA. (PULLING APART A LITTLE) . . . what?

BERNIE. Something embarrassing. . .

LYNDA. Go on-- tell me.

BERNIE. Well I used to just walk down Tennyson  
Street sometimes so I could go past  
your place. . .

LYNDA. Yeah? and ?

BERNIE. I'd wonder what you were doing inside, and  
sometimes I'd walk around the block a couple  
of times just to go past it again.

LYNDA AMUSED.

BERNIE. I told you it was embarrassing.

LYNDA. I don't know what to say.

BERNIE. Sometimes I'd see Mick's car there  
and get really. . .

LYNDA. Jealous.

BERNIE. Frustrated. . .

LYNDA. (KNOWING) Oh yeah--

BERNIE. Not just in that sense. . . more that  
here I was: still in bloody uniform. . .  
y'know? And there he was-- older.  
Or something.

LYNDA. Why didn't you come in?

BERNIE. That would have spoiled the fantasy.

LYNDA. Now I'm embarrassed.

THEY REACH A CEMENT TRAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF A SANDPIT.  
THE SKY IS LIGHTENING. BIRDS ARE SINGING. THEY STOP, FACE EACH OTHER

BERNIE. How about. . .

a train ride?

THE CAMERA STARTS TO DOLLY ROUND THEM IN A 360° ARC,  
ROUND AND ROUND SPINNING WILDLY THEN OFF ONTO THE TREES  
AND THE PARK AND THE BIRDS AND THE SUN. . . .

## 64 GAIL'S HOUSE

DAWN

GAIL

DONALD

INSIDE THE VALIANT STATION WAGON OUTSIDE GAIL'S HOUSE ABOUT DOOR LEVEL WE SEE DONALD'S BUM PUMPING UP AND DOWN, THEY ARE MAKING WILD, PASSIONATE LOVE.

DONALD CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. NOR CAN GAIL.

SHE COMES ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES. . .  
THEY ARE QUITE VOCAL.

EVENTUALLY THE MOTION SUBSIDES, BUILDS A LITTLE THEN SUBSIDES AGAIN. UNTIL EVENTUALLY THERE'S JUST THE THROB OF THEIR HEARTS BEATING TOGETHER

GAIL. Can you feel it?

DONALD. What?

SHE TAKES HIS HAND AND PUTS IT ON HIS CHEST.

GAIL Your heart.

DONALD. Yeah.

SHE HUGS HIM AGAIN.

GAIL. Oh Donald

AND SHE LIES THERE, STARING DREAMILY UP AT THE CEILING OF THE CAR. IT GROWS MUCH LIGHTER. DONALD SINKS INTO A PROFOUND SLEEP.

AFTER SOME MOMENTS GAIL DISENGAGES HERSELF A LITTLE, SLIDES OUT. LOOKS AROUND. THE DAWN SEEMS TO FILL HER WITH AN IMMENSE SENSE OF WELL BEING.

SHE TAKES A BLANKET OFF THE BACK SEAT AND GENTLY PLACES IT OVER DONALD'S SLEEPING, NAKED BODY.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM TENDERLY, ALMOST MATERNALLY.

COULD SHE SPEND THIRTY, FORTY YEARS WITH SOMEONE LIKE THAT?

SHE HAS TO THINK ABOUT IT?

SHE'S NOT SURE.

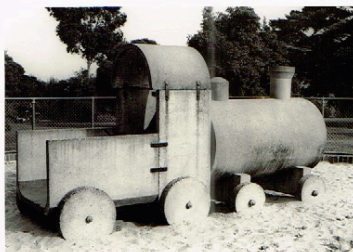
SHE QUICKLY STRUGGLES BACK INTO THE MINIMUM AMOUNT OF CLOTHES NEEDED TO GET FROM THE CAR TO THE HOUSE, PAUSES FOR A LAST LOOK, THEN COVERS HIS HEAD WITH THE BLANKET, GRINS AND GETS OUT.

DOGS ARE BARKING AS SHE TIP TOES UP THE BACK STEPS OF HOME.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE A MOTOR MOWER STARTS UP.

## 65 BECKETT PARK

DAWN



BERNIE

LYNDA

CLOSE ON THE TRAIN. . . WE HEAR VOICES INSIDE

BERNIE.(VO)Could you just. . . sorry

LYNDA.(VO)(DREAMILY) Hmm?

BERNIE.(VO)Sorry, just. . . your arm is. . .

LYNDA.(VO)Oh-- sorry. . . is that better

BERNIE.(VO)Yeah, thanks. . .

WE DOLLY AROUND THE TRAIN, AND DISCOVER THEM LYING  
FLAT OUT INSIDE IT. LYNDA HAS HER HEAD ON BERNIE'S CHEST  
HER EYES ARE CLOSED, SHE'S GOING OFF TO SLEEP.

BERNIE. Don't you ever feel. . . you know,  
a little depressed when you think  
about the future.

LYNDA. (SLEEPY) Mmm. . . Depressed?

BERNIE. Yeah-- I don't know why, it's just that  
suddenly I'm getting a little sick of  
the old haunts y'know. . .

HE LOOKS DOWN. SHE'S ASLEEP. HE WRIGGLES TO MAKE HIMSELF  
MORE COMFORTABLE, LOOKING FONDLY DOWN AT HER. SHE STARTS  
SNORING. BERNIE REACTS. SNORING DOESN'T QUITE FIT HIS ROMANTIC IMAGE

**66**

PARKING LOT

DAY

SALVATION ARMY  
PEOPLE

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER TITLE: "SUNDAY"

SOMEWHERE OFF A CHURCH BELL IS RINGING

FADE UP:

WE SEE A CAR OR TWO COME INTO A PARKING LOT NEAR A PARK.  
PEOPLE IN SALVATION ARMY COSTUMES GET OUT CARRYING  
INSTRUMENTS.



67 SANDY'S HOUSE

DAY

SANDY

SANDY IS ASLEEP BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS MUM'S RED TOYOTA, HIS HEAD IS THROWN BACK ON THE SEAT, A CLOTH AGAINST HIS NOSE TO STAUNCH THE BLEEDING.

SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY A MOTOR MOWER STARTS UP. THE NOISE WAKES HIM. HE SITS BOLT UPRIGHT AND SUDDENLY THE FULL HORROR OF IT ALL COMES FLOODING BACK.

HIS HEAD IS POUNDING, BUT AT LEAST HIS NOSE HAS STOPPED BLEEDING. HE CHECKS IT IN THE REAR VISION MIRROR AND DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS A MASSIVE BLACK EYE.

HE COCKS THE GOOD ONE TOWARDS HIS PARENTS HOUSE FURTHER UP THE STREET -- WONDERING, ASSUMING THAT MICK MUST HAVE GONE BY NOW.

HE STARTS THE CAR AND DRIVES UP THE DRIVE-WAY COMES INTO THE GARAGE AND KILLS THE ENGINE.

WAITS IN THE SILENCE-- TENTATIVE.

SO FAR SO GOOD.

## 68 GAIL'S HOUSE

DAY



MRS. HAMILTON  
GAIL (VO)

MRS. HAMILTON COMES DOWN THE HALLWAY IN HER SUNDAY BEST,  
PULLING ON SOME GLOVES, A BAG OVER ONE ARM, WEARING A HAT.

SHE KNOCKS ON GAIL'S DOOR.

MRS. HAMILTON. Are you coming to mass, dear?

THERE'S A STIRRING INSIDE GAIL'S ROOM-- NOT INTELLIGIBLE.  
MRS. HAMILTON KNOCKS AGAIN.

MRS. HAMILTON. Gail?

GAIL (VO) (SLEEPILY) No. . . .

MRS. HAMILTON REACTS SLIGHTLY

MRS. HAMILTON. Are you going to six o'clock then?

GAIL. (VO) What?

MRS. HAMILTON. This evening. . . ?

GAIL. Ah-- dunno.

MRS. HAMILTON LOOKS SHOCKED, DISAPPOINTED

**69** PARKING LOT

DAY

SALVATION

ARMY BAND

MORE SALVATION ARMY PEOPLE ARRIVE, GETTING OUT OF  
CARS WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS. A FEW GATHER AROUND IN  
GROUPS CHATTING. CHILDREN ARE HANGING AROUND THE  
SIDELINES

## 70 SANDY'S HOUSE

DAY



SANDY  
MICK  
MAUREEN

SANDY WINCES AS HE COMES INTO THE HOUSE. . . IT LOOKS LIKE A BOMB HAS HIT, HE PUSHES OPEN THE TOILET DOOR: THE CONTENTS OF SOMEONE'S HANDBAG ARE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE, LIPSTICK GRAFFITTI SCRAWLED ON THE MIRROR. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, TIP-TOES ON ALONG THE HALLWAY, SNIPPS, SMELLS SOMETHING, SIDE TRACKS INTO A ROOM AND SEES SMOKE COMING UP FROM A CARPET WHERE SOMEBODY HAS LEFT A CIGARETTE SMOLDERING, SANDY QUICKLY STAMPS OUT THE SMOKE, COVERS THE BURNPATCH OF CARPET WITH A CHAIR, THEN REACTS. . . THE HIPPIE WHO WAS TRIPPING LIES ACROSS THE WINDOW LEDGE ON HIS STOMACH. HIS BOTTOM AND LEGS DANGLING OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

SANDY QUIETLY TIPTOES ON DOWN THE HALLWAY, COLLECTING BOTTLES OFF BOOKSHELVES, BROKEN GLASSES OFF THE FLOOR AND ROUNDS A CORNER INTO THE KITCHEN. PULLS UP SHORT.

MICK IS THERE WITH MAUREEN, HE'S SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE HOLDING HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS, SHE'S MAKING HIM TEA AND TOAST.

SANDY LOOKS AROUND FOR A QUICK EXIT BUT AS SOON AS MICK SPOTS HIM WE CAN SEE THAT THE FIRE HAS GONE OUT OF MICK'S RAGE: HE JUST LOOKS SICK AND VERY SORRY FOR HIMSELF.

MICK REACTS AT THE SIGHT OF SANDY'S FACE.

MICK. Ah-- sorry, mate.

SANDY LOOKS FROM HIM TO MAUREEN

MAUREEN TURNS AWAY.

MICK. (FROWNS) Did I do that?

SANDY. (OFFHAND, CYNICAL) No-- I just obviously threw my head at your fist, several times, hoping to damage it!

MICK. (GENUINE REPENTENCE) I'm sorry.

SANDY. (GROWING CONFIDANCE) Oh well-- pull up a chair, have a cup of tea, be my guest.

MAUREEN. You're going to have a lot of explaining to do, Sandy.

SANDY. (OUTRAGED) Me!?

MICK. (MOURNFULLY) It's all over between Lynda and me.

71 GAIL'S HOUSE

DAY



MR. HAMILTON  
MRS. HAMILTON  
DONALD

THE HAMILTON'S ARE WALKING DOWN THE DRIVEWAY OF THEIR HOUSE TOWARDS THE VALIANT STATION WAGON. WE ARE WATCHING THEM FROM INSIDE THE CAR: ABOUT DOOR LEVEL.

MRS. HAMILTON. I don't like it, Pat,  
she's never missed Mass before.

MR. HAMILTON. Perhaps she just wants a  
sleep-in, Sheila. The girl's  
had a hard week with all her exams  
and so forth. . .

THEY REACH THE CAR AND GET IN EITHER SIDE OF THE FRONT SEAT. THERE'S A PAUSE AS MR. HAMILTON STARTS THE CAR, AS THEY MOVE OFF.

MRS. HAMILTON. I thought you'd given up  
cigars. . .

MR. HAMILTON. I have.

MRS. HAMILTON. Well, there's definitely a funny  
smell in the car

**72** PARKING LOT

DAY

---

SALVATION

ARMY BAND

THE BAND IS IN FORMATION, READY TO PLAY.

PEOPLE PUT THEIR INSTRUMENTS TO THEIR LIPS, READY.

THE CONDUCTOR MOVES INTO POSITION IN THE FRONT.

73

HAMILTON STATION WAGON (TRAVELLING)

DAY

MR. HAMILTON  
 MRS. HAMILTON  
 DONALD

LOOKING AT THE PARENTS FROM THE REAR.

SHE TURNS TO HIM AGAIN.

MRS.HAMILTON. I'm telling you Pat, there's  
 a queer smell in the car.

BENEATH THE BACK SEAT, DONALD FLICKS ONE EYE, OPEN,  
 THEN THE OTHER.

MR. HAMILTON. Sheila-- (DISAGREEING)

DONALD UNCOVERS HIS HEAD FROM UNDER THE BLANKET,  
 SITS UP A LITTLE TRYING TO REGISTER JUST WHERE HE  
 IS.

HE RAISES HIS HEAD SLOWLY UP ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE  
 BACK OF THE FRONT SEAT. SPOTS THE PARENTS AND  
 INSTANTLY DISAPPEARS DOWN AGAIN, CRINGING.

THE SALVATION ARMY BAND BURSTS INTO

"WHAT A FRIEND YOU HAVE IN JESUS...."



74

BECKETT PARK

DAY

---

LYNDA

BERNIE

SALVATION

ARMY BAND

THE MUSIC IS SUDDENLY MUCH LOUDER. . .

INSIDE THE TRAIN BERNIE WAKES WITH SUCH A START HE  
BANGS HIS HEAD ON THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN.

WE PULL BACK AND DISCOVER THE SALVATION ARMY  
BAND ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER

**75**

GAIL'S HOUSE

DAY

---

GAIL

INSIDE HER BEDROOM:

GAIL IS UNDER A TUMBLE OF SHEETS, A SUDDEN THOUGHT  
HITS HER, SHE THROWS BACK THE SHEETS, REALISING.

GAIL.     Donald!

**76** HAMILTON STATION WAGON (TRAVELLING) DAY

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DONALD  
MR. HAMILTON  
MRS. HAMILTON

CLOSE ON THE PANIC STRUCK FACE OF DONALD.

THE CAR BOUNCES ALONG.

HE BURIES HIS HEAD UNDER THE BLANKET AGAIN, WISHING  
HE COULD DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER. . .

177 SANDY'S HOUSE

DAY

SANDY  
MAUREEN

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS OF SANDY TRYING TO TIDY UP, TO MAKE SOME DIRT ON THE MESS THE HOUSE IS IN.

HE KEEPS FINDING BOTTLES AND BODIES IN THE ODDEST PLACES (BOTTLES IN THE STOVE, THE LINEN CUPBOARD; ALL THE PLACES PEOPLE HAVE HIDDEN THEM)

CLEANING UP THE SPILT HANDBAG IN THE TOILET GIVES HIM AN IDEA. HE TAKES THE LIPSTICK AND RACES INTO THE GARAGE. STARTS SMEARING THE LIPSTICK ON THE SCRATCH IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO COVER IT UP

FINALLY HE TAKES A SWAN ACROSS FRONT LAWN, COLLECTING BITS AND PIECES OF CLOTHES ETC.

HE COVERS ANOTHER BURNT PATCH IN THE LOUNGE ROOM WITH A CARPET, AND A BIG CLARET STAIN ON THE RUG WITH ANOTHER CHAIR.

BY NOW HE'S YAWNING LIKE A MADMAN. THE YAWNS BECOME SO INTENSE THAT HE EVEN HAS TO BREAK OFF WORKING.

IN THE CITADEL OF HER BEDROOM MAUREEN BLITHELY CONTINUES WITH THE SAX, BADLY. SHE IS DELIBERATELY REFUSING TO GIVE HER BROTHER A HAND.

## 78 CHURCH

DAY



MR. HAMILTON  
 MRS. HAMILTON  
 MONSIGNOR KENNEDY  
 DONALD  
 BRIAN  
 ELAINE

THE VALIANT STATION WAGON BOUNCES INTO THE PARKING LOT  
 BESIDE THE LOCAL CATHOLIC CHURCH. MR. AND MRS. HAMILTON  
 GET OUT AND WALK TOWARDS THE CHURCH.

DONALD STILL HUDDLED UNDER THE BACK SEAT IS TENTATIVELY  
 GRABBING FOR ANOTHER SOCK, QUICKLY SHOVS IT ON HIS FOOT.

STILL KEEPING LOW, HE LOOKS ABOUT FOR OTHER CLOTHES,  
 HE ASSUMES THE COAST IS CLEAR, STRUGGLES INTO HIS SHIRT,  
 COLLECTS HIS TROUSERS AND SHOES, TENTATIVELY OPENS THE  
 SIDE DOOR OF THE CAR AND DASHES WITH HIS CLOTHES ACROSS  
 TO THE GROTTO.



OVER BY THE FRONT DOOR OF THE CHURCH, MONSIGNOR KENNEDY IS GREETING PEOPLE ENTERING THE CHURCH, AS THE HAMILTON'S COME UP HE GLANCES ACROSS AT THE SPECTACULAR FIGURE OF DONALD IN SHIRT, NO PANTS AND SOCKS, HOLDING HIS SHOES, DISAPPEARING INTO THE GROTTO. THE HAMILTON'S FOLLOW THE MONSIGNOR'S LOOK. A COUPLE OF KIDS WHO MAY HAVE BEEN AT THE PARTY LAST NIGHT, ALSO CATCH SIGHT OF DONALD. THEY SNIGGER, BEFORE BEING HUDDLED INTO CHURCH BY THEIR PARENTS.

INSIDE THE GROTTO DONALD HOPS ON ONE LEG AS HE GETS HIS TROUSERS ON. HE'S STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO THE KNEELING STATUE OF ST. THERESA.

BRIAN AND ELAINE ARE BEING HERDED INTO CHURCH WITH THEIR PARENTS. THEY ALSO SEE DONALD. HEACT AMUSED.

79

STAN'S STATION CAFE

DAY

BERNIE

LYNDA

STAN

MUSIC DISSOLVES THROUGH TO "MARY HOPKINS VERSION OF  
"THOSE WERE THE DAYS" WE OPEN CLOSE ON THE JUKE BOX  
WHERE THIS VERSION IS COMING FROM, AND WIDEN TO  
SEE BERNIE AND LYNDA DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK.

A COUPLE OF MALTEDS ON THE TABLE BEHIND THEM.

STAN, AS EVER, LEANS BACK AGAINST HIS STOVE, LOOKS  
ON NONCHALANTLY, WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS.

80

SANDY'S HOUSE

DAY



MR. RICHARDSON  
MRS. RICHARDSON  
SANDY

THE MUSIC FADES AS:

MR. AND MRS. RICHARDSON, IN THEIR DODGE PHOENIX BOUNCE BACK UP THE DRIVE-WAY PULLING THE FAMILY BOAT. THEY'RE BACK EARLY FROM THE COAST. HE PULLS UP OUTSIDE THE GARAGE, AND THEY SLOWLY GET OUT AND SURVEY THE SCENE. . . IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD FROM THE OUTSIDE, ONLY. . . THERE'S A TABLE FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN IN THE POOL.

THEY SQUEEZE PAST THE TOYOTA IN THE GARAGE, SMEARING LIPSTICK ON MRS. RICHARDSON'S DRESS. SHE NOTICES THIS AND PUZZLES OVER IT JUST AS THEY REACH THE END OF THE CAR AND DISCOVER THE TAIL SECTION ALL SMASHED IN. AS THEY ENTER THE HOUSE-- EVERYWHERE THEY LOOK THE CARPET IS SATURATED. THEY NOW BEGIN TO DISCOVER A NUMBER OF THINGS IN RAPID SUCCESSION: THE HIPPIE STILL HANGING OVER THE WINDOW SILL, THE EMPTY BOOZE CABINET, A COAT SOMEONE'S LEFT IN THE FRIDGE, A FLAGON OF CLARET IN THE STOVE, BOTTLES IN THE BATH ETC. FINALLY THEY COME INTO THE DEMOLISHED LOUNGE ROOM-- THE EPI-CENTRE OF THE BLAST. SANDY IS ASLEEP, SPRAWLED OVER A BEAN BAG. MRS. RICHARDSON HANGS THERE WITH A TRAGIC LOOK ON HER FACE. . . MRS. RICHARDSON. Oh Sandy. . .



81

BERNIE'S 1800 (TRAVELLING)

DAY

BERNIE  
 LYNDA  
 BRIAN  
 ELAINE

CLOSE ON THE RECORD PLAYER ON THE BACKSEAT. IT'S CONNECTED BY A LOOSE WIRE THROUGH TO THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER. THE NEEDLE IS JUMPING ALL OVER THE PLACE.

"YELLOW SUBMARINE" IS ON, AND THEY'RE ALL SINGING ALONG WITH IT.

CLOSE ON BERNIE'S EYES IN THE REAR VISION MIRROR, THEN LYNDA BESIDE HIM. SHE PUTS A HAND ON THIS THIGH, HE TAKES HER HAND IN HIS.

IN THE BACK SEAT: BRIAN AND ELAINE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE RECORD PLAYER

AS THE MUSIC FADES. . .

BERNIE. Well where we going to go, girls?

BRIAN LEANS OVER, COCKS HIS HAND LIKE A PISTOL AND POINTS IT AT BERNIE'S HEAD

BRIAN. (BUNGING ON HIS DONALD DUCK VOICE AGAIN)  
 Take me to Cuba!

LYNDA IS FIDDLING WITH THE RADIO NOW, LOOKING FOR SOME MUSIC, SHE TUNES PAST AN ABC VOICE . . .

RADIO. . . .for the latest ballot in the (AS SHE TWIDDLES)  
 . . . National Service . . .

BERNIE. Hey--

LYNDA. What?

BERNIE GRABS THE TUNING BUTION, FIDDLES IT BACK TO THE ABC VOICE.

RADIO. . . required by law to report to their  
nearest recruitment office within  
fourteen days. . .

LYNDA. I thought we wanted music.

BERNIE. Shhh--

RADIO. January 7, 8, 15, 21, 23, 27, 30

ELAINE. What is it?

BRIAN. Nasho. . . Birthday roulette.

LYNDA. What?

BERNIE. It's a ballot. They're being called up.  
They put all the dates in a barrel  
then pull out numbers until they've  
got enough cannon fodder for the next six months

RADIO. February 10, 11, 17, 21. . .

THEY LISTEN IN SILENCE FOR A BEAT OR TWO.

BRIAN. Hey-- that's my birthday.

BERNIE. Lucky you're not 19.

ELAINE. Or a woman.

BRIAN. Hey-- that's what I'll do-- I'll get  
a sex change!

ELAINE AND LYNDA LAUGH. ONLY BERNIE LOOKS  
GRIM. HE BITES A NAIL AS THE BIRTHDATES CONTINUE OVER.

BERNIE. Think I'll piss off to New Guinea.  
Drop out in the highlands somewhere.

THEY CONTINUE IN SILENCE. ONLY THE SOUND OF THE RADIO  
AND THE BIRTHDATES.

LYNDA. Switch it off. (RADIO CLICKS OFF)

WE CUT OUTSIDE THE CAR AND  
WATCH IT DISAPPEAR IN THE DISTANCE.

## 82 GAIL'S HOUSE

DAY

DONALD

GAIL

GAIL IS IN THE LAUNDRY OF HER PARENTS PLACE, TRYING TO FADE A PAIR OF JEANS WITH AJAX AND ALL KINDS OF BLEACHING AGENTS. DONALD LEANS BACK AGAINST THE WALL, ARMS FOLDED

DONALD. I don't want to end up in a bank counting someone else's two cent pieces, and I'm not going to be sent with a gun to some friggin jungle. . . I'm too young to die.

GAIL. Well what are you going to do, you know you can't live on the dole.

DONALD. I just want to find a house with a whole lot of people I can relate to. . .

SHE HOLDS THE JEANS UP OUT OF THE SINK.

DONALD. Needs more Ajax.

SHE SOAKS THEM AGAIN.

GAIL. Chance is a fine thing.

DONALD. Deadset— I heard about this block of land near Cairns. . . should be able to crash there for a bit. I can rip off anything else I need.

GAIL TENDS TO DOUBT IT, GOES ON WASHING.

GAIL. It's a hell of a way to live.

DONALD. It's a start, isn't it? I'll find something eventually. Anything's got to be better than this dump.

## 83 BEACH

DAY

BERNIE  
LYNDA  
ELAINE  
BRIAN

LYNDA PUTS A BLANKET DOWN THAT SHE'S BROUGHT OUT OF BERNIE'S CAR . HE HELPS HER STRAIGHTEN IT OUT. THEY SIT ON IT AND TAKE IN THE VIEW, ELAINE AND BRIAN WALK ALONG THE EDGE OF THE WATER A LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY.

BERNIE IS FIDDLING WITH A BIT OF SEA WEED.

LYNDA . Isn't it weird that we're all here as a group.

BERNIE. What the four of us?

LYNDA. All of us-- last night, and the night before, Donald, Gail, Sandy. . .

BERNIE. (SHRUGS) I suppose. . . accident of history.

LYNDA. Yeah? (PAUSE)

I wonder if any of us will still know each other in ten years time?

BERNIE. I wonder where we'll be in 10 years  
time.

THERE'S A PAUSE AS THEY TAKE IN THE VIEW AGAIN, BLAINE  
AND BRIAN SPLASHING ABOUT A BIT FURTHER AWAY NOW.

BERNIE HAS FASHIONED THE SEAWEED INTO A TIGHT RING.  
HE TAKES LYNDA'S HAND AND SLIPS IT ONTO ONE OF HER  
FINGERS. SHE LOOKS AT IT.

BERNIE. I hope I still know you Lynda..

SHE SMILES AT HIM, HANDS HIM A BOTTLE OF SUN TAN OIL  
FROM HER BAG.

LYNDA. Can you rub some of this on.

BERNIE ONLY TOO PLEASED.

SHE SPREADS OUT ON HER STOMACH, BERNIE TAKES THE OIL  
STARTS RUBBING.

84

DONALD'S HOUSE

DAY

DONALD

MR. JOHNSON

CLOSE ON A PLATE OF UNSAVORY LOOKING FRIED EGGS AND CHIPS. DONALD PICKS AT THE FOOD UNENTHUSIASTICALLY. IN FACT HE STILL LOOKS A BIT PALE FROM LAST NIGHT. HIS OLD MAN IS ACROSS THE LAMINEX TABLE, A FEW CANS OF BEER SPREAD AROUND.

MR. JOHNSON. Listen. . . Donald. . .  
 ya mother is well, really upset  
 ya know. . . and I'm , I'm just  
 tryin to say (CONFIDENTIALLY) you--  
 well you can grow ya hair down to ya  
 arse if you want to. . . I mean I can,  
see that ya want to want to be different  
 even if I can't understand it.

HE SEEMS LOST IN THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT. AWKWARD IN HIS APOLOGY. ALL HE CAN THINK OF TO SAY NEXT IS:

MR. JOHNSON. Want a beer?

DONALD SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MR. JOHNSON. It'll kill ya hangover.

DONALD SLIDES HIS GLASS FORWARD.

DONALD. And start another one.

BUT THE OLD MAN IS HAPPY ENOUGH TO FILL IT UP.

MR. JOHNSON. We'll never really know each other, will we Donald?

## 85 ELAINE'S HOUSE

DAY



MR. WILSON  
 MRS. WILSON  
 ELAINE  
 LYNDA  
 BERNIE  
 BRIAN  
 MONS. KENNEDY  
 EXTRAS

ELAINE, BERNIE, BRIAN AND LYNDA ARE PLAYING TENNIS (MIXED DOUBLES)  
 AT THE BACK OF ELAINE'S HOUSE

WE ARE WATCHING THE GAME THROUGH THE BARELY OPENED  
 VENETIAN BLINDS OF THE WILSON'S BACK SUNROOM.  
 OUR POINT OF VIEW IS THAT OF MR. WILSON WHOSE ATTENTION  
 IS TOTALLY FOCUSED ON LYNDA. GRADUALLY WE BECOME  
 AWARE THAT MR. WILSON'S BREATHING IS RHYTHMIC RATHER THAN REGULAR.  
 HE IS LYING FLAT OUT ON HIS STOMACH ON A COUCH, HEAD  
 STUCK AT THE BLINDS, OBSESSIVELY CONCENTRATING ON LYNDA'S  
 SERVE. ALL WE HEAR IS MR. WILSON'S RHYTHMIC BREATHING.

OFF TO ONE SIDE A BBQ IS ALIGHT AND BLAZING. SEVERAL  
 PEOPLE ARE COOKING, EATING, DRINKING. AFTER A WHILE  
 WE SEE A PRIEST ARRIVE WITH ANOTHER FAMILY. IT'S  
MONSIGNOR KENNEDY.

BEHIND MR. WILSON A DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND MRS. WILSON  
 IS STANDING THERE, SHOCKED BY WHAT SHE'S INTRUDED INTO.  
MR. WILSON COVERS QUICKLY, LEAPS GUILTILY UP FROM THE  
 COUCH, SMOOTHING OUT HIS BBQ APRON WITH "COME AND GET IT"  
 EMBLAZONED ACROSS IMAGES OF CANS OF BEER ETC.

MRS. WILSON. (TRYING TO PRETEND SHE HASN'T  
SEEN WHAT WAS TRANSPARENTLY OBVIOUS)

Monsignor Kennedy and the Quinns are  
here-- he. . . he said he wanted to  
talk to us about Elaine.

A HAND INVOLUNTARILY GOES TO HER MOUTH, SHE'S FIGHTING  
TO KEEP HER VOICE NORMAL. MR. WILSON JUST HANGS THERE,  
EMBARASSED, UNSURE WHAT TO DO.



**86** TRAM (TRAVELLING)

EVENING

DONALD  
GAIL  
FEW EXTRAS

IT'S LATE AFTERNOON, ABOUT SUNSET. DONALD AND GAIL ARE ALMOST ALONE ON A NEAR DESERTED TRAM AS IT TRUNDLES UP SMITH STREET

WE HOLD ON THE SHOPS GOING PAST.

DONALD. (VO) It's easier at night, y'know--  
easier to get a truck straight  
through. . .

PULL BACK INSIDE THE TRAM TO SEE THEM BOTH HUDDLED TOGETHER. SHE HOLDS HIS ARM. THE SUITCASE IS ON THE SEAT OPPOSITE.

SHE NODS HER UNDERSTANDING.

HE LOOKS BACK AT THE SHOPS GOING PAST, WONDERING WHEN HE'LL EVER BE BACK.

GAIL LOOKS AT HIM LOOKING. WE SEEM TO HOLD HER LOOK-- HIS LOOK-- THE SHOPS GOING PAST FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE A LONG TIME. EVENTUALLY SHE TURNS AWAY, SEARCHES IN HER BAG FOR A SLIP OF PAPER, HANDS IT TO HIM.

GAIL. . . . Peg's address.

HE TAKES IT, FOLDS IT AWAY IN HIS COAT (ARMY SURPLUS)

GAIL. She should let you shack up for a few days at least.

DONALD. Thanks. Thanks a lot.

GAIL. She's got two kids though, might be a bit noisy.

DONALD. I can handle noise as long as it's not the old cheese shouting.

SHE SMILES.

DONALD. I certainly won't miss that.

GAIL. Peg isn't given to shouting.

DONALD. (WRY GRIN) Won't you be jealous.

GAIL. (SERIOUS, LOOKS DOWN) I'll always want you back, Donald.

HE SEEMS REALLY, UNUSUALLY TOUCHED BY THAT.

DONALD. Nobody's ever said that to me before.

SHE LOOKS AWAY AGAIN, CONTINUES TO HOLD HIS HAND.

DONALD. Anyway, who knows what will happen-- you might even decide to come up. . . sometime.

GAIL. (NOT WANTING TO KILL THE HOPE)  
Yeah-- maybe.

THE TRAM REACHES THE TERMINUS. SHE GETS OUT WITH HIM AS HE LIFTS HIS BAG ONTO THE SAFETY ZONE.

(MUSIC OVER; JONI MITCHELL'S "WOODSTOCK")

SHE HANGS THERE WHILE THE CONNIE CHANGES POLES.

THEY'RE SIDE BY SIDE. NOT SURE WHAT TO SAY NEXT.

EVENTUALLY, AS THE TRAM IS ABOUT TO GO.

DONALD. Well-- see ya.

TENTATIVELY, ALMOST FORMALLY, THEY KISS.

WE HEAR THE ALRBREAKS GO OFF AND FOLLOW GAIL BACK ONTO THE TRAM. SHE GOES TO A BACK SEAT AND WE WATCH WITH HER THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW AS DONALD MOVES ACROSS TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND STICKS HIS THUMB OUT. GAIL WATCHES UNTIL HE DISAPPEARS.

## 87 SANDY'S HOUSE

NIGHT.

SANDY  
 MAUREEN  
 MR. RICHARDSON  
 MRS. RICHARDSON.

THE "MAVIS BRAMSTON" SHOW (OR SOME EQUIVALENT) IS ON THE TELEVISION. THE FAMILY ARE AROUND THE DINNER TABLE (ROAST CHICKEN) A LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY.

THINGS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN RETURNED TO NORMAL, MORE OR LESS. ALTHOUGH NOT A WORD IS BEING SAID. ALL WE HEAR APART FROM THE TELEVISION IS THE SCRAPING OF KNIVES AND FORKS. EVERYBODY IS AVOIDING EYE CONTACT.

ON MRS. RICHARDSON. SHE LOOKS AT HER HUSBAND. LOOKS AWAY. HE LOOKS AT MAUREEN, LOOKS AWAY. MAUREEN LOOKS AT SANDY LOOKS AWAY.

SANDY LOOKS STEADFASTLY AT HIS MEAL. AFTER SOME MOMENTS HE BRAVES A GLANCE AT HIS FATHER, THEN HIS MOTHER, THEN MAUREEN, THEN BACK AT HIS MEAL.

THIS GOES ON FOR SOME MOMENTS.

FINALLY MRS. RICHARDSON TAKES HER LAST MOUTHFUL OF CHICKEN. PUTS HER KNIFE AND FORK, NEATLY TOGETHER, TEARS WELLING UP. THEN A NAPKIN TO HER LIPS, ALMOST AS IF SHE'S HOLDING BACK A DAM FULL OF TEARS, THEN

MRS. RICHARDSON. (DEMI-TRAGICALLY) You even  
 let the gold fish die.

THIS IS THE CUE FOR MR. RICHARDSON TO EXPLODE.

MR. RICHARDSON. They consumed every drop of alcohol in the place! I can't believe it! Every solid drop is gone.

88

GAIL'S HOUSE

NIGHT

GAIL

MRS. HAMILTON

MRS. HAMILTON IS EATING DINNER OFF A TRAY IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION. GAIL QUIETLY ENTERS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR. THE SAME SHOW THAT WAS ON AT THE RICHARDSON'S CARRIES OVER IN CONTINUITY TO THIS SCENE.

MRS. HAMILTON. (CALLING) Is that you dear?

GAIL REACTS TO THE "TONE" WHO ELSE WOULD IT BE. SHE COMES THROUGH TO THE LIVING ROOM.

MRS. HAMILTON. I just wanted to have a little talk, dear.

GAIL BRACES HERSELF. SHE KNOWS ABOUT THESE "LITTLE TALKS"

GAIL. Mum-- I've missed mass twice this year.

MRS. HAMILTON. It's not about that.

GAIL SIGHS DROPS INTO AN ARM CHAIR, WATCHING THE TV. WAITING.

MRS. HAMILTON. I found some tampons in your bedroom.

GAIL REACTS TO THE FACT HER MOTHER'S BEEN PRYING AGAIN.

MRS. HAMILTON. (ANTICIPATING A REACTION)  
I was only cleaning up.

GAIL. (IMPATIENT) Well-- so what?

MRS. HAMILTON. You know what this means, Gail, you know what this says to me.

GAIL TAKES ANOTHER DEEP BREATH.

MRS. HAMILTON. If your father ever found out, there'd be all hell to play. . . I just hope you're taking the right precautions, that's all.

89

HIGHWAY (OUTSKIRTS OF MELBOURNE)

NIGHT

DONALD

ON DONALD STILL TRYING TO GET A LIFT

HE'S ILLUMINATED BY THE LIGHTS OF TRUCKS GOING PAST.

BUT OBVIOUSLY ISN'T HAVING MUCH LUCK.

IN THE EAST, DAWN BEGINS TO BREAK

MUSIC OVER: BEATLES' "I READ THE NEWS TODAY, OH BOY. . . "

## 90 SUBURBAN MONTAGE (BUS TRAVELLING)

DAY

GAIL  
 ELAINE  
 LYNDA  
 (EXTRAS) KIDS

QUICK FADE TO TITLE:

"MONDAY"



FADE-UP SIMILAR SHOTS TO THOSE AT THE BEGINNING:  
 IMAGES OF A COMMUNITY PREPARING ITSELF FOR WORK.

(MUSIC: "I READ THE NEWS" CONTINUES OVER)

GRADUALLY WE SINGLE OUT THE SAME OLD SCHOOL BUS,  
 AND CUT INSIDE TO ELAINE, LYNDA AND GAIL

GAIL IS SHOWING THEM A FRIENDSHIP RING

LYNDA. Did Donald give it to ya?

GAIL NODS.

GAIL. Do you like it?

THE BUS PULLS INTO THE STOP OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL.

ELAINE. (LEANING OVER, HOLDING GAIL'S HAND FOR  
 A CLOSER LOOK)

It's the same type alright.

GAIL. What?

ELAINE. Brian and Donald bought a dozen of them  
 on an expedition to Coles in second term.

HIGH SCHOOL :



WE FOLLOW THE GIRLS OUT OF THE BUS:

LYNDA. I wouldn't build too many hopes  
on Donald, Gail.

ELAINE. You won't last three weeks.

GAIL. (FINGERING THE RING) I dunno--

LYNDA. (LOOKING AT HER ARMS) Anyway-- what kind  
of suntan oil you going to use this  
summer?

PAN ACROSS TO BERNIE WHO'S WALKING WITH SANDY  
(SANDY WHEELS HIS BIKE TOWARDS THE BIKE STANDS)

SANDY. I want to exist on my own terms,  
y'know? I'm sick of being treated  
like a bloody idiot or something.

BERNIE. We are the people our parents warned  
us against.

THEY SPOT THE GIRLS-- A LITTLE DISTANCE OFF

SANDY. (CONFIDENTIALLY TO BERNIE AS HE CHAINS HIS BIKE UP) Course I'd like to sleep with her, y'know. . . I'd like to watch TV with her too, and wake up with her in the morning, and share milkshakes at Stans Station Cafe. . .

BERNIE. Jesus, Sandy. What you're heading for, mate, is a brief, but exciting sexual fling before the total boredom of conformity and marriage takes over.

THEY WALK ON FROM THE BIKE STAND.

BERNIE. I mean-- look at what happened to our parents generation: frightened into conservatism by the depression then totally fucked over by the second world war.

BRIAN CATCHES UP WITH THEM.

BRIAN. Well-- Donald's gone.  
We'll never see his like again.

BERNIE. Nah-- he'll be back. I'll give him six months I reckon before he's hanging round the corner after school floggin matchboxes and the thoughts of Chairman Mao.

SANDY. I wonder how much of your destiny is bound up with really trivial things. . .

BERNIE. Like?

SANDY. (STILL WITH AN EYE ON HER) Like whether I follow Elaine into school now-- or go in through the main entrance. . .



**91**HIGHWAY (OUTSKIRTS OF MELBOURNE)DAY

DONALD

DONALD IS IN THE DIRT AT THE EDGE OF THE ROAD, KNEELING OVER HIS SUITCASE, GOING THROUGH IT, SELECTING THE MOST INDISPENSIBLE ITEMS. HE SHOVES A COUPLE OF LPs INTO A PLASTIC BAG ( PINK FLOYD'S "ATOM HEART MOTHER", SOME "BLIND FAITH", JANIS JOPLIN). THEN CLOSES THE CASE AND CHUCKS IT INTO A DRAINAGE DITCH, WALKS ON INTO A ROADSIDE GARAGE AND CAFE.

HE COMES INTO THE CARE, NOTICES A PAIR OF CRUTCHES NEAR THE DOORWAY, GOES OVER TO THE COUNTER. . .

92

HIGH SCHOOL (ASSEMBLY)

DAY



BERNIE  
 BRIAN  
 SANDY  
 ELAINE  
 GAIL  
 LYNDA  
 EXTRAS  
 MR. HURLEY  
 MR. ELVERS

THE SCHOOL BELL IS RINGING AS PEOPLE HURRY INTO LINE  
 FOR THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

ON MR. HURLEY AS HE COMES FORWARD TO A MICROPHONE  
 ON A DIAS. MR. ELVERS AND OTHER TEACHERS ARE BESIDE HIM

WE DOLLY ALONG A ROW PASSING BERNIE, BRIAN, SANDY,  
ELAINE, LYNDA, GAIL, AS THE HEADMASTER TESTS THE  
 MICROPHONE. THERE'S A LOUD SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK

MR. HURLEY. Test, test, one, two three  
 (TAPPING IT WITH A HANDFULL OF NOTES)

AS SOON AS HE'S SATISFIED BOTH WITH THE MIKE, AND WITH  
 EVERYBODY SETTLING INTO POSITION BEFORE HIM. THE SCHOOL BELL STOPS.

MR. HURLEY. Now School----  
 What I want to talk to you about today  
 is rubbish!

FREEZE ON THE HEADMASTER.

WHOLE SCHOOL STARTS LAUGHING AT THE UNINTENDED PUN

93

GARAGE (HIGHWAY)

DAY



DONALD  
 OLD MAN  
 EXTRAS  
 SOLDIER (DRIVER)

CLOSE ON DONALD IN THE TOILET OF THE GARAGE.  
 HE SITS ON THE SEAT. . . WRAPPING TOILET PAPER  
 AROUND ONE LEG, TEARS IT OFF, TUCKS THE END BIT IN,  
 THEN STANDS, GRABS THE CRUTCHES LEANING AGAINST  
 THE WALL BESIDE HIM, TAKES THE PLASTIC BAG IN THE  
 OTHER HAND, AND SNEAKS OUT OF THE TOILET TOWARDS THE  
 ROAD. AS SOON AS HE GETS TO THE SIDE OF THE  
 ROAD HE TAKES THE CRUTCHES UNDER EACH ARM AND  
 STARTS HOPPING ALONG WITH HIS THUMB OUT.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY A CAR WITH A SOLDIER DRIVING PULLS  
 UP.

DONALD HOBBLER TO CATCH UP WITH IT. THE SOLDIER  
 ACTUALLY REVERSES BACK.

SOLDIER. (OPENING DOOR FOR DONALD)  
 Only going as far as Pucka, mate.

DONALD. Do me.

DONALD HOPS IN.

SOLDIER. Went a smoke. . .

THEN NOTICES THE TOILET PAPER WRAPPED AROUND DONALD'S LEG  
 DONALD TAKES THE BAG.

DONALD. Thanks

THE SOLDIER TURNS INCREDULOUS FROM THE LEG TO DONALD'S  
LONG HAIR, WHICH IS NOW REVEALED AS HE TAKES HIS BEANIE OFF  
THE SOLDIER HANGS THERE OPEN MOUTHED, HOLDING OUT HIS LIGHTER,  
WONDERING WHAT ON EARTH HE'S PICKED UP. DONALD TAKES THE LIGHT.

OUTSIDE THE GARAGE WE SEE AN OLD MAN BEING CARRIED  
ON A CHAIR BY AN ATTENDANT FROM THE GARAGE AND ONE  
OF HIS RELATIVES. THEY CARRY HIM OVER TO HIS CAR.

## 94

## HIGH SCHOOL (QUADRANGLE)

## DAY

SANDY  
 ELAINE  
 BERNIE  
 BRIAN  
 LYNDA  
 GAIL  
 EXTRAS

THE CLASS IS SPREAD OUT IN A LONG LINE (AN EMU PARADE). THEY'RE PICKING UP PAPERS AND OTHER RUBBISH AS THEY MOVE FORWARD.

WE DOLLY ALONG THE LINE, PAST SEVERAL CHARACTERS AND DISCOVER SANDY BESIDE ELAINE. THEY SEIZE ON A PADDLE POP STICK AT THE SAME TIME.

THEY STRUGGLE OVER IT PLAYFULLY UNTIL IT BREAKS.

SANDY MEASURES HER BIT AGAINST HIS. HERS IS LONGEST.

SANDY. (HANDING IT BACK TO HER)  
 Your wish.

ELAINE. What are you doing Friday?

SANDY. Friday? (SHRUGS) Dunno

ELAINE. Want to go to the Drive-in?

SANDY. Dunno-- what's on?

ELAINE. Dunno.

SANDY. (THINKS ABOUT IT)  
 Yeah, maybe.

MUSIC OVER: "MONDAY I'VE GOT FRIDAY ON MY MIND. . ."  
 (EASYBEATS)

# 95

CAR (TRAVELLING) HIGHWAY

DAY

DONALD

SOLDIER

DONALD IS LOOKING AT A PHOTOGRAPH OF ELAINE. HE HOLDS THE LOOK FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEN LETS IT FALL OUT THE WINDOW. HE TAKES ANOTHER ONE OFF HIS LAP. THIS IS A PHOTO OF GAIL. HE LOOKS AT IT FONDLY FOR A MOMENT, THEN PUTS IT IN HIS TOP POCKET.

THE SOLDIER IS STILL GLANCING UNEASILY AT DONALD'S LEG.

SOLDIER. What's wrong with ya leg anyway.

DONALD. Just a flesh wound.

THE SOLDIER DOESN'T LOOK TOO CONVINCED.

SOLDIER. Listen, mate, take it from me, you wanta go grape pickin up the Murray-- get ya fucken hair cut. I mean-- fair dinkum ya look like a bloody sheila. No bastard'll give a job with hair like that.

WE CUT OUTSIDE THE CAR AS IT PULLS OVER TO THE DIRT. DONALD GETS OUT AND SLAMS THE DOOR, GIVES THE DEPARTING DRIVER THE TWO UP, BEFORE HOPPING BACK ON THE CRUTCHES AND STICKING HIS THUMB OUT, WAVING A CRUTCH, USING IT LIKE A MACHINE-GUN AGAINST THE CARS, GIVING THE TWO UP TO EVERYBODY. SUDDENLY A HIGHWAY PATROL COMES PAST, PULLS OVER INTO THE DIRT IN FRONT OF HIM. WE SEE DONALD START LIMPING AGAIN, WONDERING HOW THE HELL HE'S GOING TO TALK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS. . .

# 96 HISTORICAL MONTAGE

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NO CAST

"FRIDAY ON MY MIND" CONTINUES OVER SHOTS OF THE  
 KEY EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES THAT FOLLOWED DECEMBER  
 1968: (CREDITS ROLL OVER THIS SEQUENCE)

PAUL McCARTNEY MARRIES LYNDIA EASTMAN (MARCH 69)

JOHN LENNON MARRIES YOKO ONO (MARCH 1969)

CHAPPAQUIDICK (JULY 1969)

JIM CAIRNS AND THE MORATORIUM MOVEMENT

EASY RIDER (JULY 1969)

WOODSTOCK

MY LAI

THE BEATLES SPLIT UP

ETC. . .

ENDING WITH THE LANDING ON THE MOON (20TH JULY 1969)

NEIL ARMSTRONG (VO) . . . one small step for man,  
 a giant leap for mankind. . .

