

# BITE CLUB

Feature Screenplay

by

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**nyst**  

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entertainment

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"BITE CLUB"

1 EXT VALLEY STREET NIGHT 1

In the night-club section of Fortitude Valley music is playing and lights are flashing. TROY Wallace, a small-time drug dealer in his late twenties, surreptitiously hands a bag of white powder to a YOUNG MAN who hands him some cash, then heads off. Troy walks off along the footpath, looking confident and happy with himself. This is his world. He comes to the door of The Snake Pit night-club and heads in.

2 INT VALLEY NIGHTCLUB NIGHT 2

Bathed in blue irridescient lighting Troy pushes past night-clubbers as he heads up the stairs towards the pounding music. We see his POV as sexy girls look seductively at him, and he passes drunk and doped-out clubbers, some of whom greet him warmly as they pass. When he gets to the top of the stairs he is in a corridor crowded with people coming in and out of the club.

Through the sea of faces Troy suddenly spots the pasty face of GAVRIL, who is standing motionless, staring straight at him. Troy immediately turns on his heels and hurries back down the stairs pushing people out of the way in his rush to escape.

3 EXT VALLEY STREET NIGHT 3

Troy bursts out of the night club, looking back to see if he is being followed, and scurries off.

4 EXT VALLEY BACKSTREET NIGHT 4

Still looking over his shoulder, Troy is walking quickly in the darkness. Up ahead a dark man steps out of the shadows, silhouetted by a street-light. Troy stops, frozen. Another figure steps out.

Panicked, Troy turns and sprints away, as the two dark figures start to walk slowly after him.

5 INT TROY'S APARTMENT NIGHT 5

Troy bursts in through his front door, then closes it behind him, breathing heavily. He collects himself for a moment, then quickly turns a deadlock on his door and slides the security chain in. He looks through the eye-hole. The shadowy foyer is empty.

Cut to open bar fridge as Troy pulls a bottle of chilled white wine from the fridge in his bar. He straightens up, selecting a wine glass. He looks at himself in the large mirror behind the bar. In the reflection his trendy, tastefully-furnished inner-city apartment is dimly lit, a large stylish lamp casting a warm light over his favorite white leather lounge chair.

He feels more settled now, mildly bemused by his recent panic. He takes a cork-screw from the bar and turns, preparing to open the bottle of wine.

When he turns, DOREL DRACICICU is sitting in the armchair, flanked by GAVRIL and two others, ION and MARIUS. Sitting on the floor next to DOREL, leaning back against the wall is ROXY, a very sexy-looking girl in black leather hot-pants, her legs splayed apart indecorously. Startled, Troy drops the bottle which rolls across the carpet and comes to rest against Dorel's foot.

DOREL  
(smiles)  
'Ello, Mr. Troy.

TROY  
Where the fuck did you come from?

DOREL  
(feigned surprise)  
Where I fuckin' come from?! Is this nice way to welcome your good friend Dorel? 'Where I fuckin' come from?!' Not 'wassup Dorel old mate, how they fuckin' hangin' bro, nothing like this? Just 'Where the fuckin' fuck you come from?' This is not nice, Mr Troy.  
(feigns sincerity)  
What's happening to us, Troy, you and me? You don't ring, you don't call round to see me no more. I thought you and me was buddies, man.

TROY  
Yeah, yeah, man, we are.

DOREL  
Good. That's good. So sit down buddy, old pal. Take a load off.

Cautiously, Troy sits on a stool at the bar. Dorel pulls a stool across and sits facing him.

DOREL  
You know Troy, is funny, I think the way things is today, people is getting so busy sometimes they don't remember what's important. Yah, don't you think? Huh? Is this what you think too?

TROY  
Yeah, I guess. Sometimes.

DOREL

Yah, sometimes. So what about you Mr Troy, what you think is very important?

TROY

I...I don't know man.

DOREL

No, hey come on Troy. Please, you must talk to me now. Is so long since we really talk together, yah? Come on Mr Troy, please. Please.

TROY

Friends I guess. Friends are important.

DOREL

Yah friends, yah.  
(turns to the others)  
Yah, friends is important, yah?  
(the others agree. He  
turns back to Troy)  
And family, no?

TROY

Yeah, family.

DOREL

Yah, family, yah, of course. Family is very important. Is nice to sometimes see your family, yah? Especially at Christmas time yah? When you have the beautiful Christmas tree, and the presents, and the bells and all the little baubles, and the plum pudding. You like that stuff, huh Troy?

TROY

Yeah, I guess.

DOREL

And the Christmas carols. Oh the Christmas carols! I bet you love the Christmas carols, don't you Troy. Huh? Am I right? Come on Troy, you love the Christmas carols, yah?

TROY

Sort of.

DOREL

(laughs)

Yah, sort of. What about this one...

(sings)

*You betta watch out, You betta not cry...*

You know this one?

TROY

Yeah.

DOREL

Yah, of course, everybody knows this one. Come on, you sing it with me Troy.

TROY

No mate. No, I don't really feel like singing ay.

DOREL

Oh, but you must. Come on Troy, you must. You must sing with your old friend Dorel. Come on...

(sings)

*You betta watch out...*

Huh? Yah, come on Mr Troy, sing with me...

(sings)

*You betta watch out...*

He waits momentarily, before Troy sings.

TROY

(sings)

*You betta not cry...*

Dorel is obviously delighted.

DOREL

Yah, yah, beautiful.

TROY & DOREL

(sing)

*You betta not pout, I'm telling you why, Santa Claus is coming to town.*

Dorel laughs heartily as he turns to face the others, inviting them to join in singing with him.

DOREL

Come on! Everybody!

They all join in. Troy continues singing, but is becoming increasingly restless. With Dorel preoccupied with the others, he eyes off the front door, planning his escape.

ALL

(singing)

*He knows when you've been  
restless, He knows when you're  
awake, He knows when you've been  
bad or good, So be good for  
goodness sake!*

Suddenly Troy makes a frantic dash for the door, but he is grabbed by Ion and Marius who throw him into an arm chair and punch him several times. As his eyes roll back in his head, Dorel approaches wearily.

DOREL

What you doing Mr Troy? Huh? See, this is what I mean. Everybody always running somewhere here and there. No time for sing-song no more. No time for friends. You got to relax little bit Troy. What they say, kick back man, chill out. Shoot little bit of shit with old mates.

(laughs)

Otherwise we start to think you trying to avoid us.

(more serious)

You not trying to avoid us, are you Troy?

TROY

No man, no. I've just been busy, that's all.

DOREL

Too busy for old friends Troy? Too busy to repay debts? So busy selling my fucking powders I give you for nothing, you just forget to come and pay me, yah?

TROY

I was looking for you Dorel, ay. I've been meaning to catch up with you.

DOREL

Catch up for drink with old mate Dorel, yah? That's good, that's very good. Because, you see, Troy, actually we don't come here just to sing tonight. We come to drink.

(MORE)

DOREL (cont'd)  
 (to others)  
 Tonight we drink, yah?

Roxy, Gavril, Ion and Marius smile sinisterly. Dorel picks up the bottle of wine from near his foot.

DOREL  
 What you drinking tonight Mr Troy?  
 (looks at label)  
 Ah, this is good wine. This is very good wine, this one.

He walks over until he is standing next to where Troy is sitting, then turns to the others.

DOREL  
 You know, Australian wines is best fucking wines in the whole world.

ROXY  
 Bar none, my love.

DOREL  
 Yes, my beautiful one! Exactly!  
 Bar fuckin' none.  
 (to Troy)  
 Nothing but best for you Troy.  
 Maybe we toast to us, yes?

He takes the corkscrew from Troy's hand, and carefully studies the lethally sharp end of it. He shapes to open the bottle, but then turns to the others.

DOREL  
 But this one is white wine. You know what?

He spins around and rams the corkscrew into Troy's eye socket killing him instantly. As his body quivers, Dorel takes the glass from his other hand, and holds it up.

DOREL  
 Personally, I prefer red.

He pulls the corkscrew out. Close-up on a fountain of blood squirting from Troy's eye.

NICK Piccolo, a strongly built young man in his twenties dressed in a standard cheap doorman's suit, is sitting across a desk from his boss, shady strip club proprietor BILLY TURQOISE.

NICK  
A projected thirty four percent  
return on investment in the first  
twelve months, Billy.

Billy looks marginally interested. His club manager BRAIN  
is sitting in the corner of the office with his feet up  
reading a girlie magazine.

BILLY  
Yeah?

Billy takes a final sip of his tea and sets the cup down on  
it's saucer.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Thirty four percent ay?

NICK  
Absolutely.

ANGEL, a topless waitress, sets a tray on the desk and  
loads Billy's cup and saucer onto the tray.

BILLY  
Thanks darling.

NICK  
Thirty four percent Bill.

BILLY  
From Ostrich meat?

NICK  
Absolutely. Yeah, well, no. Not  
from ostrich meat as such, no.  
Ostrich products, not ostrich  
meat.

As Angel leans across to clear Nick's his cup and saucer,  
her naked breasts get in his way. Nick enthusiastically  
leans around Angel's breasts to emphasise his point to  
Billy by opening a brochure and leafing through it.

NICK  
No no, shit no Billy, no, not  
just ostrich meat, no. It's a lot  
more than ostrich meat. Ostrich  
feathers, ostrich skins, ostrich  
eggs, ostrich steaks....yeah  
sure, ostrich steaks, ostrich  
meat if you like, sure, sure,  
ostrich meat. Sure. Absolutely.

BILLY  
Ostriches? As in them big dopey-  
lookin' birds?

NICK  
Absolutely.

Billy looks sceptical.

BILLY  
Nicky, I'm a business man. I understand implicitly your traditional sources of financial revenue - strip joints, s.p., loan-sharking. All that makes eminent good sense to me, son. But ostriches?!?

NICK  
Do you know, Bill, that pound for pound ostrich meat contains twice the protein of beef and less than a third the fat content of chicken?

BRAIN  
I heard that.

BILLY  
(to Brain)  
What?

BRAIN  
Apparently your scientists are predicting your ostrich meat is gonna be one of your primary food sources for your third millenium.

BILLY  
What?!

BRAIN  
Potential worldwide health benefits are absolutely mind-bogglin', they reckon.

BILLY  
Who reckons?

BRAIN  
It's a well-known fact mate.

NICK  
The Brain's exactly right Billy, I'm tellin' ya. And never mind about all that shit, neither, you wanna see the beautiful hides.  
(shows brochure)  
Absolutely bloody superlative they are - look at that. Ostrich skin belts and ties - shit-hot.  
(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)  
And shoes! Look at that mate -  
Beautiful!

BRAIN  
I knew a bloke once who got  
himself a three piece business  
suit made up, all completely out  
of ostrich skin. Looked a million  
bucks.

Incredulous, Billy stares at Brain blankly.

BILLY  
An ostrich skin suit?

BRAIN  
(looks up from magazine)  
Absolutely mate. Beautiful it  
was. Flash as a rat with a gold  
tooth.

Billy looks incredulous.

NICK  
You buy the farm, Bill, whack me  
in as manager, I'll get it up and  
running for you. Dead set, I can  
make it work.

Billy is actually considering it for a nanosecond as he  
looks around at Nick, Angel and Brain. Then he recoils.

BILLY  
We're talking them big fuckin'  
dopey-looking birds!?!??

7

INT STRIP CLUB DAY

7

A short while later the topless Angel is cleaning down the  
bar, preparing for the evening trade. A dejected Nick is  
sitting at the bar sipping orange juice through a straw.  
BENNY Fulawai, a large islander doorman who is dressed in a  
suit similar to Nick, is sitting alongside him playing a  
game-boy. The bar manager SCRATCH is unstacking chairs.

NICK  
I had him interested.

ANGEL  
Billy's tight as a fish's  
arsehole Nickky, you know that.

NICK  
Yeah, but I reckon I had him  
interested, ay. I reckon I had  
him that close.

(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)

If that Dodgey Ron hadn't tipped  
him into them shonkey llama  
futures last year I reckon he'd  
have dead set gone for it.

ANGEL

Yeah, maybe.

SCRATCH

Forget bloody ostriches man. What  
do you wanna keep coming up with  
these hair-brain schemes for  
anyway?

NICK

Well what do you reckon Scratch?  
I'm not gonna be a bloody doorman  
all me life, am I.

BENNY

(looks up)

What's wrong with being a  
doorman?

Nick looks at him, realising he doesn't understand.

NICK

Do you know if you'd whacked a  
thousand into the sharemarket in  
1992 it'd be worth one point  
three million today.

ANGEL

I didn't have a thousand in 1992.  
I was still at school.

SCRATCH

(laughs)

Yeah, dream on darling, dream on.

ANGEL

Bite your arse, Scratch!

NICK

That Dodgey Ron was telling me  
inner-city real estate has gone  
up twenty-eight percent in the  
past twelve months. Twenty-eight  
percent!

BENNY

So how come Dodgey's on the bones  
of his arse then?

NICK

All I know is I'm never gonna  
make nothin' of meself standing  
on the door and turning blokes  
over for a living.

ANGEL

Well it's a lot better being the  
turner than the turnee, isn't it  
love.

SCRATCH

(laughs)

Yeah, Angel should know. She's  
been turned over enough times.

ANGEL

I said bite your bloody arse,  
Scratch!

NICK

Anyway I'm gonna do it, mate, you  
watch me. All I need's a red-hot  
deal to get me started.

BENNY

Well they reckon if you're  
looking for a red-hot deal, the  
one to see is that White Shoe  
Warren, ay.

NICK

Who's White Shoe Warren?

BENNY

Oh, he's a big deal real estate  
guy, ay. Got the Valley all sewed  
up.

8

INT MALE TOILETS DAY

8

WHITE SHOE WARREN is standing at a pedestal urinal in the  
toilet at the back of his real estate office. He has his  
mobile phone pressed to his ear.

WARREN

(into phone)

Yeah mate...yep...yep.

As Warren finishes urinating he shakes himself.

BENNY (V.O.)

A real big shaker he is.

Warren continues talking on the phone as he enters one of  
the cubicles, climbs up onto the cistern and squeezes out  
through the small window.

WARREN

(into phone)

Yep...yep...Three storey walk-up,  
brick 'n' tile, mate, tidy as a  
pin...yep...yep...whatever you  
like mate. Quick pick 'n' flick,  
give you a good drink in no time.  
Or, you know, hose her down, slap  
a coat of paint on her, gear her  
up, she'd wipe her own arse pal,  
no worries.

9 I/E MOVING CAR DAY

9

Nick's POV as he drives into the carpark at the rear of  
Warren's office. He is intrigued as he spots Warren's white  
shoes and watches Warren shimmy out through the window.

BENNY (V.O.)

A very, very switched on guy,  
they reckon.

Nick pulls up close to the window.

10 EXT CARPARK DAY

10

Warren drops to the ground. As he does so Nick speaks to  
him from his car.

NICK

You Warren?

Warren spins around as if he has been sprung.

WARREN

Who's asking?

NICK

I'm Nick from Billy's joint.

WARREN

Sweet. We'll take your car.

He scurries to the passenger side and climbs in, handing  
Nick one of his cards as he slides down low in his seat and  
peers out as if he is worried about someone spotting him.

WARREN

My card.

11 EXT MOVING CAR DAY

11

As Nick drives through the Valley Warren peers into the  
side rear-view mirror and, satisfying himself that no one  
is following them he sits up and straightens him self out.

WARREN

It just so happens you're lucky enough to have caught me at a time when I'm in need of a little bit of an urgent top-up. Cash flow thing, you know what I mean?

NICK

Yeah?

WARREN

The right client - someone like yourself, you know, someone I can trust to keep his mouth shut - the right sweetener, of course...

NICK

How sweet?

WARREN

Oh, I don't know, say ten large...

(Nick recoils)

...eight...no, five, five, fuck it, you're a mate of Billy's. What are mates for? Five large.

NICK

What's five buy me?

12

EXT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

12

Eerie background music makes the old Maritime Building look very sinister.

WARREN (V.O.)

The opportunity of a lifetime son. The opportunity of a bloody lifetime.

Cut to Nick and Warren standing next to Nick's car checking out the building.

WARREN

She's an old abandoned warehouse, been vacant for the past fifty years. Crown want it sold for unpaid rates, and who else but yours truly's wound up with the gig. So, for five in folders in the right place I could be persuaded to slip her through on the hush hush. Scratch up the reserve, you might find himself the only runner on the deal, y'hear what I'm sayin'?

NICK  
How much is the reserve?

WARREN  
Half a mill.

Nick looks troubled.

BILLY  
Mate, the land alone's worth  
twice that.  
(Nick is considering)  
Trust me, son, you couldn't do  
better than that with a shot-gun  
and a balaclava.

13 INT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

13

The large wooden front door bursts open allowing bright sunlight to flood into the dusty deserted warehouse premises. The ground floor is an open area with wooden floor. There is a lot of old stacked timber in one corner. A set of wooden stairs leads up into the high ceiling. Nick and Billy and Brain walk in, carrying torches. Nick looks at Billy as if to say 'what do you think?'

BILLY  
Plenty of room.

NICK  
Four floors and a caretaker's  
flat on top.

Billy looks around. He's impressed.

BILLY  
Good site.

NICK  
Best site in the Valley Bill.

Nick starts to walk down stairs leading to the basement.

14 INT BASEMENT DAY

14

As Nick steps down the wooden stairs into the basement, he switches on his torch.

NICK  
(Back up to Billy)  
She's got a good sized basement  
too.

Nick is at the bottom of the stairs shining his torch into the dark corners. He feels uneasy. He turns to see Billy on the stairs.

NICK  
Plenty of room for a wine cellar.

BILLY  
(arriving alongside him)  
A what?!?

Nick is not listening. As he shines his torch around he spots another trap-door in the corner of the stone floor.

NICK  
What's this?

Nick walks over and shines his torch on the trap-door, then squats to investigate.

NICK  
Looks like another trapdoor.  
Probably an old coal storage pit.

Nick shines his torch on a lock on the bolt.

NICK (CONT'D)  
That's funny. Looks like the bolt  
was welded shut at some stage,  
and then re-opened...

Close-up on the lock on the bolt, as Nick wipes the dust away revealing a Satanic cross engraved on it.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(absently)  
...and locked up again.

BILLY  
(disinterested)  
Yeah? Come on, let's get out of  
here before we get fleas.

15 INT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

15

As the two men ascend from the basement and close the trap door, Billy is looking around the building. Nick watches him, knowing Billy can see the potential. Eventually Billy turns to him.

BILLY  
How much you think you'll need?

NICK  
A hundred down. Probably another  
hundred for the reno.

Billy nods thoughtfully.

BILLY  
Will he take cash?

NICK  
You mean folders?

BILLY  
(looking dodgey)  
I might have a bit lying around  
somewhere.

NICK  
Could do.

Billy looks around some more, still thinking.

NICK  
Come on up, I'll show youse the  
caretaker's flat.

They head up the stairs towards the next floor.

16 INT CARETAKER'S FLAT DAY

16

Nick unlocks the door to the caretaker's flat. He throws  
the door open to reveal a small, studio-style unit. He  
moves around opening windows.

NICK  
It's only small but, you know,  
it's livable. I reckon she'll  
trick up alright.

As Billy looks around Brain looks out the window to see a  
wire running from the electricity connection box.

BRAIN  
Have you seen this?

Billy approaches the window.

NICK  
Yeah. Someone's been running  
electricity straight from the  
lines. Squatters I'd say.

Billy looks out the window.

BILLY  
Humph.  
(beat)  
Surrounded by bloody crooks we  
are!

A fat cat meows and walks in through the front door.

NICK

Where'd you come from fat-boy?  
Looks like you been gettin'  
amongst a few of them rats around  
here by the size of ya.

Looking out the window Billy sees a TRAMP stopping next to his car and looking into it.

BILLY

What's this fuckin' flea think  
he's doin' hanging off my car?  
(calls out window)  
Oi, you! Fuck off pal!

The tramp looks up at him, and then moves on as Billy watches.

BILLY

The Valley's a low joint. More  
rats out there than there are in  
here, dead set.  
(absently)  
One of these days I gotta move  
into a better neighbourhood.

Nick watches Billy looking out the window down onto the Valley. Eventually Billy turns back to face him.

BILLY

Strip-club on the ground floor?

NICK

I was actually thinking something  
a bit more up-market.

BILLY

Yeah. Good idea, something  
classy. Dirty girls, lap-dancing,  
private booths, that sort of  
shit. Yeah, nice.

NICK

I had in mind more of like a bar-  
nite-club sort of thing.

BILLY

A bar...?!? No son. No no no.  
That's the voice of youthful  
bloody inexperience talking  
there, see. What you gotta do is  
remember the basics, alright?  
Give the customer what he wants.  
The three P's, pal, the three P's  
- piss, punt and pussy. Stick to  
the basics and you can't go  
wrong.

Nick can see Billy likes the idea.

NICK  
So what do you think?

17 INT AUCTION ROOM DAY

17

Warren starts the auction.

WARREN  
Well, ladies and gentlemen,  
welcome along here today to the  
auction of this truly unique  
property situated in the heart of  
Brisbane's Fortitude Valley.

Cut to his POV. Many seats are arranged in front of him,  
but Nick is alone in the audience.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
I think any astute buyer would  
recognise and agree that...

NICK  
Oi!

Warren stops. Nick holds his hands up as if to say 'what  
the hell?!'

WARREN  
Yes, well, I think with the  
formalities now out of the way we  
can commence the bidding.

NICK  
Five hundred pianos.

WARREN  
Sold. To the gentleman in the  
front row. Congratulations sir.

18 INT BILLY'S OFFICE DAY

18

Close-up of Brain placing a large wad of cash into an  
envelope. He hands it to Billy. Billy looks across his desk  
to Nick.

BILLY  
It's a boomerang, alright. It  
comes straight back. You've got  
six months to get the joint up  
and running.

Billy holds the envelope out and Nick takes hold of it, but  
Billy doesn't let go.

BILLY  
We can't afford to play  
favorites, Nicky, you know that.  
You fuck this up, I'll have you  
cut up into little bits. We  
understood?

NICK  
(trepidatiously)  
Yeah Bill, of course.

There is a knock on the door. Still holding the envelope, Billy looks up.

BILLY  
What?

Scratch opens the door and pokes his head in. He looks at Billy and Nick, both holding the envelope across the desk.

SCRATCH  
Old man Costas is here. Wants to  
have a yarn with you.

Billy looks back at Nick. Nick gently pulls the envelope from his grasp, but Billy continues to look him in the eye.

BILLY  
10 Show him in. 10

19 INT BILLY'S OFFICE DAY 19

Close-up of Old Man COSTAS, his face buried in his hands, sobbing. He looks up, wiping his eyes. Billy, Brain and Nick are listening to his story.

COSTAS

I took her to the doctor, he done all kinds of tests on her. He finds the drug in her. This fucking animal he puts the drug - rohypnol - he puts this in her drink. So she don't know what she is doing. He takes her to his place, he strips her...

20 INT LUXURY APARTMENT NIGHT 20

Flashback. Costas's DAUGHTER's POV through blurred vision. As focus becomes sharper we see that she is looking at a hyperdermic syringe lodged in her arm. Blood is seeping into the syringe.

COSTAS (V.O.)  
When she wakes up she has needle  
stuck in her arm.

She groans and pulls at the syringe, dislodging it from her arm. She staggers to her feet and stumbles towards the door. Then we become aware of the blurred figure of a man grappling with her. She is struggling furiously, grunting and groaning. She reaches for a lamp and throws it at the man. As it smashes she grapples with the door handle and pulls open the door. Breathing hard, she staggers through the door.

21 INT BILLY'S OFFICE DAY

21

Close-up on Nick's face.

NICK

What sort of needle?

COSTAS

Needle...you know, like doctor needle. He is taking blood out of her arm with this needle, Billy. She has lost lot of blood.

BILLY

What?!

He looks at Nick.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What do you want to do about this clown George?

COSTAS

Is my only daughter Billy.

Billy looks at Nick.

NICK

I'll pay him a visit. See if we can't get him to brush up on his manners a bit.

COSTAS

You know I don't got much money right now, Billy.

Billy looks at Nick as if to say 'what do you think?'

NICK

Consider it a love job.

22 INT VALLEY NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

22

Close-up of striking Asian beauty OCEANE's bottom in a tight leather mini-skirt as she sashays up the stairs towards the pulsating music. Arriving in the club she stops and lights a cigarette as men around her admire her stunning appearance. She is looking for someone.

She spots him. Sitting in a booth by the door is Gavril, looking wasted. He has just sniffed something and is wiping his nose as a young CLUBBER is leaning over him speaking into his ear. Oceane watches as the clubber hands Gavril a wad of notes and Gavril hands him a package. When the clubber leaves she approaches Gavril and stands seductively beside the booth looking at him. He looks up at her.

23 EXT VALLEY STREET NIGHT 23

Oceane and Gavril leave the club together arm-in-arm.

24 INT LUXURY APARTMENT NIGHT 24

The palatial apartment is in darkness as the front door opens. Oceane and Gavril enter draped over each other. He moves to kiss her on the lips.

OCEANE

How about a drink first?

GAVRIL

Sure. Why not?

He walks to the kitchen and flicks on the light. Nick is in front of him holding a bottle of champagne. Gavril is shocked.

NICK

Champagne alright then?

He flips the bottle, grabbing it by the neck and then breaks it over Gavril's head. He then drags him into the loungeroom and runs him face-first into the wall several times. Gavril collapses onto the floor and Nick viciously kicks him repeatedly. Puffing hard, he leans over and speaks softly into Gavril's ear.

NICK

That girl you brought here last week was somebody's daughter. You understand me? And she was someone's sister too.

Oceane backs into a corner. She reaches into the front of her skirt and pulls out a flick-knife which she flicks open. Oblivious to her, Nick is dragging Gavril by one leg across the room.

NICK (CONT'D)

You ever try to pull a stunt like that with anybody's daughter, or anybody's sister, ever again, I will be back again to have a firm word with you.

He drops Gavril's foot onto a low coffee table.

NICK (CONT'D)

And next time, trust me, I will not be near as gentle as I was tonight.

He stomps on the raised leg, snapping it.

NICK (CONT'D)

You understand me, maggot? If I have to come back here again to see you, I promise I will fuck you up, alright? I will fuck you up big time.

Nick kicks him one last time, then turns to leave, only to be confronted by Oceane lunging at him with the knife. She narrowly misses him as he side-steps her. They face each other in the darkness. She looks like she means business. She lunges again, slicing his jacket. She is very proficient with the knife. They face off again. She lunges again. This time as he side-steps her he punches her and she drops to the floor. He stands over her puffing. She is not moving. Nick picks up the knife, folding it shut and slipping it into his pocket. He is about to leave but looks back at the girl. He leans over and taps her on the cheek.

NICK

You alright sweetheart?

She groans. He slaps her again.

NICK (CONT'D)

Come on, wake up. You right?

He starts for the door, but then returns to the girl.

NICK (CONT'D)

You alright? Hey?

He tries to sit her up.

NICK

Come on sweetheart, wake up. You don't want to be around when this fruit-loop comes to. Come on.

She slumps back. He looks at her trying to decide what to do.

NICK

Shit!

He picks her up and heads towards the door.

Behind him Gavril starts to rise, but he stops as the first rays of dawn break through the blinds.

25 I/E NICK'S CAR DAWN

25

Nick is parked outside the Royal Brisbane Hospital. He is sitting in the driver's seat looking at the Accident and Emergency sign, trying to decide what to do. He looks into the back seat where Oceane is still unconscious. He was intending to leave her there but decides he can't abandon her.

NICK

Shit!

He drives off.

26 INT CUPBOARD DAY

26

Inside the dark cupboard Oceane's hand rattles the door. She presses her face to door peering through a crack to see Nick moving around in the kitchen. She starts beating on the door.

OCEANE

Hey! Hey, let me out! Let me out,  
or I call the cops!

27 INT NICK'S FLAT DAY

27

Nick has Oceane's small handbag. In it there is a wad of cash, perfume, and a lipstick. He has a key marked "Marriott Hotel" in his hand. He puts the key back in the handbag.

NICK

We're awake then are we?

OCEANE

You dead when I get outta here. I  
know kung fu man. I'm gonna kick  
shit outta you when I get outta  
here, you hear me?

Nick walks up close to the door and speaks quietly.

NICK

You go your hardest sweetheart.  
I'm just gonna make us both a  
nice cuppa tea. And when I'm done  
I'm gonna open this door,  
alright? But if you come out  
swinging like you done last night  
I can promise you, darling, you  
won't have no more luck this time  
than you done last night. So you  
work it out for yourself. You can  
do it easy or you can do it  
tough. Suit yourself.

She watches through the crack in the door as he goes to the kitchen bench and pours milk into both cups, picks one up and returns to the door, unlocks it and steps back. She steps out aggressively.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Careful sweetheart - hot tea.

He backs away, sets the cup on a coffee table and continues to the kitchen where he picks up his tea and sips from it. Oceane cautiously approaches the coffee table, snatches up her handbag, then picks up the cup and drinks.

NICK  
Sorry about the shiner.

OCEANE  
You like beating up girls?

NICK  
I like staying alive...

He picks up the flick-knife from the kitchen bench and flicks it open.

NICK (CONT'D)  
...and I like keeping all me bits  
too.

Expertly he flips the knife and catches it and then folds it back in one hand. Then he tosses it back to her. She catches it, thinks about flicking it open again, but then slips it back into her pants.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Was that intended for your  
boyfriend back there?

OCEANE  
That animal is not my boyfriend.

NICK  
Yeah? You were looking pretty  
cosy before I showed up.

OCEANE  
You some kinda hit-man?

NICK  
Course not. I'm a business man.

OCEANE  
What sort of business?

NICK  
Hospitality.

OCEANE

Didn't look like hospitality  
business last night.

NICK

Just collecting a little unpaid  
debt, that's all.

OCEANE

I didn't hear you asking for no  
money.

NICK

Well, some debts you don't repay  
with money.

OCEANE

Why didn't you kill him?

NICK

I told you sweetheart. I'm no hit-  
man. I'm a businessman.

OCEANE

You should have killed him. You  
should have cut his heart out.

NICK

Cut his heart out? That's nice.  
Very nice. You're a real sweet  
girl, you are.

OCEANE

He'll come for you, you know  
that, don't you.

NICK

Yeah, well good luck to him. If  
he does I'll break his other leg.

OCEANE

Not that pig back there. The one  
he works for - the Hungarian.

NICK

The Hungarian? Who's he?

OCEANE

He's evil. He's evil incarnate.

NICK

Evil incarnate is he? Well, I can  
be pretty evil meself if I get  
cranky enough, darling, trust me.

OCEANE

Some say he is pontianak.

NICK  
Ponty-what?

OCEANE  
Pontianak. The dead, risen from  
the grave to drink the blood of  
the living. Vampire!

NICK  
Vampire?!

For a moment he is slightly unnerved by the fear in her eyes but then he laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone, will you darling.

He starts rummaging through the cupboards.

NICK (CONT'D)  
A vampire. That's all this  
neighborhood needs, more  
bloodsuckers. You know what,  
darling, I'm starving. You want  
something to eat, sweetheart?  
Huh?

He looks back from the cupboard but she is gone, the door ajar.

28 EXT FANNY'S NIGHT

28

Nick and Benny are working on the front door of Billy's club, Fanny's Striptease Lounge. A large sign behind them says "GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS - TOPLESS BAR - NON-STOP STRIPTease." A group of young men pauses outside considering whether to go in.

BENNY  
Come on boys, in you come. Wall-  
to-wall fanny, straight up the  
stairs.

NICK  
Big ones, small ones, hairy ones,  
bald ones. Something for  
everyone.

They start to file in through the door.

NICK  
That's the way lads, top of the  
stairs.

29

INT BILLY'S OFFICE NIGHT

29

Angel is standing facing camera wearing up a skimpy, very see-through, long-sleeved ladies top. Standing alongside her, Scratch and Brain look on. Cut to Billy, sitting opposite on a lounge chair, looking decidedly unimpressed.

BILLY

You are kiddin', aren't ya.

SCRATCH

It's pretty thin material, though.

ANGEL

Yeah. Like...

(she grabs her breasts  
and looks at them)

you can still see the rivets  
pokin' through alright.

BILLY

See the rivets pokin' through?  
The punters don't come to see  
rivets poking through, they want  
to see topless bloody sheilas.

ANGEL

Yeah, well, I'm sorry Billy, but  
the air-con behind the bar's just  
too cold ay.

SCRATCH

The girls are freezin' their  
bloody tits off back there, Bill.

BILLY

Well that's the general bloody  
idea, isn't it. The punters want  
them headlights on full beam,  
don't they. It's a TOPLESS...  
BLOODY...BAR!

SCRATCH

That's a good point Bill, yeah.  
We'd have to change the signs ay.  
Can't call it a topless bar if  
they got tops on.

BRAIN

That's true, yeah. Otherwise your  
Office of Fair Trading'll be onto  
us for misleading advertising.

BILLY

Your what?

30 EXT FANNY'S NIGHT

30

Benny and Nick are standing on either side of the door waiting for customers. The early morning crowd is starting to thin.

NICK  
What d'y' reckon?

BENNY  
Another hour maybe.

NICK  
(nods)  
I'll let Billy know.

He goes into the club.

31 INT FANNY'S NIGHT

31

We follow Nick as he walks up one flight of stairs into the club. A fairly sparse crowd of desperates is watching a lone STRIPPER going through her routine. As Nick walks past the stage heading for the office he winks at her and she smiles at him.

STRIPPER  
Hey Nick.

NICK  
Hello sexy.

STRIPPER  
You going to buy me that drink tonight?

NICK  
You just try and stop me, darling.

He continues past the stage into a hallway that leads to the office. Angel steps out looking less than happy.

NICK  
What are you all dressed up for?  
Going to a wedding or something?

ANGEL  
Could be someone's funeral if he's not careful.

32 INT BILLY'S OFFICE NIGHT

32

Close-up on Billy, continuing his conversation with Scratch and Brain.

BILLY

Well I don't care if their  
knockers freeze fuckin' solid,  
they're not puttin' on no bloody  
tops.

SCRATCH

Oh mate you won't get away with  
that.

BRAIN

No way. Your Workplace Health and  
Safety regulations mate. They  
specifically stipulate your  
workers must be provided with  
adequate protective apparel at  
all times in the workplace.

Billy looks uncomprehending.

BILLY

Well fuck 'em - if they don't  
want to work topless, they can  
piss off.

SCRATCH

Oh, you can't do that mate.

BRAIN

Shit no. Unfair dismissal mate.  
Your Industrial Relations'd be  
straight onto ya.

Billy looks exasperated.

BILLY

Industrial...? Fuck me sideways!

There is a knock on the door.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What!!?

Nick opens the door and pokes his head in.

NICK

She's getting pretty slow, Bill.

BILLY

Righto. Give 'em another hour and  
that'll do us for the night.

Close-up of Benny's face as LADDER BOB holds a match for  
Benny to light up a cigarette. Ladder Bob then lights his  
own cigarette as Nick comes back out of the club.

BENNY

Nick, you know Ladder Bob don't you.

NICK

Yeah sure. G'day Ladder, what are you up to?

They shake hands.

LADDER

Oh this and that, bit of the other, pom tiddeley om pom pom, you know how it is mate, up and down, here and there, in and out, doin' me best.

NICK

Yeah? So what's happening brother?

LADDER

Oh well, you know, thought I might just catch up with you for a whatsaname, you know, little bit of the old chin-wag, tra-la tra-la, natter-natter, yak yak yak, sort of thing, you know what I mean?

34

INT BAR NIGHT

34

A beer is set down on the bar. Ladder Bob lifts it to his lips and takes a sip. Nick is sitting at the bar beside him.

LADDER

So mate there's a bit of this (makes a talking motion with his hand) going around, you with me? Blah blah blah, you know what I mean? The whisper is you might've bought into the old Maritime Building Nick.

NICK

I might have, yeah. Which means I wouldn't want none of you or your shifty mates jumpin' in through the windows no more, would I.

LADDER

Oh mate, no. No no no no. Yeah, Nicky, no, that's, hey (hand motion indicating 'off limits') you know what I mean, mate, hey.

(MORE)

LADDER (cont'd)

Oh no mate, sweet as, ay, sweet as. No one's jumpin' into none of your joints, mate, not a problem, son, no way.

(beat)

It's just that, well, you know, that Maritime joint, mate, it's a bit, you know, it's a bit this way and that, you know what I mean? It's a bit whatsit, you with me? A bit thingy sort of thing, mate, a bit whatsaname ay.

NICK

Yeah?

LADDER

Ooh shit yeah, mate, yeah, yeah. Very mate. Very very whatsaname mate.

NICK

Yeah? How's that?

LADDER

Well, mate, what can I say? You know what I mean? What can I say? It's, you know, I mean it's been empty long as anyone can remember, ay. Never been nothing in there worth sort of, (hand motion to indicate lifting) so to speak, you know what I mean? But, mate, the thing is there's blokes get in there sometimes, ay.

NICK

Squatters?

LADDER

Oh mate (hands up in a surrender motion) hey, what would I know, mate, what would I know? You know what I mean? I don't know, son, I don't know. None of my bees wax is it. But you know Nicky, it's just there's whispers, aren't there, you know what I mean, you hear talk sort of thing, the old blah blah blah, you know what I mean? And mate, sometimes you, y'know, (pointing motion in front of his eyes) you whatsaname 'em in there sort of thing, don't you, in the middle of the night, at the windows and that.

NICK  
Kids probably.

LADDER  
No mate, no. Not kids mate, ay.  
No mate. No no no no. Not kids,  
no way. These blokes're weird  
lookin' fuckers, Nicky, ay.

NICK  
Yeah?

Ladder Bob looks uncharacteristically spooked.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Well, I'll soon sort 'em out I  
promise you.  
(beat)  
Meanwhile I don't want you  
mentioning none of this to Billy,  
alright?

LADDER  
Oh mate, hey (surrender motion)  
you know. (Zipping motion to  
lips) Hey, come on. It's me  
you're talking to son, ay. I mean  
hey, what building sort of thing?  
You know what I mean? Hey. You  
with me son?

Nick nods.

LADDER (CONT'D)  
But listen Nick, there's sort of,  
you know, there's another  
whatsaname mate, ay...  
(leaning forward)  
- one of me boys, mate, he's, you  
know, tonight, he's ('eyeballing'  
motion) he's thingoed one of 'em,  
in there tonight, mate, on the  
premises.

35 I/E VALLEY STREET NIGHT

35

Nick and Benny pull up in Nick's car outside the Maritime building. It is very dark. Nick pulls two iron bars from beneath the front seat and hands one to Benny who slips it up the sleeve of his jacket. They step out of the car. Nick looks up at the building. As his eye scans up a pale face moves away from one of the top storey windows.

BENNY  
You see that?

NICK

Yeah.

They stride across to the building.

36

INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT

36

Nick eases the front door open and they both step quietly into the dark building. They look up as they hear noises from above.

NICK

You wait here. If they try to  
come out this way flog the shit  
out of 'em, alright.

He slips the iron bar out of his sleeve and starts making his way up the dark staircase.

We see Nick's POV as he goes up each set of stairs to the darkness of the landing above.

As he comes towards the third floor Nick slows, becoming more apprehensive. He moves very gradually towards the landing. As he does we start to make out the figure of a man standing in the blackness.

The figure suddenly bolts and Nick chases him. We see Nick's POV as he follows the figure through the dark corridors. As he clambers up stairs and around dark corners the figure he is chasing is always just beyond his vision. When he gets to the top he stops. He is looking down a long broad corridor to where a pile of old, unused timber is stacked against one wall. The corridor is in complete darkness except for a shaft of pale moonlight shining onto the ghostly figure of a man (Ion) facing him.

ION

What are you doing here?

NICK

That's what I come to ask you  
pal.

ION

This is no place for the living.

NICK

Is that right, is it?

Nick starts to stride forward as Ion backs away disappearing into the darkness.

Nick's POV as he strides towards the darkness. He walks several steps in complete darkness until he bumps into a wall.

He clicks on a cigarette lighter to see there is a blank wall in front of him. He turns one way to find another blank wall and then back the other way. There is a passage which he follows in the flickering light of the flame.

The passage turns right and then left. He is in the caretaker's flat. He moves around with the lighter. Suddenly he hears a noise behind him. He moves to the door and holds out the lighter but there is just darkness in the corridor.

Nick starts to walk back, turning right and then left in the passage, ever more apprehensive of what is beyond. Finally he turns another corner to be suddenly face-to-face with another man. It is Benny.

NICK

Fuck!

BENNY

Oh shit! What are you doing to me?

NICK

What the fuck are you doin' here?  
I told you to wait at the front door.

BENNY

I heard you talkin' to someone. I thought you found 'em.

Suddenly there is a noise down below. Both of them bolt along the corridor towards the stairs.

Cut to them arriving at the bottom of the stairs. The front door is open, the moonlight streaming in. Two bats are flying across the night sky. Benny and Nick look at each other as if to say 'we missed them.'

37

EXT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

37

Benny and Nick are at the back of the building tracing the wire from the electricity connection box. It leads into a tube going into the ground.

NICK

Someone's definitely been running electricity down into the basement.

BENNY

What d'y'reckon? Hydroponic set-up?

NICK

I'd say so.

BENNY  
Either that or a cook-up.

NICK  
Yeah. That clown I spotted looked  
like a speed freak.

Cut to Nick locking the front door of the building.

NICK  
Whatever the boys were up to it's  
game over. I'll move into the  
caretaker's flat tomorrow, keep  
an eye on the joint until the  
builders can get started.

They start to walk towards their car.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile I want you to keep this  
under your hat from Billy,  
alright? I don't want him getting  
no nervous flutters.

38 EXT MARITIME BUILDING DAY 38

Long shot of Billy Turquoise's car, being driven by  
Scratch, pulling up outside the Maritime building. Billy  
gets out of the passenger side, and Scratch and Brain join  
him on the footpath. Cut to

39 I/E STATIONARY CAR DAY 39

Police Detective WAYNE STERLING and his younger partner  
ANDREW MCCRAE are watching Billy, Scratch and Brain from  
their car nearby.

MCCRAE  
Billy Turquoise.

STERLING  
What d'y' reckon he's up to?

MCCRAE  
No good I'd say. No good at all.

Cut to

40 EXT MARITIME BUILDING DAY 40

Long shot of Billy, Scratch and Brain as they file into the  
building.

41 INT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

41

Dressed in overalls, Nick is feeding a lead along the corridor into the care-taker's flat, while Benny follows, carrying a television set. As Nick comes into the flat he is surprised to see Billy, Brain and Scratch in the flat, which has now been partially renovated.

BILLY

It looks real good Nicky.

NICK

Yeah, well, there's a bit of work to do yet. I've still gotta get it all re-wired and that.

BILLY

Yeah. You've got this dump looking like a million bucks.

NICK

Thanks.

Nick plugs the television into the lead and it comes on.

NICK

Lift-off!

Scratch immediately throws himself into the armchair.

BRAIN

Alright!

Benny, Brain and Scratch are instantly mesmerised by the television.

BILLY

So everything's on schedule, yeah?

NICK

Sure.

BILLY

No problems?

NICK

No mate. No. It's all sweet.

42 I/E STATIONARY CAR DAY

42

McCrae and Sterling are still sitting in the car.

MCCRAE

Why don't we go in and turn 'em over.

STERLING

What for?

MCCRAE

(shrugs)

Why not?

Sterling nods in the direction of the building where Billy, Brain and Scratch are leaving the building and getting back into their car. Scratch toots the horn and Billy, Scratch and Brain all wave warmly to the police as they pull out to leave.

STERLING

Smart arse.

43

INT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

43

Nick is on the ground floor cutting some timber with a power saw as Sterling and McCrae come in through the front door.

STERLING

G'day Nick.

\*  
\*

Nick has been expecting them. He looks up.

NICK

Sergeant Sterling.

STERLING

How're you travelling?

NICK

I don't know. You tell me.

STERLING

Oh, you're no sweat with us Nick.  
We're just here for a yarn.

\*

NICK

Is that right? About what?

MCCRAE

About a junkie who walked out of  
Billy Turquoise's club last  
Saturday night. He turned up dead  
an hour later.

NICK

Nothing to do with me.

STERLING

We know that Nick.

MCCRAE  
(abrasively)  
But we're looking for  
information.

NICK  
Yeah? You should go to the  
library then.

STERLING  
(conciliatory)  
Come on Nick. Murder's bad for  
business, even in the Valley.  
We've had five dead junkies in  
the past fortnight.

NICK  
And so what, that's a problem?

MCCRAE  
(aggressively)  
Yeah.

NICK  
Druggies've been killing druggies  
for a long time. It's the way  
they do business.

STERLING  
This is a bit different. These  
aren't your garden-variety crime-  
scene carve-ups. No identifiable  
wounds. No holes, no cuts, no  
bruises, nothing.

NICK  
So what the fuck'd they die of  
then, fright?

MCCRAE  
Blood loss.

NICK  
Blood loss?

STERLING  
Everyone of them was completely  
drained of blood.

Nick looks back at them, obviously troubled.

STERLING  
Dry as a dead dingo's donger.

44

INT CARETAKER'S FLAT NIGHT

44

Nick is sitting alone in the dark watching a video clip of The Cure playing "Butterfly" on television. He is thinking about what the police told him, and about Oceane's claim that the Hungarian is a vampire. The television flickers and goes off.

NICK

Shit!

He gets up and gropes in the dark, re-connecting the lead. The television comes back on. He sits down again. It flickers and goes off again.

Nick is about to jump out of his chair again when he sees some movement reflected in the black screen. He spins around to look at the darkened kitchen but he can see nothing.

He gets up and walks cautiously towards the kitchen. He sees that the light is on in the pantry although the door is closed. He approaches cautiously.

Slowly, he reaches out to the door handle.

He pulls the door open. The fat tabby spits back at him.

NICK

Shit! Jesus, Russel, what are you doing back in here? Eating my cheese again, you big fat bastard. That'd be right.

He grabs the cat and some cheese and walks toward the door. On the way he jiggles the lead connection again and the television comes back on.

NICK (CONT'D)

How many times have I got to tell you cheese is for mice, pal, not for bloody cats. No wonder you're such a big fat porker, all the tucker you been theivin' off me.

He swings the front door open and sets the cat down outside, handing it a piece of the cheese.

NICK

Now I'm gonna let you off with a warning this time, pal, but if it happens again I'll have the boys around to fix you up, you understand? Now get.

He closes the door and then heads towards the couch. The television suddenly dies again and he is in darkness.

He looks at it and then looks back at the front door. He can sense something there, just outside the door.

Tension rises as Nick moves cautiously towards the door. The television comes on. He stares at it momentarily and then turns back to the door.

He slowly moves towards the door. When he gets to it he reaches out apprehensively.

As Nick swings the door open he is startled by the face of Benny who is equally startled.

BENNY

Fuck!

(composing himself)

Shit man, what're you doing creepin' up behind the door like that?

NICK

Where the hell've you been?

BENNY

I just stopped for a pizza, bro, that's all.

NICK

Yeah, well I gotta et going man. Keep an eye on the joint, okay.

Benny spots the television and drops into an armchair.

BENNY

Sweet. Later bro.

Nick pauses at the front door, a little unsettled.

NICK

T.V.'s playin' up a bit.

Benny doesn't even hear him. Nick closes the door behind him. We are left with a back-shot of Benny sitting in the dark room watching the television.

45 INT HOTEL FOYER NIGHT

45

Nick lifts a glass of spirits to his lips and takes a drink. He is sitting at a table in the foyer of the Marriott waiting to see if he can see Oceane.

46 INT CARETAKER'S FLAT NIGHT

46

Rear shot of Benny watching the television in the dark. We pan in. Cut to his face as he is suddenly uncomfortable. Back to rear shot panning in as Benny's startled face spins round towards camera.

47 INT HOTEL FOYER NIGHT 47

Nick takes another sip of his drink. The lift opens and he sees Oceane, immaculately dressed, come out of the lift and walk towards the exit. He gets up and follows.

48 EXT HOTEL DRIVEWAY NIGHT 48

Oceane walks out of the hotel towards a waiting limousine as the driver opens the door for her. Nick approaches her from behind.

NICK  
Hello darling.

She turns to face him.

NICK  
Fancy meeting you here.

She turns back and gets into the car pulling the door shut.

NICK  
Hey, come on. We're mates aren't we?

She locks the door as the driver starts the engine and drives off. Nick runs back to his car.

49 INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 49

Benny, looking frantic and breathless, is hiding in one of the dark corridors. He is being chased. He has his mobile in one hand as he punches in a number with the other.

50 I/E STATIONARY CAR NIGHT 50

As Nick opens the door to his car and climbs in to follow the limousine, his phone rings. He looks and sees it is Benny, so he answers it.

NICK  
Benny. What's up?

51 INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 51

In the dark corridor Benny has his mobile to his ear about to speak, but he is frozen into inaction by what he sees. His terrified eyes bulge in panic as a gaunt hand grabs him by the throat. He drops the phone, gurgling and rasping for breath.

52 INT STATIONARY CAR NIGHT 52

Nick is on the phone.

NICK  
Benny, you there man? Benny?

53 INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 53

The hand is still around Benny's throat squeezing the life from him. Blood starts to ooze from where the fingers are now digging into his neck. The hand starts to rip the flesh away from Benny's neck.

Cut to close-up of the mobile on the floor as several heavy drops of blood fall onto it.

NICK  
(voice on mobile)  
Benny? Benny.

54 EXT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 54

Nick's car pulls up. Nick gets out and walks to the front door. It is open. He goes in.

55 INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 55

As Nick steps into the building, he sees Dorel sitting alone on a chair in the pale blue light.

DOREL  
Door is open. I hope you don't  
mind I let myself in.

NICK  
Who the fuck are you?

DOREL  
Some people calls me the  
Hungarian.  
(laughs)  
That's the polite ones, yeah?

As he laughs again he looks around him. Marius, Roxy and Gavril step partially out of the darkness around him. Nick recognises Gavril. He looks down at Gavril's leg (the one he snapped). It is intact.

DOREL  
But you and me we must be  
friends. My name is Dorel.

NICK  
So what's on your mind Darryl?

DOREL  
No no, not Darryl. Dorel. Yah?  
Dorel.

NICK

Bit late for a social visit  
Darryl.

DOREL

Ha ha, yes, yes, not social  
visit. Business. You and me, we  
must talk business, yeah?

NICK

I don't talk business in the  
dark.

DOREL

Yes, yes. Tonight you do, Mr  
Nicky Piccollo. Tonight you talk  
business to Dorel in the dark. We  
have commercial negotiation you  
and me. I come to buy this  
beautiful building from you.

BILLY

Just bought it meself.

DOREL

Yah, I know. Someone sells you  
this building. I don't even know  
it's for sale.

(sneers at the others)

Nobody tells me nothing no more.

(back to Nick)

Anyway...this is why is so  
incredibly generous of me now to  
offer you extra hundred thousand  
dollars just for you to piss off  
quick out of this building.

NICK

Why?

DOREL

Why?

(laughs to others)

Why you ask fuckin' why for? This  
is no way to do business!

(laughs again)

You want to look gift horse in  
mouth?

(serious again)

You piss off quick and you get  
rich, just like that. Is  
beautiful deal for you.

NICK

Sorry Darryl. I've got plans for  
this place.

Dorel jumps to his feet.

DOREL  
(angrily)  
No!  
(more sedately)  
No. Is better for you not to be  
in this building. You see, Mr  
Nick, my friends and me we have  
special interest here. We have,  
how you say, sentimental  
attachment.

NICK  
Yeah? Me too.

DOREL  
Sorry, maybe you don't  
understand. Is me, is my fault,  
stupid fucking wog accent you  
know, I don't make myself clear.  
You see, this is commercial  
negotiation, but is not really  
negotiable, you know?  
(laughs)  
Crazy, yeah? Go figure.  
(more serious)  
You see, I don't want you in this  
building no more. This building  
is for me. Is not for you. You  
have very simple decision to  
make. You can maybe take money  
and get very rich, or you can  
stay here, and get very dead. Is  
simple, yah?

Nick stares back at him defiantly.

DOREL  
Sleep on it my friend. I give you  
few days. Monday night we come  
visit you again. But next time no  
more talking, okay. I promise you  
this.

As they file out, Gavril gives Nick the evil eye.

56

I/E BILLY'S OFFICE DAY

56

Close-up on Nick looking somewhat uncomfortable. Cut to  
Billy, looking somewhat quizzical. Brain and Scratch are  
sitting in the background.

NICK  
Yeah, so I've got the builders  
lined up to get started next  
week.

BILLY  
It's all on schedule then?

NICK  
Yeah. It's sweet.

BILLY  
No problems?

NICK  
No, mate, no.

BILLY  
Sure?

NICK  
Absolutely Bill. No problems  
whatsoever.

Billy nods. He is not totally convinced.

BILLY  
You seen that Benny around?

NICK  
Benny?

BILLY  
Yeah. He was supposed to come in  
this morning to set up. He didn't  
show.

NICK  
Benny...  
(shakes his head)  
Nuh.

57 INT STRIP CLUB DAY

57

Billy and Nick and Scratch are walking towards the stairs  
to the front door.

BILLY  
Alright, well you let me know  
when you need a top-up for the  
builders, alright.

NICK  
Yeah, yeah, sweet mate, thanks.

BILLY  
And don't forget the clock's  
ticking, yeah?

Billy stops at the top of the stairs and turns to face  
Nick.

BILLY  
I don't need to tell you how much  
I value punctuality.

The threat in Billy's voice is clear to Nick.

NICK  
Course not Bill, no.

Billy nods solemnly and then turns to head down the stairs. As he does so they are all startled to see the silhouetted figure of Benny standing halfway down the stairs looking up at them.

BILLY  
Benny! Where the fuck've you  
been?

He files past Benny down the stairs.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Get up there and help Brain set  
up the kegs.

As Nick and Scratch follow Billy down the stairs Nick is looking at Benny. He has a vacant, hollow look in his eyes. As Nick draws alongside Benny he pauses.

NICK  
(whispers)  
You alright?

Benny looks at him and nods. Nick is not convinced but he continues on down the stairs.

58 EXT STRIP CLUB DAY

58

As they get onto the footpath Billy stops where a painter is changing the "Topless Bar" sign to read "See-Through Bar." He looks at Scratch as if to say "you're kidding," and Scratch looks sheepish. Billy continues to his car parked at the curb. They all climb into the car.

59 EXT VALLEY STREET NIGHT

59

Close-up on Oceane's bottom in a tight leather mini-skirt as she sashays along the crowded side-walk. She walks into a trendy bar.

60 INT TRENDY BAR

60

Close-up on Oceane's face looking into a compact mirror as she applies ruby-red lipstick. When she is finished she lowers the compact to reveal Nick sitting opposite her.

NICK  
Hello again there sweetheart. Did  
you miss me?

She calmly folds up the compact and puts it in her purse.

OCEANE  
You stalking me?

NICK  
Course not darling. Just want to  
buy you a drink, that's all.

OCEANE  
Stalking is a crime you know.

NICK  
Yeah, I heard that. Won't let a  
bloke have no fun at all no more,  
will they.

OCEANE  
Maybe I should call a cop.

NICK  
Maybe. Tell you what, why don't I  
buy us both a drink first and we  
can talk about it?

She looks at him with a deadpan expression, thinking.

OCEANE  
Okay.

61 INT PIZZA PARLOUR NIGHT

61

Later that night. Close-up on a half-eaten pizza as Nick  
picks up a piece and takes a bite. Oceane is sitting  
opposite eating pizza.

NICK  
So I've got about six months to  
get the club up and running. If I  
can make a go of it, I'll own the  
freehold and plus I'll be running  
me own show.

OCEANE  
So that's what hospitality  
business means. Striptease show.

NICK  
No. No more strip clubs for me.  
This is gonna be something  
special. Nite club, up-market  
restaurant, maybe a piano bar,  
that sort of thing.

OCEANE

Piano bar? Here, in the Valley?

NICK

The Valley's changing. She ain't gonna be struggle street round here forever, trust me. One day this real estate'll be worth millions. And yours truly's sitting on a chunk of it. I'm gonna make something of meself, you just wait and see.

OCEANE

That's if your friend Billy don't foreclose on you first.

It's a good point.

NICK

So what about you? Where's your pasty-faced mate from the other night fit in? What were you going to do, roll him?

OCEANE

No. I was going to cut his heart out.

NICK

(amused)

Nice! A little bit extreme perhaps, but...

OCEANE

It's between him and me.

NICK

Is it?

OCEANE

Will you kill him for me?

NICK

Why would I?

OCEANE

Because he's evil.

NICK

The Valley's full of evil fuckers, sugar. What makes this guy so special?

OCEANE

He killed my sister.

NICK  
Keep goin'.

OCEANE  
His name is Gavril. He works for  
the Hungarian.

62 INT THAI BROTHEL NIGHT

62

Close-up of Gavril's hand clenched around LILY's wrist  
pulling her clenched fist forward.

OCEANE (V.O.)  
He brought my sister Lily here  
from Patpong to work the streets  
for the Hungarian.

63 INT BRISBANE BROTHEL NIGHT

63

The HUNGARIAN's pale hand, wearing a ring with the Satanic  
cross, peels back Lily's fingers revealing a fistful of  
dollars, which he takes from her hand.

OCEANE (V.O.)  
They tried to take everything she  
earned.

64 INT LILY'S ROOM NIGHT

64

Close-up of Lily's pubic area. She slips two fingers down  
into her skimpy underpants and draws out some cash.

OCEANE (V.O.)  
But she was too smart.

Close-up of Lily's hands pulling up a floor-board to reveal  
a bundle of cash secreted underneath. She slips some more  
notes into the bundle and replaces the board.

OCEANE (V.O.)  
She put money aside every night  
so some day she could return to  
her family.

65 INT PIZZA PARLOUR NIGHT

65

Close-up of Oceane's face as she looks across the table at  
Nick.

OCEANE  
But then she met a boy, and they  
fell in love.

Cut to Nick, looking into her eyes.

OCEANE (CONT'D)

And she went to Gavril and told him she would give the Hungarian all the money she had hidden if he would set her free.

Cut to Nick, then back to Oceane.

OCEANE (CONT'D)

You know what they did?

66 INT BOY'S ROOM NIGHT

66

Cut to BOY's hands trembling as he tears open a small box, to reveal a package wrapped in a blood-caked tissue.

OCEANE (V.O.)

They cut off her nose and sent it to the boy.

67 INT PIZZA PARLOUR NIGHT

67

Close-up of Nick, then Oceane, teary-eyed.

OCEANE (CONT'D)

They told him now she was so ugly no one would want to buy her, so he could have her if he still wanted her. But first he must bring all the hidden money to the Hungarian.

NICK

Did he do it?

68 INT LILY'S ROOM NIGHT

68

Close-up of Boy's blood-stained hands feverishly dislodging the hidden cash, as he whimpers pathetically.

OCEANE (V.O.)

Yes. He still loved her.

69 INT PIZZA PARLOUR NIGHT

69

Close-up of Nick.

NICK

And?

OCEANE

The Hungarian took the money.

70 INT BOY'S ROOM NIGHT

70

Close-up of the Hungarian's hands as he takes the wad of cash from the young man's hand, then flicks casually through it. Cut to spurting blood splashing over a cold tiled floor, as Lily screams in the background.

OCEANE (V.O.)

And then he killed them both.

71 INT PIZZA PARLOUR NIGHT

71

Close-up of Nick's face.

NICK

So what do you know about this Hungarian cat? How do I find him?

OCEANE

You cannot find the Hungarian. He is invisible, a ghost.

A beat. Oceane's eyes are drawn to the front of the restaurant. Gavril is looking in through the window at them. She draws a breath and drops her head to hide.

OCEANE

Shit! Don't look.

NICK

Don't look at what?

OCEANE

Gavril. He's there, outside the window.

Nick casually looks past Oceane at the mirror on the back wall of the restaurant. There is no one in the mirror.

NICK

What are you talkin' about, sweetheart?

She peeks up to see Gavril's pale face looking in, then averts her eyes again.

OCEANE

He's watching us.

Nick turns around. There is no one there. He gets to his feet, his fists clenched, and saunters towards the door.

72 EXT VALLEY STREET NIGHT

72

Nick steps onto the street as though he is ready for a fight. He looks one way then the other, but no Gavril.

73 INT PIZZA PARLOUR NIGHT

73

As he comes back to the table Oceane is on her feet with her bag slung over her shoulder.

OCEANE  
Let's get outta here.

NICK  
Yeah, sure.

He slaps a twenty on the table as she heads towards the door.

74 EXT VALLEY BACKSTREET NIGHT

74

Oceane and Nick are walking along a dark, deserted backstreet street toward his parked car.

OCEANE  
He's following me. He knows I'm with you now.

NICK  
Then he knows if he don't stay away I'll beat the livin' piss 'n' pickhandles out of him, don't he.

She looks slightly reassured. She stops.

OCEANE  
Stay with me tonight.

NICK  
Who says stalking don't pay dividends.

OCEANE  
I want to sleep, that's all. I'll sleep better if you're beside me.

He looks her up and down.

NICK  
I wouldn't bet on that if I was you, love.

Up ahead a dark STRANGER steps out of the shadows (as in scene 4). Silhouetted by a street-light the figure walks toward them. It looks like Gavril. Oceane sees him first and slips her arm in Nick's as they walk. Nick watches the stranger as they gradually approach each other. It is not Gavril. They pass each other silently. Oceane looks over her shoulder and we see her POV as she watches the stranger disappear eerily in to the darkness.

75 I/E NICK'S CAR NIGHT

75

The car door slams shut loudly. Oceane has just got into the passenger side as Nick starts the engine and turns the headlights on.

As he looks up he is startled to see Benny standing in front of the car illuminated by the headlights.

NICK

Benny!

Benny walks to the passenger side window and looks in.

NICK

What are you doing here man?

BENNY

Just hangin' bro.

NICK

Well, I'm glad you showed, man.  
Get in.

Nick checks the rear vision mirror to see if anyone is coming as Benny climbs in to the back seat. Nick drives off.

76 I/E MOVING CAR NIGHT

76

As Nick drives he is checking the rear-view mirror to see if they are being followed. Benny sits back, his face obscured in darkness.

NICK

I'll drop you at my place while I  
come back and find that freak.  
Benny'll stay with you till I get  
back.

Nick checks the rear-view mirror again.

NICK

Was that you who called last  
night, Ben?

BENNY

What you talking about, bro?

NICK

Someone called me from your  
mobile.

He looks in the rear-mirror but he can't see where Benny is sitting.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get to anyway?

BENNY  
Here and there.

NICK  
Yeah? What do you mean here and there?

BENNY  
What I said, man. Here and there.

Close-up on Oceane. She is feeling uneasy with Benny sitting behind her.

NICK  
You didn't run into any trouble then?

There is no answer. Oceane's eyes move, waiting for the answer.

NICK  
Benny?

Nick looks into the mirror. He still can't see Benny.

BENNY  
No trouble.

NICK  
Did you see anyone hanging around the building last night?  
(no answer)  
Benny?

Close-up on Nick as he checks the rear-view mirror. He moves slightly in his seat to see Benny in the mirror. He doesn't appear to be there.

NICK  
Benny?

BENNY  
Right here, bro.

Nick looks in the mirror again. Benny is not there. Oceane is becoming more and more uneasy. Nick is gradually compelled to look over his shoulder to the back seat.

As he turns he finds himself face to face with Benny. Oceane screams as Benny swings a hypodermic syringe at Nick. It lodges in his neck and the car swerves out of control, hitting a pole and lurching to a dead stop.

Nick is now slumped forward over the wheel, unconscious. As Oceane sits up slightly dazed, she feels Benny's hand wrap around her throat. She screams. He puts his other hand over her mouth muffling the scream and then, removing his hand from her throat, he moves forward towards her throat, baring his teeth and displaying vampire fangs.

Meanwhile Nick starts to come to and clutches at the syringe in his neck.

NICK

What is this, man? What's going on?

He pulls the needle out, then turns to see Benny with his hand over Oceane's mouth and leaning forward as if about to bite her neck. He grabs Benny, who lets go of Oceane. Panicked, she immediately leaps from the car. Benny turns to face Nick.

Cut to Nick's POV as Benny smiles coldly. He begins to laugh as Nick's vision goes out of focus and sound is distorted. The drug is taking effect. Nick squints as his vision of Benny dances wildly.

Benny grabs Nick by the throat and, opening his mouth, moves slowly toward the bulging vein in Nick's neck. Slumped on the seat, Nick grabs Benny by the ears and grunts loudly as he head-butts him, thrusting him back into the back seat and out of sight.

In the background we hear sirens as Nick opens the door and crawls onto the footpath.

Nick hears the back door of the car opening. Through his blurred POV we see what appears to be Benny climbing out of the car. Nick drags himself to his feet and turns to run, but finds himself face to face with Benny. Benny looks at him menacingly, then takes him by the throat and squeezes as he lifts Nick off his feet.

Close-up of Benny as he opens his mouth revealing vampire fangs. Switch to Nick's POV, a blurred vision of Benny's face. In the background dark figures silhouetted by the street lights are moving towards them. Nick's breath is rasping loudly as his eyes start to roll back in his head.

Benny smiles evilly moving his face towards Nick's throat. Suddenly he props. Hanging over his hand wrapped around Nick's throat is a crucifix on the gold chain that Nick wears around his neck. Benny looks horrified and lets go of Nick who drops to the ground.

Suddenly the headlights of a car swing onto Benny. He turns to face them, then he sees the flashing blue light of a police car. He turns and scurries into the night.

Nick drags himself to his feet and staggers into a laneway, lumbering into the darkness. His vision is so blurred he clutches to a wall using it as a guide as he moves quickly into the darkness. He is breathing hard, his heart pounding. Through his POV we see a very shallow vision of the wall as he rounds one corner and then the next. Suddenly he is face to face with Oceane.

OCEANE

Come on, let's go. Let's get outta here.

77

INT CARETAKER'S FLAT NIGHT

77

Nick, his neck bandaged, is sitting on Oceane's bed, gingerly taking his shirt off. The shirt is ripped and he has a graze on his shoulder. Oceane has some disinfectant ready to treat the graze.

OCEANE

How's your head?

NICK

No worse than normal this time of the morning.

She notices he is wearing a small gold crucifix around his neck.

OCEANE

You wear a crucifix?

NICK

All my life. I was an altar boy too. Do you believe that? Practically a fuckin' saint I am.

OCEANE

Do you think people like you and me will ever get to heaven Nick?

NICK

Course we will darling. Sure as God made small strawberries.  
(beat)  
Even if we've got to sling someone on the door to get us in.

They smile at each other. She leans forward and kisses him tenderly on the lips. They kiss passionately as they recline back on the bed.

Cut to a full moon in the sky outside the window. Pan back into the room which is now in darkness.

Oceane is lying in the bed beside Nick. Both are naked. The moonlight from the window is reflected on them.

As she lies half-asleep a shadow passes quickly across the reflected moonlight. She is intrigued by it and looks toward the window to see if there is something there. Nothing.

She gets out of bed and wanders to the window. She looks out expecting to see something. There is nothing there.

Below on the street a lone figure walks along the footpath lit by a full moon.

Oceane turns to go back to bed, then stops, looking at Nick asleep on the bed, bathed in the moonlight. A dark shadow passes over him. Oceane is frozen with fear. She turns slowly and looks back at the window. She sees that a cloud is passing in front of the moon. She watches, transfixed by it.

There is a loud rap on the door. Nick awakens and pulls his trousers on. He goes to the door, opens it slightly and peers through. It is Ladder Bob.

Cut to Nick, Oceane and Ladder Bob sitting around a coffee table in the flat.

LADDER

The whisper is he's gone  
whatsaname mate, ta ta see ya  
later up in smoke, know what I  
mean? In behind the eight ball  
deep snooker never to be seen,  
you with me son?

NICK

Yeah? So who can get to him?

LADDER

The Lebs mate.

NICK

The Lebs?!

LADDER

The Lebs mate, yeah, oh yeah.  
Absolutely definitely. Ears to  
the ground, son, ears to the  
ground.

NICK

Yeah, but mate, are you sure?

LADDER

Oh mate, yeah, absolutely  
certainly. Completely mate.  
(MORE)

LADDER (cont'd)

You give them Lebs a little, you know (gives a little whistle and a back-hand motion) the old whatsaname like, they'll have a very quiet little whatsit in his thingy for you.

78

INT MOVING CAR NIGHT

78

HAZ and his mate ARMY, two young Lebanese gangsters decked out in iridescent track-suits and gold jewelry, are driving through deserted city backstreets in Haz's WRX to pick up their associate MO. Haz is driving. Aussie rap music is playing on the radio.

LADDER (V.O.)

Oh, yes mate, for sure. Your Lebs are, you know, very very whatsit mate. They're absolutely very very whatsaname indeed, ay.

HAZ

It's not just your writer neither mate. Your director, mate, he's gotta be totally in tune wiv your jonra ay.

ARMY

In tune wiv your what?

HAZ

Your jonra mate. Your director has gotta be in tune wiv the jonra.

ARMY

The what?

HAZ

The jonra mate, the fucking jonra!

MO appears up ahead in the headlights, standing on a street corner.

HAZ

Hey, here he is man.

They pull up. Mo gets into the back seat and they take off again.

MO

I told him I had some shit-hot gear for him, mate. He's gonna be waiting for me.

HAZ

Good shit bro. So you stay out of sight, alright. Army and me we'll fuckin' give it to him good, okay.

ARMY

Ladder Bob says we just got to word him up though, ay Haz.

HAZ

Fuck Ladder Bob, man, fuck him. I hate that fuckin' Benny, ay. I'm gonna fuckin' smash him when I see him, mate. I'm gonna smash him good, you watch.

79 EXT STREET CORNER NIGHT 79

Benny is standing alone on the deserted street corner, a hollow look in his eyes. He looks down at his hand where he is holding a cut-throat razor. As the headlights of a car appear he slips the razor into his pocket.

80 INT MOVING CAR NIGHT 80

As Haz drives towards him Benny can be seen on the street corner up ahead. Haz flicks the headlights on and off high beam as he slows down.

81 EXT STREET CORNER NIGHT 81

As the car stops Benny steps off the footpath and walks towards the headlights.

82 INT CAR NIGHT 82

Haz's POV as Benny walks towards the car.

HAZ

Here you go, watch this mate.

He guns the car, careering straight towards Benny.

83 EXT STREET NIGHT 83

Benny stands still as the car runs into him throwing him sprawling on to the street as the car screeches to a halt.

84 INT CAR NIGHT 84

Haz, Army and Mo are looking out the back window to where Benny is lying on the roadway.

ARMY

Oh my God, he didn't even move mate. You hit him head on.

MO  
I think you killed him mate.

Haz looks worried.

HAZ  
Yeah, well that will fucking  
teach him then, ay.

He jams the car into reverse, then with a screech of tyres  
careers back towards Benny.

85 EXT STREET NIGHT

85

As the car slows to a stop near him, Benny starts to raise  
himself up onto all fours.

86 INT MOVING CAR DAY

86

ARMY  
Oh my God, he's still alive mate.  
He is gonna be so pissed wiv you  
man.

HAZ  
Bullshit!

He accelerates again, still in reverse, straight at Benny.

As the car runs over Benny it bounces violently jostling  
the three occupants. The car screeches to a stop again.  
They sit in the car looking at Benny lying in the street.

ARMY  
Mate, she's got some fuckin' pick-  
up ay.

HAZ  
What you think mate? It's a REXY  
ay. Garrett T4 with a hybrid  
front mound inter-cooler and a  
four-puck racing clutch, mate.

ARMY  
Totally fuckin' wicked man.

HAZ  
Check it out.

Haz puts the car in gear and screeches off again. Again  
they are bounced around as the car drives over Benny, and  
again they stop.

ARMY  
Fuckin' fully sick, mate.

They all turn and look back at the motionless Benny. Army starts to laugh.

MO  
Oh my God! You fuckin' smashed  
him alright man.

HAZ  
(smiles)  
Mate I swear to God I fuckin'  
smashed him didn't I.

They all laugh.

HAZ (CONT'D)  
Didn't I say I'd smash him. I  
fuckin' smashed him good, didn't  
I?

Cut to

87

EXT STREET NIGHT

87

Benny's body is now covered with a blanket. Haz's car is backed up next to him with its boot open.

HAZ  
Okay, Mo, you take his head, I'll  
take his feet.

MO  
Why have I gotta take his head?  
The head is the heavy end.

HAZ  
Okay, I'll take the head. Army,  
you help me.

As they get in place, Benny starts to raise himself onto all fours underneath the blanket.

MO  
What the fuck?!

Haz looks annoyed. He goes to the boot of the car and pulls out a baseball bat. Then he comes back and clubs the blanket-covered body of Benny repeatedly until it is motionless again. He looks at the others and they nod as if to say 'that should do it.' He then goes back to the boot, replaces the bat, dusts his hands off and gets back into position to lift. As he does so Benny groans and starts to rise up again.

ARMY  
Get fucked!

Haz looks really angry. He rushes to the boot and pulls out a huge butcher's knife, then comes back and stabs the blanket-covered Benny until he is lying quite still again. He stands for several seconds waiting to see if Benny moves again. He doesn't. He stabs him several more times.

Then he straightens up and looks at the others as if to say 'that's done it.' He goes back to the car, replaces the knife, then comes back ready to lift the body.

As they bend down to pick the body up, Benny groans feebly again, this time without moving. They all recoil in shock.

ARMY

What the...!?

MO

Fuckin' bullshit, man!!

HAZ

Fuck off! Fuck off! Get the fuck outta here man! Get the fuck...

Fuming, Haz goes to the car, reaches under the front seat and pulls out a pistol. He walks back to Benny and pumps several shots into him until he is motionless again. He waits. This time there is no sound, no movement. He looks up at the others.

HAZ

Did I fuckin' smash him or what?

They all start laughing.

ARMY

You fuckin' smashed him man.

MO

You fuckin' smashed him good mate.

Cut to Benny's body, wrapped in the blanket, being rolled into the boot. The boot slams shut.

88

INT MOVING CAR NIGHT

88

An hour later. The boys are driving along a deserted country road, eating take-away chicken. They are going to bury the body in the bush. Mo is slumped back in the back seat almost asleep.

ARMY

Tarantino I reckon. He is both a writer and a director who is like fully in tune wiv the jonra mate, don't ya reckon?

HAZ

Tarantino?! Get the fuck outta here! What would Tarantino know about the jonra man?

ARMY

Tarantino is the real fuckin' deal mate.

MO

Bullshit!

HAZ

Get the fuck outta here bro! The real deal? Tarantino's not the real deal man.

ARMY

He is man, I'm tellin' ya. Tarantino's like fully fucking connected mate.

HAZ

Connected?!

MO

Fuck off!

HAZ

You're on fuckin' drugs, mate, I'm tellin' ya! I swear to God Tarantino was like nothing before he was making movies man, he was like a actor or something.

MO

He wasn't even a actor mate. He was like a video store guy or something. Yeah, he was a fuckin' video store guy man!

ARMY

He might have been a video store guy, ay, but Tarantino knows the streets, I'm tellin' ya.

HAZ

Tarantino don't know fuckin' bullshit mate.

There is a bumping noise from the boot.

HAZ (CONT'D)

What was that?

He looks in the rearview mirror. There is nothing there.

HAZ (CONT'D)  
Did you feel that?

ARMY  
I think you mighta maybe run over  
something back there.

Haz looks in the mirror again.

HAZ  
I don't see nuffin.

He looks ahead where the headlights are boring a hole deep  
into the pitch darkness. They sit silently for several  
seconds.

HAZ (CONT'D)  
Martin Scorsese maybe. You want  
some dude that's connected man.  
Fucking Scorsese, ay.

MO  
Yeah, yeah, he's that old wog  
dude ay. Yeah, he's connected,  
mate, he's the real fuckin' deal.

HAZ  
All them shit-hot mob movies,  
man, you know, Goodfellas, mate,  
Casino. That's all good shit ay.  
That shit's the real deal ay.

There is another bump, this time more violent.

HAZ  
What the fuck?!

ARMY  
We done a tyre maybe.

MO  
No, I fink you got something  
caught on the wheel, Haz, ay.

HAZ  
Fuck it!

He pulls over.

HAZ  
Mo, go check it out.

MO  
What?!

HAZ  
Go check it out.

MO

Fuck off! It's cold and fucking dark out there.

HAZ

If we got something stuck on the wheel we gotta get it off, ay.

MO

Yeah. So why have I gotta fucking do it?

HAZ

Because I'm fuckin' driving, mate, aren't I?

There is a Mexican stand-off. Mo does not look happy but eventually he relents and gets out of the car.

89 EXT DESERTED HIGHWAY NIGHT. 89

Cursing under his breath, Mo walks to the rear of the car and looks at the rear wheels.

He squints curiously as though he has spotted something that he can't quite identify under the car. He leans in to take a closer look.

90 INT CAR NIGHT 90

HAZ

Yeah. You want connected mate? Fucking Scorceese, ay. He's fully thick with them Eye-ties, mate. He's like a made fuckin' guy.

91 EXT DESERTED HIGHWAY NIGHT. 91

Mo is now on his back on the roadway, half way under the car. He thinks he can see something wedged up under the wheel.

Cut to mid-distance rear shot of the car, stopped on the deserted highway with Mo lying under it.

92 INT CAR NIGHT 92

HAZ

Scorceese knows the mob, mate. He's got guys like de Niro and, and, the other guy, what's his name, the crazy little Italian fucker.

ARMY

Pesce.

HAZ

Yeah, Pesce, yeah.

ARMY

Tarantino would blow those dudes out of the water mate.

HAZ

Yeah? How's he gonna do that man? He's like a fuckin' video store guy, ay. What's he gonna do, hit 'em with a fuckin' late fee or something?

93 EXT DESERTED HIGHWAY NIGHT.

93

Starting from mid-distance rear shot of car, we move in to a close-up of the locking mechanism on the car boot. It clicks open.

Cut to Mo under the car as he hears the boot click open. Curious, he drags himself out from under the car.

Cut to Mo standing at the rear of the car looking at the boot. It is slightly ajar. He reaches out to open it.

94 INT CAR NIGHT

94

Haz looks in the rear-vision mirror and sees Mo open the boot, obscuring any further view.

HAZ

(to himself)

What's he fucking doing?

ARMY

Yeah, Tarantino's got Marcellus Wallace, man. Marcellus is a mean fucker ay. And he's got Vincent Vega and the black dude too. And the sexy bitch from Kill Bill - mate, she fuckin' smashed the Crazy Eighty-eight ay - she'd chop those fuckin' wogs up into little fuckin' ravioli squares.

The car rocks violently. Haz looks in the rear-view mirror.

HAZ

What's he fuckin' doing back there?

(calls out window)

What you fuckin' doin' mate?

The boot slams shut. Haz looks in the rear view mirror to see the boot is now shut. He cannot see anyone there.

HAZ (CONT'D)

Anyway, first of all mate, any sign of that skinny bitch with her samurai sword and Pesce would put a fuckin' sun-roof in through the back of her fuckin' head for her in two seconds flat mate.

95 EXT DESERTED HIGHWAY NIGHT. 95

Rear view of a dark figure (Benny) as he steps to the rear door of the car and climbs in.

96 INT CAR NIGHT 96

Thinking it is Mo, the boys take no notice as Benny climbs in.

ARMY

Yeah, what about Bunker then, mate? Don't forget Tarantino's got Eddie Bunker too, ay.

HAZ

Bunker? Who the fuck is Bunker?

From the shadows of the back seat Benny's voice chimes in evilly.

BENNY

Bunker's the real deal.

That doesn't sound like Mo. Haz looks in the rear view mirror. There is no one there. He turns in his seat to look in the back. Cut to

97 EXT DESERTED HIGHWAY NIGHT. 97

A spray of blood against the interior of the car windows obscures all vision of what is happening inside, except hands and arms smearing the blood against the windows as a violent struggle rocks the vehicle and muffled screams are heard from within.

98 INT CARETAKER'S FLAT DAY 98

Nick, Oceane and Ladder Bob are in conference.

LADDER

Apparently when they found them their whole hoosits were just sort of completely, you know, sort of whatsanamed, like, just like them junkies.

NICK

If Benny's running with this Hungarian bloke, they've got some fire-power by the looks of it.

OCEANE

You must kill this Benny, cut his heart out.

NICK

Will you ease up a little with the cutting people's heart out caper!

LADDER

Yeah but Nick she might be, you know, hey, you know what I mean? You with me? I mean, you don't want things gettin' whatsit, do you. Sometimes you gotta take a firm whatsaname Nicky, or else things can get out of thingy sort of thing, can't they.

NICK

I'm not toppin' no one.

LADDER

Oh mate, hey, (surrender motion) hey, hey, hey, you know. Hey. Mate. Hey.

OCEANE

I think I know of some boys who maybe can take care of this for you.

Ladder and Nick look at her.

99

INT APPARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT

99

The four CHOP CHOP CHOW BOYS, young Asian gangsters, walk sedately up an internal stairwell in Benny's building. They are all dressed in expensive high-fashion attire. Two are wearing overcoats.

OCEANE (V.O.)

They are known as Chop Chop Chow Boys.

Close up on the CCCs as they reach Benny's floor. They stop.

OCEANE (V.O.)

They are young, but they are very cool, very calm, very professional.

The CCCs carefully look one way, then the other, checking that the coast is clear.

OCEANE (V.O.)  
Very, very discreet.

100 INT BENNY'S UNIT NIGHT

100

The front door splinters as it is kicked in and the CCCs burst in, all carrying pistols, tomahawks, meat-cleavers and knives, and screaming at the top of their voices. They run through the unit smashing furniture and breaking glass everywhere, totally trashing the unit. Benny appears in a hallway and CCC#1 starts pumping bullets into him, knocking him off his feet as the others, still screaming at the top of their voices, run to Benny and also empty their pistols into him as he lies face down on the floor.

When all the pistols are empty they finally stop screaming, and stand over Benny's body looking down as if to say, 'right, that's done.' They then turn and hand their weapons over to the two in overcoats, who place them under their coats. They all straighten their clothes and walk sedately back to the front door to leave.

View from the front door as the CCCs walk into the entry foyer and stop dead, stunned by what they see in front of them. Switch to their POV as we see Benny standing in front of the door, with numerous bullet holes in him. Pan in quickly to close-up of Benny's solemn face. An evil smile spreads across it.

Benny starts to step forward. CCC#2 (wearing an overcoat) runs towards him screaming, delivers a flying front kick that slams Benny back against the wall, then pulls a meat-cleaver from his coat and buries it in Benny's forehead, pinning his head to the wall.

They all look wide-eyed as the grimmacing Benny opens his eyes, and pulls the cleaver from his head. He smiles the same evil smile at the stunned CCC#2. Then he swipes the cleaver at him, lopping off his head.

Cut to the other CCCs, looking terrified.

101 INT CARETAKER'S FLAT NIGHT

101

Close-up of Nick, looking very concerned.

NICK  
So much for the Chop Chop Chows.

Cut to Oceane, sitting opposite him. She shrugs as if to say 'sorry about that.'

NICK

I think things could be getting a little out of hand here. Maybe I should bring in someone a little bit more serious to talk to this Hungarian bloke.

OCEANE

Who you got in mind?

NICK

Tony Caruso. Melbourne Tony. He's kind of an uncle of mine. Lovely guy, very professional.

102

INT BOARDROOM DAY

102

A palatial inner-city office in Melbourne. Close-up on TONY Caruso, sitting at a palatial boardroom table next to his elderly Italian CLIENT, addressing LEWIS and a number of men in suits.

NICK (V.O.)

If Melbourne Tony can't make these blokes behave, no one can.

TONY

So you see gentlemen, I'm what you might call a facilitator, a specialist in the area of commercial mediation, sort of thing. I work in the area of what we call alternative dispute resolutions. You know how that works? I'm gonna tell ya. Let's say you've got a business relationship gets a little frayed at the edges, like maybe this one is a little bit I think - yeah? - I come in and try to patch it up, find a little bit of common ground, get everybody back on the same page together. I don't like to see people fighting with each other, see. That's no good for business, is it, no good for no one, ay.

(produces a card)

My card. SNC - that's my business. Solutions Not Conflict. You like that?

LEWIS

What the fuck is this? You call a meeting to discuss an extension on your default clause, after we've already told you you're not getting it unless and until you put serious cash on the table, and then instead of cash you turn up with some North Carlton wog who calls himself a mediator...

Tony smiles, looking to be taking it all good-naturedly.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

...and you think we're all going to suddenly kiss and make up and let you off the bloody hook.

(stands up)

The only solution we're interested in...

TONY

Whoa, whoa, shut up you. Sit down. Sit down.

LEWIS

What?

TONY

(suddenly intense)

You heard me. I said sit down, and shut the fuck up.

Stares at him until Lewis melts and sits down.

TONY

What sort of way is this to behave, standing over people yelling your head off like that? Ay? You don't see me standing over anyone, do you? I don't want to see no more of that, okay. That's not how it works. This is mediation, alright? The way mediation works is you boys all stay in your seats and behave like gentlemen. Okay? If anyone's gonna be standing up around here it'll be me. Because you...

(points at Lewis)

...you suck at that standover shit, okay? Any more of that heavy shit I'm likely to lift the phone and make a few calls. Y'understand what I'm saying? I don't want to do that.

(MORE)

TONY (cont'd)

So let's all just all behave like gentlemen here, okay, and refrain from saying things we're likely to regret later on. Stuff like that can upset people, hurt people's feelings.

(suddenly intense)

And I don't want to see anyone get hurt, you understand me?

The glass in his hand suddenly cracks.

TONY

Oh, geez, look at that, will ya. I'm so fuckin' clumsy sometimes. Typical big fuckin' north Carlton wog, ay?

(laughs)

That's what happens when get people all upset. Things get broken, y'know what I mean, people get hurt. It's crazy, isn't it. Fuckin' crazy.

103 INT MOVING CAR DAY

103

Tony is singing along to a Dean Martin tape ("Memories are Made of This") as he drives. His mobile rings. He answers it.

TONY

Hello...yeah, who's that?...who?...Oh Nicky, how are ya mate...yeah of course mate, of course, how are ya?...Oh, you're in Melbourne are ya?...Oh good mate. How long you down here for?...Oh good. That's fuckin' terrific mate...Yeah, sure mate, sure... Yeah, of course, no worries mate. I'll book us a table for tonight, alright...

104 I/E POLICE CAR DAY

104

Detectives McCrae and Sterling are sitting in their parked car, checking out the Maritime building at a distance.

MCCRAE

I'm tellin' ya, Turquoise and Piccollo've got something brewing in that joint for sure.

STERLING

So what do you want to do about it?

MCCRAE

I say we go in and turn the dump  
upside down.

STERLING

We got nothing on either of 'em.  
We'd never get a warrant.

MCCRAE

Who said anything about a  
warrant?

STERLING

Leave me alone.

Cut to McCrae dropping Sterling off in front of the Valley  
Police Station.

STERLING

See ya tomorrow.

MCCRAE

No you wont. I'm on RDO's. I've  
got my feet up for the next four  
days.

STERLING

Half your luck.

He gets out and McCrae drives off.

Cut to McCrae driving up towards the Maritime Building,  
checking it out. He pulls up, still looking at the  
building. He opens the car door.

105      EXT MARITIME BUILDING DAY      105

At the rear of the building McCrae is scouting around when  
he spots the wire leading into the tube heading to the  
basement. He follows the wire with his eyes up to where it  
is connected to the electricity pole.

106      INT BASEMENT DAY      106

McCrae opens the trap-door. He looks down the wooden stairs  
into the dim light. He starts to walk down the stairs.

A feeling of dread pervades as he descends into the  
darkness, squinting to make out what is below.

He stops at the bottom of the stairs, looking into the  
darkness. Is there someone there in the darkness? He steps  
forward, now wide-eyed, reaches out. His hand touches the  
stone wall.

He turns and heads back to the stairs. As he walks he can  
see something strange on the ground.

It is the Satanic lock on the sealed trapdoor. He moves closer to it, transfixed. Squatting down, he takes the lock in his hand, studying it.

Suddenly there is a sound behind him. Close-up on his face as he spins around to see what it is. He looks into the blackness behind him. Slowly he rises and walks deeper and deeper into the darkness. Now we see a curious black form against one wall, utterly motionless.

Close-up on McCrae's face as he squints to make out what it is. It starts to move. McCrae's mouth drops open. Gavril's pale face appears in the darkness. A cut-throat razor flashes. It slices through McCrae's white skin.

As his dying body lies quivering on the stone floor the blood pooling under his neck, Gavril's cupped hand appears collecting the blood as it flows. McCrae gurgles pathetically.

107

INT KARIOKE RESTAURANT NIGHT

107

Close-up on Tony, microphone in hand, as he breaks into a confident and polished rendition of "Volare", complete with professional hand posturing. He is singing Karioke. He finishes with a flourish to the rapturous applause of the diners (mostly Asian tourists) and returns to his table, where Nick is sitting with Tony's friend ALDO.

TONY

How was that, alright?

ALDO

Beautiful, Tony, beautiful.  
Brings tears to my fuckin' eyes.

NICK

Yeah, real good, Tony, ay. Real good.

TONY

Ah, it was okay. It's not really my key, though, you know what I mean?

ALDO

What are you fuckin' kiddin'?  
It's like a fuckin' nightingale mate.

(to the others)

Am I right or what?

NICK

Yeah, yeah, shit yeah.

TONY

Anyway...  
(takes a drink)  
(MORE)

TONY (cont'd)

Let's get back to this problem of yours. It sounds to me like these Hungarian boys is just being a bit what we call 'commercially unrealisitic'. You just need someone to explain the stakes to them. You boys need a serious mediator.

NICK

I was hoping you might speak for us Tony.

TONY

Oh no, mate, no. I only get up there once in a blue moon, just to have a bit of a swim and get meself a sun-tan, mate, that's all, you know what I mean? But I'll tell you what, I might be able to refer you to one of my very close business associates up there.

108 EXT GOLD COAST COFFEE SHOP DAY

108

Close-up on MURRAY, a stocky muscular man in trendy casual attire, drinking beer at an al fresco table with several tattooed men including GORDON and WAYNE.

TONY (V.O.)

He's a very professional operator.

MURRAY

I'm tellin' ya, it's a basic premise of all human existence: the only critical thing in life is your ability to hunt down and nail chicks. That's why we do what we do, isn't it. To earn the dosh to buy the toys to pull the chicks to nail 'em. That's what we're here for, the true meaning of life, to hunt down and nail chicks.

GORDON

Spunky chicks, yeah.

MURRAY

Any chicks, mate, any chicks. Doesn't matter if it's a livin' fuckin' doll, or a collar-wearin', tail-waggin' fuckin' dog. Makes no difference pal. Big ones, small ones, skinny ones, tall ones.

(MORE)

MURRAY (cont'd)

All the fuckin' same mate. You got to hunt 'em down, and nail 'em. You hunt 'em down, and you nail 'em. Bam-bam. Just like that. Hunt 'em down, nail 'em. Hunt 'em down, nail 'em. Hunt 'em, nail 'em. Hunt 'em, nail 'em. Just like that, mate, bang bang bang. Quantity not quality, that's the secret. That's it in a nut-shell. The one you miss is the one you never get. When all is said and done that's what life's all about. Your ability to hunt down and nail chicks randomly and at will.

A scantily clad beauty walks past on the footpath.

GORDON

Like that one, ay. What an absolute fuckin' glamour that is!

MURRAY

Too fat.

WAYNE

What?

MURRAY

Too fuckin' fat.

GORDON

Too fat? What are you talking about? That's a sensational bit of gear.

MURRAY

Skinny girls, mate. That's what you want. Skinny girls make your dick look bigger.

They all laugh.

GORDON

Fuckin' what?!

MURRAY

Very important mate. It's very important in life to have a big-lookin' dick, you know what I mean, and the skinnier the chick is the bigger your dick looks.

WAYNE

Skinny girls?

MURRAY

Skinny girls. Stick chicks. No hips, no tits, straight up and down like a young hairless boy.

WAYNE

(laughing)

You're fucked up, you know that?

MURRAY

Yeah. So what's your point?

They all laugh riotously.

WAYNE

(laughing)

You're seriously fucked up.

MURRAY

(getting serious)

Really?

WAYNE

(laughing)

Yeah, man. You are fucked up, I'm tellin' ya.

MURRAY

Yeah? What're you trying to say?

WAYNE

Huh?

MURRAY

What's your point? You're saying I'm fucked up. What's that supposed to mean?

WAYNE

Nothin'. It just means, you know, you're a crazy guy.

MURRAY

What, I'm crazy am I? I'm insane, is that what you're saying? I'm some sort of fuckin' lunatic, is that it?

WAYNE

No, no. It's just funny, that's all, the whole skinny chicks thing, you know, the young hairless boys and that.

MURRAY

So what's that mean? You think I'm some sort of fuckin' pervert, is that what you're saying? Huh? You think I got some sort of sexual problem, is that what you're trying to tell me?

WAYNE

No, man, I'm just saying you're, you know, you're out there, man.

MURRAY

Out where pal?

Cut to Nick as he comes along the footpath towards the coffee shop. He realises there is a violent incident happening at the coffee shop. Murray is trying to drag Gordon out from under the table where has crawled to get away from Murray. Wayne is sitting at the table, blood streaming from his face. Murray drags Gordon out by one leg and stomps on him repeatedly until he is restrained by the others. He straightens himself up and starts to leave the coffee shop. He comes face to face with Nick.

NICK

You're Murray, aren't you?

MURRAY

Yeah. Nick, is it?

NICK

Yeah. Melbourne Tony recommended you.

MURRAY

Yeah.

(produces his business card)

There's me card. Tranquil Resolutions. That's me.

109

INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT

109

Murray is sitting at a small table which he has set up on the ground floor of the Maritime Building, facing the front door. He has arranged several chairs around the table, awaiting Dorel and his associates. Next to the table is a tall lamp connected to a long lead, so that the whole building is in darkness except for the dome of light covering the little table.

Murray is engrossed in a game he is playing on his Game-Boy. The camera moves around him, bathed in yellow light, blackness beyond.

Cut to close-up of his face, intent on the game. He hears a noise. He looks up, squinting into the darkness. The camera moves into the darkness. Nothing.

He goes back to the Game-Boy. He hears another noise, and looks up again, this time with more urgency. He is peering into the darkness at the edge of the light, striving to make out if anything is there. He thinks he sees the hint of a dark figure there.

MURRAY

Oi!

Maybe he imagined it. He squints, trying to see into the darkness. Gradually he gets up and walks to the edge of the light. Still he can see nothing. Rear view of him as he keeps walking, disappearing into the blackness.

Cut to close-up of his face, wide-eyed in the darkness. His back is to the table. Suddenly he has a horrible feeling someone is behind him. His face turns slowly towards the light, as the tension mounts, reaches a crescendo as his POV spins onto the table and chairs.

They are empty, still and solitary, bathed in light. Close-up on Murray's startled face as he looks at the empty chair.

Suddenly there is the creaking of a door behind him and he spins back to see the front door swing open. Squinting into the darkness once again, he can just make out a dark figure, silhouetted in the moonlight, pass outside the open door. He strides to the table, reaches under and tears off a pistol he has taped to the under-surface.

The camera follows him as he strides resolutely into the darkness, all the way to the open front door.

110 EXT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT

110

Cut to close-up of Murray's face, looking rattled, as he comes through the front door and stops, looking around. His POV as he looks to the corner of a nearby alleyway where footsteps can be heard running away. He runs to the alley, but when he gets there no one can be seen anywhere. He looks both ways. Nothing.

He looks again. This time his POV comes to settle on the shadowy form of a prostitute standing half-hidden in a doorway in the alley. He slips the pistol inside his jacket, out of sight, and approaches her. She is a beautiful, sultry, trashy looking woman, who is barely visible in the shadows of the doorway.

MURRAY

How're you going darling?

She looks at him expressionless, and makes no reply.

MURRAY

You see a bloke run past here  
just now?

PROSTITUTE

No.

MURRAY

Just then, a couple of seconds  
ago. You didn't see a bloke run  
down this alley just then?

PROSTITUTE

No.

MURRAY

Yeah you did, sweetheart. You  
must have. He ran right past you.

PROSTITUTE

No one ran past me.

MURRAY

Bullshit. A man ran down this  
alley not ten seconds ago.

PROSTITUTE

What man?

MURRAY

I don't know what man. A man. You  
didn't see a man?

PROSTITUTE

No. What did this man look like?

MURRAY

How the fuck would I know? A man,  
he looked like a man.

PROSTITUTE

You don't know what he looked  
like?

MURRAY

No.

PROSTITUTE

Why not?

MURRAY

Why not? Because I didn't see  
him, that's why not.

PROSTITUTE  
You didn't see this man?

MURRAY  
No.

PROSTITUTE  
So how do you know he exists?

MURRAY  
I know because I know, that's how  
I know.

PROSTITUTE  
You believe in things you don't  
see?

MURRAY  
I've never seen your fanny,  
neither, sweetheart, but I still  
know it's there, don't I. And I  
know it's all dressed up and  
primed for action, otherwise you  
wouldn't be out walking the  
streets hawking your fork to  
anyone who's buying.

PROSTITUTE  
It's true. It is primed. Very  
primed. So what about you, stiffy  
dick, are you buying tonight?

She looks at him seductively. Murray knows he should be  
concentrating on business, but he's tempted.

MURRAY  
Maybe.

She puts one hand seductively on his chest.

PROSTITUTE  
Maybe? Maybe what?

Murray agonises momentarily, but he can't help himself.

MURRAY  
How much?

PROSTITUTE  
Depends on what you're buying.

MURRAY  
That depends on what you're  
selling?

PROSTITUTE  
Pleasure.

MURRAY

Really? What sort of pleasure?

PROSTITUTE

Sweet pleasure. Painful pleasure.  
Warm, wet, sticky, salty, smelly,  
sweaty pleasure.

She leans in and salaciously licks his neck up to his ear. His coat drops to the ground and he claws at her clothing as they writhe in the doorway. Close-up on her hands as she digs her fingers into his back. She is hurting him.

MURRAY

Argh shit, hey, ease up. Settle down.

Her fingers puncture the skin on his back as blood flows.

MURRAY

AArrrgh! FUCK ME!

Horrified, he looks into her face. Her eyes are green. She smiles evilly, revealing vampire fangs.

PROSTITUTE

Not tonight, my darling. Tonight,  
the pleasure is all mine.

She grabs his head on either side and wrenches it round ninety degrees. Close-up on Murray's startled face, as she changes hands and continues turning. She twists his head 360 degrees and then pulls it off his shoulders, laughing heartily.

She lifts the head above her head, licking the fresh blood that is dripping onto her face.

111 INT TONY'S OFFICE DAY

111

Close-up of a plate over-flowing with spaghetti and tomato sauce. Tony Caruso, a serviette tucked into his collar, is twirling spaghetti onto his fork. Aldo is on the phone.

ALDO

It's Nicky Piccolo. Says that  
Murray bloke's gone missing.

Tony motions him to hand him the phone.

TONY

G'day Nicky. What's the problem  
mate?...Mmm. Okay mate. Leave it  
with me ay. I'll make some  
enquiries and get back to  
you...Righto mate.

(hangs up)

(MORE)

TONY (cont'd)  
That idiot'll be on the nest  
somewhere for sure.

ALDO  
His trouble is he's pussy-struck  
mate. Led around by his dick.

TONY  
I should never have recommended  
him.

ALDO  
No, mate. Too keen on the fuckin'  
sheilas. Loses his head over 'em.

TONY  
Yeah. Can't keep his mind on the  
job. Anything that's half a look  
turns his bloody head.

112 EXT VALLEY STREET DAY 112

Ladder Bob is looking nervous, standing alone in a deserted  
backstreet as Nick's car pulls up. Ladder looks around to  
check the coast is clear, and then climbs into the back  
seat.

113 INT NICK'S CAR DAY 113

Nick and Oceane are both sitting in the front of the car.

LADDER  
Not much mate, not much. He's  
obviously a bit, you know, tit  
for tat this and that, sort of  
thing, you know what I mean.

NICK  
What, no one's even heard of him?

LADDER  
Couple of the old jokers, you  
know what they're like, yak yak  
yak, blah blah blah, you know  
what I mean. They reckon back in  
the early whatsanames there was a  
whosit, a wog bloke knocking  
around the Valley, apparently  
everyone called him the, you  
know, the whatsit, sort of thing,  
The Hungarian mate.

OCEANE  
This is the one. This is him. The  
Hungarian. You must find him and  
cut his heart out!

Nick stops and look at Oceane, as though he is about to say 'will you cut that out, already.' He realises there is no point.

NICK

What happened to this Hungarian bloke?

BRAIN

That's the thing, mate, that's the thing. They give him one of them mate (hanging motion) ay, didn't they. He's gone pal, gone. See ya later. The old heave ho. Pom tiddely om pom pom, off he went, thanks for coming. That was back in nineteen sixty bloody three mate.

NICK

'63?! That right?

LADDER

Yes mate...

Cut to

114 EXT BOGGO ROAD DAY

114

Nick drives up outside the now disused Two Division of Boggo Road Gaol. Nick gets out of the car.

LADDER (V.O.)

...According to the old-timers they strung him up in G Block, out at the old Boggo Road Gaol.

115 I/E BOGGO ROAD DAY

115

Nick walks through the yard of the abandoned prison, taking in the depressing atmosphere. He looks up at the sign above the entrance to G Block and walks in.

Inside the Block, Nick climbs the central stairs and moves along the cells, looking into the dark cells one by one. Eventually he stops at the door of one of the cells, looking in. He sees something on the wall he thinks he recognises. He goes in, squats down, moving closer and closer to a crude design carved into the wall. To his horror he realises it is the same Satanic cross he saw etched in the lock in the basement of the Maritime building.

Suddenly there is a noise behind him. He spins around startled. Standing in the doorway is an old man (WARDER) who stares solemnly back at him. Eventually he speaks.

WARDER

It was carved there by one of the inmates.

NICK

What is it?

Warder shrugs. Nick sees a badge on his shirt 'Official Guide.'

NICK

Any idea who the inmate was?

WARDER

My word I do.

Cut to a short time later, Nick and Warder sitting outside in the quadrangle.

WARDER

I was just a bit of a kid, not long in the job. In them days we had 'em two to a cell, locked down tight as a fish's arsehole from six at night till six in the morning. Once them lights went out we didn't go near 'em. I'll never forget that next morning though. When we come in for the muster there was bits and pieces of his cell-mate everywhere. Poor bastard had a hole in his chest the size of a bloody basketball.

116 INT CARETAKER'S FLAT DAY

116

Nick is reporting back to Oceane.

NICK

According to this old screw the bloke was in for murdering six prostitutes, here in the Valley. And get this - according to this old codger the story at the time was this lunatic used to cut these sheilas open and drink their blood. The papers was calling him the Valley Vampire.

OCEANE

Pontianak! It's what I told you people say. He is pontianak.

NICK

Yeah, well wait for it, there's more.

(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)

The old bloke reckons the coppers found the bodies hanging on meat-hooks in the basement of an old warehouse somewhere in the Valley.

117 INT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

117

With a crow bar Nick breaks the Satanic lock on the trapdoor in the basement. As Oceane shines a torch, he opens the trapdoor, revealing a set of stairs heading further down. They look at each other anxiously, then Nick leads the way down the stairs. The beams of their torchlights bore into the blackness as they proceed cautiously down the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs they stop.

OCEANE

(whisper)

What is this?

NICK

Dunno. Some sort of basement.

He runs the beam of his torchlight slowly around the walls. As he progresses we anticipate something about to be illuminated. Eventually the light shines on a large black stain on the wall. Above the stain is a rusted metal bar.

NICK

(whispers)

Shit!

Nick runs the light further along the wall revealing the stains left by the blood of the hanging prostitutes. He walks to the wall, shining the light up close on the stain. He touches it, looks at his hand, then turns his torch to Oceane.

It illuminates the face of Dorel, standing in the darkness. He flicks the light to Gavril, then Marius and Roxy, then back to Dorel.

DOREL

(smiles)

You see now why we have such sentimental attachment to this place? So many happy memories, yeah?

NICK

You're the Valley Vampire?

DOREL

(laughs)

You don't need to say it like is some kind of fuckin' insult, man.

NICK  
I thought they hanged you.

DOREL  
Yah, they did that but, you know,  
you can't keep good vampire down.  
(smiles)

NICK  
You're the ones who've been  
sucking the blood out of all them  
junkies?

DOREL  
Yah, that's true. Just  
replenishing supplies. Stocking  
up little bit for rainy day,  
yeah. Just to, how you say, keep  
werewolf from the door, yeah?  
After all, I'm maybe dead, but I  
still gotta live, don't I? Me and  
my old friends here. And of  
course also my very bestest new  
friend.

Out of the darkness steps Benny, looking very vampirish.

NICK  
Benny.

Benny smiles evilly.

NICK  
Anyway, that clears that up I  
suppose. We best be getting back  
then.

As Nick and Oceane turn to leave Gavril blocks them.

NICK  
You got a problem, freak?

DOREL  
Take it easy, big guy. Don't get  
your fuckin' balls in twist.  
Gavril is just little bit cranky  
that's all.

He motions to Gavril who backs away.

DOREL (CONT'D)  
Is 'cause you break his leg into  
little bits the other night.  
Takes him nearly ten minutes to  
get over it. He don't like that.

Dorel takes Nick's torch and shines it into their faces.

DOREL (CONT'D)  
 You and your friends, Nicky  
 Piccolo, you night-time people.  
 We also night-time people.

He runs the light along the wall showing a flock of goulish  
 vampires lined up along the wall.

DOREL (V.O.)  
 We don't want war with you. And  
 trust me, Nicky...

The beam of light comes to where Murray's headless body is  
 hanging from a meat-hook.

DOREL  
 ...you don't want war with us.

He smiles sadistically and hands back the torch. Oceane and  
 Nick, shocked, head up the stairs. As Nick turns to shut  
 the trapdoor he shines his torch down into the basement but  
 Dorel is no longer there.

118 INT BILLY'S OFFICE NIGHT

118

Close-up on Billy's face, looking very annoyed.

BILLY  
 Vampires?

Sitting opposite him, Nick nods solemnly. Around him sit  
 Oceane, Scratch, and Brain.

BILLY  
 Why didn't you come to me sooner?

NICK  
 I don't know. I just thought...  
 This was kind of my big chance  
 Bill, you know, my one shot. I  
 guess I just...(trails off.)

BILLY  
 What are you going to do?

NICK  
 He says he'll pay me to get out.  
 I'll get your money back to you.

Billy can see how much it means to Nick. He gets up and  
 starts stomping around.

BILLY  
 Vampires! Fuckin' vampires! I  
 can't fuckin' believe it. I dead  
 set can't believe it. Can you  
 believe it?

Everyone looks stumped.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Rats, no problem. Cockroaches, bring 'em on. Termites! Even fuckin' termites! You could cop a termite problem. No worries. But fuckin' vampires? Leave me alone! You have to go and buy a building with a fucking vampire infestation in the basement!

Nick looks defeated. They all look at him, knowing just how much it means to him. Eventually Oceane leaps to her feet.

OCEANE

You must not get out. You must kill them. Kill them all. You must cut out their hearts!

BILLY

You go cutting people's hearts out in this town, darling, you get done for murder, vampires or no vampires.

BRAIN

(offhandedly)

Well no, not really, ay.

BILLY

What?

BRAIN

Well you can't actually get done for murder for killin' vampires, can you.

Surprised, they all look at Brain.

BILLY

You can't?

NICK

Really?

SCRATCH

Why not?

BRAIN

Well, 'cause they're your walking dead, mate. You can't kill the walkin' dead, can you.

(MORE)

BRAIN (cont'd)

I mean, theoretically, you can kill 'em, but even if you kill 'em they're already dead, see, and you can't get done for murder just for killin' someone who's already dead, can you.

SCRATCH

Why not?

BRAIN

What d'y'mean, why not? That's the law, isn't it.

SCRATCH

Fuck off! The law is if you whack someone that's murder. Bang, that's it, you do the lot. It don't say nothin' in your Criminal Code about exceptions for vampires or your walkin' fuckin' dead.

BILLY

Who says we gotta kill 'em anyway? We could just give 'em a good fuckin' slap, couldn't we?

Nick looks at him, surprised to hear him suggest that they would help him fight the vampires.

OCEANE

You must cut their hearts out!

They all stop and look at her.

SCRATCH

Mate, vampires are bad fuckin' dudes but, ay.

BILLY

Yeah? How bad Scratch? We give it to them fuckin' bikies when they come round trying to muscle us didn't we? And when the Lebs were selling shit to your kid brother we tidied them up alright, didn't we? Ay?

SCRATCH

Yeah, but man, you ain't seen these vampires when they get going ay. They got like big fuckin' fangs and all that shit, man. They're ugly looking fuckers ay.

BILLY  
You tellin' me they're uglier  
than your Leb, Scratch?

BRAIN  
(laughs)  
Them Lebs are pretty fuckin' ugly  
man.

The others laugh, but they all still look very nervous.  
Billy gets serious.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
This is our turf. These vampires  
need to learn who's who in the  
Valley. I'm fucked if I'm going  
to go to water over some fuckin'  
Transylvanian wog with buck  
teeth.

SCRATCH  
Yeah, you know what? I'm with you  
Billy. Fuck 'em. I never did like  
vampires anyway.

BRAIN  
Me neither man. I hate fuckin'  
vampires.

119 INT BILLY'S OFFICE NIGHT

119

Close-up of television set as an old black-and-white Bella  
Lugosi vampire film plays. The hero drives a wooden stake  
into Dracula's heart. Nick, Oceane, Scratch, Brain and  
Billy are watching the film. There is a pile of videos on  
the coffee table in front of them.

OCEANE  
That's good you see, wooden stake  
through heart. Or better still  
you can cut heart out.

The others grimace but Brain nods sagely.

BRAIN  
That's what a lot of 'em seem to  
recommend.

BILLY  
Looks like a hard way to go  
though, doesn't it.

NICK  
Yeah, does a bit.

BILLY  
(reaching for videos)  
What else you got?

BRAIN  
'Blood for Dracula.' All the  
Blade series...

SCRATCH  
(picks up a video)  
Dusk Til Dawn?!?!?

BRAIN  
Yeah, that's sick, man, that's  
Tarantino.

SCRATCH  
I know it's Tarantino man! What  
the fuck would Tarantino know  
about killing vampires?

BRAIN  
Tarantino's the real deal man.

As Brain and Scratch devolve into a slanging match ("That's bullshit" - "Crap it's bullshit!" - "Bullshit it's crap it's bullshit!" Etc, etc) in the background, Nick speaks in an aside to Billy.

NICK  
(to Billy)  
I've gotta tell you Billy, the  
boys are nice and willing, but I  
think we're gonna need to bring  
in a bit of serious back-up.

BILLY  
Who you got in mind?

120 INT TONY'S OFFICE DAY

120

Tony is sitting behind his desk, flanked by Aldo and two other swarthy-looking Italians. He is thinking. Sitting opposite him is Nick, looking very concerned.

TONY  
They pulled his head off ay?

NICK  
Yeah.

TONY  
What, right off?

NICK  
Yeah. Clean off his neck.

TONY  
 (to Aldo)  
 That's a bit crook, isn't it?

ALDO  
 It's fuckin' rude if you ask me.

TONY  
 Yeah, it is. It's fuckin' unprofessional really, isn't it.  
 (to Nick)  
 Vampires, you reckon?  
 (Nick nods)  
 Mmmm.  
 (beat)  
 Well, personally I don't believe in vampires.  
 (beat)  
 But I think as a matter of precaution maybe we should go talk to old man Palacci.

NICK  
 Old man Palacci?

121 INT MELBOURNE MARKETS DAY 121

PALACCI, a very fat old Italian, is sitting at the back of a vegetable stall reading a newspaper and drinking coffee, flanked by his bodyguards PINO and ROBBIE.

TONY (V.O.)  
 Francesco Palacci. Frankie the Fat. He's got all the fruit and vegie stalls down at the markets.

122 I/E MOVING CAR DAY 122

Tony, Aldo and Nick are driving through Carlton in Tony's car.

TONY  
 Frankie's people are originally from Sicily. A lot of weird shit happens down there, you know.

ALDO  
 Back in the old country Frankie the Fat's family had a real bad vampire problem, real bad.

Nick looks surprised.

TONY  
 (dismissive)  
 It's a long time back.

ALDO

Yeah, but now nobody knows more ways to fuck up a vampire than Frankie the Fat.

123 INT MELBOURNE MARKETS DAY

123

The boys are all huddled around Palacci.

PALACCI

(in Italian)

Yes, yes I remember. Of course I remember. How could I ever forget?

(in English to Nick)

I was just a boy, very young, very beautiful. You see me now I'm old and ugly, but when I was young I was very very handsome. That's why everybody calls me Frankie the Face.

NICK

Frankie the Face?

TONY

(uncomfortable)

Yeah, yeah, Frankie the Face, that's what they call him.

NICK

I thought they called you...

ALDO

(interrupting)

Whoa!

TONY

(interrupting)

Whoa, whoa, Nickky, come on, let's not interrupt, okay? Let Frankie finish his story, okay? This is a great story.

He looks at Nick warning not to mention the "Fat" nickname. Everybody, including Pino and Robbie, is looking uncomfortable. It's obviously a sensitive subject. Palacci looks suspiciously at Tony and Aldo.

PALACCI

No. It's alright. He was gonna say something. The kid should say what he's got to say.

They all turn and look at Nick.

TONY

Nick?

NICK

I...I...you know what, I forgot.  
I forgot what I was gonna say.

PALACCI

You was gonna say I was called  
something else. You thought I was  
called something, not Frankie the  
Face.

NICK

Ah...yeah. Yeah, yeah. Ah, I  
heard you...I heard somewhere  
someone used to call you, ah,  
someone used to call you, ah,  
what was it? Frankie the Fist.  
Was that you? Maybe that was  
someone else. Frankie the Fist.

Palacci looks around the faces to see if anyone is having a  
go at him. They are all completely blank.

PALACCI

Yeah, maybe. Frankie the Fist. I  
think maybe some people called me  
that too, yeah.

(scowls)

But nothin' else.

NICK

No. No, I never heard nothin'  
else.

PALACCI

Okay. So anyway, the vampires.  
How could I ever forget them? I  
was just a young, beautiful  
boy...

124 INT BILLY'S HOME DAY

124

Billy, Nick, Oceane, Tony, Aldo, Brain and Scratch are  
having a council of war. Nick puts a clove of garlic on the  
table.

NICK

Garlic. According to Frankie the  
Fat garlic's still a good all-  
round vampire repellent. Won't  
kill 'em, but they can't stand  
the smell of it, makes 'em crook  
as a dog he reckons.

Aldo, Nick and Tony all shrug as if to say 'isn't that strange.'

BRAIN

(aside)

Join the club.

TONY

Yeah, I'd be a little bit careful with that, but, ay Nick. Don't rely too heavily on it, okay - old man Palacci's always trying to flog his fruit and vegies where he can.

NICK

Really? I bought two kilos of the shit.

TONY

Hey, it won't go to waste - you can never have too much garlic, can you.

OCEANE

What else you got?

NICK

Holy water.

OCEANE

Holy water?

NICK

Burns the shit out of 'em, he reckons.

BILLY

Yeah?

TONY

Oh yeah, the old holy water's shit-hot gear for vampires apparently.

SCRATCH

Yeah, okay, so all that garlic and crap shits these vampires up the wall, but what kills 'em?

TONY

Nothin'.

NICK

Not so long as they remain vampires.

Scratch shrugs as if to say "And...?"

NICK

But there's one thing that can  
make 'em change into non-  
vampires.

TONY

On a strictly temporary basis  
only.

ALDO

Yeah, just long enough for us to  
whack the fuckers.

SCRATCH

So what is this secret ingredient  
that temporarily removes these  
dudes'...vampirosity?

125 INT MELBOURNE MARKETS DAY

125

Flashback to conversation with Frankie the Fat. Close-up on  
Palaccci.

PALACCI

The vampire lives because he  
drink the blood of the human  
animal. But if he drink the  
foreign blood, the blood of other  
animal, then for uno momento,  
just little bit, only until the  
foreign blood it is rejected, the  
vampire he becomes a man!

Nick, Aldo and Tony look at each other.

126 INT ABBATOIRS DAY

126

Pig's blood is draining off into a vat. A meat worker,  
dressed in a blood-spattered white smock, removes the vat,  
and replaces it with an empty vat. He seals the full vat  
and, with the help of a second meat-worker, carries it out  
to where it will be disposed of. As they round the corner  
the meat-workers are confronted by two armed men wearing  
balaclavas.

127 INT BILLY'S OFFICE NIGHT

127

Nick, Oceane and Billy are sitting opposite Ladder Bob.

LADDER

What, you want me to sort of  
(diving motion) into your own  
joint?

NICK  
Yeah, but I don't want you to  
knock nothin' off. I want you to  
put something in.

Ladder Bob looks totally confused.

128 INT BILLY'S HOME DAY 128

Continuation of the council of war (scene 123).

NICK  
It was something that freak said  
to us about replenishing  
supplies, stocking up for a rainy  
day...

129 INT BASEMENT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 129

Flash-forward. Dressed in black house-breaking gear, Ladder Bob and Oceane are crawling along the floor to the dim light of a pen-torch, pulling a jerry can on wheels.

NICK (V.O.)  
It started me thinking...

They come to the metal base of a refrigeration unit.

NICK (V.O.)  
What would a bunch of vampires be  
doing with all that electricity?

Ladder flicks on a larger torch, revealing a large refrigeration unit full of bottles of blood.

130 INT BILLY'S HOME NIGHT 130

Continuation of the council of war. Close-up on Nick as he looks at the others.

TONY  
So tonight we go down the Valley,  
and we pay our friends a little  
visit.

Pan across the faces of the others, who all look apprehensive, except for Aldo.

ALDO  
Yea, though I walk through the  
Valley, I will fear no evil. For  
my rod...  
(puts a pistol on table)  
...and my staff...  
(puts a baseball bat  
onto table)  
...they comfort me.

Cut to close-up of an open sports bag as Aldo put his pistol and bat into it. There are already a number of guns and bats in the bag, together with jars of holy water and cloves of garlic. He takes a handful of blood-filled syringes and puts them in. Lastly he takes a machine gun in his hands, pausing to look up at the others. Pan across the faces of the others. Aldo puts the machine gun in the bag.

131

INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT

131

A table is set up in the middle of the floor, illuminated by a lamp. Tony and Nick are sitting on one side of the table, with Aldo, Billy, Scratch and Brain behind them. On the other side sit Dorel and Roxy, with Gavril, Benny and the rest of the vampires standing behind them.

TONY

So ladies and gentlemen, I asked you all to congregate here tonight for this mediation, in the hope that we might just get a little bit of consensus going here, so as to hopefully avoid any unnecessary hostility. I think maybe you and my client here maybe got off on the wrong foot, sort of thing, little bit of misunderstanding here and there. Hopefully we can all start maybe moving in the same direction, you know what I mean?

GAVRIL

Yah, it would help if Mr Muscle over there don't go calling us freaky freaks.

Dorel looks disappointed at Gavril's outburst.

NICK

Yeah, it'd help if you didn't go around sucking blood out of people too.

TONY

Ay, ay, come on, Nickky, what are you doing here? Huh? Come on, what's the matter with you?

DOREL

(to Nick)

You don't like we drink little bit of blood, huh Mr Muscle? Maybe you don't understand, for anything or anyone to live something or someone must die.

(MORE)

DOREL (cont'd)

The only question is, do you come to the feast to dine, or to be devoured?

132 INT BASEMENT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 132

His hands trembling, Ladder empties a bottle of blood into a jerry can, then hands the empty bottle to Oceane who carefully refills it from another jerry can, then places it back into the fridge.

133 INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 133

The meeting continues. As Tony speaks Billy sneaks a look at his watch, knowing that Ladder and Oceane are down in the basement doing the switch. Aldo looks down at the sports bag at his feet.

TONY

So I think I could safely say that my client has no particular wish to stick his nose into your chosen nocturnal activities. Nor is it of any interest whatsoever to him or any of his associates here to dog you to the coppers or to anybody else for that matter. So we would be quite happy for you to simply re-locate yourselves out of here to a suitable alternative location of your choosing, and so far as my client is concerned that would be a more than satisfactory outcome to all parties.

DOREL

You must understand, gentlemen, I don't travel so good these days. The daylight don't agree with me. I guess I'm just kind of a night-time guy, you know what I mean? All I want to do is rest in peace. Is that too much to ask?

134 INT BASEMENT MARITIME BUILDING 134

Close-up on the jerrycan as Oceane pours the last of the pig's blood into a bottle. Ladder puts it into the fridge alongside the other bottles.

LADDER

Okay, let's go.

135 EXT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT

135

The jerrycan is turned on its side into the drain at the back of the building. Ladder and Oceane have just climbed out through the window.

LADDER

Let's get out of here.

Oceane stays put.

OCEANE

No, you go. I got unfinished business here.

Ladder looks at her apprehensively, and then bolts.

136 INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT

136

The meeting continues. Dorel is looking direct to camera. Change to his POV as Tony looks back at him considering a proposition. He sneaks a look down at his watch.

TONY

Would you allow me a moment to confer with my colleague.

Dorel motions 'Of course' and Tony and Nick lean together for a whispered confabulation. Then Tony straightens up.

TONY

Taking all considerations into account, and in the interests of continued peaceful relations between all parties, my client has decided to accept your more than generous offer, and fuck off out of here on a permanent basis.

DOREL

Is very smart.

TONY

So if that's a deal we drink on it. Aldo.

Aldo puts a bottle of grappa on the table.

DOREL

What is this, smart fucking joke?

TONY

We make a deal, we drink on it.

DOREL

Grappa?! We're fuckin' vampires,  
man. We don't drink fuckin'  
grappa.

TONY

Well drink what you like champ.  
But we're Italians. Where we come  
from a deal's not a deal unless  
you drink on it.

137 INT BASEMENT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 137

The refrigeration unit doors are open as two vampires  
unload several bottles of blood.

138 INT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 138

The two vampires emerge from the main basement onto the  
ground floor, carrying the bottles, and head off. Oceane  
emerges from the shadows watching them go. She has a fold-  
up rifle in her hand.

Cut to a row of goblets lined up, as they are being filled  
with blood from the bottles. On the other side of the table  
the boys each have a glass of grappa waiting nervously.

Oceane moves stealthily onto a landing above where they are  
meeting. In the darkness she folds out the butt of the  
rifle.

Cut back to the goblets as the last goblet is filled. Tony  
raises his glass.

TONY

To the deal!

All of Tony's team repeat "To the deal!" Whereupon all the  
vampires (except Dorel) raise their goblets and repeat "To  
the deal!" As they all drink Dorel is looking directly into  
the eyes of Nick who is looking straight back at him. Dorel  
is suspicious.

NICK

To the deal.

He throws the grappa back and slams the glass down on the  
table, staring Dorel straight in the eye. Dorel hesitates  
and then smiles.

DOREL

To the deal.

Cut to the view of Dorel through the telescopic sight on  
Oceane's rifle. The cross-hairs are trained on his temple  
as he raises the goblet to his lips. He is about to drink,  
but then he hesitates, and looks up towards Oceane.

Cut to Oceane on the balcony as she quickly pulls back into the shadows. Dorel is looking up to where she is, but he can see nothing. He looks back at Nick.

DOREL

To the deal.

He raises the goblet to his lips again, about to drink, when the front door of the building swings open. Everyone looks. Detective Sterling appears, looking suspicious. The line of gangsters and vampires all try to look inconspicuous. Sterling swaggers towards them.

STERLING

Well, well, well, what have we got here? Looks like a cowboys convention. So what's the big occasion Billy?

BILLY

Just having a few of the guys over for a drink, that's all.

STERLING

Is that so? What are we celebrating?

Gavril burps loudly, and the others look at him. He is obviously feeling quite nauseous. The other vampires are also starting to look ill. Sterling looks suspicious.

STERLING

Some of you boys don't look too flash.

As Sterling walks slowly towards Gavril, Aldo leans forward and whispers to Nick and Tony.

ALDO

We better pop 'em soon. I think they're starting to reject it.

Benny burps loudly. Sterling turns to him.

STERLING

That don't sound too good at all, son. What the fuck have you been eating?

DOREL

Who is this fuckin' jerk?

Sterling scowls, and turns to Dorel. He pulls his police identification out and slams it down on the table in front of Dorel.

STERLING

Detective Senior Sergeant  
Sterling of the Fortitude Valley  
Criminal Investigation Branch,  
that's who I am Sunshine! And  
unless I start getting a few  
answers out of you and your pasty  
mates here, I'm going to run your  
ugly wog arse in for consorting  
with known criminals and  
loitering with intent. You  
understand me, boy?

Gavril, finally overcome by his nausea, spews a bucket full of pig's blood, mixed with a few morsels of half-digested carrot, all over Sterling's arm and the badge he still has pinned with one hand to the table. Gavril then straightens up, wiping his chin.

GAVRIL

Whoa, sorry 'bout that. Must be  
something I eat, yah? Is better  
now, feel much better.

Stunned, Sterling turns to Billy.

STERLING

What the fuck?!

Several of the other vampires start dry-retching.

NICK

I think it's time for us to go  
Tony.

Roxy, looking ill, looks suspiciously at Nick and Tony, then picks up a goblet and looks at it.

ROXY

What is this shit?  
(throws contents over  
Billy)  
You arsehole! I'm gonna suck your  
brains out!

She leaps onto the table and grabs him by the head as she did to Murray in scene 53. She wrenches his head one way, then the other. She is stunned to find she doesn't have the strength to pull his head off. Billy pulls a .45 from his coat and steps forward.

BILLY

Not this time sweetheart.

He pumps several shots into Roxy. Amazed, she looks down at her bullet wounds which are oozing blood. Benny growls and steps forward.

BILLY

What're you after, Benny,  
severance pay? Sweet - cop this!

He puts a bullet through Benny's head, killing him instantly.

TONY

Okay, let's do it!

Aldo pulls a machine gun from a bag at his feet and opens fire on the vampires. Nick, Brain and Scratch open fire with handguns. From the landing Oceane opens fire as well.

Sterling curls into a ball with his hands over his head as bullets whistle past his ears and the vampires drop like flies around him. Dorel and Gavril are both blown off their feet. The grappa bottle shatters, spraying grappa across the floor, which ignites into flame.

Eventually, when all the shooting stops, Sterling straightens up, absolutely gob-smacked at what has just happened.

STERLING

What the fuck?!

Dorel stands up, dusting himself off. Gavril does likewise. Their clothes are absolutely riddled with bullet holes. Sterling looks at them disbelievingly.

DOREL

Yeah, man, what the fuckin'  
fuck?! Look what you do to my  
beautiful fuckin' suit! Is  
fuckin' pure wool Armani fuckin'  
suit, man!

Dorel motions to Gavril, who snarls and steps forward, grabbing Aldo by the throat and lifting him off the floor. Then he pushes his fingers into Aldo's chest as Scratch and Brain, both obviously terrified, look on open-mouthed. Gavril pulls Aldo's heart out, then squirts the blood from it into his mouth. Dorel dissolves into riotous laughter.

At the sight of this Sterling faints, sending Dorel into further fits of laughter.

Tony pulls a .45 from his coat and grabs Gavril, pushing the pistol against his head.

TONY

Fuck you, you vampire freak!

He pumps several shots into Gavril's head. Now Gavril looks really angry.

He grabs Tony by the throat and by the crutch and lifts him above his head. Scratch and Brain are on the verge of tears.

SCRATCH/BRAIN  
(in unison)  
Faaarrrrrkkkk!!

Gavril throws Tony at them, thrusting them all twenty feet across the room. Gavril has several smoking holes right through his head. He puts his finger into one of them.

GAVRIL  
(to Dorel)  
I hate when people shoot me in head like that. You don't want to know what kind of headaches that gives me.

Nick reaches into Aldo's bag pulling out a syringe, which he stuffs into his pocket, and a baseball bat. He strides towards Gavril.

NICK  
Got a headache freak? Try this for an aspirin.

Nick slams the bat into Gavril's head, knocking him sideways.

DOREL  
(laughing)  
Whoa, this is aspirin! That's so funny! You are funny guy!

Gavril straightens up, looking very angry. Dorel goes into fits of laughter, as Gavril comes at Nick, who strikes him repeatedly with the bat.

From the landing Oceane is trying to get a bead on Gavril but she can't.

Eventually Gavril grabs Nick by the throat, lifting him off his feet and sending Dorel into further fits of laughter. As Gavril's fingers dig into Nick's neck and blood starts streaming from the wounds, Nick wrestles the syringe from his pocket and stabs it into Gavril's neck, emptying the contents into him.

GAVRIL  
What you think you doing, Mr Muscle Man?

NICK  
Little trick you taught me, freak.

Gavril snarls, grabbing the syringe and snapping it off in his neck. Then he tweaks his neck slightly, feeling unexpectedly off-colour. He drops Nick back down onto the floor, as though he is suddenly too heavy to hold up. He looks bewildered.

NICK

What's the matter pal? Suddenly  
feeling a little bit run-down?

Gavril grabs Nick's throat in both hands but Nick head-butts him. Gavril staggers back several steps and puts his hand to his nose. He is stunned to see blood coming from his nose. From the landing Oceane pumps several bullets into him. As blood oozes from the wounds, Gavril looks stunned, then he keels over dead.

DOREL

Oh no, look what you do. You kill  
all my friends.  
(evil chuckle)  
Is just lucky I make new friends  
so easy.

Nick turns and dashes for the bag. As he gets there he looks in but the syringes are not there. He looks up and sees Dorel is standing in front of him with the remaining syringes in his hand. His eyes are burning red.

79

DOREL

79

What you look for, these little  
things?  
(shakes his finger at  
Nick)  
Tsk tsK tsK. I know what you do.  
Is very naughty. You are very  
tricky fellows, yeah? But now  
tricky time is over for you. Now  
is time for you to die.

He throws the syringes into the fire. Nick, Billy, Brain and Scratch all sprint for the front door, leaving Tony unconscious in the corner. When they get to the front door it is closed, and they fumble with the handle, trying to get it open, all the time looking back towards the flames that are rising in the middle of the floor. Dorel is nowhere to be seen. Then he steps through the flames walking towards them.

BRAIN

(pulling at handle)  
It's locked! It's fuckin' locked!

NICK

Stand back!

Nick swipes with the bat knocking the handle off, and Brain wrenches the door open, only to find Dorel standing in the doorway, with the other end of the door handle in his hand.

DOREL

Hope you guys not rushing off on my account.

He drives the door handle into Brain's forehead, killing him instantly. The others scatter instantly as Dorel bares his teeth and laughs evilly.

DOREL

Guys! Where you going? Party is just getting started.

The smile fades into a vicious scowl and he strides forward.

Cut to Nick and Billy running up the stairs.

BILLY

Where we going?

NICK

The cat. We've gotta find the cat. We need more animal blood.

We see their POV as they round each corner going to the next flight of stairs. Suddenly they come face to face with Oceane.

Cut to Scratch as he jumps into the basement pulling the trap-door closed behind him. He half runs, half falls down the stairs until he gets to the bottom, breathing hard. He props against the wall in the darkness, his pistol trained up at the trapdoor.

Through the cracks in the trapdoor he can see the flickering light of the fire above. He is breathing hard, waiting for someone to open up the trap-door. He starts to become aware of the sound of his own breath, rasping in and out. It sounds louder than it should, almost as if there are two people breathing. He listens - in, out, in, out, in... He stops breathing. Silence. Relieved, he breathes out, relaxing, lowering his gun. He turns to look around him.

He is face to face with Dorel in the darkness.

Cut to Billy and Nick and Oceane on the stairs, as they hear Scratch's blood-curdling scream.

BILLY

Scratch!

NICK  
Find that bloody cat.

Billy turns to head down the stairs. Oceane follows him. He stops.

NICK  
What d'y' think you're doing?

OCEANE  
I stay with you.

He doesn't have time to argue. They head off down the stairs together.

Cut to Billy as he opens the door to the flat and flicks the light switch. The lights are not working. He frantically looks around for the cat.

BILLY  
Here pussy, here puss. Puss puss  
puss.

Russel the cat (from scenes 9 and 35) appears and meows.

BILLY  
Come on pal, here you come. No  
one's gonna hurt ya...  
(the cat disappears)  
...much.

Billy gets down low searching for the cat. Billy's POV as he scours across the floor in a circular view before coming upon Dorel's feet. Terrified he stumbles backwards, and then scrambles to his feet as Dorel advances on him. Billy's POV as he rushes out of the flat and into the corridor.

Billy reaches into his pocket as he runs, pulling out a jar of holy water and unscrewing the lid. He is looking over his shoulder. When he turns back he sees Dorel in front of him. He holds the Jar of water up to Dorel, who looks puzzled. He throws the contents into Dorel's face, causing him to blink, splutter and blow water from his lips. As a vampire deterrent the water is a complete fizzer.

DOREL  
What the fuck?!

BILLY  
Holy water.

DOREL  
What, you stupid or something,  
man?! You think you gonna get  
real holy water in the Valley?

Billy looks at the jar, realising he's been sold a lemon. Dorel grabs Billy by the throat and lifts him off his feet, about to kill him.

NICK (O.S.)  
Hey shithead!

He turns to see Nick standing on the landing with a large plank of wood in one hand. He spears it at Dorel, striking him directly in the face and causing him to stagger backwards several steps.

Then he turns to face Nick, looking extremely angry, still holding the helpless Billy in suspension. With one hand he throws Billy through the window and out of the building, shattering the pane, as he takes an almighty leap, and lands in front of Nick.

As he lands, Nick shapes up to him.

NICK  
Okay, fucker, you want to rock  
'n' roll? Let's go.

Dorel bursts into hysterical laughter, then lunges forward to grab Nick who expertly side-steps him. Dorel lunges again and Nick fades and counters, hitting Dorel with two left jabs and a right cross to Dorel's head. Dorel is momentarily surprised and then bursts into laughter again.

DOREL  
What you gonna do, Mr Muscle? You  
gonna punch poor old Mr Dorel to  
death, yeah?

Nick looks around and picks up another piece of timber. He crashes it across Dorel's head, snapping it in two. Dorel staggers back, then steps forward again.

As he does so, Nick stabs the broken beam into his face. Dorel staggers back again, the jagged beam lodged in his eye. He stumbles around blindly momentarily, and then pulls the shaft out of his eye, which is now a bloodless, gaping hole.

DOREL  
Faark! What you trying to do  
mate, fuck up my beautiful boyish  
good looks?!

His eye instantly repairs itself.

DOREL  
Is lucky I'm very quick healer.

He grins malevolently and advances on Nick. As he steps forward he steps on the baseball bat that Nick has dropped on the floor and flips base over apex, landing on his back. He raises himself onto one elbow.

DOREL  
You know what? I think now I'm  
starting to get really pissed off  
with you people.

The baseball bat rolls towards Nick who picks it up, and walks forward slamming it over Dorel's head as he tries to get up. It slows him down momentarily, then he shakes his head and looks angrily at Nick.

Nick whacks him again. This time he looks even angrier as he rises to his feet as if floating on air. He advances on Nick who moves back until he finds himself hard up against the railing overlooking a drop down several stories.

Nick takes an almighty swing striking Dorel on the side of the head and snapping the bat in two. Dorel smiles.

DOREL  
Too bad Mr Muscle. Looks like you  
out of options, yeah?

He grabs Nick by the ears, preparing to pull his head off. Nick grabs his wrists struggling desperately as Dorel dissolves into fits of evil laughter.

OCEANE (O.S.)  
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!

Close-up of Dorel's face as he looks over his shoulder to see Ocean sprinting flat-out towards him. At about four metres from him she leaps into a horizontal side kick and sails into him, striking him full-force in the middle of his back. All three of them crash through the railing and plummet three stories to the burning floor below.

As Nick and Dorel hit the floor the broken baseball bat is driven straight through Dorel's chest. He gets up groaning, and staggers backwards, holding the end of the bat. He looks slightly stunned.

DOREL  
(groaning)  
Wooden stake through heart. Very  
traditional.  
(feeble cough)  
Is oldie but goldie.

He staggers backwards, dying. He wags his finger at Nick.

DOREL  
You fuckin' guys...

He makes a fist and shakes his head as if to say "I'd like to bash you." He coughs feebly, then staggers backwards clutching his chest, disappearing into the flames. As he does so a load of burning beams collapse into a firey inferno, obviously burying him.

As the burning beams fall around him, Nick struggles to his feet and looks around until he finds Oceane, whom he helps to her feet.

Cut to

139 EXT MARITIME BUILDING NIGHT 139

Tony is dragging Sterling from the building by the feet. As he drags him down the stairs Sterling's head thuds solidly on each successive stair.

Nick and Oceane burst through the front door after them, coughing and spluttering. They all step clear of the building.

TONY  
Where are the others?

NICK  
(shakes his head)  
They're all gone.

At that moment they hear the sound of tearing on the canvas awning over the front door, and they all look up. The awning splits open and Billy falls through, landing painfully on his back.

BILLY  
Oooooohh, fuck!

They all look at Billy. Nick turns to Tony.

NICK  
'Cept him.

Tony nods as if to say "fair enough."

140 INT BASEMENT MARITIME BUILDING DAY 140

Next morning. Close-up on the metal trap door being welded shut. Nick is doing the welding as Billy and Sterling stand by. Around them is a sea of smouldering embers in the burnt-out building. Most of the floor above is gone, as are the stairs. A ladder is leaning against what is left of the floor. Nick finishes welding then looks up at them, nodding as if to say 'all done.'

STERLING  
Any bodies left?

BILLY

Tony's boys took care of what  
there was.

Sterling motions to them and starts to climb the ladder.

141

EXT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

141

In the street outside Sterling opens his car door. Billy is standing beside him. In the background Nick and Oceane are sitting together on the front stairs of the building.

STERLING

You know if I reported all this  
they'd throw me in the looney  
bin, don't you.

BILLY

Yeah, well, no need for no one to  
say nothing. Provided the  
insurance report goes through  
without a hitch.

He looks at Sterling as if to say 'well?' Slightly shell-shocked, Sterling nods. He will make sure the insurance report goes smoothly. He gets into his car and leaves. Billy turns to face Nick.

BILLY

I'll have me money back out of  
that insurance pay-out.

NICK

Sweet.

BILLY

What're you doing now? I'm gonna  
go have breakfast.

NICK

We thought we'd go home and get  
some sleep.

BILLY

(looking unconvinced)  
Is that right?

Nick and Oceane look at each other.

NICK

Yeah.

Billy nods, then turns and walks off towards his car. As he nears the car the cat appears, looking at him. Billy looks back at the cat.

BILLY

Humph.

(beat)

Where were you when we needed to  
cut you open and suck out all  
your blood?

142 INT MARITIME BUILDING DAY

142

Overhead shot of the sealed-up trap-door. There is a  
sinister feeling as the camera pans over the smouldering  
embers and finally comes to rest.

Suddenly Dorel bursts from the charred embers, sitting bolt  
upright. He looks a total mess, his clothes burnt, his hair  
singed and still smoking slightly. He looks surprised.

DOREL

What the fuckin' fuck??!!???

The End