

THE CAT

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This story is set in rural New Zealand. - 2012
FADE IN:

EXT. PEACHES PROPERTY - DAY

The home of PAUL AND GRACE PEACH, their twelve year old son STEPHAN, aka PEACHY and their one year old daughter LILY.

Travel down a driveway towards their house and backyard.

The sound of a HAND SAW being used to cut firewood. It jams constantly, each time a boys voice, cursing and muttering to himself. The voice belongs to -

PEACHY (O.S.)
Bloody stupid saw.... Damn stupid
bloody saw.... This is bloody
ridiculous....

As the sawing/cursing continues arrive at -

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A boy struggling to cut firewood with a CROSSCUT SAW. It's bigger than he is and he's not having much fun.

In the back ground an old shed that has seen better days. Parked next to it an even older Japanese rice burner. The front wheels are missing and the bonnet is up, supported by a fence batten. It's well knackered and looks it.

On top of the shed sits Peachy, looking down at his younger self.

PEACHY
(to camera)
That was me in the olden days, I
think I was about ten... What a
joke. I mean seriously, we were
burning wood faster than I could
cut it.

INT. PEACHES LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they watch through a window -

GRACE PEACH
Look at him poor lad. Go on, go and
give him a hand.

PAUL PEACH
I'll do better than that, just
watch this.

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

As he takes Peachy towards the shed -

PAUL PEACH
Come on son I think it's time we
dragged you into the twenty first
century. You can throw that old
piece of scrap away and we'll built
you a nice new modern one.

PEACHY
With bells and whistles?

PAUL PEACH
With bells and whistles.

The young Peachy and his father enter the shed.

From inside, hammering and banging. Through the window the
flame from a gas axe, followed by sparks from gas cutting. An
old motor cycle petrol tank is thrown out the door followed
by more motor cycle bits and pieces.

The sound of an electric angle grinder. Through the window
the sparks from grinding. The noise is loud and continues
over -

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 YEARS AND 63 DAYS LATER

The grinding noise fades and is replaced by the sound of a
MOTORCYCLE POWERED BUZZ SAW.

FADE IN:

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - DAY

Peachy cutting firewood with his modern homemade motorcycle
powered buzz saw.

We are talking classic backyard bush mechanics here. Use
whatever is available. If it doesn't fit or won't do the
job... make it fit and do the job.

A hand written sign reads "PAT PENDING"

The motorcycle engine misfires and stops. Peachy throws a glance at the shed wall mounted petrol tank, shrugs his shoulders. He's out of gas.

Disconnecting the battery on the motorcycle, he takes it to his car, the now fixed up piece of junk we saw earlier and reconnects it. (The term "fixed up" is used very loosely here)

As he reconnects the battery a police car arrives. A baby is thrust out the passengers window and is hanging in midair, held by a policeman. Some good old fashion community police work is about to unfold -

POLICEMAN

Excuse me sir. Is this your son?

PEACHY

A...?

Waving the baby -

POLICEMAN

This... is it your son?

Lifting his head up from under the bonnet and nodding NO -

PEACHY

I'm only twelve.

POLICEMAN

Ah ha, It'll be your younger brother then.

PEACHY

No it's my mothers daughter.

POLICEMAN

A...?

PEACHY

It's my sister.

Trying to recover from his cock up -

POLICEMAN

Oh.... It's just that...

Pointing to name tag sewed into the baby's clothing -

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

It's got a Stephan name tag right there... see that. That's a boys name so I thought, quite naturally she was a boy.

PEACHY
No she's not a boy, she's a girl.

POLICEMAN
Tell me.... Sorry what was your
name?

PEACHY
It was Stephan, it still is.

POLICEMAN
Stephan? Did you say Stephan?

PEACHY
Yes.

MR Policeman starts putting two and two together -

POLICEMAN
Okey dokey I think we get the
picture here. Tell me Stephan, does
your sister have a name?

PEACHY
Yes.

POLICEMAN
And I bet it's not Stephan is it.

PEACHY
No.

POLICEMAN
So it's....?

Before Peachy can answer a short fused female policeman sat
behind the wheel erupts.

As she starts the engine -

FEMALE POLICEMAN
For christ's sake Larry give the
kid the kid so we can get the hell
outta this looney bin...

Leaning across her partner and shouting -

FEMALE POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Hey kid, the.... What ever the hell
it is, was crawling down the middle
of the road. Either tie it up or
get a gate. Are ya with me?

Taking baby Lily -

PEACHY

Yes. We had a gate, but someone
pinched it and they haven't bought
it back yet.

FEMALE POLICEMAN

Well get another one, how hard can
it be....

Indicating to Peachy's clapped out rice burner -

FEMALE POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Is that rotting old rice burner
yours?

PEACHY

Yes.

FEMALE POLICEMAN

And does it work?

PEACHY

Yes.

As she pulls away -

FEMALE POLICEMAN

(singing)

We'll meet again don't know where
don't know when but I know we'll
meet again.... Oh I love this job.

EXT. PEACHES BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Watched by baby sister and the family Cat, he takes his boots
off.

His mother -

GRACE (O.S.)

You finished already? That was
quick.

PEACHY

Yeah, we've run outta gas.

GRACE (O.S.)

Did we have visitors, I thought I
heard a car pull up.

PEACHY

No they were German tourist's, got lost looking for... Christchurch?

GRACE

Christchurch... well they certainly are lost. It's in the south island somewhere isn't it?

As he enters the house -

PEACHY

We're doing geography next term. I'll let you know when I know, that's if they bother to tell us.

INT. PEACHES KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Opening the fridge he studies the drinks in the door. Milk, coke, bottled water and beer. As he turns a bottle of beer.

GRACE (O.S.)

The legal drinking age is eighteen Stephan, not twelve.

He pulls a "how the hell can she see through a wall and a fridge door" face and takes out the milk.

As he makes breakfast, corn flakes -

PEACHY

Mum are you going into town?

GRACE (O.S.)

Yes. I'm meeting Mrs T for coffee, then we're going for a hairdo and a tart up. Do you need anything?

PEACHY

Just some petrol for the Saw, Ninety one's okay and ask Stan Grossman if he's got an old wheel with a half decent tyre on it, I'm desperate.

GRACE

Does he know the size?

PEACHY

Yeah he knows.

As he sits down to eat -

GRACE (O.S.)
Stephan...

Only one word. But he knows what's coming.

PEACHY
Mum I've just had a thought. Why
don't I sister sit while you're in
town.

GRACE (O.S.)
Would you mind?

PEACHY
No not a problem. She can give me
and Freddy a hand to finish off
rewiring the Cat.

GRACE
Thank you son. Her food's in the
green tin by the microwave, just
add some warm water and give it to
her in a bottle. She'll do the rest

Still eating his breakfast -

PEACHY
Got it...
(to camera)
I walked right into that one didn't
I...

Another mouthful of corn flakes and -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Why are me and Freddy rewiring a
Cat?

Looking down at the family cat, now sitting on the table
drinking milk from his breakfast bowl.

PEACHY (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Well it's nothing like this little
fella that's for sure. You have a
look while we finish our breakfast.

FLASH BACK: Four weeks earlier.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Belonging to BOB (MONEY BAGS) SULLIVAN. A miserable old prick that had a humour bypass at birth.

Two men sitting on a wooden gate. Bob and DEREK THORNTON, AKA Mr T.

Head and eye movement from both men as they study something in a paddock.

BOB
(pointing)
What about that one?

MR T
(unimpressed)
Not bad Bob... not bad.

Mr T's eyes keep scanning Stops.... Points.

MR T (CONT'D)
HOLY MOLY, look at the bollocks on that one.

They are looking at -

A six hundred pound bull in a paddock with other bulls.

BOB
They are a set of beauts aren't they.

MR T
That's it Bob. That's "lot one" right there.

BOB
Ya reckon?

MR T
Shit yeah... hey if I was a cow that's the fella I'd want sniffing round my rear end.

BOB
He's not blind Derek.

Jumping off the gate, walking away from the paddock -

MR T
Hey. You'll get thirty grand for him no worries.

A well pleased Bob jumps down from the gate. Together they walk over to a UTE. Sign writing on the ute's door tells us Mr T is a STOCK AGENT.

For Americans: A UTE is what we call something that looks like a pick-up, four wheel drive. Like a Ford F150 thingy.

Getting in they drive away.

I/E. MR T'S UTE - CONTINUOUS

MOMENTS LATER

Bob holds a gate open as Mr T drives through. As Bob gets back into the ute, something catches Mr T's eye.

Pointing to a rusting burnt out thirty year old Caterpillar bulldozer in the distance -

MR T

What happened to that?

BOB

A... oh the bloody thing shit it's self, caught fire and burnt the wiring loom out... and the ash tray's bugged.

As they travel across paddocks.

MR T

What a mess... what are you gonna do with it?

BOB

Dunno, probably scrap the damn thing, turn it into razor blades. Why, do you want it?

MR T

No not really... how much?

Some serious thinking time and -

BOB

You get me thirty grand for thunder bollocks back there... Two cartons of beer and it's yours.

MR T

Two? Play the white man Bob, the wiring looms burnt out and the ash trays bugged.

BOB
 You don't miss much ya... A carton
 of beer and a bottle of sherry. I
 can't let it go for less than that.

As they approach Bobs homestead.

MR T
 So what sort of sherry do ya want?

BOB
 Anything. I'm not drinking the
 shit.

EXT. BOB SULLIVAN'S HOMESTEAD - CONTINUOUS

It's now we can see why Bob can afford to almost give away a
 broken down bulldozer.

They drive past modern farm machinery, including a new
 bulldozer, arriving at Bobs million dollar plus house.

Parked in the driveway, two 7 series BMW's, a new RANGE ROVER
 and a LAUNCH. Bob may look like a hic country farmer, but
 he's loaded.

As he gets out the ute -

BOB
 Have a word with Stan Grossman,
 I'll shove it on his low loader.

He bangs on the top of the ute and Mr T pulls away.

Scratching his ass, Bob watches him leave. A WOMAN, young,
 thin, blonde, a real stunner arrives.... His wife or
 daughter? We never find out.

WOMAN
 I thought Derek was staying for
 lunch.

Not looking at the woman, deep in thought -

BOB
 No... He reckons we'll get thirty
 grand for that mongrel with the big
 nuts.

I/E. MR T'S UTE

Travel with Mr T dialing out on his hands free cell phone.

The call is answered by garage owner, STAN GROSSMAN. All repairs at this garage are carried out using only three basic tools. A hammer, a bigger hammer and an even bigger hammer.

EXT. GROSSMAN'S GARAGE - SAME TIME:

Using the "even bigger hammer" to make repairs to a low loader, Stan is interrupted by his cell phone ringing.

Intercut with Mr T in his ute:

STAN GROSSMAN

Grossman's garage. Your local specialist in mechanical and electrical repairs to all vehicles, both Japanese and normal. We also offer a comprehensive range of -

MR T

Cut the crap Stan, you're now talking to the proud owner of a Caterpillar D5 bulldozer.

STAN GROSSMAN

With a burnt out wiring loom and a broken ashtray?

MR T

That's the one.

STAN GROSSMAN

Well done, I told you you'd get it. How much?

MR T

A bloody fortune, the miserable old prick ripped me arms off.

STAN GROSSMAN

Well Surprise sur-bloody-prise. You do know that old bastard's collected at least two lots of insurance on that crawler.

MR T

Yeah and guess what.

STAN GROSSMAN

What?

MR T

I've also got to sell off one of his shitty bulls.

(MORE)

MR T (CONT'D)

Hey do ya wanna buy a bull Stan?
I'll get you one for a song and
thirty grand.

STAN GROSSMAN

Not bloody likely... but, I might
be able to point you in the right
direction. Now the beat on the
street... well according to Marsha
at the bank to be precise, is as
follows ...

I/E. MR T'S UTE - CONTINUOUS

As the ute skids to a halt on the road side -

MR T

Sheep? Sheep as in woolly things
with four legs?.... Well I'll be.
Thanks for that, I'll catch ya
later.

Now only a twisted stock agent would do this:

Mr T grabs a tie from the glove box and puts it on. Then
jumps out the ute and grabs a jacket from the back seat and
puts it on. He then gets back into the ute, checks his hair
in the mirror then redial's his cellphone -

The call is answered by TAFFY JONES, a local farmer with a
strong Welsh accent. (That's 'cause he came from Wales where
they speak with.... You got it, a strong Welsh accent.)

TAFFY (O.S.)

Hello.

MR T

Taffy it's Derek, how are ya?

TAFFY (O.S.)

Oh Derek. Somewhere below average I
think... I'm not really sure.

MR T

Things are picking up then, great.
Listen my friend are you still
looking for a new sire bull?

TAFFY (O.S.)

Well funny you should mention that
Derek, yes I am.

(MORE)

TAFFY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Old Ferdinand's taken a turn for
the worse, he's started chasing
sheep if you please... most
peculiar and embarrassing.

MR T
So I've heard. Well buddy it's your
lucky day, I've found one for ya.

TAFFY (O.S.)
That's tidy, where?

MR T
Bob Sullivan's got one, it's a real
humdinger and, all the bits and
bobs and brain, are in full working
order.

TAFFY (O.S.)
Money Bags Sullivan? Bloody hell
Derek have you lost your mind have
you gone stark raving mad... How
much?

MR T
He's giving it away, wants thirty
five. Offer twenty eight and settle
on thirty. You'll get it for that.

TAFFY (O.S.)
Are you sure?

MR T
Yeah no worries. The damn thing's
worth... you'll need to insure it
for about forty grand Taffy but
you'll have to move quick. You do
not want to miss out on this one.

TAFFY (O.S.)
Derek. Quick is my new middle name.
What's the tag number and what's
your commission?

MR T
The tag number's 4088, commission.
Don't worry about... no I'll tell
you what, how about a crate of
beer... oh and -

To late. As he hangs up -

TAFFY (O.S.)

I'm onto it.

MR T

Bugger.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

As Mr T pulls away, the sound of his cellphone re-dialing.
The call is answered by -

STAN GROSSMAN (O.S.)

Grossman's gar...

MR T (O.S.)

Stan switch off the bull shit tape
it's me. You finished on that low
loader yet?

STAN GROSSMAN (O.S.)

Yeah nearly.

MR T (O.S.)

That's good enough... see you on
the first tee, say thirty minutes?

STAN GROSSMAN (O.S.)

You've obviously sold the bull.
Thirty minutes.

Mr T's ute disappears into the distance.

Still in flashback - Two weeks later:

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THORNTON HOUSE - DAY

A school bus arrives and stops. FOUR KIDS get off, Peachy,
FREDDY and another BOY and GIRL aged about twelve years old.
Peachy and Freddy head for the Thornton's driveway, the other
two walk to a driveway down the road.

Freddy turns and gives the other two the "FINGERS." They
don't see this but, someone has.

Show a couple of STILL PHOTOS of the "fingers incident" using
a long lens.

EXT. THORNTON DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking down the driveway they are confronted by the tractor unit for an articulated truck coming towards them. They move to the side and let it pass. Peachy turns and watches the truck until it turns out the drive and disappears.

Peachy's face. He's a million miles away, driving that truck.

EXT. AT THE CAT - CONTINUOUS

Still on Peachy's face.

Now he's mouth open and wide eyed -

MR T

That should keep you two outta
trouble for the holidays.

The two lads, gob smacked. Mr T, arms folded and well pleased with himself, his wife MRS T makes up the quartet. She is dressed in work clothes and covered in green paint from painting a nearby chicken shed, she is not... let's say she's ever so slightly pissed off.

Sitting on a low loader, parked next to a large two door garage, the burnt out CATERPILLAR BULLDOZER. Ten ton of fun. It looks worse now than it did back on Money Bags farm.

FREDDY

Dad it's brilliant it's fucking
brilli -

In a nano second -

MRS T

Freddy...

Even faster than a nano second, Mr T grabs Peachy and pulls him away from Freddy's side as Mrs T's arm swings around.

THUD:

Freddy's left ear now hurts. His right one doesn't.

PEACHY

(recovering, to Mr T)
Thanks.

Going ape shit -

MRS T
 This is your home Freddy Thornton.
 It's not the bloody sale yards, or
 school you little....

Cringing, Peachy disappears to the back of the Cat. He knows
 what's coming and it ain't gonna be pretty.

Mrs T turns on Mr T

MRS T (CONT'D)
 Now look what you've done,
 this is all your fault Derek -

Interrupting -

FREDDY
 Sorry mom, it just slipped out.

MRS T
 Slipped out... You'll get slipped
 out, you shouldn't even know that
 word at your age. Bugger and
 Bloody, that's it.

Again turning on Mr T

MRS T (CONT'D)
 Where on earth did you get that
 from Derek, it's a pile of junk.

Now it's Freddy's turn to disappear to the back of the Cat.

MR T
 Bob Sullivan.

MRS T
 Money Bags Sullivan? Bloody hell
 Derek have you lost your mind have
 you gone stark raving mad. How
 much?

MR T
 Nothing.

She fires him a look -

MR T (CONT'D)
 Okay a crate of beer and -

MRS T
 (interrupting)
 Well you were ripped off.-

She indicates in no uncertain terms "FOLLOW ME."

On a tree hang the remains of a rusting lawn mower with the insides of the engine hanging out.

MRS T (CONT'D)
That was to keep him out of trouble
when he was nine.

FLASH BACK:

Nine year old Freddy shoots out garage windows with an air gun.

PRESENT TIME:

They are now standing next to a clapped out piece of shit ride-on lawn mower.

MRS T (CONT'D)
This little beauty tried to keep
him on the straight and narrow at
ten....

FLASH BACK:

Ten year old Freddy, with a .22 Rifle, takes potshots at the tree hanging lawn mower.

PRESENT TIME:

MRS T (CONT'D)
Well did it?

MR T
No. But he was young back then,
still growing up.

As she leads him to the far side of the garage -

MRS T
Still growing up? Still growing up
into what?

They are now stood standing next to mans most bizarre creation ever. A pre MAO revolution Chinese rice field paddle tractor. (70 million careful owners)

Her looks and the Chinese thing say it all -

FLASH BACK:

The family pump action shotgun, mounted on a wooden frame. Eleven year old Freddy covers his ears with his hands then kicks a piece of wood attached to the trigger with string.

A greenhouse without glass is not a greenhouse. It's a chicken shed.

PRESENT TIME:

Mr T does his best -

MR T
Honey it'll be okay with the bulldozer, trust me. He's got young Stephan to help him now. The kid's a whizz bang, he's a mechanical genius.

As she takes in Peachy's clapped out rice burner -

MRS T
Of course he is, how silly of me....

She is interrupted by her cell phone ringing, it's the mother of the two kids Freddy has just given the fingers too. Now it's Mr T's turn to disappear to the back of the Cat.

MRS T (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Hello.... Angie I'm in the middle of a domestic what is it....
And.... Well Angie if you hadn't raised them to be a couple of assholes it wouldn't happen would it. Goodbye Angie.

At the back of the Cat.

Mr T and the two lads giving it the once over -

MRS T (CONT'D)
Freddy.

FREDDY
Round here mum.

She pops her head round the front of the Cat -

MRS T
That was Angie I've got a new camera with a two thousand something zoom lens Jackson on the phone. Can you stop giving her offspring the fingers please.

FREDDY
I didn't... Her what?

MRS T
Her offspring.

FREDDY
Her off what?

MRS T
Offspring. Kids, children. Do they teach anything at that school?

MR T
Swearing?

MRS T
Don't push it Derek...

And in a flash she changes.

Walking towards the hapless trio -

MRS T (CONT'D)
How is baby Lily Peachy, is she crawling yet?

PEACHY
(he's nervous)
Yes Mrs T, mum thinks she might be walking soon.

MRS T
Ah, isn't that sweet....

Voice change, nearly back to what it was

MRS T (CONT'D)
Freddy there's bacon and egg pie in the fridge, reheat it. Me and the dipstick are going out for dinner.

FREDDY
I thought Lindsey was working tonight.

MRS T

I was referring to your father and
you stop picking on your brother,
he's sensitive and has feelings...

She's lost the plot. As she walks away -

MRS T (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Those chickens should be laying by
now. I'll give them one more week,
no eggs and wham. It's the big
chop.

Silence.... Looks.... Broken by -

FREDDY

Sorry dad.

Mr T shrugs his shoulders. Patting Freddy on the head -

MR T

Not a problem son. Your sensitive
brother made that pie over a week
ago... I'll write you out a sick
note later.

Mr T and Freddy watch as Peachy retrieves a plastic bowl half
full of oil from under the engine of his rice burner.

Freddy holds the bonnet up as Peachy pours the oil back into
the engine.

Oil pouring finished, Freddy drops the bonnet. As Peachy gets
into the car, Freddy thumps the bonnet.

Starting the engine -

PEACHY

Thanks... see ya tomorrow.

A gear crunch and a wheel spin and he's gone.

PRESENT TIME:

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - DAY

Peachy finishes pouring oil into the car engine, drops the
bonnet and throws the plastic bowl and the fence batten that
was holding up the bonnet into the car.

Picks up baby sister Lily from the ground and puts her into a
wooden home made child seat in the back of the car.

I/E. PEACHES CAR - CONTINUOUS

He turns the ignition key - nothing. Picks up the fence batten, leans out window and thumps the car bonnet. Turns key, car starts.

Turning on the CD player, he turns to baby Lily

PEACHY

Are we ready?... Good.

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

To the music of, something like -

LITTLE FEATS "FAT MAN IN A BATHTUB"

A slight gear crunch, wheel spin and they're off. Down the drive and out the gate. Across a gravel road and into farm paddocks.

EXT. FARM PADDOCKS - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE OF CAR DRIVING THROUGH PADDOCKS.

The car veers off track and stops next to a fence. Switching off the engine and music, he gets out to MR HENRY REED.

This guy is not your average New Zealand farmer, trust me. He comes from somewhere in Europe and his main roll on the farm is to supervise his poor wife who does the work.

As he approaches Mr Reed, a constant THUMPING can be heard.

MR REED

Good morning young Peachy boy, you are well yes?

PEACHY

Fine thanks Mr Reed.

Waving and louder -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Morning Mrs Reed.

MRS REED. Standing on a trailer attached to a Quad bike, whacking a fence post into the ground with a sledge hammer.

She stops whacking.

MRS REED

Good morning Peachy, how is your
mum?

PEACHY

She's fine thanks, she's going into
town for a tart up and a hairdo.

MRS REED

And your dad?

PEACHY

He's still out on the rigs.

Mr Reed jumps in -

MR REED

Excuse me if I may Stephan. Stephan
rumors are circulating that you and
that Thornton boy have a bulldozer
for hire. This is correct yes?

PEACHY

Well sort of... It's not quite,
it's not -

MR REED

(interrupting)

Well have you or have you not?

PEACHY

Yes. Yes it's a D5. It's yellow.

MR REED

Tell me it has a blade.

PEACHY

Yes it's got a blade... At the
front.

MR REED

Excellent. Now I can assume that
you and or the Thornton boy can
operate the afore mentioned
contraption with some degree of
efficiency and professionalism yes?

PEACHY

A....?

MR REED

Can you drive the damn thing?

PEACHY

Yes.

Rubbing his hands with glee

MR REED

(slight Spanish accent)

Excelente muchacho excelente

Clearing his throat and back to normal accent

MR REED (CONT'D)

Now young Peachy....

Picking up a stick and drawing two parallel lines on the ground, then, looking down the fence line -

MR REED (CONT'D)

(to Mrs Reed)

Darling, the fence post is not going to hit it's self into the ground. Why have you stopped?

MRS REED

Henry my arms are tired.

MR REED

Darling the sooner you finish hitting in the fence post, the sooner you can rest your tired arms....

(to Peachy)

Now where were we, are yes our stream.

Mrs Reed carries on whacking.

Pointing to the lines on the ground -

MR REED (CONT'D)

These two lines Stephan represent the stream at the back of my house....

Drawing a semi circle on either side of the lines -

MR REED (CONT'D)

And this my friend, this represents the pond I want made to swim my shinny new boat on. So, with your expertise, your professionalism and your little yellow bulldozer you will do this for me yes?

Examining the drawing -

PEACHY

I guess so. How wide do you want it?

MR REED

Fifty meters each side.

PEACHY

Wow, and how long?

MR REED

One hundred and fifty meters... minimum. Two hundred meters would be desirable but three hundred.... Let us program in three hundred and work up from there yes.

PEACHY

Three hundred... Are you allowed to do that?

MR REED

No.

A quick brain cell reshuffle and -

PEACHY

How deep do you want it?

They shake hands.

Peachy goes back into his car, smiling from ear to ear. Thumps bonnet, starts car, music restarts and he's gone.

EXT. AT THE CAT

Standing on the Cats tracks tinkering with wires, Freddy watches as Peachy arrives and parks.

He places the plastic bowl under the cars engine then strolls over to the Cat.

PEACHY

(trying to imitate Mr
Reed)

Good morning young Freddy boy, you are well yes?

FREDDY

Young Freddy. Hey I'm two weeks and eight days older than.. You've been talking to old man Reed again, yes.

PEACHY

Might have.

FREDDY

Hey, watch out for him he's....
He's different. Dad said he needs shooting with a ball of his own shit. Wad he want?

PEACHY

Ain't sayin....
(indicating to the Cat)
How's it going?

FREDDY

No worries, we need some more two mill wire...

Holding up a piece of kit -

FREDDY (CONT'D)

What's this? It looks rooted.

Peachy indicates and Freddy throws it to him. A quick examination and -

PEACHY

It's rooted. It's the rectifier.

FREDDY

What's it for, can we make one outta something?

PEACHY

(nods No)
It controls the alternator output, dumps any excess power.

He jumps up onto the Cat, studies the engine, brain cell in overdrive.

Throwing the rectifier away -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

You know what, we don't need it.

FREDDY

We don't?

PEACHY

No. If we bypass the alternator and wire the battery straight to the starter motor it'll start. It's diesel so once it's running we don't need any electric's... What do ya think?

FREDDY

Sounds good to me... What's that moving in your car?

PEACHY

My sister. Mums meeting your mum in town for a hairdo and a tart up. Anywhere we can stick her?

MOMENTS LATER

The two lads stand next to their quick fix child enclosure. Hay bales form a circle, baby Lily sits in the middle, studying them studying her.

FREDDY

Can she walk?

PEACHY

I've never seen her.

FREDDY

Can she talk?

PEACHY

No, she can only cry

FREDDY

Do you think she'll shit herself?

PEACHY

She's a girl Freddy. They always shit themselves. And guess what.

FREDDY

What...?

On this word -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD

A female ass (with clothes on I hasten to add) is bent over, as the owner of said ass retrieves something from the back seat of a ute.

She stands up and turns. She's KYLIE, a nineteen year old gorgeous country girl.

A sign on her ute's door indicates she works for the same company as Mr T.

Carrying a carton of beer she enters the house.

INT. THORNTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mr T, sitting at a table littered with paperwork. Dropping the carton of beer on the table -

KYLIE

Morning.

MR T

Morning.

She goes into -

INT. THORNTON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An elderly lady, GRANNY T is asleep in an electric chair... No, lets make that an electric WHEEL chair. Kylie taps her on the shoulder

KYLIE

Alright Granny T?

Opening one eye -

GRANNY T

It's two thirty.

The old dears eye slams shut, she's back asleep. Kylie shrugs her shoulders and wanders back to -

INT. THORNTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

KYLIE

She's kicking up a storm today.

As she helps herself to a cup of coffee -

MR T

A....

(indicating to the carton
of beer)

What's that for?

KYLIE

It's for you. Taffy Jones dropped
it off this morning.... That bull
with big....

Mr T gets it -

MR T

Oh yeah, he bought that mongrel
with the big you know what's from
Money Bags Sullivan. How much did
he pay for it do ya know?

KYLIE

Well according to Motor Mouth
Marsha at the bank, thirty five
thousand cash and a crate of beer.

MR T

Oh really... Well I guess we can
stick that one in the fridge then
can't we.

KYLIE

(confused)

Why not. Where is Lindsey?

MR T

Still in bed, he didn't get home
'till two thirty this morning.

KYLIE

I know, I dropped him off.

She walks over to the sink. As she fills a jug with water -

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Well if he wants to marry me Mr T
he's going to have start getting
out of bed a lot earlier than this,
that's for sure.

EXT. AT THE CAT

Freddy is head down ass up in the Cats engine compartment. At
his car Peachy has removed the last remaining head light and
is stripping out a length of wiring loom.

PEACHY
How much do we need?

FREDDY
About two meters. Is there any
green and yellow?

PEACHY
(examining the loom)
Nope, we've got brown and yellow or
red and black... Or purple.

FREDDY
Purple. You know where you shove
that, gis the red and black. Do we
need to put a fuse in?

PEACHY
What's the point. You put a fuse in
and it fails, then what?

FREDDY
I don't know... The Cat fries it's
self?

PEACHY
Exactly.

The lads go about their rewiring.

In the back ground a small bundle of white is moving. It's
baby Lily crawling and trying to walk. She travels through
dirt and puddles and enters -

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

She crawls/walks through oil and grease, does a quick tour
around a highly polished PURPLE UTE.

After leaving small hand prints on the lower body panels and
MAG wheels she stops and looks down into a six foot deep
inspection pit under the ute.

With one outstretched hand, a split second away from Adios
Lily, a hand grabs her by her clothes and pulls her away.

EXT. AT THE CAT

The two lads hard at work. There world is shattered by -

LINDSEY
Which one of you owns this drool?

In unison they look up to see Freddy's sensitive older brother LINDSEY. Wet hair, dressed in his pajama bottoms and gum boots holding in one hand at arms length, an oil covered and dripping wet bundle of clothes containing baby Lily.

PEACHY

Me. It's my sister.

Lindsey indicates in no uncertain terms "FOLLOW ME"

They follow him into -

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Still holding the baby bundle at arms length Lindsey points to the small oil and grease hand marks on the ute.

LINDSEY

Look at it. I spent four hours yesterday cleaning this and just look at it, it's ruined... I'll tell you now, if any of that's brake fluid it's a new paint job, that's three grand. You got three grand?

PEACHY

Not on me no.

FREDDY

We'll clean it off we've got some turps somewhere.

LINDSEY

Turps. Are you crazy. If you two little toe rags lay one finger on this car I'm telling mom.

He thrusts Lily at Peachy

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Here use the turps on your sister, she's a bloody mess.

As he walks away -

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Dad said your lunch is ready.

INT. THORNTON KITCHEN

Sat at the kitchen table Mr T wades into a bowl of soup. Sat opposite him is Granny T. She's a bit grumpy and being attended to by Kylie.

GRANNY T

Lunch, today's lunch already? I haven't had yesterdays breakfast yet.

KYLIE

Well you can have it later Gran. Would you like a nice piece of home made bacon and egg pie?

GRANNY T

Might do, who made it?

MR T

Lindsey.

GRANNY T

Oh... Did he make the last one?

MR T

Yes he did.

GRANNY T

Well I'll give it miss if you don't mind. The last one got stuck and I nearly blew my rear end to bits trying to pass it. What else have you got?

MR T

(to Granny T)

No wonder you're going cross eyed.

(to Kylie)

Give her some prune juice, that'll sort the problem out.

KYLIE

I'll get you a nice bowl of soup Gran. It's safe, it's out of a can.

As he enters and dumps himself at the table -

LINDSEY

I'll have some soup as well. Hey is there any of that delicious bacon and egg pie left?

MR T

All of it.

MOMENTS LATER.

Peachy and Freddy stand in the doorway holding Lily, one arm each between them.

Sat at the table, Lindsey, slurping on soup and eating bacon and egg pie. He sees them but ignores them.

Next to him is Granny T. She can't see that far. Mr T has his back to them but clocks Kylie shaking her head and grinning.

Turning, he sees them, bursts out laughing. As he grabs his cellphone -

KYLIE

(to Mr T)

Dad!!

(to the lads)

What happened?

PEACHY

She fell over.

MR T

Fell over, pull the other one.
Looks like you've been playing
rugby with her in the car pit.

Grabs his cell phone -

MR T (CONT'D)

Don't move an inch. Kylie go and
add a touch of glamour to this
master piece will ya.

She stands behind the two lads.

LINDSEY

Hey dad what about me?

MR T

Big smile....

CLICK

MR T (CONT'D)

Wait till they see this at the golf
club.

LINDSEY

Dad, what about me?

Studies his cell phone -

MR T
Sorry, run outta film.

Kylie takes hold of Lily

KYLIE
Go on you two go and have some
soup. I'll clean her up, it'll be
good practice.

As she leaves -

KYLIE (CONT'D)
One day we're going to have a
little girl just like you... Only
cleaner.

Lindsey chokes on a mouthful of soup.

MOMENTS LATER

A feeding frenzy is interrupted by the house phone ringing.

It is answered by -

MR T
Hello.... REG me old mate, how are
ya.... Yeah when.... Not a problem.
Where are ya.... Great, hold on a
minute I'll sort something out with
management....
(shouting)
Kylie...

KYLIE (O.S.)
Yeah what is it?

MR T
Reg is stopping over for a couple
of nights. Lindsey will have to
share a bed with him or stay at
your place. Which one?

LINDSEY
I'm not sleeping with that drunken
Bastard, put him in with Freddy.

MR T
He's ex navy Lindsey think about
it.

KYLIE (O.S.)
It's okay Mr T, Lindsey can stay at
our place.

MR T
(back into phone)
All sorted mate. Hey have you got
your golf clubs with ya.... Well
done, I'll get a four ball arranged
for tomorrow and we'll kick ass....
No worries mate it's not a problem,
see ya later.

Freddy rolls his eyes -

PEACHY
Is that?

FREDDY
Yeah...

Getting ready to leave -

MR T
Right I'm off to see Mr Money Bags
Sullivan. Reg is picking up his
sale herd and I need to make sure
they're ready. By the way how's the
Cat coming along?

FREDDY
Nearly there, but the rectifier's
shit it's self.

MR T
Leave it with me son, I'll see what
I can do... You know you could
bypass the alternator and wire up
straight to the starter motor,
that'll get it running. Are you
gonna sell it?

FREDDY
No. And guess what.

MR T
No need to worry about putting a
fuse in then. What?

FREDDY
(smugly)
We've got our first job.

MR T
First job?

FREDDY
Yeah, our first job with the Cat.

MR T
Oh really... Doing what?

FREDDY
We're building a pond.

MR T
Great... A pond? You're building a pond with a bulldozer? That's some pond son. Where?

FREDDY
Over at the Reeds place.

Mr T's just been hit with a bazooka shell.

MR T
Reeds... Don't tell me let me guess. On that stream at the back of his house. Am I right?

FREDDY
I think so, why?

Time to exit stage left, getting up -

PEACHY
Can I use the toilet please?

MR T
No. Be well advised you two and take note. That.... He's different and has not got and never will get permission to build a pond on that stream. Never. How big does he want it?

PEACHY
Only a hundred by about two or three hundred.

MR T
Only a hundred by two or three hundred what?

PEACHY
Meters.

MR T
 Hell fire lads that's not a pond.
 That's a bloody ocean.

Grabbing two bottles of sherry from a cupboard and showing them to Lindsey -

MR T (CONT'D)
 Are either of these any good?

LINDSEY
 (pointing)
 That one's cooking sherry, tastes like mule piss.

MR T
 That'll do.

LINDSEY
 The other one's paint stripper.

MR T
 Even better.

As the mule piss sherry goes back in the cupboard

MR T (CONT'D)
 (to the lads)
 So how much is he paying you to dig this Pond?

PEACHY
 Not sure Mr T, quite a lot I think.

MR T
 Quite a lot. Well what ever it is, double it. You'll need it to pay for filling the damn thing back in when he gets caught. And he will.

LINDSEY
 Dad I don't know why you're worried about it. They'll never get that piece a shit started anyway.

FREDDY
 We will, we're nearly there....
 (to peachy)
 Aren't we.

Peachy is now well out of his comfort zone -

PEACHY
 Yes we're getting there, can I use
 the toilet please?

Mr T jumps in -

MR T
 (to Peachy)
 Yes.
 (to Lindsey)
 Hey. If they say they'll get it
 started they'll get it started
 alright.

LINDSEY
 Well I'm older than they are and I
 wouldn't know how to get the bloody
 thing started.

MR T
 (to Lindsey)
 I know....

Heading for the door -

MR T (CONT'D)
 Oh, when Reg gets here tell him to
 park his rig out on the main road.
 We don't need the place stinking of
 cow shit again do we.

Disappearing out the door -

MR T (CONT'D)
 And don't forget to tell your
 mother her new hairdo looks nice.

FREDDY
 What if it doesn't?

MR T (O.S.)
 Leave town.

I/E. MR T'S UTE

Mr T driving as his phone rings out. As the call is answered

CUT TO:

EXT. REEDS BACK YARD - SAME TIME:

Mr Reed. Sitting at a table studies a drawing of his pond.

MR REED

Hello.

MR T (O.S.)

Hi Henry, Derek Thornton how are ya?

MR REED

Ah Derek, I am excellent thank you. And your good self?

I/E. MR T'S UTE - SAME TIME:

MR T

I'm also excellent. Henry I could do with popping round for a quick chat in the near future.

MR REED (O.S.)

But off course Derek. Tell me, when would you like this quick chat?

MR T

Oh let's say in about five minutes.

MR REED (O.S.)

Well I'm ever so busy at the moment Derek....

CUT TO:

EXT. REEDS BACK YARD - SAME TIME:

Mr Reed still at his table.

B.G. Mrs Reed with her trusty sledge hammer, whacks steel pipes into the ground some fifty meters from a stream.

MR REED

Would next year be acceptable yes?

CUT TO:

I/E. MR T'S UTE - SAME TIME:

MR T

I'll see you in five minutes Henry.

Disconnecting the call -

MR T (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 I'll give you next year, ya bloody
 shyster.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Mr T's ute quickly increases speed and disappears into the distance.

EXT. AT THE CAT

As the two lads continue working Kylie arrives in her ute. She gets out carrying baby Lily dressed in an old jumper, cut off at the arms and tied at the bottom.

PLEASE NOTE: It's the jumper that's cut off at the arms, not the baby. DO NOT I say again DO NOT cut the babies arms off.

KYLIE
 Here you go Peachy, it's not
 perfect but it's dry.

Taking the baby bundle and putting her on his shoulders -

PEACHY
 Thanks, I think I'd better put her
 in the car.

KYLIE
 That's not good thinking Peachy, it
 gets really hot in there.

PEACHY
 Oh yeah....

Indicating to the Cat -

KYLIE
 So how's it going?

FREDDY
 The rectifier's bugged, apart
 from that it's nearly finished.

KYLIE
 Oh....

She study's it for a moment. It doesn't look nearly finished.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

I'll have a word with dad, he might know where to get one... You know what you could do -

Peachy jumps in -

PEACHY

We were thinking of wiring the starter motor straight to the battery, you know bypass everything just to get it started.

KYLIE

Now that's better thinking, I didn't think you'd know to do that.

FREDDY

We didn't. Lindsey helped us out, you know him being older than us he knows more than we do.

As she gets into her car -

KYLIE

Well one day you'll know as much as he does. Just keep asking he's keen to help.

FREDDY

By the way where is Lindsey, I thought he was staying at your place tonight.

KYLIE

He is, he's busy looking after Granny T....

CUT TO:

EXT. THORNTON PORCH - SAME TIME:

Granny T sat in her wheel chair reading a "CUSTOM CAR" magazine, Lindsey sat next to her, asleep.

BACK TO:

AT THE CAT - SAME TIME:

KYLIE

He's got a stag party at the
Sundowner tonight, I'll be back to
pick him up later....

As she pulls away -

KYLIE (CONT'D)

And don't worry about the ute,
he'll get over it. Bye.

The two lads watch as she drives away -

FREDDY

He'll get over it, who's she
kidding... I wonder if your sister
will grow up to be that dumb.

PEACHY

That's possible.

FREDDY

Dad said he thought there was
something wrong with her when she
wanted to marry Lindsey. He said
she should have the front part of
her brain carefully examined by a
vet.

PEACHY

Wow, what did your mum say?

FREDDY

She said nothing. Dad said it was
the luckiest day of his life so
far.

PEACHY

How's that?

FREDDY

The pump action shotgun jammed.

Lifting baby Lily off his shoulders -

PEACHY

Well sis you can grow up as pretty
as Kylie but not quite as dumb.

They both study the baby bundle for a moment until -

FREDDY
Get the hammer.

MOMENTS LATER

The two lads stand back to admire another piece of backyard bush craft.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I like it. Another classic out the Thornton think tank. And that's not easy to say.

PEACHY
It's a bit lop sided.

He makes a minor adjustment to Lily's wooden homemade car seat, with her in it, now hanging on the shed wall

PEACHY (CONT'D)
That's better...

He Picks up a car jack lying next to the shed.

PEACHY (CONT'D)
Hey can I borrow this, mum's getting me another wheel and tyre from Stan Grossman's.

FREDDY
Yeah no worries. I thought you had one.

As he drops the Jack next to the Cat

PEACHY
It's busy, holding up the back of the wood shed.

FREDDY
Makes sense. Why don't you use the one in your mums car?

PEACHY
What do ya thinks holding up the front...? And before you ask the sides are rock solid.

Climbing onto the Cat -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
Right we need to do an oil change and reconnect the fuel injectors.

Indicating to the injectors lying on the on the cats tracks -

FREDDY

I think we should put them back in first, don't you.

PEACHY

Oh yeah that might help.

As Peachy picks up the injectors, Freddy, with an empty baked beans tin scoops oil from a waste oil drum into a plastic bucket.

The oil change is in full swing when a car pulls up. They pay it no attention.

MRS T

Hey you two, I'm back.

Without looking -

FREDDY

Your hair looks nice mum.

PEACHY

Yeah that's really nice Mrs T.

Unfortunately Mrs T has had a bad day at the hair dressers. Her new hairdo ain't nice.

MRS T

(bites the bullet)

Thanks... How's it going?

FREDDY

We're doing an oil change then it should be blast off time.

MRS T

Great. Oh your father phoned, he said to tell you he's found a new second hand rectifier and it'll be here in a couple of days.

FREDDY

Brilliant. How much is it?

MRS T

I don't know son, don't worry your father will pay for it... And as a special treat, when I finish painting that chicken shed, I'll paint your bulldozer. It'll look nice in green.

Caterpillars are yellow Mrs T. Always have been, always will be.

PEACHY

Hey that's a great idea Mrs T.

MRS T

Any time. You know when I was your age, living in the middle of know where's ville we had an old grey tractor thing -

Not the old grey tractor story again. It's shut down embarrassing parent time.

FREDDY

Mom dad said when Reg gets here tell him to park his rig out on the main road on account of the foul smelling S H one T.

MRS T

Reg... Reg Dashwood? When's that worthless prick coming, your father never said anything, I was only talking to him ten minutes ago.

FREDDY

He's on his way now, he's staying for a couple of nights and him and dad are going to the golf club tomorrow to kick... it begins with the letter A.

As Freddy and Peachy slide out from under the Cat -

MRS T

Oh for Pete's sake, it never rains does it. Well where's he going to sleep, Granny T's in the spare room.

FREDDY

Dunno... With Granny T I guess.

MRS T

With what...? Good God son do you realize what you're saying, he's ex navy. He gets drunk and nine months later you've got an uncle thirteen years younger than you are. No. No we can't have that.

FREDDY
Well what if it's a girl, would an
auntie be okay?

Thud:

Now Freddy's right ear knows what his left ear felt like.

MRS T
Don't you be crude Freddy Thornton
that's your grandmother you're
talking about, you just show a
little respect.

FREDDY
It's all been sorted. Lindsey's
staying at Kylie's place and Reg is
having his room.

MRS T
Well thank you Freddy, thank you
very much. I lose my number one son
and get Reg... I need a drink. A
nice double should do the trick.

She's lost the plot. Walking back to her car, she stops:

FLASH FORWARD
TO:

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD - NIGHT

Granny T, leaning out her bedroom window

GRANNY T
Reg, Reg, where fore art thou?

With a bottle of booze in one hand and a mangled bunch of
flowers in the other -

REG
What...?

He trips over a lawn mower and passes out.

EXT. AT THE CAT - PRESENT TIME

Snapping out of it -

MRS T
 (muttering to herself)
 Thank God for that. I'd better put
 a lock on her door just in case.

At her car -

A quick look at her shitty hairdo in the wing mirror -

MRS T (CONT'D)
 And another double might make this
 mess look a bit better....

Looking in the direction of the chicken shed -

MRS T (CONT'D)
 And if you useless bitches don't
 get your act together and start
 laying it's chop off head and into
 the cooking pot for the lot of ya.

Getting into her car she pulls a wheel spin U turn. Stopping
 next to the Cat -

MRS T (CONT'D)
 Peachy, don't forget your mothers
 hairdo. It does look nice.

She wheel spins away.

MOMENTS LATER:

Freddy pulls the dip stick out of the Cats engine, checks it.

FREDDY
 Another two scoops will do it.

Peachy scoops two tins of oil from a plastic bucket and pours
 them into the Cats engine. Jumping down he picks up an old
 tea towel and wipes his hands.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Well we've done it yeah?

PEACHY
 (he's uncertain)
 Yeah...

He walks around the Cat, then climbs into the cab. Throwing
 the oily tea towel at Freddy -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
 Yeah's right. You know what we
 haven't done?

FREDDY

What?

PEACHY

The battery... We haven't checked
the damn battery.

As they walk to the garage -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

I can't believe we let this happen,
we're not stupid are we?

FREDDY

No. Not at all. Lindsey is, Kylie
is and Granny T is. But she's well
old.

They disappear into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Freddy studies the broken three pin plug on an extension
cord. Handing it to Peachy -

FREDDY

Here you're quicker than me.

He watches as a master craftsman goes to work.

Peachy grabs a machete from the wall. Whack, the plug is cut
off. The outer cable cover is sliced and stripped away then
the inner cables are sliced and stripped. The copper wires
are jammed into a wall socket and a plug on an electric drill
is jammed in to make the connection... Hey it works okay.

EXT. AT THE CAT - CONTINUOUS

Carrying a battery charger and trailing the electric
extension cord behind them they head back to the Cat.

PEACHY

So how old is she then?

FREDDY

How old is whom?

They both have chuckle at Freddy's command of the English
language.

PEACHY

Whom...? Granny T that's whom.

FREDDY

Well how old do ya think she is?

PEACHY

I don't know, about a hundred and something.

FREDDY

And the rest. Dad said she was around when radio was in black and white.

PEACHY

Wow. That's old. Know wonder she sleeps a lot.

As they connect the battery charger -

FREDDY

She needs to sleep for eighteen hours a day now just to stay alive.

PEACHY

Yeah?

FREDDY

Yeah, and another eight at night.

Peachy's brain cell kicks into life

PEACHY

That's not... that's twenty six I'm sure of it. How can she have twenty six hours sleep a day?

FREDDY

Easy. She goes to bed two hours early every night.... Bugger!

The battery charger is connected, the AMP meter flickers and settle in the RED.

PEACHY

Flat as pancake.

They're more disappointed than pissed off. Shit does happen.

FREDDY

Well that's that. All we can do now is wait.

As he jumps down from the Cat -

PEACHY

Right I'm gonna take a leisurely drive home, kick something then cut more bloody firewood. What are you gonna do?

FREDDY

Oh I thought I might read a novel, do some ironing, then sit down with Reg and dad and get smashed outta my brains on gin and tonic.

PEACHY

Yeah in your dreams.

As Peachy goes to his car -

FREDDY

You forgotten anything?

Stopping, thinking -

PEACHY

Oh yeah. Old age catching up on me already.

EXT. PEACHES BACK PORCH - EVENING

Peachy exits the house, stops and -

PEACHY

Oh did you get the petrol?

GRACE (O.S.)

Yes it's in the car. What do you want for tea?

PEACHY

Anything, no rush. I'm gonna cut some more firewood....

(to camera)

I didn't like the new hairdo so I said nothing. What's the point.

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He opens the back of his mothers car and pulls out a can of petrol and a wheel, with a brand new tyre on it. Smiles.

Moments later -

Peachy finishes, pouring petrol into the shed wall mounted petrol tank.

He is standing on top of the frame of a two rung step ladder. This is not recommended by the safety freaks.

Jumping down he starts the Bike/Saw, firewood production is back in full swing.

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD - SAME TIME:

Kylie arrives. As she walks to the house -

MRS T (O.S.)
(going ballistic)
What do you mean she just got away.
She's nearly a hundred Lindsey, you
were meant to be looking after her.

LINDSEY (O.S.)
Well if she's nearly a hundred
she's old enough to know better...
Oh no. Mum she's broken my Bar
Manager of the month statue, it's
priceless.

Walking out the door -

FREDDY
Bullshit it's plastic.

LINDSEY (O.S.)
Get knotted. Mum tell him will ya.

MRS T (O.S.)
Freddy get knotted.

KYLIE
What's happened?

FREDDY
Lindsey let Granny T escape. She's
wrecked the house with her wheel
chair, again.

KYLIE
Oh dear.

Looking down the driveway -

FREDDY
(shouting)
Mum.

MRS T (O.S.)

What?

FREDDY

(smiling)

Reg is here.

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - LATER

It's nearly dark. Peachy shuts down the Bike/Saw, disconnects the battery and puts it in the rice burner.

INT. PEACHES KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the table Peachy and Cat rip into his Pie and Chips meal.

GRACE (O.S.)

Stephan your sisters food is in the microwave, can you heat it and feed her please ... Not to hot mind, thirty seconds should be enough.

The fork on the way to his mouth freezes in mid air.

PEACHY

(to himself)

Oops.

As quiet and as fast as he can he's on the move. Grabs the baby's bottle, takes two steps then, back to the microwave, sets it for thirty seconds then out the door.

Seconds later he's back in, grabs a torch from a nearby shelf, then back out the door.

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Into his car. As his hand reaches for the ignition key -

PEACHY

(to car)

Please car just once....

He turns the key... BINGO, car starts. He pats the dashboard.

PEACHY (CONT'D)

(to car)

You little beauty.

Keeping the revs down he quietly pulls away, no headlights. Travels fifty or so meters, lights the way with his torch out the window, then guns it. Out the gate across the road and into the paddocks, moving faster than shit off a shovel.

INT. PEACHES KITCHEN - SAME TIME:

Quiet and empty, then - BEEP. From the microwave.

Microwave display screen flashes - END

EXT. FARM PADDOCKS - SAME TIME:

The car, all most invisible, the torch light clearly visible is traveling at speed dodging holes. Peachy loses control, does a 360, stops, then back up to shit of a shovel speed.

INT. PEACHES LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME:

The back of a woman's head. It's his mother Grace, she's sat in an arm chair watching television. An orchestra playing something from... whatever. It's mellow and tranquil music.

INT. PEACHES CAR - SAME TIME:

He's driving as if his life depended on it... It does. As he struggles to keep control -

PEACHY

(to camera)

Sorry, ain't got time to chat... I could be in the shit.

EXT. FARM PADDOCKS - CONTINUOUS

The torch light disappears into the distance.

INT. THORNTON HALL WAY - SAME TIME:

Standing on a chair, supervised by Mrs T, Freddy finishes screwing a latch onto a bedroom door. Puts a heavy duty padlock on it and snaps it closed. Granny T is secure.

EXT. REEDS BACK YARD - SAME TIME:

Mrs Reed, still whacking steel pipes into the ground. Mr Reed is now helping, by holding a torch.

EXT. PADDOCKS - SAME TIME:

A single light in the distance gets closer, then zooms past and disappears.

INT. BOB SULLIVAN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME:

Money Bags Bob, sat at a table counting money. A woman drinking paint stripper quality sherry watches him.

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD - SAME TIME:

Mr T and Reg sat on deck chairs laughing and joking and downing beer. They fail to notice in the distance the approaching car, with a single light guiding the way.

EXT. AT THE CAT - SAME TIME:

A five hundred watt security light burns on the side of the shed. The deafening silence is broken by the sound of a car engine working overtime. Then a single light appears.

Seconds later Peachy's rice burner skids to a halt next to the Cat... he's out, carrying a torch in one hand and a baby bottle in the other.

As he goes straight to the garage -

PEACHY

I'm here sis... I've got some food.

Torch light on sister seat on wall.... It's empty.

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Shit a brick....

Panic sets in. As he frantically starts searching for lily, shaking her milk bottle -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Lily.... Where are you sis.... I've got your dinner, nice warm milk...
Lily....

Still shaking the bottle and searching -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Come on sis, I'll let you drive the car home if you want... Lily....

MRS T (O.C.)
Lost something Peachy?

He spins around to Mrs T.... Holding Lily.

MRS T (CONT'D)
She's had something to eat and some
milk, I think it's nearly past her
bed time don't you.

PEACHY
Yes I think so.

MRS T
Get her seat off the wall.

As he puts Lily into the car -

MRS T (CONT'D)
Does your mother know?

He nods NO -

MRS T (CONT'D)
Well how about we keep it our
secret yes.

PEACHY
Yes please.

MRS T
It takes a long time to make little
girls, so you drive back carefully.

PEACHY
What they take longer than boys?

MRS T
Oh much longer. You see Stephan,
they use the extra time to
cultivate the space between their
ears so that... To put it in your
language Peachy. So they're firing
on all four from the get go.

PEACHY
Oh. Well how long does it take for
us to start firing on all four?

MRS T
Good night Stephan.

Shining his torch on the Cat -

PEACHY
We'll have it running tomorrow.

MRS T
I'm sure you will.

As he gets into the car -

PEACHY
Thanks Mrs T, I owe you one.

With the torch shinning out the window he drives away into the night. Slowly.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAY TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - DAY

Peachy's on a mission. The following happens quickly:

The last piece of wood passes though the buzz saw.

Motorcycle is shut down and battery disconnected.

Battery into car and reconnected.

Plastic bowl retrieved from beneath car, oil poured into engine. Pauses to admire new tyre.

Bonnet dropped, batten thrown into car. Car door shut.

INT. PEACHES KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Fridge door open, milk out and into cereal bowl with corn flakes.

As Peachy and Cat share breakfast.

GRACE (O.S.)
Stephan. Has your sister been eating worms again?

PEACHY
I don't think so, why?

FLASH BACK:

INT. THORNTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Baby Lily sitting on the kitchen table, Freddy feeding her delicious bacon and egg pie. Over this -

GRACE (O.S.)
She's been up all night vomiting.

PEACHY (O.S.)
No worries, it was probably just one of those woman things they have. Or maybe she's not firing on all four cylinders yet.

GRACE (O.S.)
Maybe. I'll drop her off at the doctors next time I'm passing, she should know about these things.

INT. PEACHES KITCHEN - PRESENT TIME

PEACHY
Well if she doesn't try Stan Grossman's garage, he does.

Peachy and Cat finish breakfast. A quick look around and -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
Mum I'm off over to Freddy's.

GRACE (O.S.)
Stephan don't be late back, your father is phoning tonight and wants to talk to you.

PEACHY
Got it. See you later.

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He's into his car, turns ignition key.... CLICK, CLICK...
Batten out window, thumps bonnet, starts car.

He's off. Down the drive, across the road and into paddocks.

MONTAGE OF DRIVING THROUGH PADDOCKS.

EXT. PADDOCKS - CONTINUOUS

As he turns at the end of a row of trees, standing in the middle of the track is Mr Reed. Peachy hits the brakes and skids to a halt inches from him.

Switching of the engine he gets out and goes to Mr Reed, studying the small gap between himself and the car.

MR REED
Excellent judgement young man,
excellent.

PEACHY
Good morning Mr Reed

Confused, looking around -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
Where's Mrs Reed?

He's never not seen them together. Her working, him not.

Pulling a sheet of paper from his pocket, Mr Reed spreads it on the car bonnet. He takes four coin sized magnets from another pocket and puts one on each corner of the paper. It's a drawing of his proposed pond lake thingy.

As he does this -

MR REED
Mrs Reed is relaxing today young
Peachy, attending to some of her
basic household chores yes.

PEACHY
Oh.

CUT TO:

EXT. REEDS BACK YARD - SAME TIME:

The poor Mrs Reed, cutting firewood with a crosscut saw. It's the same set up and gear Peachy was using in the opening scene and she ain't having much fun either.

BACK TO:

EXT. PADDOCKS - SAME TIME:

Indicating to the drawing as he speaks -

MR REED

.... Well young man you will do
this for me yes?...

Before Peachy can answer -

MR REED (CONT'D)

... Excellent. Now unfortunately my
friend we have encountered a small
problem... "There is a fly in the
ointment". You have heard of this
yes?

PEACHY

Yes.

MR REED

And you understand it's meaning
yes?

PEACHY

Yes.

MR REED

MOY BEIN ... Well Peachy boy we
have a fly in our pond, a big one.
So from now on we will not be
constructing a pond.

PEACHY

We're not?

MR REED

No my little friend. From now on we
will be simply relocating terra
firma.

PEACHY

(he's lost)

Terror what?

Stamping a foot onto the ground -

MR REED

Dirt Peachy boy, dirt. We will be
moving dirt.

PEACHY

Oh right....

(studies the drawing)

Ah I get it, we move the terror
dirt away from the stream and the
water does, what water does....

Taking piss

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Yes?

MR REED

You catch on fast little Peachy
boy, I am impressed. Tell me....
When will you commence excavations?

At last Peachy understands something Mr Reed has said -

PEACHY

(proudly)
In twenty four hours Mr Reed,
tomorrow.

MR REED

And an approximate est.... How long
will it take?

PEACHY

If you blink you'll miss it.

He hands Peachy a fifty dollar note

MR REED

I trust a five percent deposit is
sufficient to cover any initial
expenses incurred by yourself and
the Thornton boy yes.

PEACHY

Five percent...? Shit yeah, I mean
yes Mr Reed five percents perfect.

They shake hands. Mr Reed removes his pond drawing. As Peachy
gets into his car Mr Reed gives the bonnet a thump.

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MR REED

(to himself)
Gern geschehen, Junge. Ich wuensche
dir eine gute Reise.
(subtitle in English)
You're welcome little boy. I wish
you a good journey.

As he starts the car and turns on the music he turns to the
camera and smiles. He drives away.

EXT. AT THE CAT

Freddy sitting on the Cats tracks staring at the battery charger AMP meter, it's still showing RED. This is not good.

Peachy arrives, shuts down the engine and music. Places the plastic bowl under the engine then wanders over to the garage carrying Freddy's car jack.

PEACHY
How's it looking?

No reply from Freddy.

PEACHY (CONT'D)
That doesn't sound good.

He joins Freddy on the Cat. Gives the AMP meter a thump, nothing changes.

As they study the AMP meter

PEACHY (CONT'D)
Hey were you at school the day they did numbers?

FREDDY
Yeah, it rained all day.

PEACHY
Great. Work this out. If fifty is five percent yeah, how much is the rest?

FREDDY
The rest... how much is the rest of what?

PEACHY
The percent thing, if fifty is five how much is the rest?

FREDDY
Two hundred million I don't know. Why?

Peachy slaps the fifty dollar note down

PEACHY
'Cause that is five percent of something. We find out what the something is and we know how much old man Reed is gonna pay us for digging his pond yes.

FREDDY

Bloody hell, where did you get that from? Is it real?

PEACHY

Old man Reed. We get the rest when we finish the pond.

FREDDY

Bloody bloody hell. How much is the rest then?

PEACHY

Freddy you studied numbers... you should be able to calculate it or do something with it.

FREDDY

Well I can't, I told you, it was raining that day.

The penny drops -

PEACHY

You were in one of those classrooms with a corrugated iron roof.

FREDDY

Correct. When it's raining you can't hear a bloody thing the teacher's saying.

Hands the money to Freddy -

PEACHY

Show it to Kylie, I know she's dumb but she might know how to do numbers.

They are interrupted by -

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Hey that's a beauty. What is it, a D6?

The lads turn to REG.

Many many years of drinking Navy rum and being chased by irate husbands have reduced Reg to... he now relies on muscle memory and luck.

FREDDY

No, D5.

Reg puts on a pair of glasses. The bulldozer and surrounding area vanish. The reading glasses are replaced with non reading glasses. The bulldozer is now the size of an aircraft carrier with the markings CATERPILLAR D5 clearly visible.

REG

So it is.... Who's that?

FREDDY

(to Reg)

This is my mate I told you about, Stephan.

(to Peachy)

That's dads old navy mate, uncle Reg.

REG

Giddy nice to meet ya....

(to Freddy)

And drop the uncle crap will ya, just Reg 'Ill do.

Alternating between reading and non reading glasses, Reg takes a tour around the Cat, then climbs into the cab.

Studying the botched up wiring

REG (CONT'D)

Shit.... Who wired this mess up?

PEACHY

I.... We did.

Examining the wires -

REG

Were you pissed, on drugs or both?

No response from the lads -

Further examination -

REG (CONT'D)

What the hell have you got here?

For the first time ever, Peachy has been caught short. He needs bullshit, lots of it and fast.

Doing his best to imitate Mr Reed, the bullshit flows -

PEACHY

Unfortunately a key component has malfunctioned, leaving the electrical system void of any reliable means of adequate control during the recharging process. Therefore, an effective substitution for the defunct component has now been implemented, yes.

Freddy's mouth drops open.

REG

No shit...
 (to Freddy)
 Did that outburst of verbal diarrhoea mean the rectifiers bugged?

FREDDY

Dunno, but yeah the rectifier's bugged.

Jumping down from the Cat -

REG

Well lads you're gunna have to wire in the ignition switch. That is unless you want to see your starter motor screaming it's ass off on it's way into orbit.

PEACHY

Oh. We'll get straight onto it.

Reg studies Peachy -

REG

You sure ya know what you're doin' here kid?

PEACHY

Yes Mr Reg we've got it all under control and thanks.

As Reg walks away -

REG

(muttering to himself)
 Kids today, they haven't got a bloody clue.

The lads return to AMP meter watching.

FREDDY

Was Reg right about the starter
motor going into space?

Getting up and grabbing a pair of wire cutters.

PEACHY

Yeah, it won't take long. You study
that fifty dollars and try to
remember what was written on the
black board.

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD - DAY

Granny T, in her electric wheel chair fast asleep on the
porch as Mr T and Reg exit the house carrying golf clubs and
two cartons of beer.

On their way to Mr T's ute -

REG

Is she still alive?

Stopping -

MR T

Reg that's my dear old mother
you're talking about. She knows not
to die on golfing days....

He carries on walking

MR T (CONT'D)

And fishing days, and sale days....

At the ute: Mr T places the beer on the back seat as Reg
throws the golf clubs on the back.

As Reg gets into the ute Mr T picks up the golf clubs from
the ground and puts them where they should have landed. On
the back of the ute.

MR T (CONT'D)

And my birthday, and over Christmas
and New Year....

(louder to Mrs T)

We're off honey, see ya tonight.

They get into the ute and pull away -

MR T (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And Easter weekend and public
holidays.

REG (O.S.)
Okay I get the picture.

They disappear from view

EXT. AT THE CAT - CONTINUOUS

As Peachy finishes the rewiring and Freddy keeps watch on the AMP meter.

REG (O.S.)
Hey what about duck shooting season?

MR T (O.S.)
She wouldn't dare.

PEACHY
Job done, how's it looking?

Still AMP meter watching, Freddy nods negatively

PEACHY (CONT'D)
You look thirsty.

MOMENTS LATER:

EXT. THORNTON PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Granny T still sound asleep, as the two lads sit drinking tea and dunking biscuits.

Mrs T comes out the house.

MRS T
Sorry guys you'll have to keep an eye on Granny T while I'm at the hairdressers.

Freddy ain't happy, Peachy knows what's coming.

FREDDY
Mom... Mom we ain't got time to look aft... Mom you went to the hair dressers yesterday!

MRS T
Yes Freddy and I'm going again today and I'll go again tomorrow and, I'll keep going until that silly bitch Samantha gets it right.

Looking at her reflection in the window

MRS T (CONT'D)

Look at me, I look like those tarts
Reg used to drag around by the
heels when we lived in Devonport.

FREDDY

Well why can't you take Granny T
with you. She needs a hair cut...
She could do with a shave as well.

THUD

Freddy's ears are getting pissed off with his mouth.

MRS T

'Cause I can't wake her up that's
why.

FREDDY

Hey she might be dead!

SWOOSH:

Freddy ducks. His ears breath a sigh of relief.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I was only kidding.

Mrs T storms back into the house.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(quietly to Peachy)

Watch this....

(louder)

Mum we're off, we'll come back and
check on her every half hour or so.

MRS T (O.S.)

No Freddy that's no good, she needs
constant attention. If she wakes up
and goes for another drive she'll
wreck the place again.

She reappears on the porch carrying a cordless phone. She's
running late and getting more frustrated.

Peachy to the rescue -

PEACHY

We'll take her down to the Cat Mrs
T. We can look after her there....

(MORE)

PEACHY (CONT'D)

(to Granny T)

We'll take you for a ride on the
Cat Granny T, you'll like that....

(to Mrs T)

We'll have it running shortly.

MRS T

Oh.... Well what ever Peachy, just
keep an eye on her....

Handing a cordless house phone to Freddy -

MRS T (CONT'D)

Take this with you. If anyone calls
from the golf club tell them I'll
be there at six thirty to pick Reg
and your father up. They are NOT, I
repeat NOT to drive home. Have you
got that son?

FREDDY

Yes mum, loud and clear.

PEACHY

Will they be drunk Mrs T?

MRS T

Yes Peachy they will be drunk... If
I know those two and I do, they'll
be drunk before they finish the
front nine.

Her cell phone rings - answering.

MRS T (CONT'D)

Hello.... No I'm still at home....
Oh for Gods sake Derek, is it
locked.... Well where are the
keys.... Yes Derek, just a second.

(to Freddy)

They're on the first green, Reg is
sweating over a six foot birdie
putt with no putter, it's still in
his truck. The keys are in
Lindsey's bedroom.

Freddy disappears inside, returning momentarily.

MRS T (CONT'D)

(into phone)

We've got them..... Well I'm sorry
Derek but I didn't for forget to
take the bloody putter did I....

(MORE)

MRS T (CONT'D)

No tell him to mark the ball and call the next group through. You know the rules...

(laughing)

In your dreams Derek, in your dreams. I'll be there as quick as I can.... More, how much more.... Derek you need help.

She disconnects the call -

MRS T (CONT'D)

If I get caught speeding they'll pay the fine.... Freddy, get the putter from the truck, I'll meet you at the gate. Peachy, get ... No make that two cartons of beer from the fridge please.

One ten millionth of a second passes and the lads haven't moved.

They both move when Mrs T bellows -

MRS T (CONT'D)

Today would be handy.

Freddy jumps on a quad bike and rides off down the drive. Peachy legs it into the house.

Walking to her car -

MRS T (CONT'D)

(muttering to herself)

That's a carton of beer gone and they haven't even finished the first bloody... I wonder if those chickens have started laying yet.

INT. THORNTON KITCHEN

Peachy studies the contents of the "Booze Only" fridge, he's confused. What's what in here.

EXT. THORNTON BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Peachy drops two cartons of booze into the boot of Mrs T's car and closes it. He gives her, "thumbs up".

Leaning out the car window -

MRS T
(pleading)
Peachy... I won't come home tonight
and find my mother-in-law hanging
on the side of the shed will I?

He nods NO

MRS T (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Peachy watches Mrs T's car disappear then turns to Granny T.

Now remember the conversation between Freddy and Mrs T about
Reg sharing a room with Granny T? Good. Let's go.

FLASH FORWARD

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE FOLLOWS.

To the music of, something like THE EAGLES: "SATURDAY NIGHT"

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

NURSE A and NURSE B play "ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS"

Nurse A wins. They depart, in different directions.

EXT. HOSPITAL CARPARK - SAME TIME:

A taxi pulls up. Reg gets out and runs into the hospital
reception wall. Then finds the door.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME:

Follow NURSE B. At the end of the corridor, she stops at a
door, composes herself.

EXT. HOSPITAL CARPARK - SAME TIME:

Reg exits the hospital pushing a trolley back to the wrong
taxi. Then finds the right one.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME:

The whole cast is assembled, everyone and I do mean everyone.
No one is talking, it's like they're at a funeral. They all
look up as nurse B opens the door.

She indicates for them to follow her.

Picking up flowers and carrier bags they all get up and follow nurse person along the corridor.

EXT. HOSPITAL CARPARK - SAME TIME:

Pushing a trolley, Reg disappears into the hospital wall.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOOR - SAME TIME:

Nurse B holds a door open as the cast file into -

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

As they file in, CUT to Granny T. She's in bed, propped up by two pillows. A pitiful sight she looks almost dead, with electrical wires, drips and other miscellaneous hospital mumbo jumbo attached to her.

INT. HOSPITAL LIFT - SAME TIME:

Reg changes glasses, checks his hair in a reflection on the stainless steel wall.... He's looking good.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - SAME TIME:

Showing her FACE ONLY. NURSE A enters and makes her way to Granny T's bed. She leans over for a second then stands up.

FADE OUT MUSIC

CLOSE UP:

On Granny T's face, eyes closed. Then -

Granny T's eyes (that's both of them) flash open. A big smile

AT THE SAME TIME:

TO THE MUSIC OF THE EAGLES "TWENTY ONE"

Pull back to Granny T holding her new born baby, wearing a dinky pair of small glasses.

At the same time: Several crashing sounds from outside the room, then the door bursts open. A hospital trolley, packed with beer enters, pushed by Reg.

IT'S PARTY TIME

MONTAGE OF PARTY: (music runs for 2 minutes 10 seconds)
Everyone is having a ball, except Mrs T. She's well pissed off.

After 60 seconds. (During instrumental lasting 12 seconds)

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - SAME TIME:

Couples with new born baby's stop and look up at the noise

MAN

(to woman)

What's that all about?

WOMAN

It's been on the news. That's the old boiler that got knocked up by the ex navy guy. They say she's at least a hundred.

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

Back at the party: The cast and nurses and doctors now sing along to the last verse of the song... Except for Mrs T. She is in a corner of the room not singing, she's hung herself.

As the music fades - fade in the sound of a quad bike engine.

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD - PRESENT TIME

Peachy, in cloud cuckoo land, does not notice Freddy arrive on his quad bike until -

FREDDY

Oye, come on we've got a bulldozer to get started.

Snapping out it -

PEACHY

A... Hold on I need to use the toilet.

INT. THORNTON HALL WAY - CONTINUOUS

Toilet flushing. Peachy exits the toilet, takes a few steps, stops. Looks at the newly fitted latch and padlock on a bedroom door. Smiles.

PEACHY

(to camera)

I was thinking of joining the army,
you know driving tanks and things
but now.... Does anyone know what
the navy recruiting office
freephone number is?

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

As the two lads steer Granny T in her wheel chair to the Cat.

FREDDY

Hey I asked mum about that percent
thing with the fifty dollars.

PEACHY

Yeah, what did she say?

FREDDY

She said if she was dumb enough to
marry dad how could she possibly
know anything about percents. She's
gonna ask that silly bitch Samantha
at the hair dressers and give us a
call.

PEACHY

Great... What if silly bitch
Samantha doesn't know?

FREDDY

She should, she used to be a school
teacher.

PEACHY

I did not know that.

FREDDY

Yeah... Mind you dad said the only
reason she went school teaching was
'cause she couldn't cut hair to
save her skinny ass.

PEACHY

What? Well how come... Why did she stop school teaching to cut hair when she can't cut hair?

FREDDY

'Cause she was a lousy teacher, she taught Lindsey and Kylie everything they don't know.

PEACHY

Well they don't know bugger all.

FREDDY

That's why she went hair cutting.

PEACHY

Well thank God she didn't teach us nothing, that's all I can say.

EXT. AT THE CAT

Now for the rest of this scene show a series of shots of the lads at the Cat, being watched through binoculars.

The "off screen" voices belong to local farmer LARRY STERLING and his daughter, now known as DOPEY DAUGHTER.

The lads study the AMP meter. It ain't changed.

PEACHY

This isn't right, I reckon the meter's knackered.

FREDDY

Might be... How can you tell?

PEACHY

Ten minutes, we'll give it ten more minutes... What about Granny T, will she be alright there?

FREDDY

Yeah as long as she doesn't wake up. If she does it's good bye Granny T, we'll never catch her....

A quick brain cell movement and -

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Get the hammer.

MOMENTS LATER:

Freddy admires another piece of backyard bush craft.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
That should do the job, is it on?

Peachy appears from the shed -

PEACHY
Yeah test it.

Granny T. Still asleep in her wheel chair is surrounded by an electric fence.

FREDDY
I'm not touching it. You test it.

Peachy crawls into the enclosure -

PEACHY
Wimp.

Putting one hand on Granny T's arm he reaches over and grabs the electric fence wire.

ZAP - A bolt of DC electricity travels through Peachy's body and terminates at Granny T. She jolts in her wheel chair and Peachy lets go. The electric fence is working.

Opening one eye -

GRANNY T
It's two thirty.

The old dears eye slams shut. She's back asleep

As the electric fence testing takes place -.

Binocular vision:

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)
Dad is that legal, they can't do that can they?

LARRY (O.S.)
They're out of their tiny pint size little minds. They'll blow the old buckets head off.

On completion of electric fence testing on Granny T

DOPEY DAUGHTER
Her heads still on dad... It's
fucken miracle.

LARRY
Language please.

Back to normal filming:

The boys once again study the AMP meter, it ain't changed.

FREDDY
What do you think?

PEACHY
That's it. It's rip shit or bust.

Peachy disconnects the charger leads and connects the main
leads to the battery.

Jumping into the cab -

FREDDY
Okay?

PEACHY
Yeah, let her rip. Plenty of
throttle.

FREDDY
How much is plenty?

PEACHY
Everything.

Freddy hits the start button... Nothing.

PEACHY (CONT'D)
Try it again.

Freddy has another go... still nothing.

Grabbing a piece of wood, Peachy climbs up onto the Cats
tracks.

As he beats the crap outta the bulldozer -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
If it works for the rice burner
it'll work for this.

Freddy has another go... Still nothing.

Picking up a handful of wires -

FREDDY
One of these might be wrong.

Peachy fires him a look.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Walking around the Cat, Peachy stops at the starter motor.
Holding up two wires -

PEACHY
I thought you connected these?

FREDDY
I thought you did them.

As he connects the wires -

PEACHY
I think we're doing to much
thinking.

Finishes connecting -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
And again.

Freddy pushes the start button. BINGO the Cats engine turns
over but slowly and not for very long. The battery is
knackered and so are they.

Binocular vision:

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)
They're stuffed, what do ya reckon?

LARRY (O.S.)
Not yet... I bet they try jump
starting it with the older brothers
ute. Ten dollars.

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)
Sober up dad, nobody's that bloody
stupid you're on.

Back to normal filming:

Silence, brow wiping and heavy duty thinking.

PEACHY
Well that's that, we're knackered.

FREDDY

Yeah. Old man Reed's gonna be
pissed off. Do you think he'll want
his fifty dollars back?

PEACHY

Probably... Mrs Reed's not gonna be
very happy either.

FREDDY

How long do ya think it'll it take
her?

CUT TO:

EXT. REEDS BACK YARD - DAY

Mr Reed sat at his table looks at his watch, then up to Mrs
Reed, relocating terra firma using a shovel and a wheel
barrow. She's almost on her last legs and looks older than
Granny T.

PEACHY (O.S.)

If she doesn't stop for a break...
About five years.

BACK TO:

EXT. AT THE CAT

As they stroll towards the garage -

FREDDY

Well as mum would say, it's just
pitiful. You know his first wife
died from over work, she was only
thirty five.

PEACHY

Thirty five. Hell that's only...
Ten fifteen twenty... twenty one
years older than we are.

Stopping in front of Lindsey's purple ute.

FREDDY

Twenty three.

PEACHY

Thanks. Get the jump leads, lets
try and get old ma Reed a few more
birthdays Yes.

Peachy drives the ute out of the garage and parks it next to the Cat.

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)
I do not believe what I'm seeing.
You know it still baffles me how
you lot grow up to be adults.

LARRY
It's called luck.

UTE bonnet up, jumper wires connected. Freddy up into the Cat, Peachy into the ute. He dials up some revs.

Leaning out the window -

PEACHY
Away ya go.

Freddy hits the Cats start button. The Cats engine starts turning over, but again very slowly. Freddy starts rocking in the seat trying to help the engine turn.

FREDDY
Come on ya bugger....
(louder to Peachy)
We need more power, kick the shit
out of it.

Peachy floors the gas peddle. The ute is revving it's nuts off but the Cats engine will not turn any faster.

Freddy jumps down from the Cat. Peachy shuts the ute down.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
We need more power... A lot more.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Between them the two lads struggle and open a large sliding door. As they disappear inside -

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)
Now this could be interesting.
Double or nothing they try
something dumber than what they've
just done.

LARRY (O.S.)
That's not possible. You're on

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - SAME TIME:

Mr T, and Reg sat on a bench slugging back on beer.

Mrs T drives towards them on the fairway. Stopping next to a FOUR BALL.

AT MRS T'S CAR:

MRS T
Hi Billy, in the trees again?

BILLY
(laughing)
Again. Don't tell me he's run outta
beer already.

MRS T
Probably....

Holding up the putter. Her looks say the rest.

As she pulls away -

MRS T (CONT'D)
Say hi to Gwen for me will ya.

BACK TO MR T and REG:

MR T
(shaking his head)
They've gotta do it don't they.
They just can't help it.

REG
Yeah... Do what?

MR T
Talk. We could've been halfway down
the second hole by now if she
hadn't stopped for a yap.

She pulls up next to the green. Mr T goes to the car boot,
two cartons of BOURBON AND COKE bring a smile to his face.

MR T (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Shit. This is gonna be a fun day.

At the front of the car, taking his putter -

REG
Thanks Fay you're a bloody
treasure.

MRS T
Not a problem.
(louder)
Derek, a quick word please.

Arriving at the front of the car -

MR T
Honey I'll make it up to you, I
promise.

MRS T
Derek, I don't have a problem with
the putter and I don't have a
problem with your alcohol
consumption rate. What I do have a
problem with, is two twelve year
old nut cases hair assing around on
a ten ton bulldozer with no adult
supervision. Derek they're getting
ready to start that thing.

Cracking open a can of bourbon and coke.

MR T
No, no honey, don't worry your
self, they will not get it started.
They won't even get the engine to
turn over.

MRS T
Well that's not what their saying
Derek.

MR T
Honey the battery's knackered,
useless. It wouldn't power your
cell phone. I've got a new one at
Stan's garage. When they're ready
to go, I'll be there as the
responsible adult to keep an eye on
them, okay.

MRS T
Well Lindsey's ute is there, what
if they use the battery on that?

MR T
They'll be pissing into the wind.
They need twenty four volts to get
that crawler started, car batteries
only twelve.

MRS T
Well you'd better be right. If
you're not, we'll be going home to
a waist land.

Starting her car she glances across at Reg, frantically
changing glasses as he studies his six foot birdie putt.

MRS T (CONT'D)
There's a four inch break on that
Reg.

REG
A... Which way?

As she pulls away -

MRS T
Work it out.

As she drives down the fairway, Reg putts and misses by eight
inches.

EXT. AT THE CAT - SAME TIME:

Freddy takes the last knackered battery out of a wheel barrow
and drops it on the ground next to another dozen equally
knackered batteries.

Peachy finishes wiring them together and connects them to the
Cat.

LARRY (O.S.)
Well I thought I'd seen it all, but
this, this is more painful than
watching your mother trying to
cook.

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)
And a lot more painful than eating
it.

The lads stand back to admire their handy work. They're now
well out of their depth regarding auto electric's and are
trying to convince each other everything is good to go.

FREDDY
Looks good to me.

PEACHY
Yeah, looks alright.

FREDDY
Will it work?

PEACHY
Should do.

FREDDY
Have you ever used this many
before?

PEACHY
Nope.

FREDDY
Do ya think we've got enough power?

PEACHY
A little more wouldn't hurt.

MOMENTS LATER:

Action time. The ute is connected to the batteries on the ground via Granny T's wheel chair battery (she's still in it) and via the electric fence wire. The whole lot is connected to the Cat.

LARRY (O.S.)
Well that's it. The grandmothers
toast. You'd better cover eyes.

Freddy climbs onto the Cat as Peachy starts the ute.

PEACHY
Ready?

Freddy gives him two thumbs up.

PEACHY (CONT'D)
Hey once it starts keep the revs
up, full throttle 'till the engine
warms up. Got it?

FREDDY
Got it.

Peachy floors the gas peddle, Freddy hits the start button. The Cats engine turns over for a split second then, ZAP. The wiring system connecting the batteries smokes and burns. It's all over in the blink of an eye, everything fried including Granny T's wheel chair electric's.

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)
What's happening?

LARRY (O.S.)

It's happened. The ute's still in one piece, and the grandmother lives on, but the wheel chair's shit it's self and I've just done ten fucken dollars.

DOPEY DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Language please. Well I think it's about time we moseyed on down there and put those two outta their misery don't you.

LARRY (O.S.)

We'll give the old man a call first and see where he is. I don't want him sticking his nose in the trough, he'll want blood for this job.

Peachy studies the burnt out mess.

PEACHY

(muttering to himself)

What the hell went wrong... It should have worked...

(checking the rest of the wiring)

At least we got one thing right.

At the front of the ute he unscrews a fuse holder to a burnt out fuse.

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Lindsey's a lucky bugger. If we hadn't put a fuse in, that ute would have gone for a row of shit cans. It just goes to show, you can't be to careful can ya.

FREDDY

At least that one worked.

PEACHY

A...

Pointing to Granny T's burnt out wheel chair.

FREDDY

She's not gonna be very happy about that.

Peachy studies the burnt out wheel chair.

PEACHY

Well this is not a problem. I can get this thing up and running faster and better in a couple of hours. Our problem is Mr Bulldozer. We've got to start relocating dirt tomorrow.

FREDDY

Great, what about Granny T, she weighs a ton. We'll never push her up the drive and she can't walk up.

MOMENTS LATER:

To the music of, something like LITTLE FEAT'S - ALL THAT YOU DREAM

As the two lads, on a quad bike carefully tow Granny T's wheel chair towards the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - SAME TIME:

Reg is in a green side bunker and cannot get out. After half a dozen shots he picks up the ball and throws it away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET - SAME TIME:

Outside the hair dressers, a traffic warden writes a ticket for Mrs T's car.

With a towel around her shoulders and wet hair she legs it out to the street for a quick chat. No dialogue need here, body language will do. It ends when she gives the warden the fingers and stomps back inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - SAME TIME:

On a putting green: With a can of Bourbon and coke in one hand and a putter in the other, Mr T lines up a thirty foot putt. Then, one handed putts and sinks it. Reg shakes his head and throws his putter in the air.

REG
 (all we hear is)
 Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

During his verbal outburst he walks to the hole, picks out Mr T's ball and throws it into a lake.

EXT. THORNTON PORCH - SAME TIME:

Using the quad bike and a long piece of rope, the lads tow Granny T in her wheel chair up a ramp and park her on the porch. Believe it or not the old crow is still asleep.

PEACHY
 There you go Granny T, safe and
 sound home sweet home....

As he snaps his fingers in the old crows face -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
 (to Freddy)
 Do you think she's still alive?

GRANNY T
 Yes you little pricks I am and
 you're both in the shit up to your
 scrawny little necks.

She's got them by the balls

GRANNY T (CONT'D)
 Freddy, get inside and don't come
 out unless you're carrying a large
 chocolate ice-cream and by large I
 mean massive.

Disappearing into the house -

FREDDY
 You got it Gran.

Looking at Peachy, with a squint in her eye -

GRANNY T
 How much faster?

PEACHY
 You what?

GRANNY T
 You said you could get this slow
 coach wheel chair to go faster. How
 much faster?

PEACHY

Dunno... How about double what it does now.

GRANNY T

Now? Hey I might be old sonny boy but I'm not stupid. It does nothing now 'cause you wrecked it. Double what it used to do, can you do that?

PEACHY

Yeah easy... But you'll lose some pick up speed, you won't be able to wheel spin it.

GRANNY T

Top end speed's what I want. I gave up granny dragging before you were born little fella.

Freddy arrives with her ice cream, the size of a small planet

GRANNY T (CONT'D)

Thank you.

After a couple of slurps -

GRANNY T (CONT'D)

Now I won't beat about the bush lads, but at my age I need a lot of peace and quiet, so.... The second word is off.

They get it. As they walk to the quad bike -

GRANNY T (CONT'D)

You're a lucky young man Freddy Thornton, your lunatic side kick there has just saved your bacon.

As they ride away Granny T rips into her ice cream gut bash.

EXT. AT THE CAT

Totally demoralised the two lads gather up their knackered batteries.

As they do this:

A beat up ute arrives, driven by Larry Sterling and his fifteen year old dopey daughter.

Through out this scene, dopey daughter, who wears glasses with lens's what look like milk bottle bottoms does nothing but look, everywhere.

Her head and eyes never stop moving, she appears a little dim witted.

Getting out of his ute, followed out the same door by dopey daughter, Larry walks straight to the bulldozer.

He is eating from a large packet of crisps.

LARRY
Giddy lads... Wanna fight?

FREDDY
No thanks Mr Sterling...
(to Peachy)
Do you?

PEACHY
No.
(to Larry)
We're a bit busy at the moment, but
thanks for the offer.

A wise move by the lads. Larry has muscles on muscles.

As he chomps away on his crisps -

LARRY
(to Freddy)
Is your old man home?

FREDDY
No he's at work. You should call
him on his cell phone.

LARRY
I did...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - EARLIER

Mr T at the top of his back swing with a driver. As he is about to beat the living day lights out of a ball, the cell phone in his golf bag rings. The resulting miss hit has Mr T slamming his driver into the ground. He turns and slams the driver into his golf bag. Mr T now needs a new cell phone.

BACK TO:

EXT. AT THE CAT - PRESENT TIME

LARRY
... He's not answering.

FREDDY
He might be in a meeting.

Now showing a lot more interest in the bulldozer.

LARRY
Might be... But I doubt it. Does
this thing work?

FREDDY
Yeah -

PEACHY
We're having a bit of trouble
getting it started, but it works.
The battery needs charging that's
all.

Larry jumps up onto the tracks and looks at the wiring mess
in the cab, then down to the batteries on the ground and then
to the purple ute.

LARRY
You haven't been trying to start it
with this pile of junk have ya?

No response from the lads

Jumping down from the bulldozer -

LARRY (CONT'D)
Well lads the Cat's battery is
rooted. And... You're pushing shit
up hill trying to start it with
this rubbish, I'll tell you that
for nothing.

He picks up the wire connected to the purple ute, examines
the burnt out fuse holder -

LARRY (CONT'D)
At least you got this bit right.
You'd have fried the ass outta that
ute if ya hadn't. You need a new
battery lads, twenty four volts
that's what you need... And they
ain't cheap.

FREDDY

Oh right.

LARRY

Can you drive it?

PEACHY

Yeah easy.

LARRY

Good, here's the deal. I'll get you a battery for your bulldozer, if you come across to my place and dig me half a dozen new silage pits... and fill in the old ones. Interested?

FREDDY

Shit yeah, I mean yeah...
(to Peachy)
Yeah?

PEACHY

Yeah.

LARRY

And... The driveway down to the milking shed needs a good going over and widening. The tanker drivers are complaining, again.

FREDDY

We can do that... We could do with some diesel, the tanks nearly empty and we've only got a couple of dollars between us.

Going for broke -

PEACHY

And some new oil, we've only got old stuff.

Turning to dopey daughter -

LARRY

I think we've just been screwed...
(to Freddy)
You've got your oil and diesel...

Handing Freddy the half empty bag of crisps

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Here, you can finish these off...
 (as he walks away)
 We're outta here, before I loose my
 bloody farm.

As Larry and dopey daughter head for his ute she whispers in his ear and points.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 (to dopey daughter)
 I dunno, ask them.

DOPEY DAUGHTER
 (to the lads)
 Who owns the cattle truck by your
 front gate?

FREDDY
 It belongs to Reg, he's my uncle.

DOPEY DAUGHTER
 There's cow shit dripping out the
 trailer, that's illegal...

She gets into the ute, followed by Larry. As they pull away she leans out the window -

DOPEY DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
 ... And it's got a Twenty Four volt
 battery in it. Muppets.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THORNTON HOUSE

Two muppets study the truck. It's a monster, an eight wheeler plus trailer.

FREDDY
 What do ya think?

As he unlocks the door and enters the cab -

PEACHY
 Get rid of the trailer and it's
 just a big car.

I/E. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Inspecting the cab he finds a box containing a dozen or so pairs of glasses. Pulls back the curtain to the sleeping compartment, it's jammed full with cartons of beer.

One of the cartons is open, he reaches in, as his hand touches a can, his mother -

GRACE (O.S.)
The legal drinking age is eighteen
Stephan, not twelve.

He whips his hand away. Quickly looks around -

PEACHY
(to camera)
That's impossible... How can she do
that?

FREDDY (O.S.)
What?

PEACHY
It's just a big car.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THORNTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

At the back of the truck they disconnect the trailer.

NOW GO TO BLACK:

The sound of something stumbling through bush and trees.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
(whispering)
Careful, that tripod is brand new.

A GIRLS VOICE
(whispering)
I know it's brand new mom. I was
with you when you bought it.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
(whispering)
Put it there, that's it. Now where
is screw B. We need that.

Just hear the sound of a truck engine being started -

A GIRLS VOICE
(not whispering)
That's it there. Put the camera on
top and turn the screw.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
(whispering)
Oye, keep it down they'll hear you.

A GIRLS VOICE

Mom. They're over two hundred yards away, in a truck with the engine running. Take the lens cap off and push the go button.

As the lens caps comes off -

WE'RE BACK TO PRETTY PICTURES

Show a series of still photos of the truck borrowing gig for the rest of the roadside scene.

I/E. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Both lads in the cab. Peachy behind the wheel, starts the engine. Adjusts the seat height.

PEACHY

Ready?

FREDDY

Yep.

PEACHY

Keep an eye out for any cars will ya.

FREDDY

Don't worry 'bout it. We're bigger than anything that's gonna come along here let's go.

Peachy lets the clutch out. It stalls.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I Thought you could drive it.

PEACHY

I can... the clutch needs adjusting.

He restarts the engine and pulls away, then stops.

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Your driveway's in the wrong place.

MOMENTS LATER:

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THORNTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Freddy stands in the middle of the road keeping watch as Peachy drives forward onto the road then reverses back past the trailer. Now he can make the right hand turn into the driveway.

As the cattle truck disappears down the driveway a milk truck and trailer unit thunders past on the road.

Montage:

With Freddy standing on the truck next to the drivers door as they drive down to the Cat.

EXT. AT THE CAT - CONTINUOUS

PEACHY
(still driving)
What side's the battery on?

Freddy has a quick scout around the truck -

FREDDY
Left.

Peachy turns and reverses up to the Cat.

Switching of the engine -

PEACHY
Right, let's get this baby started.

They connect jump leads to the truck and the Cat.

As Freddy jumps onto the Cat, Peachy climbs into the truck and starts the engine.

They give each other "thumbs up", its blast off time.

Peachy gives the truck plenty of revs as Freddy hits the start button.

BINGO. The Cats engine turns at a good speed but won't start.

Freddy starts rocking in the seat trying to help. Peachy plants his foot hard down on the trucks gas peddle.

All hell breaks loose. The trucks engine is revving it's nuts off and the Cats engine is spinning, but won't fire up.

After a couple of seconds, Peachy shuts the truck down and jumps out.

PEACHY (CONT'D)

It's not getting any gas, we'll
have to bleed the damn thing.

Peachy's up on the Cats tracks and into the engine compartment. He pumps fuel into the injector pump then -

Into the truck. Starts it and jams the gas peddle halfway down with a piece of wood. He returns back to the Cat's engine. To Freddy -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Hit it!

Freddy pushes the starter button and the Cats engine starts turning. Peachy has a spanner and starts bleeding the fuel injectors. After two are done the Cats engine fires up, but only runs on the two cylinders. He finishes bleeding the other four cylinders and BINGO, the Cat is running.

Peachy shuts the truck down and joins his mate on the Cat, they've done it,

They climb down and stand back just looking at it, no words just big smiles. Then -

As Peachy disconnects the jump leads, Freddy pulls a coin from his pocket.

FREDDY

Heads or tails?

PEACHY

Tails... No no heads... No tails,
tails never fails.

Freddy tosses the coin, it takes forever to come down. They both bend over to look at it.

Freddy's head comes up with a smile.

As he climbs up onto the Cat -

FREDDY

Wish me luck...

JUMP CUT TO:

Peachy at the Cats controls -

PEACHY

We've worked to long on this to
rely on luck.

He crunches it into gear, gives it some revs and slowly
drives off the low loader.

Parking, he jumps off -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

Way ya go, give it some hammer.

Peachy drives the purple ute back into the garage as Freddy
has a play on the Cat. He's like a kid on a bulldozer.

As Freddy is thundering along in reverse a disaster is
narrowly avoided when Peachy starts yelling and pointing at
the chicken shed Freddy is about to back into. He stops just
short of crushing it to death... Phew.

The next manoeuver should be: Drive forward and carry on.
Wrong. Freddy has a total brain cell collapse, he locks one
track and spins the other backwards.

FACT: When blade on ten ton bulldozer comes into contact with
flimsy wooden chicken shed.... Mrs T will now have to rebuild
the chicken shed before she can finish painting it. FACT.

As the two lads study the disaster -

PEACHY (CONT'D)

What do ya think she'll say?

FREDDY

Oh something like....

FLASH FORWARD 14 hours:

As Mrs T and the two lads study the disaster -

MRS T

Well that was a stroke of good
luck. I put that thing up without
regional councils building consent
and, used nonconforming materials.
You young gentlemen have just saved
me from a twenty thousand dollar
fine...

(opening her purse)

Here, there's fifty dollars each.
Take my car and go into town, have
a few beers and a slap up meal on
me. You deserve it.

PRESENT TIME:

PEACHY
I think we're in the shit.

MOMENTS LATER:

With the Cat parked up and still running -

PEACHY (CONT'D)
We'd better get Regs truck back.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THORNTON HOUSE

More stills camera shots as -

Peace and quiet is shattered when the truck comes screaming out the drive, across the road and stops.

Freddy gets out and guides Peachy as he reverses up to the trailer. Trailer gets connected, another job well done.

As they walk back to the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD SIDE BUSHES

Photo takers Angie and daughter, scroll through the camera shots they have just taken. These two are well pleased with their afternoon photo shoot.

DAUGHTER
We've got 'em mum, they're toast.
They're persona non... whatever,
they're going down yeah.

ANGIE
You better believe it sweet pea,
you better believe it. The next
time those two give you the fingers
you'll be combing grey hair.
They'll get twenty years for this,
little shit's.

EXT. THORNTON PORCH

Looking nothing like a "little shit" Peachy stands eyeballing Granny T. She's asleep, ice-cream running down her front.

INT. THORNTON KITCHEN - SAME TIME:

As he makes up two super large ice-cream cones, Freddy pushes the playback button on a flashing answer phone.

Message one:

TAFFY (O.S.)

Derek it's Taffy. Listen man that bull you made me buy from Bob Money Bags Sullivan is not working. It's all bollocks with no extension. I've got a hundred cows here ready for some action and nothing is happening. Derek I'm not happy about this situation and...

Freddy cuts him off.

Message two:

BOB (O.S.)

Derek, what the fuck have you done? Gloria got stuck into that bottle of sherry last night and drunk the lot. Now she's in hospital getting her womb removed and the hard skin on the bottom of her feet replaced with plastic, so you still owe me a create of beer or I want the bulldozer back. Also, that dumb Welsh bastard has taken the wrong bull. For fuck's sake Derek can't he read four numbers? Oh one other thing. Larry sly bastard Sterling and daughter have found out you've got the bulldozer. You'd better keep a close watch...

Freddy cuts him off.

As the third message plays he goes to a refrigerator and takes out a plastic container.

A far from happy Mrs T lets rip -

MRS T (O.S.)

Freddy it's me your mother.
Samantha said she can't remember
how to do percents I don't think
the silly bitch ever knew, you'll
have to phone Marsha at the bank
she might Freddy why am I
talking to the answer machine, I
thought I told you to take the
cordless phone with you. And
Freddy, Freddy if your grand mother
is hanging on the shed wall you
won't see thirteen again.... Or is
it twelve, Freddy, Freddy are you
listening to me you little....

He shuts the answer phone off

EXT. THORNTON BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Freddy comes out the house carrying two ice-creams and a
plastic container, passes Peachy an ice-cream and picks up
the cordless phone. As they walk away -

PEACHY

Thanks... hey will Granny T still
be okay by herself?

FREDDY

Yeah she's not going anywhere for a
while. She's drunk.

PEACHY

A...?

FREDDY

She's drunk, I put some of mums
whiskey in her ice cream.

PEACHY

Nice one. Hey I wonder what it's
like to get drunk?

FREDDY

Dunno... dad says it's good 'cause
it makes him go to sleep quickly.
Mum says it's good 'cause it makes
him go to sleep quickly. Work that
out if you can.

PEACHY

I'd rather not.

Handing the plastic container to Peachy -

FREDDY
And don't forget to take it home.

PEACHY
What is it?

FREDDY
It's a present for your sister.
She had some last night and loved
it. Or maybe she was just hungry.

PEACHY
Thanks. What is it?

FREDDY
Bacon and egg pie.

EXT. AT THE CAT - CONTINUOUS

Freddy gathers up tools as Peachy moves the Cat

PEACHY
Is hear okay?

FREDDY
Yeah, I can see it out my bedroom
window there.

Peachy shuts the Cats engine down.

MOMENTS LATER

As they dismantle Granny T's electric fence enclosure, they
are interrupted by the house cordless phone ringing.

Answered by -

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Hello.

SCREEN WIPE:

EXT. ROAD SIDE - SAME TIME:

Mrs T, standing next to her car. The boot is up and she has a
flat tyre. She's had another bad day at the hairdressers and
she's steaming.

MRS T
Freddy.... Freddy where is the jack
for my car?

Screen wipe - Back to Freddy -

FREDDY
Umm.... It's here in the garage.

Screen wipe - Back to Mrs T

MRS T
That's handy, guess what I've got
son?

Screen wipe - Back to Freddy

FREDDY
A flat tyre?

Screen wipe - Back to Mrs T

MRS T
Well done. Any suggestions?

Screen wipe - Back to Freddy

FREDDY
Get dad he'll fix it.

Screen wipe - To Mr T and Reg passed out in the back of her
car. Over this -

MRS T (O.C.)
Freddy. Your father and Reg are
passed out blind drunk in the back
of my car... Try again.

Screen wipe - Back to Freddy

FREDDY
What about Grossman's garage?

Screen wipe - To Stan Grossman. Head down, ass up in a
toilet. Over this -

MRS T (O.C.)
Freddy. Stan Grossman has been
playing golf with your father. He's
blind drunk and passed out in the
ladies toilet on the sixteenth
hole. He's not expected to live.

Screen wipe - Back to Freddy

FREDDY

Oh. I didn't know the ladies had toilet on the sixteenth... Where are you?

Screen wipe - Back to Mrs T

MRS T

I'm at Rose Hill crossroads. Freddy I want my car jack and I want it now please.

Screen wipe - Back to Freddy

FREDDY

Okay I'm sorry. I won't be long.

He disconnects the call.

PEACHY

What was that all about?

FREDDY

Apparently the ladies have got a toilet on the sixteenth hole that I didn't know about and Stan Grossman's using it to die in.

As they walk to the garage -

PEACHY

I didn't know the ladies had a toilet on the sixteenth.

FREDDY

Well we do now.
(stopping at the garage)
We also know now that mum's got a flat tyre...
(pointing)
And that's her bloody car jack.

PEACHY

Shit... Is she in a bad mood?

FREDDY

You better believe it. My chances of making it to thirteen have just gone from zero to nothing to Sweet Fanny Adams. Who ever she is.

Picking up the jack -

PEACHY
Hey I'll fix it okay. Where is she?

FREDDY
Rose Hill crossroads.

PEACHY
Not a problem.

As Peachy gets into his car -

FREDDY
You sure you don't want me to come
with you, it's gonna be a war zone
out there.

Starting the car -

PEACHY
Nar. I'll tell her I took it ...
She won't beat me up, and I owe her
one.

He wheel spins off down the drive.

I/E. PEACHES CAR - CONTINUOUS

As he drives along the driveway -

PEACHY
Bloody hell....

He hits the brakes, into reverse and screams backwards.

EXT. AT THE CAT - CONTINUOUS

Coming to a halt next to Freddy -

PEACHY
(pointing)
The ute....

FREDDY
A...?

PEACHY
The ute, it's the wrong way round.

Looking -

FREDDY
Screaming ass holes, that was
close. Well done.

Throwing Freddy a nod and a wink -

PEACHY
No worries, see you later
crocodile.

Peachy wheel spins away, down the drive, out the gate and -

CRASH

It's a big one. He's hit by a milk tanker. Peachy is no more.

EXT. PEACHES DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Crawling and trying to walk, baby Lily stumbles along the driveway as the headlights of a police car approach.

The car stops next to her. A car door opens and she is carefully picked up and taken inside.

EXT. PEACHES BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

As two police officers, (the same two in the opening scene) one carrying the baby bundle walk to the front door -

GRACE (O.S.)
You're late Stephan, hurry up your
father's on the phone. He's got
some good news.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A small country church. The congregation rises as the coffin is raised by pallbearers, Freddy at the front.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The coffin is lowered into a grave. Slowly the mourners file away, leaving Freddy alone. From his pocket he removes a rectifier and drops it into the grave.

INT. THORNTON BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs T wakes up, puts on a dressing gown and walks down the hallway.

EXT. THORNTON PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sitting on the porch she watches as Freddy walks back to the house, in the background a burning bulldozer lights the night sky.

EXT. DAY

On a clear blue sky -

PEACHY (V.O.)

Well that was that, all over in the blink of an eye. Hit by a bloody milk tanker, what a mess.

(beat)

I'm up here now and it's not to bad. There are no bulldozers to play with but on the plus side I don't have to cut firewood any more. The heating comes from some where down below and there's plenty of it.

(beat)

Now you're not going to believe this but I've learnt to play the piano. So if you can hang back for a little longer I'll play you a tune, I hope you like it. Thanks for watching and maybe I'll see you up here one day.

(beat)

Oh, one last thing. Remember this?

GRACE (O.S.)

The legal drinking age is eighteen Stephan, not twelve.

PEACHY (V.O.)

I found out how she did it.

TO THE MUSIC OF DUKE ELLINGTON'S - "EAST ST LOUIS TOODLE OO
(PIANO VERSION.)

Fade out.