

Time On The Harbour

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. BONDI BEACH - MORNING

AERIAL SHOT: A group of TEN SURFERS jockey for position in the glassy swell.

Downstream, lone surfer MARK BENTLEY paddles frantically. Disheveled and adonis-like, Mark is nineteen. He jumps upright and catches the wave.

EXT. SURF, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark smirks and savors his ride in the two metre swell. Poised and relaxed, he has the fluency of a Surf Pro at his local break.

Suddenly Mark loses balance and footing. An awkward dive: his arms flail, as he falls into the wave.

EXT. UNDERWATER, SURF, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark spears into the sand, his face frantic. A trail of bubbles, and flailing arms, mark his search for an absent pair of BOARD SHORTS.

Mark yells incoherently underwater. He springs, like a jack-in-the-box, from the sand to the surface.

EXT. SURF, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark breaks the surface, to draw a colossal gulp of breath.

MARK
Shit - my boardies!!!
Christ...

Mid-search, Mark treads water and swirls three sixty degrees. He peers at the beach.

EXT. SHORE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Bright sunlight. Mark's board shorts gently wash to shore.

RACHEL and KATE, two lithe, seventeen year old girls, jog along the shoreline. They slow down as they reach the board shorts, and Rachel picks them up. She grins at Mark, who stands humiliated and naked in waist high water.

RACHEL
Hey, are these yours?

MARK
Yeah. Can you throw them out here?

Rachel takes a step backwards.

RACHEL
Afraid I can't do that... You're going to have to come and get them.

MARK
Come on, I've got nothing on. You don't want to embarrass me, do you?

RACHEL
So, you're embarrassed by your body?

Mark stands on the spot, uncomfortable.

MARK
How would you feel, standing naked in waist high water?

RACHEL
You know, my brother is about the same size as you - in build I mean. He could do with a new pair of boardies...

Rachel turns and starts to jog. Kate smirks and follows her.

MARK
Okay, okay - I'm coming out.

Rachel stops. Mark slowly puts his hands in front of his groin and backs out of the water.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

A bus-load of JAPANESE TOURISTS snap beach photos, and chatter in their mother tongue. A JAPANESE PUNK GIRL, fifteen, sights Mark through her lens.

JAPANESE PUNK GIRL
(yells)
Hey - that hottie is starkers!

TEEN JAPANESE BOY
Where?

JAPANESE PUNK GIRL
 (points)
 Over there.

TEEN JAPANESE BOY
 It's a guy. Who cares?

He peeks through his camera lens.

The FEMALE PASSENGERS swing their cameras towards Mark.
 A small ELDERLY JAPANESE LADY focuses her camera at the front
 of the pack.

ELDERLY JAPANESE LADY
 Ohhh Baby, nice butt. C'mon, turn
 around, turn around. Yes, he's
 turning...

She smiles.

EXT. SHORE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark turns and moves toward Rachel: knee deep in the water,
 hands strategically placed in front of his groin.

Rachel dangles the board shorts in front of him. She remains
 stationary, five metres from Mark.

RACHEL
 So, what's your name?

MARK
 Mark.

RACHEL
 Well, Mark. You're going to have to
 come and get your boardies.

MARK
 You wouldn't be so cruel...

RACHEL
 Little ol' me? Or should I say
 little ol' you?

MARK
 C'mon - please!

Mark sloshes guardedly nearer to the girls. Acutely
 embarrassed, his hands remain in front of his manhood.
 Rachel grins as she throws the board shorts to Mark.
 He jumps high, with hands outstretched.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

The Elderly Japanese Lady peeps through her camera lens.

ELDERLY JAPANESE LADY
Shake it baby, shake it like a
Polaroid!

The rapid-fire click of several cameras is heard.

EXT. SHORE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark grabs the board shorts in mid-air and quickly places them over his groin. Rachel and Kate watch intently, with arms folded. They grin with voyeuristic delight.

RACHEL
The water must be extra cold
today...

Mark falls awkwardly, as he puts on his board shorts. He regains his foothold, and pretends it never happened.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
We're going now. It was nice to
meet you, Mark. Hope I'll see
more of you...

MARK
(under breath)
Is there anything left to see?

Rachel saunters off, without a backward glance.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

The Elderly Japanese lady puts down her camera and turns to the Punk Japanese girl.

ELDERLY JAPANESE LADY
This beats Koalas pissing from a
tree!

Mark's sister, GEMMA BRADLEY, rollerblades past the Elderly Japanese Lady. Gemma is seventeen and sex-on-a-stick. GUYS on the promenade and beach stare as she grooves along to her IPOD player. She wears a revealing red bikini and beams an intoxicating, perfect smile.

Gemma is flagged down by slick dressed JASON, twenty-eight, and his two muscle-bound CRONIES. With a cheesy grin, Jason would be unrepentant selling his grandmother.

Gemma stops, and pulls off her headphones.

GEMMA
Can I help you?

JASON
As a matter of fact you can.
Hi, I'm Jason. What's your name?

Jason confidently moves to shake her hand. Gemma cautiously offers hers.

GEMMA
Gemma.

JASON
Hey, Gemma - I own a new nightclub
in Bondi Junction. And I would like
to invite you to the opening!

Jason swiftly pulls his card and an invite from a pocket. He hands it to Gemma.

GEMMA
(knowingly)
No, don't tell me. Its R'n'B....
isn't it?

JASON
Yeah - its what everybody wants.
And what do you want?

Jason slides in closer to Gemma. She backs off and frowns.

EXT. BONDI BEACH - MORNING

BEN SHIPTON, nineteen, passes an N.R.L. football to a friend, DAN, eighteen. They stand in a circle with two FRIENDS on the sand. Surfboards, towels and beach gear surround them.

BEN
Hey, that's Gemma. Who's the
other dude?

Distracted, Ben spies Gemma and Jason on the promenade.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Cocksure Jason stands in front of apprehensive Gemma.
His Cronies menace her from behind.

EXT. BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Wary Ben watches Gemma's reaction to Jason. Dan and their
friends wait nearby.

DAN

Hey mate - looks like she's in
trouble. You should check it out.
Go over, make sure she's okay!

Ben looks nervously at Dan.

BEN

I should?

DAN

Do it, man. She's Mark's sister -
he's your mate...

BEN

(reluctant)

Yeah.

Ben falters. Dan pushes him from behind towards the
promenade. Ben ambles reluctantly towards Gemma.

INT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Ben moves guardedly towards Gemma, but peers at his friends.

Jason stands over Gemma, his Cronies behind her. Behind them,
Ben clears his throat. The group fails to hear.

BEN

Excuse me.
(yells)
Gemma!

Surprised, Gemma swivels round to Ben.

GEMMA

Ben?

BEN
 (breaking voice)
 Yeah, it's me.

JASON
 Who's that? You want to say
 something, mate?

The Cronies menace over towards Ben, and stand by him, with quizzical looks. Jason coolly strides behind.

Ben clears his throat again.

BEN
 Just checking Gemma was okay.

JASON
 Speak up, mate! We can't hear you.

GEMMA
 Don't worry, Ben.

The Cronies thrust their chests into Ben. Gemma lunges, but she is restrained by Jason. One of the Cronies pushes Ben over the promenade. He lands on the sand, backside first.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
 What did you do that for?

JASON
 Like I said, Gemma. I want to
 invite you to my nightclub...

BEACH

Ben pulls out his mobile phone and speed dials.

BEN
 Mark, it's Ben.

He rubs his backside.

EXT. SHORE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark answers his phone.

MARK
 Hey Ben, what's doin'?

He stands alongside his board.

EXT. BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Ben sits on the sand, phone in hand.

BEN
Listen Mark - your sister's in
trouble.

MARK (V.O.)
What's happened?

BEN
These guys are talking to her.
Hassling her.

Ben glances back at the promenade.

EXT. SHORE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark frowns at his phone.

MARK
Did they hurt her?

BEN (V.O.)
No...

MARK
Ben, she's fronted by dudes all the
time. Gemma can look after herself.

He stands relaxed, convinced Gemma can take care of herself.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Ben stands up and waves his arms at Mark.

BEN
Aren't you going to help her?

MARK (V.O.)
Look, if she's not in danger, then
why should I?

BEN
(didactic)
Mark, you don't care about your own
sister. In fact, you don't seem to
care about your girlfriends either.
You treat them like dirt, dude!

EXT. SHORE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark is perplexed, with his phone in his ear.

MARK
Okay, okay Ben, calm down.
So what's happening now?

He stands over his board, towel and clothes.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

BEN'S POV: Gemma laughs and flirts with Jason and his two Cronies. She grabs a muscled arm and gleefully squeezes it.

BEN
She's laughing - and they're
talking...

Ben is taken aback.

EXT. SHORE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Mark grins knowingly into his phone.

MARK
So everything is okay, then?

BEN (V.O.)
(contrite)
Yeah, I panicked when those dudes
fronted her. Sorry on what I said
before.

MARK
Don't worry about it. Mate, are you
still up for snorkeling tomorrow?
See you then...

Mark puts his phone away.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH - MORNING

Ben makes for Gemma who is still conversing with Jason. Gemma turns as Ben approaches.

GEMMA
You alright, Ben?

BEN

Yeah. Guess I misread the situation.

GEMMA

Sweet. You were worried about me!

JASON

Sorry about my friends. They're just very protective.

BEN

Just a misunderstanding...

GEMMA

See you Ben.

Ben walks off, uneasy and embarrassed.

EXT. BRADLEY HOUSE, BONDI - MORNING

A California bungalow basks in bright sunlight.

INT. HALLWAY, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Silver-haired KEVIN "BUTCH" BRADLEY, eighty-four and the grandfather of Mark and Gemma, opens his front door for Ben. Ben smiles.

KEVIN

Ben, come in. Gem and Mark are inside...

Ben enters and walks down the hall. He halts to view a 1942 wartime photo. CLOSE UP: aboard H.M.A.S. KUTTABUL BUTCH, aged nineteen, poses with DIGGERS in W.W.2 uniform.

BEN

Been meaning to ask you, Kevin. Where was this picture taken?

KEVIN

H.M.A.S. Kuttambul, before it was torpedoed by the Japs in 1942. They called me "Butch" back then.

Ben is concerned.

BEN

Were you on board?

KEVIN

No, thank Christ. I was one of the lucky ones.

BEN

What happened?

KEVIN

Well, I was walking home...

Kevin runs his fingers through his hair.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOLOO ALLEY, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Butch, aged nineteen, and dressed in a W.W.2 uniform, ambles into an alley.

Two tough looking MUGGERS crouch in the shadows.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I turned around the corner when these two big blokes jumped me. They hit me with a piece of wood.

Butch is clobbered with a large two by four, and falls to the ground. The Muggers beat and kick him.

KEVIN (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I dropped like a sack of potatoes. They gave me a good beating: kicked me in the head a couple of times - and I was out cold. Then the bastards took my wallet...

MUGGER #1 takes Butch's wallet from his pants pocket. He moans, as the MUGGERS sprint away, down the alley.

INT. HALLWAY, BRADLEY HOUSE, PRESENT - NIGHT

Ben stands close to Kevin, and listens intently.

BEN

What happened next?

KEVIN

(intense)

I laid there unconscious for twenty minutes, in a a pool of blood!

EXT. WOOLOOMOLOO ALLEY, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Butch lies in a spreading pool of blood. He moves slightly and moans.

A young couple JESS and her soldier beau, TIM, giggle and lark as they walk past the alley. They see Butch and their mood changes to disbelief. Jess covers her mouth.

JESS
Oh, my Lord. What happened to him?

TIM
Are you alright, Digger?

Tim dashes over. He kneels beside Butch. Jess is distressed as she stands behind him.

Butch moans, motionless, on his side.

TIM (CONT'D)
We gotta get you to a doctor. Jess,
go to Garden Island and get help.

Jess ambles slowly with her head down, still shocked.

TIM (CONT'D)
(yells)
Jess - run! This bloke's no good...

Jess scurries off. Butch is unconscious on his side. Tim is deeply troubled as he holds Butch's head.

INT. HALLWAY, BRADLEY HOUSE, PRESENT - NIGHT

Ben is transfixed by Kevin's tale.

BEN
Were you okay?

KEVIN
Yeah, recovered over the next few
weeks - but I was blessed that day.

BEN
(surprised)
What do you mean?

KEVIN

That night I was supposed to bunk on H.M.A.S. Kuttabal, but I was laid up in hospital. The Japs torpedoed the boat, and twenty-one sailors lost their lives...

BEN

So, the bashing saved your life. Who'd think?

KEVIN

Yeah, I'm indebted to those two thugs or I'd be pushing up daisies!

Kevin grins wryly.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Ben enters with a glass of lemonade. Gemma and Mark are dressed in beach gear. Mark and Ben shake hands.

BEN

Hey...your Pop just told me about the bashing that saved his life.

MARK

Yeah...well, we've heard it a thousand times. Couldn't care less.

Ben sips his lemonade.

BEN

(perplexed)

What is it with you and your Pop?

MARK

We've got nothing in common. And besides...

Mark stares vacantly down the hallway.

MARK (CONT'D)

(bitter)

His phone argument caused Dad to crash. Mum and Dad would still be alive if it wasn't for him.

GEMMA

Mark.

Gemma shakes her head in disappointment.

BEN
That's pretty harsh, mate.

MARK
(cold)
You weren't there - and you don't
have to live with him... Let's go.

Mark heads into the hall. Gemma frowns as she and Ben follow.

EXT. BEACH, SYDNEY HARBOUR - MORNING

Mark, Gemma and Ben wade into a small cove wearing flippers, face mask and snorkel. Ben totes a water proof back-pack. Power boats and assorted water craft whizz by off shore.

MARK
What's the story with the backpack?

BEN
Dan was here a few weeks back and had stuff stolen while he was in the water. I'm not taking chances.

GEMMA
He's got some of my things, Mark, and your mobile too...

Mark shrugs, nods negatively and dives into the water. Ben and Gemma follow.

EXT. UNDERWATER, HARBOUR BEACH - MORNING

Mark takes in the serenity of the ocean floor as he glides along the seabed. Small fish and sea flora abound.

EXT. UNDERWATER, HARBOUR BEACH ROCKS - MORNING

Ben and Gemma swim between rocks and follow a large blue groper until it darts into a crevice. Ben signals topside.

EXT. HARBOUR BEACH, UNDERWATER - MORNING

Mark continues along the ocean floor, against the HUM of a submarine engine.

He frowns, and turns toward the noise.

Mark sees a distant JAPANESE MIDGET SUBMARINE, as it heads away from him. He shakes his head in disbelief, and swims after the submarine.

A four metre wide blue SWIRL of water appears in front of the midget submarine. Mark is even more perplexed. The submarine dives headlong into the glowing swirl, and disappears.

Mark pauses. Then he swims towards the blue swirl.

EXT. HARBOUR BEACH ROCKS - MORNING

Ben and Gemma breach the surface, dislodge their snorkels and gulp for air.

BEN

Wow, did you see that groper?

GEMMA

Yeah, pretty cool.

(concerned)

Hey, where's Mark?

They both crane their heads, and search for Mark.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(yells)

Mark, Mark!

BEN

Mark!

GEMMA

(points)

He was over there. C'mon lets go...

They swim away from the rocks towards the centre of the cove. Gemma signals downwards as they dive.

EXT. UNDERWATER, HARBOUR BEACH - MORNING

Ben and Gemma dive flat-out to the Harbour floor. They scout in all directions. Ben is perplexed, then points.

Ahead, they see Mark enter the glowing SWIRL of water. Ben is scared by the phenomenon. Gemma is beguiled and follows her brother. She grabs Ben's arm and swims, glancing back at him when he stalls. She quickens her kick and lunges headlong into the swirl. Gemma is engulfed and vanishes.

Ben closes his eyes to take a deep breath. He hesitates for a second, and then swims after Gemma.

Ben vanishes...

EXT. HARBOUR BEACH, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben spears upwards from the depths, to take an enormous gulp of air as he breaches the surface. His surroundings are eerily dark. Ben is confused and disoriented.

Mark and Gemma calmly tread water nearby.

BEN
(yells)
Fuuu...!!

Mark and Gemma swim to Ben's aid. Mark grabs Ben's shoulder.

MARK
Mate, you okay?

BEN
(breathless)
Yeah...what just happened?

MARK
Got no idea. Swam into this blue swirl thingy, and now we're here...

GEMMA
How can it be night?

The rising CHUG-CHUG of a circa 1940 ferry engine is heard. The trio are bewildered.

EXT. BEACH HEADLAND, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

A circa 1940 FERRY moves from behind the dark headland of the beach, into view. A few PASSENGERS wait on the dim lit vessel. Engines noise is replaced by a muted BELL.

EXT. HARBOUR BEACH, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark, Gemma and Ben take off their masks and snorkels as they trudge out of the water. Rocks loom out of the sand.

GEMMA
Where are our clothes?

Mark is concerned as he glances behind a rock on the beach.

MARK

We left them right here, I'm sure.

BEN

Told you to take it with you...

Ben smirks as he pulls a towel and clothes from his bag. Mark appears annoyed and storms off.

MARK (O.S.)

I'm going back to the car...

Gemma follows, still dressed in her bikini top and board shorts. Ben pulls a T-shirt from his backpack.

EXT. ROADSIDE SCRUB, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben, now dressed in jeans, T-shirt and jacket, joins Gemma and emerges from the scrub. They gaze, confused, at their mobile phones. Gemma shivers in the brisk night air.

BEN

Mine says "no signal".

GEMMA

(nods)

Same.

They arrive at a clearing, where a very annoyed and disillusioned Mark waves his hands in the air.

MARK

No car! There's no car!

BEN

Told you its bad for thieves, here.

MARK

Did they take the carpark too?

WIDE SHOT: Mark twirls in a circle. Ben and Gemma gaze at their roadside scrub surroundings.

BEN

First of all, day turns into night.
And now this! We must have taken
the wrong path...

MARK

(adamant)

There's only one path from the beach to the carpark...and I've been down it twenty times.

GEMMA

Okay, no clothes and no car. We gotta get to a cop shop.

MARK

I'm pretty sure there's a bus stop down here...

Mark points to his right. The trio follow his directions.

EXT. WATSONS BAY STREETS/ TRAM STOP, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark, Gemma and Ben gaze at Edwardian houses on a dark street. They reach what should be a bus stop. A tram BELL tolls and mouths open, the trio watch the BONDI TRAM.

The tram shudders to a halt in the middle of the road. They continue to gape in awe, uncertain of what they should do. The TRAM DRIVER puts his head out of his window.

TRAM DRIVER

Oi! You lot getting on?

Gemma nods and moves towards the door. An uncertain Mark is followed by Ben.

INT. BONDI TRAM, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark, Gemma and Ben sit in the well-used wood and leather vehicle. They are the sole passengers. A CONDUCTOR sits close by, head down and forlorn.

Gemma immediately pats his arm, concerned.

GEMMA

Excuse me. Are you alright?

The Conductor doesn't reply. He stares straight ahead, seemingly in a trance.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(louder)

Excuse me!

The Conductor snaps back to reality.

CONDUCTOR
Sorry...had some bad news today.
I was million miles away.

GEMMA
What happened? You don't have to
tell us if you don't want to.

The Conductor shifts in his seat.

CONDUCTOR
It's just my brother.

GEMMA
What about your brother?

The Conductor draws a deep breath.

CONDUCTOR
The war office told me today
that...he died, died in the war...

The trio are moved by his revelation.

GEMMA
I'm very sorry for your loss.
Was he stationed in Iraq?

CONDUCTOR
No, New Guinea. Missing in action,
but they found his body, and let
the family know this morning.

BEN
(quietly to Gemma)
Peace-keeping troops, I bet. Poor
dude. Feel sorry for him.

The trio are sombre. The Conductor slowly rises from his seat
and moves past them to the front of the tram.

CONDUCTOR
Don't worry about paying: there's
no Inspector, tonight. It's on me.

The trio appear melancholy and reflective as they peer into
the darkness outside.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH, 1942 - NIGHT

The Bondi tram shakes as it halts. The BELL rings as Mark, Gemma and Ben hop off. They stare forward in disbelief, mouths agape.

The tram moves off into the darkness.

Gemma stares at the Campbell Parade buildings. Most are blacked out, or dimly lit. Opposite the shops, BARBED WIRE and large wooden STAKES run the length of the beach.

GEMMA

What's going on with the barbed wire?

BEN

Shit! Where are we?

MARK

Mate this is weird, look at this...

Mark is incredulous as they peer at a GUN TURRET and a host of parked 1930s CARS.

MARK (CONT'D)

These cars belong in a museum.

GEMMA

What the hell is going on?

MARK

If I didn't know better - I'd say we're in Bondi, sixty years ago?

Ben slaps himself and shakes his head.

BEN

Are we dreaming?

MARK

It's too real.

GEMMA

Something happened when we swam into that swirl: check your mobile.

Ben pulls his mobile phone from his bag to read the signal. He fingers his keypad and tries to make a call.

BEN

Nup, still nothing. What now?

MARK

This is too freaky. Dunno about you, but I feel like a beer.

BEN

You too? We're still in Bondi: let's hit the pub.

GEMMA

(dismayed)

We're in the *Twilight Zone*, and you guys want a beer?

MARK

Absofuckinglutely!

Gemma shrugs her shoulders, dumbfounded.

EXT. CAMPBELL PARADE, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark and Ben head up the grassy knoll, onto the street towards the 1940s decor Hotel Bondi. Gemma hesitates, before she runs after them.

GEMMA

Don't leave me here, you two.

BEN

Maybe your Nan slipped acid into our lemonade?

A PRIM MOTHER walks past with her impossibly neat SON, aged seven, and DAUGHTER, aged nine.

DAUGHTER

Mum, those people are dressed in funny clothes.

MOTHER

Stay close, Nancy. They might be Nazis...That girl looks like a lady of the night!

The Prim Mother shepherds her children behind her.

Mark, Gemma and Ben stare at PEDESTRIANS as they make their way along Campbell Parade. The Pedestrians gawk back. TWO CAR SOLDIERS yell at the trio from a passing vehicle.

CAR SOLDIER #1

Go back to the Cross, you bloody Bohemians!

CAR SOLDIER #2 (V.O.)
Are those real?

Gemma is self-conscious. She covers up her bikini top with crossed arms, and gazes at the streetlights.

GEMMA
I'm in a nightmare. These dim
lights don't help...

BEN
How do these people drive around?

MARK
These bulbs must produce all of two
and a half watts!

Mark touches the streetlight pole and peers at the light.

INT. HOTEL BONDI, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark, Gemma and Ben walk into the Hotel Bondi. They stare at the SIXTY PATRONS, mostly DIGGERS.

The bar is wood and chrome with 1940s stools and decor. A silence hushes as the trio enters. Men ogle Gemma, who folds her arms again, with embarrassment.

BEN
What the!

GEMMA
They're all military?

MARK
(disbelieving)
Ain't the Hotel Bondi I remember.

DIGGER #1, with beer in hand stares at Gemma's breasts as he slowly walks by.

DIGGER #1
Look at the tits on that!

GEMMA
You've never seen breasts before?

DIGGER #1
Not like yours, darl. That a bra?

MARK
Give her a break, mate.

An old BAR HELP ambles over to Gemma, as he collects glasses.

BAR HELP
Sorry love, you have to cover up.

Gemma shrugs, ill at ease. Ben puts his jacket over her, and she buttons it up. The crowd stare, as the trio make their way through the bar.

Ben's mobile phone suddenly plays Nirvana's *Smells like Teen Spirit*. He quickly pulls it from his bag and hits "end call".

BEN
My alarm.
(hesitates)
It's just Nirvana...

DIGGER #1
Are you blokes bible bashers?

MARK
(loud)
Nope. We're here to get pissed!

The crowd accept this explanation. They stop staring and bar noise swells. People chatter and drink. The trio pass TWO SAILORS as they make their way to the bar.

SAILOR #1
These galahs look like they were
dropped off a U-boat.

SAILOR #2
What happened to your belt?

Sailor #2 looks at Ben's LOW-RIDER JEANS and exposed boxers.

BEN
At least I don't wear
ball-busters...

SAILOR #2 wears high waisted, tight white bell bottoms. Offended he moves to grab Ben. SAILOR #1 holds him back.

SAILOR #1
Watch it Stan - the Provos are
outside.

The trio reaches the bar. DIGGER #2 addresses Gemma.

DIGGER #2
 We don't normally allow sheilas in
 this bar - but we'll make an
 exception for you.

GEMMA
 (deadpan)
 Thanks, I'm flattered.

The gaunt Digger #2 sports a closed mouth grin. He admires Gemma's butt and notes the diamantes on the her bikini top. He moves close to her face.

DIGGER #2
 Your bra sparkles, like my tooth.

Digger #2 beams, to reveal a single gold tooth amongst rotten dentures. Gemma waves her hand, to gesture his breath stinks.

INT. BAR, BONDI HOTEL, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma, Mark and Ben reach the bar. A BARMAN wipes a glass.

BEN
 I'll have three schooners of 'Cold'
 thanks mate.

BARMAN
 They're all cold.

BEN
 Whatever...

BARMAN
 That'll be two bob.

BEN
 I like this pub!

Ben hands the barman ten dollars. The Barman holds up the note, to analyse it.

BARMAN
 Crickey - What's this stuff?
 Looks like coloured monopoly money.

MARK
 Try tellin' Johnny Howard.

BARMAN
 Look mate, you're not getting your
 beers until you pay.

A sharp suited, overtly gay man, CEDRIC, sidles up between Mark and Ben. His delivery is pompous and slightly camp.

CEDRIC
Can I offer to buy you good people
a drink?

The trio are bemused. Cedric eyes Ben.

GEMMA
(whispers)
I think he's gay.

BEN
Thanks a lot. Are you?

CEDRIC
Well, how perceptive. Most people
say I'm a jolly chap.

BEN
(awkward)
No, I mean a pillow biter. You know
- a carpet muncher.

CEDRIC
Why on earth would I?

MARK
He means that you fancy blokes.

DIGGER #1 listens in the background.

DIGGER #1
(Ocker)
They got you there, Cedly boy!

Cedric raises his eyebrows indignantly. He touches Ben on the arm.

CEDRIC
(intimate)
Well, you guessed my little secret.
But I'm harmless enough. There's no
need for me to try anything.

Cedric retreats and raises his right hand in acknowledgement. He pays the Barman, the trio grab their beers and drink.

MARK
So, what's you name, mate?

CEDRIC

Cedric.

MARK

I'm Mark, this is Ben and Gemma.

They shake hands.

CEDRIC

So, what are you people doing here?

BEN

Don't ask.

CEDRIC

You're not from around here. Gemma, can I offer a suggestion, honey?

GEMMA

Sure.

CEDRIC

Advice from one fashionable person to another. Cover up. Or these boys will eat you alive!

Cedric nods towards three ODDBALL DIGGERS who ogle Gemma. One has wild eyes, the second drools, the third a maniac giggle.

GEMMA

I see what you mean. This'll sound strange, but what is the date?

CEDRIC

Why it's May 30.

MARK

Yeah, but what year?

CEDRIC

1942, silly. Look here's the paper.

Cedric picks up a newspaper on a nearby table and hands it to Ben. Mark and Gemma crowd around Ben as they read the date.

MARK

(astounded)

Shit! It's May 30, 1942!

Ben spits his beer over Cedric's suit.

BEN

It can't be 1942? Sorry about that Cedric.

Ben helps Cedric mop up. Gemma gestures to him and Mark. The trio huddle.

GEMMA

Just look at the cars, the buildings, the people.

(beat)

We went back in time! Look I know this is freaky, but we have to stay calm. Don't let on we're from the future... or they'll put us in a loony bin.

A large, buttoned down U.S. MARINE hovers in the background. He puts his hand on Ben's shoulder. Ben is startled.

U.S. MARINE

I just wanted to ask you something.

Ben is cautious and jittery. He slowly turns.

BEN

(gulps)

Yes?

U.S. MARINE

Where did you get those shoes?

Ben is relieved as they all stare at his brand new sneakers.

BEN

At NIKE, in Bondi Junction.

U.S. MARINE

NIKE sounds Japanese. Are you sure you guys are from around here?

MARK

Yeah. We've lived in Lamrock Street all of our lives...

U.S. MARINE

Interested in swapping?

Ben looks down at the Marine's battered boots.

BEN

Not really, but we'd think about it if you threw in some cash.

U.S. MARINE
They're pretty neat.

BEN
Not just neat. They're air
cushioned, phylon mid-soled with
incredible medial and lateral
response!

Mark, Gemma, Cedric and the U.S. Marine exchange glances,
taken aback by Ben's footwear knowledge.

BEN (CONT'D)
(defensive)
Hey, chicks dig Italian high heels.
I dig NIKE.

U.S. MARINE
Tell you what. They might sound
Jap, but I'll give you two quid.

Ben turns and whispers to Gemma.

BEN
Is that a lot?

GEMMA
You could practically buy a house
for that in 1942...

BEN
Three quid!

U.S. MARINE
You got yourself a deal.

The U.S. Marine frowns and peels three notes from his pocket.

INT. LOUNGE, BONDI HOTEL, 1942 - NIGHT

Relaxed and liquored up, Mark, Gemma and Ben enter the
Lounge. They pass through the CROWD, including: a number of
WOMEN; Digger #1 who wears Ben's I.D. bracelet; Digger #2 who
wears Ben's watch; and the U.S. Marine who wears Ben's shoes.

Each admires their purchase.

MARK
You did well, Ben. Six quid, a
tidy sum!

Two hat-wearing MATRONS sit at a table, and stare at Gemma's clothes. A HAUGHTY LADY in a fox stole sneers at Gemma.

HAUGHTY LADY
What street ladies wear these days!

GEMMA
At least I'm not toting a butchered animal around my neck...

HAUGHTY LADY
(snooty)
Well, the prostitute is so common.

Mark and Ben walk into the men's toilet.

Gemma waits patiently outside. Ben's jacket slips open. A group of drunk SAILORS stand nearby, and ogle Gemma. Nervous, she ignores their lustful stares and grins.

SAILOR #3
So love, how much for a quickie?

GEMMA
(incensed)
Look, I'm not a prostitute, okay?
Just leave me alone.

Sailor #3 eyes Gemma up and down.

SAILOR #3
Dressed like that? C'mon, I'll give you three quid.

SAILOR #4
Do the lot of us, for a fiver?

Gemma hastily backs off. Sailor #3 darts forward and pinches her on the bottom. Sailor #4 makes a grab for her breasts. Gemma pushes him away and flees until confronted by three more sailors. She halts, frightened.

MARK (O.S.)
(yells)
Oi! Leave her alone!

Mark and Ben stand outside the toilet. Mark hastily steps forward and aggressively eye-balls Sailor #3.

Ben shuffles nervously behind him.

SAILOR #3
Just having fun with a young lass.

MARK

That's my sister...take your fun
somewhere else, dude.

BEN

Yeah - that's his sister!

Mark and Ben grab Gemma. They push past Sailor #3 and make for the door. He follows, to throw a haymaker at Mark, before falling onto a DRINKER who spills his beer.

A PRISSY WOMAN squeals as the beer splashes her. The Drinker pushes Mark back. Sailor #3 punches his jaw. Sailor #4 jumps on Ben, to put him in a headlock. Gemma jumps on Sailor #4's back. She is twirled around and knocks two sailors over with her feet. She lands flat on her back and springs up. Mark punches Sailor #3 on the jaw. Ben punches Sailor #4 and grabs his hand in pain. An all in BRAWL breaks out.

Four Military Police (PROVOS), rush in with whistles blowing, to quell the chaos.

EXT. BONDI HOTEL, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben, Gemma and Mark are handcuffed and dejected as they stand by a period PADDY WAGON. Four SAILORS wait inside. A perplexed PROVO stares at the trio's licenses.

PROVO #1

Never seen this before, it says you
were born in 1987! How did you get
these colour pictures?

PROVO #2

(confused)

They're not even paper...

CLOSE UP: Mark's NSW Drivers Licence.

MARK

They're our licences. For real.

PROVO #2

(impressed)

I wouldn't mind one of these.

PROVO #1

Why aren't you boys joined up?
Look, we have no authority, we'll
hand you over to the police!

The Provos push the trio into the back of the paddy wagon.

INT. CELL, BONDI POLICE STATION, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma, Mark, Ben sit despondently on the floor in the police cell. Two police CONSTABLES stand guard outside the cell.

CONSTABLE #1
We'd normally have her separate,
but we've got no room.

MARK
So you're going to let us go?
We didn't start the brawl.

CONSTABLE #1
No, we're going to hold you, for
our enquiries. We checked the
address you gave, and the people
have never heard of you...

CONSTABLE #2
Are you lot in the movies? This
radio thing belongs in Buck Rogers!

Constable #1 holds up Ben's mobile phone, fingers the keypad.

CONSTABLE #1
Got us stumped, a walkie-talkie
with pictures! My brother in army
intelligence didn't know they
existed.

MARK
Are you going to let us go, if we
check out okay?

CONSTABLE #1
Army Intelligence will have a word
to you both, tomorrow.

He leaves. The trio sit on their flat, Spartan beds.

MARK
They'll put us in the loony bin!

Mark and Ben stretch out on their backs.

INT. CELL, BONDI POLICE STATION, 1942 - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "6 AM: THE NEXT MORNING."

Gemma, Mark and Ben sleep on their beds in the cell.

INT. FRONT DESK, POLICE STATION, 1942 - MORNING

CONSTABLES #3 and #4 enter to start their shift. Constables #1 and #2 write notes behind the front desk.

CONSTABLE #3
So, how's it been?

CONSTABLE #1
Usual bunch of drunks and loonies.

CONSTABLE #3
Who are we letting go this morning?

Constable #3 takes a sip from his coffee.

CONSTABLE #1
The two blokes in Cell 1 at 9 A.M.
Drunken over-nighters. Cell 2
is waiting for Army Intelligence.
We need to hold 'em.

CONSTABLE #3
Alright Dodge - you can go now.
I'll look after it. Have fun, boys.

Constable #1 and #2 pick up their work bags and leave.

INT. FRONT DESK, POLICE STATION, 1942 - MORNING

Police Constable #3 shuffles paperwork behind the desk. The phone rings, and he answers. Constable #4 stands by him.

CONSTABLE #4
So, who's going?

CONSTABLE #3
(into phone)
No worries, I'll wait outside.

Constable #3 places his hand over the mouthpiece.

CONSTABLE #3
Number 2 cell can go.

INT. CELLS, POLICE STATION, 1942 - MORNING

Constable #4 enters the cell area and looks up at the 'Cell 2' sign. Mark, Gemma and Ben are still asleep. Constable #4 unlocks the cell and enters.

CONSTABLE #4
Okay, wakey, wakey. You lot can go.

BEN
But the other bloke said...

Gemma hits him on the leg.

BEN (CONT'D)
... said that we could, too.

EXT. BONDI POLICE STATION, 1942 - MORNING

Constable #3 dashes to the front as the paddy wagon pulls up. Two prisoners are aggressive and resist being escorted into the station. Constable #3 helps control the men.

INT. FRONT DESK, POLICE STATION, 1942 - MORNING

Mark, Ben, Gemma and Constable #4 stand at the front desk.

CONSTABLE #4
Personal belongings, in this bag.

The trio grab their backpack, licences, IPOD, wallets, small skateboard and mobiles. They hide behind the door as Constable #3 drags the aggressive prisoners in. Mark, Ben and Gemma dash outside as Constable #3 is distracted.

EXT. BONDI POLICE STATION, 1942 - MORNING

Constable #4 joins Gemma, Ben and Mark outside.

CONSTABLE #4
No more drinking, you lot!

MARK
We're on the wagon - promise.

The trio walk, quickening to a run, as they round the corner.

EXT. BONDI STREETS, 1942 - MORNING

Mark, Gemma and Ben jog down the street.

MARK
What just happened?

BEN

I think they stuffed up. Let's get out of here, before they realize.

The trio runs quickly down the street, towards the beach. They pass a 'Gowings' clothes shop. Gemma halts.

GEMMA

Hang on a minute...

MARK

Good thinking.

She moves into the shop. The boys stop running, back up and also enter.

EXT. PROMENADE, BONDI BEACH, 1942 - MORNING

Ben, Mark and Gemma arrive at the beach and sit on the promenade. Gemma wears a smart, conservative dress and pumps. Mark is attired in open shirt and baggy wool pants. Ben sports a sharp tie, suit and hat with his back-pack.

They survey the barbed wire and bollards in their finery.

BEN

It makes you realize how lucky we are, in 2007.

MARK

Yep - there might be terrorism, but it's not on our doorstep yet.

Gemma grabs her dress.

GEMMA

Don't know if I like this.

MARK

You'd rather have frustrated soldiers grope you?

Gemma firmly shakes her head. Ben flips his fedora.

BEN

A great time for sharp dressing.

Gemma pushes him playfully.

GEMMA

You're such a 'fashionista'...
You know, Pop was stationed at
Garden Island in 1942.

BEN

That's what he said yesterday...
(confused)
I mean sixty years from now.

MARK

We know what you mean.

BEN

When did he say he was bashed?

GEMMA

May 31, he told us a hundred times.

Gemma suddenly twigs to the date.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Hey, that's today! Freaky that we
should arrive the day before.

(ponders)

It's got to be destiny. I think we
should contact him.

MARK

(adamant)

We don't have to see him.

GEMMA

Gran and Pop are our age. How many
people get the opportunity to see
their grandparents, young? We don't
have to tell them who we are...

MARK

(stalls)

Oh, okay, but I'm only going to see
Gran. Couldn't care less about Pop.

Gemma raises her eyebrows.

INT. BONDI MILK BAR, 1942 - MORNING

Ben and Mark stand next to Gemma at the counter. She picks
up the phone, uncomfortable as the middle-aged MILK BAR OWNER
stares at her.

Mark look on, astonished, as Gemma finger dials the number.

MARK
 It's like texting for dummies.
 (to Ben)
 Bet you couldn't have conned him
 into a free call.

Ben grabs his chest and grimaces.

BEN
 My cleavage never works.

GEMMA
 Hello operator. Could you put me
 through to Kevin Bentley in
 Woolloomooloo?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Connecting you now.

A 1940s telephone rings. A middle aged woman, ALICE, answers.

ALICE (V.O.)
 Hello.

GEMMA
 Hello - Is Kevin Bentley there?

ALICE (V.O.)
 No, he's out. Can I take a message?

GEMMA
 This is...Marie, a friend of his.
 Will Kevin be home tonight?

ALICE (V.O.)
 Marie? He's never mentioned you.
 Aren't you coming to the party,
 then?

Gemma is taken aback.

GEMMA
 (hesitates)
 Of course! We'll be there.

ALICE (V.O.)
 Well, I'll see you tonight..

GEMMA
 Thanks a lot. Bye...

Gemma hangs up. The trio walk off. The Milk Bar Owner follows behind, watching Gemma's backside as she walks.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

He's having a party, our perfect opportunity to see him. We can say we came with a friend.

MARK

He'll probably not be at the party after the mugging. Maybe he'll be hurt in hospital.

GEMMA

Then we go to the hospital.

MARK.

Mmmm. Who did you speak to?

GEMMA

She sounded middle-aged.

Gemma twigs. She and Mark stare at each other, mouths agape.

MARK

(disbelief)

You spoke to our great-grandmother. She died twenty years before we were born!

They turn and skip out of the shop.

Ben pulls a three quarter sized skateboard from his backpack. Gemma grabs it.

GEMMA

(gleeful)

Cool!...

MILK BAR OWNER

Come back, anytime.

The Milk Bar Owner watches Gemma's bottom as she waddles off.

EXT. DECK, "A" CLASS SUBMARINE, PACIFIC OCEAN, 1942 - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "JAPANESE "A" CLASS SUBMARINE.
12 KILOMETERS NORTH/EAST OF SYDNEY'S NORTHERN BEACHES."

A toy like PLANE with a lone JAPANESE PILOT is launched from the deck. A small rising sun symbol adorns the tail of the plane. It gracefully ascends into the sky.

EXT. MANLY SKY, 1942 - MORNING

The plane steadily glides above Manly at 5000 feet. The Japanese Pilot peers at the beach, shops and Harbour below.

EXT. TRAM STOP, CAMPBELL PARADE, 1942 - MORNING

Mark and Ben sit in the tram stop. Gemma circles them on Ben's skateboard.

A TRUCK full of U.S. MARINES pulls up. DUANE, a stern jawed marine in his twenties, jumps out to wolf-whistle Gemma.

DUANE

They sure don't build 'em like you
at home, honey. I never saw a
board with wheels like that one,
before, either.

Gemma smiles at Duane. He bends down to take a closer look at Gemma's board, and stares at her body as he rises.

She gazes proudly at her board.

GEMMA

An Aussie invention. Yanks aren't
the only innovators you know.

DUANE

Oooh - Sassy and intelligent.
I like this rolling board.

GEMMA

(interrupts)
Skateboard. It's called a
skateboard.

BEN

I'm Ben. This is Mark and you were
hitting on, um, talking to Gemma.

Duane shakes Ben and Mark's hands.

DUANE

Tell you what I'll do. If you let
me ride your toy, I'll get you fine
people onto the U.S.S. Chicago.

The trio look at each other, and happily nod in agreement.

GEMMA
You're stationed at Garden Island?

DUANE
You got it.

MARK
(to Ben)
That's next to Pop's place.

Gemma hands over their skateboard and jumps into the truck.

Duane immediately puts the skateboard onto the ground.
He jumps on it and quickly tumbles over.

U.S. MARINE #1
You'll be an expert in seven years,
Duane.

MARK
No worries. We'll show you how at
the base.

U.S. MARINE #2
Just four hundred and sixty easy
lessons...

Duane grins, with good humour.

INT. U.S. MARINE TRUCK, 1942 - MORNING

Duane jumps on board the truck as it takes off down the road.
Gemma sits with the Marines, who gawk at her. MARINE #1, to
her left, smells her hair.

GEMMA
Haven't you guys seen a girl
before?

U.S. MARINE #1
Not one that smells like you,
Sugar.

Uncomfortable, Gemma withdraws her leg from Marine #2, who
sits on her right. Marine #1, on her left, edges closer.

Gemma scrunches up, scared.

INT./EXT. JAPANESE PLANE, ABOVE SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - DAY

The Japanese Pilot gazes at the Sydney Harbour Bridge below, as he talks into his radio.

JAPANESE PILOT
JAT 6 this is KY2, over.

SUBMARINE RADIO (V.O.)
This is JAT 6. We read you KY2.

JAPANESE PILOT
5000 feet above Sydney Harbour
Bridge. I'll head to Drummoyne
before returning to base. Over.

SUBMARINE RADIO (V.O.)
Copy that. Did you sight any
warships? Over.

JAPANESE PILOT
Affirmative. Five, including a
U.S. Destroyer at the Garden Island
Base. I will diagram positions on
the return flight. Over and out.

The Japanese Pilot hangs up his radio and banks his plane steeply, towards Drummoyne.

INT. U.S. MARINE TRUCK, GARDEN ISLAND GATES, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Gemma, Mark and Ben watch through the truck window. They approach an entry sign: 'Garden Island: Restricted'. Two AUSTRALIAN GUARDS are on duty at the entrance.

DUANE
Oh great. It's Diarrhoea.

MARK
Diarrhoea?

DUANE
He goes through everybody. Okay you
three. Duck under this tarpaulin.

The trio jump onto the floor and scurry under the tarpaulin. The truck is stopped by the Guards.

EXT./INT. MARINE TRUCK, GARDEN ISLAND GATES, 1942 - AFTERNOON

GUARD #1 moves beside the drivers window.

GUARD #1
All right you lot. Everyone out of
the truck!

Guard #1 remains at the front of the truck, the Marines
depart at the rear.

GUARD #2 jumps into the rear, and jabs the tarpaulin with his
bayonet. He spies a mop of blonde hair under the tarpaulin.
Duane is anxious as he moves to the exit tray and peers in.
Guard #2 stands over the suspect hair.

GUARD #2
I'll give you one chance. Give up
now, or I'll knife you...

There is no reply.

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
This is your last chance. I'll
count to three.

DUANE
C'mon - you just can't knife them
in cold blood!

GUARD #2
One, Two...

Guard #2 looks around at Duane and the Marines, who gather at
the exit tray, deeply concerned. Guard #2 holds his bayonet
high above the lump. He hesitates, then energetically and
repeatedly pierces the tarpaulin.

DUANE
Nooo!

Guard #2 slowly lifts up a section of the tarp. The back of a
head with blonde hair is revealed. A human sized rag-doll
ripped with knife holes. Guard #2 is taken aback.

GUARD #2
What's this?

SLEAZY LOOKING MARINE (O.S.)
A guy's got to have a hobby...

A SLEAZY LOOKING MARINE looks on from outside the truck.

GUARD #1
You're one sick pup.

SLEAZY LOOKING MARINE
Thanks a lot, man. You just killed
Dolly Grable!

Guard #1 and Guard #2 are bemused and shake their heads. The Sleazy Looking Marine grabs the remains of the rag doll.

GUARD #2
You Yanks smuggle stuff in here all
the time. We're just doing our job.

MARINE #2
You guys are over the top.

GUARD #1
(yells)
All right you blokes, get on board,
and enter.

The Marines jump on board the rear truck entrance.

EXT./INT. MARINE TRUCK, PT. DOCK, 1942 - NIGHT

The truck stops at the boat dock. Duane leaps into the rear of the vehicle. He opens the lid of a long enclosed wooden bench seat and peers in. Gemma, Mark and Ben are hunched tightly inside.

DUANE
Are you okay in there?

GEMMA
It was our saviour.

The Marines help the trio from their compact space.

DUANE
Not the first time we've used it.

Gemma smirks knowingly.

GEMMA
So you smuggle in girls?

DUANE
(wry smile)
Smuggle? a Southern gentleman
wouldn't resort to that...

GEMMA
What did you just do then?

DUANE
Helped our cultural exchange
programme. You show me yours and I
show you mine...

GEMMA
Pardon?

DUANE
You show me how to skateboard and
we show you our Boat.

Gemma grins.

GEMMA
Let's rock!

DUANE
Huh?

BEN
We need subtitles for these dudes.

Ben shakes his head, frustrated.

EXT. DOCK, GARDEN ISLAND, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Duane strides up the gangplank of the U.S.S. Chicago.
Mark and Ben follow nervously in U.S. Marine uniforms.
Dressed as a mechanic, Gemma wears her hair tucked into a
cap, with an oversized jumpsuit and false moustache.

They salute the SENTRY at the top of the gangplank.

Gemma keeps her head down and crashes into a pole. She
tumbles backwards to the deck. The Sentry rushes to her aid.

SENTRY
Are you alright? You smell kinda
different...

GEMMA
(deep voice)
Fine. Must be those fumes below.

Gemma catches up with the others.

GEMMA

(Soft)

Good to see, my C.K. is working.

BEN

We should have messed you up and made you stinky...

GEMMA

You could be my role model.

DUANE

Okay - we're gonna head down to the engine room, and then up on deck. Watch your heads!

The group ducks and hold their caps as they step through a large iron cabin door.

EXT. U.S.S. CHICAGO, GARDEN ISLAND DOCK, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Duane, Mark, Ben and Gemma walk out of a door, onto the deck. They sweat profusely, suck in the fresh air and desperately unbutton their shirts.

MARK

That was hotter than hell...

BEN

Hell ain't that hot.

GEMMA

How do they work down there?

They wander towards a GUN TURRET where PETE, an uptight, overly neat sailor cleans an already burnished gun.

DUANE

You really look after your gun, Sailor.

PETE

You gotta take pride, sir!

Pete stares at Gemma. He notices her unbuttoned boiler suit and gawks at her sweaty cleavage and bikini top. She notices and quickly buttons up. Duane leads the trio away.

Pete picks up a radio phone by the turret.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Mike, its Pete. We've got an
 intruder on the deck - and she's
 got sweaty, *heaving* boobs.

His eyes follow Gemma away.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, U.S.S. CHICAGO, 1942 - AFTERNOON

The RADIO OPERATOR stares at his hand held radio.

RADIO OPERATOR
 Are you sure you haven't been
 polishing your weapon for too long?

PETE (V.O.)
 (peevd)
 Just send Security to the deck.

The Radio Operator shrugs and looks around for Security.

EXT. U.S.S. CHICAGO, GARDEN ISLAND, 1942 - AFTERNOON

On the Chicago deck, several SECURITY GUARDS approach Duane,
 Mark, Ben and Gemma from behind.

GEMMA
 Oh God!

SECURITY GUARD #1
 Hey you, Mechanic. Got your I.D.?

SECURITY GUARD #1 grabs Gemma and spins her to face him.
 He rips open her boiler suit, to reveal her cleavage.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
 Well, well - what have we got here?

SECURITY GUARD #2 ogles Gemma.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 A nice set of boobies.

SECURITY GUARD #1
 Put them in the Brig!

Security Guard #1 hauls Mark and Ben away. Sleazy Security
 Guard #2 grabs Gemma.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 Shouldn't we search her?

SECURITY GUARD #1
Just take them below.

Duane steps forward to defend Gemma, but Security Guard #2 blocks him with a rifle.

DUANE
I just wanted to show these good people over the Chicago...

SECURITY GUARD #2
Look Lieutenant, there's been a crackdown since you P.T. guys last smuggled in girls. Intelligence will want a word with them.

Security Guard #2 pushes Duane back.

DUANE
(yells)
Sorry guys. I'll talk to a lawyer friend. He'll get you out.

The rest of the Security Guards hustle the trio along.

INT. BRIG., U.S.S. CHICAGO, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Despondent, Gemma, Ben and Mark are dressed in blue navy brig issue. Gemma sits on the bed. Ben and Mark rest on the floor.

BEN
Seems familiar, doesn't it?

Ben gazes through the bars of the cell opposite where a hulking, bald BRIG PRISONER sits cross-legged on the floor.

BEN
So what are you in for?

BRIG PRISONER
Lovers' quarrel.

BEN
It must be tough on you?

BRIG PRISONER
My partner got what he deserved when he didn't come across. It's lonely at sea sometimes. He knew how to press my buttons.

(MORE)

BRIG PRISONER(cont'd)

The slight tilt of his hat; the
little bow just slightly undone;
the ass hugging bell bottoms...

BEN

Get me out of here!

Ben turns to Mark, freaked.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO STREETS, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Duane sits in the front of a U.S. NAVY JEEP alongside Marine Driver, MIKE. They drive through the gates of Garden Island.

DUANE'S POV: The vehicle passes an alley where two oafs, MUGGER #1 and MUGGER #2 have knocked Butch Bentley to the ground. They violently kick him.

DUANE

What the hell? Go back, Mike.
That guy is getting mugged!

The car quickly U-turns and speeds to the mugging. Butch lies prone on the ground.

They brake hard and skid to a halt.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO STREETS, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Mike jumps on the bonnet and dives on Mugger #1. Mugger #1 breaks free and runs for it. Mugger #2 dashes off behind him and disappears around the corner.

Duane kneels next to Butch.

DUANE

Hey, man. Are you okay?

BUTCH

(groggy)
They jumped me as I came around the corner.

DUANE

You just stay there, don't move.

Butch gets to his feet and shakes his head.

BUTCH

Nuh - I'm fine.

DUANE
What's your name, soldier?

BUTCH
Butch Bentley.

DUANE
Hey, you don't know a Mark and
Gemma Bentley, do ya?

BUTCH
No, never heard of 'em. Listen
Lieutenant. Thanks a lot, Mate
- you saved me.

DUANE
You're welcome. Do you need a lift
to the hospital?

Butch feels his jaw.

BUTCH
Nah. Got a "turn out" tonight, and
I don't want to be waiting in some
hospital for treatment. You blokes
can come to my party if you want.

DUANE
We would - only we're on duty.
Gotta go. Sure you're okay?

Butch nods. Dazed, he shakes Duane and Mike's hands.

BUTCH
Never thought I would be so glad to
see a Yank.

Duane and Mike jump into their car and drive off. As they
wave, a young couple, JESS and TIM approach Butch in the
distance.

INT. BRIG., U.S.S. CHICAGO, 1942 - AFTERNOON

A young Guard, WILL, sits at a desk near the Brig. cell.
He speaks into a hand held radio. An older Guard, MEL, stands
next to him.

WILL
Listen Lucy, I'm gonna help you as
soon as I get Stateside. I can't
let my brother's wife and kids
struggle.

Gemma lies on the bed. Her eyes flit as she listens intently to Will. Mel signals him to wind-up his radio call.

WILL (CONT'D)

Lucy, I gotta go, but I won't let you down. I'll be there next month. You and the kids will be...

Mel's hand reaches down and quickly turns off the radio. Will is surprised and upset.

WILL

(angry)

Hey, what the hell did you do that for? That's my dead brother's widow. I'm making sure she's fine.

MEL

I don't care. Told you before not to use the radio for personal calls. I'm reporting you next time.

Mel walks off. Will shakes his head in disbelief. Mark, Gemma and Ben sit on the cell floor as Duane approaches the bars. Will opens the cell door and Duane enters.

DUANE

Hey, I got some good news.

GEMMA

We're getting out?

DUANE

Yeah, my lawyer buddy can spring you - the only hitch is, you have to wait 'til tomorrow.

Gemma grabs Duane's arm.

GEMMA

Wow! That's sweet. Guess we'll miss the party, though. Thanks Duane. We owe you big time.

DUANE

Awww - it's the least I could do. The darndest thing happened on the way back...Spotted a mugging. Poor guy copped a beating: two thugs smashed into him, until we scared 'em off. A bit longer and he would have been dead meat!

The trio stare at each other in disbelief.

GEMMA

How many people do you rescue
Duane! Where did it happen?

DUANE

Around the corner in Woolloomooloo.
Funny thing is, name of Bentley,
same as yours. Butch, he said.
What are the chances? Anyway - you
guys are out tomorrow.

Duane ambles off, happy with himself. Gemma stares at Mark,
disheartened. Ben puts his head in his hands.

BEN

We have to stop your Pop from
boarding the boat.

GEMMA

Mmmm...I've got an idea.

She smirks.

INT. BRIG., U.S.S. CHICAGO, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Will sits in a chair opposite Mark, Ben and Gemma's cell.
He reads a comic. Gemma stands at the bars.

GEMMA

Will - isn't it?

Will looks up.

WILL

Yep.

GEMMA

Sorry, I couldn't help overhear
before. That's a fine thing you're
doing for your sister-in-law.

Will moves forward in his chair.

WILL

Thanks, what is she supposed to do?
My brother was killed in Guam.
She's on her own with two small
children. Want to see them?

Gemma nods. Will rises, to take out his wallet. He proudly shows Gemma a picture of his late brother's family.

GEMMA

Cute kids. You know I would ignore that other Guard. You keep ringing her, they're important to you. You're doing the right thing by looking after them.

Will looks lovingly at the photo.

WILL

How could I not?

GEMMA

I know. We're in a similar situation with my sister's kids.

Will moves closer. Gemma crosses her fingers behind her.

WILL

How so?

GEMMA

Our sister's husband was killed in action recently. They had kids. That's where we were headed to...

WILL

You were?

Will listens intently.

GEMMA

The kids are quite a handful. We were going with Mark, my brother, to help her with them. She's been sick, and it's really taken a toll on her.

Will is moved. He carefully looks from side to side and unlocks her cell. The door is left slightly ajar.

WILL

Wait for five minutes and then go. Remember, five minutes. No sooner.

GEMMA

(sweetly)

Thanks. Look after your sister.

Gemma smiles. Will turns and walks away.

WILL (O.S.)
Hey Mel, how about a game of cards?

He opens a door beside the cells.

INT. BRIG., U.S.S. CHICAGO, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Gemma gazes at a clock on the wall opposite her cell.
She gestures to Mark and Ben.

GEMMA
Let's get out of here.

They push the cell door and grab their clothes, backpack and a duffle bag from the lockers opposite.

INT. BRIG. OFFICE, U.S.S. CHICAGO, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Will and Mel play poker in the Brig. office. Will faces the door: Mel faces the wall. Mark and Ben tip-toe by the door and wave cheekily, to Will's amusement.

Mark carries the heavy duffle bag.

MEL
What are you smiling at, Will?

WILL
Just thinking about how easy it is
to bluff you.

Will looks at his cards.

EXT. DOCK, GARDEN ISLAND, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Mark and Ben amble down the gangplank of the Chicago and salute the GANGPLANK SENTRY at the top as they pass. They are at the bottom of the gangplank when the Sentry yells.

GANGPLANK SENTRY
Hey, wait!

Both boys turn hesitantly to face the Sentry. They shift weight, nervously, as he scurries down the walkway.

GANGPLANK SENTRY (CONT'D)
You dropped this.

The Sentry hands Mark a lipstick.

MARK

Oh thanks - my girl can't live
without it.

GANGPLANK SENTRY

Have fun on leave, guys.

The Sentry bounds back up the walkway. Mark wipes his brow
with relief.

EXT. ALLEY, GARDEN ISLAND, 1942 - LATE AFTERNOON

Mark and Ben enter an alley opposite the ship. Mark gently
places the duffle bag on the ground and opens it. Gemma
uncoils herself and hops out.

GEMMA

Your ass kept hitting my head.

MARK

I've got the bruises to prove it.

Mark grabs his backside in pain.

BEN

How do we get out of here?

GEMMA

Duane...

INT./EXT. NAVY TRUCK/WOOLLOOMOLOO STREETS, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Duane sits on the bench-seat in the back of the truck with
Mark, Ben and Gemma, who are now dressed in 1940s civilian
clothes. Mark drinks from a bottle of Budweiser.

The flap is lowered for privacy. The group bounces as the
truck moves.

DUANE

(sincere)

So sorry you guys got locked up.

GEMMA

Don't worry about it. We wanted to
see the ship.

Gemma places her hand on his leg.

DUANE
 (smiles)
 Well, if I can make it up to you.

MARK
 Getting us to Butch's place'll do.

DUANE
 Who is this guy?

GEMMA
 ...He's our Pop. We can't exist
 without him.

Gemma and Mark look anxious. Duane frowns, confused.

EXT. TASMAN SEA, 1942 - DUSK

A large "A" CLASS JAPANESE SUBMARINE is stationary in the light sea. The CAPTAIN is stationed on the control tower deck. He picks up his radio, to address three MIDGET SUBMARINES (M27, M24 and M22) that cruise off his bow.

"A" CLASS SUB CAPTAIN
 Lieutenant - the people of Japan
 and our Emperor are with you on
 your mission. God speed.

He salutes.

INT. M27 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - DUSK

LT. CHUMA and PETTY OFFICER OHMORI lie on their stomachs in the sardine-can-like conditions of the midget submarine.

LT. CHUMA
 Thank-you Captain. Imperial forces
 will triumph. The world will be a
 better place for our loved ones.

LT. CHUMA hangs up his radio. He grabs a PHOTO of his wife and baby daughter, stuck on the controls beside him.

LT. CHUMA (CONT'D)
 (tenderly)
 Love you both. I'll be in your arms
 soon.

He kisses the photo and throws two switches on his control panel. The engine throbs into action.

EXT. TASMAN SEA, 1942 - DUSK

Midget Submarine M24 glides along the surface behind Midget Submarines M27 and M22. Sydney Harbour lies in the distance.

EXT. BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - DUSK

The marine truck stops outside Butch's house.

The flap at the rear of the truck opens. Inside are Gemma, Mark, Ben and Duane. Mark opens another bottle of Budweiser and chugs it down.

GEMMA

This is it: 50 Forbes Street.

DUANE

So, this is your Pop's place?

Mark looks up at the build date on the facade.

MARK

Yeah, built in 1887.

The trio and Duane jump out of the truck to survey the house.

GEMMA

Duane, thank you so much.

DUANE

For getting you guys locked up?

GEMMA

No silly. For getting us here. You know, you've been the perfect Southern gentleman. If the timing had been different...

Gemma glances knowingly at Mark and Ben.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Who knows what might have happened?

Gemma quickly pounces on Duane. She grabs his arms and tongue kisses him for several seconds. Mark and Ben are embarrassed and glance away. The TRUCK DRIVER shakes his head.

TRUCK DRIVER

Those Texans always get the chicks.

Duane is dazed by the kiss. He grins with heady delight.

DUANE

They don't kiss like that at home.

The trio amble to the front door of No. 50. They are feet from the door when Mark suddenly halts.

MARK

I'm having second thoughts. Is the old bastard really worth it? The guy is an asshole...

GEMMA

I can't believe you'd say that! Even if you don't do this for him, then think about the consequences if he boards the Boat?

MARK

He dies and we don't exist. We'd never be born.

Reality dawns on Mark. He looks grim. The trio move to the door in a sombre mood. Gemma knocks. Mark continues to swig his beer, Ben at his side.

An Andrew Sisters song plays on a gramophone inside. ALICE, a kind, middle-aged lady opens the door. Party sights and sounds emerge from inside.

ALICE

Can I help you?

GEMMA

We're looking for Butch.

ALICE

You're friends of his? I'm his mother Alice. What are your names?

The trio look at one another in amazement. Gemma and Mark throw themselves at Alice and hug her. She is taken aback.

MARK

(whispers to Ben)
Our great-grandmother!

GEMMA

Ahh, Alice. It's so great to finally meet you. Kevin told us all about you.

ALICE

He's never mentioned you!

A strapping tall soldier, JOE, ogles Gemma from behind Alice.

JOE
They're okay. Butch knows them.

Joe grabs Gemma's arm and pulls her inside. She smiles cautiously as Mark and Ben enter.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

The party is a mixture of SOLDIERS and GIRLS, all around the age of twenty. The crowd stares as Joe leads in Gemma, Mark and Ben. The women are perplexed by Gemma's 2007 hairstyle.

Mark surveys the soldiers.

MARK
Which one is Pop?

JOE
Never heard Butch called Pop before. It suits him though.
I'm Joe. What are you names?

They all shake hands.

GEMMA
I'm Gemma, this is Mark and Ben.
So where is Butch?

JOE
(points)
Over there.

Joe points in the direction of a dark haired, tall, HANDSOME SOLDIER. Alongside him is a ukulele playing, grass-skirted fat guy, Butch. We only see his legs as he stands on a table.

The trio approach the Handsome Soldier. They stare at him.

GEMMA
Pop was a hottie when he was young.

MARK
His pictures never did him justice.

BEN
Did you expect anything less from a camera called a box brownie?

GEMMA
Butch, this is a great party.

HANDSOME SOLDIER

I'm not Butch. He's next to you,
playing the ukulele!

The trio are disappointed. They stare at Butch. He sweats profusely as he strums the small ukulele, on his table. His head is bruised from the mugging.

BEN

Your Pop was a loser?

Mark, with beer can in hand, reaches over and grabs Butch on the leg. Mark is half drunk.

MARK

Hey Butch - nice party, man. We
just wanted to say hi. Sorry about
the mugging.

Butch jumps off the table and lands on Ben. They both fall to the floor. Mark helps Butch to his feet. Ben dusts himself off and gets up slowly.

BUTCH

G'day, I'm Butch.

MARK

Hey Butch, this is Gemma, that's
Ben, and I'm Mark.

BUTCH

So - who did you blokes come with?

They hesitate, searching for an answer.

GEMMA

Big Joe! He invited us.

Gemma blows a kiss at Joe. He points at himself, grins and makes an hour-glass figure to Butch as Gemma looks away.

BUTCH

Big Joe's done alright for himself.

GEMMA

Yeah he's ahhh, big. Yep, he's big,
our Joe.

BUTCH

So where are you from?

MARK

Bondi. We live in Bondi.

BUTCH
I wouldn't mind living in Bondi.

MARK
You will.

Gemma hits Mark on the leg. Mark rubs his leg in pain.

MARK
Owww!

BUTCH
Is he alright?

Half-drunk Mark is oblivious to his faux pas.

MARK
So where's Nellie?

BUTCH
Why do you want to know about Nell?

MARK
She's your wife?

BUTCH
Nell's a nice girl, but I hardly know her? Mate, stay off the turps!

Butch walks off with a frown, perplexed.

GEMMA
(annoyed)
Nice one, Mark. You talked about things that haven't happened. They don't get married for two years!

MARK
I'm getting another beer.

Gemma shakes her head with disappointment.

INT. KITCHEN, BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

Half-tanked, Mark storms off in a huff to the kitchen. He grabs a beer from the ice in the sink. Behind him is DOT, aged seventeen [same actress as Rachel, the Jogger].

MARK
Rachel! What are you doing here?

DOT

My name's not Rachel. It's Dot.
You mistook me for someone else.

MARK

Remember the beach? You were
jogging with your friend? My
boardies came off, and you picked
them up. Did you time travel too?

Dot stares at Mark, perplexed but intrigued.

DOT

Look, I don't know who you are. And
I certainly don't know about time
travel, or your boardies! I've
never heard that line before...

MARK

Look, wait. That was rude. You
look identical to someone I met on
Bondi Beach - I'm sorry.

Dot stops, interested. She hesitates before turning around.

DOT

Alright, I accept your apology.
What did you say about time travel?

MARK

Oh, it was nothing. I'm a writer
and I get carried away, sometimes.

The word 'writer' sparks Dot's interest. She smiles as she
seizes on it as an explanation for Mark's strange behaviour.

DOT

Oh, you're a *writer*. I love science
fiction and fantasy. All my
girlfriends think I'm weird.
So what do you write about?

Mark stalls. He tries to think of a fantasy subject.

MARK

Good versus evil, stories with
hobbits, elves and wizards in a
place called Middle Earth...

DOT

So what's your name?

MARK
My name... is...Tolkien.

DOT
Tolkien? That's Russian isn't it?

MARK
Yeah, but friends call me Mark.

They shake hands.

DOT
Hi Mark, my name is Dorothy, but
you can call me Dot.

Mark leans towards Dot and turns on the charm.

MARK
So, what's a bedazzling girl like
you doing here?

DOT
Friend of a friend. The party host,
Butch, is bit of a character. Whole
family is a lark.

MARK
They're not bad once you get to
know them.

DOT
So, Mr. Writer - have you had
anything published?

Mark ponders. A revelation strikes him.

MARK
No, not yet. I'm writing a trilogy
of books with the working title
of...*Lord of The Rings*.

DOT
I'll keep an eye out for it.

MARK
Tolkien - don't forget it.

Mark moves closer to Dot.

MARK
You know Dot, you're different to
most girls I know. You have a
certain *Je ne sais quois*.

Dot is touched, she grabs Mark's hand.

DOT
I feel the same about you, Mark.
Where are you from?

MARK
Another time - another place.

DOT
(smiles)
Quite a way with words, Mr. Writer.

Mark moves slowly to Dot's face. Their lips are centimeters apart. They hesitate before locking in a steamy kiss.

Gemma barges into the kitchen.

GEMMA
Mark - can I have a word with you?

MARK
(still kissing)
I'm busy...

GEMMA
I need to talk to you, now!

Dot pulls Mark away from Gemma.

DOT
Who's that?

MARK
My pest of a sister...

Gemma drags Mark over to the kitchen doorway.

GEMMA
Look Mark, don't you remember why
we are here? The Japs are
torpedoing the Kuttapul tonight!

MARK
So, it's okay if your tongue
tickles the insides of a Marine,
but not me?

GEMMA
Since when did you kiss sailors?

They both grin. They glance past Dot at Butch. He makes blowing noises into a sink full of ice and water.

Two soldiers laugh.

MARK

He needs all the help he can get.

Butch lifts his head. He gasps for air and turns blue.

EXT. SYDNEY HEADS, 1942 - NIGHT

Three midget Japanese submarines pass through Sydney Heads. They motor two metres below the surface. Their periscopes glide menacingly atop the small swell.

INT. M24 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

LT. BAN peeks into his periscope. CLOSE UP: Periscope vision reveals a BUOY bobbing atop the swell in the distance.

LT. BAN

(yells)

Surface, surface! There's a net
fifty metres to the bow.

Lt. Ban lowers his scope.

CLOSE UP: Periscope vision reveals a net running three metres below the surface, stretching the width of the harbour.

EXT. UNDERWATER, 1942 - NIGHT

The three Japanese midget submarines ascend. M24 and M22 clear the net. While M27 catches in the net, its propeller keeps spinning.

INT. M27 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. Chuma and Petty Officer Ohmori sweat profusely. Lt. Chuma strains as he pushes the hand accelerator, in an attempt to escape the net.

LT. CHUMA

I'm giving it everything, but we're
not moving. We're caught...

PETTY OFFICER OHMORI

(irate)

We can't reverse, there's no gears!

His face grimaces with frustration.

INT. M22 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. KEIU MATSUO and PETTY OFFICER TSUZUKU are relieved and composed as the submarine glides to the surface.

LT. KEIU MATSUO
We've passed the net.

Lt. Matsuo peers into his periscope. CLOSE UP, MATSUO POV:
An impossibly bright floodlight appears in his periscope.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

A PATROL BOAT LOOKOUT stands by the floodlight. He spies the M22 below the surface with his binoculars, and points.

PATROL BOAT LOOKOUT
Midget sub on the bow, ten o'clock!

PATROL CAPTAIN
Open up, Roy!

GUNNER ROY
Little bastard...

GUNNER ROY fires his fixed machine gun. SHOTS flare out.

EXT. UNDERWATER, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

A blaze of bullets pierce the hull of the M22 submarine.

INT. M22 MIDGET SUB, 1942 - NIGHT

Bullets whistle through M22. Multiple depth charges EXPLODE in rapid succession. The submarine vibrates violently.

LT. KEIU MATSUO
Dive! Dive!

PETTY OFFICER TSUZUKU
I'm hit! Can't move.

Petty Officer Tsuzuku is hit by shrapnel and grabs his arm.

Lt. Matsuo bows his head. He lifts it slowly, and opens a side compartment, to pull out a pistol. He turns to Petty Officer Tsuzuku and flicks a switch. Darkness. Silence. One GUNSHOT is followed by a second, two beats later.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

A drunk Mark sidles up to Butch in the living room.
He clutches a bottle of beer.

MARK

So Butch. Are you on duty tonight?

BUTCH

Can't tell you that - you could be
a spy for all I know! Loose lips
sink ships...

MARK

So do Midget subs.

BUTCH

What?

Nothing.

MARK

BUTCH

Don't know you from a bar of soap.
Though there is something familiar
about you...

Mark frowns with frustration.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT TO BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben sits on the step belonging to the house next door. He has
a beer in his hand. NELL, a sweet blonde girl, aged seventeen
with an Andrew Sisters haircut, perches alongside him.

NELL

So, are you enjoying yourself?
How do you know Butch?

BEN

I'm here with my mate, Mark and his
sister, Gemma. Butch is their Pop.

Nell is perplexed. Ben pulls a face and makes her smile.

NELL

You're silly. I like you, because
you're funny. Almost as much as
someone else at this party...

BEN

Who? Look, you can trust me to
keep your secret. Promise.

NELL

(shy)

No, I can't tell. It's embarrassing
and I hardly know you.
I sort of like...Butch.

Ben smiles back at her.

BEN

You do?

NELL

I know, he's loud and sort of fat -
but he's a sweet bloke. He cares
about his family and friends.
I think that's important.

BEN

You haven't told me your name.

NELL

It's Nell. My name is Nell.

BEN

You're Butch's future...

Ben quickly stops himself and stands up. He is anxious.

BEN

(agitated)

I'm Ben. It's been really nice to
meet you, but I'm busting to go to
the toilet. I gotta go.

NELL

Future what?

Ben quickly walks off. Nell is miffed.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma is cornered by Joe. She moves to get past.

GEMMA

Lets put some music on.

JOE

I'm real comfortable with you.

Gemma pushes past Joe. He falls backwards onto the table, and
knocks food and drink onto the floor.

Butch quickly appears, to help Gemma.

BUTCH
Are you alright?

GEMMA
I'm fine, but Joe is a bit keen.

BUTCH
Yeah, that's big Joe. So Gemma,
you look familiar. It's your eyes.
I recognize you...

Ben unexpectedly arrives.

BEN
Gemma, can I see you for a minute?

GEMMA
Excuse me Butch.

Mark moves next to Butch with beer bottle in hand. Butch takes a backward step, a little wary.

MARK
So Butch - what do you do with your
spare time?

BUTCH
All sorts of things. Eighteen
footer sailing, competitive
swimming. I play Rugby Union for
Randwick, and I'm heavily involved
with Clovelly Surf Club. I'd like
to be Captain one day.

MARK
Give it a couple of years and
you'll make Captain.

Butch is intrigued.

BUTCH
How do you know that?

MARK
Well, if I was a betting man, I'd
say you'll do it in 1946 and 1950.

BUTCH
Turn it up! No one can tell the
future...

Mark moves closer to Butch. His beer consumption has made him effusive. Gemma stands behind Mark.

MARK

(soft)

I'll give you a tip Butch. The war will end in 1945 and we'll win. The Yanks will build a bloody great atomic bomb. They'll drop it on two Jap cities and they'll surrender.

BUTCH

(sceptical)

Atomic bomb?!

Gemma interrupts and grabs Mark's arm.

GEMMA

Butch - you'll have to forgive him. He's a writer and he blurs reality with fiction.

BUTCH

Atomic bomb? What the hell is that?

Gemma grabs Mark's beer and pulls him aside.

GEMMA

What are you saying about the future! You'll scare him off. He thinks you're a mental case!

MARK

I'm just trying to be friendly and get on his good side. What's your plan to keep him off the Boat?

Gemma shakes Mark by the arm.

GEMMA

I'm working on it. Listen, Ben was outside, and you're not going to believe who he met?

MARK

Who?

GEMMA

Grandma!

Gemma and Mark exit, excited.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT TO BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma nods in Nell's direction. Mark follows her glance.

GEMMA

Over there, on the step. Be careful what you say. Don't start talking about 9/11 and princesses crashing in French tunnels.

She grabs Mark's arm. They walk cautiously towards Nell.

MARK

She's younger than us and sorta cute - this is too weird.

GEMMA

(cautious)

Hi Nell, we're friends of Ben. This is Mark and I'm Gemma. We just wanted to say hello.

NELL

Ben is a funny guy.

MARK

Funny ha ha, or funny strange?

NELL

Funny ha ha, silly. A nice boy.

GEMMA

I love your hair, Nell.

Nell plays with her curls.

NELL

Thanks, like the Andrew Sisters. I adore their songs. Your hair is nice too. Unusual...

GEMMA

Thanks. This might sound strange, but can I hug you?

NELL

If you want. But why?

Gemma hugs Nell.

MARK

Can I hug you too?

NELL

I suppose!

Mark hugs Nell.

GEMMA

It's just something we do.
It's a Bondi thing.

NELL

Hey - do you like to dance?

GEMMA

I love Hip-Hop and R'n'B.

NELL

I've heard of the jitterbug,
but not Hop-Hip. Is R'n'B like
The Pride of Erin?

GEMMA

No silly - Ben's got an IPOD. We'll
show you.

Gemma grabs Nell's hand. They all enter the house.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben kneels beside a gramophone. He ponders for second before he pulls wires from its rear. He places one of them into his IPOD. DANCE MUSIC thumps out. He grins with satisfaction.

The party guests are puzzled. Some cover their ears.

Gemma and Mark dance energetically, watched by Dot and Nell. Nell is bewildered at first, then she warms to the music. She taps her hand on her leg, then joins Gemma on the dance floor, imitating her moves. Dot soon follows.

The remainder of the guests gawk with amazement.

PARTY SOLDIER #1

It's almost tribal, isn't it?

BEN

You got it Dude - jungle beats.

PARTY SOLDIER #2

More like Indians on fire water!

Butch joins the revellers. He dances terribly, slaps the floor with his hands and rises to his feet. Nell laughs as he badly imitates a dancing Native American Indian.

Joe jumps on the dance floor, to snatch Gemma's hand. Butch is annoyed. He holds Joe back, by the arm.

BUTCH
Give it a break, Joe!

JOE
The music's in full swing, Butch.
We're here to party - let her have
some fun.

Joe GRABS Gemma on her backside. Gemma glares angrily at Joe. She backs away. Butch charges towards Joe.

BUTCH
Well, you're not going to have fun
with her...

Butch throws a RIGHT HOOK at Joe. It connects and floors him. Joe is out cold, as Gemma looks on in amazement. The party guests gather around Joe.

GEMMA
Butch, you defended me!

BUTCH
He's been heading for that all
night. I've had enough. I'm goin'
back to the Kuttambul.

Butch storms out of the front door.

MARK
Oh great! He's going back to the
Boat, and it will be torpedoed in
three hours. Got any ideas?

GEMMA
As a matter of fact, yes. Ben!

The trio gather. They huddle as Gemma whispers her plan.

EXT. BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch stands near a tree on his own. He smokes a cigarette. Gemma waits in front of the Terrace nearby. She loosens her clothes, to reveal her cleavage.

GEMMA
 (under breath)
 Here goes - it's not everyday you
 get to flirt with your grandfather.

She provocatively slinks up to Butch.

GEMMA
 Butch, I just wanted to thankyou
 for sticking up for me.

BUTCH
 That's alright.

GEMMA
 You know, you're one hell of a
 ukulele player!

Butch raises an eyebrow, highly sceptical.

BUTCH
 I am? But I only play for fun.

GEMMA
 You play like Jimmy Hendrix...

BUTCH
 Who?

GEMMA
 Oh, um - a Hawaiian ukulele player.
 He started in the villages, he's an
 extraordinary entertainer. Playing
 with his teeth, behind his back,
 setting the ukulele on fire. That
 sort of thing.

Butch frowns, perplexed.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
 The thing is, I was wondering if
 you could give me some lessons.

BUTCH
 I'd really like to. It's just that
 I have to board my boat by eleven.

GEMMA
 (Monroesque)
 That's a shame. I was hoping we
 could spend some time together...

Gemma seductively caresses Butch's arm and hair.

BUTCH

Gemma, I've got a confession.
I like Nell, the other girl who's
here tonight? Still getting up the
nerve to talk to her. You seem
nice, but more like my sister.
Thanks for the compliment, but I
have to say goodbye to everyone.

GEMMA

That's so sweet. I'm sure she'll
make you really happy.

Gemma is touched by her Grandfather's loyalty to Nell.
Butch strolls inside, Ben and Mark duck out from by the wall.

MARK

So, is he going to go with you?

GEMMA

(smiles)
No - he loves Grandma...

BEN

Plan 'B' then.

Mark and Gemma hesitate, then shake their heads in agreement.

EXT. UNDERWATER, SYDNEY HARBOUR HEADS, 1942 - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "JAPANESE M27 MIDGET SUB, SYDNEY HEADS".

M27 is trapped ten metres below the surface, in the nets at
the Harbour entrance. A group of small fish swim peacefully
through its motionless rudder.

INT. M27 MIDGET SUB, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. Chuma is saturated in sweat, face down and visibly weak.
He lifts his head, to focus on the control panel gauge.

CLOSE UP: The gauge is in the red zone, just above empty.

LT. CHUMA

We're just about out of oxygen.

Petty Officer Ohmori slowly lifts his head - exhausted.

PETTY OFFICER OHMORI

(breathless)
Can't go on. End it now...

Lt. Chuma nods and places his hand on the depth charge button. He mournfully looks to Petty Officer Ohmori for affirmation. Ohmori pats him on the leg.

Lt. Chuma gazes longingly at the photo of his wife and child: then he hits the button.

EXT. UNDERWATER, SYDNEY HARBOUR HEADS, 1942 - NIGHT

The depth charge sinks near M27 and detonates. The midget submarine EXPLODES in a white, heaving mass of bubbles.

EXT. BENTLEY TERRACE, 1942 - NIGHT

Nell waits on the step outside the Terrace. Mark and Ben leave the door and quickly run past her.

CLOSE UP: Ben's jumper DROPS from his unzipped back-pack onto the ground. A couple of steps more and Mark's mobile phone also falls. It slides next to a bush.

Butch ambles through the door a moment later, with a duffle bag. He starts to leave, and Nell stands. She gestures as if to say goodbye, then hesitates, with second thoughts.

Butch looks back at Nell and smiles. He balks, as if he is about to talk further, but continues on his way.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO PARK, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark hides behind a tree as Butch approaches. He has a CRICKET BAT in his hand.

EXT. TREE, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben sits on a large branch, high in the tree above Mark.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO PARK, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark sweats as he awaits the arrival of Butch.

MARK

God, I hope this works.

BEN (V.O.)

On top of the mugging blows, you'll just need to tap him - just don't hit him too hard.

Butch approaches. Mark lifts his cricket bat, ready to strike.

MARK
(soft)
You can do this. You can do this.

Butch walks past the tree. Mark lifts the bat over his head, but freezes.

MARK (CONT'D)
I can't do it...

BEN (V.O.)
What are you saying? *Hit* him.

Butch is confused as he searches for the voices. He looks up into Mark's tree.

EXT. TREE, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben furiously waves his arms with disappointment. His bough begins to break.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO PARK, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch cautiously moves forward as he continues to search for the owners of the voices.

EXT. TREE, 1942 - NIGHT

An owl's eyes light up next to Ben. The bird HOOTS.
Ben moves ever-so-slightly. The bough breaks and falls.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO PARK, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch is hit in the head by the bough and immediately falls to the ground. He is knocked out. Ben tumbles from the tree.

BEN
Ahhhh!

MARK
You killed him!

BEN
The branch broke! Not my fault.

Ben picks himself up. Butch lies face down, Ben and Mark scamper to Butch's aid. They gaze apprehensively at one another. Mark turns Butch over, he murmurs.

MARK

He's okay, thank God. What were you doing in that tree? Did you get everything from the laundry?

BEN

How did you know he would have rope and tape under the laundry sink?

MARK

Because that's where he keeps it at Bondi. He has this thing about wrapping up things with rope.

BEN

I got bandages too.

Mark and Ben bind Butch with bandage, until he resembles an Egyptian mummy. They tape his mouth as Gemma arrives.

Dot pops out unexpectedly, holding Ben's jumper, and sees Butch tied up. Anguished, she puts her hand to her mouth. Ben, Mark and Gemma look guilty as Dot holds up Ben's jumper.

DOT

You forgot your jumper, Ben. What's going on, you can't tie him up!

GEMMA

It's not what it seems. Guys, I have to tell her. Dot, this is going to sound strange...

Gemma is deeply concerned as she turns to face Dot.

INT. M24 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. Ban peers into his periscope.

LT. BAN

We only want the big mother. Move, you Aussie prick.

PERISCOPE POV: An Australian patrol boat blocks the sight line of the U.S.S. CHICAGO.

EXT. U.S.S. CHICAGO, GARDEN ISLAND, 1942 - NIGHT

The huge warship is enormously imposing. Impressive guns and cannons adorn its massive deck.

EXT. WOOLOOMOOLOO PARK, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch is wrapped tightly in bandages and rope, his mouth taped. He awakens, panics and wriggles, but realizes it is futile. Gemma finishes her intense discussion with Dot.

GEMMA

...and if we don't stop Butch from
boarding the Kuttabul, he'll die -
and we won't exist.

Dot frowns, perplexed and highly sceptical.

DOT

Its just too fantastic.

GEMMA

We showed you our phones and the
IPOD. Surely they prove that we
come from the future?

Ben hands Dot his phone. She watches video playback.
CLOSE UP: Video footage of a Britney Spears pop song.

DOT

It's just so far fetched...
Do all singers look like
prostitutes in your time?

The trio happily nod in agreement.

DOT (CONT'D)

I have to admit, such technology
should be decades away.

MARK

Sixty five years to be exact.

GEMMA

Dot, you said you worked in a photo
development lab. You know better
than anyone about images.

DOT

Yes - but...

Gemma holds up her IPOD.

GEMMA
Hundreds of songs are in here.

DOT
Do you promise me to release Butch
first thing tomorrow?

Gemma raises her hand to swear and Dot takes it, still
doubtful.

MARK
In the meantime, Dot should stay
with us till tomorrow. For her and
our safety.

Dot nods approval. Mark smiles.

DOT
That's terrible about the Kuttabul.
Twenty two people die?

BEN
Yeah, it's a bloody tragedy. We
should stop it!

GEMMA
It's enough to save Pop. How could
we possibly stop a midget sub?
Nobody would believe us. We'd
finish up in jail for a third time.

MARK
Love that prison food...

Dot takes his hand.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma, Mark, Ben and Dot walk through the park. They
stop at a large tree, atop a hill that overlooks the Harbour.
The group takes in the sweeping views.

GEMMA
Sleep here - heh?

Mark and Dot snuggle up, under the tree.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
You two have found a nest.

DOT
Will Butch be alright?

GEMMA
He'll be fine.

Butch snores peacefully under a tree nearby. There is a steep hill behind him. Woolloomooloo is in the background.

BEN
I'm going to take a leak.

MARK
Watch out for ferocious ducks!

A duck waddles after Ben. He heads over to a nearby tree. When nobody is looking, Ben runs off and passes a sign with a pointer that reads: 'GARDEN ISLAND NAVAL BASE'.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch's eyes unexpectedly open. He struggles, but remains determined. His eyes light up as he rolls away from the tree and down the hill. He giggles as he makes progress.

Mark remains awake as he snuggles into Dot's back.
CLOSE UP: Mark's eyes dart, as he hears something.

EXT. HILL, BOTANICAL GARDENS, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch gains momentum as he rolls. He moans and grunts as he hits grassy bumps, wood, and splashes through rainwater.

EXT. SMALL WHARF, BOTANICAL GARDENS, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch rolls uncontrollably at the bottom of the hill, onto the wharf. He gives out muffled yells from beneath his tape.

BUTCH
Stop!

Butch teeters on the end of the wharf, and slowly halts. A sigh of relief as he stares at the darkness of the Harbour, filthy from his muddy roll. Most of the bindings have broken around his legs and loosened around his arms.

Butch maneuvers himself onto his feet, and backs onto a wharf pole. He gazes at Garden Island and stumbles along the path with a halting, lop-sided walk.

EXT. WALKWAY, BOTANICAL GARDENS, 1942 - NIGHT

A soldier, LEN and his girlfriend, JAN lie on the grass near the path. They tenderly kiss and hug under the starry skies.

JAN

Oh, Len, I could do this forever.

LEN

Yeah, it's been a ripper of a night. What about that *Curse of the Mummy* movie. Those horror flicks are pretty spooky.

JAN

You only took me so you could put your arm around me.

LEN

Well, it worked, didn't it?

The couple are distracted by a grunting noise in the bushes.

LEN (CONT'D)

What was that?

JAN

You better go and check, Len.

Butch lurches frighteningly from the bushes, shadowed by darkness. He shuffles and yells, muffled and incoherent. The couple are horrified and Jan screams loudly.

LEN

It's him, he came after us. You can't kill him...

JAN

He's thousands of years old!

LEN

Smells like it too.

Len smells the air. Butch mumbles as he stumbles towards the couple.

JAN

What does an Egyptian want in Australia?

Len, the opportunist, puts his arm tighter around Jan.

LEN
Our life-source, to suck us dry.

JAN
(disgusted)
Oooh!

LEN
Right, Jan. On "three" we're gonna
run. One...two...

Jan and Len rise hastily. They run at full-tilt until they are out of sight. Butch stops. He sighs folornly.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO WHARVES, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch continues his stumbling walk along the wharves.

The deserted loading docks are in the background. Garden Island Naval Base gates and guard-post are only metres ahead. H.M.A.S. KUTTABUL rises from the Harbour.

Butch unexpectedly trips and falls onto a wharf below. He tumbles down the wooden steps and splashes into the water.

INT. GUARD POST, GARDEN ISLAND, 1942 - NIGHT

An overweight SENTRY merrily eats a pie and peas. He hears a loud splash and stops eating. After a pause, the Sentry shrugs and continues to scoff down his sloppy meal.

EXT. UNDERWATER, WOOLLOOMOOLOO WHARVES, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch sinks like a dead weight. He twists and turns as he descends to the wharf supports. He lands on his back: peers upwards and closes his eyes, resigned to his fate.

A muffled SPLASH rings out, from above.

Butch's eyes spark open as he tries to focus, and unexpectedly begins to rise. He looks to his side, perplexed by how he spirals upwards.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO WHARVES, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch breaks the surface and snorts in air through his nose. Mark splashes just behind him. He gulps air and quickly pulls Butch towards the wharf steps.

Mark is exhausted. He awkwardly pushes Butch onto the lower wharf landing. Then he pulls himself out of the water and kneels above Butch. Both are saturated and breathe heavily.

MARK

(breathless)

It's not time for Neptune's playground yet, Mr. Roly Poly. You always did love the water, Butch.

(hesitates)

You know, a couple of years from now you'll be on duty as a life guard. A father and his daughter will go under in the waves - they'll be drowning - and you'll race over jagged rocks to dive in and save them. Just another reason to save you, Pop. You've got a lot more living to do.

Butch is incredulous as he peers into Mark's eyes. Mark staggers as he picks up Butch to swing him over his shoulder.

SENTRY (O.S.)

Hold it you two! Turn slowly...
Just put the wet mummy down nice
and easy.

Mark halts and turns slowly, placing Butch gently on the ground. His mouth now free of tape, Butch is confronted by the Sentry, who points a rifle at his head.

BUTCH

I'm not a mummy! Nev, It's Butch.
Butch Bentley!

SENTRY

Butch! Why are you wrapped up like
a wounded corpse?

Butch rips off his bandages to reveal his face. The Sentry puts down his gun down.

BUTCH

This loony tied me up. He's some
kinda 'clairvoyeur'. He thinks he
can see the future.

SENTRY

I had an auntie like that.

BUTCH
 (interrupts)
 Bugger your Auntie. Give us a hand!

Butch reaches out for the Sentry, who pulls him up and points the rifle at Mark. Mark raises his hands in the air.

SENTRY
 Sounds like you might need some
 help, sparrow.

MARK
 (loony-like)
 I promise to go back to the nice
 padded white place and take some
 happy-happy pills.

The Sentry gazes at Butch with a look of sympathy. Butch puts down his gun. Mark lowers his hands.

SENTRY
 Promise? You'll go straight back?

MARK
 (loony)
 Cross my liver and hope to die.

Mark crosses his heart and raises his hand. The Sentry smiles, he feels sorry for Mark.

SENTRY
 All right. Off you go, then, young
 sparrow.

MARK
 (sings)
 They're coming to take me away ho,
 ho! They're coming to take me away
 ho, ho...

Butch and the perplexed Sentry watch Mark skip off into the night, along the wire fence.

BUTCH
 He was rambling about anaemic
 bombs and the war ending in 1945...

SENTRY
 The way the Japs are goin' in New
 Guinea, I doubt it. Anaemic bombs?

They turn and walk towards Garden Island entrance.

EXT. FENCE, GARDEN ISLAND, 1942 - NIGHT

Mark sits on the road, hidden by a car parked next to the Garden Island perimeter fence.

Two partying, singing DIGGERS and their giggly GIRLFRIENDS walk to the fence, beers in hand. Digger #1 checks nobody is looking and lifts a ground height section of wire. Mark watches, from behind the car.

DIGGER #1
 This little trick gives you a
 couple more drinking hours.
 (chuckles)
 Ladies first...

Digger #1 gestures to Girlfriend #1 to get under the fence. She drops to the ground and crawls, her bottom high in the air under the wire. Digger #1 closely admires her shapely behind as she crawls. He smiles at Digger #2 who grins back.

Girlfriend #2 playfully slaps Digger #2.

GIRLFRIEND #2
 You better not do that to me.

DIGGER #2
 I'll do better than that, darlin'!

Digger #2 grabs her behind. She wiggles away and giggles.

Having witnessed their mischievous entry, Mark sits down behind the car, with a knowing grin.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma tosses in her sleep, she tries to get comfortable on the hard ground. Dot huddles next to her, sound asleep beneath a giant tree.

INT. BELOW DECK, HMAS KUTTABUL, 1942 - NIGHT

A row of SOLDIERS sleep peacefully in bunks.

Butch, now dressed in army pants and jumper, yawns, stretches and climbs into his bunk. He stares at the ceiling and closes his eyes.

EXT. GARDEN ISLAND, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben rows a small dingy next to the U.S.S. CHICAGO.

BEN

I gotta do something. Can't let all those men die.

The Destroyer towers monolith-like above him.

INT. M24 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. Ban peers through his periscope at Ben in his rowboat, dwarfed by the U.S.S. CHICAGO.

LT. BAN

The patrol boat is gone. Just some weird little guy in a tiny dinghy? Otherwise, we have a clear target...Torpedos ready!

NOMORI

Aye, aye sir.

Namori punches a button.

EXT. GARDEN ISLAND, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben stops rowing the boat. He takes out his mobile phone.

CLOSE UP: The phone display reads 'Gemma 0414 794 938'. Ben fingers the send button on his keypad.

INT. M24 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. Ban gazes at his radar display. The U.S.S. Chicago's radar signal suddenly jumps to another position on the screen.

LT. BAN

(perplexed)

What the hell? The Chicago has shifted...Move five degrees to starboard!

NAMORI

Moving five degrees, sir.

Namori moves the wheel.

EXT. GARDEN ISLAND, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben peers at his mobile phone. CLOSE UP: The phone display reads 'no signal'.

BEN
(self-effusive)
What am I doing? It doesn't work.
I'm a dope.

He whacks himself on the side of the head.

INT. M24 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. Ban looks at the radar, and then through the periscope.

LT. BAN
Come to momma, baby. We have a
lock...and *fire one!*

Lt. Ban pounds the firing button.

EXT. UNDERWATER, SYDNEY HARBOUR - NIGHT

A small TORPEDO shoots from the side of the M24 submarine in a haze of bubbles. It skims along, below the surface at a steady pace.

EXT. GARDEN ISLAND, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben rows, and checks for signs of the midget submarine. He spots the Torpedo fifty metres away on the surface. He is panic stricken, as he realizes the Torpedo is on a collision course with his dinghy.

BEN
Shiiit! Come on, Ben - move!

He rows frantically.

Then he gives up, jumps to his feet and DIVES into the water. The Torpedo clips his dingy and continues towards the U.S.S. CHICAGO. He watches its progress as he treads water.

BEN (CONT'D)
Please don't hit the patrol boat.

The Torpedo looks certain to hit the vessel, but skims a metre from its side before mounting rocks and screeching to a halt. It fails to explode.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

A PATROL BOAT LOOKOUT sights the Torpedo on the rock through binoculars and sets off the alarm. SEARCHLIGHTS arc as the ALARM bellows. The Patrol Boat Lookout picks up his radio.

PATROL BOAT LOOKOUT

We gotta *sub* in here.
He's torpedoing the *Chicago*!
Gunner to the deck, Now!

The GUNNER emerges from a door onto the deck. He dashes to the turret and quickly cocks the mounted machine gun.

GUNNER

Where's the little shit!

PATROL BOAT LOOKOUT

Over there.

The Patrol Boat Lookout points. The Gunner swings in the direction indicated, and fires.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben scrambles onto his dinghy. SIRENS blare. Searchlights arc. GUNFIRE sounds in the background.

INT. M24 MIDGET SUBMARINE, 1942 - NIGHT

Lt. Ban peers through the periscope. Shots fire into the water but miss the sub. He turns to Namori.

LT. BAN

They're firing at us! Five degrees
to port, this time.

Namori steers the sub slightly to the port. Lt. Ban gazes again into his scope.

LT. BAN (CONT'D)

We're ready. And - firing two.

Lt. Ban hits the launch button.

EXT. UNDERWATER, SYDNEY HARBOUR - NIGHT

A TORPEDO fires from M24 and powers away under the surface.

EXT. PATROL BOAT, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

The Patrol Boat Lookout watches the Torpedo's path through his binoculars. He puts down the binoculars and turns to the PATROL BOAT CAPTAIN, his face dire with warning.

PATROL BOAT LOOKOUT
Oh God. It's going to miss the
Chicago...but it's heading for the
Kuttabul!

The Patrol Boat Captain picks up his radio.

PATROL BOAT CAPTAIN
Kuttabul- do you read me? This is
P.B.7. - Do you read me?

He waits for a response.

EXT./INT. H.M.A.S. KUTTABUL, SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

The sleepy and dishevelled KUTTABUL CAPTAIN, dressed only in a trench coat, opens the bridge door. He yawns and sluggishly makes his way to the radio.

KUTTABUL CAPTAIN
Hold your horses, I'm coming.

He picks up the radio and yawns.

KUTTABUL CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Kuttabul. Is this a drill?

PATROL BOAT CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Abandon ship! Torpedo incoming on
your bow - this is no drill.

KUTTABUL CAPTAIN
There's what?

PATROL BOAT CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Torpedo on your bow!

The Kuttabul Captain puts on his glasses and squints. He sights the Torpedo.

KUTTABUL CAPTAIN
 SHIT! Abandon ship - abandon ship!
 Abandon ship! *God help us.*

He runs to the door.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

The Torpedo slams into the port side of the Kuttabul.
 The boat rips opens as it EXPLODES in a cloud of bubbles.

EXT. UNDERWATER, 1942 - NIGHT

A FIREBALL shoots into the Harbour, beneath the waterline of
 the Kuttabul.

INT. H.M.A.S. KUTTABUL, 1942 - NIGHT

Chaos and severe vibration reign below deck. Sleeping NAVAL
 MEN and DIGGERS are thrown from their bunks onto the ground.

A SEMI-CONSCIOUS DIGGER is catapulted from his bunk onto
 Butch and hits his head on a pole. There is another explosion
 and water pours into the lower deck.

BUTCH
 You alright, mate?

SEMI-CONSCIOUS DIGGER
 (drowsy)
 Yeah - what's all the water?

BUTCH
 We exploded. You fine to walk?

Butch helps him up and jumps into the water beside the bunk.

SEMI-CONSCIOUS DIGGER
 I'll manage.

Mayhem ensues as Diggers scramble to climb the steps. Butch
 and two men remain to survey the damage in knee-high water.
 He coolly walks past the body of a DEAD SOLDIER.

A second BODY lies head-down in the water. Its hand moves
 slightly. Butch grabs the hand and flips the body over.

It is Mark, he splutters and vomits water.

BUTCH
Thought I'd seen the last of you.

MARK
(coughs)
Can't get rid of me that easy.

Butch stalls, to ponder how Mark could have been on board.

The rising cold water brings Butch to his senses. He picks Mark up and places him on a top bunk bed. There is a large porthole beside Mark. He continues to cough.

BUTCH
This must be like hell...I'll come
back for you.

Butch surveys his surroundings. He peers towards the rear of his deck. An injured bloodied, BOY-DIGGER is slumped on the wall. Butch slushes through the water to kneel beside him.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Are you alright son?

The confused and shocked Boy-Digger wipes his face with a trembling hand.

BOY DIGGER
What's all this blood?

BUTCH
You're coming with me champ. We're
going to be alright.

Butch cradles the Boy-Digger and carries him over the water.

From his bunk, Mark watches Butch climb the stairs cradling the Boy-Digger. Mark manages a wry smile of admiration, as he peers through the porthole.

PORTHOLE POV: A LIFEBOAT lowers into the water. The injured Boy-Digger, clutches the side rail as he stares at Mark. Mark smiles with contentment: the Boy-Digger is safe.

Mark cranes his head back to notice the rising water - just a few inches below his top bunk bed.

BUTCH (O.S.)(CONT'D)
Told you I'd come back...

Butch's arm hooks over Mark and pulls him down. Butch sidestrokes through the churning water. A SEARCHLIGHT is between the top of the stairs and the fast-rising ocean.

Butch trudges a step below the waterline, with Mark in tow.

EXT. H.M.A.S. KUTTABUL/SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch emerges from the Kuttabal stairs, carrying Mark. He slushes through knee-deep water on deck. Butch moves to the rail, and the two men JUMP into the Harbour.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR, 1942 - NIGHT

Butch and Mark tread water as ARCLIGHTS swirl atop the ocean. A warning siren blares.

BUTCH
You alright to swim?

Mark nods in agreement. They swim away from the sinking Boat.

A small DINGHY appears. Two blackened SOLDIERS lean over the side. As it draws alongside them a FIGURE puts out his hand. Butch is hoisted on board, and then Mark.

Mark wipes the water from his exhausted eyes. At last he can make out his rescuer - Ben. Mark's grin widens, never happier to see his formerly timid friend.

EXT. WHARF, BOTANICAL GARDENS, 1942 - NIGHT

Ben ties up the dinghy at the small wharf. Butch is next, he gives the two Soldiers a hand onto land. Mark gets out last.

SOLDIER #1
(to Ben)
We would have been goners if it
wasn't for you...

BEN
No worries, dude.

The two rescued Soldiers hug Ben. Ben grins, taken aback.

SOLDIER
We better get back to the Island.
They'll think we're dead otherwise.
Thanks again...dude!

MARK
You're a legend mate. Johnny Howard
should pin a medal on ya.

Mark pats Ben on the back. They walk up the hill with Butch as the soldiers wave and leave.

BEN
He's not Prime Minister mate.
It's John Curtin.

Mark nods in approval, impressed by Ben's historical knowledge.

BUTCH
You blokes taking me back to the
Kuttabal?

MARK
Sure are. Let's go...

The three stride the path towards Garden Island. Butch is slightly in front of the others.

BUTCH
So why did you tie me up and follow
me onto the boat?

MARK
It's like this Butch...

Whack! Butch stumbles and falls. He's out cold. Mark holds a piece of tree wood.

Ben and Mark check if Butch is fine.

BEN
Why did you do that now?

MARK
He was asking questions. Would have
told his mates about us, when he
got back to the Island and they'd
be after us. Give us a hand.

Mark and Ben lift Butch and carry him up the hill.

BEN
Deja bloody Vu...

Ben appears annoyed.

EXT. SURFACE/UNDERWATER, TASMAN SEA - NIGHT

Sea surface. The faint outline of shore and glimmer of lights can be seen in the distance.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "5.5 KILOMETERS NORTH EAST OF SYDNEY'S NORTHERN BEACHES".

CAMERA TRACKS DOWN into the water to the M24 submarine, motionless on the ocean floor. Bullet holes pock mark its exterior. The bow is dented.

INT. M24 MIDGET SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Lt. Ban and Namori lie face down, drenched in sweat. Lt. Ban strains, lifts his head and turns to Namori.

LT. BAN
We should have returned to the blue swirl.

NAMORI
(gasps)
Daylight and strange boats are better than this...

The faces of the two men are hardly visible in the low light.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOOLLOOMOOLOO HOTEL, 1942 - MORNING

A bright sunny day as Gemma, Ben, Mark and Dot stroll along the footpath outside the pub.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "10 AM June 1 1942. Woolloomooloo Hotel".

Gemma confronts two TEN YEAR OLD BOYS as they approach. The Botanical Gardens is green in the background.

GEMMA
Hey, you two. Somebody told us there is a soldier tied up in the park, under that tree on the hill. He might need some help.

Gemma points. The two boys look at each other, and run in the direction of the park.

Gemma leads Ben, Mark and Dot into to the pub, past a CLEANER who hoses down the footpath. A radio bulletin interrupts.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Just recapping our major bulletin. Nineteen sailors were killed on an Australian vessel in Sydney Harbour last night, as the war finally hit home. H.M.A.S. Kuttabul was torpedoed by what is believed to be a Japanese midget submarine. Previously two Japanese midget submarines were destroyed on the Harbour. It is believed that the third enemy vessel was responsible for the attack. We are currently searching for it. May our nineteen brave boys rest in peace.

The Cleaner shakes his head as he continues to hose. The faces of Gemma, Ben and Mark reflect the gravity of the terrible news. Dot's face registers they told her the truth.

GEMMA

We did the best we could. At least Pop is okay.

MARK

Gemma, can I see you for a minute?

They move away from Dot and Ben.

MARK (CONT'D)

Dot wants to come with us.

GEMMA

She can't, Mark. We can't guarantee her safety if she comes back. Maybe she won't even exist...

MARK

We survived a trip, why can't she?

Gemma grabs Mark's arm.

GEMMA

Alright, what if she's okay? What about her family, friends, her job. They'll think she was abducted or killed. How would you feel if your daughter disappeared, never to be found?

MARK

(hesitates)

It would haunt me for the rest of my life.

GEMMA

Mark, tell her that she can't come. It's for her own good.

MARK

You're right. I'll tell her when we get to the Cove...

Mark turns his head away.

INT. WATSON'S BAY TRAM, 1942 - AFTERNOON

Dot cuddles contentedly into Mark's shoulder, as they journey on the tram. He stares vacantly at the passing streets as they near their destination.

Ben and Gemma sit together. They peer mindlessly out of the window as the tram rattles along.

EXT. STOP, WATSON'S BAY TRAM, 1942 - AFTERNOON

The tram halts. Gemma and Ben quickly depart the open carriage. Mark pulls Dot aside, his face grim.

MARK

Dot - I have a confession...

DOT

What is it Mark?

MARK

There's no easy way to tell you... I have a girlfriend in my time.

DOT

You're joking, right?

Mark nods negatively and looks shameful. Dot's face falls.

DOT (CONT'D)
 (angry, upset)
 Mark - how could you do this?

MARK
 Look I should have warned you from the start. I don't blame you for hating me.

DOT
 Do you like breaking girl's hearts? It's bad for me - but what about your girlfriend?

Mark attempts to grab Dot's arm, but she pulls away.

DOT (CONT'D)
 How could you? I feel sorry for her. You're selfish, and *you suck!*

Dot storms off in tears. Gemma goes after her.

Ben moves next to Mark and pats him on the shoulder.

BEN
 Dude - it's for her own good. She thinks you suck. Did you teach her that word? Nice job, man...

MARK
 (annoyed)
 Piss off! I didn't enjoy that.

Mark kicks a rock.

EXT. HARBOUR BEACH, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma, Ben and Mark are dressed in board shorts, flippers and goggles. They slush their way into deeper water. A full moon glows above.

BEN
 You know, I'm not gonna miss it.

GEMMA
 Why?

BEN
 The prisons, the music - and what about those phones?

He gestures the slow movements of the circular phone dial.

MARK

Well, I am gonna miss one person.

GEMMA

...Dot and her family should be together.

Gemma feels for Mark, and tenderly holds his arm.

They put snorkels into their mouths and dive into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER, HARBOUR BEACH, 1942 - NIGHT

Gemma, Mark and Ben swim in a line. A blue, glowing SWIRL is visible ahead. They nervously gaze at one another and hold hands as they swim headlong into the writhing swirl.

The trio disappear...

EXT. HARBOUR BEACH, PRESENT - MORNING

The muffled growl of a JET BOAT.

Gemma, Mark and Ben emerge from the deep in sync, and draw huge gulps of air. Before they can recover, they see the Jet Boat bear down on them, carrying a twenty-something PILOT and PASSENGER. The Pilot steers wildly, to avoid them.

MARK

Fuuuuu....

The trio duck into the water, before the boat whizzes over them. There is a loud thud as the boat jolts.

JET BOAT PASSENGER

Shit! We hit 'em, go back!

The boat turns rapidly and slows. The Pilot and Passenger run around the boat, frantically looking for injured people. There is a pause before all three break the surface.

JET BOAT PILOT

Ohhh...we thought we hit you.

BEN

You did. My backpack is cactus!
Hey Dude, what's the date today?

Ben holds up his shredded backpack.

JET BOAT PILOT
 Man, it's October four or five.
 (checks watch)
 Yep, it's the fourth.

BEN
 2007, right?

JET BOAT PILOT
 (taken aback)
 Of course dude...2007.

Ben punches the air, as Mark and Gemma beam. The Jet Boat Passenger frowns at the Pilot.

JET BOAT PASSENGER
 They're pretty happy, considering
 we nearly killed 'em.

GEMMA
 We should get to Pop's place. Man,
 they're never gonna believe us...

MARK
 I don't believe it - and I was
 there!

Mark smiles.

EXT. BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Mark's Mazda 3 pulls up outside the Bondi California bungalow. Mark, Gemma and Ben quickly get out and charge up the pathway. Mark opens the door.

INT. HALLWAY, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Mark, Gemma and Ben enter and rush down the hallway.

MARK
 Hey, Pop - Gran... Are you there?

They venture through the hallway: the lounge and kitchen are still ahead.

EXT. BACK YARD, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Gemma, Mark and Ben file quickly into the yard.

GEMMA

Pop - Gran? Where are you!

MARK

They have to be here. Pop was okay when we left him...

BEN

Didn't want to say this - but we never saw him after we went to the pub. He was still tied up!

GEMMA

I sent those kids to find him...

They glance at each other as they march back into the house, anguished that Butch's welfare rests on a couple of kids.

INT. HALLWAY, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Mark strides down the hallway and into his grandparents bedroom. Gemma and Ben walk to the front door. She spies a shadow through the glass. The door suddenly swings open, and she is confronted by her startled Grandfather, Kevin, previously known as "Butch".

Gemma flings herself onto him, with the relief of a daughter whose father has been pardoned from the electric chair. She sobs in his arms.

KEVIN

What's this then - Gemma are you okay? Why are you crying?

He pats the back of her head and holds her in his considerable, but aging arms. Mark also throws himself at his Pop. He hugs and kisses him on the head. Kevin is flabbergasted at Mark's show of affection and sheds a tear.

Ben grins from behind Mark.

GEMMA

(sobs)

We came in, and you weren't here.
We thought you were dead...

Kevin wipes away his tears.

KEVIN

Dead! I was at Eric's place,
next door, testing his home brew!
Why did you think I was dead?

Mark and Ben excitedly jump up and down. They clap and pump their fists in the air. Gemma remains calm before gazing nervously at Mark and Ben.

GEMMA

Pop, what I am about to tell you will sound unbelievable. But you have to believe me - You will won't you? You know I never lie to you.

KEVIN

Gemma, what are you telling me?

Kevin holds Gemma's arms.

GEMMA

Pop...Do you remember being kidnapped by three young people on the night you were to board the Kuttabul in 1942?

KEVIN

No, Gem, you know what happened, I was mugged. What are you saying, Gemma?

GEMMA

Pop...We time travelled. We went to your house, at a party, the night you were to board the Kuttabul...and we kidnapped you.

MARK

It's true, Pop.

Kevin releases Gemma and appears disappointed.

KEVIN

(perplexed)

Oh Gem - I never thought that you would take drugs.

GEMMA

(imploring)

We were there!

MARK

She doesn't take drugs, Pop. You know she's a control freak.

KEVIN

You've haven't been on that hash-hishi hydrochloric acid, have you?

MARK

We stopped you from boarding the Kuttabul. The Japs torpedoed it.

They gape at Kevin, who is apoplectic.

KEVIN

No! I'm betting it's the hash-hishi. Stick to V.B., I reckon.

MARK

Yeah - it only stuffs your liver. Look, we went back through a time portal. We visited 1942!

KEVIN

Only Dr. Spark and Captain Curtain can time travel.

MARK

It's Mr. Spock and Captain Kirk...

Gemma draws a breath of resignation.

GEMMA

Pop - can you sort of not mention this Kuttabul thing to Grandma? I'd like to talk to her. A girl to girl chat always gets results.

KEVIN

Alright, just be careful what you say. You know how much she cares for you two.

Gemma eyes Mark and Ben, who are indignant they cannot take part in the prospective girl talk.

INT. KITCHEN, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

A hesitant Gemma sits next to Nell and holds her hand.

GEMMA

Gran, I want to ask you something?

NELL
What is it Gem?

GEMMA
This is a long time ago, but do you remember meeting a trio of strange people, about my age, at Pop's party, the night the Kuttabul was torpedoed?

Nell hesitates. She settles back in her chair.

NELL
Darling, it's so long ago. Over sixty years. My memory is good but that's a lifetime ago...

GEMMA
Just take your time.

Nell tilts her head back and procrastinates.

NELL
...I can't remember three young strangers at the party.

Gemma is despondent at Nell's lack of memory.

GEMMA
Gran, there's something that I need to tell you.

NELL
Yes dear - what is it?

Gemma hesitates and looks tenderly at Nell. She rises and hugs her.

GEMMA
No, it can wait till another time. I love you Gran.

NELL
Can you ask Mark to come in dear. I'd like to talk to him...

GEMMA
Sure.

Gemma leaves.

INT. KITCHEN, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Mark enters and sits next to Nell.

MARK
What's up, Gran?

Nell looks serious.

NELL
I know that you hold your Pop
responsible for the crash that
killed your parents.

MARK
But Gran...

NELL
Just let me finish. Do you know
what they were arguing about on
that day?

Mark shakes his head.

NELL (CONT'D)
Well, your Grandfather tactfully
explained to your Dad that we were
keen to look after you both, to
give your parents a break.

Mark is intrigued. He moves forward in his chair.

NELL (CONT'D)
Your Dad became irate, and Pop
tried unsuccessfully to drop the
subject. And - this was when the
accident happened.

MARK
Gran - I'm sorry. I know now that
Pop is...and always has been a
caring person.

Mark is surprised by Nell's revelation. He slumps back in his
chair, realizing his long mistaken take on the accident.

MARK (CONT'D)
For more years than you can
imagine...

Mark grins at his Nan.

EXT. FRONT YARD, BRADLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Mark walks from the door, to join Ben and Gemma on the lawn.

GEMMA
What did Gran want?

MARK
She spoke to me about the accident.

GEMMA
And you're cool with pop?

MARK
Yeah...I've been a bit hard on the
old bastard.

Gemma nods in agreement.

MARK
What about your talk. Did she
remember us being there?

GEMMA
No, its too long ago.

MARK
We just can't let it ride. It
happened, Gemma. I can't believe we
went through all of that for
nothing.

Mark stands and starts to pace.

GEMMA
I know, Mark. But people forget
after six decades. And it wasn't
nothing. We're changed people.

Gemma grabs Mark's hand. He stops pacing.

MARK
What do you mean?
(forceful)
I never changed!

GEMMA
Mark, you stood up for me in the
pub. You saved me from those sailor
pervs, and Pop from drowning.

Mark nods in acknowledgement of her observation.

MARK
And he saved me.

GEMMA
And you cared about Dot! You put her before your own selfish needs...I'd say that you're a changed person, Mr. Bentley.

MARK
(contrite)
Maybe, in some ways.

Gemma looks at Ben.

GEMMA
Ben, you helped those soldiers. Before, you would never have got into a fight. But that's exactly what you did. You showed guts.

Mark playfully rubs Ben on the head. Ben is embarrassed.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
That's Purple Haze stuff, Ben!

MARK
"Purple Heart", Gem. And that's an American medal. It's the "Victoria Cross" in Australia.

GEMMA
Whatever. Ben, that's one of the bravest things I've ever heard.

Ben blushes.

MARK
Dude, you are a dead set legend.

GEMMA
You've not only changed. You've turned into Vin Diesel...

Mark and Gemma bow at Ben's feet. They rise and pat him on the back. He is embarrassed.

BEN
You know somethin'? The oldies are the key to who we are.

MARK

That's pretty deep Dude. You know what I realized...

Gemma and Ben appear contemplative.

GEMMA

What, Mark?

MARK

How much I missed dacking Ben!

Mark dives at Ben, and tackles him to the ground. He pulls vigorously at Ben's pants in an attempt to pull them down. Gemma dives on top of the boys as they continue to frolic.

EXT. CAMPBELL PARADE - MORNING

Mark walks out of a Surf shop. He turns to say goodbye to the SHOP OWNER, who stands by the door.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "1 WEEK LATER".

MARK

See ya Karl. I'll pick up the rashi tomorrow.

Mark bumps into Rachel, the jogger. He quickly turns around.

MARK

(surprised)

Rachel! - Do you remember me?

RACHEL

Of course I do. You put on some show for us in the water, that day.

Mark looks embarrassed.

MARK

Well, I wasn't a willing participant.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, but it was a nice distraction...

MARK

Listen, did you have a relative who lived in Woolloomooloo about sixty years ago?

RACHEL

I did actually - My Grandmother,
Dot. Why, did you bump into her?

Mark collects his thoughts. Rachel raises her eyebrows.

MARK

I was looking through some old
photos the other day, and there was
a girl who looked just like you. My
grandparents said her name was Dot
and she lived in the 'Loo. The
suburb, not the toilet.

RACHEL

I knew what you meant. That's a
spin out. I'll have to tell her.

Mark is flabbergasted.

MARK

She's still alive!?

RACHEL

Yep, eighty-two and going strong.
What are your grandparent's names?

MARK

Kevin and Nell Bentley. Although,
Gran was Nell Brand in those days.

Rachel grins at Mark.

RACHEL

Would you like to go out for a
drink sometime?

MARK

Cool. Yeah, I'd love to...

RACHEL

Great, so how's eight P.M., at my
place tomorrow?

Rachel reaches into her bag and pulls out pen and paper.
She scribbles her address, and hands it to Mark. He backs
away, beams and points at her.

MARK

Tomorrow - your place.

RACHEL

(yells)

Yep - and you can meet Gran when you visit. She lives with us.

Mark hides his astonishment.

MARK

Great...Dot's still alive...

He turns, walks and looks back at Rachel. She waves.

INT. BEDROOM, BRADLEY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Nell enters her bedroom, and ambles to her cupboard. She takes out an old wooden box and places it on the bed. Nell gazes at it then sits on the bed.

She opens the box. It contains wartime mementos such as W.W.2 photos, Butch's MEDALS and insignias.

She lovingly picks up two photos of Butch. The first is Butch with a group of his army mates. They are casual, in military shorts and singlet, with arms around each other in matey camaraderie. She smiles at the second photo: Butch, almost handsome in dress uniform and slouch hat.

Nell puts the box down on the bed, almost melancholy. At the bottom of the box, on its own, is Mark's MOBILE PHONE in antique condition.

Kevin appears at the door. Nell looks up at him.

NELL

Are you going to tell them?

KEVIN

Maybe it's time...

Kevin nods in agreement.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark pulls up in his Mazda 3. He gets out of the car, strides to the door, and knocks. Nobody answers. He knocks again. The door slowly opens to reveal eighty-two year old DOT.

Mark is stunned.

MARK

Dot - is that you?

DOT
Yes, it is? Who are you?

MARK
My name is Mark. I'm here to see Rachel.

DOT
Oh - yes, she told me about you. Come in. She's down the street, she'll be back in a minute.

Dot stares at Mark, a little too keenly.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark enters and stands near a couch.

DOT
Please sit down.

Mark sits. Dot sits on a single seat opposite Mark.

MARK
Dot, do you recognize me?

DOT
Should I?

Mark looks nervous.

MARK
Here goes.
(hesitant)
This might sound strange - but it was sixty-five years ago at Butch's party, in Woolloomooloo. Do you remember me from that party?

Dot frowns, highly dubious.

MARK (CONT'D)
I was there with my sister, Gemma and mate, Ben. We slept overnight in the Botanical Gardens. All of us I mean - Gemma and Ben included. It was right after we kidnapped Butch.

Dot looks more sceptical. Rachel bursts through the door. Mark stands up.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey!

RACHEL

Oh Mark, I'm sorry. I'm running late. You've met Gran, obviously. Look I'm going to do a quick change - back in a minute. You can chat about your grandparents.

Rachel dashes down the hall. Mark sits down.

DOT

Who are your Grandparents?

MARK

They're Kevin and Nell Bentley. Do you know them?

Dot hesitates. She ponders.

DOT

No - I can't say I do.

MARK

I told you I had a girlfriend but I said it to protect you...

Dot stares blankly at Mark. There is an uneasy silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

You don't remember anything, do you? Look, I'll just wait outside for Rachel in the car.

Mark rises and walks slowly to the door. He hesitates, as if he is about to say something, then opens the door.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark ambles down the driveway, dejected. He is halfway to the car when he hears Dot's voice.

DOT (O.S.)

Did you ever finish that tale about hobbits and wizards in Middle Earth?

Mark turns and grins broadly. Dot smiles. There is a pause and Rachel slides alongside Dot. She pecks her Grandmother on the cheek and continues towards Mark.

RACHEL
Did she reminisce about old times?

MARK
I did most of the reminiscing.
We've got loads to catch up on.

RACHEL
Oh? Hey, I've been looking forward
to this...So where are we going?

Rachel grabs Mark's arm. They both look at ease, and beam at each other. Mark grins cheekily.

MARK
We'll go for a drink at the Bondi -
By the way, do you like snorkeling?

RACHEL
Yeah I do. Feel like time stands
still while I'm down there...

Mark smiles broadens as they walk contentedly, arm in arm, towards his car.

FADE OUT.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "THE END"

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE TO HEAD CREDITS:

"This story is fictional, but it is based on factual events.

On May 30, 1942 at twilight, a toy-like plane was launched from the deck of a large Japanese submarine, twelve kilometers from Sydney's northern beaches.

The plane's pilot diagrammed the position of allied ships in the Harbour. He then crash-landed near the large Japanese submarine off Manly and relayed his findings to his Captain. The next evening three midget submarines launched the only successful World War Two raid on Sydney.

Twenty one brave sailors aboard H.M.A.S. Kuttabul and six fearless Japanese submariners paid the ultimate sacrifice on that fateful night. This film is dedicated to their bravery.

In 2006, divers chanced upon the missing M24 midget submarine in deep water, 5.5 kilometres North-East of Sydney's northern beaches. Thus ends a sixty-five year old mystery."

CREDITS ROLL.