

IRREVERENT

EPISODE 1

"THE LORD TAKETH AWAY"

SECOND DRAFT

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One mother-red sun slowly drops into the ocean.

A crepuscular light washes the golden sands of a tropical beach ringed by palms. To its rear is lush rainforest. Cerulean blue waters lap the shore and in the distance we see a series of small islands. A perfect setting for a wedding. Which as it happens:

WEDDING GUESTS assemble on the sand. We will come to know many of them later so why waste time now? They wear their best tropical gear and most are barefoot.

A barbecue is prepared outside the local watering hole, the BLUE DOLPHIN BAR - really no more than a shack open to the sea and now decked with flowers.

The local cop, PIPER BARAMAH (29) an Indigenous, Guugu Yimithirr woman runs towards the wedding, shedding her police uniform and leaving it on the beach at the same times as throwing an elegant summer dress over the top.

Breathless, she joins the wedding party and stands beside her 'bloke', AIDAN, an imposing Islander with a huge smile.

PIPER

Sorry, a break-in.

He smiles and straightens her hair.

AIDAN

You made it.

From a distance we watch an elderly MINISTER in full cassock and holding the usual raiments stroll across the sand and then appear to walk on the surface of the water.

Impressive until we tighten and realise he is in fact walking a long thin pontoon leading to a larger pontoon. On the latter, a wooden altar has been placed at the centre and a microphone and small PA system.

A local version of 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow' breathes into life sung by local woman, AMY - late 20's and a firebrand.

DAISY a 16 year old local, sits watching from a distance. CAMERON a dorky 17 year old cycles up and joins her on the dune. He hands her a donut.

The BRIDE and GROOM - CHAD and CHARLOTTE now join the MINISTER on the main pontoon. They display the usual emotional turmoil and excitement.

We remain on shore with the rest of the GUESTS. The Bride's mother, MARGIE wipes away a tear. She turns to HARRY, (24, Piper's half brother) and the local barman. She whispers.

MARGIE

You know they saved themselves for
this day, for marriage?

HARRY

Why would they bother doing that?

MARGIE

No bloody idea... Something
Charlotte wanted.

MARGIE looks to her husband, RON manning the barbecue. He
waves.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

(waves back)

If my Ron is anything to go by,
wish I'd held on a little longer.

The crackle and scream of a microphone.

CUT TO: The Pontoon.

MINISTER

Dearly beloved we are gathered here
in the presence of God and in the
beautiful surroundings of Clump
Beach to witness the union of
Charlotte Jennifer Roebuck and Chad
Tassos Anastasios.

Intro: The slightly unsettling sound of hissing air.

The BRIDAL PARTY become aware that something maybe awry. They
press on but with slightly more pace.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Matrimony is a serious undertaking,
never to be entered lightly. It is
a holy sacrament made before these
witnesses here assembled - in
recognition of a life-long
commitment of these two people to
each other-

Water begins to lap around their feet. Suddenly one of the
tank valves shoots out, followed by another.

HARD CUT TO: The shore. GUESTS watch as the BRIDAL PARTY
gradually disappear into the sea.

MINISTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

(speeding up)

Charlotte and Chad have invited you
here today...

LESTER NETTLEBECK (51) the owner of the Blue Dolphin looks on
with growing alarm. HARRY BARAMAH, looks on in wry amusement.

HARRY

You tightened the valves on the pontoon with a spanner didn't you, Lester? They're not just finger tight? ...Lester?

LESTER

I better check the barbie.

PIPER watches as the BRIDAL PARTY now flounder in the water.

At first quietly amused, Piper's expression changes as she notes something out in the water.

PIPER

What is that in the water?

HARRY

The Bridal party.

PIPER

(straining her eyes)
No. There!

We do not see what she points at but we hear:

The sound of a warning bell being rung.

OPENING TITLES

2

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM. DAY

2

A man lies face down in his underwear on a large hotel bed. He has the odd scar and tattoo on his back. There is blood on the sheet. Is he dead? *

An open bottle of scotch lies on its side, dripping scotch onto the carpet.

He suddenly coughs into life and lurching off the bed reveals himself to be a good looking man in his mid thirties much the worse for wear. An ex welter weight boxer, he has large shoulders and chest, and the look of someone who routinely deploys his physical prowess. This is MACK, though that is not his real name. He has a seeping wound on his left shoulder and a rough, bloodied dressing on it. *

Still discombobulated, unsure where he is, MACK attempts to open the curtains. After a moment he realises they are remote controlled. He hits the remote and the curtains start playing jazz as slowly, a panorama of Sydney Harbour is revealed.

He takes a moment to acclimatize himself to the room. Then slowly a rising panic as he sees his wardrobe door is open and 8 vellum bound books lie discarded on the floor. *

On his side table, his wallet has been emptied of credit cards and money and only his passport remains - open - with the name Paulo Keegan vaguely evident (we don't want the audience too attached to this).

3 **INT. HOTEL SYDNEY CORRIDOR. DAY**

3

MACK bolts down the hotel corridor in his boxer underwear. He stops by another room door - knocks - then kicks it in.

An empty room, a bed not slept in.

He wrenches open the wardrobe doors and looks in horror. Empty save for one clerical outfit: priest black with a white collar.

He stares at it numbly.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. SYDNEY HOTEL FOYER/RECEPTION. DAY**

4

A RECEPTIONIST in no particular hurry servicing a PATRON becomes aware of kerfuffle. *

RECEPTIONIST *

Can I help you father? *

Reveal MACK in full clerical attire and beside himself. *

MACK *

A *friend* of mine in room 2014. Has he checked out? He's left something behind. *

(trying to remember) *

Reverend... *

RECEPTIONIST *

(annoyed she checks) *

Yes Reverend Boyd checked out very early this morning Father. *

MACK *

Did he say where he was heading? *

RECEPTIONIST *

No, I am afraid not. *

He thumps the desk in fury and turns away. Another voice from behind. *

PASTOR *

Reverend Mackenzie Boyd? Is that you? *

MACK takes a moment to realise the man is talking to him. A moment to consider his next move.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

We have been looking all over for you. We were working off an old photo. You look ten years younger without your beard. Come, join us. The gang is dying to meet you. They told us you had checked out already. And here you are.

MACK is completely blindsided.

CUT TO:

Five ANGLICAN CLERGY MEN and WOMEN sit on couches around a coffee table - their hands joined.

They all wear some version of their street clerical attire, dog collars and crosses on their jackets. They currently have their eyes closed and are offering a quiet prayer of welcome.

MACK eyes open clocking this strange group. During the prayer he checks his fitbit - a constant for him. His heart-rate is very high.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Dear Lord, we offer our thanks to you for safely delivering your servant, Mackenzie Boyd all the way from Chicago to join our Australian fellowship and take our pastoral care into the far reaches of this great continent. We pray that Mackenzie -

(leans to Mack and
whispers)

How do you like to be called?

MACK

...Called?

PASTOR

Mackenzie, Boydy, Macka-

MACK

...Whatever you like.

PASTOR

(closes his eyes again)
That Mack finds a home among the people of Clump Beach, that you watch over him and that you protect him always from the sad misfortunes that tragically befell his three predecessors.

DEACONESS
 (sotto)
 Four.

PASTOR
 Four. Amen.

DEACONESS
 Now where is your wife, Charmaine -
 is she coming down?

MACK tries not panic.

MACK
 My wife...her father is very ill...

A 'HIP PASTOR', sunglasses and a Creed T-shirt under his
 clerical coat tries to be cool despite his vocation.

HIP PASTOR
 Man, what a bumner trip you've had.

MACK
 You don't know the half. The
 airline has lost all my luggage.
 Everything...

PASTOR
 So the sooner we get you to Clump
 the better. Have a big swim, clear
 your head - they tell me you are
 like a fish in the water.

Slight look from MACK he hates water.

DEACONESS
 Your flight to Cairns is in two
 hours.

MACK
 I think I should wait for the
 airline to find my baggage.

PASTOR
 If it's a little consolation, all
 your stuff from America is up there
 waiting for you. We sent it onto
 Clump. Plus a month's salary.

This registers with MACK. His brain races.

MACK
 So that would be where I would go
 first?

They are surprised.

MACK (CONT'D) *

If as you say all my stuff, *
personal info - is in - ? *

DEACONESS *

Clump. Yes all there. Apologies *
your wages are in cash. Banking and *
internet are very - old testament *
up there. *

MACK jumps to his feet, now desperate to get there. He has a *
possible lead on Mackenzie. *

MACK *

So let's get there. *

The are surprised by his enthusiasm. *

MACK (CONT'D) *

Is there an earlier flight? *

DEACONESS *

(checks watch.) *
No you've missed that, it would be *
just be leaving now. *

PASTOR *

I love your enthusiasm. *
(gently lowers his hands - *
sit) *
Plenty of time. *

MACK resumes his seat, agitated, now only vaguely listening *
to them. *

HIP MINISTER *

I read you play guitar with a *
christian rock band. I am a keys *
man myself. Riffing on the old *
black and whites. *

MACK *

How long is this flight? *

PASTOR *

Just over two hours. And then a two *
hour drive. *

MACK hits the side of his chair in frustration. *

PASTOR (CONT'D) *

It's a small parish with a lot of *
social issues - nothing new for *
you. *

HIP MINISTER

That's a world wide phenomena man.
Ear to the ground if you want to
hear the world whisper back.

He pauses to note his own profundity.

HIP MINISTER (CONT'D)

How to turn it around?

They wait for Mack's response but he is doing timing
calculations in his head. He realises they are looking at
him.

MACK

Sorry? ...Truth. Speak the truth.

A long pause. The HIP MINISTER enacts a home run.

HIP MINISTER

And the truth will set us free.

MACK

(on his feet again.)
I really think we should go.

DEACONESS

Someone will meet you meet you at
Cairns airport. Hook you up with
some wheels and drive you there.

They rise. MACK is still uncertain whether to bolt or go with
them. In the end he stands and joins them.

Intro a song: 'Jesus Take the Wheel' - interestingly about a
car accident.

5 **EXT. CAIRNS. BRUCE HIGHWAY. INT/HEARSE. DAY**

5

Music is coming from a car stereo of poor quality and the
song is largely stuck.

Widen to reveal: a vintage hearse heading down the highway
at glacial speed.

Inside MACK looks desperately at his fitbit watch. Sweat
pours from every pore. He puts his hand inside his shirt and
withdraws it covered in blood.

The driver of the vehicle is BERYL TURNER, a woman of 85 who
has spent a life devoted to driving well below the speed
limit, and whose advancing age is catching up with her brain
power.

He notes Beryl's phone resting on the dashboard. It has a a
Christian inspired case.

MACK

You like this song don't you?

BERYL

Very much. I have it on repeat.

MACK

I noticed. Does the air-conditioning work?

BERYL

Like an arctic blast... I put it on when it gets hot.

MACK gives up and looks out the window frustrated.

MACK

Can this go any faster? *

BERYL

(an intriguing thought)

I don't know, I have never tried. Something not right about speeding in a hearse. Not that it's used as a hearse that often... Last time was - well - for your predecessor...

(unfortunate memory)

What was left of him.

And now is not the time. Instead with every opportunity to beat a mile-long sugarcane train - she pulls up and waits for it.

MACK is beside himself as he looks out over vast fields of sugarcane out to lush mountains. *

6 **EXT. SERVICE STATION. DAY** 6 *

MACK waits in the car. He sees BERYL chatting to the PROPRIETOR, poised to leave only to have the PROPRIETOR'S WIFE come out and BERYL returns for a second round of chatting. *

MACK has had it. He sees the keys still in the ignition. He switches seats and drives off at breakneck speed. *

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. DAINTREE COASTAL ROAD. DAY** 7

'Jesus take the Wheel' plays only briefly and then is seen to fly out the window on cassette. *

PIPER
You are going to wreck your guts.

AMY
Worth it.

PIPER cuts the bolt and the chain joins several others at the base of the fence.

PIPER
You have made your point. Get them to move on will you before the Paradise Cove cops arrive? Please, for me.

AMY snaps out two hearing aids - her party trick. AMY is hard of hearing, which isn't going to be a big part of our story, but she does have a habit of using her hearing aids to turn the volume to zero on anyone she doesn't want to listen to.

AMY
Sorry missed that.

PIPER
You aren't that deaf Amy. Put your hearing aids back.

AMY
Sorry officer, still can't hear.

AMY signs an offensive sign language with a furious face.

PIPER
(signs and states it)
And same to you.

At this point a hearse appears slewing wildly across the road and suddenly everyone stops to look.

PIPER (CONT'D)
What the f....

The hearse slews into the gravel and then back over before lurching forward.

PIPER runs for her 4WD police car. AMY jumps in the other side of the car.

AMY
I'm not missing this.

CUT TO:

The town sign: 'Clump, Population 1232. The town below the Sea'.

LESTER stands precariously on a tall ladder, HARRY on another as they hang a large banner between the two tall ladders. It reads: 'Welcome Reverend Mockenzie'. A small junior SCHOOL BAND stands at the ready.

PETER inspects the sign.

PETER
That is not the right spelling of his name.

LESTER
No that's how you spell Reverend - we checked.

PETER
Harry, better foot that ladder - it's sagging.

HARRY
(no desire to be there)
We opened the bar, no one is there. Archil will have knocked off half our booze by now.

A couple of miles down the road a parallel universe happens.

CUT TO:

16

EXT. CLUMP TOWN LIMIT ROAD/INT HEARSE. DAY

16 *

MACK is asleep/momentarily awake/asleep at the wheel.

CUT TO:

PETER sees the hearse approach.

*

PETER
Strike up the band, here he comes. Game faces people. This is not a rehearsal!

CUT TO:

Inside the police van, PIPER flashes her warning lights behind the hearse.

CUT TO:

PETER watches approvingly.

PETER (CONT'D)
(to Lester)
Good, Piper has seen reason, given him a police escort.

But the hearse now slews dramatically to the wrong side of the road and heads directly towards Lester's ladder.

PETER's smile slowly fades and only at the last second he manages to dive clear.

All is quiet save for the SCHOOL BAND on recorders and a kid way out of time on a triangle continues to play 'Waltzing Matilda'.

Suddenly the sound of the police siren as the hearse ploughs through the ladder. This in turn hits the overhead power line.

The banner now rests on the hearse's windscreen as it tows the ladders and arcing power line behind it. The hearse comes to a halt in a ditch.

HARRY
(to Lester)
Ministers usually survive at least
the welcome.

PIPER races to find MACK head on the airbag. Believing him unconscious, she stabs the airbag and Mack's head thumps the wheel. He merely groans. PIPER drags him from the car.

PIPER
Help me Amy!

AMY
No thanks.

But she comes to look and approves of what lies on the ground.

AMY (CONT'D)
Second thoughts, does he need mouth
to mouth - happy to oblige.

MACK lies on the ground trying again to work out what the hell is going on. Vile recorder music playing, faces appearing over him.

He looks up to find an attractive Policewoman standing over him.

MACK
Hi there, I'm - your new reverend.

FIRST COMMERCIAL BREAK

CUT TO:

INT. UPPERSTORY APARTMENT. NIGHT

The apartment is really just an empty room with a table at which sit some GANG LEADERS, IRISH, MEXICAN and others.

The bag now sits centre table. We are well into the meeting.

LIAM

We have always had the third district - it's always been ours.

MANOS

No, we had it for ten years before you took it.

MACK

That is all history and it is not helpful here. This town does not need another gang war.

LIAM

We know who the problem is.

A slight noise outside. Then a voice.

GUIDO (V.O.)

(calling out)

Thanks boys. Have a great night.

MANOS hears the voice. Looks accusingly at MACK.

MANOS

What is that maníaco doing here?

GUIDO enters. Cokey, dangerous as hell - in his twenties. Suddenly everyone is on edge.

MACK

What the hell are you doing here Guido?

GUIDO

You started without me, Mr Mediator.

MACK

Where is your father? Lorenzo has already agreed to all of this.

GUIDO

A nagging cough - you know how old Italian men obsess.

MACK

It is not what I asked. I said what are you doing here?

GUIDO

A man who knows he's done wrong,
owns it. I am here to apologise. To
make things right to all of you.

He extends his hand out in friendship but no one buys it or
shakes it.

GUIDO (CONT'D)

It may take time.

LIAM

You killed my nephew.

GUIDO

That's what the money in the bag is
about. For his wife, for his mum.
His kids.

MACK

Sit down! Lorenzo agrees, that Liam
you control the Dennan estates
down to the river, Manos your
people control the eastern zone
down to green park-

His voice drifts over:

CUT TO:

21 **INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT ELEVATORS. ROOM. NIGHT** 21 *

MACK (V.O.)

-and the Italians will withdraw to
Fordham street but control the
trade from the ports.

The elevator doors open, FOUR PEOPLE lie dead on the floor of
the elevator - the grounds and the elevator walls are smeared
with blood. TWO ITALIANS push an intruding leg inside as the
doors try to close but repeatedly ping. *

22 **INT. CHICAGO HOUSING ESTATE/UPPERSTORY APARTMENT. NIGHT** 22

We return inside.

GUIDO

That is all I want now, for all of
us to flourish.

MACK

...Okay so do we have an agreement?

LIAM

Get on with it.

GUIDO

Proceed... Oh but I do have one caveat - that is the legal term isn't it? Cave-it or Cave-at?

MACK

What damn caveat?

GUIDO

...I don't do deals.

He suddenly pulls out a gun and blasts away, shooting LIAM in the head. Suddenly the whole room descends into the 3rd level of hell. GUIDO's two SIDEKICKS crash their way in and start slashing. *

MACK throws himself one and grabs the knife from his hand and begins to fight his way out. *

HARD CUT TO: *

23 **EXT. CHICAGO GYM/STREET. NIGHT** 23 *

MACK runs down an empty back street. He pauses to throw his mobile phone into a dumpster. He looks over his shoulder - nobody in pursuit, he managed to escape whatever just went down. *

Sweating, bloody, he carries the satchel of money. He holds his shoulder, out of place and oozing blood.

He stops outside an old brick boxing gym, his breath comes in sobs. He bangs violently on the door.

A Jamaican-American man opens the door in what passes for his night attire. This is LEWIS. They are old friends in a world that doesn't value it. He assesses Mack's state. *

LEWIS

Quiet night in I see?

MACK

I'm in trouble - *

LEWIS

You shock me. *

LEWIS turns and heads back in, but leaves the door open.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. CHICAGO GYM. DAY** 24 *

LEWIS now holds MACK by his damaged arm about to click it back into space. *

LEWIS

Would you like a pain killer before-

Before LEWIS finishes his sentence he violently yanks the arm and clicks it back into place. MACK winces in pain.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

-pull this? Don't have pain killers anyway. This is a boxing gym - everyone is in pain.

MACK

I need somewhere to hide for a few days?

LEWIS

Well not here. It'd be the second place Lorenzo will look. Can't you just speak directly to him, tell him what happened?

LEWIS takes off Mack's shirt revealing a knife wound to his pectoral.

MACK

And say what exactly?
That I'm sorry - it went - badly? I didn't realise your son wasn't aerodynamically sound.

CONTINUES INTO:

25 **EXT/INT. CHICAGO HOUSING ESTATE/ UPPERSTORY APARTMENT.** 25
 NIGHT

LIAM and several others are dead.

MACK launches himself over the table and wrestles the gun from GUIDO and points it at him.

MACK grabs the bag and backs out of the room.

MACK

You are a (fucking) psychopath.
What the (fuck) have you done?

26 **EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENTS. UPPER WALKWAY. NIGHT** 26

MACK backs out onto the upper story walkway and then heads for the elevator but a noise from behind causes him to turn . GUIDO is on him with a knife and stabs MACK's shoulder.

MACK loses control and hurls GUIDO over the balcony.

HARD CUT TO:

27 EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENT GROUNDS. NIGHT

27

At real speed the body flies through the air. But this is not the Mack in his dream, it's GUIDO. *

28 INT. CHICAGO GYM. DAY

28

LEWIS attends Mack's shoulder wound.

LEWIS

You are sure he's dead?

MACK

I didn't hang around to check his pulse but few people survive 20 floors.

LEWIS

So you killed the son of the biggest crime boss in Chicago.

MACK

...I forgot what floor we were on.

LEWIS now uses a stapler to stitch the knife wound. MACK winces but says nothing. LEWIS notes the satchel.

LEWIS

What's that? Your overnight bag.

MACK

\$1.6 million.

LEWIS

What do you plan to do with it?

LEWIS finishes stapling the wound. *

MACK *

Could you get it back to Lorenzo? *

LEWIS *

Of course. Apologise, say you didn't realise his son was not a flyer but 'hey, here's your money back. Mafia Dons being very much, 'you live, you learn, you move on' sort of guys. *

MACK leans back as the enormous gravity of the situation continues to sink in.

MACK

You're right, he'd kill you. I'm screwed in every direction. *

LEWIS

Yep.

MACK

So I will hide out. Wait for this
to blow over. New York, L.A, even
Florida.

*

LEWIS now tapes the wound.

LEWIS

Further.

*

MACK

Fine I will hide in a log cabin in
the Black Hills?

*

*

LEWIS

Further.

*

*

LEWIS finishes bandaging and pats him on the shoulder.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You have to leave the country and
you have to leave tonight. Take the
money in that bag and run as far as
you can, preferably to another
planet.

*

*

MACK

For Christ sake this is my life.

LEWIS

Was your life.

29

INT. CHICAGO LOFT APARTMENT. DAY

29

MACK enters a great apartment overlooking the skyline. It is
expensively decked out, everything controlled by computer
panel. Crime has paid Mack well up to this point.

MACK frantically lifts a wired floorboard, revealing a
computer coded safe. He punches in a code and takes out a
passport.

He shoves clothes into an overnight small bag.

He replaces his bloodied shirt taking one from an expensive
and neatly ordered wardrobe. A line of perfectly arranged
clothes and designer shoes.

CUT TO:

He takes down eight thick velum bound books from a shelf. He
opens them revealing only the first few pages are actual
books the rest is empty space. He jams money from the satchel
inside and then throws it into a large carry-on briefcase.

He leaves, taking one brief last look at the life he is leaving.

SECOND COMMERCIAL BREAK

30 **EXT. CLUMP MAIN STREET. DAY**

30

The main street. A few shops, general store, a failing dive and tour centre almost permanently closed, a tiny scout hall/library/youth centre/yoga retreat and the small wooden church at the rear of the town. A wooden cross looms precariously above the tree line, a small satellite dish attached at the top.

VICTOR (mid sixties, nice looking, suntanned) catches up to AMY (his daughter) as they head to the Blue Dolphin Bar.

VICTOR

Hey love, take it easy on Lester in there will you? He is a sensitive soul.

AMY

Why would I do that?

VICTOR

...It's not his fault your mum left. Do it for me will you?

AMY

Oh I would need a much better reason than that.

She walks off and heads into the bar.

Intro the sounds of a public meeting.

LESTER (V.O.)

If it is wrong for me to have a vision for this town?

31 **INT/EXT. QUEENSLAND, CLUMP. BLUE DOLPHIN BAR. DAY**

31

Reset: The events leading to the opening scene - prior to Mack arriving.

*
*

What passes for a formal town meeting in Clump is underway. Present are some people we will become familiar with over time. LESTER, PIPER, AMY, PETER, HARRY, RON, MARGIE, AIDAN, VICTOR and several LOCALS.

LESTER holds high an ornate beer mug with a dolphin head. He is known for his well meaning manner and his total lack of understanding of irony.

LESTER

To want to better Clump - if it is,
then shoot me.

AMY

I second that motion. Piper can I
borrow your gun?

LESTER

Amy it was a hypothetical. The one
thing keeping us back from being a
major tourist player is a
comprehensive vision which I now
believe I have.

PIPER

(aside to Harry)

This is comprehensive vision
number?

HARRY

It must be in the thousands.

RON

The problem is we don't have proper
internet.

LESTER

Again, you don't hold the speaker's
mug Ron.

AMY

How could he, it's welded to your
hand?

MARGIE

The Government refuse to build it.
They're still claiming this town is
below sea level. How? There's the
sea! I am not treading water right
now am I?

VICTOR

We've been down this path. Les's
vision is - terrific - something we
can be thankful for - the problem
is a lousy survey 200 years ago.

LESTER

Thanks Vic. Can I ask you to all
close your eyes for a moment.

PIPER

Watch your wallets folks.

LESTER nods to HARRY to hit 'play' on an ancient CD player
and an anthemic tune starts up.

LESTER

(Imagine) You are walking down Yagoon street, past Minty's shop, 'hello, there's Davina and Kumar', you turn into Akamaba road and then turn left. But hang on! What's that I see?

HARRY

Jeff clearing the septic?

LESTER

No. Better.

RON

A brothel Lester?

LESTER

A marina! Here on Clump Bay; shops, accommodation, tourist boats, luxury yachts coming in from the reef. We can be the new Paradise Cove. Lucy has kindly drawn up these 'diagrammatics' for
(pause. He pulls back his shirt revealing a specially made T Shirt)
'Clumpy Waters'. What do you think?

PIPER

Hard to see your diagrammatics with our eyes shut. What do we all think?

LESTER

Thank you Piper, yes, you may open them now.

Tight on his 'vision chart' pinned to a board. The name 'Clumpy Waters' in Tudor style. It looks like the work of a 'b' level high school art student, a morass of indecipherable buildings and excess detail.

There is a polite clap for a chuffed LUCY (Asian descent - mid 40's). The anthemic music begins to skip.

LUCY

I did it on my computer.

PIPER

How in the world would we ever fund that?

LUCY passes the ornate mug for PIPER to speak.

PIPER (CONT'D)

We can't even get money for the youth centre.

(MORE)

PIPER (CONT'D)

The sugar mill has just laid off half its staff, three businesses have closed - and can we possibly kill the music please?

HARRY obliges.

AIDAN

The bay can't take deep hulls without dredging and that would kill what's left of the reef.

LESTER

Clump is dying.

AMY

Because of dead ass ideas like this.

VICTOR

Les is just flying a kite, Amy.

AMY

Get him to fly it elsewhere.

LESTER is hurt.

LESTER

We have to do something folks. It has taken us all of 6 months to attract a new Anglican minister.

HARRY

The last one being eaten by a bull shark wasn't premier advertising.

PETER

Praise the Lord he is coming. We need a Priest to give counsel, to heal, to spread compassion, and to stop the decaying stench of sin I smell every day around here.

MARGIE

A lot of it is fish.

AMY

We do need the church. Its cross is the only thing higher than the rainforest. The only thing we can bung a satellite dish on.

PIPER

A great argument for religion. Occasional phone receptivity.

PETER

Can we please address what I thought this meeting was meant to be about? What are our plans to welcome the good Reverend Mackenzie Boyd and his lady wife to our town?

Everyone looks slightly askance.

32

INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT. TAXI. NIGHT

32

The real MACKENZIE BOYD, a proper minister (we know, confusing) sits with his wife, CHARMAINE in the rear of a taxi. He is neatly bearded, forty and around the same height as Mack. He speaks affectionately to her but in a manner more reminiscent of a fifties movie.

*
*
*

She is texting someone away from him.

MACKENZIE

I know you have been struggling with - us - but you must see this is our chance for a relationship make-over. Who are you texting?

CHARMAINE

No one.

MACKENZIE

You can swim everyday there - the church is right on the water. You've seen the photos. Trips to the Great Barrier Reef - the odd sexy weekend in Sydney...

*

She involuntarily shudders as the Taxi pulls up.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

We are here, my Dove. I'll grab the bags.

*

She reaches down into her bag and pulls out an A4 envelope.

CHARMIANE

Darling heart would you put this envelope with your luggage please?

*

MACKENZIE

But of course.

He jumps out and pulls out some bags and closes the boot and gives a thumbs up. She leans over to the Driver.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

(looks at the bags)
Darling you are missing your bag!

CHARMAINE
Go! Now! Drive! Fast!

MACKENZIE drops the bags and watches in shock as the Taxi leaves him stranded.

33

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS DESK. NIGHT

33 *

MACK stands nervously noting the monitors. He lines up to have his bags checked.

Standing back in the queue we find a highly emotional MACKENZIE dealing badly with his various bags and documents. He keeps dropping things and barely keeping it together.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
No water, no liquids, no food
items! No aerosols! Computers out
of bags!

MACK watches his bag pass slowly through the Xray machine. It stops and then continues.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Is this your bag Sir?

MACK is on edge but is used to tight situations.

MACK
It is.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Open it please.

MACK
You are busy here tonight.

He opens his bag revealing he has stacked the books vertically, spines facing up.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Busy every night.

MACK fights his tension.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (CONT'D)
(picking one up)
Lot of books to read on a flight?

MACK
I am going to a book fair. These
are all first editions - worth
their weight in money. The one you
are holding is a Walt Whitman.

MACK opens it at the first page.

MACK (CONT'D)

The great man's actual signature.
You interested in buying it? Set
you back a few thousand.

Another SECURITY PERSON yells across the crowd.

SECURITY PERSON

Who's divorce papers are these?!

Everyone looks. MACKENZIE feebly puts up his hand and
dissolves into tears.

The CUSTOMS PERSON waves MACK through.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Not a big book man, Sir.

*

34

INT. HARDWARE. DAY

34

The town meeting has moved onto the hardware store. The
stores offers the usual array of gardening and heavy duty
implements plus a number of completely incongruous items
including Tarot readings and tax advice.

*

Though nothing suggests this is a cafe, LOCALS eat elaborate
breakfasts on overturned wheelbarrows, coils of rope and bags
of cement. There is something of a bizarre ritual to the way
things operate around here, that only locals know.

PIPER

How can the church afford to fly
this bloke in from Chicago for a
chapel that has a congregation of
six?

HARRY enters with a tray of coffees and joins them.

HARRY

(distributes coffee)
Two macchiatos, one cortado, two
lattes and one room temperature
water for you Peter.

In the B.G RON starts up the chain saw and the whole area
vibrates.

MARGIE

(yells)
Turn it off you wombat, before you
cut off a limb... Second thoughts,
keep it going.

He turns it off.

PETER

We are very lucky to have this man.
You've all read his profile.

(the looks suggest no one
has)

This man is a gun. He is American!

MARGIE

Because they tried everyone else in
Australia.

PETER

He plays guitar, he swims.

PIPER

That describes about half the
world.

PETER

He's a firebrand. He will be the
lightning rod for this town.

RENEE, a fading hippie, the owner appears with more
breakfasts.

RENEE

Eggs Florentine, one poached
salmon, one Turkish scrambled. And
Peter for you, one hard boiled egg -
no salt.

PETER

Please, don't mess this up. Piper
you've made sure the Manse is up to
scratch.

PIPER

24 hour focus.

PETER

Mackenzie Boyd deserves an official
welcome to this town.

PIPER

We could fly in some celebrities.

LESTER

(never registers irony)

Too late for a celebrities now -
you'd be pushing it at this late
stage. But we'll make Reverend Boyd
and his good wife feel very
special, Peter.

35

EXT. CLUMP BEACH/CHURCH/MANSE. DAY

35

PIPER walks along the beach front and heads past the chapel and to the adjacent minister's premise.

The manse is a 'Queenslander' (wooden, shuttered windows and a verandah) all in need of repair. It does however overlook a beautiful bay.

The front door is missing, replaced with a hessian curtain.

PIPER

Police!

The sound of panic from inside and people scuttling in every direction. Unfazed, PIPER watches in amusement as TRAVELERS jump out the rear window.

The hessian curtain is drawn aside by a drugged and DREAD-LOCKED TRAVELER.

TRAVELER

Hey.

PIPER

What happened to the front door?

TRAVELER

...I think it might have got sold.

PIPER pushes her way in.

36

INT. CLUMP. MANSE. DAY

36

A sea of sleeping bags on the floor. Litter everywhere, empty bottles. A TRAVELER sleeps in a kayak propped up on the kitchen bench. The sight of PIPER sends him plummeting to earth.

PIPER

Everyone out - temporary hostel closed. A preacher is on his way here. Take all your (shit) stuff with you and hose the place out.

PIPER walks out. The TRAVELER draws the curtain ineffectively, his legs still visible underneath.

PIPER (CONT'D)

And replace the bloody front door!
Hey Daisy. That doesn't mean you.

Reveal DAISY (16 years old) appearing from a room. She is not part of the general panic about her.

DAISY
Thanks Piper. What's this new guy
like?

PIPER
A lightning rod American.

37 **EXT. CLUMP BEACH/CHAPEL/MANSE. DAY** 37

PIPER opens the door of the chapel. We don't see inside. She closes it and yells back at the Manse.

PIPER
And I am back in 15 minutes to burn
these plants.

She shakes her head and walks off.

38 **INT. PLANE. NIGHT** 38

A cabin hum. Tight on a legal document announcing "Divorce Proceedings". We hear clicking sounds, sniffing and a mumble.

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
Trouble seen it all my days.

Reveal MACKENZIE looks at the accompanying letter and reads it aloud.

MACKENZIE
'A hurt I can no longer conceal'-.
'This is a journey I must take
alone with Greg.' Alone or with
Greg? Which is it?

MACK checks into his seat, wired and exhausted. He clutches the bag to him for dear life. He has zero desire to chat but he has found himself beside the sort of person that makes long flights a misery.

The grunting from MACKENZIE is ongoing.

HOSTESS
(to Mack)
That will have to be stowed
overhead Sir. I'll take it if you
like?

MACK
(Snaps)
No. I'll do it.

He stands and places it in an overhead locker shifting someone else's bag so that he has a direct line of sight. The OWNER of the bag he shifts goes to protest but sees MACK eyeball him and shuts up.

MACK resumes his aisle seat, his eyes remain fixed on the luggage compartment.

MACKENZIE
You married?

Mack shakes his head.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
...You religious?

MACK
No.

MACKENZIE
Smart on both counts... Mackenzie Boyd. Holy man... The constant question of faith. Do we believe? If so, what do we believe?... Couldn't even tell you what it is I believe now...

MACK says nothing.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D) *
Wife ditched me at the airport. *

MACK *
I'm sorry. *

MACKENZIE *
She's 'circling back to the person *
she knows she can be'. If you *
circle back presumably you just end *
up where you were'... What do you *
for a living? *

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
(to cut him off)
Above ground pool salesman.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D) *
Right. In. Chicago. Tough way to *
make a living. *

MACK
(puts on his headphones)
Yeah, niche market. *

MACKENZIE
Long flight ahead. 16 hours.

MACKENZIE fishes around in a bag and produces some tablets.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
(offers Mack)
Sleeping tablet. No? Good I might
just take the whole lot.

MACKENZIE reaches down into his duty-free bag and pulls out a jumbo bottle of whisky and subtly takes a swig. He is now completely drunk and increasingly unhinged. *

Through Mack's head-phone we hear Chicago Blues. His eyes never leave the overhead locker. *

FADE TO:

16 hours has passed. Cabin lights come on.

PILOT (V.O.)

...I trust you all got some sleep.
We are an hour and forty out of
Sydney. I will come back to you
with weather and more information
on approach. Meantime just relax.

MACKENZIE peers miserably at his breakfast tray and pours the last drops of his whisky over his cereal. He is becoming increasingly unhinged.

MACKENZIE

You didn't get any sleep. Should
have taken my knock out pills.
You kept staring at the overhead
bin all night. Watcha got up there?
You rob Fort Knox. *

MACK

What I have in it is my own
business. *

MACK is on alert now. *

MACKENZIE

I hear you. *

(points at his shoulder)

You know you're bleeding?

CUT TO: *

39

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL BAR. DAY

39

MACK sits at the bar of a swish, Sydney hotel overlooking the Harbour. He is beyond exhausted, still wired. The briefcase sits at his heels. He sips a whisky and looks without interest at the view.

A voice from behind throws him.

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

What are the chances? 20,000 hotels
in this city and here we are.
Destined to be friends.

MACK

I don't need company, Priest. *

MACKENZIE

Singing from the same prayer book -
just trying to be social.

MACK

No need.

MACKENZIE

I will leave you alone - could use
some quiet space myself... No wife,
loss of faith, zero future. All in
24 hours. Top myself or rob a bank -
which is it to be. *
*

MACK

Yeah well, I've had a rough 24
hours myself.

MACKENZIE

What am I going to tell the people
of Clump? That there is a loving
God who smiles down on you and
takes care of you if you do
everything right.

(loudly)

Where is he?

(yells)

Barman. Is there a God hiding in
your bathroom here?

MACK

Shut up will you.

MACK speaks to the BARMAN.

MACK (CONT'D)

Can you check if my room is ready
yet? I have to sleep.

MACKENZIE

(quiet now)

...What's it telling us?...

MACK

You know what? It's not telling you
anything. There is no God, there's
no saviour, you just have choices.
Save yourself or die.

MACK sips his drink while clutching the suitcase.

MACKENZIE

...That must be one valuable
briefcase. What have you got in
there? *

MACK doesn't appreciate the last comment but turns as the BARMAN calls him.

BARMAN

Mr Keegan, they apologized for the delay and they have upgraded you to a junior suite. They will meet you at room 2020 with the key.

MACK gets up.

MACK

Stop waiting for God to give you something and take it yourself.

He walks off and MACKENZIE watches he and his bag roll out.

CUT TO:

40

INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING. NEW DAY

40

A 'Run Lola Run' ramp of everything leading up to Clump:
MACK wakes face down on the bed. He is totally out of it.
Sits up and looks about.

Jazz curtain music.

The books on the floor.

His wardrobe empty.

Knock on the door previous night.

MACKENZIE stands there and hands MACK a bottle of scotch.

MACKENZIE

My apologies. Been a rough day.

MACKENZIE leaves the bottle and walks away.

MACK runs down the hall in underwear. Kicks in door.

Mackenzie's empty room save for the priest outfit and an empty bottle of sleeping pills.

Flashback to plane.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Should have taken my knock out pills.

Then the drive north. MACK screaming unheard in the car:

MACK
 (unheard)
 Fucking-

CRASH TO:

41 **EXT. CLUMP TOWN LIMIT ROAD. DAY**

41

MACK' wakes abruptly to find he is lying on the ground still yelling.

MACK
 -Mackenzie Boyd!

A moment to take in his new and strange surroundings. Recorder music in the background.

His P.O.V of PIPER and AMY staring down at him. The realisation he is in a strange new land.

MACK (CONT'D)
 I'm Mackenzie Boyd... I'm your new Reverend.

THIRD COMMERCIAL BREAK

42 **EXT. CLUMP TOWN LIMIT ROAD. DAY**

42

MACK sits on the tailgate of a cop car.

PIPER
 License and registration.

MACK
 I think I fell asleep officer.
 You see I'm jet-lagged. I flew in
 all the way from Chicago yesterday -
 I don't know if you have ever done
 that flight-

PIPER
 License.

MACK
 I'm the new Minister here.

PIPER
 Good for you. License.

MACK
 I don't have it with me. My bags
 were stolen in Sydney. Everything
 was in it.

A Ute pulls up beside them towing a small dinghy (small boat) still dripping. Fishing rods poke from every window.

MERVE WARNOCK (Aboriginal, 50 years old) the local GP begrudgingly gets out of the ute in yellow waders.

MERVE

This better be life threatening.

PIPER points at MACK. MERVE takes a tackle box out of his ute and dumps it beside MACK. He opens it revealing among various flies, lures, knives and sinkers he removes a stethoscope and a torch.

PIPER

He wiped out the power pole, almost
wiped out the Royal Clump
Philharmonic plus half the town's
power supply.

MERVE

He did much worse than that. He
interrupted my fishing.

He takes hold of MACK's head, who recoils from the smell.

MERVE (CONT'D)

Hand us a towel - been gutting
fish.

He shines the torch into Mack's eyes.

MERVE (CONT'D)

He's not concussed but he is out of
it.

(loudly to Mack)

What's with the shoulder?

MACK

Nothing.

MERVE

See me when the fish aren't biting.

He gets in his ute and drives off.

43

EXT. CLUMP TOWN/MANSE. DAY

43

PIPER drives MACK and speaks to him through the iron grill separating the prisoner in the back from the driver in the front. They pass the camping ground. Shirtless kids do wheelies on their bikes.

*
*
*

MACK attempts to win her over.

MACK

Were you born in these parts?

PIPER

You will need to get a license reissued and I will need to see it - otherwise you can not drive that vehicle.

MACK

So is that a yes?

PIPER

Yes, I was born here. Where is your wife? Does she have a license?

MACK

...She is still in the States. You have a keen interest in licenses don't you? Any other passions?

She pulls up outside the Manse and hands him a ticket.

PIPER

Yes. Writing tickets for people without them.

(points)

And this is your home. Welcome to Clump.

He alights and she drives immediately away. He surveys his new home. The front door has now been replaced with a half corrugated iron door reading, 'MENS'.

The hearse now pulls up behind him, driven by PETER.

PETER

Reverend, I am so sorry, I don't know how many times I told Lester the ladder was too close to the road. The hearse is okay, few dents but Karen can belt them out for you.

MACK is now a man on a mission.

MACK

Where is all of my stuff?

*
*

PETER

Waiting for you inside. I dropped all the boxes off earlier today. Some heavy ones there...

MACK

Okay thanks.

PETER

Think of me as your support person.
Whenever you need me - 363 a year -
not Christmas or Good Friday - I am
there for you.

MACK

Good to know.

He starts closing the door.

PETER

The house needs a bit of work but
we have a lot of willing Christian
hands.

MACK

Great.

PETER

You will have dinner with Helen and
myself tonight and I will run
through your schedule with you?

MACK

Yeah. No thanks.

PETER is thrown.

PETER

Well when then?

MACK

Later. Thank you.

He closes the door on PETER.

44

INT. CLUMP MANSE. CONTINUOUS

44

MACK enters a semi dark room and immediately begins tearing
the boxes open, upending the contents onto the floor. He
finds an envelope full of money and pockets it.

He then begins emptying a lot of boxes. The sound of
breakage. A mug that says 'World's Best Wife'. He picks up a
T Shirt that says 'Need an Arc, I Noah a Guy'. He shakes his
head.

MACK is so ensconced that he fails to notice two people are
sitting on his couch.

CHAD

Is now good for you Rev?

MACK

(spins about)
...Hi?

CHAD

This is Charlotte - me fiancée.

CHARLOTTE

He's me fiancé but.

MACK

Yeah, I kind of crunched those numbers.

CHARLOTTE

Fiancée and fiancé - sounds so bloody 'bougie' (bourgeoise) doesn't it? I do like it *but*.

They rub each others legs a little too vigorously. MACK turns the light on but there is no power.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

No power. Some loony hit the town pole. So you wanna hear our vows? We made them rhyme.

MACK is thrown.

MACK

...I'm little jet-lagged at the moment. How about you come around - say this time next week when I am settled?

CHARLOTTE

You are marrying us on Saturday. Pete arranged it with the church *but*.

MACK

But what?

CHAD

But nothing.

MACK

I think you guys are rushing this.

CHARLOTTE

No this is our third try. Straight up.

MACK

Third marriage?

CHARLOTTE

No. Third wedding. Last two ministers died on us. Tragic as.

CHAD

Our first go, hurricane Nell blew away the building.

CHARLOTTE

And the Minister. Gotta to be Saturday. I can't expect to hold Chad off me no more.

45 **EXT. CHICAGO STREET. NIGHT**

45

A small unpretentious car, a few years old. We hear a voice before we see the speaker.

FARAH (V.O)

I will be an hour late. Lorenzo called me at the last minute.

46 **INT. SEDAN. NIGHT**

46

FARAH - a professional hitman with a warm side is on the phone to his wife.

FARAH

Anything I can pick up for you on the way back honey? No trouble?... How are we for milk?... I'll pick up some anyway...
(he makes a kissing sound)

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. CHICAGO HIGH RISE APARTMENT. NIGHT**

47

ROBERT FARAH examines the ground where Guido hit the asphalt. The BUILDING SECURITY GUARD looks on nervously.

48 **INT. CHICAGO HIGH RISE SECURITY ROOM. EARLY MORNING**

48

FARAH scrawls through security footages. Grainy, dark, various shots of dead people, Guido on the ground. He stops and freezes frame, edges the frames revealing MACK's face.

FARAH

Have the cops seen this?

SECURITY GUARD

I have to send it to them.

FARAH

Delete it.

SECURITY GUARD

I can't, Farah. It's an official request. I thought you should see it first.

FARAH

Good on you. I understand.

FARAH produces his a gun.

Cut outside briefly.

The sound of a gunshot. A beat.

FARAH walks out and closes the door. He pauses and watches as blood slowly flows beneath the door. *

He appears to be worrying about it but in reality his mind is on something else:

INSIDE:

FARAH reenters, steps over the now dead body of the SECURITY GUARD. He looks about and finds what he is looking for. His car keys.

He grabs them and rips out all the electric cables before leaving. *

49

INT. CLUMP MANSE. DAY

49

There is now a mountain of detritus all over the floor detailing Mackenzie's sad life.

Suddenly MACK finds what he is after: Mackenzie's phonebook and personal bills. He flicks through them for numbers. He finds an American phone-bill and runs his finger down looking for a number. Bingo. He has it.

He takes out the deaconess's phone he stole and dials the number. Zero reception.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. CLUMP MANSE/CHURCH. GROUNDS/CHURCH ROOFTOP. DAY

50

MACK holds his phone high in the air, searching for reception.

He stands on the hearse's roof - nothing.

There is a trellis fence beside the church wall and he uses it to climb onto the roof. Once up there he holds the large wooden cross for balance, uncomfortable with the height and the roof's slope. On top of the cross a small satellite dish hangs by a thread.

From this high vantage he finds himself looking over the rainforest, and out to the sea and a distant tropical island. For a moment he notices it.

Finally has one bar of reception and dials.

MACK
Where are you?

INTERCUT WITH :

51

EXT. SYDNEY CAR SHOWROOM. DAY

51

MACKENZIE walks around an expensive car showroom.

MACKENZIE
(genuinely happy to hear
from him)
...Paulo Keegan my friend!

MACK
There are two ways this can go. You
can either get in a car and come to
Clump with the money right now-

MACKENZIE
(slow realization)
Wow, are you in clump? Are you
pretending - you are not - you are -
you are pretending to be me? You
are at the church. What's it like?
Is it as pretty as the photos?

MACK
Or option B, I will find you, I
will kill you and I will scatter
little pieces of you in the
outback.

MACKENZIE
You're clinging to a lot of old
anger there aren't you? Have you
ever asked yourself why? You know
who you are sounding like, Brian
Mills.

MACK
Who?

MACKENZIE
Liam Neeson in Taken. His
character. You must have seen it -
you sound exactly like him.

MACK
You have no idea of the magnitude
of the crap you are in.
(MORE)

MACK (CONT'D)
The money you have in your
possession is not even mine.

MACKENZIE
Oh yeah, I guessed that.

A SALEMAN approaches with a set of car keys.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
I am kind of caught up here - I
will call back you Paulo, or should
I call you Reverend?

The line cuts out.

52

INT. CLUMP MANSE. ROOMS. EVENING

52

Frustrated beyond control, MACK enters and takes off his
shirt. His wound weeps and he goes to the sink.

DAISY (O.S)
You're him? I saw you on the roof.

He turns around ready to fight. Instead he finds himself
talking to DAISY.

MACK
Who the fu-
(remembers who he is)
Who are you?

DAISY
Daisy. If you were trying to call
someone, the jetty has pretty good
reception in about fifteen minutes
time.

MACK
I'm not open for business yet
Daisy.

DAISY
That's all right, I live here.

This throws him. He wants no witnesses.

MACK
Says who? No one said anything
about a girl living here.

DAISY
It's kind of unofficial. I've lived
here for 6 months.

MACK
So you're squatting?

DAISY
Reverend Horton used to let me.

MACK
Well I ain't Reverend Horton. So
sorry Daisy, you're not staying.
Pack your goods and scram out of
here.

She stares at him, not angry, more intrigued.

DAISY
...You don't sound like a Minister.

MACK
Don't I. Sorry kid, go back home.

She notes his wound and tattoos.

DAISY
You get that cut doing a baptism?

MACK
Goodbye Daisy.

She turns and leaves.

DAISY
Your feet shrink on the way over
here did they?
(points)
None of those shoes would fit you.

He stares at her, and she leaves more intrigued than fazed.

53 **EXT. CHICAGO MANSION. DRIVEWAY. DAY**

53

FARAH is in his car. He speak into an security intercom.

FARAH
It's me. Farah.

The gate opens and he drives up a long drive-way. Many cars
are parked out the front of a seriously ornate mansion.

54 **INT. CHICAGO MANSION. DAY**

54

A coffin is centre in the living room. There is a photo of
Guido looking much less cokey - surrounded by mourning
wailing women in black.

FARAH stands at a respectful distance.

Enter LORENZO, elegant, dressed in a well cut suit. He is the
most powerful man around.

FARAH

I am very sorry for your loss,
Lorenzo. He was a great kid.

LORENZO

He was a coked out, spoilt idiot
who had no business being there in
the first place... But he is still
my blood... We can't even have an
open casket for him.

FARAH

I checked all the footage. It was
Paulo.

LORENZO

Shame, I liked him, he was a smart
man.

Guido's MOTHER approaches him. She is strangely composed.

GUIDO'S MOTHER

So it was him? Where is he?

FARAH

He hasn't used his phone, his
credit card - his passport has
gone.

She places a rosary into Farah's hand.

GUIDO'S MOTHER

...It doesn't matter what dark hole
he's crawled into, they always pop
their head up for air.

She returns to the coffin.

FOURTH COMMERCIAL BREAK

55

EXT. CLUMP BEACH/BLUE DOPHIN. SUNSET

55

MACK walks down the beach towards the jetty. There is a
buck's party (Aussie bachelor party) going on at the pub and
loud music and much raucous laughing.

He walks by it and LESTER waves down to him.

Further on he sees PIPER out of her police gear, jogging. She
runs past him without even acknowledging his presence.

56

EXT. CLUMP JETTY. SUNSET

56

A postcard sunset over the distant island.

MACK sits on the end of an old wooden jetty. He is going through Mackenzie's address book and phoning numbers.

MACK

...I have been trying to track down my friend Mackenzie Boyd... Have you heard from him?

He hangs up and crosses off another name. He starts dialing one more when his phone vibrates. He sees the only name he has listed, 'DEAD PRIEST'.

Intercut:

57

EXT. SYDNEY CLIFFTOP CARPARK. SUNSET

57

Widen to reveal MACKENZIE sits in a new convertible.

MACKENZIE

Sorry to cut you off earlier Reverend.

(he drifts)

You know where I am?

MACK

If I did you'd be dead.

MACKENZIE

Sure. Understood. You're angry. I'm currently looking at this golden sun sinking into turquoise waters. A salty breeze - yachts on a harbour... Where are you phoning from?

MACK

A jetty.

MACKENZIE

Describe it to me?

MACK looks about, an equally spectacular sunset dropping into the ocean behind the distant island, creating a glow across the water.

MACK

Ocean. Sunset.

MACKENZIE

You know I was thinking. We might just be each other's angels. I took your advice, you have to save yourself.

MACK

Not on my money! I promise you we are not each other's angels.

MACKENZIE

Hear me out. You and me we meet at - pretty terrible points in our lives. But because we met we now have this golden chance to reinvent ourselves. Our lives have changed because we met... You know what I decided to call myself?

MACK

A corpse?

MACKENZIE

Bryan Mills.

MACK has no idea what it means.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Liam Neeson's character in Taken.
Come on... Nothing?
(disappointed)
...Maybe there is a God after all.
Let's keep in touch.

MACKENZIE hangs up and breathes it in.

MACK takes a breath. A beep on his phone. This time it is a selfie of MACKENZIE, giving a thumbs up in the seat of his new convertible.

MACK

A convertible! Really?

LESTER (V.O)

Reverend! I would ask you not to panic.

Cut to LESTER running up the beach.

LESTER (CONT'D)

If you are perfectly still sometimes they go away.

MACK

What do?

LESTER

Lizards... Behind you, but don't look.

MACK slowly turns his head to see not a lizard but a giant saltwater crocodile at the other end of the jetty. For the moment it is stationary but with an open eye.

MACK does not heed the warning and hurls himself off the jetty. LESTER now screams out as HARRY runs down the beach.

LESTER (CONT'D)

No get out of the water, jellyfish!

We see MACK, panicked and flailing in the water, his cassock weighing him down.

HARRY

I thought his profile said he liked
the water?

THE END.