

1 EXT. BUSH -- DAWN

1

Pre-title. The sounds of bush birds and insects. Feet tread slowly, shakily, through the undergrowth.

Breathing, snuffling. A MUFFLED CRY. We reveal - Pattie, pale and distraught, in her white nightdress. In her arms: a struggling bundle. Mary breaks into RELENTLESS WAILING.

2 INT. ROBERTS' HUT -- DAWN

2

Annie wakes with a jerk. She sits up, instinctively knowing something's up.

Terry's fast asleep beside her. Annie gets out of bed and reaches for her dressing gown.

3 EXT. BUSH -- DAWN

3

Pattie comes to the edge of a steep bank. Beneath her is a loud fast-flowing stream. She glances down at her baby - and takes a breath. She's at the end of her tether. As if she's about to do something terrible.

CUT TO: Annie, in a dressing gown, hurrying through the bush.

ANNIE

Pattie!

She sees a figure ahead of her and stops. It's Pattie, on the edge of the bank. Pattie looks back over her shoulder -

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing -!

She runs towards her. As she approaches -

PATTIE
Shh, Mum, it's the only thing
that'll get her to sleep.

She indicates the rushing stream below them. And Mary, fast asleep in her arms.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
(breaks into a smile)
I can't believe it, I actually got
her down. She's so peaceful.

Annie relaxes. They both smile down at angelic Mary.

ANNIE
I used to have to take you to the
end of our street and stand outside
the steelworks. The machinery at
night-time used to make this weird
noise. Hfoo-hfoo...

She imitates a rhythmic chugging. They both laugh.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(baby stirs)
Oops, no, she knows her own mind,
this one.

And then she sees Pattie's hand - and takes hold of it, her mood changing completely.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
For god's sake, Pattie, what did I
tell you? You have to keep your
ring on.

Pattie pulls back her hand. Irritated the moment is ruined.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Now Stevie's gone, you have to be
more careful. Unwed mother -
If the authorities get involved
they can take her off you.

Pattie doesn't want to hear this. Shoots the messenger with a scowl. Walks off -

PATTIE
Going to get some sleep, before we
all start roasting to death in that
tin can.

She strides away with Mary. Annie follows, frustrated. And worried...

TITLES: *"Australia, a great place for families..."*

4 INT. CANTEEN -- MORNING

4

Bustling canteen activity. The Roberts sit at their usual table. Across the room, Annie chats to a newly arrived couple about Wilson's.

The Skinners (Maggie, Ray, Birdie) pass near the Roberts.
Peter gazes at Birdie - who doesn't notice him.

PATTIE

So you know: girls really love
being stared at.

PETER

(beetroot)

Wasn't staring.

PATTIE

Two little birdies sitting in a
tree. K-I-S-S-I-N-G.

PETER

The joke's on you, because - birds
can't kiss, they have beaks, so
they preen each other's feathers.

Peter takes his tray and moves huffily to another table.

TERRY

Leave him alone, he's having
feelings - it's hard at that age.

PATTIE

He's gonna make a fool out of
himself. She's way older.

TERRY

So let him make a fool of himself,
it's part of growing up. I used to
wait, every Friday, for Jane
O'Connell to deliver my dad's pools
coupon. I'd see her for
approximately 45 seconds and they
were the highlight of my week.

PATTIE

Did you never say anything to her?

TERRY

Thought she was out of my league.
Then she got with warty Warburton
and I realised when it comes to
romance, no one knows anything.

Annie arrives back. Terry gives her a look.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Your food's stone cold.

ANNIE

Got to push the store where I can.

Terry eyes that comment, but lets it ride. Annie sits and starts to shovel food in.

PATTIE

Must be nice, to feel useful.

She takes the baby, heads away. Terry and Annie swap a look.

TERRY

Well, we knew it would be hard.

ANNIE

But not this hard.

Kate passes.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Kate...

KATE

Hi...

TERRY

You joining us?

KATE

No, I've... I'm only eating this.

She motions to some tiny portion of food.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm going to head to the Labour Office, see what's on offer.

Big fake smile. But as she makes to leave, Annie is up -

ANNIE

(asking, sotto)

Are you okay?

KATE

Yeah, I'm good... just, trying to stay positive, at least I know Michael's safe and looked after. Not everyone can say that -

She is putting on a brave face, inside there is anger.

ANNIE

If there's anything I can to do help...

KATE

Annie, you got me out of that place, calling Robbie -

A lovely moment of friendship which she playful undercuts -

KATE (CONT'D)

- Although he does now think I'm marrying him...

She shows off her ring. They laugh.

KATE (CONT'D)

You'd better start making a bridesmaid's dress.

They giggle slightly, but it's masking a deeper unhappiness for Kate. She touches Annie's arm, goes.

Annie is worried about her. Goes and sits -

ANNIE

Poor Kate. Can you imagine, having Peter or Pattie taken from us?

He can't, but jokes.

TERRY
Right now, I'd give them away to
the first taker -

He's up, kissing her. Has to go.

ANNIE
By the way, I have to work late
tonight.

TERRY
(irritated)
How come?

ANNIE
(lies)
Stock rotation.

He shakes his head, goes. Hold on Annie.

5 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/ELAINE'S HOUSE -- DAY

After work. Nervous but excited, Annie heads down the street, looking for Elaine's address from a SCRAP OF PAPER. She spots it. The house is a well-off suburban home. Annie gathers her courage, rings the bell. Waits, anxious. The door gets flung open and Elaine announces -

ELAINE
You came!

6 INT. ELAINE'S SITTING ROOM -- DAY

6

Elaine leads Annie into the plushly furnished sitting room. A small group of women (no more than 6) sit around with drinks. There is a game of Scrabble out as if being played.

ELAINE
Everyone, let me introduce Annie
Roberts. From Larry's news segment.

Ad-libbed hellos/welcomes. Elaine's best friend, ISOBEL, gets up to shake Annie's hand.

ISOBEL
Lovely to meet you, Annie, I
thought you were so bold. It was a
tonic for us all, wasn't it?

Other women murmur agreement.

ELAINE
Have a seat, help yourself to a
drink - so we've only just started,
you haven't missed much - we've
been talking about an article we
found in The Women's Digest...

ISOBEL
It's really something.

ELAINE
Care to catch Annie up, Isobel?

ISOBEL

I think you read it better, you
have the perfect indignation.

Isobel hands Elaine the magazine. Elaine goes into
'performance mode'. Annie settles in with tea and tea cake.

ELAINE

Full page - look: 'Ways to look
after your man'. Number one, have
dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the
night before, to have a delicious
meal ready for his return. Two,
prepare yourself, touch up your
make-up, put a ribbon in your hair.
Three, listen to him, his topics of
conversation are more important
than yours.

Isobel scoffs.

ISOBEL

All mine talks about are rugby and
the length of his travel time.

The others laugh.

ELAINE

Four, don't complain. And last but
not least: five, don't ask him
questions about his actions or
question his judgement - remember
he is the master of the house and
as such will always exercise his
will with fairness and truth.

A beat for effect.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

A good wife knows her place.

Right on cue, LARRY walks in. Elaine quickly turns the page
over to reveal the front cover of Housekeeping Monthly.

LARRY

G'day ladies. Sorry to interrupt,
I'm heading to the club,
sweetheart.

He leans down and pecks her, goes. They all wait until he
has gone and Elaine says -

ELAINE

He actually thinks we play
Scrabble.

They all burst into laughter.

JUMP TO:

Later, and the ladies' group have become more serious now, the agenda more focused, Annie is fascinated.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

We were also the first country to allow women to stand for government. And we have more female politicians than -

ISOBEL

(cuts in)

Yes, but what are those women in government actually doing to help the rest of us? I managed a factory during the war - you worked for the Defence Ministry - Sarah drove trains, for god's sake. And now we're all just expected to stay home knitting and plumping pillows.

ELAINE

How about you, Annie, what did you do in the war?

They all turn to Annie, who's nervous but galvanised.

ANNIE

Oh, I worked in a bakery. The baker there was... very kind. He even taught me to drive the van.

A super quick flash to -

7

INT. BAKERY, ENGLAND -- DAY

7

Wartime. A content Annie works away.

*

8

INT. ELAINE'S SITTING ROOM -- DAY

8

We cut back -

ANNIE

But I know I've got opportunities here, in Australia, that I wouldn't have had back home.

ISOBEL

So you'd say women here have more freedom than in Britain?

ANNIE

In some ways. But... then in other ways - no.

ELAINE

How so?

ANNIE

Small things, mostly. Like - in England, men and women drink together and no one bats an eyelid. But, over here, you've got Gentlemen's Bars and Ladies Lounges - everyone's separated. I don't understand that -

ELAINE

Me either. So they can talk about us I suppose - and drink too much.

ANNIE

I've walked past those bars on a few occasions and wondered to myself - what'd happen if I just walked in and ordered myself a rum?

ELAINE

You should try it.

ANNIE

(joking)

Maybe I will.

ISOBEL

I'll come with you.

ELAINE

So will I.

Wait, what?

ANNIE

We'd need to think about it. Don't want us all getting arrested.

The air goes out of the balloon a little.

ELAINE

You're right, it definitely needs some serious thought.

A beat. Elaine looks at the others and the devil has entered her now.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Then again, you know what they say - thoughts can change actions, but actions can change thoughts.

She smiles.

Kate sits alone on her hut step, she watches CHILDREN PLAY on the hostel. A very obvious but poignant reminder of what is no longer in her life, but it's the voices that get her.

The CHILDREN'S VOICES.

She fights the will to collapse into a heap of self-pity. As we hold on her, we flash to:

10 (FLASHBACK - SERIES 1)

10

The orphanage, from series one.

11 EXT. KATE'S HUT, HOSTEL -- DAY

11

Back on Kate, deep in thought when -

PETER (O.S.)

Kate.

She snaps to.

KATE

Oh, hi.

PETER

It's nice to have you back.

KATE

Thank you.

PETER

I'm sorry about your son.

She nods, appreciates that.

PETER (CONT'D)

I've been reading about Auschwitz.

That surprises her.

PETER (CONT'D)

And when you think about that,
nothing in your own life seems as
bad.

She can't help but smile.

KATE

Well, no. I'll try and bear that
in mind.

Peter nods, hoping he's helped. But he dithers, not wanting to depart. He plucks up the courage to ask -

PETER

If you were my age and a girl.
Would you like it if I came and
talked to you?

KATE

Of course.

PETER

I think you might be just saying
that because it's polite, but if I
was me and you were you but younger
say, seventeen... what might you
want to hear, from me?

KATE

Well... I think I'd like you to...
be yourself, not try too hard, but
maybe say something charming,
perhaps a compliment on my hair or
my clothes. Oh, and not to mention
Auschwitz.

Peter bedding that down. Helpful.

PETER

Thank you. That's helpful.

He makes to go. Then -

PETER (CONT'D)

Secrecy, that's how they got away
with it for so long - the Nazis.
They kept their horrors hidden.

Peter goes. We hold on Kate, she looks back across at those
PLAYING CHILDREN. Hold on her. HOLD.

12

EXT. ARTY'S BEACH HUT -- DAY

12

The sun is setting across an idyllic beach landscape. The
surf. The sand dunes. The cries of sea birds.

The beach hut - A figure emerges. It's Ron, bringing out his
tools to a workman's bench. He sets about sawing timber.

He starts his evening work when suddenly, he is shocked by -

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Who the hell are you and what are
you doing in my hut?

Ron looks at her. He puts down his work and steps back. He
shouldn't be alone here with a white woman.

RON

Your hut?

MAGGIE

Correct. My husband, Arthur
Farthingdon left it to me. So, you -
are trespassing.

Ron, examining that statement and the way she said his whole
name. Something doesn't sit right.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I don't know much about your people
- but I do know you shouldn't be in
here.

Ron's reaction: so that's how it is.

RON
You're Arty's wife?

She nods.

RON (CONT'D)
He never mentioned you.

MAGGIE
Well, funny enough, he never
mentioned you.

She heads to the hut, inspecting it. She sees a KEROSENE LAMP on the floor. A couple of BEER BOTTLES in a corner.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You sleeping in here?

RON
No.

MAGGIE
Then what are you using it for?

He gazes at her, puzzled. Not sure what to believe here.

RON
I don't mean to speak ill of the
dead, but Arty told me you'd died,
during the war.

MAGGIE
Did he now?

RON
He did, he told me lots of things,
because he hired me and a friend to
turn this beach hut into his dream
business.

Maggie turns away, her mind racing, how does she play this now? Ron watches her like a hawk.

MAGGIE
Well - do I look dead? No, I'm his
widow and I only came over when I
heard about his passing.

She then disarms him by offering a hand.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm Maggie, by the way.

Ron doesn't shake it. He looks at her hand, uncomfortable. He shouldn't be here, alone with a white woman.

RON
(decides to just say)
I'm Ron.

MAGGIE
So this dream of his... what was he planning?

RON
A fish and chip shop.

MAGGIE
(laughs)
Fish and chips.

RON
English tradition, he said. Fish and chips - on the seafront.

MAGGIE
That's true enough, Irish as well.

She looks around.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
It's not a bad idea. Beautiful spot for it. You could get some outdoor tables - sit out, watching the waves. Be a hit with the folks where I'm staying.

RON
And where's that, Galgownie?

MAGGIE
(nods)
In my Arty's bed. God rest his soul.

RON
So you'll know Terry Roberts.

She eyes him. *Shit.*

RON (CONT'D)
He was Arty's best friend and the other man involved.

She swiftly brings the documents from her bag and hands them to Ron. He glances at them, with growing dismay.

MAGGIE
(a toughness to her now,
no bullshit)
Everything he owned comes to me.
The deeds to this property. And all
the permits you're going to need.
They're mine.

13 OMITTED

13

14 INT. PUB -- DAY

14

A very noisy bar, packed with men, drinking after work.
 Annie, Elaine and Isobel enter, Isobel asks Annie -

ISOBEL
 Still want to do it?

Annie has a reticent face.

ELAINE
 Annie Roberts, you've been on
 television wearing little more than
 Lady Godiva, this is nothing...

But as they make their way into the bar properly, men turn to
 stare. *What's all this then? / Looking good, ladies.*

As Annie walks past, a man gives a long whistle. She ignores
 him. The three arrive at the bar.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 Three whiskeys, please.

BARMAN
 Now, now, ladies, you know better
 than this. You have your tearooms
 and your cocktail lounges. So, off
 you pop, there's good girls.

ISOBEL
 One drink. That's all we ask.

The barman looks at some customers and smiles.

BARMAN
 One drink she says - what do you
 think boys...?

Around them, the men call out: *Go on, give 'em a drink / They
 brighten up the place. Etc.*

BARMAN (CONT'D)
 There you go: democracy, the people
 have spoken. One drink. And that's
 your lot.

He pours the drinks and walks away. The men cheer. The three
 women toast each other. Success.

ANNIE
 That went better than I'd expected.

They're joined by TWO MEN (ROY and DES) grinning
 lasciviously.

ROY
 Out on your own then?

They smile, a touch predatory.

ANNIE

Come on - you can see we're all married... we're just here for a drink, that's all.

ROY

Oh, we've got a pom here boys. You're my favourite, never had myself a pom.

Roy SLAPS ANNIE'S ARSE. She turns.

ANNIE

Do you mind?

DES

Had a Dutch woman once, and a Kiwi. And a woman from Darwin but she wanted me to pretend she was her brother.

Laughter.

ROY

What's your name, gorgeous?

ANNIE

(firm, offers hand)
Annie -

ROY

Annie. Like Annie Get Your Gun. Yee-ha! I'll be your horse cowgirl, climb on there...

He turns his back.

ROY (CONT'D)

Giddy up, Annie.

He now goes on all fours.

ROY (CONT'D)

Climb aboard, ride me.

Annie feels this is spiralling out of control as all the men watch. She swaps looks with the other women.

ROY (CONT'D)

Ride me, Annie. RIDE ME.

He does a crazy horse impression. Annie heads for the door, followed by the other two. But as they reach it...

Des blocks the door with his bulk.

DES

Where you ladies going? You said you wanted to drink...

ELAINE
Please let us pass.

DES
You wanna leave? Strange, because
first you wanna come in, to our
men's bar and when we get friendly
and ask you to join the fun,
suddenly you wanna leave.

The mood has suddenly turned nasty. Elaine and Isobel stare,
frightened. It's really hostile now.

ANNIE
Come on chaps, this isn't funny.

ROY
(mocks her)
Chaps, this isn't funny. You wanted
to stay, pom. So stay.

The bar has gone quiet. Annie looks across at the Barman
who's watching anxiously, but staying out of it.

ANNIE
Are you just going to stand there?
Tell your customers to behave
themselves.

Hastily he starts clearing up the glasses - he's not going to
stick his neck out.

Annie glances around at the men's faces, either leering or
hostile. Now she's scared, her heart thumping. She knows what
might happen. She starts yelling.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Help, someone, help!

DES
Whoa, whoa, whoa, come on, we're
just having a joke.

ROY
We're just having a lark.

DES
You can leave... course you can
leave... But you leave through the
back door. Don't want any other
ladies getting the same idea.

He motions for them to follow, they are all relieved. This
has badly backfired but they are getting out.

The man leads them to a side door and motions for them to go
through... but INSIDE it is dark and it's only once they are
inside, they hear - SLAM.

The door gets slammed closed and LAUGHTER can be heard from
the outside.

15 INT. CELLAR -- DAY

15

In panic, Elaine finds a light and turns it on. They are locked in a storeroom/beer cellar.

ANNIE

Bugger.

The women look at each other. This isn't good.

16 EXT. HOSTEL GATES -- DAY

16

Becoming evening. Terry, walks across the hostel, in a world of his own, when suddenly he hears a distinctive whistle.

He stops, looks across to the shadows.

RON (O.S.)

(sotto)

Terry.

Terry's amazed. He moves towards the voice.

TERRY

Ron?

RON

I can't be seen here. Meet me out on the main road, five minutes.

17 EXT. MAIN ROAD -- DAY

17

Ron's van is parked. Terry appears. Ron climbs out.

TERRY

Ron, how are you, mate? Is everything okay?

RON

You left the site one day, never came back.

TERRY

Yeah, I keep meaning to pop in but... I've got new work.

RON

Congratulations.

TERRY

I'm sorry. It's been... busy. Hands full with a grandchild and...

He tails off, feels bad.

RON

I've been going down to the beach hut, now and then, doing a little work, getting some peace and quiet.

TERRY
Right... I should come down.

RON
You should - we should... Was Arty
married?

That surprises him.

TERRY
Y-what?

RON
I thought he was seeing a German
woman.

TERRY
He was, Veronika. Ga-ga for her.

RON
A woman's turned up, claiming to be
his wife... and I trust her like I
trust a snake in a hole.

TERRY
What's she look like?

RON
Irish, dark hair. Says her name's
Maggie and she's just arrived -
she's clutching deeds and saying
she wants us out.

Terry's face, trying to fathom this.

RON (CONT'D)
- She claims she lives here - but
when I mentioned your name she got
all business-like.

TERRY
The only Maggie that's arrived in
here is Maggie Skinner. Her husband
has died but his name was Sidney
and he croaked on the boat over.

Hold their look.

RON
What do you think about finishing
what Arty started? For him, and for
us. If you still want part of it.

Terry, touched by that.

RON (CONT'D)
But I need you to find out what
this woman's playing at -

18 INT. CELLAR -- DAY, MEANWHILE

18

Annie, Elaine and Isobel HAMMER on the door and yell to be let out. They can hear the men on the other side.

ANNIE

What do they think they're doing,
this is mad!

ELAINE

You can't keep us in here, this is kidnap. It's imprisonment. I don't know what it is, but it's something.

Someone BANGS back - the door shudders. Annie jumps away.

19 INT. PUB -- SAME TIME

19

OTHER SIDE OF DOOR. The Barman has had enough. He pushes his way through the men and comes to the door.

Intercut as and when -

BARMAN

Okay, here's the deal. I'll let you out. If your husbands agree to come and take you home.

The three women look at each other, defeated.

ANNIE

They've made us look like fools haven't they, we tried to take some power and look at us.

Failure.

20 EXT. HOSTEL -- DAY

20

Terry walks back into the hostel, passing JJ's office. JJ emerges.

JJ

The very man. Just had a phone call from a bar in town. There's a bit of a problem with Annie.

On Terry.

21 INT. PUB -- LATE AFTERNOON

21

The door finally opens. Annie shields her eyes from the sudden bright lights.

Annie, Elaine and Isobel emerge, shaken, and mortified. They walk through the gathering of laughing men. Man 1 and Man 2 raise their glasses sarcastically.

TERRY and TWO OTHER MEN are waiting. Isobel, with a sob, runs straight into her husband's arms. Elaine, embarrassed, joins LARRY - who can't help grinning and shaking his head.

Annie sees Terry - and suddenly she's relieved, almost tearful. She hurries to him. He puts his arm around her.

TERRY
Whose idea was this?

ANNIE
Let's just get out of here.

Terry is embarrassed.

DES
Keep your wife in line next time,
mate.

Terry, deeply unimpressed, takes Annie's arm and leads her out of the pub.

22 OMITTED 22

23 INT. ROBERTS' HUT/BEDROOM -- NIGHT 23

Peter's dozing over his Holocaust book. Pattie's mending a hem on her dress. Mary asleep.

Annie and Terry walk through, muttering greetings. Pattie registers the tension but stays out of it.

PATTIE
Where've you been?

ANNIE
Just out, with friends.

Annie goes into the bedroom. Terry follows her inside and shuts the door. Finally, some privacy - but they still have to be quiet.

TERRY
The bikini business, now this...
what is it you're trying to prove?

ANNIE
Can we not talk about this now -

TERRY
That bloke back there, telling me to keep my wife in line, I should have asked him: *how?* When I don't even know what you want - I'm making good money - trying to get us a new home - for you and the kids and our grandchild - but you seem hell-bent on sabotaging it.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
Going in a men's bar - getting
locked in a cellar. Those men could
have done anything, that could have
gone anywhere, Annie.

Annie's tears well up. She wipes her eyes.

TERRY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

She can't tell him.

ANNIE
Nothing.

TERRY
Why aren't you happy?

She can't tell him.

ANNIE
...I am.

TERRY
So what's going on?

He stares at her.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Because, shall I tell you how I see
it? You're needed, but not where
you think you're needed. You're
needed here. She needs you - baby
Mary needs you. I need you. And
you're barely around -

ANNIE
That's not / fair -

TERRY
(at /)
You're not, love. You're off, with
Marlene, with... whoever them posh
handbags were tonight - and your
daughter is -
(sotto)
- alone, an unwed mum trying to
cope in a foreign country with a
newborn baby. We had help, your
mum, my mum... the neighbours
chipping in -

ANNIE
So, you're saying I'm bloody
useless, is that it? Letting my own
daughter down?

TERRY
No. I'm saying: You could be here
more. I'm saying:
(sotto)
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 If you're restless there's plenty
 you can be putting your energy
 into. Stevie's gone, and Pattie
 barely leaves the camp. That's not
 good for her.

She finds strength to defend herself.

ANNIE
 I brought her up, and Peter - and
 where were you Terry, after the war
 - when they were little - I'll tell
 you where, getting drunk or losing
 your wages at the track.

Hold their look. That bites at Terry.

TERRY
 Love, I'm not blaming you - you've
 been an amazing mother. But...
 right now, they need you again.

Terry goes to wash and brush.

Annie feels just about terrible now, a night of humiliation
 and home truths. But the worst is: she doesn't disagree.

She looks ahead and we do a *semi-subliminal flash to:*

24 (FLASHBACK) INT. BAKERY, ENGLAND -- NIGHT

The Bakery. Male hands need dough, female hands need dough.
The hands are very close.

And hold on Annie's face for a long time.

25 EXT. HOSTEL -- DAY

25

NEW DAY. The hostel coming alive for the day. Terry heads
 for his car and work, then he spots Maggie Skinner exiting
 the shower area. He heads across.

TERRY
 Morning -

MAGGIE
 Morning.

She is eager to depart.

TERRY
 (but Terry calls after
 her)
 Didn't realise you were a bigamist.

She slows, carefully turns.

MAGGIE
 I'm sorry.

TERRY

Sidney was your husband, but so was Arty Farthingdon. So you're a double widow. Or have I got it wrong?

He holds her look. But her face goes to resolute.

MAGGIE

They say possession is nine-tenths of the law, Terry. The Aborigine seems nice but he has no rights. So that leaves me and you - and I have the paperwork...

She smiles and goes. Leaving Terry to bed that down.

26 INT. WILSON'S -- DAY

26

Annie and Marlene, still with her foot damaged, rearrange the mannequins in the clothing department, they are still in bikinis but they are changing the theme.

Annie is looking at a letter.

ANNIE

The Corburn Beauty Pageant?

MARLENE

Absolutely - you have beauty pageants in England, right? I know it's freezing cold and everyone's blotchy but you must have the occasional razzle-dazzle.

ANNIE

Well, yes, in Blackpool and... seaside places.

MARLENE

Is that the place with the tower, like the one in Paris?

ANNIE

(sarcastic)

Yeah, just the same.

MARLENE

Can you believe it...? They want me, us, Wilson's, to host this year's event with them. Naturally, I'm going to play hard to get...

(theatrical pause)

- for five seconds before saying YES, YES, YES.

Suddenly, JOAN appears, holding Mary.

JOAN

Sorry - Annie - the baby's woken,
she's crying -

ANNIE

Oh, bugger...

She looks to Marlene.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Where is she? I said half an hour.

She rocks and soothes it as best she can.

MARLENE

Does it want breast?

ANNIE

Are you offering?

MARLENE

I'm afraid these are pleasure use
only - here - give her to me - you
go and find Pattie -

ANNIE

You sure?

MARLENE

I may not be a mother but I can
hold a child for two minutes -

Annie hands over the baby and Marlene takes it, quite
comical, as she really isn't a natural at this, she holds it
like she is holding a large trophy.

ANNIE

Just... put the head in your arm
like... there you go...

Marlene cradles it better.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Two minutes...

Annie dashes through the store and into

26A INT. MARLENE'S OFFICE -- DAY

26A

...Where she finds PATTIE, head on the table, asleep. A book,
that she is notionally reading, is open on the desk.

Annie slowly approaches the sleeping Pattie. Doesn't really
want to wake her, but...

ANNIE

Pattie, Pattie...

Pattie stirs and through bleary eyes, looks up.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Love, you fell asleep.

27 OMITTED

27

28 OMITTED

28

29 INT. MARLENE'S OFFICE -- DAY

29

SHORT TIME JUMP TO... Pattie feeding Mary. Annie and Marlene have coffee.

MARLENE
(of the letter)

- It's free advertising for us and we can get the girls taking part to wear our dresses. That'll shift some sales in ladies' wear. We'll be out of the red in no time.

Annie eyes her daughter, with love and concern.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
And my ex-husband can stick his audit up his... what do you call it in England... derrière?

PATTIE
Arse.

Annie looks at her, and then, all three women laugh.

MARLENE
(taps letter)
Your mum inspired this, says in the letter 'The young lady who was interviewed on television inspired us to approach you.'

Pattie nods.

PATTIE
Didn't see it.

Annie embarrassed.

ANNIE
Didn't miss much.

MARLENE
Well, the pageant was impressed.

PATTIE
'Young lady'?

ANNIE
I know, how old is the person writing the letter...?

MARLENE

It's going to be a lot of work, we
have to go big on this.

With Terry's words ringing in her ears, Annie looks at her daughter and granddaughter and says -

ANNIE

Pattie can help - she's young and
beautiful - I'll hold the fort
here. Be good for you -

MARLENE

That's a great idea.

PATTIE

What about Mary?

MARLENE

(before Annie can
answer)

Bring her along, we'll be
backstage, it'll be no trouble. You
have to come - you'll have the best
time...

She looks at her mother -

PATTIE

I'd like that.
(a beat)

Thank you.

Annie smiles, she feels she has done something good for her daughter. It makes her feel a bit better.

30

INT. PARK -- DAY

30

Kate with Robbie. They have snacks.

ROBBIE

Still have my ring on, *fiance*.

KATE

(smiles)

Without you giving me that, I might
be on a boat home right now.

He smiles at her. But then she pulls it off and hands it back to him.

KATE (CONT'D)

I suppose we don't have to pretend
any more.

He slowly takes it, masking his disappointment.

ROBBIE

How have you been, are you okay?

KATE

...Over the last few days, this anger has arrived. Not at the parents, they just want a child. At THE SYSTEM. That this was allowed. I feel like people should know.

Robbie looks at her, worried. Pause...

ROBBIE

Kate... do you know the story of King Canute? Trying to stop the waves by commanding them.

She doesn't.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Some things are the way they are, and no matter how loud we scream, they aren't going to change.

On Kate.

KATE

Maybe he didn't try hard enough.

31 INT. MAIN ROOM/KITCHEN, CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Terry is working on a pipe under the sink.

Behind him, Christine lays the table. Kevin and Julie play a tattered/battered Monopoly game in the background. They bicker.

Terry finishes up and turns around to Christine.

TERRY

Right. Try that.

She turns on the water. He watches under the sink.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Bingo, all sorted.

CHRISTINE
That's wonderful, thank you.

TERRY
(stands, cleans hands)
You are very welcome.

CHRISTINE

TERRY
This is what I do. Unless he needs
me for other things.

Terry swallows down the dark reality of that.

A pause - as if neither one wants to leave things there. They both start speaking together.

TERRY (CONT'D)
That'd be great, thanks.

She starts messing with the food.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Anything I can do to help?

CHRISTINE
No, no, you just relax.

Terry watches the kids for a moment, with Annie's words ringing in his ears - YOU WERE NEVER THERE.

He notices the kids' pictures on the wall.

TERRY
Did you two do these?
(kids nod - yeah)
That's a brilliant bird. And that
dog - is he wearing Wellington
boots?

They laugh. 'I did that'.

TERRY (CONT'D)
He's great, like his expression.

Terry mimics the dog's face in the expression and they laugh.

Meanwhile, Christine huffs with frustration as she tries to light the stove with a match.

She bangs it. Again, and again. The gas catches in a whoosh of flames.

TERRY (CONT'D)
That thing looks ancient.

She puts on a pan to boil water.

CHRISTINE
We're lucky to have it. Some of the others don't have any gas at all... right you two, leave that for now, finish it later...

She brings the kids *their* "lunch" - a slice of bread and cheap jam, and a glass of cheap orange squash.

Terry watches, his heart going out to them. The kids are so thin. Their clothes are worn and darned many times over. But they're wolfing down their bread and jam with great enjoyment. They look happy. And loved.

JULIE
Mister Roberts, what's your favourite thing in Australia?

TERRY
(makes a big show of thinking)
It's gotta be... the beach. I loved the seaside back home - but I never saw a beach like the ones we've got here. They're heaven.

KEVIN
We used to go to the beach all the time with Daddy...

Christine reacts to that, a sadness.

CHRISTINE
We still go...

KEVIN
Hardly ever.

Terry, clocking her sadness and self-berating.

CHRISTINE
We do go, it's just... with no car,
it's...

TERRY
(without thinking he
blurts)
I'll take you to the beach.

The kids cheer.

CHRISTINE
You really don't have to -

TERRY
I'll take you tomorrow - but in
return, I want a drawing. A
kangaroo, in Wellington boots, do
we have ourselves a deal?

The kids say yes. And Terry smiles, he turns to find
Christine looking at him with enormous gratitude.

It's a long time since she has been shown kindness.

32 EXT. HOSTEL -- DAY

32

Peter watches Birdie, as she passes across the hostel. God,
he idolises her. He plucks up the courage and starts to head
across, determined to this time make an impression.

But as he goes, JJ appears from his office...

JJ
Birdie.

He motions her inside, thwarting Peter.

33 INT. JJ'S OFFICE -- DAY

33

CLOSE ON JJ'S FACE.

JJ
Your father's death affected me. A
man taken before his time.

On Birdie.

JJ (CONT'D)
I've been thinking, about your
skills.
(produces her card, can
barely make eye
contact)
I was wondering if -

He feels silly saying it. So HOLDS HIS PALM OUT.

BIRDIE
You paying?

JJ
Of course.

BIRDIE
Shall we do it now?

He nods, then gently takes his hand.

Birdie starts to examine this palm as we hold on a very awkward JJ. Her assessment takes a few moments.

We see Peter edging towards the office window...

BIRDIE (CONT'D)
You have a deep and unbroken lifeline, but it doesn't mean you'll live to be a hundred, it suggests health and vitality.

JJ
You're not just saying that, right?

Angle - Peter surreptitiously peering in.

BIRDIE
But, see there - that line - that's a strong loving relationship and the position - high up, suggests the middle of your life, which -
(looks at him)
Must be kind of now.

On JJ, fixes on a sarcastic smile.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)
But there's a small line crossing it, which suggests a hazard.
Something that has to be overcome, for the love to prosper.

On JJ's face, intense thoughts swirling.

Birdie leaves, and as she does, we find Peter to one side.

PETER
Hello -

Too quiet. She doesn't notice him. And then, to add insult to injury, as she goes...

BIRDIE
Hi Luuk -

She says hello to a HUNKY DUTCH LAD, similar age. He looks all cool and blonde and dudey.

Peter hates himself, but can't help but crane backwards to stare, which makes him BUMP INTO -

JJ
(exiting his office,
spring in step)

Whoaaaaa. Walking forwards looking backwards, my friend Martin No Nose did that, fell down a drain, took six hours to get him out.

PETER
I'm sorry.

JJ
- Got your eye on the skirt, have you? Bit of Irish...

PETER
No! It's not... She's not interested in me.

JJ
And how do you know that?

PETER
Because I'm not... a man.

JJ
(scoffs)
Man.
(Peter stares at him)
What's being a man?

PETER
Don't you know? You're quite old.

Two age insults in as many minutes.

JJ
No idea what constitutes a man in England but over here, you need to know how to take charge of a barbie. Do a bit of hunting, bit of fishing. Gotta know about cars. Very important, that one. Beer. Footy. And of course, the essential one: Surfing.

PETER
Surfing?

JJ
Want the birds - you have to surf.

PETER
So... how do I learn all of that?

JJ
Get a real man to show you.

He smiles.

PETER
Right. Like who?

35 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, RECEPTION -- DAY

35

Time passes, new day.

Kate enters an UNKNOWN BUILDING, behind a MALE VISITOR. Ahead of her - a frosty receptionist behind her desk.

Kate turns away, hiding her face - but keeping an eye on the receptionist... as the male visitor goes to get checked in. While he's talking to the receptionist...

Kate edges towards the lifts. She doesn't take her eyes off the receptionist... who lowers her head to look at her appointment list...

Kate slips into the lift. She presses the button. The lift doors close. She's in.

36 INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE -- DAY

36

Kate walks through a busy editorial office. The walls are hung with FRAMED MAGAZINE COVERS. She pauses to ask directions. Someone points her to a door. The sign reads: MR WALTER MATTHEWS, EDITOR.

Near the door, Matthews' Secretary, LYNNE, is at her desk. Kate steels herself, then approaches Lynne.

KATE
(posh accent)
Good morning, I'm Marjorie Gibson
from The London Times - you may
have read my articles - I was
recently given a press award -
anyway, I'm over here on an
assignment and would LOVE five
minutes with Mr Matthews.

Lynne is taken aback but Kate is so smiley and confident.

LYNNE
The Times...? Oh, yes, of course.
He's rather busy... Let me see if
he's free. The name again?

KATE
Marjorie Gibson.

Lynne goes into Matthews' Office. Kate waits on tenterhooks... Lynne returns.

LYNNE
Yes, Miss Gibson, he has a few
minutes, this way -

KATE
Marvellous.

She walks in, masking her intense relief.

37 INT. MATTHEWS'S OFFICE -- DAY

37

As Kate enters, Matthews rises, he is a large man with a kind face.

MATTHEWS
Marjorie Gibson, from the Times?
All the way down under...

He offers his hand.

KATE
(shakes)
Charmed.
(real voice)
But I'm really really sorry Mister
Matthews, I've lied to you - my
real name is Kate Thorne - and the
reason I've lied is -

MATTHEWS
(CALLS OUT)
Lynne - LYNNE -

KATE
No, please, listen... I've got a
story, a really important story -

MATTHEWS
Lynne -

Lynne makes her way inside again.

KATE
Five minutes. This is urgent.
Children are being taken.

Matthews glances at Lynne in the doorway.

KATE (CONT'D)
They're being brought to this
country and your government and my
government are turning a blind eye.

Those words hang there. Matthews makes a mental calculation.

MATTHEWS
Miss Thorne, I don't appreciate the
ruse, but... as a journalist, I'd
be crazy to send you away.
(gestures to Lynne)
Lynne, could you take notes?

She nods, of course.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
You've got five minutes.

Lynne comes in, shuts the door and sits off to one side.

38 EXT. BEACH MONTAGE -- DAY

38

Terry builds sand castles with the kids.

They paddle in the waves. The kids are having the time of their lives. They run at Terry, throw their arms around him, almost knocking him into the water. Terry enjoying it.

Christine sits on a picnic rug, gazing at the sea - the beach - at her children, happier than she's seen them in ages.

Terry returns and sits beside her on the picnic rug. He watches the kids, splashing in the waves.

TERRY
(calling over)
Don't go wild!

He laughs, then turns to get himself a drink from the bag - but she's anticipated him and has the drink ready for him. Terry accepts it, flattered, a little embarrassed.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Thanks.

They sit in silence for a moment, their hands resting side by side on the sand. To Terry's surprise, Christine puts her hand on his. He doesn't stop her. It's an odd, tense moment -

TERRY (CONT'D)
(deflects with -)
They're great at this kind of age
aren't they - just want to fool
around, play daft.

CHRISTINE
They're a handful on your own.

TERRY
(nods, I'm sure)
Missed a bit with my two, first the
war, then... after was harder than
we thought it would be,
readjusting.

She nods.

CHRISTINE

How have they found coming here?
Your children...

TERRY

It's an upheaval, isn't it? Other side of the world, all your friends left behind. My youngest, Peter, is alright... but the girl, Pattie, she's sixteen and...

He shrugs...

CHRISTINE

Great time to be a young woman in Australia though, the outdoor life, the parties...

On Terry. He can't mention the baby.

She smiles at him. Hold their look. It's strange this, it's not flirtation, but there is SOMETHING.

He likes this family, the young kids, he feels relaxed in their presence, and she is enjoying not being alone, just having SOMEONE there to talk to. But... BUT...

As they look at each other they both know they are a man and woman sitting close on a beach...

Until... the kids run up, excited - *Mummy! Terry! PLAY!!!*

Terry and Christine move their hands apart.

Emotional music kicks in...

And takes us across... IMAGES OF CHILDREN, young children, under 10 years of age (these are available, there is a YouTube clip for reference) making the journey, across from the UK to Australia, no parents... then driven to remote orphanages in deepest Australia... FADE THROUGH TO:

Kate finishing up... Matthews and Lynn are shocked and sympathetic to what they have just heard...

KATE

I came to you because I know you're interested in important issues. This terrible thing is happening to women and their children. It can't be ignored.

Silence. Then -

MATTHEWS

And you've got the evidence to back this up?

KATE

My story is the evidence.

MATTHEWS

Verbal testimony of one woman -
(shakes his head)

KATE

(sinking)

We can get more. You have to believe me -

MATTHEWS

I do believe you. But I can't print a story based on the words of someone who has wandered into my office. My legal team would have a seizure. You're accusing the church. The police. The Australian government...

She can see that.

KATE

But if nobody talks, it will just carry on.

Lynne eyes her boss carefully, hoping he will say he'll look into it, her eyes dart from him to Kate.

MATTHEWS

Miss Thorne, your story is moving, but...

(he is dismissing her)
We'd be rattling a lot of cages.

KATE

Good. We need to, we need to scream and shout until something changes.

He looks at her and she can see from his face that this guy is establishment.

MATTHEWS
That's not how it all works.

KATE
(assesses that comment)
Friends in those places have you?
Same clubs...

His face turns to shit.

KATE (CONT'D)
This is how the silence continues.

MATTHEWS
I think we're finished here.

Meeting over. Kate stands, defeated. As she leaves the office, she catches Lynne's sympathetic look.

41 EXT. SURFING BEACH/SURFING MONTAGE -- DAY

JJ and Peter lie on surfboards, a slight bit out from the shore... JJ coaching him... We can improv this a bit... but basically... *How to jump up on the board and balance on it while it's in the water.*

Peter falls off, goes under, swallows water. He gets up, tries again. Falls off. Emerges spluttering.

JJ
(laughing)
Can't expect to be a master on day one, Peter. Took me about... seven years...

Jump to: Peter has another go, better. He jumps up and kneels on top of the board.

JJ (CONT'D)
Steady... hold it steady...

Peter gets into a crouch position. Slowly... he raises himself... until he can stand upright on the board.

Then... FALLS OFF. But rises from the waves TRIUMPHANT.

JJ (CONT'D)
You did it! Pete, you did it! Say bonzer.

PETER
Bonzer.

JJ
Bonzer!!!

PETER
Bonzer!!!

He and JJ grin proudly at each other.

CUT TO:

Peter and JJ dry off on the sand.

PETER (CONT'D)
So you really think this will impress her?

JJ
Can't hurt, can it? Aaybe you could
get decent at it, then offer to
teach her. Plenty of opportunities
for intimacy teaching surfing.

Peter gives him a look.

JJ (CONT'D)
Well, not me and you obviously,
that'd be strange.

Peter smiles. Pleased with his day.

JJ (CONT'D)
Listen, I've helped you, now I need
you to help me with something -

PETER
With what?

JJ
Call it... an adventure.

42

INT. BACKSTAGE PAGEANT VENUE -- DAY

42

A school assembly hall with a stage. The backstage area is bustling with CONTESTANTS AND THEIR MOTHERS, fussing over their hair, queuing to register. A PHOTOGRAPHER flits about, taking pictures. PAGEANT ORGANISERS scurry with clipboards.

Marlene shuffles in (with her bad leg), followed by Pattie (in her best dress and shoes) pushing the Pram - she in turn is trailed by TWO DELIVERY MEN wheeling a clothes rail, hung with GORGEOUS DRESSES from Wilson's and a trolley of hatboxes and shoeboxes.

As their little cavalcade moves through the hall, Pattie gazes excitedly around. She sees:

Contestants practising the stilted walks - turns and poses that are *de rigueur* for beauty queens.

Contestants rehearse their answers. *I want to work overseas for a charity... My favourite hobbies are flower arranging and cooking with beef...*

Contestants, anxiously compare their bodies to a diagram of the perfect winning figure. *My shoulders are too square... Ugh. I have irregular legs!*

Pattie parks the pram - Mary is asleep. She grins. This is going to be fun.

CUT TO:

Marlene claps her hands.

MARLENE

Attention, Contestants! All my ladies' wear is direct from Paris and Milan...

(under her breath)

At least that's what it says on the labels...

(louder)

So if you're interested in modelling any of these samples, step this way.

Contestants and their mothers rush to surround her.

CUT TO:

Pattie, enjoying herself FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, busily matches the dresses to the contestants. The pram is close by her side. She checks it occasionally.

Marlene stands with her clipboard. As each satisfied contestant goes off with her chosen dress -

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Every chance you get, you say the dress is from Wilson's Ladies' Wear. Got it? **Wilson's** for the latest Paris fashion... Right, that's the lot. Pattie, can you pack up the rest?

Pattie starts taking dresses off the rails. As she passes the mirror, she can't help holding one up against her... A PAGEANT ORGANISER walks up, making her jump.

PAGEANT ORGANISER

What name, please?

PATTIE

(bemused)

Patricia Roberts...

PAGEANT ORGANISER

Patricia Roberts... You're not on the list. Never mind. Just sign up at the desk and get your number. Do you have your chaperone with you?

PATTIE

Oh no, I'm not...

Marlene steps up. She's overheard.

MARLENE

I'm Miss Roberts's chaperone.

Marlene gives her a cheeky beam.

PAGEANT ORGANISER

Good but hurry, please. We're starting quite soon.

She goes off.

PATTIE
Marlene.

MARLENE
Two girls haven't shown, you'll be
doing them a favour.

PATTIE
I can't. Look at me.

MARLENE
Yes - you look fabulous. You can
hold your own against any of those
horse-faces. Anyway, these pageants
aren't just about looks. They're
about brains and personality.

PATTIE
(tempted but...)
What about Mary?

MARLENE
I'll look after Mary.

PATTIE
You?

MARLENE
What's that face, I might prefer to
caress a gin and tonic but I can
hold a bloody baby in my arms.

PATTIE
(very anxious about
leaving her child)
I don't know.

MARLENE
Go on, don't be so British.

Pattie beams, the happiest we've seen her in a while.

PATTIE
Okay.

MARLENE
Excellent. But...
(sotto)
- Get rid of the ring. It's for
young single women.

Wearily, she takes it off and gives it to Marlene. She
glances guiltily at the pram. Then goes to change.

MAGGIE
Will I have to serve you with an
eviction notice?

Ron just stares at her.

RON
Yeah, why don't you try that.

Impasse.

RON (CONT'D)
Arty was not your husband. Your
husband was some poor bloke who
kicked the bucket on the boat over
here - I'm sorry for your loss and
all but give over, lady.

Maggie bridles. Thinks... not giving this up easily...

MAGGIE
I could make a fuss you know, I saw
you here, sneaking around with
those other men.

Ron, bothered by that.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
But I don't want to do that - I saw
finding those deeds as a sign.

RON
- Of what?

MAGGIE
That I can make it here. In
Australia. Sid might be gone but
I'll prosper. And this idea of
Arty's could be a winner.

Hold on them, now what?

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Look, no one else - except Terry -
knows about this, correct?

RON
Right.

MAGGIE
Right. Well, you can't run a fish
and chip shop without my deeds, and
I can't say I know how to build
one. So how about a different
tactic?

Ron waits.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
...You were a three before, what if
you were a three again?

RON
(assesses that offer -)
You want in on fish and chips?

MAGGIE
I do.

He hides his smile. She holds out her hand to shake on it.

Ron glances down at her hand.

RON
Fine. But I wouldn't try turning
Terry against me again. I'm a
partner - not an employee. You got
that?

Maggie nods. Hand still out.

A beat and then... unlike earlier he reaches out and shakes.
We hold their look, they like each other somehow.

44 INT. CHANGING ROOM -- DAY

44

Pattie at the mirror. She's had a make-over - and it's a transformation. She's stunned at how grown-up and sophisticated she looks. She smiles. Then she practises her walking and posing. Taking it seriously now...

45 INT. STAGE MONTAGE -- DAY

45

The MALE COMPÈRE wears a loud suit and an extravagant moustache. He has a slightly pervy manner.

COMPÈRE
(into his mic)
Ladies, ladies, ladies. Round One.
Daywear. Wonderful. And, most
importantly - personality.

Pattie, her number on a rosette fastened to her wrist, watches nervously from the wings.

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)
Please welcome, our first young
lady, a warm welcome to a girl with
a lovely hourglass figure and not
one, not two, but *three* names -
Amelia-Rose Parker.

Applause.

The First Contestant (Amelia-Rose Parker) with her fixed smile walks stiffly towards the judges, one arm folded across her waist. She pauses, rotates to the left, then the right, walks away.

CUT TO: First Contestant being interviewed by the Compère.

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)
You have a lovely smile my sweet.
(winks at her)
Cheeky face, like you're up to no
good. Tell us. What's a fact people
don't know about you?

FIRST CONTESTANT
Well, Mister Vaughn, my dream is to
sing in an opera.

COMPÈRE

An opera, how marvellous. Would you like to give us a burst of your voice?

She just does a fairly lame 'LAAAAAAA'. The audience applauds but they are clearly underwhelmed.

Marlene motions 'dress'.

FIRST CONTESTANT
Oh, and my dress is from Wilson's.

Audience applause. The PANEL OF THREE JUDGES make notes. In the wings, Marlène, Pram at her side, is pleased, clapping.

CUT TO: The SECOND CONTESTANT does her moves and turns.

COMPÈRE
What's the first thing you'd do
after winning the crown, my love?

SECOND CONTESTANT
The first thing I'd do, Mister
Vaughn, is... speak to all the
world leaders and make sure we
never ever go to war ever again...

COMPÈRE
Wow, quite the task my dear.

Marlene hisses from the wings.

MARLENE
Wilson's! Wilson's!

SECOND CONTESTANT
And I'd speak to them in a Wilson's
dress. Like this -

She poses. Applause.

Snap. CUT TO:

COMPÈRE
And our next wonderful contestant
who has come all the way from the
United Kingdom...

PATTIE
Oh god...

COMPÈRE

(puts on an absurd
English accent)

So let's hope we're not barking up
the wrong tree - and it ain't a one-
horse race - she's the bee's knees -
Miss Patricia Roberts of England -

MARLENE

(squeezes her hand)

You'll dazzle them.

Pattie gathers her courage. And steps out onto the stage.

She smiles. She walks. She turns. She gets everything right.

The COMPÈRE eyes her, bit pervy.

CUT TO:

COMPÈRE

So, Patricia, Patricia, luuverly
name... Now - a juicy juicy
question...

(winks at the audience)

Describe for us - your perfect day.

The audience goes - ooooooh. The COMPÈRE holds the mic out to
Pattie. She stammers at first, then gets into her stride.

PATTIE

My perfect day? Is, well... I think
it would be to wake up to... not a
care in the world... to blue skies.
And the sunlight on my face. And
then to go walking on the beach,
with the sand between my toes. And
look out at the ocean and be able
to see for miles and miles. And
feel... free.

Silence. Pattie's spoken from the heart. The audience is
unexpectedly moved. And then - thunderous applause.

COMPÈRE

(theatrically, into the
mic)

'The sand between my toes.' And
what beautiful toes they are,
beautiful toes on an English rose.
Just watch out for crabs.

He does crab hands at her... the Audience laughs.

Marlene motions 'dress!!!!'

PATTIE

(pulls the mic back)

Oh, and I'm wearing a Wilson's
dress too. They sell the very best
of Paris fashion.

More applause. Marlene gives her a double thumbs-up.

The judges confer and nod their agreement. Pattie looks at everyone, clapping for her. She smiles, confidence growing.

COMPÈRE

And one last question - do you like men with moustaches?

PATTIE

(nervous laugh)

Errr... Y-yes?

COMPÈRE

Just kidding - always hopeful!

Gales of laughter and applause.

CUT TO:

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)

Going through to round two, we have Jane Jackson! Patricia Roberts! (Alice Matthews, etc)

Prolonged cheers. Pattie laughs. Amazed!

46

INT. BACKSTAGE -- DAY

46

Marlene's with the pram. Pattie emerges from the changing room in an elegant Wilson's evening dress and white gloves.

MARLENE

I knew it. You're stunning.

Pattie beams. She checks under the lace cover.

PATTIE

How is she?

MARLENE

Sleeping like a baby, don't worry.

47

EXT. MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTION -- DAY

47

JJ's car pulls up. They climb out and Peter looks at the institution. He is somewhat baffled.

PETER

What's this?

JJ

You remember Sheila Anderson,? Used to live on the hostel...

He does.

JJ (CONT'D)

We're paying her a little visit.

JJ motions, 'come on.' Peter's baffled, but goes with it.

47A INT. PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTION -- DAY

47A

Peter goes to the reception, he starts asking the DESK MAN about the institution, 'for a school project', and bombards him with questions, basically as a distraction.

PETER

I'm working on a school project about patients in mental hospitals. I wonder if you can help... I've been told you use straitjackets, manacles and leather wristlets to control patients, is that correct?

The DESK MAN starts to answer, shaking his head...

Jump to

47B INT. CORRIDOR, PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTION - DAY

JJ calmly walks along the corridor alone, tipping his hat to various nurses: *g'day*. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING.

48 INT. PAGEANT. STAGE -- DAY

48

WINGS. Pattie waits in a line of Round Two contestants, all in sumptuous evening wear.

BACKSTAGE. A CONTESTANT'S MOTHER comes to Marlene.

CONTESTANT'S MOTHER

Excuse me, can we get some help with these fastenings?

Marlene hesitates over Mary. But...

MARLENE

Be right with you.
(to the pram)
Don't move. I'll be back.

She hurries away with the Contestant's Mother. We follow her all the way around the back... down a corridor... to a Ladies' Room quite far from the stage.

ON STAGE. Pattie joins the Compère at the mic. Applause. Photography flashes.

BACKSTAGE. Crying from the pram. Two mothers look across.

MOTHER

Whose baby is that?

They wait a beat, no mother is coming.

They peer under the lace cover. SHOCK at the sight of a mixed-race baby.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Goodness.

ON STAGE.

PATTIE
...I'm in love with education and
learning, I adore books, so I think
I'd like to teach.
(MORE)

PATTIE (CONT'D)
 I'd definitely like to travel.
 Maybe I can combine the two...

Talking about herself... Pattie's confidence grows...
 remembering who she used to be.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
 I believe you can do anything if
 you set your mind to it -

But then she hears... CRYING.

Everyone starts looking around to see where the noise is
 coming from. Sniggers from the audience. The judges frown.

COMPÈRE
 Oops, someone's not a fan.

The Mother - pushing the pram from backstage to the main area
 - mouth: 'Who's the Mother?'

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)
 We're looking for a Mother. Anyone
 lost a baby...?

On Pattie... rising panic...

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)
 Someone needs to be put to the
 breast, but enough about me...

Audience laughter. Pattie REAL FEAR NOW.

Mary's crying even louder as they go along the audience
 asking who the mother is...

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)
 Someone must be the owner... if no
 one claims it it's going in lost
 property...

Suddenly, Pattie flees from the stage. She rushes to the
 pram. She pulls back the lace cover. And grabs the baby.

Everyone is STUNNED.

She dashes from the room... as Marlene enters... flustered.

On Pattie, if looks could kill. The audience is amazed.

COMPÈRE (CONT'D)
 (pretends to look
 through his cards)
 Did we have a maternity dress
 round...?

49 INT. CHANGING ROOM -- DAY, LATER

49

Pattie feeds Mary. She is mortified. Marlene enters...

MARLENE

I'm SO sorry -

PATTIE

It's fine, I don't care.

She does.

MARLENE

I heard what the judges were saying about you. 'Refreshing and different' -

PATTIE

I'm certainly that. Not many girls in there that are unwed, with a screaming baby.

MARLENE

Hey, now...

PATTIE

(interrupts)

I was an idiot, thinking I could do this. Pretending I'm normal...

MARLENE

Hey - that's too dramatic. Having a baby out of wedlock - even a baby with an 'exotic' look... It doesn't mean your life's over. It just means... It's not going to be easy.

PATTIE

Mum was right. It's not safe.

MARLENE

Oh darling, I really am sorry.

She goes to Pattie and offers a hug. Pattie allows it. Pattie clings to her for comfort.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Mary didn't come to any harm, that's the main thing...

50 EXT. HOSTEL -- DAY

50

TAXI pulls in and Pattie climbs out, with Mary. Marlene tells the taxi to wait and helps her with the pram.

Annie sees them.

ANNIE

Pattie... how did it go?

She heads for the hut.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What happened?

She just shakes her head and heads inside. Annie disappointed, looks to Marlene.

MARLENE
It's my fault. There was a bit of an incident.

Angle - Kate watching from her step.

We sweep across to JJ's car parking. JJ stays with the car, he WINKS at Peter, who smiles - what a day he's had.

He feels different as he heads back into the hostel, he is beach-dressed, hair still wave-tussled...

He is in a world of his own, until...

BIRDIE
Hi Peter...

He turns and Birdie does a wave across.

PETER
Oh, hi... Birdie.

Fuck, what now...

PETER (CONT'D)
Your hair looks nice.

BIRDIE
Oh, thanks, so does yours.

And that's it. But it's enough. He heads away, on top of the world. And she watches him go.

ANGLE - JJ, standing by his car, smiles to himself. Then goes around and pops the boot. Hold on his face -

51 INT. BILL'S HOUSE -- DAY

51

Bill is watching RAY SKINNER work topless in his garden, real hard man's work, when his telephone rings.

BILL
Bill Anderson?

He listens as he still watches RAY, but his face turns to confusion and then anger...

BILL (CONT'D)
Escaped? How can she escape?

Back on:

52

EXT. HOSTEL -- DAY

52

JJ

Welcome home.

We now see... SHEILA is in his boot, in normal clothes. He offers her a hand and she climbs out...

53

INT. ROBERTS' HUT -- DAY

53

Annie goes into the hut and sees Pattie.

ANNIE

I feel terrible. I should have gone with you, but I thought -

PATTIE

I don't need babysitting. It's my own stupid fault - I was the one that had sex.

Peter enters on the word 'sex'. Awkward.

PATTIE (CONT'D)

I love Mary. But she traps me.

TERRY

Love -

PATTIE

She does. I'm not like those girls at the pageant...

Pattie looks at Annie.

PATTIE (CONT'D)

When we got here you said you envied me, said I could achieve everything I was capable of... my whole future before me. But I'M GOING TO ACHIEVE NOTHING. Just like you.

She slams herself down. Annie looks at Terry. She has tears welling in her eyes.

ANNIE

Well, I'm sorry... that I brought you up alone, through a war, and have tried to give you every opportunity for a better life. I'm sorry you see that as so terrible.

She cracks but doesn't want them to see her crying. She heads out of the hut.

TERRY

Annie...

She's gone.

54 INT. HOSTEL, TOILET AREA -- DAY

54

Annie crying but trying not to. She can't stop the sobs from coming. Everything seems bad for her.

Kate enters... Annie becomes aware of her presence. She turns and Kate can see she has been crying...

ANNIE

It's nothing.

KATE

Don't do that - don't not tell me things because of what I've gone through -

Annie fights big emotions.

KATE (CONT'D)

Peter said, if we're not in a concentration camp then nothing's really that bad.

Which at least makes her laugh a bit. Kate moves to her, holds her...

55 INT. ROBERTS' HUT -- DAY

55

Terry hands Pattie a drink and gives her a loving, kind fatherly smile.

TERRY

Your mum's a good mum, you know. She's done her best for you, I know this is hard, but it'll get easier. And she'll help you, we've spoken about it.

Pattie does a small nod.

TERRY (CONT'D)

But what you said, it upset her.

PATTIE

I know.

TERRY

So, find her, apologise. And let's get some happiness back in this hut, yeh.

Pattie nods.

56 INT. KATE'S HUT -- DAY, LATER

56

Annie and Kate, with drinks. In Kate's hut.

ANNIE

I can see history repeating itself.
Pattie, feeling trapped. And she's
right, she is going down the same
road as me.

Hold their look.

KATE

What do you mean?

57 EXT. ROBERTS' HUT, HOSTEL -- DAY

57

Evening. Pattie exits the hut, looking for her mum.

58 INT. KATE'S HUT -- DAY

58

ANNIE

I've done things, Kate. Things I've
never told a living soul.

Kate looks at her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Then a little while ago I got a
 letter, from Terry's mother...
 telling me someone was close to
 death...

KATE
 Who is it?

59 EXT. HOSTEL -- DAY

59

OUTSIDE. Pattie passes Kate's hut and on the breeze, hears
 Kate and Annie's voices through the small gap in the window.

60 INT. KATE'S HUT -- DAY

60

ANNIE
 Man called Harry Brewis. He owned
 the bakery where I worked...
 (smiles, remembering)
 He wasn't allowed to fight, he had
 trouble with his eyes... I had tiny
 Pattie but the war needed female
 workers, so Mum helped out and I
 went to work for Harry.

OUTSIDE. Pattie listening, fascinated.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 You're not allowed to say it,
 because so many people died, but...
 I loved that time. I had a purpose.
 And although Terry was away and I
 was worried sick about him, the job
 kept me sane...

A beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 But then I'd got a card, from the
 army, telling me they didn't even
 know his whereabouts, not even
 whether he was still alive...

OUTSIDE. Pattie slides down and sits below the window.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 I thought I was going to be a
 widow... I could barely remember
 his face... his voice... and I kept
 thinking, how will I describe him
 to Pattie...?

OUTSIDE. Pattie smiles.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
I thought I might die of grief...
but Harry was... He looked after
me... and we... comforted each
other.

She trails off, blinking back tears. So painful for her.

OUTSIDE. On Pattie. What on earth?

KATE
You mean...

ANNIE
We were only together a few times.
It was like I'd entered this
strange dream. This strange time,
where I was grieving but feeling a
passion and the two things sort of
merged. And then word came through
like a miracle, that Terry was
alive. And when I heard he wasn't
dead...

She stops. Can't explain. Remembering.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
I think Harry loved me.

OUTSIDE. Pattie wants to leave, wants to not hear anymore,
but can't make herself move...

ANNIE (CONT'D)
When Terry was back, he wasn't an
easy man to live with.

A look on Kate's face: "Oh no, don't tell me".

ANNIE (CONT'D)
But Harry, never, we never... not
after that brief time.

OUTSIDE, Pattie scuttles away.

In shock, rage, sympathy, disgust.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Terry is a good man, a good man and
I don't ever want to hurt him.

KATE
It's over Annie. It's all in the
past.

We end on Annie's look, somehow not reassured and as if she
is going to say something more. Then stops herself.

61

INT. ROBERTS' HUT -- DAY

61

Pattie slams back in, a foul mood. Terry clocks her.

TERRY

Went well then?

She ignores him. SLAMS INTO THE BEDROOM. Peter is lying on the floor on two long cushions (his 'surfboard') as he practises his moves and rises. Terry just stares at him -

TERRY (CONT'D)

You doing?

PETER

JJ took me surfing.

TERRY

JJ took you surfing?

PETER

He's showing me how to be an Australian man.

TERRY

Is he? Right...

Terry is flabbergasted and hurt.

PETER

I think he enjoyed it, like having a son I suppose.

(jumps up)

I need to check this move with him.

He goes. On Terry, alone... it daggers him. He exits... we hold on him as he walks... what is happening to his family right now...?

62

EXT. ARTY'S BEACH HUT -- DAY

62

We cut into a speech by ARIKA, an impassioned Indigenous activist, to a gathering of other Indigenous activists, men and women, some of the people we saw leaving the hut in 202. Ron stands at the back, listening with the others.

ARIKA

The Gubbament are not giving us any jobs. The Gubbament won't give us our land back. Won't give us housing. They treat their mirries better than us. Us fellas shouldn't have to hide in the dark of the night. This is our land. I say we stand on the streets and fight for justice. Justice for us mob.

Applause/approval.

CUT TO: The meeting's over. People are filing out. Ron and Arika are alone together.

RON
 Arika, we have to find another
 place to meet.

ARIKA
 Why?

RON
 I'm not sure it's safe anymore.

ARIKA
 (pissed off)
 We can't meet here, you won't let
 us meet on the Mission -

RON
 You know the Mission isn't safe. We
 get caught there, everyone suffers.
 You're asking people to risk a lot
 for this.

Ron is talking about himself.

ARIKA
 So what do we do?

RON
 I'll find us somewhere, leave it
 with me.

Arika extinguishes the last lamp. We stay on Ron, troubled.

63 INT. VACANT HUT, HOSTEL -- DAY

63

JJ and Sheila kiss and embrace in an UNOCCUPIED HUT. So good
 to be together again...

Sheila looks at JJ with affection.

SHEILA
 What do you think will happen?

JJ
 Who cares.

64 OMITTED

64

64A OMITTED

64A

65 OMITTED

65

66 OMITTED

66

67 OMITTED

67

56A

68

OMITTED

68

69 EXT. HOSTEL -- DAY

69

MRS WALKER exits the office and finds LYNNE, from the magazine office where Kate went earlier...

LYNNE

Oh, hello... I'm looking for Kate Thorne. I believe she lives here.

70 EXT. SLUM HOUSING -- DAY

70

Terry parks outside Christine's block of flats. He knows he shouldn't be here... Hesitates, fighting his instincts. He can't. He heads across to the entrance.

71 INT. HALLWAY / SLUM HOUSING -- DAY

71

Terry heads up the stairs to Christine's flat. He knocks. No reply. He knocks again. He can hear water running.

TERRY

Christine...

Knocks again, harder. He pushes his face to the frosted glass panel in the door and peers through...

And it's then he sees...

A woman's legs are on the floor, half-obsured.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Shit!

Kick, kick, kick. The door goes in and Terry bursts inside.

72 INT. CHRISTINE'S FLAT -- DAY

72

Terry takes in the scene, Christine: out cold... in the other room, the kids: out cold... it's horrifying.

He dashes back - what happened here? He sees the old gas stove. He rushes to the window and throws it open.

Dashes back to Christine and starts trying to revive her.

TERRY

Christine, Christine...

He drags her legs first out onto the landing.

73 EXT. SLUM HOUSING -- DAY

73

The building door bursts open and Terry appears, carrying Kevin in his arms... sees someone on the street.

TERRY
Help, call an ambulance! NOW!

He lays Kevin on the grass outside, then runs back in.

CUT TO: Terry carries out Julie. Lays her on the grass next to Kevin. Jump to:

Christine being carried out, and laid down.

Terry sweating, panicked, scared... HEART THUMPING.

All three look lifeless. A concerned crowd has gathered. Fear, voices, concern.

Sirens approach. Terry is ashen, pouring with sweat, finding it hard to breathe. He crumples to the floor and starts to feel for pulses...

The voices around him sound unnaturally loud. The sirens grow deafening. He puts his hands to his head. It's almost like he's back there, in the war. All his terrors rushing back.

Kevin makes a gasping noise and Terry lurches for him.

TERRY (CONT'D)
He's alive, help me, help me!!!!