

OUT BACK OF BEYOND

by

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Original Story

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAVE

By the light of a flickering fire, a panorama of stars and mystical paintings covers the curved walls and ceiling of a massive cave. Multiple didgeridoo drone in the darkness. A profound and magical place.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Faint stars are visible in a night sky cut across by numerous jets. Busy city traffic noise breaks our connection to the mystical. Below the stars spreads London, within London, a dingy pub on a quiet road.

INT. THE DUCK AND GREYHOUND PUB

FIONA WALLACE (mid-30's) a Scotswoman in ruffled business casual, a quick wit and a sharp tongue at the ready, steps out of a back corridor into the dingy, dirty, sad, empty pub.

A lone BARTENDER (50) watches an old television. He pours a white wine from a draft tap. Fiona strolls through tables as he places the glass in front of her. She nods, thanks.

She sips and grimaces. It is an undrinkable white wine.

FIONA
Quiet night?

Bartender nods, not taking his eyes off the game. Fiona sighs and drinks by herself.

EXT. DUSTY OUTBACK PUB - DAY

JOHN ROWDY, (60) a grizzled, weary Outback icon, leans against the outside, rough wooden wall of an Australian Outback country hotel, slowly savoring a beer.

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM - NIGHT

CAROL ANDERSON (mid-30's) in an expensive power suit, as tightly wound as her hair is pulled back, impatiently waits at the head of a boardroom table, a stunning view of London behind her. She sends text 'Don't bail on me again, Fi. Where are you?' then aligns her laptop to the tables edge.

CAROL
Damnit, Fiona, don't make me call
Lucinda...

INT. THE DUCK AND GREYHOUND PUB

Fiona, alone at the bar, drinks her wine and watches the TV
with the bartender.

BARTENDER
Oh. That prat you work with rang.

FIONA
What did the prat say?

BARTENDER
(thinking)
Something about some call.

Fiona waits for more info but none is forthcoming. She sighs
and checks her phone. No signal.

FIONA
She say anything else?

BARTENDER
(thinking more)
The call's now at eleven.

Fiona chokes on her wine. It's ten to eleven. Dropping the
glass, she races for the door.

EXT. THE DUCK AND GREYHOUND PUB

A group of young businesspeople mill in the street outside
the grimy inner city pub. One gestures as Fiona rushes out.

WOMAN
One quick drink. It's right here.

MAN
So's the Thames, but I'm not going
in it to drink, either.

The gang laugh as their taxi pulls up. Fiona slips through
them and hops into the taxi.

FIONA
Now you have time for that pint!

She grins as the taxi takes off to their yells.

EXT. DUSTY OUTBACK PUB - DAY

Rowdy checks his watch, stubs out his smoke as a dog drags a dead animal past him, then saunters into the pub.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Fiona's taxi moves through traffic towards downtown.

FIONA (O.S.)
Oh, my God, my babies coming!
Hurry! Hoo, hoo, hoo...

The taxi suddenly speeds up, horn blaring, lights flashing.

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM

Carol paces the boardroom, a bundle of nerves.

CAROL
Lucinda trusts me. This is my
chance. Step up, Carol. Step up!

INT. TAXI

Fiona moans loudly, and the taxi driver is in a panic.

DRIVER
Almost there, darlin'! Almost!

Fiona sees her destination - a gleaming office tower.

FIONA
Stop the cab!

EXT. OFFICE TOWER

The taxi screeches to a halt and Fiona leaps out, tossing some bills to the confused cabbie.

DRIVER
Oh God, is the baby coming?

FIONA
False alarm. But thanks for getting
me here so fast.

She rushes up the steps, leaving the cabbie staring.

INT. OUTBACK PUB - DAY

Rowdy saunters through the pub, formerly stately but now clearly showing its age, past a pool table and dart boards, to an old desk in the corner. He moves a piece of aboriginal art out of the way, revealing a dusty, ancient computer.

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM

Carol attempts a calming yoga pose by the windows.

CAROL
 (repeating her mantra)
 I am a strong woman, I am my power.
 I--so want this view in my office-

Fiona bolts through the door, sees Carol by the window and sighs in relief. She's made it in time.

FIONA
 Sorry, got stuck behind some nuns
 on the M4.

CAROL
 Can you be serious for once?

FIONA
 Why? You're serious enough for us.
 I'm here to lighten the mood.

CAROL
 I could do that. Be funny.

Beat. The computer pings. Fiona and Carol scramble to seat themselves in front of the laptop computer.

FIONA
 Okay Carol, I'll be serious, you be
 funny. I'm in need of a laugh.

Fiona accepts the video call.

INT. THREE SHOT ON THE CONVERSATE SCREEN

Fiona brightens up and begins, suddenly smoothly sober.

FIONA
 Hey there, Rowdy, great to see you
 again, mate.

ROWDY
 (after a long pause)

...yup.

Beat.

FIONA

So, Rowdy, meet Carol Anderson.

CAROL

Just call me Carol. Senior Managing
Director of International
Marketing, London Office.

(beat)

So, why exactly do they call you
Rowdy?

ROWDY

...well, it is my name.

CAROL

Okay, Rowdy, and your town has
quite the name also.

ROWDY

...yup.

CAROL

Well, all of us at head office are
wondering, what exactly does it
mean?

ROWDY

...Bangamabamup means Bangamabamup.

FIONA

It means 'kangaroos near running
water'.

CAROL

Kangaroos running ON water? Realy?

FIONA

Carol, it's no joke, it's
aboriginal.

ROWDY

...yup.

Uncomfortable beat.

FIONA

Can you give us a moment?

Fiona turns off the camera and audio.

FIONA

Carol. Please. You can't do funny.

ROWDY (O.S.)

I've got places to be...

Fiona hits another button on the laptop.

CAROL

Fine. But I just need practice.

Fiona considers that then turns the video/audio on.

CAROL

(taking control)

Let's get this started. As mandated, by you, we've been developing an intensive overview of the entire situation, living the values of both the stakeholders and the potential clients.

FIONA

To be perfectly blunt, John, this mine is major for your town.

ROWDY

Yeah, and for you lot as well.

CAROL

And clearly, this mutual 360 degree world view ramificates all that we do next for the people of 'Bang yer album up'.

ROWDY

Bangamahbamup.

CAROL

Bangerangermup!

FIONA

Bangamahbamup.

CAROL

Exactly.

FIONA

Rowdy, how's this all sitting with you?

ROWDY

...well...

Rowdy takes a long sip of his beer.

ROWDY
Sounds bloody complicated.

FIONA
Mate, let's cut the crap.

CAROL
(reprimanding)
Fiona...

FIONA
No, Carol, I've got to say this. My father was a farmer, and I could have been a farmer too. But the world had other plans for me. I knew I could facilitate - no, champion - bringing power to the people. You. Bring power to you.

CAROL
Okay, now... Rowdy, how is THAT sitting with you?

A handsome aboriginal man, WARRICK, (mid-30's) leans down and whispers to Rowdy ear. He listens then agrees.

ROWDY
Thanks, Warrick. Listen guys, I've got to...uh...powder my nose, okay?

FIONA
(joking)
Put a bit of lippy on, mate, it'll make you feel better.

Rowdy stares hard at them for a beat then struggles for a moment to pause the video conference.

ROWDY
(muttering to himself)
Idiots can't use a normal bloody phone...

Carol and Fiona are left staring at a blank offline screen. Beat then Carol pushes her chair away from the table.

CAROL
He hates us. This is a disaster.

FIONA
You need to relax, I've got this.

CAROL

No you don't. Jesus, this whole project is going to pieces!

FIONA

Hey! Get it together! If we don't get this thing right we'll be shipped down to the mailroom.

CAROL

Maybe you, but not me.

FIONA

Oh, you think so do you?

CAROL

I am a Senior Managing Director.

Fiona bursts out laughing, rolling back in her chair.

FIONA

A Senior Managing Director who can't pronounce the name of the town she's dealing with!

CAROL

How dare you say I can't say the towns name!

FIONA

Okay, Carol. You say it properly, right now, and I promise to stop calling you Mrs. Kiss-Arse in front of everyone, especially Lucinda.

CAROL

Bangamahbamup. [Bang yer ramma up]

FIONA

No.

CAROL

Bangamahbamup. [Bang a bambam up]

FIONA

Worse!

CAROL

Goddamnit! Like I give a damn what those slack-jawed hillbillies call their town.

FIONA

(reprimanding)

Carol, they're not hillbillies. I can't believe you'd be so judgemental. I'm appalled at such an inaccurate representation of those wonderful people.

Carol scowls at Fiona.

FIONA

When they're actually koala humping inbreds.

Beat, then Carol snickers.

CAROL

Ass munching lizard lovers?

FIONA

Low flying, shit eating rodents.

CAROL

Spittoon swilling window lickers!

FIONA

Urine drinking gecko molesters!

They both break down laughing until Rowdy turns his camera back on with a loud ping. They both rush to roll their chairs back in position.

CAROL

Okay! We're back.

FIONA

All right, let's final this!

ROWDY

I think we've only got one minor concern...

CAROL

Nothing we can't sort out, right?

Rowdy straightens up, and leans into the camera.

ROWDY

Are you sure you can work with a town full of slack jawed, koala humping, spittoon swilling, urine drinking, shit eating, window licking, low flying, arse munching gecko molesters?

(beat)

No, I didn't think so.

Then he angrily shuts off his camera, leaving Fiona and Carol staring at their screen. Call ended.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL, DAY

Rowdy stomps outside, the mangy dog scurries away. Rowdy takes a long drink of his beer and pulls out an old phone.

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM

Carol stares at the screen. Fiona sighs, then crosses to the elaborate wet bar.

FIONA

Told you you couldn't do funny.

CAROL

In one conference call, you've ruined my career! Ten years of hard work. Wharton Business School, Magna Cum Laude, and-

FIONA

Calm yourself, all right?

Fiona returns with two large glasses of white wine.

FIONA

Drink, then I'll figure this out.

They both drink, Fiona long, Carol just a sip.

CAROL

My God, if Lucinda discovers we-

FIONA

She won't! Carol, no one wants that. I know how much this means to you. It means more to me.

CAROL

Oh, I doubt that.

FIONA

(beat)

Look, we let Rowdy calm himself down, then ring him back and beg. A full charm offensive by the two of us and Lucinda will never-

The office door booms open and in strides LUCINDA BROOKE-LYSANDER (40) their Senior Vice President boss and the most

elegant and charming woman in the business world.

LUCINDA

Girls!

Fiona and Carol yell out, startled.

LUCINDA

Everything going swimmingly with the Australian mine negotiations?

CAROL

No-

FIONA

(brightly)

Not a problem, Lucinda!

LUCINDA

Wonderful... Excellent...

Fiona grins and Carol smiles warily as Lucinda leans against the front of her desk and stares brightly at them.

LUCINDA

Although, I'm a tad confused about one thing.

CAROL

Oh?

LUCINDA

Yes, you see, the client just told me what a couple of idiots who couldn't find their arses with both hands you two are. His words.

FIONA

Ah now, Lucinda, about that-

LUCINDA

Please. Stop. He's an uneducated back-water cretin. We've all had to negotiate with that 'kind'. Yes?

Fiona and Carol both cautiously nod in agreement. Lucinda gets a text and grimaces. She strides over to stare out at London. Fiona and Carol fidget behind her.

LUCINDA

The cretin is expecting someone to come to him now. In person.

FIONA
We're really sorry, Lucinda.

LUCINDA
The board has high expectations. Of me. Of us. This deal is a career-maker. A rising tide or a crashing wave. That mine is essential to this corporations future.

Fiona and Carol both nod along. Lucinda frowns and thinks hard. Fiona and Carol wait nervously.

LUCINDA
Executive decision time.
(beat)
You two go and make this right.

CAROL
(aghast)
Leave London?

FIONA
But I've got--

LUCINDA
Got what? Something more important?

FIONA/CAROL
No!

CAROL
I hate to travel, that's all...

LUCINDA
And I hate to have the men on the executive floor treat me like a glorified secretary but this mine project is part of something huge, girls. And your success is essential.

FIONA
But all the way to the Australian Outback?

CAROL
There's more poisonous creatures in Australia than anywhere else.

FIONA
Exactly. Why don't we just call him back? Lay on the charm?

LUCINDA

Because that's not what that crusty old geezer wants. Girls, this is your last chance. A signed deal or unemployment. Understand?

Fiona and Carol nod as rain starts to pound on the windows.

INT. THE DUCK AND GREYHOUND PUB - NIGHT

Fiona drinks shitty white wine at the bar as rain thunders down outside. At her feet, a battered duffel carry-on bag. The bartender is at his usual spot watching football.

FIONA

I won't be gone long, but if it gets busy, you call Amanda to come over and help out, okay?

The bartender turns slowly to stare at her, then glances around the bar. An old couple in the corner. That's it.

FIONA

Stranger things have happened.

Fiona's phone beeps, she downs her wine and gets up.

FIONA

Look after my pub, yeah? It's my retirement.

BARTENDER

Christ, Fiona, if this is what you've got to look forward to, you'd best hope for a plane crash.

Fiona sighs and heads towards the door.

FIONA

And put their drinks on the house.

She waves at the old couple and leaves.

INT. CAROL'S LONDON APARTMENT

Carol methodically packs - makeup, clothes, a fair amount of prescription drugs, computer, tablet, phone, chargers etc.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT SECURITY

Fiona steps through the x-ray machine and gets pulled aside. The security guard pulls out a vibrator from her luggage. Fiona winks. He blushes, and gestures for her to move on.

INT. QANTAS 747

In first class, Carol fusses with her eye mask, noise cancelling headphones, neck pillow, much to the dismay of her neighbours.

In coach, Fiona struggles between two large imposing men.

FIONA

Usually I'd make you buy me a drink
before getting this close.

EXT. QANTAS AIRPLANE LANDING AT SYDNEY - MORNING

Plane lands on a beautiful Australian morning.

INT. SYDNEY AIRPORT CONCOURSE

Fiona and Carol make their way along the crowded concourse, Fiona ably carrying her duffel while Carol struggles with four large pieces of matching luggage. A family lurches out of her way, shooting her angry looks.

CAROL

You will change, right?

Fiona glances down at her extremely casual clothes.

FIONA

Carol, we'll be able to smell Rowdy
from a hundred miles away!

Carol scowls at Fiona almost ramming into another group.

CAROL

We could have wrapped up this
project from London but you had to
joke around. I hate travelling.

FIONA

You need some sleep and a drink.

CAROL

No, Fiona. I need a new partner,
one who does something other than

be the class clown.

An app on Fiona's phone makes silly noises. Fiona shows it to Carol, who doesn't appreciate it.

CAROL

That's exactly the attitude I can't handle anymore, Fiona. When we've completed this, I want a new-

Carol grabs Fiona's phone back and stares at it in shock.

CAROL

You have 307 unread e-mails.

FIONA

Unread texts too.

CAROL

But, what if they're important?

FIONA

(shrugs)
They'll call.

Beat. Then Fiona's Conversate app pings. Fiona smiles, See?

INT. DUTY FREE SHOP

Fiona slips through the crowds to an empty counter in front of a wall of liquor and cigarettes. Carol attempts to force her way through the crowd but her luggage topples over.

Fiona opens up the Conversate App while Carol drags her luggage out of everyone's way.

INT. CONVERSATE DUAL SCREEN

LUCINDA

Finally, you're back in contact. I have updates. Finance have revised projections. Upwards.

Excited, Lucinda moves closer to her screen - she's got a secret! Fiona and Carol lean in as well.

LUCINDA

This is now the biggest deal in the history of Smythe, Hammersly, Ibsen & Tanaka! There's plans for a new head office in New York.

CAROL
I could go home!

LUCINDA
Girls, I need to take that Aussie
mining contract to the board in
four days, 100% completed.

CAROL
Four days? That's imposs-

FIONA
-I'm positive, no problem, Lucinda.

LUCINDA
Remember, a bigger deal means
bigger bonuses!

CAROL
Bigger office in America...

FIONA
(to herself)
...a chain of pubs...

EXT. SMALL AIRPLANE HANGER

Fiona and Carol squeeze together, continuing to chat with
Lucinda. Behind them, a pilot roughly tosses their luggage
into a very small plane. Carol eyes the plane, nervously.

LUCINDA
Girls, take no prisoners, do
anything and everything to get
signatures on those papers, do
whatever it takes.

CAROL
Anything?

LUCINDA
Anything. The corporation can
control up to a dozen deaths. Just
ensure they're never solved.

Beat then Lucinda laughs. Carol eagerly joins in.

FIONA
With that option in our back
pocket, how can we lose?

Lucinda smiles and kills the conversation.

EXT. OUTBACK - DAY

A small single prop plane flies across the uninhabited outback following a single straight rail line towards the distant horizon.

INT. SMALL PLANE

Fiona and Carol are in the only two seats behind the pilot. Fiona is fast asleep despite the intense noise and the planes shaking. Carol has her laptop open and tries, unsuccessfully, to work.

Exasperated, Carol turns to Fiona and wakes her up. But it's too loud for a conversation. Finally, Fiona leans over and shuts Carol's laptop, then makes a sleeping gesture.

Fiona shuts her eyes while Carol stares nervously out the window at a million square miles of desolation.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP - DAY

A hot desolate town in the middle of nowhere, built beside a straight rail line running from horizon to horizon. Wide dusty streets, a few scattered buildings, no one outside. The buzz of a small plane gets louder and louder.

The plane dips suddenly down and lands on the Main Street. Once the plane slows and stops, the pilot tosses their stuff out then wanders off to the only three story building in town - the rundown yet majestic Bangamahbamup Hotel.

Fiona and Carol watch him go inside, leaving them alone. They climb out into the 110 degree (36C) heat.

CAROL

You think it's always this hot?

FIONA

Oh no. I'm sure in winter this is a real skiing mecca.

CAROL

But there's no mountain.
Oh...

Fiona picks up her duffel bag and heads towards the hotel as Carol attempts to collect her luggage.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

Fiona easily climbs the steps to the hotels wraparound porch then turns to Carol, struggling up the street.

FIONA

Carol. This is it. A full day of travel and in there is our destiny. We win them over and get the hell out of this bloody oven.

Fiona gives Carol a cocky grin and a wink.

FIONA

Piece of cake.

INT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

Fiona steps inside the hotel pub and the door slams behind her. She takes in the shabby yet clearly once stately room. Unlike her pub, this one has potential to be something more.

The few grizzled old-timers, including CLIFF and GLORIA, seated in the corner stare at her.

FIONA

(brightly)
G'day, everyone!

CLIFF

(smiling)
Fuck off.

The old-timers return to watching YouTube videos on a battered television hanging in the corner. Fiona rebounds from the insult and strolls over to the long ornate bar. The handsome Aboriginal man, Warrick, works behind it.

FIONA

Excuse me, mate, I'm looking for Rowdy. But not as much as I'm looking for a glass of just about anything cold and wet.

Warrick stares curiously at her.

WARRICK

You're the one who could have been a farmer, yeah?

FIONA

...pardon?

WARRICK

'My father was a farmer, I could have been one too'.
What are you doing here?

FIONA

Heard the house white was good.

WARRICK

Long way to go for a bevvy.

FIONA

(singing)

'I would walk five hundred miles.'

WARRICK

Ah, but you took a plane instead,
ya lazy bugger.

The door swings open and Carol steps inside. The shutting door hits her suitcase, toppling it over. She stumbles trying to catch it and drops her carry-on. Warrick watches her attempt to get everything under control.

WARRICK

Yer sherpa's pretty shit.

FIONA

Don't I know it.

WARRICK

I'll get you that wine then. You let Mahmet over there drink?

FIONA

Nope, makes her clumsy.
Is Rowdy about?

Warrick gestures over his shoulder while pouring Fiona her wine. Fiona spies Rowdy behind his desk in the corner.

As Warrick gives Fiona her wine, Carol arrives beside her.

WARRICK

G'day, I'm Warrick.

CAROL

Carol Anderson, Senior Managing
Director. Pleased to meet you.

Carol reaches to shake his hand but the sound of chairs scraping across the floor stop her. Fiona and Carol turn around to see the old-timers up on their feet, pointing at Carol. Gloria loads a battered shotgun.

GLORIA
She's a filthy cock-sucking Yank!

More guns come out and the pack of old-timers aggressively moves towards Carol and Fiona.

FIONA
Whoa! No! Hold on!
(beat)
Canadian! She's a Canadian!

Standoff. Fiona nudges Carol.

CAROL
(nervously)
How's it goin', eh?

Warrick stares at Carol as she nervously flattens her dress. The old-timers grumble but grudgingly back down.

FIONA
Quite the welcoming committee.

WARRICK
They're not fans of Americans.

FIONA
I figured that out all on my own.

WARRICK
(turning to Carol)
What can I get ya to drink?

CAROL
Club soda.

Warrick stares at Carol while Fiona finishes her wine.

FIONA
Ah, I'm feeling a touch more alive
now. Pour us two more, please!

Warrick smiles at Fiona, takes her empty and pours two more. Fiona watches for a moment then turns to Carol.

FIONA
Rowdy's over in the corner. Let's
start slow and rebuild our rapport.
So shut up and follow my lead.

CAROL
And how well did that work for us
last time?

Fiona glares at Carol, grabs her glass, winks at Warrick, then crosses to Rowdy with Carol following.

INT. ROWDY'S OFFICE

Rowdy leans forward intently pecking slowly at his ancient computer. Fiona and Carol stop in front of his desk.

On the wall beside Rowdy is a huge framed topographic map of the area, with the tiny town carefully drawn on. The map is ancient, battered, faded, ornately lettered and obviously heavily used before being framed.

They wait for a long time, both sipping their wine, expecting him to look up, but he doesn't.

Finally, Fiona turns around to Warrick, in confusion. Warrick sighs and whistles loudly. Rowdy glances up, lightning fast, and sees the two of them.

ROWDY

What the hell are you two arse
licking, scum sucking corporate
slags doing here?

Carol begins speaking, gives up and shuts her mouth again.

ROWDY

I told you rabid mongrels I never
wanted to see your bloody faces
ever again!

FIONA

So, no kiss?

Rowdy scowls. Fiona and Carol fidget in front of him.

FIONA

Er, great to see you too, Rowdy.

CAROL

Yes, really terrific.

ROWDY

Well, hell...
Lucinda said she'd be coming, but
didn't say anything about you two.

FIONA

Now, Rowdy, I know we got off on
the wrong foot, but-

ROWDY

Wrong foot? Wrong bloody foot? You called us gecko molesters!

CAROL

But, to be clear, we're here and we're sincere, so never fear!

Rowdy stares at them for a long time then shakes his head.

ROWDY

For fuck's sake, really...

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP - NIGHT

The sun sets behind the town, impressive and dramatic. After a moment, the old-timers saunter out, get in their dusty trucks and drive off in a dozen random directions.

INT. PUB

Fiona and Carol, now alone, talk quietly at a corner table.

FIONA

Just be polite and say 'eh' at the end of every sentence.

CAROL

They won't believe me. I grew up on Long Island.

FIONA

You ever been to Canada?

CAROL

(thinking)

Montreal once, when I was twelve.

FIONA

There you go. You're from Montreal.

CAROL

I don't speak French!

FIONA

(hissing)

Neither do bloody Australians!

Fiona shakes her head, yawns deeply, then gets up.

FIONA

God, I can't stay upright a minute

longer. I'll go find out where
we're staying.

Fiona goes over to the bar where Warrick closes up.

FIONA
Could I get our room keys, mate?

WARRICK
Uh, about that...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Fiona, duffel bag over her shoulder, stomps down the hallway muttering to herself. Behind her, Carol struggles with her matching suitcases and carry-on bag. Fiona stops at the furthest room, unlocks it and goes inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Fiona glances around the small unremarkable hotel room with one double bed. Carol stops in the doorway.

CAROL
Your room's horrible. Where's mine?

Fiona turns to her and holds up a single room key.

FIONA
We have to share. They're full up.

CAROL
What are you talking about? We
haven't seen anyone.

Fiona tosses her bag in the corner and sprawls on the bed.

CAROL
We are not sharing a goddamn bed!

FIONA
No. Me first. You can have it
tomorrow night.

Carol drops her bags and climbs onto the other side of the bed and tries to push Fiona off.

CAROL
Forget it! I'm a Senior Managing
Director! I'm your boss!

Fiona pushes back.

FIONA
Stop pushing!

CAROL
You stop pushing!

They both struggle for a while until-

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Christ! Toss her salad so's we can
all get some fucking sleep!

Fiona and Carol freeze, then lurch away from each other to stand on either side of the bed.

FIONA
Er, I'll sleep in the tub.

CAROL
No. I will.

FIONA
(grins)
Okay, you're the boss.

Fiona lies back down quickly, shuts her eyes. Carol stares at her for a moment, then grabs a pillow and a blanket off the floor and goes into the bathroom.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP - MORNING

As the sun rises over the flat outback, lighting the few town buildings, a massive helicopter comes in from the east, a huge shipping container swinging below it.

The helicopter hovers over an empty lot beside the hotel. An old-timer couple saunter out. The container uncouples and drops with a shuddering thud. A cloud of dust rises.

CLIFF
Now that's something you don't see
every day.

GLORIA
Not every day, no.

The helicopter flies off from whence it came.

INT. PUB

The old-timers sit in the same seats as yesterday. Fiona and Carol come down the stairs, Fiona is even more casual

clothes but Carol wears a different bright dress and heels.
Fiona nods to the old-timers.

CLIFF
(smiling)
Keep fucking off.

Fiona sighs and taps on the bar, a smile on her face. Rowdy comes out from the back, bumps a trash can then sees them.

FIONA
Morning! Any chance of breakie?

Rowdy stares at them, taking in Carol in her immaculate dress, considering the question before answering.

ROWDY
...nope.

FIONA
Oh. Where's Warrick, the bartender working last night?

ROWDY
He's got the day off, gotta get his sheep thru the dip.

CAROL
Dipped in what?

They both stare at Carol until she wanders off, pecking away at her phone, trying to get an internet signal.

FIONA
But he'll be in tonight, yeah?

ROWDY
Unless the sheep knock him off.

Rowdy moves the bar trash can from one side of the bar to the other then strides into the kitchen, leaving Fiona to consider his last comment.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP

A mangy old dog shuffles by the hotel and stops at the shipping container. He pisses on it then wanders off.

INT. PUB

Fiona ponders the pub while Carol pecks at her phone.

CAROL
I can't believe there's no 4G here.

FIONA
That is strange, us being a million miles from the rest of humanity.

CLIFF
And they'll never find your rotting corpses, you miserable cows.

Rowdy saunters over.

FIONA
Any chance of a cup of coffee?

ROWDY
...nope.

FIONA
(concerned)
You will feed us, right?

Rowdy stares impassively at her for a long moment.

ROWDY
Seems yer office arrived.

CAROL
Our 'what' arrived?

Rowdy gestures towards the front door. Fiona and Carol get up and wander outside.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP

Carol and Fiona step down into the street, and see the shipping container with the Smythe, Hammersly, Ibsen & Tanaka logo emblazoned on the side with 'Mobile Office v. 23.5.4' stencilled below the logo.

Carol claps her hands and runs over.

CAROL
Wow, I've heard about these!

While Carol gets an access retinal scan, Fiona saunters over. By the time she gets there, the door opens to reveal a fully functional field office. Carol flicks a switch on the wall and the lights come on.

On the container, an air conditioning unit starts up and a satellite dish unfolds and positions itself.

CAROL
Fully self contained! This is
amazing! C'mon, let's get started!

Carol rush around like a kid on Christmas morning, turning on computers, opening office supplies, spinning her chair.

FIONA
Carol, you're a sad, lonely woman.

Fiona steps inside with a sigh, pulling the door shut.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Carol, giddily settles in at a high tech desk with a wall of monitors. Fiona leans against the closed door. The monitors come to life and ping with incoming secured messages.

CAROL
What the-?

A Conversate screen pops up with Lucinda staring at her.

LUCINDA
Where have you been?

CAROL
In transit, getting here. It was a
five hour flight from Sydney.

LUCINDA
That was yesterday. Now it's today.
Is he receptive to signing?

Fiona leans in beside Carol as she starts to shake her head.

FIONA
Absolutely, Lucinda. We-

LUCINDA
(interrupting)
Another update. We've now got 48
hours.

FIONA
Whoa, I thought we had four days.

LUCINDA
We did. Yesterday. The board need
it done sooner. Complex foreign
jurisdiction taxation issues.

FIONA

I don't know if we can get him to sign that fast. They do things differently down here. Slower.

LUCINDA

You want to know what delays cost this project? You want to know that number? Would that motivate you?

CAROL

I don't need any more motivation.

Fiona rolls her eyes.

LUCINDA

What are you waiting for? A back rub? Everything you need is in that office. Don't let those slack jawed yokels see any of it. Top security, proprietary information, your eyes only. Or very bad things could happen to the parts of our bodies we like the most.

Carol cringes and crosses her legs tightly. Fiona squirms in her seat. Lucinda stares at them.

LUCINDA

My God, girls, I swear you're not even interested in this deal. Huge, wonderful bonuses! And if you need anything, call me, no matter the hour. I will literally move mountains for this deal.

The screen goes black. Fiona and Carol don't move and continue to watch at the screen for a moment.

FIONA

Double check she's hung up.

Carol does and nods in confirmation. They both visibly relax. A couple more message screens pop up on the computer.

CAROL

48 hours...

FIONA

This is crazy. Three years of negotiations on the biggest rare earth mine in the Southern Hemisphere, now wrap it up in two days? We're screwed.

There is a sudden pounding on the door. Fiona opens the door to a powerful Aboriginal man (35), KEV.

EXT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Carol pulls the door shut and turns to join Fiona with Kev.

KEV
I thought I'd let you know your
office thingy is on our space.

FIONA
Oh. We didn't put it here, sorry.

KEV
Ah, no worries, we weren't using
the land. There's lots about.

FIONA
...we promise to take it with us
when we go?

KEV
That'd be brilliant.

They stare at each other. The dog wanders up to Kev, he gives it a scratch before it wanders off again.

KEV
There's just the matter of rent.

CAROL
For what?

KEV
For the land.

FIONA
You said you weren't using it.

KEV
(shrugging)
It's still ours.

Fiona stares at the desolate, flat, never-ending country surrounding them.

FIONA
How much is the rent, on this piece
of land?

KEV
(considering)

It's prime, right beside the hotel.
I reckon fifteen would do it.

CAROL
Fifteen what?

Kev smiles widely at her.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Carol and Fiona watch a Powerpoint. From a pulsing dot in the middle of Oz a line tracks to the ocean, then to China. Meanwhile, from a dot in Russia a line tracks to China.

Lines cross Africa to converge in Mozambique. Other lines move across North and South America as a line from China crosses the globe to Los Angeles. This is a huge deal.

CAROL
Fifteen thousand dollars...

FIONA
Plus first and last month in
advance.

Finally, the Powerpoint ends. Fiona rubs her hands through her hair. She steps over to the door and opens it.

FIONA
Since you're numbers and I'm
people, and I like my lady parts
where they are, I'll go work my
charm on Rowdy.

CAROL
That's not a plan at all.

FIONA
It's the way I work.

CAROL
Lucinda trusted us.

FIONA
Relax. I'll have this signed and
we'll be on our way by lunchtime.

CAROL
That's what you said yesterday.

INT. PUB

Fiona comes inside, waving brightly to the old-timers.

CLIFF
(smiling and waving)
Keep getting fucked.

Fiona sighs and goes over to the bar. Rowdy works on something below the beer taps.

FIONA
Rowdy, mate, could I get a bevvy?

ROWDY
...nope.

FIONA
Oh.
(beat)
Look, I know you don't like us
being here, I get that.

ROWDY
You called us slack jawed, koala
humping, spittoon swilling, urine
drinking, shit eating, window
licking, low flying, arse munching
gecko molesters.

FIONA
Admittedly, we screwed up, but we
want to fix the deal and get out of
your faces. But make it right
first. For you and the town.

ROWDY
And your rapacious tentacled global
multi-national.

Rowdy climbs up from the floor, slowly, tries something with the beer taps which doesn't work, and ducks back down.

FIONA
Well? Can we make a deal?

ROWDY
I'll think about it.

Fiona stares longingly at wine fridge. The old-timers make rude gestures and fart noises as she leaves.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

From the porch, Fiona takes in the desolate, mostly abandoned town. Down the road, a mile long train thunders past. A battered 4x4 pulls up and stops in a dust cloud. Warrick climbs out and smiles when he sees her.

WARRICK

G'day, enjoying the view?

FIONA

It is a sight. Place must be full of tourists in the summer.

WARRICK

Unfortunately, this is summer.

Warrick climbs the steps to join her.

WARRICK

Rowdy still mad at ya?

FIONA

(nodding)

Thought you were dipping your sheep in something.

WARRICK

Is that some bloody joke? Make fun of the country fools? You don't make it easy on yourself, darlin'.

FIONA

(back-peddalling)

No! Rowdy just said...

(beat)

Oh, he was messing with me.

WARRICK

(calming down)

If he's doing that, then he can't be too angry.

FIONA

Better than a poke in the eye with a blunt stick, I guess.

WARRICK

He'll come around. He's not a fan of outsiders. Give him time.

FIONA

Sadly, time is the one thing we don't have any to spare.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Fiona shuts the door. Carol has paperwork spread out over the desks. Random pings as new message screens pop up.

CAROL
How'd it go?

FIONA
Rowdy hates us slightly less. I'll guard the fort, you go take a crack at him.

CAROL
I should have gone first, anyways. They need this deal. Without it, this town's going to wither up and blow away in the next dust storm.

FIONA
That's the spirit. You just gonna come out and tell him that?

CAROL
(condescending)
Of course not, Fiona. He's on guard because he's confused. I'll demystify everything that's going to happen with a few simple visual aids. Once he sees what we can do for him, he'll calm down.

FIONA
Give 'em hell, Madam Senior Managing Director.

Carol grabs her laptop, and straightens her dress.

CAROL
Answer Lucinda's messages as soon as you see them, she wants to be kept apprised.

Fiona gives her a thumbs up as Carol leaves. Fiona slumps down, shutting her eyes.

INT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL - DAY

As Carol talks animatedly with a dispassionate Rowdy at his desk, Warrick works behind the bar. Fiona wanders in from outside, rubbing her eyes. The old-timers snarl at her but she just waves them off and crosses to the bar.

Warrick bumps into the trash can behind the bar, scowls, moves it to the other side then pours a white wine while looking over at Carol and Rowdy.

WARRICK
Does she ever stop?

FIONA
She misses New York City.

WARRICK
And you?

FIONA
Na, I bloody hate New York.

WARRICK
No, you idiot, you missing
anywhere?

FIONA
I've got a pub I miss.

WARRICK
What's it called?

FIONA
The Duck and Greyhound. The DAG.

WARRICK
(laughing)
Need to do something about that
name.

FIONA
There's a lot that needs to be done
to it.

WARRICK
It's yours?

Fiona nods, putting a finger up to her mouth-it's a secret.

FIONA
Mostly the banks, but yeah.

WARRICK
Nice?

FIONA
Na. It's shit, really. But it's all
I could afford. With a couple of
miracles it will get me out of this
soul-sucking career.

Warrick begins to ask more when, across the room, Rowdy pounds his hand on his desk and glares at Carol.

ROWDY
Enough. E-bloody-nough, you miserable-

Rowdy stops himself. Silence echoes through the room.

WARRICK
Okay, maybe a short trip to see where we get the water for our town is what we all need?

CAROL
(dismissively)
Why would we want to see that?

Shocked reaction from Warrick and the townies.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL PORCH

Fiona drags Carol out onto the porch.

CAROL
Leave me alone! I'm so close...

FIONA
Carol, your simple visual aids haven't demystified anything.
(beat)
How about this? We let them show us whatever they want. We ooh and ahh, and it'll show them we care.

CAROL
...oh. That's a good idea, Fiona. Should I bring my latest revisions?

FIONA
Let's leave them, for now. Once they think we care, we show them.

CAROL
Another good idea...

Fiona opens the door and lets Carol go back inside first.

INT. PUB

Carol and Fiona join Rowdy and Warrick at the bar.

FIONA
We'd absolutely appreciate seeing
where your water comes from.

Carol notices the old-times glaring at her.

CAROL
We Canucks sure like our water, eh.

Beat, then Rowdy nods and heads outside.

EXT. DIRT TRACK

A dust covered 4x4 jeep barrels across the outback on a single track cut into the dirt. Fiona and Carol bounce around in the open truck back.

Suddenly, Rowdy applies the brakes and the jeep shudders to a halt in a cloud of dust. When the dust settles, the four climb out and stretch. Fiona and Carol look at the endless scrub in every direction then look at each other, confused.

CAROL
They're not going to kill and dump
us, are they?

FIONA
Course not.
(beat)
Probably not...

Rowdy pulls a rifle from the jeep and the two flinch. He tosses it to Warrick then strides off. Warrick follows but the two stay behind at the jeep.

WARRICK
You two coming?

FIONA
If you promise not to shoot us.

WARRICK
(ponders for a moment)
Promise? How about I just try my
best not to shoot you?

Then he strides away over a small ridge and out of sight. Fiona and Carol look around at the nothingness, then both scramble after him.

EXT. VALLEY EDGE

The two climb over the ridge and find themselves at the top of a narrow verdant valley, a knife cut into the dry Outback, deep with straight rock sides.

FIONA

Jesus...

Rowdy nods slightly, in grudging agreement, then moves down a narrow ancient path that descends the cliff wall. They fall into line behind him, Warrick pointing out a frayed rope attached to the cliff wall to hang onto.

EXT. CLIFF WALK

The four continue downwards, passing into the tree canopy. Immediately, the air cools and becomes lush. Bird and animal noises fill the air.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR

In silence and reverence, the four stroll along a narrow trail through a majestic forest until they arrive at a bubbling spring.

Rowdy stops and points out a pipe that runs out the spring towards the valley wall. Rowdy uses a tin cup to scoop some water, has a long drink then offers the cup to the others. They all partake as Fiona and Carol look around, speechless.

ROWDY

My great-great grandparents would have died if the local Aboriginals hadn't shown them this valley.

FIONA

Where are the Aboriginals now?

WARRICK

They're around. You won't see them unless they want you to.

Fiona and Carol glance about, seeing nothing but forest.

FIONA

Ah, you're messing with us again.

Warrick sighs and whistles. From the forest emerge a dozen Aboriginals, appearing out of nowhere.

CAROL
They're the ones who'll kill us!

ROWDY
Only if they think you're
threatening them or their valley.

KEV
G'day, Rowdy, Warrick.

WARRICK
G'day, Kev.

He gestures to Fiona and Carol.

WARRICK
Ladies, this is my mob.

Fiona and Carol wave cautiously. The mob wave back. Kev slips Fiona a piece of paper.

KEV
(whispering)
Yer rental receipt.

He grins as Fiona tucks the paper into her pocket.

KEV
(to Warrick)
Things good?

WARRICK
Could be better. How's mom?

KEV
Right as rain. Any word on her
replacement iPad charger?

WARRICK
Got it here.

He pulls a charger out of his pocket and hands it over.

KEV
Sweet.
(beat)
Right, see ya's.

Before anyone can reply, the Aboriginals slip back into the forest like they were never there.

ROWDY
This valley's a blood oath
agreement between us and Warrick's

mob. And now you two as well.

CAROL

But the valley is in the middle of the town map. That's not very good way to keep it secret.

FIONA

What are you talking about? We drove for miles to get here.

ROWDY

Darlin', the deal with your bosses doesn't have a damned thing to do with this valley.

CAROL

Maybe I read the map wrong, but I think it does. I think it's right in the middle of the deal.

The four look at each other, confused.

EXT. DIRT TRACK

The jeep races back along the track away from the valley, towards the town. Carol yells to the others from the back.

CAROL

Where else were they going to put the tailings from an open pit mine?

WARRICK

You've gotta be wrong!

FIONA

And if she's not?

Warrick jacks a shell into the rifle and scowls.

INT. PUB

Everyone rushes over to the map on the wall. Carol follows with two long tubes. Fiona pulls a large, old map out of one. Together they spread it out on the pool table.

Once unrolled, they step back and look at the map. It's a pristine, much more elaborate version of the map on the wall.

CLIFF

Where's that supposed to be?

CAROL
Bangyeralbumup.

ROWDY
Bangamahbamup.

CAROL
Bangerangermup.

ENTIRE PUB
Bangamahbamup!

CAROL
Here.

She points to the fancy calligraphy at the map bottom that reads 'Bangamahbamup'. Everyone looks up at the map on the wall, with its two short roads in the middle of nowhere.

Warrick leans in and reads the text below the name.

WARRICK
'Expected Population, 60,000'

ROWDY
That's nearly 60,000 more than ever
bloody well lived here.

CAROL
So, that's the valley, right there?

Everyone leans in. On the map, the narrow valley is surrounded by suburban roads and crossed by a few bridges.

ROWDY
Yup. 'Queen Victoria Valley'.
Christ, yer mob wouldn't be happy
with a name like that.

Warrick grimaces. Carol leans back, glad she was right. They stare at the map. Fiona frowns.

FIONA
Carol, what did you mean about the
mine tailings?

CAROL
They've got to put them somewhere.

WARRICK
Dump the mine waste in the valley?

ROWDY
Nope. Not a chance in hell.

CAROL

Actually, they can. As soon as you included the township to the deal.

Everyone turns to her while Fiona inspects the map closely.

ROWDY

But this isn't the town. This is some pipe dream from another century designed by my great-great bloody grandfather in a fit of blinding optimism. The twenty buildings you see outside, that's as big as the town ever got.

WARRICK

This is crazy. Your bosses can't expect us to base the deal on some ancient pipe dream of a map.

Carol shrugs. Fiona suddenly reacts.

FIONA

Oh no...

Everyone turns as Fiona traces a line around the map.

FIONA

'Legal Municipal Boundary.'
You thought you were selling the town we're in, but you've sold the town on this map. And that includes the valley. All of it.

Suddenly, Gloria lurches to her feet, pushing her chair away.

GLORIA

You greedy fuckers are gonna destroy our town!

FIONA

(angry)

Not us, mate. You tried to sell out long before we got here.

Gloria shuffles towards Fiona.

GLORIA

I'll tear you a new one!

FIONA

Oh, you can try, old woman!

Gloria charges Fiona. At the last moment, Fiona steps clear. Gloria smashes into Carol and the two topple over a table.

The other old-timers leap to their feet, armed with canes and pint mugs, while Fiona breaks a pool cue. After a tense moment, Rowdy strolls over and stands between them.

ROWDY

I should let them rip you apart,
you corporate pricks deserve
everything you get.

CAROL

(nursing her wounds)
But we didn't start this.

CLIFF

Well, you're sure as shit finishing
it. Grind us up and toss us onto
the slag heap.

Fiona puts down a broken pool cue and backs off, looking across at Warrick behind the bar.

FIONA

Maybe there's another way.

CAROL

(warning)
Fiona...

Fiona pulls Carol aside.

FIONA

Someone's got to give. Why not us?

CAROL

Lucinda's going to kill us if we do
that. She wants what was laid out.

FIONA

Lucinda said to close the deal. We
all want the same thing.

CAROL

Why should I trust you?

FIONA

I'm your partner.

Fiona glances from Carol to Warrick and Rowdy. Then she opens up the second tube and spreads a plan of the massive open pit mine on the pool table. Everyone crowds around.

FIONA
So. How do we save your valley?

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP - SUNSET

A glorious sunset begins over the town.

INT. PUB

The pool table is now covered with reams of paper and the map. The wall behind Rowdy's desk has notes and maps tacked all over it. Rowdy, Fiona and a few old-timers pace the room, deep in discussion. Warrick's behind the bar.

ROWDY
(exasperated)
An open pit mine that size creates
a bloody great load of debris.

WARRICK
And the valley is a perfect garbage
can. It's horrible and brilliant.

As Warrick sighs and moves the bar trash can back to where he wants it, Fiona watches him. A thought percolates.

Fiona grabs Carol and pulls her over to the map.

FIONA
Question. If we find another place
for the tailings, then we could
theoretically save the valley by
removing it from the deal, yeah?

Carol nods.

FIONA
Good. Come on, you guys, where else
can the tailings go?

As they pour over the map, Warrick's eyes light up.

WARRICK
Come on!

He runs outside, Fiona, Carol and Rowdy following.

EXT. EDGE OF MASSIVE DEPRESSION

Warrick's truck pulls to a stop at the edge of a massive desert depression that stretches as far as they can see.

WARRICK

The Ullaroo Depression. Room for a century of tailings.

Fiona stands up in the truck and looks back the way they came. The hotel is barely visible in the distance.

FIONA

It's a lot farther from the mine head so we'd need to lengthen the rail spur. That would work, right?

CAROL

I'd need a geographic map and ownership details, if we have to write up a purchase document.

The smiles fall of Warrick and Rowdy's faces. Fiona and Carol look at them, confused.

EXT. BATTERED OLD HOUSE

Warrick pulls up outside a wind battered, sun beaten old house at the edge of the Ullaroo Depression. A rusted windmill creaks above rows of dilapidated equipment.

They knock. Cliff answers.

WARRICK

G'day, Cliff-

CLIFF

Fuck off.

He slams the door in their face.

INT. CLIFF'S HOUSE

The five sit in Cliff's ramshackle house, crowded by taxidermy and a homemade still. Cliff glowers by a fire.

CLIFF

...been in the family for years. Since your lot kicked us out of town. My roots, right here.

He points at the dirt floor.

CLIFF

I was born over there. My da kacked it over there.

Carol lifts her feet as Cliff points at where she's sitting.

ROWDY

I know all this, Cliff. And I know you weren't part of our discussions with this lot. But we were gonna include you, swear.

CLIFF

(slightly mollified)
I'd need to be compensated.

FIONA

Of course, you would be. Richly compensated.

CAROL

We were thinking fifteen.

CLIFF

(angry again)
I don't need your grubby cash.

WARRRICK

Then what do you want?

Cliff's eyes gleam in the fire light.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER - DAY

Carol wearily works on a document with Cliff's demands. It's a long list: annual income, a Maserati, vacation in Dublin, a sailboat...

CAROL

The man's never seen the ocean, why does he need a damn sailboat?

The door opens and Fiona comes in, struggling with a tray covered in meat pies and coffee.

FIONA

Break time!

She puts the tray down and Carol leans back in relief, rubbing her eyes then grabbing a meat pie and chomping into it without whining. Fiona joins in.

CAROL

My God, this is the best thing I've ever eaten in my entire life. My tongue is having an orgasm.

FIONA

Didn't need to know that, Carol-

As they eat furiously, the Conversate on the computer pings and Lucinda appears on the screen. They scream. Fiona lunges at the keyboard and turns off the camera.

FIONA

Your face is covered with sauce!

Fiona quickly yanks a clean blouse over her ratty T-shirt while Carol fixes her makeup.

CAROL

A clean blouse doesn't make you presentable. She's gonna be mad. Ignoring company dress code is a serious infraction. She warned you.

FIONA

I'll charm her.

CAROL

No you won't. You think you can charm people but you really can't. And your nails are a mess, ever heard of a manicure?

FIONA

Now's not the time, Carol. Shit, my nails ARE a mess.

CAROL

Lucinda's nails are always perfect.

FIONA

Yeah, she could tear us new arseholes with them.

Carol smooths down Fiona's hair and Fiona slaps her hands away. Fiona leans forward and turns on the camera, leaning back with a serious business-like expression on her face.

FIONA

Ah. Lucinda. Good of you to ring.

Lucinda stares at them for a moment then holds up her hand and her perfect, long, blood red fingernails. The girls flinch. Lucinda heard them talking!

LUCINDA

Girls, there is a lot riding on the two of you, my faith, the boards faith.

CAROL
Thank you, Lucinda.

LUCINDA
I need you to close this deal for me. For us. For our team. So when can I put these hands on that contract?

FIONA
We're really close but they're stuck on a couple of point-

LUCINDA
(leaning to her camera)
Fiona. Carol. No more excuses. Time is running out. Tick, tick, tick.

Lucinda stares at them, her nails clicking together. Then she hangs up. The two stare at the dead screen.

CAROL
(whispering)
You think she's still there?

Fiona silently rolls, on her office chair, out of camera view. Carol pauses then rolls away as well.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP, DAY

Fiona and Warrick stroll along the wide empty street through closed up buildings. Behind them, the train rumbles past. They stop and look out at the distant horizon.

WARRICK
If you walked straight that way, you'd only cross two roads before you got to the Indian Ocean.

FIONA
Pass. It's so...rugged here. Nothing like where I grew up. Everywhere you turn in Scotland, there's something man made.

Warrick points at a loose pile of rocks off the street.

WARRICK
My mob's got markers all over the place, you just got to know where they are. Some have been there for millennium. But they'll all disappear, sooner or later.

FIONA

Why are you okay with seeing your home destroyed?

WARRICK

What's worse, seeing it destroyed or seeing it fade away?

FIONA

That's a terrible choice.

WARRICK

Yeah, but our homes have been destroyed before. And they've faded away before. This is the way of our world. Nothing is really permanent.

They gaze at the quiet Outback, stretching to the horizon.

FIONA

Warrick, if we could find a way to not dig up all this, that would be good, right?

WARRICK

That would be pretty good, yeah. But won't that be complicating it with your boss?

FIONA

Nah. Maybe. She wants it signed, sealed and delivered, that's all.

WARRICK

And you don't?

FIONA

Oh, I definitely do. That pub I told you about needs more work than your entire town.

WARRICK

It's good to have a plan, yeah?

FIONA

(nodding)

How about you and I see if saving your town can be discretely slipped into the final version?

Warrick smiles at her and they continue walking. As they do, Warrick reaches over and silently takes her hand.

INT. PUB - AFTERNOON

Everyone slouches on chairs or the floor. A YouTube video of kittens being silly plays on the television. Warrick pours a pint full of foam that Cliff rejects in disgust. Warrick tries again. Fiona lies on her back under the pool table.

FIONA

Is there anything else? Anything we missed? Anything?

ROWDY

Where's that bloody checklist?

WARRICK

(waving the checklist)

New tailings - check.

No more open pit mine - check.

FIONA

I can't believe no one ever thought about digging the mine in from the depression. That was a brilliant idea, Warrick.

WARRICK

(with a coy smile)

'Course it was, Fiona.

ROWDY

Your bosses gonna be okay with the new revenue numbers?

FIONA

Carol says they're still within operational and computational parameters, whatever that means. So, yeah, I reckon so.

WARRICK

Town stays where it is - check.

Ragged, tired cheer from those in the pub.

WARRICK

Signatures on all documents - check. That's all of it. Every-bloody-thing.

Fiona gets up, goes over to Rowdy and puts out her hand.

FIONA

Then, Rowdy, mate, I figure you and I, we've got a deal.

Rowdy pauses, like Rowdy does, then-

ROWDY

...Yup.

Rowdy takes Fiona's hand and they shake.

ROWDY

Hasn't been too hard working with us gecko molesters, has it now?

FIONA

Never gonna live that down, am I?

ROWDY

...nope. I'm getting shirts made.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Fiona straightens up the piles of paperwork. Carol, at the computer, sips a water as the final signed contract scans.

FIONA

A well constructed deal, Carol.

CAROL

A terrific deal, Fiona.

FIONA

A deal that gets us on the first flight home.

CAROL

I thought you liked it here.

FIONA

...not enough to stay a day longer.

Carol glances at Fiona curiously. The scanning finishes and she attaches the file to an e-mail addressed to Lucinda.

CAROL

You want to do the honors?

FIONA

Hell yeah! Then I'll buy you a drink because my bonus check now makes me a woman of means.

CAROL

And my bonus lets me drink that drink back home in NYC.

Fiona grins, then clicks 'send'. Whoosh. Carol pauses, then shuts down the computer. Fiona claps her on the shoulder.

FIONA

Party time, you crazy Canuck!

INT. PUB

Fiona and Carol enter to a rousing cheer. The old-timers begin a ragged chorus of 'They Are Jolly Good Sheilas'.

The television plays a video of skiers wiping out in slo motion. Before they can ask, Warrick puts two overflowing beers in front of them. The two clink their glasses and take deep drinks as another cheer rings out.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL - SUNSET

As the sun sets, and the noise from within the pub gets louder, the office satellite dish tracks to a new location.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

In the dim light, a printer turns on and prints out a single page which slides onto the desktop.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The party rages on. As Warrick and Fiona dance drunkenly together, Carol wanders around, her scarf around her head, hugging everyone. She comes over and hugs Warrick and Fiona.

CAROL

We did good here, Fi!

FIONA

That we did, Carol!

CAROL

You too, Warrick! You did good too!

Warrick laughs and extricates herself from the sloppy hug.

WARRICK

Oh! I've got a surprise for you!

Fiona watches him go while Carol flicks her scarf out of her eyes, over and over. Then Fiona drunkenly turns to Carol.

FIONA

Carol, I gotta confess something.
(beat)

I did you wrong, back in the day.
The Envirotech Account. Damn it, I
went behind your back and sweet-
talked that win from you. I'm a
horrible backstabbing backstabber.

CAROL

No... I did you worse.

Fiona doesn't understand until Carol sighs and makes a
letter 'G' with her hands. Fiona steps closer.

FIONA

Gunderson! That was you? You threw
me under a bus, then picked me up
and threw me under a different bus!

CAROL

I did! I did run you over. Twice.
Maybe even three times. Shit. I'm
an awful horrible backstabby
backstabbing backstabber.

The two stare at each other for a moment. Eye to eye.

CAROL

I promise I won't run you over with
a bus ever again.

FIONA

I promise not to go behind your
back ever again. Never ever.

They stare at each other some more.

CAROL

Hug?

FIONA

...we are hugging.

So they are. Warrick returns with three full shot glasses.
They cheer and down their shots.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP - MORNING

And the sun comes up.

INT. PUB

Everyone moves slowly, quietly. Cutlery clinking on plates elicits groans of pain. Fiona and Carol stare at two full fry-ups, shaking hands holding large coffee cups.

After a moment, they both push their plates away, accidentally CLANKING them together. They groan. Fiona drags herself out of her chair and shuffles off, leaving Carol holding her head to keep it from breaking.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

Fiona stumbles out into the sun, pulling on sunglasses and groaning. Hearing some noise, she notices the satellite dish rotating around, clearly tracking something.

Confused, she staggers over to the office and punches in the code, then tries to keep her bloodshot eye open for the retinal scanner. After a couple tries, the door unlocks.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

The door opens and lights the desk and the piece of paper.

INT. PUB

The front door swings open and Fiona charges in.

FIONA
(singing loudly)
'We are the champions, my friends!'

Everyone groans at her over-the-top exuberance. Fiona excitedly hands Carol the piece of paper. Warrick and Rowdy shuffle over, curious. Carol finishes reading and turns to Fiona in amazement.

FIONA/CAROL
(singing loudly)
'We are the champions!'

Carol hands Warrick the page. He and Rowdy read it. Warrick suddenly turns, grabs Fiona and gives her a huge kiss. Rowdy lowers the page, reaches over and shakes Carol's hand - his biggest expression of emotion.

ROWDY
You're true mates. Both of ya, true
bloody bonza mates. Thank you.

Fiona realizes she's kissing Warrick, stops, then grins and kisses him again.

Suddenly the hotel rattles with the sound of a powerful plane coming in low over the town. Confused, everyone heads outside to see what's going on.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP

A sleek executive jet lands and taxis up the street. It stops, the stairs come down and out steps Lucinda.

FIONA
(whispering to Carol)
We're going home on her jet!

They high five each other. Lucinda - calm, cool, refreshed - strides up to the small group wearing a 50 megawatt smile.

LUCINDA
Rowdy! What an absolute pleasure to finally meet you in person.

Rowdy, speechless in front of such charm, just shakes her hand. Lucinda winks at him then turns to Fiona and Carol giving them that same dazzling smile.

LUCINDA
Now, before Rowdy and I get better acquainted, have you girls a moment for a quick chit-chat?

FIONA
You got it, Lucinda.

Quickly they usher her over to the office and inside.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

The moment the door closes behind them, Lucinda's smile falls off and she becomes emotional, near tears.

LUCINDA
Why girls, why? The three of us, working together towards the same amazing goal. We were friends, on the same team. I trusted you and I thought you trusted me.

Fiona and Carol stare at her, utterly confused.

LUCINDA

The executive board flayed me
within an inch of my life,
threatened my entire future, then
sent me here.

FIONA

But, what about your message?

Fiona unfolds the message and reads it out loud.

FIONA

(proudly)

'I can't believe the two of you!
What you have done is absolutely
beyond belief!'

Fiona and Carol smile and high five. Lucinda grabs the
message and reads it the way she meant it to be read.

LUCINDA

(furiously)

'I can't believe the two of you!
What you have done is absolutely
beyond belief!'

They completely screwed up. Then she throws the paper on the
floor and growls at them, flexing her long red nails.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP

Outside the office container, the townies mill around for a
moment, then head inside the pub. The mangy old dog shuffles
up intending to piss on it again, but suddenly raises its
hackles, growls and backs away.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Lucinda towers over Fiona and Carol.

LUCINDA

Your impulsiveness has forced Mr.
Ibsen and the board to send me
across the planet to this backwater
to salvage this deal and thus my
career at Smythe, Hammersley, Ibsen
and Tanaka. And I will succeed, do
you understand?

CAROL

But we didn't-

LUCINDA
No you didn't. So now I must.

She glares at them once more and storms outside.

CAROL
How come she's suddenly so scary?

FIONA
Never get between a executive and
her bonus or she'll gut you?

CAROL
(moaning)
Given the way I feel, that sounds
quite pleasant.

INT. PUB

Lucinda steps through the front doors like she owns the pub,
takes a bead on Rowdy at his desk and strides across to him.
She smiles brightly and leans over to show off her cleavage.

LUCINDA
Rowdy, darling. We're so close.
Win-win-win, for everyone.

ROWDY
...yup.

LUCINDA
So let's just rewind to what we had
agreed upon, before the girls got
here, shall we?

ROWDY
...nope.

LUCINDA
Come now, our differences are
certainly not more than our
commonalities, are they?

ROWDY
...nope.

LUCINDA
Good. I'll get the original
agreement, we can sign it and be
off to our new, wealthy lives.

ROWDY
...nope.

He saunters behind the bar, leaving her leaning against his desk. She tenses up in a controlled fury then turns around with a glowing, yet fake, smile.

The front door opens and Fiona and Carol cautiously enter like two servants being pushed into the dragons den.

LUCINDA
Oh, girls!

The two jump back, bumping into each other.

LUCINDA
Rowdy has made some terrific
points, so let's get cracking!

She strides back across to them, giving Rowdy a wave before leaving. Carol quickly follows. Fiona gazes wistfully at Warrick. Carol leans back in and drags her out.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER - AFTERNOON

Lucinda paces up and down the cramped space. Carol and Fiona timidly sit, as far away from her as possible, the deal spread out on the desk in front of them.

FIONA
How can what we came up with be so
terrible anyway?

CAROL
I swear the revised deal is
acceptable according to Smythe,
Hammersly, Ibsen & Tanaka criteria-

LUCINDA
Internal criteria does not override
the boards expectations. What you
did was wrong - criminally, if you
really want to go there - and must
be undone immediately.

FIONA
Criminally wrong?

LUCINDA
Clearly, you've never dealt with
the board before.

Beat.

LUCINDA
Girls, there's an entire floor of

junior vice-presidents -- all men
-- waiting eagerly for me to fail.
I will not give them that pleasure.

MONTAGE

-Carol types furiously at the computer, Lucinda looming over her shoulder, gesturing to words on the screen

-Fiona points out places on the map while Lucinda shakes her head in frustration

-Fiona and Carol look over Lucinda's shoulders as she marks up a memorandum with a red pen

-Fiona stumbles and knocks a stack of paperwork off the corner of Carol's desk. Carol groans in dismay as Fiona reaches down to pick the papers up.

LUCINDA
(checking her watch)
Time for a light meal and bed.

She turns to go but pauses at the doorway as Fiona and Carol rise wearily from their seats.

LUCINDA
Oh no. You misunderstood. You two ruined my four diamond rating with the board, so you work all night undoing your mess.

Then Lucinda storms out. They warily watch the closed door.

FIONA
Think she'll come back?

They gaze at the door again.

CAROL
I don't get it, she was so nice.

Fiona laughs a bitter laugh.

CAROL
She was. Once she took me as her plus-one to a gala opening.

FIONA
(incredulous)
Whoa, you and Lucinda?

CAROL

Her fiancé broke his leg skiing in Gstaad. So I went instead. She was funny, charming-

FIONA

Yeah, funny and charming until her bonus is threatened, then the daggers come out and we get tossed under a speeding corporate jet.

They sigh and stare at the door.

CAROL

How long should we wait?

FIONA

Phone in our food order and have Warrick take it up our room.

CAROL

What if Lucinda catches us not working?

FIONA

Then we die with full stomachs.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP - MORNING

The sun rises over the town and the gleaming corporate jet.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Fiona and Carol sleep in the double bed. An alarm goes off. Fiona knocks it off the table but it keeps ringing.

FIONA

Make it stop...

Carol blearily gets up and turns it off, then wanders over to the window. Then she screams in horror.

FIONA

What! What?

CAROL

Lucinda! Walking! Up the street!

Fiona, still waking, stares at Carol in confusion.

CAROL

We're supposed to still be working!

They frantically get dressed. Carol picks out a new shirt when Fiona grabs it from her.

FIONA
No! Same clothes as last night!

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

Lucinda, refreshed and kitted out in designer outback wear, strides up the street towards the hotel.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Fiona and Carol scramble out of their room window and climb down the fire stairs.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

The two race around the hotel, skidding to a stop to peek around the corner. Lucinda strides closer. They back away, rush over and let themselves into their office.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

The door swings open and Lucinda is there. Fiona and Carol work studiously at their desks.

CAROL
(brightly)
Morning, Lucinda.

FIONA
We'll have something ready for you
in ten minutes. Meet you inside?

She scowls at them then slams the door shut. The two continue working. The door suddenly opens up. Lucinda confirms they're working then slams the door shut again.

CAROL
What exactly are we presenting to
her in ten minutes? Rowdy won't say
'yes' to anything but the deal you
tricked me into making.

FIONA
Excuse me? I tricked you?

CAROL
True to form, you've screwed me

over yet again.

FIONA

You're the most selfish cow on the bloody planet, you are.

CAROL

Because I want to keep my job?

FIONA

No, because you'd push your mother off a cliff to keep your job.

CAROL

Keep my mother out of this!

FIONA

(placating)

Fine. No mothers. We go in there, you present some random alternative proposal, Rowdy gives his monosyllabic answer in the negative, and we return to this office which will then be encased in concrete as our eternal resting place.

CAROL

But why do I have to present the new proposal we haven't written?

Fiona gets up and heads towards the door.

FIONA

Because you're the Managing Director.

Fiona leaves, closing the door behind her.

CAROL

(muttering)

Senior Managing Director...

INT. PUB - EVENING

A slick video presentation finishes on a computer, freezing on a group of smiling, demographically perfect people.

Lucinda smiles brightly, closes her laptop, and turns to Rowdy, with Fiona and Carol on the other side of his desk.

ROWDY

I appreciate all yer fancy videos but we're damn happy with what

we've worked out with your girls.

LUCINDA

I understand that, Rowdy dear, but there were 'things' the girls didn't know to take into account.

ROWDY

Like what?

LUCINDA

Oh, like liability issues, a number of international trade agreements, and there are always the Russians.

Everyone stops and stares at her.

WARRICK

The Russians?

ROWDY

What the bloody hell have they got to do with anything?

LUCINDA

Clearly, global politics and resource extraction aren't top conversation priorities here.

ROWDY

I don't care if the Barbarians are at the bloody gate, darlin', we want the deal we signed.

Lucinda knows when to back off so she smiles and saunters over to the bar, knowing Rowdy is watching her as she does.

INT. PUB BAR

Warrick watches Lucinda from behind the bar.

WARRICK

I'm guessing you'd be wantin' a fancy martini. Shaken, not stirred.

LUCINDA

When in Rome...

WARRICK

Campari & Soda or Prosecco?

LUCINDA

Touché.

They stare at each other for a moment, neither giving in.

LUCINDA
Campari. Rocks. Twist.

Warrick nods, begins making the drink.

WARRICK
Whenever you want to stop being a
witch will be fine with us.

LUCINDA
Oh, you have no idea.

WARRICK
Darlin', I spend a good portion of
life cutting the balls off sheep.

LUCINDA
As do I.

They observe each other with grudging respect. Lucinda takes her drink and struts back across towards Rowdy's desk.

INT. ROWDY'S OFFICE

Fiona and Carol talk with Rowdy.

FIONA
Surely, mate, there's room for a
tweak or two.

ROWDY
Tweak? She wants to go back to
turning the town into an open pit
mine and filling in the valley.
What exactly is there to tweak?

CAROL
Maybe if we adjust the-

Lucinda arrives back at the desk with her drink.

LUCINDA
Rowdy, I - WE - do want to work
with you. You know that. And we
want what's good for all of us.

ROWDY
...yup.

LUCINDA
Goodwill. That's what we have. What

we need. The goodwill to ensure everyone is happy at the end of the day. Am I correct?

Fiona and Carol nod, hopefully.

ROWDY

...yup.

LUCINDA

(smiling)

Good. That's very good.

We can do this, Rowdy. You and I.

Rowdy reacts as she grabs his hands and caresses them.

LUCINDA

We can, I know it! We can make so many people happy, including us.

Oh, Rowdy, do you want to be happy?

Do you want me to be happy? Because

I can be so incredibly 'happy' to others when I'm happy.

Rowdy stares at her, realizing what she's really implying.

INT. CORPORATE JET - NIGHT

Lucinda finishes making herself a proper martini then settles into an Eames chair in front of a state-of-the-art computer system. Nervously, she gulps down the drink then turns to the computer.

LUCINDA

Call Hans Ibsen.

COMPUTER VOICE

Calling.

After a couple rings, a video conference with Hans Ibsen opens on the computer screen. HANS, a powerful, tanned sixty plus year old man in a power suit holds court from an office with a staggering view of snow-capped mountains.

LUCINDA

Sir, you're looking fantastic. A new suit? Bespoke?

HANS

(ignoring the complement)

Well?

LUCINDA
 (taking a breath)
 The deal they wrote is rock solid.
 Regretfully, our lawyers are having
 challenges breaking it.

HANS
 It was stupid of you to send them.

LUCINDA
 I didn't believe either had enough
 initiative or imagination to do
 something like this. Sir.

HANS
 My disappointment in you will be
 dealt with at some point.

Cowed by Hans, Lucinda simply nods. Hans considers for a moment then scowls.

HANS
 I'd best speak with them.
 Immediately.

Lucinda nods and quickly picks up her cell phone.

INT. PUB

Fiona and Rowdy work on the beer lines below the bar. She does a final adjustment. Warrick pours a perfect pint.

FIONA
 Voila! Your pressure was off.

Rowdy nods, reassessing her.

ROWDY
 Where'd you learn that?

FIONA
 Grow up in a pub, you figure out a
 thing or two.

ROWDY
 I thought you said your father was
 a farmer...

Fiona's phone pings loudly, saving her. Fiona picks up her phone and reads the text, pales and runs outside. Beat.

Fiona runs back in, gulps down the beer Warrick just poured, then runs out again.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

A nervous Carol and Fiona squirm in their chairs in front of their computer monitor.

CAROL
You ever talk to 'him'?

FIONA
No one's ever talked to 'him'.

Carol clicks a button and the Conversate conference opens.

INT. CONVERSATE SCREEN

Fiona and Carol in one shot, Lucinda in one and Hans in one.

CAROL
Sir. It is an honor to-

HANS
(aghast)
They're speaking!

Carol shuts up and Fiona wipes her sweating brow. A beautiful blonde model reaches in and hands Hans a tumbler.

HANS
Clearly we treated you like intelligent adults but Lucinda was wrong. You are little children who have soiled your diapers.

Fiona and Carol, each with visible armpit sweat stains, glance furtively at each other.

HANS
Now, shall we leave you in your own defecation or shall we clean you up like the infants you are, then give you a breast to suckle upon?

The girls stare in horror. Finally, Hans turns to Lucinda.

HANS
Are they mute as well as dumb?

LUCINDA
May we speak without them for a moment, sir?

Hans scowls and leans forward, turning off their screen.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Fiona leans back, armpits soaked, and wipes sweat off her brow. Carol stares at the screen, in shell shock.

FIONA

I feel like my soul has been ripped from my body.

CAROL

I can't stop shaking. That was the worst ever...

FIONA

I feel like I was flayed by the devil.

CAROL

The devil takes advice from Hans.

FIONA

Only if Hans is willing to give it.

Their computer screen pops back on.

INT. CONVERSATE SCREEN

CAROL

Oh! We're back...

FIONA

How can we assist?

LUCINDA

The devil would like you to get your souls sent by express post to his Oslo office. Right away.

HANS

Or shall Lucinda flay you first?

Fiona and Carol stare at them for a moment. Lucinda flexes her talons and they both flinch. Their screen goes dead.

FIONA

I really hate this program...

Carol sadly nods beside her.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL - DAY

Rowdy storms out onto the quiet porch, Lucinda at his heels.

ROWDY

Christ, woman, yer not hearin' what I'm saying.

LUCINDA

And I dare say you're not hearing what I'm saying, Rowdy, darling.

Carol, Fiona and Warrick stand in the open doorway.

CAROL

Possibly, maybe, the best thing is-

ROWDY/LUCINDA

Shut up!

Carol flinches and steps back.

LUCINDA

Here is what I don't understand.

She gestures to the empty street, the weary buildings and the million miles of emptiness in front of her.

LUCINDA

How can any of you honestly be fighting to save any of this?

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR

Everyone mills at the bubbling springs edge, basking in the lushness of the forest around them, taking turns sipping from the ladle.

WARRICK

Amazing, isn't it?

LUCINDA

Yes, lush, tropical. Fiji with cliffs in the middle of a desert.

WARRICK

You see why we want to save it?

LUCINDA

Because it's amazing. Lush.

ROWDY

...yup.

Fiona and Carol exchange a hopeful glance.

FIONA

This valley is why we redesigned the deal, Lucinda, to save it and still make everyone an obscene amount of money.

CAROL

Our revised deal does that.

Lucinda observes everyone looking hopefully at her. She slaps a mosquito and studies the blood on her hand.

LUCINDA

Yes, that is exactly what your deal does, Fiona.

FIONA

...she's Carol.

LUCINDA

(loses her temper)

Do I care what her name is? No! Do I care about a goddamn valley? No! What does it take to get that into your sun-burnt, dust-choked heads?

She tosses the ladle out into the spring.

LUCINDA

You want to save this. Wonderful. What I want is for you to sign the deal you agreed to before these idiots appeared! And then I can get on my jet, fly back to civilization and let your little hovel become the biggest, and most profitable, open pit mine in Australia.

She storms off back up the trail. After a moment, Warrick runs after her. From the forest, the Aboriginals appear.

KEV

Jeez, she's a bit scary.

FIONA

Could you put a curse on her?

KEV

(watching Lucinda leave)

Too late, darlin', way too late.

EXT. VALLEY EDGE

Lucinda climbs over the top with Warrick right behind her.

WARRICK

It's not right to ruin all this!

LUCINDA

Not right? What's not right is you all yammering on like spoiled children who have lost your TV privileges. Good God, suck it up and face the facts.

Lucinda goes over and climbs into the truck and waits impatiently. Rowdy comes over the edge.

WARRICK

Rowdy, what are we going to do?

Rowdy glances at Warrick's shotgun then at Lucinda. Then he shrugs. The two climb in. Rowdy starts the truck up as Lucinda gives up getting a signal on her phone in disgust.

LUCINDA

Well?

Gritting his teeth, Rowdy puts the truck into gear and drives off. Once the dust settles, Carol and Fiona come staggering over the top and gaze around in confusion.

CAROL

Hello! Hello?

FIONA

You have got to be kidding...

INT. PUB - EVENING

Uneasy silence in the pub breaks when the doors swing open and Fiona and Carol stagger in - filthy and sun-burned.

LUCINDA

Where the hell have you been?

FIONA

Oh, we went for a relaxing stroll through the bloody desert since you left us at the valley!

LUCINDA

Imbeciles.

CAROL
We're imbeciles because you left us
to die out back of beyond?

LUCINDA
I wasn't left behind, now was I?

Lucinda strolls to the bar and Warrick silently pours her a Campari on the Rocks. She takes a sip then pushes it back.

LUCINDA
Twist?

Biting back his tongue, Warrick adds a lemon twist. Above the bar, the television plays YouTube videos of children getting knocked over by dogs.

LUCINDA
God, turn that viral rubbish off!

Warrick picks up a remote and turns off the television, to the old-timers protestations.

WARRICK
There, happy now?

LUCINDA
If I'm still here in this
nightmare, then I'm not happy.

Lucinda takes her glass and strolls away.

WARRICK
(calling after her)
Why don't you just leave us alone?

Lucinda whirls around, furious.

LUCINDA
I would like nothing better.
(beat)
All right, I'll make this simple.
Simple enough for you all to
understand it. Even the two idiots.

FIONA
...we're right here.

LUCINDA
Sign the deal, as originally
written, I get on my jet and leave,
never my shadow to darken your
horrid little town again.

ROWDY

...nope.

LUCINDA

Or I make a phone call and your hovel gets mistaken for a missile testing range. The sort of tragic military miscommunication that happens with alarming regularity.

Lucinda finishes her drink and drops the glass shattering it on the floor. Then she strides out, leaving the dust-covered Fiona and Carol staring at Warrick, Rowdy and the old-timers. Fiona staggers over to the bar.

FIONA

A gallon of your finest liquor, mate, with a side of why you left us at the valley.

WARRICK

Fiona, your boss was driving us crazy, I just forgot about you.

ROWDY

It was all we could do not to bury Lucinda out there.

CAROL

Burying the undead doesn't do anything to them.

FIONA

We would have helped dig the hole, if you'd only waited for us!

WARRICK

Don't yell at me, Fiona! You brought her here!

FIONA

What the hell? You think we want to do this? You started it, talking with Smythe, Hammersly, Ibsen & Tanaka in the first place!

WARRICK

Whoa! So this is all our fault?!

FIONA

Well...yeah.

WARRICK

Then find your own wine. And food.

Warrick yanks back the glass he was about to give Fiona.
Rowdy glowers at Carol.

ROWDY
Bloody Yank traitor.

CAROL
(quickly)
I'm from Montreal!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fiona tosses in the bed and Carol gets fed up.

CAROL
Fiona, stop squirming around!

FIONA
Christ. It wasn't supposed to be
this bloody hard. Come and get a
single signature. Saving the valley
was a bonus. Now we're in the
middle of a five megaton bullseye.

CAROL
I knew as soon as you went off plan
this was going to happen. I told
you, Fiona, this is all your fault.

FIONA
Hey, I did what needed to be done!

CAROL
Bullshit. You did exactly what you
wanted, and you don't care about
anything but your precious pub.

FIONA
That's not true! I care about-

CAROL
Leave me alone, Fiona. Just...just
this once, leave me alone.

Carol rolls over and pulls the covers off Fiona. Fiona
considers arguing more but doesn't.

EXT. HOTEL

From across the street, Fiona stares at the hotel and the
endless star-filled sky. The old-timers leave in their
different directions, not noticing her. Once more, she's

standing in front of a barely used, well-loved pub.

KEV
Pretty sky, yeah?

Fiona jumps, turns to Kev, who's suddenly standing beside her. He points as a shooting star arcs across the sky.

KEV
That means Namorrodor, this kinda
flying, man-eating serpent, is
about. Got to be careful.

Fiona and Kev notice Lucinda's Lear jet in the distance.

KEV
It's got a taste for human hearts.

FIONA
Serious?

KEV
Kept me in bed as a kid, not
something I wanted to meet up with
in the dark.

FIONA
Can she be stopped?

KEV
Oh sure. Someone really brave has
to get inside her defences.

FIONA
How would they do that?

KEV
Cunning and magic, what else?

They stare at the night sky. Another shooting star arcs.

FIONA
If only we had some of that.

KEV
You'd be surprised what you have,
if you think about it.

Fiona turns away from Kev to ponder and when she turns back, he's gone, just like he appeared, in an instant.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fiona stares out the window at Lucinda's plane, thinking, Carol asleep in the bed. Fiona suddenly pounds her hands against the window frame, waking Carol up.

CAROL
Stop it, I'm trying to sleep.

FIONA
Carol, we can't let Lucinda destroy this town! We just can't.

CAROL
I don't care anymore. She's omnipotent. And I need this job.

FIONA
What exactly is your job worth, if the town and valley are destroyed?

CAROL
Mine will still be worth 150 thousand a year plus stock options. Plus bonuses.

Fiona paces the room.

FIONA
And what about your soul, Carol? What will our souls be worth?

CAROL
(beat)
A couple pounds of slag from the largest, and most profitable, open pit mine in Australia.

FIONA
Exactly.

CAROL
But Lucinda's got us all by the short hairs.

FIONA
Then we force her to let go.

CAROL
Ha! Nobody can make her do anything.

Fiona's eyes light up.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Fiona sit at Carol's seat and pounds out an e-mail while Carol nibbles nervously on an energy bar.

CAROL
This is a bad idea.

FIONA
It isn't. How do we know Lucinda's even showed our deal to anyone? Maybe she's jealous of you because your solution was so amazing.

CAROL
You're not just saying that?

FIONA
Carol, absolutely not. We - YOU - can actually save this town. And everything in that amazing valley.

Fiona attaches the deal to the e-mail and gestures to Carol.

CAROL
Going over Lucinda's head like this... It's risky.

FIONA
So's turning your back on her.

Fiona mimes claws slicing through air. Carol flinches.

FIONA
Time to do some good, Carol.

Carol steps over and timidly pushes the send button. Whoosh. Fiona claps her on the back and heads towards the door as Carol stares at the screen.

CAROL
Fiona, wait!
Is there an 'undo send'?

INT. JET PLANE - MORNING

Lucinda curls up in a king-size bed, eye mask on, gentle sounds of waves playing through hidden speakers. A harsh tone rings out and she wakes with a start.

LUCINDA
Answer.

She pulls off the eye mask and attempts to make herself presentable. A flat screen monitor pivots out from the wall and a Conversate screen appears showing Hans Ibsen.

LUCINDA
Sir? You're looking-

HANS
I received an e-mail from your imbeciles this morning.

LUCINDA
(aghast)
No!

HANS
In my fury I missed out on an ideal polo pony at the Buenos Aires auction. I expect your peons to know their place. Or you'll get put in your place.

LUCINDA
Of course! I will go and-

Hans hangs up. Lucinda screams in rage.

INT. BEDROOM

The door to the hotel room explodes open and Lucinda storms in to find Fiona and Carol asleep in the small bed, Fiona's arm draped over Carol.

LUCINDA
Idiots! Morons! Cretins!

The two leap up, tumbling onto the floor. Lucinda picks up a pillow and hits Carol with it, over and over.

LUCINDA
E-mailing the President and CEO your ridiculous proposal? Directly?

Carol cowers under the assault. Fiona hides behind a blanket on the beds far side.

CAROL
She made me! I didn't send the e-mail! Fiona did, from my account!

FIONA
You snivelling traitor!

Fiona grabs pillow and joins Lucinda beating on Carol.

CAROL

You're the traitor! Never following orders! Never! You sneak around and only do what you want! Ow!

FIONA

Spineless gecko molester!

LUCINDA

The two of you are finished here!
Pack up and return to Sydney. Now!

Fiona instantly stops beating Carol.

FIONA

Wait? What?

CAROL

Do we keep our jobs?

Fiona kicks her.

LUCINDA

If I can't fix this, forget your jobs, you won't be keeping your worthless lives.

Lucinda storms out and Carol starts beating on Fiona.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL - MORNING

Fiona and Carol shuffle out with their luggage and begin down the street. Fiona offers to take one of Carol's suitcases but she rebuffs her, still angry.

The old plane is out of its hanger on the main street.

Silently, they stow their luggage and climb into the plane.

As the pilot does his checks, Rowdy saunters over and chats with him for a bit. Then the pilot nods and wanders back into the hanger, pulling the door shut behind him.

Rowdy leans in and stares at Fiona and Carol cold-shouldering each other in their seats.

ROWDY

Right, you two. Out.

CAROL

You're gonna kill us, aren't you.

ROWDY
Just come on, for Christ's sake.

EXT. DIRT TRACK

In silence, the three drive along the track to the valley.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR

They arrive at the spring, but Rowdy parts some bushes and they continue down a hidden path.

EXT. CAVE MOUTH

At the entrance to a small cave, Rowdy picks up a bundle of smoldering dried leaves. He smudges himself and the two women. Then Rowdy turns on a flashlight and crawls inside.

After a pause, Fiona follows. Carol warily glances at the forest for a moment, then nervously crawls after them.

INT. CAVE

Darkness, only broken up by the flashlight shining on a smooth rock with a inch wide hole in the centre. A didgeridoo drones, echoing around them.

ROWDY
Right. You two, lie down, heads by that rock, then shut yer eyes.

CAROL
(muttering)
And then you'll kill us...

FIONA
He won't!
(beat)
You won't, right?

Silence. The two warily lie down and shut their eyes. Rowdy picks up a threatening looking club. Then pulls out a lighter and lights it. It's a torch. He places it in the hole and steps back.

ROWDY
Open yer eyes, now.

The two open their eyes and gasp. A round cave, with a sandy floor, the walls and ceiling completely covered with

Aboriginal paintings of Dreamtime.

An astounding, mystical, spiritual place. The multitude of stars spread across the ceiling sparkle in the torch light.

At the caves edge, the Aboriginals sit in the near darkness.

KEV

The town's name has nothing to do with Kangaroo's near running water. Bangamahbamup really means 'Stars in the Heavens near Running Water'. It was named that in the Dreamtime.

FIONA

It's like nothing I've ever seen...

CAROL

The stars are like diamonds.

ROWDY

Darlin', they are diamonds.

Speechless, they stare up at the sight with increased awe.

INT. HANGER - EVENING

Lucinda storms into the hanger and up to the town pilot.

LUCINDA

Why hasn't the plane left yet?

TOWN PILOT

(shrugging)
Something broke.

LUCINDA

This entire town deserves to be a smoking crater.

Lucinda scowls at him then climbs into her Lear jet.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR

Rowdy, Fiona, Carol and the Aboriginals gather around a campfire beside the spring.

KEV

Fifteen millennia since our ancestors finished placing the stars in the cave, and not a single diamond has been removed. We could,

but we don't.

FIONA
But Lucinda will, if she finds out.

CAROL
How would she find out?

FIONA
One flick of a talon and you'd tell her everything.

CAROL
Would not!

Fiona stares at her, Carol sighs, realizing Fiona is right.

ROWDY
Now I don't care about the town, but the valley... Our ancestors made a pact with Kev's mob after they were saved way back when. No matter what, we don't mess with this valley or that cave.

INT. LUCINDA'S PLANE

Lucinda works at a high tech desk with multiple monitors. Nervous lawyers and accountants talk on Conversate with her.

LAWYER 1
Wait, it's not that simple.

LUCINDA
Those two are utter idiots, yet you can't find a single flaw?

The lawyers all nervously shake their heads.

LAWYER 2
If only we'd had more time.

LUCINDA
You need more time?
(beat)
You.

She points at a lawyer and he flinches.

LUCINDA
Backdate a couple years of health warnings on those two and insert them into their HR files. I want a

record that they're both mentally unstable. That way anything they've done can be invalidated.

LAWYER 1

Uh, I'm pretty sure that's illegal.

LUCINDA

Your point being?

The lawyers begin working while Lucinda leans back smugly.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Fiona gives Warrick a big hug as she, Carol and Rowdy gather around Rowdy's desk.

FIONA

It's the most incredible experience I've ever had. We can't let it be destroyed. We absolutely can't.

ROWDY

Seems they're on our side, again.

WARRICK

About bloody time. So now what?

Silence. Everyone gathers around the pool table, studying all their paperwork, hoping for inspiration.

ROWDY

There's gotta be a way to stop her.

GLORIA

A wooden stake and some garlic?

WARRICK

Prayer?

FIONA

You got a direct line to a higher power than Lucinda's boss?

CAROL

There's no one higher. Hans Ibsen is President and CEO. He's God.

ROWDY

What about the government?

FIONA

A wholly owned subsidiary of

Smythe, Hammersly, Ibsen & Tanaka.

WARRICK
Greenpeace? The United Nations?

FIONA
May as well ask The Wiggles.

WARRICK
Your bloody bosses are the most
vicious, heartless, soulless-

ROWDY
-don't forget gecko molesting-

WARRICK
-evil, scum sucking-

ROWDY
-koala humping-

WARRICK
-putrid, globe killing parasites.

LUCINDA
Oh we are, are we?

They spin around to see Lucinda standing at the door.

WARRICK
Yes, you bloody well are.

LUCINDA
Listen, Wazza. You may not like us,
but I dare you to try living on
this planet without us! We have
stakes in everything you use, from
the aluminum in your kegs, to the
highlights in her hair. So grow up,
sunshine. We own you. And we will
do what we want, and you will thank
us when we're done.

She's about to leave but turns to Fiona and Carol.

LUCINDA
Why are you two still here?

CAROL
Plane's broken. No choice.

LUCINDA
Then you should be walking.

FIONA
It's 800 kilometres of desert!

LUCINDA
Better than waiting in the street
for the first bombs to drop.
Although your fat asses will make
perfect targets.

Lucinda grabs a bottle of water from the bar and leaves.

FIONA
I think that went well.

WARRICK
Feeling better all the time.

CAROL
Excuse me while I update my will.

FIONA
Hang on... Her overhearing us...

The other three turn to Fiona.

FIONA
Remember that original video
conference we had with Rowdy?

ROWDY
The one that started this entire
shit-show?

Carol nods, sadly.

ROWDY
You were a right set of prawns.

WARRICK
(to Rowdy)
Yes! Because you couldn't figure
out that damn program.

ROWDY
(defensively)
The buttons don't make sense!

WARRICK
And we heard what we weren't
supposed to.

FIONA
But what if we could get Lucinda to
hear something she thinks she

wasn't supposed to hear? We could
trick her-

CAROL

Fiona, stop it. No more of your
ludicrous plans. Over and over,
your plans have dug us deeper and
deeper into trouble instead of
getting us out of here.
We're done, I'm done with all of
this.

Carol wanders over to join the old-timers, leaving a
startled Fiona to watch her go.

INT. LUCINDA'S PLANE - DAY

Lucinda works at her desk. A message arrives from the
lawyers - *Lock down the portable office and ALL files.
Access permissions for Fiona and Carol terminated.*

Lucinda notices sweat forming on her brow. In her toilet,
only a trickle of warm water comes out of her sink tap.

LUCINDA

Goddamn plane...

EXT. LUCINDA'S PLANE

Lucinda opens the plane door and spots her pilots.

LUCINDA

My plane is an unbearable furnace!

LUCINDA PILOT

(jumping to attention)

There's an issue with the
electrical system, recharging the-

LUCINDA

I don't give a damn! Fix it now!
And refill the water tank, I'll be
bathing later!

LUCINDA PILOT

Ma'am, yes, ma'am!

She stomps down the stairs and heads towards the pub.

INT. PUB

The pub, now sullen and depressed. Fiona drinks at the bar while Carol drinks heavily with the old-timers.

CAROL

Oh sure eh, Montreal is a beauty place. The snow, the, uh, hockey-

Lucinda enters to growls from the old-timers. She makes a beeline across to the pool table, wiping her brow with a handkerchief before clearing off the old map to roll it up.

LUCINDA

This map is property of Smythe, Hammersly, Ibsen and Tanaka.

ROWDY

Make sure to file it in the fiction section.

Lucinda scowls at him then turns back to the map. Cliff leans in towards Carol, slopping his beer.

CLIFF

Them French mademoiselles must be something fine to look at.

CAROL

No doubt about it!

CAROL

And the food! Baguettes and crepes and-

FIONA

(exasperated)

Enough! Jesus Christ, stop listening to her!

CAROL

Ah, take off, eh.

FIONA

Carol, you're about as Canadian as Crocodile Dundee.

The old-timers look at Carol questioningly.

CAROL

Don't listen to the drunk Scots. She's just jealous, and drunk and alone. And in the morning she'll be jealous, hungover and alone.

FIONA

And you'll still be a lying
American born and raised in lying
New York City.

The old-timers explode out of their chairs, launching themselves at Carol in a flurry of old limbs.

GLORIA

Cock-sucking Yank bastard!

Lucinda observes the battle while Fiona calmly finishes her beer. Only then does she drag Carol out from under the old-timers. Furious, Carol shoves Fiona away.

CAROL

Don't you dare help me!

FIONA

No one else is, Carol. You've lied to the entire town, sold them out, thrown them under a bus, and for what? You sold your soul, darlin'.

Livid, Carol pushes right up into Fiona's face.

CAROL

And what about you, Fiona? You've lied and cheated your entire life and what's that got you? Owner of the saddest pub in London. Ha!

FIONA

At least I've got something. What about you? Just another washed up mid-level manager.

CAROL

Senior Managing Director!

FIONA

Not any more! You're just a cheap zirconium ring pretending to be a-

Fiona shuts up. Carol realizes what she was about to say.

CAROL

Oh, and you think you're a 'diamond in the rough', like some Glaswegian Aladdin?

Fiona reacts to the diamond comment and shoves Carol. Lucinda listens intently from across the room.

FIONA
You shut your face!

CAROL
Why should I? That there might be
my only way out of this without
having to work for the rest of my
miserable life at a 7-11 in Queens.

The two are almost at blows, oblivious to everyone else in
the room, who watch with mounting concern.

FIONA
(threatening)
You even think about saying
anything about...that, and I, swear
to God, will tell her about your
personal project slush fund.

CAROL
You wouldn't dare!

FIONA
What have I got to lose? Nothing!
I'll bury you in the dirt outside
if you even mention diamonds-

Fiona gasps because she said 'diamonds'. Carol lunges at
Fiona but Fiona shoves her back. Carol falls to the floor.

FIONA
Grow a spine or I'll-

Lucinda coughs and the two freeze.

LUCINDA
Carol, you will come with me.
Right now.

CAROL
(getting up)
Yes, Lucinda.

FIONA
Stay here, Carol.

LUCINDA
Carol.

FIONA
Carol! No!

Carol rushes out the door behind Lucinda.

EXT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Lucinda opens the door and gestures for Carol to enter.
Fiona runs up to them.

FIONA

Don't do it, don't go in there with
her! You won't get out alive!

Carol stops.

CAROL

Screw you, Fiona. You're a selfish,
drunken bitch. I don't answer to
you and I never will!

Carol goes inside. Lucinda smiles smugly at Fiona then pulls
the door shut. Fiona pounds on the door.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Lucinda relaxes in an office chair while Carol paces around.

LUCINDA

Carol, I apologize for how I have
treated you. I was immature and
cruel and that is not who I am. You
know that, don't you? That gala
opening, remember? I so want us to
succeed. The two of us, you and I,
Carol, you and I.

CAROL

I want us to succeed too, Lucinda.

LUCINDA

(with a warm smile)
Good, Carol, good.

She reaches out takes Carol's hand in hers, caressing it.

LUCINDA

Carol, would you be a darling and
tell me now about the diamonds?

CAROL

(beat)
What about them?

LUCINDA

Quality. Quantity. Accessibility.

Carol pulls a diamond the size of an unshelled walnut out of

her pocket and shows it to Lucinda. Her eyes gleam.

LUCINDA
I want them. All of them.

Fiona continues to pound on the outside.

CAROL
I want my job back.

LUCINDA
Better job. A jet, like mine. Stock options, almost like mine.

Carol, torn, nods in agreement.

CAROL
They're in the valley. Thousands, this size, there for the taking.

EXT. OFFICE CONTAINER

The townies watch as Fiona bangs on the office door with a shovel. Rowdy and Warrick stand on the porch, concerned. Suddenly the door opens and Fiona has to step back. Lucinda steps out, triumphant, holding up the diamond.

ROWDY
You filthy mongrel! You told her about the cave!

LUCINDA
There is a new deal on the table.

WARRICK
Not a bloody chance!

LUCINDA
Quiet, barman.
The new deal is the original deal. But we'll move the slag heap like Carol brilliantly suggested. I can be magnanimous.

ROWDY
That's bloody magnanimous?

LUCINDA
Yes, it is, Rowdy darling.
I save your cave, its precious artwork, its diamonds, hell, I'll save the whole valley. I'll probably win an international

conservation award for it.

Everyone stares at her in unmasked disgust.

LUCINDA

I am done with of you lot. You've got thirty minutes to decide.

Then Lucinda goes inside the office, slamming the door. Everyone but Carol shuffles into the pub. Carol stares at the closed office door, trying to come to a decision.

INT. PUB

As everyone settles into their chairs in silence. After a moment, the door opens and Carol steps inside. The old-timers growl at her.

FIONA

Traitor.

CAROL

(angry)

Excuse me? What choice did I have, Fiona? You didn't have any plan, so I did what I had to! Now they'll leave the cave and the diamonds alone!
What have you saved? Nothing. Not a single thing. Not even your sad pub.

FIONA

(sighing)

Yeah, you're right. About everything. And I'm sorry I called you 'mid-level'.

Carol sits down beside Fiona. They consider each other for a moment, really seeing each other for the first time.

CAROL

Fiona, I didn't mean what I said before. About your ludicrous plans. About your pub.

FIONA

I hope they spell your name right on the conservation award.

Lucinda strides into the pub and everyone scowls at her.

ROWDY

What the hell do you want now? Our thirty minutes aren't up.

LUCINDA

I just popped in to let Carol know she can say goodbye to any promotion I might have hypothetically offered her.

CAROL

What? Why would you-

LUCINDA

Not finished. You see, because you illegally showed these yokels that old town map, I also get to bring corporate espionage charges against the two of you as soon as I'm back in civilization. So enjoy your last night of freedom, such as it is.

Fiona and Carol can't say anything. Lucinda has totally won.

LUCINDA

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to renegotiate my already obscenely large bonuses for the next decade.

Then Lucinda smiles wickedly and struts out.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

Lucinda steps out onto the porch, triumphant.

LUCINDA

My God, life is good!

EXT. HANGER

Lucinda strides up to her pilot as he and the town pilot work on the engine of her plane.

LUCINDA

Is my plane still a sauna?

TOWN PILOT

More like a bloody oven.

Her pilot nods in agreement, nervously. She glares at him.

LUCINDA

So where the hell do I work?

The two pilots glance at each other, unsure, then point at the office container. Lucinda rolls her eyes and heads towards the container.

LUCINDA

Get my goddamn plane fixed! I need to be out of here within the hour!

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Lucinda, at Carol's desk, grins at Hans on the monitor.

LUCINDA

...I feel like Cortez conquering the Inca's. These idiots tried to trick me but ended up giving away even more than the town!

HANS

Do tell...

LUCINDA

There is a motherlode of diamonds in the valley we were going to use as the slag heap.

She holds up the diamond and Hans gasps. Lucinda nods.

HANS

Spectacular! Exquisite!

LUCINDA

The only issue is the cave is some sort of ancient Aboriginal sacred site. I promised we'd save it to ensure they'd sign the contract.

HANS

Once we have their signatures we can do what we want.

LUCINDA

Exactly my plan, sir. While the pit mine is becoming operational, we extract all the diamonds - destroy the primitive art - then the valley returns to being the slag heap as originally intended.

HANS

Do you suspect any trouble with the natives?

LUCINDA

(laughs)

These halfwits haven't a clue. And once we've got the diamonds, there won't be anything left of that cave to prove otherwise. That's always been my approach to historic sites that get in the way of my job.

HANS

Excellent! I'll meet you in St. Tropez. You may personally present this to the board. I am confident they will be very grateful.

Lucinda eyes gleam.

INT. PUB

Despite being full, the pub is silent. Everyone quietly pondering their fates and sipping their beers.

FIONA

You'll be able to get another job in a second, Carol. You're brilliant. But I'm not sure I've got enough cash to get back home. To my sad pub with its stupid name and shitty location. Worse, it wasn't really even my dream.

Warrick leans over and gives her a kiss on the cheek. Fiona takes out her phone to check something then smiles.

INT. OFFICE CONTAINER

HANS

I am very impressed with you, Lucinda. Your ruthlessness and cunning will make Smythe, Hammersly, Ibsen & Tanaka, and yourself, staggeringly rich. In fact, now might be the time to present you for inclusion to the-

The power goes out, plunging the office into darkness.

LUCINDA

Inclusion to what? Damn it!

Emergency lights go on, but not the computers. Lucinda pounds on the keyboard to no avail.

EXT. OFFICE CONTAINER

Lucinda exits, storming across to the pub.

INT. PUB

Lucinda crashes through the doors, into the silence.

LUCINDA

You idiots need to come and restore
the power to the office. Now!

No one moves. Lucinda glances around at everyone silently
staring at her.

LUCINDA

What the hell is the matter with
you people? You look like a herd of
slack-jawed morons.

Fiona picks up a remote and aims it at the TV screen.

LUCINDA

Good Lord, I've no time for any
more of your idiotic cat videos-

The screen comes on. A YouTube video of Lucinda's Conversate
discussion with Hans plays.

LUCINDA

(on screen)

'Exactly my plan, sir. While the
pit mine becomes operational, we
extract all the diamonds - destroy
the primitive art - then the valley
is the slag heap as originally
intended.'

FIONA

Whoa! Those are some mighty
alarming comments, Lucinda darlin'.
I'm honestly shocked.

CAROL

(confused)

What the hell? That's Lucinda and
Hans... How-

ROWDY

Imagine when the United Nations
sees this.

WARRICK

Not to mention the International
Aboriginal Community.

FIONA

Your bonus might not be exactly
what you anticipated.

LUCINDA

You bastards! You set me up!

FIONA

We're too stupid, Lucinda. You and
your bloody greed set yourself up.

WARRICK

We just gave you a good shove.

A loud roar outside interrupts before Lucinda can say
anything. She runs out the door with everyone following.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL

They all arrive on the porch in time to see her plane
taxiing away down the street.

LUCINDA

(yelling)

Bring back my plane!

Lucinda runs out into the street as the plane turns around
in the distance then accelerates. Lucinda's phone pings with
a text and she pulls it out.

TEXT

'You have been fired with cause. We
disavow all knowledge of your
recent highly illegal actions.'

LUCINDA

Sons of bitches!

She steps back as the plane races past the hotel and takes
off into the big blue sky.

Lucinda considers screaming at the departing plane but
instead, she calms down, straightens her hair and turns
around to see everyone lined up on the porch, staring. The
mangy dog sidles out into the street and growls at her.

FIONA

Seems you're too toxic even for a
corporation as morally bankrupt as

Smythe, Hammersly, Ibsen & Tanaka.

Carol pokes Fiona and shows her phone. The view count on the video rises past 50,000, angry comments flow below.

LUCINDA

It's illegal to record someone else's conversation, you know that.

FIONA

The world doesn't seem to care, now does it, Lucinda?

Lucinda tries to use her phone but only gets a dead tone. It's been cut off so she flings it into the street.

WARRICK

Where's your support team now?

LUCINDA

(threateningly)
Just wait, you little-

From around the side of the hotel the Aboriginals step out.

KEV

Ah, you'd best be making yourself scarce. You're not welcome on our land anymore.

CAROL

Yeah Lucinda, take off, eh!

LUCINDA

How? My plane just flew off!

WARRICK

You could start walking. It's only 800 kilometres.

FIONA

Or, if you're lucky, you can catch the train. I hear it coming.

LUCINDA

I'm not riding in some filthy railcar for a day to get the hell out of here!

KEV

Well, I reckon it'd be pretty dangerous to hang about.

Lucinda glowers at them.

FIONA

You're the most hated woman in the world right now, Lucinda. Everyone's gonna want your head.

ROWDY

Get on that train and disappear, or stay here and really disappear.

LUCINDA

You wouldn't dare.

WARRICK

Oh we would, darlin'.

KEV

And trust me, they'd never, ever, find your bloody body.

Rowdy nods ominously. Lucinda thinks furiously. The train begins passing the town.

GLORIA

Ding dong, the witch is dead!

Lucinda makes her choice and runs down the street towards the train platform in her heels.

FIONA

Reckon they'll stop for her?

Rowdy studies Fiona in his easygoing way.

ROWDY

...yup.

CAROL

How can you be so sure?

ROWDY

Already gave them a heads up there'd be a passenger.

Sure enough, the train slows slightly as it passes, a rail worker leans down from the caboose and yanks Lucinda aboard with a scream. Then the train rolls on across the desert.

CAROL

Fiona, what the hell.

FIONA

You're a good person, Carol. I knew you'd try something.

CAROL
And you knew she'd lie.

Fiona curtsies with a grin.

WARRICK
Pretty cunning, Fiona. Especially
overheating her plane.

CAROL
I was so mad at you, I can't
believe I said all those things.

FIONA
(laughing)
'Glaswegian Alladin'.

CAROL
I was funny, wasn't I?

ROWDY
This calls for a celebration!

Everyone cheers and Warrick kisses Fiona passionately.

EXT. BANGAMAHBAMUP HOTEL - DAY

Months Later.

The hotel has a new coat of paint and people and busses fill the street. A row of new electric off-road vehicles loaded with tourists, Kev and his mates getting everyone settled.

INT. PUB

The pub is packed with tourists. But the old-timers still hold court from their corner. Behind the bar, Fiona and Warrick work hard, grabbing a quick kiss between orders. Warrick chats with a group of overheated tourists.

WARRICK
Mate, the valley tours are full up
for the next six months. We've got
to limit them. You really should
have booked ahead.

Fiona's phone rings, she checks it, then turns to Warrick.

FIONA
Love, I've gotta take this.

Everyone in line groans. Warrick rolls his eyes and she

placates him with a kiss. Fiona grabs a coffee and leaves.

WARRICK
Say hi for me.

Fiona gives him a nod and a grin.

EXT. HOTEL PORCH

Fiona steps out and answers a Skype call from a laid-back Carol, lounging at an outdoor cafe, sipping wine.

FIONA
Carol! Montreal treating you well?

CAROL
She's a beauty, eh.
No doubt about it.

FIONA
You bloody Canadian!

CAROL
You bloody Aussie! So what's it
like co-owning a successful pub?

FIONA
Best feeling in the world!

Fiona grins and raises her coffee. Carol toasts her back.

FIONA
Hey, the National Geographic people
just got here. They'll start
filming in the morning. Nicely done
getting that set up.

CAROL
Merci.

FIONA
Everyone misses you. When are
coming back?

CAROL
To Bangamahbamup?

FIONA
Finally, she says it right!

FADE OUT.