

MAC D.: PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

Written by

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Based on the novel

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By Tony McFadden

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EXT. WATERFRONT CAFE - MORNING

We're on the outdoor patio of The Pelican, a family-run cafe/pub on the waterfront somewhere on the NSW Central Coast of Australia. It's situated roughly halfway between Gosford and Lake Macquarie.

It's winter, but the sun is warm. Reflections of the low sun sparkle across the water between the moored boats.

MAC DURRIDGE (50's, solid, ex-cop) - finishes his toast and tea and watches JIMMY (young and shiny, dressed in a security guard's uniform) finishing his breakfast.

MAC (V.O.)

I hate this time of day, but an all-night stakeout just ended and I'm starving.

Jimmy leaves cash on the table and leaves. Mac drops a \$10 note on his table and ambles out, scooping Jimmy's money in a smooth motion.

MAC (V.O.)

And there's nothing like a free breakfast.

From inside the cafe, the waitress, JESSIE (18, blonde surfer, owner's daughter):

JESSIE

I saw that, Mac, you asshole.

Mac smiles and waves. Walks across the street and up the stairs beside a liquor store into his office. Or his apartment. Depends on the time of day.

A brass plaque beside the door reads "Mac Durrige, Private Investigations". He kisses the first two fingers of his hand, touches the fingers to the plaque, and walks in.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT.

A black ute idles in the parking lot. A hard-looking bald man sits behind the wheel. The man in the passenger's seat has blond dreadlocks.

The driver taps the passenger on the arm and points out the window. Jimmy, the security guard, is walking past the entrance to the lot.

Shaggy pulls a leather sap from a door pocket and jumps out of the ute. He taps Jimmy at the base of the skull and grabs him before he drops. Wrestles him into the front of the ute.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE

BETTY (slim blonde, sharply dressed, elegant, 40's), is sitting at his desk.

MAC (V.O.)

(a-la Bogie)

There she was, a long, tall drink
of a woman, warming my seat in ways
I could only dream of.

Mac smiles at her and closes the door behind him.

MAC

Hello, Betty.

Betty vacates the seat for Mac and slides into the chair on the customer side of his desk.

BETTY

Ernie is fucking around on me and I
need you to find the slut.

Mac leans back in his chair and sighs.

MAC

Again?

Betty snaps forward, clutching her handbag with both hands.

BETTY

Again? He's fucked around before?

MAC

No. Again with you thinking he's fooling around. This is, what, the third time?

Mac looks through his desk for a pen and paper. An old computer sits at the side of his desk collecting dust.

MAC (CONT'D)

Ernie is as faithful to you as your stupid Cocker Spaniel.

Betty digs through her handbag and throws a book of matches at him.

Mac snags it out of the air and examines it.

BETTY

Why in the hell would he have matches from the Wayfarer? It's a flea-infested dump.

Mac taps the book of matches on his desk.

MAC

Where'd you find them?

BETTY

Pants pocket.

MAC

Right. I'll look into it. Usual fees. \$500 a day plus expenses. I'll probably have this sorted out by next week, okay? Leave it with me.

BETTY

Call me at any time if you find something. Any time.

Betty sniffs, sticks her handbag under her arm and leaves. The door closes behind her a little harder than it needs to.

MAC (V.O.)
I can't believe this is still
working.

Mac looks at his watch. The second hand on his watch sweeps 25 seconds and his door opens. ERNIE (40's, the personification of Peter Lorre) enters.

MAC
Ahead of schedule, Ernie. Usually
takes you a minute, at least.

ERNIE
She's gone, right?

MAC
You're a fucking moron. Matches?
You don't even smoke.

Ernie settles into the chair just vacated by his wife.

ERNIE
For the candles?

MAC
Who?

Mac waves his hands and shuts Ernie up before he can talk.

MAC (CONT'D)
No, never mind, I don't even want
to know. Why do I keep covering
your arse?

ERNIE
'Cause you're a helluva guy?

Ernie shifts in his seat, pulls out his wallet and counts off ten fifty's.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Get me out of this. Her father
finds out and I'm done.

Mac fans the bills, then butts their edges together and pockets the money.

MAC

I'll see what I can do, but you're going to have to help.

ERNIE

Anything. What do you want me to do?

MAC

You're a gas-fitter...

Mac flicks the book of matches at Ernie and stands.

MAC (CONT'D)

...head back to the Wayfarer, now, and tell them you're giving them a free inspection of their LPG tanks.

Mac holds the door open.

MAC (CONT'D)

And stay away from the floozy until I've reported back to Betty.

Mac watches Ernie descend the staircase, waits a minute, then follows him down.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mac's phone rings as he steps off the curb. He looks at the incoming caller ID and frowns.

MAC

What do ya want, Harris?

INT. LOCAL BANK BRANCH - MANAGERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE HARRIS (30's, balding, overweight and beige all over) is at his desk, tie loosened. The office is opulent, mahogany and leather everywhere.

HARRIS

I need you at the bank ASAP. Bring your gun.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

MAC

I'm kinda tired.

HARRIS

Jimmy called in sick today. Need some extra security.

MAC

Bullshit. I just saw him at The Pelican, pawing at Jessie.

HARRIS

Well he's not here, and I've got a text that says he's seat-belted himself to the dunny.

MAC

If you're paying...

HARRIS

Usual rates, Mac.

Mac looks at his phone and subconsciously pats under his armpit. No gun. He pivots and takes the stairs two at a time up to his office.

INT. BANK - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Mac strolls in, nods at SOPHIE PATTERSON (late 30's, athletic, Mediterranean dark - Italian).

MAC

Good morning, Sophie. The boss is looking for me.

Sophie smiles and pushes her hair back behind her ear.

SOPHIE

He's in his office.

Mac sticks his head in Harris' door.

MAC

You got something for me to sign?

Harris slides a pen and a piece of paper across his desk.

Mac scrawls a signature and hands the paper back, pocketing the manager's pen.

Harris holds out his hand. Mac looks at him a second, sighs and hands it back.

MAC (CONT'D)

Worth a try.

HARRIS

No it wasn't. Tony is in the back room prepping the bags. Help him. It's a big one this time.

MAC

Big one what?

HARRIS

Cash transfer. Hurry up. He's waiting for you.

Mac points at the paper on Harris' desk.

MAC

That says I do whatever you tell me to do. Until 6:00, anyway.

HARRIS

Let Tony know I'll be there in five. Make sure he's got nine bags ready. The door's open.

Mac winks at Sophie and walks past a young LOAN MANAGER (mid-20's, smart suit, short hair) at his desk. Mac overhears the young man talking:

LOAN MANAGER

-- and those terms are incredibly unfair. I told you, the payment would be made --

Mac shakes his head and goes through the door and into:

BACK ROOM ADJACENT TO THE SAFE

TONY DEMPSEY (30s, thinning hair, abnormally tall and skinny) is prepping money bags. There's a trolley in the middle of the floor. The safe is open exposing bales of old cash.

TONY

Filling in for Jimmy again?

MAC

Harris says to make sure there's nine bags ready.

TONY

He's a fucking micro-manager.
When's he coming back here?

MAC

Said he was right behind me.

TONY

Right. So...how's Jane?

MAC

Still a doctor-wannabe. You got the feels for her?

TONY

Hey, she's your ex-wife, right?

Mac sits on the bed of the trolley and flips his phone between his hands.

MAC

Thank God. Don't let me get in the way of true love. Just don't complain to me when she busts your balls.

TONY

How long were you married?

MAC

Too long. When's the truck showing up?

TONY

Couple of hours. You never told me why you two split up.

Mac pockets his phone and hangs his blazer on the back of a chair.

MAC

You're right. I didn't.

(beat)

It takes two hours?

TONY

Yeah. At least.

Harris walks into the back room and locks the door behind him.

HARRIS

Let's do this, boys.

BACK ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Nine bulging cash bags are stacked on the trolley.

Tony runs down the list of bag serial numbers on his clipboard. He stops at one and checks it against the serial number on a bag.

TONY

Harris, is this on the bag a "seven-seven" or a "one-seven"?

Harris hoists the bag and checks the number on the side.

HARRIS

It's a "seven-seven". I'll fix it.

Harris grabs a felt-tip marker off a table and fills in the missing top part of the "seven".

HARRIS (CONT'D)
You finished logging them?

TONY
All good.

Tony hands the list to Harris who scans, nods and signs the bottom of the list and places the clipboard on the bags of cash.

HARRIS
Mac, wait with the money until the truck gets here. Fifteen minutes, max.

MAC
This is a fucking big pile of money.

Mac takes pictures with his phone -- the trolley full of cash, Tony, Harris.

HARRIS
Fuck off with that thing. I'm grabbing a coffee. You want one?

MAC
Black, thanks.

EXT. BACK OF BANK - TEN MINUTES LATER

An armored truck reverses to the back door of the bank. Two security guards get out. One opens the cargo door while the other stands alert a few meters away.

GUARD #1
Do you fucking believe it? Son of a bitch.

Mac steps out of the bank, coffee in hand. He holds the truck door for the guard.

MAC
What are you on about?

GUARD #1

See the news? Three of the NSW
squad have been done for drugs.

MAC

Seriously? That's fantastic.

The second guard scowls.

GUARD #2

Are you fucking nuts?

MAC

Nope. I've got a ton on Queensland.

Mac smiles, relishing their pain.

MAC (CONT'D)

So, you guys ready?

INT. BANK BACK ROOM ADJACENT TO THE SAFE - CONTINUOUS

Harris pushes the trolley filled with money bags along a hallway. He angles it around a tight left corner and out of sight for a few seconds.

Tony meets him near the door and takes over.

EXT. BACK OF BANK - CONTINUOUS

Tony exits pushing the trolley. Harris follows with the clipboard. The guard takes the clipboard, verifies the serial numbers on the money bags and signs the inventory form.

GUARD #1

Looks good to me. Let's load them
up.

The bags are transferred to the truck, the guard takes the top copy of the inventory sheet, hands the clipboard back to Harris and closes the truck.

Mac watches it drive off while Harris holds the bank's back door open for him.

MAC

So that's it? I'll take payment in cash.

HARRIS

Sophie will cut you a check.

MAC

You give me a check and half of it goes to my fucking ex.

Harris smiles and shrugs.

HARRIS

Not my problem, Mac. Sophie will cut you a check.

MAC (V.O.)

Arse-hole.

INT. BANK HEAD OFFICE - LATER.

The armored car guard pushes the trolley with the money bags into the bank. A SUIT checks the numbers on the clipboard, signs the list. The guard leaves.

A bank security guard stands by as the Suit unlocks the first bag. He looks in, frowns, and opens the second. Then the third and fourth.

SUIT

Fuck. Get that guard back in here.
Now.

The bags are filled with cut paper.

EXT. THE PELICAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Mac exits the cafe with two cups of coffee and hands one to BARRY (scrawny, indeterminate middle-aged homeless man).

MAC

What's new, Baz?

Barry sips the coffee and screws up his face.

BARRY

Too much sugar.

He considers giving the cup back, but changes his mind.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It'll do in a pinch, I guess. Catch any bad guys lately?

MAC

Slow as shit. What are you up to?

BARRY

Oh, you know. The usual. Taking care of my investments and planning my yearly holiday to Monaco.

MAC

You're a pistol, Bazza. Keep it real.

BARRY

Always do, Mac.

Barry points at Mac's hand.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Your phone on silent? The screen is flashing.

Mac looks at his phone, smiles and answers.

MAC

What's up, Harris. Want to hire me again?

HARRIS

(filtered)

Get your ass back here. We got a serious fucking problem.

MAC (V.O.)

Problems equals dollars, I always say.

INT. LOCAL BANK BRANCH

Harris leads Mac and Tony into the back room and locks the door behind them.

TONY

What's up, boss?

Harris paces, hands on his hips, looking for words. He starts a sentence three times, stops, turns.

HARRIS

We were all in here for the count today - no breaks until the money was in the bags and the bags locked, right?

TONY

From go to whoa.

HARRIS

We all checked the locks on the bags and verified the numbers, right?

TONY

Right.

HARRIS

Mac, is that how you saw it?

Mac crosses his arms and looks at the two bankers.

MAC

What in the hell is going on here? Harris, you look like someone just told you that you had ball cancer.

HARRIS

I'd rather that. We are clear the bags went to the truck without being opened after we loaded them, right?

Tony and Mac nod and Harris wipes sweat off his forehead.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Good. It has to have been the guys in the truck then. I'll make sure there's a full inquiry. The video from this room will be sent to the investigators.

MAC

What in the hell happened?

HARRIS

The bags. They were all stuffed with blank paper.

INT. LOCAL AREA COMMAND, SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE

Superintendent JOSH THOMAS (60's, steel gray hair, ruddy face and - usually - an open smile) frowns and hangs up the phone.

JOSH

King? Lily King? Where the hell is King?

Detective (Sergeant) TOM JACKSON (50s, bloated, worn around the edges) looks up from his paperwork.

JACKSON

She's out on something. What's up?

JOSH

Head over to the bank. There's been a misdirection of funds that warrants an investigation.

Jackson grabs his service revolver from his top desk drawer and heads to the door.

JACKSON

Robbery in progress?

JOSH

Harris will explain when you get there.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

MAC (V.O.)

We're well past 6:00 now. And somehow I don't think I'm getting any extra money for this. And I'm fucking beat.

Harris is sitting at Sophie's desk. He hangs up the phone and laces his fingers together. He looks at Mac and Tony.

HARRIS

The cops are coming over. We need to give them statements.

Tony drops in his chair and runs both hands through his hair.

TONY

This is a mess.

HARRIS

Hey, we're clear. We are absolutely in the clear. Security cameras will confirm it.

Mac shakes his head slightly, a small smile on his face.

MAC

I'll give that statement to the police, but in my gut, something else is going on.

HARRIS

You're volunteering to investigate this for me?

MAC

Hell no. Not with a ten-foot pole.

Harris turns as Jackson raps on the glass front door. Harris unlocks the door and walks him in.

Jackson glances at Harris and Tony, and holds his gaze a little longer on Mac.

MAC (V.O.)

Great.

JACKSON

So tell me, boys. What happened here? How much did they get?

Jackson pulls out a notepad and a pen.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Did you see what they looked like?

Mac grins and sits back in an office chair, fingers laced behind his head.

MAC

This should be interesting. The smartest crimes I've seen in a long time, and The dumbest cops on the force investigating it. How's your wife and my kid? How is little Davey? Does he look anything like me yet?

Jackson points at Mac.

JACKSON

Why are you here?

MAC

If you want, I'll leave. But you should probably take my statement if you don't want to totally fuck this up.

JACKSON

I'll do you last.

Mac looks at his watch and smiles.

MAC

Fucking excellent.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Mac exits the bank, looking much worse for wear.

MAC
I need a drink.

Mac looks across the street at his apartment / office, then to his left in the general direction of the pub. Back across the street, then back at the pub.

He sighs, crosses the street and heads up the stairs to his apartment. The door is slightly ajar.

MAC (V.O.)
You know that feeling you get when
you absolutely can't remember if
you've left the iron on?

INT. MAC'S OFFICE/APARTMENT

A shaft of light from the streetlight angles into the office through the partially open door.

Mac slowly pushes the door open with his left hand, his handgun leading. He takes two quiet steps in.

The room is still and dark.

MAC
I'm armed and you're an idiot if
you're sitting in the dark waiting
for me.

There's nothing. Mac feels around on the wall and turns on the light. The door to his living area is open. After a couple of steps and a quick look around he holsters his gun.

He does a quick inventory. Nothing obvious is missing.

Mac closes and locks the door. He removes his shoulder holster and puts it and his gun in the gun safe and heads into his bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Mac fumbles for his phone and turns off its alarm. He groans and runs his hands over his face.

MAC (V.O.)

Once, when I was young, a trn hour
sleep was more than enough to
recover from a 36 hour day.

He swings his legs onto the floor and pauses, elbows on his knees and head in his hands.

MAC

Tuesday? Tuesday. What am I
supposed to be doing today? I need
coffee.

EXT. THE PELICAN

Mac walks across the street to the cafe. He sees Jessie through the window, crying. Barry sits with his back to the railing around the patio. Mac joins him.

MAC

What the hell is going on in there,
Baz? Somebody die?

BARRY

Ya got it in one, Mac. Young Jimmy.
Poor Jess is shattered.

MAC

What happened?

BARRY

Beat to death, I heard. No
suspects.

Mac grimaces.

MAC

Bank gets robbed and then the guard
is killed? That's not a
coincidence.

Mac looks back at his office.

MAC (CONT'D)

Did you see anyone going into my
place last night?

Barry laughs, coffee spilling on the sidewalk.

BARRY

An elephant coulda marched down the
street and I wouldn't've noticed.
You had visitors?

MAC

Maybe.

BARRY

Call the cops?

MAC

I'm a fucking detective, Barry.
I'll figure it out myself.

(beat)

I'm going beach fishing this
afternoon. Wanna come along?

Barry nods as he drinks his coffee, brown liquid pouring over
his stubble and onto his grimy shirt.

BARRY

Sounds like a plan. You know where
to find me.

MAC

Catch you this afternoon. Gotta
work a case.

INT. WAYFARERS MOTEL, EDGE OF TOWN

Mac knocks on the front desk to get someone -- anyone's
attention.

MAC (V.O.)

The best way to con someone is to tell them the truth. Just not the full truth.

A young man, the day MANAGER, steps out of an office behind the counter.

Mac holds up his phone and shows the clerk a picture of Ernie.

MAC

Was this man here recently,
checking out the gas connections?

The clerk takes the phone and examines the picture. He sticks his tongue out, deep in thought, then nods and hands the phone back.

MANAGER

Yeah, yeah. And he was in there the day before with a -

MAC

Don't want to know.

MANAGER

Yeah, but -

MAC

No "yeah, buts". Not even bunny
"yeah buts". Thanks for the info.

Mac strides out before he is offered any additional information he doesn't want to have. He gets in his car and calls Ernie.

ERNIE

(filtered)

That you Mac?

MAC

I'm going to follow you for a couple of hours. Where are you now?

ERNIE (V.O.)

Burger joint north of town. I'm probably going to be here most of the day.

MAC

I'll stop by and take a couple of pictures. I was just at the Wayfarer. You've got to be a fuck of a lot more discrete, mate.

EXT. THE PELICAN - AFTERNOON

Mac pulls his car to the curb, reaches over and pops open the passenger side door. Barry is sleeping on the sidewalk, back to the patio.

MAC

Barry, you fucking lump. Get your arse in the car. We've got fishing to do.

Barry opens an eye and pushes himself up to sitting. He looks for a beat at Mac's car, then groans and stands.

BARRY

I was sleeping. Dreaming about that Scarlett girl. Fuck. Youse got no manners.

Mac laughs and drums his fingers on the wheel.

MAC

Time and tide wait for no man, Barry. Especially tide. I want some yellowtail. Hurry your arse. We'll grill them on the beach after we catch them.

Barry pulls together his few belongings and stows them in a canvas shopping bag from the local grocer. He grunts as he sits in the car and pulls the door closed.

BARRY

Won't get yellowtail today.

MAC

Think positive.

BARRY

I am positive. It's July. No Yellowtail. Groper, maybe.

Barry looks in the back seat. Three sea rods are broken down and lying in the back.

MAC

I've been thinking about Jimmy.

BARRY

Huh?

MAC

He called in sick Monday. I ended up covering for him.

BARRY

So you were there Monday? How in the fuck does a bank lose over four million bucks?

MAC

Excellent question. Better question is what happened to Jimmy. He was fine Monday morning.

BARRY

Cops think it was a mugging.

Barry looks at Mac and smiles.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You don't.

Mac sniffs and pulls into the parking lot across from the beach.

MAC

Doesn't explain why he called in sick. What say you take a swim while we're here, wash off some of that stink?

EXT. BEACH - LATER

The charcoals are glowing red, coated with a fine gray ash. Mac finishes cleaning the groper and puts them on the grill.

Barry walks up from the surf, dripping.

BARRY

Brilliant fucking idea, going for a swim.

Mac looks at the soggy, drowned rat and laughs.

MAC

Step closer. You'll freeze.

Barry shuffles closer to the grill, water dripping and sizzling as it hits the charcoals.

MAC (CONT'D)

Not that close. You'll be eating sushi if you put the fire out.

Barry takes a half step back, holds his hands over the heat.

BARRY

So why do you do this for me? Most everyone else pretty much ignores me, which is a blessing compared to the few who kick me or spit on me.

MAC

We're all one pay check away from being in the same boat as you. Figure I may as well make a friend or two on your side of the street before I end up there myself.

Mac flips the fish and looks at Barry.

MAC (CONT'D)

You're a relatively smart guy. I've met dumber. Hell, my current client is dumber.

Barry smiles and shrugs his dripping shoulders.

BARRY

I get all the food I need sitting outside The Pelican. I don't have to worry about any bills. Never really did give a crap about possessions.

Barry holds his arms out.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I gots everything I need right here. That fish ready? I'm starving.

EXT. THE PELICAN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Barry settles into his usual spot outside the cafe. Mac pulls the passenger door shut and drives across the road to the parking lot to his office.

He lugs the fishing equipment up the stairs and unlocks the door. An envelope is on the floor just inside.

Mac closes the door, sits at his desk and slits opens the envelope. It contains a check in the amount of \$1,000. Mac sits forward and whistles.

MAC

Damn. What the hell is this?

A note is in the envelope: "Thanks for filling in on short notice. This should make up for the long night. Harris."

Mac smiles and sits back, looking at the check.

MAC (V.O.)

Harris has never been the generous sort. I think he likes me.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - THAT EVENING

Mac sits at his computer typing a report for Betty, detailing the surveillance he's done, and will do, on Ernie until the end of the week.

He dates the report for the following Friday and sends it to the printer. He's picking it off the printer when the door slams open.

Jackson bursts in with a folded piece of paper in one hand and his handgun in the other. Two uniforms follow him.

MAC

This is just getting ridiculous.
Doesn't anybody knock anymore?

Jackson waves the sheet of paper in Mac's face.

JACKSON

I've got a warrant for your arrest,
and to search your premises.

MAC

What the fuck? What's the warrant
for? Jaywalking?

JACKSON

Ya robbed the bank, hotshot.
Surprised you hung around town.

Mac sits down in his chair.

MAC

Go ahead and search. There's no
money here. And Harris will vouch
for me. I didn't rob the bank.

Jackson picks at a tooth with his fingernail and smiles.

JACKSON

Not my problem. You got a good
lawyer? Hope not.

Jackson pulls out the handcuffs and dangles them in front of Mac's face.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

For you.

(over his shoulder)

Search the place while I take him
to the car.

MAC

Search, first. Then I'll go.

JACKSON

Put on the cuffs.

Mac stands, glares at Jackson.

MAC

Put them away. I'll go.

Mac pushes Jackson out of the way and receives a short jab to the kidneys for his troubles.

MAC (CONT'D)

Oh, jeez, that hurt. You'll pay for that, asshole.

Jackson cuffs Mac and leads him out. The two uniforms start searching file cabinets and Mac's desk.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Mac exits the courthouse beside his ex-wife JANE (late 40's, trim, short dark hair).

MAC

Thanks for bailing me out.

JANE

Add it to the next alimony payment.

MAC

When are you getting married and releasing me from this hellish bond?

Jane crosses her arms.

JANE

You heard me? Next alimony payment you pay me back. I've got to get back to the hospital.

MAC

Oldest intern in Australia.

JANE

Hey. I'm finally doing what I want.
Divorcing you was the best thing
I've ever done for myself.

MAC

And you took my dog.

JANE

The judge gave me Lincoln. As well
he should have. You're an
irresponsible arse.

Mac watches her get into her ancient Toyota and leave without
a look back or a wave.

MAC (V.O.)

I really miss that dog.

INT. KEBAB SHOP

ALI TABEESH (20's, muscular, shaved head, tattooed arms)
slices meat off a skewer into a tray. Mac enters and Ali nods
at him.

ALI

What the fuck, Mac? Arrested? You?

MAC

I'm being framed, Habib. Meat
lovers pide, no cheese. Please.

ALI

Ten minutes.

Mac slouches against the counter and looks up at the ceiling.

MAC

That camera hooked up?

ALI

Security cam? Yeah. One on the door, too.

Mac walks back to the door, looks at the camera and the field of view it covers. Off to the right he can see the bottom of the stairs to his place.

MAC

Can I see the footage from a couple of nights ago? I had a visitor.

ALI

Sure thing, Mac. Jalapenos on this?

MAC

Don't I always?

Ali places the pide in the oven and leads Mac to the back room.

ALI

Security system is back here. Digital.

Ali scrolls the video to the night in question.

MAC

I'll just have a look now. If there's something I need I'll come back for a copy. Thanks.

ALI

Enjoy.

Ali returns to the front of the shop and Mac watches the video.

A black truck stops outside the TAB. Two people get out, the resolution too poor to identify them. One of them turns and says something to someone off screen and laughs. The two then ascend the stairs to Mac's office.

Mac rewinds and presses play again.

MAC

Who the hell are you laughing at?

EXT. KEBAB SHOP

Mac walks slowly down the sidewalk in thought, open pizza box in his hand, chewing on one of the pieces of pide.

MAC (V.O.)

I've set up setups before, but this is the first I've been in. So I've got an advantage. I know, generally, how it's supposed to work.

His phone rings and he juggles the box and answers.

MAC

Alfie? What did you find out?

ALFIE

(filtered)

I'm in your office. When can you get here? And you should lock your door once in a while, mate.

Mac terminates the call and crosses the street shaking his head.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE

Mac's lawyer, ALFIE DEAN (30's, poorly fitting suit, thinning hair) is sitting behind Mac's desk, feet up, drinking a coffee.

MAC

Typical lawyer. No fucking respect.
Just make yourself right at home.

Alfie stands and takes the seat in front of the desk. Mac sits and brushes invisible dirt off his desk with a smile.

ALFIE

You'd think someone who spent almost twenty-five years in the police force, and then chose a career as a private investigator, would put better security in their office.

MAC

Yeah, yeah. What have you found out?

Alfie opens his briefcase and pulls out two files.

ALFIE

Report says security video from inside the bank shows you alone with the money. I've requested a copy, but I haven't received it yet. I haven't seen the results of the search of your office yet, either.

Mac exhales a breath and rubs his head.

MAC

Nothing in my office. And I was alone in the bank, but the door was locked from the outside. What do they think I did, shove nine bags of money up my arse?

ALFIE

They only need to convince twelve easily manipulated citizens.

Alfie tosses the files across the desk to Mac.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

So how do you want me to work your defense?

Mac pushes the files to one side and rests his head on his arms.

MAC

Take a step back. I need to figure out who wants me framed. I figure out that, and I find a way to undo it.

INT. BANK - LATER THAT DAY

Mac comes in the door and slides into the chair across from the Junior Loan Manager's desk.

MAC

Deposit this in savings, please.
Double-check that it isn't rubber first.

The Loan Manager looks at the payer of the check and laughs.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'm serious. I don't want it to bounce.

LOAN MANAGER

You take this to the teller and he can sort you out.

The Loan Manager slides the check across his desk.

Mac smiles and slides it back.

MAC

You can do this. I know you can.
And I'm glad to see your bookie hasn't broken your legs.

LOAN MANAGER

What the hell would you know about that?

MAC

I'm a detective. It's my job to know things. Deposit the check.

The Loan Manager completes the transaction and returns the card and deposit slip to Mac.

Mac slips both into his wallet and pulls out a business card and leaves it on the desk. The Loan Manager looks at it without picking it up.

LOAN MANAGER

What's this for?

MAC

I thought for a sec maybe you had something to do with the robbery.

Mac shakes his head and stows his wallet.

MAC (CONT'D)

But it wasn't you. If you need some help with your bookie, give me a call. I probably know him.

The Loan Manager looks at the card.

LOAN MANAGER

Thanks. I think.

MAC

Is Harris free? I need a minute with him.

The Loan Manager is about to answer when Sophie approaches from her desk.

SOPHIE

He's on a phone call right now Mac. Come and sit at my desk. I'll show you in when he's finished.

Mac points at the Loan Manager as he walks with Sophie.

MAC

Watch that guy. He's in deep with someone.

Mac sits on the corner of Sophie's desk and picks up a pen and fiddles with it.

MAC (CONT'D)

Who do you think did it? I'm assuming you're one of those who believe I'm innocent.

Sophie looks up at him, then looks at the light no longer blinking on the phone on her desk.

SOPHIE

I'll show you in.

INT. GEORGE HARRIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harris stands as Sophie walks Mac in.

HARRIS

Mac, surprised to see you here, considering.

Sophie backs out and closes the door. Mac sits in the leather sofa in the corner of the office. The leather makes a fart noise as he settles. Mac moves around to replicated it a couple of times, smiling.

MAC

Surprised you're still employed. Considering.

Harris opens a file drawer and takes out a bottle and two glasses. Good whiskey. He pours two and hands one to Mac.

HARRIS

Stinks that you had to spend the night in jail, but you're out, and we're clear. I vouched for you...

Harris raises his glass.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

...you vouch for me.

Mac takes the drink and places it on the table in front of him. Untouched.

MAC

I vouch for you? What about Tony?

HARRIS

Him too, of course.

MAC

Where is he?

HARRIS

I've given him the day off.
Corporate has been chewing me a new
arsehole. I know Tony wants my job
and it seemed prudent to keep him
away from the bloodbath.

Mac leans back on the sofa and looks hard at Harris.

MAC

Freaking out, aren't you?

HARRIS

And you aren't? You actually got
arrested. What do the cops have on
you?

MAC

For that, I need to talk to
Jackson.

Harris stands and walks back to his desk, brushing invisible
lint from his suit sleeve.

HARRIS

Good luck with that. He hates you.

Harris smiles as he settles in his chair.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Absolutely venomous.

Mac stands.

MAC

Right-o, then.

MAC (V.O.)

So. Harris is either guilty of robbery or guilty that I was picked up. Probably the latter.

Mac stops by Sophie's desk on the way to the exit.

MAC

Have you heard from Tony today?

SOPHIE

No. Mr. Harris told me he gave him the day off.

Mac gestures toward Harris' office.

MAC

And what's with him? Fidgety as fuck.

SOPHIE

Audit came down from head office. Tonnes of paperwork to do.

MAC

Keep your eyes open and let me know if you see Tony. The last guy who didn't show up for work was killed.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Mac enters and stands at the reception counter, knocking on it with his knuckles to get attention.

MAC

Where's Jackson?

The bustle continues, nobody paying Mac any attention.

MAC (V.O.)

I used to spend twelve or more hours a day in here, catching bad guys, setting some guys up when I knew they were guilty but didn't have the evidence to prove it.

Mac knocks on the counter again, harder.

MAC

Hey. Anybody. I need to talk to Jackson.

Jackson comes out of an interrogation room, a smug smile on his face.

JACKSON

Turning yourself in?

MAC

You know I didn't do it, Jackson. I was set up. Any idea why?

JACKSON

You got a history of light fingers. Five years ago you -

MAC

You set me up for that evidence room thing. Put stuff in my apartment.

Jackson takes a couple of steps, slowly, toward Mac.

JACKSON

(quietly)

Get the fuck out of here before I pound you into a greasy spot on the floor.

Mac takes a step closer to Jackson. Their stomachs almost touch.

MAC

You've got a history of police brutality, Jackson, so the bystanders here wouldn't be too surprised if you did.

Mac smiles at the increasing red in Jackson's face.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'll see myself out.

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT/OFFICE - NIGHT

Mac enters and drops his keys and phone on his desk. He starts the kettle and drops in his chair in exhaustion.

The power goes out, stopping the kettle and killing the lights.

Mac rolls back his chair and reaches for his phone.

MAC
Fucking lovely.

The door crashes open. Two men wearing ski-masks power in.

MAC (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

There's no answer. Man #1 swings a haymaker at Mac and connects, dropping Mac on his ass.

Mac rolls and gets to his feet.

MAC (CONT'D)
Sweet Jesus. Is it something I
said?

Man #2 backs Mac into a corner and rains body blows on him. Man #1 knocks the computer on the ground, stomping on it with his heel until it's a pile of rubble.

Mac covers his face and kicks out at the man punching him. He connects with a shin bone and the man backs off a step.

Man #1 joins Man #2 and both of them continue beating on Mac. When he hits the ground both men lay a couple of kicks into him.

MAN #2
Back the fuck off.

Mac rolls into a fetal position protecting his head and ribs.

After a couple of more kicks both men leave the way they came in.

Mac stays curled on the floor for a couple of seconds, then groans and stretches out. He sniffs a couple of times and grimaces.

MAC (V.O.)

Jesus. This isn't as much fun as it used to be.

Mac slowly gets to his feet and looks around in the dim light. He goes outside, down the stairs to the electricity panel and flips the breaker, restoring power to his apartment.

Mac limps back upstairs and into the mess that is his office. His computer is in pieces and the desk overturned.

MAC

Fuck. Idiots.

Mac drags a chair from the kitchenette and drops in it. He winces.

MAC (CONT'D)

What the hell did they expect to gain from that?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND MAC'S APARTMENT

The two men remove their ski-masks. Man #1 (20's greasy looking, prison tattoos, dreds) goes to throw his in the garbage bin behind the building.

Man #2 (30's, tougher looking, but cleaner, shaved bald) stops him.

MAN #2

DNA, dude. You watch CSI? Besides, we may need these again.

Man #1 stuffs the ski-mask in his back pocket and they get into a black pickup truck and roar off.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - LATER

Mac sweeps up the remains of the coffee cup, drops it in the trash and starts the kettle again.

MAC (V.O.)

It's always the same. If you're setting someone up the RIGHT way, this kind of shit doesn't happen. This was an amateur shit-show operation. I just needed to figure out who.

Mac makes the coffee, drops a healthy dollop of whiskey in it and sits back in his chair. He pulls open a drawer and takes out a pad of paper and a pen.

There's a rap on the door and Alfie peeks his head in.

ALFIE

Can I come in?

Mac waves him in.

Alfie sits across from the desk and quickly takes in the subtle remains of the attack - small pieces of computer and coffee cup still on the floor. Wet spot on the rug from the tipped coffee cup. Bruise on Mac's jaw.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

You got jumped.

MAC

They hit like soccer players.

ALFIE

So what do you want me for?

MAC

CCTV video from Habib's shop showed a truck showing up at my place a couple of nights ago. I think it was the same guys who showed up tonight.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

I need his video and from the shops three or four either side. Just need the video from the doors. They face this place.

ALFIE

Something on there that'll help?

MAC

I think so. They were talking to someone off camera. I need to know who it was.

Mac looks at the empty spot on his desk.

MAC (CONT'D)

Except I don't have a computer to view them on.

ALFIE

I can lend you my old one until you replace it. What else?

Mac runs his hands through his hair and winces. He lifts his shirt and looks at the bruises along his ribs.

MAC

I think I need to get these checked out. Keep working on the bank video, okay?

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

Mac sits in a chair along side half a dozen others. The triage NURSE arrives with a small pill cup and a plastic glass of water.

NURSE

Some pain killers for you.

Mac takes them and hands back the cup.

MAC

Any idea how long I'll be? I think a couple of them are cracked.

NURSE

A couple of more patients before you. How about I send you to x-ray now? Save you a bit of time, Mac. You see Jane yet?

Mac looks up, wary.

MAC (V.O.)

My ex- is the world's oldest intern. We didn't part on amicable terms. I think she'd enjoy inflicting more pain on me.

MAC

Didn't know she was on this shift.

NURSE

She wasn't scheduled to come in, but someone called her to let her know you were here.

MAC

That's unexpectedly nice of her.

NURSE

I don't think that was the intent.

Mac hears Jane laughing and turns, wincing. She's standing behind him, a big smile on her face.

MAC

My lucky day.

Jane pokes him in the ribs and smiles as he winces.

JANE

Not the man you used to be. Not that you ever were much of a man.

He takes a deep breath and winces.

MAC

Where do I go for the pictures?

The nurse scribbles on an order form and hands it to him.

NURSE

Take this and follow the signs to Radiology. Jane can show you the way.

MAC

Oh, hell no. I'm good.

Mac walks slowly down the hospital corridor, Jane laughing behind him.

MAC (V.O.)

Bitch.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EARLY EVENING

Mac walks out of the hospital, a little more erect, and gets into his car, gingerly easing himself into the front seat.

MAC

Ah, fuck.

He opens a bottle of pain pills and pops two in his mouth and dry swallows them. He puts the bottle in his shirt pocket and starts the car.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - LATER

The room is dark. Steps come up the stairs and a body BANGS into the door.

MAC (O.S.)

Ow, shit. What the fuck?

Keys JANGLE and the lock turns. Mac steps in and turns on the light.

An older vintage iMac is sitting on his desk, screen black. A thumb drive sits beside the keyboard.

A note is taped to the screen: "I locked the door for you. You probably noticed. Use this until you can buy something else. I'll call you in the morning. Videos collected from across the street. Alf."

Mac removes the note and searches for the power button. After a few seconds he finds it on the back of the screen and powers up the machine.

He pours a healthy double of scotch and downs it in one gulp. He winces and pours a second.

Mac sits for a second looking at the unfamiliar interface. He moves the mouse around. The screen swings in and out of focus.

Mac blinks and pulls out the bottle of pills. A label reads: "Warning. May cause drowsiness. Do not consume with alcohol."

MAC (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Mac's head falls forward and he passes out on the keyboard.

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT/OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Mac sits up, a string of spittle connecting his chin to his keyboard. He presses a hand against his ribs and groans.

MAC (V.O.)

Hey, boys and girls. Don't mix good pain pills with booze. The combination will knock you out, but you don't get the rest you'd think you get.

He fumbles around on the desk and takes two more pain pills and leaves the office, locking the door behind him.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Mac walks into the cafe and sits at a window seat. Jessie drops a menu at his table.

JESSIE

Coffee?

MAC

Does the pope shit in the woods?

JESSIE

So that would be no?

MAC

No, it would be yes. This particular pope shits in the woods. Your largest, strongest cup of black coffee. Please.

JESSIE

Have you found the asshole who killed Jimmy yet?

Mac looks up at her, squinting through his headache.

MAC

No. Sorry.

Jessie drops the pot of coffee on the table.

JESSIE

Some fucking detective.

MAC (V.O.)

I agree.

Mac rests his elbows on the table and pushes the heels of his hands into his eyes and yawns.

He lifts his head as someone slides into the booth across from him.

JACKSON

I hear you got beat up pretty bad.

MAC

No need to smile about it.

JACKSON

Just sorry it wasn't me doing the beating.

Mac sighs, tries to take a deep breath against the pain in his ribs.

MAC

Jackson, it was five years ago.
I've let it go. Why can't you?
Sure, I fucked your wife, but I
wasn't the only one. Why'd you have
to do what you did?

JACKSON

What, the evidence room thing?
Started as a prank, but when I
found out what you were doing, in
my bed, well, I gave it that little
extra push.

MAC

Yeah, thanks. You forced me to
resign and I haven't been happier.

Jackson chuckles and leans forward.

JACKSON

Doubt that.

MAC

Why are you here?

JACKSON

I heard about your incident
yesterday.

Jackson takes a sugar packet from the bowl on the table, rips
the end off of it and pours the sugar down his throat.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

They did all that damage to you in
less than a minute? Not the Mac of
old.

MAC

Yeah, whatever. The guy was fast.

Mac pushes the bowl of sugar packets closer to Jackson.

MAC (CONT'D)

Here. Have another.

He pauses, as if an idea just came to mind.

MAC (CONT'D)

Hey, you know anyone owns a black truck, noisy exhaust?

JACKSON

Lotsa trucks like that around here.

MAC

They smelled like friends of yours.

Jackson grabs another sugar packet and stands, looking down on Mac.

JACKSON

You're so full of shit I'm surprised your eyes aren't brown. Looking forward to seeing you behind bars.

Jackson walks out tipping the tube of sugar down his throat, brushing past Alfie coming in.

ALFIE

You look like a bucket of old shit.

MAC

Gee, thanks. What are you here for?

ALFIE

Found the guards. They're doing another pick up in about an hour.

Mac sits straighter.

MAC

Which bank?

ALFIE

National, just down the road.

Mac slides out of the booth.

MAC

Pay for my coffee, okay?

Mac stops at the door.

MAC (CONT'D)
And get that bank video for me.

Alfie yells after him:

ALFIE
You haven't watched the videos I
already got for you.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK - LATER

The same armoured truck is parked at the curb in front of the bank. The same two guards are just closing up the truck and getting ready to leave.

GUARD #1
NSW were a lock, mate. I dropped
\$500 on that game. The odds of them
winning tonight, now, are zip.

Guard #2 is facing him, at the back of the truck.

GUARD #2
You're not the only one.

Guard #2 taps his partner's shoulder and points at an approaching Mac.

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
Well, look who's showed up for
another transfer.

MAC
Hi, guys.

GUARD #2
Looking to fatten your bank account
again?

Mac smiles and leans on the truck.

MAC

Strikes me that the people with the best opportunity to skim that cash are standing right in front of me.

Guard #1 pushes on Mac's chest and Mac takes a step back.

MAC (CONT'D)

It's a reasonable line of thought, right?

Mac looks at the two guards, then smiles.

MAC (CONT'D)

But you're right. Neither of you look smart enough to pull this off. Who arranged the pick-up?

GUARD #1

The bank.

Mac closes his eyes and takes a deep breath through his nose.

MAC

Who at the bank called requesting the pick up?

GUARD #1

How the fuck should we know? We're horses' dicks.

MAC

Right. You go where you're shoved. When was the call?

GUARD #1

The morning of, I think.

MAC

That normal?

GUARD #2

Standard lead is a week.

MAC

Interesting. You've been a great help. As you were, boys. As you were.

Mac turns to leave and sees, across the street, Jackson watching him. Jackson slides his sunglasses down his nose and winks at Mac.

Mac flips him the bird and calls Alfie.

ALFIE

(filtered)

Mac, I'm getting the run around.

MAC

I need that bank footage. Something the guards told me makes this look like an inside job.

ALFIE

(filtered)

Were they the ones who roughed you up?

Mac looks across the street at Jackson slowly driving away.

MAC

No. The two thugs had a smell. Sunscreen, salt water and bad B.O. Probably surf a lot. The guards have too much ballast to be surfies.

ALFIE

(filtered)

I'll try again to get a copy of the bank footage.

MAC

Don't bother. I'm going to do an end run. Get a hard drive. Meet me in the pub in an hour.

INT. BANK LOBBY - LATER

Mac enters, looks around and targets Sophie.

MAC
You got a minute?

SOPHIE
What's up?

Mac sits in the chair beside her desk and takes a deep breath.

MAC
I need you to help me. I need to get a copy of the CCTV video from the back room.

Sophie looks around and lowers her voice.

SOPHIE
An I.T. guy needs to get a copy of it. There's paperwork to fill in and processes to follow and I don't know how I could help.

MAC
We've tried that. Can you make an excuse to be here after hours tonight?

SOPHIE
I can't do anything illegal.

MAC
Technically, you won't be. Just be here, okay? For me?

Mac goes to stand, then stops and reaches for his wallet. He hands Sophie his bank card.

MAC (CONT'D)
While I'm here, can you see if the check I deposited has cleared yet?

Sophie clicks keys then looks at Mac and back at the screen, frowning.

SOPHIE

Well, your balance sure is healthy.

MAC

Good. So it's cleared then.

Sophie bites her lip and shakes her head. She slowly pivots the screen toward Mac.

SOPHIE

Not exactly.

Mac takes the screen in his hands and looks at the balance in his accounts.

MAC (V.O.)

Ho-Ly Shit. More money than I've ever had. Many years worth of annual salary when I was in the force. This was a serious set up.

MAC

I only have one account. Not two. And shit. A quarter mill?

SOPHIE

It's in your name.

Mac sits back and pulls at his lower lip.

MAC

Shit. Do the cops know about this?

SOPHIE

I haven't seen a request come through for bank details.

Mac thinks for a second.

MAC

I could withdraw it and there's nothing you could do about it, right?

Sophie takes the screen back, clenches her jaw and glares at him.

SOPHIE

It's not yours, Mac. I can't stop you withdrawing it but even you're not that much of a dick.

MAC

Can you print out when the deposits were made? The money had to get in there somehow.

Sophie taps on the keyboard. A piece of paper slides out of her printer.

SOPHIE

Looks like they have all been in the past two or three weeks. Probably internal transfers.

MAC

If I stole the money Monday, how did I deposit it three weeks ago?

Sophie enters some more codes and shakes her head.

SOPHIE

Strange.

MAC

No kidding.

SOPHIE

They're fairly evenly spaced out over the past three weeks.

She looks from her screen at Mac.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're being set up.

MAC

How does anyone expect to get away with that?

SOPHIE

Not that difficult, really. As long as the deposits are recorded and the accounts get erased after a huge withdrawal - the robbery - the money "disappears".

MAC

So why is the money still there?

SOPHIE

Beats me.

Mac takes the paper and scours the dates and times.

MAC

Almost every day, multiple deposits. Can I keep this?

SOPHIE

Of course. Anything I can do to help you, just ask.

Mac folds the paper and puts it in his shirt pocket. He stands and leans over her desk.

MAC

I'll take you up on that. See you tonight.

EXT. THE PELICAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Mac exits with a cup of coffee, a take-away bag and a bag from the local electronics store. He settles down beside Barry.

MAC (V.O.)

Time to go on the offensive. It's handy having an invisible person as a friend.

MAC

Hey, Bazza. Had dinner yet?

BARRY

Got a reservation at the Country Club. Why?

Mac hands him the coffee, bag of food and his car keys.

MAC

Your favorite.

BARRY

Escargot?

Mac laughs and pats Barry on the back.

MAC

Funny guy. BLT and a latte.

Barry holds up the car keys.

BARRY

And?

Mac opens the electronics bag and takes out two pre-pay mobile phones. He hands one to Barry.

MAC

I'll almost guarantee that my phone is being monitored right now. So we'll communication with these. My number is programmed in it.

Barry looks around at his surroundings.

BARRY

And where am I supposed to charge this thing?

MAC

You're a smart guy. You'll figure something out.

BARRY

And the keys?

MAC

Jimmy's body was found by the beach. The arseholes who jumped me stunk like homeless surfers, no offense.

BARRY

None taken. Can't surf.

MAC

So I want you to head out to where he was found and lie low. If you see a black truck with a straight pipe, let me know, okay?

Barry digs through the bag and pulls out the sandwich.

BARRY

I prefer these with beer.

He looks at Mac for a beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)

But the latte is fine. I'll head out as soon as I finish eating.

MAC

Enjoy. If you'll excuse me, I've got to talk to a guy about breaking into a bank. Don't ask.

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

Mac comes in out of the bright sunlight and buys a schooner of beer and sits at a booth.

Alfie joins him on his first sip.

MAC

I've got a solution for the bank video, if you're up to a bit of potentially felonious activity.

Alfie dry-washes his face and sighs.

ALFIE

What do you have in mind?

Mac pulls a sheet of paper out of his shirt pocket and places it on the table.

MAC

We need lobby video for the times I allegedly made these deposits.

Alfie picks up the paper, scans the deposits and whistles.

MAC (CONT'D)

That's not my money, Alf. That's the whole point. Somebody put that money in my account. I wasn't in the bank for any of these deposits. That's not even an account I knew anything about before ten minutes ago. Should be able evidence of a frame-up.

Alfie hands the paper back to Mac.

ALFIE

Okay, okay. I'm pretty sure the CCTV video should be easy to copy. If I can get into the server room.

Mac tips back his beer.

MAC

We can.

INT. BANK - NIGHT, AFTER HOURS

Sophie waits at the door. She watches Mac and Alfie casually walking across the street toward her. She repeatedly checks the time on her watch.

MAC (V.O.)

This is how you rob a bank. A friend on the inside and walk right in. If I wasn't so honest...

As they approach the front door of the bank Sophie quickly unlocks it, opens it and ushers them in. She locks the door behind them and activates the alarm.

SOPHIE

This has to be quick.

MAC

My specialty. To the server room.

Sophie darts into Harris' office and returns a second later with a pass card.

MAC (CONT'D)

You sneaky devil. I knew I liked you.

Sophie blushes and smiles and leads them to a door near the back of the lobby.

SOPHIE

In here.

Alfie pushes to the front and plugs an external hard drive into the computer in front of him.

He sits and taps the space bar. The screen comes to life.

ALFIE

No password? Not very secure.

SOPHIE

You've got to get in here first. Plenty secure.

MAC

We're here. So, no, not that secure. Alf, what do you have?

ALFIE

I'm copying all the video for the last month. It'll take a few minutes, but that's faster than just picking through it and grabbing what you need. I'll sift through it later.

There's a noise outside the room and Alfie's hands freeze above the keyboard

ALFIE (CONT'D)

It's just us, right?

Sophie looks out the door for a second then pulls back in.

SOPHIE

There's a cop at the door. I'll be right back.

Sophie exits the server room and closes the door behind her. She takes a deep breath, puts her shoulders back and strides to the front of the bank.

After disabling the alarm, Sophie unlocks the door and opens it a crack. A uniformed OFFICER stands with hands on his belt.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

We're closed. We'll be open from 9:00 tomorrow morning.

OFFICER

Is everything okay in there?

SOPHIE

Why wouldn't it be?

The officer looks past Sophie into the bank lobby.

OFFICER

You're here by yourself?

SOPHIE

Of course I am. I've got a lot of work to do. If it's okay with you, I've got to get back to it.

The officer takes one more look into the bank, nods and takes a step back.

OFFICER

Okay. Keep the door locked.

Sophie frowns as she closes it.

SOPHIE

It was. Until you came by.

Sophie locks the door and resets the alarm. She waits until the officer walks out of sight and returns to the server room.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Much longer?

MAC

Minutes, at most. The cop gone?

SOPHIE

For now.

ALFIE

Got it. Let's get the hell out of here before I end up in a cell with my client. I'll do some digging at home.

Mac kisses Sophie on the cheek and gives her hands a squeeze.

MAC

I owe you. I'll pay you back once all of this is sorted out.

Mac pauses a second, then,

SOPHIE

I'm going to stay and -

MAC (CONT'D)

Can you stay and -

Mac laughs.

MAC (CONT'D)

Dig into the other accounts? See what you can find out?

SOPHIE

Exactly.

MAC

Great minds, and all that. See you soon.

Sophie, a bit more than flustered, follows them to the door, locks it behind them and drops in the nearest chair, fanning herself.

EXT. THE PELICAN - NIGHT

Mac walks past the cafe, head down, hands in his pockets, when something out of the corner of his eye stops him. He lifts his head and takes a step backwards.

Tony and Jane are sitting at an outside table having a friendly meal.

MAC

Tony, marry her, will you? I can't afford to stay divorced much longer.

Tony blushes. Jane clenches her teeth and grabs her fork in her fist.

JANE

Keep walking, Mac, or I'll stab you in the eye.

Mac smiles and addresses Tony.

MAC

You are a brave man, hooking up with her. I'd try and warn you off, but my financial best interest comes first.

JANE

Tony, I need to go to the ladies room. Please promise me you won't talk to this psychotic.

MAC

I'll leave him alone. Go powder your nose.

MAC (V.O.)

Pay attention boys and girls. This is how you social engineering.

Jane stands and scowls at Mac, then disappears into the cafe.

TONY

You really should go. She seems really angry.

MAC

You're right. Surprised she's going out with you, being so much younger. You're what, thirty?

TONY

Forty-three.

MAC

Seriously? Me too. When's your birthday?

TONY

October twelfth.

MAC

So forty-four this year. You wear it well. I look ten years older than you.

Mac goes to leave, then turns back.

MAC (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. Have you met my dog yet?

TONY

Not really. Saw her in the back of Jane's car. Nice looking dog.

MAC

You saw him. That's Lincoln. You a dog person?

Tony shrugs.

TONY

Allergic. I'm a cat guy actually.

MAC

Jane ain't going to like that. I'm both. Remember my first cat, Mittens. A beaut.

TONY

Mine was called Rosebud. Pretty little Siamese.

Mac tapped on the railing around the dining area.

MAC

Well I should probably go before the she-devil comes back. You watch your back, eh?

TONY

I think you're exaggerating.

Mac shrugged and smiled.

MAC

Hope so. Hey, is your mom the Shirley Dempsey who baby-sat me when I was a toddler? Still remember her. Smelled like candy all the time.

Tony frowns.

TONY

She would have still been a Knox back then. And her name is Liz. What's with all the questions?

MAC

Just trying to be friendly. Be careful with Jane. She's got a short fuse.

Mac walks away, spring in his step. Before he's taken two steps he sees and hears a police car screaming around the corner.

It pulls to the curb in front of Mac's apartment and Jackson and two other police jump out and run up the stairs.

MAC (V.O.)

Hello. Is it me you're looking for?
Son of a bitch. What did I do now?

He leaps the rail around the outdoor dining area and runs into The Pelican.

INT. THE PELICAN - CONTINUOUS

Mac bursts through the door and makes a beeline for the first bathroom he sees.

The women's bathroom.

Mac barges into Jane on her way out and ducks a punch.

MAC

Now, now. Temper. Tony's waiting
for you.

JANE

What in the hell are you doing in
here?

MAC

Can't stop and chat. People to do,
places to see.

EXT. BACK OF THE PELICAN - CONTINUOUS

A distant street lamp casts dim light on the back of the cafe. A small window opens and Mac's head pokes out. He pulls it back in, then wriggles out.

Mac stands in the alley looking in each direction. Nobody is around. He's alone.

He takes the pre-pay out of his back pocket and dials the only number programmed in it.

And hears a phone ringing in the alley with him.

BARRY

That you, Mac? You're shit at hiding. I can see your feet.

Mac steps into the dim light and hangs up the phone.

MAC

Barry, I am well and truly fucked.

BARRY

Lucky you.

Mac takes a deep breath and steps a bit upwind of Barry before he talks again.

MAC

I need to hide out somewhere.

BARRY

I sleep on the streets, man. Out in the open. Don't ask me.

Mac dry scrubs his face.

MAC

Did you find anything at the beach?

Barry pats his pockets, finally settling on the back left. He pulls out Mac's car keys.

BARRY

Cops were out there. A lot. But just after they left that black truck with the honey rims showed up and two shaggies took their boards out.

MAC

You see where they went after that?

BARRY

Nope. Sorry. I came back here.

MAC

Thanks Bazz. You did good. You park the car at my place?

BARRY

Yeah. And Jackson and some cops stormed the place a couple of minutes ago. They think you killed Jimmy.

MAC

Figures. Jackson is going figure out I'm not at my place, eventually. I've got to get out of here. You didn't see me, right?

BARRY

See who? I'm an old drunk. My testimony is easily impeached. Get out of here.

Mac trots out of the alley and stops at the intersection with the main road. The light is better here. He looks both ways.

The coast looks clear. He jogs across the street and heads away from the general direction of his office.

Mac stops in front of the bank. Lights are still on in the back. He knocks. Sophie comes to the door, looking defeated.

MAC

Nothing?

Sophie locks the door and slings a laptop bag over her shoulder.

SOPHIE

Hitting a brick wall.

Mac looks up the street and takes Sophie by the arm.

MAC

Did it occur to you that maybe the cops are going to be looking for someone inside the bank as an accomplice?

Mac clears his throat and steers her away from a street light.

SOPHIE

Me? The insider?

MAC

That's what Jackson'll think. I know, I know. He's wrong.

Mac takes a quick look around at his surroundings.

MAC (CONT'D)

You're just around this corner, right?

Sophie nods.

Mac stops Sophie at the intersection. He pokes his head around the corner of a building, looks for a second and pulls back.

MAC (CONT'D)

Jackson is leaning against a police car four buildings down. Look and tell me if it's in front of your apartment building. He's parked on the other side of the street.

Sophie mimics Mac's moves and pulls her head back quickly.

SOPHIE

Directly across. Is he looking for me?

Mac leans back against the wall and gently pulls Sophie along side him.

MAC

Might just be looking for me. Not worth the risk, though. They're going to pick you up as an accessory for the robbery, and if they've linked us for that, they might try the same for Jimmy's murder. We need to get the hell out of here.

Sirens sound around the corner and they hear the deep rumble of a high performance engine starting.

MAC (CONT'D)

And if he's at your place, I should be able to get my car. Let's go.

Sophie is shaking her head constantly during this.

SOPHIE

We need to turn ourselves in.

Mac takes Sophie gently by the arms and makes eye contact.

MAC

Soph, hon, someone has set us up. I'm not sure who, but it's to cover four and a half million dollars. They've got a lot of incentive to bury us. Sorry you got pulled into this mess, but I've got to figure out who did this or we're both going to jail for a very long time.

Mac takes her by the arm and runs between two buildings.

MAC (CONT'D)

You got a laptop in this bag?

SOPHIE

Of course. Why?

MAC

We need to find a cubby-hole with internet.

EXT. WAYFARER PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT.

Mac leaves the motel office, Sophie's leaning on the car.

MAC

Let's go, Soph.

Sophie is looking at the free-standing cabins with a look of disgust.

SOPHIE

How do you know this place?

MAC

Long story.

One of the cabin doors opens and Ernie walks out tucking in his shirt. A waft of incense and scented candles follows him.

Mac stops and raises an eyebrow.

ERNIE

Mac. Well. Wh-what are you doing -
Are you going to - oh, fuck.

Ernie fumbles with his wallet and pulls out a wad of cash and thrusts it at Mac.

MAC (V.O.)

The universe provides.

Mac straightens out the notes and slides them into his wallet.

MAC

You're going to hurt yourself if
you're not careful.

ERNIE

Well. You know. Thanks.

Mac chuckles and stows his wallet.

MAC

Think nothing of it.

INT. WAYFARER CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mac opens the door and flicks on the light. Sophie follows him in and closes the door.

SOPHIE

What a flea bag.

Sophie tests one of the twin beds and sits on it. She wrinkles her nose and looks around the dingy room.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Who was that?

MAC

A client. Very long, sordid story.

SOPHIE

I don't think I want to know. Are we doing this now?

MAC

We need to do this now. You can sleep if you need to. I just need your laptop.

Sophie takes out her laptop and logs into the bank.

SOPHIE

You know the definition of insanity, right? I've been trying to ferret out something - anything - for hours. No luck.

MAC

Tony's credentials will probably get us farther. He's the assistant manager.

SOPHIE

I don't know his password.

Mac smiles.

MAC

I've got his birthday and the name of his first pet and his mother's maiden name. We should be able to reset the password with that.

EXT. BEHIND THE CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Jackson throws his mobile phone against the stone wall. Pieces of plastic and circuit board spray the alley.

JACKSON

Fucking HELL. They've disappeared. This town is small enough to walk across and they FUCKING DISAPPEARED.

INT. WAYFARER - CONTINUOUS

Sophie sits in front of her laptop

SOPHIE

It worked. Huh. And you're a technological dinosaur. How'd you get Tony's info?

MAC

I'm good at what I do.

SOPHIE

So what am I looking for?

MAC

Strange activity. Other fat accounts for people who shouldn't have fat accounts.

Sophie types some commands and a list of accounts scroll past on the screen.

SOPHIE

What's your ex-wife's name again?

MAC

Jane.

SOPHIE

Guburn?

Sophie turns the screen toward Mac.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You think an intern at the hospital would be making enough to squirrel that much away?

Mac scratches the back of his head.

MAC

How doesn't she know about this?

SOPHIE

Same way you didn't, I expect. It's a separate account. Even though it's in her name, there's no mailed statements and it's not linked to her main account - the one with all the activity. This won't even show up on her bank card or on internet banking if she checks her balance.

MAC

But it's in her name?

Sophie nods.

SOPHIE

That's what I said.

MAC

Any others?

Sophie taps away at the keys and shakes her head as she culls more accounts.

SOPHIE

In addition to yours and Jane's I've found another dozen with a quarter million in each. All of them not linked to the customer's active accounts, but in the same name.

Mac screws his eyes shut and thinks.

MAC

That's three and a half million.
There's still a mill missing.

SOPHIE

I wasn't finished. There's an
account opened by a new customer a
week and a half ago. It's got a
million in it.

MAC

Name?

SOPHIE

David Thompson.

MAC

Something doesn't make sense. How
is whoever set this up supposed to
get the money out of the other
people's accounts?

Sophie taps keys again, the confused furrow on her brow
deepening.

SOPHIE

Each account has as an additional
signatory. Someone by the name of
Garry Goresh. Every single one of
them except the Thompson account.

MAC

So I've got to find Garry Goresh.

SOPHIE

I've lived here all my life. This
is a small town, and I've never
heard of any Goresh's. And I know
some Thompson's, but not a Dave.

MAC

Okay. That's more than enough info.
Close that up, now. We need to get
out of here.

Mac rifles through the drawers on the motel room desk. He finds an envelope and smiles. Scribbles something on the outside and leaves it on the bed.

MAC (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's go. Do you have Harris' address?

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jackson is on his desk phone, gripping the handset hard enough to whiten his knuckles. At the other end is an electronics tech for the police department.

JACKSON

When? Exactly when?

TECH (V.O.)

Just now.

JACKSON

Where was she?

TECH (V.O.)

Well I tracked the IP address based on her MAC address and did a reverse look-

JACKSON

WHERE?

TECH (V.O.)

I was getting to that. She was accessing it with the Assistant Manager's credentials from one of the cabins at the Wayfarer Motel. No way of telling which room. They blast wi-fi and -

Jackson slams the phone down and stands, retrieving his gun from his desk.

JACKSON

Son of a bitch, we got them.

EXT. WAYFARER MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Sophie run toward his car. He starts the car and accelerates out of the parking lot.

SOPHIE

So what now?

MAC

You get on a train and get the hell out of here. I'll drop you at a station. You have family around here?

SOPHIE

A sister in Newcastle.

MAC

Then head in the opposite direction. To Gosford. Maybe even Sydney.

Mac pulls out his wallet.

MAC (CONT'D)

Here's a couple hundred bucks. Keep your head low. Check into cheap places with lousy security. No video. I'll find you when this is all sorted.

SOPHIE

(looking at the money in her hand)

How?

MAC

I'm a detective.

SOPHIE

And you'll be doing what?

MAC

Finishing this.

Mac pulls into the "kiss and go" parking at the Morisset station, kisses Sophie on the cheek and hands her the laptop bag from the back seat.

MAC (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself. And thank you very much for the help.

Sophie cracks the door and looks back at him.

SOPHIE

I imagined our night in a hotel to be somewhat different than what it ended up being. Just so you know.

Mac smiles and kisses her hand.

MAC

When this is finished, I promise, it'll exceed your expectations. And at some place better than the Wayfarer. Now get the hell out of here.

Mac waits until she's purchased the ticket, with cash.

Mac's prepay phone rings. He flips it open and tucks it between his shoulder and ear as he drives.

MAC (CONT'D)

Baz. What's up?

BARRY

(filtered)

Them surfer dudes with the truck. I just saw them go into that fancy burger place. One of 'em had a wad of cash on him that would choke a whale.

MAC

That place that puts the fucking pineapple on their burgers?

BARRY
(filtered)
Yup.

MAC
They still there?

BARRY
(filtered)
Hitting on one of the waitresses.
They're really on the turps.

MAC
Well done, Baz. Keep safe. It's
going to get real.

Mac hangs up, thinks for a second, then dials 0-0-0.

OPERATOR
Emergency services. What is the
nature of your emergency?

Mac affects a strong bogan accent.

MAC
Ya know that bloke what robbed the
bank? That detective guy? I seen
him just now.

OPERATOR
Your name, sir?

MAC
Ah, Garry Goresh. Ya wanna know
where I seen him? It was at the
pineapple burger place, just down
from the dog track. Is there a
reward?

OPERATOR
Thank you for the information, sir.
How do you spell your name?

Mac hangs up.

INT. WAYFARER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson and Sr. Constable Lily King and a lab tech scour the room vacated recently by Mac and Sophie.

Jackson sees an envelope on the middle of the bed, addressed "To: Garry Goresh and Dave Thompson". He crumples it and throws it in the garbage.

LILY
Shouldn't we bag that?

JACKSON
It's garbage. They're fucking with me. There's nothing here.

Lily's mobile phone rings.

LILY
Yes?

She hands the phone to Jackson.

Jackson listens for a few seconds, then hangs up.

JACKSON
We got Mac. Move it.

INT. PINEAPPLE BURGER PLACE - CONTINUOUS

The two men who had accosted Mac are sitting at a table full of food. Man #2 is chomping on potato wedges when he stops, alert.

MAN #2
You hear that?

Police sirens increase in volume.

MAN #1
Shit, dude. The cops.

MAN #2

You're stoned. And paranoid.
They're not coming for us. We're
hooked up.

Two police cars screech to a halt in front of the burger
place.

MAN #1

Paranoid my ass.

Man #1 takes a knife from the table and grabs the waitress,
holding the knife to her throat.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Fucking cop. I knew we couldn't
trust him.

EXT. HARRIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mac sits slouched in the car, alternating his gaze between
the front door of Harris' house and the rearview mirror. He
waits until everything is quiet on the suburban street.

MAC (V.O.)

Tony's too nice, it wasn't me, and
that leaves Harris. The key to
breaking suspects is going in with
absolute confidence that you're
right.

He gets out of the car and raps on the front door.

Harris opens the door and is met with Mac's gun in his face.

HARRIS

What the fuck is this?

MAC

In the car. We're going to the
bank. You're going to show me how
you did it.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Harris enters the bank and pauses in front of the security keypad. He enters a code and an alarm light starts flashing.

MAC

Nice try, fuckwit.

Mac enters the code Sophie entered, deactivates the alarm and pushes Harris into his office.

HARRIS

Where's Sophie?

Mac ignores Harris and walks around his desk.

MAC

How long were you going to wait before you started using your fake credentials to transfer all of that money to an offshore account?

Mac laughs.

MAC (CONT'D)

And Garry Goresh? What kind of bullshit name is that?

HARRIS

Don't know what you're talking about.

MAC

Change the "y" in Garry to "ie" and Garrie Goresh is an anagram of George Harris. Too clever by half, mate. Wouldn't have figured it out if you hadn't done that.

HARRIS

You've been smoking crack.

MAC (V.O.)

And a bit of bluffing never hurts.

MAC

You're an idiot. Habib's got these new-fangled digital security cameras. Catches you breaking into my place. Clear as day. Digital zoom and you can see your five-o'clock shadow.

HARRIS

Bullshit.

MAC

Maybe. Maybe not. Willing to risk it?

Harris pours a glass of scotch and throws it back.

HARRIS

I think you've finally gone over the edge. It's sad.

Harris stands and nods at the gun.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You fire that thing and this place will be swarming with cops in seconds.

MAC

That's all right. They're all out looking for me, anyway. To the back room. I need to walk through this.

Harris picks up the bottle of scotch, looks at it, then throws it at Mac.

Mac ducks and looks behind him at the shattered bottle in the pool of scotch.

MAC (CONT'D)

What a waste. That was good stuff.

Harris scrambles for the door and Mac lunges over the desk after him, grabbing him by the back of the jacket. He smacks Harris on the side of the head with the butt of his revolver.

Harris grabs his head and then turns on Mac. Mac jabs the barrel of his gun hard into Harris solar plexus. Harris doubles over, trying to catch his breath.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'm not in a good mood. Try my patience again and I'll start breaking ribs. Move.

Mac opens the office door and gives Harris a poke in the back.

MAC (CONT'D)

To where we counted.

INT. ROOM BY SAFE

Harris opens the door to the back and leads Mac through.

HARRIS

You don't know what you're talking about.

MAC

I was a cop for twenty-five years and a private detective since then. I've made a living out of figuring shit out.

Mac sits on a table top and levels the revolver at Harris.

MAC (CONT'D)

I should just fucking shoot you now.

HARRIS

And that would get you nowhere.

MAC

I'd feel better.

Mac looks up at the security camera in the corner of the room.

MAC (CONT'D)

So we loaded the bags in here. I was left alone for about ten or fifteen minutes with the bags and that, in it's entirety, is the case against me.

HARRIS

That and your word against the bank's. And all that money in your account.

MAC

Shut up. I wasn't finished. Then when the truck shows up, I head out through the walkway to the back door, hold the door open. Tony is right behind me. You wheel the trolley full of bags out and somewhere between this room and the back door you pulled a switch.

HARRIS

We signed off on the log sheets at every step of the way.

Harris holds up a clipboard.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Explain that.

Mac takes the clipboard and looks at the numbers, puzzled look on his face. Then he smiles, tears the sheet off the top and jams it into his jeans pocket.

MAC (V.O.)

Motherfucking Bingo!

MAC

Thanks. That explains the one thing I couldn't figure out. Now walk me through the trip to the back door.

Mac gestures with the revolver and Harris opens the door to the hallway toward the back door.

Mac follows, looking up at the cameras on the ceiling.

Harris takes a left at a fork in the hallway. Mac hesitates, leaning toward the right of the fork.

MAC (CONT'D)

No, the other way.

Harris spins and knocks the gun from Mac's hand and jams him up against the wall.

HARRIS

No camera here, ass fuck.

Harris drives an elbow up under Mac's jaw, momentarily stunning the detective. Harris grabs the gun off the floor and fires off a shot, catching Mac on the upper arm.

Mac sweeps the bank manager's legs out from under him and lurches to his feet.

MAC

Give me that.

Mac grabs his gun from Harris and looks at his arm oozing blood.

MAC (CONT'D)

Now look what you did.

HARRIS

Shoulda killed you.

Mac takes his phone out of his pocket and turns off the voice recorder.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You think the cops will let you give that phone to anyone? I've got friends.

Harris laughs.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

And they're on their way now.

Mac presses the muzzle of the handgun hard against Harris' forehead, winks, then runs down the hallway to the back of the bank. He pushes open the door, setting off an alarm.

EXT. CAFE

Mac runs around to the front and down the street. Barry sits in his usual place, up against the wall, watching the proceedings with a smile on his face.

BARRY

You're bleeding, Mac.

MAC

Don't I know it.

Mac pokes his head in The Pelican.

MAC (CONT'D)

Jess, can you call Jane for me and ask her to meet me at my place? It's urgent.

JESSIE

You're bleeding.

MAC

Nothing gets past you. Call her. I'll be in my place.

Mac runs across the street, takes the stairs two at a time, his left hand pressing hard on the wound on his right triceps.

INT. MAC D'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He wraps an old towel around his arm and pours himself a double scotch. Sits back and takes a sip.

Jane barges through the door without knocking. Mac jumps and spills half of his drink on the arm of the chair.

MAC

Jesus. This is single malt. Why in the hell doesn't anyone knock anymore?

JANE

What's going on? The cops are chasing you, you're shot and holed up in your own apartment?

MAC

Last place they'll look.

Mac hands his phone to Jane.

MAC (CONT'D)

Before you stitch me up, plug that into the computer on the desk, will you? Alfie tells me he's set it up to back up the stuff on my phone.

JANE

You should be at the hospital.

MAC

Right. I go in with a gunshot wound and the first thing you medical types do is call the police. Not yet. I'm not quite ready.

Jane connects the phone to the iMac and opens a medical kit.

JANE

Who shot you?

MAC

Harris. With my gun. Don't say it.

Jane cuts away the shirt sleeve and takes a critical look at the wound. She chuckles.

JANE

This is nothing. A plaster would fix it up. You didn't even need to call me.

MAC

Excuse me. It hurts like a son of a bitch and it's leaking blood all over the place.

JANE

You're all soft. I had Davey in this morning. Tom Jackson's son. Not even five. Broke his arm in the playground this morning. Didn't shed a tear when I plastered him up. Makes you look like a little pansy.

Mac sits forward and starts to rise. Jane pushes him back in his chair.

MAC

Holy shit. I know who got the million -

Mac slowly sits back in his chair

MAC (CONT'D)

- and I'm a dead man. I've got to reach Sophie before he finds her. Thanks Jane. Get out of here.

INT. GOSFORD TRAIN STATION

Sophie gets off the train and stands on the platform looking at two policemen checking a photo and scanning arrivals as they approach the ticket gates.

A train pulls into the opposite platform heading in the opposite direction. Sophie watches the policemen as she steps on to the train, heading back up the Central Coast.

INT. POLICE STATION

Jackson at his desk. The two thugs are sitting across from him, handcuffed.

JACKSON

Fuck, guys. I don't have a choice now. Why'd you grab the knife?

MAN #2

I -

JACKSON

It was rhetorical. Shut the fuck up.

Jackson's desk phone rings. He snarls at the two and answers.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What?

HARRIS (V.O.)

We got a problem, Tom.

JACKSON

I know. I'm working on it.

HARRIS (V.O.)

Work on it harder. We're running out of time. Find him and end him.

Jackson hangs up and looks at the two thugs. He shakes his head and takes off their handcuffs.

JACKSON

Jesus, boys. I need you on the street solving my problems, not in here causing more. Come with me. We'll sort this out later.

EXT. MORISSET TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Sophie steps off the train onto the platform and immediately heads for shadows. She steps out of the shadows to cross the street when she's grabbed by the arm.

She spins and tries to pull away. Mac puts his finger to his lips.

MAC

Shh. Why'd you come back?

Sophie takes a deep breath and punches him on the arm.

SOPHIE

You scared the crap out of me.
Jesus. There were cops in Gosford
looking for someone. I took the
next train back. What are you doing
at the station? How did you know I
came back?

MAC

Pure luck I'm here. I was looking
for a working one of these.

Mac leads Sophie to a phone booth. He drops coins in and
dials.

MAC (CONT'D)

Hey, I need to talk to
Superintendent Josh Thomas.

RECEPTIONIST

(filtered)
Who is calling?

MAC

Mac. Mac Durrige. He's looking for
me. As are a bunch of his uniformed
friends.

RECEPTIONIST

(filtered)
I'll put you right through.

Mac listens to poorly recorded "on-hold" music for an
eternity before the line is picked up.

JOSH

(filtered)
Mac? You need to come in.

MAC

You gotta get better music, Josh.
I'd love to come in, but I don't
trust you guys. You know anyone
named Dave Thompson?

JOSH

(filtered)

Who? What's this got to do with
anything? Mac, there's an arrest
warrant out for you for Jimmy's
murder. You really need to come in.

Mac raps his knuckles on the edge of the phone booth.

MAC

Let's work toward that. I need some
assurances that you'll listen to
what I have to say before you let
that cretin Jackson near me. One of
us is going to kill the other
before the day is through.

JOSH

(filtered)

You'll have your chance in court.

Mac punches the phone booth housing, then shakes the pain out
of his hand.

MAC

Josh, this isn't getting to court.
Jackson will make sure of it. And I
want protection for Sophie Webb,
too.

There's silence on the line. Mac takes the handset away from
his head, looks at it and puts it back up to his head.

MAC (CONT'D)

You still there?

Mac hears a click, then:

JOSH

(filtered)

How is Jackson involved in this?

MAC

Grab George Harris, the new bank manager. I've got him on tape admitting to some of what I'm being accused of. I'm pretty sure Harris will crack and give up Jackson.

JOSH (V.O.)

I've got no reason, other than what you just told me, to pick Harris up, and you're not a reliable witness, Mac.

Mac takes the sheet of paper out of his pocket that has the list of bags signed off by the truck guard.

MAC

Hang on a sec.

Mac turns on his mobile phone, takes a picture of the list, then selects that picture and one that he took while he was waiting in the back room at the bank and sends them to Josh.

MAC (CONT'D)

If Harris was on the up and up these two lists would be identical. One was signed off in the back room in front of me, and the other signed by the guard. Different numbers. Different money bags.

Mac looks at the time.

MAC (CONT'D)

I've been on the phone too long.
I've got people to see.

Mac listens to silence for a few seconds, then a couple of clicks before --

JOSH

Is Sophie with you?

MAC

Jesus. I was too long, wasn't I?

Mac runs his fingers through his hair.

MAC (CONT'D)

Look, You guys picked up two surfer thugs at the pineapple burger place tonight. They worked for Jackson and Harris. Talk to them. They're not that bright.

JOSH

Yeah, Jackson was talking to them a little while ago. Not sure where they went. I'll get him to follow up with them.

MAC

What? Hell no. He paid them. He's not going to let anyone interrogate them.

JOSH

It's my problem. Not yours. Come in. We'll talk.

Mac looks at the handset and slams it against the pay phone.

SOPHIE

What's going on?

MAC

Jackson is going to kill the only people who can prove I didn't kill Jimmy. And I know where.

EXT. BUDGEWOI BEACH - NIGHT

The moon slides behind a cloud. The beach is empty, waves crashing on the beach.

Mac turns off his headlights and coasts into the parking lot behind a large black truck.

Ahead of them, Jackson leads the two thugs to a rock ledge looking over a drop to heavy surf.

MAC

Stay here, out of sight.

Sophie nods and slides down in her seat.

Mac turns the dome light off and opens the door, slowly closing it behind him. He walks up the sand boardwalk and slips behind a children's playground set a few metres from Jackson and the two surfers.

JACKSON

So why didn't you drop Jimmy off the rocks instead of leaving him in the sand over there? His body never would have shown up and most of our problems wouldn't be our problems.

MAN #2

You never said nothing about dropping him off a cliff.

Jackson steps to the edge and looks over.

JACKSON

I expected you to think for yourself. It's perfect. Have a look.

He steps back and the two men walk up to the ledge and look over. Jackson removes a handgun from an ankle holster and shoots them both in the back of the head. They fall forward, off the ledge and into the roiling water.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

See? Much easier this way. Idiots.

Mac starts at the gunshots, then runs back to his car. Jackson hears the noise and lumbers after him.

Mac lunges into the car and starts the ignition and pulls on the headlights. They splash across the running, approaching, armed Tom Jackson.

MAC

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He throws the car into reverse and floors it, cranking the wheel and executing an almost perfect J turn.

Sophie hangs on to the dash, grim determination on her face. Behind them they hear the RUMBLE of Jackson's truck starting.

SOPHIE

He's going to catch us.

MAC

We're going straight to the station.

SOPHIE

You know what you're doing?

MAC

I sure hope so. I've known Josh since I was a teenager. I trust him. I trust him more than any other man in the state.

Mac leans forward and looks at her.

MAC (CONT'D)

You agree?

Sophie nods.

SOPHIE

To the police station. Talk to Josh. I know who has the million dollars.

Mac pulls out of the parking lot.

MAC

I do, too. I still don't know how -

The black truck screams around the corner and bears down on them.

MAC (CONT'D)

- Hang on!

He steps on the accelerator and wrenches the wheel, grazing the truck fender.

MAC (CONT'D)

Yeah, that'll do it.

Mac floors it, the wheels on the front-wheel-drive car spinning, the steering wheel almost yanked from his hands as the tires catch on the pavement.

MAC (CONT'D)

Piece of shit.

A shot cracks and there's a THUNK in the rear of the car.

MAC (CONT'D)

Jesus. That arsewipe just shot my car.

Mac speeds up and takes the corner with all four wheels in a skid.

The truck follows, taking a few more wild shots as they gain on them.

Mac looks out the mirror.

MAC (CONT'D)

He's getting too close.

Sophie's head snaps as Mac wrenches the car around another corner. The truck doesn't lose ground, and once around the corner, gains on them.

MAC (CONT'D)

Is that it? As fast as this can go?

SOPHIE

We're still in front. Why aren't the cops chasing this guy yet?

MAC

Nobody's called them.

Mac opens his phone and dials 0-0-0.

OPERATOR
Emergency Services, what is the -

The truck slams into the back of the car and Mac drops his phone. It slides under the driver's seat, out of reach.

MAC
Fucking beautiful. Well, we're
almost there anyway.

Mac looks at Sophie. She's hanging on with both hands. He smiles.

MAC (CONT'D)
Having fun yet?

Mac slides to a stop at the station and they pile out of the car and up the steps.

The truck stops in front of the station and Jackson steps out.

Mac has his hand on the front door when Jackson SHOOTS, splintering brick off the wall above Mac's head.

Mac pulls Sophie behind him.

MAC (CONT'D)
Are you fucking serious right now?
You're out of control.

JACKSON
Run. Please. I can shoot you and be
done with it.

MAC
With all these witnesses? You're
not that bright, mate.

Two uniforms advance toward Mac. Mac holds his hand out, stopping them.

MAC (CONT'D)

Hang on, you two. This is the guy who robbed the bank, with Harris' help. Jackson's got a sweet mill sitting in the bank.

JACKSON

Arrest him. Jesus. What are you waiting for?

Mac takes his phone out of his back pocket and nudges Sophie.

MAC

There's one account in the name of Dave Thompson. Who do you think that might be, Jackson?

Mac takes a step toward Jackson, waving his phone behind him for Sophie. She grabs it and runs into the station.

MAC (CONT'D)

Your son's name is Dave, right? Dave, Tom's son. Dave Thompson. You guys and your stupid fucking aliases. If you had used something like Dick Smith or Harvey Norman I'd have never figured it out.

Jackson grips his service revolver even harder and inches toward Mac. Sweat beads his brow and stains his armpits.

Sophie shoves the door open, exiting the bank with Josh in tow. The door hits Mac in the back and sends him sprawling.

Jackson jumps on Mac and cuffs his hands behind him, then drags Mac to his feet.

JACKSON

Jesus you've got a big fucking mouth.

Jackson leans in close and whispers in Mac's ear.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You're not going to make it to trial, mate. I'll drop you like I dropped my boys.

MAC

You're getting my blood on your shirt, Tommy-boy.

LAC Commander Josh Thomas hands Mac's phone to a uniform.

JOSH

Bag this.

(to Jackson)

Take the cuffs off of him. Now.

JACKSON

Boss, this is a good collar. I've got him dead to rights.

JOSH

Remove the cuffs, now, Jackson.

Jackson makes like he's going to protest, then removes them.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Now let's go into my office and talk. Harris is telling me a pretty interesting story. You've got a lot of explaining to do.

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT/OFFICE - A WEEK LATER

Mac putters in the kitchen, the TV on in the background. LINCOLN (a Border Collie) lies sprawled across the sofa, watching Mac and the food. A news bulletin interrupts programming:

"Tonight at 7:00 on Seven, an update on the bank robbery that has the bank manager and a local police officer in jail awaiting trial."

MAC (V.O.)

I'll admit, not all cases go this well. The bad guys behind bars...

Mac smiles and uses the remote to turn off the television. He lights a candle at the center of the table and rushes to answer a knock on his door. Lincoln lets out a quiet "woof" and pads along behind him.

MAC (V.O.)
...and I got the girl.

SOPHIE
You got Lincoln back.

MAC
Turns out Tony really is allergic to dogs, and Jane prefers the person to the mutt. Fine by me.

Sophie kneels down and gives the dog a hug. She stands and sniffs.

SOPHIE
Mmm. What smells so good?

Lincoln pushes his nose against her hand. Sophie scratches under the dog's chin and follows Mac into the kitchen.

MAC
A warm chicken Caesar salad followed by a homemade apple rhubarb crumble.

SOPHIE
Homemade?

MAC
Okay, well, maybe not made in this home, but corporations are people, right?

Mac takes Sophie in his arms.

MAC (CONT'D)
It was nice having all that money in my bank account, even if it was only for a short time.

SOPHIE

There's a reward. The big boss
called me just before I came over.
Ten percent.

Mac smiles at her.

MAC

Forty-five thou is nice. Not as
nice as two hundred and fifty. But
it'll do.

SOPHIE

What makes you think it's yours? I
was the one who found the accounts.

MAC

Yeah, but you only looked because -

Sophie silences him with a kiss.

SOPHIE

I'll split it with you, okay?

Sophie looks around the office / apartment. Mac closes his
eyes and sighs.

MAC

This place isn't much better than
the Wayfarer, right?

SOPHIE

It'll do.

Sophie kisses Mac.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It'll do.

FADE OUT.