



Scripts.com

Hounds of Love

By Ben Young

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Evelyn:

do you wanna lift?

Gabby:

I'm not far.

Gabby:

You'll cook out there.

Gabby:

Evelyn:

Evelyn:

sun stroke out there.

Gabby:

John:

Gabby:

for the lift.

John:

Netball?

Gabby:

I just came from there.

Jason:

Got any weed?

Hint?

No, I told you, Dave's in Bali.

Shit, I promised shell.

Hey, I did that other thing

for you, but...

What other thing?

"Compare the role of Atticus

to aunt Alexandra

"in the shaping of

scout's outlook.

"Essay by Vicki Maloney."

Come on!
Dad'll get suss.
Right, later, gator.
I'll see you Sunday.
If you want to be a total stud,
my next assignment
is on Wuthering heights.
I'm just saying.
Tell your dad happy birthday
from me.
All right, see ya.

Evelyn:

You miss mummy?
Come on in.
Lou-Lou.
Come in, Lou-Lou.
Come on, Lou-Lou darling.
Yes, yes.

Man:

reason have you to be morose?
You're rich enough.
Bah, humbug!
Don't be cross, uncle.
What else can I be?
Out upon a merry Christmas.
If I could work my will,
every idiot who goes about with
"merry Christmas" on his lips
should be boiled
in his own pudding
then buried with a stake
of Holly through his heart...

Evelyn:

Miss Martin:

time and conditions weren't rough.
Some people thought
it was a shark.
Others thought murder, suicide.
Some of the crazier theories
were that he was taken by a ufo

or picked up
by a Chinese submarine.
People couldn't believe that the
prime minister could just disappear.
I've spoken to your mother.
She's worried.
I know that it's hard, okay?
My parents divorced
when I was 11.
Can I go now, miss?
Yep.
Oh, my god.
Hi!
- Really?
- Yeah.

Trevor:
nice if we went out as a family.

Maggie:
through this.
It's not appropriate right now.
I need some space.

Trevor:
talking about one night out.
Think about Vicki.
She's got exams.
What, you think
I don't know that, Trev?
- Things have changed.
- You need money.
- You need money.
- I don't need your money.

Maggie:
my decision
and let me live
the life that I want to live.

Maggie:
spag bol.
Hey, I got us grease
on video to watch.

I'm going to a party.
Oh, planning on asking me?
Well, I'm just assuming
you'll need a lift.
Dad gave me money for a taxi.
You know,
I see you two nights a week.
Not my fault.

- Maggie:

- What?
Anyway, how's your essay
coming along?
Hmm?
Aunt Alexandra in the shaping
of scout's...

Maggie:

I can read it myself.
So, who wrote it?
Jay?
I mean, how can I
let you go out, sweetheart,
when you do things like this?
You're not going.
You can stay home.
Why are you trying
so hard to ruin my life?

Maggie:

For what? Leaving dad?
I'm trying to give you
every opportunity that I can.
Oh, what, so I can become a strong,
independent woman like you?

- Man:

Show us your whizza!

Evelyn:

- Just a party.
- Yeah?
Don't suppose you want
something to smoke?

Do you a stick for a tenner?

- Yeah?

- **Evelyn:**

John:

So, Simmo must have
got the last one.

- Bloody idiot! Why didn't ya...

- No. Sorry.

- bloody say something? -Oh, no worries.
Thanks anyway.

Evelyn:

at home.

We're just one street that way.

I should probably get going.

Evelyn:

John:

Have a good night.

Sorry.

Do you know

which way the highway is?

Yeah. You chasing a taxi?

Yep.

- **Evelyn:**

straight for three streets. -Yep.

Take a left, walk to the end of the
road and you should find one there.

- **Vicki:**

- Yeah, no worries.

Vicki:

Hey, you sure?

Bloody good stuff.

I mean, you're more than

welcome to call a cab

from our place too, if you like.

It's totally fine.

Yeah, all right.

All right, jump on in.

John:

Vicki:

John:

I'm John.

This here's my queen, Evie.

Vicki:

How're you going, love?

Nice to meet ya.

Vicki:

Evelyn:

John:

Vicki Vick.

John:

I'll just wait here.

Evelyn:

John:

So how long you two
been together?

Oh, god, I've been with him
since I was, like, 13.

- **Vicki:**

- Yeah, I know.

- **Vicki:**

- Yeah.

Vicki:

have you got?

I got two. Mmm-hmm.

- They're not his kids, though.

- Right.

Yeah, we split for a bit,

so they don't live here yet.
But they're gonna soon,
so that'll be good.

- Nice.

- Yeah.

Evelyn:

- You sure?

- Yeah.

Thanks.

Hey! Lou-Lou!

Uh uh uh! Calm down.

Settle. Settle, darling.

- Sorry.

- That's okay.

She looks really mean.

She's just a big sook,
aren't ya, huh?

Aren't ya?

Aren't ya, sweetheart? Yeah.

She won't bite you. Lou-Lou!

Vicki:

Evelyn:

My dad actually
just got me a puppy.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

He reckons it's really dogs
that tamed us.

- Yeah, that'd be right.

- Yeah.

You tamed me, didn't you?

- John:

- Yeah?

I just got the message
to call mark about them tools.

- All right.

- Sorry Vic, won't be a sec.

- Oh, that's okay.

- Why don't you girls
have a quick drink or something?

Do you want a quickie?
Oh, no,
I should probably get going.
You sure?
Put you in the party mood.
Yeah.
I mean, I've only got goon,
but do you drink goon?
Yeah, I do drink it.
Um...
I mean, just one.
Come on, let's have a drink.
- All right, yeah.
- Yeah?
All right, let's go.
Lou-Lou, you be good.
No barking.
Do you mind,
just taking your shoes off?
- Oh, yeah.
- Yeah? Thanks.
Just make yourself at home.
I'll get the drinks.
Thanks.
- So, cheers.
- Cheers.
- To a good night, huh?
- To a good night.

John:

No, that's all right.

- John:

- No.

You want a quick cone
before you scoot?
Oh, no, it's all right.
My friend's waiting for me.
You don't wanna check that
we didn't rip you off
with grass clippings
or something?

John:

Just a tenner, eh, Vic?

Oh, sorry.

Are you all right there, Vic?

Yeah.

John:

with you.

Nah. Back door, love.

They always go to the back door.

- You all right, sweetie-pie?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Oh, fuck, I love you.

Vicki?

Vic!

Little shit.

Come on, gizmo.

Oh, okay.

She must have stayed at shell's.

Look, I'll get her to

give you a call

when I track her down, okay?

Because I said she couldn't go.

Sorry, have you seen her

grades lately?

Oh, I don't know, Trevor.

I'm sure it wasn't

a girls only sleepover.

Look, when you find her,

just let me know, okay?

See ya.

Breakfast!

Hello, you.

Everything okay?

Oh...

John:

Evie!

- I only just let her in...

- Honestly, how

do you expect to look after kids

when you can't control

one fucking dog?

- Sorry.

- Fix it!

- Fuck it, I'm sorry.

- It's putrid.

I'm fucking sorry.

Shit.

Evelyn:

How about some water, then?

What do you want from me?

I just wanna get you cleaned up
and more comfortable, is all.

Evelyn:

Remember I'm not stupid.

Please, my dad is a surgeon.

He has money.

Yeah, we know.

Why do you think we picked ya?

So you've called him?

All you have to worry about
is not trying

anything stupid, all right?

You do that, you and I'll
get along just fine.

Try anything...

Tuck.

Is he the reason

why your kids aren't here?

He's the reason I've...

I've got food on the table
and a roof over my head.

How long your parents
been married for?

Couple of years

before I was born.

Still happy?

Maybe they just

stayed together for you.

Oh, shit.

I'm sorry.

I won't do it again, I promise.

Oh, no, god.

Please.

How about a nice bath, eh?

I won't be needing this, will I?

Gary:

Haven't seen you
down in Leopold for a bit.
Been worried about ya.
Yeah, you know how it is.
The missus and that.
Missus got you driving her
to house calls now, eh?
Give us a fag.
Thanks, mate.
Oh...
You got my money?
Thought you said next week.
I dropped them buds off about
five weeks ago, don't you reckon?

Man:

Yeah... yeah I'll get it.
Just don't have it
at the moment.
- How about tomorrow, eh?
- Yeah. Definitely.
Eh?
Don't make me
look like a fuckin' asshole.

Man:

Evelyn:

a letter to your parents.
Say school's too much,
you've met a bloke and he's
got you a ticket to Adelaide.
I thought this was a ransom?

Evelyn:

Can I write it to my boyfriend?

Evelyn:

last night?
I was at my mum's.
Mum's, or mum and dad's?
So they are split.

I didn't think a fuckin' surgeon
would live around here.
She leave him
or he kick her out?
She left.
Right, write it to your mum.
Say that you love her.
I don't.
She left me.
Say that you love her.
Say that you understand
why she left.
And that you're happy, she's
making a life for herself.
And you want to do the same, that's
why you're moving to Adelaide.
Say that she inspires you.
Pick up the pen.
Good girl.
Go.
I need to go to the toilet.
Please.
What's going on here?
She has to go.
Oh.
Well, why don't you relax
and I'll take her?
Have a cone.
I'm so sorry about before.
- It's okay.
- No, I'm an idiot.
- No, it's okay.
- Shh.
Go on.
All right.

John:

John?
Why'd you lock the door?

John:

Hang on, hang on, hang on.
Just get the...
- Come on, come on.

- No, no, no, no.
Fuckin' window!
Get around the front!
Fuck it!

John:

Fuck it! Fuck!
- I'm sorry, I'm sorry!
- Fuck it.
Stay!

John:

Vicki:

Stop!
Help!
Shh!

Troy:

What's going on?
I know you are there!
Get him to fuck off!
- Maybe he heard her.
- Ya think?

Troy:

John, open the bloody door.
What the hell is going on?
Sorry, just fuckin' had a bit
too much to drink, ya know.
- It's not even lunchtime.
- Yeah, I know.
When's this shit gonna stop, eh?
What do you say I get Evie
to piss off for a bit,
and you and me can pick up
where we left off?
Yeah?
We were just havin' a blue,
ya know?
Fuck, I've heard you.
We yell.
We don't scream
for fuckin' help.

Hey.
Doesn't have to be like this.
See, me and Evie, we...
We usually do it together.
But there is just something
about you
that makes me
want you all to myself.
Yeah, well the whole fuckin' street
should mind their own bloody business.
Yeah? Well I'll tell you what.
I'll make it
my fucking business.
Anyone's dumb enough to
let them kids back here again.
- Fuck off.
- John, come out here.
- Stop hiding behind your missus.
- I said fuck off!
John! Come and face me, ya
fuckin' weak piece of shit!
Piss off you fuck!
What the fuck do you know?
Good luck to ya.
I'm callin' the cops.
Fuckin' call the cops. I bet
they'd like to know about
the fuckin' boot-load of video players
I saw ya bring in last week, huh?
You're an embarrassment.

Troy:

fucking down
and stop going
through my fucking mail.

Evelyn:

She's here.
Take her hand.
Hang on.
Uh-uh.
Come on.
Shut the fuck up.

Vicki:

Fuck you.

I'm so sorry.

I'm gonna lie down.

Go and pick us up
some headache pills.

Drop her thing off
while you're out.

John.

I love you.

What was that?

I love you.

Hmm.

Well, how'd you feel
if you never saw me again?

That's exactly
what would have happened
if she'd have
got out that window.

Fix that shit up.

Sergeant Mathews: What were the
circumstances of the separation?
Just that if there was violence,
- or if one of you was involved with
someone else, you know... -Maggie: No.

Sergeant Mathews: It could
be a contributing factor.

Maggie:

anything like that.

I mean, lots of kids'
parents separate.

Sergeant Mathews:

Well, all I'm saying is,
we see kids run off from
situations like this every day.
Did you check for a note?

Maggie:

she didn't leave a note.

She just had pillows
under her sheets.

Sergeant Mathews:

Well, there you go.

She's probably just had a big night and is sleeping it off.
I mean, you were teenagers once.

Maggie:

but this is not like her.
I've spoken to her friends,
her boyfriend.
- I mean, no one's heard from her.
- Please, try and relax.
99% of the time, these things sort themselves out.
- If she's not back by Monday...
- Monday?
I mean, she's...
What about those girls down there?
Mrs. Maloney,
we're not in New York.
Those girls, all runaways,
all with stories just like this one.
Now, I've got kids.
I feel for you.
But trust me, I've been doing this a long time.
Now, hard as it might be, what I need you to do is stay home and wait this out.
Look, I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll pass around a description of her and if I hear of anything, I'll let you know.
Otherwise, come back Monday.
I'll eat my hat if you do.
She's not a runaway.
In the letterbox.
This just doesn't make sense, the way it's written.
She just wouldn't have said this.
Well, maybe she's trying to make you feel guilty.

Oh, would you stop
putting this on me, Trevor.
- She's never snuck out before.
- She's never had to.
Whatever she did, you just
let her get away with it.
I only ever wanted
the best for both of you.
I know you did, Trev.
Then come home.
You just don't get it, do you?
Get what?
That our daughter's run away because
you put yourself before our family?
Get out.
- We just want you back. -I'm
not coming back. I'm sorry.
I'm not coming back.
I can see
why Vicki hates it here.

Man:

Eleanor, nice to have you with us.
- Ladies and gentlemen,
here's Kerry Flynn!
Shh!

Woman:

the usual, thanks?

Cashier:

Cashier:

Woman:

Woman:

Hi. Um, can I just get some
headache pills, please?
Ah, yeah.
That'll be, uh,
79 cents for that one.
Look at me.
Look at me.

John:

Fucking shat on me!

Jesus! Fuck!

Oh, no, just... Just for a couple of hours next week so I can give them their presents?

I don't know,

the park or something.

You can come if you have to.

It's... Mick.

Mick.

Mick, can you just put Kim on the phone, just for two seconds?

Fuck!

You got something

you wanna fucking say to me?

Fuckin' kids! My fuckin' kids.

What happened while I was out?

What do you think?

He just uses you.

That's why he got you the dog.

It's a replacement

for your kids.

He doesn't want them here.

He doesn't love you.

Let me go.

I'll tell them it was all him.

It's not Monday.

If you love me,

you fuckin' kill her tonight.

No.

It's her or it's fucking me!

So do it.

What the fuck

are you waiting for?

Eh?

You were naked.

- No. No, no, no.

- Yes.

I was in there,

and I was getting

her ready for us,

and then she goes
and shits herself...

- You lie.

- And it was... uh, uh uh.

- You lie.

- Shh.

You lie. You fuckin' lie. You lie!

You fuckin' lie all the time!

Evelyn, you're letting your
imagination run away with you.

You are. Just...

Just... just...

Just for me, for you, take one
look in that washing machine.

Please.

What about Kim?

What about Kim?

You think that was me?

Oh, darlin'.

You know I loved them kids
like they were my own.

You know that.

You lie.

If you don't believe me, go
check out the washing machine.

Wait here.

You done something different?

You look beautiful.

Just like you did

the day we met.

Remember?

I came over and asked you
about them bruises?

You told me, I went and
slashed the prick's tires.

He thought it was them chinks
across the road, didn't he?

I've done everything I can
for you ever since.

Got you away from your dad.

That fat mongrel, Mick.

I'm sorry.

She's putting all kinds
of shit in my head.

Saying that you just use me.
That you just got me Lou-Lou
as a replacement for the kids.

John:

I don't know
what the fuck to believe.
It's okay.
Please, can we get rid of her?
Monday.
I know, I know.
We'll get another one.
Just not her.
Please, not her.
- She has to go.
- No.
- Please. -No, no, no,
no, it'd be bad luck
if we do things different.
I'll tell you what.
How about...
You and I...
Go in there right now
and show her who's
running the show?
Come on, Evie.
That's why she's here.
Let's make the most of her.
Together.
Like we always do.
You think she's
prettier than me...
Because she's younger.
- Prettier than you?
- Yeah.
Oh, darlin'.
There's not a woman
between here and Timbuktu
that's got even
half of what you've got.
Look what you do to me.
You're my queen
and I worship you.
And I never

stop thinking about you.
I love you so, so much.
I'd die without you.

John:

and have a little bit of fun.
And on Monday...
We kill her,
we stick her in a hole,
and we never think of her again.
Hello! Hello.

Evelyn:

weren't you?
Yeah, I read your little diary.
Your mum wouldn't let you out, so
you fuckin' snuck out, didn't you?
You know, the funny thing is,
if you'd just done
what she asked you to,
stayed home,
you wouldn't even be here.
She's probably
not even looking for you.
Hi, Jay.
It doesn't make sense
after that.
Well, what's it say?
"8 Malcolm street."
That's just where I live.

John:

Out.
I hope you're ready
for round two.

John:

Get out!
Get out!
Lou-Lou! Come here,
you little fuck!
Fuck it.
No!
No!

Evelyn:

Evelyn:

I should have listened to you.

You're right.

I haven't been acting myself
since she got here.

You know, everything
has a bright side.

You know, Lou-Lou was probably a bit
vicious to have around young kids.

You wanna get rid of her,
get rid of her.

Time to focus on getting
them kids back, eh?

Just get her to write
another note first.

Maggie:

away from me.

Sergeant Henderson: Sergeant Mathews
told you to come back Monday.

Maggie:

you think this changes things?

Tell you what,

my shift ends at 4:00 P.M.

I'll swing past on the way home.

But that's three hours away.

If someone's got her...

If someone's got her,

who knows what they could do.

Sergeant Henderson: No one's got her.

If I followed procedure,

I wouldn't go there at all.

Evelyn:

Walk.

Sit.

You're gonna write
another letter.

Dated a week from today.

Say that you're in Adelaide,

you've got a job,
you've got a place
and that you're happy.
Tell your mum you love her
and that you'll
call her for Christmas.
Pick up the pen.
Vicki.
Pick it up.

Evelyn:

Don't fucking make one
fucking sound, okay?
'Cause this knife will hurt
a lot more than those pills.
Keep her quiet.
Yeah, coming.
- Gary.
- Told you I was coming.

John:

I know, I know.
I remember. I just...
Yeah, I just didn't
expect you so early.
You got the money or not?

John:

not on me right now.

Gary:

my fucking money.
Yeah, all right.
Just hold on a tick.

Woman:

I'm not interested in...

Maggie:

I'm not selling anything.
A letter from my daughter.
Please, don't shut the door!
- I can't help you!
- Vicki!

Vicki!

Please!

Vicki!

I know you're here, Vicki!

Can you hear me, Vicki, please?

Fuck.

Maggie:

John:

everyone get so cheap?

Vicki!

Vicki!

- **Jason:**

- Vicki!

Vicki!

Vicki!

Vicki!

Vicki!

Vicki, please!

Shh!

Maggie:

Vicki!

Gary:

Dunno.

Maggie:

Shh.

Vicki!

I just want my daughter.

Trevor:

Maggie:

Fuck this.

Maggie:

I just want my daughter!

Vicki!

Vicki!

What the fuck was that?

Can we...

Vicki!

Vicki!

Mrs. Maloney?

I don't think she's here.

Trevor:

Trevor:

She's here.

No!

John:

Go!

Take the pills.

You take the pills now.

You think

that'll change anything?

Take the pills.

Stab me.

Stab me.

If you wanna kill me, kill me.

Do it.

Put it in me.

- Just stab me!

- **John:**

- **Vicki:**

- Evie!

Take the pills.

You don't have the fucking guts.

You don't have the fucking guts!

You don't have the guts.

Just do it.

Take the fucking pills!

Fuck this!

Get here!

Get me a fucking garbage bag!