



Scripts.com

# Jack Irish: Bad Debts

By Andrew Knight

1

(Bell dings)

How the hell's it going to fit  
in our apartment, woman?  
If you think I'm going to remain  
living within the bowels  
of a Masonic hall forever,  
you'll be living  
a long and lonely life.  
For you to sign, please.  
How are you, Isabel?  
Married to a philistine.  
Oh, I know.  
I need to fiddle with  
that second para one more time.  
It's Tasmanian blackbutt.  
Do you know how rare that is?  
I'm guessing fairly rare.  
It's not just a table. It's...  
This old bloke is an artisan.  
It's a work of art.  
Well, it is the same price as  
a Picasso, so I gather it must be.  
You have no taste whatsoever,  
Jack Irish.  
Oh, come on. I chose you, didn't I?  
OK, one good choice.  
How good do you look in that suit?  
Oh, pretty sharp I reckon.  
You do, and who chose that suit?  
Can't remember. Lost in time.  
We're buying the table.  
Think of it as a family heirloom  
we pass on to our unborn children.  
I do love you, you know.

**MAN:**

to Jack fuckin' Irish!

**MAN:**

You cannot come in here...  
There you are, Mr Judas lawyer!  
I'm sorry, mate.  
I tried to stop him.

She left me!  
She took me kids from me while I  
rotted in that that you sent me to!  
Go and wait in the car, will you?  
Give me ten minutes.  
Parking fines. You let 'em put me  
away for bloody parking fines!  
113 unpaid parking fines, mate.  
That was just the entree.  
The cop you assaulted ended up  
in hospital for two months.  
What did you expect?  
I told you I hit him.  
But you wouldn't fucking listen,  
would you you bastard!  
Just calm down, OK?  
Just go and sit in there and wait.  
I'll go find your file and we can  
talk about this sensibly, alright?  
OK, sir...  
Don't touch me!  
OK, I won't touch you.  
I'm calling the police.  
No, don't mate, don't.  
That's the last thing he needs.  
I'll deal with him. It's alright.  
(Gunshot)  
What was that?  
From outside.  
(Alarm blares, dogs bark)  
Alright, you win.  
We mortgage the flat and we buy  
a black-bottomed Tasmanian...  
See? You wouldn't bloody listen.  
You listening now, Jack?  
(Gunshot)

**NICK CAVE:**

Take a little walk  
to the edge of town  
Go across the tracks  
Where the viaduct looms  
like a bird of doom  
As it shifts and cracks

Where secrets lie  
in the border fires  
in the humming wires  
Hey, man, you know  
you're never coming back  
Past the square, past the bridge,  
past the mills, past the stacks  
On a gathering storm  
comes a tall handsome man  
In a dusty black coat  
with a red right hand.

**MAN, ON RADIO:**

..numbers two, six and twelve.  
That's two, six and twelve,  
The Catharsis, Bridal Sweet  
and the New Zealand two-year-old,  
In Her Name.  
On to race number eight,  
there's only one scratching  
and that's the favourite,  
Corpus Loys, number five.  
Beautiful day for racing  
in Sydney today at Royal Randwick.  
The track is still rated as heavy,  
but with the great weather  
we have at the moment,  
there's a chance  
that the track will dry up,  
and an upgrade is on the cards  
later in the...  
(Turns off radio)  
Ah, Marinara.  
You're a hard man to find,  
Mr Dollery.  
Do come in,  
or I'll shoot your balls off.  
Come on.  
Turn right.  
So, how'd you find me?  
Listen, point that somewhere else,  
will you?  
Those... those things  
have a tendency to go off

for motives of their own.  
Arggh!  
Arggh! Arggh!  
Hey! Hey, let go of me!  
Please! Please!  
You're not gonna knock me, are ya?  
You're being a bit paranoid, mate.  
Arggh!  
Sticking too much marching powder  
up your nose.  
Oh, come on, mate!  
Shit.  
Give me a chance!  
(Dials phone)  
Yeah, Harry. I found your mate.  
Yeah, I wouldn't mind being warned  
about the armed and desperate.  
Well there's going to be  
an extra five per cent  
to cover my shock  
at having a World War II pistol  
pointed at my genitalia.  
Yeah, righto.  
Listen, dickhead.  
You're going to have to be  
a bit more cooperative  
with people  
whose money you've nicked.  
Now I've taken the ten grand  
out of the dishwasher.  
And I reckon there's, what...  
..another seventy in  
the air conditioning vent?  
I s'pose.  
Right.  
Well, sign here for the rest of it.  
And the biro.  
Pleasure doing business with you.  
Hey!  
You're not going, are ya?  
Mate!  
Here you go.  
Just in case you get lonely.  
Mate, you can't leave me in here.

Oh, come back, will ya?  
I can't get out of here!  
(VOICEMAIL) You've called Jack Irish.  
Leave a message.  
Jack. It's Danny.  
I'm in the car park, mate.  
Are you coming?  
Christ, help me.  
Oh, thank God.  
I can see your lights flashing.

**OPERA MUSIC:**

**MACHINE:**

**MAN, ON MACHINE:**

Sorry about your little mix-up  
with Dollery.  
Anyway, no harm done.  
Listen, I got something  
I need you to do.  
(Machine beeps)

**MAN:**

it's Danny McKillop, mate.  
You know, the hit-and-run  
ten years ago?  
Look, I'm out now, mate,  
but I'm in a bit of strife,  
so you reckon  
you might give me a call?  
It's 0491570110.  
Tonight... as soon as you get this.  
(Machine beeps)  
Jack, it's Danny again, mate.  
You... you didn't call.  
Um... listen mate. I'm in deep shit.  
I think I'm being followed.  
Do you reckon you could come

**and meet me, 7:**

I'm in the car park of  
The Hero of Trafalgar in Brunswick.  
(Machine beeps)

Jack, it's Danny.  
I'm in the car park, mate.  
Are you coming?  
Christ, help me.  
Oh, thank God.  
I can see your lights flashing.  
(Machine beeps)  
Ah.  
Don't tell me you're finally  
coming back to criminal law.  
Hardly.  
Bit of conveyancing's  
about it these days.  
No, just looking for an old file.  
Great. Come in.  
It's good to see ya.  
You too, mate.  
His name's Danny McKillop.  
McKillop? How old?  
About as old as your suit.  
Fuck off! It's brand new.  
You know, Helen has shot through.  
Head over heels  
with some painter in Eltham.  
What, a house painter?  
No, artiste painter.  
Someone no one's ever heard of.  
Bruce Seal.  
Bruce Seal? Shit.  
Drinkie?  
So what do you know  
about Helen's painter bloke?  
Oh, he speaks five languages,  
apparently.  
He's won the Archibald three times  
and his nickname's  
the Throbbing Stallion.  
Great.  
Here we go. Daniel Patrick McKillop.  
Convicted of culpable driving,  
18th of June, 2001.  
Knocked down and killed  
Anne Elspeth Jeppeson  
in Ardenne Street, Richmond.

Ah, the public housing woman.  
The activist.  
Your client was as high as a kite.  
Cheers.  
How do you remember this?  
You weren't even on it  
It wasn't a good time for you.  
I made it to court, though,  
didn't I?  
Oh, photo finish.  
You did go off the rails there  
a bit just before you quit.  
Anyway,  
it was an open-and-shut case.  
Your client eventually  
pleaded guilty, got ten years.  
He was a junkie.  
Had a whole stack of priors.  
So why's he calling me from  
a hotel car park on a Saturday night?  
And why is he now not  
returning any of my calls?  
Can I hang onto this?  
Sure.  
This has nothing to do with her.  
Helen left for her own reasons.  
She doesn't even know about Lorna.  
Gotta love em when they're around,  
don't you mate?  
Hard after fifteen years.  
Yeah, I wouldn't know.  
Ah-ha. That's how long ago it was.  
I mean, who has a VHS anymore?  
Oh, I know people.  
(Football commentary on TV)  
Where the hell were you  
last Saturday when we needed you?  
The Saints went down by three goals.  
I was in Sydney, on business.  
What sort of bloody work takes  
you to Sydney on a Saturday arvo?  
He doesn't work no more.  
Not real work.  
He's a standover boy.



A bloody debt collector now!  
Didn't miss much.  
They played like girls.  
They don't make 'em  
like your old man anymore.  
Toughest man ever to wear  
an athletic support.  
Listen, I need to stick this on,  
if I can.  
Well, they're watching the game.  
It's a replay. From 1996.  
Hey! It's Fitzroy's  
last game at the G.  
Yeah. We got smashed by 25 goals.  
It was horrible.  
Never about that, Jack,  
as well you know.  
It's three-quarter time.  
He can put it on now.  
But make it quick, will ya?  
Reminds me of round fourteen, 1971.  
Remember that game against the Roos?

**NEWSREADER:**

was seen swerving out of control  
in Ardenne Street,  
moments before fatally injuring  
public housing campaigner,  
Anne Jeppeson.  
I recognise that sheila.  
This blue car was just  
weaving all over the road,  
and suddenly, bang!  
Just ploughed straight  
through her and kept on going.  
Poor woman didn't stand a chance.  
Daniel McKillop was found asleep  
in the garage of his home...  
Put the game back on.  
Three-quarter time'd be over by now.  
(Sighs)  
(Speaks foreign language)  
Well, Charlie, maybe if you  
drew me a plan of the table

instead of just four  
random measurements  
on torn-off bits of the Age,  
I might know what I'm doing.  
What for do I need drawings?  
I don't do anything  
I didn't make before.  
But it's all in your head.  
And I don't know  
if what's in your head  
is the same as what's in my head.  
I don't want anything in  
your head near my head, thank you.  
Jack. Charlie.

Hey, Cam.

Harry needs to see you  
for a couple of hours.

Righto.

Can you spare us your apprentice,  
please, Charlie?

Should manage.

Fifty years on my own until wonder  
boy shows up wanting to learn.

How's he doing?

Shithouse.

INTERVIEWER, ON RADIO: Mr Pitman,  
and Opposition is demanding to know  
why the Yarra Cove Development  
was approved without  
proper public consultation.

**MAN, ON RADIO:**

Yarra Cove is an injection  
of \$600 million  
straight into  
this state's coffers...

Put on some Willy Nelson, will you?

Who wants to listen to pollies lie  
all the way to Ballarat?

They reckon

the racing industry's bent.

What the hell's Yarra Cove?

Sounds tropical, doesn't it?

Topless chicks

swaying about in grass skirts  
on the banks of the Yarra.  
They'd have icicles  
on their nipples.  
Sorry, Harry. No Willy, just Kenny.  
Oh, let's do it in silence.  
Who'd live here?  
You'd have to be committed  
by a Magistrate.

**TRUMPET PLAYS:**

So, all on Topside Winder?  
No, you leave that to the others.  
You back the favourite to win.  
Go early.  
I want to see if we can't  
push Topside's odds out a bit.  
(Men shout racing odds)  
Charlemagne's Pride.  
1,000 to win, thanks.  
1,000 pays 6,000, Charlemagne!  
Topside Winder, 500 to win.  
500 on Topside to win.  
Topside Winder, for 500 on the nose.

**CALLER:**

for the running  
of race number three on the card,  
the McVane Family Textiles Handicap.  
Starter up. Ready to jump now!  
(Bottle pops)

**HARRY:**

little look at the Dom to celebrate.  
Jack.  
Better finish these  
before the wife makes an appearance.  
We averaged fifteen to one.  
Some of these bookies see a go  
coming if you put down 50 bucks.  
Fifteens are fine.  
You don't want to nuke the bastards.  
We want them there next time.  
Jack, I want to show you something.

Cheers.

Cheers!

Gate five. Dakota Dreaming.

The animal's got

a truly horrible record.

Lucky he's not in the pet's mince.

Slow it down.

Give him the history, Cam.

Bred for staying.

Top-shelf Kiwi pedigree.

Won his first race by seven lengths,

then pulled up lame. Tendon trouble.

Then ran ninth.

With respect, Harry, he doesn't seem  
like much of an investment to me.

He hasn't run for two years,

but some blokes up Ballarat way  
reckon he's come good.

Got a couple of big races in him.

Maybe just watering their tonsils,  
but these blokes know their nags.

There!

Now, did he or didn't he?

Yeah.

Looks like he's holding to me.

It may be worth another pilgrimage  
in the very near.

Take another squiz  
at Dakota Dreaming.

Oh, I don't think

I really earned this today, Harry.

Probably not.

Cam'll give you a lift home.

I hear Vanotti's got a groin.

My opinion,

and I get no pleasure saying it,

Vanotti's missing something  
in his groin.

Hey.

You seen the paper?

Danny McKillop shot dead by a cop  
in the car park of the Trafalgar.

Apparently he pulled a pistol.

So I guess that's that, then.

Oh, shit.  
Why would he pull a gun on a cop?  
Well, it says he was off his face.  
Oh, God, so that's twice I've  
screwed this poor bastard over now.  
If that's guilt I'm hearing,  
forget it.  
The worst time of his life  
he gets a drunk lawyer,  
and this time he calls me,  
I don't even show up.  
It's a prosecutor's wet dream.  
I mean, he was probably  
working some drug scam.  
Just drop it, mate.  
Yeah...  
I'm serious.  
File it under 'best forgotten'.  
Why is this only on page nine?  
This is this third groin, you know.

**PRIEST:**

I tell you that his sins,  
many as they are,  
have been forgiven him,  
for he has shown great love.  
It is someone who forgives little  
that shows little love.  
Then he said unto him,  
your sins are forgiven.  
And now Danny's daughter, Kristy...  
..uh, Kirsty,  
will place a special letter  
for her father on the coffin.  
Thanks.  
Sue McKillop?  
I'm so sorry to hear about Danny.  
I'm Jack Irish.  
Kirsty, this is your Dad's lawyer.  
The one who  
wouldn't return his calls.  
Well, I was in Sydney.  
I didn't get the messages  
till it was too late.

Listen, when things settle down,  
I was just wondering  
if you could give me a call.  
Things aren't going to settle.  
Yeah.  
Join us at the wake if you like.  
Come on.  
You don't know why Danny  
wanted me to meet him, do you?  
Two blokes were waiting outside  
the house on Thursday night.  
Danny saw them and bolted.  
Beer.  
Jack, Vin. Danny's cousin.  
Hi.  
Jack was the one that...  
The top lawyer.  
Papers said he had a gun.  
He didn't own one.  
The Danny I knew was no crim.  
He finished school in jail,  
he got a job, got off the drugs.  
We were living a good life,  
you know?  
He was a good Dad.  
Do you know what  
these two blokes wanted?  
No.  
About a month ago  
this woman called out of the blue  
and she told Danny  
her husband had just died.  
Left actual proof he was  
fitted up for the hit-and-run.  
What... what kind of proof?  
I don't know.  
I don't know who she was,  
what she was talking about.  
Danny just wanted  
to put it behind him.  
But it kept gnawing away at him.  
So he arranged to meet her and...  
And he didn't meet her?  
Well, we're here.

**MAN:**

a nice little earning motel  
in Lismore now.  
Turned it down, didn't I?  
All so I could stay number eight  
on the Commissioner's  
top-ten shit list.  
Too many known associates,  
they reckon.  
I mean, fuck that.  
Used to be called part of the job.  
The new Police Minister's  
an ex-cop, isn't he?  
He'll take care of you.  
Mate, Garth Bruce  
is a turd with selective amnesia.  
He gets voted in  
and then immediately wants  
to get rid of the old culture.  
Mate... I'm very proud  
of the old culture.  
Wouldn't have a Quick-Eze on you,  
would ya?  
Not on me, no.  
Remind me again of the old culture.  
The old culture.  
You know, dinosaurs like me.  
A time when it didn't count  
if you took an extra  
ten bucks for the drinks,  
or, you know,  
you loaded up some cockroach  
just to keep em off the streets.  
Wonderful days.  
Nowadays, it's just  
all these fuckin' mad dogs out there  
with chemical warfare  
going off in their heads,  
stuff up their noses fighting  
against the stuff in their arms.  
(Belches) Ooh, shit.  
And we can't do a bloody thing.  
Have you read much

about the Pritikin diet?

Hmm?

Go fuck yourself.

This mate of yours that got himself  
dead in the Trafalgar car park.

He was a client.

Hope you got paid in advance.

Baker, the cop who put four in him,  
reckons your bloke

just appears from behind a car,  
high as a kite,

points a .38 at him and his partner.

McKillop's wife reckons

he's been clean for years.

Mrs Goebbels reckons

her husband was in advertising.

Shit's shit, mate.

He left me a message

the night he got shot.

He said someone was

flashing their lights at him.

He thought it was probably me.

There's no chance

that this Baker planted that gun  
and the smack on him, is there?

Baker's an officer

of 26 years' service.

If he was going to knock your boy,

he would have done it somewhere

just a little less public,

now, wouldn't he?

Don't mess with it, mate.

It's done.

Alright?

He was scum.

Righto, well, I'll be in touch.

I'll buy you a drink.

Drink?

You mean drinks, don't you, Jack?

You're still dealing with

the old culture here, mate.

You can have that.

Did it surprise you

when Danny ran over that



Jeppeson woman ten years ago?  
Yeah, it surprised me.  
Danny hadn't driven  
for about six months.  
He was on a suspended sentence  
for drink driving.  
He was shit scared  
of going to prison.  
And you reckon there's a chance he'd  
had a few and forgotten all of that?  
Oh, yeah, could be right.  
If you can work out how a bloke  
can go from being passed out  
in Fed Square,  
go home, grabbed his car  
then run over the Jeppeson tart  
five minutes later.  
How do you know  
he was in Fed Square?  
Mate saw him. Legless.  
Drinking a vat of bourbon.  
Talking to that arsehole, Scullin.  
Did he tell the police?  
Scullin is the police.  
Danny was a dog.  
For the Drug Squad.  
There's plenty of people  
who'd want to see him  
get put away for fifty years.  
You didn't get that from me, right?  
Right.  
Hey listen, the witness in the case,  
um... Ronald Bishop.  
Do you know anything about him?  
Never met him.  
I know he's a bloody liar.  
Jack?  
Prepared to divulge your thoughts  
on the gallops at Geelong?  
People in the know, Norm,  
usually treat my tips as scratchings.  
If that's you, Gavin, I have  
a lifetime case of herpes. Go away.  
Linda Hillier? Jack Irish. I...

Oh, yeah, right.  
You rang about  
the Anne Jeppeson hit-and-run.  
Yeah.  
God, that was a lifetime ago.  
Yeah, I appeared for the accused.  
But I don't  
practise law much anymore.  
What do you do?  
Oh, I live off my wits.  
Gamble. Drink.  
Then you'll be keeping  
pretty much the same company.  
Oh, no, it's definitely  
a notch up since then.  
I see that you interviewed  
Anne Jeppeson a number of times  
about the sale  
of the Hoagland Commission flats.  
Yes, even spoke to her  
the morning she was killed.  
Our Joan of Arc  
in tight jeans and boots.  
So you weren't one of her admirers?  
Oh, there were things about her  
I admired, but, no.  
I wasn't one of her admirers.  
I wasn't even sure of her motives.  
Yarra Cove back then,  
it was just a bunch  
of crappy warehouses  
and filthy docklands, wasn't it?  
Yeah. The cops used to  
call it the Leper Colony.  
Right.  
They wanted to develop  
the whole site,  
and suddenly Jeppeson  
comes on the scene like Batwoman  
with 'Save our Hoagland'.  
And what happened with the protest?  
Not much  
after your client ran over her.  
Do you think anyone considered at

the time that maybe she was murdered?  
What, you're suggesting  
he did it deliberately?  
Or someone else.  
It's a bit of an extreme step  
for the Housing Commission to take,  
don't you think?  
Danny got out of jail a few years ago  
a new man, apparently.  
Good job and a wife and a kid.  
And then a cop  
shot him and killed him  
in the Brunswick Hotel  
car park last Saturday night.  
Oh, God, that was him?  
I hadn't made the connection.  
Listen, I've got a file a story  
for Hong Kong in eight minutes.  
I'll do some digging  
and get back to you.  
Yeah, righto. Thanks.  
I don't, by the way.  
Don't what?  
Have herpes.  
I'm looking for a Ronald Bishop.  
Ahh.  
Well, I don't think he's home, mate.  
That arsehole  
pissed off to Perth years ago.  
Just a shifty little poof.  
The Sandgropers  
are bloody welcome to him.  
I take it you weren't close, then.  
(Chuckles) Shit.  
Yeah, g'day. This is Jack Irish.  
I'm looking for a Ronald Bishop  
who lives in Perth, or Fremantle.  
I've got a feeling  
that we're looking at  
a rerun of the Kyneton Cup  
from 21 months back.  
OK. Alright, no worries.  
Know it in me bones.  
Relied on your bones, we'd be

round the Salvos eating rabbit stew.  
Not such a bad idea.

**MAN, ON PHONE:**

Hi, you've called Ronnie,  
and if you're handsome,  
leave a message.  
(Machine beeps)  
Yeah, g'day. This is Jack Irish.  
I'm a lawyer.  
I'm looking for a Ronald Bishop.  
I was involved in the  
Anne Jeppeson case some years ago,  
and if you are the Ronald Bishop  
who was a witness in that case,  
I'm just wondering if you  
could give me a call on 041809018.  
Thanks very much.  
What do you mean,  
it's commercial in confidence?  
Hoagland was public land.  
Yeah, well we...  
Yeah, when does it become public?  
Great, well I'll get my  
grandchildren to follow it up.  
Check the share registry.  
Anything we've got on Hoagland,  
Yarra Cove.  
And maybe anything  
we have on a Jack Irish.  
Barry.  
(Sniffs)  
Sweet and sour prawns?  
Go fuck yourself.  
You gettin' in?  
I've only got a couple of minutes  
so I'll make this quick.  
Leave this McKillop business alone.  
Sensitive issue these days,  
cops killing people.  
Did you find the cop Scullin?  
In a manner of speaking.  
He runs a big security company now.  
Heard of AdvanceGuard?

They make big bucks.  
(Dog barks)  
What'd he say about McKillop?  
Said he doesn't  
talk police business.  
Is that it?  
That's it.  
You drove around here  
to tell me that?  
No. I drove around here  
to tell you something else.  
Don't ask me any more questions  
about McKillop, OK?  
That's what I came around  
to tell ya.  
You can get out now.  
(Starts engine)  
SFK...  
'Son of the fucking king'.  
Excuse me, are you Martin Scullin?  
Who wants to know?  
Oh, Jack Irish.  
I was Danny McKillop's lawyer  
back in...  
What, or who the hell,  
is Danny McKillop?  
Well, in 2001 you were his arresting  
officer in the Anne Jeppeson case.  
I arrested thousands of citizens.  
Well he was gunned down recently.  
Really?  
I should send some flowers.  
You know, these days  
I make 25 grand a week,  
so unless you want me  
to start the meter,  
this little friendly is over.  
Mrs Bishop. Jack Irish. I rang  
before, about your son, Ronnie.  
Have you found him?  
No. I thought you said he was here.  
No.  
No, I said he WAS here.  
Three weeks ago.

Arrived in a terrible state,  
all the way from Perth.  
Spent one night.  
I made his favourite breakfast,  
scrambled eggs and toast soldiers.  
Look, I told the police all this.  
Come in. Come in.  
I'll put the kettle on.  
Did you call the police?  
No.  
No, they just came,  
to tell him that his place  
in Fremantle had been broken into.  
Did he leave anything behind?  
Yes, a case.  
But the police took that.  
Looking for clues.  
Nice place you've got here.  
It's all Ronnie.  
Packed me off to Noosa one day.  
Came back to this.  
(Laughs)  
What, he came into some money,  
did he?  
He won the lottery! (Laughs)  
Shit.  
Ten years ago.  
Before then he'd  
just been living hand to mouth  
working as a social worker  
for the Good Hands Foundation,  
making his little  
documentary films on street kids.  
He loved working with kids.  
You know, he always  
wanted to be a filmmaker.  
He's in big trouble,  
isn't he Mr Ireland?  
Oh, let's not worry yet,  
Mrs Bishop.  
Listen...  
Did he call anyone when he was here?  
He used his cordless phone  
a couple of times, I think.

Have you got the number  
for that phone?  
It won't do you any good.  
He's not answering.  
Oh, the police didn't get this.  
It's the last thing he gave me.  
Nat King Cole.  
Don't know why.  
I don't really like him.  
Have you played this?  
Yes.  
And?  
I still don't like him.  
No, I mean, it's just music, is it?  
No. He sings.  
You can borrow it if you like.  
But you promise to bring it back.  
Mrs Bishop, do you have any idea  
why anyone might want to hurt Ronnie?  
Before he left he said something  
that just made my blood run cold.  
He said,  
'If I turn up dead somewhere,  
don't ever believe  
it was my own fault.'

**PEOPLE:**

(Cheering, clapping)  
Hey.  
Hold these. Just take my jacket off,  
thank you.  
(Sighs) Thanks.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
Oh, how old world of you.  
(Sighs)  
This is a nice way to end  
a real pain-in-the-butt day.  
Signorina. Parmesso?  
Parents would approve of this place.  
I took the liberty  
of ordering some starters.  
People have been known to eat  
their shoe leather here at Donelli's,

waiting for their first course,  
so I hope you don't mind.  
You're out of practice at this,  
aren't you?

Am I?

So, tell me, why are you digging up  
all these ancient stuff?

It's a bit late to help anyone,  
isn't it?

Oh, well, Danny McKillop's  
left a daughter behind,  
and she's gonna grow up  
thinking her old man's a scumbag.

And if he wasn't,  
she's got the right to know.

Compliments of the house,  
for the signorina.

So beautiful.

Belladonna.

I'll be back to take your orders.

Wow. You've certainly got clout.

He's just being a suck.

He uh... It's a case  
of outstanding legal fees.

Well, a bad debt  
that he can't pay, so he...  
and just ignore the accent.

He was born  
about half a K up the road.  
His parents are from Galway.

Cheers.

Cheers.

So, is that the only reason?

Oh, no.

I didn't really  
ask enough questions at the time.  
I wasn't really on top of my game.

And now there's just a whole  
lot of stuff that doesn't add up.  
You know, like Ronald Bishop telling  
his mother that he won the lottery.

I checked. He's never won  
a bloody thing in his life.

Some mystery woman



calling up Danny McKillop  
to say that she's got evidence  
proving he's innocent.  
Then she disappears, he dies,  
and now the lottery winner's  
disappeared as well, so...  
Well, I'll tell you what I found,  
which isn't going to clear up much.  
The whole Hoagland tender process  
was initially handled by the  
Minister for Planning at the time.  
A guy called Pixley.  
Kevin Pixley.  
Yeah.  
I mean, he's a dipso,  
but he's straight enough.  
And then there's a cabinet reshuffle  
and Lance Pitman becomes  
the Minister for Planning,  
and his first order of business  
is to flog off Hoagland.  
So, imagine... that...  
..here is Yarra Cove.  
'Launch your new life  
with Yarra Cove'.  
And this...  
..this was the  
Hoagland Commission flats.  
There were dozens  
of different companies  
that had been  
buying up disused land...  
Thanks.  
..and busted warehouses along the  
river front in the preceding years.  
What kind of companies?  
Oh, well, offshore, just names.  
Still checking.  
What's interesting is that  
when Hoagland was sold...  
..to this...  
Sorry. Thanks.  
..the olive oil...  
Extra virgin.

..all these other condiments -  
the salt and pepper, sugar,  
three-day-old bread  
and the parmesan cheese...

Let's not forget the toothpicks.

No, the toothpicks  
were not actually involved.

Oh.

..all sold their holdings  
to this entity within a month.

Ah.

To the virgo intacto olive oil.

Yep.

A Company called Hexiod  
bought up everything.

And was there collusion  
amongst these condiments?

Well, that's about  
impossible to tell,  
because Hexiod was  
deregistered eight years ago  
when it was bought  
by this new player...

If I could just swap... Thanks.

The oak-aged balsamic vinegar.

Also known as  
the Charis Corporation.

Right.

So Charis are the ones making  
the real money out of Yarra Cove?

Squillions.

We have Joseph Kwitny CEO  
and Chairman of the Charis board.

I mean, there's no crime  
making money, so they say.

Well, no, not unless  
you know in advance  
that the Planning Minister's going  
to award you the tender, I guess.

Yeah, well, that would  
start to smell like a crime.

But the details of that tender  
are locked in the same vault  
as the Petrov Affair

and the Communist shark  
that ate Harold Holt.  
So, if Anne Jeppeson  
did stop the development,  
Charis would have ended up with  
a whole lot of shitty  
old warehouses and factories.  
\$600 million worth of them.  
600 million reasons  
to knock her on the head.  
I do have one other question.  
About Charis?  
Yeah, sort of.  
I was just wondering, um...  
if you're seeing anyone  
at the moment.  
Do you think if there  
was anyone important in my life  
I'd be sitting here  
moving condiments about a table?  
Signorina.  
Thank you.  
Signor.  
I'd quite like  
to do this again one day.  
Eat and drink?  
Yes...  
And... whatever else.  
I'm not going to sleep with you.  
Tonight. If that's...  
Is that what you're asking?  
'Cause talking about  
Jeppeson and Yarra Cove,  
it hasn't quite got me there.  
Well, I am... I am rusty.  
I'm happy, though.  
Happy?  
That you were even... considering it.  
(Dog growls)  
(Phone rings)  
Hey, Jack!  
(Growling, grunting)  
Are you right?  
(Dogs bark)

Yeah.  
Yeah, just a been  
working the dogs for Harry.  
He's been worried  
they're going a bit soft.  
What can I do you for?  
Just wondering if you've  
still got that mate at the Telco.  
I need to trace a couple of calls  
from a phone owned by  
a bloke called Ronald Bishop.  
Ohh, Harry doesn't like me using  
his contacts for outside work.  
Cam, Harry owes me, OK?  
The last bloke he sent me to  
pointed a dodgy old gun at my balls.  
Text me the number.  
If Harry's OK with it,  
I'll see what I can do.  
Who's the best dog in the world  
then, eh?  
Who's the best dog in the world?  
(Dogs bark)  
So, Mr Big Business Man.  
Mr Executive.  
Has no time to go  
to the telephone anymore.  
Has to carry it all the time  
with him.  
It's just work, Charlie.  
Next, no time for the toilet.  
Take a mobile scheishaus,  
a little shithouse,  
you can carry away all the time,  
so you can do it in car.  
How did you know I lived here?  
Do you own a suit?  
Why? Are you inviting me out?  
Don't get too excited.  
I got myself invited  
to a charity event  
hosted by the Charis Corporation.  
Make yourself at home.  
I'll just go and get dressed.

Yeah, well, make sure it's elegant.

This is high-end charity.

Righto.

'Father Alex Gorman  
and Joseph Kwitny, '  
Order of Australia, no less,  
'cordially invites you  
and rent-a-date' - that's you...  
'to their launching  
of the new offices  
for the Charis  
Good Hands Foundation.'

Oh, shit.

That's um...

where Ronald Bishop used to work.

I love what you've done  
with the place.

Designer chic meets lone wolf.

And who's Father Gorman?

Oh, he's a handbag  
for high-society women  
when their husbands are  
out screwing the secretary.

Right.

Uh... been a while  
since I've worn this.

She's beautiful.

Yeah.

I read what happened.

I can't think of anything worse.

The Jeppeson case  
was around that time, wasn't it?

Yeah.

Yeah.

This crusade you're on...

is it connected,  
as some sort of guilt thing?

Oh, I don't think so.

I was in too much of a state of  
incoherent rage to think about guilt.

Out of date but gorgeous.

Do you mind if I drive?

We can listen to Nat King Cole.

**FATHER GORMAN:**

Look around you. Take it in.  
Beautiful, isn't it?  
Our new home, here at Yarra Cove,  
overlooking the  
world's most liveable city.  
I thank the Lord for it every day.  
Champagne's French.  
Oh, shit.  
Is that a problem?  
Means they know  
how to treat the media.  
Cheers.  
..whose generosity allows  
this instrument of the Lord's will  
to work in such splendour.  
Without Joe Kwitny, Good Hands'  
Outreach Program for kids,  
both here and in Asia,  
would simply not exist.  
Over many years  
they've supported us,  
not just with the development  
of our sanctuary here...  
Lance Pitman.  
The Honourable Minister for  
Planning. He's on the board.  
Do you think  
he's ever met a homeless kid?  
Probably rooted a few.  
We pray for the Charis Corporation  
and we thank them  
for their generosity.  
Now please, a big welcome...  
(Applause)  
What do we know about him?  
He lives abroad.  
He's a poor boy made good,  
then a lot more gooder.  
Now, if you look out over the Yarra,  
over the railway lines  
and the shunting yards,  
and past the docks,  
you may see the street

where I grew up.  
It's not pretty, even now.  
When I lived there  
we had no sewerage,  
and power if we could afford it.  
But we had one thing.  
We had a dream, us Kwitnys.  
Father Gorman?  
Jack Irish.  
I wonder if I could bother you  
for a moment. Mr Irish!  
Now, there's a good Catholic name.  
Yeah, my old man thought so.  
Listen, I understand that a Ronald  
Bishop used to work for Good Hands.  
Bishop?  
Um...  
You'd think I'd remember  
a name like that, wouldn't you?  
Um...  
Oh, yeah. That was a...  
that was a very long time ago.  
Rodney wasn't really cut out  
for the work, I'm afraid.  
He was, uh...  
It's not a criticism,  
but not everyone  
has the gifts needed  
to work with our problem youths.  
But he's been in contact  
with you recently, hasn't he?  
Uh... yes. He, uh... he rang me.  
In fact, he dropped in here.  
He, um... seemed a little agitated,  
but I was rushing off to a meeting,  
so we barely chatted.  
Francis. Hey, still no sugar.  
I might have to send you  
back to waiter school.  
I'm sorry, Father. I will get some.  
Ronnie was working for you  
when he testified  
against a hit-and-run driver.  
The Jeppeson woman.

Yeah, that was a terrible tragedy.  
I knew her mother.  
She was a delightful person.  
Did he ever talk about that night?  
Is there, uh... some reason  
I should recall such a conversation?  
No. Not if you don't.  
A very sad business.  
Would you excuse me?  
Sure.  
They had a huge argument.  
What about?  
Father Gorman accused Ronnie  
of stealing something,  
and Ronnie was yelling back at him,  
'No way you're  
hanging me out to dry'.  
Are you sure this was Ronnie?  
Oh yeah, we know Ronnie.  
What'd he pinch?  
You're not really Irish,  
are you Jack?  
What was your grandfather's name?  
Issy Reich?  
I-reich. I-rish.  
You're just a Jewboy, aren't you?

**LINDA:**

serving French champagne  
and you bring me here,  
to a warp in the time continuum?  
Well, at least when  
they piss on your shoes here,  
it is prostate related.  
Hey.  
Ho-ohh.  
What a voice, eh?  
Velvet.  
Wilbur.  
Hi, Wilbur. Linda.  
Ah.  
Yeah, I remember  
when he started out.  
Charlie Harris on bass.



Of course, afterwards, it was  
the legendary Johnny Miller.  
I could put this on now...  
if you two wouldn't mind.  
Run amok.  
I was sure it was that CD  
they would have been after  
when they tore Ronnie's place apart.  
Was there anything on it?  
No, and I had  
the encryption people check it.

**NAT KING COLE:**

The very thought of you...  
You don't think this  
is for our benefit, do you?  
Not even Sinatra  
could make this place romantic.  
You're going to have to  
work a lot harder than this.  
(Both moan)  
(Sighs) Ohh!  
(Sighs) I knew this would happen,  
the moment I saw you  
in the news room.  
Yeah, I... I bet you thought,  
'Here comes six-foot-six  
of solid, erotic pleasure.'  
No, actually I was thinking,  
this is exactly the kind of  
ruffled, burnt-out sleazebag  
I always end up with.  
(Laughs)  
So...  
Did you live here with your wife?  
Yeah.  
Do all the girls ask that?  
Yeah, every single one of them.  
No, you're the first.  
Well, you're the only, actually.  
So you were a faithful husband?  
I had you picked as a wild boy.  
Domesticated as a neutered cat,  
I'm afraid.

I always thought Isabel  
was kind of out of my league.  
You know, like she  
was a mirage or something.  
Yeah, mine was more coma  
than mirage.  
I married a gastroenterologist.  
And our hobbies included waking  
to alarms and supermarket shopping  
and Sunday lunches with the in-laws.  
And how did that finish up?  
In the arms of a rock singer.  
Disgracefully.

(Both laugh)

(Phone rings)

I suppose you're too burnt out  
to go again?

Hey, listen, I'm the son  
of a famous Fitzroy hard man.  
You knock me down, I'll  
just get straight back up again.  
Ooh.

(Phone rings)

JACK, ON MACHINE: You've called  
Jack Irish. Leave a message.  
Got that number for you.  
Ronald Bishop's last phone call  
was made to a Doctor Paul Gilbert  
at some health spa in Daylesford.  
Oh, yeah, and Harry said  
not to wear out this service.  
G'day.

I'm looking for Long Gully Road.  
The Koolanja Healing Centre?  
You've come the long way, mate.  
Long Gully's down there  
at the T-junction.  
Turn left, go down  
about a kilometre or so,  
second on the right,  
first after that, yeah?  
But the place is closed, I think.  
I'll give it a try. Thanks.  
Hooroo.

(Classical piano plays)

Hello?

Hello!

(Fly buzzes)

(Music stops)

(Flies buzz)

Hello?

Ohhh!

Ah!

**NEWSREADER:**

the names of the murdered men.

Doctor Paul Gilbert,  
a deregistered general practitioner,  
and Ronald James Bishop,  
a former social worker.

An anonymous call to the RSPCA  
led police to the grisly discovery  
of the bodies  
that may have been there  
for over two weeks.

As yet, the motive for the murders  
is unclear.

Oh, good, you're alive.

I was worried sick.

I'm fine.

So, I'm thinking we can  
pretty much discount coincidence.

You've got Jeppeson, McKillop  
and now Bishop.

And according to the news,  
Ronald Bishop was killed  
before Danny McKillop.

Feels like there's  
a bit of spring cleaning going on.

Thanks.

My editor,  
he's an old drinking buddy  
of the former Planning Minister,  
Kevin Pixley.

He hates journos.

He reckons we ruined his career.

But he's a Fitzroy tragic.

He might just talk to you.

Yeah, I should talk talk to him.  
I reckon a journo  
will send everyone to ground.  
OK, but don't think  
you can cut me out, Jack.  
I feel a Walkley Award coming on.  
Really?  
So you were worried sick, were you?  
No, I think I had  
an off oyster at lunch.  
He's in the kitchen.

**MAN:**

You know, he was  
one of the hardest bastards  
ever to pull on a Fitzroy guernsey.  
We'll be lunching soon, Kevin.  
Goodbye, Mr Irish.  
Very economically done.  
I got my instructions,  
you got your marching orders,  
so we'd better be quick.  
There's a beer.  
They tell me I shouldn't drink,  
but stuff 'em. What do they know?  
This is about Yarra Cove, eh?  
Yeah.  
Who was that society bird, Jeppes...  
Ann.  
Jeppeson. Ann.  
Yeah, saucy little girl, right?  
She nearly put a stop  
to the whole thing.  
Now, this is off the record,  
is it, Jack?  
I'd be more inclined to shaft  
the shaftworthy if it was.  
Be like me doing a public service.  
Totally off the record.  
It was your idea to sell the  
Hoagland Commission flats, wasn't it?  
Well, you know,  
the place was a cesspit.  
It was Pittman's lead at the start,

But the Premier and I  
were happy to be involved.  
Just export all the rapes  
and bashings to Melton.  
There was plenty of opposition,  
wasn't there, at the time?  
There wasn't a whisper  
till that woman got involved.  
Suddenly, you had  
rent-a-leftie protesters  
popping up like  
pricks at a pyjama party.  
I had Premier Weak-as-Piss  
ready to drop the whole development.  
Thought it was going  
to cost him the election.  
Well, why was Pitman involved?  
I thought he was  
the Police Minister at the time.  
Where've you been, Jack?  
Planning's where the big graft is.  
That's where the big boys play.  
Pitman would have put on lipstick  
and a party frock  
and sucked off the entire caucus  
to get his hands on Planning.  
Can you tell me about  
the tender process?  
I'll tell you anything.  
There wasn't any.  
As Planning Minister,  
I called for one.  
Correct procedure.  
So...?  
There was a palace coup.  
I was made Minister of the Arts,  
Geriatrics  
and other National Disasters,  
and Lance Pitman, Mr Lucky,  
got my job.  
Now, you can say  
whatever you like about me, Jack.  
And when I was Planning Minister  
I was responsible for some

fuckin' horrible cock-ups.  
I mean, there's some I still  
can't bear to drive by today.  
But I did get into parliament  
to help people.  
So Pitman sold it  
straight to Charis?  
For about half of what it was worth.  
Lunch now, Kevin.  
(Grunts)  
And the death of Anne Jeppeson?  
Oh, well, bugged if I know.  
I mean, she was being tailed 24-7.  
Listen, you got a light?  
No.  
Shit, I could have stayed indoors.  
What was she being tailed for?  
Oh, she had some activist boyfriend  
the government didn't like.  
Was it ASIO?  
No, not ASIO, local boys.  
Special Branch.  
See, they were monitoring  
her every bowel movement.  
I don't know how she could  
have got herself knocked off  
without anybody noticing.  
You haven't got any names, have you?  
Oh, yeah, Special Branch.  
They love giving out  
that sort of info.  
But I had this all out  
with the new Police Minister,  
Garth Bruce, yonks ago.  
And?  
And...  
..next time bring a match.  
It's time for my lettuce and a nap.  
Yep. Leaving now.

**DREW:**

watch out for these people.  
Kwitny doesn't come  
from the Melbourne Club.

This mob thinks bribery's  
a legitimate tax deduction.  
Hey, did I tell you,  
I tipped eight out of eight  
three weeks in a row,  
in me granddaughter's tipping pool.  
You did, Wilbur, but I'm happy  
to hear it over and over again.  
Why are they wearing the colours  
of a team that was extinct  
over a decade ago?  
They do know it's a Saints-Hawks  
game we're going to?  
Look around you.  
They may now barrack for the Saints,  
but all they see is Fitzroy.

Jack.

Detective Tony Baker.

Nice to see people still  
do work among the elderly.  
Yeah, it's the Fitzroy Youth Club.  
No risk of anyone wanting to join?  
Like you to come  
for a little drive, Jack.  
Have you got some identification?

Oodles.

But if it's not convenient  
for you right at the moment,  
I do have instructions  
to arrest you.

Really?

Yeah.

On what charges?

Many options available to us.  
Conspiring to  
pervert the course of justice,  
conspiracy to conceal  
the odd murder or two.

Yeah, well, it does appear  
that a gap's just opened up  
in my social calendar.

Then, I'll come with you.

No, it's OK, mate.

I'll see you there.

See you at half-time, fellas.  
Yeah, righto.  
I didn't know  
Jack had a mate from the Gold Coast.  
So, cop shops  
have gone up a notch or two.  
Police Minister's expecting you.  
The Minister?  
I'm meeting Garth Bruce?  
You've managed to piss off  
people in very high places, Jack.  
After you.  
Come in, Jack.  
Thought it was about time  
we had a quiet drink together.  
Take a seat.  
Hey, what'll you have?  
Uh... whisky and water, thanks.  
Jesus, what a day.  
Politics, eh?  
Win one, lose ten.  
(Sighs)  
I'm told you've been  
sniffing around,  
asking a lot of questions  
about old business.  
Really?  
I was a cop for nearly twenty years.  
I know the story,  
and I know the system.  
I know what goes on.  
That's why the Premier  
gave me the job.  
Yeah.  
What's your particular interest,  
mate?  
Well, I got a phone call  
from an ex-client, Danny McKillop,  
the night he was killed.  
When your bloke was shot behind  
the Trafalgar, I called in the file.  
I've had it with  
this Dirty Harry shit.  
Twenty years on the beat,



I fired all of three shots,  
and all in response  
to pricks firing at me.  
Now, your name  
is all over this, Jack.  
What's worrying is that you were  
seen in the bush, in Daylesford,  
and it looks like you wiped clean  
a whole lot of Danny's prints  
from the scene.  
You know how serious this is?  
Danny's prints?  
Who the hell  
do you think killed them?  
Wake up.  
Here's the ballistics.  
The gun Danny had on him  
the night of the Trafalgar  
was the same as the one that knocked  
Ronnie Bishop and his doctor mate.  
No question. You were next.  
Revenge.  
McKillop reckoned you fitted him up.  
You, Scullin and Ronnie bishop.  
If you had managed to  
meet up with him that night,  
you'd be looking at the lid now.  
I spoke to Kevin Pixley.  
Oh, yeah?  
What number gin and tonic was he on?  
He pretty much shafted Pitman.  
You know who the biggest crook  
ever to hold ministerial office  
in this State is?  
Oh, it'd be a pretty open field,  
wouldn't it?  
One clear winner,  
the Honourable K Pixley.  
You like his little lean-to  
in Brighton?  
Think that came from family money?  
I need a favour from ya.  
An election coming up.  
Premier doesn't want a media circus

over Yarra Cove.  
It's pre-history.  
Now, you've made  
a right tool of yourself so far,  
and it's only thanks to me  
you're not sitting in remand.  
But keep your nose out of it,  
no articles on the subject  
in the dailies from your girlfriend,  
and in return,  
maybe I'll get the files cleaned up.  
No charges. No trace of you.  
Come on, eh?  
My private line, if you need me.  
Tony'll drive you back.  
You're right to walk from here,  
Jack?  
You're joking, aren't ya?  
Outski.  
You've got a bad history  
of losing your women, don't ya?  
Be a shame to repeat it.  
(Gunshot echoed)

**OMINOUS MUSIC:**

(Echoed, muffled) Isabel!  
Isabel!  
Just give me ten minutes.  
Meet you in the car park.  
Isabel!  
(Gunshot echoes)  
I thought you could use  
some MSG and trans fats.  
Great.  
Remember all those companies  
that sold their land to Charis?  
Um, the supremely virginal oil,  
the pepper grinder,  
but not the toothpicks?  
Yeah, not the toothpicks.  
Names like  
Edelweiss Nominees Number 12,  
and Collarstud Holdings  
and Rabbitrun...

You can put your hands around me  
if you like.

..all registered in the Caymans  
and Vanuatu.

So, for your average reporter,  
a dead end.

I'll get some plates, eh?

No, no. I want you to listen.

This food'll kill you anyway.

It's only a dead end

if the companies

don't own real estate here,

and, you see,

all these companies did.

They bought existing buildings,

so they had to pay water rates,

electricity bills,

like real people do.

So, a brilliant journalist

traced them.

And guess where all the bills

got sent?

Well, to a management company.

And guess who the signatory was

for that management company?

Um...

Joseph Kwitny, I hear you suggest?

No, that'd be completely improper.

His wife.

Give the man a fish ball.

Charis was there from the start.

They knew bloody well the  
development was going to proceed.

Pitman was their inside man.

I am going to print with this.

Hey, listen, um...

I met with Garth Bruce today.

He, uh...

he has ballistic evidence  
proving that Danny McKillop

killed all three,

and I, apparently,

was next on the list.

Hang on.

I haven't got over the  
'I met with Garth Bruce' bit yet.  
Why?  
I know, I know.  
He basically made it clear to me  
that it's a conspiracy theory.  
I mean, he's right.  
You can't connect Pitman and Kwitny  
to the murders  
without a tangible, beneficial link,  
and we don't have one.  
Normally, lawyer talk turns me on,  
yet I'm not so sure this time.  
I told him we'd drop it.  
Why the hell would you do that?  
They know I was in Daylesford.  
They've got my fingerprints.  
Then you ask yourself  
why they didn't charge you?  
Five minutes  
with the Police Minister,  
you come out in reverse?  
This is a huge story.  
I'm running with it.  
I told them you wouldn't.  
Yeah, well,  
I'm not yours to shut up,  
and I don't know  
what made you think I was.  
Oh, come on.  
Screw you, Jack.  
Actually, no, that's the  
last thing that'll ever happen.  
Oh, Linda... Linda!  
God, Linda, just once  
fall for a proper bloke, eh?  
(Laughs) Fucking hell.  
I didn't wake you, did I?  
No.  
Some idiot turned the saw on  
at at five o'clock in the morning!  
He woke me.  
Oh, well,  
I'm glad it wasn't me, then.

This table needs something special,  
to hide the disaster  
you make of joins.  
Come here.  
Cuban mahogany.  
One hundred years old.  
So beautiful...  
..maybe they won't notice  
the mess you've made.  
Yeah, I don't know  
that I'm ready for this, Charlie.  
Till you make  
something nice out of it,  
it's only a piece of wood.  
Mr Pitman, Linda Hillier.  
I was wondering if I could  
ask you a couple of questions.  
Love, I'm only here  
for a wretched breakfast meeting  
with a bunch of religious nutters.  
I'm running a story  
on the Yarra Cove development  
and specifically your links  
to the Charis Corporation.  
Would you care to comment?  
I'll happily answer  
all your questions, love.  
Best make an appointment  
with my secretary.  
Hillier, was it?  
I'll tell her you'll call.  
Yeah, the problem  
seems to be ongoing.  
There he is, lads.  
Dakota Dreaming.  
Part of the superannuation plan.  
Walks like a stayer.  
You can tell.  
Next Saturday, Caulfield, race four.  
What's her experience?  
Well, rounding up cattle  
in the country, mainly.  
Couple of city wins.  
Cam's happy.

He wanted a girl from the start.  
Women keep their mouth shut.  
Well, they don't get on the phone,  
go to the pub  
and do all their mates favours.  
She loves this horse.  
Don't want some  
cocky bastard on him,  
hard hands, know it all,  
thinks he can thrash him home.  
You'll understand if I say  
you're not to make any outside calls  
until after Saturday's race, love.  
Is this big?  
Well, big enough.  
This horse is going to win because  
it's the best horse in the race.  
There's nothing else going on here.  
Microfiche.  
How old is this?  
Yep, just keep going. Faster.  
What's that? OK, can...  
Wait, go back a bit.  
No! No!  
No!  
No!  
Stop.  
No, back.  
There. That.  
Got him.  
Well, that was nice.  
Girl can ride.  
230 on this sheep paddock?  
For a stayer, she's smoking.  
So you in? It's 25 big ones.  
Jesus! By next Saturday?  
Well, can you do it?  
Well, I might have to sell a kidney.  
You having fun there, Schumacher?  
Two pricks on a bike have been  
with us since we left the track.  
I just wanted to see what they'd do.  
Uh... what's going on?  
I don't know.

Could be just two guys  
out for a joyride.  
Could be someone who  
thinks we've got cash on board.  
(Knocks)  
(Car engine starts)  
Harry, you want to reach  
under the seat for me, please?  
There's a little case there.  
Want to open it for me please, Jack?  
686 Smith & Wesson.  
When was the last time  
you shot anything, Jack?  
Oh... some rabbits about  
20 years ago in the Mallee.  
I missed most of them, though.  
(Tyres screech)  
The bloke in the back's  
got a little bag or something.  
Well, that'll be his play lunch.  
Hold on.  
I'm going to take the scenic route.  
Can't outrun 'em.  
I think we'll have  
to show the boys the iron.  
Out we go!  
I'll stay where I am, Cam!  
Stay down!  
Give me the gun!  
Get down!  
(Rapid gunfire)  
You bastards!  
Party over?  
Yeah, looks that way, boss.  
That ain't the way you go about  
taking money off people.  
Uh...  
I don't think this  
is about the horses, fellas.  
Might have something to do  
with a little job I've taken on.  
Well, don't take on any big jobs.  
Yeah.  
Want me to wait?

No, it's OK. Cheers.  
You alright?  
Have you seen anyone go in or out?  
No.  
Alright, come on. I'm gonna  
grab some stuff then we'll go.  
Look out!  
No, no, Jack, you can't.  
Jack, leave it!  
Come on, please!  
Leave it! It's gone!  
Hop in the car, Jack!  
Get in the car!  
No!  
Come on, Jack!  
Hop in!  
Should be comfortable here.  
It belongs to my current.  
She's in Italy somewhere,  
swanning with her mother.  
Wish I was in Italy with her Mum.  
I need to swap the Jag over  
for the ute.  
You need me, I'm on my phone.  
But don't use your mobile.  
Help yourself to the fridge.  
I'm in the apartment opposite.  
I can see everything from there.  
That's how I met my girlfriend.  
(Laughs)  
I'm indebted, Cam.  
Next Saturday, at Caulfield,  
we pay off our debts.  
See ya, Jack.  
Cheers, mate.  
See ya, Linda.  
Thanks, Cam.  
Found something  
of historical interest.  
Well, Bishop's mum  
did say he was into filmmaking.  
Down the bottom,  
name of the cop who said it was  
all a case of mistaken identity.



Ah... (Mutters)  
..Detective Sergeant Scullin.  
One paragraph on,  
the other arresting officer.  
Senior Sergeant Garth Bruce.  
Ronald Bishop had to be  
blackmailing them, didn't he?  
So, we need to find whatever it was  
he had over them before they do.  
Which will probably keep us alive  
for another week.  
You realise we are going to end up  
in a caravan park in Deniliquin  
on witness protection, don't ya?  
What is it about the imminent death  
that makes you horny?  
I'm just turned on  
by the thought of Deniliquin.  
Ahh!  
Oh, God.  
Oh, God.  
(Breathes heavily)  
Ah, McKillop's wife.  
What?  
Well, you told me that she said  
that this all started when McKillop  
received a call  
from a mystery woman, right?  
Is this your idea of pillow talk?  
A call from  
a recently widowed woman.  
She rang and said that  
she had something that  
proved Danny's innocence.  
It has to be the wife  
of someone on the inside.  
Well, who knows?  
It could be someone from Charis,  
or Good Hands, or a cop.  
Death notices.  
The obituaries from that time.  
Somewhere there has to be  
a name that jumps out.  
Right. Yeah.

Hang on a sec.

Didn't your mother tell you it's  
rude not to finish what you start?

Can you not mention my mother?

Uh, this is Doctor Charles Taub here,  
from Monash University  
Medical School.

Um... Denise, we're doing a study  
on police mortality.

Hopefully, our research will mean  
higher stress loadings  
on police salaries.

Yeah, I'm just wanting  
to double-check our data  
on any police deaths  
in the last three months.

Sure.

I find appealing to their pockets  
usually gets more answers.

Two in January?

Motor transport.

Yeah, yeah, I've got those.

None in Feb.

Yes, thank God.

PK Vane?

Yeah, I did hear about that.

Uh... no, thanks, Denise.

That's all we need.

Thank you. Bye.

PK Vane, shot dead in  
the driveway of his Seaford home.

What department?

Special Branch.

Well, that's gotta be him,  
doesn't it?

I mean, that's got to be his wife  
who called Danny.

Can you get an address?

Sure.

Cam.

(On phone, quiet) Hey,  
listen brother. It's time to go.

There's some blokes  
coming up your way.

Don't use the back. Use the roof.  
We've gotta get out of here.  
(Banging at door)  
Oh, shit!  
(Banging)  
Jack Irish? Police!  
We know you're home.  
(Bangs on door)  
Open the door, Jack!  
Roof!  
Come, come, come!  
Find another way out!  
(Glass smashes)  
Give me that fucking chair!  
Alright!  
God.  
Mrs Vane?  
You sure this is the right house?

**WOMAN:**

Oh, Mrs Vane, I'm sorry.  
We're just wondering  
if you can help us.  
I take it you're not  
Jehovah's Witness.  
Didn't I see you  
at Danny McKillop's funeral?  
Paul had the Jeppeson girl  
under surveillance  
the day she was run over.  
He said he'd seen her...  
get murdered.  
That they'd framed someone  
and that he had something  
that would prove it.  
Did he say what?  
No.  
He didn't want me to know.  
Well, why didn't he  
come forward himself?  
He was too scared.  
He started hiding guns  
all around the place.  
Started checking for phone taps.

He took an early retirement  
and sat on the couch for years  
just watching nature docos.  
I mean, it wasn't exactly the kind  
of retirement that I had planned.  
And then one day, he just...  
..he just snapped.  
He got up, he rang Dan McKillop  
and he told him,  
'We can make these bastards pay.'  
Pay?  
I think the word is blackmail.  
Oh, and they paid him out.  
They shot him in the driveway  
in front of his dog.  
Jesus.  
All the cops pulled the place apart  
trying to find whatever it was.  
Pretended they  
were looking for clues.  
I told them I didn't know.  
If you didn't know  
what he had over them,  
then why did  
you call Danny McKillop?  
I may not know what it is,  
but I have a fair idea where it is.  
You've got a long drive  
ahead of you.  
Here it is.  
I bet it's in there.  
How do you know?  
Oh, debt collector's instinct.  
There's a crowbar in the ute.  
Yeah, I know. I was lying on it.  
Move along, Kamahl.  
Jack Irish.  
You know, you really are  
one giant pain in the arse.  
Oh, well, I'm sorry  
to be such an inconvenience.  
Where is it?  
I don't know.  
We're just here on holidays.

You know, maybe if you tell us  
what it is you're looking for.  
Who do you think I am, Miss Marple?  
(Thud!)

Let's be clear at the outset.  
What's gonna happen is  
I'm gonna kill the blackfella.  
Oh, like the good old days.  
Then I'll move onto the woman.  
They're not involved, OK?  
Well, they are now.  
You see, you're all  
going to die here, Jack.  
It's really  
just a question of speed.  
Get us what we're looking for  
and it can be over in a heartbeat.  
Painless, like putting down a dog.  
Dick us around,  
I mean, there's no-one for miles.  
Death could come very slowly.  
They know the story I'm working on.  
They know your names.  
Tell me, do people  
still read newspapers?  
It's in the fireplace.  
Show us.  
Yeah, OK.  
(Cam grunts)

OK, now get up there.  
This coat cost me four grand.  
Yeah, right.  
Don't get stuck up there, Jack.  
You'll make an easy target for Tony.  
Ow.  
Come on, get a move on!  
(Linda screams)

Taking too long!  
No! It's here.

**LINDA:**

She's a real fighter, Jack.  
Arggh!  
Get on with it!

Thank you very much.  
I will take that.  
(Screams)  
You can stop now.  
I think they understand.  
Yeah.

**CAM:**

I've taken worse beatings.  
(Laughs)  
Ohh.  
I'm thinking maybe I should  
just return to conveyancing.  
Oh, that's Anne Jeppeson.  
Officers Garth Bruce  
and Martin Scullin.  
I need you to be with me tonight.  
Well that's a relief, 'cause  
I haven't got anywhere to live.  
(Chatter on TV)

**LINDA:**

to the Prince of Prussia Hotel.  
I need to come in  
the back of the building.  
Make sure there's  
plenty of security staff.  
Yes, Gavin, it is life and death.  
I'm not drinking till I file this.  
Oh, well I'll have yours, then.  
You realise this  
doesn't really link Kwitny.  
He could still  
bullshit his way out of it.  
Yeah, we'll get him eventually.  
Great win last Saturday, Jack.  
Yes, a truly, truly great win.  
Ball out of defence  
still a weakness.  
Shame about your place.  
Yes, isn't it just.  
Don't they want you now  
for murder or something?  
It's a misunderstanding.

Some great songs.  
But I could have bet  
the whole bar here  
that Nelson Riddle done  
the arrangements on this record.  
Well, that's lovely for Riddle.  
Look, Wilbur,  
it's been a long couple of days.  
Oh, it was Riddle.  
Money on the table.  
I've never heard  
of the bloody Kwitny Orchestra.  
Pitman on counter sax.  
Shit, how did I miss this?  
There.  
The Post Office Box  
is the recording studio.  
Abbotsford.  
Well, that's plain wrong.  
Nat recorded that in Chicago.  
My guess is he never came  
anywhere near Abbotsford.  
We would have heard about it.  
No, he was never there,  
to my knowledge.  
How does it feel to bring down  
an entire government, Wilbur,  
without getting off your bar stool?

**NEWSREADER:**

story still unfolding,  
we can confirm that both the  
Minister for Police, Garth Bruce,  
and the Minister for Planning,  
Lance Pitman, are now in custody.  
And following the revelation  
of secret documents  
from an inside source,  
Special Branch Detectives  
have also raided  
the offices of Charis Corporation,  
making several arrests,  
including that of millionaire  
developer Joseph Kwitny,

and Father Alex Gorman  
of the Good Hands Foundation,  
on multiple charges  
of graft and corruption.  
In what is certainly proving  
to be the biggest scandal  
to hit the city in decades,  
we spoke exclusively  
to the woman who helped  
break the story, Linda Hillier.  
Dakota Dreaming's  
at twelve-to-one now.  
Reckon we can push it to twenty  
before they smell a rat.  
Oh, Harry, I just came by  
to tell you that my house blew up,  
so I couldn't raise the 25.  
Your place was insured, wasn't it?  
You'll be good for it.  
Cam knows how to find you.  
Could really go down big time here,  
couldn't we?  
You know what Oscar Wilde said?  
Only one thing makes more  
of a fool of a man than a woman,  
and that's a horse.  
And this one's  
got a woman riding it.  
(Laughs)  
Pulling off a coup's  
always a bit of a miracle.  
I've had a coup horse  
run stone motherless last.  
Goodbye seventy grand.  
And today, there's thirteen other  
cattle out there trying to sink us.  
But some bunny's gotta win, eh?  
Why not us, Jack?

**RACE CALLER:**

for the running of race number four  
on the program at Caulfield.  
Group one feature, moving in.  
Just about set.



Ready to run.

Dakota Dreaming sprung the gates.

**NAT KING COLE:**

The mere idea of you...

**VOICEOVER:**

a look at next week's Jack Irish.

Then stay with us

for an encore of the

critically acclaimed drama The Slap.

I might have

something for you, mate.

**MAN:**

business run by ex-CIA.

And we were

the Australian arm of it.

Drugs, is it?

If these boys want

snow in Darwin, Jack, it falls.

(Car approaches)

(Gunfire)

Police! Drop your weapon!

Unless we find Gary, we're dead men.