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Jack Irish: Dead Point

By Matt Cameron

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How long

is this going to take?

Bugged if I know.

A couple of hours?

How many are they checking?

12?!

I only know what the paperwork says.

I don't actually pack them, you know.

And you drag me out of bed for this
shit. It's the middle of the night.

That's a federal warrant,

Mr Cundall,

and we'll drag you out here
any time we like.

I know what it is.

Mate, that's yours.

You know what? I just hope you're
checking next door's yard as well.

I'll mail it to you.

Yeah, you do that.

Look, it's on the bloody bottom.

We'll be here all night.

Have you organised something?

Surprise.

Huh. What'd I tell you?

Smack.

One-and-a-half kilos at a guess.

Where's the rest of it?

Keep looking.

Hey, what's that? Get him!

Roger, VKC,

we have a visual on a red Porsche
travelling North towards the bridge.

He looks like he's making
for the freeway on-ramp.

He's heading under the bridge.

We've lost visual.

I'm taking another pass.

He's gone.

Affirmative. The target has gone.

Sienna?

What have you done?

Put these on.

Are you gonna talk to me?
You can't be here.
They'll be coming for me.
What have you done, Robbie?
You have to go.
Give me that!
Talk to me!
You have to go, Sienna,
it's not safe.
You have to get the hell out.
Robbie...

NICK CAVE:

Take a little walk
to the edge of town
And go across the track
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.
Good morning, Melbourne.
3KB Talk Radio.
Linda Hillier with you.
Big night on the waterfront,
and joining us now
to dissect it,
having just flown in this morning,
and I mean that literally,
she flies her own plane.
Indeed I do.
The Independent Member for
Gippsland East, anti-drug crusader,
Susan Ayliss.
Welcome to the program.

Good morning, Linda.

Good morning.

We're hearing reports of shots fired last night at Swanson dock.

High-speed chase, stolen Porsche.

Seems Justice Loder's report on waterfront corruption can't come out soon enough.

The facts are still emerging here, so we'll continue to monitor and assess them.

But right now I think we all need to take a deep breath rather...

You fought tooth and nail for three years for this Judicial Inquiry.

In fact, you're on record on this very show

accusing Cundall Stevedoring of collusion with organised crime.

Linda, far be it for me, or anyone, to pre-empt the findings of the Loder Report.

Customs, the Maritime Union and our stevedores

do a commendable job in challenging circumstances...

We'll take a short break. My guest is Susan Ayliss, this is 3KB.

What the hell was that?

Free ad for the MUA?

You just lost your guest.

I don't appreciate being cut off.

Then spare me the back-pedal, Susan.

You have no idea what I'm up against.

Here. Found his ID.

Wrong end, brain cell.

Looks like OD.

Jeez, you're good. Hard to believe you're still a sergeant.

Robert Colburne, another happy customer.

Was he a person of interest to the Drug Squad, Ollie?

Yeah, yeah, that's him, the prick.

One of our informants.
I'll tell you what, Baz, we'll take
over from here if you don't mind.
Go nuts.
Oi, get over here.
Get on the business end here.
Barry?
You still looking for your bloke
Robbie Colburne?
Oh, yeah, flat chat. I can confirm
he's not buying a latte at Enzo's.
Probably because he just carked it
chasing the dragon over at Burnley.
You owe me drinks.
Plural.
And you know
that 'bookkeeper'
is the only word
in the English language
with three sets of double letters
all next to each other? Amazing.
- Fellas.
- Jack.
That hot tip you gave us last
Saturday, still running, is she?
Stone motherless.
Bloody pet food.
Speaking of that, how's the new
breakfast menu working out?
Wide berth, Jack. Wide berth.
Hey, Jack, no, you can't bring that
in here.
We do our own now.
I did a barista course. Online.
Invested in this little baby.
I hope you kept the receipt.
Stan, I'm more than happy to pay you
for an empty mug, mate.
And four of your amber
breakfast brew.
Make that five actually.
This bloke of yours, pretty much
just a garden variety OD.
Pretty strange place to OD though,

in your own garage.
The Porsche he stole
had seat warmers.
That the Porsche from the docks?
Mm.
Mate of mine on the Drug Squad said
he was a snitch. He's all over it.
Olsen. Good operator. Old culture.
How was that, Barry?
It was genuinely shithouse, Stan.
Ellie?
Jack.
Hi.
Oh, it's so good to see you.
You too.
I was just dropping this off.
Oh, what's the occasion? You're not
finally divorcing Jamie, are you?
A christening. We had a baby.
A girl.
Oh, congratulations.
That's fantastic.
Thank you.
Wow.
Jack, we've named her Isabel.
I'm hoping that's OK.
She would have loved that.
Did you want to meet her?
She's in the car with Mum.
Sure.
Mum?
Hi, Pat.
Oh, Jack.
It's been too long.
It has.
Congratulations.
Beautiful, isn't she?
Yeah.
So, will we see you there?
Try and stop me.
Isabel!
Trouble is, you have
a romanticised view, Jack.
You and Isabel never got past

the honeymoon phase.
You never made it to
the domestic dead zone.
Being told how to stack
the dishwasher,
fishing clumps of her hair
out of the shower drain,
varicose veins, toenail clippings.
I mean, you don't know
how lucky you are.
Have you ever considered a career
in grief counselling?
You know what I mean.
Is that your school tie?
Old Boys luncheon.
Indestructible, these Grammar ties.
It's probably why they're so good
for suicides.
A lot of the Grammar boys
also use them for scarfing.
Isn't... scarfing when you
choke yourself during...?
Good to see those school fees
not going to waste.
Taxi!
Anyway, I'm not gonna need that
anymore.
So, you finally found
Robbie Colburne,
dead.
Sterling work.
Who do I bill?
Bill? For what? Having a quiet one
with Barry Tregear?
Contacts, mate.
That's how the work gets done.
Ah, point of order.
Work's not done.
Client wants to meet you.
Client who never wanted to meet
now wants to meet.
Mm.
Well, who's the client?
Colin?

Jack.

Been a long time.

You're still looking eminent.

Well, this was my father's ritual,
when he was still sitting.

Hmm.

The might of the law must stand
before the majesty of the church.

He was right, of course.

Hey, Ellie dropped by.

I believe congratulations
are in order, Grandpa.

It's wonderful.

It was a long time coming.

'Course, Pat and I always thought
you and Issie would be the first.

Come to the christening, Jack.

You know you can bring someone.

Bring someone.

Alright.

Haven't got long now. Only a few days
before I hand down this report.

Well, this Robbie Colburne

you were looking for,

you know he was a drug addict?

Colburne had information

which could have...

..critical effect on the Inquiry.

Information that

died with him, or...?

There's a leather-bound book.

It's red.

His memoirs, I take it?

Something like that.

Then why not consult the police?

My understanding is they come rather
quickly when people like you call.

At this stage, Jack, I don't
necessarily trust the police.

Some of their names could be
in that book.

Mm.

I have to go. I have to be in court.

Don't forget this is a matter

of the utmost discretion.

Of course.

Listen, Colin, why didn't you come directly to me in the first place?

Because every time I see you, I feel sad.

Laurie Olsen?

Oh, Jack, come in. Afraid I can only give you a bee's dick.

Just working my way through the Amazon Forest here.

Oh, that's a nice-looking cat.

Yeah, Migsie.

No longer with us.

Yeah, Barry was telling me you're interested in one of our snitches.

Yeah.

Yeah, Robbie Colburne.

He got form, has he?

Track marks?

Like Flinders Street Station, mate.

Full-time pin cushion.

Reckon I can have a squiz at one of those crime scene photos?

Come on, mate.

I'm already in the doghouse around here.

Tell you what, Jack, if arseholes could fly, this would be an airport.

Right.

Right. I'll get out of your hair.

Thanks.

Oh, listen, sorry.

Sorry, one more thing.

You wouldn't have an address on Robbie, would you?

Ah!

Excuse me?

I just want to talk to you!

Oh!

RADIO:

the ring-road...

Yeah, I know how you feel.
No, it's my ribs.
A man's got to know
his limitations, Jack.
Fighting fence posts
rarely ends well.
Yeah.
Hey, why are we bringing
the Commissioner in on this one?
Well, I've got a little nag
ready to show unexpected form
in a feature race.
Wouldn't want anyone getting wind.
Commissioner marshals
a crack team...
Sorry, this won't take long.
You're with Linda Hillier on 3KB.
Time now to hear from our listeners.
The number to call is 1300-33-33-33.
Our topic today,
illegal drug importation.
How can we raise...
Oh, Len from Pascoe Vale.
And first up we have Len
from Pascoe Vale.
- Am I on, Linda?
- Yes, Len. Go ahead.
Ah, long-time listener,
first time caller.
Big fan of the show.
Appreciate that.
Now, aphids and lace bugs,
they're common plant pests,
but with the right insecticide,
you can...
Len, if I can just stop you there.
The topic is actually
illicit street drugs.
Oh, drugs, not bugs.
And this not the gardening show?
No, sorry.
Oh, OK.
Let's take another caller.
So, we've successfully moved on

from that relationship, have we?
This is the Commissioner's house?
Is someone gonna get that phone?
Can you two stop fighting?
Turn it off, please.
Ollie, just give it to her.
No!
Ollie!
Give it, Marie!
Give it to me!
Baxter, get out of it!
Go get your bag. Turn the Xbox off!
There she is. Lady Luck herself.
Harry, come on in. Come and meet
the case for contraception.
Cam.
Hey, Cyn.
Jack.
Commissioner.
Baxter, out of the way.
Hello, Mr Strang.
Morning, Marie.
Alright, there's your ride, you lot.
Try and learn something today, OK?
Got everything?
Yep.
Alright.
Have a good day at school, you mob.
See ya!
Later.
See ya.
Cup of tea?
So, Cynth, all set for the Valley?
Right as rain, Harry.
My crew'll bet the market up.
Push Mr Renoir out.
Hit the ring,
mop him up in the high 20s.
Sorry.
Irish.
That was you before,
wasn't it?
Len from Pascoe Vale?
Dixicano, now he's the short priced

favourite. And there's...
Shouldn't you be on air?
I'm in an ad break.
I'm in a life break.
We'll play him like a banjo.
The bookies'll be sucking their
thumb in the foetal position.
So, is this your way
of asking me out to dinner?
Listen, if you want to go out
for dinner, just say so.
I could book Donelli's.
Doesn't anything change?
Not if I can help it, no.
I got a better idea.
I'm back on air.
I'll call you later.
If our hoop stays wide,
avoids the traffic.
Mr Renoir's a duck. He'll swim home.
Nice to have your full attention.
Now, best you boys avoid the track.
Keep it arm's length.
And I'll meet you here
for a Spumante.
Still, shame they don't have races
with just one horse in them.
Just to be sure.

JAZZY TUNE:

You look rather good.
I'll pass for radio.
It's good to have you back.
Yes, I may never
leave Melbourne again.
Really?
Well, maybe not never.
You know, they say they've got never
down to about six months now.
So I, ah... saw you in the paper
with that shock jock
who does drive.
My star-fucking days are over.
I'm going for the lesser lights

of the galaxy.
Butchers, newsagents,
suburban lawyers.
Well, I can probably help you there.
Oh, yeah?
Yes. I know an excellent butcher.
I'm thinking we take this slowly.
Yes. Absolutely.
Have you...
have you heard of The Snug?
I'm game if you are.
I think it's a business in the city.
Mm.
Yeah, it's a private club.
Yeah, invitation only.
It's a veritable who's who.
Governors General, Chief Justices,
even a PM or two, I've heard.
Why? You moving up in the world?
I guess there's a dress code.
What?
Name?
I'm not a member.
I'm here about Robbie Colburne.
Police? You've already been here.
No, no, no. I'm a lawyer.
My name's Jack Irish.
I represent Robbie's family.
(His name is Jack...)
Welcome to The Snug, Mr Irish.
I'm Ros Hoskin-Elliott.
Jack.
Strong hand, Jack.
You don't always work behind a desk.
No, not always.
This is my assistant, Xavier.
We call him X.
The unknown.
He's bi-curious if you're wondering.
Oh, well, I'll keep that in mind.
Sienna tells me that you're acting
for Robbie's family.
Yeah, there's an estate involved.
We get a lot of lawyers in here.

QCs, judges.

Hmm.

Ah, what... what sort of club
is this, exactly?

We provide an oasis
of privacy and discretion.

It's somewhere where members
can be themselves.

To Robbie,
tenderest of bartenders.

The needle was a surprise.

A little bit of nasal recreation,
I could understand.

You think you know someone.

Was he close to anyone here?

Robbie was always something
of a dark horse.

And did he leave
any personal effects behind?

You know, maybe in a locker?

I'm sorry I can't be of more
assistance, Jack.

But I will leave your name
on the door.

Hopefully we'll be seeing
more of you.

Actually, I was thinking about
applying for a job.

Do you always pay your bartenders
this well?

Only the best for my members, Jack.

Sienna will see you out.

You're not the family lawyer.

Robbie didn't have any family.

What do you lot want from him now?

He's dead.

Ah, Sienna, is there somewhere
we can talk privately?

Not here.

Well, I'm a member of a club myself,
actually.

It's pretty exclusive. It's the
Prince of Prussia, over in Fitzroy.

I could definitely leave your name

on the door.
And here's my...
Race No.3 on the card
from Moonee Valley,
1,100 metres the trip.
Caveat Lector is the firm favourite,
with good money for Hairy Canary
and Run Romeo Run.
Racing now. Dixicano has
got the best of the start.
Thistlewaite and Pooka's Girl
missed the kick by
a length-and-a-half.
As they race past the 600m mark,
the favourite,
Caveat Lector leads clearly.
He's a length-and-a-half in front.
Boozy Lunch is chasing from Dixicano
and a margin away,
back in the field to Hairy Canary
and Run Romeo Run best of the rest.
But Dixicano going after Caveat
Lector in a tooth and nail struggle.
They're two lengths in front
and Mr Renoir's starting to run on,
and then came Boozy Lunch.
It's Mr Renoir out wide,
the surprise packet.
He's moved up to Caveat Lector.
Mr Renoir's taken the lead.
Dixicano's riding on
but it's going to be
the interstate rider, Mr Renoir.
And Mr Renoir scores a dashing win.
Real upset here.
Mr Renoir, the favourite...
In a real surprise,
Mr Renoir has come storming down
the outside,
just passed Caveat Lector.
Looked like he was going to hang on.
Mr Renoir has come rocketing down
the outside and won.
And in the end,

won pretty comfortably.
Don't be a hero, bitch.
Hand it over.
Don't know what you're talking about.
I've got it. Let's go.
That'll do. She's done. Come on!
Come on! Come on!
My favourite moment
is when it lifts off.
Pat says I have a pathological
obsession with hot air.
Occupational hazard.
I notice you're not carrying
a red book.
No. I, ah...
I got close.
I saw someone coming out
of Robbie's flat with it
but they got away.
God help me.
You're gonna have to tell me
exactly what's in that book, Colin.
It's a photo album.
A photo album.
Of what value?
How do you value a career, Jack?
I can't say I'm proud of myself.
Look, just to let you know,
I've been to The Snug.
Those women are... pretty beautiful.
Not hard to imagine...
It wasn't a woman.
Ever tried to quell a craving, Jack?
Spend your life
keeping the devil in the bottle?
Robbie said he was into photography,
black and white.
Arty stuff.
He said he wanted a few keepsakes,
so...
I gave him my old camera.
Ros lent us her penthouse,
her love nest as she calls it,
not that I think it's ever seen

much love.
When he stopped returning my calls,
I got scared.
I knew he'd want money and gifts.
Price you're paying
for dirty little secrets.
When I'd heard he'd died,
it felt like a reprieve.
All I could think of was
getting hold of that red book
before it fell into the wrong hands.
I couldn't bear it
if Pat and Ellie found out.
Well, let's just wait till we get
the phone call, eh?
From whoever's got it,
to see what they want.
I know already.
Mr Justice Loder,
may I say what a charming couple
you and Robbie make.
The photographs are quite touching
in their intimacy.
What a shame you'll now have to
step down from the Inquiry.
I was so looking forward
to your report
but people can be so quick to judge.
Do the wise thing, Your Honour,
and the album and the negatives
shall be returned.
Are you gonna step down?
Start all over again?
All that testimony, null and void.
Three years' work down the drain.
A chance to make a difference.
A chance to stop addicts like
Wayne Milovich murdering my daughter.
Destroy my career
or destroy my family.
I'll get that book back.
The handover to the Premier
is on Monday.
Jack, I must say

I find having you as a colleague...
strangely comforting.
Oh. Judge calling me a colleague,
that's got to be the high watermark
of my career.
I remember Isabel always said
we should do that together one day.
Irish.
There she is.
Hey, Cynthia.
Hey, Cynthia.
Looking after your mum, Marie?
Yes, Mr Strang.
There were two of 'em.
The money.
Harry, I'm so sorry.
Now, now, now, none of that.
You just rest up.
You don't worry about a thing.
Little something
for the hospital bills.
I should never have let her
leave the track on her own.
You couldn't have known, Harry.
The punt's the punt,
but this is something else.
Not a thing used to happen.
Bash a woman like that.
Bastards would do anything.
Not the sport of kings anymore.
Makes you wonder about giving it up.
Shutting up shop.
We'll fix this Cynthia thing, boss.
Yeah, we'll take care of it, Harry.
I wonder if there's security footage
in the car park.
I'll put a call in to my mate
at the Valley.
Soupe du jour.
Well, it does always feel like Paris
in here, Stan.
Homemade, is it?
Oh, yeah. Fresh out of le can.
Now, did I tell you, Jack,

I'm expanding the clientele?
Moving up-market. Cyber frontier.
You know, new technology.
The IT crowd.
Who?
Eye-ties?
All in Carlton, the Eye-talians.
No, no, no. IT.
Information technology.
The way you blokes think, a flush
dunny would be new technology.
Oh, a dunny that flushed around here
would be new technology, Stan.
Hey, Jack? Working already.
Welcome to the Fitzroy Youth Club.
I get the feeling your joining fee
may be waived.
Cards on the table, who are you?
Ah, well, my client was being
blackmailed by Robbie.
You don't seem very surprised
by that.
You and he close?
I thought we were.
But no-one got close to Robbie.
Because of the drugs?
The only time I ever saw him touch
drugs was to deal them.
Did you ever hear about Robbie
having relationships with men?
Because there's an album of photos
that's gone missing. I just...
I think we're talking about sex,
not relationships.
Your client, Colin Loder, right?
I know him from The Snug.
I've seen the photos.
And someone put Robbie up to it?
What do you think?
The judge wasn't the only one
he set up.
Somebody pressed
that needle in, Jack.
Somebody wanted him dead.

I've got to go to work.
Thanks.
Oh, see you later.
Tell your friends.
Are you Warren from Mulgrave?
I mean, really, Jack, come on.
How'd you find this?
Ah, can't say.
Hmm. Who's the stud?
Robbie Colburne.
From the raid on the docks?
The junkie that was found dead
in the Porsche?
Yep.
Who's your client?
I can't tell you that either.
You've seen enough?
Yeah.
Well, it explains why
she's been muzzled.
This is big.
Mm, it is.
But you can't run with it yet, OK?
Just give me a few days.
Firstly, what I need from you
is Susan Ayliss's phone number.
Quid pro quo, Jack. You can't expect
me to sit on my hands for too long.
Who the fuck are you?
I have backed off.
What more do you want from me?
Money?
Oh, no, I'm a lawyer.
I represent one of
Robbie's other victims.
Oh. So you've seen it then?
That was supposed to be
a private recording.
I was lonely, Mr Irish.
I've never had sex like that before.
Sure.
Did you only meet Robbie
the one time?
After we left The Snug,

we went back to his place.
And the blackmail was to gag you
on the waterfront corruption.
A sex tape of Susan Ayliss?
Should have told them to send it
to every television station
in the country.
It's not like I'm married.
Might've improved my social life.
Do you have any idea
who was behind it?
Mike Cundall came to mind.
Cundall Stevedores?
Did you confront him?
I'm only stupid once.
Robbie's death,
did that surprise you?
Yeah.
It made me sad.
I was hoping I'd have the chance
to kill him myself.
Ah, excuse me?
Are you Mike Cundall?
What grubby newspaper are you from?
Ah, I'm not a journo, mate.
Oh, lucky.
I was going to accidentally have to
drop one of those containers on you.
No, my name's Jack. I'm a lawyer.
Oh, spoke too soon.
How'd you get security access?
Ah, Justice Loder's office.
Listen, I just wanted to ask you
if you were aware of a sex tape
involving Susan Ayliss.
No.
But if you've got a copy
I'm happy to take a look.
Well, she reckons you might have
put Robbie Colburne up to it.
Yeah? Oh, that'd be a fair cop,
you know?
Now, between processing
half a million containers here,

I like to make a bit of amateur porn
on the weekend.

Do you know Robbie Colburne?

Yeah, heard the name.

Pinched that Porsche, didn't he?

Well, and a bootload of smack,
apparently.

Listen, if you think
some pissant Judicial Inquiry's
going to bother me,
you're wrong, alright?

I deal with the big boys
in shipping. Take a look.

See?

Just don't expect me to take the
fall for some conga line fuck-sticks
running Customs and the AFP, got it?
Now, there's the exit. Fuck off.

What time

do you call this, huh?

You come and go as you please.

Like a cat.

The place looks like a mausoleum.
Charlie still in the old country,
is he?

Yeah.

He hasn't even sent me a postcard.

Come for a ride, Jack.

They're letting the Commissioner
out of hospital today.

Oh, yeah? Righto.

I should have taken up
cabinet making.

Man needs a hobby.

Maybe golf.

Stamps.

You've got your horseracing, Harry.

They're just quadrupeds
running in a circle.

I'll be in the car.

First time he's been out of
his dressing gown in days.

He won't even look at the form guide.

Hey, my mate from Moonee Valley,

he came through.
CCTV, black Land Cruiser, left
the car park just after our race.
Let me guess, stolen car?
But I spoke to Cynthia before.
Less vague now,
but she says one of them had a tatt
on his middle finger, right hand.
What sort of tatt?
Oh, jailbird tatt.
Stick figure with a halo.
Bit like an old Saints logo.
Oh, a Saints fan
with a criminal record.
That should narrow it down a bit.
That's the way. Easy does it.
Somebody did the garden.
Harry sent his man over.
Somebody's done the house.
Oh, Harry's got a man
for everything.
All you need to be doing, Cynth,
is getting better.
Even the shopping.
Oh, are... are you in pain, love?
You right, Cynth?
I don't deserve this.
Well, of course you do!
I'm not a good mum.
What sort of life
have I given my kids?
Where's this coming from, mate?
This the morphine talking?
They'll be home soon.
Must look a fright.
Maybe get her make-up.
I don't have any.
Oh. Try Marie's.
It's my own stupid fault.
Working seven days a week,
letting Frank screw me over
with child support.
Oh, come on. Come on.
Cam, you're hurting my arm.

Oh, you mean this one
you've been jabbing needles in?
I found this in your room.
What were you doing in my room?
I was looking for make-up
for your mum.
You haven't told her, have you?
Listen, it's not about the drugs.
It's about whoever it was
who nearly killed your mother.
It's over.
I haven't used since she got bashed.
You realise you could go to jail
for conspiracy, don't you?
I told this bloke that my mum
did big money bets.
What bloke?
Come on, Marie,
you can't go back now.
Artie.
His name's Artie.
Artie.
He hasn't got a tattoo on
his finger, has he?
Little stick figure.
I don't know where to find him.
He has a number you text.
So why'd you tell him? Showing off?
I don't know. It was stupid.
Mum always warned me that...
Alright, so you told Artie
and then what?
He says, 'Tell me when your mum's
going to the races and I'll...
..I'll give you a free hit.'
Nice.
That morning y'all came round,
I knew something big was brewing.
I'll trace the number.
I'll let you know when I find him.
Still want that crime scene
happy snap?
Oh, and they say you blokes move
at a glacial pace.

Speaking of, have you seen this pie?
This thing's crumbling like
an Antarctic ice shelf.
Hand ball over the top!
You know, if you squint
you can almost forget it's only
the amateurs. Go Roys!
Yeah! Bravo!
Oh, lovely play!
Oh, did you see the sidestep?
Feel like I've died
and gone to heaven.
We're gonna win this one, Jack!
I can feel it in me bones.
I reckon that's your osteo, Eric.
Who's this, mate?
Elvis Presley.
Who do you think it is?
Well, it's not Robbie Colburne.
No, it's definitely not him.
Well, there's a shitload of
paperwork that says differently.
If Robbie wasn't dead,
where do you reckon he'd be?
Wait in your car.
I'll see if I can get away.
It's a nice car.
It's a Studebaker, right?
Yeah.
Sienna can't get away.
There's a cabinet minister
that needs entertaining.
She told me about the photographs.
Mm.
So it seems that Judge Loder's
been a victim
of a rogue element
of my establishment.
So Robbie wasn't bidding
on your behalf, then?
Jack, I'm a facilitator.
I'm a keeper of secrets.
Mm.
There's no Snug without them.

Colin's a good man,
I don't want to see his name
dragged through the mud.
So, if there's anything
that I can do...
Thanks.
Come inside next time.
You must be the world's oldest
apprentice.
Can't sleep?
Here, make yourself useful
and hold that, will you?
It's a two-person job.
When does Charlie get back?
I don't know.
It was only supposed to be
a short trip, apparently.
I'm wondering if he's gone home
to die like an elephant.
Why didn't you tell me that
Justice Loder's your father-in-law?
I saw the invitation on the fridge.
I didn't think it was relevant.
Is he your mystery client?
Well, he's a member of The Snug,
so is Susan Ayliss.
What's going on, Jack?
Look, he's been compromised, OK?
It's a personal matter.
Oh, I hear the women there
are beautiful.
Been touching the merchandise,
has he?
It's a... Just hold that.
Please don't run the story, OK?
It'll kill him.
But if Loder's being blackmailed
like Susan Ayliss, then someone's
trying to fix a Judicial Inquiry.
People need to know about that.
You want to win a Walkley Award
by outing a judge, is that right?
If he wasn't Isabel's father, would
we even be having this conversation?

Is this for your niece?

Yep.

They named her Isabel.

Yes, they did. Can you believe it?

Why don't you move in?

Just like that?

Yeah. I mean, people do it.

What are we doing?

Cooking meals for one.

Sleeping in empty beds.

I'm just not sure

what we're waiting for.

Well...

..why don't we start with you
inviting me to the christening?

Baby steps.

God, I love it

when you speak like that.

I, Isabel Irish do hereby,

herewith, heretofore claim

all reasonable rights, wavers,

warranties and consents

to enjoin, restrain

or otherwise ravish you

unconditionally under

the Marital Act in perpetuity,

habeas corpus, prima facie,

carpe diem, ad hoc,

ad hominem, ad nauseam, adios,

adieu, arrivederci, sayonara.

How much wood

could a wood chuck chuck

if a wood chuck could chuck wood?

And hereby agree

to indemnify the plaintiff

against alleged...

She's adorable.

I can probably get rid of that now.

You know, I had a guest

on the show once

who sets a place at the dinner table

for his wife every night,

even though she's been dead

for 17 years.

His second wife doesn't even
bat an eyelid.
You can't hurry
the letting go, Jack.
Well, just to let you know,
I don't have three sets of cutlery.
Cam.
Linda.
Cam.
Jack.
See ya.
Fancy a drive, Jack?
Ah... yeah, alright.
The billing address for Artie's phone
is at North Sunshine.
A-OK salvage.
Dead-end by the looks of it.
Not exactly the golden triangle.
As far as I'm concerned,
you stayed in the car.
Oi!
You Artie?
Don't know where he is.
You mind? I'm working here.
Well, it might be a good idea
if you talked to us.
Tell us where we might be able
to find him. Hey?
Why don't you fuck off?
That was a big mistake.
Cocky.
Just give us a yell
if you need a hand, Cam.
Just grab the door for us, Jack?
And grab the keys.
Get in, you maggot.
What's this about?!
Remember that day at the Valley
when you beat that woman to a pulp?
I don't know
what you're talking about!
What are you doing?!
No!
Where's the money you took?

What money?

No!

No! No!

No!

Where's the money, Artie?

This is the last time I'm asking.

That's enough! Turn it off!

What, do you always go in
the portaloo with a shotgun?

Get out!

Nice and slow.

Something amusing, is there?

I didn't touch her, I swear.

It was Artie.

God's my witness,

he just went berko. Shut up!

Where's the money you took?

Inside, behind the poster.

There's a safe.

Piss-weak dog! Lizard!

Well, why don't you show us
where that picture is, Lizard?

Classy.

Open it!

Step back.

Hey.

Irish.

Jack? It's Sienna.

I need to see you.

I think there's someone
you should meet.

Hey.

Hello?

Jack.

Welcome to the Cathexis.

You found it OK?

Yeah.

Where's Sienna?

We're out by the pool.

I believe you've met
my husband Mike.

You're not acrophobic, are you, Jack?

It's a long way down.

Husband.

Mm. I kept my family name.
Carries more weight.
This is Senior Sergeant Olsen.
He's our... like, liaison officer.
Take a seat, Jack.
Supplementing your super,
I assume, Laurie.
Yeah, well, you know.
I was kind of hoping when Sienna
mentioned a mystery guest
that I might finally
get to meet Robbie.
Why would you ID a no-name junkie
as Robbie?
Ohh... Easier to kill someone
when he's already dead.
No paperwork.
So, your, um...
pet got off the leash, Mike?
Supposed to deliver a Porsche
and went AWOL?
Thieving prick
didn't take into account
that Laurie here was on the books.
Beretta.
Better than a Glock.
Don't trust those Austrians.
What are you playing at, Jack?
Are you waiting for us
to blink first?
Is that why you're trying to
find Robbie?
Do you think that maybe
he's got the photo album?
Hey, Mike?
The neighbours.
You need to advise your client
to step down.
Now.
Colin, it's Jack.
Listen...
Ah...
I'm just going to have
to call you back.

- Jack Irish?

- Yeah.

This your vehicle?

What's going on?

You mind opening the boot for us?

Sure.

You're under arrest.

Keep your hands behind your back.

Code 33.

Dead girl in the boot, Jack.

Pretty serious warning.

They don't have it.

What?

The book.

If they did, they wouldn't have

gone to so much trouble

to stop me from finding Robbie.

You gotta get me out of here, mate.

You are good at this sort of thing,
aren't you?

I'm not a QC.

That's not really helping.

Mr Irish.

I'm Detective Sergeant Tregear,
this is Detective Constable Owens.

After the bloody siren.

Cruel A 60-metre torp.

You wouldn't bloody read about it.

She was a sweet kid, Sienna.

And they just chewed her up
and spat her out.

Who's they?

The Cundalls.

And your man, Olsen.

Shit.

'32 years on the force', you said.

'One of the only men I could trust.'

Adds up actually.

You know, the brass

have been trying to figure out

who's been rolling out the red

carpet on illegal imports for years.

So Olsen snaffles a few crumbs

while the mother lode

waltzes through.
The wharfies up to their necks
in it.
Owned and operated
by a right royal Cundall.
Keep your head down, Jack.
It's my arse on the line now.
Listen, how long's my car
going to be impounded?
I don't reckon they're going
to let me drive around
in one of Cam's bogan-mobiles
for too long.
You're lucky you're not impounded.
You know, cutting you loose
isn't exactly standard procedure.
Gotta go.
I have to swing past Carol's.
Promised her a knee-trembler
against the Kelvinator.
They're bluffing, Colin.
They don't have the red book.
Robbie stole their drugs
and nicked off
before they had the chance
to get it,
and he must have forgotten it
and left it behind in all the chaos,
so he had to come back.
But why?
I mean, he wasn't the focus
of the enquiry.
He was at the bottom
of the food chain.
Bargaining chip, I suppose,
in case the Cundalls went after him.
The press conference
is tomorrow morning.
After the report is handed down,
he'll have nothing to bargain with.
Well, that's right.
They'll be under arrest or in jail,
and he'll be free.
The book won't mean anything to him.

The bloody book is still out there!
If Pat and Ellie find out about this,
it'll break them.
Judicial Inquiries,
Royal Commissions, where the shit
interfaces with the fan.
Until that book is destroyed,
it's going to hang over my head
like a sword of Damocles.
Listen, I'll find Robbie
before they do, OK?
A lifetime of trying
to do the right thing.
The Honourable Judge,
devoted husband,
respectable family man.
But you fuck one goat...
You mustn't judge me, Jack.
Isabel adored you, Colin.
That's good enough for me.
Don't do anything rash, OK?
Moving office?
I don't have long, Mr Irish.
Listen, Robbie Colburne's not dead.
Is that a sick joke?
No.
He didn't happen
to mention anything to you
about a place to hide, did he?
We barely spoke.
So he didn't say anything at The
Snug or back at his place that night
about a holiday house or a property?
It was purely physical.
There was nothing else.
Are you sure he's not dead?
You may get your chance to kill him
after all.
Warren from Mulgrave.
I knew it.
Heard the news?
Susan Ayliss resigned.
Personal reasons.
Ah. Well, I'm on my way home.

I'll see you there.
Susan, it's Linda Hillier again.
I'm still looking for a comment
before I run the story
on the Colburne tape tomorrow.
Ah, look, if... anyway.
You have my number. Thank you.
What took you so long?
Someone just tried to kill me
in Fitzroy Gardens.
Shit.
Here.
Take a look at this.
Did you hear what I just said?
Yeah, yeah, but you're OK, right?
There it is.
See?
Her face.
It's that look.
She did say she'd never had sex
like that before.
That can sway the best of us,
believe me, but that look.
That's more than lust.
She fell for the bad boy.
We should know better but we always
end up falling for them.
That's why she resigned.
So, she's a liar.
And that's not the only time
she's had sex with Robbie
in his Burnley sex pad.
Since when was Burnley
near the ocean?
What do you mean?
There, in the window. Do you see it?
A flash of light?
It's headlights, isn't it?
No, no, that's not headlights.
There. That's a lighthouse.
How is that a lighthouse?
It's every six seconds.
Oh, right.
Hey, she's the member

for East Gippsland, isn't she?
So I reckon we need a list
of all the working lighthouses
in that area.
With an airstrip nearby.
She's a pilot, flies her own plane
to and from Melbourne.
A regular Amelia Earhart.
Are you going to Loder's
press conference tomorrow?
'Course.
I'm a bit worried about him.
Jack, I know the Judge is family,
but is it worth all this?
Of course it is.
OK. There's only one airstrip.
A private property at Dead Point.
Well, it's quite a leap, Susan,
going from blackmail victim to this.
You spent five years of your life
crusading against drugs
and you throw it all away
for some bloke
who fakes his own death
and knocks off some poor junkie.
He was one shot away anyway.
It was the only way
I could disappear.
Right.
You must feel real proud
of yourself.
We fell in love.
We weren't expecting that to happen.
Well, I've seen his handiwork.
I need that red book.
Forget it.
It's my insurance.
We have to go.
We have a long flight ahead.
How'd you get those marks on your
neck, huh?
You been playing on the swings?
You're hurting him!
They're here.

Where's the photo album?
It's in the plane!
Show me!
Hey! Don't move!
Hello, Jack!
You know, Jack, I think I'm going to
have to revoke your Snug membership.
Get her here. On your knees.
On your knees!
Hey, naughty boy.
Mm!
As for you, Judas,
we'll have our drugs back now
if you don't mind.
It's in the plane.
They're all yours.
Just... let us go.
Thought about it. The answer's no.
Please! Please!
Get him.
Shut up!
Let's go!
What are you looking at?
Get the fucking thing started up!
Jack, it's Colin.
It's almost time.
Thank you.
I know you did your best.
Pat?
Pat, it's me.
I want you to know
that I love you.
Go, go!
What the fuck?
Get this fucking thing up!
Fuck!
Go! Let's go!
Get out!
Jack, they can't find the judge.
Nobody knows where he is.
Jack?
Mr Premier!

FEMALE REPORTER:

Where's Judge Loder?
Judge Loder!
Never mind. He's here.
Laurie Olsen, you're under arrest.
You know the routine.
You're not obliged
to say anything...
Pat. Hi.
Oh, I'm so glad you could come.
Congratulations.
Oh, are you hurt?
No, it's nothing.
I fell over running.
I'd like to introduce you
to Linda. Pat.
I listen to your show every day.
Thank you. It was a lovely ceremony.
Justice Loder, it's an honour.
Ah, Colin, please.
Here she comes!
Hi, Ellie.
Hi.
Congratulations.
Um, this is Linda, Ellie.
Hi. Nice to meet you.
Hi.
You have a beautiful baby.
Thank you.
I think she can't wait to get home
and into her crib.
Charlie Taub's a maestro.
Last of his kind.
Do you want to hold her, Jack?
Sure.
Isabel, meet your uncle Jack.
Hi, Isabel.
I'm really happy for them.