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Last Cab to Darwin

By Reg Cribb

No, oh, yeah, I will.

I'm just finishin' me beer.

- Just let me finish me beer.

- No, get out. I told you.

I fuckin' told you. Hey!

You've had enough.

You've had e-bloody-nough.

Now, come on. Get out.

- Brownie, I promise. I promise I'll be good.

- No, get out! Beat it! Out now!

You've had enough.

You've had enough. Come on! Get out!

Tell him who spilled it! I didn't even
spill it! Simmo, you weak prick!

- Dougie! Dougie!

- Hands off the merchandise!

- Dougie, you're barred!

- Fuck, Brownie!

- Yeah, alright. Just go home.

- Brownie!

Dougie! I don't want to see
your ugly mug around here again.

Come on, come on. He'll get over it.

He's got the long haul
to Adelaide tomorrow.

He's just shitty.

Lucky I don't leave
a piss ring on your carpet!

Come on. Come on, shut up.

Wouldn't even know
there was a piss ring on your carpet!

Hey, Rexie. Hey, where's Rexie going?

- Rexie!

- See you, boys!

Come on.

- Let's go to the Workers' Club.

- Nah, he's barred from there as well.

When you walked into the room

There was voodoo in the vibes

I was captured by your style

But I could not catch your eyes

Now I stand here helplessly

Hoping you get into me

I am so into you

I can't think of nothing else
I am so into you
I can't think of nothing else
Thinking how it's gonna be
Whenever I get you next to me
It's gonna be good
Don't you know?
From your head to your toe
Gonna love you all over
Over and over...
Rex!
Rex!
Rex!
- Morning, Pol.
- You!
You've been dumping
your rubbish in my bin!
I don't want your rubbish, mate!
You keep it in your own bin, and if you
don't have no room in your own bin,
you'll keep it in your fucking house!
I'm not the bloody tip!
You finished?
And you keep that mangy
bloody dog of yours
on your side of the street.
Yesterday, I come out and that big
bloody Alsatian from next door
was chock-a-block up him!
Would have been a sight.
Looked like it was trying
to shake a possum off a pole!
How you feeling?
Can't keep my food down.
I reckon it's that fisherman's basket
they serve you up at the All Nations.
My Uncle Cyril used to say never,
ever order seafood in this town.
We're 500 miles from the ocean.
I'm getting old, Pol.
We all getting old, Rex.
These days, I can't remember
ever being young.
My Uncle Cyril used to say if you were

born in this town, you were born old.

Your Uncle Cyril used to say a lot.

Couldn't shut the bastard up.

Oh, dear.

- You didn't come around last night.

- Oh, I left it a bit late.

Might tonight, hey?

- 43 today, they reckon.

- Hotter yesterday.

Yeah.

Morning, Rex.

The cousin and his mob still coming down
for the school holidays?

Nup. Too bloody many of them.

Useless mob of no-good bludgers.

Bloody mad, the whole lot of them.

Swimming in a river with no water,
driving round in a car with no fuel.

"When can we come
and see you, Aunty Polly?"

"When hell freezes over, Noel,
that's when!"

Okay, dog.

Shit, shower and shove off.

Come on.

Gday, Col!

- Morning, Mrs Peter.

- Good morning, Rex.

- Have a good one, Mrs Peter.

- Thank you.

- Rexie. What do you know?

- Not enough, Dougie. Not enough.

Correct. You may pass.

Hey, Rexie.

Sexy Rexie.

See you at the pub, hey?

Good man.

- How you going, Rexie?

- Can't complain.

Polly alright?

Well, she's good, I suppose, darl.

You'd have to ask her.

- Rex MacRae.

- Yeah.

Apart from the lymphatic system,
these dark areas show it's moved through
into the liver and several other organs.
Multiple cannonball lesions
here on the lungs.
We didn't get it all, Rex. I'm sorry.
How long?
Well... it's extremely well advanced.
Three months.
At best.
There you go, then.
If we'd got it earlier...
If.
"If wishes were horses,
beggars would ride."
Dad used to say that.
So, Rex, we're gonna have to look
at hospital as an option.
No.
We have a brand-new
palliative care ward...
No fuckin' hospitals.
Eventually... you won't have a choice.
I'm a cab driver, Doc.
That's what I am.
So I'm gonna drive my cab
until I can't drive it anymore.
That's it.
Finished.
You can help me out, can't you?
Put me down when the time comes?
I give you my word there will be no pain.
No fuckin' hospitals!
Okay.
Okay. And you're right.
Take some time. It's...
It's a lot to think about.
Let's talk again in three days, okay?
Rexie! How is ya, fella?
Dougie. Col.
Little birdie told me
it was your shout, Rex.
Fuck that little birdie.
- Evening, Rex. Still single?

- Still single, Frank.
Brothers, my brothers!
There was much rejoicing in the land,
for there was no spillage.
Hey?
Not a drop. Hey, hey, hey!
Dougie, where's my beer?
It's your shout, you little weasel.
No, Rex has got them, you stupid bastard.
Coming up.
- How is ya' Rexie?
- Can't complain, Simmo.
Oh, God, you're a legend!
- Thanks, Rex.
- Here's to us and fuck the rest.
- Yeah.
- Cheers.
Frank?
- What's news, Col?
- Oh, not much.
Still this euthanasia thing up in
the Territory, although now it's official.
So if you know for sure you're gonna
cark it and you reckon you've had enough,
you can just ask them
to put you out of your misery.
Jesus. Pass that law in Broken Hill,
the-red be no bastards left!
I'm hearing ya.
Hey, Simmo.
Tell Rex about our plan.
Come on. Hey.
Rex, he's gonna make us millionaires.
Hey? Go on, tell him. It's brilliant.
Well, we're thinking of going into
partnership. Open up a restaurant.
Wait till you hear this.
This is rolled fucking gold, mate.
We're not gonna serve the same old crap
you get everywhere else. No, no, no.
This will be an offal restaurant.
That stuff your mum used
to make you eat. Liver. Kidney.
- Brains. Tongue.

- Tongue!
Tripe. That sort of thing.
Simmo's even thought
of a name for it, haven't you?
- Offally Good.
- Oh, you dozy little prick!
He's offally clumsy today!
- I bloody warned you!
- This is me good gear!
- Calm down.
- I haven't done nothing.
- I said fuckin' calm down!
- Don't be offally rude.
I'd like the number
for a Dr Farmer. In Darwin.
Yeah, it's...
Nicole.
Yep. Well, she must be.
I'm looking at her photo in the paper.
Could I have the number
of the Darwin Hospital, please?
I'd like to speak to...
Does she work at the hospital there?
Yeah.
Hold on. Give it to me.
Hello. This is Dr Nicole Farmer's surgery.
I'm not available right now,
but please leave a message.
In case of emergency, call 000.
Hello.
My name is Rex.
It's not short for anything, it's just...
Rex.
I live in Broken Hill.
But...
I'm dying.
And I think you could help.
My number is 08...
8087-3666.
I know Darwin's a long way...
What are you doing up?
It's morning.
Tea's still brewing!
I made some scones last night.

They turned out alright!
Airport, thanks. Going to Adelaide.
Turn that shit off.
I'm trying to call my wife.
It's a basic human right, Simon...
Out of range?
We're in the middle of fuckin' town.
- You live here?
- Only all my life.
Heaven for ya. I'm flying home
for good week after next.
Of course I can, Simon.
But it's just that. Fear.
Can't get away from this shit
even if you try.
- Hey!
- You will die.
Surely the big question is not
whether we'll die, but how we die.
Well, let's see if our listeners agree.
Time to take some calls.
1800-500-260.
Are you there, Terry?
And we've got time for just one
more caller. Rex in Broken Hill.
- Hello?
- Hi, Rex.
I left a message on your machine.
You didn't call me back.
- What's your question, Rex?
- Well, I'm crook.
Real crook.
- And I'm not gonna get any better.
- I'm sorry to hear that, Rex.
You're looking for a volunteer,
aren't you? To be first, right?
Rex, I'd need to know
so much more about your situation.
I've got stomach cancer.
They cut out half my gut a while back,
but they didn't get it all, so...
So, what else do you need to know?
Well, you'd need to speak first
with your family.

I haven't got any.
I think the doctor means
those closest to you, Rex.
There's no-one else.
It's just me.
Any time this century?
So do I come to you or do you come to me?
- It's not that simple.
- Well, it's legal now, right?
Well, the Northern Territory
Government has passed the bill.
Well, I guess I'll have to come to you.
Okay. Slow down.
This isn't the right time.
We might have to leave it there anyway,
folks. It's coming up to news time here.
Thanks for your call, Rex.
Thanks, Dr Farmer. It's news time.
Come on.
Come on, mate.
Anything in the papers, Col?
Oh, yeah. There's... You know, there's...
stuff.
- Stuff?
- Yeah. Stuff.
Rex, we heard you. The whole
bloody world must have heard you.
Darwin? What do you think
you're doing, hey?
Who do you think you are?
Joan of fuckin' Arc?
It's too bloody weird, mate.
It's not natural.
Boys... I'm dying.
Oh, Jesus, Rex. You are not fucking dying.
You're sitting here
having a beer with your mates.
My Uncle Jack had cancer
for fuckin' years.
Used to dance around the living
room singing. Cancer, cancer...
Hey.
Yeah, well, my grandad
had cancer of the bum.

He said that was okay. He reckoned
Grandma was a bigger pain in the arse.
Everyone gets cancer. Fuckin' everyone.
You'll be right, Rexie.
We'll look after you here.
Darwin's a long way, mate. A long way.
Give the boys a round, Stella.
On the house.
Hey?
Me ears! Something's happened to me ears!
So, this is what it's like inside?
Not much, is it?
You made it sound special.
- Polly...
- Don't you say a word, Frank Brown!
I know you don't serve blackfellas
in here, do ya?
Well, don't worry.
I'm not asking you to start now.
Is it true?
Want a beer?
Why not?
You packed your mum up.
Are you really gonna do this?
- How are you gonna get there?
- I'm gonna drive.
- It's 3,000 kilometres!
- I do that in the cab every week.
Jesus, Rex. You've never left
Broken Hill in your life!
Yeah. I know.
- What you got here?
- Oh, just some old photos.
Don't think I'm gonna stop being angry
at you just 'cause you put Livvie on.
Worth a try.
Mum tried to get to Darwin once.
Said she'd never seen the sea.
- Did she?
- No.
Got close.
Made it all the way to Daly Waters.
Used to be an air force base
there during the war.

That's where she met Dad.
He was a looker.
Mum thought so too.
So she gave him a little present.
Me.
Anyway, 'cause of that,
she had to go back to Broken Hill.
Dad stayed and built the airfield.
Promised he'd come back to her
when it was all over.
And he did.
Back to a family he didn't know.
To a place he didn't want to be.
Look at 'em. I can't remember
ever seeing them that happy, Pol.
Ever.
How come you never told me that before?
You never asked.
Rex!
Rex!
- Take me with you.
- No.
Listen to me!
I will hold your hand.
- I will clean your mess.
- Oh, you hate mess, Pol!
You told me so a thousand times.
And it doesn't get any messier
than a black woman
holding the hand of a dying whitefella
who can't even wipe his own arse!
We had some fun.
On the sly.
The cab driver
and his gin across the road.
But that's it now. Finished!
Miserable old bastard!
I left some stuff for you inside.
Oh, Rex.
You stupid bastard.
You stupid, stupid, bastard.
Yeah, so... so, when are you thinking?
But that's tomorrow!
Then I'll have to fly back to Sydney.

Oh, look, hang on, would you?

- Dr Farmer.

- Hi, Doc. It's me. Rex.

Rex! I'll call you back.

I have been calling that number
you left me, Rex, but...

I'm about two hours out of Broken Hill.

About to cut across country,
through the Flinders Ranges,
hit the Oodnadatta Track,
then straight up the guts to you.

You're driving?

But, Rex, we haven't even...

- Where do I find you when I get to Darwin?

- Hang on a sec. Sonja!

- Do you have a pen?

- Yep. Hold on.

- It's 238... Bagot Road.

- Yeah. Bagot Road.

- Casuarina.

- Casuarina.

You're really driving, Rex?

Yeah. Should see you
in four or five days, I reckon.

Wait, Rex. Could you please call me?

Just let me know

where you are and... and, Rex?

- Keep your fluids up.

- Right.

Jesus.

Call that bloke from The Territorian.

I think we might finally have
a story for him.

Keep your fluids up.

It's Aussie-made, recyclable, weatherproof
and guaranteed for five years.

Log on now for a special offer
at easyline.com.au.

Welcome back. We're having a chat with
right-to-die campaigner Dr Nicole Farmer.

Dr Farmer, tell us about this machine
you've developed. It sounds scary.

No, Tom. No, it's not scary at all.

It's just a laptop computer

attached to a simple machine.

- How exactly does it work?

- Well, perhaps I could show you, Kylie. Could you give me your arm? There we go. So, the computer speaks to the machine, which is attached to the cannula in your arm. Now, here we have a lethal dose of pentobarbital. But the plunger can only be activated after the patient has answered yes to three simple questions, which will appear here on the screen of the computer. Okay, so, why the machine? Why not just ask the questions yourself? It's a safeguard for the patient. It means that the final decision is the patient's and the patient's alone.

- So, are you ready, Kylie?

- I think so. I'm a little scared. Sure you want to do this? We've only just... renewed your contract.

- So, first question.

- "Do you wish to proceed?"

Second question.

"Do you understand that if you proceed, you will die?"

And the third question.

"In 15 seconds, you will receive a lethal injection and you will die."

"Do you wish to proceed?"

'Yes' press the space bar."

I'm sorry. I don't think I can... I'm sorry.

Kylie. That's a perfectly normal reaction.

- Can I just have some water?

- Yeah.

Perhaps we'd better take a break and give Kylie some time to recover from her near-death experience. After the break, toenails... what they can tell you about yourself.

"Open". "Open".

"Open? "Open".

Fuck!

What the fuck is that?

You want to keep cool, bro,
you should've just...

turned that air conditioner on.

You work here?

I'll fix your windscreen, no worries.

Leave your keys in there
and go inside, old man.

Have a cold beer. She'll be good
as new when you come back out.

My name's Tilly. What's yours?

- Rex.

- Don't worry, Rex.

I'll look after ya.

Gday.

- Give us a Coopers, love.

- Okay. How's the track today?

Oh, lost my windscreen just out of Maree.

Young fella who works next door... Tilly?

- He's fitting me another one.

- He doesn't work here.

He came up from Oodnadatta last night
to get on the turps with his cousin.

Oh, don't worry. Might be a pisshead,
but he can fix just about anything.

- How much will it cost?

- Dunno. A couple of hundred.

You'd better give it to me, though.

Well, he'll charge you four
and he owes me twice that.

Good on ya.

Feral cats.

- Why do they string 'em up?

- 'Cause they don't belong here.

We'd be fucked without that tree.

- It's the only reason people come here.

- Well, they haven't got a lot of choice.

They've got to refuel.

It's the only thing worth
putting on a postcard, though.

Well, they could put you on a postcard.

Would you buy a postcard with me on it?

We'd be fucked without that tree.
Looks good.
Yeah. That's him.
I...
I paid the barmaid.
- Faith?
- Yeah.
- How much?
- \$200. She said you owed her.
Oh, fuck it!
Mother, father, dog!
I'll tell you what, Rex.
I'll do you a deal.
You drop me off up the road in Oodnadatta,
we square. Okay?
Good job, that.
Fitted solid, unna?
Let's hope so.
You know I was gonna play
for Essendon, Rex?
- Oh, yeah?
- No bullshit. I was drafted.
Best full-forward
in the history of Oodnadatta.
- I met Michael Long.
- Yep?
What happened?
Well, they had my ticket booked
and everything.
But Sally... that's my wife...
she had Lionel... that's my boy...
the night before I'm supposed to go!
So I got to stay and look after
family, you know?
Think you might try it again sometime?
Lionel nearly three now.
Plus, we got little Jimmy.
There's this mob up in Darwin.
They reckon they still interested.
It's not the big time,
but you can get there from Darwin.
I'm on my way to Darwin.
Yeah?
You going all the way?

Alright, brother boy. That's a fair drive.

All the way to Darwin.

Oh, but, Rex,

you're gonna love Oodnadatta!

Hey, you mob, look at this!

Tilly caught a taxicab

all the way from Broken Hill!

- Hey, Tilly! Hey, Tilly!

- Hey, get your own taxi!

Tilly, where have you been?

- Hey, Tilly.

- My man.

Hey.

- Hey, Brad.

- Hey, mate. How are you going?

Come on, Rex.

Peter. Move over before you fall over.

- Beer?

- Yes, thanks, mate.

- You got a room?

- It's not flash.

Do I look flash?

- 100 bucks.

- Says 50 on the sign outside.

You get your \$50 back

when I get my keys back.

You don't give the keys back,

I get a new pair of shorts.

No-Balls! Fuck off!

Go on, get!

- Why do you call him No-Balls?

- It's not a him.

This is my boy Lionel.

Gday, Lionel. How are you, mate? Hey?

Hey, Tilly?

- Tilly, you got a cigarette?

- Don't you want to know where I've been?

No, I know where you've been.

On the grog with your useless cousin.

Hey. I've been looking for work.

Have you got a cigarette?

Useless prick.

Hey, mate. Give us a pack of smokes.

- You bought them for me?

- No. I bought 'em for your woman.
She not my woman. She my wife.
She look like my woman?
You've got a cigarette.
Well, I want a fuckin' cigarette, Tilly.
I don't want a fur coat. Did I ask
for a fur coat? No. Or a holiday?
No. I just want a cigarette.
Well, you got one for yourself,
but did you get one for me? No!
I mean, what is wrong with you, Tilly?
What is wrong with you, fella?
Nup.
Thank you, my darling.
You've got one hour.
Then you're putting the kids
to bed, fat cat.
Come on, Rex. I'll take you to your donga.
Thanks, Tilly.
No worries, baya.
I'll see you in the morning?
Yeah, I thought there was.
You said there was more!
Where the fuck is it? You little weasel!
Where the fuck is it?
- I gave it to you!
- Where's the fuckin' money?
Where's our fuckin' money?
- You fuckin' hid it!
- Wait!
- Give it here!
- I'm telling you!
- Don't fuck with me, boy.
- Please!
- We know you've got it.
- Shit.
Listen! That's it! There's nothing else!
Please, please, please!
Tilly, get in!
What the fuck are you doing,
Mr Cab Driver? He ain't got no money!
For Chrissake, Tilly,
get in the fucking cab!
How am I looking, Rex?

Don't you fuckin' talk to me,
you nasty little prick.

- You stole my wallet.

- I fixed your windscreen.

I paid for it!

Get out. You can walk back
to town from here.

- Your wife will want to know where you are.

- No, she fuckin' won't.

- Get out, Tilly!

- No!

You want me out? You'll have
to shoot me and push me out.

Probably do me a favour.

Just drive, old man.

Bitumen all the way from here, Pol.

Prick.

Oh, what the fuck do I do now?

Hey, Rex.

Never hide a roll of hundreds
up your arse.

First place them fellas would look.

Maybe I just come with you?

Just to the Alice.

Lay low for a little while.

Don't worry, old man.

I'll look after ya.

Hey, Rex.

- What are you going to Darwin for?

- None of your business.

Hey, Rex, I'm feeling much better?

Well, good for you.

Hey, Rex.

- Get in the front.

- What?

Get in the front.

I've never been driven round
by a whitefella before.

Get in the front

or I'm turning the meter on.

Unless it was a paddy wagon.

Oh, come on, Rex!

Let me dream!

Alice Springs. Look at it, Rex.

Glorious.

They say if you see the Todd flow,
means you'll come back some day.

I'm not coming back, Tilly.

Whether it's flowing or not.

So, just the one night, sir?

That's right. Yeah, two rooms, one night.

Great. Not a problem.

And that'll be one room for you
and one for...

Tilly?

Okay. He's gonna need some photo ID.

- For security purposes.

- I've got none of that.

Then I'm afraid I can't help him.

- Well, he can stay in my room, then.

- It's a single, sir. I'm sorry.

But I don't have ID.

I don't even have a wallet!

How's that for fuckin' photo ID?

Got to go to the bank.

You need some dough?

To get home?

Don't worry about me, Rex.

That mob down the riverbed,
they'll look after me.

I got family everywhere.

You really gonna do this thing?

Yeah.

Maybe you'll come back as a ghost gum?

Sit down by that riverbank all day long.

I'd like that. Yeah.

- Bye, Tilly.

- Good luck, old man.

Leave a message if you're good-looking.

Hey, Pol. It's me, Rex.

I'm in Alice Springs.

About halfway, I suppose.

Been a hell of a ride so far, you know.

I had this young blackfella, Tilly.

Fixed the windscreen in William Creek.

So I gave him a lift, and then

he robbed me in Oodnadatta.

But his wife reminded me

of... of you, you know.
Anyhow, I'll call again.
You're precious, mate.
- Fuckin' precious!
- Pol...
Know what? You got rawhide knackers.
Triple stitching!
Having problems with your Abo neighbours?
- Just give 'em a house!
- Pol...
I don't want your house.
I don't want your dog.
You're a fool, Rex MacRae. A gutless fool!
Call me and tell me about your adventures?
Don't you dare call me again.
Don't you fucking dare!
Sit down.
Sit down!
Big night?
You still going to Darwin?
Yep.
Can I come with you?
Sally's mob's from around here.
Kaytetye mob.
They didn't walk away.
They fought.
She's a tough one, that one.
But she gotta be, you know?
She's the only chance my kids have got.
The reason I didn't go
play for Essendon...
'cause I was scared.
Sally...
she begged me to go.
I'm just full of bullshit.
You got any kids?
Hey, cuz. It's Polly.
Hey, I was just thinking,
you know about the school holidays?
Well, I got this spare house
across the road from me.
True!
Well, why don't youse come down?
Yeah. And the dogs! Yep.

The whole bloody mob!
That your woman?
She's a blackfella.
She's my neighbour.
She tell you you're a mad bastard
for doing this?
Tell you what, Tilly.
I'll do you a deal.
You don't tell me how to live my life
and I won't tell you how to live yours.
Fair?
You want a beer?
Thirsty Thursday.
Thirsty Thursday?
Cheque day. They don't serve
blackfellas on Thursday.
Well, I can buy you one.
Don't want one.
I'm finished with it.
Nic, the phones won't stop ringing.
Everybody wants to know when this
bloody cab driver's gonna get here!
Me included. Just let me clear
the backlog, would you?
Well, that's all for now, Theresa.
Well done.
Bye.
Feel the air, Rex.
Put your window down.
Feel that? Tropical.
Fuckin' tropical, brother!
Where we going, old man?
Gentlemen. What do you want?
Well, I want to play football
and he wants to kill himself.
- Two beers, then.
- Nah, nah. Beer for him.
Coke for me.
Ta.
From the bottle?
With ice and lemon.
"Remember, the toes that you step on today
"may be attached to the arse
you'll have to kiss tomorrow."

That's good advice.

For the swelling.

Hold it up against your skin

for as long as you can stand it.

I don't think you're from round here?

- London.

- London!

What you doing here?

Broadening my experience.

Julie. Come on, sweetheart.

Glasses. Let's go.

Alright. Keep your shirt on.

Thanks.

I'm just going to go outside.

Play spot the blackfella.

Shouldn't be too hard!

Oh, I love that one.

It's one of the oldest photos here.

Look at them.

No one deserves to be that happy.

That's my mum and dad.

Fuck off!

- Bloody hell.

- Where was this airfield?

Oh, it's still there. It's just behind
the pub. Even the hangar.

- Are you alright?

- Yeah.

Thanks.

Keep it.

- I won't tell no one.

- This is what I reckon about Australia.

If you look around you, we've got people
living in Australia and coming here
from all around the world and I look upon it
as one of those big old camp oven stews,
and in that big old stew, we've got peas,
corn, carrots and celery and a few beans,
and we've got a bit of rough old,
tough old Territory beef like me.

And it's not gonna be a real
good feed tomorrow morning,
but couple of hundred years
down the track.

Let it brew, let it boil away, I'll tell
you now, it's gonna be real good tucker.
Hey! There's one local ingredient
you haven't thrown in yet!
A nice burnt pencil yam like me.
You ever had pencil yam, Chilli?
Bush carrot? Yeah, bush carrot.
I have, mate. They're bloody beautiful.
Well, you want to make that stew,
you better make sure you've got
a few proper Australian ingredients in
there, or you're just wasting your time.
Yeah, mate, no, hang on. He's absolutely
right. What's your name, young fella?
Tilly! Hey! Chilli and Tilly!
We can be a double act!
Oh, mate,
I'd love to be on your team, Tilly.
Just standing there,
you look like you've got stories to tell.
- Have you got one for us tonight?
- Nup. But I'm a proper deadly dance man!
Come on. Real Aussies can't dance.
- This one can.
- Oh, this one can.
Hey, you mob out there tonight,
would you like to see Tilly dance?
Come on up.
Put your hands together for Tilly.
Let's have a look at this one.
Righto, Tilly.
You're on the spot. Okay.
What have you got for us?
Alright! Do you want to see a dance?
- I'll show you the butcher dance.
- The butcher dance?
That's him. Proper special dance
from back my home way.
I need clap stick. You got any clap stick?
I've got clap sticks. No worries about
that at all. I'll do the clap sticks.
Alright! Everyone watching.
I'll show you one time. That's it.
- The butcher dance.

- The butcher dance. Okay.
Let me hear that clap stick.
Ya butcha left foot in
Ya butcha left foot out
Ya butcha left foot in
And you shake it all about!
I can't top that one. Thanks, Tilly.
Put your hands together.
Oh, we love it. We love it.
You alright there, old fella?
You're not gonna bust a popper valve, hey?
Everybody, can you move, please?
He's not well. Come on.
Alright, clear a space.
Clear a space, please.
You're alright, darling.
You're alright. You're alright.
- Julie, leave him be. Call an ambulance.
- That's two hours away. I'm a nurse.
Not while you're here, you're not.
You're a barmaid. Now go.
I quit. You want to do something useful,
then find us a room I can take him to.
- We're full. Have a look around.
- He can have mine. Tilly, help me get him up.
- Come on, Rex.
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Up you get. That's it.
You're alright, darling. Don't apologise.
What were you thinking drinking
beer in your condition?
You served me.
Oh, my God!
This is you!
You're all anyone's been
talking about round here.
Grey nomads think you're a bloody hero.
Now, lots of little sips.
Rest!
Since I don't work here anymore...
I'm gonna have a drink.
Thanks, Tilly.
You know what you're doing, old man?
Hello?

Polly?
It's really fucking early.
Pol, about five years ago,
I was gonna ask you to marry me.
I gotta go, Rex.
Pol, I'm sorry.
I gotta go.
What's going on?
Well, good morning to you too, Rex!
What's going on, Rex?
Rex?
Get out.
Get your gear and get out!
Rex! What's up your arse?
- You should be in bed, old man.
- What's wrong?
Rex!
Rex, what the fuck are you doing?
Rex!
Rex!
Rex!
Rex! Rex!
What the fuck is that?
It's a cane toad.
Fat, ugly bastard.
- It's hard.
- What is?
To kill yourself.
It's really fucking hard.
Don't look at me like that, Rex.
I like her.
She likes me.
Oh, that's beautiful.
Can we pull over here?
Just for a second. Please?
Thanks.
Hey! Do you mind if I take a picture?
Brilliant!
Brilliant. Thanks.
The fascinating witches
Who put the scintillating stitches
In the britches of the boys
Who put the powder on the noses
Of the faces of the ladies of the harem

of the court of King Caractacus
Were just passing by.
How do you not know this song?
Isn't it an Aussie song?
Well, I never heard it.
Do it on your own now.
Well, the fascinating witches...
I can't do it!
Rex!
Rex!
You gonna let me drive now?
Then you need a break, my brother.
Yep.
It's beautiful. No doubt.
Hey! You mob! Look at this.
There's a crocodile down here
and he's wearing a T-shirt
with my name on it.
He is a lunatic, isn't he?
Yeah.
He's married too.
- Kids?
- Couple.
Hey, brother boy. You made it.
Not what I imagined.
Doctor's not here.
- Where is she?
- Got an appointment?
- Well... no, but...
- Your name?
Rex MacRae.
I'm a cab driver.
No one is allowed to legally kill anyone.
You don't get it.
Hello. I'm Dr Farmer.
I'm Julie.
I'm Tilly.
Then you must be Rex.
That the only colour it comes in?
Yeah.
Was it you that splashed
my face all over the papers?
Why didn't you call me to tell me
where you were, how you were?

I'm here! Like I said I would be.

How's the pain?

- Pretty constant.

- Okay.

Well, if you had called, I would've told you that even though the bill is now law, there are still some hurdles to clear before we can actually use it.

There are three people we need to convince before we can legally do this.

A psychiatrist, to confirm you're of sound mind.

That might be tough.

A specialist in your particular form of cancer.

To confirm I'm cactus.

And both of those have to come from the Territory.

You've got these people lined up, right?

You know who they are?

No. Not yet.

But you made it sound like it was a deadset fuckin' certainty.

It's not easy, Rex.

The Federal Government, the church, the AMA. They don't want this.

It takes power away from them and gives it to ordinary people like you and me.

They're gonna fight like hell.

Why didn't you tell me all this on the phone?

I tried to, Rex.

But you wouldn't fucking listen.

You're gonna be a difficult patient.

More than likely.

You should try driving 2,000 K's with the bastard.

So, I've got work to do.

But first, you need proper care.

Sonya, ring Karen at Darwin Hospital.

- See if there's any beds in Palliative.

- No!

No hospitals. That's why I'm here!

There's a hospital in Broken Hill.
Just tell me the truth.
Am I gonna get to use
that bloody thing or not?
Well?
Not yet.
Then I'm driving home.
- Hey, Rex, hold your horses.
- I'll do it. I'll care for him.
But we'll need somewhere to stay.
Somewhere that's not a hospital.
Four years' neonatal at Royal London.
The past two years, I've been APRN
at West London Emergency.
You can stay at my place until...
You can stay at my place.
It's small, but there's a spare room.
I'll sleep here at the surgery.
I often do that anyway.
Here's my address and phone.
That's so I know where you are.
My place is a bit of a mess.
And I'll be a while.
I've still got patients to see.
That's alright, Doc.
We've got a few things to do ourselves.
Let's go, guys!
- Who are you?
- Tilly Johnson, sir.
Tilly from Oodnadatta?
You been training, Tilly?
Nah, but... I wanna.
Sorry, it's too late.
Season starts in three weeks.
I've got no time for bullshit. Come back
next year and do a pre-season with us.
Hey!
The kid was drafted by Essendon
a couple of years ago.
He's the best full-forward
in the history of Oodnadatta!
He's not coming back next year.
He's gonna play this year.
And if he's not gonna play for your mob,

he's gonna fuck off right now
and play for that mob over there!
And after he kicks
a bag of 10 against you,
you can tell your supporters
how you could have had him
but you wouldn't give him a go
'cause you don't have time for bullshit!
So you vouch for him?
Drove him all the way
from Oodnadatta, didn't I?
Alright, Tilly. Go and see the ladies
upstairs, grab some gear.
You can have a run tonight
and you and I will talk after training.
Yes, sir.
Go, boys!
Is there a mob over there?
Yeah. That's the Tigers.
These here are the Saints, brother.
Thanks, Rex.
- Meet me back here after?
- I can't, Tilly.
Why not?
You're his girlfriend now.
Well, he does have one quality
I look for in a man.
He's not married with kids.
Well, the fascinating witches
Who put the scintillating stitches
On the britches of the boys
Who put the powder on the noses
Of the faces of the ladies of the harem
of the court of King Caractacus
Was just passing by.
Right! Who's not here?
Who's already on their way home?
Hello?
Yeah, hold on. Dougie. It's for you.
It's Rex, you stupid prick!
Rex? How is ya, mate? Yeah?
Good on ya. Yeah, you don't sound too bad.
Yeah, I'm alright, Rexie.
Yeah, the missus is alright.

She wanted me to join
Alcoholics Anonymous, but...
I said, "Alcoholics Anonymous?
"How the fuck are you supposed
to stay anonymous in this town?"
Dougie!
What? Yeah. Yeah, I will.
Alright, Rex.
Well, good talking to you, mate.
See ya.
Well? What did he say, you dopey prick?
He made it.
The bastard's gonna fuckin' do it.
Press the red button.
Yeah!
Are you alright?
I've never seen the sea before.
- You can change your mind, you know.
- I know.
There goes the sun.
Dr Farmer. Dr Farmer. Dr Farmer.
The president of the AMA
has accused you of attention-seeking.
And he's right. I'm seeking attention
for a patient's right to die with dignity.
- What about Rex?
- Where is he?
Where is he now? Where is he?
He's trying to stay alive long enough
to die. Make sense of that if you can.
- Rex. Rex.
- ABC News, Rex.
Alright, alright. One at a time.
One at a time! You.
How are you feeling, Rex? Are you scared?
- What, about dying?
- Yes.
Yeah, I suppose I am.
I'm always scared of things
that I've never done before.
Rex, how hard has it been
to convince your loved ones
that the decision you're about
to make is the right one?

There's no one else. It's just me.

- No one at all?

- No.

What do you do if Dr Farmer
doesn't get the signatures you need?

I don't know. Go home, I suppose.

- Alright. Alright.

- But if you go home...

That's it. That's it!

Thank you! Show's over!

Show's over. Show's over...

Julie, you're in the spare room
at the end of the hall.

Mine's the one next door.

And you, Rex, will be centrestage
on the sofa bed.

It'll be cosy.

A bit early with the flowers,
aren't you, Doc?

Call me Nic.

I think I might stick with Doc,
if you don't mind.

Alright. Let's deal

with your pain management.

Start with 10ml. See how we go.

Doc, you said before that we needed
to convince three people.

Well, you've told me two of them...
but who's the third?

You?

You.

I want to help you, Rex.

But I want to be able to help
a lot more people after you.

That machine... is not a gimmick.

You and I have to be 100% sure
that this is what you want.

I've never been more sure
of anything in my life.

Good.

Then I've got a lot of phone calls
to make on your behalf.

- Really?

- No.

I don't want to be the first.
- This one is chocolate.
- Thanks.
I designed it myself.
There's a three-part questionnaire...
Do you have any pets?
- Got a dog.
- What's its name?
- Dog.
- Just "Dog"?
'Rex' was taken.
Do you miss your mates?
I thought I would, but... nah.
How many times can you hear
the same bloody stories?
What do you miss?
Me? Nothing.
What is there to miss about 12-hour shifts
and shit and vomit and arrogant doctors
and ungrateful patients?
There must be something.
You're getting all that right here.
I know!
I just came out here to get some sun.
I just...
wanted to see the sun.
Polly.
Caitlin, have you got my hair dryer?
Oh, get out of there, you noisy
little buggers! You should've been in bed!
- Noel, tell your kids!
- Leave a message if you're good-looking!
Pol?
Pol, I'm... I'm in Darwin.
This thing I'm doing, it's...
it's taking a bit longer than I thought.
Pol, I... just wanted to say...
sorry. I won't call again.
Aunty Polly? Evelyn took your hair dryer.
No, I didn't!
He's asleep. I just dosed him up.
The pain's...
The psychiatrist said yes!
- Oh, well done!

- Now all we need is a specialist.

I went to university with him,

so... bubbles tonight!

None for me... please. Thank you.

I'm sorry. It's just...

I'm not sure he's ready.

He'll never be readier.

- Julie...

- What are you two whispering about?

Congratulations, Rex.

Apparently you are of sound mind.

Why do I get the feeling

that woman wants me dead?

Hey.

It's Tilly's first game this weekend.

There's something I want to do.

Came to training the first three weeks.

Did everything right. I mean, you saw him.

Picked him at full-forward

to play this Saturday.

- I haven't seen him since.

- Do you know where he is?

Try looking in the long grass.

They sometimes end up there.

It does happen.

Hey.

Is he any good?

He's an absolute star.

Yeah. Sense of play, that's right.

Two for the pissheads,

one for the man of God.

Gday, gorgeous.

Oi.

Pol!

Stop. That's him.

Hey, Rexie!

- You want a drink?

- No, mate.

- What happened, mate?

- What happened?

Nothing happened.

I'm good, Rex! Yeah.

Nice out here in the long grass.

It's deadly, brother!

They all countrymen here. Arnhem Land.

Tiwi mob.

I'm Arabana from Oodnadatta!

Well, the fascinating britches

On the stitches...

- Can't get it.

- First game this weekend, isn't it?

You playing?

I don't think so!

Then you should go home to your family.

Then you should fuck off.

Don't tell me what to do!

We had a deal, remember?

- You're the one that wanted it.

- I was wrong.

- Call your family.

- You call your family!

- I haven't got any.

- Oh, bullshit!

Everyone got someone.

You don't just crawl in the ground

like a fuckin' worm.

You've gotta have someone

to cover the dirt back over again.

- I won't fight with you.

- Why don't you just die, then?

Hey, Rex?

When are you just gonna fuckin' die?

You're the most gutless person I ever met.

Drive all the way to Darwin

so someone else can do the dying for ya.

What the fuck is that?

Telling me what to do. Fuck me!

I'm here with my people!

Where are you, Rex?

Where the fuck are you?

Look what you've done,

you stupid old prick!

Tilly!

- Tilly... Tilly, leave him!

- You alright?

Leave him.

You kids, stop that!

Get out of here! This isn't your joint!

This is somebody else's house! Get!

Get out!

Chrissakes, Noel! You need to teach those kids some respect!

They're just muckin' around, Pol.

It's Friday night. Family night.

These are Rex's records!

Rex is family!

But you said you would two weeks ago.

No, Bob, no. Unacceptable.

He's dying right now.

Please, Bob. Don't do this.

Please.

How is he?

Alive. Just.

The specialist just reneged.

They're saying if we go ahead and do it before the law is repealed, then we could be charged with murder retrospectively.

Grey areas.

Specialists are scared shitless of them.

They want everything black and white.

He doesn't want to be here.

I know that, Julie! Jesus Christ!

You think I don't know that?

- What do you know about Polly?

- Who?

His neighbour. He keeps a picture of her under the visor in his cab!

- No. He said there was...

- How would you?

You couldn't.

Too busy to spend any time with him.

I do, because I'm the one changing his sheets and wiping his arse and talking to him.

This is what he wants.

He wouldn't be here if he didn't.

- This is his choice.

- What if he was wrong?

What if he was lying to you? To himself?

You needed him to be the perfect patient, so he was for you!

You're just the same as them. You want

everything to be black and white, but it's not.
It's grey.
Anyway, it's too late now.
Did you put Polly there?
Tell me about her.
Unhook me.
Get me out of here.
- I can't.
- You can.
You're a nurse, aren't you?
Of course you bloody can.
Unhook me.
It took my old man five years
to drown to death with miner's lung.
Mum never said a kind word
to him through the whole thing.
Not that I can remember.
She dragged me in to see him
in a room just like this.
Picked me up and pushed me against him.
"Give your father a kiss."
"Give your father a kiss."
Come on. Let's get you out of here.
Alright. Your turn.
Tell me about her.
She has a nice smile.
I wouldn't say that to her face.
But yeah.
It's like the sun coming up
when she flashes it.
Call her!
Have you any idea
how much trouble you've caused?
I am his doctor, Julie.
Administration's gone ballistic.
Journalists.
What the fuck did you think
you were doing?
He didn't want to be there.
We had a deal, Doc.
I should never have agreed to this.
And I never should have helped you.
Rex would be back
in Broken Hill right now.

Just do it, Doc.
Please.
Just hook me up to that machine and do it.
I can't, Rex.
I won't.
Not until it's legal.
Driving up here to die
was the first thing I ever believed in.
Ever in my life.
Was I wrong?
Leave a message if you're good-looking!
Pol?
Nah, Noel here. Polly's cousin.
She's moved in across the road.
- You got the number?
- Yeah. Yeah, mate.
Hello.
Pol.
It's me.
I'm still here.
You sound...
far away.
Darwin.
It's far enough.
You've moved into the house?
Yeah. It's quieter here.
I miss you, Rex.
Not much of me left to miss.
- Yes.
- What?
Yes.
That's what I would've said
if you'd asked me to marry you.
I love you, Rex.
It sounds weird to say it now.
All the shit we've talked,
all the shit we haven't.
I love you. Always have.
There it is.
There it is.
And if you were here right now
holding my hand,
I'd never let go, Rexie. Never, ever.
I love you too, Pol.

Alright.

Just press the space bar.

No!

- Done?

- Done.

Now...

Now, if you use this, you can't drive.

If you don't use any,
there's no way you'll be able to sleep.
The pain'll get you home,
but after that...

Yeah.

What are you gonna do?

Haberdashery.

I'm a nurse.

It's all I'm good at.

Thanks, love.

For everything.

Pain?

Kicking in now.

Then go. Goodbye, Rex.

Good luck.

He said yes! He just called
and told me he'd do it!

What happened?

He's gone.

Oh, God, no!

You didn't...?

He's not dead. He's gone.

I left him at East Point.

Gday, Pol. Heard you moved in.

The house is a disgrace.

Gutters haven't been cleaned
since the '70s.

What do you reckon? You mind, Polly?

Bloody top day, Pol.

- Yep?

- Hello, Rex?

- Nah, I'm not Rex. This is Tilly.

- Where is he, Tilly? Where's Rex?

Oh, I remember that fella.

He could be anywhere?

He could be floating like
a crocodile in Berry Springs.

He could be a ghost gum sitting
on that riverbank there in Alice.
Fuck me, he might even be in Oodnadatta!
That fella, he's gone.
Can't help you, I'm afraid.
- Smoke?
- Smoko.
Hey, hey, hey! You finish that first.
Thanks, Pol.
Yeah. I'll be back next week.
Kakadu first, then I'll be on the plane.
You got a beer?
Hey, Dog.
How are you, mate?
- Can you drink this?
- Nah.
Just want to hold it.
How are you doing?
I'm better now.
Yeah. That's good.
That's good.
You've been on one hell of a journey.
I missed you.
Why wouldn't you?
Oh, the place is...
looking nice.
- Did Noel do it?
- Noel? Nah!
The boys come round and give us a hand.
Fixed it up in an afternoon.
Pretty handy blokes.
- Yes, they are.
- Simmo's a bossy prick, but...
- How's the family?
- Oh, bloody mad. Chaos.
Noel's alright, though.
Them girls need an aunty.
I like having 'em across the road.
I'm glad you moved in.
Felt good.
It's your house now.
You and Dog's.
You're here, aren't you?
It's ours. It's our house, Rex.

Oh, you smell good.
No pain anymore.
No pain.
There goes the sun.
You go through life and sometimes find
You never really paid life mind
You didn't want to cross the line
To see if someone cared
Your life is like a ragged tent
You never gave, you always lent
Afraid that you'd lose everything
Everything you had
But it's never too late to come back home
Like a carnival that tumbles by
It's said you've got to give love
to be loved
Beside it now but motionless
Your perfect vision might impress
A blind man who has never seen
A sunset or a dawn
You've seen the light
You've seen the burning flame
You've got your hands
back on the wheel again
Inhaling desert Cinders
In the air you breathe
And it's never too late to come back home
Like a carnival that tumbles by
It's said you've got to give love
to be loved